Note: The following is my reminiscence. I am sure other people will remember some of these places differently. If anyone wants to correct me, I will be happy to hear from anyone who has a different memory. It would be fun to talk.

Although I was born in Redmond, Oregon, and lived there and in nearby Tumalo until I was six years old, I have always considered Klamath Falls my home town.

My parents and grandparents, always entrepreneurs, purchased a second hand store in Redmond shortly before my sixth birthday in May 1933. This was considered a good business, as it was the middle of the Great Depression, when people could not afford new furniture. Apparently business was not as good as expected in Redmond, and that summer it was decided to move the store to Klamath Falls, a booming logging town.

For a few days we lived in a vacant hotel (I guess we were squatters) above the store, which was located on the north side of Klamath Avenue, one block south of Main Street in the 800 block. We kids thought this was pretty neat, as there were still lots of unused registration forms and other paraphernalia left from the hotel for us to play with. There was a large central area, which must have been the lobby with rooms around the perimeter. I assume, although I don’t remember, that there was a bathroom, since we didn’t have an outhouse on Klamath Avenue as we did in Tumalo.

We soon found a house on North 10th Street just five or six blocks from the store. Then in a couple of months we moved to Rogers Street on the hill at the end of Main Street overlooking Lake Ewauna. This move was in time for me to start first grade at Riverside School, also located on the hill. Built in 1909 it is the oldest elementary school in town still in use. The three story red brick building looms prominently over the site of the original town site of Linkville (now City of Klamath Falls).

Main Street is a long street running East from Link River at the West end for about three blocks, then angling Northeasterly where the streets become numbers rather than names. It continues to 13th where it angles Easterly for several blocks to the Main Canal, which flows from the outlet at the south end of Upper Klamath Lake and through the city to the farmlands to the southeast of town. At this time
Main Street continues from the canal several blocks to Ponderosa Junior High School.

The core area of downtown is dominated by the six story Medical Dental Building standing on the entire half block between Ninth and Tenth Streets and between the Northerly side of Main Street and the parallel alley running southwesterly and northeasterly in the middle of the block and the six story Willard Hotel (now Lakeport Towers) on the corner of Second and Main Street.

Our walk down Main Street will start on the Northerly side of the street in front of Waggoner's Drug Store directly across Ninth Street from the Medical Dental Building. This block was the popular shopping area because, not only were both dime stores, Newberry's and Woolworth's located there, but J. C. Penney was located on the corner of Eighth Street. Sooner or later you would meet all your friends on the street there or in one of these stores. A real treat for us kids was to be allowed to "just look" at the toy counters in the dime stores. In later years both Delores and I clerked at Newberry's. There was a bowling alley upstairs in that block.

Our Saturday night entertainment for several years was to park in front of Penney's and watch all the people out for a stroll. In the years before shopping malls most people, adults and children, not only shopped on Main Street but "hung out" there on Saturday night.

Across Main Street from these stores was Currin's Drug Store on the corner of Ninth Street, a Safeway store and later, after Safeway moved, the Quality Market. When we kids went to town with Mother, it was usually to this block. Also in this block was a long "hole in the wall" lunch counter called Denny's (no relation to the chain of today) where my father often ate. If we were lucky, we sometimes got to eat with him.

On the corner of Eighth Street on the South side in the next block was a huge vacant lot where some building had been demolished. U.S. National Bank now sits there. In the '30s it was occupied by a small popcorn stand. Next to the vacant lot was the Pelican Cafe, which was notable for having been mentioned in a book by Duncan Hines, which recommended various eateries across the U. S. In the middle of this block was the Pine Tree Theater, a first run establishment and the most expensive theater in town. I believe adult tickets were 35 cents. We did not go there often, but one afternoon Delores and I were allowed to go to see a movie about Mary Queen of Scots starring, I think, Katherine Hepburn as Mary and Bette Davis as Queen Elizabeth of England. As Mary was led to her execution, Delores began crying so hard that everyone around us was shushing her, and I had to take her out. So we missed the beheading.

Another first run theater, the Pelican, was around the corner on Eighth Street and Klamath Avenue. It was the largest of the five theaters in town, quite luxurious with thick carpeting and logs in the balcony. For many years this was the scene of a Saturday morning kiddie matinee called Popeye Club. Throughout our childhood
we seldom missed a Saturday. For ten cents we would always see a Popeye cartoon and a serial featuring such heroes as Flash Gordon, the Lone Ranger, and others. The main feature was always a western unless there was a new Shirley Temple or Jane Withers movie out. Imagine hundreds of preteens cheering as Popeye opened his can of spinach or Roy Rogers rode after the villain who had captured Dale Evans!

I remember few businesses on the opposite side of Main Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets. There was an upscale gift shop called Your Store with fascinating items and an upscale dress shop called Long’s.

Walgreen’s Drug Store was the main gathering place for teenagers walking home from high school. Situated on the Northwesterly corner of Seventh and Main, it featured a soda fountain along the Seventh Street wall and booths facing the fountain. Delores and I seldom stopped there, as by the time we were in high school in the 40s our parents owned an ice cream store on East Main Street, so we did not spend money on ice cream that we could eat for free.

Down the block was a barber shop which, some 20 or 50 years later, gained its moment in the spotlight when a young woman wearing shorts, who gave her name as Dawn Starr and claimed to be the granddaughter of Belle Starr, walked in, sat down in a barber chair, and asked to have her legs shaved. After the service was performed, she stated that she had no money to pay for it. I believe she spent the night as the guest of Sheriff Murray “Red” Britton at the “Gray Bar Hotel.” Her picture was on the front page of the local Herald and News.

Also, in this block on the corner of Sixth and Main stood the imposing First National Bank, later Wells Fargo, and now being remodeled for the Elk’s Club. At that time it was the only bank in town, and the building is still admired for its architecture.

Across the street in this block was another “entertainment center” for Saturday night enjoyment. The corner of Seventh and Main was occupied during the week by Louie Polin’s sporting goods store, which had a lunch counter and a large sign displaying a fish hanging over the sidewalk. On Saturday night the corner was taken over by the Salvation Army and its 3 or 4 person band complete with ladies in bonnets, standing in a semi-circle in the street around the fire hydrant. The drum would boom, and the strains of “The Old Rugged Cross” would be heard up and down the street. After prayer, preaching, and hymns, a supposedly reformed drunk would tell his life story with much melodrama, while a small crowd looked on with curiosity.

The reason for this location, other than the fact that there was no parking due to the fire hydrant, became obvious when you walked on down the block. It was mostly saloons, such as
the Waldorf and Klamath Billiards, except for the Vox, which was a second run movie theater. In those days Oregon did not allow hard liquor to be sold by the drink unless you took your own bottle to specially licensed businesses, where they mixed it for you. However, the beer flowed freely and sometimes spilled onto the sidewalk, and drunks wobbled from door to door. This explains why we usually walked on the opposite side of the street.

The intersection of Main and Sixth Streets was also the intersection of Highway 97, which ran from The Dalles, Oregon, to Dunsmuir, California (also known as The Dalles-California Highway), and Highway 140, which took the traveler East to Lakeview. Highway 140 was eventually extended from Klamath Falls West past Lake of the Woods to Medford. Highway 97 now bypasses downtown.

On the northeast corner of Sixth and Main a big sign over Kay Sugarman’s men’s clothing store proclaimed, “I ain’t mad at nobody.” This slogan was a landmark for many years.

I remember several women’s clothing stores in this block, one of which was LaPointe’s, owned by some pre-WWII Jewish refugees from Hitler’s Germany. They had seen the handwriting on the wall and managed to get

out in time with all their possessions. Their daughters went to school with me. This was a prestigious store. When you bought a new sweater there and were complimented the next day at school, you would make sure to say, "I got it at LaPointe’s."

Even more expensive was The Town Shoppe next door operated by the Moons, who for many years rode their palomino horses in the Rosebowl parade. As a teenager my husband, Buff, exercised their horses.

First Federal Savings and Loan occupied the corner across from Kay Sugarman’s. Next door was Castleberry’s Drug Store, which also contained a soda fountain. We kids thought we were being very funny when we called it “Cackleberry’s.” On the end of this block was an upscale department store called Moe’s, which later became Miller’s, and many years later moved to the Shasta Plaza, a latter day shopping mall on the edge of the city limits.

The Star Drug Store occupied the corner across Fifth Street from The Towne Shoppe. Years later, when I worked at Klamath County Title Company, the girls would run over there every Monday morning to buy one of the San Francisco tabloids to learn what cow had given birth to a two-headed calf or who was Jackie
Kennedy's second love. (It was her father-in-law.) The tabloids were pretty tame then.

Wong's Cafe, featuring Chinese and American food, sat in the middle of this block and still does. The Rainbow Theater (about a third run theater) was situated in this block. It had a recessed entrance with small businesses on each side. One was a candy shop, which made its own delicious chocolates. The COPCO building (California Oregon Power Company) was the mainstay on the corner of Fourth and Main. Now Pacific Power the company built new lodgings on the Southeasterly corner of Main and Fifth. The Southwesterly corner of Main and Fifth housed Dick Reeder's Men's Store on the ground floor and attorney's offices on the second floor. I believe a newspaper was printed in the basement. I remember M. L. Johnson's Insurance Company in the middle of the next block, and years later Bob Veatch bought a building near it for Klamath County Title Company where I worked for over 30 years. The Hall Hotel on the corner of 4th and Main was one of the older buildings in town. Later known as the Stevens Hotel it housed a barbershop and a tavern. This building was severely damaged by the 1992 earthquake and later torn down.

The north side of the block between 4th and 3rd Streets had a service station; a two-story building containing the Swan Cafe, the Chamber of Commerce, and some apartments upstairs; a small building containing Wilson Title & Abstract Co. (Now Aspen Title); and the elegant Elk's Club on the corner.

Elks Temple, corner of Third & Main. All Elk's Club have now been demolished for the new county government building. The Elk's building has been incorporated into this complex.

Buff worked for a year in the service station under the GI Bill. There he witnessed the shooting of a prisoner who had escaped from the courthouse across the street. It seemed a senseless killing to the many witnesses, as the man, mentally retarded, had done nothing but steal a car. I had started working at the title company by then and was at the courthouse at
the time of the incident. The courthouse was an adventurous place in those days, but that is a different story!

The courthouse sat in the middle of the block on the south side of Main Street. The name across the front between the three-story pillars read "COVNTY COVRT HOVSE," a rather old-fashioned inscription. There was also a Veterans' Memorial building located on the site at the corner of 4th and Main, which later housed several county offices. A memorial shaft was built in front of this building after WWII to honor veterans killed in later wars. A two-story jail was built later on the corner of 3rd and Klamath in this block. All have been demolished except the memorial shaft, to be replaced by the portion of the courthouse, which houses the courtrooms and related offices. A new jail was built several years ago on the hill above the East side by-pass.

The new jail was mandated by the state, which considered the former jail inhumane. After the 1992 earthquake all these buildings were deemed unsafe. The office of my son, Mark, an assistant DA at the time, was on a corner of the second floor of the courthouse and was opened to the elements.

We will conclude today's walk at the end of the block between 3rd and 2nd Streets in the comfortable and welcoming lobby of the Willard Hotel, gathering place for many years for visitors to the "city" from outlying communities and ranches. It was also the home of radio station KFJI (now KAGO) owned by the hotel owner Willard D. Miller.

Directly across the street was VanFleet Electric, which was still operated by the VanFleets when we built our new house about 1982. Also in that block was a hardware store with wooden floors covered with linseed oil and the Rex movie theater, a dumpy place that I was never in.

Main Street from the Willard Hotel to Link River Bridge was the site of the original town of Linkville, but most of the buildings had been torn down by the time we arrived. Some of the old wooden sidewalks were still in place then. The Baldwin Hotel, four stories high, built near the turn of the century was still in operation at that time. It is now a county museum.

Baldwin Hotel, with the George Baldwin Hardware-A.O.U.W. building at left. —Bert C. Thomas collection.

Editor's Note: All photos, with the exception of the courthouse photo, were courtesy of the Klamath County Historical Society's Klamath Echoes. The courthouse photo was courtesy of Harry Drew's The Great Courthouse Battle.
The Flour Sack
By Colleen B. Hubert

Many a little girl of yesterday wore dresses and bloomers fashioned of the indispensable flour sack.
In that long ago time when things were saved,
When roads were graveled and barrels were staved,
When worn-out clothing was used as rags,
And there were no plastic wrap or bags,
And the well and the pump were way out back,
A versatile item was the flour sack.

Pillsbury’s Best, Mother’s and Gold Medal, too
Stamped their names proudly in purple and blue.
The string sewn on top was pulled and kept;
The flour emptied and spills were swept.
The bag was folded and stored in a sack—
That durable, practical flour sack!

Bleached and sewn, it was dutifully worn
As bibs, diapers, or kerchief unadorned.
It was made into skirts, blouses and slips,
And Mom braided rugs from one hundred strips.
She made ruffled curtains for house or shack
From that humble but treasured flour sack!

As a strainer for milk or apple juice,
To wave men in was a very good use,
As a sling for a sprained wrist or a break,
To help Mother roll up a jelly cake,
As a window shade or to stuff a crack,
We used a sturdy, common flour sack!

As dish towels, embroidered or not,
They covered up dough, helped pass pans so hot,
Tied up dishes for neighbors in need,
And for men out in the field to see.
They dried dishes from a pan not rack,
That absorbent, handy flour sack!

We polished and cleaned stove and table,
Scoured and scrubbed from cellar to gable.
We dusted the bureau and oak bed post,
Made costumes for October, (a scary ghost!)
And a parachute for a cat named Jack,
From that lowly, useful, old flour sack!

So now my friends, when they ask you
As curious youngsters often do,
“Before plastic wrap, and Elmer’s glue,
And paper towels, what did you do?”
Tell them loudly and with pride don’t lack,
“Grandmother had the flour sack!”

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