Site of the Fulkerson home in Langell Valley. The spring still flows from a point behind the burned out shell of a later day house that sat on the original Fulkerson home location. (Helen Helfrich photo)

FORGOTTEN ACRES

Still life!
Here droops an open sagging gate,
A strip of grayish splintered wood.
The loop of wire—no hand of late
Has placed upon its weathered post.

The frosted-red brick fireplace stands,
Charcoaled chips upon the hearth;
Two tongues of iron-rusted bands
Half buried in the barren ground.

A wheel hub—four spokes still intact;
The boot of brown without a heel
With leather stiff, unyielding—cracked
Into an ancient time-worn fret.

The bent horseshoe—a bit of glass
Sun-amethyst, I bend to touch,
And see a dark-striped lizard pass;
A lightning proof that here is still—
Life!
DEDICATION

We respectfully dedicate this the thirteenth issue of *Klamath Echoes* to Ellen Elizabeth (Hiatt) Fulkerson, who along with the other pioneers in this book, cared enough to leave a written record of their times.
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THE COVER: Our cover was drawn by Deborah Runnels, Art Teacher at Klamath Union High School.
EDITOR’S PAGE

During Klamath Falls’ Centennial year of 1967, two issues of Klamath Echoes, Numbers Four and Five, were published. They recounted the early history of Linkville from its founding to the mid-1920 period of Klamath Falls, its successor. The history of Linkville-Klamath Falls to a large extent is the history of the Klamath Country.

Since 1967, and especially during the preparation of Klamath Echoes for the years 1972, 1973 and 1974, considerable new information has come to light concerning our early Klamath Country history.

First and foremost, perhaps, was the manuscript of Mrs. Ellen Hiatt Fulkerson’s recollections written in 1935. Discovery of this manuscript came about during the preparation of Klamath Echoes Number Ten, the Langell Valley-Bonanza Issue of 1972.

During the fall of 1971 this writer and his wife, accompanied by Mrs. John S. (Florence Boggs) Horn and Donald Philpotts of Bonanza, made a circuit of Langell Valley with the latter two pointing out locations, homesites and various bits of associated history.

At this time it was learned that Mr. Philpotts had in his possession a typed copy of an early day resident’s recollections of the Langell Valley vicinity.

It seems that a few years before, Mr. Philpotts had visited a deserted and little known cemetery on the west side of Langell Valley. One of the headstones (there were only two then in existence) had been knocked over and broken into several pieces. It was of a native stone, but after considerable effort Mr. Philpotts was able to restore it to some semblance of its former shape and to decipher the name thereon, “Jasper Thurston Fulkerson.”

This writer, when told of the existence of such a manuscript, was allowed by Mr. Philpotts to read and copy it. This writer was impressed with the historical value of the manuscript to the Klamath Country, so immediately planned to pass it on to Klamath Echoes readers when sufficient research had been done to intelligently edit it.

At the same time a search for relatives began. It was learned that a Volney E. Fulkerson had lived at Lincoln City, Oregon, but had moved to Prescott, Arizona.

Next, out of a clear sky came a letter, received September 25, 1973 from Inga E. Fulkerson, inquiring about Klamath Echoes Number Ten, the Langell Valley-Bonanza Issue. She proved to be the wife of Volney E. Fulkerson, who had passed away November 25, 1972, and who was the son of Calvin Thomas Fulkerson, Grandmother Ellen’s third child.

Through this correspondence a snapshot of George Edward and Calvin Thomas Fulkerson was obtained from Inga E., as well as other information and newspaper clippings. Also obtained was the address of Mr. Vance Shelhamer, the son of Nettie Rae, Grandmother Ellen’s seventh born child. From Mr. Shelhamer was received a group picture of the entire Fulkerson family at the Golden Wedding Anniversary of John T. and Ellen Fulkerson in Yakima, Washington on December 12, 1916.

Since the Fulkerson history did not supply enough material for a complete Klamath Echoes Issue, a Bi-Centennial “Pioneer Issue” was conceived.

Over a period of years this writer has secured copies of a number of pioneer reminiscences while doing research for those issues of Klamath Echoes previously published. Some were secured from old newspaper files and three, the J.O. Hamaker, Ruby Hillis McCall and John Humboldt Hessig stories, copied directly from original manuscripts. For the first we are indebted to the files of the Jacksonville Democratic Times at the Jacksonville Museum and the Klamath News files in the Herald and News office. For the original manuscripts we are indebted to Earl Hamaker, Ruby Hillis McCall and Richard L. Hessig.

-IV-
As a result of this issue of Klamath Echoes we are now able to reconstruct the pioneer ranch homes from Lost River at Olene, to Linkville (Klamath Falls) during the 1882-1884 period. The same thing can be said of Linkville itself.

In conclusion, it is this writer’s fervent hope that someone will undertake the task of constructing a scale model of Linkville during the next two years for our Bi-Centennial celebration during 1975 and 1976.

The Editor

The Barron Stage Station south of Ashland, Oregon as it looked December 17, 1887, when the last stage coach south over the Siskiyou Mountains halted there. John T. and Ellen Fulkerson were working here at the time of their marriage December 16, 1866.

Barron Stage Station as it looked May 8th, 1975. (Helen Helfrich photo).
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(Courtesy Vance Shelhamer)
PIONEERING LIFE OF
MRS. ELLEN HIATT FULKERSON

(Reminiscences by Mrs. Fulkerson)
1831-1936

In the early days of immigration from the Atlantic Coast and New England States to the Central or "Prairie States," there were two families, one by the name of Hiatt and the other by the name of Jaquette, moved from the state of Virginia to Cass County, Iowa and located on adjoining property about 1830 or 1831. Lewis Hiatt

[Cass County, approximately twenty-four miles square, lies about midway between Des Moines and Council Bluffs, Iowa. It was crossed obliquely from northeast to southwest by the main emigrant road from Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, now closely approximated by U.S. Highway 6. The county seat is the city of Atlantic, population 7,000 to 8,000.] and Lydia Jaquette, son and daughter of these two families, grew to manhood and womanhood here as neighbors and schoolmates and in 1848 were united in marriage and on October 2nd of 1851 "the stork" made them a visit and left me with them and they named me Ellen. About this time these families had received news from friends in California and Oregon, by returning freighters, of the wonderful climate of the Pacific Coast and of the discovery of rich gold claims in California. This news gave some of them a desire to go to these western states and after talking the matter over, the Hiatts decided to go and immediately began preparations for the trip by disposing of all their crops, stock and property except what they would require for the journey, put their wagons and all equipment in good repair and May 1st, 1852, joined a caravan or "train" as they called it at that time, and as it is still called, to cross the Great American Plains by way of the Oregon Trail. The

[The route followed, would have been the branch of the Oregon Trail from the Omaha-Council Bluffs vicinity on the Missouri River. Thence westward to Southern Idaho by the Oregon Trail where they would have turned into the California Trail down the Humboldt River in present Nevada. Finally they would have turned into the Applegate Trail and followed it into the Rogue River Valley.] Hiatt family or party of this caravan consisted of Grandfather and Grandmother Hiatt, Lewis Hiatt and Lydia Hiatt my parents, myself a baby about seven months old, Katherine Jaquette, thirteen year old sister of my mother, and Jesse Hiatt, my father's brother who was still in his teens, about sixteen or seventeen. They had two covered wagons, each drawn by four oxen, a few oxen and a milk cow or two. They got along very well until in July when Grandmother Hiatt took ill with cholera and died July 31st, 1852 and was buried beside the road August 1st, wrapped in her feather-bed. Just one month later, August 31st, Lydia Hiatt, my mother, died of mountain fever and was buried September 1st near the road but in a coffin the men made out of an abandoned wagon bed they found nearby. Where my mother is buried is now covered by Boulder Lake created by Boulder Dam which was built across the Colorado River in 1933.

[Mrs. Fulkerson is in error regarding Boulder Dam. At the nearest point on the emigrant trail, near Wells, Nevada, she would have been approximately 400 miles from the Colorado River at Boulder Dam. She is probably referring to the American Falls Dam and Reservoir on Snake River, west of Pocatello, Idaho. Two smaller dams and reservoirs, one at Bishop Creek on the headwaters of the Humboldt, and the other at Rye Patch on the Humboldt near the Applegate turn-off from the California Trail possibly
The loss of these two left me, a baby, to the care of the men folk and my aunt Katherine. Late in October this caravan arrived at Jacksonville, Oregon. My aunt Katherine secured work soon after arrival at Jacksonville, and took care of me until I was about two years old when my father saw it was too much for her and adopted me to a Mrs. Rachel Brown. Aunt Katherine had to pass Mrs. Brown’s place to and from her place of work and one evening on her return from work she saw Mrs. Brown slap me across the mouth and it made her so angry she picked me up and took me with her but after she got over her anger she realized she could not take me from Mrs. Brown because I had been adopted by her so the next morning she took me back but told Mrs. Brown she would not stand for any more such treatment of me. My father and grandfather, who had enlisted as volunteer Government Escort Guards on the immigrant trail soon after arriving at Jacksonville, were discharged and came home and on

[The “volunteer Government Escort Guards” was undoubtedly that company of 30 men under John E. Ross, all from Jacksonville, who patrolled the Apple gate Trail that season. This writer’s great-great uncle, Daniel Barnes, was a First Lieutenant in this company.]

learning of Mrs. Brown’s mistreatment of me my father wanted me back but found out he would have to buy me out of adoption, which cost him $700.00. He did not adopt me out again but had me taken care of by several different people until he found what he thought was to be a permanent home for some time with a Mrs. Abram Timbrook. I was with Mrs. Timbrook until I was about 4½ years old or the summer of 1856 when she decided to return East to friends and relatives as she and her husband did not expect her to recover from what they thought was T.B. This same summer my father and Grandfather filed adjoining homesteads on some land near Ashland, about 20 miles from Jacksonville, and knowing they could not look after me while getting some buildings on the homestead, took me to Albany and left me with a Mr. and Mrs. Snead. Being old enough to realize that I wanted to be with my own father and grandfather they had a time getting me quieted from my crying and screaming when they told me I was not going back with them but was to stay with Mrs. Snead until they could build a house on the homestead. I was only about 4½ years old at this time but I remember it as well as if it had happened only yesterday and I am 84 years old now. When I had been with the Sneads a little more than a year or when I was almost 6 years old my father came and took me to live with a preacher and his wife by the name of Davis who lived near Salem near the Santiam River not far from a school and near a family by the name of Chambless. I soon got suspicious that Mr. and Mrs. Davis were stealing their vegetables and fruit. They would leave their home late of evenings with a couple of sacks each and when they returned later they would have the four sacks about half full of several kinds of vegetables and fresh fruits. When I finally asked them where they got the things, they said, “You never mind where we get them. That is our business.” After that I got more and more suspicious and finally I learned they were stealing them from the Chambless place and I grew to hate and despise them, and became very much attached to the Chambless family and especially to Lucy, who was about my age and I went with them to school. I was with Mr. and Mrs. Davis about a year. There were 8 or 10 children in the Chambless family, most of them in school. While I was with the Sneads and Davises which was about three years and without me knowing about it, my father and Aunt Katherine were married and there had been born to them a girl baby which they named Rose. This made my Aunt Katherine my stepmother as well as my aunt, and the baby Rose would be my half sister and my cousin. The fall of 1859, when I was almost 8 years old, my father and my uncle Jesse came to take
me home from Mr. and Mrs. Davis. Arriving home and finding my auntie there with supper ready, I was told about my father and auntie being married and that my auntie was now my mother as well as my aunt and that the baby was my sister, also my cousin. I was so surprised and dumfounded to learn that all this had taken place without my knowing about it, and when we all gathered around the table, Grandfather, Father, Uncle, Baby and Auntie-Mother, the tears began trickling down my cheeks and finally I burst out crying. When asked why I was crying, I said, “I guess because I now have my father, a mother, and a baby sister. Just what I have wished for for a long time.” Then my mother-auntie said, “Well now, don’t cry any more Dearie, I am going to try to be a good mother so perk up now and eat your supper,” I was only home a few months when Mrs. Timbrook returned from the east all cured of her trouble which proved not to be consumption at all, and wanted me to go live with her and go to school. I said I would like to go so my father and mother finally agreed to let me go as it would be a good chance for me to attend school. I was the fourth girl Mrs. Timbrook had attending school and helping with the housework. The youngest of the three was about my age. Her name was Eliza Condry. The other two were quite grown-up ladies, 16 or 18 years old. Lize, as everyone called her, and I became very much attached to each other and the best of friends and were always together, but this was destined to be of short duration. It was practically impossible for my father to find help for the farm work so he had me at home to help what I could in the house and also to help what I could with the outside work.

Before Father and I left for home I went with Liza to the schoolhouse for my books. We had to go through a small tract of timber on our way to the schoolhouse, so we stopped in the timber out of sight of the schoolhouse and hugged and kissed and cried a little because we had to be separated so soon. We did this before we got to the schoolhouse because we were afraid the other children would laugh at us. Just a few months after this I heard that Liza had died of scarlet fever. This was surely a surprise and shock to me for we had been such devoted friends. I stayed home helping with the housework and also with the outside work wherever and whenever I could and attending school only four or five months during the winters until I was fourteen years old when I went to work for a Major H.F. Barron, who had quite a large cattle ranch and employed quite a large crew of men. One of the crew, a man 26 years old, quite dark, about six feet tall by the name of John Fulkerson, and I struck up quite a friendship right away and quite often of evenings after the day’s work was done we would go for a horseback ride. We were out together so much that everybody could plainly see what it was going to come to and the men got to kidding John a little until one morning Mrs. Barron said to me, “Why don’t you two lovers ride down to Jacksonville and get married? You are not fooling any of us. We all can see you are in love. So go ahead and get married. I think you are suited to each other and I know John well enough to know he will be a good husband for you.” Well, we took her advice and on December 12, 1866 we went down to Jacksonville and were married at the Harris [or Horn-Editor] Hotel without anyone but Mr. and Mrs. Barron knowing what we went for, but of course they were not long finding out about it. We continued on with the Barrons for the winter and the spring of 1867. We rented a part of my father’s homestead and farmed that year, and the late summer of 1867 the stork visited us and left us a girl baby and we named her Clara Ann, but she did not remain with us very long. Due to improper care, she took a bad cold which developed into pneumonia and she died and was buried in the Jacksonville cemetery.
After we got all our crops harvested and sold we went back with the Barron outfit for the winter of 1867-68 and in the spring of 1868 my husband and another of Barron’s men, Isaac Harris, decided to go into partnership and take a few of Barron’s cattle on a share proposition, which Mr. Barron had agreed to, into what is now Klamath County, Oregon. They bought two saddle horses and saddles and two pack mules and when I saw that my husband had bought only one outfit I asked him why he had not bought an outfit for me, and he said, “You surely do not think you can make such a trip do you?” I said, “I certainly do and I think you are going to get me an outfit so I can go with you.” He protested, saying it would be too hard a trip for me, but I persisted that I could and wanted to. So he finally gave in and bought me a frisky, high-spirited pinto pony and, of all things for a mountain trip, a lovely sidesaddle and on the first day of April 1868, after a lot of fuss and excitement and kidding and joking, my husband and Harris finally got the pack mules all loaded and the few head of stock consisting of two yoke of oxen, one cow with a three-month old calf, and five or six yearlings together. We started out on what surely proved to be a rough, cold, stormy six-day trip over the old Siskiyou Mountain Range.

(This range is now considered a part of the Cascade Mountains; the Siskiyous lying several miles to the southwest along the Oregon-California State Line.)

Sometimes when we stopped for the night I would be wet and muddy and cold but would not complain because I had insisted that I could make the trip. Despite all these hardships I really enjoyed it and got a lot of fun out of it also. Up to this time I had never, to my knowledge, seen a meal cooked over an open campfire, much less eaten one. When we stopped for our first meal one of the men baked a frying-pan of bread or camp flapjacks and leaned it against a small stick near the fire to keep warm until they got the rest of the things ready and it fell over into the ashes. I picked it up and was about to throw it away, but seeing the amused expression on the men’s faces, decided not to but cleaned it the best I could and it wasn’t so bad but it was a little dirty. Many a time afterwards I had the same experience and oh, such beds we had to sleep on. Did you ever have the experience of sleeping on a bed with rocks for springs? Well, our first night we camped on the bank of a little stream called Jenny Creek, right on a spot covered with cobble rock and boulders. We just leveled them up best we could and made our beds with a couple of blankets for our mattress and really slept very well. When we awoke the next morning, April 2nd, the little creek was a raging torrent. Well, we had to cross this raging torrent and the men insisted I should ride one of the pack mules across so I did and it was well I did so for the stream was so strong that it almost got my pony. He was so light that it would have gotten him but he happened to be upstream from one of the oxen and lodged against him and in that way was piloted across. My lovely new saddle was soaking wet but I mounted and herded the stock together and watched them while the men took the pack mule I had ridden back across the stream, repacked him and returned. We got started again but oh, how it did rain all that day as we moved on up the old Klamath River Trail. I was the leader of the outfit and reaching the crest of a ridge, I decided to walk down, thereby giving my pony a little relief, so I dismounted and started down the trail. I had not gone far when I slipped, it was so slippery, and sat flat down and coasted quite a distance down the trail. My pony lost his footing in the same place and came sliding down and stopped just a few feet above me. We both regained our footing without any serious injury. I wiped the mud off my hands the best I could on a big boulder beside the trail and decided I would ride the rest of the day so I mounted my pony and proceeded on our way. When we made camp that night I cleaned the mud
off my clothes the best I could and stood around near the big bonfire the men had built especially for my benefit at what was called Trappers Cabin and we spent a very good night on a bed made of fir boughs inside the cabin. When we awoke the next morning everything appeared more bright and cheerful. The sun was shining and wild birds were singing all around us in the big trees. By night of this same day we got to what was called "The Road House" run by a Mr. and Mrs. O.T. Brown. It is now known as

[Mr. and Mrs. O.T. Brown, at first employed at Fort Klamath, located on what is now Spencer Creek at about the same time O.A. Stearns homesteaded southwest of Linkville, late in July, 1867. Within a very few years they resettled on a site easterly from the Stearns homestead. If, as stated by both the History of Central Oregon (1905), and the History of Klamath County (1941), Mrs. Brown was the first white woman to settle in the Klamath Country, it then follows that Mrs. Fulkerson was the second and Mrs. Harris the third. However, there is one qualification, two other women, a Mrs. Lee and a Mrs. Aylesworth, whose husbands worked at Klamath Agency and Fort Klamath, may have lived for a time in the Klamath Country prior to Mrs. Fulkerson and Mrs. Harris.]

"Spencer Creek Inn." The Browns were very nice people and after getting washed and cleaned up a little we sure had an enjoyable evening, especially for Mrs. Brown as she had not seen a white woman for more than three months. The Road House was on the east side and at the base of Juniper Ridge and just after we got over the crest

[Actually, Brown's Road House was about 100 yards east of Spencer Creek, while Juniper Ridge lay some six miles farther east with several other ridges in between.]

of the ridge the next morning, our three month old calf decided he didn't want to go on and did he try to go back! Its mother, of course, tried to follow and my husband and I surely had a time with them but after a chase and a rechase of about a mile we finally got them back with the outfit and on down to the valley below where we found Mr. Harris unpacking the mules and a campfire going. It was about 10:30 and I objected to nooning so early and said, "Why are we having dinner so early?" Mr. Harris said "Why not?" and I replied, "Well, why not go on to our intended destination?" Then he and John (my husband) had a good laugh and said, "This is the end of our journey, our future home." I said, "I don't like it. It is too wild and rugged," but woman-like, I made the best of it and dismounted to help with the dinner with which Mr. Harris had been busy during this conversation. Dinner over and everything put away, we all got busy establishing camp. The first thing we did was to cut enough rye-grass that was quite thick and as tall as the men, to fill three bed ticks that we had brought with us on Mrs. Barron's advice. After we got the bed ticks all filled nice and full, we got busy on a shelter to sleep under until we could build a good log house. We set two posts about six feet tall and about ten feet apart and two about eight feet tall opposite and about twelve feet from the six foot ones. This would make a shelter about 10 x 12 feet. Then we fastened poles on top of these from the six to the eight foot ones about 18 inches apart and fastened them together at all connections with wood pegs. On top of this framework we placed heavy fir boughs stem end towards the eight foot or high part until we had a good thick layer to shed the rain or melting snow off and it took quite a heavy rain to make it leak. We let the boughs extend over enough to form an eave. We also fastened fir boughs around the sides the same way but left an opening in the eight foot high end for a door. We made no cupboard but kept our supplies in our saddle bags on the floor in one corner and covered them with boughs. By night of the second day we had our first shelter completed and also a table and three three-legged stools for chairs. We did all this work with one
saw, hammer and an auger and used wood pegs in place of nails or screws. Our dishes consisted of tin plates, cups and spoons, the old time iron knives and forks, two frying pans and a tin pail to carry water from the lake and to heat water in. We made our table, stools, and frame of our shelter of juniper. We kept the calf tied to a tree near our shelter where we could watch it and see that it did not get at it's mother and take all the milk. We wanted some of it for our coffee and also to use with the berries we might find growing nearby. Contrary to my first impressions of this place, I found it very beautiful and interesting. I was awakened the first morning by the twittering, singing and calls of what seemed to me thousands of birds and water fowl from the trees and a marsh, or it might be called a backed water lake, for beyond this lake could be seen the smoothly, quietly flowing Klamath River, second largest river in the state of Oregon. We built a raft of some small logs and the men started across the lake in search of wild duck eggs and they found an island in the lake with an Indian burial ground on it from which they got quite a collection of trophies consisting of beads, buttons, thimbles, rings, some brass bars, crystals, flint arrowheads, pins, needles, buckles, and several other things supposedly obtained from traders or from the emigrant trains of the plains. This island was quite an elevated peak or butte. Later we used the raft for fishing, using a chalk line for our line and quite a large hook with minnows or mussels for bait and a large cork for a float. For our rod we cut a slim fir sapling and peeled it. With this outfit we caught trout and 20 inches long, weighing as much as three or four pounds.

Well, after being here about three weeks I saw that my husband needed a new shirt, timber work being rather severe on clothing, especially on shirts. Being one hundred miles from the nearest place where drygoods could be gotten I began to wonder what I would make it of and finally remembered my brown drill riding skirt and said to him, "I guess I will make you a shirt of my riding skirt." He said, "Oh, can you make a shirt for me?" As I was only sixteen years old I guess he thought I did not know much about sewing. He asked me, "where will you get a pattern?" "Well," I said, where there's a will, there's a way! I'll tear up one of your old ones for a pattern." When I had it completed after about three days planning and sewing by hand, I presented him with a very well-fitting garment of which he, as well as myself, was very proud.

One afternoon as I sat in front of our lodge on a log, sewing, I heard a scratching on a tree nearby and looked around to see what it could be but saw nothing so decided it was just a squirrel or maybe a rabbit and resumed my sewing. After a bit I heard it again and became a little uneasy thinking it might be a wild animal or an Indian. I turned around facing the tree from which I thought it came, watching and sewing away unconcernedly, but a little uneasy. After a few minutes I saw an Indian girl peeking from behind the tree. I said "Hello" and smiled at her and she answered me with a smile and asked if I was afraid of her. I said "No, come on over here and sit by me," She was very pleased to know she had not frightened me and came and sat by me. We had a very pleasant visit which I surely enjoyed after being out there alone with only my husband and Mr. Harris for only three weeks. We became very friendly and she finally said, "I see you go fishing in the river." I said "yes, but I don't like to go fishing alone." Then she asked me if I would like to go fishing with her. I told her I surely would. She said, "All right, you come over to river on raft, then I get in canoe and come over on this side and we go fishing together." We did quite often and became quite close friends. If I did not have very good luck she would insist on me trying her pole and line. I didn't like to do that because I had learned she was catching them for her father to market. He was taking them to Eureka [Yreka--Editor], California; but she said she did not care. She would rather I should have them.
Her father was Bob Whittle, a white man, who at that time was the owner of a “Rancheree” or ranch, with quite a collection of Klamath Indians around him, on the south bank of the Klamath River where is now located the village of Keno, Oregon. I spent many afternoons with her and we grew to like each other very much. Her name was Caroline Whittle, her mother being a Klamath Indian woman. If she were still living I would enjoy seeing her again.

[Caroline Whittle, born about 1852 or 1853, the daughter of Bob and Matilda Whittle, founders of Whittle’s Ferry (now Keno), later married Frances Picard, Whittle’s old trapping companion. She was the grandmother of Willard W. Wright who wrote an article on Bob Whittle for the 1969 Klamath Echoes No. 7 Issue (Merrill-Keno), pages 56-58.]

During this time, about three or four weeks, the men were splitting pine for fence rails and building fences to enclose our garden plot and for a corral for our stock at nights. At this time there was also being built at the O.T. Brown Inn a ferry boat to be operated on the Klamath River. Mrs. Brown sent me a special invitation to attend the launching which was to take place soon, said invitation having been delivered to me by a Mr. Orson Stearns who had stayed overnight with the Browns on his way from Ashland to his place farther up the river.

After delivering mine he also delivered one to my husband and Mr. Harris, whom he passed, as they were working near the trail on his way. When the men came in that night my husband told me about receiving them and said the launching was to be the following Sunday. I said “Yes, I received a special invitation from Mrs. Brown to attend and I will be awfully glad to attend.” John said, “Oh my, I don’t think you should go.” I said “why not?” He said “well, I promised Trafton (the man helping him with the fencing) he could ride your pony.” I said “Well, I’m very sorry but I’m going to ride my pony myself.” He did not think I could stand the trip “after my long trip from Ashland,” but I finally convinced him and he gave in and consented alright. When the time came we all saddled up and rode down to the celebration. Our horses were all so frisky after their three or four week rest and feeding on the young, luscious grass that grew there.

At the launching I met Trafton and asked him if he was mad at me for not letting him have my pony, and he said “I should say not. You did just right. I had no right or business asking for it in the first place, and leave you there all day alone.”

A week or two later we packed up and went back to the Barron’s Ranch to drive in the balance of our one-hundred-fifty head of cattle. We left May 22nd and arrived back June 1st. On this trip Mr. Harris took back with him his wife and family of four children.

[According to Klamath County deed records, the State of Oregon deeded Lots 1 & 2, Section 32, T. 39 S., R. 8 EWM to Isaac Harris and his wife M.C. on April 29, 1873. This land was located on the extreme southern point of Juniper Ridge, a mile or so northeast of Keno on State Highway 66. The brush shelter built by the Fulkersons, according to Mrs. Fulkerson’s description, must have been close to
or on this point and near the road leading out to the old Claude Kerns ranch in the "low-lands" which in 1868 was covered by a back-water lake from the Klamath River. Harris probably filed on this land, or "squatted" there sometime during the early summer of 1868, but did not complete payment for the property until the above date in 1873. According to old-timers, years ago a delapidated cabin stood just to the southeast of the present highway on this point.]

Husband and I moved out and let the Harris family have our fir bough house and we camped under a juniper tree about fifty yards from the bough house. While camping here under the tree the lizards got quite friendly and would crawl right up on my lap when I was sewing. I was preparing clothes for our second baby which was expected that fall.

I did not mind the lizards so much but was afraid of the rattlesnakes which were quite plentiful enough. One night while Husband was out with the cattle, which had to be watched continually day and night to keep them from returning to Barrons, I felt a snake crawl across the bed over me and I surely held my breath with fear. The next morning I told my husband, "Hiss this is when we build a bedstead," and we did surely get our bed up off the ground. We made a bedstead out of juniper and made it about 24 inches high and faced it with rope which made a very good bed and a very comfortable one to sleep on and I had no more snakes crawling over me. Deciding also that a stool was not a very comfortable thing to rest on or to sit on while sewing, and grasping the meaning of that age old axiom. "Where there's a will there's a way," and that other one. "Necessity is the mother of invention," we decided since we had done such a good job making a bedstead, to try our hands at making a more comfortable chair. My husband got busy and every time he had a chance between his turns at herding the cattle, worked on the chair and in a few days he had the chair finished with a high back to it which made it much more comfortable than just a stool. I surely appreciated it and was very proud of it as also was my husband.

Well, along about the first of August 1868, we had our first scare by the Indians. While it did not mean anything at all, we of course thought it did at the time. We always kept one of the saddle horses staked or tied to a tree to keep the rest of them from wandering too far away. You know if you secure one of a bunch of saddle horses the rest will not stray away to any great distance. I went out to move the staked horse so he could get at more good grass and heard a whooping and yelling. Looking up the mountain trail from which the whooping and yelling seemed to come, I saw a bunch of Indians coming down towards our place. Thinking they were on the war path, I turned the staked horse loose and started for our camp but changed my mind and went to the Harris place to be with the children, Mrs. Harris being away, but she returned before the Indians arrived and we were surely scared. The Indians came on down but instead of going on by the trail, came over to our grindstone and pretended to be sharpening their knives. Two or three of them would hold their knives on the stone and one would turn it. They would poke each other and jump around and squeal and yell and finally one of them asked us, "You 'fraid?" We answered "Oh no. We no 'fraid." But all the time we were so scared and trembly we could hardly answer them in a calm voice and without letting our voices betray our feelings, thinking what they might do to us. They finally asked if we had milk, and of course we said yes and gave them some, thinking what they might do if we refused. They kept asking for more until they drank all we had, and of course we said yes and gave them some, thinking what they might do if we refused. They kept asking for more until they drank all we had and then began preparing to move on. We managed to muster up enough courage to ask where they were going. They told us they were "goin g fight" but did not say where or with whom, and of course that worried us, too. As they started on down the trail they kept coming back and calling, "Goodby. Goodby." We learned later they were Klamaths sent out by the Government to
round up and bring in a bunch of Modocs who had left their reservation and were committing depredations. This was the method the Government employed to prevent open warfare between the different Indian tribes and the white settlers. The balance of the summer (1968) passed quietly and smoothly with the cutting and putting up our hay and putting away what few vegetables we had raised along with a few purchases to carry us through the winter months.

My husband had located a preemption claim of eighty acres bordering on and extending into the marsh or back water lake and extending back from the lake about three-eighths of a mile, the line being well up on the eastern slope of Juniper Ridge.

[From Mrs. Fulkerson's description of this "preemption claim of eighty acres" it appears this tract might differ from the 162.93 acre (probably swamp land) purchased from the State of Oregon. It would be on this latter tract that they would build a log cabin. The preemption claim seems to have been westerly from the swamp land tract. The later disposition of this preemption claim is unknown.]

The hay we cut on the marshland was a small type of the Tule specie and grew from twelve or fourteen inches to as high as twenty-four and twenty-six inches. In the late summer and fall during the low water season, the marsh lands would be dry so we could cut the tule and stack it back on the higher land for our stock during the winter season, and they seemed to like it and really put on weight. After our crops were all put away we built ourselves a shelter of boughs like the one we built on our arrival and let the Harris family have. Every spare minute my husband had from the cattle herding, he worked on the shelter. When we got settled in it, Husband

[The first two Fulkerson home sites, or brush shelters were presumably near the southern tip of Juniper Ridge, south of the old Emmit Ranch, once known as Plevna, and now owned by Don Johnson. They may have controlled this land, used only for cutting rye grass and tule hay by "squatters rights." began getting out the timbers and squaring them up for our first real log cabin. In a couple of weeks he had enough material ready to start putting it together and after a couple more weeks time, had the walls up ready for the roof of a log cabin twelve by fourteen feet. Early one morning after breakfast, Husband and the man who was helping him, a Dennis Crowley, took the team and borrowed a wagon and went down the]

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Approximate location of the Fulkerson home, northeast of Keno and southwest of the Pioneer Grocery on Highway 66 between Keno and Klamath Falls. Building at the

wild goose wing tied to the peeled stock of a small juniper sapling.

Now we were more comfortable and felt that we could get through the rough winter. We lived in this log house during the winter of 1868-1869 and our second baby was born in this log house or log cabin.

[The log cabin built by John T. Fulkerson was undoubtedly located on the land deeded to him by the State of Oregon, on December 31, 1873. Its legal description is, Lots 5 and 6 of Section 32; and Lots 1 and 2 of Section 33, T. 39 S., R. 8 EWM, containing 162.93 acres. The price paid for this tract was $325.86. The deed was not recorded until September 1, 1887, as shown in Book 3, page 299, Klamath County Deed Records. This land stretches for one mile along State Highway 66, on both sides of the Pioneer Grocery. In other words, from a point three eights of a mile west of the Pioneer Grocery it extends eastward for one mile, at times on both sides of the highway. It will be noted that both Harris and Fulkerson paid $2.00 per acre for their land. What would it bring by today’s inflated prices? Further, from old-timers’ recollections, the little log cabin must have been situated southwest of the Pioneer Grocery, approximately 200 yards south of the highway. It must have been somewhere in the vicinity of a present day tin-roofed shed, which in November, 1974 was filled with baled hay.]

In the spring of 1869 my husband split juniper and put a floor in our cabin. When we got settled in this log house, just my husband and I, our nearest neighbors, other than the Harris family, were four miles away and there were only men on our side of the Klamath River and another bunch of men across the Klamath three miles.

[According to General Land Office survey maps and other sources, the men... ]
living along the Klamath River on Mrs. Fulkerson’s side would have included some at least of the following: O.A. Stearns, Lewellyn Colver, Dennis Crawley H. M. Thatcher, — Bryant (opposite later day Teeter’s Landing), — Woodruff (near Gore Island), and an Aarant along the river midway between Gore Island and the present Weyerhaeuser mill. On the south side of the river at an early date we have four names: Bob Whittle (at present Keno), — Trafton (at the old Snowgoose ranch upstream from Keno), — Walton (another mile or so upstream), and finally Judson or Dennis Small (near what later became Teeter’s Landing).]

away, it was agreed that if at any time I felt I needed him I was to hang a white cloth of some kind where he could see it. When that time finally did come, he was not very long getting home to me and he rode horseback to the mens’ place four miles away and had one of them go for the doctor we had engaged for the occasion, six miles on from the mens’ place. So that made a ten mile ride for the doctor and the weather was so bad he did not arrive at our place until noon of the next day. Our baby, a boy, came at twelve o’clock midnight with only my husband to wait on me and care for the baby. When the doctor did arrive he pronounced us both fine and doing alright, so after giving us some instructions and receiving his ten dollar fee, he departed, leaving us alone to do the best we knew how and to our own liking. Our baby was born just before twelve o’clock midnight December 7, 1868. We named him George Edward and he was the first white child born in what is now Klamath County, Oregon.

[At one time or another ten different children have had claims advanced for them as being the first white child born in what is now Klamath County. There now seems to be no doubt that to George Fulkerson belongs this honor. Following
George Edward Fulkerson, the first white child born in what is now Klamath County, about one mile northeast of Keno on what later became the old Robert A. Emmit ranch. (Courtesy Vance Shelhamer)

are the ten for whom claims have been advanced, together with their places and dates of birth, with added remarks:

1. George Edward Fulkerson was born near the Pioneer Grocery, some two miles northeast of Keno on State Highway 66. Date of birth, December 7, 1868.

2. Earnest Union Lee was born presumably at Klamath Agency, since his father was employed there. It has been told that the name Union was given to this baby to distinguish his family from that of the J.P. Lee family, who were from the Confederate State of Tennessee. J.P. Lee arose to Captainsy during the Civil War, and was later Klamath County Assessor. Earnest Union Lee was born December 28, 1868 and was living in Eugene, Oregon in 1941.

3. Rufus Aylesorth was born presumably at Ft. Klamath, where his father was stationed or employed. He was born June 25, 1870. His mother was the former Rachael Hall, daughter of Ichabod Hall, later of Langell Valley, and was the elder sister of Nancy Ellen Hall, the wife of Simpson Wilson, also of Langell Valley. Simpson and Nancy Ellen were the first white couple to be married in present Klamath County, July 16, 1871.

4. Sadie Mae Fulkerson was born near the Pioneer Grocery, some two miles northeast of Keno on State Highway 66. Sadie Mae was born August 24, 1870 and was the first white girl to be born in what is now Klamath County.

5. Vinnie Shadler was born at Ft. Klamath on March 2, 1872. Her father was a blacksmith at Ft. Klamath.

6. Alice Applegate (Peil), was born at Klamath Agency March 28, 1872. Her father was the well known Ivan Applegate.

7. Calvin Thomas Fulkerson was born near the Pioneer Grocery, some two miles northeast of Keno on State Highway 66. Date of birth, September 20, 1872. It is also claimed that he was the first white child born in Linkville, now Klamath Falls. See further explanation ahead under Editor's note following Mrs. Fulkerson's account of Calvin Thomas' birth.

8. Alex McDonald was born in a log cabin on the West Side Road in Upper Langell Valley. Date of birth January 31, 1873.

9. Emma Evalyn Wilson was born at Haynesville (later Lorella) on the east side of Langell Valley. Date of birth March 14, 1873. She was the daughter of Simpson and Nancy Ellen Wilson, mentioned above.

10. Joseph Stukel was born March 17, 1873 probably at the original Stukel ranch, north of Shasta Way and east of present Mills Addition in Klamath Falls.

All of the above babies were actually born in what was Jackson County at that time, later Lake County and presently Klamath County.

During this same fall (1868) my husband dug a well and had to go only about fifteen feet deep to get a bountiful supply of water the year round. As soon as I was able to wait on myself and the baby, my husband went out to Mr. Barron's to borrow a wagon to bring in our winter's supply of groceries. After he got through telling Mr. and Mrs. Barron all that had taken place out on our claim, Mr. Barron said, "Well, well, now that is just fine. Now you go back and take care
of that baby and you and Harris round up all your stock and I'll get your supplies and be in in a few days with the buyers." In about three days my husband was back home. I was so surprised that he would come right back so soon and without anything. He explained everything and after having a lunch immediately proceeded to gather in the stock. The next day the Major arrived with the grocery supply and a cookstove as a surprise for me. I thought he was the grandest old fellow and surely a "friend indeed in a time of need." How I enjoyed that cookstove which we thought was a real luxury for there! The cattle buyer did not come with Barron. This of course, was the first time the Major was ever in there and he seemed to like it very much. He had brought his saddles and after having something to eat, saddled up a horse and helped to round up the stock we wished to sell. After a couple of strenuous days in their saddles they had all the stock they wished to sell together and proceeded to drive them to Linkville, which is now Klamath Falls, and across the Klamath River. There they turned them over to the buyer and returned with one cow out of Major Barron's bunch that they could not persuade in any way to enter the water to cross the river with the rest of them. The Major gave this cow to us and also his share in the few remaining head as well as our share in the receipts of the sale.

Here I wish to tell of a phenomenon of the stream between the upper and lower Klamath Lakes. Whenever there is a strong wind directly up this stream, the waters of the upper lake are forced back enough so that this stream will be almost dry as long as two or three hours and one can walk across and hardly get the soles of his shoes wet and also pick up quite a lot of fish. This connecting stream is Link River.

[The last time Link River blew dry from southerly winds seems to have been July 18, 1918. No further drying up by winds is recorded for the simple reason that a dam was finished across the river in October, 1921 which itself reduced the stream to a mere trickle.]

Linkville at that time consisted of a store building about sixteen by twenty-four feet built of logs and covered with pine shakes. One window was made by cutting out a small section of about three logs. This window was for ventilation as well as for displaying a few of the goods that would attract the attention of the Indians, such as bright colored shawls, blankets, bandanas, beads and rings. This store was owned and conducted by a George Nurse, who also owned the only hotel which was also built of logs and had only two small bedrooms, a kitchen, and a dining room. It was more commonly called an inn or just a stopping place for meals. This was Linkville in 1868 and what is now Klamath Falls City.

[This is the only eye-witness description of George Nurse's original store and hotel this writer has ever read. However, the History of Central Oregon (1905), recorded the following: "** lumber was rafted down from the fort that summer (1867), and the pioneer building in Linkville, a little box lumber cabin, was constructed." Who originally related the "box lumber cabin" bit of history, unless it was O.A. Stearns, is unknown.]

Well, in a week or ten days I was able to do my housework and care for the baby. We got through the winter just fine. Husband looking after the feeding of the cattle, a few calves, our two or three horses, and ten head of high grade heifers that one of our neighbors had brought us to winter for him.

The winter of 1868 was not so very severe and we got through it with very few losses of stock. What we did lose were from getting out on the ice of the lake too far when it was covered with snow and breaking through and drowning. About the first of March, 1869 my husband went out to help Mr. Barron for about a week and was gone three instead of one week and I believe they were the longest three weeks of all my life, there all alone with my three months old baby and a dog. There was quite an open place on the side of the ridge that the trail came through and every evening I would
sit in the door with my baby on my lap and the dog lying by my feet, watching for my husband. When it would get too dark to be able to see him if he did come, I would have a little cry and putting the baby to bed would go to bed fearful of what was the reason of his failure to come. I always felt more uneasy at night than during the daytime and especially after the week was up and he had not returned. I well remember one day when I heard what I thought at first was distant thunder but it was so prolonged. I went to the door and looking out, saw what I took to be five hundred or more antelope in a solid mass not more than two hundred feet directly in front of the house. Of course they were on their way across the valley and were so startled to find such a thing as our house in their way, they stood there and gazed at me for at least five minutes. I guess I made a move of some kind and they turned and circled around the house and around the marshland and disappeared. Another night I was awakened by something. I did not know at the time just what it was but finally recognized it as the tread of a horse and then heard the dog growl and bark and then heard the horse walk away. I mustered up enough courage to open the door and saw by the bright moonlight a brown saddle marked horse with a long drag rope. The next morning a man with a foreign accent in his words came to the door and asked me if I had seen a horse. I told him that a brown horse with white saddle-markings and a long drag rope came by last night. He asked me how I knew it was a brown horse with white saddle marks and a long drag rope and it being in the night. When I told him it was a bright moonlight night, he said "T'anks," and left in the direction I gave him. The next morning quite early my husband came and with him was an elderly man who stopped over with us that day and the following night. He thought I had a very nice baby but said, "Oh yes, you feel quite smart and proud of your baby and I don't blame you for that but just wait until you have a family of eight or ten of them and you will see it will not be so." They came so quietly they were right at the door before I knew it and I was so disappointed that I did not see them come down the hill on the trail.

This same spring (1869), Mr. Harris withdrew from the partnership with my husband, but Husband continued the partnership with Barrons. The first year (1868) the men cut all their hay with hand scythes but the spring of 1869 a Mr. Stearns brought in a mowing machine and rake and wherever they could they would use the mowing machine and rake, but still had to cut quite a lot with the scythes, but of course this made the work faster and easier. The summer of 1869 passed without any other particular events than the ones mentioned. My Indian friend, Caroline Whittle, came to see me quite often and we went fishing in the canoe the men had made by hollowing out a log. She was surprised on her first visit in the spring to find I had a baby. She thought he was a very pretty baby because he was so white and he was the first white child born in that part of Oregon. We remained very close friends and if she were living now I would enjoy a visit with her but I do not know if she is living at this time or not. Sometimes I would go fishing alone and sometimes Mrs. Harris would go with me, I always took my baby with me. Mrs. Harris's children were old enough to look after themselves. One day in the late fall of 1869 Mrs. Harris and I were fishing and on catching a good sized trout, threw it in the bottom of the boat. Soon afterwards Mrs. Harris called to me to catch my baby and turning round I was just in time to catch him trying to get his leg over the edge of the boat to get away from the trout which he was afraid of. This spoiled our fishing for that day and we went home. After that I always took a small rope along to tie him with so he could not do that again. We always kept the boat tied to a stake driven into the ground near the bank of the river and would walk around the marsh or go across it on the raft to get to the boat. We always fished from the boat. About the first of March, 1870, an Indian known as
“Link River Jack” stopped at our place to see our baby who was now about sixteen months old and learning some words. He learned to say this Indian’s name and for a long time after that would call to every Indian that passed, “Hello, Link River Jack.” The Indians seemed to get a lot of amusement out of it and seemed to enjoy hearing him say it in his baby way.

There was a white family by the name of Waite, consisting of the father and mother and six children living about ten miles from us near “Tule Lake.” The children were quite young, the baby being only a week old when the mother died of complications after the birth of the baby. They had no near white neighbors so the father got an Indian woman to take care of the baby and he looked after the other five at home for about a month when the baby took sick with a cold. Mr. Waite was trying to find a white woman to take care of the baby and someone told him I might take care of it so he came to see me. Of course I told him I would take care of it, but wanted it brought to me. He agreed to give Husband ten dollars to go back with him and bring the baby to me. So he stopped over night with us and early next morning they left for his place and late that same afternoon Husband arrived back home with the baby. He had carried it the ten miles on his saddle horse without changing its position on his arm for fear it would awaken and cry, thereby causing it to get worse. When he handed it down to me I said, “Oh! What a tiny baby,” and he laughed and said he had begun to think it weighed about fifty pounds. I took it into the house and gave it a good warm bath and dressed it in some of my boy’s baby clothes. When I undressed it I found a package of peppermint leaves fastened to its shirt over its chest, the Indian method of treatment for colds. I had the baby about two months, dividing my milk between it and my own baby, George, when Mr. Waite came by with the rest of the children on his way to Ashland where a sister of his lived who had agreed to take care of all of them for him. They stayed overnight with us and he persuaded me to go with them to Ashland. The next morning after having our breakfast and fixing a lunch to have on our way, as the trip would take a good long day if nothing happened, we got started. Everything went all right until we got over the summit of the mountains when one of the wagon wheels broke down, and as it was getting along late in the evening, Mr. Waite gathered some dry wood and made a big bonfire and we ate our lunch. He then divided the hay he had brought for the team and spread it in the wagon bed for the two babies and me and put a blanket over us and covered the rest of the children with coats and a blanket. Then by keeping the bonfire going all night we managed to get through the night without any of us taking severe colds. Here we were about twenty-five miles from the nearest blacksmith and up in the mountains at that; but Mr. Waite got busy with his ax and cut some small fir to get some sticks and patched up the wheel so it would get us on to Ashland where his sister’s family seemed to be pleased to get the children. I never saw the baby after that but heard of her often even after she was grown and married.

I visited with friends in Ashland for a few days and then my husband came and we went home.

The rest of the summer of 1869 and the winter of 1869-1870 passed without any other events worthy of mention and with the usual routine of the pioneer life on a cattle ranch; cutting and stacking our winter’s supply of hay, cutting and getting in our winter’s supply of wood, looking after our livestock, taking care of our boy, and catching fish which surely helped out. Our half-blood Indian friend, Caroline Whittle, visited us quite often and she and I would go fishing together and always came home with several nice fish.

The winter passed and the spring of 1870 opened with lovely weather and everything came out and seemed to grow so rapidly. This spring we built a new and larger house back farther from the marsh on higher ground. We made it 14 x 20
feet with a door on each side opposite, a window near the door on the west side, and a cobblestone fireplace on the north end, and a lean-to kitchen ten feet wide on the south.

[It is told that Robert A. Emmit's first home was a log cabin out in the swamp which he moved to his later home site, where Don Johnson now lives. This may have been the second Fulkerson cabin, here described.]

As we were too far from the first well we dug to carry water from it, we dug a new one and had to go only about fifteen feet deep with it to get a good supply of water. We left a short ladder hanging in the well which proved to be very convenient as will be seen later on in my story.

One morning about the first of March I happened to be looking up at the crest of Juniper Ridge and noticed a small streak of dust ascending upwards and kept watching it to see if I could find out what was causing it. Finally when the base of it was within about half a mile of the house I could make out what I decided was elk. He seemed suddenly to scent something. He stopped and raised his head just as high as he could and seemed to be making an investigation of the surrounding country and after what seemed to me to be a thorough survey he moved on down Juniper Ridge, crossed the canyon between Juniper and the higher ridge and disappeared over a small spur of the larger ridge. When my husband came in I told him about it and he said, "Oh you surely could not know it was an elk!" I replied, "It surely was an elk and if you don't believe it was, you go up there tomorrow and see for yourself. His tracks will be there to prove I am right." So the next morning bright and early he and one of our men rode up there and found I was right. The tracks were elk tracks all right and that was generally believed to be the first elk ever seen on that side of the Siskiyou Mountains [Cascade Mountains - Editor]. It was no unusual thing to see deer and antelope by the dozen or more come down to drink at the marsh and feed around for awhile. They seemed to be very fond of the salt grass that grew near the marsh.

Haying time, 1870, came and with it the usual routine of preparing for the winter: stacking the hay in the sheds, getting in the winter's supply of wood, and putting away what vegetables we had raised. One morning in August, the twenty-fourth to be exact, I told John I thought he had better stay near the house or within calling distance, so telling the men he was going to sharpen up the mower sickles preparatory for the next haying which was only a few days off, he remained with me, helping with the housework, looking after baby George, and preparing meals for our men. One of our men who had been with us for some time slept on the hay under the shed. The others who were neighbors went home for the night.

After the evening's work was done and baby George was put to bed, along about ten o'clock our new baby arrived, and after John had looked after me and our new baby, a sweet little blue-eyed girl weighing about five and one-half pounds, he ran out to the shed and called, "Jack, Jack, where are you?" and Jack answered rather excitedly, "Right here, John. Can I do something for you?" John answered "Oh no, I just wanted to tell you we have a little dish washer," meaning of course that we had a girl baby. We named her Sadie May. Baby and I got along just fine and so the

[Sadie May Fulkerson was born August 24, 1870. She would therefore be the first white girl baby born in what is now Klamath County. Although born in a different cabin than her older brother George Edward, the location would be approximately the same, southwest of the Pioneer Grocer, some three eighths of a mile, and about 200 yards from State Highway 66.]

fifth day after she came I was up and able to help a little with the housework. While I was still in bed the Indian, Link River Jack, came again and was very much surprised and pleased that we had another baby and he called it a "tenas
Boston papoose” which in the Chinook means “little white baby.”

Our dog Fanny had brought us a family of puppies a few days before our baby came and after I had been out of bed about a week the puppies were crawling around and three of them got too close to the opening in the center of the well cover and fell into the well so I had to remove a part of the covering to get those pups out. I got down into the well with the aid of the short ladder that John had left hanging from the top of the well, got the pups out, dried them the best I could, wrapped them up good, and put them in the house near the stove to warm, then went back with the pail and a rope, dipped the water out, washed the walls of the well with clean water, and then dipped it all out again. The mother dog surely made a lot of fuss until she knew I had her pups all out and safe. Then I replaced the boards over the well and found a short piece of board to cover the hole to prevent a recurrence of the accident, I surely had all I wanted of that.

Soon after this I thought I would like some of the wild gooseberries I had seen about a mile from the house out near the edge of the woods so I took a pail, a blanket, the babies, and two of the dogs and went out to get some. On arriving at the berry bushes I started to spread the blanket over a large flat rock for the babies to lie on while I picked the berries and to my horror I saw a rattlesnake lying against and under the sunny side of the rock. I spread the blanket a short distance from the rock, put the babies on it, and chased the rattler away by throwing rocks and sticks at it. After getting the snake far enough away to be safe, I got busy with the berries and soon had all I cared for. Then, gathering up the blanket and taking the baby up in my arms, we started for home. I had not gone very far when I saw a bunch of cattle coming right towards me. I soon saw they were not ours and recognized them to be range cattle that had come down from the hills. They stopped a few hundred feet from me, and not knowing just what to do I finally very cautiously got my apron unfastened and then told the dogs to go after them at the same time shaking my apron at them. They turned and ran, the dogs chasing and barking at them. The dogs soon returned and the cattle made a wide circle around over the point of the hill and came right back again but stopped a few hundred feet from me. One of the old cows came out a little in front of the rest of them and pawed the dirt and bellowed at me. I repeated my first performance and the dogs chased them over the hill again and they did not return but when I got home I was awfully shaky. When I told John about my day’s emergencies, he told me not to go so far from home again as those cattle were wild cattle from what was called The Lake of the Woods Basin which was a very wild mountainous region and I surely remembered his warning.

The fall of 1870 we bought a large stack of hay of a Jake Thompson whose place was just over Juniper Ridge from us, and his and our cattle had been ranging together so they rounded them all up and drove them all to his place for the winter feeding. Thompson’s house was not as large as ours but we took along our stove, bed, cooking utensils and dishes. We were somewhat cramped for room with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, and Husband and I with our 18-month-old boy, George, and our tiny baby, Sadie Mae. We got along all right though, and returned home the following March.

The Jacob Thompson place was across Klamath River, northwesterly from present Keno, beyond the ridge paralleling the river on that side. It was on the old Southern Oregon Wagon Road in the general vicinity, probably westerly, from the present Klamath River Acres Tract office. Jacob Thompson and Enoch E. Walker, his father-in-law, were partners in the cattle business together at one time. Although living in separate houses, they accommodated the wayfaring public.

The summer of 1871 we bought a wagon and one work horse, and as we had one horse that was broken to work, we had the convenience of our own wagon and team. But even with this con-
venience I often went to visit my nearest
neighbor, who lived two miles from us,
taking my two babies on John's saddle
horse. This saddle horse was rather un­
ruly when he saw a cow by herself and
wanted to herd her home. It was pretty
hard for me to handle him with the two
babies in my arms so John finally ob­
jected to my riding him and I was willing
to give up the idea of using him any more.

By the spring of 1872 we had also
managed to obtain a plow, a harrow, and
some hand tools so we started farming.
We raised some wheat and rye. We used
the rye for hay and threshed the wheat
by trampling it out with the horses and
cleaning it with a hand operated fanning
machine. This same spring my father
and his family and my grandfather came
from California and lived with us the early part
of the summer and then moved on into
a little valley known as Langell Valley
but left sister Arilla with us which made
it very pleasant for both of us as we had
not seen each other for about six years.
On Monday September fifteenth, sister
Arilla and I went out to the threshing
floor to help John fan the wheat but
were not there very long when two men
came for John to help them survey some
marsh land they wanted to buy. When
John left he told us to leave the wheat
until he got back but we were too
ambitious to quit and kept working at it and
had it all finished when he got back that
evening, sister and I taking turn about at
cranking the fan and feeding the wheat
into it.

On Saturday, September twentieth
[1872- -Editor], we did up our week's
washing, cleaned up the house, and
prepared for Sunday as we usually did and
about 11:30 that night our second boy
was born to us with only my sister and
Husband to look after baby and me. He
weighed about nine and a half pounds
and we named him Calvin Thomas.

[On October 3, 1973 Mrs. Inga E.
Fulkerson of Prescott, Arizona, wife of
Volney Fulkerson, deceased, in part wrote this editor: "My husband's father
was Calvin Thomas. Even though Grand­
ma Fulkerson did not mention it in her

Calvin Thomas Fulkerson, the seventh
white child born in what is now Klamath
County, also claimed by living members
of the family to be the first white child
born in Linkville. (Courtesy Vance Shel­
hamer)
history, Calvin was the first white child
born in Klamath Falls when it was known
as Linkville." This editor will make no
attempt to assess who is right or wrong
in this instance.]

Of course we were very proud of him and
he was a very pretty boy baby. After all
was over and the baby bathed and put to
sleep we all had a good night's rest. In
four days I was up and around and able
to help a little with the housework.

In November of the same year, 1872,
we sold our place to the two men John
had helped to survey the marsh land and
moved to Langell Valley and bought a
partly improved place adjoining Father's

[Both the Harris and Fulkerson places
were sold to Jacob Thompson and Enoch
F. Walker, the two men here mentioned,
on June 11, 1873 and July 2, 1874 re­
spectively. Robert A. Emmit who arrived
in 1875 later acquired both places to add
to land purchased by him from the State
of Oregon. The above mentioned land
was probably bargained for for some
time before the deeds were issued on the
above dates.]
taking only about forty or fifty head of
our cattle and our tools and farming
implements. In this exchange we came into possession of a three room log house, one room being a leanto kitchen which was the first house built on this place, the other two rooms having been built on later, and in 1876 we built on some more, making it a five room house.

[The first occupation of this "improved place" is more or less clouded. According to the General Land Office survey of 1871, one "Bratton," (possibly Thomas J. Brattain, Lake County's first elected Sheriff who lived near what is now Paisley) was then in possession of a home on this land. This more or less corresponds with Mrs. Fulkerson's statement of a three-room log house already there when they arrived. Perhaps "Bratton" occupied the land by "squatter's rights," preemption or some other form of early day acquisition. Actually the first transaction of record found to date is when John T. Fulkerson made application on May 13, 1873 for a homestead of 160 acres (the NW¼ of NE¼, N½ of NW¼, and SE¼ of NW¼, Section 15, Township 40 South, Range 13 East Willamette Meridian). He received the final certificate May 19, 1879 and his Homestead Patent No. 15, Klamath County, was issued April 15, 1880. Above records from the Bureau of Land Management Office, Portland, Oregon.]

About October first, 1872 another sister, her husband and three children came to be with us awhile and stayed until Christmas. On October 15 John went back to the old place with two men to get the rest of our cattle and some hay we had left when we moved. They got back as far as the Gap on Lost River the first day, which was a twenty mile drive, and put up at the Road House. While they were at the supper table, there was [The "Road House" at Lost River Gap (just east of present Olene) would have been the cabin or house of Robert G. Galbreath undoubtly at the same site of the former A.O. Roenicke home, sold last fall (1974) after 22 years occupancy. It is known that the Galbreath cabin was in existence at least as early as April 3, 1871 and probably for some time before. In later years it became a wayside stop and was known as the Escondido Inn around 1916 and later.] quite a commotion outside and soon afterwards some men entered [Actually this was the evening of November 29, 1872.] carrying three wounded men and with the bad news that the Modoc camp had been surrounded and that there had been quite a battle but the Indians had managed to escape after wounding these three men. Whether there had been any Indians killed or wounded they did not know because in those days the Indians always managed to take their killed and wounded with them in their getaway if possible. These men said they had sent out riders to the different settlements to warn the people that the Modocs were on the warpath. John asked them if they had sent a rider to Langell Valley and when they answered they had not he said "well, I am going and right now." The others protested, saying he would be killed but he said "I am going because my family and my father-in-law and his family are there." As tired and worn as he and his horse were after their twenty-mile drive, he started, warning the settlers along the road. Some of them took him seriously but a few thought he was drunk and would answer in a careless way, "Oh, all right", but after due consideration and appeals from the women, they gathered up their things and would bunch together, several families at a place so as to resist the Indians more efficiently if attacked by them. John arrived home about midnight. Being surprised at his return so soon, I asked him how it happened he was back so soon and at such an hour and he answered in an indifferent way, "Oh, I wanted to get home in a hurry," and then he asked Henry [Henry B Stafford--Editor] my brother-in-law, "how are the bullets? Have we a lot of them?" and Henry said, "Why do you ask me that, John? Are the Indians on the warpath?" John said, "Yes, the soldiers and settlers had a battle with the Modocs at Little Tule Lake and the Indians had killed Bill Nues [Wendolen
Nus-Editor), Henry White (?), and two or three of our old neighbors around Linkville and wounded several others."
The Indians escaped and scattered in small bands, burning several homes. At Lower Tule Lake at the Body Ranch Scarface Charlie's band found Mr. Body, a son-in-law,
[According to all records examined by this writer, Scarface Charlie was not connected with the killing of any settler. However, he was reported killed several different times by the newspaper reports of that time.]
and two sons out in the juniper timber cutting wood and shot all of them. Body's team came running home with one of the sons hanging over the end of the wagon box. The Indians then went to the Brotherton place and killed Mr. Brotherton and his two sons, then made their way to the Lava Beds where the whole Modoc tribe congregated.

[No attempt will be made to change Mrs. Fulkerson's version of early events connected with the Modoc War. This reminiscence relates Mrs. Fulkerson's story as she remembered it after a lapse of 63 years. Needless to say, the version as now more or less accepted varies to a great extent from the first contemporary accounts related by the settlers as well as those printed in newspapers in late 1872 and early 1873. Numerous accounts have appeared and still do, as new data is uncovered which refute the pioneers' understanding of what actually transpired. Mrs. Fulkerson's version will be given intact without reconciling it to modern findings.]

After dispatching the bodies to Linkville for burial, Mrs. Body and her daughter, Schira [Kate Shirra, later Mrs. George Nurse, and later still Mrs. Rube Hatton] started out to walk over the hills to the Lost River Gap Road House about ten miles through a foot of heavily crusted snow. Before they got there, Mrs. Body had to carry the daughter and when they arrived at the inn, they were both almost shoeless, their feet were bleeding, and they were almost frozen.

The next day we got word that the settlers should congregate and fort up, so we went to the ranch of Mr. Isaac Wilson in the upper end of Langell Valley, four families of us, and built a fortress around the house, and the government sent in four soldiers to act as guards. Most of the women and children were very nervous, uneasy, and scared. There were about fifteen children at this place. Nothing further developed. No Indians showed up to molest us but the troops prepared to meet them if they came. After two weeks passed and nothing happened, we went back to our home and immediately made preparations for an attack by taking up a portion of the floor and digging a trench from beneath the house back under a high ridge and dug an underground room so that if the Indians came back and burned our house we could escape by this means. We made this in such a way that we could have an outlook hole and a place to shoot through if the Indians came. We provided it with a stock of food also. Nothing further took place until Christmas Eve when our troubles began again. I was sitting by the fireplace making a few Christmas things for the children and sewing on a rag doll for our little girl, Sadie May, when twelve volunteers rode up to the door. We went out and invited them in but they declined saying their mission was to warn the settlers to move out to Linkville to fort up. Two of them remained and the rest continued to the different places on the same errand.

The whole neighborhood, twelve families, congregated at our place and soon after four o'clock started for Linkville. On our way down a long sloping hillside the Indians shot at us and the volunteer guards returned the fire but no damage was done.

[Quoting from Klamath Echoes No. 10: "The original West Side road followed
the base of the foothills north from the old Langell Ranch to near the site of the later day Vinson school, where it headed northeast toward the Big Springs. This road ran about midway between Lost River and the present West Side paved road, or about one mile east of the latter. It came through a gap in the hills due south of the Bonanza Cemetery, as platted by the General Land Office survey of 1868 and undoubtedly was the route traveled by the fleeing settlers."

Our leader Flock ordered us to go the rest of the way down the hill on the run so we did and gained a thicket of willows at a safe distance from the Indians where our leader called a halt. Then he told us we could go directly to Linkville by way of the main road but the Indians could head us off and trap us in the Gap and perhaps kill all of us but said he could lead us on a different route and gain our objective without perhaps any more trouble with them. Some of the people objected but he insisted, saying "I'm a squaw man and I know the ways of the Indian. You take my advice and follow me and I'll lead you out of this." So they finally decided to let him lead us the way he wanted to and we camped that night in Poe Valley at a John Shook's place and the next night we camped at Swan Lake after a drive of twenty miles.

[Quoting from Klamath Echoes No. 10: "John Shook's place at that time was across Lost River southwest of present Bonanza. It was not in Poe Valley but the southeasterly extension of Alkali Valley. The Swan Lake camp site was probably at Brookside, the old Lucian Applegate ranch."]

The next morning sister and I went out in the yard to hear the roll call by our Captain Applegate. In his command he had about twenty-five Klamaths and Warm Springs Indian warriors. After calling the names of the Indians he called the names of the white men settlers who had volunteered. He had called only a few names when to my surprise and horror he called "John T. Fulkerson" and I said to my sister. "Oh my God! John has joined them and before I could wipe my tears away he called "Henry B. Stafford," my sister's husband. Then we were certainly upset and frightened and thought we were just as good as widows right then. When the roll call was over and the men came in, my sister and I exclaimed, "Oh why did you join?" and they said, "because we want to show those Indians they can't run us out of here." They laughed good-naturedly at our crying which was really provoking to us.

From Swan Lake we traveled over the mountains through rain, snow and mud a distance of fifteen miles escorted by this armed force. On rounding a point, the advance guard saw a wild cat and shot it and of course we thought they had met up with the Indians again. When our captain learned they had only shot a wild cat, he warned them to do no more shooting at all as he was afraid it would excite the Indians as well as the white women and children, and if the Modocs should hear the firing, they might attack us.

We arrived in Linkville that evening and encamped in a large school-house with

[The original Linkville school was situated at about the center of North Ninth Street, between Main and Pine Streets.] a large fireplace, near the hot springs. The desks in the schoolhouse were fastened down to the floor but the benches were not so we stacked the benches back to one side and made our beds down between the desks the best we could. We mothers did not sleep much that night as we were kept busy with the children. It was so cold and many of us were wet, and it was impossible for all of us to get near the fireplace and it did not warm the whole room any too well. Then there was the inconvenience of cooking over the fireplace fire. I never put in such a night in all my life as I did in that school-house.

The next morning we all went looking for some place to live. Father and family and a sister and her family went into some cabins belonging to a Jesse [Enoch F.?] Walker about twelve miles from
Linkville, and John secured the Thompson place where we fed our cattle the winter of ’71-’72 for sister and me, which was only about half a mile from Father.

[As stated before, the Jacob Thompson and Enoch Walker cabins were northwesterly from present Keno across Klamath River on the old Southern Oregon Wagon road, now approximated by the Clover Creek paved road one mile northeast of Keno.]

Captain Applegate and his troops stopped at our place on their way to the Lava Beds to rout out the Modocs. After their dinner was over which the troops prepared over their campfires, except for John and Henry who came in and had dinner with sister and me, they told us good-bye and we did not see them or hear from them for over a month.

During this time our place was made a stopover for the teamsters who were freighting from Jacksonville to Linkville, hauling supplies for the regulars the Government had stationed at Linkville, and believe me! It was a sight to see those freighters coming up the road with as many as twenty-four mules to the wagon, the mud axle deep, the mud and slush just pushing ahead of the wagons, and the mules knee-deep in the slush and mud, the drivers yelling at and urging the mules for if they should stop there was no telling what might happen. Some of them would pass on by us if it was not mealtime and go up about five miles to the Stearns place which was also a stopping place.

Things went along like this until the 16th of January when we got the word that the troops were going to attack the Indian stronghold in the Lava Beds on the 17th of April, 1873. There had been only a few small battles with them but only minor affairs so a lot of the young fellows saddled up their horses and hastened to join in the fray. They rode away very proudly and enthusiastically to know they were going to have a fight with the Modocs, thinking no doubt they could capture the whole outfit. The regulars had transported a few howitzers into the place and we could hear the boom of them from our place. Some of the young fellows who went out to enlist were rejected and came back in a couple of days. The fourth day I saw a neighbor’s boy riding across the fields toward the scene of the battle and thinking he might know something of what was going on, I went out and hailed him but all he could tell me was that his brother, who was one of the young volunteers, had been shot in the arm and he was going out to take care of him.

Later in the day a rider, or runner, came from the battlefield and brought the news that several had been wounded and a few killed but the name of neither of our husbands was among them. Later the three other fellows returned and did not feel so good after witnessing what war really meant. This Lava Bed was supposed to be an old dead volcano, crater shaped and with rough craggy sides almost perpendicular, with fissures and large boulders here and there, and way down in it was a large flat space shaped like the bottom of a saucer or plate and in this space the Modoc squaws and children were congregated as if they had come to stay. Captain Applegate had instructed his men to keep about ten feet apart and encircle this depression. The Modocs were concealed in the crevices near and under the sides and in firing at the troops would be shooting upward, which put the troops in a very precarious position if they got too far out over the crest. While John and his nearest comrade were walking along near the crest of the rim, John said he thought they were too close together and just at that moment his comrade was shot, but he was in the act of shooting at one of the Indians and got the Indian just before or as he fell. John fired at the spot from which the shot came and two Indians sprang from the sheltering rock and started on the run for another shelter but John got one of them. Then, turning to see about his comrade he found he had been shot through the heart. John spread his handkerchief over his face and did not try to take him out because the Indians were
advancing at the volunteers to closely and all the time keeping concealed by the large boulders and crags. The troops retreated a short distance and established camp but kept a close watch on the Indians but as diligently as they watched them, after they placed a few shots from the howitzers into the midst of their camp, the Modocs began sneaking out and trying to get back to their reservation. The troops noticed that the Modoc forces were getting smaller and knew it was because they were trying to sneak back to their reservation thinking they would be safer there. Captain Jack was Chief of the Modocs and was of a peaceful mind but was influenced by his sister who was of a revengeful nature and forced him into this trouble. Captain Jack and two other Modocs were surrounded in a tree and captured and taken by the troops to Fort Klamath and after a few weeks it was proved they were of the bunch that killed the Bodys and the Brothertons, seven in all, and were condemned to hang. Before they were hanged the preacher was talking to Captain Jack and telling him how nice it would be in Heaven and that God would take care of him and old Captain Jack said, “All right! All right! You take my place. You go Heaven and I give you all my horses, all my land, all my everything.” Of course the preacher refused to accept the offer. Of course this was only hearsay on my part but I heard it repeated so many times that I presume it must have been true.

About the first of May, 1873, Captain Applegate discharged all his Klamath Indians as well as all the white settlers who had volunteered and John and Henry Stafford returned home safe and sound but badly worn out as John had been in the saddle.

[By now it becomes apparent why John Fulkerson waited until the middle of May, 1873 to apply for his homestead in Langell Valley. The Modoc War had completely disrupted his farming plans until he was once again free to pursue them.]
in school especially established for them. Scarfaced Charlie being a young man and of a very intelligent mind received a very good education both in school and in religion and studied for the ministry. He returned to Langell Valley and went to the Body home, thinking I suppose of making amends to the widow for his part in the killing of her husband and sons. When he rapped on the door, Mrs. Body opened it and on recognizing him reached for the gun. Charlie, realizing what she intended to do, sprang back and got away as fast as he could. He remained around for awhile but kept away from the white settlers as he knew his life was in danger. While he was quite intelligent for an Indian, he was also cunning and tricky as an Indian. Before the Modoc war he was involved in several skirmishes and the white men tried to shoot him thinking that if they could get him the trouble would end. Several thought they got him because when they would shoot at him he would drop as if hit, then crawl away through the grass and brush and escape and show up some other place to the chagrin and disappointment of the ones who thought they got him. This was when we had the first trouble at Tule Lake.

[In the hysteria of the early events of the Modoc War, several different leading Modoc braves were reported killed, both by the army officials and the volunteers. Probably the result of wishful thinking and unfounded rumors.]

Well, I am wandering back in my story so will get back to it in the proper place. The fall of 1873 and the early spring of 1874 there were quite a number of families who came into Langell Valley and took up homesteads all around us, and as there were quite a number of children of school age, we had to establish a school district and build a schoolhouse which was located about four miles from our place.

[The first little log school in Langell Valley was located about one fourth of a mile east of the Gale road which runs due south from present Lorella. Further, it was situated out in the swamp lands on a slight knoll in the vicinity of the junction of Miller Creek and Lost River on the east side of the latter.]

The school house served as a church as well as a school. George and Sadie attended school at this place. They would walk to the school of mornings and I would send Calvin to meet them about half way in the evening with the horse and George and Sadie would climb on and ride the rest of the way home. I had obtained some books and John and I taught them some at home. I had taught George some before they started to school. About this time I bought a sewing machine, one of the first sewing machines that was operated by hand.

About the last of November 1874, after we had our crops all taken care of and had just returned after a short visit to Linkville, it began snowing and looking very much like winter and our family began taking down with the measles. We did not know they had been exposed in Linkville until they began breaking out, the baby Calvin first and in a few days George, Sadie and myself. We were all quite sick and John did his very best to look after us and his outside work, too, but it was only a few days until he took down also. There we were, the whole family sick and no one to go for help as the neighbors were afraid they would get it and stayed away from us, but we managed to get along although John and I were awfully sick, but one at a time. Father and his family had gone to Linkville on a visit and took down with the measles there and remained there until winter was over.

About the time we began to get over the measles the whooping cough got us all down again so we were kept in all winter and well along into the spring days. None of us were seriously sick and the lovely spring weather soon brought us out of it and we were all cheerful and patiently did our individual part. On the 16th of March, 1875 another baby girl arrived to add to our family which we named Marsha Bell. She weighed eleven pounds and had quite long dark hair and blue eyes. I believe she was the best baby.
Apple tree at the old Fulkerson home in Langell Valley that still bears fruit. The tree was planted by Ellen Fulkerson approximately 100 years ago. (Helen Helfrich photo)

George Edward Fulkerson (left) and Calvin Thomas. Photo taken in the late 1940's. (Courtesy Vance Shelhamer)
of them all. Of course I mean in disposition. She would just eat and sleep and grow. My! How she did grow. At this present time, 1935, she resides in Juneau, Alaska where she owns her home and a group of fourteen miner’s cabins located on Willoughby Avenue.

In July 1875 John took sick with what they called sun pain or sun stroke, which was a very peculiar malady, the subject not being able to get out in the sun and even in the house when the sun was bright would have the most terrible headache and would have to have the house dark all the time. There was no doctor to consult as the nearest was at Ashland over one hundred miles away, so I did the best I could for him and tried everything I heard of but found no relief for him until I finally thought of the white mustard growing in the garden. I gathered a lot of the leaves, pounded them with a hammer until I had a soft mash and then poured boiling water over it and spread it on two pieces of cloth, and when it was cool enough so it would not burn, placed them on the bottoms of his feet, and on the evening of the second day he began to feel better. I continued this treatment for three or four days and the pain left his head, and after a few more days to build up his strength he was out again looking after crops and stock. He was down about three weeks and I had to look after my family and helping outside I took care of the Post Office work, making out the postal returns every three months, and writing up and sending news items to the Ashland Tidings newspaper.

The fall of 1876 and the winter of 1876-77 passed as usual with card parties, spelling bees, basket socials, and dances. They always came to our house for the dances because our living room was large enough for two sets of the square dances, the quadrille and the lancers. My father always furnished the music with his violin and sometimes some of the boys would help out with the Jews harp and the harmonica which was called the mouth organ at that time.

Came the spring of 1877 when the trees and the meadows were sending out their welcome to the bright sunshine and the birds were singing merrily from everywhere. That spring on March seventh the stork made us another visit and left us a ten-pound boy, our third son, and he grew as most boy babies do into a fat little fellow always with a smile for everybody and always ready for a romp. We named him Lewis Hiatt.

One day in May 1877 I sent George, who was now about eight and one half years old, to get some wood. Sadie of course went along and children like they thought they had to use the axes a little. Sadie had dropped her ax and stooped to pick it up as George was in the act of chopping and she got in the way of the descending ax, but George had the presence of mind to twist the ax and instead of striking her on the top of the head, he caught her just a shaving blow, shaving the scalp and a piece of skull about the size of a dime. I heard her scream and then cry and moan “Where are you, Mama?” I ran out and picking her up, I carried her in and cleansed the wound good with a solution of calomel and
bound it up with a cloth saturated in the calomel solution, and with diligent care and treatment she got along just fine. This reminds me of the time she got caught in the rat trap when she was about eighteen months old.

The summer of 1877 passed with the same old routine and in the fall we spent our evenings making things for the children's Christmas and during the days John worked at getting out logs and splitting shakes for a new barn. During the winter of 1877-78 quite a few more people came into the valley and it was becoming more thickly populated and consequently there were more sociabilities entering into the lives of the people; card parties, dances, basket socials, and spelling bees. Spring and summer of 1878 passed with the usual routine, building fences, putting up hay, raising and harvesting our crops and preparing for the winter months. November nineteenth, 1878, the stork made us another visit and left us an eight-pound girl which made our fourth-born girl, the third one living. She was a decided blond and was the pet of the family. We named her Nettie Ray. As usual I was up in a few days and helping sister who was always with me on these occasions, with my housework.

Winter was with us again with Christmas things to prepare for the children, dolls for the girls and we bought some marbles for the boys. We made some candy and doughnuts, and bought a few nuts and oranges and apples. The winter of 1878-79 passed about as usual with the same kind of weather as in former winters and the year of 1879 was about the same routine as former years. The winter of 1879-1880 was very moderate and everything went along fine. Our cattle were doing well and we got through the winter with about twenty-five head of stock, cows, calves and steers. We were milking seven or eight of the cows. The year 1880 was a very good year and we enjoyed berry picking, picnicing, and visiting with our neighbors, but the winter of 1880-81 was not as mild as usual and we lost the cow with the broken hip that the neighbor gave me. When we got the cow, we made a sling and got her in it and raised her up, by means of a rope and pulley, with the team so she was off the ground and would not have her weight on that leg.

The fall of 1880 John went with a neighbor to drive some beef to California market and was gone about three weeks. The late summer of 1881 we started building our new barn but did not get it completed for use for the winter of 1881-82. The snow came early in 1881 beginning in November, and by midwinter it was about four feet deep and crusted heavily and held on until late in April 1882 on the north slopes but on the south slopes it disappeared by mid-March. In April when everybody had fed up all available feed and could not get anymore, they set together and decided to drive what remained of their cattle in one herd to the south slopes in the hope that they could pull through on what grass they could find there, and by browsing from the brush and juniper. But bad luck was against us for it turned extremely cold and the cattle being weak would lie down and then could not get up because their legs would be frozen stiff and they just lay there and died. So the men got together and went out and skinned them and brought the hides on sleds, thereby saving that much out of them. John got about twenty hides and hung them up in the barn to dry.

Sister and I were out in the barn one day looking over the hides and I found the one of my pet cow and I just could not keep from crying when I saw it. We would have had enough hay to have carried us through the winter with out twenty-five head but Sister's husband Henry Stafford ran out of feed for his herd of twenty-five and thinking we might have enough to pull his as well as ours through the winter, he brought them to our place. The winter held on very late and when we began to run short of feed, neither one of them could find any to buy. We lost them all but one two-year old heifer out of fifty head. One of our neighbors who had shelter and feed
enough to get his through let us have a milk cow so that we could have milk and butter for our children. In the early spring of 1882, I think it was in March, while the snow was still on, some of the men went out to see if they could get a deer or two for the grease they could get out of them as everyone was getting low on grease for cooking. They found and shot a couple but they were so poor they did not produce much grease and that was what we wanted more than the meat, so we cracked the bones to get the marrow but even that did not prove sufficient. Where they shot the deer was too far to carry them in so they drew them and hung them up in a tree as high as they could and went with a sled the next day to get them, and I went with them. On our way back, as we came over a little mountain ridge, down in a little flat between this ridge and another one was a drove of deer which we estimated at about or close to five hundred head browsing on the sagebrush and shrubs but the men would not shoot any more as they said they would be too poor.

About the first of June or late in May 1882, just as our pasture was getting pretty good, there were some cattle being driven through from another valley to market in California and on arriving at our place the herders, or owners, bargained for our pasture and when they settled up for it they traded us a cow, which they thought would come fresh the following winter, for our two-year-old heifer but the cow did not come fresh until January 1883. In July 1882 came our second misfortune in the form of the red crickets, millions and millions of them and large ones some of them two-and-a-half inches and three inches from tip to tip, taking most every green thing in their path. They seemed to travel in colonies, the colonies, traveling some distance apart but over a large area all told, in fact right across the valley, and when they came to an obstruction they would go right over it. We could see them going straight over our house and over fence posts and large rocks. They would not give way to right or left or around anything in their path but would go right over it. We had to tie our clothes tight about us to keep them from crawling up on us while we were trying to fight them away from our garden, little of which we did manage to save. They even cut the gooseberries off the stems to get the little green stems but did not eat the berries and stripped the bushes of all foliage. They took everything except the onions, potatoes, rye, and timothy which they did not seem to like. Well, after they disappeared we got busy and did some planting and just about the time these things got up and going good, the second crusade of the crickets came and destroyed them just as the ones before did, just leaving the potatoes, onions, rye and timothy. Now we were discouraged but thinking we might be able to get another planting up and mature enough for winter use, we planted again. When this planting got up and coming along nicely, the third crusade of crickets came and did just what the first and second ones had done, and we surely were discouraged now, as it was too late to plant again. We fought these crickets the second and third times by plowing ditch around our garden and putting leaves and chips in it and setting them on fire but the crickets would just jump over it. Quite a lot of them did jump into the blaze and were destroyed but enough of them got over to destroy our small garden vegetables. Well, we had our potatoes and onions for our table and the rye and timothy for what stock we had and John and the boys went to the marsh lands on Lost River and got some of the marsh grass to help out for our feed and with all our hard luck and troubles we never really suffered from want of feed.

With all of this I managed to keep the children up in their school work, four of them: George, Sadie, Calvin and Marsha. Lewis was only about five and Nettie Rae just past two. By trading and swapping, as the Indians say, we managed to get a new start of eight or ten cows and calves, mostly heifers, and a sow with some little pigs, about all we
thought we would have feed for, for the
winter months of 1882-83. On the twen­
ty-ninth of October, 1882, we had an­other visit by the stork and this time he left a nine pound boy. He was a dark
blond and we named him Jasper Thurston.
Now with the care of the babies and keep­ing up the older ones in their school­work, looking after the Post Office work, and preparing some things for the children's Christmas, we were surely a busy family. As our youngest before this baby was nearly three years old, he was cer­tainly made a lot of and we were afraid he would be a spoiled baby but he proved otherwise. He was surely a lover of music and while quite small would try to go through the motions of dancing whenever he heard music. In January 1883 a travel­ing photographer came into Langell Valley and stopped at a neighbor's home for a few days taking pictures in the neigh­borhood. I told John I would like to have some pictures of our baby Jasper so he hitched the team to a sled we had and I took all the children except George and went to the neighbors where the photographer was stopping and had some pictures taken and then started back home. We were enjoying a lovely sleigh­ride until we came to quite a steep hill and the team could not hold the sleigh from crowding up onto them and they got excited and started to run. Calvin was driving and he was not strong enough to hold them, (he was only about ten years old) so I thought I would help him and took hold of the lines and when I pulled with Calvin one of the lines broke. Then they did run. I was expecting the sleigh to upset any minute so wrapped the baby closely in a blanket and threw him out into the snow, and sure enough the sleigh did upset and threw the rest of us out into the snow but none of us were hurt. Calvin ran back and got the baby Jasper. He was not injured and was smil­ing as usual. The team broke loose from the sleigh and ran on home and we walked to the home of a neighbor which was not far from where we had upset. It was not long until George and his father came, all excited as to our safety, and found us safe and unharmed. The neighbor took us home, about half a mile. The sleigh and harness were badly damaged but not be­yond repair.

The balance of the winter of 1883 passed without any further particular events other than the usual winter enter­tainments, and in the spring some of our young heifers came fresh as well as two or three of our cows. We made fifty and sixty pounds of butter a week most of which we sold at the store at Bonanza or traded for things we needed. We also had fifty or sixty laying hens and sold or traded all our spare eggs to the store or to our neighbors who had no hens. John had built a stone milk house over the little stream that came from the base of the ridge a couple hundred feet from the kitchen door. He diverted the stream by means of a trough right past the kitchen door so it would be handy for me to get the water for my housework. I still very clearly remember one morning when I went to the milk house to take the milk in. I discovered a polecat behind a box and backed out and found John and told him. I said I was afraid everything would be ruined but he said he did not think so and by evening Mr. Polecat was gone and everything was all right.

The summer of 1883 passed as usual and about the first of November we rented a small house in Bonanza and the children and I lived there to be near the new schoolhouse that had been built there, so the children would not have to go so far to school. John stayed at the ranch to look after the stock and chick­ens. Besides my own five children I took a girl about the same age as Sadie to keep so she would be

[Mrs. Fulkerson then had six children, George, Sadie, Calvin, Marsha and prob­ably Lewis in school, and Nettie Rae, too young for school,] near the school. The first day of school, of course, they were asked all sorts of questions by the teacher and when she asked if our children had ever gone to school before, George said, very little be­cause the school was too far from their house and some days it would be too
stormy for them to go so far it being about four miles. The teacher then said, "How come you then bring third readers, all of you, George, Sadie, Calvin and Marchie the same?" Sadie answered her with, "Our mother taught us at home." After they recited their first lesson the teacher said, "Your mother has done very well and we will get along fine." And they did. Lewis and Nettie Rae were getting along fine also. I was teaching them in a way at home as young as they were. I will tell you a good little joke we always had on Nettie Rae. When she was about five years old, I had her go to a near neighbor on an errand and when she returned she told me she saw a big hen with her head cut off and just bleeding and bleeding. I found out later it was a turkey gobbler and she thought his red wattles were blood. She had never seen a gobbler before and thought it was a large hen with her head cut off. This winter 1883 was a very busy one for me with all these children to look after and keep in school, but John came quite often and brought us supplies from the farm, vegetables, eggs and meat. He brought in a whole small pig once which we salted down, and he brought a chicken quite often. We had a cow with us and I managed to make a little butter and have some milk and a little cream. Forgetting the little spats and disagreements our children had with the girl I had taken to keep in school, we got along just fine. This girl's name was Anna Horton.

[Anna M. Horton was born October 2, 1870, the daughter of William H. and Elizabeth (Poe) Horton. She was married to J. O. Hamaker August 3, 1885 at the Horton Ranch in Poe Valley.]

In the spring of 1884 when school was out we went back to the ranch. We were still running the Post Office, John having looked after it while I was away. This spring and summer of 1884 quite a few more people came into the valley and it was more thickly settled and there were quite a few more children of school age. We established a new school district and built another schoolhouse which was only two miles from our place. This same summer we bought an organ of a man who had brought it from the Lakeview and Goose Lake country where he had been demonstrating it and taking orders for future deliveries. The organ was something new on the market here in the west and he had got quite a few orders. He stopped with us a week and taught us all he could in that length of time and told us if we would give him a hundred dollars and cancel his board bill we could keep the organ and he would send Calvin a good violin from Portland as soon as he got there. We made the deal and in a couple of weeks we received a violin. Calvin was not at home when we made the deal and he did not know about it until the violin came. He was surprised and pleased about it and soon learned to play some by ear and we surely had some good times that winter. We now could furnish the music for the dances and we always had them at our place. Our living room was large enough to dance two sets of the square dances, the lancers and the quadrille. We got a music teacher to give Sadie and Marchie a few lessons and with one of them at the organ, Calvin with his violin, and George with his harmonica we surely had the music such as it was and it was not bad at all. Marchie and Calvin were the best. Marchie was past nine and Calvin was almost twelve. They made very good music for dancing.

We had six in school the winter of 1884-85 in the new schoolhouse. We had church in the schoolhouse Sunday mornings and in the afternoons we usually had a crowd of young folks at our house and we would play and sing every song we could think of and we always had a jolly good time. The first of September 1885 we let Sadie go back to Bonanza to school as we thought they had a better teacher there than the one in our district. We got
her a room at the hotel and she played on
the organ they had there. She was there
about two months when she took sick
and we brought

[The hotel where Sadie Mae stayed
was probably the original boarding house
kept by Mrs. Benjamin (Melissa) Price
and later still by Mathias Walters. This
hotel stood at the northwest corner of
present day Big Springs Park in Bonanza.]
her home and a few days later all the
rest of the children took sick also. We did
not know what the trouble was until
John took sick and some of the children
began to get delirious. George did not get
so bad and was getting better so we sent
him on a horse to Bonanza for the doctor,
an old army doctor. When he arrived and
examined

[Dr. Stacey Hemenway previously had
been army surgeon at Ft. Klamath. After
practicing at both Bonanza and Linkville
(Klamath Falls) he entered the Indian
Service 1889.]
everybody he pronounced it scarlet fever
and diphtheria combined, which made it
so much worse and in a very bad form,
but he said that with my good nursing
and care and his medicine we might be
able to pull them all through. He stayed
right with us and he and I took turns at
the care and nursing and we soon had
them all except Nettie and Jasper on the
way to recovery. They were the worst of
them all but Nettie finally began to show
signs of improvement but Jasper who
was only about three years old, lingered
on until he passed on November 11, 1885.
Our neighbors were afraid to come in and
help us but two of the men would come
and do the outside chores until John got
able to do them. After little Jasper passed
on, one of our neighbors would come in
and help us during the day and would go
home for the night. I objected and told
him he might carry the same trouble to
his home but he insisted, saying he felt
it was his duty to do so, and I am sorry
to say that just twelve days after we laid
our baby Jasper away he laid his little
boy away also. Another neighbor, Arthur
Langell, came and took measurements
and made a casket for our Jasper and his
wife lined it nicely and when he brought
it and lifted the cover for me to see it
there was a little white burial suit and the
casket full of flowers and we laid him to
rest the evening of November 12, 1885.
The doctor remained with us until the
children were all

[Jasper Thurston Fulkerson was buried
about one half mile southwest of the
Fulkerson home on a pine covered slope
of Bryant Mountain west of the West
Side Langell Valley road. According to
the reminiscenses of J. O. Hamaker the
site was known as the Hiatt Cemetery.
This might indicate it was on Hiatt (Mrs.
Fulkerson's father) land, or, that some
member of the Hiatt family had previously
been buried there.]
on the way to recovery. Our most stub­
born case was Nettie Rae but we finally
got her improving and soon had her out
of danger.

By the spring of 1886 we were all on
our feet again and able to do our work
without help. We then sold our place and
turned the Post Office over to Arthur
Langell

[The Fulkerson ranch was sold to
Arthur Langell on March 16, 1886 for
$2,000.00]
and he moved it to his place and we
moved out to our government donation
claim about a mile from this place, on
which we had built a house and barn and
some corrals and fences, and here we
began all over again what we had done on
every place to improve

[Klamath County Deed Records indi­
cate this place consisted of 80 acres,
probably school land since it was in
Section 16. The eastern 40 acres was purc­
chased from the State of Oregon, Novem­
ber 20, 1873 for $50.00 and was deeded
to John T. Fulkerson. The western 40
acres was purchased from the State of
Oregon for $80.00 and was deeded to
Ellen E. Fulkerson on April 23, 1886.
The legal description of this 80 acre tract
is S½ of NE¼, Section 16, T. 40 S., R.
13 EWM.]
with a large living room and a good sized bedroom on the ground floor of the main building and a shed-roofed kitchen-dining room combination on one side. The boys had their beds upstairs in the half-story part and the girls were in the large bedroom with John and me.

In August 1886 Calvin took sick and after two or three days we saw he was not getting better so sent for the doctor from Linkville. When he arrived he said it was typhoid and in the second stage, too late to attempt to break the fever, and leaving some medicine and instructions and telling us he wanted to hear from us in about twenty days, he returned to Linkville. The twentieth day came and Calvin showed signs of getting worse so we rushed George off for the doctor again and when he arrived he told us we were giving him the right treatment. We had been giving him hot foot baths and massages. The doctor said he would come all right now if we could keep him from taking cold. He did come out of it but was three months doing it and was delirious most of the time. In June 1887 Marchie took sick and we got Dr. Hall right away and she was not down so long, about eight weeks.

[Dr. John Hall lived near Lost River at the extreme upper, or southern end of Langel Valley, approximately six and one half miles southeast of the Fulkerson home. He may have lived at two different locations, about one mile apart.]

The fall of 1887 and the winter of 1887-88 was very mild and nice and we got through just fine. February 22, 1888 we had our first wedding in our family. Sadie was united in marriage to Charles Walter and in two or three weeks they went on a claim he had located near Round Mountain. They remained on that place until that fall, 1888, when they moved to Bonanza. On May 24, 1888 we had another visit by the stork and he left us a seven-pound blond girl. She brightened and cheered our home and we named her Lenna Evalin. Sadie and her husband came when the baby was about three weeks old and it was awfully hard for her to break away and leave us so soon.

After Sadie and her husband had left, we began packing and getting ready to move to the Yakima Valley in central Washington Territory. We traded our place for a bunch of very nice horses, intending to go into the horse raising business or maybe

[This last home of the Fulkersons in Langell Valley was deeded to a William A. and Nancy J. Hall on July 30, 1888. Consideration $1,400.00.]
ture but the thieves got all our best saddle horses.

Well, we sold everything we could not get into one wagon and what was called a thoroughbrace, into which we loaded the organ and a few small things. Sadie and Charles had their own light wagon and things. I drove the thoroughbrace with Nettie Rae, who was about ten years old, and Lennie Evalin, who was about six months old, with me. John had not fully recovered his normal health from his last sickness and the exposure from trying to catch the horse thieves so George went with him on the wagon with a four-up team, and Calvin, Marchie and Lewis rode horseback driving the extra horses. Before we left Langell Valley we built a picket paling around our baby Jasper's grave and carved and placed a headstone.

Jasper Thurston Fulkerson’s tombstone has for a second time been almost destroyed, this time at least probably by loose cattle. The picket fence has long ago disappeared and only the knowledge of a very few people can identify it. Within a few feet is the grave-stone of Franklyn Calavan, killed in the Laws-Calavan feud of 1882.

We left Langell Valley October 13, 1888 and one month later on November 12th we camped near the present site of the Walnut Street Northern Pacific viaduct-subway beside a small stream which was called Shanno Creek but which was really a small irrigation canal that was built by some people by the name of Shanno to carry water from the Naches River to their farms located near the town of Yakima, which is now Union Gap. When the Northern Pacific Railroad was built through the Yakima Valley, on reaching Yakima the company said the town was in a very poor place for what they predicted would some day be of some size and importance and they agreed to give the residents of Yakima, or what is now Union Gap, plots of land farther up the valley in a more central location in the valley if they would move onto it and establish a new town site on a section of land donated to the company by the U.S. Government for railroad construction purposes. A few of the people accepted the offer and some of the first buildings of the new location were moved from what is now Union Gap to the new location on wheels and the new location was named North Yakima and was later changed to Yakima City.

My two sisters, Rose Hiatt Shearer and May Hiatt Greer, were working in a hotel in North Yakima and another sister, Arilla Thomas, lived in Cowichee Valley about sixteen miles northwest of North Yakima. My sister Arilla and her husband met us at Satus in the southern part of Washington where we camped the night of November eleventh and the next day we moved on up to North Yakima. On November thirteenth we moved on up into the Cowichee Valley to my father's place which at this time is owned by a Mrs. A.J. Splawn. We remained with Father and Mother a few days and then went on up to the south fork of Cowichee Creek about four miles to my sister Arilla Thomas' place. We were so well pleased with this location that instead of looking around for a place to locate we traded most of our horses to Thomas for fifteen acres in the canyon on Cowichee Creek.

I was satisfied to remain here where we were all together again, Father, Mother, and sister Arilla. We were all so happy to be reunited. Grandfather Hiatt passed on January 1, 1882 in North Yakima and was buried in the Vaughn Cemetery which was just southwest of Yakima about 1896. On December 7, 1888 while we were with sister Arilla the stork made our family another visit but this time to leave a ten-pound boy for Sadie and Charles, which they named George Raymond. About two weeks after this we moved into our own house which we had bought of a Colonel Tigert and moved onto our fifteen acres. It was a story and a half building in which we could have two bedrooms upstairs and three rooms downstairs. We got along with this until the summer of 1889 when we built a shed-roof addition on one side of it for a
combination kitchen-dining room and one bedroom so we could have a part of the main building ground floor for a living room. Soon after the birth of Sadie's baby an epidemic of lagrippe struck the valley, which was the cause of several deaths in our neighborhood, including Sadie's baby which died January 3, 1889 at the age of twenty-four days.

October, November and December, 1888 and January 1889 we had very mild weather with quite a lot of rain but after the sixteenth of February it turned colder and we had a fall of over forty inches of snow. Then it turned warmer and rained and thawed the snow enough to make it settle, then turned cold again and froze it so hard that the stock could not wade it and it was not strong enough to support them to walk on top of it. They would bunch up four or five or more in a place and just mill and tramp around in a small place creating a corral of ice they could not get out of. They ate anything and everything they could reach and then would strip each other of manes and tails and then would lie down and die. We had taken the advice of our neighbors and turned our extra horses out to forage for themselves, the neighbors not expecting such severe weather after the tenth of February, and we lost all of them, four or five, but managed to pull the ones through that we had kept at home.

In the spring of 1889 our family began to scatter out a little. George went to work for Mr. Anson White, helping him put in a hop yard, which is now owned by the White heirs. Calvin went to work on the Stroback irrigation canal which was under construction, but only a small one compared with the canals built since then. He worked there only a couple of weeks, then went to work for a Mr. James Laswell over the hill to the east in the Naches Valley. Sadie's husband, Charles Walter, went to work for a John Stevenson, fencing a quarter section or 160 acres, on the north slope of the ridge that is the south boundary line of the Cowichee Valley. Marchie also went to work at keeping house for Mrs. Anson White. This left Lewis, Nettie Rae, and Lenna Evalin at home with John and me.

The spring term of school 1889 Lewis and Nettie Rae attended the Cowichee School which was located on the bench just northeast of the A.J. Splawn house, going horseback as it was too far for them to walk, it being about four miles. Their first teacher here in the Cowichee was a man.

The spring of 1889 John began clearing our fifteen acres of willow, cottonwood, wild rose, and rye grass preparatory to doing a little farming. He cut the willow and cottonwood into four-foot cordwood and sold several cords, hauling it to North Yakima, about seventeen miles. We raised enough garden for our own use the year of 1889 but did not get enough of the place cleared to raise anything else, but the next year, 1890, we planted about three acres of hops.

Anson White's hop yard was due for a good crop that year and one day we were talking with him about picking hops and asked him if the white people did the picking and he said, "Oh no. We get Indians to pick them," and I asked, "Do the white people think it is a disgrace to pick hops?" He said, "Oh no. It is only because it is rather hard work and rough on the hands, but if you folks want to pick for me you certainly may do so."

We got about five other families to go with us to pick at his place. He gave us a nice place to camp, furnished us wood, potatoes, and milk and paid us $1.25 per box, or about one and one quarter cent per pound green weight. The first morning we thought we would be smart and get started early so we started on the outside next to the road end, and to use a present day expression, were they dirty! We surely were dirty after that first day's work and our first experience in hop picking. Not knowing any better we would jar and shake the box as we emptied our baskets and blankets of hops into it and the result would be a good big box of hops if we filled it up but Mr. White came along and told us how to handle them, and by watching the Indians handle theirs we soon learned how to lay
them lightly in the box. Most every fall after that our same bunch would go hop picking together and would have a jolly good time as well as good full purses for the Christmas holidays, but we had to work from daylight to dark to make a good day’s wages.

The Indians and the white people were always segregated into separate groups but we were always on friendly terms and we soon became acquainted with the Saluskin family, Saluskin being chief of the Yakimas and always boss of the Indians in the hop field, wherever his outfit happened to be picking. Saluskin had a place in the Cowichee at that time. When he and his bunch came to our place to pick hops we always gave him his noon meal at our house and we often had long talks with him about the early habits and ways of the Indians and he would tell us how the white man came and bought or traded the Indians out of their lands and started farming.

Well, we remained on our fifteen acres in the Cowichee Valley ten years and planted a few hops each year until we had about five acres. The fall of 1895 and the winter of 1895-96 we had an epidemic of diphtheria in the Cowichee Valley as well as in North Yakima. It was generally thought it was carried from North Yakima to the Cowichee Valley by the people traveling back and forth from North Yakima because it hit there first. Our family was the first to have it but we got through it without a doctor, John having had quite an experience in nursing diphtheria cases while quite a young man in California. About the time we were getting over it, one of our neighbors, a man by the name of Jack Hawkins, came to see if I could help take care of his wife and three children who were all sick in bed. Some of the neighbors and he thought it was only colds and sore throats and a doctor they had called pronounced it the same, but it was not long until I recognized it as diphtheria and when I told them they thought I did not know. Their little girl, Stella, was very bad and when Mrs. Hawkins asked me if I thought Stella was very bad I told her she was seriously sick and advised them to get a doctor as quickly as they could. When the doctor came after a night’s delay and asked what the trouble was, I told him it was a serious case of diphtheria. He laughed at me and said it was only a very severe case of cold and sore throat. He gave some medicine and instructions and left and the next night the little girl, Stella, died. When the doctor came again he brought two other doctors with him and after a consultation they pronounced diphtheria. The two youngest boys and Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins were quite seriously sick but with the help of Sadie and Nettie Rae and some of the neighbors we managed to pull Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins through and two older children but lost the two youngest boys who were about five and seven years old. We thought the rest of them were getting along fine but Mrs. Hawkins suddenly got worse and was very seriously sick for several weeks but finally began to improve but was not able to talk above a whisper for several months. While I was helping to take care of the Hawkins family I was helping with several other families also. There were several deaths in the valley but all children, and my family and I were surely kept busy and when it was finally all over we all needed a good rest, believe me.

By this time, 1897, our four oldest children were married or doing for themselves leaving the three youngest ones, Lewis, Nettie Rae, and Lenna Evelin at home with John and me. Sadie was with us also, having left her husband Charles Walter in 1896. On April 28th, 1897 she was married to U.S. Stewart at the home of her aunt, Mrs. W.R. Searer, in North Yakima. Mr. Stewart secured a lease on the A.J. Splawn place which Splawn had bought of my father, Lewis Hiatt, and they lived there for seven years raising hops and cattle, living in the house my father had built when he came to the Cowichee Valley from Oregon in the late 1880's. Splawn sold this place during their seventh year on it, to a Jack McNeff and after they had harvested their hops and what other crops they had raised,
they sold all their cattle with the exception of sixteen head of four-year-old steers which Sadie's husband drove to his father's place southwest of North Yakima to pasture for a few weeks to put a little more weight on them. Then they bought two lots, 110 and 112 on South Tacoma Avenue which is now South Seventh Avenue in Yakima, and built a small house on lot no. 112. They also bought a two-acre tract just south of the city limits between what is now Ninth and Tenth Avenues, which they sold a few years later and improved their home property at 112 South Seventh Avenue where they are still living at the present time, 1935, and they also built a five-room cottage on the 110 lot which they rented for several years and finally sold and further improved their home.

Well, the winter of 1897-98 we decided we could not make anything raising hops as the price had dropped so low there was no profit left. My husband's health was also failing as he had never recovered his normal health after he had the scarlet fever in Oregon, so we decided to sell our place and move to North Yakima. I had become quite efficient as a practical nurse and thought by that means I could make enough to get along so the spring of 1898 we sold our place in Cowichee Valley and bought the two lots, 109 and 111, on what was then Moxee Avenue and which is now (1935) South Fifth Avenue. At that time the streets west of the Northern Pacific right of-way and parallel with it were named for the different subdivisions of the Yakima basin and for some of the leading cities of the state and in 1916 they were changed to numbered avenues.

The two lots we bought were covered with sagebrush and the Shanno ditch ran along the alley or east end of them. We rented a house west of Yakima, about five or six blocks from the lots we had bought, and the first of March 1898 we moved our belongings from the ranch (four horses, one cow, two hogs, two or three dozen hens, and several stands of bees) but thinking the bees would not be profitable so near the town, we traded them for some fruit trees and set them on our lots, digging out just enough of the sagebrush to make a place for the trees, and carried water from the Shanno ditch to water them. Then we cleared the sagebrush from a space large enough for a small house and started building and by April fifteenth we had the shell of it up, the roof on, the doors hung, and the windows framed. By that time we had run out of cash and would not go in debt for windows, but we moved in so as to stop paying rent. We would hang a sheet or blanket over the window openings at night and during bad weather for a few weeks. About the first of July John secured the job of carrying the mail to and from Fort Simcoe which is about sixteen miles south of Yakima on the Simcoe Indian Reservation. As soon as his pay began coming in regularly every month and with the help of Lewis and Nettie Rae, and with what I could make at nursing, we soon had our house fixed up so we could live in it very comfortably.

The fall of 1898 we all went to the John Daverin place in the Lower Ahtanum Valley about five miles southwest of Yakima and picked hops, and with the help of Lewis, Nettie Rae, and Lenna Evelin we managed to finish the house inside with ceilings, partitions, and windows. The spring of 1899 John and Lewis cleaned up enough of the lots to raise enough garden for our own use, and with our hens and cow we got along just fine. We could not carry water from the Shanno ditch for all this so we bought a water right in the Shanno ditch. As John was still carrying the Fort Simcoe mail and did not have the time to dig a ditch to get water to our lots, I told him if he would stake out the course of it so we would know where to make it, the boys and I would dig it. My sister's boy, Bud Thomas, was with us part of the time. Thomas had sold his place in the Cowichee Valley in the spring of 1898 and rented and moved into a house about two miles west of Yakima and soon afterwards he went to Alaska. That was at the time of the Alaska gold rush of 1898. Well, the boys, Lewis and Bud, and I got
the old horse and plow out and went to work on the ditch and such a time as we had with it! The ground was so rocky and hard it was almost impossible to keep the plow in it so Bud being heavier than Lewis rode on the plow beam and then when the plow would take hold it was almost too much for the old horse, but by taking time and by diligence and perseverance we finally succeeded with plow, pick and shovel in getting a ditch from somewhere near the junction of Fifth Avenue and Walnut Street to our lots. The Shanno ditch was afterwards combined with the Broadgage and Morrison ditches and put through the city limits in a forty inch cement pipe which was laid underground around the bench where the Senior High School is located and our irrigation water was piped from this main from near the junction of Walnut Street and Sixth Avenue.

A few years later the city bought water-right shares in the Cowichee-Naches Canal which runs around the east end of the high ridge just west of the city, known as Nob Hill, and the irrigation water for the central part of the city was piped from this high point. The city later put in irrigation systems for the part of the city north and south of this system and all the city irrigation water is under gravity pressure. Before the pressure systems were created for irrigation, there were ditches on each side of the streets of the city from north to south and shade trees along all of them.

Well, in 1899 we built a barn and corral for our cow and horses on the alley end of our lots and made the corral fence so that the animals could get at the water of the ditch any time they wanted it. In the spring of 1900 we built a picket fence around our lots to protect our garden and shrubbery and trees from our neighbors’ dogs and an occasional cow or horse that happened to be roaming around in our neighborhood. In those early days it was not an unusual thing to see horses and cows in the streets of Yakima and especially during the hop picking season. We always raised plenty of garden vegetables of all kinds and several kinds of berries, and after four or five years we had a few fruit trees bearing and always a yard full of flowers of several kinds. By 1901 the town was spreading out more and several new houses had been built in our neighborhood.

The summer of 1902 there were a lot of typhoid fever cases in Yakima and in some cases the whole family of five or six would be down at the same time and I had all the nursing I could handle. There was one family who were all down and quite bad and the doctor asked me to take the boy, who was about fourteen years old and who was quite sick, to my house and take care of him. I took him and pulled him through and at the same time I would go out to the other homes and help all I could. As soon as I got this boy (his name was Harvey Garrett) out of danger and where he could look after himself to some degree, I went to take care of our son Calvin and his wife and boy who were all down and I surely had all I could do. But while I was taking care of Calvin and his family, the doctor brought in a baby about a year old with typhoid pneumonia and wanted me to take it and care for it. I told him I had all I could look after but he said I would have to take it because he could not find anyone else to take care of it, so I gave in and took it and soon had them all on the way to recovery. I wish to say here that just before Christmas 1934 (this is 1935) thirty-one years after taking care of Harvey Garrett I received a lovely Christmas card and letter from him saying he could never forget the mother who nursed him through such a sickness and said he had a son eighteen years old. He also said he expected to be in Yakima some time in 1935 and would surely see me. It made me real happy to know he had remembered me and that I would soon see him again.

Well, I have seen Yakima develop into a sizable city. There are business buildings all around my home and I finally had a good offer for the property, and my hus-
band having passed on November 26, 1924 and as I was alone most of the time I sold it and came to live with Sadie and her husband. Lewis passed on December 27, 1924 and Lenna Evalin passed on on October 19, 1928. Marchie is still living in Alaska. George is living in Oregon. Calvin is living in Alaska. Nettie Rae Shelhammer is living here in Yakima and is conducting a business of her own, a ladies' wearing apparel store.

**EPILOGUE**

[Clipping from an unknown Yakima, Washington Newspaper, December 12, 1916]

Golden Wedding Anniversary (ctr) by Gladys Stewart (ctr)

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Fulkerson were the pleased and gracious hosts this afternoon, when they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary and the culmination of 50 years of happy married life. They smilingly greeted the large gathering of relatives and friends who came and went during the receiving hours from 3 o'clock until 5. Appropriate decorations of gold and green beautified the rooms. Stately chrysanthemums, boughs of evergreen, bright colored autumn leaves and wreaths of holly tied with gold ribbon were artistically employed to carry out the effect. Mr. and Mrs. Fulkerson were assisted in receiving and entertaining their friends by their four daughters and three sons, Mrs. Fred Boynton of Juneau, Alaska; Calvin Fulkerson of Olema and Lewis Fulkerson of Prosser and Mrs. U.S. Stewart, Mrs. Lenna Davidson, Mrs. Charles Shelhamer and George Fulkerson, all of this city. Mrs. Catherine Hiatt and Mrs. G.C. Thomas of Seattle, mother and sister of the hostess, were among the out-of-town guests present.

Mr. Fulkerson was born 76 years ago in Williams County, Ohio, and his wife, who is 11 years his junior, was born in Cass County, Ia. She was only a few months old when her family made the trip across the plains. As Miss Ellen Hiatt she was married December 12, 1866, in Horn's hotel, Jackson County, Oregon, and afterward moved to Lake County, which is now known as Klamath County. Mr. Fulkerson was one of the first white men to settle there and was the first person to take stock to that country, so became well known throughout the Northwest as a cattlemen. He helped to subdue the Modoc Indians as a volunteer under Capt. Applegate. He later located in the Langells valley, where he served as postmaster for 13 years. Mr. and Mrs. Fulkerson moved to the Yakima valley with their family 28 years ago. They have seen the city grow from the time it was moved from Old Town to the present site with much interest and have formed a large circle of warm friends throughout the city and valley. Many lovely gifts and messages and letters of congratulation were received by the happy couple.

**Memories of the Old West**

[Clipping from an unknown Yakima, Washington Newspaper, September 13, 1936]

Something of the vigor and romance of the old west died in Yakima the other day with the passing of Mrs. Ellen Fulkerson, a pioneer of pioneers.

Mrs. Fulkerson had lived in the west for 83 years, and all her memories—vivid memories, indeed—were of it. Best of all, Mrs. Fulkerson was articulate. One could sit by her side for hour after entranced hour and live in a bright new world, the world of the pioneers.

Mining camps—ghost towns today—would come alive under the magic touch of her memory. Once more the wild ducks would fly, in fluttering thousands, across the green marshes of the Oregon lake country. And again, the tricky Modocs would creep forth, with all their craft-
ness and guile, to battle the handful of settlers and the few soldiers who guarded them.

Nor were the less exciting but no less enduring aspects of those times forgotten by Mrs. Fulkerson. She could spread enchantment over the homely and simple delights in the lives of those early settlers. She could make her friendship with an Indian woman, a friendship in which differences of race and creed were forgotten, a revelation of the universality of loneliness.

She could recall the speedy and silent generosity that cared for the sick and needy. She could remember the laughter that seemed to echo to her down the long trail of the years, and which frequently bubbled up from the deep well of her own humor.

Character and courage. They are empty words these days. Mrs. Fulkerson had them, in great measure, and the world is poorer for her loss.

Fulkerson Family
Vital Statistics
by Devere Helfrich

John Trucks Fulkerson was born October 18, 1840 in Williams County, Ohio. He was the son of Jasper and Clara Fulkerson and had one sister who married a Dr. Frickel. He came west to California, settling in the San Joaquin Valley until 1865 when he came to Jackson County, Oregon. He passed away at Yakima, Washington, November 26, 1924 and was buried in the Tahoma Cemetery at that place.

Ellen Elizabeth Hiatt, the daughter of Lewis and Lydia Hiatt, was born October 2, 1851 in the Potawatomy District, Cass County, Iowa. She was married to John T. Fulkerson, December 12, 1866 in David Horn's Hotel in Jacksonville, Oregon. Ellen E. passed away September 13, 1936 at Yakima and is buried in the Tahoma Cemetery.

Clara (or Claracy) Ann Fulkerson was born June 27, 1867 on a farm near Ashland, Oregon. She died June 30, 1867 and was buried at Jacksonville, Oregon.

George Edward Fulkerson was born December 7, 1868 on a farm some two miles northeast of Keno, Oregon, thus becoming the first white child born in what is now Klamath County. He had two sons, Charles and Carl, who lived in Yakima, and two daughters. He died March 6, 1951 and is buried in the Pioneer Cemetery at Salem, Oregon.

Sadie Mae (or May) Fulkerson was born August 24, 1870 on a farm some two miles northeast of Keno. She was the first white girl born in what is now Klamath County. Date of death unknown, but she was buried in Tahoma Cemetery at Yakima.

Calvin Thomas Fulkerson was born September 21, 1872 on the farm at Keno, according to his mother's reminiscences, but in Linkville (now Klamath Falls) according to some members of his family. If so, he would be the first white baby born in Linkville. However, this would seem doubtful to this writer in light of Ellen E's statements. Calvin Thomas had a son Volney, born February 24, 1893 in Yakima, whose wife Inga, furnished much of the material for this record. He also had a daughter. Calvin Thomas died May 21, 1961 and is buried in the Tahoma Cemetery at Yakima.

Marsha (or Marchie) Bell Fulkerson was born March 16, 1875 on a farm in Langell Valley, southwest of Lorello. Date of death unknown but she also was buried in the Tahoma Cemetery in Yakima.

Lewis Hiatt Fulkerson was born March 2, 1877 on the farm in Langell Valley. He died December 27, 1924 and is buried in the Tahoma Cemetery in Yakima.

Nettie Rae Fulkerson was born November 19, 1878 on the farm in Langell Valley. She is the mother of Vance Shelhamer of Yakima, who furnished the wonderful picture of the Fulkerson family in 1916. She passed away in 1939 and is buried in the Tahoma Cemetery in Yakima.

Jasper Thurston Fulkerson was born October 27, 1882 on the farm in Langell
Valley. He died November 11, 1885 and is buried in the little Hiatt Cemetery on the west side of Langell Valley. It was through this little forgotten and almost lost grave that the Fulkerson story came to light.

Lenna Evalin Fulkerson was born May 25, 1888 on the farm in Langell Valley. She died October 19, 1928 and is also buried in the Tahoma Cemetery in Yakima.

End.

First Fourth of July

Celebration in Linkville

[Two items as reported in the Jacksonville Democratic Times—Editor]

June 22, 1872. Fourth of July Meeting at Klamath. The citizens of the Klamath country met at Linkville on June 18th, 1872 to make the preliminary arrangements for the Fourth of July celebration. On motion, George Nurse was called to chair, and O.C. Applegate to the pen.

On motion, a committee on general arrangements was appointed, consisting of the following: William Angle, George S. Miller, William Forsythe, George Nurse, A.J. Burnett, John T. Fulkerson, O.C. Applegate, S.W. Kilgore, Henry Duncan and F. Hefling.

On motion, C.M. Sawtelle was chosen as reader, O.C. Applegate as orator, L.S. Dyar as chaplain, and I.D. Applegate as marshal of the day.

On motion, the following resolution was adopted: Resolved that we are determined to get up a rousing celebration at Linkville and that we extend a hearty invitation to everybody to participate.

On motion, the secretary was instructed to forward the proceedings to the Times and Sentinel with the request to publish them.

On motion, adjourned, sine die.

George Nurse, Chairman
O.C. Applegate, Secretary

July 27, 1872. The Fourth at Linkville, Linkville, July 5th, Editor the Times: The glorious anniversary of American liberty, an occasion that gladdens and animates and unites all American hearts has been aroused again and in the Lake country met with a rousing reception. The Linkville people to their honor made all necessary preparations and as the hour for the celebration exercises drew near a new evergreen grove, improvised for the occasion might have been seen waving by the river's side. Rows of green firs shaded the streets of the picturesque little village on every side. The new hall of Angle and Stevenson which had risen as if by magic, looked down the street, flags waved, wagons freighted with people, good things for the table, came in from all directions and the fatted calf killed that all might make merry, baked and blistered in the barbecue.

At 11 o'clock A.M. the procession was formed in town under the direction of the marshal of the day, I.D. Applegate and his aids, N.D. Stevenson and William Forsythe and marched to the grove. Never before since those days when thousands of red men set their snares in the Cascade mountains and rode our beautiful streams in their swift canoes, has so long a procession wound its way along the ever raging floods of Link River.

Arriving at the grove, Dr. C.M. Sawtelle of Salem read the grand old Declaration in a way to increase our admiration for those brave old heroes who planted the banyan tree of our common country so deep in the American soil that the storms of aristocracy and oppression forever howl and blow around it in vain. Mr. O.C. Applegate, the orator of this day, then followed with an able and beautiful oration which was received as it richly deserved to be with enthusiastic applause, after which the sumptuous repast spread beneath the evergreens was served and lemonade cooled with ice from the Cascades flowed freely around the board. The afternoon was spent in promanading, boat riding, etc., and in preparing for the ball which commenced rolling the same evening and continued until old Sol
looked over the mountain's top the next morning.
Throughout the day and night everything was orderly and systematic. The display of lovely damsels at the ball would have done credit to a larger and older place. The supper at Uncle George Nurse's hotel did honor to himself and his house.
The current of good humor flowed like our own river both day and night and everybody voted the first Fourth of July celebration at Linkville a decided success.

A.H.M.

Goddess of Liberty (Claudia Spink Lorenz) on float driven by John McCall, headed east on Main Street in Klamath Falls, near intersection of Fourth and Main. (Maude Baldwin photo)

Decorated buggy and team headed east on Main Street between Third and Fourth Streets. People unidentified. 1905 High School at top of hill. (Maude Baldwin photo)
1898 parade on Main Street in the Court House Block. Notation on photo states, Mollie (Reames Jennings), Ethel ------ and Maude (Baldwin). (In the Maude Baldwin collection)

1911 Elks parade passing the Livermore Hotel (old Houston Hotel) headed east. The Livermore, located just west of the present Willard Hotel, burned on September 6, 1920. Ten bodies were identified, and four more remains thought to be bodies were never identified. (Maude Baldwin photo)
Rodeo bucking stock being paraded east on Main Street in the 500 block. (Maude Baldwin photo)

Parade headed east on Main Street at Ninth. The Central School building to the left and the older grade and High school in the background (later the McMillan Apartments at Tenth and Pine Streets). (Maude Baldwin photo)
1880 Recollections of
J.O. Hamaker

Written 55 years later, about 1935

[Part I was printed in the 1974 issue of Klamath Echoes, No. 12, pages 30-34 inclusive. It told briefly of Hamaker's birth July 30, 1856 in Iowa, his eventual arrival in Oregon at the "White Horse Ranch," southeast of Steens Mountain. From there he made his way alone on horseback, via Warner, Surprise and Goose Lake Valleys, past Bly and old Yainax to his mother's (Mrs. W.H. Horton) home in North Poe Valley where he arrived on March 1, 1880. This issue of Klamath Echoes continues Mr. Hamaker's story:]

The morning of March the 4th I rode to Klamath Falls (then Linkville), which, as has been said before, was two towns—Buchtown (down by the bridge), and String town from the old Central school house to about where the Murdock building [216 Main—Editor] now stands—this was a carpenter shop of Hale & Fairchilds. Where the present Court house now stands was a large barn owned and occupied as such by Herbert Dyer. A little pathway was on the right hand side of the road, as that is what it was, through the town, and this was the boasted sidewalk of Linkville, most of it being made when the earth was made and had no covering on it yet except where it crossed the gulch that was a part of the Court house block, some eight or ten feet deep, over which were some trestles and a couple of 2 x 6 inch lumber coverings for say 40 feet—only room for one at a time to cross this—it was of necessity the "one way traffic," the first and as I believe, the only one in the history of the town as far back as 1880.

J.W. Manning, father of Horace M., had a livery barn down on the edge of the lake [Across Main Street, south of the present Baldwin Hotel—Editor] where you could lead your horse out of the stall and "walk the plank" out a ways and let him drink and wash the mud off his feet and legs. The barn had stalls for about thirty or forty horses, as I remember it, and it was the main Stage Barn of the town.

That lake front making an ideal place to water the horses and being shallow for some distance you could walk horses around and wash the mud off, thus saving the labor of currying it off.

It is reported that at one time a Clear Lake citizen came to the town and proceeded to imbibe that "Old Corn Liquor" until he could imagine anything, and at his request one of the cowboys put a halter on him and led him out in the lake so he could gratify his whim of "drinking like a horse." The water was probably one foot or so deep, and he put his hands down for front legs and drank.

During those days Peerson, Pratt, Grub and others were the freighters for this part, which consisted of a wagon haul from Redding, California, requiring about four weeks to make the round trip, usually six or eight horses and one or two trailer wagons to the rig. This was the time when the merchants could truthfully say "I am out of that but I expect some on the next load." Thatcher and Worden were the merchants at that time and were installed in the Brick Store [Northeast corner of the intersection of present Main and Conger Streets—Editor], and I am told that Alex Miller once held an interest in the merchandise of Linkville.

I recall one Mr. Sperry, a large Scotchman, that I believe was the mason that built the Brick Store, and my brother, S.C. Hamaker, moulded the brick that was used in its construction, just out in the neighborhood of the bath-house [Along the hillside in front of present Klamath Union High School—Editor], the lime kiln was erected out beyond the General Hospital [For years the remains of a pit on K Hill above Pacific Terrace has been in evidence, perhaps the one started by these men—Editor] on the side hill. It was not first-class lime, but it has stood the test of the weather for some years and the sand was just as good.
as that now imported from Marysville, California, for the simple reason that the people did not know anything better at that time and 50 years is proof that it was good lime and good sand and good brick. People seemed different those days and desired efficiency rather than Stylish Reputation.

Now, let's travel out to Olene, then called Galbreath's Gap. Robert Galbreath had a pole covered bridge about where the present bridge now stands and had it closed as his own property and if you desired to cross this structure you paid the toll or else you did not cross. Then traveling toward Linkville, the first house you came to was the Royley place, now the Grigsby ranch [Just west of the present Basil Brown home], then a house where A.R. Campbell lives was known as the Old Man Aarant place [approximately one and one half miles west of Olene and one quarter of a mile south of the highway—Editor]. John Shepherd's people lived where John now lives [Approximately 200 yards east of Calvery Cemetery and north of the highway; nothing remains of this place—Editor], and at the Pine Grove School House lived Ben Shreeves. Next was the home of Frank Aarant, yet known as the Aarant place [Across the highway opposite the Pine Grove School and some distance south of the highway—Editor], and Jim Shreeves lived a little farther over the ridge toward town [Just east of the Merrill-Lakeview Junction and on the south side of the present highway—Editor]; the next house was the John Smart place [South of the highway in the neighborhood of the Idella Grocery Store—Editor], and on the opposite side of the road back in the field was S.C. Hamaker's 120 [Land owned by the Hamaker family lay on the north side of the highway, extending eastward from Summer's Lane or the Main Canal one half mile with the ranch buildings someplace northerly from Idella's Store. The land included the strip of property between the Highway and Shasta Way—Editor]. Where R.H. Bunnell now lives [The present Cedarleaf Real Estate office north of the highway and east of the Fairgrounds—Editor] was the Beach ranch owned by Joe and his brother who made first stock history for this county by importing "a little Cayuse" as he was called then but afterwards known as Altamont, who today holds the Pacific Coast wagon record as a trotter. Right there the road turned to the right and over the rolling ridges past the Steve Stukle ranch [Just below the Main Canal at the Eberlein Street bridge—Editor] and the Hot Spring called the "Devil's Tea-kettle," [Approximately the center of the East Side By-Pass, slightly west of the bridge on Washburn Way—Editor] a boiling spring about 8 feet across; then the Q.A. Brooks house was next [Approximately midway between the railroad and the Main Canal on the north side of Main Street—Editor] — there we enter a small flat that was sure muddy. [That section of land between Spring Street and the east side of the railroad immediately east of the Klamath Falls Fire Department Station—Editor], and on the other side of it was the Bath house [Near the Esplanade Street entrance to Modoc Field—Editor]. On the right and a little farther on the opposite [?—Editor] side of the road was the Slaughter house of Schallock brothers, Henry and John [Near the intersection of Wall and Esplanade Streets—Editor], next was the School House on the little knoll where is the Central School [Center of Ninth Street between Main and Pine Streets—Editor] and then we were in "String town" with Herman Conn's place on one side [Near the present Shaw's Stationery Store—Editor] and Mr. Gordon's on the opposite [Just west of the U.S. National Bank—Editor]. Next was Newt Pratt's place on the block with Conn [Someplace between Shaw's Stationery and Seventh Street on the north side of Main—Editor] and J.W. Hamaker in the center of the block where the Kelsey Building now stands [Presently occupied by Jones Office Supply—Editor]. Across the street was the Graham restaurant [Probably later the old Esmond or American Hotel—Ed-
Olene Post Office about 1911. Located on the north side of the present O.C. & E. Railroad tracks near the Highway crossing. (F.M. Priest photo)

1898. Indians drying suckers (mullet) at their camp on Lost River downstream from Olene. (Maude Baldwin collection)
Altamont Store and Post Office about 1893-94. Location near the present Payless Store in Shasta Plaza. John Ratliff on the wagon, G.W. Smith is the large man on the porch at right.

Billie Mitchell, whose father once owned the Altamont Ranch. (Maude Baldwin photo)
Linkville (Klamath Falls) in 1893, rebuilding after the disastrous fires of 1889 and 1892.

Klamath Falls during the construction of the Central School (left) in the winter of 1904-05.
Looking southwest down Esplanade Street toward Klamath Falls about 1908, or before the railroad arrived. (Maude Baldwin photo)

Klamath Falls in 1909 or 1910, after the arrival of the railroad.
Down toward the river was the office of S.B. Cranston, attorney and politician, [KOTI-TV station now occupies this location, the northwest corner of Third and Main Streets—Editor], and almost opposite was the residence of H.F. Schallock, father of Fred Schallock of the Ewauna Box Co. [According to an old-timer, this residence occupied the center of block 34, between Second and Third Streets south of Main—Editor]. On the back of the lot from S.B. Cranston’s office was his residence near the Public Market, now [The name should be O.O. Cranston and his residence stood toward the back of property now occupied by the eastern portion (Bush Furniture Co., 221 Main) of the Willard Hotel. In 1935 the Public Market occupied the southwest corner of Third and Main—Editor], and on the same block a little farther was the residence of John Schallock, set well back toward Pine Street [On land now occupied by the western half of the Willard Hotel—Editor].

About where Whitlock’s Undertaking parlors [Northwest corner of Sixth and Pine Streets—Editor] was the residence of “Uncle Johnny Hunsaker,” Dick Hamaker had a house where the Elks Temple now is [Midway on Third Street between Main and Pine—Editor]; John Pierson and another man (I have forgotten his name) had residences in the block where the Willard now stands [Probably facing on Pine Street—Editor], and across the street was a house owned by Kate Hatton, at that time occupied by E.J. Boyd, Dentist [Middle of the block between Second and Third Streets, south of Main now occupied by the Murdoch building (now various Labor Unions)—Editor]. Oh, I forgot, the Court House block was occupied by Herbert Dyer as a Stable for horses. Just beyond the Dodge Brothers Building now [C & M Service on the southwest corner of Second and Main Streets—Editor], was the Fairchilds & Hale Carpenter Shop, and opposite was the Blacksmith shop of Otto Heidrick with his residence on the same block [The blacksmith shop stood at about the dividing line between Mac’s Shell Service Station and the Arco Service Station at 105 Main. Heidrick’s residence was near the corner of First and Main Streets, or where the Arco Station now sits—Editor], and W.C. Hale on the other downtown side of the block the Good Templars Hall [Hale’s residence probably stood on the northwest intersection of First and Main Streets or the Pony Pass Motel location, while the Good Templars was farther west along Main Street but east of the present Baldwin Hotel—Editor], and opposite was the Manning Livery Barn [Almost due south across Main Street and the off-ramp from the Freeway, from the Baldwin Hotel—Editor]. The Forbes Saloon on the opposite side [of Main Street—Editor] of the Nurse Hotel [Later to become the Lakeside Inn, south of Main opposite Cobo’s City Center Lodge—Editor] and the Post Office between it and the Brick Store [Forbes’ Saloon was located at about the entrance to Cobo’s Lodge, with the post office farther west and the Brick Store extended out into the present north-bound on-ramp to the Freeway. There is an Historical marker on the spot which is the southwest corner of the parking area for Cobo’s City Center Lodge—Editor].
Joe Conger lived up the river, and a squaw man Dave Du-val [Duval—Editor] also. Then across the river lived W.S. Moore where the road turns either way up and down the river [This building "The Maples" still stands, immediately south of the Klamath Art Association Building. In early days, before Fremont Bridge was constructed, the Rocky Point, Pelican Bay and Lake of the Woods roads turned north up Link River on Mill Street, immediately west of Favell's Museum, while the Ashland and Yreka roads turned south down Riverside Street—Editor].

This, I believe, constitutes the towns of Linkville and String Town, at that date. Some of the noted characters of those days were James Barkley, Dave Duval, Dennis Crawley, Bill Webb, Thomas McKay, (pronounced McKy), Frenchey, and others.

It was not uncommon those days for Jim Barkley and Tom McKay to get into an Irish mix-up and have a fake fight and then when the shades of evening gathered around the world, Tom McKay would cuss on the west side of the river for a while at Jim Barkley who he thought was at the Forbes Saloon, and to make his profanity more impressive would locate himself on a prominence on the side of the river opposite from the Saloon and with his Spencer rifle shoot up the streets between the Saloon and the Nurse Hotel, sometimes making it best for a person to remain indoors for several hours.

Part 1
Reflections and Recollections of Circuit Judge A.L. Leavitt

Address to the Daughters of the American Revolution, September 17, 1925

[Circuit Judge A.L. Leavitt was born in Sonora, Tuolumne County, California on October 17, 1858. He came to the Klamath Country as a cowhand for Jesse but when the Morning would appear and the Liquor was dead, the town would again assume "the quiet little place it was before the row started." A man by the name of Greenman succeeded George Nurse in the Hotel and ran it for a few years, adding some improvements and additions to this prominent Hostelry then. A man from Ft. Jones, California, by the name of G.W. Smith, who afterwards became prominently identified with the development of Linkville and Klamath County, served at one time a term as County Judge of the County. Also he had the distinction of building a two-story building or annex to the Linkville Hotel, the lower story used as a store of which he was proprietor and the upper story was utilized as the County Court House of Klamath County until one was erected on the block where the present court house now stands, and known as the Old Court House. G.W. Smith also built a store and hotel opposite the present Court House, G.W. Smith also built a store and hotel opposite the present Court House, that was destroyed by fire. He then moved to Altamont where he erected a Store Building, and J.T. Bradley was clerk, until later he embarked in the field as a merchant at Lorella and later moved to Bonanza, where he still is in the General Merchandise business. (Died in 1932).

[To be continued in some future issue of Klamath Echoes—Editor].

N. Summers in 1884. By 1895 he had held the office of Klamath County Clerk for four successive terms. He became the first Mayor of Klamath Falls in 1893. Much later he served as Klamath County Circuit Judge for a number of years.]

The Birth of Klamath Falls

Daughters of the American Revolution: You have asked me to tell you something about the birth of the city of Klamath Falls. I respond with more pleasure than you can imagine. I love the past; especially that part of the past that has to do with
the beginning, the growth and the development of the City of Klamath Falls. I love, on occasion, to take my place in the reviewing stand set apart for silver-topped boys and as the procession moves past, point out to members of a later generation the part this or that personage played in the events going to make up the earlier history of our city; to show how typical of those days were the marchers in such a procession.

When I am to occupy the reviewing stand this evening for a few brief moments the occasion is a bit too formal for me to give free reign to memory and let it wander wheresoever it might; and besides, to attempt to give voice and description in this narrative to a tenth part of what such a procession reveals to me would be to extend this narrative to an undue length, so I will content myself with what seems to me to be the outstanding features, the salient facts attending the birth of Klamath Falls.

The earlier history of our city is too closely interwoven with the history of Linkville, its predecessor, in interest that I must perforce go back some little distance for a starting point. As my narrative is to be based largely upon personal experience and observation I have elected to begin with my arrival in Linkville, July 10, 1884, at three o'clock p.m.

To begin with, I shall endeavor to give you a sort of birdseye view as I saw it first.

At that time, the eminence upon which stands the Central School [Ninth Street between Main and Pine Streets—Editor] extended in a gradual slope across Main Street to approximately the middle of the first tier of blocks south of Main Street opposite; completely shutting off the view up Main Street from one approaching from the east. The easterly approach to the town in those days, and for a long time afterward, was via the "Devil's Teakettle," [Approximately the center of the East Side By-Pass, slightly west of the bridge on Washburn Way—Editor], celebrated then, as now, for its scalding temperature. Indeed I think it was recognized as more of an attraction at that time than now; at least it was a common center to which we all drifted, on occasion, to scald our hogs. The townspeople watered their horses and cows at a spring located about the middle of the intersection of Main and Seventh streets, the overflow from the spring wandering off down the easterly side of Seventh street to the flat below. A rail fence along what is now Klamath Avenue from a point near the White Pelican hotel [Now the Balsiger Motor Company building at Main and Esplanade Streets—Editor] to the river just below the bridge was the northerly boundary fence enclosing what was then known as the Brooks pasture, and it was comprised of the territory now occupied by Railroad Addition, Klamath Addition and part of Mills Addition. A small hotel—the Horton House, as its sign said—stood about where today stands the Golden Rule store [The northeast corner of Main and Eighth Streets—Editor], and was vacant. On the corner of Main and Sixth stood a livery and feed stable with a very limited patronage [Now partly occupied by the First National Bank—Editor]; opposite was a blacksmith shop [Now the location of Transamerica Title Insurance Company—Editor]; and in the same block were the residences of Mr. J.W. Hamaker and Mr. A.D. Carrick, the blacksmith. In the next block toward the river and on the same side of the street resided John G. Shallock and a part of the Cranston family; on the block opposite on the present site of the Melhase Building [Presently occupied by Sportland Distributors and Cascade Home Furnishing—Editor] stood a dwelling known as the J.N.T. Miller house, a stone and adobe structure. On what is now the Matthews property at the [Southeast—Editor] corner of Pine and Fourth, stood the house of the postmaster [W.A. Wright—Editor]. On the site of the Imperial garage [Southwest corner of Second and Main—Editor] stood the Cranston residence and opposite was the residence of R.B. Hatton [Near westerly from the Shell Service Station—Editor]. We have now reached Center Street going
toward the river. Rounding the angle of the street gives us a view of the real Linkville. There we behold the postoffice [Location unknown—Editor], Dr. Summer's residence [Location unknown—Editor], the Freise hall [Probably located just east of the Baldwin Hotel and wooden building adjoining the hotel to the east—Editor], J.W. Mannings livery and feed stables [Across Main Street south of the Baldwin Hotel—Editor], the "red" house—a two storey structure [Adjoining Payne Alley on the present location of Cobo's City Center Lodge office—Editor], Forbes saloon, the Baldwin and Forbes hardware, a barber shop, the "brick" store [All facing Main Street on the parking area of Cobo's City Center Lodge—Editor] and the Linkville Hotel [Across Main Street south of Cobo's Lodge—Editor].

Bear in mind, this is a description of Linkville 41 years ago. Its setting was attractive even then, and its few inhabitants, pioneers, of course were real live people, abreast of the times in a business way. Their accomplishments in the line of municipal development were meager but fully in accord with the development of the surrounding country. Hedged about as they were by mountains, contact with commercial centers such as Portland, San Francisco and Sacramento was not frequently possible. The railroad from Portland south was then building just south of Roseburg and in the Cow Creek canyon, and north from Sacramento in and about Delta in the Sacramento canyon. Communication from north and south was via Ashland, and the mail came that way by stage from Ashland over the old Ashland road. Transportation, in the modern signification of that term, was not a burning question in Linkville. There was no need of any propaganda for unity of action, and there were no factions. There was just one source of revenue, that which was derived from the sale of beef driven south to meet the on-coming railroad.

As the mother of the city of Klamath Falls, Linkville was not nationally known; indeed I doubt very much that its existence was generally known outside the people connected with the Modoc war.

The little town nestling in its primitive isolation was, I think, unconsciously struggling for a place in the sun under a handicap imposed at its christening in 1867, by the pioneer George Nurse, who laid out and later platted the original townsite. Even while laboring under the handicap of its name, and its isolation, the little town about that year began to develop ambitious propensities, and though they builded slowly—with the tools at hand—they builded well the foundations upon which were to rest their dream castles of the future. It was in the year 1884 that saw the first influx of new settlers to the Klamath Basin and the town profited to quite an extent. The first newspaper, the Klamath County Star, began making its weekly appearance. Tom Martin built a flour mill [On the West side of Link River, more than one quarter of a mile above the Main Street bridge—Editor]; G.W. Smith, having acquired the Nurse Hotel property, remodeled and greatly improved the property and bestowed upon the structure the name "Linkville Hotel." G.W.J. Wilson, and Wm. Steele, settlers from Nevada, began the construction of an irrigating canal which later became known as the Ankeny Canal. The Presbyterian church was erected. To give you an idea of the town's progress: In 1886 there were seven stores, four saloons, three hotels, three blacksmith shops, a brewery, three livery and feed stables, four lawyers, a newspaper and a population of probably three hundred and fifty souls.

The following year, 1887, a bill was introduced in the legislature to incorporate the town of Linkville. The measure failed; and it was not until February, 1889, that the town was finally incorporated. On September 6th of that year occurred the big fire that eliminated everything of an inflammable nature from Center Street to the bridge across Link River, and would have eliminated the bridge but for the heroic efforts of the women.
That disaster was closely followed by the hard winter of 1889 and '90. The loss of stock was very great. Ager was then the gateway to the Klamath country. Our letters and papers, when received in February, were thirty days old. As an instance of the numerous hardships encountered during that winter and of the intrepidity of the sufferers, a Mr. Teaters, living on the river just above Keno, in the early part of the winter, on foot leading a milch cow, broke a trail through to Linkville and carried home on the back of the old cow three sacks of flour to feed his hungry family. A picture of the State Highway Department keeping the highway open to Ashland, Lakeview and Fort Klamath during such a winter as that, would be a real curiosity. That winter witnessed the first serious epidemic of La Grippe in the United States; and how in the world it ever found its way into Linkville that winter is still an unexplained mystery, but it did, and laid low the entire population at approximately the same time.

The fire of 1889 was a blow to the west portion of the town from which it never recovered, and the business activities gradually but persistently sought and found locations east of Center Street. About this time, viz., 1890, a civil engineer, Isa Leskard by name, drifted to the Klamath country and was appointed city engineer. Nichols Addition and Klamath Addition had been laid out and platted as additions to the original town in a manner foreshadowing future complications and the Board of Trustees determined upon a resurvey and replatting of the town. It was while engaged upon this work that Leskard conceived the idea that it was altogether too important and promising a town to be handicapped in its future operations by its then official name, bringing forward numerous reasons to support his contention. The first mention of the subject in our local paper was in April 1891. The subject became very much of an obsession with friend Leskard, and no one escaped his importunities for a change of name for the town. The idea finally found a lodgment in the minds of the people and a line of action was agreed upon. In December 1891, the post office department was petitioned to change the name of the post office at this point to Klamath Falls, and in March, 1892, the following communication was received by our postmaster, Mr. C.H. Withrow:

Washington, D.C.
March 11, 1892

Sir: — The Postmaster General has changed the name of your post office from Linkville to Klamath Falls, in the State of Oregon. The new name, however, must not be used until the beginning of the next quarter, nor until you have executed a bond and been commissioned under the new name.

Q.G. Rathb one,
First Assist. P.M. General

On April 1, 1892, Klamath Falls became the official name of our postoffice. A legislative act being requisite to the re-incorporation of the town under the name of Klamath Falls, a proposed new charter was prepared and submitted to the board of trustees for approval on December 19th, 1892, and being approved was submitted to the legislature of 1893, and on the stroke of 12 midnight, Monday, February 6, 1893, “An Act entitled an Act to incorporate the town of Klamath Falls, and to repeal an Act entitled an Act to incorporate the town of Linkville, Oregon,” was passed and the town of Linkville ceased to exist as a legal entity.

In accordance with the charter a new board of trustees was elected. The personnel of the new board was as follows: J.D. Fountain, Chas. S. Moore, C.S. Sergeant and A.L. Leavitt. Your humble servant was chosen president of the new board of trustees, an honor in which I feel a pardonable pride even at this late day. W.W. Bowdoin was elected treasurer and Chas. L. Parrish recorder. Thus was the Town of Klamath Falls off to a flying start, and that too, at a time when the entire country was in the throes of one of the greatest business depressions in its history. While the Town of Klamath Falls came into its legal status in 1893, it was
not until the adoption of the "Home Rule" charter of 1913 that it assumed the more pretentious and becoming name of Klamath Falls.

Returning at this point to the year 1895, two years after the re-incorporation, a mere matter of 30 years ago, a census gave the town a population of 452; an underestimate, of course. The assessable property was approximately $167,000. But listen to this: In November of this year a switch in a little power plant on Link River was closed and electric lights flashed on Main Street and in the residences in close proximity, and the new water system was in operation. Truly a "red letter day." But that was destined to be eclipsed as a red letter day when on May 20, 1909, the old-timers went aboard the steamer Klamath at the wharf just below the bridge, steamed down to the straights and rode in on the first train. Little did the more optimistic of us realize, when assenting to Leskard's proposition to change the name of our town, the magic charm of progress contained in the name Klamath Falls. Speak it. How well it becomes the mouth. Write it. How well it looks. Among the thousands of names designating cities and towns throughout the United States it possesses a distinctiveness that seems more fittingly to associate itself in the mind of the listener or writer with the trend of the times; with the march of progress. It has come to mean something in the industrial, the social and the railroad world. Verily, it being so christened, was a happy circumstance in the life of the city.

Part II

Judge Reminisces Over Old Times in Klamath

From the Evening Herald, February 29, 1929

Today we are to take a backward look over a period of 50 years. Do any of us appreciate what that really means? Who of us can fill the interim between 1878 and 1928?

The name Linkville is linked in my mind with many pleasant memories of association with those intrepid spirits of 1878. It is a source of great satisfaction and consolation to know that the friendships then formed endured and will endure to the end. I note that there are in the audience a few—a very few—contemporary spirits of those early years. Time has dealt kindly with us and we return humble homage to him who doeth all things well.

I may remark in passing that the history of Linkville is largely the history of the Klamath country as a whole. It was to the little settlement about the old wooden bridge spanning the river that the early pioneers of the basin gravitated quite naturally for human fellowship, sustenance, news and refreshments. It is a far cry, for the writer, back to July 10, 1884 that being the date of my arrival upon the scene. Many events are misty, many more have passed from recollection completely. Many of the moving spirits of that period whose lights shone so brightly and shed lustre upon its current happenings have ceased from their pioneer labors and passed over the great divide. They linger today as always in my memory.

About the hour of high noon of July 10, 1884, the writer, sitting astride his mount at the most elevated point on the road in the Pine Grove district viewed with his companions the scene which was destined to furnish the field for his future activities. It is doubtful if you who came upon the scene even 20 years ago can picture in your minds the panorama of loneliness, the unbroken expanse of giant sage brush that met the sweep of the eye on that hot July day 44 years ago. For be it known that aside from a small patch of rye across Lost River, to our left, and another small patch of the same grain on the old Frank Arant place, and the green of a few fruit trees on the old Steven Stukel place—afterwards known as the Reames and Martin ranch—there was nothing of the hand of man to break the monotony of the wide expanse of sage brush between us and the little hamlet.
Northeast corner of intersection of Sixth and Main Streets, the present location of the First National Bank about 1901-02. Left to right: Strouse Grocery, Carrick’s Wagon and Blacksmith Shop, George Biehn Saloon. Man unidentified.

Carrick’s “Pioneer Blacksmith Shop” about 1901-02. The First National Bank now occupies this site.
Hauling baled hay north along South Sixth Street in Klamath Falls. (Duncan photo)

Looking east on Main Street in the 500 block. Klamath Falls during the winter of 1912-1913.
The Comstock Hotel, formerly the Klamath House, at 830 Main Street. Owned by the Biehn family around the turn of the century.

The Houston Saloon at the northwest corner of Second and Main Streets, where the Livermore Hotel was later built. The site is now occupied by a Shell Service Station. Date, in the late 1890’s.
The Frank Ira White (man in shirt sleeves) Real Estate office on South Fifth Street opposite the Oregon State Liquor Store.

Intersection of Third and Main Streets (between buildings). The Methodist Church (white building on the northwest corner of the Courthouse block) also served as a Library and High School at times. The brick structure (still standing) was known as Hector's Store and The Boston Store.
nestling against the hill in the distance. Had I been permitted to read the poems of Robert Service prior to that day I actually believe the exclamation would have escaped my lips: “Yes, I have seen it; its the cursed'est land that I know.” They told us in Lakeview: “That God was tired when he made it; that it was a fine land to shun.” But today there’s some as would trade it for no land on earth and I’m one.

Linkville marked an outpost on civilization’s outward rim about which revolved in logical sequence those pioneer events leading up to the development of the present day. Bonanza, Bly, Fort Klamath, Keno and Dairy—contemporary outposts on civilization’s outward rim—contributed in generous measure to the activities and the folk lore of those fast receding days.

Let me paint you a brief word picture of Linkville as it was on July 10, 1884: Just opposite where we were encamped on Klamath Avenue on the eminence where stands the Central school building was the school house [On Ninth between Main and Pine Streets—Editor] in which Marion Hanks and a few other boys of like age received their first lessons in how to bust a bronco and brand a maverick; the benches and a desk or two were scattered about on the outside—mute evidence of the turbulent character of the scholars. A small dwelling stood on about the center of block 14 [occupied in 1880 by Herman Conn—Editor]; across the street stood the little shack of Daniel Gordon [Just west of the U.S. National Bank—Editor]. On block 38 stood the Horton hotel [Also probably known as the Graham Restaurant, Esmond, and American Hotel, in the center of the 600 block south of Main—Editor], and in the same block, on the corner of Sixth and Main, stood a large barn [Now the Trans-america Title Insurance Company—Editor]; on block 36 there was no building except an adobe building belonging to J.N.T. Miller [Between Fourth and Fifth Streets on Main—Editor]; on lot 4, block 18, was the small residence of Dr. Stacy Hemenway [Where the Old Elks Club now sits—Editor]; on lot 1, block 19, stood quite an imposing dwelling occupied by O.O. Cranston [Back from Main Street on property now occupied by the eastern portion (Bush Furniture Co., 221 Main) of the Willard Hotel—Editor]; opposite across Main Street was the small residence of R.B. Hatton [South side of Main between Second and Third Streets in the building now occupied by the various Labor Unions—Editor]. There was a small carpenter shop on lot 8, block 33, later the site of the Central Saloon and Houston’s opera house [At one time the location of the Imperial Garage, now the C & M Service on the southwest corner of Second and Main Streets—Editor]; on the opposite side of the street [Main—Editor] was the residence of Otto Heidrick [Near the northeast corner of First and Main Streets where the Arco Station now sits—Editor]. On the next block was the residence of W.C. Hale, county clerk. [Northwest corner of First and Main, now the site of the Pony Pass Motel—Editor]. Now we are at Center Street; beyond and toward the river was the real old Linkville, city of the pioneer! By him who sits afar across the great divide, and by him who sits near unto thee, and by the sons of progress this peaceful day, and by the everlasting who is above and beyond us all—be you all heard as witnesses testifying: There was a day when old Linkville didn’t stand open to the children of men, and all that was in the town belonged to them, and there was no other town except String-town.

Then came the newcomer and built over and beyond Center street; yet the pioneer stayed on in Linkville. Then the boomer of String-town, following the newcomer, built over and beyond Fourth Street, though without excluding the pioneer. The K.D. company, following
the boomer of String-town, built beyond Ninth Street, excluding the pioneer, though by permission he might pass through as an emigrant. The knoll beyond was the court house site. Then was ushered in an age of strife: The ground that held the old court house was not the property of the county. The tears of the pioneers were but watering a barren site. The pioneer from Bonanza, from Dairy, Fort Klamath and Keno, asked for a guide, and the pioneer of Linkville walked with them. At the base of the knoll upon which the court house stood, was the White Pelican; we looked toward the city and there was a sea of men extending down to Third Street.

Governors, judges, and lawyers, and almost a generation have come and gone; and there are new maps of additions from which old names have been dropped. As for old Linkville, naught remains but a memory, a tradition and hope; here and there a pioneer, yonder a group of newcomers. While the surrounding hills and valleys re-echoed the shrill blast of a Great Northern locomotive.

Klamath Neighbors Didn't Boost in 1884
[From the Klamath News, May 10, 1928]

Klamath's sister cities in the year 1884 did not have any too good an opinion of her; at least, they didn't give this city any favorable publicity.

In the summer of 1884 a heavily laden wagon, a buggy, and 150 head of loose horses camped just outside the town of Lakeview. Jesse N. Summers, Sam Summers, A.L. Leavitt, Janie Summers, and Mrs. J.N. Summers were among those who were with the caravan.

J.N. Summers and A.L. Leavitt went into Snyder's store in Lakeview and asked the best route to Spokane, where they had set their hearts on going when they left Mono county, California.

They were informed that the best way north was to go by way of Linkville (now Klamath Falls), and thence northward along the big marsh. They asked what kind of a place Linkville was. The reply was unprintable.

A few days later the cavalcade came to a halt under the pine trees which border the Lakeview highway at Pine Grove. A few straggling houses were dimly visible at the mouth of Link River canyon. Jesse N. Summers remarked that as near as he could tell, through the blistering heat rays which were radiated from the immense sage brush flat, that the citizens of Lakeview were entirely in the right. The party held a lengthy consultation as to whether they dared entrust their lives and property to this den of cut-throats. They finally decided to risk it.

After three hot hours' travel, they camped on the present site of the post office, and Judge Leavitt started uptown to find feed, grain and provisions.

At what is now Sixth and Main Streets he met John Schallock, uncle of Fred Schallock of the Ewauna Box company. He asked him where he could get grain, potatoes, and pasture for the horses. The grain cost them 5 cents a pound, the potatoes 6. The party decided that the "robber" part of the Lakeview indictment was entirely correct.

It was decided to rest the stock for a few days. During these few days, John Schallock and Jesse N. Summers rode over the entire territory, to Fort Klamath in a northerly direction, and as far south and east as Merrill.

After a week or more, Jesse N. Summers announced to the other members of his delegation that he had decided to locate here in Klamath. He had never, he declared, seen richer soil, or better prospects for future development.

Summers purchased 320 acres of land. This tract is now the Ezell ranch. [The Summer's property was situated approximately one mile south of Highway 140 at Altamont. Further what is known as the Ezell house still stands at the corner of Summers Lane and Bristol Avenue. This property is north of the Klamath County Nursing Home and on the east side of Summers Lane—Editor].

Judge Leavitt and other men who were working for Summers then hauled a huge
About 1911. Threshing machine near Altamont. (F.M. Priest photo)

Binding grain in 1911 somewhere in the Klamath Basin. (F.M. Priest photo)
Threshing wheat in 1911. Machine run by horse-power (left). (F.M. Priest photo)

Traction engine pulling sawmill equipment east of Klamath Falls (background), probably near Mills Addition.
Klamath Falls first water and light plant (tank in center of picture). Located about 200 yards above the Link River Bridge and between Link River and Conger Street.

Ivan Applegate and daughter Alice Applegate Peil in 1915, atop Gillem’s Bluff at the Modoc Lava Beds.

(Maude Baldwin photo)
Butchering day in the Langell Valley area around the 1911 period. People unidentified. (F.M. Priest photo)

Cattle roundup in the Enterprise-Mills-Altamont district. (Maude Baldwin photo)
pile of slabs from the water power mill on Link River, owned by the Moores, to what is now Klamath Avenue. Here they stacked the slabs in such a way that they would dry. Summers, Leavitt, Sam Summers (later county commissioner) and others plowed and cleared 160 acres of the land that fall and the following spring. The old residents said they were crazy to plant anything but rye; they planted wheat and oats. After the planting was done, they fenced the 160 with posts and rails from the slabs. There was a big rain in May, 1885, and a crop such as had never been seen before in Klamath County was the result.

It was proved that other grains than rye would grow here. The following year, 1886, the orchard which still grows fruit on the Ezell ranch was planted, and also five acres of alfalfa, which Summers thought would do well here.

That year William Steele and G.W.J. Wilson started construction of what was later known as the Ankeny canal, and shortly afterward the Summers place had irrigation.

Judge Leavitt declares that he was much disgusted when Summers decided to stay here, and declared his intention of going on alone to Spokane. He talked with Summers and decided to stay a while. He is, he laughingly says, still staying.

Notes on the Fire of 1889
by Charles I. Roberts
From the Klamath News, February 20, 1931

Not to be excelled is the story of the Linkville fire, unknown to most of the present residents of Klamath Falls, which is related by Charles I. Roberts.

The fire occurred 42 years ago when Mr. Roberts was 13 years of age. He gave a description of Linkville, telling of the formation of shops and stores from Linkville bridge east several blocks, where the town ended [1889 – Editor]. First came the harness shop, operated by W.W. Baldwin, then several old buildings. Adjacent to them was the Linkville Hotel, erected by G.W. Smith, and which contained a front parlor, office, bar-room and barber shop. Next to the hotel was a two-story building, used sometimes for a court house and sometimes for a dance hall. Next in line came livery stables, blacksmith shops, several small shacks, another two-story building which contained the town newspaper, and a drug store operated by William A. Wright, father of Dr. George Wright.

Across the street were located a number of residences, barns, and the “Good Templar’s Hall,” built to offset the dangers of the saloon. Several grocery stores, a shoe shop and a few more residences, back on the hill, completed the outlay of Linkville. At the corner of what is now Payne Alley was a two-story building, Roberts’ grocery, and some more saloons. Baldwin and Forbes hardware, and the old brick store, which is still standing.

All of the structures were wooden with the exception of two buildings.

On the morning of September 6, 1889, the fire broke out in the back of Forbes’ saloon. There was no fire protection, no possible chance to save any of the buildings. Each resident was busy trying to save his personal belongings. The fire swept the settlement in a few minutes, swallowed houses, barns, stores and everything from the bridge several blocks east.

One stone building and a warehouse where several barrels of hard liquor were stored [The old Rutenic two-story building at 52 Main, long ago torn down, and the warehouse on Payne Alley back of the old Baldwin Hardware Store which is still standing, and which may well be the oldest building in Linkville, now Klamath Falls – Editor], and a grocery and hardware store [Location unknown – Editor] were all that remained of Linkville after the fire. The railroad was 60 miles away.

Very little food was available, but by hard work and much saving the little settlement grew up again. Reames and Martin hurriedly built a temporary building. Baldwins followed and Smiths built another. It wasn’t long before there was ample food and clothing.

End.
Reminiscences of Ruby Hillis McCall

[Ruby Martha Hillis was born in Cleveland, Ohio on November 15, 1884. These reminiscences recount her arrival and early years spent in the Klamath Country. On November 14, 1909 she was married to John A. McCall, who served as Klamath Falls postmaster from April 3, 1922 to May 8, 1935. Mrs. McCall, ninety years of age, lives alone in her own home on Owens Street. She is the mother of two daughters, Hillis Christianson of Coos Bay and Jean MacBeth of Klamath Falls. Both daughters are long-time teachers in the Klamath Falls schools.]

One of the most beautiful ranch homes of early days was Brookside Ranch in the Swan Lake Valley. It belonged to Lucien B. Applegate, and his three daughters usually spent the winters in California studying. That is where I met them and we became close friends.

In the spring of 1906, Bessie Applegate was at Roble Hall, Stanford University. Evelyn and Elsie Applegate were studying violin and piano in San Jose, where my brother and I lived with my mother. That was the year of the big earthquake, and upon hearing that Roble Hall had collapsed, my brother and I started a search until we located the three sisters—all of them unharmed, luckily. We all came back to our house, where for several nights we slept in the back yard (or tried to), listening to the dynamiting and watching the flames burning San Francisco. It seemed it was the end of everything at the time, and the girls wanted us to come with them to Klamath Falls. We soon became so involved in the business of clearing up and helping to straighten things out where we were employed that we just could not leave.

By the time a year had passed—it was now May of 1907—I decided to follow the advice of my doctor, who told me to take a rest or suffer the consequences. I set out for Klamath Falls. I was twenty-two years old at that time, and though I had traveled a good deal, it had always been near cities. Now I was to go by Southern Pacific to Thrall, then by Logging Railroad as far as Pokegama, and the rest of the way by stage.

When the conductor looked at my ticket, he talked to me at some length about my trip, then called the brakeman, discussed it with him, and as the day passed, several of the passengers became interested in the subject, also.

At about 8 p.m., as I remember, the conductor came for me, and the train whistled and came to a stop at Thrall. It was very dark outside, and as I stepped off the train on the side of a steep bank of rock, there was no sign of a light anywhere. The brakeman stood there wondering what to do next, when he finally sighted a lantern moving through the darkness quite some distance away. At about the same time he discovered a man riding under the car, and ordered him out. The fellow crawled out and disappeared in the darkness in the opposite direction from the on-coming lantern. Now the brakeman signalled the train to go ahead, and I stumbled off in the direction of the oncoming lantern.

The none too-friendly individual with the lantern finally got within talking distance and I asked about a hotel. He said there was a cabin, and I could get breakfast, but the evening meal was a thing of the past. When we reached the cabin, he opened the door, lit a candle, announced the time for breakfast, the time the logging trail left the next day, and left me to my own company. In the cabin there was a bed and a chair—nothing else that I remember. The night was warm and the little room seemed stuffy. There was a window, but I kept thinking of the man who crawled from under the train, and decided to leave it closed. There seemed to be no way to lock the door, but I leaned the chair under the knob, and felt somewhat more secure.

After putting the candle and matches within reach of the bed, I slept a little un-
At Lucien Applegate's Brookside Ranch in Swan Lake Valley around the 1905-1910 period. Left to right: Chandler Watson, Harry Holgate, Francis Bowne, Ruby Hillis

Barns and haystacks at Brookside from the southeast. Everything was burned in the early or mid 1920's.
McCall, Frank Sargent, Dr. George H. Merryman, Louise Sargent and Will Baldwin. (Maude Baldwin photo)

Cattle pens and ranch buildings at Brookside Ranch in Swan Lake Valley.
til I was awakened by someone trying the door! Then I heard voices, and realizing one was that of a child, and that there were people now occupying the room next to mine, I felt better, and was soon asleep for the rest of the night.

In the morning the family ate breakfast with me and then left by team for their destination somewhere in California. As I remember the train that I boarded that morning, it was an open car, like a flat car with seats in it—anyway, I know I could see out in all directions. Even the constant jolting and jerking were lost to me in admiration of the beauty of the country in early spring—so different from the rush and scramble, the crowded buildings of life in the city. There were no women on the train other than myself, and none on the stage when we left Pokegama.

Though part of the journey into Klamath Falls was often made by boat, as I made it many times later, we came all the way by stage over rough roads this trip. It was very difficult to be dignified on a stage coach, as you were bounced and jolted this way and that against your fellow passengers, and up and down and backward and forward. Being new to stage travel I got inside the stage at Pokegama, but later learned that the coveted and most comfortable place to ride was on the seat with the driver, or the seat just in back of him, up on the roof so to speak. Somewhere on the trip by stage, someone graciously surrendered the place of honor, and I entered Klamath Falls in the seat beside the driver.

Since it was early in May, the roads were still muddy, and we had six horses pulling the stage. The driver seemed to know about when to expect a freighting team, and we pulled out to the side several times to wait for them to pass on the narrow roads. There would be from six to twelve mules or horses pulling the big wagons, and harness bells would jangle, the drivers would call out greetings to one another, making it a thrilling experience. One marvelled at how the drivers managed the long trains so skillfully. We crossed the long swaying bridge over the Klamath River at Chase's Station with its little schoolhouse, and then stopped at the big barn at Keno to change horses. There were good homecooked meals to be had along the way—family style, of course, and always including the ever present beans.

Upon arriving at Klamath Falls, the Applegate girls were waiting for me, and we spent that night at the old Riverside Hotel which Mrs. McMillan ran. That evening I met many of the people who helped to build the town—the old timers of today. Next morning the girls drove me to Brookside Ranch in a hack, which in the East we would have called a spring wagon. The road to Swan Lake at that time went over the hill where OIT is now located. It was a stiff climb with a team, and at the top we stopped to look back over the Klamath Valley—very few buildings then, and most of them clustered close to Main Street.

Swan Lake was a real lake at that time, and as we came down from the mountain and suddenly caught sight of the valley with the water, the meadow land ablaze with spring flowers, it was a never to be forgotten sight. At one end of the valley was beautiful Brookside Ranch with its brook, big hospitable house, trees, lawn, flowers, barn, tool shed, cook house, granery, smoke house and other buildings. There were corrals, with cattle and horses, and it seems like a bad dream yet, that all of this was to disappear after the terrible fire in later years.

The Fourth of July was always a big celebration, and everyone came from miles around to join in it. There were long tables under the trees on the Court House lawn, with food of every description for everyone. There was a parade down the dusty street, and people watching from the wooden sidewalks—most of the stores and all of the saloons had shelter coverings over the sidewalks. The band played, speeches were given, ice cream was sold in dishes, plenty of lemonade was available, and everyone was dressed in their best. That evening there was
dancing on a barge anchored in Lake Ewauna, with gay Chinese lanterns lighted by candles adding color to the scene. Fireworks were set off, and admired by all. After all the festivities were over, we spent the remainder of the night in town and drove back to Brookside the next morning.

Having lived all of my life in cities, I was astonished to find that the doors at Brookside were never kept locked, whether anyone was at home or not, and whether it was day or night. I remember being surprised one morning when the family awoke to find Susanne Homes, Lyle Watson (later Mrs. J.F. Kimball), her brother, and a cousin all asleep in the living room. They had come over from Ashland—a two day trip—horseback, and had camped out the night before in the mountains. Such happenings were frequent, I found out. Of course ranchers went to bed early, so late comers might have found themselves out of luck with locked doors.

I went back to San Jose in August, 1907, by the same route I had come in by; this time there were several acquaintances also going to California, so I did not feel so strange. At that time I had no idea that Klamath Falls would ever be my home, but as things worked out, it was not long before I was on my way back.

Fate works in mysterious ways. I had no idea when I returned to California after my very enjoyable visit that I would so soon be heading North again. After some unusual coincidences, the Holcomb Realty Company offered me a very good position in Klamath Falls, and offered to pay my expenses there. If I stayed an entire year, they would pay my expenses back to San Jose. J.C. Hill, senior member of the firm, and others, accompanied me on the trip, and we were met at Weed by George Hill with a team and hack. It was a long drive to Klamath Falls in November in an open vehicle, and a bit chilly. The night we spent at the “Hole in the Ground” near Dorris, California, I slept in the parlor with an old-fashioned organ and other such interesting pieces of furniture.

I think at that time, the American Bank and Trust Company at Fifth and Main, now the Town Shop, was the only brick building in town other than the Baldwin Hardware Building. Major Warden, Fred and Gus Melhase, and William Shive were some of the principal stockholders. The Holcomb Realty Company had their office in the back of the building facing Fifth Street. A.M. Warden was the cashier—later Fred Schallock was there.

As spring arrived, I remember mostly the dust blowing from the valley, and from the unpaved Fifth Street. It was inches deep everywhere, and we had many wind storms and whirl winds that spring.

The near depression of 1907 was beginning to be felt at this time, and California was using script. The expected development in Klamath Falls did not proceed as rapidly as had been expected. When Judge Henry L. Benson and Judge Charles F. Stone, who were going into partnership, offered me a position as secretary, I accepted. George Hill thought he could carry on alone, and he did for awhile, but eventually gave up the struggle and the Holcomb Realty Company was of the past.

I moved upstairs in the same building, where the Judges had a suite of three rooms on the Northwest side—a vacant lot next door where Miller's store is now. Each room had a wood stove, and school boys earned spending money packing the wood upstairs. Judge Benson had a good deal of business in the Lakeview area, and the prospects of trips over there were very unpleasant for him. As I remember, the mail stage ran between Klamath Falls and Lakeview, stopping overnight at Bly. We would heat bricks for the Judge's feet, and then when they stopped in Bonanza, people there would heat them again. What with the cold, and the constant jolting and bumping, the poor man would be lame for days after such a trip.

At this time Judge Benson's brother, Frank Benson, was Governor of Oregon. As the Judge was a good orator, his
brother would sometimes call on him for help in the writing of his speeches, and as Judge Benson could not dictate when he was sitting down, he would pace up and down, and talk, and I would take the talk directly on the typewriter. Every little while, he would come and read over what he had said, and we would interline, etc. This all needed to be copied later, of course, Judge Benson never got underway with work until nearly noon, and was in his best form late in the evening.

On the other hand, Mr. Stone got to the office very early—started fires, and was ready to call it a day by late afternoon. I had to work for both—often coming down at night for Judge Benson. As it was not considered safe for a lady to walk at night down the Main Street past one saloon after another, an escort to see me safely home was part of the job. Marriage and motherhood brought to an end my association with the firm of Benson and Stone, Lawyers, and Judge Benson, who was not happy in private practice, was soon back as Circuit Judge. He later ran against McNary for Judge of the Oregon Supreme Court, and I was his secretary during the campaign—he lost by one vote—then was adjudged winner by two votes in a recount.

Judge Benson was handicapped by short funds, while McNary was comparatively wealthy. One old friend in Eastern Oregon wrote that he would like to get out and campaign for Judge Benson, but hadn't a decent suit. The Judge sent a boy to his home to bring down his frock coat and pants. He took off the only business suit he owned, and I wrapped it up and mailed it to his campaigner. I remember how much Judge Benson appreciated Mr. McNary's attitude at the time of the contest. McNary was later appointed to the U.S. Senate, was reelected and ran later for the vice-presidency of the Republican ticket, and was defeated. Judge Benson stayed on the Supreme Court Bench until his death.

About this time, someone thought I should take up a timber claim, as there were not many left. I can't remember how it all came about, but one day Helen Hogue, who was employed in the Reclamation Office, Mr. Rolfe and his daughter, and I left in a hack for somewhere near Bly to meet a timber cruiser. I think it was John Shannon. Sometime in the night we reached Bly, and with a few short hours of sleep, the locator drove to somewhere near the claims he had located. We walked miles and miles over rocks and ruts, which was extremely hard on our stout shoes. One young woman, a recent bride, undertook to walk in high-heeled dress shoes. The shoes were ruined, and she was too, almost. Her husband finally carried her pick-a-back.

We returned to Bly in the evening, and then began the race to Lakeview to get there before somebody else did, and get the claims filed. Mr. Rolfe was very very nervous; and also tired. It was extremely dark, and we could not see the road. The country was new and strange to us, so we women took turns sitting on the front seat and holding a lantern out of the side of the wagon so that Mr. Rolfe could see to keep on the road. The two on the back seat finally gave up trying to stay on the seat and just sat on the floor. We were about dead when we arrived at the Lakeview Hotel, only to find no rooms available. They very kindly let us in the Ladies' Room where we stretched out on the floor and dozed until the time for the Land Office to open. We even got there a little early, and waited at the door until we could get in and record our claims.

Mr. Rolfe, when the business was accomplished, was like a snapped main spring. There were some vacancies in the hotel by that time, so we all got rooms and food. However, our hopes of a restful night were short-lived, as the rooms were badly in need of insecticides, and we had the added worry of taking back to Klamath Falls more than we brought over. Going over the road on the way back, it was daylight, and we were able to see the ruts and rocks and brace ourselves somewhat. We found the same conditions in the hotel rooms at Bly where we spent the next night, but arrived safely home the
next night.

Though we did not add greatly to our riches when we later sold our timber claims, it was quite an experience, and part of the West at that time.

During the summer of 1908, I was invited on a trip to see Crater Lake. The Reverend George T. Pratt, minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Klamath Falls, and his father were on a fishing trip; and Mrs. Pratt, daughter Catherine, who was two years old at the time, and I were to join them at Agency Landing. We were to go by motor boat that far. Everything went well for a time, but the tules proved too much for the motor at one place, and it stopped running. In trying to pry ourselves and the boat out of the bothersome tules, we lost an oar, and then we were in a fix. All we could do was to try to start the motor as we nervously drifted on the lake. Finally the motor started, we again were on our way, and soon arrived at the meeting point, where the men were waiting for us with a hack and team. Late in the afternoon as we were traveling along, a terrific storm blew up, and we were glad to stop at the first house we came to. The people were kind enough to offer us their barn, as a substitute for camping out in the rainstorm. With nice fresh hay in the loft, it seemed a pleasant place to spend the night. As the evening wore on, the storm became even louder, with flashes of lightning, and noisy thunder soon following. The loft was hot and stuffy—somebody got hay fever—the little girl was restless and unhappy—nobody got very much sleep that night.

In the morning the sun was shining bright as could be. The men made a fire outside, and Mrs. Pratt, skilled in outdoor cooking, made a fine breakfast, which helped us all to feel quite cheerful again. The road beyond Klamath Agency was made more enjoyable (if that term can be used to describe any of the roads of that time) by the rain, which had settled the layers of thick dust.

That night we camped at a ranch house a little beyond Fort Klamath. We slept on fir boughs in a little meadow, and it was very much nicer than the previous night’s lack of comfort.

The next day we drove as far as Annie Springs, and put up the tent. Beyond this point there was only a trail, and we would walk to the Crater Rim.

The climb started early the next morning. There were no other people in the region where we were hiking, and we saw no one except the members of our own party all that day. The feeling of awe, accompanied by the great silence, as we caught our first glimpse of the beautiful lake, was overpowering, and no one spoke. After a few minutes, the men went off to look around, and we women decided to do a little looking, also. It didn’t look very far down to the water’s edge, so foolishly Mrs. Pratt, little Catherine, and I decided to try to go down. There was a sort of trail, but in places it had been very nearly washed out by storms, but down we went, keeping a tight grip on the little girl.

After eventually reaching the bottom of the trail, we began to realize how much farther it had been than we had thought at first. Now began the long climb back to the rim, and it was a rugged one. Mrs. Pratt’s face was very flushed and she said her heart was hammering. I couldn’t seem to breathe. Later my companion told me I was as white as a sheet. We were exhausted when we finally reached the top. Soon we must start the long walk back to the camp at Annie Springs. At least it was down hill, and it seemed wonderful just to have lived through the other ordeal. We received little sympathy from the men, who thought our adventure a little foolish!

That night there were more thunderstorms; but the men dug a trench around the tent to allow the water to drain off, and the tent stayed up safe and sound. In the morning we had quite a time trying to keep the fire going and cook breakfast in the rain, but managed to make out. By the time we got back to the ranch near Fort Klamath where we had stayed before, the weather was fine, and we again slept in the meadow. During the night a
herd of cattle came into the field, and decided to rush over to investigate the strange creatures lying all in a row near the shed. We stood up against the building, grabbing the bed-clothes to keep them from being trampled on. The social call was a short one, however, and we soon settled down for the rest of the night, with a bright, cheerful moon shining down on us.

In the morning we made our way around the head of the Lake to Rocky Point where the Telford family and others were camping. It seemed we would never reach the spot, and it was already dark when we finally made it. Mrs. Telford, in her usual genial way, soon had us all well fed and happy, and though I don't remember just how it came about, we all spent the night on the houseboat of B. St. George Bishop. Mr. Bishop was in the furniture business in Klamath Falls—there were wonderful beds on the boat; but after our nights of roughing it, none of us seemed able to sleep well.

The next day was Saturday, and we had been traveling since Monday. The Telfords urged the Pratts to make camp and stay a week at Rocky Point. This they decided to do. Saturday was a busy day for the campers, for that evening many people came with motor boats, and the excursion boat would arrive for a party and dance at Eagle Ridge. One of the Telford boys was going into Klamath Falls for supplies, and to bring a group of young people back.

Though there was plenty of water to wash away the grime of the days of traveling, I couldn't go to a party or dance in the clothes I had with me. The Reverend Pratt, a wonderful person, and a good sport, arranged to go to town with the Telford boy, and there went to my room, found the clothes I needed, including my dancing slippers, and brought them to me. In those days whenever we went anywhere where there was to be dancing, we always carried our slippers in an embroidered or bejeweled bag, and put them on when we arrived at the party. Nobody could manage wooden sidewalks and unpaved streets in dancing slippers.

Everyone went by motor boat that evening to Eagle Ridge, and had a wonderful time. The dance floor was rough planks, many of the men were loggers, and most of the other male guests wore only boots, so the ladies' feet suffered somewhat. It was all great fun, though. After returning to Rocky Point to get some much needed rest, we were forced to listen for hours, it seemed, to music from the houseboats anchored near our camp. Phonographs were just making their appearance, and people were entranced, of course. "Pretty Red Wing" was a favorite, and was played so repeatedly that most of us wished that night that he could fly South.

It was necessary for me to return to Klamath Falls on Sunday, where I filled an order for groceries for the Pratts, and went back to work again on Monday morning.

The Reclamation Project and the coming of the railroad were bringing many interesting people into Klamath Falls, but there were no automobiles, and no roads for them either. The rich and the poor had the same kind of recreation, and we were all dependent on each other for help in sickness or in pleasure—the roads were so bumpy and as dusty whether you were a millionaire or poor as a churchmouse. There wasn't a decent restaurant that I can remember, and we all ate at boarding houses family style, with good wholesome food and wonderful companionship.

Few of us want to give up our modern conveniences, but I am glad to have lived in this Klamath Country when we were poor in conveniences, but rich in experiences.

One thing that has always stood out in my mind after travel in this country in the early days was that cold canned tomatoes were always part of the fare at every meal, as well as beans, and nearly always sourdough biscuits. When a lunch was put up by a hotel, as when we staked our claims, the cold canned tomatoes were present. There were no thermos bottles then and coffee always had to be made if you were to have any.
I recall one horseback ride away from civilization when our lunch had been put up in a shoe box as usual, and the ride on horseback had thoroughly pulverized the shells of the hard boiled eggs, and even ground them into all the sandwiches and cake. We were practically starved, and I managed to pick out a little bit of sustenance from the shells, but the man of the party finally helped himself to some raw eggs he found in a nearby chicken-house.

Stage travel called for well anchored, non-obtrusive clothes. Those were the days of big hats. A friend from Klamath Falls with her mother was shopping in San Francisco, and told the sales lady that she wanted a hat suitable for wearing on the stage. She was shown all sorts of fancy, frilly affairs, and finally losing her patience, she repeated rather angrily that she wanted something small to wear on the stage. Catching sight of her mother bursting with laughter, she sheepishly realized that there was more than one kind of “stage.”

Riminiscences of John Humboldt Hessig

On or about January 1, 1975, Richard L. Hessig, a member of the Klamath County Historical Society, while going through papers that once belonged to his father (John Humboldt Hessig now deceased) ran across a short summary of the father’s early life. Written about 1939 in his own handwriting on the back of printed billing forms, the story told incidents of John Humboldt’s early life and how he came to install the first out of state telephone line into Klamath County.

John Humboldt Hessig was born in Hydesville, Humboldt County, California in 1880. His father, Louis Hessig, had been born in Galena, Illinois in 1843, and his grandfather, Jacob Hessig, was a native of Switzerland.

Jacob Hessig and his family, consisting of a wife and three children, crossed the plains in 1850 to California, settling in Shasta County near Weaverville in 1852.

Around 1860, Louis Hessig entered the pack train business, running to points between Red Bluff and Eureka, California. He became the leading packer of that region, operating for 23 years, or until 1883. The next year, 1884, he moved his family to Siskiyou County, from which point John Humboldt Hessig’s recently found reminiscences take up the story—Editor.

“The subject [John Humboldt Hessig—Editor] was born in Hydesville, June 16, 1880 and lived there until May 1884, leaving there on horseback and three pack mules. Mother, father and two brothers and a sister and myself piloted by my father across the same Trinity Mountains he had previously operated a pack train of 57 mules from Red Bluffs to Eureka for 27 years before to Hay Fork. In May was very early to cross such high mountains and in one case I well remember, although only 4 years old, of Coley the mule turned his pack and fell in at least four feet of snow. Among some of our cargo was a small rifle my father prized very highly and the stock and barrel was stuck on top of pack under the ropes and later my baby brother Joe, 3, had noticed this and replied: “Coley lost his gun.” It was a fact nothing but the stock was there and the barrel was 3 miles back buried some place in the snow, or by the trail. This same gun belonged to my Uncle John who was killed near Hay Fork in 1853 by the Indians but 18 years old while building sluice boxes and digging a ditch to his mine and the Indians got to his cabin first and met him and beat him over the head with this his own gun—killed him—a boy then only 18 years of age. At Hay Fork we proceeded in a wagon on my father had previously traded for and hitched two of our saddle horses and proceeded north in a somewhat lower altitude with road broken for it to Calahan ranch, Fort Jones, Yreka to Ager later where there was yet no railroad. Arriving
L.F. Willets "Electric Cash Store" in the center of the 400 block on the south side of Main Street. First home of the Masonic Lodge (1893) upstairs in this building.

Schallock and Daggett Grocery Store on the northeast corner of Fifth and Main Streets, about 1905. Left to right: Fred Schallock, C.C. Heidrick, C.H. Daggett and Mark Schallock.
The Straw Dairy milk delivery wagon which delivered bottled milk around Klamath Falls in the 1905-1910 period.

John Humboldt Hessig, builder of the first telephone line into Klamath County below Topsy Grade.
at Shovel Creek where fish were so thick that Sealim and Puss had to be whipped to make cross the creek account of so full fish. On June 17, 1884 we took an option on a ranch there for 30 days and came on to Linkville to meet some very dear friends of my mother and father's acquaintance in Humboldt Co. who were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schalluck and Mr. and Mrs. John Schalluck who all were long time pioneers in Klamath Co. and are very likely mentioned herein. [This last statement seems to indicate that John Humboldt Hessig was writing his reminiscences for The History of Klamath County by Rachael Applegate Good, which was published in 1941—Editor.]

“We soon all got our directions and knew father was going back to catch some of those fish that actually filled the creek that a team could not cross without slipping on one and there we lived, fished, gardened, raised everything that was needed in a family except clothes, shoes, salt and sugar. We were able to get or grow our corn and fish, deer, ducks, quail, wild plums, wild berries, wild rabbits, and tree and ground squirrels, apples, peaches, chives, pears, walnuts, plums, nectarins, watermelons, tomatoes, corn, beans, potatoes, squash, cucumbers, sugar cane, beef, pork, chickens and anything else that could be raised in a climate of 2500 feet elevation with a frost free period of six months.

“And also know how it could be done as I was taught anyone could take 160 acres and raise a family of six in such a climate all have plenty. If the trains went on another strike for 5 years, as they did while my father was there for many months. He said I would have to quit tobacco and my children would have to wear wooden shoes. But commercial life competition, noise, wars or anything else would not worry us and we all went to a nearby country school and were happy.

“Enough for kid life. I soon grew to 12 years old and was going to school in Hornbrook, Cal. and an old lady by the name of Smith taught me the Morse telegraph as she had a station on the Postal telegraph line in Henley, Cal. that ran from San Francisco to Portland. I got very enthused and when school was out I built a mile of telegraph line from my home near Beswick to the summer Resort at Beswicks a mile long installed crow feet and blue vitriol glass batteries and telegraphed the news to and from and taught others for our own amusement. This we carried on until 1902 when the Bell patent expired on a certain part of the telephone it was possible to purchase them. I immediately sent to the Calif. Electric Co. of S.F. and purchased two telephones for my telegraph line and installed them.

“I soon gathered baling wire and barbed wire and extended it to a neighbor across the Oregon line in Klamath County [To the old Ed Way Ranch, a stage and freight stop on the Topsy Grade Road—Editor.] thereby installing the first telephone in Klamath County and extended it to Picard [California] on a short cut fifteen miles. We got a connection at Beswick and began to get business calls and that it best to make a charge for them. It paid from 50¢ to $1.00 per day and in a few months we had some real money and Father had a year or two previous or in 1899 left the ranch at Beswick and went to Fort Klamath and being lonesome for his boys thought it would be nice if this line could not be extended from Picard, a now abandoned town three miles west of Dorris, to Fort Klamath. He said he would help do it so in the spring of 1903 we started from Ft. Klamath and built as far as Klamath Agency and the demand for a line from Agency to Yainax was so great Father made us loan most [of] our new wire we had purchased for our Agency to Picard line (70 miles) to the govt. for their line to Yainax. I agreed and took charge and started on it in June 1903, Every Indian was to donate 3 days work. He got free beef and groceries issued to him at the Agency Commissary. They came afoot, with wagons, horseback and on bicycles. I had to put them to work. I went to the Agency Sawmill and had 25 16-foot lad-
ders made and went ahead at 4 o'clock in the morning and blazed trees and drove pegs marking poles and trees for the route and had five wagons to pick up the rear workers and haul them ahead to new work on the front and kept them all busy. They would work all day and at night they all camped together and ate 3 lbs. of beef each and pitched horseshoes till dark. I finished the line in 30 days and installed the telephones and it talked Indian as well as white man. In May 1904 we began our own line at Klamath Agency after employing Mr. Hiram Murdock to Incorporate it under the name of Klamath Telephone and Telegraph Co. and built south to Klamath Falls, procured a franchise from the City to operate local phones and a central office cor. 5th and Main in Schallock and Daggot's grocery store. We built down Pine St. and to Keno and through timber to Picard by late fall and our connection was made and gave us an outlet through Ager. It paid about $5 to $10 per day."

[The End. No further notes have been found to date—Editor.]

**Historic Ranch Sold**

by Charles Wood Eberlein

The Klamath News. April 13, 1941

At last the famous old Nurse-Reames and Martin ranch has passed into romantic history. Fifty years ago it was a great cattle ranch a hundred miles from the railroad. Then, less than 40 years ago the U.S. Reclamation Service engineers came and spread the waters of Upper Lake over a fertile empire. Following them closely came the railroad locating engineers and shortly after E.H. Harriman pushed his construction engineers and crews into an empire vast in extent and resources with the small, struggling cow town of Klamath Falls as its capital. The world knows the amazing story from then to the present.

The Enterprise Land and Investment company came and bought the old ranch, and Mills addition immediately sprang up in a great field. Klamath Falls felt the impetus and drove its Sixth Street down into vacant country and another miracle came to pass.

Then the city of Klamath Falls surged past its boundaries over the old ranch and far beyond leaving that charming remnant which lies upon its eastern boundary and which during the past week has passed into two ownerships—Dr. George H. Merryman and his son George H. Merryman Jr., and their wives in one parcel and to Capt. Alfred D. Collier and Mrs. Collier in another.

No spot in the Klamath Basin is better known nor more admired. Its old ranch house stands with a magnificent and unobstructed view of Shasta against its dignified background of great trees inhabited by a myriad of birds. Adjoining upon the right is the famous old orchard, the first in Klamath Basin, which until the railroads and highways came was the fruit supply of the region. Ed Bloomingcamp supplies the information that his father brought the trees for this orchard a long distance by wagon in the year 1879.

The old orchard in its hale old age is a striking feature in the landscape and when in bloom adds wonderful beauty to the scene. This old orchard has inspired the new owners with the most appropriate of names for the new tract upon which many homes will soon spring up. The official name of the tract will be "Old Orchard Manor."

This tract is destined to be a unique spot in the community. It is just out of the city limits on Eberlein Avenue and Washburn Way, but it is five minutes by automobile from the business center and one block and a half from the 12-acre site bought by school district No. 1 for a large modern public school to be built, and five minutes walk from the new theatre on Sixth Street and Washburn Way.

This fragment of the old George Nurse, Alexander Martin, E.R. Reames ranch is the last link between early Linkville and
1911 Sports Model in transportation. A one-horse power cart. People unidentified. (F.M. Priest photo)

Cookwagon in harvest time; forerunner of the present day trailer-house. Note the barrel for water. People unidentified. (F.M. Priest photo)
The John B. Griffith water wheel on Lost River in 1911, located at approximately the Stephenson Wayside Park about one mile northeast of Olene. (F.M. Priest photo)

The latest in dirt movers around the 1911 period. Pulled by horse and mule power the contraption is working southeast of Klamath Falls on either an irrigation canal or a county road. Who remembers this machine? (F.M. Priest photo)
its successor the city of Klamath Falls, and an heroic past. It was on the travelled route from old Linkville to all the country east. The road, or trail left the Old Fort Klamath road at about the present Main Street bridge across the canal and meandered close to the line of the present canal. Over it passed that long vanished race of trappers, prospectors, stockmen, Indians, soldiers and earliest settlers. The old ranch house, on the same site as the present one, with its wonderful spring of the purest water in the whole country was a welcome stopping place for all who passed its door. There came the weary, thirsty, foot-sore travelers, and the hard riding messengers of massacre and disaster, and marching soldiers.

One late afternoon in the summer of 1873, came a grim and dusty detail of soldiers. In their midst was a weary and dejected body of Indians destined to be the vicarious sacrifice for the sins of their people judged by the white man's standard. That sin was resistance to the encroachment of white men on the lands of their fathers and their ancestral home.

During the halt at this same old place a keen eyed officer of the United States noticed that the Modoc prisoner, Captain Jack, had furtively rubbed the weaker link of his leg chains until almost worn through and which Jack evidently intended to break in the darkness and escape.

The late Captain Frank Aarant, who was an officer of the military detail is the authority for these facts. He said that on discovery the regimental blacksmith set up his camp forge in the field just west of the orchard and riveted the fetters on the doomed leader of that desperate but hopeless Modoc resistance, making certain the tragic fate that soon overtook the fearless leader of a friendless people. And the land had peace.

[The ranch above described had its beginning in 1868 when Stephen Stukel settled thereon in his first home in the Klamath Country. By November 26, 1877 he deeded his property, some 320 acres, to George Nurse for $2,300. Nurse promptly acquired adjoining land, 320 acres from the State of Oregon. After securing additional land from other sources, Nurse, on August 26, 1882 deeded the land, some 951 acres, to Peter F. Stenger for $3,500. Stenger in turn deeded the property, by now 1,061 acres, to S.S. Mitchell for $12,500. Mitchell in turn, on July 15, 1904 sold 1,081 acres to a son, J.C. Mitchell. Then on November 7, 1905 J.C. Mitchell sold to William H. Mills for $40,000. Finally on March 6, 1906, J.C. Mitchell, who was then living in Gazelle, Siskiyou County, California, gave Alex Martin, Jr. the Power of Attorney with the $40,000 in three notes to be transferred to Martin—Editor]

Bangtail First Sport in Klamath
by Bob Leonard
The Klamath News, June 8, 1941

In 1879 Abner Doubleday's epic idea of 40 years before had just flowered into the formation of baseball's first league—the National; the Rugby "axrum" was about to be abandoned in favor of a crude football scrimmage line, and Dr. James A. Nesmith had 12 years to go before setting up his first peach basket in a Springfield, Mass., YMCA and originating the game of basketball.

Rutherford Birchard Hayes, republican, had two years previously succeeded Ulysses S. Grant and was in the midst of serving his one, and only, term as president of the United States. It was the year after Bulgaria, Montenegro, Serbia and Rumania were made independent—two years before Alexander II, Czar of Russia, was assassinated by Nihilists in St. Petersburg, and three years before France began construction on the Panama Canal.

In 1879, 500 souls were slowly build-
Rodeo action at the old fairgrounds near the later Railroad Depot-Round House locations in Mills Addition.

(Maude Baldwin photo)
Bull-dogging (steer wrestling) in front of the grandstand at the fairgrounds south of Lake Ewauna where Radio Station KLAD now stands. Date about 1911-15. (F.M. Priest photo)

Mounted Quadrille at the fairgrounds at the KLAD site, probably in the late teens. (Duncan photo)
ing the town of Linkville and on July 4, 1879 they held their first horse race—in a snowstorm.

It snowed so hard on that inaugural day the horses were barely visible on the far side of the track. One lad, a painter named Henry Webber, doffed his overcoat, hung it on a post for a brief minute and walked across the track. When he returned it was gone (He found it seven years later in the Walters hotel in Bonanza, "whereupon he took it away from the fellow wearing it").

History is reticent about the field in that first race but probably Ryestraw was somewhere close by. That great-hearted gray stallion, so revered he was buried in a pine box near the county farm, was the basin's first race horse.

Bred and raised at Oakland, Ore., he was owned by Mark Bybee and stabled at the J.T. Miller ranch on Miller Island. Records refer to him as a champion but are meager about details. He was ridden once in a match race by Judge A.L. Leavitt, went from here to Salem, and in his last race, at Yreka, fell and killed his rider.

Will-o'-the-wisp memory, reaching back over 62 years, puts the first Klamath race track in several different places. The preponderance of evidence, however, leads to the present site of the U.S. postoffice with a half-mile strip running crosswise, crossing Oak to Walnut and Spring streets.

There were no grandstands in those days, but bleachers with awnings made of river willows lined one side of the track. After racing, attended by settlers from miles around, dancing went on all night under the willow roofs.

Thus were the beginnings of horse racing in the Klamath district. From there the turf trail has gone forward in spasmodic but persistent strides culminating in what appears to be the start of an annual thoroughbred venture by the Klamath Jockey Club.

The next track to appear in the Klamath area was an oval paralleling the present Southern Pacific tracks with the judges' stand placed where the S.P. roundhouse now is. It was a "regulation" mile strip with a high board fence running completely around. With the advent of the railroad, the track and surrounding property was sold to the S.P.

Another was soon built, in an early day real estate move to throw the fairgrounds south, where the Shaw-Bertram mill now stands [Near the present KLAD radio station—Editor]. This, Klamath's third track, was reported to be dangerous on one turn. Special trains were shunted to the field on race days.

After a comparatively brief existence, this one folded and another, according to one account, sprang up where the Tower Theatre recently did the same. The present County fairgrounds eventually superseded that one.

Stories of races, riders and horses jibe with but little disparity as pioneer memories interlock to give a historical bangtail jigsaw picture.

Of the old time jockeys, the names of George Chastain, later and still a local attorney, and Billy Schook, early Klamath rancher who died a few years ago appear most frequently.

In 1885 Chastain, a youth of 17, used to come to Linkville from his ranch job at Bly to watch Sunday races in which Ryestraw was usually the main event. He rode his first race in 1889 on a dark bay horse called Big Jim and owned by the Nail brothers, two negroes from Langell Valley.

The test was a one-half mile match race against a little Coos County mare ridden by Billy Schook, by then an experienced jockey. As was the custom in the late days of the last century racing, the running start was used.

Shook, taking advantage of Chastain's inexperience, started from far down the track, beyond what the judges considered was a fair distance, so the horses were brought up to "toe the scratch"—meaning a standing start.

As the starter's flag dropped Big Jim bounded 21 feet, thereby taking a lead Shook was never able to overcome.
Later Chastain, together with Sam Walker, purchased Tenbrook, an ornery but durable gelding foaled in Coos County, from a breeder named Abe Tenbrook who had given up after several unsuccessful attempts to handle him.

Tenbrook, with Chastain up, became the turf scourge of Southern Oregon in succeeding years. At Central Point in a match race against Sleepy Dick, he ran a 3/8-mile dead heat in 35 seconds, one-half second off world’s record time. Again at Central Point, the Klamath horse and rider scored an easy victory over an unknown bangtail manned by Jimmy Coburn, at that time one of the West’s leading riders.

It was Tenbrook who was almost responsible for an early demise of the young horseman—and it happened when Chastain was riding against his own horse in a match race in Bonanza.

A 3/4-mile test had been arranged between Tenbrook and Oakwood, owned by Louis Gerber and slated to be ridden by one Irv Short, a Gerber boy. At race time, Short backed down, reportedly afraid of his boss’ mean colt, so the jocks traded mounts.

With the break Tenbrook was out in front with Chastain vigorously spurring Oakwood on the inside. At 100 yards Oakwood suddenly took off toward the rail, along which spectators’ buggy teams had been tied, and smashed headlong into Gerber’s own pair.

Chastain, tossed over his mount’s head, landed on the buggy tongue which broke the team loose. On the dead run down the track he tried to climb aboard one of the runaways but fell under the flying hoffs, suffering a broken nose and a badly battered face.

But for a series of three match races against Billy Shook a year later which Chastain won, this was his last ride.

High in the memory of the veteran attorney is the story of an early day “fix.”

It seemed that Arthur Nichols, a pioneer breeder, owned a colt which he thought was better than exceptional and scheduled two match races against a better horse.

In the first, Nichols’ colt handily whipped the other and a $200 bet was placed by both parties on the second heat which the older horse won with surprising ease.

It later developed the winning gentleman had weighted the left forefront and right rear hoof of his camel for the first heat and replaced the lead shoes for the second race.

Tulare Chief, said by old-timers to have been undefeated in Klamath racing, was the center-piece in another controversy which almost started a Bonanza feud.

The big bay gelding was owned by Henry Jackson, a prominent Indian of his time, and was the odds-on favorite in a purse race at Bonanza against several other locally owned horses.

With Chief money begging for a call, an opportunist of the period had contrived to get close enough, what with fire-water and greenbacks, to the Chief’s native rider to assure the favorite’s defeat in the first heat. With this in mind, he snapped up the waiting change.

News of the “fix” leaked out, however, and just before race time Judges Gerber and J.O. Hamaker substituted another rider, the Chief won, and the opportunist and the informer entered into a year of absolute silence which, happily, ended without gunplay.

The reputation of other early bangtails, heightened with the mellowing of 60 years, come down to the present. There was Leora, owned by Sam Walker, a gray mare which “wheezed as she breathed.” Distemper had made her short-winded so a silver tube was forced down her throat. She once ran a 3/8 mile in 34 seconds carrying 128 pounds.

There was Klamath, a trotter half-owned by Hamaker, which set an early record of 2:07. He was called “Eat ‘em up Cookie” for the way in which he rallied in the last quarter, once trotted a final quarter in 29 seconds.

There was Altamont, a black stallion for whom the Altamont district was
named—and Della Walker—and Lulu Rigs, owned by Marion Barnes and the foundation of many present strains—Dolly V who always ran on a straight track—Dun Doc, a buckskin raised by Bob Anderson of Merrill. He always came in second—Moose, a full brother of Altamont—Hot Stuff Bessie and Phillip Fair, romantic names in every pioneer's memory.

Owners, breeders and followers crop up with every early recollection.

Lou Gerber, who brought Oakwood from Salem, put up a purse for his first race, and won his own money back when Oakwood whipped the field—Seldon Ogle, breeder-trainer of the horse Klamath and Billy Clark, his trainer—Jim Glick, owner of Ryestraw—Oregon Representative Bing-
er Herman, G.V. Van Riper, McKinney and J.T. Miller, all of whom brought horses in from Oakland, Oregon, when Linkville racing opened.

John Simmons, pawed to death by his horse Harry Gwynn—Alie Vinson, still living in Langell Valley, who inherited Harry Gwynn—Jim Dodd, Silas Obenchain, W.O. Smith, Alva Lewis, C.P. DeLap, Sam Walker—noted as the owner of Tenbrook, one of Linkville's first deputy sheriffs.

Names and more names. Some have lived and grown. Others have faded with the years.

But intact still in Klamath Falls is the horse tradition they established in Linkville in 1879.

End

A 1911 shot of a fast roadster, probably headed south on Summers Lane. (F.M. Priest photo)
Six new 1914 Model T. Fords turning off South Ninth Street onto Klamath Avenue, headed west. They sold for $413 each at the time. (Roy LaPrairie photo)

Time, about 1911-15. Place, thought to be around Hildebrand. Men unidentified. (F.M. Priest photo)
Unknown rider of an Indian motorcycle in 1915. (F.M. Priest photo)

Out for a Sunday drive at Barclay Springs north of Klamath Falls sometime during the 1914-15 period. Left to right: Mr. Kanatzer, Nelle Elliott Motschenbacher, Mrs. Kanatzer, Bob Elliott, Earnest L. Elliott and Jack Elliott. (Mrs. E.L. (Clara B.) Elliott photo)
A one horse sleigh on South Riverside. Men unknown. (Maude Baldwin photo)

The Parrish (left) and Gowan (right) homes on Main Street where the Willard Hotel now stands. Women unidentified. (Maude Baldwin photo)
Repair or reconstruction of the east end of Link River bridge about 1911. (F.M. Priest photo)

Intersection of Sixth and Main Streets. Store building on the southeast corner of the intersection is now the home of Transamerica Title Insurance Company. Cross-town traffic seemed to furnish no major problems around the 1910 period.
The Devil's Teakettle, now covered by the East Side By-pass immediately west of the Washburn Way bridge across the Main Canal. (F.M. Priest photo)

The Van Brimmer cabin at the original site over Willow Creek south of Lower Klamath Lake. Mount Dome or Van Brimmer Mountain in the background. This cabin, well over 100 years old, is now in the process of being restored on the front lawn of the Klamath County Museum at 1451 Main Street, Klamath Falls, Oregon. (Devere Helfrich photo)
Two photos taken by F.M. Priest during the 1911-1915 period, somewhere in the South Suburban District of Klamath Falls. Can anyone identify this family?

The upper photo shows the father, mother and six children. The lower photo probably taken a little over two years later indicates that twins have been added. Notice that both parents look a little grim in this last photo.