

Herald and News Homemakers Corner

Edited by Ruth King
This and That About Women

"It's A Woman's World"



MARY A. WHITTEMORE

Gypsy Visitor From Far North Sees Old Haunts -- Recalls Early Days Here

Chiloquin had a visitor the other day—a visitor who knew its past, long before there was a town—who brought the cougar's scream before the auto invaded the forest—whose pot-bellied, wood stove was once a mecca for tired teamsters and tribesmen needing friendship—a visitor who named the town.

Mary A. Whittemore, 85, mother of Charles A. Whittemore, Homedale Road, visiting from her home in Sitka, Alaska, recalled with astonishing clarity the days in 1911, when the family in search of health for Mr. Whittemore, arrived with bag and baggage from Detroit Lakes, Minn., and unloaded their cargo at the present site of Shippington.

Here, during the first summer, father Whittemore planted what may have been the first "patch" of Netteed Gem potatoes raised in Klamath County. Sagebrush was grubbed and the land plowed with a footboard. That fall, though the crop didn't make 400 sacks per acre, there were potatoes to harvest, some for the Klamath Development Company that sponsored the venture, some for the Whittemore family.

The family stayed for a time at the old Hot Springs hotel which is still a landmark on Esplanade. There were no heated rooms in those days and Mrs. Whittemore recalls staying in bed most of the time telling stories under the covers to her three young children, while Father Whittemore and the two older sons went about their business in the still young town of Klamath Falls.

Hot water for bathing and washing was to be had by going to the hot springs near the hotel that bubbled into open pools. Food in the small restaurants was poor and the family grew anxious to get settled among the pines where it was hoped health would return to Mr. Whittemore, a contractor.

During their stay in Klamath Falls, Whittemore became acquainted with a newspaper man, a reporter on the old Klamath Herald whose sly tongue could wheedle the last nickel from a man whose glib tongue could wheedle a horse who helped the Whittemore boys, Frank and Charles, buy a job pecking papers.

His name was Ferguson and he told the family about the ideal spot for a civilization, north of Klamath Falls where opportunity knocked, told them where to buy lumber to build a home, helped them get there.

The family chartered the old Wineman, a sturdy, lake-going boat, loaded on their possessions, their household articles, a piano for the musical minded Mrs. Whittemore, their cows, horses and chickens and came west by immigrant car and chugged away for the Agency Landing.

Here they slept on an open platform by a warehouse and heard curious coyotes sniffing at the chicken coops.

PIONEERED
They pushed deeper into the woods, ended up miles north of the spot where they stepped ashore. There they built and Mrs. Whittemore, who had once supervised operation of their farm in the Middle West while her husband worked away, and once taught school, put her business ability in harness again and established a store, selling everything from straight pins to horse collars.

Competition in business was resented by the storekeeper at the Agency but posted prices on every item saved the day for the business-like Mrs. W. and the store prospered.

The railroad came knocking at the door of the little settlement which still had no name. Mail still came to the Agency, several miles away by boat or huckboard, so once more Mrs. Whittemore got busy.

She applied to Frank H. Hitchcock, Postmaster General at Washington D. C. for a postoffice and since it was to be a new one in the directory, it had to be named.

Three names could be submitted. Mrs. Whittemore sought help from a good Indian friend, Jim Wright, who suggested the name Chiloquin, honoring the last great chief of Klamath tribe. The name is still well known on the Klamath Reservation. This name, forwarded to the Postmaster General, was accepted and on March 12, 1912, Mrs. Whittemore was appointed Chiloquin's first postmaster.

HELPED OUT
Her young sons carried mail from the new office to the Agency on horseback.

In a few short months, telephone service went through an exchange she operated in the general store. The family opened a restaurant, Mrs. Whittemore dabbled in local correspondence both at Shippington and Chiloquin for the old Klamath Herald.

The family owned the first automobile in that part of the country and Indian customers who bought \$5 worth of "home" groceries, (not canned goods) rode proudly home with a Whittemore at the wheel of the Model T.

When the railroad passed through the town Mr. Whittemore served as station agent. The boys rode to Crater Lake on horseback, they all helped with church services in their own home and many of the Indians came to listen to the music.

They put on skits and programs for entertainment and once, down in Klamath Falls were duped by Ferguson, the reporter, into putting on a show without help from other entertainers. They sold tickets for the big show after being told that others in the town were preparing numbers too.

The big night came and the old Houston Opera House was jammed with booted loggers and townspeople eager for diversion. The Whittemores arrived. No one else showed up. Then, and only then, did they discover that their act was the only one billed. They sang and played and danced and those out front applauded and went home happy.

Mrs. Whittemore with a gleam in her bright blue eye and hearty chuckle recalled the time when they tried "shooting" a range heater through a barn door.

Post Game Parties Gay

Football season is here—time for a party. A guaranteed party success is the after-the-game "come to our house for supper" party. Whether the game is a victory or disappointment, everyone will be tired and hungry after an afternoon or evening of cheering and will enjoy relaxing over supper while they discuss the day's highlights.

Plan a menu that can be ready except for a few last minute touches. Make it hearty—appetites sharpened by excitement and a whole afternoon outdoors are big ones. Hot baked beans, broiled cheese-topped frankfurters, tossed green salad, sliced brown bread, chilled milk for the younger set and cold beer for the adults will please the most ravenous rooters.

Set a gay table in advance—buffet style with colorful pottery serving accessories and an appropriate centerpiece. Carry out the air of smart entertaining by serving the beer in festive-looking plastic or glass mugs and the milk in attractive glass mugs.

Home from the game, simply heat the beans, combine the salad, broil the franks, and supper is ready to come to the table.

BROILED CHEESE TOPPED FRANKFURTERS
8 frankfurters, Mustard
8 thin slices sharp cheese
Cut frankfurters lengthwise down the center, being careful not to slice all the way through. Press frankfurters open flat and spread lightly with mustard. Broil until cooked; top each with a strip of cheese. Continue broiling until cheese melts. Serve immediately.

LEON'S
ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR GENUINE **SPALDING** SHOES!

RETURN ENGAGEMENT!



With His **BIG NEW BAND** IN PERSON AT THE **RED BARN** AIR-CONDITIONED **DORRIS** **SAT., AUG. 30**

T' TEXAS TYLER
and his **WESTERN DANCE BAND**

J. A. Deakin again takes great pleasure in presenting T. Texas Tyler and his great new western swing band, which proved such a popular attraction at the Red Barn several months ago. The new Tyler band is being rated tops in its field.

CLOTHES BEST BUYS
KFJI 7:30 a.m.

New York Guild To Bring Varied Talent

Dates have been confirmed by the Klamath Falls Business and Professional Women's Club for the 1952-53 series of plays to be given here this winter and next spring by the Civic Drama Guild, New York, under auspices of the club.

The selection, according to word received from Guild headquarters, is outstanding. Three plays will be offered, the first, Nov. 25, 1952, second, Feb. 18, 1953 and the last, April 22, 1953.

Offered will be a streamlined version of the Metropolitan Opera Company's favorite, The Fledermaus, keeping intact the glorious music of Johann Strauss with outstanding voices.

Another is Glad Tidings, a comedy done last season with great success on Broadway with Melvyn Douglas and Signe Hasso. The third, Jenny Kissed Me, is also a delightfully frothy comedy that starred the well-known Leo J. Carroll.

Tickets will be on sale through members of the BFW Club. Activities for the beginning club year which gets under way early next month were discussed at a meeting last week of the board of directors held at the home of Beth Griggs, newly elected president.

Mrs. Griggs will be assisted by Imogene Boothby, first vice president; Della Records, second vice

president; Lillian Otterbein, recording secretary; Alice Jarvie, corresponding secretary; Nell Stewart, treasurer.

Committee chairman: Rose O'Leary, education and vocation; Dorothy Lowell, finance; Beulah Elliott, health and safety; Blanche Petroff, international relations; Coral Sabo, legislation; Suzanne Hamilton, membership; Ruth King, news service; Imogene Boothby, program coordination; Barbara Caranini, public affairs; Margaret Santo, radio and television; Maud Davis, civil defense; Lorraine Quillen, bulletin editor; May Phinney, hospitality; Ruth Lobaugh, music and arts; Elora Reel, recreation.

Used Records
SOUTHERN OREGON MUSIC COMPANY
1330 Klamath Ave.

Coke goes with good times



When you're off for an outing, remember that Coke adds life and sparkle to the occasion. Take enough along.

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The Bright Boys in Class Wear Stylish "Dependable Eyewear"

Never a moment's trouble getting Jimmy to do his schoolwork. Yet he has plenty of time for sports, special school activities and helping around the house. It seems a miracle that fitting him with glasses could make such a change in the boy. He enjoys everything far more now—his games, his school, the movies and plays we take him to. The teacher says he's the brightest boy in class and only a few months ago, we wondered whether he was seriously ill or just stubborn and backward. Am I ever thankful to the registered optometrist who examined his eyes and corrected our entire problem by simply fitting Jimmy with the proper glasses. He loves to wear the handsome frame that is just like his dad's. Both his father and I appreciated the easy terms arranged for us.

DR. ALVA CUSTER

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