

Joe Conger's Feud With Kids Squared By Gift to School

By IDA MOMYER ODELL

MRS. ELEANOR BOYD HANCOCK tells a story about one Tom Lang, stage driver of early days, who boarded at Uncle George Nurse's hotel without the formality of paying for his board until Mr. Nurse invited him to discontinue his presence at meal times. Looking into the dining room one noon, Mr. Nurse noticed Tom in his usual place with his feet under the table. When taken to task for his continued patronage, Tom innocently asked Mr. Nurse how much he paid for potatoes and Mr. Nurse replied: "Why, Tom, Joe Conger brings the potatoes as rent on that strip of my land he is farming along the river." "Well," said Tom, "if you will let me eat here I'll eat nothing but Joe Conger's potatoes."

headed by M. P. Evans came to the regular meeting of the board of directors of the district with an urgent request that the property occupied by the Central School building be sold and the school removed as it was an impediment to the progress of business which had virtually stopped at the Hopka building on Eighth and Main streets.

Not only was it felt that the school was a detriment to the development of business but the location was thought to be a menace to the safety of the children who piled pellmell out of the school and tore down across Main street in spite of the high wire fence which the directors had placed parallel with Main. It was felt that these visitors to the school board expressed a popular desire among the business men of the town so the board in compliance with this feeling proceeded to advertise for sealed bids on the property. In this advertisement was one sentence which affected the future development of that part of town very materially—"Said School District No. 1 reserves from said school property a strip of land crossing said site, 60 feet in width, to be used as a right of way for Ninth street."

At that time Ninth street came to a dead end on Main as Eighth does today on Klamath avenue. In the advertisement the school board promised to give possession on June 1st, 1929, or at a time prior should the district be able to vacate the premises sooner. On May 21st, a bid of \$131,075.00 together with the cost of all advertising, surveying, attorney's fees and court costs incurred in transferring the property, was received from R. H. Hovey and C. A. Dunn for the Central School property and was accepted by the board which consisted at that time of C. H. Underwood, chairman, Directors Leslie Rogers, Dr. George A. Massey, Charles W. Thomas and Mrs. Edna Chambers. In the course of time the \$131,075 was paid to the district and the property transferred.

At this time the school population was increasing so rapidly that the board was hard put to keep their building program ahead of the needs for school rooms. New additions were needed to the Fairview, the new Roosevelt and the eternally spreading Mills school. A bond issue was floated to partly care for these new additions and this, together with the money derived from the sale of the Central school built a great number of new rooms for the district.

The old Joseph Conger land originally extended across the hills and along what is now California avenue. In 1929 the need for a school for younger children was most urgent in that part of the city, as the primary grades were trudging to Riverside, Fremont and Pelican. Plans were drawn and contracts let for a new brick building at a cost of \$52,686, and the funds for this were entirely taken from the Central School sale. Architect fees of approximately \$3200.00 brought the sum expended for this school to \$54,886.00—taken from the Central School sale. The rest of the Central School money was expended to complete the additions at Roosevelt and Fairview and for the new addition at Mills at the following costs:

Additions at Roosevelt and Fairview	\$33,500.00
Addition at Mills	\$2,245.55
School on California avenue	\$4,886.00
Total	\$131,631.55
Funds available	\$131,075.00
The small deficit was met from a remainder in a bond fund which had been raised to build the Mills school.	

Conger School

As no memorial or public recognition had ever been given Joseph Conger for his generous gift to the school children, it was thought fitting that this new school built on his old farm be named for him, so it was officially named the Joseph Conger School. Every Memorial day the grade children from this school signify their gratitude and respect by placing a spray of flowers on the grave of the man who so generously forgave the small depredations and many petty annoyances he had suffered at the hands of the school children of his generation and willed his fortune to them "that the youth of his country might benefit therefrom."

The passing of an era cannot be comprehended by those who are living through this change, nor does it occur quickly, but rather one thing happens and

Martha Shops and Shops for Opinions

By MARTHA SHOPS & SHOPS

I HAD a different kind of running around to do the Fourth of July weekend. . . . Instead of what is in the stores, I had to find out what is in people's minds. . . . At least as far as the war situation is concerned.

My hands were full of questionnaires. . . . And I was a part of a "Public Opinion Survey" . . . You've seen the results of Gallup polls and others in newspapers and magazines. . . . Well, these questionnaires had to be filled out with the answers of people living in Merrill and on farms near Klamath Falls. . . . And sent airmail to New York City that very night.

Most of the men and women I talked to feel that the United States should go to war if any part of the western hemisphere is invaded. . . . They believe that we can avoid war if we are careful. . . . And have a fear-some defensive armed force.

But, aside from the direct answers to the questions asked in the poll, were the explanatory remarks people made. . . . In Merrill there were two women with the most diametrically opposite views, and both of them were so intense in their feelings that I listened to them for half an hour each.

One woman had lived in Europe until after the first World War. . . . She thought we should have jumped into the fight long ago, and the longer we wait, she said, the longer it will take to make better conditions in Europe. . . . I'll call her Mrs. Fight, because that isn't her name, of course.

Well, Mrs. Fight said Americans have no idea of the conditions in Europe. . . . "Good times there," she told me with tears in her eyes, "aren't as good as bad times in America."

"It's the wars that do it," she said. "And it's the Germans who all through the ages have started the wars. War lords get hold of them and tell them the way to get health, wealth and happiness is by conquering other countries. . . . The poor German people are fooled by the promises and arguments. . . . They don't know the American way of getting ahead, so when the big men they trust tell them they have to fight, why they fight."

"It's too bad we have to fight people who are misled," said Mrs. Fight. "But the only way we can stop them is to defeat them at their own game, kick out the war lords in Germany, and show the people the real way to live—the American way."

Mrs. Fight told me she had lost every male relative in World War 1. . . . But she would send her only son to battle that very day. . . . "My son that I love better than anything in the world except the poor, crushed people of Europe."

The other woman, whom I

shall call Mrs. Peace, thinks that war should be avoided at all cost.

"There is absolutely nothing to make us go to war except actual landing of enemy forces on United States soil," she told me. "We ought to get such a big army and navy that nobody would dare come near us," said Mrs. Peace. "We don't need their old trade. . . . We've got just about everything we need here, and what we don't have our scientists can invent substitutes for that will be lots better than what European countries have."

One of the questions I had to ask was, "Do you believe the United States should offer to mediate between England and Germany?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Peace. "We should do everything we can to stop their war."

Incidentally, another woman in Merrill. . . . One who thinks we should stay out of war at all cost. . . . Answered the same question in an entirely different way.

"Offer to mediate?" she exclaimed. "You mean try to make them stop fighting? I should say not! Let them fight their own war. Did you ever try to stop a fight between two drunken men? Well, I did once and I got a broken leg out of it."

Strangely enough, the younger men in Merrill. . . . The ones who would have to do the actual fighting. . . . Believe we should go to war on less provocation than many older men would demand.

"If they start sinking our merchant ships right and left" would be sufficient cause for a declaration of war, one young man of 21 declared.

"If they sink two or three

more of our ships" is the way another young fellow put it.

One of the questions I was required to ask was, "If any part of our armed forces were to engage in a fight with German forces, do you think we could avoid complete participation in the war?"

Most people think that the first shot would get us in the war, whether we wanted to or not. . . . One elderly farmer thought differently, however.

"Heck," he said, "I had a fight with my wife this morning because I got up at 4 o'clock and made too much noise around the house. But we're not going to get a divorce because of it."

In view of the American troops occupying Iceland as a "preventative measure," the answers to one of the other questions are mighty interesting. . . . This one was, "Do you believe that any part of our armed forces should occupy any part of Africa, the Azores or the Cape Verde islands?"

Almost everyone interviewed answered "No" to that. . . . Because they felt the Germans would consider that an act of war and try to remove our forces. . . . Or because those places "don't belong to us" and we should stay on our own soil.

After I left Merrill I decided to finish up my quota of farmers by stopping along the highway. . . . But when I came to a dirt road that turned off to the right, and saw a sign reading "Stukel Mt.," I couldn't resist the temptation to turn there and try to find the Sam Enman home.

Two years ago last month I was driving down the highway from Klamath Falls, and was attracted by flames off to the

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Flight Over Plain Country Has Thrill For Roving Scribe

EDITOR'S NOTE: Sports Editor Bob Leonard flew to his old home in Chicago this week. He has been relating his experiences in his sports page column, "From Midfield." Because his description of the trip from Denver to Omaha has interest far beyond the field of sports, we're lifting it from the sports section today.

DENVER AIRPORT—Monday, 7 a. m. (Mountain Time) — And I've been up since 5:30 which, as you know full well Boss, is somewhat of world's record for this scribe.

It's still the cool of a mile-high morning. The city, save for early morning golfers, milk trucks, and vagrant taxis, hadn't shadowed the long rays of a rising sun as a New York-bound passenger and I cabbed from the Cosmopolitan a half-hour ago.

We're breakfasting aboard immediately after takeoff. I've made the pleasant discovery this layover affords a third meal aloft. We'll lunch east of Omaha.

Two planes, Continental from the mid-South and a Western Airline sleeper, have just settled into a gentle south wind. Western's Douglas is wheeling into place, prop and wings splintering the warming sunbeams as it halts on the ramp.

The field P. A. system is crackling over my shoulder, calling eastbound United passengers to the gate. See you in 10 minutes.

Inside. In a rear starboard seat. I'll have an unexcelled view of the great plains without wing interference. I'm writing this on what is

perhaps the smallest typewriter I've encountered. It's a super lightweight portable — another United service if you'll pardon the plug.

We're moving slowly toward the field's north end. No good-byes waved from the gates this time. It's too early.

We've paused, brakes on, while motors are revved to flying speed.

We're in motion. A surging pickup, faster than the newest car, is racing us past the hangars. Tail up—and we're in the air.

Flight conditions today approach those of a lake-borne canoe at twilight. No thermals and not enough cross wind to wobble a kite.

10 a. m. Central time—I've breakfasted on cold cereal, assorted fruits, steaming scrambled eggs and sausage, smoldering coffee and a butter-warm cinnamon roll—all neatly processed by streamlined Stewardess Lucille Bowman, a honey-blond of two-months air service. Nice babe, boss.

The mid-morning sun, meeting us halfway as we soar eastward, is bounding directly off the silver, rivet-studded starboard wing. Ailerons haven't wiggled since we straightened out over Denver.

Seven thousand feet below multicolored rectangular fields stretch like a colossal parquet floor in all directions. The horizon on every side loses itself in a blue haze.

Spring-green, bottle-green, dun-brown and loam-black, the fields are bounded with evident planned regularity by ribboned roads. Three or four farms dot each road-enclosed square.

We're bobbing. Terrain is still table-flat so it must be a cross wind.

Lucille—she still calls me Mr. Leonard—has dropped a flight log on the table before me. We're over Grand Island, Neb., at 10:03, 9000 feet above sea level, 7000 over terrain, and descending. Air speed is 192, ground speed 197. Temperature at flight level is 60 degrees, 82 at the Omaha port.

We'll arrive in Omaha, 128 miles away, in 37 minutes.

The Platte river bed, dry as Lake Abert in late August, is writhing eastward off to the right. It cuts off to the left and is gone.

Later—almost to Omaha. The Platte, now a muddy, slovenly stream, has broken sharply to the right to meet the Missouri some 15 miles southward.

We're over Omaha, crossing the Missouri—throttling down—coming in this time to a north breeze. Safety belt on.

The runway, wheels down—we're on. Tail down. We're taxiing and it's already noticeably hot.

And hotter as I alight. The notorious midwestern July sun is drenching this Nebraska town, kiln-drying apartment dwellers and mocking summer clothing manufacturers.

Off again—or so I thought. We've circled around on the wheels and halted for a tardy passenger. Wow, but it's warm.

Thank heavens, we're up at last. I'd give my right eye for three gallons of Diamond lake.

Next stop, Des Moines, Ia. A virtual hop, skip and a jump and we're there. Landscape unchanged. Flaps used in landing this time.

It's no cooler.

Six off and six on here. All 21 seats taken since Omaha. Bulk of the passengers are midwestern business men on short flights between Omaha, Des Moines and Chicago.

Eastward over Iowa and my first touch of what might be termed weather. Actually only massed clouds which look like gigantic bolls of unwashed cotton. They're drifting by some 500 feet below.

We're over Iowa City and dodging into the most magnificent air view of the entire flight. Towering thunderheads reach 1000 feet over head on each side, scraping the wingtips as we float past. They look like monster cascading snowslides suddenly frozen in headlong tumble. Ground below is obscured, hiding the mighty Mississippi.

Over Illinois now and still weaving through cloud mountains. Now we're below them, gliding in toward Chicago. Sky is overcast and a threatening gray.

We're circling and it's raining. Raining with a ripping two-mile-a-minute sound. Wingtips are scrambling over the runway. One bounce and we're on.

I'm home. —Bob Leonard.

Fort Stevens Snapshots



Here are a few random snapshots from Fort Stevens where Klamath's own batteries of the 249th coast artillery are in service for Uncle Sam. 1—Range section and gun section. 2—The beach is nearby and here are three special attractions. 3—One of the big coast defense guns, showing on the upper platform Sergeant Edgar L. Richards, Sergeant Lloyd B. Angus and Private Nidever, and below, Private Pritchard and First Sergeant George Kinney. 4—First Sergeant Jack P. Murphy and Corporal Milton M. Rhoads. 5—Even the brass hat must rest. Here is Captain George D. Powell. 6—Privates Kilns and Shepherd sitting on shells for the big gun.