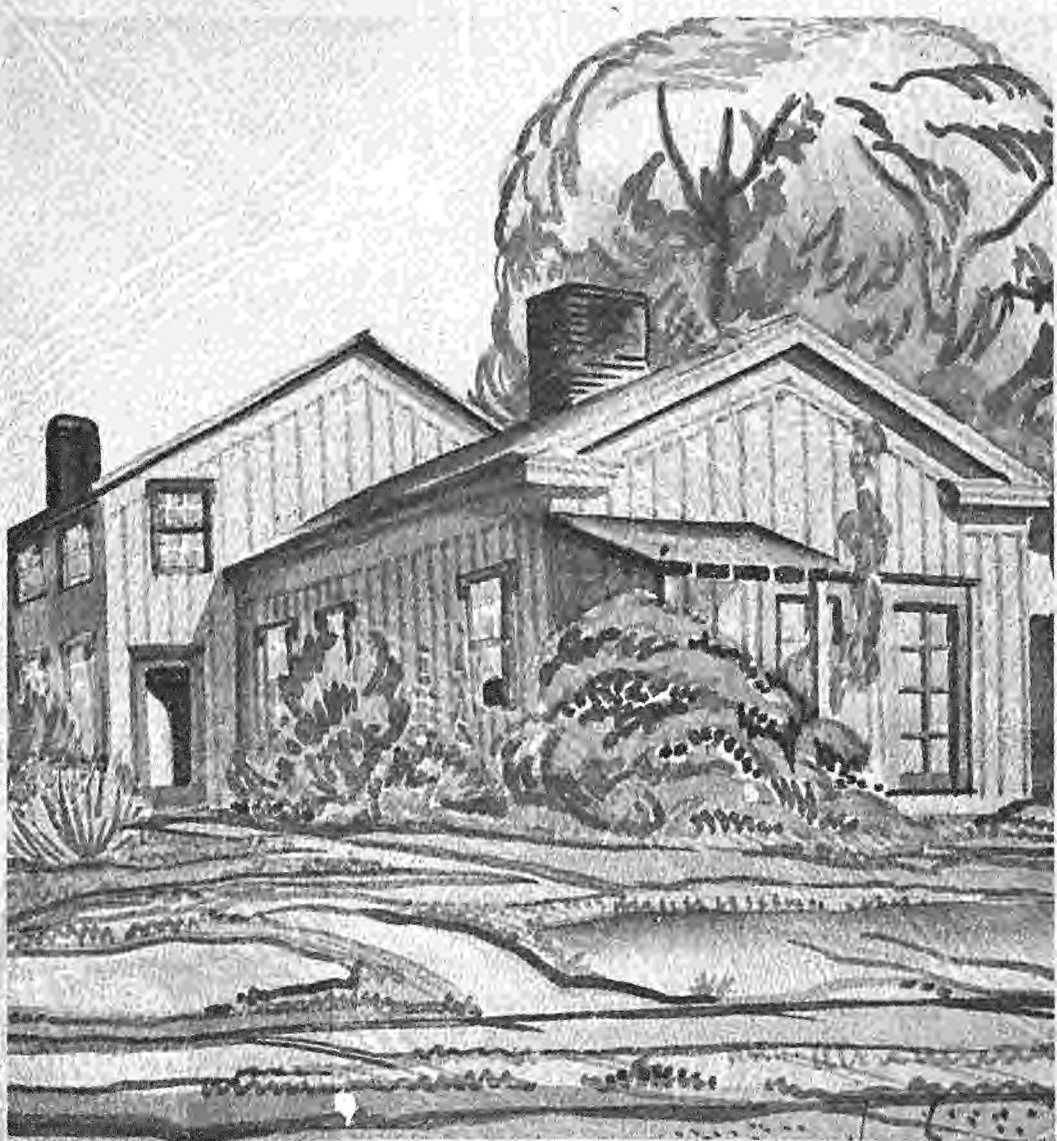


82-1336453

Fall-1953

The Siskiyou Pioneer

IN FOLKLORE, FACT AND FICTION



Siskiyou County Historical Society

Volume Two

Number Four

979.421
SISK
V. 2



SISKIYOU COUNTY COURT HOUSE
Photo taken 1910 upon completion of Hall of Records.

LDS Sacramento
Family History Center

RANDOLPH COLLIER

State Senator



courtesy Con Brown

STAGE IN FRONT OF FRANCO HOTEL, YREKA

ERICKSON & JAMES

221 North Main Street

Yreka, California

BUICK

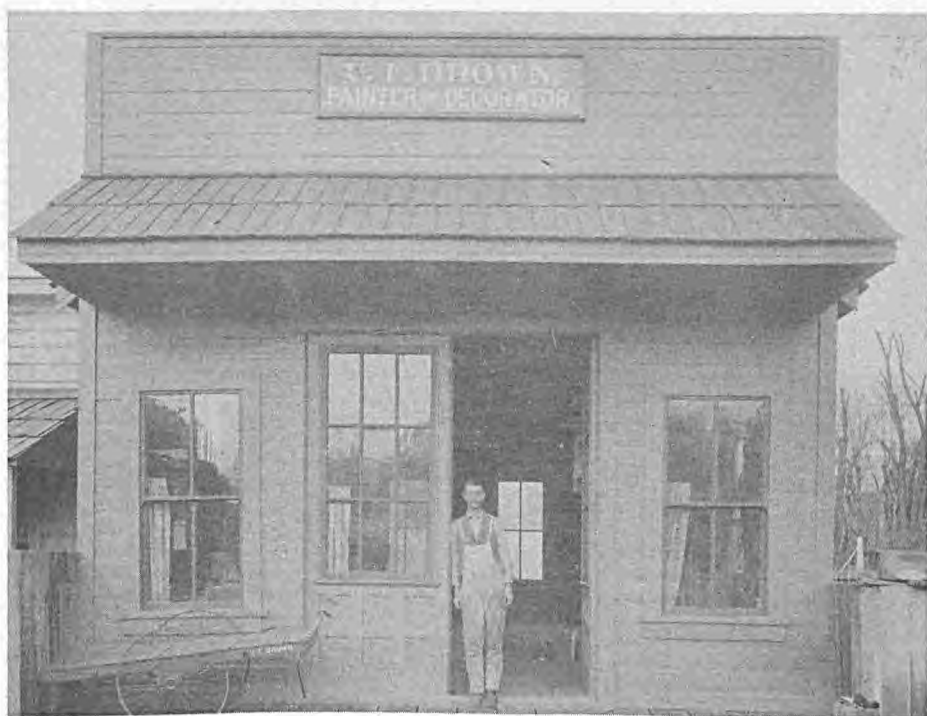
-

PONTIAC

-

GMC

Armstrong Tires



courtesy Con Brown

U. F. BROWN'S PAINT SHOP

J. F. SHARP LUMBER COMPANY

Manufacturers and Wholesalers of

DOUGLAS FIR - PONDEROSA and SUGAR PINE LUMBER

Sawmill and Planing Mill

located at
YREKA, CALIFORNIA

Office

P. O. Box 158
YREKA, CALIFORNIA



courtesy Con Brown

YREKA BRANCH OF ETNA BREWERY

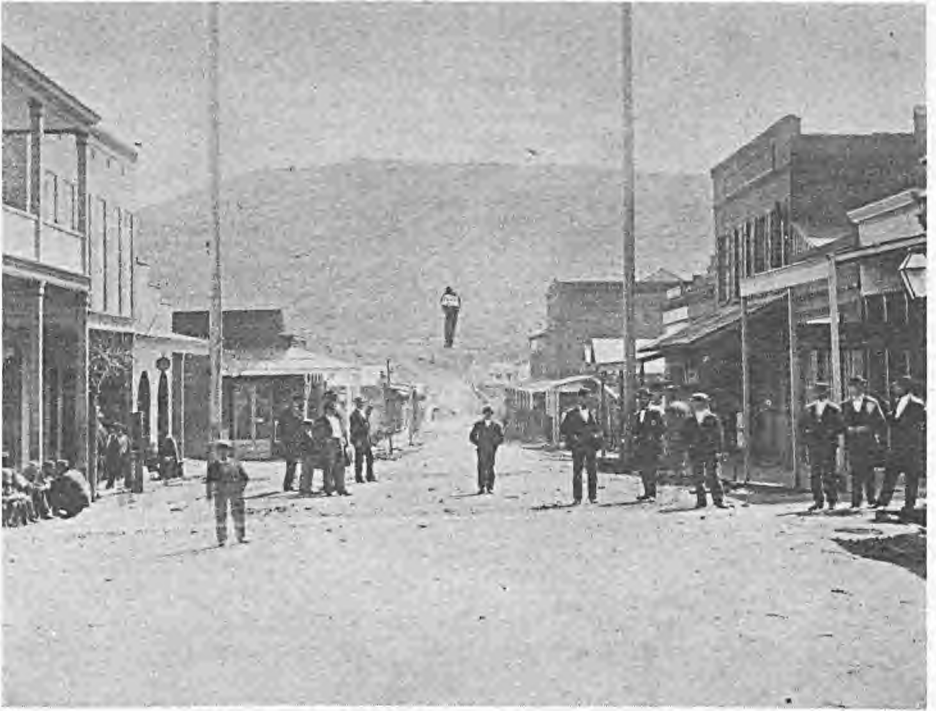
PEPSI COLA BOTTLING COMPANY

of MOUNT SHASTA

Elmer W. Kennedy

Phone 2185

16 East Lake



YREKANS HANG IN EFFIGY C. DELANO, SEC'Y. OF INTERIOR,
Because of his Indian appeasement policy during the Modoc War.

PETERS TRUCK LINES

Daily Overnight Service
from San Francisco Bay Area and Sacramento

GENERAL HAULING

Anything

Anywhere

Any Time

Home Office

YREKA

907 So. Main St.

Yreka 173

SAN FRANCISCO

1445 Illinois St.

Mission 8-2230

OAKLAND

1688 - 24th St.

Hghgate 4-6286

SACRAMENTO

401 "S" Street

Gilbert 3-5911

REDDING

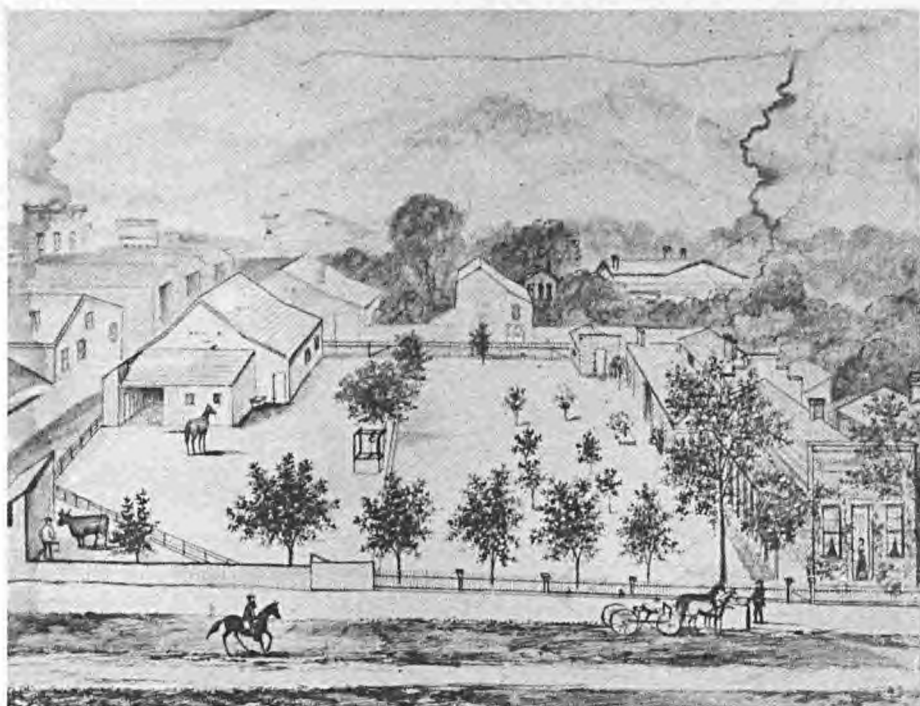
Athens Street

Redding 372

MOUNT SHASTA

906 Ream Avenue

Mt. Shasta 2195



RESIDENCE OF DR. DANIEL REAM
Sketched by F. J. Howell, April 1882.

PINE MOUNTAIN LUMBER CO.

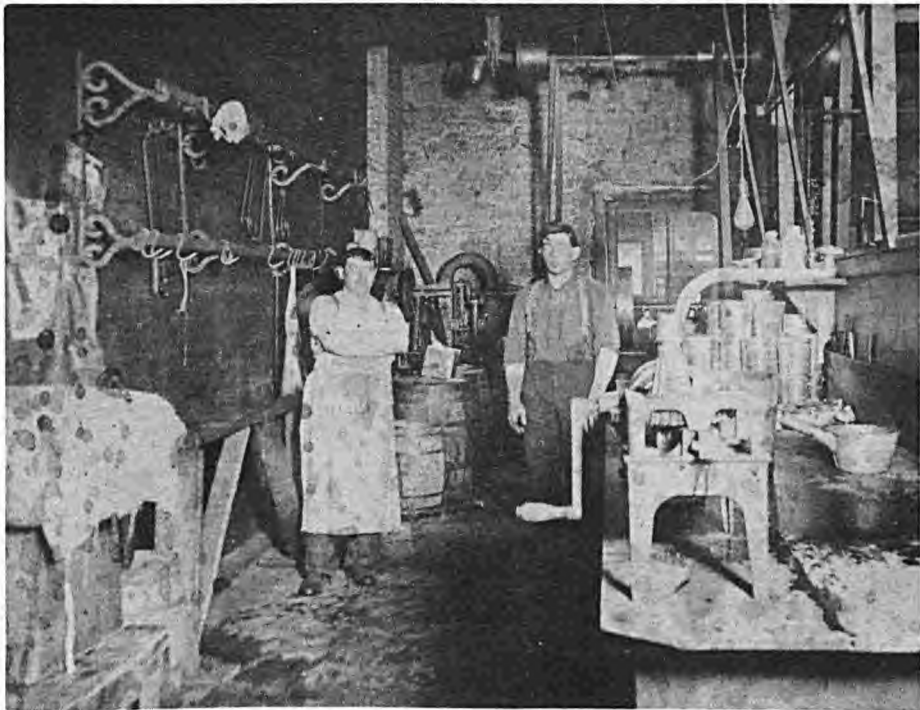
PONDEROSA PINE - SUGAR PINE - FIR

We Buy or Sell

Yard Off South Highway

Phone: Yreka 897

Yreka, California



INTERIOR OF CITY MEAT MARKET, 319 W. MINER ST., YREKA
About 1913. Man in white apron unknown. Other butcher is William Gordon.
This market established in 1854 has been in continuous operation ever since.

CITY MEAT MARKET

Yreka, California

Since 1854



BUCKAROOS OF BUTTE VALLEY—1880

1. Milton B. Brady. 2. William Clarkson. 3. William Harris. 4. Bert Yocum.
5. John Maxwell. 6. W. L. Moore. 7. Ed Miller. 8. F. A. Ranlett. 9. H. M.
Hendrickson. 10. G. W. Parsons. 11. G. W. Yokum.

ASSOCIATED LUMBER AND BOX CO.

Dorris, California



COMPANY M, 10th REGIMENT, CALIFORNIA STATE GUARD
At Yreka, California, March 7, 1942.

DUNSMUIR

HOME OF RAILROAD DAYS

Dunsmuir Chamber of Commerce



courtesy Irene Nelson

GROUP ON COURTHOUSE STEPS

Known names include: Minnie DeWitt, John Fairchild, Eugene Dowling, Effie Perkins, Ed. Buckley, John Pashburg, Ed Nolan, Harry Lassen, W. J. Neilon, Catherine A. Dowling, Evan Dudley, C. J. Luttrell, W. L. Kleaver, James Lodge.

SISKIYOU COUNTY

Offers OPPORTUNITY with Its

Great Natural Resources

Productive Rich Soil

Extensive Vacation Areas

Hunting and Fishing

Siskiyou County Board of Supervisors



SISSON IN 1888.
Site of present Park Hotel and Business Block.

MOUNT SHASTA

IN THE HEART OF THE SHASTA CASCADE WONDERLAND

See the Pyrotechnical Extravaganza
at the

MOUNT SHASTA FROLICS

July 2nd, 3rd and 4th, 1954

Mount Shasta Chamber of Commerce



YREKA IN 1851.

From old Daguerreotype in Siskiyou County Museum. Tent in right foreground belonged to the 1849 pioneer Jerome Churchill.

THE TOWN OF YREKA CITY

Siskiyou

Vol. II, No. 4



Pioneer

Fall, 1953

EDITORS - - - George R. Schrader, Isabell G. Schrader
 BUSINESS MANAGER - - - - - Gordon Jacobs
 STAFF - - - - - Ramona Kehrer, Bernice Meamber

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	<i>page</i>
YREKA IN 1906.....	1
YREKA'S CHINATOWN.....	8
HISTORICAL LANDMARKS.....	12
YREKA CARNEGIE LIBRARY.....	18
YREKA 100 YEARS AGO.....	20
YREKA'S UTILITIES.....	23
TWO PILGRIMS.....	25
HENLEY.....	29
SISKIYOU ARGONAUT—PART V (Cont.).....	33
WELLS HISTORY OF SISKIYOU COUNTY—CHAPT. 7 (Cont.).....	38
GENERAL MARTIN.....	43
RECOLLECTIONS OF MINNIE A. COPELAND.....	45
DR. CHAS. S. COWAN—PIONEER PHYSICIAN.....	46

COVER—*from watercolor by Vern Swanson of house still standing on Third Street, Yreka, once home of Charles Herzog, Jr. Frank Herzog was born in this house in 1880.*

CUT AT TOP OF THIS PAGE—*by Tommy Lou Ozunas.*

The Siskiyou Pioneer—Semi-annual publication of the Siskiyou County Historical Society. May be secured thru the Secretary of the Society, Box 716, Yreka, California. Price of the publication is \$1.00, plus 10c postage. Annual Society Membership is \$1.50 per year. Life Membership \$25.00. Members receive publications free of charge anywhere in the United States and Canada.

Golden Siskiyou . . .

by BEN H. FAIRCHILD

I know a place
Where the ferns grow rank,
And giant firs
Shade a mossy bank
Of a mountain stream
That rushes by,
And fleecy clouds
Sail on high.

Wild flowers bloom
In colors rare,
Their fragrant perfume
Scents the air;
Their craggy mountains
Capped with snow,
With fertile valleys
Far below.

Siskiyou Alps, like fairyland
Castles of marble
Not made by hand;
With highland lakes
Where ever you go,
Surrounded by
Perpetual snow.

Ancient channels
Rich in gold,
Veins of ore, of wealth untold;
Beautiful Klamath
Like a giant free,
Rushes westward
Toward the sea.

Wondrous nature
At her best,
Created Shasta
Pride of the West;
Whose glaciers shine
In the noonday sun,
And shadows grow long
When the day is done.

A fairer land
I never knew,
Than beautiful, Golden Siskiyou;
And when at last
I take my rest,
In this dear land
That I love best,
May I rest in peace
Neath skies of blue
In beautiful, Golden Siskiyou.



courtesy Con Brown

PICTURE TAKEN OF MINER ST., YREKA, ABOUT 1910
Looking West from corner of Miner and Main.

Yreka in the Good Old Days of 1906

by WALDO J. SMITH

Let's take a look at Yreka about 1906. Let's meet some old friends—some gone, some forgotten, and some still here. We'll start down by the present City Hall and walk up to Miner Street.

Hiram Skeen is standing in front of a brick building where the City Hall now stands. It is the old gas works. Joaquin Miller hauled pitch to it years before 1906. But in the year 1906 the Churchill Brothers are operating the Siskiyou County Power Company which provides electricity for the town and the building is now vacant.

Hiram is firing the steam engines that supply the city water. The water is pumped from wells in back of the present City Hall

to a reservoir located on the hill that is now known as Kladeveaux Heights.

Across the street is the residence of Dr. Daniel Ream, with barn and corral for his horses south of the residence. The Yreka Inn stands there now.

North of the gas works is the home of Ed Mathewson and family, which is at present Schell's Stoves and Blinds. Where the California State Automobile Association state office now stands, was a rooming house operated by Cal and Rogene Johnson.

We go now to the corner of Main and Miner to the blacksmith shop of P. O. LeMay, where Littrell Parts now stands. P. O. LeMay, of considerable weight, sits astraddle

of a chair, asleep, his head resting on the back of his chair.

We peer into the shop. A long row of horses are tied to the north side. Andy Utney is bent over, shoeing one, and Bert Barnes sings as he pumps the bellows for the fire.

Down South Main street comes Walt Delaney with a two-wagon, eight-horse freight team. The leaders swing out as they turn up Miner Street. Walt is driving by a jerk line and rides one of the rear horses.

We cross the street to the corner where the Spot Cafe now stands. It is the office of the Siskiyou Electric Power Company. We can see Alec Rosborough, Jessie Churchill and Romie Churchill at their desks inside.

We go on up Miner Street to the office of Dr. Ream. A skeleton hangs by the door and there are rows of bottles containing hands and different organs of the body preserved in alcohol.

Dr. Ream is very busy pulling a tooth from an Indian, who is struggling and hollering while the good doctor is tugging and swearing. The tooth comes out and the Indian runs out the door. The doctor has had nothing with which to kill the pain, and the Indian has had nothing with which to pay.

We go out and into Ringe's Harness Shop. It was about where the Yreka Bargain Center is now operating. The walls are lined with saddles which are lifted from their pegs by a long pole. Mr. Gleason is sewing on a saddle for Ed McNulty who idly whittles while he waits.

Next is the cobbler shop of Joe Forrest, who sits while he works surrounded by a great stack of shoes. The only machine he has is a sewing machine.

Jim McCoy and Doc Nichols are talking about the two Calkins girls, Nellie and Charlotte, having a runaway in Herzog's lane. Charlotte was thrown from the

buggy and suffered a broken leg.

Next is Rostel's Barber Shop. Rostel has just begun shaving a customer who leans back with closed eyes. But a man leaving the shop shouts, "Pardner, if you can sleep during that shave I will buy you a drink!" Mr. Rostel flourishes his razor in anger.

We come out in time to see the Franco-American Hotel bus turn the corner of Main and Miner Streets going south to meet the train. The depot is located where American Laundry now stands. The bus is drawn by two horses, and the entrance is gained by steps on the rear of the bus. Dave Reid is the driver.

The sidewalks on Miner Street are made of boards and the street is dusty and sprinkled liberally with horse manure.

We are now up to where Cummings Drug Store now stands. The building was vacant at that time. Three squaws sit on the sidewalk with baskets over their heads and 111 marks on their chins. One is playing a jew's harp. Chris Shock with white beard flowing, comes down Miner Street in his one-horse, two-wheeled dray.

We cross the street to Pollock's drygoods store where the Yreka Drug store now stands. We go inside. There is a long counter with stools in front for the customers to sit on while selecting dress materials, etc. Andy Campbell is telling Mr. Pollock, Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt, and Walter Pollock about Frank Jones saving Earl (Bunny) Poole, a deaf-and-dumb boy, from drowning in the Shasta River while the boys were swimming. That happened just that year.

We come out and in front of the store, "Rabbit" Herr is shining the shoes of Jack Thompson on a portable shoeshine box studded with bright nails. Jack is all dressed-up in brown derby hat, tightly fitting cutaway coat and brown button shoes.

We go down to Bird and Grant's store, now the Empire Room. The sidewalk is piled high with watermelons and fruit.

Dan O'Leary, Billy Grant, and Mr. Bird are discussing someone quitting a job. Mr. Grant says, "I don't see why he quit. It was an awful good job. They were paying him \$35.00 a month."

We go on down to the corner where the Shell Oil Service Station now stands, to the Opera House. The sidewalk in front of the Opera House is high above the street and steps lead down to Main Street. An advertisement states that the Southern Cotton Ball Minstrels will perform tonight, and as we stand we hear the band coming down the street.

The minstrels are colored, and dressed in red, and the band plays with great volume. They march in front of the Opera House, and the crowd commences to gather. Conley Brown, George and Dooney Houghton, Jerome and Percy Churchill, Anthony Morrell, Bob Forrest, and "Funny" Neuffer, bare-footed and in overalls come tearing up from the creek.

The sound of the band is bringing boys from all directions, as the crowd gathers in front of the Opera House. Joe Cook rides up on a bicycle. Clyde and Alois Turner, George and Bob Linton, Al Mullin, Harry Sofey, Louis Chappell, Deb Gross, "Stork" Eddy, Jim—Nalley, all the boys are running in to hear the music.

The Supervisors come out of the Miners Home (now the First National Bank), which advertises meals for 25c. They are Ed O'Connor, Abner Weed, S. R. Gardner, George Helmuth and H. H. Patterson. They drift down toward the band.

Bob Cornish shakes hands with Abner Weed and says, "I hope you will win out as Senator." Dr. Ward, Harry Davidson and Ed Brautlauch join the crowd.

Miles Buckner says "hello" to Couge Carrick and Couge replies, "Yes, I believe I could smoke a Fenecia cigar." Couge is slightly deaf.

John Harmon, Bill Ruew and Joe Steiner are talking together. Frank Riley, Claude Gillis and Billy Jones join them.

Chinese Jim Doten with failing eyes crosses the street. Newt Gordon, Marion Freshour and Frank Sofey join Oliver Orr and Bob Nixon.

The crowd is getting larger and as the band finishes its first tune, everybody smiles as a loud, peculiar laugh rings out. It is Ben Jones, who is talking to Riley Harding.

Two Chinamen standing on the walk are causing a commotion. Some of the boys have tied their queues together, and Joe Cook has kicked one and has run down the walk with one Chinaman in pursuit, until the queue tied to the other Chinaman prevents his further progress. Bill Calkins, the constable, is in hot pursuit of Joe Cook.

The crowd gives way as the Scott Valley four-horse stage rounds the corner of Main and Miner Streets. The driver is Coug Vetterline. A drummer sits beside him in linen duster and derby hat. On the top of the stage sits a Chinaman clutching his packages.

The boys have lined up along the walk extending from Bird and Grant's to Main Street, and a watermelon is being passed from one to another, from the stack of melons in front of the store.

Uley Brown and Leander Poole are in deep conversation. The band leader invites everyone to see the show, the most celebrated west of the Rockies. Then the crowd disperses.

We'll go up to where the Purity and Safeway stores now stand. It is the old foundry building, but in 1906 Meamber Brothers, George and Fred, are operating a bottling works and George Linton is busy loading a beer wagon in the hot afternoon sun. Across the street where the Siskiyou News is now located was Carrick's Blacksmith Shop. "Coug" Carrick's hammer rings out from the anvil as Leigh Carrick and J. M. Powers argue with much feeling as to who will be the best County Surveyor—Ed Nolan or Harvey Sartor.

We go on down the street to the block where Lake's Jewelry Store and Mont-

gomery Ward now stand. It is the old Martin Stable owned by John Harmon in 1906. The corral and stable take in a good share of the block and the front of the stable is on Center Street. Hoodlum Bob Morton with chair tilted back, sits in front of the stable. John Hefner and a Japanese high on a load of wood have just halted to chat. Says Hoodlum Bob, "John, that Jap woman has been paying you for about three months to teach that Jap to speak English. Can he talk?"

"Sure," says John, "talkee, talkee," and the Jap smilingly breaks into a torrent of profane and obscene language.

"John," says Hoodlum Bob, "you are doing a good job."

Across the street where Penney's Store now stands is Harmon's Blacksmith and Carriage Shop. Mr. Mullin and Mel Dunn, Superintendent of the County Hospital, standing in the doorway, are talking about the two big deer Doctor Barham killed on Anderson Grade.

We go on down the street past the wash rack and carriage shed of the livery stable where Barklow's Dress Shop now stands; on down the corner of the Miners' Home where the First National Bank is presently located. Across the street now occupied by Sleep's Saddlery Shop and Hayden's Beauty Salon eight or ten saddle horses tied to the hitching racks stamp flies in the sun, as John Perry and John Solus swing into their saddles, homeward bound.

We go up to the Miners' Home Saloon. The Miners' Home Restaurant and rooms are in the back. It is owned by S. M. Stough. Father O'Mera coming down the street waves to Dickey DeWitt, who drives by in his two-wheel meat delivery cart, driving standing from a platform in the rear.

Standing in front of the saloon are Pat Caldwell, Mark Skomo, Bill Gordon, Jimmy Beard and "Saowball" Howard. Pat hands them all a Fenechia cigar and goes into the Miners' Home.

They light the cigars and continue their talk about Albert Doty being killed by a powder explosion over in Humbug. The cigars of "Snowball" and Mark Skomo explode at the same time. Hats roll into the street and a rush is made into the saloon, but Pat has disappeared out the back door.

Ben Hall is the bartender and he is just paying "Beetle" Holland and Lloyd Condrey, barefoot boys, for beer bottles they have collected along Yreka Creek. Frank Bull, with his vicious dog is at the bar. The boys, all eyes, are waved out by Ben. (Shortly after, Beetle Holland was in the Powder House Explosion on Butcher Hill.)

Next is the bicycle shop of C. C. Cady, formerly owned by Louis Nordheim. George Ream, Earl Cooley, Earl Poole and Ernest Schuler are grouped in the doorway. We go on up to the Clarendon Hotel. It took in quite a space then, including the present Turner's Furniture Store. On the lower floor was a drummer's display room, lobby, dining room, barber shop and saloon. George Houghton, Sr., is the manager.

Down the street comes the freight team of Seth Cooley. We are now at Junker's Hardware Store where Sprouse Reitz Five-and-Ten now stands. Inside the hardware store the ceiling is hung with pots and pans, etc. Next is Harry Merrick's Dry-goods Store where Con Brown's Pool Hall is now located; then the store of Dr. O'Connell and Dr. O'Connell's Famous Root Beer, at present Elsie's Infant and Children's Wear. We are now at Avery's Drug Store which was then Avery's Drug Store. Two colored globes of liquid hang in each window.

Al Conley and Al Claveau painters for Uley Brown, the painter, push a wheel cart up Miner Street containing their ladders and paint.

Next is the saloon of John Turner, now the offices of Poutz and Simonson, Chiropractors. Then Churchill's Drug Store operated by F. S. Ackerman, now the drug store of Maguire and Greene.

We are now at John Pashburg's Grocery Store, and Al Newton comes out and throws a sack of sugar onto his delivery wagon. And at the end of this block was the saloon of Bill Calkins.

But we hear a commotion down the street.

The bartender in John Turner's saloon has rushed out into the street and is waving a long butcher knife. He is shouting, "I'll cut off that white head. I'll cut off that white head."

A crowd gathers and follows him down to the Clarendon Bar.

Roy Carlisle, Paddy Hogan, Jake Wetzel, Al Newton, Henry Herzog, Hugo Miller, and many others all follow him into the bar. He waves the knife at the bartender and shouts, "First give me a beer." The crowd stands back as the beer is served. He takes the knife and cuts the white foam off the beer and says, "I told you I would cut off that white head."

Henry Shock throws a five dollar gold piece on the bar and says, "Bartender, let the whole house commit murder."

Yreka managed to have a little fun in 1906.

I do not wish to take you on too long a walk in our travels of the Good Old Days of about 1906. Then, too the shoes of today are not built to withstand the wear of the boots built in 1906. And above all we do not want to bore our readers too long. So we will start out at the Yreka Railroad Depot and then skip around the town to the different business houses. As I stated before, the depot in 1906 was down near where the Yreka Motors now stands. Harry Walters is the manager, Joe Fried the warehouseman, and the smiling Irish engineer is Jim Garvey. Two freight wagons are backed up to the platform being loaded. One of the freight wagons is Sam Parker's and will go over to Scott Valley, and the other is Billy Ramus' and goes to Hamburg.

Let's stroll on down to Swan's Livery Stable. It is located where Fledderman's Garage now stands. Across from the stable by the scales stand two freight wagons. Fatty Gordon is the hostler. Curtis Smith, Sue Jones, Billy Alltapper, and several others are sitting around in front of the barn. China Bow is getting his mule pack team ready to go to Happy Camp. There is the sound of someone hammering in one of the freight wagons across the street, and strolling over we find a freight teamster tapping a barrel of whiskey. He accomplishes this by knocking one of the iron rounds of the barrel up from the barrel, and drilling a small hole in the barrel. After the whiskey is drained off he whittles a wooden plug, plugs the hole, knocks the iron round in place and no one is the wiser. But there is a terrible commotion in the stable and we turn just in time to see China Bow come out of the stable with his mule on a dead run. He has one foot in a stirrup and is hanging on to the saddle horn. The mule and China Bow head out toward the hospital. It seems that one of the boys placed a curry comb under the mule's tail as Bow was about to mount.

But we will drift down toward Chinatown. It was a big Chinatown in 1906, located where what remains of Chinatown is now, which is on the west side of Yreka Creek, near the Western Railroad depot. I imagine its population was around close to 200. It had several Chinese stores and a Joss House. Each Chinese New Year was a big celebration and the population was swelled from the surrounding country. The climax was the Chinese fight at which time the winner of the fight received as a prize a free trip to China. We look into the Joss House, or Chinese Church. Idols abound, mounted on an altar, and the smell of perfumed burning punk hangs heavily on the air. A Chinaman is on his knees bowing before the altar. We leave the Chinaman to his prayers, and go down the board walk, passing Ben Kee, Ali Guey, Sacramento, and Kee Hong. Let's go into one of the stores. The counter and shelves are piled high with tea, rice, china candy, nuts and queer labeled

cans lettered in Chinese. The air is heavy with Chinese tobacco smoke. A great hubbub of voices comes from the back room and as we enter, we find a gambling game is going on. The table is piled high with money and the stakes are rather steep. This game has been going on for 36 hours. As we step out on the street W. T. (Bill) Davidson, present member of the Board of Supervisors, drives up. What appears to be a coffin is in the back of his rig surrounded by several Chinese who are yelling and shouting. Let's ask Bill what the trouble is.

"Well," says Bill, "these Chinamen hired me to haul them and the corpse to Yreka. All the way over one sat in the back throwing out tiny bits of perforated paper, so that the devil would stop to go through the holes in the paper and not catch up with the dead Chinaman. We had a little accident on the mountain, the Chinaman lost the little papers, and now they claim the devil has caught up with the corpse."

We walk up town toward Miner Street. On Center Street, east of Main Street and adjoining China Town, was the Red Light District, commonly called "The Line". This is just back of the Maginnis Chevrolet Garage and the present Standard Oil Service Station. Where the Maginnis Garage now stands was The California Saloon, run by Joe Miller, and where the Standard Oil Station is was a vacant lot. There was a row of houses on both sides of the street and they must have housed about 25 or 30 girls. In the forenoon, as groups of small boys passed the houses going to China Town or to Yreka Hill, all was quiet with no one in sight, but in the afternoons the girls would be visiting out in their yards, generally with kimono on. They smoked cigarettes which were what was then called "Tailor Mades" as almost all smokers rolled their own.

At night you could hear the sounds of phonograph music coming out of the houses, which all had bright red curtain shades. They did not come up to the main part of town very often and generally two went together when they shopped. They

were usually overdressed, with painted cheeks and lips and liberally doused with strong perfume. Decent women in those days did not smoke or paint their faces. They looked straight ahead and seldom spoke to anyone on the streets. It must have been a trying ordeal for them to walk up the main street of town—the raised eyebrows as they passed, the knowing smiles, the looks exchanged by people and the dead silence of women until they had gone by. They never caused much trouble to law authorities, although one time a drunken lumberjack poured a bottle of beer down the horn of the new fangled phonograph and the Madame knocked him cold with a heavy bedroom chamber. The law descended on them both and they were fined for disturbing the peace.

As we pass the California Saloon Joe Miller stands outside talking to old "Brandy". A Chinaman comes up the street carrying two baskets of vegetables on the ends of a pole across his shoulders. He has carried it from Biv You's Chinese garden located near where the California Highway Patrol now stands.

We go on up Miner Street to Kappler's Saloon. It is where Gamble's Western Auto Supply is now. There has been a funeral for a member of the Yreka Fire Department, and John Mack, Sr., and Yank Smith, dressed in red shirts and leather helmets, stand in front of the saloon talking. Ed Hall with loaded gunny sack on his back joins them. Music is coming out of the saloon building and it sounds like a band. It is from a giant machine that plays drums, violin, etc., by dropping a nickel in a slot. The only machine of its kind in Siskiyou County! You ought to hear it hammer out such hot pieces as "There Will Be A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," and "Not Because Your Hair Is Curly".

In back of Kappler Saloon was the tamale shop of Manuel Elario. You went up a long flight of stairs on Broadway to gain entrance. It only opened in the evenings and was the gathering place for all

the boys of the town. His tamales covered with a rich sauce cost 10c apiece. I have never eaten any tamales that compared with Manuel's.

We go on up the street passing groups of boys. Everett Buckner, Bernard Pollard, Lawrence Wetzel and Lyle Walters are in one group; Ernest Cooley, Ted Crawford, Allan Holland and Charley Shaffer in another. Down the street comes a little old man whistling merrily. He has a shopping basket over his arm and people nod and smile as they go by, because it is full of horse manure. Boys up the street have passed him single file and dropped horse manure into his basket as they went by. He will not discover it until he gets to the store.

We go on up to the post office. It is where the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph office now stands. Bob Nixon is the Postmaster. Just above it is the saloon of Godfrey Peters. There are quite a few people on the street; among them the red shirts of the firemen stand out: Henry Schock, Henry

Schultz, Uley Brown, W. L. Cooper and John Pashburg all in fireman's regalia, Charley Howard, Pollard, his Chief Deputy, R. S. Taylor and George Tebbe come out of their office in deep discussion. Gordon Jacobs from Hornbrook shakes hands with Erskine Parks from Beswick. Bob DeWitt comes out of his store on the corner of Oregon and Miner. Judge Beard is talking with Mr. Iunker in front of Iunker's Saloon. Gus Simmert and Jake Strobeck, owners of the City Market, come up the street with Gus Brown. Suddenly around the corner of the Bee Hive Store and down Miner Street comes Bob Forrest. He is on a bicycle and is dragging something on a long chain. It is a live skunk in a trap and as Bob pedals down the street there is a rush into stores. Bob pedals down the street to the creek. He looks back. The street is vacant.

Well, we had quite a little stroll after all. I hope you had as much fun reading as I have had writing about the good old days of 1906.

TWO GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES . . .

There is in Siskiyou County a community which derived its name from an exceptional fall of snow in the year 1887, and a mountain which perpetuates the memory of a group of spurious money manufacturers in the year 1885.

Snowden and Bogus are the two names referred to and the information relative to them was obtained from Sidney Richardson, a prominent pioneer of the Shasta valley region, who has spent practically all of the 76 years of his life in the Snowden district.

Snowden—In January, 1887, one Fogerty, construction boss for the Southern Pacific railroad, arrived on the plains north of the present site of Montague with about 500 Chinese coolies. On the night of their arrival there was a heavy fall of snow which continued for several days and nights until the camp was completely snowed in. For want of fuel, the Chinamen helped themselves to the rails of fences of the Sidney Richardson ranch near by.

From the fact that their arrival was greeted by this heavy fall of snow, they called the location "Snowdown". The railroad station in this vicinity is now "Snowdon" (spelled "on") and the community is named "Snowden".

Bogus Mountain—In 1885, while the early miners were busy washing gold from the gravel on Yreka flats, a group of enterprising money-makers established themselves some four miles east of Ager on what is now known as Bogus Mountain. Here they minted counterfeit half-dollars.

Later on they moved to Willow creek and for a time continued making "bogus" money on the site of the ranch owned until recently by Mrs. Hamette Terwilliger. Some of these counterfeit coins have been picked up in this neighborhood.

From the operations of this group of counterfeiters, the mountain and locality derived its name of "Bogus".



MAIN STREET OF CHINATOWN, YREKA, CALIFORNIA
Flood of February 4, 1890.

Yreka's Chinatown . . .

by BETTY DOW

Chinatown! No matter where a "Chinatown" is located, it always conjures up in the mind of the listener or reader, a place or locale of mystery, fantasy and intrigue. San Francisco, from its very beginning, was noted the world over for its fascinating and luring "Chinatown".

But this is not a story of San Francisco's Chinatown, but a tale of the almost forgotten "Chinatown" of Yreka.

The major portion of the information is derived from the remarkable memory of Frank Herzog, native-born Yrekan, who now holds the post of assistant curator at the Siskiyou County Museum in Yreka. Frank, (a spiritual, if not a lineal descendant of Bret Harte) can weave many fas-

cinating stories and tales of Yreka's Chinatown of many years ago.

According to Frank, the Chinatown of Yreka was located where the Maginnis Chevrolet and Scammell's Electric Store now stand, and it flourished from 1855 to 1885.

During the years of its existence, the Chinese observed many varied and colorful customs, which included the celebration of the Chinese New Year, their rather fantastic and equally colorful funerals, and many others.

There were six prominent Chinese companies that headed the mining operations, and each belonged to a different "Tong".

They had their headquarters and stores in Chinatown, where the Chinese who were working for these companies would come to buy their clothing and do their shopping, and smoke opium to their hearts' content. Also, this was their headquarters for the festive two weeks' observance of their New Year. They had gambling rooms, and eating houses, their gambling games consisting of Fan-Tan, Draw Poker (American style) and Lotto. At the time of the New Year festivities, the Chinese religion forbade any of them to play these games, if they had not paid up their last year's debts.

During their New Year celebration, not only did the Chinese people turn out in full force, but many Americans joined in the fun. Frank relates in great detail how the Chinese would have strings of fire-crackers hung from tall poles, popping away like mad, and the celebration finally culminated with what was called Chinese "Fights," comparable to our football games of today.

These Chinese "Fights" were conducted by teams, with seven or eight Chinese boys on each team. Frank described the object used in this "game" or "fight" as similar in form to a pincushion, a well padded affair, with an explosive inside, which would be shot off into the air. A mad scramble would ensue, with each team striving to lay hands on it. The player getting it was to run with it to the "joss" house, and if he made his goal safely, he and his team mates won the prize. The prize consisted of a round trip to China for the one who had carried the "pincushion" to the "joss" house, and usually a sum of approximately five hundred dollars was divided among the winning team mates.

Another fascinating story was about the Chinaman's preparation for his regular smoke of opium. Frank describes it so vividly, that one can almost see the Chinaman with his lamp and pipe, lying in his bunk. The opium is in a sticky, thick, syrupy form, similar in appearance to molasses.

The Chinaman had a long needle that resembled a knitting needle. First he would dip the needle into the syrupy mass of opium, and hold it over the flame of the small lamp, gradually raising the needle up and down, turning it slowly with each movement. When the substance reached the point where it could be placed into the pipe without sticking to the needle, it was ready for smoking, and the Chinaman would take one long drag, which wafted him off to "Chinese heaven". After several drags, the opium smoker drifted off into a deep and restful sleep, where he dreamed (so they say) many beautiful dreams.

Another colorful, (and it may seem slightly bizarre to us) Chinese odd custom was the funeral ceremony.

Frank tells how everyone is invited, a brass band plays, and fabulous amounts of food are prepared. Thousands and thousands of pieces of red and white paper are strewn from Chinatown, or the home of the deceased, to the cemetery. These bits of paper are full of holes, which the Chinese believe the Devil has to pass through before he reaches the deceased. If the deceased reaches the burial grounds first he is safe (and I imagine he always did), and the devil cannot get at him.

On the grave great quantities of good food and liquor are placed to assist the deceased on his long journey to "Chinee" heaven.

One time Dr. Ream, prominent in the early day history of the county, approached "Old Sacramento," a Chinaman of great importance, and asked him why the Chinese placed such lavish gifts of food on the grave. The dead man could not eat them. "Old Sacramento" just scratched his head a moment and said, "Allee samee white man. He put flowers on grave, and dead white man no come up to smell um flowers."

According to the semi-weekly Yreka Journal, dated Saturday, May 24, 1862, the following story was written: "CHINESE FUNERAL". Our attention was attracted

yesterday afternoon (May 23, 1862) by martial music. Looking out of our sanctum window we beheld a long train of Chinamen coming down Miner Street, with a hearse in front, and just behind a band of music consisting of a fife and two drums, followed by Chinamen with banners and the flag of their country. On inquiring what was up, was informed that a Chinese Free Mason had died at Humbug, and had been brought here to be interred. Having our curiosity excited, we fell in the wake of the train with a lot of equally curious "melican" men, and walked up to the city cemetery to witness the ceremonies. After arriving at the grave, the coffin was placed over it, and then came the roast pig, chicken (boiled), bisquit (baked and unbaked). Next came the chief mourner, and two sub-mourners. The chief mourner was dressed in white, the subs in their usual dress. They all fell down at the foot of the grave and commenced to cry—the chief the loudest of the three. After this the brothers of the lodge knelt down at the foot of the grave, two at a time, and kissed the ground two or three times. One brother then sings a song, and all we could understand was—"and his soul goes marching on!"

This being over, cigars were passed around to everybody who could partake, followed with brandy, which seemed the best part of the whole performance to the "melicans". The City Sexton looked very good-natured after the while, as he was posted on the cigar and brandy arrangement. The closing scene was the burning of all the wax candles and paper. The band then struck a lively tune, and we all went marching home. The fifer tried to play "Yankee Doodle" but broke down, to the chagrin of the drummers. The bass drum was played according to note, and the band discoursed a variety of lively airs, including "Dixie" as a premonition of a similar fate for its followers".

Frank's mother asked Mrs. Ben Kee, wife of one of the prominent Chinese, why the Chinese women cramped their feet into the tiny slippers they wore. The Chi-

nese woman imparted this bit of wisdom "Why it was so different? If the 'Amelican' women could squeeze in their waist-lines, surely the Chinese woman was entitled to squeeze her toes."

Among some of the prominent Chinese still lingering in the memories of our pioneer friends were Gooie, Kee Hong, Ben Kee, John Brown, Foy and Way. All of these were heads of the previously mentioned companies that were in charge of the mining.

Chinatown of Yreka was burned out several times during its existence, but the Chinese undaunted would rebuild and continue on with their way of living; their annual celebration of the Chinese New Year, their colorful and picturesque funerals, and other odd customs. Today, a few straggly shacks may be seen along Yreka Creek, monuments in a way to the staunch and gallant Chinese who at one time were a part of life in Yreka.

From talk given my Marcelle Masson, on Dunsmuir at meeting of society, March, 1953:

"Where one now sees the Dunsmuir Hotel, in the 1890's, one saw the Wing Sing Laundry. The Chinamen always wore faded blue jeans. They carried the laundry in baskets on their shoulders until the advent of the automobile, when they bought a Ford. On Chinese New Year they gave lily bulbs to their customers. They were an integral part of the community. There was Big Sam, Jim Ming, Little Lee, and Chung Lung, to name some of them. Chung cooked at the Upper Soda Springs hotel for fifteen years."



Photo by Arnold Genthe, from collection in Library of Congress.

THE CELLAR DOOR

Historical Landmarks of Yreka . . .

Transcript of talk given at the June meeting of the Society

by FRANK HERZOG

I guarantee I'm going to tell you one good lie this afternoon. One dandy that happened here in the county and isn't very well known. I think you're all going to like it because it sounds so unreasonable. I believe, I have every reason to believe it, because it came from the people who were running the mine at the time that it happened and they had been running it for a number of years, and they had a number of Chinese working for them—at one time they ran three shifts. Excuse me, Mrs.

*Kehrer, I'm going down the Klamath River for a few minutes. It was the McConnell Mine at the mouth of Humbug, they ran three shifts from time to time, and they had a lot of Chinese working for them, in fact our best miners in those days were the Chinese, especially in the open cut mines, because when they cleaned up they really cleaned up! After the white man went all over the country here the Chinese came after and "mopped up". That's why you will find that the mines around this country don't have gold in them like they used to have. The Chinese got it. Well, anyway, these Chinese were working for the McConnells on the Klamath, they were very prevalent here, in fact, all over the county, these Chinese were in and around and about Yreka, and they made the Indians feel awful bad. The Indians didn't like the Chinese. It was said all over the country that the Indians were "hand-me-downs" from the Orientals and a lot of the white people or Americans believed that and the Indians didn't like that—that didn't please them worth a cent—they said, "We might look like Chinese, but we're not!" And they made the rugged test down on the

Klamath river and from what I can understand myself—we got this from the McConnells themselves—and as a small child, and a young man, I got it from Dr. Ed McConnell who reasserted it—and I heard Mr. McConnell, before he passed on, I was a little fellow then, tell this story. It seems that there were two Indians who strayed in down there at the mine, they stayed there a few days but kept to themselves, they came in there with no other purpose than to test these Chinese to see if they were a hand-me-down from the Chinese. They came around and stayed, kept to the brush, they had their own chow, and finally they got to where they wanted. These Chinese crossed back and forth on a bridge across the river that the McConnells had put there for them to go back and forth on, and the Klamath was rugged then, a very rough river, not up and down like it is now, didn't get down to just a trickle, and they found that the Chinese were crossing back and forth on this bridge, all the time, and the river was high, lots of water in it. There is a tradition among the Indians, that an Indian can swim from birth. I believe it too, in most instances, the Indians can swim from birth. So, they said, if they could get a Chinaman into the river they would find out if he was an Indian or not. So, by golly, they laid along this bridge, and first thing you know, along came the young Chinese that were going across the river and lo and behold these Indian boys grabbed them and threw them into the river—and they haven't found them yet! They never swam out and the Indians took to the hills into the Siskiyou, back over where the Shasti Indians belonged and they haven't heard from them

*Mr. Herzog refers to Mrs. Ramona Kehrer, program chairman, who introduced him as speaker.

either, but it seems that they backed it up, over in that country among the tribes. The Shasta tribe, which was part of the tribe here and their big Chief was Sambo, and Tyee John was the sub-chief here and the Indians in Scott Valley had their sub-chief that was under Sambo over there, and so evidently it must be so—because the Chinese never swam out, and the Indians say they are not descended from the Chinese, because those two Chinamen didn't swim out, if it had been two Indians they would have swam out.

Well, now that we've gotten that far, I'll get back to Yreka. The Chinese had a mine out here—right beyond the high school and I believe it was run by the Bing Tong Co. John Brown was at the head of it—here in China Town, and that mine started, to show the immensity of it—it was the last real large placer mine that we had right here close to Yreka. That mine started right down here by Fishers Feed store and right about where that cabinet shop is now. The mine started there, they flumed across the creek. On the other side of the highway is where they dumped and that mine ran about 10 to 15 years. It was run continuously. You can go up Blake street now and come to the end of Blake street and you can get right down into the old Chinese diggings, that ran clear to the mountain. And it was very very rich, and as a youngster us fellows used to on Saturday when we were off from school, we had to get into mischief, us kids did, and they cleaned up on Saturday—I'm getting into teen-aged stuff, we would go up to the Chinese mine and see how they cleaned up, it was quite a novelty to us. They started at the head end of the sluice boxes, they would pick out all the big rocks and they let a small amount of water run into the sluice boxes then they would take out one of the riffles the water would run down, then they would take out another riffle, the amalgam would keep working down and about the first three riffles in a clean up is where all the gold was in those days, and after that there is a little gold

strays down there, but gold has a heavy specific gravity and it goes to the bottom real quick; consequently, it doesn't wash very far in the riffles, unless it is a large chunk; if it is a large chunk, it might go for half a mile downstream but small gold, up to as large as the end of your little finger, will go right to the bottom and hunt the amalgam. These Chinese would be working that down, us kids would be standing around looking and watching and we'd reach after it, but got nothing. You don't scoop amalgam up like something off the floor—it just falls right out of your hands. So one of the kids felt around in his pockets and first thing he found a 10-gauge brass shotgun shell and oh boy, wasn't that good to dip it out of there with! Finally the Chinamen ran us out. One of them got after us with a shovel and another with a pick handle, and anything they could get, one of them had an old wet gunny sack and he sopped me with it and nearly drowned me! Well, we had three or four of those 10-gauge shotgun shells full in our pockets, and we had quite a little value of gold, seemingly I would say we had an ounce altogether, there was six or seven of us in the gang, if I could think right hard I could tell you all their names, Mrs. Kehrer didn't give me enough time to think this out. We took for home and on the way down we got to the head of Pine street where it goes into Lennox and we got into a rumpus among ourselves and we all threw our gold and amalgam at each other and didn't get home with any.

That Chinese mine ran, I would say, until about '94 or '95, it was a very very rich piece of property, and as I said a moment ago, it was our last real large placer mine around with the exception of the Blue Gravel mine up Greenhorn, south of town, near the old Greenhorn schoolhouse. The Blue Gravel mine was an underground, drift mine, that ran for quite a number of years after that, but of no such proportions as this.

Well, father, who owned and ran the Franco hotel, at that time, and in the hotel

building there were six business buildings—and where Marlow's Jewelry is now, there was the bank and express office, the Wadsworths were running the bank, and in the express office there was a man by the name of Langford Tickner and Mr. Tickner and father used to get together and talk things over and about the mines and about how they were turning in their gold and such-like and Langford Tickner told father that those Chinese never did, in any year, exchange less than one hundred thousand dollars in gold dust with him and he said in one year it was nearly \$260,000, so you can see it was quite a paying proposition. And then on top of that they would also send out express bundles that had all the evidences of being gold rolled up by the Chinese, and expressed to their relatives in the old country, in raw gold, so the Chinese, in my estimation, took out quite a bit of our raw gold here in the county and sent it to China among their folks, and then there were a lot of them sent it back and then as soon as they quit mining it here, went back to China and lived a lordly life from there on out. They would send their wages back—some had their wives and children come out—but it seems that with most of them their whole life centered on getting back home again and that is where most of our Chinese got to from there on out. Now I think that is about all I can give you on the mines here close—don't want to tire you with too much of it.

Changes on Miner street—the town started to grow. In 1900 the town hadn't started to grow very much. We still had the old wooden sidewalks and quite a number of the old iron doors were still hanging on Miner street. I think this bank I just mentioned a few moments ago, where Mr. Marlow is now, still, there was a jewelry store (there then—Mr. Dewey was there then), I think the place there still had the old iron doors up until 1900—and then on down the street—we'll take it across the street, to show you they took our buildings to widen the streets to make it look more

like a town, there was two buildings on Miner and Fourth, next to Maguire and Greene drug store—there was the old stage office there and also Pashburg & Co. store and home building. They lived on the upper story of their store building for a number of years and had a store room that ran clear back almost back to the storehouse of Montgomery Ward & Co. and that was all taken out to widen the street. A little further on was the old Miner's Home, that at one time was quite a place, a big yard around it, in fact it was just what it said—a miner's home. Miners all came from all over the country, they headquartered, met their old friends, you know like seeks like, miner likes to be around a miner—he wouldn't do at all around a cook or a machinist, they want to be with a miner, that is the way it was with those miners.

Then on down the street on the corner, where the Shell Oil station is now, originally that was Kessler's drugstore and theatre. It was a nice big drugstore, downstairs, general drugs and magazines, papers, books, go around the corner and when you get around the corner where Jimmy Davis's place is now there was a door, and upstairs they had at the back end of that a theatre, they had the nigger's roost—same as the ball parks, and the seats you sat in were benches and in 1890 a snow fell so deep here it rained on it and got so heavy that it cracked that old building open and there were so many cracks that they trussed it with rods but the carpenters of the day condemned it and finally Kessler sold out and moved and the Juliens bought it—the downstairs was a nice store building in those days—it sold for the immense price of \$2500.00—that whole corner, building and all. The Juliens bought it and built an opera house and they had quite a nice opera house for quite a number of years until Mr. Peters built an opera house up where the Home Grocery is now that used to be the opera house, then this place down on the corner was turned into a garage—we were commencing to get cars then—and they had the Siskiyou

Auto Company there for a number of years and from then on out it was this and that for a number of years and now is the Shell Oil station. Right across the street where Floyd A. Boyd is was a vacant lot and the first building was put up by Abshire and Hovey—right next door to it where the Veterans Hall is, that was Ben Franklin's livery stable and barn and that piece of property to the creek was left to the city by a foster son of the Franklins, called T. Franklin, a very loyal man to his city and a mighty fine man, although he was a Chinese boy who was found in the hills by his foster parents and raised by two old darkies—Ben Franklin and his wife, all very loyal citizens to Yreka.

Then across on the other corner where Littrell Parts is now was Swan & LeMay's blacksmith shop and had been for years. They made wagons and buggies and many was the fine turn-out that was made at that shop of Swan & LeMay—they did a wonderful job. Martin was in the paint business and he did the painting and after he went out of business a man by the name of Klaveau did all the carriage painting and striping and he did a wonderful job too.

Then across on the other corner was where Mr. J. P. Churchill, Sr. established himself in his first packing headquarters, where he ran his pack train from all down the river, and over on the coast and back. He kept his loads there until it was called for, so you see on those four corners there, one was vacant and now has a beautiful store building, and two buildings swept away—Churchill building and the old Kessler hall and store and then over where Littrell Parts is—quite a change on four corners, I would like to state here that now I think Jerome Churchill would bear me out in this, I would like to state, that this year or next, there will have been a Churchill in business on Main street for 100 years! So it kinda seems like the moss has grown on those citizens' backs, or they're darn good citizens, I don't know which.

Up until about 1900—a little before that—we didn't have a reading room in town, you either had to drop into the Franco or Clarendon and sit around in the lobby or read the papers and magazines in there and about, I would say 1894, they got a notion they ought to have a reading room and the ladies got together, held several meetings, and first thing you know we had a reading room. It was located where Pedersen's shop is now, next door to the Western Auto store, it was in there for quite a number of years and I remember in the establishing they had us school children down for the dedication—we sang several numbers, we had quite a good little chorus in our school at that time and Will Tebbe who afterwards became Dr. Tebbe at Weed, I remember they were talking of old times and dealing with anthropology—and we sang "Long Long Ago," you folks all remember that song—that night—I distinctly remember, because I had to help sing.

Well our librarians were Nettie McGuffey and Minnie Hearn. Minnie Hearn had been one of our Yreka girls, and a teacher over the county. Mrs. McGuffey was King's daughter, one of our early merchants—I don't know if you remember him or not. And it made a very nice combination—mighty nice ladies—they allowed us to come down, they furnished checker and chess boards—cards, and it was wonderful to keep us little punks off the streets. It gave us a chance to get off the street and a place to go and have a lot of fun and those ladies were more than librarians—they were more like mothers to us.

Now I'm going to get back into rocks and the mining business—this is going to be rocks. Rock hounds and pebble puppies. The pebble puppies are the ones who pick up or look for pebbles—the rock hounds pick up rocks. Let me prove to you just

how far reaching that is, maybe you don't realize—I've been a rock hound all my life—been one since my childhood—the place that reaches to! Along about 1906 or '07, or '08, they were building a mausoleum by one of the grand dukes in Russia—that grand duke wanted that built of jade. Well, if you folks have heard of a good grade of jade is a scarce article, it isn't rare, but scarce, so they were running short of jade in Russia at that time and they thought they'd better canvas the West and see what they could find. They had several representatives running the museums in San Francisco and Los Angeles and all over the country where museums had rocks. These Russians were looking where they could find more jade. Consequently in a museum or collector's assortment one of these scouts ran across a small piece of jade in this collection and it said on it "given to George by Uncle Billy Tonkin and deposited in this collection by Homer Warren of Yreka". Just to find out who that was. T. J. Nolton, at that time secretary of our Commercial Club here, read the letter from these people asking who Homer Warren was, Uncle Billy Tonkin and George, and it was given by Uncle Billy Tonkin to George Tonkin, his nephew, and George had given it to Homer Warren, and he in turn put it in the collection there in Los Angeles. Well, he came to my father who was in the hotel at that time, and he said, "Charley, do you know Homer Warren?" And father said, "Yes, but he's been dead five, six or seven years," and he says just who would we contact to see about this jade business. My father said, "Give the letter to me and I'll contact Florian LeMay, my brother-in-law," so he took the letter and turned it over to LeMay, and he said, "Yes, I know Homer Warren—he's passed on, but I've heard Frank speak of Billy Tonkin, and George

was still an unknown person. He said I've heard Frank, that's me, speak of Uncle Billy and I'll ask him. I knew him very well—Geo. Tonkin—that is—lived about where the Yreka high school is now—so I went to Weed, he said, Billy that is, said, "Yes, I gave that to George and he gave it to Homer Warren who put it in the collector's assortment in Los Angeles and I said just where is that jade located in Siskiyou? He said, it is located about 3-4 miles up Elk Creek near Happy Camp. I came home with the information for my uncle, and he got in touch with Hallway and he came right up here and they got a gang together and went to Happy Camp and got directions to Elk Creek and went up Elk Creek, the distance mentioned by Billy Tonkin and they came to a very nice camping place and an Indian cabin. On the front porch of the Indian's cabin was a very nice specimen of washed jade. And Florian LeMay noticed it as a door stop and kicked it and said, "Where did you find this stuff?" And the Indian said, "Back on the hillside a little way above where we live are great bluffs of it and you'll find it all along the creek in the shape of wash boulders." So they went on in and found the jade, and came back with specimens, boxes and sacks of the stuff and that shows how a little piece of rock sample of some kind will travel to the museums and to the far off places and then people will be brought back to the location and probably quite a sizeable industry will be found from the finding of a small piece of rock in a museum.

Note: I asked Frank if the Russians used any of this jade in the building in Russia and he said that due to the inaccessibility of the material, the nasty trail and road into the country it was too expensive to get out and the Russians found some closer to home.

—RMK



**How They Taught Our
Children "The Chinese
Must Go" Back in the 1880s**

The influx of hundreds of thousands of Chinese into this country as laborers in the mines and on the railroads eventually caused fear, resentment and agitation that the Chinese were taking over the country. This pistol is merely an echo of the political and social aspects of the Chinese emigration question.

The working consists of placing a cap in the mouth of the Chinese after cocking the pistol. Pulling the trigger causes the noble American to kick the "chink" in the pants, pull his pigtail and thus explode the cap. Picture is from an early catalog illustration by the maker.



Photo by Arnold Genthe from collection in Library of Congress.
THE VEGETABLE PEDDLER



Yreka Carnegie Library . . .

by CLAYTON TAPSCOTT

During the early years of the twentieth century now half gone the historic and picturesque town of Yreka presented a somewhat more primitive appearance than the Yreka of today. The name Yreka is said to be derived from an Indian name meaning White Mountain and referring to Mount Shasta, and replaced the name of Thompson's Dry Diggings by which the site was first known. There were no paved streets and but few sidewalks except on Miner Street. The only bridge crossing Yreka Creek was the railroad bridge where the Yreka Railroad extended across the creek to the depot then located to the south of South Street and between what is now the State Highway and Broadway. Of course there were no automobiles, and all vehicles were horsedrawn except the hosecart of the Yreka volunteer fire department which was pulled and pushed by as many of the firemen and other citizens as could take hold and

help. Horsedrawn busses from each hotel, the Franco-American and the Clarendon, daily met the train taking passengers to and from the hotels, and the old-fashioned stages still carried the passengers over the mountain into Scott Valley. Freight teams were a common sight in town and Schock's drays traversed the streets at almost all times. Even old Mr. Schock with his long whiskers still sometimes drove his large gentle horse drawing a cart along the street, and livery stables were ready to furnish a two-horse buggy on short notice to those who desired to make a trip somewhere.

It was perhaps about 1910 that a number of ladies considered doing something in the interest of local improvement, and several of them got together. Among those present were Emma Barnes, Pearl Collar, Nettie Magoffey, Cina Tyler and Carra Bush. Interest was taken and soon thereafter the Yreka Improvement Club was formed. Mrs.

Carrie Wadsworth was among the many who took an early interest, and membership of about 75 was obtained. Mrs. Mary E. Rankin was elected President, Mr. Harry Walther 1st Vice President, Miss Beatrice Holbrook 2nd Vice President, Mr. John Boyle 3rd Vice President, Mrs. Leila Steele Secretary and Miss Ada Schenck Treasurer. A Constitution and By-Laws was adopted. Each member paid one dollar upon joining and dues were one dollar per year. Funds were raised from various sources such as giving entertainments, suppers, dances, card parties, etc., and quite a number of beneficial improvements were undertaken or advocated and some very worthwhile results accomplished.

There being no public library or reading room in Yreka, the club discussed having such an improvement as very desirable. As a space in the Morrison and Lash Building was temporarily vacant the club was allowed to use it for a short time to serve a supper or have a card party and then, with loaned or donated chairs and a table or two and a few magazines or books and papers, it was temporarily used as a reading room, various ladies of the club being in attendance at certain hours. So soon as the space in Franco-American Hotel Building could be rented the few belongings that had been accumulated were moved into the place now occupied by Marlow's Jewelry Store and the Yreka Reading Room was opened to the public with Mrs. Nettie Magoffey in attendance. In order to pay rent and other expenses including Mrs. Magoffey, many members of the club, business men and others interested subscribed to contribute monthly, some one dollar, some 50c and some 25c until it could be financed more permanently in some other way.

The California Legislature having passed an act to provide for the establishment and maintenance of public libraries within municipalities, which was approved March 23, 1901 and amended April 12, 1909, the Yreka City Board of Trustees took the necessary action, a tax was levied for the

support of a public library and a board of trustees consisting of five members was appointed. Those appointed on the Board of Library Trustees were: Charles J. Luttrell, George A. Tebbe, Sr., Mrs. Ethel Gillis, Orlo G. Steele and Jerome P. Churchill. Thus the reading room which had been established by the Yreka Improvement Club became the Yreka Public Library supported by a tax levied and collected for its maintenance, and continued at the same location until it was moved into the library building which it has occupied ever since, at 412 West Miner Street.

When it was proposed that a Carnegie Library be obtained for Yreka, Mrs. Leila Steele had become President of the Yreka Improvement Club and the club was instrumental in raising money for the purpose of a lot for the building. There was considerable discussion and difference of opinion at that time as to where the building should be located. Some contended it should be located on city property near the City Hall making that a sort of civic center. Others contended that it should be located more centrally in the residence section of town, making it more convenient thereto. It was finally decided to locate it at the extreme edge of the business district on the principal street, and there the building was erected, and when finally completed and ready for occupancy the library was moved there, and has ever since operated under the name of the Yreka Carnegie Library. Mrs. Ethel Gillis is the only member of the board who was appointed to the board when it was first organized and has continued to be a member ever since. She is now President of the Board.

The library as it stands today is the result of the efforts of many citizens who in the past and in various capacities did their part and more than their part toward bringing about that result. The names of those who have contributed to that result would make a long list, and probably no list that could be made up would contain the names of all who have helped do it.



from a Daguerreotype in Yreka Museum

YREKA 100 YEARS AGO

The New Yreka of 100 Years Ago . . .

by MRS. A. H. RUSSELL

This article was written in 1924 for Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Russell of Yreka, parents of J. B. (Dad) Russell.

In July, 1853, my two sisters and I were invited to visit my aunt in Yreka and attend the Fourth of July celebration, the first miners' and settlers' Fourth in the county. She, being one of the few women in the land and keeping a boarding house, became a friend to many homesick boys who had left homes "in the States" for California gold mines. My aunt's kind words, with a bowl of hot soup for some lonesome, sick miner had won many friends, and when it was known that her three nieces were coming from the Rogue River Valley to visit her, arrangements were made (without her consent) to have a hack which had crossed the plains, and which was the only one in the county, come to meet us with a band—a drum and a fife and a harmonica,

perhaps. My aunt heard of this and knew my mother's "Southern ways" would not approve of such a demonstration, and wrote us to postpone our visit until later.

Two weeks later my brother La Gravel Hill and two other young friends brought horses and side-saddles from Yreka to accompany us over the Siskiyou Indian trail to the town. The trail was cut out in stair step fashion by pack mules' feet, as all transportation either into or from Oregon was by mules—the miner's ship. This part of of the trail was steep, and we caught the horses' manes to keep from slipping backwards.

I shall never forget how we entertained these young men on their arrival. It happened that three Methodist preachers also came the same day to stay all night. All nine horses were staked out to eat grass while the men sat under the oak trees in the

yard and mother and daughters prepared supper under a shed beside the log cabin for eleven people on a small stove. A table was set in the cabin for seven men who were delighted to eat woman's cooking in real dishes on white table linen. The table, however, was not a polished extension, but made of split boards or "shakes" with legs of fir limbs with the bark off. Supper over, the arranging for the family and company beds seemed a problem for Mother to demonstrate. Our beds were in the corners, supported by one leg, the springs were shakes. The floor had to accommodate the men—six of them, so two rows of feather beds were placed on the floor with the pillows next to the wall. We could hear the voices through our calico bed curtains that hung from ceiling to floor, and it may be that the men heard suppressed giggling on the other side when they suggested that a long man sleep opposite a short one so their feet would not overlap. That caused a deal of wondering how we would ever get to our shed kitchen to cook breakfast. But some men are wise. These were, and were up with the birds, and the coast was clear for us women folks to dress behind our calico partitions, ready for duty. Somehow, Father and Mother managed fine.

All parties wanted an early start on the road. It took all day to ride to Yreka, about 40 miles, even when the horses were allowed to lope when on good ground. Each of us had to take all our extra wardrobes in satchels hung on the horn of our saddles. Our riding costumes covered us completely, hanging almost to the ground. (Women's feet were not seen much in those days, after early teens.) We did not overtake the preachers, who started at 7 A.M. and we an hour later. The narrow trail over the Siskiyou needed a careful guide. Our horses stepped farther than mules, and on steep places the mules' stair steps bothered our long-legged horses. That, and a fear of Indians' arrows that might fly from ambush, gave us something to think about.

We reached Cole's tavern at noon, where a darky cook had been instructed to "do his best, as some young ladies were coming," and a fine dinner surely was enjoyed. We

reached Yreka after sunset. Such a queer-looking town—on Miner street where my aunt lived the houses joined each other, I suppose to be safer from Indian attack. Her house was made of stakes set in the ground with shakes nailed to them, no floor, a roof of poles covered with shakes, and windows of canvas. Her long boarding-house table was made of shakes and fir poles, and a row of benches against the wall and beside the tables was the way her house and her neighbors' houses were built and furnished. Partitions were of shakes, and doors were just calico curtains.

Stores were built in the same style, but very fine and costly dry goods were displayed, and in good taste, while plenty of gold dust and nuggets were weighed on the "gold scales" which had their place on each counter beside the "yard stick" in order to weigh out the cost of each purchase. No silver coin smaller than a 25 cent piece was used then, for the 10-cent-piece, if seen at all, was considered unworthy of attention. The tiny octagon-shaped \$1.00 piece, like the \$50.00 slug, was often seen on ladies' dresses with eyes as buttons. One lady who called on us had gold pieces on her gown from collar to hem. The \$50.00 slugs and \$20.00 and \$10.00 gold coin came from the S. F. mint, but most trading was done with gold dust payments. Men carried buckskin bags about 8 inches long and 2 inches wide, tied with a buckskin string for purses. Some of these purses were heavy and had fine nuggets, and the goldsmith (a jeweler in Yreka) was kept busy the week of our stay making gifts for Mrs. Kelley's nieces. Again our aunt had to explain about Southern ideas of accepting gifts, but a former friend's offering of gold earrings for two of us and a ring for my oldest sister made from gold dug from his own mine was accepted.

This is remembered as a week of continual festivities, and my aunt's house was often filled to capacity with friends. We girls did not dance, so horseback rides and walks about town with the few young ladies who lived there and liked similar entertainment filled the time. We visited the printing office (Yreka Journal) and stores and the mines nearby.

But, when a party was made up of about 20 young folks to ride to Sheep Rock, my aunt declined the invitation, believing the distance too far to make in one day. This proved true. Night overtook the party at the "Cedars," and they were compelled to stop and wait for daylight. My cousin, Isham P. Keith, accompanied Miss Mary Price, a very beautiful young lady, the belle of the county. Her mother watched all night for her return and regretted that she had not followed our aunt's example, when she learned of the long roadless distance. It was past noon when a remorseful cousin related the hazardous night in the "Cedars," the tearful girls around the campfire, and Mrs. Price's disfavor. But the lady chaperone seemed more distressed over the affair than anyone else, though no blame could be laid to her—a long way was too short for the horses to accomplish the distance in daylight. My aunt invited the whole party to a supper at her house. The cook was ordered to "do his best" for the occasion, and all related the Sheep Rock experience—this time without tears.

Those days Yreka had its share of enjoyment in its shell like buildings, but its durability was short-lived, for in the spring of 1854 it was burned like paper, and costly merchandise destroyed with time to save very little. When rebuilt, the need for

joining house to house, the narrow vein-like streets, and the need for guarding at night against Indian attacks had passed, wider streets and better buildings sprang up, and the picture of the old Yreka remains only in memory.

How many of us are like the Oregon Pathfinder and Pioneer, Ezra Meeker, who blazed the Oregon Emigrant Trail with ox teams and now goes over the same trail in aeroplanes. At the age of 14 years I crossed the Siskiyou horseback over an Indian trail. Again I went over them on almost the first trip on the wagon road built in 1853 and 1854. On the third trip I came through the Siskiyou tunnel in railroad cars which met horsedrawn stages at the north end to transfer passengers to Ashland. I witnessed the "gold spike driving" which united Oregon and California by railroad. Now I enjoy an easy delightful ride in a gliding automobile between the same points, and look into the sky to see "Round the World Fliers" go over our heads after encircling the world in less time than it required to cross the Plains in 1852, seeing not one settlement of white folks nor a house from the Missouri river to the other side of the Cascade mountains near the little village of Portland. A former 20 mile walk on the Plains is equal to a 2 mile walk now for me. Strange, how lazy one gets in 86 years!



YREKA 100 YEARS AGO

Development of Yreka's Utilities . . .

by O. G. STEELE

WATER

History does not set out the exact date that water was first supplied to Yreka's inhabitants but it is known that a ditch, built by H. Scheld for mining purposes on the Yreka flats, was later the source of supply for some of the residents and for commercial and municipal purposes. The ditch headed on Greenhorn Creek, carried water on the west side of town and was emptied into a reservoir located a short distance west of the present grade school and south of French Street. From this point water was conveyed through pipe made from Bull Pine, a hole three inches in diameter having been bored through the log with a bit driven by a horse powered device. The logs were from 10 to 12 feet in length and were fastened together with an iron ring driven into the ends of the log. (A small section of this pipe was recently uncovered by a crew of The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company while excavating for their new underground cable along Broadway Street. This section of pipe is now on display at the Museum in Yreka.)

Cisterns were constructed at the main intersections with Miner Street. These cisterns were kept full for fire fighting purposes, the hand operated pumps and the bucket brigades obtaining water therefrom.

Jerome Churchill owned the property where the City Hall now stands and also the property where the old Churchill homes now stand, two of which are now used as motels. A spring was developed near the City Hall site and water was conveyed to the Churchill home site for garden irrigation. Desiring to have running water in his home, Mr. Churchill installed a steam pumping plant at a location where the present city plant is located. Water was

first pumped into a tank erected on a tower. After completing this installation friends and neighbors persuaded him to supply them with water. This resulted in the building of a reservoir on a hill east of Yreka Creek, now a part of Kladeveaux Heights.

On February 4, 1902, the City Council adopted a resolution presented by Chas. H. Morrison, seconded by O. A. Bennett, to accept a plan submitted by C. E. Moore from Santa Monica, California, to acquire the Scheld and Churchill Water System and improve the water supply by piping the water supply from Greenhorn Creek to a reservoir site west of Yreka on a hill just north of the Evergreen Cemetery. This would supply more water and provide more pressure and allow for fire hydrants instead of the old cisterns. The pump back of the City Hall was also connected to the new reservoir, the capacity of which was 500,000 gallons. A bond issue was submitted to the voters on March 22nd, 1902, for \$55,000 to be covered by 110 bonds of \$500.00 each, having interest at 5%. The election returns showed 183 votes cast, 138 yes, 43 no and 2 illegal. The bonds were to be paid from the water revenue.

As water demands increased it became evident that new sources of water must be found so quite extensive drifting was done on the well at the City Hall. Electric energy became available and an electrically driven pump was installed. The water supply was still short and regulations for irrigation were necessary so the City Council decided to acquire the old Blue Gravel mining property about 1½ miles south of Yreka where deep underground mining operations had developed considerable water. A pump was installed, and is still in use, to pump water into the gravity pipe

line from Greenhorn Creek. This was the year 1926.

As the town continued to grow and demands for more irrigation water were made other sources of supply were investigated, including Big Springs, the Martin Spring in Little Shasta, as well as pumping water from Shasta River. Prospecting for water was done at some length and finally a bedrock trench was cut across Yreka Creek north of town on the Lang property (formerly the McNulty Ranch), with the result of cutting off the old bedrock drain used by miners in the early days. This supplied a good source of water and a pump was installed and water pumped to a 1,225,000 gallon reservoir on Butcher Hill east of town. This work was done during the year 1948-49.

GAS

On December 10th, 1859, the Yreka Gas Company was organized by Jerome Churchill, James Vance and Fred Autenrieth. The plant was located on Main Street on the property where Fred Burton, Jr. now lives. Pitch pine was used for fuel to generate the gas. Miner Street and Fourth Street to the Court House were lighted, as well as commercial and some residential buildings. The closing of the gas plant cannot be fixed, but it is presumed that the advent of electricity in 1891 was about the date.

During the year 1936 the Coast Counties Gas & Electric Company installed a butane plant in Yreka and made available gas for general cooking and heating. Butane was brought to this plant by railroad tank cars. In 1944 this plant was sold to the California Pacific Utilities Company.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND POWER

James E. Quinn was the father of the first electric light plant for Yreka. The plant was reputed to have cost \$20,000.00 and was located about five miles north of Yreka on the Shasta River, using said water under a 32 ft. head to drive a Pelton type water wheel built by the Knight Water Wheel Co. of San Francisco. Water was applied to the wheel through mine nozzles.

A grooved pulley permitted the use of a 1-inch cotton rope as a belt—several ropes operating in parallel. The generator, was of the Bi-Polar type. The operating speed was 1500 R.P.M., generating electric energy at 1000 volts, single phase, 133 cycle. This voltage was stepped down for commercial and domestic use by a dry type transformer to 52 volts. The capacity of this generator was 500 - 16 C.P. lights or 60 watts per lamp and lamp filaments were carbon. Rates for 16 C.P. lamps were:

Commercial: \$1.00 per month, 5:30 P.M. to midnight. Beyond midnight \$2.50 per month.

Residential: Bedroom 25c per month
Kitchen 50c per month
Living Room 75c per month

In 1903 E. T. Osborne of San Francisco purchased the Quinn interest and at once started a development program to enlarge the plant and render 24-hour service. The system was known as the Yreka Electric Light Plant. Two 180 K.W. generators were installed, developing energy at 6600 volts, 3 phase, 60 cycle.



JAMES QUINN

Founder of Yreka's First Electric Light Plant

In 1906, after a rate war, the plant was acquired by Siskiyou Electric Power Company (now The California Oregon Power Company). Work on the Fall Creek plant of the Siskiyou Electric Power Company started in 1902 and by the fall of 1903 was delivering energy to Yreka. This plant was thirty-five miles northeast of Yreka. The original plant had 1 - 500 K.W. generator driven by a Pelton Water Wheel under 730 ft. head. Energy generated at 2300 volts, 3 phase, 60 cycle, was stepped up to 22,000 volts for transmission to Yreka and points beyond.

TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE

During the year 1854 the Marysville and Yreka Telegraph Company was organized by N. B. S. Coleman, A. C. Hunter, both of Sacramento, and Dr. F. G. Hearn of Yreka. Capital stock to the extent of \$65,000.00 was issued but nothing developed and the project was abandoned but in 1856 a Mr. Case was successful in raising \$100,000.00 and the line was completed in 1858. This system was afterwards acquired by Western Union Telegraph Company which is still in existence. It also operates a standard time clock service which was installed early after the completion of their telegraph service. The original line came into Yreka from Shasta City via Trinity Center, Carrville, over Scott Mountain to Callahan and thence to Yreka. Transmission at that time was by battery and Yreka being a central point, additional battery stations were located here and the office kept open 24 hours per day. The first telephone used in Yreka carried a message over the wires of Western Union to Jacksonville, Oregon, on December 8th, 1878. However, telephone service did not get its office until Miss Cina Tyler, operator of Postal Telegraph Company, decided the telegraph business was too slow and wrote to her people to find out how she could obtain Bell telephones. This was in 1896. The Sunset Telephone Company sent a representative to Yreka and after much effort twenty subscribers were assured. In September, 1898, the office was opened

at 210 West Miner Street. The first telephone was installed in the Clarendon Hotel across the street from the telephone office.

In 1900 the trunk lines of the telephone company between San Francisco and Portland were made available to Yreka. The telephone system is now known as The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Postal Telegraph Company as well as the Sunset Telephone Company having been absorbed by them.

SEWER SYSTEM

Yreka's sewer was first laid out by H. W. Scheld in October, 1900, and was filed and accepted by Yreka City Council on October 29th, 1901.

LOAFER HILL . . .

by BEN H. FAIRCHILD

Loafer Hill was a piece of mining ground between Yreka and Hawkinsville which was left unclaimed, by agreement of the miners, so that anyone who was "down and out" could go there and try to make a grub stake. It was pretty rich in coarse gold.

Bill McCoy, a miner who had been on a long spree, had been refused credit at all the saloons in Yreka. One morning he decided to go try his luck at Loafer Hill, and asked a bartender for a flask to take along. He was refused the flask of whiskey, and refused any more to drink at the bar. So he went on to Loafer Hill. In about four hours he was back in the saloon with a nugget worth \$400.00. He put it on the bar and then, of course, he could get all the drinks he wanted.

Every bartender in town tried to talk Bill into leaving the nugget at his saloon for credit, but he decided he would pay as he went along. Accordingly, he found an old carpenter saw which he used to saw off small chunks of gold from the nugget as he needed it!

Two Pilgrims . . .

to Thompson's Dry Diggings

*by CAROLINE BIGELOW MILLS

A lone man stood taking a last look at the departing wagon train with which he had travelled for nearly six months, the long dreary miles, across limitless plains, deep runs, up and down towering mountains. His travelling friends would soon scatter far and wide. Some planted their feet firmly and said as they looked about, "This is the place." This man watched with interest several men who were pack loading some very small mules, the smallest he ever had seen. He spoke to the packer who was loading the animal, "Seems to me that is an awful small mule to carry so much." "You're a stranger here, aren't you?" "Yes," said the pilgrim, "just got in last night." "That so? Well, these animals ain't mules, they're jackasses."

The innocent stranger looked his amazement. "I never saw one before."

He turned to the packer, "Are you going to the mines?"

"Yes, I live near Diggin'."

"That is just where I am going."

"Well, you'd better bustle then and get yourself a jack. The jacks are getting scarce." The pilgrim became excited. "Where can I get one?" "Why, right here," replied a voice. "I got to return to the East by boat. You can have the animal, and he is good."

*Mrs. Mills died last Spring, leaving unfinished many bits of writing based on her memories of the early days of Siskiyou County. The above was incomplete, for she had titled it, "Two Pilgrims and a Pioneer Woman". As it is, it gives a thumb-nail sketch of "Thompson's Dry Diggings" before Yreka was really established.

A biography of this talented woman, written by her daughter, will appear in the Spring number of the Pioneer.

The pilgrim turned to the packer, "You will have to advise me what to buy. This will be my first trip overland by mule train."

"Well, plenty of grub, everything you can pack easily—beans, coffee, tea, canned milk, flour, baking powder, everything you can think of, for you will have to cook, or help, if you can. Have you blankets? It's mighty cold where we are going—plenty of snow."

The packer took him to the supply depot where he bought all on his list and added much more.

"Say!" said the supply man, "how many jacks have you? It will take at least two to carry all this."

The pilgrim raised a protest, "Oh, I got to have this to be comfortable."

"Comfort, Hell! Man, when you get to the mines you won't know where comfort begins."

The packer came up and saw the array of equipment. "Let me help," he said. His practiced eye took in the grub pile. "You have," he said, "quite a bit of canned goods, which you can buy at Thompson's—may cost you a little more."

He proceeded to segregate what he considered unnecessary luxuries—oysters, sardines, etc. "Man, you don't need these now. What you want is food that will stick to your ribs—ham, bacon, beans."

He didn't object to the soft blankets, nor even the feather pillow, and miraculously the jack was packed.

The pilgrim looked at the loaded animal. "Not much room for a ride, is there?"

"Ride!" said the packer. "Man, you'll walk as you never walked before. Let's see your shoes." After one glance he said, "Get another pair, with plenty of nails in the soles. Look—like mine."

A few more delays and they started, and at noon caught up with the advance train. The pilgrim was pretty well tuckered out, and looked it. The packer saw the discouragement and said, "Cheer up, dad, maybe we will strike it at Thompson's. Anyhow we will hole up for the winter, well heeled, and there will be plenty of excitement." His thoughts wandered back and he was troubled, but the die was cast. He could only wait, and keep his Faith, but he thought of the well-stocked hardware store he had left behind him in the States.

Years Later—Another Pilgrim.

He crossed a long bridge, spanning a rushing river—a mad river, with sprays of silvery water dashing against great rocks and splashing high on green banks. Now and then in some quiet depth he saw lovely silvery mountain trout gliding along the bottom. He saw a little latticed house on the hillside and wondered—what? Following the law of the "Hobo" he investigated and found a spring of sparkling water. Dipping a cup of the water he hastily drank. Never had he tasted anything so delicious. Following a well beaten path he came to a long, low building. Knocking at the door he was met by an old gentleman a bit irascible in manner who said, "You want something to eat, I suppose. Well, go back along the gallery and mebbe the Chink will find you something."

The old traveler looked the indignation he felt, and started briskly to find the Chink, who was presumably the cook. As he walked his head bobbed with every step. The Chink noticed and his superstitious mind was filled with awe, and compassion too. He courteously motioned the pilgrim to be seated, then bustled about and brought him something to eat—a sandwich of a big slice of venison between two slices of home made bread, and of course the inevitable cup of coffee.

The pilgrim said at once, "I pay you." "No, no pay," said the Chinaman, "fish eatum if you no eat."

While they sat there a loud tinkling of bells came upon the air, followed by loud

talking interspersed with plenty of cuss words. The pilgrim looked alarmed. "I must go now. I kept ahead of this train. I am afraid of them."

"Him no good, him no good. Me 'fraid too, I see boss man. Me tellum no feed, grub all gone."

The pilgrim stepped to the end of the gallery and saw that the train had encamped for the night. "I must keep ahead," he thought, remembering the jeers and boos they gave him because of his infirmity. He couldn't stand that again. Me must go as soon as darkness fell and get miles ahead. He couldn't travel fast through the heat and dust. He asked the Chinese how he could evade them.

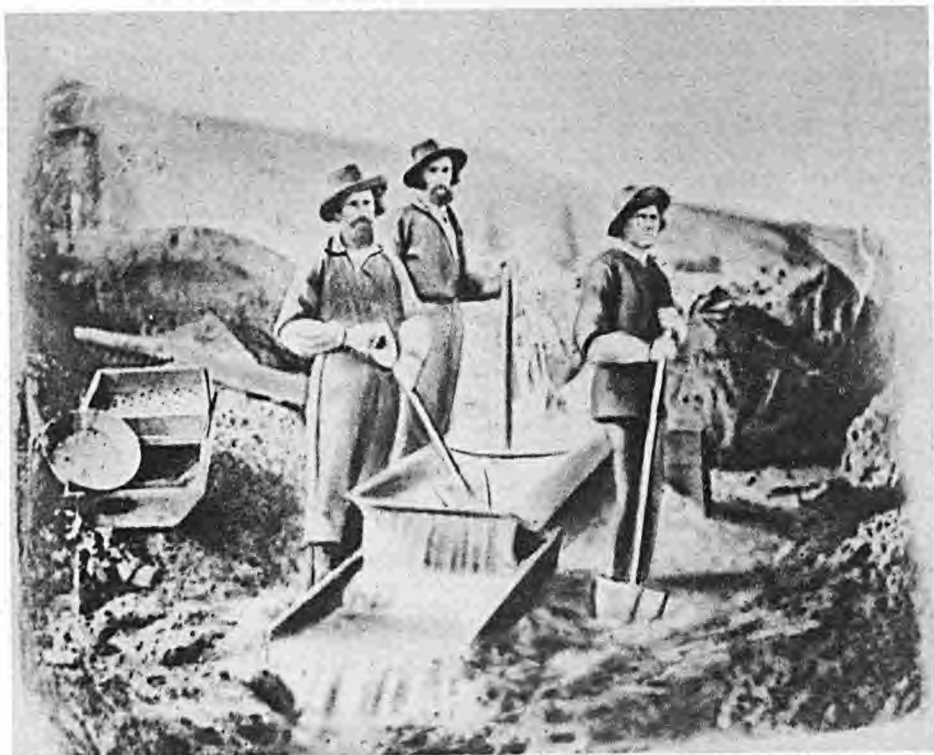
"I show you. Come." The Chinese led him through the orchard to a path that led to the main travelled road.

"You go fast. Keep ahead. By and by you come to valley. You catchum man, heap good. He fixum you. Early morning you go. By and by you come big valley, go long way. You go heap fast, by and by you come 'Wileka'."

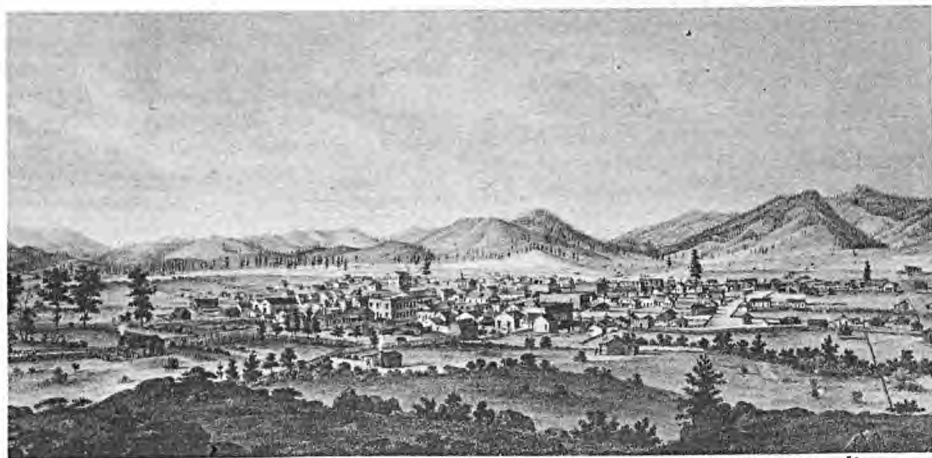
In the morning, after several hours travel he saw Yreka, and knew his pilgrimage was ended. Tomorrow he would go to the Diggings and scoop up gold enough to go home, where he was known, *where his infirmity* was never noticed.

This pilgrim was known as Uncle Alva, a competent blacksmith, whose trade was much needed by the ranchers to shoe their horses and set up farm blacksmith shops. He travelled from locality to locality helping the rancher to smooth down the rough spots into an easier way of doing the uncounted chores involved in shoeing their horses and setting up anvils. He was just one of the thousand men who, disappointed in their gold digging at "Thompson's," continued to ply the trade they were compelled to learn whether they wanted to or not. Uncle Alva was always welcome, with his cheerfulness and the gossip he collected on the way. His kind has disappeared into obscurity.

The first pilgrim was doubtless Mrs. Mills' father.—I.G.S.



from Daguerreotype in Siskiyou County Museum.
PLACER MINING IN YREKA



from steel engraving of 1853, courtesy Eugene Dowling
SHASTA BUTTE CITY (YREKA)

A Partial History of

Old Mining Town of Henley . . .

by WILMER HILT

I call this a partial history, as I do not know all of the history of Henley and, if I did it would no doubt take me a week to tell it. I am going to try to tell you the most interesting part as I know it and as it was told to me. First I am going to tell something of my uncle John Hilt and W. H. Smith as they had quite an important part in and about Henley and Yreka.

My Uncle John Hilt's home was in Ofallon, a small town a short distance east of East St. Louis in Illinois. He came across the plains to California by ox team in 1851 to Hangtown (now Placerville) and there he met W. H. Smith who was from Michigan. They walked from Hangtown and carried their pick, pan, shovel and blankets to Yreka in the spring of 1852 as they had heard of the discovery of gold at Yreka. When they got there they heard of the discovery of gold at Henley. They went on over there and there they stayed. Gold was discovered at Henley in October 1851. The place was at the head of French Gulch, a small gulch about a half mile long that empties into Klamath River at Camp Lowe and heads up to Sugar Loaf Hill. The new 4-lane highway follows up French Gulch for a short distance after leaving the Klamath river then crosses it and gold was discovered a short distance west of there. When the highway gets to the top of the hill it goes through a small ridge in a cut, and just on the north side of this ridge it crosses a fill, over a gulch that has been known as Brass Wire Diggings which is the main fork of Rocky Gulch, the stream that brought down most of the gold that was taken out in that vicinity. After crossing the Brass Wire the highway goes through another ridge in another cut. On the north

side of this ridge is another gulch which is another branch of Rocky Gulch and called by that name. Just above this second cut the ridge drops down to a low divide, which Rocky Gulch ran over at one time a great many years ago and formed this second Rocky Gulch. After crossing this gulch on a fill the highway crosses through another cut on a third and larger ridge. North of that is another gulch which is wider than the two first. If it has any name I do not know what it is. All four of these gulches, French, Brass Wire, Rocky and the fourth were fed by Rocky Gulch proper which heads up into a rocky canyon a short distance above the highway. The town of Henley was built on the north side of the fourth gulch and was first named Cottonwood but was afterwards changed, as they could not get a post office by that name since there was a town called Cottonwood down at the head of Sacramento Valley. So they took the name of their senator. The gulches and flats south of Henley were worked quite extensively in early days and some parts were very rich. My uncle John Hilt, W. H. Smith and my uncle's cousin Amos Stites took out \$150,000 in a short time in Rocky Gulch.

After that my uncle and Smith dissolved partnership and each went into a mine in Klamath River near the mouth of Printer Gulch which is about one and one fourth of a mile below Camp Lowe, and I believe they spent most of what they took out in Rocky Gulch in working the river claims, as they did not pay. It was stated that my uncle took out \$2800.00 in one pan of dirt, and yet it didn't pay. That must have been a pretty rich crevice. The largest piece of gold that was taken out in that vicinity was worth



DEAL FAMILY HOME IN HENLEY

\$1900.00 taken out by Orvill Shaft in Printer Gulch. I have often wondered how my uncle and Smith got across the Klamath River. Smith's daughter, Mrs. Emma Parshall, a short time ago said that they walked from Yreka to the river at the mouth of Willow Creek and camped. Next morning they went down the river to near the mouth of Cottonwood Creek where a negro had a boat. He and his wife were camped there. The woman got them some breakfast and the man took them across in his boat. There were two ferries across the Klamath but I do not know what date they were first built. The upper ferry was about half way between the railroad bridge and the county bridge and was first owned by a man by the name of Jones. He fell from the ferry into the river and was drowned. Jim Bell, a stage driver at that time, married the widow. Bell and his wife ran the ferry for several years and sold it to Hank Truet. He ran it a while and sold to Jim Evens who was the last owner. The lower ferry was about two miles below Camp Lowe and was owned and run by

Firm Anderson who worked hard to get the road through from Henley to Yreka. The part of it from near the ferry to Yreka Creek is known as the Old Anderson Grade. There is a tablet put up at the side of the street near the Henley Hornbrook Cemetery that states that was a stage station from 1854 to 1887, but I think that was too soon, as that would have been between two and three years after gold was discovered. I cannot believe that there was a ferry across the river and stages that early and I know there never was any stage station at Henley. It is stated that stage horses were changed there at times. That must have been at short periods in hard winters when the roads were very bad. The only regular times that I know of the stage stopping was to put off and take on mail. The regular stops were at Lairds on Willow Creek and Coles near State line. Time books kept by owners of the toll road over the Siskiyou show that October 1859 was the first date that toll was taken from the stage company. Some people say that the stage road bypassed

the town of Henley but it never did. It always went through the town.

The first telegraph line that was in this part of the country was the Western Union and went along the main street of Henley. There was only one wire and that was black iron. I was 5 years old and can remember it well. The poles in that vicinity were sawed cedar sawed by W. H. Smith in his sash saw mill on the West Branch of Cottonwood Creek. The poles were 8"x8" at one end and 4"x4" at the other and 25' long. The linemen had long ladders that they carried from one pole to another to get to the top of the pole to put up the wire. That was in 1873. When the town was first started the Merritt Brothers, Ike, Frank and George, built a brick store and a brick house. The brothers ran the store for a while then sold out to W. H. Smith who ran it for a while then sold the stock to Ed Donaghy but kept the store. Later Smith took back an interest in the stock and later took over all of the stock and in a few years sold the stock to Thomas Jones but still kept the store. Jones ran the store until he bought Dave Horn out in Hornbrook. The brick store in Henley was later taken down. The Deal family was living in the brick house that Merritt brothers built when I could first remember. Mrs. Fultz was the first Postmaster that I can remember. She kept the post office until Jones went into the store business there. He was then appointed postmaster and held that position until he moved to Hornbrook. The only hotel that was there when I could first remember was owned by John Brady but was not run as a hotel. Brady and his wife used it as their home. The lobby was used as a voting place for several years. About 1883 Ant Nilis built a hotel and hall in Henley. Both hotels have been torn away for a number of years. The first schoolhouse which was one of the first three in Siskiyou County was built in 1865. That stood across the new highway from Henley Way at southwest corner of the highway and the main street of Henley. This schoolhouse was built of perpendicular rough

siding. The inside walls were ceiled with knotty rough lumber. The blackboards and desks were made of clear hand planed pine lumber. There desks were a combination desk and seat about seven feet long. There is where I went to school.

My uncle and grandfather and several other old timers had orchards that were large trees when I could first remember and grew some of the best fruit I ever ate. About 1873 two brothers by the name of Nesbet did some work in a quartz ledge up in Rocky Gulch about a mile and a quarter above the new highway, but did not stay long. Five or six years later a man by the name of Mike O'Brannen went to work on the same ledge and took Hays Hazlet (a Henley boy) in with him. They had some disagreement and Mike left. Hays took some other parties in with him and formed the Hazlet Mining Co. They worked the mine for a while. Jahew Jacobs built a quartz mill in Rocky Gulch near the old Anderson stage road a short distance below the present new highway and milled the ore for them. But it didn't seem to pay and operations stopped. Sam Clarey, a brother to Rufus Cole's wife, did placer mining in a small gulch that heads up to the north west and is a fork of main Rocky Gulch. He took out a lot of gold there, some of it very coarse. After he worked that out he went over in main Rocky Gulch and went to work there. That being pretty well worked out he dug a ditch around the hillside to a small gulch that came in from the south for the purpose of prospecting that. After the ditch got soaked up with water a portion of the bank slid off and under it was a sheet of gold. This later became the Gilson Mine. This was a very rich pocket in a quartz ledge but Sam worked it as a placer mine. He would sluice the hillside down into the creek bed and then run it through a bedrock flume. This paid well. The Hazlet Company's

ledge was down under Sam's hillside placer. His work interfered with them working their quartz mine. They sued Sam and won the suit. Both mines lay idle for a while. During that time the Gilson's had been working what was called a blue gravel mine on a small gulch called Ranchore Gulch that empties into the Klamath River about three-quarters of a mile below Camp Lowe, near the lower wire bridge. When they worked that out they got some parties interested in the Hazlet Mining Co's. quartz mine and Sam Clarey's placer mine and bought both mines. The price for Sam's

placer was \$10,000. I do not know what price they paid for the quartz mine. I was told that the Gilson's payroll was about \$75,000.00 a year. That lasted about three years. The Cottonwood Creek was mined from Hornbrook to the fork of Cottonwood Creek and produced considerable gold the entire distance, west branch no doubt was the main feeder. There are several gulches that flow into the Cottonwood Creek from the west between Rocky Gulch and west branch and all produce some gold, Ranchore Creek flowing in at Hornbrook being the principle one.



FULTZ HOUSE, ONE TIME HENLEY POST OFFICE
Wilmer Hilt in foreground.

Story of a Siskiyou Argonaut . . .

. . . LEROY L. KIDDER . . .

by ERNEST L. KIDDER

(CONTINUED)—PART FIVE

When I had returned to our camp and found my messmates, the problem of getting across the river was discussed. At that time there was such a tremendous crowd waiting and in view of the swollen condition of the river it seemed that if we got across in a week it would be as good as we could expect. So as we had just heard that a party had completed a ferry boat five miles up the river and commenced crossing that day, it was decided that one should mount a pony and ride up there and make sure of the matter. It was decided that Uncle John should perform that errand and George and I were to go over to see Mr. Gassett and learn if they were determining to start the next day as was reported. Uncle Joseph was to stay and guard the camp. Accordingly when we went down to the river we met two other men who desired to cross over and just then a man came rowing down towards us whom we hailed and who informed us that his boat would carry our party in safety.

Therefore we took passage and on the passage occurred one of the most laughable, as well as frightful, occurrences of the whole journey, and it happened this way: As we neared the other shore the current seemed to be frightfully swift and though the oarsman pulled hard, it took us down stream at a terrible rate. By the way, one of the men had remarked when he took his seat in the bow of the boat that he could not swim and exhorted our man to be careful. When we were carried away by the current so rapidly, our friend showed signs of uneasiness and our captain shouted, "Keep

your seat." Just then our boat struck a submerged tree lying top down stream and our little craft glided up one of the limbs, which was barely covered by water, and capsized in a twinkling. Our friend in the bow turned a somersault between river and sky and as he was in that act he shouted in a very frightful tone, "Write to my friends!" The next instant he stood about knee deep in water, not drowned as he had expected to be, but as thoroughly frightened as though he had been twice drowned and as wet as we all were. After indulging in a hearty laugh and congratulating ourselves that it was no worse, we righted our boat and had no further difficulty in reaching the shore. As our boatman was to wait for us and as we had no time to waste, George and I, after pulling off our boots and emptying the water out of them, hunted out our friends to whom we made known our errand and stated our difficulty in getting ferried over, to which Mr. Gassett replied that he was anxious to make a start the next day. All were ready except our mess and the fellows who had the trouble about the saddle.

"I think," said he, "we will start and go as far as the Indian mission, which is about twenty miles, and as the next day is Sunday, we will lay over there and get thoroughly organized. I trust you can be there by Monday morning to start with the rest of us. We will wait another day if you do not come up."

We hurried back and found our boat waiting, a considerable distance upstream, as the captain said, to take advantage of

the drift. He said that by hard rowing he could land at the right place on the city side. Simultaneously with our arrival at camp, Uncle John arrived. He had seen the captain of the new ferry, who informed him that if we would get there that night he would ferry us over the next morning the first trip. It was then sun-down.

"What shall we do?" was the query. "The road is nice all the way and it is not going to be very dark. Will we try it?" "Certainly," we all said, and all set to work, some harnessing the team and some stowing things in the wagon and it was hardly dark when we got started. At 9 o'clock we arrived at the ferry, wet, tired and hungry and, after caring for our horses, we made a rousing fire and George and I got supper and dried our clothes until midnight. We then turned in and slept soundly. At break of day we were up and after feeding our horses and refreshing the inner man with a few pancakes, some coffee and bacon, we hitched the team, loaded the wagon and our ferry man was ready for us.

This was a new business to us as well as to our horses, and it seemed hazardous to load six horses and a wagon freighted with 3,000 pounds on a roughly constructed boat to be rowed by human hands and strike out across such a madly rushing stream as the Missouri was at that time. Uncle John assured us that he had seen them take one boat across while he was there the day before and that they had done it very nicely. Thus assured we went trustingly aboard and although we had our hands full to keep our horses quiet, we landed all right on the Jordan side, as we called it.

After driving five or six miles through the timber we struck the emigrant road and learned by a notice we saw nailed to a tree that Captain Gassett's train had just passed that point. When we had gone a little farther we could see their rear wagons ahead of us and now we began to feel pretty well satisfied with ourselves that we had pushed ahead and had got across the big muddy

and were about to join the main army. When the train reached the mission ours was the rear team, and about 9 o'clock the other party of the saddle notoriety came. When we were preparing to start from St. Joseph the evening before we had sent a boy to their camp to tell them about our movements and what we knew about the new ferry. They had started early next morning and had prevailed on the ferry man to let them over. We had also spoken to the ferry man about them.

Our friends rejoiced to see us drive up as they had fears that they would have to wait for us. As the next day was Sunday, Captain Gassett, as we now called him, had decided not to move camp that day, but to get our party as thoroughly organized as possible. Accordingly, next morning we elected a wagon master and officer of the guard, whose duty would be to number the different wagons and decide the order in which we were to travel. Under this arrangement Captain Gassett's two wagons were numbered 1 and 2 and ours was number 5, which brought us near the head of the train, which numbered 45 wagons all told.

On Monday morning when all was ready, we took our places in the train as our numbers were called and as we rolled over the rolling Kansas prairies we presented a very nice appearance. We now began to feel that we were really on the plains and as the weather was delightful and the road as perfect as a natural road can be, we seemed to go along smoothly as clock work. About 1 o'clock we pitched camp in a circle, leaving a space of about 25 feet between the wagons, and fed our horses. We built our camp fires of the buffalo chips, which were in great abundance, and provided a meal which consisted of fried bacon, hardtack and coffee in true plains style, and ate it with a relish worthy of a woodchopper or any other man.

That over, we pitched our tents, smoked our pipes, visited at the different camp fires,

and discussed the merits and demerits of the buffalo chips as a fuel. It was conceded that on or in the ranges which we had in use, they answered the purpose as well as anything at that time and place obtainable, and furthermore it was decided that the buffalo was entitled to our heartfelt thanks. We decided that should we make his acquaintance, which we hoped we would, we would try some of his steak and should that go with a relish he would be entitled to more thanks and quite likely we would jerk him and have him before us at every meal.

We also talked of the beautiful prairie country which we had passed over and the remark was often heard that it seemed a great pity that such lovely country should be situated away out here among the Indians, where it could never be settled by white people, which shows that the person expressing himself in that way had not given much attention to the spread of civilization. In a very few years those prairies were dotted with farms and villages and even cities, and Kansas was admitted to statehood before we had time to think of it.

The officer of the guard came around at this time and announced that he had decided that we should stand military guard, two hours on and two hours off. By lot Leroy L. Kidder's name was second on the list. A number of people demurred at the idea of a boy standing guard, all of which I resented with considerable pride, if not with good sense, saying I was one of the party and as such I proposed to do my share of the drudgery.

Accordingly I was assigned to duty on the second watch and my ability to do my share was never again questioned. As I started out with rifle on my shoulder there seemed to be a stillness away out there that was really, to say the least, unpleasant.

Our camp had settled for the night and was in sound slumber. Not a sound was to be heard except the braying of a restless mule and our challenges when I met my comrade on the beat next to mine. It seemed to me it would be a great treat to hear human voices, but we found that this stillness was not to last and that we could have

variety as far out on the plains as that, for suddenly out of the awful stillness came a sudden burst of the most conglomerated, incomparable and indescribable mess of music that I have ever given ear to. At first it startled me a little, though I knew that they were wolves and would not attack me. Nevertheless I was a little fearful that they might stampee our animals, and I had also heard that Indians would sometimes resort to that kind of noise to deceive and make believe they were wolves.

There were quite a number, however, who, hearing the howling and fearing trouble came out from camp and passed among the horses and mules to quiet them and to keep a sharp lookout for anything that might appear. In that way quiet was soon restored and although the wolves kept up their howling, the animals as well as ourselves became used to their noise and paid but little attention to it.

On our route across a corner of Kansas and into Nebraska nothing occurred worthy of mention until the fifth night. We had camped and cared for our animals, prepared supper and our mess was just sitting down when my quick ear heard a man address the man on guard about 15 or 20 rods away and ask if this was Captain Gassett's train. He was answered in the affirmative and asked for directions to Mr. Kidder's tent.

"There," said I, to my uncle, "Calvin is coming."

"Calvin who?" he asked.

"Calvin Kidder," said I.

"Nonsense. What makes you talk that way?"

"I talk this way because it is the truth. Wait and you will see."

At this all joined in the laugh, thinking that I was dreaming or crazy, and while they were yet enjoying the laugh on me, Calvin rode up and hailed us in front of the tent. A sudden change of opinion seemed to take place. But how should I know he was coming when no one expected him? As we were all seated on the ground inside of our tent it seemed wonderful that I should know of it any more than the rest of them.

To explain, Calvin was the oldest son of Uncle Joseph and was a physician, practising at Zenia, Ohio. He had learned that we would likely pass Cincinnati about a certain day and had gone there to see his father and say good-bye, seeing everyone except me. He was seized with a desire to accompany our party and accordingly returned home and began making preparations, thinking to reach St. Joseph before we would leave there. On arriving there he found that we had been gone two days, so he bought a saddle animal and set out to overtake us, with the result above narrated.

So of necessity we took him in, being pretty well provisioned. Otherwise we could not have done so. The weather was now delightful and the roads were all that could be asked for, and we went along very nicely for a day or two. One night we camped on little Blue River and everything seemed lovely until about 9 o'clock. When we were about ready to retire for the night the wind suddenly commenced blowing from the west in a perfect gale. Hats and everything loose went before it and every tent except ours was leveled. Ours being a round one by dint of the hardest work we were able to keep it up until morning, when we managed to get started and traveled in the face of that wind for a few miles.

On this day we came near to having a bad runaway. The doctor and myself had crawled into the wagon which was full to the cover and, as the road was smooth, we were quite comfortable. Uncle Joseph was driving our six-horse team. Getting cold, he had got down behind the wagon for shelter from the wind when from some cause our team became frightened and commenced running.

The team turned out of the column and was passing all teams ahead of us when the doctor and I realized the state of things. We made a rush to get out, with the doctor in the lead. Once outside the doctor made for the seat and was in the act of getting hold of the lines when the wheel struck some obstruction and tossed him away. He was nearly run over, but escaped without injury.

Now that the lines were gone there was nothing left for me to do but await results or jump off: Fortunately I decided to ride as far as things held together and just as we were passing the head team a young fellow walking behind that wagon caught one of the lines and reined the team in behind his wagon. The others being on hand got hold of the other lines and finally brought them up without damage except to the doctor's stovepipe hat and the big fright we sustained. The hat could not be repaired, but we outgrew the fright.

In a short time we came to a bluff where we got out of the wind and camped and got our breakfast about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. I can testify that the sowbelly and hardtack that we had served was relished as much as any meal I ever sat down to. This was in what is now Nebraska.

The prairies had been burned ahead of us and in some places were still burning, but as we were provided with horse feed it mattered little to us, except that it gave the country a dismal appearance, there being no green things nor timber except our own green selves. That we could not understand at that time, at least, although it was not many days later that some of us began to realize the true state of affairs, but in most cases they were unwilling to admit the facts.

And so the days went by, each a repetition of the day before, with our faces everlastingly toward the setting sun, although our thoughts much of the time were in the opposite direction, and we wondered if we were missed at home.

In due time we reached old Fort Kearny on the main Platt river, a distance of 300 miles from the Missouri river. Here we found a company of infantry soldiers stationed. They had rude barracks provided and were expecting reinforcements. They were there to protect the emigrants.

Here we did not break camp until afternoon and many of us took occasion to write letters home, as we could send them by the army mail which went every four weeks. In the afternoon we resumed our journey and sighted the first buffalo, which excited those of our party who had nimrod proclivi-

ties. We pitched camp and a number gave chase which resulted in the killing of five of the great beasts. We dressed a portion of them and next morning we attempted to jerk the meat, but made poor headway as the sun was not sufficiently hot and there was no wood. Consequently our meat spoiled.

Next morning we struck camp and pulled out. Nothing worthy of note occurred, only the same monotonous drudgery of going on foot all day and standing guard in our turns for the next 350 miles, which brought us to Fort Laramie at the junction of Laramie and Platt rivers.

We were very glad to get to these government forts and exchange greetings with the soldiers. Although we could obtain no supplies from them we could converse with them and get information about the country,

"COL." JAMES IRWIN

by BEN H. FAIRCHILD

James Irwin was the proprietor of a boot black stand in the Franco Barber Shop in Yreka in the year 1876. He was a small colored man, was well liked, and was a great friend of Col. Stone who called him *Colonel* James Irwin. Nothing pleased Col. Stone better than to have a good joke on Col. Irwin.

It was the first of July and Yreka was going to hold a celebration on the Fourth. Col. Stone told Col. Irwin that he should do a very good business on the Fourth. But he thought he should advertise. And in order to help him, he said he would have Bob Nixon, editor of the Yreka Journal, put an ad in the paper stating that Col. Irwin would be open for business at the Franco Barber Shop and that he would like to meet his old friends and make new ones. He said he would also have fifty tickets printed, each good for one shine at Col. James Irwin's place of business. (He also planned to have twenty-five tickets printed for himself that Col. Irwin would not know about.)

the condition and habits of the Indians and ply them with questions they seemed willing to answer. In return they had much to inquire about ourselves with regard to things in God's country, as one of the soldiers who was suffering with scurvy said.

"For," said he, "it is a living death out here, especially when one gets this scurvy which nearly one-half of us have. If I ever get back to the states I will be content to stay at home with my old broken hearted parents who would rejoice to see me once more."

Many of us took this opportunity to write home and, as we were 600 miles out on the plains, it is presumed that when these letters reached their destination and were received by the loved ones at home, we were nearly at our journey's end. We paid ten cents a letter.

Col. Irwin opened up early for business on the Fourth of July. Col. Stone was there on the sidewalk with his tickets which he passed out to the customers as they came along, with the understanding that they must not tell where they got them. When Col. Irwin finished the first customer, who handed him a ticket from his vest pocket, he wanted to know where he had gotten the ticket. The customer said, "Do you refuse to take your own money? You could be brought in court for 'gaining money under false pretense'."

After finishing with the sixth customer to give him a ticket, the colonel took off his apron and said, "Gentlemen, there is something wrong, and I done close up the business." Then Col. Stone came in and said, "I see you are doing a good business, Col. Irwin." "Yes," answered the colonel, "but I haven't taken in a dime." He showed the six tickets to Col. Stone who said, "Why, these are counterfeit, and you could be arrested for having them." He told Col. Irwin to take in all the tickets and he would pay him 25 cents for each one, as he did not want him to get in trouble. Col. Stone then considered he had a good joke on his friend, Col. James Irwin!

History of Siskiyou County . . .

by HARRY L. WELLS

CHAPTER VII (CONTINUED)

LATER PARTIES FOLLOWING WILKES' EXPEDITION

From this time until the discovery of gold opened this whole region to the occupation of white men, not a year passed but witnessed parties following this trail either to or from California. In 1843, Stephen H. Meek led a small party of emigrants from the Willamette valley over this trail to Sutter's Fort. In Rogue River valley they met Capt. Joe Walker, the celebrated mountaineer, with a party of men and a band of two thousand head of cattle, on their way from the Sacramento valley to the Oregon settlements. On Willow creek, Meek's party came suddenly upon a rancheria of Shastas, busily engaged in drying the meat of cattle they had stolen from Walker. A charge was made upon them, and all the women and children captured, the braves effecting their escape. All the dried meat was taken by the captors, and the prisoners released. That night they encamped on the Shasta river, and early next morning a Shasta crawled up softly and shot George W. Bellamy, one of the guards, in the back, and made his escape. The arrow was drawn out and Bellamy recovered.

In 1844, a large band of emigrants passed from California into Oregon by this route. In May, 1846, two companies of emigrants that had come to California the year before and were dissatisfied, passed over this trail to the Willamette valley. The first company contained about eight families, amounting to thirty souls, among whom were William and Abner Frazer, now living near Salem, Oregon, and Charles Savage, now residing at Jacksonville, Oregon. Mr. Savage had just arrived in California with Fremont and had been discharged from the

service with several others at their own solicitation. They drove with them three hundred cattle and two hundred horses that had been brought by them from the States. The second company was composed of twenty men, among them were John, James and Henry Owen, the last of whom now lives at Eugene City, Oregon, and drove with them six or seven hundred head of wild cattle they had purchased in California, being a few weeks in the rear of the other party.

These two companies had been at Lassen's ranch with Fremont and his party of about fifty men, from which point they made the final start of their journey. Fremont, however, turned off the regular trail and proceeded up Pit river, or as it was then called, the east fork of the Sacramento. He proceeded by way of Goose, Clear and Tule lakes to the west shores of Klamath lake, where he camped for a few days. On the ninth of May, Samuel Neal and M. Sigler rode into camp with the information that a United States officer was on their trail with official dispatches, and would fall a victim to the savages if not rescued, the two messengers having only escaped by the fleetness of their animals.

FREMONT ATTACKED BY INDIANS

Taking five trappers, four friendly Indians and the two messengers, Fremont hastened to the rescue, and at sun-down met Lieutenant Gillespie, accompanied by Peter Lassen, sixty miles from the camp he had left in the morning. They camped that night in the Modoc country, near Klamath lake, and there it was that the savage Modocs committed the first of the long series of murders that have marked their dealings with the whites. Exhausted as they were, the men lay down to sleep without a guard,

a piece of carelessness inexcusable in mountain men of such experience and reputation, especially among Indians they knew to be hostile. The Modocs were not slow to take advantage of the opportunity. Late in the night the watchful Kit Carson heard a dull, heavy thud, as if a blow had fallen on some one, and called to Basil Lajeunesse, who was sleeping on the other side of the camp fire, to know what the trouble was. Getting no answer, and catching a glimpse of moving figures he cried out "Indians! Indians!" and seized his rifle. Quickly the trappers, Lucien Maxwell, Richard Owens, Alex. Godey and Steppenfeldt sprang to his side, and rushed to the aid of the men attacked. The chief was killed and his followers fled, but Lajeunesse, Denne, an Iroquois, and Crain, a Delaware, were dead. This camp was on Hot creek, in this county.

An examination of the trail in the morning showed the attacking party to have been about twenty strong, and in the dead chief Lieutenant Gillespie recognized an Indian who had, the preceding morning, presented him with a fine fish, the first food he had eaten for forty hours. On the eleventh, Fremont left his main camp and started with his whole company back to California, to begin the war of independence that ended in its conquest by the United States. A detachment of about fifteen men was then left in ambush to punish the perpetrators if they should return to the scene of their outrage. They soon overtook the main body, bringing two Modoc scalps to show that they had been partially successful. Just before night the advance guard of ten men under Kit Carson came suddenly upon an Indian village on the east bank of Klamath lake, and charged into it at once, killing many braves and burning the rancheria, but sparing the women and children. Still later that day another skirmish was had, and Kit Carson's life was saved by Fremont, who rode an Indian down who was aiming an arrow at the scout. The Modocs fought with that same desperate bravery that characterized many of their after encounters,

but after this disastrous result of their first attack upon the whites it would seem as though they would have given them a wide berth in future, but the reverse was the fact. Years afterwards a Modoc chief related the occurrence to Hon. Lindsay Applegate, and in response to a question as to why they had made the attack upon Fremont, said that these were the first white men they ever saw, and wanted to kill them to keep any more from coming.

APPLEGATE EXPEDITION—1846

In the spring of 1846 a company of Oregonians organized a volunteer expedition for the purpose of exploring a route west from Fort Hall in southern Oregon and thence into Willamette valley. This party consisted of Capt. Levi Scott, John Jones, John Owens, Henry Boggus, William Sportsman, Samuel Goodhue, Robert Smith, Moses Harris, John Scott, William G. Parker, David Goff, Benjamin F. Burch, Jesse Applegate and Lindsay Applegate, the last of whom has written an account of their trip from a diary kept by him. On the twenty-ninth of June they left the trail at the north base of the Siskiyou mountain, and passed over the mountains to the eastward to Klamath river, near where it starts from the lake. Just ahead of them when they diverged from the trail was a party of about eighty men, Frenchmen, half-breeds, Columbia Indians and a few Americans, among whom were C. E. Pickett, a well-known merchant pioneer of Sacramento, and John Turner, the trapper. They had been for a number of days skirmishing with the Rogue River Indians who had stolen some of their stock, and the exploring party could hear the reports of their guns just ahead of them on the mountains. This company passed down the trail through Shasta valley into California.

It was on the Fourth of July, 1846, that the road party reached Klamath river, nearly two months after the attack on Fremont's camp. Mr. Applegate's narrative says: "Following the river up to where it

leaves the Lower Klamath lake, we came to a riffle where it seemed possible to cross. William Parker waded in and explored the ford. It was deep, rocky and rapid, but we all passed over safely, and then proceeded along the river and lake shore for a mile or so, when we came into the main valley of the Lower Klamath lake. We could see columns of smoke rising in every direction; for our presence was already known to the Modocs and the signal fire telegraph was already in active operation. Moving southward along the shore we came to a little stream, (Hot creek) coming in from the southward, and there found pieces of newspapers and other unmistakable evidences of civilized people having camped there a short time before. We found a place where the turf had been cut away, also the willows near the bank of the creek, and horses had been repeatedly driven over the place. As there were many places where animals could get water without this trouble, some of the party were of the opinion that some persons had been buried there, and that horses had been driven over the place to obliterate all marks, and thus prevent the Indians from disturbing the dead. The immense excitement of the Indians on our arrival there strengthened this opinion. * * * At this place we arranged our camp on open ground, so that the Indians could not possibly approach us without discovery. It is likely that the excitement among the Modocs was caused, more than anything else, by the apprehension that ours was a party sent to chastise them for their attack on Fremont. We were but a handful of men surrounded by hundreds of Indians, armed with their poisoned arrows, but by dint of great care and vigilance we were able to pass through their country safely. On every line of travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific there has been great loss of life, from a failure to exercise a proper degree of caution, and too often have reckless and fool-hardy men, who have, through a want of proper care, become embroiled in difficulties with the Indians, gained the reputa-

tion of being Indian fighters and heroes, while the men who were able to conduct parties in safety through the country of warlike savages, escaped the world's notice.

The next morning the expedition left Fremont's unfortunate camp on Hot creek, found and crossed the famous natural bridge at Lost river, and located the emigrant road, known as the northern route, by way of Black Rock and Rabbit Hole springs, to the Humboldt river and Fort Hall, which point they reached in August. Here they found a large number of emigrants, some bound for California, but the majority for Oregon. Of these latter they persuaded one hundred and fifty, with forty-two wagons, to try the new route they had just laid out. Among others who declined to go this way and kept on down the Humboldt was the ill-fated Donner party, whose terrible sufferings on the shore of Donner lake that long and cruel winter form such a sorrowful page in the history of California. The road party hastened back to the Willamette valley and sent oxen and horses back to assist the emigrants and get them safely to the valley. The Modocs scored one more white victim that fall, for one of the emigrants loitered behind the train near Lost river, and the Indians pounced upon him, and took his scalp to their island home in the lake. From that year this road has been largely used by emigrants to southern Oregon, and northern California. In 1848 the old pioneer, Peter Lassen, led a company of emigrants with twelve wagons over the road, turning off at Pit river and going down that stream, and crossing over to the head of Feather river, which he followed down to the valley. This route has been much used and is known as the Lassen road.

GOLD FEVER STRIKES OREGON—1848

The news of the discovery of gold in 1848 did not reach Oregon until the last of August, when it was brought by a vessel that sailed into the Columbia from the Sandwich Islands. Immediately there was great excitement, and a company with twenty wagons started overland to Califor-

nia, while as many as could get passage on the few vessels that were accessible went to San Francisco by sea. Others passed down the old trail through Shasta valley. The wagons turned off in the Rogue River valley and followed up the emigrant road to Pit river, where they came upon the wagon trail made by Lassen's party a few weeks before. This they followed and overtook them near Lassen's Butte, at the head of Feather river, out of provisions and unable to move. By the aid of the Oregonians the party reached the valley, being the first company to enter California by the Lassen road, and the Oregonians being the first to take wagons from Oregon to California. The experience of Lassen's party was repeated the next year, when a large emigration came over that route, and became snowed in, and out of provisions on the head-waters of the Feather river. When word of their precarious situation reached the valley, the people of San Francisco, Stockton and Sacramento, who remembered the sad fate of the Donner party, made a great effort in their behalf. Their condition was represented to General Percifer F. Smith, who, with the consent of General Bennett Riley, the military governor, placed one hundred thousand dollars in the hands of Major Rucker, United States Quartermaster, to purchase animals and supplies for their relief. The military authorities were the more moved to this act of humanity because General Wilson, United States Indian Agent, was among the sufferers. John H. Peoples, who afterwards was drowned in one of the Trinidad expeditions, was selected to lead the relief party. About the first of October, Mr. Peoples started with twenty-four pack animals, three wagons, and fifty-six beef cattle, having twenty-five men in his party. He found the emigrants in the snow on Pit river, out of food and suffering with the scurvy. On the first of December, he brought in fifty families to Lassen's ranch, including General Wilson's, the last thirty miles being traversed through a blinding snow-storm. The majority of

the emigrants settled in the head of Sacramento valley, or went to the Trinity mines in the early spring.

APPLEGATE AT WAGON CREEK

Quite an emigration took place from Oregon to California in 1849 and the next two years, following the old trail over the Siskiyou mountain and through Shasta valley. In June, 1849, Lindsay Applegate piloted a train of six wagons, the first to cross the Siskiyou, and passed through Shasta valley and as far as a little valley this side of Strawberry valley, where they stopped. The object of most of the company was to find a good place to settle, having some thought of doing so in Shasta valley, but when they realized how shut in they were here from the outside world and at the mercy of the savages, they decided to return. Two of the wagons they took back with them, leaving the others, the little valley having been ever since known as Wagon valley. While in camp at that place, Applegate and a few others crossed over the mountains to the westward and mined a few days on the head-waters of Scott river, the first mining ever done in Siskiyou county.

Late in the fall of 1849 a party of nineteen deserters from the United States forces stationed in Oregon passed through here en route for the lower gold mines. It was impossible during the early gold excitement to keep soldiers at their posts for the meagre pay they received, when such wonderful opportunities of getting rich lay temptingly before them. They deserted on all sides. General Lake started across the plains in 1848 with a military escort, to organize the Territory of Oregon, but when he reached San Francisco the only attendant he had was Joe Meek, United States Marshal of the Territory. Thus it was everywhere the gold excitement spread its influence. Among this party was Fred Deng, well remembered in Yreka as the founder of the Yreka Bakery, a name that spells with equal correctness forward or backward. They were led off from the regular trail by an Indian trail that led up Willow creek back of Edson's,

and came suddenly upon a rancheria of Shastas at a place now called Carr's corral. Before they recovered from their surprise, the Indians naturally thinking themselves attacked, fell upon them fiercely, and before they succeeded in driving the savages away, three of the soldiers were killed. Nothing but the superiority of guns over bows saved them from utter annihilation, and as soon as the Indians fled, they also departed and did not stop to camp until many miles away. Dr. Hearn has in his cabinet two of the bullets fired on this occasion, dug from a pine stump, to which he was conducted years ago by a Shasta Indian who related the occurrence and pointed out the spot. Mr. Deng also confirmed the Indian in his account and gave the details. It is, however, a subject he seldom referred to as he was a deserter from the army and did not desire to refresh the minds of the authorities on that point.

We have now reviewed all that is known of the presence of white men in Siskiyou county before the magic wand of gold was waved above her mountain tops to draw a band of restless and hardy pioneers and to convert a wild of nature into the home of civilization. The trapper came and went; the emigrant and the traveler passed through, but the country still remained an almost unknown wild. From the south to north and from the north to the south men had passed, but it is to the west we must look for the men who laid the foundation and built upon it.

There is one event in the early history of this region that is shrouded in mystery, though efforts are being made to clear it up. The story is best told by Hon. E. Steele in a letter to the Yreka Journal, November 4, 1874. Mr. Steele says: "WHEN? BY WHOM? AND WHY? The above inquiry was suggested to my mind on arriving at Battle's milk ranch, on the north fork of McCloud river, on my late visit to Modoc county. At the ranch I met the old gentleman, Mr. Battle, who asked me to take a walk with him to the summit of a hill on

the north side of the river, and about six hundred yards distant therefrom, to examine an old trough that he had unearthed there. On arriving at the spot designated, I found a trough about sixteen feet long, about eighteen inches wide and a foot deep, dug out of a cedar tree, that lay under the surface of the ground about three feet and was much decayed by time. The trough had been hewn out of a tree about two feet through, as near as I could judge, and then the inside burned, the work bearing evidences of having been executed with a good sharp axe and by a handy axeman. It was buried in the summit of the hill in a red clay soil, and had lain there until it had nearly decayed, the form and character of the wood and the charred coating of the inside only remaining. The earth had been so long upon it, that it had assumed its natural appearance of an undisturbed soil, no evidence being discernable of its ever having been dug, roots of the shrubs and trees passing all through the clay above the trough. Upon the surface of the ground, lying lengthwise over the spot upon which the trough was buried, was an old pine tree, about three feet in diameter, which had blown down since the ground had been disturbed, in falling burying some of its branches a foot or more into the soil, and which had lain thus until it was nearly rotted away, the portion directly over the trough having been consumed by fire. About ten feet from the south end of the trough, were some old rusty gunlocks, buried about one foot under ground.

The only account which we can get of the trough was the history of its burial, as given by an aged Indian, which induced the excavation by Mr. Battle. The Indian's story was, that when he was a small boy, three white men, a people before then never seen by the Indians, were discovered by him making a cache of blankets, etc., in this trough or canoe, as he called it. He went to the spot, and after looking around for a while, he fixed upon a place to commence digging, and there found the old gunlocks

and some other trifling things, but not his canoe. He again made observation, and fixed upon another place about ten feet further north, and on digging there the canoe was found in it. He further said there was a camp of other white men, at the time, about fifteen miles off, which was discovered by the Indians, and the white men killed. Then these, he said, left. He could give no date or time other than it was when he was a small boy, and he is now an old man probably fifty years or upwards. The Indians undoubtedly raised the cache as nothing was found in the trough, and no cover over it, the hollow side being upwards.

In connection with this discovery and the tale of the Indian, it will be remembered that the party of Hudson Bay Company men, under McLeod, when caught by the snows of winter, cached their furs and other articles somewhere on the McLeod river, which they went back for afterwards, but found to be spoiled. None of this party was killed by natives, and in that respect, the story of the Indian does not tally. On this subject Stephen Meek says that McLeod's (whose name he says was John McCloud) party was attacked on this river by the Indians, and all killed but McLeod himself and one companion, who succeeded in making their way back to Vancouver after many months of privations and terrible suffering. The information about McLeod came from J. Alexander Forbes, for years agent of the Hudson Bay Company in California, and author of Forbes' California, written in 1835 and published in London in 1839, and presumed to be far better posted on the subject than Mr. Meek, although the latter gentleman assures us that he has often conversed with McLeod about the affair. There is still another direction in which we may look for a clue to the

mystery. Last fall a government agent passed through here, seeking traces of an old exploring expedition sent out a number of years before Fremont visited the coast, and which never returned. By patient and careful search, he had followed them to the eastern slope of the Sierra in northern Nevada, but had there lost all trace of them. An effort is being made to secure the old gunlocks that were found, so that by them some clue to their unfortunate possessors may be obtained. By the carelessness of thoughtless parties these relics have been mislaid, but hope is entertained of finding them, and thus, possibly, of answering the question, who were they?

NOTICE TO READERS . . .

Mr. Percy L. Pettigrew, grandson of Mathias Bernard Callahan of Callahan Ranch fame, is compiling the Callahan family record. He is particularly interested in finding out the date on which the Smith & Callahan store was opened in Yreka. He is also interested in getting in contact with any descendants of his grandfather's partner. Anyone who can supply information concerning the Smith family of the Smith and Callahan partnership or any items concerning the Smith or Callahan families should address Mr. Pettigrew at P. O. Box 639, Palo Alto, California.

An early comer to one of the mining camps claimed to have legal training, and to have travelled extensively. When offered some grapes he remarked that the finest grapes he had ever eaten were in Greece, at which a bystander commented, "Damn funny way to eat grapes!"—Leslie Hyde.



ANN MARCHBANKS MARTIN



"GENERAL" ROBERT M. MARTIN

General Martin . . .

from data supplied by MRS. IDA MARTIN

One of the foremost citizens of early Siskiyou County was "General" Robert Milton Martin. How he got the title of "General" is not known, possibly he was appointed General in the Modoc War, but it probably date farther back, to 1859 when he was a Major-General in the State Militia.

A native of Tennessee, he came to California in 1849 and mined on Scott River and in Greenhorn. In 1851 he was Sheriff of Scott Bar, and in 1852 was a member of the first Grand Jury of Siskiyou County. In that year he also did some mining in Hawkinsville, but the next year he settled on Table Rock Ranch in Little Shasta Valley. Two years later in 1855, he returned to Tennessee and married Ann Marchbanks of Nashville. With his young wife he made the return journey across the Isthmus, by sea to San Francisco, up the Sacramento to Shasta, then across Trinity and Scott mountains on mule back, following a pack train into Yreka. The labors of a large ranch and stock farm did not prevent his pursuing his interest in public affairs, and he was elected to the State Legislature in 1869. He was known as an incorruptible politician, scrupulously honest, a ready speaker and noted for his sincerity. His political career was cut short, however, for he died before reaching the age of 49, leaving six children and one born posthumously.

One cannot but admire the stouthearted Ann, who left her comfortable home in Tennessee and made the long journey into the California wilds, and then was left widowed with seven children to raise. The oldest, the only daughter was not yet 14, and the youngest of the six boys was born after his father's death. The Modoc troubles were going on at that time and the Indians roaming the valley were a menace. The neighbors moved the family down the valley to the ranch owned by James Delong, grandfather of J. B. Rohrer, as her nearest neighbor was five miles away. She said she was not afraid to stay and would shoot the first Indian that stuck his head inside the door. She always kept the gun loaded and was not afraid to shoot it.

After the war was over the Indians were very friendly, and often came by the house.

That Ann Martin was interested in public affairs and remained a loyal daughter of the South is evidenced in her naming her third child James Buchanan and her fourth Robert Lee. On his ninth birthday Robert was thrown from his horse on the way to school and died the same night.

Mrs. Martin survived her husband 47 years and the other six children all became respected citizens of Siskiyou County, a credit to their splendid pioneer parents.

Recollections of Minnie A. Copeland

I was born at Forest Vale, near Goose-nest Mountain where my father had a mill, which he later gave up, and we moved to Butte Valley, in Sam's Neck. Our ranch was bordered on the east by Moore's Lake, now known as Meiss Lake, and was owned by Heilbone and Meiss of Sacramento. My brother-in-law, G. H. (Hank) Meiss was foreman of the ranch.

On our ranch in Sam's Neck my father and brother raised wheat, oats and barley and cut tons of good hay. In the fall, after harvest was over, wild geese came by the hundreds and would light on the stubble. There were the speckled breast, honkers and brants. On the lake there were wild ducks, mud hens, cranes and some strange looking birds.

My brother built a boat for eight adults, and many evenings and Sundays we went on the lake. The water in some places was ten feet deep by a measuring stick. It looked black from in the boat. Mud hens' nests were all around and were built up about a foot thick, with layers of tullies and then a layer of eggs.

I often think of times when several families would get together from our home and go to the ice cave about two miles from the Boyes Ranch. To find the cave, one just saw a string of innocent little hills covered with rocks and sage brush. Then we found an opening just large enough for a small man to crawl in, then another place to crawl in and you found a room about twelve feet square, walled with clear ice all around. We would take our ice cream freezers and lunches and ice and go down on Butte Creek banks for our picnic. I never hear anyone say anything about the cave any more, so probably it is left to its natural haunts.

Years ago, when the Meisses owned the ranch, there was a wonderful spring of cold water above the house. It provided water

for the whole place, including a large garden and strawberry patch. It was under the spring, and each picking netted one half of a medium sized washtub of large luscious sweet berries. They bore from early spring until frost in fall.

There were four of us girls, Belle, Lillie, Rose and Minnie Alice, and a brother, David Milton, named for Grandfather David Deter.



MINNIE A. COPELAND—Taken in 1902.

I was still with my parents, happy and free. At that time I sung in the church choir and took an active part in everything that was good and worth while. The way I had my hair, bow and all, choker neck, long sleeves, sober face, no make up, was the style then. And I then had teeth like girls have now, white, with a lot of gold fillings and crowns. But girls didn't show their teeth then—so - o - o.

I would like to see the "horse and buggy" days again, but not all of them—who would?



Dr. Chas. S. Cowan,

.....
... Pioneer Doctor of the Horse and Buggy Days ...

by MARGARET COWAN EVANS
and ANNA W. COWAN

Doctor Charles Spinning Cowan, son of Doctor Wilson and Mary Betts Cowan, was born in Hardin, Ohio, March 3rd, 1850. He was educated at the Ohio Wesleyan University of Delaware, Ohio; Mt. Union College, and the Miami University at Oxford, Ohio; receiving his medical degree at Miami University.

While attending the latter university, he married Anna M. Thomas, daughter of William and Margaret Thomas of Hardin, Ohio. Through this union eleven children were born; four sons and seven daughters, nine of which are still living.

Dr. Cowan practiced medicine in Hardin, Ohio until 1885. Then, due to ill health,

it was necessary for him to seek a mountain location. His brother, Fin Cowan, a teacher in the Fort Jones school for a number of years, recommended that community as a healthy location and in need of a physician.

In the spring of 1885 Dr. Cowan arrived in Fort Jones and opened an office. He roomed and boarded at the old Sterling Hotel until a year later when his wife and four children arrived.

In the summer of 1887, the doctor purchased a house and several acres across from the present location of the high school, at that time the Isaac Hamilton farm. In 1893, a new two story house was built, adequate for the growing family. In order to

make the grounds more attractive and enjoyable Dr. Cowan installed his own water system, planted a large lawn, flowers, choice roses, and trees. This yard which was like a small park, was admired and enjoyed by the friends and passersby.

There were no telephones in the first ten years of the doctor's practice; consequently, a sick call came by way of horseback or buggy. Frequently when very urgent, the rider came as fast as his horse could travel, and on reaching the lane leading up to the house, would begin calling, "Doctor, Doctor."

No night was too stormy or blustery to keep the doctor from braving the elements to bring relief to some sufferer. Swollen streams; snow-clad mountain trails; frozen rough roads; washed out roads and trails were a thoughtless adventure when a life was at stake. Traversing the rough narrow roads in a buckboard was wearing on the doctor; so he ordered a buggy especially made by the Studebaker Company, with extra strong wheels and springs—indeed a very fine looking vehicle.

Many a harrowing incident was experienced by Dr. Cowan on these trips. It might be meeting a four-horse stage on a very narrow grade, necessitating unhitching the horses, sliding the buggy down the bank against a tree until the stage could pass; or perchance, finding the road blocked with a fallen tree. This meant unhitching the horses from the buggy, helping them over the tree, then prying the front wheels of the buggy over, then the rear wheels. Swollen streams were often perilous to ford and there were many during the early spring freshets.

Often when the doctor was called "down the river" (which meant Scott Bar, Hamburg, or Happy Camp), he would drive his team as far as the old Gus Meamber farm and, having his faithful riding horse Keno tied to the back of the buggy, and with his saddle bags slung over the horn of the saddle and his instrument case fastened over his shoulder with a strap, Dr. Cowan would ride horseback over the mountain trail.

Working in his garden or experimenting with rare shrubs and flowers was the doctor's recreation, but he had, shall we say, another hobby—and that was horse-trading. He was continually wishing and watching for a faster team than he possessed. One team of matched Cayuses (Indian ponies) could go like the wind, as we thought in those days. Once when frightened they ran away and escaped to the mountains, and it was three months before some cattlemen could find them and run them down.

In the meantime, Dr. Cowan purchased a high spirited team of black mares. When the doctor climbed into the buggy and picked up the reins, their front feet were in the air and they were raring to go. His saddle horse Keno—an Arabian horse—was his pride and joy. In Fourth of July parades he was spectacular, prancing to the music. He loved his master, always neighing whenever he saw the doctor. This was one horse the family thought would never be traded, as he had practically saved the doctor's life several times on mountain trails; however, the time came when the doctor thought he had found a better horse and, to the sorrow of the family, Keno was traded.

Doctor Cowan and Doctor Nutting, a practicing physician and surgeon in Etna a town twelve miles distant, consulted with each other on complicated or puzzling cases. These two doctors had the greatest admiration for and confidence in each other. In the absence of a hospital many operations had to be performed in the home. With meager facilities the results were, apparently, as successful as the modern day surgery in a well-equipped hospital.

At one time Dr. Cowan was called a few miles distance on an urgent case. He found the patient suffering from acute appendicitis which necessitated immediate surgery in order to save his life. The dining room table was used for an operating table. The doctor sterilized the instruments in a sauce pan over the wood stove. One of the members of the family administered the anesthetic under the doctor's directions. The

patient recovered with no complications.

Another time the doctor was called to Hamburg where he found the man choking with quinsy. Since he had only his saddlebags with him and no scalpel, he sterilized the blade of a small penknife, fastened it to his finger with so-called "sticking plaster," (adhesive tape not on the market at that time), and skillfully cut or punctured the infected swelling.

Dr. Cowan's success in obstetrics would have placed him high in the profession had he been practicing in a larger city. A successful surgeon usually has much of the artist in him and Dr. Cowan proved his ability along this line many times. Finding a need for a surgical instrument other than listed in the surgical supply catalog, he would design his own and send the drawing to an eastern surgical supply manufacturer. Later a number of instruments that he designed would be listed in the catalog.

This ingenuous physician was also a friend and counselor to many. To the Indians he gave his friendship as well as medical care for which he required no remuneration, since at that time the Indians received no help from the government, could earn only a pittance and were very poor. When the Indian squaws came to town to try to sell baskets, they were allowed to rest on the doctor's office porch and often when they couldn't sell their woven ware their good friend bought them so they could buy a few groceries to take to their tent or tumbled down miner's cabin. To the young Portuguese from the old country who couldn't speak English he gave a helping hand, and arranged to accept fresh vegetables, wood, or hay in payment for medical services.

The little white Community Church at the foot of the old school house hill enjoyed the benevolent and spiritual influence

of Dr. Cowan. For many years he was superintendent of the Sunday school, giving of his spare time and money to build up the largest attendance in its history.

Then too, we must mention his faithfulness and loyalty to the Odd Fellows Lodge of Fort Jones. He was very proud of his efficient drill team and its accomplishments. The Grand Master's visits brought high praise for the drill work and he declared it to be one of the finest in the state.

Dr. Cowan with his Christian personality, his understanding of human problems, and his conscientiousness won the confidence and love of the people in the valley and surrounding territory. It was a grievous loss to the community and to the doctor's family when he was very suddenly summoned to the Great Beyond the night of November 26, 1910.

It is often that we, his children, are still told by his former patients or their descendants of their love and admiration for so worthy and so outstanding a man. We are proud that he left behind him so many monuments of the heart and soul, monuments or memories that will continue to live.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

by ALEX J. ROSBOROUGH

DO ELFS STILL LIVE ON MT. SHASTA?

From out the deep canyon of the upper Sacramento river, the north bound passenger train was puffing its way in early morning: Grand old snow clad Mount Shasta suddenly loomed into view, its slopes and pinnacles reflecting back a myriad of diamond lights into the face of the rising sun. A little early riser sat by his mother, peering out the car window, his eyes glued to the big white, beautiful old mountain. The little fellow was thinking hard, and

suddenly turning to his mother asked, "Mama—was it way up there that the little elfs tied up poor old Rip Van Winkle?"

Out of the tangle of stories told about "Ieka" (the big white mountain) and the still clinging beliefs by many, that a race of little men dwelt around its slopes, prior to the coming of the Indians, and that along its miles and miles of lava born sides, filled with cracks and caves and caverns some still survive, let's pick out this one as most in keeping with Christmas gladness and joy.

Not far from the base of old Ieka was a home where a little child racked with the pain of infantile paralysis, lay restless and sobbing, the bones of her left shoulder being gradually twisted into deformity by the dreaded and seemingly uncheckable disease. Everything the good old doctor could suggest and all the kind and loving treatment lavished by her parents availed nought. Tomorrow would be Christmas; the doctor had promised to come again to see her on that day, and uncle Ray had already arrived, to be with his folks and see his little niece, bringing with him a something wrapped in a mink skin, which he seemed to care for very much.

Uncle Ray was a big and powerfully built man; he was a trapper, spending much of his time among the Indians, bartering for pelts and running his trap-lines in winter on snow shoes. These lines took him across the great slopes of Shasta, to the heads of Sacramento and McCloud rivers, to Butte and Antelope creeks and into Shasta Valley. He lived much with the Indians, learned their talk, listened to their stories.

One day to a large gathering of the tribe, coming from far and near to celebrate the opening of their fishing season, came a very old Indian in whom Uncle Ray became much interested, because he seemed to be familiar with early times, long before the white man came. In listening to the old chief, telling of his experiences in boyhood days, one story in particular impressed him,

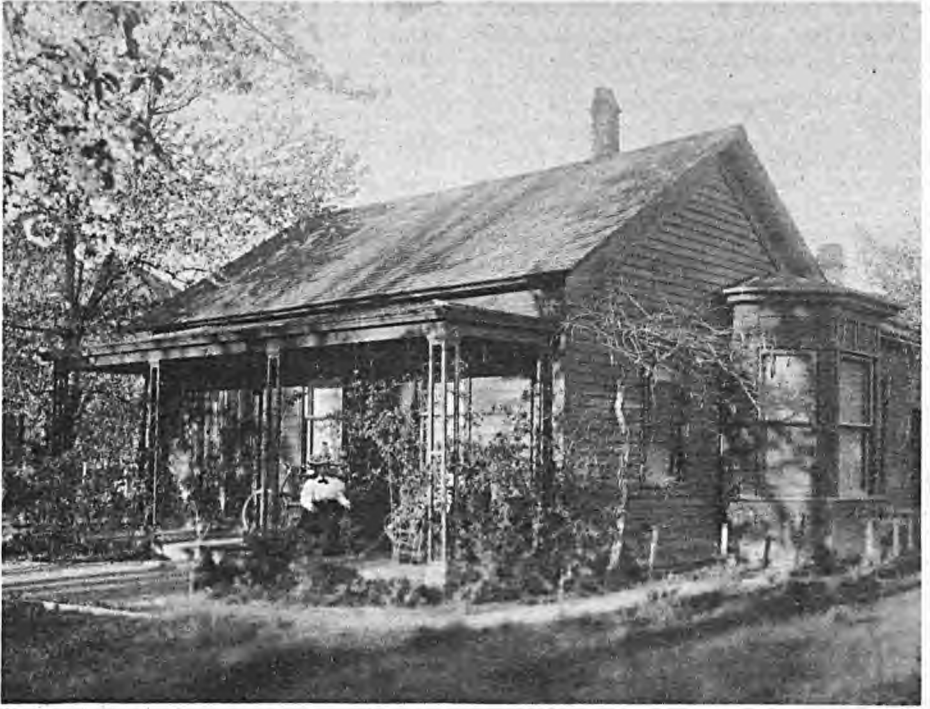
which related to the old Indian having run across a very small foot print, high up on Ieka, while tracking a panther. This small and apparently human track, led him across a wide pumice slope and was lost in the rocks below a high cliff of lava flow.

Many times on his trap trail had the trapper pondered over that incident, related by the white haired Indian. While never once doubting the veracity of his statement, but at the same time, semi-convinced that there might have been some mistake about the track itself. Always alert as to the description and location of the lava rock cliff, as indicated and marked on the sand by his teller, he found, at last, a mass of rocks which had, in times long passed, run out as molten lava. The trapper managed, by a circular climb, to reach the top of the cliff where he almost stepped into a deep hole in the rock, which was hardly more than large enough to admit a man's body. Lighting a couple of small pitch sticks which he always carried in his pocket to start a fire, he began to explore a big dry cave room.

Christmas Eve had come and as it neared the midnight hour, Uncle Ray went to his pack of rare furs and picked out something wrapped in a mink skin and laid a small, beautifully made, stone doll on the arm of the little pain racked, suffering child, and then withdrew.

As the big old "Grand-Dad" clock over the fireplace gonged its twelve o'clock, Mama, Papa, Uncle Ray and the doctor peeped in through the half open door to wish "A Merry Christmas" to the little cripple—Mama hushed it with a warning finger, for the child was sitting up in bed with her little stone doll clasped in her good arm and with what had been her helpless arm raised on high, as she looked smiling through grateful tears and softly sang, "Glory to God on high and Peace on earth to men of good will."

And the little boy on the train said, "Mama—Was it up there the elfs tied up poor old Rip Van Winkle?"



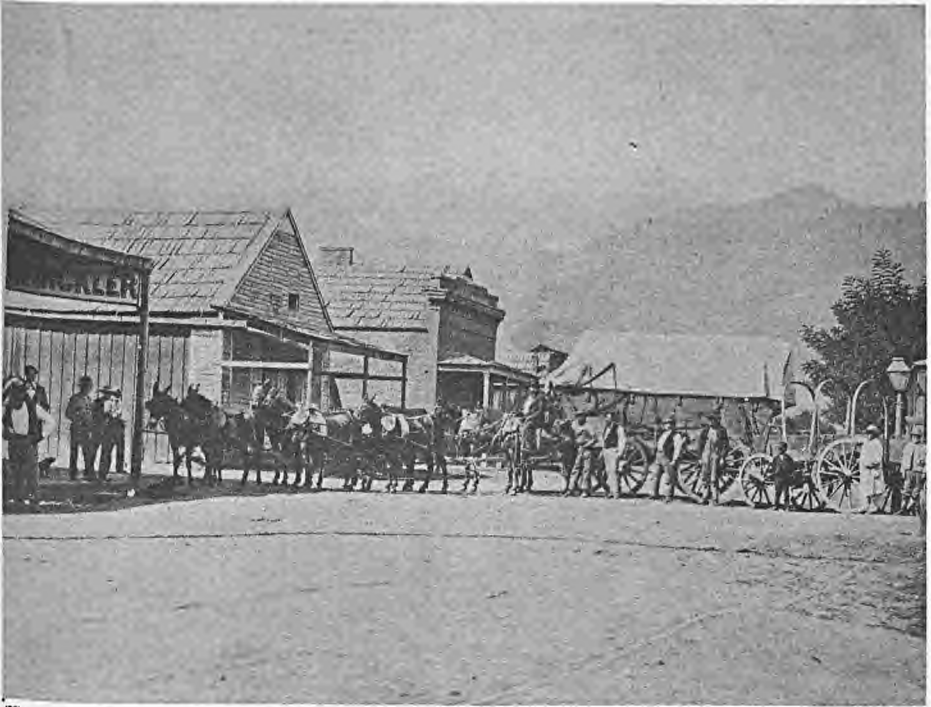
HOUSE IN YREKA WHERE JEROME CHURCHILL WAS BORN

CHURCHILL INSURANCE, INC.

(Formerly J. P. Maginnis Company)

111 South Broadway

Yreka, California



courtesy Orval Porteous

FREIGHT TEAM IN YREKA.
 Thomas Benton Hesley leaning on rear mule.

SCOTT VALLEY BANK

	Fort Jones	-	Etna, California	
Capital	-	-	-	\$100,000.00
Surplus	-	-	-	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	-	-	-	135,000.00

Member F.D.I.C.



courtesy Waldo Smith

CORNER LAND AND BROADWAY STREETS, YREKA, ABOUT 1910
Back of Harmon & Harmon Livery Stable showing Driver Frank (Fat) Gordon

COSTELLO AND DETER

Oliver Costello

T. M. Deter

Yreka, California

Lumber Manufacturers

PINE

FIR

CEDAR



REBEKAH LODGE FLOAT, FOURTH OF JULY PARADE

The California Oregon Power Company

Yreka, California



PIONEER MERCHANTS OF YREKA

1. Chris Schock. 2. A. E. Raynes. 3. Wm. A. Hovey. 4. Jerome Churchill.
5. B. F. Osborne. 6. Robert Nixon 7. Austin Hawkins 8. N. W. Bigelow.
9. W. W. Powers. 10. John Pashburg. 11. W. J. Root. 12. Frank Smith.
13. Mr. Oberlin. 14. John Clelan.

**McCLOUD RIVER RAILROAD
COMPANY**

McCloud, California



HARMON AND HARMON LIVERY STABLE

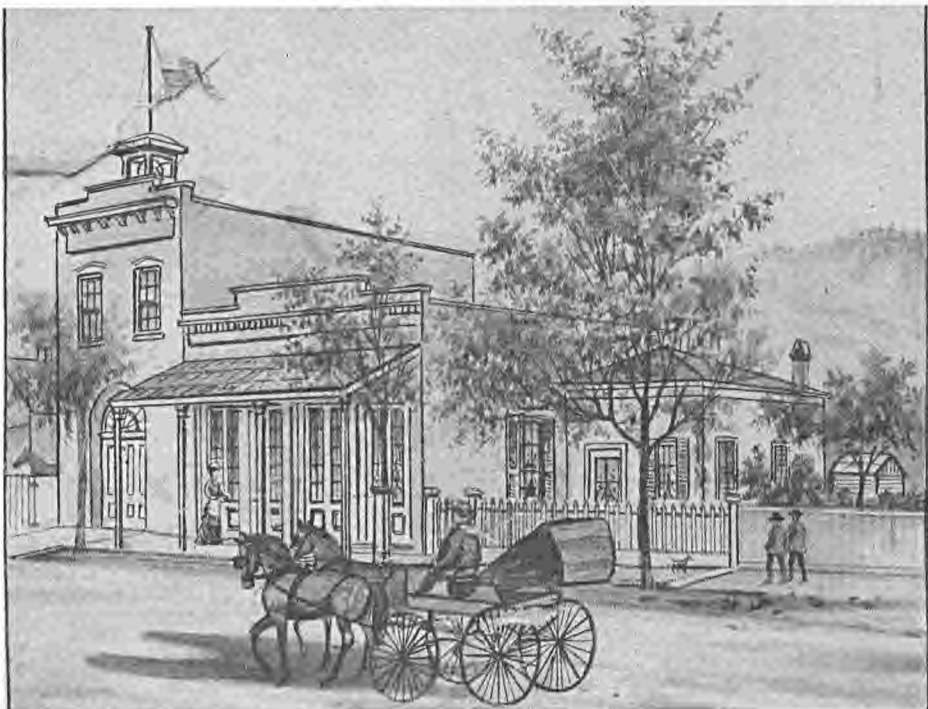
Taken in 1913 or 1914. Located on corner of Broadway and Center Street, Yreka, California, where Montgomery Ward store is now. Left to right: Cliff Howard, Theo. Howard, Sheriff Chas. B. Howard, M. B. Kendrick and Frank (Fat) Gordon.

THE McCLOUD RIVER LUMBER COMPANY

McCloud, California

Established 1896

QUALITY WESTERN SOFTWOODS



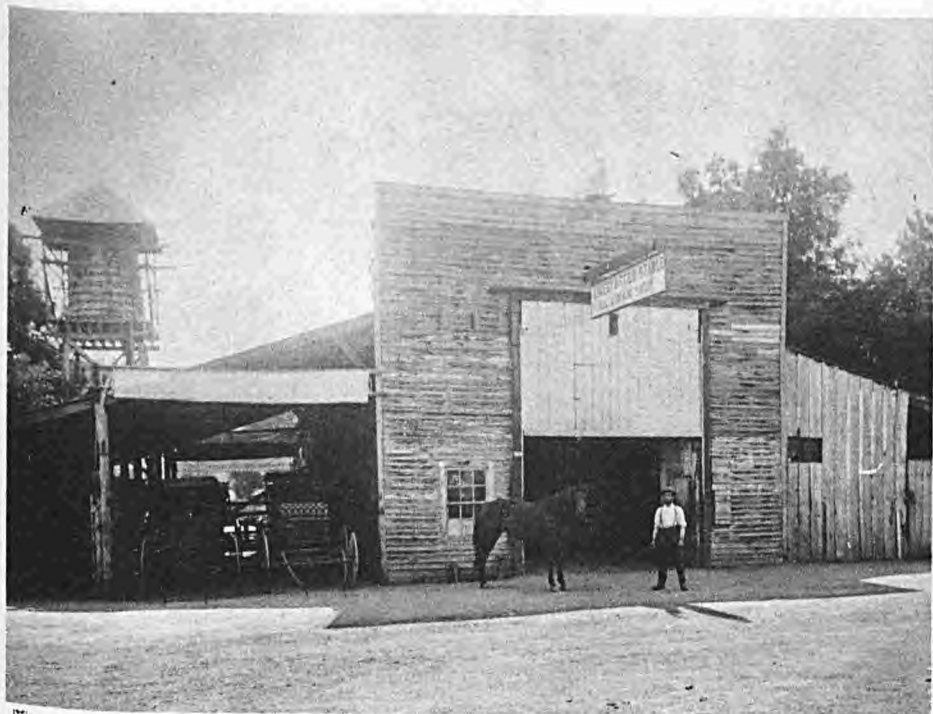
RESIDENCE OF JOHN RAMMER
Miner Street, Yreka, California, 1875

THE MOUNT SHASTA PINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Mt. Shasta, California

LUMBER AND BOX SHOOK

Established 1887



courtesy Waldo Smith
EDWARD L. SWAN LIVERY STABLE, YREKA, CALIFORNIA

SCHULER'S DEPARTMENT STORE

Since 1890

Mount Shasta

Dunsmuir

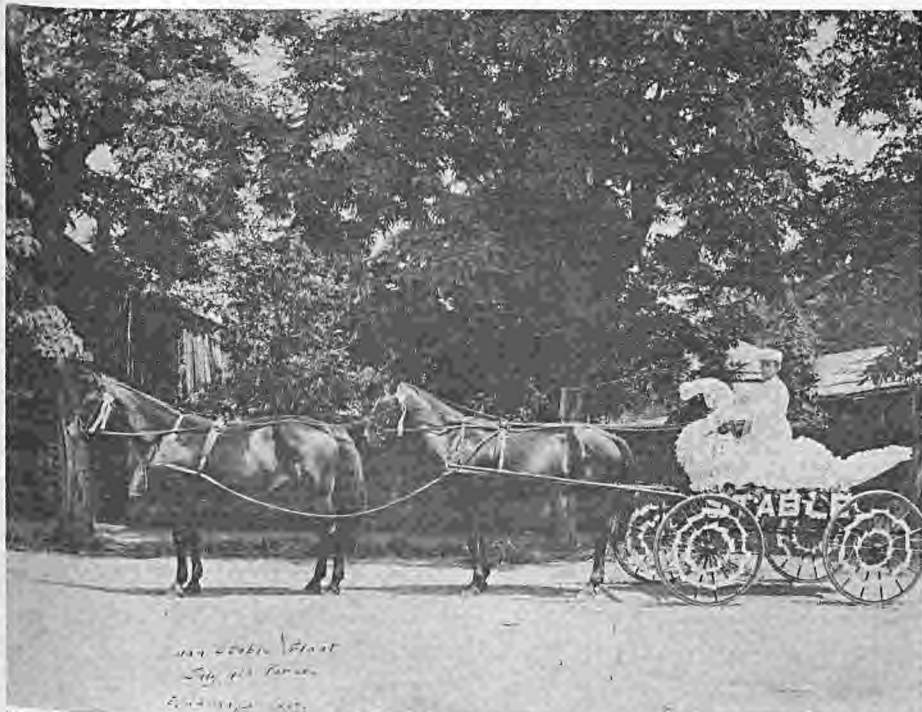
California



THREE OF THE FIRST PIONEERS OF YREKA, CALIFORNIA

RALPH L. SMITH LUMBER COMPANY

Castella, California



SWAN STABLE FLOAT, FOURTH OF JULY PARADE
Yreka, California

EVANS MERCANTILE

&

HEAD'S SUPER MARKET

Happy Camp, California



UNVEILING, JULY 1951, OF BRONZE PLAQUE
At centennial of first discovery of gold at Thompson's Dry Diggings (Yreka)

WEED DIVISION

LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY

Weed, California

DEPENDABLE AS THE WEST

Established 1903



JOURNAL PRINTING ROOM, YREKA, CALIFORNIA
Melvin Hovey, William Plywell, Mamie Plymell at desk.

NEWS-JOURNAL PRINT SHOP

Yreka, California

Printers of "Siskiyou Pioneer"

LDS Sacramento
Family History Center

