THIS ISSUE OF THE TRUMPETER IS A TRIBUTE TO HELEN HELFRICH
OUR SPECIAL FRIEND AND CO-WORKER

"Friends---are flowers in the Garden of Life"—A verse and pressed flowers have hung by our kitchen table for years...Helen made and gave this to us.---Each day a reminder of she and Devere...But more so of what Helen was to us...A friend. As she always said, "I never met a stranger"—She never gave them a chance...She reached out to make one feel welcome, and a part of what ever was going on.

The trips...Historical Society or Trails West—or just to get away—they will always leave memories of fun, laughter, history lessons and warm companionship. Never were they long enough.

I've thought so much of Helen's diary—every day she took time to share the excitement of the day...Surely inspired by the diaries of the pioneer women, of their lives; Helen has left a legacy of her life to her family, friends and community.

Shortly after loosing Devere, Helen said—"I miss him so much, I could just sit down and "wait"...But he would be so Darn mad...He felt life was a gift...so live it— make it—enjoy it, 'till the time comes". And how she did. She found new adventures each day....

On one of our trips to the Lava Beds with she and Devere we stopped by a powerful old Juniper that demanded life from between a fortress of rocks. Helen took a picture and gave us a copy but written on the back she said, "Life is a struggle—but this tree overcame an almost unsurmountable odd! Moral of story "Don't Give Up!" This was Helen, always "growing" and reaching for life...Surrounding us with beauty and strength, kindness and love.

We have lost a friend but she left us a heart full of memories.

------Beverly and Alvin Cheyne------
Helen and I grew up in Redmond, Oregon. I knew her when she was eight or nine years old. She had T.B. at that time and her mother cared for her. After she got older and had her two daughters her health was fine.

Helen, Devere, Dick and I traveled all over hunting emigrant trails riding on our "Ridge Runner" trail bikes. They each had one and Dick and I rode ours. Helen conquered hers even though she had never rode a bike.

When we first started traveling in the early '60's, we didn't have trailers or campers. Devere and Helen had a pickup with a canopy and we had a 4-door Plymouth car.

One 4th of July we spent at Crater Lake, each in our pickups. We had our two Manchester dogs. A female bear and cub came through camp, opened our metal ice box and carried off the bacon. Our dogs never heard a thing!

Others we traveled with were Viva and Art Millard, Dick and Jean Hessig, Pauline and Bob Elliott and had lots of fun and stories around the campfire.

At High Rock Canyon, Mary Robertson from California joined us. We camped in dust and high sage. Devere warned us about snakes and scorpions. After dark we built a big fire, pulling sage not thinking about what we might find in the sage. Helen read to us about the area from "Bruff's History Book".

For three years Helen and I have spent time at Fish Lake in her motor home, enjoying the outdoors. Friends and relatives have come up to spend the day with us.

----Dorothy Teater----
A TRIBUTE TO HELEN

In 1982, the Centennial year celebration brought many people and families of the Klamath Country together as well as allowing me to get to know Helen Helfrich. She as Historian, and I as Slide Program Coordinator, spent many hours in her fact-filled basement. Helen had all the pictures of our early communities as well as all the material that she and Devere had gathered for the Klamath Echoes. Every crook and cranny was chuck full of marvelous information adn she opened it up to me.

We spent hours together, supped on cans of soup, and sorted hundreds of slides to bring forth our slide program. Her wit, charm, generosity, and "just plain fun" will always endear her to me.

Because of these weeks working together in her basement, she felt she knew me well enough to ask me to work on the Klamath Country Book. There too, "bossing" all of us, she demonstrated her ability to lead. There were days when she would have rather stayed at home and rested but she was always there to keep us straight. Her patience and humor never ran out.

Knowing Helen Helfrich is one of my treasured memories. My only regret is not meeting her sooner in life.

-----Marianna Bridges-----
Our entire family loved and enjoyed Devere and Helen Helfrich. We were all interested in the many stories about life before Devere became interested in Rodeo Photography. How he started here locally then expanded to national prominence. Always working with him and smoothing out the process was Helen.

The many tales Helen would relate around the camp fire or while picking huckleberries will always be remembered. Helen's thoughtfulness, her demand for facts—her desire to pass on the knowledge she had about historical trail events and places was evident in her association with our family.

We have traveled many a mile in establishing the route of emigrant trails. We have listened to Helen read a diary about a particular area we were in—the landmarks—the general description of the route and then she would participate in exploring to establish and document what she had read. We met all types of people from Helen's past associations—cowboys—professional people—common people—even a few honest politicians (where she found them remains a mystery)—the main theme of these people was their admiration and high esteem of Helen.

Our trail hunting has taken us into some very isolated and desolate places—Helen's concern was about how the women and children fared—the awful strain put on the men folks, to get the family out of this particular situation and how to take care of their welfare.

To our family—Helen cared for others—she had a faith in God that she practiced—our lives have been better for knowing Helen Helfrich.

-----Bob Elliott-----
WHAT A FRIEND WAS HELEN!

What a friend was Helen! My time of knowing her was much too short as we grew from acquaintance to friendship only after I retired from my secretarial job with the City Schools and had time to work on the "Klamath Country History Book". The hours spent at that labor of love were blessed with many riches! Making new friends, renewing friendships long neglected, learning so many exciting things about our area and preparing the very interesting family histories for publication. Helen was always ready to advise, discuss, research or encourage when help was needed.

We had a common bond in that our husbands each died in 1981. I have called her when I was in need of some cheer and it was always like a ray of sunshine, even when she was not well, we could always end up laughing—usually at ourselves.

A hundred times since we said good-bye I have thought, "I'll ask Helen when that happened—or where it happened". Alas, that well of knowledge can no longer be tapped and how I miss her fountain of knowledge, and our friendly visits with her never-ending cheerfulness. This poem by Beverly J. Andrews expresses my feelings better than I can do. (from "CARING" pub. Salesian Missions 1989.)

I stood one day at my wits end—
Then you came in the door, my friend:
And just your very presence, brought
A ray of light for which I'd sought.
And as we sat and talked awhile,
My frown soon changed into a smile.
New hope spring forth, dispelling fear.
The path ahead became more clear.
You truly seemed to understand—
Your spoken word; warm clasp of hand
Were what I needed that bleak day,
And I thank God you passed my way.
Now, unafraid, with courage strong
I face each day with joyous song.
And if some day I see a friend
Who stands alone, at his wits end,
I'll pray that I, to him will be
The caring friend, you were to me.

Helen, how I love you and miss you, and hope that maybe I too can be a friend like you.

---Madge Fitzhugh Walker---
HOW HELEN TOUCHED US

Newly returned to the Klamath Basin, we became involved in the making of the Klamath Country History Book and met Helen there. After we'd been working on that for several months Helen laughed and told us we might as well join the Historical Society so we did. A couple of years later they needed a president. Expert con artist that Helen was, she assured Paul that it wasn't much work and that everyone would help. She always was ready to help and to do her part and then some. Paul chuckled about her in meetings. When he would ask if anyone had anything else to add he could count on Helen—she always had something to say. Helen wasn't a mutterer who sat in the back row and muttered about how things ought to be—she stood up and spoke her piece.

As Historical Society President Paul had people call wanting information and so often we didn't know. We'd say we knew just the lady who could help them and give them Helen's name and number. Who will we refer them to now?

Helen was a kick on a tour and there wasn't a road too bumpy or dusty for her. When we volunteered to lead the Barnes Valley tour we had never been on one so weren't too sure what to do. Helen gave us a pat on the back and said we did a good job. That was nice to hear from a lady who'd headed up a lot of tours.

Helen enriched our lives with her humor and her love of history. Like so many others, we will miss her.

---Paul and Billie Fitzhugh---
A TRIBUTE TO HELEN

Helen Helfrich—I must talk with her; she'll know, she'll share with me. Forty-three years of close and good friendship, of trust in truth, of knowledge shared command acclaim of appreciation—love.

It all began for me in 1946 by meeting Helen and Devere as volunteers for the week-long Klamath Region Centennial Celebration and locally written pageant with 1500 region residents in our three nights show.

Helen and Devere had helped create, charter and incorporate our Klamath County Historical Society. Then came the County Museum Commission with promotion to reality of the Klamath County Museum. Over four decades they were involving time and talents to developing authentic historical researching, recording and making their findings available to all interested.

As they pursued to top status rodeo photography throughout the United States, one goal appears to have led Helen and Devere: Commit ourselves to making the United States great pioneering era they found along the Oregon and other old trails west live for others as it did for them.

So, Helen, you live on as our friend and noted preserver of our heritage, especially of the Klamath Region.

~~Geneva Glenn Duncan~~

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Helen at beach

14 Dec 1984
A TRIBUTE TO HELEN...

Helen was one of those "shakers and movers" who was never afraid to speak out which left no question about what she meant or what she expected. We often had to "prove ourselves" in Helen's eyes because of her strong convictions, she expected equally high ideals from others.

How many times she said to me, "If I weren't so old and had more get up and go, I'd be in here helping you more." I assured her that the influence and respect she wielded were indeed strong support of both our history and of our museums.

Now that Helen isn't here to answer those questions that were always cropping up, I've been studying the Echoes in an attempt to store some of that knowledge we would ask Helen on the phone rather than take the time to look up. She could always refer us to the right issue (almost the page) we needed. What a gal!

What more can I say? I still expect to look up and see her in my doorway. What I do see on my door is the cartoon she brought in which is a constant reminder of the fun, excitement and humor of a woman I grew to love and respect in the years I was privileged to know her.

-----Pat McMillan-----
Helen and Devere - how to think of one without the other? I did not know Devere well, but in so many of Helen's conversations the shared experience with her husband came through, and one could not help but see how very much their lives touched and influenced each other.

Their lives touched how many others also? We shall never know how far-reaching the photographs, the research, the writing, the sharing of experience and knowledge has been and will continue to be.

Visiting with Helen was always a cheerful, happy time. Even during times of stress she usually managed to keep her sense of humor. She had strong convictions concerning issues and people but did not carry a grudge, looking beyond a person's frailties to admire the more important traits.

The Helfriches did not always live in the Klamath area, but Helen knew the people, the land and the history of this area much better than many of us who have lived here for a longer time. She was so generous with her knowledge without turning it into a lecture. She leaves a very empty space that no one else can fill.

———Jeane MacBeth———
A TRIBUTE TO HELEN

For a person whose main interest was the past, Helen was the most modern lady I knew. Perhaps this was because the past to her was a living, vital thing. The pioneers, now long gone, she brought back in tangible form for us; the wagon trails, now only faint ruts, she traced into our everyday world. This she did with her insatiable curiosity, a keen eye for detail, a mind that probed almost-forgotten journals, and a pen that brought it all to life.

Chuck and I were among the fortunate ones who have sat around a campfire and heard her tell of Robbers' Roost; and with her have bumped over rough desert roads in the bleak Black Rock desert to reach an historic destination that she had ferreted out. Only a couple of weeks before she passed away, we rode with her the dusty back roads near Pokegama while she pointed out the remains of old home sites, lumber camps and cemeteries.

She was equally effective in the planning and decision-making of the modern world. Hers was a voice that brought wisdom and action, and often order out of chaos, to any meeting when she spoke to the point with common sense and humor. We remember the smile that lurked not far in the background of all her conversations.

It is said that one is indispensible, but Helen belied that generalization. Though she, with Devere, left a priceless legacy of knowledge in books and photos, no one can ever replace her.

-----Janet Houston-----
IN MEMORY OF HELEN....A VERY SPECIAL LADY

Staunch as the pioneer stock from which she came
but able to bend with the winds of change.

Guided by determined, homespun integrity
That held her firm through life's adversities.

Quick to speak out about metters unfair
Yet still able to compromise and show that she cared.

A bit brusque with those who would treat a trust lightly
Willing to speak up and have things done rightly.

A born story-teller, always ready to share
From a life filled with experiences, to most of us, rare!

Ready to laugh, with a wry sense of humor
At another's humanity---her own even sooner.

But for one thing especially, we'll remain humbly grateful--
Our history recorded--page by long page full.
And that she was willing to share without favor
With all who would seek to know and to savor
The lives of those who have gone on before us.
A gift to us all----One we never could pay for!

-----Janis Kafton-----
A TRIBUTE TO HELEN

I will never forget the first time I met Helen. I was introduced to her by Bob Elliott. We were talking small talk, and there was a twinkle in her eyes, and I know she saw one in mine. From that time on we became the best of friends.

We had so many good times. Camping, sharing meals, telling stories of our lives, and most of all so many good laughs together. I learned a lot from her and most of all what true friendship is. I miss her, she always had a smile and a warm welcome when I went to see her. My life is better for having her for a friend.

------Barney Coleman------
I have always looked on Helen as a tower of strength. She always seemed to know where she was headed and approached every day with enthusiasm and purpose. Life was a joy—to be lived to the fullest, not to be wasted.

---Wendell Thompson--- (Jr.)

***Wendell Thompson Sr. and Devere Helfrich were High School friends.

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So very knowledgeable, and enthusiastically eager to share her unique abilities and information with others. That was Helen. She left each of us who knew her a little wiser and more caring.

On a trip to Clear Lake it was Helen who brought along a bouquet of flowers to place on a lonely grave found near wagon tracks made by long-ago travelers through that area.

I thank God for being privileged to have known Helen for many years.

---Loraine Orr---

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Happy 80th
A TRIBUTE TO HELEN

Helen was one of those rare people with a zest for life and a thirst for knowledge which were so contagious they enriched the lives of everyone of us she touched. I only wish I could have known her longer, but I am sincerely grateful for the time that I did have to know her.

Personally, her life must have been very fulfilling, with so many interesting friends and her wealth of acquaintances, and I am sure she lived every waking minute of it. We will continue to miss her very much, but each of us will remember and appreciate how much she gave us.

-----Irene Currin-----

I became better acquainted with Helen while working on the Klamath Country History book. I admired her wealth of knowledge on historical places and personalities. I will always have memories of the oral and visual contributions she made at the Klamath County Historical Society meetings.

Surely Helen is busy now helping DeVere photographing and researching heavenly trails.

-----Christine Murray-----
She gave a little "whoop!" as she came through the front door of the museum, this handsome, elderly woman with a twinkle in her eye: Some water had dripped from an overhanging icicle and landed on the back of her neck. She giggled and explained that the cold water had given her a start. In the short time we stood there talking, I learned she was full of spirit and mischief, and I liked her immediately. At her invitation, I put aside the research I had been doing in the museum library and went down to the meeting room to find out about this history book.

A few years later we were sitting in her living room, talking about the peace we both felt when we were out in the quiet and stark beauty of the wilderness. I was trying to explain why I was so interested in theology and philosophy, yet rarely attended church. She said something like, "I've always felt much closer to the Almighty when I've been out in the desert, or camped in the mountains. The wilderness is His cathedral." That night we had a typical parting. We stood chatting like magpies just outside the kitchen door—righting all the wrongs of the world, clucking over all its follies—every so often exchanging goodbyes, then talking on for another half hour or so.

On the drive up to her memorial service, I picked up radio stations from Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming, and Kansas, the kind of places where she and her husband had tracked down trails, found diaries, and photographed rodeo cowboys, and I thought about my own identity as a Westerner. I thought about her more personal qualities, too, of course. (Since one of those qualities was modesty, I know she wouldn't want me to recount them here.) And it occurred to me that the most important things I learned from her can't be bound in a book or printed on photographic paper.

In the Sermon on the Mount, St. Mathew recounts some words of Jesus: "You are light for the world... your light must shine in people's sight." As firmly as her friendship affected me, the loss of that friendship has affected me; I can only try to muster the same grace and humor that were so characteristic of her—and turn my lamp up a bit brighter.

-----Michael Kaliher-----
A TRIBUTE TO HELEN HELFRICH----SPECIAL FRIEND, CO-WORKER AND-----------

Helen was the rare type of lady who never met a stranger and could make each person feel that they were a special friend----and we all were too! Each of us were special to her and in each of us she filled a very special place, one that is not likely to be filled again, possibly in this life.

Our lives did not come together for many years although we lived in this same town and frequented many of the same places. We met while working on the Klamath Country History Book but we had a special bond between us from the start. A young Helen and Devere with two small daughters, Darle and Delores, moved to Tumalo, Oregon to work and lived near my Aunt Helen and Uncle Will Malone. They had many a card game together and Darle and Delores partook of many tea parties with Uncle Will.

The "book" finished we went on to other projects together----mapping out plans----doing research together----going places together----working together, talking together and laughing and crying together,----enjoying each others companionship.

Helen took me down trails I will never travel and showed me sights that I'll never see and told me things I wish I had written down.

----Mae Smith----
My mother, Helen Reed Helfrich, was a native Oregonian, born October 29, 1907, in Bend. Her father was a ranch foreman and at one time worked on the McCull ranch near Prineville. During that time Mother, age about 9, was hired as a baby sitter for future Governor Tom McCull. This consisted of playing with him, so that his mother had some time to herself.

Helen grew up in Central Oregon and graduated from Redmond high school during the "flapper" era. Since her grandfather was the grade school principal at that time, it was a matter of family pride that she won a scholarship in home economics, a suitable career for a young woman at the time, at Oregon State College.

However, while she was still in high school, she noticed a certain young man who worked for her father on a survey crew. She shocked her mother by saying, "See that blue sweater? It's going to be mine some day." She married DeVere Helfrich, the wearer of the sweater, August 2, 1926, further disappointing her mother who expected her to go to college.

I was born in May, 1927, and my sister, Delores, in September, 1928. We grew up happily during the "Great Depression" never realizing that we suffered any deprivation or hardship. Our parents were of pioneer stock who were used to making do with whatever was available.

Living in a rural area of Central Oregon I remember going with my mother to quilting bees, church socials, and grange meetings. Our family played together, camped together, did everything together.

We moved to Klamath Falls in 1933, and Helen became involved in PTA and other related activities as we kids progressed through school. At the same time she assisted and supported DeVere in various business endeavors.

Then, in the early 1940's (World War 2 was still in progress with gas rationing, etc.) DeVere became interested in rodeo photography. At the time we owned an ice cream store on East Main Street in Klamath Falls. I remember leaving after we closed around midnight on Saturday, driving all night to a California rodeo, my father taking pictures on Sunday, leaving for home about 5:00 that afternoon, and getting a few hours sleep before work and school the next day.

Eventually, after Delores and I married, Helen and DeVere made a full time career of rodeo photography. DeVere would take action shots, Helen would take posed shots. DeVere would then develop the negatives, and while he slept Helen would spend most of the night printing the pictures to be sold to the
Helen Helfrich

Helen Helfrich, 81, died Sunday, July 30, 1989, in her Klamath Falls home.

Mrs. Helfrich was born Oct. 29, 1907, in Bend to Lou and Bessie Reed.

She was married Aug. 2, 1926, to John "De Vere" Helfrich in Bend. He was employed, at that time, in the office of the Central Oregon Irrigation District in Redmond.

They moved Jan. 1, 1930, to Tumalo, where her husband was employed as secretary-manager of the Tumalo Irrigation District.

They purchased a new and used furniture business in Redmond and moved the store to Klamath Falls in 1933, locating it at 833 Klamath Ave. They later sold the store to Harry Hafer and bought Merline's Ice Cream Store at 337 E. Main St. Because of a lack of ingredients for ice cream and candy and parts for equipment, the store closed during World War II and Mr. Helfrich worked in the surveying of the air base and the Marine Hospital and various other jobs until going into rodeo photography.

She and her husband were the official photographers for the Professional Rodeo Association until retiring in 1967 and actively pursued a hobby of following and researching history of early emigrant roads.

The 36,000 rodeo negatives taken in their 30 years of rodeo photography are in the Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center archives in Oklahoma City, Okla.

In 1964, Mr. Helfrich was appointed editor of Klamath Echoes, an annual history of communities in the Klamath Country, by the Klamath County Historical Society.

Mrs. Helfrich and her husband took over the publication in 1971 and continued publishing it until 1978.

They compiled a trail guide that was published by Trails West Inc., a group formed for the purpose of marking emigrant trails.

Mrs. Helfrich was an active member of the Klamath County Historical Society, Friends of the Klamath County Museum, Shaw Historical Library and Trails West Inc. She also kept in touch with many of her rodeo friends.

Mrs. Helfrich was preceded in death by her husband Sept. 1, 1981.

Survivors include her daughters and sons-in-law, Darle and Buff Runnels, Klamath Falls, and Delores and John Scott, Junction City; grandsons, Mark and Jerry Runnels, both Klamath Falls; granddaughters, Janice Plourde, Centralia, Wash., Zelda Rosenberg, Mt. Vernon, and Helen Goodwin, Marsland, Neb.; 11 great-grandchildren; and sister, Margaret Ann Fielding, Brightwood.

Services will be announced by Ward's Klamath Funeral Home.
MUSEUM CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER: THE FRUITS OF THE HARVEST
Preserving, Canning & Drying.
An exhibit of equipment, photographs
of food preservation prior to
supermarkets.

OCTOBER 14th at 2 pm. in the Meeting Room
Workshop: VICTORIAN DECORATIONS
AND CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS.
Sue will teach us how to
create our own originals.
A fee for materials used.
Call museum for details: 883-4208

DECEMBER 7: Annual Baldwin Open House
following the Snowflake Parade.
The Baldwin will be dressed and
decorated for a Victorian
Christmas.
Refreshments and a hot drink to
warm you up.

DECEMBER 9 & 10: ANTIQUE TOY SHOW
Baldwin Hotel Museum. Toys
displayed are from private
collections
Saturday and Sunday Afternoons.

FRIENDS OF THE MUSEUM WHITE ELEPHANT SALE!!!!!!!
Klamath County Museum Meeting Room.......Friday OCTOBER 20th & Saturday 21st.
Bring in your White Elephant Donations ON or BEFORE the 19th.

KLAMATH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETING......Thursday SEPTEMBER 28th 7:30 pm.
The 1st one of the fall and winter season. Join us at the Museum Meeting Room.

Anna Nicholls is doing research on
Judge E. Steele of Yreka, California
1850-1886
If you have information concerning this
man, please contact Anna Nicholls
P.O. Box 884
Chiloquin, OR. 97624
or phone: 783-2477

The great granddaughter of Rebecca
Fulkerson Crowley would like all the
information possible on other Fulkersons
and Crowleys in this area.
She is also interested in a family by the
name of BIRCHARD OR BURCHARD who lived in
the same general area prior to 1925.

REBECCA WALKER
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