SAVE THE DATES

Schedule 2013

March 28: Civil War Surgeons: Tools of the Trade, by Daniel Foster.
April 25: Forgotten Places in Klamath County, by Cayla Hill and Todd Kepple.
June 22: Summer Bus Tour
July 21: Picnic on the Williamson River
September 26: Prohibition and Prostitution, by Bruce McCormack.
October 24: The Region’s Earliest Inhabitants: Archaeological Investigations at the Paisley Caves, by Dennis Jenkins.

Meetings are held at 7 pm on the fourth Thursday of March, April, May, September and October in the Armory-Museum at 1451 Main Street, Klamath Falls.

Email: klcohis@yahoo.com

Christmas Tree in the Center of Main Street
An undated Maud Baldwin photo, courtesy of the Klamath County Museum. Traffic diverted around this huge tree that once was placed in the center of Main Street, Klamath Falls.

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Memories of Christmases Past in Klamath County
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A Unique Suffragette Party at the White Pelican Hotel

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!
By IDA MOMYER ODELL

In every person’s life there is one Christmas which stands alone in memory, either for happiness received, or some event, which tragic at the time, the years have softened into amusement. In the memories which follow you may catalog them for yourself.

The old Presbyterian Church stood on the corner of 3rd and Pine. On this Christmas night of long ago it was a cheerful sight as the lights shone through the windows upon the glistening snow. Many were the teams tied to the old hitching rack with either a sleigh or a buggy as conveyances for those who lived too far to walk. Inside the old church all was warmth, and many a pair of young eyes were glued upon the magnificent tree loaded with gifts.

But before the arrival of Old Father Santa, little girls and boys had to sing, recite, or just stand on the platform in their dainty dresses or clean suits while someone else talked about them.

Little Nell

Thus stood little Nellie Boyd and her small companion, Lyle Fountain, one on each side of the grand tree, and a bit in front of and between them, Molly Reames stood reciting a poem all about the mission this happy evening of these two angels, for angels they were, complete with wings.

Lyle’s mamma was an artist of note, and many of her paintings adorn Klamath walls to this day. To make these two little angels as lovely as possible Mrs. Boyd and Mrs. Fountain had created little white Tarleton dresses with many flounces, and on each shoulder was fastened a lovely hand-painted wing.

Proudly the angels stood, very conscious of their wings, as Molly recited her part of the cantata—Molly of the dancing eyes and ready wit. Gesturing superbly toward angelic Nellie the look of distress on that small face made her pause, but not for long. Swiftly she took in the situation. One delicate hand-painted wing was drooping, slipping, and although a little shoulder hunched high to hold it, while Molly watched, it landed with a soft thud on the platform. On with her speech went Molly, but not as written.

No—the whispered asides caught only by embarrassed young angels were freely sprinkled through that poem which should have recited only the virtues of the two heavenly visitors. Then her gestures, in the best of form, were directed toward the other celestial being, and to her glee she perceived that more wings were in the descendant. In tones too low for the audience, her original remarks did nothing to help the occasion.

Lost Angels

By the time Molly's part of the program was completed so was the shedding of four beautiful wings, now decorating various parts of the platform instead of the shoulders they were intended for. Two poor stricken little angels stood like birds who have molted as the curtain was drawn amid as much laughter as applause.

Nell (Mrs. G. H.) Hancock will assure you that since that Christmas she has never attempted to wear wings or impersonate an angel.

Scene: The Bonanza Schoolhouse in the first few years of this century.

A tree which was a tree to top all trees stood in the corner of the old Bonanza schoolhouse. The 12 year old boys and teenagers were acting as nonchalant as boys do, assuring each other they didn’t care if they didn’t get anything off the “ole tree.” One 12 year old had made up his mind that even if he didn’t get the .22 his heart was longing for, he wouldn’t be too disappointed.
But, you guessed it; he did, and with shining eyes he returned to his seat after Santa had handed the beautiful thing with its polished barrel and velvety stock to him.

Happiness was complete, life left nothing to be desired (so he thought), and was so busy fondling his new gun that a comrade had to nudge him when his name was called the second time. In somewhat of a daze he went toward Santy. Well, this you will NOT guess. There was another gun being handed to him, this time a shotgun, a single shot as he describes it. That winter Garret Van Riper kept the family larder rich with ducks and geese.

Another schoolhouse, Hildebrand. Some of you don't even know there ever was such a place.

Here another tree made little girls and boys wiggle on the hard old benches. Popcorn balls, big red apples, strings of popcorn and cranberries made lovely decorations for unsophisticated eyes. Bright mosquito netting bags of candy and nuts added to the beauty of the tree and proved acceptable gifts.

But there were more than sweets and eats on the tree for those wee ones. Toys, books, dolls, mittens, caps, oh so many things that would be remembered not alone as welcome gifts but through the long winter ahead would provide warmth and comfort. But one small girl saw nothing else on the tree after she caught sight, far up in the branches, of a doll nearly as large as herself.

In that little girl heart, she thought she just couldn’t bear it when it was finally handed over to the lucky one. Finally the terrible moment arrived and Santa took it from the tree and looking in the other direction from where he knew she was sitting. He called loudly, “Hazel Fitch.”

Never to her last moment will she forget the thrill as she ran down the long aisle and clasped that gorgeous baby to her breast.

Today, among the treasured possessions of the Van Ripers are Garrett’s .22 single shot and Hazel’s big 32 inch doll with its dress made by the loving fingers of her mother.

“Well, yes, I remember what good times we used to have at Christmas,” Mrs. Sam Walker said thoughtfully. “We children looked forward to Christmas with as much anticipation as any family I know.”

“Did you have a tree?” I asked.

“Well, not in the early years. Later on we had trees at Christmas, but in the early years we hung our stocking up.”

“There were several of you children?” I suggested.

“Oh yes, there were 11 of us without Father and Mother.”

Stockings Go Up

So, from the shelf behind the big kitchen range the eleven Colohan children hung their stockings. Father Colohan solemnly assured them that Santy ALWAYS came in hungry, and the efficient little hands of the oldest girl, Nettie, mixed a toothsome cake on the 24th of December and put Christmas candles on it. It was truly a lovely thing and Nettie gazed on it with pardonable pride, as related by her sister, Mrs. Walker.

On Christmas morning after the excitement from emptying the stockings had subsided, Nettie glanced shyly around to see if her cake had had a piece eaten out of it, and the ENTIRE cake had disappeared. What a gratified little girl she was.

In or under the stockings were candy, nuts, apples from Joe Conger’s orchard, and pride of a boy’s heart, red top boots with brass toes. While Mrs. Walker was telling me about the boots, a big chuckle made us both glance at Sam. He was sitting there with a big grin and interrupted to say:

“I got a pair of red top boots with brass toes one Christmas and they were filled with cookies. I couldn’t get the cookies out fast enough to get my feet in and couldn’t get out of the house fast enough when the boots were on to find a can to kick. Best thing I ever got for Christmas.”
Bob Elliott celebrated his 100th birthday on November 28, and we all wish him our very best.

Bob has been very active in the Historical Society and dedicated many years to the preservation of local history. He served as President in 1970-1971 and was an active member of the Board for many years. He led historic tours, worked closely with Echoes editors Helen and Devere Helfrich, and placed many of the Historic Markers, the distinctive yellow-painted rails, found at important sites throughout the county. Bob also was active in Trails West, the pioneer trails marking group.

Bob was born in Klamath Falls to Ernest Lee Elliott and Clara Bell Redfield Elliott. According to his mother, his birth spoiled the Thanksgiving dinner that year.

Originally from Iowa, the family moved to Klamath County in 1909 after briefly settling in Lewiston, Idaho.

Bob’s father practiced law in Klamath and they also filed and were awarded a homestead on Suty Road near Malin. They had to live on the homestead for 6 months of the year, so while Ernest attended to his law practice in Klamath, Bob lived with his mother on the homestead. For the first four years of grade school, he attended Shasta View School in Malin for part of the year and Riverside in Klamath for the remainder of the year.

Bob has special memories of those early school days, especially his walks home from school in Malin. “I walked by several farm homes and the good Bohemian cooks along the way would offer me a slice of their delicious poppy seed roll. Nothing ever tasted so good.”

Bob attended Klamath Union High, where he played halfback on the first Klamath Union football team from 1930-1932, and he remains an avid football fan today. After graduating from Klamath, he attended Southern Oregon Normal School, and then first was employed at the Safeway stores. In 1939, he joined the management team at Weyerhauser and worked there until his retirement in 1975.

He married Pauline Lucille Carner in 1936, and they had three children, Robert, Jon, and Sally. After Pauline’s death in 1988, he married a long time neighbor, Ruby Amacker, and they have been married for 24 years. Ruby worked at Kingsley Field for 16 years and then at Beale Air Force Base, retiring in 1984. She remains Bob’s loving companion and caretaker.

From all of us at the Klamath County Historical Society,

Happy Birthday, Bob!
The following article, told by John Fortune during the May 26 tour of Bonanza Cemetery, recounts the history of his pioneer ancestors. John I. & Harriet are his great grandparents.

Klamath County Pioneers, John I. and Harriet Donnell

By John Fortune

John I. Donnell was born January 15, 1844; Harriet B. Donnell was born April 25, 1853. Both were born and raised in Westmorland County, Pennsylvania. John was well-educated in common schools and learned the blacksmithing trade from his father. In September 1861 he enlisted for three years in the Union Army, Company C, 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry. He was transferred first to Washington, D.C., and then was sent to the Army of the Potomac under General McClelland.

His first fight was in the Seven Day Battle of Richmond, and later at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. He was in the Battle of the Wilderness at Spotsylvania and took part in the Struggle of Petersburg. In all, he was in 52 battles, in constant service but never received a wound. He was discharged September 12, 1864.

In 1870, he moved to Jewel County, Kansas, where he engaged in his blacksmith trade. On March 31, 1871, he married Harriet B. Harrell, the daughter of his wartime lieutenant, in Ralls County, Missouri. They moved to Jewel County, Kansas, where they had two sons who died in infancy, and where their daughter Blanche also was born. Later, son John and daughter Myrtle were born in Rooks County, Kansas.

In 1883, they travelled with a wagon train to Ogden, Utah; then by railroad train to San Francisco where they shipped to Coos Bay, Oregon. John worked as a blacksmith for the Coos Bay Coal Co., and daughter Cora was born here. In the fall of 1885, they moved to Dairy in Klamath County, Oregon. He operated a shop there for a time, then sold out and opened a general merchandise store. On April 8, 1886, he was appointed Postmaster of Dairy, serving in that position until September 23, 1896.

In 1896 they moved to their 160 acre ranch in Yonna Valley and raised mainly hay for their stock.

The ranch was well-provided with water and they had a fine barn, residence, and other improvements. For a time they also owned 240 acres on Haskins Road.

John I. Donnell died January 11, 1905 at age 61. His obituary in the Klamath Republican read, “John I. Donnell was a pioneer of Klamath County, well known, respected and beloved. He once drove stage between Bly and Klamath Falls. He had four children living, all fairly grown up.”

Harriett Donnell died of consumption at her home May 22, 1902 at age 49. Both John I. and Harriett are buried in the Bonanza Cemetery.

John H. Donnell, son of John I. and Harriet Donnell

After the death of his father, John H. inherited and managed the family ranch off Squaw Flat Road until 1910. After that he acquired 480 acres about 4 miles east of Bonanza at a location now known as the McCartie Ranch, lived in a cabin, and never married.

According to an article on the front page of the Klamath Herald, December 8, 1925, the headline ran: “Dread Malady Claims First Victim Today - John H. Donnell succumbs from spinal meningitis.” He was described as 46 years old and a homestead rancher of the Bonanza District. He was buried in Bonanza Cemetery.
Highlights from the 2012 Tours and Walks

We had a great season of tours and walks with hundreds of participants. Special thanks are due to our historian Carol Mattos, organizer Jackie Bonner, Museum Curator Lynn Jeche, and our Museum Manager Todd Kepple for researching and producing so many great programs. We also thank Sandra Fox, Ken Hay and the many City Parks staff for their dedication to preserving our Linkville Pioneer Cemetery.

Special thanks also to the many members of the community who contributed their personal experiences and for the public who joined us in living history this past summer. Below are a few photographs from this summer.

**April 28: Linkville Cemetery.** Cleanup and Houston Monument Dedication. KC Historical Society & City Parks, with 100 participants. Todd Kepple gave a moving dedication of the Houston monument.

**May 26: Langell Valley Cemeteries Tour,** by Jackie Bonner and Carol Mattos, with contributions from Helen Horsley, Taylor High, Marian Hamilton, the Walter Smith Family, and John Fortune.
**June 2 & 3: Walking Tour.** Historic High Street Houses, led by Carol Mattos, with contributions from Fran Dearborn, Margaret Cheyne, Karen Thompson, Joe Lindsay, and Liz Budy.

**June 23: Summer Bus Tour.** Along the California-Northeastern, led by Todd Kepple & Roger Harmon; with Weed Museum tour.

**August 5: Annual Summer Potluck Picnic** on the Williamson River, hosted by Phyllis and Paul Goebel, with songs by Rich Touslee.
**July 26 & 27: Ancient Caves Tour.** Paisley Caves talk by Dr. Dennis Jenkins, with excursions to Silver Lake Cemetery, Fort Rock, and Crack-in-the-Ground led by Liz Budy & Michelle Durant.

**September 8:** Conger Ave. Walk, led by Carol Mattos and Mayor Todd Kellstrom, with contributions from Richard Mollison, John Poole, and Merland Phelps. Garden and refreshments hosted by Gail and Fred Wade (shown below right with Barbara Mollison at one of Joseph Conger’s original apple trees).
100 Years of Women’s Suffrage

As 2012 comes to a close, we extend a special tribute to the women and men who worked to bring Women’s Suffrage to Oregon in 1912, and especially those who won the vote for Klamath County.

The picture below from an undated newspaper clipping on file at the Klamath County Museum was included in the travelling “Votes for Women” exhibit that opened at the Multnomah County Library on February 1 and was available to libraries throughout Oregon.

The evening of January 14, 1914, saw a gay party in progress in the White Pelican ballroom when Mrs. E. B. Hall was hostess at a “suffragette party” for women only up until 10 p.m. Then the men started to arrive, all garbed in some sort of feminine attire. Many of those in the picture are still making their homes in Klamath Falls (undated newspaper clipping with photo courtesy of the Klamath County Museum).
Memberships for 2013 are due!

Membership fees are due at the end of each year.

Check your mailing label. The date above your name indicates if you are paid through the year.

Individual $10.00  
Supporting $25.00  
Life member $100

Make checks payable to the Klamath County Historical Society.

Mail or drop off at
Klamath County Museum  
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Klamath Falls, OR 97601