



THE NEW MR. AND MRS. WYLD . . . in their travel clothes—ready to start on their honeymoon trip. —Photo by Guderian

It Happened This Way in New Pine Creek

By IRVIN FARIS

Cheer up—everybody! People of Snake River Valley over in Idaho were having a winter summer too, following a summery winter.

They seemed happy and cheerful, nevertheless, in spite of adverse hay-making weather. Their hay that was down had the appearance of having been turned a time or two for it was blackened by too much rain. But all the row crops looked good even though some said they had been retarded by the backward weather and a few light frosts.

Still steadily growing, Caldwell, where I went to visit my mother and other relatives last Thursday, is a friendly agricultural community. Everywhere in the Deer Flat and the Sunny Slope areas around Lake Lowell, along highways 26 and 30, large crews of men and women were weeding and thinning onions, thinning orchard fruits, cultivating beans and spuds. The grain crops on the whole looked more advanced than here but they varied widely in different spots from the way they look here to being up 25 inches high and almost in full head.

I saw the house where Governor Stuenkel lived and it's yard gate where he was killed about 30 years ago by the union fanatic, Harry Orchard. The bomb had been triggered with a string hooked to the gate by a fish hook. The Governor's boy had run ahead and was about to open the death gate when for some reason he turned and ran back to tell his father something. He lagged behind then just far enough to see his father killed as he opened the gate. This must of been a tense moment for the villain who was watching the fatal drama, hidden in a house across the street.

In a jaunty trip Monday over the high Sucker Creek mountains, my sister, Mrs. Flossie Staples, her husband, Granville, and his brother-in-law, George Williams and I spent most the day in Jordan Valley, sixty miles from Caldwell, where I spent nine years of my boyhood days, 1909-1918. We visited old school-mates and acquaintances, many of whom I hadn't seen for 42 years.

We saw many interesting sights on the journey over and the highway was grand. We tarried on the high rim to look back at the magnificent view of the populous Boise Valley basin. That gorgeous spectacle alone was worth the trip! It was a checkerboard maze of verdant farms in every shade of green with a tailored neatness artistically divided by the silvery, meandering Snake; sprinkled with towns and cities, punctuated by an egg-shaped sheet of silver which was Lake Lowell, and with a back-drop of high mountains in the canyon of which nestled Arrow Rock dam.

The expansive net-work of canals was intriguing. The triple-terraced where inland seas of the past millennium had left their lasting imprint with deposits of the silt of ages gathered from far distant places by three mighty rivers—the Snake, the Boise and the Payette; to fill the vast sea floor to such an extent that the expansive waters finally broke over a high barrier to cut the deep Hells Can-

yon. As the waters of this majestic sea were gradually drained it was then the capricious capers of the huge, lazy, meandering Snake carved out these bench-land at different geological periods of time. The soil of this rich valley, for the most part, is very, very deep.

A little farther over on the high sloping side of Squaw Creek canyon we watched three cowboys bringing in a large herd of wild horses on the run. Down, down they came. We watched them until they finally corralled them at a ranch spread in the floor of the deep canyon.

In this same deep canyon a few miles on further George Williams showed us the place where a few years ago a lone driver had plunged 400 feet down off the high grade to land on rocky fifty feet from the pile of wreckage his car made—not to be found for about ten days after the mishap occurred.

Over on Sucker Creek we stopped to talk with Joe Fenwick, an old school mate of mine who had inherited his father's ranch. It was along his fence close to the highway and about a mile from his ranch-house that a murderous man named Radford, several years ago, waited for hours in a little old car, to kill a chiropractor named Broadhurst, husband of his sweet heart, who was to come along in a few hours with a saddle horse in his pickup, enroute to his ranch in Jordan Valley. We saw the spot where the killing took place and the remote pocket in the Sucker Creek hills where the wealthy but ill-fated doctor's body was hidden. Fenwick's hired man had talked with the killer who said he was waiting for his buddy who caught a ride into Caldwell to bring out a new valve to replace one he had burned out in his car.

Had quite a talk with a lady whom I knew as a girl in my grade school days as Blanche Sharp. She and her husband are running a fairly large spread sixteen miles southwest of Jordan Valley. She said the good old days of the ranchers in that section were gone. Reason: restrictions forced upon them by the Taylor Grazing Act and the soil conservationists.

I was interested. It reminded me I said, of how the stock industry was being crippled here by the continuous cut in grazing numbers imposed upon the stockmen by the Forest Service in Modoc County.

They claim we are told that they are preserving the range for future generations. But actually what is taking place is complete discouragement and deprivation of future generations who will never have the opportunities that their fore-fathers had.

I was amazed and pleased at the well preserved Methodist church which my father had built there in



WITH THE RING BEARER . . . and her bridal attendants, Ilda Sari poses before her marriage to Ernest A. Wyld, June 19, in Sacred Heart Catholic Church. From the left, Mrs. William Sari, matron of honor; Judy Crawford, Shirley Snider and Theresa Bruner. The young man at the right is Billie "Pat" Sari. —Photo by Guderian

Jordan Valley in 1911. The exterior still wore a good coat of white paint and the wains-coating and old-handmade benches with backs were still neatly varnished. It looked just like it did the day we left in 1918. I told my sister that either the membership was awful neat and careful or else it consisted of just a painter and a care-taker who came around and painted the place up once in a while. Anyway to me it was a swell museum piece, and I hope it's still used regularly.

On last Thursday—the California Oregon Power Company erected a 35 foot pole and set our fire siren atop it. It is red and squat—like a wise old owl keeping watch by day and by night—for the protection of the community. It stands on the rear of the lot which was officially deeded to the NPC Rural Fire Protection District last Wednesday afternoon by the donor, Mrs. Faye Rose Keller. It is with deep gratitude that the board members and the citizens of New Pine Creek and the district, accept this gift. Its a history making event and a milestone in the development of fire protection for the property owners. Now we can go ahead with the fire-house building plans. It will also give the fire boys added morale. The members will in time have a suitable place in which to hold their meetings and recreation events. It will add dignity to the department and to the town. We are grateful.

The board also wishes to thank attorney Ted Conn of Lakeview for donating his time and the legal work involved in drawing up the deed and securing a quiet title in order to make the transfer possible and legally correct.

I polarized the instrument before I had yet unpacked the car. The Klamathbassador's bus had just pulled into town as mother and I drove up. I had just helped her in with her things when a photographer came in, followed by Mayor Landry. "Mr. Faris," he said, "meet Paul Landry, Mayor of Klamath Falls." Then he added, "You can shake hands with him now but I want you to do it all over again out here at the State Line sign."

Thus originated the front page picture on Thursday's "Herald and News." Fast work—huh? Truthfully we were surely pleased to greet the mayor and his gang of

good-willers. That was one time I was especially glad that I had had no flat tire coming home from Idaho for otherwise the timing was so close that I would have missed this very pleasant experience.

Duke Brown arrived home last Friday for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Thomas. He is on a 30 day furlough from his air base at Mountain Home, Idaho. He has to report back July 10th.

Word was received last Friday morning by Baldimur Stahlschmidt that his father, Dr. Von Stahlschmidt had passed away. Death resulted from a peculiar accident that happened last May 20th. The doctor had left his sanitarium back there in Missouri and gone out after dark to milk his pet goat. Clad in moccasins he accidentally stepped on a copperhead snake. The reptile bit him three times on the little toe and three times on his heel before he could get away from it. He had one of his patients drive him to the nearest hospital but about an hour and forty minutes elapsed before they could get there. He seemed to have recovered and was dismissed from the hospital but he took a turn for the worse later and died suddenly. He was 68 and in perfect health.

Mr. and Mrs. Art Leukert returned last Friday from a four week's vacation in Los Angeles. He said he drove his car part of the time and his son's part of the time while there for a total of 1450 miles without ever leaving the city limits. Where else could this ever happen to a visitor? He was glad to

get home he said although he had a wonderful time.

Tom Dick is driving a brand new two-tone Dodge Sedan—a Father's Day gift he said, the first Father's Day gift he'd had in four years.

And guess what—his last gift was the old Dodge he traded in bought just four years ago to the very day. More drivin' pleasure to yeh Tom but don't forget to take the donor along with you—the little lady.

Present were Mr. and Mrs. Everett Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Loper, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Juntti, all of Merrill; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cick, of Grater Lake National Park; Mr. and Mrs. Al Romms, Williamson River; Carl Eberhardt, Tulana Farms; Mr. and Mrs. Richard O. Varnum, Emmett (Happy) Rowoth and Clifford Johnson, Fort Klamath.

If you want high quality Auto Insurance at reduced rates, see Hans Norland, 627 Pine St.

Birthday Buffet Dinner

FORT KLAMATH — In celebration of her husband's birthday anniversary June 12, Mrs. Delbert Ray entertained a group of friends at a buffet dinner party at which the honor guest was presented with a gift them. Dancing was the diversion until a late hour.

Mrs. Bill Sari, matron of honor, wore a blue nylon sheer ballerina length dress with fitted waistline and full skirt. The same material was gathered at the shoulder and formed a low vee neckline and soft folds gathered into an Empire effect above the waist. She carried a bouquet of pink gladioli and blue delphinium.

The three bridesmaids, Shirley Snider, Theresa Bruner and Judy Crawford, all classmates of Ilda's in the Sacred Heart Academy class of 1954, were dressed exactly as the matron of honor, except for



THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL . . . Diane Marie Ryan, with her mother, Mrs. Pat Ryan and the bride, Mrs. Ryan is the former Ranata Sari, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Sari. —Photo by Guderian

Wyld-Sari Wedding is Event of June in Sacred Heart Church

Major social event of summer was the wedding June 19, of Ilda Marie Sari, daughter of E. C. Sari, 2439 Homedale Road, to Ernest A. Wyld, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wyld, Myrtle Point.

Sacred Heart Catholic Church was filled with friends and relatives who witnessed the impressive double-ring ceremony. The Rev. Patrick A. Meskill officiated at the 9:30 a.m. Nuptial Mass which united the couple in holy matrimony.

Blue, pink and white were the colors chosen by Ilda for her wedding.

Tall sprays of blue and white delphinium were arranged with pink gladioli in the beautiful background for the bride's white gown and her attendants' blue and pink frocks.

John Ely, organist, accompanied Mrs. Robert Long, soloist. Escorted by her father, who gave her in marriage, Ilda was a lovely bride in a gown of white satin, nylon tulle and Chantilly lace. The fitted bod-

ice buttoned down the back from the small, round lace collar on the sheer yoke to below the tiny waistline. The yoke also featured fine lace applique detail forming a deep vee in front; and epaulet effect of the same lace topped the snug-fitting sleeves of tulle which were pointed at the wrists. The graceful skirt of tulle over satin was made with a long, full train.

A seed-pearl tiara held the three-quarter veil of illusion; and she carried a white bridal prayer book topped with an arrangement of fleur d'amour and stephanotis centered with a large single white orchid tied with satin streamers knotted with stephanotis flowers.

For "blue"—Ilda wore the traditional garter; "new" was her gown; the veil was borrowed from her matron of honor; her slippers were the "old" and in one was a lucky penny. She wore tiny earrings of cultured pearls—gift from the bridegroom. The matching necklace was not worn at the wedding.

Mrs. Bill Sari, matron of honor, wore a blue nylon sheer ballerina length dress with fitted waistline and full skirt. The same material was gathered at the shoulder and formed a low vee neckline and soft folds gathered into an Empire effect above the waist. She carried a bouquet of pink gladioli and blue delphinium.

The three bridesmaids, Shirley Snider, Theresa Bruner and Judy Crawford, all classmates of Ilda's in the Sacred Heart Academy class of 1954, were dressed exactly as the matron of honor, except for

color. Their pink dresses were accented with white gladioli and blue delphinium bouquets.

Flower girl was Diane Marie Ryan, and ring-bearer was Billie "Pat" Sari.

Best man was William R. Sari; and Ilda's two brothers Guilio and Robert Sari served with Bill Snider as ushers.

Bride's aunt, Mrs. Otto Sari chose a beige linen ensemble for the occasion, worn with black and white accessories; and an orchid corsage.

The senior Mrs. Wyld wore white with pink accessories and her corsage was also an orchid.

The reception was in the parish hall—which was decorated in the same color scheme as the wedding.

Mrs. Dean E. Howell and Mrs. J. C. Murphy poured; Mrs. James Mahoney and Mrs. Emma Davis served the cake; and guests were registered by Joannette Brandejak and Barbara Mauch.

Ilda is the niece of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Sari, 5327 South Sixth and lived with them for some time—her Uncle Otto, in popular demand to assist at many Klamath Falls weddings—was unable, because of illness to attend his niece's wedding; so Ilda left immediately after the ceremony for the Sari home to let him see her in her bridal finery.

Sari's Restaurant at the same address, was the scene of an elaborate "feast" at 5 p.m. Verbal invitations were extended to everyone at the wedding reception to be guests of Otto and Matilda Sari for dinner.

The many and varied dishes on the menu featured chicken cacciat-

CIC Meeting

FORT KLAMATH — The regular bi-monthly meeting of the Civic Improvement Club was held in the clubhouse on Friday evening, June 12. The business session was opened by the president, Mrs. E. C. Sari, who presented the guest, Mrs. E. A. Wyld, and her daughter, Ilda Marie Sari, who will be visiting during the summer months.

The next regular meeting, Friday, July 2, was canceled because of 4th of July holidays. Only July meeting is saved for the 16th.

The Club will sponsor a cooked food sale in the clubhouse on Saturday, June 26, for benefit of local Scout Troop 24; proceeds will go toward expenses of scout planning to attend Crescent Lake summer camp this year.

It was reported that the community garbage grounds had been cleaned up by Elmer (Dutch) Zumburn; and a group of club women recently gave the clubhouse a thorough cleaning.

Financial report for May was given by club treasurer, Mrs. William A. Page. A new 42-cup electric coffee urn has been purchased, and a second large urn will be acquired, when sufficient coffee can bands have been saved by club members.

Two new members were welcomed at this meeting, Mrs. Elmer Zumburn and Mrs. Daniel Brown.

Mrs. Harold L. Wimer, general chairman 4th annual western style street dance set for Saturday evening, July 17, reported that a dance orchestra had been engaged to furnish both modern and old time music with Otto Ellis, Klamath Falls, as caller. Other incidental details will be announced later.

After the business session, a long time club tradition was observed of "secret friends." New names were drawn for the coming year; and party gifts were given to former secret friends. The committee in charge of the club tradition includes Mrs. Joanna Taylor and Mrs. William A. Page.

Hostesses at the party were Mrs. William C. Martin and Mrs. Walter J. Wright, who served refreshments. The gathering at the close of the afternoon. Tables were lavishly with arrangements of colorful summer flowers.

Also present were Mrs. James Dwyer, Mrs. Lloyd Nicholson, Mrs. Gail Culver, Mrs. Allen Summers, Mrs. Norman Van Iderstine, Mrs. James P. Van Worman, Mrs. Frank Edwards, Mrs. Loren L. Miller Jr., Mrs. Harold Redden, Mrs. Wilbur B. Hescock, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Loosley, Mrs. Bert Gray, Mrs. Over Brown, Mrs. Mitchell (Mike) Beaulieu, Mrs. Gene A. Page, Mrs. Donald P. Veatch, Mrs. William Brewer, Mrs. Charles M. Noah, Mrs. Neil Neilson, Mrs. Marion Roeden, and Patty Lou Hescock.

For travel, the bride wore a white linen suit, black patent shoes and bag; a red straw hat with black trim; and white gloves. The orchid from her bridal bouquet was worn at her shoulder.

Out of town guests included Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Wyld, Myrtle Point; Mr. and Mrs. Tony Borelli, Mrs. Annabelle Ross, Weed; Mr. and Mrs. Otto Bastiani, Prospect; Mr. and Mrs. Arvin Burnett, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Waestenburg, North Bend; Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Ham, San Francisco; and a host of friends from towns in the Klamath Basin.

The new Mrs. Wyld is a graduate of Sacred Heart Academy; and her husband is a graduate of OTI in gunsmithing; and owns his own sporting goods store in Myrtle Point, where they will live.

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