

April 1987

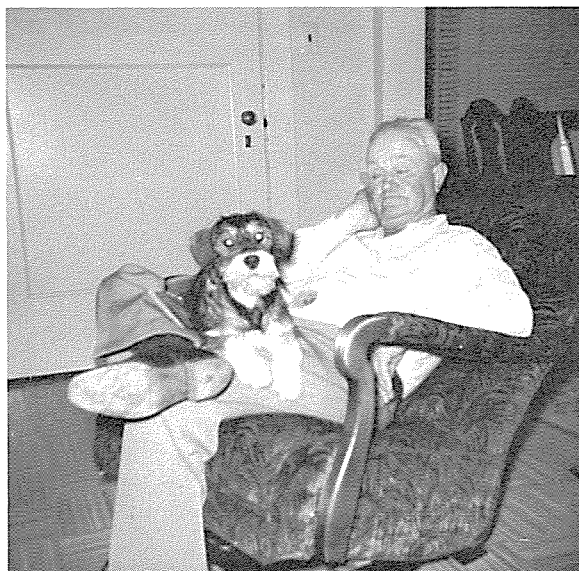
# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

APRIL, 1987

UNIDENTIFIED  
GIRLS





*This picture was taken in May 1959. The legend on the back reads: Ray Murphy and his dog -- dog is sober.*

In 1985 Boots Murphy, John Davenport Murphy's second wife, gave several boxes of family memorabilia to Marian Lahr, Administrative Assistant at SOHS. The cases contained scrapbooks, letters, pictures, geneological information, deed abstracts and old newspapers. From this collection, the Murphy story grew.

JoAnn Campbell, a SOHS volunteer, was the first to tackle the material. She painstakingly separated the generations, listed births and deaths, and waded through the deed abstracts to discover individual stories. Compiling all this information into a coherent draft, she presented a basic story of the Murphys.

At a second stage, Marian Lahr, using Campbell's notes in addition to her own personal research, wrote a term paper of the Murphy tribe for Mr. Jeff LaLande's class on the history of southern Oregon.

Third, Charles Sweet, another SOHS volunteer, compiled a third paper from the two prior research papers and further sorted the material.

A final editing by Raymond Lewis of all the previous material appears in this issue.



Oops. On page 34 of our last issue appears the statement: *St. Joseph's Catholic Church was the first church in Jacksonville*. In this sentence the word "first" is inoperable. "Inoperable" is a word we learned during Mr. Nixon's administration. It means a "big lie." The Methodist Church was built in 1854; the Catholic Church in 1858. And that tidies up the record.

#### THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

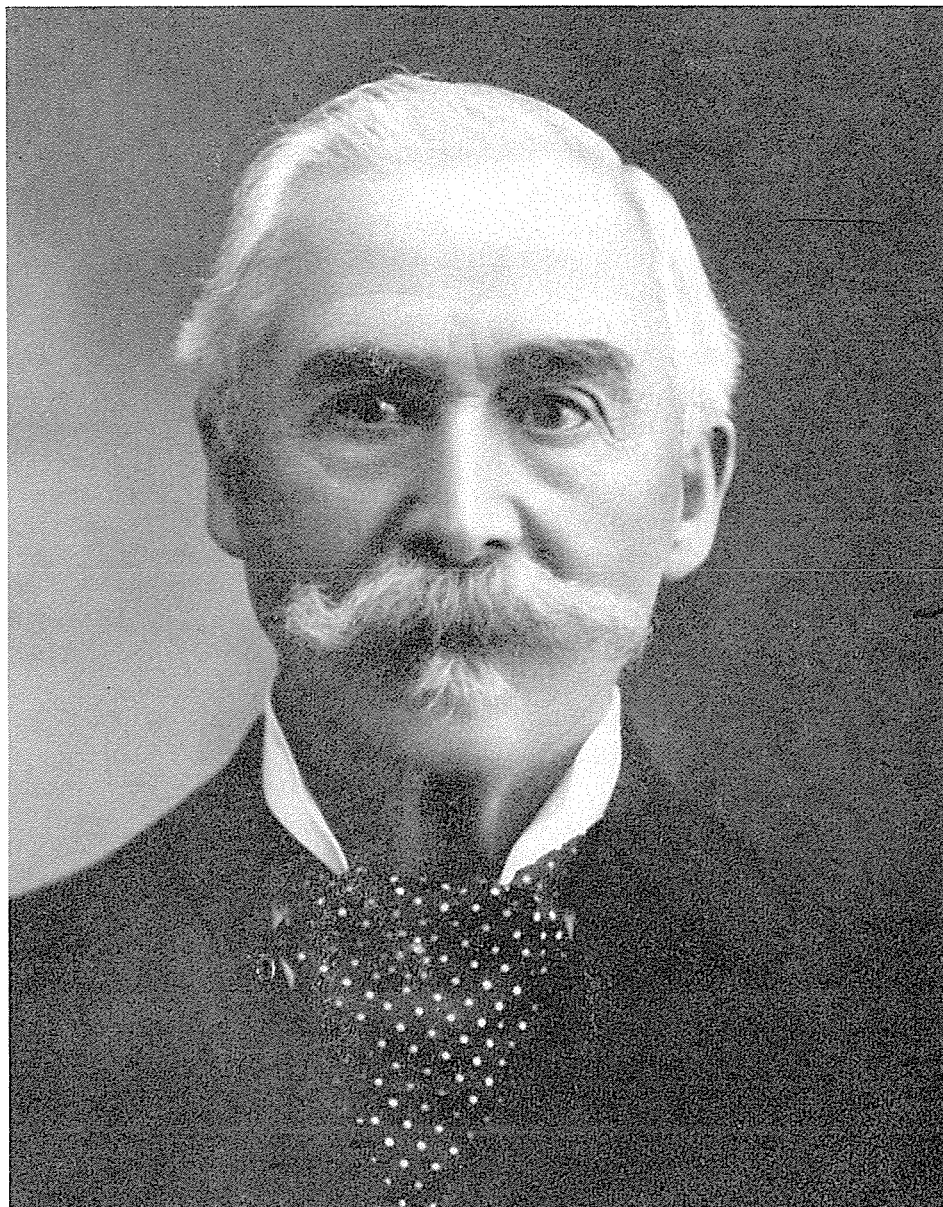
##### OFFICERS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Donald D. McLaughlin .....	President
Isabel Sickels .....	1st Vice President
James M. Ragland .....	2nd Vice President
Laurel Prairie-Kuntz .....	Secretary
William R. Bagley .....	Treasurer

##### STAFF

Acting Executive Director .....	Samuel J. Wegner
Children's Museum Coordinator .....	Stacey Williams
Curator of Collections .....	Marc Pence
Gift Shop Manager .....	Sharon Lumsden

Coordinator of Exhibits .....	Jime Matoush
Curator of Interpretation .....	Dawna Curler
Coordinator of Photographic Services .....	Natalie Brown
Curator of Preservation and Maintenance .....	Byron Ferrell
Coordinator of Chappell-Swedenburg House .....	Nan Hannon
Financial Manager .....	Maureen Smith
Librarian/Archivist .....	Paul Richardson
Membership/Administrative Assistant .....	Susan Cox
Newsletter Editor .....	Raymond Lewis
Oral Historian .....	Marjorie Edens
Coordinator of Volunteers .....	Marge Herman



*Hiero Kennedy Hanna*

## THE HANNA STORY

**O**n both sides of his family Judge Hiero Kennedy Hanna was a descendant of Revolutionary ancestry. The author of *The Portrait and Biographical Record* wrote: "On his father's side his grandfather, William Hanna, and on his mother's side his grandfather Pier \_\_\_\_\_, both carried muskets in the army of Washington."

William Hanna and his two brothers came to America from Scotland long before the Colonies openly rebelled against English rule. William settled in New York; one brother went to Virginia and the other to Pennsylvania.

William's son, Alexander, was born in Otsego County, New York. True to his patriotic heritage he enlisted in the War of 1812. He was a lumber-

man for the greater part of his life and after his marriage, he settled in Steuben County, New York, where Hiero Kennedy Hanna was born in 1832. In the family there were five sons and one daughter.

Hiero's youth was characterized by a hard struggle for existence, but like other young men and women of the time, he took the adversity in his stride, and being a quick study, he managed to acquire a pretty good education.

He began supporting himself at the age of 14 as a clerk in a general merchandise store in Bath, New York. In 1848, at the age of 16, he went to Ohio and clerked in the recorder's office for a couple of years. While he was there, he was attracted by the stories of the Pacific coast and the



gold to be had for the looking, and he decided to join the steady stream of emigrants heading west.

Consequently in the spring of 1850 he became a member of a train bound for California. This train, however, broke up and disbanded in Salt Lake City because of poor planning and an inadequate supply of provisions. Hiero had to wait there until the harvest was gathered. After a month of delay he joined four other people with one wagon and two yoke of oxen and they finally made it to Hangtown, now Placerville. Although there is no record that this handful of emigrants ever joined up with a larger train, they probably did. Five weary travelers hauling one little wagon of provisions across the wilderness would have made an irresistible target to a roving band of Indians looking for plunder.

In any case they arrived at the gold fields in California without a scratch, and young Hiero who was a rank amateur with a gold pan, set to work with a will and mined with more than average success. He was so encouraged by his good fortune he devoted the next decade to mining.

**I**n 1852, about the time gold was discovered in Rich Gulch in southern Oregon, Hiero reached the Yuba River. There he followed the strikes around that area. By 1858 he was in the Fraser River region where he prospected until a time when other miners appeared to be heading towards San Francisco. Since he had successfully followed them for several years, he saw no reason not to join the movement to the coast.

In San Francisco he seemed to have a change of heart. Perhaps he realized that his scholarly abilities were being sidetracked while he spent his time in the gold fields. Although his fortunes had flourished, he realized there must come a time when a man settles down and becomes a part of society. But in spite of his longing for intellectual pursuits, he had no skills other than prospecting.

He took a boat up the Pacific Coast and disembarked at Crescent City. At the time the area known as "Sailors' Diggin's" was teaming with miners. Reports of fabulous discoveries were rife and Hiero, unable to resist the lure of the gold pan, once again turned his hand to mining. Yet during this time, while he added to his already substantial poke, he dreamed of studying law, an interest he had first acquired when he was a boy.

He had in his possession several lawbooks which he had acquired years before. When he came across the plains he brought the volumes with him; when he became a miner he packed them on his back as he moved from place to place. They

had become considerably worse for wear, but, as he prospected around the Waldo area, he began studying them with intensified interest.

In Kerbyville, then the county seat of Josephine County, he met a young lawyer who was willing to discuss legal points with him and Hiero borrowed lawbooks from his meager library. They frequently talked about legal issues all night, and Hiero widened his background and skills. Miners were often in disagreement over their mining claims, and they soon learned that Hiero could act as an advocate in disagreements. He became identified with politics, and although he had not yet completed his study, he was surprisingly elected justice of the peace for the Waldo district in 1870. When the first judicial district was formed in 1872, he was chosen as district attorney for the region comprising the present counties of Josephine, Jackson, Klamath and Lake. Before completing his first term as district attorney he concluded his formal study of law with the Hon. James D. Fay, a prominent attorney, and was admitted to the bar in 1872. He was soon recognized as one of the best legal minds in the state, and he served as district attorney from 1870 to 1872; he was again elected to the office in 1874, re-elected in 1876 and served until July 1878.

In the meantime he had begun a general practice of law in Jacksonville. He was city attorney and filled the position for many years. When the law was passed making a separate supreme court in 1878, he was appointed to the bench by the governor, taking the oath of office by Silas J. Day, a Jackson County judge. In 1880 he was elected circuit judge but after two years' service he resigned because of the meagerness of the salary and resumed his practice.

In June 1892 he was again elected circuit judge of the first district for six years, and in 1898 he was re-elected for the same length of time. He served until 1910, the year he retired.

It was said upon his retirement:

He never at any time sought the office to which he was elected; his candidacy each time was brought about and supported by the taxpayers of the district, irrespective of party politics; there never was a time during his long tenure of office when it was not a personal financial sacrifice for him to fill it . . . never before has any judge been faced with more perplexing questions, involving life, liberty, and property than have been presented to this judge for decision; and each time the duty, however painful, has been performed with fairness, wisdom and honest purpose.

An investigation into Hiero Hanna's actions in court leads to the conclusion that he has been fair, fearless, honest and able, and has made for



Children of Hiero Hanna, Herbert and Leon

himself a record which, if he leaves to his children no other legacy, they may well be proud of the enduring fame which he has achieved.

Frank A. Moore  
Justice of the Supreme Court

During Hiero's political career he was active in promoting the mineral development of Jackson County. He was secretary of the company which operated the Squaw Lake Mine, besides being a large stockholder in the company owning and operating the marble mines of Josephine County.

Sometime, during the years as he was establishing his career, Hiero Hanna married Mary Theresa Agnes. It would be logical to assume that the marriage took place after he had come to Oregon, just as he was beginning his concentrated study of law and had decided to give up the roving life of a miner. But, then, they could have been married for years. He might have found her much earlier in the minefields where, like Clementine, she was helping her father excavate for a mine. We do know he lost her in

1871. There were no children.

In 1873 he married Laura E. Overbeck, a Jacksonville widow. Hiero was not particularly lucky in his choice of brides; Laura C. died two years later in 1875. She was 37 years old. There were no children.

After six years as a widower he married Mrs. Helena Hess Brentano in 1881. She was sturdier than the first two and even outlived Hiero by several years. A native of Crunan, Germany, she was a sister of Louisa Hess Muller, the wife of one of Jacksonville's outstanding merchants, Max Muller. The Hess family had two other daughters, Alvina and Bertha, and as members of the German colony, they were prominent citizens of the town. The third Mrs. Hanna had two daughters by her first marriage, Ollie and Rosa. At the time of the ceremony Ollie was married and lived in San Francisco; Rosa was still a young lady and lived at home until she married Mr. George Neuber of Jacksonville.

Helena Brentano Hanna was an artist of enviable skill. The *Oregon Sentinel* of August 7, 1886, features a story describing her fine collection of original iridescent oil paintings on felt, satin, white velvet, tapestry and lustra. Apparently she could produce an impressive scene on practically anything left lying around the sewing room. She had painted Multnomah Falls, Lake George, Mount Hood, Sunset on the Mediterranean, and "last but not least a beautiful magnolia." The *Sentinel* continued: "Mrs. Hanna is a pupil of Mrs. J.S. Cowles and from the advancement thus far made, she will surely prove herself an artist of merit." Sadly, none of her masterworks appear to be still in existence.

Hiero and Helena Hanna had four children: William, Herbert, Leon and Grover. The last son died in infancy.

Upon his retirement at the end of January 1910 after nearly a quarter of a century of service, Judge Hiero Hanna reported to his office for the last time. He expected to find a number of small matters which he supposed would mark the end of his term, but instead was surprised by a collection of the members of the bar who had practiced before him in the courtroom.

William M. Colvig, speaking on behalf of the Bar Association of Southern Oregon, presented him with a beautifully engraved watch. In accepting the gift, Judge Hanna was overcome with emotion and for a few moments was unable to reply.

Speeches were made by Clarence Reames, W.I. Vawter, E.D. Briggs, Judge Calkins and other members of the bar.



*Herbert Hanna*

Judge Hanna had been a prominent figure in legal circles in Southern Oregon for over forty years and for a generation of that time had served as a state officer. A *Jacksonville Post* reporter wrote:

Judge Hanna belongs to the band of men who helped to found the mining camps . . . which were the nucleus of the prosperous commonwealth of today. He is the last of the old regime which had such intrepid souls and forceful brains . . . the late P.P. Prim, Henry Klippel, W.G. T'Vault, Silas J. Day, and James D. Fay.

He retired in January and in July he was dead. He was 78 years old. Helena Hess Hanna had been taken to Oakland, California, for treatment of a persistent physical problem. When Judge Hanna became ill she was brought back to



*Leon Hanna*

Jacksonville to be with him, but she arrived four hours after his death.

The *Jacksonville Post* reported:

The funeral was held from his late residence under the auspices of Oregonian Pocahontas Tribe No. 1 Improved Order of Red Men . . . By his death, his wife and family lose their protector and head - a kind and affectionate husband and father; the legal profession loses one of its ablest members and the community loses an honorable, upright, and respected citizen and an honest man.

The pallbearers were A.E. Reames, William M. Colvig, J.R. Neil, H.D. Norton, Gus Newbury, W.R. Coleman, W.J. Vawter, E.E. Kelly and John S. Orth.

Helena Hess Hanna died on November 11, 1911, in San Francisco. Attending her at the time



of her death were two sons, Leon and Herbert. Besides her children, her sister, Mrs. Muller, survived her.

**W**illiam Hanna, the first son, was born at Jacksonville in 1875. As a young man he worked for the Southern Pacific railroad. Later he was manager of the Frederick Post Company in San Francisco and followed that position as a manager of a manufacturing plant in Seattle. He then became local manager for the Associated Oil Company of Medford.

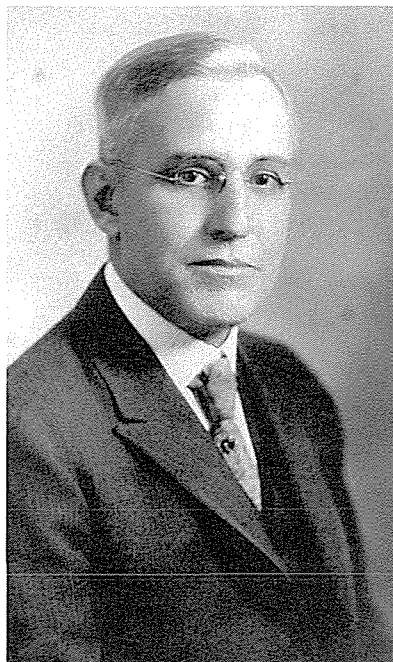
In 1898 he married Mary E. O'Brien at Oakland, California. He was a member of the Elks Lodge at Medford, the Weatonka Tribe, I.O.R.M., and the Knights of Columbus. He was a charter member of the Rotary Club.

A beloved citizen of Medford, he was given many tributes at his death in 1928. He had been in ill health for a long time, undergoing five major surgeries in four years. Yet his courage and spirit were with him until the end. Robert W. Ruhl, editor of the *Medford Mail Tribune*, wrote:

We have received the news of Bill Hanna's death. Too bad, too bad! Bill had fooled the



*Herbert Hanna*



*William Hanna*



*Leona Ulrich Hanna*

doctors so many times, we hoped he would do it again. The machine must have worn out entirely for certainly Bill's fighting spirit hadn't.

We have known some brave men in our time but never a man who combined, quite as Bill Hanna did, such courage with such cheerfulness. For year after year Death stared him in the face, and Bill met that stare with a smile, and fought back. [He] died at least a dozen times . . . but each time he came back -not only came back but proceeded to take his coat off and go to work, to the amazement of the doctors and the admiration of his friends.

No marble shaft will be erected . . . in honor of Bill Hanna. Yet he was a greater hero, to our mind, than many a man commemorated in song and story . . .

And at least a dozen times he won. And sheer grit did the trick . . . Brave men are, perhaps, not so uncommon - but we have never known a man as brave as Bill Hanna who was so unselfconscious about it in the midst of suffering, so free from self-pity, so interested in others and to repeat - so cheerful. He was our ideal of the "Happy Warrior" -fatally wounded but refusing to quit, always fighting back, and always with a smile. A rare and inspiring spirit!

R.W.R.

**H**erbert K. Hanna, the second son, was born in Jacksonville in 1882. He attended St. Mary's College of California in the Bay Area and after graduation returned to Jackson County to study law with his father.

He was admitted to practice before the Oregon Supreme Court in 1906 and the United States Circuit and District Courts in 1909. He entered the practice of law in Medford as a partner with his

father and was later in practice with J.F. Fliegel, Sr., of Medford.

In 1912 he married Leona Ulrich, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Ulrich, pioneer residents of southern Oregon. She was a member of the Jacksonville Presbyterian Church and in 1954 was awarded an honorary membership in the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board. She was interested also in the history of southern Oregon, and was a member of the Pioneer Society.

Upon Judge H.D. Norton's retirement in 1940, Herbert Hanna was appointed circuit judge of the First Judicial District (Jackson and Josephine Counties) and served in that capacity until his retirement.\*

On Friday, January 2, 1959, more than fifty attorneys and three judges met in Judge Hanna's court-room to present him with a gift and to praise his work on the bench. Among these gentlemen was Chief Justice-Elect of the Oregon State Supreme Court, William McAllister. Others commending Hanna's integrity, selflessness, judicial temperament and knowledge were Attorneys Frank Farrel, Otto J. Frohnmayr, J.F. Fliegel, Frank Van Dyke and George Roberts of

\*When the number of cases increased greatly in 1946, a second circuit judge, O.J. Millard, was appointed. A third, Judge Edward C. Kelly was appointed in 1957.

Medford, W.W. Balderee of Grants Pass and William Briggs of Ashland.

Judge and Mrs. Herbert Hanna celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1962. The celebration was held in the historic Judge [Hiero] Hanna house which had originally been built for Judge L.J.C. Duncan in 1868. The Herbert Hannas had lived in this house for fifty years. The affair was just about as social as Jacksonville's elite could manage.

Miss Claire Hanley and Mrs. Lewis Buckley cut and served the anniversary cake and Mrs. Paul Godward presided at the punch bowl. Mrs. Lulu Saulsberry, Mrs. Clinton Smith, Mrs. King Jones, Jr., and Miss Mary Hanley poured.

Among the many guests were representatives of the Jackson County Bar Association and the three circuit court judges in Josephine and Jackson County, Judge O.D. Millard, Judge James M. Main, and Judge Edward C. Kelly.

Leona Hanna died two months after her golden wedding anniversary. She was 74. She was buried in the Jacksonville Cemetery. Pallbearers were Fred Edens, Roy Martin, John Niedermeyer, Otto Niedermeyer, George Wendt and Russell McIntyre.

Judge Herbert Hanna lived nine years longer. He was survived by his foster daughter, Anita; his







*The Hanna House was built in 1868 by Judge L.J.C. Duncan, who, as a miner, arrived in Jacksonville in 1855. He was a County Judge until 1871 when he retired to be a gentleman farmer and orchardist. Sometime after his death in 1886, Hiero Hanna purchased the house. Following Hiero Hanna's death in 1910, his son, Herbert and his wife Leona, continued to reside in the house for over fifty years.*

brother, Leo; his nephew, Lewis Buckley; and four grandchildren. Honorary pallbearers were Judge James Main, Judge Jason Boe, Judge L.L. Sawyer and Judge Orval Millard, William Balderee, William Briggs, Otto Frohnmayer, Frank Van Dyke, Harry Skyrman, G.W. Kellington, William Detherage, Harry Skerry, Walter Lindley, Hugh Collins and Stanley C. Jones, Jr.

Active pallbearers were Carl Brophy, Sam Harbison, Ervin Hogan, Richard Cottle, Paul Haviland and Robert Heffernan.

**L**eon (Leander) Hess Hanna was born in 1888. As a boy his musical talent was pronounced. He played several instruments with skill and, later on, after he had moved to San Francisco, he became a member of a

musical group. Whether he played spirited marches with a band or joined an orchestra and performed behind potted palms in a formal dining room, we do not know. In fact we know very little about him. His nephew, Lewis Buckley of Applegate, remembers that he occasionally visited Jacksonville and maintained an interest in southern Oregon.

He and his first wife had a daughter, Gloria (Nelson). His second wife was Dora and they adopted a son, Richard. Dora Hanna reached 97 years of age in February of this year.

Leon died in April 1975 at the age of 87. He is buried in the family plot in Jacksonville. The Very Rev. Joseph Beno of the Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Medford officiated.

*Raymond Lewis*

## *New Members, 1986*

### **Benefactor**

Susanne R. Parker, Medford

### **Business**

Anesthesia Associates of Medford, Medford  
 Baxter's Office Supplies, Medford  
 Brophy's Jewelers, Medford  
 Coca-Cola Bottling Co., Medford  
 Combined Transport, Inc., Central Point  
 Commercial Printing Co., Inc., Medford  
 Fabricated Glass Specialties, Inc., Talent  
 Flanagan Ranch, Medford  
 Frohnmayer Deatherage Deschweinitz Pratt  
 & Jamieson, Medford  
 F. Jerome Hunter, Architect, Medford  
 Jackson County Federal Savings & Loan  
 Association, Jacksonville  
 KTVL Television 10, Medford  
 Kim's Restaurant, Medford  
 M.C. Lininger & Sons, Inc., Medford  
 Marquess Associates, Inc., Medford  
*Medford Mail Tribune*, Medford  
 Molatore Gerbert Rusth & Co., Medford  
 Naumes, Inc., Medford  
 A.E. Piazza, Medford  
 Pool & Patio Place, Inc., Medford  
 Psychiatric Associates, Medford  
 Rainwater/Snow/Lindstrom, Medford  
 Realestaters, Inc., Medford  
 Frank H. Richards, Phoenix  
 Rogue Small World, Jacksonville  
 Rogue Valley Optometric Clinic, Medford  
 Rogue Valley Physicians Service, Medford  
 Skinner Buick-Cadillac, Medford  
 Southern Oregon Credit Service, Inc.,  
 Medford  
 Sterling Business Forms, Medford  
 U.S. National Bank, Medford  
 West Main Rentals and Sales, Medford  
 Eleanor York, Medford

### **Business/Donor**

Batzer Construction, Inc., Medford

### **Business/Benefactor**

Cutler & Co., Inc., Medford

### **Contributor**

O.M. Anderson, Medford  
 William & Cyd Bagley, Medford  
 Mr. & Mrs. Otto Bohnert, Central Point  
 Dr. Robert L. Burdic, Ashland  
 David & Pat Cook, Central Point  
 Charles K. Eckels, Jr., Applegate  
 Richard & Wendy Frey, Ashland  
 Gold Hill Historical Society, Gold Hill  
 David & Mary Shaw, Ashland  
 Victor H. Verity, Medford  
 Patricia Wilson, Jacksonville

### **Donor**

Mr. & Mrs. Russell Kelce, Ashland

### **Family**

Mr. & Mrs. Mark Adams, Central Point  
 Mr. & Mrs. Norman Alander, White City

Michael & Christine Arant, Medford  
 David & Evelyn Barker, Monmouth, OR  
 Curt & Judy Barnes, Medford  
 Ron & Gloria Bartlett, Medford  
 Elmer & Madeline Bell, Medford  
 David & Kim Beranek, Medford  
 Victor Theodore Birdseye, Gold Hill  
 Mr. & Mrs. Don W. Bohnert, Central Point  
 Lana McGraw Boldt, Ashland  
 Patricia Brimhall, Ashland  
 C.A. Brown, Medford  
 Con & Mary Carlon, Medford  
 Mr. & Mrs. Otto Caster, Phoenix  
 Rhonda Christianer, Medford  
 Mr. & Mrs. Allan H. Coon, Grants Pass  
 Mike & Linda Curtis, Medford  
 Mr. & Mrs. John P. Dube, Medford  
 Mr. & Mrs. Robert Duncan, Jacksonville  
 Mr. & Mrs. Richard Eastin, Phoenix  
 S.E. Enfield, Jacksonville  
 John & Barbara Ferguson, Medford  
 Dennis & Rita Fielder, Ashland  
 J. Donald & Hazel Fisher, Medford  
 Ewing & Mary Forman, Oroville, CA  
 Pat & Dick Gaulke, Ashland  
 Peter & Esther Giffen, Ashland  
 James, Frances & Anna Gorman, Medford  
 Pierrette Hammer, Jacksonville  
 Alwyn & Mary Hansen, Medford  
 Ivend & Kathleen Holen, Medford  
 Mr. & Mrs. John Jarolimek, Bothell, WA  
 Richard & Doris Jewett, Medford  
 Gus & Betty Johnson, Ashland  
 Larry Jung, Medford  
 George & Eleanor Kelleway, Gold Hill  
 Kendra & John Louks, White City  
 John W. & Ellen Lynch, Medford  
 Gerry & Carolyn Mandell, Ashland  
 Douglas McDonald, Medford  
 Bill & Helen McGee, Central Point  
 Richard & Betty Mellen, Medford  
 Harold & Jeanette Meyer, Medford  
 Emily & Brian Mostue, Medford  
 Mr. & Mrs. Bill Neely, Medford  
 Candy Nelson, Medford  
 Mr. & Mrs. R.L. Nelson Medford  
 Robert & Helen Orr, Kirkland, WA  
 Fred & Donna Palmer, Ashland  
 Art & Sally Peterson, Talent  
 Bobby & Elizabeth Phillips, Medford  
 Tucker & Amy Reeder and Lynn  
 Van Valkenburg, Ashland  
 Mr. & Mrs. L.O. Rogers, Bend, OR  
 Donald E. Rowlett, Los Altos, CA  
 Loral & Scott Samson-Swindel, Grants Pass  
 William R. & Judith E. Shrader, Medford  
 William & Maryan Thompson, Grants Pass  
 Don & Orpha Thumler, Central Point  
 W.A. & Joann Townes, Medford  
 Garrison Turner, Central Point  
 Elizabeth Twiss, Seattle WA  
 Herb & Danielle Wing, Medford

### **Individual**

Alice Armstrong, Prineville, OR  
 Barbara Barnum, Medford  
 Karen Barnwell, Jacksonville

Ray Barnwell, Jacksonville  
 Jeffrey E. Boly, Portland, OR  
 Audrey E. Bradshaw, Medford  
 Eric Brandenburg, Brooklyn, NY  
 Cici Brown, Ashland  
 Mark Brown, Ashland  
 Kenneth Bush, Jacksonville  
 Vern Christian, Jacksonville  
 Lester B. Cofer, Portland, OR  
 Lois Conrad, Central Point  
 R.G. Conway, Central Point  
 Lani Conyers, Salem, OR  
 James Cooper, Jacksonville  
 Lolita Cooper, Jacksonville  
 Pam J. Cooper, Ashland  
 Dawna Curler, Medford  
 Jamie Davis, Ashland  
 Sheila Day-Herne, Applegate  
 Allen Drescher, Ashland  
 Sheila Drescher, Ashland  
 Virginia M. Dudley, Medford  
 Walter Dye, Gold Hill  
 Carolyn J. Endeman, Jacksonville  
 Steve Erickson, Jacksonville  
 Phoebe Ewaldsen, Medford  
 Fran Fields, Jacksonville  
 Anne Foley, Ashland  
 Darlene Fox, Rogue River  
 Jean Francis, Ashland  
 Paul Francis, Ashland  
 Margaret Garrington, Ashland  
 Joseph A. Garzillo, Brooklyn, NY  
 James W. Gerschler, Ashland  
 Jan Ghelardi, Medford  
 Rhonda Girard, Medford  
 Carlos Goddard, Talent  
 Linda Gove, San Mateo, CA  
 Mrs. Barbara Grappi, Grass Valley, CA  
 Dennis Gray, Ashland  
 Gene Gwin, Jacksonville  
 Alex Hamilton, Jr., Newport, OR  
 Hope Hanley, Portland, OR  
 Michael Hanley V, Jordan Valley, OR  
 Nan Hannon, Ashland  
 Hank Hart, Kailua-Kona, HI  
 Barbara Hegne, Sparks, NV  
 Marge Herman, Central Point  
 Robert Holcomb, Corvallis, OR  
 Craig Hudson, Ashland  
 Lynne Huecker, Fresno, CA  
 Robert G. Hunter, Jacksonville  
 Jackson County Sheriff's Dept., Medford  
 George Jackson, Lakeview, OR  
 Kenneth E. Johnson, Redding, CA  
 Susan Johnson, Bend, OR  
 Mrs. C.M. Kelly, Talent  
 Katherine Kimball, Jacksonville  
 George Kramer, Ashland  
 Paul Kramer, Chiloquin, OR  
 Ron Kramer, Ashland  
 James Kuntz, Medford  
 Lee Ann Leonard, Medford  
 Noel Leslie, Ashland  
 Stanley R. Loeb, Portland, OR  
 Irving Lord, Ashland  
 David Lowry, Talent  
 Sharon Lumsden, Jacksonville  
 Donald MacDouglas, Medford  
 David Mains, Riverside, CA  
 Jean Mains, Riverside, CA  
 Mrs. Charles Mansfield, Los Alamos, NM  
 Jim Martin, Ashland

Bruce Matheny, Applegate  
 Mary Mazzei, Weed, CA  
 Gene T. McCurley, Central Point  
 Merle E. McGraw, Eagle Point  
 Ellen McUne, Jacksonville  
 Nadene Mealman, Medford  
 Dr. Emmy Lou Merriman, Central Point  
 Janet Modaffare, Medford  
 J. Richard Morgan, Medford  
 Karalee Newberg, Jacksonville  
 Mildred Noe, Ashland  
 Mrs. Carol Ohman, Citrus Heights, CA  
 Carole Painter, Ashland  
 Marc Pence, Medford  
 June Phillips, McMinnville, OR  
 Thora Quinn, Shady Cove  
 George Rambo, Central Point  
 Jean C. Rector, Medford  
 Susan Reid, Ashland  
 Paul Richardson, Jacksonville  
 Mrs. C.A. Richardson, Mercer Island, WA  
 Dave Rigby, Trail  
 Mrs. Audrey Robbins, Medford  
 Rich Rohde, Ashland  
 Ladena Romero, Jacksonville  
 Louise Scherck, Medford  
 Fritz Schneider, Ashland  
 Grant Schroeder, Tucson, AZ  
 Jan Schwindler, Medford  
 Jean Scott, Mt. Vernon, OR  
 Weldon Sloan, Wilsonville, OR  
 Jean Smith, Ashland  
 Judy Stewart, Jacksonville  
 Frank Stratton, Longview, WA  
 William D. Thorndike, Jr., Medford  
 Thomas J. Tilton, Medford  
 Mrs. Mary Tooze, Portland, OR  
 Joyce Van Anne, Ashland  
 Jane Corey-VanDyke, Ashland  
 Cheryl Webber, Jacksonville  
 Tim Webber, Jacksonville  
 Clara Wendt, Jacksonville  
 Donald Wendt, Jacksonville  
 Cynthia Wicklund, Medford  
 Stacey Williams, Medford  
 L.K. Wright, Medford  
 Dr. Kenneth E. Wyatt, Sidney, BC

#### **Jr. Historian**

Holly Christian, Jacksonville  
 Scott Foster, Medford  
 Alex Fuller, Portland, OR  
 Rylan Heyerman, Ashland  
 Jodi Nichols, Medford  
 Craig Swift, Medford  
 Katy Tratt, Ashland  
 Michelle Vilalobos, LaVerne, CA

#### **Pioneer/Contributor**

Carolyn Robinson Jackson, Orinda, CA  
 Juanita Larimore, New York, NY  
 Nancy, Michael & Alan Vaughn, Bend, OR  
 Paul Wallwork, Medford

#### **Pioneer/Donor**

Zelia Von Tress, Bloomington, IN

#### **Pioneer/Family**

Holly & Kathy Cannon, Talent  
 Herb & Barbara Grey, Medford



Lincoln & Blanche Heflin, Redding, CA  
Fred & Dixie Kruggel, Medford  
Robert & Margaret Land, Medford  
John J. & Lydia Lund, Jacksonville  
Bob & Winona Marquess, Creswell, OR  
Donald Nichols, Ashland  
Mr. & Mrs. Jerry E. Vawter, Talent  
Roy & Dee Whisenant, Grants Pass

**Pioneer/Individual**

Roy Bailey, Medford  
Donald L. Coffman, Medford  
Mrs. Romona Guches Elrod, Medford  
Wyona Gillum, Riverside, Ca  
Darlene Grant, Medford  
Robert F. Hoefs, Beaverton, OR  
Doris I. Ross, Anaheim, CA  
Dr. Daniel D. Sage, Syracuse, NY  
Beverley Silver, Mission Viejo, CA  
Bessie Mae Smith, Eagle Point  
Maureen Smith, Gold Hill  
William Curtis Strang, Colorado Springs, CO  
Mona Sturges, Salem, OR  
Henry Taylor, Medford  
Wendy Wendland, Mercer Island, WA

**Pioneer/Jr. Historian**

Lauren Ashley Fety, Rogue River

**Pioneer/Senior**

Elizabeth Fenger, Jacksonville  
Mrs. Jane Dixon Hancock, Mesa, AZ  
Mrs. Betty J. Hennessy, Pollack Pines, CA  
Mrs. James L. Hoxie, Ashland  
Ernest Lyman, Gold Hill  
Frank J. Mee, Ashland  
Ruth Emery Morris, Ashland  
Frankie Nelson, Medford  
Mrs. John Noble, Eagle Point  
Magarite Pote, Central Point  
Patricia W. Simpson, Cottage Grove, OR  
Albert R. Soliss, Medford  
Roger van der Hellen, Central Point  
Roger Westerfield, Medford

**Pioneer/Sponsor**

Julia Bailey, S. Pasadena, CA

**Senior**

Robert Adleman, Jacksonville  
Ira & Eva Andrews, Medford  
Mrs. E.W. Armfield, Medford  
Mr. & Mrs. C.T. Aronson, Talent  
Donna Baize, Ashland  
L.W. Bates, Medford  
Nancy Borge, Jacksonville  
Ara Belle Black, Williams, OR  
Shuler Bland, Honolulu, HI  
Roy A. Bolz, Phoenix  
Virginia Bothwell, Gold Hill  
Mr. C.M. Brewer, Salem, OR  
William Briggs, Phoenix  
Mabel Brock, Talent  
Mary Cuddy, Jacksonville  
Gladys M. Curran, Phoenix  
Helen P. Curtis, White City  
Frank Dawson, Fresno, CA  
Fred K. Deuel, Medford  
Mr. O.A. Eden, Portland, OR  
Mrs. Paul Elgin, Medford

Eloise Evans, Medford  
Maxine Ferg, Medford  
Kay Fitzgerald, Central Point  
Margaret Fitzgerald, Medford  
Ona Fitzgerald, Gold Hill  
Mabel H. Foster, Igo, CA  
Aletha Foy, Seattle, WA  
Dr. August W. Glutsch, Medford  
Irvin E. Hall, Medford  
Ernest Hamer, Anaheim, CA  
Howard R. Hardie, Medford  
Harold H. Hawley, Sr., Shady Cove  
Jean Hering, Hornbrook, CA  
Mrs. Winifred Hewitt, Medford  
Thada Hilton, Medford  
Dorothy Holcombe, Ashland  
Mr. & Mrs. A.C. Hooker, Medford  
Dick & Thelma Isaacs, Ashland  
Mrs. Paul Jones, Talent  
Gertrude Lewis, Medford  
Chet Lind, Los Gatos, CA  
Bill J. Lorton, Medford  
Jessie F. Matheny, Jacksonville  
Wayne Maxson, Jacksonville  
Loyal McCay, Phoenix  
Lois McMullin, Drain, OR  
Miss Evelyn Meyer, Portland, OR  
Velma Moore, Medford  
Doris Newman, Grants Pass  
Clair Norris, Medford  
Hazel E. Norris, Medford  
Lewis Nutter, Portland, OR  
Henry Padgham, Medford  
S.D. Palmer, Glendale, OR  
A.D. Parr, Medford  
J.W. Parsons, Ashland  
Norma Pawlowski, Jacksonville  
Leslie Pete, Talent  
Martel, Peters, Ashland  
Letra Pierce, Jacksonville  
Gladys J. Prue, Yreka, CA  
Dorothy Pruitt, Medford  
Ben Rackley, Ashland  
Mrs. David H. Rees, Mount Shasta, CA  
Gilbert Reno, Ashland  
Trudie Revoir, Ashland  
Tom Rickman, Union City, CA  
Mrs. Bille H. Robertson, Eugene, OR  
Leona Stone Salyer, Medford  
Joseph Sanchez, Ashland  
C. Aubrey Sander, Medford  
Carl Scharpf, Irvine, CA  
Velma Slessler, Medford  
Tom Sloan, Portland, OR  
R.G. Snider, Ashland  
Bruno Spano, Phoenix  
Kathryn Stancliffe, Phoenix  
Les Stinson, Washougal, WA  
Mrs. Frances Tennyson, Talent  
Anna Wasson, Medford  
Mrs. William Wheat, Medford  
Evert Wicklund, Medford  
Catherine Williams, Argos, IN  
Jo Williams, Ashland  
Joy Windt, Medford  
Ralph W. Wood, Ashland

**Sponsor**

Helene Carpenter-Ogle, San Marino, CA  
Mrs. Ruth H. Jewell, Medford  
Mr. & Mrs. Jerry Lausmann, Medford



## THE PERILS OF PAULINE

**T**he first ripple of Medford's crime wave for the winter season of 1929 - 1930 started with an attempted break-in of the First National Bank on the evening of December 13. The would-be burglars were foiled and took to their heels when the officer on night patrol spotted them fooling around the back door. A little later, about 6 o'clock, the police department received word that a young woman had attempted to hold up the Embury service station on East Main and Almond. The *Tribune* neglected to report just how she had conducted this unsuccessful heist. She apparently had neither gun nor blade to persuade the holduppee to give up his money or part with his life. Perhaps she threatened him with a high heel. The attendant had just come on duty and there was only small change --and mighty little of that -- in the till. The young lady announced the service station seemed to need it worse than she did and departed somewhat haughtily.

A little later she drove her car into the Porter Shell station on Riverside. She had a passenger with her in the front seat. He was dozing. She got out of the car, walked into the station and asked the attendant, A.E. Cooper, for directions to a street he had never heard of. A map of Medford was tacked on the wall and Cooper turned to examine it, looking for the street in question. When he turned his back to the

lady, she scooped the bills out of the open register drawer and stuffed them into her coat pocket as she continued to talk to him. Taking him by the arm, she led him outside to the street, gesturing and pointing in the general direction she was going. She thanked him, even though he hadn't found the missing street, and jumped into the car, started the motor, drove down the block a ways and pulled over to the curb. She then began looking for something in the back seat. The young attendant decided her behavior had been a little on the suspicious side and he walked down the sidewalk until he could clearly see her license plate. After having jotted down the numbers, he watched her drive away, going south on Riverside.

When he returned to the station he discovered the empty drawer in the cash register. The woman had lifted \$16.50, all the money he had taken in since late afternoon. He wasted no time notifying the Medford police who immediately called the Ashland and Grants Pass departments to be on the lookout.

Sometime around 9 o'clock, the couple drove into Ashland and parked the car on a sidestreet. They got out and walked down to the Plaza where they separated. The *Tribune* gave no reason for them to part company, but one could pretty well assume they went to find a ladies' and a gents' lounge respectively. The female of the

species takes longer in the powder room than the male, and the fellow was soon back on the street. He walked straight into the clutches of Deputy Sheriff Paul Jennings and Ashland City Traffic Officer Sam Prescott, who had been on the beat since the Ashland police had been notified of the robbery. He should have thrust his hands into his pockets, whistled a lilting tune, and walked innocently past them. Instead he turned guiltily and darted into a dark doorway, where he cowered, waiting for the hand of the law. He had no identification and no papers and could not tell why he was in Ashland. The officers arrested him on the spot and escorted him to the police station where they booked him as an accomplice in the robbery.

In the meantime the lady bandit wandered around looking for her companion. She hailed a cab, got in and directed the driver to cruise around while she continued her search. She soon noticed a restaurant on the Plaza, and commanded the cabbie to stop, paid him, and went into the cafe where she ordered a couple of sandwiches to go. As she waited for the girl to cut and wrap her sandwich, she looked out the window and saw Deputy Jennings walking down the Plaza. She picked up her purchase and paid for it with a five dollar bill, and waited impatiently while the girl counted out the change, dropping coins into her extended hand. Suddenly she grabbed the change in the cashier's hand and ran out the door.

The girl was startled, came from behind the counter and ran to the door. When she saw Deputy Jennings she yelled, "She went that way," and pointed to the park. The policeman ran to the entrance and started up the path. A few feet into the dimly lighted park, he spotted a commotion behind a tree, and as he walked around it to investigate, he discovered his objective, the mystery lady, sandwich in her hand and egg on her face.

Deputy Jennings led her to the station and the officer in charge booked her for burglary not in a dwelling. In addition to this charge, both she and her friend were held on the suspicion of making an unsuccessful attempt to crack the First National Bank. A few minutes after being booked, she and her errant companion were on their way to Medford where, with no further delay, they were put into the cooler; he in the gentlemen's section, she, in the ladies' suite.

The man, who was middle aged, rosy cheeked and a little corpulent, gave his name as Joe Lewis. He was only an innocent bystander, he declared. The lady, petite and blond, said she was Pauline Plesik, and that she came originally

from Oakland, California. As the police matron, Mrs. Joe Daniels, locked her in the cell, she announced in no uncertain terms that she had never seen such a dump. She was used to nicer accommodations and she had no intention of spending any extended stay in that slum.

In spite of her tirade against the lodgings provided by the city, she was graciously tucked in for the night by the matron, Mrs. Daniels, who locked the door and left her to contemplate her sins.

After lights out, around 10 o'clock, she crawled through the small transom, walked down the hall to the front door, pushed it open and let herself out onto the sidewalk in the January night. The door locked behind her as she suddenly realized, with a chill, that she had failed to don her coat and had left behind her purse and small grip which contained her cosmetics.

She walked up the stairs to the street level and started down Bartlett Street where she discovered a window on the ground floor that had been lowered a few inches. It was no task for her to push down the sill so she could squeeze through. She re-entered the courthouse and made her way back to the cell, again crawled back through the transom, put on her coat, picked up her purse and bag and for a third time went over the transom, down the hall and out the front door.

Pauline was clearly an escape artist, but once at liberty, she failed to insure her freedom. She might have hit upon a disguise, and she certainly should have taken to the back streets. About six hours after her escape, she was spotted by Officer Sam Prescott who discovered her standing on a corner in downtown Ashland. He promptly re-arrested her. Of course she was in Ashland because she had to retrieve her car, and she should have revved it up for a quick getaway and zoomed out of southern Oregon forever. What was she doing standing around the Plaza like a sitting duck? Maybe she liked the sandwich and came back for a reorder or perhaps she was after a shot of Lithia water. In about an hour she was back in the Medford Jail, the transom safely secured, and the cell made escape-proof.

Pauline and Joe spent the weekend in the lockup. On Monday they appeared in Judge Taylor's Court and were bound over to the grand jury under bail of \$1000 each. The decision vexed Pauline considerably. She walked up to E.C. Cooper, who was giving testimony about the robbery of the Shell station, and slapped him resoundingly.



"I don't like it here," she said, "but I don't suppose there is much I can do about it. It's lonesome in that cell and if the solitude continues, I'm going to lose my mind." When she was questioned by a *Tribune* reporter, she told her story:

The first night here, Thursday, I was anxious to get out, but I did not give it serious thought until someone called through the window that he wanted to see the jailer. That was the first time I realized that the jailer was gone so I crawled through the transom, and out into the darkness.

After I came back and got my things, I started towards Ashland. I was lost and began walking on Crater Lake Highway, but I finally caught a ride. The man was only going to Ashland and so I had to get off. I wish to heaven he'd kept on going to California and now I wouldn't be here. I guess I must have been out most of the night and it was about 4 or 5 o'clock the next morning when I got caught the second time.

I made a mistake when I became too anxious to get out of here. I should have saved the transom to escape from some other time -- perhaps after I had been sentenced, if I'm going to be. Then I wouldn't have been so foolish as to get caught again...

Oh, yes, I expect to get out of here in a short time...When we get out, Joe and I, we want to go to San Francisco by the Redwood Highway. I don't see anyway why they are holding him. Joe never did any wrong outside of meeting me not so long ago...He's an awfully good fellow.

She continued with her tale and spoke of her aging parents in Kansas who needed her pretty badly now. "Kansas is a long way off," she said like Dorothy to Toto, "and I wish I could send them some money for Christmas. But now that can't be done, and my parents probably think their daughter has forgotten them. I don't know who needs me worse now, Joe Lewis or my parents."

The *Tribune* reporter continued:

She did not deny she had been in jail before, but the jail here seems to make her more nervous than any other jail she had been in. She has wept, cursed and screamed over her misfortune,, but she is still inside looking out. "My solitude is broken only when Mrs. Joe Daniels brings my meals," she said. "Three times a day."

On December 19th Pauline made another try for freedom. There was a steel cell placed in the jail assembly room. One wall of the cell was solid metal; the other three walls were barred. Pauline discovered that if she concealed herself behind the solid wall, she could not be seen by the jailers as they made their rounds. If the guard could not see her, he would logically assume she had again escaped, and he would then run to notify the

others, leaving the door open behind him. With the door wide open and no one on guard, she would simply walk out. The plan couldn't fail.


Early in the day Pauline dressed in her street clothes, put on her coat and her overshoes and sat down on the cot. "I feel a little chilly," she said, when Mrs. Daniels brought her lunch. At 4:30 the matron returned. Pauline was nowhere in sight. Unfortunately, Mrs. Daniels failed to follow Pauline's script. Instead of leaving the door open while she ran for help, she stayed where she was and set up a loud clatter, calling for an officer. Deputy Sheriff Paul Jennings who had first found Pauline behind the tree in Lithia Park, ran into the cell and, looking behind the cell wall, discovered her squeezed into the space.

Pauline was totally discouraged. "That Mrs. Daniels won't cooperate," she wailed and called Officer Jennings some names that weren't on the book.

The *Tribune* reporter wrote:

As a result of her attempt yesterday, all of her clothes were removed from her room with the exception of those which she wears, and appearances are better now than ever that she will spend the Christmas holidays in jail.

Christmas came and went. There was probably a nice little tree for the prisoners and surely they were served turkey and trimmings. It couldn't have been a total loss, but Pauline was in no mood to bask in the hospitality of the county. On January 2 the daily paper announced that she had made another unsuccessful escape attempt. Details weren't given, but when she was thwarted she flew into a rage and again gave the jailers a lurid sample of her purple prose. "She is probably the most tempermental prisoner there ever was in the county jail," the *Tribune* announced, and her outbursts keep the jailers alert." It's always nice to know when the police are on their toes.

n February 7, 1930, the jury was selected and the next day Pauline went on trial in the circuit court. Don Newbury was appointed by the court to represent both Pauline and Joe Lewis. A.E. Cooper was called to the stand as chief complaining witness. As he began telling how Pauline had come into his station and tricked him, she became increasingly irritated. Suddenly she shouted, "You're a damn liar," and, to emphasize her declaration, picked up an ink bottle from the counsel's desk and hurled it at the witness. Fortunately her aim was faulty. The ink bottle went wide of its intended mark and narrowly missed an unsuspecting juror before it bashed against the

courtroom wall and broke. A large blue-black blotch appeared on the plaster and the ink ran in unsightly streams down the wall.

Judge Norton immediately called a recess and Pauline was forcibly removed from the room to regain her composure. Don Newbury was exasperated but maintained his equilibrium. "You must promise to make no more scenes in this courtroom," he ordered, "especially if you hope to be acquitted. Outbursts like this can only weaken your chances." Pauline was instantly contrite and promised no more flare ups.

Among the state witnesses called when court reconvened was Deputy Sheriff Ike Dunford who testified that Pauline had admitted to him that she had taken money from the Medford station as well as stations in Grants Pass and other cities north of Medford. He testified that she told him she was less interested in getting the money than she was in learning how to operate the new cash registers. She said she hoped to get a job as a cashier.

Lloyd Coons, a station attendant from Drain, Oregon, recited how Pauline had attempted to rob his station. He however was too clever for her; others had tried shenanigans but he had fooled them just as he fooled Pauline. She laughed loudly during his testimony. Sam Prescott and George Inlow of Ashland were witnesses for the state.

Pauline at last took the stand. Her counsel had told her to dress neatly and arrange her hair becomingly, but when she appeared on the stand her hair was a mass of tangled blonde curls and she wore a shabby overcoat which she had found in the prison waiting room. She tried to prove her innocence but on the stand she rambled away from the subject. She enjoyed talking and seemed to want to chat with the attorneys. She declared she had met Joseph Lewis some distance north of Medford. She said he was without funds and that several times she had given him money. She denied stealing from the Porter station. "I only went in there for a map," she said.

When asked about her confession to Deputy Dunford, she said, "I was only kidding Ike. It was a joke."

Turning serious in her manner, she testified: "I've never been in a mess like this before, and I used to handle sacks of money in a department store where I was a cashier. I wouldn't touch a nickel of it. I used to go to business college and I learned bookkeeping there and things like that. But I never did understand these new machines. I was trying to learn how to work them. I started to learn up in Idaho and it nearly got me in trouble up there."

The *Tribune* reporter wrote: "She contradicted herself and otherwise made a poor witness. The cross examination was short. If Deputy District Attorney George Neilsen had not cut her off, she might still be talking."

After a short deliberation the jury found Pauline guilty with a recommendation for leniency because of her erratic behavior and questionable mental condition. The judge announced he would pronounce his sentence after Joe Lewis had been tried.

The following day Lewis went on trial before a packed courtroom, charged with being an accomplice of Pauline Plesik in the robbery of a service station in Ashland. On the witness stand he said he first met Pauline when she was hitchhiking down the Pacific Highway and he had invited her to ride with him. She accepted and they began a pleasant friendship. This testimony is contradictory to the story told by Pauline. In her account she was the owner of the car, and Joe was the hitchhiker whom she had offered a ride. Since the papers neglected to reveal exactly what happened to the car, one must assume that it was not a stolen vehicle and probably belonged to Joe Lewis. No doubt the police had impounded it until the conclusion of the trial.

Joe testified he had no knowledge of what Pauline was up to when they stopped at service stations in Glendale, Grants Pass and Ashland. They had been on the road a long time, and he was tired and sleepy. Pauline was driving, and when she stopped to get gas, he didn't awaken.

The prosecution set forth a different state of affairs: Joe Lewis was a handyman in the robberies. He held the attention of the service station operator while Pauline Plesik was opening the drawers of the cash register and appropriating the money. He took a silent role in the robberies, but he was just as guilty as she.

The jury agreed with Don Newbury's scenario; they found Joe Lewis innocent as a babe in arms and acquitted him. Shortly after this, the little man with the chubby pink cheeks put on his hat and coat and walked away from the courtroom and out of Pauline Plesik's life, probably forever.

On February 14, 1930, Pauline appeared in court for sentencing. For this appearance she dressed neatly and sat quietly in her chair, her hands clasped in her lap, as she waited for the brick to fall. "For robbery not in a dwelling you are sentenced to serve an indeterminate term at the state penitentiary," the judge announced.

"Your sentence will be from one to three years."

Pauline said nothing. She closed her eyes tightly and a few tears squeezed out and ran down her cheeks.

The court had apparently decided Pauline's sentence should depend on her behavior. If she were a model prisoner and made no waves she could be out in a year. If she resisted and behaved irrationally, she'd have to serve her three years up to the minute.

Today it would be obvious that Pauline was psychopathic and emotionally unstable. Instead of being locked up in a prison cell, she should have been given gentle psychiatric help. The court's sentence was the worst treatment that could have happened to her. It was like a reprisal dreamed up by the Nazis. The police no doubt gave her the first push over the deep edge.

Off she went to the state prison in Salem under strict surveillance. The department could mark the case closed and shut the file drawer on Pauline Plesik. But headlines in the Oregonian of July 8, 1931, will come as no surprise.:

#### PAULINE PLESIK IN SALEM ESCAPE

Sometime after her admittance to the state prison, she became more and more erratic and irrational, and, after a general hubbub, she was transferred to the state hospital for belated psychiatric treatment. The hospital guards were a little lax -- or less dedicated -- and Pauline, sensing this, wasted no time in planning her next escape. Like her previous attempts, however, it was not successful. The newspaper report announced:

Pauline Plesik who escaped from the state hospital was captured near Chemawa, six miles north of Salem this afternoon. She was thumbing for rides along the highway. The little lady had gone on an excursion with the other prisoners to pick berries. When they reached the berry patch and began picking, Miss Plesik kept going.

On the highway she should have been more select in her choice of drivers. A fellow pulled up, opened his door and Pauline ran and jumped in. Unfortunately it was not one of her best days, and her conversation tended to ramble somewhat. He became suspicious, turned the car around and delivered her back to the front entrance at the state hospital. If she had beamed him with her berry bucket, he would have had it coming.

About three weeks later, on July 30, Pauline made another break. During the small hours of

the morning, when others were asleep, she revived her transom trick. Crawling over the door, she tiptoed down the hall, past a dozing guard, and was soon long gone. A little blonde lady in blue prison garb, however, is easily spotted, and she had only a couple of days of freedom before she was again discovered on the highway soliciting a ride.

On her return, the officials at the hospital transferred her back to the prison. In their report they described her as a "slippery proposition and liable to get loose any time." They simply weren't equipped to handle her.



Undaunted, Pauline did not give up although the state prison was a pretty formidable place and an escape from that institution took skillful planning and doing. On Halloween night, 1931, she was ready for action. Since she was a size petite, she had little difficulty slipping through the bars in the woman's ward. She silently crept through the dark hall to a window above the administration building and crawled through. A metal drain pipe was attached to the wall a few feet from the window sill and Pauline Plesik courageously



leaped through space and glommed onto the pipe, sliding down two floors to a roof top. Jumping from the high roof to the ground would have proved a disaster, but Pauline was prepared; she had carried her blanket with her on this perilous escape and, tying it to a projection of some kind, she lowered herself safely to the ground.

After all her neat preparations and skillful maneuvers, she should have made it to freedom. The pink-cheeked Joe Lewis should have been waiting for her with a sporty getaway car and they should have zoomed off into the future together. But the story has no happy ending.

Headlines on October 28, continue the story:

### PAULINE BEHIND BARS AGAIN

Salem, Oregon - (AP) Pauline Plesik, 30, who escaped from the State Penitentiary early

yesterday, was taken by a motorist who "picked her up" on the highway, to Silverton and turned her over to authorities (Ye gods, for another time?).... This was her third escape from state institutions.

And that's it. Further research would probably turn up another escape or two, but Pauline was bound to be caught. The dead of winter was no time for a little blonde dame who weighed about 110 pounds and was dressed in a blue prison uniform to be wandering around the highway, and perhaps she came to realize that.

Her sentence served and her mental health restored, she returned to a productive life... and anyone naive enough to buy that statement is a pushover for the Brooklyn Bridge.

Raymond Lewis

## Genealogical Society Announcement

TRIP TO SUTRO, SAN FRANCISCO, May 15-17

Leave: about 5:30 pm Friday, May 15, via PSA.

Bus: will take us from Airport to the hotel, to and from Sutro on Saturday, return us from Hotel Essex to Airport on Sunday.

Stay: Essex Hotel, Union Square, San Francisco, Friday night and Saturday night. Continental breakfast Saturday and Sunday.

RESEARCH in Sutro Library from opening to 8 pm Saturday. Sutro has a good collection of family histories, much information about many localities, photocopy machines for use by patrons.

Return: around 6 pm Sunday evening, via PSA.

TOTAL COST: \$159 per person, double occupancy in the hotel.

Payment: \$25 cash with reservation, total of \$80 (\$55 more) by April 15, rest (\$79) must be paid by May 1 at the latest OR use your credit card by seeing Shanna at ROGUE TRAVEL SERVICE, 14 South Central, Medford, AND presenting your copy of the charge slip to RVGS by April 15 OR before -- to show you have made the reservation. (You might wish to make a copy for your files until the original is returned to you.)

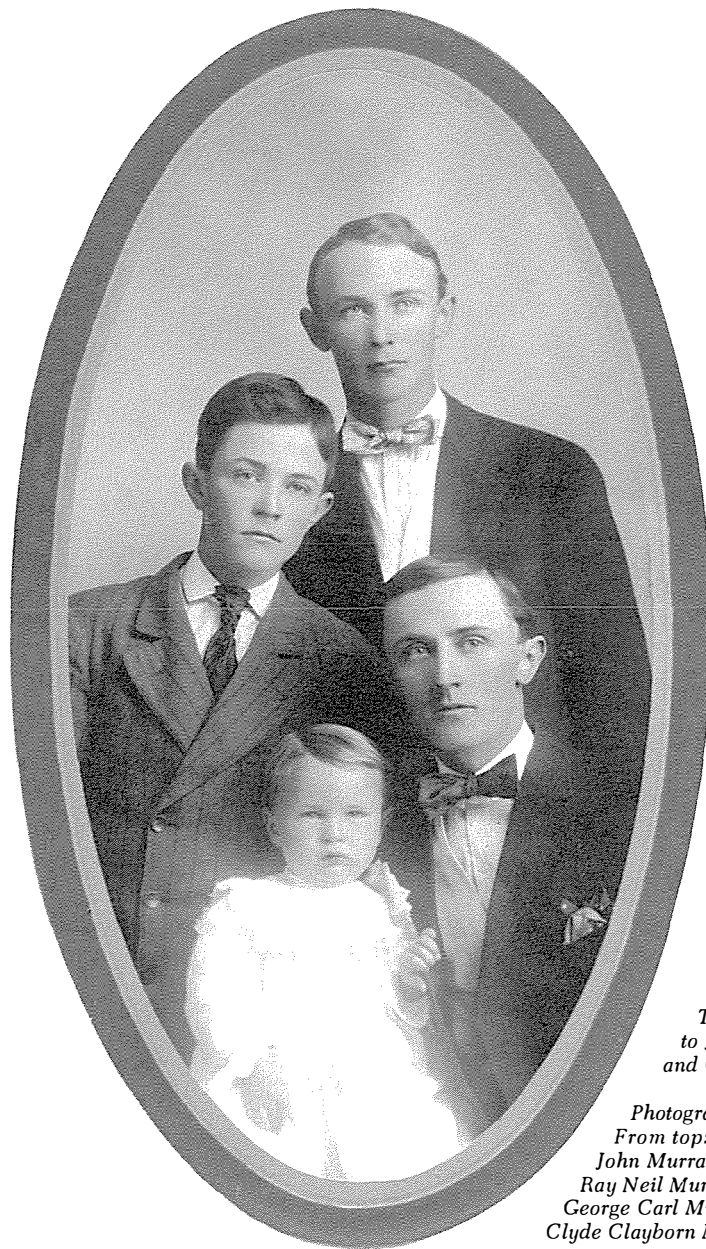
TOUR IS OPEN TO RVGS MEMBERS AND OTHER INTERESTED PERSONS

This tour is limited to a total of 40 persons. Don't delay if you wish to go. Fill in the form below and send it to the RVGS office, marked ATTENTION SECRETARY. Be sure to enclose your check made out to RVGS or the charge slip.

IF by chance we do NOT have at least 30 signed up by May 1, the trip will be cancelled and your money will be returned.

For more information call 772-6287 or (evenings) 664-3700.

NAME _____	RVGS member? _____
Address _____	Phone _____
Male _____ or Female _____ OR I wish to room with _____	
Enclosed is _____ checks for _____ or _____ copy of charge slip.	
(Make checks out to Rogue Valley Genealogical Society. Send to RVGS, 125 South Central, Medford, 97501. Attn: Secretary	



*The four sons born  
to John Jacob Murphy  
and Gertrude Neil Murphy*

*Photograph taken 1909, Ashland*

*From top:*

*John Murray Murphy, 18*

*Ray Neil Murphy, 16*

*George Carl Murphy, 24*

*Clyde Clayborn Murphy, 2*

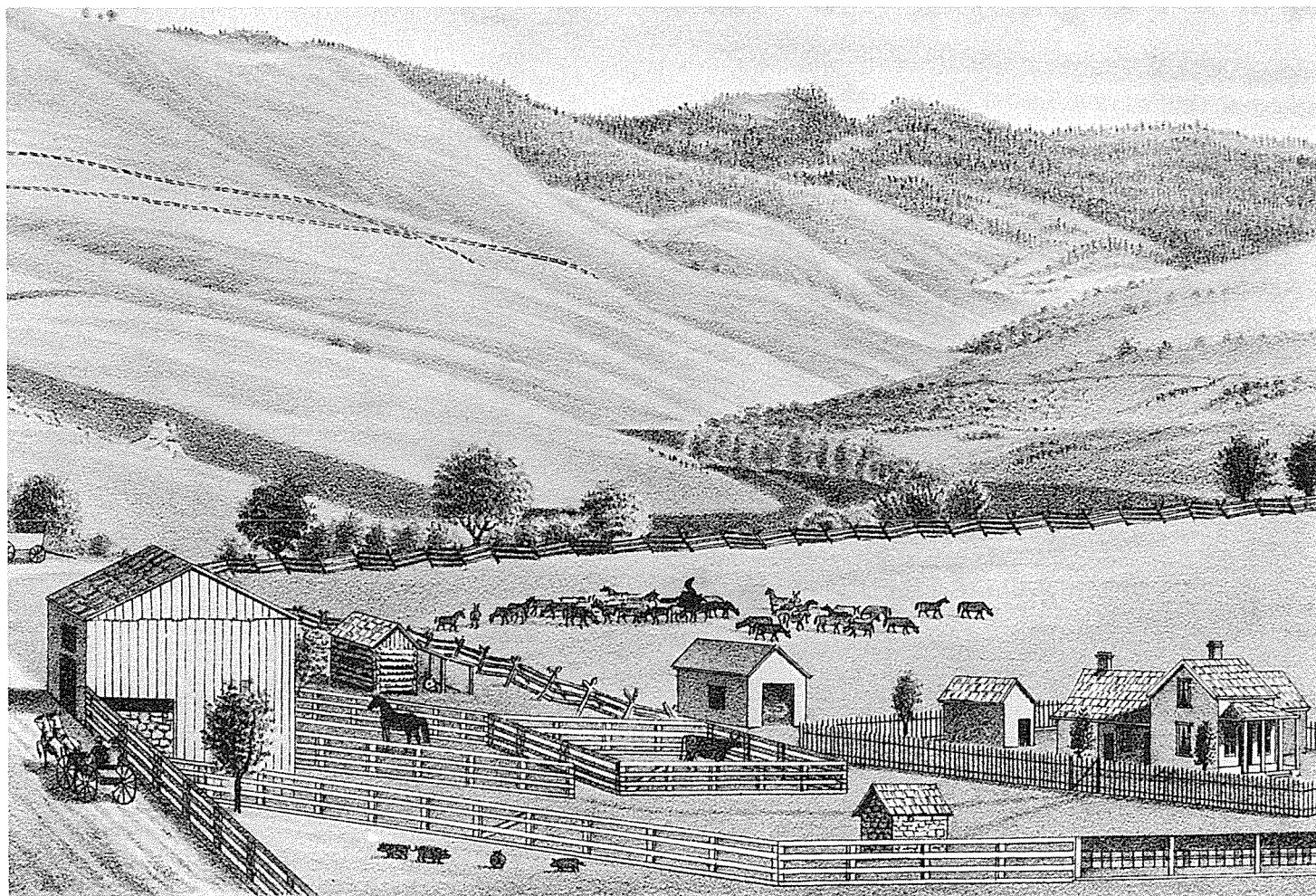
## The Murphy Family of Ashland

**J**ohn Murphy was born in County Cork, Ireland, in 1820, the son of John and Annie Desmond Murphy. He was one of thirteen children. Between 1845 to 1847 a potato blight in Ireland destroyed the basic food crop of the Irish masses. Thousands, fleeing famine, emigrated to America. Among those leaving their homeland were John Murphy, his widowed mother, his brother Michael and his sister Annie. They arrived in New York in 1847.

They first settled in Goshen, Orange County, New York, and remained there for five years. Records do not indicate how they made their living, but John and his brother may have worked at common labor; their skills were probably limited

to agricultural pursuits although John later became an expert carpenter. In 1852 John Murphy received his final naturalization papers and became a citizen. A little later that year the Murphys moved to Lee County, Iowa.

The year 1853 was the time of the great immigration across the plains. John Murphy could not help but be swayed by the great movement westward and the promise of free land in a new frontier. It was an undreamed of opportunity for a young man who had fled from his homeland to escape poverty and hunger. He and his mother, his brother and sister joined the parade, signing on with the Myer and Walker Train, and made the trek from St. Louis to the Pacific Coast. In



-LITH. PORTLAND, OR.

### STOCK RANCH OF JOHN MURPHY, NEAR ASHLAND.

the late fall of 1853 they arrived in southern Oregon and settled in the foothills of the Siskiyou Mountains. John Murphy soon found work at the Mountain House ranch owned by Hugh Barron and several partners. A short time later he took a Donation Land Claim of 160 acres near the confluence of Frog and Walker Creeks, both tributaries of Emigrant Creek. The claim was five miles southeast of present day Ashland; today it is crossed by the Dead Indian Road. Here he built his home. His mother, brother and sister moved in with him, and the Murphys began their rise to prosperity.

**W**hen the Murphys arrived in southern Oregon trouble with the Rogue Indians had intensified. Many of John's neighbors had had confrontations and stock and supplies had been stolen. A.G. Walling, in *A History of Southern Oregon*, wrote:

In 1854 a band of marauding Indians came near Mr. Murphy's house and killed an ox belonging to Myron Stearns. A party of settlers

followed the Indians, and coming up to Murphy's cabin and not finding him there, they supposed he had been killed. But when they proceeded a little way up the creek, there was Mr. Murphy planting potatoes. He knew nothing of the Indians having been in the neighborhood. (He) joined the others and followed the trail to Grizzly Rock, put the Indians to rout and broke up their camp at that place... Mr. Murphy joined Captain Williams' company and engaged in the war with the Rogue River Indians, remaining until its close.

John Murphy was an excellent builder. One of the large barns that he constructed on a stone foundation can be seen today near the Ashland Airport. He also built the Grubb barn in Ashland, which is no longer standing. According to family history he built barns for the Russell and the Gibbs families, and constructed many other barns in the area. Payment for his carpentry skills may have been made in land. People who needed a barn or an outbuilding more than they needed the acreage on the south forty may well have traded land for labor. These trades may have accounted for a great part of the land John Murphy eventually



accumulated.

By 1858 his domain was established. The rebellion of the Indians had been settled, the crops were in and the livestock was sturdy. It was time to get himself a wife. The local maidens were few in number and far between, and each one had more suitors than she could handle so John Murphy went to San Francisco. The city was an excellent marriage market. There were many young and healthy Irish lassies there, nearly all of them yearning for marriage with a robust young farmer. And an eligible swain who had his own land and a house and a barn and herds of fat livestock was especially desirable.

John Murphy didn't take long to find his bride. She was Mary Goodwin Carr from County Tyrone, a widow with a two-year old daughter also named Mary.\* He was an earnest suitor and the wooing and the winning took only a little time. Immediately after the wedding, John Murphy started home to southern Oregon with his new wife and his foster daughter. They came over the primitive trail across the Siskiyou Mountains on mules, and the trip must have been exhausting and sometimes frightening. But when they stopped at the Mountain house and John Murphy pointed out his beautiful land lying not far ahead, Mary Carr Murphy must have wept with delight and pride.

In keeping with his policy, John Murphy did not overlook the possibility of acquiring another section of land. A plot of dirt was the difference between a proud man and a ne'er-do-well, and the more land, the better. Mary Carr Murphy, as his wife, was entitled to her share of a donation land claim and John Murphy soon acquired additional acres. Before he ceased amassing land, the ranch had grown to 2,200 acres.

John and Mary Murphy had five children. The first was John Jacob who was born in 1860. He was followed by Edward James, 1865, and Elizabeth (Lizzie) whose birthdate is unknown. Two other children, Michael and Alice, died in infancy.

The Murphy children were educated on the ranch and their father built a schoolhouse for that purpose. According to Jackson County school records, this was the Murphy District Number 92. The building was pulled down in 1938.

**I**n 1868 John Murphy's sister Annie married John Devlin, an Irishman. Before the marriage Devlin had been a sailor in the U.S. Navy. He had traveled around the world several times

and had led a colorful life. On the ship, *San Jacinto*, which carried the U.S. Consul to Japan to relieve Commodore Perry, he served as engineer. After making the trip to Japan, the crew prowled around in Chinese waters and ran down pirates. A life of such heady adventure doesn't last forever, and a man who lives it is lucky to surface with his skin intact. It does, however, provide plenty of good conversation for the future, and around southern Oregon John Devlin is still remembered as a great talker and a good friend.

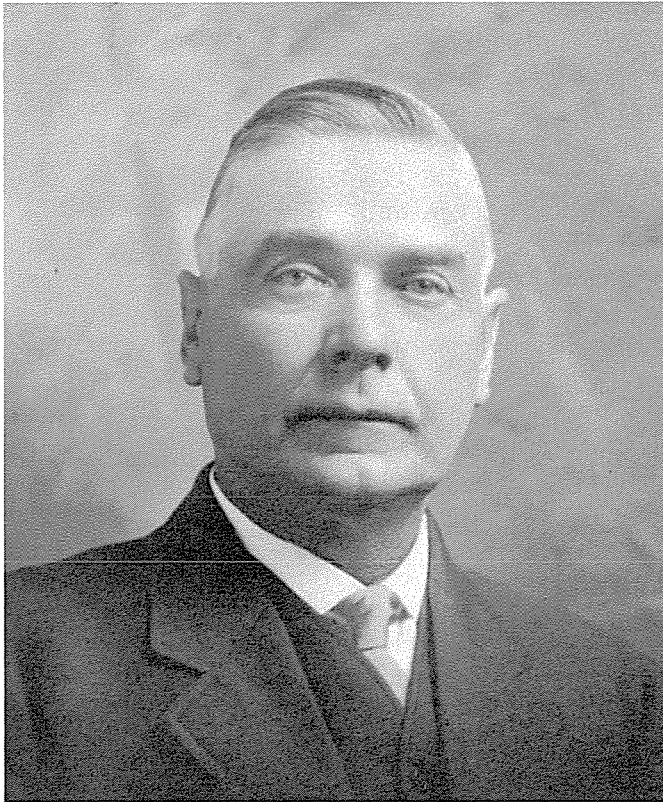
After his discharge from the Navy, Devlin went to San Francisco and then on to Oregon where he settled briefly in Ashland. It was there he met and courted Annie Murphy. In 1868 they married. The Devlin home in Ashland was located where the Normal School (now Southern Oregon State College) was later built. Annie Desmond Murphy went to live with the newlyweds. In 1890 they moved to a ranch in the Applegate Valley near Ruch. One of their children, Mary, married Miles Cantrall, a member of another famous pioneer family. John Devlin died in 1918 at the age of 82. Annie lived until 1923. They had several children who lived in the Applegate area for many years.

**J**ohn Murphy's younger brother Michael married an Irish lady named Mary. Little is recorded of their life together. They lived for some time in Jacksonville where their social life seems to have narrowed to attendance at St. Joseph's Church. Eventually they moved to Ruch where Michael died in 1881 at the age of 55. All the early-generation Murphys were devout Catholics, and Father Blanchet of St. Joseph's officiated at the funerals for several members of the family, who were buried in the Jacksonville Cemetery.

**J**ohn Murphy continued to farm and to add to his property until his death in 1898 at 77. His wife Mary Carr Murphy, lived until 1904. She was 78.

#### DEATH OF JOHN MURPHY *Ashland Tidings*

1898. JOHN MURPHY was an exemplary citizen and his loss will be mourned by all who knew him. He was 77. Besides his widow, three children survive him, J.J. Murphy, Mrs. Lizzie Kingsbury, and Edward Murphy...The funeral services were held in the Catholic church at Jacksonville, under the charge of Father Desmaris, and the interment took place in the cemetery at Jacksonville.



*John Jacob (J.J.) Murphy*

## DEATH OF A PIONEER LADY

*Democratic Times*

1905. MRS. MARY MURPHY, an Oregon pioneer and relict of the late John Murphy, died at the family home, five miles southeast of Ashland, yesterday, aged 78. Deceased had been in feeble health for several months past, having suffered from a stroke of paralysis. In 1858 she was married at San Francisco to John Murphy, and the latter brought his bride to his homestead, where she had continuously resided to the time of her death. The funeral will take place from the Catholic church in this city, and the interment will be made in the Jacksonville Cemetery.

Lizzie Murphy inherited a third of the ranch, a parcel of land north of Dead Indian Road, from her father's estate. She was married twice, first to Mr. Davis, a second time to L.A. Kingsbury. Moving to San Francisco, she took in boarders at her home, the Kingsbury House, which was destroyed in the earthquake.

## MET HER DEATH IN THE EARTHQUAKE

REMAINS OF MRS. LIZZIE KINGSBURY  
FORMERLY OF ASHLAND FOUND IN  
SAN FRANCISCO RUINS.

1906. A brief item in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of May 17th, tells the gruesome story of the finding of the remains of Mrs. L.A. Kingsbury, in the wreck of the Kingsbury House, which she conducted at 172 Seventh Street, and the iden-



*Gertrude Neil Murphy*

tification of them by her brother-in-law, Bert Kingsbury, of Reno, Nev., the report adding that she was 43 years of age and had lost her life in the earthquake of April 18th. Mrs. Kingsbury was the daughter of the late John Murphy, a pioneer resident of Ashland precinct, and a sister of J.J. and Edward Murphy. For several years she had resided in San Francisco and conducted a rooming house. Her daughter was placed in a Catholic school in Reno.

The house was wrecked by the big earthquake and it was reported at the time that many lost their lives in it either directly by the earthquake or the subsequent fire. Mrs. Kingsbury's name was among the missing and although efforts have been made by her relatives, they were not able to get word from her and it remained for the sad story of her fate to be revealed in the ruins of the building which was her home.

J.J. and Edward inherited the rest of the ranch equally. J.J. eventually acquired Edward's share and lived there until 1914 when he and his wife moved to Ashland.

Little is known about the second son, Edward. For some time he worked on his father's ranch until he sold his share to his brother J.J. When the two brothers were young men, they operated a freight line over the Siskiyou Mountains from Ashland to Yreka and for nine years Edward was a stockman for the Keene Creek Association.

He married Rosie O'Brien who died of "la grippe" at the age of 24. At her death they had been married five years. She left the young

widower with two small children to raise, a boy and a girl. He later married again; his second wife was Pearl Holman of Ashland.

After ten years of failing health he died in 1946. He was survived by his wife and three children, Mrs. Beulah Mallow, Lebanon; Roy Murphy, Ashland; and Mrs. John Hanscomb of Ashland. He was buried in the Mountain View Cemetery.

The first son, J.J. was born and raised on the Murphy ranch. He completed his schooling in the Murphy schoolhouse built by his father, and seldom had cause to leave southern Oregon. Although he often worked for neighbors doing chores and incidental work, he principally worked for his father. By the time he turned 21, he had taken over most of the ranch operations. His father had suffered for years from rheumatism which became increasingly painful as he grew older.

When J.J. became 24 in 1884 he married Miss Gertrude Neil of Ashland. She was a daughter of Clayborne (or Claiborne) Neil. Clayborne had settled on a donation land grant in 1854 along the creek that would later be named in his honor. The Neil farm lay just to the west of the Murphy land.

J.J. and Gertrude had four sons and a daughter, Alice, who died in infancy. The sons were George Carl, born in 1885, John Murray, 1891, Ray Neil, 1893, and Clyde, 1907. J.J. continued to operate the ranch and deal in livestock until he and Gertrude moved into Ashland in 1914. Their home was located at 486 Siskiyou Boulevard, and it became the scene of many festive activities. The J.J. Murphys were gregarious, warm hearted folk, and their social life was heavily intertwined with the Neils. J.J. reportedly had a charming personality. He enjoyed parties, dress-up affairs and dancing. Gertrude's brother and sisters, particularly her sister, Mrs. Louisa Lozer, loved entertaining at dinners, reunions, showers and holiday get-togethers. In between these evenings out, the Murphys attended affairs at the Elks Club. There was no dearth of gaiety. J.J. left the management of the ranch in the hands of his second son, John Murray, although he continued to take an active interest in its operation.

Lithia, Soda and Sulphur Springs bubbled along the west bank of Emigrant Creek as it made its way through the Murphy ranch. For many years the family took these ef-

fervescent waters as a matter of course and made no effort to develop them.

In 1913 the City of Ashland began making plans to pipe the waters from an adjacent farm down along Emigrant Creek into downtown Ashland. The city would have full and free use for the benefit of the public from 6 AM to 11 PM. If piping did not commence in one year, the privilege and license would be revoked. The contract did not include the Murphy springs.

The city apparently let this agreement lapse, because another agreement was made in April, 1915. This time it was instigated by Bert Greer, who owned the *Ashland Daily Tidings*. Greer became chairman and J.P. Dodge was secretary of the Springs Water Commission of the City of Ashland. This time the waters would come from the Murphy ranch. Mr. Greer had plans to pipe Lithia water and carbon dioxide gas to the city.

J.J. permitted the Water Commission to drill a well on his land. If the Lithia water issued forth in large enough quantities, it could be piped to town and J.J. would deliver a deed to water and gases. He would be allowed to use half of the waters in any way he desired; Ashland would use the other half for drinking and bathing. J.J. retained the bottling rights and the City of Ashland was not to compete with him.

The local businessmen decided to capitalize on the water as a tourist attraction. Ashland could become the Saratoga Springs of the west if the money from a bond issue, of say \$175,000, could be made available to buy and develop the springs. This plan stirred a controversy when several prominent citizens opposed spending so much for a mineral water development. Local politicians took sides, but eventually the city purchased the wells and the waters were piped from the springs into a couple of circular pavilions in the park. In each pavilion five fountains gushed cold, sparkling Lithia water. Lithia Park was dedicated in July, 1916, and it became the place for everybody to go on Sundays for an outing, a pleasant rest on the well tended lawns, and a deep drink of the health giving waters.

After World War One ended, and the city affairs returned to their usual state of indecision, plans were made again for further development of the Lithia springs. This time, the schemes were more elaborate and on a grander scale. Bert Greer had found a prospect -- with considerable help from Professor I.E. Vining, an Ashland promoter -- who was interested in buying or leasing the waters as a commercial investment. The gentleman was Mr. Jesse Winburn, a millionaire, from New York City. J.J. approached by Bert



*J. Murray Murphy*

Greer, agreed to sell additional land bordering the springs to this developer. He also agreed to pay Greer a commission of 5% of the selling price. Mr. Winburn appeared on the scene, had the water tested and analyzed, and announced some grandiose plans:

- 1) he would pay the city for the springs and J.J. for the five acres surrounding them;
- 2) he would buy an additional four acres for a road leading from the Pacific Highway;
- 3) he would buy the adjoining Cunningham springs and one acre surrounding them;
- 4) J.J. would give Winburn "reasonable" assistance and be paid \$150 a month;
- 5) J.J. would sell land to Winburn for \$250 an acre.

Planning took considerable time. Nothing seemed to happen until 1920 when Jesse Winburn announced he would spend \$200,000 to remodel the Ashland Hotel at the corner of Oak and Main Streets into a first-class, stylish spa. The marvelous waters would be used for mineral baths

and medicinal purposes. Winburn asked for exclusive use of the waters although he agreed to allow use of it by the general public. He asked for a 25 year contract with a clause that the agreement could be avoided if the hotel were not purchased within a reasonable time.

Mr. Winburn was notional and sometimes testy and the city fathers were far from tactful. He had given a fortune in gifts to the city, including a fully equipped hospital in addition to other properties, and he felt members of the council were treating him badly. After first allowing him to buy the property in the city water shed, they decided his picturesque livestock were polluting the stream and asked him to return the land to the city, after he had remodeled the old buildings into a charming home with stables, swimming pool and roadways. For the property they offered him a figure which was less than the money he had paid to plumbers. This disagreement could only end in anger and permanent hard feelings.

In May 1921 he appeared before the Ashland Development Corporation and announced he was canceling his option to buy the hotel. The Board of Directors agreed to his demands and Jesse Winburn soon left Ashland to pursue new investments in Rye, New York.

Little came of plans to bottle Lithia water commercially, but during the development years of the lithia project, J.J. prospered and the family fortunes grew. The busy social life continued and J.J. became less interested in the Murphy ranch.

Gertrude Neil died in December 1923 at the family home on the Boulevard. She was 59. Ten years later, in 1933, J.J. suffered a heart attack. A receipt found in the family scrapbook is a payment for \$15 medical services by Dr. F.G. Swedenburg. J.J. died at the age of 73.

**G**eorge Carl, J.J.'s oldest son, married twice. Alice Huntley was his first wife. There were no children, and the couple divorced. In 1926 he married Maude Purves Williams, a widow with two children. Carl worked as a brakeman on the Southern Pacific for ten years and then purchased a ranch on the Applegate and invested in livestock.

He died in 1950. There is a family story that he took his own life. His wife Maude, so the story goes, would not give her consent that he, as a suicide, be allowed to lie in the family plot. He was therefore buried in the Mountain View Cemetery in Ashland.

Maude Purves Williams Murphy died in 1962 and is buried beside her husband.



John Murray Murphy, J.J.'s third offspring was born in 1891. Like his brothers he grew up loving horses and racing. He was expected to do his share of work on the family ranch, yet he managed to spend a good deal of time in the saddle. As a youth, he became the athlete of the family. At Normal School he was on the baseball team; he appeared in a 1908 photograph wearing a baseball uniform. On his hand is a baseball mitt. He also did his stint in the theater.

Professor Irving Vining, who did everything in a grand way, produced a pageant-like extravaganza at the Normal. The big, big show was entitled *Hiawatha*, and it was given by the "Children of the Normal." In addition to his directing skills, the professor took on the parts of 1) Gitche Manito, 2) The Arrow Maker and 3) A Priest. Probably Gitche and The Arrow Maker and The Priest had no taxing emotional scenes and only stood around grunting an occasional, "How?" so Mr. Vining could keep an eye on the other players and nudge them into picking up their cues. *Hiawatha* was played by Harrison Howell and *Nokomis* was done up in good order by Mary Clute and Maud Anderson. Yes, both of them. Edith McCune made a winsome Minnehaha. And Murray Murphy appeared as Pau Puk Keewis, the Beggar. The stage of the Normal was filled with as many bare chested braves as could be found who were willing to hop around and chant some fake Indian lyrics. The young ladies wore chicken feathers in their braids and donned some smart burlap bags as afternoon frocks. They scooted around looking down at the floor because in 1908 Indian maidens were subservient and equal rights would have been laughed off the boards.

The show opened with the "Indian Braves" and the "Dusky Maidens" doing a war dance, while they implored Gitche Manito to appear and smoke the calumet.

Act III presented: "Give me as my wife, this maiden."

"I will follow you my husband." It was a thrilling tableau.

But Act IV was a wow. The entire cast came out for a wedding feast and Murray Murphy as Pau Puk Keewis, danced a solo beggar's dance. The act ended with a bow and arrow drill which kept the audience on their toes.

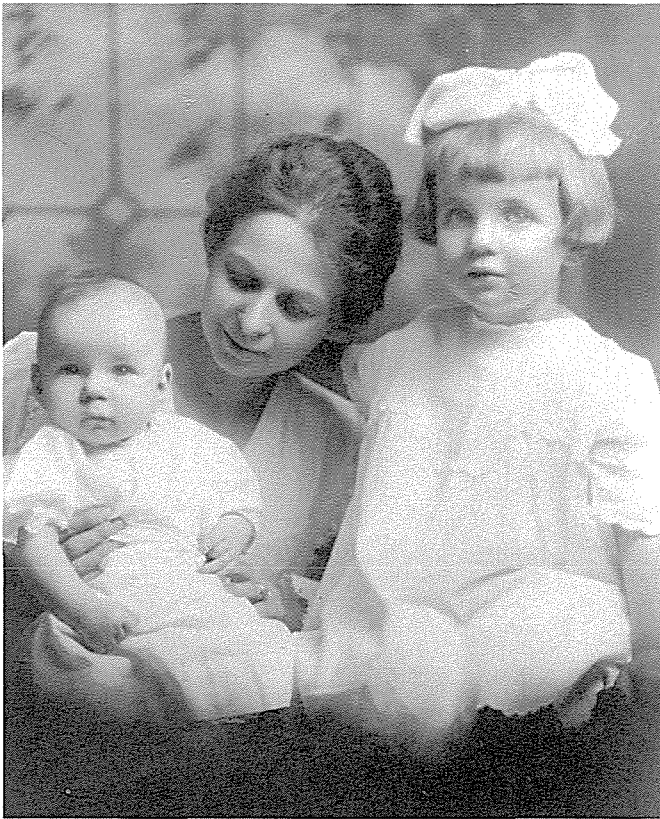
Act V, the finale, took the actors through The Famine -- The Death of Minnehaha -- *Hiawatha's* Return -- Too Late -- Minnehaha, I am coming. The spectacle ended with the tableau, The Transformation. The entire cast was frozen, looking up to the wings onstage right, both arms raised



Blanche Davenport Murphy

to the hidden battery of electric light bulbs as the Great God Igaboo conducted Minnehaha and *Hiawatha* to the Kingdom of Ponema.

In June 1914, Murray Murphy married Miss Blanche Davenport who came to Ashland from Iowa. She was director of the domestic science department at Ashland High School. As a fun-loving young lady, she found her activities somewhat curtailed by restrictions placed on the activities of teachers by the Ashland schoolboard who emphasized, "Teachers must not cause any gossip." Ashland was traditionally a dry town; Medford had saloons in every block. If a female instructor enjoyed dancing and the company of the stronger sex, she was wise to make Medford the scene of her activity. Other young people must have come to the same conclusion because the Southern Pacific Railroad, to accommodate them, put on the "Whiskey Run," a gasoline powered, single railway coach which ran to Medford in the afternoon and returned about midnight. Blanche met Murray Murphy about this time, and it's possible they first met on the



Blanche Davenport Murphy and her children:  
John D., 8 months, Mary Louise, 2 years. 1918.

whiskey local.

Rev. W.T. Van Scoy performed the wedding service. The bride and groom spent their honeymoon at the Murphy mountain ranch at Buck Prairie, near the present day Hyatt Lake.

The couple had three children, Mary Louise, John Davenport and Florence. Mary Louise died at the age of 33. Her obituary, which reported that she had always been delicate, indicated heart problems. Florence was born with a cleft palate and died in Portland when she was eight. She was undergoing an operation to overcome her problem.

On October 20, 1931, the *Ashland Daily Tidings* society editor presented a letter which she had received:

A lovely blue-eyed fair-haired child came to my door one spring morning and handed me a clump of plants to be placed in my new rock garden. And as she graciously handed the plants to me, she said with careful enunciation -- "And their names are forget-me-nots."

The child's name was Florence Murphy. A few days later, while talking to her mother, I remarked that it was the sweetest thing she could have done, for somehow I could not get the sound of it out of my ears. A little later I heard she was in the hospital in Portland, and yet a little later that she

had gone home.

And their names are forget-me-nots.

Murray and Blanche took an active part in Ashland's social life. He became a Master of the Manzanita Lodge and was an enthusiastic member of the Grange. The Elks lodge produced Entertainment -- Fridays, and a wide variety of amusement was offered: ice cream socials, community singing, parlor games and the "cake walk." The newspapers described the ladies present as "armfuls of slippered and skirted loveliness." The Murphy boys also participated in the Ashland Roundup.

During the Great Depression, Murray, who had taken over the management of the ranch from J.J., found himself in financial difficulties. Raising beef no longer proved profitable and no one could afford to buy the Murphy feed for their livestock. Murray and his brother Ray borrowed money to keep the ranch going, but conditions only worsened. The ranch, the house and the out-buildings were bought by Mr. Wade Wallace who managed the holdings until 1937.

At that time James C. Miller bought the ranch. He still runs the place with his son, Jim Miller, Jr.

With the loss, Murray and his wife Blanche moved into Ashland. She had inherited money from her parents, and perhaps Murray had salvaged something from the ruins. They were apparently in no financial trouble. When he left the ranch, Murray was only 46, but there is no record of his taking a position in any Ashland firm or with another rancher. A love for the land and an affection for horses can't be considered qualifications for many positions.

On August 24, 1955 the *Daily Tidings* reported that John Murray Murphy's death, which had occurred unexpectedly at the Ashland hospital where he had been taken to undergo surgery, "came as a great shock to his wide circle of friends."

The paper announced, "He was an active member of the Bellview Grange and of the Elks lodge, No. 994. In addition to his widow, he was survived by one son, John Davenport Murphy, a brother, Ray N. Murphy, and a granddaughter, Dian Murphy.

Blanche Davenport Murphy lived until February of this year. She was 98 at the time of her death.

**P**robably the most colorful of J.J.'s sons was Ray Neil Murphy. All the boys loved to be in the saddle and took delight in riding and horse racing. With Ray this interest became a vocation, and he not only raised horses

for racing and rodeo use, but also took part in these events for many years. Many family pictures show Ray in some form of horse racing. He was one of the organizers of the original Rogue River Roundups, held during the Fourth of July celebrations in Ashland, prior to World War One. As many as 35,000 people attended these celebrations, and an estimated 10,000 saw the roundup. People put up in homes and auto camps when boarding facilities overflowed. Cars lined the roads from Medford from early morning on, and sometimes twenty extra police were sworn in to handle the crowds. The celebration was held for several days, with three parades, four bands, dances, carnivals, fireworks and the rodeo.

In order for the roundup to take place, five men put up \$2,000 each to guarantee the performance. They were A.C. Nininger, Clarence Adams, M.E. Briggs, E.T. Bergner and Doc Helms. This was a professional rodeo and it attracted riders from all over the country. Among the winners in the 1916 roundup were some well-known black cowboys and Indian performers. One black rider, George Fletcher, was said to be barred from many contests because "it wasn't pretty to let a Negro walk off with the white man's and the red man's prizes." The *Ashland Tidings* noted, however, that if there was anything the big handsome black man couldn't ride, it hadn't been trotted out and that, "he sat in his saddle like a bronze statue and smiled while his mount did the work."

On the occasion of his 21st birthday, Ray was given a real surprise party. His friends from Ashland decided they would drive out to the Murphy ranch at 8 o'clock and give him an unexpected celebration. They secured the promise of Ray's folks to say nothing about his birthday, and so his parents didn't even wish the birthday-boy "Happy Birthday." Ray went to bed in a pout. In the meantime, the noisy bunch left Ashland in an auto and a rig. But the auto had two blowouts on the way and this resulted in a two hour delay. The folks in the rig, which had reached the ranch long before the autos, had to cool their heels behind the barn for a couple of hours. It wasn't until 10 o'clock that everyone could bang on the house and shout "Happy Birthday." Ray happily crawled out of bed, took part in a grand feast and spent the remainder of the evening learning to dance "the hesitation" and "the shimmy."

Ray joined the army in 1918 and was sent to France. In his brief but illustrious military career, he was one of the 44 surviving members of the famous "Lost Battalion" in the Argonne Forest of-

fensive of the 77th Division. Out of 250 men who went over the top, only 44 came through alive. When the division returned to the U.S. in glory, Ray participated in the parade in New York, witnessed by two million people. Soon after returning to Ashland, he married Emma Jenkins in Jacksonville's Presbyterian Church. Emma had been employed by the telephone company in Ashland. The marriage ended in divorce after four years. They had no children, and Ray never remarried.\*



PFC Ray Murphy in France, W.W.#1

Before entering the army, Ray and three partners, Henry Enders, A.C. Nininger, and a Mr. Ferguson, formed the Ashland Amusement Company and started a professional rodeo at the

\*Emma Jenkins Murphy later married the owner of the Bagley Canning Company and finally moved to California.



Butler Walker Ranch on the corner of East Main and Walker Avenue. Later, the Ashland Riding Association purchased 20 acres in the Valley View district off Highway 99. They built a 1,500-seat grandstand and a one-half mile track. Rodeos were held here until about 1930. Today the site is occupied by a trailer park. Ray Murphy was actively involved in horse racing and rodeos through the 1930s, and his horse, "Rolling Star," won many races. Johnny Longden, the famous jockey, rode several of his horses. Ray took part in rodeos in other communities, including Yreka, Klamath Falls and Jacksonville.

He also participated in relay races, usually with teams of horses he had trained at the ranch. He raced in relays at Cheyenne, Calgary and Pendleton. Occasionally he hired others to ride his relay team. One of these was Vera McGinnis, a well-known trick rider from the Los Angeles area. Ray continued riding until he was up in years. In 1965, when he was 72, he was listed among rodeo winners at San Francisco's Cow Palace, coming in first in the calf-roping contest. Around Ashland he became known as the "Old Cowboy." Ray Neil Murphy died November 16, 1976, the last of J.J.'s children. He was buried in the Ashland Cemetery.

In 1918 Clyde Murphy, J.J.'s fourth son, died of injuries he had suffered several months earlier while riding horseback at the family ranch.

Clyde had been a victim of infantile paralysis long before the vaccine was discovered and years before therapy had become so beneficial. As a result his leg was encased in a heavy brace, but he was an exuberant boy and made the most of his handicap. He enjoyed riding and was often on horseback. On Thanksgiving Day, 1917, while he was racing, his brace caught in the horse's trap-pings. He was thrown to the ground and dragged for over a hundred feet. He died January 9, 1918 at age 11.

Today the Murphy Ranch is known as the Miller Ranch. The Murphy family has left southern Oregon, and the roles they played have been written out of the story. Yet early in the century they were prominent folk: they pioneered with the first settlers, they cleared the land, they sold mules to the army in World War One, they helped promote local roundups, they joined community affairs, and supplied Lithia water to Ashland.

Their accomplishments are on record.



*Murphy family with relatives and friends, 1895 or 1896. (No identification)*



## From Our Readers

March 23, 1987

Dear Mr. Lewis:

Additional information for publication regarding the death of Ashland policeman Victor Knott:

*Page 5:* Mrs. Knott felt as would any other human being left unnotified of her husband's death those nine hours....

It was the habit of her husband to stop for coffee after work and she thought nothing of the fact he wasn't home when she sent the *two* school age children, Roberta, 10, and June, 7, on to school that morning. Their son, David, 3, and daughter Rosemary, 5 months, were at home of course.

The Chief of Police literally couldn't bring himself to tell her, and someone finally remembered a former neighbor from Hargadine Street whom they brought to the house to tell her. Another friend was sent to school to bring home the daughters -- naturally/gustily their classmates had already informed them of the night's events.

*Page 9:* The memorial marker, sketched in the article *re* Sam Prescott (*January 1985*), which is on Siskiyou Boulevard was also dedicated to Knott. The upkeep of same remains often with the family as the State of Oregon and the city of Ashland road crews pass the buck as to whose responsibility it is.

*Page 11:* If the Vendome Rooming House was approximately midway in the second block of Fourth Street, right side going south, by coincidence Reed stayed the night across the street

from the remainder of the Knott family on the night of the murder.

*Page 13:* The family does not know of any further news of McQuade and Jackson. They very probably were processed by the law another time, another place.

Reed was released from the Oregon State Penitentiary in 1942 or 1943, approximately 10 years after the murder. A news release quoted him at that time as saying, "That's about the length of time I'd figured." An unsubstantiated report is that other authorities were waiting when he was released from the Oregon system. Mrs. Knott's brother, who in 1943 began a decades-long career as a guard at the state facility, inquired of Reed. Another guard said he had been released because he was going insane professing his innocence.

Whether he was innocent or the family "vindicated" by his imprisonment is an extremely conscience-searching experience. The family has always felt that, given the emotional impact this second "cop killing" of the year made upon the area, someone had to pay the price and Reed did make a down payment. The people of the time did what they thought was right. That he could have been innocent didn't satisfy their vigilante spirit's need.

Sincerely,  
The Knott family.



Dear Historical Society:

I am one of the Rice girls. The youngest daughter of Ernest and Sara Rice who came to Medford in 1900. They had a large family and knew everyone in Medford and surrounding towns. I still have brothers and one sister and one sister-in-law and many nieces and nephews living in Medford.

I married a soldier from Camp White in 1944. He was S/Sgt. Dan Boverini. He had the Service Command Unit dance band and the camp's marching band. I think I danced at every dance they had at the service clubs one and two.

We wanted to know if you would like some pictures and maybe you could use them in your magazine. We have one of Sergeant Donlevy announcing a program on the radio from the service club. He was a very good friend and we were so happy he became mayor and felt so bad about his

passing. We have one of my husband and the band playing a war bond program from the Craterian Theater in 1943. It shows usherettes that we would like to see if you or your readers could find out who they were. We have other pictures, too.

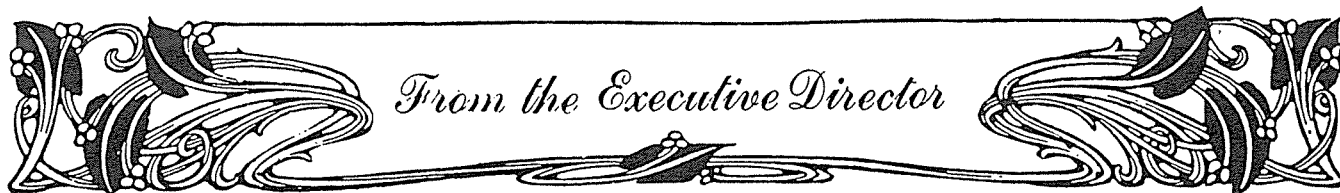
In one of your articles showing pictures and the story of Franklin's Cafe, I was quite upset that you did not mention my sister's name, Helen Rice, who worked for so many years at the cafe.

Thank you,  
Dorthy Rice Boverini

Dear Mrs. Boverini:

Thank you for your nice letter. We would greatly appreciate it if you sent us photographs, which we could duplicate. We could then return the originals to you.

Perhaps we can use them in a future issue.



*Jackson County Board of Commissioners  
Public Hearing on March 9*

At the request of the Eagle Point Historical Society the Jackson County Board of Commissioners held a public hearing the night of March 9 for the purpose of considering a budget request from the Eagle Point Historical Society in the amount of approximately \$200,000 they were requesting from the county historical fund monies.

You should recall that from the inception of the fund in the late 1940s to the present, the Southern Oregon Historical Society has been the sole recipient. However the Eagle Point Historical Society felt that because SOHS had not granted their request of \$206,000 for the relocation of the Antelope Creek Covered Bridge to a spot on Little Butte Creek in downtown Eagle Point they had no recourse but to approach the Board of Commissioners as an affiliated society which would be eligible for county historical fund monies.

The hearing was held in the Jackson County Courthouse auditorium before a packed audience. Testimony was given by supporters of the Eagle Point budget request. Testimony was also given by trustees and staff of SOHS to the effect that funding for the bridge project should not come solely from the county historical fund. The SOHS is aware of its county-wide responsibilities and is changing its direction to better serve all areas.

The outcome of the meeting was twofold. First, a committee is being formed with members from the SOHS Board and staff, Commissioner Golden, county staff and other interested citizens to try and arrive at a solution to the issue of the bridge's preservation and its ultimate relocation in Eagle Point.

Secondly, an additional committee is being formed, again with Society Board and staff members, Commissioner McCollom and people from the Eagle Point Historical Society, Woodville Museum in Rogue River, and the Gold Hill Historical Society to determine how the Southern Oregon Historical Society as the sole recipient of county historical funds, will authorize those funds and Society resources throughout the county in assisting affiliated historical societies in their own programs and activities.

The Board of Commissioners felt that county historical fund monies should be allocated to the Southern Oregon Historical Society. However,

they also felt the Society needed a more visible presence throughout the county and needed to provide further assistance to local historical societies and affiliated museums.

**Society Outreach**

Dawna Curler, Curator of Interpretation presented the last program in a series for Southern Oregon State College, Medford Campus Brown Bag Lunch program. Dawna showed a 16mm film which featured Medford and the Rogue Valley the "way they once were". Attendance for the entire series was approximately 154. The Society received the following letter from Ginnie Deason, Coordinator of Senior Programs, SOSC Medford Campus:

The Lifelong Learning program at the Medford Campus is very grateful for the fine presentations that Marge Herman, Natalie Brown and Dawna Curler gave for the Brown Bag Lectures and Lunch Series. It was wonderful to see so many people involved with local history!...We enjoyed working with the Historical Society and we look forward to many more cooperative ventures.

On February 26 Dawna Curler and Ray Lewis, esteemed editor of *The Table Rock Sentinel*, presented a program at the Rogue Valley Manor, Medford. While Dawna showed film clips from "Gracie's Visit to the Rogue Valley" and the Copco film from the '20s/'30s, Ray tickled the ivories in true nickelodeon style in accompaniment before the 99 attendees.

March 6 found Dawna giving a talk before 51 people at the State of Jefferson meeting on Archaeology and History in Ashland at the SOSC Campus.

The Society's Curator of Collections, Marc Pence, assisted the Gold Hill Historical Society on March 16 with his presentation on basic care of artifacts. Fifteen people attended to learn about legal aspects of collecting, how to select, accept and decline donated items and how to register/record artifacts.

**Teachers Advisory Committee Formed**

As part of its efforts to serve all of Jackson County the Society is working to develop educational programs and activities that will complement county school curriculae. We have created a

Teachers Advisory Committee to assist us in the review of our existing programs and the formation of new ones to assure that the Society's educational programs will best complement the work in the schools. The committee, composed of nine teachers and two Society staff members, includes the following:

Ms. Debohra Amaya Rogue River Elementary Rogue River	Ms. Carolyn Leavens Jefferson Elementary Medford
Ms. Pat Bartlett Richardson Elementary Central Point	Ms. Judy Ann Cook Griffin Creek Elementary Medford
Ms. Alice Collier Glenn D. Hale Elementary Eagle Point	Tom Richardson Central Point Elementary Central Point
Ms. Shirley Goodrich Lone Pine Elementary Medford	Larry Smith Jacksonville Elementary Jacksonville
Ms. Kathy Hogge Sacred Heart School Medford	Ms. Dawna Curler SOHS Curator of Interpretation
Ms. Stacey Williams SOHS Children's Museum Coordinator	

We look forward to working with this group and thank the schools and teachers for giving their time for the promotion of local history

### Historical Society/Peter Britt Featured

The March 18 issue of *The Oregonian* featured a fine article on Peter Britt and his preservation of Southern Oregon's history through his photographs and the Society's efforts to preserve, print and ultimately interpret his collection of some 10,000 glass plate negatives. The article was especially complimentary to Natalie Brown and her department for their study and effort in preserving images of southern Oregon's past.

### Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum Hosts Reception

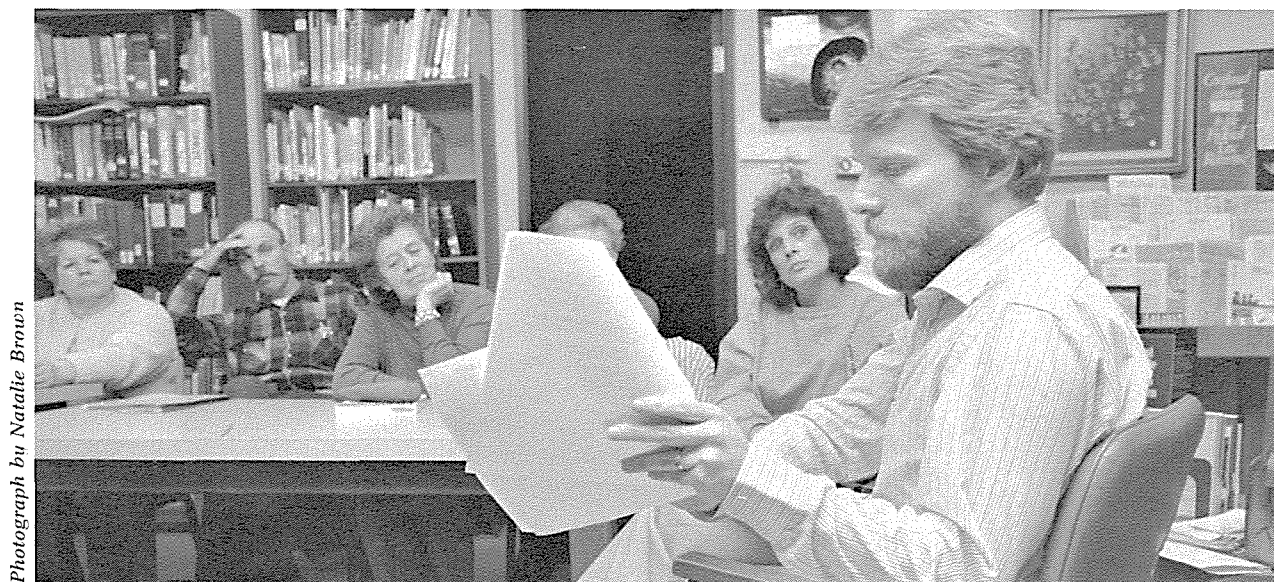
In celebration of National Women's History Month the Society and the History Department at Southern Oregon State College were co-sponsors of a dramatic presentation of Susanne Homes by Oregon Shakespearean Festival actress Shirley Patton. Susanne Homes was the first woman elected to the office of Jackson County Superintendent of Schools, a position she held from 1920-1932. The presentation was held March 16 at noon on the Dorothy Stolp Center Stage, SOSC campus, and was attended by 168 people. A reception was held at the Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum immediately following the performance.

### Ashland & Jacksonville Walking Tours

The popular walking tours of Ashland which were started last year will begin again June 11. The tours begin at the Chamber of Commerce booth on the plaza in Ashland and are available Thurs.-Sat. at 10:00 A.M.

New walking tours of Jacksonville will begin June 4 and run through September 5. The tours will be offered on a regularly scheduled basis from Thursday-Saturday and will begin every hour on the hour from 1-4 P.M. and will start at the Courthouse Museum.

The cost for both of these tours is \$1.00 for anyone over the age of 13. However, as a benefit of membership in the Historical Society, members will be able to take both tours free of charge upon presentation of their Society membership card. For further information contact the Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum in Ashland, 488-1341 or Dawna Curler at 899-1847.



Photograph by Natalie Brown

Marc Pence teaching artifact assessment and collections management to Gold Hill Historical Society.





*Right:* Stacey Williams, Coordinator of the Children's Museum, helps Sarah McKinney, left, Carrie Hyatt and Michelle Stebbins learn basic weaving techniques during the Children's Weaving Workshop, taught by Cyndy Curtis of the Rogue Community College.

*Below:* Shirley Patton, Shakespearean Festival actress, in a presentation of Susanne Homes, the first woman elected to the office of Jackson County Superintendent of Schools. The program was in recognition of National Women's History Month.

*Photographs by Natalie Brown*



---

## THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

206 N. Fifth St. • P.O. Box 480  
Jacksonville, Oregon 97530 • (503) 899-1847

**Volume 7, No. 4, April 1987**  
**ISSN: 0732-0523**



NON-PROFIT  
ORGANIZATION  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
Permit No. 13  
Jacksonville  
Oregon 97530

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL