To A Pioneer

Tell about the olden times,
Tell of the long ago,
Tell about old timers—tell me
All you know.

Tell how in the early days,
When winter fenced them in,
And there was scarcely a sign to show
Where a road had been.

Beneath the pelt of snow and ice
That covered the expanse,
The settlers gathered themselves together
And had a dance.

They packed lunches of salt-rising bread
Buttered with bacon fat,
Warmed the wagons with heated stones
Where the children sat,

And drove to the halfway house at Merganser
To dance the night away—
Nor man nor horse could find the road home
Till break of day.

Tell how your mother always took
Her melodeon along,
And lilted the dance like a violin,
True and strong—

Lilted tunes that were the sweetest
You had ever heard,
Lilted in a voice as tireless
As that of a bird.

Lilted while she seconded
On the organ and pumped with her feet:
One-woman orchestra, she kept
The dance at white heat.

And sometimes she would lilt a tune
You had heard the wind whistle,
A tune that purified the soul
Like an epistle.

What though she couldn’t read a note,
Her prescient fingers knew
To find the chords as naturally
As sunshine finds dew.

Tell how they polked and cotillioned,
Schottisched and quadrilled,
And how the tallow candles smelled,
And how they spilled,

How mothers sat beside the fire
And nursed their little ones,
And how, for fear of Indians,
Men brought their guns.

And tell how all the children slept
In pallets on the floor,
And the dancers waltzed to Home Sweet Home
At half past four.

Tell about the olden times—
Tell me all you know,
Fan the banked embers of the past
Till they glow.

—MARY BOYD WAGNER*

(*Sister of Nell Hancock and niece of Mrs. George Nurse)
Dedication

We respectfully dedicate this, the first issue of Klamath Echoes to the writers, photographers and builders, both past and present, who have knowingly or unknowingly contributed to its contents. Most of these contributors have either been forgotten or were never properly recognized. This publication will attempt in part, to rectify that oversight.
Main Street of Klamath Falls in Spring of 1906. Beginning of construction of "Linkville Trolley" tracks. Baldwin Hotel also under construction. Maude Baldwin photo from 2nd floor porch of Lakeside Inn.

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Early Klamath County Abstract Company office and proprietor Allen Sloan, sitting.

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In front of the deserted old Brick Store and Baldwin and Reames Store—1913-15.

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A Model-T Ford (1913 license) loaded with cream cans. Identities unknown.

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KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
The Klamath Country is so rich in historical background that it will take many volumes such as this to adequately record the complete scene. Therefore the Klamath County Historical Society intends to publish an annual each year for the purpose of preserving the many facts concerning the heritage of the Klamath Country. It will be noted, we speak of the history of the "Klamath Country" rather than "Klamath County" since our history is closely interwoven with many communities outside our county boundaries. It is planned that each issue of Klamath Echoes will, in the future, be dedicated to a single subject so far as possible, such issues to preserve the most complete history available on the following subjects and many more: stock industry, farming and irrigation, schools, freighting and staging, boating, lumbering and the various communities separately where possible.

If anyone feels that any person or section of the Klamath Country has been neglected, it is because of lack of material, time and space. Talk and tall tales are not of much value unless someone records them. Offerings are solicited and all will be filed for future issues. Each year with the passing of our Klamath pioneers some bit of our history passes also. Let us record their reminiscences and recollections in words or pictures by passing this valuable knowledge on to us.

It is felt that mention of two men cannot be left out of this issue although it is planned to give their biographies and accomplishments in future Klamath Echoes. They are Martin Frair and George Nurse.

The only recognition of George Nurse's actual twenty-one years residence within the boundaries of present day Klamath County, or preservation of his name, is a small bronze plate on the Southeast approach to the present Link River Bridge, with the following inscription:

The First Buildings of LINKVILLE
Founded in 1867 by
George Nurse
Stood Near This Place.
Marker Erected By
Eulalona Chapter D. A. R.
1932

Predating the founding of Linkville by Nurse in 1867, was the arrival of Mart Frair, fur-trader, who established his enterprise at a spot approximately at the base of the ledge just beyond or east of the location of the Nurse store. This event was commemorated during the fall of 1963 by the following marker:

"Martin R. Frair, born December 17, 1832 in New York, came west in 1850, arrived in Oregon Territory April 30, 1857, crossed Link river and camped under a ledge nearby. Established the first trading post at the present area of Payne Alley and Main Streets. He died March 21, 1927 in Klamath County." Marker placed by the Klamath Chapter, Daughters of the American Colonists.

All manuscripts have been and will be published exactly as written, which includes spelling, punctuation, capitalization and wording. As in this issue, the reminiscences and opinions of the old timers are their own and may differ in some details, but will be printed as they remembered and recorded them. Each recollection may be correct, since conditions vary from time to time.

Identification of pictures printed will be appreciated.
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## THE COVER

The cover was drawn by Stephanie Bonotto Hakanson, graduate of Klamath Union High School in 1959. The scene depicted is from the first known photo of Linkville (Klamath Falls), taken by Peter Britt, supposedly in 1874. Shown are the original George Nurse industries: store, left; hotel, right; and pole bridge across Link River.

*Klamath Echoes* will be published annually by the Klamath County Historical Society. Price $__. Address all communications to *Klamath Echoes*, c/o Annabelle Newton, 423 Plum Ave., Klamath Falls Oregon 97601.

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The Oregon Country was claimed for the United States by right of:
- Discovery in 1792. (Robert Gray in the Columbia.)
- Exploration in 1805. (Lewis & Clark.)
- Settlement in 1811. (Astoria.)

(For reference to the following described boundaries, see Map No. 1.)

The western boundary of the Oregon country from the beginning was the Pacific Ocean.

The eastern boundary, between the forty-second and forty-ninth parallels, was established as the summit of the Rocky Mountains, with the acquirement of the Louisiana Purchase from France in 1803.

After the War of 1812, a treaty in 1818, established the forty-ninth parallel from Lake of the Woods westward to the summit of the Rocky Mountains as the boundary between the United States and Great Britain. Disagreeing over the remainder of the boundary to the Pacific Ocean, a ten-year joint occupancy of the Oregon country was decided upon. This was later extended indefinitely, in fact until 1846.

The Florida Treaty with Spain in 1819 established the forty-second parallel as the northern limit of Spanish possessions, and the southern boundary of the Oregon country, between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

In treaties made in 1824 and 1825 with the United States and Great Britain respectively, Russia gave up all claim to the area south of 54° 40'.

May 2, 1843. A Provisional Government was established by vote at Champoeg on the Willamette River.

July 5, 1843. The Oregon country was divided into four Districts: Tualiny (Washington), Clackamas, Yamhill and Champoeg (Marion).

The Champoeg (Marion) District, as originally created was described as: "Fourth district, to be called the Champoick District, and bounded on the north by a supposed line drawn from the mouth of the Anchiyoke (Pudding) River, running due east to the Rocky Mountains, west by the Willamete, or Multnomah River, and a supposed line running due south from said river (Coast Fork) to the parallel of 42°, north latitude; south by the boundary line of the United States and California, and east by the summit of the Rocky Mountains. ("Oregon Archives," page 26.)

All of present day Klamath County lay in the Champoeg (Marion) District.

December 22, 1845. The name "District" was changed to "County."
1846. A treaty with Great Britain established the forty-ninth parallel as the northern boundary of the United States.

December 28, 1847. Linn County created. (See Map No. 2.)

The Act creating Linn County was entitled: ("An Act Defining the Southern Boundary of Champoeg County, and to establish Linn County.") It provided: "That the southern boundary of Champoeg county be located in the following manner: Commencing in the middle of the channel of the Willamette river, opposite the mouth of the Santiam river, thence up said river to the north fork; thence up said fork to the Cascade mountains; thence due east to the summit of the Rocky mountains," and "That all that portion of Oregon Territory lying south of Champoeg and east of Benton county be and the same is hereby called Linn county." (General and Special Laws of 1843-49, page 55.)

All of present day Klamath County now lay in Linn County.

August 14, 1848. The Territory of Oregon was established by an Act of Congress.

January 28, 1851. Lane County created. (See Map No. 3.)

By an Act of the Territorial Legislature, passed January 4, 1851, a new southern line of Linn County was established. The description of this line in Section I of said Act is as follows: "The south line of Linn County shall commence as follows: Commencing at the west point, lying south of William Vaughn’s claim, and running a westerly course to a point of the Wallamet River, at a distance of eight miles below Jacob Spoor’s (Spore’s), thence at the place of beginning, due east to the Rocky Mountains." (Local Laws of 1850-1, page 33.)

Lane County comprised "all that portion of Oregon Territory lying south of Linn County and south of so much of Benton County as is east of Umpqua County." (Local Laws of 1850-1, page 32.)

Eugene City "chosen for the county seat by a vote of the people in 1855." (Bancroft’s History of Oregon, Vol. II, page 715.)

All of present day Klamath County now lay in Lane County.

January 7, 1852. Douglas County created. (See Map No. 4.)

The Act of the Territorial Legislature described its boundaries as follows: "Commencing at the mouth of Calapooyah creek; thence following said creek up its main fork to its source; thence due east to the summit of the Cascade range of mountains; thence running due south to the summit of the dividing ridge separating the waters of the Rogue river, from the waters of the Umpqua; thence westerly along the summit of said ridge to the summit of the Coast range of mountains separating the Coquille and Cones (Coes) rivers from the Umpqua; thence northerly along the summit of said Coast range, to a point where the south line of Umpqua county crosses said range; thence due east along the south line of Umpqua county to the point of beginning." (Local Laws of 1851-2, page 18.)

A small segment of present day Klamath County (approximately one-third the area of the water surface of Crater Lake and a few miles north of it) now lay in Douglas County and thus continued for some time.

October 16, 1862, Douglas and a portion of Umpqua Counties were united; the latter ceased to exist, while the former became approximately the county as we now know it. The small segment of Klamath County then lay in a county (Douglas) which reached the Pacific Ocean.
The actual "extremity of Rogue river valley," and "due south to the boundary line" description is very vague as to location, and must have been more so in 1852, since no Government surveys had been made in the vicinity at that time. The most eastern "extremity of the Rogue river valley" drainage area is present day Llao Rock on Crater Lake's northwestern rim. A line "due south" from this point would lie approximately 1 1/4 miles west of the Pelican Guard Station on the Lake of the Woods road, and approximately the Mule Hill turn-off on the Green Springs Highway. Considering the supposed and known boundaries along the Cascades, there seems to be one segment at least, of present day Klamath County (the eastern slope of Mount Pitt), that was in Jackson county from the beginning.

Jacksonville was "established as the county seat, January 8, 1853." (Bancroft's History of Oregon, Vol. II, page 712.)

Present day Klamath now lay in three counties, Lane, and two small areas in Douglas and Jackson counties.

January 11, 1854. Wasco County created. (See Map No. 6.)

Boundaries: "Commencing at the Cascades of the Columbia river, thence running up said river to the point where the southern shore of said river is intersected by the southern boundary of Washington territory (forty-sixth parallel), thence east along said boundary to the eastern boun-

---

Roseburg "was made the county seat in 1855." (Bancroft's History of Oregon, Vol. II, page 711.)

January 12, 1852. Jackson County created. (See Map No. 5.)

Boundaries: "Beginning at the southwest corner of Umpqua county; thence running due east to the northwest corner of Douglas; thence southerly along the western boundary line of Douglas county to the southwest corner of said Douglas county; thence east along the southerly boundary of Douglas to the southeast corner thereof; thence northeast to the eastern extremity of Rogue river valley; thence due south to the boundary line between Oregon and California; thence due west along said boundary line to the Pacific Coast; thence north along the coast to the point of beginning. (Local Laws of 1851-2, page 19.)"
boundary of Oregon territory (Summit of Rocky Mountains), thence southerly along the eastern boundary of said territory to the southern boundary of the same (forty-second parallel), thence west along said southern boundary to the Cascade mountains, thence northerly along said range of mountains to the place of beginning." (Special Laws of 1853-4, page 26.)

The eastern boundary of Jackson now becomes the western boundary (Summit of the Cascades) of Wasco county and present day Klamath then included Wasco, Jackson and Douglas counties.

"From the Commissioners Journal of April 2, 1855: 'Located county seat at The Dalles.' " (History of Central Oregon, page 131.)

The eastern boundary line of Jackson County was now clarified, with one small exception. South from the Dead Indian Road and Baldy Mountain, which of three summits was considered that of the Cascades, Green Springs, Parker or Hayden Mountains? All streams in this area drain to the south, into the Klamath River, but the Oregon Skyline Trail seems to have chosen the Parker Mountain summit to follow.

February 14, 1859. Oregon became a State. (See Map No. 7.)

Wasco County lost better than half its area but its northern, western and southern boundaries remained the same as before, as did the area of present day Klamath County.

Fall of 1863. Fort Klamath established by Troop C, First Oregon Cavalry, under command of Captain William Kelly.

October 14, 1864. Treaty signed with the Klamath, Modoc and Snake Indians, establishing the Klamath Indian Reservation.

December 18, 1865. The Lake region of Southern Oregon was attached to Jackson County. (See Map No. 8.)

Boundaries: "Beginning at the South East corner of Douglas County, thence running due East to the one hundred and twenty (120) Meridian of West Longitude, thence due South along the boundary between Grant and Wasco Counties to the forty-second (42) parallel of North Latitude, thence West along said forty-second (42) parallel, to the Southeast corner of Jackson County. Thence North along the East boundary of Jackson to the place of beginning and be and the same hereby is attached to Jackson County." (p. 29). (Photostat copy of original Act, owned by Francis Landrum.)

Present day Klamath County now lay in three counties, Jackson, Wasco and the tiny segment in Douglas.

October 24, 1874. Lake County created. (See Map No. 9.) Linkville named the County Seat.

Boundaries: "Beginning on the forty-second parallel of north latitude at a point where said parallel is intersected by the east boundary line of Township No. 23, east of the Willamette Meridian; thence due north on said Township line to the south boundary line of Township No. 22, south of the Oregon base line;
thence due west on said Township line to the East boundary line of Lane county; thence southerly along said boundary line and the east boundary line of Douglas county to the southeast corner of said Douglas county; thence to, and south, on the east boundary of Township No. 4, east of Willamette Meridian to said forty-second parallel of North Latitude; thence due east along said parallel to the place of beginning.” (General Laws of 1874, page 38.)

January 7, 1876. Lakeview became the County Seat by election.

Present day Klamath County now lay entirely in Lake County except for the tiny segment remaining in Douglas County.

October 17, 1882. Klamath County created. (See Map No. 10.) Linkville became the County Seat.

Boundaries: “Beginning on the south boundary line of the State of Oregon at its intersection with the line between Range No. 15 and 16 east; thence due north to the south line of Township No. 32 south; thence due west to the line between Ranges No. 11 and 12 east; thence due north to the south line of Township No. 22 south, being the south boundary of Wasco county; thence due west to the summit of the Cascade mountains; thence southerly along said summit to its intersection with the line between ranges No. 4 and 5 east; thence due south on said range line to the south boundary line of the State of Oregon, and thence east along said boundary line to the place of beginning.” (Special Laws of 1882, page 107.)

April, 1892. The Linkville post office officially became Klamath Falls.

February 7, 1893. The incorporated town of Linkville officially became Klamath Falls.

May 22, 1902. Crater Lake National Park created by an Act of Congress. Shortly thereafter Klamath County assumed the boundaries as we now know them.

(In the preceding article all descriptions of boundaries have been given as written in “Oregon Counties” by Frederick V. Holman in the Oregon Historical Quarterly, March 1910, pp. 1-81. Also, the spelling in the photostat of the Act of 1865 was left intact. More changes in the boundaries of the several counties took place than have been given. Due to lack of space, and time for the necessary research, these changes also having little or no bearing on the general story, have not been given.—D.H.)

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING . . .

Klamath Republican—January 10, 1901.

Hon. R. A. Emmitt started from Keno for Ashland on his way to Salem yesterday. He was expecting to go as far on the road to Ashland as possible by team and then go on snow shoes. The Legislature meets on Monday next.
How Did We Get That Way?...

By JOHN C. CLEGHORN
B.Sc. Mining E., M.C.E.

How did the Klamath country get this way? The problem is to tell the story briefly; there is so much to tell about that of which we know so little. If what I say seems incredulous, anyone is welcome to dissent.

It is possible this story will whet the interest of many Klamath residents and stir them to take up a study of the geological background of the area. Believe me, if it does they will never run out of something to do.

Continents, through geological history, seem to have been subjected to periodic uplift, with cold climate and glaciation, then erosion and encroachment of the ocean until the land has been reduced to a plain with warm winds sweeping across; then a repetition. Age upon age these changes have recurred, and doubtless have had great affect upon life.

Geology is the study of the earth; historical geology seeks to write the history thereof or perhaps one should say read the record as written in the books. In writing this history, geologists have divided time into eras according to the dominant life at that time as evidenced by the fossil remains found in the rocks, from the lowest form of single cell to the largest and most complicated mammal or beautiful flower, as silt was piled upon silt and remains sank and became embalmed therein.

These eras have been separated by breaks in the record and jumps in evolution. During the high erosion periods few deposits were laid down on the continents and the record must be looked for elsewhere.

Another process which had a lot to do with our topography is the cycle of mountain building and wrecking. Shrinkage creates forces which cause great wrinkles in the earth's crust, usually parallel to the edge of the continents. Erosion on the ridges fills the troughs, sometimes to a thickness of several thousands of feet. Heat arises in this soft mass, and in the next shove the sea becomes the mountain and the former ridge the trough. Molten rock is forced up and volcanos, lava beds, minerals, agates and rock hounds result.

Oregon has two ancient domains the history of which reaches back to the earliest, even the dawn of life, the Pre-Cambrian, the bottom of the foundations. These are the Ashland and Baker areas, abounding in very old, folded and re-crystallized rocks and many interesting minerals.

Looking back for the sea anti-dating the Cascades, through the pages of Chamberlin and Saulsbury college geology, it was necessary to go back to the middle of the Mezozoic era, the Age of Reptiles, to the Jurassic period. From Alaska to the Andes a great sea trough extended.

At the close of that period a great chain of mountains was forced up and great intrusions of lava such as the Siskiyou Batholisk accounting for much of the gold production of the West, took place. During the Cretaceous, the closing period of the Mezozoic era, occurred a vast submergence, a wearing away of the continent and a planing off of the Cascades so that in the Eocene the sea rolled over Oregon to the Rockies with the exception of the two islands mentioned before. Deep deposits took place in Shasta and Tehama counties. Much of the western oil and coal come from deposits of this period. Where Klamath was when the riches were passed out is a problem. Most maps show we were high and dry. My guess is that volcanos have covered up the evidence, if not the swag. A lot could happen in ten million years. The national budget might be balanced.

The Mezozoic era was brought to a close by the periodic readjustment of the
forces. The Rocky Mountains were thrust up in a line extending a third around the world and the chilly weather got the best of most of the large reptiles which came to a climax during that era.

The Cenozoic era is divided by geologists into the Tertiary period and Quaternary period. The former was a complete geologic cycle and is thought to have been nine million years long; the latter is at least one million years old and probably older, and hardly begun. As compared to five billion years, the estimated age of the earth, it is not so long.

The Tertiary period seems to have treated Oregon in reverse order of climate to the usual. It was warm in the beginning. During the Eocene, Hodge says a great crack opened on the line of the Cascades from Alaska to Cape Horn and the elevation of that range cut off the moist winds from the eastern part of the state. Deposits of that time are found west of the range and dip towards the east under the Cascades. They may be found at the foot of Green Springs grade.

A little later deposits were made in the John Day valley from which many remains of early mammals have been taken. At that time Puget Sound, the Willamette and Sacramento valleys and Gulf of California were almost connected seas.

During the middle of the Tertiary vast lava outpourings covered 200,000 square miles from Yellowstone Park to California, giving Eastern Oregon its characteristic topography. Many forest trees were buried and petrified; much agate, tufa and thunder eggs formed by active hot waters.

Another extensive deposition, perhaps as a result of the impaired drainage, was that of the siliceous diatomaceous earth the familiar so-called chalk, laid down in lakes. Much of Klamath County was covered by this deposit interstratified with volcanic sediments.

The Cascades at this time were a broad arch of volcanic material upon the earlier sediments. The western Cascades were severely glaciated and eroded. In late Tertiary and even to the present the high Cascades have been erected upon the eastern base of the older range. Many volcanic cones, such as Crater Lake and the Sisters, characterize this belt, and have been built, torn down, and rebuilt perhaps many times. The present elevation probably took place at the close of the Tertiary and was accentuated even later.

During the Tertiary period, America was mostly above the ocean; marine deposits occurred only in the border seas. In the interior most deposits were in fresh water lakes. At the close of the period mountain building was active, rivers became swift and left few deposits.

As the period wore away through countless centuries, plant and animal life took on more modern forms. Grasses developed, big dry plains became the home of the horse, the camel; elephant forms roamed the Klamath lakes, and many other forms now found only on other continents were common. Mammals became the dominant form and started to decline. Where most of these animals went, why they went, what killed them on this continent is a field for your speculation. Many land bridges must have aided the migration. Some animals, as the seals and whales, rook to the ocean for a living.

Day before yesterday, geologically, estimated to have been from one million to three million years ago, the Quaternary began with much disturbance and mountain building. The Rockies, the Cascades and the Coast ranges were further elevated. Seemingly as a result of the uplifted land, the climate in the world was much affected. The Glacial age had profound effects upon life in America.

The Glacial age. There seemed to have been five main advances and retreats of the ice sheets, with long periods between when the climate warmed up and life advanced northward. There seem to have been two centers in Canada, one in Labrador and the other west of Hudson Bay. The conditions were somewhat as they are today in Greenland. It is strange, however, that both these locations were on low ground; the ice must have built up to ten thousand feet
thick and pushed over hill and dale as far south as southern Missouri and Nebraska. Another large field covered the Cascade range in Canada. The Quaternary is estimated to have been at least one million years, yet as a period it has hardly begun. The time since the last ice invasion has been estimated at from twenty to eighty thousand years with the ice in retreat yet.

There were extensive mountain glaciers on the Cascades and other mountains in the United States and Mexico, but the ice sheets from Canada did not reach much beyond the border in northern Montana and Washington. The Columbia River was shoved out of its bed and a vast flood of water poured over and cut the Grand Coulee and the dry falls where and of water poured over and cut the Grand.

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back across many fault lines from the Great Northern bridge to Keno. There it dodges back and forth, making end runs, as it were, around the ends of fault blocks out of the valley.

It has always been my thought, because Tule Lake is deeper at the south end, that the drainage of the Klamath Valley was out into Pitt River. When this outlet was filled with the lava beds it was thought that the valley filled with water until it broke over the lip at Keno and cut down its canyon. Kenneth McLeod is authority for the statement that there are gravel beds over a sort of spillway south of Tionesta. After a visit to the Keno outlet and a consideration of the valley, it seems to me more in keeping with the facts to say that as the mountains rose the Klamath River cut down, dodging around the ends.

Beyond Warner Valley and in Chewaukan Valley one may see mile after mile of old gravel beaches. I know of none in Klamath Valley. This would indicate to me that if the water ever came higher than now it must have hurriedly departed. This argument may not hold water.

I have always wondered if these mountains were thrown up suddenly. It would have been most unpleasant. Authorities seem to agree that the uplift, as do all uplifts with the exception of the New Deal, came very gradually over many thousands of years. Doubtless there were severe earthquakes at times. The newness of some of the fault scarps here suggest that the movement must have been recent and not so slow either.

Sprague River Valley and Yonna Valley seem to be due to erosion rather than faulting. Some of the oldest as well as some of the newest features of the country are the Miocene volcanos between Beauty and Bly, and the recent lava plateau north of Sprague River.

Vulcanism has continued almost to the present day. Mt. Mazama had its head blown off some ten thousand years ago. The prevailing winds are west winds. The pumice was scattered for fifty miles to the eastward, varying in depth from six feet near the mountain to nothing at the edge at Chiloquin, and decreasing in coarseness. East Lake and Paulina Lake occupy the crater of an old volcano now called Newberry crater. Pumice from this volcano is spread east and south of it.

Hot Springs. Perhaps our second most notable feature in Klamath is our hot springs. What caused them? Is there still hot lava rock under Hot Springs addition? There are hot springs at Olene and Langell Valley and Lower Lake. There are many lake warm springs and wells on Link River and many other places. The explanation seems to me to be found in faults. Ground water at the surface has a temperature of about 50 degrees, the mean annual temperature of the region. Ground temperature increases with depth, it is said, from one degree in fifty feet to one degree in one hundred feet. A well at Vale in Eastern Oregon has a temperature rise of 22 feet per degree. You can readily compute that water of 200 degrees has a superheat of 150 degrees and probably comes from 3,500 to 15,000 feet depth. The city water supply at 70 degrees may come up 2,000 feet after percolating downwards that far below the bed of the upper lake. We are fortunate in that our water is exceptionally soft, because deep waters are usually highly mineralized. The Tulelake city well water has some 1,200 parts of mineral, while the sump water has 750 parts, which is considered about the limit for irrigation water.

Shallow well water supplies here on the flats are apt to be alkaline, due to an arid climate failing to leach out the soluble salts of sodium and potassium.
Ashland, Oregon
May 3, 1873

Gen. Benjiman Alord. Dear Sir

I thought a few lines in regard to this Modock difficulty might be interesting. I was a member of the Oregon legislature of sixty-two, and succeeded in getting a joint resolution past asking the locating of Fort Klamath, for the protection of southern Oregon and northern California, and at the same time the emigrant road that led into the north states you were at the time in charge of the military district of Oregon. You conferred with me in regard to the proper place to locate the fort so as to accomplish the greatest good to the country — place would have located it rite in the stronghold of the Modock Indians. They had bin in the habit of raiding and murdering emigrants for years. It would have bin between those Indians and the lavy bed and nuly lake and if they had left the reservation they would hav had to come rite to the fort and the garison would hav bin between Steel and the Indians so bad white men could not tampered with them as they hav done without detection at once. These men commenced their tampering with those Indians soon after their treaty with the government but while I was in charge I managed athwart their schemes and keep the peace but after my removal they became more embolden un'less the nation sees had our policy been caried out all this calamity would have bin prevented but alas how small a leak may sink a ship if neglected when you was relieved from duty here it was looked upon as a calamity over the country by many for if you had remained the fort would have been located in the proper place and this would have settled the whole question how it was in regard to your leaving here whether it was by your own request I do not know but I do know that our arrangements was all defeated and the location of the fort fell into the hands of one colonel who located the fort some sixty or 70 miles north of the modocks where there was no road nor settlement to protect defeating the purpose of which the fort was designed but a convenient place for those who undertook the job of Building you see the treatie with modocks and klamarths was made in 64 and not ratified untill 68 I got but little assistance from the military to enforce anything consequently I had to depend upon the klamath Indians I organized them into a police force so that I could make arrests and enforce my authority through them and made arrests of Indians who were supplying the hostile snakes from the Direction of Yreka and turned them over to Fort Klamath where they were never tried for the crime I learned of their guilt through snake prisoners who was turned over to me by the klamarths I succeeded in their taking up arms against the hostile snake Indians under gen. Crook this state of things I laid the whole matter before... (The end. Remainder lost.)

Klamath Republican, June 13, 1901.

According to the law relating to fishing, we are told that a man can catch not over 140 head of trout per day. But he has no right to sell them, and if he does he is liable to be reached for by the long arm of the law.
Ever hear of Camp Day, Klamath County, Oregon?
Not many people, even local history buffs, are aware that this county has had an army post other than Fort Klamath, widely publicized Wood River valley cavalry post.
So, as a contribution to Army Day (1948) observance here, the Herald and News presents as its weekly historical feature a picture and some information about Camp Day, which occupied a site on trout-filled Spencer Creek for a few months in the summer and fall of 1860.
Camp Day antedated Fort Klamath, which was established in 1863 and abandoned in 1889. It probably was set up for the same reason—protection of travelers passing through what was then a remote and unsettled region known as the Klamath County.
Most of what we know about Camp Day comes from pictures and letters produced in 1860 by the camp's commanding officer, Lt. Lorenzo Lorain, U.S. Army. They have been presented to the Oregon Historical Society by S. H. Lorain of Albany, presumably a relative of the young lieutenant.
Lorain and a detachment of troops identified as Company L, 3rd Artillery, made a march from Fort Umpqua, near the coast of the Umpqua River, to the Klamath area, leaving Fort Umpqua on June 26, 1860.
The party moved through the Umpqua and Rogue valleys, turned eastward, crossed the mountains and came into the Klamath area, picking a site for the camp on Spencer Creek, about a half mile from the Klamath River. The creek was not named at that time, but Lorain's description in his letters pretty closely identified the spot, which is near the Green Springs highway about 22 miles west of Klamath Falls.
Lorain named the camp for Lt. Edward Henry Day, also of the 3rd Artillery, a native of Virginia and a graduate of West Point. Day died on January 2, 1860, apparently at Fort Umpqua, the year of the march to Klamath, and naming the camp
in honor of this friend no doubt appealed to the young commanding officer.

Fortunately, Lt. Lorain was a good letter writer and a cameraman. He set up a "dark house" for developing his plates, and took several pictures. The best general view of the camp is presented above.

On July 28, 1860, Lorain wrote a letter to his sister Mary who was way back in Pennsylvania. Regarding the march, he said:

"The distance from Fort Umpqua to our present camp, 250 miles. Our march was quite a pleasant one. After leaving Scortsburg, to which point we were transported by steamboat, our route lay through the valley of the Umpqua for a distance of 75 miles. . . . After leaving it we went through a gap in the Calapooya mountains, known as the by-canyon and struck the Rogue River valley, the course of which we followed for 82 miles.

"This valley is far more extensive than that of the Umpqua but as regards scenery I can't say that it has any advantage. At its southern extremity is Jacksonville, a pretty little town of about 500 or 600 inhabitants. Near this place is the famous gold region of southern Oregon. All kinds of mining are carried on in its vicinity and here it is that the gold-bearing quartz is said to be so abundant and so rich, yielding from 20 to 30 thousand dollars per ton. Yet, notwithstanding this reported abundance of the previous metal, I have never seen a place in which the people appeared more anxious to "make money" or seemed to have less. The more I see of mining for gold the less do I believe in its profitability. Occasionally a man may strike a rich lead and make a fortune in a very short time, but more leave the mines broken down in constitution and with lighter pockets than when they commenced than even comes from ordinary laborer's wages.

"After we left Rogue River we continued up the Yreka road about 20 miles and then struck across the Siskiyou Mountains to our present camp, a distance of about 50 miles, our route being through a wild, unsettled region and on an old emigrant trail. We were of necessity compelled to move very slowly. Otherwise the trip across the mountains was quite agreeable.

"We are now located about half a mile from the Klamath River and on a small stream that empties into it about one mile from the emigrant crossing. Our camp is situated on the edge of the timber bordering on a small prairie, but so secluded I have endeavored in vain to find a point from which to take a photographic view of it. I have my camera and chemicals with me and as soon as I can arrange a dark house shall endeavor to get some views. . . . We have plenty of grass and mosquitoes, trout are abundant in the creek and game of all kinds appears to be plentiful. The Indians are peaceably disposed, though owing to the absence of all their principal chiefs no formal talk has yet been entered into. Judging from the little we have seen of them, I think no difficulty need be apprehended from the Klamaths, the nearest Indians."

Another letter to "Dear Mary" followed on November 25, when the lieutenant had returned to Fort Umpqua. It dwelt largely on personal matters and a discussion of politics (Lorain was not very enthusiastic about Lincoln), and did not tell whether the mission of Camp Day was accomplished.

Presumably the Camp Day project was the forerunner of the establishment of a "permanent post" in the Klamath country, which came three years later at Fort Klamath. Camp Day, be it noted, was right on the emigrant trail (the old South Road), whereas Fort Klamath was 40 miles north of it. How that happened has been told in previous historical articles in this paper.

It was about seven years after Lt. Lorain was on Spencer Creek with his men that the first definite white settlement began at the crossing of Link River, which later became the site of Klamath Falls.
My father, George S. Miller, was born in Illinois, and came west sometime about '61 and located between Albany and Jefferson, Oregon. I was born January 5, 1868, the fourth child of a family of six children. Frank, Art, Ella (who died at the age of 17), myself, Everett M., and Dolly were the children. My mother's maiden name was Mable Walter.

My father came to the Klamath country in 1869, bringing a band of cattle by way of the Green Springs road. He settled in the Lost River Gap vicinity but did not stay there long before moving to Langell Valley at a site on what is now Miller Creek, named after him, and but a short distance south of present Lorella. He went back to the Willamette Valley after his family and brought us all to Langell Valley some time after Everett was born, July 25, 1870, at Jefferson. Both trips were again made by way of the Green Springs.

At one time my father started for Arizona or parts far to the south and had only traveled into the general neighborhood of Alturas with some three or four hundred head of fat steers when they were stampeded by the Indians and he succeeded in getting back only about thirty or forty head. The Indians also ran off a large bunch of horses at the same time. This happened just before the Modoc War. He put in a "Depredation claim" to the Government, and years later received $3,000.00 due to much red tape and numerous delays.

Another time my father and another man were out hunting in Langell Valley and jumped a large band of antelope. They split in two bunches and the bunch father was following broke through the ice on Lost River and he was able to kill nine. Capturing one, he brought it home and we made a pet of it, but it later died.

Every fall it was necessary to make a trip by wagon to Rogue River Valley for a load of provisions to last out the year. There were lots of deer, antelope, sage hens and prairie chickens in Langell Valley at that time. As children, we would catch the young goslings that were almost as large as their parents, by running between them and the water in Lost River. We would put them in pens where they were kept for a while after which they would be turned out and would not run away. We also gathered many eggs from the sage hens, prairie chickens and ducks. Wild millet, which produced lots of seed, and big red clover covered the valley about two feet high and was so thick you couldn't see the ground. The buckaroos who rode for father would cut this for hay each summer with scythes. The winters were so severe, that the key-hole in the door had to be plugged or the snow would blow through so bad
during the night that by morning it would be drifted entirely across the room, from key-hole height at the door to floor level at the opposite side of the room. Outside the snow would drift from eye level, gradually tapering to the general level of the snow covering the ground. I can remember seeing the snow in Linkville at from four to five feet in depth. During the winter we would hang our meat on poles extending from the eves of the house on the north side where it would freeze and keep in perfect condition for the entire winter. It was necessary to chop the meat off with an axe for our use. Grain wouldn’t mature in those days, but I believe my father planted some oats at one time.

Father built a new house and one morning he went to our old log cabin which had an outside stone fireplace and chimney. On either side of the chimney large rattlesnakes were coiled up in the sun. In all, he killed six that morning near the old cabin, which “liked to scared my mother to death.”

At that time Lost River was full of Buffalo fish (probably the same fish they call mullet now) and they came as far upstream as Bonanza. The Indians had the junipers along the river bank stripped of all leaves and would catch the Buffalo fish and hang them on the limbs to dry. The trees looked like Christmas trees with all the fish hanging on them.

Each fall the Klamath Indians would come on their horses, bringing their papooses with them, to gather tar-weed seed and apaws which had a white flower on top like a carrot top and a potato like growth on the roots. The squaws would carry large baskets with a strap over their shoulder and would hold the tar-weed over the basket and strike the bush with a stick causing the seed to shatter into the basket. They also gathered the water lily which, when ripe broke open and the pod inside contained a substance like flour.

Just prior to the Modoc War, Scar Face Charley once asked my father for caps and powder saying, “I go kill you deer.” Father refused and told him to get the hell out of there.

At about this time when war with the Modocs seemed almost certain, our house was converted into a sort of fort by the settlers. On two sides of the house two cellars were built with sides extending two logs high above the ground. Between these logs port holes were cut. Connecting these two cellars with the house were covered trenches which came up underneath the center of the house. The house was also of log construction. We all stayed there until we ran out of provisions, after which seven families headed for Linkville. This was at the same time or just after the Boddy murders. It was raining when we started for Linkville and upon reaching the neighborhood of Bonanza, we were fired on by the Indians from the hillsides, but due to the rain they couldn’t see where their bullets were hitting, so continued to over-shoot. When they failed to hit or stop the settlers, the Indians headed for Lost River Gap to ambush the families at that narrow pass. The families, however, after reaching Poe Valley, crossed over into the vicinity of Merrill and crossed Lost River at a ford, thus avoiding the Indians and reaching Linkville in safety. There was a man by the name of Fairchild in the center of the train, driving a span of mules who was so scared that he froze after putting on his brakes when the shooting started, and it was necessary for some of the other men to release the brakes before the team could continue on with the wagon.

I think we had just reached Linkville when the Boddys were killed. I know that Mrs. Schira stayed with us after we reached here.

We lived in a log house on approximately the present location of the mechanical department building of Klamath High School. Mother used to wash our clothes in the big hot springs located at approximately the present site of the field house on the High School football field. Here one day, mother called to me to bring her a certain box from the house, and kid like
I put the box on my head and backed down to the springs, and backed into the boiling water. Luckily I did not back into the main springs but some side pools, and so my life was saved but only after receiving severe scalds on my legs and lower body. Mother was badly scared and told afterward that she was mad enough at me to have spanked me even then. After moving to Linkville, we did not move back to Langell Valley, even after the Modoc War.

Father ran a butcher shop in Linkville until we left here in about 1878 or 1879. We stayed with O. C. Applegate for a few days when we were headed for the Willamette Valley, again by way of Green Springs. Applegate's ranch was at the location of the present Weyerhauser Mill site. On this trip, us kids saw our first train at Roseburg which was the southern end of the railroad to California at that time. It was a great sight for us, seeing the train all lit up at night.

While living in Linkville, us kids and other youngsters would go up on Mount Whitney and kill rattlesnakes, which were very plentiful around Linkville in those days as well as in Langell Valley. I remember seeing snakes rolled together in large balls along Link River, and we used to pull garter snakes from under the George Nurse store and throw them in the water to see them swim. Of a morning we would find turtle eggs in the sand of the street in front of Nurse's store. Also during those years, big bands of crickets, a very large size, traveled through the country and when coming to a building or any object would go over it and never around, and on into the river where the fish would then get very busy.

There were several saloons in Linkville and when the volunteers got into town after the war, there was much shooting, yells, fights and so forth. At that time there was one ranch belonging to Martins between our cabin and Linkville about a mile distant. I remember three people who were out in a row boat on Lake Ewauna, a saloon keeper, his wife and another man all being drowned.

One day some boys on horses were riding in the Pacific Terrace vicinity when they heard a rumble underneath which mystified them very much. Returning to investigate later, they dug and found a stream of hot water. The hot springs were very pretty, grass surrounding them on all sides. The volunteers after the war came there to clean up. Once a family came there for a picnic, placed a whole ham in the water to cook and upon removing it, found it too hard to cut. All the substance had boiled away.

The present site of the Link River Auto Camp at the west end of the bridge across Link River was at that time the location of a large Indian camp. Located here was a large trough into which the squaws would dump their apaws and then fill with water, after which they would remove their mocasins and with their bare feet tramp the skin off the apaw, which had the appearance of a sweet potato.

After the Modoc War the prisoners were brought to this spot and held under ball and chain. Mrs. Boddy and Mrs. Schira secured a pistol and butcher knife and attacked the killers of their men folks. A guard attempting to grab Mrs. Schira's hand, missed and nearly had his hand cut off.

I went to school in a little shack in the sage brush at the present site of the Medical Dental Building on Main street. Mrs. Schira was the teacher for the first part of the term and my aunt Miss Lou Walter finished out that term, I think. This was about the year 1878.

Father went to Fort Klamath to see the hanging of the Modoc warriors and just before he was hung, Captain Jack gave his beads to him. They were perhaps twenty or more feet long but worn wound in small circles around Captain Jack's neck. These beads along with maps of the Blue Bucket mine and many other souvenirs were burned in a cabin about 1903 in the Haystack country of Crook County. They
were made of deer sinews and other articles and were about the size of a man’s finger in diameter. Father used to get horses from Captain Jack when he was riding for stock and his own horse gave out.

The Government and their agencies with their red tape and delays were to blame for the Modoc War. Names around Bonanza that I can remember are: Buckmaster, Stowe, Goodlows, Vinson, Sam and Charlie who lived straight southwest across the valley from our ranch, Swingles, Langell and Fairchild, but I am not sure where Fairchild lived. Handy was the storekeeper at Bonanza. I also remember the names of Hall and Brarrain.

Dickey was the name of the saloon keeper who was drowned along with his wife and another man in Lake Ewauna.

I remember that each fall, when the Klamath Indians came to Langell Valley to gather apaw roots and seeds, they brought all their horses and had their papooses strapped to the yearlings. They would turn these ponies loose with the papooses still strapped to them, to graze with the other horses. The papooses were so dirty you couldn’t tell what they were.

There was a little Frenchman one time, who set out afoot from Bonanza to our ranch. A band of cattle got after him and father saw him running from them and dashed on his horse to rescue him. The Frenchman ducked under his horse’s neck with a bull right behind him. Father had his stock whip with him and beat off the bull, got the man on his horse and took him on to the ranch. The little Frenchman wanted to see Indians, so when a bunch of them came to our ranch to get water from the well, mother gave the Frenchman a bucket and he was busy for three or four hours watering them. Probably the novelty of drinking from the well intrigued the Indians, for Miller creek was nearby.

There was a Klamath Indian who would enter our house without being asked to enter, eat everything in sight and go on. He did this two or three times and had mother badly frightened. She told father who hid his horse behind the house and waited for the Indian to come again. After a day or so he appeared again, left his horse at the gate and started to enter the house again. Father dashed around the house, the Indian saw him and made for his horse. Father took after him with his cattle whip, a long blacksnake affair. The Indian had on only a thin shirt and father literally cut it off him. After that the Indians called him “Skookum Man.”

Captain Jack and Father were great friends. After the Indians were all captured, Father caught Modoc Mary’s favorite pony, a mean vicious little animal. Modoc Mary was Captain Jack’s sister.

The seven families were shot at before they got to Bonanza. We arrived in Linkville, probably at about the time the settlers were being murdered around Tule Lake.

There was another George Miller, a third cousin of Father’s, who worked for us. At one time he was digging a well and I kept throwing dirt down on him, and was told to stop, but kept at it until he crawled from the well, caught me and put me in the well and left me there for several hours.

This George Miller, Father’s cousin, together with another man, were surrounded by Indians in a box canyon, somewhere in the Langell, Clear or Tule Lake country and were only able to escape after dark. Then after the war, when another man was bringing in a wagon load of Indians, these same two men caught up with the wagon and killed several of the Indians. One squaw got hold of Miller’s gun and almost got it away from him.

I remember that just before round-up time, the horses would be corralled and the men would pick out the horses they wanted to ride; would rope, throw, blindfold and saddle them. They would then be led out of the corral, the rider would mount and the horse would be turned loose. The rider would have to stay with him until he quit bucking and this would some-
times be a man-sized task as the horse would take out through the sage brush and continue to throw his fits for some time. I used to sit on the fence and watch and it was a regular circus.

After coming to Linkville I used to fish in Link River back of Uncle George Nurse’s store. I used a twine line and a minnow hook with a cricket for bait. One day I remember that the bait sank and after a time I saw the line moving through the water. I began to pull it in and thought I had hooked a snag and didn’t know I had a fish until its head appeared above water. It was so large I couldn’t land it so I began to yell. Father and Nurse heard me and came running. Father pulled the fish in and it didn’t fight in the least until it was landed. It weighed about ten pounds. The day before, Father had caught a large salmon in the river and had cleaned it and intended to send it to some friends in Ashland. After my fish was landed, Father cleaned it and placed it inside the first fish and sent both across the mountains. This gives some idea of the size of the salmon that once came up the Klamath.

Link River was clear in those days and at a spot just below the falls, the water was corded with big fish. There was a man by the name of Cole who lived here in those days and about all he did was fish. There used to be a pier in the middle of the river and he fished from it. He used chubs for bait, and if they were too large, he bit them in two with his teeth.

I remember I once asked my Aunt who was the school teacher, if I could leave the room, which request was denied, but I left anyhow. One of my older brothers was sent after me and had to run me all over the hillside to catch me.

The snakes that used to ball up along the ledges back of Nurse’s store were garter, blue racer and blow snakes, all in the same balls. In the cracks in the ledges they were so thick that the odor from them would make a person sick.

My grandfather, also a George Miller, and an early day pioneer of the Willamette Valley, used to come horseback, alone, each fall from near Jefferson, to visit with us when we lived in Langell Valley. He always brought a small sack of apples for us kids, which was a great treat for us. When he was ninety-eight years old he left Klamath for home and somewhere on the Green Springs road, got into a blizzard and he was later found, frozen to death, leaning against a pine tree.

I think the school house was located about where Montgomery Ward’s store is now situated, and the Martin ranch buildings were east of the school, probably near the Winema Hotel and on the north side of present Main Street. Father’s butcher shop was either very near or just east of the present site of the West End Grocery. He killed his beef back of the old Nurse hotel and near the water’s edge, possibly a couple of hundred feet south of the present Link River bridge. I know this for sure, as there was a man staying at the hotel who was sickly and every time that Father killed a beef he would bring a cup and drink a cup-full of fresh blood.

I do not think we owned the log cabin where we lived near the hot springs. Also I do not believe there was any breastworks or fortress of any kind built just back of the location of the old Baldwin hardware store. There absolutely never was any stockade of any kind built east of the hot springs or in the present Mills Addition locality. There were several guards present and one of them grabbed Mrs. Boddy before she could use her gun on the Modoc prisoners. Handy had a store at the site of Bonanza at the time we lived in Langell Valley. There were no sawmills nor can I remember any Merganser.

Klamath Republican, July 1, 1909.

The high south wind yesterday nearly dried up the lake. The big launch Curlew grounded in her stall in the boathouse and there was a fair current up the lake all day.
Where Indians Dug for Ipos . . .

By EDITH RUTENIC McLEOD

My husband I were out on the great volcanic desert which extends across southern Oregon and northeastern California looking for traces of the old emigrant route to Oregon — the Applegate Trail — when quite unexpectedly we came upon a 1000 acre tract of blooming ipos.

In the region in which it grows, the ipo, or yampah as it was sometimes called, was an important source of food for western Indians. The field we discovered in Modoc County, California, probably had been known to the Modoc Indians. But since the Indians were confined to a reservation 75 years ago the tubers have bloomed and multiplied unmolested.

There are two species of this interesting plant which the Indians sought for food. One is the Western false caraway, *Carum gairdneri*, Gray, known to the Indians of northern Oregon and Washington as yam-pah or year-pah. The other is Oregon false caraway, *Carum oregonum*, Wats., used mainly by the Klamath, Modoc and Shasta Indians and known to them as *ipo, ipa* or *apo*, and called squaw root by the early white settlers who came to this region.

The ipo habitat in eastern Oregon and northeastern California is typically desert— an arid upland of volcanic rock and adobe soil with scattered junipers, sagebrush, bitter-brush and rabbit-brush. In such terrain the big fields of lacy white ipo blossoms stand out in sharp contrast, their carrot-like blooms on sparsely-leaved, forked
stems bravely withstanding the hot July sun and dry surface soil.

The ipo root is about an inch or less in length and varies from the thickness of a pencil to a finger. The northern species is larger. The tuber is hard, white and farinaceous, growing in clusters of from two to five at the base of the plant. Two to three tubers seem to be the general rule. A member of the parsley family, they are often confused with wild carrot, Queen Anne's lace.

Lewis and Clark who traveled down the Columbia River in 1805 say of the plant in their journal, "Sacajawea gathered a quantity of roots of a specie of fennel which we found very agreeable food, the flavor of this root is not unlike anis seed... they are called by the Shoshones year-pah. These roots are very palatable either fresh, roasted, boiled or dried and are generally between the size of a quill and a man's finger, and about the length of the latter. The rind is white and thin, the body or consistence of the root is white, mealy, easily reduced by pounding to a substance resembling flour, which thickens with boiling water like flour, and is agreeably flavored."

Colonel Fremont also mentions them. "At this place (Columbia River region) I first became acquainted with the yampah which I found our Snake women digging in the low timbered bottom of the creek. Among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, and more particularly among the Shoshones or Snake Indians, in whose territory it is very abundant, this is considered the best among the roots used for food, which they take pleasure in offering to strangers." And again later, "For supper we had yampah, the most agreeably flavored of the roots."

We can attest that digging ipos all day, as did the Indian women, must have been an arduous task, for even with the convenience of a modern spade instead of a "digging stick" we were ready to give up at the end of an hour with one pint of ipos.

It was a different matter with the Indians of our region, for with them the ability to gather enough food during the summer to last them through the long season of winter snows meant the difference between life and death by starvation.

As soon as the snows melted, the Indian tribes left their winter homes, migrating to the various parts of the country for the particular crop each region offered, fish, camas, wokas, ipos, wild plums, huckleberries and other berries, seeds, and so on.

While digging out ipos, we visualized the women starting out early in the morning, in the month of June, big carrying baskets strapped on their backs, and carrying digging sticks. The carrying or root basket for ipos was made of woven rule, with willow withes around the mouth for strength and sometimes supporting the sides. Straps of elkhide were fastened across the breast and around the basket to hold it in place on the back.

The digging stick was merely a pointed stick of mountain mahogany, the point hardened by fire and shaped by rubbing on a stone. The squaw shoveled the pointed end into the ground by the ipo plant, flipped out the cluster of small tubers and threw them over her left shoulder into the root basket. Some they ate raw or boiled or baked, and the rest were dried for winter use. When needed, the dried tubers were pounded to a meal in a stone mortar with a stone pestle, and made into mush or cakes.

The Klamaths had a superstition: "If you let your shadow fall on the hill, not you ipos will find; but if you not let your shadow fall, much you ipos will find." We discovered that it was more fact than superstition for we found that in digging in our own shadows it was difficult to distinguish the adobe-covered ball of tubers from the other clods.

The ipo has a thin, brown outer rind which the Klamaths and Modocs removed by shaking them in a coarse, flat basketry shaker with small, sharp stones. George

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Creek-Spanning Blockhouse . . .
Was Built to Foil Indian Attacks by Homesteaders

By MARY CASE

It was the year 1864 that Dan, Clinton and Ben Van Brimmer defied the dangers of frontier life and took a homestead in the Siskiyou country in Northern California, just below the Oregon line. They came in a spring wagon which held their worldly possessions and built their log cabin and barn on Willow Creek, in order to have water for themselves and their stock.

This was Modoc Indian territory and there had been a great deal of trouble with the Indians who had attacked the emigrant trains as they came through. In turn the white men had reciprocated.

Settlers were few and the homesteads were great distances from each other. Help could not have reached them if the Indians had attacked. As the Indian trouble grew more serious and it seemed to the Van Brimmers that war was inevitable, they decided to be prepared to take care of themselves.

With axes, pine logs were hewn and shakes were split, and with the spring wagon were hauled to the homestead. Over the creek they built a fort, with port holes cut on all sides of the building and a door fashioned from juniper trunks, which assured the brothers that no ball from a muzzle-loader could penetrate the wood. A hole was left in the floor in order to draw water from the creek, which never froze, assuring a year-round water supply that the Indians could not divert. The Van Brimmers were of Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry and they built well.

(Continued on Page 32)
I was born January 26th, 1863 on a ranch joining Central Point, and came here November 15th, 1877 when I was fourteen years old. I had hired out to a man to drive his stock; he had two horses and a few cows. We stayed the first night about two or three miles this side of Ashland, under some big trees where there were some graves nearby. The next night we stayed at the spring where the Lincoln school is now. That night it snowed real hard and the two horses, two year olds, ran away. It was next spring before we heard of them. They had followed Jenny Creek down to the Klamath River and had wintered on the north slopes opposite the Hot Springs. The third night we stayed at Cold Springs where Puckett later took up his ranch.

I think it was about two or three years later that Puckett lived at Shake, which was up the little creek about one-half mile west of the present Pinehurst Tavern. The first place we hit was the Butler and Thompson station about three-fourths of a mile west of Keno on the north side of the river. I think Puckett started up old Shake when I was sixteen or seventeen. Butler was the stepson of Thompson. The Bob Emmit ranch house was our in the swamp land along the river. After the house burned there was a little log house they moved up to Plevna and built a house there. This side of Puckett's coming down the grade was the Devils Elbow where Harvey Walker was killed. His span of wild mules ran away with him, running the brake bar through him. Spencer lived at the crossing on Spencer Creek in those days. Buildings on the west side and his sawmill upstream and on the east side I think.

Barrons was at the foot of the hill, just south of where the Klamath Junction is now. We came straight up the canyon to Howard's Station, now called the Summit House, I think. The road went north of Tub Springs a couple of miles to the old Naylor place then the Enoch Walker place, later called the Hart Station. Next came the Bailey place. Frank Aarant was Emmit's cousin and they both tried to settle on swamp land. (............) beat a lot of people out of swamp land. (............) tried to steal Klamath Marsh but Emmit, who was a senator, stopped him.

The fourth night we stayed at the Stearns ranch. The next day we crossed low ground past what is now Weyerhauser mill and crossed on the old Merganser pole bridge, circled the hill and wintered in a little log house about where Shasta Way 21.
crosses the Main canal now. There was also a pole bridge at Linkville then with a real steep pitch off the east end of the bridge. The road ran on past where the Medical Dental Building is now. Bob Emmit had a contract once to build the road through a little hill that was once there.

Greenman ran the old Nurse Hotel in those days. I went to the little school under a man by the name of Allen. He sometimes came to school so drunk he had to pull himself up the steps by hand. That was in '78 and was my last school.

That first year I fed cattle for Stukel at 50c a day. It was good wages then. Stukel hauled lumber from the old Moore Mill to his ranch on Lost River by sled. Scott McKendrick owns it now. There was an old ford there in those days that they used when the river was down. Also they forded at Lost River Gap in low water, but later built a pole bridge. In those days there was only one house between here and Merrill, a buckaroo camp on the slough.

The first time I was at Fort Klamath was when I was ten years old. My father freighted in a load of oats for the cavalry. I saw the Indians walking around on the grass three days before they were hung. I later freighted from Roseburg to Fort Klamath by Linkville.

In early days they used to freight in from Redding, Roseburg and Crescent City. That was when Redding and Roseburg were the end of the railroads. Later they freighted in from Montague and Ager. I have freighted from all of them but Crescent City. One year I hauled a load of freight from Roseburg to Fort Klamath for the soldiers, then later made two round trips to Redding. The first trip to Redding was for furniture for Judge Smith and hardware for Baldwin. The second trip was for Reames and Martin and Company. It took twenty-six days to make the round trip and the expenses for a six-horse team ran $180.00. This was in the summer and fall before I was twenty-one. From Redding to Weed the road was much the same as it is today. We branched off at Little Shasta and came the old Ball Mountain road straight across Butte Valley to the point of the hill south of Dorris, then straight north and over the hill to the other side where we got the first water since leaving the Ball ranch. It was a little spring about the size of your finger. Stayed all night at a ranch on the north side of that flat, near the line, then on to Keno by the upper road. John H. Miller had a ranch along there then. Thatcher, Worden and Nurse owned the store then. There was a pole bridge at Keno in '77.

There were spikes in the bottom of the chute at Shovel Creek that peeled logs, the blue smoke flew. Big logs would overtake the smaller ones and many shot across the river. They absolutely did not peel the logs by hand. (?) Tom Moore, together with Indian Tom his stepson, both lived on Baldwin Island at one time. Indian Tom tried to steal some barbed wire one time, but loaded his boat too heavy and it sank.

Cap Feree carried mail from Linkville to Fort Klamath at one time. Curley Stowe lived beside the Way ranch below Topsy grade. They used Gazelle to ship cattle from because there was a stockyard there and none at Montague or Ager. Also, there was a big ranch there that had alfalfa to feed. They drove there by way of Ball Mountain.

They freighted over the old grade before Topsy grade was built. I was coming home once and got off the train at Ager. I couldn't get on a stage as there were people waiting for passage on it who had been waiting two or three days. I started to walk and stayed the first night at McClintocks, passed Emmit building the Topsy grade and reached Keno, the next night I got home.

When I was twenty, I worked at the Bidwell ranch at Chico and on south around Durham. Coming home I took the stage at Redding at midnight, reached Yreka the next midnight and Jacksonville about noon the next day.

I freighted over the Ager-Linkville road for six or eight years. Topsy was the first place I ever ate bear meat but I didn't
know it at the time. I also freighted to Bonanza. Hauled wool from Warner Valley to Ager as well as wheat from here to Ager. Sometimes when the road was real bad we would come back from Ager or Montague, where they sometimes dumped part of the freight, by way of Ball Mountain, as the road would be better that way.

Art Rennick drove the Judge Smith freight team, too. Quinn Anderson was the man who went through the bridge. I knew him well. Old man Breitenstein had a little joint at Merganser, where we used to play cards and so forth for the drinks. Quite an old man. Thought he had a perpetual motion machine.

John Gleim traded a heifer for 10,000 feet of one by sixes, sixteen feet long at $4.00 per thousand. I hauled it a thousand feet a trip and made the round trip from Gleim's to Spencers mill each day. About thirty miles. He built a grainery out of it. Laid the pieces flat and lapped at the corners. I drove a two-horse team. Stormer was the carpenter and I helped build it.

At my old ranch, the Basil Brown place now, I built a big barn, there was none like it in the country. I gave Dave McComb a dollar a stick to cut and peel and haul each stick of timber used in the barn. The sill was the only pieces that were flattened. Gave another man, Oldfield, the contract to put it together and another man, Fred Cliff the contract to nail on the shakes and I carried them up to him. The lumber in the barn cost about $8.00 per thousand and came from the old Moore mill. I had the shakes made of sugar pine by old John Connolly, thirty thousand of them. Shakes cost $4.00 per thousand. I also had a ranch at the Marsh, where I had shakes made about ten miles away. Dave McComb cut the timbers on Hard-scrabble hill, near Meadow Lake valley.

Somebody was going to sell a site for a school for $6,000.00 but (_______) offered to give the Riverside site free if they would put sewerage on the hill. They did and it cost considerably more than $6,000, but they had to have it later, anyway.

When Stowe came to the country he had a big stallion but the horse could not travel too well, owing to a former injury, so he left him at Parker Station, because the snow was on and too deep for the horse to travel in. Parker Station was there when I came in '77. Stowe drove a buckboard, hauling mail. He hired me to go out with him, taking a saddle along to ride the stallion back with. I saddled up there and the first two miles led him, he was so nervous, jumped around at every noise, finally I got on and rode.

The horse had a hitch-up in his get-along so I was advised to stop at Keno the first night as he was so rough riding—but I had a date to go to a dance at a place where the Presbyterian church now stands and as it was still light when I got to Keno, I came all the way in—the horse was so stiff he could hardly move for a week. Stowe married a Way girl, Frain also.

I herded sheep on Fort Klamath meadows, seventy years ago.

Little green frogs, after a rain, covered the ground for two miles distance, between the Agency and Williamson. I don't know whether it rained them or not. There were piles of snakes here in those days, lots of frogs. I never saw them in columns, just everywhere.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING . . .

Klamath Republican, July 1, 1909.

Upper Lake Notes:

D. M. Griffith's new resort at Eagle Cape (Eagle Ridge) will be unique in many respects. The building will stand on the cliff 75 feet above the lake, with wide piazzas fairly jutting over. The water from the great white sulphur spring which boils up near the lake level will be pumped into a tank above the hotel. As the water is about blood heat it will be great for baths, and white sulphur baths are the best known.
Ancient Marriage Customs of Klamath Indians

By (MRS. WADE) IDA CRAWFORD—Klamath Agency

I have chosen as my subject the Ancient Marriage Customs of the Klamath Indians. I cannot boast of firsthand knowledge on this subject, but what I will impart to you, was given to me by one who was reared in the wigwams of the Indians until she was sixteen years of age. This is as she pictured it to me—a primitive Indian wedding.

There was no courtship among the young Indian people. The marriages were planned by the parents—principally the father; the mothers were usually consulted later. The Indian families lived in small communities segregated from each other. These communities were made up of uncles, aunts, cousins, and grandparents, granduncles, grandaunts, cousins into the third and fourth generations. The young girls and boys of the various communities did not associate or mingle with each other. The girls had no male contact outside of their own relatives.

If a girl had married and through some misfortune became a widow, she was free to arrange her own marriage (remarriage) if she so desired. There was one stipulation, however; the second marriage must take place publicly as was the custom of all marriages.

After the parents had selected their children's mates, the father of the groom-to-be sent a present to the father of the bride-to-be. The value of the gift was determined by the wealth of the family. It often happened that this gift was presented as a proposal of marriage with a prearranged affair. If the father of the girl favored the union he returned the offering in property of equal value. If the proposal was unfavorable the gift was returned.

It so happened also that occasionally some enterprising young man had spied a girl that he favored above all others. He would then go to the wigwam of the girl's parents, enter, and sit down upon a pallet of mats made from rules. If the mother of the girl came with food and drink and presented it to the young man he knew he stood within the good graces of the mother; but woe to him if neither food nor drink was offered. He was obliged to pick up his tomahawk and arrow and silently steal away.

When the wedding day arrived, the bride with her entire group of relatives and friends journeyed to the community where the groom dwelt. If the bride's family was one of importance to the tribe and if her father was very wealthy, as the Indians reckoned wealth, her marriage procession would be very large and spectacular. Especially was this so if her father and brothers were good warriors and had acquired many trophies of hunt and war.

At the dwelling place of the groom, the bride was received by the young man's mother; or in case of the death of the latter, his elder sister met her and led her, by the hand, to the groom. All the gifts that had accompanied her were given to the groom's relatives who in turn gave to the bride's relatives, gifts of equal value. This custom was a safeguard to the young girl's social and economic status in the tribe. The girl was not purchased as the white people have erroneously believed. There was no religious ceremony, it is true, but the acceptance of the bride by the groom and his family and the exchange of gifts in public was strictly adhered to in order for society to know that the young people were united in marriage.

When the reservation was first established the Indians were forbidden to continue their ancient custom of marriage, and were instructed to marry either in the church or by the superintendent of the reservation.

The Indians did not voluntarily abandon

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A Bear Story ...

By EDWIN J. CASEBEER

Bly, Oregon (December 3, 1958)

Since the Klamath County Historical Society has shown an unusual interest in obtaining the historic facts and data on the Sprague River Valley and Eastern Klamath County, I will endeavor to set forth as many of the facts and narratives as I can recall. I cannot say that all of these happenings to the early settlers of this valley, accounts of which have been handed down to me from my people and other early settlers, are authentic in every detail. But because these stories have been told over and over by many different individuals, and they all seem to have the same opinions as to the general outline, I am of the opinion that they are entirely authentic.

My father and Uncle Jacob and my grandparents on my father's side were among the early settlers of the Rogue River Valley. The old home place of my grandfather was about halfway between Medford and Ashland, Oregon. I think nearly all the early settlers of this valley came from the Rogue River Valley. At any rate, the Wellses, the Taylors, the Obenchains, the Leonardos, the Walkers, the Parkers, the Luddys, the Andersons and the Casebeers all came from there. My grandfather Casebeer was a real frontiersman, having been raised in Ohio in the earliest settlements in the Ohio Valley. He always followed the westward settlements. I have often heard that after his boys were old enough to look after things at home, he
would take his dog, gun, a little food and bedding and start out—always westward. Then after locating a place that seemed promising he would return and move the family to it.

After the family moved from Colorado they first came to California. Then as he had about run out of places to explore westward, he turned north. That is how he discovered the Rogue River Valley and later moved there. I never saw my grandfather Casebeer, as he had passed on a couple of years before I was born. However, I have a vivid recollection of Grandma Casebeer. Both grandparents were true pioneers, and like my mother's people, the Owenses, helped bring a modern, modern way of life to the West.

Shortly after my father and uncle had settled in this vicinity and had taken up claims in what is now called lower Fishhole, my father while going from the Paradise place over to the Fishhole place crossed the trail of three bears. After following the trail for some time and taking note of the direction they were going, he left the trail and proceeded on to the cabin at Fishhole, where he had two men making rails for him. The men were Gilbert Lapham and Philip Pirry, both of whom later settled in the Fishhole and Barnes Valley country.

After having lunch, or dinner as it was called in those days, my father told the boys about seeing the bear tracks and asked them if they wanted to try and get one or all of them if possible. They, thinking this a fine chance to add to their provisions and craving some excitement as well, said, "Sure, let's go after them." Having only one gun in camp in addition to the old 44 Winchester and the little half-breed shepherd and airdale dog of Dad's, set out after the three bears.

There being a light shift of snow, they decided to cut through the mountains and pick up the bear trail several miles south of where Dad had seen the tracks. This proved a good idea as they soon not only came upon the bear tracks, but the bears in person, which proved to be a huge cinnamon female and her two yearling cubs. It seems that my father, jumping off his horse, got one pretty decent shot at the old bear as the three ran over the hill in a small ravine. This shot must have been effective, as after getting the saddle horses under control and taking up the trail again, they could see that the old bear was bleeding badly from both sides. The bullet must have gone through her body entirely to have produced this effect. It was also noted that the other two unwounded bears had turned abruptly off from the wounded bear's trail. After following the wounded bear's trail for some distance and noting that she had been bleeding badly, they came to where she had entered a dense thicket where it seemed impossible to get the horses through. Bert, who was at that time in the lead, said to my father, "Here, Ed, you take the horses around and I will follow her through," at the same time handing the bridle reins of his horse to my father. My father, knowing that a wounded bear is nothing to fool around with, agreed but told Bert to be careful, as he started off with the horses. My father said that he had not gone more than fifty yards from where they separated until things really began to happen in that thicket. The little dog, who up until that time had not shown any particular interest in the hunt, set up a series of barks, growls, and yips. This, with the snarling of the bear, brush popping, Bert hollering and all, made plenty of noise. Both horses by this time were nearly frantic and by the time my father had time to unmount and secure the horses, and make his way into the thicket the scene of action had shifted down the mountain a considerable distance.
That is, the actions of the bear and dog. As to the actions of Bert, the first thing he asked when he saw my dad was "Where is the bear?" My dad said that Bert was sitting flat on the ground, his arms and legs both wrapped around a little fir tree. After Dad told him that the bear had left fighting the dog, Bert said, "Well, if she has gone I will come down." There is no doubt that he thought he had climbed many feet up that tree. The fact of the matter is that on examination Bert was found to be in pretty bad shape. The bear had bitten him badly once in the thigh and once in the shoulder. Both were bad wounds and would require several weeks to heal. He was unable to walk, much less climb a tree. What had actually happened in that thicket, as near as Bert could recall was this:

The bear, after entering the thicket, had climbed over a down log. She had evidently chosen this place as an ideal place to stage an ambush attack on her pursuers. After going on a short distance she had doubled back and was hiding in a clump of brush only a few feet from where she had first come to the log. Bert, after checking his gun to make sure it was ready for instant action, had started through the thicket on the bear's trail. He said that he recalls stepping up on the log and noting the torn up condition of the ground on the other side of the log. The next instant he found himself on his back on the ground with the bear and dog both on top of him—both snarling and snapping at each other. He said he felt an acute tang of pain as the bear's jaws closed over his hip or leg just below the thigh joint; another tang of pain in his shoulder, but he thought that may have been caused by a slap of the bear's paw as she was pawing wildly at the dog who was fighting with all his might by this time.

There seems very little doubt about the outcome of this battle had it not been for the courage of the dog, who by this time had become the deciding factor. Of course the bear had all the advantage as to weight and strength. On the other hand, the dog had far more speed and flexibility, and was proving that he had an equal amount of courage. Bert said that the dog seemed to be at both ends of the bear at the same time in the short time they were on him and was making his presence felt wherever he was with tooth and fang to the very best of his ability. Thus ended the first round of the bear hunt.

After making a hasty survey of Bert's injuries it was up to my father to get him to some place as soon as possible where his injuries could be taken care of. After getting him on his horse, which in itself was no small task, they set out for the Paradise place.

I think from piecing events together that this bear hunt must have happened about the fall of 1887. My grandfather Casebeer died the winter of 1886. Then my grandmother Casebeer came out and kept house for my father during the summer of 1887 and 1888. My father and mother were married the winter of 1889 and I was born on December 28, 1890. At any rate, my grandmother was at the Paradise ranch when Bert got chewed up by the bear and he always insisted that she saved his life with her old-fashioned remedies and efficient nursing ability. She was an old lady at the time and nearly blind. I may add that she lost her sight completely soon after this and was entirely blind the latter years of her life. She had an old-fashioned ointment or salve that she called "elderberry ointment." This salve or ointment was made from several different ingredients, among them the extract from the bark of the Elderberry bush. This salve or ointment was known far and wide as Grandmother Casebeer's Elderberry ointment and all who had ever used it surely swore by it as a preventative of infection in an open wound of any kind. This old lady, with only a very few simple drugs and no surgical instruments at all, took charge of Bert's case and proved herself equal to it. Many years later after I was a man grown I recall hearing Bert Lapham make the remark that Grandma Casebeer

(Continued on Page 32)
As Told to Me ... by “Dick” Breitenstein
March 13, 1948

I was born in 1878 in California, and came to Klamath Basin in 1879 where my father started a brewery at Merganser. Two of the men living there were a couple of old bachelors, Joe Penning and John Gleim, who used to quarrel a lot. Jim Tobin lived across the river, also some other Tobins. Merganser was on what was later the Whiteline place. The old Merganser bridge was rotted down by the time the Mayflower was on the river.

My Dad later moved into Linkville. I remember when I was four years old, about 1882, that a Judge Smith owned a freight outfit pulled by mules and driven by a man named Hall. He freighted in from Redding. On one trip coming in loaded the outfit was on the Link River bridge when the weight caused the middle span of the bridge to collapse. Everyone in town heard the crash and ran to the bridge. The mules were unhooked and driven off the middle span in the water, onto the remaining part of the bridge and so on to dry land.

When I was a young fellow, I worked in the old William Moore sawmill on Link River as slab sawyer and later when a planer had been installed, with old Granddad Moore as the operator, I used to be called to help him every time it was operated.

Also when I was a young fellow I used to work on the Ankeny ditch, shoveling out
some, and we got it to shore. After that
unhooked the horses, and
which we used it.

It spatula driving his freight team from Ager
That was between Ager and Lennox. We
over in a boat and rowed us
island. I could not swim so grabbed hold
of one of the horses and was pulled to
shore later. After the horses left the barge it raised
safely to

At one time I worked for Jim Moore, driving his freight team from Ager to here. It usually took about five days to make the trip loaded from Ager. The first day to the Lennox place, the second to Ways, the third to the top of the Topsy grade, the fourth to Chase Station or Keno, and the fifth into Klamath Falls. We freighted the year around and during the wet seasons the dobie country was terrible to travel through. That was between Ager and Lennox. We would carry a stick flattened out like a spatula to clean the dobie out of our wagon wheels. This had to be done every few turns of the wheels as it would ball up so bad the wheels couldn't turn.

After Pokegama came into existence, I had my own freight outfit which consisted of four horses. The round trip from Klamath could now be made in five days. It took two days to go from Klamath Falls to Pokegama and get loaded with freight. The third day return as far as the old Spencer station, the fourth day make it to Keno and the next day into Klamath. We used the road which is approximately the present highway because it was a better road than the one by way of Spencer Creek and Cooper stage station, although it was sometimes used. I remember that McIntyre once had me haul a load of freight to Lakeview, by way of a road near the present highway. McIntyre also had two other teams on the trip at the same time, both having started ahead, but I caught them on the way. The man driving the horse team was a poor teamster, so the mule team and I had to slow up and suit our pace to his. The gray mule team was driven by Lum Lowden, a fine driver.

I hauled "Cap" Hansberry in from Pokegama, when he came to Klamath Falls. Joe Moore hauled the Winema boiler in from Pokegama, and was the best driver of the bunch. He used to get drunk and would fall in front of the wagon, but had a wheel horse that would stop dead and hold the wagon from being pulled over him. My father bid on moving the old Chase school from a location about three fourths of a mile east of the old Spencer station to the present location east of Klamath River near McCollum's mill. We tore it into sections and I moved it with my teams. McIntyre had three matched teams at least, and he built the warehouse on Lake Ewauna to store freight in which was boated in from Keno, Teter's and Laird's landings before being loaded into freight wagons to haul elsewhere.

I spent much of my life working in the woods of Klamath County. At one time I logged for a small mill situated over the hill, east of the present Marine Barracks (OTT) run by a Hagen & Gehagen. I don't know who owned it but know Frank McCormack furnished the money for it. I had a contract that called for a $50.00 forfeit for each day that I didn't keep the mill supplied with sufficient logs to keep it running. However, the sawyer was to be in partnership with me on a logging contract in the Odessa neighborhood so he would slow down the cut in the mill and I never had to pay a $50.00 forfeit.

I logged at Pelican Bay for Innes & Clark. I recall that I once went up the lake in a launch with Don McKay. It was after night and McKay held a lantern on
the front of the boat. We met a boat, the Curlew, and McKay who was pretty drunk, told me to watch him make the Curlew signal us. He proceeded to raise his lantern up and down three times and when the other boat didn’t answer he pulled his gun and filled their smokestack full of bullet holes. They answered.

Another time we had landed at the Eagle Ridge Tavern, owned by Dan Griffith, and I saw the largest rattlesnake I ever saw on the trail near the wharf. I told Mrs. Griffith about it and she said, “Shssss! Don’t say anything about it, I don’t want the guests to hear it.” I remember the lodge used to be filled with guests every night. Half of one floor, full length of the building was taken up by a lobby which had a large fireplace and many people gathered here.

Yes, I remember seeing snakes in huge piles, seven or eight feet high and probably twenty feet across at a rock wall or fence that went over the hill east of the old power house on Link River. Used to throw a rock into them and sometimes it would cause them to scatter in every direction, sometimes, however, they wouldn’t move. They were water-snakes and blue-racers. Hundreds of snakes used to stick their heads through the cracks in the wood sidewalks and people would kick their heads off, in fact this was done so much that the dead snakes stunk so much that a law was passed, and is still on the books, forbidding the killing of snakes in this manner. Also during certain times of the year, thousands of frogs or toads would migrate in one direction along Link River, then at another time they would travel in the opposite direction. During these times large numbers of them would be killed or skwushed by being stepped on, or from being under loose boards when someone stepped on the board. I recall one man in particular who had large feet, and it became the town joke, that in ordinary times of the year you could hear him traveling down the sidewalks with a “clump, clump,” but in frog season it was “skwush, skwush.” When I was a young fellow working to make enough money to attend school, I had a job pumping water for the Lakeside Inn from a well with a hand pump into a large tank. A drummer, a wise guy, came up and began to kid me, asked me if the frogs were always like that and didn’t they ever get in the water. I, rather disgusted, said yes and raised the lid to the well and the frogs were packed in solid. The sight rather sickened the drummer.

Indians in wooden dugouts used to catch large trout, and the next day bring them to Klamath Falls and sell them for whatever they could get, fifteen cents or so. Molly Reames christened the Winema with a bottle of wine. Tony Castell ran the brewery just west of the Baldwin Hotel. Major Worden built Noah’s Ark, the odd shaped building just east of Link River bridge. Old man Tower was the carpenter on the building at the east end of the bridge. B. St. George Bishop bought his furniture store from Bill Dalbeer.

Now regarding early day sawmills: Jim O’Neil ran the Odessa mill, but I’m not sure whether he owned it or not, but I bought lumber from him at one time. Christie’s owned or ran a small mill on the east side of Long Lake and it was running during about 1923-4. Browns had a small mill on Crystal Creek. A man by the name of Whitcomb had the Clover Creek Mill on Aspen Lake, a long time before 1910. Robbins had a small mill at Round Lake about 1916. Chambers had a small mill on Swan Lake road about the same time. Edmonds had a small mill about four miles this side of Dairy and about 2 miles back from the road but went flat broke at it. Vern Puckett has a small mill near the good Puckett & Shearer mill at Keno.

I once had a runaway with my big four-horse logging team and running gears of a wagon. Right down Main street at the time they were putting in the sewer system. Manholes extended above ground about a foot or 14 inches. I think I hit every one as I tried to hold my team to the center of the street, to avoid hitting anyone. The street cleared and the team at last ran into a building and knocked down three posts
of a porch and fell. I started out with planks on the wagon and another man holding the brake, but at the first sign of the runaway, the man left the wagon. I sat on one plank with my feet braced on the front bolster. Saw I was going to lose this plank and I think that is when the horses hit the porch. Some old doctor saw the start of the affair and thinking I would be killed, jumped into his automobile and started after me. Some man on the sidewalk had waved his hand and said good morning, and this small affair started the horses to running.

Ross Finley had a number of hogs running loose near Squaw Point and gave me 50% of all the hogs I could catch. The first was a huge sow, that we tied and put on a small raft we constructed to haul her down the lake. Put her in some old building and she was so wild and mean that she was so wild and mean that some man who went in to feed her was put out of the building, by way of the top of the door.

Indian Tom Moore was quite a character, many times landing in jail, escaping several times to be on the street the next morning when the local citizens arose. Was quite a thief, always pilfering something. At one time he stole some barbed wire from the Baldwin Hardware store. Loaded his boat too heavy and it sank in Lake Ewauna.

J. C. Mitchell was a cattle buyer from San Francisco, who drove cattle from the Klamath Basin and shipped from Gazelle. Alex Martin was the first banker. Kent Ballard ran the Bank Exchange Saloon. The first bank was in the old Brick Store building, later moved to Baldwin Hardware building or the Baldwin Hotel, I don't remember which. The old log chute used by the Pokegama Lumber Company to send logs from Pokegama to Klamathon by the Klamath River was a little below the mouth of Shovel Creek and on the opposite side of the river. Ed Way was the foreman. The Ager stage was owned by McNaughton. Marple had the Midway barn in Klamath Falls. Horace Mitchell, brother of J. C., was the father of Billy. Joe Moore had the best freight team on the road, and was the best teamster, never using a whip and could get more pull out of his team than others who had to whip their horses. When Joe Moore hauled in the boiler for the Winema, Jim Moore helped with his four horse "snapping up" team on the hills.

I once went to Ager with four horses and another man, and trailed in a car load of buggies I had shipped in. A car load consisted of about fourteen buggies. I don't remember whether I used a four-horse team with all the buggies coupled together or whether they were divided into two bunches with two horses to each bunch. The time I had the runaway on Main street I was headed west and ran into the barber shop at the corner of Second and Main.

At "Ham" Chitwood's Drug store when the customer would ask for pills he would oft times be told, "Wal, you know, I am out but have just sent for a car load."

McIntyre the freighter was of a later day and I think that he came in with the railroad or at about that time.

Dick Richardson, who weighed three hundred pounds or over, was the railroad agent at Pokegama, and a fine fellow. He later went to Portland and worked in some hotel as clerk. Somewhere along the line he thought he was an angel, and fell three stories in the hotel, landing naked in the center of a table with waiters and waitresses all around. Didn't seem to hurt him then, but I think he later died from the results of this fall.

Old man Tower had a little sawmill three or four miles south of Keno. Jerome had one in Pine Flat, about four miles this side of Dairy. Masen had a small mill somewhere on the west side of Langell's Valley. The Long Lake Lumber Company mill was at the west end of Long Lake around 1910. Bill Husson and Roscoe Cantrell were the owners and moved it at about that time to Shippington.

31.
WHERE INDIANS DUG FOR IPOS

(Continued from Page 19)

Miller, an old-timer of Klamath Falls, recalls that the Indians had a trough at their village site on Link River (now Klamath Falls) into which they dumped the day's harvest of ipos each night, partially filled the trough with water, and tramped off the rinds with their bare feet.

*Kashma, *kash, *kesh* or *kas*, as well as *ipo*, was the Klamath name for the tuber, the first names probably derived from the Shasta Indians, according to Albert Samuel Gatschet who made a 10-year study of the Indians in the '80s. In *Wild Flowers of the Pacific Coast,* Haskins suggests that the Indian name *ipo* may possibly be a corruption of the Spanish word *apio,* celery.

When newly dug they taste to me like a combination of raw potato and young carrot; others say a little like celery, potato or carrot; when cooked they taste somewhat like roasted chestnuts.

CREEK-SPANNING BLOCKHOUSE

(Continued from Page 20)

When the Modoc War started in 1872 the brothers kept provisions in the fort and were prepared to protect themselves from an Indian attack. Many settlers lost their lives, but fortunately the Van Brimmer homestead was not raided and their stronghold was never besieged.

There today (1948), over 75 years later, the little fort still spans the creek (*). The hole that was cut in the floor in order that water could be drawn from the creek is still there. The shake roof is weather-worn and the juniper door has been replaced by one made of boards.

In 1883 the Van Brimmers sold to William Davis their homestead, cattle, horses and their brand, a "V." A biographical sketch of the Van Brimmers appears in "Western Oregon History,* published in 1905.

The blockhouse and the old homestead have since become the property of E. M. and W. E. Hammond, and called the Willow Creek ranch.

(*) The old block house is now located at the northwest entrance to the Lava Beds National Monument.

ANCIENT MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE KLAMATH INDIANS

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their marriage customs. It was one of the many things they were forced to change. In later years including the present, a custom known as "Indian Custom Marriage" has sprung into existence. It is a promiscuous relationship that has nothing to do with the ancient marriage custom of the Indians or the white man's marriage custom that was established in the Book of Genesis. Such a custom as the modern "Indian Custom Marriage" was considered a disgrace to womanhood by the first Americans of whom the Klamath Indians were a part.

A BEAR STORY

(Continued from Page 27)

was the best nurse and doctor he had ever had work on him.

As I stated the evening I attended your historic meeting in Klamath Falls, all the education I ever had was what I got in the little log school house at Bly. I recall many events in my life that would be of interest if properly translated.

Edwin J. Casebeer
Bly, Oregon
Dec. 3, 1958

*Klamath Republican,* May 14, 1903.

R. W. Marple of the Mammoth Stables, came in from Pockegama with about thirty people Tuesday. These parties are mostly from Washington and are on their way to the timber north of here.
Early Day

"July Grounds" Celebration . . .

By MRS. WM. LORENZ (of Chiloquin)

I remember that the sun shone more brightly that morning than any I could ever remember before: It traced and brightened the pattern of the Navajo rug beside my bed. My eyes opened quickly and I listened intently through the strange and unaccustomed stillness. No sounds of bustling activity in the store next door, no voices raised in trading or good natured exchange of jokes, no rattling of trucks moving stock from warehouse to shelves.

Then I became conscious of the sounds outside — first, hens singing contentedly nearby in the yard, voices in the distance, wheels rattling and horses trotting on the nearby road. My heart beat high with excitement as I remembered where most everyone had gone and where these others were bound. They were on their way to the "July Grounds," and so would I be before the sun was much higher in the sky. The Agency was as good as deserted now.

Father and Albert had gone before dawn, in the heavy wagon loaded with watermelons, lemon and strawberry pop, crates of oranges, candies of all kinds, and rubs of vanilla ice cream packed in salted ice. They would stock and decorate the refreshment stand booth with the traditional red, white and blue streamers and bunting and tend it busily all day and far into the night.

The little gold clock chimed seven, and conscious that I had tarried too long already, I jumped up, filled the white enameled wash basin from the reservoir on the kitchen range and carefully scrubbed face and hands, although the family wash tub had been put to good use the night before. Being almost eight years old, I could part, comb and tie my hair neatly with the light blue bows. And I remember, as I slipped on the new blue silk dress which Mother
had made for me for this occasion, that I felt a pang of loneliness for her. She had sent me down the day before from Yainax with a kindly Indian family, the Tom Barkleys. The dress was set off by a large Milan straw hat, trimmed with a blue bow by Miss Maude Baldwin, Klamath Falls’ leading milliner. I looked searchingly into my purse with its shiny gold five-dollar piece, and the pang was forgotten as I tossed the new shantung coat, of which I was so proud, over my arm.

Closing the back door quietly, I made sure it was locked as admonished to do, and with my responsibilities over and the spell of the day upon me I hurried across the wet green lot to the Superintendent’s house where I met my friend, Mildred Wilson.

We were interrupted in making our plans for the day by a call from below, “Hurry-up, girls, breakfast is ready and we are going to start soon. So many are ahead of us that we will have to eat dust all the way. Did you bring a duster to cover your new dress and good coat?” And of course I hadn’t, but one was found for me and after a couple of false starts we were off in the smart government surrey behind a pair of perfectly matched bays.

As predicted, we did eat dust at first but it was not long before we were showing a clear pair of heels to everything on the road, for the superintendent’s team must be fast and spirited as befit his position.

The seven miles seemed incredibly short as the clouds of dust now rolled behind us. Through the tall pines beside Crooked Creek to Coley Ball’s place, out into the warm sunlight, across the first lush fields of Wood River Valley, past the Old Fort buildings—deserted and delapidated, then we were nearing Wood River and entering the July Grounds. From the distance strains of music floated to us, played by the band a little off key, which would also do double duty by playing for the dance later.

Many gay booths were open for business, with the holiday crowd already milling around them munching, drinking and playing the games of chance. Father’s tall stoop-shouldered figure was moving hurriedly, serving urgent demands for ice cream, cold slices of watermelon, and lemonade, while deftly popping off soda water caps with Albert hopping to his short commands. Sisemore and Pelton, of Fort Klamath, always had a booth there also and I still can remember that Linsey Sisemore was never too busy to give a friendly greeting or tell one of his famous stories.

I remember Captain Applegate, of the snow-white beard, a veteran of the Modoc War. He would recapitulate the entire campaign as he knew it in a tired silvery voice. This would go on for hours, with an occasional refreshing drink of pure cold water to sustain him, while the crowd moved in and out more or less quietly. Little boys wrestled and thumped each other sturdily, little girls licked their ice cream cones, and the young ladies preened themselves in their pretty summer dresses and eyed prospective beaux. The elders paid respectful attention and all were pleasantly soothed by the good captain’s oration, even to the extent of snatching a short nap. All of this took place in an open grove of trees to one side where an open air platform was built, surrounded by benches.

There were patriotic services too, and other orators spoke movingly at this time, namely among them Reverend Jesse Kirk, who was acknowledged as one of the finest speakers in Klamath County.

The race track was laid out on a green meadow a few hundred yards away, where the Indian ponies raced each other and against all comers, hot blooded racing stock included. Some of these were brought in from the Rogue River Valley or Alturas, California, and some by Dave Shook or Charley Horton from Dairy and Bonanza. Both of these stockmen were known for raising fast horses. Baseball games were played between the small neighboring towns, and many hot arguments and fights ensued.

The Indian Camp Ground or village was back in the woods near the river and many others camped in the grove also. These camps had been there for a week or more. The Klamaths, Modocs and Piautes
played their games of chance also and stakes ran high at times. G.G.Y. they were called, the bone game and the stick game. Some set up tepees and tents or camp stoves.

After we had exhausted the pleasures of the conventional part of the celebration grounds, we strolled down to visit our Indian friends. We knew almost everyone and greetings were exchanged. I renewed friendships with many a child whom I had played with while its parents were shopping at the store. We begged for jerkey, handsful of wocus, and perhaps some apaws, all of which were hospitably shared wherever we went. I cannot remember one harsh word or unkind deed to me from the Indian people during my childhood spent among them, for their kindness to all children is legend.

There were few men in camp at that time of the day, perhaps they were at the race track or off hunting or fishing. The good-natured women were laughing and gossiping while they wove a little on a basket, made moccasins, or prepared food and tended the babies. They liked to tease us, as no one has a keener sense of humor or readier wit than the Klamaths. They talked about us in Indian and mentioned our names while they laughingly watched us out of the corner of their eyes to see if we would take it in good part. But as we both knew enough Indian to defend ourselves, we answered them pertly back in kind, much to their delight. The fat-cheeked babies, laced in their hard boards, their eyes shaded by beaded canopies, seldom cried and solemnly watched the activities or slept serenely in their buckskin beds.

As there would be an hour or so lull before the evening’s rush, Father invited the Wilsons to have dinner at a hotel in Fort Klamath. There were two leading hotels, both with ardent supporters. Any time you wished to brighten up a dying conversation all you had to do to start a good argument, was to quietly remark which you thought was the better hotel.

Which hotel we patronized, I cannot recall, but the dinner was excellent and bounteous and in true country style—heaping platters of fried steak, fried potatoes, stewed canned steak, stewed canned tomatoes, real cream gravy, hot biscuits, wild blackberry jelly, topped off by delicious dried apple pie with clotted sweet cream to pour over it. I also remember that when I had consumed all of this I was in exquisite agony.

When we returned to the July Grounds the band was tuning up for the dance and the big bonfire in the clearing already was sending its flames leaping high. The merry-go-round was still wheezing out its endless tunes, propelled by the patient horses plodding around and around.

Soon the Indian dancers began to gather at the campfire, painted and bedecked in their best buckskins, beads and feathered head-dresses—ceremonial and war bonnets. Their chants and songs started, and one by one would join the lengthening line of dancing men and women. The children ran in and out of this chain or linked themselves on the end of it. We watched this drama with fascination for some time, and then wandered back to the bandstand to alternately dance and ride on the merry-go-round until it was time for White Cindy to eat fire.

White Cindy was one of the strangest characters at the turn of the century, on the Reservation. She was also legend. Some said she was a man in woman’s clothes, and she certainly looked it. She had no grace of face or form; and walked with a long loose stride which made her skirts seem ridiculous. Others held that she was a powerful medicine doctor and could make such bad medicine that many were afraid of her. Her fame had gone far and wide, and I can remember nothing to this day that could frighten small children into doing the right thing so much as merely speaking her name.

I remember her eating live fire—burning brands from the lowering flames and swallowing them. She did this not once, but

(Continued on Page 39)
Robert A. Emmitt’s Recollections . . .

(Told to Irene Foster by R. A. Emmitt, January 6, 1937)

R. A. Emmitt came into the Klamath country in 1875. He found few here at this time. He took time to look over the land none of which had been surveyed at the time. The government land was subject to homestead. State land could be bought for $2.00 per acre. Mr. Emmitt bought one hundred and twenty acres on what is now the Keno Road.

Feeling ran high during those days between cattlemen and settlers. Naturally the cattlemen did not want farmers to come into the country. Violence was resorted to in many cases; fences were pulled down, cabins fired, cattle killed, and citizens met with sudden death.

Mr. Emmitt had to exercise a great deal of wit and patience in his contest with a Mr. ( _____ ) of Keno, a cattlemen who tried in every way to drive Emmitt away. ( _____ ) at one time set his hired man to building a fence across Emmitt’s property. Emmitt took his deed from the State of Oregon and showed to ( _____ ), and told him that if he built the fence he would claim it as part of the realty. ( _____ ), of course, saw the futility of this and had his man remove the rails.

As Mr. Emmitt rode about the country he noticed the wild plums and wild cherries produced abundantly, and he believed that tame fruits and grains would grow also in this country. At one time he found a small enclosed field with a fine growing crop of potatoes.

In 1882 he planted his sixty acres to grains, wheat, oats, and barley. That year he secured the threshing outfit belonging to John Dollarhide of the Rogue River Valley. Dollarhide was in Shasta County and he brought his outfit from there to Emmitt’s ranch where thirteen hundred bushels of grain were threshed.

Of course it was quite an expensive undertaking, but Mr. Emmitt sold his crop for three cents per pound and was able not only to pay all expenses incidental to producing the crop, but for his land, and in addition had a neat little sum remaining.

( _____ ) now offered Emmitt six hundred dollars for his ranch, and when this was refused he never spoke to Mr. Emmitt as long as he lived, but in every way tried to hinder him. Mr. Emmitt had to buy ten acres of swamp land for water for his stock because ( _____ ) fenced up the water holes on the range.

The first irrigation ditch constructed in Klamath County is still in use in the Riverside community of Klamath Falls. The property owners bought the water right with the land and to this day do not pay for irrigating water. A man named Thatcher built the first irrigation system on the west side.

On the east side of the river, water was taken from the river near the present site
of Copco station on Conger; the ditch passed around the hill north of Pine Street, the Emmitt residence, and across Fremont School property. At one time a group of citizens wanted to get out an injunction to prevent the irrigation ditch being built, Mr. Emmitt refused to sign this paper. He had no objection to water on his property.

To Samuel Steele must be given the credit for development of the present irrigation project in Klamath County.

An early day election experience happened to R. A. Emmitt at the time of Garfield's election to the presidency. This was Emmitt's first vote cast for a president. He was the resident Republican voting at the Plevna (Keno) precinct. One other Republican voted that day, a surveyor here from Portland, who was sworn in. The judges of the election were Democrats; all tickets were for Democratic nominees. After much discussion the two Republicans were given slips of paper to write the votes for Garfield. Again there was discussion as to whether these papers might be deposited in the box. Emmitt has always felt that these two irregular votes were cast out and that his vote never helped to elect Garfield.

About 1888 when Linkville had a population of some one hundred or one hundred fifty, an itinerant preacher came to town and held services in a private home. He saw the need of a church building and proposed that the people try to erect such a building; but people were poor and many were indifferent. He was a persistent man, however, and finally proposed to give half the necessary sum, provided the citizens would raise the other half by popular subscription. When failure of the citizens seemed imminent the saloons came to the rescue, provided the funds and helped for ten years to maintain the church. During this time it was known as the "saloon church". This later developed into the First Presbyterian Church.

Link River is not a river but a channel. Ewauna is not a lake but an enlargement or widening of Klamath River.

The first bridge across the river at Linkville was built by Silas Kilgore. There was not a plank in the bridge; it was made of poles. There were no sawmills here at that time. George Nurse's store stood where the street now is east of the river, facing east. It was a small frame building about 16 by 24 feet.

There were several fine springs here in an early day that no longer flow. One was at the crook of West Main Street, one about where the Pine Tree Theater now stands, and one on Lindley Heights.

About 1875 Jesse D. Carr, cattle dealer and financier of Salinas, California, was running about eight thousand head of cattle along the eastern edge of Tule Lake, in the Langell Valley, and Clear Lake country. He built a rock wall in places where the rim rock did not prevent his cattle from straying. But by no means did he enclose the range. But of course he was opposed by other cattle and sheep men who were jealously watching him. During Cleveland's administration (1893) his enemies succeeded in having a United States marshall sent out to investigate and arrest Carr. The wall was ordered torn down, and so several men were put to work throwing down the rock. The contention was that Carr was preventing settlement of good agricultural land.

In 1901 owing to the hard winter Carr lost all but about five hundred head of his cattle, and finally disposed of these.

Sam Parker, now living in Sacramento, was the foreman in charge of building the wall; the labor was done by Chinese brought up from California.
Buried Treasure in Klamath County...

By CAPTAIN O. C. APPLEGATE

January 10, 1909

About the time of the beginning of the last Modoc outbreak in 1872 the mail stage was robbed on the South side of the Siskiyou Mountains. This was not an unusual thing to occur in that locality, for although the wagon road across the Siskiyou Mountains was the main thoroughfare between Oregon and California, there were no settlements to speak of on the California side and the stage had to pass through a wilderness which afforded limitless opportunities both for ambush and for the escape of the robbers. The high wall of the Siskiyou Mountains, connecting as it does the great chain of the Cascades with the less elevated but more extensive and more complex highlands of the Coast Mountains made escape reasonably sure, unless as sometimes happened, the well-armed express messenger was lucky enough to get the first or last shot.

The robbers, two in number, escaped to the Siskiyou forests with $12,000, mainly in gold. By the time officers could be secured, they had made good their escape, whether to the coast or Cascade regions could not be ascertained.

Years passed and no evidence appeared to throw any light upon this matter until in an obscure mining camp of the Northwest a grizzled man on the eve of his departure to another world, confided to a friend the story of the adventure in holding up the stage in the Siskiyou Mountains, and of the escape of his confederate and himself, easterly through the trackless forests and rugged canyons. Skirting the great gorge through which flows the Klamath River they entered the sparsely settled Klamath Basin, avoiding with the utmost care for some days the habitations of settlers. At last overcome with fatigue and hunger and having passed into a hilly region, they ventured to a house which proved to be a stage or mail station. Here they spent the night and during the time cautiously relieved themselves of their treasure, burying it at a point some distance away from the cabin, but taking pains to keep in mind some necessary facts as to its location. The dying bandit gave a brief written statement and diagram which he seemed to think would enable his friend to locate the deposit.

Ten years or more ago, after many plans had been examined by treasure-hunters on the various roads leading through the Klamath country, all of them apparently agreeing with some feature of the description, the writer was taken into the confidence of parties who were making the investigations and was supplied with what purported to be an exact copy of the data furnished by the stage robber. The writer had been in the county for several years before there were any white settlements, and knew all about the details of transportation since the day when the bi-monthly military express, represented by one or two soldiers on horseback, traversed the Indian trails from Fort Klamath via Modoc Point, Spencer Creek and the Klamath Canyon to Henley post office, where a junction was made with the California and Oregon stage a few miles south of the Siskiyou Mountains.

A careful study was made of the rather vague descriptions and rough map furnished by the stage robber of the geography of the Klamath region. At the time of the Modoc War the mail from Linkville, now Klamath Falls, to Lakeview, now Lakeview, was carried by an adventurer through the mountains on horseback, via Swan Lake Valley to Sprague River and not around through the Lost River Valley as it now is. This adventurer had a cabin near a spring in the woods which was headquarters for his mail line, where he
had provided a little hay and some crude shelter for his ponies. His family consisted of his little boy and usually one man to assist him in his work. This mail scheme came to an untimely end, for a man was killed one night in a drunken brawl in a Linkville saloon and the adventurer with his two companions soon disappeared also towards the East as afterwards was ascertained. (Name began H.)

It required something of a liberal interpretation of the stage robbers language to call the old log cabin a "stage station," since the mail was carried on horse-back, but it was on the road to "Swan Lake" and in some other ways seemed to meet the requirements as set forth on the paper. It was in an obscure place, such as cautious men, fearing retributions for their misdeeds, might venture to approach. Pondering over the meager evidence, the conviction grew that the treasure must have been buried somewhere in the vicinity of the cabin, and so it was decided to make a search with the utmost care. No one was about the lonely cabin when the party visited the spot. In the flue of the old stone chimney was found hidden some augers with long shanks which had evidently been used by some previous party of investigation. But that was of no consequence for had not the vicinity of every lonely cabin in the county been excoriated in the long search for the hidden treasure? There is a mysterious way in which secret information of buried gold becomes public property and this case was no exception.

The writer happened to know that the cabin then existing was not the original one, which had been burned several years before, and this seemed to be a decided advantage. From a depression which marked the site of the old cabin he went West to the place where the fence once stood that limited the "potatoe patch" described in the diagram, then he stepped with the greatest deliberations two hundred twenty paces into the woods and up the hill. Sure enough, there were growing together four trees as mentioned in the description. A very careful examination of these showed that a piece of bark had been removed from one of them long before, but whether this had been removed by a shovel as declared in the description, it was impossible to determine. Turning our back to these trees, facing the cabin according to directions we took nine carefully measured steps on the back track, then two abruptly to the right and dug two feet into one of the hardest beds of natural cement we have ever seen and found nothing. That splendid collection of double eagles probably yet remains somewhere in the bosom of Klamath county doing nobody any good; another promising industry sadly neglected in these latter days.

"JULY GROUNDS" CELEBRATION

(Continued from Page 35)

many times, as my eyes grew larger and larger.

After this spectacular feat had been accomplished to the satisfaction of all present, Mrs. Wilson gathered her family together and it was time to go home. The embers were almost out; the dancers and chanters had gone; the last strains of Home Sweet Home were dying on the suddenly chill night air.

I heard Father's weary voice saying, "Climb up on the seat and pull the blanket over you. It will be cold going home." I did as I was bidden and called out sleepily, "Bye, Mildred. See you tomorrow. Thank you, Mrs. Wilson, I had such a wonderful time."

I remember the stars glowed big and near in the clear black sky, and I dozed off under the coarse warm blanket. Everything had been perfect, complete. I sighed deeply, blissfully, as the "July Grounds" closed for another year.
Water-Snakes and Water . . .

By IDA MOMYER ODELL

In olden days when Klamath Falls was Linkville the pioneers who lived here in the late '70s and early '80s tell of the many little springs which flowed out of our rocky hillside.

They talked of a fine spring where the Cadillac-Oldsmobile dealership is at present. It was from this the children carried tin-pails of water to the schoolhouse which stood where now stands the Medical-Dental Building. They all drank the cold, sweet water from a common tin dipper. Shades of sanitation!!

Another fine spring at Fourth and Pine Streets, where the La Fiesta Cafe is now supplied water for the Beaches, Frains, or whoever occupied the little house at the time. Still another spring was farther up the hill on Fourth and there was one on North Eighth at the present site of the First Baptist Church. Outstanding among these springs were those on Conger Ave., which formed swimming pools for the resident-owners. Deep springs on Conger Ave. were developed in the '90s for city water. Now, according to Mr. Bowen, manager of the Oregon Water Corporation, we still depend upon this great underground stream for our municipal water supply. According to him the company has nine wells, varying in depth from 150 to 850 feet. At this time four of these wells are supplying our community.

Other little rivulets found their way to Lake Ewauna, and of course there was the lake itself. Old timers say it lapped the edge of Main Street where the Pony Pass Motel now stands. Where Copeland's office is was a variety store owned by a Chinaman, so naturally the shallow water
there became "Chiny Pond." There, when spring arrived, wagons and teams were driven in to get the accumulation of winter's mud washed off.

This abundance of water created what might be called a snake paradise. Many stories are told about these harmless water snakes (some of them true). They entwined themselves in great masses and writhed and hissed among driftwood on the banks of the lake and river. If they tangled up in masses, formed a ball and rolled down Main Street as claimed, this writer never saw it, and seeing is believing. However, starting with the bar in the Linkville Hotel, near the river, a man's progress down Main to Second enabled him to quench his thirst in almost every other business establishment along the way. One of the most popular of these "watering places" was The Bucket of Blood. Whether or not these contributed to the sight of balls of snakes rolling down Main Street is something we will never know.

Dr. W. Ross Boyd tells a story about a very drunk drummer (traveling salesman to the present generation). This drummer went into the Old Brick Store after encountering snakes here and there on the street. He remarked excitedly to the clerks about the large snake population he had noticed. Dr. Boyd tells that the clerks looked at him blankly and then said to each other: "Snakes! we haven't seen any snakes around here." The drummer went outside but presently returned and bought a hoe. The next that was seen of him he was vigorously chopping the heads off snakes, muttering: "Snake, either you are in a bad way or I am." In this connection we once had a city ordinance prohibiting the killing of these snakes. This was not due to any love of the reptiles but anyone who has had the misfortune to whiff the odor of a very dead snake can understand the need for this ordinance.

When the Ankeny Ditch, circling the hillside and running down through town, was built, it relieved the snake traffic jam somewhat on Conger Avenue as many of them moved up to the ditch. At that time Ewauna (then Juniper) Street crossed the ditch by means of a wooden bridge and dropped down to Main Street by a long flight of stairs where it joined a wooden sidewalk a man's height above street level. This was the route the writer had to walk to her job in the Klamath County Bank. Although knowing full well the harmlessness of these creatures, having one dart out onto a step and race ahead of her, or having a snake head poke up through a sidewalk crack never failed to produce a shock. People, who like the character in the fairy tale, couldn't be made to shiver, did not hesitate to pick up a snake and they were not hard to catch.

Dead or alive I had no use for them. Senator Harry Boivin's father, one of my favorite depositors in the First National Bank, pushed his money bag through the wicket one morning, then reached in his pocket and added a deceased snake to the money. My day was wrecked.

It is possible we were all a trifle proud of our reputation for snakes and equally so of the well-known annual migration of little green frogs, as they moved from Lake Ewauna to Upper Klamath Lake. I have seen these tiny fellows so thick on the sidewalk it was impossible to walk without crunching some. The late Marie McMillan, whose mother was the owner of the Lakeside Inn, tells of carrying a broom with her to sweep a path through them. I call your attention to the change of name from Linkville Hotel to Lakeside Inn as the village became a town.

Once when entertaining dinner guests from Oakland, Cal., I spied one of these pretty, beady-eyed little amphibians sitting on a shelf of our book-case absorbedly watching us eat. The little chap was eliminated but not exterminated.

The paving of Main Street in 1910 and later paving of Pine Street, closing the Ankeny Canal ended the era of water-snakes and wee green frogs.

41.
Snake and Toad Story Continued...

By DEVERE HELFRICH

The first authentic story available of snakes in Linkville seems to be a letter written by J. M. Sutton, editor of the Ashland Tidings, from the Linkville Hotel, dated August 10, 1876, and printed in the Tidings. (From a typed copy in the possession of Mrs. Buena Cobb Stone.) The letter begins:

"Were it not for my well-known reputation for truth I should hesitate to relate the following:

Some three weeks since, an incredibly large army of young toads, about one-half inch in length, made their appearance on the river shore in and about Linkville. During their stay the bridge was black with them, they daily advanced up the river, gradually becoming less numerous within the town limits, until at the present time not more than five to the square foot is found, on the average, along the river shore in town. But to my story as I saw it myself. After walking up the river about 200 yards, I began to become interested in the great number of those rusty-backed little reptiles that lined the trail. It soon became difficult to step without crushing from one to half a dozen of them. My curiosity by this time had become somewhat excited and I determined to leave the trail and go to where toads were still more plentiful. But as I proceeded through the grass I found my progress more and more impeded, as it produced the most revolting sensation to feel them crushing under my feet. By means of a small bough I made some progress with only an occasional casualty. Fully absorbed in search of the headquarters of this vast army, I found myself beset by an army of insects which in point of numbers far outstripped the great mass of hopping reptiles beneath my feet. I had entered a small thicket of low wild roses, on which had settled a cloud of these harmless little gnats, so well known in the vicinity of lakes and marshes, and of an afternoon fill the air like mist. Each movement I made among these rosebushes started up the little insects in such immense numbers that they literally covered my face and clothing until I sparkled like an iceberg beneath their gauzy, glittering wings. I was impressed with a sensation of suffocation, either real or imaginary. With bated breath and closed eyes I made quick time toward the hills until I was relieved of them, crushing great numbers of the unfortunate toads at every step. The very memory of their grinding bones beneath my feet makes me shudder till yet. Giving the rosebushes and all other bushes a wide berth, I carefully picked an open way to the river shore, in continuation of my toad investigation. I saw a great many garter snakes that had been feasting on toad, until they could scarcely crawl. They moved about among the little jumpers without apparently giving any alarm, often crawling over heaps of them. On arriving at the rule marsh that lined the river shore, I discovered the real headquarters. Toads were literally piled up in a ridge four feet wide, next to the water. On my approach they fled to the rules in a moving mass from four to six inches deep. If they had all been together along the river, I am confident that they would have filled a ditch, two feet wide, two feet deep, and a half a mile long. These toads have now grown to about one-half inch in length, and so far seem to be entirely harmless. What is most strange about them is their first appearance. How they were propagated in such vast numbers is a mystery as yet unsolved."

On July 4th, 1901, the Klamath Republican printed the following article: "J. H. Jardine who caught an army of snakes last fall and shipped them to a Minnesota snake farm, has just prepared an invoice of snake hides for a Connecticut firm. 42."
This is a sample order and if it meets satisfaction, it will be followed by many larger ones. The snake industry is bound to flourish in more ways than one."

There are a number of stories connected with these shipments: that the railroad wanted them shipped in carriera, that the expressman asked that larger snakes be shipped or smaller cracks made in the shipping boxes; that they were to be used to exterminate rattlesnakes; that they were to be used in producing snake-oil; or that their skins were to be used to make neckties! ! ! The stories are inumerable and if the reader desires more, contact some real old-timer.

In 1924 Captain O. C. Applegate wrote the following article for Horner’s Short History of Oregon, page 119:

HILLOCKS OF HARMLESS SNAKES

Years ago (1869 to 1896) water snakes were very numerous about the warm springs along the banks of Link River, where frogs, tadpoles, and other creatures on which they preyed, were abundant; and it was observed that when the snakes first came from their winter hiding place in early spring they would shoal up into miniature hillocks. They were entirely harmless and some gardeners strongly objected to having them killed, since the snakes were materially valuable in their destruction of mice and various insects. One season the settlers who wished to get rid of the snakes, because they regarded them as dangerous, offered a small reward for all that could be killed, and the boys slaughtered them by the thousands. This wholesale destruction of the snakes disturbed the balance of nature, and ere long an army of frogs issued from Lake Ewauna and marched toward the Upper Klamath Lake in such numbers that one could not walk near the river without treading on them. The wholesale destruction of snakes did not occur then, though some people continued to kill them, and the annual frog invasion gradually diminished as domestic fowls and wild birds, too, assisted in re-

(Continued on Page 46)
A Heroine Rests . . .

By Kenneth McLeod, Jr.

In the little Schonchin cemetery not far from the town of Sprague River are to be found the graves of Toby Riddle, the heroine (Winema) of Modoc War fame; and Chief Schonchin of the Modocs. Bronze markers on these graves retain the memory of the two historically prominent participants of this Indian war of 1872-73.

Toby Riddle, better known today under the pseudonym of “Winema”, was a pure-blood Modoc woman who served as an interpreter and liaison contact between the Indians and whites involved in the war.

The name “Winema” apparently did not appear in her life until the year 1875; she was then 33 years of age. Capt. O. C. Applegate has been credited with making the statement that the name was taken from a poem of Joaquin Miller and applied to her by Mr. A. B. Meacham, an early Supt. of Indian Affairs for Oregon and a member of the Peace Commission which attempted to settle the Modoc conflict.

In 1875, Meacham published a popular history of the Modoc War under the title of “Wigwam and Warpath.” In this book the name “Wi-ne-mah” appears on a woodcut of Toby Riddle but elsewhere in the text her name appears as “Toby.”

During 1875, Meacham organized the Meacham Lecturing Company and took Toby, Frank Riddle, O. C. Applegate and a number of Indians who had fought in the war upon a lecture tour of the eastern states. Meacham thought that “Toby” was not a befitting name for an Indian heroine and so the “Winemah” name was tried.

In 1876, Meacham wrote another popular book on the Modocs and this time dropped the “h” from “Winemah.” The new book was called “Winema and Her People.” This fancy name meant little to the heroine for throughout her life she clung to the homespun “Toby.”

Gatschet interviewed the Riddles in New York City in 1875 and recorded their personal history in the Modoc language. Gatschet’s literal translation of the Modoc states, “Toby, a little Indian, became (born) on Williamson River of the Oregonians in country just then spring 1842. Her father (is) T’shikko; her mother died (being) three years old. She (with) her father ten years together lived, then far off going Yreka close by cousin her own with she lived.”

Toby’s birth place was somewhere near the present Williamson River store location. Her father was an uncle of Captain Jack which places her as a cousin of the famous Modoc War chieftain. During a battle between the Modocs and the Pit River Indians in 1857, Toby, a girl of only 15 gained distinction among her tribesmen as a fighter by leading a Modoc charge that defeated the attackers. Gatschet

(Continued on Page 46)
A History of the Klamath Co. Historical Society

As Prepared by MRS. GENEVA DUNCAN

for the Oregon Historical Quarterly, and printed by them in June, 1946 issue, pp. 103-4

Klamath, boom county of the Southern Cascade Range, has been coming of age. Stock feuds, shootings, ghost stories are largely displaced by concert artists, occasional ballers, a Potato Growers’ Association, the coming historical museum, perhaps a junior college and many other manifestations of adulthood. The roots for this maturity, though little advertised, reach back to early days. Klamath Falls, county seat, is commercially well established now with 30,000 residents.

Klamath County has also matured to the realization that her short span of existence is crowded with history, much of which she can be proud, and all interesting.

Organization of the Klamath County Historical Society is evidence of this realization.

Quietly, sedately, forcefully, this society came into being. Goals and accomplishments speak for the charter members: Mrs. Robert Odell, Mrs. Bert Thomas, Mrs. L. H. Stone, Mrs. W. D. Foster, and Mrs. Arnold Gralapp.

This group did organization work for eight months, from November 13, 1943 to July 8, 1944, before the first open meeting was called, and the constitution, written by Mrs. W. D. Foster and Mrs. A. Gralapp, was adopted. Later this constitution was approved without change by the Oregon Historical Society. First officers were Mrs. Robert Odell, Mrs. Bert Thomas, and Mrs. Buena Stone.

The purpose of this organization was stated: "The collection, preservation, exhibition and publication of material of an historical character especially of that relating to the Klamath County."

Mrs. Rose Poole, Mrs. Lyle Kimball, Frank Jenkins, Will Humphrey, Charles Stark, Mrs. Gralapp and Mrs. Stone acted on the Board of Directors during the first year.

One of the first actions taken was the ordering of the secretary to write to the local paper supporting the suggestion that Jackson Forest would be an appropriate memorial to Jackson Kimball, the man who did so much to develop the forests in Klamath County. Historical data on points of interest to tourists and newcomers was secured upon request of the Klamath Falls Chamber of Commerce.

The seal of crossed arrow and rifle, centered with the white pelican and bearing the name of the society, was adopted.

Topics for papers and discussions that comprised the program for the second year included: "Prehistoric Klamath and Its Geology," with accompanying slides, by Kenneth McLeod, Jr.; "Trappers in the Klamath Region," by Mrs. Geneva Duncan; "Fremont in Klamath," by Malcolm Epley and Frank Howard; A review of "Immortal Wife," given by Mrs. Paul Buck; "The Rogue River Indians," by Houston Robinson; "Influence of Military Posts on Klamath Development, 1873 Period," by Mrs. E. K. Loosley; "Legends and Myths of Klamath and Modoc Indians," by Mrs. Robert Odell, and "The Development of Reclamation in Klamath County," by B. E. Hayden, were topics for recent meetings. Reminiscences, as those of early school days, jack rabbit drives, the first local balloon ascension, impromptu rodeos, and life at old Fort Klamath, were presented at times.

Officers for the 1945-46 period were Mrs. Robert Odell, Malcolm Epley, and Mrs. Geneva Duncan. Directors included Kenneth McLeod, Jr., Charles Stark, Mrs. E. K. Loosley, Mrs. Everett Dennis and officers ex-officio.

Organization of the society was largely prompted by the need for a museum. In December, 1945, members urged the appointment of the Klamath County Museum Commission by County Judge U. E. Reeder.
Mrs. Mary Case was named to represent the Klamath County Historical Society. This Commission is authorized to build and see to the maintenance of a county museum. The historical society is working to further this museum project, to enlarge its collection of papers and books for a library, and to increase its collection of museum pieces.

Affiliation of the society with the Oregon Historical Society was unanimously voted last winter. Radio programs, newspaper articles, the mapping of settlers’ homes during the Modoc War, a Centennial celebration commemorating the opening of the South Pass through Klamath are projects being considered. Papers on cattlemen and on transportation are in progress.

—Mrs. Geneva Duncan

Past Presidents of the Klamath County Historical Society:

1944-45 - Mrs. Robert Odell
1945-46 - Mrs. Robert Odell
1946 - Mrs. Geneva Duncan
1947 - Mrs. Geneva Duncan
1948 - Mrs. T. D. Case
1949 - Mrs. Devere Helfrich
1950-56 - H. H. Ogle
1957 - Annabelle Newton
1958 - Kenneth McLeod, Jr.
1959 - Paul Deller
1960 - Loraine Quillen
1961 - Edmund M. Chilcote
1962 - Willeska Loosely
1963 - Albert Angel

A HEROINE RESTS

(Continued from Page 44)

states, "then the Indians, Toby, a fighter knew her to be." In this instance he writes her name in the Modoc as "Tobiashe."

In the autumn of the year 1859 she married Frank Tazewell Riddle, a native of Kentucky. In 1862 she demonstrated her powers as a statesman by getting a peace pact signed between the Shastis, the Klamath Lakes, Modocs and Pit Rivers. After two days of parley she announces, "now all blood is buried of their hostilities."

SNAKE AND TOAD STORY

(Continued from Page 43)
swallows a frog. Dr. Wilson is quoted as declaring:

"The snake and frog movement at the time I was there took two days to pass a certain point. In fact the folks of Klamath Falls made a two-day holiday of the event and would allow no wagons to go through the line. I did see people hop over them and they also had dry goods boxes placed so as to make a step for the ladies to pass over."

The foregoing account touches an excellent nature tale but briefly, and an apology is made for the brevity of this version. It is unfortunate that the Klamath Falls Herald commenting on the snake and frog story, and reprinting it in full, uncouthly remarks that nothing of the sort ever happened. Yet if the Wenatchee World had correctly reported its interview with Dr. Wilson, we have that eminent clergyman’s word for it that he, and others whom he names, were present at the strange higera. +++

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING...

Yreka Union, August 16, 1867.
The Lakes Rising

We learn from Messrs. McKinney and Whittle, that all the lakes in the country east of us are gradually rising, and threaten in many places to overflow large sections of country. Klamath Lake is said to be running over into Tule Lake, and the emigrant ford on Lost River is now covered to a depth of six feet. Goose Lake, which has no outlet and lacked eight feet of flowing its banks two years ago, is now running over at one point to a depth of three feet for a space of over forty feet in width, towards Pitt river. The lake in Surprise Valley has also raised two feet this season.
The pond lily grows in profusion along the Klamath Lakes, the larger streams and irrigation canals of the Klamath region. Its seeds are called WOCUS.

Wocus is an important food in the diet of Klamath and Modoc Indians.

In the late summer, the Indian women paddle out in their dugout canoes to gather the lily pods. These are split open and dried on mats. The seeds are gray-green in color and slick before curing, or parching.

In olden times, seeds were parched by shaking them, along with live coals, in a woven rule mat, cupped or saucer shaped, and about 24 inches in diameter.

Formerly the cured seed was ground up by the mortar-pestle method; or the seed was placed on a flat rock on top of a mat and ground with round, saucer sized rocks. These rocks came to a point at each end where horn handles were fastened to facilitate the grinding process. The ground seeds then falls onto the mat. Coffee grinders are more recently in demand for the grinding process.

The meal is cooked and eaten as mush. While many of the Indians' customs are lost or discarded, today the majority of Indians still like wocus, and it is still cooked and eaten with sugar and cream much as we do cereal.

The meal has also been used in varied recipes such as sun-baked cakes.

HOW THE INDIANS CURED WILD TOBACCO . . .

FROM STATEMENT OF PETER SCHONCHIN, MODOC
J. C. RUTENIC NOTES—APRIL 9, 1917

Indian have two ways cook tobacco. One way—dig a hole, not very deep, put in hot rock, some grass on the rock, to keep the tobacco from burning, put on the tobacco just green, the way it is picked, then they put grass over it and then put on some dirt, but before they put on the dirt and grass, they spill a little water on the tobacco, to make steam. Then when it is all covered up the heat cooks the tobacco.

They leave it for a number of hours. After the tobacco has been dried, they mash the leaves and take out the sticks.

Another way. They take the green leaves and some dry it close before the fire, pretty hot, don't let the smoke catch the tobacco, just let it heat, like over the coals, and then dry it in the sun. Then they mash the leaves and take out the sticks.

AS TOLD TO ME BY EVA MOSE . . .

I'm Klamath. I was born up to Beatty in 1873. My name was Eva Charlie. They called by father Slim Charlie. He was mail carrier from Fort Klamath in Modoc War to Henley and sometimes Red Bluff. I asked Captain Applegate one time why my father not get pension like rest of soldiers, cause he work for government same as others who get it. He said he did not know why. He should because he was a good man.

Long time ago men used to carry mail to Fort from Linkville on sleds across the lake. Lake would freeze over so thick in winter time that it would hold up team of horses.

Ike was Captain Jack's brother, that is way Indian call him but whites call it cousin. Ike was born at the Indian camp at upper end of Link River. Tobey or Winema as you call her, is buried in Schonchin cemetery near Yainax.

47.
UPPER LEFT: 14 D 8 Tractor building road on Hayden Mountain. No. 10 is Ralph Maxwell. UPPER RIGHT: P & H Truck Crane loading Douglas Fir north of Hayden Mountain. Note size of logs by size of International pickup in lower right corner. CENTER: 112 ft. Douglas Fir log cut for a transfer spar pole. Tree was cut on Parker Mountain and delivered as shown by truck to Weyerhaeuser in Klamath Falls, where it was loaded on the railroad and shipped to the Camp 9 area. LOWER LEFT: Hauling logs on Hayden Mountain. Truck driver, Harvey Frain. LOWER RIGHT: Winter logging scene at Hayden Meadows. Lowell N. Jones standing beside truck.

LOWELL N. JONES COMPANY — Offers Custom and Quality Logging
About the 1909 period. Thought to be the Malin homesteaders or timber claimers in front of the Baldwin Hotel.

Dick Reeder’s Store for Men
Same Location 31 Years

Fifth & Main

Phone 884-6621

FLORSHEIM SHOES - KUPPENHEIMER SUITS
STETSON HATS
ARROW & PENDLETON SHIRTS
McGREGOR SPORTS WEAR
FORMAL WEAR RENTALS

FREE PARKING
CORNER FIFTH & MAIN
In front of the Lakeside Inn. Thought possibly to be Timber-claimers in the 1907 period. George Baldwin driving center team.

--- Maude Baldwin Photo

PELICAN CAFE

722 Main Street                      Phone 884-8855

- Present Location 31 Years -

COMPLETE MEALS FOR THOSE
WHO DEMAND THE FINEST FOOD
Connecting Lounge

Avis McConnell
Manager

Open: 6:30 A.M.
to 10:00 P.M.

FREE PARKING AT EIGHTH & KLAMATH
KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
A Puckett operation in 1922 at Meva, north of Chiloquin. Everett Puckett sitting on log. Dan Davis driving team.

MY LIFETIME IN KLAMATH COUNTY
TRANSPORTATION AND SALE OF LOGS AND TIMBER

O. K. PUCKETT

Phone 884-6115

120 N. 7th Street

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
Lobby of the Baldwin Hotel in 1912. Maude Baldwin on stairway, George Baldwin at right.
Inset: Mr. and Mrs. Andy Moore.

BALDWIN HOTEL
OLDEST & STRONGEST
COMMERCIAL BUILDING IN TOWN

31 Main Street
Phone 884-5952
KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

55 Years—The Landry Co. offers 55 years of experience in serving the insurance needs of the Klamath Basin as background to provide insurance service for YOU.

Present Location 20 Years

Insure with—

THE LANDRY CO.

LIABILITY ★ FIRE

Paul O. Landry - V. T. Johnson

419 Main Street - KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON - Phone 882-2526

AUTO ★ PROPERTY

xix.
Moore Mill crew on Link River about 1905. Front row, left to right: "Bull" Thompson, engineer and firemen; Frank Chintell, "Dolly" runner taking lumber out to yard; Dick Bartlett with hook to offbear the boards and set the screws for the next board off the cant; Fred Arnold (with cap), lath mill operator; Charley Moore, with teasel, who helped take out "Dollies," pile lumber and spear salmon in between the tail race; Al Carlson, Sawyer and millwright. Rear Row: Peterson, lumber piler; Chris Reed, offbearer; John Willard, offbearer; Jim McClure, edgerman and yard foreman and lumber salesman; John Cabler, pond man, who brought the logs into the mill.

The mill averaged 7 thousand feet of good Klamath County lumber per day of ten hours and we are still selling the same good Klamath County lumber today at SWAN LAKE MOULDING COMPANY at 3226 South Sixth Street in Klamath Falls, Oregon. Phone 884-5145.
Elks Western Night in the Old Houston Opera House, April 14, 1914.

John H. Houston
EQUITABLE'S LIVING INSURANCE — SERVICE SINCE 1921

114 N. 7th  KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON  Phone 884-3221

C. Buz Larkin
GENERAL INSURANCE and BONDS

114 N. 7th  KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON  Phone 884-3108

xxi.
Steamer "Klamath" at Ady Landing, end of the railroad between January 1st, 1909 and May 19th, 1909.

J. C. RENIE
Certified Master Watchmaker

JEWELRY DESIGNING - MANUFACTURING
ENGRAVING - JEWELRY and CLOCK REPAIRING

1021 Main Street
Phone 884-4606
KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
Exhibit in Klamath County Museum
Grandma Goeller's old stove.

"WE'VE COME A LONG WAY"

FRIGIDAIRE

Cascade Home Furnishings Co.

412 Main Street
Phone 884-8365
KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
Upper Swan Lake School, 1913.

BEE HIVE AUTO LEASE

- Cars
- Pickups
- Trucks

STATIONS IN OREGON AND CALIFORNIA

Elbert W. Stiles, Owner
830 Klamath Ave.

Phone 882-5541
Klamath Falls, Oregon
Oregon Water Corporation pumping plant near the site of the old Applegate-Reames residence on Conger Avenue, and a portion of the ancient Indian fish traps in Link River.

Oregon Water Corporation

PURE WATER FROM ARTESIAN WELLS

Phone 882-3436

Seventh and Pine Streets

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
This circular tie mill operated on the present Weyerhaeuser mill site for 23 months between January 1928 and December 1929, cutting 28 million feet. All but 900,000 feet were for mill and railroad construction.
The famous White Pelican Hotel completed in 1912, burned October 16, 1926. It was located at the intersection of Main and Esplanade Streets.

Compliments of . . .

Kimball Glass House

"THE BEST PLACE TO REPLACE"

Phone 882-2535 521 Walnut

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
In the Klamath woods. Identity and location unknown. 1913-1915 period.

Klamath Plywood Corporation

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

HARDWOOD PLYWOOD OF QUALITY