
THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



MARCH 1987

THOMAS FLETCHER ROYAL

Announcement

During the spring term at Southern Oregon State College Jeff LaLande, Archaeologist/Historian for the Rogue River National Forest, will again be teaching his class, *History of Southern Oregon*.

This popular class is presented for the third time in a row, and may be taken for three credits through the history department or as a non-credit class through the Center for Continuing Education. Beginning on April 2, the class will meet on Thursday evenings, 6:30-9:20, in room 108, Taylor Hall.

Those who have taken the class are most enthusiastic about it. The course content will cover everything from the geological history and archaeology of the Indians of southern Oregon to recent events in southwestern Oregon and northern California.

For further information on registration and costs, call the Siskiyou Center for Continuing Education at 482-6331.

Cover

For five years Thomas Fletcher Royal was a circuit preacher and was instrumental in building churches at Canyonville,

Tenmile, Silverton, Salem Heights and Dallas, Oregon.

The photograph on the cover shows him putting a book -- possibly a Bible -- into his saddlebags,

perhaps in preparation for another tour of his circuit.

Although in the picture he appears to be a septuagenarian, at least, he preached until 1896, when he was 75 years old.

New Program for Volunteers

Jacksonville Walking Tours are soon to become a reality.

There has long been a demand for this service and we are proud to provide it. We will need volunteers to serve as guides for this challenging and interesting program.

Our research is accomplished and the manuals are nearing completion.

Training is tentatively scheduled for April 23rd and 30th.

The transition of Jacksonville from a gold mining economy to an agricultural and trade center will be the theme of the tour which will focus on the business district.

If you are interested in becoming a guide, please contact Marge Herman at 899-1847.

THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

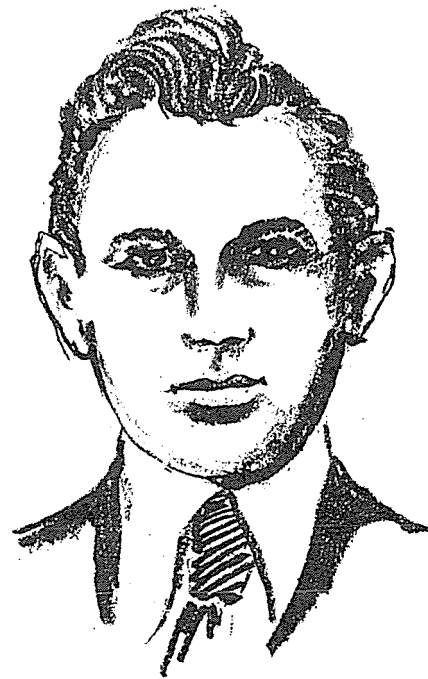
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Victor Knott and Roy Laymon

THE MURDER OF VICTOR KNOTT

Reports made at the beginning of the case were botched up. The Ashland police officers weren't really sure what was going on, and the department issued such a confused account of the murder and its follow-up that the *Tidings* and the *Tribune* and the *Courier* came out on Thursday with the darndest mix-up you could imagine. None of the readers could grasp exactly what had taken place, but everyone understood that Policeman Victor Knott had met with mighty foul play.

The *Tribune* on that day, November 19, 1931, startled the readers with the banner,

ASHLAND SLAYER TRACED.

But actually no trails had been traced anywhere, and little evidence had turned up although the murderer's car was up to the windows in Rogue River and the police were standing by to see what hot clues would be revealed when the submerged sedan was pulled ashore.

On Wednesday night Officer Roy Laymon,

The sketches above may not be accurate likenesses. They were taken from faded photographs in the Tribune files. The press appears to have had trouble getting pictures also; the photograph of Victor Knott was taken when he was a private in World War I.

a regular night policeman in Ashland, was accompanied by Victor Knott as he made his usual rounds near the Southern Pacific railroad yards. Knott was 38 years old, a merchant policeman, whose duties were confined to the business district only, and he and Laymon set out to check doors and windows at the Ashland Fruit and Produce Company and the Enders Grocery Warehouse

Laymon was driving the police patrol car, a Chevrolet sedan. Near the Southern Pacific freight warehouse they saw two men sneaking around in the shadows. They had apparently broken into a warehouse, but, upon seeing the police car, had slipped out of the door and into the dark between the buildings.

Officer Knott, who had once been an auctioneer, boomed out, "Where are you fellows going?"

The pair stopped instantly, whipped out revolvers, according to Laymon, and one of them shouted back:

"Stick 'em up!"

At the same time the pair opened fire and three bullets struck Officer Knott in the chest, arm and side. He crumpled in his seat. Laymon stopped the auto and leaped out. He saw the pair fleeing into a nearby lumberyard, and exchanged shots with them, but, aware that Knott

needed instant medical attention, he did not pursue them. He got back into the driver's seat and rushed to the Ashland General Hospital.

As the attendants hurried to remove Knott to the operating room, Laymon realized his partner was beyond help. Knowing he could do nothing for him, he sped to the police station where he alerted the officers on duty.

The confusing part of the story began with the *Tribune's* sub-headline:

WRECKED AUTO GIVES CLUE TO BANDITS WHO MURDERED POLICEMAN

Officer Knott had been killed at eleven at night, and five hours later, at four in the morning, a speeding car had plunged into Rogue River as the driver and his companion escaped. Were they the murderers?

There were two men in the Willys Knight who had obviously been up to something and had cause to be leery of the police. When State Policeman Hubert Hoxie of Grants Pass spotted them speeding north on the highway near Rogue River, he gave chase, drove up alongside and ordered them to stop.

The driver of the Willys yanked on the steering wheel, turned abruptly and charged across the rough ground. As Officer Hoxie bellowed: "Halt in the name of the law," the two fellows, just before the car pitched into the river, threw open the doors, leaped out and fled into the brush.

The car had a Colorado license plate, 77-824, was bluish green in color and had wire wheels. According to the *Tribune* it "fit the general description of the murder auto seen in Ashland at the time of the shooting of Officer Knott." It also fit a description of a car which belonged to one of three people -- two men and a woman -- who had been staying at the Del Rogue Hotel in Grants Pass. They had suspiciously checked out that very morning. The men had registered as M.L. Williams and H. Freeman. The woman signed her name as Mrs. Freeman. Mr. Williams was tall, wore a brown suit and combed his dark hair in a pompadour; Mr. Freeman wore glasses and had curly, dirty red hair;

Mrs. Freeman was "inclined to stoutness, had bobbed red hair, a baby-face and wore an Empress Eugenie hat." The hotel staff described her as "tough but charming." The police decided the "hard-boiled" trio was questionable, to say the least.

After driving the car into the river, the men had obviously taken to the hills. But the Freeman woman certainly couldn't be following those two crooks, stumbling around the muddy woods in those high heels. The police figured she'd stayed in Grants Pass and was probably hiding out with an accomplice. Police had few doubts that the three fugitives were guilty of the Knott murder, especially after a police examination of the lumber yard revealed a lot of footprints made by a woman. Maybe the men, after pulling their shenanigans in Ashland were coming back to Grants Pass to pick her up and make their escape.

Southern Oregon joined in a colossal search. Poses at Foots Creek combed the countryside and groups of men, looking for clues, crashed through the brush on both sides of the river. Sheriff Lister and a group of men were stationed at Missouri Flats and farmers along the Applegate kept watch. Deputy Sheriff Ike Dunford and the state police traveled through the Applegate valley advising residents to be on the lookout. Henry Fluhrer, accompanied by a state policeman, flew low in his plane over the brush and timber around Foots Creek and Birdseye Creek, and Victor Lawson of Portland, with State Policeman Van der Walker, flew over the north end of the county. Detachments of State Militiamen, under Captain Carl Y. Tengwald of Medford, assisted in the hunt and more than one hundred men in poses under the direction of Sheriff Ralph Jennings and Captain Brown of the state police beat the wild country for traces of the fugitives. Forces of volunteer posemen were stationed along the highways, and all the cabins and mine shafts within miles were searched. Bloodhounds were rushed from Eugene by auto and they sniffed around the nooks and crannies, but nothing substantial was discovered.

By nightfall of the long day members of the poses, the sheriff's men and the

police had been on the trail of the killers for over twenty-four hours and they were exhausted. But they swore to remain on the hunt until the killers were found. All roads and trails in the Applegate valley were blocked as well as the Redwood Highway and the local roadways. If the men they were seeking had been on foot, it would not have been much of a task for them to walk around a roadblock, but there was a possibility they might have thumbed a ride so every automobile leaving the valley was checked carefully.

The police did not inform Mrs. Knott that her husband had been murdered until after she had sent her four children off to school. In mid-morning members of the Ashland Auxiliary of the American Legion broke the sad news to the widowed wife and mother. The obituary in the *Tidings* did not reveal how Mrs. Knott felt about being put on hold until after the police had briefed the ladies of the Auxiliary, but a week later, Mr. Knott, a war veteran, was buried with suitable honors. Services were held at the Elks Temple with Battery B furnishing an honorary squadron for the 21-gun salute. Pallbearers were John Enders, Paul McDonald, Harry McNair, Charles Delsman, Glenn Simpson and S.A. Peters, Jr. Mr. Knott's next of kin, his parents and his brother and sister, had traveled over the snow covered highways from Rockford, Illinois, to attend his last rites. He was buried in the Mountain View Cemetery.

Eventually the police, with a hook and cable, managed to pull the Willys Overland out of the river and up onto the bank. Some interesting items were found in the interior:

- 1) Certain articles which were traced to a store in Anderson, California. Police reports indicated the store had been robbed a couple of days earlier, and the thieves had made an unsuccessful attempt to crack the safe.
- 2) A Colt-.45 revolver which, when examined by ballistic expert Robert Craddock of Portland, proved to be identical to one which had fired the

fatal shots.

- 3) A certificate of title issued to Albert W. Reed, 27, of Denver, Colorado.
- 4) Honorable discharge papers from the army issued to Albert W. Reed, 21 years of age. The papers were dated 1923.
- 5) A briefcase filled with burglar tools.
- 6) A paper sack containing several candy bars and packages of soggy cigarettes.
- 7) A watch, a hat and miscellaneous clothing.

What about the trio who had checked out of the Del Rogue Hotel? The stuff found in the wrecked car certainly didn't belong to them. Could it be possible that the two men who had leaped from the speeding car and had headed for the tall timber were not Williams and Freeman? A deputy drove into Grants Pass and came back with the hotel manager, who, they hoped, would identify the automobile. "I never saw that car in my life," he said as he looked at the beached automobile.

"But what about Williams and the Freeman couple?"

The manager admitted they had been a little pushy and certainly couldn't be mistaken for royalty, "But," he said, "I don't believe they drove down to Ashland, jimmied a warehouse door, shot a policeman dead and drove back to the hotel for a night's sleep before they paid their bill and headed north."

It did seem unlikely.

The police gave up their prime suspects a little sheepishly, and Mr. and Mrs. Freeman and Mr. Williams instantly dropped out of the news and were heard of no more.

The contents of the car identified one of the men as:

Albert W. Reed of Denver, a former soldier in the United States army, owner of the wrecked murder car, weight 150 pounds, height five feet eight inches, regular build, red hair, smooth shaven.

Two other men, known to have been with Reed in Denver on November 7 when he purchased two .45 caliber revolvers from a pawn shop, were named by the Denver police: Paul McQuade and Lee Jackson, both 23 years of age. McQuade was five feet, six inches tall, weighed 135 pounds and had a medium build. He

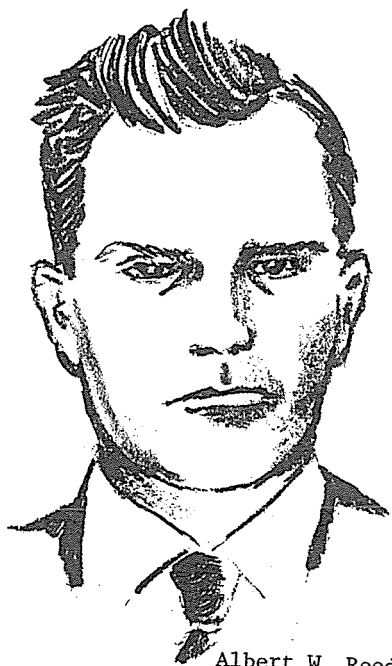
had a light complexion, brown hair and wore a small mustache. Jackson was the same height and weight, but had black hair; he also wore a mustache.

Items in the car pointed to the fact that three men were involved, yet only two had jumped from the wrecked car. Had one separated from the others and gone on his own? A trio of fugitives would be easier to smoke out than one at a time, but there was little doubt that all three killers would soon be captured. The vast number of people searching for them would make certain of that. Spirits ran high.

In a few days the weather grew colder. It was late in November, and snow seemed probable. Sheriff Jennings announced that hunger and winter would soon force the fugitives into the open. "This will be a case of freeze-out and starve-out," he said. The running men would be forced to find shelter at night and would probably soon become so desperate from exposure and lack of food, they would attempt a dash, hoping to steal an auto or beat their way aboard a train. But the officers could not wait for the men to make a careless move. The search continued. On one day the police ran down more than 100 reports of sighting the desperadoes. All of the stories proved unavailing but no clues were ignored.

Many of the false leads and dead ends found their way into the *Tribune*. The accounts of the day-by-day search included:

- 1) two men answering the general description of the fugitives bought a can of sardines and a box of crackers at a store near Rogue River. A new search was begun where the empty cracker box was found;
- 2) three men held up and robbed a cabin on Savage Creek, forcing a woman to give them food;
- 3) two men, wet and weary, their faces scratched badly, stopped at a confectionery store near Grants Pass and purchased a can of salmon;



Albert W. Reed

- 4) two men who had spent the night in the Rogue River school house were spotted by the janitor. They ran, disappearing across a field and into the brush;
- 5) two men had purchased a loaf of bread, a can of sardines and four bars of candy from a Rogue River store. They had paid for their purchases with a dollar;
- 6) two men had hopped on board a passenger train that had stopped at Rogue River;
- 7) two men were seen in the back compartment of a Portland freight truck;
- 8) two men answering the general description of the slayers were seen near Casey's Camp on the Crater Lake Highway;
- 9) two men hitched a ride on a trailer of a Ford touring car and were headed for Prospect;
- 10) two suspicious men were seen in a Medford pool hall; (Investigation proved them to be magazine solicitors, "working their way through college.")
- 11) a range rider for Aussie Barron, whose ranch was near Ashland, saw two men run from an empty cabin. One wore a leather coat and the other a canvas coat. The killers were reported to be wearing such coats. The men disappeared into the brush;
- 12) two men were seen in the mountainous section near the head of Humbug Creek about twelve miles from Ruch. Smoke rising from the chimney of an abandoned cabin had been noted for several mornings and evenings. A force of men under Sheriff Jennings investigated but found nothing suspicious.

As the days slipped by, it became increasingly impossible to keep the excitement of chase at fever pitch. Everyone had expected that the killers would be apprehended before sundown the first day -- or, at the very least, in the morning of the second day -- but by the end of the week they were still at large. Many members of the posse went back to work and eventually the police found the clues led only to a blind alley. The bloodhounds, except for one, "Snoopy," were sent back to the

kennels in Eugene, and the state patrol returned to other duties. Even the newspaper reporters were hard pressed to maintain suspense in their stories.

It was learned that Albert Reed and his two companions had left Denver together in October. All three men were miners and Reed was also skilled as a mechanic. Most likely they were rough men who had acquired skills which enabled them to subsist in the wilderness.

Ten days after the murder, Robert Craddock, the ballistic expert re-examined the bullets found in Knott's body and revealed that the three missiles that caused his death had come from two different guns. He declared Albert Reed and a companion both launched a barrage of lead against the police prowl car at the same time. Sheriff Jennings filed first degree murder charges against Albert W. Reed, Paul McQuade and Lee Jackson for the murder of Victor Knott.

Early in December the City of Ashland voted a reward of \$250 for the arrest and conviction of the killers, and the county court agreed to match that amount. It was hoped the city of Medford would provide the same figure, but the Medford City Council was unable to agree on giving any reward money; the state provided an additional \$250.

The state police and the sheriff's office broadcast 10,000 circulars, bearing a description of the wanted men and offering a total reward of \$750 for their arrest; a reward of \$250 was to be paid for the capture of each, individually.

The sheriff wrote to the Denver police, seeking a picture of Albert Reed to use in "Wanted" posters which he would circulate throughout the nation. In reply the Denver authorities informed him that they would attempt to secure a photograph from Albert Reed's estranged wife who had instigated divorce proceedings against him in October. Reed still owed \$250 on the Willys, but rather than come after it, the finance company decided to sacrifice it. It had not been damaged by the side-trip into the river and Ashland Police Chief Charles Clause, who knew a bargain when he saw

one, bought it for \$150. Poor Mr. Reed was now without a car or a wife.

The offer of the reward of \$750 in the middle of the depression spurred a revival of the manhunt. A resident of Eagle Point reported that he saw two young fellows -- one red haired -- crossing his field. Since it was not hunting season, he felt the police should search his farm. Investigation turned up nothing. But the sheriff had to tend to other affairs: there were car thieves operating in the valley, three Medford youths had been offered marijuana cigarettes from a couple of strangers, a local boy -- a boy scout -- had robbed DeVoe's Confectionery, and the usual number of bootleggers had to be rounded up. There was no idle time for the law. The murder case disappeared from the newspapers.

In December 23 the story returned with a banner headline:

NAB SUSPECT IN ASHLAND SLAYING

Albert Reed was in Denver in the hands of the sheriff, who assured Sheriff Jennings he would hold him until Jennings could come and get him.

On the evening of the day of the murder Reed had hitched a ride with a gentleman going to Portland, and while the posses were beating the bushes in southern Oregon, he was sightseeing in Washington and Canada. Later he visited Montana, Utah, Arizona and Texas. But during the Christmas season he found himself getting homesick. He wanted to see his family and especially his little daughter, and so he struck out for Longmont, Colorado. At home, once again, he had a wonderful reunion with his kinfolks.

But ten thousand circulars announcing the Knott murder and the reward had been circulated, and Albert Reed's brother had acquired at least one of them. It was only common sense that Albert would sooner or later be found out and arrested. Someone would receive the reward money and that was a fact. Why not keep it in the family? So Albert's brother, whose name was Andrew, went down to the Denver police station and turned him in for \$250. A Denver paper announced that "the Christmas spirit drew Reed into the arms of the law." A beautiful sentiment.

The Chief of Police at Denver went to

the phone and put in a call for long distance, all the way to Medford. He broke the news to Sheriff Jennings that he had A.W. Reed in custody and would hold him pending the arrival of authorities with extradition papers and certified first degree murder charges.

Sheriff Jennings made a request to Oregon's Acting Governor, Willard Marks, to send extradition papers and, upon receiving them, set out for Colorado with his deputy, Paul Jennings. Before his departure he told the *Tribune* reporter that he just might round up Paul McQuade and Lee Jackson as an added bonus on this trip. He also assured the reporter that Reed would be guarded day and night as he was facing the noose and might be desperate. Since it required four days and four night train travel to reach Denver, they would not return until the first week in January. The good news: Albert Reed could spend Christmas at home in Colorado--in jail.

According to information from Denver, Reed, when first arrested, was highly nervous and on the verge of a breakdown. But by the time Sheriff Jennings and his son Paul reached Denver, he had regained his composure. He had painstakingly worked out an alibi which put him in an Ashland restaurant at the time of the murder, and his actions had been carefully documented to prove he had never been at the scene of the crime. He was eager to present his story to the court.

On the last day of December, Reed, in the toils of the law, left Denver. Hopes to capture McQuade and Jackson were dashed when the prisoner stated he had no knowledge of their whereabouts. In fact, he confessed, the three men had never been particularly close companions. He had invited McQuade and Jackson, whom he had known in Denver, to come along to help him with traveling expenses.

A week later the Grand Jury convened to investigate the murder. Members were Nick Kime, Griffin Creek; J.L. Grubb, Ashland; Mrs. Neva B. Lowry, Medford; Thomas E. Grubb, Jacksonville; H.M. Tucker, Ashland; E.G. Davis, Ashland; and Major A. Carter, Ashland.

These folks were also charged with an investigation of the case of William Boren, a local resident accused of stealing chickens on a wholesale basis. Mr. Boren hoped to establish the value of the fowls, which he had taken, as being less than \$50 so instead of a felony charge with a jail sentence, he would face only a petit larceny charge.

On January 10 Reed was taken from the "escape-proof Pauley cell" of the county jail to testify. He made the statement that he was in Ashland the night of the murder but had no part in it. "Actually," he said, "I was having supper in an Ashland restaurant at the time of the shooting, and I spent that night in an Ashland rooming house." Members of the grand jury didn't buy the story. They returned a joint indictment charging Albert W. Reed, Paul McQuade and Lee Jackson with murder in the first degree.

Reed received the news of his indictment with no show of emotion, though he had hoped he'd be indicted on a lesser charge, if at all. The *Tribune* speculated that the joint indictment meant that he would probably not be brought to trial for several weeks because the law preferred to try the three together instead of separately. The district attorney's office announced, "McQuade is certain to be captured at an early date and plenty of time will be taken to try Reed."

The sheriff's office appeared to be hot on McQuade's trail. Authorities in Iowa reported that he had been an auto polish salesman in Council Bluffs and Kansas City. A couple of years earlier he had driven a laundry wagon in Philadelphia and the laundry folk also hoped to discover his whereabouts; on his last day with the company, he had decamped with the day's collections. A few months earlier he had driven into a pedestrian in Denver and was wanted on hit-and-run charges. Lee Jackson had served time for robbery in California and Montana. Very recently he had had tattooed on his arm the picture of a wolf. The sheriff was jubilant. The tattoo was a sure means of identification. It was only a matter of time. All the leads were encouraging but actually the local police were light years away from apprehending the two fugitives.

At the end of January, 1932, the cap-

ture of the missing men began to look less and less certain. Albert Reed entered a plea of not guilty and trial was set for February 23. He was to be represented by Gus and Don Newbury, attorneys appointed by Circuit Judge H.D. Norton. The state was represented by District Attorney George A. Coddington and Deputy George Neilsen.

The jurors were: Philander Dosier, farmer, Medford; Mrs. Myrtle GeBauer, housewife, Medford; George L. Treichler, auto dealer, Medford; Joseph E. Randles, merchant, Ashland; C.S. Butterfield, realtor, Medford; Fred Hesselgrave, farmer, Medford; B.J. Palmer, retired, Medford; E.D. Thompson, farmer, Rogue River; Earl F. Moore, clerk, Gold Hill; George W. Porter, lumber dealer, Medford; Oscar Lewis, grocer, Jacksonville; Victor Beckman, accountant, Medford; and Mrs. Katherine Lathrop, housewife, Central Point, (alternate). Mrs. Nettie Head of Central Point was excused when she declared, "I never could vote to hang anybody."

It was agreed between counsel and the court that the jury would not be locked up nights even though night sessions might be held to reach an early completion of the trial. Just before the beginning of the proceedings Sheriff W.W. Sublette of Redding, California, arrived in Medford with a warrant for Reed's arrest on the charge of robbing a store in Anderson. In case of an acquittal the sheriff would immediately arrest the defendant.

On February 24 the courtroom was packed to overflowing, with most of the audience coming from Ashland. A number of spectators brought their lunches and remained in the same spot all through the day. It was with difficulty that the bailiff induced them to leave when the court called for an afternoon recess. The doors were locked but many remained in the hall waiting for the night session to start. A great many of the seats were occupied by Ashland high school students who played truant. The school authorities were disturbed with all the absences, but it's difficult for a poor parent to be firm when bombarded with such statements as: "Golly, Mom, it's not as if I were skipping school.

Gus Newbury used to be a teacher and he's giving us a valuable lesson in jurisprudence."

Circuit court didn't formally convene until afternoon. In the morning a special bus was chartered, and the jury, in charge of the bailiff, journeyed to Ashland to inspect the warehouses and the lumberyard. After lunch Judge Norton entered the courtroom and declared the court to be in session.

The state and the defense made their opening statements. District Attorney Coddington declared he would prove Albert Reed was at the scene of the murder and had fired shots at Victor Knott. He would base a plea for the death penalty upon the testimony of Roy Laymon, Ashland policeman and companion of Knott in the police car. He would identify Reed as one of the men in the lumberyard and the one who had fired at least three shots.

Attorney Newbury would present Reed's alibi: the young man was not present in the lumberyard and had never been closer than four blocks away. As a matter of fact he had been at the police station for several hours after the shooting, and at that time no one had thought he was guilty of anything.

Reed appeared in court dressed in a neat business suit of light brown wool and wore a dress shirt and a tie. Throughout the trial he took a lively interest in the proceedings and was a strong witness although he did not possess the magnetic appeal of Hugh DeAutremont nor the bravado of Red Kingsley (who had shot and killed the Ashland policeman, Sam Prescott, a year earlier. *Table Rock Sentinel, January 1985*)

The first witness called was County Engineer Paul Rynning, who stood before the courtroom and pointed out on roughly-drawn maps the scenes of the action.

Roy Parr, the game warden, followed Rynning and testified that he and two state policemen, Walker and Folsom, on the late afternoon before the shooting, had stopped an auto at Klamath Junction for a routine inspection. Reed was driving the car and he had two passengers with him. Parr identified Exhibit A as a revolver he had seen as he made a quick search of the car. Upon discovering the gun, he said to Reed, who admitted the gun belonged to him, "You

better throw your guns in the creek before they get you in trouble."

Sheriff Jennings identified bullets that were found in the door of the police car and near the scene of the shooting. He said Reed had admitted purchasing a gun in Denver before he started west. Reed had also admitted that he was in Ashland the night of the killing, arriving about 10:30 at night with his two companions.

Several other witnesses were called to testify that Reed had been in Ashland during the time of the murder: Robert Gilmore, an Ashland hamburger stand cook, testified that some time that night -- he had forgotten just when -- Reed had come in for a hamburger. They had talked about a lot of things but particularly about guns; J.R. Hunter, an Ashland coffee shop proprietor, said that the defendant had taken breakfast the following morning at his place; James H. Reedy, an investigator and veterinarian, said that on the night in question he had seen Albert Reed seated at a table in the police station. He noticed him especially because Reed had watched him suspiciously. Hugh W. Bates also asserted he had talked for some time with Reed at the station.

At last Officer Roy Laymon, the state's star witness, was called to the stand. He had undermined his reliability by telling several versions of the tragedy, but he was more than willing to identify the murderer. He recited the events of the tragic night, emphasizing that Albert Reed was the chief figure in the shooting.

"And do you recognize Albert Reed in the courtroom?" asked Attorney Coddington.

"That is the man," said Officer Laymon, pointing directly at the defendant.

Although he had seen but two shadowy figures he knew there were three men involved in the robbery.

"And how did you know that?"

"Because Roy Parr had seen three men when he stopped the car for inspection. One of them, probably Lee Jackson, was asleep in the car or was acting as a look-out."

The defendant, Albert Reed, was finally called to the stand. At the beginning of the questioning he was nervous, but soon regained his composure

and smiled occasionally. He made an excellent witness. There was a note of sincerity in his voice and he spoke in a straightforward, direct manner. He was on the stand for nine hours.

His story:

The three men left Denver together early in October. On November 1 they arrived in Ashland about 10:30 at night and Reed parked his car on Pioneer Street. He told McQuade and Jackson that he was hungry and was going to find a hamburger stand. They said that instead of being hungry, they were thirsty even though they were half-drunk from the effects of a bottle of booze they had bought in Yreka. They set out to find another bottle, leaving Reed on the sidewalk.

He was not adverse to separating from McQuade and Jackson. In fact he had been looking for a way to "lose" them, because they were heading for trouble with the law. Somewhere between Redding and Red Bluff they had pulled a robbery and had stolen some stuff which was still in his car. He had had no part in that hold up, and had told them he was not in favor of such illicit behavior. After the two had stumbled down the sidewalk towards the library, he locked the car and walked in the opposite direction. He did not talk to them again.

Since he was not on any particular schedule and thought he might stay in Ashland a day or two, he decided it would be wise to register his car as an out of state vehicle. He asked a pedestrian for directions to the registration office and was told he was too late; the office had closed hours before. He then walked up Main Street, found a hamburger stand and had a little something to eat while he chatted with the proprietor.

After leaving the cafe, he walked around awhile, looking in windows and sizing up the town in general. Suddenly he heard the wail of a police siren and saw his own car, going south at a high rate of speed. McQuade was driving and Jackson sat beside him. The right hand window had been broken. He whistled at them but they drove on, apparently not seeing him. He knew something was amiss and was eager to find out just what was happening. While walking about the town, he had earlier passed the police station which seemed to be a kind of hang-out for a group of men who were sitting or stand-

ing around the office, and he decided to go in and mingle with them, hoping to hear something about what was going on. He was wearing a hat and a leather jacket which made him look more or less like a tourist, and he had his revolver in his jacket pocket so, "remembering what the game warden had said to me, I went into an alley and stashed the hat, coat and gun behind some barrels before I went into the station." He arrived there not more than five minutes after the shooting. The men were excitedly discussing the affair and he only then learned of the murder of the policeman. He joined the conversation and later even discussed the murder with Officer Laymon and other policemen.

Under Attorney Newbury's questioning he admitted he should have spoken up and confessed to the police that he was the owner of the car but he feared to be involved in a murder. He was also afraid McQuade and Jackson would try to incriminate him which might lead to detention and probably a long imprisonment. And there was ugly talk at the station. After two or three hours he left, retrieved his hat, coat and gun and began looking for a place to stay. It was two o'clock when he spotted a sign for the Vendome Rooming House; he registered, talked to the landlady for a few minutes, and retired for the night.

Arising at seven in the morning he started walking north on the Pacific Highway. He successfully thumbed a ride or two and stopped at Gold Hill for lunch. A man who sat with him at the counter offered him a ride to Portland, and he gratefully accepted. At this time the road blocks were being set up and the posses were forming, but the friendly motorist and his passenger drove on up the highway and were not stopped for questioning. They passed by Reed's Willys pulled up on the river bank, but Reed said nothing about it to the driver, and after about nine hours' travel, they rolled into Portland.

From then on Reed hitchhiked around the west for about a month. He apparently had enough money in his pockets to buy food and lodging, at least until he returned to his home in Colorado.

On the stand he denied any knowledge

of a "jimmy" found in the wrecked car and he emphatically denied he had ever been at the scene of the crime or that he had fired the fatal shots.

The Newburys presented a powerful defense. The arguments were lengthy and occasionally bitter. Reed, an honorably discharged soldier, had spent his boyhood on a lonely Colorado ranch. He had not been in serious trouble before and he stood in the courtroom now, falsely accused of murder. Officer Laymon had deliberately gone out of his way to put a noose around the man's neck. But Laymon's testimony was not to be given credibility.

The elder Newbury attacked the methods used by the state police, the sheriff's office and the Denver police and further declared that the defense had corroborated every vital point of the Reed alibi. He stated that Reed was a victim of circumstances over which he had no control and that his conduct "after the homicide was what any member of the jury might have done."

Attorney Newbury introduced the register of the Vendome Boarding House and pointed out Reed's signature to the jury. Miss Regina Johnson, a reporter on the Ashland *Tidings* testified that an hour after the murder, Officer Roy Laymon could give her no accurate description of the bandits. She was surprised that six weeks later, on the witness stand, he had at once identified Reed as the killer. Mr. and Mrs. Moore Hamilton of Medford, who worked at the *Tribune*, in a similar testimony, stated that Officer Laymon, who positively identified Reed as the killer *and* the man "who fired three shots at me as I lay on the ground," was unable to give any description of the two bandits the night of the murder. Yet at the trial he claimed that, lying on the ground, he recognized Reed as he passed through the glare of the head lamps of the patrol car.

A letter written by the defendant to his brother three days after the slaying was dramatically read to the jury. It reads in part as follows:

Dear Andy:

Believe it or not, it is not I who committed this crime. I am innocent, and can prove it. It is fate. I am writing this letter for your sake and

the rest of the family. It would do me no good to deny it if I was guilty. I am going to hurry on to some distant place and make money, so I can fight and return to Ashland to stand trial.

Here are some of the facts. I was asleep in Ashland when the real murderers wrecked the car. The landlady will identify me at the proper time. I registered as A.W. Reed of Denver. I can prove I was at the police station from 11 until 1 o'clock.

I know I did wrong in not reporting my car stolen, as it would have been better to face the Dyer Act than murder. The men who did this terrible thing broke the glass to get into the car when it was locked.

The defense and the prosecution took twelve hours to make their final pleas. The *Tribune* said: "They gave the greatest outpouring of oratory in the history of Jackson County jurisprudence excepting for the Hugh DeAutremont trial." The noisy crowd, exhausted by the length and violence of the trial had to be admonished by Judge Norton to be silent. He informed them, "This trial is not for the entertainment of the public, as you seem to think. One more outburst and I clear the courtroom."

Judge Norton began his final instructions to the jury in the morning of the 29th. At 12:15 P.M. court adjourned with the instructions still incomplete. After lunch the judge continued speaking until he had talked a total of four hours. He seemed reluctant to let the jury go into deliberation until he had thoroughly indoctrinated them. He submitted to them four forms of verdict: first degree murder with death on the gallows as the penalty; first degree murder with the jury's recommendation for life imprisonment; second degree with life imprisonment as the penalty and acquittal.

After the exhaustive and painstaking instructions, the jury retired. Before reporting to the court the members agreed not to divulge the course of the balloting throughout their deliberations or upon what points they battled. "We kept no track of the ballots cast,"

a member later told the press, "but there were many. It was a hard-fought battle."

Courthouse reports said that at one time the balloting stood eleven to one for conviction of first degree murder with recommendation of life imprisonment, and another report held that the jury was deadlocked by a member who insisted on the death penalty. Still another report said that the jury was divided upon a manslaughter verdict -- the least of the conviction penalties. During the greater part of their deliberation, jury members were divided nine to three for conviction. They gave slight consideration to the identification by Roy Laymon, but the fact that Albert Reed was armed from the time he left Denver weighed heavily against him.

The jury was out for twenty hours. At last, sleepy-eyed and weary, they filed back into the courtroom at 10:45 o'clock the morning of the first of March. C.S. Butterfield, the foreman, announced the verdict: *Murder in the second degree, the penalty for which is life imprisonment.*

Albert Reed received the statement with no show of emotion, except to pale at the fateful words. There was a grim tightening of his lips. He had confidently expected an acquittal, although he had paced his cell nervously during the deliberations. He said, "I am the victim of a frameup and I have been railroaded. I am not guilty of this crime. The opinion of the court is wrong. I do not wish to antagonize the court, but I am not guilty."

Following the announcement of the verdict, Attorney Gus Newbury filed an exception upon the grounds that the verdict was not justified by the evidence. Judge Norton overruled this motion and ordered the verdict.

Attorney Newbury indicated that he would file a motion for a new trial and that he would also file a bill of exceptions to the judge's instructions, alleging eighteen errors, particularly that the court had erred when it submitted instructions on manslaughter.

A couple of days later the judge pronounced the sentence. He held that the "verdict was a just one in the light of the evidence, and the lightest one

that could be inflicted." To Albert Reed he said, "You have had the benefit of as able a defense as money can buy. The jury was conscientious and fair."

Immediately Gus Newbury filed the motion for a new trial. He said he would produce an affidavit alleging misconduct of one juror and another affidavit showing that at least one of the jurors voted for a conviction of second degree murder upon the grounds that he thought it called for a lesser sentence. Newbury's request for a new trial was granted.

On March 5 Albert Reed, accompanied by William Boren, the chicken thief who had been sentenced to a minimum of two years for stealing 767 chickens, entered the state prison at Salem. According to Ike Dunford, his guard, Reed was in high spirits. He wisecracked and was far more cheerful than Boren.

At the pen Reed was put to work at general labor. The *Tribune* declared, "It is expected that prison walls will make him more talkative about the whereabouts of his indicted pals. Officials believe that the anguish of carrying all the blame will loosen his tongue."

As the expiration date for the new trial neared, Attorney Gus Newbury asked for and was granted an additional ten days for his preparations. The Newburys had found a witness who had seen Albert Reed at a hamburger stand at the time of the shooting. He had not come forth earlier because he had only just seen Reed in the courtroom on the day Judge Norton had pronounced sentence. Several more witnesses came forth to challenge Officer Laymon's statement.

The hearing on Newbury's motion was scheduled for the week of April 18. The defense had four affidavits which assailed Officer Laymon's story and two affidavits alleging misconduct on the part of Mrs. Myrtle GeBauer, who, with her husband Max, had driven to the scene of the murder during the time of the trial. A witness, G.T. Starkey, would testify that Max GeBauer had told him that he had driven his wife to the scene of the crime twice. "Reed is as guilty as a dog," GeBauer had said to

him. Gus Newbury regarded the trip as unsanctioned impropriety and Mrs. GeBauer's discussion of the case with a casual acquaintance as solid reasons for a new trial.

After studying the affidavits given to him by both sides, Judge Norton made his conclusions:

Mrs. GeBauer's driving past the murder scene constituted no grounds for a new hearing. Several respected citizens of Ashland had sworn that on the night of the murder Ray Laymon was cool and calm. There was no reason why he could not identify the man who had shot at him. Newbury's statements that Laymon's testimony was unreliable were based on malice against him. And finally, according to a statement by C.S. Butterfield, Foreman of the jury, Reed was found guilty by the jury on the first ballot before any discussion was held. Charges of prejudice and perjury were completely unsupported. The jury was fair and impartial. The motion for a new trial was therefore overruled.

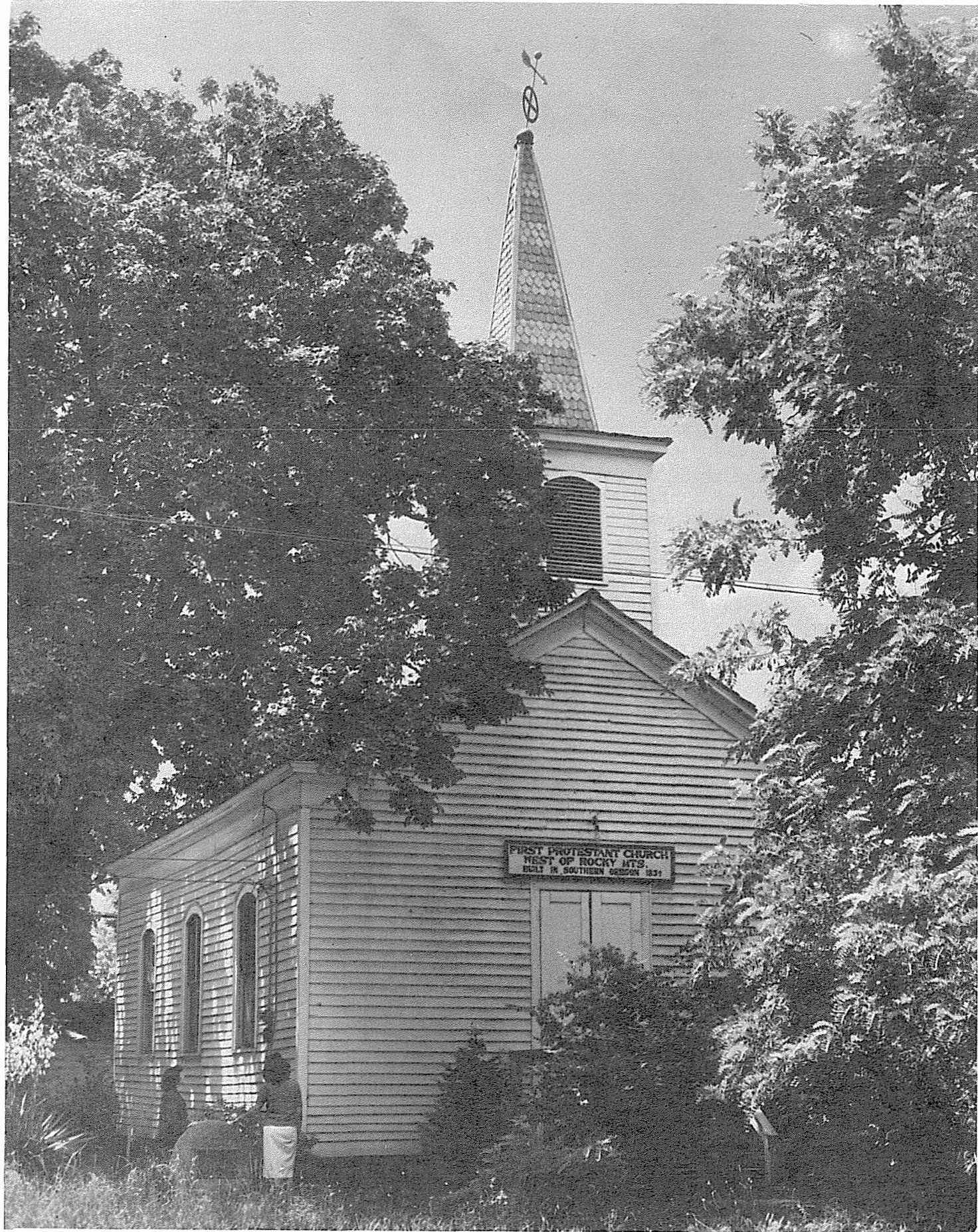
Defense Attorney Newbury was halted in his tracks "You have not heard the last of the Reed case," he said. "Another appeal is being contemplated." But for the rest of the year, 1932, the case went into limbo. For a second time Albert Reed became yesterday's news.

Additional research fails to provide an ending. If the law officers were crafty enough to capture the two fugitives and if the courts were able to dish out their comeuppance, we do not have that information in our files. We do not know if Reed served his full term or if he were granted an early parole. We have a nagging suspicion that he may have been telling the truth, but there is the consolation that if he had been, the eleven gentlemen of the jury and Mrs. GeBauer would have thought so too.

A murder mystery with a missing last chapter may be better than no murder mystery at all.

And perhaps the missing pieces of the puzzle will turn up.

Raymond Lewis



This photograph was taken when the church was not in use. The front yard could have done with a little pruning. Today it has a new front porch and a new picket fence.

JACKSONVILLE'S ROYAL FAMILY

Charles Sweet

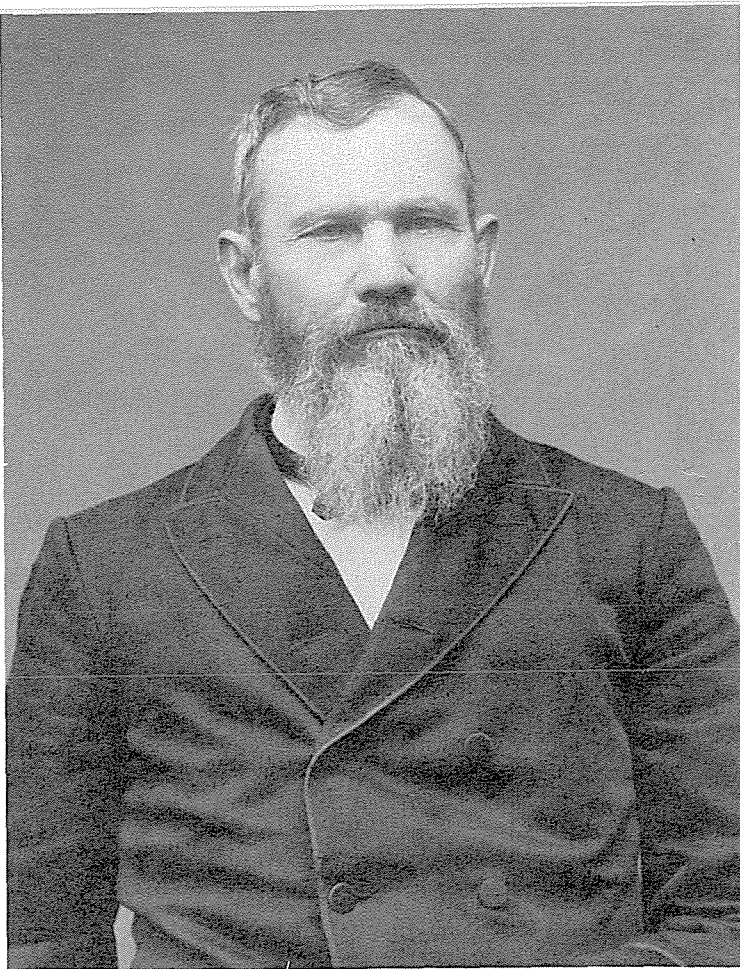
The year was 1853, gold had been discovered on the banks of Rich Gulch the previous year, hundreds of fortune seekers (many of them riffraff from California) had poured into the area, and the boisterous town of Jacksonville was born. At the same time a young Methodist minister arrived in southern Oregon. Later he was to write that he decided to preach in Jacksonville "amid the din of Sunday trade, gambling, horse racing, and all kinds of wickedness, but I dared not take my family into such a pandemonium."

The preacher was Thomas Fletcher Royal, known to his family as Fletcher and to his intimates as T.F. His grandfather Thomas had come to America in 1768, at the age of sixteen, from an English village near Manchester. Thomas settled in Philadelphia and in 1776 he and a friend enlisted in the First Pennsylvania Regiment. During a battle he was wounded in the ankle by a charge of buckshot, and he carried some of this shot for the rest of his life. In the same battle his friend was killed at his side. Following the war, on June 29, 1782, Thomas married Hannah (or Hanna) Cooper, daughter of William Southerby Cooper. Her

great grandfather, William Cooper, was a Quaker preacher brought to America in 1678 by William Penn.* The Cooper family, who were in good circumstances, lived near Philadelphia, but they lost much of their property during the Revolutionary War.

Thomas Royal and his bride settled in Bedford County, Pennsylvania. About 1795 they began farming near Morgantown, West Virginia. While they were in Bedford County, Hannah bore six children. Two more were born in West Virginia before Hannah died in 1803 at the age of 47. The last two children were William (the father of Fletcher) born in 1796, and Charles, born in 1798. In 1809 Thomas Royal took a second wife, Rebecca Mathew. The following year the family moved to a farm at Dublin, Ohio (now a suburb of Columbus). Here Rebecca bore two children before her death in 1813. When Thomas died in 1834, he was living in Sagamon County, Illinois.

*The family Bible, reportedly printed in 1583, was carried ashore on the Delaware River by William Cooper in 1678. It was passed down to Hannah who, in turn, passed it on to her children. The bible is now in a locked case at the Oregon Historical Society library in Portland.



Thomas Fletcher Royal

Fletcher Royal's father, William, had started working as a potter with his brother Charles while the family was living in Ohio. Charles had to give up this work when he got lead poisoning from the glazed ware. Soon after this William also quit the pottery business and entered the ministry by joining the Rock River Methodist Conference in Illinois. The Royal family had always been deeply religious. Although Thomas and Hannah had been brought up in different faiths (he, an Episcopalian and she, a Quaker), they raised their children to be devout Christians no matter what denomination they chose. During the fifteen years they lived in West Virginia, there was no church near the farm so Thomas arranged his house for religious services. Itinerant preachers dropped in from time to time and delivered sermons for the family and their neighbors.

On September 18, 1818, William Royal married Barbara Ebey in Dublin, Ohio. She was 18 and had been born in Pennsylvania. Their first three children were born in Dublin. Thomas Fletcher arrived January 6, 1821, Charles Wesley



Mary Ann Stanley Royal

came along in 1823, and two years later George Ashbury was born. Soon after George's birth the family moved to Illinois. The next four offspring were all born in that state. They were William Bramwell (1827), James Henry Bascomb (1830), Mary Elizabeth (1833), and Jason Lee (1839). In 1831 William had begun preaching and his first assignment was near Peoria, Illinois. His circuit included all the territory north of Peoria except Chicago. William continued his labors there until 1853 when he retired from the Rock River Conference and emigrated to Oregon.

His son Fletcher attended school in Piqua, Ohio, and later in both Illinois and Indiana. For 3½ years Fletcher was a student at McKendree College in Lebanon, Illinois, but had to drop out before graduation because of vision problems. For several years he taught school in Illinois. Then, in 1846, he was received in the Methodist ministry and took up active work at Galena, Illinois. The young preacher once stayed in the house of Rev. Ebenezer Russell. There he met a teacher named Mary Ann

Stanley. Ebenezer encouraged his guest to woo and wed Miss Stanley. Fletcher thought it was a splendid idea but had been afraid to reveal his feelings for the young lady. With Reverend Russell's encouragement, however, he finally got up nerve enough to propose.

Miss Stanley accepted, and they exchanged vows on September 19, 1849, in Victoria, Knox County, Illinois. Mary Ann was the daughter of John and Dolly Stanley; she was born in 1830 at Coopers-town, New York. While the young couple was still living in Illinois, Mary Ann bore the first two of her seven children. Anina Tema was born in 1850 and Stanley Olin in 1851.

Most of William and Barbara Royal's family eventually emigrated to Oregon. The first to head west was Fletcher's Uncle Charles, who, with his wife Mary and their five youngest children, crossed the plains in 1852. That same year the Methodists transferred Fletcher from the Illinois Conference to the Oregon Conference with the understanding that he would not be starting his ministry in Oregon until 1853. Fletcher's family, along with some of his father's family, started their journey westward from Victoria, Illinois, on the 27th of May, 1853. At the start the party of emigrants was made up of Fletcher and Mary Ann, their two children, Fletcher's parents (William and Barbara), two of his brothers (Rev. James Henry Bascomb and Jason Lee) and his sister Mary Elizabeth. The Royal's ox-drawn wagons were soon joined by other wagons to make up a large train.

The Royal's covered wagons, drawn by four oxen each, were light farm wagons with water-tight beds for crossing streams. Except on rare emergencies, the Royal party refused to travel on Sundays during the long trek. This caused some friction with other Oregon-bound travelers, but the Royal ministers were adamant about observing the Sabbath. They traveled first on the Oregon Trail and completed the journey by way of the

*Anina Royal became the wife of Dr. Clark Smith, Principal of the Vancouver Seminary. The Smiths went to Africa as missionaries, and Anina died there in 1886. Dr. Smith later practiced medicine in Berkeley, California. Stanley Royal became a minister and was married to Matilda Walker.

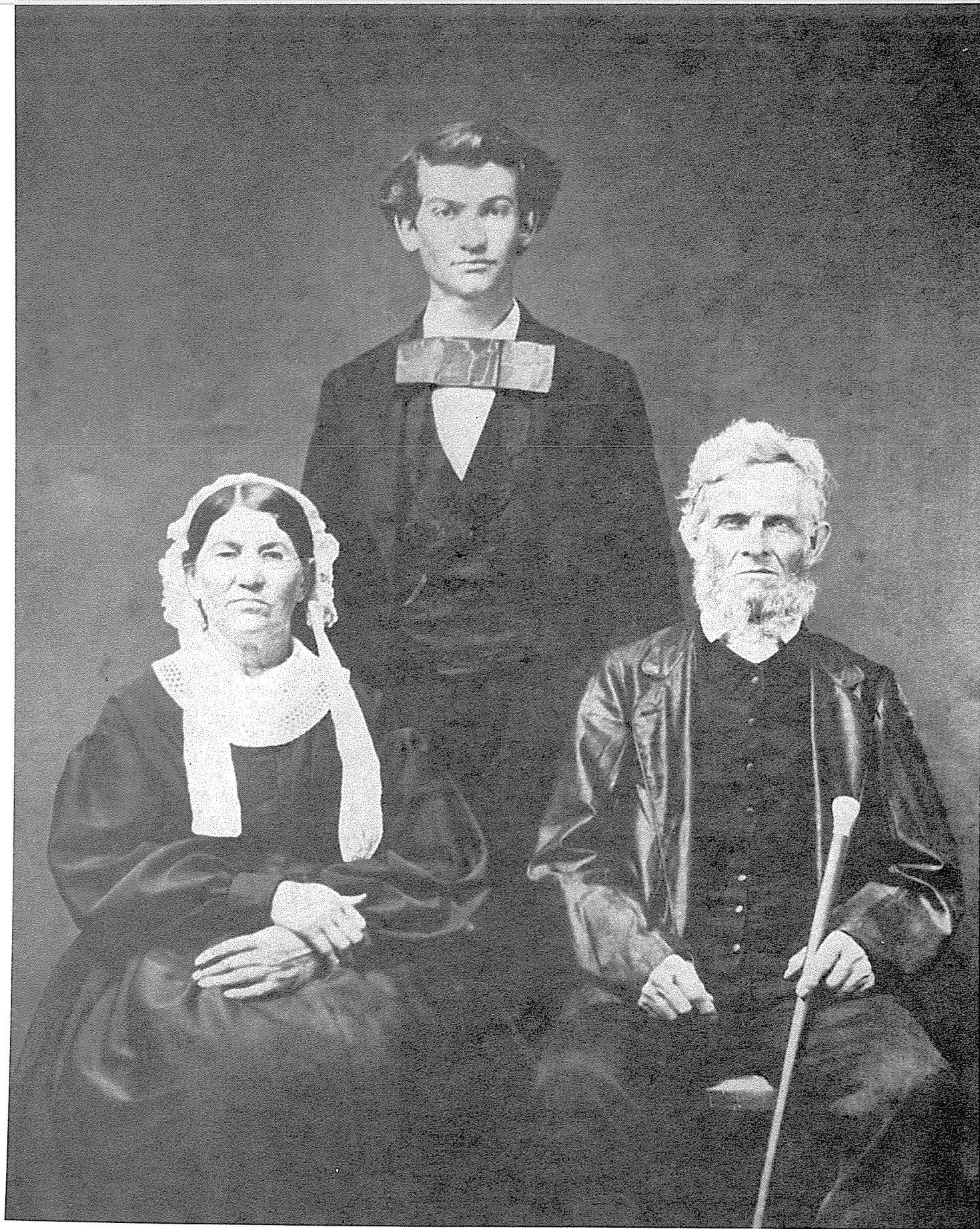
Applegate Trail. The most exciting event on the trail occurred October 6, 1853, when Fletcher and Mary Ann's third child, Miller Gould Royal, was born in a covered wagon as the train camped near Goose Lake.** The Royals reached the Rogue River Valley on October 27, 1853. Because of marauding Indians, a company of militia volunteers from Jacksonville had met the wagon train on the Applegate Trail and escorted them in.

The Royal party was impressed with the beauty of southern Oregon, and Fletcher, who had a way with words, wrote in his journal, "All these hills speak to me. Every valley laughs and every murmuring stream has a song for me."

Poetry wasn't the only thing on the young preacher's mind. Actually he was in a quandary. He had arrived in Oregon without an assigned job and he had a family to support. When he found out that bustling Jacksonville was without a minister at the time, and, since he loved the country, he decided to stay and preach until the Methodist elders assigned him a definite location. He and Mary Ann moved temporarily into a twelve-foot square shanty on a bachelor's land claim at the outskirts of town. Their quarters had no windows or chimney and only an earthen floor.

Prior to the Royal's arrival in the Rogue Valley the Rev. Joseph S. Smith had started missionary work in southern Oregon and northern California. Upon seeing the need for a church in the growing town of Jacksonville, Smith initiated efforts to build one. Until then religious services, such as they were, had been held wherever a room could be found. Orange Jacobs (in his "Memoirs") reported that one service had been conducted in "a large building in the process of erection for a gambling house on the opposite side of the street from the principle (sic) gambling saloon." During Reverend Smith's short stay in Jacksonville he preached several Sunday sermons in a large, round building made of split lumber and with a with a bare floor. Known as the "Round

**Miller Royal became a minister and lawyer. His first wife was Tirza Bigelow and his second was Miss A. McCall.



The legend on the back of this photograph reads: Reverend William Royal, his wife Barbara and his son Jason Lee (the youngest). Portland, Oregon

Tent," it was used during the rest of the week for the miners' alcalde courts and other public gatherings. Later Fletcher would preach in the same structure.

Apparently Smith left the area about the time that construction began on the church, although a plaque on a boulder in the church yard credits him with erecting the building in 1854. At least he and his wife solicited funds for building the church. Records show that other active workers on the fund drive were two young ladies, Emma Overbeck and Emma Royal. These young ladies made several tours of the rowdy saloons where they approached the drinkers and gamblers, smiled prettily, and asked for donations. They also visited mining camps seeking money for the church. The men were surprisingly generous and a large part of the building fund for construction of the first Protestant church in southern Oregon came from the contributions of sporting men.*

Construction of the Methodist Church was started sometime in 1853 under pioneer builder David Linn. Later James Donough and Charles Pyle were in charge of the construction. The classic revival style structure had timbers and roof shakes hand-hewn by William Kahler, who hauled the lumber to the site by ox team. The building, located at the northwest corner of Fifth and D Streets, originally faced Fourth Street (by 1883 it had been rotated 180 degrees to face Fifth Street and the new courthouse.) While the church was being built, Fletcher Royal decided to bring his family into town. He had found a house for sale and, having very little money, gave the owner his watch and shotgun for payment. It was a one-room log cabin with a fireplace and was in a bad quarter of town back of the saloons and gambling dens. The house, however, was an improvement over the tiny shanty they had been living in.

*Reverend Smith (in the early days known as "Carving Knife Smith") later became a member of Congress from Oregon. Research of the SOHS files failed to unearth just who Emma Royal was. Possibly she was the wife of James Henry Bascomb Royal. She was a teacher.

Fletcher had been preaching Sundays in private homes and in temporary meeting rooms around the Rogue Valley while construction of the church took place. His father, Rev. William Royal, also preached a few times in this area before moving north. (He conducted his first service in Oregon at John Beeson's home in Gasburg -- now Phoenix.) By the time construction of the Jacksonville church was finished, Fletcher had been given a definite assignment to this district by the Oregon Conference. According to one source, the church was dedicated on Christmas Day, 1854, and according to another historian it was dedicated on New Years Day, 1885.

The Reverend James Wilbur, presiding elder of the Oregon Conference, conducted services at the dedication and preached the sermon at the evening services. The morning sermon was preached by the Reverend Ebenezer Arnold, pastor of the Methodist Church in Yreka and presiding elder of the Northern California Conference. James Wilbur was one of Oregon's best-known pioneer Methodist ministers, and the town of Wilbur is named for him. He came west in 1846 by way of Cape Horn and was the founder of the Umpqua Academy in Wilbur. The Academy's first building was a rough log structure erected on his 1853 land claim.

Thomas Fletcher Royal was to be pastor of the Jacksonville congregation for only a couple of years. In 1856 he was appointed principal and instructor at the Umpqua Academy and moved his family to Wilbur (six miles north of Roseburg). Here the last four of their children were born. William Ebey was born in 1858. He died at the age of 23 while preparing for the ministry. Next was Forester Wise, who was born in 1860. He became a railroad employee and married Ella Dodson. Eolia Florine was born in 1863. She married Reverend Harold Oberg, a native of Norway. The last child, Carrie Lucretia, was born in 1868, graduated from Willamette University, and became the wife of Professor Edgar Mumford.

Although Thomas Fletcher remained at Umpqua Academy for about ten years, he led a peripatetic life in Oregon. For five years he was a circuit preacher. He was instrumental in building churches at Canyonville, Tenmile, Silverton, Salem

Heights and Dallas, Oregon. From 1871 to 1874 he served as principal at the Portland Academy and Female Seminary. Following this he was principal for one year at the Sheridan Academy in Yamhill County. In 1875, under President Grant's administration, he was employed as a teacher and clerk on the Siletz Indian Reservation and served there for three years. For fifteen months in 1884-1885 he was superintendent of instruction at the Klamath Indian mission. This was followed by two years of ministry on the Monroe circuit in Benton County. His next two pastorates were at Dallas, Polk County (two years) and at Dayton, Yamhill County (three years). Another three years were served in Brooks, Marion County. At the annual Methodist Conference in Roseburg in 1896, he preached his 50th-jubilee sermon. He then retired from active participation in the Oregon Conference although he did continue preaching around the state. For eight years he occasionally preached in Salem to the convicts in the penitentiary and to the inmates at the asylum.

Fletcher Royal's father preached in several circuits after leaving Jacksonville in 1854, and he resided both in Douglas County and Portland. While at Portland he built the Centenary Methodist Church on the east side of the city. He was living in Salem at the time of his death in 1871. His wife, Barbara, lived until 1890. Fletcher's brother, Reverend James H.B. Royal, was a minister in Oregon all his life. His oldest brother, Charles, became a prominent merchant in Salem.

When the Methodist Episcopal Church in Jacksonville held its semi-centennial celebration in 1904, he was there to deliver the sermon. Some of what was said in the sermon he repeated in a letter to his son written on December 7, 1910, a few months before his death. At age 89 Fletcher Royal had not lost his propensity for flowery language as he wrote, in part:

Six years and seven months more than half a hundred years ago (Oct. 1853) we pitched our tents beside the crystal waters of Ashland Creek. The dash and splash, the roar and momen-

tum of those ceaseless waves as they swept over beds of snow white pebbles and boulders seemed a prophecy which we have lived to see fulfilled today. That mountain stream was a glad surprise to us; but the sweeping currents of science and all forms of civilization that flow through that valley today are more wonderful still. Having just emerged from an experience of five months in the dusty, alkalai, sun-burnt plains, we were too stupid to imagine that our first fifty years in Oregon would see greater developments in the arts, sciences and religion than the previous hundred years had witnessed. We, who preached and held quarterly meetings for many years in private homes and log cabin school-houses, stand amazed as we look upon the beautiful temples of worship of these days and exclaim "What hath God wrought!"

Thomas Fletcher Royal died on March 11, 1911, in Portland. His devoted wife Mary Ann had died January 2, 1906, when they were living in Salem. He and his beloved wife Mary Ann had every reason to be proud of their accomplishments and their growing family. Twenty of their children and grandchildren became school teachers, five became Methodist ministers, and six married preachers. Fletcher had been on the scene in the Rogue Valley for very few years, but the little church that still stands in Jacksonville served as a fitting memorial to this pioneer preacher.

Although the church had been built in 1854, the Methodists didn't acquire title to the land until five years later when owner James Cluggage sold the property to them for one dollar. The building was shared for many years with other Protestant congregations, particularly the Jacksonville Presbyterians who didn't build their own church until 1881. During one period of its history the Methodist building was used by Baptist circuit riders. In 1928 the congregation disbanded, and for many years the building was rarely used. In the early 1980s Saint Andrews Episcopal Church began restoration and now holds regu-

lar services there.

The old rose garden on the north side of the church was established by the Medford Rose Society to perpetuate many of the older varieties of roses. It was dedicated in 1960.

SOURCE MATERIAL:

1. SOHS Biographical File, T.F. Royal.
2. SOHS Ms-161.

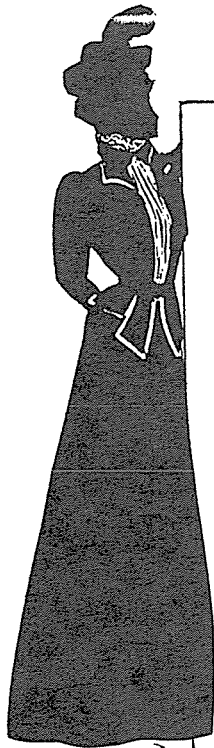
3. SOHS Historic Buildings File, The Methodist Church.
4. Journals and Letters of the Royal family.
5. Violet Mumford, *The Royal Family*.
6. Violet Mumford, *Churches and Schools of Jacksonville* (SOHS Library).
7. Joseph Gaston, *Portland, Oregon, Its History and Builders, Vol.III.* pp. 717-719.



Above: Fletcher Royal, his wife Mary Ann, and four of their seven children pose for their portraits in 1860. Royal, who preached at the Methodist Church in Jacksonville, presented some of the difficulties faced when he held a meeting in rowdy Jacksonville. He wrote:

At times the rabble...overwhelmed us with...vin-

dictive abuse for our noisy meetings...for our house was near gambling saloons where they were, though noisy themselves, often disturbed by our singing and praying...We could often smell the cigars and whiskey about the windows and hear the rowdies run and yell out curses as they stood around listening or as they fled mocking.



WHAT ARE YOUR SUMMER PLANS ?

WE NEED PAID AND VOLUNTEER HELP

The Southern Oregon Historical Society invites you to join our team of Living History Interpreters at the Beekman House and the Beekman Bank in Jacksonville.

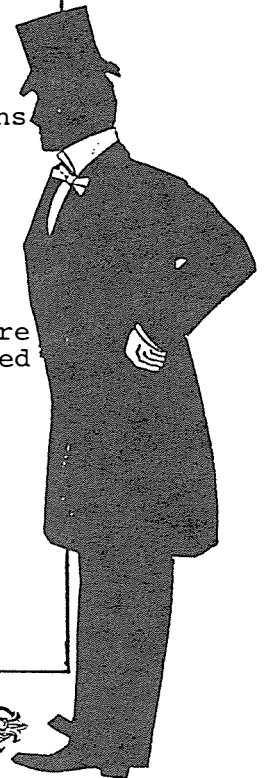
Men and women of all ages are needed to greet visitors or play the roles of historic characters of the year 1911. Character roles to be filled include: the elderly couple Mr. and Mrs. Beekman; their adult children, Carrie and Ben; friends and relatives of the family; Bank Clerk, Henry Dox; the hired girl, Louise; and Carrie's young music students. The Living History program runs each afternoon May 23 through September 7. (A few people will be needed to continue all through September.)

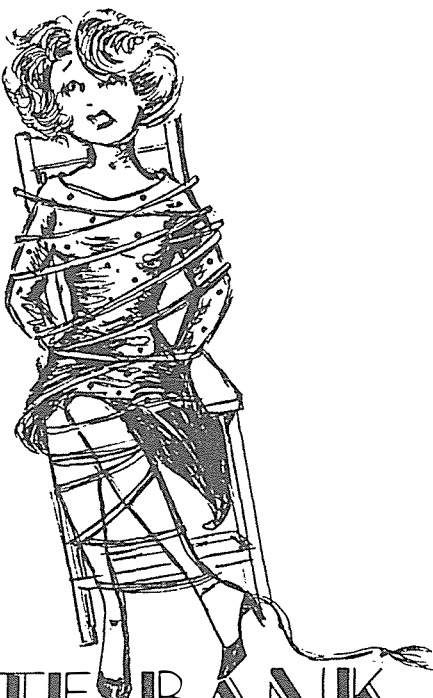
Many volunteers are needed for this program and will be asked to give an average of one afternoon a week, with some flexibility in schedules. Interested volunteers should contact Southern Oregon Historical Society staff Dawna Curler or Marge Herman at 899-1847.

A few part-time paid positions are also being offered at \$3.50 per hour. Work schedules for these positions will generally run 5 hours per day with 20 to 25 hours per week including weekends. Applications and complete job descriptions for paid positions may be picked up at the Jacksonville Museum or the Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum in Ashland. Application deadline is March 31.

It is great fun but there is much to learn so required volunteer and paid staff training begins in mid April. We should know by April 1 the times you are available for April and May training, and we also need to start arranging costumes, so please let us know right away of your interest.

There are many other volunteer opportunities at the Southern Oregon Historical Society. If you wish to donate your time in any other way, please contact Volunteer Coordinator, Marge Herman.





A black and white line drawing of a woman with curly hair, sitting in a wooden chair. She is bound with ropes or bands across her chest, arms, and legs. Her expression is one of concern or distress. The drawing is positioned to the right of the title.

THE FLORENCE STATE BANK CAPER

Friday, January 28, 1927, was not Florence, Oregon's most promising day, although the morning and the early afternoon had been uneventful. But, as the story goes, at 3:15 in the afternoon a lone bandit struck the Florence State Bank and escaped with nearly all the money in the vault -- a good sized boodle amounting to somewhere between \$12,000 and \$15,000. He left poor Harriet Weatherson, the cashier, tied hand and foot in the locked vault.

This was the second robbery of the bank. In December, 1923, two men had held up Carl Bergman, the vice president, and pushed him and two customers into the vault. The robbers locked the door and escaped with about \$8,000. The police sort of lucked out the first time; Portland officers arrested Tom Murray and Eddie Walker for the robbery and they were sentenced to the pen; but, unfortunately for the Florence State Bank, they

had spent all the money before they were nabbed. Both men received stiff sentences, and at the time of the second robbery, Walker was still in the coop. Tom Murray had gone a little stir crazy and made two escape attempts. After the second failure he did himself in. His inglorious end may have served to discourage other would-be safe crackers; the Florence State Bank hadn't had a break-in in four years. But this lone bushranger had dared to do the deed in broad daylight.

In 1927 the banks hadn't yet installed sophisticated alarm systems and there was no button on the vault floor for Harriet to push with her slipper. She squirmed around until the ropes were loosened and finally pulled herself free from the chair. Chafing her slender wrists and her trim ankles until the circulation returned, she realized that

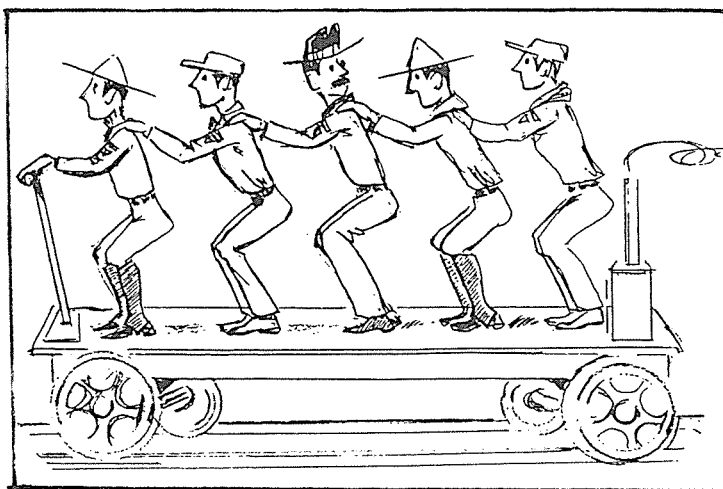
she would have to act fast to save herself from a calamitous fate. Like all heroines, she was ingenious. The heavy metal door, she reasoned logically, was only as strong as its lock. She examined it closely and discovered that the screws holding it to the door facing appeared to be maneuverable. But what could she find to loosen the screws? She saw a few wooden matches lying around on a file case and she tried unsuccessfully to use them as a make-shift tool, but they soon broke and she realized she was wasting vital time.

But -- good heavens -- wasn't that a screwdriver lying on the shelf behind her? Indeed it was. She picked it up and examined it. The wooden handle had split off but the rest of it was intact. When she fit the end of the tool into the little slot and twisted it, the rough metal dug cruelly into her soft hands, but she bravely persevered.

After about an hour of twisting she loosened the last screw and the part of the lock no longer attached fell to the floor at her feet. Tugging at the latch on the door, she pulled it open and at last slipped out of her prison and into the bank. She must get help! She must notify the sheriff! Running out the door, she headed down the sidewalk, sobbing and calling for help, until she darted into the marshall's office. "The bank has been robbed," she gasped as she fell into a chair. The clock stood at 4:45 P.M.

At once the marshall went into action. A fellow who had stopped to chat the afternoon away with him was sitting at the desk. The marshall ordered him to get out and round up the citizens to form a posse to search the surrounding woods. He himself rushed to the depot to send a telegram to Sheriff Frank E. Taylor in Eugene, who soon sent a reply that with his posse of law men he would leave at once for the scene of the robbery. Unfortunately a slide had held up traffic on the Coos Bay line of the

Southern Pacific so the sheriff and his deputies had to make the trip on a speeder. *A speeder?*



Webster's New International Dictionary defines it as "a small, light gasoline-operated vehicle with flanged wheels or solid rubber tires for operation on railroad tracks."

Harriet was considerably unnerved and shaken

by her ordeal, but she courageously pulled herself together to do what she could to help the police run down the felon.

"He was a man of 35 or 40 years of age," she said. "He was light complexioned, rather slender and about five feet ten inches tall. He wore a tan raincoat, a soft hat and dark trousers. He had a two or three days' growth of beard." She interrupted herself to sniff a little and dab at her eyes with her hanky, but soon recovered and continued, "He entered the lobby of the bank in a casual way and asked, 'Are you alone?'"

The question startled Harriet but she admitted she was the only one in the office. He immediately drew a revolver, went over and locked the front door, came back and walked behind the counter. He threw a large coin sack on the desk and ordered: "Fill this sack with everything you've got!"

By this time Harriet was exceedingly frightened and decided she'd better do nothing that would antagonize him so she swept all the coin and currency on the counter into the sack. He then commanded; "Go into the vault and bring out all the money in the safe."

She did as he demanded, returned with the gold and currency and some silver and put all the money on the countertop. He put it into the sack, leaving behind about \$200 in silver.

"This is too damned heavy and I guess I'll leave it," he said. He was truly a ruffian and his language proved it.

He then told Harriet to lock the back door, and when she had done this, he

shoved her into the vault where he tied her into a chair with a cotton rope he had concealed in an inner pocket of his jacket. He then left, banging the vault door behind him. It locked automatically. After that poor Harriett did not know what he did. "I think he must have walked down Main Street and out into the country," she said. Then, as an afterthought she added, "the bank is fully insured against robbery. No one will be hurt."

The president of the bank, Henry Bergman, was away in Portland at a conference, and of course he must be notified. Harriet, who was 26 years of age and had lived in Florence all her life, was sorry such a dreadful thing had come to pass, but she could not leave the bank untended and unlocked. She had her responsibilities. And it was long after closing time. She thanked the gentlemen, bid them good-bye and walked rapidly back to the bank.

Members of the searching party found nothing. Robert Thompson of Florence, while driving his car from the North Fork country about an hour after the robbery, met two men on the highway who ran off into the brush at the side of the road when he approached them. Their behavior was suspicious, but Thompson had as yet heard nothing of the bank heist, so he did not consider following them into the woods. No other clues were reported.

The lack of a footprint or a thumbprint or any evidence at all was bewildering. Even the most cunning crook leaves a little hint here or there, but this mystery man had been seen only by Harriet, and he left not one sign that he had ever been in Florence. On Saturday the posses continued combing the wooded hills around the city but by nightfall they were discouraged and ready to give up.

Most of the men stayed home on Sunday -- after all it was a day of rest -- and few of them showed up on Monday to continue the search. Henry Bergman returned from his conference in Portland, but he could add nothing to the story and he had no suspects in mind. He and Harriet went over

the accounts carefully and discovered that at least \$13,000 was missing. The bank superintendent, who had his office in Eugene, announced that an investigation would be made; an inquiry was usual in case of robberies, fires or other serious disturbances.

The next day Herbert F. Clarke, an examiner of the state banking department, arrived at the bank in Florence, and Harriett graciously gave him the account books and ledgers to look over. He said he would report to Eugene the following day.



Early Tuesday morning, leaving the bank in the capable hands of Carl Berman, the vice president, Harry and Harriet drove to Eugene to tell their tale to the county officers, and Harriet again recited the story of her ordeal at the hands of the rough bank robber.

They took their leave in the early afternoon after informing the officers that they had an appointment at the bank superintendent's office where they would hear the examiner's report on the robbery.

Herbert Clarke did not show up for the appointment, but neither did Harry and Harriet. Clarke sent word to the Eugene office that things were considerably more suspicious than he had suspected and he needed the assistance of H.O. Vogett, the *official* bank examiner. Why Harry and Harriet failed to make their appointment was a mystery. A check with the desk clerk at the hotel where they were staying -- in separate rooms, of course -- revealed that they had not checked out but that they had not been back since registering.

H.O. Vogett set off for Florence and the police department started a little investigation of Harry and Harriet. They discovered that Harry had borrowed an automobile from C.H. Farris, a lumberman who had a sawmill at Cushman, and had told him that he wanted to go to Portland to raise funds to tide the bank over. He would return the next day, he said, and in the meantime Harriet would go back to Florence. Mr. Farris was a great and good friend of Harry, and he was happy to lend him a car. He had known Harry for years and he also knew Harry's wife and their two children. In fact, just before Harry left, Farris had cashed a check for him for \$300.

When Harry didn't arrive in Portland and Harriet didn't show up in Florence, the police began to be a mite suspicious. They didn't need a clout over the head to realize there had been some dirty work someplace along the line.

A police officer called Harry's wife in Florence -- hang the long distance charges -- but the lady was unwilling to talk. When asked about Harry, she simply said, "I refuse to make any statement." The answer, in itself, didn't make things sound exactly kosher at the Bergman house.

By February 3 some little rumors and even some facts began to leak out. The *Tribune* announced

FLORENCE BANKER IS SUSPECTED

and subheadlines revealed that a warrant had been issued for Harry's arrest. Harriet was missing also, and the paper hinted that she may have gone with him willingly. In any case there was something mighty suspicious going on between Harry and his cashier. Was the robbery an inside job? But no, Harry and Harriet wouldn't be up to such peccadillos. He was a respected family man and she was an alto in the church choir. They'd show up any minute now with the answers and the money.

On the same day word came from Mr. Vogett in Florence that he had closed the bank. Further investigation had to be made before it could be reopened for business. Affairs were in a most

confused state and there seemed to be no end of discrepancies. Surprisingly a portion of the missing money had been returned. It was brought into the bank by Carl Bergman, Harry's brother, but he could report nothing about how he had come by it. The money included \$1120 in gold, \$2206 in currency, \$3570 in American Bankers' Association travelers' checks and \$1680 in American Express checks. Investigators figured that Harry must surely be responsible for the return of the money, but a little quick addition showed that about \$5000 was still missing. The more romantic will see at once that if Harry and Harriet, in a fit of unleashed passion, had eloped, they would need a substantial nest egg to keep them in comfort and pay for their bed of roses.

The bank examiners were far from satisfied with Carl Bergman's unwillingness to relate how he had acquired the money so they prepared to grill him a little. Carl was a pussy cat. At the first display of firm determination by the inquisitors, he spilled all he knew. Harry had telephoned his wife and told her where the money was hidden. She told Carl Bergman and he had simply collected it.

One should spend a little time in consideration of Harry's wife. She was unbelievable. When asked about the whereabouts of her errant spouse, she had nothing to say. Most women would have welcomed the opportunity to call a spade a spade and a heel a heel in no uncertain terms. She probably figured that Harry, who was 38, was starting his mid-life crisis early, and it was up to her to keep the children clean and the home fires burning until he came home to roost. In the meantime it would not behoove her to say anything that would send him up the river and prolong her loneliness even more. She avoided the reporters and stayed out of the daily papers. A woman to be admired.

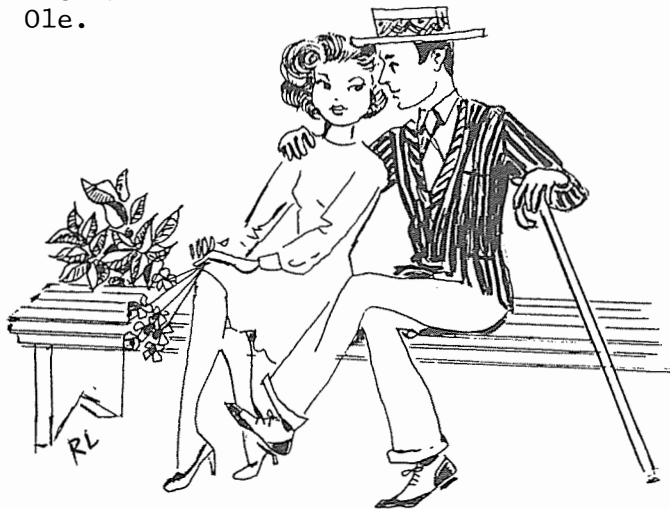
Harry and Harriet disappeared for two weeks. One hopes they basked in ecstasy and touched the stars because common sense should have told them that such days were numbered. On February 14, St. Valentine's Day, ironically enough, they surfaced. The sheriff at Stafford, Arizona, H.M. Tate sent a telegram to Sheriff Taylor:

DO YOU HOLD WARRANT HENRY BERGMAN STOP
ALSO HARRIET WEATHERSON STOP SEND
TELEGRAPHIC WARRANT STOP.

Aha. The guilty couple was now in the hands of the law. Tracers from Eugene had paid off. Sheriff Taylor could hardly wait for the Arizona police to send Harry and Harriet back home to face the music. He immediately dispatched a telegraphic warrant to the sheriff at Stafford.

According to information received in Eugene, Harry and Harriet had left on the night of January 31 in the car borrowed from Harry's friend. That car was left in Fresno in a garage at ten o'clock the following night. It was in a bad shape, having evidently been driven at a high rate of speed for hours on end. "This car requires some attention from a mechanic," said the garage manager. "I wouldn't trust it on the highway."

After spending the night in Fresno, Harry and Harriet boarded a train for Los Angeles, abandoning the borrowed automobile. In the morning, after a night of perfect bliss, we hope, they again took the train, this time for Stafford, Arizona, a little town about eighty miles from the Mexican border. Ole.



Sheriff Taylor of Eugene had been a little over-anticipatory. The authorities in Arizona did not have the escapees in their clutches; they had them under surveillance while they waited for the warrant from Eugene. Somehow Harry and Harriet got the scent of imminent danger -- perhaps it was intuition -- and when the sheriff, armed with the legal papers, called to serve them, he found the birds had left the nest.

Why did they make the effort? They were bound to be unmasked sooner or later. In 1927 illicit lovers always ended in a cloud of disaster. They might have learned from Anna Karenina and Emma Bovary. But they all thought their affair was *the affair* that could break through convention and blaze forever with an eternal flame. At the same time Harry and Harriet were running from the inevitable, Ruth Snyder and her paramour, Judd Gray, who had beamed her husband on the head with a sash weight, were heading down the road to ruin. Eventually they both died for their foibles and made adultery even more risky in 1927. Harry and Harriet didn't face a penalty quite so drastic but there were certainly some payments to be made to the piper.

Although efforts made by the police petered out, the bank investigators left no stone unturned. Their search continued day and night. When Harry and Harriet went from Oregon to California and from California to Arizona and then on to Texas, a bank dick trailed them all the way.

Five days later, on February 19, the comedy played out. Sheriff Taylor received a telegram from Fred H. McDuff, chief of police at Birmingham, Alabama:

HENRY BERGMAN AND HARRIET WEATHERSON
IN CUSTODY STOP WAIVED EXTRADITION
STOP ADVISE DISPOSITION.

At the same time the sheriff received a telegram from Harry. He requested that he -- no word about Harriet -- be allowed to return at once to Eugene in custody of a Birmingham officer instead of having to wait in the Birmingham jail until a Lane County official could come after him. Since he had to make restitution, he apparently had decided he wanted to start the payments with no delay. But Sheriff Taylor was in no hurry. He sent word that Harry would just have to stay put until an Oregon officer came to fetch him. Thinking of the rest and relaxation he would gain from a nice little train trip to Birmingham and back, he went home and told the missus they were going on a little sight-seeing jaunt to the steel capital of the world. She was tickled, packed a couple of grips and was ready to leave in a jiffy. The sheriff carried with him requisition

papers from Governor Patterson.

Why the couple decided to go to Birmingham wasn't told in the dispatches. They must have decided if they couldn't get lost in Birmingham, Alabama, they couldn't get lost anywhere. The newspapers made no secret of the fact that the lovebirds had been taken into custody shortly after they had registered in a rooming house as Mr. and Mrs H.L. Bray. Questioned, they readily admitted their identity.

"Our reputations in Florence are ruined," sobbed Harriet. "We came down here to Birmingham to start life all over again."

"We are ready to face charges," said Harry resolutely. They had decided to offer no resistance. Their idyl was over.

A *Tribune* story on February 24 was headed:

FLORENCE BANK HEAD AND LADY AIDE INDICTED

Eugene (AP) -- Three indictments were returned late yesterday afternoon by the Lane County grand jury against Henry Bergman, president of the Florence State and Savings Bank, and Harriet Weatherson, cashier, who were arrested a few days ago in Alabama.

One of the indictments charges them with larceny by embezzlement of \$13,740 of the bank funds. [Wait a minute. What about the money returned by Carl, Harry's brother?] Another indictment charges them with knowingly and willfully aiding and abetting a state bank to increase its loans and discounts when its reserve was impaired. [This is the first time we've heard of this charge. Somewhere along the line Carl had been accused of this trick, but a grand jury returned a "not a true bill" decision, and the blame for the dirty work was placed upon the contrite lovers.] A third indictment charged them with larceny of an automobile owned by C.H. Farris.

Bail was fixed at \$15,000 each in the embezzlement case and at \$5000 each in the loan and discount charge.

The story continued: "Sheriff Frank Taylor and Mrs. Taylor are now on their way to Birmingham to bring the fugitives back to Eugene for the trial."

Eight days later the little party -- the sheriff, his wife, Harry and Harriet -- returned to Oregon. The train stopped at the Oregon Electric station in Salem, en route to Eugene, and a handful of reporters awaited them:

It was a worried and harrassed Henry Bergman that stopped in this city for a few minutes this afternoon. He must answer charges involving irregularities in the bank's finances as well as violation of the Mann Act.

Harriet Weatherson, with whom it is charged he made his get-away, leaving his wife and family in Florence, sat beside him, apparently in good spirits.

"I have nothing to say," said Harry.

There was no high school band on the platform when they reached Eugene. Only a couple of officers made up the welcoming committee and they rushed Harry and Harriet into the county jail as fast as they could go.

Harry announced his intention to plead guilty to all charges, and asked to see his attorney, E.R. Bryson. "I am anxious to appear in court as soon as possible," he said.

Harriet's lawyer, E.O. Immel, said, "We will make no statement at this time."

They were arraigned on March 8, but asked for additional time in which to plead. If poor Harriet had imagined they'd face the judgment together, hand-in-hand, two star-crossed lovers beneath the western sky, she was bound for disappointment. Harry was scheduled to make his plea the next day; Harriet's plea was tabled until a week later.

Mr. Immel asked for a reduction in Harriet's bail. If she could raise it, she might be permitted to run down to Florence for a day or two and help the bank examiners who were still having a rough time making sense out of the books. (Considering what she'd already done to the books, it's pretty certain the bank officials would have had a seizure had she come any where near the ledgers.) She plead not guilty of any deceit in the bank's dealings, and, although the court refused to reduce her bail, her uncle, her mother and her sister came forward and bailed her out.

On March 12 Harry stood before the court to receive his sentence. He was

humble and contrite. "I have no resentment in my heart towards any officers or anyone else who was instrumental in prosecuting me." His voice faltered and he continued with some difficulty. "I know I have violated the rules of society, and I am willing to pay the penalty. I will do all in my power to help in meeting the losses of depositors as a result of the closing of the bank."

Judge G.F. Skipworth was sympathetic but unswayed. "I sentence you, Henry Bergman, to serve a maximum of ten years in the state penitentiary on the charge of embezzlement of the bank's funds and a maximum of three years on the charge of making loans, knowing that the reserve of the bank was impaired. The sentences are not to run concurrently." He continued, "This court has no jurisdiction over the minimum sentence to be served. It can only set a maximum sentence. How long you remain in prison will depend upon yourself. After one-half of the maximum sentence is served, you will be eligible for parole."

Harry stood straight as an arrow through the sentencing and showed no emotion. The courtroom was crowded and the audience sat in silence as Harry walked from the courtroom.

Six days later Harriet stood in the same courtroom. Again the hall was filled with many people standing in the hallways unable to get into the room. During the presentation of evidence, she had listened intently with her eyes lowered. Her attorney made a strong plea for leniency. "This young lady was introduced to the banking

business by Henry Bergman," he said. "All she knew, he taught her. He influenced her in everything she did while she worked for him. It was Henry Bergman's domination of the girl that caused her to aid in embezzling the funds of the bank."

Judge Skipworth said, "I remind you, Miss Weatherson, you have pleaded guilty. For the charges of embezzlement of the funds of the Florence State Savings Bank, I sentence you to serve six years in the state penitentiary."



Harriet was taken to Salem the same afternoon on the two o'clock train. She was under the guard of her friends, Sheriff and Mrs. Frank E. Taylor, who stayed with her until the heavy prison door banged shut behind her.

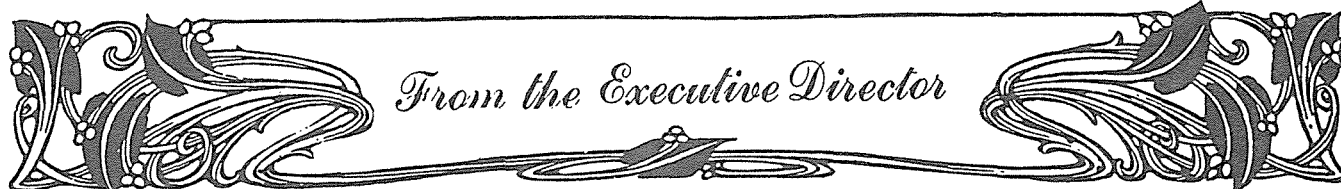
Correspondence

Lindsay Applegate's son Oliver was the father of Frank Applegate who lived at 615 South Oakdale Avenue in Medford for many years. There were three girls and two boys in that family. Richard Applegate, a foreign correspondent, now deceased, was held captive in Macao a number of years ago. This was an early hostage situation which gained considerable international attention. Elizabeth Applegate Berry and John Applegate are the two surviving members of the Medford Applegate family.

(Signed) Joe Naumes
Medford

The "Andrews Family Story" thrilled me to the core!! I had heard a lot of those stories first-hand from Ed Andrews, from Ella, who used to accompany me, from Jim and Edith Stevens and from Grace Fiero who was an Andrews as well as from Caroline and Dorrie Werner. What a beautiful research job Charles Sweet did on that story.

George F. Peckham
Seattle



From the Executive Director

As Society staff and Volunteers look toward spring and plan for a busy season, we can reflect on the successes of the past several months. The Third Annual Tea Dance was enjoyed by ninety-three dance devotees on February 15th in the U.S. Hotel ballroom. Music was provided by the Rogue Valley Jazz Quintet playing favorites from the big band era.

During the month of February, 140 people attended four programs presented by Society staff members at the Mary Phipps Medford Center. Marge Herman, Coordinator of Volunteers presented the slide shows and talks: *A Conflict of Culture*, showing the impact white culture had on the Takelma Indians, and *Jacksonville, the Cornerstone of the Rogue Valley*, presenting Jacksonville's colorful history.

Natalie Brown, Coordinator of Photographic Services, presented a slide lecture, *Peter Britt: Rogue Valley's Renaissance Man*, in which she highlighted some of the talents of this amazing man. Curator of Interpretation, Dawna Curler, showed a 16mm film depicting Medford and the Rogue Valley the way they once were. Her talk was entitled *Looking Back at the Recent Past*.

Peslie Egger-Gould, Coordinator of Chappell-Swedenburg, and Sue Waldron, staff member, presented a slide program: *The Applegate Family*. The presentation was given during the OSU Extension Office Carnival of Learning.

Chappell-Swedenburg staff and volunteers hosted a reception February 14th for the opening of the exhibit, *Seems Like Only Yesterday*, which explores growing up in Ashland during the early 1900s. The childhood experiences of John Billings, Ruby Powell Mason, Lawrence Powell and Marie Prescott are highlighted in the display. The exhibit runs through July 31, Tues.-Sat., 1-5PM.

Stacey Williams, Coordinator of the Children's Museum, and staff member

Kimberly Kennington set up an exhibit showing the process of making wool into cloth. This exhibit complemented the weaving workshops which were held the last two Saturdays in February and the first Saturday in March.

Marjorie Edens, Society Historian, wrote forty-four 60-second texts for KTVL's *Share the Spirit* history spots. These historical moments have been very well-received by the viewing public. Marjorie also is working her way through the history of the Britt Festival for its Silver Anniversary Souvenir Program. She is compiling information for the Society's participation in the U.S. Constitutional Bicentennial as the coordinator for county-wide activities.

The Society's Research Library, Collections, Exhibits and Interpretation departments have begun researching railroads and related subjects for a new exhibit which will open in November in the Courthouse.

As always, our volunteer force has been of immense help. For January alone, 120 volunteer positions were filled for a total of 1,351 hours. The time and talent given by our volunteers is greatly appreciated.

UPDATE ON THE WILLOWS: The Willows Farm will be open the third weekend of each month beginning May 16 and running through August (possibly through September). Visitors will once again be shuttled to The Willows by bus from the Britt parking lot. Guided tours of the Hanley Home will be provided courtesy of the Gold Diggers Guild. Arrangements for The Willows weekends are being handled by our Interpretation staff. The schedule is set as follows:

May 16/17	July 19 - Farm Day (annual Willows Open House)
June 20/21	August 15/16
July 18	September 19/20, tentative

The Gold Hill Historical Society is taking advantage of our Society's professional staff in the development of their programs and collections. Historian Marjorie Edens is a member of the GHHS and acts as contact person between them and SOHS. She set up work sessions in March and April for hands-on training by Curator of Collections Marc Pence and Librarian/Archivist Paul Richardson. Marc will discuss adequate care of collections and Paul will speak on "The Care and Feeding of Photographs." Work sessions such as these are examples of the Society's assistance to Jackson County communities by making staff available to discuss the fine art of museum/historical society administration and resource preservation.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Meyer of Creve Coeur, Missouri, recently donated a quilt to the Southern Oregon Historical Society while they were visiting southern Oregon. They purchased the quilt from an antique dealer in Missouri who had purchased it at an estate auction in southeastern Iowa. Members of the Baptist Church in Medford made this quilt, working on it from 1887 to 1890. They embroidered designs and signatures on 52 pieces of muslin stitched together with a key block in the center. It was probably made for their minister to use either as a gift or as a fundraiser. The Society is pleased to have this quilt returned to the county from which it originated.

Do stop by to see this new exhibit.

At the February Board of Trustees meeting, the Board selected Dr. James K. Sours to fill the Board vacancy created by Robert Butler's resignation. Jim Sours is a former president of Southern Oregon State College and a past member of the Southern Oregon Historical Society Board of Trustees. He was development director for the Oregon Shakespearean Festival, served as a member of the Oregon American Bicentennial Commission and is a past board member of the Jackson County Chapter, American Red Cross. Although semi-retired, Jim is a consultant in institutional planning and development and serves on the boards of the Ashland Community Hospital Foundation and the Carpenter Foundation. *Samuel J. Wegner*

Candidates for the Board

The following are candidates nominated by the Board of Trustees for election to the Board for three-year terms beginning June 1, 1987. Other members can be nominated for election by petition with at least 15 signatures of members in good standing. These petitions will be available April 1 from the Membership Department in Jacksonville. Petitions must be returned no later than April 15, 1987, to Susan Cox, Membership Chairman, Southern Oregon Historical Society, P.O. Box 480, Jacksonville, Or 97530-0480.



Josh Bratt, Jacksonville: BS degree in Economics, University of Utah.

After living in Salt Lake City and San Francisco, Josh moved here in 1981. He has managed a 160-acre forest farm in the Applegate and is now a financial consultant doing work related to fundraising, and budget and organizational development for non-profit organizations, individuals and small businesses. Josh is a member of the Oregon Environmental Council Board of Directors (1983-present) and the Jackson County Economic Development Advisory Committee. He formerly was a volunteer firefighter with Jackson County Fire District #9 and served as Southern Oregon's delegate to the 1986 Farmer/Rancher Congress in St. Louis.

Josh is interested in sustaining the economic viability of the Historical Society and developing programs related to Native American culture in Southern Oregon.



George F. Christensen, Jacksonville: BS Degree in Agricultural Engineering, Oregon State University; MS in Operations Research, University of Southern California.

George was born in Medford and has lifelong roots in Jackson County having lived in Gold Hill and Jacksonville over the years. Following a 26-year career in the U.S. Army, George retired in 1981 (as Colonel) having served as major systems development project manager and member of the Board of Directors of the Association of Unmanned Vehicles. George is currently a member of the Jackson County Parks and Recreation Citizens Advisory Board, Chairman of the Jackson County Bicycle Committee and past secretary and current President of the Jacksonville Lions Club

As a member on the Board of Trustees I would strive to insure that the Historical Society serves all the people of Southern Oregon.



Mary E. Foster, Medford: BS degree, Education-History and Political Science, Northern Arizona University, graduate work at Arizona State University.

A former teacher in Phoenix, Arizona, Mary now is marketing/public relations director for Mountain Title Co., Medford. Mary is a descendant of the Phipps Family (Medford, 1862). She was named to the Medford Chamber of Commerce Leadership Class, 1985. As a member of the Medford Centennial Board of Directors, Mary served as chairman of the Historic Committee and of Medford's Birthday Celebration and Gazebo Recognition Day. She participated in the development of the slide program on Medford history, to be used in Valley grade schools. Mary is a member of the Medford Historic Commission, Gold Diggers Guild (Secretary), Junior Service League of Jackson County, Soroptimists International, Providence Hospital Community Board, Medford Storytelling Guild Board, and Board of Directors of the Girls' Community Club. She is a volunteer for the Southern Oregon Historical Society Speaker's Bureau for local history topics, and a volunteer and part-time teacher at Grace Christian School.

A specific interest would be to research and develop educational programs and public activities that would cultivate an awareness of our rich and varied past here in Jackson County.

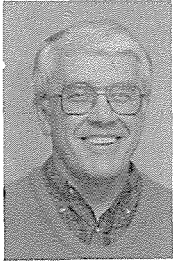


Dan Hull, Jacksonville:

A resident of Jackson County since 1928, and of Jacksonville since 1973, Dan retires this spring as Assistant Secretary of Southern Oregon Sales, Inc., Medford. Among other activities, he is a former member of the Southern Oregon Historical Society Board of Trustees, a past president of the Medford/Jackson County Chamber of Commerce and past chairman of the Jacksonville Planning Commission.

The study and preservation of our history plays an important part in the planning of our future.

Donald McLaughlin, Medford:



[BS Degree in Engineering, Stanford University.

A member of the Southern Oregon Historical Society Board of Trustees since 1985, Don has served as its President for the past year and is a candidate for re-election to the Board. Don moved to the Rogue Valley in 1944, graduated from Medford High School in 1954 and has lived here ever since except for time in college and a tour in the Army. Since 1961 Don has been President of Western Mechanical, Inc., a plumbing and heating contracting business. He was a member of the County Budget Committee for seven years in the 1970s and served as its chairman for five years. He was past president of the State Contractor's Association and had a 4-H Sheep Club for 13 years. He is currently a member of Rotary.

Don's position on the direction he hopes to see the Society take is *"a common sense view of the future."*



Thomas Parks, Jacksonville. BS degree Stanford University; MS degree University of Illinois; JD degree, Duke University.

A resident of Jacksonville since 1977, Tom served on the Jacksonville City Council for two years and as Mayor of Jacksonville for two years. He has lived in Phoenix, Arizona, Pasadena, California, and Aro-Ndizougu, Nigeria, and has worked as a teacher, computer programmer, and forklift driver. He has served as president of the Community Board - Cascade Community Hospital and has done volunteer work with the Britt Music Festivals.

History should be entertaining and help us to understand where we are going.



Isabel Sickels, Medford: BS degree, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.

Isabel is presently a member of the Southern Oregon Historical Society Board of Trustees and is a candidate for re-election. She served as Jackson County Commissioner (1975-1979), and is a former member of the State Board of Forestry and the advisory committee to the Oregon delegation to the Regional Power Council. She was chairman of Medford's Ad Hoc Study Committee for the Formation of an Urban Renewal Agency and served as chairman of the Bear Creek Greenway Committee and the Bear Creek Greenway Foundation. She is a former officer of the County Parks and Recreation Committee and Oregon State Parks; and former member of the Library Foundation and the Citizens Advisory Committee to School District 549C. Isabel is a former member of the Southern Oregon Historical Society Board of Trustees. She is currently a member of the League of Women Voters, Rogue Valley Audubon Society, Rogue Valley Sierra Club, and remains active in the Southern Oregon Tennis Club.

The Historical Society's future should realize accreditation by the American Association of Museums; better facilities for consolidated administration, library and collections, and a comprehensive long-range plan to serve the needs of all of Jackson County.



Kathryn Stancliffe, Phoenix: BS in Education plus two years, Southern Oregon State College; major interest - history and geography.

Kathryn is a current member of the Southern Oregon Historical Society Board of Trustees and is a candidate for re-election to the Board. She served for 39 years as an educator in Jackson County and as mayor of Phoenix for two years (1952-1954). Kathryn is a past president of the Epsilon Chapter, Delta Kappa Gamma Honorary Teacher Society, College Women's Club and SOSOC Alumni Association. She was chairman of the Bicentennial Committee for Phoenix. She is a former trustee and presently elder of the Phoenix Presbyterian Church (member for 60 years), and a 53-year member of the Phoenix Grange. She is a member of the Jackson County Republican Women and a charter member of the Rogue Valley Knife and Fork Club.

*I believe my experience on the Board
and my sincere interest in the Society
will allow me to continue to be a
valuable trustee.*

FOLLOW-UP ON THE STORY OF FATHER BLANCHET

St. Joseph's Catholic Church was the first church in Jacksonville, but even before it was built, Reverend James Croke, a missionary of the Archdiocese of Oregon City and pastor in Portland, visited Jacksonville in 1853 and celebrated the first mass in the home of Charles Casey. At that time he received as a gift the property which was eventually used for the church and the rectory.

A letter written by Fr. Croke to Archbishop Francois Norbert Blanchet in 1855 will prove of interest to church historians.

"A permanent missionary post with at least two priests should be established at some central position from which all counties could be conveniently and regularly visited. The Catholics here are so few and in general so lukewarm that it requires time for a priest to hunt them out, and even then it is not in one day that he can inspire them with the proper dispositions.

"Next spring, if the mining be successful this winter, there would be a fair chance of making a good collection toward building a little church, which will answer not only for that town but for all the mining districts for sixty or seventy miles around. If you have made no better arrangements, I may spend a few weeks in Jacksonville as I pass through and superintend the erection of the church as far as the funds will go. Charley Casey is

down here and won't return for a few months. He says the lumber is on the ground, and if it is not worked up very soon it will either spoil by exposure or be taken off. The timbers have already been gotten out according to the plan, and it would be impossible now to alter them except by getting new ones. The sills and plating are intended for a church of 22 feet wide by 35 feet long. From what I can learn there is no cash on hand, but some of the principal inhabitants have promised to assist.

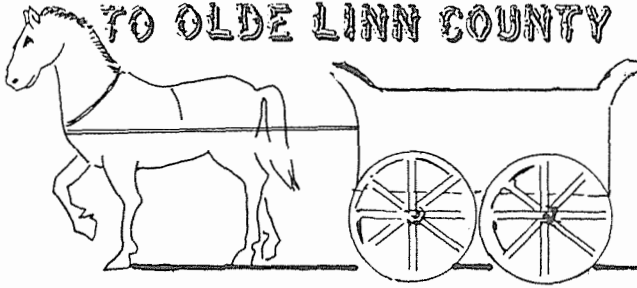
"On coming here from Yreka, I was surprised to find so little done on the church in my absence. The carpenters give for excuse that they had not the necessary lumber for the window frames, which must be thoroughly seasoned. They have planed all the siding and flooring, and have all the lumber required now and will go ahead as quickly as necessary with the work. I am sure you see the necessity of sending a priest to this district as soon as possible. If possible he should speak English perfectly and preach well."

St Joseph's was completed and dedicated November 1, 1858. It was in use until about 1940 when wartime demands made it difficult to maintain an adequate clergy. It was eventually reopened in 1956.

COMING UP IN BROWNSVILLE

Oregon's Third Oldest Continuing Settlement

CARRIAGE ME BACK TO OLDE LINN COUNTY



A wagon ride into the past, including re-enactments of domestic life, fashion and personalities of early Linn County, staged in the historic town and Moyer House residence.

Saturday, March 21, 1987

Saturday, April 18, 1987

Saturday, May 16, 1987

Adults \$5

Children under 11, \$3

HISTORIC PRESERVATION AWARDS

The SOHS Historic Advisory Committee is seeking nominations from all SOHS members of worth preservation projects completed in 1986. Each year the Committee recognizes excellence in the restoration of a specific structure or district, an educational event or project that promotes the understanding of preservation, or an individual or organization who has worked to promote preservation issues. Nominations are open to all areas of Jackson County.

Do you know of a worthy recipient? Please fill in the nomination form and return to the SOHS offices by April 10, 1987.

Award winners will be named during Preservation Week (May 12-16).

PRESERVATION WEEK AWARD NOMINATION FORM

PROJECT, INDIVIDUAL
OR ORGANIZATION: _____

ADDRESS OR EVENT: _____

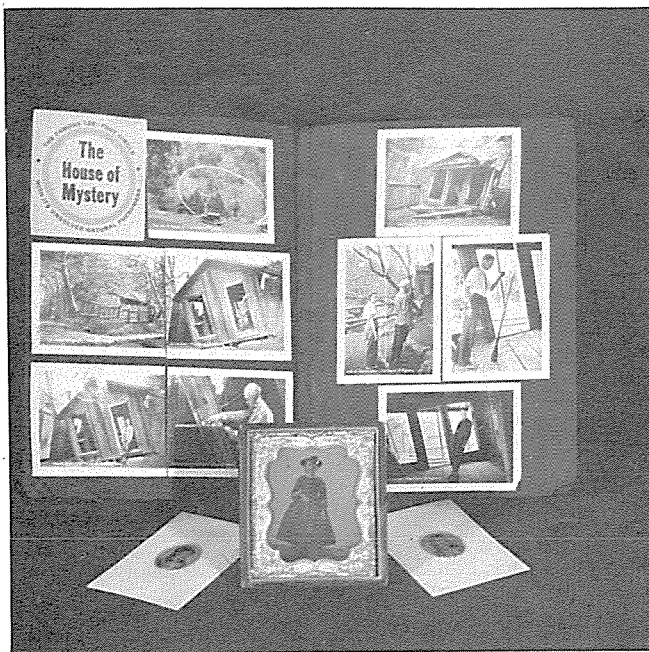
YOUR NAME/PHONE NUMBER (if we need add'l info): _____

PLEASE INCLUDE A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF WHY THIS PROJECT IS DESERVING:

Please return to SOHS: Attn Historic Advisory Committee
206 N. Fifth Street PO Box 480
Jacksonville, Oregon 97530

ALL NOMINATIONS MUST BE RECEIVED BY APRIL 10, 1987

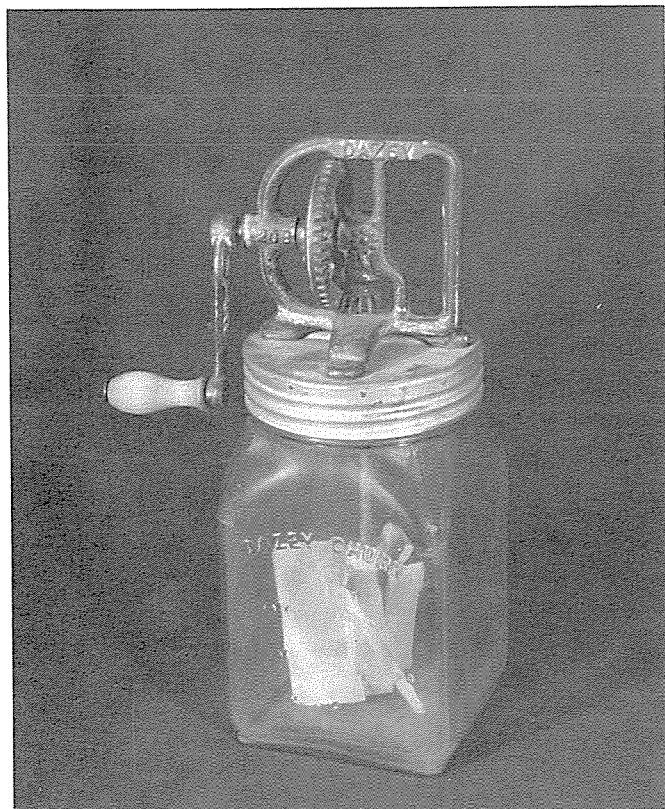
New Accessions



Left: Roy Bailey, Collections Department staff member, donated these photographs to the Society's Research Library. The photographs in the album are a collection of some curious phenomena occurring in the "famous 125-foot circle" at the House of Mystery in Gold Hill. Pasted to the album leaf and dating from the late 1930s, are pictures of the famous (and slightly unsettling) gravitational events.

In the foreground are one tintype and two *cartes des visite* portraying Sarah Ann Hathaway Barneburg (ca. late 1860s/early 1870s.)

Photographs by Natalie Brown/Jean Hagen



Ruth Givan Kneass donated the butter churn. It is a pre-WWII Dazey brand churn and was used on the Givan ranch which is near Eagle Point. Ruth Kneass is the granddaughter of Nick Young, Sr. who came to Jacksonville in 1852 and operated one of the first trading posts in Jackson County near Little Butte Creek and Eagle Point.

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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