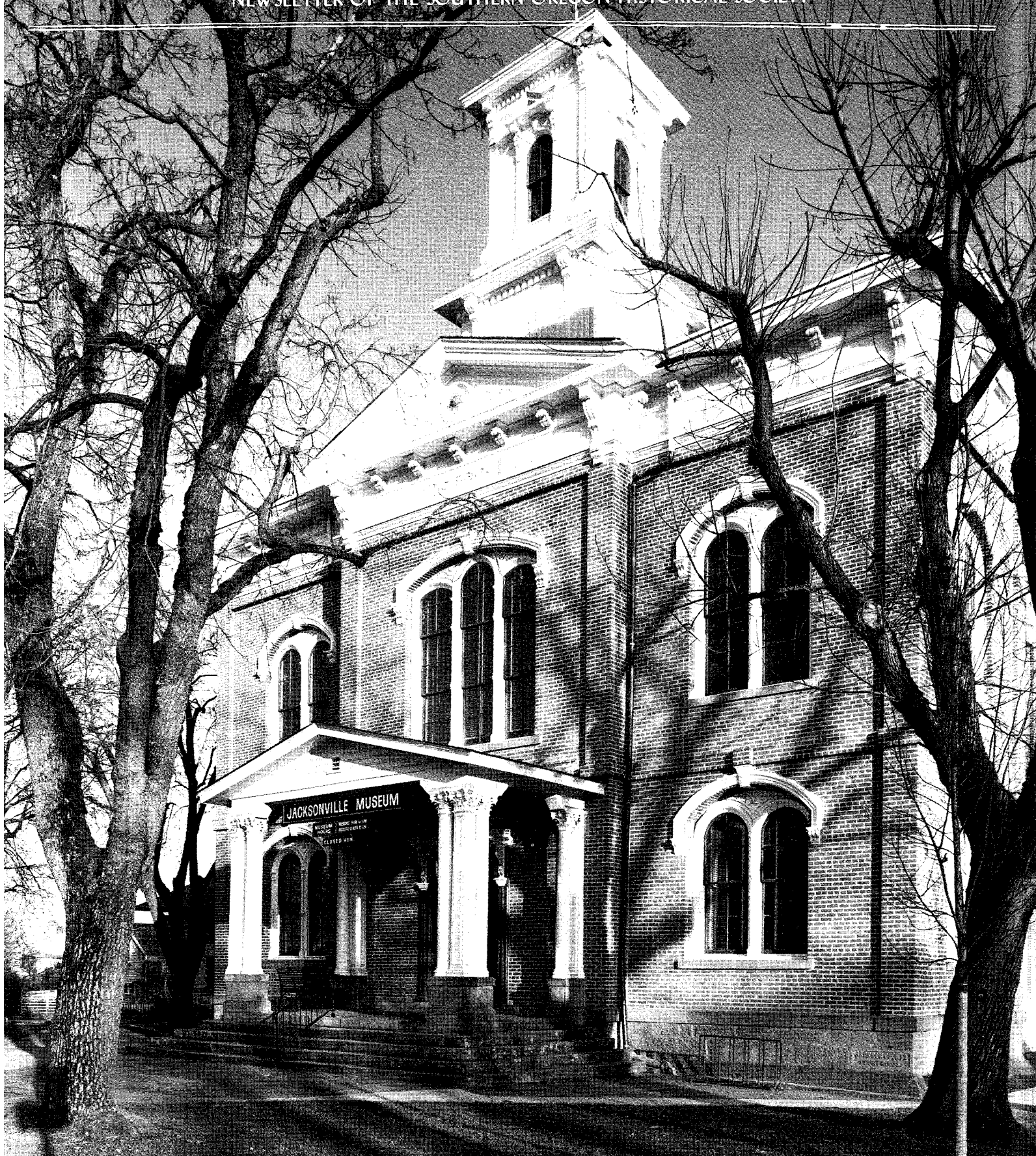


THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Director's Corner

On a February morning in 1884 the spanking new Jackson County Courthouse opened its doors to the public. For the next forty-two years Jacksonville was the seat of county government. As early as 1885, however, Medford folk began making noises about moving the county government to their fair city. The idea finally became a fact in 1926 and, with the change, the old courthouse stood empty. Now all good SOHS members know that in 1950 the old courthouse became the Jacksonville Museum and, restored and refurbished, it once again became an important part of Jacksonville. Over two million visitors have viewed the displays.

What happened to the building during the years between 1927 and 1950? Several people who were around southern Oregon then, provided the names of some of the temporary occupants: the Boy Scouts of America (Earle White, scoutmaster) met there; the Grange held functions there; the Oddfellows offered "swell" dances; and the empty jail became an unauthorized playhouse for some of the more adventurous children. Lois Reinking recalls the "Penny Dinners" where participants paid a penny for whatever serving of food they fancied. For the grand sum of ten cents one could really fill his plate. The building became an unofficial community center of sorts.

If you have personal memories of the courthouse from 1927 to 1950, I ask you to share them with us. Send us a note describing your memories. These letters will be placed in our research library. If you have old photographs of activities and events that took place in and around the courthouse, we ask you to share them with us. The original, or copies, should also be placed in our library. Get out your scrapbooks and dust off your memories. Please help us preserve this incomplete part of our local history.

Bill Burk

CORRECTIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, MISCELLANY

✓✓ The centennial celebration of the courthouse which was held only a few days ago, makes the featured story in this issue a timely one. The lengthy story, however, leaves insufficient space for the Gore family biographies which were introduced in the last issue. Concluding chapters of that story will thus appear in succeeding issues. We regret the break in continuity.

✓✓ Nana Claus, pictured in the last issue of the newsletter, was incorrectly identified; her name is Mary Schwieger. We greatly appreciate her contribution to the children's activities and regret giving her an alias.

✓✓ It is likely that sometime in February a new telephone system will be installed at the museum complex. Many of the telephone numbers will no longer be in use. In that event, callers may get information by dialing 899-1847.

✓✓ We have found that the listing of the names of committee members, jurors, speakers, musicians and ordinary citizens in the newsletter stories is greatly appreciated by members who find the names familiar. We realize, however, that it cuts into the continuity of the feature and the names mean little to readers who have never lived in southern Oregon. Judging from our correspondence, the pro's are in the majority. If you have an opinion one way or another, we'd appreciate hearing it.

THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Cover photograph by Doug Smith



Jacksonville Court House at the time of the DeAutremont trial in 1927. This was the last case held in the historic building at Jacksonville. Future trials would be held in Medford which had just become the new county seat. This trial, attracting national attention, was the swansong of the Jacksonville Court House.

THE COURTHOUSE STORY

Jacksonville did not come to be the county seat through divine right; no Olympian god made the designation. The honor evolved through the natural law of seniority because the town was the earliest settlement in the southern part of the state. There was no patriarch who went up the Britt Hill and came back down with a code of laws scratched into a clay slab. But during the town's first year when a murder outraged the settlers, they chose as judge, W.W. Fowler--the substantial citizen who had built the first house--and appointed a twelve man jury to try the case by the primitive rule of right and wrong. The defendant was found guilty, taken to a pretty grove of oak trees, hanged by the neck until dead and buried on the spot--a few yards from the site of the present Presbyterian church.


After this bit of legal action which demonstrated the necessity for some law

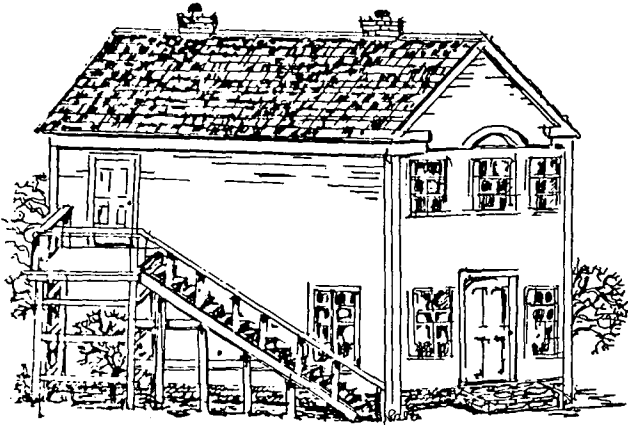
and order, the citizens selected a board of commissioners to manage public affairs and this arrangement continued for seven years until Oregon became a state in 1859.

With the establishment of the commissioners and the election of a sheriff, the need for a courthouse soon arose. During the early years the courthouse was any building used for holding court; at one time it was in a saloon. In 1856 it was the Methodist church. The commissioners eventually tired of the periodic search for available rooms and appointed a committee--Thomas Pyle, William G. T'Vault and Squire William Hoffman--to make a study and recommend a suitable location. These three gentlemen were serious minded fellows and they immediately set to work with a will but their dedicated efforts led no where. In the meantime the county and the Masonic Lodge, Warren Lodge No. 10, de-

cided to share a structure which they would erect on the site of the present building, and work was started on its construction.

FIRST BUILDING

 newspaper item reports that Kerr and Berry, contractors, were paid "\$500 and \$83.50 for materials to underpin the building." This was probably the partial cost assumed by the county; the Masons no doubt anted-up an equal amount. No photograph of the building exists, but a crude sketch appeared in an early edition of the *Oregon Sentinel* and a brief description has survived. It was definitely not memorable for its charm and function, and it appears to have been put together without architectural plans. It was a simple clapboard structure with no embellishments. In 1865 James Cluggage deeded the land it occupied to the Commissioners of Jackson County.



When it was completed in 1859, the second floor became the first Masonic Temple in Jacksonville and the courthouse took over the ground floor. From time to time the county made improvements--a stone vault, carpets, general refinishing and new steps and new fences. Young maple trees were planted on the grounds to provide shade. From the very first the courtyard was used for meetings and celebrations in pleasant weather.

This courthouse, so rustically constructed and so inadequate was the scene of many historic cases. Federal court was held here and Matthew P. Deady was the first judge. When the state was admitted to the union, P.P. Prim became judge of the circuit which consisted of Jackson, Josephine, Lake and Klamath counties. He served in that capacity

for twenty years, retiring to be succeeded by Judge H.K. Hanna. In many of the trials presided over by these honored judges, notable decisions were made which have been permanently recorded in Oregon's legal history.

The small rooms soon became crowded with too many people--office holders, deputies and private lawyers, and the ground floor threatened to pop out at the joints. In 1867 the Masons gave up their rights to the second floor--and the carpets--and county personnel, briefly relieved of their congestion, surged upstairs and overran that area overnight.

Four years later Charles Nickell, editor of the *Democratic Times* announced that the "dilapidated old structure is a disgrace to the county" and began a spasmodic campaign for a new courthouse. He obviously didn't set a fire under any of the citizens. No one took action and ten years later the "disgrace to the county" was still in use and Charles Nickell's editorials were continuing the same attack with a little more acid. His rival at the *Oregon Sentinel*, William M. Turner, had, however, joined him in his protest and the two newspapers waged a united campaign for a new building--one of the extremely rare occasions when they were in agreement.

In April, 1881, the *Sentinel* asked: "Is it not time that the county had a courthouse that would not be mistaken by a stranger for a barn?" Eight months later, with the digs at public pride still falling on indifferent ears, the editor declared:

Another Grand Jury has been found to condemn the court house as insufficient for the business of Jackson County. That body might have added that it was a disgrace and a shabby advertisement of our poverty or lack of public spirit...There are stables and barns in this state more creditable in appearance than the Court House of Jackson County, and our county court should build a suitable one as a matter of public duty.

GRAND JURY REPORT

We the Grand Jury have, as by law directed examined the County Clerk's office and find the records thereof plain, legible and well kept. The jail is satisfactory.

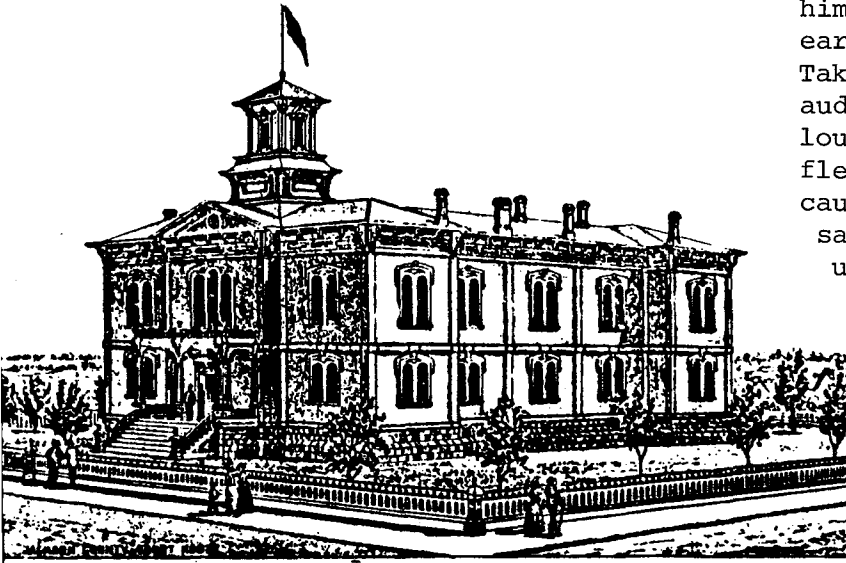
For the transaction of business...the Court House is insufficient and we therefore recommend that the authorities make the necessary improvements.

No space in the vault for private papers
Not enough room in the sheriff's office
County Hospital rooms unfit

Martin Vrooman, M.D.
J.W. Robinson, M.D.

A December editorial revealed an even more pressing reason for a change: "His Honor, Judge Hanna, whose office is on the second story of the county barn, applied this week for a policy in the 'Accidental Insurance Company.' The Agents examined the dangerous stairway and declined the risk, saying that it was entirely too heavy."

But not until August, 1882, did the court seriously consider the matter of acquiring new quarters. The inefficient, poorly designed "county eyesore" had been in use for twenty-three years, and hadn't improved with age. In had become so ramshackle, in fact, that there was no thought of shoring it up and maintaining it for another tenant. Once the commissioners had finally decided to act, they could tolerate no delay and they wanted it as soon as possible. G.E. Payne of Ashland was appointed architect, but his opinions were secondary to those of the Board. They knew what they required and they didn't expect to fool around examining experimental and impractical plans.



They specified a two story brick structure, 92 feet long and 60 feet wide. The ground floor should have ceilings 14 feet high; the second floor, 20 feet high. The court room had to be spacious: 68 x 40 feet. Mr. Payne drew up a diagram and estimated the costs. The best site was determined to be the ground occupied by the "county barn" and Gustav Karewski gave the commissioners \$116 for it, tore it down, and hauled away the bits and pieces. The county court moved into the city hall.

SECOND BUILDING




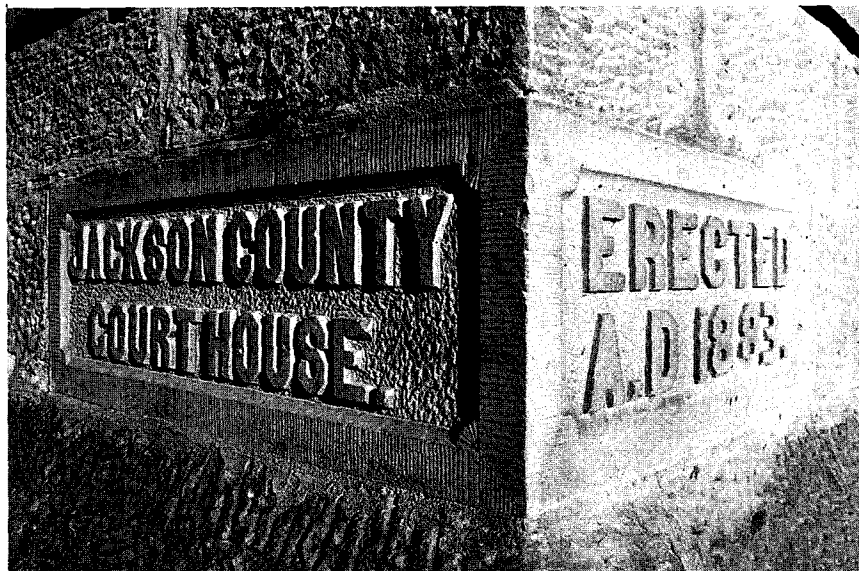
When a great sum of money is to be spent a concerned group of organized citizens will usually arise to protest. They will wish to stop the entire project or will at least offer ways to economize and slash the frills out of the budget. In this case the dissention came principally from Ashland where the city directors had schemed for some time to become the new county seat and get a courthouse of their own. After all, Jacksonville had been in existence only a few months before Ashland, and Ashland's population wasn't so rowdy.

A meeting was held in Central Point and the people who attended came from Ashland, Rock Point, Eden (Phoenix), Butte Creek and Central Point. About 75 protestors appeared and the *Democratic Times* called it a Mass Meeting. Several prominent dissenters spoke, including E.K. Anderson and Col. John E. Ross. John Beeson stood and offered his endorsement of the protest move, but, although he represented their side of the matter, members of the audience gave him no ovation. About thirty years earlier, after the final defeat of the Takelmas in 1855, Beeson had had the audacity to defend the Indians--ridiculous--and, threatened with mayhem, had fled to Washington, D.C., where he caused the withdrawal of federal compensation to the local Indian fighters--unforgivable. He was not southern Oregon's favorite son. The *Times* reported, "John Beeson was not cheered." The commissioners at Jacksonville reacted to the protests in the classic manner: they suddenly became stone deaf.

George Holt, who made a bid of \$6,500, was awarded the contract for excavating the cellars and putting in the foundation which was to be made of native stone hauled in from Kanaka Flats just on the outskirts of town. Although he was certainly capable, having laid the foundation of the U.S. Hotel, George Holt chose to sublet the contract to Jacobs and Russell. At this time Madame Holt was stricken with dropsy which ultimately led to her death in 1884. Perhaps George Holt was too greatly concerned for her health or too-occupied in helping her operate her new hotel to

devote any time to the installation of a foundation for the courthouse. Jacob Schmidling and Sargent Dunlap, the sexton at the Jacksonville cemetery whose duties in the graveyard weren't so pressing that he couldn't do a little part time work elsewhere, hauled the stones in the cemetery wagon, and the masonry was completed on schedule.

 y June, 1883, the foundation was in and the city fathers declared a holiday for the laying of the cornerstone. When Jacksonville held a celebration, the rest of the county generally closed up shop and joined in the festivities, so there were many spectators in attendance, with an especially large group from Ashland. The Masonic order took charge of the ceremonies.



A procession was formed under the direction of the Grand Marshall, N. Langell, at the Masonic Hall. With the Jacksonville Silver Cornet Band in the lead, they marched smartly through town to the courthouse square. Judge Silas Day opened the program with a lecture in which he presented the figures and statistics for the new building and assured his listeners that as far as possible Jackson county material would be used in construction.

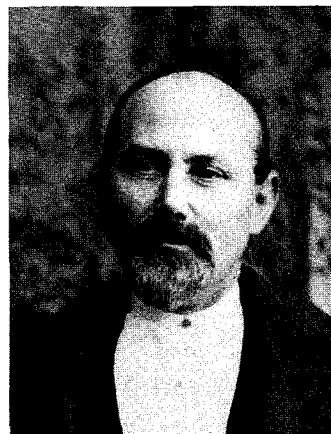
Judge Day was followed by the Grand officers of the lodge making an official proclamation. This part of the program seems not to have withstood the ravages of time; no copy appeared in the newspapers. It was probably an oratorical composition full of *wherefores* and

whereases and *whereupons*. Its disappearance is probably not to be mourned.

The third presentation on the program was an anthem by the choir whose members were Misses Kate Hoffman, Maggie Linn, Sophie and Sophenia Ish, Messers E.C. Brooks, N.A. Jacobs, J.A. Boyer, E.F. Eddy and Rev. J.W. Sellwood. Mrs. F.E. Shipley was organist. Reporters apparently didn't consider the title of their selection worthy of mention, and that's too bad. Everyone should know a laying-the-cornerstone song; guesswork might turn up *How Firm a Foundation*, *Rock of Ages* and *Roll, Jordan, Roll*. Put those three together and you'll have a good solid rock and roll.

The fourth part of the grand occasion was the Invocation by Chaplain J.A. Stover. His prayer was followed by a reading of the list of stuff which civic-minded folk had dropped into the metal casket to be deposited in the cornerstone. It appears that many contributors had tossed in doo-dads that they happened to have in their pockets at the time, but the dignitaries treated all donations with grave respect. During the reading solemn music was played by the band. A partial list of the contents, which are still reposing today in that metal casket, may be of interest.

1. The October 8, 1855, copy of the *Table Rock Sentinel* (by Squire William Hoffman)
2. Pictures of the presidents from George Washington down to General Grant (William Kahler)
3. A twenty-dollar Confederate bill (Sarah M. Root)
4. A baggage check, Vicksburg to Canton (Edwin M. Root)
5. A roll of the members of the Southern Oregon Pioneer Association (Silas J. Day)
6. A U.S. copper cent, dated 1883 (Frank Kasshafer)
7. A memorial medal of the silver wedding of Victoria and Albert and a five penny nickel of the Empire of Germany (Berthold Rostel)
8. Two shilling, English silver pieces (Mrs. J. G. Birdseye)
9. A quart of whiskey (Herman Helms)
10. a quart of whiskey and a handful of coins (Frank Shale)



11. An antique Roman coin . . .

and here the only copy of the newspaper has been cut and a part is missing. After the hole made by the inconsiderate snipper, the list continues . . .

23. An upper set of artificial teeth (Will Jackson)

24. A U.S. silver quarter (James G. Birdseye)

25. etc. Several big spenders contributed one copper cent each, and A. A. Barneburg gave up a nickel. The list continues but none of the items would realize much on today's antique market and all of them put together would never make it worthwhile to bash in the corner of the building to get at the collection.

After the reading of the contents of the cornerstone which must have seemed interminable, the choir sang another anthem --untitled--and Judge Paine Page Prim, the featured speaker, presented his oration.

The program was concluded with all present raising their jubilant voices in the *Doxology*.

After the gala holiday, work on the new building continued. L.P.S. Marsh, who had been given the construction contract for \$32,000, announced the date of completion would be February 10, 1884. The newspapers chronicled the details of construction: S.H. Eggers, who was contracted to supply 150,000 bricks, had a kiln of 40,000 ready when work began; in August the walls were finished and the frame of the tower and cupola was in place; work was rushed to get the roof on before the winter rains began; 70,000 shingles were required; the County Court decided to use money set aside for paint and spend it instead for stone steps and a stone floor for the patio. By the end of 1883 the basic structure was completed and in March 1884 the building was finished and turned over to the commissioners. The cost, including architect's fees was \$29,803.34--less than the contract price by \$2,196.66--and that is a wonder that could not occur today.

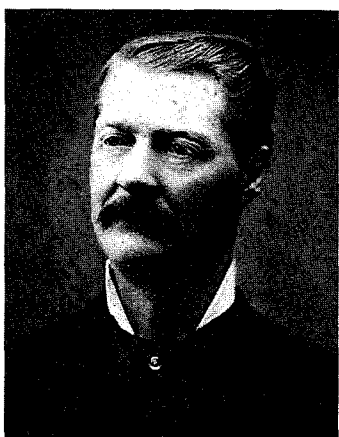
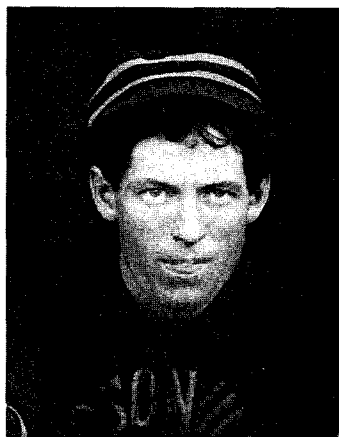
It was plain to see that before the county court moved in, the time was ripe for another celebration, and the citizens didn't have to delve deeply for a theme: it would be a Christmas Ball in the new courtroom, a benefit for honest and conscientious Mr. Marsh, the contractor, who had saved the taxpayers over \$2,000. A general overall organizational group met in Judge Prim's office and appointed the committees who would set to work and create a grand, never-to-be forgotten affair in the splendid and elegant new building. Practically every notable intown was assigned one task or another: the names would have come right out of the Jacksonville *Who's Who* and *Social Register* had anyone thought to publish one.

Soliciting Committee:

Mesdames Kubli, Shipley, Fisher, James Cardwell and (Judge) Day. What these ladies were to solicit wasn't made clear but they were wives of prominent men and their names commanded respect. The committee is first in line so they were cer-

(Top to bottom)

1. Judge P. P. Prim: Chairman of the group to select the committees.
2. Mollie Britt: Served on the committee in charge of decorations for the Grand Opening party.
3. Alice Hanley: Also served on the Decorating Committee
4. Herman Helms: He put a quart of whiskey in the cornerstone.



tainly charged with soliciting something pretty important. Money, perhaps.

Decorating Committee:

Misses Allie Klippel, Mollie Britt, Maggie Linn, Alice Hanley, Mel. Wrisley, Aba Ross, Laura Anderson, Ollie Alford, Maggie Sargent, Sophenia Ish. These were the maidenly lilies of the field who weren't expected to do up cakes and pies and other goodies. Their duty was on the creative, more aesthetic side: make the ballroom a thing of beauty.

Supper Committee:

Mesdames John E. Ross, John Miller, Henry Pape, Kenney, B.F. Dowell, A. Bilger, Herman Helms, J.N.T. Miller, James Cardwell, Fred Luy, Adam Schmidt, Chris Ulrich, (Dr.) Will Jackson, Frank Kasshafer, Robert Brown, John Orth. These mesdames were probably noted for their skill at the kitchen range and could be relied upon to produce *such* a table, from *hors d'oeuvres* through about eighty-eight courses to a final wedge of chiffon cake which had to be held down with a finger else it would float up to the twenty-foot high ceiling.

Music Committee:

George Brown, Pat Donegan, A.M. Berry. It took three fellows to hire one orchestra? These young men were all musicians, and the organizing committee didn't want to slight anyone. Besides, maybe they hired three orchestras.

Invitation Committee:

Judge H.K. Hanna, Gen. T.G. Reames, William M. Turner, Charles Nickell, Frank Krause, Max Muller.

Wow. Look at those names again. Those men were the core, the hub of the city. The invitations were probably not so remarkable but the names on the committee were certainly spectacular.

Reception Committee:

C.W. Kahler, Henry Klippel, N. Langell, N. Fisher, Henry Judge, David Linn, and the Misses Issie McCully, Nettie Howard, Mary Langell, Emily Brown.

Floor Managers:

Frank Steadman, Aaron Maegly, Thomas Kenney, Herman Helms, Charles Nickell, William Ulrich. These men saw to it that no ill bred hooligan crashed the party and that no one became slightly indecorous at the punch bowl. Floor managers may have occasionally asked a wall flower for a dance, but there probably weren't any young ladies without escorts in those sublime days.

Finance Committee:

N.A. Jacobs, Jerry Nunan

Door Keeper:

James C. Birdseye. Mr. Birdseye welcomed the dancers and took their tickets at the door. The tab was a little steep --\$3.00 for each person, but it included supper and the money went to a worthy cause.

An announcement in the December 22, 1883, *Sentinel* stated

(Top to bottom)

1. Pat Donegan: Jacksonville's star baseball player and favorite pianist. He served on the Music Committee.
2. Kate Hoffman: Sang in the choir for the Cornerstone celebration.
3. General T.G. Reames: Served on the Invitation Committee.
4. Issie McCully: Served on the Reception Committee.

that the magnificent winding stairways for the front entrance to the courtroom had not yet been completed, but the builders had put up a temporary staircase so the festivities could go on. Those stairs were "the most perfect piece of cabinet work in the valley and the personal work and particular pride of Mr. Marsh." He must have been heartbroken at the delay which prevented his masterpiece from being initiated by the gentlemen in their finery and the ladies with their silken trains. Parts of the rooms were still unpainted but that added to the novelty. Decorations by the artistic maidens of the committee transformed the unfinished hall into a wonderland of evergreen branches festooned with colorful ribbons and tinsel. In the spacious room, the dancers were

not crowded. Many of the popular dances were performed in groups of four couples and the *Sentinel* reported that over thirty sets could dance at one time. Jacksonville had not seen such splendor before.

Just after the first of the year, on February 11, 1884, court convened for the first time in its proud new home. Judge Lionel G. Webster presided. In the first session two bills of forgery were considered, a case of larceny of a horse and saddle, selling liquor without a license, larceny by two Chinese from Siskiyou County, violation of the Sunday law in Ashland, gambling at Grants Pass and a charge of riot. The Jacksonville courthouse had opened for business right on schedule. It was one-hundred years ago--almost to the day.

FIRST ATTACK BY THE ENEMY

★★★ The designation, county seat, doesn't necessarily mean *forever*. The honor turns out to be like a penmanship medal which is awarded a winner who soon discovers that in order to keep his prize, he has to stay on top. Let him neglect his push-pull and his ovals and the competition usurps his place in the sun and takes his medal. Over the years several attempts were made by other towns to wrest the honor of being county seat away from Jacksonville, even Phoenix and Central Point made a stab or two at it, but Jacksonville doggedly clung to its status as first city, with the most influential citizens and the greatest traditions to uphold.

The year, 1884, which marked the completion of the new court house, also saw the birth of Medford, the railroad camp about five miles away. Most of the Jacksonville business men ignored the settlement, but as it developed into a rapidly growing railroad center, it spelled out the eventual *coup de grace* of Jacksonville's pride and prestige.

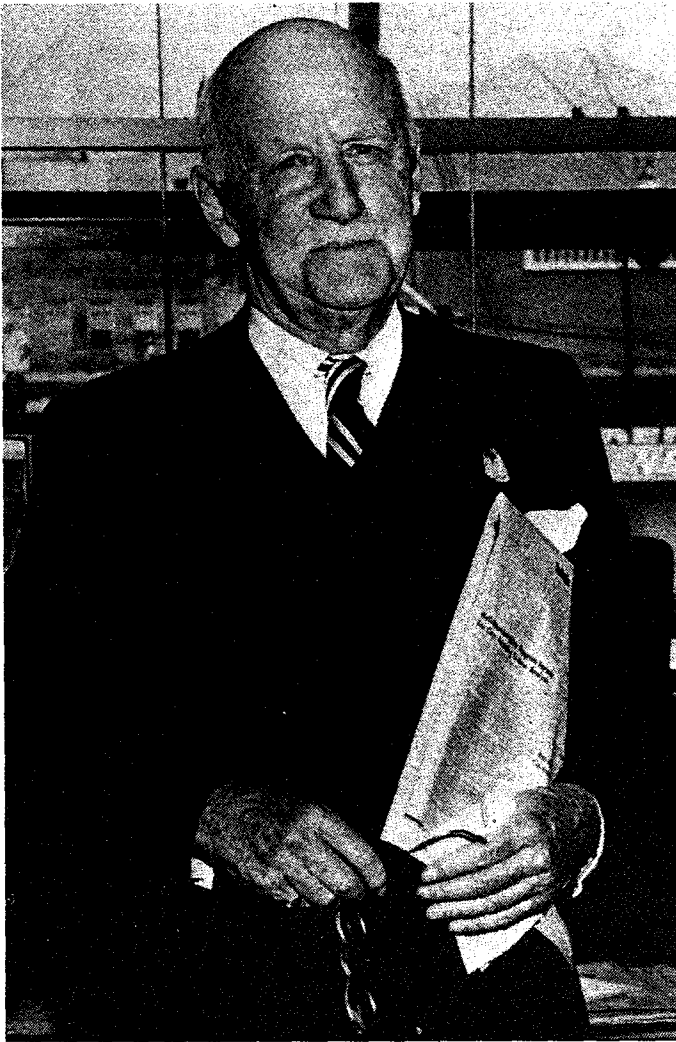
Almost from the quickening of the new town, even when the Jacksonville natives smugly referred to it as Chapparral City and Tank Town, some Medford citizen or other was concerned with trying to find a way to grab the title of county seat.

For years Jacksonville successfully fended off the enemy, principally be-

cause there was no concerted, organized drive. The claim that Jacksonville was too remote, which today is a foolish assertion, was not unreasonable years ago. Travel by horse and buggy was slow and tiresome, automobiles were few and frightening, and the electric train, when it was introduced, maintained an erratic schedule and was seldom on time. Few people with transactions to be made in the courthouse found the visit to Jacksonville a charming and quaint excursion; commuting was a nuisance. Actually the inevitable out-and-out campaign for the transfer of the county seat was long in coming. Jacksonville had basked in its glory for more years than one might have expected.

In 1920 the first really menacing threat came from the Medford Chamber of Commerce. Medford had by then replaced Jacksonville as the valley metropolis, and the Medford business men felt the change would boost industry and encourage growth. Robert W. Ruhl, editor of the *Medford Mail Tribune*, was naturally in accord with the Chamber of Commerce and, through his editorials, he acted as spokesman for the group. Such an association was persuasive and powerful and it would be almost impossible to vanquish.

Ironically, just at this time the Jacksonville Bank folded up and closed its doors. The discovery that there



Robert W. Ruhl, Editor of the Tribune. In his editorials he gave powerful support to the action of the Chamber of Commerce.

had been mismanagement and dirty work at the crossroads didn't alter the fact that all moneys taken at the county courthouse had to be transported to Medford banks. The situation was unexpected ammunition for the attackers.

The Jacksonville water supply had always been a problem. City founders had created a reservoir a few miles away from town and it was simply an artificial lake made by damming up the creek. It teemed with waterdogs and turtles and occasionally a creature fell into the water, drowned, and had to be harpooned and dragged out by the water master. In winter time it served its purpose, but in summer, particularly during a long dry spell, it was a disaster. The water level sometimes seeped down to little more than a stagnant pond, and it virtually stank when it came out of the taps. The water shortage also made a serious problem

for the volunteer fire department, and using city water for irrigation was frequently forbidden. In addition the underground pipes were getting on in years, and occasionally Jacksonville was without any water at all as the crew patched up the broken mains. During the dry season families without wells had to borrow from their neighbors or haul drinking water from Medford. The situation was of course an undeniable point for the enemy.

The once spacious courthouse building had become cramped and inadequate. Some county officials had moved into accommodations nearby, and several offices, crowded out, had already been re-established in Medford. Valuable documents were improperly housed and risk of fire was high and ever-present. No one could deny the shift of population away from Jacksonville; Medford boasted a total of 6,300 souls, but who could put any stock in exaggerated claims made by those census people? The biggest persuader of all was Medford's proximity to that dratted railroad, Jacksonville's most bitter sour grape.



Outside of sentiment, which doesn't have much bite to it, the defenders had only one valid point in their favor: the move would smack the taxpayer right in the pocket and nick him for plenty. It was a strong argument but could scarcely counterbalance the credits chalked up by the opposition. A less naive and determined group would have thrown in the sweaty towel long before. No one had really considered battle tactics and counteroffensive and surprise attacks, and no one had really expected a champion to appear and call the troops to rally round the flag—but one materialized: Colonel H. H. Sargent.

COLONEL SARGENT




Col. Herbert H. Sargent had won national recognition as an authority on military science and as an author of national acclaim. His three books on battle campaigns and tactics were considered classics, and he had received warm praise from the literary critics as well as an especial commendation from his good friend, President Theodore Roosevelt.

Born in Illinois in 1858, he was raised on his father's farm near Carlinville. After he completed college, he secured an appointment to West Point and graduated in 1883. Assigned to the U.S. Cavalry, he was stationed at Fort Klamath, and while he was there he met and married Alice Applegate, daughter of Lindsay Applegate, one of the pioneers who had first broken trail through the wilderness of the Rogue River Valley in 1846.

Colonel Sargent served the military in many parts of the world in various duties. His background was impressive and he was somewhat of a VIP in army affairs, participating in many assignments of great national importance. His credits include: duty in Cuba during the Spanish American War; command of the attacking forces at San Mateo in the Philippines; professor of military science and tactics at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas; assistant to the quartermaster general of the Western division in San Francisco during World War I; professor of military service, Princeton; a post in the war plans division of the general staff at the War College, Washington, D.C.

In 1918, after the signing of the Armistice, he retired from active duty and he and Alice Applegate Sargent returned to the west and settled in Jacksonville, his favorite spot, which he had often visited while he was stationed at Fort Klamath. They bought the Jeremiah Nunan house and settled down to become loyal and enthusiastic citizens of the community.


 n September 1, 1920, the action by the Medford Chamber of Commerce intensified and members of the organization began a methodical campaign. A meeting, called by Mayor C.B. Lamkin, was held at the Holland Hotel and was attended by the members and all the henchmen they could dredge up from Ashland, Gold Hill, Central Point and other hamlets in the county. All were in agreement that the county seat should be removed to Medford, all, that is, except Colonel Sargent and his first lieutenant Lewis Ulrich, Jacksonville's pet baseball player, who stood shoulder to shoulder with the colonel through the entire battle. The two of them had re-

ceived advance notice of the forum, and they wisely decided to attend in order to assess the enemy's strength and discover his strategy. Mr. Walther, President of the Chamber of Commerce, appointed a committee to work in conjunction with the County Bar association and draft a petition to place two issues on the ballot in November: one, to provide for removal of the county seat at a certain date, and two, to provide for a tax levy for the purpose of erecting a suitable court house in Medford. The Chamber of Commerce had thrown down the gauntlet.

Colonel Sargent, given an opportunity to speak, accepted the challenge. He bitterly opposed the action and declared that instead of endeavoring to move the courthouse nearer to Medford, the Medford populace should make every effort to extend Medford's city limits nearer the courthouse. He felt that Medford, rather than attempting to destroy her neighbor, should lend a helping hand. He closed his statement by saying, "The only reason I can see for the removal of the courthouse is that a few lawyers are inconvenienced. If they would walk over from Medford and back, they would be happier and live ten years longer."

Judge C.B. Watson, honored and respected by Jacksonville citizens, betrayed them by joining the enemy. He declared, "I believe the county seat should be changed, not to the glorification of Medford, nor the humiliation of Jacksonville, but in the interest of the great majority to be served. But I suggest that...if you take away the courthouse, some suitable monument of lasting character should be erected at the old site."

Big deal. He obviously wanted to close up the town and install a tombstone over the remains.

 y the middle of September the petitions were out. Since 2,500 signatures were required, the petitioners were prepared to invade the boon-docks and beat the bushes. If they failed to make the goal, it wouldn't be from lack of effort.

On September 17, Jacksonville called a mass meeting at the City Hall and began the counter attack. Mayor Emil Britt was elected chairman and he appointed

T.W. Fulton to act as secretary. A committee was appointed to take charge of the defense campaign: Lewis Ulrich, D.W. Bagshaw, H.K. Hanna, Dr. J.W. Robinson and Fred Fick. A second committee, the mesdames this time, was appointed to back up the first squad: Mrs. D.W. Bagshaw, Mrs. E.A. Thompson, Mrs. H.K. Hanna, Mrs. Mamie Nelson, Mrs. Chris Ulrich and Mrs. H.H. Sargent.

The first speaker was the fire-brand, Colonel Sargent. He delivered some pointed remarks about increased taxes required for a new courthouse, the duplicity of Medford business men and a few threatening possibilities, but mostly he inspired the group and gave it a feeling of solidarity and purpose. Those in the audience did not need reasons for their stand. Jacksonville was an unwilling donor for an organ transplant. Only in this instance the city would give up its heart and get nothing in return. The importance of the meeting was that it spurred the resolution that if they went down to defeat, they would at least have fought a valiant battle.

By September 23 the signatures on the petition were lagging a little. Mr. Ruhl took to his ink pot and exhorted his readers to get off their lazy indifference, stir around and find a petition and sign it; the act wouldn't cost them a penny. The Chamber of Commerce had discovered that even though the change would benefit everyone in southern Oregon there had been little enthusiastic support from outside the city. "The people of Medford," wrote Mr. Ruhl, "must do the job themselves. They can do it if every qualified voter in the city signs the petition today."

The editorial accomplished its purpose. In a day or two the *Tribune* declared there were now 3,681 signatures and the inclusion of the issue on the ballot was assured.

Porter J. Neff, the Medford attorney, had made several appearances in which he endorsed the movement. His arguments were sensible and he tallied up credits for Medford. Colonel Sargent was aware that if you are fighting to win, you can't ignore someone's chipping at your rear flank. You have to beat him down someway; if you can't do it with force-



Colonel H.H. Sargent

ful logic, you can sometimes do it with a devastating wit. In any case you must try. The colonel publicly challenged Porter Neff to a debate. Mr. Neff, after some consideration, decided he had nothing to gain by pitting his wits against those of the colonel on a public platform, and he declined the invitation.

It was well and good to hold townsmetings in Jacksonville, but those citizens were with the colonel from the first. The important step was to invade the enemy and seek support behind the lines. Renting the Natatorium in Medford, Colonel Sargent held a well-attended political meeting and gave a stirring lecture. The *Mail Tribune*, which had previously made no effort to

be objective about the matter, presented a review giving much of the text of the speech. Parts of it merit reproduction.

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE.

ORATORICAL "JACK DEMPSEY" THRILLS MEDFORD AUDIENCE WITH JACKSONVILLE EMOTION

Never did the colonel make a better speech. For an hour and a half he held his audience in close attention with his logical arguments, keen wit and humor, all in the cause of "bleeding Jacksonville." Often the audience broke into hearty laughter, and sometimes liberal applause met some of his keenest sallies.

The colonel slammed our Chamber of Commerce touched up the Mail Tribune in several departments right in the blushing face of the writer, and roasted the Medford people generally for sticking the harpoon--no, it was a very sharp-edged dirk--right into the deep interior of Jacksonville's anatomy by favoring this courthouse proposition, and pleaded with Medford to reform and not do any more fool things, but to come down to the mourners' bench on election day and do the right thing--by Jacksonville.

...Unconsciously or perhaps intentionally he boosted Medford all the way through. He has for many years been one of the most ardent boosters for the city and one of the most sanguine in regard to its great rosy future. Last night all the way he pointed out Jacksonville as a suburb or part of Medford in the not very distant future and predicted that Medford would some day be a great, thriving city extending from Roxy Ann to Jacksonville, east and west, and from Table Rock to Phoenix, north and south.

If the Chamber of Commerce and the people use good sense and judgment they will not expend their energy and substance in carrying out things like the moving of the court house. It can do them no good and it will be only a temporary benefit to a few lawyers and a lot of lazy people...But if you move the court house and overburden your city and county with an already excessive taxation, you will put a damper on all progress.

...It was only the other day that one of the leading lawyers of Jackson County said to me: "The court house being at Jacksonville necessitates my owning an automobile." I did not want to hurt the poor thing's feelings since he was a mighty good friend of mine, or I should have replied: "What is the matter with the jitney? Are you too proud to ride in it? Look at me! I ride in it several times a week, and frequently for days at a time I come down in it each morning, walk about a mile to my orchard, do a good day's work, walk back in the evening and catch the jitney going home: and I am a man of importance, I am the oratorical Jack Dempsey of Jackson County, Oregon (a title given Colonel Sargent by Arthur Perry, a reporter). If you are too proud to ride with me and the other members of the proletariat, ... what is the matter with walking? It is only an hour and a quarter's walk for a good, long-legged husky man like you, and an hour and a quarter spent in this exercise every morning and evening of your life would be a godsend to

you and to nearly all the other lawyers. You all need exercise and for the lack of it some of you are getting to be a timid lot. Already a number of you have lost the use of your legs, many even now take an automobile to go round the block and a lot of you are now shying at a contest of words. Some of you are like a lot of girls; you won't take a dare.

What you need first is physical exercise... But you also need real mental exercise: you need now and then to go against a fighter. This would sharpen your wits, give you confidence, and make you worth much more to future clients.

...Now, ladies and gentlemen, none of you might think that because one of the most distinguished lawyers of southern Oregon has refused to accept my challenge to a debate on this question and because the chamber of commerce cannot find another lawyer in the city to take his place, that they are afraid. But most solemnly I assure you it is not cowardice. It is simply pure timidity.

Although, as I have said, I did not want to hurt the feelings of this good lawyer friend, and therefore did not say these things to him, I did say: "Can't you see that if the county court house had been here in Medford, the Medford automobile dealer would not have sold you that automobile, nor would the Medford oil company have sold you gasoline nor the Medford mechanic have repaired your machine, nor the Medford merchant have sold you new tires and accessories. Seems to me," I said, "that having the county court house at Jacksonville has, in your case, brought much business to Medford that it never would have got had the county court house been located in Medford."

...The wise business man of Medford and the members of the Chamber of Commerce of broad vision should always stand ready to extend to Jacksonville a helping hand, as a son would honor his old parents. But has Medford done this? No. Her Chamber of Commerce waited until a great calamity befell Jacksonville, then, having gotten Ashland's mayor and two of her leading attorneys to point the dagger, she drove it in to the very hilt into the prostrate body of bleeding Jacksonville. And for what profit? What is the commercial gain? Nothing, absolutely nothing.

...The Jacksonville people were hard hit by the failure of the Bank of Jacksonville. There were many widows and old couples living there who lost their little all. Some of the cases are positively pitiful. When this great calamity befell them, naturally they expected kind instead of cruel treatment from Medford. They looked for an olive branch. They received a dagger. No wonder that with agonizing eyes riveted upon your city, they exclaimed: "And thou, too, Brutus!"

...If, after consideration of all the facts and arguments you come to the conclusion it would be unwise to move the courthouse, then it is your duty to vote against the measure.

The speech and its resulting publicity had the desired effects. Many people on the fence must certainly have tottered into the Jacksonville camp, and others who seldom voted resolved to exercise their franchise this time just to support the colonel. In an editorial, Mr. Ruhl paid a left-handed tribute to the orator.

NO NEED TO WORRY

Colonel Sargent is too modest. He declares bleeding Jacksonville will die if the court

house is moved. Not at all, unless the Colonel moves with it. As long as Jacksonville has the Colonel, Jacksonville will be on the map. A man who can draw a crowd to the Natatorium on a cold rainy night, in the midst of a presidential campaign, when the average political orator can't draw a baker's dozen, and hold them there enthralled for an hour and a half, can draw more people to Jacksonville than a court house ever has or ever will.

...A community who has the Colonel, an oratorical Jack Dempsey, a literary Babe Ruth, a greater farmer than Cincinnatus, and a faster performer than Man O' War can let court houses come and go. For as long as the Colonel is a resident, dreams his dreams, and sees his visions, Jacksonville will go on forever.

R.W.R.

On the flip side of the record, however, the *Tribune* printed on another page a lengthy contribution from a director of the Chamber of Commerce, George T. Collins, who found no meat in the colonel's message. He accused him of speaking in generalities, making no important points, and belittling the Medford Chamber of Commerce. This seems a fair enough rebuttal, but in his communication he attempted to smear the colonel's military record and questioned if the people of the United States would find that their investment in Colonel Sargent's military education had been justified.

"Some arguments advanced by the colonel," wrote Mr. Collins, "appealed to the citizens of Jacksonville who were all at the Natatorium, the whole six of them."

JERRY JEROME MUNCHING A BANANA WOULD BEAT COL. SARGENT IN C. H. DEBATE

He offered the theory that if Medford citizen, Jerry Jerome, could be induced to get into black-face and sit on the platform munching a banana, he would win a debate without saying a word "because the colonel's arguments are not at all convincing and Jerry's style is." (It is obvious that Mr. Collins' sense of humor was not his strongest point.)

He closed his rebuttal with the statement that Jacksonville had "served its usefulness."

One doubts that Mr. Collins, striking below the belt, did much good for the Medford cause. Colonel Sargent deemed

his statements worthy of a reply and his answer to the charges appeared in the *Tribune*. He first thanked Collins for giving valuable publicity to the cause, and for using over two columns of newspaper space to challenge Colonel Sargent's statements even though he had asserted the colonel had said nothing worth hearing. He thanked Collins also for participating in the controversy by writing to the *Tribune*. It appeared that this was as close to a debate as Colonel Sargent would be able to wheedle out of the Chamber of Commerce; therefore, the colonel was ready to forgive him if he would show proper repentance. He offered a polite rebuttal to the accusations and closed with the statement: "I feel that I am doing not only my own town but Medford also and all other towns of the county a great service. Perhaps some day they will see it."

It is a gentle but persuasive letter and it must have left Mr. Collins with egg on his face. When you attack a really nice guy, you generally give yourself the black eye.

Despite the handicap of exceptionally disagreeable weather, the colonel made a series of addresses. He appeared in Central Point, Talent, Gold Hill, Eagle Point, Rogue River, Applegate and Ruch. His audiences were appreciative of his personality and charm, and even the opposition enjoyed his wit.

Other Jacksonville citizens were doing their homework. The *Jacksonville Post* printed a multitude of letters and statements, and the editor, Tom Fulton, faithfully but subjectively reported every event and recorded the assertions made by each side. But the *Post* was a weekly with a limited circulation, and couldn't match the influence of the *Medford Mail Tribune* in which a daily barrage of charges and denunciations appeared not only on the editorial page but on the front page as well. The paper repeatedly condemned the courthouse, continually reported that valuable records were stored in woodsheds, insisted the location was remote and inconvenient, *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*.

When E.V. Carter of Ashland came out for the change of the county seat, his letter announcing the fact appeared as front page news. He said, "I regret, colonel, that I cannot meet your wishes in this matter... but I am casting my vote for what I believe to be the best interests of the people."

E.V. CARTER FOR REMOVAL OF COURT HOUSE

Legislative Candidate From Ashland
Answers Colonel Sargent— Re-
moval for Benefit of Majority

The communication which should have been relegated to the Letters-to-the-Editor column, was featured on the front page. Its appeal to the readers to get on the band wagon and join the county dignitaries was too strong for the partisan *Tribune* to resist. Citizens attacking the colonel's statements were also featured right alongside the news of the world.

SAYS SARGENT KNOWS CHARGE IS NOT TRUE

Attorney P. J. Neff Answers Colonel
Sargent's Attack on Court House
Petitions and Integrity of C. of
Commerce Members—None Guilty
of Fraud or Perjury.

On October 30, the *Tribune* devoted a page to the shocking condition of the offices in the courthouse. The "irreplacable documents" were photographed helter-skelter in the offending woodshed, the clutter in the vault was clearly pictured as well as the overcrowding in the offices. Even if the pictures had been faked, they were very graphic and presented damning evidence of a deplorable situation. The article also presented floor plans for a spacious new building. With the surprise announcement that the Medford Chamber of Commerce would donate a building site on the west side of the city, the page seemed to spell out the end of the ballgame for Jacksonville.

But Colonel Sargent, with all of his military training, had not learned to retreat. His nerves, however, were getting a little ragged around the edges. Constant dinning at his integrity was



Alice Applegate Sargent
beginning to take effect.

SARGENT HITS PAUL JANNEY IN THE JAW

Oratorical Jack Dempsey Goes On
War Path—Puts Over Right When
Accuracy Is Questioned—Follows
With One to Ribs—Both Contest
ants Belittle Engagement.

With only a day to go before the election, Colonel Sargent scheduled the Natorium for a final stand. When Paul Janney, chairman of the Chamber of Commerce campaign, met the colonel on Main Street, he made the proposition that if the colonel would allow equal time to the advocates for removal of the courthouse, they could divide the expenses of hall rental.

"Why do you want a speaker?" asked the colonel.

"Because you have made inaccurate statements," Janney said.

In an involuntary action, Colonel Sargent's right fist flew out and landed on Janney's jaw, nearly knocking him over.

Immediately afterward the two men continued their discussion, but when Janney

made the same remark again, the colonel gave him another right to the jaw and a left punch to the ribs as well. Tom Fuson and a couple of other witnesses grabbed Colonel Sargent and held him back from further fisticuffs. The discussion continued, and the two parted as friends.

A follow-up story of Colonel Sargent's last rally did not appear in the paper. Next day was election day, and it isn't cricket to campaign on that day. For the *Tribune* to review his lecture with no opportunity for the opposition to present a rebuttal would only have reinforced the position of the enemy. Having made a last appeal, Colonel Sargent and his tired and faithful followers returned to Jacksonville to await the opening of the polls. It doesn't seem that any of them could really have dared to hope for victory; the outcome could only depend on how tightly one could keep his fingers crossed.

In all probability, however, the headline writer of the *Tribune* had the banner announcement ready to emblazon across the front page. What a festive issue it would make and what a celebration the Medford Chamber of Commerce would have.

Next day, November 3, when the paper went to the presses, the election returns were incomplete, and the only headline was a modest one:

COURTHOUSE MAY WIN

The triumphant banner had been pared down to nothing much, and the text of the report gave a disillusioning story:

The courthouse removal was given up early this morning when Ashland *as usual* went two to one against the measure. But Medford piled up a tremendous majority and with two precincts still to hear from, and most of the anti-removal vote tabulated, it is believed there is more than an even chance that the final count will put the measure over.

The hope of winning dies hard, and the statement, "the final count will put the measure over," could only have been a wishful thought expressed to make defeat easier to bear. The losers, not exactly world famous, even today, for their good sportsmanship, pounced on the citizens of Ashland for their treachery.

CT. HOUSE TO REMAIN IN J'VILLE

Removal of Court House Defeated by
157 Votes in Unofficial Count and
only Two Small Precincts Missing
—Ashland's Overwhelming Neq-
ative Vote Responsible—Strong Re-
sentment Felt in Medford

"Ashland did it! That is the burden of Medford's song, and resentment against the Ashland city runs high today. With anything like an even break in the Granite City, the courthouse removal would have won overwhelmingly.

"..There are wild threats of what Medford will do to Ashland's Normal the next time it comes to a vote. Medford has very loyally supported Ashland in recent years in every conceivable way from the Chautauqua to the Ashland camp grounds. Judging by the talk on the street today, Medford will adopt a different course in the future.

"..There is also considerable feeling that the measure would have carried if the Chamber of Commerce had sent some good speaker to debate with Sargent instead of letting him have it all his own way...The question is settled now, however, and can't be brought up again for four years."


There was not much point in pummeling a dead camel; the only thing to do was accept defeat, store away the confetti, the serpentine and the fireworks, and wait for the next time around.

The *Jacksonville Post* crowed:

ANYHOW, WE WON!

In the golden age of the movies, the camera would have zoomed down on the courthouse square, which would immediately assume the dimensions of the Washington mall, jam-packed with about a thousand extras, milling around slapping each other on the backs. A group of open faced, college type young fellows would hoist Colonel Sargent, who looked exactly like James Stewart, onto their shoulders and bounce him around the yard as Alice Applegate Sargent (Jean Arthur) stood above the throng in an

open 1920 Essex-six, smiling proudly and serenely under her parasol. As seventy-six trombones and about a hundred flutes broke into *The Stars and Stripes Forever* the camera would center on the courthouse cupola where a wind machine would whip Old Glory with a frenzy as the battleship *Oregon* in full regalia, steamed up Daisy Creek.

ut this was November, 1920, the citizens were all done in from the arduous campaign, their win was considerably short of a landslide--which required some display of modesty--a lot of respected friends had turned traitor during the tussle and the neighbors had become a bunch of soreheads. Nonetheless there was a tidy balance left in their campaign fund, and the victory called for a Gargantuan party in keeping with Jacksonville's proud tradition.

The City Council scheduled a gala entertainment in the Masonic Temple, and invited everybody in the county. Members of the Medford Chamber of Commerce were asked to come and smoke the peace pipe and bury the hatchet. The meeting would be followed by an eipcurean dinner in the IOOF dining room and a Grand Ball in the Orth Hall. The crowd would be limited only by the number who could squeeze into the reception rooms.

Lewis Ulrich, the colonel's Grand Vizier, was chosen to act as toastmaster and, once again as of old, working committees were appointed:

Reception Committee:

Mrs. H.H. Sargent, Mrs. J.W. Robinson, Miss Issie McCully and Mrs. D. Harbaugh.

Refreshment Committee:

Miss Mollie Britt, Mrs. D.W. Bagshaw, Mrs. Mame Dox, Mrs. Amy Dow, Mrs. G.R. Chapman, Mrs. Kate Hoffman, Mrs. S.E. Dunnington, Mrs. Fred J. Fick, Mrs. Lewis Ulrich, Miss Alice Hanley, Mrs. Ella Bush, Miss Audrey Holmes, Miss Stella Levy and Miss Lizzie Reuter.

This was a whopper of a committee, but these women had to expend a lot of hours over hot kitchen stoves. They were in charge of preparing cakes, pies, biscuits, salads, vegetables and condiments as well as roast chicken and dressing. They also assumed the responsibility of seeing the banquet was served with style and dispatch.

Entertainment Committee:

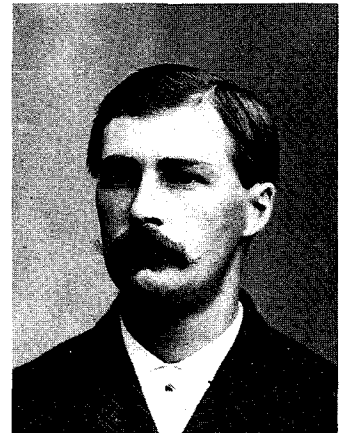
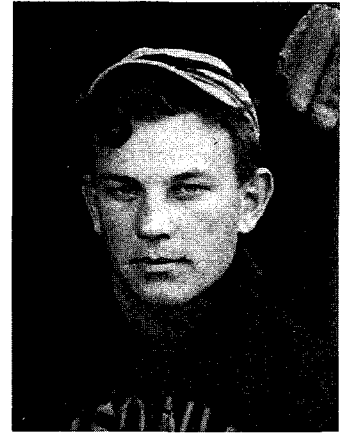
Mrs. H.K. Hanna, Miss Alice Hoefs, Miss Edith Hoefs, Mrs. G.A. Gardner, Mrs. Tom Fulton and Mrs. Frank Saulsberry.

The day following the party, November 21, the *Mail Tribune* pronounced it a resounding success, and praised the citizens of the county seat for their hospitality and goodwill.

The feast will be long remembered--it was so luscious and plentiful--and the good women of Jacksonville, always known as splendid cooks, added new laurels to their culinary reputation. The banquet began at 9 o'clock and from then on until midnight fully 600 persons had been served. There were loads of roasted chicken...and all the good things that go with it.

Top to bottom:

1. Lewis Ulrich: first lieutenant and Colonel Sargent's chief aide in the campaign.
2. Emil Britt: Mayor of Jacksonville.
3. Ella Hanley Bush: Worked on the Refreshment Committee and served.
4. Leona Hanna: Served on the Entertainment Committee.





Top to bottom:

1. Tillie (Mrs. J.W.) Robinson: Reception Committee
2. Mrs. Fred Fick: Refreshment Committee; helped serve the guests.
3. Lulu Saulsberry: Entertainment Committee; she gave one of her elocutionary readings of which she had an inexhaustible supply.

There was also a feast of intellectuality, music and merriment. Mayor Emil Britt presided as chairman at the opening of the program, later giving way to Lewis Ulrich, who read a number of telegrams--fake--from various national, state and local dignitaries.

(Samples)

MY MOST CORDIAL GREETINGS AND HEARTFELT CONGRATULATIONS OVER YOUR COUNTY SEAT VICTORY STOP STAY HELLO TO THE COLONEL.

WARREN G. HARDING

I HAVE HAD FREQUENT DIZZY SPELLS SINCE NOVEMBER 2ND STOP APPETITE IS NOT SO GOOD AS FORMERLY STOP LOVE TO THE COLONEL AND BEST WISHES FOR A JOYOUS TIME STOP OH, LORD, I GOT ANOTHER DIZZY SPELL.

PORTER J. NEFF

THE VICTORY YOU WON HAS REPLACED SOME OF MY THOUGHTS, LIKE A RAY OF SUNLIGHT AFTER THE STORM STOP ACCEPT MY MOST HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS.

WOODROW WILSON

I VEAL SO SORRY MIDT MYSELF AND POOR NEFF STOP MITT HEARTVELT REGRET UNCLE JOHN WESTERLUND

One of the features of the night which aroused great applause was the presentation of a fine watch charm...to Colonel H.H. Sargent by the citizens of Jacksonville in appreciation of the valiant and successful fight he put up to prevent the proposed courthouse removal. The colonel acknowledged the honor in a brief address in which he modestly declared that his lieutenant in the campaign, Lewis Ulrich, and others, should be given as much credit as himself.

Jacksonville folk, flushed with their successes--a triumphant campaign and a smashing party--were of course in an optimistic glow for the future. Improvements and additions would come to the courthouse, their standing as county seat was secure, and it would be business as usual only better. After the turn of the century Jacksonville had grown more than a little seedy around the edges, and the town had seen no triumphs and few delights. For a change the townspeople were in a state of euphoria, and they had it coming. It's just as well that they had no oracle who could have told them that instead of winning they were only postponing the inevitable--that in only six years Medford would be successful with another attack, that the courthouse would be abandoned and that Jacksonville would begin its slide into almost half a century of oblivion.

DEATH OF A HERO



Over the years Jacksonville had many famous Indian fighters, intrepid frontiersmen and noble citizens but they didn't have a real hero until Colonel H.H. Sargent came to town so they eagerly gave him their respect and their love and their hearts. Robert W. Ruhl said of him: "He was more than a popular man, he was a useful man--useful to his country, useful to his county, useful to his home town...His record as a soldier and writer belongs to his country but his record as a citizen belongs to his home town...Nothing

could better demonstrate the rare quality of the man than the fact that the friends he fought...were always his friends. Everybody liked the Colonel whether he worked with or against them. For beneath that militant exterior there was a nature as simple and lovable as that of a child."

On September 16, 1921, less than a year after the courthouse victory, Colonel Sargent died. He had been fighting a small grass fire in the front field, and suddenly fell to the ground, dead almost instantly from a heart attack. Alice Applegate Sargent found



him huddled against a wood pile, and called to the neighbors for assistance but the colonel was beyond medical help.

He lay in state in his home and on Sunday afternoon a service was held. Following the rites at the house, a funeral cortege was formed, led by an American Legion escort and a firing squad. The procession, walking through a drizzling rain, made its way up the hill to the cemetery.

There was a great profusion of floral offerings including arrangements from the city of Jacksonville, the Medford American Legion and the Women's Auxiliary, the Daughters of the Revolution, the city of Medford, the Spanish-American War Veterans and a large number of individual mourners who had lost a friend as well as a hero.


The active pall bearers, all American Legion veterans, were Colonel Gordon Voorheis and Paine, Captain Ralph Cow-

gill, and Lieutenants Floyd Hart, Bert Elliott and Carl Y. Tengwald. The honorary pall bearers, all Jacksonville citizens, were Dr. J.W. Robinson, Emil Britt, John F. Miller, Judge F.L. Tou-Velle, W.A. Bishop and Lewis Ulrich.

The American Legion ritual at the grave was performed by Seeley V. Hall, vice commander of the Medford post. George Coddington acted as chaplain. An eloquent eulogy on Colonel Sargent's life as a soldier and citizen was delivered by Lieutenant Colonel E. E. Kelly. At the end of the service Taps were blown by Wilson Wait.

Laid to rest with him were the medals which had been presented to him by the grateful government and the watch charm given him by his adoring fellow citizens.

As a memorial to her beloved husband, Alice Applegate Sargent had constructed the low rock wall which edges the road as it winds up the hill to the cemetery.



THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

HEARTS AND FLOWERS DEPARTMENT

While it's probably still true that all the world loves a lover, the sentiments were especially profound a little earlier in our history when chivalry was alive and well, and the fair one blushed rosily behind her fan when her gallant whispered pretty compliments in her pink ear.

In commemoration of St. Valentine's Day, with its traditional lavender and lace and smotchery, the *Table Rock Sentinel* offers some historic stories of the heart, gleaned from the yellowing newspapers of yesterday. Not all of the tales end on a blissful note; in fact, some of them don't end at all because the reporters failed to write follow-up stories. Perhaps the imagination can supply more satisfactory endings anyway.

CARL ANDERSON'S SEARCH FOR LOVE or

FAITHLESSNESS REWARDED

The first story began in the *Medford Mail Tribune*, January 1922. The romance started with a provocative want ad:

WANTED: Real pal. Is there a man, honest, sincere, of means, who would appreciate a real pal? Am 36, attractive, happy disposition, pleasing personality, no encumbrances. Have means. Fond of outdoor life. Object matrimony. Address P.O. Box 932.

Next day the *Tribune* reported that the classified ad had appeared also in the *Roseburg News-Review* and a bunch of newspapers in the Willamette Valley. The Medford post office folk leaked out the fact that P.O. Box 932 couldn't hold all the responses. Bell boys at the hotel told a reporter that our out-

door girl had held a lot of conferences with eager contestants who had come to register their applications and show off their qualifications, but although these hopeful males had cluttered up the lobby since dawn, the lady had yet to make her selection. After all, the fair creature, Miss Nan Whiting by name, was financially independent and was certainly not going to settle for your run-of-the-mill gent. She informed the press that she owned a large stock ranch in Montana and 250 pure bred Guernsey cows, and that she had no trouble sweeping up all the blue ribbons at any county fair which those fat Guernsey cows entered. The *Tribune* declared also that she was "on speaking terms with a sizable bank account," and had not given an exaggerated or inaccurate description of her physical charms. But ranch duties were becoming arduous for a lady of her sensibilities and she really would like to have a man around the place.

By Sunday it appeared that Carl Anderson, aged 36, a farm hand who aspired to be a mining engineer, six feet tall and no slouch when it came to muscles, had commenced to pull away from the crowd of would-be swains, and seemed far ahead on the highway to matrimony. This was as it should be because everybody wants the juvenile to be well favored and good to look upon, and this one's biceps and pectorals would send a little anticipatory tingle up the spine of the most modest maiden. It was pretty certain he could be a real pal.

On Tuesday, with wedding bells set to peal out, the happy couple went to Vancouver, Oregon, where they engaged separate rooms at the St. Elmo Hotel.

Soon after registering, the bride-to-be expressed a keen desire to engage in a little shopping tour. Carl Anderson thought he might "doll up" a bit too for his wedding if she would help him select a new shirt and tie. She agreed and they put on their hats and strolled downtown.

In the department store, as they examined the shirts, Miss Whiting was seized by a sudden yen to buy some silk stockings. "Here," said Carl, reaching for his billfold, "buy yourself a dress too." He started to take out a twenty dollar bill.



Her soft little fingers suddenly gripped the wallet as she smiled sweetly up at him. Clutching his purse and his entire bankroll of \$680, she gracefully wended her way toward the hosiery counter. "You wait here," she called to him, "and I'll be back in just a minute." The *Tribune* story ends on a sad note: "Anderson is still waiting."

The *Portland Oregonian* continues the story:

When he reported the disappearance of his fair one to the Portland police, he said, "I can't understand it. I ta'nk I win a ranch in Montana as she throw her arms around me and cry, 'Carl, I love you!'"

There can be little doubt that Nan had discovered that even though biceps are nice, brains are important too, and Carl doesn't appear to have been especially endowed in that department.

Once bitten, twice shy is a cliché we should be ashamed to use and so we won't. It doesn't apply to Carl anyway. A better tired out axiom for him is *A burned child loves the fire*. The *Oregonian* gives us the last chapter.

Carl should have returned to Medford, sadder and wiser. Strike that last word, *wiser*. He was only sadder. He hung around Portland, probably hoping that the alluring Nan would have second thoughts, realize her overwhelming love for him, and fly back to his eager arms. But she had dematerialized and so had her ranch and all those pampered cows. Carl resigned himself to confirmed bachelorhood, but instead of going back to his job at home, he scrounged up some funds from someplace and proceeded to drown

his sorrow in a prolonged toot. On January 17, his tenth day of seeking solace in the sauce, he stopped in at a cafeteria. As he bent over his plate, weighed down with his woe, he suddenly became aware that at the next table were two comely young things, obviously impressed with his musculature. As they dimpled and giggled, Carl abruptly came out of his mourning period.

In order to convince them that he could furnish them a good time on the town, Carl, who we have indicated was not overly gifted, pulled out a \$100 bill and laid it on the table beside his plate. At this gesture, the girls became even more interested and made bold enough to sidle up to his table. When Carl turned his head for just a moment, one of the demure misses snatched up the \$100 bill, tucked it into her bodice, and both ran out onto the busy sidewalk. Carl jumped up to give chase, but his legs were a bit unsteady and he went through the glass door, tearing it down. Undaunted, as the pieces fell where they would, he staggered down the street.



The young lady who had ripped off the \$100 bill was apparently wearing shamefully high heels and a narrow skirt; Carl, even in his unbalanced state, easily caught up with her. But once he had glommed onto her, what was he to do? He couldn't very well get at the money. While he was puzzling over the dilemma, the poor misguided girl burst into a torrent of tears. It was all too much for Carl. He released his weeping captive and, as he scratched his head in bewilderment, he watched her mince down the sidewalk and disappear around the corner.

The restaurant management was not so soft hearted--or headed--as Carl, and he called the police and had Carl arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct.

The Deputy District Attorney recognized the defendant as the bucolic Medford swain who had reported Nan's disappearance only a few days earlier, and Judge Rossman, moved by the story of Carl's costly experiences with the gentler sex, fined him only five dollars and permitted him to go on his way. He still had \$21 in his pocket, and that would have paid for a one way ticket to Medford on the *Southern Pacific*. Let's hope he made it to the train on time.

AN ATTEMPTED MURDER or JÉALOUSY RIDES THE RANGE

Lakeview Herald, February 1880.

An attempt was made by Wm. Forsyth to kill his wife, Rachel, at this place on the 20th inst. The parties had not been living together for about two weeks." Now there's an undutiful wife. She had promised to love, honor and obey, and just because he developed a lousy temper and knocked her around a little, she locked the bedroom door and ordered him off his very own ranch. What real, virile man wouldn't be ticked-off?

On the 20th inst. Mr. Forsyth went home, broke open the door "and threatened to cut her ears off." Mrs. Forsyth quite naturally resisted "and in the scuffle sprained her ankle and bruised her back." She painfully picked her-



self up as Mr. Forsyth, wielding a knife, came at her and struck her a blow in the side. The sudden realization of what he had done, sobered him instantly, and he dropped the knife and grabbed for Rachel. Fortunately the blade had hit a steel corset spring and outside of playing havoc with the foundation garment "did no other damage."

"Forsyth was intoxicated at the time, and jealousy is...the cause of the trouble, he believing that a clandestine correspondence was going on between Rachel and some one not a resident of Lakeview. Forsyth is a blacksmith by trade, formerly a resident of Phoenix, and well-known in Jackson County.

The poor fellow, bound over in the sum of \$1,000, is languishing in jail," and couldn't get out to buy Rachel a new unmentionable if he wanted to. And even if he could, the court has all his money.

Perhaps William and Rachel had these little knife fights from time to time. They probably went at each other just for the exquisite delight of making up.

A FAITHFUL HUSBAND'S REWARD or TO FORGIVE IS DIVINE

Medford Mail Tribune, 1911

Not all betrayed spouses were bent on revenge, demanding an eye for an eye. Mr. O.J. Eiler, a section boss of the Butte County railroad, was the very epitome of loving consideration. When Mrs. O.J. Eiler's affection for her star boarder, Alexander Bowen, ripened into unleashed passion, and they decided to elope, the emotional couple went hand in hand to Mr. O.J. Eiler and confessed their undying infatuation for each other.

The *Tribune* story relates that "Eiler readily gave his consent and helped his wife pack her belongings. On the morning that Bowen and the lady departed, Eiler was there to bid them a hearty farewell." Kind, noble, broad-minded Mr. O.J. Eiler obviously cared for his missus so much that her happiness was his greatest concern. If she could find life more blissful in the arms of another, why, he'd stand aside and help her on her way.

The anticipated ecstasy didn't materialize. The reporter declared, "Bowen and his friend's wife have not traveled at a pace that has led them through milk and honey. There were many thorns in their path." That thorns-in-the-path business

probably means they were trying to find paradise on a shoestring, and everybody knows that hope is doomed to failure from the start.

Five months later the disillusioned couple arrived in Medford. In 1911 the *Southern Pacific* was a far cry from the streamlined zephyr, but five months from Chico to Medford seems like a long trip even for a milk train. They must have come by way of India.

In Medford their few remaining coins ran out, and, with hunger staring her in the face, Mrs. O.J. Eiler decided that Mr. O.J. Eiler had some attractions she hadn't noticed. She wrote him a sad letter, telling him of her sorry plight, and he, as she knew he would, came to Medford, wrapped her in his loving arms and took her home to Chico.

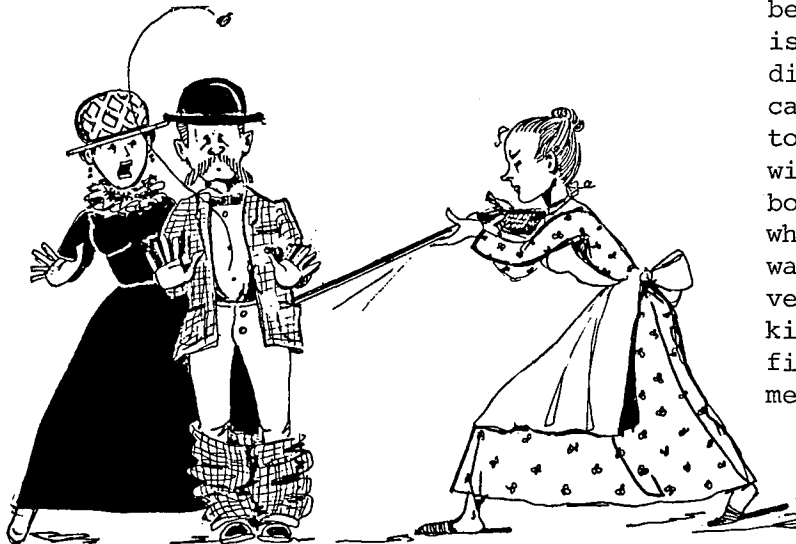
Although romantics may hope so, no one can be sure they lived happily ever after, because the *Tribune* story closes with the news that "Three hours later Mr. Bowen was also on his way back to Chico." It's almost certain they did it all over again...and again...and again.

MRS. MAXFIELD STRIKES BACK or REVENGE IS SWEET

Jacksonville Post, 1902

In this story, Mrs. Maxfield of Albany represents betrayed womanhood. A mature lady, scorned and rejected by a sixty year old lover, deserves sympathy and should be granted considerable leniency when she seeks vengeance--provided she stops short of gunfire. Sadly, Mrs. Maxfield went too far.

When her paramour, Otho Hall, who was a dealer in second-hand merchandise,



and a widower with several children, eloped with Mrs. Maxfield's seventeen year old daughter, she didn't take the affront sitting down. She premeditated. Acquiring a gun, she loaded it and waited for the return of the undutiful daughter and the fickle Don Juan.

When they walked into the house, little dreaming that their homecoming would be less than emotional, they faced the muzzle of Mrs. M's shootin' arn.

Fortunately her aim wasn't so steady as her resolution. She wobbled a bit and the shot went wild. The *Post* reports: "A pants button deflected the course of the bullet so only a slight wound of the stomach resulted."

The story ends with the statement: "Public sentiment is entirely in Mrs. Maxfield's favor." Doesn't anybody care that Otho Hill has a black and blue navel?



*This little story has just got to be a classic and we print it with pride. It has not been paraphrased as have the others; it is word for word as it appeared in the *Tribune*, on July 6, 1911*

HE WANTS HIS WIFE BACK AGAIN

Jacob Pryor of Fresno writes the Medford Chief of Police as follows:

FRESNO, Cal., June 26
Chief of Police in Medford organ

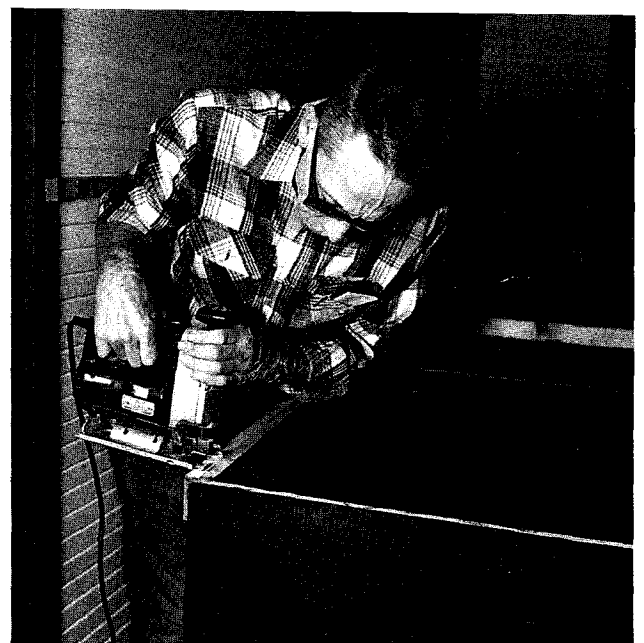
I drop a few lines will you please find out if woman is there from Bisbee, Arizond---her name is Carrie Pryor and she diserted me in fresno californi and she went to Arizond and if she is wit a man you put the both of them in jale and let me know when you get them she small woman she way between one hundred an ten she has very small hed and very small foot she kin twis herself when she walk she is five foot very small woman Please let me no if she has been there arnot from Jacob Pryor fresno



She kin twis herself when she walk

Isn't that enchanting?

Raymond Lewis



THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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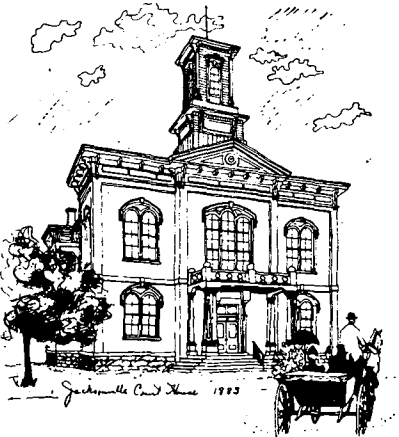
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Photographs by Natalie Brown Geiger



NEW OFFICE SPACE AT ARMSTRONG HOUSE

After an extended but unsuccessful search for new and larger office space for staff members, the SOHS directors concluded that present facilities should be temporarily revamped to serve the most pressing needs. Pictured on this page are members of the crew at work on the conversion of the Armstrong House. When the construction is completed, the building will provide new quarters for the switchboard, the director, board secretary, development director, historian and newsletter offices.

TOP OF PAGE: Jerry Champagne, polishing cupboard doors, appears to have just heard a full, resonant voice coming from a cloud, saying, "JerOME!" 2. Jack Stater uses a drill on a new counter top for the Table Rock Sentinel. Below, right: Bill Burk is gently tamping the counter into place.