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Oregon Historical Society  
City Hall

# THE BANDON RECORDER

Bandon By-the-Sea has the Prettiest Beach on the Coast

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## LAKEPORT RANCHER SHOT FROM AMBUSH

### School Meeting Troubles Result in Death of One Man and Close Call For Another

Near Lakeport, that town of real estate boom and wild cat speculation by beautiful Floras lake a tragedy was enacted last Saturday afternoon R. W. Witmann, youthful and stalwart was shot from ambush by an elderly man named Neff and the latter after trying in vain to add one more to his victims, and commit suicide, is now a fugitive.

Witmann's ranch was the scene of the murder and the young man had gone for his cows at about four o'clock Saturday afternoon when at a spot along the way a bullet pierced the muscles of his right arm. The bullet was fired from a rifle equipped with a silencer, and Witmann apparently turned to locate the spot from which the attack came. A second bullet entered his open mouth without touching the teeth and splitting on the bones of the upper palate, one section of the missile came out through his skull at the rear of his right temple and the other back of his left temple.

Hurrying from the scene the murderer made his way to the place of C. J. Walker and approaching that gentleman exclaimed: "Well, I've settled with Witmann and now I'm going to settle with you." He was as good as his word and a hastily aimed bullet sped toward Walker. It pierced the outer clothing of that gentleman but did not reach to the skin entering at the side of his trousers waist land and making the exit where the band unites. Walker promptly grappled with his adversary and secured the rifle but the murderer freed himself, rushed from the scene and escaped.

In the meantime, Mrs. Chas. Ferrier had heard cries and started her husband out to ascertain what was the matter. He located the body of Witmann and was soon joined by others. They found the spot in the bushes where Neff had laid in ambush. The trampled condition of the dirt and grass showed he had waited for some time. An empty shell found near by showed the weapon with which the deed had been done. It was of large calibre and of the small outlet compression type, a wicked thing in the hands of any man.

A visit to Neff's house found it vacant. On the table was a paper on which was written the man's name, the date of his birth and the date of the shooting gotten up in a sort of obituary form. Over by the bed in the room they found where the man had vomited. This with the note led them to believe that Neff had attempted suicide but had taken too much or too little of the poison.

In the house was found about \$39 in money and a bank book showing a credit of \$600 in a Bandon bank.

The indications plainly showed that Neff had taken weapons consisting of a rifle and shotgun, to his boat, rowed it across the river and taken to the woods. A posse promptly organized and took to his trail, the scene being in Curry county and the apprehension of the fugitive in the hands of the officials of that county.

Wm. Sorenson who set up from Langlois yesterday, described Neff as a man of about 60, apparently well and affable the last person in the world whom one would suspect of being capable of committing a desperate deed. He had lived in the vicinity only a short time, living alone on a small ranch. He had been an investor in Lakeport real estate and owned a couple lots there.

Witmann was a young man in the neighborhood of thirty years of age. He was of imposing physique and made a noticeable figure in any crowd. Six feet four in height, and straight as an arrow he appeared the embodiment of physical health. He owned a small ranch on Floras lake where he lived and although he had lived in that section only a few years, was western born, coming to Curry County from Eureka.

The trouble that culminated in the tragedy is said to have had its origin at a school meeting where Neff was seduced up a grievance with Witmann.

Walker and one or two others. The last reports the Recorder has Neff had not been captured. Armed to the teeth he may prove a dangerous man to contend with and then again he may be found dead in the woods.

Tom Griffith is moving his family from his house on West Ninth street to Bradley's Lake where he will operate his saw mill for some time. The mill is made up in part of his own machinery rescued from the recent fire and of machinery from a saw mill formerly operated on Elk river.

## This Is Port Orford's Week

All Roads Lead To the Agate Carnival. Political War Horse on the Program. Many Wrestlers to Appear

This week belongs to Port Orford and the oldest town in this section of Oregon will hold its annual Agate Carnival. The program is to last three days beginning with a reproduction of the Battle of Battle Rock on the evening of Wednesday.

Binger Hermann of Roseburg, the most famous politician this section ever produced has been invited to deliver an address. Hermann has been busy of late years writing a history of Oregon and has all but retired from public affairs. If he consents to appear this may be the last chance the public will have to hear this grand old political wheel horse. Hermann's 20 years of service in the national congress have earned for him the respect of every citizen of the state.

The program includes a number of wrestling attractions. Smiling Dutch will wrestle with George Sutor; Thursday, M. G. Lutsey will wrestle Eddie O'Connell of Portland Friday and Chas. Rentrop will wrestle with M. G. Lutsey Saturday.

A full program each day. There will be a cafeteria on the grounds and lot of room for those who wish to camp out.

## BANDON ENTERTAINS COOS COUNTY MOOSE

### Program of Monday Draws Out Large Crowd and Entertains All

For two days during the past week Bandon was the play ground for the Moose of Coos county and the white trousers with red belts and white hats with red bands were to be seen in all the public places of the city. Visiting Moose came from Marshfield & North Bend and many other visitors from the surrounding towns of the neighborhood mingled with them eager to join in the merrymaking and curious to see this comparatively recently discovered animal in the fraternal world disport itself.

The steamers Coquille and Telegraph came down the river with loads of visitors Sunday morning and with them came the Marshfield band.

With the band leading and followed by the ranks of fraternal men in their white and red outing uniforms they marched up First street and paused in front of the Gallier to play a couple of tunes the band in an inner circle and the white clad Moose making an outer circle and making a pretty sight. Because of the death and funeral of Edward Kilduff who was a member of the order, the band was dismissed early in the day and the program of sports was declared off.

But a ball game was played in the afternoon at the park, a dance was held in Dreamland in the evening with supper in the Odd Fellow's hall at which a fine time is reported. Some horse play also took place around the platform at First and Oregon avenue, earlier in the evening.

On Monday the program began early and continued until well after midnight.

With the coming of the boats from up the river at about 11 o'clock a procession was formed headed by the Coquille band.

L. A. Langley, in high boots and on a fine mount, was marshal and following him came the various officers with their striking and showy robes. These were followed by a double file of men of the order in white and red hauling a wagon by means of a long rope. In the wagon was a number of children under a banner inscribed to the effect that as long as Dad was a Moose there was no cause to worry.

During the afternoon a ball game was played at the park and a program of sports pulled off on First street down town. On a platform, erected on the intersection of First and Oregon avenue some wrestling took place that seemed to enthuse the crowd as much as anything that occurred during the day.

Champion Jim Wilson had promised \$100 to any person in the crowd who would stand against him for twenty minutes, and Smiling Dutch, taking a wad from his pocket proceeded to peel off a generous section of it and waved it in the face of the throng.

"Who wants some ready money?" he shouted and kept repeating it. When his voice grew weary with repetitions of the refrain Schmidt Hansen took up the call with the megaphone that all might be told. No one thirsting for that particular hundred, Jim Martin, the wrestling bootblack took up the work. It was just some easy practice for the champion and amid the exclamations of the onlookers at his marvelous physical development, Wilson moved from one pose to another and managing to exhibit about all the kinds of holds threw his man in eleven minutes. Smiling Dutch then offered himself for the sacrifice and kept the crowd constantly good humored for Dutch is getting to be a popular man in Bandon. When at last he had taken his fall Joe Daah a ranch hand, arrayed in a bathing suit, stepped upon the platform and announced that he would not be satisfied with any thing short of that hundred. The money was not placed immediately into his hands. First, some photographs had to be taken with Wilson and Dutch in various classic poses. This over, Joe was accommodated. He apparently thought at first that it was a boxing match he was about to engage in. He took a few lumbering strokes, when like a flash Wilson had locked his right arm around the rancher's neck. Joe's face was the pic-

ture of surprise and then it began to turn as purple as some of the decorations used on Elk day decorating. Before he knew it the rancher was on his back—28 seconds the official time had it, and Joe stepped down from the platform, soberer in more ways than one.

Lutsey and Ajax had been scheduled for a little try out but for lack of condition the match was not held.

While not nearly as elaborate as the decorated windows gotten up for the Elk's day festivities practically all of the Bandon merchants decorated for the Moose festivities of the past week and there was a great call for crepe paper of red and white that being the official combination of colors. There were many nice window decorations. Vade Garten did a flourishing business supplying moose on combinations of red and white and they were artistic and readily disposed of.

## It Was A Merrie Old Game

Relating How the Coos Mooses and The Bandon Banishes Exchanged Courtesies on the Sunkist Diamond

Somewhere in this old reliable family weekly we must find room to tell the tale of how the Coos Mooses and the Bandon Banishes clashed in ye ball park by ye bull pines by ye sea side to the chastened discomfiture of the latter Monday afternoon.

A pastoral comedy it was, set in six spasms.

Ye Bill Hull, a somewhat punky pitcher at first essayed to stop ye cervice mammals, otherwise, ye Coos Mooses and his efforts were faintly reminding of what happened when a bow legged man tried to stop a pig from gaining a gateway. Bill's support was odorous. When ye athletes behind him got near enough to opportunity to shake hands they were seized severely with buck fever, stage fright and other forms of dementia. They handled ye ball as though it were red hot and threw bases in a manner that was painfully reminding of ye blind man throwing tin biscuits at a tortoise shell cat on ye picket fence at four o'clock in ye morning just before ye first faint streaks of dawn.

Thereupon arose ye young blonde and bonny Carl Bowman, he of the winsome smile. In a dreamy manner he spat upon ye ball and so mesmerized it that when ye Coos Mooses hit it they fairly knocked ye cover off of it. One sad and solemn inning Carl lasted and then he faded away like ye lessening exhalation of ye sweetly fragrant flower and ye Harry Pierce stepped upon ye scene.

Pierce proved possessed of a proper portion of pungent pep. He unwound his south arm with the gleeful abandon of ye man unwrapping ye Christmas present from home. And at ye sight thereof, ye melancholy settled in thick folds on ye Coos Mooses as ye fog envelopes ye cranberry swamp. Whereas before they had hit and run as ye boy kills snakes in the salubrious springtime now they aped the briar rose and the orchid that died with the summer's woe.

Too late ye Bandon Banishes began to score. Ye crowd had begun to thin, ye band of melodious musicians had departed, ye wrestling match and ye races called and ye Lafaw who called ye balls and strikes and outs and ins called also ye game at an end. This at the conclusion of ye screeching sixth, the tune being 15 to 6 in favor of ye Coos Mooses.

This is the way they lined up at the beginning of the game:

Bandon: C. Willard; C; Bill Hull; p; H. Horning; 2 b; H. Pierce; 3 b; Watson r f; C. Bowman c f; A. Gibson 1 b;

Marshfield-North Bend: F. Smith 3 b; Thomas p; Murray; Kissam 1 b; Snow 2 b; C. Langworthy s; Gettings c f; M. Langworthy r f; Rasmussen c f.

Odd Fellows Entertain Grand Officers

Grand Master John Hall of Marshfield and Chief Patriarch Robert Andrews visited at the meeting of the Bandon Odd Fellows encampment last Saturday evening. The fraternity had planned a set program with a banquet as the climax but this was all dropped when the death of Edward Kilduff became known. However a few turned out to meet the grand officers and a profitable evening was spent.

## Wilson Bests Ajax

In a Fast Contest the Young Wonder Proves Too Much For the Champion. Second Contest Has Same End

Pinioned upsidedown in the arms of his muscular adversary and with his head used as the business part of a pile driver, the championship honors of Tony Ajax passed away from him into the possession of Jim Wilson Saturday night. The match held in the rooms of the Bandon Athletic Club, was fast and exceedingly well contested. The fateful fall which brought the championship career of Ajax to an end came with the second fall.

In the first the athletes worked through sixtyfive minutes of strenuous effort before the wiry Lavonian succeeded in getting Wilson's shoulders on the matt. The second bout went sixteen minutes when Wilson succeeded in getting a body hold on the champion and pounded his head against the matt much as a man would use a stick to pound sand into a rat hole. When, finally his shoulders had been forced to the floor, Ajax laid on the floor, unable to move.

M. G. Lutsey strung upon the platform and with Smiling Dutch carried the wrestler to the dressing room. Dr. Leep hurried to the room. For a time the wrestler eased himself on the seat with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, while an effort was made to work the crowd back and let in a little air. Ajax rolled over on the floor and writhed with pain. It was evident that he could not go on a gain and he saw it himself and the announcement of Wilson, winner, was made from the platform.

Smiling Dutch, alias Hunkedory Haas, the Gezial German, made the announcement. It had been a proud night for him. The contest had fairly bristled with quality. Another champion sat by the matt side to challenge the winner. The smile that Dutch wore was expressive, indeed.

Ajax in the time he was before the Bandon public proved his mettle. His exhibition Saturday night was a superb spectacle of bodily agility and muscular strength. Time after time he escaped from perilous situations with dexterous ease. With his head and arms confined he seemed to be able to swing his body up over his antagonist with the muscles of his neck and chest. He was quick as a cat and slippery as an eel and determination fairly shown from his anthropoidal chin. With his partially bald head, his stoop when in action and his aggressive mug he resembled Fitzsimmons.

But Wilson's backers never faltered in their confidence in him. With his superb physique he was a figure for a sculptor and he moved with the grace and air of absolute confidence. He retained his temper better than Ajax and was cooler in the pinches. The latter forced the work from the first. He seemed to have muscles of spring steel and sprung from one hold to another with extraordinary skill and persistence. A dozen times he had Wilson close to a fall but youth and strength told in the emergency.

The first fall required sixty six minutes in its accomplishment but the second came in something like twenty minutes. Ajax' gameness made him many friends but it was apparent to all that Wilson was the better man.

This was demonstrated again when on Monday night the two engaged in another match in the auditorium of the Athletic club. Ajax put up a game contest but was unable to cope successfully with Wilson who won two falls in succession the first in fifty-three minutes and the second in seventeen minutes.

In the exhibition of Saturday evening, Jim Martin the wrestling bootblack, engaged in a curtain raiser with Perry of Myrtle Point and the two wrestled thirty minutes without either gaining any advantage over the other.

## PROSPER MILL HAND KILLED

### Edward Kilduff Caught in Huge Belt, Dies in Local Hospital Saturday, A. M.

Edward Kilduff, an employ of the Prosper mill, suffered death as the result of an accident last week. Kilduff and a fellow employ, Wm. Sassen were engaged in putting on a belt at the plant early Friday morning when the accident happened. The heavy ten inch belt was one used to operate the cut off saws, known as the slashers. The thing happened so quickly that no one seems to know the exact particulars but Kilduff must have been seized and thrown around the lower pulley and hurled under the upper or power transmitting pulley. The belt broke around about the upper pulley leaving an end which with each revolution beat the body of the helpless man below.

When the machinery had been stopped it was found that Kilduff still lived and later regained consciousness. He was hurried to the Emergency hospital in Bandon where his injuries were examined. He was found to have sustained a broken leg and several ribs were broken. All that was possible to do for him was done but he had been injured internally his lungs were affected and he died Saturday morning.

The funeral occurred Sunday with services at 11:30 in the Odd Fellow's hall with Bandon Lodge, No. 133 in charge. L. L. Wheeler presided as noble grand and I. L. Scofield as chaplain while A. J. Hartman acted as marshal. There was a large attendance of lodge men, Rebekahs and friends of the dead man, including a large representation of Bandon Lodge No. 951, Loyal Order of Moose, of which society also, the dead man was a member. The Odd Fellows and Moose formed a procession leading to the K.P. cemetery where the Moose performed their unique burial service.

Edward Kilduff was born at Portland, Penn. August 21st 1871. He came to Oregon about 10 years ago and has lived at Prosper and been an employe of the Prosper mill for several years past. He was companionable and genial and was well liked by his associates by whom he will be greatly missed. He was installed right supporter of the noble grand in the Odd Fellow's lodge last month. He was unmarried. His death occurred at 4:27 A. M. Saturday, August 14th.

## Another Pioneer Gone

John B. Fox one of the pioneer settlers of Coos county died at his home in this city, last Friday night. He was 92 years of age and his death was due to the infirmities of his advanced years.

Mr. Fox came to this county in the Fall of 1869 from Missouri and he has occupied a prominent place in the affairs of the county since that time. He was for years a contractor in the county, building roads and constructing bridges. He built the railroad from Coos Bay to Myrtle Point and got into financial difficulties as a result of his enterprise and lost a large ranch which he owned at that time, up the river.

He lived part of the time on this ranch and in Coquille and Marshfield coming to Bandon two years ago. He was also an early day auctioneer.

The death occurred Friday night and funeral services were held Sunday morning from the chapel of Ellingson's undertaking establishment. Rev. W. B. Smith of the M. E. church South, officiated. Burial was in the K. P. cemetery.

## STANDING OF THE CONTESTANTS

- Blanche Cuthbert, ..... 6113
- Mrs. F. H. Fashender, ..... 62,825
- Leona Fullerton, ..... 151902
- Dorothy Langlois, ..... 4986
- Ottile Lewin, ..... 1905
- Alda Mars, ..... 126947
- Minnie McCurdy, ..... 500
- Violet Moore, ..... 500
- Eula Moore, ..... 550
- Amy Windsor, ..... 593
- Stella Shields, ..... 31957
- Elsie Wolf, ..... 100312

Free Masons Greet State Officer

Bandon Lodge No. 130, A. F. & A. M. entertained Grand Master Frank J. Miller, of the Grand Lodge at a special session last Saturday night Mr. Miller, whose home is at Albany Oregon, is a member of the state public service commission and had been holding court for that committee in Coquille the latter part of last week considering problems in connection with the telephone service on the river. Grand Master Miller delivered a long address to the lodge on the duties and opportunities of Free Masonry and related a number of reminiscences. Among the later he told of visiting Bandon thirty years ago on which occasion it took him a full day to travel from Marshfield to Bandon. He went by boat to Coaledo, from there by car to Beaver Slough, from there by row boat to the Coquille and where they hailed one of the steamers that serve the purposes of transportation in those days.

At the conclusion of the Grand Master's address Lars C. J. Petterson was given the fellowcraft degree after which an elaborate banquet was served to the home and visiting Masons.

A large delegation of Masons was present at the meeting from Golden Gate lodge of Langlois, and others were here from Coquille and other places.

## Return From Long Trip

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morrison who returned from their Nevada trip yesterday report a splendid time. They spent several days at San Francisco and two weeks at Winnemucca, Nevada where Mr. Morrison's mother lives. They also visited at Paradise, Nevada a mining town that has seen some rather magnificent days and where they made the acquaintance of the succulent sage hen and renewed their acquaintance with Mr. Morrison's brother who is a physician there. Among the sights they saw enroute was Mt. Lassen, the volcano; Donner Lake, Feather canyon, Mt. Shasta, and many others. The finest scenery they saw was in the vicinity of Crescent City, Cal and the worst roads between Roseburg and Myrtle Point.

## Owners of Matchwood are hauling it to town these days and the belt of cedar are coming from all directions.

M. F. Bloomer of the Central Feed Co. is buying for the Metropolitan Match Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Christensen of Bridge, Oregon, have been in town a few days, visiting Mrs. Christensen's mother and sister, Miss Helen G. Abbott who leave on this week's Elzabeth for the south. The Abbotts will visit the exposition and then go to Santa Barbara, Cal. where Miss Abbott will attend the normal school this year. Santa Barbara normal school is the only post graduate technical normal school in the west. Miss Abbott will specialize in domestic science while there.

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