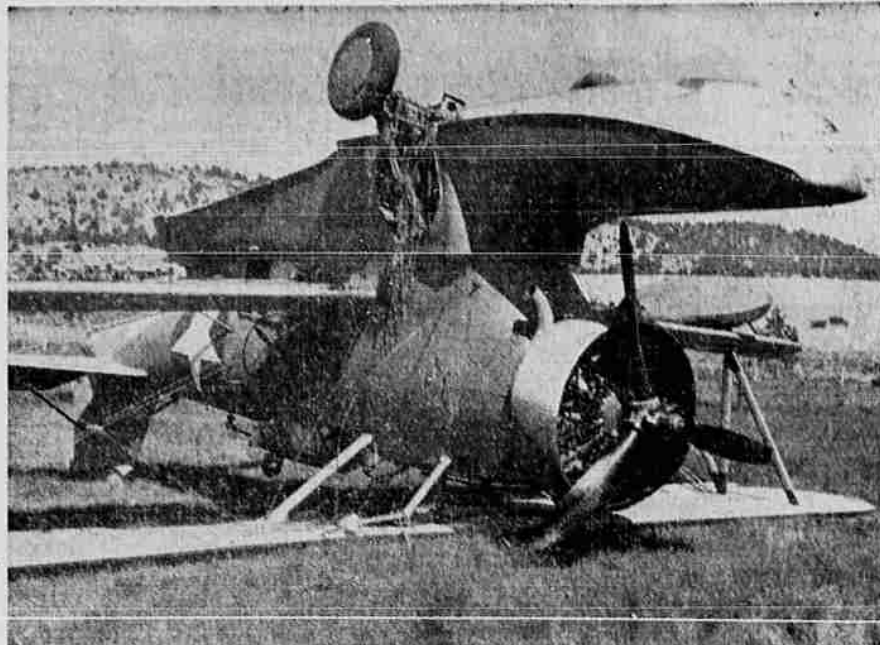


Picture News of the Week



—Kennell-Ellis
NEW BOARD MEMBER—Mrs. B. C. Johnston, Weyerhaeuser, is the new member of the Klamath Union high school board, chosen to succeed Lewis Botens, resigned.



NAVY PLANE ACCIDENT—In a pasture west of Klamath Falls this navy amphibian came down for a forced landing, and upset after striking a power wire and a ditch. Note the grass and dirt hanging from one of the wheels beside the big pontoon. Ensign Coulson, pilot, and his seaman passenger, were unhurt. The navy later came and carted the plane away for repairs. Picture approved for Herald and News use by the navy.



YUM-YUM—Three kids eating melons at the recent recreation program picnic at Moore park are shown here. They are Jim Connor, Adele Bridge and Leslie Crump.



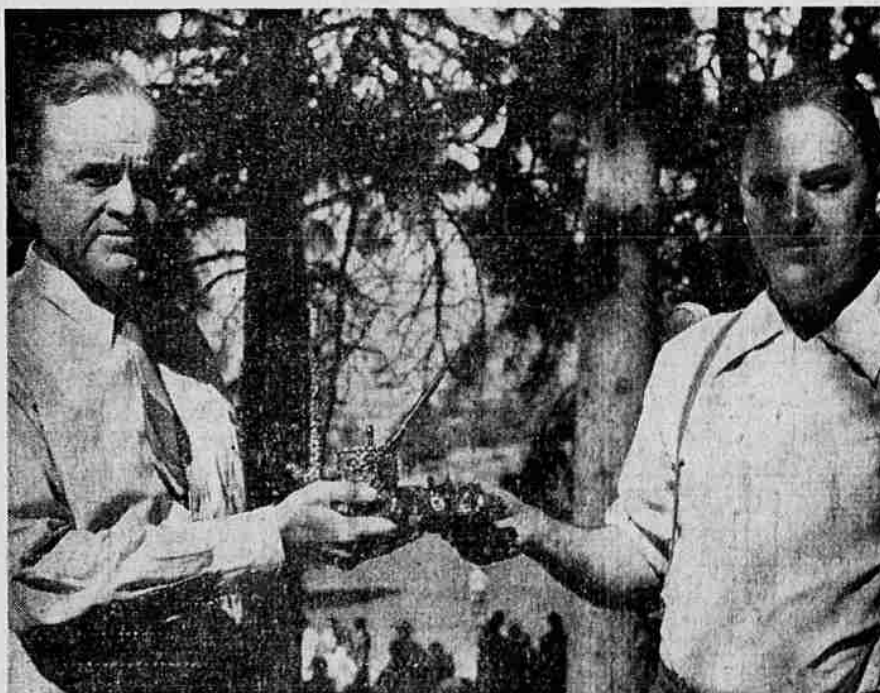
HE SCARED 'EM—Maurice Tillet, the French Angel, frightened half a huge houseful of armory grapple fans last Tuesday night and defeated Crusher Jim Casey in two straight falls on the top event of the weekly card. Above, the Angel punishes Casey with a scissors and arm stretcher. Right, the 276-pound, 5-foot-6-inch ugly man himself before the battle. The Frenchman won 180 straight bouts in England before coming to this country and has been undefeated since. As a wrestler, the grotesque gentleman was surprisingly fast and tricky—but particularly strong. He has jammed grapple arenas from coast to coast more on his appearance, however, than on his profession as a wrestler.



COMMANDER—Colonel John W. Downer, above, is the new commanding officer of Camp Upton, New York. He served with the first division in the World war and was several times decorated.



WOMEN AID LUMBER PRODUCTION—A tremendous increase in the employment of women in the lumber industry is reported in this area. This picture of feminine mill employees was taken at Sprague River, where the Crater Lake Box and Lumber company is working on large government orders. The women work at such jobs as tallying, tallying off machines, and other duties.

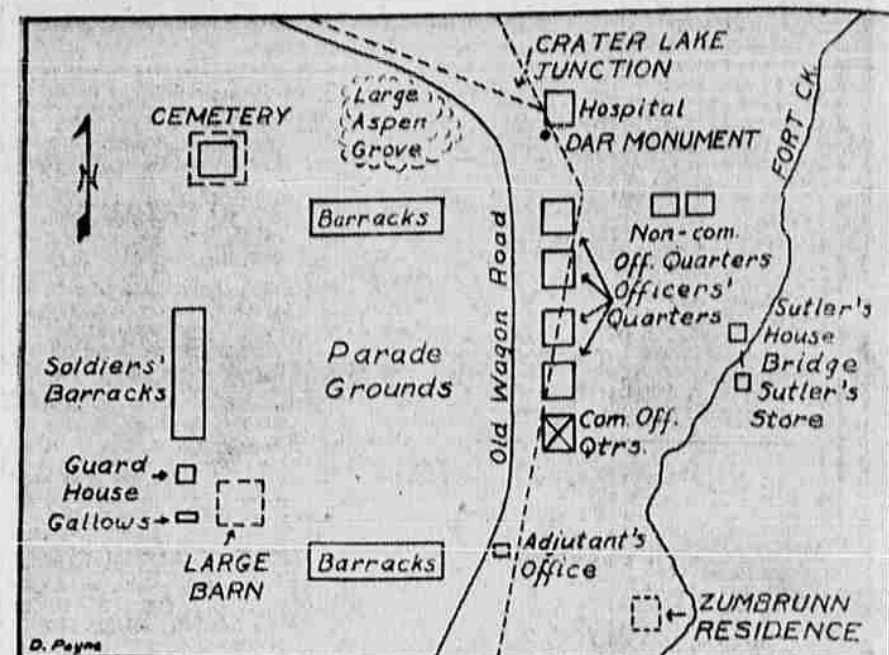


CHIEF GETS UNIQUE GIFT—Retiring Police Chief Frank Hamm is shown receiving from Police Reserve Sergeant Jack Henry a unique pen set for his desk when the chief takes over as new United States marshal for Oregon. The set was made of scrap metal by John Yaden, local craftsman. The presentation was made at this week's police reserve picnic.



MANDALAY IN RUINS—Picturesque Mandalay, heavily bombed before it fell into Japanese hands, contrasts age-old pagodas with modern total war.

Old Fort Klamath Recalled



OLD FORT KLAMATH—As Laura and Elizabeth Carpenter of Verona, N. J., recalled it when they visited the site last week for the first time since they lived there for three years over a half century ago. They made their home in the commanding officer's quarters, indicated with a cross. Their father was Capt. Gilbert S. Carpenter, last officer in charge of the fort before it was abandoned in 1889. The drawing is not made to scale and is intended only to indicate the relative position of outstanding features. Dotted lines indicate present-day landmarks.

By DORIS PAYNE

THERE stood Ft. Klamath, drowsing in the summer sun—the old Ft. Klamath, garri-soned by rugged, easy-going soldiers, visited by ragged, begging Indians.

The rutted wagon road lay deep in dust separated from the officers' quarters by a board walk. On the opposite side the parade ground shimmered, barracks lining it on three sides. The guardhouse built of logs and the gallows where Captain Jack and three of his head men were hanged looked gruesomely incongruous against the soft green of a wooded background.

This is the scene, once a reality, which was brought to life again by two sisters, Laura and Elizabeth Carpenter of Verona, N. J., who last week made their first visit in over half a century to the site of the old fort where they spent three years of their girlhood.

Slow Trip

Laura was 17 years old and Elizabeth six in 1886 when they made the trip by train from Vancouver barracks in Washington to Ashland, thence by "ambulance wagon" via Linkville to the fort. Their father, Capt. Gilbert S. Carpenter, commanding officer of the 14th U. S. Infantry regiment, marched with his men over the Cascades, making the trip in a week.

The two sisters' hair is silver now. But there was eagerness in their eyes and excitement in their voices as they told of the large, white two-story house with a veranda along the front in which they made their home. It was a well-constructed building, they recalled, divided into two separate living quarters like a "duplex."

Prominent in their minds was the double living room, separated by sliding doors, and the large kitchen, presided over by a tall, lean woman, part negro and part white. It was here that the children were given their Saturday night scrubbing in a large wooden tub, they said, with the water heated in a huge wash boiler on the kitchen range.

Upstairs Bathroom

Marvel of the house, however, was the upstairs bathroom for the grown-ups with a real, honest-to-goodness bath tub—but no running water. This problem was solved by a trap door cut in the floor through which the water was lifted from the kitchen in a bucket attached to the end of a rope.

One experience connected with this arrangement caused the sisters a hearty chuckle as they told of it. The cook, it seems, had a great aversion of having anyone intrude upon her domain, the kitchen. One morning a young soldier brought in some wood and started to build a fire for her. With a whoop and a holler, she slid down the rope from the room above, landed practically on his neck and howled him over. The ensuing commotion, they laughed, was really something to remember.

Early Incidents

As the two women talked, they recounted many incidents, the memory of which had survived the years. They told of travelers who put up at their place, there being no hotel, and were charged 15 cents for a harvest hand's meal. They lived again the suspense of waiting for the tri-weekly arrival of the mail, brought from Ashland in a buckboard drawn by mules.

They made one see the Indians arriving with baskets and buckskin gloves, eager to pocket a silver dollar in exchange for their handiwork. They mentioned, too, those who came begging for clothing, food, dolls or anything else they thought they might wangle from the soldiers or their families.

Among these was one old squaw to whom their mother had given a sheer white dress. They recalled with a smile how they had watched her go out be-



COMMANDING OFFICER'S QUARTERS—Captain Gilbert S. Carpenter with his wife and two daughters, Laura and Elizabeth, occupied this house at old Fort Klamath from 1886 to 1889. The two women, silver haired now, recalled many incidents connected with those days when they visited the site last week.



SISTERS VISIT FORMER HOME—Laura B. Carpenter and Elizabeth F. Carpenter who recalled memories of old Fort Klamath where they spent three years of their childhood. They visited the site last week while on a trip west from their home in Verona, N. J.

hind the woodpile, slip it over her dirty rags, and reappear, grinning from ear to ear.

Fever Took Toll

Out of their reminiscences came tales of typhoid fever which took a toll of members of their family and a number of the soldiers; of the coyotes that howled nightly near the cemetery and of how the gallows looked against the sky; of the annual meeting of the circuit court in Linkville which was the occasion for an all-night shooting spree on the part of the citizenry.

On the happier side were fishing trips to Williamson river on horseback and gala holiday occasions. Young people gathered from a hundred miles around, they said, to enjoy dancing 'til dawn, then eating breakfast with the soldiers.

At such times, they related, an

enormous flag nearly 30 feet long flew from the flagpole on the parade ground. They still have that flag. Their family remained at the fort until it was abandoned in 1889. At that time the regular post flag was burned according to tradition, but the holiday flag fell into possession of their mother, who passed it on to them.

"Wouldn't it be fine if it could be kept in Klamath Falls near the fort where it flew," they said, and promised that as soon as they returned home, they would send it to the chamber of commerce to be cared for pending establishment of a museum here.

Sweden, like us, will be highly interested in associating her future with the free peoples of the west.—Dr. Arne Ording, adviser to the Norwegian foreign office.