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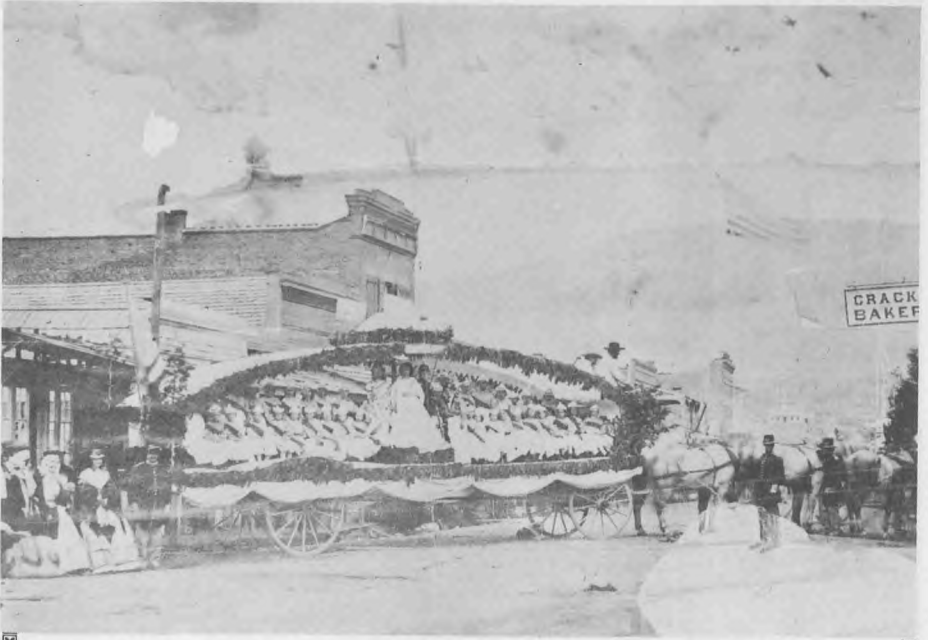
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Volume Three

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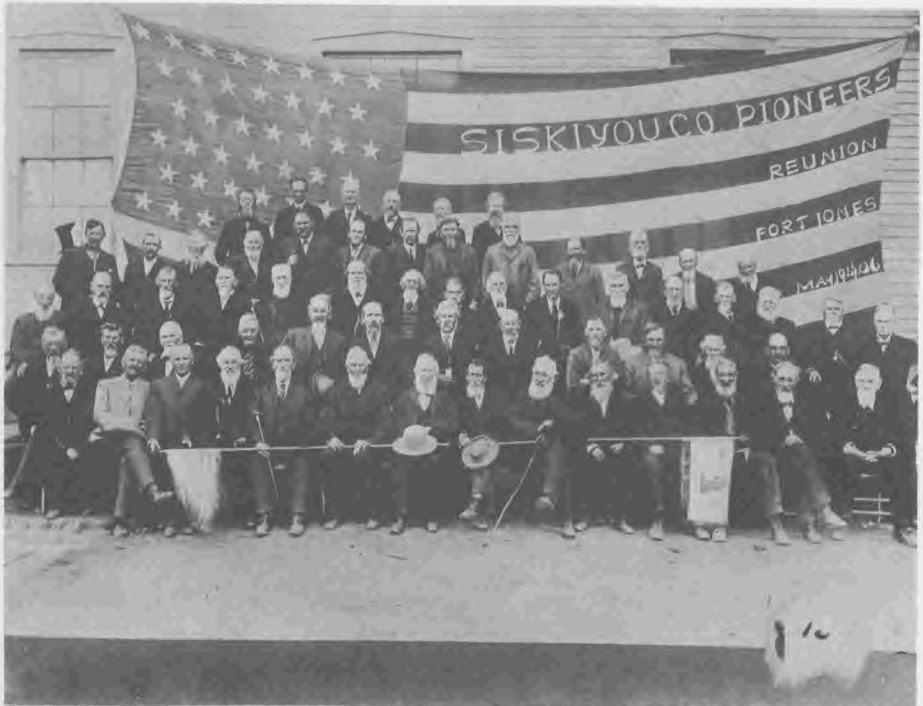
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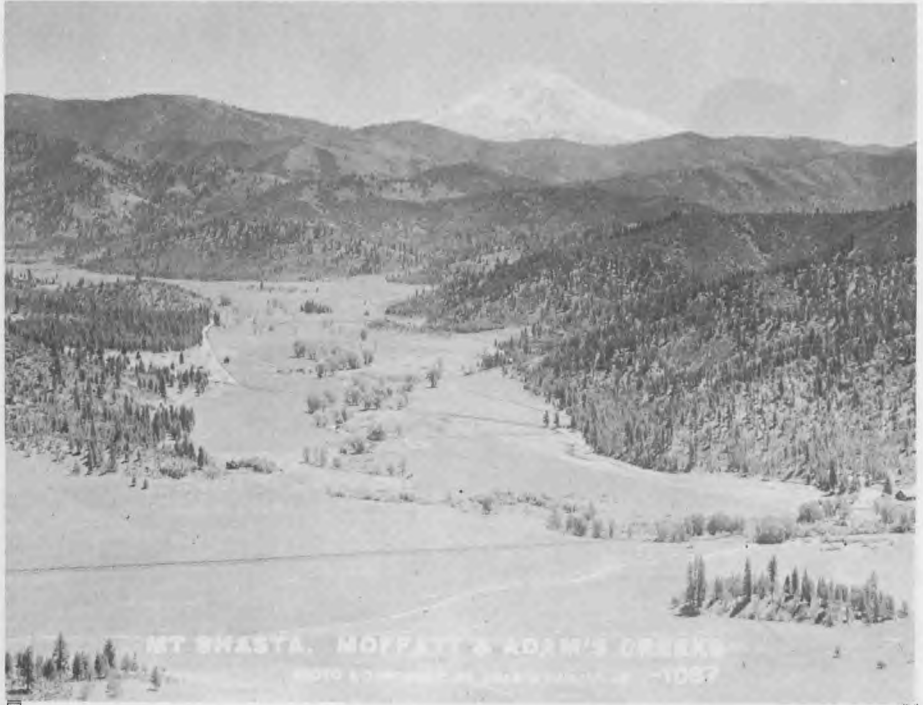
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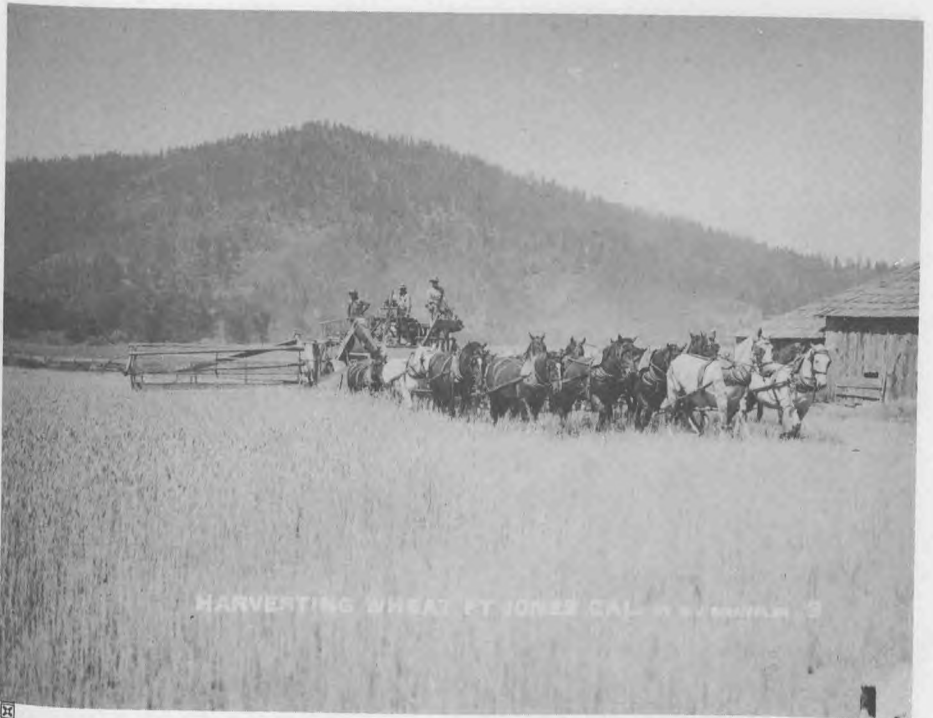
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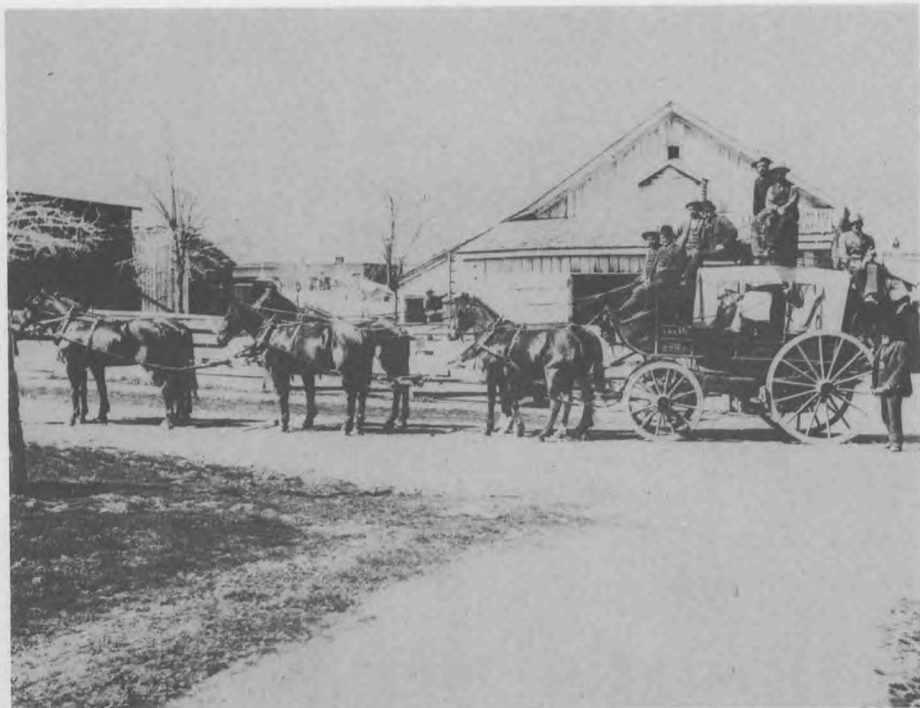
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COVER: By Calla Lukes, member of the Siskiyou County Historical Society and Siskiyou Artists Association.

Special thanks are given to Mrs. Hazel Pollock, curator, and Mrs. Irene Nelson of Fort Jones.

THE SISKIYOU PIONEER AND YEARBOOK—Publication of the Siskiyou County Historical Society. Copies may be secured through the Secretary, 910 So. Main Street, Yreka, California, and newsstands throughout the county, price \$1.75. Annual Society membership is \$2.00. Members receive publications free of charge anywhere in the U.S. or Canada.

THE AUTHOR

Lauran Paine

Lauran Paine, direct descendant of Tom Paine, American Revolutionary War patriot and writer, is also descended on his mother's side from Don Pio Pico, last Mexican governor of the State of California.

Born and reared in the American West, a working cowman by trade and heritage, Lauran Paine is acknowledged by Americans as the foremost authority on his part of the United States. An outstanding horseman and cattleman, and historian of the West without peer, either by blood or ability, he knows first-hand of the things he writes about, or, failing that, historically, has the stories of his forebears to fall back on. Few come so endowed to the chore of writing of the American West as this author.

He was present at the last revolution in Mexico—in fact was in the stableyard when the rebel leader was shot down. Has lived among American Indians, travelled extensively throughout North and South America, and is above all else an authentic American Westerner.

FORT JONES, 1852-1858 . . .

by LAURAN PAINE

PREFACE

The story of America is a saga of a westerning people more than it is a story of places. Yet there had to be settlements, camps, forts—hubs from which emanated outwards the spokes of travel, of expeditions and explorations—manifestations of a restless people seeking many things; wealth, homes, commerce, or just an end to the rainbow.

From 1783 onward as the nation grew, expanding westward, these settlements and forts sprang up where a need existed, but they were rarely established in time. Before the soldiers came the settlers had their own "armies," and they had need of them, for regardless of who was at fault, whites and Indians rarely enjoyed peace for long.

By the time soldiers arrived in Siskiyou County there had been a number of fierce and bloody battles, and even after Fort Jones was established, marking the culmination of Federal Policy of linking the East Coast and the West Coast with a chain of forts, the strife continued.

In these pages I have tried to show why the need existed for Fort Jones; how a young nation expanded and why it expanded; what conditions were, prior to the establishment of old Fort Jones, and later, the kinds of men that garrisoned the Fort; how and where they fought the Indians; what they thought and how they acted. And I believe it is doubtful if any other oldtime frontier outpost of comparable size and complement had as many men who later distinguished themselves so well in the profession of arms, and in other fields, as did those pioneer soldiers of Fort Jones.

Among those who were either stationed

at Fort Jones or who passed through, were Lieutenant Pickett whose immortal Charge at the Battle of Gettysburg marked the tragic end of the great day of the Horse Soldier. William Wing Loring, a Confederate general who, after the Civil War, achieved the highest rank ever held by an American in a foreign army—Pasha and Field Marshal under the Khedive of Egypt. John B. Hood, the native Kentuckian who, after graduating from West Point in 1853, served on the frontier until the outbreak of the Civil War, and who then resigned his commission to join the Confederacy. He was at the first Union defeat—Bull Run. As a Confederate Brigadier General he aided in driving the Union forces out of Texas in 1862. He was at Gettysburg in 1863 as a Confederate Major General. As a Lieutenant General at the Battle of Chickamauga in 1864 he lost his right leg. And finally, he commanded the defense of Atlanta against Union General William Tecumseh Sherman.

There was also Phil Sheridan, who became Army Chief of Staff under President Grant. And there was Grant himself, Absent Without Leave from Fort Jones. And finally, there was Major General George Crook, one of the greatest of Union commanders.

These were the men who forged a nation out of a wilderness; tempered it through an insurrection, and left a heritage of strength and unity behind. It is to them, and those who served with them at old Fort Jones, that this work is respectfully dedicated.

LAURAN PAINE

WESTWARD EXPANSION—1783-1852 . . .

At the conclusion of the American War of Independence in 1783, a coterie of suspicious neighbors who were rarely in harmony about anything except dread of Indians and mistrust of Great Britain, formed a confederacy which they termed the United States of America.

This nation, struggling to survive, feared that Spain would cede the Louisiana Territory, an adjacency, to France, and that Napoleon The First might then implement his plans of international conquest by closing the mouth of the Mississippi River to American commerce, over three-fifths of which passed northward through the Mississippi Valley. In a belated endeavor to preclude such a possibility U. S. President Thomas Jefferson warned Congress that unless the port of New Orleans could be acquired by the United States, the strangulation of America's inland commerce would be inevitable.

The warning came late; Spain ceded the Louisiana Territory to France, and the mouth of the Mississippi River was closed to American commerce. More disastrous, because Louisiana Territory reached from the Gulf of Mexico northward to Canada, was the effective blockading of westerly U. S. expansion, an intolerable situation to a nation dedicated to nineteenth century doctrines of imperialism.

Too weak to defy Napoleon, the United States, under the aegis of President Jefferson, dispatched James Monroe to Paris to aid Ambassador Robert Livingstone in negotiating for the purchase of Louisiana Territory. The French Emperor, in dire need of funds to finance his wars on the continent and against Britain, agreed to sell Louisiana to the United States for fifteen million dollars. Ratification of the purchase in 1803 more than doubled the size of the United States. It also made additional expansion possible. Before the final payment was made, however, the

Louisiana Purchase cost the United States \$27,267,622, or about four cents an acre, of which slightly less than one half was accrued interest.

In area, the Purchase stretched from Mexico to Canada, and from the Mississippi Valley westward to the Rocky Mountains. It contained 529,911,680 acres. Later, carved into states, it included Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, the Dakotas, Montana, most of Minnesota, and parts of Colorado and Wyoming.

It brought to the United States incalculable resources, untold wealth, sufficient scope for generations of American energy, and finally, it enabled one of the heretofore least impressive nations of the Western Hemisphere to appear before the world with contiguous dignity. Briefly, the Purchase gave the United States sufficient land for a young eagle to scream in.

Later, in the finest tradition of an imperialist century, and in accordance with the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo which concluded the Mexican-American War of 1847-48, Mexico lost over half her national territory to a triumphant United States, and the cherished dream of American statesmen came to pass: the United States stretched without interruption from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from Canada to Mexico. America, described by the British at the outbreak of the Mexican War as a country "fit only to fight Indians," became not only the largest nation of the Western Hemisphere, but it also became a nation whose emerging nationalism was second to none in the world.

The Louisiana Purchase more than doubled the size of the United States. The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo added an additional one-third as much land as the aggregate had previously included. Thus, in sixty-five years the territory of the United States nearly tripled. This was an



EXPLANATION:
 Lewis and Clark
 Westward Route
 Lewis and Clark
 Return Route
 Shaded Portion indicates the
 "Oregon Country."

Edited by M. S. S. & Co., Englewood, Chicago

unprecedented growth even during the imperialist nineteenth century, and if few nations had grown so fast, none had done so at such trifling cost.

Napoleon paid for his French Empire with three inches struck from the national stature. The United States acquired its 'empire' for some twenty-eight million dollars (for the Louisiana Purchase), and no more than 13,328 casualties in the Mexican War — of which only 1,733 were battle fatalities; the remainder were deaths from illness.

But this tremendous acquisition was little known, only sketchily explored, and, except for American settlements in East Texas, in the Rio Grande Valley of Mexico, and along the coastal fringes of California and Oregon, was a lost world.

The native inhabitants of this area included millions of bison and thousands of mounted and warlike Indians. West of the 100th meridian and to the coastal Sierras the average rainfall was insufficient for agriculture as it was then practiced — before the day of large-scale irrigation. The few and hardy adventurers, mostly trappers and traders, who had crossed this landmass, reported it unsuitable for general habitation, and with but few exceptions, Americans thought this would always remain Indian country, useless for anything else.

Norwithstanding, long before the discovery of gold, a trickle of immigration began. The government encouraged it in an attempt to people the far Northwest with Americans, lest British influence there, in the guise of the Hudson's Bay Company, underwrite England's contention that the Oregon Country was a southerly extension of Canada. But immigration without protection, like taxation without representation, was an invitation to trouble, not only with the British, but more inevitably, with the Indian masters of this huge domain.

Every atrocity, each Indian attack, was garnered with verbal embroidery with each re-telling, and ultimately popular indignation demanded that some measure of security be provided the argonauts seeking to settle America's farthest frontier. Not

only down along the Sante Fe Trail and across the desert-skirted San Antonio-El Paso Road, but farther west; beside the distant reaches of the longest immigrant route of them all, the Oregon Trail, and the length of its tributaries, like the Hastings' Cutoff, where California-bound settlers split off from those destined for Oregon.

The tardiness of governmental compliance was not based upon reluctance so much as it was founded upon a plain inability to patrol so enormous a segment of America, for, in keeping with its traditional parsimony, the United States had curtailed military strength and expenditures at the conclusion of the Mexican War, and by 1848, with its interior boundaries increased from 2000 miles to 12,000 miles, there simply were not enough troops available.

Besides the scope of its acquisitions in the west, the United States, in 1848, had five times as many Indians to treat with as it had had prior to the Mexican War. With insignificant exceptions these were all hostile. Moreover, communications were nearly non-existent, transport was slow, and specifically, the United States had exactly three regiments of cavalry — the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Dragoons — to employ in the pacification of all that country lying south of Canada and west of the Mississippi River, which is to say an area as large as two-thirds of present day America.¹

Between the initial phase of the west-ern migration, and the arrival of troops in the northwest, protection and defense were matters of concern to settlers; they handled them as they saw fit, and when the Army finally arrived to pre-empt them, some acrimony ensued. Upon more than one occasion soldiers fought both settlers and Indians.

By the end of 1848, six months after the last American occupation troops had departed from conquered Mexico, the 1st Dragoons were scattered among frontier outposts. Three companies, or about a hundred and fifty men, were in the New Mexico Territory (which included present-day Arizona). Three more companies of

the 1st Dragoons were in Southern California. One company was at Fort Leavenworth, another company was at Fort Scott—about a hundred miles away on what is presently the easterly boundary of Kansas — and finally, one company was at Fort Washita (in present-day Oklahoma), while fifty more men were as far away as Fort Snelling in Minnesota.¹

This was an example of how the United States government attempted to protect immigrants, pacify a continent nearly as large as Europe, and do both without increasing taxation or raising an army.

The 2nd Dragoons consisted of ten companies. Six companies were stationed in the Comanche country of Texas; two companies were posted to New Mexico Territory, and the remaining two companies were ordered to California in late 1848 to protect the miners who were beginning to flock westward. Rarely did they go north of San Francisco Bay, where a good deal of trouble existed.¹

The 3rd Regiment of Dragoons was disbanded at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, because some diligent defector discovered a technicality in the enlistment terms voiding all periods of service at the conclusion of the Mexican War. When the 3rd was subsequently reactivated, as Mounted Rifles, it was ordered west under tough, competent, William Wing Loring of Florida. Its purpose was to erect forts along the emigrant routes, where forage, timber, and water, were available.¹

By the time Lieutenant Colonel Loring's Mounted Rifles left Missouri the trickle of westerning immigrants had increased substantially. Many were miners, most were settlers, and all were adventurers. Loring found them toiling westward along the Platte River, and northward where the trail led into the Sweetwater country, across the Continental Divide, through South Pass to the headwaters of the Snake, then down the Columbia to the Willamette Valley. He found them, their castoffs, and their graves, the full two thousand mile distance of the longest wagon road in the Americas — the Oregon Trail.

He also found that their passage had denuded the country of forage and game, a factor which had incensed the Indians to such an extent that scarcely a day passed without at least one settler-caravan being attacked.

These attacks were not confined to wagon trains. Where tent-town settlements sprang up, Indian assaults were prosecuted with great vigor. Even religious missions — first established in the "Oregon Country" by Protestants, later by Catholics — despite preachments of brotherly love, were often devastated.

The natural reaction of immigrants prior to the arrival of troops, was to band together for defense. In fact, by the time Loring's Mounted Rifles arrived in Oregon, the initial phase of the northwest conquest was complete. The Cayuse War (1847-48), for example, had ended with the hanging of five Indians suspected of complicity in the Whitman Massacre. The fighting had been done by settler 'armies' complete with commissioned officers, and by vigilante groups whose concepts of strategy often went no deeper than en masse attacks and thorough extermination, but, if settler-tactics lacked subtlety, grim resolution proved a sound substitute for it. When the Mounted Rifles came straggling down the Columbia an Indian confederacy had been smashed, and while the second phase of the northwest conquest was shortly to begin, the Indians would never again be able to hurl three thousand howling warriors against the white invaders.²

But Oregon had other troubles, too. For one thing, although the Boundary Commission of 1846 had settled the question of contiguous British-American ownership on paper, no one actually knew who owned what. When Loring arrived in 1849 — and a hundred of his men promptly deserted for the California goldfields — he wished to erect barracks at Vancouver. Settlers swore the United States owned Vancouver. The Hudson's Bay Company, doing business well within the 49th parallel, stated with equal firmness that Great Britain owned it. Colonel Loring resolved the dilemma by raising the American flag

over his barracks denoting United States sovereignty, and by paying rent for the ground to British interests. The identical situation existed where Fort Steilacoom was subsequently activated.²

It had been Loring's intention to establish quarters farther south, in the Jacksonville area where Indian depredations were particularly bad, but bitter experience with troopers exposed through adjacency to the lure of California gold, deterred him. U. S. soldiers were paid eight dollars a month; muckers in goldfield glory-holes frequently made thirty dollars a day. A disparity such as this, even after his men were stationed at Vancouver, continued to encourage desertions and finally, in 1851, the Mounted Rifles were recalled to Jefferson Barracks, re-organized, and sent to Texas where there was no goldrush.

But before that happened and while Loring was northward in Oregon, Indian troubles south of the Oregon line, in northern California, vied with miner and settler lawlessness to such a degree that other troops, from southern California, were sent northward. These were detachments of the 1st and 2nd Dragoons, which had been sent overland from Monterrey, Mexico, in July of 1848. They had traveled by way of Parras and Chihuahua to a juncture with Phillip St. George Cooke's westward route along the Gila River, thence over the Sierras to the Coast.

Again, by the time troops arrived, miners and settlers had long been established in far northern California. They had competent militia units, drum-head courts, and a primitive but effective code of ethics which included hanging thieves, exterminating Indians, and minding one's own business. When information reached them that troops were en route, they were grateful for the respite they anticipated, but held to the notion that one or two companies of soldiers sent north to police their territory must of necessity prove ineffectual.

However, the advent of troops in Northern California indicated an awareness by the Federal Government of a condition of hostility and lawlessness from Vancouver southward to San Francisco. It also offered

a theoretical military pincers operating from Vancouver southward, and from the northern district of California northward, a theory more readily implemented on maps than in the field for the basic reason that some two hundred effectives could not begin to pacify several thousand square miles of rugged, mountainous, hostile country.

Of course, by the time news arrived in the Yreka area of northern California that troops were coming, the discovery of gold had increased the trickle of immigration to a clamoring floodtide. First discovered by Don Francisco Lopez in Placerita Canyon of Southern California (Los Angeles County), gold was a magic word in California six years before John Marshall's similar discovery at Coloma sparked the greatest treasure hunt of modern times. It was the lure of gold which brought immigrants by the thousands, not only from the eastern seaboard but also from Europe, and to a lesser extent from Asia, the Pacific isles, and Latin America. This polyglot horde of humanity presented enterprising Indian tribesmen with a never-ending source of wealth. Aside from their original and fundamental resentment of invasion, they came gradually to convert antipathy into greed; where they had formerly fought to preserve their hunting grounds, by 1850 they were marauding to acquire weapons, horses, iron utensils, and even gold.

The extent of Indian depredations, like the country itself, was vast. Detachments of soldiers from the San Francisco area patrolled as far north as Rhett Lake in Oregon, while Oregonians—Regulars and civilian "armies" alike—sought war parties as far south as Thompson's Dry Diggings in California. The increase in atrocities from 1850 onward was in part due to an act of Congress of that year negating all Indian claims to land west of the Cascades. It was also due to the general policy of attrition among settlers and miners in both southern Oregon and northern California.

As the trouble with Indians increased settlers banded together for defense and offense; only a few ineffectual attempts at conciliation were made by either side. In-

deed, such were the fundamental and irreconcilable differences between the two races that only through tests of strength could amity ever be achieved—not only between Indians and whites in the Northwest Territory, but throughout the entire United States.²

Then, in 1851, Congress abetted its earlier ineptness by abolishing all peace commissions to the Indians. This, in effect, removed what little restraint had theretofore held back the Red Tide, and Indian marauders lashed out in unprecedented fury, the land ran red, and the appeals for aid from settlers rang out loud and long.²

A number of Indian bands in both Oregon and California fattened up on immigrants. Wagon trains going to and returning from, the goldfields, were attacked; many were wiped out. Outlying settlements were abandoned, villages were besieged, and travel either stopped altogether or was limited to organized parties banded together for mutual protection.²

The more warlike Indians, such as the Modocs, Rogue Rivers, Klamaths, Piutes, Pitt Rivers, Shastas, Yuroks, and allied tribes, along the southern Oregon-northern California boundary, had modern arms by 1851. They also had large herds of horses, contempt for whites, and tribal bucklers of arrogance. When they succeeded in closing the California Road over the Siskiyou Mountains with their depredations, northern California and southern Oregon settlers issued a series of ultimatums: either the Army would expedite its plans to protect them, or the government must permit them to exterminate the Indians.²

While the Commanding Officer, Northern District of California, was evaluating intelligence reports from his most northerly territory—Siskiyou County—the Indians caught a miner named David Dilley in May, 1851, and killed him on the southern watershed of the Siskiyou. They then fled back into Oregon. Miners from Cottonwood and Yreka made up a posse and gave chase. They found a band of Rogues over the line, near Jacksonville, Oregon, attacked them, killed two and captured two, then returned to Cali-

fornia from where they sent word to the Rogue leaders that the captives would be exchanged for the killers of David Dilley. The Rogue chieftains scorned even to reply.²

The day following the withdrawal of the Californians from Oregon, Rogue Indians laid an ambush at a crossing of the Rogue River. The first band of travelers to ride into it were fired upon prematurely. None were injured, but in returning the fire the travelers killed one warrior and routed his companions. The next day the Indians laid the same ambush again. Three different parties rode into it, all were attacked, and one party lost four killed. Moccasin-telegraph warned wayfarers to avoid the California Road over the Siskiyou, travel atrophied, trade dwindled, merchants clamored louder than ever, and a large number of settlers with outlying holdings moved into the settlements.

The Indians proceeded to raid throughout the valleys on both sides of the California-Oregon line, killing, plundering, ambushing, and in general making existence precarious for all whites. A brief interlude of good fortune arrived in the guise of the Mounted Rifles heading southward under Major Phillip Kearny, en route to Jefferson Barracks. Informed hostile Indians were assembling at Table Rock (near present-day Medford) preparatory to launching either one massive attack or a series of individual raids designed to wipe out settlers. Kearny determined to attack first and forestall a large-scale massacre. Toward that end he struck out for Table Rock. On the 15th of May, 1851, he had difficulty crossing the Rogue River—the water was unusually high—but by the 17th he was within sight of the Rock. Major Kearny rode ahead of his main column with an escort of twenty-eight men. Mounted Indian videttes scouted him. When Kearny saw them he pushed ahead to force battle. The hostiles withdrew, sent word of his coming to the main band, and a little later the Indians rode down en masse to meet the soldiers.²

There was no plan to the battle which followed. Kearny did not fall back on



ELISHA STEELE

the main column, but instead charged the hostiles. Repulsed by superior numbers he nevertheless pressed the battle until the Indians withdrew with the advent of dusk. His men counted eleven dead Indians who, having fallen too close to the soldiers for their bodies to be retrieved and carried off, were abandoned by their tribesmen. Kearny's own losses included three wounded of which one, Captain James Stuart, died and was buried near a small watercourse which became known as Stuart Creek.²

The route of the withdrawing Indians was towards Table Rock. Kearny, still with his original twenty-eight men—less one—bivouacked to await the arrival of the balance of his command.

News of Kearny's clash, and conditions in general along Oregon's southernmost reaches, spread rapidly. While settler-volunteers hastened to reinforce the Mounted Rifles near Table Rock, John P. Gaines, successor to Joe Lane, Oregon's first governor, wrote President Fillmore that a near state of siege existed in his territory. President Fillmore's directives ultimately alerted the Army in Oregon to Indian depredations in the southern part of the territory, and also expedited the dawdling column sent north from San Francisco, but before this long-overdue force arrived, there were additional clashes between settlers and Indians to mark the closing of the year 1851.²

In early 1852 a miner near Wolf Creek, Oregon, was robbed and killed. In the same general locality, in Illinois Valley, five more miners were attacked. Under cover of darkness one escaped, secured aid and returned to lift the siege of his friends. Farther south a miner named Calvin Goodman was captured by Shasta Indians near Yreka, California, tortured and killed. Goodman's killers were identified as members of Chief Scarface's band. Another Indian spokesman, Chief John, leader of the Scott Valley Shastas, was preparing to lead his warriors upon the war-trail when a contingent of alerted Scott Valley settlers descended upon his village and captured him. In exchange for his freedom it was urged

that he prevail upon Chief Scarface to deliver up Calvin Goodman's killers. Chief John refused, managed to escape, and both sides prepared for war.²

In one of the numerous skirmishes which ensued a sheriff of Siskiyou County was wounded while heading a militant band of miners and settlers. In other skirmishes a few Indians were killed, but the greatest number of casualties on both sides were among the horses.

Elisha Steele, traveling overland from Yreka, arrived at the Johnson ranch in Scott Valley and found there a large congregation of angry settlers, part of a group which had unsuccessfully sought to recapture Chief John. Wishing to avert a general uprising Steele called for a council with local Indians. Induced to attend were Chief Tolo, headman of the Yreka area natives, and his son, Chief Phillip, nominal spokesman of the Scott Valley dissidents.²

Success crowned Steele's efforts to the extent that neutral Indians were persuaded to aid him in apprehending Chief John and others thought to have participated in recent raids, including the murderers of Calvin Goodman. Steele went to Yreka and procured warrants of arrest for the wanted Indians, naming particularly Scarface of the Shastas and one Chief Bill, allegedly implicated in a number of recent California murders.²

Shortly after this, friendly Indians informed Steele that both Scarface and Chief Bill were in the village of Chief Sam, a notorious Rogue River Indian who was avowedly at war with all whites. Chief Sam's two most grievous complaints against settlers were that they had pre-empted land used by his people for winter quarters, and secondly, that one G. H. Ambrose, a settler, had refused to betroth his infant son to Sam's infant daughter, an unmitigated breach of etiquette.²

When Steele's party was ready to go north to Oregon, Chiefs Phillip and Tolo developed last-minute ailments and sent two strapping warriors in their places, assuring Steele the substitutes would either

aid him in apprehending the fugitives or would stand trial in their places.

About the time Steele was leading his posse northward, Indian Agent to the Rogues, Alonzo Skinner, learned of his intentions and sent word of his coming to Jacksonville. The Oregonians responded by forming a volunteer group under Captain John Lamerick. Skinner then called for a council with the Indians in an effort to reach an agreement with them, respecting the fugitives, before Steele's Californians arrived.

Chief Sam attended Skinner's council with reluctance and refused to agree to anything until an ally, Chief Joe, (name-sake of former governor Joe Lane), came in. Chief Joe was headman of a mixed band in the Applegate country, fellow trouble-maker with Chief Sam, and an avowed enemy of all settlers.²

While the council was awaiting the arrival of Chief Joe, Elisha Steele arrived with his Californians and promptly demanded the surrender of Scarface and others for whom he held warrants of arrest. Chief Sam was alarmed at the unmistakably hostile attitude of Steele's men. Seeking to reassure him, Agent Skinner asked the Californians to lay aside their weapons. This was done and the council was resumed, this time including as participant, Elisha Steele.²

When Steele reiterated his demand for the wanted Indians, Chief Sam refused to comply on the grounds that the Californians had captured two Rogues near Jacksonville and were still holding them prisoner. Steele ordered the hostages released. Alonzo Skinner then told Sam he had compelled Steele to release the captives, and an incensed Elisha Steele ordered his men to take up their weapons again.²

This move was interpreted by Chief Sam's warriors, across the Rogue River and watching the council from cover, to mean imminent assassination of their chieftain. Over a hundred of them walked out into the open, fully armed. Their abrupt emergence halted the talks. Chief Sam then said he was going back to his people. When he was beyond rifle-range he called

back to Skinner that he not only would not hand over the fugitives, but that he would not return to the council, and if the white men wanted him, they would have to come and get him!²

Agent Skinner, unwilling to admit defeat, sent a detachment of Lamerick's Oregonians across the river in the direction of the Indian encampment. He then personally led another contingent of Oregonians down the river, flanking the Indians on the north side of the river and cutting them off from their tribesmen beyond the river's south bank.²

This dividing of the settler-force worried Elisha Steele, who deployed his Californians in such a manner as to further restrict the Indians in the council area from getting to their relatives. He then sent one of the Scott Valley Shastas who had come north with him to Agent Skinner with a warning against precipitating a battle. When the messenger returned he reported seeing the fugitive Indians slipping away southward. This information inspired the Californians to move toward the river as though to cross it and pursue the wanted men. Sam's people, believing the Californians meant to attack their encampment, withdrew into the trees. A battle was now imminent.²

At this moment a settler named Martin Angell rode up, studied the situation, and told the Indians, with whom he was friendly, that they were surrounded. Most of the Indians then started toward Steele's men across the river, making signs of peace by holding their weapons out but foremost or aiming skyward over their heads. While the Californians watched, the Indians crossed the river, went around them, and broke for the trees beyond. Steele, perceiving their intention and realizing that whichever side was protected by the woods stood the best chance of survival, ordered his men to charge the forest. Firing instantly broke out on both sides.²

At the first sounds of conflict Captain Lamerick sent riders to warn nearby settlers to evacuate the area, then hastened forward to flank Chief Sam and those of

his tribesmen remaining south of the river. Sam, seeking to catch Steele's men between two fires, launched an attack northward. He lost a few warriors in the river crossing. In the open glade where the council had been held he lost a few more men. By the time his people were on the north side of the river Steele's Californians were ignoring the threat behind them in order to avoid being overwhelmed from in front. Their fire was both vigorous and accurate; Sam's warriors were repulsed, driven back across the river, and their withdrawal route was marked by dead Indians.²

Steele's two Rogue hostages chose this moment to break for freedom. One got to the edge of the river before being killed. The other one got across, only to be brought low on the far bank by a bullet through his head.

Chief Sam, aborigine strategist of note, then attempted to cut the Californians off from Alonzo Skinner's party but, at sight of Indian warriors racing toward the breach in their line, the Oregonians leapt up and ran toward the Californians, and the sustained firepower of both parties repulsed the attackers. They fled back across the river and the fighting dwindled as daylight faded.²

By early dusk it was all over but the aftermath; some perfectly innocent miners downriver a few miles, unaware that a pitched battle had been fought, had the misfortune to be in the path of the enraged, withdrawing Indians. They were killed and hacked to pieces.²

Captain Lamerick went after the Indians with his Jacksonville volunteers. By traveling fastest he was able to get around them. Elisha Steele, meanwhile, led his Californians downriver, on the north bank, seeking to either drive the hostiles to Lamerick, or block their escape rearward should they meet the Oregonians and retreat. This manœuvre worked unexpectedly well. The Indians, finding

Lamerick's men barring their advance to the Rock, turned about and ran into Steele's Californians. They were whipped and knew it.²

Chief Sam sued for peace. Another council was convened—on the 21st of July, 1852—and Sam immediately capitulated to Steele's demands for the fugitives, but said there had been some mistake; that the Indian thought to be Scarface was actually Sullix, a member of Chief Tipso's band. The warrior in question was produced, identified as Sullix not Scarface, and to the Californian's discomfort was added disgust.²

Nor long after this Ben Wright—who featured prominently in the Modoc War—rode into Yreka from the Klamath Lake area, where he had been seeking the same fugitives. Accompanying Wright's posse were several Indian scouts. Knowledgeable Yrekans informed Wright that one of his scouts was Scarface, the fugitive he had been seeking.²

Scarface's audacity had backfired. He was immediately pursued and although he was afoot, his pursuers ahorseback, the chase lasted eighteen miles. When finally apprehended Scarface was taken to a nearby gulch where some oak trees grew, and hanged. Thus Scarface Gulch got its name.²

But the chapter of settler-armies dominating the field against hostile Indians was drawing to a close, for late in September, 1852, the soldiers finally arrived—34 men, including officers, all that were fit for service, of Companies A and E, 1st Dragoons, out of a total complement of 109 men, most of whom had been left along the route of march, sick, detached, deserted, or defunct.³



CALIFORNIA'S BEN WRIGHT

II

FORT JONES AND ITS DEPENDENCIES . . .

Commandant of the first Regular troops to be stationed in Siskiyou County was Captain (brevet Major) Edward H. Fitzgerald.⁴ His first concern after arrival was the location of a permanent post. In accordance with Army policy and frontier custom military installations were established where population density was greatest, and where the most frequently traveled roads existed. In Siskiyou County this was the Yreka region, but, since Military Regulations decreed that permanent posts be established where adequate forage, water, and timber, were available, Yreka and environs was found unsuitable. Aside from the fact that there was very little unclaimed land, years of excessive pasturage had all but denuded the area of animal provender.

Captain Fitzgerald made a survey of the surrounding countryside and found that "Beaver Valley," named by early-day trappers after a river they called "Beaver River," (Scott Valley and Scott River), was particularly advantageous for his purpose. Aside from possessing the requisite water, forage, and timber, "Beaver Valley" was strategically located for operations against hostile Indians. Accordingly, Fitzgerald chose a spot for the erection of a fort which was "...between the Salmon and Siskiyou range of Mts. about 15 mi. S. E. (of) Yreka, Calif. Lat. 41 degrees, 35' 5", Long 122' 52'."⁵

From local sources of information and subsequent explorations Captain Fitzgerald determined that the Indians, primarily Shastas and allied tribesmen, used Scott Valley as a hunting ground, and also as a rest area and regional terminus of their travels north into southern Oregon and south toward Fort Reading.

The Shastas and their allies ruled the Klamath River watershed from a point between Thompson and Indian creeks, to the fringes of present-day Copco Lake

above Fall Creek. They also claimed the areas drained by the Scott and Shasta rivers, tributaries of the Klamath. Their numbers, according to a "field census" taken in 1851, which listed 24 villages on the Klamath, 19 on the Shasta, and 7 on the Scott River, were some 2,000 Indians.⁶

Captain Fitzgerald's orders, signed by "Bvt. Colonel Wright, Comm. Northern Dist. of California," left selection of the site for the erection of a fort to Fitzgerald's discretion. They did not specify that the area to be used was to be considered an official Military Reservation, an attitude frequently adopted by District Commanders when ordering establishment of temporary posts and stations.⁷

Captain Fitzgerald's report did not state that the site he had selected was strategically located for operations against Indians, as well as adjacent to both the California Road, and Siskiyou County's most populous area. It noted only that he had "...selected a point in the vicinity of the (his own) Dragoon encampment in Scotts Valley, Siskiyou Co. Calif. for a Post to be called Ft. Jones (after Colonel Roger Jones, Adjutant General, whose name appeared on each and every Muster Sheet Fitzgerald had to fill out), by order of Bvt. Col. (George) Wright, 4th Infantry commanding Northern Div. of Calif. A Post-office is authorised to be established at Yuka."⁷

With better spelling but equal brevity the captain listed his force as follows: "Staff: 1 Asst. Surg. Co. A—3 sgts, 1 Corp. 1 Bugler, 16 privates present Company A., Total present and absent—50. Co. E. 1 Cpt., 1 Sgt., 1 Bugler, 1 Blacksmith, 14 privates. Total Co. E, present and absent—58. Remarks: Hyacinth J. Clark, Pvt., 1st Dragoons, Co. C, rec'd with command..."⁷

Fitzgerald designated himself as "Ed H. Fitzgerald, Capt. and Post Major, 1st

Dragoons, Co. E, Commanding Squadron."⁷ He neglected to mention that another captain posted to Fort Jones was Absent Without Leave. This was Ulysses S. Grant, who never reported to Fort Jones.⁸ Another officer was AWOL. This was 2nd Lieutenant C. H. Ogle of Company E.⁹ But Ogle's star of destiny was to be less blinding than President Grant's, hence his defection from duty was subsequently of less interest. Lieutenant Ogle was listed as AWOL the 16th day of October, 1852, the day work was begun on Fort Jones.

Fitzgerald was plagued by insufficient troops, and not enough time to erect his fort and simultaneously patrol the troubled land. He did the best he could; when troopers were not engaged in scouting as far inland as Klamath Lake, or escorting bands of travelers over the Siskiyou, he put them to work making log buildings at the Fort. Then Fitzgerald was transferred northward¹⁰ and his successor as commandant at Fort Jones was Captain (Brevet Major) George Waynefleet Patten, 2nd Infantry, a man of unimpressive stature—five feet five, frail build—who possessed two uncommon characteristics. He had lost all but the thumb and forefinger of his left hand at the Battle of Cerro Gordo in the Mexican War, leaving him with a remnant which looked "...for all the world...like the claw of a crawfish."¹¹

Captain Patten's second affliction was an impediment of speech. He could not readily begin to speak, and in order to force sound past his lips he would grimace and make a sharp, high laugh, after which words would come. A result of this misfortune was one of two prefaces to everything he said; either "He he, by God," or "He he, Jesus Christ." In consequence Captain Patten was familiarly known as "He he by God Patten," a nick-name totally unrelated to any predilection he had toward religion. "He was very funny for a week or ten days," a youthful subordinate wrote later, "until he commenced repeating, when he became very tiresome."¹¹

By the time Captain Patten replaced Edward Fitzgerald at Fort Jones trouble with the Indians was once again on the

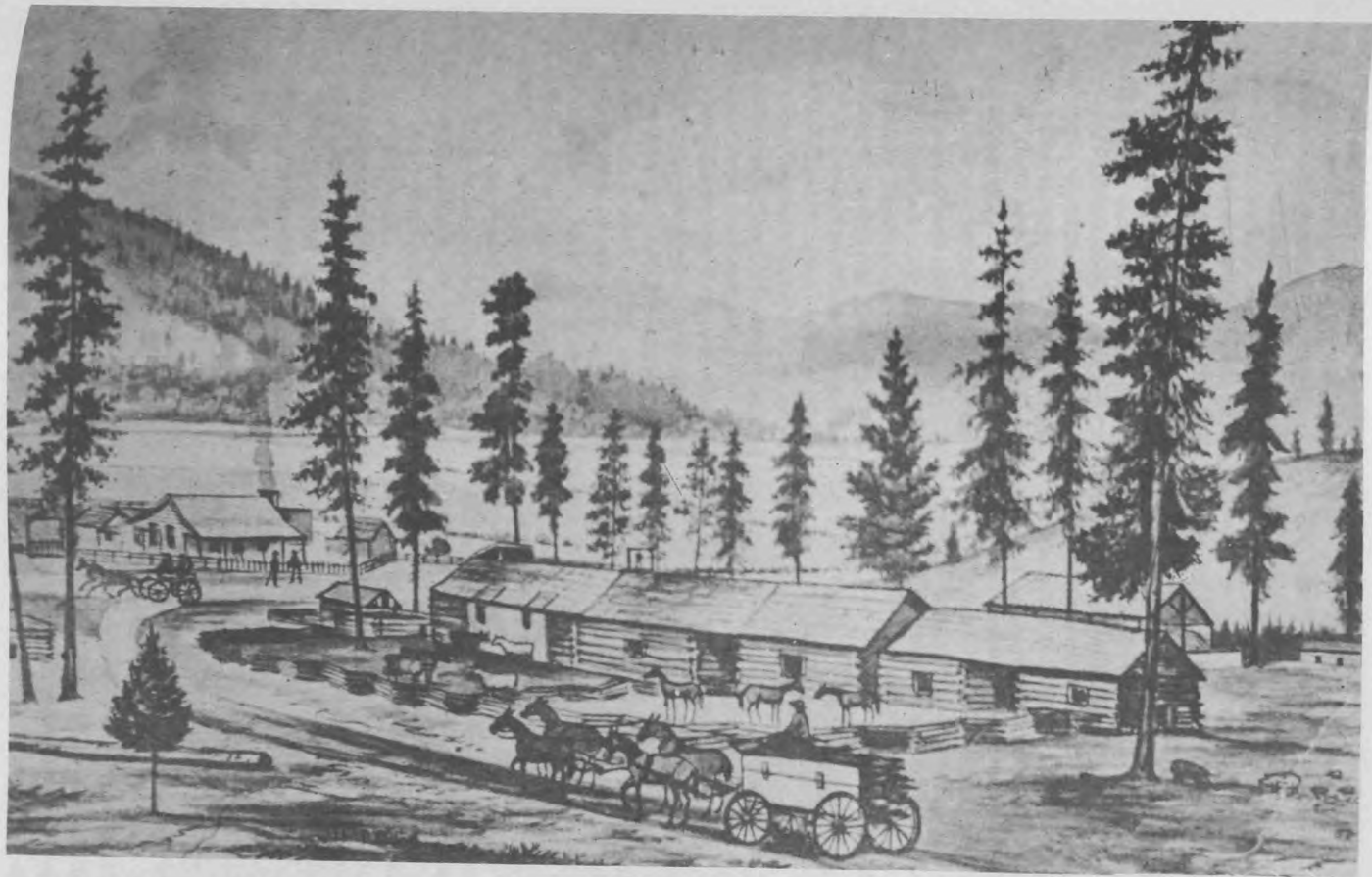
increase, and like Fitzgerald, Patten was compelled to divide his attention between working on the fort and trying to patrol the county. It was his fate to be unsuccessful at both until reinforcements arrived, and meanwhile his natural irascibility increased until even the miners who made their headquarters at the nearby rowdy settlement of Deadwood,¹² some miles distant from the Fort on Indian Creek, stood in awe of the sputtering, one-handed captain, and his prodigious capacity for blistering invective.

During this period, too, the disenfranchised settlers were adding to Patten's innumerable headaches by organizing into local 'armies' and embarking on private Indian hunts.²

In one instance, when word arrived in Yreka that Modoc Indians were holding two white women captive in the Klamath Lake vicinity, Indian-hating Ben Wright got up a posse and headed for Bloody Point. There, finding a wagon train under attack, the Yrekans went to its relief. The Indians fled, some heading for the Lava Beds, others making for the more convenient tule thickets around the lake. Wright's party pursued the latter group and in a desperate and merciless engagement fought entirely among tule thickets so dense it was impossible to recognize friend from foe until one fired, twenty-five Indians were killed, and one Yrekan was slightly wounded.²

Wright's subsequent exploration of the Rhett and Klamath Lakes vicinity indicated that a number of wagon trains had been attacked. Aside from the clothing found on slain Indians, obviously of eastern manufacture, the Tule Lake plains were found to possess a number of burnt wagons, slain horses in harness, and bits of immigrant clothing, all indicative of earlier, unreported, massacres.¹⁴

When Wright's men subsequently reported what they had seen at Yreka, feeling against the Indians became so intense that other parties were organized among miners and settlers, whose sole purpose was to seek and exterminate Indians. Later, learning of the militant expeditions



OLD SKETCH OF FORT JONES

being sent forth by the Californians, a number of Oregonians under John Ross volunteered to ride southward and aid in the extermination. These men cleared the Emigrant Trail over the Siskiyou and subsequently arrived in the vicinity of Rhett Lake.² The Modocs, finding themselves beset by Oregonians in the rear and Californians in front, scattered in small groups and desisted for the time being from their attacks upon immigrant trains traversing the Klamath country, but then, back in Oregon, Chief Sam's shaky treaty collapsed when the Government refused to ratify any new pacts with Indians, and in celebration of this misfortune one of Sam's more prominent warriors, Taylor by name, led a raiding party which ambushed and wiped out a company of seven miners at Grave Creek.²

Other depredations followed. By the time Ross's volunteers returned to Oregon the list of barbarities was greater than ever. What brought the trouble to a head was another rumor of captive white women. This time the hostages were supposedly being held at Table Rock; this time, too, the rumor was to prove as false as the earlier rumor in California had been. Notwithstanding, a formidable gathering of Oregonians organized into a settler-army, and while their militant spirit was at its height, Chief Sam's bold raider, Taylor, as audacious as Scarface had been, permitted himself to be captured by a Jacksonville posse. His fate, like Scarface's, was hanging, but unlike Scarface, who had eluded capture for eighteen miles and six hours, Taylor was hanged less than thirty minutes after being apprehended.²

The culmination of the expedition to save the captive white women was a little less than magnificent: the Jacksonvillains went to Table Rock, climbed to the top, found no captive white women and no congregation of hostiles primed and painted for war, but located instead a miserable encampment of old Indians, unfit by age and infirmities to follow the younger people; killed them all and returned to their homes.²

Posses, volunteer units, and individual groups of neighbors, settlers, miners, and travelers, began patrolling the Rogue River Valley in Oregon, and from the southerly watershed of the Siskiyou to Scott Valley, and farther south, down toward Red Bluff, where Lieutenant Edmund Russell, "... a brave but reckless man," was killed in an Indian fight 24 March, 1853.¹⁵ What military protection existed for this vast area lay at Fort Jones, where a garrison of some three dozen horse-soldiers lived in floorless, roofless hutments, when not patrolling, escorting, and scouting in a land vast enough to require the services of five times as many troopers.

It was in this contiguous California-Oregon country that Indian resistance to white sovereignty stiffened to such an extent that the Army ordered reinforcements southward from Fort Vancouver.¹⁶ These troops were to consist primarily of infantry, it being concluded that the two dragoon companies then in residence at Fort Jones would be adequate for patrol and escort work, at least for the time being.

Accordingly, in late March, 1853, Captain Bradford Ripley Alden was directed to proceed to Fort Jones with his Company E, 4th Infantry, from Fort Vancouver, Oregon Territory.¹⁷ His entourage consisted of "forty mules, six wagons, 36 pack saddles, six citizen teamsters . . ." fifty enlisted men—of whom ten deserted en route—and one commissioned officer, Lieutenant Joseph W. Collins, Quartermaster, "a trump of a man," according to Captain Alden.¹⁸

Two later acquisitions were the Lieutenant's wife and Scotch-born, British subject and botanist of note, John Jeffrey. Jeffrey joined Alden's column at the Umpqua River "with his books, specimens and his own old body."¹⁹

Reinforcements from Fort Reading and farther south in California were planned to include elements of the 2nd Infantry, and a supply company, but dalliance made their advent tardy and at least one junior officer, 2nd Lieutenant George Crook, did not arrive at Fort Jones until November, 1853.²⁰

Meanwhile, prior to the arrival of Alden's column, Captain Patten's preoccupation with Indians prevented him from making much headway in construction of the Fort. Another deterrent was keeping his men away from the nearby tent-town of Deadwood where interesting varieties of depravity existed.

Deadwood lay "just below the junction of Moffitt and McAdams creeks, 18 miles from Yreka. A cabin built at this place, late in 1851, by Brown and Kelly, was sold the next spring to Captain John B. Pierce, O. C. Wheelock—Frank (?) and John Stephan Matson. The place soon came into the hands of Wheelock, who kept a small trading post and house of public entertainment. There were a number of settlers in the Valley and a great deal of travel past (sic) this point. It was a station on the regular route from Yreka to Shasta as well as to the mines on Scott and Salmon rivers."²¹

Then, in the spring of 1853, Captain Patten's sources of annoyance were mitigated somewhat by the arrival of Captain Alden's force, which had traversed the troubled land with only routine difficulties—broken wagon axles, desertions, and Mr. Jeffrey's zealous scuttlings after specimens of fauna and flora.²²

The captain had made better time than he had anticipated making. Notwithstanding days when the column covered no more than ten miles—and better days when it covered sixteen—the trip from Vancouver to Yreka was accomplished in 37 days, three days less than Captain Alden had expected it to require. "Yreka turned out its enterprising population," Alden wrote, "... to see the Captain from Vancouver and his company march through the town."²²

He arrived at Fort Jones at "10 A. M. May 31st 1853,"²² and was received by "the officers of the two dragoon companies... (with)... mingled deference and affection."²² Per orders awaiting him, Captain Alden assumed command of Fort Jones 14 June, 1853.²³ Captain Patten henceforth took the field with the dragoons, under the direction of Captain Alden, whose

duties were to secure the Fort, complete it, and attend to its administration.²⁴

Captain Alden was an erudite, observant man; although swamped with work he found time to write his wife that "Everything comes... (to Scott Valley), by pack trains at 20 cents a pound from Shasta City.... We are about thirty miles from Oregon and 100 from the sea on Scotts river.

"We are five days by express from San Francisco. Butter is \$2 a pound, eggs \$3 a dozen, hams \$5 a piece, potatoes \$15 a bushel, (by June 6th he was paying twenty-two dollars a bushel; by June 9th twenty-four dollars a bushel), and everything else in proportion." He also wrote that "A CAT costs here and at Yreka (16 miles north east) six dollars, and a hen is \$5.00. A tin box (ordinary size) of blacking is one dollar, & so on to the end. A common broom is one dollar, etc."²⁴

The exorbitant prices inspired by the goldrush awakened in him as it did in others, a wish to conserve and improvise. He had a garden planted, sent details fishing and hunting, and generally sought to relieve the discomfort of soldiers existing on the barest of subsistences and being paid about eight dollars a month. Then, having instituted reforms, he turned his attention to "written instructions from Colonel (George) Wright, com'd'g the district, directing me to send an exploring party to the sea—to Paragon Bay—(Crescent City) to endeavor to discover a better pack trail route for supplying the post...." Local packers told him such a route could be located.²⁵

The same orders instructed him to send both companies of dragoons "60 miles east" to Klamath and Rhett Lakes, to protect incoming immigrants. A man of great energy as well as resourcefulness, Captain Alden found time to explore the countryside as far away as the "scene of Kearny's fight with the Rogue River Indians... and the spot where poor Jimmy Stuart was killed and buried."²⁵ He also rode down to Fort Reading, and over to Tule Lake.

Of his new duty-station, Scott Valley, he wrote: "It is a shut in valley sur-



CAPTAIN ALDEN

rounded by mountains of snow. Two miles distant from a neck of land we see Mount Shasta or Shasta Butte, as they call it—the noblest snow mountain my eyes ever beheld.”²⁵ (Scott Valley) is as.... “beautiful, healthy valley as there is in the world..... (It) was called formerly by Hudson (sic) bay people—Beaver Valley & the river beaver river. Beavers are plenty and only two years since 2,000 were trapped here..... This valley and all this northern California is as healthy as England. You cannot imagine a purer air. The valley is about 3 or 4 miles wide, tho’ south of us it widens in one beautiful place to 8 or ten. The solid mountains rise like a rim with indented lines, 2 to 4,000 feet above us and are yet tipped with snow. It is all natural-looking, healthy and beautiful... The physical effect of this pure high air is surprising on me—my hair is blacker, my flesh harder, my legs stronger, and my equanimity a surprise to myself.”²⁶

Of the miners and settlers Alden had this to say: “This country groans for the observance of the Lord’s day... On Sunday in Yreka some 2,000 miners congregate to trade at the stores and many to drink and carouse.... Never was a land peopled as this country is, without any apparent grace of God. Everything is conducted in a spirit of rapacity and plunder—the very earth is cultivated in a spirit of plunder.... but curses are the idioms of the country. No women, no little children—what blighted fruits are to grow from such a planting only God knows...”²⁶

Of “... Fort Roger Jones (as I suppose it was intended to be called)...” he said it lacked the rudiments of both convenience and necessity. “Everything to be done and nothing to do it with—boats to be built, garden dug, fenced, planted; floors laid, roofs covered, etc. etc.... The experience of command of a post is not a little thing.”²⁸

He had a well dug (water at thirty feet) to replace the system of packing water to the Fort which both former commanders had employed. The breadless diet of earlier times was rectified through “... yeast and dough troughs... now we have good

bread.” The log “pens” for officers and men alike were floored with planking secured from a mill twelve miles distant at a cost of eighty dollars a thousand feet. The former meat storage facility—a covered hole in the ground—was abandoned by his orders and meat was thenceforth hung in the air “and keeps (now) for three days.” Other improvements included the acquisition of a tub for washing clothing, the erection of additional quarters for the men, and the completion of buildings begun during Captain Fitzgerald’s residency, still uncompleted in late 1853; plus the erection of a “hospital”—for which there was no surgeon—a company storehouse, and the essential furnishings for each.²⁶

Of his immediate subordinates the Captain noted they lacked both energy and enthusiasm. “They sit in the shade,” he said, “smoking & chatting until they get a little weary, and then they stretch themselves out for a quiet nap.... and yet, as they like me, I cannot help liking them.... What I say of them I am far from saying complainingly.”²⁷

With—and more often without—the assistance of his officers, Captain Alden completed the Fort, instituted drills for men not actively engaged in other ways, and generally raised morale, even while the Fates, which were depriving him of what he termed “... the glories of war,” were conspiring to bring to a close his tenure of office as Commandant of Fort Jones.

Among his other obligations, Captain Alden was called upon to deliver a Fourth of July oration at Yreka. He consented with misgivings and labored hard to write a suitable speech. It began with “Friends and fellow citizens,” and closed with; “Forever, God save the Commonwealth.”²⁸ A likable man, frank and honest, enthusiastic and friendly, he inevitably found himself drawn into communal affairs, matters foreign to his military obligations, but things for which he somehow found time. His days were rarely long enough and his work was never done, but he invariably found time to write his wife in the East.

It is from those letters posterity is enabled to re-create much that happened at Fort Jones while he was there.

By August, 1853, the Indians, particularly the Rogues, Shastas, and Modocs, were once again making vigorous attacks upon travelers, outlying settlements, and isolated ranches. On the 4th Rogues ambushed and killed Richard Edwards near Stuart Creek.²⁹ On the 5th they assassinated Jim Wills and Rhodes Noland.³⁰ On the 7th an angry posse caught two Shasta bucks painted for war, took them to Jacksonville and had a public hanging.³¹ Another Indian, a Rogue, was apprehended near the execution site and was also hanged.³² At Ashland, below the north slope of the Siskiyou, a posse led by Isaac Hill found a small band of Indians gathering acorns. They killed six before the rest fled.³³ In retaliation a war-party of hostiles attacked a wagon train encamped on the outskirts of Ashland, killed two immigrants, wounded six, then laid an ambush for a relief party and in the fight which followed killed Doctor William Rose and wounded a number of other men.³⁴

The Siskiyou were closed to travel. Their steep sides and torturous trails made headway by ox and mule train too slow and perilous. Indians lurked nearby, waiting. Settlers on the Oregon side of the mountains fortified-up. Those on the California side abandoned mining claims and ranches in favor of the protection of settlements. In between, on both sides of the mountains, out through the valleys and down the rivers, hostiles killed, plundered, and ambushed almost at will.

A courier from Oregon got through to Captain Alden at Fort Jones with a plea for help. Most of the Fort Jones garrison was out on escort and patrol duty. Captain Patten, for example, was in the Klamath Lake country with a detachment of dragoons. Believing the need urgent and the cause desperate, Captain Alden took ten men and started for Oregon. (In a letter dated "Yreka Cal. Aug. 8—1853" he says he took eleven men; official report names the men as Sergeants James Bryan

and Laurence Kenny; Corporals Patrick Fitzpatrick and Dennis Madden; Privates Roman Beiter, John Engle, Nicholas Fisher, Christian Kriser, Albert Wandle, and Reubin Watkins—ten men).³⁵

He started over the Siskiyou with confidence, as indicated in the same letter, dated "Aug. 8—1853," which stated "I shall meet Capt. A. J. Smith's company of dragoons... (at Jacksonville), from the coast, and with the good citizens of the valley shall doubtless make all safe there... I have to keep my Irishmen straight. The expedition will do them good...." He did not know that other appeals for succor had reached Oregon's Governor, and that Lieutenant August V. ("Dutch") Kautz was en route for Jacksonville with a sorely needed mountain howitzer, and that additionally, a volunteer force of forty settlers under big, bluff, and balding J. W. Nesmith, was also marching toward the seat of trouble.³⁶

Two other settler-armies were also taking the field. One of these, under John Lamerick, T. T. Tierney, and John Miller, numbered two hundred Oregonians. The other, eighty Californians under Yrekan Jim Goodall and Jacob Rhodes, were already at Jacksonville when Captain Alden arrived with his ten men, on the 11th of August. He did not minimize the situation when he wrote: "Here I am with my hands full."

Because he was ranking Regular officer he was appointed "Colonel commanding..." with several hundred volunteer riflemen under his command. This rank of "Colonel" was a civil appointment consistent with frontier practice of making temporary militia officers of leaders of expeditions against hostile Indians.

Commenting on conditions in Jacksonville at the time of his arrival Captain Alden said "... such a stir as you never saw."³⁷ In part the turmoil was prompted by information in circulation that the Indians, massing near Table Rock, numbered at least two hundred warriors. Another cause of the "stir" was the fact that enterprising hostiles were marauding in force, and were attacking settlers on the outskirts

of Jacksonville itself. This had a sanguine effect upon the volunteers; before Captain Alden's eyes his force of 330 men melted away to its original nucleus of ten Regulars and eighty Californians. Not until the 15th was he able to take the field; by that date enough volunteers had returned to bolster his ninety-man column.

On the 16th his scouts skirmished briefly and indecisively with hostiles downriver from Table Mountain. Finding the volunteer-army strong, the Indians fired a forest to delay it.³⁸

On the 17th twenty-five Yrekans of the California brigade, scouting far in advance of the main column, located a large war-party on Evans Creek north of Table Rock. Their leader, Captain Ely, would not attack. Instead he led his men to a slight eminence where he could watch the hostiles until the main column arrived. The Indians surrounded Ely's position and fired a volley which killed two Californians. A sharp fight followed during which Captain Ely withdrew to the protective covert of some trees, followed by his attackers.

When the fighting subsided several hours later four Californians had been killed and four wounded. Shortly after mid-day Jim Goodall came up with the balance of the California brigade and drove the Indians off. Captain Alden, several miles away with the main column, neither saw nor heard this fight.³⁹

Territorial Delegate and former governor Joe Lane was at his home in Roseburg when news of Ely's skirmish reached him. He immediately recruited thirteen neighbors and started for Table Rock. There was no more fighting for several days, and meanwhile both factions scouted one another. On the 20th of August Captain Alden wrote: "No battle yet and no promise of an engagement. . . . There is no telling, however, what the issue will be."⁴⁰

Lane arrived in Alden's bivouac on the 21st. Because he was a Territorial Brigadier General of Volunteers, Captain Alden offered him supreme command.⁴¹ Lane accepted, deployed the men in a long skirmish line—between the Indians and the settlements—and ordered an advance in an

effort to force a decisive battle. About thirty miles northwest of Table Mountain, on the 24th of August, 1853, at a place subsequently called Battle Mountain, a segment of this line came upon a concentration of hostiles fortified behind a barricade made of felled trees. They opened fire upon the settlers as soon as they came into sight.⁴²

General Lane reconnoitered, found the barricade manned by warriors with good arms and ample ammunition, and who had had the foresight to clear away all underbrush in front of their revetment. As the battle was joined Lane concluded the only way the Indians could be driven off was by means of a frontal charge. He accordingly made preparations to lead an assault.⁴³

About this time Captain Alden, leading a number of men forward, either stooped over to fire at an exposed Indian, as one version has it, or, as another says, was bending down to retrieve a ramrod, when a musket ball struck him in the left side of the throat near the jugular vein, passed downwards and crossways through his body and emerged under his right arm, inflicting "a ghastly wound of sufficient size to enable a man to thrust two fingers into it. . . ."⁴³

He was taken to the rear about the time Joe Lane launched his attack. One of the first men to be wounded in the charge was General Lane; a ball struck him in the right arm. Momentarily incapacitated, he directed the volunteers to press the attack, which they did, while he went to the rear to have his wound cared for.⁴⁴

During the subsequent tumult and shouting the Indians heard Lane's name called out. Inferring from this that he was in charge of the settlers, the hostiles began crying out that they did not wish to fight Joe Lane. When he returned to the firing line and was informed of this, Lane suggested a truce. A number of volunteer leaders vetoed this saying they had come out to fight Indians, not talk to them. Lane called for a vote by hands on whether to continue the fight or call a council. It was resolved by majority rule to parley

and two Oregonians, Jim Bruce and Bob Metcalf, went to the Indian barricade to talk, but the hostiles refused to council with anyone but Lane, who then covered his injured arm with a cloak to conceal it from the enemy, and went to the Indian lines where he was met by his namesake, Chief Joe.⁴⁵

With Chief Joe was nettlesome old Chief Sam; several other Rogue spokesmen were also present. A number of them told Lane they did not wish to fight him; that they were tired of fighting; that all they'd ever asked of the whites was to be left alone. Lane proposed terms which included the tentative stipulation that the Rogues enter a reservation. Some of the chieftains agreed to this, and all favored additional talks. Lane agreed, then returned to his own lines—where three dead volunteers were being buried, and where five wounded, including Captain Alden, were being cared for. (Indian losses were twenty-eight killed and wounded.)

On the 25th additional volunteers arrived at the battlefield. Incensed at the sight of the dead and injured settlers, they brushed aside General Lane's insistence that the fight was over and prepared to attack the Indian encampment. A massacre was averted only by the determination of the settlers who had fought the battle, to prevent the newcomers from renewing hostilities.⁴⁶

A stretcher was improvised for Captain Alden who was carried some forty miles to Jacksonville by Chief Sam's warriors and a white escort. At Jacksonville he was hospitalized in a hotel under the care of W. H. Gatcliff, M. D. and for several weeks it was considered inadvisable for him to return to Fort Jones.

Meanwhile, with Captain Alden in good hands, the Indians and settlers camped within stone's throw of one another for several days, or until the 29th, when both sides struck camp and started back for the council site near Table Rock. There, ready for another parley, the Indians became restless when General Lane was compelled to delay opening the council until approval of the terms he meant to offer

could be secured from Superintendent of Indian Affairs Joel Palmer. During this interim Lieutenant Thomas Frazell and a small detachment of Regulars was ambushed by disgruntled Rogues at Long's Ferry. Frazell and one enlisted man were killed. Frazell belonged to Captain Owens' company of Regulars; in retaliation for his slaying Owens caught a band of migrating Indians and completely exterminated them.⁴⁷

These events heightened the restlessness of the Rogues at Lane's council site. They were preparing to leave the vicinity of Table Rock when the opportune arrival of Jim Nesmith, his forty volunteers, plus Lieutenant Kautz and the mountain howitzer, deterred them. Lane was finally enabled to open the council, but by that time the Indians, refreshed from their long wait, were balky. Lane demanded a hostage. Chief Joe sent his son to Lane. Regular Army Brevet Colonel Ross was present when the council was convened, along with interpreter Bob Metcalf.

Chief Sam opened the discussion by insisting all he had ever wanted was peace. Chief Joe didn't go quite that far, but agreed that now peace was desirable. Two other spokesmen, Chiefs Jim and Limpy, were called upon next for their testimonials of good faith. Chief Jim concurred with Sam and Joe, but old Limpy arose and dumbfounded everyone by stating that he not only didn't want peace; he didn't want white people in Indian country. Chief George a recalcitrant from the Applegate country, encouraged by Limpy's defiance, stated that he also wished for the settlers to leave his country. A number of other Rogue leaders lined up behind Limpy and George, and for a while it appeared that General Lane's armistice was going to collapse. Seeking to forestall this, Lane demanded more hostages. These were given him.

He then told the Indians they would be given sixty thousand dollars worth of trade goods for their lands on the Rogue River—deductible from which would be all settler-claims against them. Queried about the proposed reservation, Lane said that,

for the present, the Indians would be confined to an area of one hundred square miles with Table Mountain as the center of their bailiwick. In addition he told the Indians that henceforth the laws of the United States would be equally as applicable to them as they were to the settlers.

With the exceptions of Chief's George and Limpy the Indian leaders agreed to Lane's terms, and it appeared that at long last peace had arrived in southern Oregon and northern California. After the council the Indians lingered in the Table Rock vicinity, while most of the volunteers returned to their homes. One company of Oregonians under John Miller went south to aid Californians in patrolling the Tule country. A little later a fort was erected on the site of the 1853 treaty; it was named for Joe Lane.⁴⁸

During the few weeks immediately following the treaty of amity and peace, Captain Alden made a rapid recovery from his injury, noted in letters by Major Benjamin Alvord, among others, who had been in the vicinity of the recent battle but who had not arrived on the field until it was over.⁴⁹ Another correspondent who wrote reassuringly of Alden's wound was his subordinate at Fort Jones, Lieutenant Joseph W. Collins. Still another was Doctor Gatcliff like the others, was of the opinion that the captain's wound, while serious, would leave no permanent ill effects. All were wrong.

During his period of convalescence Captain Alden, as effervescent as ever, shared this view. Doctor Gatcliff wrote Mrs. Alden 13 September, 1853, from Jacksonville: "I am very proud to be the means of informing yourself and family, that your very much to be respected husband Captain Alden is again very nearly restored to health and spirits, and in a short space of time will again be able to either lead his gallant men to other victories, or return to his dear wife and family with honour and glory.

"The Captain's wound altho' in a dangerous locality (the neck) is progressing as favourably as possible and I am

happy to add will not in the slightest injure either his future health or personal appearance."

Major Alvord's letter to Mrs. Alden concluded with: "I am surprised to find the Captain greatly pleased with the wound as honorable and thus satisfactory, though I have no desire myself to be thus gratified." On the same date that Doctor Gatcliff wrote, 13 September, Captain Alden wrote, himself, that he was "on his feet again," with his wound sufficiently healed to enable him to undertake the trip back to Fort Jones by the 15th. "I am amazed at this blessed result," he said, "and that my right arm is not made useless. These few lines, you see, are quite firmly written..." Toward the end of the letter the lines were anything but "firmly written."

He journeyed over the Siskiyou to Yreka, thence on to Scott Valley, where he arrived at Fort Jones, 22 September, 1853.⁵⁰ His wife, who had had his resignation in her possession since he had arrived at Fort Vancouver the previous winter, sent it to the War Department as soon as she heard of his injury. At Fort Jones he was carried on the duty-roster as being present and accounted for, but not on active service.⁵¹

By 1 October his fingers were stiffening, a fact which he noted in a letter of that date, with the statement that "It is a great undertaking to make my fingers write..." He requested and was granted a leave of absence, and shortly before the 1st of November, 1853, began preparations for leaving Fort Jones.

Brevet Major George Waynefleet Patten resumed command at Fort Jones. When 2nd Lieutenant George Crook arrived there in November, 1853—via Shasta City and the Trinity River mining camps—he found that Captain Alden had been informed of the acceptance of his resignation, and that "As he was an officer strongly imbued with the military spirit, and the local notoriety which his being wounded by the Indians gave him was pleasing to him, he was very loath to leave the service."⁵²

Lieutenant Crook, who had known Captain Alden when the latter had been an in-



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structor at West Point after the Mexican War, also found other acquaintances at Fort Jones. Among these were Lieutenant Austin W. Colcord, drunkard, 2nd Infantry; Lieutenant Dryer, 4th Infantry, and Doctor Sorrel. Officers he met but had not known previously were Lieutenants Charles Henry Ogle, 1st Dragoons—returned to service after being AWOL, (whom Alden said was "as quiet as an Indian"), Thomas Foster Castor, 1st Dragoons, Richard Carleton Walker Radford, and Isiah N. Moore. Captains were George Patten and John William Tudor Gardiner, 1st Dragoons. (Alden said Radford was a "narrow, foolish Virginian..." while Castor was lazy. His praise was for a 24 year old sergeant—his orderly—and for sometime-post-physician Doctor Crane, a youthful enthusiast.)

Lieutenant Crook, who had never been West before, was greatly impressed with what he saw and heard; particularly of what he heard. Tales of grizzly bears hugging sleeping people to death, and of treacherous Indians ambushing soldiers, made him exceedingly wary, or, as he said, "constantly on the *que vive*..."⁵³ He was no sooner assigned "to one of the pens that was not yet finished," when he had his first introduction to frontier army life.

"There were neither latches nor fastenings of any kind on my door," he related, (and) "One evening I was lying on my bunk ruminating before lighting my candle. It was pitch dark. I heard the tread of some animal approaching my door, and suddenly the door flew wide open and in walked some large animal, judging from the clicking noise his claws made on the floor as he stalked across the room..... I heard him turn around and approach where I was lying. My first impulse was to save myself by flight..... It then occurred to me that I had seen a large Newfoundland dog around the garrison that day, but even then, when he came near the bed and I reached out and felt his shaggy coat, I was not fully relieved for the moment, but when I fully realized the situation, he lost no time in getting out of my house."⁵⁴

Not long after this the lieutenant had his second adventure. Upon entering his quarters and going to the mantle-piece to light a candle, he "all of a sudden felt a whirl" around his head. The sensation, he said, was as though he were being scalped. "I soon discovered it was an owl who had undoubtedly flown through the open door during my absence, and was probably blinded by the light, and in its fright lit on my head. His needle-like claws produced the pain in my scalp, as my hair was then cut close..."⁵⁵

He got rid of his uninvited headpiece and probably resented more than ever the villainous General Order No. 25, dated July, 1848, which read: "The hair to be (henceforth worn) short, or what is generally termed "cropped." The whiskers not to extend below the lower tip of the ear and in a line thence with the curve of the mouth. Moustaches will not be worn (except by cavalry regiments) by officers or men on any pretense whatever."⁵⁶

Later on Lieutenant Crook would defy this underhanded attack upon the cavalier tradition, sporting both 'burnsides' and a mop of carefully coiffed hair, but not until he had achieved eminence as a strategist during the Civil War, and later still, when he met such formidable antagonists as Geronimo and Crazy Horse.⁵⁷

George Crook was not a complex man; he believed without equivocation in the Rights of Man, red or white, black or yellow. He had no illusions, was taciturn, spartan, and when he spoke, which was seldom, he was blunt and forthright. He had humor, and while he lacked Bradford Alden's facility with words, and in other comparisons was less colorful, he was a superior soldier. His appraisal of the Indians around "Fort Jones and its dependencies," was succinct. "Scattered over the country," he said, "were a few Shasta Indians, generally well disposed, but more frequently forced to take the war path or sink all self respect, by the outrages of the whites perpetrated upon them. The country was over-run by people from all nations in search of the mighty dollar. Greed was almost unrestrained, and from the nature

of our government there was little or no law that these people were bound to respect.

"It was no unfrequent (sic) occurrence for an Indian to be shot down in cold blood, or a squaw to be raped by some brute. Such a thing as a white man being punished for outraging an Indian was unheard of. It was the fable of the wolf and the lamb every time. The consequence was that there was scarcely ever a time that there was not one or more wars with Indians somewhere on the Pacific Coast.

"There were a good many Indians about Fort Jones and vicinity from whom I soon learned their greivances. It is hard to believe now the wrongs these Indians had to suffer in those days . . . The trouble with the army was that the Indians would confide in us as friends, and we had to witness the unjust treatment of them without the power to help them. Then when they were pushed beyond endurance and would go on the war path we had to fight when our sympathies were with the Indian."

Of his commander, Captain Patten, Lieutenant Crook said: "He was pompous, irritable, and flighty, and of all men I have ever met the least calculated for the army." Yreka, he said, "...was situated in the

midst of a vast placer district. Its population, including those mining in the immediate vicinity, was estimated at 10,000 (1854). It resembled a large ants' nest. Miner, merchant, gambler, and all seemed busy plying their different avocations, coming and going apparently all the time, scarcely stopping for the night. The medium of exchange was coin exclusively, nothing less than twenty-five cents, and but little.. (for) ..that. Everyone carried their lives in their own hands. Scarcely a week passed by without one or more persons being killed."⁵⁸

In November, 1853, the month Crook arrived at Fort Jones, the 2nd Infantry ordered to Siskiyou County at the outbreak of hostilities in Southern Oregon, was withdrawn. With it went commandant Captain George Patten. Next post-commander was 1st Lieutenant J. C. Bonycastle, whose tenure of office was brief; he commanded from the first of November, 1853, until the first of January, 1854, when Captain Henry M. Judah, 4th Infantry, joined the garrison as commandant by promotion. Captain Judah inaugurated his command by going on a protracted drunk.⁵⁹

III

A matter of days after Captain Judah had assumed command at Fort Jones a messenger arrived at the post with information that marauding Indians had killed several miners above the Cottonwood (Hornbrook) settlement, on the Klamath River.⁶⁰ At this time the Fort Jones garrison consisted of but one company of the 4th Infantry, the dragoons having been withdrawn about the same time the 2nd Infantry was.

Captain Judah was therefore compelled to divide his command, leaving part at Fort Jones under a non-commissioned officer, and taking with him twenty enlisted men, Doctor Sorrel, and lieutenants Bonycastle and Crook. En route to the Cotton-

wood settlement this force was augmented at Yreka by a number of volunteers. At Cottonwood another complement of volunteers joined, under one "Captain" R. C. Geiger, twenty-six years of age. (One source gives the name as Greiger and says his brother was among the miners killed.

The murdered miners were Jack Oldfield, John Clark, and Wesley Mayden. The Indians involved were a mixed band of Shastas, Modocs, and Rogues, under Chief Bill; nowhere among contemporary records does a second Geiger—or Greiger—appear).⁶¹

Captain Judah's expedition, undertaken with snow on the ground and the promise of more to come in the air, was to inaugurate



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ate an inauspicious beginning for the year 1854 (the march was begun in early January).⁶² Before it was concluded there would be bloodshed, bitterness, and recrimination; most of the latter directed against the captain.

The advance unit was under Judah, the middle element under Lieutenant Bonnycastle, and the rearguard, made up exclusively of volunteers, was under George Crook—who sallied forth to his first engagement with hostile Indians armed only with a pocket pistol.⁶³

Line of march was up the Klamath toward Fall Creek. "It snowed at intervals and at one time the snow seemed to fall in a mass," Lieutenant Crook reported. The volunteers could not see Bonnycastle's men up ahead, and headway was necessarily slow. Aside from the bitter cold, the footing was precarious. Lieutenant Crook, riding ahead to keep Bonnycastle's force in sight, became separated from his rearguard command.⁶⁴

Meanwhile, back at Cottonwood, more miners had organized into another volunteer force and were preparing to follow Judah's trail, and before the wild, rocky escarpments near present-day Copco Lake were reached by the Regulars, a struggling horde of stragglers was scattered out for eighteen miles down the river, some afoot, others ahorseback, all cold, many frost-bitten, and not a few drunk as lords.⁶⁵

Captain Judah called a halt shortly before nightfall to await the arrival of the rearguard. After dark, no word having been received from them, a volunteer was sent back to see where they were. He was gone only a short time and returned in an agitated state and related how he had heard Indians exulting over having massacred the miners. Captain Judah at once ordered the entire command back down the trail; it was then close to midnight and as dark as pitch. Lieutenant Crook went ahead with three others, and after having progressed over the back-trail some little distance he "...heard a terrible noise ahead." This, he discovered, was being made by a "lot of drunken muleteers headed by a one-eyed sailor, following

along our trail." These men, when queried about the rearguard, could tell Crook nothing. He had a fire built, around which he was joined by the "muleteers," and "About an hour afterwards Capt. Judah with some more stragglers came into camp. Judah was so drunk that he had to be lifted from his horse."⁶⁶

As it turned out this same variety of fortitude had overcome the volunteers and they were scattered for miles down the back-trail. "Every few minutes some person or a pack mule would come straggling in of his own accord," Crook said. "About two o'clock in the morning a mule with the Doctor's and my bedding came... (up). Nobody had anything to eat, and it was very cold and disagreeable, so we spread down our blankets on the snow, feet toward the fire. My boots were so frozen that I could not take them off, so had to turn in with them on."

During the late hours Crook's blankets caught fire. In attempting to beat out the flames one of his hands was burned painfully by molten rubber, and when it was decided to remain in bivouac the next day he was not disappointed. The order not to advance was probably given by Lieutenant Bonnycastle; Captain Judah could not have given it as he was prostrated by delirium tremens.⁶⁷

During the day additional volunteers came up. Also, most of the pack animals were found and brought in. Here, Lieutenant Crook said he had never heard such "blasphemy and obscenity in all my life as I did among the Volunteers." Among these outspoken worthies was the man who had said he'd heard the Indians exulting the night before, and who now said he "would shoot any persons who said they weren't Indians he (had) heard."⁶⁸

The next day the march was resumed. At a creek which emptied into the Klamath, and whose bank was "fringed with trees on either bank," the spray from a waterfall had frozen to a height of fifteen feet (Fall Creek).⁶⁹ The men had to cut an arch through the icicles in order to pass by. Hereabouts they came upon the frozen, naked bodies of Hulen, Mayden, and

Clark—partly devoured by wild animals.⁷⁰

A short distance farther on the Indians were located in a "cave which was at the top of a slope of nearly forty-five degrees, and at the foot of the palisade. The entrance was barricaded with rocks and logs so as to prevent its being taken by a charge. The top of the bluffs was about 100 feet above the cave."⁷¹

Captain Judah posted the Regulars near the foot of the slope, (about where the road leading to upper Copco settlement currently is), while "Captain" Geiger took the volunteers around behind the cliff and out atop the bluff directly above the cave. There, while peering over the precipice, Geiger was shot through the head by the Indians, an event which considerably dampened the enthusiasm of his friends.⁷² Down below, Captain Judah organized a frontal assault which he, by reason of having placed himself on sick report, could not lead. Lieutenants Crook and Bonnycastle, somewhat less than enraptured at the prospect of leading the charge, argued against it. Judah was adamant. Bonnycastle then agreed to head the assault, but told Judah if he returned alive he meant to prefer charges against him.⁷³ Captain Judah did not order the charge, and the balance of the day was spent in a futile and harmless exchange of musketry between the fortified-up Indians and their foemen.⁷⁴

The Indians, by reason of natural protection, were reasonably safe. They jeered at the soldiers and volunteers. The latter, with Geiger's fate as a warning, were reluctant to expose themselves atop the bluffs. Before nightfall it was obvious to everyone that the hostiles could not be exterminated in the fashion thus far employed.

The next morning Captain Judah ordered Lieutenant Crook to proceed to Fort Lane, in Jackson County, Oregon, and requisition the mountain howitzer Lieutenant Kautz had left there, then in custody of Captain Andrew J. Smith, Fort Lane commandant.⁷⁵ Crook left the scene of the previous day's fighting accompanied by Doctor Sorrel. They crossed the Siskiyou through high drifts of snow and intense

cold, arriving at Fort Lane late in the afternoon, without having encountered any untoward incidents. A brief recital of conditions back at the cave by Sorrel and Crook induced Captain Smith to return with them, with one company of his 1st Dragoons and the mountain howitzer.⁷⁶

Upon arriving at the cave and finding Captain Judah once more prostrated, Captain Smith assumed command. A bombardment of the cave ensued. Aside from knocking limbs off several oak trees and causing several minor rockslides, no damage was done. The cave was not hit, although its mouth was nearly sixty feet across.⁷⁷ When the gunners had exhausted their ammunition they of necessity desisted from firing.

Captain Smith then entered into a parley with the hostiles, who told him a woeful tale of miners stealing their horses and molesting their women. These talks began the 28th of January, 1854.⁷⁸

To the great disgust of the volunteers Captain Smith appeared to believe what the Indians told him. He ultimately lifted his siege and started back for Fort Lane. The Fort Jones detachment remained at the scene even after the miners started back downriver, in order to preclude a resumption of hostilities.⁷⁹

Some distance downriver the volunteers encountered another band of miners coming up from the Cottonwood area; among these latter was Tom Davis.⁸⁰ Upon being told how the fight had been concluded the second group of miners joined with the first group in awaiting the arrival of the Indians, who were being escorted downriver by the soldiers. When the two parties met an argument ensued. The soldiers did not feel obligated to fight the miners in order to protect the Indians, so they splashed across the river and struck out for Fort Jones. The miners then killed the Indians and went back to Cottonwood for "Captain" Geiger's funeral, an event of great solemnity which was celebrated without a Bible because, among the "whole population of several hundred people..."⁸¹ not one copy could be found.

After the soldiers returned to Fort Jones, Lieutenant Bonnycastle preferred charges against Captain Judah "but after much begging on Judah's part, Bonnycastle agreed not to push the charges provided Capt. Judah should transfer out of the company."⁸² Judah soon after absented himself, leaving Bonnycastle nominal commandant, but, being unable to secure a transfer, returned to Fort Jones several months later, after which Bonnycastle was transferred and Captain Judah resumed command.⁸³

The balance of the year 1854 was relatively uneventful in the Fort Jones perimeter.⁸⁴ Captain Alden's former command, Company E, 4th Infantry, (known locally as "The Forty Thieves"),⁸⁵ responded to the call of settlers during several Indian scares, but engaged in no serious fights.

As winter wore away into summer Captain Judah was able to add several buildings to the Fort, and Lieutenant Crook had ample opportunity to indulge his passion for hunting and fishing. The garrison was added to, probably in July, 1854, with the arrival of Brevet 2nd Lieutenant John B. Hood. (Crook says Hood came "In the fall of ..." 1854. Records of the Adjutant General's office indicate Hood was at Fort Jones at least as early as the first week in August.) John Hood and George Crook hunted "a great deal together and became very intimate."⁸⁶

At this time Lieutenant Crook was Quartermaster and Commissary Officer. Of the latter duty he said the Commissary Department "kept nothing but the soldier's rations, no deductions were allowed, but we had to pay the original cost, with transportation added." A lieutenant's base pay was sixty-four dollars per month.⁸⁷ Crook's mess bill exceeded it, so, in order to eat and at the same time have ammunition for hunting, he and several other officers "clubbed together" and sent to San Francisco for lead and powder, which was procured for sixty-six cents a pound. The game Crook and his friends then killed was marketed at Yreka by Doctor Sorrel,⁸⁸ and after a time a dividend was declared

to exist in the mess fund. "For over a year," Crook said, "we never had any meat on our table but game."

A verbatim, handwritten report concerning Fort Jones for the first week of August, 1854, currently in the Adjutant General's office, reads as follows:⁸⁹

"...Attached to this post is Apt. Surgeon F. Sorrel, (Surgeon by political appointment). The force consists of Company E, 4th Inf. ... 34 in the aggregate: 2nd Lieut. G. Crook who also acts as Assist. Quartermaster & Commissary: Bvt. 2nd Lieut. J. B. Hood: 1 sergeant, 2 Corporal, 11 privates for duty: 2 privates sick, 1 Sergeant, 1 Corporal, 7 privates on extra daily duty, and 2 privates confined. Total 30 present. Absent the Captain (formerly U. S. Grant), 1 sergeant clerk at Head Quarters of the Department: 1 Sergeant on furlough till the end of his enlistment, and one private sick at Fort Vancouver.

"The discipline of this post was good—the troops were in the old uniform—Their arms & equipment in good servicable order. There was no musician at the post. Lieut. Bonnycastle gave a handsome drill at infantry—but the drill as skirmishes was indifferent. There was about 14,700 musket & rifle ball cartridge at this post.

"The Officers and Soldiers quarters, store room, & hospital & stable, were of logs, erected by the men. Of course quite indifferent, but such as other people enjoy, & excellent for the present.

"The Medical Department is under Assist. Surgeon Sorrel & well conducted, & the books and records properly kept. This is a healthy locality, & yet during the summer and dry season, the thermometer is as high at times as 107.

"The Quartermaster duty is performed by Lieut. Crook. There are no citizens in his employ—His expenditures for the quarter ending 30th June were \$1,346.97: and he had on hand at date \$886.87, kept in his quarters—Barley is had here at 6½ cents, and hay at \$20 the ton, and grazing and wood are abundant. All supplies will eventually be less as popula-

tion increases, as wheat and oats grow luxuriantly here.

"The Commissary duty is also performed by Lieut. Crook, beef costs here, as required daily, 17 cents the lb.—other supplies are brought from San Francisco via Fort Reading, and are all good. But a flour mill is now probably in operation in this valley, & undoubtedly flour will be had here soon, & at much less cost. The transportation now being on pack mules & over mountains is expensive: 12 cents the pound from this (post) to Fort Lane. Lt. Crook expended in the 2nd quarter of 1854 \$533.33, and had on hand at date \$2,364.33, which is kept in his quarters.

"There is a good bakery & garden. The officers mess together; & harmony exists among them; & there is a post fund of \$138.64. This Post is on a reservation of 640 acres.

"The Indian Agent—Rosborough resides in this vicinity. There are probably 75 Indian Warriors within 25 or 30 miles, well armed with rifle or gun. But the American population within the same limit, probably exceeds 2,000 souls."

"For a plan of this post see G hereunto appended."

In 1854 George Crook and John Hood "engaged in ranching together in the Valley. In the spring of 1855 Hood sold his interest and made money, while Crook "held on and lost money."⁹⁰

In early 1855 a brief bustle of activity at Fort Jones marked receipt of orders directing both lieutenants Hood and Crook to report to Fort Reading, where the Corps of Engineers' Lieutenant Williamson⁹¹ was to assemble an expedition for the purpose of determining the feasibility of a railroad over the Cascades. Hood was to command Williamson's dragoon escort, Crook was to be Acting Quartermaster and Commissary of Subsistence, while a Lieutenant H. G. Gibson, an artilleryman, was to have overall command under Williamson, of the expedition's protective forces. Among Williamson's technical companions were two doctors, one an M. D., the other a naturalist, the former to care for the well-being of the expedition's constituents,

the latter to identify and analyze whatever obstacles and natural wonders the party might encounter.

Very shortly after lieutenants Crook and Hood reported to Fort Reading, in late July, 1855, the expedition "crossed over the mountains at Lassen's Butte, and struck the lava beds on the southeastern branch of the Pitt River, and while traveling down it, Lt. P. H. Sheridan. . .⁹² joined the party, relieving Lieutenant Hood, who had been transferred to the 2nd Cavalry. Of his friend's departure George Crook said: "This was the last time I ever saw Hood, who afterwards became celebrated in the Confederate service."⁹³

The expedition went down a branch of the Pitt River to its mouth, then traveled up the main stream "to a point some distance above the junction of the west branch, from whence. . ." it crossed over to "Wright and Tule Lakes, both of which have no outlets. The latter had quite a stream running into it, called Lost River."⁹⁴ Here, Lieutenant Crook was impressed by two natural bridges, both near the surface of the water, either submerged or nearly so.

From Tule Lake the party went up a broad plain subsequently known as Williamson's Valley, seeking a way to cross the eastern shore of Klamath Marsh. Being unsuccessful at first, the expedition found and followed an old Indian trail westward to a slough "not over 75 yards wide"⁹⁵ . . . which was forded with little difficulty.

Next, the Des Chutes River was crossed and a more or less permanent camp was established 3 September, 1855. Here, the escort was reduced to hunting and fishing while Lieutenant Williamson concluded his appraisal of the Cascade Mountains. At this camp Lieutenant Crook noted somewhat caustically that while game was plentiful, the expedition's hunter, (whom he called Hollinsmith, but whom others called either "Old Red," or "Bartee"), was reluctant to leave camp on any lengthy hunts, although he did upon occasion ride "ahead of the column just sufficiently far

to scare the game out of reach of those who might have killed some."

But Lieutenant Crook saw some beautiful scenery and hunted much of it. "From one eminence," he said, "I counted eleven....lakes, some of which were six or seven miles in length, and almost as wide. Around some of the shores there were beautiful meadows of luxuriant grass."

On one hunting trip, believing himself the only soul for miles around, he was surprised at his camp by Lieutenant Sheridan. These two had been classmates at West Point. Sheridan had found Crook's tracks and had followed them to the hunter's camp. He had been with Williamson's escort, which was then returning from the exploration of the Cascades.⁹⁶

Later, the expedition struck camp, crossed the Cascades, struck the immigrant road to the Willamette, and, being in settled territory once more, dismissed the artillery escort before proceeding northward to Portland, where another bivouac was made. Still later the party moved up the Columbia River to a point opposite Fort Vancouver, and made its final camp. Here, Lieutenant Williamson took ship for San Francisco, while Lieutenant Sheridan was drafted for service against the Dalles Indians, thus leaving the balance of the command, some two dozen men and two officers, Lieutenants Crook and Henry L. Abbott of the Topographical Engineers, to return southward.⁹⁷

While making a leisurely trip back to Fort Jones the command was unmolested although Southern Oregon was again in the grip of one of its periodic Indian wars. While encamped at the lower end of the Umpqua Valley, near Wolf Creek, the soldiers were joined in bivouac by a company of "southern Oregon Mounted Volunteers."⁹⁸ Crook's impression of these men, with whom his force traveled toward Jacksonville the next day, was unflattering. If the command was attacked, he said, "I would rather be in front (of the Oregonians) than in (the) rear, as there I might stand some show of getting away from the Indians, but in rear I should certainly be trod to death."

His prophesy was destined not to be tested. No hostiles appeared to molest the column, although in the same general locality they had fought at least two pitched battles with volunteers and Regulars, and had forced both to withdraw.

By the time Crook and his mule arrived at Jacksonville they had covered a goodly segment of Oregon. Notwithstanding, when he heard that Doctor Sorrel had been ordered east from Fort Jones, he rode to "Yreka in one day, sixty-five miles, on the same mule..."⁹⁹ only to learn that Sorrel had already departed. He then continued on down to Fort Reading, "closed up... (his)...expeditionary accounts," and returned to Fort Jones.¹⁰⁰

The balance of 1855 was quiet for the Fort Jones garrison, but northward, in the Table Rock-Fort Lane vicinity trouble was snowballing again, partly as a result of federal policy—prompted by a desire to economize—of locating more than one tribe of Indians upon the same reservation. The Rogues, for example, were to be confined with the Coquilles. Government planners overlooked the fact that these two tribes were hereditary enemies.

When the Rogues were informed of the plan to move them they promptly left their Table Rock reservation and two unsuspecting travelers on the Jacksonville-Illinois Valley road were their first victims; both were killed.¹⁰¹

Captain Smith of Fort Lane went after the dissidents. He had several brushes with war-parties but generally the Indians vanished at his approach. Then, in early 1856, a number of drunk Indians attacked ten miners down the Klamath River in California.¹⁰² When the smoke cleared away all ten miners were dead, plus three Indians.

While news of this fight was carried to Fort Jones by a messenger, Yrekan and Klamath River miners made up a large posse which tracked the Indians to the Rogue River in Southern Oregon. Meeting Captain Smith the Californians requested that he apprehend the killers and turn them over to them. Captain Smith refused on the grounds that as a Regular

officer he was not bound to comply with civilian demands.¹⁰³

The Californians returned to Siskiyou County, procured legal warrants of arrest, and had them served upon Oregon's civil officials. Some months later, when the wanted men were caught they were delivered to the Californians, who hung them.

By March, 1856, the so-called Rogue River War was raging in earnest, but the Yreka area and Siskiyou County in general, was comparatively peaceful. Captain Judah was courting his second wife; Lieutenant Crook was again supplying game for the garrison's mess; the soldiers gambled, drank, patrolled, drank, and enjoyed a respite from the rigors of campaigning, resulting from the fact that the warlike elements of the local Indian bands had either gone north to join the Rogues, or had migrated to the Tule Lake country where there were fewer whites to interfere with them. This was significant, for it marked an end of the era of Indian depredations in and around the immediate vicinity of Fort Jones and its dependencies.

As conditions worsened in Southern Oregon, though, it was inevitable that the Fort Jones garrison would become involved. Captain Smith met the Indians at least twice in pitched battle, and both times was repulsed.¹⁰⁴ He called for reinforcements and Lieutenant Crook was ordered to take Company E, 4th Infantry, "to Fort Lane, near Jacksonville, Oregon, and report to Capt. A. J. Smith for duty against the hostile Indians."¹⁰⁵

Crook's first duty in Oregon was an unpleasant one. He was directed to escort the bands of Chiefs Limpy and Sam to the Yamhill Agency—where the Coquilles were confined—and where competent interpreter Bob Metcalf was Indian Agent. The Indians did not want to leave their Table Rock reservation, and their removal was marked, as Crook said, by "great weeping and wailing."¹⁰⁶

Several days after the exodus had begun some settlers approached the encampment about dawn one morning, assassinated an Indian and fled.¹⁰⁷ Lieutenant Crook,

recently recalled to Fort Lane, attempted to track them down. He was unsuccessful, and returned to the Fort as directed. By the time he got there he was suffering from "acute rheumatism in the left shoulder and the erysipelas in the left arm."¹⁰⁸ This of course incapacitated him for field service with the expedition then being formed, so Company E was led by Lieutenant N. B. Sweitzer, 1st Dragoons. Some days later, when the Indian escort returned from Yamhill, one of its officers called on Lieutenant Crook and failed to recognize him.¹⁰⁹

Crook appealed for relief to the "... contract doctor, who, with the commanding officer, was drunk the whole blessed time."¹¹⁰ Failing in this quarter he secured morphine, which at least permitted him to sleep. One day Captain Smith visited him and said: "... it won't do to see you die in this way. Let's send to the hospital and get some medical books and read up on your case."¹¹¹ This was done, and it was providentially discovered that "... brandy was good to counteract the poison of erysipelas..."¹¹² although it was not beneficial for rheumatics. On the grounds that it might alleviate at least one of his ailments, Lieutenant Crook procured a goodly supply of brandy, and as long as it lasted he and Captain Smith drank it jointly.¹¹³

Crook's despondency ended very abruptly one day. A squaw visited his room to inquire concerning disposition of his personal property when he expired. He immediately undertook a drastic cure by dosing himself with "calomel and jalap..."¹¹⁴ along with pitchers of cold water poured over the ailing shoulder and arm "until the disease gradually left."¹¹⁵ Although the arm and shoulder troubled him for more than a year afterwards, he eventually recovered full use of both. His greatest problem after this illness was learning to sleep without the aid of morphine.¹¹⁶

He had been out of the Rogue River War for about a month, but as soon as he could travel he went to join Company E in the field, as a nominal addition to the complement of the 3rd Artillery, then

under Lieutenant Ransom of Fort Lane's garrison. Upon reaching the main column he was saddened to discover that, during a particularly bitter engagement with Indians, 27 and 28 May, his Company E under Lieutenant Sweitzer had lost two-thirds of its force killed and wounded.¹¹⁷ He resumed command of the remnant and proceeded downriver with the column in search of hostiles.

The column's guide was Mike Bushey, a Captain in the Southern Battalion, Oregon Volunteers,¹¹⁸ a man who was thoroughly familiar with the terrain. At one point, where the country was especially difficult to navigate and where the hot sun shown mercilessly, Bushey called a halt. Here Lieutenant Crook went ahead a little ways and saw "a black pair of eyes peering . . ." ¹¹⁹ at him through the underbrush. He investigated and found a cringing party of squaws and pups who said they had become separated from the main party of hostiles. He took them back to the column, and so far as George Crook was concerned, these were the sole trophies of the Rogue River War.¹²⁰

The main band of hostiles was not located, and after considerable discomfort seeking them, the expedition returned to Fort Lane. There it was learnt that the Indians had surrendered to another column and had been taken to the Yamhill Agency.

The conclusion of this campaign was to mark the end of an era in Southern Oregon, exactly as the dearth of Indians in the Scott Valley-Yreka area marked the ending of an era there. Henceforth, aside from individual raiders, soldiers would have to range farther afield to fight hostiles.

On the 11th of March 2nd Lieutenant Crook was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, vice Underwood of Company D, Fort Jones, transferred.¹²¹ Company D had been sent to Fort Jones to reinforce depleted Company E. Crook returned to Scott Valley to assume his new command, and until late 1856 no further expeditions were undertaken against hostile Indians.

In early winter, 1856, the Pitt River Indians, generally troublesome and quite numerous, launched a war of annihilation

against all settlers in Pitt River Valley, which 1st Lieutenant George Crook described as being situated "about 100 miles east of Yreka, with a high range of mountains intervening. As the snow in these mountains was very deep, the news of this massacre did not reach Yreka until some time after it had occurred." It didn't reach Yreka, in fact, until 7 February, 1857, when the "Yreka Union" published an 'extra' reporting "Another Indian Tragedy," "Pitt River Massacre," "Two Ferries and All the Houses on the River Destroyed," "Messrs. H. A. Lockhart, Daniel Bryant, S. H. Rogers, — Boles, and a German named John Probably Killed," "About 30 Head of Cattle Killed." The story related that G. S. Whitney and N. D. Fowler started for the ferry from Yreka on the 25th of January. Arriving there and finding evidence of Indian depredations, they sent back the alarm. Whitney and Fowler believed Lockhart had been killed shortly before Christmas, 1856. (It was claimed that the Lockharts¹²² had founded Yreka in 1851.)

About the first of March a posse of Yrekans was organized. These men were in the field seeking Indians for about a month, but evidently failed to accomplish much for about the middle of May Captain Judah assembled an expedition at Fort Jones for the purpose of going to Pitt River and operating against the hostiles.¹²³

Because the mountains were still covered with snow, making travel hazardous, and also in order to facilitate the infantry's march, Judah undertook to mount both Companies E and D. Because by this date Fort Jones was exclusively an infantry post, suitable saddle animals were not available—at least not in the orthodox sense.

Pack animals, mostly mules which had never before had men on their backs, were drafted into service. Accoutrements, for the most part, were improvised on the spot, "...some with ropes, and others with equally, if not worse, makeshifts to fasten the saddles on the mules It was as good as a circus to see us when we left Fort Jones. Many of our men were drunk,

including our commander. Many of the mules were wild, and had not been accustomed to being ridden, while the soldiers generally were poor riders. The air was full of soldiers after the command was given to mount, and for the next two days stragglers were still overtaking the command."¹²⁴

Fortunately, during those two days, the command made poor progress. Captain Judah rode in the lead while Lieutenant Crook—whom Judah was "inimical"¹²⁵ too—brought up the rear. He was probably the only man riding a mule who was at home there.

After crossing the Pitt River, about the third day out, Captain Judah sighted two old Indian brush shelters and called a halt. A Sergeant McCarty agreed with the Captain that what they saw was an Indian village. Crook knew better; aside from the shelters being only two in number, they were delapidated from long vacancy. But Crook volunteered no information, as Judah was "in the habit of snubbing persons who volunteered suggestions..." and when the Captain ordered a charge Lieutenant Crook trailed along. "The ground was rough," he said, "and in places rocky. I could see only what was in front of me, but that was fun enough for one day to see.. (the) ...men numbling off their mules in the most ludicrous manner."

When the shelters were reached, and found vacant, the command halted to await the arrival of those who had been delayed en route. Lieutenant Crook reported that, in looking back over the field, he saw men flat on their backs, "...riderless mules running in all directions, men coming, limping, some with their guns, but others carrying their saddles."¹²⁶ Captain Judah surveyed the scene with "that look of impudence he was such a master of..."¹²⁷ and Crook couldn't make up his mind whether he was naive or stupid, but on one score he had no doubt. "I had seen enough of him," he said, "to realize fully what an unmitigated fraud he was."

The column then returned to the Pitt River ferry, and there Captain Judah, recently re-married, decided to return to

Fort Jones and conjugal bliss, leaving Lieutenant Crook with a small detachment of men and the following instructions:

¹²⁸You are detailed to remain at this camp with twenty-five men of your company for the purpose of protecting travel upon the wagon road between Shasta and Yreka, as well as the ferry at this point.

You will make occasional scouts between Bear River and Hat Creek station, or such other points as your judgement may dictate, or necessity may require, taking care to leave during your absence a small force for the protection of the ferry.

You will hold yourself bound under this order until countermanded by, or further orders are received from the Headquarters of the Department or myself.

Crook said he had sixteen men;¹²⁹ he probably meant sixteen effectives, assuming that he left nine to guard the ferry. He also stated that Judah had left him to accomplish with this small force what Judah had "failed to do with two companies."¹³⁰ He thought there were plenty of hostile Indians in the vicinity, and that "...they watched our movements all the time, and kept out of our way."¹³¹

"I also reasoned," he said, "that seeing Capt. Judah going out of the country with most of the troops, they would be off their guard." They were; but first, before finding them, budding Indian fighter George Crook got lost in the night while he and two others were out scouting. He nevertheless located an Indian rancheria and lay watching it with civilian scout Dick Pugh, after sending his other companion back to the ferry for reinforcements.

Before aid came up it rained in torrents and by the time the soldiers were able to get closer to the hostile encampment the Indians had vanished. Crook then directed his men to search in one direction while he rode in another direction. Before long, he found a trail and followed it to a point where moccasin tracks were visible. Shortly thereafter he sighted a number of fleeing Indians. The subsequent pursuit so en-

grossed him that he ignored the covert through which he was riding. Finally sighting a warrior he dismounted, shot the Indian with his single-shot Yeager rifle,¹³² remounted, rode closer and finished the hostile with his pistol. This was George Crook's first coup; also, it was nearly his last, for no sooner had he ridden up and fired the second shot than ". . . Indians rose up all around"¹³³ him. They came toward him, he said, "with frightful yells, letting off a shower of arrows." Because his muzzle-loading musket was empty, and also because the Indians were so numerous, he clapped spurs to his mount and made a run for it. He was clear of the main body of Indians when a large Indian which he said "... seemed to me about ten feet high," attempted to cut him off. This Indian, being afoot, was soon outdistanced, and although he fired a number of arrows at Lieutenant Crook, the latter escaped without injury and made his way back to the command.

Crook went back to the scene of his narrow escape with the others, but the Indians were gone. Only the warrior he had killed and an old squaw who was sitting beside the body, remained. Crook tried to elicit information from the woman but she refused to speak.¹³⁴ He then tracked the Indians until they scattered, then led his men back to the ferry.

About a week later, on the 10th of June, Lieutenant Crook and ten men scouted Pitt River Canyon some nine miles above the ferry, near the immigrant road. Because this area was particularly rugged and mountainous it was advantageous for ambushes. A number of wagon trains had been attacked there. While following a narrow trail Crook and his men rounded a bluff and came upon an Indian encampment near the river, below them. They were sighted at the same moment they saw the Indians, who immediately abandoned their village and fled in all directions amidst great howling and confusion. "I at once dismounted," Crook reported, "and, finding a dim trail close by descending down the precipice, I at once commenced its descent with all possible speed, so as to get within shooting distance of them. I

saw a buck swimming (the river) with his bow and arrows and a wolf robe held above his head. I aimed at the edge of the water. At the crack of the rifle he sank, and the rope and weapons floated down the stream.

"I at once commenced reloading my old muzzle-loader, when the guide at the top of the bluffs yelled, 'Look out for the arrows!' I looked up, and saw the air apparently full of them. Almost simultaneously one hit me in the right hip. When I jerked it out the head remained in my leg. . . . There was a couple of inches of blood on the shaft of the arrow when I pulled it out. The Indians doing the firing were some who had previously swum across, and had secreted themselves in the rocks. They set up a yell when I was hit.

"I at once commenced the ascent through a shower of arrows. The ascent was so steep that I had to pull myself up by catching hold of bunches of grass, rocks, and such things as I could get hold of. In one bunch of grass I caught hold of two arrows that had been shot at me. The wonder was that I was not hit oftener. By the time I reached the top the perspiration stood out on me in large drops, and I was deathly sick."

The Indians withdrew and Crook's men bore him back to the ferry, one riding on either side of him. After the nine mile trip his ". . . groin was all green."¹³⁵

The nearest doctor was at Fort Jones, 120 miles distant. But Crook did not want to send for him, fearing that Captain Judah would recall him. However, two days later,¹³⁶ with the inflammation spreading and the pain nearly unbearable, he sent Dick Pugh to Scott Valley for the Fort Jones post-surgeon, Doctor C. C. Kearney.

Pugh's arrival at the Fort with tidings of Crook's injury and the fighting electrified the garrison. Captain Judah ordered out the entire command—then began drinking while preparations to take the field were under way. By the time the expedition was ready to leave he could not navigate and was left behind.¹³⁷ Commanding in his place was Lieutenant Hiram Dryer, 4th Infantry. With Dryer rode Doctor Kearney.

By the time the reinforcements arrived at Pitt River Lieutenant Crook was much better; most of the pain was gone and the inflammation was lessening. Doctor Kearney thought it would be better to let the natural healing processes continue.¹³⁸ Crook concurred with him, and thus he gained the memento of Fort Jones which went into the grave with him; the arrow-point was never removed.

On the 27th of June a band of hostiles raided a trader-camp and rustled a number of horses and cattle. Lieutenant Crook was sufficiently recovered to lead the pursuit. The marauders rode hard but left a wide trail of discarded plunder and dead animals behind them. From a camp the Indians made on the 28th, Crook, Dryer, and Doctor Kearney were able to estimate their numbers from the forty-one cooking fires.

In camp that night both Dryer and Kearney decided to return to the ferry. Crook did nothing to dissuade them, and the following morning resumed the trail with thirty men, all that Lieutenant Dryer had not taken back with him.¹³⁹

No Indians were encountered on the 29th, but the following morning matted grass indicated where an Indian had been lying in concealment, watching the soldiers. Deducing from this that the hostiles were not far off, Crook affected a ruse. He began a slow withdrawal as though returning toward the ferry, then, hidden by a mountain, he reversed the march and pushed ahead with all speed. That day and the next his men encountered and killed two Indian warriors, one of which the lieutenant accounted for personally.

The fifth night out a bivouac was made without fires. It was a dark, overcast night and before midnight there was a light rain. Also before midnight, Crook was rewarded by the reflection of cooking fires off the lowering clouds, which he estimated about four miles distant, out in the lava beds. He made plans to leave the mules and all provisions at the camp under guard and lead his men afoot toward the hostile encampment at daybreak, 2 July, 1857.

"As soon as we got into the lava beds," he said, "we had to be guided by (sense) of direction entirely, as the brush was too thick to see fifty yards ahead, and the whole bed was comparatively level for miles and miles." However, in spite of obstacles, he and his men got within a few yards of an Indian sentry without being detected. This Indian was "busy making something, sitting with his head close to his knees." Some of the soldiers raised their muskets to shoot the sentinel but Crook forbade it. The morning cooking-fires of the rancheria, less than a quarter of a mile distant, were visible; gunshots would be heard that far, and farther.

Crook divided his command. One detachment, a sergeant and ten men, were directed to go around the sentinel on the left; another sergeant and nine men circled around to the right; Lieutenant Crook and the remainder of his force remained where they were, intending to meet the Indians who fled when the other detachments charged the camp.

While awaiting for the others to burst upon the rancheria Crook detailed one enlisted man to keep an eye on the Indian sentry. As soon as firing started at the village he was to shoot him. But the sentry sighted one of the advancing units and began a stealthy withdrawal into the brush—toward the soldier detailed to execute him. When the soldier raised up, the Indian saw him and went forward with his weapons held out in a token of surrender. He then began explaining to the soldier that he "was a good Indian, that the Indians who were bad and stole the cattle...lived a long way east."¹⁴⁰

Crook sent another enlisted man to tell the soldier not to kill the Indian. This man, approaching the Indian from the rear, had not gotten close enough to relay Crook's order when the advance units attacked the rancheria. At the first burst of gunfire the first soldier shot the hostile through the head and the second soldier, behind the Indian, thought he too had been shot.¹⁴¹

About this time Lieutenant Crook led his men in a charge toward the rancheria, and

almost at once ran head-on into a horde of fleeing Indians, "... all yelling, women and children and all. Bucks were imitating wild beast 'war whoops,' and a worse pendemonium I never saw before or since."¹⁴² The meeting was so abrupt that soldiers and Indians met "face to face, so close .. (they) .. could see the whites of each other's eyes. The yelling and screeching and all taken together," Crook said, "made my hair fairly stand on end."

A large number of Indians were slain, but before the first assault had spent itself, many Indians had escaped through the underbrush. Crook then deployed his Fort Jones troopers in skirmish formation and pushed through the covert. By "... shooting them as they broke cover, we got them," Crook said. "One or two faced us, and made a manly fight, while others would attempt to run. There was but one squaw killed."

Later, finding the rancheria full of butchered beef, the soldiers were satisfied they had punished the right Indians. Captives were limited to squaws and pups. These were freed after everyone had a big meal of stolen beef, and the command went back to its camp, from whence it completed a leisurely withdrawal to the ferry.

On the fourth, Independence Day, it was thought a fight might be promoted to manifest the proper patriotic spirit, but no Indians could be found. On the sixth, though, a lone warrior was found and slain. He turned out to be a sentinel for a large rancheria nearby, which was alerted by the shooting, and abandoned.

While Lieutenant Crook was scouting north and east of the river a courier arrived from Fort Jones with orders from Captain Judah for him to return.¹⁴³ He ignored them in favor of additional exploring, farther out, where he came upon the tracks of a single Indian. He followed this track six or eight miles to a large valley where there were other tracks. Before nightfall he saw several Indian hunters, and, believing another rancheria was nearby, he bivouaced until after sunset, then led his men atop some bluffs

overlooking another valley where an Indian encampment was located. Here he remained until daybreak, 27 July, when an Indian sentry sighted the uniforms and sounded an alarm.

"There must have been at least 500.. (Indians) .. all told," he reported. "The grass on the valley (floor) gave it a straw color, so the contrast of these black Indians scattering over it looked like so many crows, and all of them yelling at the tops of their lungs."

It required some time for the soldiers to climb down into the valley, by which time the Indians, "... running at the top of their speed" were scattered across the plain and as far as the rocky escarpments to the west. When the valley floor was reached Lieutenant Crook ordered his men to seek out and engage their enemies.

Crook killed one Indian and was reloading when a second warrior, distracted from stalking an enlisted man, came at him. This hostile, believing Crook's musket to be unloaded—which it was not—jumped from side to side in a squatting position as he advanced. He had an arrow in place and aimed as he advanced. Lieutenant Crook dismounted and moved several yards away from his mule to discourage the Indian from shooting the animal. While this unique little drama was in progress the howling of Indians was punctuated by gunshots from every direction of the battlefield.

Crook's assailant began singing his death chant. The Lieutenant knelt and took a rest on his knee, following the warrior's erratic advance until the moment the Indian hesitated between jumps, then he fired. The ball broke the Indian's back. While lying on the ground he managed to fire five arrows into a nearby mule—not Crook's—each one penetrating "... the saddle and three thicknesses of blankets..."¹⁴⁴ before Crook gave him the *coup de grace*.

When the fight ended Crook's men junctured at the rancheria, where everything not useful was destroyed. A count showed that all were present and none were

wounded.¹⁴⁵ The withdrawal was then commenced back to the ferry.

Shortly after this fight Lieutenant Crook learned that in accordance with Special Order No. 69, Headquarters, Military Division of the Pacific, dated May 28, 1857, Captain John William Tudor Gardiner, formerly of Fort Jones, had been instructed to "...take post with his company on Pitt River, California, at or near the mouth of Fall River..." and establish a temporary military installation there.¹⁴⁶ This had been done, and the post thus established, 1 July, 1857, had been named by Captain Gardiner, Fort Crook. Its placement, plus Gardiner's force, made additional patrolling of the 'Pitt River Valley,' an obligation which no longer fell within the perimeter of the Fort Jones garrison. In consequence Lieutenant Crook prepared to leave the area, something he was not anxious to do in view of his earlier disobedience. He did not know then, that Captain Gardiner had written Captain Judah requesting that Crook's command be permitted to remain in the field until his own force was able to assume its duties. Neither did he know that Judah had replied in anger, accusing Gardiner of "gross disrespect."¹⁴⁷ But when he had received a letter from Judah threatening him with a court martial unless he returned at once, shortly before he was ready to depart, he continued to be insubordinate and leisurely in his preparations for returning.

The ultimate conclusion of this tempest-in-a-teapot was that Captain Judah relented and Lieutenant Crook held a council with the Pitt River Indians, which accomplished nothing since there was no interpreter on hand. But, by this time, one factor was very clear to the Indians; aside from Gardiner's column at Fort Crook, and the Fort Jones troops, the land was filling up. The army had it criss-crossed with outposts, settler-armies were increasing in strength, and whatever else marauding hostiles might be sure of, they could be certain of swift pursuit and absolute punishment within a matter of days after committing depredations. They were willing to concede sovereignty of their country to the new-

comers, just as the Scott-Valley-Yreka dissidents had done; and as the Rogues of Southern Oregon had also done.

This of course was gratifying to the soldiers, who were now to have more leisure time to discuss the portents, then visible, of a greater tragedy in prospect; a struggle which was beginning to take form in 1857 even in the West; the dread inevitability of Civil War.

Lieutenant Crook and his veterans of Company D—not a one of which had been lost during the summer campaigning—started back for Fort Jones about the end of July, 1857. From there he was directed to proceed to the Klamath Lake country, home of the troublesome Modoc and Rock Indians, and establish another post, which he did, petitioning the Adjutant General for permission to name it "...Ter-Waw, from the Indian name of the ground on which it is located."¹⁴⁸

During the Fall of 1857 he found time to haunt his "... favorite place ..." at the southeastern foot of Shasta Butte. The melting snows from this mountain sent down the most beautiful rills of ice-cold water which wound around amongst beautiful groves of pines and grassy parks, with large patches of whortle and blue berry bushes here and there, filled with luscious berries.

"The scene," he said, "was almost fairy-like... We would pitch our tents and hunt as our fancies would dictate. Game abounded all through this country. Deer and blue grouse were the most plentiful, but there was an occasional elk, bear, or California lion to be seen, with plenty of mountain sheep high up in the mountains."

In September, 1857, with the division of the Union closer, the defiance of the South louder, 1st Lieutenant George Crook was ordered back to Fort Jones to put his affairs in order, after which he was to proceed to the mouth of the Klamath River and establish another post there, where friction between Indians and whites was fast getting out of hand. En route to Fort Jones he passed through Yreka, where the townsmen turned out and treated him and his men "... as heroes,"¹⁵⁰ and the taciturn 1st



FORT JONES IN 1900

lieutenant said he left "...this country that I had been identified with in the last few months (forty-eight months to be exact) with many regrets."

In October, 1857, he began his march to the sea via Scott River to its junction with the Klamath, thence down the Klamath until he struck the trail going to Crescent City. He noted that, "Near the mouth of Scotts River was a big mining camp called Scottsburg. Next to Yreka it was the largest and liveliest place in all that country....Every few miles down the Klamath, as far as I went, were mining camps of more or less extent."¹⁵¹

Thus George Crook marched out of Siskiyou County, and with his going the end of an era was imminent. There were military establishments of size in the vicinity of Klamath Lake; at Fall River; and although the post at Fort Lane was abandoned in 1856,¹⁵² its single company combined with the Fort Jones garrison, other Southern Oregon posts such as Fort Umpqua and Fort Orford were more than adequate to secure a country which was nearly depopulated of Indians after the Rogue River War.

Southward from Siskiyou County was Fort Reading, near the headwaters of the Sacramento River, plus Benecia Barracks, established in 1849 and destined to serve as the assembling point for California Volunteers during the Civil War, and Fort Humboldt, established by Lieutenant Colonel R. C. Buchanan in 1853, 220 miles north of San Francisco, and 18 miles from the village of Trinidad.

Everywhere there was a need, forts and posts had been established. The Far West was coming of age. There would be bitter

Indian wars before the century passed,¹⁵³ but not in the Yreka-Scott Valley locality, so, in accordance with Special Order No. 102, Department of the Pacific, dated 23 June 1858,¹⁵⁴ the Commanding Officer at Fort Jones was instructed to evacuate his post,¹⁵⁵ which he did, and for several years afterward, or until August, 1866, Fort Jones was listed as a vacant army establishment, when it was officially abandoned per General Order No. 21, originating at Headquarters, Division of the Pacific, which stated that: "Troops having been removed from the following places in the Dept. of California, they will cease to be regarded as military posts: Fort Jones."

Prior to formal evacuation in June, 1858, the Fort was garrisoned by Company E, 4th Infantry, Captain H. M. Judah commanding. After 1858 it was never again used by Regular troops, although there is reason to believe local militia units used it from time to time up to the conclusion of the Civil War. By 1870 the buildings were decaying; much that was usable had been carried away. By 1900 the Fort was thoroughly delapidated, and sometime after the turn of the present century what remained, collapsed.

Today nothing remains of this post but the site, and perhaps the knowledge shared by a few that in Scott Valley some of America's most outstanding soldiers of the last century were either stationed here, or passed this way during their formative years, and hereabouts acquired the experience and wisdom which made it possible for them to preserve a Union,¹⁵⁷ to enrich a nation, and add to the laurels of their country's military glory and might.

NOTES . . .

1. From: *The Story of the U. S. Cavalry, 1775-1942*, by Major General John K. Herr (Retired) and Edward S. Wallace. Published by Little Brown and Company, Boston, U. S. A.
2. From: *Conquest Of The Great Northwest*, by Laurant Paine. Published by Robert M. McBride Co. New York City, U. S. A.
3. From: Copies of Muster Rolls in author's possession for Companies A and E, First

Regiment of Dragoons for periods beginning 31 August, 1852, and ending 31 October, 1852.

4. From: Files, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C. hereinafter referred to as Adj. Gen.
5. From: Field Report by "Bvt. Major Edward H. Fitzgerald," dated 31 October, 1852. Old Records Bureau, War Department.

6. From: Handbook of the Indians of California by Kroeber.
7. From: Adj. Gen. Posts Camps and Station. The establishment of temporary posts facilitated subsequent relinquishment without legal or land-office entanglements. It was a common practice of the Military, as opposed to establishment of permanent installations such as Fort Vancouver or Benecia Barracks.
8. From: Field Reports, Adj. Gen.
9. From: Field Reports, Adj. Gen.
10. From: Major Fitzgerald was transferred to Fort Vancouver via Fort Lane. Adj. Gen.
11. From: General George Crook, His Autobiography, published by University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1946. Edited by Martin F. Schmitt. Hereinafter referred to as Crook.
12. From: Crook.
13. From: Old, unsigned, handwritten Mss. property of Siskiyou County Historical Society in which writer, en route to Scott Bar, notes the following upon spending the night at Deadwood: "...retired soon, but sleep proved a matter of impossibility to me, for early in the evening a Violinist of sable hue, as dark as.....made his appearance while many Miners were in waiting to receive him, then dancing and drinking commenced and never ceased until daylight bade them disperse; our room had a muslin petition (sic) only to separate us from them. They kept up a continued shouting, drinking and swearing, while the Violinist exercised his lungs to its highest key at the same time would bring his huge foot down as it were that of an Elephant, then they would deem it absolutely necessary between each set to liquorise with an article which in quality is said to kill at 60 yards. There was one Female participant in this select and refined party to grace the performance and she performed to perfection; she wore a Deluxe dress flounced from skirt to waste (sic), and as she performed the evolutions of each set her flounces would spread their wings as though they were in extacies (sic) of delight. I candidly think that when this distinguished party makes their appearance before His Satanic Majesty he will have to adjourn his Court for judging from their conduct they were neither fit subjects for God or Man; so Satan will remain to provide for them, the Female included, for I could tell you more than I dare commit to paper, in doing so, I fear I would be forever exiled from the decencies of sosity (sic). I desire you to bear in mind that this magnificent party hailed from the Eastern, Western, and Northern States, while the Female was from Europe."
14. From: Innumerable sources including old diaries, journals, books long out of print, newspaper clippings, and items relative to the times. Hereinafter referred to as Miscellaneous Sources.
15. From: Letter from Captain Bradford Alden to his wife dated "Fort Jones, Scotts Valley, Cal. May 31st-1853." Hereinafter referred to as Alden Letters.
16. From: Adj. Gen.
17. From: Adj. Gen.
18. From: Alden Letters, April 13, 1853
19. From: Alden Letters, April 21st, 1853.
20. From: Crook.
21. From: Photostatic copy of handwritten description listing its source as "p. 212, History of Siskiyou County, Cal., by Harry L. Wells, Oakland Cal., 1881."
22. From: Alden Letters, May 31st-1853.
23. From: Adj. Gen.
24. From: Alden Letters, May 31st-1853
25. From: Alden Letters, June 1st-1853.
26. From: Alden Letters, excerpts from various dated copies.
27. From: Alden Letters, June 26th-1853.
28. From: Alden Letters, July 7th-1853.
29. From: Conquest of the Great Northwest, heretofore referred to, and hereinafter referred to as Conquest.
30. From: Conquest.
31. From: Conquest.
32. From: Conquest.
33. From: Conquest.
34. From: Conquest.
35. From: Adj. Gen. Report for month of August, 1853 listing names of men Captain Alden took to Oregon with him (Alden Aug. 8-'53).
36. From: Conquest.
37. From: Alden Letters, August 11th-1853.
38. From: Conquest.
39. From: Conquest.
40. From Alden Letters, August 20th-1853.
41. From: Conquest. House of Representatives, 33rd Congress, 1st Session, Executive Document No. 1, and Miscellaneous Sources.
42. From: Adj. Gen and General Lane's report, Executive Document No. 1, 33rd Congress, 1st Session.
43. From: Letter dated 29th August, 1853, signed "Benj. Alvord," and letter dated August 29, 1853, signed "Jos. W. Collins;" letter dated 13 September, 1853, signed "W. H. Gatcliff, M. D." Other sources include General Lane's report of the battle, plus letters from Captain Alden to Mrs. Alden.
44. From: Adj. Gen. and Lane's official report of the action to the War Department.
45. From: Conquest.
46. From: Conquest.
47. From: Conquest.

48. From: Adj. Gen.
 49. From: Adj. Gen.
 50. From: Alden Letters, Sept 22d-'53.
 51. From: Adj. Gen.
 52. From: Crook.
 53. From: Crook.
 54. From: Crook.
 55. From: Crook.
 56. From: War Department Records.
 57. From: Crook.
 58. From: Crook.
 59. From: Crook.
 60. From: Crook.
 61. From: Crook; Miscellaneous Sources, and Conquest.
 62. From: Conquest.
 63. From: Crook.
 64. From: Crook.
 65. From: Conquest and Crook.
 66. From: Crook.
 67. From: Crook and Miscellaneous Sources.
 68. From: Crook.
 69. From: An assumption on the part of the author. No name was given this creek by Crook, Judah, or others. It seems improbable it could be any other creek and the mileage mentioned strengthens this supposition.
 70. From: Crook and Conquest.
 71. From: Crook and Conquest.
 72. From: Crook and Miscellaneous Sources.
 73. From: Crook.
 74. From: Crook.
 75. From: Crook.
 76. From: Crook.
 77. From: Crook and Adj. Gen.
 78. From: Crook.
 79. From: Conquest.
 80. Mr. Gordon Jacobs, maternal grandson of Tom Davis.
 81. From: Crook.
 82. From: Crook.
 83. From: Crook.
 84. From: Adj. Gen.
 85. From: Crook.
 86. From: Crook.
 87. From: Adj. Gen., and Miscellaneous Sources. The Army Appropriations Act of 1851 permitted an aggregate of \$325,854 as extra pay for officers and enlisted men serving in California and Oregon. Generally, officers received an extra two dollars a day, and the pay of enlisted personnel was doubled. But this Act was interpreted in such a manner as to provide a sliding rather than fixed, scale, therefore all officers, and all enlisted men, did not receive the same amounts of pay. Secretary of War Jefferson Davis said both system and increase were inadequate. In 1854 he reiterated his stand in these words: "I think it but an act of justice to the officers of the army again to call attention to the recommendation made in my last annual report, relative to an increase of their pay." (Executive Document No. 1. 33rd Congress.) An increase was allowed, but it was slow coming.
 88. From: Crook.
 89. From: From a photostatic copy, unsigned, in the possession of the Siskiyou County Historical Society, entitled "Fort Jones 4th to 8 August," made from original in Miscellaneous File No. 282 Adj. Gen.
 90. From: Crook.
 91. From: Adj. Gen. Brevet 2nd Lieutenant Robert I. Williamson.
 92. From: Crook.
 93. From: Crook.
 94. From: Crook.
 95. From: Crook.
 96. From: Crook.
 97. From: Crook.
 98. From: Volume 34, Oregon Historical Quarterly. Leader of these volunteers might have been a Californian, a Methodist minister-of-sorts named Laban Buoy.
 99. From: Crook.
 100. From: Crook.
 101. From: Conquest and Miscellaneous Sources. The so-called Rogue River Indian War was actually a series of conflicts stretching over the years from 1850 to 1858. The causes were legion; for one thing, although innumerable treaties were made with the Rogues, none were ratified; for another thing, while one element of whites sought peace, other elements wanted extermination. In 1850, for example, while thirteen separate treaties were made with the Indians, none were accredited; and at the same time settler-armies and posses hunted Indians much as their descendents today hunt deer. The Rogue River War was more the fault of whites than Indians, and if that is no consolation to the descendents of massacred settlers, it might be to the descendents of the Indians.
 102. From: Conquest.
 103. From: Conquest.
 104. From: Crook. Conquest. Adj. Gen.
 105. From: Crook.
 106. From: Crook.
 107. From: Crook.
 108. From: Crook.
 109. From: Crook.
 110. From: Crook.
 111. From: Crook.
 112. From: Crook.
 113. From: Crook.
 114. From: Crook.
 115. From: Crook.
 116. From: Crook.
 117. From: Crook.
 118. From: Crook.
 119. From: Crook.
 120. From: Crook.
 121. From: Adj. Gen.

122. Lieut. Crook persisted in spelling it "Lockheart," but that wasn't unusual for him: he said George Waynefleet Patten's name was "George Washington Patten."
123. From: Fort Jones Returns to Adj. Gen. and Crook.
124. From: Crook.
125. From: Crook.
126. From: Crook.
127. From: Crook.
128. From: National Archives, Adj. Gen. This order was dated 27 May, 1857.
129. From: Crook.
130. From: Adj. Gen. Judah left Fort Jones with sixty-five effectives 18 May.
131. From: Crook.
132. From: Our Rifles, by Charles W. Sawyer, and The Story of the U. S. Cavalry, 1775-1942, By Major General John K. Herr and Edward S. Wallace. The Yeager Rifle was regulation 1841 issue. It was the first U. S. infantry weapon with a percussion lock. It was later known as the 'Harper's Ferry Rifle,'" and sometimes as the 'Mississippi Rifle.' It employed the Minie' bullet, which was designed with a hollow butt around an iron filament. This butt would expand when fired enabling the cartridge to fit the rifling of the barrel. It was about as accurate as a blind pig, and except for the amount of noise it made, and the distance it fired, was inferior to a good bow in the hands of an experienced Indian. Its greatest failing was due to the fact that the Minie' bullet's base often expanded beyond expectations and jammed it—more than one early-day American soldier paid with his life for this defect.
133. From: Crook.
134. From: Crook.
135. From: Crook.
136. From: Crook. He was wounded on the 10th of June and sent Dick Pugh back to the Fort on the 12th. The arrowpoint was never removed; in after years he often alluded to it, but only rarely as a source of discomfort.
137. From: Crook.
138. From: Crook.
139. From: Crook.
140. From: Crook.
141. From: Crook.
142. From: Crook.
143. From: Adj. Gen. and Crook.
144. From: Crook.
145. From: Crook. His inspection also showed that a number of Yaeger guns had jammed, but despite this not a soldier had been killed or wounded. They were seldom so fortunate.
146. From: National Archives and Adj. Gen.
147. From: Adj. Gen.
148. From: Adj. Gen. and Crook.
149. From: Crook.
150. From: Crook.
151. From: Crook.
152. From: Adj. Gen. Posts Camps and Stations File.
153. Many: The Sioux Wars, Apache Wars, Comanche Wars, and others; with few exceptions the officers and men from Fort Jones would participate in them all, but between 1858 and the outbreak of the Modoc War in 1872, Siskiyou County had no major Indian trouble.
154. From: Adj. Gen.
155. The Fort Jones garrison and stores were transferred to Fort Vancouver, Washington.
156. Well; most of them fought for the Union. For further details see Personnel Addenda of Fort Jones, 1852-1858.

CHRONOLOGICAL PERSONNEL ADDENDA OF COMMANDANTS, FORT JONES—1852-1858 . . .

FITZGERALD, Edward H. Captain—Brevet Major, 1st Dragoons, Company E. First post-commandant. He was not a graduate of the U. S. Military Academy. Mexican War veteran. After leaving Fort Jones he was stationed briefly at Fort Lane, then at Fort Vancouver.

PATTEN, George Waynefleet. Captain—Brevet Major, 2nd Infantry. Second post-commandant. Graduated from the U. S. Military Academy 1830. Served with distinction in Mexican War. Commandant at Fort Jones from the end of 1852 to the spring of 1853, and later, after Captain Alden was incapacitated, until Captain Judah arrived. Cullum's biographical Register of West Point gradu-

ates cites him as the author of "numerous poetical effusions," which he published himself under the title "Voices of the Border."

ALDEN, Bradford Ripley, Captain, 4th Infantry. Graduated from the U. S. Military Academy 1831. Served at the Academy as Assistant Instructor of French, mathematics, and infantry tactics, until 1840, when he was detailed as Aide de Camp to Major General Winfield Scott. On frontier duty in Louisiana until 1845, then joined Military Occupation Force in Texas until 1845. From December, 1845 to November 1853 was Commandant at U. S. Military Academy. On frontier duty at Fort Vancouver, Washington, in 1853, until ordered to Fort Jones, where

he served as third post-commandant until wounded in the Rogue River War. After resigning from the army Captain Alden traveled in the United States and Europe seeking relief from the partial paralysis resulting from his wound. At the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, Alden tried to re-enter the Army but was refused. Later, trying to raise a volunteer regiment, his health failed him. Still later, seeking to join the staff of a general officer he found that he could not sit a horse. In later years his mind failed and he died at the age of 59 at Newport, Rhode Island, 10 September, 1870.

JUDAH, Henry M. Captain, 4th Infantry. Fourth post-commandant at Fort Jones, graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1843. Served with distinction in the Mexican War. (Grant mentions him in his "Memoirs" at the Battle of San Cosme.) Was on frontier duty in California and northward from 1853 until 1861, after which he returned to New York where, as a Brigadier General, he died at Plattsburg in 1866, at the age of forty-five.

*

Other officers who served as temporary commandants, such as 1st Lieutenant Joseph B.

Collins, 4th Infantry, (who served after Captain Alden was wounded and until Captain Patten returned from scouting duty), included Charles H. Ogle, 1st Dragoons; R. C. W. Radford, 1st Dragoons; Joseph B. Collins, 4th Infantry and George Crook, 4th Infantry. 1st Lieutenant John C. Bonnycastle commanded twice; once for two months and again for one day.

George Crook later became famous as a Major General under Grant during the Rebellion. He served with outstanding distinction throughout the Civil War—was once captured by Confederate raiders including his wife-to-be's brother, James Dailey of Cumberland, Maryland. He was wounded for the second time in his lifetime in 1862. He became famous in the West as a result of his campaigns against the Indians; was defeated at the Battle of the Rosebud by the great man of the Sioux, Crazy Horse; but, if this defeat was tactical, it was not strategic; Crook and others ultimately defeated the Sioux and their allies the Northern Cheyennes. He was also instrumental in bringing to a close the bloody and unnecessarily prolonged career of the notorious Apache war-leader, Geronimo. George Crook died 21 March, 1890, at the age of sixty-eight.

Modoc War Tragedy Recalled . . .

In Death of Jennie Berry

Submitted by IRENE NELSON

(Taken from *The Yreka Journal*, issue of April 19, 1934)

FORT JONES, April 14, *Special to the Yreka Journal*—The death of Jennie Berry, an Indian woman, last week brought back to memory to many of the pioneers of Scott Valley the tragic Modoc War of 1872.

During the routing of Captain Jack in his stronghold in the lava beds, Jennie's mother with two babies fled from the onslaught of the firing, and finding she could not escape with the burden of two, left this little girl on the battlefield.

It happened that Major Thomas rescued the child from being trampled to death, and after the battle, brought the little one home to his wife.

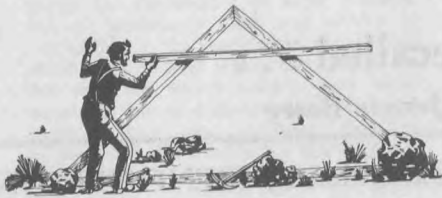
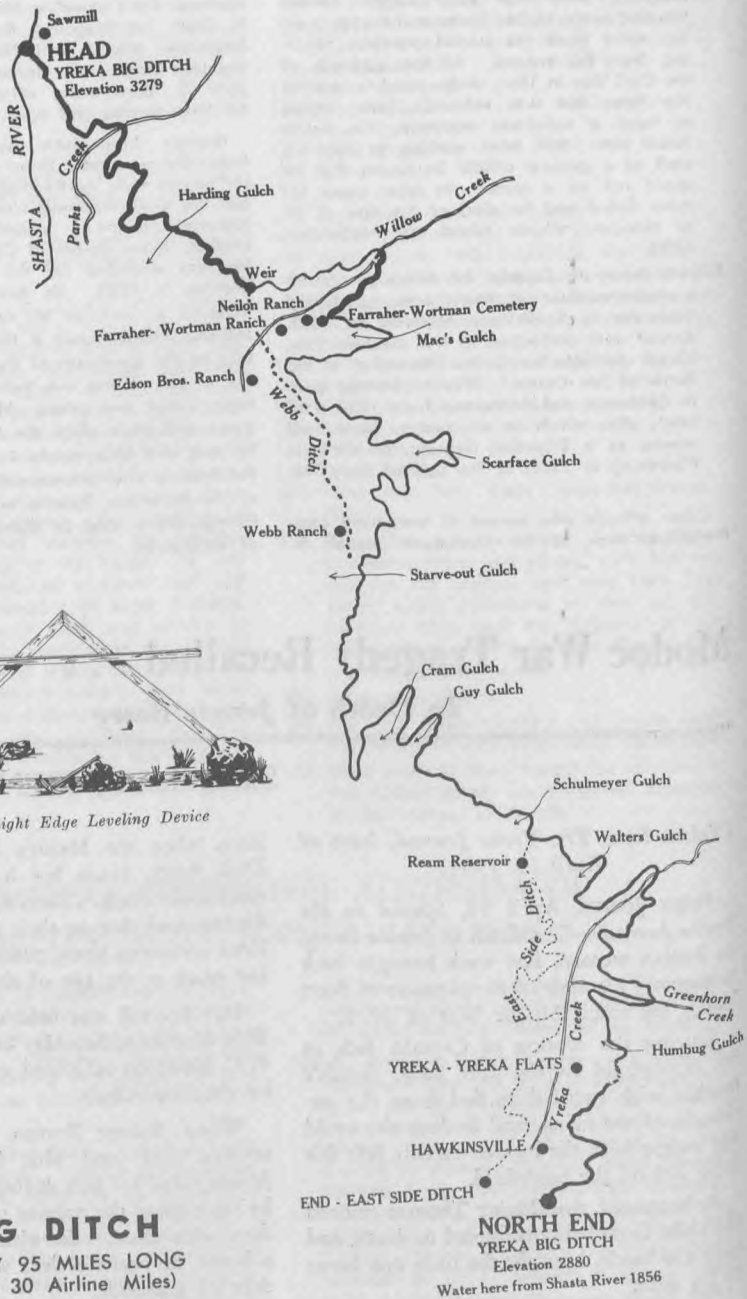
There she grew up in their home, and

later, when the Major's daughter married Dick Berry, made her home with them until their death. Then Robert and Gladys Burton took her to their home, where she lived seventeen years, passing to the beyond last week at the age of about 65 years.

Her funeral was held at the Kunz and Bills Mortuary, Saturday of last week. Rev. P. C. Knudson officiated with special music by the Etna Choir.

When Robert Burton was born, his mother died, and Mrs. Dick Berry and Jennie cared for him during his infancy and he later spent the greater part of his school days with them. So when Jennie needed a home, he and his dear wife returned the debt of gratitude.

—Submitted by Irene Nelson



Triangle-Straight Edge Leveling Device

THE BIG DITCH
 APPROXIMATELY 95 MILES LONG
 (Approximately 30 Airline Miles)
 Portions of ditch still in use are
 drawn in heavier lines

NORTH END
 YREKA BIG DITCH
 Elevation 2880
 Water here from Shasta River 1856

THE BIG DITCH . . .

A History of the Old Big Ditch to Yreka, Now Known As the Edson-Foulke Yreka Ditch Company Ditch

by LEWIS M. FOULKE, JAMES FARRAHER,
and EDSON L. FOULKE, JR.

The Edson-Foulke Yreka Ditch has had numerous names, both official and unofficial down the years. Two of the common unofficial names have been the "Big Ditch" and the "China Ditch." The first is apt, for it today is one of the larger ditches in the area, and at the time of construction it certainly was "big," both physically and in concept, and said to be the longest ditch in California—95 miles. The name "China Ditch" is a misnomer. It has been popularly believed that the original construction was done by Chinese laborers. However, this is inaccurate inasmuch as there were few if any, Chinese, in Siskiyou County at the time of construction. It is true that Chinese were used with others during later years for reconstruction and maintenance work.

Gold was discovered on the flats above Yreka in 1851. The areas adapted to placer mining were quickly found to be both rich and extensive, but were located on benches or in dry gullies at elevations considerably above the floor of the little valley . . . Water was necessary to wash the gold from the dirt and non-valuable rocks of the area. Water was scarce and the only local streams which could be diverted at the necessary elevation were of intermittent flow.

A few enterprising people put in ditches from these local streams and sold water to the miners at 50 cents a miner's inch per day. This was quite profitable but was not sufficient for the needs of the miners so a company was formed to bring water from Shasta River, Parks Creek, and all intermediate streams to the mines. This original company, founded prior to 1854, was known as the "Yreka Ditch Company."

A man known as Brooks was the first superintendent and construction was begun in 1854.

Shasta River was the principal source of water. The diversion point at Shasta River was about 30 air miles southeast of Yreka, but a survey showed that it would be necessary to construct 95 miles of ditch in order to wind in and out of all the canyons and gulches en route. Reputedly of the \$200,000 estimated for the entire cost of the ditch, \$25,000 paid to the surveyors was the only cash paid out. Supplies were furnished by Yreka merchants, including food and clothing for the workers, of which all could be charged to the ditch company account. The value of these supplies, plus labor, figured at the rate of \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day, were to be reimbursed by the water sales after the completion of the ditch.

The surveyors did an excellent job. The grade was set for 10 feet to the mile for the first approximately five miles from Shasta River to Parks Creek, the second most important supply of water, and at five feet per mile for the balance of the distance. The original surveyors left bench marks for these grades at intervals. The intermediate surveying during construction was done by what was known as the straight edge and triangle method, which in competent hands proved to be quite accurate. The minimum size of the ditch was set at four feet on the bottom, six feet on the top, a depth of two feet. Of course the dirt thrown from the ditch made a much higher lower bank and wider ditch. The usual progress made by one man was one rod per day, although one pair of men dug four rods in one day, which as seem-

ingly the construction record. Powder was available but very expensive as it had to be brought in by mule back, so a great deal of the blasting was done by building fires on the rocks and dashing cold water on them, a method in use thousands of years ago before powder was invented. Flumes were originally used to by-pass many rocky points.

Originally there were about 5,000 feet of wooden flumes in all—three and a half feet high, four feet wide. They have all been replaced on the portion of the ditch presently used. All but two of the wooden flumes have been replaced by cuts. The last wooden flumes, at Parks Creek and Harding Gulch, were replaced in 1949 with half round metal flumes.

Most of the lumber was cut near the head of the ditch and during construction, a wagon road was maintained the full length. But where timber was adjacent and hauling distance from the saw-mill was great, timbers were hewn and planks whipsawed by hand. During construction of the ditch the principal work camps were in Guy's Gulch, Mac's Gulch, and Starve-Out Gulch for work along the northern sector of the ditch.

Sources of water, other than those mentioned, were Willow Creek, Mac's Gulch, Scarface, Cram Gulch, Guy's Gulch, Schulmeyer Gulch, Yreka Creek, Greenhorn Creek, and Humbug Gulch. The carrying capacity of the ditch was approximately 1,400 miner's inches from Shasta River to Parks Creek, and about 1,900 inches for the rest of the ditch.

During the course of construction the Yreka Ditch Company ran out of finances and after one attempted reorganization the unpaid workers themselves took over what was then known as the Yreka Water Company. A 24-year-old German immigrant by the name of Louis Wortman organized the workmen and induced them to continue, using the argument that they could be paid out of the first water when it reached Yreka Flats and Hawkinsville; and if they did not complete the ditch, they would not get what was already owing them. Mr. Wortman, justly known as

the "father" of the ditch, became superintendent and in 1856 saw the ditch completed. For this saving act he received a one-fourth interest in the ditch. During subsequent years he was in charge of its operation and maintenance.

Water was turned into the ditch March 1, 1856, but because of seepage in the ditch and leakage in the new flumes and through squirrel holes, water did not reach Yreka Flats until August 1 of that year. Water was sold on Greenhorn, Yreka Flat, Upper Flat and Hawkinsville. The rate charged was 50 cents per miner's inch per day, and water recovered after the first usage was resold at the same rate at lower levels. Ditch tenders who worked under the direction of Mr. Wortman, were paid half in cash and half in water.

In April of 1857 S. S. Brooks, William Shores, J. B. Rosborough and I. H. Russell incorporated the "Shasta River Canal Company" to take over the "Yreka Water Ditch Company," thus giving the ditch its third official name.

In 1859 G. L. Greathouse bought control of the ditch and continued to operate under the name of the "Shasta River Canal Company." Greathouse was a banker in Yreka and an ardent Southern sympathizer who outfitted a couple of frigates for the Confederate Navy. These activities caused some friction with the Edson Brothers who, by that time, had acquired considerable property under the ditch in the Gazelle area. Both of the Edson brothers and their sister, Mrs. Eddy (a war nurse), actively participated on the side of the North. Needless to say, a mutual feeling of antipathy resulted.

In the winter of 1862-63 a series of unusually severe storms seriously damaged the ditch, causing numerous washouts requiring considerable repair. Greathouse was forced to borrow \$30,000 from N. D. Julian to cover these repairs. This, plus his prior expenses in the support of the Confederacy broke him and he, in turn, was forced to sell his interest. The purchasers were F. Lafferty, James Quinn, and J. B. Rosborough. During these various transactions Louis Wortman main-

tained his one-fourth interest and continued in charge of maintenance.

After Greathouse sold, the new owners instructed Wortman to turn the water out at Willow Creek when there was a break north of that point. This was a benefit to the farmers of the Gazelle area, including the Edson brothers, Neilon and Farraher, and created a much better feeling between the farmers and the canal company.

In 1879 a reservoir was built on the Ream property about four miles south of Yreka. A lateral was constructed from the reservoir to the east of Yreka. This lateral, which was constructed under the supervision of Ned Schwatka, can be seen along the hills to the east of the town, and the remains of a flume across the road and railroad on Butcher Hill were still in evidence in the 1920's. This reservoir, which now obtains its water locally, is known as Brazie's Pond, and for years has been a haven for the junior bass and bluegill fishermen of the community.

About 1880 the Edson brothers were offered a three-quarter interest in the ditch for \$6,000 but were financially unable to complete the transaction. However, in 1884, under more prosperous conditions, they purchased for the increased price of \$12,000. At this time Louis Wortman, who apparently negotiated the whole deal, sold his interest also to the Edson brothers for \$4,000. Subsequently, Edson Brothers sold a one-fourth interest to C. C. Webb, who had extensive farm holdings a few miles north of Gazelle.

In the early days an Irish immigrant by the name of James Farraher took up a fine ranch west of Gazelle and laying below the ditch. He, in due course, married Mary Neilon, a young woman, also from Ireland, who was living on the adjoining ranch with her brother John, father of the well known Neilons of Yreka.

In 1866 Farraher was accidentally killed and Mary was left to manage the ranch and raise two children, James and Annie. In later years Louis Wortman discovered that while patrolling the ditch he could take a short cut through the Farraher place and, it is reported, often enjoyed a home cooked meal. This culminated in marriage

in about 1879, and Louis Wortman added the management of the Farraher Ranch to his activities as ditch superintendent. At the time of the negotiations with Edson Brothers, Wortman acquired the right to purchase water from them for the Farraher Ranch for 10 cents per miner's inch per day.

Mr. Wortman, at the time that Louis Webb was negotiating to buy one-fourth interest from the Edson Brothers, convinced all parties concerned that this water could be delivered to the Webb place through a lateral that would save a great deal of ditch distance, although at first the others thought that the ditch would be on an uphill grade, but Wortman was right.

Louis Wortman, who lived to be 97 years of age, is now buried on a hill with his wife just below his beloved ditch, and overlooking the Farraher-Wortman Ranch. He is remembered as one of the finest of the Siskiyou County pioneers; a devoted husband and father and grandfather to his wife's children and grandchildren.

After the acquisition of the ditch by Edson Brothers and Louis Webb a weir was installed south of Gazelle, measuring their respective shares of water, and the water was dropped off the hill into what was to be known as the Webb ditch and the "Company" ditch. Later the possibilities of power production from this drop were explored but the flow was not considered sufficiently constant for this purpose. After Edson Brothers purchased the ditch, all of it north of Gazelle was abandoned. Today the only portions of the ditch in use are the 15-mile stretch from the Shasta River to the above-mentioned weir, and about a four mile stretch used to convey Willow Creek water to farms just west of Gazelle (the Farraher-Wortman Ranch and part of the original Edson Brothers property, now the Dan Shelley Ranch.)

When the water rights to the ditch were abandoned north of Gazelle it made a great deal of difference to the farmers of the area as the ground water table was restored and more water was available for irrigation and of course, the irrigation of the Edson Brothers and Webb land was a boon to

all owners of land below these properties.

During the course of years the Webb property was sold in three parcels and this water was divided upon a rotation basis, while Edson Brothers was succeeded by Edson & Foulke Company.

Water has always been a scarce commodity in California for any purpose and in the early days water disputes were often marked by either gunplay, dynamiting of dams, or costly law suits. The latter only settled rights between the litigants involved and settled nothing insofar as other water users on the same stream were concerned. Innumerable lawsuits drove many a farmer to discouragement and sometimes to bankruptcy. In 1913 a water act was made law that provided for adjudication of all water rights upon a stream system in one action, and for a water master service, paid jointly by the holders of water rights and the State, to supervise the provisions of the adjudication. Much of the credit for the passage of this farseeing law is due to James Farraher, a step-son of Louis Wortman, a prominent attorney of Yreka at that time.

Shasta River and its tributaries were adjudicated in 1932 and an efficient Water Master Service set up. Prior to this time there was at least one authenticated instance of a water dispute involving the ditch being temporarily settled with a shotgun. An attempt to dynamite a diversion dam to the ditch was frustrated by Sam Black, an employee of Edson & Foulke Co., who was familiar with dynamite, by rushing in and disconnecting the burning fuse. Since the adjudication shotgun usage has been confined to hunting along the sloughs and lakes of the area whose very existence is due to the water flowing through the ditch. In the adjudication the ditch was officially titled the "Edson-Foulke Yreka Ditch" and the rights from Shasta River and Parks Creek set at 28.2 cubic feet per second, and 9.9 cubic feet per second respectively. Provision was also made for transporting water in minor quantities from the source to a couple of other ranches which were traversed by the ditch.

In 1942 Edson & Foulke Company was

dissolved and its properties at Gazelle were sold to various interests. Eight different parties held interests of varying amounts in the waters conveyed by the ditch. By 1949 it was obvious that major repairs to the ditch would have to be made. In order that these repairs should be equitably borne an agreement was drawn up by the various interest holders forming the Edson-Foulke Yreka Ditch Company, the title being taken from that given in the adjudication. Clarence Dougherty was elected President; Edson Foulke, Jr., Secretary; and Glenn Maxwell, Ditch Master. Mr. Maxwell was eminently qualified for the position. He had had an interest in the ditch at that time for 25 years, and had been charged by Edson-Foulke Company with the responsibility of the ditch for many years. His untimely death in 1959 terminated a very close relationship with the operations of the ditch that extended over a period of 40 years. If Louis Wortman is known as the "father" of the ditch, Glenn Maxwell certainly deserves an accolade for being a worthy successor. Succeeding Louis Wortman as Ditch Superintendent were John Hewlitt, Sam Black and Glenn Maxwell.

Soon after the formation of this ditch company, an extensive series of improvements were started. The two remaining wooden flumes were replaced with metal, diversions were rebuilt and measuring weirs were established at various points. In 1950-51 Dan McCaw was employed to widen the ditch from Parks Creek to the weir where it leaves the mountain. This portion of the ditch is located on steep mountainside and the lower bank, after nearly a century of usage, had become quite weak. McCaw rebuilt this portion with a power shovel, greatly increasing the safety factor. This work cost approximately one dollar per foot for the nine miles involved. In the flood of December 1955, considerable damage was inflicted, but it would have been much greater if the work of the past few years had not been done. At the present time the ditch is in its 104th year of continuous usage and continues to contribute its share to the prosperity of Siskiyou County.



THE OLD IVY-COVERED HOME OF THE HARRIS FAMILY

The Squash Went Plop! . . .

by MARCELLE MASSON

There never was a ranch so wonderful as the old Harris ranch, according to my husband, Pete. Of course he and his brothers, Jim and Dick, in their youth, experienced a sort of watered-down version of farm life at Upper Soda Springs, the summer-resort home of their parents. I mean, there was a vegetable garden to care for, cows to milk and chickens to feed in order to provide for the culinary needs of their hotel dining room. These were duties; but the Harris ranch, for them, was pure joy. Everything that happened there when Pete was a boy and even when he was a young man left an impression so deep that he has never forgotten it; his own children, many a time have enjoyed the stories that began "at the Harris ranch."

In re-telling them now, I feel that they might be typical of the happenings on many a Shasta Valley ranch in the early 1900's.

It wasn't always the Harris ranch; the Neilons were the first owners and it was they who built the small dwelling of hewn logs that, in Pete's time, was so overgrown with ivy that no logs were exposed; and he says that the ivy was always "chuckful of little birds in nesting time."

The rooms, sealed and wall-papered were cozy; and though small by most ranch standards, the Harris family could nevertheless find room for one more overnight guest.

Now, there was a family! Aunt Susie, small and chipper, stuttered like everything; but to the three Masson boys, that seemed only to add to her charms. Her older brother, John, tall and gangling, was the quiet one. Uncle Life was tall, but more stocky. He was the cut-up of the family and therefore naturally the favorite of the boys.

These good friends were uncle and aunt by courtesy only. When the widowed Mrs. Harris and her children came to California from Illinois in the 1870's the last lap of their journey up the Sacramento River Canyon had to be made by stage. When their stage reached Upper Soda Springs, the Harris family spent the night there before going on to Shasta Valley. The young girl, Susie Harris, and Elda McCloud, the teen-age daughter of the proprietors of the inn, became acquainted and this friendship lasted all their lives, the two families visiting each other at every opportunity. Thus, in later years, the three sons of Elda McCloud Masson and her husband considered the members of the Harris family as relatives.

With the coming of spring, there were always several cows for the boys to drive down from the ranch so that there would be milk for the summer guests at Upper Soda. In the fall they would take them back. Riding horseback from Dunsmuir, the home of the Massons, to the Harris ranch, west of Gazelle, would take a good part of a day; and the return trip would be longer when there was an obstreperous cow who wouldn't cooperate.

Thanksgiving was the all-important occasion, for then the boys could go up on the train and be met at Gazelle by Uncle John and his buggy, and be allowed to stay at the ranch all through the holiday.

The food that Aunt Susie prepared! One day recently Pete was using some "store" ketchup on his plate. "This stuff is awful," he said. "You should taste the kind Aunt Susie made." Then he went into a long discourse on the excellence of her pickles, gherkins, onions, canned fruit, jams and jellies that stocked her pantry to overflowing; not forgetting the choke cherry jam for hotcakes. To hear Pete tell it, she had no equal.

When she wanted meat for the table, many a time he saw her with a big pan and butcher knife, carefully choose her way through the barnyard to the slaughterhouse, chattering and stuttering to whomever was near. She would cut off a roast or steaks from the beef that had been butchered and

hung there. With all their own meat and a large vegetable garden, only a few of the staple items such as flour, sugar, and salt had to be bought.

Speaking of the garden brings to mind Old Uncle Louie. Nobody knew his right name. This old bum and his bundle appeared at the kitchen door one evening in fall. He asked if he could have something to eat and if he could sleep in the barn. The Harrises never turned anyone away and the old fellow was allowed to come in and eat at the table with the family and the ranch hands.

In the course of the meal, someone passed him a large dish of mashed squash.

Uncle Louie took his knife, measured off half of the piled up squash and pushed it on to his plate where it settled down with a plop! All eyes were raised from lowered heads about the table but no one dared to smile. The young Masson boys showed an uncommon lot of self-control in not snickering, for it was all they could do to keep from exploding with laughter. Aunt Susie, of course, when it didn't look too obvious, took the dish to the kitchen to be replenished.

No one expected to see Old Uncle Louie again, but next morning he came into breakfast as if he were one of the family. After breakfast, instead of going on down the road, he went to the blacksmith shop, got some tools and began grubbing out brush and willows back of the shop, without any argument or conversation over it with any member of the family.

That went on all winter. He never talked; and they would not for the world tell the old guy to leave. But one day in spring he didn't show up. They investigated and found him and his bundle gone, never having told anybody goodbye. No one ever knew who he was, where he came from or where he went. But the ranch had another good spot for a vegetable garden and a place where squash was raised for the winter feeding of pigs.

One large patch of willows that Old Louie didn't grub out was the home and breeding grounds for the numerous pigs that the ranch maintained. They ran wild

there in the summertime and were at the mercy of the coyotes.

Once Uncle Life saw a couple of coyotes sneaking up on an old sow and her two piglets. The sow ran after one coyote and chased it out into the field; in the meantime, the other coyote that had been in hiding ran out and grabbed one of the little pigs and made off with it, proving just how cunning these creatures are.

The animals that were on the ranch gave as much pleasure to Pete and his brothers as anything else; one old boar, for instance. He was dangerous and gave trouble in numerous ways. But one day the score was evened. He got his nose stuck in a barnyard gate, his tusks sticking out. "I'll get you now," Uncle Life said. He got the nippers that were used for trimming horses' hooves and pulled out the boar's two tusks.

Then there was an ornery goat, too, that helped to make life interesting for the boys; especially when this goat would go up to Uncle John when he was milking a cow and knock him off the stool, spilling the milk.

Old Fred, a Hereford bull was a favorite. He was a gentle animal. With a ring in his nose, the boys could ride him as much as they liked. But there was one thing untidy about Old Fred; if he wanted to go through a gate and it was locked he would simply start pushing. The gate would crash and Old Fred would be on his way.

Ranch dogs would come and go on the place, but Old Nig stands out in Pete's memory. He was a common, scrub dog but wiser than most of them.

One day the young dogs on the ranch had a lot of pigs cornered and were barking and yelping at them, trying to rout them but getting nowhere. Old Nig heard the commotion, sized up the situation and in an instant had those pigs scattering for a safer place.

Tame pigeons nested in the barns and sheds; so that they wouldn't become too numerous the Masson boys were allowed to shoot some of them when they went up for Thanksgiving. Then Aunt Susie

would make pigeon pie. The boys would also help to set traps for quail, catching robins and other birds at the same time, naturally. Once Aunt Susie made a big quail pie. Uncle Life had to have his joke at every opportunity, so, in this quail pie he slipped a yellowhammer. Prepared like the quail, Aunt Susie hadn't noticed it. When the meal was over, Uncle Life said, "Well, I wonder who got the yellowhammer!"

Little things like that made the days joyful. Pete seems never to mention the pranks he and his brothers undoubtedly played on the Harris men. He says that Uncle Life would sometimes slip into Jim's room at night and tie his clothes into knots. I'm prone to think it was the other way around. However, he says that all one summer Uncle Life couldn't find Jim's overalls; Jim, before going to bed would pour the water out of the pitcher that stood on the wash-stand and stuff his overalls down inside of it.

Aunt Susie's dinner-hour routine rates comment. At noon, wearing her work apron, she would go out and ring the big dinner-bell to call the ranch hands to come and "wash up."

Then she would go back into the house, put the meal on the table, change into a clean white apron, get a little bell and go out and ring that one to tell the men to come in and eat. I, now, am the proud possessor of that little bell, albeit its clapper is only a common old bolt.

For one who grew up in the early 1900's, there are so many memories of things peculiar to those times. Like the great stacks of hay that were sold by measurement of the stack and not by weight, until scales were acquired later on. Farmers would saw the stacks in two with long hay saws, Pete says. And there were the Jackson forks to build the stacks. Besides haying, apples were raised for the market. There was a big apple warehouse at Gazelle owned by the Edson-Foulke Company. Straw would be put in the bottom of freight cars and tons of apples piled on top. It was said they were shipped to a vinegar factory.

When the Harrises sold anything—apples, vegetables or hay—they didn't take the money but would tell the buyer to send the check to a Harris creditor. If Wood & Sheldon of Sisson bought hay from the Harrises they were told to send the check, for instance, to McCormick, Saeltzer of Redding to be applied on the Harris account there. If there was a balance, it would be sent to the Harrises. Driving many miles to a bank was avoided in that way. The small sums they got from the teamsters who sometimes stopped for meals or lodging would, no doubt, get banked in an old sugar bowl on a top shelf.

These teamsters, hauling freight from Gazelle to Scott Valley were an endless source of amusement to the young lads. They were so natural and uninhibited. At the table they would scoop up a fried egg on a knife and "down the hatch" it would go, to be followed shortly by several more. Most of them had walrus mustaches, as did both the Harris men, and even a mustache cup couldn't keep the ends from getting into their coffee. So, with their fingers, they would press the dripping ends between their lips and suck out the excess liquid, a noisy procedure, it seems.

Pete remembers how strongly these teamsters smelt of the barns; but no one paid any attention to that; everyone was used to smells of all kinds on ranches.

Listening to the old miners who frequented the hospitable board of the Harrises was another pleasure. "I was right on \$40 ore when the thing faulted" was heard many an evening as they all sat at the table or in the parlor after supper. And they were always talking about the "foot wall" and the "hanging wall." That, if they had followed the foot wall two feet more they'd struck the vein again. They were always talking about how much ore they had blocked out,—\$100,000 worth. All the time, Pete now adds, the whole works was probably not worth \$5000. But in those days these men were

more or less heroes to the boys and all were experts and great optimists among themselves.

After supper and evening chores the family and hired help would sit in the parlor, around the fireplace if it were in the fall. There might be a teamster or two who would be spending the night. Perhaps a country schoolteacher would be living there. Aunt Susie would bring in a milkpan of apples. Everybody would eat apples and yarn. "We kids sat there with our mouths open, listening to the stories," Pete says. There wasn't much light in the room—nobody reading unless it was Uncle John later on. At a late hour the usual nightly scene took place just before bedtime: Aunt Susie and the ladies would take a lantern and wend their way "out back" past the woodpile, while the men and boys would go out the front door, line up along a hedge and gaze up at the stars while Uncle John, always full of dry wit, would hold a lamp at the door and say, "You fellows need a light out there?"

Such was ranch life in the 1900's. One more task and the day would be over: They would get a couple of handfuls of wheat that had been grown on the place, clean it thoroughly and then grind it in their red mill, ready to be cooked in the morning for their breakfast mush. In the morning, the family would be up for an early meal and then they would sit around, waiting until it was light enough to go to work.

The Harrises are all gone now but the memories never die. Pete and I often drive out in Shasta Valley. At Gazelle he will point to the place where the big warehouse stood. As we head west he says, "Mrs. Foulke had her bees on that hill." Then he recalls who used to live in the ranches that we pass. When we come to the old Harris ranch he says, "There was more doggone hospitality in that little log house than one could find in a whole block of city homes." And I add that they were what one calls "God's good people."

Siskiyou's Rebel Company . . .

by COLONEL J. MARIUS SCAMMELL

Editors' Note: This is the second of a series on Siskiyou County military units preceding the California National Guard. Colonel Scammell, long a student of history and research, compiled the material in 1952 and finished it shortly before his death in 1953.

The second company of California Volunteers raised in Siskiyou county in 1861 at first was a problem child to the Commanding General Department of the Pacific and the Governor of California. It was composed of independent men who knew what they wanted: They were raised as a cavalry company, and a cavalry company they would be. Yet they were not.

Charles McDermit had a hand in raising this company also. On September 4, 1861 he telegraphed to the Governor:

Yreka sep 4 1861

John G. Downey

Will you accept a second Company of Cavalry from siskiyou
answer Chas McDermit

Apparently the Governor accepted. Enrollment began on September 12th. A fortnight later the following telegram was sent:

John G. Downey. The second company of Siskiyou Cavalry under my command have reported to General Sumner according to order. The Regiment is full. What shall I do with my men. They refuse to muster with the Infantry.
Jos. Smith Capt

General E. V. Sumner was at that time in command of the Department of the Pacific. He telegraphed to Governor Downey: "The 2nd Cavalry is full. I will put the 2nd company from Siskiyou into the two batteries of Regular Artillery if the men would like it."

Apparently the Siskiyou men did not like it. They had enlisted as cavalry, and as cavalry they would go. The new company, 80 strong, left Yreka from the stage station at the Metropolitan Hotel and, at their own expense, travelled to report for duty. The stages left Yreka at 4 a. m.

on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The second company of Siskiyou Volunteers spent the night at Dog Creek (it was a two-day's trip to Red Bluff). At Red Bluff they took the river steamer to San Francisco and reported at Camp Alert for duty. Told that the cavalry quota was full, and that the company would be broken up and the men used as replacements to fill the ranks of companies which were under strength, "Old Joe" Smith's Siskiyou men said "No!"—and they meant No. They formed ranks and marched out of Camp Alert to take up their quarters in San Francisco. Of the 80 members, 60 decided to take the river steamer for Sacramento (at their own expense) and enlist in the Fifth Regiment Infantry then forming. They arrived in sufficient strength and in time to be designated the first company, Company A.

They got into a good regiment. Until November 8, 1861, it was commanded by Colonel John Kellogg, U. S. Army. He was succeeded by Colonel George W. Bowie, a veteran volunteer and a veteran California Militiaman. It is true that when in Southern California, the senior and more experienced First Regiment Infantry was ordered to help train the Fifth, and called them "militiamen"; but the even more experienced regular army officers in places of responsibility, rated the Fifth as an excellent regiment under a fine commander.

The "Yreka Semi-Weekly Journal" on June 14, 1862 recorded that Captain Joseph Smith's company was marching on Fort Buchanan in Southern Arizona. "Joe will give a good account of himself on the Texas border," said the "Journal." (It is curious to note that a half a century later the Fifth Regiment California National Guard was stationed near the site of the old Fort.) From Fort Barrett (named for the lieutenant who fell in action against Texas troops at Picacho Pass, Arizona) Captain Smith wrote to Robert Nixon, publisher of the "Yreka Journal" (then

on the corner of Main and Miner Streets, Yreka) that the temperature ranged from 110 to 117 degrees in the shade and from 130 to 150 degrees in the sun. The water in the river was too hot for bathing, and the wind was as from a baking oven.

Although it was too hot for drill or exercise, Major Coult (who was not well liked by the troops) ordered the men (including those of Company A) to build fortifications in a temperature of 115 degrees, after the commanding general, James H. Carleton, had condemned the work as useless. The soldiers petitioned to be allowed to work the same number of hours a day, but in the early morning in the evening. Major Coult refused. The fortifications were later condemned as useless. That the high spirited men of Siskiyou, who had defied military authority before, should have accepted these conditions, speaks well for their patriotism and discipline.

The Fifth Infantry, C. V. ultimately formed part of "The Column from California" that occupied Arizona, served in New Mexico (and a part of Texas), and which made prodigious marches over a desert country (sometimes 36, 40, or even 53 miles a day) with only one meal a day and a couple of hours of rest. The heat and dust were insupportable to all except hardy men. The "Yreka Semi-Weekly Journal" of October 29, 1862 proudly cited the "Chicago Times" that "those troops have set an example to our Northern soldiers which should not pass unheeded."

The "Journal" of New Year's Eve, 1862, published a letter from James V. Walters of Yreka sent from La Mesilla, New Mexico, on November 11: there were no Texans to fight. After behaving like Indians and demons, after mutilating Fort Fillmore and committing atrocities, the Secessionists had "skedaddled." Captain Smith, said Walters, was the best officer in the column from California, himself wrote to "Friend Nixon" (whom the "Trinity National" had called a "brainless Abolition scullion . . . now publisher of a scurrilous smut rag at Yreka . . . a cowardly abolition bound") that "Fort" Fillmore was inde-

fensible. On October 31 he wrote that it was a lonesome place; water was scarce and Apaches plentiful. The Indians made raids on moonlit nights to steal horses.

Private John V. Mead of Yreka also used to write to the "Journal." On March 15, 1863 he wrote from Pinos Altos, N. M., that "Old Joe" Smith, beloved by all, had been promoted to the rank of major. Company A, he said, as soon as paid, would give him a fine mount, complete with saddle and bridle. Mead wrote again, on July 11, from Fort Stanton, N. M. that Major Smith was one of the most popular officers in the Column from California. He was succeeded in command of Company A by Lieutenant Thomas P. Chapman, according to the "Yreka Journal." This does not agree with the official records: Chapman, mustered in as first lieutenant of Company A, Fifth Infantry, was promoted to captain of Company H (of Virginia City, Nevada, and San Francisco) on July 1, 1862. Captain Frink, from Company C (from Grass Valley and Marysville), succeeded Captain Smith. Tom Chapman wrote to his friend D. C. Stevens from Franklin (now El Paso), Texas on October 1, 1863, that he was in command of four companies there, "a good deal of honor for a rusty old miner of Siskiyou." Major Smith was then in command of Fort Stanton.

Major Smith wrote from La Mesilla on December 2, 1862 that Colonel John R. Baylor was reported advancing from Texas with 6,000 Texans. There were 1,500 California troops to bar his way, and 4-5,000 in New Mexico and 500 in Arizona as a reserve. The California volunteers and their commanders were spoiling for a fight. They were irked by garrison duties and Indian scouts; even the "high times fandangoing with Mexican girls" was not enough to offset their boredom, especially being unpaid, lacking tobacco, newspapers, and letters from home.

They seem to have become indifferent without active employment. Prisoners accused of secessionist sympathies escaped the guard. This caused a mutiny by Company K, First Infantry. Non-commissioned offi-

cers accused of negligence were imprisoned. Company K refused duty until they were released. The "Long Roll" of warning was beaten on the drums. Companies formed ranks at the double quick. Opposite the rebellious Company K, Company D, First Infantry (San Jose Volunteers) formed, with Company A, Fifth Infantry on its right. Corporal Charles Smith of San Francisco defiantly refused duty until the imprisoned soldiers were released. Two volleys were fired at him by Company D. Both missed. At the third volley Smith fell. Colonel Joseph R. West then urged Company K to obey orders. The mutiny was over.

Idleness and boredom led to other derelictions. Private W. W. Beman of Company A, Fifth Infantry, was convicted by a general court martial of stealing treasury notes and bonds of the Overland Mail Company from the Quartermaster. He was sentenced (according to the "Yreka Union" of May 18, 1864) to confinement at Fort Craig, N. M. for two years with loss of pay, except enough to pay his legitimate debts, and thirty lashes on the bare back. It was said that General James H. Carleton disapproved the latter part of the sentence. There is no record of this conviction: Private Beman was discharged at the expiration of his enlistment with no comment.

Major Joseph Smith wrote to "Friend Nixon" from Fort Stanton on August 5, 1863 that he had received no letters from his friends in Siskiyou county for six months. The Indians of New Mexico and Arizona, he said, had been very troublesome meanwhile, running off stock and killing many travellers. Private Justus B. Wagoner of Yreka and John Hinkley of Alleghany had been killed while carrying dispatches from Fort Stanton on June 21, about 75 miles north of the fort on their way to Santa Fé. Wagoner's family, he added, had been killed by Indians in the Rogue River War of 1854-55. By mid-August, said Major Smith, he would have four companies with which to take the field against the Apaches. In April of 1863 he had written from the Pinos Altos

mines, N. M., about 125 miles northwest of La Mesilla at the headwaters of the Gila River. Timber, gold, and Indians, he said, were plentiful, but water was scarce. Two hunting parties of Company A had been attacked by 50-60 Apaches. After an hour's fight, six Indians were killed and 15-20 wounded. Private William Hussey of Yreka was killed, and Sergeant Thomas Sittan of Scott River was wounded. Sergeant Sitton was cited for gallantry.

On July 6, 1864, Major Joseph Smith left Fort Goodwin, Arizona, with his old Company A, Fifth Infantry, now commanded by Captain Frink, Company D, First Infantry (San Jose Volunteers), and 15 men from Company C, First Cavalry (Sacramento and Folsom), to scout for Apaches on the Rio San Francisco. The column took a rough and rocky trail. Water was scarce. Of the mountains on the northeast side of the Rio San Francisco Major Smith said, "This is a terrible mountain to cross." The men and mules, he said, were very tired. On July 11 Apaches were met who agreed to go see the Great Captain (Brigadier General James H. Carleton, at Santa Fé); but the Apaches taking off in the wrong direction, Major Smith suspected treachery and ordered his command to open fire on them. The volunteers pursued the Apaches for two miles without bringing them to action.

"Mules nearly all barefooted," Major Smith reported, "and gave out on account of sore feet. Men's shoes worn out, and they very tired." The sharp and hot rocks had quickly cut to pieces not only the leather shoes of the soldiers, but the iron shoes of the mules. Nevertheless, the command went on.

Miners among the California troops did much to prospect Arizona's mineral wealth. At one time General Carleton asked for and received permission to furlough 25 per cent of his command for a month to prospect, work gold mines, and develop the country. This, he said, would make the men more contented to remain in the service. On another occasion, when he sent troops to guard the miners at a new

gold strike (where Prescott now is), he issued orders for the soldiers to mine also and to keep an accurate account of the amount of work done and the amount of gold recovered. Major Smith, from the Siskiyou mining region, kept a sharp eye on the country for indications of mineralization. The country on the Rio San Francisco and Rio Negrito, he said, was very rich in minerals: "Copper I know is abundant, and is as fine looking gold country as I ever saw, and I think that the mountains contain great quantities of silver." And so the march went on: "Day's march thirty miles. Men and mules very tired. Was fourteen hours making this march."

The time when the enlistments of the volunteers would expire was now approaching. By now Company A had lost four

members killed in action and died of wounds, and only one by desertion. Company A was mustered out on November 30, 1864 at La Mesilla, N. M. Those of the First and Fifth Infantry regiments who desired to remain in the service, or whose terms of service had not expired, were consolidated into the First Battalion Veteran Infantry, Colonel E. A. Rigg commanding with the rank of lieutenant colonel, and Joseph Smith second in command retaining his rank of major. Very few men of Company A, Fifth Infantry went into the battalion of veterans. Major Smith was mustered out on April 8, 1865.

The at first rebellious Siskiyouans in the end made good and subordinate soldiers and, at one time assisted in putting down a mutiny.

The Cowboy's Prayer . . .

Author unknown—composed in the 70's in New Mexico

Oh, Lord, I've never lived where
churches grew,
I loved creation better as it stood,
That day You finished it so long ago,
And looked upon your work and
called it good
I know that others find you in the light
That sifted down through tinted
window panes
And yet I seem to feel you near tonight
In this dim starlight on the plains.
I thank you, Lord, that I am placed so well
That You have made my freedom so
complete
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock
and bell
Or weak-eyed prisoner of wall or street
Just let me live my life as I've begun
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make me a pardner of the wind and sun
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.
Let me be easy on the man that's down

And make me square and generous with all
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm
in town
But never let them think I'm mean
or small
Make me as big and open as the plains
As honest as the horse between my knees.
Clean as the wind that blows behind
the rain
Free as the hawk that circles down
the breeze
Forgive me, Lord, when sometimes I forget
You understand the reason that is hid
You know about the things that gall
and fret
You know me better than my mother did
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said
Just right me sometimes when I turn aside
And guide me on the long dim trail ahead
That stretches upward toward the
Great Divide.

Barney Skank . . .

by W. D. MATHEWS, SR.

This story started about 1903.

Barney Skank was an Indian, coming to Scott Valley from the Somes Bar neighborhood.

Barney had some trouble with another Indian, supposedly one of the Pepper family.

The way Barney told it was that this Pepper, as we will call him, came after Barney with a hunting knife. Barney grabbed a heavy limb that happened to be handy and struck the other Indian across the forearm causing him to drop the knife. Then Barney grabbed the knife and began carving on Mr. Pepper and kept on cutting until he had severed Pepper's head, then threw the head over a fence into a pigpen. Pepper's family and clan at once went on a hunt for Barney's scalp. Barney took to the hills and established a camp in a hideout near the top of Medicine Mountain.

At the time this was taking place I had a cattle camp at Cuddihy Valley and Wm. Tickner camped there to be close to the range to attend the cattle. For one whole summer Barney would show up at this cattle camp along in the wee hours of the morning and trade deer meat for coffee, rice, potatoes and other groceries but never once would he give a hint as to where his hideout was. He would come make his trades and always leave in the opposite direction from where his camp was. He felt fairly safe in his camp for there was a belief among the Indians that Medicine Mountain was a sacred spot and that to trespass there was to subject one's self to the wrath of God. So they even to this day give the place a wide berth.

When winter came Barney had to hunt some place that was not quite so isolated, so he came to Scott Valley and as time went on the hunt by his enemies was not pursued with so much zeal. However Barney was ever on the lookout and practiced with his

revolver until he was as near perfect as any one could get. I have seen him many times walk along the roadway, then like a flash, draw his pistol, whirl and fire, and invariably hit a target in the center anywhere from twenty to forty feet distant without apparently taking any particular aim. Of course the enemies of Barney found out where Barney was located and from time to time sent killers out to get him. These emissaries invariably met with some tragic end. One in particular came and made friends with Barney and lived with him and his real friend Louie Thom. One night the cabin that had been occupied by the three burned and the member of the Pepper clan burned with the cabin. Barney and Louie were supposed to have been so drunk that they fell by the wayside and could not reach the cabin; and thus it went for several years. I have heard Barney say that they would never get him when he was sober but that some day when he was drunk they might.

Such evidently was the case. A white man came to the valley who associated more with the Indians than the whites. He cultivated Barney and was with him quite a lot.

Finally Barney was found shot twice in the head. These shots were from two different pistols. The supposition was that this so-called friend of Barney's plied Barney with liquor until he became careless and forgot his gun when the other did the shooting, as there was no doubt but what one of the shots was from Barney's own gun.

The story told by the killer was that they were shooting at a mark and that he beat Barney shooting, and that Barney became so enraged at being beat that he tried to shoot the man but that he beat Barney to the draw and killed him.

There being no witnesses other than the man himself the case was never tried. The man that killed Barney eventually wound up on the end of a rope as penalty for another murder.

One of our noble redmen had answered his last call and amongst much weeping and wailing in the wigwams great arrangements had been made for the funeral. Said funeral was to be conducted in accordance with the modern American customs, none of the old tribal doings were to prevail. A minister of the gospel was engaged to do the honors, flowers were very profuse and six of the most prominent members of the tribe were chosen as pallbearers. Among the latter was Jeff Meyers, chosen as a sort of leader.

It fell to Jeff to see that the other pallbearers conducted themselves with proper decorum; and to be able to perform his duties with dispatch, Jeff proceeded to steady his nerves and fortify himself against any timidity that might be manifest by taking on a few shots of liquor. Now Jeff was

not the drinking kind so the indulgence had just a little more than the desired effect. However, everything went according to schedule during the church services and when the congregation arrived at the graveside Jeff saw to it that the pallbearers were well back away from the grave so that the chief mourners had the proper stations.

The minister was standing at the foot of the grave and the chief mourners at the head. As the minister was performing the last sad rites, Jeff was busy keeping the overcurious ones away at a safe distance; and while doing so stubbed his toe on some of the dirt piled near, fell and went headlong into the grave atop the coffin. This distracted the minister who could not face the congregation for some moments but had to turn his back and have a hearty laugh.

Some of those present helped Jeff out of the grave and by this time the minister had reassumed his solemn demeanor and finished the ceremony in the usual manner.

Comical Happenings at Solemn Affairs . . .

by W. D. MATHEWS, SR.

Mr. F. J. Kunz was an early time wheelwright in Fort Jones, and after many years practicing his profession or trade he branched out as the city undertaker. In his time, an undertaker was not required to have any particular training; anyone could assume the duties and start at the job.

Mr. Kunz was the recognized undertaker in Fort Jones for many years and his son, Felix, followed in his father's footsteps, except that the son had gone to college and perfected himself in the profession. Shortly after the son took over the business, he was called away for a short time, and during his absence Colonel Benton, an old-time colored resident of the community, passed on and it fell to the elder Mr. Kunz to conduct the funeral. He was quite old at this time and felt unable to handle the

work of preparing the body, etc., so he delegated his assistant, a Mr. Keesling, to perform the work. Mr. Keesling, in turn, delegated a Mr. George Lowden to help. So the two of them—Keesling and Lowden—not being familiar with this sort of work wound up by putting the corpse in the coffin wrong end to.

At the funeral when the congregation was marching around to take a last view of the remains, there were the feet of the corpse in evidence and nothing more. The first person in the procession took one look and spoke out and said, "He is not here." At this statement the wife of the deceased fainted and there was a general commotion. The congregation was then dismissed until the corpse could be reversed and the ceremony concluded.

Scott Valley . . .

by MARY E. DYER

This is a saga of a beautiful valley
Concealed from the main highway,
Surrounded by natural walls
Of mountains, reaching up
To grasp the sunshine, or deepening clouds,
And wrap them around
Their shoulders, rugged and bare.

There's no pass here,
Except a road winding around a mountain.
Nature is kind here,
A few miles away, over the mountain,
She sweeps the country clean,
And mops up the moisture.
But here she lingers;
She loves the untouched pines,
The scented locusts, the silver leaf
The oak, the aspen, the cedars,
The chapparel, manzanita and wild grape.

She caresses the mountain lily,
The proudest flower of them all,
And the tiny grass flower, violets, lupines,
Daisies, snow flowers, wild berries.
The mountains pierce her clouds,
And receive the rain and snow.

Old storm Canyon, black-browed,
Grumbles and roars in winter,
But bears up under his burden
Of scores of drifts, packed hard.
And in the spring becomes gentle,
Letting clean, pure water run
From his grasp to the Valley,
Where men are waiting for it
To raise their summer crops.

Occasionally the summer thunder showers,
Refresh and cleanse the air,
Giving new stimulus to man and Nature,
An appreciated gift from God,
Unexpected and sudden.
A splendid display of lightning
Is watched both for its beauty
And lest it do damage
To the heavy forests still growing

Toward the sky and sun,
Which have nurtured them from saplings.

And in the late summer,
Although now much moisture is gone,
Still like beauty spots, alluring
Green patches linger, contrasting
The faded tan and brown,
Of a fulfilled and finished crop,
Letting the hills rest now,
And seed themselves for the next spring.

The altitude makes the mountain air
Spicy and tingling, like wine;
Never allowing hot days
To become humid, or distressful.
The sun sinks gently behind the saddle
In the Western range;
A breeze arises and cools the land
Where man and animal now rest.

One stops on the Divide
And views range after range of mountains
Some always snow-covered
The Valley nestles here like a jewel
Of jade, making a vari-colored picture.

In winter the fog at times
Floats silently in, taking possession
Of the Valley, covering it softly.
And silencing outward noise and confusion.
But it is generous with the Divide,
And leaves its head, bared to the sun,
Glistening with snow and frosty trees.
You can stop there and look
On a sea of fog, with island mountain tops
Peeping arrogantly above it,
Silvered and rose tinted above,
But darkly mysterious below.

We ride down refreshed—
Consoled and rested by the knowledge
That though the Valley is enveloped with
fog,
The sun is directing his strength
With a breeze assisting him,

And with golden fingers, parts of the fog,
Lazily but firmly saying "Go."
Children frolic again
On the eager grass, reaching up
To grasp each shining ray.

Nature is kind to the Valley,
Never very violent, with not too much
Wind, flood nor fire here,
Treated beneficently,
Like a well loved last frontier,
Guarding her mountain secrets well.

There are miners seldom seen
Away from the mountain fastnesses,
Digging for a small fortune,
And seldom mingling with others.
Their life is lonely-wild, yet calling
Them urgently.

Not resisting the lure
They live their lives in seclusion,
Engrossed with the interest that always
Has caused man to look for gold,
Even to the end of the rainbow.

At night, in summer or winter,
The coyotes weirdly address the moon;
And band together, marauders
Not welcomed by the ranchers,
Yet with a peculiar, haunting call
As if moonlight enticed them
To sing their wild and eerie songs.
A panther occasionally screams,
His life a coveted forfeit.

But people dwell in peace
And Security here.
And Nature stands serene and unchanging,
Knowing, for her, the first plan was best,
Away from too much that is man-made.



Charles Strother, C. J. Luttrell, W. J. Neilon, L. F. Coburn, Judge Beard (on Bench), J. F. Farragher,
Frank Pollard and Reporter Woodberry.

Story of a Siskiyou Argonaut . . .

by ERNEST KIDDER

(Editor's Note: We resume the printing of the Kidder Diary. The last installment appeared in the Siskiyou Pioneer, 1958)

PART X

We had wind all the time and our progress was very slow, and, when the fellows began to recover from their sea sickness, their fighting mood was on again. They had the captain rise and explain why it was that we were so shamefully used, to which the captain replied that he knew nothing more about the matter than any of the rest of the party. He had been employed by the California Transportation to sail their bark, the Chester. He had never been aboard her before and probably never would be again after that trip and he did not see how they could hold him responsible for what other people had done. He said that no doubt our fare was bad, but that it was something that he was in no way accountable for, and added that they had furnished his table but little better than ours.

This kind of talk was all very well, they said, and in most part they were ready to admit that the captain was not responsible for their trouble. But they felt as though they would like to punish someone for the insult that had been perpetrated upon them, and those that had taken first-class tickets were anything but satisfied. They would get together on deck and talk the matter over, and some of them had been down of the ship. They declared that there was no lumber aboard nor scarcely anything else that they were to be furnished with. They were satisfied that it was the worst kind of swindle and began to lay plans whereby they could get even with the transportation company, which they admitted would be hard to do. They concluded that their best plan would be to wait until we arrived at port and then strip the old vessel of everything that would be salable, sell the things

off at auction and divide the proceeds pro rata and let the matter rest for the time.

They were very insolent to the captain and other officers and gave them no end of trouble. Some would go into the hold whenever they chose to do so, in spite of the protestations of the captain or other officer on duty, and would ransack everything in search of something to eat. One day they discovered a case of wine which was supposed to be for the officers' especial use. This they dragged forth from its hiding place and someone ran and told the captain what was going on. This brought that worthy to the scene on the double quick and, shouting at the top of his voice, he commanded them to return that case of wine where they found it. This command they only laughed to scorn, saying that he should have the empty bottles when they got through with them.

So up came the case of wine in spite of protestations on the part of the captain. Soon it was on tap and all hands were helping themselves. Of course there was not enough to go around and there was a large number who would have nothing to do with the wine. But those who drank were the most indecent and unmanageable set of human beings ever congregated on shipboard, and it has always been a great wonder to me that none were killed in that disgraceful drunk. Curiously enough, all came through with nothing more serious than a few black eyes, some half dozen broken noses, some split lips and three or four broken shins, all of which kind nature soon restored.

When we had been out about three days the trouble makers began to ask the captain when he would land us at Trinidad, to which he replied that it would be as soon as we arrived at that port.

"Well, old smarty, when will you arrive there?" one asked.

After a heated argument and after having been insulted, the captain threatened to turn back to San Francisco and have a lot of them tried for mutiny. At this suggestion one of the big fellows colared the captain and dared him to attempt to turn back and ordered him to sail to Trinidad if he could, saying that if he didn't want to be put in irons he would do well to make no more threats of that kind. His only reply was that he had brought over many a shipload of raw Irish immigrants, but that they were gentlemen compared to these d-d Missourians, which was loudly applauded.

A short time after this, in my hearing, Uncle Joseph asked the captain a civil question and was answered very civilly. The captain said he had noticed that my uncle had taken no part in any of the disgraceful proceedings against the ship's crew that had been daily enacted since we sailed from San Francisco. My uncle replied that he had not nor did he intend to do so, for he could not see that he, as captain of that vessel, should be held responsible for what someone else had done before we had sailed.

That afternoon was pleasant and nearly all hands were on deck enjoying the sunshine and watching a couple of whales that were in sight. The motion of the ship held the watchers spellbound and although our surroundings were not as pleasant as we could wish for, most of us seemed to think we might be in a worse place. When the bell rang for supper we went below feeling better than we had at any time since we had set sail. All seemed to take hold of the stale hardtack or sea biscuits, rusty pork and watery potatoes with a relish not before witnessed on that trip.

After supper a conversation, of a different character from anything heretofore listened to on that very disagreeable trip, sprang up. Someone ventured the remark that this abuse of the captain was getting worn threadbare and that he, for one, was of the opinion that those who had been in that kind of pastime would do well to let

up and not interfere with the duties of the officers and crew. This remark brought a half a dozen of the disturbers to their feet in a twinkling, and big Andy Anderson, who stood 6 feet 4 inches and who was a leading spirit, said: "I reckon you don't like the way we're doing business."

The first speaker replied that he did not like the manner in which the captain and other officers were being treated by a few who had been cheated by the California Transportation Company and who were not intelligent enough to understand that the officers of the vessel were in no way connected with the company, except as hired servants for this trip. He further said that he believed that he voiced the sentiment of at least two-thirds of the passengers.

For a wonder, big Andy, by the entreaties of those who stood near him, had stood still and heard the gentleman through. It was noticeable that his words had set others thinking, if not Andy. Of course, the remarks must be replied to, but Andy did not get his usual applause and it was plain to be seen that he was losing prestige. The few who stuck to Andy soon withdrew to their quarters and turned in for the night. It was feared by some that there would be a renewal of the debate, if such it could be called, when the morning came.

But that night the wind veered into the northeast and by noon it was raining quite hard. Toward night the wind veered again into the northwest and the storm broke with terrific force that night. We could hear the hoarse commands of the captain ordering the sailors aloft to furl sail below. The catches were battened down and every now and then a great sea would go over the deck. Still the commands of the captain could be heard and I think that from that moment, no matter what had been their previous opinion of the master of the vessel, they began to respect him. And well they might, for our lives all depended on his skill to bring us out in safety.

This terrible night finally passed, the morning dawned and it was found that the gale had subsided to a great extent, al-

though we were not yet permitted to go on deck. There were few of us who cared to go on deck, as almost all had been terribly sick and had spent one of the most miserable nights that could be imagined. No, indeed. We would not have sat down to the queen's table, no matter how cordial the invitation.

Toward noon the hatch covers were lifted and we began to file out into the open air, greatly relieved. We found that the wind had lulled down to almost a dead calm, although the sea was yet very rough. Before night the sails became limp as dish-rags and we realized what it was to be becalmed. Nothing of a serious nature had happened, except that one of the six mules that had been quartered on deck had succumbed to the storm and lay there dead, and the others seemed as much dead as alive. However, a sailor offered them a little hay and they ate a little. One fellow said he could realize how it was with them. He believed they were seasick or had been, just the same as the rest of us. The deck hands were then ordered to throw the dead mule overboard.

Men were then sent below to renovate our dining room and sleeping places. They were renovated, but such a renovation! Excuse me, please, and I will make no further attempt at an explanation, but the reader will be allowed to take for granted that it was bad. A number of the passengers entreated the captain to get ashore somewhere and let them off and they would sign a clear receipt in full for his performance of the contract, which convulsed that dignitary with laughter. He seemed to think as the baseball players say, that it was his inning, and from that time until we arrived at Trinidad there was no more trouble between the captain and the passengers. That night about sundown we sighted Trinidad. We could not make port that night and the captain promised that we would drop anchor in the morning.

But alas for vain hope and human expectations, for that night a stiff breeze sprang up which took us far out to sea again, and in the morning we were eagerly

looking for that port, but it had vanished from our view and so had all trace of land. As far as any of us could tell except the captain and one or two others who were mariners, we were as near the Sandwich islands or Vancouver island as we were to Trinidad. A more discouraged multitude of wayfarers are seldom met with than were the passengers on the old bark on that, to me, memorable morning. We had already been tossing about seemingly at the mercy of the sea, ten long and wearisome days and nights with unfit quarters and unpalatable food, and all hands were getting lousy as beggars.

What wonder that discouragement, if not despair, should be depicted on every countenance, for now the ship's crew was getting as heartily sick of the business as the passengers. We began to fear that some terrible disease might break out and play sad havoc among us. Taking it all and all, our situation was anything but inviting, but when the captain was interviewed next morning, that worthy assured us that there was little occasion for uneasiness, as the old ship was all in good trim and we would soon be back in sight of Trinidad.

He promised that the next time we got in sight we would go into port, and stated that but for the lateness of the hour and his ignorance of the harbor he would have risked it the first time. Since then he had taken observations and thought he would sail in all right the next time. This talk of the captain's seemed to reassure many of the discouraged ones and they said that, after all, they presumed we were doing as well as could be reasonably expected, and there was no reason to expect a ship's crew to accomplish impossibilities. The matter settled, we were again headed for Trinidad.

We seemed to be making some headway for the shore until night, when the breeze freshened up from land and we had another bad night of it and were again blown to sea. The storm seemed nearly as rough as any we had witnessed, although I think it was not quite so furious as the first one. Now we were used to the sea and its pranks and seemed to get along with it with less

ado than before. Few, if any, of the passengers cared to question the captain with regard to the business and, as a rule, seemed willing to trust themselves entirely to the captain and those with him, thinking that they would be equal to that task after a while.

So nearly all hands seemed to resign themselves to the condition of things, with the exception of Andy Anderson and a few of his immediate followers, who never ceased to be as insulting as they dared be. As they were such a hopeless minority their slanderous railings against the skipper, as they always spoke of the captain, just came to be mere mutterings and no one paid any attention to them.

With the seamen applying themselves to their tasks and the weather clearing with a favorable wind, we were soon making good headway again for Trinidad, and it was noticeable that the captain's countenance was brightening. When we caught a glimpse of that worthy we all began to take courage and it soon became commented on. We all believed we would soon be in port, for, as one observed, the old Chester was doing the best sailing she had done since we came aboard. That day the captain came in and said that he would show us Trinidad, and was true to his promise.

In the first place the outline of the coast was very dim, but with every minute it was becoming more distinct and finally

was perfectly visible to the naked eye. A number of field glasses, the captain's with the rest, were used in eagerly scanning the coast line to see if Trinidad could be discovered.

"There she is," said the captain, but none other had caught sight of the long sought and desired point.

"You see that point of land that makes out into the sea?" he asked.

"Yes," said a chorus of voices.

"Well, can't you see some houses right in close by the point?"

"Sure," replied one and soon all who had glasses could see the place.

And now the old Chester behaved well, heading for the harbor, passing the entrance and dropping anchor at 2:30 o'clock on our fifteenth day from San Francisco, as bedraggled and yet as truly thankful a crew as ever emerged from the deck of a vessel.

EXCERPTS FROM A SISKIYOU COUNTY NEWSPAPER OF 50 YEARS AGO

—by R. J. Nixon

A. Bar and wife of Fort Jones have gone to San Francisco to purchase fall merchandise. Bar has promised his son Jonas a velocipede, and not only Jonas, but his young friends, are awaiting anxiously the arrival of the wonderful machine.

To Our Forefathers--The Pioneers . . .

by MARGARET WALLACE

This wonderful land of the North,
This wonderful land that we love.
It nestles so close to the mountains
It seems touched by His hand from above.

Do we ever pause to remember
The toil and the sorrows that bought
This land from a tangled wilderness
The miracle, the pioneers wrought?

Some names are so dear, our own
loved ones.

They brought with their ox teams, the plow
That has made of our Valley, a paradise
We take so for granted, the now.

Please let us pause, just a moment
In our busy life, and all say
A prayer for the pioneer fathers
That gave us what we have today.

The Wind in the Wires . . .

by BRUCE CATTON

A hundred years or so ago there was a western Indian brave who came upon a line of telegraph poles out on the windy plains of Wyoming. The empty plains he knew about, because they had been his from the beginning, but this line of telegraph poles was something new. The poles came striding out of the east and went off to the dim unknown beyond the land where the sun goes down, trailing shining wires from tip to tip, and these wires gave off a strange humming sound which a man could hear if he stood by one of the poles and put his ear up against the weathered wood.

Strong medicine, this, obviously, and there was no way to tell just what it meant. All that was happening was that the wind was touching something that would make its voice heard . . . and yet at the same time the east was talking to the far west and nothing in all the Indian's world was ever going to be the same again.

The Indian had had warnings, of course. He knew that implacable people with strange devices and incomprehensible habits of thought were coming into his land, determined to possess it, and he knew how to react to this. But the word that lay over their advent—the word that went humming along the wires, drawing its voice out of the very wind that kept his campfires alive—this was something he could not understand.

The future was talking to him but what it said was beyond his comprehension. Nothing that he knew about the world gave him a clue. His own history was an unrecorded drift of old tales spun out of the misty past, and it was completely static. When he heard the voice of the future, he could do no more than listen in bewilderment, and when the future arrived, he could only fight against it—blindly and without hope of success.

History is the past speaking to the present. It tells about the future too, in

a strange but effective way, for the inevitable changes that lie ahead always grow out of the things men have been doing and saying and thinking in the years before. If we do not understand the past, we cannot understand the future either; we may hear strange sounds in the air, but the language will be unfamiliar and we will look in vain for an interpreter.

We need an interpreter very much today, for the wind in the wires brings some ominous sounds—echoes of a mighty bomb, stirrings and outcries from faraway people bent upon change, the noise of new inventions that are changing man's relation to his physical environment, punctuated by the shouts of leaders who insist that hereafter everything is going to be different. It seems at times that the foundation of the great deep are breaking up.

But there is a clear voice for us to listen to: the voice of our own past. This voice, the voice of our history, is simply the record of what our own people did and were and tried to be down through the years of unending change. If it does nothing more, it at least presents men with the fascinating story of their eternal kinship with one another, and the historian who records it demonstrates over and over how today grows out of yesterday and conditions the shape of tomorrow.

Out of all this there comes understanding—and confidence. For it becomes clear that the best that we have done—and some of it has been very good indeed—was made possible by the hope and the courage and the undying tenacity of the people themselves.

It shows, too, that the people are not helpless pawns at the mercy of great historic trends and forces; the trends and the forces grow out of the people themselves, reflecting their successes and their failures, their dreams and their valiant struggle to clothe those dreams with enduring flesh.

Reprint from "California Historian," Dec., 1959

Our Greatest Flood . . .

(From "The Scott Valley News" of February 8, 1890)

Our report of last week closed with hopeful signs and hopeful words. There was hope in the almost rainless south wind which promised a slow and steady melting of the snow with only an ordinary rise of water in the streams. But the wind which began on Saturday morning continued far into the day.

Sunday came, and with it rain, which increased as the day advanced. Near night-fall, just as Moffett Creek threaded its way through the snow to join the torrent already rushing down the mountainside through Sterling street, the rain increased in volume. The stream grew larger as the day waned into night and the vigil of the people living on the west side of Main street began. It was a night of anxious watching.

On Monday morning the water began to encroach upon the buildings which stood well back toward the stream; it came between the houses and the farther buildings. Near noon snow covered the water like giant fleeces of wool; the torrent rolled as if some pent-up reservoir had been loosed, and the water rose perceptively in a moment. Two o'clock came and the men who had stood at the fore since the early morning, passed the word along the line for people on the west side to leave their homes. Wagons, sleds, sleighs and such vehicles as could be used for the purpose were employed until darkness came on, in getting the household goods to places of safety. Spare rooms were thrown open without reserve for storage.

Down town, along Newton and Carlock streets, people were moving their effects to vacant houses on higher ground. Half a dozen shots were fired for help during the day across the rushing torrent, at the Davidson farm, where the dwelling was surrounded by water, a new channel having been cut on the west side by the immense

overflow. Swift help reached the family and they were taken to a place of safety. Up town, on the flats the situation was not more encouraging, families moving out as the water advanced, or going into their upper apartments.

Tuesday came with scarcely any abatement in the volume of water, and the stream, trending strongly toward the eastern bank, now threatened to undermine buildings all along the stream which had withstood the first great shock. But the slight decrease in volume gave reasonable grounds for hope that all danger would soon be over; still all were anxious as to the ultimate result as the night closed down upon the scene.

Wednesday brought new alarm. The channel of the stream was shifting stronger toward the east which meant nothing short of destruction of much valuable property. Men went in force to fell and haul trees into the stream above in order to turn the current to the westward. By noon little had been accomplished in this direction, but the receding of the water gave reason to hope for comparative safety, especially in view of the cessation of rain which in the early hours of morning had threatened to continue all day; but fortunately it did not. The afternoon proved rainless and the force of men on the dam succeeded in partly changing the course of the current. Night came on cold and clear and with it hope of a rapid recession of the waters.

Thursday morning dawned upon a scene of destruction wrought by the flood. Fences had been swept from land now laid bare by the rapidly receding streams, and people were able to begin to estimate their losses; Mines had been flooded; homes in the country had been abandoned temporarily; bridges had been swept away from across the streams. In the Fort, families who had fled to higher ground began to return to

their homes and by night nearly all were again tolerably comfortably settled, most of them, it is true, in a sort of temporary way—but at home. Anxiety felt by our people for people on the island was allayed by reports that all were safe.

As we close our report on Friday, it is yet early to attempt a detailed statement of losses. Barns, buildings and fences on the west side of town from Isaac Hamilton's to Chinatown were more or less damaged, much fencing being swept away. T. C. Jones' barn is poised between the creek and *terra firma*. All along Scott River, for some distance from its banks, fences have been swept away and buildings damaged. The Ohio House bridge across the river, the slough bridge and the Goodale bridge are gone, and the new bridge at the mouth of Scott River is reported gone. Fort Jones bridge still stands, but in what condition, it is yet uncertain. Main street at its intersection with Sterling is cut away nearly one half by a mountain stream. Nearly or quite all the bridges across Shasta river except the railroad bridge are gone, but with the facilities for reaching town from the outlying flooding districts, a report of exactly the condition of affairs cannot be given as we go to press. County and individual losses by snow and flood are variously estimated at from \$75,000 to \$100,000 in this valley and immediate environs.

To attempt to mention individuals who labored ceaselessly during Monday to save property might do injustice to some, when every able bodied man in Fort Jones did his full share from early morning till late at night. Too much praise cannot be bestowed for the work done that day.

As we go to press at 3 P.M. Friday, the weather is fair but still seems unsettled, though there is no apparent danger of repetition of this week's flood.

The above article taken from a newspaper which belonged to my grandparents calls to mind a story I have heard my father, the late Ed Jordan, tell.

It seems there were a few homes along the creek on Newton Street in those days

where some Chinese families lived. When the men went to the aid of the families to move them from their homes due to rising water, they found in one home a Chinese lady standing on a table top bailing water from one side and pouring it out on the other to try to relieve the flood situation.

—JRENE NELSON

From newspaper clipping from Lucie Walker's scrapbook. 1920

Charles C. Harris, son of John Harris of Etna returned this week from a hunting trip at the head of Grider Creek where he had killed two fine bucks. As he stood admiring one of the deer he had just brought down, something attracted his attention and on stooping down to look he discovered an old whiskey bottle tightly sealed and containing—nothing but a piece of paper. Notwithstanding his disappointment he opened the bottle and carefully extracting the paper, he found it to be the wrapping from a package of gum, the blank side contained the following legend, "Notice—Sept. 20, 1890. Killed 10 deer and 2 bear. (signed) Scott Howard, Joe Smith and Jacob Dangle."

Conversation with Mr. Howard of the Clarendon Hotel, who was one of the party, brought out the recollection of the trip, the members thereof, the bottle, its contents, the signing of the declaration of the kill, and the consigning of it to the interior of the then useless container. It is certainly an interesting reminder of the early days and establishes the fact that Siskiyou County always had plenty of game.

From Yreka Union, June 3, 1865

Last Monday A.M. the schoolhouse near Hardscrabble on McAdams Creek was entirely destroyed by fire. The fire was accidental and originated from the stove in which the lady having charge of the school had built a fire in the morning.

While endeavoring to save the window sash Henry Thurber was severely cut in the head.

Ballad of Bread and War Paint . . .

by MARY BOND WAGNER

Mrs. Wagner wrote this an an incident related in the Historical Society Bulletin, an incident in the life of Grandma Eddy.

Mrs. Wagner was born in Yreka. The poem below received the Louise Crittendon Medal in 1958 for "Best Ballad on American Theme." Mrs. Wagner has obtained permission to have it reprinted from "American Weave."

Turn the dial of time to the eighteen-fifties,
Fall of the year, a sun-washed day.
Through crystal air, the top of Mt. Shasta
Seems only steps away.

The young mother's eyes sweep over
the clearing
As she stands, babe in arms, in the
cabin door;

Then she places the infant to bathe in
the sunshine
Spilled on the puncheon floor.

His father, she tells him, is out in
the yonder—
Her man whom the west will one day bless.
He is dauntless as hope—a fearless
young Titan
Rifting a wilderness.

From the wide-throated fireplace
where hard oak logs
Have burned to a glowing bank of red,
Opening taste-buds with its appeal,
Floats incense of baking bread!

Eleven o'clock by the wag on the wall!
The bread on the hearth is done to a turn!
She pushes the square Dutch oven away
From the heat with tender concern.

Of a sudden the little one ceases his cooing;
She rises, a golden loaf in her hand.
Over her babe in the open doorway,
War-painted Indians stand.

Furtive eyes in stolid faces
Tell nothing of why they are here;
But a thought as vivid as flashing lightning
Stanches her surging fear.

She breaks the crusty loaf apart,
Then slowly, calmly—voicing no sound—
She eats a piece of bread herself
And passes it around.

She and the Indians share the loaf,
Then she goes to the fireplace and
brings them the others.
When they finish their bread, they
slip away;
If them came as foes, they go as brothers.

Twelve o'clock by the wag on the wall!
Her man holds her close as she tells
him again
That, under their war-paint, those savages
Were only hungry men.

—MARY BOYD WAGNER

Reprint from AMERICAN WEAVE

FIRE AT BURTON AND DE NURE MINE

Last week word reached here that the boarding house used for the accommodation of the Burton and De Nure miners in Quartz Valley was burned to the ground.

The building and contents were a complete loss amounting to over a thousand dollars and no insurance.

From *Yreka Union*, June 3, 1865

Remy & Co. of Mugginsville cleaned up \$3,000 on Saturday, only five weeks run. Who says the mines are played out?

—by Irene Nelson

Society Activities



OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN — 1959

President MR. J. M. WHITE

Vice-President MR. FLOYD MERRILL

Recording Secretary MRS. HAZEL ROHRER

Corresponding Secretary-Treasurer MR. HAROLD TUTTLE
and MRS. PAT FRENCH

Librarian MRS. IRMA COOLEY

Board of Directors Mr. Joe Allen, Mrs. Brenda Gamble, Mr. Keneth G. Young,
Mrs. Irene Nelson, Mr. Fred Meamber Jr., Mrs. Hazel Rohrer,
Mr. Brice Rohrer, Mrs. Josephine Kinney, Mrs. Isabel Schrader

Standing Committee Chairmen:

Pioneer Biographies..... Helen M. Foulke	Publications Mr. Lauran Paine
Publicity Betty Dow	Membership Karl V. Denny
Cemeteries Frank Herzog	Radio Charles O'Donnell
Clippings Hazel Pollock	

Southern Siskiyou Heirlooms Group Donna Brooks, President
Kay Scott, Vice-President
Mrs. George Schrader, Secretary

Museum Staff Mrs. Hazel Pollock, Curator, April to December
Mr. Frank Herzog, Curator, January to April
Mrs. Pat French, Asst. Curator, July to December

Any correspondence directed to the Siskiyou County Historical Society, 910 South Main Street, Yreka, California will be forwarded by the Secretary to the proper Society officer.



FLOYD MERRILL
Vice President



MRS. PAT FRENCH
Secretary-Treasurer



J. M. WHITE
President



MRS. HAZEL POLLOCK
Curator—April-December



FRANK HERZOG
Curator—January-April

The President's Ovation . . .

Serving as your president brought strongly to my mind the good work of past and present members and staff.

Have reviewed the history of the establishment of the museum as authorized by the Siskiyou County board of supervision.

Also reviewed the general history of the society charged with carrying out the mandate of the board of supervision, including review of all publications and minutes of various meetings.

I now pay tribute to all those fine helpful folks who gave of their time, talent and study in working for the well being of the society.

I, especially also have in mind the work of those who had to do with the writing and getting together articles for the year-book. This took time and real attentive work. This comment on my part is only a mark, but by no means a measure of my

thoughts of appreciation and I feel also, that of all members.

The museum building serves the purpose of housing and exhibition of items, pictures and so forth which set forth the general history of the past. In part many items have to do with the working tools of those good people who first came to our land from afar. The contrast with their tools to work with as compared with those of today reflect the power of good hard work on the part of ancestors.

There is no measure of one's thoughts as to the history of those wonderful hard working folks. Instead one must, with due reverence, reflect and demonstrate by taking an interest in the history of events of the past. This means that the Siskiyou County Historical Society membership and staff have a responsibility, also for all time due respect and helpful historical interest should apply on the part of future generations.

by J. M. WHITE, President

Curator's Report . . .

We are indeed grateful to our many friends who have contributed such outstanding gifts and loans to our Museum this past year. Space does not permit me to list all of them, but some of the most outstanding are as follows:

A beautiful harp brought to Siskiyou County in the early 1860's. A twelve foot pair of skis used in Mount Shasta for many years. The wedding dress and suit of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Barton, and many other lovely old time dresses. A hand made rocking chair brought over the Oregon Trail in 1853, which served as a cradle for Mrs. A. M. Johnson, mother of Mrs. Grace Balfrey. A framed picture of Frederick and Anna Yank Holzhauser, who crossed the plains by ox-cart over the

by HAZEL POLLOCK

Oregon Trail in 1854. A beautifully written diary, "A Journey up the Valley of the Sacramento into the Gold Regions of Northern California" by George Washington Metlar. A large framed picture of Elish DeWitt. A hand made wooden larhe built in 1898 by Peter Mullin, owner of the Pony Mine. We also received many beautiful dresses, hats, dolls, toys, Indian baskets and trinkets for our Country Store.

Outstanding among the many loans, was a carved wooden statue of a Madonna that came from Portugal in a sailing vessel, then to Siskiyou County in a covered wagon in 1877. Mrs. Grace Balfrey's wedding dress and several of her lovely dresses from Paris. An old time Hose Cart loaned to us, and placed in our Wagon Shed by the

Yreka Fire Department. Two lovely quilts, one a Star of Lebanon quilt over one hundred years old, made by a relative of Mrs. Karl Denny, the other, a silk patch work quilt embroidered in many beautiful designs and stitches, made by Caroline Wetzel in 1886.

A large doll with a beautiful china head and kid body, over 100 years old which belonged to the Mother of Ethel and B. F. Ackerman.

Arranged especially for the school children is an Indian display in the basement of the Museum. An Indian maiden dressed in an authentic Karoc tribe costume, is surrounded by many Siskiyou County Indian baskets and artifacts. On July 22-24 the Siskiyou Art Association held an outdoor Art Festival at the Museum. The object of this festival was to give the members an opportunity to display some of their paintings and to show

their own method of painting or drawing while tourists and local people watched.

In December a Christmas tree was decorated in the custom of Christmas long ago, paper chains, pop corn, (some sixty years old) candles and ornaments all of which were over sixty-five years old graced our tree. Displayed beneath the tree were wax and china dolls from fifty to a hundred years old, dressed in clothing of a century ago. There were also other toys beneath the tree that had been painstakingly fashioned for boys of yesteryear. Helping to trim the tree was a life-size mannikin, dressed in a cream brocaded satin dress, a Paris fashion of a century ago.

Over eight thousand people visited the Museum in 1959, including exchange students from foreign countries, Boy Scout and Cub Scout troops, Girl Scouts and many school classes for whom conducted tours were arranged.

Membership Report . . .

by KARL V. DENNY, Chairman

The Siskiyou County Historical Society continues to have the largest membership of any county historical society in the state of California.

This is due to the splendid cooperation of our Corresponding Secretaries, and the many new members our chairman, Mr. Karl Denny, obtains.

The following is a list of membership by towns as of December, 1959:

Yreka	275
Weed	30
Dunsmuir	32
McCloud	25
Fort Jones	47
Happy Camp	42
Etna	72
Mount Shasta	40
Edgewood	9
Little Shasta and Montague	52
Grenada	18

Butte Valley	17
Other Parts of the County	69
Out of County	358

Total 1086

Treasurer's Report

AS OF DECEMBER 31, 1959

General Fund	\$2,711.88
Publications	1,242.85
Yreka Heirlooms	25.41
Museum	93.10
Sawyer's Bar Church	50.31
Memorial Fund	276.10
Food Fund	41.10
Map Fund	228.87

Total \$4,670.26



THESE GIRLS MODELED OLD TIME WEDDING CLOTHES

Left to right: Melinda Meamber, Donna Meamber, Valinda Hornberger, Karen Taylor.

Historical Meetings of 1959 . . .

by HAZEL M. ROHRER, Recording Secretary

The first meeting of 1959 was held January 10th and the new president, Mr. J. M. White, was present and introduced the vice president, Mr. Floyd Merrill, and the recording secretary, Mrs. Brice Rohrer. Mr. White was speaker for the day. He gave an informal talk on logging and lumbering operations in Siskiyou County.

Mr. Harold Leal and Mr. Don Edgett, members of the Siskiyou Color Photo Club, presented slides and commentary entitled, "Yreka Today and Yesterday."

February. Mr. Floyd Merrill was the speaker for this meeting. His talk was on interesting sidelights of the Fred Skeen murder which occurred in Butte Valley in 1923. Mr. Roy Taber, who was with Sheriff Calkins at that time, was present and spoke briefly about his part in the case.

The program for the March gathering was arranged by Mr. Fred Meamber, Jr.

The speaker was Mr. W. H. Hutchinson, of Chico, author and lecturer, and a recognized authority on western Americana. His topic was "Scalp Hunters of Early Days and Stephen Meek's Career."

At this meeting it was voted unanimously that the Society publish only one book during the year.

April. Mr. White introduced Mr. Robert Schultz of Yreka, who presented colored movies of hydraulic mining in Siskiyou. He showed two different types of hydraulic mining in operation, also pictures of old mines in various parts of the county.

Mr. Harvey Gilman of Weed presented the program for May. In 1956 he had toured Europe and had many wonderful movies to show to the Society.

On June 13th Mr. McLeod spoke on "In-

fluences of Climate in the Historical Settlement of Klamath Basin."

Donna and Melinda Meamber, Karen Taylor and Valinda Hornberger were on hand to model the wedding and second day dresses of Mrs. H. J. Barton and the wedding suit and hat of Mr. H. J. Barton. Mr. Frank Herzog sang a few old time songs for the group.

The first meeting after a July-August vacation was on September 12th. The program was given by Mr. Roy Rabenstein, summer ranger at the Lava Beds National Monument Park. His topic was "Reminiscences of my Assignment in Russia."

At the October 12th meeting, Mr. Tom Bigelow spoke on "My Boyhood in Sawyer's Bar." Coffee and cupcakes in keeping with the Halloween spirit were served to the gathering.

Mrs. Ella Soulé was the speaker for the November meeting. She gave a delightful talk on "Women in the Last One Hundred Years." Her talk contained memories of her own concerning people who had lived in and around Yreka, as well as excerpts from many historical books.

The December meeting was arranged by Mrs. Hazel Pollock. "Christmas Memory Lane" consisted of talks and letters read by some of the older members



about their special Christmas. Mrs. Orlo Steele lead the singing of Christmas carols, with Mrs. Alice McNames at the piano. Coffee and cookies made from the recipe in Wood's cook book from the museum collection were served to a gathering around an old fashioned Christmas tree.

1959 REPORT ON

Pioneer Biographies and Member Records

by HELEN M. FOULKE, Chairman

We close December 31, 1959 with 555 pioneer biographies and 547 member records. As usual only the names received during the past year are being listed as the former year books contain all names previous. As before missing dates are indicated by () and pioneers still living by _____. Any information on missing dates will be appreciated. The purpose of these records as stated before in all the year-books is:

1. To be able to locate persons who have knowledge of places and events which

are being studied.

2. To help identify descendants of pioneers families.

3. To be able to contact relatives and associates of participants in historic events in Siskiyou County.

4. To obtain clues for location of historic places and to follow the movements of historic parties in this way assisting with the placing of historic markers.

5. To establish a permanent authentic record for posterity.

The loan or gift of any early pioneers,

parties, or places, which can be used for articles or stories in the "Siskiyou Pioneer" will be greatly appreciated. We especially need pictures of early Siskiyou County camps and towns.

Your corresponding secretaries for 1960 are: Yreka—Mrs. Minnie Soulé, Mrs. Ruth Morton, Mrs. Ora McGregor, Mrs. Jennie Mathews, Miss Jessie Coonrod, Mrs. Grace Micke, Mrs. Helen Crebbin; Montague—Mrs. Anna S. Dryer, Mrs. Mary Lemos, Mrs. Alta Coatney, Hazel Rohrer; Grenada—Mrs. Frieda Broderick; Fort Jones—Mrs. Irene Nelson; Etna—Mrs. Lottie Ball, Mr. Karl Denny; Sawyers Bar—Mrs. Betty Lavelle, Mrs. Nellie George; Happy Camp—Mrs. Alice Duna-

way; Dorris—Mrs. Leona Thackara Andrus; Dunsmuir—Mrs. Marcelle Masson; Horse Creek—Mrs. Chester Barton; Hornbrook—Mrs. Jennie Clawson; Copco—Mrs. Robert Wilson; Weed—Mrs. Jean Reentz; McCloud—Mr. Gerald Wetzel.

These corresponding secretaries will help you in making out your biographies and all have supplies of blanks and membership cards for your convenience. All records and information is confidential and filled out records should be sent immediately to Mrs. Helen Foulke, 813 French street, Yreka, California, chairman of pioneer biographies and member records for the files of the Siskiyou County Historical Society.

PIONEER BIOGRAPHIES—1959

Arbuckle, Clara Murray Chapman—(X)
Chapman, William B.—(X)
Fry, Mary Campbell McCloud—()1874
Loosley, Elizabeth Margaret Butler—1884—
Marx, Alice Caroline Chapman—1885—
Marx, George Samuel—1879-1955
Marx, Sarah Frances Davis—()1916
Masson, Richard George—1889-1931

McCloud, George G.—1863-1921
McNames, Calvin C.—1870-1940
McNames, Clara Dell Hammond—1876-1957
Rohrer, John Baptiste—1830-1886
Williams, Evan Enoch—1845-1929
Williams, Mary Jane Crooker—1850-1941
Young, Katherine Lutz—1857-1918

MEMBER RECORDS—1959

Arnold, Frieda Marie
Baumgartner, Chester A.
Bray, Walter Henry
Burton, Kenneth E.
Chase, Don Marquis
Clawson, Jennie Bray
Coatney, Alta Clarina Rowe
Correa, Antone Charman
Crebbin, Helen Rohrer
Iten, Judy Ann
Iten, Velma Mae
Kraft, Rose Merle Bray
Landrum, Ruby Miller

Loosley, Elizabeth Margaret
Marx, Martin John
Massa, Lucille Huberty
McIntosh, Robert Bruce
McNames, Arthur
Newsom, Donald Rutherford
Roberts, Viola M.
Robinson, Georgia Marx
Sullaway, Edward
Suter, Frank J.
Wetzel, Gerald Francis
Williams, Clara Hazel Bullock

Clipping Committee Report . . .

by HAZEL N. POLLOCK

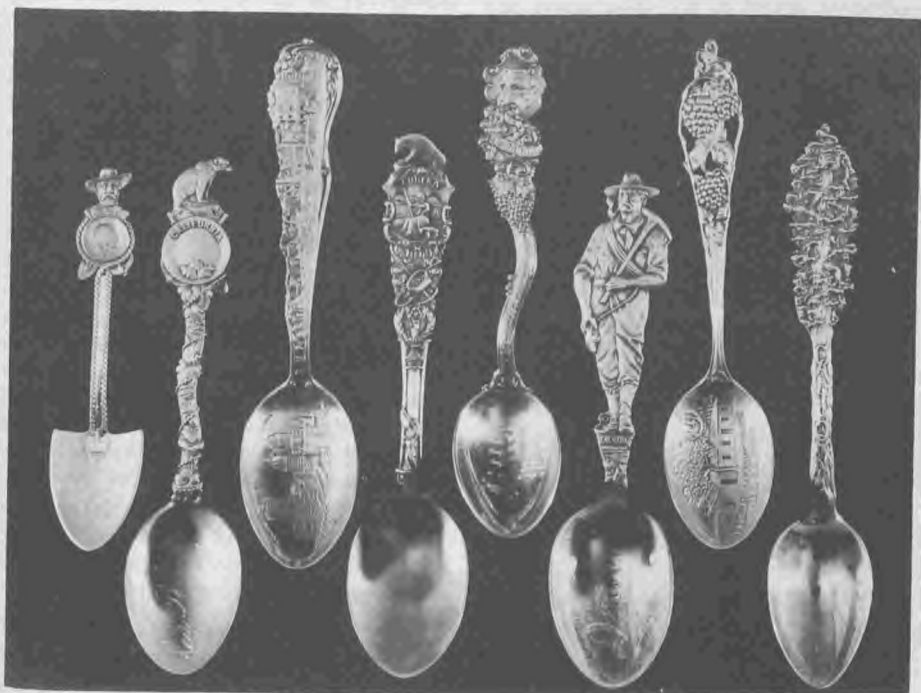
Our two historical scrap books, one containing articles on the activities of the Siskiyou County Historical Society, the other, historical items of County and State, have been referred to many times in the past year by students, visitors and members of our Society.

The California Orgeon Power Company saves the County papers for us, and Mr.

Shasta Herald very kindly mails us a copy of his paper each week. To each of these doners we extend our thanks.

These scrap books with their valuable source of information are in the Siskiyou County Museum, and are available to anyone for reference or reading.

Orbell O. Apperson, Jr. of the Mount



—Photo by Shasta View Studio

CALIFORNIA SPOONS FROM THE COLLECTION OF MRS. GEORGE R. SCHRADER

Souvenir Spoons of California . . .

by ISABEL G. SCHRADER

Since its organization in 1949, the "Know Your Heirlooms Group" has studied widely varied classes of antiques in order that its members may recognize and appreciate their family treasures. As a result of this study, many have become enthusiastic collectors. Mrs. George Schrader, who has been a member of the group since its beginning has made a collection of spoons that is among the best in the country. The following is taken from an article on California spoons which ap-

peared in the March 1960 issue of "Hobbies" magazine.

Despite the fact that California history goes back little more than a century, romantic and picturesque spots and the events associated with them, have been commemorated on so many different spoons that one could form a sizable collection of California spoons alone. We are struck not only by the great number of commemoratives but by the fine workmanship

and material, and the beauty of the designers.

The picturesque figure of the Forty-niner, his donkey, and his primitive tools and equipment appeal to the imagination and form the designs on a large number of California spoons. The missions, the vineyards of the early padres, and grizzly bear, which is the symbol on the state flag and is a part of the design of the shield of the state, are themes which appear in endless variations.

In the small selections of spoons shown, numbers 1, 2, 4 and 5 are variations of the miner theme, while number 6 shows the full figure of a miner with a nugget in his hand. "Real Stuff," says the inscription.

The third spoon commemorates the San Francisco fire. The profile of the city after the fire forms the handle, and in the bowl are the Chronicle, Mutual Savings and Call buildings left standing by the fire. On the back of the spoon is a background of bellowing smoke and the words, "Great San Francisco Fire, April 18, 1906."

Number 7, with openwork grape handle, shows in the bowl a low building under a spreading tree, with the inscription "Ramona's Marriage Place, near San Diego," and in a tiny circle, "Ramona's Wedding Bells." This brings to mind Helen Hunt Jackson's touching story of the Mission

Indians who were driven from their villages when their land was granted to American settlers from the North. The building has been restored and is an attraction to visitors as much for the romantic story as for its historical associations.

The last spoon, a very simple modern one, has for its handle a complete redwood tree, with "California" lettered down the trunk. There are many other modern ones, some as beautiful and full of detail as the older ones. A quaint enameled spoon (made in Italy) shows in the bowl a San Francisco cable car, the Bay Bridge, and the buildings of Chinatown. The handle is surmounted by a bear rampart in full relief.

One recently acquired is a very elaborate demi-tasse with grapes and leaves on the handle. The bowl has a fine relief representation of the mountain, and is marked, "Mt. Shasta, 14,444 feet." This was the accepted elevation established by the Whitney survey in 1862.

It was 1904 before the true height was determined by the U. S. Geodetic Survey to be 14,162 feet, so the spoon probably dates from the '90's or earlier.

The spoons described are only a few of the many, old and new, that can be found. The variety is endless, but all are invested with historical association and some are real works of art.

REPORT OF Southern Siskiyou Heirlooms Group . . .

by BARBARA STANLEY

The following were the elected officers for 1959. President Donna Brooks; Vice President Kay Scott; Secretary Isabel Schrader; Treasurer Alice Pipes; Librarian Katie Roush.

Most of the meetings were held in the home of Katie Roush in Mt. Shasta. Our membership has steadily increased and the programs have been interesting and varied.

The January meeting is the years program planning meeting. Members also

brought heirlooms to be identified and admired.

The February program was presented by Donna Brooks, who showed Valentines from the Hallmark collection. Mrs. Brooks traced the development of the custom of sending love tokens through the flowery Victorian period to the present.

The March program was presented by Myrtie K. Davis on old glass candy containers, most of us remember those from

our childhood, such as the Toonerville Trolley or pistol which held little colored candies.

The April meeting was held at Isabel Schrader's home with the hostess giving the program on Dolphins. Mrs. Schrader discussed how dolphins and other sea creatures were used on candlesticks, vases and spoons from her wonderful collection.

In May the group met at Nopels Antique Shop in Dunsmuir. Mrs. Nopel discussed the restoration and refinishing of old furniture and showed examples of her own work, in this line. Following Mrs. Nopel's talk the group went to the home of Barbara Stanley in North Dunsmuir where the business portion of the meeting was held.

Kay Scott presented the June program entitled "Heirlooms of the Future." She showed modern glass and pottery of such fine workmanship that they would surely be cherished many years hence. Many wooden and cast iron household articles that will give way to plastic were shown as future heirlooms.

Katie Roush hosted the July meeting and presented the program on cut glass. Her very fine collection of both old and new patterns served as illustrations.

Ruby Scharf entertained the group at

the August meeting. She told of her very interesting trip to the graduation ceremonies at West Point, where her grandson Philip Huntington received his commission. Mrs. Henrietta Williams of Montague, who is a collector of Baxter Prints, told about these exquisite and rare prints.

In September the group met at the Georgina Lathrop home in Yreka. The viewing of the Lathrop's spacious home which was originally the carriage house and hayloft of the old Gillis home, showed the utilization of grill work and mahogany paneling that had once been in an old bank, also the rejuvenation of antique furniture was greatly appreciated by the group.

Flossie Kohn and her daughter Donna Brooks entertained at the October meeting. Officers were elected for the following year. Press representatives were present for pictures and to interview the president elect on the group's activities. Members supplied the program by showing their interesting heirlooms.

We have had a year of entertaining and informative programs. We have had a year of sharing our mutual interests and hobbies with our neighbors. We have had a very successful year.

What Is Most Important? . . .

A Message from DR. FRANK M. STANGER
President of California Historical Societies

There are many worthwhile activities that historical societies may engage in—marking historic sites, preserving historic buildings, old-timers' meetings, show-and-tell parties, dinners, lectures, even collecting "jokes that date you." But there are two activities which, as basic and continuing projects for at least the larger societies, should rate first priority. These are (1) a publishing program and (2) a museum.

To say this is, of course, to express an opinion, but I doubt if any will disagree

if we recognize while saying it that there are special situations in which something else demands first attention, such for example as efforts to save a building that is about to be destroyed.

Publishing is important because it gets the history of our community into print, and thus preserves it. A published periodical also builds morale in a society and gives readers an interest in the past, and these things are not to be minimized. But the major fact is that memories die and documents get lost and destroyed, but if

a story is printed and widely distributed, some copies are sure to be preserved.

A museum is important for similar reasons. It is like pictures illustrating a book—a visual aid to understanding the past. It is commonplace now in California to see wreckers smashing landmarks of a previous generation; we cringe at the sight of something familiar and full of nostalgic memories being "killed," but then we shrug and say, "Oh well, we can't save everything," and try to forget it.

Precisely because we can't save everything, we need museums. In a historical museum the "things"—the utensils and

adornments of the past—can be so displayed as to reconstruct the old ways of life, and tell those who do not remember, what our grandparents valued and considered beautiful. Thus the museum takes the place of the buildings we cannot save, and often does a better job of explaining the past than the buildings could do.

Our convention in June of this year will specialize on museum problems and we hope all of our societies over the state will plan to be represented there by as many members as can possibly come.

Reprint from "California Historian," March, 1960

Conference of California Historical Societies

by HELEN M. FOULKE, Vice-Pres. District Two
Conference of California Historical Societies

The Fifth Annual Conference of California Historical Societies was held in San Mateo at the Villa Hotel June 25-26-27, 1959, with San Mateo County Historical Association and region 7 of Conference of California Historical Societies as hosts. The first session was a directors' meeting on Thursday evening with President Clyde Arbuckle presiding—a very heavy agenda—all members reporting their various districts. Outstanding was Santa Barbara with Mr. Gledhill reporting a bequest from a Miss Burkhal of \$250,000.00 to \$350,000.00 according to what the Santa Barbara society would use it for. Also another bequest of \$790.00 to map the Santa Barbara coast.

Lake County had a fund raising campaign during 1957-58, from various affairs, dinners and subscriptions and raised some \$50,000.00.

Mariposa County gives a reward of a society membership for the best essay on California history by boys and girls.

All societies were urged to keep publications regular size... use no slick paper... use off-set when possible.

Current local officers to keep the conference of California historical societies

secretary, Dr. R. Coke Wood, informed of their officers. Also local societies report their planned programs to Dr. Wood as mention of same will be in the confederate news letter.

Much time was taken with the revision of the by-laws.

Friday Morning—President Clyde Arbuckle presided. The first panel was on "public relations for historical societies thru the media of books, newspapers, magazines, radio and T.V.," with Miss Irene Simpson, director of Wells Fargo History Room in San Francisco, as moderator.

John S. Warriner, Fearon Publishers, San Francisco, spoke on "problems and pleasures of publishing history." Ralph Kreiser, editorial writer for the "Bakersfield Californian" made a good talk on "how to get along with your newspaper"—invite the newspapers to become members—try to have the editor, the president of the society and the publicity reporter on the staff.

George Pfeiffer, 3rd, of Lane Publishing Co. (Sunset Magazine) at Menlo Park, spoke on "Western regional publishing and western history."

All stressed accuracy of items and papers to be published.

Mr. Pfeiffer said to send information re your museum (and be specific) to "Sunset Magazine" in care of Martin Litton, of the travel department—bring local history down to the 3rd and 4th grade level.

Stuart Choate, public relations representative of San Mateo, spoke on "radio, the untapped medium for historical publicity," and Gordon F. Waldear, writer-producer of "Bonanza"—station KRON-TV—of San Francisco, "a viedo view of yesterday" with colored slides.

We adjourned for luncheon with Dr. Aubrey Neasham, state historian of California, presiding. Our speaker was Donald C. Biggs, director of the California Historical Society of San Francisco, spoke on "preserving the materials of history." A very fine and informative talk.

The Butterfields Overland Mail Awards were made by the "awards committee." All awards were historical books.

The p. m. meeting 2-3:30—panel No. 2—"modern methods of recording and reproducing"—the moderator L. Burr Beldon, of San Bernardino. At 3:30 we left for a tour of Sunset Magazine and gardens at Menlo Park—a very beautiful and educational tour.

At 7:30 p. m. some 200 members and guests met for the annual banquet with President Clyde Arbuckle presiding, and Dr. Robert Burns, president of the College of the Pacific, the speaker. A very good talk on "California, vanguard of the pacific," and much about Russia.

Saturday a. m.—panel No. 3—"Art in California" with Dr. Ruth Mahood, curator of history of the Los Angeles County museum, as moderator.

Dr. Kurt Baer, of U. C. at Santa Barbara, showed colored pictures and spoke on "Art and Architecture of the California Missions." Excellent as was Herbert J. Dengler, of Menlo Park, on "Old Prints and Paintings and How to Preserve Them."

After a coffee break—panel No. 4—"Archaeology in California History" with Harold Schutt as moderator. Francis Riddell, California Division of Beaches and

Parks, and curator of the state Indian museum at Sacramento, spoke on "Digging up the past in California," and Richard C. Bailey, director of the Kern County museum at Bakersfield, on "Adventures of Local Historical Exploration." A very good talk and many laughs.

After lunch the annual business meeting with President Arbuckle presiding—the agenda—announcement of places for the 1960 Pony Express Centennial by Senator Swift Barry of Sacramento and Colonel Waddell Smith, president of the National Pony Express Centennial Association.

Reports of districts—selection of 1960 meeting place—Bakersfield.

Election of officers—President emeritus, Dr. Rockwell D. Hunt; President, Dr. Frank Stanger; Vice-president, L. Burr Beldon; Executive Secretary, Dr. R. Coke Wood; Treasurer, Miss Ivy Loeber; Director of Publications, Harold G. Schutt; past-President, Clyde Arbuckle. Dr. Clarence McIntosh of Chico as Vice-President of district No. 2 to replace Mrs. Helen Foulke who resigned. Due to illness, our beloved Dr. Rockwell Hunt was unable to attend and give the closing remarks.

AN INDIAN STORY . . .

The County Supervisors, some years ago, had some new steel cells put in the county jail over in Modoc County. The contractor who installed the work asked my cousin Joe Walker to come out and inspect the work when it was finished. This Joe did.

It so happened that one of the cells already had an occupant when Joe arrived with the contractor. One drunken Injun, on whom the local Indian pastor was already calling at the moment.

Starting in a low tone of voice and increasing in volume until at the finish, he was yelling, the pastor was saying:

"Brown Dorris, you bad Injun; Brown Dorris, you drunk whiskey; Brown Dorris, you get drunk; Brown Dorris, you beat your Mahaha; Brown Dorris, you raise Hell; Brown Dorris, you aint love your Jesus, you Son of a XXXXX.

—by Ira Walker

In Memoriam, 1959

ACKERMAN, MISS IRENE	December 31	Yreka, California
BALIS, MRS. LILLIAN M.	December 15	Yreka, California
COWAN, ANNA W.	February 14	Yreka, California
DENNY, PAUL	June	Etna, California
FARQUHARSON, MRS. ADDA	September 20	Montague, California
HOXIE, GEORGE W.	October 21	Redding, California
JOHNSON, BERTHA A.	January	Etna, California
LONGCOR, JASPER W.		Portland, Oregon
PARRKEY, ARTHUR D.	March	Callahan, California
PIANKA, EMIL	September	Yreka, California
REICHMAN, GUS A.	December 23	Fort Jones, California
MINAKER, EMMA J.	August 7	San Jose, California
MITCHELL, HARRY W.	May 22	Yreka, California
NEEP, FRANK		Graton, California
SHELLEY, IRMA D.	January 3	Gazelle, California
STANLEY, HAZEL	August	Dunsmuir, California
TAYLOR, BELLE MURRAY	April	Yreka, California
TERWILLIGER, M. A.	September 14	San Francisco, California
WAIBEL, JOHN E.	October	Oakland, California
WESTERBERG, AUGUSTA	June 6	Yreka, California
VISCONTE, GLADYS	March 26	Redding, California

Eighth Annual Symposium . . .

Kenneth McLeod, Program Chairman for the Eighth Annual Symposium of Historical Societies of Northern California and Southern Oregon, and the Klamath County Historical Society, deserve a big bouquet of orchids for the very successful and interesting meeting which was held at Klamath Falls on October 2-4.

The opening session on Friday afternoon was more than the usual registration and greetings of delegates. Members of the Klamath Historical Society had brought in a large collection of historical pictures and relics that were appropriately displayed around the auditorium of the Willard Hotel, headquarters for the Symposium. This display introduced the theme of the meeting, which was "Man in the Klamath Highland Region."

Excellent illustrated slide lectures and well-documented papers were presented on Friday evening and Saturday morning. Some of the pleasant events were the Indian dances by the Lefty Wildeagle

group, a tour of the local museums, and a tour of the Lava Beds National Monument with a box lunch near Captain Jack's Stronghold. As the Symposium was a part of the Oregon Centennial, there was good representation and participation from Oregon groups. Those attending from Yreka were, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Meamber, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Foulke, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene French, Mrs. Hazel Pollock and Mrs. Mary Lemos.

The Conference was well represented with President Stanger; Executive-Secretary Coke Wood; and Vice-Presidents Mrs. Lee James, Dr. Clarence McIntosh, and Glenn Price. Twenty local historical societies had representatives present and over seventy-five attended the Saturday night banquet.

The Sacramento County Historical Society's invitation to the Symposium to meet there in 1960 was accepted but no time and specific place has yet been determined for the meeting.



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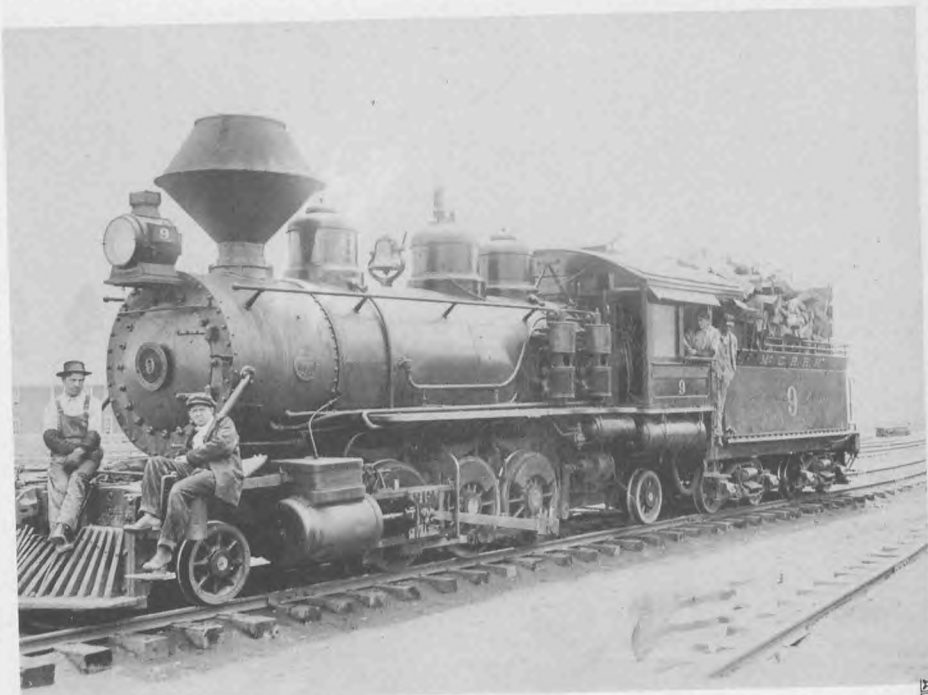
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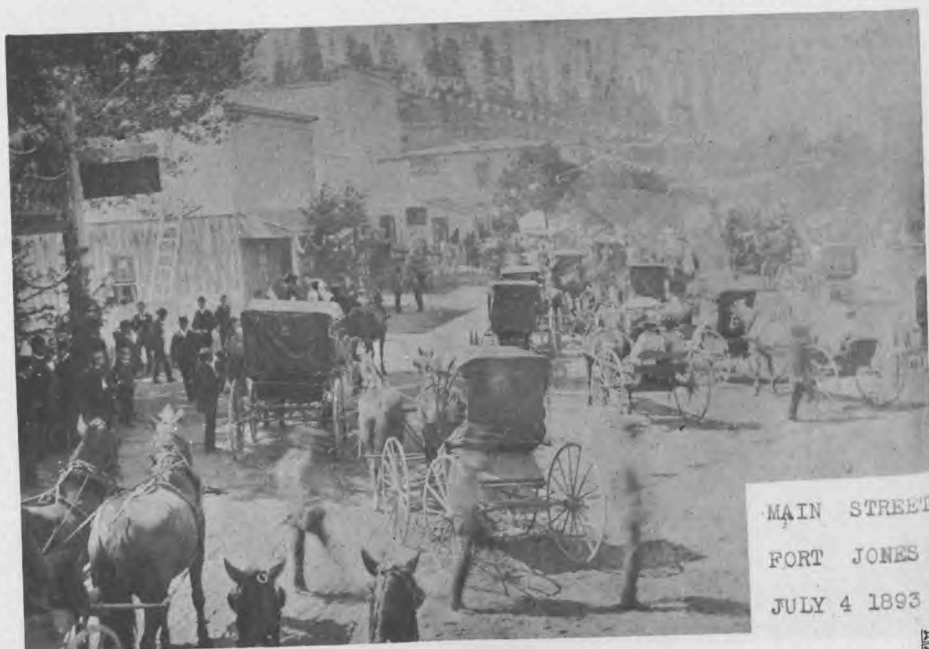
Western Hotel, Fort Jones, celebrating the Columbian Exposition, 1893.

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Street scene, Fort Jones, California, early 1900's.

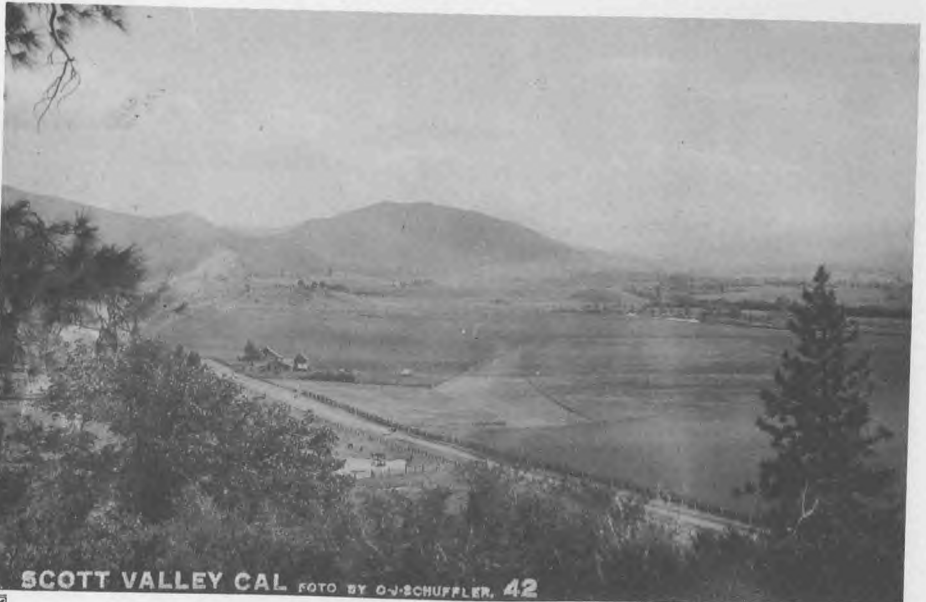
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L. H. Dewey in his jewelry store, 1891.

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