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1963

# The Siskiyou Pioneer

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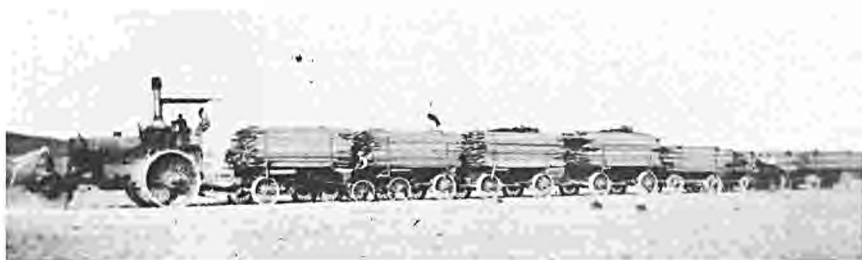
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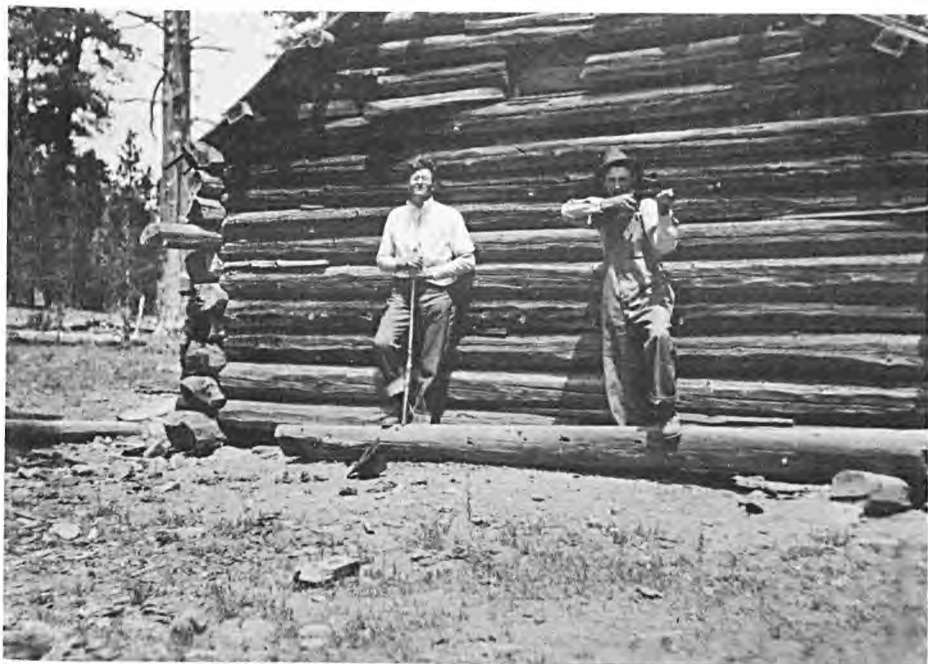
Town of Gazelle

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At Davis Cattle Camp. L. to R.: Orlo Davis, Harvey McAtee. About 1920.

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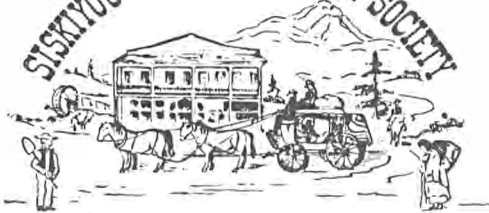
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# Siskiyou

Vol. III, No. 6

## SISKIYOU COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



# Pioneer

1963

Co-EDITORS - - - - - Charlotte Davis  
Evelyn Carter  
ADVERTISING MANAGER - - - - - Louis Wacker

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—courtesy Mrs. Condrey

Horn Children—L. to R.: Hardman, born 1875; Grace (Cone), 1882; Dora (Paul), 1871; Marshall, 1879; Gertrude (Condrey), 1885; Susan (Roberts), 1877.

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






We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to the many people who contributed their time and material for this stockraising issue of the Siskiyou Pioneer.

We are particularly proud that we have a number of very young writers contributing material for the book.

We regret that we were unable to use all the material given us, but we hope that at some future time it will work in.

THE EDITORS

## BRANDS ON OUR COVER

	Andretta, Victor Mt. Shasta	Read: Diamond Four		Parsons, L. D.      Mt. Hebron Read: Backward KPL connected	
	Brazie, John and George Yreka	Read: R Bar B		Paine, Lauren Fort Jones	Read: PW Diamond
	Criss, Maggie, Marvin D. Macdoel	Read: Three C s Bar		Shelley, L. L. Montague	Read: H L Connected
	Dillman, Laverne Etna	Read: Lazy J J		Martin, Robert Montague	Read: E
	Hamilton, Rodney Gazelle	Read: U R Connected		Hart Cattle Co. Montague	Read:
	Hoy, A. B. Weed	Read: Bar Rocking 7		Davis, Margaret A. and E. Orlo Montague	Read: 46 Connected
	Hammond, Dwight Edgewood	Read: Circle Bar		Fiock, George Montague	Read: Heart F
	Foulke, Edson L. Jr. and Esther B. Gazelle	Read: Reversed E F		Haines, Donald K. and Lila M. Dunsmuir	Read: Bar Box Lazy H

Jean Carter of Gazelle is the artist of our cover page.



—courtesy of Richard Barney

**Mt. Shasta, November, 1962.**

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—courtesy of Betty Wendell

East Fork School, 1893. I. to R.: Cora Walker, Claude Bennett, Jess Bennett, Wilbur Parker, Margaret P. Holzhauser, Andrew Parker, Finley Bennett (in tree), LaRue Bennett, Clyde Parker, Lucinda Bennett, Tyde (the dog).

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## GIRDNER FUNERAL CHAPEL

202 SOUTH OREGON STREET

YREKA, CALIFORNIA



—courtesy J. O. McKinney

CATTLE ON ARTHUR WILLIAMS RANCH, GAZELLE

## Beef! Beef! . . .

By LEWIS M. FOULKE

Undoubtedly, the first domesticated livestock to arrive in Siskiyou County were the riding and packing stock brought in by the Hudson's Bay Company in its years of trapping and by John Fremont in his period of exploration. The first cattle arrived in the county quite some years prior to the "Gold Rush", and, even though the local population was meager, domestic meat was in demand, and the forage was excellent. As compared to selling cattle in central California for the value of the hides and tallow, it was economically worthwhile to drive them northward where the meat had some value. Cattle, prior to the building of the Central Pacific (now Southern Pacific) Railroad in 1887, were the only meat animals that were brought into the county, inasmuch as the distances were too great to drive hogs or sheep.

Enough cattle were in the county to supply the demand of the miners during the few years when there were many of them who, through hard work and good fortune, were demanding "beef". Later, as the mining activity decreased and before the railroad was built, the cattlemen of the

county had a serious overproduction and often had to drive their stock as far as Sacramento to find a market.

### RAILROAD AIDS STOCK MOVEMENT

When the railroad arrived in 1887, it proved to be a boon to the stockmen. Cattle could move in either direction, and the towns of Montague and Gazelle became important shipping points. The Siskiyou County Chamber of Commerce boasted of 60,000 head of cattle a year moving through these shipping points. Of course, they did not all originate locally as drives came in from Scott Valley to the West and the entire "eastern Oregon" country to the East.

### CATTLE DRIVEN TO SHIPPING POINTS

I could mention many cattle drives, especially those from eastern Oregon. Among things that plagued the "buckaroos" were foot sore cattle that traveled hundreds of miles, mill towns with steam whistles, and children and dogs that cattle would spook at. I know of one group of cattle purchased north of Fort Rock, Ore-



gon, being driven to Gazelle. These cattle had spent all their lives on the so-called high desert and had never seen water other than in a tank. En route, they crossed the first stream as they approached the Klamath marsh country, and as each cow felt the water on her ankles, she would pick up one foot at a time and shake it vigorously.

Experiences of this type made the life of the buckaroo interesting and, with his natural good nature, made up for many hardships. People like Curley Black laughed at the rigors of Ball Mountain and many of the trails throughout Scott Valley when the temperature was far below zero.

#### HANDLING CATTLE IN TRANSIT

Another lucrative business developed in the feeding of cattle in transit. By law, cattle could not be confined in cars for more than 36 hours. Because of the difference in grazing conditions, cattle normally moved northward to market in the spring and southward during the fall. Regardless of the direction, they had to be fed and rested en route. Both Montague and Gazelle had ample corral room and feed for cattle being shipped by rail. I remember as many as five trainloads arriving in Gazelle on a single day, and 805 carloads being handled during one spring period.

#### CATTLE BUYING A TRICKY BUSINESS

There is so much history connected with the early day cattle buyers that it would take a book to print it all. People such as Colonel Siken, the Swansons, Allens, Dean Duke, John Zwald, and many others added to the color of the industry.

One story that I would like to relate deals with the late W. D. (Dean) Duke, who spent a great deal of his life in the county. In later life he owned various ranches, but at the time of this story he was working as a cattle buyer. Cattle were still being trailed in large numbers over Ball Mountain from eastern Oregon, and many buyers stayed at my folks' place in Gazelle, hoping to make a bid on the

cattle when they arrived. These gentlemen were quite shrewd and, although polite, watched each other like hawks. One Sunday afternoon, Dean invited the two waitresses working at the ranch to ride to Montague on the afternoon train to have dinner and then return on the evening choo-choo. En route, he paid for their dinners and their return trip and then explained that he had just received a telegram from the conductor that made it imperative for him to leave the train at Montague on a very important business mission. No doubt the girls were somewhat chagrined, as Dean was quite a dashing young man. At Montague, Dean hired a buggy with team and headed towards Ball Mountain. He intercepted the band of cattle moving towards Gazelle, dickered for its purchase, and closed the sale while the other potential buyers were still warming their feet before the fire back in Gazelle!

J. C. Mitchell was a very important cattle buyer in those days, being a friend to all, but, like many others, he ran into financial difficulties during 1920 when the cattle market fell to pieces overnight. Cattle that had been quoted at 12c per pound one week were not salable for 6c the next. Mitchell had his problems and had great difficulty in clearing all of his debts but, like the gentleman he always was, worked until he finally passed away in his 80's still endeavoring to clear his indebtedness.

In my estimation, the last and probably the greatest of all of the old-time packer-buyers was W. H. "Bill" Moffat, who passed away January 2, 1963, at the age of 87. Bill was shrewd and active to the end, and his epitaph in the Western Livestock Journal is perhaps the greatest given any individual cattleman.

The industry continues in Siskiyou County; the cattle are better than those raised years ago; many fine young people are taking over; but, for a salute to the best in the business, I cannot help tipping my hat to some of the old timers who started raising beef in our area.



—courtesy Merle Spangle  
L. to R.: Dennis Casson, Jimmie Casson, Jack Spangle (Sherman's brother), Minnie Spangle holding baby (believed to be Shirley Spangle, Sherman's daughter), Mary McGrath Finnerty. About 1923.

## Four First Families . . .

By JAMES FARRAHER and  
Sister, BERNICE FARRAHER CASSON

I have been asked to give what information I have regarding the early settlement of Shasta Valley by my grandparents and their relatives who followed my grandmother from Ireland; so I am setting out here the story as far as I know it.

The first of my relatives to settle and homestead in the valley was John Neilon, who came from County Limerick, Ireland, in 1849. In 1854, he went to Missouri and escorted his sisters Mary, my grandmother, and Anne, grandmother of Mrs. Gertrude Crechriou of Gazelle and Bertha Ashburn of San Francisco, across the great plains to California and the Neilon homestead in Shasta Valley. En route the

party was attacked by Indians. My grandmother, then Mary Neilon, saw an Indian aiming his rifle at her brother John, and she stepped between and took the Indian's bullet in her shoulder. She carried the bullet there until her death.

In the meantime, another Irishman, James Farragher of County Mayo, Ireland, took up a homestead (now Beltramo) adjoining the Neilon homestead (now Robertson). This property afterward, over the years, was known by several names—Farragher Ranch, Wortman-Farragher Ranch, Wortman Ranch, and in late years, the Shelley Ranch.

The lands taken up by John Neilon and

James Farraher were very fertile, with wild grass growing beyond the height of my grandmother. The Farraher land contained an Indian burial ground. (Editor's note: In later years, bones of prehistoric elephants were found during excavation work on the property, and these bones are now in the Siskiyou County Museum.) Neilon and Farraher were the first inhabitants of the land after the Indians.

Shortly after John Neilon brought his two sisters to his home, Mary married James Farraher and moved a mile away to the latter's homestead, and they had two children, Ann and James, the latter being my father.

Some time after the Neilons came to Shasta Valley, relatives of theirs came from Ireland and settled in the valley. They were the McGraths—William, Bridget and Mary. There were some other brothers, but I cannot recall their names, although I know they moved away from Shasta Valley, spent some time in Little Shasta Valley, and finally settled around Lakeview, Oregon.

Bridget married an Irishman, Pat Kiernan, and raised a substantial family; their home was about one and one-half miles south of Gazelle (Editor's note: the "Pink House" now owned by Harvey McCracken). Mary married another Irishman, James Wholey, and raised a family on their ranch south of Edgewood.

All of those mentioned herein were of the Catholic faith. The nearest church and priest were in Yreka, over 20 miles away. Very early, the priest made it a custom to come to the Farraher Ranch once a month to say mass. All of the relatives from around the valley would come for mass and stay for dinner, and a good time was had by all. In later years, the priest alternated the monthly masses between the Farraher Ranch and the Kiernan Ranch.

Mrs. Julian (grandmother of Richard Julian, well-known lawyer of San Francisco), a grand old pioneer lady who lived in a fine ranch midway between Yreka and Gazelle, told me of the party James Farra-

her gave on the occasion of the christening of his oldest child, my Aunt Ann, in 1861. She related that everyone in the valley was there.

Another sister of John Neilon, Kate (our great-aunt), came to the ranch, later marrying the pioneer owner of the livery stable in Yreka, Loag. After his death, she moved back to the ranch to live with her sister, Mary. The fourth sister of John Neilon married an Englishman named Field and had a daughter, Ann, who came to the Farraher Ranch in due time. Ann married George Riley, a Yreka store owner, and they had four children, all of whom have passed on.

In 1866, there was a great mining boom in Bannock, Idaho (now Idaho City.) High prices were being paid for beef. Several ranchers in Siskiyou County drove their cattle overland to Bannock. Farraher sent all of his cattle, except the dairy cows, ahead with drivers and remained behind, arranging with the Yreka Bank for the finances of his wife and two children during his absence. He never caught up with his cattle, although he went clear to Bannock searching for them.

Since he had lost all of his stock cattle, he worked at a placer mine at Bannock in order to accumulate money to build up a herd again. His sister-in-law, Anne Sissel, who had lost her husband in the meantime, was living at a nearby mining camp with her small son, Johnnie, and when Farraher was ready to return to his family at Gazelle, he invited them to go back with him. After the mules were packed, with Mrs. Sissel and little Johnnie mounted on one of them, Farraher went up to the mine to say goodbye to the men he had worked with, and, while he was talking, a slide took place and crushed Farraher to death. Anne Sissel and Johnnie returned to Shasta Valley alone.

Following Farraher's death, my grandmother kept things going by selling butter and eggs to the miners in Yreka. She drove to town twice a week in a phaeton which my grandfather had brought around the Horn. She always lunched with the

McNultys who lived just north of Yreka.

Aunt Kate, after her husband Loag died, married James Finnerty, and they made their home at what was more lately called the Finnerty place. She died soon after, and Finnerty married the Irish-born widow of William McGrath, Mary, who had a small ranch bordering on the Farraher Ranch. Their children were George, who died when a young man, and Mayme, who married Frank Scoggins and moved to the Finnerty Place. Their one child, Catherine (Kathryn), married Edwin Heinsen of Gonzales, California. After Frank's death, Mayme Scoggins made her home with her half-brother, James Finnerty, until he died, at which time she began to divide her

#### CATTLEMAN'S NOTES REVEAL LOW PRICES AND CATTLE WEIGHT

*By Sedg Nelson*

Charles F. Hammond, "Cattleman of the Year" for the present year and from Moffett Creek country of Scott Valley, showed me a note book kept by his father. This record was in his own handwriting and covered various cattle transactions in which he was involved from 1894 to 1921.

Charles Stuart Hammond, the father, operated the home ranch on the Scott River, a few miles downstream from Fort Jones.

Up to 1917, cattle were sold on a half weight basis. This was to take care of the loss in weight between the live animal and the carcass. Many steers and cows were sold at 5 cents a pound on 500 pounds because they weighed 1,000 pounds. Here is a typical notation:

"In 1894. Sold beef to J. C. Mitchell for 5 cents. Cows and Steers. 49 steers, 19 cows, two stags. Average 535 pounds."

Nearly every animal sold in those days weighed over 1,000 pounds, as the steers were three years or more in age.

A whole year's check for a large cattle operation was \$2,000 to \$3,000. From this they raised their family, bought their ranch, and paid their debts.

time between the ranch and her daughter's home in Gonzales until her death in 1961.

Louis Wortman was a Siskiyou pioneer from Germany who eventually became the owner of the Big Ditch. While riding the Big Ditch, he would cut across the Farraher Ranch and finally married the widow Farraher, thus becoming my step-grandfather. From then on, he managed the Farraher Ranch, and it became known as the Farraher-Wortman Ranch. He was very highly respected, and most of the inhabitants of the area referred to him as "Uncle Louis" and my grandmother as "Aunt Mary". He died on the ranch at 98 years of age; my grandmother had preceded him in death at 88 years old.

#### BLANCHE FOULKE AND FINNERTY

*As Originally Told by Her*

Guests, including local ranchers who, at times, assisted on cattle drives were accustomed to stay at the Edson and Foulke Company ranch house when "in town". Late one night, Mrs. Edson Foulke, Sr. heard noises on the stairs, then her door opened partway, and a dark figure slipped through. Mrs. Foulke leaped from bed in the dark and grappled with the intruder. With strength born of fright, she shoved him to the doorway with her hands on his throat and wrestled him out to the hallway. She was maneuvering to push him over the bannister when he managed to pull her hands from his throat and croaked in a scared, whiskey-laden voice, "It's me, Mrs. Foulke! It's me, Jimmie Finnerty!"

Jimmie, who was a well-respected neighboring rancher, had spent too long a time at the bar after a local dance and couldn't find his room in the dark. He was quickly sobered up by this experience.

#### ALDEE DAVIS'S PORK SAUSAGE . . .

To nine pounds of finely ground pork meat (partly fat), add three tablespoons salt, 1½ tablespoons pepper and 1½ tablespoons sage. Mix thoroughly by hand.

# General R. M. Martin . . .

By JESSE MARTIN

My grandfather, R. M. Martin was born in Livingstone, Tennessee, November 22, 1821 and came to California first in 1849. I do not know how the first trip was made. He returned to Tennessee in 1855 and married Ann Marchbanks. In 1856 they traveled to California by ship, crossing the Isthmus of Panama by pack train and on to San Francisco, Redding and Yreka, coming through Trinity Mountain on horseback. Ann Martin is said to be one of the first white women to settle in Little Shasta Valley. R. M. Martin died on September 9th, 1870 of congestive fever, leaving six children and one yet to be born. His children were Martha Ann (Martin) Long, James Martin, Milton F. Martin, William Martin, Brice M. Martin, Robert L. Martin, and Henry Martin. Henry was born shortly after his death.

Wells History first mentions him in 1851. The following notes are taken from Wells:

1851—R. M. Martin was elected sheriff at Scott Bar and officiated in the hanging of an Indian charged with murder. They had some difficulty, as the Indian first grabbed the rope in his mouth which had to be pried loose before the job could be finished.

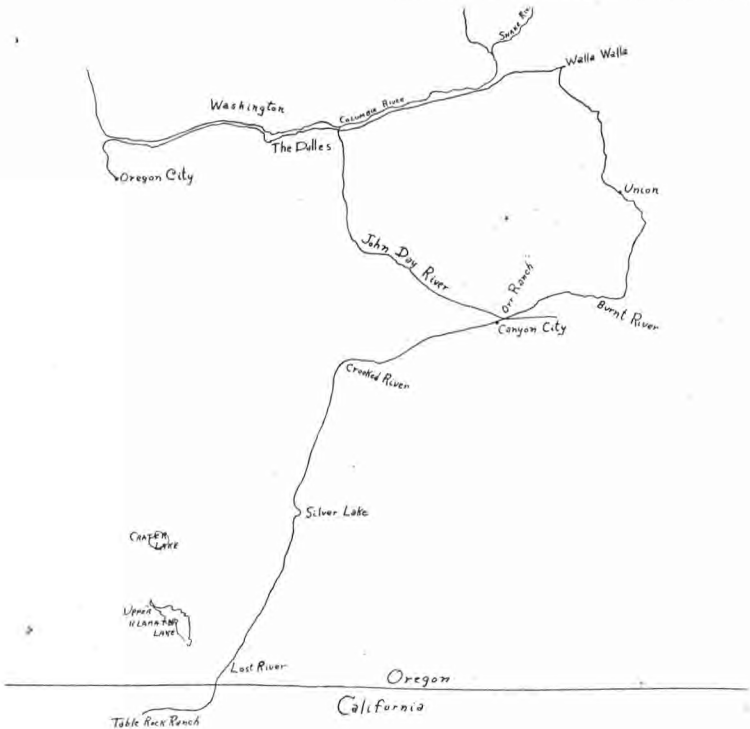
1852—R. M. Martin was mining at Rocky Gulch.

1855—State Militia was organized—R. M. Martin as Captain.

1859—Major General R. M. Martin took command of the 6th Division.

1863—Served on Siskiyou County Grand Jury.

1869—Elected to the State Assembly and was a member when he died.



# JOURNAL OF THE ROUTE FROM TABLE ROCK, Shasta Valley to John Day River . . .

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I left Table Rock Ranch on the 19th of May, 1864, came over the Mountain to Ball's in Butte Creek Valley—Distance 15 miles. From Ball's to Willow Spring Creek around the wagon road 20 miles. From Willow Creek to Little Klamath, two miles. Traveled around Little Klamath—12 miles, thence to the Slough on Lost River, 18 miles. Here we caught plenty of fish. From the slough we traveled up Lost River 15 miles, excellent grass all the way. We here left the river and turned nearly north 10 miles which brought us to a dry gulch at the foot of the hills. Here we found some water in a hole but not fit to use. Eight miles further brought us to a small branch of water. Here we found fine grass and plenty of wood. The road with a few exceptions is good. From here we traveled through a heavy timbered country for about 9 miles, 4 miles however brought us to a small lake, excellent grass.

After leaving the timber two or three miles we came to Martin's River\* a beautiful stream running through a beautiful valley several miles wide. We traveled up this about 18 miles. Good camping all the way. Magnificent grass and plenty of fine fish, salmon and trout.

Traveling up this river, we had one creek to cross about six miles from where we struck the river that was very bad to cross. We crossed Martin's River\* about two miles from where we leave the river. We crossed the river on a raft, which the Indians had in charge. After crossing, traveled up the river one mile and half, and camped near some willows where we found a small spring of excellent water, and grass.

We are traveling in company with Philip Poindexter, Samuel French, Shaw and family, Mrs. Hood, old man Hide and several others who fell in company with us.  
\*Now Sprague River.

At the last named place we are laying over one day, it being Sunday. I am, at this writing laying under a pine tree watching the cattle. We had excellent luck with our cattle so far and are getting along fine.

MAY 30TH: This morning after being detained an hour or two collecting our horses together, which had been strayed off, we started for the camp. After traveling Northeast and Northwest 4 miles, brought us to a fine clear creek. From appearances, I should think it contained plenty of mountain trout. Eight miles further over a rocky country brought us to a small branch, water standing in holes, but running slightly, water warm but otherwise good. Grass good. I think there could be a good road had by continuing up the river about a mile further and turn to the left. If so, the old road would be struck within about 4 miles and which would make a cut off of about 4 miles, or turn across the mountains after crossing the river and cut off about 4 miles.

MAY 31ST: After traveling about 6 miles, we came to a little valley of grass and a small spring in some willows, water nearly as cold as ice. One mile further brought us to another spring at a bluff of rocks, water very cold, plenty of water for cattle at this season of the year. A few miles further on brought us to a creek, plenty of water, a bridge across it. Grass very scant. Several miles further brought us to a steep canyon. Here we had to leave our wagons on the hill, drive our cattle down the mountain to water and drive them back to grass. The road traveled today very good except a few places were very rocky. Distance traveled about 23 miles. Grass good and plenty of timber but rocky.

JUNE 1ST: Traveled about 12 miles to creek of excellent water, still heavy timber.

JUNE 2ND-JUNE 3RD: Ten miles brought us to a creek, no water running

where the road strikes the creek but three-fourths of a mile above the road the water runs and the grass good. Coming to this camp we struck off to the right with our cattle.

JUNE 4: From this camp our cattle being about three-fourths of a mile above the road, we drove them across the mountain and cut off about two miles or three. Eight miles brought us to a dry gulch with some holes of water below the road. From this water to the next camping place is called fourteen miles over the worst road of the whole route to Silver Lake, but we found it at least 20 miles. Having passed these water holes or wells we were, as we supposed, under the necessity of making Silver Lake before we could get water, but 12 miles brought us to a canyon with some water standing in holes. The road has been very rocky today.

JUNE 5TH: Today we expected to reach Silver Lake within three or four miles, but found it about seven miles.

JUNE 6TH: Laid over today, it being Sunday and to rest our stock.

JUNE 7TH: Traveled around the Lake over a very rough road, leaving the lake, traveling three miles, camped on a slough, bad water, plenty of grass, but not of a good quality, it being wild rye; no wood but sage brush.

JUNE 8TH: From this camp we struck out into the desert, leaving camp at 12 o'clock noon. A little before sundown we rested our cattle about one hour, and then started on our way. About ten o'clock at night I went from the rear to the front to stop the cattle in order that the wagons might go ahead. This was a very fortunate circumstance for I reached the front just before the cattle came to a dry lake all covered with alkali. As soon as the cattle reached the edge of this alkali they took it in their heads to find water. They struck out in a run. After starting in a run they got scared and about fifty of the foremost steers took a perfect stampede. I endeavored to turn them but my horse, being considerably fagged, the cattle run as fast as he could. I succeeded, however in running about three miles, in get-

ting ahead of them and stopping them. I found myself all alone having left the boys through the darkness of the night and with the balance of the cattle.

After hollering myself perfectly hoarse, I was joined by three or four of the boys. We succeeded in driving them back to the band. We then concluded to guard them, expecting next morning would find us minus several head of cattle, but to our great gratification, we found that we had lost no cattle.

As the sun was rising above the eastern horizon, we were again under way. One o'clock brought us to grass. Here we rested our cattle about two hours, and then struck out for some springs, said to be ten miles distance and about two and one half miles from the road. Our water being exhausted, I went in advance of the train to procure water and send some back to the boys who had become very dry. Our wagons being some ten miles in advance, I expected to find them at the spring, but they found no road making off to these springs and consequently passed them. After ascertaining this fact our situation became horrible in the extreme. I sent a young man back to inform Mr. Poindexter of our situation, for we had to travel twenty miles further to water. This was very trying on an already half famished man and beast.

I reached water about ten o'clock at night. Mr. Shaw and family were with me in a light two horse wagon. After letting the horses recruit, Mr. Shaw started back at two o'clock with plenty of water. We met the ox teams before daylight nearly famished. After giving the teamsters water we went on and met Mr. Poindexter about five o'clock. The rear of the cattle reached the springs about eleven o'clock A.M., the front cattle having made the springs a little before light. This was on the 10th of the month, having been out 48 hours. On my way to this water I saw many dead cattle on the way. I expected many of ours would meet with the same sad fate, but through the goodness of the Almighty, to whom we are very thankful, I believe we lost none. I believe that

Providence has favored us on this trip for we have been very fortunate in not losing but one head of cattle and that was a cow that had a young calf. We shot the calf and drove her two or three days and she then went back. But how thankful we are to the Ruler of the universe for the many blessings and kindnesses heaped upon us. May we in the future so direct our steps as to be grateful for these blessings.

JUNE 11TH: Today we started from Winston Springs and came to Crooked River, a destination of 15 miles, where we are encamped at present.

JUNE 14TH: Having laid over here three days, to recruit our stock, we again started on our way. Over a rough road fourteen miles brought us to a creek. Though at this time the water stands in holes I think in a dry season there is no water in the fall and perhaps none in the summer. Grass good, but no wood except sage brush.

JUNE 15TH: Today our road extended over a hilly or undulating country; distance traveled seventeen miles. This brought us to a creek, no water where the road strikes it, but up the creek four or five hundred yards we found water. Splendid grass.

JUNE 16TH: When I woke up this morning, I found it snowing. It afterwards turned to rain. In consequence of the inclement weather, we concluded to lay over.

JUNE 17TH: Six miles brought us to Bear Creek. Traveled up this creek six miles to Beaver Meadows, splendid grass and water all the way.

JUNE 18TH: From this camp the road extends up a rocky ridge. Three miles brought us to a small creek, running through somewhat of a canyon. We sent a man on ahead to see if water could be found, several miles further and who returned as we were coming to this creek, and reported no water, so we concluded to take up camp. This morning it commenced snowing, but ceased before we started. Before we came to this creek, however, it commenced snowing very hard and continued until one or two o'clock.

About this time Sid Barry and George Jarvy came in from Canyon City, sent by William Orr to help us along accompanied by four soldiers. We were very much pleased to see them. They informed us that the road yet to be traveled was very bad and the Indians were troublesome.

JUNE 19TH: This morning we started for the South Fork, a distance of 12 miles. We expected to make this in good time and though we anticipated a rough road we found it much rougher than we expected. One hard hill to pull up and a tremendously steep one to go down. There we found the hill so steep that we were under the necessity of tying trees to the hind end of the wagons and rough lock besides. We reached this place about two hours by sun. Having eight wagons in the company, it required some time to procure trees for all of them. From the top of this hill to the foot of the river, it is a little over a mile. We got down the steepest pitch, which is about one third of the distance, when the darkness of night set in and we had to camp for the night. All hands except the teamsters and myself had gone on with the cattle.

JUNE 20TH: By ten o'clock today we succeeded in getting our wagons to camp on the river.

JUNE 21ST: Today we started for the foot of the mountain a distance of two miles, but it commenced raining and the wagons had to stop but the cattle went on. The rain having ceased and the road somewhat settled, we succeeded in getting our wagons to the foot of the mountain. Here we found good grass and water though the latter a little short for a big band of cattle.

JUNE 22ND: Last night, about two o'clock A.M., the camp was somewhat startled at the announcement of an expected fight with the Indians. One of the guards reported having seen five Indian fires, which they had made as signals. He had seen the fires from a hill near at hand. All hands were soon up, with them their guns and pistols ready for a brush with them, but they did not make an attack.

In the morning it commenced raining, which delayed our train for another day,



as it was impossible to climb the hill until the ground had dried sufficiently to make it not slippery.

JUNE 23RD: The afternoon of yesterday having been clear we were able to make a start this morning. The mountain is so steep that we had to put all the work oxen (ten yoke) to one wagon. We also rigged another team composed of twelve horses. We succeeded in getting 7 wagons up the mountain by 3 o'clock. Five miles from the top of the mountain brought us to a fine creek in a canyon.

JUNE 24TH: Before we had gotten through with supper, one of the men on guard called out in excitement to put out all the fires in camp. Every fellow that could procure arms did so and we expected to have to fight with red skins, but we were again disappointed. The guard reported that he had seen an Indian on horse back on the hill, but as we had had no difficulty with Indians, I take it for granted that he was mistaken.

JUNE 25TH: Today Mr. Hide's wagon broke down, which detained us several hours and we did not get more than five miles, on a small branch, but little wood. Good grass. Two of our men found nine head of cattle today. They having been lost from some other train.

JUNE 26TH: Last night we had a heavy rain. This morning the sun came out clear and though there were some clouds the indications were favorable for a good day. In consequence of the rain last night the roads were in bad condition. Two miles brought us to another jumping off place. The wagons did not get to this place until about five o'clock. We succeeded in getting two wagons down when it commenced raining again, which made the road so slippery that we could not get the balance of them down. This is certainly a very rough country to take wagons over. We are now about 55 miles from Canyon City. Had we had pack animals, we could have been there ere this. The road has been very badly laid out. I think therē could be a very good wagon road at no great expense.

JUNE 27TH: After getting the balance

of our wagons down the mountain, we started on our journey. Leaving the creek we came over a steep hill near the river again. Here we had a mountain to climb about a mile or mile and a half, the road extending up a branch. After reaching the top of this hill, we thought we were up the mountains but soon found several more to climb. We had to cross several hollows, hills rather steep. After traveling about five miles, we met William Orr, who had gotten uneasy about us and came to meet us. Soon after meeting him, one of the boys came up from the rear and reported that Mr. Hide had broke down again. The axle of one of his wagons had broken for the third time. There being a little water in the gulch, we took up camp. By fastening the broken axle to a pole, Mr. Hide succeeded in getting his wagon in to camp where it was again patched up.

JUNE 28TH: Five miles brought us to The Dalles road. Camped on a beautiful bottom. Distance about nine miles.

JUNE 29TH: Followed up the river and camped near Beach's Ranch. Distance about 12 miles. This morning Mr. Abell, who was hauling my freight went ahead of the cattle and traveled too far for the train, so we have to go without our blankets tonight, but are alright as to grub. We are now camped on a creek about ten miles from Canyon City.

JULY 1ST: Two miles brought us to Canyon City and eight more to Mr. Orr's Ranch. Last night, we all laid down as we did not have to stand guard and had a good night's sleep. Our cattle, we turned across the river and the horses we corraled. Mr. Orr had what I supposed a good corral, made of posts set in the ground about two feet deep and as close together as they could be put. I did not think they could be taken up without awakening someone in the house, for the house formed part of the corral, so our sleep last night was not disturbed. This morning about two o'clock one of the boys who had been sleeping outdoors with several others, came into the house where I and several others were sleeping and woke us up, stating that he thought Indians

were around, that he heard stock crossing the river. We immediately got up. When one of the boys jumped up on the side of the house, and remarked that nearly all of the horses were gone out of the corral. We soon discovered that five pickets or posts had been taken up and 23 horses out of the 42 had gone out of the corral. It was evident that the Indians had stolen them, and if we had been a few minutes later getting out, they would have had all of them, or if we had been a few minutes sooner, we would have saved all of them. Instead we got five head that had gone out which the Indians did not have time to get. One of the Indians who had returned to get the five head was seen and fired upon by Mr. Orr. Before we could get some horses saddled, the Indians had gotten so far that we could not hear them or tell which way they had gone and there was no show to get on their tracks until daylight and even after daylight came it was ten o'clock before we could get on their tracks. I think they scattered them and then drove the cattle after them to put out the tracks. Did not strike their tracks until they had got about two miles from the house. By the time the boys got started after them they had got so much start that they were never able to overtake them. I lost three head of horses. Poin-dexter and Orr lost 11 head. Mr. Abel 4 head. Mr. Hide 1 head, Samuel French, 1. We could get no company large enough to follow them into their camp. Several parties having previously followed them to no purpose, the Indians in every instance being found in too large a force to be whipped by the whites, therefore they have been for some time past stealing with impunity.

JULY 15TH: A few nights ago, after we had all retired to rest, we were aroused at the report of pistol shots fired at the corner of our cabin. We jumped up, when George Jarvey, the same that had frequently seen Indians before, said that he had fired at an Indian that was trying to steal our horses. In a few minutes, however all was again quiet and we retired to rest. Our rest was not again disturbed

that night. Since then we have had no disturbance. We would not however be astonished to be visited by the Indians at any time.

JULY 16TH: This morning William Orr and myself saddled our horses preparatory for a trip. We followed the route a few miles up the mountain and lost it. We however followed on the trails of some animals that had followed the blazed way perhaps when it was blazed. After ascending a very high mountain and starting down on the other side from Dixie we found it so steep and rocky that we had to return and go on the right of a high ball mountain. This turned us out of our way so much, and the roughness of the road was so bad, for the tamarac was so thick in places as to make it almost impervious, that we were compelled to camp. The wildness of the country, the thickness of the timber and the deep canyon in which we had to camp made our situation lonely in the extreme. Our repose however was not disturbed.

JULY 18TH: This morning, Monday, we were again in our saddles or rather proceeding on our way on foot, for the mountain was too rugged to ride much. About three miles down the mountain brought us to what is called the middle fork of the John Day River. Some call it the north fork. It is however a little east of or north of east. The water was muddy where we struck the creek. We knew then that we were below the diggings. These diggings are called the New Diggings. The creek runs through a deep canyon. Many of the banks are well covered with a thick growth of heavy timber and underbrush. We had some difficulty in getting across the creek in consequence of the thick brush. After crossing, we proceeded up the creek about five miles which brought us to a ranch, which was taken up by a man owning a few head of cattle, which he was furnishing the different mining localities.

After taking a refreshment in the way of grub we proceeded up the creek about four miles (the left hand fork). This brought us to Mr. Vincent's who was min-

ing on the head of the gulch and making about eight dollars a day, to the hand, which I think is better than average. At this place an old Frenchman had taken up a quartz ledge which he was anxious for Mr. Orr and myself to visit the ledge. We found two men at work getting out quartz. The quartz taken out was decomposed.

JULY 19TH: This morning Jack—who I used to know on Granite Creek—told me that he was going to take up a claim on the lead and that he would take one for me. From this place we took the Little Salmon road until we got over to the next creek, which we traveled down about five miles. This brought us to a little valley which is near the Orlean trail. Camped on Burnt River. Distance 18 miles. At this place we met four men on their way to Canon direct from Bannos. They did not give us any encouragement about business in Boise country. The information they and others gave about the prospects of selling beef discouraged me so much that it was with reluctance that I proceeded on our way, but Mr. Orr being anxious to go, that I did not say much, but the fact is that I have no confidence in making the trip profitable.

JULY 20TH: As we and the four men all camped together last night we had a general confab. We learned from them that the "Alabama" was taken, a portion of the crew and Capt. Sims having made their escape in an English vessel.

About 33 miles today, brought us to Auburn. We are camped about a half mile from the town. Feeling somewhat tired I contended not to go to town this evening, but expect to visit it tomorrow.

JULY 21ST: Did not move camp today. Visited Auburn. Had rather a delapidated appearance, a great portion of the town having been deserted.

JULY 22ND: Started for the Slough House 20 miles below Auburn. Sixteen miles brought us to an uninhabited cabin where we camped for the night.

JULY 23RD: Went to the race track to witness the horse race between Texas Chance and the French horse. The race

did not amount to much.

JULY 24TH: Today Mr. Orr and myself were in a quandry as to whether we would go on to Bannos or return to Canyon City. We finally concluded that Mr. Orr would go on to Bannos and I would return to Canyon by way of Independence. Mr. Orr and I having separated, I traveled ten miles to the toll gate and camped.

JULY 25TH: Passed through Auburn, traveled 18 miles from Auburn up on Powder River and camped with Ruth Johnson and Jim Hopper Harten.

JULY 26TH: Twenty miles brought us to Independence. Stopping a few minutes here I went over to the gulch where I used to work. Here I found my old friend John Gorden. I was glad to see John but found that two years in the mountains had told on him. He has had bad luck not having made anything.

JULY 28TH: Went up the creek to see Dr. Johnson. Found the Doctor hard at work and doing well. In the afternoon the Doctor came down with me to Gordon's. He concluded he would go with me to the Middle fork to prospect a quartz lead on which I already had a claim.

JULY 29TH: Started for Vincent Gulch, the place contemplated. Reached the designated place about sundown, a distance of about 25 miles.

JULY 30TH: Hunted for the ledge on our claim.

OCTOBER 19TH, 1864: Left Canyon City with the remainder of my cattle (99 head) for Auburn north of Clarks Creek. Camped first night at the forks of John Day River, 20 miles above Canyon City.

OCT. 20TH: Came over to the head waters of Burnt River, a very hard day's travel for cattle. Camped in the timber.

OCT. 21 TO OCT. 24TH: Traveled about 31 miles and camped on the river one mile below the sawmill.

(No entries are made in the diary from October 24th to November 11th, 1864. I believe the original drive consisted of about 300 head of cattle. Evidently he sold all that he could alive and had about 99 head left that could not be sold in Can-

*(continued on page 19)*

# SCHOOL CONTEST STORIES . . .

## Budding Historians Wanted !!

This year a contest was held among school children from 6th grade through 12th. Anecdotes relating to cattle or stock raising prior to 1920 were asked for. Prizes of five, three and two dollars were awarded to the children placing first, second and third by the Siskiyou County Historical Society.

The winning stories and all others having merit are being printed in the following pages. The judges, who prefer to remain anonymous, had a difficult task making their decisions.

FIRST PRIZE STORY—

**"ABE AHLGREN'S OLD COW" . . .**

Many years ago, Old Abe Ahlgren had an ol' milk cow. It was about the only one around Sawyer's Bar.

Her name was Bossy, and she liked very much to visit people. She took a special liking to Nellie George's cellar. The reason was that Nellie had a bunch of grub down there and she liked the taste of it.

Bossy paid Nellie a few visits. One night she got half way in the door. She ate what she could reach an' I guess it was enough because she couldn't get out again. Bossy had a leather collar and a bell around her neck so Abe could find her.

Abe didn't find her though, Nellie did, in her cellar. I guess Nellie didn't like it too well because the bell made a little noise and woke her up. So, she got the butcher knife and climbed over Bossy's back and cut the collar off and kept it. She figured she wouldn't have to put up with all the noise any more.

One day Nellie heard about Abe losing his cow's bell.

Weeks had gone by, so Nellie decided to give Abe the bell for his cow.

Now the cow had her bell and Abe kept better track of his cow.

By DONNA URBANZL, Sawyers Bar



Mrs. Ora Kerr (Sawyers Bar Teacher),  
Donna Urbanzl and Mrs. Urbanzl.

SECOND PRIZE STORY—

**"THE SNOW OF 1889-1890" . . .**

I asked my grandfather, Ray Soule, to tell me about the big snow in 1889-90. He was about ten at that time and remembered it well. The snow wasn't too deep in Little Shasta, but drifts would be so big you could walk right over the fences. His folks' stock had to scrimp pretty much on food but many of the farmers lost livestock because they couldn't get to their livestock or they didn't have enough feed to give them.

Harry Sullivan said he used to live in Edgewood where the Mill's Ranch is now, when he was little. During the big snow, a train coming from Snowden going to Edgewood had to tear down fences and

By RUTHIE SOULE, Little Shasta



PRESENTATION OF SECOND AND THIRD PRIZES  
L. to R.: Charlotte Davis, Ruthie Soule, Kathleen  
Campbell, Evelyn Carter.

use the wood for their engines to get through the snow.

My grandfather, Ray Soule, said his uncle, Charlie Boyes, in Butte Valley, had lots of horses at that time.

When Charlie Boyes was 17, he came across the plains from Illinois in the same wagon party as my grandfather's parents did in 1861, who were Maria (Boyes) Soule and Steven Soule and their two children, George, age 2, and Stella, age 1 month.

In the winter of 1889, the snow started around December 10 and stayed on until February. The temperature was as low as 30° below zero. Charlie Boyes had gone away with a load of horses to Los Angeles. On his way home he had a hard time getting over Ball Mountain. He had to break a trail through the snow. When he got home, about 1,500 horses had died of starvation.

### THIRD PRIZE STORY—

## "CATTLE RAISING BEFORE 1920" . . .

In 1853 people began to raise cattle in and around Gazelle. They raised the cattle on alfalfa and grass. People raised them for their own use and for the gold miners.

In the 1880's the railroad was built. It came from eastern Oregon and ended at Gazelle. Gazelle became a big shipping point. People brought cattle from 150 miles away to be sold and sent by train to other towns where people needed them.

Later the railroad was built further south. At that time, Gazelle became a halfway point between Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco, California.

Cattle could only be loaded up for 36 hours. Then they would have to be unloaded and fed, watered, rested, and given time to stretch their legs for no less than

Some poor people lived around Red Rock district near him. The families around there called them "Sandlappers." The area was called the desert area. The deer would go through deep trails made by the horses, and these "Sandlappers" got on each end of the trails. The deer were so weak from starvation that they couldn't jump out of the trails. The "Sandlappers" would club them over the head and feed them to their hogs.

Uncle Charlie worked so hard trying to save his stock, he got pneumonia and died from it.

Grandpa remembers seeing lots of antelope out there and wild sheep (on Sheep Rock) before that winter, but now you don't see any out there.

My mother helped me by taking notes from my grandfather, and we also took notes from Harry Sullivan. We got some dates from the Siskiyou County Pioneer Book.

By KATHLEEN CAMPBELL, Gazelle

8 hours. Twenty-five per cent of all grain raised was used for these transit cattle.

The first purebred cattle were brought here by Dunbuke, who bought them from Governor Sparks in Nevada in 1917.

One kind of breed that was here once was the Durhams. The Durham is a very heavy animal raised on hay and sold for beef. The animal had to be at least four to five years old before it would be sold. The cattle were sold at a very heavy weight.

San Francisco cattle buyers bought cattle from Nevada. When winter came and the railroad was closed over the Sierra, San Francisco would send a telegraph to Edson and Foulke Company, Gazelle, California, saying to send the cattle the next day.

## "HOOFS TO WHEELS" . . .

By ADELE RITA, Sawyers Bar

Besides a few cows owned by Abe Ahlgren, there weren't very many cattle around Sawyer's Bar before 1920. There probably weren't many cattle anywhere around the Salmon River because there were lots of deer around this country at that time, so the people around here relied on venison for meat instead of beef.

Burros, mules, and horses were pretty popular around here though. Our house was once a barn for burros and the town hall was a livery stable. We use it for dancing now though and tear more heck out of it than the animals ever did. Just about every miner, and there were quite a few of them around here at that time,

owned at least one mule or burro. They were used to pack the miner's food and tools and stuff by trail up to their cabins. Horses and mules were used to pack mail and supplies over the hill. At that time the road looked like an overgrown trail. Sometimes there would be about 150 bedded down horses and mules, a campfire and a group of men getting all the local news from each other along the road. Horses were used for transportation, too. A person either walked, rode a horse, or caught a stage to get anywhere.

Nowadays, mail and supplies come in by car or truck. People coming and going out drive cars and sometimes to be classy, come over by helicopter.

## "THEIR FIELDS WERE BURNED FOR A REASON" . . .

By DANNY WILLIAMS, Little Shasta

Henry L. Davis was born in Ohio, March 6, 1832.

He came to California in 1852 in search of gold, but he did not find much.

He built his cabin about a mile east from where the Davis buildings are now.

They did not have very many cattle in those days, so he raised sheep.

He put in his first crop of grain in 1856. The field was not doing very well, because of the grasshoppers.

One morning they woke up and found that their field had been set afire. The Indians were not hostile, but liked roasted grasshoppers for food.

Henry Davis was a peaceful man and was friendly with the Indians. He did nothing because the crop was not doing well, anyway.

He later built another cabin by the big Davis barn and lived there.

## "THE DEACON LEE TRAIL" . . .

By SALLY LOU WANN, Sawyers Bar

The Deacon Lee Trail was named after a man who took equipment to mines in ox carts.

On the ox carts one wheel was big and the other one was small. The small one was on the upper side so that the ox cart was even.

Deacon Lee hauled heavy equipment to

the mines from Callahan up the Scott River to the ridge and around the ridge, then hit Eddie's Gulch and on around to Black Bear Mine.

At that time there were a lot of mines operating among them. There was the Yellowjacket Mine and the Black Bear Mine.



## "A BIG CINNAMON BEAR TRIES THE DOOR" . . .

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By PAMELA PIEMME, Yreka

On a cold night in March during the late 1860s there was a farm on the west slope of Miller Mountain.

Mrs. Louisa Hart, her two small sons, Ed and Will, a hired man and a small dog were sitting in the dining room. Suddenly, the dog started to scratch at the door and bark. The hired man and the dog went outside to see what the trouble was. He started to walk back to the door when he saw a large cinnamon bear. The bear tried to strike the man but he merely tore his clothes with his claws.

The man got inside the door, which had a broken latch. Mrs. Hart told the man to hold the door, but as he did this the bear forced the door open about three feet. The dog ran out and distracted the bear, so that Mrs. Hart and the man were able to nail the door shut. Then they all

went upstairs as they were afraid the bear might come in the window. They loaded two guns with all the powder they had in the house. In the moonlight they could see the bear very plainly. The hired man shot, but missed the bear. They threw torches made of lighted pitch at the bear, but still didn't frighten him away.

At daylight the hired man called to the dog, who had been outside all night, to distract the bear, so that he could leave the house by the back door and go down the mountain to Mr. Cash's house for help. While he was gone, the bear went from window to window and looked in the house.

Mr. Nelson Cash and a friend rounded up the bear and shot it in the eye, but it took several shots before it was finally killed in the door yard.

## "THE SUGAR PACK" . . .

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When John Ahlgren was mailman, Sam Wallace rode over Etna Mountain with John one time. They got up just above "Sloppy John" and the mules started falling through the snow. Then they had to take the mules back to the corral at "Sloppy John" and unpack the sugar that they

had on them. They packed the sugar up on their backs. Then they went back and got the mules to take them up the hill.

They packed the mules, then went on down the hill. When they got to Sawyer's Bar, John Ahlgren charged Sam \$5.00 for riding over the hill!!

## "EARLY SISKIYOU COUNTY CATTLE INDUSTRY" . . .

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These stories I am going to tell you are supposed to be true, but there is some disagreement.

Mr. David Deter was the first to bring purebred Hereford stock into Little Shasta Valley. In 1872 he purchased three head. When delivered here, they cost a little over one thousand dollars. At that time the valley was covered with various types of wild grasses which could be cut and stored as hay for winter feed.

My great great grandfather, Henry Da-

vis, was the first man to bring Holstein cattle into Little Shasta Valley. There were about eight head. They were shipped from the East to Ashland, Oregon, and then they were driven over the Siskiyou to Little Shasta.

My great grandmother, Mrs. Aldee Davis, remembers as a girl about a big Hereford bull which J. F. Davis had. Every time you went into the corral he would chase you. He was a very dangerous animal.

## "COWS OF SAWYERS BAR" . . .

By CAROLYN THORNTON, Sawyers Bar

About the only cows in Sawyer's Bar before 1920, were two old heifers owned by Milt Dunphy and Abe Ahlgren. They were just plain old cows of no certain breed, and the only thing they were good for were milk and trouble. The kids in those days didn't want to drink the milk because the cows would go to the old "outhouses" and eat the used paper.

When "trouble" came around the bend,

the cow owned by Abe Ahlgren would go down to the houses and stand there chewing her "cud" all night and the moving of her jaw would make her bell ring. The people would get angry because it would keep them awake. One got so angry she cut the cow's bell off.

In the evening when it was milking time the kids would go get them for 2 or 3c.

## "HAULING MACHINERY" . . .

By SHARLA GROVE, Sawyers Bar

Black Bear, as it is called around here, is located up above Sawyer's Bar on one of the roads that leads to Cecilville. On that road there is a side road that goes to the mine.

They used this trail to get to their mine

with the oxen and machinery.

In about 1870 the people who owned the Black Bear Mine had to haul their machinery in to the mine by using oxen to haul it.

At that time a lot of people used oxen to help them.

## TABLE ROCK TO JOHN DAY RIVER

(continued from page 12)

yon City, and he decided to drive the 99 head to Auburn and dispose of them as dressed meat.) — J. M.

Nov. 11, 1864: Commenced slaughtering cattle at Auburn. (Several pages in the diary show sales of dressed beef to many individuals by the quarter. The price was 11 cents per pound for a hind quarter and 9 cents for a front quarter. The next entry seems to indicate that not all sales were for cash.) — J. M.

DEC. 22ND 1864: At Auburn—Left for collection with A. H. Brown—

One note at hand on George Henry for .....\$883.00  
 Also note on Westfall for..... 325.00  
 An account on Henderson and Josh Green ..... 38.00

Poindexter and Orr, debtor to R. M. Martin for money loaned .....\$599.50

DEC. 23RD, 1864: Left Auburn for Yreka, California. Twenty miles brought me to Wards on the Walla Walla Road.

Expenses .....\$ 6.00  
 Stage Fare to Walla Walla..... 25.00  
 Dinner first day..... 1.00  
 Uniontown — meals..... 2.00  
 Expenses at Walla Walla ..... 12.00  
 Stage Fare to The Dalles..... 40.00  
 Expenses on the way..... 14.00  
 Boat fare to Portland..... 6.00  
 Dinner and breakfast on boat... 1.50  
 Expenses at Portland (2 days) 5.00  
 Fare on steamboat to Oregon City ..... 1.00

(December 23rd, 1864 was the last entry. I do not know how he got home from Oregon City). — J. M.

# Half a Century of Cattle-Raising— Half a Century Ago . . .

By WILLARD STONE

This article, regarding one of the early day cattle raising ranches of the Shasta Valley, Siskiyou County, is basically from memory of the various things that transpired, as told to me by my father, the late Charles Henry Stone, the eldest son of Grandfather Willard Perriman Stone's five sons.



Although Grandfather and Grandmother Stone arrived in Shasta Valley during October, 1854, they lived elsewhere until early 1857, when they purchased a half-interest in what is now the Dr. Vidricksen and the Mike Belcastro ranches north of Weed. There was a log house, two small barns, and a one room cabin on the place. Grandfather and his partner, Dave Soyer (or Solyer), immediately began building fences and clearing land to plant to crops—grain and hay.

During 1858, Grandfather dismantled a church building in Yreka and built a nine-room dwelling with the lumber. It took two days to bring each load of lumber to the building site by horse and wagon. The front portion of this house is in good condition yet and is presently being used by the Dr. Vidricksens.

In the next eight years, with the help of a ship's carpenter, Samuel Pierman, three large barns were constructed, one for dairy cattle, one for horses, and one for hay storage. A few Durham cattle had been acquired with the place; these had been steadily increasing, and now, in order to identify them, a figure 2 was branded on all the stock. This brand was officially recorded August 7, 1866.

During the early part of the summer of 1867, Grandfather and his partner drove their stock to a range around Medicine Lake. They used a road that went east of what is now the town of Weed and east

of Black Butte, crossing into Squaw Valley at the old Mountain House.

Grandfather bought his partner's interest in the ranch and cattle in 1873. He then changed the brand to  for cattle and  for horses. All salable cattle had to be driven to Red Bluff where they were loaded on river boats and taken to South San Francisco. This routine continued with the help of his two sons, Charles Henry (my father) and Willard Orlando (Judge Kenneth Stone's father), until the year 1884. Then Grandfather's brother-in-law, Nelson H. Eddy, told him of a much better and closer range—the Middle Fork and the South Fork of the Sacramento River drainage areas.

Since this range never had been used for domesticated stock, there were only



—courtesy Willard Stone  
**KEVIN MACKEY, GREAT-GRANDSON  
OF CHARLES H. STONE,  
on Saddle Made About 1885**

deer and Indian trails to follow. It was necessary to re-align and brush new trails.

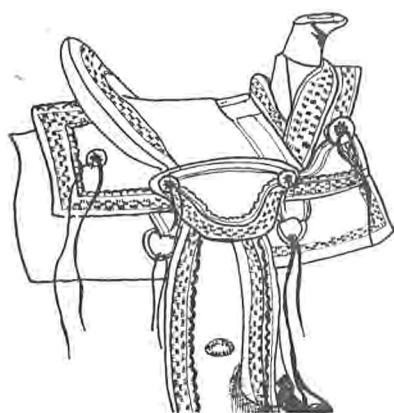
It was a two-day drive from the ranch to the Sacramento range; so the first night out, the stock was held at Ned Sulloway's (part of the Shasta Butte Ranch now) and driven on the following day.

As the number of cattle increased, they gradually pushed farther to the South and eventually went into the Mumbo Basin, Crow Creek, the Seven Lakes basin of the Middle Fork of Big Castle Creek and the East Fork of the Trinity River area known as Sunny Slopes and Horse Haven. This range was used mostly for horses, about fifty head, and Grandfather had two cabins built, one on the Sacramento River and the other in Mumbo Basin, with saddle horse corrals, to use while taking care of the cattle and horses.

In the fall, many cattle would start towards the home ranch. By pre-arrangement with Ed Sullivan, these cattle were corralled and held at his ranch (now the Spini Ranch) until the Stones could drive them out. One of the Sullivan boys, Lawrence, would always go over to the Stone's camp and eat with them. He would then tell his mother that she should learn how to make the "Stone boys' stew," that it was the best he had ever eaten.

Every year the salable cattle had to be driven either to Red Bluff or, as the railroad was built farther north, to the different loading stations. The railroad required all cattle shippers to send someone with each shipment to market to take care of them en route. On his return from one of these trips to San Francisco, my father, Charles H. Stone, bought a roping saddle in Red Bluff from the saddle maker, Paul Stoll. This saddle is still usable. A great granddaughter, Barbara Stone Mackey, has it fixed up for her boys to use for playing cowboy.

A very large amount of hay was being put up each year, and, in addition to what was put into the barns, stacks were located in two different places (in groves of trees) so the stock could be fed during



those times when the weather was so bad that they couldn't be fed from a wagon. During such times, the stack yards would be opened and hay fed directly off the stack. Excess hay was baled in a stationary baler and widely sold. (This baler had been built by Samuel Pierman.)

Grandfather died during 1896, and Grandmother Stone, with the help of her youngest son, Fred, managed the ranch for a few more years. In the fall of 1897, they sold 300 head of cattle, keeping about 300 head. In 1902, they reduced the herd further, keeping about 200 head. The Sacramento and all adjoining ranges were abandoned. The cattle and horses were now kept on the ranch or on other places in the Shasta Valley. Cattle were sold and delivered to buyers at the ranch.

During the years 1907 and 1908, Grandmother and Fred started and maintained a meat route. Butchering was done at the ranch, and deliveries were made twice a week to customers in Weed, Igera, Upton, the Lukens' place, Edgewood, and to Abner Weed's saw mill camp at Moffet (near the south end of Dwinell Lake). A young man, J. Fisk Ward, took care of this operation. The end of the year 1908 saw the last of this once very extensive cattle business.



—courtesy Aldee Davis

#### COONROD FAMILY

L. to r., Back Row: Rob, Jessie, Aldie (Davis), Ed, Jr. Front Row: E. L., Sr., Uriah, Mrs. Coonrod, Almon.

## Horse Lover . . .

By ALMON COONROD

Father was born in Tiffin, Ohio, in 1837, and in 1860, just over a hundred years ago, joined Henry and Jesse Davis who were starting on their second journey from Ohio to California, bringing horses to stock their ranches in Little Shasta valley. Father was 23 years old—unmarried and venturesome. I used to hear his yarns sometimes when he had visitors, but they became limited to a very few and these were not told often.

On one occasion while crossing desert country where water was scarce, he told of some of the animals straying from the party. I guess they were staked out or turned loose to graze over night while the men rested. They were all recovered but one mare that continued to wander. A "horse WAS a horse" and father made

every effort to retrieve this one, so he followed her tracks and finally found her dying of thirst on the desert. He slit her gums with a knife to make them bleed and give her an appetite. Then he held his canteen to her mouth and she drank like a baby from a bottle, struggled to her feet and began eating grass.

I can only pinpoint one spot on the route that the party took into California and this was Honey Lake valley near Susanville. This valley seemed to appeal to him, perhaps because they had reached California, but more likely because of the sweet smell of the sage brush that reminded him of honey.

The route by which the party entered Shasta Valley has always been a question in my mind. They could have entered via

the old trail between Mount Shasta and Whale Back Mountain, but I think it more likely that they came down the old Sheep Rock Grade. This they could have done by dragging logs behind their wagons to act as brakes.

I think it most likely that they stopped to water the stock at the Herd Ranch which has since become the Coonrod Ranch by purchase. I doubt if they stayed over night as they were getting near the Davis Ranch and if I know people they would travel that little extra distance to finish their journey that day.

The winter of 1861 and '62 was a severe and "hard" winter. It rained continually all through the spring and there was high water everywhere. I found this true even in Southern California where I had occasion to gather information about floods in the Santa Ana River.

Father continued to work on the Davis Ranch. He liked horses and did a pretty good job at carpenter work.

Another adventure took place when he made a trip into the John Day country in Oregon presumably to deliver or bring back horses. The trail passed beneath a cliff along a steep hillside where some Indians seeking to stampede the stock rolled rocks down on them. Father's back was injured by a rolling rock and he never afterward could stand erect.

Meanwhile the McKee Family, mostly too young to remember their journey, migrated to New York from Mother's birthplace in Nuri, County Monaghan, Ireland. They arrived in New York in the 1860's and took a second journey via the Atlantic, Panama and Pacific, arriving at San Leandro, California. Their next move was to Siskiyou County and they settled on a spot near the present Montague Airport, west of town. The land was poor and the crops were short. The girls, Eliza and Annie, found husbands and the boys moved on to Lakeview, Oregon.

Eliza McKee married Edward L. Coonrod in 1876, heretofore referred to as Father, and they made their home on the Henry Davis ranch—still known as the Davis Ranch. The first three children,

Aldee, Edward and Robert were born there. Then Father took up a homestead and bought some railroad land, and in 1882 the family moved to the place now known as the Terwilliger-Walters Ranch. Here Jessie, Uriah and I, Almon, were born.

I remember one incident that almost proved disastrous. This part of the story is authentic as it happened sometime in the 90's when I was just old enough to remember.

A terrific east wind bore down on the home place from the mountains. It came in heavy gusts and the house shook and creaked. About 7 A.M. a crash was heard outside. Someone peeked out and announced "The barn had blown down." We were afraid the house would be next and decided we should flee to the Davis Ranch over the hill. But the faithful old horses had been tied in the barn and when it blew over they broke loose and escaped. The "boys," as they were called, meaning Ed and Rob, weathered the storm and somehow captured them, retrieved the harness and hitched them to a wagon.

I remember being wrapped in a shawl and carried to the wagon with no ill effects other than feeling the cold blast strike my face before I was snuggled down between Mother and Father on the front seat.

The Davis home was warm and we were welcome. They had lost a shed or two but had some buildings to spare. Happily when the wind subsided we returned home and the house was still standing. Today it is part of the Terwilliger-Walters home.

My story is not complete without a word about Mother. She was a jewel and took good care of her family and somehow was able to do for other families. We had our mumps and measles and weathered our colds and other illnesses without ever calling a doctor. Many of the first and second generation babies in the valley were born with only Mother's help. She was a great comfort to anyone who was ill and most welcome when she arrived to give assistance.

Other memories of my own:

Of late I never cross the railroad track  
(continued on page 26)



—courtesy Jessie Coonrod

L. to R.: Louisa Beaudroit, Jennie Nicewood, Nellie Mosher, with animals.

## Early History of the Beaudroits . . .

By JESSIE COONROD

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Beaudroit were a French family who came from Canton, Ohio. They arrived in Little Shasta in 1874 with their children, Louis, Louisa, Jennie, Amelia and Leah. Their youngest son, Julian, was born the day they arrived at the ranch. Mrs. Beaudroit's brother Emil made his home with them. The children always spoke French when talking to their parents and Uncle Emil.

Mr. Beaudroit bought the ranch of Bob Redding, which is located west of the Davis Ranch in Little Shasta. The children attended the Table Rock School.

Mr. Beaudroit owned a small herd of mixed Durham cattle—brand AX. Two of the girls spent the summer months on the range with the cattle. Some member of the family went out every week to take supplies to the girls. This range was located on Trout Creek east of McCloud. The growth of timber took the best pasture so eventually this property was turned over to the sheep men. Later they bought

a small acreage of summer pasture located across the road south of the Brice Long ranch.

On the home place they grew grain and alfalfa hay. In the winter time, they sold and fed their alfalfa hay to cattlemen who drove their herds in from eastern Oregon.

They also operated a small dairy and made butter the old-fashioned way until the Montague Creamery was established. Then they separated the milk and sold the cream to the creamery.

They raised hogs and chickens, had an orchard of different kinds of fruit and grew a large vegetable garden. They also had several hives of bees which Louisa took care of.

Later years they owned and operated a livery stable which was managed by Julian. This business was discontinued when the automobiles came, and the railroad was completed as far as Klamath Falls. Julian,

*(continued on page 26)*

## JOURNEY TO SECLUDED SISKIYOU TOWN

# Turns History Back a Century Ago . . .

Written for Sacramento Bee January, 1962

By J. O. MCKINNEY

Go four miles beyond Weed, Siskiyou County, on US Highway 99, turn right for a mile, and turn back history for 100 years.

A half mile beyond the freeway one may see a sign informing travelers this is Butteville on the California-Oregon road. It is dated 1857.

Another half mile takes the traveler to Edgewood proper. Still another half mile north and one may see a small building whose roof is moss covered, whose door is pock marked with bullet holes, a one time bar and dance hall. It was aptly named Dog Town.

This town is honored by old age. Proof is Mrs. Isabelle Cavanaugh. Born in Edgewood in 1865, she will be 98 tomorrow. She has lived her entire life in the vicinity and in jest claims she is a Civil War veteran.

Her eyes twinkle; her hair must meet stern standards before she will sit for a photograph. The Cavanaugh family is woven deeply into the history of the area. Her late husband, Dick Cavanaugh, built the first power plant to supply electricity for Edgewood and adjacent ranches.

The power plant which once supplied even the stripling town of Weed with electricity now is reduced to the foundation on which it stood. That, however, may be traced to the kilowatt limitations of the Beaghan Creek flow.

One thing that is unchanged is the cattle industry. That flourishes as it did in 1852 when the original Samuel Jackson registered his brand. A photostatic copy of the application is in Siskiyou County Museum in Yreka. Today huge herds spread out in the fields adjacent to Edgewood.

Samuel Clinton Jackson, Siskiyou County supervisor, is the third generation of Samuel Jacksons to live in his home, now more than 100 years old. This may run on for a long time. He has a son and a grandson named Samuel Jackson.

A hundred years ago, John Cavanaugh, father of Dick and Ed, established a line of blooded Durham cattle whose calves sold at weaning time, according to Wells' history of Siskiyou County, for \$400 each.

Another first is more modern. The late A. B. Hoy, 85 year old son-in-law of Mrs. Cavanaugh, established the first ranch specializing in registered Herefords in Northern California.

Agriculture, too, does well in the volcanic soil, with an abundance of water. Cherries are grown which are blue ribbon winners wherever shown. A year ago Monte Remmey produced a Hubbard squash which weighed in at 105 pounds.

Edward Cavanaugh, a brother-in-law of the dowager queen, was an early day merchant. His store building, while showing lines of days gone by, still is a leading emporium.

Its present owner, Clyde Hawkins, maintains a modern stock of goods in the old building. He says he dares not replace the old landmark as it has become a habit with patrons.

Another landmark now sidelined is the Southern Pacific Company depot in Edgewood. Built in 1886, and still sound of structure, it is boarded up, a domicile for rodents and bats. Transportation changes have accounted for that.

The buttes surrounding the mountain valleys which are the reason for its early name of Butteville, still are lined with rock fences. They were built at a time



when wire fencing cost important money. These fence lines need few repairs, and are as sturdy as when built a century ago.

Even habits of many ranchers have changed little during the years they have lived there. Apple cider still is made at home; sausage mills still are in use and living there recalls culinary arts now long dead in other areas.

A woman visiting Edgewood for the first time recently remarked it reminded her of moving picture sites of the old West. She stated she could look over the valleys and imagine Indians coming from behind a butte, yelling and waving spears decorated with human scalps.

The Edgewood postmistress recently reported the population of the area was 150 persons—little different from when stages ran through there and seven hours was required to travel to Yreka, 25 miles away. Modern cars now make the trip in 30 minutes.

Off the beaten track, an astonishing number of residents of Siskiyou County never has seen Edgewood. It is worth a trip.

But do not fall in love with the place to the point where you want to live there. Realtors say they find many who want to buy property there. But they cannot find owners willing to sell.

#### HORSE LOVER . . .

*(continued from page 23)*

in front of the depot in Montague without thinking of meeting William Jennings Bryan at that place. It was during the famous "free silver" campaign of 1896 and Bryan was stumping the country and Dad took me to Montague to see him. As the train rolled in he took me on his shoulder and walked out front. Well, the rear platform stopped right where we were and there was that man on the step. I thought he must be an old friend of the family the way he shook Dad's hand, and then he shook my hand too. I didn't know what was going on—turned my head and there were all those people staring up at him. It was a good thing for me it was just a "whistle stop." There were no public address systems but he never needed one. Had he cut loose with that famous voice of his I knew I couldn't have taken it.

Horses just weren't beasts of burden. They did messenger service, carried news and all sorts of things. I remember Dad driving home from Montague and announcing, "President McKinley has been shot." The dispatcher at the railroad depot in Montague had caught the information from the wires and we had it the day it happened. Then we had to wait several days before it came through in the weekly San Francisco Examiner.

#### Early History of the BEAUDROITS . . .

*(continued from page 24)*

with his wife and two daughters then moved to Santa Rosa.

Louis operated the ranch until the early 1900's. His health began to fail so he went back to Canton, Ohio, married and made his home there.

Leah, the youngest daughter, died July 16, 1900.

At one time Amelia and the mother operated a prune orchard near Los Gatos. Later they came back to the ranch in Little Shasta. A few years later Amelia married Jack Janson and moved to Edgewood where she lived until her death a few years later.

This left Louisa and Jennie to manage the ranch. Their cousin, Scott Nicewood, came out from Ohio and managed the ranch for them for awhile. After Scott left, the burden was too much. They sold farm machinery and household furnishings at auction. Jennie married Will Burr. They bought a home in San Diego and took the mother, Louisa and Uncle Emil with them. The home ranch was later sold to J. D. Williams.

The Beaudroit family was a very hospitable family and always ready to do their part in social affairs. They held numerous parties in their home.



—courtesy Gladys Hart  
**JOHN MILLER**



—courtesy Gladys Hart  
**LOUISA MILLER HART**

## A Little Journey to Little Shasta . . .

By **GLADYS HART** (Mrs. Raymond Hart)

As boys, George and John Miller watched covered wagons pass their parent's Iowa farm; wagons that were heading for the gold fields of California. The desire of these boys to go to California was so great that they coaxed their uncle into going with them. The three of them, with a team of oxen, set out, traveling the northern route, through the Blue Mountains to the town of Dallas, Oregon. They spent the winter here working at anything they could find since their money had given out. With the coming of spring they started walking toward Northern California.

In 1854 John and George Miller, being ranchers at heart, located their ranch in Little Shasta, near Sheep Rock. Here they began building up a herd of cattle and a few horses.

The Civil War was taking place in the Southern States, and Louisa Miller Hart, sister of John and George, had lost her

husband while he was serving under General Grant. John and George hearing that she had been left alone with two little sons, sent her money to come to California to live with them on their ranch.

Packing a few clothes, and the two little boys, George William and Edwin Charles, Louisa left her home in Muscatine, Iowa, and traveled to New York. Here they took a ship along the coast to Panama. The trip over the insect infested Isthmus of Panama was made by mule, with George William sitting behind Louisa and Edwin Charles in her arms. When they reached the Pacific Ocean they took a ship for San Francisco, then up the Sacramento River to Red Bluff. They traveled through the Trinity Mountains and over the Scott Mountains to Yreka by stage coach. George and John Miller met their sister and her sons in Yreka, and took them to their ranch in Little Shasta.

This ranch later became the Will Hart ranch.

Edwin took over the ranch down in the valley; one that had also been settled by his uncles. This was a tule patch and wild grass field; which was cut for hay. Most of the early settlers built their homes on the hill sides for protection from the Indians and wild animals that lived in the tule patches.

As time went on Ed or E. C. Hart bought other ranches adjoining his original place; which is now the home of E. C. Hart II. A ranch owned by Pressley and Carlos Dorris was acquired by him, as was a ranch belonging to the Cassidy Family. A ranch sold by Silas Miller, an uncle, to Jack Evans in 1865, was also purchased by Ed Hart. Mrs. Raymond Hart lives there now.

George and John Miller, the uncles, in the 1860 period, were partners of L. Swan, grandfather of Mrs. Effie Butler, in a butcher shop and livery stable in Yreka. The butcher shop is still being operated by Lee and Jim Bryan.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hart purchased more land, developing their ranch into a good layout.

Many cattlemen from Eastern Oregon drove their cattle to the Hart ranch and later drove them on to Gazelle or Montague to the railroad. Since this ranch cut much hay, many Oregon cattle were fed here for weeks before being sent to

An Irishman named Jimmie ran a butcher shop in Sawyer's Bar in the gold mining days of Siskiyou. Beef from Scott Valley was plentiful at 3 and 4 cents a pound. During the summer, a bunch of cattle would be ranged on Blue Ridge and killed as needed. A neighbor once missed a fine steer and learned that it had gotten in with the beef herd and driven to Sawyer's and slaughtered. When he complained to Jimmie about it, this was the answer he received, "Well, now, you know if I didn't take him, somebody else would!"

market. Some of the cattle were branded here also, and many old branding irons were left behind.

Ed Hart was also building up his own cattle herd by buying long horned steers, and jug belly dairy calves.

Raymond Hart, son of Ed, said he spent all of his young life dehorning steers the hard way.

The late J. C. Mitchell, a cattle buyer, fed cattle on the ranch. On one of his last visits, he was served steak for dinner. J. C. said, "This must be jersey meat with all that yellow fat." Raymond answered, "Yes, one of the jug bellied jerseys."

Good horses were needed and many were rough broken so it was not uncommon to see several cowboys floating through the air at the same time.

Twenty-five or more men plus a Chinese Cook were employed. The old dinner bell rang at 5:45 A.M., 11:45 A.M., noon, and 5:45 P.M. The fifteen minute period was for tending the many teams of horses used for haying.

In the early 1900's, Mr. Hart also raised mules, which were sold to the Army.

The low prices, short feed and many other hardships made ranching a difficult career.

The above has been a brief resume of the period to 1920—the beginning of the Hart Ranch and a happier life, after that long journey, for Mrs. Louisa Miller Hart and her two little sons.

#### PAT WHOLEY . . .

*By Rodney Hamilton*

Pat Wholey (pronounced "Hoooley"), an Irish rancher near Edgewood, was breaking a horse one day when it started to buck violently. The horse was taking monstrous jumps and thrashing about the corral wildly. Pat's wife attracted by the noise, dashed out her kitchen door, screaming, "Come down, Pat Wholey, come down! You come down!" Pat, jerking with each buck, grunted in his Irish brogue, "How can I come down—when it's all I can do to stay up?"



CATTLE ON HOY HEREFORD RANCH

—courtesy J. O. McKinney

## Miss Dee II . . .

By MARY E. MALLORY

The short ride to the Hoy Hereford Ranch north of Weed was enjoyable, for it was one of those late winter days when the sun shone warmly, and green carpets of grass were beginning to appear on the hillsides. Spring was beginning to get a toehold in the change of seasons.

I had been looking forward to meeting and talking with Mrs. Albertis Hoy and renewing my acquaintance with her son Elden. Elden, with his late father, has been in the cattle breeding business for many years. Now Elden with his son, Bill, his wife, Betty, and his mother continue to breed Herefords to supply the commercial ranchers with stock of superior quality.

Around the bend the old fashioned white house appeared, up whose steps I would soon be walking. It had a relaxed air, this white house, and its friendly wide porch seemed to beckon me up the steps. My knock at the door soon brought smiles of hospitality. Pleasantries were exchanged with Mrs. Hoy and her son, and they invited me into their spacious

living room, a reflection of a bygone era.

Knowing that I had come to interview them, the Hoys were soon telling me, in their relaxed manner, a little history of the ranch and about their Hereford cattle. Elden and his mother told of how the late Mr. Hoy acquired the ranch in 1909, and in 1921 his father started the present herd of over 100 Herefords with one bull and three heifers. The Hoys very proudly pointed out that there is only one other older Hereford breeding ranch in California that has been kept in the same family through the years, and that is the Bruce Orvis Hereford Ranch in Farmington, older by only six months.

Since I wasn't familiar with the Hereford breed, I asked where it originated. Elden explained that the breed was developed many years ago in Herefordshire, a town in England. "Herefords are bred and raised for their meat. Elden's job is to keep breeding his cattle to try to develop better stock for the commercial rancher, who in turn lets the cattle range and breed again. The calves from the second generation are sold to "feeders" or "feed

lots" and then sent to the slaughter houses for butchering.

Vacations for the Hoys are usually spent attending cattle sales to restock their ranch with bulls of superior strain. One such sale was the important spring event held in February at Denver, Colorado, and though the Hoys couldn't attend they received significant recognition. There the American Hereford Association rewarded them with a registered Hereford heifer valued at \$900.00. Elden explained this was sort of a promotion deal by the Hereford Association to draw attention to Miss Dee II of the Hoy ranch.

After the announcement in Denver, nationwide publications wanted Miss Dee's photograph and information about her. Such livestock papers as "The Dover" of Chicago and the "Livestock Journal" of Los Angeles ran featured articles on Miss Dee II. Satisfying the many inquiries about Miss Dee kept the Hoy phone busily ringing, and more photos were needed for publicity. She was unique, a rarity in the cattle raising industry.

Who was Miss Dee II that she should warrant all this publicity? She is a most

Mrs. Minnie Tamaisica remembers her father, Perry Hoyt, telling her of his arrival in Shasta Valley. He and his companions, who included John Kegg and Henry L. Davis, were completely "broke" and hungry after crossing the continent from Tifton, Ohio. Hoyt, who was a cripple, had somehow lost one shoe en route. Spying a large salmon in the Shasta River, he was so eager for food that he jumped into the river hoping to catch it. He not only didn't get his fish, but he also lost his last shoe!

On arriving in Little Shasta Valley, several of the party were sick from having eaten only roots and herbs for some time. The well ones had to borrow a horse and wagon to take the sick ones to Yreka to be doctored.

In the vicinity of the present Reynolds Ranch, they found a colored man living in a tent, presumably one of the first settlers in the valley, other than Indians.

unusual cow on the Hoy Hereford Ranch. She has the distinction of being the oldest registered cow in the nation still producing calves. To make the story even more interesting, I was told Miss Dee's twenty-second birthday would be April Fools' Day. So far she has given birth to seventeen registered calves and her eighteenth is due some time in early March. Fifteen years is usually the maximum for cows to continue to calve, but Miss Dee keeps right on astonishing the cattlemen with her unique record. Elden chuckles over all the interest his cow has caused, and hopes she continues to go right on producing.

An hour or so had passed while visiting the Hoys, and it was an interesting and enjoyable visit. The ride home through the peaceful countryside brought thoughts of Miss Dee and her record of achievement. Though now the excitement has died down at the Hoy Ranch, Miss Dee II continues nonchalantly to chew her cud and to bring recognition to the Hoy Hereford Ranch, to Siskiyou County, and to the cattle industry in California by continuing her own little April Fool's joke.

#### SCARE IN THE NIGHT . . .

*By Willard Stone*

On one of their first trips to the distant summer range with their cattle, Charles and Willard Stone stayed, as pre-arranged, at Ned Sullaway's place overnight, since it was a two-day trip. Late in the night they were awakened by the sound of their door being softly opened, and, in the dim light of the room beyond, they were horrified to see, silhouetted in their doorway, the figure of a large man holding a long, curved butcher knife. The man advanced quietly but quickly into the room and towards the bed. Just as the boys were about to yell, the figure veered to a table in a corner near the foot of the bed—and both boys let out their breath in a relieved sigh when they saw the man reach out and cut off a chunk of chewing tobacco from the 25-pound piece that lay there! Ned, it seemed, kept his tobacco supply in the "spare" bedroom.



—courtesy Leonard Shelley

**SHELLEY FAMILY, ABOUT 1895**

Top row: Sadie (Seidemann), Emma (Armstrong), Frank, Molly (Batson). Second row, standing: Clarence, Parks, Dan, Lena (Stuart). Bottom row: Oscar, Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis L. Shelley.

# The Shelleys . . .

By LEONARD SHELLEY and FLO WOOD

Lewis L. Shelley was born in Clinton County, Kentucky, Jan. 9, 1846. Melissa Healon Snow was born in Clinton County, Kentucky, August 4, 1852. They were married on January 20, 1869.

There were four children born in Kentucky. In 1877 they moved by covered wagon to Green County, Missouri where they lived until 1888. Six children were born in Missouri. They then moved by covered wagon to Finney County, Kansas. While in Kansas three more children were born to the couple, in all there were nine boys and four girls.

In 1902 the family moved to Oregon by train. They had intended to go to Klamath Falls but there was no railroad at that time so they went to Ashland which was nearest to Klamath Falls. Arriving in

Ashland they began to make plans as to the best way to get to their original destination. After investigating, however, they learned that the town of Klamath Falls was overrun with water snakes. The many snakes lay in balls under the board sidewalks and as one walked down the street, the snake heads sticking up through the cracks between the boards were like ten pins. This was not very encouraging so the family settled in Ashland. The boys worked at various jobs and Mr. Shelley served on the Ashland Police Force for some time.

In 1908 the Shelleys bought a farm in Sam's Valley, sixteen miles north of Medford, and raised corn and hogs. The boys worked on ranches and various other jobs. In 1913 Leonard worked at the Crater

Lake Park, hauling lumber with a four horse team from Fort Klamath to the rim of the lake, as that was the year the Lodge was started. It took two days to make a trip—one day to the Fort and back to Headquarters on Anne Creek—the next day up to the rim and back to Headquarters.

Realizing they needed a larger place, to be able to work for themselves and have an opportunity to expand, they purchased the Sam Burwell place located at Hovey Gulch in Little Shasta Valley, Siskiyou County, California in 1914. In early March of that year, Parks and Leonard started the move from Sam's Valley with a four horse team and wagon load of machinery, leading two colts behind. When they arrived at the Dollarhide place south of Ashland on the Siskiyou, which at that time was the Toll Gate, they found the road over the mountains was not open as there was about four feet of snow. The wagon and machinery was loaded onto a flat car at Steinman and Leonard tied the horses head to tail and proceeded to break a trail over the mountain, arriving at Cole Station near Hilt, California about eight o'clock that evening. The next morning they unloaded their wagon and equipment from the flat car and went on their way. That day they got only as far as the old Sidney Richardson place, about six miles north of Montague, as the roads were so muddy. Mr. Richardson let them stay the night there and the next day they arrived at their destination. In April and May they made more trips over the Siskiyou, moving the stock and household goods. On one of the trips they drove seventy-five hogs behind a wagon loaded with corn, taking about five days for the journey. This trip included driving the hogs through the main streets of Medford and Ashland.

One day the sun was pretty hot and when they came to the Jackson Springs just north of Ashland they stopped to rest the hogs until it got cooler. They then went on through Ashland in the evening and camped that night south of town at the old J. Mitchell place. The next morning

they found they had lost one hog so Parks got on a horse, and taking the dog went back to where they had rested. With the help of his dog he found and caught the stray, tied it across his horse and went on through the main street of Ashland, causing some embarrassing attention with its squealing.

At this time there were four boys still at home, Parks, Dan, Leonard and Everette, so this new venture was operated under the name of Shelley Brothers. They acquired some additional property, and raised grain, cattle, hogs, and horses. All farm work was done with six and eight horse teams. They purchased their first Caterpillar Tractor in 1917, due to shortage of manpower for farm labor.

In June, 1915, Parks R. Shelley and Ethel Miller were married at a Sunday School picnic at Hart's Soda Springs in Little Shasta, by Rev. Wilkins.

Dan and Everette served with the U. S. Armed Forces throughout World War I, Dan with the 347th Field Artillery in Germany and Everette in the Aviation Service.

Dan C. Shelley and Irma D. Terwilliger were married October 22, 1919. The boys continued to operate as Shelley Brothers until 1926, when they dissolved partnership. In 1940 Dan bought a ranch in Gazelle known as the old Wortman place which he operated until recently when he sold it and retired.

Parks bought property in Oregon and was the agent for Bankers Life Insurance Co. for a number of years. He later returned to Siskiyou County and operated a dairy at the Sun Flower place and for a time was in Quartz Valley. He is now retired.

Everette took up railroad work and at present is an engineer on the Southern Pacific Railroad, residing at Klamath Falls, Oregon.

In 1933 Leonard rented the old Caledonia farm five miles south of Gazelle and moved there. He operated a large dairy in conjunction with his Little Shasta property until 1943, when he bought and mov-

*(continued on page 36)*



SECOND HOTEL IN KLAMATH HOT SPRINGS

—courtesy Louis Hessig

## THE ORIGINAL

# Owners of Klamath Hot Springs . . .

By **LOTTIE BESWICK**

Richard Beswick was born on a farm near Niles, Michigan, September 2, 1842, and was the fourth of eight children of George and Sarah Beswick, natives of Delaware and both early settlers of Berrian County, Michigan.

Two of the sons came to California—Nathaniel and Richard—Richard being 15 years old at the time. Richard and Nathaniel hired out as teamsters in the provision train of General Johnston. Arriving in Salt Lake City, Richard, Nathaniel, and fifteen others bought a wagon and 4 mule teams and proceeded to California. Coming north to Yreka, Mr. Beswick engaged in placer mining for about 11 years and then turned his attention to ranching on the Klamath River. This ranch became known as the Shovel Creek Springs, later called the Klamath Hot Springs. Mr.

and Mrs. Beswick retained possession from 1873 to 1887. The Beswicks were the first to discover the efficacy of the spring water. After having it tested and analyzed, they conceived the idea of establishing a summer resort.

Putting their idea into practical shape, they erected a large and modern hotel and furnished it in an attractive manner. They were soon convinced that their plan was a wise and remunerative one. Health seekers patronized the resort for many succeeding seasons, and the place gained a reputation by no means local in extent. The Beswicks owned a section of land at the springs, located 20 miles from Ager, California.

The resort was sold in 1887 to the Edson Bros. of Gazelle. In Yreka, September 29, 1879, Mr. Beswick was united in marriage



with Margaret Lowden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lowden of Seiad.

They raised horses on the ranch at Beswick. I have found an article stating that they sold 170 head of Percheron horses, not counting the colts in 1886. They also raised cattle and hogs.

After selling the resort at Klamath Hot Springs, Mr. and Mrs. Beswick went to Ashland, Oregon, and became the parents of two daughters, Lottie Vena and Sarah Ann. While in Ashland they were engaged in fruit raising, having a sizeable amount of land planted to apples and peaches. After selling their orchards, they

retired and bought a small place in the Belleview District where they built a home.

Mr. John Lowden spent his earlier life as a sailor and in 1859 brought his family to Yreka, California, by way of Panama. They eventually located on a farm at Seiad, where he engaged in mining, farming and stock raising. In his youth he married Sarah Curry who was born in England. They were the parents of 14 children. Margaret Lowden (Beswick) was 6 months old when the family came West. She spent her childhood in the Seiad area, later attending school in Yreka.

## A Pool for Yreka . . .

By FRED A BRODERICK

In 1962, a need long felt by residents of the Yreka area was satisfied when the Ringe Memorial Pool was dedicated. Funds for building the swimming pool were provided by the will of Nellie Evans Ringe, sister of Ab Evans. The pool was built in the memory of her husband, Henry Ringe.

Henry's father was Frederick Ringe, his mother the former Christina Lichens. In the late 1800's, Fred Ringe, a leather worker, did the upholstery work on the coach now on display at the Museum. He had a harness shop on Miner Street (picture in Town of Yreka advertisement), and this provided an outlet for saddles and leather products made by Henry on his ranch southwest of Worden, Oregon, where Henry and Nellie raised cattle.

Nellie was a true farm woman, often helping with the mules and other outside work, thus enabling Henry to make the beautiful saddles so much in demand. Many Ringe saddles are still in use in the county today.

Besides being an exceptional saddle-maker, Henry Ringe was an ardent sports-

man and a talented pianist. In later years, Henry and Nellie owned a place in Little Shasta, the Diamond Dot Ranch, from which they eventually retired to live their remaining years in Yreka.



— courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

### SADDLE-MAKING TOOLS

and Leather-Stamping Marble Slab used by Henry Ringe and given to his niece and her husband, Lula and Harry Holzhauser. A Ringe saddle on stand.

# The Undaunted Irish . . .

By MRS. BERTHA R. BRADLEY

Robert Rainey, my father, came from Ireland in June, 1880, visiting with relatives in Shasta County before coming on to Scott Valley, where he worked on the Hartstrand Ranch for two years. He and his brother, James, then went to Seiad Valley to homestead two places of 160 acres each up the creek. They bought squatter's rights from Moses Phillips. They worked very hard to clear the land and stocked it with cattle.

On January 16, 1887, he married Ariana Lowden. They made their home on the ranch, working very hard and raising a family of five girls.

In the hard winter of 1889-90, they lost nearly all their stock and had to start over again. In 1893 they patented the first place and later bought another on Horse Creek. They kept improving the place, bringing it to top production and increasing their herd of cattle.

Ariana Rainey died November 1, 1933, and Robert Rainey died June 17, 1938, at the age of 82 years.



—courtesy Bertha Bradley

**ROBERT AND ARIANA RAINEY**

Molly Shelley, age 12 years, was doing the family wash, as best she could, by the good old rub-board' method. Most of the rest of the family was down in bed with what was called 'Mountain fever.' Her Aunt Glee (Glenora) Ford came to visit the sick family and, noticing the washing-procedure, commented, "Your clothes don't look very clean, Molly, as you are hanging them up." Molly retorted, "They'll look better when they dry."

Molly remembered the incident as long as she lived and amused her children, Opal Batson, Flo Wood, and Ermin Batson by recounting it.

A post card addressed to Mrs. Beaudroit, Table Rock, Calif., from Yreka, July 22, 1890:

Yreka  
Siskiyou Co.

Mrs. Beaudroit,  
Dear Friend:

We will preach in Table Rock School-house next Sunday Morning, July 27th, at 11 o'clock. If convenient, would like to stop overnight with you. Wife will be along. A collection for *worn-out Preachers of California* will be taken at close of service.

Our love to you all.

Yours Respectfully,  
Thos. S. Wallis

*Please advertise.*  
July 22, 1890

# The Sissel Story . . .

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By MARY BRIDWELL

In the early 1850's, the Hudson Bay trappers were hunting and trading with the Indians of Shasta Valley. On Willow Creek, west of Gazelle, was erected a trading post. One of the trappers was a young native of Arkansas, John Baker Sissel. Tiring of his trade and wishing to stay in Shasta Valley, he went to work on the McGrath Ranch, now part of the Al Beltramo ranch, in 1853.

In 1854, John Sissel married Anne Neilon, from Sligo, Ireland, and to them was born one son, John Andrew, more often known as Johnnie. In 1879, Johnnie started to build from the wilderness the ranch still known as Sissel Ranch, five miles west of Gazelle.

On December 28, 1886, Johnnie and Miss Mary A. Fay of Scott Valley were

married at the residence of the bride's parents, Michael and Elizabeth Wall Fay, who lived near Callahan.

To John and Mary Sissel were born four children, Mary Elizabeth, who, at the age of six months, was drowned in an accident at the Montezuma Flume in Callahan; John Vivian, who gave his life in World War I; Gertrude Sissel Crechriou, who still resides on the home ranch; and Bertha Sissel Ashburn, now living in San Francisco.

John Sissel spent fifty-five years of his life on the Sissel Ranch, engaged in farming and cattle raising, and it remains one of the few left in the Gazelle area still owned by the original family. It is now the home of his daughter, Gertrude Sissel Crechriou, and is operated by his grandson, Sissel Crechriou.

John Andrew Sissel died April 13, 1934, at his home; he was 77 at the time of his passing. Mary Fay Sissel passed away April 14, 1946, at the home to which she had come as a bride, sixty years before. Her death occurred just one month after the arrival of her grandson, John Crechriou, home from the same battlefield where she had given her son, but in another war. Other grandchildren are Arnold Crechriou, Edgewood; Mary Crechriou Bridwell, Gazelle; and Ann Ashburn McCabe, San Francisco. Douglas Crechriou passed away November 22, 1959.



—courtesy Mary Bridwell  
**JOHN AND MARY SISSELL**  
Grandparents of Mary Bridwell

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## THE SHELLEYS . . .

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*(Continued from page 32)*

ed to the old Sidney Terwilliger place in Little Shasta Valley where he now resides. Leonard still owns the original property and has added quite a large acreage to it and at present is operating it as a combination grain and cattle ranch, running both a purebred and commercial herd of polled Herefords.

# Resume of Edson and Foulke Co. . . .

By EDSON L. FOULKE, JR.

In 1853, in conjunction with William Stevens (their uncle), Josiah Edson and his-widowed sister, Harriet Eddy, bought a Willow Creek ranch known as Brady's Place. The price of \$600.00 included the kitchen and bar fixtures. Other brothers and sisters of Josiah moved here from Dixon, Illinois, one or two at a time, and gradually formed partnerships with each other as they acquired various lands in the vicinity. (These Edsons were the uncles and aunts of Lewis Foulke, who now lives in Yreka, and were the great-aunts and -uncles of Edson Foulke, Jr., who still occupies the original home place in Gazelle).

The family operated a stage station (where Wrights are now) with a post-office in the building which also served as a home. The Edson orchard was planted near this location in 1865, and the trees are still bearing fruit, almost 100 years later. In the orchard, in 1904, was built the family home; later, the place suffered a fire, and most of it was destroyed. The walls of the lower floor were of native stone, and these survived, and the present Foulke home was rebuilt on this foundation.

Lewis Foulke, Sr., married Susan Elizabeth, youngest sister of the Edson brothers. Following an unsuccessful mining venture in Nevada, they returned to Gazelle about the time the railroad was being built, in 1887, and Mr. Foulke acquired the contract to furnish meat for the construction crews. This afforded an outlet for the beef and mutton produced by the Edson brothers' ranch, and, since Foulke had the contract and Edsons had the meat, the two families were incorporated as Edson and Foulke Company. Leland Stanford, a close friend of Lewis Foulke, was probably instrumental in the success of the bid for the contract, since he suggested that the beef be bid in high and the mutton low be-

cause the crews "wouldn't eat any mutton, anyway!"

Most of the pioneer members of the family died in the early 1900's, and after his father's death in 1906, Edson Foulke, Sr., became operating manager of the ranch. The following year, by the acquisition of the old Huseman properties, known as Butte Creek Ranch or Huseman Dairy, and the Grenada Ranch, the Edson and Foulke Company ranch consisted of 10,000 acres.

In 1925, Edson Foulke's younger brother, Lewis, took over management and converted the operation from cattle raising and feeding to a large dairy set-up. At one time, it was believed that this was the largest dairy in California, with approximately 1,200 milk cows.

The Corporation was dissolved in the early 1940's, and portions were sold to various people. The Farm Security Administration obtained a tract with the intention of forming a cooperative, but this was also sold to individuals within a year or so.

Now the only Foulke ownership of the original Edson and Foulke Company involves 2,750 acres owned by Edson L. Foulke, Jr., and his wife, Esther Brown Foulke, who are operating a beef cattle set-up with their son, Timothy, and his wife, Pat, in active management.

## "EP" FOULKE'S NICKNAME . . .

*By Himself*

Ever wonder how Ep Foulke got the nickname "Ep" from his given name, Edson? When he was a little guy, just starting school, the other little boys couldn't help—or couldn't resist—confusing his name with that of a household remedy popular in its day—Epsom Salts!



DAVID HORN IN BUGGY. He Died in 1910.

—courtesy Mrs. Condrey

## Pioneer Stockmen . . .

By GORDON JACOBS

Stockmen of the Hornbrook area before the turn of the century in most cases arrived in the neighborhood as potential gold miners attracted by gold discoveries around old Cottonwood, which was later named Henley. To the present generation it is known as Hornbrook, although the name of Henley still sticks to that part of the neighborhood which for so long carried that name.

Like so many of the early pioneers in the West, gold mining quickly became a disappointment, with the result that other endeavors attracted their attention. It was, therefore, natural that many turned to farming and stock raising, influenced to some extent by the fact that in many cases farming and stock raising had been their occupation before leaving their homes for the western adventure.

There were many who early disappeared from these scenes and endeavors, but some of the better known who stuck to and through their declining years should be mentioned and their names preserved. Some of these men were Silas Shattuck; W. H. Fox, who operated what was later known as the Kurt Ranch; John Brady, who also operated a hotel in Henley as a side line; George Deal with stock ranches here and in eastern Oregon; Bill Meagher and John O'Neal who owned the present Bear Ranch in Hornbrook; the two Wright Brothers, William and Thomas, on Camp Creek; David Horn who owned ranches on Camp Creek and at Hornbrook and for whom the town was named; the two Grieve Brothers, Ruf and Tom, with  
*(Continued on page 42)*



CATTLE ON HOY RANCH

—courtesy Eldon Hoy

## SISKIYOU COUNTY

# Rancher Leaves Legacy in Purebreds

By SEDGE NELSON and CHARLOTTE DAVIS

The passing of Albertis (Bert) B. Hoy has left a legacy of pioneering in the registered cattle industry in Siskiyou County. He was the first here and one of the first in the state of California.

He died at 85 years in the Mercy Hospital, Redding, California, on November 15, 1962.

He was the cattleman of the year for Siskiyou County in 1956. This was the second year this honor was given here.

He was active also in County Farm Bureau and in State and County Cattleman associations. Always a good neighbor and friend, he was well respected by all who knew him.

Bert Hoy's interesting and productive life started in 1877 on the Kansas plains

near a little town called Garnet. He was born in a "dugout," a structure built mostly underground by the pioneers of that day, as timber was not available.

From this he has developed one of the oldest and most outstanding registered Hereford herds in the State of California. The bloodline is of W. H. R. Chandler and Crowe. His son is running the business and a third generation, his grandson, a potential cowman also living on the ranch. A beautiful home overlooks green meadows at the foot of Mt. Shasta.

When Bert was only six weeks old his family moved to California.

In 1890, after several moves, the Hoy family of nine moved back to the Dibble Creek farm, nine miles from Red Bluff.

It was here that 13-year-old Bert Hoy got his start in the cattle business. He and his older brother, Mart, gradually accumulated a herd. By the time he was 20, they were able to buy the Albert Vestel herd which ran on the Diamond range 30 miles west of Red Bluff along Dry Creek.

Bert Hoy hired out as a cowboy for Ed Saunders who also ran cattle on the Diamond range. Bert covered the county from Red Bank to Redding and knew at least 150 brands. He had a reputation for being able to identify cattle and was often consulted. He also made his own riatas, quirts, reins and hackamore ropes. During the summer the cattle were taken up in the mountains of Trinity County to the Mad river and south fork of the Trinity area. It was here that all the cowboys wore six shooters to the dances and occasionally used them. Bert was never known to do this, however, much to his grandson's disappointment, in telling about it years later.

In 1909, Hoy sold his cattle, moved to Siskiyou County with his brother, Mart. They leased and later bought the ranch which was his when he died. Due to his brother's ill health, Bert bought him out and owned the entire ranch on the edge of Edgewood, north of Mt. Shasta and two miles northeast of the city of Weed.

He was an avid mountain climber; his ranch dog and four other young people ascended the mountain in 1911.

While near Edgewood, he met and married Nora Rucker. Her brother, Boler Rucker, was once regional brand inspector for northern California. He often credited his success to his wife's constant help and encouragement.

For a few years Hoy operated a butcher shop in the city of Dunsmuir. He also owned and helped operate the Shasta Lilly dairy. The family has lived continuously on the Hoy ranch since 1918, which he purchased from a man by the name of Decker.

The living room of the Hoy home is actually an old schoolhouse, which is actually the oldest standing schoolhouse in Siskiyou County. It was once known as the Mt.

Shasta school, but after two remodelings the entire school building now serves as the living room with other rooms alongside and behind.

An apple tree still standing in the yard was started by two school children, Fred Stone and Lula Decker, eating their apples and burying the seed. It is a great prize to the present Hoy family.

It was in 1921 when Hoy saw the future of top Hereford cattle and first purchased his registered stock. The original purchase of three cows and a bull has developed into the present top herd of registered Herefords of over 100 head of cows. It was only a few years prior to this time that the first herd of registered cattle was started in the state. Hoy Herefords are consigned to all the major bull sales throughout the state and southern Oregon. They have never missed consigning to the Red Bluff Bull sale since its inception. They also sell bulls in Nevada, Arizona and other western states. They pride themselves on having raised all of their own breeding heifers.

Even after semi-retirement, which he spent in beautifying the ranch grounds with shrubbery, lawns and large flower beds for the past 10 or 12 years, Mr. Hoy took an active interest in each sale made. He was progressive to the extent that he was always ready to buy the latest improvement in machinery, cars or household conveniences. He liked the new and, except for memory's sake, he didn't look back to "The good old days". In his long life he had seen many changes, not only in his home, ranch and community but throughout the country, and has displayed an active interest in progress.

Eldon Hoy, son of Mrs. Hoy and the late Bert Hoy, was born on the home ranch, and with his wife and son, William A., run the ranch. Bill is at present a freshman at the College of the Siskiyou in Weed. The only other close relative is a brother, Mr. John R. Hoy of Red Bluff. He is the youngest of the once large Hoy family who did much toward the development of agriculture in Northern California.

# Do-It-Yourself Observatory at Yreka

## BUILT BY CITY'S ASTRONOMY ENTHUSIASTS

(As published in an issue of Pacific Powerland)

Yreka, California rapidly is becoming known as the city full of people with stars in their eyes.

It's no wonder, either, considering that the city has an organization numbering 400 amateur astronomers—an impressive part of the total population of 4,800.

Moreover, the organization has its own observatory, complete with 10-inch telescope.

This enterprising group, known as the Siskiyou County Astronomical Society, traces its genesis back 23 years to the start of a boyhood hobby by Charles W. Fiock, now a PP&L electrician in the company's Yreka district. It was then that Fiock began hand-grinding the ten-inch parabolic mirror that is the key element of any large telescope of this type.

Off and on over the years, Fiock patiently and painstakingly ground away on his lens, dreaming all the while of an observatory in which to house the telescope. In 1960, his lens completed to the necessary minute tolerances, Fiock put his observatory ideas on paper and showed them to a few space-minded friends. "Project Star-Gazing" took off like a rocket.

The local American Legion post took on sponsorship of the project. Funds came from the post, the city and anonymous donors. The hilltop site for the observatory was donated by Mrs. Lester Bagley in memory of her late husband. A Yreka contractor, Vernon Young, provided free earthwork service.

Dr. R. M. Pindell, who had retired to Yreka from his Los Angeles practice only to find himself drawn into part-time practice again, loaned materials and gave the project the benefit of his knowledge of amateur astronomy. He is now chairman of the society's board of directors.

Under Fiock's direction, volunteers la-

bored evenings and weekends, using spare parts salvaged from just about everything from old cars to juke boxes. They produced an observatory almost an exact miniature of the famous Mt. Wilson and Palomar installations.

Two sections of the dome slide open to form a slot-like aperture that opens the heavens to the telescope. The entire observatory structure can be revolved completely, powered by a small electric motor, to permit viewing from any angle.

Inside, the observatory is fully equipped with electrical controls for various functions, including a tracking motor which



—courtesy Pacific Power & Light Co.  
**CHARLES FIOCK AT TELESCOPE  
AT YREKA OBSERVATORY**  
He helped build this in 1962.



slowly keeps the telescope in a pattern of motion to compensate for the revolution of the earth. There is a standard clock and another timepiece that indicates sidereal time—the universal measurement of time used by astronomers and scientists the world over.

The telescope itself has a seven-foot barrel and interchangeable eyepiece lenses to adapt the ten-inch mirror for almost any range and type of viewing. For all practical purposes, the scope brings in all the celestial bodies in the earth's solar system and is powerful enough, for instance, that observers can study the moon's mountains and see craters within craters.

The Astronomical Society includes enthusiasts from four years of age to over eighty years, and is made up of people from all walks of life. The board of directors includes two doctors, two ministers, a high school student and a variety of other occupational representations. Most of the Society's membership comes from Yreka, but numerous members are from outlying locations in Siskiyou County.

As Society secretary, Mrs. Alden James remarked, gazing proudly at the gleaming observatory perched on its hilltop, "It's a wonderful case of a common interest bringing together people of such a wide range of age and occupation that it's hard to believe until you see it."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Charles W. Fiock is a grandson of George and Mary Fiock, whose story appears elsewhere in this book.*)

#### SUMMER STORAGE FOR BUTTER . . .

*By Willard Stone*

Most of the dairy farmers moved their cows to summer range and stayed there all summer. Here they churned butter and stored it in five-gallon cans in cold spring or creek water, and it would keep all summer.

The Stone family didn't operate in this way. Instead, they had a big churn run by a water wheel, and they sold butter at the ranch all summer each year until the Edgewood Creamery was started.

#### PIONEER STOCKMEN . . .

*(Continued from page 38)*

ranches on Jenny Creek; and Wm. (Bill) Smith, who never quite gave up gold mining.

Near Hilt were the two Cole brothers; Rufus owned the ranch bordering the town of Hilt, and during the stage days kept the stage station and raised stock. His brother, Byron, was a few miles north near Colestine. Both were well known as cattlemen. Also near Hilt were the Campbell ranch, now known as the Mount Crest ranch, the Orville Shaft ranches and the two Hilt ranches. The upper ranch was owned by John Hilt and the lower by the other two brothers, Allen and Wilmer.

John Cooley, the grandfather of Stanley Cooley, owned the present Protsman ranch and ranged his cattle in the Siskiyou Mountains. A little farther south of the river was the ranch of Wm. Laird, a stockman and stage station operator. Firman Anderson owned the present Lucas ranch and after the completion of the Anderson grade operated a ferry on the river.

Land was rather limited in the area for large farming operations, but the abundant free range in the higher elevations provided an opportunity which these men quickly recognized. It can be attributed to their efforts that the community lived and thrived after the early rich placers were quickly exhausted. There was very little range trouble during those early days. There was a spirit of cooperation among them, and the frequent uncontrolled fires kept the large brush fields burned out resulting in plenty of grass for their stock.

#### FOOTNOTE BY FRANK GRAVES:

*As these stockmen ranged their cattle along the Oregon-California border, and the stock from the two states would drift across the mountains, it was necessary to have exchange days at round-up time in the fall of the year. The dates of such days and location of meeting would be pre-arranged.*



DOUBLE HEART RANCH

—courtesy Louis Hessig

## Double Heart Ranch . . .

By BETTY DOW

The Double Heart Ranch on the Klamath River, six miles east of Copco Lake, formerly owned by Louis V. Hessig of Montague, has, historically speaking, a background richly interwoven with episodes and events that are reminiscent of roaring Western fiction.

Turning back the pages of time to 1884, one learns that Louis Versell Hessig, grandfather of the Louis V. Hessig of today, left Eureka, Humboldt County and acquired the Double Heart Ranch property to establish himself in the cattle business, being operated in later years by Harry, first of the senior Hessig's sons, and father of the present Louis Hessig; and a second son, Joseph.

The ranch property, prior to its sale to the present owner, Joseph Laubacker, it was noted, that since its founding, not one acre had been sold, and it had expanded to some 2,500 acres by 1952. Successful

operation of the ranch was attributed to the fact that the meadows and fine grassy hill pastures was the result of a simple rule, followed by three generations, "Always run less stock than the land will carry."

The water situation was always ideal, as the Hessigs had rights on the Klamath River, which bounds the entire main ranch on the west. The back ranch presented no water problems either, as all streams rose from there. According to an old news story printed in the Yreka Journal, July 4, 1928, it was noted that for 35 years the Hessig family at Beswick had been breeding and handling a large herd of Devonshire cattle on the upper Klamath River.

The wonderful success enjoyed by the Hessigs with these cattle was attributed to the fact that this breed was the very best of all for this section of Northern Cali-

fornia, and it was also noted that Henry Miller of Miller and Lux, considered the Devonshires the best of all purpose cattle in the world. They were, at that time the main breed handled by Miller and Lux, since 1908.

At the time of the writing, H. H. Hessig, and son, Louis, had the herd, which was originated by the senior Louis V. Hessig. "The Devonshires are the oldest established breed of cattle in the world, except the Durhams," the Yreka Journal stated, "as they were brought by the Pilgrim fathers to America."

It was also pointed out that in 1927, both the Queen of England, (wife of the King) and the Prince of Wales, had herds of Devonshires on exhibit at the State Fair, having been transported in from Canada.

In weight, they were classed as "wonderful". Many of the cows weighed as high as 1300 pounds, and the sires tipped the scales at 2100 or 2200 pounds. Two-year old steers on grass ran about 1200 pounds. Weight of six year olds, averaged between 1600 to 2000 pounds, and it was claimed the meat did not toughen nearly as fast as in many other breeds. Harry Hessig said he had butchered a 19-year-old cow, which he said the meat was equal to that of an eight or nine year old in many other breeds. It was said the stock matured slowly and always carried flesh with growth, and the calves were always fat.

The Hessigs claimed that three Devonshires could be fattened on the same amount of provender that would fatten two of some other breeds. Their disposition was said to be good, and they were hardy and strong, able to withstand the coldest weather.

In days of yore, the Devonshires were famous work cattle, and the Pilgrims averaged 30 miles a day in travel with them. They kept them until five or six years of age, and then butchered them for beef.

When the present day Louis Hessig sold the ranch, he was handling Hereford cattle, having started a commercial line of this breed in 1939. He had about 350 brood cows.

Among the many interesting highlights included in the history of the Double Heart Ranch it was noted that back in 1888, when the first Louis Hessig had the ranch about four years, a lumber firm started logging operations in the Pokegama area, four miles northeast of the ranch, or the Oregon side of the river. They chuted logs into the river right across from the ranch and floated them to the mills at Klamathon, 20 miles downstream.

Immediately, Hessig erected a slaughter house to provide beef for the Pokegama camp. A few years later, when a railroad was constructed between Klamathon and Pokegama, Hessig furnished beef for the Greek crews. The Greeks baked their own bread in little round ovens, which still stand at the site of the old railroad.

On the ranch is a small cemetery with only three graves, two belonging to murdered men, and the third to a suicide. To indicate the violence of those early years, it is related how in 1894, Charles Spence was tied up and thrown into the Klamath River by an unknown killer. Later as his body floated by the ranch, the Hessigs recovered his body and buried it near the house. Spence had built a large cabin on the back ranch in 1884, which during the Hessigs' era was a popular place for male guests to batch, during vacations, fishing and hunting seasons. It was near the site of an old sawmill which had stood there until about 35 years ago.

A little later in the same era, John Graves was shot in a quarrel over an Indian woman, by her husband. The Hessigs buried Graves beside the grave of Spence. A few months later the Indian woman's husband died, but requested, that upon his death that he be buried on the other side of the river.

The suicide, who was interred beside the two men was Charles Butler, who killed himself, a year or two after the second murder, by jumping off of a bridge near the stage station of Topsy. When the Hessigs discovered his body, they buried it near the others.

Also located on the ranch is "Dead

Men's Pool," so named because of some loggers who had drowned there after a log jam. Water was held back upstream until the jam could be dynamited. Through an error, the water was released ahead of schedule, while some 20 men were attempting to break the jam. All except four managed to escape to a small island. The four men were carried on logs, into the whirlpool below the island. One was rescued, but the others were lost. The pool is now famous for its fine steelhead.

Still another landmark on the ranch, which has proved a great attraction for visitors, is the "Chicken Soup Springs." Visitors would take a cup and shaker of salt, and upon tasting the bubbling hot water declared it tasted just like chicken soup.

During the time the present day Hessig family resided on the ranch, it is noted that they wintered their commercial Herefords at home, but they owned summer ranges around Fort Klamath, Oregon, and also leased nearby ranges from a lumber company.

The roads were very bad at the time, probably because they wound in and out of California and Oregon. The Topsy Grade Road, which led into Keno, Oregon, was not shown, as late as 1952, on any road maps, was the route the Hessigs used to truck their cattle over to Fort Klamath. It was a beautifully scenic way, but very rough, as it climbs a spur of the Cascade Mountains above the Klamath River.

Isolated as the area and ranch seems to sound, the Hessigs, with their two daughters, Dorothy and Shirley, were active in community affairs in nearby Montague as well as Yreka. The girls during their school years attended the Bogus Elementary School, which was 13 miles from the main ranch home. Mrs. Hessig, and Mrs. T. H. Joslin, a neighbor, used to take turns in driving over the rough roads to take the Hessig and Joslin children to school.

Visitors used to travel to the Double Heart Ranch for weekends of riding, fishing and hunting, and to enjoy the wonderful hospitality of the Hessigs, who

would conduct their guests on tours to view the many interesting landmarks.

At one time, the historic ranch was the scene for roundups that were said to be as violent and exciting as any present day rodeo show. Possibly more so, as the "wild" horses were not conveniently corraled as for a show, but ranchers found it necessary to gather together for roundups, to clear the ranges of real wild horses, that roamed the surrounding hills and forests by the hundreds.

One such roundup was held as recently as February, 1952, and after considerable preparation, such as obtaining the consent of California and Oregon, property owners of nearby ranches, a large group of men, including Louie Hessig, started out to clear the ranges of some 300 wild horses.

The story as told, by 2 o'clock on a February afternoon, the men were ready, but a snow had started up. Riders, bewildered by a blinding snow, blundered into canyons and ravines. Several riders, realizing that a blizzard had struck, headed for the nearest ranches, for shelter.

Louie stated that he and a few others were still out when the snow halted temporarily, and he spotted a wild stallion. He raced the stallion neck and neck. It would not turn, but would outrun his horse, swing about and butt his mount almost viciously enough to knock it down. Louie said the stallion finally wearied of this sport and outran him for good.

Some of the other riders had corraled four or five horses, including a mare and colt. The men started practicing roping on them, and all but the mare and colt leaped over the fence.

Stories, such as these, would indicate that the "Wild West" is not entirely of the past, that the flavor and excitement of it still remains with us. It will never really die, as long as men such as Louis V. Hessig, with the blood of their pioneer forebears still running strong in their veins, are alive, and who raise and teach their children the traditions of the old "Wild and Woolly West."



RIDERS ON HESSIG RANCH

—courtesy Louis Hessig

Excerpt from Pacific Power & Light Company's  
"Stories of Pacific Powerland"

## Topsy Road . . .

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NARR.: Some say it was named for an Indian chief called Tipsi Tyee, a belligerent fellow who ranged from Klamath County to the Rogue River country warring with settlers and Indians alike. Others put forward different theories as to the origin of the odd name of the Topsy Road. One thing is certain, a ride on the Topsy Road in the days when it was the chief supply route from California to the Klamath Basin was most emphatically a topsyturvy experience.

Like so many other vital travel routes in Pacific Powerland, the Topsy Road grew up from an Indian trail. Even as a foot path it must have been precarious for it clung dizzily to rock cliffs above the turbulent Klamath River. When Fort Kla-

math was established as a military post, soldiers used the road to bring supplies and equipment north. And still later when many settlers began to discover the rich Klamath Basin, Topsy Road was carved wide enough to accommodate freight wagons and regular stage coach runs from the end of the railroad at Ager in California to Linkville—the town that was to become Klamath Falls.

Innocent as its name sounds, Topsy Road was soon to be called one of the most notorious highways in the west.

VOICE: (Shouts) Hold it up there!

VOICE: (Gruff) Throw it down . . . easy does it and nobody gets hurt! Get them passengers out of there!

DRIVER: Yeah, I know the way to do

it. This is the second time I've been robbed in a month.

VOICE: All right, all of you dump your pockets out, watches and all. Hey you! What are you doing on this stage?

CARPENTER: I'm just goin' to Linkville to work . . . I'm a carpenter.

VOICE: All right. You keep *your* money. I ain't gonna rob no honest workin' man. Rest of you, do as I say and make it quick!

NARR.: Tales of banditry are almost as numerous as curves in the Topsy Road. They tell of Robbers Roost, a huge boulder where two stages were held up in a single night. They tell of the outlaw who robbed a northbound stage, walked down the road a mile or two and boarded a southbound stage to make his getaway. But, despite the many lurid tales, the real story of the Topsy Road is the story of progress. Steep, hazardous, rugged as it was, this historic route along the Klamath River was a vital artery of supply for the fast-growing settlements in the Klamath Basin.

Up the winding Topsy Grade came freight wagons groaning under loads of machinery of tools, nails, nuts and bolts, household furniture, farm equipment . . . all of the myriad things needed to build a civilization.

By stage and horseback came the laborers, the mechanics, the merchants, the bankers, the doctors, the drummers, the families . . . the human factors to make that civilization live and grow great.

And live and grow great it did. Today, the city of Klamath Falls sparkles under the friendly southern Oregon sun—a lively, wideawake trading center for the vast timber, grain and livestock empire of the rich Klamath Basin . . . an area which it might be said, grew like Topsy . . . because of Topsy.

ANNCR: Nelson, the tale of the Topsy Road has still another chapter. A part of the Topsy Road, widened, graded and modernized, served as the access road dur-

ing the building of one of PP&L's Klamath River power developments, an 88,000-kilowatt hydro project recently renamed in honor of John C. Boyle, veteran company executive and engineer. Few streams have more comprehensive programs for their development and control than this scenic river which has its source in Klamath Lake and flows through southern Oregon and northern California on its way to the sea. Already power plants on the Klamath River provide electric generating capability of more than 170,000 kilowatts and at least five additional power sites exist, which will add an estimated 235,000 kilowatts . . .

## QUEEN MOUNTAIN . . .

High, high above her subject hills she lifts  
her regal head,

A royal monarch with eternal crown.

And all about she's wrapped with radi-  
ance rare;

Each season clothes her with a queenly  
gown.

When winter's icy gales sweep all around,  
her massive ridges

Wear a mantle white;

But when comes summer with its shim-  
mering haze

The balmy air gives her a dress so bright  
That all who see her only stand by and  
gaze.

This frigid ruler set upon a throne

All hemmed about by giant verdure green,  
With grandeur most peculiarly her own,  
Reigns truly by God's grace — majestic  
queen!

DOROTHY RAY

(Mrs. Luther D. Lea)

March, 1962

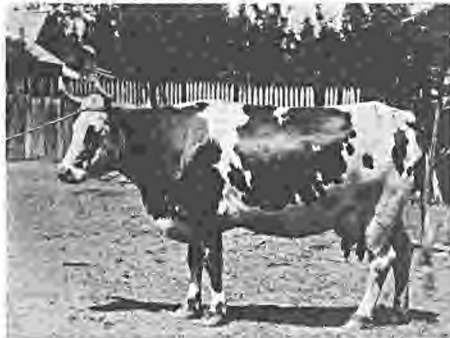
# Cattle Ranches in and Around Yreka

As Told by FRANK HERZOG

In keeping with the history of the cattle industry and its beginnings in Siskiyou County, Frank Herzog, native born Yrekan, contends that when Yreka became legally incorporated in 1857, it consisted of an area, one mile square (640 acres) and it was encircled by cattle ranches and dairies, some of which embraced as much land as the town itself.

According to a paragraph found in "Saddle Bags of the Siskiyou" written by Dr. R. Roy Jones, one time prominent doctor in Yreka, it was noted that in 1854, "Yreka was a judicial township with no officers of law other than a justice of peace and constable. Multiplicity of saloons, gambling halls, dance halls and allied panderers had been accepted in a somewhat *laissez faire* spirit, but the tribunal of public opinion had begun to assert itself for an incorporated town. A petition was presented to the County Court May 5, 1854, with a plat of the surveyed town containing 360 acres, and was signed by 200 citizens.

"The court granted the petition, under the provisions of an act of legislature, March 27, 1850. An election was immediately held and trustees, assessor elected May 22nd. A city government assumed control, though soon to surrender, with the city financially obligated. The



—courtesy Orlo Steele  
ON THE STEELE RANCH

old act of legislature was declared invalid by California Supreme Court, and it was not until an Act April 21, 1857, was passed, did a stable incorporated government appear in Yreka."

It is therefore possible that the town of Yreka could have acquired additional acreage between 1854 and 1857 to become the one mile square as Mr. Herzog states.

Mr. Herzog were known as "corporates" and each man's corporate was marked out by native sandstone.

He started his verbal tour of the circle of ranches around Yreka, with the Steele Ranch and Dairy, established by the Hon. Elijah Steele, the first Superior Court Judge of Siskiyou County, and who was the father of O. G. Steele.

The Steele Ranch was located at the southeast city limits and extended beyond where the Evergreen Cemetery is now located. From this line where the cemetery now is, John Garvey had 640 acres of land which was devoted to the raising of cattle. Later Garvey sold his property to a man named Lawrence (Lawrence Lane was named after him) and he furnished the land for the Evergreen Cemetery. Traveling north from Cemetery Lane was the southwest corporate owned by Charles Payot and Amidy Tisso, consisting of 100 acres, and from the north line of their property to what is now known as North Street was the Sam Pellet Place.

Continuing north, Sigmund Wetzel held the Northwest corporate limits as his property, and from there going East was the McNaulty Cattle Ranch. From McNaulty's toward Yreka Creek on through to the Catholic Cemetery, was the ranch owned by Charles R. Herzog, and from the cemetery on, one came upon the Steele Ranch again, thus completing the circle.

Continuing east from Steele's was the Jim Wheeler Ranch. Beyond and across Oberlin Road from the Steele Ranch was

# Top Cow Belle . . .

By CHARLOTTE DAVIS

Honor and distinction in relation to the cattle industry came to Siskiyou County in 1962, when on December 8, in Sacramento, in conjunction with the California Cattlemen's Convention, our own Esther (Mrs. Edson) Foulke of Gazelle was installed president of the California Cow Belles.

Mrs. Foulke is a full partner in a ranch

found the George Nurse home and property. Nurse is accredited as the founder of Linkville, now Klamath Falls. In 1916, Nick Weber had a dairy on the Steele property.

All ranches ran north and south of the main business section, and Yreka's economics depended largely on the cattle business, dairies, production of hay, and vegetable gardens.

Mr. Herzog also told how his grandmother, Mrs. Frank F. LeMay had 320 acres in the Greenhorn area north toward Yreka and a mile up Greenhorn Road, which was also for raising cattle as well as having a dairy.

An interesting highlight of Frank's story was that inside the town, at the west end of Miner Street, across from where the present day Yreka City Park and playground are located, an Irish widow, named Mrs. Crowley, (Frank did not recall ever hearing her first name) had seven acres, and it extended beyond the north end of Miner from Gold Street to a little creek on the west. Frank said that Mrs. Crowley used to call on him when he was a lad of nine or ten years old, to help her herd the cattle, and he said when she finally decided to sell her cattle, she had 123 head for sale, all raised right in town.

So, one can only conclude according to Mr. Herzog's enlightening tale, that Yreka and its surrounding areas contributed considerably to the establishment of the cattle industry in Siskiyou County.

at Gazelle with her husband and both are natives of Siskiyou County and descendants of pioneer families. She is the former Esther Mary Brown of Scott Valley. Mr. and Mrs. Foulke were married in 1932, have a son, Tim, who is in the ranch business with them, and two granddaughters.

They purchased a portion of the Edson-Foulke holdings in 1942 and the ranch home in 1948.

Mr. Foulke has been active in the Cattlemen's Association, both on a county and state level, and has held important committee chairmanships.

Mrs. Foulke has been a member of the Siskiyou County Fair Board and has worked in school, civic, and club affairs. She served as first vice president of the California Cow Belles for two years prior to taking the presidency.



ESTHER FOULKE IN 1962





—courtesy Norman Fiock

**GEORGE FIOCK FAMILY, 1898**

Left to right: George III, Pearl, Lawrence, Carl, Mother Mary, George Jr., and Earl.

## The Fiocks – Then and Now . . .

Contributed by **NORMAN FIOCK**

John Fiock, Sr., and his family left Hanover, Germany, about 1846, coming to America and stopping at Dubuque, Iowa where his son George and George's wife Henrietta, also of Hanover, welcomed their first child, John Fiock, named for his grandfather. They stayed in Dubuque for three years and there Mary Fiock was born. John Fiock Sr.'s other son John decided to go into the southwest and not come west with the others. So, in 1852, John Fiock Sr. and his family headed west to St. Jo, Missouri. From there they took the Oregon trail west with thirty-six wagons in the train. They made their way to the Lost River country where Grandfather John took up a homestead of undetermined acreage of rich bottom land where a number of warm springs came out of the ground. George was not satisfied with that part of the country and came on

with the wagon train arriving here in Yreka in October, 1852. In this train were David M. Morrison, the captain; W. L. Donnellan, wife and boy; Joseph Thompson, Lenas Cook, Jonas Stow, William Stow, Freeman Hawthorn, Washington Anson, Shim Crib, McKay, Martin, Peter Rudolph, Charles Herzog and many others. George's wife and children stayed behind with Grandfather John until George found a place to settle. Having arrived in October, George had to build a cabin before winter set in. He took up a homestead on Butcher Hill, east of Yreka, where he built a two-room cabin. He then went back to Lost River and got his wife and children and moved them to their new home.

After living there for two years, Josephine was born, in 1855. In 1858, George Jr. was born. In the meantime,

George Sr. had bought a place on the Shasta River in February of 1859 from L. R. Nichols. It is the same place where Henry Fiock Jr. lives today. There George started on his career of raising cattle and sheep raising. A number of year were required to build ditches and dams to bring water to the newly acquired property. A new log house and a barn were built. In 1861 the log house that L. R. Nichols had started to build was completed, and the family moved from Butcher Hill to their new home. It was in this home that Henry, Charles, Elizabeth and Henrietta were born.

On January 5, 1863, George bought from L. R. Nichols the remaining land that he owned. In the meantime, George's father was still at Lost River. He had put together a sizeable herd of cattle and sheep that he was grazing between Lost River and lower Klamath Lake area until his herders got into trouble with the Modoc Indians. John would give the Indians a mutton or beef from time to time to keep them on the good side of him, but things got out of hand and the Modocs told him to take his livestock and herders and leave that part of the area. John went back to Lost River and in 1871, he gave up his homestead and due to the severe winters moved his stock and belongings down to Siskiyou with his son George. He was living there and helped on the ranch until his death in 1881.

George continued to operate the ranch and his boys were getting big enough to give him a hand with the work. Once in a while, George would go into town and have a wild old time. A little of the same has been handed down from time to time. He bought up forty and sixty-acre plots of land along the Shasta River from parties such as Miers, Schlicht, Bonhart, Masters, Hacker, and others. At one time he owned all of the land from the Shasta River to Yreka, a distance of three miles. This land he farmed and raised cattle on until he died in 1891 in the town of Hawkinsville, in Joe Garcia's saloon, where he had gone to visit friends.

Before my Grandfather and Grand-

mother were married, they paid a given sum each month into the Universal Benevolent Association of California. Then, after they were married, they were eligible to draw on this for their marriage expenses. Also, before my Grandfather was allowed to marry my Grandmother, he had to build a home for them to live in.

In 1883, George and Mary Schlicht were married in Yreka, and they made their home on the Shasta River. Two sons were born while they lived in this home. They were Lawrence and Carl. The old house is still standing today at the Henry Fiock ranch. Henry Fiock Sr. married Charlotte Schlicht, sister to Mary, and they lived in the log cabin on the same ranch.

After the death of George Sr., the ranch property and stock were kept in operation by the wife Henrietta and children. In 1892 she passed away, leaving the property to the children. George Jr. had taken up a homestead of one hundred sixty acres near the foothills, and there he built a large two story home. He moved his family there in 1889. In this home, George the 3rd, Earl, Pearl and Marie were born. After the death of Henrietta, a settlement was made between George and Henry and their sisters Lizzy and Yetta, after which George and Henry bought out their share of the holdings and began ranching on a large scale.

As a partnership, this was one of the biggest mistakes that the two brothers could have made. While George and Henry were in partnership, they leased out part of the ranch to John Solus Sr., Antonio Caetano, and S. J. Silva in the year 1889 for a period of three years. It was during this time that George started to build houses in the area of Yreka and Montague. No one is sure just how many he built.

This partnership lasted until 1906, when they dissolved partnership and George Sr. kept the foothill ranch while Henry took the home place on the river. George also retained a large portion of the Schlicht property on Shasta River, and with the

*(continued on page 57)*

# Cow Country . . .

By J. O. MCKINNEY

A. W. "Ab" Evans, born in Siskiyou County 90 years ago, and a lifetime resident with a keen memory is an interesting man with whom to talk. He recalls most happenings during his lifetime with dates as reliable as a written record. He is particularly articulate when cattle raising is mentioned, and no wonder. Most of his childhood, and all his adult years have been spent in the cattle industry. His observations tell a story. He was a cattle buyer 40 years.

Unlike many "oldtimers" he fails to believe newer generations are taking the world to hell in a handbasket. While loyal to his generation, he can see where present day cow men have improved the business. He can see, too, in what way they fall down. Take human relations!

"Press Dorris," he said, in typical cow country drawl, "fed as high as 20 roving cowpokes at a meal. He served more meals than the hotels. Other ranchers did nearly that well. Ever hear of the like today?"

Nobody had heard of the like, so Ab went on. "But men today raise better cattle than in the old days. They take better care of them, too. Back in the winter of 89-90, nearly all cattle, and many horses just plain starved to death. It couldn't happen today."

But range conditions, this keen observer states, is now a mockery. This is partly the fault of natural conditions, and mostly because ranchers don't do range improvement to balance over-grazing.

Evans also believes, and with some justification, that winters have changed. He says there was more snow, and cold weather during his early life than now. While saying snow removal has been improved to where it is no longer the problem it once was, big snows every winter just never fall any more.

Having not been born yesterday, this writer believes this is true. But childhood

tendencies to magnify such things as cold weather and deep snow may minimize some of the differences.

The old days of cattle drives, while picturesque, and romantic, Mr. Evans views with a jaundiced eye. "They were necessary," he stated, "but damn poor practice."

He recalls days between the coming of the railroad up through Shasta Valley in 1886, and before when it was built into Klamath Falls when cattle were driven into Montague and Gazelle to be shipped to market. One year saw 1,600 cars of cattle loaded out from these towns. This totaled 48,000 head—most of which came out of Oregon and were driven to these shipping points. Loss in weight, he observed, was terrific.

Tales boosting West Texas as a cow country, Ab believes, is sheer baloney—and a poor grade at that. Born in Scott Valley, Ab was taken to Texas when 6 years old. A year there, he stated, was enough to prove to his father that there was no place like California. He says within another year raising cattle in West Texas and the family would have had to walk out. They returned, and settled in Butte Valley.

It was as a boy working for Press Dorris, the man for whom the town of Dorris was named, that he got his lesson on conduct fitting a cow man. George Deter, the sawmill man on Ball Mountain, came past the Dorris ranch with an ox team, and wanted to buy enough feed for his animals. When Ab asked Dorris how much to charge, Dorris snorted a reply that he never charged a man for such feed in his life and was too old to begin forming bad habits.

Men given credit for building the cattle business in Siskiyou County by this dean of the industry are: Edson & Foulke, Morris Prather, Jacksons, Cavanaugh's, Martins, Fiocks, Cooleys. The name Foulke, he believes has been the most prominent of any who helped develop the fame of Siskiyou

# Oxen—Bigger and Better . . .

By WALTER GILLIS

It is believed that the start of large cattle in this area was the result of the accidental inclusion of an extra large bull calf in a group of calves purchased from John Fairchild of Butte Valley by Jim Abrams, a Cecilville rancher and grandfather of Jim McNeill. When Fairchild discovered his error, he tried to buy the calf back and is reputed to have offered over \$200.00 for it. Abrams refused to sell, figuring that such an unheard-of price must indicate an exceptionally valuable animal, and the calf was retained as a herd bull.

Another Cecilville rancher, Josiah Proctor Jordan, obtained a number of the large cattle produced by Abrams' bull. His four daughters aided in breaking the oxen, and the animals were used in his ranching operations and sold to other ranchers as working stock. Two of his oxen that were delivered to Humboldt County buyers were reported to have girded larger than any on record in the state. One pair of oxen was

the equal of four horses in weight-pulling power and most of them weighed around 2000 pounds.

Travel from Callahan to Carrville was over Scott Mountain, and oxen were used to keep the road open in the winter. Jordan carried mail between Carrville and Cecilville.

Jordan was one of the first butchers in the county, having arrived in the early 1850's, and he said he never butchered a calf that didn't dress out 600 pounds. The calves were never weaned. They were left with the cow until she weaned them herself, and since the grass grew two feet tall, feeding conditions produced exceptional-sized animals.

Jordan's last span of oxen were butchered at the King Solomon Mine in the Salmon country for the miners, and one dressed out at 1275 pounds and the other at 1300 pounds.

It is an interesting sidelight that Jordan came here from Maine because of poor health—and lived to be 93! Allan Jordan of Dunsmuir and Gordon Jordan of Etna ate his grandsons.

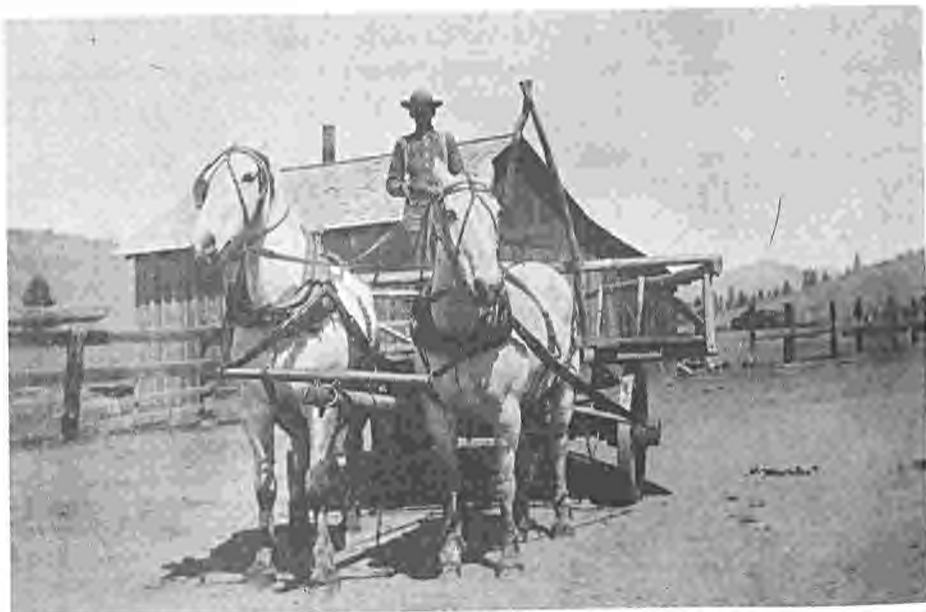
County. Some new faces, he believes are also sure of helping shove cattle raising into a more prominent place. He names Day, Valentine, and Smith, who are just a few doing the old cowpokes a favor by boosting the business they have always loved.

There is one feature in which the old timers excelled, according to Evans. That was in guessing weight of cattle, either an individual, or a herd. He said he was a cattle buyer 40 years. He wouldn't have lasted 40 days if he couldn't tell what stock weighed by looking at them. He says now the first thing a buyer wants is to locate stock scales, and see they carry an inspector's seal.



—courtesy Betty Wendell

L. HERZINGER,  
Schoolteacher, East Fork School, holding bull,  
and Mary Boyd Scammell



—courtesy Betty Wendell

ROBERT PARKER WITH TEAM AND HAY RACK, ABOUT 1910

## The Parker Ranch . . .

By ELIZABETH PARKER WENDELL

The Parker Ranch in Plowman's Valley on the East Fork of Scott River between Gazelle and Callahans was one of the larger cattle ranches of Siskiyou County for many years. The history of the Parker Family was written for the Siskiyou Pioneer in 1956.

Alexander Parker and his wife Susanna were married in St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 3, 1852 and came to Scott Valley in 1854 and lived for two years on the H. C. Cory ranch, later owned by J. R. Estes and later still, owned by Calvin Ball. As "Sandy's" cattle did not do well on the swampy land in Scott Valley because of the leeches, he was determined to go to the hills. In 1856 he moved to Plowman's Valley and bought a cabin and one corral for \$400.00 in gold. After the bargain was made, Aunt Margaret Holhauser recently told me Mr. Plowman doubled his price and my

grandfather had to borrow the extra \$400.00 but he so wanted the valley, he didn't argue too much.

Jim and Alex were born in Scott Valley on the Cory Ranch and all the other children were born in Plowman's Valley. Charles and Will died in their teens. Jim married Clara Crawford; Alex married Mary Denny; John married May Campbell; Jennie married Dr. Charles W. Nutting; Brice married Virginia Head; Robert married Cora Walker and George died in infancy. Susanna Parker died in 1870 and several years later Alexander Parker married Margaret Taylor of Callahans. The children of this family were Margaret who married Charles Holhauser; Wilbur who married Eva Howard; Andrew who married Effie Newman; Eugene who died in his teens and Mary Boyd who married I. N. Scammell. Those living today, are

Mary Parker, Alex's widow, who lives with her daughter in Winters; Margaret Holhauser, living in Etna; Eva Parker, Wilbur's widow who lives in El Cajon and Mary Boyd Scammel living in Yreka. Jim, Robert and Wilbur ran the ranch for many years with the help of their sons, Clyde, Jerome, Howard and Warren.

The family home was built in 1862 and still stands today. His name A. Parker is in frosted glass over the front door. The brand A. P. is one of the earliest brands in Siskiyou County. The ranch lands were gradually increased throughout the years. The Parkers raised white faced Herefords, going east every two years to buy purebred bulls. The cattle were ranged on summer pasture in Deadfall lake area, in Bear Creek, in Little Trinity and the North Fork of the Sacramento River. In the early days, this range was free. Later it had to be leased from the Southern Pacific Railroad Co., and the Forest Service, as each owned every other section of land. A rider had to be with the cattle through the summer and the 15th of October was the date the riders had to start to bring the cattle home from the range. There were always two big trips and several short trips until all the cattle were home. If the storms came early it was a hard job and yet if it didn't storm a little, the cattle wouldn't drive well. If there were heavy snows and the divides were closed, the cattle were driven down the Trinity River and over Scott Mountain and then to the ranch. Or down the north fork of the Sacramento to Sisson (Mt. Shasta) then to the Scott Ranch (Hammonds) near Edgewood and then over the Gazelle Mountain. This required several riders and they had to know the range. The three and four year old steers were then fattened by corral feeding until February or March when the "cow buyers" come, J. C. Mitchell and Mr. Mace were two whom I remember. The Scott Valley stockmen, such as Fritz and Henry Young would drive their cattle to our ranch and stay over night and then drive to Gazelle the second day for loading on the railroad to be shipped to San Francisco. One of

the riders had to go with the cattle on the train to S. F. and they were accepted by the buyer. A far cry from today's "baby beef" shipped via truck right off the range or with a very short time of pellet feeding.

As there was usually heavy winters with very cold weather and lots of snow, the cattle were fed every morning with plenty of hay. It was a year around job, cleaning the ditches, irrigating and harvesting the hay. Usually there were several hay stacks as the eight barns couldn't hold all the hay that was cut. There was always a field of oats for the horses and some wheat for the chickens on the ranch. Some of the "hay men" would return year after year to help "get in the hay" and then do the threshing of the grain afterwards. It was a busy time for every one.

The East Fork School was first at the foot of School House Hill on the Hayden Ranch actually in Noyes Valley. The Parkers rode horse back some four miles . . . three or four to the horse. As my father was the youngest at that time, he was the last one on and he has told me sometimes he slipped off. Small wonder . . . This was in the '70's and the '80's. In the '90's, the school was moved to the lower part of the Parker Ranch on the East Fork of the Scott River. My mother, Cora Walker, taught there in '93 and '94. The pupils were Parkers and Bennets, the family on the Sweet ranch. When school was out, she returned to her home near Etna and went to the new high school, just starting in Etna. The school on the ranch was a summer school, opening in April and closing in November, so this was possible. My parents, Robert Parker and Cora Walker were married Jan. 31st, 1895. About 1905, the school was moved to the present location, a large barn like building with windows on either side. When we went to school every pupil rode horseback and there was a barn across the road for the horses. In 1922, the present school was built. Wilbur Parker was the Clerk of the Board of Trustees and I was the

*(Continued on page 57)*

# Early Days on the Upper Klamath . . .

By CHARLOTTE CALKINS GLOVER

Cattle raising in the early days on the upper Klamath was not very extensive. Small ranchers kept only enough cows for their own dairy products, while larger ranches with natural meadow land raised cattle for the market.

The Jones ranch and some others in the Bogus area had such meadow lands. The Lennox, the Ward and the Spannaus ranches along the Klamath had beautiful natural meadows for hay and pasture. These were eventually covered by Copco Lake.

The Spannaus family supplied meat for the Pokegama logging camp when it was in operation. They butchered at regular periods and took the meat up the steep grade to the camp on top of the mountain where many men were employed. Cattle not sold locally were driven down to Hornbrook and on into Oregon for marketing.

Very few people had facilities for keeping fresh meat. When someone butchered an animal it was sold in small quantities to neighboring families. Game was very plentiful. Deer, grouse, quail, ducks, geese, cottontails, and grey squirrels were easy prey for the hunter, and there was no closed season. The river provided plenty of fish.

The winters seem to have been colder in those days, as ponds froze to a foot or more, and ice was cut and stored for summer use. I remember my father and brothers cutting large blocks of ice from the sawmill pond and storing it in a large sawdust bin under the mill. We were able to have ice cream any time we wanted to make it. The Klamath Hot Springs resort had quite a large ice storage plant and were able to keep larger quantities of meat. As they had many guests to serve in their dining room, good cuts of meat must be available. They often bought a young beef from my father.

Every farmer had hogs and chickens. The hogs were butchered and hams and

bacon were cured for home consumption. We made our own lard by rendering the fat. Also we made laundry soap from tallow and other waste fats and lye bleached from oak wood ashes.

We children were responsible for bringing home the cows from pasture fields or the hills, also doing the milking. The milk was kept in large pans in the cellar to allow the cream to rise. It was skimmed from the clabbered milk and churned for butter. (Well do I remember that old dasher churn!) The curd was fed to the pigs. We also made cottage cheese, Dutch cheese we called it then. Some butter was sold to people traveling through for 25c for a two-pound roll.

I remember especially our bell cow Fanny, a wise and gentle old white face. When near enough to hear us, she would start for home when we called her, the others following. Sometimes we would have to go far into the hills before we could hear the sound of her bell. My sister Nellie used to ride her home. If she refused to let her on her back, Nellie would grab her by the tail and so get much assistance on the home stretch.

I recall an interesting episode in my early life. When I was ten or eleven years old I was told on Saturday morning to take



OLD TIMER

the cows to the lower field, a distance of about a half mile. The cows became unmanageable and ran off into the brush. Soon I realized the trouble for a cowboy appeared with a band of cattle following. I was asked how many cows I had and told to seek safety. There were no fences or trees to climb so I escaped up a steep bank and took refuge in a large bush. It created a stampede and I will never forget my fright as the startled cattle dashed by me with nostrils extended and eyes bulging. And, of course, I was much concerned about the fate of my cows. The herd was held in a long lane in front of my home and our cows separated from the band. It was probably the most frightening experience of my life.

This is the extent of my information and memory of cattle raising in the period from 1870 to 1900 in the upper Klamath basin. I hope you have found something informative and interesting to you.

#### THE PARKER RANCH . . .

*(Continued from page 55)*

teacher for the term. Now the school is closed and the pupils go by bus to elementary school in Callahans and high school in Etna.

One of the pleasures of the Parker Ranch was the large deer herd. People would come to see them and be so disappointed when they couldn't see them in the day time, but they came out to graze in the fields only in the evenings. When "Sandy" Parker came to the Valley, there were many kinds of animals on the ranch. In fact, in the '70's, he hired "Old Sebastian" to hunt bear and panther for \$50.00 a month and "found" to protect his cattle and horses. Then in the '80's came the "leather hunters," the men that would kill deer and anything else only for the hides. Soon there was almost no wild animals and "Sandy" Parker said, "No hunting on our land." This rule was followed for many years even to having trespassers ar-

#### THE FLOCKS . . .

*(Continued from page 51)*

two places, it made one of the finest ranches in the valley. George Sr. also obtained a grazing right in and around McCloud and Trout Creek area for the purpose of running sheep and cattle. They would leave the home ranch with a band of sheep and trail them to Trout Creek and come back and drive the large herd of cattle next. This trip would take about a week to complete. Herders were kept with the stock and in the fall, the trek homeward would start.

This operation was continued for many years until the price of livestock had decreased to a point where selling was a must. Operations were then centered around home. George Sr. was active in farming until 1938, when he retired and turned the operation over to his son Earl, the only one of the children to stay on the ranch with him.

In February of 1941, George Sr.'s wife Mary passed away of pneumonia at the age of 81. A year later, the old home was locked up and George Sr. went to stay with his sons and daughters. In 1944, he was laid to rest beside his wife in the Evergreen Cemetery in Yreka. He was 86 years of age.

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rested. The yarns the hunters tried to tell the Justice of Peace in Callahans were highly imaginative but the "no hunting" rule became respected in no uncertain terms on the Parker Ranch. In the '30's and the '40's it was easy to see 500 deer in the fields along the road almost any evening. In the back field which we called Meadow Field, we have seen 35 to 50 bucks at one time. They seemed to know that they were protected. If a hunter wounded a deer any ways near the ranch, he would always come to the fences for protection. Since the ranch has been sold and resold several times, the deer herd is gone, probably never to return again.



# 'The Saga of Siskiyou'

By DOROTHY RAY (Mrs. Luther D. Lea)

This is the saga of Siskiyou,  
Land of the great, white mountain.  
Out of the ages past, from the legend of  
lost Lemuria  
Emerges the story of Shasta,  
An epic of might and grandeur.

The waves of the mighty Pacific,  
Lashed on by a Satanic fury,  
Batter the Western shoreline;  
Demolish the rocks and consume them,  
Reduce them to mud and to slime.  
Now they lie on the bed of the ocean.

But the mystical mountain remains,  
And the hills and the valleys of Siskiyou;  
Paradise for the bear and the Red Man,  
A nesting place for the eagles.  
But the coming of white men and progress  
Disturbs the peace of old Shasta.

Now the sounds of the axe and the saw  
Can be heard in the forests at daybreak,  
And the great rushing sighs of the giants  
As they fall, speak of civilization.  
They weep for the past that's behind them,  
They tremble in fear of the future.

For the white man has come to the Siski-  
you  
And the day of the chieftain is over;  
And the legend of lost Lemuria  
Is a thing for debate and conjecture.  
But the legends and tales and the folk-lore  
Live on for the people to ponder.

Now the valleys cry out to the mountain  
Of the rape of their soil by the white man  
In his search for the glistening metal,  
The precious gold of the Siskiyou;  
The sweet waters polluted by refuse,  
The valleys despoiled by his carnage.

But the onslaught of civilization  
Put an end to the fever and madness  
That gripped those who rushed to the  
valleys

And hills, for the gold petered out and the  
miners  
Went back to the towns and the cities  
To revel in riches and leisure.

Some remained, those of pioneer spirit,  
To settle in valleys and till them.  
For the soil here was rich, and the ranch-  
ers  
Brought stock to their holdings and pros-  
pered.

And Shasta, white-crowned and eternal  
Watched over the hills and the valleys.

On the Scott, the McCloud and the Klamath  
The towns soon sprang up.  
And the railroad that came with the min-  
ers  
Stayed on with its black smoke a'rolling,  
And in all the towns in the valleys  
Were churches and schools, and the chil-  
dren  
Heard the legends and tales of the Siski-  
you.

With the passing of time and the Red Man  
And his great veneration of Shasta,  
The white men came from the valleys  
To conquer the silent, white mountain;  
To leave on her summit their names  
And the mark of their civilized progress.

But the furious anger of nature  
At the despoilation of Shasta,  
Released in the wind and the lightning,  
Reduced the proud marker to rubble,  
Where it lay 'neath the snow for a decade  
'Til carried back home by the white men.

Time goes on and the saga of Siskiyou  
Will belong to each new generation;  
And the hills and the valleys will prosper  
And the progress of civilization  
Will be picked up by the winds  
And carried aloft to old Shasta,  
To the silent, eternal, white mountain.



DAVIS CATTLE CAMP AT FIRST CREEK, 1910

—courtesy Orlo Davis

## Henry Levi Davis . . .

### PIONEER OF SISKIYOU COUNTY

By DR. FRED JAY and DORA DAVIS

It is well to preserve, through our Historical Society, the memory of those who have added such an important part in the development of our most northern county, Siskiyou. Henry L. Davis was one of those who took part in this development.

He was born in Tiffin, Ohio, March 6, 1836. Like many young men at that time 1852, he joined a wagon train bound for the land of gold and opportunity, arriving in the mining fields near Yreka, accompanied by John Kegg, Perry Hoyt, and others. The mining proved less productive than they anticipated, and they foresaw, wisely, that there might be a fortune in the rich lands in the Little Shasta Valley, so they "took up" several hundred acres.

Henry and others operated the land together, each taking turns in working in the mines around Yreka to obtain money enough to improve the ranch. In 1854, his brother, Jesse, joined him in the ranch operation. As time went on, they divided the land, and each one had his own farm

on which to raise his family.

About the year 1860, Henry went back to Ohio to purchase horses to stock the ranch, returning across the plains, bringing Edward Coonrod with him to help drive the horses. They arrived in Little Shasta the same year. Coonrod "took up" land adjoining the Davis ranch after working for the Davises for a time.

The following year Henry Davis married Henrietta Deter, daughter of David Deter, who was located on a ranch in Little Shasta Valley. One of their first residences, now adjoining the old farm house built about 1872, was a log cabin, still standing and in good condition.

To them were born seven children: Mary, Hattie, Emma, Nettie, Isaac, Henry L. Jr., and Fred Jay. Nettie died in infancy. Fred Jay, a graduate of Stanford Medical School, is the only survivor of the Davis, Sr., family to date, 1963.

It is interesting to note that the ranch  
*(continued on page 65)*

# Early Settlers on Willow Creek . . .

By ARTHUR WILLIAMS

Backward, turn backward  
Oh, time, in your flight,  
Let us see things as they used to be  
Just for tonight!

That portion of Shasta Valley now known as the Gazelle area was among the first in the West to have a settlement of white people this far north. Trappers for the Hudson Bay Fur Company made a permanent camp on and near where the ranch house of the Finnerty Ranch is now located. As several of these trappers had Indian women for wives, the settlement

was called Squawville, and the stream coming in from the south and forming a junction with what is now known as Willow Creek was called Squaw Creek and is so called yet. The camp was captained by Steve Meek, who stayed in this part of the country after the trappers had left. His son, George, married a cousin of Dr. Meamber's family, and the family lived for quite a time around Quartz Valley.

Shasta Valley soon attracted the attention of people interested in cattle, especially as a winter grazing location because



BERRY ORCHARD ON SISSELL PLACE

—courtesy Mary Bridwell

of its mild weather and sunny foothill exposures. Among the first to locate on Willow Creek was Allen Davis, who settled at the fork of the creek. Later, this place was sold to Arthur Williams and his wife, Alice. Davis' brother-in-law, Alcaney Ackers, and his family were the next ones farther down; then came the Sissel location; Mr. Finnerty got the Squawville area and brought water from Squaw Creek to irrigate some of his land.

A little farther down Willow Creek, John Neilon obtained quite a tract of land that, most recently, was sold to Boyd Robertson. Adjoining this holding on the east, a Mr. McGrath (pronounced McGraw) established a home, and the land was held in the family after McGrath's death until it was sold to D. C. Shelley, and recently it passed into the hands of the Al Beltramo family.

Andrew Gregg came into the picture there and controlled quite an acreage for a time which was later sold, some to Pat Kiernan and some to the Edson Brothers who previously had established themselves on land adjoining on the north.

Mr. Farraher had the land north of the lower part of the Neilon property, and his family was raised there. After his death, his widow married Louis Wortman, who had a part interest in the Yreka Ditch (Big Ditch). The water was still running in the ditch then, and Wortman used some of it on this land occasionally and made the ranch quite productive. After several transfers, this also became part of the Shelley ranch. Dan Shelley later made several additions to the place, adding pieces originally owned by a Mr. Gordon and Mr. Hebering.

After the Edson brothers became established, they acquired several adjoining properties, among them a tract that was held by a Mr. McCloud and known as the McCloud Meadow. Lands were added to the Edson (and Foulke) holdings, and on this property is where the present town of Gazelle is located.

Eliphalet Edson, known as Life, induced his in-laws, the Harrises, to buy the Neilon property when it was put up for sale. It

was held by them for a good many years, until the last surviving brother got too old to run the place, and it was sold, the first of many changes of ownership.

The present Maxwell ranch is about the same property as part of the Andrew Gregg land. South of this was the Pat Kiernan ranch, then the Harry Wells ranch, now the Harry Robertson ranch, and then the Dock Williams ranch, now the Caledonia place.

Mr. Williams' main source of income was selling timothy hay to the California-Oregon Stage Company for their stage horses. They were running two to six horse coaches each way every day, and they tried to have two spare teams ready for any emergency at each change station, which were about twelve miles apart. That would make 16 head of stock to be fed at each place, and that took a lot of hay during a year.

Next south of the Williams' place were the Wholey ranch and the Jack Caldwell ranch, now called the Parks Creek Ranch. Mr. Caldwell had several sons, and he left the ranch operation mostly to them while he worked at his trade of blacksmithing. He did most of the repair work in the valley.

In mentioning the several ranches around the Gazelle area, one should not overlook Bill Townsen, whose place was the only one north of the Edson brothers until one came to the Orr and Julian ranches that are just north of Grenada. Mr. Townsen's main crop was raising horses for the stage company, which provided a good market. Townsen went to Kentucky and brought out several thoroughbred stallions, and, by them, he really had a fine line of horses to offer for stage work.

#### SECTIONS GIVEN TO R.R. . . .

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To encourage the growth of transportation, the railroad was given every other section of land for a distance of 25 miles on either side of the railroad. Most of this was leased or sold to farmers. The government retained the other sections for homesteading.



ON MAIN STREET IN MONTAGUE ABOUT 1910

—courtesy Betty Dow

## Montague Celebrates 75th Birthday . . .

By BETTY DOW

In January 1962, it was noted that this month and year marked the seventy-fifth birthday of Montague.

It was on a day in January, 1887, a crew of engineers and workmen of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company came to Siskiyou County for the purpose of laying out a town site that would be known as Montague. It was to be directly situated east of Yreka, at a six mile post on Little Shasta Road.

The Prather brothers, Tom, Sam and Will, gave a half section of their land, and C. C. Webb also gave a half section towards establishing the town site.

Streets were mapped out, as well as lots and the depot grounds, with the depot to be located in the center of the town. By March 9, 1887, the town was staked off into streets according to plans, and boasted three small buildings, consisting of a saloon (which was constructed first), a res-

restaurant, and King's Branch Store. Also by this time, carpenters arrived as well as lumber for the building of the depot, which, when completed, considerably improved the appearance of the town. Other buildings were soon constructed and the history discloses that Montague was once a thriving business center.

Today the town of Montague is still an active community, and its birthday was observed in a variety of fashions. Regular annual functions, such as the spring show presented each March by the Montague Parent Teachers Association, the Montague Junior Rodeo and Barbecue, honored the town's birthday by adapting the Diamond Jubilee theme throughout their programs.

Opportunely enough, the show committee, had chosen the dates of March 8-9-10 for the presentation of the Montague PTA's annual extravaganza, under the title heading of "Montague's Merriest Memoirs." Costuming was designed around the era of 1887, and skits, dance and musical numbers were patterned around some of the high points of Montague history. One of the best features of the show, was the replica of the famous Montague Band Wagon, which in its hey-day had carried Montague's popular band members to various points in the county for dances. It was featured, according to old timers, in many a parade, and even traveled as far south as Redding at one time.

On the final evening of the show, March 10th, Mrs. Minnie Tamisiea, who was born and raised in Little Shasta Valley, observed her 92nd birthday, and she was escorted on stage and presented a bouquet of carnations. Also escorted on stage was George Edmonds, who celebrated his 88th birthday in April, 1962, and who was one of the early settlers in Montague. The next event staged in commemoration of Montague's birthday, was an old timers' dinner, held in May, sponsored by the Shasta Valley Community Club, and "old-timers" who had a part in the town's history, traveled from many points in the county and state

to join in the festivities. Many had not seen each other for a good many years, and all had a wonderful time reminiscing over the past. Special tables were set up for those 75 years or older. Tables were beautifully decorated by the Shasta Valley Garden Club, who used such clever containers for floral arrangements as old time oil lamps, coffee and pepper mills, copper tea kettles, wagon wheels, and many other old-fashioned items. As a special memento, Mrs. Paula Cairns baked and decorated beautifully a tiered cake, on which she depicted the various phases of travel from men on foot, to the final stage of the railroad.

Highlighting the entertainment that evening, the Montague PTA chose several of its outstanding acts from "Montague's Merriest Memoirs," and presented them for the honored guests.

When the community club presented its 11th annual Junior Rodeo and Barbecue, a festive air prevailed with the depot and business houses blossoming out with colorful banners. The annual parade, one of the high points of the annual rodeo event, adhered strictly to the jubilee theme, featuring old time costumes, vehicles and floats depicting the era of the 1800's and early 1900's. Many of the spectators joined in the fun by donning costumes also, from old time western garb, to old time dresses, many of which were worn the evening before at the annual Junior Rodeo Queen Dance.

Montague has had many ups and downs in its 75 years of history, but the gritty little community always manages to land with its feet down to earth, always striving to improve itself, with the townspeople and residents of the surrounding areas all working together as a team.

One can only ponder on what the future holds for Montague, but one cannot help but hope that by 1987, when the town will be 100 years old, that it will be an even bigger and better community than it is today.



SCHLICHT GRIST MILL, 1860

—courtesy Norman Flock

## Grist Mill . . .

Contributed by NORMAN FLOCK

Charles C. Schlicht left Bremen, Germany in 1847. Coming to America, he stopped at Fentonville, Michigan, where he worked in a grist mill. He also purchased some lots in town, but the West was calling him, so he purchased some mill machinery and supplies and came West with a wagon train to Sutter's Fort about 1851. From Sutter's Fort, he came by boat up the Sacramento to Red Bluff, where he took a pack train up the Pitt River to Burney, and from there to Yreka by the Military Pass road. He began construction on the first flour mill in Siskiyou County on the Shasta River in 1853. It was completed and in operation by 1854. He ground flour on a percentage basis. This paid for mill repairs and provided an income for the owner. Flour at one time reached a price of \$5.00 per hundred pounds.

In 1858, Meta Magdaline Frerking left

Bremen, Germany, and came by boat around the Horn to San Francisco, where she was met by Mr. Schlicht. He brought her to Siskiyou County and they were married in Yreka in 1859. Mr. Schlicht had already built a house near the mill for them to live in. In 1860, Mary Magdalina Schlicht was born. In 1862, Charles C. was added to the family. He lived until 1869, when he died of pneumonia at the age of seven. In 1863, C. Lues was born and in 1865, George W. was born. These boys both lost their lives when they were playing with matches in a barn and set it afire. They were five and three years of age. In 1866 Charlotte was born, the last of the children of Charles and Meta Schlicht. Even with all these heartaches, Mr. and Mrs. Schlicht continued to operate the mill and take care of their cattle and hogs on the ranch. In 1861 Schlicht and a man named Smith went to Fall River Mills and erected another flour mill. It was in operation for

# World War I Memorial . . .

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The following poem written by Mrs. A. P. Williams was given by her while the Boy Scouts planted a memorial tree at the Gazelle School House, in memory of John Vivian Sissel, only Gazelle soldier to make the supreme sacrifice in World War I.

TO VIVIAN

Today, dear friends, we've gathered,  
A little tree to plant  
To help us keep the memory  
Of a noble lad in France.

His Golden Star is shining  
There on the flag overhead,  
And we know his name is mentioned  
When we speak softly of the dead.

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two or three years, until it was destroyed by fire.

Schlicht still had the Shasta River mill in operation and Indians would bring their corn and other crops from as far away as Eastern Oregon, Klamath Falls and Jacksonville to have it ground. While waiting for the grain to be ground into flour, the Indians would camp on the hills south of the mill and catch salmon from the Shasta River and smoke them. On the George Fiock property on Shasta River there was a large spring that the Indians came to and made big medicine to aid them in catching the salmon.

Mr. Schlicht had two daughters who married brothers; Mary who married George Fiock, and Charlotte who married Henry Fiock. Charlotte was better known as Lottie.

Mr. Schlicht had a cow that would not let anyone milk her unless he was wearing his coat, so she could lick the shoulder of the coat to get the flour off it. Mr. Schlicht ran the mill until 1890 when he retired. He passed away in 1899 at the age of 83 years. Mrs. Schlicht went to live with her daughter Charlotte. She passed away in 1910 at the age of 71 years. They were truly pioneers.

But his spirit moves among us  
And will live forever more  
While the little tree we're planting  
Shall remind us o'er and o'er.

He went when the gravest danger  
Beset our noble sons,  
For the front line trenches wavered  
Pressed hard by the vicious Hun.

He asked of none a favor  
To linger yet a day,  
But with faith in the gracious Saviour  
He bravely marched away.

Just why the Great Creator  
Should claim him there in France,  
Before to the fiery battle  
His regiment should advance.

Will not be known to us mortals  
But blessed sure are we  
That he's resting safe in Heaven,  
And helped gain our victory.

HENRY LEVI DAVIS . . .

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*(Continued from page 59)*

has always remained in the Davis name, as was the express wish of the elder Henry Levi Davis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: At first Henry L. Davis was a sheep man, but later he acquired more land and summer range, so cattle raising became feasible. He purchased two meadow summer ranches on Ball Mountain, known as First Creek and Horse Thief, which are still used in the Davis ranch operation. Edward Orlo, eldest son of Isaac, is the third generation Davis to manage the ranch which was homesteaded by his grandfather.

Henry Davis is said to be the first rancher in Little Shasta Valley to stock his ranch with thoroughbred Holstein Dairy cows and a bull. They were shipped from the East by train to Ashland, from where they were driven over the Siskiyou Mountains on hoof.



# Butte Valley Reminiscences . . .

By THEODORE M. DETER

Being of that age when one is prone to reminisce, my thoughts were sent flying back over the years by an interesting article in the Siskiyou News about steamboats on Lower Klamath Lake. It brought to mind something my father, David Milton Deter, had told me while I was still quite young. He had gone to Laird's Landing and fired the boiler on one of the old ferries to move it on its last trip, presumably, to Klamath Falls. The impression stays in my mind that this was the last trip ever run from Laird's Landing and was made with my father firing and another man running the boat. The why and wherefore of my father doing this I do not know. He had never worked on boats nor was he an experienced fireman. True, he had been in the sawmill business with his father, George Deter on Ball Mountain, but that was a water power mill. At the time of this ferry incident he and his father each had ranches in Sam's Neck in Butte Valley.

I was born at our ranch July 1, 1901, and lived there until I was 14. So those were horse and buggy days to us children. Butte Valley was our world, except for a trip once a year to Montague and Yreka. If we heard mention of San Francisco, Sacramento or even Klamath Falls, these were places far out of our world. We made occasional trips to visit my mother's folks, the William J. Brays, on Butte Creek at what was later called Bray, California. I remember well the building of the railroad through there and on north through Butte Valley. Coming home from one such trip, I remember driving past my first steam shovel working at Kegg pit. Quite a machine, but with no trucks even thought of then, it could only load small carts to be pushed by a single horse in shafts, to build the fill just south of the pit. Farther on, between Mt. Hebron and Macdoel, we traveled the new grade still

being built with teams and scrapers. At a later visit to my grandparents we were all going to drive from Bray out to Penoyer to go through the private car of the Southern Pacific president, Edward H. Harriman. When almost ready to climb in the spring wagon my brother, Oren, three years old, fell into the irrigation ditch. Getting him into dry clothes took just enough time so that we got to Penoyer just in time to see Mr. Harriman's train pull out.

Perhaps some of the most happily remembered events in our lives were the camping trips we went on with our folks. On one such trip with my father, mother, my brother Oren, my sister Iris, and myself plus all our camping gear in the wagon, we started for Buck Lake across the Klamath River into Oregon to pick huckleberries. We went first to the Madden ranch where George Madden and his sister Lois, in their spring wagon, joined us. A man by the name of Mullins, who worked for George and his father, also went along. The first night we camped at Conley Falls on the Klamath, and what a lot of water that was after the small streams we knew in Butte Valley. This was before Copco Dam, and the salmon were running. A number of other people were also camped there trying to spear some of the salmon. In my mind I can still see those huge salmon jump out of the water. Up until then I had seen nothing larger than small trout.

During the next day, while the men were trying to spear some of the salmon, our Mr. Mullins waded far out in the river in an effort to get closer to them. The women folks and we children watched as he inched his way farther out into deeper water. We watched as he took something from his pocket, wrapped in his red bandana and laid it on a rock; then went on.

*(Continued on page 69)*

# Pioneer Woman Is Called to Rest . . .

A Resident of California for Seventy Years;  
Most of Which Was Spent in Yreka

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With the announcement last Sunday of the death in San Francisco on April 9, of Mary L. Pashburg, at the age of seventy-three, another leaf in the history of the community is turned as this noble pioneer woman's name is added to the list of those who have gone before.

Mary L. Fiock was born in Dubuque, Iowa, and with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Fiock, came West when the little girl was only three years old. Her girlhood days were spent in the old home on the Shasta River, and she attended school at Hawkinsville, as did her brothers and sisters. They walked a distance of eight miles to and from school each day. This was only one instance of the hardships smilingly overcome by the home-

makers of the early days.

On August 15, 1867, she was married to John Pashburg, at that time a representative young man of Yreka and the founder of the business that was conducted on Miner Street under the name of Newton and Pashburg. The husband died in this city on December 21, 1910. Since then Mrs. Pashburg made Yreka her home. At times, though, she sought a milder climate during the winter months being a sufferer of rheumatism at intervals. Surviving children are John E. Pashburg, an only son, who for several years has served the county as Tax Collector, and the following daughters: Mrs. Minnie Newton of Yreka; Miss Henrietta Pashburg of San Francisco; Mrs. Anita Horn of Hornbrook; and Mrs. Daisy Wilcox of Marysville. Two sisters also survive: Mrs. Elizabeth Fairchild, and Mrs. Yetta Sechrist of San Francisco, as well as three brothers, John of Sacramento; George and Henry of Yreka. Another brother, Charles, died in 1886 and a sister, Josephine, passed away in 1891.

(The above information was taken from newspaper clippings of April 12, 1922.)



—courtesy Norman Fiock

**MARY (FIOCK) PASHBURG**

Sister of George, Henry, John, Charles, Henrietta, Elizabeth, Josephine. About 1920.

## HORSES LOST IN THE DEEP SNOW

*By Willard Stone*

In the severe winter of 1889-90, when Willard Stone's cattle and horses were on the Sacramento range, 28 head of horses became lost and starved to death. The remains were found later—11 in one spot and 17 in another—and, from the marks on the trees, the snow had been 18 feet deep. Apparently, each group of horses had milled around and around in one small place during the storm, and finally they had a wall of snow around them that kept them penned in until they all died of starvation.

# Sagebrush Sailors . . .

By JACK BRIDWELL

In the early 1900's, the Ingram brothers had a contract to clear sagebrush from the lands in the Gazelle-Grenada area near the present Grenada cut-off road. They lived in tents supported by wooden frames about where the telephone sub-station is now, and they had corrals where they kept about twenty-five unbroken mules.

They had a home-made rig fixed up for their job of land-clearing. It consisted of two railroad irons, maybe 15 or 16 feet long, joined together at a right angle. The angle was maintained by other railroad irons being welded between them, two or possibly three being so fixed. From the point of the angle and over the cross-irons ran a narrow board that served as a seat for the two men who ran the rig. The driver sat at the point, and the "anchor man" sat at the other end. At the back end was attached another iron on a chain, and it lay on top of the clearing rig until it was needed as a brake. Then it was the job of the "anchor man" to throw it off the back.

In the mornings, about 16 mules would be hooked up to the outfit. This was no

small job, since the mules were unbroken, and it would take until about noon to get them hooked up. The mules didn't drive in very good order for any length of time, and they would try to run away. Considerable sagebrush and dirt would get plowed up in the process, and when the team became too unmanageable or the area was plowed up enough, the anchor would be thrown off the back to stop the mules. Several hundred acres were cleared in this manner; the comparatively few plants that were left standing were dug up by hand, using a mattock. Unfortunately, as most of the land remained unfarmed, the sagebrush soon grew back. This land was owned by Milton S. Latham, who sold to Leland Foulke, who, in turn, sold it to Harlow.

Jordan Henry and I were both about fourteen years old then, and we used to go down to the Ingram brothers' corrals on Saturdays and Sundays and attempt to ride the mules. The men enjoyed the impromptu rodeo, and we got our early training as performing cowboys on these animals. Usually, the mules were the winners as we got bucked off regularly and were considerably roughed up during the show.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Jack Bridwell was noted as one of the top cowboys in the state in his time.



JACK BRIDWELL  
Riding Calf at Rodeo, 1923

Earl Shepard, presently of San Marino, California, tells this story: When he was ten years old he made a trip to Sawyers Bar with his father, an early-day dealer in pianos. While his father was busy he ducked into a flourishing saloon to see what was going on. Presently another small boy entered and stood quietly watching his chance. When the bartender sent a glass of whiskey sliding 16 feet down the bar to a customer at the other end, the youngster intercepted it, downed the whiskey, slid the glass back up the bar to the bartender and lit out the door before anyone could lay a hand on him. —Grace M. Crandall

# Gazelle Taxi Sale . . .

By WILLARD STONE

In the early days, there were no automobile dealers as we know them today. Individual speculators occasionally bought a carload of automobiles and sold them to the local ranchers; usually, the prospective buyers were known before the carload was ordered, and the cars were sold right off the train. The only other way to get a car was to buy a second hand one from a private owner.

In April of 1918, I went to Gazelle for this purpose. There was a soldier of fortune from Nebraska, "Cowboy Billy" Stone (no relation of mine), who was reported to have his Model T Ford touring car for sale. Cowboy Billy stayed at the Gazelle Hotel, located at the corner of Callahan Road and the highway where the Richfield Service Station now is, and operated a sort of taxi service from the bar of the hotel.

I made the deal with Billy for the car and bought it, but before I could get started back to Edgewood, the train came in, and on it was the Southern Pacific land agent who had come to get the yearly contracts for leased railroad land signed. It was his custom to hire Billy and his car to take him around to the various ranches, and both he and Billy persuaded me that it would be unjust for me to take the only available car away just then and that I should take the agent on his rounds before returning home.

"Besides," said Billy, "it would be a good chance for you to learn to drive it." So I arranged to stay overnight at the hotel, and since it was crowded, Maud Comstock, the manager, put me up in the annex, now Clyde Harter's house. During the night, we had one of those fine-snow blizzards, and, in the morning, I woke up to find my bed, blankets, floor, windowsills, and even my hair covered with an inch-thick layer of snow that had blown in, even through closed windows!

What with the snow, the land agent's

distant customers, and Billy Stone's "instructions," it turned out to be three days before I was finally able to return to Edgewood with my car.

## BUTTE VALLEY REMINISCENSES . . .

*(Continued from page 66)*

The water got deeper and deeper until just his head was showing. He now stood perfectly still except to nod and then bring his arm out of the water and wave. Then we could see that he was shouting, but because of the noise of the falls we could not hear him. The women folks decided he needed help so my Mother found my Father and told him. The several men got what ropes they had; I remember my Father had a long lariat, and they tied them all together. Ray Donley, who lived there at Conley Falls, had a strong arm, and he was able to throw the rope far enough out in the river so the current carried it down to Mr. Mullins. I watched as Mr. Mullins put the rope far underwater to tie it around his waist, then he waved an arm and our men on the shore started pulling. Now you saw Mr. Mullins, then you didn't, but in just a minute he was in to shore and safety. I can't remember that he even coughed up any water, but he had a cut on his head where he had hit a rock. Later that day he again waded out into the middle of that river where his red bandana still rested on a rock. Do you know why? Well, he had tied a one dollar bill in that bandana so it wouldn't get wet as he waded in deeper. I heard some comments, that this time "we'll let him drown," but he got back on his own and with his precious dollar bill. In fairness to Mr. Mullins, I wish to remind you that in those days a dollar was still worth a dollar. After it was all over, I heard it talked that Mr. Mullins had

## SISKIYOU—'62 . . .

In northern California the frigid spells  
are few,  
But we really had a "dinger" in nineteen  
sixty two.  
We had a taste of winter cold along about  
Thanksgiving  
And all the out-door fans declared, "Man,  
this is really living!"

But then the weather man grew coy; his  
nature's really fickle;  
And for all of his predictions I wouldn't  
give a nickel.  
'Cause when the holidays arrived and folks  
desired the snow  
None could be found within our reach,  
lest forty miles we go.

But then one Friday afternoon, the nine-  
teenth of January

The skies grew dark, the snow flakes  
swirled and motorists grew wary.  
They hauled out old forgotten chains, cov-  
ered with dirt and rust,  
For well they knew, 'ere they got home,  
the patrol would say, "You must!"

Then bitter cold closed in and every "ther-  
mo" dropped to zero  
And all who ventured out were classed as  
"candidate for hero."  
But those who like to sled and ski found  
things right up their alley  
And many from the balmier climes made  
straight for old Scott Valley.

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been a sailor but couldn't swim. That, at  
my age, perhaps nine or ten, I couldn't  
understand for I thought all sailors could  
swim.

Well, we didn't get any salmon at Con-  
ley Falls or huckleberries at Buck Lake,  
but we did have a wonderful camping  
trip.

P. S.: You know, Pete has nothing to  
do with my given name. While we were  
still just young boys, I started calling my  
brother Mike, and he started calling me  
Pete, and we've been that way ever since.

There slopes were clear, the snow hard-  
packed, the bright air clear  
And stinging;  
And from each frozen cove and glen,  
voices of kids came ringing.  
To each and every man and boy the in-  
vitations go;  
"Aw, come on out and have some fun; it's  
only ten below!"

Now we all know that this can't last; old  
Sol is bound to win,  
So most of us are very glad; it's too hard  
to "bear it and grin."  
But when we sum the whole thing up,  
our country's faults are few;  
Let's all of us our plaudits give to good  
old Siskiyou!

—DOROTHY RAY

(Mrs. Luther D. Lea)

February, 1962

Margaret (Mrs. Almon Coonrod) recalls  
that Edward L. Coonrod, Sr., was 81 before  
she knew him. "He always walked with  
rather a rapid step. Whenever sadness or  
troubles came to a valley resident, he would  
ask if someone of the family should go to  
help in any way. A kind good family—I  
always admired them. Mother—everyone  
loved—with her contagious chuckle,  
thoughtfulness and consideration to all she  
knew. Such an able person. I remember  
Ida Martin telling me how fond she was of  
Mother and saying, 'Whenever I was to  
have a baby, I felt everything would be al-  
right as soon as Eliza came in the door.'"

Almon Coonrod remembers, after the  
San Francisco Earthquake and Fire, calls  
came for food and help. His mother, Eliza  
Coonrod, sent a huge box of homemade  
bread, about 4 feet square. The old wood  
stove went from dawn to dusk just baking  
bread. "Oh! How good that bread tasted  
and smelled. How we youngsters and  
grownups enjoyed the smell of freshly baked  
bread."

## HOLDUP ON BORROWED HORSE . . .

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by Harold (Bill) Lange

In the early mining days, my father and three of his brothers migrated from Denmark to the United States. Shortly thereafter they settled on the Klamath River and set up mining operations.

The brothers were raised on a farm in the old country, and henceforth had a liking for good horse flesh. One of their saddle horses was an exceptional animal in that it could make the trip to the nearest town, Yreka, in a record time of three and one half hours. This horse was used on several occasions to make a forced trip to summon a doctor for an injured miner or by someone who had urgent business in Yreka or that vicinity.

One day in late summer a party borrowed this horse, so he stated, for the purpose of making a fast trip to Yreka. The horse was willingly loaned on the assumption it would be used for a good cause. The day after this, while the brothers were eating lunch in their cabin, the sheriff of the county and the local stage driver called. They said the stage had been held up in Mill Creek, some distance away and that the stage driver had recognized one saddle horse as belonging to the Langes. During this conversation, the sheriff took a large gun from the wall pegs and asked the driver if he could identify this gun as being the one used in the holdup. After examining the gun, the driver stated, "The gun I looked into was much larger. I think I could have crawled into the barrel."

The boys then took the sheriff down to their hydraulic mine and showed him the gold in the sluice boxes saying, "We have a considerable amount of gold here as you can see for yourself. There is no reason for us to hold up a stage."

The sheriff was satisfied, but he could not figure out the identity of the saddle horse.

The brothers then mentioned that they had loaned the horse. However, they stated,

it was for another purpose and besides they didn't figure the borrower would pull such a trick.

In due course, three men were apprehended and sentenced for the holdup. One of them was the party who had borrowed the fast horse. His reason for using this particular horse was that after the holdup he rode hell bent to a local settlement thinking he could establish an alibi by proving that he did not own a fast enough horse to be at the scene of the holdup at a certain hour and only a short time later be at the local saloon.

My understanding is that the gold dust from the holdup is still buried somewhere in the head of McKinney Creek.

## WAGON RACE . . .

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By Goldie Casterline

One old-timer who died in Fort Jones in the horse and wagon days was not destined to rest in peace immediately. The coffin was in the back of a wagon on the way to the cemetery, when the driver met a friend driving another wagon. It was a temptation then, as it is now, for young drivers to race each other on the roads, and when one of these two signalled the other, both wagons started down the road at a fast clip.

The driver of the hearse-wagon got carried away by the race, and it wasn't until he had passed the gate of the cemetery that he remembered his mission. When he looked back to see how his passenger was taking the fast ride, he was startled to see the wagon empty! The coffin had fallen out some distance back, and it was an embarrassed young man who had to go looking for his lost cargo.



—courtesy Jack Bridwell

Dan (Oscar) Bell on dark pair of horses; Jack Bridwell on white. Jack won Roman horse races all three days.

## DAN BELL'S RAW MEAT . . .

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Dan Bell, prominent rodeo cowboy of early days and cousin of Sherman Spangle of Gazelle, once was dining with a group of fellow rodeo performers in a restaurant in Weed. When the big, thick steak he ordered arrived, it was blood-rare and just short of moo-ing. Dan looked at it a mo-

ment, then called the waiter over to the table. Without another word, he suddenly grabbed the steak off his plate, threw it up into the air, and shot it with his pistol!

"There!" he said to the slack-jawed waiter, "Now that the critter's dead, take it to the kitchen and cook it proper!"

## BLASTING ROCKY POINT . . .

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*By Willard Stone*

Near the confluence of the Middle Fork with the South Fork of the Sacramento River, there was a very high rocky point that made it necessary to climb a high, long ridge to reach the country beyond where the stock ranged. During the spring of 1886, Grandfather Willard P. Stone, two sons, and his son-in-law, Frank Griffin, took tools and blasting powder and made a trail around that rocky point. About 1934 the rocky, picturesque nuisance gave way to a larger trail when a logging contractor, Robinson, built a road up the Sacramento River and blasted this rocky point off for his roadway.

## AUNT LIBBIE AND LIQUOR . . .

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*By Ep Foulke*

The strong-minded matriarch, "Aunt Libbie" (Edson) Foulke, was dead set against liquor in any form and for any purpose. One day, determined to remove the source of temptation from Gazelle, she strode into the saloon owned by Henry Behnke, a blacksmith, and asked, "Henry, how much would you take for this place?" Behnke named a figure; she immediately wrote a check for the amount, presented it to Behnke, and asked him to leave so she could padlock the door.

This, undoubtedly, was her one and only visit to a bar and certainly was the only time that she was a bar owner!

# Abner Weed, Lumberman, Cattleman

Excerpts Taken from Article in  
REDDING RECORD-SEARCHLIGHT, Feb. 10, 1959

Abner Weed, for whom the town was named, first built a small sawmill at a forgotten spot on Highway 99 south of the town. In those days there were only two or three widely scattered ranches where the present town of Weed is located.

Mrs. George Zwanziger, Abner Weed's granddaughter, recalls that he built a new sawmill where the present Weed firehouse stands about 1900. He launched a box factory and built a store.

Weed built 23 miles of track which he called the California and Northwestern Railroad. The line, with woodburning locomotives, hauled logs to his expanding mill. Eventually the railroad was bought by the Southern Pacific Company and used as part of its main line to Klamath Falls.

The trees at first had stood at the edge of his mill pond but it wasn't long before Weed's crews had chased the forest clean back into the mountains. Someone convinced the lumber tycoon he should run cattle on the cut over land. He became heavily involved in ranching. He served one term as state senator and eight years as Siskiyou County supervisor.

Weed built the old Grass Lake Hotel. "It had 84 rooms and not a knot in the building," recalls Fred Stratton who broke broncos and herded cattle for Weed from 1915 until 1917.

The lumber baron had hoped the hotel would become a tourist center. At that time Grass Lake was full of water and the scenery around the lake could match any in the state.

And the place did attract celebrities. Irene Castle, the world famous dancer, visited the hotel several times. But eventually a man named James Murphy experimental-

ly inserted dynamite into the lake bottom and blew a hole through the false bedrock. The water leaked away and the lake became choked with grass. Finally the hotel was abandoned.

Abner Weed sold much of his lumber interests to the old Weed Lumber Company in 1913. By 1926 the Weed Lumber Company had been absorbed into the Long-Bell Lumber Company. Long-Bell built a huge, modern sawmill with four high speed band saws. The town was growing.

Weed, once out of the lumber game, went into land speculation in a big way. His descendants say he was a millionaire when he started his land operations but his sortie into the unfamiliar cost him most of his fortune.

Early in the 1917 influenza epidemic the old man fell ill. He was taken to the hospital he had built. The illness dragged on and Weed, always an impatient man, demanded that he be taken home to one of his ranches near Weed. It was there that he died at the age of 74.

Fred Stratton, who knew Weed from 1915 to 1917, says "The old man was strong as seven horses." In later years Weed, an expert blacksmith and millwright, built many horsedrawn sledges as a hobby.

One day Stratton rode past the shop where the old man was building a sledge. Weed was grunting and straining to lift a heavy piece of locust wood onto a sawhorse.

Stratton yelled, "Just a minute, Mr. Weed . . . I'll help you with that!"

Abner Weed dropped the timber and bellered: "When I want your help, I'll ask for it!"





—courtesy Fred Stratton  
Picture of Fred Stratton working for Weed Lumber Co. who had 2000 head of cattle, April 1917.

In about 1916, when Fred Stratton was one of the cowboys for the Weed Lumber Company which ran cattle in the Grass Lake area, Jim Murphy, the superintendent of stock, decided to purchase a lot of goats. The goats were to eat the brush so the grass would grow better for the cattle, was the theory. Goats being goats, they cleaned everything as they went, leaving nothing for the cattle.

Occasionally, the cowboys riding the range would find dead cattle with the Company's brand GX, presumably starved to death. Counting of the lost animals was attempted by bringing in the ears cut from the dead animals.

It wasn't long till the cowboys managed to scatter the goats, far and wide, many as far as into Oregon, never to be seen again.

#### OXEN . . .

By Lewis M. Foulke

Oxen were very popular for logging operations as well as for ranch work in the county in the 1800's. They were used extensively in the western portion of the county, and I have heard the story that, on occasion, they were used in lieu of buggy

horses for Sunday "courting". One story relates that a yoke were tied together tail to tail as was customary to keep them close, but when the enamored young swain untied them, he forgot to untie the tails, and, consequently, one ox had two tails and the other none. Insofar as I know, the last oxen actually working in the county were owned by J. N. Durney, who operated a mill southwest of Weed.

One time my brother, Edson, received a telegram from Mr. Frey, a Seattle packer, stating that he must have a carload of oxen regardless of price. I was sent to negotiate the sale and was able to build the price up to nine cents per pound. The cattle were shipped by rail to Seattle and then by boat to Skagway. During the boat trip, they were shod and, on arrival in Alaska, were used as motive power to haul sled loads of provisions to the newly discovered Klondike mines. There they were slaughtered to provide the only "beef" the miners had enjoyed for many a day. Such was the fate of this group of oxen as, indeed, was the fate of practically all oxen when their working days were ended.

#### MARKHAM'S WHEELBARROW . . .

By Pat Carter

Tom Markham was busy in the rear of the Denny-Bar store he operated in Gazelle when a customer came in, picked up a wheelbarrow and called to Tom, "Put this wheelbarrow on my account, Tom, I'm in a hurry!" Tom said, "O.K.," and went on with his work, and it wasn't until he was making out the monthly bills several days later that he remembered the incident. But by then he couldn't remember which customer it was.

So he put the wheelbarrow on the accounts of twelve customers most likely to buy a wheelbarrow—and seven came in and complained about the charge. But five customers paid for the wheelbarrow!



—courtesy Gladys Hart

Hart's Meadows, About 1904. Vaccinating a Calf in the Meadow.

## A SURE PREVENTATIVE . . .

"The disease known as black-leg attacked the young cattle on the ranch of Scott and Halleck several weeks ago, and they began dying off at the rate of about one a day, the animals dropping off very quickly after exhibiting the first symptoms of the disease.

"Milt Polk, who has charge of the ranch, immediately took steps for preventing the further spread of the malady by the adoption of the following remedy: Equal parts of sulphur, saltpeter, garlic, assafoetida and lard, beaten up together and made into a paste, which being made into balls about the size of a large buckshot, one was introduced in the side of the neck of each animal by making a small opening in the hide and loosening it downward from the incision, thus forming a small pocket, into which the ball of paste was thrust. The animals were then turned loose upon the same ground from which they had been gathered, and treated in every respect as they had been before. It is now two weeks since the treatment, and not a single case of the disease has developed. The test was thorough, and certainly seems to have been a perfect success."

This was cut out of a paper printed about 1880. My grandfather, William Glenden-

ning, cut it out and pasted it in a book. I don't know if this remedy was ever used in Scott Valley.—*Kelsie Glendenning*

## REALLY WILD . . .

Dave Robinson tells us that in the Salmon River country, near Sawyers Bar, that woodsmen sometimes see cattle which have all the appearance of being completely wild, being fleet as deer and having no brand or earmarks of any kind. It is believed they may be the offspring of some which strayed off from herds being driven through the country many years ago, as far back as the 1880's.

Dave remembers an incident during World War II, on a pack trip taking supplies to one of the lookouts, seeing a large unmarked calf in a clearing. Thinking he might have himself some meat, he prepared to shoot it. His packmule shook himself, making just enough noise to alarm the calf, which fleetingly disappeared. He describes them as of no special breed, often showing characteristics of several types and of a very rangy structure.

## MARKHAM CASHING CHECK . . .

*By Pat Carter*

When Tom Markham was managing the Denny-Bar store at Gazelle, he had a number of slow-paying accounts on his books that caused him considerable worry. One day a woman whose account was long overdue, came into the store and said that she was planning to take a trip on the train but that the ticket agent wouldn't take a personal check. She wanted Tom to cash a check for her. Tom asked how much she needed and agreed to cash the check; so the woman wrote it out. Tom took the check, put it in the drawer, and picked up a hand-full of bills with which he started to count

out her money. When he was about half-way through the amount of the check, he put the rest of the bills back in the drawer, picked up a pencil, and began to write on a pad of paper.

"What's this? I wrote that check for twice this amount!" the woman cried, excitedly.

"And the rest goes on yer bill," said Tom, handing her the receipt he had been writing.

The woman looked ruefully at the money and the receipt in her hand. "Sure, Tom Markham," she said, "I never thought you'd do this to me!"

"Sure, Mrs. B.," said Tom, in his rich Irish brogue, "and Oy nivver thought Oy'd have the chance!"



—courtesy Betty Wendell

**Wilbur Parker, Feeding Cattle, About 1910**



—courtesy Leonard Shelley

**Hart Soda Springs, 1915, Dan Shelley, Parks Shelley (the groom), Ethel Miller (the bride), Irma Terwilliger, Rev. Wilkins.**

SISKIYOU COUNTY  
CATTLEMEN  
OF  
THE YEAR

# Siskiyou County Cattlemen of the Year . . .

By S. D. NELSON, Farm Advisor

The Siskiyou County Cattlemen's Association decided in 1954 to select an outstanding cattleman each year. His title was to be "Siskiyou County Cattleman of the Year". It was thought that this honorary title would offer an opportunity to commend our outstanding cattlemen for many years of hard work and perseverance and for the accomplishments they have made.

The rules that were drawn up stated that a person receiving this title must be a member of the Siskiyou County Cattlemen's Association and must be a cattle producer in Siskiyou County. Selection is based on three points as follows: 40 per cent on improvement in quality of cattle, 30 per cent on feed utilization and development, and 30 per cent on civic activities.

The directors and officers of the Siskiyou County Cattlemen's Association make their selection each year at a closed meeting. The selection is kept secret until the time for public announcement.

The "Cattleman of the Year" is announced at the Annual Cattle Tour and Field Day put on by the Farm Advisor's Office in cooperation with the local and state Cattlemen's Association. The current president of the Association announces the winner and presents him with a stockman's hat.

There is usually one other person in on the secret and that is the wife of the recipient. She has to slyly get the correct hat size of her husband and be sure that he attends the function.

Following the public announcement, the Cattleman of the Year has a formal portrait taken with his "hat". The pictures are framed and hung in the Farm Advisor's Office, Court House, Yreka, for the public to see.

A life history of the winner is also prepared by the Farm Advisor's Office and sent to papers and popular agricultural publications. The stories are usually slanted to include historical background, relationships and genealogies of local interest, and the development and operation of the cattle ranch of the recipient.

When the history and annals of these men are put together, the resulting story just about covers the development and history of Siskiyou County. Many of their background anecdotes read like fiction.

To date, in 1963, there have been eight cattlemen who have received this honor. There are many more to come, but like an hourglass with a restricted orifice, only one can be selected each year. The "Cattlemen of the Year" are listed in chronological order as follows:

1955—Nerva M. Hayden, Etna, California.

1956—A. B. Hoy, Weed, California.

1957—James B. Rohrer, Little Shasta, California.

1958—Clarence Dudley, Gazelle, California.

1959—Jess C. Martin, Little Shasta, California.

1960—B. M. Long, Little Shasta, California.

1961—Earl B. Fiock, Montague, California.

1962—Charles F. Hammond, Fort Jones, California.

The following pages show the official portraits taken of the honorees at the time they were Cattlemen of the Year. A brief eulogy is included on each.

# Nerva M. Hayden . . .

## CATTLEMAN OF THE YEAR — 1955

By S. D. NELSON, Farm Advisor

Nerva M. Hayden, the first Cattleman of the Year, has a background that truly represents the pioneering spirit that developed Siskiyou County.

The first Haydens came from England in 1620 and settled in New England. The family roots grew in the rugged country of Maine. Nerva's grandfather, Richard Vose Hayden was a civil engineer in Maine and raised four sons and three daughters. All four sons eventually settled near Callahan.

One of these sons was Richard M. Hayden, the father of Nerva. He came to California in 1863 by walking across the Isthmus of Panama. He stopped for a year at the town of Hayward which was only a lumber yard at the time and which was named after his uncle. In 1864 he arrived at Callahan to join his brother Charles H. who had already settled in this area.

Charles came around the Horn in 1849 and soon was ranching in Noyes Valley near Callahan. The remaining two uncles of Nerva were James B. and Frank N. They arrived in Callahan in 1852 and 1865, respectively.

Richard and Charles bought the Callahans Ranch in 1873 and started the townsite proceedings. It was in 1876 when Nerva's parents were married. His mother was Rosalie Barnum from Little Shasta who taught school at Callahan.

Nerva was born on June 15, 1892, in the Callahans Ranch Hotel. He was the youngest of four—three boys and a girl.

Gladys Jenner and Nerva each homesteaded land at the mouth of Noyes Valley in 1915. In 1916 the two were married in Etna. They ranched for six years in Noyes Valley before moving to their present home north of Etna. Nerva bought the old Hans Hanson Ranch in partnership with Frank S. Jenner who was the father of his wife. This partnership lasted until his death not long ago. Frank S. Jenner came to Scott



Valley from England in 1886 at the age of 18 years.

Additional ranches were purchased, including the Masterson Ranch, and other ranches were leased until the cattle operations of Hayden covered many thousands of acres and is one of the largest in the county.

Nerva has worked cattle in the mountains from Castle Craigs to the Marble Mountains and no one knows this area as well as he.

Nerva and Gladys Hayden have two sons, Nerva II (known as Malcolm) and Frank Jenner Hayden, and a daughter Mary Hayden Harper. The sons are operating the ranches with Nerva. There are eleven grandchildren including Nerva III.

Nerva Hayden has held local and county offices in the Farm Bureau, has been a long time member of the Cattlemen's Association, member of the Advisory Committee for permittees on the National Forest, draft board member, chairman of the P.M.A. committee and has associated with fraternal organizations.

# A. B. (Bert) Hoy, Weed . . .

## CATTLEMAN OF THE YEAR — 1956

By S. D. NELSON, Farm Advisor



Bert Hoy's interesting and productive life started in 1877 on the Kansas plains near a little town called Garnet. But when Bert was only six weeks old his family moved to California. At that time there was only Bert and his older brother, M. T. Hoy. Later there were six brothers and a sister.

In 1890 the Hoy family moved to Dibble Creek, nine miles from Red Bluff. It was here that Bert Hoy got his start in the cattle business at the age of thirteen. He and his older brother, Mart, gradually accumulated a herd. By the time he was twenty, they were able to buy the Albert Vestel herd which ran on the Diamond Range thirty miles west of Red Bluff along Dry Creek.

In 1909 Bert Hoy sold his cattle and moved to Siskiyou County with his brother, Mart. They leased and later bought the ranch that is now known as the Hoy Hereford Ranch which is located at Edgewood, just north of Mt. Shasta. Due to his brother's ill health, Bert bought him out

so that the entire ranch was under his name. The Hoy family has lived continuously on this ranch since 1918.

While he was at Edgewood he met a girl named Nora Rucker and soon managed to change her name to Mrs. Hoy. Her brother, Boler Rucker was Regional Brand Inspector for Northern California.

The living room of the beautiful ranch home near Edgewood is actually an old school house. By being preserved in this manner it is now the oldest standing school house in Siskiyou County. It would never be recognized as such, however, as additional rooms have been added and a fine home is the result.

It was in 1921 when Bert Hoy realized the future of top Hereford cattle and purchased his first registered stock. The original purchase of three cows and a bull has developed into their present top herd of registered Herefords. The Hoy Herefords is the oldest herd of registered cattle in Siskiyou County and one of the oldest in the State. It was only a few years before that the first registered herd started in California. Bulls have been sold from this ranch to all parts of California as well as Oregon, Nevada, Arizona and other western states.

It was a great loss to the county and the cattle industry when A. B. Hoy passed away on November 15, 1962, at the age of 85 years.

Elden Hoy, a son, is now carrying on the responsibilities of operating the ranch and improving the breeding herd. The third generation is Billy Hoy, a grandson. Billy plans to eventually follow in the footsteps of his father and keep the name of Hoy prominent in the Hereford cattle business.

# James B. Rohrer, Little Shasta . . .

## CATTLEMAN OF THE YEAR — 1957

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By S. D. NELSON, Farm Advisor

The story of Jim Rohrer and his ranch is also the story of the history and development of Siskiyou County. The Rohrer Ranch has been in the family for 111 years and started when the country was wild and unsurveyed.

The story really begins in France. John B. Rohrer, father of Jim, was born in France and left that country when a young man to come to the U.S. After a short stay in Illinois, he crossed the plains in 1850 along with other gold-rushers. In 1852 he lost the gold fever and settled down in the Little Shasta area of Shasta Valley in Siskiyou County. His first cabin was built one mile east of the present residence.

Jim's father married Elizabeth Jane de Long. She was born in Salem, Oregon, on a wagon train while en route to California. The de Long family also settled in Little Shasta, across the road from the Rohrer Ranch.

Jim was born in 1875 right on the ranch and spent his entire life there except for a period in 1912 to 1913 when he managed the largest feed lot and ranch in the State for Miller and Lux near Salinas.

At the age of 18, Jim had to take over the operation of the home ranch. At that time the ranch produced mainly hay and grain which was sold to the stock yards in Montague. In those days and beginning in 1887, Montague was the shipping point for all cattle in Eastern Oregon, Modoc, and Siskiyou Counties and\*was a tremendous market for feed.

During the period of 1914 to 1947, one of the best Holstein dairy herds in the State was operated on the ranch. From 1915 to 1920 Jim also ran a large range sheep operation.

The cattle operations increased to its present size and quality after 1936 when Jim purchased 1900 acres of additional land adjoining to the south of the ranch.

Jim Rohrer was noted not only for his



top quality cattle, but he was respected for his interest in civic affairs.

He was president of the Siskiyou County Fair Board for many years and was active with the Fair in 1922 when it was held in Yreka at the site of the present Montgomery-Ward Building. The Mastin and Irwin Livery Stables were there in those days. Irwin, by the way, became governor of the State and was elected right from Siskiyou County.

Other activities include being County Supervisor, 1925 to 1933, president of the County Farm Bureau and Master of the Pomona Grange.

Jim Rohrer married Helen Haight, a daughter of another pioneer, in 1900. They had two sons and a daughter. There are now four grandchildren. Mike Crebbin, a grandson, is operating the ranch at the present time.

On February 21, 1958, Jim passed away. This loss was greatly mourned by his many friends and associates throughout the State.



# Clarence (Bill) Dudley, Gazelle . . .

## CATTLEMAN OF THE YEAR — 1958

By S. D. NELSON, Farm Advisor

Clarence or Bill Dudley was selected as Cattleman of the Year after he had been located in Siskiyou County for only 13 years. He is the youngest man to receive this honor but his industry and progressiveness entitled him to the recognition.

Bill's operations include Noyes Valley near Callahan which is five miles long and contains 1000 acres of bottom land. He also owns 4000 acres in the mountains surrounding the valley. A forest permit goes with the ranch. This range is located in the Trinity-Scott Mountain area and is reached after a 15 mile cattle drive. Bill runs a herd consisting entirely of registered Herefords.

To look back and see how Bill Dudley reached this eminent stature in the cattle industry, we have to start at Bigelow, Missouri. It was here that Bill was born on April 7, 1912. The Dudley family moved to southern California when Bill was about ten years old and farmed near Chino in San Bernardino County.



Bill's education after high school included a B.S. degree from Santa Barbara State College as well as graduate work at Claremont College. In these years he also took up boxing both as an amateur and as a professional. This background has implanted tenacity to his character.

It was in 1933 near Pomona where Bill obtained his first cattle and bought his own ranch. To make ends meet he also taught at Emerson Junior College.

While at Corona, Bill met Miss Arvilla Crick and changed her name to Mrs. Clarence Dudley. They have two daughters, both prominent in 4-H Club work. The oldest is now in college and received national acclaim in livestock judging.

While on the Pomona Ranch, Bill became known throughout the west as an outstanding breeder of Duroc hogs, as his many championships, prizes, and sales acclaim.

A larger ranch near Chino came next where he started increasing the cattle department. This was followed by a still larger ranch near Riverside in 1942. Here Bill went in partnership with E. F. Parker of Pasadena.

The last move was to locate in Siskiyou County in 1945. Bill looked over the Pitts Brothers' Ranch one day and bought it the next. By 1955 the entire ranch consisted only of registered Hereford cattle and by 1957 Bill Dudley became the sole owner of this empire.

Other activities Bill has participated in include being President of the Etna School Boards and County Farm Bureau. He has also been Director of the Cattlemen's Association and Soil Conservation District. When in the hog business, Bill was president of the California Swine Breeders Association. In addition he has served on many agricultural committees and has been active in church and youth affairs.

# Jess C. Martin, Little Shasta . . .

## CATTLEMAN OF THE YEAR — 1959

By S. D. NELSON, Farm Advisor

Jess Churchill Martin, the recipient of this year's honor, comes from a pioneer family that has been in the cattle business in Siskiyou County since Jess's grandfather crossed the plains and settled in Little Shasta in 1849.

Robert M. Martin was the hardy pioneer who came to Siskiyou by covered wagon from Tennessee and was the original settler in Little Shasta. Later he was elected to the State Legislature.

The site selected for the original ranch was at the base of Table Rock where springs and creeks furnished water and feed. The ranch has grown from this beginning and has been continuously operated by Martins to the present day. At present, Brice M. Martin, the brother of Jess, is operating the original home ranch and Jess is headquartered on the old original Haight Ranch a few miles south.

Jess Martin's father, Brice M. Martin, was one of six sons of Robert M. Martin. His mother was Ida A. Haight who was related to Governor Haight, one of California's early governors.

Jess Martin's cattle operations include irrigated hay and pasture land on the Haight and Martin Ranch where Carl Mort is in a partnership arrangement. The cow herd is wintered in the Juniper area of Shasta Valley and summered on native meadows near Bray and on Grass Lake and Bull Meadows.

Jess C. Martin was born<sup>a</sup> on the original Martin Ranch on August 2, 1904. He went to grammar school in Little Shasta and High School in Yreka, Berkeley, and Santa Clara. Jess graduated from the University of California in 1927. While attending Davis he had the honor of having the highest individual grade average in studies over all other students. He was a member of the Phi Alpha Iota Fraternity while at Davis and was also a member of another fraternity while at Berkeley.

After graduation, Jess returned to Shasta Valley and started his ranching career. Over the years he has run cattle on a large scale over a vast area of the County including Scott, Shasta, and Butte Valleys and the mountain areas in between.

There probably is no man that knows this country better and understands cattle and feed conditions more than Jess Martin.

Jess is now a member of the County Planning Commission. He was one of the early presidents of the County Farm Bureau and has been on the County ACP committee. He is active in the Siskiyou County Historical Society, a member of the University of California Alumni Association, and a long standing member of the Elks.

In 1933 Jess married Anita Wilson who is also a member of a pioneer family from Scott Valley.

The Martin name is being carried on in the cattle ranching business by Brice Martin, Jr. who is a nephew of Jess Martin. Just to make sure the name perpetuates, Brice had four sons and a daughter.



# B. M. Long, Little Shasta . . .

## CATTLEMAN OF THE YEAR — 1960

By S. D. NELSON, Farm Advisor

North of Mount Shasta and south of the Oregon line lies the domain of Brice M. "Bud" Long, named Siskiyou County Cattleman of the Year by the Siskiyou County Cattlemen's Association.

Bud's heritage to this cattle country begins in 1849 when his grandfather, General R. M. Martin, migrated from Tennessee to settle in Shasta Valley. His wife, Ann Martin, was one of the first white women to arrive in Shasta Valley. Bud's mother, Martha Martin Long was a daughter of this union.

James F. Long was Bud's father and he came from Illinois to Shasta Valley in 1883 where he took up ranching. Bud Long was born on one of the ranches on November 24, 1895, at the base of Table Rock, a well known landmark of the area.

In 1900, James F. Long bought the Billy Miller ranch located in Little Shasta which was the start of Bud's present cattle operations.

Bud went to school in Little Shasta and Yreka, but World War I interrupted his plans for college and the dental profession. After being in France for two years, he returned to work on the ranch and eventually took over its operation in 1935.

A young lady named Mildred Autenrieth of a pioneer family in Yreka, agreed to change her name to Long in 1922. This marriage made a fine team in the development of the Long Ranch.

The ranch has been developed and added to by Long. It was converted from mostly grain to irrigated pasture and hay when water became available through the Montague Irrigation District. Purchases of adjoining ranches now brings the home ranch to a total of 1000 acres which consists of approximately 200 acres in alfalfa, 200 in irrigated pasture, 100 sub-irrigated, and 500 acres of winter range some of which is sub-irrigated. In addition 10,000 acres

of summer range is leased in the mountains to the east, parts of which consist of meadows that are semi-irrigated.

The breeding herd is maintained over the winter on the 500 acres of range plus hay.

All weaner calves are kept over winter and sold as fat, feeder, or stocker yearlings.

It was the problem of overwintering weaners that motivated Bud to experiment with pelleted hay. He was one of the first cattlemen to put this new method of feeding to practical use.

Long's Herefords are known for quality. This reputation has been built through planned effort over the past 13 years by carefully selecting replacement heifers and only using bulls grading two or better.

In addition to his cattle operations, Bud has been active in numerous civic activities such as Rotary and Farm Bureau. He is a member of the Advisory Board of the Bank of America, Yreka, and a past committee member of the Farm Home Administration. He has been active with the Siskiyou and California Cattlemen's Association and was a member of the board of directors.



# Earl B. Fiock, Montague . . .

## CATTLEMAN OF THE YEAR — 1961

By S. D. NELSON, Farm Advisor



Earl Bernard Fiock was born near Montague, California, on November 25, 1893. The Fiock family is of pioneer stock who arrived in Shasta Valley in 1852 and have been engaged in cattle ranching for 111 years.

Both sides of Earl's family came from Germany and finally reached Shasta Valley overland by covered wagon and by ship around the Horn. His mother's family name was Schlicht and her father, Charles, constructed the first flour mill in this area along the Shasta River in 1855. Indians came from miles around, bringing their corn to the Schlicht Mill to be made into flour. This land is still owned by the Fiock family.

The Fiocks have been part and parcel of the history and development of Siskiyou County. The annals of the family vary from Indian fighting in the early days to water development in recent years. In 1872, George Fiock I, Earl's grandfather, left his band of sheep on a ranch he owned on Lost River to fight Indians during the Modoc War.

Earl's father, George Fiock II, first settled on a ranch along the Shasta River, but later moved to a home north of Montague where Earl was born.

At an early age, Earl Fiock farmed his father's ranch and as time went on, added leased land to his operations so that he eventually farmed a vast acreage north of the town of Montague. During this time he purchased cattle in Northern California and Southern Oregon to build up his herd.

It was a long hard road, but hard work and careful planning paid off. By 1960 he owned over 10,000 acres of land on which he ran a breeding herd of 400 cows plus a large farming operation.

Much of this land was considered worthless until Earl developed a 1200 acre foot reservoir fed by winter waters from the Little Shasta Creek. Canals and ditches were put in and land leveled and seeded. The ranch now produces hay and lush green meadows which are grazed by quality Hereford cattle.

In addition to improving his lands, Earl Fiock also improved his herd by carefully selecting bulls and replacement heifers.

In 1916, Earl married Mildred Dexter of another pioneer family of Shasta Valley. They had two sons. The oldest passed away in 1947. Norman and family live on the home ranch and help with the operations. There are four grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Recently 5600 acres of the ranch has been sold and Earl has cast his eyes on property along the Klamath River. He plans another development program.

Besides his ranching duties Earl Fiock has been a Director of the Shasta River Water Association since 1949 and Secretary for the Association for eight years. He is also a member of the Siskiyou County Cattlemen's Association, Farm Bureau, and the Montague Rotary Club.

# Charles F. Hammond, Ft. Jones . . .

## CATTLEMAN OF THE YEAR — 1962

By S. D. NELSON, Farm Advisor

The history of Charles Frederick Hammond's family not only concerns cattle ranching but reads like fiction. His grandfather, after whom Charlie is named, came from England when he was 19 years old. He wore a vest which had \$5,000 in gold sewn in it and which he was supposed to deliver to a miner near Yreka, California. At the time he arrived in San Francisco, there were only a few houses in existence. He was offered most of what is now the main part of San Francisco for this money.

He evidently turned down a good buy as he delivered the money to the miner in Hawkinsville. Rather than look for gold, he settled on a ranch along the Scott River which is in the next Valley west of Yreka and four miles downstream from Fort Jones. This was to become the home ranch and place of origin for all the present day Hammonds who are so active now in the cattle business.

Charlie's grandfather went in partnership with Horn after whom the town of Hornbrook is named. They developed a large herd of cattle and ran them on the Siskiyou mountains along the Oregon-California border. Their working corral can still be seen where Camp Creek runs into the Klamath River. This partnership lasted until 1879 when Hammond took over the brand alone. The circle bar brand is still used by Charlie and has been in the family for over 100 years.

Charlie's father, Charles Stuart Hammond, was born on December 4, 1866 in the log house on the home ranch. He lived his entire life in this house and raised cattle on this ranch. C. S. Hammond was one of the first cattlemen to run cattle in the famous Marble Mountain wilderness area.

The union between C. S. Hammond and Ellen Scott produced the five Hammond brothers of the present day. Charlie, the oldest, was born on May 31, 1899, followed

by Quincy, Dwight, Stuart, and Carl. All five now have their own ranch operations and are breeders of Angus cattle. Charlie says this is one thing they all agreed upon without argument—to run Angus cattle.

Charlie married Ruth Deetz in 1924, the same year his father died. The Deetz's were a pioneer family who had a ranch at Deetz near Mount Shasta. The new Mrs. Hammond was Charlie's right arm in those early days—and still is.

In 1939, Charlie and his family started a new cattle set-up in the Moffett Creek area not far from Fort Jones. This deep valley is now his ranch headquarters.

Charlie Hammond has managed to carry more than his share of civic activities. He has been with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows since 1920 and has held all offices. So has his wife. Charlie was president of the Siskiyou County Cattlemen's Association from 1946 to 1948 and a charter member and chairman of the Marble Mountain Advisory Board for 23 years. He has been active with the Grange, Knights of Pythias, and Sheriff's Posse.



**SISKIYOU COUNTY  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
REPORTS**



Officers of Siskiyou Co. Historical Society, 1962—I. to r.: Jim Hartley, Vayne Ralston, Jim McNeill.

## Officers and Committee Chairmen--1962

|                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| President .....                    | VAYNE O. RALSTON                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Vice-President .....               | JAMES L. HARTLEY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Recording Secretary .....          | JAMES D. McNEILL                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Secretary-Treasurer .....          | HAZEL B. RIDER                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Board of Directors .....           | BRICE ROHRER, JESS O'ROKE, ALAN McMURRY,<br>GERALD WETZEL, ETHEL GILLIS                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| Corresponding Secretaries .....    | Mrs. Minnie Soule, Mrs. Ruth Morton,<br>Miss Jessie Coonrod, Mrs. Helen Crebbin, Mrs. Mary Lemos,<br>Mrs. Alta Coatney, Mrs. Freda Broderick, Mrs. Vayne O. Ralston,<br>Mrs. Irene Nelson, Mrs. Calla Lukes, Mrs. Lottie Ball,<br>Mrs. Reita Campbell, Mrs. Nellie George, Mrs. Alice Dunaway,<br>Mrs. Chester Barton, Mrs. Jennie Clawson, Mrs. Robert Wilson,<br>Mr. Gerald Wetzel, Mr. J. M. White, Mr. H. H. Schroeder |
| Standing Committee Chairmen:       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Pioneer Biographies.....           | Helen M. Foulke                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Program.....                       | Lewis M. Foulke                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Membership.....                    | Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stratton                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Publicity.....                     | Charlotte Davis                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Research and Field Activities..... | Thomas<br>A. Bigelow                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Clippings.....                     | Hazel N. Pollock                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Auditing.....                      | Jess O'ROKE                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| Radio.....                         | Hazel B. Rider                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Screening Committee.....           | Isabel Schrader, Rosamond Westover,<br>Josephine Kinney, Tom Bigelow, Gerald Wetzel                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Museum Staff.....                  | Hazel N. Pollock, Curator<br>Hazel B. Rider, Assistant Curator                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |

## The President's Message . . .

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I have enjoyed the past two years as your President a great deal and my sincere hope is that I have been able in some small way to aid the Society.

Some of the projects that were on the agenda have been completed, others due to circumstances beyond our control have not.

We have had many fine programs at our meetings and have enjoyed two interesting field trips in the past year. One through the Klamath River and Scott Valley areas and the other through Butte Valley and the eastern part of the county.

It has been a pleasure to work with all of the very able committee chairmen and with the Museum personnel. They have all been most cooperative and that is the secret of a well organized Society.

By VAYNE O. RALSTON

During the year the main floor of the Museum was changed to tell the story of Siskiyou. This has made our Museum even more beautiful and interesting.

We are indebted to Calla Lukes, Siskiyou's famous artist who so graciously presented a picture to the Museum which she painted for the Prehistoric period of our displays.

I would especially like to thank the speakers who so generously gave their time to speak at our meetings, those who served on the various committees and those who attended the meetings during the year.

In closing may I extend my very best wishes to all of the members of our Society.

## Report of Publicity Committee . . .

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By CHARLOTTE DAVIS, Chairman

The many activities of the society were given coverage in five county newspapers as well as three out-of-town papers during the past year. Advance notice of regular monthly meetings and field trips was furnished the newspapers through the Siskiyou Nugget, the society's monthly bulletin. Additional publicity was given the contest for the school children's writing contest.

Full reports following the meetings, tours and accomplishments in the museum were written by the publicity chairman and

sent (accompanied, when possible, by pictures) to the following newspapers: Siskiyou Daily News (Yreka), Mount Shasta Herald, Weed Press, Dunsmuir News, The Herald and News (Klamath Falls, Oregon), The Sacramento Bee, and the Medford (Oregon) Mail Tribune. News items were also sent to the California Historian, the quarterly of the Conference of California Historical Societies. Excellent cooperation was given by these newspapers. Assistance was given me by Mrs. Rosamond Westover.

## Pioneer Biographies and Member Records . .

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By HELEN M. FOULKE, Chairman

We close December 31, 1962 with 959 pioneer biographies and 564 member records. As usual only the names received during the past year are being listed, as the former year books contain all names previ-

ous. 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 yearbooks 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 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.

Corresponding secretaries for 1963 are: Yreka—Miss Jessie Coonrod, Mrs. Pearl Freshour, Mrs. Dorris Robinson, Hazel B. Rider; Montague—Mrs. Mary Lemos, Mrs.

Betty Dow, Mrs. Charlotte Davis; Grenada—Mrs. Freda Broderick, Mr. Wayne Ralston; Fort Jones—Mrs. Irene Nelson, Mrs. Calla Lukes; Etna—Mrs. Lottie Ball, Mrs. Rieta Campbell; Sawyers Bar—Mrs. Nellie George; Happy Camp—Mrs. Alice Dunaway; Horse Creek—Mr. Chester Barton; Hornbrook—Mrs. Jennie Clawson; Copco—Mrs. Ellen Wilson; McCloud—Mr. Gerald Wetzel; Weed—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stratton, Mr. "Jude" White; Dorris—Mr. Jo Allen; Dunsmuir—Mrs. Nellie 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 is confidential and filled out records and biographies should be sent immediately to Mrs. Helen Foulke, 813 French St., Yreka, California, chairman of pioneer biographies and member records for the files of the Siskiyou County Historical Society.

#### PIONEER BIOGRAPHIES — 1962

Alves, Anna Clara Silva—1870-1955  
Baldwin, Mrs. M. S.—1798-1872  
Bar, Mrs. A.—1837-1899  
Beem, Catherine Dolan—1837-( )  
Bills, Orphelia L.—1827-1885  
Bills, Richard W.—1832-1910  
Brady, John—1815-1885  
Cardoza, Mary Louise Neves—1864-1955  
Christie, John—1821-1895  
Cliff, Mary L. Burr—1859-1886  
Cummins, Marion—1869-1955  
Davidson, Margaret Ann—( )-( )  
De Witt, Henry Conroy—1871-1955  
Diggles, Henry J.—1835-( )  
Effman, Albert Sidney—1880-1955  
Egli, Margaret—1833-( )  
Estabrook, Winthorpe Howe—1881-1936  
Foulke, Elizabeth D.—1876-1902  
Foulke, Leland Stanford—1884-1928  
Geney, John Henry—1836-1903  
Gillis, Hudson Bay—1843-1907  
Glenn, Mary Emma—1850-( )  
Grider, William Tobias (Toby)—1878-( )  
Haines, William Homer, M.D.—1876-1955  
Hall, Charles Truman—1840-1901  
Hammer, Clara Ellen—1871-1955  
Hearn, Harrison—1862-1885  
Hovey, Jennie—1869-1954  
Jacobs, Jehu—1842-1926  
Jacobs, Tobitha Jane Davis Emberton—1846-1935  
Jenner, Edward Percy—1819-1886  
Johnston, Francis A.—1869-1945

Kegg, John—1827-1912  
Kegg, John—1866-1955  
Kegg, Susannah Crow—1848-1884  
Lash, Lenora B.—1864-1886  
Lowden, Lyssis Grant—1865-1955  
Luttrell, Elsie Mildred Short—1886-1955  
McCarton, George—1816-1886  
McKay—John G.—1854-1886  
McKee, Mable Ranous—1870-1945  
Meamber, George Benjamin—1864-1933  
Morgan, W. H.—1832-1903  
Moore, Sarah Belle Barnum—1857-1954  
Muckensturm, Lee—1846-1955  
Payne, Festus Noni—1862-1955  
Pendleton, Charles—1884-1945  
Perkins, Charles H.—1881-1961  
Peterson, Anna Madeline—1862-1954  
Pollock, Lillian—1875-1955  
Rand, Mary Ellen Hinkey—1840-( )  
Robarts, Honora Anna Kelly—1839-1919  
Robarts, Isaac—1831-1914  
Roche, Margaret—1866-1952  
Root, George—1871-1952  
Root, William Jay—1824-1915  
Scott, Ernest Samuel—1875-1955  
Shelley, Annie E. Mack—1858-1903  
Silva, Joseph—1859-1945  
Starr, E. A.—( )-1915  
Walker, Cora Edith Hammond—1870-1903  
Wayne, Nettie B. Evans—1874-1955  
Whiting, Peter—1812-1885

Williams, Margaret—1838-1895  
Wilson, Catherine Celia Barry—1875-1955

Wise, Elizabeth Ann Benson—1836-1895  
Young, Mary Josephine Horn—1873-1955

### MEMBER RECORDS — 1962

Avery, Kate M. Luttrell

Furman, Ellen Elizabeth Green

## Membership Report . . .

By HAZEL RIDER, Secretary

December 31, 1962

|                       |    |
|-----------------------|----|
| Bray .....            | 1  |
| Callahan .....        | 6  |
| Cecilville .....      | 1  |
| Dorris .....          | 7  |
| Dunsmuir .....        | 31 |
| Edgewood .....        | 8  |
| Etna .....            | 64 |
| Forks of Salmon ..... | 5  |
| Fort Jones .....      | 51 |
| Gazelle .....         | 17 |
| Greenview .....       | 4  |
| Grenada .....         | 10 |
| Happy Camp .....      | 16 |
| Hornbrook .....       | 15 |
| Horse Creek .....     | 5  |
| Kinyon .....          | 1  |

|                     |      |
|---------------------|------|
| Klamath River ..... | 5    |
| MacDoel .....       | 1    |
| McCloud .....       | 14   |
| Montague .....      | 57   |
| Mt. Shasta .....    | 38   |
| Sawyers Bar .....   | 4    |
| Scott Bar .....     | 3    |
| Seiad Valley .....  | 2    |
| Tulelake .....      | 7    |
| Weed .....          | 28   |
| Yreka .....         | 229  |
| Out of County ..... | 303  |
| Out of State .....  | 77   |
| Foreign .....       | 2    |
| Total .....         | 1012 |

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stratton of Weed are the Membership Committee.

## Financial Report . . .

By HAZEL B. RIDER, Secretary-Treasurer

December 31, 1962

|                         |           |
|-------------------------|-----------|
| General Fund .....      | \$2370.02 |
| Publications Fund ..... | 0.00      |
| Yreka Heirlooms .....   | 25.41     |
| Museum Fund .....       | 93.10     |

|                     |           |
|---------------------|-----------|
| Memorial Fund ..... | 439.50    |
| Food Fund .....     | 6.38      |
| Map Fund .....      | 263.62    |
| Cash in Bank .....  | \$3198.03 |

## Clippings Report . . .

By HAZEL N. POLLOCK, Chairman

Our thanks again to the Pacific Power and Light Company, Betty Dow and Doris Robinson for the Siskiyou County and Southern Oregon newspapers, the source of our scrapbook clippings.

clippings pertaining to our Historical Society meetings, four books with clippings of historical interest and five obituary scrapbooks.

These books are all available to the public for reference.

We now have four large scrapbooks with

## REPORT OF THE SOUTHERN SISKIYOU "Know Your Heirlooms" Group . . .

---

Officers for 1962 were president, Katie Roush; vice-president, Inez Lorenzen; secretary, Helen Bliss; treasurer, Alice Pipes; librarian, Katie Roush.

Programs for the year were planned at the January meeting held at the home of Katie Roush, Mount Shasta. Members and guests brought their collections of old greeting cards and trading cards.

At our second meeting, again at the home of Katie Roush, Donna Brooks presented a program on old Christmas cards, illustrated with a folio of antique cards from Hallmark's HISTORICAL COLLECTION.

In March the group met once more at the Roush home to hear Myrtie K. Davis talk on old English and early American silver. Mrs. Davis traced the development of the use of silver for eating and drinking utensils from the early thirteenth century through the eighteenth century. She illustrated her talk with pieces from her own collection and members brought many lovely articles for display.

Appropriately, Easter was the subject of the program prepared by Kay Scott when the group met in April at the home of Helen Bliss, Mount Shasta. Mrs. Scott covered the origin and meaning of Easter along with many of the customs which have developed in connection with Easter over the centuries throughout the world. Many examples of Easter decorations were brought for display.

When the group met in June, again at the Bliss home, members and guests brought old linens, lace and embroidery for display and discussion. There were many fine pieces of hand-knit and crocheted lace, drawn work, tating and intricate embroidery. One particularly interesting item was a piece of a hand-woven sheet 150 years old.

July was the month of our annual porlock luncheon on the lawn of Homehaven, the home of Isabel Schrader in rural Mount

Shasta. Following the luncheon Mrs. Schrader also showed her collection of Goss vases. These vases, miniatures of classic vases, were made by a nineteenth century potter in England. Mrs. Schrader also showed her collection of very old books including bibles, devotionals and school books. Of special interest was a Luther Bible which belonged to Mr. Schrader's great, great grandmother.

In August the group traveled to the home of Ellen Tupper on the slopes of Mt. Eddy for a program on weaving. Mrs. Tupper gave a brief history of weaving followed by a demonstration on her loom.

Louise Ingel and Mary Boehm were co-hostesses to the group at the Ingel home on Valley Road, rural Mount Shasta, in September. Isabel Schrader gave a talk on the life and works of Berta Hummel, Bavarian-born Franciscan nun, whose artistic creations have delighted people throughout the world. Many examples of her work were brought for display.

Election of officers for 1963 was held at the October meeting. For the program Richard Bliss, pianist, played from his collection of old sheet music, occasionally singing the lyrics. He interspersed his playing with an entertaining commentary on the development of the style of sheet music to fit the times. Music included in this program was from 1870 to about 1912.

Looking back at 1962, it was a successful and rewarding year. Our membership increased and there was lively interest and participation in the programs, indicating a quest for knowledge of our early artifacts and the customs surrounding their use. We feel that the Southern Siskiyou Know Your Heirlooms Group is making a definite contribution to the cultural life of the community.

## Curator's Report . . .

---

The year 1962 has been a very busy, yet rewarding year for our County Museum. Due to the World's Fair in Seattle we had more visitors than usual. Besides these visitors we had many groups of Boy and Girl Scouts, Cub Scouts, Brownies, school classes and Exchange Students. The Senior Citizens of Mt. Shasta and the Federated Woman's Club of Yreka were our special guests.

The first of September saw the completion of the new arrangement on the main floor of the Museum. The new displays with their historical objects, maps, pictures and documents, arranged in cases with brightly painted backgrounds, tell the "Story of Siskiyou" in seven different periods.

The exhibits which begin with the Pre-historic period, include the Indian period, the Trappers, the Gold Rush period, Transportation, Industry and Development.

Siskiyou's noted artist, Calla L. Lukes painted and presented to the Museum, a

By HAZEL N. POLLOCK



Calla Lukes and Her Painting

large painting for the Prehistoric period. This painting which is of Gordon Springs, near Gazelle portrays Shasta Valley millions of years ago when the huge mammoths roamed the country.

This past year the Museum Screening Committee has accepted nineteen gifts and six loans which, each in its own way helps to reveal some of the historical secrets of Siskiyou's colorful past.

## Meetings of 1962 . . .

---

The first meeting of the year was held on January 13th with President Vayne Ralston presiding. George E. Luttrell, who was Principal of the Yreka Elementary School for many years was the speaker. He told of the "Early History of Siskiyou County" which was enjoyed by all.

Our officers for 1962 were Vayne O. Ralston, president; James L. Hartley, vice president and James D. McNeill, recording secretary. The Board of Directors were Brice Rohrer, Jess O'Roke, Alan McMurry, Gerald Wetzel and Ethel Gillis. Mrs. Ethel Gillis being the newly elected director.

President Ralston appointed the follow-

By HAZEL B. RIDER, Secretary

ing committee chairmen: Helen Foulke, biographies; Lewis Foulke, program; Charlotte Davis, publicity; Tom Bigelow, field research; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stratton, membership; Hazel Pollock, clippings and Hazel Rider, radio.

Helen Sherman and Reita Campbell were appointed editors of the 1962 Siskiyou Pioneer.

Members of the Screening Committee were Isabel Schrader, Rosamond Westover, Josephine Kinney, Tom Bigelow and Gerald Wetzel.

Sixty members and guests heard Orel Lewis give an interesting talk on the "Early

Day Boundaries of Siskiyou County and Early Surveys in the County" at the meeting in February.

Senator Randolph Collier spoke at the meeting held on March 10th. His talk was about "Early Titles in Siskiyou County." At the conclusion of his speech Senator Collier presented several documents of historical value to the society. There were seventy-five present at this meeting.

At the April meeting Morris Prather was the speaker, his topic being "Early Days in Montague," which was most interesting. Several of the older residents of Montague told of a number of interesting incidents that they remembered.

Tom Bigelow, Research Chairman, announced plans for a field trip covering part of the Klamath River and Scott Valley areas was scheduled for May 20th.

In May, Dr. Albert H. Newton spoke to an audience of ninety on "Early Day Medical Practices and Doctors." It was a fine speech and enjoyed by all present.

At the meeting on June 9th Albert Tebbe spoke on "Judicial Practices, Judges and Lawyers in Siskiyou County in Early Days."

At the September meeting Louis L. Wacker spoke on "Early Day Banks and Banking Customs in Siskiyou County."

At this meeting President Ralston appointed Robur Costello, John Campbell and Mrs. Fred Stratton as the Nominating Committee.

In October, Mr. and Mrs. DeVere Helfrich showed colored slides of the Emigrant Trail from where it left the Applegate Trail to Sheep Rock and east along the Applegate Trail. Other views taken in Wyoming and other spots were shown. They gave interesting commentary while showing the pictures.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Meamber were in charge of the program for the November meeting. They showed slides of the September field trip which was through Ager, Klamath Hot Springs, Picard, Dorris, Oklahoma Flats, Laird's Landing and many more points of interest. It reviewed one of the most interesting trips taken by the society.

President Ralston called for the report of the Nominating Committee. Robur Costello, chairman, submitted the following: James D. McNeill, president; James Hartley, vice president; Josephine Kinney, recording secretary and Wayne O. Ralston, director. There being no further nominations, it was voted that these nominations be accepted.

Our Curator, Hazel Pollock, was in charge of the Christmas party at our December meeting. She used a large map of the United States to illustrate her story of "Christmas on the American Frontier." After the program refreshments of sourdough cookies and coffee were served to a large attendance.

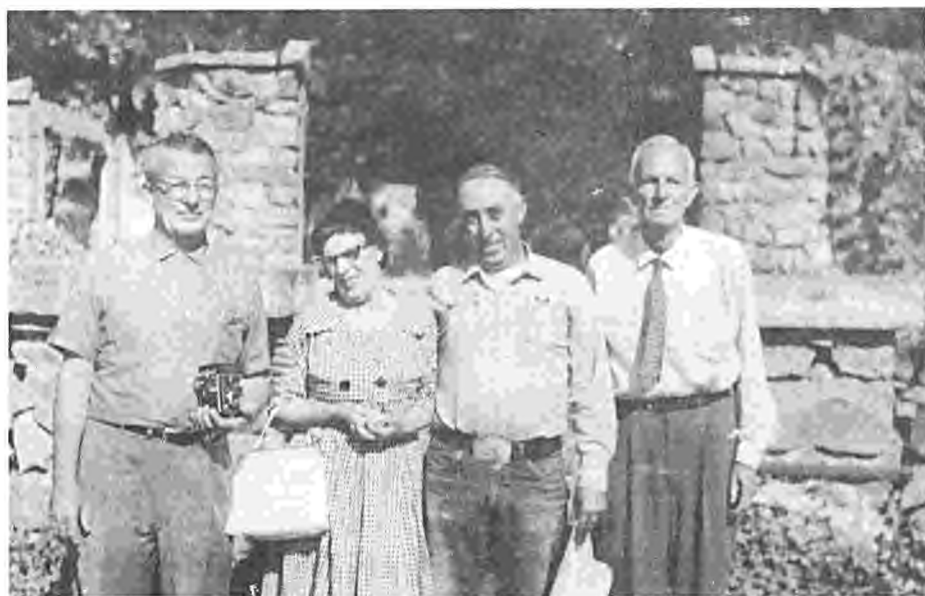
Louis M. Foulke is chairman of the Program Committee.

## 11th Annual Symposium . . .

The Northern California Symposium held in Marysville on October 12, 13, 14, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Bernice Gibson, was very worthwhile and interesting for those who braved the rain and floods and managed to attend the meeting. Both the luncheon and the dinner were happy events in which local speakers gave the delegates very fine reports on the history of Marysville, Yuba City and the Sutters Hawk Farm. The tour of old homes sponsored by the symposium for Sunday morning was especially delightful and the

success of both the tour and the general meeting is a fine testimonial to the co-operation of the Sutter County Historical Society, The Mary Aaron Museum and the NDGW.

The delegates accepted the invitation of Del Norte County Society to return to Crescent City for the 12th annual symposium and Mrs. Ruby Van Deventer, regional vice-president of the Conference, will be the chairman of arrangements. The dates for this symposium will be September 29, 30, 1963 and more details will follow in the June issue of the *California Historian*.



—courtesy Mrs. Fred Meamber

In Front of Site of Old Klamath Hot Springs, Beswick. L. to r.: Willard Wright, Miss Lottie Beswick, Louis Hessig, Lewis Foulke.

## Field Research Report . . .

Two very fine and well-planned field trips were taken in 1962. The first one, taken in a school bus and many private cars on May 20, a very cold day, left the museum in Yreka at 9 a.m., proceeded down the Klamath River. The first stop was at Hamburg, where explanations were made.

The caravan then came back to the Scott River, up to Scott Bar, where again much reminiscing was done.

Lunch was eaten at Spring Flat Forest Camp with the Society furnishing the coffee.

Quartz Valley was visited, where many spots of interest were pointed out, and then the caravan proceeded to Yreka via Indian Creek and Cherry Creek roads, viewing a number of old ghost towns which flourished during early mining days.

The second field trip on September 23,

By THOMAS A. BIGELOW

a very warm day, started from the Museum at 8 a.m., again in a school bus and many private cars, going east by way of Ager, Klamath Hot Springs, Topsy Grade, into Butte Valley. A lunch stop was made at the Dorris City Park. Here also was the John's private museum, which proved fascinating.

From Dorris, the caravan wended its way over the hill to the "D" Ranch, JF Ranch, the Oklahoma country and Laird's Landing and the Van Brimmer Ranch, then back to Macdoel and home by way of Highway 97 with a brief stop at the Historical Marker, near Sheep Rock, where the immigrant trail crosses the highway.

Mrs. Lucy Van Sandt, Mrs. Charlotte Glover, Louis Hessig, Ray Laird, Lewis Foulke and Ab Evans were among the commentators who helped recall the history of the area covered on this trip.

# In Memoriam

|                    |              |                            |
|--------------------|--------------|----------------------------|
| GEORGE E. DAVIDSON | December 16  | Pleasant Hill, California  |
| A. B. HOY          | November 15  | Weed, California           |
| DONALD E. KESSLER  | November 22  | Piedmont, California       |
| ROSE KRAFT         | August 19    | Colton, California         |
| CLYDE LAIRD        | September 12 | Ashland, Oregon            |
| EVA ANDREW LAWLESS | April 27     | Placerville, California    |
| LULU F. MARTIN     | April 11     | Yreka, California          |
| MYRTLE L. MEAMBER  | November 22  | Yreka, California          |
| CARL NORRIS        | August 16    | Medford, Oregon            |
| CHARLES A. PITTS   | November 5   | Central Valley, California |
| MRS. P. T. POAGE   | August 15    | Fort Bragg, California     |
| MAX W. SCHMIDT     | February 13  | Gold Hill, Oregon          |
| CHARLES H. SEWARD  | January 7    | Yreka, California          |
| CARRIE I. TEBBE    | April 8      | Yreka, California          |
| IRA B. WALKER      | May 27       | Los Angeles, California    |
| JANE VANCE WILSON  | June 29      | Yreka, California          |

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## Obituaries

### Rose Bray Kraft

(December 31, 1906-August 19, 1962)

When Rose was seven years old, the Bray family moved from Dorris, where she had been born, to Hornbrook. Here Rose went to grammar school; later on, she attended Yreka High School.

In 1928, she was married to Guy W. Kraft, and to this union were born two sons, Guy Walter and Gerald Robert. The family moved to Colton approximately 25 years ago, and in 1949, Guy Walker, Jr. died. Rose was injured in an automobile accident and died in August of 1962.

She was an active member of the Colton Methodist Church and a member of the Eastern Star. Survivors include her husband, Guy W.; her son, Gerald; and her grandson, Steven, of New York; and the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Robert Cummins and Mrs. Henley Clawson of Hornbrook; Mrs. Albert Wedin and Mrs. Stanley Balfrey of Yreka; Walter Bray of Montague; and George, Gordon and Eugene Bray of Yreka. She leaves several nieces and nephews and other relatives in this area.

### Caroline Isabelle Tebbe

(January 26, 1874-April 8, 1962)

Mrs. Tebbe was born in Little Shasta Valley and was the daughter of Jessie Francis and Mary B. Davis, who crossed the plains in a covered wagon and settled at Little Shasta. She was raised in the valley where she attended grammar school and was a member of the first graduating class from the Siskiyou County High School in Yreka, as it was then known.

In 1898 she was married at the home of her parents to George A. Tebbe, who later became a well-known Yreka attorney. Tebbe died in 1937. Mrs. Tebbe was a member of the Yreka Methodist Church, the Ladies Aid Society, the W.S.C.S., and had been a member of Stella Chapter No. 39, Order of Eastern Star, for over 50 years.

In addition to her son, Albert, she leaves two daughters, Mrs. Jesse E. Stimson of Petaluma, Mrs. Elsie D. Parks of Berkeley; six grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. A brother died when a youth and a sister, Mrs. Elsie Haight, also preceded her.

## Myrtle Ferry Meamber

(June 11, 1891-November 22, 1962)

Mrs. Meamber was born near Salem, Oregon, and received her early schooling in Portland. Later, she attended Polytechnic Business College in Oakland, where she was married to Fred J. Meamber in 1910. They lived for a short time in Richmond where Mr. Meamber owned and operated a bottling plant, moving the same year to Yreka to operate the Yreka Bottling Works which Mr. Meamber had purchased in 1897.

Mrs. Meamber was an active member of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, a charter member of the Yreka Soroptimist Club, and an early president of the Yreka Elementary School P.T.A.

She leaves a daughter, Mrs. Carl Reichman, of Sweet Home, Oregon; three sons, Fred, Don, and Jack Meamber, all of Yreka; a sister, Mrs. Eric Madison, of Salinas; ten grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, and a niece, Jean Madison, of Salinas. Her husband preceded her in death in 1956.

## Lulu Frances Martin

(December 14, 1878-April 11, 1962)

As a small girl, Lulu Martin came with her parents, Clarence and Sarah Dimick, from Fall River Mills where she had been born, to Henley, where the family resided for a short time before settling in Little Shasta Valley.

In 1903, she was married to Henry A. Martin, a member of a pioneer family of the valley. Martin died in 1933.

She leaves her daughter, Mrs. Annabelle Burkett of Montague; two sons, Elmer M. Martin, Montague postmaster, and Henry F. Martin of Klamath Falls; a brother, Ralph Dimick of Yreka; five grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. A son, Charles Phelps Martin, died in 1954.

Mrs. Martin will be missed in the Siskiyou County Historical Society, of which she was a long-time member.

## Conference of California Historical Societies

---

The 8th annual meeting of the Conference of California Historical Societies was held at the Huntington-Sheraton Hotel at Pasadena on June 28, 29, 30 1962 with a fine attendance of about 300 delegates from all over California. Mr. Jerry MacMullen, director of the Junipero Serra Museum at San Diego, is the President of the Conference. (He was chosen at this

annual meeting.) Miss Irene Simpson, Director of the History Room of the Wells Fargo Bank in San Francisco, was chosen Vice-President of the Conference.

The delegates accepted the invitation of the California Historical Society to hold the 9th annual meeting in San Francisco, at the Bellevue Hotel on June 20-23, 1963.





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—courtesy John Burgess

**L. to R.: John Burgess, John Perry,  
and Frank Shelley.**



--courtesy Fred Stratton

Picture of Fred Stratton calling cattle. He had a special sound only he could make—1919.

# McCLOUD RIVER RAILROAD COMPANY

McCLOUD, CALIFORNIA



—courtesy Eldon Hoy

Hoy Butcher Shop in Dunsmuir, about 1915; Everett Hoy on left.

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YREKA - DUNSMUIR - McCLOUD - TULELAKE



—courtesy Bertha Bradley

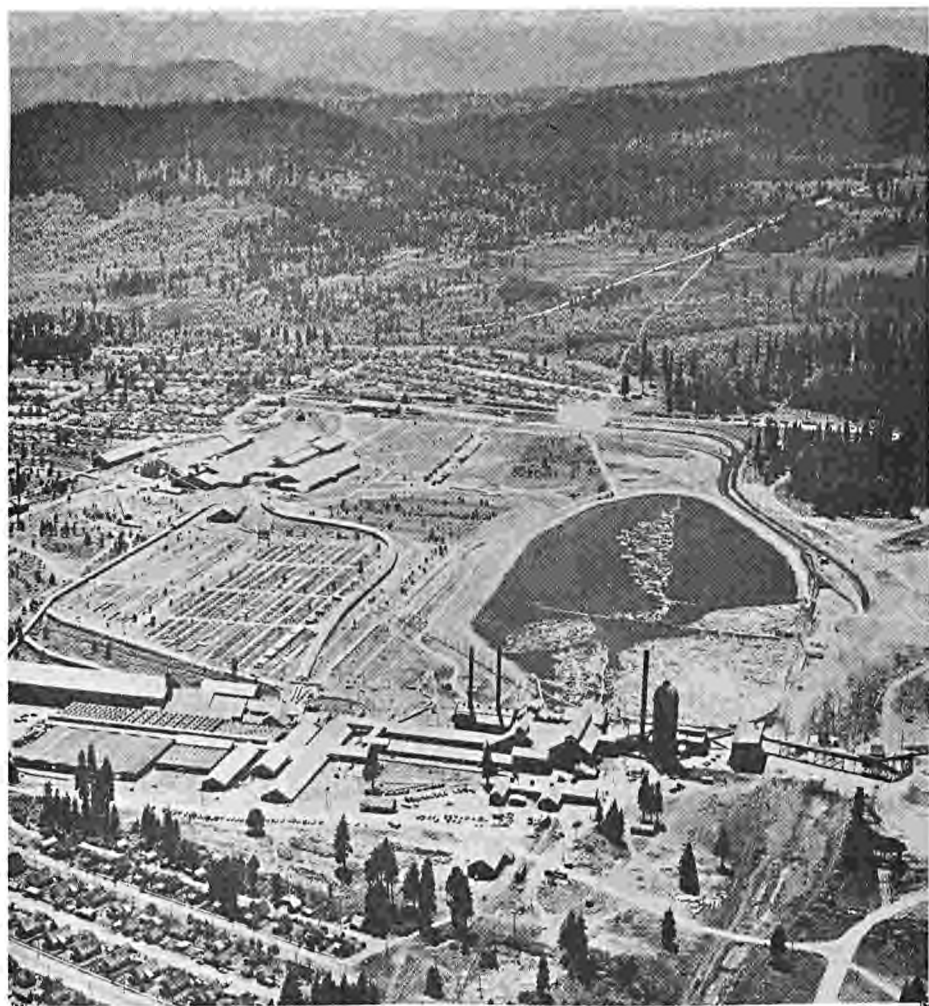
**Branding a calf, about 1895; Charley and Robert Rainey.**

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Aerial View of McCloud

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—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

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Robert Rainey with Team and Wagon

—courtesy Bertha Bradley

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—courtesy of Leonard Shelley

Leonard Shelley hauling wheat with 45 Holt tractor and five wagons holding 300 sacks total.

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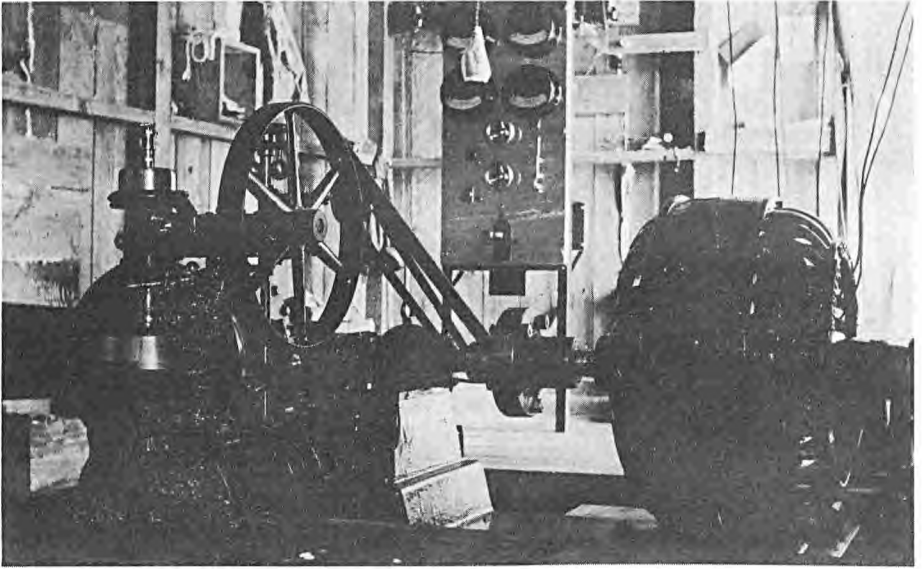


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—courtesy Gladys Hart

Beef steers on Hart Ranch, 1904; L. to R.: Raymond Hart, E. C. Hart.

# Top Cattle

FROM THE

## Top of the State



**SISKIYOU COUNTY CATTLEMEN ASSOCIATION**

AND

**SISKIYOU COUNTY COWBELLES**



—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

Snow on Miner Street, 1890. Shows Branch Saloon, Ringe's Saddlery.

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