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TRUESDALE SISTERS ARE ACCIDENTLY SHOT IN TACOMA; ONE KILLED AND OTHER WOUNDED

VIOLA TRUESDALE OF POWELL BUTTE, DEAD, AND SISTER PAULINE WOUNDED IN STRANGE ACCIDENT BY SHOT FROM A DEPUTY SHERIFF'S GUN—BOY PUSHED WEAPON FROM CASE—DEPUTY ASHBY AND PAULINE TELL OF ACCIDENT—PAULINE DOES NOT BLAME ASHBY—THOUGHT SISTER WAS PLAYING—HAD BEEN HAPPY ALL WEEK—MOTHER IS IN POOR HEALTH—VICTIM WAS BORN IN COLORADO

The Tacoma Ledger of July 25 had the following account of the accidental killing of one of the Truesdale sisters and the wounding of the other that happened in Tacoma last Friday afternoon:

"My God, I'm shot!" With the cry upon her lips, Viola Truesdale, age 17, of Powell Butte, Ore., formerly of Tacoma, dropped to the sidewalk at Titlow Beach yesterday afternoon and expired in the arms of her sister Pauline. Both had been victims of a single bullet when a revolver carried by Deputy Sheriff George Ashby of Tacoma, accidentally dropped to the sidewalk and was discharged in the midst of a crowd of people about to enter an auto bus for Tacoma. The tragedy occurred shortly before 5 o'clock.

After inflicting two wounds in the hip of Miss Pauline Truesdale, the bullet entered the neck of her sister, severed the jugular vein and passed into the brain, causing almost instant death, before those standing about realized what had happened.

Had Been on Outing Trip
The fatality, one of the strangest ever recorded in this city, was the tragic ending of a vacation trip the two sisters had been enjoying in Tacoma as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Owens.

For the last few days the girls had been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lanterman of Horsehead Bay, returning yesterday afternoon on the launch Kumbak in company with Clara and Anna Simchen, Gladys and Floyd Owen, all relatives. The happy party, laughing and singing, were standing on the sidewalk at the beach waiting, with a number of others, to enter the Tacoma bus that had just arrived.

Among those making their exit from the bus were Sheriff R. W. Jamieson and Deputy Sheriff Ashby, who were on their way to Vaughn to capture a lawbreaker, and who had been terrorizing the neighborhood.

Boy Pushed Weapon From Case

Ashby carried a large 32-20 revolver in a holster inside his coat, and as he was about to alight a small boy crowded his way under his arm, pushing the revolver from its case. Its release was unnoticed by Ashby until it struck the walk, hammer first. Even then the noise was attributed to a fire blowout until Viola Truesdale, who had been standing a few feet away laughing and so chatting with her sister and relatives, threw her arms to her head and, with a loud cry, collapsed.

At the same moment a stinging sensation, followed by blood that trickled from her hips, caused the younger sister Pauline to realize that she, too, had been shot. But unmindful of her own injuries, she bent over her sister while the crowd stood spellbound. With her hands the young girl tried vainly to stanch the blood that was flowing from a ragged wound, just above the collar bone, on the right side of the neck.

Bullet Penetrates Brain
"Viola, Viola," Pauline cried, as she raised her sister tenderly with one arm. The dying girl opened her eyes, and her lips parted as if she would speak, but the words were unuttered. Those about them carried her to a store nearby, and everything possible was done to stop the flow of blood, but without avail. When a physician arrived he stated that the bullet had probably entered the brain and that death, which had been almost instant, was due to the wound in the head rather than to bleeding.

Not until the physician had pronounced the girl dead did Pauline, who had refused to leave Viola's side, tell of her own injuries, and only then because the loss of blood had brought her almost to the point of collapse. It was found at first examination that one slight flesh wound had been received in the thigh, but later investigation showed that the bullet had twice penetrated the flesh. She was removed

to the Owens home, where it was said last night by the attending physician that the only danger of the wounds are from possible infection.

Pauline Tells of Tragedy

Resting on a pillow in bed, with eyes red and swollen from weeping, Pauline told last night to a Ledger reporter the story of the tragedy.

"Oh, it was terrible, terrible," she cried, "for we had been having such a fine time since we arrived here three weeks ago. Viola had been looking forward to this trip for many, many weeks, and every minute was so enjoyable.

"On our trip today on the boat from Horsehead Bay back to Titlow Beach, Viola had been the life of the party, and she was so light hearted that we could not help but enjoy the trip. Even while we were waiting for the bus she was laughing and joking all the time.

Thought Sister Was Playing
"You never could tell when she was in earnest, and when she threw up her hands I did not realize that was really hurt until she fell and I saw the blood flowing from her throat. As I bent over I felt a sharp pain in my hip and I could feel the blood trickling down. Then I realized that I, too, had been wounded.

"But I didn't mind that, for I thought only of poor Viola, and I tried and tried to stop the blood. When I called to her she opened her eyes for a moment, but she closed them again, and though I kept working and working I somehow realized it was the end.

Mother in Poor Health
"I simply can't bear to think she is dead, for through all these years she has been so very good to me and has looked after me, and we were always together. Mother has been in ill health for some time, and I know the shock will be awful for her to bear. We had written her only a day or two ago that we were coming home next Friday.

"Viola would have graduated next year from the high school in Prineville, Ore., where she was taking a normal and commercial course to fit her for a teacher. During the summer she had been working as a telephone operator, and was well known and loved by everyone. She had been telling all of her friends of her trip to Tacoma, and had written telling of the various places she had visited.

Doesn't Blame Ashby
"I did want so much to see Mr. Ashby after the accident and tell him that I know it was not his fault. Poor fellow, I have been told he feels so very bad about it, and as soon as I can get up I am going to visit him and express my sorrow for him.

"I remember now that I saw the revolver fall to the sidewalk, but I did not associate it at the time with the accident. Viola was standing near a post on the walk, and I was between her and the revolver, which I recall was a long and unusual looking one. Viola was about four yards away from it, and there were people all around us. When the explosion came I felt sure it was an automobile tire and I looked around at Viola, who had just started toward me to get into the bus, and laughed.

"At school, whenever there was a sharp crash of thunder, we used to throw up our hands and cry out that we were hit. Often, too, when an automobile tire would blow out, Viola would throw her hands over her head and cry: 'My God, I'm shot.' She used to do it entirely in a spirit of fun, and we never paid any attention to it. When she uttered the same cry this time my first thought was that it was one of her pranks, and the realization of it all did not come to me until she had fallen at my feet.

"It will be hard, so very hard for me to go back to Powell Butte now.

Continued on page 8

REDMOND MAN TO BOOST FOR HIS TOWN

M. A. LYNCH ASKS PLACE ON PROGRAM AT PORTLAND

Request Is Granted and Mr. Lynch Will Talk About This City on August 12

M. A. Lynch, of Lynch & Roberts, general merchandise, Redmond, Or., is the first prospective visitor to Portland during Buyers' week who has written to C. C. Chapman, secretary of the Jobbers & Manufacturers' Association, asking for a place on the Ad Club luncheon program, Wednesday, August 12, for a one minute talk boosting his home town, says the Portland Oregonian of the 25th. As indicated by his letter, which is as follows, Mr. Lynch did not wait for official notification of the event to reach him:

CAVES UNDER REDMOND IN ALL PROBABILITY

GROUND HAS HOLLOW SOUND IN CERTAIN PLACES

Indications Are That Vast Caverns Could Be Found By Boring a Few Feet Down

There seems to be little doubt but that there are several caves underlying the city of Redmond, but as to their extent no one can furnish a solution. In the rear of both the Hotel Redmond and the Hotel Oregon caves have been struck at a depth of about 25 feet, which are being used as cess pools for these hotels.

South of Redmond are located large caves that can be entered from the outside. These caves both have outlets, and one of them is of sufficient capacity to house a good sized herd of cattle.

BETTER THAN A LETTER

Send The Spokesman to your friends who want to find out about Redmond and this section. It is better than a letter and will keep the folks posted all the time about what is going on here. If you do not want to send it for a year, buy it for three months, 50 cents worth. The paper is well worth the price, and your friends will be pleased to get the news.

SHE HAS GOOD WORDS ABOUT WILLIAM HANLEY

PORTLAND LADY REVIEWS HIS CHARACTERISTICS

Why Eastern and Central Oregon Should Vote Solid for Him for U. S. Senator

In most big families where there is spirit enough to make good material, there are squabbles. I wouldn't give much for a family that didn't have a squabble in it once in a while. These spineless, spiritless, meaningless, gray, pasty sort of families that never squabble never do anything else that requires any spirit. But it is always the way, that the harder a big family squabbles among its own members the tighter they stick to each other when one of them is ill or in danger, and the prouder they are of him when the world accords him honor.

Mr. Hanley is a member of this big, spirited, fighting, doing, full-of-ginger family known as Eastern Oregon. He's fought his way up from boyhood, cutting his wisdom teeth on the ring of Eastern Oregon's problems. He's ridden her range, farmed her land, dug her canals, forced railway activities, and known and loved her people. He has lived days and nights together under her open sky, sleeping with only a blanket between him and Mother Earth. He's nourished himself on her crops and her streams. He is a native son in more than being merely born on her soil—he is by nature and chemistry, by every inclination of his being, an Oregonian. He couldn't be anything else if he tried, and he wouldn't try any more than you would to be some other woman's son than your own mother's.

He's put his money straight back into Oregon development, every cent of it, when he could have put it elsewhere with more immediate returns. He believes in Oregon and backs this belief with every dollar he owns. The big world outside of Oregon has acclaimed him Oregon's greatest man, her most original and inspiring son; he is solid; there is nothing the least visionary about William Hanley. When you send him to the United States Senate you will send a man whom you know like a brother. Maybe you've got mad at him sometimes like a brother, but you know him through and through; it is no shot in the dark. You know that though you may differ with him in theories of government or matters of detail in management, still he is sound and solid, and the business judgment that has built up his own fortune unaided, from a beginning of a horse, saddle and bridle, to the generous proportions it bulks today, will be used in the affairs of the state of Oregon. This business judgment has never found it necessary to tread on the weak or take an unfair advantage of another's hard situation. He has won, honestly, by clear headedness, coolness, and hard work. He will be as clear headed, as cool, and work as hard for Oregon's interests.

It will mean the greatest stroke of good luck that ever befell Eastern and Central Oregon to have William Hanley, one of its own family, in the United Senate. Work and vote solidly for him in the general election in November.

ANNE SHANNON MONROE, Portland, Ore.

Dr. Hosch Performs A Delicate Operation

Trepanned a Man's Skull Who Was Hurt in An Accident on the Tumalo Irrigation Project

Jake Knuff, a laborer at Camp 6 on the Tumalo Project, was hit on the side of the head July 16 by a crank on a steam shovel, cracking his skull in such a manner that a part of it pressed on the brain. The brain pressure developed paralysis in his left arm, making that useless. On July 18 Dr. Hosch trepanned the skull and removed the pressure on the brain, the result being that the paralysis left the arm, and the man is getting along nicely. It was a delicate surgical operation. Dr. Hosch was assisted by his wife and Dr. J. Barr of this city.

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The BANK of PERSONAL SERVICE

SOUND BUSINESS METHODS

The Redmond Bank of Commerce has ever stood for sound business methods and followed a road of Safety First—and Always.

That is why we can give you assurance that your funds deposited here are as secure as you can possibly wish them to be.

It is also the reason that our hundreds of customers have no hesitancy in recommending their bank to their friends as often as occasion may arise.

This bank is a safe bank for you.

REDMOND BANK OF COMMERCE

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS

LOOKING BACK FOUR YEARS AGO IN REDMOND

THAT WAS TIME OF RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION HERE

Some Items That Will Bring Recollections Back to Those Booming Times

The Spokesman, July 28, 1910. At a meeting of the City Council Tuesday night an application was received from the Odin Falls Power Co. asking for a franchise to furnish the city with power and light.

A representative of the Crook Co. Water, Light & Power Co. appeared before the Council, presented plans showing how and on what streets they would lay water mains, and stated the company would present an ordinance at the next meeting asking for a light, water and power franchise.

The need of a street sprinkler in Redmond becomes more apparent every day. It is understood that a sufficient amount of money could be raised here to keep a sprinkler in commission during the dusty season.

The 10-round boxing contest between Messrs. Cuff and King last Saturday night lasted only four rounds, King declaring himself all in in that round.

A deal was consummated here this week whereby Carl Ehret sold out his interest in Ellinger's Addition in Redmond to C. W. Goltra, a capitalist of Enid, Okla.

The tank that was recently installed at the city water works plant is just half as large as the one ordered. The present one is a 5000 gallon affair, and the original order called for one of 10,000 capacity, but a mistake was made in shipping. The present tank will be used until the larger ones arrive.

Owing to the increase in the number of school children in Redmond and the district adjacent, it has been found necessary to add two additional rooms to the present building.

The latest business enterprise for Redmond is a clothing and gent's furnishing store to be established by E. L. Rapp, a leading merchant of Shaniko.

Business at the Redmond postoffice during the past four quarters has shown a great increase. Money order business has more than doubled in the last two quarters.

Market gardeners in the vicinity of Redmond find a ready sale for all their garden truck at good prices.

The machinery for the Redmond electric light plant, dynamo, generator, etc. is at Shaniko, and is expected in here in a few days. As soon as it arrives work on wiring the city will begin.

Try our Classified Ads—1c word.

ILLINOIS MAN HAS FAITH IN THIS CITY

SAYS PEOPLE HERE ARE SURELY LIVE WIRES

Compares Redmond With His Town of 3000 to the Latter's Disadvantage

The following letter from a subscriber of The Spokesman will show what outside people think of Redmond and predict her future will be:

Sullivan, Ill., July 18, 1914. Editor Spokesman: Enclosed find check to balance my year's subscription to the paper. I have indeed enjoyed reading the paper, although coming from a strange city and a strange land, yet it is interesting.

I was in your city last summer, and while I was there only a short time I saw a lot of the country, and your paper has given me a good idea of the conditions prevailing there. Your people are surely live wires. They do things. That water system you have is a credit to a city many times larger than Redmond. In fact, our own beautiful city of 3000 people are afraid to go after water the way you folks have, yet we have a rich farming country all around us and could get water if we spent our money like you folks do, but I rather think your future holds more in store for you than we have to look forward to.

With the water power in the Deschutes River Redmond should, and no doubt will be the center of a great manufacturing district, and when all your land is reclaimed it will be a beautiful country, as well as a rich farming district.

Yours truly,
DAVID BALL.

Balky Horse Beaten to Death With Iron Bar

Matter Has Been Called to Attention of State Humane Society by a Redmond Man

News was brought to this city last Saturday that L. Thompson, a renter on one of L. E. Smith's farms near the city, had killed a horse by beating it to death. Witnesses of the inhuman deed say that Thompson became angry at the horse because it balked, and beat it to death with an iron bar.

The matter has been taken up with the State Humane Society at Portland by a resident of this city, and it is expected that a stop will be put to this kind of inhuman treatment of dumb animals in the future.

FARMERS' MEETINGS

A. E. Lovett, county agriculturist, stated at the Commercial Club lunch Monday noon that he had made arrangements to have three men from the Agricultural College at Corvallis come here the latter part of August and hold farmers' meetings in different parts of the county.