



IT TOOK A LONG TIME COUNTING on his fingers to tally the years since Maurice Miller, center, head of the circulation department of the Herald and News had seen his two uncles, Master Sgt. James Daveny, left, and Frank Leasy, right, who met here this week. The two brothers were separated when children, Leasy was adopted and was lost to the family until Miller, found his foster name in an Oregon legal record. Through his efforts the men were re-united a few months ago. Daveny at that time was in the Air Force in England, is now stationed at Tinker Air Base in Oklahoma. Leasy, Holly, Michigan, is employed by the Fisher Body Company. The two families were here this week and the three men met for the first time since 1911.

Early Day "July Grounds" Celebration Recalled By Mrs. Lorenz Of Chiloquin

By MRS. WILLIAM LORENZ

I have often wondered why there has never been any mention or pictures sent into you of the Fourth of July Celebrations held for so many years on Wood River, near Fort Klamath. I can distinctly remember them in the early 1900's, but they were started, probably, much earlier than that, and flourished as late as the 1920's.

People came from many miles after extensive preparations to camp for a week or more during this time, and enjoyed visiting with seldom seen neighbors and relatives, while participating in the holiday festivities of over forty years ago.

But, I too have no pictures of the popular recreation spot, commonly called by all simply "The July Grounds," and can summon, only from a nostalgic and sentimental memory, an enchanted day which delighted a small white child who lived at Klamath Agency, on the Klamath Indian Reservation.

I remember that the sun shone more brightly that morning, than any I could ever remember before. It traced and heightened the pattern of the Navaho rug lying beside the bed. My eyes opened quickly and I listened intently through the strange and unaccustomed stillness. No sound of bustling activity in the store next door, no voices raised in trading, or good natured exchange of jokes, no rattling of trucks moving stock from warehouse to shelves.

Then I became conscious of the sounds outside. First, hens singing contentedly near in the yard, voices in the distance, wheels rattling, and horses trotting on the nearby road. My heart beat high with excitement as I remembered where everyone had gone, and where these others were bound. They were on their way to "The July Grounds," and so would I be before the sun was much higher in the sky. The Agency was as good as deserted now.

Father and Albert had gone before dawn, in the heavy wagon, loaded with watermelon, lemon and strawberry pop, crates of oranges, candies of all kinds, and tubs of vanilla ice cream packed in salted ice. They would stock and decorate the refreshment booth with the traditional red white and blue streamers and bunting, and tend it busily all day, far into the night.

The little gold clock chimed seven, and I, conscious that I had tardily too long already I jumped up, filled the white enameled wash basin from the reservoir on the kitchen range, and carefully scrubbed face and hands, although the family wash tub had been put to good use the night before. Being almost eight years I could part, comb, and tie my hair neatly with the light blue bows. And I remember — as I slipped on the new blue silk dress, which mother had made for this occasion — I felt a pang of loneliness for her. She had sent me down the day before from Yainax with a kindly Indian family, the Tom Barkleys. The dress was set off by a large Milan straw hat, trimmed with a blue bow, by Miss Maude Baldwin, Klamath Falls' leading milliner. I looked searchingly into my purse with its shiny five dollar gold piece, and the pang was forgotten. Then I tossed the new shantung coat, of which I was so proud, over my arm.

Closing the back door quietly, I made sure that it was locked, as admonished, to do, and with my responsibilities over, and the spell

of the day upon me, I hurried across the wet green lot to the Superintendent's house. After a preliminary knock, I opened the door and called, "I am here, Mrs. Wilson." Then I ran up the stairs to Mildred's room.

Mildred Wilson was my best friend at that time, and I was flattered with her friendship, as she was some years older than I but she was a very fascinating and entertaining companion to a small girl, and we had many interests in common, which was fortunate, as there were few white children at the Agency that summer. We were both extremely fond of music, and even then, she was a very fine pianist, and later achieved no small distinction as a most promising composer and performer.

We were interrupted in making our plans for the day by a call from below "Hurry up girls, breakfast is ready, and we are going to start soon. So many are ahead of us that we will have to eat dust on the way. Did you bring a duster to cover your new dress, and good coat?" And of course, I hadn't, but one was found for me, and after a couple of false starts we were off in the smart government survey, behind a pair of perfectly matched bays.

As predicted we did eat dust at first, but it was not long before we were showing a clear pair of heels to everything on the road, for the Superintendent's team must be fast and spirited as befit his position.

The seven miles seemed incredibly short as the clouds of dust now rolled behind us. Through the tall pines beside Crooked Creek to Coley Hall's place, out into the warm sunlight, across the first lush fields of the Wood River Valley, passing the Old Fort buildings, deserted and dilapidated, then we were nearing Wood River, and entering the July Grounds. From the distance, strains of music floated to us, played by the band, a little off key, which would also do double duty, by playing for the dance later on.

Many gay booths were open for business with the holiday crowd already milling around them, munching, drinking and playing the games of chance. Father's tall stooped figure was moving hurriedly, serving urgent demands for ice cream, cold slices of watermelon, lemonade, while deftly popping off soda water bottle caps, with Albert hopping to his short command, "Stoppers and Pelton, of Fort Klamath always had a booth there also, and I can still remember that Lindsey was never too busy to give a friendly greeting, or tell one of his famous stories.

I remember Captain Applegate, of the snow white beard, a veteran of the Modoc War. He would recapitulate the entire campaign as he knew it, in a tired slivery voice. This would go on for hours, with an occasional refreshing drink of pure water to sustain him, while the crowd moved in and out more or less quietly. Little boys wrestled and thumped each other stupidly, little girls licked their ice cream cones, and the young ladies preened themselves in their pretty summer dresses, and eyed prospective beaux. The elders paid respectful attention, and all were pleasantly soothed by the good captain's oration, even to the extent of snatching a short nap. All of this took place in an open grove of trees to one side, where an open air platform was built, surrounded by benches.

There were patriotic services too, and other orators spoke movingly at this time, namely among them, Reverend Jesse Kirk, who was acknowledged as one of the finest speakers in Klamath County.

The race track was laid out on a green meadow a few hundred yards away where the Indian ponies raced each other, and against all comers, hot blooded racing stock included. Some of these were brought in from the Rogue River Valley or Alturas, California, and some by Dave Shook, or Charlie Horton from Dairy and Bonanza. Both of these stock men were known for raising fast horses. Baseball games played between the small neighboring towns, and many a hot argument and fight ensued.

The Indian Camp Ground or Village was back in the woods near the river, and many others camped in the grove also. These camps had been there for a week or more. The Klamath, Modocs, and Plateaus played their games of chance also, and stakes ran high at times. G.G.Y. they were called, the bone game, and the stick game.

Some set up teepees, and tents, or camp stoves.

After we had exhausted the pleasures of the conventional part of the celebration grounds, we strolled down to visit our Indian friends. We knew almost everyone, and greetings were exchanged. I renewed friendships with many a child whom I had played with, while its parents were shopping at the store. We begged for jerky, handful of wocus, and perhaps some apaws, which were hospitably shared wherever we went. I cannot remember one harsh word or unkind deed to me from the Indian people during my childhood spent among them, for their kindness to all children is legend.

There were few men in camp at that time of the day, perhaps at the race track, or off hunting or fishing. The goodnatured women were laughing and gossiping while they wove a little on a basket, made moccasins, or prepared food, and tended the babies. They liked to tease us, as to one has a keener sense of humor, or readier wit, than the Klamaths. They talked about us in Indian, and mentioned our names while they laughingly watched us out of the corner of their eyes, to see if we would take it in good part. But as we both knew enough Indian to defend ourselves, we answered them perily back in kind, much to their delight. The fat cheeked babies laced in their hard boards, their eyes shaded by beaded capopies, seldom cried, and solemnly watched the activities, or slept serenely in the buckskin beds.

Altho' we had munched all day long, and had partaken liberally of Mrs. Wilson's generous lunch of fried chicken, potato salad, pickles, fresh cottage cheese, cold slaw, cakes and cookies, at noon, we were again beginning to feel hungry. And as there would be an hour or so lull before the evening's rush, father invited the Wilsons to have dinner at a hotel in Fort Klamath. There were two leading hotels, both with ardent supporters.



ANN JONES and her Western Sweethearts, "the queens of Western Swing," will provide music for dancing three continuous evenings during the roundup celebration. Dancing tonight is the battle of the bands from 9 to 2 with Ann Jones and Baldy's Band; Sunday, Ann Jones, beginning at 9 p.m.

Any time you wished to brighten up a dying conversation, all you had to do, to start a good argument, was to quietly remark which you thought was the better hotel.

Which one we patronized I cannot recall, but the dinner was excellent, and bounteous. In true country style, heaping platters of fried steak, fried potatoes, stewed tomatoes, real cream gravy, hot biscuits, wild blackberry jelly, topped off by delicious dried apple pie, with clotted sweet cream to pour over it. I also remember that when I had consumed all of this I was in exquisite agony.

When we returned to the July Grounds, the band was tuning up for the dance, and the big bonfire, in the clearing, already sending its flames leaping high. The merry-go-round was still wheeling out its endless tunes, propelled by the patient horses plodding around and around.

Soon the Indian dancers began to gather at the campfire, painted and bedecked in their best buckskins, beads, and feathered head dresses, ceremonial and war bonnets. Their chants and songs started, and one by one would join the lengthening line of dancing men and women. The children ran in and out this chain or linked themselves on the end of it. We watched this drama with fascination for some time, and then wandered back to the band-stand, to alternately dance and ride on the merry-go-round until it was time for White Cindy to eat fire.

White Cindy was one of the strangest characters, at the turn of the century, on the reservation. She was also legend. Some said she was a man in women's clothing, and she certainly looked it. As she had no grace of face or form, and walked with a long loose stride which made her skirts seem ridiculous. Others held that she was a powerful medicine doctor, and could make such bad medicine that many were afraid of her. Her fame had gone far and wide and I can remember nothing to this day, comparably to her influencing small children in the right direction, by merely speaking her name, unless it would be the atom bomb. I remember her eating live fire, burning brands from the lowering flames and swallowing them, not once, but many times, as my eyes grew larger and larger.

After the spectacular feat had been accomplished to the satisfaction of all present, Mrs. Wilson gathered her family together, and it was time to go home. The embers were almost out, the dancers and chanters gone, the last strains of Home Sweet Home were dying on the suddenly chill night air.

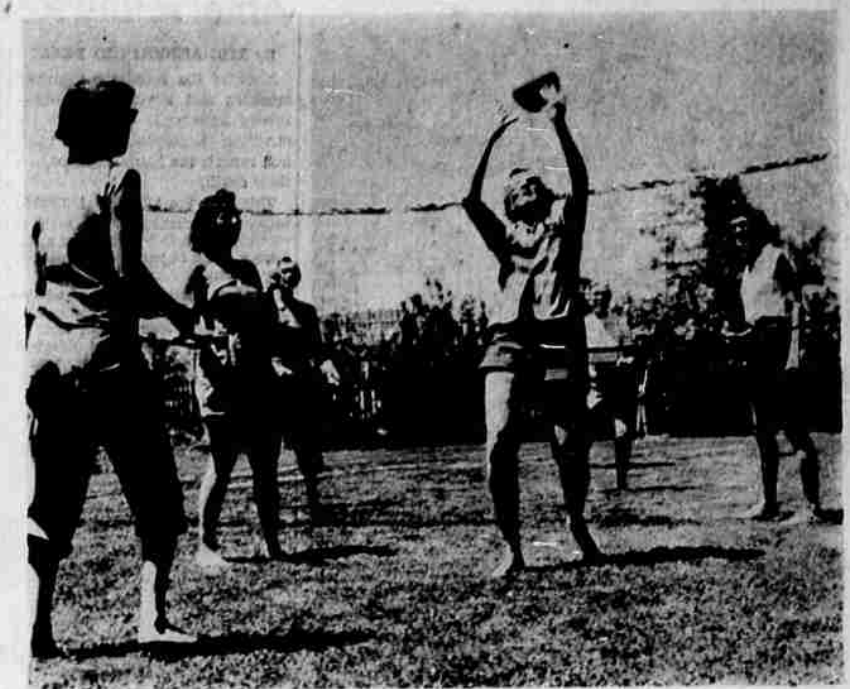
I heard father's weary voice saying "Climb upon the seat, and pull the blanket over you. It will be cold going home." I did as I was bidden and called out sleepily "Bye Mildred, see you tomorrow. Thank you Mrs. Wilson. I had such a wonderful time."

The blue checked dress was spotted and soiled, the shantung coat wrinkled, and the Milan straw hat, had bobbed up and down on my shoulders by its rubber band, most of the day.

I remember the stars glowed big and near in the clear black sky, and I dozed off under the coarse warm blanket. Everything had been perfect, complete. I sighed deeply, blissfully, as the "July Grounds" closed for another year.



HOME ON LEAVE for two weeks is 2nd Lieut. Bruno Marchese, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Marchese, 3402 Lakeport. He is assigned with the Auditor General, USAF, and is presently attached to Ellensworth AFB, South Dakota, as an auditor.



WORKING UP AN APPETITE on a summer day is this group of Klamath matrons at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Len Surles, 4430 Laverne Street. The group meets every Wednesday morning for a round of volleyball. (l to r) Mrs. Frank (Ann) Perry Jr., Mrs. G. W. (Phyllis) Nelson, Mrs. Seth (Inez) Kerron, Mrs. Len (Minnie) Surles, Mrs. Karl (Wynn) Glos, Mrs. Grant (Marie) Perry and Mrs. John (Janet) McGinnis.

Voting Will Decide Wheat Support, Marketing Quotas

The U.S. Department of Agriculture announces that a national referendum among wheat growers July 23 will decide whether the 1955 wheat crop is to have high parity supports and marketing quotas and penalties for overplanting allotted acreage — or whether 50 per cent of parity support will apply without marketing quotas and penalties for overplanted allotted acreage. A favorable vote by two-thirds of the eligible wheat growers who vote will establish quotas.

It is estimated that wheat stocks available for the 1954-55 marketing year will total one billion 500 million bushels. These stocks are about 79 per cent above normal supply.

The 55 million acre national wheat allotment for 1955 is the "floor" set by controlling farm legislation. The national wheat acreage allotment for 1954 was 62 million acres. Present wheat supplies are so large that to provide "normal supplies" for the 1955-56 marketing year, 1955 production would have to be reduced to 19 million acres.

To be eligible for price supports on any crop, producers in 1955 will be required to comply with all acreage allotments established for their farming operations.

In addition to "cross compliance" among allotment crops, a further requirement for price support eligibility is compliance with the farm's "total acreage allotment." This requirement applies only to farms where acreage allotments require diversion of more than 10 acres from allotment crops.

"Total acreage allotment" is the total of various crop acreage allotments and 1953 acreage of all other crops grown on the farm except hay, cover crops, green manure crops, pasture, idle cropland and summer fallow.

The purpose of the requirements of "cross compliance" and compliance with "total acreage allotment" for price support eligibility is prevention of "shifting our surplus."

If a wheat or cotton grower wishes to be eligible for price support in 1955 he must forego planting of diverted wheat or cotton acres to other crops except hay or pasture. He may use his diverted acres for cover crops, green manure crops or summer fallow; or he may leave the diverted acres idle.

The cross compliance and total acreage allotment requirements for price support apply whether quotas are approved or not.

Cattle Delouse Device Shown

TULELAKE — A simple device wherein cattle will delouse themselves in four weeks is suggested by Ken Baggett, Tulelake farm adviser.

It consists of a burlap-wrapped wire stretched from the top of a five-foot post and anchored to the ground nine feet from the base of the post. The burlap is treated with about a gallon of five per cent chlordane oil solution. Cattle then rub against the burlap.

Researchers in the U.S. Department of Agriculture say the method is safe.

Roads Closed To Logging Trucks

Local loggers are reminded that no log hauling will be permitted over highways on Monday, July 5, according to Oregon State Police.

The ruling to ban log trucks from the highways Monday was made by the Public Utilities Commission at Salem upon the recommendation of the State Highway Commission.

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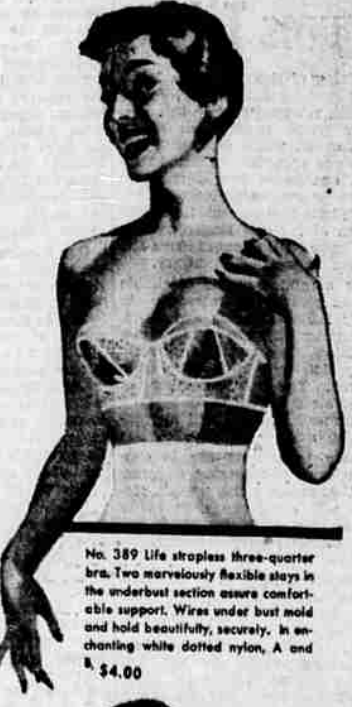
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No. 396 Life longline strapless with exclusive Pico-Cling feature that lifts and molds with complete comfort. Flatness midriff, gives you a longer, smoother line. Plunging neckline. Cotton broadcloth and nylon sheer, B and C. \$6.50



No. 389 Life strapless three-quarter bra. Two markedly flexible stays in the underbust section assure comfortable support. Wires under bust mold and hold beautifully, securely. In enchanting white dotted nylon, A and B. \$4.00



No. 391 Life strapless with exclusive Pico-Cling feature—two supple coils that fit smoothly and support firmly. Plunging neckline, attached underwire for a lovelier line. Cotton broadcloth and nylon sheer, B and C. \$4.00

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