Thank you all for your support of the museums in the November election. That vote showed how important our Klamath County museums are to the people of Klamath County.

In this issue: Some members are sharing a Christmas memory. We hope this reminds you of a favorite memory from your Christmas past.

Meeting Schedule 2019
Next regular meeting is March 28, 2019
Regular Membership meetings are at 7 p.m. On the fourth Thursday of March, April, May, September, and October at the Museum

Did you know?—The Echoes is now online to be viewed at your leisure. http://klamathcountyhistoricalsociety.org

KCHS Accomplishments 2018
Six informative programs were presented at our meetings:
March: The History of Klamath Basin Wildlife Preserves by Kenneth Doutt, Museum Outreach Director;
April: WWI Anniversary: “The Effects of World War I on Klamath County Residents” by Rich Touslee.
May: “The Devastating Flu Epidemic of 1918 & its Effects on Klamath County” by Todd Kepple.
September: “History of Merrill City Park, the first City Park District in Oregon on its 75th Anniversary”, by Ryan Bartholomew.
October: “Old Highways of Klamath County” by Todd Kepple.
November: “Topsy Grade History and the possible discovery of older freight wagon roads”, by Todd Kepple.

Museum Happenings
Check the Midge for museum details and a list of other cultural happening in the community. To get on the emailing list send an email with your email address to midge@co.klamath.or.us
March: Women’s History Month Celebrated at the Baldwin Hotel honoring women who were part of Klamath history—Gloria Sullivan

May: Linkville Cemetery Clean-Up Day was a success with KCHS providing water, snacks and cooking, while the City Parks Department & LDS Church provided equipment and manpower.

June: Old Highways and By-ways bus tour included lunch and a tour of the Wood River Museum by Bill Nicholson.

Collier Park Heritage Day KCHS booth set up & manned by Sally Bailo, Sandy Couch, Mickie Vandenburg and the Fortunes.

Tour of Bonanza Cemetery Carol Mattos & Gloria Sullivan with assistance from John Fortune.

July: Annual KCHS Summer Picnic held at Wiard Park.

October: Merrill Potato Festival KCHS Booth set up and manned by Bill Lewis, John & Sue Fortunes and Rich & Doy Touslees.

Night At The Cemetery Volunteers from KCHS helped as organizers, actors, spirit guides etc. Research by Carol & Gloria.
Santa has a way of making Christmas extra special even for adults. One Christmas season night while we were eating dinner there was a knock at the front door. Few people used the front door, so this was unusual, but the big surprise came when I opened the door – there was Santa looking ever so fetching in his bright red garb stretched over his bowl-full-of jelly belly. He entered, walked around the dining room table and presented each child with an orange and all the good wishes only Santa could bring. The boys were quite young at the time and true believers. As for their dad and mom, we had no idea who was playing “Santa.” Only much later were we told his true identity, but to this day I prefer to think it was indeed Santa bringing us some very unexpected Christmas joy.

Mary Nobel

The Wishbone by Avis Kielsmeier

I got married and moved from Yorkshire to Oregon in 1964 at the age of 19. I had attended a strict British academic school with a focus on lofty careers and did not learn how to cook. My kind mother-in-law gave me a Betty Crocker cookbook. I still have that useful book. The first time I baked a Christmas turkey I followed the instructions. After the meal I removed the wishbone and nobody wanted to pull it with me. In my childhood with four siblings there was always a fight over the wishbone. We never had an expensive turkey but our Christmas luxury was a roast chicken. I kept that first turkey wishbone as a symbol of abundance and gratitude. Recently while unpacking some old boxes I discovered that original wishbone and will always keep it as a reminder.
Remembering the First Snowflake Festival

It was 1984 and I was a member of the Klamath County Museum Advisory Board. Pat McMillan was Museum Manager. I volunteered to represent the museum on the Snowflake Committee. Representatives of various groups met at the City Hall.

One of the first things I remember is inviting the high school bands from the area, including Ashland, Medford, etc. They would be bused to KU for a band workshop. I believe that this was set up by Margie Howard. After the workshop, they all march in the parade. It was so nice to have so much music.

The parade was the highlight with Mr. & Mrs. Claus coming down Main St. One year we even had live reindeer in the parade and later they were on display, so people could get up close and personal. Of course there were, Christmas lights and painted windows on Main St. and hot chocolate at various businesses. In talking with Pat McMillen yesterday, she mentioned that we also had a special guest leading the parade, a Disney character. She remembered having pictures with Goofy. There were also pictures with Santa.

My first job was heading up the Gingerbread House Contest. The houses were displayed at Shasta Plaza before a heavy snow collapsed the roof. The plaza was all decorated for Christmas. The Job’s Daughters were wrapping gifts in the Golden Rule Store. The local realtors judged the houses.

For several years T shirts and sweatshirts were sold. Many were designed by Bridget Weitlesbach, when her family was here at Kingsley Field.

Today Klamath Falls has the largest winter festival in Oregon. All events are presented by non-profit groups. These events unite our community with entertainment, activities, and shopping opportunities for people to take part in the family friendly, fun filled time.

Sue Fortune
When my family moved to Klamath Falls in January of 1965 it was like going back 50 years in time. We came from Boise, Idaho. The following Christmas we were getting in the pioneer spirit we thought was required. All the shopping was uptown at that time. It was the time of good snows and nobody shoveled the sidewalks. At least not the evening when we took our little girls and went Christmas shopping. Every street was still two way and there was a huge bank of snow down the middle of each street. It was beautiful with all the Christmas lights.

We decided to go all out and get a big tree for Christmas. Weyehaeuser was allowing tree cutting at one of their camps out near Keno. I don’t remember the number. Off we went my wife and I, our two daughters, 4 and 5, and my trusty bowsaw. We found the right road and slipped and slid up the forest road to the parking place they had plowed. There were several other cars there already. We trudged through the snow until we found the perfect tree. It was big and full, just perfect. I cut it down and started to drag it to the car. Two little girls helped, but it was too much for me. After catching my breath, I talked my two daughters into maybe we could have a smaller tree. They agreed, they were tired too. So I cut that tree right in half. We made it to the car, tied it on top and headed for home. My daughters said they would help hold it on, but in just minutes they got too cold, rolled up the windows and sat down. We got home as it was getting dark and I drug the tree into the living room. It was too tall to stand up. I dragged it back outside and cut off another 4 feet. Then I dragged it back into the house and it was short enough to stand up but still too tall to put the angel on top. Outside again, cut off another foot or so. We finally got the tree up decorated and the angel on top. But that tree that looked so full and beautiful out in the woods with all the other trees around ..... Well if you have ever cut your own tree here on the east side of the mountain, you know what I mean. But this one was our tree and we thought it was beautiful. Fifty some years later it is still a wonderful Christmas memory.

Bill Lewis
DAD’S CHRISTMAS SWEATER

In 1904 when my father was born, he was already the fourth son of my paternal grandmother. She had married, had her first three sons, and then was either widowed or divorced. I have no history, and anyone who might have known is gone.

My father’s birth was followed by that of a daughter. Then my paternal grandfather disappeared. My father never shared a word of that circumstance, not even with my mother, over 37 years of marriage, a woman he adored, and quite frankly, worshipped!

Through their life they walked shoulder to shoulder. Mom was never a step behind, as I witnessed in other family couples. Dad knew she was smarter than he, and he respected knowledge well-used; above all he believed in education.

Mom had a high school diploma, Dad didn’t, but he read constantly and enriched himself, even if not “formally educated.”

Having had a father disappear early in his life, for whatever reason, my father took on the opposite stance. Over my life I watched my father give one-thousand percent as a parent. (Of course the reality of it wasn’t until I had my own children.)

I was born ten years after my parents’ marriage. They married in 1928, then October 29, 1929 a little world-wide disruption loomed, the Depression.

My mother was the breadwinner, a top-drawer secretary and office manager. But, remember during the Depression the actual earnings of workers were rock-bottom!

Dad didn’t work until maybe 1936, when he landed a Plant Protection (Security) job in Detroit for DeSoto, part of the Chrysler family of cars, and eventually landed in Personnel (now “Human Resources”).

Dad’s only childhood Christmas story I heard was of the orange and a handful of nuts in his sock. (No fancy mantle China-creation!)

Dad lived with an aunt and uncle, and their five or six children as Grandma “farmed out” her two young offspring to a brother, with a farm. She remained in Spokane, barely surviving as a scrub woman in a downtown office building.

Then one Christmas she sent Dad a red sweater. His solo detail of that gift was it was already completely stretched out. Obviously not from Sears Dream Book. She did her best. In turn, so did Dad, PLUS, PLUS, PLUS!

Barbara Turk
My family lived in a small lumbering town in northern California during the 1940’s and 1950’s. My sister, who was one year younger, and I attended a 3 room grammar school (actually 2 rooms, but they hung blankets on a wire in the larger room to partition a 3rd classroom). The school did not have running water and had outdoor privies, but that is another story.

My sister and I took piano lessons during WWII. About the end of the war when we were age ten and eleven, a piano recital was held in the school to celebrate Christmas. They took down the blankets to make room for the audience. My sister and I were to perform a duet on the piano playing Christmas music. When it was our turn to play, my sister would start to cough and we would get “out of sync.” We started a second time and she started coughing again. Finally on the third start we were able to get through the piece without a coughing jag and avoided further embarrassment. After our disastrous performance, I referred the piano duet as a “piano duel.”

A positive thing did eventually come from our Christmas piano duet. Our grandmother had a Christmas tradition of having her four sons and daughter with all their spouses and children for Christmas Eve dinner and gift exchange. (Totaling over 20 people by the 1950’s). On Christmas Eve the whole clan gathered for dinner prior to opening gifts. Two tortuous (for the children) events had to occur before gift opening. First, the women had to clear the table and totally clean up the kitchen. (This took FOREVER)! Next, each child over 5 years of age had to recite from memory a “Christmas Piece” that grandmother had given them. The threat was that if you didn’t memorize your piece, you wouldn’t be able to open gifts. No one ever tested this requirement! My sister would always procrastinate, waiting to memorize her piece on the drive to grandma’s house. However, the year she and I had performed the infamous Christmas piano duet, we were allowed to substitute playing it in lieu of memorizing and reciting a Christmas piece. Neither of us were much good at playing the piano, but she did not cough during the Christmas performance.
PAUL BUNYAN’S FAVORITE CHRISTMAS

Paul was a young (but not small) boy during the terribly cold winter of the blue snow in Maine. It was near Christmas time when Paul was out in the forest tramping through the blue snow with his father scouting for the family Christmas tree. Paul heard an unusual sound coming from the underbrush next to a clearing. Paul investigated the sound and discovered a baby ox shivering under a large bush. The ox was so cold that he had turned blue blending in with the blue snow. Paul and his father took the little ox home to their stable and nourished him back to health. The ox always kept his blue color and from then on was known as “Babe the Blue Ox.” Babe grew to gigantic proportions matching Paul’s stature. Early legends stated Babe’s size as measuring a distance of seven ax handles between his eyes. Paul and Babe became inseparable and worked as a team for the rest of their mythical lives.

REMEMBER.....No tale is too tall for Paul.

Submitted by Ron Loveness

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

From Paul & Babe
2019 KCHS Officers
President: Gloria Sullivan
Vice President: Beatrice Naylor
Secretary: Sally Bailo
Treasurer: Richard Touslee
Members at Large
Doy Touslee
Carol Mattos
Cindy DeRosier
Bill Lewis

It is time to renew your Membership
Membership fees are due at the end of each year.
Individual $15.00
Supporting $30.00
Life Member $125.00
Make checks payable to the Klamath County Historical Society
Mail to or drop off at the Klamath County Museum
1451 Main Street
Klamath Falls, OR 97601

Are you updated on your KCHS dues? Please check and if not please catch up. The Historical Society needs

Happy Holidays
From the Trumpeter Staff and New Officers