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# The Siskiyou Pioneer

IN FOLKLORE, FACT AND FICTION



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AND YEARBOOK -- 1960

Siskiyou County Historical Society

Volume Three

The Big Springs Edition

Number Four

P-17 2146

This monument was built by the school children under the supervision of their teacher, Maybelle Stallcup, 1939. At the present time there are 52 pupils in all. Pictured here are some direct descendants of the early families mentioned in this book.

BACK ROW, left to right—Eddie Louie, Maureen Solus, and Barbara Machado.

FRONT ROW, left to right—Bob Louie, Dick Louie, Richard Solus, John Machado, and Michael Machado.



# BIG SPRINGS Property Of Sacramento Regional F.H.C COMMUNITY CLUB



The building of this Community Hall started in 1953. All sorts of money-making projects have been held in order to raise funds. They paid off a \$3000 mortgage in three years and an additional \$4000 was raised. Most of the labor was donated, as well as some of the materials used. The value of this building at the present time is \$18,000. In 1951 when the Community Club was organized, the officers were: Kenneth Waters, Pres.; Tony Machado, Vice-Pres.; Ellis Louie, Treas.; Mary Clark, Sec'y.; Elsie Nelson, Henry Silva, and Alida Hogan, Board of Directors.

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BACK ROW, left to right— Ole Dollarhide, Curly Layton, Carl Terwilliger, Tom Kouts, Lloyd Churchill, Benny Crossman, Al Trivelpiece, Bill Pickens, unknown. MIDDLE ROW— Swift (?), Sketchy Favors, Jack Martin, Amos Evans, unknown, Garf Terwilliger, George Coatney, Bill Coatney, Will Trivelpiece, unknown, unknown, Ernest Smith, Roy Trivelpiece, Ed Smith, Walter Simon, Lawrence Crawford, Frank Roberts, Jr. FRONT ROW— J. Gilpin, Walter Wanada, unknown, Bert Shed, unknown, Fred (Speck) Coatney, unknown, Pickens (?), Walton (?). BETWEEN FRONT AND SECOND ROWS— Brownie Crossman, unknown, Frank Roberts, Sr., unknown, Bill Simpson. The going common wage at that time was \$1.75 for ten hours' work. Certain key men— Churchill, Simon, Wanada, Trivelpiece— received \$2.50 for ten hours' work. (How times have changed!)

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STREET SCENE, MONTAGUE — 1900 — courtesy Fred Deter  
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American Laundry plant as seen today. Joe Friedman (inset picture taken 1938) founded this business in 1927. — courtesy American Laundry & Nugget Printing

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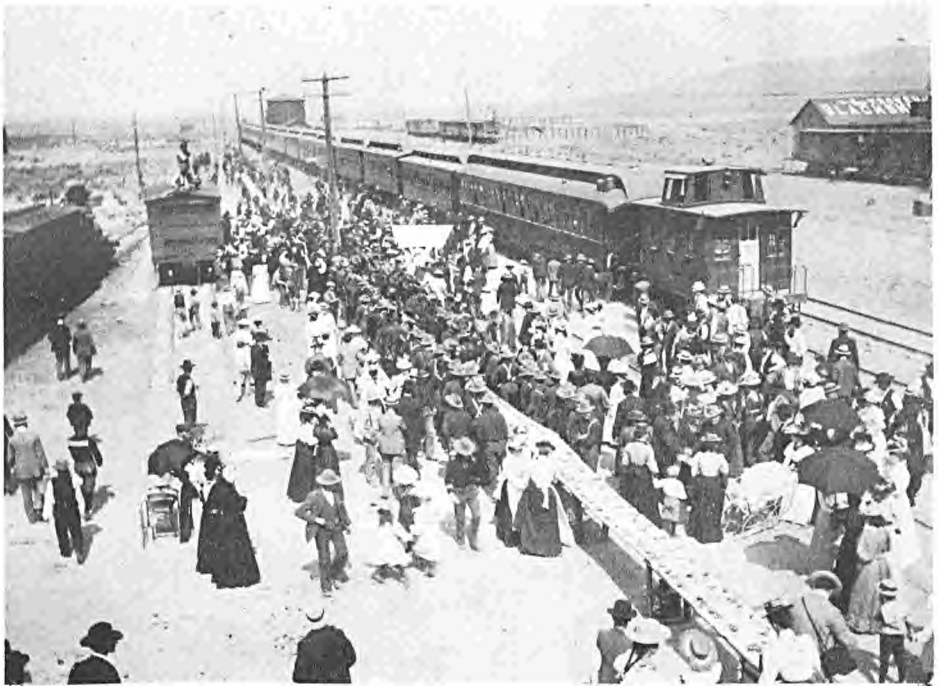
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At right of picture is George Bowen's blacksmith shop and at the left, the Yreka Railroad.

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## GIRDNER FUNERAL CHAPEL

202 SOUTH OREGON STREET  
YREKA, CALIFORNIA



— courtesy Pollock collection

**SHEEP ROCK, TAKEN FROM MILLER MOUNTAIN**

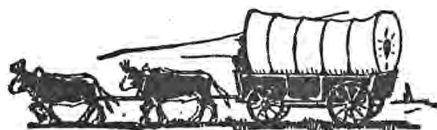
Yreka branch of the Applegate Trail going toward Barnum Cabin from Grass Lake at left.

**RANDOLPH COLLIER**

**STATE SENATOR**

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#### THE BARNUM CABIN

This cabin was built about 1875 by Eli Barnum on the Yreka branch of the Applegate Trail, that went by Sheep Rock. One corner is built over a spring of water to keep the room cold. Note mud-chinked walls.

— courtesy Elta Phelps

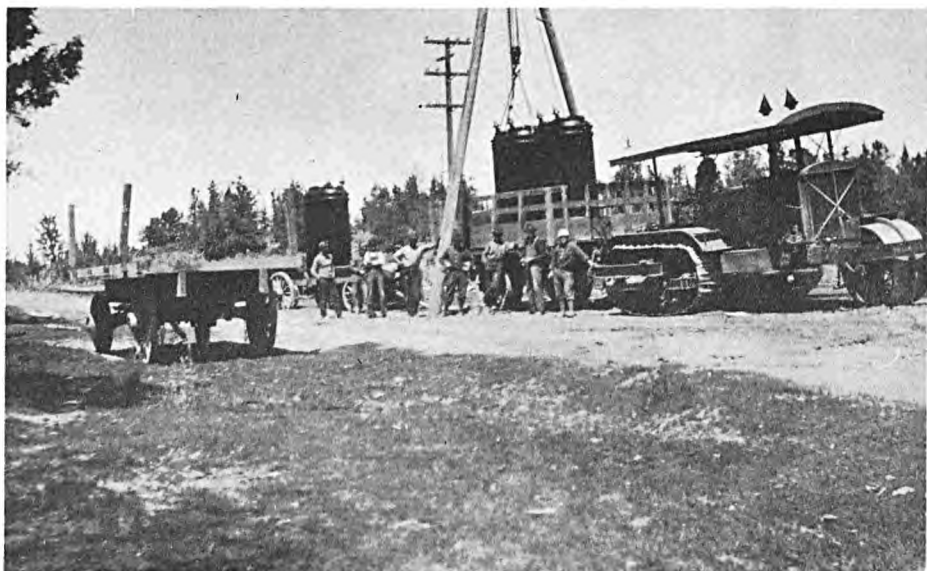
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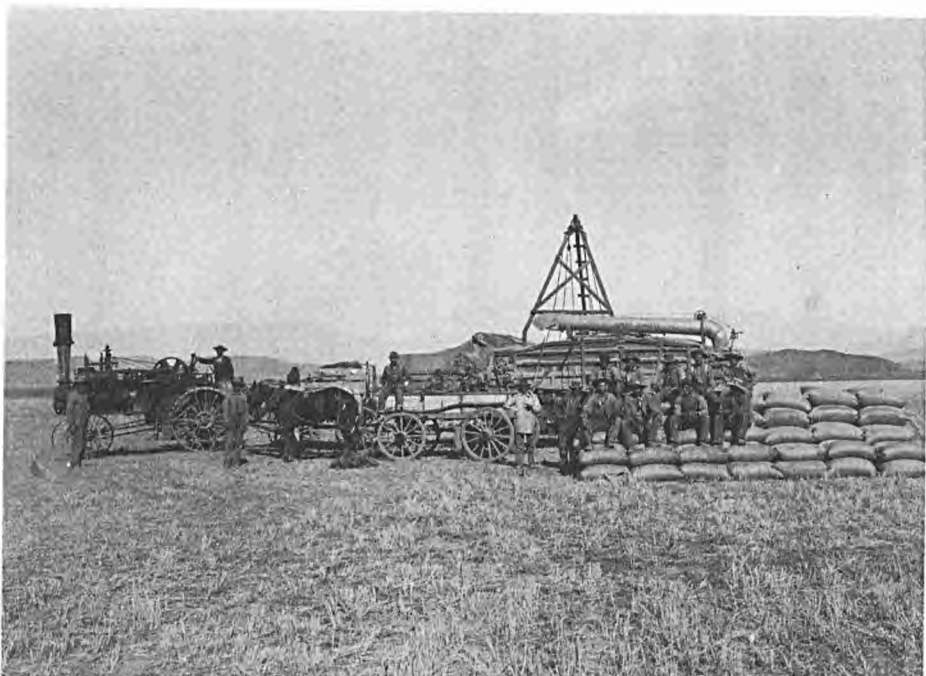
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Installing transformers for the Big Springs Irrigation District in 1917. Leo Brown was in charge of hauling transformers.

—courtesy Leo Brown

## THE PACIFIC POWER & LIGHT COMPANY



— courtesy Allie Stevenson Moore  
THE THRESHING CREW OF EDWARD STEVENSON TAKEN NEAR GAZELLE IN 1906  
Man at extreme left is Edward Stevenson, Sr. Man standing near horses is John Moore.



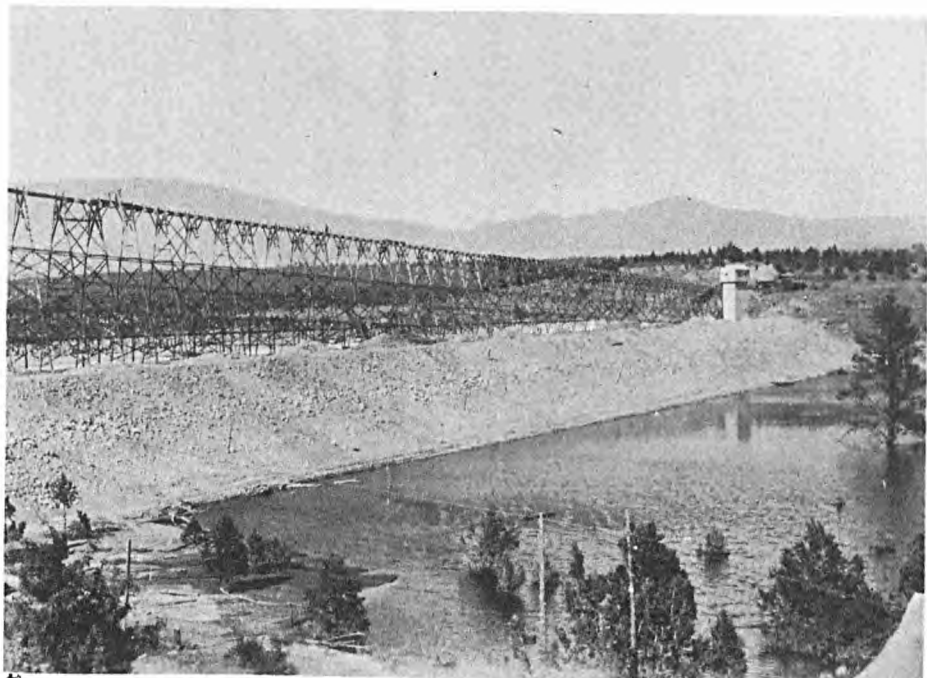
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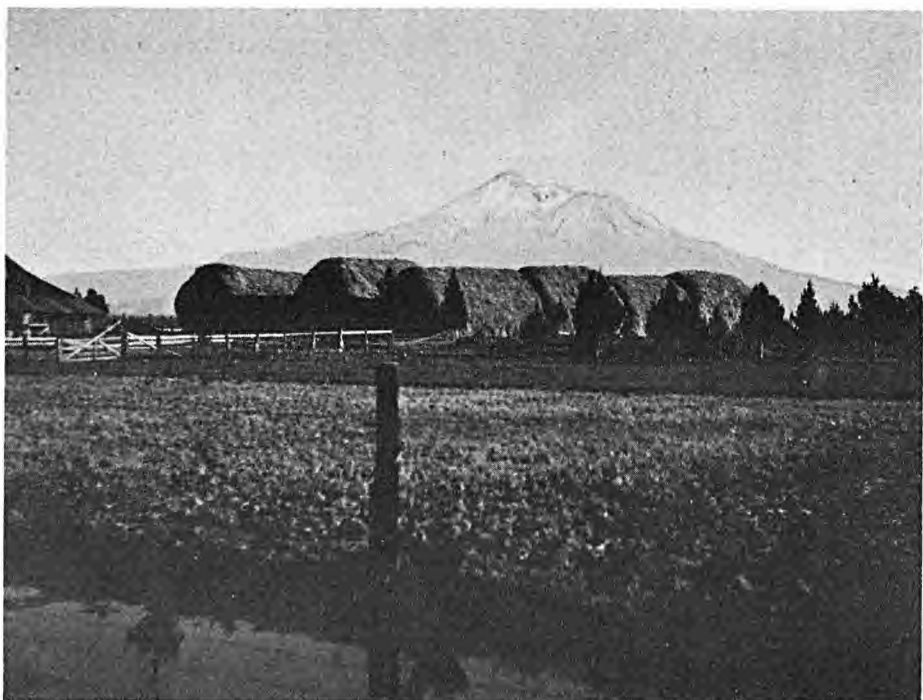
CONSTRUCTION OF DWINNELL DAM — courtesy Morris Prather

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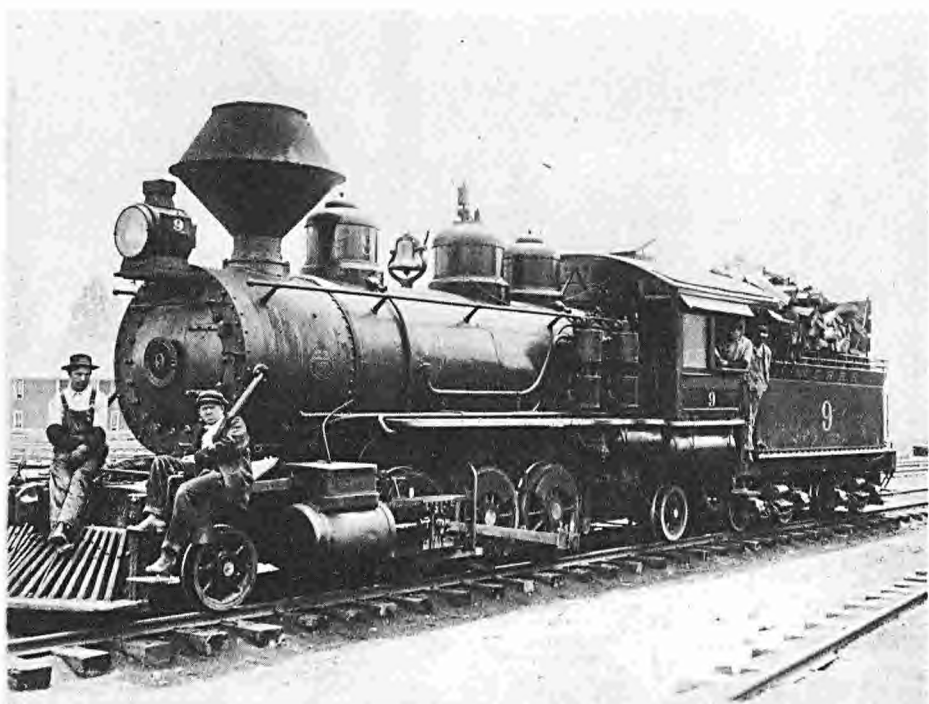
— courtesy Belle Louie Simas  
Stack yard in Big Springs. Taken about 1910. Eighty tons of alfalfa hay in each stack.

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CONSTRUCTION OF DWINNELL DAM — 1927

Left to Right— Unknown; Morris Prather, Director; unknown; Dr. Dwinnell, his idea; J. A. Beemer, Chief Engineer; Joe Jones, owner of dam site; contractor for dam; Mr. Hall, Assistant Engineer. — courtesy Morris Prather

## PETERS TRUCK LINES

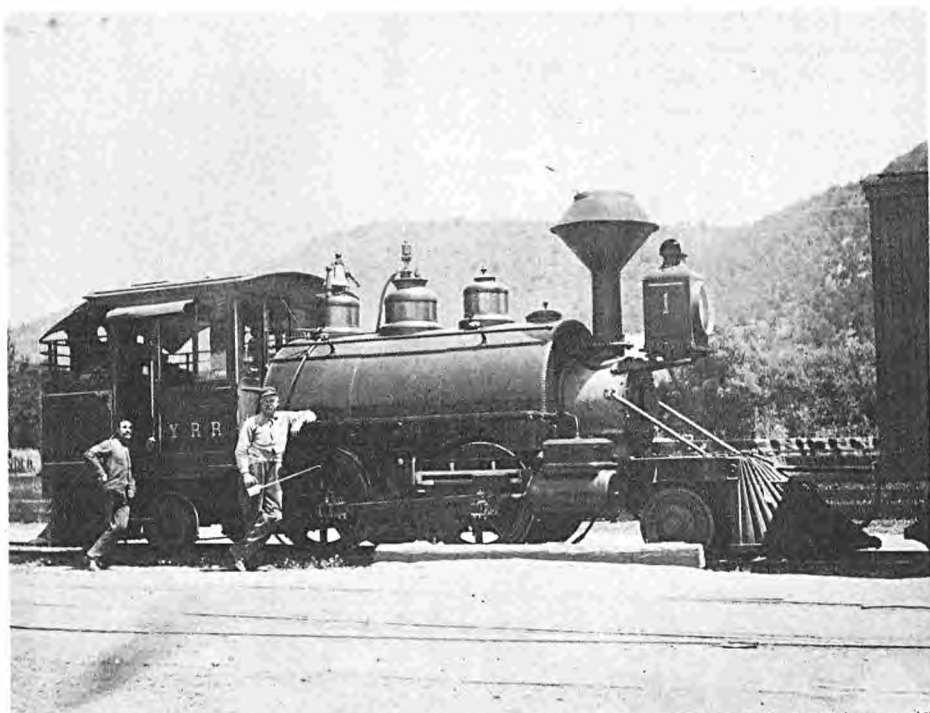
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# Foreword

In our search for information on the pioneer families, we were hampered by the lack of any written records, such as diaries, letters, pictures, or maps. Many of these had been lost because of fires that destroyed their homes at one time or another. Court records are incomplete or lacking, and we had to rely mainly on information from family descendants and friends.

Nearly every family had many children and, as was the custom in those days, they in turn would file a homestead claim or buy a piece of land in the vicinity of their parents' holdings. Thus we found numerous instances of family names cropping up again and again. Lack of space does not permit us to tell much about these places or their subsequent changes of ownership. So we ask

forgiveness for any omissions or misinformations you might find.

We also tried to stay within the designated area as much as possible and did not follow the histories of the pioneer families after they left our part of the country. These stories are not genealogical and, therefore, we followed family relationships only to the extent of their importance to our stories.

Tentative plans for the 1962 Yearbook and Pioneer are to feature the early beef cattle industry, cattle drives, and perhaps early rodeos and cowboys. Also the history of the early settlers of Willow Creek and Bogus area will be written up. This is an ambitious plan, but the Society has almost one thousand members to call upon for help.

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In writing about our pioneers of Portuguese birth, I feel they and I have much in common. I consider myself a twentieth century "Pioneer" of a sort, in that my family of father, mother, six brothers, and I migrated from Switzerland to northern California in 1923. The "promised land" was strange, the language bewildered us, and the customs were alien; but with the adaptability of youth (we children were all under 13 years of age), we soon felt at home. However, I personally will never forget when, in my youthful exuberance, I'd extoll the virtues of my native country to my "smug" American schoolmates, they would often squeel me with the appropriate remark, "If you don't like it here, why don't you go back where you came from?"

Time and grey hairs have softened the hurt I felt as a youngster. It isn't that I love my native country less, it's just that I love America more.

My nineteenth-century counterparts were faced with greater obstacles than we were, but they overcame them by becoming an integral part of our communities. I remember what one wise oldster once said: "Only the brave, ambitious ones dared leave the security and comfort of their homeland. The weaker ones stayed at home." A special thanks to my husband for being so patient and understanding during the time I was away from home, interviewing and gathering the material for this book.

FREDA BRODERICK  
*Co-editor*



HELEN SHERMAN AND FREDA BRODERICK  
Co-editors

One does not realize how fascinating a project can be until he begins the study of it. I found this to be the case in assisting in the production of this issue of the Historical Society Yearbook. I became very interested in the life of the late Judge Allen, and that study alone has, I believe, made me a better person. Jim Allen was a fine man and a great American.

Then, too, it has been most interest-

ing to learn something of the early history of families whose descendants I had as students in the local high school.

Freda, my co-editor, whose maiden name was Sterchi, was in my Freshman class in English in 1930-1931, the first year I taught in Yreka high school. She was an excellent student and I remember being very annoyed with her for quitting school and getting married at the end of her Freshman year. But as she said, "she was eighteen and in love."

During that year, our school entered an all-county contest in the English Department. I coached Freda in giving a humorous reading which necessitated the use of a dialect, and with her own "broken" English (it was much more pronounced then), she was a "natural" for the part, and won first place in the county.

I, too, am grateful for an understanding husband who many times prepared his lunch while I was typing material for this book.

HELEN N. SHERMAN  
Co-editor

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## Special Thanks to the Following . . .

THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS at the County Courthouse for the assistance given in checking records and helping to make the information as authentic as possible.

THE FOREST SERVICE.

THE MUSEUM STAFF: Hazel Rider and Hazel Pollock.

KEN TRUELOVE for the cover drawing.

FOR THE BIG SPRINGS SECTION: Allie and John Moore; John, Frank, and Ellis Louie; Belle Simas; Mary Lemos; Mary and Albert Dunlap; Marjorie Bowen; Mary Dennis; Ruth Alexander; John and Frank Solus; Bertha Aldrich; Laura Buckner; John and Fae Wellons; Ed and Ida Axtell; Joe and Maybelle Stallcup; Clyde Timmons; Henry and Charlie Barnum; Hazel Owens; Jack and Elta Phelps; Jem Laughlan; Helen Soule; Lena Lemos; Tony Quadros; Walter Simon; Hattie Rader; Charlie Orr; Olympia Poole; Marie Silva; Bob Hogan; and Lawrence Breceda.

FOR THE JIM ALLEN STORY: Kathleen Dowling; Lilly Marlahan; and John Wellons.

AN EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS to the authors listed in the Index, without whose help this book would not have been possible.

SISKIYOU COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Siskiyou  
Vol. III, No. 4

Pioneer  
1961



CO-EDITORS . . . Freda Broderick and Helen Sherman  
ADVERTISING MANAGER . . . . . Hazel Rider

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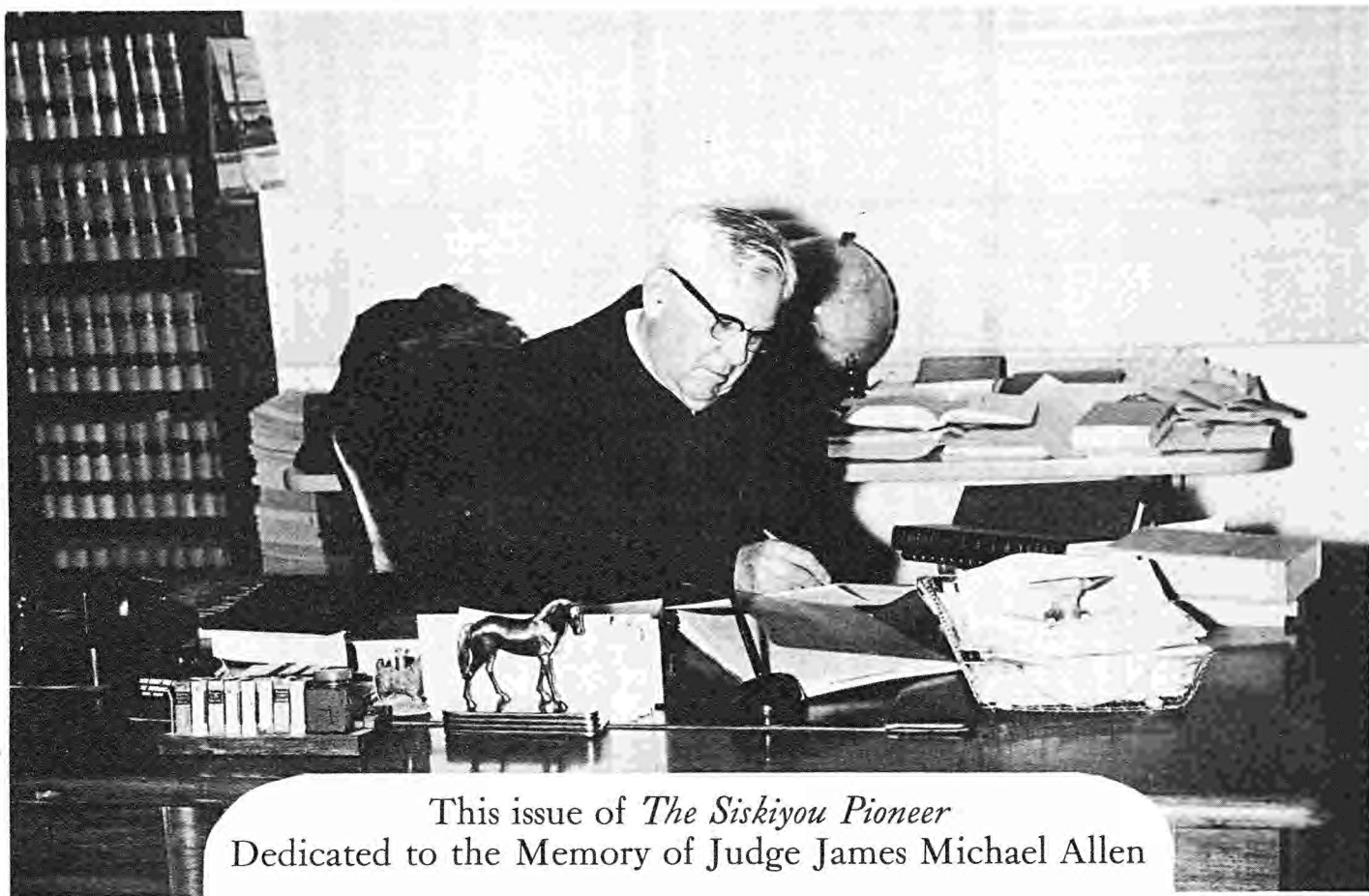
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The above articles in the Judge Allen section not specifically credited were written by Co-Editor Helen Sherman, who also corrected and typed all the material used in this book.

The above articles in the Big Springs Section, not specifically credited were written by Co-Editor Freda Broderick.

See the Foreword for acknowledgments (page ii) and thanks to the many contributors to this, the 1961 Siskiyou Pioneer.



This issue of *The Siskiyou Pioneer*  
Dedicated to the Memory of Judge James Michael Allen



GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY OF JUDGE AND MRS. ALLEN, OCTOBER 12, 1957

Standing, l. to r.: Mrs. Wilbur Martin, Mr. Jim Allen, Jr., Mrs. Velma Campbell, Mr. Norman Allen, Mrs. William Byrd, Mrs. Bernard Brown. Seated: Judge and Mrs. Allen, Mr. Ed Allen.

## James Michael Allen

by George Luttrell

**J**AMES MICHAEL ALLEN was born in Quartz Valley, Siskiyou County, California on June 10, 1883. He was the only son of the late Edward Allen and Mary Ann Allen who came from the state of Michigan and located in this little valley where gold mining and farming were the leading industries.

He and his three sisters, Elizabeth, Alice, and Nellie spent their early lives here and attended the little one-teacher Quartz Valley Elementary School which is still maintained and regarded as one of the outstanding small schools in northern California.

He was graduated from the Quartz

Valley Elementary School in 1898, attended the Etna Union High School, and later completed a business course in Healds Business College in San Francisco.

Jim and his father were real pals. When a young boy, he frequently accompanied his father to the Allen Bros. quartz mine which his father and his uncles operated for a number of years.

He was very fond of hunting and fishing and frequently went on trips in the Shackleford area. Here the grandeur of the rugged mountains, beautiful lakes, magnificent pine and fir forests, and the Shackleford stream were instru-

mental in building into his mind, heart, and soul the appreciation of nature, which was a dominating characteristic of his life.

His first work was assisting his father and uncles in their mine, and for a short time he was employed in the "Morrison and Carlock Mine" which was near his home. At times, he worked for some of the farmers in the neighborhood. He lived and associated with the stalwart pioneer settlers of the area where honor, integrity, industry, and thrift were the basic principles of their citizenship, and which became guiding principles of his life.

His mother died when he was five years of age and his father, when he was fifteen. After the death of his parents, he and his sisters maintained the family home. Jim found it necessary to work in the mines and on the farms to earn funds to continue his education.

After attending Healds Business College, he was employed in San Francisco as a bookkeeper. However, since he hoped to become a lawyer, he returned to Siskiyou County and studied under the direction of the Principal of the Fort Jones Elementary School (who happened to be the writer of this article), to prepare for the teaching profession, thinking this would better qualify him to study law. He passed the County Teachers' Examination in May, 1905. This was the method by which many teachers were recruited in those days. The examination covered about twenty-five subjects which included all the elementary field and most of the basic high school subjects, a course in Methods in Teaching, Psychology, and School Law.

The following year (1905-1906), he taught the Hooper School which was located in the old village of Hooperville. Next, he taught the Meamber school in Scott Valley, and in 1910 was elected principal of the Fort Jones Elementary

School where he taught until 1914.

During these years, he diligently pursued the study of law on evenings, weekends, and holidays. He also published the local newspaper "Farmer and Miner" and served as Justice of the Peace for a period of time.

In October, 1907, he married a former schoolmate, Linnie McBee. To this union eight children were born—four boys and four girls—all of whom are still living except Robert, who was killed on Okinawa Island during World War II.

On Saturday afternoon, June 10, 1890, when Jim was about seven years of age, an unforgettable tragedy occurred in the neighborhood. His little classmate and friend, Arthur Dangle, who lived near the Allen home, asked his mother and father if he could go out near their home to get some oak puff balls. He did not return as soon as was expected, and his father went to look for him, but did not find him. Later, neighbors joined in the search. He was found a short distance from his home where he had been killed by mountain lions. The two lions were frightened away when the searchers approached. The following morning Charles Howard, who later became Sheriff of Siskiyou County, and Charlie Weeks, a skilled hunter, killed the two lions.

*(Additional details about the Dangle tragedy as told by Fred Burton, Sr.):*

Fred was a youngster of about ten and the happenings impressed themselves on his imaginative mind. The playmates of the Dangle boy were Dot Erno, perhaps Nell and Grace Dangle (Fred isn't sure). The night before there had been a children's party and Arthur Dangle was probably sleepy next day. It is presumed he fell asleep at their playground in the gulch in view of their house. A bleached log had fallen across this gully, about eight feet at the highest part. The mountain lion presumably saw the sleep-

ing child and jumped from this log. The other children had gone to the house for a snack.

The same day the boy was found dead, Charles Howard and Charlie Weeks put a freshly-killed calf in the same spot to draw the lioness and her kitten back to the scene of their kill. They did come back that first night, and early in the morning they put the hounds on their trail and killed them very close to the spot of the tragedy. Fred saw the large lioness and her yearling cub after they were killed.

*(The following information [or part of my history of James M. Allen] was furnished by Lew Foulke, quote):*

"James M. Allen was one of the finest public officers I have ever known. Jim was first elected District Attorney in 1914; re-elected in 1918; then elected to the State Senate in 1922 where he served until 1935; then on the State Prison Board of Directors for two years. He was elected Superior Judge in 1938, and served until his tragic death on August 2, 1960.

I was on the Board of Supervisors while he was District Attorney and got to know him very well. In another part of this book, I have told of Jim and his fine work as District Attorney. (See *Beneficial Use of Water in Siskiyou County*). I admired his ability and honesty of purpose. I had many contacts with him while he was State Senator, particularly in 1925, when he sponsored a Fish Screen Bill which was passed, and became a great relief to the farmers who were irrigating.

In 1933 I spent much time in Sacramento as head of a taxpayers' organization, which resulted in the establishment of a sales tax, to the great relief of the common-property tax payer.

Jim Allen did a lot to coordinate other agencies in this taxpayer problem. He was very highly respected by all of his colleagues in the Senate, and I re-

member lobbyists coming to me to see if I could get Jim to vote "aye" on some bill they wanted. He was the first man on the roll call and, because of the high respect in which he was held, his vote would be followed by many others. I felt very proud to be considered his friend. I did not try to influence Senator Allen on any bill that did not pertain to our tax problem.

He was appointed on the Senate Board of Prison Directors by Governor Merriam, after he retired from the State Senate. He served in this capacity for two years. He was appointed Special Prosecutor by the Board of Supervisors in the Brite Brothers murder trial and obtained a conviction.

He was elected Superior Judge of Siskiyou County in 1938, taking office January 1, 1939, succeeding a very fine judge, Charles J. Luttrell, who retired after eighteen years of excellent service. Jim Allen made an admirable judge and was highly respected for his judicial ability. His untimely death took one of our finest citizens. He was president of our Siskiyou County Historical Society, preceding "Jude" White.

---

George Luttrell passed his teacher's examination when he was 18. The first school he taught was the Franklin School in Scott Valley. Then he became principal of the Hornbrook School. The next two years (1904-1906) he was principal of the Fort Jones Elementary School.

It was during this period of time that young Jim Allen met Luttrell on the street and asked permission to attend the Fort Jones elementary school and prepare for the county teacher's examination which was given by the County Board of Education every May. They decided to organize a teacher's class, and Jim and his cousin, Annie



(Burke) Taylor, enrolled. In order to economize, Luttrell and Allen decided to room together and boarded at the home of Mrs. Will Courts (Bob Courts is a grandson).

Jim studied after school, evenings, and on weekends, as well as during the class time at school. George Luttrell assisted him at every opportunity and found him to be an excellent scholar. He carried about 25 subjects, including all the elementary subjects and most of the basic high school subjects, a course in Methods of Teaching, Psychology, and California School Law. He successfully passed the examination with a score of 93 percent. (The required average was 85 percent for the teacher's credential.)

It is interesting to note that while attending the teacher's course, he met his future wife. She was in the eighth grade.

\* \* \* \*

George Luttrell surmises that young Jim got the idea of studying law from an uncle in Ireland who presumably was a lawyer. This uncle had become a lawyer with the idea of repossessing an ancient family estate which belonged to the Allen family in Ireland. Consequently, his brothers called him "Lord Allen" in jest.

---

## A SHORT STORY . . .

*as told by John Wellons*

Mr. and Mrs. George (Fannie) Butler were living with their family in their home north of Yreka. (This is now one of Mrs. Nettle's houses on north highway). At this time the children—Clifford, Nora, Ben, George, and Stanley—were all at home.

The Butlers, being warm-hearted, public-spirited people, wanted to do something to further the education of the young people. Most high school students, living any distance out of town, had to find board and room in order to

attend school. The Butlers, having an unoccupied bunkhouse, decided to board and room six or eight boys for \$12.00 a month each. Among these were John and "Ebb" Wellons from Klamathon, Walter Evans from Fort Jones, and Jim Allen from Quartz Valley.

At one of their "jam sessions" the boys expressed a desire to form a speaking club. (This was a forerunner of our present day "Toastmasters Club"). Evans and Allen, both being good speakers, were the instigators of the club.

Wellons recalls that his topic was "Wit and Humor" and he, being unable to express himself easily, quoted a few excerpts from Mark Twain's book, "*Wit and Humor*". Their only criticism was, "The only thing wrong is that you kept scratching your head."

The club only lasted three or four sessions because Allen soon left. But after that whenever Wellons and Allen met, they recalled this incident.

\* \* \* \*

Jim Allen had three sisters, two of whom became teachers. One of them, Mrs. Alice (Allen) Smith taught under George Luttrell while he was in Hornbrook. Nellie (Allen) Lewis taught in several elementary schools in the county.



*by Lily Marlahan*

Edward Allen was a hard-rock miner and, when Jim was about 14 years old, his father took him to the mine to try to teach him how to manually drill the powder holes for blasting in solid rock. Jim was left-handed and very awkward and his father despaired of ever teaching him and used to say, "He'll never make a living with his hands. There will have to be some other way for him to get along."

## Short Stories . . .

as told by Lily Marlahan, sister to Judge Allen

Jim Allen was about twenty-one and courting Linnie (Mrs. Allen) and was working for his brother-in-law, James Marlahan, on their ranch in Oro Fino. Linnie and her mother lived in Fort Jones.

One day his sister, Mrs. Marlahan, asked him to pick some peas. Jim was anxious to go to see Linnie and he cleverly solved the problem. When his sister opened the basket, expecting it to be full of peas, she found the basket almost full of green alfalfa with a layer of peas on top. Needless to say, his sister didn't think it very funny when she had to trudge way down to the

garden and pick enough peas for dinner.

\* \* \* \*

Jim Allen's mother was of Irish descent although she was born in Canada. Her name was Mary Ann McGee.

\* \* \* \*

Jim Allen loved sports, especially baseball, and it was with great pride and interest that he followed the baseball careers of his son-in-law, Wilbur Martin, and his grandson, Robert Martin. Shortly before his death he had arranged to take as many of his family as possible to the new Candlestick Park to watch the Giants. He and his sons and sons-in-law made a regular party of such trips and had planned many more of them. He never missed a local game and, in later years, he listened on a transistor radio while the rest of the family was visiting and watching television.

\* \* \* \*

The Edward Allen family came from County Waterford, Ireland. The family consisted of James, Edward, Tom and John (twins), Michael, Mary, and Margaret.

Jim Allen's grandfather had been educated to be a lawyer but, due to the early death of his wife, he never gained his wish. The story told to young Jim Allen by his father Edward Allen is that the will, proving that the Allen family owned an estate in Ireland, had been accidentally destroyed in their family Bible. It was a family joke to call the oldest son "Lord Allen".

The story goes that, during the Irish Reformation, the Allen family had been cheated out of the family estate by the Protestant Irish. The Allens were Catholic.



—courtesy of Elizabeth Allen Marlahan

JIM AND LINNIE ALLEN

On their Wedding Day, October 9, 1907.

# When Jim Allen Was My Boss

by Edna M. Nettles

I FIRST MET Mr. James M. Allen on the 31st day of January, 1923. His sister, Alice Allen Smith, had been my first teacher in Hornbrook, so naturally I was interested in meeting her brother.

He had been District Attorney in Yreka, Siskiyou County, California, for a number of years and in the fall of 1922 declined to run again for that office. The building he chose for his office is the present one of Tebbe & Correia, Attorneys, at 201 Fourth Street, which, in its modern state, has no resemblance to the old building formerly occupied by two young prominent lawyers of Yreka—Claude Gillis and Kenneth Gillis, sons of Attorney Hudson B. Gillis. They had established their law practice together around the year 1907.

On this particular day when I went to meet Mr. Allen to ask him if I could work for him as his stenographer, he was very pleased and asked me to start working for him right the next day, February 1, 1923. It was, indeed, a great pleasure for me to work for Mr. Allen.

The first big case that came Mr. Allen's way in the fall of 1923 was when he assisted District Attorney Charles E. Johnson in prosecuting a murder case.

In the month of October, 1923, two men went to the home of Mrs. Dolly Skeen and her nineteen-year-old son, Freddie Skeen, claiming they were trappers, and asked if they could stay on their ranch while they trapped. Mrs. Skeen informed them that they could use a small cabin on her ranch. They thanked her and said it was just what they wanted. The Skeen ranch was located at Sam's Neck, fifteen miles from Dorris.

On the night of October 31st, 1923, Freddie Skeen invited the two trappers to spend the night with him, as his mother was away for a few days visiting relatives. The evening was spent playing checkers. Later on in the evening, Freddie Skeen told them he was going to bed, taking a book along with him. When the two men were certain that Freddie was asleep, they entered his bedroom and shot him in the back of the head, killing him instantly. They escaped in Mrs. Skeen's Studebaker car and the gruesome killing was not discovered until the next day. Freddie's brother-in-law, Mr. Isaac Smith, and his wife had driven over to see Freddie. Mrs. Smith remained in the car because everything seemed so strangely quiet, and it seemed that no one was home. Mr. Smith went in alone to make sure before they drove on back home, and it was then that the body of Freddie Skeen was found.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith immediately drove to Dorris to notify Constable Charles Evans and Deputy Sheriff Roy Taber. They told the officers that one of the men went under the name of Robert, also Frenchy Black, who was about thirty-two years of age, and the other was known as Bill Stewart, who claimed to be seventeen years old.

Sheriff Charles Calkins was notified. The two killers were located in Los Angeles in November of that year, and it was found that their true names were Ronald Charles Erno and William A. Hard.

They were brought to Yreka for trial. Attorney William Barta assisted a Los Angeles attorney in defending Ronald Charles Erno, and Attorney Jo-

seph P. McNamara, representing a Los Angeles attorney, defended William A. Hard. The *Yreka Journal* of November 7, 1923, published the news about the apprehending of the two men and the story about the murder of Freddie Skeen.

The trial was very lengthy and on the 8th day of March, 1924, the foreman of the jury, the late Irving Eddy, brought in the verdict that each of the men was found guilty of murder in the first degree, asking that they be hanged for the crime they had committed. Judge Charles Luttrell sentenced Ronald Charles Erno to be hanged on the 16th day of May, 1924, and William A. Hard, to be hanged on the 23rd of May, 1924.

Mr. Allen was a very kind man, and every day of the eleven years and two months that I worked for him, I found him to be considerate and understanding. I saw his eight children grow to adults, and I enjoyed the occasional visits of his wife, Mrs. Linnie Allen, when she would come into the office.

In the year 1926, Mr. Allen was elected one of California's State Senators, and he took in the young, jovial, and brilliant attorney, Joseph Patrick McNamara, for his new partner. I enjoyed becoming his stenographer, too. I was kept very busy, as they were also attorneys for the City of Yreka, and there were no "coffee breaks" in those days.

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## The Printer's Devil

Charley Hartley, a classmate of Jim Allen, tells this story: Jim Allen was teaching at the Meamber school, which was seven miles west of Fort Jones on the Scott Bar road. He kept his horse in Sam Luttrell's barn in Fort Jones and used to ride it to and from his school. One Hallowe'en night a gang of boys exchanged the Hartley family cow for Jim Allen's horse. He was really worried about his horse, as he didn't want to be late to teach. After considerable looking around, he found it in Hartley's barn.

Allen quit teaching to publish a newspaper, the *Farmer and Miner*. Charley was his "printer's devil" whenever he printed the paper. He printed one side one day, and the other side the next day.

A sidelight to the above: When Charley Hartley attended the class reunion at Spring Flat in the summer of 1955, one of Allen's old papers was passed around. On the back of it on the edge was a smear of printer's ink. Judge Allen jokingly told Hartley off with, "Dog gone it, Charley, you're the one

who did this!" It's something to get "bawled out" for an act committed forty years before!

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## FARMER AND MINER

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

JAMES M. ALLEN, Editor and Proprietor.

WEDNESDAY, OCT 16 1907.

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MASTHEAD OF "THE FARMER AND MINER" when Jim Allen was Editor.

# Anecdotes About the Allens

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by Myrtle A. Parrott

"JIMMIE" ALLEN, as he was known to his many friends and acquaintances, was reared by his sisters who were older than he. His parents passed away when he was a small boy. The sisters washed and fed him, but at times, played around and neglected to see that his meals were ready. He sometimes played with friends, and they were called in to eat, and he was left outside and not invited in. Needless to say, he was very hungry, as most growing children are. In after years, he was our neighbor and his small son played with our son. I fed his boy one day; and Mrs. Allen told me that Jim always said that any child present should be asked to the table to eat, and then she recited the story of his hunger at times.

\* \* \* \*

The story of the Allen's wedding was interesting. Jimmie was a self-made man and studied and worked hard for everything that he wanted, and he wanted education. He decided to become a school teacher and teach to earn his living while he continued to study law. He passed the County examination for teachers and obtained his certificate. He went to Etna, accompanied by his sisters who were also teachers. They were to attend Teachers' Institute which lasted for a whole week. They engaged rooms and board with Mrs. Henry Geney at Etna. They were very devout in their religion, and Mrs. Geney let them have her parlor for their family prayers.

The first day of Institute went off very well, but Jimmie disappeared as soon as the session adjourned for the afternoon, and he didn't appear for the evening meal; nor was he there for the morning prayer. The girls were very

worried, needless to say, and were afraid that something had befallen him. They went to Institute and there was Jimmie smiling broadly and very much pleased with himself. He wasn't alone, however, as he was accompanied by and was introducing his bride, the lovely Linnie McBee, whom he had taken to Yreka the evening before and married in the Episcopal Church.

\* \* \* \*

The young couple lived in Fort Jones, which was Linnie's home town, and James taught in the local school. In a few years, a little girl, Velma, was born to them and Linnie became "mother". She was always spoken of as "mother," and I don't remember James addressing her any other way. He wasn't above teasing or tormenting her, as was shown in the case of the high bureau or chest of drawers. It seems that a bureau was desperately needed for Velma's clothes, and furniture was hard to accumulate by the struggling young couple. Linnie was told of a chest that was for sale at a home for only two dollars, and she thought that surely they could afford that. She asked her husband to look at it and, if it was in good repair, to purchase it. Time went on, and she didn't seem to get any answer from him. She finally sent the people word to bring the bureau or chest to her home. She bought it, and in a very short time it fell to pieces. She bewailed the fact to James and he said, "Well, I could have told you that. I didn't have to look very hard at that thing to see that it was no good. I was waiting until I could save up a little more and buy a good one." He wouldn't tell her that he had looked at the chest.

The days went by, and along with the teaching he still continued the study of law. He studied until late at night after Mrs. Allen and the children were in bed and sound asleep. Then about one or two o'clock in the morning, he would awaken his wife and insist that she sit up and hear his lessons. She was tired and needed rest and now and then protested. He would say, "Well, you want me to get ahead, don't you? It is quite evident that we won't ever earn much with school teaching."

\* \* \* \*

At last Jim felt that he was well read in law and could sit for his bar examinations. They were to be held at the state capital in Sacramento, California. He had never liked to travel alone, and finally refused to go at all unless some of his family were with him. Mrs. Allen couldn't leave her family of small children, and so Jim decided to take little Velma, who was about five or six years old at the time. How he would manage with so small a child, no one knew; but Velma was outfitted and taken along.

There was a room engaged at a private boarding place, and Velma was put in charge of the motherly landlady. Velma told me after she was grown and married that she remembered about the trip. Her father carefully washed and dressed her each morning, combed and braided her hair, and left her with the landlady. There was a swing in the back yard. She remembered swinging and playing and waiting for her daddy to return.

\* \* \* \*

James passed the examinations and at last was admitted to the bar to practice law. They moved to Yreka, and a new life began. Mrs. Allen said that she went along when he electioneered for District Attorney. They had an old Maxwell car and it didn't pull hills very

well. She said the car needed to be helped and she thought that she had pushed "that thing" up every hill in Siskiyou County. Their friends and well wishers thought it just wonderful that Linnie's mother could keep the children and that she could accompany her husband on this adventure. She said that she was utterly weary when the campaign was over.

\* \* \* \*

In 1927 they bought the home across the street from us where they were still living when they set out on their last journey together. They seemed, like most of the neighborhood, to still cling to some of their country ways. One day the grandmother, Mrs. Miller, asked us if we ever heard noises in the morning. When I told her that we did, she said, "Well, that is Jim getting the children up in the morning for breakfast together. He stands at the stairway and calls until all are awake and stirring." He had a good set of vocal chords, as we all learned many times.

\* \* \* \*

One day I was at a meeting of ladies and a woman, strange to our community, asked me if we were allowed to keep hogs in Yreka. Well, I didn't know what to think at first, and so said, "No, not that I know of." Then she told me that she often heard this loud calling, saying the same thing over and over again. I just happened to remember that we often laughed when the Allen children were called in for supper or dish washing. So I said, "Well, I think that is Mr. Allen calling the children in. He has a powerful voice, and they turn a deaf ear to anyone else calling except him."

\* \* \* \*

Reactions of citizens when their homes are on fire are unpredictable. This is shown by James Allen when his mother-in-law told him to call the fire

department because their home was on fire.

The dinner was over that evening and the family was gathered in the living room. The smell of smoke was very strong, but as they burned wood in the heating stove, no one paid much attention at first. Finally Mrs. Allen's mother, Mrs. Miller, decided to investigate, as she knew that as in most families each one would wait for the other to start to look. She called, "Jim, the house is on fire. Phone the fire department." He rushed to the front door and bellowed, "Fire! Fire!" She, in the meantime, called the fire department. The neighbors all rushed out and saw the fire engine stop in front of the Allen home and saw Mr. Allen in the yard still shouting, "Fire!" at the top of his lungs.

The firemen went inside, and the neighbors came up to the front of the house. He met each group and invited them in and asked them to be seated. He saw Albert and me and said, "Well, there is Albert Parrott. Glad to see you, Albert. Do come in and sit down. We went to high school in Etna together, didn't we?" Then he proceeded to say, "Folks, my house is on fire and I don't know what to do. They are burning me out. I am burning out. Everything will be gone. I don't know where the fire is, but we are on fire. I am burning out."

The firemen came through the living room to the front yard and told us that the fire had been in the bathroom. Mrs. Miller had poured water on it after she called the fire department. It was almost out by the time they reached the house. The others in the family were standing around in the yard, not making a sound.

He proved to be an excellent host and surely welcomed all of us. Needless to say, his family teased him afterward and let him know that if the house ever

caught fire again, they wouldn't look to him for help.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Allen helped many of his relatives when they needed help and encouraged all who tried to get an education. His nephew, Don Smith, was interested in a band. He had several instruments and no place to practice, as he said that his mother was very nervous and couldn't stand the noise. Besides, he needed a piano. He didn't say a word to Mrs. Allen and that is what irked her more, I think, than the noise.

He asked his Uncle Jim if his small band could practice on Saturday nights in the music room. He obtained permission and then moved in. Well, the noise was something ferocious. To the neighbors across the street it was bad enough, and what it must have been inside the house and right next door! It seemed that they all played in a different key and had a different rhythm. Mrs. Allen asked the neighbors if the noise bothered them. She said she might have stood it, if they had consulted her in the first place. We told her that she would have to assert herself. The band was soon no more and quiet reigned again. She said one day that her daughters said that she was usually so easy going and would take a lot, but on occasion, if she did take a stand, something had to give and it wasn't going to be "her."

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Allen had always been proud of her pioneer Oregon family, who had crossed the great plains with ox-drawn, covered wagon. She became a member of the local Siskiyou Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. She enjoyed accompanying the D.A.R. to the county court house and giving flags and flag codes to the naturalization classes.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15 

# A Letter Written to Linnie and Jim

by Helen Hitchcock, a Neighbor

Dear Linnie and Judge:

**F**RIENDSHIPS that endure throughout the years are wonderful, and memories of these years are most precious. I pray that during our lives we somehow conveyed to you the love my family and I have for you both.

I remember when we first heard the Allens were moving into the neighborhood. We were really thrilled, because there were eight kids in your family and four in ours—enough for each of us to have a friend. And so it remained throughout the years.

There was Velma in high school and always a lady; Gussie and Jim, Jr., the twins; Norman, my age; Irene, so much like you, Linnie; Bob, the never-still one; Mary, your "favorite-name" child; and Eddie, the youngest and the biggest now.

You were a Senator, and afterward Judge, so you and Linnie spent a great deal of time in Sacramento. Grandma Miller (Linnie's mother) ran the house and family while you were away. What a time she had! There must have been ten or twelve kids there most of the time. More than once, grandma sent us home for fighting, but we were all friends next day.

That is something I learned from you in raising my own family. If parents don't interfere in children's quarrels, they are soon forgotten, and the parents stay friends.

It always seemed to be my task to "ask dad" when we kids wanted Irene and Mary to go somewhere. My dad is a big man, but you were bigger, and I was scared stiff. I'd stand there, head down and ask. You'd answer, "We--ll."

Then I'd *have* to look up and there was a smile on your face and a twinkle in your eye. You knew exactly how I felt!

You had a great understanding of children and their problems, and always had time for them. Not many adults would carry on heated discussions with a bunch of kids on some issue of the day. Of course, the "heated" part was on our side. You would smile, argue, and win the discussion. But you granted us the courtesy of hearing us out.

How about all the football and baseball games you and Linnie went to and took us along with your own? You were both sports fans and never missed these school events. I especially remember one trip to a football game in McCloud. It was a lovely fall day, and we came home over the Soda Creek road. The beauty of that day came alive for us through your eyes, as you explained nature's miracles.

Remember the time the Studebaker was parked out front and Gussie and Irene got into it? Heaven only knows what happened, but they took off through the ditch, back and forth across the highway (missing everyone), and finally landed in the yard across the street.

Remember the time Eddie was hit by a car, and Mary got poison oak at camp? Remember, Linnie, when you and Mrs. Parrott held me down and cut my fingernails? I got a licking for not going home when I was called.

No, there weren't any dull moments in our neighborhood.

I guess you and our parents wondered if we would ever grow up and amount to anything. Gradually, we did become adults, eventually married, and went our



separate ways, but never lost contact with one another. You, Judge, became godfather to my Mary, and my sister Lillian, her godmother. Mary was christened on your mutual birthdays—June 10th.

When tragedy entered our lives, you both were there with open arms and your love. Our love was always there for you.

The most beautiful memory I have from a small child through the years is your love and devotion for each other . . . each being first with the other in all things. This your family always knew and understood. This love will remain as a shining star in all of our lives.

Aloha and my love to you both,

*Helen R. Hitchcock*

## Judge Allen in Early Days

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as told by Fred Burton, Sr.

**F**RED BURTON, SR. worked with Ed Allen, Sr. in the Grey Eagle Mine in Quartz Valley about 1898. That is when Burton first got to know young Jim Allen. He says of him that he was a serious, studious boy in his teens and was big for his age, even then. He was well liked by everyone.

Whenever his sisters pestered and teased him while he was deep in his studies, his father used to stop them with the admonition, "Girls, leave the boy alone." That did the trick, because the Allen children respected and obeyed their stern but loving father.

Fred Burton started to work in the Morrison-Carlock Mine in 1899-1900. Fletcher Anderson and Harry Williams were working a different drift, when sixteen holes loaded with blasting powder went off and caught Williams and Anderson before they could get to safety. Williams was killed outright and Anderson was seriously injured. As he was crawling away, rock fragments imbedded themselves in the side of his face, shoulders, and hips. Fred Burton, Sr. rode to Fort Jones for Dr. Milliken. Anderson recovered, but carries the scars to this day.

Most of the mines in the area were worked the clock around in eight-hour shifts. Young Jim Allen worked a different shift from Burton's. Because of his youth, Jim took his turn at "mucking." This means cleaning the tunnel of debris and carting the gold-bearing quartz to the mill.

When young Allen helped his neighbors with their haying, he carried his law books along and studied every available moment. One favorite story told in the area is that on several occasions when he was inside the barn to "mowe" the hay back, he was so absorbed in his law book that he forgot to holler "dump" and the carriage and the jackson fork full of hay would keep going until it hit the "bumper".

Another story is how he was often caught in the shade of a hay shock deeply absorbed in his beloved law books.

When Burton first knew Allen, Fred was boarding with Mrs. Burk, Allen's aunt, who lived about one-fourth mile from the Ed Allen home. Burton was four years older than Jim Allen.



— photo courtesy Elizabeth Allen Marlahan

**JIM ALLEN AND HIS FATHER, EDWARD ALLEN**  
Jim's first long pants. Jim and his father were inseparable.

# Happy Childhood Memories

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written by Helen Sherman from notes by Jack Calkins

**S**OME OF THE happiest memories I have are of the Allen family who were our close neighbors in Yreka when we were youngsters. Each family consisted of mother and father and eight children. So you can imagine the tempestuous times we had, as our close association called for many fights, truces, and the ability of just getting along as friendly neighbors.

The Allen family could also boast of a grandmother, Mrs. Miller, who was Linnie's mother. As I look back on the years, I can now see what a time she must have had with so many children underfoot. Linnie often accompanied Judge Allen on trips, and Mrs. Miller was left to look after the family. She baked bread every day and always made a pan of hot rolls. The older children of both families were on hand when the bread first came out of the oven, and grandmother Miller let us take a fresh loaf with a pad of butter out to the back yard where we would break off hunks of it and slather the pieces with an abundance of butter. Mmmmm! I can still taste that delicious hot bread!

Speaking of eating, Linnie and my mother never knew how many Calkins or Allens would be sitting down at the table to eat a meal. We interchanged hospitality so often that our mothers used to set the table for a certain number, and it made no difference to which family they belonged. One thing I can say, no member of either family ever went hungry!

My first remembrance of Judge Allen was his practice of oratory in front of the big mirror in the living room. We

were not allowed to stay in the room when Judge Allen was performing this type of elocution. Linnie hustled everyone out of doors and saw to it that Jim was not disturbed in any way.

Judge Allen loved to tell stories and, with so many children around, he always had an interested, enthusiastic audience. I remember many evenings when his son Norman would sit on one knee and I on the other, and he would tell tales of the early Indians and of Scott Valley. I'm sure that some of his stories were not entirely authentic, but they made each one of us prick up his ears and listen with intense interest as the tales progressed. There were always children seated around in the room, in chairs or on the floor. Linnie had a difficult time when the hour grew late, and she thought we should all be in bed. She asserted her authority, however, and sent us home (reluctantly, I must say), and ordered the Allen children to bed with no further nonsense.

We often went on picnics in the summer time. Judge Allen liked nothing better than to pile as many youngsters into his Baby Grand Chevrolet as it would hold and, with a bounteous picnic lunch, take off for a secluded spot by the side of a stream. He loved to fish, and sometimes would catch some and would proudly exhibit his ability to fry them for us. Sometimes I wonder how he ever kept track of so many of us, because we must have been venturesome daredevils in those days.

Then, too, he would take us to the circus in Montague each year. That was the "pay off," and I recall the difficulty he

had rounding us up at the end of the exciting day, so that he would be able to take home as many as he had started out with.

Linnie and my mother were the best of friends and sort of shared in the bringing up of the two families. If one of us needed correcting, Linnie did not hesitate to "whack" him, or, in later years, to give him a "good talking to," and my mother exercised her authority in making the Allen children "toe the mark." I think this combined effort on the part of the two sets of parents was instrumental in raising sixteen children to adulthood with no serious involvement of any kind. We grew up with a deep, ingrained sense of duty and responsibility, and no member of either family has strayed very far from the influence of the rigid, but loving, upbringing that we had.

I will never cease to be grateful for the close association we had with Judge Allen, and the influence he had on the lives of all of us.

## Anecdotes . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Mr. Allen was always pleased to see her there, and announced that the daughters of the American Revolution were there to present each new citizen with a flag of their new country and a flag code.

One morning we were getting ready for a meeting, and I wanted to find out if Mrs. Allen planned to go with us. I went to her home and she said she had been waiting for Jim to come home and get her dress down from the rod on which it was hanging. She told me that she had wanted a clothes rod in the hallway so that she could get her clothes more easily. Jim had their son Ed help him when he came up for a weekend. She said that those two big "six footers" put the rod up so high that she had to stand on a chair or a stepladder to get her clothes down. I took the dress down for her so she could get ready and we could be on our way, as we were going out of town for the meeting.

Standing (adults), left to right— Mrs. Bertha Martin, Mrs. Ed Allen, Jim Allen, Jr., Mrs. Jim Allen, Jr., Mrs. Wilbur Martin, Mr. Wilbur Martin, Mr. William Byrd, Mr. Ed Allen, Mrs. James (Linnie) Allen, Judge Allen, Mr. Walter Smith, Mr. Marshbank Martin, Mrs. Norman Allen, Mrs. Bernard Brown, Mrs. William Byrd, Mrs. Kathleen Dowling. Seated on opposite sides— Mr. Norman Allen and Mrs. Velma Campbell. Children, l. to r.—Mike Allen, Mary Lynn Allen, Eddie Allen, Lois Jean Byrd, Danny Martin, Lloyd Martin, Eddie Martin, Gary Allen, Jennifer Allen.



# He Passed by the Open Door

by Helen Sherman

**T**HE SIX MONTHS I spent in the District Attorney's office served as a wonderful cure for the "retirement blues" and helped bridge the interim between my teaching days and my final retirement from active duty.

I am of the opinion that most of us need this experience to help us adjust to a different kind of life than the one we had been pursuing and to accept the change gracefully, realizing that both types of living are rich and rewarding.

I am thankful that I spent the time in the office of the District Attorney for many reasons. But one reason stands out in my mind as especially memorable; that is, the opportunity of coming in closer contact with the late Judge Allen.

Each morning at approximately the same hour, I would hear the elevator door close and steps approaching the doorway of my office. Judge Allen passed by on his way to his office at the end of the corridor.

Most often he looked in where I was sitting, nodded, and smiled. But occasionally he passed by, deep in thought, and I knew he had some problem that was bothering him, and that he was thinking deeply of all the angles involved in the case, weighing the pros and cons, so that he might arrive at a fair decision for all concerned.

Judge Allen tempered justice with mercy. He was never hasty in his de-

isions; but, on the other hand, did not prolong the case in order to have interest lag. I somehow imagine that in his compassionate understanding of humankind, he added, to himself, these words to his final judgment of the most hardened criminal, "Go forth and sin no more."

Siskiyou County and this community were fortunate to have such a man occupy the position of Judge for so many years. He was thorough, but fair; relentless in his striving for justice, but kind and considerate. I have the greatest admiration and respect for the memory of a man so endowed with such characteristics of leadership and keen judgment.

He was not only an outstanding judge but was also an exemplary family man and a loyal citizen. He and his wife Linnie were parents of eight children—four boys and four girls—and each child was a welcome addition to the family and given a careful, loving upbringing. The children can be consoled with the fact that their parents were taken together. Linnie could not have survived without the kind, loving, protective care of her husband, and Judge Allen could not have lived his days without the understanding help of his wife.

As he judged so many during his years of unselfish service, so he will be judged in the final reckoning, and he will not be found wanting.



Del Piliard giving Judge Allen the "Man of the Year" award, June 11, 1959.



# My Grandad and Grandma

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by Richard Campbell

REMEMBER, as a small boy, the excitement I felt when I would learn that grandad and grandma were coming for a visit. These were very special times for me. Grandad was full of stories that small boys enjoy, and the best part was that he always made me one of the characters of his stories. Grandma was pretty special because, when she was at our house, it was possible to stay up just a little longer than ordinary and, of course, she always had some sort of toy stuffed in her suitcase for me. As I grew older, the only thing which seemed to be of any importance was that they were coming.

Grandad was in the habit of taking walks early in the morning. He would usually walk for about a mile or two, then return home and putter around in the yard until breakfast. As a little boy, I thought it was a treat to be invited to go on these walks with him. It made me feel very important to share his walk with him. He would tell me about the miners and Indians and all sorts of interesting things of Yreka and the surrounding areas. In my late teens, these walks ceased to be a treat, since I found the early hour very disagreeable; but the walks continued for grandad.

For these walks, grandad had a special dress. The dress hardly was becoming the Judge, but it served the purpose for which it had been adopted . . . namely, warmth. The dress consisted of two shirts, a pair of old gaberdine pants and then another pair over the first pair. If the weather was extra cold, an old overcoat, which appeared to have been salvaged from the moths, was worn. On these cold mornings, a haf was needed, and this was an old felt one which was

tied under the chin with a multi-colored scarf. In this unbelievable attire, grandad appeared more like a tramp than a professional man. However, the walks were not intended to sport any fashion; they were intended to keep him in good physical condition. This was something to which he paid strict attention. In keeping with his attention to health, he always retired early in the evening after reading the paper and listening to the latest news on the radio. This schedule was altered only when some sport event was on television. At these times, he would stay up and watch them or listen to them on the radio.

Grandma, on the other hand, enjoyed staying up late to read or just talk. The latter was one thing which she enjoyed very much. I used to talk to her for hours about small things, which, at the time, seemed very important. She always listened with deep interest and had something to add or would show me some fresh, new approach to a problem.

In the morning, Grandma would arise at about the same time grandad would return from his walk, and start the breakfast. For the remainder of the day, she would busy herself in the kitchen or on the back porch sewing. Her one hobby,

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(EDITOR'S NOTE: Richard (Dick) Campbell's father passed away, and he and his mother, Velma, lived with her mother and father for several years, while Dick was in his teens. Dick married Sally Jeter of Hornbrook. They were classmates at Yreka High School. Dick is a dentist and is living in Compton, California.

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— courtesy of Jim Allen, Jr.

### MY GRANDAD AND GRANDMA

I believe, was working in the yard. Usually, grandad would water the yard when he returned from his walk. But no matter how much he watered, grandma always went out and turned on all the hoses in the yard—after grandad had left for the office, of course. Then, when she would hear the noon whistle blow, she would scurry around, turning off all the water.

As they grew older, grandma found it difficult to climb the stairs in order to clean the upstairs; so grandad took it upon himself to tend to cleaning that part of the house. I remember one day when he decided to clean the attic. He swept most of the items he thought were no good down the stairs. Grandma was standing at the bottom of the stairs, protesting vigorously; but to no avail.

Grandad's tidiness did not end with chores in the house. One morning, I was awakened by the sound of a car roaring with some effort. This noise prompted me to go to the window to see the cause of the commotion. There was grandad with his old, yellow Buick tied to an old sycamore stump. He climbed into the car, depressed the gas pedal, and let the clutch out and the car would roar. This was repeated a few times, and then he would climb out and re-examine the ropes, climb back into the car and repeat the whole procedure. I think the city finally removed

the stump when the sidewalk was extended.

Grandma would usually rib him about these little episodes; but he always found some new task which needed his attention.

There was a time, when I was in high school, that four of my friends and I cut school to go swimming down the Klamath River. We had planned it so as to arrive home at the usual time, and thereby keep the whole thing a secret. Well, when I walked in the door, grandma gave me one look and then gave me "what for" about cutting school and going swimming in April. I never knew exactly how she knew we had been swimming.

She always took great interest in my activities at school. On Friday nights before the games, she always had a separate meal for me. This was a light meal and served early enough so that I could rest before it was time to go up to school and dress for the game. She never seemed to forget when the games were coming.

One of grandad's favorite past-times was fishing. The most special spot of all for these fishing trips was Shackleford Creek. These fishing trips, as with many things, had a special routine. The trip usually was a great deal of fun and in some ways, a bit humorous. Grandad would arise at about 3 o'clock in the morning and start breakfast. When he had eaten his breakfast, he would then get me out of bed, and while I ate breakfast, he would prepare our lunch for the day. The breakfast that he prepared was quite unique. The eggs were always hard and cold, the coffee was extremely strong, and the toast was hard. Needless to say, grandad was not a cook. Following breakfast, we would climb into his car and off we would go. All the way to Quartz Valley, grandad would relate stories about how the valley was when he was a boy working in the

mines with his father, and how he had hiked up Shackelford Creek barefooted. In Quartz Valley, as was the routine, we stopped at a little stream just about the time the sun was high enough to shed enough light to aid us in our search for sandbugs. Grandad would wade into the water with his pant's legs rolled up to his knees and begin turning over the rocks. This part of the trip was a little disagreeable, since at this time of the morning, I found the water a little too cold to my liking. Nevertheless, I waded in and searched for sandbugs. After we had collected enough bait for a good mess of fish, we would again strike out for Shackelford and the day's fishing. He would force the car up the narrow road, banging the pan on the rocks and through the little fords until he would park at some place which he decided would give the best fishing for the day. From where we left the car, he would hike another mile, it seemed, and then head for the stream, crashing through the brush, calling a warning back to me to watch out for snakes. At the stream side, we would prepare our tackle and then off he would go, right in the middle of the stream. He always fished in the lead, and to get ahead of him was quite a task. Usually I would give up and fish behind him. At about 10 or 11 o'clock, we would stop and he would pull out the lunch he had prepared. By this time the sandwiches were usually well squashed and wet. In the preparation of these sandwiches, grandad did not spare the butter, and if you can imagine eating a wet, smashed sandwich which was covered with cold butter, you will understand why I usually ate a very light lunch on these fishing trips. When we had caught enough fish for a good meal, we would call it a day and head for home.

Grandad also enjoyed going to Stewart Springs occasionally to take a mineral bath. If grandma could not go

along with him, he would take his dog, Rex. Rex was a cross between a Doberman and a Cocker Spaniel. He was a good companion, but that was about the extent of his worth. After his bath, grandad, bundled up in his warm clothes and with the windows rolled, would drive back to Yreka with Rex on the seat beside him acting as navigator.

It was a more or less unspoken rule in their house, that if any one entered after they had retired, he was to stop by their bedroom at the foot of the stairs and wish them a goodnight. At this time, grandma would require a glass of water and grandad would put you through a short question and answer period, usually about how you had enjoyed yourself, whom you were with, and then he would wish you a good night.

At Christmas time, when the whole family had gathered together for the holidays, grandma would be dashing around in the kitchen making last-minute preparations for the dinner, grandchildren would be running and hollering through the house and up the stairs, aunts and uncles would be talking or helping in the kitchen. Grandad could be found in the front room with one of the small children on his lap, telling him a story. Or he would just sit with his hands folded and have a smile on his lips, enjoying the family together under one roof. Grandma used to say that these were very happy times for him, but that all of the noise bothered her. I doubt this, for when the last family left following the holidays, you could see a little tear in her eye. It was at these times, after the last one had gone, that they would sometimes sit together on the couch, holding hands, and talk about how well this one looked, or how much that one had grown. Then grandad would get into the car and go uptown to pick up the evening paper, and grandma would begin to putter around in the kitchen again.



# My Grandfather

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by Robert Allen

AS I READ over the many activities in which my grandfather participated, I realize what a great man he was. We can be justly proud of him and of his accomplishments—not only in the legal field, but in all other phases of every-day living. He set an example for all of us to follow.

Much has been written about him in this edition of the Yearbook and, not to be repetitious, I will add a few stories that have not been elaborated upon to any great extent.

While a lawyer, my grandfather was to participate in one of the most controversial murder cases in the history of Yreka. This was known as the "Brite Brothers Case". The case, in brief, was that on the morning of August 30, 1936, John and Coke Brite killed three men—Martin Lange, Joe Clark, and Fred Seaborn—at Horse Creek. The brothers claimed self defense, pleading that they did not know who the men were when they approached them in the dark with a warrant for their arrest.

Those acting for the prosecution were Mr. James Davis, District Attorney; Mr. J. P. Correia; and James Allen, Special Prosecutor. Everett Barr and Horace Frye acted for the defense. Judge of the case was C. J. Luttrell.

The trial began on Monday, December 7, the star witness being C. C. Baker, the only one of the four who escaped alive that Sunday morning. One of the reasons that made the case so controversial was the fact that Mr. Baker was proven to be in error on several points; but he continued to stick to the facts on which the fate of the Brite brothers would be determined. On December 23, 1936, the Brite brothers were

found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to life imprisonment at Folsom State Prison, California.

The Allen family itself was not small: It consisted of four boys and four girls—the twins, Jim and Gussie, born in 1910; Velma, in 1911; Norman, in 1913; Irene, in 1916; Mary, in 1918; my dad, Bob, in 1919; and Ed, in 1925. All are still living, except my father Bob, who was killed in action in the Second World War, on April 5, 1945, on Okinawa.

While James Allen was Superior Judge of Siskiyou County, he was offered a position on the bench of the State Court several times, and every time he refused because he did not want to leave Siskiyou County.

He had many other interests which were mostly historical in nature. He wrote several short stories about some of the most interesting cases he was involved in and he wrote and had published, a book called "Winema," which is concerned with the Modoc Indian War. This book was published in 1956 by the Vantage Press, Inc. Some of the short stories he wrote include, "The Murder of George Hill," "The Murder in the Hay Loft," "The Pinnacle of Death and Destruction," and "Jack Hooper—Gentleman Bandit."

On October 12, 1957, Superior Judge

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(EDITOR'S NOTE: Robert (Bob) Allen (he is married to the former Kay Van Hoosen and they have one son) is at present attending Southern Oregon College, where he is a senior, working toward his secondary teacher's credential.

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## Old Hills

Old hills, old hills, I love you,  
The golden skies above you,  
When spring sits lightly on your breast,  
Green hills of my beloved west;  
When summer hours are spent and told  
And you are crowned in autumn gold,  
Your gentle beauties still I claim,  
Old hills, and love you just the same . . .  
Oh, dun or gray, or green or blue,  
Old hills, I do love you.

Old hills, old hills, I love you,  
The gleaming stars above you,  
When gathered to the lowering night  
You sleep within their silver light,  
Or all your beauties pale and wan  
Wake in to the effulgent dawn;  
Your zigzag fences, homestead hopes,  
The cattle browsing on your slopes . . .  
Oh, dun or gray, or green or blue,  
Oh hills, I do love you.

Old hills, old hills, I love you,  
The dreams that twine above you,  
The rocks that rise from out your sod,  
The tall pines lifting arms to God;  
And every scattered shrub and flower  
Beneficence has made your dower;  
I love them all, each bud and tree,  
Where somehow sits the majesty,  
Beside the cedar and the pine,  
Of something hallowed and divine.  
Oh, dun or gray, or green or blue,  
Old hills, I do love you.

*The above was a favorite of the late  
Philomena Emilia Roberts (Mrs. Frank Roberts).*



### BIG SPRINGS LAKE

IN THE FOREGROUND is the Stallcup Ranch and Big Springs Lake. In the distance is Miller Mountain, Hurd Peak, Sheep Rock, and Deer Mountain.

## Big Springs in the Olden Days

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**A**S FAR AS WE can find out by reading old pioneer records, the first white men to have stopped at what we call Big Springs probably were Hudson Bay Company trappers who started coming into Shasta Valley in increasing numbers from 1825 on.

In those days there was no lake, just a tule swamp with springs flowing through lava rock faults. This swamp drained into the Shasta River through what was later named the Big Springs creek. For a better name we will call it the Big Springs area, although we take in a territory of approximately 120 square miles.

When Joe Rose and August Louie took up their homesteads, they passed up the actual "Springs" as we know them today. They settled below this swamp on the Big Springs creek. The *first* two white men and the ones from whom Rose and Louie bought their rights had started a dam. But Rose and

Louie later built another dam just above the old site, and thus the lake was formed.

David Root of Grenada, a descendant of the Barklow family, tells the story that in 1873 or thereabouts, the four Barklow brothers stopped at the Springs and the oldest, David, had wanted to settle there. The rest of the brothers discouraged him. Even though there was an abundance of water, it had to be pumped on to the higher ground surrounding the Springs.

The Barklows kept on going to Coos County, Oregon. But in later years some of the Barklow sons and grandsons came back to Big Springs and lived on what was later the Werner Sterchi ranch. The late Loren Barklow of Yreka was a grandson.

Between 1873 and 1875 an elderly man by the name of Brady built a rough cabin by the Springs. He was evidently a man of some education, because he

took it upon himself to teach the two older Rose boys, John and Joe. This was before any school was built in the area. The Richard Rader family later bought out Brady's rights and lived there until the Stalleups came in 1888. It was while the Raders lived there that the first post office got started.

In 1884 Richard Rader wrote to the Post Office Department for a permit to have a post office in his home. By this time more and more families were settling in the surrounding area. The permit finally arrived on May 10, 1884. Since there were so many places named Big Springs, for lack of a better name, he called the new post office Mayten (May the 10th).

The post office of Mayten existed about thirty years in all. At first it was located in a room in the Rader house. The first man to carry the mail from Edgewood (formerly Butteville) was



THIS BUCK was killed by Cy Dennis on Haystack Mountain in 1887. He donated the horns to the Museum.



— courtesy Mrs. Elmer Aldrich

JOHN JACOB MYERS (at right). He was mail carrier in the hard winter of 1889 and 1890. Taken shortly before his death. At left: Bernard Wilmer, a friend.

Emmet Dickson. Then John Myers carried it on horseback in bad weather, while his daughter Carrie carried it in good weather. She used a one-horse cart.

Joe Stalleup tells about the time in the winter of 1889 and 1890 when it took John Myers three days on snow shoes to bring the mail from Edgewood. They tried to dissuade him but he was determined, staying at a different ranch home each night. (John Myers has two grandsons living locally—Floyd in Angel Valley, and Ed in Edgewood). Tillie (Cunningham) Brookfield seemed to have carried the mail for a short time.

Several years after the railroad came to Gazelle, it was decided to carry the mail from there, as it was a shorter route. Mattie Rader obtained the contract first, then the Stevensons, and then Mary Dickson. After Stalleups bought the place, they ran the post office until it was moved to the "Four Corners" in 1914. At this time a man by the name

of Ott bought the Raddon place and operated the post office in conjunction with a store.

The RFD mail route from Montague eliminated the post office address of Mayten, but elections are still held under the name of Mayten.



— courtesy Allie Stevenson Moore

THE POST OFFICE IN GAZELLE in 1895 (the present Copple house). The rig in the background is the one the Stevenson family used to carry the mail to Mayten from Gazelle. Richard Rader on the horse.

The Stevenson family carried the mail for a long time, the schedule being every Wednesday and Saturday. Before Allie Stevenson was married, she carried it on Saturday. She especially remembers one incident in connection with carrying the mail. Her brother Charlie wasn't quite 16 and someone, who wanted the mail-hauling job, complained to Mrs. Eddy, the postmistress in Gazelle, that he was not old enough to carry the mail. The next time Charlie's mother saw Mrs. Eddy's brother-in-law, Lewis Foulke Sr., she asked about the complaint. He drew himself up to his full height and remarked, "If he isn't old enough now, he never will be!" It is needless to say

that nothing ever came of the complaint. Lewis Foulke was an important man and people listened to what he had to say.

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## Early Social Life

*as told by Allie Moore*

The early settlers had very little social life. Any affairs that they had were held in the schoolhouse. Allie Moore tells what she remembers about the dances that used to be held. Old George Ellison played the violon; Charlie Dunlap, the second violin or guitar; Joe Miller usually did the calling. Dad Stevenson was floor manager, but preferred to dance.

Allie had the first new organ in the area and she still has it. Her father had given this organ to her.

Non-denominational ministers used to hold services in the schoolhouse. One was nicknamed "Deacon" Jones. The Congregational Church of Little Shasta often shared its minister with the Big Springs people, as there were not enough of them to start a church of their own. The minister usually stayed with the Dennis family.



ALLIE STEVENSON MOORE at the organ her father bought her when she was a little girl in Big Springs. She is now 80 years of age.



— courtesy Leo Brown

LEO BROWN AND CREW PULLING THE JUNIPER TREES

## Clearing the Land

*written by Leo Brown*

At one time I had pictures of some of the places and pioneers who really endured the hardships and privations of settling, possessing, and making safe and secure for the influx of succeeding generations and nationalities who came in later to this Big Springs, or as you now call it, Mayten district, of our county.

This change in population began about 1914, or when the irrigation of the land began, and the first removal of the Juniper trees and brush by power methods that was begun by Dwinnell and Harlow. I think they called themselves Big Springs Land and Irrigation Company. They bought out the old pioneer settlers who had partly cleared grain farms that had all been laboriously cleared by hand methods of digging around and burning out the stumps, or many other methods such as they could devise.

About 1914 Dwinnell and Harlow put in two Holt Caterpillar 60's and started clearing out the trees and brush. They cleared the part of the Stevenson place that was still uncleared and some more lying to the west of it, and part of the uncleared part of the Silas Kinjon place, which was about one-half mile west of

the Four Corners, leaving a small amount to be pulled.

Then Dwinnell and Harlow dissolved partnership, Dwinnell taking over the reclamation project known as Montague Land and Irrigation Company between Grenada and Montague, plus the Cricket Flat area, and Harlow taking over the Junipers, or Big Springs project. In the meantime, Harlow also acquired the Grenada project, moved his headquarters there, and started the town of Grenada.

The Big Springs project was known as Mt. Shasta Land and Irrigation Company. In 1916 I was awarded a contract to pull the trees out. I had nothing to do with the disposal of them or the brush after they were pulled.

I pulled 3,000 acres, according to their measurement, and I think their measurement was very accurate. However, it seems there must have been an insufficiency of water for all of it, as a considerable amount still remains un-irrigated or, at least, was the last time I saw it, which was several years ago.

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(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Leo Brown is correct about the above. The Big Springs Irrigation District has about 2,000 acres under irrigation at present.*)

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## Big Springs Lake

The following is an interesting story told by John Louie about the Big Springs lake.

In 1917 when the Big Springs Land and Irrigation Company was in operation, the water flowed evenly into the lake from cracks in the lava rocks. Then the company drilled four or five wells at the edge of the lake, thinking they could develop *more* water. They sank pipes into the wells to keep them from caving in. *The actual flow of water did not increase*, it only changed in appearance, bubbling up in a spectacular fashion over the tops of the pipes.

At one time the Louie brothers had to do some repair work to the head gate in the dam. So they lowered the lake by about three feet. The water quit bubbling over the pipes and the District Directors and farmers around there became alarmed, claiming the Louies were drying up Big Springs lake. But within seven or eight hours after the closing of the repaired head gate, the water commenced bubbling again and the lake went back to its normal level. This proved that the pressure of the water in the lake caused the "artesian well" effect.

## Social Life in the 20's

Starting with the influx of the new settlers and during the 20's, impromptu dances, basket socials, and parties were held—some to raise funds to pay the taxes for the new hall, and others for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Mike Arami played the accordion, old man Casey the "fiddle," while his daughter, Mrs. Cantwell, "corded" the piano. At the real fancy "shindigs," when the Grenadaites were invited, Alice Vandersluis played either the violin or the piano, and Mrs. Teeter, the piano.

On rare occasions, a regular dance band was hired. This was generally Peder-sen's Orchestra.

Wedding showers gave the women a chance to "socialize" and charivaris generally ended up in a good old "hoe down."

Home-talent plays were put on by the people of the community. The first Mayten hall was built under the leadership of E. F. Manuel, who lived on what is now the Gamma place. The hall was built in 1916 with donated labor and with lumber either donated or bought at cost from Harlow. He had Oregon fir shipped to Grenada, where he had a small mill for finishing rough lumber. He sold all his lumber to the new settlers at cost.

This recreation hall was the center of all activities for many years. One Red Cross dance netted around \$1,000. For two years high school classes were held in this hall. After that a bus transported the pupils to the Yreka High School.

Around 1934 this hall burned to the ground. Then Mike Arami fixed up the Horn house for a dance hall, and it was used in place of a community hall for a time. Then the new one was built in 1951.

Following are the names of some of the new settlers living in the area surrounding the Four Corners in 1915: Barklow, Salvadori Brothers, Quadros, Machado, Dwinnell (no relation to the Doctor), "Captain" Boyd, P. Petrifetti, C. Thomas, Gould, Walter Manuel, Stewart, Johnson, Lattin, Layton, Cameron, Manuel, Horn, Pedrotti, Phelps, Ott, Jolley, Hight, Raddon, Snyder, Rose (no relation to Joe Rose), Winters, Bruff, and Burns.

## About 1890 . . .

The house that Dave Souza is re-building at the present time once stood

about four miles north of Tony Quadros' house out in an open field. Charley Meiers and his family lived in it at that time. Allie Moore remembers that one boy and two girls died of typhoid fever here during a very cold winter. Mrs. Stevenson helped "lay them out."

After the Meiers family moved out, the house stood empty until Joe Miller was planning to get married. The road had been changed in the meantime, so he moved the house to its present site. Edward Stevenson and Will Rader helped, and it was a tremendous job in those days. They used rollers, but Allie doesn't remember any method of locomotion; but it must have been by horse teams.

The little house with the rock chimney on Oliver Solus' place once stood in the field northwest of its present location. Emmet Dickson and his wife (the former Mary Dunlap) had built it and were living in it in the winter of 1889 and 1890.

When the snow melted in the warm spring rains, the whole area of the Stevenson, Rader, and Stewart ranches was flooded and resembled a lake. The Emmet Dicksons were worse off than the rest, because their house was located in a low place. His horse stall and chicken house were on a higher rocky knoll, a short distance from the house.

The Stevenson family and the Dickson family were close friends and at the time of the flood when the Dicksons hadn't shown up, the Stevensons got worried and Dad Stevenson rode horseback through the water to investigate. Emmet was just preparing to wade or swim to his horse and try to rescue his wife who was expecting their first child (Forrest). She stayed at Stevensons that night, but insisted on going home to her folks next morning, even though it was still storming. Emmet and Mary made it to the Dunlaps without more trouble, but all the folks

around talked about her trip in her condition.

Dicksons soon moved to Gazelle and Dick Breceda lived in the house. Not wanting the same experience, they moved it on rollers to its present site. The Brecedas lived there quite a few years and Lawrence was born there. John Dickson of Montague is a son of Emmet.

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The first settlers in the area around the White Mountain ranch remember how irritating the dust was. Deep ruts developed in the roads and had to be sidetracked again and again. They used to call it alkali dust at first but soon realized it was fine volcanic ash. Even today on windy days in the dry weather, dust clouds cover the country for miles.

To quote Leo Brown, "It was the Stallcup Brothers who were the real pioneers that actually demonstrated the feasibility in irrigating this very fertile volcanic ash and soil and growing a superior quality of alfalfa almost unbelievably rich in 'butter fat' content."

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## My Grandfather . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

and Mrs. James M. Allen of Yreka celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at a family dinner party at the Yreka Inn.

On June 11, 1959, he was named "Citizen of the Year" at a Chamber of Commerce banquet. This was a reward deeply cherished by him and one in which he took great pride.

On August 2, 1960, when returning from a trip via Red Bluff, Judge and Mrs. James M. Allen were killed in an automobile accident south of Gazelle.

And so, on August 6, 1960, James Allen and his wife were laid to rest in the Evergreen cemetery at Yreka, California—thus ending the life of one of the most loved and respected couples Siskiyou County has ever known.





— courtesy Clara Meeks

TAKEN ABOUT 1915. The Dennis and Clark children rode to school on these animals. The mule was called "Becky" and was the favorite of everyone. Sometimes four or five would ride her. Left to right— George Clark, hired man; Millie Clark, Ivy Dennis, Beulah Clark, Clara Dennis, Blanche Clark, and Myrna Clark. The Clark's lived on the Solon Williams ranch.

## School History

The first schoolhouse was built near the White Mountain ranch in 1884. In another section of this book we have told about the school up until 1890. Now we quote from official school records. These records show that Nellie Timmons taught 22 children in 1890; Mary Nolan, 22 children in 1891; Nettie M. Taylor, 24 in 1892; and Mary A. Timmons, 26 pupils in 1893. Then the records show an increase of attendance to 38 pupils and the need of a larger schoolhouse arose.

It seemed that the largest families lived closer to the Stalleup ranch, and they wanted the school to be moved there. The families living near the Solon Williams ranch wanted the school to be kept there. As history shows, the majority won, and in 1893 the old

schoolhouse was moved to within a few hundred yards of the Stalleup house.

As the old original building was not large enough, more was added on to it, and it served the community until 1919, when the large, two-room brick building was erected on the site of the present schoolhouse.

Allie Moore clearly remembers the heated school election at that time and how much excitement it caused.

A. C. Barbour taught the first part of the school term in 1895 and Minnie Patton, the latter part of the term. Then Myrtle Wanaka taught 34 pupils for two years. Her pay was \$70.00 a month for seven months. In 1898, Mittie Ager taught 34 pupils at \$65.00, and Luella Barnum finished this term and the next two years. They raised her pay back to \$70.00, probably because she taught eight and nine months each year.

During the succeeding eight years, the following were teachers: Annie Lawrence, Bonnie Wheeler, Charlotte Wheeler, Kate E. Bailey, Goldie Zumwalt, and Elda D. Boystun.

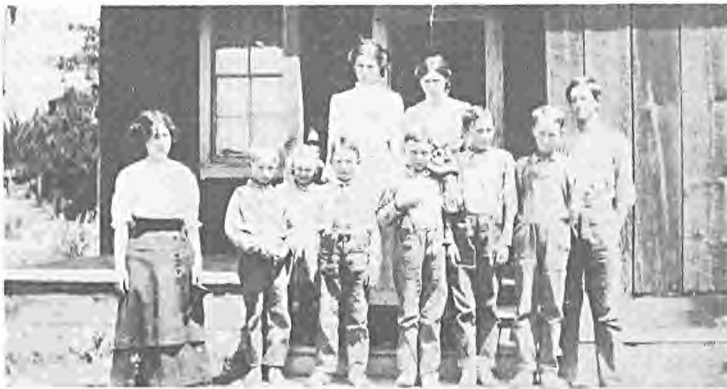
In 1908 when Goldie Zumwalt had only four pupils, the District lapsed by order of the Board of Supervisors, and the Territory was attached to Table Rock District. No Big Springs children



UPPER GRADE ROOM taken in 1926. Left to right, front— Alice Zylstra, Ruth Tate, Aileen Lane, Zetta Hogan, Rosie Pedrotti, Ruth Lepori, Mary Theodore, Sylvia Pedrotti. Back— Paul Johnson, Victor Hogan, Mrs. Stallcup, Johnnie Pedrotti. — courtesy Maybelle Stallcup

SCHOOL IN BIG SPRINGS. Taken in 1916. Left to right, back— Jessie Lemos, Robert Gray, Francis Solus, Claude Axtell, Ed Axtell, Clyde Kirkendall, Amos Dennis, Beulah Clark, Ivy Dennis, Viola Miller, Mary Moore, Blanche Clark, Dora Solus, Sadie Moore, Della Lemos. Front row— Harold Lemos, Edwin Wilson, Charlie Rose, Ralph Ott, Lena Lemos, Margaret Solus, Edna Solus, Myrna Clark, Nellie Dennis, Neila Lemos. — courtesy Belle Louie Simas





TAKEN IN 1911 at the "little red schoolhouse" by Stallcups. Left to right, front row— Mollie Brown, teacher; Guy Jones, unknown, unknown, Amos Dennis, Frank Dunlap, Paul Jones, Raymond Jones. Back row— Clara and Ivy Dennis. — courtesy Olympia Poole

SCHOOL IN BIG SPRINGS, taken in 1919, first year in the new brick schoolhouse. Left to right, back row— Frank Lepori, Kenneth Jolley (?), Billy Moore, Hugh Snyder (?), Adrian Johnson, Unknown, Elsie Fairchild. Second row— Unknown, Merrill Cromwell, Claude Russell, (?) Johnson, Blanche Doggett, Ruth Tate, John Rose (?) Fay Rose (?), three Unknowns, Mary Moore, Unknown, Marie Lepori, Sylvia Pedrotti, Nate Fairchild. Front row— Chester Fairchild, Melvin Keller, (?) Fairchild, Unknown, Ted Miles, Russell Doggett, three Unknowns, John Pedrotti, two Unknowns, Ruth Lepori, two Unknowns. In front, kneeling— Rosy Pedrotti and others Unknown. — courtesy Belle Louie Simas



attended the Table Rock school. Allie took her two oldest children to Montague for part of a term. Then Lemuel Dennis circulated a petition to reestablish the Big Springs school in 1911. His daughters, the Roberts girls, and several others had been forced to attend school in the surrounding towns, only coming home

weekends.

After the school was reestablished in 1911, the following taught: Mollie A. Brown, Edith M. Ames, Hazel Eldredge, Gladys Sayler, Flavel McClellan, Mary Howe, Marie C. Mahon, Maybelle Needham, Hilda Skinner, and Flora Neate. This brings us to 1917.

## Creamery in Big Springs

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as told by Joe Stallcup

**T**HE MARIGOLD CREAMERY, owned by Solon H. Williams and his brother-in-law, William F. Newbolt, was located at what was later known as the White Mountain Ranch. They had a Chinese cook who did the milking, separating, etc. One morning, he found a cat drowned in a can of cream. "Damn cat, drown cream," he said, and picked it up, threw it over the fence, and went on making butter.

*The following item taken from the 1958 "Pioneer" book, page 45.*

"In 1902 or '03 Solon Williams built a creamery on the Williams Ranch (now known as the White Mountain Ranch) in the Big Springs area. Bill Newbolt was the butter maker and the creamery operated for eight to ten years. Will Rader worked in this creamery.

Another Chinaman named Mau Sing also worked for Solon Williams. He milked and worked in the garden in the summer and ran a vegetable peddling wagon to Mt. Shasta and surrounding logging camps.

## Early Enterprise at Big Springs

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by Lewis M. Foulke

One of the very early enterprises in the Big Springs area more than one hundred years ago was the burning of charcoal for the blacksmith forges in the Shasta Valley and Yreka areas. Coal is used in blacksmith forges, as we all know, but coal was not available here until the railroad was completed in 1887, and a very good substitute for coal was charcoal.

The blacksmith shop was an institution that goes way back and was eulogized by Longfellow in his poem of the village smithy— "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree."

Without the blacksmith shop we would not have had the well where the old oaken bucket hung. It took tools manufactured and kept sharpened in the shop to dig the well and probably what the old oaken bucket hung on was

made in the blacksmith shop.

The miners needed sharp tools; horses had to be shod at the forge; buggy and wagon wheels, along with repairs, had to be taken care of; and there were many other essential things where the shop was needed. Every little town had one or two shops, and every ranch of any size had its own shop with forge, leather bellows, anvil, hammers and other tools.

The Big Springs area was very heavily timbered with junipers, many of them very old, and these old junipers, with little or no sap wood, made excellent charcoal.

There were many charcoal pits from the head of the White Slough to Sheep Rock. Some of these were pointed out to me while riding from Sheep Rock through the junipers in 1906 by Jerry

Chastain. In 1909 Charlie Phelps told me more about them, and more recently John Louie has told me about the very large charcoal burning pits near and south of where the Four Corners are at Big Springs.

The soil here was deep and sandy and the trees were very large. It was easy to dig the pits in this sandy soil, and easy to cover the partly-burned juniper logs so they would smolder into charcoal.

I discovered one of these charcoal pits in very good preservation eight years ago on Drummond's property, and several others near by, which had been pits but were nearly obliterated by weather and age.

Hardwood, such as oak, also made very good charcoal and is still being burned for charcoal but not from the dire necessity of the early days, but as a luxury for barbecues in back yards.

Chat Casedy, who was born in Little Shasta, told me much about these operations and how the Little Shasta farmers used to sell their heaviest, fattest bacon to the charcoal burners.

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(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Making and operating a charcoal pit was explained in detail in the 1948 yearbook in a story entitled, "The Old Deter Mill," by Lillian Deter Balis.*)

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— courtesy Margaret Hickey Vantrease

THE EDSON FOULKE SLAUGHTER HOUSE IN GAZELLE. Taken about 1900. Boy on ladder is Vice-Admiral Robert F. Hickey (retired). His grandfather, Robert Ferdinand Young, was the first man who attempted to build a dam and irrigation ditches at the Big Springs creek. He was born in Germany in 1836. He and his large family later settled near Gazelle. The young man helping him is Robert Young, his son. The man in the background is old man Stevenson.

## Mayten Voting Precinct

Taken from the Great Register, Siskiyou County, Year 1898 (all but four gave their occupation as farmers. The four were laborers).

\*Naturalization dates: Dutra, September 2, 1865; Louie, May 29, 1871; Rose, August 31, 1867; Roberts, June, 1880.

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(EDITOR'S NOTE: Besides the age, the Register showed the height, color of hair, eyes, complexion, identification marks, ability to read and mark the ballot, and where they came from. So, you see, the old Register proved to be a source of much valuable information.)

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### BARBED WIRE

The first barbed wire that was brought into Shasta Valley was black, very inferior, and cheap. A railroad car, full of wire, was brought in by Christopher Columbus (C. C.) Webb, who at that time owned thousands of acres around Grenada, Gazelle, Montague, and Grass Valley. Remains of this wire are to be found in these areas at the present time. It can be identified by the thin steel disks woven into the wire. These disks are the forerunners of our present barbed wire. It didn't turn the cattle and horses very well, but only tended to cut them up considerably.

\* \* \* \*

When Bob and Alida Hogan recently sold their ranch the search of the title disclosed the fact that the previous owner named McGrath had set aside a small plot of land to be used as a cemetery for the use of the Mayten settlers. The McGraths had bought the place from Mrs. Frank Long (mother of Brice "Bud" Long). The plot was never used for this purpose.

Notice the lack of women voters.

	AGE
Barton, Frank Clarence	40
Barnum, Winfield S.	38
Breceda, Edward	39
Barnum, Abraham Lincoln	33
Barnum, Eli	82
Dunlap, Benjamin Franklin	57
Deter, Mark Samuel	29
Dennis, James	38
Dennis, Albert S.	36
*Dutra, Manuel Silvera	62
Hull, Charles Tudor	39
Hoover, John	71
*Louie, Augustine Jose	58
Louie, John	21
Moore, John Samuel	33
McNames, William Harrison	40
Miller, Joseph O.	36
Miller, Martin Thaddeus	40
Newbolt, George Abbott	72
Newbolt, William Foulke	42
Noreross, Thomas Whitney	36
Orr, Thomas Ralza	36
*Rose, Joseph Francis	63
Rose, John S.	24
*Roberts, Frank Nunes	45
Rader, William L.	37
Stevenson, Arthur Edward	21
Stallcup, John Franklin	21
Stallcup, Edward	55
Simon, Samuel Gerson	30
Stevenson, Edward Noel	50
Stevenson, Clarence Eugene	23
Sanderson, Albert Edward	41
Storey, William	65
Williams, Solon Heywood	42
Young, Robert Ferdinand, Jr.	32

### SUPPLEMENT TO THE GREAT REGISTER

Dunlap, Charles	25
Dunlap, Lewis Edward	21
Norton, Robert D.	38
Rose, Manuel	23
Dysart, Alexander Denny	57
Haywood, Henry	38
Story, Lon	28
Dennis, Lewis	49
Rader, Daniel	59
Washburn, Edward	23



— courtesy Charlie Barnum

**FOUR GENERATIONS**

Eli Barnum at left (father), Benjamin Franklin at right,  
Young Eli Barnum in back, Earl Barnum (the boy).

# The Eli Barnum Family

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**E**LI AND MARY ANN BARNUM and their six children crossed the plains from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Shasta Valley in 1859. The children were Benjamin Franklin, Zackary Taylor, Rosalie (Hayden), Francis Marion, Clara (Phelps), and Millard Fillmore. Three other children had died in infancy.

They came along the Yreka branch of the Applegate Trail through the sheep Rock gap, and then stopped at some watering troughs that had been hewn out of logs and were fed by some springs among the rocks. At that time there was no sign of habitation there except for the watering troughs.

An old, dilapidated, abandoned building was found about eight miles further along the trail. The family lived there for two years. This was later known as the "Old Dutch Abe" place. While living here, Winfield Scott was born.

The older children rode horseback to the first school in Little Shasta. This was a great hardship on the family and Eli, wanting all his children to have good schooling, decided to move to Little Shasta. Here he bought some land that is now known as the Haight place. He built a nice home there. Two more children were born—Luella (Hayden) and Abraham Lincoln (Abe).

Eli needed summer pasture for his cattle, so like many farmers in the valley, he bought 240 acres of land in Grass Lake, known as the Heard Dairy Ranch, from John Rohrer in 1874.

In those days there was lush feed and water and Eli and his older sons, Zack and Marion, had a dairy on their summer place. At this time, there were ice cold springs and ice caves on their property, and this helped preserve the



— courtesy Edith Glass

MARY ANN BARNUM (MOTHER)

butter, which was sealed in large tin cans. Then in the fall this butter was hauled by wagon and teams to Marysville and Red Bluff and sold. The Barnums sold their Grass Lake Dairy in 1876 to John Walbridge of Yreka.

Eli and some of his neighbors had

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(EDITOR'S NOTE: *The story of the trip of the Eli Barnum family to Shasta Valley is told by Mrs. Rosa B. Hayden in the 1948 "Pioneer" under the title, "Memoirs of Early California Days." The early history of the Applegate Trail in connection with Sheep Rock is clearly described in the 1956 Butte Valley Yearbook in the story, "Trail, Road and Transportation History," by Devere Helfrich.*)

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— courtesy Edith Glass  
**ROSALIE BARNUM HAYDEN**

a dispute over the use of water and in 1875 he sold the Little Shasta Ranch to S. A. Scott and the family moved to Sheep Rock and filed on many acres of land in the area surrounding the old watering troughs.

The first building put up was a spring house and, in order to have it cold enough, they did what everyone tried to do in those days—built it over a spring. They moved and set up the watering troughs to another but smaller spring and then built the sturdy, thick-walled building with mud-chinked walls that is still standing today and is pictured elsewhere in this book. It definitely *was not* built over the spring because of anticipated Indian attacks, as some writers would have you believe. There were no more Indians on the warpath in Shasta Valley; therefore, no need for a fort.

Shelves and storage bins were built, and the carefully constructed building kept the foodstuffs icy cold, but did not freeze them. (In talking to the Barnum descendants, they believe the drying up of Tule Lake and the gradual change of

climate have changed the early water pattern of Grass Lake and assorted springs in Shasta Valley. The volume of water is less and its temperature, warmer. Many ice caves are no more, and many springs disappeared altogether.)

After the spring house was built, a large, comfortable, two-story home was erected. (This house later burned). It was nicely furnished and boasted of an oblong piano, a real mark of distinction in those days. Luella was a good pianist, Abe played the harmonica, Scott played the accordion, and everyone loved to sing. Many happy hours were spent, especially when the local neighbors visited or stopped on their way when taking cattle to the summer pastures. Some of the families were Rose, Louie, Cash, Mills, Orr, and Huseman. Mrs. Barnum was a wonderful cook, and their home was a hospitable and welcome



— courtesy Edith Glass  
**FRANCIS MARION BARNUM**

oasis in this rugged and dry juniper country.

The family planted and cut rye, wheat, and barley hay. The ranch was not suited for dairy stock, but they raised a few cattle and horses and many Angora goats, whose wool was hauled to Marysville and sold. Once in the late 80's, a bad snowstorm blew up right after shearing time in May and many of the Angora goats died from cold.

Marion Barnum was the first one to live on what was later known as the White Mountain Ranch. This was about 1870. He traded his "squatter's rights" to Cap Myers for an old grey mare. (This was 160 acres).

Marion married Cora Smith. He then homesteaded in Merrill, Oregon. Frank (Franklin) Barnum and his wife, Mary Ann Campbell, went to Lakeview in 1875 and homesteaded there. Zackary Taylor Barnum married Mary Etta



LUELLA BARNUM HAYDEN

— courtesy Edith Glass



— courtesy Edith Glass

MILLARD FILLMORE BARNUM

Campbell and they had a large ranch in Little Shasta. Five children were born to them—Bob, Agnes, Henry, Zack, and Cora. In 1893 the three youngest went to live with Grandpa Eli. The two oldest went to live with their maternal Grandmother Colins on the Klamath River. Abe Barnum had been appointed guardian of Cora, Henry, and Zack after the death of their father. They attended Big Springs school where their Aunt Luella taught.

In reminiscing about the seven years he spent with his grandparents, Henry Barnum gets that far-away look on his face. They were busy but happy years. His uncles, Abe and Scott, had a pre-emption claim at Butte Creek. They dairied in summer at Cold Springs. They later sold this place to Joe Rose. Now Ellis Louie is the owner. This dairy was a sideline, as their main livelihood was obtained from the many acres on which they raised grain crops. They milked twenty-five cows, made butter, and took



—courtesy Jack Phelps

CHARLES PHELPS AND CLARA BARNUM PHELPS

care of pigs. Henry was "calf boy" and had charge of the baby calves, skimmed the milk, and washed the milk pans and buckets.

Fishing in nearby Butte and Antelope Creeks was good. Neighboring homesteaders were Julius and Jim Russell at Kegg Pitt, Garners near Tennant, Brays in Bray, Charley Haight near Antelope Creek, and Louie Huseman had several Portuguese men at his dairy. (This was the former Bill Orr place).

In 1900 Eli and Mary Ann Barnum moved from Sheep Rock to Mt. Shasta and lived for five years with Luella. Then they moved to Scott Valley. Their other daughter, Clara, and her husband, Charles Phelps, lived at Sheep Rock until about 1918. Their children were Chat, Will, Roll, and three girls— Laura (White), Lola (Kusel), and Rena (Phelps).

Starting in 1918, the Phelps Brothers operated the ranch. Roll was married

to Mildred Russell from Yreka in 1918, and their six children— Jim, Gene, Jack, Dorothy (Davis), Marie (Michelon), and Bill were born while they lived at Sheep Rock and on another ranch in Big Springs.

The following is copied from the Siskiyou News, Thursday, April 15, 1915.

"Eli Barnum, pioneer and oldest man in Siskiyou County, died at his home at Callahan on April 5, at the age of 98 years, 2 months, 29 days. He was born in the state of New York on January 6, 1817. The funeral was held on April 7 from I.O.O.F. Hall in Etna and interment made in Etna cemetery.

"The deceased joined the O.F. in 1840 and held a continuous membership for 75 years. He is said to have been a member longer than any other member in the history of the order.

"Eli Barnum was married to Mary Anne Madden April 27, 1843. Eight children out of 12, many grandchildren



— courtesy Edith Glass

CHILDREN OF ABE'S—Abraham Lincoln Barnum, his wife Edith (Jackson), and her sister Ella.

and several great grandchildren, are living. Mrs. Barnum is now nearly 89 years old. Death stopped preparations for a reunion on April 27 in honor of the seventy-second anniversary of their marriage.

"The children who survive are B. F. Barnum, Mrs. R. M. Hayden, and Mrs. Luella Welder of Callahan, F. M. Barnum of Merrill, Oregon, Mrs. Clara Phelps of Bray, M. F. and A. L. of Etna, and W. S. of Santa Rosa."

Mary Ann died in 1918 and is buried beside her husband. All of their children have passed on.

### ZACK BARNUM, JR.

Former classmates still tell how ornery Zack was and what a time his Aunt Lou had with him. When she tried to restrain him by force, he used to yell at her, "Aunt Lou, when I fight, I bite!"

Poor Aunt Lou had quite a time with Zack. Another time when she tried

to chastise her nephew Zack, he managed to get his spurs tangled in her long skirt and before she subdued him, her skirt was badly ripped. The boys in those days rode horseback so much that they usually wore spurs all the time.

Luella Barnum lived with her mother,



— courtesy Allie Moore

ZACK BARNUM, JR.



— courtesy George Schrader collection

SPACE IN FOREGROUND formerly Barnum's grainfield. Sheep Rock in background.



— courtesy Edith Glass

WINIFRED SCOTT BARNUM

brothers (Scott and Abe), and nephews (Zack and Henry Barnum) at Sheep Rock, later known as the Phelps ranch. She and her nephews came to school in a buggy. In bad weather they stayed at the Solon Williams ranch.

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#### THE FIRST BASEBALL TEAM IN BIG SPRNGS

*told by Lew Foulke*

About 1904 Jim Burns got a baseball team together. It took nearly all the big boys and young men in the area to make a ball team of nine. They called themselves "*The Sandlappers*" and played teams from Gazelle, Weed, and Montague. Among the players were Net and Fred Dennis, Will Dunlap, Harry Sanderson, and Frank and Fred French. Jim Burns was manager and part-time pitcher. Their baseball field was located in an open space across the road where Dave Sousa now lives.



Left to right — Henry Rossiter and Nellie, Mary and Cy Dennis.

Walter Simon once "stepped off" the length of this cave and it was over 1,200 steps.

## Pluto's Cave

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published in 1881 by Harry L. Wells

**I**N THE COUNTRY lying south of Klamath, Tule, and Clear lakes are those immense beds of lava rock, made so famous in history by the exploits of Captain Jack and his band. A full description of these is given in the narrative of the Modoc War. In this region are many caves, though none of them very extensive. Caves also are found in other portions of the county, some of which have historical events connected with them. Of these the one near Fall creek, north of the Klamath, is the most noted, being the scene of the cave fight mentioned in another portion of this volume. The largest, however, is one discovered near Sheep Rock in the spring of 1863, by Nelson Cash, while hunting estrayed cattle. In April of the same year, George W. Tyler and Elijah Heard made an extended exploration of the cave and christened it Pluto's Cave.

The entrance was about five hundred feet above the valley, being some three miles up the slope of the mountain. They entered through an opening ten feet high and twenty feet wide, and advanced through a succession of halls and chambers, or caverns, until they passed through an opening thirty feet square into the large cavern, or cave proper. They traversed this cautiously, over piles of fallen rocks and other obstructions, until they came to where an immense heap of rocks barred further progress. The distance to this point from the entrance they estimated at from one and one-half to two miles, and how far beyond the barrier of rocks it extended could not even be conjectured. In the main cavern were found a pile of faggots and other evidences of a fire, that bore the appearance of having been there for years, perhaps

centuries. The walls within are very dry, the usual dampness of a subterranean cavern being absent, thus contributing to the preservation of objects deposited there. Quite a number of people have visited the cave at different times, but a more thorough exploration than this has never been made. Several smaller caves have been discovered within a radius of a few miles, but none of so great dimensions as this.

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John Muir in his book "*Steep Trails*" mentions the Pluto Caves near Sheep Rock and describes remains of Indian campfires and many heads of mountain sheep at the entrance where the Indians had eaten them at the end of the chase.

"On the north side of Shasta near Sheep Rock there is a long cavern, nearly a mile in length, 30 or 40 feet wide, and 50 feet or more in height. It is regular in form and direction like a railroad tunnel. It was probably formed by the flowing away of a current of lava after the hardening of the surface.

"At the mouth of this cave where

the light and shelter was good, I found many of the heads and horns of the wild sheep and the remains of campfires, no doubt those of Indian hunters who in stormy weather had camped there and feasted after the fatigues of the chase. A wild picture that must have formed on a dark night—the glow of the fire, the circle of crouching savages around it seen through the smoke, the dead game, and the weird darkness of the walls of the cavern—a picture of cave dwellers at home in the Stone Age."

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(EDITOR'S NOTE: In the 1949 "*Pioneer*" in an article written by Don Cochran titled, "*John Muir in Siskiyou County*," it tells the great naturalist's story about his explorations and theory concerning the mountain sheep found in this vicinity. Muir wrote extensively about Sheep Rock and the Lava Beds. John Muir, the Naturalist, in his wanderings over Sheep Rock and surrounding mountains, estimated there were ten thousand mountain sheep in this vicinity at one time.

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THE ENTRANCE TO THE WIND CAVES BY YELLOW BUTTE

# The Caves

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written by Leo Brown

I have been in many caves in that area in the days when I couldn't figure out how they happened or why. I am only going to mention three of them. Incidentally, I have been told that since I was there, road equipment broke through to another. I could get no particulars as to the extent of it.

The first and smallest of these three caves in the Windy Cave, so named because of the very cool, fresh wind constantly issuing from the mouth of it. It is located on the very northernmost tip of Yellow Butte, approximately 100 feet from the present base of the Butte. The old wagon or wood road was about 20 feet or less from the mouth of it.

My first trip into this cave was about 1902 or 1903. I went in alone and explored every nook and cranny of it. I had to crawl on my hands and knees to enter. I had pitchy pine for torches to make a light and plenty of those old Chinese sulphur matches, "just in case." I lit my torch on the outside and started to crawl in. Wind blew the torch out. I tried again, and the same thing happened. The third time I backed in, to shield the torch. I found myself in a nice little room where I was able to stand upright. I crawled through another opening into a larger, longer room. There were several of these, but I cannot recall now just how many.

The cave was probably not over 100 feet in depth, but it was well worth seeing. After gasoline lanterns became available, there was no difficulty in entering. But with torches, I learned to go into the first room and then light the torch. The wind was hardly noticeable inside after passing the second opening.

In the 1890's or about 1900 the

Dennis brothers prospected for copper in the area near the cave. It was called the Yellow Buttes Copper Mine. They stopped the opening to the cave with sacks filled with sand. There was a crack on top which they enlarged slightly with a drill and chipped out a forge "nest" in the lava, and it made them a very satisfactory forge in which to heat their drill steel while mining nearby.

However, several years later the Weed Lumber Company built the railroad through to Klamath Falls. They put in a siding or side track a short distance from the cave, and they stationed an Italian "track repair gang" there. They had to have a wine cellar, so the opening to the cave was enlarged, and a door installed large enough to walk through and to accommodate wine barrels being taken in and out.

The last time I was there, which was probably in the early 1920's, there was but very little draught coming out the forge opening. They must have plugged it on the inside. I presume it made a fine wine cellar.

It would seem that some, at least, of the Big Springs water supply, must pass through somewhere down below this cave, and that the cold air comes up through cracks from off the cold water. Ordinarily cold air settles downward, while warm air rises. Therefore, the warm air must come in contact with the water higher up the mountain and follow or settle downward with the cold water through a passageway in which there is air space above the water. Then, evidently not far below or downstream from the cave, the water must come to a place where it must be forced at least slightly upward. This would



close off the air space and the oncoming cold air would force this upward through cracks in the lava which connect with the cave. If this is actually true, it would account for the cold breeze coming out the cave mouth. The lava flow here, or at least the top layer, had turned almost northward toward Sheep Rock.

Cave Number Two that I shall mention is about one-half mile north and a little west of the Windy Cave. The flow of the top layer of lava is also in a northerly direction. This is the second largest of the lava caves. I never heard an authentic name for it, although I have heard it referred to as the Barnum Cave. It is unique, in that part of it is a "double decker"; that is, one cave is just above another.

This cave is also close to an old road which ran from the old Barnum or Phelps place at the southwest corner of Sheep Rock to Delaney, which was the name of the railroad siding.

Cave Number Three, which I shall mention, is the largest cave I know of. I think it is also the best known. It is about one and one-half miles west of Yellow Butte. I am told it is now called Pluto's Cavern or Dante's Inferno. All I ever knew it by was the Big Cave.

My first exploration of it was about 1903 or 1904. On my first trip as a boy, I was not only impressed by the magnitude of the cave but by hundreds of names and signatures on the walls and on smoothed-off wood torches which were stuck in some crack or cranny of the walls. It was amazing how many notable people, and from places as far off as Los Angeles, Portland, and Seattle, had been there. In a very conspicuous place was an extra large name whittled and scraped to a smooth surface evidently with a large blade pocket or hunting knife, and engraved apparently with a carpenter's pencil:

First was the date—Month...., Day  
...., Year.

"While riding for range stock this day we have come upon this cave and hereby claim discovery thereof.

(Signed) ..... Rader"

That last name is the only one I can positively remember. I seem to want to call it Charley or Charles Rader, but of this I am not certain, and the first signature has left me entirely.

I made many trips to the cave with different parties. I would take and finish pictures for them and earn a little "pin money." So I called the attention of many to this discovery notice.

After the advent of the automobile and the influx of more people, most of the signatures on the boards were taken or defaced in some way, and the discovery sign was missing. However, I found part of it. I climbed high up the wall and put it where I thought no one else would ever take the trouble to take it down. But the next time I returned, it was gone and I could find no remains of it.

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## History of Caves & Sheep

*as told by Allie Moore*

Clarence, Marion, and Arthur Stevenson and George and Mark Rader went to one of the large caves while in their teens (about 75 years ago). They planned to stay overnight and had food, bedding, and torches. They corralled their horses in one of the caves.

Clarence, the oldest, went exploring and found a huge pile of sheep horns and bones in an inner, smaller cave. One set weighed 24 pounds, even though half the horns had been eaten off by rodents. They took about seven or eight sets home. News got around and soon all the horns disappeared. Dr. Dwinell got the last set the Stevensons had.

This writer asked Allie how such a collection of sheep horns and bones got there, and she said that it had always



— courtesy Freda Broderick

Top, left— Werner and Marie Sterchi at first entrance; Top, right— Looking up through hole in roof of Pluto's Cave; Bottom, left— Entrance to Pluto's Cave. L. to R.: Frank Lepori, a friend, Marie Broderick, Kevin Broderick, Werner Sterchi, Marie Sterchi; Bottom, right— Inside caves.

puzzled them and that they had often discussed it. As the cave was some distance inside, sheep could not have fallen in; neither would they wander in of their own accord, as the opening to the inside cave was just a hole, large enough for the boys to crawl in. At the time of their discovery, it was estimated that they had been there many years.

Lawrence Breceda of Hornbrook told this writer that when his grandfather, Dan Rader, went exploring when they first came into Big Springs in the 70's, they found Indian artifacts and baskets. He is of the opinion the sheep horns were stored there by early Indians who used the caves as shelters.

The above definitely confirms the compiled information of how the sheep horns came to be stored in these caves. In a Museum at the Modoc Lava Beds

one can read of how the caves *there* also had contained similar objects and the Modoc Indians annually came as far as our Shasta River on hunting and fishing expeditions.

The overhanging rocks at the mouth of the caves afforded a cool place for the sheep to stay during the heat of the summer days. Indian scouts, wise in their ways, would drive the sheep inside the cave and send one man back to camp to get additional help. They would then drive the animals back out and then would kill them. Very likely they were skinned and the meat taken care of (jerked or dried) right close to the mouth of the cave and then the Indians would pile up the horns as a sort of "trophy case." There is no evidence the Indians ever lived in these caves, but used them only as a temporary shelter and storage space and, in some cases, as a burial ground.



— courtesy Belle Louie Simas

ON A FISHING TRIP AT THEIR BUTTE CREEK RANCH — 1916

Left to right— Frank and Manuel Louie, a friend, August and his wife Mary.

## The August Louie and Joe Rose Families

written by Freda Broderick

**A**UGUST LOUIE was born in St. George, the Azores, on January 16, 1837. He came to the United States by way of Cape Horn on a small sailing vessel. He landed in San Francisco and then migrated to Callahan when a young man. From Callahan he went to Yreka on a sled in the winter of 1860 or '61. He mined for a year or so around Yreka and Hawkinsville.

Here he first met Joseph (Joe) Francis Rose, another young immigrant from the Azores. They worked at the Hurd ranch (the Coonrod ranch), building many rock and rail fences. The "going wage" for building rock fences was 25¢ a rod and each managed to build about four rods a day. Many of these fences are still in use today.

Then Rose and Louie leased the Hurd ranch as partners for about three or four years. Their main livelihood was raising a truck garden, some grain, and cattle. They hauled their produce by

wagon to Yreka and Hawkinsville.

At this time they became friendly with an Indian who also worked at the ranch. He told them about good farming country with a good supply of water, situated west of the ranch about eight to ten miles. So, one Sunday they rode all over the area of Big Springs and Shasta river. At that time, the only people in the vicinity were some settlers living at the Dennis ranch and the Bartle ranch (Terwilliger ranch). At the most promising spot, they found two men who were trying to farm and who had made some ditches and even tried to build a dam, but had not been very successful. After some dickering, Rose and Louie each paid them \$100 apiece for their "squatters' rights." The men settled for this amount and left. One of these men was Robert (Bob) Young (grandfather of Margaret Hickey Vantrease). Later, Young worked for the Foulke and Edson ranches, doing gen-



— courtesy Mrs. Mary Louie Rose

JOSEPH FRANCIS      MARY ANN  
ROSE                      (VARGAS) ROSE

Mary Ann (Vargas) Rose died in 1906.

eral farm work and butchering in their slaughter house. He raised a large family.

Rose and Louie started to homestead 80 acres each, but before they "proved up" on these acres, the Government allowed them to double their acreage to 160 each.

Louie married Mary Vargas who was from the Azores. She was a first cousin of Mary Ann Rose, the wife of Joe Rose. This marriage occurred in 1876. After his marriage, Louie moved his house to his homestead which is where the old Manuel Louie house is now. Shortly after this, Rose and Louie dissolved their partnership.

August Louie and his wife had four boys and three girls. One boy, Joe, died when he was 13, after one year's illness.

Both families raised tons of potatoes, water melons, dry beans, fava beans, onions, cabbages, corn, squash (these mainly for the hogs); also garlic, saffron, cumin seed, and red and green peppers. Belle Louie especially remembers the saffron being used for the treatment of measles. They sold this produce around the country—in Yreka, Hawkinsville, Sisson, and Butteville, and later to the railroad crews. They divided the water from the Big Springs lake by one using

it for three days and then the other for three days.

They also raised a few mixed breeds of cattle, but later on they raised mostly Red Durhams. They lost a large percentage of their cattle during the early years, due to the lack of feed in the hard winters, especially in the 70's. Truck gardening was their main occupation and they didn't bother to put up hay while grass was plentiful. Later when the Louies began cultivating hay crops, they had Red Top and Timothy as tall as a man. They sold tons of hay to cattle dealers who moved cattle over the mountains to Gazelle.

During the early 90's, the younger members of the family began to take a big interest in raising cattle. Everyone in the valley had been raising immense gardens and, due to an oversupply of produce, the market became poorer and poorer. So there was a gradual transition from gardening to cattle raising, which lasted until about 1906. From then on, they improved their cattle



— courtesy Mrs. Mary Louie Rose  
MR. AND MRS. AUGUST LOUIE

grades and numbers, planted alfalfa, cleared land, improved their pastures and irrigation system, and acquired more land.

In 1906 they bought the Sam Simon place where the Simon family had lived for ten years. About 1916 the Louie family bought the Rose family holdings. Joe Rose had passed away in 1899 and was 62 at that time. Mrs. Rose died in 1906. Only John and Manuel (Bill) Rose were still on the ranch when they sold out to the Louie family.

John Louie, the eldest son of August and Mary Louie, married Philomena Silva of Willow Creek in 1910. They raised four daughters and one son, Ellis, who owns and operates the Louie properties now. Manuel, the second oldest, never married. He was a partner to John and Frank until his retirement in 1939. He passed away in a rest home in 1950. Mary, the oldest girl, married Manuel Rose and still lives in Edgewood. Emily, widowed twice, still lives in Canyonville, Oregon. Frank, the third partner, never married and he retired after the Louie Brothers sold their interest to Ellis Louie. Belle, the youngest, lives in Yreka where she and her husband, E. T. Simas, keep up the family tradition of gardening. Since retiring, their full time is devoted to the caring of their beautiful yard, which is a veritable picture garden. Flowers in colorful profusion grow in the yard, and at the back of the house can also be found fruit trees, berries, and a vegetable garden.



In 1932 Edson & Foulke Company sold to the Louie Brothers 4,200 acres at Butte Creek. This was originally the Huseman property. Ellis Louie, the present owner, cuts Christmas trees there now for sale in the bay area.

## The Bridge at The Louie Ranch

*as told by Clyde Timmons*

The bridge over the Shasta River at the Louie Ranch was built around 1900. The wooden parts have been replaced several times. It is the oldest Shasta River bridge still in use. Until the bridge was built, the settlers forded the Shasta River.

J. C. Mitchell (father of Harry, Jay, and Claude), a famous cattle buyer of those days, was "put out" at the county for locating the bridge by Sam Simon's house, probably because the cattle got "spooked" by the nearness of the house and its activities. After the bridge was built, he was driving a herd of large steers (they didn't butcher steers in those days until they were four years old) across the bridge. He and his buckaroos held as many steers as could be crowded onto the bridge, then milled them in an effort to break down the bridge by the vibration caused. I guess the bridge was just too strong and held up to the test.



Left to right— Ellis Louie, the father John Louie, and three of the seven children of Ellis and Laura Louie. — courtesy Freda Broderick

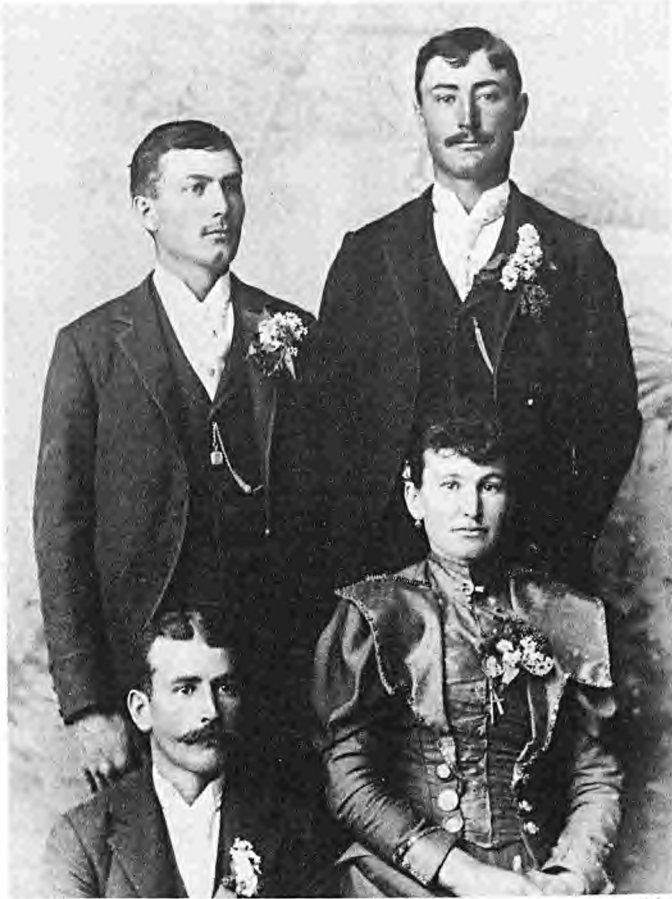
## Children of the Rose Family

Joe Rose, Jr. married Isabelle Angelo and they had four children. He bought what is now the Sunflower Ranch in Cricket Flat before the Association was formed. He had many acres of grain. Afterward, he sold his holdings to Harlow. Eventually, the family moved to San Jose and bought a prune orchard. The old folks are dead.

John Rose was married three times.

His first wife was Nellie Lambert of Mt. Shasta. John was killed in Lakeview by a runaway team.

Manuel (Bill) Rose married Mary Louie and they lived in a house by the water wheel for awhile. (This house later burned). Then they moved to Edgewood where his widow and their one son, Charlie, still live. Manuel died in 1936. Their three daughters are Mrs. Harold (Irene) Lemos, Mrs. Harry (Lena) Lemos, and Mrs. Ernest (Dorothy) Solus, all of Edgewood.



— courtesy Mary Louie Rose

### CHILDREN OF MARY AND JOE ROSE

From left to right, back— Manuel (Bill), John; front— Joe and Mary.

# Madonna and Child Statue

by Betty Dow as published in the Klamath Falls Herald & News

"A recent addition to the Siskiyou County Museum exhibits is that of a Madonna and Child statue, presented to the museum by George DeSoza of Yreka.

The statue is carved of wood, and the robe of the Madonna is painted a brilliant blue, her dress is red, while the headdress is white. The ball held in the lap of the Child is also painted a bright blue.

The story regarding the statue as related by Mrs. Mary Burgess of Vallejo, a daughter of the late Joe Silva, Sr., is that her father brought the statue from the Azore Islands on a sailing vessel around Cape Horn, and then was transported by wagon to Siskiyou County.

Joe Silva, Sr. was 19 years old when he came to this county, and the statue in his possession is presumed to have rested in a niche in his father's home, serving as a shrine.

Mrs. Burgess, not too sure of exact dates, stated that she knew her father was 19 when he arrived here, and that he was 91 when he died, which she thought was about 10 years ago, which would place the date of his arrival around 1877.

Mrs. Burgess further related that her father had herded sheep at McCloud, long before the railroads came, and also herded sheep in Grenada, before it was in existence.

Later he was employed by Manuel and Anna Franklin, who lived in the Bogus area. The Franklins at that time had an infant daughter, Mary, who was just a year old, and Joe said he would wait until she was old enough to be married and then he would marry her.

Shortly before her 16th birthday, Joe Silva married young Mary Franklin, and they had six children.

They had a ranch, also in the Bogus area, which house is now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lemos, who have lived there for the last 15 years, and Mrs. Lemos stated that the house was some 70 years old when they purchased the property. It was in this house that the statue was first unearthed, by George DeSoza, a nephew of the late Joe Silva, Sr."



MADONNA AND CHILD STATUE

Left to right— Mrs. Mary Lemos, Mrs. Belle Simas, and John Louie. Taken at Museum.

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(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following was told to me by John Louie, son of August Louie and nephew of Joe Silva, Sr., mentioned in the Betty Dow article.)

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When August Louie came to Yreka in 1862 there were a great many Portuguese miners at Hawkinsville and Yreka named Silva, so August officially changed his name to Louie to avoid confusion of names. Another reason for changing his name is an old custom the Portuguese have and that is: the oldest son of the family is given the privilege to take any name he desires. Some did. August was the oldest.

August had a brother, Joe Silva, who came to this country sometime after August arrived and he had a ranch in Bogus. He married a Franklin girl and they had three sons and two daughters—Joe (who died in infancy), Frank, George, Belle, and Mary. Joe Silva died in the late forties. Ernest Lemos has that ranch now.

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## Short Stories . . .

ANDREW SOULE

*by Ella Soule*

My father-in-law told me this story that took place in the spring of 1855.

When Andrew Soule was a young man in his early twenties, and was green in this new country, his uncle, Sidney Terwilliger, sent him out in the Big Springs country to look for cedar posts for fencing. He came to a small river, and hesitated to ford it with his team and wagon. He decided to cross it first. He stripped off his clothes, tied his shoes in a bundle, and, holding it above his shoulders, started to wade across. The river was not deep enough for swimming, but too deep for comfortable wading. He managed to cross without losing his bundle.

When he started to recross the water he thought to reconnoiter for a more shallow crossing upstream. He had only gone a short way when he discovered the water came from big springs. He was able to go around them on dry land and back to his waiting wagon.

## EARLY DAY TRAPPING

Jeff Gatewood was about the first local man among the early settlers to make his living by trapping. Probably he trapped coyote, raccoon, skunk, mink and otter. There were no muskrats there at this time. Some beaver were along Parks Creek and the Shasta River, particularly on the Grenada ranch. The beaver gradually disappeared, but in recent years some have returned in the area of the Grisom ranch and did considerable damage. The Fish and Game Commission trapped and moved them elsewhere. Gatewood, in later years, homesteaded near Gazelle.

Another early day trapper was a man named Coonrod (no relation to Ed Coonrod) who had a homestead on what is now the Louie ranch. The Louies bought his water rights and homestead.

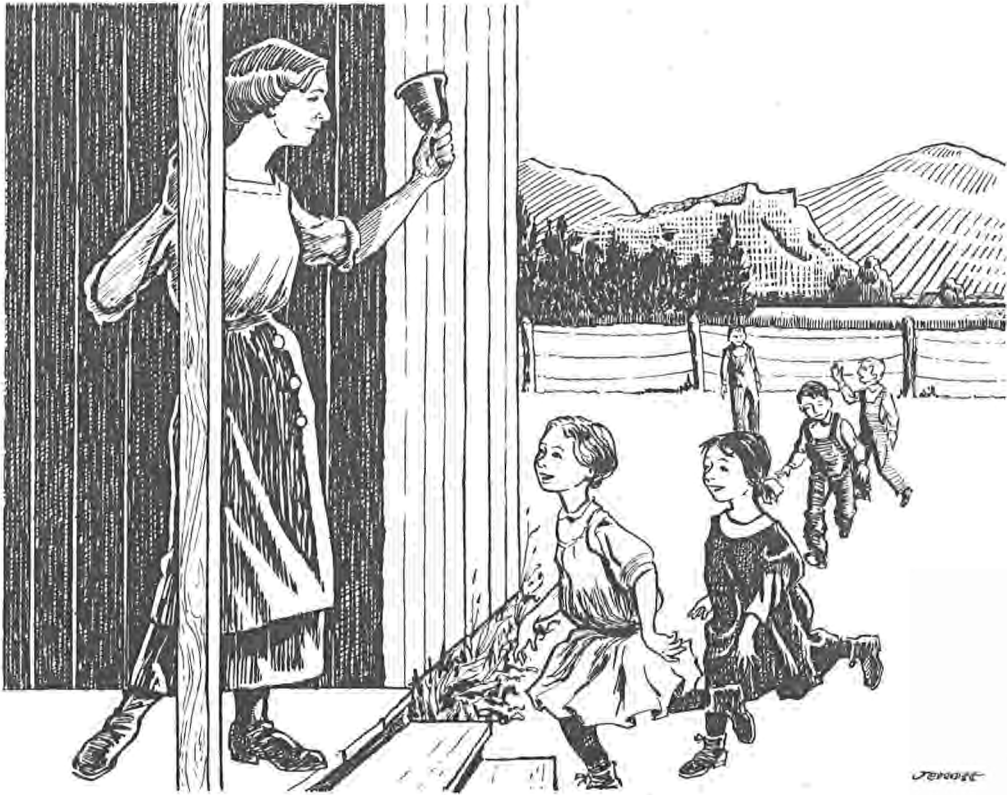
Ed Axtell tells that, while living on the Stalleup ranch; he trapped mink, otter and skunk. He got \$1.50 apiece for skunk skins and \$10 to \$12 apiece for mink.

About this time a common type of muskrat was brought in by trappers. In 1927, when Ed Terwilliger bought the "Hole in the Ground" ranch, he brought in from Silver Lake, Oregon, about a dozen muskrats that produced pelts of superior quality. Terwilliger tried to keep these confined to his ranch, as he had a friend who trapped for him on shares, but they soon migrated all along the river. He sent for and planted wild rice and other water plants the muskrats liked, but none of the plants survived.

\* \* \* \*

The first of many Ford cars that the Louie family owned was bought about 1914 and cost \$600. Charley Dunlap was the salesman and he had a car lot of six shipped to Edgewood by rail. Albert Dunlap bought one at the same time. Some months later Frank Louie bought one for himself, but got it for \$550.





## Perils of School Marms in Big Springs

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**W**HEN THE Timmons sisters taught school at Big Springs they had to walk a great deal. One day one of the sisters was walking to what was later known as the White Mountain Ranch where they were boarding at the time. A herd of wild range cattle treed her (there were no fences then). She stayed in the tree for many hours until rescue came.

Allie Moore tells the following: Mary Timmons was the sweetest teacher and she would get right in and play games with her pupils. Some of the parents were shocked when they heard how she

could kick higher than any of her pupils. Laura Buckner, with whom Mary boarded, remembers practicing high kicking with her. Laura is ninety years old now.

Allie tells how her older brothers used to play hookey, and they warned the girls not to tell on them. The girls were instructed to tell Miss Timmons that their father kept them home to work. They would go to the Bartle Ranch (Valentine Ranch now) where there was a large orchard, sit in the sun, and munch on apples. About the time school was out, the boys would wander home.

One day the girls had just caught

up with the boys when they saw Miss Mary Timmons approaching in her rig. The boys ran and hid behind a small tree, and Miss Timmons pretended she did not see them. She drove by, eyes straight in front of her. She never mentioned it, either, but Allie knew very well that she saw the boys behind the tree.

Another time the older boys really scared her. The "big shots" from Edge-wood and Sisson were in the habit of hunting on a small pond near the school. Their fine rigs were parked under some trees and the horses were tied to a nearby fence. Speculation ran high as to what was stored in those fine rigs. Someone remarked, "I'll bet there is some whiskey there. Don't you want some, Miss Timmons?" She jokingly replied, "Oh, yes," and forgot about it. Pretty soon here came the boys with several bottles of whiskey! Horrified, she made them take it back and gave them a stiff lecture.

Another story Allie remembers: The second year Mary Timmons taught she boarded at the White Mountain ranch with Mr. and Mrs. Miles Buckner. Phoebe Babcock (a sister of Mrs. Miles Buckner) used to ride to school with Mary Timmons, both riding the same horse. Phoebe was cute, but a little chubby; Mary was tall and slim. The sight left an indelible impression on the neighborhood.

The following was told by Frank Louie: As there was no regular school established until 1884, some of the pupils were just a few years younger than their teachers. It was very easy to miss school at the least excuse; for instance, having to help at home, bad weather, or just plain not liking to go. "Boys will be boys," and I imagine that in those early days the isolation and difficulties of transportation made the boys act in unconventional ways. In other words, they just were rough and tough and a little wild; for instance, *their habit of*

*chewing tobacco in school!* It wasn't uncommon to stumble over a spittoon in the aisle.

Miss Mary Timmons had a bad tooth ache and at the insistence of her pupils that a good plug of chewing tobacco was a sure cure, she tried some. Pretty soon the boys watched her turn green and she rushed outside. As a result, school was dismissed for the remainder of the day, as she was just too ill and had to go home.

Allie Stevenson Moore especially remembers a trip she took with Miss Minnie Patton (a sister of Mrs. O. G. Steele) to Scott Valley. (Miss Patton taught in 1895). Allie was 13 years old and it was her first long trip. They went in a horse-drawn cart borrowed from Joe Rose. They started early in the morning and arrived at the Patton place about four o'clock in the afternoon.

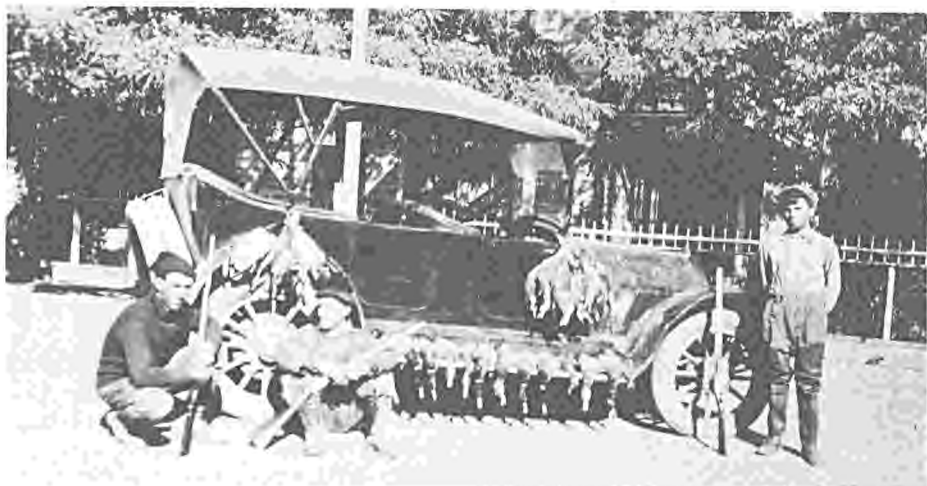
Miss Patton wanted to get some things for an entertainment at the school. As it was her first teaching assignment away from home, she was very homesick and they stayed two nights. Minnie took Allie all through the building where they made cheese and showed her all the steps they went through in making the famous Patton cheese. They brought a big "round" home with them.

Several years ago Allie watched Ed Sopp make cheese at the Grenada Co-op, and the steps were similar, except fancier machinery and equipment were used.

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## AUGUST LOUIE

One day John Louie called Lew Foulke and asked him to drop off some horse shoes at the Butte Creek ranch where August Louie batched every summer while caring for the cattle. As August was about 93 years old, Lew offered to help him shoe the horse. Politely but firmly the old gentleman declined the offer with these words, "I can still shoe a horse without any help."



— Taken about 1910, courtesy Belle Louie Simas  
FRANK ROBERTS AT LEFT, FRANK LOUIE AT RIGHT (OVERLAND CAR)

## The Frank Roberts, Sr. Family

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**F**RANK NUNES ROBERTS was born in Pico, an island in the Azores group, in 1853. The island of Pico was named for its dominating geographical feature, a white mountain resembling our Mt. Shasta. The harbor there anchored ships from all over the world.

As a boy, Frank learned to love the American flag flying from the mastheads of the American sailing vessels. Many other Portuguese youngsters of that generation felt the same admiration and, at different times, migrated to our Siskiyou County. Among these were August Louie, Joe Silva, Joe Rose, Manuel Dutra, John Solus, Sr., and others whose names have appeared in past issues of the Pioneer and will be mentioned in future publications.

These men and their wives have proved to be true pioneers and without their presence, this area would not have

progressed as rapidly as it did. They had the added disadvantage of a language barrier which they had to overcome, and some did not know how to read and write.

Even as a small boy, Frank Nunes Roberts studied English, and when he sailed to Providence, Rhode Island, in his early teens, he was sufficiently adept in the English language to study law. Later in Yreka, he often acted as advisor and interpreter for many of the early Portuguese settlers. He was "ditch tender" and manager for the Yreka Creek Gold Mining Company. This company used water that came from the "Big Ditch" for both mining and farming purposes.

In 1880 Frank Roberts married a talented young lady, Philomena Emilia Seares. They had met while she was living with her sister, Mrs. John DeSota,

and her niece, the late Mrs. John Solus of Hawkinsville. Philomena had come to New Bedford, Massachusetts, from St. George, Azores Island, at the age of fifteen to live with relatives. While there, she attended dress-making classes. Later she lived in San Francisco with other relatives. From there she came to Yreka. At the time of their marriage, Roberts was associated with the Baldwin Saloon in Yreka.

About 1888 the Roberts family homesteaded what is now the Sedge Nelson ranch in Big Springs. They eventually owned over 400 acres, some of which bordered the Louie ranch. The Sargents, Roberts, and Louie families were good friends.

Half a mile of Shasta River ran through the Roberts ranch, and they also had a sizeable lake within their property. It was a habitat for ducks and geese, and hunting them became a pleasurable sport.

They had a dairy and raised some stock cattle. In 1914 they installed a gas motor and irrigated alfalfa and also had a large vegetable garden. They named their place "Shasta View Farm," and it was the happy home of their four daughters— May (Eastman), Belle (Bovo), Jem (Laughlin), Olympia (Poole), and one son— Frank, Jr.

The father died in 1921, and the place was sold in 1923 to the Salvadori Brothers. The old house burned in 1924. Mrs. Philomena Roberts died in 1953. One grandson, Richard W a n a k a, lives in Yreka.



MR. AND MRS. FRANK ROBERTS, SR.  
AND OLDEST DAUGHTER, MAMIE

Callie, Susie, and Lilla Stalleup and Allie Stevenson were like sisters and they only had one another to play with. They used to love to ride the calves. This was against orders, as Pa Stalleup did not approve of tomboy girls.

One day the girls were having a high old time when Pa was seen approaching.

All the girls scrambled off their calves except poor little Allie. (She was always the smallest of the girls). Her long skirt got hooked up on the short horns of her calf and it almost threw her into the creek which ran through the corral. But she moved quickly and made it just in time.

# Beneficial Use of Water in Siskiyou County

by Lewis M. Foulke

**W**ATER—FRESH WATER—is one of the most vital things to all people, all animals, including reptiles and insects, and to all plant growth on the dry lands of the globe. Men and animals can live much longer without food than without water. The food we eat could not be raised without water. It takes many times more tons of water than the tons of food a farmer can raise. For instance, it takes about 22 tons of water to raise one ton of alfalfa, and other food crops are relatively as high in water use. The rainfall in Siskiyou County is neither sufficient nor timely enough to raise most of the things without supplemental irrigation. I will try to give a little history of the early beneficial use, and later beneficial use, of water in Siskiyou County.

The first beneficial use was not done by the white man nor the Indian. It was done by those wonderful engineers—the beavers—who built dams to raise themselves a food supply, and for homes. Scott Valley had numerous beaver colonies and other places in Siskiyou County also had beavers.

The earliest use of water by man was the first miners who came into the county to wash the gold from the gravel. The first gold in the county was discovered near Sawyers Bar in 1850, and a settlement (Bettsville) was formed about one mile down the river from what is now Sawyers Bar. A very rich area was found later in Eddy's Gulch and the settlement moved to what is now Sawyers Bar. There were very great hardships that first winter, and salt was balanced with gold, and the miners nearly starved to death. Sawyers Bar water

supply still comes from an old mining ditch.

The next place of water use for mining was at Scott Bar which was discovered a little later—then Greenhorn Creek and the Yreka Flats in '51. Ditches were built to get water to the mining areas and, without adequate surveying instruments, were somewhat by guess but were worked out to deliver the water where it was needed.

Two interesting hydraulic mining ditches were on Scott River where gold was discovered about the same time as at Sawyers Bar. One was the Shores ditch, built in 1851 to serve water to the hand miners and drift miners. This same ditch was later used for a hydraulic giant on the Quartz Hill mine.

Another ditch at a higher elevation, was built in later years through rough terrain by Chinese to the Whiting mine two miles below Scott Bar, where a \$3,500 nugget, one of the largest ever found in Siskiyou or California, had been found.

This ditch started at Thompkins Creek where a sawmill was built (water powered, with a saw similar to a cross cut worked vertically on the log). Overland transportation of the lumber was impossible to the many flumes needed. They built the ditch to the first flume site, floated the lumber down ditch, and repeated this process throughout its construction.

This same procedure was carried out at the Bloomer mine (one of the richest placers in Siskiyou) below Nordheime Creek on the Salmon River. This ditch was in very rough ground and there

was more flume needed than there was dirt ditch.

The south fork of the Salmon River had numerous placer mines from the Forks of Salmon to above Cecilville, and ditches were built to these placers. The Klamath River gold was discovered very early, and the same thing happened there; ditches and later many hydraulic giants to wash the gold from the earth and gravel. The largest placer mine in Siskiyou County was one of these—the Van Brunt Mine near Happy Camp on Little Grider Creek. This is one of the few mining ditches in that area that was turned into irrigation after the mine was through. The irrigation is near where the Happy Camp Airport is now which later became irrigation ditches, and are still used for that purpose in Seiad Valley and Grider Creek.

On the south fork of the Salmon River, near Summerville, a ditch from Rush Creek was converted from mining to irrigation, and also on the south fork an irrigation ditch was built to irrigate the old Cramer Place.

I mentioned the very earliest operations at Greenhorn and the Yreka Flats. The water was seasonal and in limited supply. A company was formed to operate a ditch from the head waters of Shasta River and Parks Creek, west of what is now Weed, to bring water for 95 miles to Greenhorn, Yreka Flats and the Hawkinsville Flats. This ditch was well engineered but the cost of construction was too great for the company and they went broke. Another company took over and went quite a bit farther but then in turn went broke. The miners, needing water very badly and the merchants of Yreka wanting the ditch completed, got together, the merchants financing the costs and furnishing the miners with food and clothing and they did the labor themselves. The ditch was finally completed and the water turned in, in 1856, a great engineering feat. As the mines were worked the ditch company had a great deal of financial difficulties and it was sold to Edson Brothers of Gazelle in 1884. This is one of the notable mining ditches in California that was converted to agri-



WINTER SCENE OF 1910

— courtesy Belle Simas

culture, and until today irrigates all the irrigated area, around the north and east of Gazelle. Nine farmers are served by this ditch.

I will go back now to Scott Valley where numerous ditches were built for irrigation. In 1867 Wolford built a ditch to serve a number of farmers on the east side between Callahan and Etna. This is known as the "company" or "farmers" ditch, and nine ranchers were the joint owners. Another extensive enterprise was put in diverting water from Kidder Creek and irrigating five ranches east of Greenview and five more at Oro Fino. The "farmers" ditch mentioned and the Kidder Creek ditch have been very successful. Later in 1920 the Scott Valley Irrigation District was formed on the east side of Scott Valley between Etna and Fort Jones. This irrigates approximately 5,000 acres and has been very successful. There are numerous other individual ditches on the west side of Scott Valley, Quartz Valley and Ploughman's Valley, irrigating fertile farm land.

Now we will go over the mountain to Shasta Valley already mentioned in connection with the old mining ditch. There has been extensive irrigation development in Shasta Valley by farmers. Among the very early ones was "Doc" Williams, now the Caledonia Ranch, and Long Gulch by John Neilon. These two water rights were the only ones preceding and having prior water rights to the "Big Ditch." The "Big Ditch" had water rights to every other stream from its head to its end. Other very early irrigators were N. H. Eddy, the property now owned by Dwight Hammond; Bob Mills on Carrick Creek (grandfather of the present Bob Mills) on the Mills Ranch; a man named Decker and Sam Jackson (grandfather of Clint Jackson) also on Carrick Creek. Huseman, east of where the town of Grenada is, had some very early ditches, as did property

on Big Springs now owned by Ellis Louie. There were numerous early irrigation ditches in the Little Shasta area, including Terwilligers, Harts, Martins, Davis, Long and others.

In 1913 a promoter named Harlow and Dr. Dwinnell of Montague developed a pumping irrigation system to irrigate 3,000 acres of land lying south and west of Montague, and named it the Shasta River Water Association. Two years later they formed the Mt. Shasta Land Company and developed another pumping water system in the Big Springs area, now the Big Springs Irrigation District. Dwinnell sold his interests in this to Harlow and associates. Then Harlow promoted another pumping irrigation system under the name of Mt. Shasta Land & Irrigation Company to irrigate an area south of Grenada, now the Grenada District. In the 1920's still another district was formed to irrigate a large body of land east and north of Montague, now the Montague Water Conservation District. In 1920 a scheme to irrigate all of Shasta Valley from the Klamath was surveyed by the Reclamation Bureau which estimated the cost of construction at \$400 per acre (prohibitive).

Before I go to Butte Valley and Tulelake I want to mention a few more. In the southern end of the county at Berryvale, now Mt. Shasta City, early irrigation was practiced— also some at MeCloud. There is also a lot of irrigated land along other streams, such as Willow Creek, southeast of Ager; the Klamath River from near the Oregon line to Copco Lake; Camp Creek; and to the mouth of Cottonwood Creek north of Hornbrook and quite a lot in the Bogus area.

In 1938 I had a very high cost and very valuable crop of sugar beet seed growing. It turned out to be a very dry year and we hastily put in three pit wells to supplement our meager water

supply. This was very successful and saved our crop. That was the origin of pit or trench wells in Shasta Valley. There are now numerous ones of this type— Edson Foulke, Whitsett and Owsley of Gazelle; Timmons and Bruinsma, south of Grenada, and two of the very best are Ralston's and Giger's east of Grenada. These pit wells combined with trenches serve both as drainage and irrigation. There are numerous drilled wells in Shasta Valley and south of Yreka. Ralston's drainage and pit is a three-way benefit. He drains ground, supplies water and uses a sprinkler system.

There was a very early irrigation in the Butte Valley area, notably the Dorris, Fairchild, Meiss, Truax, Boyes, Huseman, Soule, Bill Davis, Haight, Louie, Bray, Prather, Orr, Hart and others.

In 1906 a man named Macdoel bought more than 30,000 acres of land in Butte Valley, known as the Miller Tract from the Pacific Improvement Company, and put in a colony of Dunkards. The Butte Valley land company was formed and bought the Boyes and Prather Ranches, adding to this tract that Macdoel had bought. An irrigation district was formed and they diverted water from Antelope Creek to dump into Butte Creek to augment their water supply. However, the water supply was pitifully deficient. The district went broke but was refinanced, and a good supply of water was later developed from wells, and these are irrigating quite an area there now. Other wells have been found in the vicinity of Red Rock, east of Macdoel. A levee was built along Meiss Lake on the west side of the valley and the water from Meiss Lake pumped behind this levee, developing some very rich farm land in the bed of the lake.

Thackara and some others irrigate with water rising on the JF Ranch and from Willow Creek.

A scheme was recently propounded to bring water from lower Klamath Lake

through a long tunnel and a heavy lift, but has been abandoned because of the excessive cost. Tulalake was dried and reclaimed by diverting the water of Lost River into the Klamath Lake, and is one of the richest agricultural spots in the West. The Reclamation Bureau has a controlled amount of water to irrigate the area and the Tulalake Irrigation District uses this water in irrigation. They had a problem of too much sump water in the lower parts and have diverted this through a mountain by tunnel to what used to be the bed of lower Klamath Lake. The area thus watered is now a Federal Game Refuge.

There are four cooperative or jointly owned irrigation setups in the county: (1) Kidder Creek; (2) Farmers in Scott Valley; (3) Shasta River Water Association; and (4) Edson-Foulke Yreka Ditch Company in Shasta Valley. These are all successfully operated and have never been in financial trouble. There are six irrigation districts in the county, of which four have been in terrific financial difficulty. There are only two that have been both soundly financed and operated— Scott Valley district and the Tulalake district.

The great desire of farmers to irrigate, plus the desire of those who would derive an immediate profit from construction, and promoters who felt they could make a profit from land sales, have deadened their judgment of the financial feasibility of these districts, and can be blamed for the many heartaches of land owners in the areas, and bondholders who bought the bonds.

Many very unethical things were done by the promoters and, as everyone in the district *boundaries* had a right to vote for or against the formation and bonding of the district whether they owned land or not, the districts were formed and bonded and, in many cases, against the farmers' opposition.

One of the worst attempted steals



was the attempt to form an irrigation district, including the Grenada project, the Big Springs project, and all the land lying between, and bond it for \$600,000, of which \$400,000 was to be paid to the promoters and financiers for the ditches and water rights of the people who already owned them. I was on the Board of Supervisors at the time this was attempted and I lived near Grenada. The supervisors had to pass on whether the land was irrigable or not. If we said it was not they could take the decision to court and perhaps reverse us. If we said it was irrigable, they could proceed with there scheme. James Allen was a young District Attorney at that time and adviser to the supervisors. He felt we could keep laying the matter over from meeting to meeting without committing ourselves one way or the other, and perhaps forestall their scheme. The promoters brought in to every meeting of our Board some of the highest priced legal talent in the West but Allen, although a young country attorney, worked very hard in looking up points of law, and they finally abandoned their attempt. This scheme was laid over for many meetings. I mention this because this book will be dedicated to the memory of Judge Allen, Past President of our Society.

The first water power in Siskiyou County was probably the water wheel placed where the current could revolve it and lift water for a small area to be irrigated near the stream. There was one of these on Big Springs Creek on the Rose place; another on Shasta River near the bridge south of Montague; and there are many more at different places along the Klamath.

Electric power was first developed by a man named Mr. Quinn on Shasta River four miles north of Yreka, and served the town of Yreka. Later Churchills built a power plant at Fall Creek, near where Copeo dam is now, and brought it into Yreka, later buying out

Quinn. They also developed the Copeo Dam and Power plant, but went broke due to much heavier costs than were anticipated. Those were the three important electric power developments in Siskiyou County. The Shasta River plant has been abandoned. There were several small electric power installations in the county. The first of these was at Klamath Hot Springs, which my aunt owned, to furnish power for the resort she operated. I remember when I was a 13-year old kid, spending the summer up there with my aunt, and saw birds sitting on the electric wire, and wondered if they might be electrocuted. A man there said not unless they put one foot over the other wire.

Another small private installation was put in to serve some summer homes on Middle Creek on Scott River. Another one was put in by Gus Kleaver to serve his own place.

Another power and water combination development was put in in the Shasta River below the Quinn power plant to irrigate the Tom Prather ranch north of Montague. This was a turbine, using a large volume of water to pump a smaller volume of water upon the hill where, by gravity, it could flow to Montague. This failed because of lack of a fore bay to eliminate sand which destroyed the pumps.

Another beneficial use is that of the development of two wildlife refuges, the largest being the Federal Refuge using the Tulelake water, and the other one of Charles Drummond, east of Grenada.

The Dwinell Reservoir is quite a recreation spot for boating, fishing and duck hunting. Another man-made reservoir, and I believe the oldest in Siskiyou County, is known as the Big Lake, three miles east of Gazelle. This is for irrigation but also provides good duck hunting. The Klamath River together with the McCloud River are famous for their fishing.

# The Daniel Rader Family

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**T**HE FATHER of the three Rader brothers who came to Big Springs had come directly from Germany to Iowa. His name then was Von Roder, which he Americanized to Rader.

Being a farmer, he made a scouting trip throughout California, looking for good farming land. He came to northern California and eventually into Shasta Valley. This part of the country impressed him greatly. On his way back to Iowa, he stopped for a visit with his sons— Daniel, Richard, and Isaiah in Ukiah— and told them about this area and tried to persuade them to move there. None did at *this* time, but later Daniel and Richard did come to Big Springs and Isaiah settled near Gazelle. Their father went back to Iowa and eventually to Germany, where he died and was buried.

Daniel James Rader was born in Iowa. He had one son, Will, by his first marriage. (Will later married Kate Miller).

Daniel's second wife was Fannie Fanning. She was born in a wagon train coming from Missouri to Iowa. To this marriage the following children were born: Annie, John, Perry, Mattie, George, Mark, Della, and Fred. Della and Fred were born in Big Springs. (Fred would be 77, if he were still living).

Daniel Rader and his wife, Fannie, came to Ukiah soon after they were married. They raised grain, mainly. They migrated to Big Springs sometime in 1875. They built and lived in a house on the Sandy Lane (as it was then called), one-half mile north of the Springs and about one-fourth mile inside the field. John Rose later bought the ranch from the Dan Rader family

and he, in turn, sold it to the Stalleups. All the buildings were torn down in 1941.

Later the Raders moved to Edgewood where Dan Rader died and is buried. His widow, Fannie, and one son, George, moved to Hornbrook. She died in 1908 and is buried there. George married Hattie King of Medford in 1887. He died in 1935 and is buried in Hornbrook. His widow and one son, Noel, live in Grenada now.

Cecil, another son, lives in Dunsmuir. In the late 30's and early 40's Cecil drove the high school bus from Big Springs. At the same time, he and Henry Watson had the mail contract from Dunsmuir to Crescent City. At this writing, Cecil has the contract for the first-class mail from Dunsmuir to Grants Pass.

Isaiah Rader, brother of Dan and



— courtesy L. E. Breceda

DANIEL RADER AND FAMILY

Taken about 1870.



— Taken about 1902, courtesy L. E. Breceda

Mrs. Fannie Rader (mother), seated. Daughters, left to right, standing: Mattie, Adella, Annie.

Richard, lived for a while on a place half way in the middle of the field by the Big Springs creek and where Quadros now lives. The old original road used to run in front of their house. Allie Stevenson Moore clearly remembers the white-painted "mile stakes" along this road, as she passed them every day on her way to school. They were about three feet high and six by six inches square. (She has always been sorry that she did not acquire one of these stakes when the road was changed).

As Isaiah's place was located on the railroad section, he abandoned it and moved to Gazelle before the Stalleups arrived.

Some of the Rader descendants are the following: Jean Rader, granddaughter of Will and Kate Rader; Mrs. Alfred (Bessie) Hughes, who lives in Dunsmuir

(she is a daughter of John Rader); Lester Stevenson, a son of Mattie Rader Stevenson, who lives in Oakland; Lawrence and Roland Breceda of Hornbrook. (Their mother was Mrs. Annie Rader Breceda).



— courtesy L. E. Breceda

**SONS OF DANIEL RADER**

L. to r.— Mark, Fred (standing), and John.

# When I Worked the Grenada Ranch

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as related by John Solus, Sr.

**T**HE FIRST steady job John Solus had was working on the Rose and Louie ranches. About 1886 he helped build the Joe Rose house. (This building is still standing but has been converted to a hay barn.) He hauled the brick from Lucien Gilbert's brick yard in Yreka and the lumber from a mill located where Weed is now.

The following year he went to work on the Grenada Ranch. (Tom DeSoza and Root Brothers own part of it now). This ranch and the Butte Creek ranch had been bought from Bill Orr by five partners. They were Manuel Brazil, John Silva, Antone Pimentel, Joe Fontz, and Louis Huseman. Fontz seemed to be the foreman, as John remembers it. Before the four Portuguese went into partnership with Huseman, they owned and lived at the Salt Springs at Sheep Rock.

Solus was paid \$400 a year, which was considered good pay in those days. Old man Huseman hired him. Solus' main job was to drive the freight wagon to the Butte Creek ranch with supplies and bring back as much as 16 barrels of butter (100 lbs. to the barrel) every two weeks. This butter was sold locally.

About the first week in May the hundred milk cows would be driven to Butte Creek. Some beef stock was included. Altogether they had about 1,200 head on both ranches to feed hay to in the winter time. The annual move was quite an undertaking. There were four men on horseback to drive the cattle and two wagons with two teams pulling each. One wagon was reserved for the weak young calves who couldn't keep up with their mothers. They got as far as Salt Springs and the corrals

by evening, and there the calves would be unloaded so they could get nourishment from their mothers. Upon arriving at the dairy next night, the wagon would be full of calves again.

After about a week it was John's job to drive about 30 shoats to Butte Creek. He had one helper, a nephew of one of the partners. They called him Joe Viola. That was some job and took two days and they were glad when later the shoats were moved in a wagon. The road they followed started at the Grenada ranch and crossed the Shasta river on one of the two stout bridges located there, across the White Slough on the upper end on to the Hurd ranch, and then over the steep Sheep Rock trail into Grass Lake until they hit Butte Creek valley; then they traveled east until they reached the dairy.

In the fall, usually the first week in October, the same procedure was repeated with the cattle, except on the way back the wagons went by the easy road around Sheep Rock. The steep, rocky road over Sheep Rock was too dangerous coming back.

The hogs were very fat by fall, having been fed the skimmed milk. They were butchered about a week before the cattle were moved back to Grenada, the lard was rendered and sealed in cans, the hams and bacons were cut and salted and left there, while all the stock was moved back to the Grenada Ranch. Then they went back for the cured meat and smoked it. Forty more hogs were killed at the Grenada Ranch, making 70 hogs butchered for the season.

Only single men were hired to stay and run the dairy at Butte Creek. Each

man milked 25 cows. They would put the milk in pans and skim off the cream. This was churned in a large churn turned by a water wheel in Butte Creek. It was too heavy to be turned by hand.

Tom Orr also had a dairy near Bray and Orr Lake was part of it. John Solus thinks that Bob Mills and family of Edgewood own one half of this ranch

now and Sarah Orr of Grenada owns the other half. The Mills and Orrs are related.

The Grenada ranch and the Butte Creek ranch were later sold to Edson Foulke and Company. They, in turn, sold the Grenada ranch to the DeSoza family and the Butte Creek ranch to Louie Brothers in 1932.

## The Frank Dunlap Story

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**B**ENJAMIN FRANKLIN (FRANK) DUNLAP and Lucinda Ellen Womack were married near Jasper, Arkansas about 1860. Three children were born there— Rebecca Ann (Mrs. Ed Sanderson), John (who died when a young man), and George W.

As Frank had fought as a soldier in the Civil War he wanted to escape the resulting miseries; so, having relatives in California, they joined a wagon train from Arkansas and came as far as Utah. There they stopped a year and worked in order to earn sufficient funds to continue the trip and also to give the newly-born daughter, Mary Alice, a chance to grow a little. Then, with their worldly goods in a wagon pulled by a one-mule-and-horse team, they came into Shasta Valley along the Military Pass trail to the Arbaugh place. This was in 1870.

Frank's brother-in-law, George Washington Arbaugh, and his half sister, Rebecca, and their children were living on this dairy ranch in Butteville (which is now Edgewood). Frank worked there for five years. During this time Charles was born.

About 1875 they moved to Big Springs to the Brady place that later became the Stalleup ranch.

After about a year they moved to the place where the Dwinnell Dam is now and this remained their home until they abandoned it in about 1898. It was railroad land and they were unable to obtain a deed to it.

They then moved one mile north to a government section and took up a homestead (later known as the Quigley ranch). They raised cattle and grain and irrigated from the Shasta River.

Four more children were born to them— Emma Bell (Lordon), Lewis Edward, William (Bill) P., and Albert.

Rebecca Ann, John, George, and Mary Alice went to school in a building located in what was later known as the Lower Mills Ranch. The younger Dunlap children went to the Big Springs school when it was first located on the White Mountain Ranch. Later this school was moved near the Stalleup ranch.

Frank Dunlap died in 1899 and is buried in the family plot on the Arbaugh ranch. Lucinda operated the home place and kept the family together until 1914. Then Will and Albert bought out the other heirs. Lucinda continued to live in the old home until her death in 1922 and she is buried beside her husband.

In 1915 Albert married Mary Kath-



— courtesy Albert Dunlap

**THE FIRST DUNLAP HOME — TAKEN ABOUT 1891**

Left to right— Ed, Emma, Frank (the father), Albert, Will. Albert was born in this house in 1887.



— courtesy Albert Dunlap

**THE SECOND DUNLAP HOME — TAKEN ABOUT 1902**

Left to right— Will, Lucinda Ellen (the mother), Ed (in Spanish-American War uniform), Albert.  
This cabin was torn down in 1929.



CHARLIE IN LATER YEARS

erine Howe. Her uncle, Dr. Theodore Olmsted, was principal of the Yreka elementary school in the 1880's. She taught one year at Shasta View (Dwinnell Dam). They left Big Springs in 1929 and now are living in Weed. They have three children— Edward H., who lives in Corte Madera, Marin County; Eleanor Fuleher, Truckee; and Evelyn Gordon, Golita, California.



VAYNE RALSTON, Historical Society President, examining the Dunlap collection. All of the guns pictured are Dunlap's.

Of the Frank Dunlap children only two are living— Will, who lives in Sacramento; and Albert of Weed. Rebecca Sanderson passed on in March 1961 at the age of 99.

Mary Alice Dickson died in 1947, John died when a young man, and George W. died in 1934. These children are all buried in the family plot.

When a young man Charles Dunlap was a trapper. He had the first Ford agency. (He had one of the oldest cars in the county). In 1903 he married Viola Gertrude Jones, a half sister of Joseph L. Jones. (The same Jones who sold the site for the Dwinnell Dam). They lived on the Oberlin Road for 40 years. They ran a small dairy.

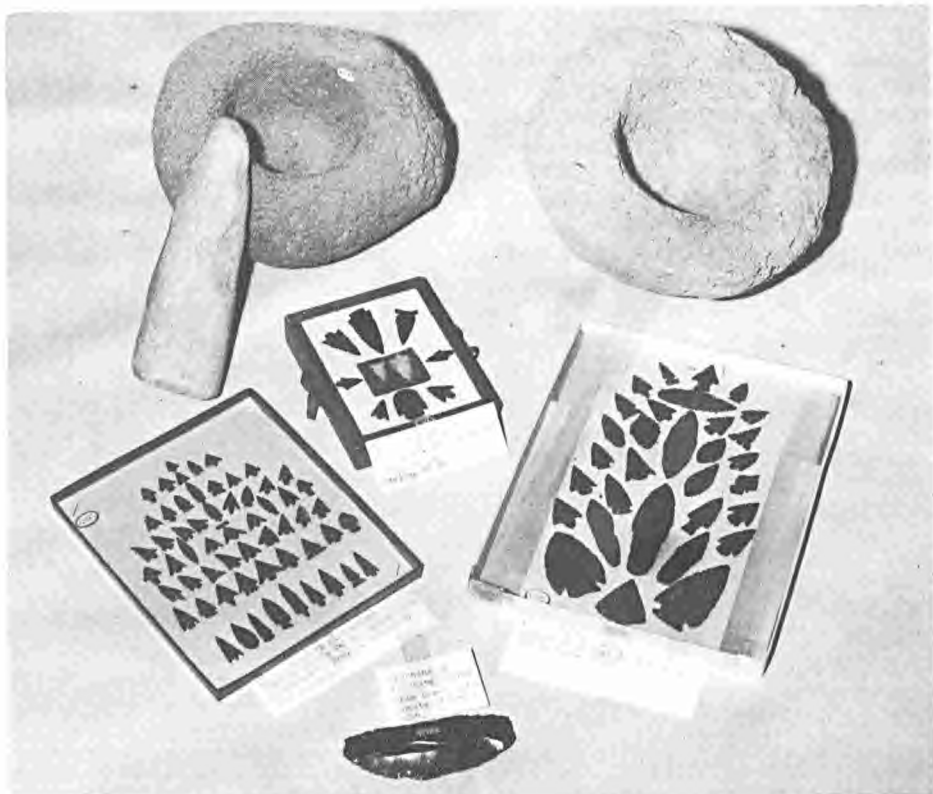
Charles loved to play the harp and guitar, but he was best noted for his old-time fiddling and he went all over the country playing for dances. He was a good blacksmith, and his main hobby was collecting and repairing guns and pistols of all makes and kinds. Pictured are some of the firearms he donated to Siskiyou County before the museum was built. The Board of Supervisors placed them in the museum for the public to see.

In 1950 the old home burned and another beautiful collection of early firearms was destroyed. Charlie had had them all repaired and almost ready to turn over to the county with his first collection.

Mrs. Charles Dunlap died in 1945. Charles died in 1959 at the age of 86.



CHARLES AND GERTRUDE (JONES) DUNLAP  
Taken about 1903.—courtesy Marjorie Bowen



These articles were donated to the Museum by Maybelle Stallcup.

## Indian Lore

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**A**S FAR AS we could find out, no one in the Big Springs area ever had any serious trouble with Indians. One time old Joe Rose offered some vegetables to an Indian chief. He politely refused, saying, "There are too many of us. You would not have any vegetables left." Rose was always very good to them and respected them.

Maybelle and Joe Stallcup told how Jim Mann used to rent the lake for duck hunting, but more time was spent in looking and digging for Indian artifacts

on the surrounding land. He used to give Maybelle many of his findings. She later donated some to the Yreka Museum.

One time Joe Stallcup and "Bud" Fairchilds dug up several skulls. One was complete with jawbone and all. They put these on posts, planning to get them later. It rained in the meantime, and when they returned to get them, Bud refused to touch "the slimy things." Joe can't remember who finally *did* take them.

When the Stallcups first came to the



ranch there were many mounds surrounding the springs. For hundreds of years Indians had built their tepees on these mounds, spending the winter there, and sometimes a few stayed all summer. Their burial grounds were in some lava crevices and gradually got covered with debris. More of these mounds and several "pot holes" are on the old Dennis ranch.

Mrs. Helen Soule tells that all along the Shasta River on their ranch and the Dennis ranch there were many Indian graves and other Indian signs. Sy Dennis could unerringly find these graves, but never disturbed them.

The Soules plowed up several skeletons and they had a jar full of Indian beads and some beautiful all-white arrowheads. A level place along the river just in front of their house had been used for centuries by Indians as a "rancheria." They would come in salmon season to catch and dry the fish. Many grinding bowls and pestles were also plowed up.



This photo was taken of Indian display in the basement of Museum. Mortars and pestles in foreground were found in Big Springs area.

At the head of the White Slough (on Drummond property) is an old Indian campground where the Modocs used to camp when they came over from Modoc and Tulelake to catch salmon in the Shasta River. There are many circular rock encampments with numerous arrowhead chips where the squaws made arrows. There are also remains of fresh water clam shells which had been gathered three miles away from the Shasta River.

Another one of these Modoc campgrounds was on the west side of Shasta River, a quarter of a mile north of the bridge. The Modocs followed the antelope herds which were plentiful all through this area in the old days. The Klamath Indians kept the Modoc and Shasta tribes from wandering too far down the Shasta River valley.

# The Nathaniel Dennis Family

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**N**ATHANIEL DENNIS was married twice. By his first wife he had eight children, all born in Canada. They were Alexander, Calvin, Lucinda (Sarter), Melinda, Louis, Sarah, and Martha. The mother died when the last baby was born in 1853 and this baby was raised by another family. (Nathaniel's father, who was also named Nathaniel, was born in Vermont and later moved to Long Point, Canada. Of his nine children born there, the above-mentioned Nathaniel was the oldest.)

Nathaniel's second wife was Hannah Dexter, sister of Samuel Dexter, Sr. of Montague. They were married in Canada and in 1854, moved to Clinton, Iowa. There the following children were born: James (Jim); Josiah W. (Sy); Amiel (Aim) and Lemuel (Lem), twins; Nelson (Net); Ambrose (Bode); and Mary. The youngest child, Fred, was born in Big Spring in 1878.

In 1875, the family migrated to Big Springs and bought a homestead of 160 acres from Samuel Frame. They homesteaded another 160 acres and irrigated both places with water from the Shasta River and Parks Creek. They raised hay and cattle and pastured many of old Abner Weed's mill horses. In those days, they got their mail from Yreka.

The Dennis family leased out their Big Springs homesteads for five years and moved to Redding, where the father, Nathaniel, passed away in 1883 of heart trouble, at the age of 70. His widow and children went back to Big Springs, and it was at this time that the need of a school arose. The Dan Dye family was living at what was later known as the Seldom Seen Ranch, and they had five boys of school age. The Dunlap,

Rose, Louie, Stevenson, and Rader families were all living here at this time, and had children to go to school.

Henry Nichols, who lived on what was later known as the White Mountain Ranch, circulated the petition for the need of a school. The Board of Supervisors authorized the school in 1884 but, until it was built, the children crowded into a small 12 by 16-foot homestead cabin on the Dennis ranch. They were taught by their very first teacher named Matt Miner. (He later operated a dry goods store in Yreka.)

The new schoolhouse was soon finished with the help of the men folk. Among them were Sy Dennis and Au-



— courtesy Mary Dennis

HANNAH AND NATHANIEL DENNIS

Taken in 1872 in Iowa.



THE DENNIS FAMILY

— courtesy Mary Dennis

Left to right— Fred, Mary Bode, Net. Front— Aim, Sy, Louis (half brother). Taken about 1915.

gust Louie. Each family bought its own school books from Churchill's Drug and Book Store in Yreka. Matt Miner taught for a time in the new school building and then he was followed by Charlie Myers and then by Miss Roderick, who taught up until 1890.

All the Dennis boys were six feet, two inches tall or over. Jim was six feet, six inches in his stocking feet. They were all excellent hunters and fishermen.

The Dennis family had a large orchard. In years when the fruit was plentiful, they made cider for vinegar and dried and canned the fruit. They had many black Marrilla pie cherry trees that never failed them. When the Dwinell dam was built, seepage killed this orchard.

They had a ten-foot water wheel located beneath a flume. This flume carried water from the Shasta River across the river to their alfalfa fields. Whenever power for the water wheel was

needed, they opened a flood gate by means of a lever to the volume required. This water wheel would furnish power for grinding mowing machine sickles, to run the butter churn, the cream separator, and also their saw. This saw was



Amiel and Mary (Hoover) Dennis with daughter Ruth at their homestead in Big Springs.

— courtesy Ruth Dennis Alexander

used mainly to cut up stove wood. It had a large "walking beam" connected to a drive wheel from the water wheel. The carriage moved 16-foot logs to the straight, up-and-down saw, and it sawed the lumber.

The first milk separator was a Sharpless. When it wore out, they bought a DeLavall. For about two or three years the Dennis brothers, Fred and Net, operated the Shasta River Creamery on their ranch. Mary was the butter maker. People liked the Dennis brothers' butter above all other kinds. But it got to be too much work and they discontinued the creamery and started sending their cream to the Edgewood creamery which was operated by H. E. Norris.

Jim Dennis had many beehives and operated an apiary for some years at the turn of the century. It was called "Pioneer Bee Apiary."

When the Dennis family first arrived, they found many "pot holes" which had been made by the Indians for their wigwams. The family had to



Left to right— Jim Dennis, Frank Hoover, Fred and Amiel Dennis. — courtesy Mary Dennis

grub out sage brush and level these fields in order to plant crops. They carried their drinking water from a spring near the river, but in later years a hydraulic ram pumped the water to the house.

On many Sundays Grandma Dennis' house was the center of family gatherings. Mary or Fred would play the organ; Net, the guitar; and Lem, the accordion: (This accordion had been purchased by Grandpa Dennis a few years before his death and Mary is donating it to the Museum). They would sing folk and religious songs.

In good weather, many outdoor games were played. Their favorite sport was horseshoes, both young and old joining in. The children loved the "big barn" for their play area.

All the Dennis boys, as well as the hired men, chewed "Star" tobacco, and Mary saved the "tobacco stars" and acquired many premiums, among which was a one-hundred-piece set of rose-sprigged china, a set of bone-handled cutlery and carving set, and a Singer

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74 

LUCINDA DENNIS SARTER, 1843-1923  
Grandmother of Ray and Jim Quigley, Yreka.



MARY DENNIS AT THE AGE OF 25  
Photograph taken about 1895.

— courtesy Mary Dennis



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## Sheep Rock

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by J. O. McKinney

**A**BOUT 15 MILES NORTH of Weed by the side of U.S. Highway 97, a California historical marker set in the lava rocks tells that the old Emigrant trail and Military Pass roads united at that spot. It tells, too, that about 600 feet farther north the united roadways ran around the base of the mountain.

That mountain is Sheep Rock. It was a guidepost more than 25 years before either of the trails was ever blazed. Hudson's Bay Company factor, Jean Baptist McKay, mentions in his diary he and his men camped there in 1825. It carried the name of Sheep Rock then.

When or by whom it was named is not known. There is no mystery about why that title was chosen. Bands of bighorn sheep roamed over its craggy side and made it a happy hunting ground for mutton-hungry travelers until about the year 1888. The numbers had been decimated through intense

hunting pressure. An unusually severe winter that year finished off the remaining animals.

A trophy head from Sheep Rock may now be seen in the Siskiyou County Museum in Yreka. Aside from this memento, its name and stories recalled by a few older settlers are the only links with its historic past.

But the old Gibraltar-like mass has defied civilization more than one would believe possible in a region within sight of two major highways. U.S. 97 runs beside its base; U.S. 99 is not far to the west. Vapor trails from jet planes criss-cross the skies above this old rock, but in the five-mile length it runs, from the marker around to the west and north to Miller mountain, the law of fang and claw rules.

Mountain lions used to rear their cubs in many of the countless caves. Eagles nest in trees growing from its rocky sides. Wild horse bands from nearby Miller mountain once roamed on



— courtesy J. O. McKinney

#### YREKA BRANCH OF APPLGATE TRAIL . . .

. . . came through this gap by Sheep Rock. Ruts are still visible.

its less rocky northern slopes. This wildness is reflected in an attempt in 1950 to restore bighorn sheep to the old range.

Ronald Menary, Mount Shasta cattleman, was given three mountain sheep by a woman whose husband had bought them but who had died soon after taking delivery. Menary owned range land near Sheep Rock, and he immediately took the imported animals to this old home for sheep. He thought it would be exactly what they wanted.

The opposite was true. The imports from the isle of Corsica did not like the predators who were established there and departed at once. They took up their abode on another mountain not so favorable to other wild animals. There they built up their numbers to about a dozen. They might still be there had not Menary left the scene. When other people learned that Mouflon mutton was delicious, the unattended flock soon disappeared.

Thus ended the only attempt to restore Sheep Rock to its former estate.

On the western side of the old landmark, there remain a few indications

of a ranch that once flourished. One Eli Barnum built houses, barns, corrals, and fences there nearly 100 years ago. A spring flows from the ground at that spot. Deer and other wild things hold out in considerable numbers near the old homestead. There are indications that it was a center long before the days of Jean Baptiste McKay. Two Weed high school boys recently uncovered an old Indian burying ground there



The easier trail on the south end of Sheep Rock. The rock in the distance was called "Rope around rock" because of the ridge near its base. — courtesy Elta Phelps

while the students were searching for arrowheads and other artifacts.

Even the country adjacent to Sheep Rock is weird. Huge caves are found in several spots near there, with Pluto's cave being the popular spot for subterranean explorers.

Between Sheep Rock and Miller Mountain, a gap, rugged, steep, and impassable today, was the first gateway for settlers bound for Shasta Valley. The Stephen Soule party that arrived there in 1861 went that way because

they did not know of the easier passage on the south side. Wagons were unloaded and let down the cliffs by ropes. Burns from these ropes were visible on tree stumps there until the past dozen years when they all disappeared through decay and souvenir hunter actions.

Some of the older settlers in Shasta Valley recall hearing their parents tell of this perilous and strenuous descent. Few people on foot would enjoy passing that way today—and none with vehicles. It marks some of the barriers encountered by the pioneers a century ago.

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## The Dennis Family . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

sewing machine. This tobacco came in wooden boxes, about one foot square and three inches deep.

Hannah Dennis, the mother, died in 1914 and is buried in Little Shasta. Lem married Nevada Decker and had two daughters, Clara (Meeks) and Ivy (Maxwell), and a son, Amos. Net married Adelaide Dexter of Little Shasta and they later adopted a little girl. Amiel married Mary Hoover of Little Shasta and they had two daughters, Ruth (Alexander) of Edgewood and Esther (Jacobs) of Orland, and one son, John, of Orland. (John passed away recently). Sy, Jim, and Mary never married.

Ruth Alexander remembers some of her schoolmates, as follows: Frank, Amelia and Belle Louie; Ruby and Ivy Dye; Geneva, Clara, and Robert Gray; Susie and Tom Stalleup; Ira Unruh; Belle, Olympia, and Frank Roberts.

The Dennis family sold the ranch to Kenneth Waters in 1944 and later moved to Yreka. Sy died in 1958 and his sister Mary still lives here. She is 86 years old and the last surviving child of the Nathaniel Dennis family.

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## THE WORLD *IS* ROUND

Emmet Dickson and Old Man Dunlap, his father-in-law, and several others were cleaning the irrigation ditches and the conversation got on the subject of the world being round. Dunlap said he didn't believe the world was round nor that it turned over on its axis every twenty-four hours. "If it *did* turn over," he said, "a rock placed on a post would fall off by morning." So they put a rock on a post and quit work to go home for the night. That night one of them sneaked out and knocked the rock off. The next morning, when Dunlap saw the rock on the ground, he was convinced that the world *had* turned over.

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(EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is a story told by Emmet Dickson to Joe Stalleup. It has been distorted and changed in many ways by different people. Some credit it to others, some had an egg or a baseball instead of a rock. But when I asked Albert Dunlap if he had any objections to the printing of it, as it concerned his father, he snorted and said, "H---, no!" It probably did happen like that. In those days many a smart man didn't know the world was round!"* —F.B.)

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# The Edward Stevenson Family

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**E**DWARD M. STEVENSON was born in Missouri in 1848, one of 13 children. When a little boy, the family migrated to Sutter County. There, when he was in his early twenties, he married Mary Jane Cox. They had four sons— Clarence, Arthur, Marion, and Charlie, and two daughters, Ida and Allie.

The Rader family and the Stevenson family were close friends in Sutter County before any of them came to Siskiyou. Dick Rader married Elizabeth (Lydia) Stevenson there. Years later, Clarence Stevenson married Mattie Rader, one of Dan Rader's daughters.

In 1884 the Stevensons migrated to what is now the Henry Silva ranch in Big Springs. Edward Stevenson's sister, Mrs. Richard Rader (Aunt Lydia), was

living at the place, later known as the Stalleup Ranch, and her brother stopped to visit her and eventually settled on the place a short distance away. This same "Aunt Lydia" Rader died three or four years ago in Stockton. She was very alert and active right up to the time of her death, at the age of 97.

Bill Burns had been squatting on the place when the Stevensons arrived. He had planned to homestead it. Eleven wells had been dug on the 160 acres, and all that was found was rock. The cabin that Burns occupied was on a rock reef on the northwest boundary of the place, and the Stevenson family bought this cabin and the rights from Bill Burns for \$15.00 in cash and a silver watch.

They filed on this 160 acres and, while building a rough cabin to move into, stayed with the Raders. After moving in, they continued to build on to the place, even though the snow fell before the roof was finished. They eventually had a two-story house with three bedrooms.

Mary Stevenson started to dig the well by hand as soon as they moved in; being in a big hurry, additional help soon had it at 27 feet when they struck water. To have an extra supply, they dug it to 40 feet. When old man Burns (Bill's father) heard about the Stevensons' finding water, he wouldn't believe it until he saw it with his own eyes. His own well, just a short distance away, was 60 feet and there was not much water. He rushed to the Stevenson place and stared and stared at the water winking back at him and just muttered in his beard, "Well, well, well!" That really tickled everyone, as no one



— courtesy Allie Stevenson Moore  
MARY JANE COX STEVENSON





— courtesy Allie Stevenson Moore  
**CLARENCE STEVENSON**

had expected any water to be found.

When the Stevenson family first lived there, most of the area was thickly covered with juniper trees. With a few simple tools and a team of horses, these trees were cleared off the land.

Everyone was poor and the neighbors tried to help one another as much as possible. Mrs. Stevenson, with the help of Mrs. Dunlap, often helped deliver babies, took care of the sick, and helped "lay them out" when any of them died. Her husband served on the election board for years and his daughter, Allie, followed in his footsteps. She was on the Mayten election board more years than she can recall. Only failing health forced her to turn over her job to Alida Hogan.

As soon as the Stevenson boys got big enough to help out, all of them assisted in harvesting wheat and barley

on their place, as well as on other ranches, as far as Little Shasta and Gazelle.

Edward Stevenson had a "header" many years before he acquired the steam engine. After buying the steam engine, the Stevensons moved it alongside the stacks of grain and did the threshing, too.

Each farmer hauled his own supply of wood to the nearest point in the grain field. A separate wagon hauled the water for the horses, steam engine, and cook wagon. Later in the fall they would use the same steam engine to run the "barley roller." That is, they would drive to the barley fields where the sacked grain had been stored under straw. Pete Grisez had the barley roller.

Edward and Mary Stevenson sold their ranch to the Mt. Shasta Land and Irrigation Company in 1913 and moved to Little Shasta to what is now the Oliver Lane place. Mary Jane Stevenson died there in 1916 at the age of 62. Edward died at the Siskiyou County Hospital on December 9, 1930 at the age of 82. They are buried in the Little Shasta Cemetery.

With reference to the rest of the family, Clarence married Mattie Rader. Arthur never married. Marion married in Portland, but had no children. Charlie and his two children live in Oakland. Ida (Mrs. Charles Haley) lives in Tacoma, Washington. Allie married John Moore (who was from Pennsylvania) in 1901. They took up a homestead between Big Springs and Sheep Rock on the Grenada cutoff. Dry land grain farming and harvesting for others was their main livelihood. They raised a family of three girls and one boy. The girls are Sadie (Hight—deceased), Mary (Mrs. McCauley of Escondido), and Olive (Mrs. Elliott of Chico). Their son, Johnie (Speed), lives at the Moore home with his widowed mother. John Moore, Sr. died in 1945.

## Polly Boo Stories

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ONE VERSION how Polly Boo got his name was that as a young man he had a sweetheart and she "threw him over." He told everyone how sad he was and he would start crying, "Polly, my Polly," and then he would go, "Boooo Hooooo."

The other version making the rounds was that he pretended he was a Frenchman, and the only words he knew in French were *parlez-vous*. The people would greet him with these words, and they finally started to call him Polly Boo.

He told old man Stevenson once that his real name was Joaquin Gomez and that he was a Portuguese.

Polly Boo originally started out as a peddler with a pack on his back, walking all over the country. When he could afford it, he got a mule to carry the pack and later on he got another mule to ride. After he had accumulated too much for the mule to carry, he obtained a wagon and a team of horses. He used to sleep in people's homes at first, but so much of his stuff was stolen overnight that he began sleeping in his wagon.

He sold dress goods, trinkets, pots and pans, jewelry, clothes, and anything else he could pack into his big wagon. He did a great deal of trading, getting in return eggs, vegetables, meat, or any thing that was available. He would take the goods down the Klamath or other places in the county and trade them off.

The Stallcup girls traded geese and duck feathers for dress goods. Whenever Mrs. Stevenson saw him coming, she would call to her daughters and say, "Gather up all the eggs; Polly Boo is coming."

People were very glad to see him as he brought the latest news. He talked understandable, though broken, English and was very shrewd. He seldom got cheated.

Albert Dunlap gave this description of him: He wasn't very tall (about 5 feet, 4 inches), rather heavy set, walked slightly stooped, but was very agile. He was generally good natured, but crabby if people prowled among his things. He looked a great deal like a picture of Jimmy Durante. He always wore felt boots.

He stayed at the Rose place on his trips through Big Springs, but the Rose boys played many tricks on him. He also stayed at the Louie ranch, and the youngsters there didn't bother him quite so much.

The following was told by John Solus: "Polly Boo used to buy much of his merchandise from Kings store in Yreka (located where Maguire & Greene Drugstore is now).

"A woman who lived near the Shasta River what is now Grenada, once sold him some wild ducks and geese that were in a pond by her house. Polly Boo thought they were tame, and when he approached to catch them, they flew away. That was one time that someone outsmarted him.

"Another time Polly Boo was on the Frank Pauline ranch near Indian Creek. A group of boys tied a heavy rope to the axel of his wagon, then tied it to a tree. They covered the rope with leaves, and when he tried to drive off, the wagon would not budge. The poor fellow could not figure out for a long time what was wrong.

"Polly Boo used to sell blue denim

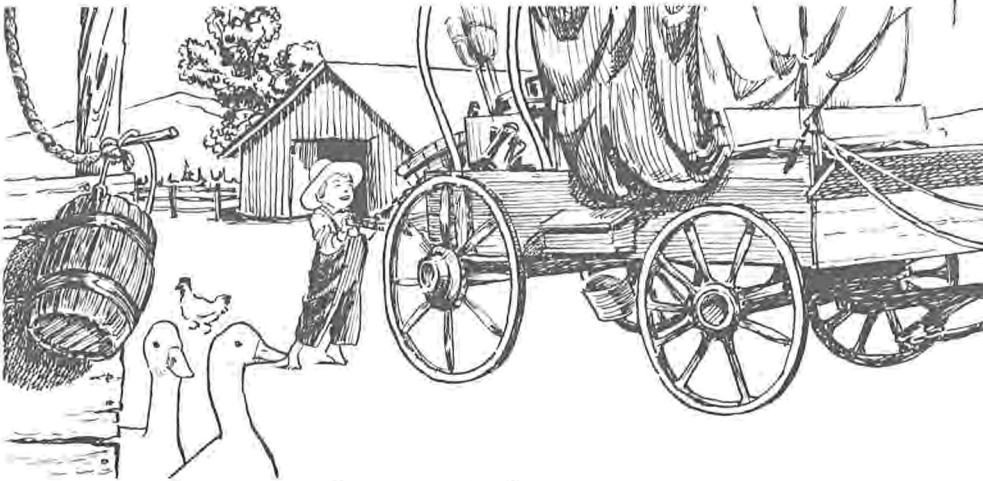
overalls. Sometimes he wore them awhile, then folded them up again and sold them as new."

Albert Dunlap said that one time he stopped at the Burns place and was trying to make an impression on the Burns daughters. He was shaving on the porch and one of the girls lit a fire-cracker and threw it by his feet. He almost jumped out of his hide and he yelled, "Damn it to h--! Not you got

any sense? Make a man cut his throat?"

Mary Lemos told this writer that Polly Boo died on the Hobbs ranch in 1902. He was quite old and got pneumonia and her mother-in-law, Mrs. Albert (Delphina) Lemos nursed him while he was ill. She also had pneumonia and died soon after Polly Boo.

Mention of Polly Boo is made in several previous "Pioneer" books. The name was spelled differently.



## Parlez-Vous and the Chinaman

by Jim McNeill

I remember well the three peddlers who carried their wares on their backs. One was a small Armenian, whose name I never knew. He was only known as the "Arab". The second one was a very large, curly-haired man, who was supposed to have hailed from Spain. The third, and by far the most unique of the three, was Parley Vous, who claimed to be of Portuguese origin. I have no reason to doubt his word, but he looked very much like an Armenian.

The three men followed one another through the mining and farming areas

of Siskiyou County at the turn of the century, carrying their stock in a black box. This merchandise consisted of combs, brushes, harmonicas, needles, pins, pipes, shoelaces, and other small items too numerous to mention. The wearing apparel for both men and women was carried in a large telescope valise. This apparel was gaudy and bright, apparently meant to capture the eyes of the miners and farmers and their wives. I distinctly remember that my brother and I were always intrigued with the display of this finery and the knick-knacks in the black case.

These cases were carried at the end of a stick fashioned into a yoke that fitted around the bearer's neck and extended to a point. Just beyond the point of the shoulder at either end of this yoke was suspended the case and telescope. When the peddlers first hit the mining country, the weight of the combined cases was well over one hundred pounds.

The last time that I remember seeing

Parlez-Vous was when he came to our ranch on Rush Creek above Cecilville on the South Fork of the Salmon River. My father always raised a large garden. The produce from this garden, plus all the hay that the ranch could produce, was packed out by pack train and sold to the miners along the Salmon and New Rivers.

Two chinamen were employed by my father as gardeners. One of these china-



men was known as "Old Too". He had a twin brother who did not work on the ranch, but spent his time sniping for gold along the Salmon River near his home at Log Flat.

Parlez-Vous appeared at the ranch that fall and slept in the barn overnight. I remember hearing my mother tell my sister that the old "Portuguese" was bedbug-infested, and she could not let him sleep in the ranch house. In the morning, before the ranch help went to work, Parlez-Vous spread his finery out for all to admire. Trade was brisk, as the help had been paid their wages a few days before. After much dickering and arguing, Parlez-Vous sold "Old Too" an elegant suit of bright blue, double-breasted, woolen "long John" underclothes. After this transaction, Parlez-

Vous packed his bags and took the trail, heading for the Trinity County line and the mines along Coffee Creek.

"Old Too" asked my mother for a few days off so that he could visit his brother. He wanted to take the bright blue underclothes to his twin as a present. The old chinaman was gone for several days and when he returned to the ranch, he went straight to the ranch house and sought out my mother. After much cussing in "pigeon" English and Chinese, he finally said, "Je Cli, Mrs. Maggie, you no more buy clo from Dago. He got Neets."

Evidently, some of Parlez-Vous' pet livestock had found their way into and bedded down in the bright, blue, double-breasted "Long Johns" and the Chinaman was not too happy about it.

# The Edward Stallcup Family

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**E**DWARD STALLCUP was born in Kentucky in 1844. While still an infant, his parents moved to Houston, Texas. At the age of 16, he joined the Texas Rangers and was with them until the group joined the Southern Army as cavalrymen.

Young Stallcup was with General Lee when he surrendered. Orders from Lee stated that the Federal Government was to ship his defeated soldiers as near their homes as possible; so Edward Stallcup was shipped to New York. There a group of soldiers boarded a vessel, the "Morning Star," and sailed down the coast around Key West to a place near New Orleans. From there they went by stage to Houston, Texas.



EDWARD STALLCUP (1844-1914)



— courtesy Joe Stallcup

MARY CATHERINE COTMAN STALLCUP  
(Died in 1931) Taken about 1890.

Two years later he came to California where his first wife died. To this union had been born two children— a daughter, Elizabeth (who was Edward Axtell's mother); a son, the late John Stallcup, who was instruaental in the growth of Grenada.

He married a second time to Mary Catherine Cotman, and to this union were born Tom, Joe, Callie (Burns), Lilla (Wilson), and Susie (Nicewood).

In 1888 the family migrated to Big Springs (Mayten) by a roundabout route— through the San Joaquin Valley into Alturas, Lakeview, Burns, and to Fort Klamath (an army fort at that time). There they stopped for several weeks in order that one of their precious horses could have her colt and to make repairs to their outfit, which consisted of two wagons and teams and several extra horses.

Next they wandered into Rogue River Valley where the father earned some necessary money haying for a local farmer near Bear Creek. He used his

now owned by the Pimentel family. Wilson built the house.


The Stalleups cleared many acres of land. A 160-acre square of this cleared land is now the Ted Kucera, Houdeshell, and George Deal places. The Big Springs Land Company had bought this square from Stalleups.

Leo and Ira Brown from Little Shasta did the machine work in clearing the land. In 1912 Burns, Wilson, and Stalleup formed a corporation known as Edward Stalleup and Sons, Company, Inc. The reason for this was that all of these above-mentioned places were irrigated from the Big Springs lake through the Stalleup ditch. Business was more easily handled as a corporation. The corporation had priority to irrigating 410.1 acres from Big Springs lake through the Stalleup pumping plant and ditch. This water right is dated 1903 and consists of 6.20 cubic feet per second.



— courtesy Maybelle Stalleup  
LILLA AND SUSIE STALLCUP  
Taken about 1897.

own teams for this purpose.

From there they went by stage road into the Shasta Valley to Mayten. There they bought Rader's 160-acre homestead, which included the Big Springs lake and some of the land around it, for \$600. The Richard Rader brand was  and Stalleup bought it and used it until they sold the place. Then they turned it over to Fred Lichens in 1945.

As the years went on more land was acquired until they had about 1,600 acres. They had bought 320 acres from the Jim Dennis estate and 160 acres from the Hugh French family. (The late Hugh French's father).

At the turn of the century Callie married Jim Burns and they bought what was known as the Joe Miller ranch (where Dave Sousa lives now). Lilla married William (Bill) F. Wilson and later they bought the place which is



— courtesy Maybelle Stalleup  
JOE, CALLIE, AND TOM STALLCUP

Later when Burns and Wilson sold their places to the Big Springs Land Company the water that was formerly used on these places was diverted to the Stallcup ranch. This gave them more water. About this time the corporation was dissolved.

While the Stallcups operated as a corporation they sold to the Weed Lumber Company as much as 1,000 tons of hay each year. In addition to this, they raised stacks of hay to feed their own cattle and the logging horses that they boarded for the Weed Lumber Company. As many as 150 head of horses were kept at the ranch during the winter. There were two corrals on the north lake shore and the remaining horses were kept in the juniper field (which is now cleared) across the road where George Leal now lives. The stack yard was on what is now Dave Sousa's place. The ten stacks of hay (80 tons to the stack) made a pretty picture. Many prospective land buyers that A. L. Harlow, the real estate man and promoter, brought to the area were influenced by the sight of all that hay. Harlow's favorite expression to his clients was, "All the rocks you see are on top of the ground."



IN EARLY DAYS

Left to right— Callie Stallcup, Joe Stallcup, and Cynthia Dennis. — courtesy Mary Dennis

All the men folk in the family worked on the place and 15 extra men were hired during the summer months. John managed and worked with the hay crew. Joe did the irrigating and this included three to four large gardens of one acre each, and the orchard. Tom ran the pumps, kept the books, helped milk the five family cows, and, in hay time, sharpened the sickles twice a day, and did other odd jobs on the place.

Every fall they ordered wagon loads of staples from a Sacramento wholesale house— things like rice, beans, dried fruits, coffee, sugar, etc., and the most important item for the men, a case of "Star" chewing tobacco. The rest of the foodstuffs was bought at the Denny Bar Company store in Gazelle where Callie Burns or her husband picked them up, along with the mail, three times a week. This was an all-day trip. The Louie and Rose families also benefitted by this extra service.

In late fall they usually butchered 15 hogs for bacons, hams, sausages, and by-products. One thing Ed Axtell remembers especially in connection with butchering. They used to build wooden troughs out of two-inch planks, 16 feet long, two feet wide, and 18 inches deep. The hams and bacons were cured in the brine in these troughs. After the meat was smoked (they used apple tree wood for this purpose), these same troughs served as storage bins and were left in the smoke house. First they put a two-inch layer of wheat, then a layer of meat, and so on until the trough was full. The smoked meat kept perfectly and stayed moist all during the hot summer months until the next butchering time. Beeves were butchered when needed, everyone sharing with his neighbor because of the lack of refrigeration.

In 1915 Joe had his eye on a cute little school "marm" who boarded with them and taught at the Big Springs

school. A neat cottage was built, and in 1916 Maybelle Needham and Joe were married. Their only child, Barbara May, born in 1919, later became Mrs. Lee Miller of Portland, and she has four children.

In 1917 the boys built their mother a beautiful two-story home with eleven bedrooms. The spacious gardens surrounding it and Joe and Maybelle's house were the show place of the area. There were fruit trees, shrubs, and flowers of all kinds and it was all kept beautifully landscaped by the family.

The oldest daughter, Elizabeth (Lizzie), had previously been married to a man named Unrub. They had four children. Later she was a cook at a saw mill camp in Igera near Weed. There she met Joe M. Axtell who was a steam engineer in the Maxwell mill. His nickname was "Joe Bush," given to him because of his heavy, dark beard and mustache. They were married in 1898 in Edgewood. Two sons were born to this union— Edward Marion (Ed) and Claude Eugene.

The boys were orphaned when the parents died within two years of each other and the Stalleup family raised Ed. The Burns family (his Aunt Callie), raised Claude, and he went with them when they moved to Oregon after they sold the place to Harlow.

Ed Axtell and John Stalleup went into the transfer and hay-hauling business and later built a warehouse in Grenada. They bought and sold hay and baled some until 1927 when Ed started with the Highway Patrol.

In 1923 Ed Axtell and Ida Thompson of Big Springs were married and lived in Big Springs and Grenada, then in Weed for a period of time. Since 1940 they have lived in Grenada. They have three children— Shirley (Richards) and Elizabeth (Grey), both of Grenada, and Eddie, Jr., who is an electrical engineer with the Bureau of Reclamation and



— courtesy Ed Axtell, Sr.  
Ed Axtell, Sr., in the hay-hauling business.

lives in Redding. Ida and Ed are expecting their first great grandchild.

Joe and Tom Stalleup sold the ranch in 1945 to Fred Lichens and moved to Montague. They live there during the summer, but usually go south for the winter.

Edward Stalleup died in 1914. Mary Katherine Stalleup, his wife, passed on in 1931. Both are buried in the Winema cemetery in Weed. Tom died in 1957 and is buried beside his half brother John in the Evergreen cemetery in Yreka. Callie Burns died in 1958 and is buried in Albany, Oregon. Joe Stalleup of Montague, Lilla Wilson of Grants Pass, and Susie Nicewood of Halsey, Oregon, still survive.

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#### MAYBELLE STALLCUP AS A TEACHER

After she was married, Mrs. Maybelle Stalleup taught one year at the Shasta View school (at the Dwinnell Dam), two years at Delta (Cricket Flat), and the balance of her 15 years of teaching at the Big Springs school. She did not teach every year, but loved her profession too well to stay away altogether.

Her former pupils fondly recall her many interesting extra-curricular projects. Once they wove a tablecloth from



flax which they had planted, going through all the steps involved in producing the article. In nature study they fixed a sand box with a real stream of water and a live owl on a limb. They learned taxidermy from a semi-retired University of California professor who spent many summers at the Stallcup ranch. He was Professor Martin, father of Dr. Francis W. Martin, our present county physician. The professor's hobby was hunting and mounting rare birds and rodents for a museum in the bay area.



— courtesy Maybelle Stallcup  
JOE AND MAYBELLE STALLCUP

## The Machado and Quadros Families

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**M**RS. MARY QUADROS, her son Anthony and her two brothers, Frank and Joe Machado, came to Big Springs in September of 1915 from Gridley. They formed a partnership and bought what is now the Oliver Solus place from A. L. Harlow. It consisted of 160 acres and they paid \$150 an acre which was the going price of the land Harlow sold to the newcomers of the newly formed Big Springs Land Company, later called the "Big Springs Irrigation District." As they had had a dairy in Gridley, they brought around 100 head of dairy stock and immediately built a milk and hay barn to accommodate 60 cows. (The only dairy in the Big Springs area was the one owned by the Walter Pedrotti family who had arrived from Willows, California, several months before.) Until the barn was finished, the cows were milked in a large corral next to the county road.

Harlow was in the habit of bringing prospective buyers into the neighborhood at milking time. Naturally, many questions were asked, and the obliging Mr. Harlow usually drove in to visit with the milkers, and in due time managed

to show the creamery statements to his clients. When asked where milk cows could be obtained, Quadros and Machado "just happened" to be in a position to help them.

As the partners came from a prominent dairy country, they had many connections to buy cows, which they did in great numbers. They would add them to their herd. Anyone interested in buying some could come and milk them once or twice and have the satisfaction of knowing that Quadros and Machado stood behind their guarantee.

Quadros remembers that the first ten cows (mostly Holstein) were sold to John Lemos, Edgewood, in 1917. The Barklows bought about 40 cows altogether. In the next three or four years, many dairy cows were sold all over Shasta Valley. In 1919 Joe Machado sold his interest to the remaining partners and eventually settled in Redding where he is buried.

As most farmers did not have ready cash to buy their cows and Machado and Quadros had to pay cash for the cows they brought to Siskiyou, they ran

out of ready cash. The creameries of the valley needed the cream, so a plan was worked out whereby the creameries paid for the cows and then took the payments out of the farmer's cream checks.

In the early 20's the cow market dropped drastically and the last ten cows Frank Machado sold for \$150 a head, he was able to buy back for around \$50 a short time later. And to top it off, one cow, a poor one, was thrown in free.

Around 1918 Frank Machado started a butcher business, building a small slaughter house. Many are the people living in the Shasta Valley area that got to know and like this genial and happy butcher and to buy meat from his meat wagon. He just about put the Montague shop out of business. But soon new laws and regulations put a stop to his butcher business and he turned more and more to dairying.

**FRANK MACHADO** after arriving in this country in 1904. He was about 19 years old at this time. — courtesy Adelaide Machado



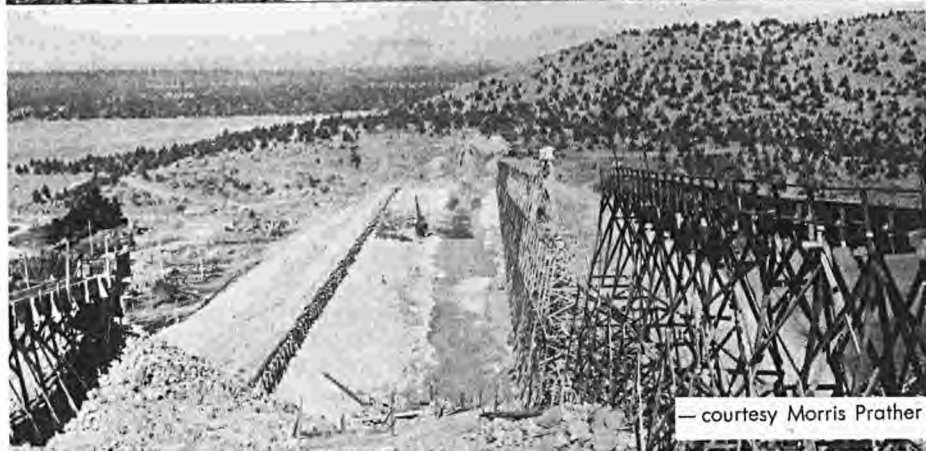
**HORSEWRANGLERS** at the Machado ranch 1940. Sitting on fence is Harry Cash. Standing, left to right— Frank Machado, Sr., Henry Silva, Dennis Broderick, Clifford Bottoms and Tony Machado. — courtesy Freda Broderick

In 1918 Tony Quadros was the last draftee from Siskiyou and he was in the army until discharged in 1919. The following year, the partners bought a place in Cottonwood and the Quadros family moved there.

In 1921 Frank Machado made his second trip back to his homeland, the Azores, and came back with a bride. To this union five children were born. One died in infancy on a later trip the family made to the Azores.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Machado, accompanied by his brother Tony, were on their last lap of a visit to his homeland when he had a heart attack. He is buried by the side of his infant daughter in St. George, Azores. Tony, the eldest son, is managing the ranch since his father's death in 1958.

To go back to 1929, the Machados and Quadros dissolved the partnership and Frank kept the present Machado ranch and Quadros kept the original ranch. In 1935 Tony Quadros married Inez Simas of the pioneer Antone G. Simas family of Fort Jones. They moved back to their ranch in Big Springs where Mrs. Mary Quadros, the mother, passed away in 1956. After her death, the place was sold to the present owner, Oliver Solus.



— courtesy Morris Prather

# History of Dwinnell Dam

by Betty Dow

**A** FEDERAL JUDGE has removed the last reminder of the hard-luck past of the Montague water conservation district.

Stanley Wendt, district manager, has been notified that the district has been discharged from bankruptcy in the district court in Sacramento, clearing up a financial cloud that had existed for three decades.

The discharge from bankruptcy improves the district's credit rating "100 per cent," said Wendt, explaining that now improvements to facilities can be financed on a more economical long-term basis than has been possible in recent years.

The story of the district begins with the vision and foresight of the late Dr. G. W. Dwinnell, who could see that many thousands of acres of fertile land in the Shasta Valley could be irrigated for profitable raising of alfalfa and other hay, and grains.

Dr. Dwinnell finally sold his idea to residents of Montague and vicinity, then the district was formed by the voters April 13, 1925.

Then, as now, the district embraced approximately 23,000 acres of land, mostly north and east of Montague, although only approximately 15,800 acres are being served with water, including the city.

The district hired John Beemer as engineer, and he presented a plan that included creating a 60,000-acre reservoir on the Shasta River and the diversion into the river of Parks Creek upstream from the dam.

His plan also included a 21-mile main canal and about 55 miles of laterals and a smaller reservoir on a hill about 5,000 feet east of the center of

Montague to provide the city with water.

The trouble lurked in the choice of the main dam site.

Examination of the proposed reservoir bottom and sides disclosed no faults or fractures that might be expected to cause leakage. A Professor Anderson, who filed a footnote to Beemer's report, wrote, in fact: "I have never seen, nor can I see, any reason for doubting the adaptability of the reservoir site you have selected, or the ability of the formations underlying or surrounding it, to retain water as well as any other . . ."

The cost of the project was estimated at \$1,395,000, so the next big step was sale of bonds. Morris Prather, one of the directors at that time and a prominent citizen today, "had never sold a bond in my life," but he headed for San Francisco and finally caught the interest of Sutherlin, Barry and Co., who bought the bonds at 90 cents on the dollar.

Many companies entered bids, but the Nevada Contracting Company came forth with the lowest, and work on the enterprise began.

Days were hectic with anxiety during this period of construction. Once when the dam was half completed, the buyer of the bonds ran out of money, and contact was hurriedly made with a New Orleans bank which furnished the necessary funds. Construction was completed in 1927.

Then came the rude awakening. The district had spent the \$1,395,000, had completed the dam, ditches, city reservoir, etc., only to learn that the lava formation behind the big dam did not hold the water poured into it. The water sank, and either appeared on the John Soule ranch or ran off under the ground.

The Montague conservation district went bankrupt. The landowners found their property so heavily covered with debt that the future seemed hopeless. The Montague Banking Company became involved and closed its doors in 1933. Many businesses and stores closed. Homes and businesses were sold for little or nothing.

The bond holders were restrained from closing in by a government moratorium. But the debt still stood on the lands and became greater with each passing day, and everyone concerned knew that this debt must be paid.

Dr. Dwinnell died a poor man and did not live to see the final outcome of the district, nor did he see his irrigation dream come true.

As the years rolled by, nature, whose unpredictability had practically ruined the district and its people, as unpredictably began to repair the dam. As the flood waters poured into the great reservoir, soil and debris were deposited, and gradually its bottom began to seal. The sealing process increased with the years so that more water could be stored for irrigation.

In 1940, the directors —Prather, C. B. Bryant, and C. L. Churchill, induced the late Roy Swigart, and the late Ed Foulke of Gazelle, to go to New Orleans and St. Louis, where most of the bonds were held, to try to make some kind of settlement. Banks in the two cities appointed W. E. Buell to act as their agent to work with the directors. By this time, the district was in debt not only for the original bond issue of \$1,395,000, but for interest and penalties adding up to a total of three million dollars.

Buell came to Montague and for months he and the directors struggled, the directors trying to get off as easily as possible and Buell striving to obtain every dollar he could for the bond holders.

Just as the finishing touches were being put on an agreement, the city council and voters of the town attempted to stop the deal with Buell in favor of a long, and what would have turned out to be more costly, federal payoff plan.

But Buell agreed in 1943 to take ten cents on the dollar for the bond holders, plus an additional \$25,000.

Meanwhile, the board had undergone several changes. Bryant had resigned to be replaced by Syd O'Connor, and Brice Rohrer, who favored the settlement, had been appointed to the board along with Paul Reichman, who opposed it.

The debt was assumed by individual property owners, some of whom paid off their indebtedness, others of whom allowed their property to revert to Buell and associates.

It was not until 1955 that a final agreement was made with Buell that allowed the district to apply for discharge from bankruptcy.

Now, the district stands on its own feet, Dr. Dwinnell's dream has been posthumously realized, as well as memorialized in the name of Dwinnell dam, the district's major structure, and Wendt sees a bright future, partly based upon the fact that reservoir sealing and other improvements to the dam have brought up storage capacity to 50,000 acre feet so that farmers may look forward to increased plantings and increased profits from their land.

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Electricity was first brought into Mayten by the way of the White Mountain Ranch to the Edward Stallcup irrigation pump in 1902. Records show that electricity was brought to the Louie ranch in 1917 and to the M. A. Silva place in 1919, as well as to the Shasta Land and Irrigation Company, which was later known as Big Springs Irrigation District. The homes surrounding the Four Corners obtained power in 1917.



— courtesy Morris Prather

## Short Stories . . .

Henry Silva, the present owner of the old Stevenson place, had a well dug for irrigation purposes. It is located a few hundred feet from the first well the Stevensons dug nearly 80 years before and is 96 feet deep. At present it pumps 2,400 gallons per minute and Silva figures he could install a larger pump to pump as much as 8,000 gallons per minute without trouble. The steady water level is 29 feet from the surface. The well drillers surmise they hit an underground river as no "drillings" were ever brought to the surface. Some Yreka taxpayers advocated this well to be purchased instead of building the Greenhorn dam.

The very first irrigation "pump" used in Big Springs was the water wheel, operated by the force and weight of the stream in which it was located.

The second one was the steam engine that Edward Stalleup and Sons installed in 1902. This irrigation pump was driven by a 25-horsepower steam engine with steam generated by burning wood. They got the wood from the junipers when clearing their land and also used slab wood hauled from the Moffit saw mill, which was located a short distance beyond where the Dwinnell Lake is now. The engine used about one cord each day.

They converted over to electricity in 1902 and the power line came by way of the Solon Williams ranch.

# Horses and Jacks & Jennies of Big Springs

**B**ETWEEN 1920 and 1930 herds of these animals roamed in the valley and nearby Miller Mountain, Sheep Rock, Grass Lake, and this side of Deer Mountain below the railroad tracks.

Harry Cash, Dan Shelley (who bought the Kerkendall brand for the horse roundup), and Rolland Phelps hired Bob Hogan, Monroe "Pat" Patterson, Russell Whitlock (who lives in Yreka), John Clark, and Lloyd Reid to round up all the horses with their brands and the unbranded ones which they could claim. This was in the spring of 1929.

They took 350 head over the Ball Mountain road from Little Shasta into Butte Valley. It was the first day of April and there was four feet of snow on the ground. They stopped at the Prather ranch the first night and at the State Line ranch the second night. Then they went on to Midland, Oregon, where the horses were shipped by rail for chicken feed.

Frank Machado loved horses and could not kill any of them. He was unable to sell a sufficient number. So, by 1941, when he was compelled to get rid of them, he sold sixty brood mares and their colts.

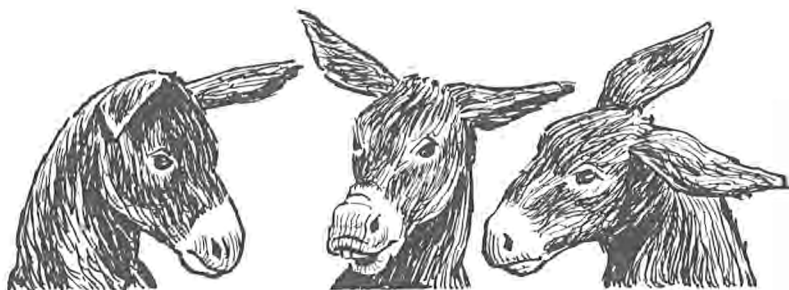
The jacks (males) mentioned in this article are a very large type of black,

white-faced burro. The females are called jennies. They got their start when the late Frank Mills of Edgewood introduced them into the valley. He and his family had seen some used in the Grand Canyon on one of their vacation trips and thought this mountainous mining country could use them as pack animals. They soon outnumbered their usefulness and ran wild and became a nuisance.

## Wild Horse Herds

*by Lewis Foulke*

About three miles east of the White Mountain Ranch John Rose built a large corral with big wing fences. This was about 1905 or 1906. He corralled the horses to break and sell. The large herds of wild horses were nearly exterminated when the railroad was built from Weed to Grass Lake in 1906. The railroad workers killed them off for sport. The valley farmers were pleased that these horses were killed off as they enticed their gentle horses into their herds. John Rose was an expert horse-and-stock man. Also Roll Phelps, the Terwilliger brothers, Jim Sanderson, Walt Rucker, the Caldwell brothers, Frank Adams and Bob Barnum were among the many other good horsemen in the area.



# Charlie Drummond

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**I**N THE PROCESS of gathering material for my Big Springs pioneer history, I had many long visits with old timers and descendants of the pioneer families. Again and again they mentioned the abundance of fish, wild life, and water fowl that at one time made this country a veritable paradise for hunters and fishermen. Inroads of civilization and modern times have changed all this; but the blame should also be shared by our own pioneers. In their zeal to cultivate more and more land for agriculture, they drained swampy areas, cleared protective brush and trees, and built dams in the rivers.

In 1947, when the Drummonds—husband, wife, and daughter Betsy, and a large Chesapeake Bay retriever, traveling in a small house trailer—appeared in Big Springs and camped at the edge of the White Slough, speculation ran high. The idea of two easterners “raising birds” on a cattle ranch just didn’t make sense! Among certain local elements, opposition arose to a wild life refuge where game birds and animals were protected from hunters’ guns.

Fourteen years, many lectures, articles, and friendships have changed the attitude of almost all of our local people. The response of wildlife, especially waterfowl, is even greater than the Drummonds had anticipated. The five reservoirs the Drummonds created have increased their annual waterfowl visitations from very few to 100,000 birds.

The bulk of the birds feed in the grain fields up to a radius of 25 miles, at times crossing the mountains into Scott Valley. The Drummonds have never sought federal or state assistance in their project, nor have they themselves ever fed the waterfowl. They rent pas-



—courtesy Freda Broderick

**TASSI AND CHARLIE DRUMMOND** in their home in Big Springs.

ture to cattlemen and the couple did all the irrigating the first ten years, but now they do only part of it. Charlie sells articles for publication. No doubt many people follow his column, “Watching Wildlife,” in the Siskiyou Daily News.

I was curious as to why these people settled here. They had the whole United States from which to make a choice. So I interviewed them and following is a brief biography of Charlie Drummond:

He was born in central New York State, one of three children. Their father was an attorney. At the age of three and one-half years he started duck hunting, using a specially made miniature .22 rifle, loaded with shot cartridges. He hunted and fished actively up and down the east coast, alternating between his home and his grandfather’s plantation in South Carolina.

He graduated from Princeton where he majored in English. Even as a small boy, he wanted to be a writer; so, to prepare himself further for his chosen career, he traveled around the world for the next year and a half, shooting and fishing. Then for four years he was



a newspaper reporter. During the last year he toured the North American continent, writing feature articles for an Eastern chain of newspapers.

He entered World War II as a private and came out as Lieutenant Colonel in the Field Artillery and saw combat service in two theaters—North Asiatic and European. After the combat phase of the war, he was stationed at the War College in Washington, D.C., and was an instructor at the Army Information School. In 1946, while still in the service, he figured there would be just five years

of peace before war would break out between Russia and the United States.

With the encouragement of his wife, he immediately set out to fulfill his lifelong ambition to look for and buy a piece of land on which to maintain and protect native and migratory wildlife and to write about it. We are very glad that Big Springs met with their requirements and will eagerly watch for increasing numbers of waterfowl to visit his man-made lakes, the sixth of these, and by far the largest, being scheduled for construction this summer.

## Early Families in Big Springs

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**D**AVE ELTING, a widower, lived in an area near where the Dwinnell Lake is now. This was around 1870. He owned hundreds of acres of land on both sides of the Shasta River where he ran cattle and horses. One ranch he lived on was supposed to be the "Rawhide Ranch." It got its name from the habit the cowboys had of cutting off strips of rawhide from the cattle hides that hung on fences to dry. They used these strips for tying and most other purposes instead of rope. Later this same ranch was known as the Hobbs Ranch.

Dave loved to ride but was not a very successful farmer, and he lost many head of cattle every winter from starvation and old age. He eventually went broke and died in the county hospital.

In browsing over the old issues of the *Siskiyou Pioneer*, this writer ran across several references made to Dave Elton or Elting selling oxen to be used in hauling logs for the Deter mill on Ball Mountain.

When Miles and Laura (Babeock)

Buckner were married in 1893 they rented the place later known as the White Mountain Ranch. Henry Nichols had been the previous owner. The Buckners fed the logging oxen used in the mill at Igera. Mary Timmons boarded with them during the entire time she taught in the Big Spring sschool.

The Buckners moved away after three years, and the Solon Williamses moved in. Clara Newbolt Williams, the wife of Solon, was a cousin of Lew Foulke. Her brother, Bill Newbolt, lived with them.

Solon had been a sea captain on a sailing vessel. His father-in-law, George Abbott Newbolt, was a very fine old gentleman and a Quaker minister. While these people owned the place, they operated the Marigold Creamery mentioned elsewhere in this book. They moved to Yreka when the McKees bought the place.

The first family that lived at the Seldom Seen Ranch was Dan Dye and his wife and five sons—John, Elmer, Ira, Lee, and Henry. Elmer and Lee



AT THE THOMAS (TOM) ORR RANCH ON HIGHWAY 99, NEAR GRENADA

Left to right, front row— Harry Orr, Tom (the father), and Ral. Elmer Dye in back of Tom. Others unknown.

—courtesy Allie Stevenson Moore

never married. The others married, but only Henry had children— two girls, Ivy and Ruby. After Dan died, the Ral Ors lived there. Then one of the Dennis boys bought the place and, in turn, sold it to John Soule.

Ral Orr and Alice (Cleland) Orr and children, Lena and Robert, moved from the Cram Gulch back of the Orr ranch to the Dan Dye ranch (later, the Soule ranch). Charlie was born while they lived there. The older children went to school at the Big Springs school. In 1901 they moved to the Frank Connor ranch in Edgewood, and then to Yreka in 1913. When this writer talked to Belle Louie Simas about her schoolmates, she said she especially remembered the Orr children and what excellent horsemen they were.

\* \* \* \*

During the early 80's Melvina and Samuel Sargent built a home on the Shasta River. Because the river at this point was shallow and easily accessible, the early settlers used it as a ford when the water was low. When water was

high, it was necessary to use a stout bridge that the Orr family had built farther down the river or the Grenada Ranch bridge. After the Sargent family moved there, this crossing over the river was known as Sargents Crossing or Sargents Ford.

The Sargent children were Sarah (Crawford), Mary (Houghton), George, Sam, Elizabeth (Barham) and Will.

\* \* \* \*

The Henry Clay Taylor family lived by the White Slough for several years. They had two daughters— Blanche (Foulke), Bessie (Denny), and a son— Ethan Allen.

\* \* \* \*

In 1916 the Shasta View School was started near the site where the Dwinnell Dam is now. The first teacher was Lois Tuttle and the next one, Blossom White. In 1938 this school was suspended for several years, then started again. In 1949 they consolidated with the Big Springs school.

Among the families living in this area at this time was the John Soule



ORR RANCH AT BIG SPRINGS

Lena, Bert and Charlie Orr. Charlie was born here. —courtesy Mary Dennis

family. John and Helen, his wife, had a son and a daughter— Jack and Maderal. The Soules bought the Nels Dennis ranch (formerly the Dan Dye ranch) in 1913 and moved there in 1915. They acquired more land until they had 1,120 acres. They had a dairy, but later raised stock cattle. They called their place the "Seldom Seen Ranch" and it was their

home until 1955 when they sold it to the Miller family, the present owners. Then the Soules moved to Yreka.

\* \* \* \*

Other families were the Lem Dennises, Joe Millers, Henry Morgans, Joe Joneses, and Andy Rowes. In 1927 when the Dwinell Dam was built, most of the Jones place and all of the Rowe and Morgan places were inundated by the reservoir.

\* \* \* \*

The Walter Pedrotti family came to Big Springs in 1915 from Willows, and bought the place now owned by Tony Machado. They had three children when they came— Sylvia, John, and Rosy. The last three children— Laura, Benny, and Bertha were born in Big Springs. The father died in 1938. His widow sold the place shortly afterward and moved to Vallejo where she still lives. Laura married Ellis Louie and they have five boys and two girls and are living in a beautiful home on their ranch in Big Springs. Sylvia (Mrs. Chris Walthard) lives in Yreka. The rest live in the Bay area, near their mother.

## The Beginning of The Big Springs Irrigation System

John Rose, a brother of Joe Rose, Sr. worked some land next to his brother's. In the early 70's he built the water wheel to irrigate his garden and a little pasture. He was a bachelor and passed on in the 80's and Joe Rose took over his brother's holdings. The water wheel was used until about 1920. It was rebuilt at least twice. When Ellis Louie took over the ranch, he had it torn down, as it had become a hazard. Only a few iron pieces, the wooden axle, and rock cribs remain. This water wheel, built more than ninety years ago, was the first of two in use on the Shasta River.

When Joe Rose rebuilt the water wheel one time, Lou Dennis was helping him. Somehow Joe slipped and fell from

the top of the wheel through the framework, twenty feet to the rocks and water below. He was badly hurt and unconscious and would have drowned if Lou Dennis had not been there to pull him from the water. John Louie rode horseback all night to bring John and Joe Rose (the sons,) back from the Grenada Ranch on Butte Creek. Rose never fully recovered from this accident.

The Big Springs Creek, where this water wheel was built, is the origin of most of the water in the Shasta River. There are many springs among rock ledges *below* the dam. When the irrigation pumps are going full force in summer, very little water from the lake goes into the Shasta River.

# SISKIYOU COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



— courtesy Belle Louie Simas

The Cover of this "Siskiyou Pioneer" was created by Ken Truelove, using this photograph as a guide in detailing this water wheel. See story bottom of opposite page.

## ACTIVITIES AND REPORTS FOR 1960

## Meetings of 1960

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Due to the uncertainty of the weather, the January meeting was cancelled and in its place, President White tentatively planned a picnic to be held at some time during the summer.

The meeting held on February 12th was conducted by Vice-President Thomas Bigelow in the absence of President J. M. White. James McNeill of the Forest Service was the speaker, and his topic was, "Towns from Cecilville to Big Flat," which included the towns of Abrams, Petersburg, and Sommerville. The newly elected officers for 1960 were, J. M. White, President; Thomas A. Bigelow, Vice-President; Mrs. Pat French, Secretary.

The March meeting was conducted by Vice-President Thomas A. Bigelow. Robert Reynolds was guest speaker. He gave a very interesting talk on Fort Jones and the surrounding area.

On April 9th, President White presided at the meeting and reported on the budget meeting. Mr. Charles Hain of McCloud showed pictures and talked on the lumber industry of Siskiyou County.

President White presided at the May meeting. He reported that there would soon be a new bank in Weed and that old-time pictures would be shown in the lobby. Richard Gould of Weed showed pictures of his trip to Europe. These were very interesting and educational.

At the meeting held on June 11th, Howard Trivelpiece gave a talk on different types of guns, and he showed a few of the models. The date and place for the Siskiyou County Historical Society picnic was set for July 17th at the City Park.

Harvey E. Gilman of Weed entertained the members with pictures of his trip to Europe at the September meeting. The picnic held in July was reorted as a huge success. The late Judge Allen was the speaker of the day. Mrs. Mary Denny Parker of Etna, born in 1866, was crowned Queen, and Abner Evans of Yreka, born in 1873, was King. Dr. Stanley Tebbe of Yerington, Nevada, was the person who traveled the greatest distance. Approximately 125 persons attended this meeting.

President J. M. White was speaker at the meeting held October 8th. His topic was, "The History of Sawmills."

At the November 12th meeting, the members were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Devere Helfrich of Klamath Falls. They showed slides and spoke on, "The Old Stage Road from Shasta to Fort Jones," "The Pony Express in Wyoming," and "The Black Rock Desert." Lorraine Quillen, President, and Mrs. Nevart Smith, Secretary of the Klamath County Historical Society, were our guests.

"Pioneer Traditions and Stories," was the theme of the Christmas program at our December meeting. We entertained in an old-fashioned parlor. The Christmas tree in the center of the room was decorated with antique ornaments and the toys surrounding it were of the same period. During the program, Mrs. Cecil Elliott, Jerry Dittner, and Charlene Cordes entertained those present with Christmas music.

HAZEL RIDER  
*Secretary*

# The President's Message

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One pleasure I have as a life member of the Siskiyou County Historical Society and that of serving as your President during the years of 1959 and 1960, is in meeting and visiting with many folks who have lived for many years in our wonderful Siskiyou County.

I came to Weed in June of 1906 and lived there for 42 years. Business affairs made it necessary to live elsewhere for nine years. However, during this period I was active in Weed and Siskiyou County activities.

This period of fifty-one years brought about extensive development of Siskiyou County's natural resources, such as electric power, lumber manufacturing, cattle raising, general farming, improvement of water use through irrigation, road improvement, both County and State

highways, new homes, railroad improvement, general business houses, all of which brought about a better way of life for all. One should therefore carry, as I do, the happy remembrance of the events during these years. Such events in fact were those which our early settlers hoped and thought in due time would come about.

The Siskiyou County Historical Society was established and developed during this period and thus will reflect to those of present and future generations, historical facts of great interest.

My term of office was one of a desire to be helpful toward the general welfare of the Society.

Sincerely,

J. M. WHITE

## Southern Siskiyou Heirlooms Group Report

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Officers for 1960 were President Katie Roush; Vice-President Inez Lorenzen; Secretary Barbara Stanley; Treasurer Alice Pipes; Librarian Mercedes Jamison.

The January meeting at the home of Katie Roush in Mount Shasta was the usual program planning meeting and members brought heirlooms for discussion and identification.

In February the group journeyed to Dunsmuir to the home of Barbara Stanley with Ardella Tucker as co-hostess. Mrs. Tucker and her husband, Ivan, pre-

sented a program on their trip to Mexico, illustrated with colored slides and pieces of glass, linens, silver pieces, dolls, etc.

In March the group again gathered at the home of Katie Roush. The program presented by Myrtie K. Davis was, "Fans and Bead Work." Members brought a fine variety of both of these articles from many different areas.

The April meeting was at the home of Nellie Masson in Dunsmuir. The program was centered around the Masson home and beautiful garden. Mrs. Masson's home was part of an early day

resort known as upper Soda Springs. A building of sawed lumber, the first of its kind to be erected in this area, built by Isaac Fry in 1864, still stands minus its porches.

Mr. Primo Martini of McCloud presented the May program at the home of Katie Roush. Mr. Martini talked on coin collecting and showed part of his own excellent collection.

"A Century of Fashions in America," was the title of the program presented by Donna Brooks at the June meeting. Her talk was illustrated with color slides from the Smithsonian Institute, showing original costumes on view in various museums. Hazel Pollock, curator of the Siskiyou County Museum, and Pat French, Historical Society secretary, showed costumed dolls of early settlers. Fashion books and newspapers from the museum and from the collection of Marcelle Masson were also enjoyed.

Myrtie K. Davis of Mount Shasta hosted the July meeting and presented the program, showing many of her lovely heirlooms. These included a chair over 100 years old made without nails

or glue yet still very solid today, a Swan bed, Sandwich glass and Spode ware. Mary Marsh had a table display of china, including examples of Spode.

In August the group had an opportunity to enjoy the delightful garden and the treasured antiques of Ruby Scharff's home in Mount Shasta. Isabel Schrader discussed, "The World of Antique Arts," by Orille Bourdassa Rhoades. This publication presents authentic information in fifty broad fields of antiques.

In September the group gathered at the home of Genevieve McCorkle in Mount Shasta. Mrs. McCorkle gave an interesting, informative talk on Haviland china, tracing its development from 1840 to the present time. Mrs. McCorkle's talk was illustrated with many pieces from her extensive Haviland collection.

The final meeting of the year was a brunch at the home of Isabel Schrader in Mount Shasta. Members and guests brought articles of interest to make the program.

Our membership has remained constant and we have had another rewarding year.

## Clippings Report

To our source of "clipping" material, which in the past has been the Siskiyou County newspapers, the *Sacramento Bee* and the *Klamath Falls Herald and News*, we have added the *Medford Mail Tribune*. These papers are all very carefully read and all items pertaining to historical facts of Siskiyou County and the Historical Society are clipped and placed in their respective scrapbooks.

These scrapbooks are available to anyone for reference, in the Siskiyou County Museum. — Hazel Pollock

## Financial Report

DECEMBER 31, 1960

General Fund .....	2112.60
Publications .....	17.44
Yreka Heirlooms .....	25.41
Museum Fund .....	93.10
Sawyers Bar Church .....	50.31
Memorial Fund .....	355.00
Food Fund .....	32.90
Map Fund .....	263.62
TOTAL CASH IN BANK.	\$2950.38



DOLLS DEPICT PIONEER WOMEN

— courtesy Betty Dow

## The Curator's Report

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During 1960 the Siskiyou County Museum had visitors from thirty-two states and ten foreign countries.

Twenty-two gift contracts and fourteen loan contracts were filed during the year. Outstanding among the articles loaned was a mulberry and white Staffordshire tea set that had been in the John Turner family for over 150 years. A beautiful collection of dishes was loaned by Mrs. Genevieve McCorkle. Among the gifts was a group of infants' clothes made by Olive Paddock Eddy, one of Siskiyou's first ladies.

During the months of February and October the interior and exterior of the Museum were painted.

The Siskiyou Art Association displayed paintings of Historical Landmarks in the Museum, during the months of March and May.

In June, 12 dolls, each depicting an individual pioneer woman, who played

a part in the history of Siskiyou County, were placed on the Museum walls in shadowboxes. Beneath each figure was a photograph and story of the woman represented in miniature.

In September, 150 members of the Pacific Railroad Society visited the Museum, which was opened from 7:00 p.m. to 12:00 midnight, for their convenience.

During the three days of the Siskiyou County Fair the Museum was open each evening, so that the many visitors to the Fair might have a chance to visit our Museum.

In December, our annual Old Fashioned Christmas Tree with its lovely ornaments and toys was on display. This year a figure of a four-year-old boy, dressed in a blue velvet suit of 1885, stood under the tree.

HAZEL POLLOCK  
*Curator*



# Officers and Committee Chairmen - 1960

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 Vice-President ..... THOMAS A. BIGELOW  
 Recording Secretaries ..... PAT FRENCH, HAZEL B. RIDER  
 Corresponding Secretary-Treasurer ..... PAT FRENCH, HAZEL B. RIDER  
 Librarian ..... IRMA COOLEY  
 Board of Directors ..... JOE G. ALLEN, JOSEPHINE KINNEY,  
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 BRICE ROHRER, GERALD F. WETZEL, KENETH G. YOUNG  
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 Betty Lavelle, Nellie George, Alice Dunaway,  
 Leona Thackara Andrus, Marcelle Masson, Viola Barton,  
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 Clippings ..... HAZEL POLLOCK  
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 Southern Siskiyou Heirlooms Group ..... KATIE ROUSH, President  
 INEZ LORENZEN, Vice-President  
 BARBARA STANLEY, Secretary; ALICE PIPES, Treasurer  
 MERCEDES JAMISON, Librarian  
 Museum Staff ..... HAZEL N. POLLOCK, Curator  
 PAT FRENCH, Assistant Curator (January to July 16th)  
 HAZEL B. RIDER, Assistant Curator (July 16th to December)



J. M. WHITE  
President



THOMAS BIGELOW  
Vice-President

# Pioneer Biographies and Member Records

We close December 31, 1960 with 730 pioneer biographies and 552 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 pioneer families.
3. To be able to contact relatives and

Ampfer, Rosie Jane—1867-1950  
Aulentiak, Emma Bohmert—1872-1948  
Aulentiak, Louis—1861-1950  
Aulentiak, Olive Elizabeth Eames—( )-1948  
Bagley, Albert James—1867-1950  
Baker, Margaret Davidson—1868-1948  
Bannister, William F.—1857-1946  
Bar, Emily Geney—( )-1947  
Barr, James Charles—1863-1948  
Barnes, Bert—1882-1949  
Barnum, Alfred H.—1873-1948  
Bartle, Abram Dennis—1847-1912  
Biglow, Frank—1860-1947  
Boedacker, Ellen Louise—1862-1948  
Bonhart, Charles—1838-1911  
Boyer, Anson—1873-1949  
Bray, George K.—1875-1945  
Brooks, Carrie Wadsworth—1858-1947  
Brown, Hudson O.—1849-1948  
Brown, Myrtha Louisa Nicolls—1849-1948  
Butler, Bennett L.—1863-1905  
Butler, Frances Cordelia Eastlick—1862-1948  
Cain, Anna Elizabeth Schnabala—1874-1947  
Coldwell, Elizabeth Myrtle Palmer—1878-1950  
Calkins, Frederick Burton—1870-1948  
Camp, James—1828-1911  
Campbell, Mary Deater—1865-1950  
Cardozo, Catherine Lemos—1875-1949  
Carlton, Daniel D.—1845-1950  
Casilla, Mary Aminda, Etta-Elf McGree—1867-1948  
Cavanaugh, Richard E.—1866-1947  
Cook, Catherine Augusta Shinar—1869-1949  
Coonrod, Edward Livingston, Sr.—1837-1932  
Coonrod, Eliza McKee—1852-1921  
Crandey, Albert—1874-1948  
Corbath, Charlotte Vincent—1865-1947  
Crawford, John Catherine Sargent—1865-1947  
Cunningham, Benjamin L.—1868-1948  
Dangel, Jacob—1860-1950  
Davies, Lewis E.—1863-1948  
Davis, Mary Allison—1873-1948  
DeBoie, Mary Hallick—1881-1948  
DeLend, Mary Wacker—1872-1924  
Deitz, George Lewis—1865-1947  
DeWitt, John Fairchild—1881-1950  
Dimmick, George Douglas—1868-1948  
Dimick, Sarah Ann—1842-1912  
Dowling, Archibald—1877-1951  
Doyle, Katherine Ann Ficken Utt—1877-1950  
Eckhart, Edy—1867-1947  
Eastlick, Crete Connor—1866-1948  
Effman, Emma Barney—1852-1949  
Egli, Louise Mary—1866-1948  
Ehret, Susan Bole—1840-1911  
Evans, George—1870-1948  
Evans, Geraldine D.—( )-1948  
Evans, James Charles—1875-1950  
Evans, Leonard S.—1878-1949  
Facey, Charles—1875-1950  
Facey, Mary Ellen Layden—1866- ( )  
Facey, Nimrod—1860-1949

Fangler, Lillian Bryan—1872-1950  
Fisher, Ulysses Sylvester—1868-1948  
Fang, Charles—1863-1948  
Fard, Albert—1864-1950  
Fax, Anna E. Haight—1869-1949  
Frame, John P.—1871-1949  
Freslow, Bettie "Grandma"—1866-1947  
Fried, Henri—1877-1950  
Gaemlick, Charles—1825-1912  
Garner, Rose Ellen Kierman—1865-1947  
George, Mary Louisa—1862-1948  
Grant, Anderson—1882-1946  
Gragg, Jane Olivia Crawford—1866-1949  
Green, Phoebe Denny—1871-1949  
Green, William Edward—1877-1947  
Griffith, Lucinda Pitts—1865-1948  
Haines, Eugenia Kappeler—1878-1950  
Hall, Dora Harp—1871-1950  
Hall, Edward Lafayette—1848-1943  
Harrison, Helen E. Pickens Harding—1873-1950  
Hill, Sarah DeLina—1850-1945  
Hoffling, William H.—1867-1948  
Huestis, Mary Madelyn Kenney—1872-1951  
Huteman, Katherine Pyle—1874-1950  
Hughes, Martha Belle Sampson—1870-1947  
Jackson, Lee—1872-1948  
Jacobs, Myrtle Burrill—1881-1948  
James, Charity Pearle Hegler—1885-1950  
Janson, Clara Kegg—1868-1947  
Jensen, Elizabeth Augusta Hutschel—1862-1947  
Johanne, Mary Charles—1874-1947  
Jones, John Rodgers—1864-1949  
Jones, Sadio Murphy—1861-1946  
Julian, Gladys—1865-1951  
Kleaver, William Lewis—1880-1949  
Kuck, Jerome D.—1875-1949  
Kuntz, Eliza Halzhauser—1853-1948  
Ladd, Mary Ann Shinar Hawks—1877-1950  
Lawrencien, Edward Herbert—1867-1947  
Lighthill, James Burton—1879-1948  
Lloyd, Frank—1855-1943  
Luddy, Mary—1851-1948  
Luttrall, William—1873-1948  
Luttrall, Winifred Masley—1877-1947  
Machado, Amelia—1864-1911  
Malone, Lucy Abernathy—1864-1950  
Markham, Thomas B.—1864-1948  
Mathewson, Carrie Duchett—1856-1948  
Mathewson, Ida—1863-1947  
Maxwell, William Grant—1869-1948  
Meebler, Joseph—1824-1919  
Melis, S. H. "Hank"—1861-1911  
Messer, Frances Praela Harris—1883-1950  
Messer, Rufus—1884-1947  
Melcalf, Mary P. Deutz—1861-1947  
Milne, Andrew T.—1873-1949  
Morgan, George—1863-1950  
Morton, Lewis Fred—1870-1950  
Murray, Catwell L.—1836-1911  
Muirgrave, Henry—1873-1948  
McBroom, John O.—1882-1950

McConnell, George—1856-1948  
Neep, Mattie Dawson—1856-1949  
Nesbitt, George Washington—1870-1948  
Norris, Verne Harrison—1880-1950  
Oscar, Mollie—1853-1947  
O'Shaughnessy, Gussie Ringe—1865-1946  
Orcutt, Elman—1877-1948  
Owens, Ellen L. Wilson—1860-1949  
Parshall, W. Robert—1863-1950  
Peet, Wilson—1871-1948  
PHELPS, Charles Marian—1881-1949  
PHELPS, Clara Barnum—1855-1949  
Pitz, Valentine—1863-1948  
Quigley, Adahla Shell—1831-1903  
Ramus, Malachi—1858-1949  
Rantz, Charles F.—1874-1948  
Rodgers, Joseph—1872-1948  
Rohrer, Elizabeth Jane DeLong—1854-1947  
Scheld, Sarah Addie Taylor—1868-1948  
Shaffer, Frank Edward—1872-1948  
Sharp, Clara Eudora Costello—1868-1948  
Sharp, Francis Horatio—1863-1937  
Shearer, William Buckner—1861-1948  
Simmons, Kate C.—1870-1949  
Smith, Helen Melva—1862-1948  
Smith, James M.—1831-1895  
Smith, Lucinda Davis—1855-1948  
Spanous, Henry A.—1868-1951  
Stein, Alden J.—1878-1949  
Stone, Fred E.—1859-1946  
Stoops, May Member—1869-1947  
Strassler, Frances Bean—1863-1946  
Sullivan, Julia Ann Carpenter—1862-1950  
Swan, Naomi Holett—1857-1948  
Sweet, Valentine—1863-1947  
Temple, George—1879-1949  
Thomas, Elizabeth—1872-1949  
Tom, Bluff Creech—1854-1946  
Townendly, Justin Tom—1862-1948  
Tyler, Cina—1872-1948  
Vornum, Edgar W.—1866-1948  
Wacker, Frank J.—1865-1912  
Wagner, Frank R.—1870-1947  
Walker, Frank B.—1856-1911  
Ward, Kenneth Lester—1858-1951  
Ward, Nancy Elizabeth Cockerham—1863-1950  
Weeks, Agnes Jane—1863-1946  
Wetzel, Joseph Francis—1871-1951  
Whipple, Michael Grant—1863-1949  
White, Mary Emily Fernandez DeRose—1875-1948  
Witkey, Elizabeth Edno—1863-1948  
Witkey, General Fremont—1867-1948  
Willard, Robert J.—1868-1951

## Member Records - 1960

Bassett, Wayne Eugene  
Chapman, Katherine Edghill  
Martin, Frederica Leduc  
McMurry, Alan J.  
Sharp, Paul W. Docter

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 1961 are:

*Yreka*—Mrs. Minnie Soule, Mrs. Ruth Morton, Mrs. Ora McGregor, Mrs. Jennie Matthews, Miss Jessie Coonrod, Mrs. Grace Mieke, Mrs. Helen Crebbin.

*Montague*—Mrs. Anna S. Dryer, Mrs. Mary Lemos, Mrs. Alta Coatney.

*Grenada*—Mrs. Freda 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 Dunaway

*Horse Creek*—Mrs. Chester Barton

*Hornbrook*—Mrs. Jennie Clawson

*Copco*—Mrs. Robert Wilson

*McCloud*—Mr. Gerald Wetzel

*Weed*—Mr. "Jude" White

*Dunsmuir*—Mrs. Marcelle Masson

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 are confidential and filled-out records should be sent immediately to Mrs. Helen M. Foulke, 813 French Street, Yreka, California, Chairman of Pioneer Biographies and Member Records for the files of the Siskiyou County Historical Society.

HELEN FOULKE, *Chrmn.*,  
*Pioneer Biographies and*  
*Member Records*

## In Memoriam - 1960

JOHN A. AHLGREN	August 10	Sawyers Bar, California
JAMES M. ALLEN	August 2	Yreka, California
MRS. JAMES M. ALLEN	August 2	Yreka, California
JAMES ALTON	October 24	Yreka, California
WILLIAM G. BAILEY	August 8	San Jose, California
MRS. ANNA BERNDT	January 21	Hollywood, California
THOMAS G. BRADLEY	May 22	Medford, Oregon
GEORGE E. CALKINS	March 21	Yreka, California
FRANK S. CLELAND (Life)	April	San Francisco, California
THOMAS J. DENNY	March	Cazadero, California
GRACE DETER	August 17	Yreka, California
JOEL E. FERRIS	December 14	Spokane, Washington
LOUIE FREITAS	September 25	Hornbrook, California
GEORGE W. GAFFNEY	December 1	Yreka, California
JOHN W. GOLDEN	September 30	Etna, California
HUBERT HAMILTON	December 20	McCloud, California
WILLIAM HART	September 13	Yreka, California
CARL F. HICKEY	January 16	Sacramento, California
GRANT LEWIS	September 24	Sonora, California
FREDERICA MARTIN LEDUC		Eureka, California
ROBERT M. MARTIN	January 23	Montague, California
CHARLES E. MASSON	October 16	Dunsmuir, California
FRANK H. PETERS	May 14	Mount Shasta, California
BEN J. RICHARDSON	July 11	Montague, California
ALEX ROSBOROUGH	December 8	Yreka, California
MISS CAROLINE WENZEL	October 24	Sacramento, California

# ALEX J. ROSBOROUGH

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Alex J. Rosborough passed away in the Siskiyou County General Hospital, December 8, 1960, at the age of 95.

He was born August 30, 1865 in a house still standing at the corner of Third and Yama Streets, Yreka. He was one of six children born to District Court Judge A. M. Rosborough and Helen Raynes Rosborough.

Mr. Rosborough began his education at the St. Joseph convent school in Yreka. He was graduated from the University of California in 1887. He was a man of many talents. During his lifetime he was a mining engineer, Alameda county tax collector, writer, historian, and museum curator—being the first curator of the Siskiyou County Museum.

He spent many hours writing of the history of Siskiyou and recently published the book entitled, "The Sourdough

and the Mounted Police." The story tells of his experiences on the Alaskan-Canadian border during the spring of 1898.

He was named, "Man of the Year," by the Yreka Chamber of Commerce in 1955 in recognition of the historical writing and research he had performed on Siskiyou County. He regularly wrote for the Oakland Tribune where he made his home for some time after leaving Yreka in the early 1900's.

Mr. Rosborough was one of the 12 oldest continuing membership holders in the Elks in the Nation. He was also a member of the Alumni Association of the University of California, a member of the State Historical Society, the Siskiyou County Historical Society, the Family Club of San Francisco, and other groups.

The only survivor is Alex Gardiner, Oakland, a nephew.

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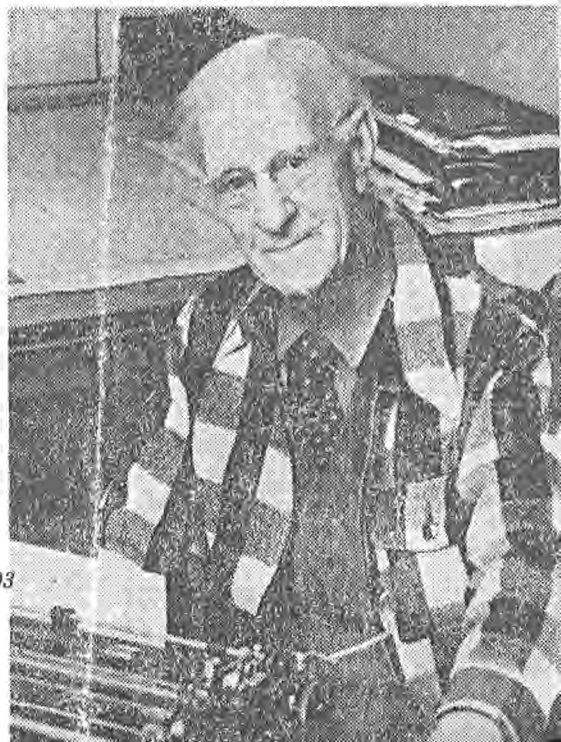
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## Membership Report

DECEMBER 31, 1960

Callahan .... 4	McCloud ... 16
Cecilville ... 2	Montague ... 40
Dorris ..... 5	Mt. Hebron . 3
Dunsmuir .. 31	Mt. Shasta .. 33
Edgewood .. 6	Pondosa .... 2
Etna ..... 59	Sawyers Bar. 4
Forks of	Scott Bar ... 2
Salmon .... 3	Seiad ..... 2
Fort Jones .. 47	Tulelake ... 6
Gazelle ..... 10	Weed ..... 28
Greenview .. 5	Yreka .....250
Grenada .... 11	Out of
Happy Camp. 28	County ....259
Hornbrook .. 16	Out of
Horse Creek. 7	State ..... 79
Klamath	Foreign .... 2
River ..... 5	TOTAL .... 965

ALEX J. ROSBOROUGH



## CHARLES JAMES LUTTRELL

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Judge Charles James Luttrell passed away in the Siskiyou General Hospital, January 20, 1961, at 5:45 a.m., after a long illness. He was 85 years of age on Monday, January 18th.

He was born in Fort Jones, California, January 18, 1875, the second son of L. B. (Benjamin) and Lizzie E. Luttrell. He spent his early boyhood days on the Luttrell ranch in Scott Valley and attended the public schools in that area.

At the age of 18 years, he passed the



JUDGE CHARLES J. LUTTRELL

county teachers' examination and taught in the public schools of Siskiyou county for a few years, until he accumulated sufficient funds to attend Ann Arbor Law School in Michigan. He was graduated and received his law degree in June, 1901.

He returned to Siskiyou County and began the practice of law in Yreka in September, 1901.

He was elected District Attorney in 1902 and served two terms, returning to private practice of law in 1911. Soon thereafter, he and Major Horace Ley formed a law partnership which lasted until he was elected Superior Judge in 1920. He served three terms—18 years—as Superior Judge, retiring in January, 1939.

After enjoying a few years of rest and travel, he returned to the practice of law with offices in the Warrens Building, continuing until his health failed.

He was a 50-year member of the I.O.O.F. Lodge in Fort Jones, a past president of the Yreka Lions Club, Grand Commander of the Knights Templar of California, and a member of the Methodist Church.

In November, 1907, he was married to Winifred Moxley, a member of a pioneer Scott Valley family. She preceded him in death, February, 1949.

Five brothers, Willard H., Dr. Peter H., Walter B., John W., and Bernard J., preceded him in death. He leaves two sisters, Emma Luttrell of Berkeley and Mrs. Martha Norton of Sacramento and one brother, George E. Luttrell of Yreka; also a number of nieces and nephews and other relatives to mourn his loss.

## CHARLES EDSON MASSON

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Charles Edson Masson was born on April 26, 1891 at Upper Soda Springs, Dunsmuir, California. He attended the Dunsmuir grammar school when the late N. T. J. Beaghan was the principal. He then entered the Oakland high school, from which he was graduated in 1910. His father passed away about that time, and he assisted his mother and his brother Dick in operating their summer resort at Upper Soda until it was closed in 1923.

The first World War saw him in action in France in the machine gun company, 363rd Infantry, 91st Division. Returning in 1919 with the rank of 2nd Lieutenant, he was married on November 26, 1919, to Miss Marcelle Saylor of Orland, California. Four children were born of this union— Peter, Valerie, Lewis, and Charles, Jr.

Prior to his death on October 16, 1960, he had been employed for many years as a clerk in the Dunsmuir Post Office.

Mr. Masson was a grandson of the pioneers Ross and Mary McCloud, who were among the first settlers in southern Siskiyou, having bought the Upper Soda Springs property from a couple of squatters in 1855.

Mr. Masson is survived by his wife, their four children, and nine grandchildren.



CHARLES EDSON MASSON

 **The End** 



— courtesy J. O. McKinney

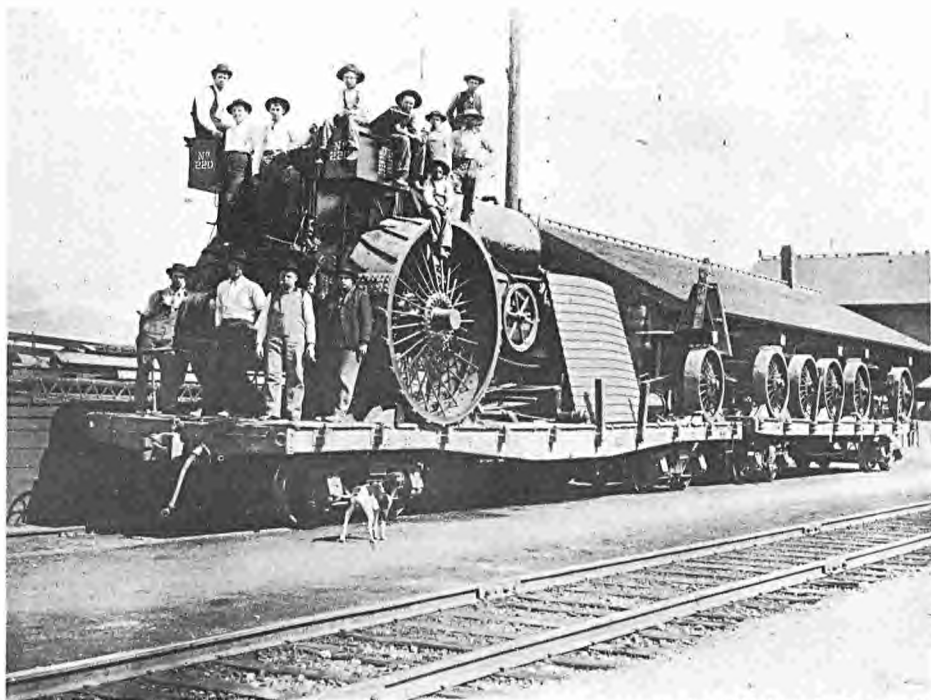
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— courtesy Walter A. Simon

LUMBER EQUIPMENT USED TO HAUL LUMBER FROM THE WETZEL MILL  
ON BALL MOUNTAIN IN 1907

TOP ROW, left to right— Hugh French, Charles Schock, Emory Parshall, Ed Brown,  
unknown, unknown, Kenneth King, unknown, unknown. BOTTOM ROW, left to right—  
Harry Bates, unknown, unknown, unknown, unknown.

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OLD FORT, NEAR FORT JONES, CALIF.

— courtesy Sadie DeNure

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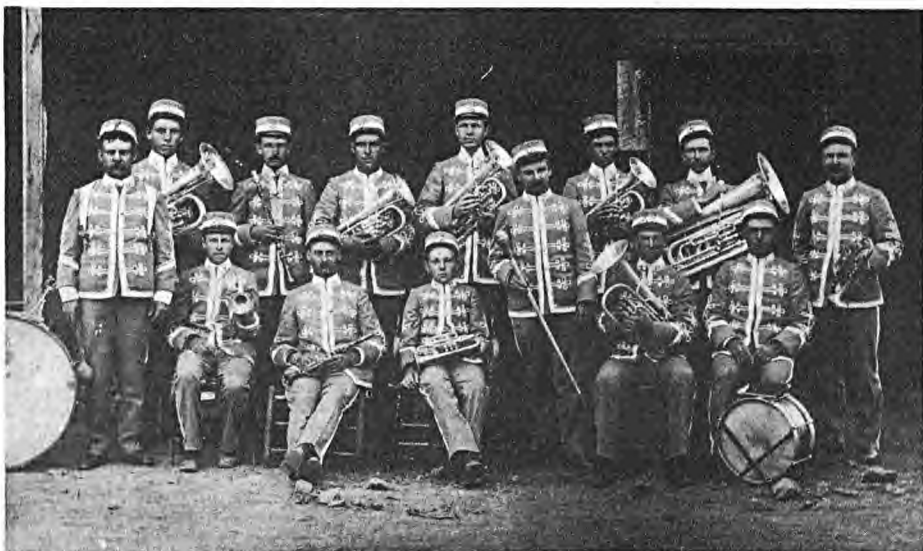


— courtesy Scott Valley Bank  
OLD FORT JONES — 1852 TO 1857

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**MONTAGUE BAND — 1900**

Left to right, **STANDING**— J. D. Gagnon, Will Hudson, R. F. Deter, Tony Machado, John Walbridge, G. H. Chambers, Garfield Terwilliger, George B. Deter, A. D. Terwilliger, teacher. **FRONT ROW**— Theodore Terwilliger, A. Shetler, Charles Schock, Jr., Fred Terwilliger, Jasper Terwilliger.

— courtesy Fred Deter

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— courtesy Allie Stevenson Moore

**STEVENSON'S COOK WAGON FOR THRESHING CREW**

Man leaning on water wagon is Morris Deter; man holding child is Alec Dysart; man in white shirt is Tom Gregory; woman facing camera is Mae Dysart.

# BANK OF AMERICA

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— courtesy International Paper Company  
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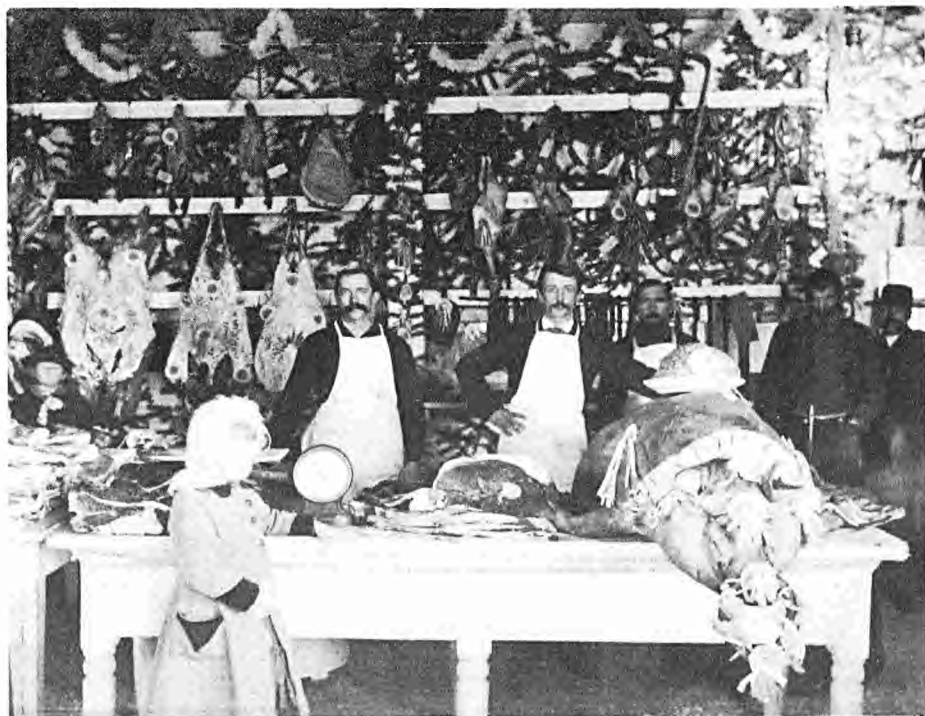
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— courtesy City Meat Market

CITY MEAT MARKET, 1896 — HENRY HERZOG, OWNER

Left to right— Charles Westfall, Henry Herzog, unknown, Dolly Day, O. Jerry, and an old miner. Girl in front, Etta Herzog; boy in rear, Eddie DaVago.

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Yreka, California



— courtesy Morris Prather  
DWINNELL DAM AND LAKE — TAKEN WHILE UNDER CONSTRUCTION  
Joe Jones' place at right.

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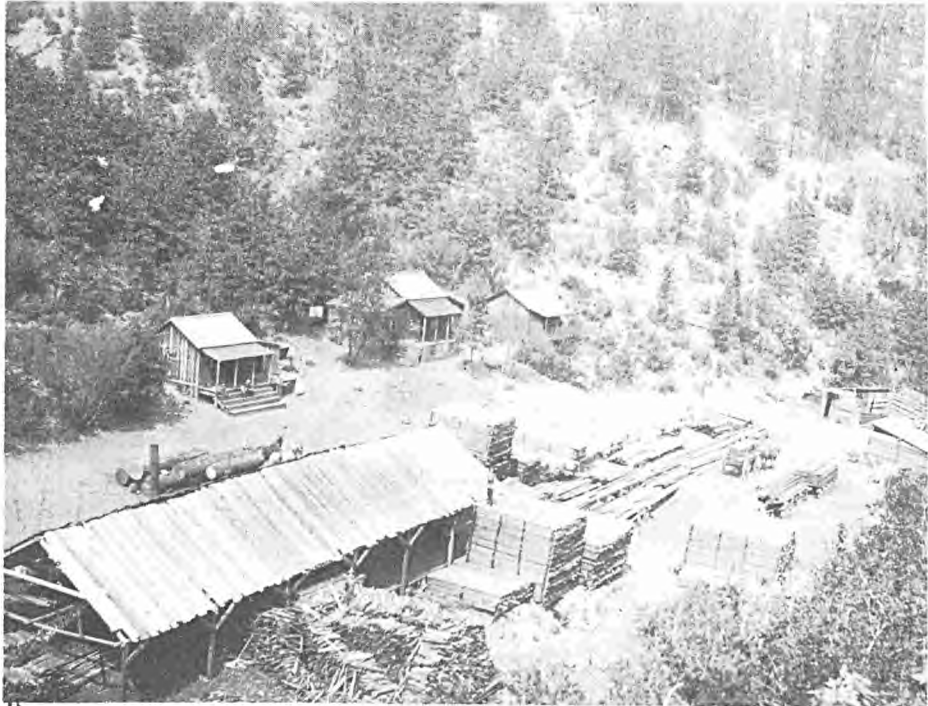
Left to right— Miles Buckner, Mary Timmons, Laura Buckner, and her sister, Phoebe Babcock. Taken about 1891. This house burned in 1934. — courtesy Laura Buckner

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LEE MILL ON GREENHORN IN THE 80's

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BACK ROW, STANDING, left to right— Vayne Ralston, Paul Kuttel, Willard Freeman, Jim Billingsley, Bob Bidwell, Jimmie Minoletti, Joe Hallmark, Archie Linville, John Vogler, Walter Linville, Clarence Morgan, Melvin Jones, Louis Hunt, Merle Freeman, Eldon Hunt. FRONT ROW, KNEELING— Glenn Hallmark, Dennis Broderick, Frank Lepori, Richard Morgan, Joe Haddock, Walter Kuttel, Werner Sterchi, Ernest Bhend, Joe Arnold. In background is the schoolhouse torn down in 1956. This shows part of the Grenada-Mayten State Guard during World War II, in 1943. — courtesy Freda Broderick

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Aerial photo of the McCloud River Lumber Company mill and town.

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—courtesy Yreka Studio & Camera Shop  
SOUTH MAIN STREET, YREKA IN THE 1920's

# TOWN OF YREKA CITY

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City Hall



— George Schrader collection photo, taken about 1946

**FIRST LOG HOUSE BUILT IN YREKA CITY ABOUT 1853**

Horizontal logs on east side are the only part of the original house left. One of the early occupants was Auntie Campbell, a well-known midwife of Yreka in early days.

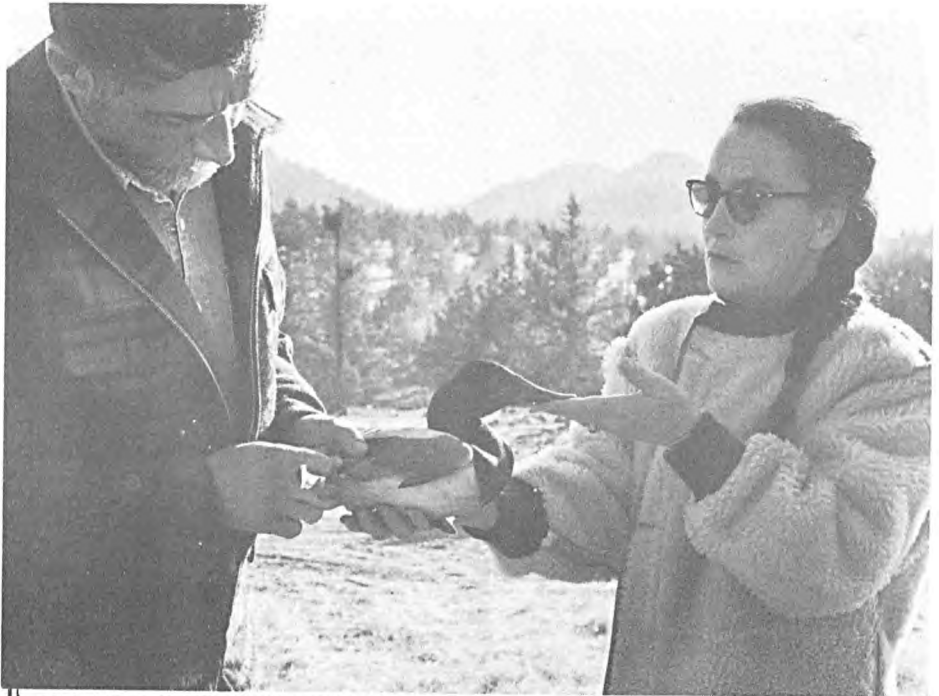
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