

The Evening Herald Klamath County Should Honor Memory of Fremont; Turn in Life Occurred Here

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KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1935

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER

By C. C. GOODWIN

FOR unknown centuries before the coming of Christ, the nations of the ancient world celebrated the season when winter season seemed to have lost its hold upon the earth, and the promise of another spring and another harvest was apparent on the earth and in the softened air.

When the Master arose from the sepulchre it was natural for Christians to put a new significance upon the day, for to the hope of the spring and the harvest was added the hope of life beyond this life—the breaking of the chains of the grave, the touching and warming to life the pale on the cheek of the dead, the starting to life of the pulses that had ceased to beat. Before, there had been vague dreams of a possible immortal life to men, but they were founded on little evidence except the natural result from the thought that a beneficent Creator had given life to men and drawn around it wonderful joys and often had crowned it with ineffable glories, only after a brief season, it should crumble back to dust.

But when in immortal radiance the angel had said to the heart wrung woman: "Him whom you seek is not here; He is risen," then earth and heaven alike were thrilled; then mortals thought they saw it was possible for "this mortal to put on immortality," and realized that the death of winter and resurrection of spring had, through the centuries, been typical of man's life and death, and his awaiting from the dead with all life's intimacies left in the deserted grave.

So with a new solemn joy they turned to celebrate the day the coming of which was now more than ever the symbol of a life to be after the death and darkness had been passed. So they went about the streets exclaiming: "The Lord is risen." So there were loving greetings among friends; so enemies were forgotten for that day; so they dressed their hearts with spring blooms, and with joyous hearts spread their fears and pledged their happiness and hopes in brimming cups.

For centuries the day has been increasing in significance; with every year the mystery of an after life seems less and less profound, for science and invention and increasing wisdom but accentuate the hope that took on real substance nearly two thousand years ago.

The miracles of the steam and electric engines; the marvel of printing and the perfecting press; the sailing of a great river, wending from its power and transmitting that power for hundreds of miles; the putting of a globe about the earth in forty minutes; the transmitting of a human voice for hundreds of miles; along a wire, so that above the roar of raging winds and beating storms it can be heard with absolute distinctness, like the "still small voice" which followed the earthquake and the hurricane that swept and rocked the mountain; the latest miracle through which a disabled ship far out to sea can on the viewless air alone send the story of its disaster; the wonder of the aesthetic that can suspend brain and nerves, and make a prostrate form insensible to pain—all these things make the possibility of an awakening from that phenomenon which we call death seem less and less improbable.

More, too, they have given such new ideas of the capacities of the human mind that men feel as they never did before that they are in the very anteroom of that place where light is brewed; that light which our electric light is but a particle stolen from its high source, and which reflects the greater glory even as the sun is reflected where one of his beams turns to gold a drop of dew.

That "man is but a little lower than angels" is becoming a fixed belief, and that our life here is but a link in a chain of endless progression which gathers in splendor as it advances; that its furthest terminal is amid the stars, is crystallizing more and more.

Then for the memories it awakens, for the hope it engenders and emphasizes, Easter should be the most welcome of sacred days; a day to be hailed with joy, on which all that is beautiful in song should be spoken, all that is delicious in music should be rendered; organ and choir should respond to it and the hearts of men should be glad.

By W. A. DELANEY
Few names in the United States at the time of Klamath Falls have been honored in recent years with the value of as many of our nation's prominent men. Within the last decade many men of national reputation and some of world wide fame have been here—inspiring our great reclamation project or our Indian reservation, clearing that world wonder, Crater Lake, or spending a summer's vacation at the famous fishing resorts around our Upper Lake. Heads of departments, high army officials, bureau committees, congressmen, senators, governors, cabinet officers and some "near" presidents, as well as timber barons, railroad magnates and kings of Wall street, have viewed the beauty of the Klamath country and all have vied in their praise of its matchless beauty and marveled at its wonderful possibilities.

All these visitors, however, have seen this country in its present state of development and progress and have formed their favorable opinions in the light of their knowledge of our present development. How interesting therefore it is to read the comments of another great American, a national character, who visited this same region seventy years ago this spring and chronicled for us in his official reports to his government his observations on the wonderful "Tham-shit" country—a man whose birth, training and education superior fitted him for such a purpose, and who, although ten years later was defeated by a narrow margin for president of the United States, still lives in the hearts of his countrymen and occupies a most important page in American history.

Thirty years ago the name of John Charles Fremont was a household word throughout the land, the great progressive of his day, the idol of his party. A man in the prime of youth; a fine specimen of perfect physical manhood, trained by his years of strenuous travel in exploring the trackless wastes of the Far West; the hero of many an Indian fight; the principal figure in the conquest of California—no wonder he was called as "Fremont the Pathfinder."

Few of our present day schoolboys who pore over their geography know how many of its maps were first drawn by Fremont. He was a highly educated mathematician, astronomer, navigator, naturalist and geologist, and was the one to first definitely map out the great unknown West of his day.

Look at your map of the western half of the United States. From Fremont's Peak in Wyoming, upon whose snowy crest he first unfurled Old Glory August 15, 1842, to the Golden Gate of San Francisco, which he also named; and from the mighty Columbia on the north to the Mexican border on the south, there is scarcely a stream that he did not explore to its head nor a lake that he did not fix by latitude and longitude in its place on the map.

He was who first mapped the headwaters of the Arkansas, the parks of Colorado, fixed the location of Great Salt Lake. It was from reading his reports made to the government about Salt Lake that the Mormons first heard of it and decided to remove there.

It was Fremont who first explored the Deschutes river to its head, came on south to the Big Klamath Marsh; crossing it turned east; who in December days saw from the snowy ridge on which he stood the beautiful lake at its foot, and in harmony with its surroundings named them respectively Winter Lake and Summer Lake. Likewise he found and named Christmas Lake; who a few days later, turning south traversed the entire desert region of the Sierras and reached Sutter's ranch (Sacramento, Calif.). Later he explored the Sacramento River to the head of Pitt River.

Having with him talented men, he was able to carry back many fine sketches and paintings of the marvelous scenery which today makes famous throughout the world the wonders of the "Shasta Route." Truly, of all American explorers and of the West should pay homage to the memory of John Charles Fremont.

Especially should we of the Klamath county honor his name for his descriptions of our country as he saw it in 1842 and again in '46 are so true to life, so accurate in detail, so vivid of mountain and stream, that today, seventy years after his famous trip around our Upper Klamath Lake, we can definitely locate many of his actual camping places and scenes of battles with hostile Indians.

The story of these expeditions into the Klamath country as told by Fremont himself in his "Memoirs" published forty years later (1884), reads like a romance and his observations on the future of this wonderful country, seen then by him in all its native wildness, is a marvelous prophecy in whose fulfillment we of today are engaged.

In one of his earlier expeditions ordered to show, Fremont had come down from the north as far as the Big Klamath Marsh, from where he turned eastward. At the time he thought he had found the "Tham-shit" which Indians had described to him and which he thought might be the head of the great river which empties at San Francisco into the ocean. Later exploration convinced him of his error, and like all who have had a glimpse of the Klamath country from that day to this, there was in his heart a yearning to come back and see it again.

After completing his second expedition, which took him back across the continent to Washington, he made his third expedition to the West, this time coming directly to Sutter's Fort (Sacramento), bringing with him in addition to the regulars furnished him by the army, several of his companions of former trips, among them Kit Carson, Godey, Basil Leggett, Denney, Archambault, and as a personal bodyguard ten Delaware Indians, scouts from the newly formed Indian territory now known as Oklahoma. These with several half-breeds and French voyageurs made up what was ostensibly a scientific expedition to map and explore the great West.

However, the student of politics will readily surmise that such a force on the ground at the right time would be of immense advantage to our country should war break out with Mexico, as was threatened at the time, and it is an open secret today that this was the purpose of our diplomats at Washington in having Fremont on the ground at this time.

California was then a Mexican province, and owing to the friction between Mexico and our government over the admission of Texas, the Mexican authorities were very jealous of any American occupation of their territory by such a force, whether for "scientific purposes" or otherwise. The authorities at Sutter's Fort, therefore, ordered Fremont out of their territory. Although at first inclined to resist, Fremont wisely reconsidered the matter and decided not to be the one to open hostilities, but to await further developments and advice from Washington.

He at once recalled that partial exploration of the Klamath country and decided that here was his opportunity to finish it and thus connect up his work with his old route across the Marsh. Accordingly, he came up the Sacramento River to Red Bluff, thence up the Pitt River, and in April reached Peter Lassen's ranch (near Mt. Lassen). After a few days' rest, during which he took his usual astronomical observations to fix his map, he continued on north, and on May 1, 1846, he had reached the southeastern corner of what we call Tule Lake. He named it "Rott Lake" and it so appears on many maps yet.

One of his hunters, Archambault, had become lost in the rough country south of the Lava Beds and Fremont was delayed here three days awaiting his return. The time was not lost, however, without some gains to us, for his artist took time to draw a very good picture of the surrounding country here.

Upon the safe return of the hunter the march was resumed and "after a hard day's ride," they reached the river flowing into the lake, presumably near where the town of Merrill now stands. This river he named "McCrady," but, true to its character, the river lost the name, and today we know it as Lost River.

The next day, May 5, he encamped southeast of the present site of Klamath Falls, probably at the springs on the Ararat place, as pioneers tell us an old Indian trail led there. The next morning, May 6, he crossed the head of Link River where the old Indian village stood. His artist here secured another fine picture of the lake looking north.

Skirting the shore of the lake that night, he reached Rock Creek May 6. The next night he camped on Cherry Creek and the following night, May 8, he had reached Wood River, probably near the present bridge at the Weed ranch. He was nearing his old line of march on the Big Marsh, and by his observations taken that night, he calculated that he was within twenty miles—a pretty close estimate as we now know.

But Fate had something greater for him to do and he was never to close that gap of twenty miles, for that night two brave men, Fremont and his son, were killed.

That night two brave men, Fremont and his son, were killed. Fremont reached him after following his trail all the way from Sutter's Fort. They were two of a party of five under command of Lieutenant Gillespie, who had come from Washington bearing important secret dispatches ordering Fremont to at once take California for the United States.

Lieutenant Gillespie had come from Washington through the Sierras and had ridden from Monterey to Sutter's Fort only to learn that Fremont had gone north to the Klamath country. Securing the services of four ranch hands there, one of whom, named Neal, had been with Fremont on earlier expeditions, Gillespie pushed hard on Fremont's trail. On reaching the valley near Merrill and seeing that he was nearing Fremont's party, he detached two of his men and they moved on the best horses, even on ahead at best speed to halt Fremont until Gillespie could arrive with the slower pack horses and the messengers. These two men overtook Fremont at Wood River after two days of hard travel.

Fremont at once picked out ten of his best men, including of course Kit Carson, Godey and some Delawareans, and early next morning took the back trail to meet Gillespie, directing his little army in the meantime to move back as far as Cherry Creek and there await his return. Riding hard all day on the back trail down the lake, near sundown he reached Rock Creek again in time to see Gillespie with his companions riding in from the north.

One can imagine something of the keen excitement and pleasure of such a meeting—messengers from Washington—letters from wife and friends at home. How the tongues must have rattled; how eager must have been every ear—even the stolid Delawareans—to hear news from away back home. The hours flew and at a late hour the camp laid down to sleep.

The excitement of it all had for the first time in all his travels caused Fremont to fail to put out the usual guards, and the camp was awakened by the blood-curdling yell of attacking Indians. Three of Fremont's best men were killed and a fourth badly wounded before the savages were driven off, leaving their chief dead, a victim of a Delaware bullet, before he, too, fell, pierced by many arrows. This was a most serious blow to Fremont—four out of his party of sixteen lost—and his wrath was aroused against the whole tribe.

When daylight came, he placed the dead bodies of his men on the pack horses and pushed north to rejoin his command at Cherry Creek. After two hours' travel he found his progress so impeded by caring for the dead that he turned aside and buried the bodies on the hillside. This spot must be somewhere near Odessa. After eluding the Indians at Rocky Point he safely rejoined his party at Cherry Creek that afternoon.

On breaking camp next morning, he allowed his Delawareans to lay an ambush for the savages who had been following his trail. As a result, two of the hostiles were killed. He camped but a few miles further north that night on what we know as Camp or Nanny Creek, building a strong log corral for his stock. The next day, May 12, he pushed on around the lake, and crossing Wood River Valley, encamped in the woods near the Agency, where he constructed another corral for safety.

On the morning of the 13th he reached Williamson River near the old Indian village at the rapids above the bridge. The Indians promptly attacking his advance guard, Fremont gave battle, killing fourteen Indians, and burned their village. Some of the old Indians on the reservation still remember this attack and tell of it now.

Fremont camped a mile south of the river after the battle, and awaited developments there all day, but no attack came. The next night he camped possibly on the bluff north of Bartlett Springs, where the timber is heavy; certain it is that on the following night he encamped near Algoma, at the draw that opens from the south there. From here on his route was out of sight of the lake—which, of course, was up the draw along our Fort Klamath road—and on south to the springs at the Ararat place where he had previously camped.

Retracing his trail, he went back south via Merrill and around Tule Lake and down Pitt River again. He reached Lassen May 24 and was soon back to Sutter's and at once engaged in the campaign to conquer California.

Since Klamath county marks the turning point in this last expedition and his route around the Upper Lake was attended with so much fighting and difficulty it would seem especially fitting that we who occupy this region seventy years later should take some steps to permanently mark his route. Once marked, future generations will hand down the story and Fremont's path through the Klamath country will become a historical landmark.

Especially should the site of the

city at Rock Creek (or Denney Creek, as he named it after one of the men killed there) be marked, as it is Fremont's own words it was here that the conquest of California was actually begun—a turning point in Fremont's own life—beginning a series of events that later made him a presidential candidate.

Why not this coming month, on the seventieth anniversary of this event, have a large number of our citizens join in a trip around the lake over this route, at each point erect a suitable mark, and with appropriate ceremonies, honor the memory of this great character in American history?

The "Tapestry" featuring of the Bluebird production is to be shown Sunday and Monday at the Ophelia. There is no subject of such importance just now as the Mexican question. The strained situation along the border, the almost insuperable difficulties of serious consequences, keeps Mexico continually in print. To have a feature film treat with faithfulness to detail, its locations on the very soil of Mexico, and to bring to residents of the United States truthful glimpses of life in Mexico may be considered timeliness extreme. Filled with sensation, rich in picturesque scenery and faithful duplication of tried costumes and customs. "The Tapestry" will provide thrilling entertainment and furnish an exact idea of life in Mexico. You will be electrified by the sensational scenes and incidents, developed as part of an inspiring story of love and devotion, with Robert Rosworth, favorite actor, with millions of "picture fans" the hero of the occasion.

Women workers in Paris are demanding that they receive the same pay that has been accorded the men in the same positions which they have taken.

Women are engaged in more than 214 industrial occupations in Pennsylvania.

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Notice of Sheriff's Sale
By virtue of an execution duly issued by the clerk of the circuit court of the County of Klamath, State of Oregon, dated on the 1st day of April, 1935, in a certain action in the circuit court for said county and cause wherein Nellie Brown is plaintiff, answered judgment against William Goss, in which judgment there is made against the sum of four hundred fifty-six and 40/100 dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from the 30th day of September, 1934.

Notice is hereby given that I will on the 24th day of May, 1935, at the front door of the court house in Klamath Falls, in said county, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, sell at public auction in the highest bidder for cash, the following described property, to-wit:

Lots one, two and three of Block five of Bonanza, Klamath county, Oregon, and lot eight in Block thirteen in Farm Addition to Bonanza, Klamath county, Oregon. Taken and levied upon as the property of said William Goss, as his title and ownership was on August 11, 1934, or as much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said judgment in favor of Nellie Brown against said William Goss, with interest thereon, together with all costs and disbursements that have or may accrue. Dated at Klamath Falls, Oregon, April 22nd, 1935.

C. C. LOW, Sheriff.
L. L. LOW, Deputy. 204-21-34

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Moving Pictures

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ROLLER SKATING
at PAVILION
Every evening and Sunday afternoon



Don't Wait Until Vacation

Get that piano now and start your daughter's musical education while she is yet in school. This will result in a big saving of time that would otherwise be wasted during the early vacation days. The prices at which we are offering our line of sample pianos resulted in a number of sales this week, and a reduction in the number of pianos in stock in Klamath.

Why put off getting a piano when it is such an important means of education and enjoyment? It always gives us great pleasure to show our pianos to anyone.

Shepherd Piano Depot
Next Door to Postoffice

HUSBAND!

If you had the family washing to do every week in the year, what would you do?

Answer: Go to the Link River Electric Co. and order an Electric Washing Machine at once.

Because—you can get one on terms. Now, Hubby—certainly—ain't that right? Let us talk it over.

Link River Electric Co.
Corner Seventh and Main Streets

UPPER LAKE TRAFFIC

We are agents for Collins & Hamilton's mail, passenger and freight boats on the Upper Klamath Lake. Boats leave this office every morning except Sunday, at 7:00.

Western Transfer Co.
MAIN STREET, NEAR FIFTH

PORTLAND BOSS FESTIVAL 1935 GREEN CORNERS
GOOD FOR ONE DOTE
Valid after Saturday, April 22
Name _____
Organization _____
This coupon will count one vote when properly filled out and sent to Portland Boss Festival Green Corners, No. 127 North Western National Bank Building. Coupons must be neatly trimmed and put in a package with number of votes written on top.

I'm too busy to run for office, and even if I did, the other fellow would likely beat me. If you'll come in and buy a house, a lot, or a ranch, and let me take care of your investment, I shall try to worry along. Challenge. 11

Herald's Classified Advs.

Advertisements in the Classified columns are printed at the rate of Five cents a line, insertable in advance. Hereafter an advertisement will be accepted unless accompanied by the cash.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Good Jersey milk cow. See Clifton, 411 Main street. 21-42

FOR SALE—Pure bred, Ruffus Red Belgian hares. Write Theodore D. Young, Midland, Ore. 24-42-43

FOR SALE—Brakeless "15" touring car, in excellent condition. Clifton, 411 Main street. 24-42

FOR SALE—Five passenger Overland 1913 model; two 4-foot floor show cases. Apply Sugar Bowl. 22-42

FOR SALE—Five room modern house on corner, one block from Main; will sell at a great sacrifice to raise a little cash; time on part if desired. Address Owner, box 1194, city. 15-42

TOO MANY CAMERAS—Have postcard size Kodak, 4x5 camera and postcard size Ansco; look 'em over and make a price. Kinross, at Herald office.

FOR SALE—10-inch band saw mill, blacksmith tools and logging equipment. Can furnish plenty of timber if desired. Enquire Herald office. 17-42

FOR SALE—Second hand Rotary White sewing machine. Good condition. \$24 cash. Phone 2292. 17-42

FOR SALE—Several good sows with litters of pigs; also some stock hogs. Frank Ira White. 18-42

FOR SALE—Team of ponies, harness and wagon; furniture; one good cow and calf. Inquire at Sunset Grocery. 19-42

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred young cockles of the famous Bradley strain of Barred Plymouth Rock, selected eggs for hatching. 15 eggs, \$1.15; 25 eggs in one basket, \$2.25. Can ship eggs most any distance and they will hatch well. R. P. Clark, Weed, California. 24-42

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

FOR SALE or trade—Two horses, weighing 900 pounds each, and double harness. Will trade for wood. Nurm's bakery. 14-42

SITUATION WANTED

WANTED—Position as cook by woman in lumber camp or ranch. Apply Herald office. 17-42

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED TO RENT—Furnished house, modern, close in; no children. Address C. M., care Herald. 20-42

STRAYED—From Hoskin's pasture, April 14, Holstein cow, branded L. O. W. on side. Phone Farmers' Warehouse. 19-42

AUTO FOR HIRE—Phone 291-W. 20-42

PRACTICAL NURSE is at liberty at present, open for engagements; references. Phone 279W. 22-42

MONEY TO LOAN—About May 1, a representative of a large loan company will be in Klamath Falls seeking to place long time loans on well improved, productive ranches. Parties desiring loans are invited to call on me Thursdays, Fridays or Saturdays 19-42 W. S. SLOUGH.