THE MARKER DEDICATION

Three members of the Klamath County Landmark Commission, Wendell Thompson, Ed Gray and Gordon Herron, have placed new markers in the area of Crescent, Oregon. The dedication took place Nov. 5, 1987 and a number of people drove the 95 miles from Klamath Falls for the occasion. The three County Commissioners, Jim Rogers, Roger Hamilton and Ted Lindow accompanied by their secretary and the county attorney, attended and then went further north to hold a commissioner’s meeting at that end of Klamath County after the dedication. Others attending were Wendell Thompson, Hugh and Irene Currin, Paul and Billie Fitzhugh, Virgil and Mae Smith and Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie who are owners of “Little Meadows”. There were also several interested people from the Crescent area present.

The very attractive sign at “Little Meadows” was crafted by Carrol Olsen of Chiloquin and is set in the corner of the McKenzie ranch facing towards Highway 97. The sign reads:

Klamath County History
“Little Meadows”
Camping Grounds of:
Ogden 1826, Fremont 1843, Williamson & Abbot 1855, Lord 1860,
Huntington 1867, Travelers & Stockman of
the Huntington/Penr_a Road 1870-1910, 1897:
Homestead of Charles & Eva Graves, 1910: Odell
Post Office Established in Grave’s Home. First Post
Office in Northern Klamath County. 1910:
Townsite of Crescent, OR.
Klamath County Historical Marker Commission
Klamath County Historical Society.

A regular historical marker was set beside the old Rourke Store, which is now used as a church. It reads:

ROURKE STORE
Site of the First Mercantile Store
In Northern Klamath County, 1909.
Klamath County Landmark Commission
Klamath County Historical Society.

The Elliott Cut-Off Wagon Road Historical marker is near the Davis Lake Junction between Highway 97 and Highway 58. It reads:

The Elliott & Macy Wagon Roads Passed This Point in 1853-54. Crossed Highway 58E of Crescent Creek.
Klamath County Landmark Commission. Klamath County Historical Society.

Very early maps of the Oregon Territory show many trails and roads criss-crossing the country. Most of these trails grew out of a network of Indian trails. The Oregon Trail overland ended at The Dalles. In order to get to the Willamette Valley early travelers had to travel by boat or raft down the Columbia River to the mouth of the Willamette River. The Meek’s Trail went through the central part of Oregon.
The search went on for a shorter route. Many places are named for those men who searched. Diamond Peak and Diamond Lake for John Diamond, Odell Butte and Odell Lake for William Holman Odell, Pengra Post Office was close to the present site of LaPine and Pengra Pass in the Cascades just west of Odell Lake for Byron J. Pengra and the Elliott Cut-Off for Elijah Elliott who was persuaded to try the Free Emigrant Road to the upper Willamette Valley.

Elliott met his family, coming from Illinois, on the Oregon Trail, then turned back and followed Meek’s Trail up the Malheur River in the Harney Valley. When Elliott and his party reached the Silvies River, where the town of Burns is now, he made another mistake for which all his party suffered. Most of their precious supplies were consumed before they reached the Deschutes River.

The early maps of that area show traces of the Elliott route but not in any great detail. The party would have been in Klamath County after passing the location of LaPine. They crossed Big Marsh Creek and Crescent Creek, which is a tributary of the Deschutes between Royce Mt. and Odell Butte, and camped at “Little Meadows”. From there they headed for the pass south of Diamond Peak.

Martin Blanding and a companion were sent ahead for help for the harried Elliott party. The message of their plight was carried as far as Corvallis and Salem by others and a massive rescue effort was underway—bringing oxen and supplies. Young men helped the women and children over the 27 crossings of the Middle Fork of the Willamette below the summit of the Cascades. The spring where the wagons halted is still called Emigrant Springs and is in Lane County near Lowell. As the Elliott party came out of the mountains, the count was 615 men, 412 women and children, 3,970 cattle, 222 horses and 64 mules.

The search for shorter, better roads continued until at last the network of highways, more or less, following the old originals have given the modern traveler wide highways and freeways across Oregon and the United States.

Mae Smith

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS, 1879 STYLE....

J.O. Hamaker, prominent citizen of Bonanza and Klamath Falls for many years and one time editor of the Bonanza Bulletin, had, as a young man remained in the middle west while his two older brothers J.W. Hamaker and J.D. Hamaker, went out to Oregon to seek their fortunes. His mother and younger brother joined them there and his mother married Wm. Horton, pioneer of Poe Valley.

J.O. states that he suddenly had a longing for one of his mother’s mince pies and his brother’s company. So one December day in 1879, he quit his job as a camp cook on the White Horse Ranch and took his meager funds to buy a horse and saddle for the trip. He tells of that never-to-be-forgetten journey in a letter quoted in The Echoes #12, pages 30 - 34.

The story is fascinating but for the sake of brevity, we have summarized portions. You may find yourself contemplating some of his recorded adventures in his effort to reach his family in spite of cold and mountainous, eastern
Klamath County snows as you ride along in your warm and comfortable car on your way to visit someone this season of the year.

Trouble caught up with him on his fourth day out when he overnighted at the Dodson and Simmerman horse camp. It seems that his horse had a “Jack Dempsey” nature and in a fight with another horse, suffered a broken leg and had to be shot. Since no other horse was available to him, he set out the next day on foot for the Heart Ranch 40 miles away.

He had been supplied with some sourdough bread and strips of bacon but found himself eating the sandwich-makings early in the day as he was so sure he could make that distance by sundown as would many a vigorous and self-assured youth. At the foot of a ridge and in a snowstorm, he had to make camp. He found willow brush at a corral and with a match or two got a fire going. Then with some poles to spread with his saddle blanket, made himself a crude shelter for the night. One frustration was the way his fire kept sinking in the snow. It was 2 1/2 feet below him by morning.

The next morning, with it still snowing, he headed for a ridge of the mountain to get his bearings, and find the Notch that his trail was to lead through. But that was an all day’s effort and again he had to make camp in the snow. This time he had only one match left and to insure its doing the job, he first made a teepee with his saddle blanket over his carefully laid fuel, bark from the dry side of an old juniper.

After his fire was blazing good, he took the saddle blanket and lay down on the snow with his feet to the fire. He was weary enough to sleep no matter what the conditions.

But though he had survived the night, his stomach didn’t quit complaining and he would have gladly given the $20.00 he had with him for one good meal but of course there was no one to take his money.

On reaching the bottom of that ridge, he was confronted with a choice. The road ran at exact right angles to the way he had been going...so choosing, willy-nilly, he tried going to the right but found out that he had chosen wrong when he ended up in a deserted hay camp. But he found provisions. Some red Mexican beans, raw, and chickory coffee. With no matches to build a fire, and none about, he tried chewing on the uncooked beans. To the day of his writing the letter, he reports he never could eat those kind of beans again. However, the coffee grounds were not too bad to nibble on and he left with his pockets full. Now he had to retrace the 5 miles back to where he had made the poor choice.

After retracing those 5 miles, he came upon a ranch with a corral and house but no one answered his “haloos”. He tried the door, found it was locked but a key was handy in a sardine can nailed to the door jam. So he went in with food large on his mind. And lo and behold! There on the table was a milk-pan full of wonderful homemade doughnuts. He went to work on them! Then checking out further, found some baked spare ribs in the oven. Then he was in Heaven! It had been a long 40 hours without food. He recalled how he felt that if he wasn’t in the Garden of Eden, he was not far from the gate.

To complete his joy, there was a good warm bed
in the room and he lay down to rest, waking at sun-up when he heard someone feeding the stock in the corral. He went out to "plead guilty" to house-breaking but as it happened, this was the hired hand and he offered him breakfast and then directed him on to the Heart Ranch just 2 1/2 miles down the road.

At the Heart Ranch, a good old "Samaritan" of a cook, welcomed him and bade him "Be Yea Warmed and Fed". After a good rest, he was ready for the rest of the journey. It was here though, at the Heart Ranch that he met Bill Finlay who would become one of his best friends.

He acquired a means of transportation at Bidwell, a pack mule supplied with a pack saddle! Blankets across the saddle made a sort-of seat and ropes tied to the front end made make-shift stirrups. Two days of that was about all he desired and engaged other transportation to get across Fandango Pass.

By this time he had used all of his cash and leaving the Willow Ranch, he complained of a headache so as to not explain why he didn't have breakfast. But the kindly landlord saw through his pretense and insisted on his eating. But at the next farm, he asked for work until he could write to his brother for money. When he explained who his brother was, he found out just about everybody knew him. He was invited to stay on until he could hear from his brother "Squire" Hamaker.

When the letter from his brother arrived he was able to take off for Drews Valley and the Lofton Ranch. He now had a "letter of introduction" to show for identification if and when necessary. But he found he did not need it. In this wild, pioneer country the door was already open to the traveler in distress whether rich or poor.

On a cold February 28th morning, he left his genial host at the Lofton Ranch and headed his horse for the town of Bly. At that time he heard that the snow on Quartz Mountain was 7 feet deep in places. But the mailman had gotten through so he bid his host good-bye and headed toward the mountain. Fortunately the heavy timber cut down the blowing of the snow and the tracks of horses made the day before could be followed.

At Bly he found the town consisted of a ranch house, post office and the Bly Hotel owned by Polk Gearheart. The road from Bly led on to Yainax and he arrived at the Indian School about noon. There again, he found the Sub-Agent acquainted with his brothers and invited him to sit and have dinner.

Now the last lap of his journey. He made it to Buckmaster Flat where he saw the light of a homestead off the road, and was taken in and kept for the night by Mr. T. Jefferson. Mr. Jefferson even shared some precious wheat hay that he had raised near Rattle Snake Field and had hauled down to his house by means of a hand sled.

On the morning of March 1st, he mounted his steed and traveled about 4 1/2 miles to Dairy, where he was invited to sit by a fire and be warmed before heading on to Poe Valley. The thermometer was down to zero, so the offer was indeed welcome.

At the Shook Ranch he asked the venerable John S. Shook about the trail over the hill to the Horton Ranch where he expected to find his mother. He found the trail and he found his mother, well and hearty.

The next day Mr. Horton took him to the town of Bonanza which he
little realized that day, would become his future home.

And so, not quite making it by Christmas, which of course, he may never have truly expected to do, J.O. was with his family again and with a great appreciation for the kind of people that were the "bone and sinew" of that great eastern Klamath country.

Janis Kaftan

HISTORIC CALENDAR FOR 1988

The SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY has issued a colorful and historic calendar for 1988. Label designs detailing the pear industry which were used on wooden shipping boxes until the 1950's are reproduced on the calendar in full color. Each month is depicted by a different label and a bit of history concerned with the orchard, owner, or locations. These lovely calendars are available through the JACKSONVILLE MUSEUM GIFT SHOP or may be obtained by writing: Natalie Brown, Coordinator of Publications, P.O. Box 480, Jacksonville, Oregon 97530-0480. The calendar is $3.95 each.

AGAIN the Rummage Sale by the Friends of the Museum was a huge success. Start now to save for next year's sale. Thanks to all who helped with this sale.

AN ENDOWMENT FUND FOR THE MUSEUM

Instead of funding a grant for a collections manager, which does not fit criteria for a grant from Jeld-Wen, the Company generously appropriated $10,000.00 to be used as seed money for the establishment of a Museum Endowment Fund. This fund will need to grow with fund-raising efforts and donations in order to provide funds for Museum projects. Only the interest of an endowment fund can be used. As the new jail will be causing other department's funds within the County to dwindle, an endowment will keep the Museum functioning and providing valuable and necessary programs for our community. If you have contributions of money, land, artwork, or what have you, think about making a contribution to keep the Museum viable.

Our thanks to Jeld-Wen for their generous contribution and for the establishment of this fund.

INTRODUCING KATHLEEN WOOD

The smiling face that greets you from behind the front desk at the Klamath County Museum belongs to Kathleen Wood. Kathy transferred from Environmental Health, Klamath County Dept. of Health Services when JoAnn Lundeen Perry moved to the Willamette Valley with her new husband. Kathy had worked in the Health Dept. since 1985.

She graduated from high school in 1972 in Paso Robles, California and came to Klamath Falls in 1982. Her husband Tim works for the Postal Service.

A very enthusiastic person, Kathy enjoys crafts and sewing and is involved in Klamath County history from the inside out.

The Gift Shop at the Klamath County Museum has many attractive gift items for sale. The special display of necklaces and earrings of semi-precious stones would make any lady very happy, whether young or older. Mary Robertson made the jewelry and the Museum receives half of the purchase price from Mary. Come in and look around.
You will also enjoy the display of semiprecious stones from Hart Mountain from the collection of Bob and Doris Williams (Rock and Arrowhead Club).

If you haven’t seen the children’s antique clothing display by Susan Leding, you have missed a treat. Those heavily embroidered garments from the past are pure treasures.

We still do not have enough recipes to get started on our Cookbook. We need more of your favorites in every category. Please take the time to write them up carefully and send or bring them to the Museum.

A EULOGY FOR CHESTER BEERS FROM OUR PAST PRESIDENT, MICHEAL KALIHUER

CHESTER AND HIS TRUCK

Chester Beers and I first got to know each other while working on a publishing project called the Klamath Country History book. A salesman named Keith Padgett, who works for a vanity publisher headquartered in Dallas, runs around several western states convincing retired school teachers in county historical societies that they need to preserve their county’s history—before it is too late. Perhaps he’s right.

Chester and I were the only ones under the age of 40 to work on the book, so the little old ladies (and a handful of men) were happy to have our help. They not only somewhat mistakenly, thought Ches and I would have boundless energy for the project, but appreciated “young people’s” perspective on local history. The book was the second of its kind to be written on Klamath County, the first having been published more than 40 years earlier. The previous museum director had started the current project, but had given it up when he ran out of steam and community cooperation—and was deposed by the governing board of the Klamath County Historical Society.

Anyway, the Historical Society (or Hysterical Society, as Grandma Helen calls it) picked up the pieces, and Ches and I ran all over the county selling ads and advance subscriptions to the book. These often fruitless excursions were fun for us. As Ches would point out historic ranches and other sites of interest, while I would comment on the prehistoric Klamath Indian villages we passed, adding comments about their culture. And, of course, there was always the forest, smelling of oxygen, standing in timeless mute grandeur along the roadsides. When others in the Historical Society proved to be better salesmen, I retreated to the museum research library and meeting room, where I researched and wrote much of the early history for the book, and worked on make-up, paste-up, and copyediting.

Chester stayed on the road, twisting arms out in the Sprague River area, where he lived, trying to convince skeptical and cautious folk of the dire need to preserve their family’s history in the biographical section of the book “before it is too late.” He was quite successful, although he had to return to many a log cabin or mobile home several times before he got their story. Some claimed they couldn’t write; Ches explained we were all amateurs, and it was the history that was important, not their writing style. If they still refused, Ches would take out a pen and some paper and write down the story from their
oral recollections. That's how he got Frank and Cleo Cotton's family history, although it was easier in their case since they already knew Chester well.

Frank and Cleo lived on the paved road, about a mile and half from Chester's, and their house was an easy and natural stop on the way to and from. When headed toward town, Ches checked to see if they needed anything; on the way back he dropped it off. Even when he knew they didn't need anything he stopped, just to talk about the weather or whatever was on his mind.

Frank had come out to Oregon during the depression, and had picked pears in Medford for pennies a day to earn enough to send for Cleo. He was something of a hell-raiser, and helped organize the pickers in a fight for higher wages. When urged to talk about it—and it took some urging because, although he was a well-worn 75, he wasn't one to reminisce or brag about his past—the laugh lines on his craggy face grew deeper. Cleo was even more of a spark plug, and kept up on all the news, local to international. One would think, to look at her cowgirl perm and backwater accent, she was a real hayseed. But she had informed, intelligent opinions on subjects the folks in town had never heard about. Having lived through the Depression, and Roosevelt's recovery, she had a rather low opinion of Ronald Reagan and his cronies.

More than once she and Frank threatened to drag out their Mondale/Ferraro sign from under the mobile home and hammer it into the front lawn—but they were going to hold out until things really got bad, when people would appreciate it more. When Frank finished the barn on the Kemper place, in the old style, with twelve by twelve supports and other heavy lumber, the Kemper family mounted a brass plaque on one of the timbers with the inscription, "Built by Frank Cotton in 1984". Cleo told the story of that brass plaque with a quiet pride and modesty that said, as plain as words, "Yeah, Frank built that barn, that big-eared Arkie settin' over there, my man for fifty years."

Ches and I went together to see Cleo in the hospital. Her emphysema had gotten worse. She was released in a few weeks, but was back before the month was out. The second time, her eyes had a weak, glassy appearance that worried Chester and me. We wondered if she was going to make it this time. She didn't. At the funeral Frank appeared stunned and confused: he'd loved her more than we would ever know, more than we could ever know—because neither of us had ever experienced anything like it, or probably ever would.

Oceanic riptides are created when a strong undercurrent meets an equally strong current on its surface, producing a greatly disturbed area of water. One facet of my relationship with Chester was like a riptide made of two strongly opposed currents: Ches's apparent lack of concern for safety and longevity, and my contrary hope to live a long, healthy life. He had a Jötul woodstove, which had been installed too close to the log wall of his cabin. When the stove really got cooking, it glowed red and the wall became perilously warm. When I pointed this out to Ches, and further noted that his sleeping loft was 10 feet above the stove and there was no route of escape should the lower part of the cabin catch fire, he'd just change the
Chester said he didn't know what was wrong with the saw; he'd never had a problem with it, but showed me a deep scar on his arm. He'd once cut himself while working alone with the saw, and had driven to a neighbor's house a mile away. Luckily, the neighbor was home and drove him into town for emergency medical treatment. Living in the country was dangerous, Ches said.

With two lock washers and a fair amount of elbow grease, I managed to make the saw relatively safe to operate. I cut a pile of slash, and then borrowed Ches's half-ton Dodge pickup to haul some of the wood into town. On the road with a cord of Ponderosa pine, the front end tracked to the right and then left, and back and forth and back and forth. It was a struggle just to keep on the right side of the road. While I had been quite sober, it must have appeared I was driving drunk. Ches said, yeah, he'd noticed that; he was going to have it checked soon. Not more than two weeks later we were enjoying a day off from work, and headed out to Sprague River town with a mind to make a run to the dump, check the mail, and pick up a couple of six-packs of Bud at the general store. We made it within about 10 yards of the paved highway, where the steering gave out. I spun the wheel left and right, then all the way around: It was completely gone. Chester looked at me. I looked at him. "Good thing it didn't happen on the road," he said; ...with a cord of Ponderosa in the back, I thought.

The last time Chester was in the hospital, he had that same glassy look Cleo'd had. He'd been in Navy Ordinance in Viet Nam in '66, and after he got back they took him to a hospital in San Diego and removed one of his lungs. Years later, when his kidneys became poisoned and his heart sac filled with fluid, the V.A. told him they didn't know what was wrong. But they had no evidence it was related to his military service. So when a friend called from Oregon with the news about Chester, it came as no great surprise. I asked how it happened. Bob said, "He just died".

I've still got my copy of *Klamath Country History* to remind me of the work we did on the book. With Chester's biography there's a picture of him, over the caption, "Chester and his truck." But there is no truck, just a
head and shoulders shot of Ches.
We got Cleo's story, too before it was too late.

SNOWFLAKE OPEN HOUSE AT THE BALDWIN

The fragrant aroma of hot spiced cider drifted out onto the chill winter air as groups of people opened the door of the Baldwin Hotel Museum after the Snowflake Parade. The fresh donuts served by ladies of the Soroptomist Club and Museum volunteers didn't go amiss either.

On Saturday the Baldwin was again open giving the public a chance to view the beautiful Christmas decorations and the antique dolls and toys on display by their owners. Books, pictures, Christmas tree ornaments, Designer Apples and other gifts were offered for sale.

The Melody Mothers sang Christmas carols from the balcony making the afternoon even more festive.

This special occasion was enjoyed by over 250 people who braved the cold December 5th weather.

KLAMATH REPUBLICAN
Klamath Falls, Klamath County, Oregon

KLAMATH FALLS

Klamath Falls is the County seat; it is located at the mouth of Link River on the beautiful little Lake Ewauna and near Upper Klamath Lake. It is backed by the foot hills and mountains while the lake and valley spread away in front. It has a population of about 2,000. It has a new $30,000 High School building and a fine stone building for the graded schools which cost about $20,000. It has 3 banks, 3 churches and stores which would be a credit to almost any ordinary County seat town. It has 2 sawmills and 2 planing mills and sash and door factories.
Our city water comes from great springs of fine soft water, clear as crystal, near town. We have water works, electric lights and telephones. These are controlled by one company which has recently increased its power plant to almost 500 horse power. The power comes from the Falls above town in Link River. There is also a steam laundry and flouring mill. It has one good new steam boat and some smaller craft plying on the Klamath River and Lower Klamath Lake, and also a good new steam boat and smaller craft on the Upper Klamath Lake. Elevation is 4086 feet.

TO REACH KLAMATH FALLS

In order to reach Klamath Falls, leave the Southern Pacific R.R. at Thrall, California, and take the Klamath Lake R.R. to Pokegama, Oregon, then take the stage, 35 miles to Klamath Falls. Or leave the Southern Pacific at Weed, California, take the new road to Grass Lake, then stage to Lairds on Lower Klamath Lake, then take the steamer for Klamath Falls.

WATER POWER

The Klamath River after it leaves the valley, is said to fall 1800 feet in the next 12 miles. The immense water power of all these streams has been appropriated by the government for this irrigation system. The power which can be developed and transmitted all over these valleys by electricity is almost incalculable.

KLAMATH REPUBLICAN
February 21, 1907
MERRILL

Merrill is situated in the southern part of Klamath County, very near the center of the Klamath Project. It has a population of 600. Is well supplied with good business houses. Has many fine homes. Telephone for long distance and home. Will soon have water works. Will be located on a branch of the California North-eastern, now being built into Klamath Basin. Will be one of the best towns in the County. Has a fine public school.

BONANZA

Bonanza is situated in the south-eastern part of the County, and so located as to command the trade of 3 of the largest valleys of the Klamath Project. Largest springs in the County are there. Fine school. Is growing rapidly and will be a large city. Has telephone connections. Will soon have water works and electric lights. Population 350.

BLY

Bly is situated in the southeastern part of Klamath County and commands all the trade of Sprague River valley. Is well connected with telephones. Several new buildings soon to go up; also a new school house. A large timber country surrounding will make much business in time to come.

FORT KLAMATH

Fort Klamath is located in the northern part of Klamath County, and is in the center of what is recognized as the Switzerland of America. In close proximity to Crater Lake and surrounded by the greatest natural and scenic wonders on the continent, it will, within a few years be one of the greatest tourist resorts of the Pacific Coast.

February 28, 1907
DAIRY

Dairy is pleasantly situated on the west side of Yonna Valley near the center of Klamath County. It has 2 good general stores with enterprising, up-to-
date dealers who enjoy a large trade from surrounding valleys; a hotel and feed barn, and a school house. It is surrounded by a rich farming community with which it is connected by a farmer’s telephone line and also a long distance line. Is on the stage line, 20 miles east of Klamath Falls.

April 11, 1907
KENO
Keno is situated in the Southern part of Klamath County, on the Klamath River at the terminus of navigation. Two steamers land here; mail, express and passengers are transferred from the stage to a boat at this point. Adjoining Keno on the west is a large belt of timber and on the east is a large body of marsh lands. Near Keno, on the river, is immense water power. Telephone connections with all parts of the country. Has a good school, 2 stores and 2 saw mills.

March 7, 1907
CITY BRIEFS
The work of grading the streets in Midland will all be completed by March 8.

Work will begin on several dwellings in the Hot Springs Addition within the next 30 days.

SLEEPING AT THE FOOT OF THE BED (and other inconveniences)

In the old days when company and family piled in for a visit it was one of the facts of life, I’m told, for young ones to sleep at the foot of the bed. Ordinarily I’d say I’m too old for this kind of thing. Now, it would all depend too, on which way a bed is facing and the second factor is “which leg is the cast on?” Whether it would seem more feasible to put the good leg into bed first and then lift the casted leg in afterwards? Great thought is given to which direction will create fewer hops to any doorway. In my case this makes for sleeping at the foot of the bed for awhile.

You wouldn’t think lifting your own weight would be all that hard nor tiring but remember the additional weight of a cast on an already sore leg or ankle. They say a cast only weighs a few pounds but that’s before you have drug it around or lifted it a few times. After the shoulder muscles have become sore from this unusual exercise a cast weighs a ton and you would swear to it.

Now, at first the leg with the cast has to be left out from under the covers so the cast can completely dry. Hospitals are kept cool because germs do not germinate as quickly in a cool temperature. Well that’s alright. The nurse will bring out another blanket to keep the rest of you warm and many blessings to the Guild Ladies who knit the “toe coizes” to keep those toes sticking out of a cast from freezing and dropping off.

Home is different though, not really set up for the comfort of the patient. The steps are steeper, the doorways more narrow and the pretty linoleum which was always easy to keep clean now seems icy-cold resting that cast on it. Why didn’t you have carpet laid in all the rooms? Too late for now!

Another interesting thing to consider, and who would ever give it a thought. How does one carry a full coffee cup or a dish while both hands are very busy hanging on to the walker or crutches? Here you are balancing yourself on one leg, hanging on to the walker for support so the casted leg won’t bear any weight at all. About that time the family cat has become curious enough to start
investigating the clumping noise or the pink toes sticking out of the end of the cast so temptingly. "Oh, yes! It's you isn't it? Well, I know you are just dying to rub my tummy after our long separation!" So over he rolls onto his back right under the walker.

I am wondering too, when this is all over, if I will remember how to sit down on a chair properly? There are a lot of added hops, positioning and backward maneuvering to settle into a sitting (or lying) position at this point.

It's not all bad though. Here are all of these stacks of books and magazines you have been trying to find time to read. So now is your chance. A cloth or plastic bag tied between the two side-fronts will hold a book or a portable telephone or your aspirin. If you are not down too many weeks you can even view the old movies you missed years ago before they start being re-runs of re-runs.

You will get over any feeling of being lazy when you have to get up and start hopping around again. So enjoy what you can while you can.

Then at last the time is up; the big day is here. The soft cast can be removed and the walking cast put on. The doctor has a funny little round saw that looks like he is going to cut pizza wedges instead of a cast. He cuts here and cuts there and finally the old cast is off. Having been covered for three weeks the ankle and leg look slick and funny and still a little swollen. The new fiberglass cast should be a little lighter weight than the old one but by the time a one inch rubber heel is applied it is still heavy. There is no standing up and walking immediately because this cast has to dry too.

Do you remember how it felt to walk on stilts? Or maybe the ladies will remember when suddenly the heel on one of their dress shoes fell off and you had to hobble to a chair or the car. A walking cast gives you the same feeling. It takes a day or two to get the hang of teetering on one heel. A tight rope walker balances a long pole as he makes his way across the rope. So for my balancing act I picked up my walker and carried it around, just in case. Soon you regain your confidence and you're doing fine. So you think! It takes more motion and more muscles to walk now and the next thing you know you've got sore leg muscles from overdoing. It's back to the davenport and the books to relieve the aching legs.

Walking up and down steps is a new problem. But one quickly over come when "cabin fever" sets in and the urge to get outside overwhelms you.

You really begin counting the days until you are free of all casts and finally that three weeks period is finally over too and it is time to return to the doctor to have the walking cast removed. The leg as well as the foot and ankle looks like the skin of a scaly fish. Lots of scrubbing and oil treatments will be needed before the old skin falls off.

Putting on a shoe for the first time in six weeks presents a little problem. Every thing is still so swollen. At last it is on and you stand down. Wow! Talk about pins and needles and strange sensations! No wonder you were told you would need a crutch or cane. The first few hours of walking is different to say the least. It takes a few days to start walking normally but from here on each day gets
better.

Then comes the day when you've gained strength and confidence. "Ah Sweet Luxury of Life at Last!" A hot tub and a long soak. Once again the walker gives aid when most needed and you find its support most helpful when climbing in and out of the tub.

Setting in the car and pressing all the pedals to see what reaction you get from it, is an anxious moment. What a relief! No strain, no pain! At last things are really back to normal! You feel like the 4th of July and you've regained your independence.

And now it is ancient history...  
Mae Smith

1988 CALENDAR FOR THE MUSEUM

JANUARY - Volunteer Appreciation Party Workshop, Fund Raising.

FEBRUARY 9 - California Raptors traveling exhibit from the Oakland Museum co-sponsored by Audubon and the Friends of the Museum.

FEBRUARY 23 - The Lewis & Clark Expedition at OIT Auditorium. 7:30 pm. Co-sponsored with the Library.

MARCH - California Raptors continued.

MARCH 15 - Lecture: The Indian Wars of Oregon, 7:30 p.m. at the Library Meeting Room... co-sponsored with the Library.

MARCH 27 & 28 - Participate in Modoc War Symposium at the Lava Beds.

APRIL - Launch Van Landrum's book "GUARDHOUSE, GALLOWS & GRAVES'"

MAY – Baldwin Open House – Museum Quilts on display at The Baldwin.

JUNE 15 to JULY 23 – Quilts on the Wall. A traveling exhibit from the U of O.

JUNE – All month: Cascade Woodcrafters Guild displays in main Museum, demonstrations every Saturday.

JULY – Quilts on the Wall through 23rd.

AUGUST – Patchwork of History – traveling exhibit from U of O to coincide with Heritage Festival.

SEPTEMBER – Back to School - Display of items from the collection.

OCTOBER – The Fall Harvest – Food Preservation items from the collections.

NOVEMBER – Let’s Honor our Vets – uniforms etc. from collections.

DECEMBER - Participate in Snowflake Festival.

Another year has passed and once again it is time to pay your Historical Society Dues. The dues are $3.00 per person per year and help to cover the cost of paper and postage for the Newsletter. We hope you have been enjoying them.

An envelope has been enclosed in this issue for your convenience. Please send in your check as soon as possible.

HAPPY 1988!