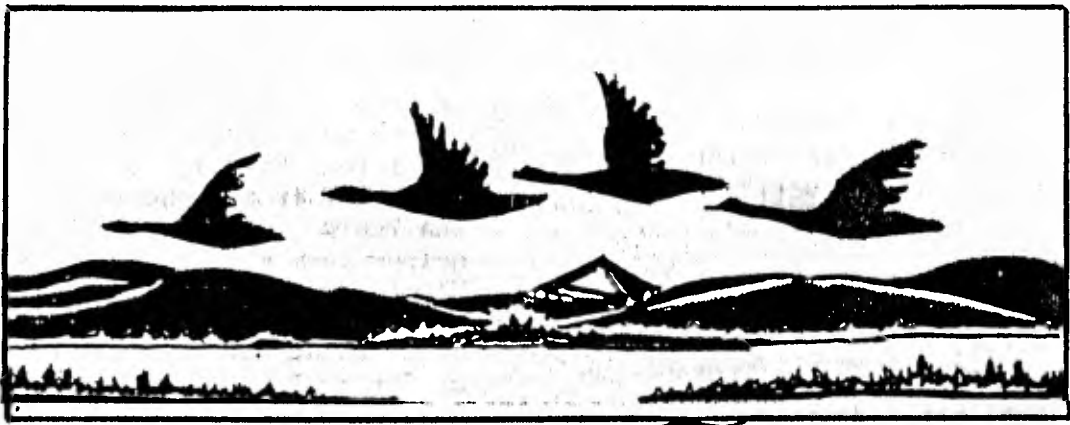


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KLAMATH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

*Trumpeter*

A BRIEF RECALL

Many stories have been recorded about the experiences of the settling of the Malin area by the Czech families of 1909. Following is a brief review taken from various issues of the Herald and News collected by Janis Kafton.

Sixty-six hardy pioneers made the first commitment to change the sand and sage to cultivated fields and to endure the hard living of cramped shacks or tents, carrying ever drop of water--sometimes long distances, working with the most basic of tools and equipment, making do with a minimum of everything; clothes, bedding, utensils, tools, animals and food. Their abundance was in courage, faith, determination, ambition and love. Love of God, family, friends, country and the soil.

In 1909 the Joe Lahoda family came from Omaha, Nebraska, boarding a train at Lincoln, traveling via Wyoming, Montana, (change trains), northern Idaho to Tacoma, Washington, changing to Southern Pacific, through Portland, Eugene, Medford to Weed, California, change to a newly finished branch of the Southern Pacific line to Klamath Falls. They were then taken by team and hack (a light four-wheel rig) to Malin area via Merrill, where they could spend the night before proceeding to their undeveloped property.

For all the families but one, it was a stark (if not unnerving) view of their new home...late in the year, no buildings with the ground covered with sage and sometimes water. Not all of the land had been gained at this time.

The Frank Zumpfe's land had a house on it and they shared their shelter with many of their neighbors until their cabins were built from lumber hauled from Merrill by team and wagon. Although the area had few fences, there were seventeen gates to be opened and closed on this slow, cold trip.

Junipers for posts, wood and other uses were cut and hauled from nearby hills. The tall sage was removed from the prospective fields by pulling a large log behind a team of horses to break up the soil and then it was grubbed out by hand. That left the loose soil to the mercy of the wind and many crops were blown out of the ground by drying spring winds. The same winds dried out the boards of the houses and carried the fine soil into the houses through the cracks. Snow also blew in this same way.

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THE PETRIK MARKER DEDICATION

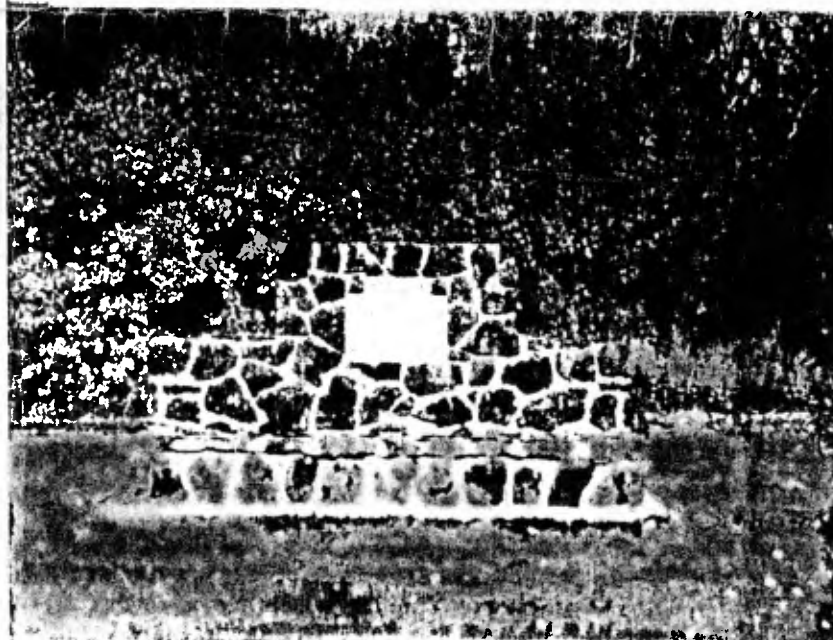
It was a beautiful autumn day, October 11, 1986, in Malin Community Park for the dedication of the memorial marker to honor the three members of the Czeck Colonization Committee, Frank Zumpfe, Vaclav Vostricil and J.A. Svoboda. These scouts had traveled many hard miles through Colorado, Idaho, California, Texas, Mexico and Oregon before deciding the area around Malin was best suited for their colony.

The marker was constructed by Emil Tofell, a descendant of one of the scouts, from basalt rock covered with lichen. The plaque is centered in the upper section. A beautiful piece of work and a fitting memorial.

Presentations were made by Paul Fitzhugh, president of the Historical Society, Joe Victorin, president of the Z.C.B.J. Lodge and Joe Zumpfe.

A nice crowd was present as friends and descendants of the scouts came from various places. Many pictures were taken of Vlasta Zumpfe Petrik and her brother Joe and those gathered around the memorial marker. There was an excellent representation from the Historical Society.

It was a happy occasion and a culmination of a long time dream for all the descendants of the scouts and especially for all the descendants of Frank and Marie Zumpfe. Among those present were: Vlasta Zumpfe Petrik, Joe Zumpfe, Bob Petrik, Kyle Petrik, Bob Gasser, Triska Gasser, Bill Gasser, Jane Gasser Palmer, Margret Petrik Loper, Lisa Palmer, Backy Moudry, Amie Moudry, Emily Gasser, Berniece Micka Swiegert, Helen Zumpfe Meyer, Marie Zumpfe Drewelon, Paul Lahoda, Mildred Petrik Wilson, Linda Gasser Moudry, Tye Hegge, Susan Gasser Hegge, Ryan Hegge, Glen Wilson, Nickie Palmer, Edwin Meyer, Norma Meyer and Joe Lahoda.



## TALES BY DIBBON COOK

(Written-up from a tape made at the time of the Yanix Marker Dedication--23 Oct. 1986)

"I lived at Yanix for about eight years with my Aunt and Uncle, from about 1909 to 1917. At Yanix besides being a Subagency they had a Doctor, a Nurse, Police, a Field Matron and a Teacher. The businesses included a General Store owned by Wolford and Wann. They carried everything including coffins. There was a Pool Hall operated by Sim Riddle".

"The roads in and out of Yanix were all mud holes. It took all day to get to Klamath Agency or to Klamath Falls".

"About this time the Modocs who were sent back to Oklahoma in stock cars were returning to the Klamath Indian Reservation. And of course Winema or Toby Riddle was not among them as she was already at Yanix. I remember many of the old timers and I'm telling you, we the younger ones, had a great respect for them for we knew they could be a Witch Doctor or be someone among them who could put the 'Jinx' on you. We were told by our elders to be courteous and respectful".

"I remember one time the Subagent here, Mr. Huddle, I think his name was, cranked up his old jalopy, that's what they called a model T Ford, and took off for Klamath Falls, just he and his wife. He left Klamath Falls and was on his way to Klamath Agency and while on his way he saw a fellow along side of the road, a friend of his. So he pulled off the road and stopped to talk. After they got through talking the friend ask him, "Well, how is the Mrs.?" "Oh, by Gee!" he says. He cranked up his Ford and headed back to Klamath Falls. Another time a superintendant here in the late years, a Mr. Deel, came to the Klamath Reservation just about the time they were getting ready for termination and he was driving too and he had stopped down here at Modoc Point and saw a little boy along the road. He asked the boy, "Where is Klamath Agency?" The boy said, "Well, I don't know!" So Mr. Deel said, "Well, you don't know very much do you?" The boy said, "Well, I know I'm not lost!"

"Well, I sure appreciate the privilege of seeing something here, posted along the road in reference to Yanix as many days that I was there. 'Cause when you're a kid growing up between 9, 10, 11 years old, that was during the time World War I started. It started in 1914 and I was at Yanix at the time".

"I went to school and after 4 years being in the 4th grade, and that was as far as the grades went at that time, I attended another 4 years in the 4th grade. I thought that was all there was to education. I went to Klamath Agency Boarding School. Entered the 4th grade there. About a week later they kicked me out into the 5th grade. I didn't know there was any such grade. Anyhow, I was down there about a month and signed up and went to Riverside, California, at Sherman Institute. Down there they ask me what grade and I said the 4th grade. There were 104 students in that one class so they finally kicked me out of that into the 5th. It wasn't long until I was in the 6th grade. I got into an argument with the school teacher over

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a problem. I proved I was right so she kicked me out of there. She said I was too smart for that class. So in 1923 I finished there. That was the year they were moving the Yanix Store down to Sprague River. I helped them with the building, Wolford and Wann. We got it down to about Barkley Hill, we call it now. I don't know what they called it then. We got down that far and that's as far as I went. I had to go back to Sherman. But at that time they were asking all the students, the agent was Mr. Huddle again. He informed me that I would have to go to Chemaewa because I lived in Oregon. I told him I wasn't going to Chemaewa. "Well", he said, "that's the order, you'll have to go to Chemaewa". But I said, "No, I'm not! I've got one more year at Riverside and that's where I'm going!" "Well", he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. There's a bunch of young people going to Chemaewa and I'll tell you to escort them as far as Weed". The railroad only went to Klamath Falls at the time. So I said alright. He said, "You can miss the train down there at Weed and go to Los Angeles then". So I did. I went to Sherman. The night I arrived at Sherman they were having an election of officers in my class. I arrived at Sherman at night so I made arrangements for a room and everything. The next morning I went to report to the Principal and while I was in his office the teacher for the senior grade came in. I didn't know her. She was a new teacher. The Principal introduced her to me and she said, "Well, now this is a funny situation! Here last night we had elections of officers and you were elected president without even being here!"

So that's it!"

The name Yanix was changed by the government to Yainax on August 29, 1872 when Ivan D. Applegate was appointed postmaster of Yainix. (pg. 11 Klamath Echos)

---Mae Smith---



WANTED

Klamath Echoes -- Vol. 12 Ph. 882-3810

Klamath Echoes -- Vol. 12 and also a Recipe for a Sourdough "Herman" Ph. 884-6363







