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Landmarks Issue

1964

The Siskiyou Pioneer

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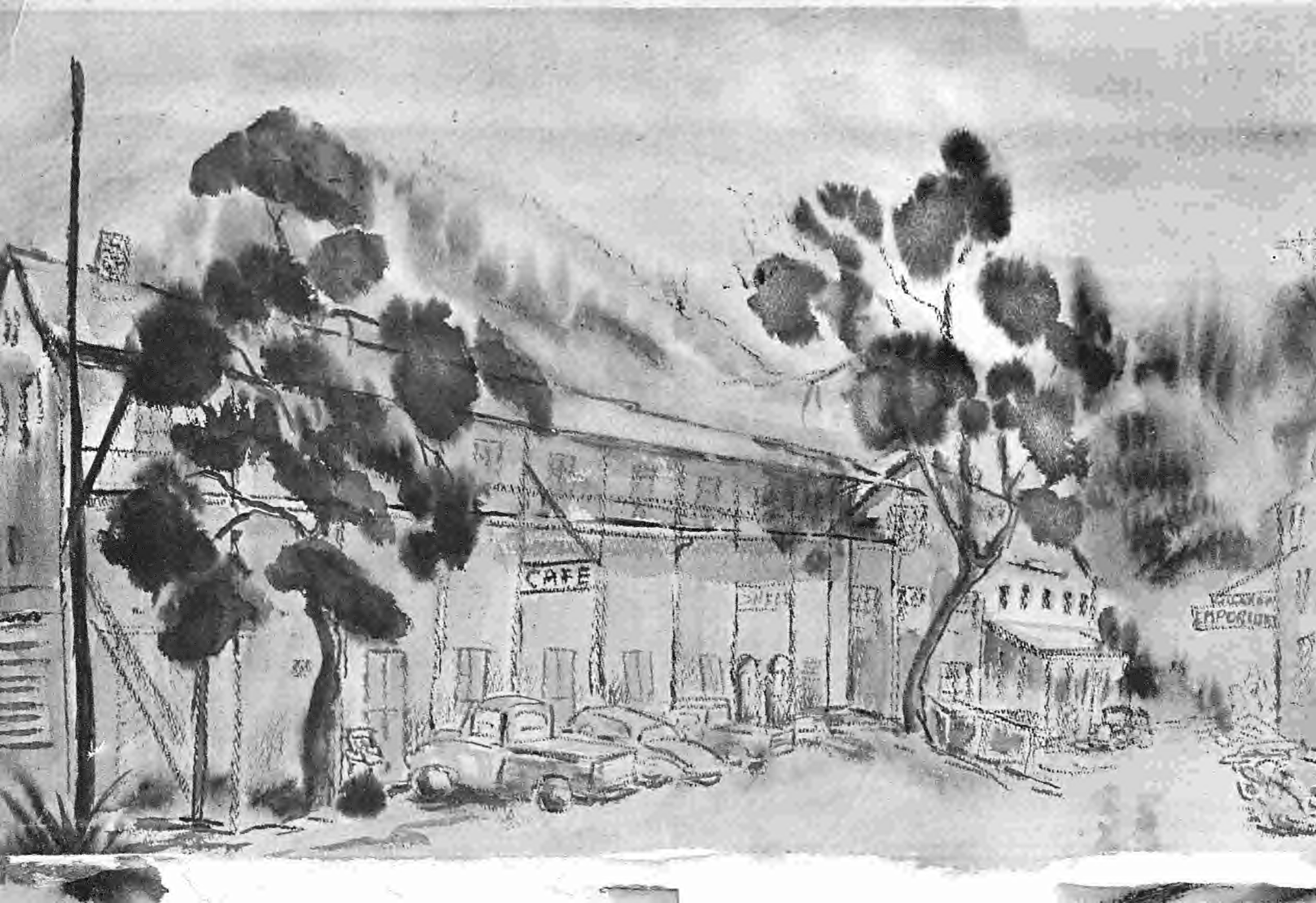


and YEARBOOK

Siskiyou County Historical Society

Volume Four

Number Seven



CAFE

SHOPS

RESTAURANT

RESTAURANT

EXPOSURE



—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

First All-Woman Jury in Siskiyou County, seated on the steps of the old Hall of Records. L to R, back row: Elizabeth Russell, Sophie Lee, Gertrude Dowling, Mrs. Ed Stimmel, Mary Fry, Unknown, Laura Buckner. Front Row: Hazel Schoen, Unknown, Maude Dudley, Unknown, Mary Clodi.

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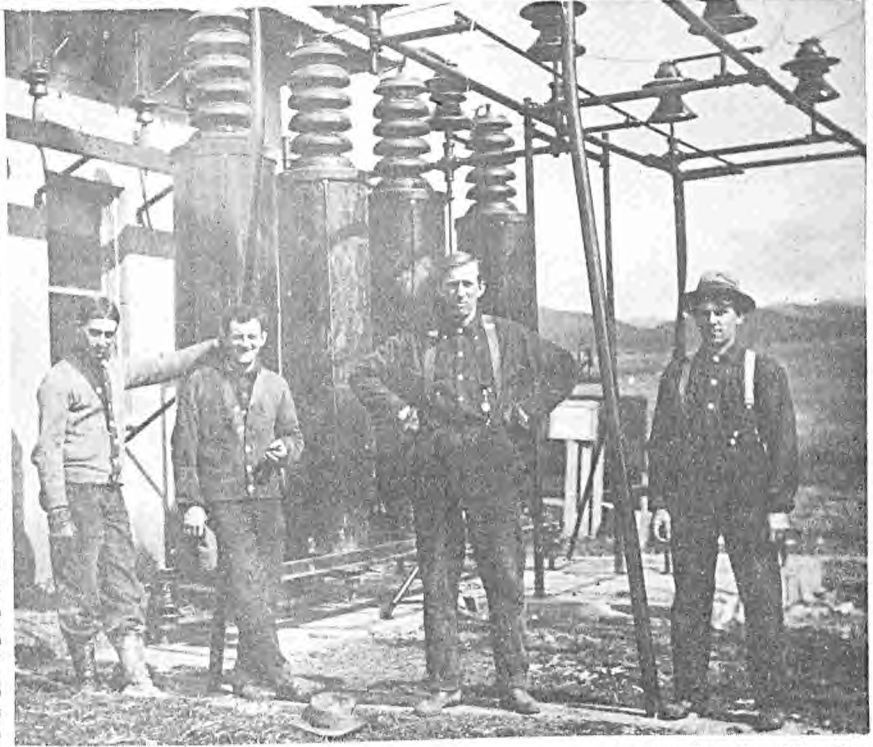
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—courtesy Schultz Collection

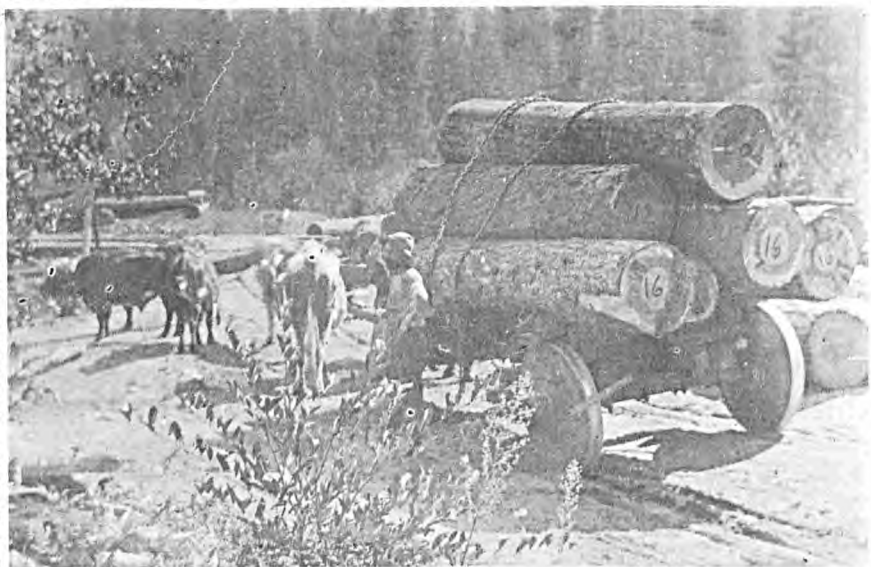
Four former California-Oregon Power Co. employees standing by sub-station located on North Oregon Street, Yreka, California. L to R: Howard Hicks, Steve English, Pike Therman and Pete Felling.

PACIFIC POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

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—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

Logging at Parrot Mill on French Creek, about 1888. George Meek is driver.

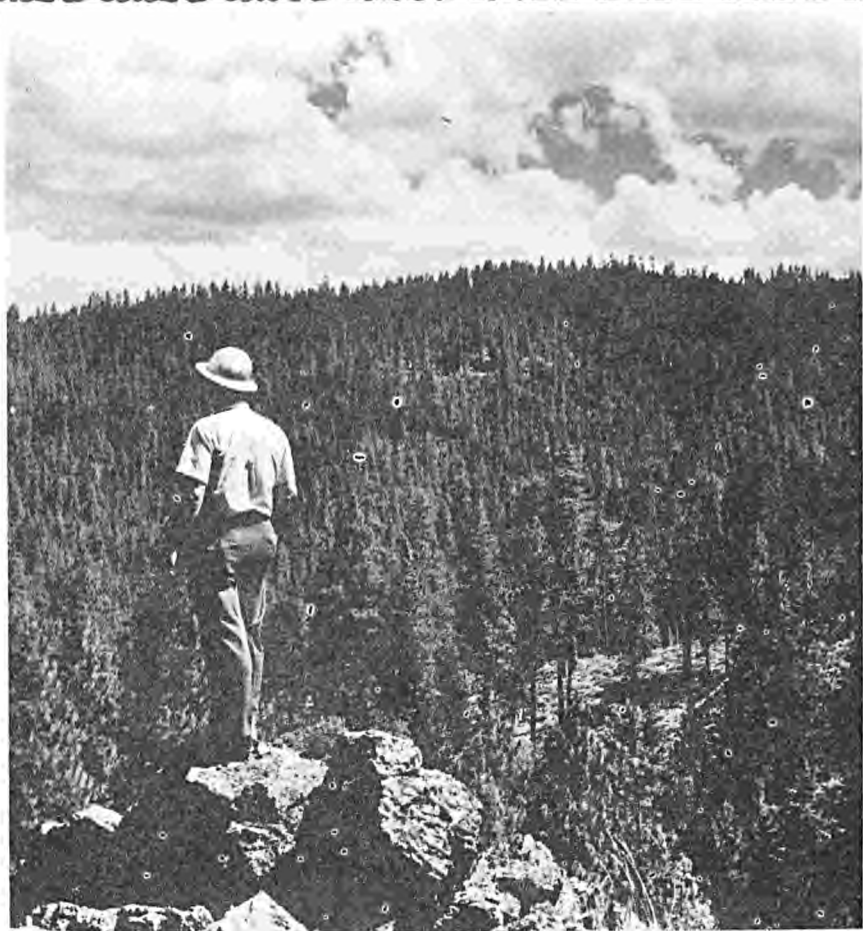
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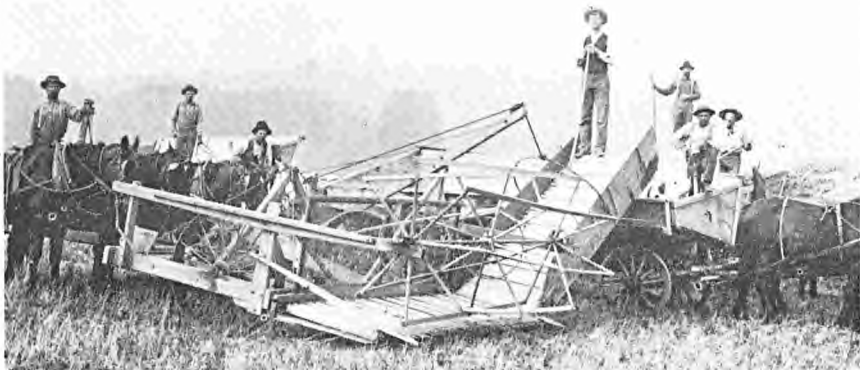
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INTERNATIONAL PAPER
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—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

Harvesting grain in Shasta Valley.

SISKIYOU TRACTOR & EQUIPMENT CO.

612 SOUTH MAIN STREET
YREKA, CALIFORNIA



—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

Scene on Miner Street in Yreka in the 1880's showing the Masonic Building, Engine House No. 1 and the Siskiyou County Bank Building with Dr. C. A. Larson's Dental Offices, upstairs. Millbourn's Electric Supply Co. is now in the Masonic Bldg.

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—courtesy City Market

City Meat Market early day delivery wagon
Man standing, Fred (Coug) Vetterlein, others unknown

CITY MEAT MARKET

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Since 1854
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YREKA, CALIFORNIA



—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

The No. 2 Mill Pond at the McCloud Mill, McCloud, California

UNITED STATES PLYWOOD CORPORATION



California Division, McCloud Operation

McCloud, California



—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

The first depot of the Yreka Western Railroad Company, Yreka, California

YREKA WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY

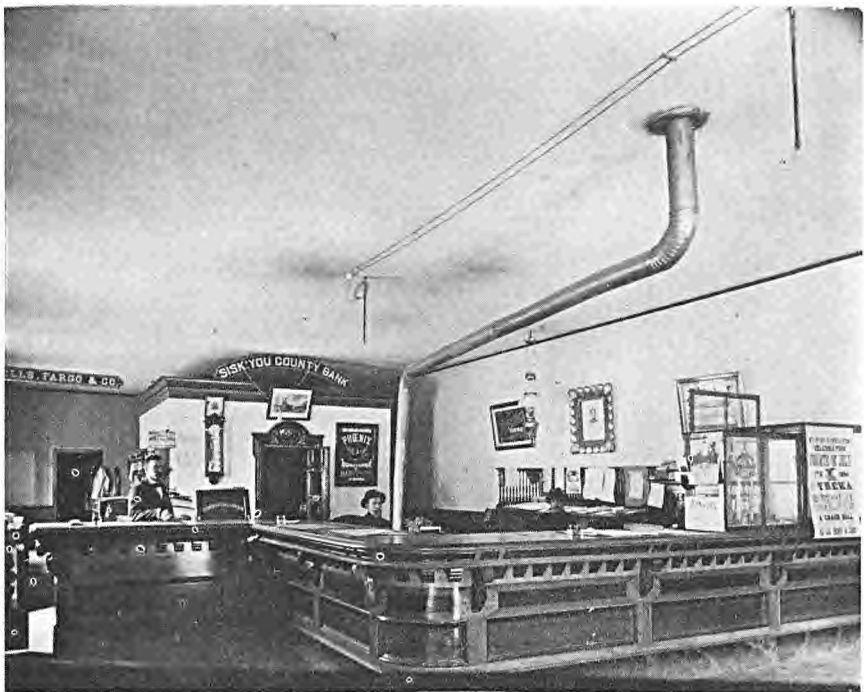


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Interior of the old Siskiyou County Bank on Miner Street in Yreka in 1893. Men in picture, l to r: Unknown, H. B. Gillis and Fred W. Wadsworth.

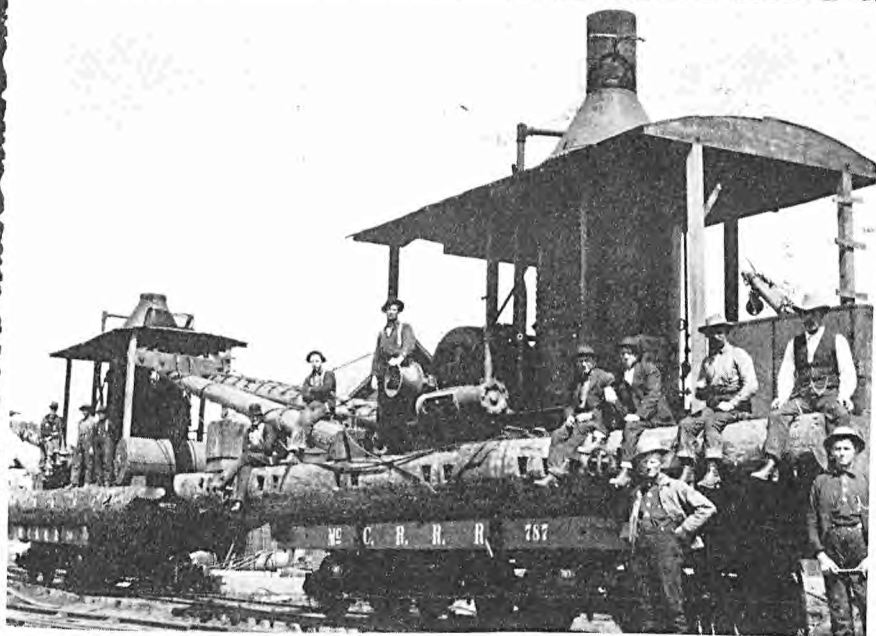
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BRANCHES IN SISKIYOU COUNTY

Yreka - Dunsmuir - McCloud - Tulelake



—courtesy C. M. (Chino) Haines Collection

“Log loading steam donkeys loaded on McCloud River Railroad flat cars in preparation for the trip into the woods for spring logging.”

McCLOUD RIVER RAILROAD COMPANY

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—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

Siskiyou County Museum, Yreka, California.

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—courtesy Lake's Jewelry & Dress Shop

Lake's Jewelry Store on Miner Street in Yreka, about 1910. Man behind counter is R. H. Lake.

LAKE'S JEWELRY & DRESS SHOP

Quality Merchandise

1909 - 1964

216 South Broadway

Yreka, California



—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

Hudson's Bay Trappers Crossing on the Klamath River near the Klamathon Bridge.

RANDOLPH COLLIER

STATE SENATOR



—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

Callahan Ranch Hotel
An early day stage stop.

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Table of Contents

WATERCOLORS INSIDE COVERS	<i>By Stella Fisher</i>	
INTRODUCING SPLENDID SISKIYOU		
THE PROSPECTOR	INDIAN BASKET MAKER	
FRONTISPIECE—MT. SHASTA FROM CASTLE CRAGS		
MT. SHASTA, <i>I. Schrader</i>		1
SKI BOWL		4
BLACK BUTTE, <i>I. Schrader</i>		5
BROWN-SHASTA RANCH, <i>J. O. McKinney</i>		6
DUNSMUIR MUSEUM, <i>C. Clement</i>		8
MUD CREEK IN ACTION, <i>G. Wetzel</i>		9
McCLOUD RIVER R. R., <i>G. Wetzel</i>		10
McCLOUD BANK ROBBERY, <i>G. Wetzel</i>		11
DEADHORSE SUMMIT, <i>J. Kinney</i>		13
BLUE STAR MEMORIAL, <i>R. Prather</i>		13
GRASS LAKE, <i>J. O. McKinney</i>		15
TIMELESS EDGEWOOD, <i>J. O. McKinney</i>		15
GODEY'S FASHION LADIES		17
CALEDONIA RANCH, <i>W. Stone</i>		17
KIERNAN RANCH, <i>M. McCracken</i>		20
MAC'S GULCH—LIME STORY, <i>P. Hamilton</i>		23
GAZELLE MERCANTILE		24
MUSTANG OF THE MOUNTAINS, <i>A. Maloney</i>		25
STARVEOUT STAGE STATION, <i>F. Broderick</i>		27

(Continued on next page)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VINELAND SCHOOL, <i>F. Broderick</i>	30
BIG SPRINGS, <i>J. O. McKinney</i>	32
MONTAGUE BUILDINGS, <i>B. Dow</i>	33
PRATHER WAREHOUSE, <i>B. Dow</i>	35
McCLELLAND BLACKSMITH SHOP, <i>B. Dow</i>	38
MONTAGUE HARDWARE, <i>B. Dow</i>	39
THE LONGEST NIGHT, <i>R. Morton</i>	40
MARTIN'S DAIRY, <i>B. Dow</i>	41
DEVIL'S WOODPILE, <i>E. Wilson</i>	42
SQUAW ROCK, <i>E. Wilson</i>	42
DAGGETT PEAK, <i>E. Wilson</i>	43
PILOT ROCK, <i>J. Clawson</i>	43
BRATT AND SENATOR HANLEY, <i>J. McNeill</i>	44
BUCKHORN CREEK SALT WORKS, <i>V. Barton</i>	47
ONE OCTOBER DAY, <i>J. O. McKinney</i>	48
INDIAN TOWN, <i>H. Davis</i>	50
SALMON RIVER LANDMARKS, <i>N. George</i>	51
THE PADRE OF PARADISE FLAT	55
LAST INDIAN RAID, <i>W. Balfrey</i>	56
THAT OLD HOUSE, <i>J. McNeill</i>	57
WILDERNESS AREA	60
THE BIRTH OF CALLAHAN	61
CALLAHAN STORE AND BAR, <i>J. Kinney</i>	62
GOODALE RANCH, <i>J. Kinney</i>	65
ORO FINO STORE, <i>C. Lukes</i>	65
TOWN ROCK, FT. JONES, <i>I. Nelson</i>	66
POEM, <i>H. Johnson</i>	66
GRAVESTONE MYSTERY, <i>D. Stewart</i>	68
CUMULATIVE INDEX, <i>compiled by B. Bridwell</i>	70
RODEO CIRCUIT, <i>B. Cooley</i>	82
RAILROAD DAYS, <i>H. Schroeder</i>	84

(Continued on next page)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

KLAMATH BOAT RACE, <i>E. Carter</i>	86
CHALLENGE OF MT. SHASTA, <i>I. Schrader</i>	87
I AM PAGEANT	90
COUNTY FAIR, <i>J. Jones</i>	91
BUTTE VALLEY FAIR, <i>W. Whitaker</i>	92
LUMBERJACK FIESTA, <i>L. C. Chesbio</i>	93
WHEN LASSEN LANE BECOMES XMAS LANE, <i>E. Carter</i>	95
McCLOUD R. R. EXCURSION TRIPS, <i>R. Kite</i>	96
HISTORY OF SISKIYOU, <i>H. Wells</i>	97
WHITMAN MASSACRE REVIEW, <i>B. Bridwell</i>	101
STORY OF A SISKIYOU ARGONAUT, <i>E. Kidder</i>	102
BLANK TREE SKETCH, <i>to be filled out by owner</i>	107
PARK FAMILY TREE	108
JOHN AND LOUISA FIOCK BIOGRAPHY	109
SULLIVAN FAMILY TREE	111
GURNEY FAMILY TREE	112
OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN— <i>Indiv. pix directors</i>	113
PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE	114
CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES FOR 1963	114
MEMBERSHIP REPORT	114
FINANCIAL REPORT	115
CURATOR'S REPORT	115
CLIPPINGS	116
PUBLICITY	116
MEETINGS OF 1963	116
FIELD RESEARCH	118
PIONEER BIOGRAPHIES AND MEMBER RECORDS	119
CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES FOR 1964	122
SOUTHERN SISKIYOU KNOW YOUR HEIRLOOMS GROUP	123
12th ANNUAL SYMPOSIUM	125
CONFERENCE OF CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETIES	125
IN MEMORIUM:	127



—painted by Calla Lukes

The Prospector

It was the discovery of gold that brought fast development to California and this part of the state. The news spread fast, and people came in droves in search of their fortunes, scattering in every direction over our rugged mountains.

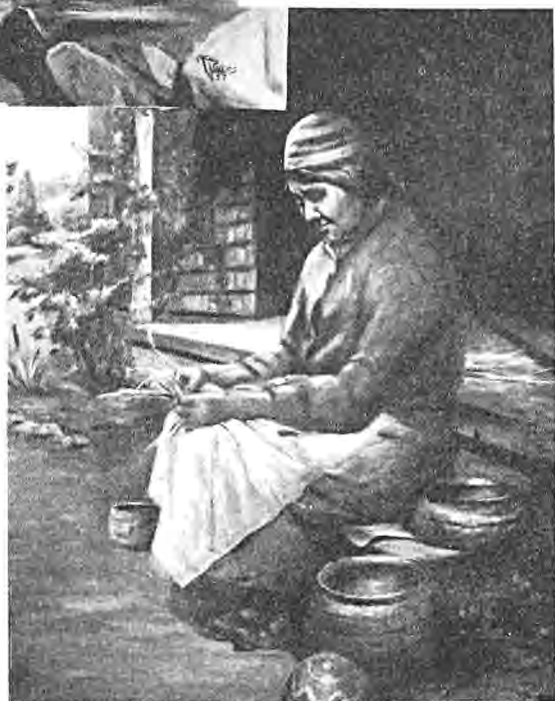
The pan was the prospector's testing unit in search for his strike, and, if successful, he would then install sluice boxes and cradles. In some areas, even the hydraulic method of gold mining was used.

The prospector became known as a colorful character, noted for the tall stories he could tell of his experiences and discoveries of gold "in them thar hills". He was a free spender of his gold and lost many a fortune in the saloons and in gambling.

—painted by Calla Lukes

The Basket Maker

As part of the Indian's way of life, the basket fulfilled many purposes, and every squaw was a basket maker. Today only a few of the older squaws still possess the skill and know-how of a soon-to-be lost and forgotten art. This Indian woman is of the Quartz Valley reservation near Fort Jones, and she still has the ability of the expert basket-maker.



Introducing Splendid Siskiyou . . .

In the course of the white man's exploration, conquest, and settlement, the Siskiyou County area belonged to, or was claimed by, successively, the Spanish, English, and finally, Americans. In 1825, led by Finan McDonald and Thomas McKay, came the first Hudson's Bay Company trappers to harvest the beaver, mink, and muskrat. One of these early frontiersmen was Peter Skene Ogden, who generally is given credit for naming Mt. Shasta and the Shasta River when he wrote in his diary on February 14, 1827, "I have named this river Sastise River. There is a mountain equal in height to Mt. Hood or Vancouver, I have named Mt. Sastise. I have given these names from the tribes of Indians."

The following year, 1828, the county gained its name when Archibald R. McLeod, an official of the Hudson's Bay Company, lost most of his animals, including a noted bob-tailed race horse, in a severe snowstorm. His Canadian followers named the place the pass of the Siskiyou, a Cree Indian word meaning "bob-tailed horse". This appellation eventually was extended to encompass the whole range of mountains where the loss occurred and the adjoining district.

Trappers turned farmers when the fur-bearing animal population began to dwindle in the 1830's and 40's, and herds of cattle were driven from south-

ern California to farms in Oregon. In 1850 the first major gold strikes were made, and gold was the greatest single factor in the final exploration and settlement of the area. The subsequent influx of miners and settlers led to the establishment of local government.

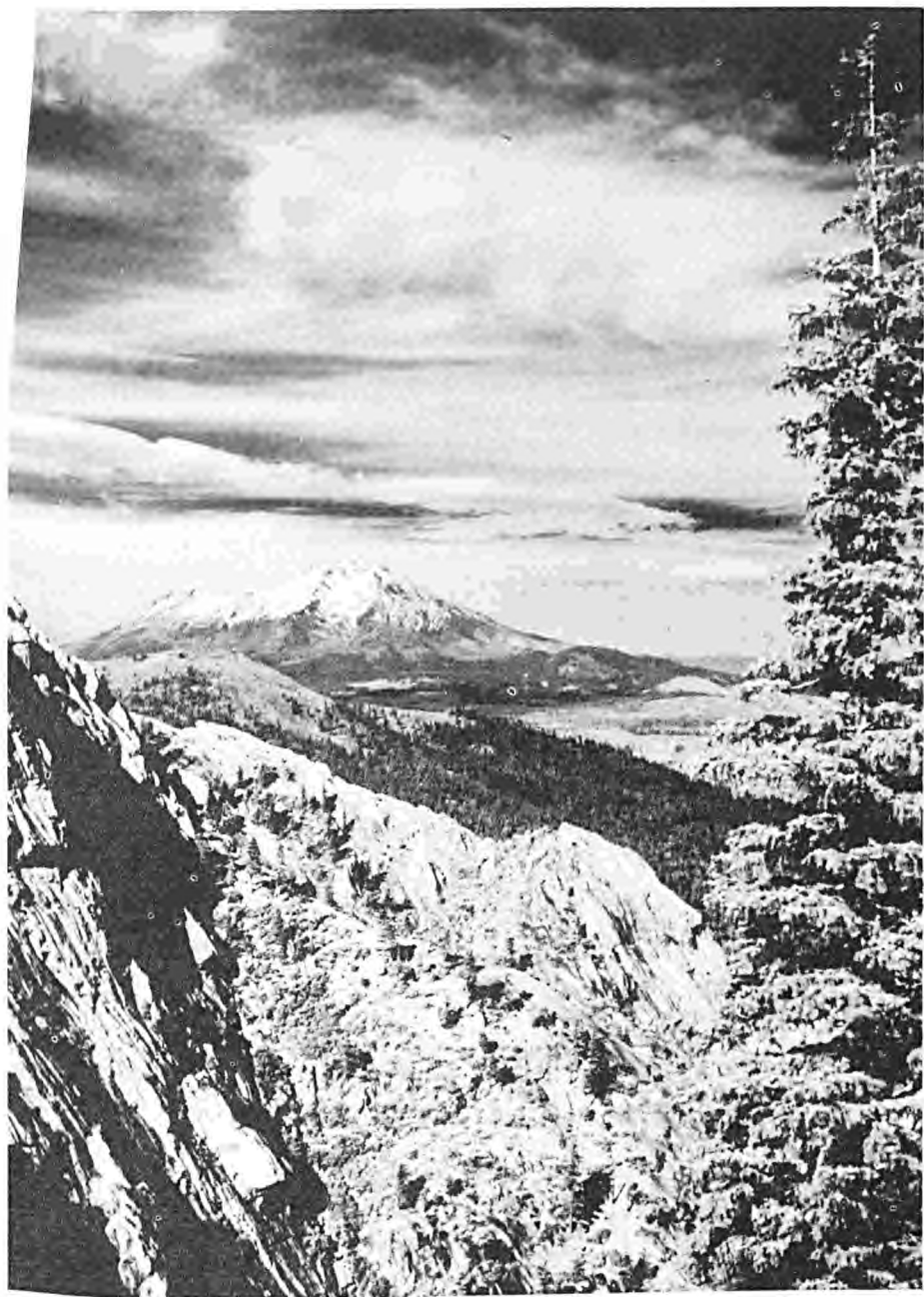
During the 1860's, mining gave way to agriculture, and soon there were more ranchers and farmers in the area than miners. The Modoc Indian war in eastern Siskiyou County occupied most of the people during the 1870's. The 1880's marked the period of the county's greatest growth. Railroads created towns; lumbering flourished from that day on, although agriculture is still the county's number one industry.

Progress in all fields followed in the 1890's. Electric power evolved from oil burning lamps—to the first electric light plant in Yreka in 1891. New frontiers in recreation areas were developed with the turn of the century.

The fact and folklore of Siskiyou County do not lie entirely in its exciting and colorful past. Imagination and enterprise are still at work, and the county has developed its resources to keep pace with the rest of the nation. With its fast-growing industries, chiefly forest products, agriculture and livestock, and tourism, the outlook for Siskiyou County's future is as illustrious as its past.



Landmarks



—courtesy Kaymore Scott
Lonely as God, and white as a winter moon.—Joaquin Miller



Shastina from the air.

—photo by George Schrader

Mount Shasta . . .

By *ISABEL SCHRADER*

"No matter how they approached the California North, there came a day, a certain moment on the trail, when they saw it, a white far-off enchantment against the distant blue sky. What it represented, when at last it loomed low on their horizon, was determined by who they were, and where they came from, and where they were going, and why they were going there."

With these words Robert O'Brien opens the chapter on Mount Shasta in his book "California Called Them".

This towering landmark, which dominates the landscape can be glimpsed at intervals as one travels up the Sac-

ramento till it bursts into full view as the road climbs out of the canyon and approaches Dunsmuir and the City of Mount Shasta. From the north it is visible from many points in Oregon, and a most inspiring view of it is spread out before those crossing the Siskiyou. A century ago, when its lower slopes were covered with virgin forest, and most of the valley was forested, the mountain was not sighted till one was almost upon it, which accounts for the fact that there was no mention of it in the diaries of the earlier explorers.

On Valentine's day, 1827, Peter Skeene Ogden, leading a brigade of

trappers from Fort Vancouver, wrote in his diary: "There is a mountain equal in height to Mount Hood or Vancouver, I have named Sastise."

The coming of the railroad with its need of wood for ties and fuel for its locomotives was the beginning of the ruthless destruction of the tall trees, with sawmills springing up all along the route. Now the timber is almost gone, and Shasta rises from a field of brush and scrawny second growth. Unlike the other mountains of comparable height, there are no nearby peaks to detract from its solitary magnificence. Its official height is 14,161 feet, but it rises over 10,000 feet above the surrounding country. Shastina, the lesser peak, which rises from the western flank of Shasta is 12,433 feet high. Both peaks are of volcanic origin, the crater of Shastina being clearly visible. Shasta has a crater on the very summit with sulphurous hot springs at its margin. There is no official record as to when volcanic activity ceased. Grant Towendolly, son of a former Wintun Indian chief said that his father, as a young man, had seen smoke erupting from Mt. Shasta. That would be somewhere around 1850.

There are five glaciers on Mt. Shasta, on the northern and eastern sides. They are Whitney, named for the great scientist, Bolam (great) Hotlum (Steep Rock) Wintun (tribal name) and Konwakiton (dirty, muddy). The last four are of Indian derivation.

The Indians had many legends concerning the mountain, which they regarded as the abode of the Great Spirit. They would never ascend above the timber line, not so much from fear, but from awe and reverence. Their story of creation concerns the Great Spirit who lived in the skies. He made the mountain first. Making a hole in the blue heavens by turning a stone round and round, he pushed down snow and ice until the mountain was so high that he

could step on it. He descended and planted trees by putting his finger on the ground. The sun melted the snow and made rivers to make them grow. He broke off pieces of the small end of his staff which became fishes and blew on leaves to make the birds. The animals were made from pieces of the staff, and the grizzly, the largest and fiercest, was made from the end, and made master of the beasts. The mountain he made into a wigwam, built a fire in it, and brought his family down from the skies to live in it.

One legend of Shastina also accounts for the many small hills in Shasta Valley, the "Valley of a Thousand Hills". The Great Spirit wanted a tepee built for his wife (some say his favorite daughter). So the Indians came with their baskets and brought loads of earth and piled them up beside the father's lodge for a wigwam for his daughter. One morning the great Chief looked out and saw that the new lodge was almost as high as his own.

"Stop!" he cried and each one dropped his basket of earth just where he stood. That is how all those little hills got into Shasta Valley.

The white man, too, falls under the spell of this enchanting mountain. In the twilight, Mount Shasta, vague and majestic, floating in a sea of opalescent haze, seems unreal, and it is easy to picture dreamlike sprites inhabiting its rarefied air. In the cold glare of the sun its shining expanse could well conceal giants in its glacial crevices. In the warm glow of the setting sun, changing from gold to rose to purple, one can fancy towers and minarets of gold and precious jewels amid the shadowy forest trees.

Some such thought must have inspired Spencer Lewis of the Rosicrucian Order when he wrote of the Lemurians, fabulous survivors of a race of beings who inhabited the continent of Lemuria,

sunk for thousands of years beneath the waters of the Pacific.

These supermen, in long white robes, trod the highways on sandalled feet, but if approached, would slip away among the trees, or vanish completely. Apparently possessed of an inexhaustible supply of gold, they would suddenly appear in some small store to barter a nugget for some merchandise. Their speech was precise, with an English accent.

They were tall, some approaching seven feet, with long muscular arms, short lower limbs, and heads large in proportion to their bodies. In the center of a very high forehead was a protrusion, an extra organ of sense which enabled them to communicate among themselves by a sort of subliminal telepathy.

Flashing lights were seen on the mountain, emanating from their secret ceremonials. Anyone approaching their sacred spots was restrained by an influence which prevented their moving in any direction other than that from which they came.

Such were the creatures described by Dr. Lewis, writing under the pen name of W. S. Cerve in a book titled "Lemuria, the Lost Continent of the Pacific". The book, published in 1931, had a wide circulation, and searchers for the Lemurian colony from all over the world invaded the towns around the mountain. Letters of inquiry poured into the office of the Shasta National Forest and were officially answered. The Lemurian stories, they said, were sheer fantasy. Every inch of the mountain and surrounding flats had either been explored on foot or photographed from the air. No Forest Service man had ever encountered the vaguest trace of a Lemurian. Mount Shasta still stands aloof in beauty and mystery, perhaps hiding within her volcanic cavities a race capable of existing without

food, without air, sustained by a power beyond our ken.

The first ascent of Mt. Shasta was made on August 28, 1854, by a party of eight men, led by Captain E. D. Pearce of Yreka who planted the stars and stripes on its peak.

The first woman to reach the top was Olive Paddock Eddy, wife of Nelson Harvey Eddy, pioneer of 1854, for whom Mount Eddy was named. This peak, 9000 feet high is in the coast range, a landmark itself, the highest peak visible on the western side of the valley. Mrs. Eddy climbed Shasta on September 9, 1856.

The first animal to ascend the mountain was a mule. A survey party in 1884 attempted to take two mules to the top by way of the Ash Creek route; one animal was lost but one reached the top.

The first horse to ascend the mountain was taken up by a party of three men and a woman in 1903 with Tom Watson of Mount Shasta as guide. The woman was Alice Cousins.

An account of this climb and other ascents of the mountain are found in detail in the earlier issues of the Pioneer and Yearbook.

In 1875, a monument was erected on the peak of the mountain by the United States Coast Survey as a triangulation point. In 1905, it collapsed during a terrific storm. The Historical Society, over a period of years, considered restoring it, but it was discovered that the expense was too great. The cone from the top was eventually brought down and is now in our museum. Pictures of the monument and details of the various attempts to restore it can be seen in the Yearbook for 1946 and subsequent publications.

A cut stone rest house was built by the Sierra Club in the early 1920's at Horse Camp, on the timber line. This is reached by trail from Sand Flat on the John Everitt Memorial Road, and

is used as a base camp for persons planning to climb the mountain.

In 1957, Arthur Francis Eichorn published a compilation of stories and

information called the Mount Shasta Story. The book is available locally at news stands and at the office of the Mount Shasta Herald, publishers.

The Ski Bowl . . .

Above the timber line at an elevation of 7,850 feet is the Mt. Shasta Ski Bowl. Panther Meadows, the original name of the area offers a natural bowl with slopes suitable for every type of skiing. Easy access to this area was made possible by the completion of the Everitt Memorial Highway in 1958. This fine road was dedicated to the memory of John Everitt, a Shasta National Forest Service supervisor who was trapped and lost his life in a disastrous forest fire on the slopes of the mountain.

From the top of the double chair lift, which runs from the Ski Lodge to a height of 9,800 feet, is afforded one of the most magnificent views in all California—a spread of mountains shaping the Sacramento River canyon to the south . . . ribbons of water, lakes, and peak after peak of snow-caps to the

Author Unknown

An old Volcano, sealed in ice and snow,
Looks from its airy height supreme
On lesser peaks that dwindle small
below,
On valleys, hazy in the beam
Of Summer Suns; on distant lakes
that flash
Their starry rays in greenwood dense;
On canyons where blue rapids leap and
dash
And mosses cling to cliffs immense.



—courtesy Ray Kite
The Ski Bowl.

north. The lift is operated daily during the ski season and on weekends in the summer.

The Ski Lodge provides meals, ski and equipment rentals, souvenirs, bar and lounge areas, and limited overnight accommodations. Another fine view of mountain scenery, as well as all the activity on the ski slopes and rope tows, is afforded from the Lodge dining room window-walls and the radiant-heated outside sundeck.

In early days, dishes were not very plentiful. Most people had only tin dishes and these were hard to get. One man, to avoid the risk of loss, nailed his dishes to the table. When he wanted to wash them he would turn the table on it's side, taking the broom and some hot water and scrub them well; after rinsing them, he would turn the table back with the dishes thoroughly cleansed.

Black Butte . . .

By ISABEL SCHRADER

As one travels through the county on highway 99, the most striking landmark, second only to Mt. Shasta, is a bare black cone just north of the town of Mount Shasta. From the south it has the appearance of a sharply pointed heap of volcanic ash, but actually there are several smaller peaks north of the main mass, giving the profile a jagged sawtooth appearance.

The height of the peak is 6,334 feet, and it rises from brushfields which are just under 4,000 feet above sea level. On September 2, 1949, a fire caused by a careless camper entirely denuded the southern and western slopes. A steep zigzag trail $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length leads to the summit where the U. S. Forest Service has a lookout which is manned during the fire season. The lookout building was destroyed by a storm on October 12, 1962, and the next spring a new building was erected, the sections being flown to the site by helicopter. A good hiker can climb the trail in about an hour and a half, but it is advisable to carry your own food and water when visiting the lookout.

The peak was named Black Butte in the 1850's because it was "black as the blackest iron ore". (Pacific R. R. report). The Geographic Board changed the name first to Wintoon Butte, then to Cone Mountain, and finally (June 6, 1934) back to the original name, Black Butte (Gudde—Calif. Place Names).

In the Siskiyou Pioneer of 1949, which contains an account of John Muir's mountaineering in Siskiyou County, is found this dedication. "To the indomitable spirit of John Muir, who could enjoy reposing in a blizzard



—courtesy Isabel G. Schrader
Black Butte.

on the high flung upper reaches of Mount Shasta, where more timid souls would have perished, this volume is dedicated. And we do further set as our goal the project of persuading the Board of Geographical Names that Siskiyou County has a true claim as an heir to the name of John Muir, and that the peak in Siskiyou, which he, himself, called "Muir's Peak", and which has fallen to the ignominious designation of "Black Butte", should by official recognition be hereafter known as "Muir's Peak".

In the same issue is a picture of the peak from Muir's "Picturesque California" entitled "Muir's Peak", from Sisson's.

The mountain is not an extinct volcano, as its appearance would indicate, but was formed by the upheaval of volcanic material from below at a much later date than the formation of Mount Shasta. A more romantic version is the legend that the Butte is the tip of Mt. Shasta, blown off long centuries ago in a volcanic explosion and settling into its original shape in its transplanted position.



—courtesy J. O. McKinney

Gateway to Brown-Shasta Ranch

Brown Shasta Ranch . . .

J. O. M c K I N N E Y

Brown Shasta Ranch, long a show-place of Northern California, is slowly succumbing to inroads of time. It will remain attractive as long as it stands, but many attractions are gone. Fire has taken away many of the big horse barns built to house the aristocrats of the racing world once numerous here.

This storied old place was built more than 40 years ago. For the life of the builder, Harry D. 'Curley' Brown, not a stroke was left undone that added to, or kept it in condition. Others have not been so thoughtful. Gone are the orchards that once bloomed. Even the

7-foot-high deer fence is leaning in places. No longer are the many thoroughbred horses seen in paddocks or restricted runs about the place.

But still attractive to the eye are the lakes built for reflecting back the image of Mt. Shasta, which is what brought Curley Brown there in the beginning. These lakes, too, are the homes for trout that enticed many famed fishermen from many parts of the world.

But Mt. Shasta was the lodestone that attracted it all. Brown brought all his persuasiveness into play to cause the name of the town to be changed

from Sisson to Mount Shasta. Changed were the names of the postoffice and railway depot. Even all horses raised there were named Shasta. Shasta Bullet became one of the best 2-year-old racers in the world. One time 42 racing horses carried the name Shasta.

It was Curley Brown who won the hearts of all the adults of the region by winning their children. At Christmas time, this multi-millionaire would go to the San Francisco mint and buy dimes never in circulation. These in bags were hung on Christmas trees with names of the children attached. Older boys got larger sums. Many boys, who are men now, say the first \$5.00 they ever owned was given them by Brown.

The horse ranch was the home for saddle horses as well as racers. Visitors often desired a ride about the country. When these horses were not otherwise employed, children were welcome to ride these fine animals. Brown kept a

groom for the purpose of seeing the children had horses that were gentle and well trained.

This philanthropist made a standing offer to match money with the town for anything spent for improving or advertising Mount Shasta. He even tried to get permission to build a road to the top of Mt. Shasta. Had ill health not interfered, he probably would have achieved his purpose.

This man, who made most of his several millions through racing, stated he intended to give most of it back that way. He spent two millions on Brown Shasta ranch. Had he lived longer, he probably would have given the major portion to the society he enjoyed.

An unusual thing about this man who gave so much to the region is that not one person in Mount Shasta owns a picture of Harry D. 'Curley' Brown, the patron saint of the region.



—courtesy J. O. McKinney
One of the many lakes built on Brown Shasta for trout fishing—and to catch the reflection of the mountain.



—courtesy Siskiyou Recreation Development League
Masterplan of the Transportation Museum-Park at Dunsmuir.

A New Landmark . . .

—CARL P. CLEMENT

Siskiyou County's newest point of interest and development is the Transportation Museum and Park development at the south county line in Little Castle Creek canyon near Dunsmuir.

The Siskiyou Recreation Development League, a non-profit corporation, is now constructing a multi-million dollar enterprise that will provide wide entertainment, recreation and educational values to the entire state.

The project, envisioned by Carl P. Clement and the Dunsmuir News, now is the major development going on in Siskiyou County.

It will house early history and artifacts dealing with the colorful events in Siskiyou County and the area. It will have a central theme of the steam railroad days and the early logging and mill operations.

It will feature a standard gauge railroad, miniature railroad and model

systems of the Dunsmuir Southern Pacific rail head.

The 50-acre site is owned by the County of Siskiyou, will contain 100 overnight campsites, picnic facilities for 2,500 people, have outdoor barbecue and kitchen for cookouts. It will have two swimming areas, a large lake for the children to fish and for everyone to enjoy.

An Indian Village with a massive wigwam that will reach into the sky with poles that are 96 feet long. It will have an Indian museum and be a place for early American and Indian foods to be featured, with an indoor diorama and stage for dramas and entertainment. There will be an indoor waterfall and stream.

These, and many other features, will make the project one of California's finest and most popular family outdoor natural recreation spots.

Mud Creek In Action . . .

GERALD WETZEL

The story of Mud Creek 1924 is now nearly forgotten by those who saw the spectacular performance and perhaps unknown to those of a later generation. Certainly no one now living can tell of earlier flows and more devastation, of which only sand and rocks remain.

The winters of the early 1920's were comparatively light for the south-eastern part of the county, and as a result Mt. Shasta gradually lost much of the snow which covered its glaciers winter and summer. A light winter in 1923, an early spring in 1924, and an extremely hot summer that year resulted in a damaging flow of water and mud from Konwakaton Glacier and Clear Creek down Mud Creek canyon. Heretofore, there was always some flow but the volume of water was small and it disappeared in Ash Creek flats. The canyon had become filled from sand and rock from slides down the steep walls and from fallen trees at lower elevations. Now the sun melted what snow was left and began to work on the glaciers. Water accumulated behind the natural dams until the small channels could not accommodate the flow, so pressure increased behind these dams. When they let go, there was no stopping the flow of mud, rocks, and trees. Old channels were soon filled and new ones cut. People flocked in such numbers to see the sight that the old dirt road over the hill became practically impassable, the dust was so deep. The road to Mud Creek was closed because of the danger of the flow. No one could be sure when a new channel would be made by the irresistible mass—huge trees, rocks as large as autos floating and bobbing like corks, and the grinding and cracking noise as they came together! I dipped a quart jar of

the stuff from the stream during a little lull in the flow. When it all settled there was one half to one inch of water, the rest was sand and volcanic ash.

Now there was too much debris to settle in the flats, so it pushed on and on. Soon some of McCloud's water-supplying springs were covered and pipe lines broken. There was no drinking water for the town. The railroad brought in several tank car loads of water a day, and people took turns filling buckets, tubs and other things to hold water for domestic supply.

Mud Creek was moving in. The railroad east of town was covered to a depth of three feet. Then the flats east of town and the highway also were soon covered. There is a car still buried out there, caught in the sand, unable to be moved soon enough. Fortunately, no people were injured. The flow continued to the river, and the force was so great that it crossed the river at that point to a distance of 60 to 70 yards on the opposite side. The damage continued until cool weather in the fall. Mud Creek resumed flowing in the following summer and to some extent every summer since, but never like in 1924.

An effort was made to control or divert the mud flow to the flats where it was hoped the mud and accompanying debris would settle and in 1930, the C.C.C. camp was established north of McCloud. The boys from this camp constructed a dam and diversion channels . . . might as well join King Canute to sweep back the tide. Most of the channels are long gone, and the dam is partly filled.

One wonders if Mt. Shasta itself will someday be washed away.

McCloud River Railroad . . .

—GERALD WETZEL

The McCloud River Railroad Company contributed much to the social life of the town. Autos were few and could be used only from May 'til November when they were put on blocks, the batteries taken out, and the highway, such as it was, abandoned to the snow. Then, on special occasions, fraternal groups would charter a train, and anyone who had the fare could go along to Sisson, an hour's ride away. The railroad could usually fill two coaches and perhaps a baggage car on the yearly New Year's Eve trip. The trip home might take longer than an hour as arguments sometimes got a bit hot and could not be settled by words; so the train was stopped, and the belligerents could settle their differences by physical combat. Everyone got off to see the fight which didn't last long—a few wild swings, fight over, friendly spirits restored, everyone got back on the train and proceeded again to McCloud. The lumber company used to charter the train also on July 4th, one of the two holidays recognized then. The other was Christmas. There was free transportation to employees and families to picnic spots in the woods or along the river.

The Railroad has been reasonably free from major accidents, the usual derailments due to wet weather, cattle and deer on the tracks, or fallen trees across the rails.

During the big snow storms of 1937-38, the town of McCloud was virtually stranded and, in fact, the train itself was stranded between Sisson and McCloud due to the snow. They finally had to appeal to the Southern Pacific to send a Rotary snow plow to get them out. The first train through brought



—courtesy Ray Kite
No. 18 at McCloud Depot.

supplies to a badly depleted store. The bread was snapped up before it could be put on the shelves. Even those people who were accustomed to doing their own baking could not bake because the supply of yeast in the store was long gone.

The children in McCloud enjoyed the snows, tunnelling into their front entrances and jumping into the snow from two story windows.

The McCloud River Railroad is now strictly a dieselized freight line except for one steam engine kept for special occasions like the yearly trip of short line fans.

To encourage the growth of the railroad, the RR 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.

McCloud Bank Robbery . . .

— G E R A L D W E T Z E L

On August 15, 1917, in mid-morning, we were in the back part of the McCloud River Lumber Company Office. Suddenly we were startled by a series of shots which sounded very close. In those days, it was not unusual to hear some shooting at any hour of the day or night, usually accompanied by singing. Some of the Italians had fine voices and enjoyed their wine and song and shooting.

But there was no singing that day, so we wandered out to see what was going on. The shooting started again as soon as the first person appeared on the front porch, and those first ones started running back and over those in the rear. Then we all ran back, and

another chap and I tried to get through a swinging glass door together and broke the glass just as a shot rang out. I thought the German army had arrived. But the bursts of shots had come from two men who were running down the porch following an unsuccessful attempt to hold up the bank, which was located in the office building.

At that time, there were no windows on one side, and only one employee on duty. Two men, who evidently had "cased the joint" and knew the set up, came in. They had masks sewed in their hats so when their hats were raised the masks dropped over their faces. This they did and instructed the cashier to "stick 'em up". Instead, he dropped



—illustrated by Stell Fisher

down and, for some reason, moved to one side. One of the hold up men emptied his 45 through the counter, and one bullet grazed the cashier's arm. All would have hit him had he not shifted. He then raised up and attempted to shoot the robbers, but the revolver had evidently been stored under the bank counter for just such an emergency for so long that it would not work.

The robbers ran out and around to the south side of the building. They could see someone in the bank so they let go with another blast. The bullet holes can still be seen in the south wall. They also shot at an old Italian gardener who knew only a few words of English but evidently understood the language of bullets because he rolled over and played dead. Then the two started for a gully back of the office where they encountered a couple of chaps returning from deer hunting.

The bandits fired at the hunters, which, as one of the hunters said, made

him mad and he got behind a tree and fired back. The robbers disappeared up the little gully.

In the meantime, word of the attempted robbery had spread and people gathered. Some had commandeered guns, and some were firing as they ran, and some had ammunition which did not match the guns.

Eventually the sheriff arrived from Yreka. It was a three or four hour trip between the two towns. He took one look at the brush covered terrain and developed a severe sore foot. However, some hardy souls did attempt to follow the two outlaws, and in a mile or so came to a pond, and there was one of the men lying dead. He had evidently attempted to bathe his foot, badly shattered by the hunter's bullet which had entered his heel and gone to the toes but had never come out. The man was dead from a bullet through his temple and it was surmised at the time that his partner had killed him because the wounded foot made it impossible for the man to travel. The dead man had a small sack of straw in his coat to make him appear hunch-backed.

Searches were made for days, but the second bandit was never found, nor was the dead one positively identified as far as I know.

The place still has a little pond there and is still called "Robber's Camp", though I think only a few people now know why.

Looking back, this was really an amusing incident. No one got hurt except the one robber, and it gave us something to talk about for weeks. Many years later, a new cashier was examining a sawed off shot gun which had been placed there for protection, and the darn thing went off. They wouldn't shoot when they were supposed to because we took several of them hunting once. Not one fired. But the one that did blew a hole about 4" x 6" through the wall.



—illustrated by Stell Fisher

Deadhorse Summit . . .

— J O K I N N E Y

Deadhorse Summit was originally thought to have been named from the fact that within a few miles of this place was the spot where Alexander Roderick McLeod lost his horses in 1829. This was declared by Mr. McIntosh, Sr., who for 40 years was a mail carrier along this route, to be in error.

He states that "Preacher" Mayfield was responsible for the place receiving this name. Mayfield was quite a character who made his home in Sisson.

He was a Western version of David Harum. Mayfield Guard Station on the Shasta National Forest was named for him, reasons unknown.

On a particular occasion he rode a fast horse into a sweat and then allowed him to drink cold water from the spring at Deadhorse Canyon. The horse sickened and died, whence the name Deadhorse Canyon and Deadhorse Summit.

Blue Star Memorial . . .

— R I T A P R A T H E R

The Blue Star Memorial Marker is a monument placed on the highway to honor the service men and women of our country who have served and will serve in our armed forces. This idea originated at the close of World War II, 1944, by the New Jersey Garden Club, in an effort to beautify six miles of Highway and erect a suitable memorial to honor our Nation's Armed Forces, with something that was simple and dignified, and would serve as a lasting remembrance useful to the community; and a living memorial as an appropriate tribute of a grateful nation. It is one of the most extensive projects ever undertaken by garden clubs, and the first to be attempted on a nation wide scale. It paved the way for the anti-litter drive and the roadside rest areas beautification. Today it includes the whole United States.

The name "Blue Star Memorial" is taken from the blue star in the service flag. A uniform marker was adopted



—courtesy Rita Prather
Memorial marker placed by Shasta
Valley Garden Club

to show memorialization. At this time California Highways 99 and 97, 80 and 40 have been designated Blue Star Highways, and as one drives along, the monuments may be seen at regular intervals.

The Blue Star Memorial Marker in which Siskiyou County should be interested in, is placed at Grass Lake on Highway 97, between Weed and Dorris, and was dedicated on Sunday, September 9, 1962, making it a modern historical marker.

When I was president of the Shasta Valley Garden Club, I was asked by the Blue Star Chairman of California Garden Clubs, Inc., to work on the project of placing a monument between Weed and the Oregon State Line. Senator Randolph Collier brought the matter up at the legislature and succeeded in obtaining a resolution designating Highway 97, from Weed to the Oregon border, a Blue Star Memorial Highway and authorizing the cooperation of the Division of Highways in maintaining appropriate memorial markings.

Once we had the official "go-ahead", we went in search of a suitable site for the marker and chose a beautiful location on Grass Lake. The property is owned by International Paper Company, who gladly gave permission to erect the Blue Star monument.

When the date of the dedication was set, invitations were sent to Senator Collier and State Garden Club officials, and more than 100 persons attended the event. Speakers included Mrs. Edward Clement, president of the Montague Club; H. S. Miles, district engineer, Division of Highways; Rev. Carl Nylund, Montague Methodist Church pastor; Mrs. Warren Messner, district director of Cascade District; Mrs. W. W. Tipton, State Blue Star Memorial Highway Chairman for California Garden Clubs, Inc.; Senator Randolph Collier; Mrs. George Johnstone, Blue



—courtesy Rita Prather
 Ceremony Participants—Women participating in the dedication ceremonies of Blue Star Memorial Highway 97, standing from left are Mrs. Edward Clement, Mrs. Morris Prather, Mrs. Warren Messner, and Mrs. George Johnstone; seated from left are Mrs. W. W. Tipton and Mrs. Henry Read.

Star Memorial Highway Chairman of Cascade District; A. K. Crebbin, district acting supervisor of Klamath National Forest, (who pointed out that the site chosen for this memorial is also the highway designated as the old "Emigrant Trail" which was traveled over by the early pioneers and settlers); Robert Cline, representative of International Paper Company; and Carl Johnson, past district Commander of the American Legion.

Mrs. Henry T. Read, State president of California Garden Clubs, then presented the marker to H. S. Miles, who accepted it on behalf of the state of California. The monument was unveiled by the Boy Scouts, and Mrs. Prather placed a wreath at its base. The program was concluded with the benediction by Rev. Nylund, followed by the playing of a medley of armed forces' music by recording.

The income from sales, rentals, or taxes of Section 18 and 36 of every township was reserved for the benefit of schools.

Grass Lake . . .

— J. O. M c K I N N E Y

Grass Lake is so well known its location should not be secret to any one. It is a 200-acre grass-and-sedge covered flat out U. S. Highway 97 toward Klamath Falls from Weed.

It is not generally known that the waters can be drained from the lake at will. All surrounding land is higher than the water in the lake. Yet when the need to drain off water arises, it is done with ease. This is done through a hole in the bottom of the lake like draining water from a bathtub.

Most folk have noticed a semi-circular dyke whose two ends butt up against the wooded land that juts into the shoreline. Cut that dyke, and water rushes inside the dyke area, to disappear down a drainage hole.

But don't ask me where it goes! A man living in Mt. Shasta is desirous of dumping a barrel of dye down this hole to try to trace the route taken by the



—courtesy J. O. McKinney
Grass Lake drainage.

hundreds of acre feet of escaping water. There may be some danger to livestock or human consumption if that were allowed.

The drainage system was built by James Sullivan, a long time employee of Weed Lumber Company, now International Paper Company.

Timeless Edgewood . . .

— J. O. M c K I N N E Y

Edgewood, a hamlet that came into being as Butteville, has probably changed less than any other place on any map. According to its long-time postmistress, Mrs. McMahan, the population served by the postoffice is nearly a duplicate of what it was 100 years ago.

It will probably never become a ghost town. Its place in the lives of the inhabitants is too important for it to fade. But the encroachment of other influences has prevented it from keeping step with the years.

But that is, to those who live there, one of life's richest blessings. They like it as it is. The less it changes, the happier they will remain. And why not?

That little village has what is meant by that slang word, 'IT'. Charm hangs like a halo over Edgewood. Enough romance of the old days is recalled to keep an air of spice in its atmosphere. On the Spada ranch a mile beyond the town is still standing the building that was Edgewood's night life center 100 years ago. That was the old Dogtown

saloon. Bullet holes in its woodworks shows all was not serene at all times. But the middle-aged members recall dancing there when such things were fun.

At a rummage sale there last fall, the chief item enjoyed by visitors was apple cider—brewed at Edgewood. There was no importing cider there. There never will be need for cider to be imported. Neither will fruits, vegetables, flowers, or other products of the soil ever need to be brought to Edgewood. These things grow better at no other spot in the world. This is why Edgewood will endure.

Ab Evans stated that when he was a stripling, the cowboys of other regions liked to go to Dogtown, and imbibe in the old barroom spoken of above. They liked to get away from home to 'tie one on', and the long horseback ride home was as sobering as being dunked in a rainbarrel, and not nearly so uncomfortable. This habit seems not to be in vogue today. But a trip to Edgewood when the sun is shining over its



—courtesy J. O. McKinney
Dogtown Saloon.

fields of cattle, and other agricultural products, is pleasure in itself.

One may still see vestiges of its historic past. And you will see enough of its present to understand why Edgewood is here to stay. It carries its age well as it heads into a future with the same ease it has stood since gold rush days.

Some Sunday take a trip to Edgewood. You can then take home with you a picture of the most contented strip of country you probably ever will see in all your life.



—courtesy J. O. McKinney

Cavanaugh Store, now owned by Clyde Hawkins.

Godey's Fashions for 1879 . . .



The Caledonia Ranch . . .

—WILLARD H. STONE

The name "Caledonia" was not applied to this property until the early '20s. Previous to this time the ranch was referred to by the name of whom-ever was the owner.

The ranch is bisected by the present routing of U.S. 99 Highway and lies about a half mile North of Parks Creek.

It is one of the very earliest ranches to be taken up and farmed in Siskiyou County. Two pioneers, Wiley J. Fox and J. Montgomery Peters, formed a partnership to raise stock and farm at

this location and to do so claimed adjoining homesteads, described by meets & bounds, 'about 25 miles South of Yreka, on the Sacramento Road', October 15, 1855.

Wiley J. Fox became sole owner some time later, when he and J. M. Peters dissolved the partnership, and he purchased the homestead, devoting the next several years to raising beef cattle. During November, 1861, he sold the property to Henry S. Stewart, who started a dairy, along with the stock cattle business, by erecting a dairy barn



—courtesy Willard H. Stone
Caledonia Place.

in addition to the buildings Fox and Peters had put up.

During the early part of 1863, Wm. J. Cunningham purchased all of the holdings. He immediately started the erection of a two story dwelling for his family. The lumber and timbers were purchased from Mr. James Dobkins, who had a saw mill located on the upper Shasta River, at the site of the present Hammond lake. The house originally had porches on three sides. There was a very large and a small bedroom upstairs, two bed rooms, a large living room, with a fireplace and a spacious kitchen downstairs. Later an addition was built onto the north end and the kitchen was moved into it, then using the vacated space for a dining room. The upper rooms were reached from the dining room by a very narrow, steep stairway which had real high steps. The rooms were all plastered inside. Although this house is not being used it has withstood the ravages of time for a hundred and one years.

In the year of 1873, Mr. S. S. (DOC) Williams and his wife bought the ranch. Mrs. Williams, who was always known as "Auntie", took pride in her flower garden and nice lawn; she, also, had several kinds of berries and a vegetable garden. Mr. Williams maintained a large dairy and ran some

stock cattle, which he took to Squaw Valley during the summer months.

A Mr. Flood rented the ranch and bought all of the stock and built a two story house for his large family directly across the road (East) from the Williams house, in 1889. The ranch and the dairy was leased in 1892 by Mr. Albert Newbegin and family. They lived in the Flood house and operated the dairy until 1903 when the Wells family bought the whole operation from Albert Newbegin who had purchased the estate upon the death of Mr. Williams in 1901. In 1905, a Mr. Herr contracted to buy the place from the Wells, but, at the end of the year relinquished it. The Wells now installed one of the first milking machines in the county and about doubled the number of cows for the dairy. They separated all of the milk and sold all of the cream to the Mountain Creamery in Edgewood. The Bigelow-Bagley ranch, adjoining on the west, was added to the original place to provide more dairy feed, since the dairy cows were now kept on the place all the year. Previously, the dairy had been moved to a summer pasture on Elk Creek, East of McCloud. Here the cream was churned into butter, sealed in 5-gallon tin cans and stored in the very cold waters of Elk Creek. At the end of the summer the butter was brought to the ranch where it was molded into 2-pound rolls and sold on the market or shipped to the large cities for sale.

In the year 1919 the Wells family sold the whole ranch to Ernest Richman and Clifton Walker of Ft. Jones and William Walker of Caledonia, British Columbia, Canada, who continued operating the dairy, only on a lesser scale. They, also, had a herd of stock cattle. In addition they maintained a fine bunch of saddle and pack horses, which were rented to fishing and hunting parties, as well as to those who wished to ride just for pleasure.

These new owners, wishing a better designation for the ranch, decided on the name of "The Caledonia Ranch", since it was traditional with them. The Walkers were descendants of the first Duke of Sutherland, whose Dukedom was located in Scotland, in the hilly country North of the Firth of Fourth, Called Caledonia, therefore, it was only natural that this historical name be given to this rugged locality. The name 'Caledonia' first appears in Pliny's Natural History, 77 A.D. During the time the Wells family still owned the ranch the Flood house, built in 1889, burned about 1915. During the year of 1908, Morris Wells built a one story residence, which is still being used.

The late Clifton Walker acceded to the ownership of the Caledonia Ranch and soon converted to an all beef cattle set-up. He built a slaughter house and for a number of years furnished fresh meat to most of the southern part of Siskiyou County. During the late part of 1929 he had a new residence put up just to the South of the Morris Wells house. In 1932, soon after Mr. Walker and his wife had moved into this dwelling, they had the misfortune of its burning completely.



—courtesy Willard H. Stone
Stairway in the old (1863) Cunningham
(or Caledonia) ranch house.

Later, after Clifton Walker's death, Mr. Leonard Shelley operated a dairy for a number of years, with the very able assistance of the late Walter (POP) Robinson.

During the past number of years the Caledonia Ranch has been an outright stock ranch. The late Mr. LeRoy Davis and wife Blanche owned and operated it for several years. Frank and Margaret Day, now of Little Shasta, ran a high grade of stock cattle, successfully, for quite a number of years. Mr. F. J. Pierce, of Idaho, bought and pastured cattle and horses and occasionally sheep; later he leased this pasture to Mr. Dwight Hammond, who used the large barns to feed in during real severe weather.

During the recent several years, The Caledonia Ranch has been owned by Mr. E. C. Reynolds, Montclair who is leasing it to custom grazing for large numbers of cattle and horses. Mr. Wm. Schauf, manager for Mr. Reynolds's properties, has been removing some of the older buildings, that have outlived their usefulness and generally improving the property.

In retrospect, we find that this ranch has been the livelihood of a large number of citizens of our County, many of them born and raised there, of whom several are living, part of them still living in the County.

It is not so great a coincidence that my grandfather, Willard P. Stone, lived just about a half mile to the North of the 'Caledonia' and was well acquainted with Wiley J. Fox and J. Montgomery Peters, which made the composition of this article the more interesting.

I wish to extend my thanks to the following friends and acquaintances for their assistance in the compilation of this article: Mrs. Sanford (Verina Newbegin) Stone; Mrs. James (Mae Bigelow) Hartley; Mrs. Dorothy Walker; Mrs. William Buscombe.

The Kiernan Ranch . . .

— M A R J O R I E M c C R A C K E N



—courtesy Gertrude Crecheriou
Bridget Kiernan.

According to information I have been able to gather, the following is a brief history of the Kiernan family and their ranch.

Patrick and Bridget McGrath Kiernan, natives of Ireland, came West across the plains in 1854. Bridget was pregnant with their first child, James. There were subsequently seven children, two boys and five girls, most of whom were born in the original house on the Kiernan homestead approximately two miles south of Gazelle. Though the ranch eventually comprised some 1600 acres, the original 80 acres was not patented by Patrick until 1884. They raised beef and cattle and carried on an extensive butchering business with several retail outlets. Mrs. William (Edna Thomsen) Kiernan of San Fran-

cisco supplied the information that the Kiernan cattle brand was OK for the original spelling of their name which was O'Kiernan.

In 1872 Patrick built the big house much as it stands today with the exception of the back section which was added on in 1909 by Harvey Garner (who still lives in Yreka) for a men's dining and wash room. Mr. Garner met Rose Kiernan (deceased) during this time and they were later married. The lumber for the house, all clear pine, was hauled by oxen and wagon from Dobkins Lumber Mill which was situated on the Shasta River at the south end of the valley. There is an amusing little story told about Patrick when he was building the big house. Some of Pat's friends said to him, "Well, Pat,



—courtesy Gertrude Crecheriou
James Kiernan, first son of Bridget and Pat.



—courtesy J. H. McCracken

The Kiernan home—except for a change of color from white to pink, the years have made small difference in the appearance of the house.

now that you're a-buildin such a big house, we don't suppose you'll be a-speakin to the likes of us anymore."

Quick as a flash and typical of the Irish wit, Pat answered in his rich Irish brogue, "Oh, yes, I'll be a-speakin to you, but I'll not be on the same equal with you."

An interesting feature of the house is the ornate papered ceiling and border in what was most certainly the parlor. The designs were superimposed over a coverage of figured paper and parts of the design are iridescent. The soft, muted colors are exquisite and show no signs of fading.

Mr. James Farragher recalls that during his childhood a Catholic priest, Father O'Meara, came each month to hold services, alternating between the Farragher-Wortman Ranch and the Kiernan Ranch. He says that since nearly



—courtesy Marjorie McCracken
Corner design in ceiling.



—courtesy Gertrude Crecheriou

Attendants at mass in 1901; left to right, rear row: Mary Kiernan Locklin, Mary McGrath Scoggins, Rose Kiernan Garner, unknown, Annie Farraher, Frank King, John Sissel, Rev. James O'Meara, George McGrath, Mary Sissel, Aunt Mary Wortman, Uncle Louie Wortman, Bridget Kiernan, George Locklin, Vivian Sissel, James Finnerty, Marie Locklin, Gertrude Sissel, Bertha Sissel, Agnes Locklin.

all of those attending were relatives, they also all stayed for dinner.

Patrick died at the age of 72 in 1896. Bridget lived until the early 1920's and members of the Kiernan family continued to occupy the house until it was sold for the first time in 1928, (although much of the acreage had been previously sold totaling a period of 74 years on the ranch and 56 years in the present house.

The Siskiyou News
Sat. May 9, 1896

"Patrick Kiernan died Wednesday at his home near Gazelle. Mr. Kiernan had been ailing for several months but bore up with great courage under his sickness, considering his advanced age, near 80 years. We have lost from our

midst a man of great moral worth— first to advance the truth in face of what might come. A true and faithful husband and a kind and loving father, trusted by all, doubted by none."

BIRD LANDMARKS

Above the town of Cecilville is a high rocky point known as Cecil Point where in the Fall of each year the buzzard residents of Siskiyou County and points north congregate prior to their migration South for the winter. Old timers in that vicinity have often seen this and feel that depending on whether it is an early Fall congregation or a bit later indicates the kind of winter it will be, feeling that an early bird migration tells of a long hard winter.

Mac's Gulch - Lime Story . . .

— PEARL HAMILTON

Mac's Gulch, in Gazelle, is noted for its beautiful limestone bluffs. The bluffs have been likened to the wonders of Yosemite Valley for their beauty and majesty. 100 million tons of lime rock lie on top of the ground, and no one knows how deep it goes.

The first settler to possess the lime rock was a man by the name of McArthur, for whom the Gulch was named. Later, it was owned by Issiah Rader and Sam Spangle, both grandparents of Sherman Spangle of Gazelle. At first there were pot kilns, and, when lime was needed, it was burned in this way.

In the early 1900's Jason Chastain and Henry Craig obtained the Issiah Rader place and started the Mt. Shasta Lime Company. They put up a big steel lime kiln that is still on the place and can still be operated. It had a capacity of about five ton per day and burned wood for fuel. There was a good sale for the lime then, and it was hauled by team and stored in a warehouse in Gazelle until it was shipped by railroad to its various destinations. But there was quite a bit of disagreement between the partners, and the lime company was finally closed.

Later, in the 1940's, the lime bluff and its ranch were sold to E. M. Greenwood and Paul Donaldson, and the lime operation was revived again for several years. In 1952, Greenwood took out 100 thousand tons for sugar rock (catalyst used to bleach sugar). The limestone was ground and sold to the Spreckles Sugar Company. The poorer grade of lime was sold for use in paving roads and for fertilizer. These partners had their disagreements, also, and the place was finally sold to James



Lime Bluffs.

Payton. Operations ceased in 1954, and no lime has been taken from the bluffs since.

At about the same time as this sale, however, the Harry Bigelow place southeast of the Payton ranch, which also had a sizeable lime deposit, was sold to Cy Mazzuchi. The lime rock in the field there, just below Bonnet Rock, is estimated at one million tons above ground. This lime rock was worked for several years. Now, after a long period of idleness, the rock is being bought on contract from Mazzuchi by Lowell Lambert, his son, and Adolph Hildebrand, of Dallas, Oregon, with the intention of producing agricultural lime.



—courtesy Pat Carter
Lime Rock.



—courtesy J. O. McKinney

One of the old Denny Bar stores, 'modernized' to the extent of exchanging the old style hitching posts for modern ones.

The Siskiyou News, Yreka

Saturday, May 9, 1896

In a column titled: "Gazelle Gatherings", there appeared:

"The new firm of Denny, Bar, and Parker has opened an immense stock of new goods in their branch store in Gazelle of the latest eastern styles, and Joe with his smiling face, waits on customers."

And farther down in the same paper:

"Consolidation

Card to the Public

"We have succeeded the firm of the Parker, Denny Co., (lately successors to Alex Parker & Sons) Etna, and the Denny & Bar Co., of Callahan and Gazelle, under the firm name of the

DENNY, BAR & PARKER CO.

"The new business will be conducted in a fair and liberal manner and we take this opportunity to express our

sincere thanks to all our former friends and patrons for past favors and to solicit a continuance.

"To those, who we have never had the pleasure of doing business with us we solicit a trial. Yours truly,

DENNY, BAR & PARKER CO.

Callahan, Etna, Gazelle"

Erskine and Clara Park, along with their only child, Laura, lived on the Klamath River at the old Schnackenburg Place between 1899 and 1912. When operated by the Schnackenburgs, there was a store and saloon to accommodate the stages traveling over Topsy Grade. The Parks ranched and maintained stock horses for the wagon teams and provided winter quarters for the horses used at the Pokegama Lumber Company.

Mustang of the Mountain . . .

— ALICE BAY MALONEY

Editor's Note:

Alice Bay Maloney was one of the first honorary members of Siskiyou County Historical Society, having been voted a member in 1945. Her interest in Siskiyou County stemmed from her retracing, with the aid of the diary of John Work, the route followed by his brigade of Hudson's Bay trappers which left Fort Vancouver in the fall of 1832. Members of the Historical Society and Forest Service personnel assisted her in locating points in Siskiyou County on the route which she described in her book, "Fur Brigade to the Bonaventura", published in 1945. She was able to contribute to the Society much authoritative information on the activities of the Hudson's Bay trappers in the county. The "Mustang" story was given to Mr. George Schrader shortly before her death, which occurred in December, 1950. It has not been published before.

"Mustang" was the picturesque pen name of James L. Freaner, a renowned Mexican war hero who came to northern California during the early days of the gold rush. Here he met a tragic death at the hands of Pit River Indians, but in the brief two years he spent in Siskiyou and Shasta counties he became an important figure in the life of the frontier.

When hostile tribesmen threatened the ranches, camps, and diggings Freaner was chosen to head the companies of volunteers recruited to protect the settlements and trails. He early saw the need for good roads and at the time of his death was engaged in seeking a route for wagons to travel on their way from the Sacramento valley

to the Shasta Plains. For those two signal contributions to the welfare of his adopted state, "Mustang," deserves a place in the history of the Shasta-Cascade region. It is hoped that a mountain peak overlooking the scenes of his explorations may be given his name so that this interesting figure will not be lost to posterity.

James L. Freaner, a native of Hagerstown, Maryland, was a printer by trade. After his apprenticeship, he became a reporter and editorial writer and first came to public attention on the staff of the New Orleans *Delta*, a newspaper of national standing. When hostilities with Mexico broke out, "the tall raw-boned" Freaner, along with thirty other printers of the *Delta*, enlisted in "Company A" of the regiment recruited by Senator Marks and was soon at the front. Campaigns of the Mexican War saw the first war correspondents to accompany American troops to the scenes of battle. Freaner, by 1846, was signing his dispatches "Mustang", and over this pseudonym, his stories of the war were reprinted far and wide.

Freaner was both a soldier and a war correspondent. A point of safety with field glasses was not his style. At the battle of Monterey it was said he killed in single combat an officer of the Lancers and captured his Mexican horse. Mustang's greatest scoop over his rival Kendall of the newspaper *Picayune* was his list of killed and wounded in the battles which reached the *Delta* before the *Picayune's* reporter could get his dispatches through. A glimpse of the humor which enlivened Freaner's work is noted by his inclusion of Kendall's name in a casualty list, ex-

plaining in a following letter that both he and Kendall were wounded. A bullet, he said, struck Kendall in his horse's saddle. The first printed record of the phrase, "The halls of Montezuma," familiar to all through the words of the U. S. Marine song, appears in Mustang's account of the battle of Chapultepec.

Freaner's brilliant military record, his personal bravery, and recognized qualities of leadership brought him the title of Colonel in the command of volunteer companies for the defense of the frontier.

The first general outbreak of the Shasta and Rogue Indian tribes occurred in 1851. Colonel Freaner, then in the Shasta valley, started out at once with hastily assembled troops, to aid the Oregonians. General Jo Lane arrived from the north on June 26th, and "On Rogue River had the pleasure of meeting my friends, Applegate and Freaner and others." Lane was also a veteran of the Mexican War. He mentioned in his accounts of the Rogue River campaign the contributions made by Colonel Freaner and his volunteers. He was a military man and would not have used this title without warrant.

After the fighting in the first Indian outbreak had subsided, Freaner turned his attention to political and civic affairs. In February, 1852, he rode to Sacramento where Assemblyman Sprague presented: "A memorial to James L. Freaner asking leave to construct a road from the Sacramento to the Oregon line, said road to run through Shasta County." Jesse Applegate had already completed a road between the Willamette Valley and the Klamath River. Wagon Creek near Mount Shasta marks the farthest point attained by the northerner's wheels. In March, Sacramento newspapers again tell of the arrival of Mustang from Yreka bearing the news that Indians had attacked a party of Mexicans between Shasta City

and Shasta Buttes. April 14, 1852, the wagon road bill passed the Assembly 38 to 5, and Freaner left at once for Siskiyou County where, on May 25, we find him starting out to view a route for his proposed highway.

Mustang returned safely from this first scouting trip and shortly thereafter started out again on his travels. The following dispatch from the columns of the *Alta California* of September 8 brought sorrow to his many friends:

Mr. James Freaner

Reports from Yreka City and that vicinity leave no shadow of doubt of the death of this gallant and distinguished citizen. He left the city of Yreka on the 2nd of July in company with a Mexican gentleman traveling for pleasure and a companion. Since that time he has not been heard of. He was on his way to the Benecia State Democratic convention at the time of his disappearance, and it is supposed he fell victim to the fury of the Pitt River Indians. Capt. John Freaner, a brother of the subject of this sketch, has just returned from that locality. He was unable to make any discoveries as to the fate of his brother. The favorite riding animal of Col. Freaner, the mule *Goose Leg*, has been seen in Yreka and identified. Col. Freaner was one of our most enterprising and energetic citizens, was a distinguished soldier in the war with Mexico, and was universally honored and esteemed. He sleeps the death of the brave. Peace to his ashes.

It was several months before any further news of the massacre found its way into the state newspapers. The *Alta California* then recorded this item: "A squaw who had been taken prisoner by the Pitt River Indians escaped and came in at Yreka. She states the Pitt River Indians had killed four or five whites, that the party were well armed.

The party of Col. Freaner consisted of five and all were well armed."

Final word on the tragedy did not come to light until 1855 when the *Shasta Republican* carried this story:

"Fate of Col. Freaner

It will doubtless be remembered that Col. Freaner, who became known throughout the United States during the Mexican War as the correspondent of the *New Orleans Delta*, over the signature "Mustang", left Yreka in June, 1852, accompanied by a party of four, intending to examine a route for a wagon road from that place to the Sacramento Valley. Col. Freaner did not reach his destination, and the conviction soon became general that he and his party had fallen victim to the savages of the Cloud and Pitt rivers. The particular circumstances attending the massacre have not until recently been brought to light.

Not long since, "Numtariman," the chief of the Cow Creek Indians inquired of Mr. George Woodman of Cow Creek, if he ever knew anything of a party of four or five men killed by the Indians more than three years since, high up on Pitt River, indicating the place on the river where Col. Freaner would be likely to cross, and

where some papers were found a year or more ago that had evidently been in his possession.

This chief's account of the affair as given him by the Pitt River Indians is, that a party with two Indians had started to cross the river in a canoe, and when half way across the Indians leaped into the water, seized hold of the canoe and upset it. The Indians then, from both banks of the river (there being a large number on either shore) commenced shooting their arrows into them, and thus massacred the entire party. There is little or no doubt but the party thus murdered was that of Col. Freaner and his men."

Thus ends the saga of "Mustang".

SOURCES

Information on the early activities of James L. Freaner comes from Dr. Fayette Copeland by letter and from the pages of his excellent biography, *Kendall of the Picayune* (University of Oklahoma Press, 1943), Niles' Register and newspaper files in the California State Library and in the Bancroft Library of the University of California were searched for the later material.

The name Stoney Peak was officially changed to Freaner Peak by the Geographic Board in 1947 at the instigation of the Shasta Historical Society.

Starveout Stage Station . . .

The name "Starveout" has been a topic of curiosity to my family, neighborhood, and me for many years. My husband and I have owned a ranch for 26 years right across from the historical marker located on highway 99 south of Grenada. Part of our ranch is a knoll just south of this marker on the old Gazelle road, and it is always referred to as "Starveout". It marks the lo-

— F R E D A B R O D E R I C K

cation of an old stage station. This was a stage station between Julien's and Edson's situated in the midst of what once was the most barren and desolate land in the valley. It received its peculiar name from the fact that a representative of the Smith family once embarked in the business of raising chickens, at which business he came so near to physical and financial starvation



—courtesy Freda Broderick
Dennis Broderick at Stage Station
marker.

that he abandoned it in disgust. (1881 in Wells History of Siskiyou County.) The sign has the dates of 1857-1887, but I found no mention of a stage station prior to 1871. In Mrs. Helene Bacon Boggs' book "My Playhouse Was A Concord Coach" appear these items:

Yreka Journal, Wednesday, April 12th, 1871

"Sold out. We learned that the Sacramento river mail line has been sold to the Oregon and California Stage Company, and that the latter company will soon transfer their rolling stock to the Sacramento river road. It will probably take a month yet to fix up stations, barns, etc. before the transfer can be made."

A later item in the Journal:

April 19, 1871. "Change of mail route; arrangements are being made to change the Oregon and California stage coaches and teams from the Scott Valley and Trinity route to the Sacramento river road, with the expectation of running on that route to Red Bluff by the 1st of May. Stables, stations and houses will have to be built and grain, hay, etc. hauled, which will require some time. The road is also to be improved and rendered capable of making

about ten hours faster time than has been on the Trinity Route. California and Oregon State line is getting the necessary stations built and fitted up on the Sacramento river wagon road as fast as possible, and Mr. Peck, the agent at this place, thinks the stages will be run on this road shortly after the 1st of May, if not as soon as the 1st. Work was commenced last Friday in building a stable and station about four miles south of Thos. Orr's house, a distance of 12 miles from town (Yreka). Stables and stations are also being built at Edgewood, Berryvale or Strawberry Valley, Lower Soda Springs, Souther's, Slate Creek, Sacramento river, Pit river ferry and three other stations in the Sacramento Valley via Millville, between Pit river and Red Bluff, crossing the river to the west side about 4 miles north of Red Bluff."

The first time "Starveout" is actually mentioned in Mrs. Boggs' book was many pages later. That was an itinerary of the Coast Overland Mail Company dated Sept. 1st, 1872. (Page 580) A few pages later mention is made of the time schedule of this line. "There is a 10 minute stop at the "Swing Stations" (of which "Starveout" was one) and 30 minutes at the "Home Stations" of which Butteville (Edgewood) was one." You might wonder why Edson's (Gazelle) isn't mentioned next to "Starveout", but at that time the stagecoaches went by the "Slough Road" across the valley to Edgewood, crossing the Louie Road and then towards the Spada Ranch.

The stage drives were numbered and this is how the time table read: Redding to Roseburg—1874 Drive No. 3—50 miles—Leave Butteville at 6 P.M.; Starveout, 8 P.M.; Yreka, 10 P.M.; Klamath Ferry, 12 night; arriving at Cole's at 2 A.M. (Page 597).

Following is a brief history of the town of "Starveout", compiled by pupils of the Grenada school some years ago

under the direction of the principal, Harlan McDonald:

"About three miles south of the town of Grenada was the location of an old stage depot called "Starveout". Nothing remains today to mark the site of this historic landmark of early mining days, yet the location is known to stage drivers, still living, who stopped there on their trips and by Mrs. Carl McNames of Grenada who lived there over fifty years ago. "Starveout" was marked on the maps of California as late as 1915. The popular opinion is that it was called "Starveout" because of the barrenness of the surrounding region. At that time the valley at this point was a desert waste land, devoid of grass and covered with yellow sage. It afforded very little forage for horses.

The contrast between this period and the present is an interesting one. Today this once barren, seemingly unproductive, valley is covered with beautiful green alfalfa fields made possible by irrigation from the waters of Shasta river. The "Starveout" region of long ago is, today, a place of fruitful farms and happy homes."

Mrs. Hamilton from Gazelle told

this writer that one of the hostlers that used to work at the station was named Rawlins. Her father, Robert Gurney, and the Rawlins family had come from the same place in Oregon and were old friends. Mr. and Mrs. Gurney used to visit there and sometimes help out with the chores of running the station. It seems that one of the Rawlins children, a girl, died and she was buried on a hillside close to the station and her wooden grave marker was a familiar landmark for many years. Another hostler or stock tender was a Jake Harmony.

This writer is very fond of mushrooms, especially the common "pink gills" one finds locally and can buy at grocery stores. For many years, I have found these mushrooms growing around the old sunken well hole at the site of Starveout Station, and they grew to tremendous size, some weighing almost 2 pounds, which is very unusual. I used to wonder why, but since I found out more about the place, I realize the spores are well nourished and have ideal fertilizer from all the horse manure that accumulated over the years while the station was in operation.



—courtesy Carmen Ludwick

Class of 1889.

Vineland School . . .

— FRIEDA BRODERICK

The little brick schoolhouse located on the well travelled highway 99, nine miles south of Yreka is a well known landmark. It is located and still belongs to the Orr family. Research in the old school files turned up the following information: At the May 5th 1868 Board of Supervisors meeting in Yreka, the following appeared in the minutes. "In the matter of application of Perry Cram and others for establishing a new school district, Petition granted. The new Superintendent was G. K. Godfrey. Board of Supervisors were John Brown, District 2, I. S. Mathews, District 1 and H. F. Stewart, District 3.

Mrs. Jean Howie (nee Jean Orr), who resides in the beautiful old Orr house, tells this writer that the Orr and Julien families were the main families that helped build the school, using the same type brick used in the Julien home (which burned in the 1930s). The name Vineland probably came from the grapevines growing in profusion among the orchard trees. The pupils came from the surrounding area, mainly from Cram's and Guy's Gulch. Many well known names in the early day teachers taught here, among them Mr. Siles and Sophie Remme (Mother of Fannie Webb of Yreka). All of the Julien and Orr children were educated here and there always were Orr and Juliens on the Board of Trustees.

The school was then suspended but a petition was presented to the Board of Supervisors to re-establish the school as there were 8 pupils ready to attend school. It was voted to re-open the school. This was July 5, 1921. Then on August 2, 1927, the minutes of the Board of Supervisors stated: "The



—courtesy Evelyn Carter
Vineland School.

school District of Vineland was voted disposed of because of lack of attendance."

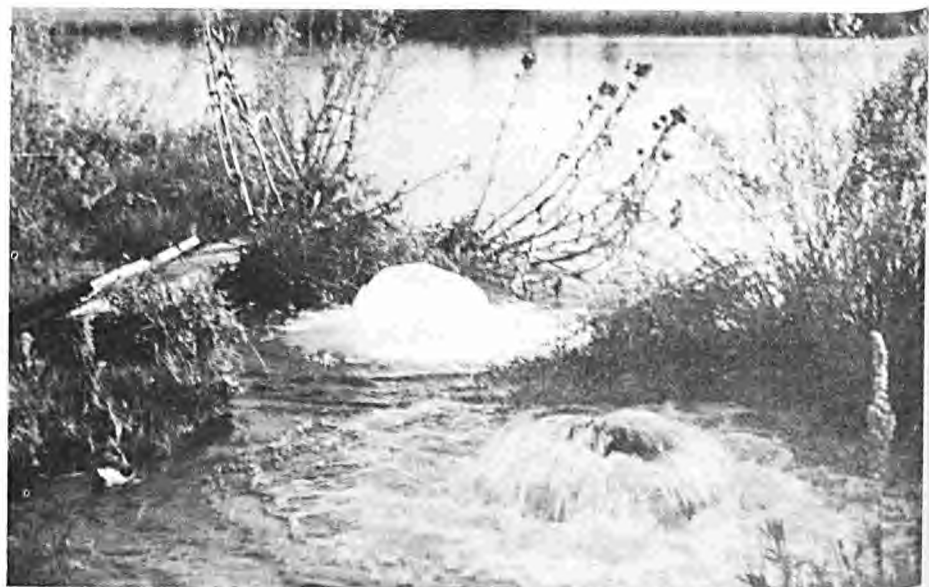
The few remaining pupils were transported to the Grenada Elementary School after this. In the mid-thirties Mrs. Sarah Orr had an addition added to the building so her ranch manager had a place to live. It was occupied by George Silva family, then Phil Gossner family but now has been empty for many years.

The early rodeos in Scott Valley were impromptu affairs, with few rules and regulations and almost no equipment. But the lack of equipment didn't deter the saddle bull riders. Bill Davidson, with his super-strong arms, held the bull by the nose with his bare hands while it was being saddled for riding!



—courtesy J. O. McKinney

Dr. Charles S. Orr ranch home 8 miles south of Yreka. It was built by Dr. Orr's father and patterned after southern plantation homes he had seen along the Mississippi River, where he was once a steamboat captain. Jean Orr Howie, Dr. Orr's daughter, still lives here.



—courtesy J. O. McKinney

Bubbling fountains supply Big Springs Lake.

Big Springs . . .

— J. O. M c K I N N E Y

The Big Springs beside the lake they feed are often overlooked. They shouldn't be. The twin founts of water that roll from the ground in such volume are inspiring. More than 1,500 gallons per minute gush up to form a sizeable lake, supply a big pipeline with irrigation water, then send a good sized creek down to feed Shasta River.

These springs are thought to be fed by water from the Mt. Shasta snow fields. This could easily be. There are those who think some of the water comes from Grass Lake across Miller Mountain. That could be, save Big Springs flow is constant. Water from Grass Lake is sporadic.

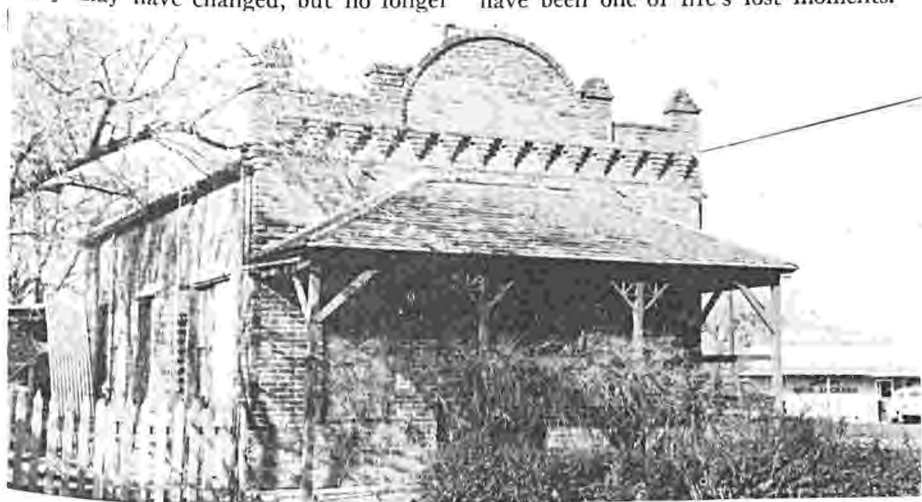
A peculiarity of water from these springs is that fish never come all the way into the lake. A statement like that brought a dissenting voice from one who knew the springs long ago. They may have changed, but no longer

are fish seen in the lake—nor far up the creek leading to Shasta River. Joseph Wales, biologist once with California Fish & Game Department, was of the opinion that lack of oxygen was the cause.

Fishermen who have observed the phenomenon state that fish will start upstream toward Big Springs, but soon will turn and descend to Shasta River to go elsewhere.

The lake fed by the springs is popular with waterfowl. Gun clubs often pay high rental for shooting privileges. Besides being populated with birds, the site is easily reached.

This is but one of the unusual spots in Siskiyou County. Water from some underground source, chilled and free from minerals is available in a quantity that would supply sufficient water for a small city. Yreka nearly closed a deal for the supply once. That may have been one of life's lost moments.



—courtesy Betty Dow

The old-fashioned brick building originally built for a butcher shop.

Montague Buildings for the Butcher, The Banker and the Churchman . . .

— B E T T Y D O W

A most quaint and interesting landmark in Montague is a little structure located on the corner of Little Shasta Road and the Airport Road. For many years now this red brick building has served as a home, seeing numerous families come and go through the years, but it was originally constructed for a butcher shop, complete with sawdust on the floor and the old-time meat racks in full view as was the way with butcher shops in the early days. It was built in 1889 or 1890 by James F. Long, the late father of Brice "Bud" Long, one of the prominent ranchers living now in Little Shasta, and William Dow Kegg, the late father of Mrs. Ora Kouts, who is well-known in the area.

According to Brice Long, who gleaned the information from an old scrap book belonging to his mother, his father, together with Mr. Kegg, purchased the half acre of property for the munificent sum of \$25, where they erected the building for a butcher-shop. On another corner of the property they constructed a stable. Later the senior Mr. Long sold his share for \$773.

The red brick used in the construction was made at the old O'Connor Ranch in Little Shasta, where bricks were made for many years, most of which were used for construction of homes and buildings in Montague and Little Shasta.

Don Bowen, who still resides in Montague, and nearly 70 years old now, recalls how, when he was a small lad of six or seven years, he used to

go to the butcher shop for his mother, and the butcher always gave him a "wienie".

Another old building in Montague, which once served as the town's bank and is now the City Hall, was erected in 1905. According to Walter Simon, local insurance man, the story is that a promoter (whose name Walter does not recall) sent an employee of his, a man named Law, to Montague to organize a bank. Mr. Simon described Law's procedure: he would travel over the country, organizing banks, then stock was sold, and the bank was turned over for local management.

Law contacted Arthur Simon, the late father of Walter, and together with the bank's attorney, B. K. Collier, the late father of Sen. Randolph Collier, amassed \$25,000 by selling 250 shares at \$100 a share. At first, the building was referred to as Hudson's Bank Building, but once it opened its doors and was under the management of Arthur Simon it became the Montague Banking Company. Walter tells that in three years the company increased its holdings to \$50,000, and at the end of five years, its holdings had increased to \$100,000.

The little bank did a thriving business until 1933, and with the bankruptcy of the Montague Water Irrigation District, coupled with the great depression, the bank was forced to close its doors.

It has served since then as the Montague City Hall, where the City Council holds its meetings, and all city



—courtesy Walter Simon

The old Montague Banking Company's building constructed in 1905 is serving today as the Montague City Hall.

business is transacted there. Also, a portion of the building has been allotted for use as a county branch library.

The present day Montague Church, located on 12th Street, is another landmark worthy of mention, as it is still in use. It was erected in 1902, under the supervision of David Ehret, a contractor. He was also a trustee of the church, along with Dr. W. Tebbe and Arthur Gunther. The first pastor of the Church was J. W. Simmons, who preached his first sermon there in 1903.

YOURS

The grateful shadows of the forest trees
Are yours, if their shade you seek.
The gentle breath of a passing breeze
Touches your cheek.
Yours is the dome of Summer skies,
Yours—if you lift your eyes.

—Annie N. Griswold



—courtesy Mrs. Mabel French

Montague Methodist Church constructed in 1902 and still in use. Only change made was the addition of a cross on its bell steeple.

Morris Prather Warehouse . . .

— B E T T Y D O W

One of the really old buildings, still standing and in use in Montague, that well may be considered a landmark, has a most interesting historical background, for as one delves into its history we learn that it once housed a general merchandise store; as well as a blacksmith and wagonmaking business. At one time it even served as City Hall for the town of Montague; court trials were held there, and it even had a jail.

In 1888, the property on which the structure stands was a part of the half

section of land given to the Railroad Company, or what was then known as The Pacific Improvement Company, Inc., (the railroad company and improvement company being one and the same) by three brothers, Tom, Sam, and Will Prather, the latter being the father of the present owner, Morris Prather.

Up until 1897 when the building was constructed, the property changed hands many times, always reverting back to the Pacific Improvement Co. It was purchased from the company in 1897



—courtesy Betty Dow

The Morris Prather building as it appeared in the early days when Schock's had a general merchandise store. The building also housed a blacksmith's shop. Note the lamp post the man is leaning on. Old time residents of the town tell that these were kerosene lamps used for street lighting.

by John Lenharr, who erected the 100 by 175 foot structure out of rounded river rock taken from the Shasta River, after which it was cemented. Shortly after construction was completed, Mr. Lenharr passed away, and C. C. Webb (another man who had given the other half section of land for the establishment of Montague, purchased the property and building from the Lenharr Estate for \$125.

Not much activity is indicated from records until April 3, 1899, when the property and building was purchased by Charles Shock, Sr., and H. H. Hudson, who opened a general merchandise store under the business name of "Shock & Hudson". On February 7, 1900, Mrs. Charles Shock bought out Hudson's share of the business for \$1500. At that time, a cellar was constructed under the floor to keep the groceries cool.

According to those who remember, the merchandise consisting of food, dresses, hardware, and other items were displayed at random throughout the store. In the center, a giant round of cheese was displayed. A partition separated the store from the blacksmith shop. In front of the building, in the street, were the wagons, mowing machines, and other farm equipment used in those early days.

Then on May 28th, 1903, Mrs. Shock sold out her share of the business to Shock & Huseman. At this point, here is a copy of the "Indenture" of this transaction:

"This Indenture made this twenty-eighth day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and three, between Mrs. Charles Shock of Montague, County of Siskiyou, State of California, party of the first part, and Schock and Huseman, partners transacting business at Montague, the parties of the second part, that said party of the first part, for and in consideration of the sum of Ten Dollars, Gold Coin



—courtesy Betty Dow

The Morris Prather warehouse as it appears today. Note, at far right, two doorways which are covered by heavy steel doors installed sometime in the 1920's when the City of Montague used the structure for a City Hall. This photograph was made by Theo Terwilliger, now residing in Oakland, from an old slide picture taken by his father, Andrew Terwilliger.

of the United States of America, to her in hand paid by the said parties of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, have granted, bargained and sold, conveyed and confirmed by these presents do grant, bargain and sell, convey and confirm unto the said party of the second part, etc. . . ."

The remainder of the Indenture consisted of description of the land and properties sold.

On October 2, 1906, Huseman sold out his share of the business to Schock, and on August 5, 1907, Schock sold the property and business to Harry H. Webb of Johannesburg, South Africa, and Louis Webb of the City of Cambridge, County of Middlesex, Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Records do not reveal what the Webbs did with the property until October 28, 1926, when they sold the property and building to Morris Prather.

The building was then refurbished into the Montague City Hall. Power wood stoves were installed, and a jail

was built in a back room of the building.

A counter was constructed at the front entrance and partitions of heavy plate glass were installed to create rooms for the City Council meetings; a City Clerk's Office, and an office for the Justice of the Peace. The Judge or Justice of the Peace at that time, who conducted regular court trials there, was Mose Isaaccs, and Henry Stockslager was the town marshal.

Mrs. Morris Prather relates how at one time she was called for jury duty on a case involving a man who had shot a deer out of season. When she was questioned by the attorneys, as a potential juror, and asked if she felt a man should be punished for killing a deer out of season, she promptly replied that she felt a man should be punished.

Naturally, she was dismissed by the attorney for the defense.

It was during this era that two of the doorways were covered over by steel doors (which are still on the building) for fire protection, as the town had no fire equipment except for a bucket brigade.

In the early 1930's when the Montague Bank failed, the city purchased the bank building and converted it into the City Hall, and where all city business is still conducted.

A few years back, Grant Foote rented half of the building where he had a cabinet shop, and the last business was for making box shuck.

Last year, Mr. Prather had a new slanted roof put on for protection from rain and snow, as the building is now used strictly for the storage of hay and equipment.



—courtesy Betty Dow

Interior of McClelland's blacksmith shop. Man with mustache is A. H. McClelland, and man at anvil is Laverne Crawford. Others not identified.

McClelland Blacksmith Shop . . .

— B E T T Y D O W

The recent razing of an old ramsackle building, early in the summer of 1963, at the corner of 12th and Webb Streets in Montague, marked a final chapter in another portion of Montague history. It evoked many memories among the residents who have lived in the town for several years.

The old building was torn down by Tim Callahan, who plans at some future date to construct a new home there.

According to history, the old building once housed one of the busiest places in early Montague, as it was here horses were shod and wagons were built.

Mrs. L. L. Lichens, (formerly Flavel McClelland) relates how her father, A. H. McClelland, unable to withstand the cold hard winters in Bonanza, Oregon, determined to move from the country and settle himself and family in an area where at least the climate would be more comfortable. So, he packed all the family belongings into a covered wagon and after seven days of travel arrived in Montague on October 30, 1899. In addition to his family and household furnishings, McClelland moved all his livestock, including a herd of cattle.

McClelland, together with George B. Woodson, first purchased a business, housed in an old building still standing "catty-corner" from the old structure that was torn down, and which consisted of equipment used for operating a blacksmith shop and the construction of wagons. He bought the business from Shock & Hudson, on December 21st, 1899, for \$1,500. Almost a year later, on December 19, 1900, Woodson



—courtesy Betty Dow

A. H. McClelland and John Howel outside the old blacksmith shop in Montague.

sold his share of the business out to McClelland for \$350.

Later McClelland obtained the property on the opposite corner and constructed the recently razed building and continued his work as wagon maker and blacksmith. Among some of the blacksmiths employed through the years by McClelland were Henry Witherall, Sam Woodland, Lawrence Crawford, and Charles Spannaus.

McClelland and his family resided for many years in Montague, and he achieved the distinction of serving as Montague's first mayor when the town was incorporated in 1909.

Memories are rather vague on who took over the business after McClelland, but in recent years it had served as a county shop for the road department, more for storing equipment than actually as a working shop.

Thus another landmark of Montague has been eradicated to make way for progress.

Montague Hardware . . .

—BETTY DOW

With the exception of a new paint job and a new sign reading "Montague Hardware", the building which houses the present hardware business has much the same outer appearance as it did when first constructed in 1912, when William Parshall conducted a general merchandise business there.

The building, located at the corner of Tenth and Webb Streets, in Montague, is an all cement structure, 50 by 80 feet, and was constructed by Guy Kennedy, a Montague building contractor at that time, for Mr. Parshall.

Prior to the construction of the building, William Parshall, who had experienced two severe fires in the old lumbering town of Klamathon, opened his first general merchandise store at that location on July 1, 1905. It was a two story frame building, with the upstairs used as a dance hall.

The late Mr. Parshall often related how, when dances were held upstairs, the kettles, buckets, and tubs, which were suspended from the ceiling in the store below, would "really bounce around", and when dancing became somewhat rampant, they would actually fall to the floor.

With the memories and fears of past fires still behind him, Mr. Parshall determined to replace the wooden structure with the cement building, which was erected at a cost of some \$16,000. At that time, the upstairs portion was designed for offices.

At one time, the City of Montague rented office space in the northwest corner of the building to conduct city business. There was also a dentist there. When the remainder of the offices remained untenanted, they were refurbished and rented out as "lodgings".



—courtesy Betty Dow

Before the days of the Montague Hardware Store, this building, many years ago, had painted on its side "Ranch House Supply". It is the same outwardly as it was when first constructed in 1912, with the exception of a new paint job on the outside, covering up the old sign, and the new sign MONTAGUE HARDWARE as seen today.

Shortly after the construction of the building, Mr. Parshall sold his business to the Ehret Brothers, Elmer and Allie, but this proved an unsuccessful venture. It was then taken over by the Ranch Supply Company, which was a "co-op" with Dr. George Dwinnell as its head and made up of different men of the town and farmers.

The first manager was Clyde Hale and his father, and the last manager was Stuart Hast. The business failed at the time of the great depression of the early 1930's.

Later the building was sold to Mrs. Mary Lemos for about \$2,000 during a foreclosure sale, and Mrs. Lemos eventually sold the building to William S. Swigart, Sr. The lower portion of the building stood idle for many years with the new owner renting out the upstairs rooms which he had converted into apartments.

Through those years, the building

was used at times as a storage house. During World War II, at the time the government tied up all new cars, the buildings were full of new automobiles for a year.

It was about in the early 1950's that Oliver Lane approached Swigart and negotiated to open a hardware store, which, after a few years of operation, was sold to Wilson Grazier in 1955.

After operating the store under the

name of Lane's Hardware for seven years, Mr. Grazier purchased the building from Swigart and changed the name to the Montague Hardware. He painted a new sign as well as the outer building, while inside he carries the most modern merchandise found in most any hardware store of today. Recently, Mr. Grazier sold his home in Yreka, and moved his wife, Rosalie and their grandson, Randy, to the newly renovated living quarters up over the store.

The Longest Night . . .

— R U T H M O R T O N

My husband's family, Ralph and Amanda Morton and five children, came to California in 1894 and purchased a ranch from Edward Terwilliger in the Willow Creek section of Shasta Valley. This ranch had been homesteaded by the John Thomason family and the original deed was signed by President Abraham Lincoln.

About a half mile east of the present ranch house are located several springs and, oddly, there is a cold spring and a warm spring quite close together. Near these springs the Indians had camped—many times we believe, for, with normal soil erosion and some irrigation from the springs over the years, trading beads, all kinds and sizes of arrowheads, many very fine specimens, and other small artifacts were picked up by the Morton family.

There are two or three other camping spots on this ranch that had been used by the Indians, and it was at one of these spots that a tale of an extremely harrowing experience that Mrs.

John Thomason, Sr. went through was told to the family after they had settled there. It seems that Mr. Thomason had to be away for several days, and Mrs. Thomason and her small children were left alone. During the first day of Mr. Thomason's absence a group of Indians—Modocs, Shastas, or maybe Klamath Indians, moved into a camp just north of the house. Mrs. Thomason was very frightened and gathered her children into the house, barricading the doors and remaining very quiet. The Indians snoopied around the place, looking in the windows and wandering around the ranch buildings. Toward evening they rounded up the Thomason's only milk cow and butchered her. Apparently they were only hungry, for they made no attempt to break into the house to do harm to Mrs. Thomason or the children. This probably was one of the most harrowing nights, if not the worst one, Mrs. Thomason had during her entire life.

Martin's Dairy . . .

— B E T T Y D O W

Nowadays when one hears the phrase "up by Martin's Dairy" it is generally in connection with Boy Scouts traveling up to the nearby area for a camping trip.

But according to Jess Martin, "Martin's Dairy" was originally owned by James B. Martin, who operated a dairy during the summer. An undershot water wheel was constructed in front of a log dairy house which was built straddling Little Shasta River, which heads about 200 yards to the west, emanating from several very cold springs.

The butter was stored in tin cans and placed in the cold water that runs beneath the log house, until it could be hauled out with teams to market.

Brice M. Martin acquired James B. Martin's about 1900 and used the cabins and meadows as headquarters for grazing sheep and cattle during the summer months.

At the time of Brice M. Martin's death in 1915, a camp tender lived in one of the cabins. He used pack horses to deliver supplies and salt to two bands of sheep that were tended by Basque herders.

Each band consisted of about 1500 sheep. The camp tender also looked after about 200 head of cattle that were on this ranch.

Martin's Dairy is now owned by Brice C. Martin.



—courtesy Jess Martin

The cold stream which was used to store the butter until it was ready for delivery to the market ran under and through the little cabin at far left.

Devil's Woodpile . . .

— E L L E N W I L S O N

One of the most scenic and interesting attractions in the Copco area are the beautiful and rugged rock formations. Most of the landmarks here involve rock or rock formation. The most outstanding is the Devil's Woodpile. No official history places its naming, but someone must have remarked at one time, "it looks like it was piled by the devil".

A common form of lava called basalt, dark brown in color and resembling railroad ties in appearance, has been formed by Mother Earth to look like piled wood. These columns of basalt are sometimes four, five and six sided. The structure is leaning now and doesn't look too safe for scaling.

Located between Copco Lake and Iron Gate, the Devil's Woodpile is easily found and may be viewed from the roadway at Fall Creek.

Enhancing its rugged beauty is Fall Creek Falls which are a little to the side and back of the "woodpile". The falls run fairly full during the winter

and spring months and form a complimentary background, especially when the temperature dips and the spray and water freezes. Covered with snow, the "woodpile" stands out even more. Each season adds its particular accessory to one of the landmarks of Siskiyou.



—courtesy Mrs. George Flock

This house, built in 1854, once housed the Willow Creek postoffice with John Cooley as postmaster. He moved there in 1878. The building also was used as a stage stop. Now it is a ranch house and still in good repair.

Squaw Rock . . .

— E L L E N W I L S O N

On the way coming up the river from Hornbrook to Copco you pass another rock formation that would be considered a landmark and very different from the Devil's Woodpile. On the south side of Iron Gate Lake, between Camp Creek and Jenny Creek, near Coyote Peak, you can easily see this group of reddish, brown capped rocks that stand on the crest of a

knoll. They resemble giant mushrooms that could have been pushed from the center of the earth. Down the knoll from these is Squaw Rock. Using your imagination, you can see the Indian mother with her papoose on her back. This view is particularly lovely at sunset. The history of Squaw Rock's naming is unofficial too.

Daggett Peak . . .

—ELLEN WILSON

One mountain landmark, visible from quite a wide area, is Daggett Peak. It is distinctive in that it resembles a huge amphitheatre. It is ordinarily curved on the south side, but sort of hollowed out and concave to the north. There are a few scattered trees and brush, but it is mainly rocky and rough. Most of the little boys that have grown up

in the community of Copco have at one time climbed Daggett and planted "their" flags on top.

I would assume that Daggett Peak got its name from the Daggett family who lived here on the Daggett Ranch, now owned by Pacific Power and Light.

Pilot Rock . . .

—JENNIE CLAWSON

When the pioneers first entered Shasta valley they could see far to the north a giant rock protruding from a range of mountains.

As this could be seen from quite a distance, it afforded the travelers a mark on which to take their bearings and many a wagon train was piloted through the rugged terrain by this landmark. Hence it became known as Pilot Rock.

This huge rock of basalt formation is situated about a mile inside the Oregon line and is the hub of the Siskiyou range of mountains. It may be ascended from the north side and is a popular hunting spot.

In 1886 the railroad company, in laying out their tracks over the mountains thought it would be feasible to tunnel through the rock but soon gave up the idea. Signs of their effort still can be seen on the north side.

The rock rises to an elevation of nearly six thousand feet and was a point of danger to the early airplanes flying the route. Debris still litters the sides from an unfortunate flight in the late 1940's.

When the streets of the old town of



—courtesy J. O. McKinney
Welcome sight to the early travelers—
Pilot Rock.

Henley were laid out one was called Pilot street, a name still in use today. It was a part of the old Oregon stage road.

The name "Pilot Rock" was also used by the Pythian Sisters when they instituted a Temple in Hornbrook in the early 1900's. The temple is no longer in existence, but for many years Pilot Rock Temple No. 40 was one of the leading organizations in the town.

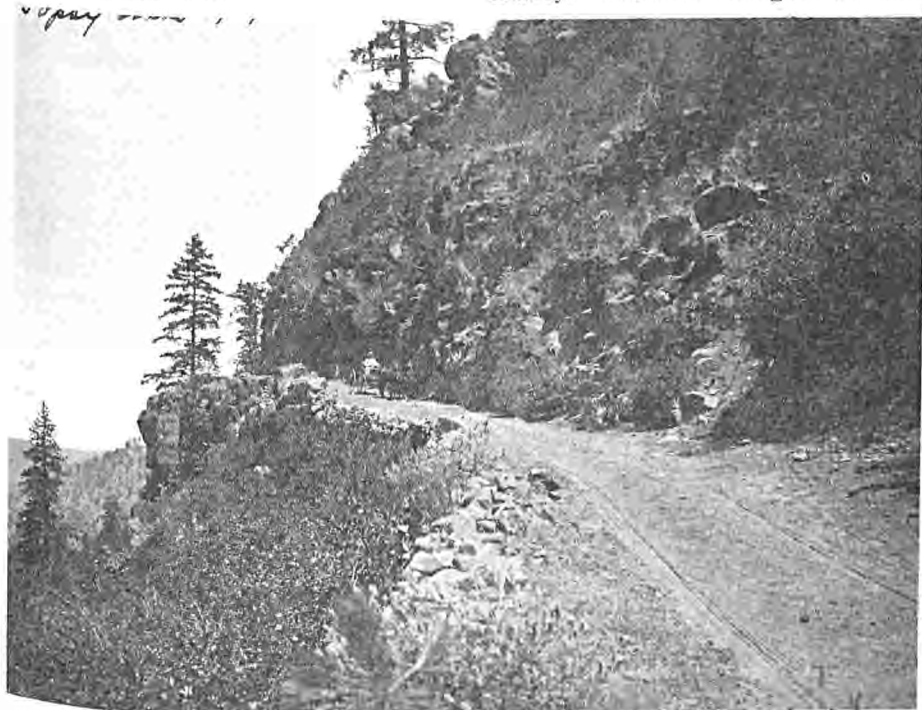
On stormy days the old rock is lost from sight by the swirling clouds and fog, but on clear days it seems you can reach out and touch it, this guardian rock of two states.

Bratt and Senator Hanley . . .

— J I M M c N E I L L

The Fall of 1931 was a dry one. Just one rainstorm in early September, and that was all until November. The fire season on the Klamath dragged until November 6th, when Ranger Sutcliff pulled his protection force into West Branch Guard Station to sweat out the tag end of the season constructing a new fence around the guard station and public camp ground. Sam Bratt joined the crew after taking his pack train to winter pasture. He was the chief story teller as we spent the long fall evenings around the camp fire swapping tall tales.

One of the yarns that Bratt told had to do with a rich gold strike made by a sheepherder on the hills east of Burns, Oregon. As Bratt told the story, other cowboys were working on the Fairwell ranch where the city of Bend, Oregon, now stands when news of the Burns strike made its way across the high desert. The crew at Fairwell ranch quit their jobs in a group and headed for the strike. Bratt alone stayed on the job. But he made a contribution to the expedition by loaning his rifle to a young cowboy by the name of Bill Hanley. The men were gone a month,



—courtesy Mrs. Alice Applegate
Robber's Rock on the Topsy Grade Road; picture from the collection of Lindsay Applegate's granddaughter who now lives in the Rogue Valley Manor in Medford and who supplies much historical data from her scrapbooks of 64 years.

returning a sadder but wiser group of men. When they had reached Burns, the whole area for miles around the gold discovery had been located; the men hung around Burns buying several samples of gold from some of the miners at the strike, then began the long ride back across the desert. At the time of this story telling, Bratt said that the cowboy, Bill Hanley, had become a State Senator and at one time was a candidate for Governor of the state but was now past eighty years old. Bratt said that, as far as he knew, Hanley was the only man alive who knew the exact location of the old gold strike. Old Sam asked Charles Huestis, who at the time was West Branch guard, and me to accompany him on a trip to Burns to locate Hanley and get from him the location of the old strike. We consented to go with him if the fire season did not end with a snow storm.

So when the rain finally came during the night of November 6th, bringing with it the end of the fire season, the following morning Huestis and I set out in his old Dodge touring car for Horse Creek, where we picked up Sam who had preceded us there to his home. The morning of November 7th we began the prospecting trip to Burns.

The first day out from Horse Creek we stayed the night in Bend, Oregon, where we arrived about 7:00 P.M. The trip this far, insofar as Bratt was concerned, was the trip of his life. But he caused Huestis and me no end of embarrassment as he wore three pairs of trousers but no underwear. He insisted on carrying his wallet in a pocket in the trousers nearest his skin. So when we stopped for gas or a meal old Sam always insisted on paying his share, and, of course, each time this occurred it was necessary for him to slide down the outer two pairs of trousers, haul out the wallet, pay his share, and return the purse and button the trousers. In a cafe in Klamath Falls he was re-



—courtesy Jim McNeill
Sam Bratt at Happy Camp, 1928.

quested by the proprietor to leave. Anyway, we finally arrived in Bend, and after eating dinner at a third rate cafe where the management was not too particular as to whom they served, we then registered at the Bend Hotel and were shown to our rooms by a bell boy. The rooms were steam heated and as the evening was quite cool, the bell boy turned on the heat. Huestis and I said goodnight to Sam, went to our rooms and retired. Several hours after this, I was awakened by someone pounding on my door. When I opened it there stood old Sam. When I asked what he was doing up at that hour he said, "That dress-up — — — that brought us up here lit the stove in my room and now its so d— hot I can't sleep, and I can't find the damper to turn the d— thing off!" Needless to say, I was more than a bit uphappy over being awakened to close a valve on a steam radiator, but I had to dress and make my way several doors down the hall and do just that.

We reached Burns the following day shortly after noon. We found the town overflowing with people. The State of Oregon and the Federal Government were having a law suit over ownership

of the water and marshes of Malheur and Harney Lakes. After considerable searching, we finally found some stalls that were considered rooms in the old Burns Hotel. We made inquiries regarding the whereabouts of Senator Hanley. We were directed to his large cattle ranch located some four miles South of town. Later in the afternoon we drove out to that ranch. The Senator was not at home, but we were informed by his secretary that he would be at home at 7:00 P.M., and we could see him at that time. We returned to town and had dinner and at 7:00 P.M. were again at the Hanley Ranch. Huestis rang the doorbell and, after a few minutes wait, a pleasant faced grey haired woman came to the door and asked our business. Huestis informed her that we had an appointment with the Senator. She showed us into the living room where the Senator sat in a great easy chair, an average sized man dressed in black and wearing black riding boots. His snow white hair fell in a cloud to his shoulders. His hands were clasped in his lap as he sat looking at us out of his piercing blue eyes. As Bratt saw Hanley, he stepped around Huestis, held out his hand and said, "Hello, Bill, you old horse thief you, how yuh gettin' along? Thought yuh wuz dead for I heard yuh got hung for stealin cattle over on Crooked River."

Hanley half rose from his chair, then dropped back in the chair, and we thought he had suffered a heart attack. He dropped his head, then lifted it, and put an elbow on the arm of his chair, resting his chin on his hand, and looked at Bratt for a long minute. A twinkle came into his eyes; then he broke into a laugh, "Well, well, well," he said, "if it isn't old Sam Bratt! Bratt," he went on, "I have been wanting to ask you this question for forty-six years. Do you remember that

half-breed Indian who killed that girl over in the Blue Mountains? You and I were working at the Fairwell Ranch at the time, remember? We watched him swim his horse across the Deschutes one evening just at sunset. Yes sir, Bratt, a right nice horse he rode. Big bay with four white stockinged legs. I remember you saddled your horse and lit out after him. Three days later you came back with the horse and the Indian's gun, pack, and saddle. Now, Sam, I ask you fair and square, what in h—ever became of that Indian?" For once Bratt was stumped for an answer. Finally, he shook his shaggy head and said, "Well, Bill, that there is another story." Needless to say, we received the information that we were seeking. As to the outcome of the prospecting trip, well that is another story.

A man named Thomas owned and operated a salt works down the Klamath River. On one of his trips he had in addition to his load of salt, a barrel of whisky and a grindstone. It was late in the evening when he reached the Klamath ferry and the ferryman told him not to try to cross Cottonwood Creek as it was too high and dangerous. He cautioned him to stay until morning, when it would be safe to cross. Thomas replied, "I will cross so quick that my salt won't get wet." Fortunately, he had picked up a traveler on the road and was giving him a lift to his destination. They attempted the crossing of the creek and when they overturned in mid-creek, this man succeeded in cutting the horses loose and they all managed to swim ashore. Then they went on to their camp, returning in the morning to see what they had left. The wagon and the grindstone were buried in the clay, but the salt and whisky had vanished.



—cortesy J. O. McKinney

Early day cemetery near Topsy Grade where a child named Owen is buried. The grave is surrounded by a fence, but all other marks are obliterated.

Buckhorn Creek Salt Works . . .

— V I O L A B A R T O N
as told by M. Morgan

During the early days, probably around 1850 to 1860, my uncle Nathen L. Morgan and another man whose name I have forgotten, whipsawed out some planks about 30 inches wide by 2 inches thick and about 12 feet long, added side boards and end pieces, probably about 2 inches by 6, by pinning them to the larger pieces with oak pegs. These "vats" they filled with water from the salt springs on Buckhorn Creek, directly across the creek from what is now Thelma Ward's house. They then let the water evaporate from the vats, leaving a layer of salt which

they cleaned up and sold to the miners along the Klamath and Scott Rivers.

When I was a boy, about 70 years ago, Uncle and Dad hauled the vat from Buckhorn to the Morgan ranch on Horse Creek and sawed them into pieces about three feet long which they nailed together to make tanks in which they salted down pork for processing into bacon. I don't know what finally became of the tanks. I remember they were around the place after I was grown.

Uncle also built a wooden press, horse powered, with which he pressed

juice from corn sorghum. I don't recollect whether he made sugar or just sold the syrup.

Marvin Selby has a good picture of Uncle Nathen, taken by photographer Hardy who used to have a place just below what is now the Middle Creek road and about two and a half miles up the road from the bottom of the hill where the road leaves the county road. Hardy was a roaming photographer who built a nice hewn log house

on his squatter's location, and his wife used to grow some vegetables on the place. He would leave her there for weeks at a time while he traveled around taking pictures. One evening when she went to the spring to get some water a large cougar growled at her from the bank of the spring so she told Hardy they were going from there, and they did.

The Buckhorn springs was known as the Salt Works for many years.

One October Day . . .

— J. O. M c K I N N E Y

October 26, 1932, dawned over Lower Klamath River like most late October days in that latitude. Nothing made it appear that a minor law infraction would develop into one of the most sensational killings ever known along that river where wild, sensational, unusual killings are commonplace. That day William Zimmerman, u n a r m e d, handcuffed, and offering no resistance to law enforcement, was killed.

And that day William Shadburn, a deputy sheriff of Siskiyou County, had a bullet fired into his spine that never could be removed during his lifetime.

And for this multiple effort, no one ever was legally found guilty of breach of peace.

"It couldn't happen?" Then look up court records for that October 26 in the year 1932! Our own President Jimmy McNeill was foreman of the coroner's jury. He knows.

A map of the day's happenings was not apparent when Merchant William H. Shadburn opened his doors for business on that fateful day. A stranger salesman wanted to sell Shadburn merchandise for resale. Nothing unusual, nor prophetic in that. Salesmen were frequent visitors. That they were

strangers was nothing new. Shadburn was a stranger, too. He had only recently bought the property.

The merchandise offered for sale was a punchboard. That the prizes to be won by lucky punches was currency instead of merchandise was a little unusual. But Shadburn failed to be alarmed by that. He later explained he thought the change a good one. Most folks had guns. Few had currency. That he was a deputy sheriff entrusted with law enforcement failed to register with him. Punchboard violations were so minor they were looked upon as more pastime than gambling. He bought a money board for his customers to relieve their gambling instincts.

The new punchboard had scarcely been setup before still another stranger arrived. This man, it was later learned, was William Zimmerman. Had Zimmerman possessed a horoscope in good working order, he should have read a page, then gone elsewhere. When less than 10 punches, at 10 cents per punch, gave Zimmerman \$44.00 in winnings, the Shadburn Irish nature blew a gasket. No board had any business returning money that way—especially in his store!

Zimmerman knew storm warnings when he saw them. He left the dollar he had paid for 10 punches, but gathering up the \$44.00, he took leave, going in the direction taken by the departing salesman a short time before.

Suspicious that the salesman and Zimmerman were connected, Shadburn, wearing his sheriff's star, gun, and with handcuffs under his belt, soon was following the trail taken by the lucky gambler. Twenty miles below Seiad Valley, he drove into Happy Camp, another hamlet on Klamath River. His quick glance showed Zimmerman entering the place of Ed Warner, a drugstore that also stocked punchboards. The officer rushed in, pulled his gun, and demanded that Zimmerman surrender.

For the next few minutes things happened rapidly. Shadburn snapped one handcuff onto one of Zimmerman's wrists, then handed the other cuff to Warner to hold, while he stepped back and drew his gun. What his intentions were, he later explained, was not to shoot the lucky punchboard artist, but to frighten him into a confession of guilt. A Happy Camp police officer, Samuel Howard, attracted by the commotion in the drugstore, went in to investigate.

At that point action was blurred. Shadburn, with his gun drawn, ordered the Happy Camp officer from the store. Howard answered with a shot that dumped the deputy sheriff on the floor with a bullet through his shoulder.

Lying on the floor, gun in hand, and feeling his prisoner was escaping brought out all the pent-up venom Shadburn felt for Zimmerman. He fired once and Zimmerman went down with a bullet through his heart.

The rest was detail. Other members of the punchboard sellers were located in Weaverville. They were arrested, brought to Yreka, but later released for lack of evidence.

The Zimmerman killing was pronounced the result of Shadburn's actions in line of duty. Howard was not molested for shooting the deputy who had come into Happy Camp in a lawless manner, failing to properly identify himself.

One mystery has not yet been explained. The \$44.00 taken from the Seiad store was never found. Zimmerman did not have it. A Frank Scott who rode with the slain man did not have that much money on his person. So whoever profited by the illegal acts was never discovered.

But did you notice how unfashionable punchboards have grown?

The Forks of Salmon Hotel was generally crowded, and Bill Bennett, the owner, often slept in a corner of the lobby when the rooms were all occupied. One night, Mr. and Mrs. John Daggett were staying there and visiting in the parlor, when Bill stood up, stretched and started unbuttoning his shirt. "I don't know what you folks are going to do," he said, "but I'm going to bed!" All his guests scurried out when it became obvious that he intended to use his lobby "bedroom".

Dora Davidson tells of the time that she and Leslie Hyde went to Somes Bar and stayed at the Forks of Salmon Hotel. In the lobby was a parrot who was very talkative—until a drunk staggered in, reeled up to the parrot's stand, and chummily said, "Hello, Polly!" The parrot, with a dignified air, turned her back on the man and wouldn't answer. The next day the man, in somewhat better shape, approached the parrot and again said, "Hello, Polly". This time, the parrot leaned toward the man, stared at him with her unblinking eyes, and said only three words—"Are you sober?"

Indian Town . . .

— H A Z E L D A V I S

Happy Camp, one of the earliest schools of Del Norte County, was one built near a thriving community called Indian Town in the early 1880's, about 14 miles north of Happy Camp.

The town, with an estimated mining population of 500 people, needed a school. The now deserted site was once a busy community with many trading stores and a two story hotel for persons going back and forth to Oregon and the coast. It was one of the quickest and easiest routes to the area at that time.

There are three schoolmates still living in the area who get together occasionally for a visit: They are Alice Swearengen Sedros, Amanda Tanner Roberts McCoy, and Tomas Ince. At this time the students were required to finish a certain number of books before they could graduate, and at one time there were 20 students of various ages learning to read and write.

The school burned sometime around 1900 and since many families had moved from the area nearer to other mines or else to new homesteads, the school was rebuilt at what is now the Milo Walker home which is about four miles north of Happy Camp on the Indian Creek road.

Stories of Indian Town are still told by Mrs. Sedros who learned of them from her mother and father who were married at Indian Town in 1856. The handwritten original copy of the marriage license is still in the family and is dated September 7, 1856, State of California, County of Klamath, Indian Town, uniting in marriage Benoni Swearengen and Elizabeth Bell. Both he and his bride had crossed the plains in 1852, although not together nor at



—courtesy Hazel Davis

Three of the original students of the Indian Town School, one of the first schools in the area, at that time Del Norte County — left to right, Alice Swearengen Sedros, Tommy Ince, and Amanda Tanner Roberts McCoy.

the same time. However, both eventually arrived at Indian Town before 1856. Swearengen came from Illinois via Salt Lake City with a party to Carson City where he left the party with two other men. They crossed the Sierras on foot and got lost in snowstorms, making it necessary to eat their dogs in order to survive before finally arriving in Placerville. Mrs. Swearengen came west via the Oregon Trail.

According to Mrs. Sedros' parents, many times Indians from the Oregon side attacked the pack trains carrying supplies from the coast. One time a group of miners chased a band of Indians (Rogues) all the way to the other side of what is now Grants Pass. Another pack train robbery was told about that happened up on the Siskiyou. When the miners at Indian Town were told of the attack, they immediately set out with guns and ammunition to try to recover some of the stolen goods. It

seems that the Rogues, having found many articles of clothing on the pack train, along with money, dressed themselves in the fancy clothes and shoes and started home, but when they found themselves pursued they began tearing the white men's awkward and heavy clothes and shoes from their bodies in order to flee faster. The gold, it seems, had been cached by the Indians near the base of a cedar tree somewhere on the trail between Kelly Lake and Poker Flat.

Soon after that, the settlers had rifles and powder packed in with supplies from Crescent City and built a makeshift fort at Indian Town for the protection of women and children should more trouble arise. As far as Mrs. Sedros could remember, the Indians did not return after the fort was built.

The last miners at Indian Town was a camp of Chinamen who mined there for many years, and still obvious are the many piles of rocks moved by hand by these miners. A cave-in that was said to have trapped some of their men finally caused these, too, to move from the camp. At one time, before the road was rebuilt in the area and before logging operations and floods, one could find opium bottles, copper match boxes, and articles from the hotel and blacksmith shop. Now only a small inden-



—Illus. by Jeanie Carter

tation in the ground at the site of the hotel and the drift ditches of hand piled rocks on the tailing piles are all that remain of Indian Town and the memories of those who were a part of that era, a little over 100 years ago.

(Some of the above information came from the family register of the Swearengen family. Most of the information, however, came from the memories of Mrs. Alice Sedros and Mrs. Amanda McCoy, both being grandmothers of mine, Hazel Davis, Happy Camp.)

Salmon River Landmarks . . .

—NELLIE GEORGE

The wagon road from Etna to Sawyers Bar was made passable about 1892. About two miles west of Etna is a small flat area which was called Grease Flat. The freight wagons stopped there to grease the wagon axles before starting over the Salmon Mountain with their loads of freight. The oil used for greasing the axles was castor oil, and was applied through a spout on a can.

The next landmark is Watch Gulch, so named by Billy Murray, who lost his watch while cleaning brush from the roadside. The watch, to this day, has never been found.

Hockaday Springs was a watering trough for the pack animals on the way up the Salmon Mountain. It was later a welcome sight for persons whose cars

would boil during the long pull up the mountain.

Rocky Point is on the old road where, in the year of about 1895, two men, while on their way on snow shoes to deliver mail from Sawyers to Etna, were killed in a snow slide. The men were Johnny Peters and Rudolph Junkins, and it was several days before their bodies were finally recovered.

Old Swampy John was an emergency cabin used for rest and food for men and animals in the wintertime. During the deep snow, rather than shovel the snow away from the door, the men would crawl through the dormer window on the roof of the old cabin and go down into the building by a ladder. The cabin has long since fallen down in decay, and all that is left is the square where it once stood.

The Salmon Summit is a few feet less than 6,000 feet in elevation and the blizzards that blow across the top were very rough on men and animals. At times the bell mare on the pack trains was equipped with snow shoes in order to break a path through the snow. Many times before the road was opened over the mountain the men from Sawyers Bar and Etna would shovel a snow tunnel on the top through hundred foot



—courtesy Siskiyou Museum
Snow tunnel on top of Salmon Mountain, last one made in 1932.

drifts in order to let traffic through as that would be the only snow left on either side of the mountain. The last snow tunnel fell in on the 14th day of June, 1932.

Bill and Nellie George were stranded at Callahan at the time until the snow was removed. They were on their way to make a home on the Salmon River, and in the year of 1933 they established a small store in Sawyers Bar which was operated by them for 30 years. This store, along with three other businesses and several residences, was destroyed by fire July 16, 1963.

On the Mule Trail, about a mile



—courtesy Siskiyou Museum
Salmon Mountain Road.

from the top of the Salmon Summit there was an emergency cabin and water for the animals at what was known as the Springs Cabin.

At Taylor Creek in about 1895 there was a bar and a hotel and some large barns available for travelers and the pack trains. The name of the man who started this station is unknown but it was, at one time, operated by a John King.

The Hiram Eldredge Corral at Cow Creek provided a large shed for the pack animals and accommodations for the men. Hiram Eldredge had a pack train of 25 mules and packed provisions between Etna and Sawyers Bar. Mr. Eldredge also maintained a store at Sawyers Bar. He had a partner by the name of Colberg who spent most of his time in Union Town (later known as Arcata) buying supplies there and bringing them in by pack trains from Trinidad Head.

Snowden was at the bottom of Salmon Mountain where there was a large two-story hotel and several big barns and corrals for the use of pack trains and travelers. There was also a bar. A man by the name of Bill Murray built several of the buildings. Mr. Murray sold to men by the names of Grant and Mason. Mrs. Emma Grant was the cook and housekeeper at Snowden and operated the place for many years after the death of her husband, but the old landmarks of Snowden burned to the ground about 1933 or the Spring of 1934.

On Russian Creek there was a place called the Stone Corral which was used as an overnight stop and feeding place for men and animals of the pack trains.

Antone's Flat is the present site of Eastlick Mill. The original owner was Antone Doll. He sold the property to the Sam Finley family and it was known then as Finley Camp. Many years after, the property was acquired by John Nefrony, a mining promoter

who built a modern home here. Later the Eastlick Mills purchased the property from the Nefrony estate.

Robinson Gulch and Flat.—Henry Robinson was the owner of this property and mined there about 1860, obtaining water from Robinson's Gulch. He sold the property to John and Ed Harris who also mined there for several years.

The old Aromas Mine was owned and mined in the early '90's by Joseph and Frank Minuea.

At Crook's Flat, presently known as Skillen Flat, there was a store and stopping place for people traveling through the Salmon River country.

Clapboard Bar: At one time in the early sixties the Sam Finley, Sr., family lived there in a big house. The property was once a famous mine.

In the early fifties the Shelatos brothers ran a store on the east side of the creek at the mouth of Jackass Gulch. John Daggett had a mine on Jackass Gulch until sometime in 1851. There is a story of one old miner who bought his supplies with gold that had been shaved off a large nugget. He was asked how large the nugget was to which he replied "Bejabbers, it was once the size of me boot!" They said, "The whole boot?" And he said, "No. About the size of the foot part." And he wore a size 13 boot!

The old Arrow Tree was a cedar tree about three feet in diameter which sat on a ridge and could be seen in all directions. It served as an old Indian boundary sign of family group hunting grounds.

Kelly Gulch: At one time the Bennett Company from the Forks of Salmon had a large shed to provide shelter for the pack animals here. One end of the shed was fixed up for the men to stay.

The Old Ahlgren Ranch. In the early sixties old Abe Ahlgren settled on this spot, situated on the little North



—courtesy Siskiyou Museum
Forks of Salmon Hotel, constructed of all whipsawed and split material, in the year 1852. Picture taken by Charles Graves and presented to Museum in 1945.

Fork of the Salmon River. There were, at one time, so many children on the ranch that a school was provided for them and was known as Russianville School. John Ahlgren, who was one of old Abe's sons, was one of the old time pack train mule skinnners and was also the inventor of the snow shoe used on the bell mares of the pack train.

The Gallia Mine which was originally known as the Paddy Cronin property was mined for many years by Paddy Cronin and his brother Morris Cronin. Paddy owed his brother a share of the gold, and Morris wanted to go to Sawyer's Bar and demanded his money. Paddy had no way of weighing the gold then, but Morris went to Sawyer's Bar anyway and, after becoming very drunk, returned and demanded his money again. During the argument he got a gun and shot his brother. This happened about 1901.

New Diggin's: Martin Olson owned the property and mined it from about 1860 to 1870. He employed several men at the mine and took some of the gold to Sawyer's Bar to change it to gold coin. He returned and paid the men off, who then went to Sawyer's Bar, except for Martin and one of his men. After a while, this man saw Martin Olson take off up Olson Creek

with two quarts of gold coins. He returned in about twenty minutes without the jars. That night Martin Olson went to Sawyer's Bar on horseback, and while returning, both he and the horse fell off a bluff, and Martin was killed. To this day the jars of gold, which Martin evidently buried, have never been found, although many people have searched for it.

Old Diggin's, or Dougherty Flat, also Dougherty Bluff.—John and Jim Dougherty, brothers, mined the old diggin's about the early 1890's.

Shumway Flat.—About 1870, the Shumway brothers mined Shumway Flat until about 1908 when they sold the property, and it was then known as the Bonally Mine. At the junction of Big Creek, the Bonally Mine built a water reversion dam on the Salmon River. Then they built a large flume from the dam to the mine about two miles above the Forks of Salmon. This mine operated for several years. In the center of the mine was left a large piece of cement gravel which would have needed powder to break it up so it was left. About 1933, a man, his wife, and his brother decided to try to mine this piece of ground with the Long Tom. The lady used to go down and mine what she could herself, and the men would kid her about the "boulders" she brought home with her. One day, there was one boulder that wouldn't go through the sluice box so when she picked it up to throw it out it was so heavy that she took the hammer and tried to break it. The mark the hammer made showed it was pure gold. So, when her husband kidded her that evening, she laid this "boulder" on the table and told them that this one was worth all the boulders she had packed home. The men wouldn't believe their eyes; so they took the "boulder" to the bank in Etna, and it weighed \$450 in gold! The bank bought it for \$500. On their way home, after both of them

had consumed most of a bottle of whiskey, they ran their car, an old Model T Ford, partway over the shoulder of the road just below Sawyer's Bar. They slept there all night, not realizing that they were dangling so precariously that one little shove with one hand would have dropped them into the river. They left the country and haven't been heard of since.

The Bennett Company at Forks of Salmon.—Bill Bennett was the owner, and he raised quite a big family at the Forks of Salmon. At one time, it was an old two-story stage hotel, with large barns and a big store and bar. The business was later taken over by George William Smith, who married a Bennett girl. The old store building still stands, but the two-story hotel was torn down in either 1933 or 1934.

Nordhiemer Bar and Creek.—That

was a place for people to stop overnight if necessary. There were barns and buildings to accommodate travelers.

Butler Flat.—Also had a stage stop, a hotel, and place for travelers and animals. At one time Hugh Grant was the owner. The old hotel and barns are still standing. Several people have owned it since Grant gave it up. Joe Miller of the Forks of Salmon is the present owner.

Somes Bar.—The original hotel and store were about two miles above the present site and across the river. The store and buildings were owned and operated by Alec Brizzard. Later on, the property was sold. Floyd and Joe Long own and operate the business where Somes Bar is located today.

These dates are as nearly authentic as the narrator can recall.

The Padre of Paradise Flat . . .

—from an article by Alice Bigelow Anderson in 1916
Compiled by Evelyn Carter

When, in 1856, the report spread throughout California that Jim Sawyer had found nuggets on the bars along the banks of the quiet, secluded Salmon River, flocks of pioneers crossed the mountains or came up the Salmon by way of Humboldt County to work the new found mineral deposits.

A few sent for their families, and soon a little town of plain honest folk grew up on the flat, known as Sawyer's Bar.

Then came a priest, Father Florian Schwenninger, who persuaded the people of the settlement to build a church. The miners were eager to aid in the construction of the church, and Father Florian gave a large oil painting of "The Crucifixion", which had been



—painted by Calla Lukes
Old Catholic Church at Sawyer's Bar—
erected in 1855 and still maintained as
a shrine to the memory of "the Padre
of Paradise Flat", Father Florian
Schwenninger.

presented to him previously to his arrival in America from his native Tyrol.

The church was soon underway, and a silver coin, bearing the date of the building, was placed on the corner-post. Being rough and simple, the building was shortly completed, and in 1857 mass was said for the first time. The congregation was one of rough pioneers, but their hearts were true and full of reverence.

Then came a death, and the first grave was dug beneath the pines in the church yard. Good Father Florian was

not content to have the grave go unmarked, so with pocket knife, chisel, and mallet he carved a head-board from a rough slab of wood, and had it placed over the grave. Several such headboards were made before he died, leaving them, together with the church and painting, as memorials to his good work. The eminence on which the little church was built is called Paradise Flat, and it is the only part of the old diggings left undisturbed by the great hydraulic stream that played upon the red banks of the Salmon River.

Last Indian Raid . . .

—*Written by William Balfrey about 1900*

In the spring of 1878, a small band of Indians left the Hoopa Reservation which is located in Hoopa Valley, Humboldt County, California. They journeyed up the Trinity River and crossed the Trinity divide near the upper South Fork of the Salmon River, coming out at what is known as Petersburg. They were robbing, killing and committing other depredations. They robbed the store at Cecilville and took some liquor which raised their fighting blood and urged them on to further mischief. From Cecilville, they travelled down-river robbing miners' cabins until the whites began to see that something drastic had to be done. They sent a trusted Indian runner ahead to warn the miners farther down the river. When the runner arrived at Yocumville, a small place consisting of a store and hotel owned by one Jack Fifield, the runner informed Mr. Fifield of the Indians coming and gave him the names of the leaders, two of whom had worked for Mr. Fifield on pack trains. He figured that they would not molest him

to any great extent, and on their arrival he spoke to them in a friendly way and asked them what they wanted and why they were killing and robbing the whites who had been their friends. Some of the Indians were for killing Fifield and looting the store. However, the two leaders prevailed in their pleading for him and after taking what supplies they wanted proceeded on down the river to the Forks of Salmon.

By this time word had gotten around and some fifty or more men had gathered at the Forks of Salmon, each with his rifle and all the ammunition that he could muster. The Forks of Salmon then consisted of a hotel, store, blacksmith shop, etc, and stands on the North side of the river just at the junction of the North and South forks. There is a rocky spur of the mountain that gradually tapers down to the waters edge. A bridge across the North Fork connects with the South Fork. The Indians arrived here in the late afternoon. The blacksmith shop partly hid the front of the hotel from the Indians, but as they started to cross the

bridge over the North Fork, the miners opened fire on them. They were not expecting this so they hastily retreated behind the rocky spur between the two forks and the battle began. The whites proved too much for them so, taking their dead and wounded with them, they proceeded to cross back south over the mountains toward Hoopa Valley from where they started following an old Indian trail.

The white men suspected about where they would make their camp that night as it was the only place where they could get water between the Forks and Salmon summit, a distance of about ten miles or more. So the leader of the whites, Mr. W. P. Bennett, owner of the Forks, and a few others picked some men, leaving the balance on guard, and proceeded to overtake the Indians. They followed their trail for some five miles, feeling sure the Indians would be camped at a place called "The Gap". Just on top of a ridge, when within a mile of this gap, they swung left and aimed to come into the gap at right angles. It being dark, the men had to

travel slowly, and the brush and dry woods made it difficult to get within range of the Indians. However, after long and earnest traveling, they came upon the camp. The Indians, however, did not think the whites would follow them at night, so all were apparently asleep.

It happened that one of the party took his dog along, and just as the whites came up over the ridge into the gap, the dog either smelled or saw the camp fire of the Indians and started to bark. This, of course, aroused the Indians, and at about this time the whites opened fire. The suddenness of the attack was such a surprise to them that all they could do was to jump and make for the thick brush, dragging their dead and wounded with them as best they could. It being night and dark it was impossible for the whites to follow so after holding a counsel, they decided to return to the Forks, but had it not been for the barking of the dog, it would have been a sad night for the Indians.

That Old House

— J I M M c N E I L L

In the shadow of the modern lodge and cabins of the Mountain Meadow Ranch on Big Flat and within a stone's throw of the huge granite boulder that marks the boundary line between Siskiyou and Trinity Counties, stands the old Abrams cabin. It is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, buildings in southeastern Siskiyou County.

The cabin was erected in 1850 by Jim and Frank Abrams, along with a two story frame hotel and a single story store and trading post; the two buildings are located some two hundred feet west of the old cabin. These

buildings were destroyed by the heavy snows of 1861 and 1862. They were built from lumber whip-sawed by the Abrams brothers. The lumber from the wrecked buildings was salvaged and packed away to serve other purposes.

There also was a slaughter house and butcher shop with the necessary stock corral out near the Southeast spring.

As far back as I can remember, there was no evidence that the hotel and trading post had ever existed, but there were many logs, rotting shakes, and other debris from the slaughter house and corrals that had, after many years

of fruitless battles with the heavy winter snows, given up and caved in. These logs were soon hauled away and used for fire wood by campers on the flat, but the old hewed pine log cabin which was the least pretentious of all the buildings which had once made up the busy and prosperous trading post remained. I have heard many stories about the old house but the fact is that the cabin was built as a cooling house for milk from the dairy that the Abrams brothers once operated in conjunction with the trading post. It also served as a place to churn the cream into butter. These dairy products were packed out by mule train and sold to the mining camps along the South fork of the Salmon River. Though it was the most lowly of all the buildings at the post, it has survived them all by a century or more.

In 1859, a trail was built from Calahan Ranch into the Salmon River country to serve Cecilville, Summer-ville, Petersburg and several smaller camps along the river. This, of course, took much of the travel off the Swift Creek trail that came up from the old

town of Shasta through Trinity County and over Sunrise Pass into Siskiyou County past Big Flat and Abrams trading post and so on down the South Fork of the Salmon River. The lack of travel over the Swift Creek trail caused the operation of the trading post to become unprofitable; so in 1861 the Abram brothers closed their post. Jim moved with his family some four miles down the Salmon River where he settled on the Lakeview Ranch, while his brother, Frank, moved with their pack train to the old town of Petersburg where he continued to operate the pack train. The old abandoned post soon fell to decay until all that remained of it was two lonely and forgotten graves on the Trinity side of the line near a large pine tree on the East side of the flat. I doubt very much if I could find these graves at this time. One of the graves was that of a baby boy, the first born of the Jim Abrams children, and the other was that of an unknown man who was travelling over the trail heading for the Salmon River mines and who died at the post of a heart attack one day when my Grand-



—courtesy Effie Young

Abrams Cabin on Big Flat, about 1917.

mother Katherine Abrams was at the post alone. The sturdy old milk house on the Siskiyou County side of the line, now a play house for pack rats and digger squirrels, kept a lonely watch over the graves, while two other landmarks stood watch over it all.

To the Southeast Preacher's Peak rears its head skyward and frowns down on the flat below. This is where a minister making his way in 1852 from Old Shasta over the Swift Creek trail through Sunrise Pass became lost in a snow storm and wandered off the trail and froze to death near the summit of the peak. His body was discovered the following summer by some hunters who named the peak.

To the Southwest, a solid granite spire rises out of the side of Caribou Mountain. I believe that this rock is now known as Sugarloaf. But to the Old Timers it was Stover's Burying Ground. A man by the name of James Stover once worked for the Abrams Brothers and would often look up at the spire and say to my Grandfather, "Jim, when I die, I want to be buried on top of that there rock." However, Mr. Stover died in Arcata, California, and is buried there at sea level and many miles from the lofty crag named for him.

The old post lay abandoned except for an occasional use by hunters, trappers, sheep men, and prospectors until the mid 1890's when the place was taken over by H. D. McNeill, a son-in-law, and at this time some improvement work was done on the old house. A large stone fireplace was built in the South end and a lean-to room constructed on the North end. Then in 1912, under the supervision of R. Gordon Abrams, a son of one of the original builders of the cabin, it was torn down and completely rebuilt by the

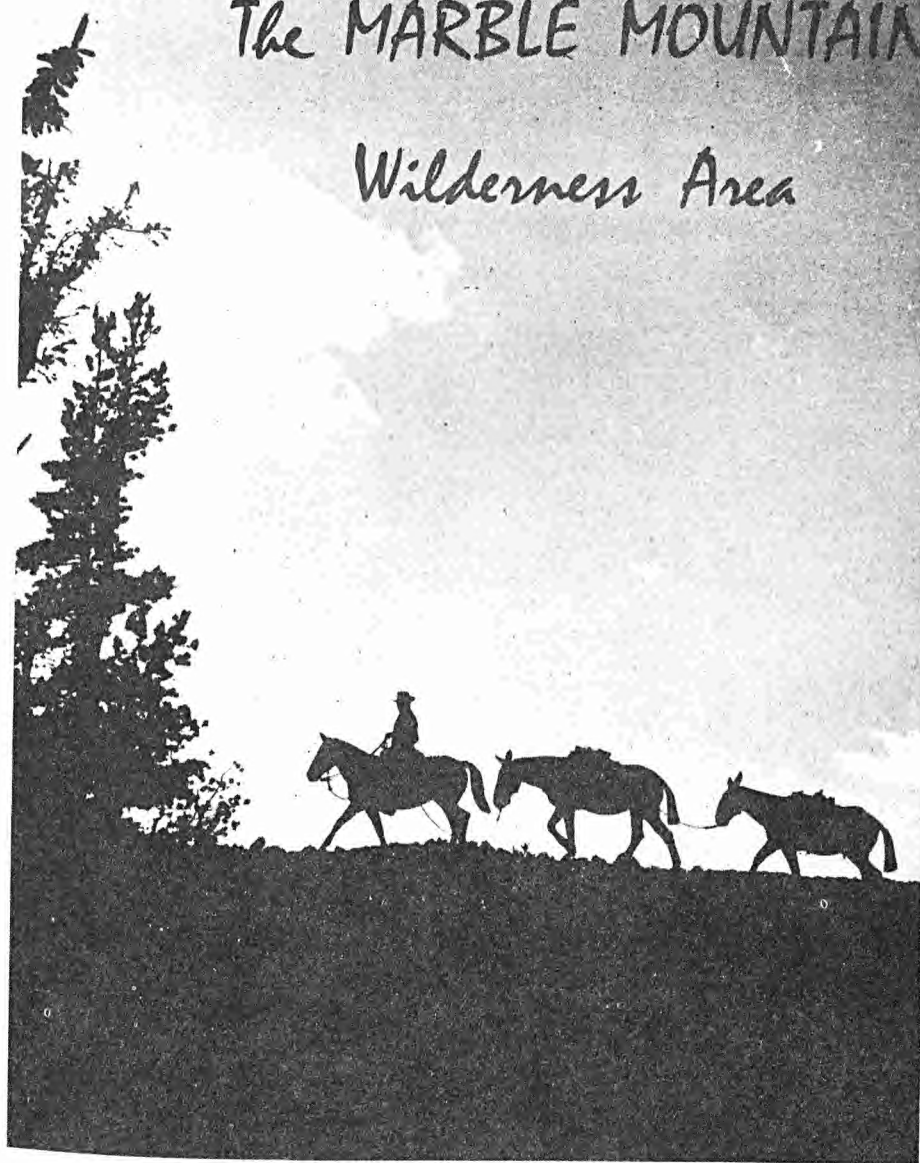
following people: R. Gordon Abrams, John Maxwell, Charles Roff, H. D. McNeill, and Bill McClay with a little assistance from a very small boy, you guess, the writer, Jim McNeill. There was also much kibitzing from Charles Talcott, Sam White, Monroe Jones, Ed Crouch, and Valentine Valdamier who were hired to harvest the hay crop on the mountain meadow that summer.

And now another dawn is breaking over the big flat. A platter of gold appears high up on the granite breast of Caribou Mountain as the first rays of the early mountain sun peeps over a shoulder on Preacher's Peak. The shadows in the canyon bottoms have lightened and disappeared, and a new day has broken on the modern lodge and cabins, the lonely graves, and that old house.

An Irishman named Pat O'Halloran was a prospector and miner, and like most of the early day miners, was fond of a drink now and then. One dark night he started for home, loaded a little beyond his capacity. Not being able to keep to the road, he fell into a prospect hole. The hole was about forty feet deep and Pat went to the bottom. The next morning the ditch-tender heard someone calling and finally located old Pat in the bottom of the hole. He went for help, and with a windlass and bucket and some effort, the men drew him near the surface. Now Pat was an uncompromising Democrat, and as he approached the top he noticed that a preacher, who was the leading Republican in the neighborhood, was one of his rescuers. He ordered them to lower him again and "go get some Democrats to haul me out." So they had to lower him until they could find Democrats enough to pull him out.

The MARBLE MOUNTAIN

Wilderness Area



—courtesy U. S. Forest Service
Heading for the peace of the primitive area. See page 79 for description.

The Birth of Callahan . . .

—from an account of the Family History
compiled by Mary Callahan

Mathias Callahan, Mary's father, had stores in Trinidad and Yreka, and he travelled between the two places until the mines in Trinidad petered out, and he decided to move his family to the more prosperous town of Yreka. Mary Callahan's story continues in her own words:

The household goods were packed on muleback and sent on ahead. For mother, father selected a large white horse, well used to the trails. Little Winfield, who was then about one year and a half old, father carried before him on his saddle. With an Indian girl and boy, each about sixteen years old, obtained for servants from a neighbor-

ing tribe, and several men and Indians with the pack train, the family started early in October, 1852, over the Trinity Mountains for Yreka . . .

The pack-train was on ahead—the little family party following. When the stream (a fork of Scott River) was reached it seemed rather broad and rapid and mother was somewhat nervous. With his boy in arms, father went on ahead. Mother followed, when in midstream she uttered a loud cry. Father looking around saw her floating down the stream. Somehow her horse had floundered about and she lost control and as she expressed it—simply floated off. The Indian boy servant



—courtesy Jo Kinney

Main street in the old days.

who was just behind mother jumped off his horse, ran down stream to where mother had been caught by her dress on an overhanging branch of a willow. The Indian crept out on the branch and succeeded in pulling mother far enough in shore so that she could grasp the branch . . .

Quite close to where the accident occurred, was a log cabin belonging to a Frenchman . . . To this cabin mother was taken . . .

The sudden plunge into cold water and the nervous shock was too much for mother who was in delicate health. That night she was seized with a chill and father had to send to Fort Jones, a military station, not far off, for a doctor. Before morning, a son, Henry Callahan, was born. The baby was so frail that he had to be kept warm in a sort of brick oven which the Frenchman had for making bread. With his wife ill and an additional baby to care for,

of course father could not think of moving them to Yreka for some little time. Fortunately for him, the Frenchman was anxious to sell the farm or ranch as it was called, so that he could go to the mines about Yreka. For two mules and some supplies, father bought the ranch . . .

The family settled itself comfortably on the ranch that winter (1852), and . . . A continuous stream of gold seekers came down from Oregon to the Yreka diggings, or on their way to other gold fields in the State. Most of this influx had to pass through the Ranch so father found it profitable to open a store there. He also built a large log cabin which was used as a hotel.

Travelers seeing such a comfortable looking place would insist upon being allowed to stop and rest. Finally quite a village grew up—a town was incorporated, known as Callahans.

Callahan Store and Bar . . .

— J O K I N N E Y

Across from the old Callahan Ranch Hotel in Callahan sits what remains of a very old lodging house, originally



Back bar from South Fork, showing original lamps and old seltzer bottle, used to make sparkling water for the miners' drinks.

the Baker Hotel. It is owned by Dick Hayden and operated by Charlie Thompson who has given it the name of "The Emporium", as he carries groceries, meats, vegetables, and a large supply of clothing. In the summer, during the tourist season, a stop there is a must. There are many fine old relics in the adjoining bar among which is an old gun cut with the crotch of the tree in which it was found. The gun had been fired and left in the tree which leads the traveller into a reverie as to what may have happened to the owner! The old back bar is a curio itself, as it is said that it was first in a bar in what was known as South Fork Town, which was situated a few miles up South Fork of Scott River near the

old Montezuma Mine, mined in early days by Alexander Parker and sons and later sold to the Chinese. Some say that the bar was once sent to San Francisco and later was returned to its present location. Among the interesting things in the bar is also an old "Nickelodeon" which was purchased by Mrs.



Ice chest (now refrigerated)—kegs on top were used for wines.



The famous nickleodeon which still plays music-box melodies, believed to have come around the Horn.



First Denny Bar Company store—iron doors were shutters for protection against the weather and, possibly, burglars.

Ella Paxton Baker when she operated the hotel during the late 1800s up until about 1912, when she sold the hotel and moved to Sacramento. The old "juke box" has large disks with perforations on the same principle as a music box except that the disks fit into the box in a vertical position. The oldest record is dated 1887 while the newest one has a date of 1893, and there are supposed to be eighteen of these old records.

The old building next door with the



Murals covering the windows depict incidents of historical significance to area, from the left: the Oregon Trail, next top: present day logging; bottom: logging with wagons; top: first gold dredge, a wooden one lost in Trinity in 1955; bottom: 1500 early Chinese miners mining by hand; top: Denny Bros. Dairy, 1854; bottom: old Callahan Ranch Hotel; last one: Mathias Callahan trading off his ranch (about 1860).

iron doors was built by Denny Brothers in 1864, a number of years after the hotel was first in operation. This was the first of a chain of stores later known as Denny-Bar Company stores. The building in more recent years has been used as a Grange Hall, and many dances have been held in the upstairs portion.

In recent years murals have been painted by Shirley Williams on the upper portion of the old hotel building, and an addition has been put on to the store portion on the Northeast.

The old building was also used for Justice Court hearings. The last was a preliminary hearing in the fall of 1949. This was during the hunting season, and it has been stated that the hearing was suspended while the parties thereto went outside to view a number



Russell Farrington's store across the street from the 'Emporium'; Callahan's postoffice is also located in this building.

of fine bucks that had just been brought into town, the successful hunters boasting of their luck while the unlucky ones were persuaded to buy the next round of drinks in the bar.



—courtesy Mrs. R. R. Crawford

O. W. Goodale ranch house in lower Scott Valley; it was built by Patterson of hewn logs—originally the upper floor was one large room, with spaces left between the logs to serve as gun openings in case of attack. Left to right are Bill Pinkerton, Lautie Goodale, Kenneth Goodale, Mrs. Goodale, Mr. Goodale.

Goodale Ranch . . .

— J O K I N N E Y

The old Goodale Ranch on the Scott River road was once the site of a butcher shop. Stock was killed here and was delivered to the towns of Fort Jones, Oro Fino, and Etna, as well as supplying many of the mines in the vicinity.

The Walker Brothers later established a skimming station where the cream was skimmed from milk brought to this location from dairies located in lower Scott Valley and Quartz Valley. This was operated only two years.

Oro Fino Store . . .

— C A L L A L U K E S

The little red brick store is all that is left of a once prosperous and thriving community. According to Dr. Jones' "Saddlebags" and others, it was one of the liveliest mining camps in the county.

The store was a general store and post office run by John Quigley. An old "day book" that dated back to 1865 was found in the store and listed many familiar pioneer names, such as Lewis, Wright, Young, Bangle, and others.

Oro Fino means "fine gold", and the diggings in the Oro Fino area were

considered so rich that a miner could stake a claim of only fifteen feet, which was panned and drifted right from the grass root to bed rock. Later, around 1868, a Miner's Ditch Company was organized; this was engaged in bringing water from Kidder Creek some fifteen miles away, via three ditches, one of which was a flume, for the purpose of hydraulic mining. A Mr. Young spent \$7,000 on a ditch to wash a pile of "tailings" previously imperfectly washed.

Oro Fino was quite a favorite spot for the "Hurdy Gurdy" girls who visited the popular mining town saloons.

Catherine Ludwie Harmony, grandmother of Laura Park Manley, crossed the plains by covered wagon in 1847, settling first in Old Shasta, later moving to Yreka in 1850. In her tales about the long trip West, she told how they were besieged many times by bands of Indians who circled the wagons, sending up blood curdling cries. The immigrants, hoping to pacify them, would bring out different things from their wagons, offering them as gifts. But all the Indians ever wanted was sugar, and sugar they always received.



—painted by Calla Lukes
Oro Fino Store.

Town Rock, Fort Jones . . .

— I R E N E J O R D A N N E L S O N

A landmark that will always be remembered by the young folks of yesteryear is the group of rocks high on the hillside east of the town of Fort Jones and known as "The Town Rock".

The "Rock" does not stand out as clearly as in the past, for the trees and bushes are closing in on it but it is visible from the town and valley.

Up until probably fifty years ago, one rock which was said to resemble the head of George Washington, balanced on another rock, but somehow, perhaps by erosion, that rock now reposes in the canyon far below.

In former years, children and young folks had to rely on things near home for recreation and entertainment so hill climbing naturally was popular. The Town Rock was the popular place to go for picnics, hikes, flowers, or just somewhere to go.

Red lilies (now red bells) grew profusely in the area of the Town Rock. During noon hour at the Old Brick School on the Hill (now only a memory) the older boys would down their lunches hurriedly or stuff a sandwich in their pocket and take off for the Town Rock. They'd come back sweating and puffing, usually after the bell had called the pupils in for school, each triumphantly bearing a handful of red lilies as a "peace offering" for the teacher.

It was a stiff climb the last part of the ascent, but certainly worth it for the beautiful view of the valley.

As a child I lived at the base of the hill and still do, so I spent many hours roaming the hillsides, but, so far as I can remember, I reached the Town Rock on only one occasion. That was the one and only time I "played hookey"

from school so I am not particularly proud of it.

No more need be said—those who read this and who know the Town Rock will have their own memories of it—to those who do not, it's just another pile of rocks.

MEMORIES OF FORT JONES

It's a little old town at the foot of
the hill,

With Moffit Creek running on
through

To Scott River passing just one mile
away,

With the old swimming hole in the
slough.

The curfew bell's silenced—the tower
is gone,

A museum now covers the spot;

Watching over the people from high
on the hill

Is a landmark—we called it Town
Rock.

Remember the cough syrup Doc. Milli-
ken gave?

It was mixed by a druggist named
Cook.

McDonald would issue cures just as
good,

But his came from a Vet's doctor
book.

There was a Beem in the bank; Bills
that were Jake,

Our tinner was named Piscantor,

And two houses for powder stood just
north of town,

One for each of the two general
stores.

A Keesling would carpenter; Elzer
would paint,

And Luce would fix up our shoes;

Mr. Evans did likewise, near O'Neil's
saloon,
Kehrer and Schaer did the same for
the mules.

The hotel (the Western) is gone from
the scene,
The same as the blacksmiths and
teams;

The school on the hill; the trees on
main street,
And now only seen in our dreams.

The drug store moved from its old
corner spot,

The bank moved up some and across;
The flour mill is silent—people living
there now—

The grind of the town pump is lost.

The stores are the same but the owners
are new

And the streets have been greatly
improved;

The pumps are all gone; the water
troughs too,

The grade school has made its third
move. -----

Schary's blacksmith shop stands — it's
idle of course—

Service station's located next door;
And behind. O'er the creek, a sawmill
is seen

Spouting saw-dust and steam clouds
galore.

The Catholic Church burned — the
old wooden one—

A new one now sits further down.

The tank house is gone; the old barns
cleared away,

And baseball has moved north of
town.

It's a lovely old town so dear to us all,
In our dreams it often appears.

We cherish the memories of our child-
hood spent there,
As in day dreams we view it through
tears.

J. H. Johnson

(This poem, written three years ago
by Harold Johnson, was sent to me be-
fore one of the Biennial Homecomings.
I asked his permission for it to be used
in this publication for I think it goes
very well for the Landmark Issue.

Harold is the originator and sponsor
for the School Homecomings which are
greatly enjoyed; two or three hundred
people attended the last one. The fifth
Biennial Homecoming will be in Fort
Jones, Sept. 6, 1964.

Harold came to Fort Jones when a
child of four years to live with his
Aunt and Uncle, The Bart Mathews'.

He attended the local schools and
now for a number of years has resided
in Oregon where he raised his family.
—Irene Jordan Nelson)

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 sum-
mer, 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!"

A woman at one of the outlying
mines complained about the tough beef
he had brought when she had ordered
loin steak. Jimmie's ready excuse was,
"The critter didn't have any 'line' in
him."

Gravestone Mystery . . .

— D O R O T H Y R. S T E W A R T

Alongside a lonesome road south of Yreka stands a pitiful slab of dirty gray granite inscribed with four names. They are of a father and his three sons. Three of them, the father, Hiram Page, and his two oldest sons, Salathiel and Balphor, died the same day, September 6, 1863. The fourth name, Julian Page, age 9 or 5, died almost a year later on July 14, 1864. There is no woman's name, no other tell-tale evidence of a camp or home site and nothing but overgrown hillside. The headstone stands under an old oak tree and is not tended or at all cared for. What did they die of, how did they die, and why all on the same day and leaving the youngest (?) remains somewhat of a mystery and forms the basis of this story.

When it comes to tracking down a gravestone inscription that is 100 years old, it can turn into a detailed wearisome chore. You can run into some mighty interesting sidelines and tangents that can lead a person astray, and almost did. I was led from the County Museum and its archives to the County Recorder's office and back to the County Library where I first heard of the gravestone.

The history of the area where the grave is to be found is rich in the lore of the gold-seekers of the last century. Gold was discovered in 1851 on the site of the present city of Yreka, and in the year of 1852, the state legislature passed a bill making a county by the name of Siskiyou and having as its county seat, the city of Yreka. There is a main road that is near the trail that the grave is on, and this is Greenhorn Road, so called because one day a long time ago a young well dressed

Englishman came along the creek, where all the old miners were panning and working the stream for gold, and asked if he might try his hand at it. He struck it rich, thus the name "greenhorn" for luck of the beginner's type. The buttes of this area are an east and west spur of the Greenhorn mountains, and on the side of one of these is the area that evidently belonged to Hiram Page. I found in the County Recorder's office a deed made over to Mr. Page by George P. Furber and his wife for a parcel of land that was described as bounded on the east by Main Rd. (U.S. 99) and on the south by Greenhorn Rd. and leading to Indian Creek and Deadwood Villages, on the west by the range of Greenhorn hills and the north by land claims of Lorenzo Ladd and his brother. This was signed on August 28, 1862.

Hiram Page was evidently one of the original settlers of this area, for further back in the record of deeds I found two other deeds of property sold by him to Charles Jacquith and Oliver Randall, and another one to a John Cook. These were bills of sale from the year 1853 for property located on Miner Street, the main east-west street and where all the gaming houses and trading places were to be found. He evidently came from some other part of the country and settled here with two of his boys and a wife, for his youngest son was only 6 or 9 years of age when he died and from the above records Hiram was in this country for a least 9 years before his demise.

The story of one man and his family just doesn't stop for no reason at all, and yet it seems that this is what has happened to Hiram Page and his fam-

ily. There is no death certificate available as the county records go back only as far as 1873, so we do not know who buried them, even, and why they died all together. Was it an Indian attack, sudden and overpowering, and the little boy happened to get away? There is evidence of a sudden uprising of the Klamath River Indians around this time, but this was down river and perhaps couldn't reach this far east. Was it a grudge fight for the property, which was perhaps rich in gold, and someone else wanted it and Hiram wouldn't sell? This still leaves us with the mystery of why the little fellow didn't get it at the same time as his father and two brothers. Perhaps the persons involved in the killing of the other three were unable to find the little boy and just kept after him until they got all witnesses to the murder, and it took them almost a year to do it. Was it, after all, a smallpox epidemic which hit or some other foul disease such as diphtheria? There is evidence of an epidemic of diphtheria in Scott Valley during the fall of 1863. Perhaps some traveller along the main road stopped overnight and left the germs of the disease with them. This still doesn't explain how the youngest missed out. The sanitary conditions of the area were non-existent, as they were in all mining camps. The George P. Furber mentioned previously was a Medical Doctor and one of the first in camp, and he, with two or three others, set up a sanitary commission and tried to get the miners to obey the few rules and laws they used.

The Pages next have had some family or kin in the town, for who else but kinfolks would bother to go to the expense of setting up a gravestone and, for that matter even bother to bury them on their own land. They could



—courtesy Dorothy R. Stewart
All on one headstone.

have been placed to rest in a common grave at the city graveyard. Someone must have had to care for the little boy too, until his death, and we wonder who could have done this, and then what could have caused his death?

Completing the story of the family of Hiram Page will never be really finished, unless in talking to some of the old timers in the town I can come across some more information about them. There might be some record of them in the newspaper morgue of the old Yreka Journal, also, and in the locked up archives of the Siskiyou County Historical Society Museum. This is a true mystery and has whetted my curiosity which will not be satisfied until I find everything I can about them, and followed up every lead. Perhaps at some later date another story will be forthcoming about this little tragedy of the early days of Yreka.

Cumulative Index . . .

—Compiled by BARBARA BRIDWELL

KEY: SP—Siskiyou Pioneer
 YB—Yearbook
 BP—Information Files of
 Division of Beaches &
 Parks

PICTURE	AREA AND LANDMARK	REFERENCE
	<i>DUNSMUIR AREA</i>	
	Dunsmuir—Town	YB 1946 p. 4
		YB 1949 p. 2; SP 1959 p. 19
	Fox Farm	YB 1948 p. 8
	Lower Soda Springs—Castle Crag Tavern	SP 1948 p. 37
		YB 1949 p. 2
SP 1950 (ad)	Upper Soda Springs—Mineral Springs	YB 1946 p. 4
SP 1959 p. 18	SP 1947 p. 12; YB 1948 p. 8; YB 1949 p. 3	SP 1959 p. 17
YB 1951 (ad)	Shasta Springs—Site of Shasta Water Works	YB 1948 p. 8
SP 1958 (ad)		SP 1959 p. 20
	Mott Airport	SP 1947 p. 23
		YB 1948 p. 10; YB 1949 p. 3
	Dunsmuir Museum—Historical Park	SP 1964
	Castle Crags—Scene of Indian battles	SP 1964
YB 1949 p. 4	First big canyon trestle	
YB 1949 (ad)	Early railroad bridge below Dunsmuir	
	<i>MT. SHASTA AREA</i>	
	Monument of Shasta—Geodetic marker	YB 1946 p. 12
		SP 1949 p. 6
	Mt. Shasta Fish Hatchery—Oldest operating hatchery in California	SP 1959 p. 51
SP 1959 (ad)	Ney Springs—Health resort	YB 1949 p. 8
		SP 1959 p. 21
	Rainbow—Sawmill at Box Canyon	YB 1948 p. 13
SP 1952 (ad)	Sisson (Mt. Shasta)	SP 1947 p. 15
	YB 1948 p. 10; YB 1949 p. 5; SP 1952 p. 6	
	Strawberry—Stage Station near present Mt. Shasta City	YB 1947 p. 29
YB 1948 (ad)	Canterra—Loop of railroad	
SP 1964	Castle Lake	
	Berryvale Post Office—First post office in Sisson	BP

SP 1952 (ad) & p. 4	Sisson's Tavern—Site only YB 1949 p. 4 Brown-Shasta Ranch Mt. Shasta	BP SP 1964 SP 1964
SP 1952 (ad)	Main Street, Sisson—1891	
YB 1948 (ad)	The Big Mill—Sisson (1889)	
SP 1950 p. 12	Joseph Fellows Tub Factory Black Butte—6,343 ft. peak near Weed	YB 1946 p. 20 SP 1964

McCLOUD, BARTLE AREA

	McCloud—Logging Town	YB 1949 p. 39
	Wyntoon—Hearst Estate	SP 1958 p. 13
	Dead Horse Summit	SP 1948 p. 31 SP 1964
	McCloud Railroad	SP 1964
YB 1949 (ad)	McCloud Railroad, 1938	

BUTTE VALLEY AREA

	Herman's House of Guns—Museum, Dorris, Calif.	SP 1958 p. 37
YB 1951 p. 6	Laird's Landing—Boat dock, Lower Klamath	SP 1957 p. 42
SP 1957 p. 1	Lake	



—courtesy Siskiyou Museum

Butte Creek Mounds—mound in center foreground; rock path in near foreground.

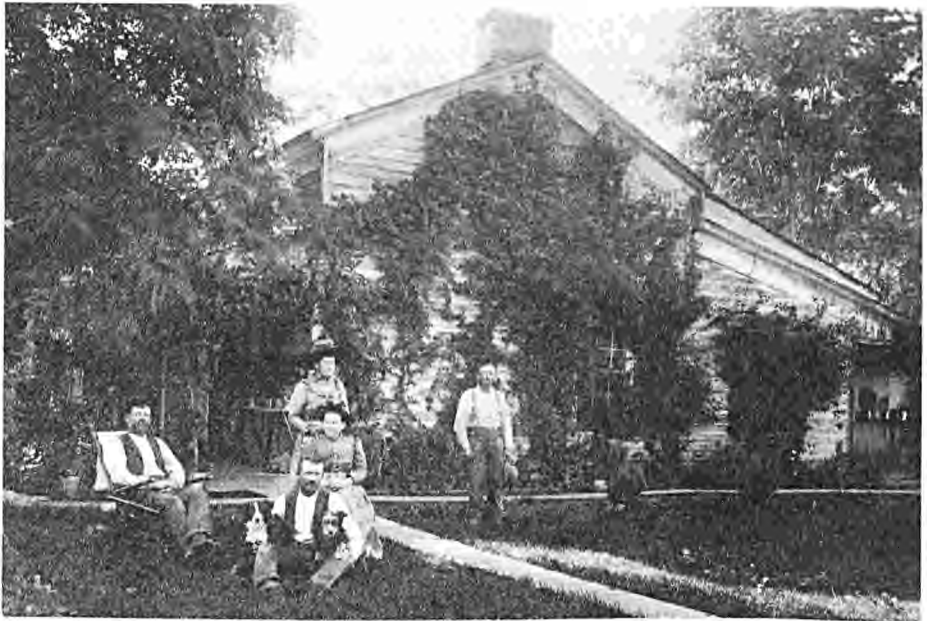
	Mt. Hebron—Town	SP 1957 p. 28
	Picard—Town site in Butte Valley	SP 1957 p. 20
	Teeter's Landing—Boat dock near Keno, Ore.	SP 1957 p. 51
YB 1949 p. 46	Van Brimmer Fort—Monument at Lava Beds National Park	SP 1957 p. 23
	Deter Mill (Forest Vale)—Travelers overnight stop.	SP 1958 p. 24 SP 1959 p. 42
	Leaf Mounds—Mysterious rock circles near Dorris, Calif.	YB 1948 p. 17 YB 1946 p. 9
	Lava Beds and Caves—Stronghold of Modoc War	SP 1959 p. 23 YB 1947 p. 27
	Petroglyph Point—Prehistoric records at Lava Beds	SP 1959 p. 24
	Trails and Roads—Butte Valley Area Map	SP 1957 p. 1
	Bloody Point—Site of Indian battle near Tulelake	BP
	Will Davis Ranch—Stopping place between Montague and Eastern Oregon	SP 1957 p. 49
YB 1951 (ad)	Steamboat Rock, Lake City	

GRASS LAKE, WEED AREA

YB 1948 (ad)	Upton Lumber Plant	
	Dwinnell Dam—Boating area	SP 1961 p. 87
	Grass Lake	SP 1964
	Murphy's Grove (Ream's Grove)—Picnic ground	SP 1948 p. 31
	Blue Star Memorial	SP 1964
	Hoy Hereford Ranch	SP 1963 p. 29, 39

EDGEWOOD, GAZELLE, GRENADA AREA

	Butteville (Edgewood)—Important stage stop	
	Edgewood Creamery—In continuous operation since 1894	SP 1958 p. 8
	Timeless Edgewood	SP 1964
SP Fall 1954	Edgewood Blacksmith Shop, 1900	
p. 30	Finnerty Ranch—Hudson Bay Trading Post	YB 1946 p. 8
	Meek's Pass—Stage route from Gazelle to Callahan	YB 1946 p. 6
SP 1957 p. 68	Big Ditch—72 mile hand-dug ditch; water supply for Yreka mines	YB 1947 p. 1 SP 1957 p. 68; SP 1960 p. 47
	Edson's Station—Early stage stop, Gazelle	SP 1963 p. 37
	Neilon House	SP 1960 p. 51



—courtesy James Farragher
Nellon home in its original state; John Harris in chair, Life Harris with dogs, Annie Stone in chair, Susan M. Harris standing, other man unknown.



—courtesy Siskiyou Museum
Dewey Mine—after cyanide plant was put in, recovered gold increased from \$25 to \$100 per ton.

SP 1964	Pat Kiernan Place	SP 1964
	Dewey Mine	SP 1957 p. 78
	Caledonia Place	SP 1964
	Grenada—Town	SP 1959 p. 1
	Grenada Bridge	SP 1959 p. 74
	Grenada Cheese Factory—Built in 1917	SP 1958 p. 9
	Vineland School	SP 1964
	Starveout Stage Station	SP 1964
	<i>BIG SPRINGS, LITTLE SHASTA AREA</i>	
	Goosenest—Extinct volcano	YB 1951 p. 27
	Big Springs and Lake—Irrigation source	SP 1961 p. 22, 26
	Charcoal Pits—Early Industry at Big Springs	SP 1961 p. 32
	Pluto's Cave—Large lava tube	SP 1961 p. 41
	Sheep Rock—Emigrant Trail and Military	SP 1961 p. 72
	Pass junction	YB 1951 p. 27
	Sheep Rock Campsite	BP
	Louie Ranch Bridge—Oldest Shasta River	SP 1961 p. 48
	Bridge still in use	
SP 1961 (ad)	Barnum Cabin—At Sheep Rock	SP 1961 p. 35
	Big Springs	SP 1964
	Davis Cabin— Oldest landmark in Little	SP 1959 p. 52
	Shasta	
	Little Shasta—Small Community	SP 1948 p. 38
		SP 1958 p. 35
	Little Shasta Church	SP 1950 p. 1
	Table Rock	SP 1950 p. 25
		YB 1951 p. 27



—courtesy Siskiyou Museum

Table Rock in Little Shasta.

	Little Shasta School	SP 1952 p. 38
	Breed Mill—First sawmill in Little Shasta	YB 1948 p. 21
SP 1952 (ad)	First Little Shasta Store and P. O.	
SP Fall '54 (ad)	Bull's Eye Rock, Little Shasta	
SP Fall '54 (ad)	Flour Mill (Little Shasta, 1880's)	
SP Fall 1954	Tail Holt, Little Shasta	
p. 15		
SP Fall 1954	Table Rock, Little Shasta	
p. 42		

MONTAGUE AREA

	Montague—Town	YB 1949 p. 9
	*SP 1959 p. 87; SP 1955 p. 10; *SP 1963 p. 62	
	Montague Creamery	SP 1958 p. 9
SP 1959 p. 87	Schock's Store	SP 1964
	Prather Warehouse	SP 1964
	McClelland Blacksmith Shop	SP 1964
	Montague Hardware	SP 1964
	Montague Buildings	SP 1964

WILLOW CREEK, BESWICK AREA

SP Fall 1954 (ad)	Devil's Woodpile—Fall Creek	SP 1964
	Squaw Rock	SP 1964
	Bogus—Site of counterfeit money-making	SP 1953 p. 7
	Snowden—Town near Montague	SP 1953 p. 7
	Schlicht Grist Mill—Third oldest in county	SP 1963 p. 64
		YB 1946 p. 4
	Double Heart Ranch—Historic ranch on the Klamath River	SP 1963 p. 43
YB 1948 p. 43	Topsy Grade—Road from Ager to Klamath Falls	YB 1948 p. 47
		SP 1963 p. 46
SP 1964	Robber's Rock—Holdup site on Topsy Grade	
	Daggett Peak	SP 1964
SP 1964	Willow Creek P. O.	
	Klamathon—Site only of sawmill	YB 1948 p. 1
	Klamath Hot Springs—Resort center, Beswick	YB 1948 p. 48
		SP 1963 p. 33

OREGON LINE, HORN BROOK, HILT AREA

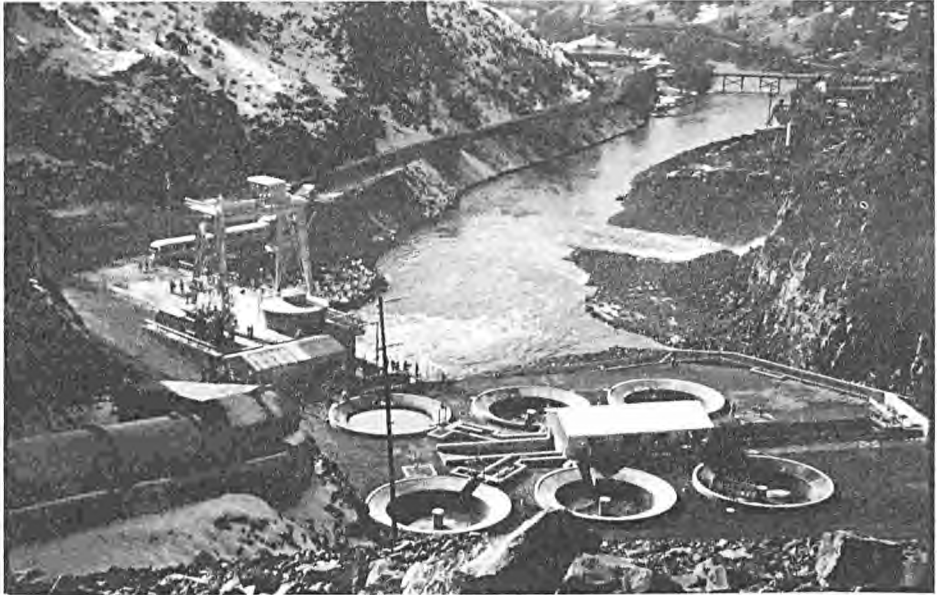
	Pilot Rock—Pioneer's guide	SP 1964
	Hilt—Town	SP 1951 p. 15
	Hornbrook—Town	YB 1949 p. 13
		SP 1954 p. 63



—courtesy J. O. McKinney

Dressing room at Klamath Hot Springs, where Amelia Earhart used to visit; tumbling down now, but the pool still holds hot sulphur water—too hot for hands, but good for warming feet in fishing boots!

- | | | |
|-----------------------|---|-------------------------|
| | Alden Plaque—Near Hornbrook | SP Spring
1954 p. 63 |
| | King Salt Works—Site only on Shasta River | YB 1947 p. 17 |
| | Trapper Crossing—3½ mi. S.E. of Hornbrook | BP |
| | Jillson Mine—Gold mine west of Henley | SP 1957 p. 49 |
| YB 1949 p. 15 | Cole Station—Located near Hilt | |
| YB 1949 p. 14 | Siskiyou Toll Gate | |
| SP Fall 1954
p. 28 | Joaquin Miller Cabin | |
| SP 1958 (ad) | “Hell Town”, Bailey Hill—Siskiyou Mts. | |
| SP Fall 1953
p. 32 | Fultz House—One time Henley P. O. | |
| SP Fall 1954
(ad) | Old Brick Store—Henley 1888 | |
| SP Fall 1954
(ad) | James Quinn’s Original Power Plant—
Shasta River | |
| SP 1964 | Iron Gate Dam and boating lake | |



—courtesy Pacific Powerland

Iron Gate Dam, newest hydroelectric plant on Klamath River.

*KLAMATH RIVER, SCOTT BAR,
HAPPY CAMP AREA*

Happy Camp—Center of mining industry on Klamath River	SP 1953 p. 28
	SP 1952 p. 40
Cuddihay Hotel	BP
Caldwell Store	BP
Scott Bar—Discovery site marker	YB 1946 p. 33
	BP & SP 1954 p. 54
Pick-A-Wish—Site of Indian Festivals	BP
Weitchpec Grist Mine—Early hydraulic mining	SP 1953 p. 27
Fort Goff—Between Seiad and Happy Camp	BP
Indian Town	SP 1964
Buckhorn Creek Salt Works	SP 1964
Buzzard's Tower	

SP Spring
1953 p. 20

SP 1959 (ad) Town of Scott Bar, 1907

SALMON RIVER AREA

SP 1951 p. 41	Preacher's Peak	
SP 1950 p. 36	Forks of Salmon Hotel	
YB 1950 p. 4	Deacon Lee Meadows	
SP 1962 (ad)	Covered Bridge, Little No. Fork of Salmon R.	SP 1964

- SP 1961 (ad) Sawyer's Bar Old Pioneer Hotel
 Cecilville—Mining town on Salmon River SP 1954 p. 45
 Forks of Salmon—One of the first and most
 important of the original mining towns
 Yokumville—Mining town on Salmon River SP 1962 p. 62
 Deacon Lee Trail—Pack trail to Black Bear YB 1950 p. 5
 Morrison-Carlock Mine BP
 Abram's Cabin—Trading post at Big Flat in
 the Trinity Alps SP 1951 p. 39
 SP 1964
- SP 1951 (ad) Sawyers Bar—Picturesque mining town
 SP 1948 p. 4; YB 1950 p. 34 & 47 YB 1947 p. 5
- SP 1951 p. 7 Black Bear Mine SP 1957 p. 12
 Salmon River Area SP 1964



—courtesy U. S. Forest Service
 Dawn at Little Elk Lake.

MARBLE MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS AREA

Located within the Klamath National Forest, the Marble Mountain Wilderness Area offers over 214,500 acres of unspoiled natural beauty in the Klamath Mountains of Siskiyou County. This is a distinctive country of rugged topography, forests of fir and pine, and swift canyon streams which join cold alpine lakes. It is a dramatic and primitive region being managed to perpetuate its wilderness qualities for this and future generations.

Marble Mountain itself, for which the area is named, is composed chiefly of marine organisms which once lived at the bottom of the prehistoric ocean.

Their remains collected on the ocean floor and were compacted and cemented into limestone. This limestone was crystallized into marble by heat and pressure as it was raised above the ocean, and later it was carved into a beautiful white mountain by the forces of nature.

The entire wilderness area is open to camping, but no motorized equipment is permitted within the boundaries, and travel is by horseback or hiking. Trails are marked, and the main trails are well constructed, but the terrain is steep and heavily covered with vegetation. Trips into the area must be well planned.

SCOTT VALLEY AREA

- | | | |
|---------------|---|---------------|
| SP 1956 (ad) | Callahan—First stage station in Siskiyou County | YB 1946 p. 6 |
| | *SP 1947 p. 16; SP 1956 p. 12 | |
| SP 1949 p. 18 | Parker Ranch | SP 1963 p. 54 |
| | Catholic Church—Built in Callahan, 1855 | BP |
| | Ohio House—Stage Stop on the Callahan to Ft. Jones Road | BP |
| | Callahan Ranch Hotel—Built in 1854 and still in use | SP 1947 p. 16 |
| SP 1948 p. 24 | Crystal Creek Church—First in Scott Valley | SP 1948 p. 7 |
| | Deadwood—Site only. Lost county seat election by one vote | YB 1949 p. 49 |



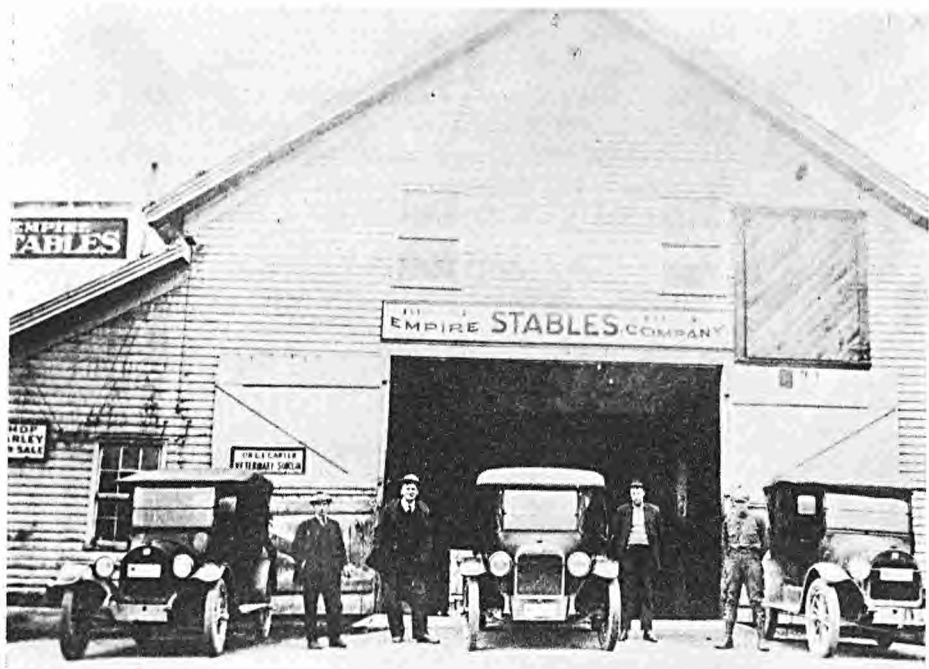
—courtesy Pacific Powerland
Crumbling remains of Deadwood.

	Etna—Supply center for the "Northern Mines" *SP 1962 p. 27; YB 1946 p. 6	YB 1947 p. 33
SP 1956 (ad)	Farmer's Mill—Built at Ft. Jones, 1865	SP 1956 p. 3
SP 1955 (ad)	Fort Jones—Early army post and town	YB 1946 p. 5 SP 1949 p. 29
SP 1952 (ad)	Ft. Jones Museum	YB 1947 p. 35
SP 1956 (ad)	Kappler Brewery	SP 1956 p. 33
	Montezuma Mine—Placer mine near Callahan	YB 1947 p. 38
	Mugginsville	YB 1946 p. 6
YB 1946 p. 6	Oro Fino—Gravesite of first white man to die in Siskiyou County	YB 1946 p. 5
SP 1950 p. 27	Crystal Creek School	
SP 1956 p. 39	Etna Flour Mill, 1900	
SP 1958 p. 3	First Creamery in Siskiyou County, Greenview 1894	
	Hooperville—Abandoned mining town	SP 1957 p. 12
	Kelsey Trail—Pack trail, Scott Valley to Klamath mines	
	John Daggett's Grave	BP
	Stephen Meek's Grave—Famous trapper and guide	BP
	Oro Fino Store	SP 1964
	Town Rock, Ft. Jones	SP 1964
	Goodale Ranch	SP 1964

YREKA AREA

	Chinatown of Yreka—Formerly two towns	SP 1953 p. 5
	Forest House—Stopping place on Yreka-Ft. Jones road	SP 1948 p. 1 BP & SP 1950 p. 10
SP 1948 p. 21	Robber's Rock—Site of stage robberies	SP 1948 p. 1 YB 1946 p. 6
	Hawkinsville—Originally a mining town	SP 1959 p. 37
	Catholic Church—Hawkinsville, Annual Portuguese Picnic	BP
	Indian Peggy's Monument—Heroine who prevented a massacre at Yreka	YB 1951 p. 41
	Loafer Hill	SP 1953 p. 25
	St. Marks Church—Marine architecture	YB 1947 p. 21
	Thompson's Dry Diggings—First gold discovery site in Yreka	YB 1946 p. 19 YB 1948 p. 51
	Hawkinsville School House—Over 90 years old	BP
	Chinese Cemetery—Yreka-Montague Road	BP
	First Church in Yreka—Now Methodist	BP
	Con Brown's Saloon—Where Lotta Crabtree sang and danced	

- SP 1961 (ad) First Log House
 Indian Cemetery—South of Yreka
 Humbug—Early mining community
 Gravestone Mystery—Greenhorn Road
 Yreka Observatory
- SP 1964
 SP 1963 p. 41
- SP Fall 1953 Siskiyou County Court House—1910
 (ad)
- SP Fall 1954 Franco-American Hotel, Yreka
 (ad)
- SP 1958 (ad) Harmon & Harmon Livery, 1913
- SP Fall 1953
 (ad)



—courtesy Mrs. C. E. Carter

Motorized Livery Stable, 1918; from left: Dr. C. E. Carter, veterinarian; John Harmon (Ernest Harmon's father); Walter Bowers (Alberta Pollard's father); Ray Cummings (brother of Ralph Cummings, Etna writer).



*Siskiyou
Celebrations*

Rodeo Circuit . . .

— BETTY COOLEY

Pleasure Park, Etna, had its first meeting in 1947, with election of officers in 1948. George "Dad" Dillman bought the land and originated the Park along with Fred Brown, Fred Wolford, Frank Bryan, Bob Dillman, Bill Mathews, and many others. Its purpose was to provide a place whereby both young and old could enjoy their horses. The association was formed, and "Dad" Dillman was reimbursed for the land.

The first rodeo, in May of 1949, was completely local — hometown cowboys, local stock, and a few donated prizes. Many shows were produced by the group until 1957 when the show was contracted by Dick Hempsted Rodeos and has continued as an amateur show since then.

The Siskiyou County Sheriff's Posse was organized in 1941 to promote horsemanship, aid the sheriff, and to enjoy outside activity without the use of precious wartime gasoline. A drill team was formed, with Albert H. Bryan as captain, which later became the famous "Fire Drill" under the direction of Dr. Albert Newton and, of late years, the Cavalry Drill Team.

The first rodeo sponsored by the Posse and held at the fairgrounds in Yreka was an R. C. A. Max Barbour Rodeo in 1945. Again in 1947 a Barbour Rodeo was held, and Christenson Brothers produced the 1948 show. Then there was a lapse until 1956, when Dick Hempsted contracted for the rodeo for the 10th District Agricultural Fair, a practice continued each year since then through 1963. The 1964 fair rodeo is scheduled to be a Cotton Rosser R. C. A. rodeo.



—courtesy Betty Dow
Local stock and riders are tough.

The original Montague Improvement Club was organized around 1915 or 1916 with Dr. Dwinnell the first president. There was a long dormant period during World War I and the depression with no activity until 1944 to 1947 when new interests and an energetic group of people started working again for the improvement of Montague.

In December, 1950, with Robert Akin as president, the club became the Shasta Valley Community Club. The first Junior Rodeo was held in 1952 for children up to 18 years old, inclusive. The idea of a junior show, the first of its kind in Northern California, was conceived by Don Hume. Grant Foote, president, and the membership, agreed to sponsor the show, and Stan Cooley was asked to produce it. Many able and willing men of the community constructed portable chutes in the ball park. The spectators sat on bales of hay while 50 youngsters participated in several rodeo events. Two young ladies, Donna Spencer (now Mrs. Jesperson)

and Mary Young (now Mrs. Liskey), won the honors for the steer riding events. After three years, land was purchased by the club and permanent grounds built, including grandstand, barbecue area, and other buildings. Mrs. Hilda Cooley served eight years as president during much of the growing period. In 1962, a two day show was presented, with trophy saddles for all-around cowboy and cowgirl, along with many other prizes. Over 200 contestants compete yearly from all over California and Oregon. The show is one of the largest in the western states, and in 1963 it was covered by Sunset Magazine.

The Gazelle Horsemen came into existence in 1954 when a group of local people met for the purpose of encouraging children in the art of horsemanship and of giving them a chance to meet and compete with riders of clubs in other areas. In April, under the direction of President Grant Clark, the first show was held in back of Dan Shelley's granary and was preceded by a colorful, though short, parade through town. It was strictly horse show, strictly local, and strictly for fun. Later that year, another horse show, combined with a junior rodeo, was held. Then plans were laid for acquiring proper rodeo grounds and a lease agreement (in exchange for a life membership) was entered into with Jack Bridwell for a bowl-shaped piece of property on Scarface Road. Many hours of labor developed this into today's well-equipped show grounds with terraced hillside seating. Except for one year, the spring horse show has always been combined with an amateur rodeo, using local stock and open to all comers. In the fall, a gymkana for local riding clubs is held.

May (first Sunday)—Pleasure Park

Rodeo, Etna. Dance, Queen's coronation, Parade.

May—Gazelle Rodeo and Gymkana, Gazelle Rodeo Grounds.

June (Father's Day) — Montague Junior Rodeo, Rodeo Grounds. Queen's Coronation Dance, Parade, Barbecue.

July—State of Jefferson Quarter Horse Show, Fairgrounds, Yreka. Exhibitors' Banquet, Halter classes.

July—Montague Trail Riders Play-day, Rodeo Grounds. Gymkana events for youth and adults, drill team.

July—Shasta Valley Stampede, Montague Rodeo Grounds. Night show, Dance following.

August—10th District Agricultural Fair Rodeo, Yreka Fairgrounds. Night rodeo.

September—Gazelle Horsemen Play-day, Gazelle Rodeo Grounds, Gymkana events; competitive between Gazelle Horsemen, Montague Trail Riders, Squaw Valley Riding Club (McCloud).

When Cougar Vetterline was working for Lee Bryan in his butcher shop, he often made the trip out to the slaughterhouse to get meat as needed. On one occasion, when there were many carcasses to carry, Lee sent Bismark Jim, another employee, with him. On the way back, they stopped off at a saloon and before they knew it they were pretty drunk.

They began bragging about how strong and tough they were. Finally Jim said, "I could lay down and you could run the wagon over me and I wouldn't feel a thing."

So they went outside to try the experiment, and Bismark wasn't as tough as he thought. He was pretty badly smashed up, with many broken bones. He spent considerable time in the hospital—and Lee Bryan got stuck with all the bills.

Railroad Days . . .

—H. H. SCHROEDER

Midway on Southern Pacific's famed Shasta Route between San Francisco and Portland, Dunsmuir is a division point and nerve center for one of the most spectacular scenic lines of railroad in the county. The railroad was first placed in operation in Dunsmuir on August 23, 1886, and the town was born in a box car on a wide spot beside the river where the yardmaster's shanty now stands. The car was moved up the line about a mile in January 1887, to a location then named Pusher right where the present newly-painted station is in striking contrast to the S. P.'s yellow.

Dunsmuir is a railroad town and

proud of it. It is a town where the boomers of years ago settled down to work the road and raise their families in the midst of magnificent mountain scenery abounding in good trout streams and better-than-average deer hunting. The town slogan has long been "It's the Water" based on the fact that it did not ever need a water softener.

Dunsmuir was named for a coal dealer who never lived there and who, so far as is known, never sold the railroad a pound of coal. Alexander Dunsmuir was a member of a prominent British Columbia colliery family, and legend has it that the town was named for him. Another version is that the



—courtesy Ray Kite
St. Mary's Chinese Band of San Francisco performing at Railroad Days Celebration in Dunsmuir.

town was named for his father, The Right Honorable Lord Dunsmuir. Beyond legend is the fountain that stands on a patch of lawn beside the station with a plate on it attesting that it was donated to the town by the family for whom it was named.

The annual community whing-ding eschews such common place festivities as Frontier Days or Poker Gulches and, instead, a very unique three days of "Railroad Days" is celebrated each June, the only one of its kind in the country. On Monday evening, February 19, 1940, some 40 railroaders and businessmen met to plan Dunsmuir's first Railroad Days Celebration. It was their opinion that a celebration featuring the importance of the largest industry in this part of the country would be a huge success. Accordingly, the first celebration of that year was just that—a huge success. However, the world was then engrossed in a terrible war, and there were no more celebrations until 1946, from which time there have been eighteen successive annual Railroad Days.

A prominent member of the original committee was a railroad conductor, Norman M. Green, who has since been named the founder of Railroad Days. In more recent years a Board of Directors was set up with H. H. Schroeder as President for the first ten years, followed by Francis McEnerney and Lee Huddle and then more recently by a local insurance man, Gary Girdler. It has always been the firm conviction of the Board of Directors that Railroad Days celebrations should be aimed at encouraging our young people to take an interest in railroading as a career as well as honoring our old timers. Participation in this annual show affords pleasure and fun to hundreds of celebrants in this mountain city unsurpassed for its natural beauty.

Finances for the celebration during

the years have been covered by donations of one dollar each for souvenir Railroad Days buttons, and many citizens pride themselves on having a collection and not missing a single button. Colorful annual souvenir programs have also provided some revenue, as well as contributions from generous supporters who are interested in getting people to this fine part of the State of California.

During the initial years seating was arranged for on both sides of Pine Street, closed off between Florence Avenue and Shasta Avenue which provided a place where the programs could be conducted without traffic interruptions. Evenings were occupied with ball games, both Little League and the Northern California professional players at the ballpark. Entertainment also included dancing and fan trains from Dunsmuir to McCloud and Pondosa on the S. P. to Mt. Shasta and thence on the McCloud River Railroad with open cars which were enjoyed by railroad lovers from all over the state; in fact, some even from Chicago, who flew in a group to enjoy these Railroad Days programs.

A major attraction was the model railroad operating unit of a scale model train with buildings and all of the appurtenances in one of the store buildings. There was usually a carnival and different musical and marching groups furnished entertainment each year. Speakers on the program often included such notable people as President Mercier and President Russell of the Southern Pacific and Vice-President and Mrs. J. W. Corbett, who were Dunsmuir pioneers.

The Siskiyou County Historical Society is being furnished a series of the annual programs and they will be enjoyed by many of the old-timers who look back over the years and remember the very fine entertainment they enjoyed there.

Klamath Boat Race . . .

— EVELYN CARTER

Rapid waters, whirlpools, narrow passages, and threatening rocks—Klamath River, the boatman's irresistible challenge . . . The challenge is met on the 4th of July when the annual Klamath River Boat Race is run from the bridge on Highway 99 to Happy Camp, 64 miles west.

The idea for such a race was born in 1949 in the town of Klamath on the coast. In cooperation with the Yreka Chamber of Commerce, plans were made for a two-day race of outboard motor boats, the first lap to Happy Camp, then on to Klamath the second

day. An all-night celebration in Happy Camp was followed by an all-day celebration in Klamath while waiting for the boats to come in. A queen was crowned at Klamath during the "waiting ceremonies". The sale of votes which elected the queen also entitled the buyer to guess at the elapsed time of the winning boat entry. This sale provided funds for spot prizes, \$15.00 for the first boat under specified bridges, winners' prizes of \$500, \$200, \$100, and \$50, and time guessers' prizes of \$400 and \$200.

Then a flood virtually wiped out the



—courtesy Siskiyou Museum
First boat race down the Klamath River in 1949—near Hamburg.

town of Klamath, and in 1955 the Yreka Chamber of Commerce handled the boat race, changing it to the present one-day run to Happy Camp and limiting entries to manually-operated rigs. Two kayaks entered in the 1955 race, as well as the first girl entries—two girls in a rowboat, who finished the race, while Ed Foss, Siskiyou Daily News editor, swamped out.

Lack of money curtailed the races until 1960, when the Happy Camp Lions and the Volunteer Firemen revived the custom to give proper recognition to the 4th of July. A dance in

Happy Camp on July 3 precedes the 6 a.m. start of the race. At this hour, at the 99 bridge, a shot sends off a variety of boats downriver, and spectators in cars follow along the winding Klamath River road. Meanwhile, in Happy Camp, baseball games, a barbecue, and other entertainment occupy those awaiting the arrival of the winners. Spot announcements are made as the race goes along. The boats arrive in the late afternoon, and presentation of money awards at the end of the day complete the celebration.

Challenge of Mount Shasta . . .

— I S A B E L S C H R A D E R

Attracting both skiers and climbers, our big white mountain is the scene of several special sports events.

For about six Saturdays throughout the winter, the Ski Bowl is overrun with 500 students, under the direction of 60 volunteer instructors, learning the art of skiing. Completing its ninth year in 1964 is the Mt. Shasta Herald Ski School, sponsored by the Herald newspaper, Ski Bowl, Mt. Shasta Snowmen, and recreation districts of nearby towns. Its object is to provide instruction in the proper techniques of skiing to youngsters at an early age when, it is felt, proficiency is easier to achieve. The schools of the area cooperate by providing school bus transportation, and rental equipment is available in stores and at the Lodge.

We are lucky to be living close to one of the nation's best ski areas, and the Ski School aids participants in achieving thorough enjoyment of a relatively new sport-hobby. The course culminates in a carnival at which the varying levels of ability of the students

are acknowledged with presentation of badges and awards.

Another annual event is the Schrader Memorial Race, open to junior skiers from all clubs in the Far West Ski Association. The award for the boy and girl making the fastest time is a perpetual trophy, a silver bowl upon which the winners' names are inscribed each year. Individual awards are given for first, second, and third place in each race. This race was named in memory of George R. Schrader, executive secretary of the Mount Shasta Ski Bowl Corporation, who was very active in the promotion of the Ski Bowl lift and lodge, but who did not live to see the project's completion.

In March, usually, College of the Siskiyou, which offers skiing as part of its curriculum, holds a "Skiesta" in conjunction with other colleges. Both men and women compete in slalom races, cross country runs, and ski-skill events. The various schools take turns as host college for these fun frolics in the snow.

Our mountain, a favorite for



—courtesy Siskiyou Museum
Racers leaving the Lodge.



Gerald Spini, Marathon Winner, with Kathy Davidson, Queen, and Barney McCoy, original contender.

climbers, has been the setting for a summer time climbing race at irregular intervals over the years. Its' 14,161 feet were first scaled in 1854 by a Captain Pierce, but John Muir, in 1874, was the first climber to record his time—4 hours, 10 minutes to the summit. In 1883, Harry Babcock of San Francisco climbed from Horse Camp (8,000 feet) to the summit (14,161 feet) in 3 hours and 40 minutes. This record stood unchallenged for 40 years.

Then in July, 1923, Norman Clyde of Weaverville made the trip twice in two days and set a record of 2 hours and 43 minutes.

This amazing record was challenged by Barney McCoy of Gazelle, who claimed to have made the ascent in 2 hours and 17 minutes on August 30, 1923. His time was not accepted as

official, and, angered by the skepticism, he offered to repeat the performance at any time, weather conditions permitting.

The rival claims of Clyde and McCoy stimulated much interest, and in 1925 Mr. Hall McAllester of the Sierra Club and Mr. J. W. Schuler of the Mount Shasta Chamber of Commerce announced a "climbathon" for July 5, 1925, with a cash prize of \$50.00 and a silver cup, to be known as the J. H. Sisson Memorial Cup, donated by J. H. Babcock for the winner. There were six entries, including Barney McCoy, who was expected by all to be the winner. At the last minute appeared David Lawyer, a boy of 18 who had been working at a nearby logging camp. He entered the race and passed McCoy (who had become ill and had to rest, but even so,



—courtesy R. Barney

Scene from annual religious pageant on Mt. Shasta.

his time was 2 hours and 36 minutes). Lawyer won, with a time of 2 hours and 24 minutes, a record that has never been equalled.

The event was not held again until 1959 and then, again, in 1961 and 1962, with a cash prize and equipment donated by local business men. Gerald Spini was the latest winner. No doubt

Mt. Shasta will inspire revival of this challenge from time to time, as climbers are tempted to set new records inscribed with their names in the book on the summit.

Directions on how to climb the mountain, equipment needed, etc., are given in Arthur Eichorn's book "The Mount Shasta Story".

"I Am" Pageant . . .

Mount Shasta has many unique attractions which have a wide appeal. One of the most spectacularly beautiful and thrilling of these is the PAGEANT of some incidents of Jesus' life in which he showed His mastery. This Pageant is presented each year by the youth of the "I AM" Activity, St. Germain's Foundation, during their conclave here late in August each summer. It is an open air production on a very large stage in an amphitheater blended into the natural scenery with mighty Mount Shasta as a back drop. There are no outside actors. It is just a natural expression of the love of the students which has developed through the years into an outstanding and joyous presentation which thrills all who see it.

It begins with lovely original music which continues through the Pageant, binding it together as one marvelously beautiful whole—until the grand finale of the "Hallelujah Chorus" as Jesus makes His Ascension—then the Flag of the United States makes its ascension also!

The entire Pageant is authentically and beautifully costumed, and every detail is harmonious to the time and the events portrayed, whether it be the multiplying of the loaves, the Sermon on the Mount, the raising of Lazarus, the homage of the multitude with their palm branches, the Last Supper, or the

Ascension of Jesus, to mention but a few of the scenes.

The presentation is glorified by the many white, gold, pink, and violet clad angels with their great glistening wings adding meaning and beauty to it all. It is thrilling beyond words to see fifty of these angels, with their great outspread wings flashing in the sunlight, surrounding the adoring group watching Jesus going up the natural little hill and making His Ascension.

Is it any wonder that people come from all over this country to see it? Many travel from abroad, not only from Europe but from Australia and Asia, to enjoy it. People have driven three and even four thousand miles just to be here for the four hours of the Pageant. And hundreds never tire of seeing it, year after year, but always look forward with anticipation to the next year and its presentation. It is one of the unique attractions of Mount Shasta which will long be remembered by everyone who sees it.

A party of Yrekans visiting Tom Markham in Montague, forgot the train they were planning to take until suddenly the whistle blew—loudly, insistently. Everyone dashed for the door while Tom, confused, ran in circles yelling, "Fire! Fire!"

County Fair . . .

— J I M J O N E S, Fair Manager

The middle of August each year finds Siskiyou County's agriculture and industrial, commercial, mineral and cultural wealth on display at its modern fairground, two miles south of Yreka on Highway 99. This up-to-date 80 acre cultural and agricultural center is a far cry from the early Fair.

The first fair in Siskiyou County that we have any record of was held in Fort Jones October 5, 1859, as the Agricultural, Mechanical & Mining Association—the next was in 1866, then in October, 1879, at Yreka. It was promoted by the Mt. Shasta Agriculture District. On display at the Siskiyou County Museum is a premium book

for the 5th Annual Mount Shasta Agricultural Fair held in Yreka City on October 1, 1884.

Then on May 9, 1927, the 10th District Agricultural Association was formed for the purpose of promoting the agricultural and industrial interest of Siskiyou County by conducting an annual County Fair. Some of the fifty pioneer backers of this Association were such men as J. A. Ager, J. B. Rohrer, Orbell Apperson, Fred J. Meamber, A. L. Herzog, O. G. Steele; George A. Tebbe, E. S. Cooley, Louis L. Wacker and G. G. Kleaver.

A copy of the Siskiyou Daily newspaper for September 27, 1928, lists the



—courtesy Fair Association

Everyone loves a parade!

activities of the fair as including running races, pony races, and relay races, in addition to balloon ascension, parachute jump, airplane exhibitions, acrobatics and day and night fireworks. In addition there were four grammar school bands entered in the Band Contest and an extraordinary rolling-pin throwing contest.

Fairs were held by the Association until 1930. Then for some reason unknown to us, they were dropped until the Association was reformed in October of 1937. The new Association was formed when Governor of California, Frank Merriam, appointed eight directors of the 10th District Agricultural Association. The new directors were O. G. Steele, Yreka; W. L. Kleaver, Grenada; C. H. Ling, Yreka; W. D. Mathews, Fort Jones; Bernard Tucker, Etna; Dr. J. L. Patterson, Mt. Shasta; Fred Bayliss, Hilt, and Fred E. McMurphy, Tulelake. The revival of the Fair was set for September 16, 17 and 18th of 1938.

The 1964 Siskiyou County Fair and Paul Bunyan Jubilee will be held August 13-16. The Fair, which is becoming known throughout the State as

the Northern California Exposition, will feature the Miss Siskiyou Beauty Pageant, a professional Rodeo, and Junior and Senior Horse Shows, 4-H and F.A.A. actions and exhibits of flowers, sewing, jams and jellies. Gems and minerals, as well as agriculture and commercial wealth, will fill the fine large exhibit buildings.

The 2nd annual Paul Bunyan Jubilee will draw amateur and professional loggers to compete in bucking, axe throwing, tree climbing, tree falling and chain saw events to determine the Champion Paul Bunyan.

In the air will be fireworks and parachute jumpers. Entertainment on the ground will consist of Indian dancers, bands, stiltmen, choral groups, judo experts, water fights, trout fishing, Go-Kart racing and greased pole climbing for dollar bills, besides the thrills of the largest carnival in Northern California.

Hats off to the Fair Board of Directors and to the people of Siskiyou County for providing themselves with the best Fair and most modern fairgrounds in California!

Butte Valley Fair . . .

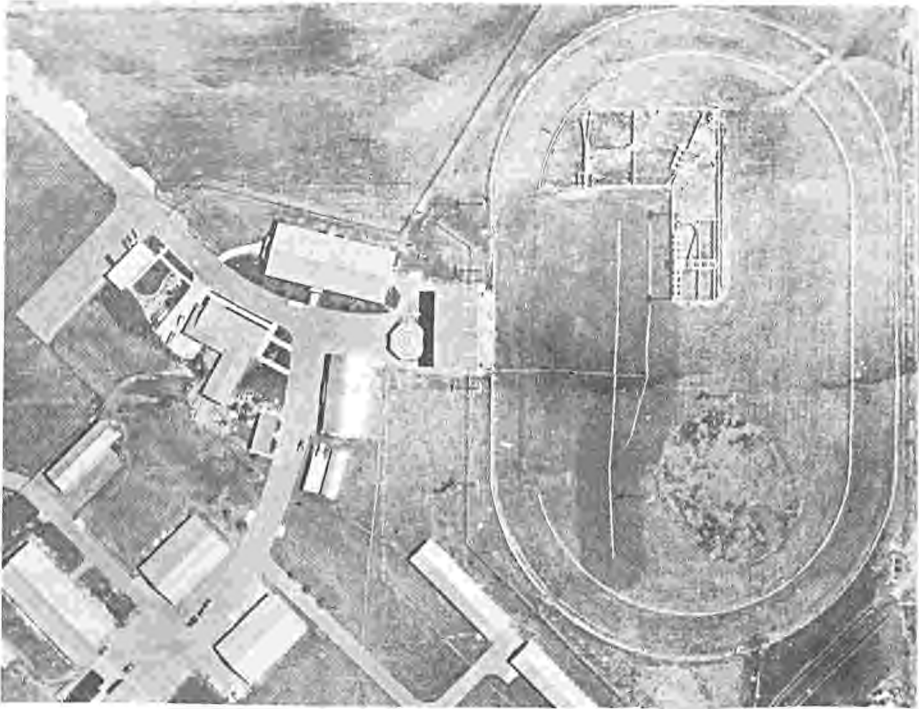
WILLIAM C. WHITAKER, Secretary-Manager

The Tulelake-Butte Valley Fair was organized in 1952 under the authorization of the Division of Fairs & Expositions of the State of California. It is a District fair sponsored entirely from funds derived from the tax on the horse racing in California. There is no local tax money going into this fair. The first fair was held on the high school grounds in September, 1952. Since then we have had a fair every year. The first fair held on the fairgrounds was in September, 1953, at

which time we had only three buildings.

Since 1953, we have added a few buildings each year, and at the present time we have 17 major buildings on the fairgrounds as well as a rodeo arena, floodlighting system for football, baseball, and night horse shows. There are no areas of dirt on the fairgrounds at the present time. The entire 35 acres are planted in lawn, and any area that is not in lawn is a black topped roadway.

Some of our exhibits, because of



—courtesy William Whitaker

Aerial view, Tulelake-Butte Valley Fairgrounds.

space, have been limited to the 10-A District, which is primarily Tulelake Basin and Butte Valley. We have a full range of livestock shows, horse shows, arts and crafts, home economics, agriculture, junior exhibits, etc. The fair is always held on the week-end

following Labor Day. It is a three day fair and usually has a program on four nights. We sponsor an international contest called "The World Champion Syphon Tube Setting Contest". The contest is unique with this fair. The contestants set potato irrigation tubes.

McCloud Lumberjack Fiesta . . .

— L. C. C H E S B R O, *Secretary Recreation Council*

In the summer of 1948, a group of civic minded citizens of McCloud got together to form a Recreation Council. In order to maintain a full board of officers it was decided that each group, church, and organization of the community would have one representative.

To finance the recreation program desired, an annual fund raising project would have to be held. The Lumberjack Fiesta was decided upon, and plans went right ahead for the first Fiesta to be held in September of that year.

The citizens making up that first

Board of Directors were: Jack Barber, Robert Lang, Harry Doyle, Abe Memeo Sr., H. Hamilton and Ed Belinger. Allen N. Carter joined the Board in 1949 and has been contributing an important part to the Fiesta since.

The Fiesta program has followed nearly the same outline, with a few additions each year. The program is built around a rock and gem show, flower and art show, horsemanship show, Aquacade, dances, talent programs, and one of the biggest Sunday parades in Siskiyou County, bringing many big name bands, marching units, and floats from the western states. In 1951 a miniature railroad was added, and it has been enlarged each year until it now has about one mile of track.

The funds from the Fiesta are used to sponsor the Little League, Pony League, a town baseball team, softball teams, ball park, and the Little League and town basketball teams. It helps maintain the swimming pool and a swimming program. It supports a

dance program, skiing, and music as well as hiring a summer director and assistants for a three months recreation program.

Workers putting in a new well on the old Bill Mathews' place in Scott Valley ran into hardpan, and it was decided that dynamite would have to be used. Joe Soares volunteered to go down into the well on the windlass and, since his stick of dynamite had a short fuse, he left instructions with his partner to bring him up promptly after he lit the dynamite. Manuel, his partner, followed his instructions and began cranking him up as soon as he saw the sputtering sparks in the well. But it didn't seem fast enough to Joe, who hollered, as he got near the top, "Hurry up, Manuel, it's-a-gonna go!" Manuel got excited and let go of the windlass. Joe slid back down the well WHOOSH! Joe Blow! Fortunately the dynamite charge was very small, and Joe was more scared than hurt.



Aquacade girls create a design.

—courtesy Ray Kite

When Lassen Lane Becomes Christmas Lane . . .

— EVELYN CARTER

From the week before Christmas until after New Year's Day, a gay Christmas Carnival scene lights up Lassen Lane in Mt. Shasta. Frank Silva's house recedes into the background behind a block-long spread of colorful, lighted, decorative Christmas displays—some fairy-tale, some religious, some picturesque, some merely decorative. Last year 23 separate sets, all lighted, many with moving parts, and some with music, decorated the grounds of the Silva home for the enjoyment of neighbors and passers-by.

Sixteen years ago, in 1948, Frank was so impressed with an outdoor dis-

play by Si Gower that he tried his hand at cutting out, in plywood, a purchased pattern for a large nativity set. Janice Canias painted it for him, and he set it up near his outdoor lighted tree. This was the beginning of a most unusual hobby—to add new items to the display each year—a cathedral followed, then camels and wise men, and a shepherd and his sheep. Phil Mattos painted these, and as the sets multiplied, son James was called on to help with the painting.

The units became more complicated, with motors and lights added, and, while most of them were made from



—courtesy Mrs. Ernest Johnson
Latest Nativity Scene.

printed patterns, the more complex ones were invented by Frank himself. These include a merry-go-round, a ferris wheel, a revolving star, and the new up and down riding Santa. Early in the fall, Frank starts to gear down motors, check underground wiring, hook up the amplifier and tape recorder in his basement, and to look for new ideas to make into scenes.

The original nativity scene is now put up at the hospital each year, and some of his other pieces are loaned out to less ambitious home decorators or put in public places. Altogether, Frank has acquired 31 complete Christmas scenes—a real storage problem for most of the year, but a most unusual eye-filling Christmas treat to the Lassen Lane neighborhood come December.

McCloud River Railroad Excursion Trips . . .

— R A Y K I T E

City folks and all rail buffs love the steam powered trains. Proof of this is found in the fact that tickets for all organized excursions of the McCloud River Railroad are sold out long before the trip date. Any club may charter the train for a trip back into time.

Several excursions have been made, both on special occasions such as the Golden Spike special to Burney, the Great Northern Railroad hookup, and club activities; a typical one, the Snow Plow Special was held in January, 1964. Scenery and historical places, not to be seen from the highways, are enjoyed by those on the rail excursions. Virgin timber, deep canyons, and snow capped mountains thrill the riders.

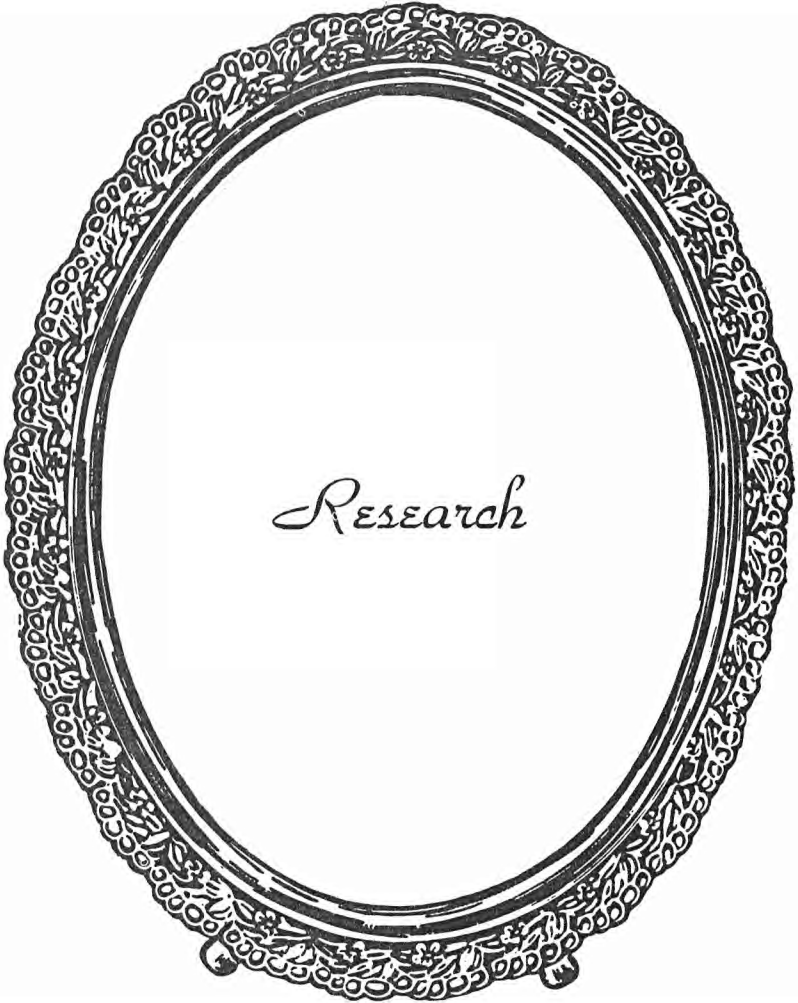
Management of the McCloud Railroad has always been cooperative and provided the old reliable No. 25 as power for those wishing to make the trips. Other tours are in the planning stage, presently.

Bartle, Hambone, Old Whitehorse, Elkins Mill, Pierce, Esperanza and other places which have a most historical background in the development of

Squaw Valley may be seen on the rail trips. Many of the buffs are photography enthusiasts and train stops are made where unusual pictures may be taken. The only turntable on a main-line road may be photographed from the western section of the railroad. The only switch back on a main line railroad is near the same area, another tourist attraction.

The "chugging" of the old steam locomotive, the steam whistle, the ringing of the bell by hand and even the smoke are major attractions for rail fans, thrills not offered by the modern diesel - electrics. "Reliving historical times" is the way railroad buffs explain their fascination for steam locomotive powered trips. "Leisure speeds at which the scenery may be enjoyed is another reason for excursions", some say.

Nearly 100 miles of line from east to west have been covered by charter trains for the pleasure of rail fans. Some of the excursions have run only from Mt. Shasta and return, a distance of 32 miles.



Research

History of Siskiyou . . .

— HARRY L. WELLS

Chapter IX (continued)

(Editor's Note: For the benefit of libraries and individual collectors of Californiana, we resume the reprinting of Wells' History. The last installment appeared in *The Siskiyou Pioneer*, 1957.)

As soon as population became sufficiently dense to support a county government without too severe a tax upon the people, the question of the formation of a new county was discussed. To this end the people of Surprise Valley petitioned the Legislature to create a new county, taken from the north end of Lassen and eastern end of Siskiyou and Shasta counties, with the county seat in that valley. A counter petition was presented by the citizens of Big Valley and Fall and Pit rivers, who could not see that this move would solve their difficulties, as it still left them at a great distance from the county seat. The measure failed, and as a relief the Legislature of 1872 empowered the judge to hold court at Lake City, the first terms being opened there July 8, 1872.

The project was not abandoned, and Assemblyman Cressler introduced a bill, in 1874, to create the new county of Canby, out of the east end of Siskiyou and the north end of Lassen. It was bitterly opposed by the people of Lassen county, with the exception of the two hundred who lived in the section to be segregated. The total population of that county was but thirteen hundred, the assessment roll \$1,200,000, and the county debt \$31,000. It was claimed that if the county was deprived of this territory it would not be able to maintain a government, and would have to be disorganized. The people in the extreme north-eastern portion of Siski-



—illustrated by Jan Carter

you county also opposed it for local reasons. They knew that if a portion of Lassen county was taken in, the population in the southern portion of the new county would be in a sufficient majority to have the county seat settled among them, and so they, also wanted Lassen county left unshorn. The people of western Siskiyou were perfectly willing to part with the territory under consideration. It cost the county all or more than the revenue from it amounted to, to govern the section, and they were contented to let them go in any shape that seemed to their best interests.

The bill was defeated in consideration of the inability of Lassen county to spare any of its territory, and another bill to meet the requirements of the situation was immediately framed by Mr. Cressler. This provided for the formation of the county of Summit out of the eastern portion of Siskiyou. In

this shape the bill passed the Assembly and went to the Senate, where it was amended by changing the name to Modoc county, and then passed. February 17, 1874, it received the signature of the governor and became a law.

It provided for the creation of Modoc county out of that portion of Siskiyou lying east of the line between ranges four and five east of the Mount Diablo meridian. Five commissioners were to be appointed by the governor to organize the county and provide for the election of officers and to canvass and declare the vote. Dorris' Bridge, now called Alturas, was named the temporary county seat. It also provided for the appointment of two commissioners each by the counties of Modoc and Siskiyou, to ascertain the amount of the debt of the latter county that should be assumed by the former, for which Modoc county should issue ten-year bonds at ten percent interest to Siskiyou county; also, to ascertain what proportion of the money in the hospital and school funds of Siskiyou county properly belonged to the segregated portion, which amount was to be paid in cash to the treasurer of Modoc county.

The governor appointed William McCormick Sr., W. A. McClure, George Townsend, Columbus Dorris and W. B. Swearingen as commissioners to organize the county, and Julius Holleman as county judge. The commissioners called an election for May 5, 1874, at which time a full set of county officials was chosen, the county seat located at Alturas, and the county fully organized.

June 20, 1874, the Supervisors of Siskiyou appointed Franklin B. Hogeboom and Homer B. Warren as members of the joint commission. J. J. Dorris and G. F. Harris were appointed by the Modoc county supervisors. On the fifth of August they all met at the court house in Yreka, examined the

books and vouchers and agreed upon the following report:—

Total Indebtedness\$	57,770.43
“ Assets	24,970.26
Actual Indebtedness\$	32,800.17
Total Assessment of		
1873	\$3,698,683.00
Total portion set off to		
Modoc	1,105,825.00
Modoc por-		
tion of		
debt	\$9,806.53
Delinquent List		
1872-73 and		
1873-74		
charged to		
Modoc	4,377.09
One-half of		
witness fees	3.30	
Total amount due		
Siskiyou\$	14,186.92
Cash due Mo-		
doc county		
School		
Fund	\$3,223.40
Hospital		
Fund	911.70
Road Fund	..	122.00
Delinquent		
Taxes	4,377.09 \$ 8,634.19

The report was approved by the supervisors of both counties and acted upon. Modoc county bonds were issued to Siskiyou County, to the amount of \$14,000, in twenty-eight bonds of \$500 each, leaving a balance due in cash of \$186.92. Up to January 1, 1881, ten of these bonds had been redeemed and Modoc had paid Siskiyou \$12,500.98. Of this sum \$5,000 were principal; \$7,314.06 interest, and \$186.92 the cash balance unprovided for by bonds.

The census of 1880 gives Modoc county a population of 4,383. Following upon the heels of the departing Modoc came a section of Klamath county, thus adding to Siskiyou on the west nearly as much as was taken away

on the east. The stock ranges of the eastern slope were exchanged for the auriferous bars and ledges of the Salmon. Quite a history appertains to the acquisition of this new territory.

As early as 1871 the question of the disorganization of Klamath county was widely discussed by the newspapers of the northern portion of the State. The majority of the people of that county were in favor of the action. The population had become so reduced, and the assessment valuation was so low, that it was a great burden upon the people to maintain a county government, and an impossibility to pay the debt, that already amounted to twenty thousand dollars and was annually increasing. Under these circumstances it was deemed best to disorganize the county and to annex the territory to the surrounding counties as would be the most convenient and for the best interest of the citizens. A bill to submit the question of disorganization to a popular vote of Klamath county was introduced into the Legislature of 1872, but failed to pass.

The matter remained in abeyance, although being more or less discussed, until the Legislature again met in 1873. A petition of the citizens of Klamath county was then presented, praying that the county be disorganized and annexed to Siskiyou, Trinity, Humboldt and Del Norte counties. After considerable discussion, this resulted in the introduction of a bill by Assemblyman Tulley, for annexation to the counties of Siskiyou and Humboldt. A remonstrance was presented by some of the citizens of Klamath county, who preferred to be united to Trinity or Del Norte, the county seats of the others being almost inaccessible to their locality in winter. The bill was referred to the Klamath delegation.

Humboldt county seemed to look with favor upon the scheme, while in Siskiyou there was a great diversity of

opinion. Political feeling entered into the matter as well as local interests. It was claimed by the Republicans that it was a Democratic scheme to retain control of the county, as the section proposed to be received had a large Democratic majority, which would atone to that party for the votes lost by the segregation of Modoc. Again, the scheme was bitterly opposed in Yreka for local reasons. It was feared that the annexation of this section would make the western end of the county so strong, that the next move would be to take the county seat away from Yreka and locate it in Scott valley. Although any intention of this kind was disclaimed by the people of that valley, still they were arrayed on one side of the question, and the people of Yreka and Shasta valley on the other. Petitions for and against the proposed action were sent by both factions to the Legislature, and the discussion was warmly maintained, both in the newspapers and on the street. It was argued with a great deal of force by the opponents of the measure, that the proposed territory was separated from the county by the Salmon mountains, to cross which, in winter, was almost, and sometimes entirely impossible, save upon snow shoes, thus leaving it and its inhabitants completely isolated from the main part of the county a portion of the year; that the collection of taxes, the administration of county affairs and the conduct of legal business of that section, would be difficult, expensive and annoying; and finally, that the county would have to assume a debt of ten or twelve thousand dollars, which the value of the acquired assessable property was not sufficient to justify.

However well founded these objections seemed to be, they did not prevent the passage of the bill, although it was so amended as to have it take effect only upon a favorable vote of the people of this county.

The Act of March 28, 1874, provided for an election to be held in Siskiyou county, upon the question of receiving a portion of the territory of Klamath, and if the result was favorable to the measure, the Act was to take effect, and not otherwise. The division was as follows:—

Scott River	36	34
Humbug	13	15
Butteville	3	62
Table Rock	10	39
Bogus	1	8
Willow Creek	2	11
Yreka	52	278
<hr/>		
Total	529	492
Majority	37	

Commencing at the point where the present boundary of Klamath and Del Norte crosses the Klamath river; thence running easterly in a direct line to where the Salmon river enters the Klamath river; thence in a southerly direction, following the ridge of mountains that divides the waters of the Salmon and its tributaries, to the northern boundary line of Trinity county.

It can readily be seen, that, had Yreka been as unanimous against the proposition as Etna was in favor of it, the majority would have been on the other side and the measure defeated.

All of Klamath county north and east of this line was to become a portion of Siskiyou county, and all south and west a portion of Humboldt. Cases in the courts were to be transferred to the proper tribunals in the two counties, and two commissioners each were to be appointed by Humboldt and Siskiyou, to apportion the debt and cash on hand in proportion to the valuation of property in each section. County property was to be sold and the money paid into the treasury.

Dissatisfied citizens of Klamath county took legal steps to contest the Act. An injunction was issued by the county judge, J. T. Cary, in June, restraining the boards of supervisors of the three interested counties from taking any action in the matter until the constitutionality of the Act could be tested in the Supreme Court. This did not prevent the appointment of the commissioners, and on the twenty-fourth of August, Hon. E. Steele and A. Swain, on the part of Siskiyou County, met John A. Watson and John Keleher, commissioners of Humboldt county, at Orleans Bar, to carry out the provisions of the Act. They found that in obedience to the injunction the supervisors and officers of Klamath County had taken no steps towards settling the affairs of the county. They were refused access to the book by P. W. Wasmuth, the treasurer, and were unable to accomplish the task that had been assigned them. Under these circumstances they adjourned and reported the situation to their respective boards. Nothing further was done until the decision of the Supreme Court was rendered.

As the day set for the election approached the discussion grew warmer, the question narrowing down to a trial of strength between the eastern and western portions of the county, as the following vote clearly indicates:—

**ELECTION HELD MAY 30,
1874, ON QUESTION OF AN-
NEXATION OF A PORTION
OF KLAMATH COUNTY.**

	For	Against
Fort Jones	104	10
Oro Fino	63	1
Rough & Ready (Etna)	129	0
Callahan's	50	3
McAdams' Creek	28	2
Buckeye Bar	22	16
Cottonwood	16	13

The ground upon which the law was contested was that it was a delegation of legislative power to the people, as it made the disorganization of Klamath county and the taking effect of the law

dependent upon a vote of the people of Siskiyou. In March, 1875, a decision was rendered, fully sustaining the legality of the Act, deciding that it was not a delegation of authority, but the

making of the Act to take effect upon the happenings of a contingent event, namely, the affirmative vote of Siskiyou county to receive a portion of the territory and assume a portion of the debt.

Whitman Massacre . . .

—Reviewed by BARBARA BRIDWELL

One of the survivors of the Whitman Massacre in Walla Walla in 1847 was Matilda J. Sager Delaney, who later lived for a time in Shasta Valley. Her recollections of the trip across the plains in 1844 at the age of five, of the infamous massacre, and other events of her lifetime are recounted in a pamphlet, "The Whitman Massacre", a copy of which may be read at the Siskiyou County Museum.

As a child, Mrs. Delaney lost both parents during the seven month trip from the Missouri River to Dr. Whitman's mission which was located near Walla Walla. Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman "adopted" Matilda Sager and her six sisters and brothers. The Whit-

mans were busy people, attending to the physical, educational, and religious needs of the immigrants who wintered at their mission, as well as to the Indians the mission served.

In November of 1847 came the day the Indians turned on the people of the mission, and Mrs. Delaney describes the massacre in vivid phrases: "Mr. Sanders (the schoolteacher) ran down the steps, probably thinking of his family, but was seized by two Indians . . . they killed him and cut his head off and the next day I saw him lying there with his head severed." Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and many others, including Matilda's two brothers, died in this horrible affair. The survivors were later ransomed from the Indians by Hudson Bay Traders. The orphaned Sager children lived with several different families and this part of the book contains many happier events.

Following her wedding to Mr. Hazlett, Matilda and her husband came over the Siskiyou Mountains and settled in Shasta Valley. Marauding Indians forced the Hazletts to seek the safety of a more populated area, so they moved to Cottonwood (Hornbrook). Many amusing and touching incidents occurred in this wild, new mining camp.

Tragedy and hardship were not over for this brave lady. In 1863 Mr. Hazlett died, leaving his widow and five small children to build their own home. In later years, her second husband died,



—Illustrated by Jan Carter

and she then became crippled with rheumatism.

Her life had been hard but filled with generous service. Mrs. Delaney forgave the Indians for their terrible deeds and became a benefactor to them. She concludes her story with this thought: "Surely if the way of the

pioneer is hard and beset with dangers, at least the long years bring at last the realization that life, patiently and hopefully lived, brings its own sense of having been part and parcel of the onward move to better things—not for self alone, but for others."

Story of a Siskiyou Argonaut . . .

— E A R N E S T R. K I D D E R

In 1850, "gold fever" struck the town of Akron, Ohio, with such excitement that the family of Earnest Kidder was so carried away as to not only give permission, but actually encouraged this 18 year old boy to make his way to the promised land, along with his brother-in-law. This is the journal of his many and varied experiences in crossing the plains and in growing up in the gold frontier country. Previous chapters have been published in the Siskiyou Pioneer, and at this point Kidder has not made any fortunes in the Placerville area and is about to head towards Siskiyou.

Chapter X

When it came to be my turn to get the wood I shouldered my axe and went to work in a very business-like way and, as the cabin was in a gulch that was quite heavily timbered a little way back of it, it was comparatively an easy job to get the wood down to the cabin. We could roll the logs down and the limb wood we could drag down before it was cut up.

I had cut several small trees a short way below the cabin and concluded to go back of the cabin and cut an oak that was about a foot through at the base. For the first few feet it tapered quite fast and when I had cut off the first log I reasoned that on account of its tapering, if I aimed it right at the

cabin it would go off to one side, and would not go anywhere near the cabin. But, alas, for human calculation. The small end of the log had an old limb or a knot on the underside as it lay on the ground, that I had not noticed, which made it equal to the large end. When the log started down the hill it went as straight for the cabin as ever rifle ball was shot, and bounded fully as high as the structure. When I saw the capers it was enacting, I was in hopes that it would bound clean over the cabin but there was no such luck for me. It hit the next to the top log, in which we had bored holes and driven wooden pins and placed thereon a shelf on which we kept our knick-knacks and nice things. Of course this was the only log it could find to hit, and so it hit that—and hit it hard too. I hate to record the doings of the next few minutes, but I suppose that it is right for me to do so as a suppressed truth is a falsehood we are told and I am determined to let the truth shine.

When that back log hit that cabin log it knocked it a foot or more out of place and the reader can imagine for himself what became of the good things that had been prepared with so many pains for our dinner that Sunday afternoon. When I, with fear and trembling, opened the door and looked in, the sight that met my bewildered

gaze beggars all of my powers of description. Not until the engagement of the Monitor and the Merrimac in Hampton Roads did I find anything to compare to it. My cabin companions were cavorting around in the most frantic manner and digging and scratching at their eyes to get the apple-sass out of them and not only out of their eyes but their hair which was full of what to us was the most palatable of good things that my associates had just prepared and set up on that luckless shelf to await mail time.

We had anticipated a most sumptuous dinner and not only apple-sass but two or three apple pies were there too. With such terrific force were they hurled to the opposite wall of the cabin that it was extremely difficult to distinguish between pie crust and dish cloths.

The havoc of war always seemed to me to be the most correct comparison that I have ever been able to give to the general disaster and stirring up that I had given things in our hitherto peaceful abode. As I have already compared it with war I will continue the comparison to the court martial which, I began to feel, would be sure to follow. When I opened the door I soon satisfied myself that, although I might have to account for the loss of some eyesights, there was one thing certain—they had sustained no loss of limb, for they were using all of them to as good purpose under the circumstances as it would be possible for mortal beings to do. Taking in the situation at the first glance, I saw they wanted water. I, accordingly, seized the bucket of water from its accustomed place and passed it to each of them as rapidly as possible and then commenced the process of diluting the apple-sass with the water. They were thus enabled to clear their beclouded vision and to gaze upon the state of chaos that things were in in that immediate vicinity. The

first greeting that I received was from Briggs, who gave utterance to:

"What a confounded every-day fool you are, anyway!"

And I, in a trembling and stammering way, said:

"Are any of you seriously injured?"

"Injured!" said Briggs. "You infernal idiot, where is all my apple-sass and apple pie that I had just set upon that shelf?" Picking up a tin dish that had contained the luscious dessert, he said, "Do you see it?"

And I said, "It seems to be the dish, minus the sauce."

"I should say it was minus, and now I move," he said, "that we take you and give you one of the most unmerciful bootings that a boy ever had." Harvey and George seconded the motion by uproarious fits of laughter. They had had time to collect their thoughts and could see the ridiculousness of the affair and they gave vent to the most hilarious commotion that our camp had ever witnessed although Harvey and George were the only ones who participated in it. I thought that it wouldn't look well for me to celebrate, and Briggs couldn't see where the laugh came in and said that a man who laughed at such a calamity would laugh at his mother's funeral. But he finally composed himself. We commenced picking up the fragments and got the dislocated log back into its place and then all began preparing the same sort of goodies. Every few minutes George and Harvey would break out in a new place with laughter and at the same time Briggs would give one of his ominous growls, for variety, as Harvey said.

In due time we had dinner ready which we ate with good relish. Some of our neighbors came in and, of course, the news of the day was related. Briggs, always ready to give his version of the affair, caused great merriment in each case and he came to be dubbed "Apple-

sass Briggs" by nearly all the miners thereabouts. Briggs seemed to feel edgewise toward me for several days, but finally when he came around he was all smiles and seemed anxious to be on good terms with me. We became fast friends as long as we were together which, however, was not long for just at that time there was an excitement about new diggings which, were claimed to have been struck at Gold Bluff, as it was called at a point on the coast near Oregon. The San Francisco papers all were publishing growing accounts of the richness of the diggings, and circular advertisements were scattered broadcast through the mines.

This caused a perfect stampede for that place and not only for Gold Bluff, but for the Klamath and Salmon river mines which were further on. The way the miners rolled out of that locality around Placerville and Coloma was astonishing. It was claimed that the best and easiest way of reaching there was by water from San Francisco, via Humboldt bay and another imaginary place which they called Trinidad. With the rest we started for we scarcely knew where, but employed a teamster to haul our effects to Sacramento and to save expense we walked and made the distance of 50 miles in about 25 hours. Uncle Joe and Beal rode on the wagon. Here I will mention that my comrades had been guying me about being so fleshy, to which I paid but little attention thinking I was in my usual winter condition.

But next morning at Sacramento a number of our crowd were passing some platform scales and one says, "Let's weigh," and, agreeable to the proposition, one after another stepped on the scales and was weighed. When it came to my turn to my great surprise I weighed 178 pounds. As I had never known myself to weigh more than 150 pounds I could not believe the scales weighed correctly and went to

another scale which agreed with the first. So I had to give up and sat down and wrote home about my heavy weight and light purse and where we were enroute for. I felt that I would much rather take passage across the isthmus and go home, instead of on a wild goose chase such as we were about to take. But how could I go home with barely enough money to pay passage—steerage at that? In fact, I felt I would rather die trying than to go back home strapped, and that evening we took passage down the Sacramento to San Francisco, arriving in due time. Next morning we took ourselves sight-seeing and called on an old friend and townsman, S. A. Lane, who had come out by the isthmus and was engaged as a reporter on one of the city daily papers, which had sprung into existence as though by magic in the last few months.

Mr. Lane greeted us very cordially and seemed glad to see us. He made many inquiries as to where we had been, where we were going and how much dust we had saved. The last question was a poser and, after a moment's hesitation, Uncle Joe answered that he believed we were all leaner than spring geese and that I was the richest man in the crowd with about \$250. When we told him where we had started for he seemed to think it was a wild goose chase and that we would have done better to have stayed where we were or in that vicinity. But our faces were turned up the coast and nothing else would answer at that time, and, after bidding our friend goodby, we started out to see about getting passage to the nearest point to our destination. We were directed to what was called the California Transportation Company's office. The man in charge informed us that their company would sail their bark, the Chester, in two days for Trinidad, which was at a point 50 or 60 miles south from

the Oregon state line, and was claimed to be the best and most available for miners going in that direction, as they would be in easy reach of the Gold Bluff mines as well as those of the Klamath, Salmon and Trinity rivers.

They informed us that they had three classes of tickets for sale: first class, which would entitle us to first class board while on the ship and a certain amount of provisions after landing, some lumber and mules to pack the same to the mines, for \$75. Second class would allow us to eat at the same table with the first class and the other privileges, with the exception of the mules to do the packing, for \$60. The third and last class would give us passage and board only for \$32. After listening to their wordy proposition we held a consultation and discussed the matter and different propositions that had been offered us. Harvey and Briggs had come to the conclusion that they would give up the undertaking altogether and turned back into the country. But the other four of us concluded that we would buy third class tickets and we would not be so badly swindled as we might be, should we take the higher priced tickets. So, acting on that decision, we weighed out our dust for our transportation and were told to go aboard at a certain time the next day.

We returned to our boarding house, got our dinner and went out to finish the sight-seeing, which was alluring and in every way as dangerous as ever Babylon furnished. Gold and silver were tossed about like chaff before the wind and every gambling device that was ever invented, it seemed, was in practice there in San Francisco, many of them on the open street in broad daylight. Three-car monte, the string game, the thimble game and every other thieving game that Satan ever invented were being practiced there. But I kept well in mind my mother's warning

words and cautioned my companions to do likewise.

The next morning we bade adieu to Harvey and Briggs and went on shipboard. But as I have again got ahead of my story, I will ask the reader to return with me to Sacramento to relate an occurrence that happened there—one that made a lasting impression on my mind, and to this day recurs to me with as much of its unpleasantness as ever it did. The circumstances are as follows. When we came to Cold Springs, we camped by the side of an old gentleman from Pennsylvania, who had come out that same summer with his young son, a lad about my age. They had got there a few days before us and had been fortunate in selecting one of the best claims on the creek and they made good wages every day, which made some of us less fortunate ones somewhat envious, particularly as the old gentleman was continually reminding us of his riches and good management. He seemed to think that his success was due nearly, if not all, to his management and was always ready with his advice. The old man would say: "I'll tell you boys, don't go near those saloons and gambling places for they are perfect hell-holes. I brought this boy with me so I could look after him myself. I was afraid to trust him to others in the midst of so many temptations and, as his mother is dead, I felt it my duty to keep him with me. My habits are pretty well stayed and my mind is, thoroughly set against saloons and gambling. I think that if nothing else happens, other than the saloon or gambling habits, we will get back home all right."

When we started on this trip we had not seen our friends for perhaps two months and it so happened that they had worked out their claim and had started for home at the same time we started on this prospecting trip. When I went on the street next morning after

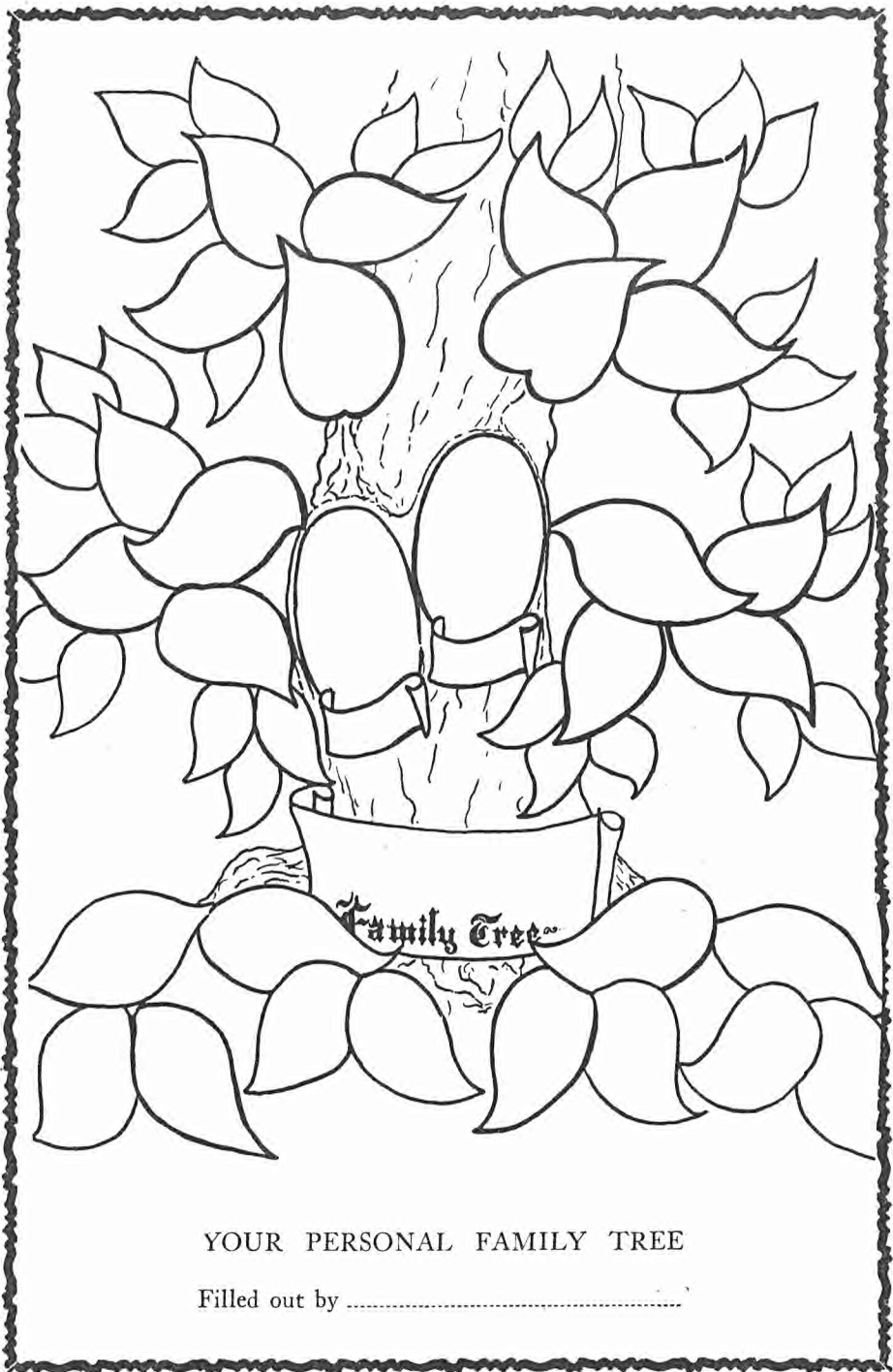
our arrival at Sacramento, who did I see a little way up the street coming toward me but the young son of this friend of ours. I recognized him at first sight and noticed that he seemed to be in an agitated state of mind and crying. Before he came very close to me he began to tell me the cause of his grief.

"Oh, Roy," he said, "You know how daddy has always been talking about the saloons and gambling. Do you know that when we came here last night those fellows got around him and treated him and got him playing cards and they have got all our gold away from him."

The poor boy broke down and cried as though his heart would break and I felt greatly embarrassed for lack of words of comfort that I would gladly have given him could I have only commanded suitable language, but I could not think of anything at all appropriate for the occasion. So perfectly surprised was I that I seemed to be dazed at the idea that this man, whom I had come to consider one of the safest persons and able to withstand any temptation, should yield or be snared so easily. I finally told the young man that I was greatly surprised at what he had told me regarding the conduct of his father and gave him to understand that he had my heartfelt sympathy, and that if there was anything that I could do for him I would gladly render any service that would comfort him. He thanked me and said he knew of no way out of it, only that they would have to go back to the mines and commence again and let the saloons and gamblers alone.

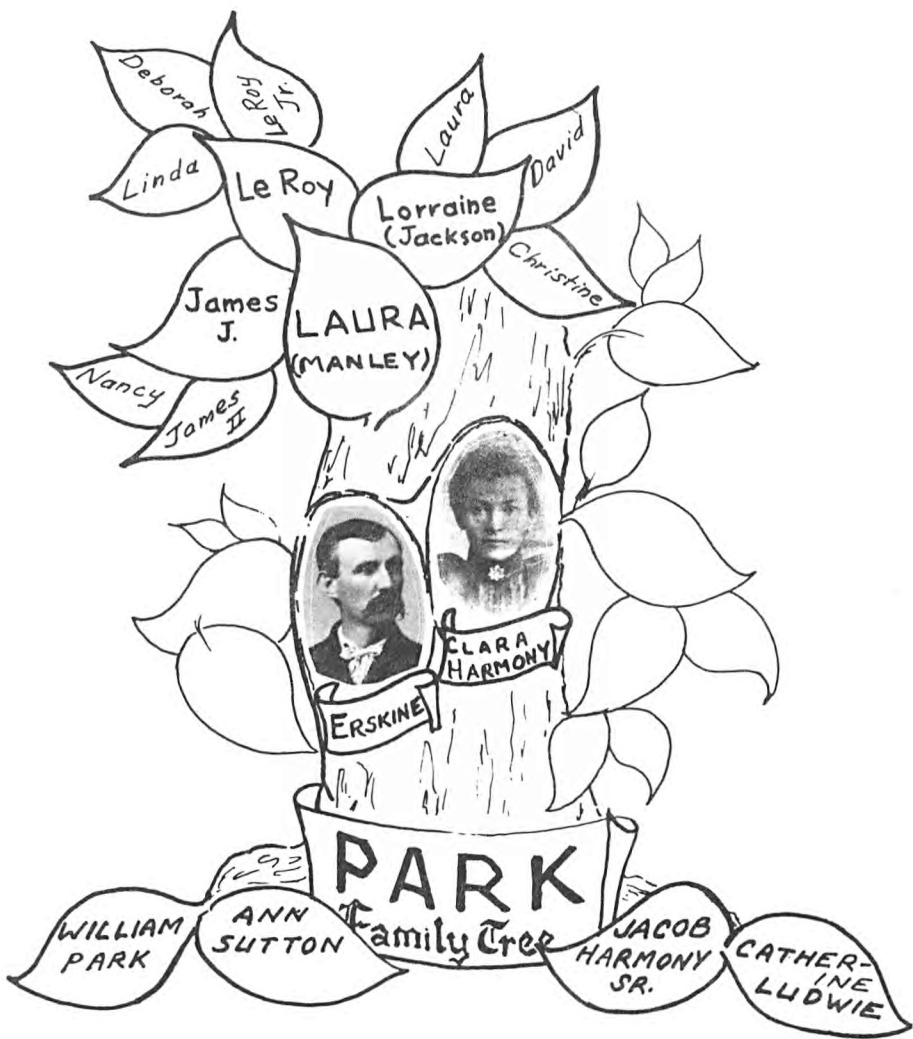
We will now return to the bark, Chester, as she is just about to weigh anchor and sail through the Golden Gate into the great Pacific ocean and steer on her course up the coast. We had already partaken of a meal on board the old ship and began to feel quite certain that it was a fair sample of what we might expect every day and every meal. We began to hear mutterings from many of the passengers before we had passed the Golden Gate and all seemed apprehensive that he had been badly sold. When the supper was served that night it would have been amusing could some disinterested person have witnessed the various expressions both of countenance and speech as we sat down at that miserable mess of watery potatoes, hard tack and rusty fried pork. Not that we had been high livers, or that we could not put up with common fare. There was nothing common about this fare. It was absolutely horrible and it bred something close to mutiny from the very start. However, it did not have time to develop into open mutiny, for we began to get sea sick, and then we had enough to attend to without making a rumpus about the mess matter. I heard one fellow say that he was in no condition to argue the point or to discuss the subject that night, but that if he ever did get in condition some one would hear from him in language that he would not mistake. It seemed that all shared the same feeling.

Next morning was foggy with some rain. Our spirits were very much befogged and nearly all hands were yet seasick and many of them kept to their bunks all day.



YOUR PERSONAL FAMILY TREE

Filled out by



John and Louisa Fiock Biography . . .

JOHN FIOCK

Born 1848 — Died 1923

LOUISA "SCHLAGEL" FIOCK

Born 1859 — Died 1951

John Fiock was the first child born to George and Henrietta Fiock. He was born in Dubuque, Iowa, shortly after the family arrived from Hanover, Germany. A sister Mary was also born at Dubuque before the family started west by wagon. After the family arrived in Siskiyou County, other children were born to the family, and as each one became of school age, he was sent to school at Hawkinsville, a distance of eight miles. After John received his education he married Miss Louisa Schlagel of Yreka. She and John made



—courtesy Norman Fiock
John Fiock in 1886.

their home in Yreka where John opened a butcher shop on Miner Street. During this time, two boys were born to the couple. Fred, in 1883, and Bert, in 1885. A few years later, Lela was born. John ran the butcher shop until 1885, when he decided to sell and moved to Tail Holt, a thriving little town in the east end of Little Shasta Valley. There he built a home and a saloon. The saloon was destroyed by fire in 1886. From there he went to Montague, and in 1887 he built a two story hotel on Main Street and ran it until fire destroyed the building in 1889. After the hotel burned John and his family moved north of Montague and took up farming close to his brother, George and Henry. (The property now owned by Paul Clement.) It was on this ranch that John started a slaughter house and furnished meat for the towns of Yreka, Montague and the miners at Hawkinsville. This operation was continued until 1897. This was not a profitable business, so John and his family moved once more, this time to the town of Klamathon and there he built a rooming house and tavern. His son Fred also helped operate these. In 1902 a fire broke out in the mill, and the whole town was destroyed.

John was an outstanding carpenter, and he built a large number of houses in and around Yreka and Montague. He and his brother George built a box factory for Tuckwell and Son Lumber Co. at Montague. About 1904 John and his family moved to Sacramento where he built a rice mill and later was a mechanic for Del Monte Cannery. In 1920, John retired from active work, and on June 28, 1923, he passed away of a heart attack in Sacramento at the age of 75, having had to his credit the knowledge and experience of crossing



—courtesy Norman Fiock
Louisa Schlagel Fiock, 1886.

the plains by covered wagon. Frederick Fiock, John's oldest son, was employed at the Phillips Rice Mill and later became manager of the mill. He was very active in the Masonic Lodge and Shrine. He was married to Miss Florence Hall in 1923. His wife still resides in Sacramento. Fred passed away on July 14, 1944 at the age of 61.

Herbert Fiock worked along with his brother Fred in the same mill for many years until he contracted influenza and succumbed on October 7, 1918 in Sacramento.

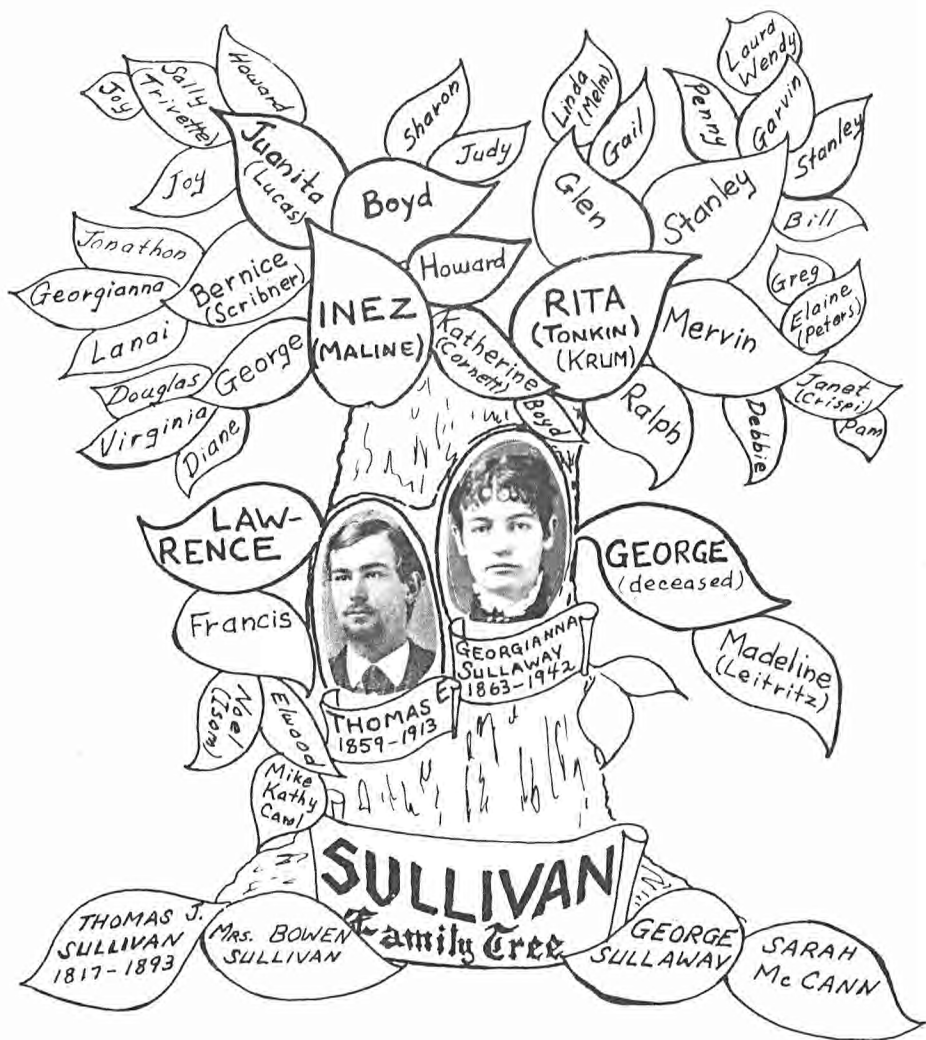
Lela "Fiock" Ehmann, of Sacramento was married to Clarence Gault, and during this marriage, a daughter Mildred was born. After a few years, Lela was widowed, and later married Edwin J. Ehmann. Both are presently residing in Sacramento. Much of my information came from Mrs. Mildred

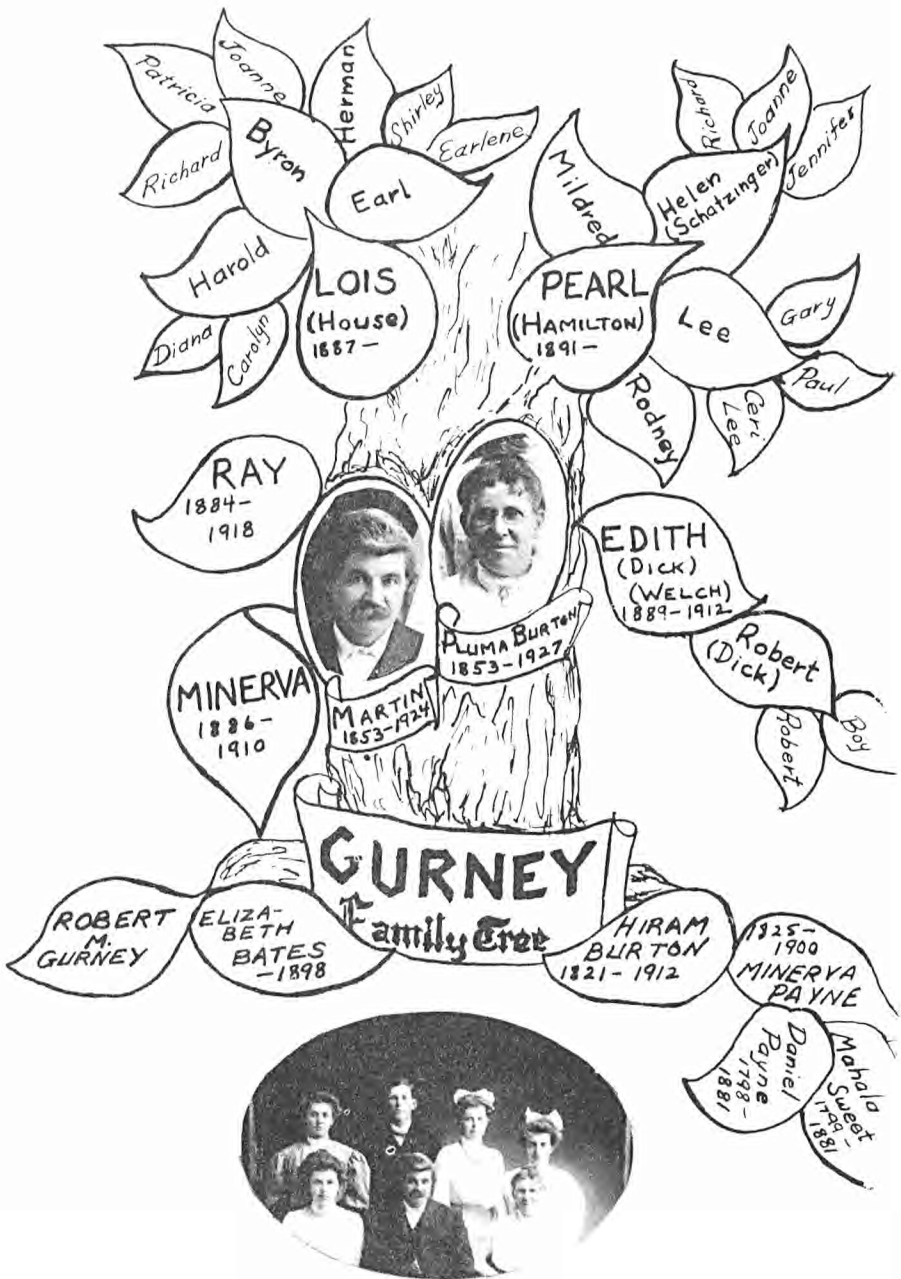
"Gault" Walsh, the only child in this branch of the family that lived in Sacramento.

John's wife Louisa, passed away December 20, 1951, at the age of 92. She was born in a covered wagon en route from New York to Yreka, Calif. John and Louisa were an example of true American Pioneers.

Walt Wilton, an old timer who used to spend his summers near Gazelle, was in the store one day exercising his American prerogative of complaining about the government. The sales tax had just been increased, and this move was under attack by Walt. "First it's 2½ cents; then just a year later they want 3 cents. Why didn't they make it 3 cents in the first place, and we wouldn't have had to have this election?" he argued. "Walt," asked Al Cedros, Gazelle postmaster, "did you have breakfast this morning?" "Yes, of course," replied Walt. "And did you have dinner last night?" continued Al. "Well, sure I did," answered Walt. "And lunch and breakfast yesterday?" "Yes, yes, why?" Walt was becoming annoyed. Al looked at him a moment before he asked, "Why didn't you eat enough yesterday so you would have had all you needed for today, too?"

Some of our senior citizens on old age pensions used to live in makeshift cabins here and there and spend their days in visiting or loafing around the country store. One of these old fellows had been missing from the group about ten days, and two of the others decided to go see what was the matter. They found him dead in his lean-to and carried him out for the coroner. Someone asked one of them, a man known only as O'Brien, if the corpse smelled bad after so long a time. "Couldn't rightly say," O'Brien answered. "Didn't notice much difference, dead or alive."







*Siskiyou
County
Historical
Society
Yearbook
1963*



JIM McNEILL
President



RALD WETZEL,
Vice-President



JOSEPHINE KINNEY
Recording Secretary

1963
OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS
Director Alan McMurry
Director Ethel Gillis
STANDING COMMITTEES,
CHAIRMEN

- Pioneer BiographiesHelen M. Foulke
- ProgramLewis M. Foulke
- Membership
-Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Stratton
- PublicityJennie B. Clawson
- ClippingsHazel N. Pollock
- RadioHazel B. Rider
- Museum StaffHazel N. Pollock,
Curator
- Hazel B. Rider,
Assistant Curator



WAYNE RALSTON
Director



JESS O'ROKE
Director



JIM HARTLEY
Director

President's Message . . .

James D. McNeill
President

My first year as President of the Siskiyou County Historical Society has ended, and I would like to take this opportunity to tell you how much I have enjoyed working with the very efficient staff of the Siskiyou County Museum and with our fine Board of Directors.

I would like to extend my thanks to the chairmen of the various committees for a good job well done and to the members of our Society for their wholehearted support and cooperation during the past year. I would especially like to thank Tom Bigelow for the outstanding field trips that he planned

during last summer and a word of praise for Lewis Foulke who was Program Chairman and who did such a wonderful job. I would also like to thank the speakers who entertained us at our meetings during the year.

We were represented at the annual meeting of the Conference of California Historical Societies which was held in San Francisco and also at the Northern California and Southern Oregon Symposium at Crescent City.

One of our members served on the Governor's State Wide Committee for "Read California History Month" last September.

In closing may I wish each of you the very best for 1964.

Corresponding Secretaries for 1963 . . .

Jessie Coonrod, Pearl Freshour, Doris Robinson, Hazel Rider, Mary Lemos, Betty Dow, Charlotte Davis, Freda Broderick, Wayne O. Ralston, Irene Nelson, Calla Lukes, Lottie Ball, Reita

Campbell, Nellie George, Alice Dunaway, Chester Barton, Jennie Clawson, Ellen Wilson, Gerald F. Wetzell, Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Stratton, J. M. White, Joe G. Allen and Nellie Masson

Membership Report . . .

	Hazel B. Rider <i>Secretary - Treasurer</i> December 31, 1963	
BRAY	1	
CALLAHAN	5	
CLEAR CREEK	1	
DORRIS	5	
DUNSMUIR	30	
EDGEWOOD	5	
ETNA	54	
FORKS OF SALMON	2	
FORT JONES	42	
GAZELLE	19	
GREENVIEW	4	
GRENADA	7	
HAPPY CAMP	16	
HORNBROOK	18	
HORSE CREEK	7	

KLAMATH RIVER	4
MACDOEL	1
McCLOUD	12
MONTAGUE	61
MT. HEBRON	1
MT. SHASTA	42
SAWYERS BAR	3
SCOTT BAR	3
SEIAD VALLEY	4
SOMES BAR	1
TULELAKE	6
WEED	37
YREKA	228
OUT OF COUNTY	292
OUT OF STATE	79
FOREIGN	1
	<hr/>
	991

Financial Report . . .

—Hazel B. Rider
Secretary - Treasurer

December 31, 1963

General Fund	\$2433.20
Publication Fund	0.00
Yreka Heirlooms	25.41
Museum Fund	93.10
Memorial Fund	628.00
Food Fund	16.66
Map Fund	263.62
Museum Special Fund	105.00
<hr/>	
Cash in Bank	\$3564.99



Curator's Report . . .



—Hazel N. Pollock *Curator*

The year 1963 saw many changes and much improvement in the Siskiyou County Museum. There were over 10,500 visitors; they came from forty-three states and twenty-five foreign countries.

In the early part of the year neon lights were installed under the balcony on the main floor, giving a daylight appearance to the room and making the displays more attractive.

On the mezzanine floor the showcases were arranged so as to allow the Alex Rosborough collection to be displayed in one section.

Thirty-nine volumes of Bancroft's Works were added to our library to be used in research.

The gift of ten beautiful hats became the inspiration for an old-fashioned millinery shop in the basement.

Four cases were added to the basement to improve the rock and Indian artifacts displays.

In the late spring the grounds around the Museum were landscaped, which has improved the outside appearance of the building.

In December, the customary old-fashioned Christmas tree was on display along with a special collection of dolls, which were loaned for the Christmas season. Several of these dolls were over one hundred years old and they delighted the young and old alike.

Twenty gifts and fifteen loans were accepted during the year. An outstanding loan was a restored stagecoach. This stagecoach loaned by Fred W. Burton was the old Yreka-Deadwood-Fort Jones-Etna Stage. It is displayed on the porch of the Museum.

During the year we were given many wonderful old photographs which we are very proud to possess. No matter how large or small a gift or loan may be, each one helps the Museum tell the story of Siskiyou's colorful past.

Clippings . . .

Hazel N. Pollock, *Chairman*
Clippings Committee

In our Museum Library and Research Center are fourteen scrapbooks containing clippings of historical interest, of our Society meetings, and obituaries.

The clippings for these scrapbooks come from six Siskiyou County newspapers, the Southern Oregon papers and the Sacramento Bee. The scrapbooks are available to the public for research at the Museum.

Special thanks is given to Doris Robinson, Charlotte Davis, and Betty Dow for the articles they have written for the Southern Oregon newspapers about our Museum, Society meetings, and field trips.

Meetings of 1963 . . .

—Josephine Kinney,
Recording Secretary

At the first meeting of 1963, the membership was entertained with stories of famous people told by Mrs. Ella Soule. The membership at this time stood at 1038 persons. Lewis Foulke was commended for the outstanding programs that he had arranged during 1962 and was reappointed as Program Chairman for 1963.

The February meeting was the occasion for presenting awards to grade children for the best stories on the cattle industry for the 1963 historical book. Tom Bigelow gave an interesting talk on "Old Time Lumbering Methods", and displayed several tools that were used in the early days.

At the March meeting the members

Publicity . . .

—Jennie Clawson, *Publicity Chairman*

All of the activities of the Siskiyou County Historical Society for the past year have been given publicity in five county newspapers and in the *Medford Mail Tribune* in Oregon.

Your publicity chairman has sent accounts of the meetings and programs to the *Siskiyou Daily News* in Yreka, the *Mount Shasta Herald*, the *Dunsmuir News*, and the *Butte Valley Star* in Dorris. The *Weed Press* has been kept informed by its correspondent, Charlotte Davis, and Doris Robinson has covered the meetings for the *Medford Mail Tribune*. Our field trips were also fully reported in the above-named newspapers.

I am indebted to Charlotte Davis and our two Hazels for taking notes on the programs and meetings when I was not able to be present.

heard stories of some of the early pioneers as told by Sadie DeNure, Reita Campbell, Helen Sherman, and Mrs. Ella Soule. Mrs. Minnie Tamisiea was honored on her 93rd birthday with a cake and candles. Mr. Ab Evans was unable to be present on his 90th birthday due to illness.

President James McNeill entertained the group in April with many stories of early day packing in the Sawyers Bay, Cecilville and Etna districts. Records were played on a lovely old music box lent to the museum by Miss Ackerman.

At the May meeting, Mr. Mel Barron of Hilt told of the methods of acquiring land and timber for lumbering purposes, and Mr. Tallis, General Manager of Fruit Growers Supply, and

I showed many interesting slides of early day logging methods.

In June, Fred and Bernice Meamber showed many slides they had taken at Fort Crook near Fall River, the Military Pass Road, and also many pictures of the old homes and ranches in Shasta Valley. Mr. Theo Terwilliger of Hayward was voted a life member in recognition of the many favors he has rendered the Historical Society at different times. We were entertained by a trio of boys from Yreka High School playing American folklore music—Brian Favero, Greg Frank, and Bucky Pendley.

After summer was over, the meetings were resumed in September with Mr. Gordon Jacobs giving a very interesting talk on early day merchants and stores throughout the county. The Curator reported that there had been more visitors than ever during the summer with 1400 persons visiting during the month of August, several of whom were very prominent persons.

Tom Bigelow and Gerald Wetzel conducted a field trip on October 13 to the Hearst Castle, Wyntoon, on the McCloud River. This also included a stop at the Forest Service Nursery near McCloud.

In October, Mrs. Isabel Schrader related the history of Mr. J. A. Sisson for whom the town of Sisson (now Mt. Shasta) was named. Mr. Wetzel told an interesting story of the history of the McCloud River Railroad and Mrs. Stratton read a paper on the history of Sophia Fellows who at one time operated a tavern at Berryvale. Mr. Alcorn of Crescent City and Mrs. Lovely of Weaverville told of the operation of their respective museums.

Dr. Clifford Miller of Southern Oregon College talked on "What's the Use of History" at the November meeting. This was a very informative talk and held the interest of the members as well as that of a number of

children who were present. Bernice Meamber asked that the Board of Directors set aside a sum that would enable the Society to purchase old papers such as some recently sold to the Bancroft Library.

In the December meeting Rita Prather, Rosemary Franson, and Norman Flock all presented interesting talks on the histories of their families, showing the books and family trees that had been assembled. Mr. Dan Soares, Musical Director of the Yreka High School directed a small choral group in several appropriate Christmas songs. The Curator had a lovely Christmas tree on display and showed some of the old and renovated dolls that have been given and are on loan. The President reported on the purchase of the Bancroft books which will be available for research soon at the Museum library.

It is hoped that the year of 1964 will be as fruitful as the recent one and that all persons will enjoy their membership in the Society to the fullest.

THE VALLEY OF A THOUSAND HILLS

(Little Shasta Valley)

ANNIE M. GRISWOLD

The little hills all peaceful be
Under a sunlit summer sky.
Rugged mountains, high and steep,
Guard and protect them as they sleep.

Soft colors meet and blend and glow,
Still waters through green pastures
flow.

Herds of cattle browse about
Silently wandering, in and out.

Through clouds of pale celestial light
The Valley gleams with beauty bright.
I seem, with rapture and surprise,
To catch a glimpse of Paradise.

Field Research . . .

— By *EVELYN CARTER* for *Tom Bigelow*

The spring field trip of the Siskiyou County Historical Society, on May 26, was undertaken by 60 persons in a chartered school bus, piloted by veteran driver Howard Trivilpiece, and in cars traveling in a caravan. First stop was in Gazelle, where Lew Foulke showed the group the Foulke ranch house and told its history. Then the tour continued to Eddy Creek and to Dobkins Mill on the old freight road; from there the group went on to the College of the Siskiyou, contrasting the old with the new, and on down to Soda Springs in Dunsmuir. Here Nellie Masson gave the history of the old resort, and then the group went to the City Park for lunch. Afterwards, at Strawberry Valley, Lucille Morgan described the history of that area and the part that Justin Sisson played in its development. The homeward journey encompassed views of the Fish Hatchery, the sites of Upton, Igera, and Butteville, and ended with a mention at Parks Creek that seven skeletons were unearthed at that location during construction of the highway in 1928.

The second trip, on October 13, was attended by 200 people, including guests from Crescent City and Weaverville historical societies, traveling in two school buses, driven by Howard Trivilpiece and Kenneth Whipple, and in 50 cars, making an impressive caravan enroute to Wyntoon, the Hearst estate near McCloud. The U. S. Tree Nursery was visited by the group on the way to Wyntoon, and a picnic lunch was enjoyed at Fowler's Forest Service Camp.

At the Hearst estate, the tourists were met by Calvin Shewmaker, caretaker, who escorted the group through



—courtesy Freda Broderick
Freda Broderick and Lena Bhend in
Nellie Masson's yard at Soda Springs
in Dunsmuir on the spring field trip.

the beautiful wooded areas to the landscaped grounds of the Bavarian village, three large guest houses, each decorated on the outside with fairy tale murals—the Cinderella House, the Brown Bear, and the Angel or Fairy House. The interior of this last one was never finished, and inside could be seen materials and furnishings, still crated, which had been intended to complete it.

These and the other elaborate buildings of the estate held many art treasures, result of Mr. Hearst's years of collecting, and were elegantly furnished. Everywhere, in the splendid buildings and the beautiful grounds, was evidence of the wealth expended by the Hearst family in years gone by. Some of the members of the tour had attended parties at Wyntoon long ago and described the affairs as masterfully planned for the enjoyment of huge



Our two Hazels at Wvntoon.

—courtesy Mrs. Wm. Micke

numbers of guests. Now the place is being maintained in a static state of tranquility, ready for the occasional visit by members of the family but no longer expected to be the scene of opulent gaiety as it was some years ago.

Wyntoon is not open to the public

in general, and the Historical Society feels very fortunate in having been able to obtain permission for this visit by its members. The assistance of Gerald Wetzel and Lewis Foulke in arranging the trip was very much appreciated.

Pioneer Biographies and Member Records . . .

Helen M. Foulke, *Chairman*
Pioneer Biographies and
Member Records

We close December 31, 1963, with 1093 Pioneer Biographies and 592 Member Records. As usual, only the names received during the past year are being listed, as the former Year Books contain all names previously received. 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 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 record for posterity.

The loan or gift of any records of early pioneers, immigrant 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.

- 1....Ager, Charles W.....1864....1958
- 2....Allen, James Michael....
1883....1960
- 3....Allen, Linnie McBee....
1888....1960
- 4....Anderson, Otis Hugh....
1885....1962
- 5....Aubrey, Bessie....1883....1962
- 6....Bailey, Leonidas "Lee"....
1874....1962
- 7....Balfrey, Mary Josephine....
1871....1959
- 8....Balis, Lillian Dexter....
1871....1959
- 9....Barnum, Ira R.....1876....1958
- 10....Bloomingcamp....1876....1956
- 11....Bradley, Frank M.....1866....1958
- 12....Bradley, Thomas G.....
1871....1960
- 13....Brothers, Oliver R.....1868....1956
- 14....Brown, Fanny Duzel....
1867....1959
- 15....Brown, Katherine Ruhl
Schnebele....1877....1961
- 16....Bryant, C. B. "Bud"....
1883....1961
- 17....Burton, Gertrude Clare Bryan....
1880....1961
- 18....Burton, William Taylor....
1887....1962
- 19....Callihan, Anna Elizabeth Connor
....()....()
- 20....Calloway, Homer Franklin....
1870....1962
- 21....Cash, Harry....1877....1958
- 22....Crawford, Carl Nesbitt....
1883....1960
- 23....Crawford, John Jay....
1883....1959
- 24....Cross, Charles E.....1876....1961
- 25....Davidson, William Thomas....
1878....1958
- 26....Deas, Joseph Anthony....
1874....1962
- 27....Dennis, Fred B.....1878....1959
- 28....Denny, Karl V.....1876....1961
- 29....Deter, Grace Bray....1877....1960
- 30....Dickson, Jennie Victoria....
1874....1957
- 31....Dockery, Ellen G. Cooley....
1869....1962
- 32....Dudley, Bessie M. Calkins....
1877....1959
- 33....Dye, Lenora Decker....
1873....1956
- 34....Eastlick, Ralph....1885....1962
- 35....Edson, Mary A. Tubbs....
1879....1957
- 36....Evans, Effie Cash....1872....1958
- 37....Evans, Robert Lee....1883....1962
- 38....Evans, Susan J. Cullen....
1882....1963
- 39....Everill, Charles....1881....1962
- 40....Fairchild, Benjamin Harrison....
1869....1957
- 41....Fairchild, Elizabeth Fiock....
1867....1942
- 42....Fairchild, John Francis....
1871....1917
- 43....Farquharson, Adda Jane Rohrer
....1877....1959
- 44....Filipe, Phillip Santos....
1874....1960
- 45....Fiock, Charlotte C. Schlicht....
1866....1915
- 46....Fiock, Frederick....1883....1944
- 47....Fiock, George Jr....1858....1944
- 48....Fiock, George....()....1891
- 49....Fiock, Henrietta....1828....1892
- 50....Fiock, Herbert....1885....1918
- 51....Fiock, John....1848....1923
- 52....Fiock, John....1797....1881
- 53....Fiock, Laurence Roy....
1886....1960
- 54....Fiock, Louisa Schlagel....
1859....1951

- 55....Fiock, Mary Magdalena....
1860....1941
- 56....Fledderman, Aloysus George....
1888....()
- 57....Fleming, Anna Dudley Bradley....
1869....1959
- 58....Glass, Myrtle L. Wanaka....
1879....1958
- 59....Gould, Mary Ellen Bowman....
1869....1956
- 60....Graham, Albert "Doc"....
1876....1960
- 61....Grant, Maggie....1873....1958
- 62....Gregory, Thomas....1873....1956
- 63....Green, Ida Mae Magill....
1865....1960
- 64....Grieve, Florence Elizabeth
Rush....1868....1961
- 65....Grisez, Annie Margaret....
1871....1961
- 66....Harris, Cecile May Dyer....
1868....1958
- 67....Hart, George William "Billie"....
1859....1960
- 68....Hast, Lucy Pyle....1878....1956
- 69....Hessig, Elma Louise Varnum....
1877....1958
- 70....High, Lewis H....1874....1959
- 71....Hoy, Albertis B....1877....1962
- 72....Jackson, Blanches Grace....
1878....1962
- 73....Jones, Ellis....1879....1962
- 74....Lemos, Jesse Henry....1873....1959
- 75....Lewis, Ewing Grant....
1870....1960
- 76....Louie, Philomena Sylva....
1882....1959
- 77....Luttrell, Charles James....
1875....1960
- 78....Luttrell, Robert Edward....
1874....1957
- 79....Mallow, John C....1884....1961
- 80....Mallow, Philip....1882....1962
- 81....Martin, Kate Duzel....
1863....1959
- 82....Martin, Lulu Frances Dimick....
1878....1962
- 83....Martin, William T....
1881....1959
- 84....Mathes, Kate Cooley....
1858....19556
- 85....Mathewson, Emma Lorena
Pitman....1870....1961
- 86....Meamber, Fred J....1879....1956
- 87....Minaker, Emma Johanna
Schock....1870....1959
- 88....Mitchell, Harry W....
1882....1959
- 89....McDonald, Effie Farrington....
1885....1960
- 90....Newton, Edith Frances McCrary
....1881....1961
- 91....Norton, Alice Estella...
1861....1961
- 92....Orr, Sarah I....1883....1961
- 93....Pashburg, Mary Fiock....
1849....1922
- 94....Perkins, John J....1859....1956
- 95....Phillips, Eugene....1877....1958
- 96....Pitman, Eunice Cramer....
1887....1962
- 97....Pitman, Lester....1876....1961
- 98....Pitts, Charles Augustus....
1879....1962
- 99....Quigley, Nellie A. Rhinehart....
1883....1961
- 100....Ralston, Samuel Caldwell....
1872....1962
- 101....Reed, Gertrude Helen....
1877....1959
- 102....Reichman, Gustav Adolph....
1868....1959
- 103....Ringe, Nellie M. Evans....
1875....1958
- 104....Rogers, Emily M....1876....1958
- 105....Russell, Annie E....1880....1959
- 106....Sanderson, Rebecca Ann....
1864....1962
- 107....Schlicht, Frederick William
Charles Christian....1816....1899
- 108....Schlicht, Meta Magdalena
Frerking....1839....1910
- 109....Sechrist, Henrietta Fiock....
1870....1940
- 110....Sechrist, Jay Ross....
1870....()
- 111....Shebley, Joy Sisson....1870....1952
- 112....Silva, Mary Lavinia....
1866....1961
- 113....Small, Benjamin P....1872....1962

- 114....Smith, Alice Agnes Allen....
1877....1956
- 115....Smith, Catherine E.....1868....1961
- 116....Southard, Robert Lee....
1866....1959
- 117....Spannus, Lucretia Evelynea....
1872....1961
- 118....Swearengen, Benoni....
1835....()
- 119....Taylor, Belle Murray....
1877....1959
- 120....Tebbe, Isabel Davis....1876....1962
- 121....Terwilligér, Mary Agnes....
1871....1959
- 122....Thackara, John E.....1869....1961
- 123....Valin, Antone C.....1876....1958
- 124....Varian, Capt. Thomas James....
1830....1861
- 125....Varnum, Samuel Lee....
1873....1962
- 126....Walker, Ira B.....1874....1962
- 127....Walker, Lida Fay....1871....1962
- 128....Wildner, Jane Allen Burrill....
1870....1960
- 129....Wilkins, Laura Jane Hartley....
1882....1958
- 130....Woodman, Alma Elizabeth
Varian....1862....1934
- 131....Young, Albert....1883....1961
- 132....Young, Arah Inez Luttrell....
1883....1962
- 133....Young, Josephine Fiock....
1855....1891
- 134....Young, Theobold Dave....
1842....1889

MEMBER RECORDS — 1963

1. Acquistapace, Laura Pimentel
2. Adams, Willie Grider
3. Belcastro, Mike A.
4. Bohrmann, Georgia Bickel
5. Brunello, Dorothy Edith
6. Dinkins, Pearl Mabel
7. Fiock, Bernard Cecil
8. Fiock, Earl Bernard
9. Fiock, George W. Jr.
10. Fiock, Mayme Ethel
11. Fiock, Mildred Olive
12. Fiock, Norman Earl
13. Fledderman, Marie Opal
14. Hayes, Dorothy Woodman
Baxter-Gould Sears
15. Kegg, Leslie
16. Kegg, Lettie Anna
17. Pastega, Ida R.
18. Pollock, Nellie Hazel Schultz
19. Richardson, Helen Schultz
20. Schultz, Charles Arthur
21. Schultz, Henry Nicola Tesla
22. Schultz, Robert Grant
23. Schultz, Thomas Clarence
24. Seaver, Betty Loyce Burton
25. Spearin, Alfred William
26. Stratton, Frederick Millard
27. Stratton, Mary Edith Campbell
28. Tyrer, Allie

Corresponding Secretaries for 1964 . . .

Helen M. Foulke, *Chairman*
Pioneer Biographies and Member Records

Corresponding Secretaries for 1964
are

YREKA—Miss Jessie Coonrod, Mrs. Pearl Freshour, Mrs. Doris Robinson, Hazel B. Rider; MONTAGUE—Mrs. Mary Lemos, Mrs. Betty Dow, Mrs. Charlotte Davis; GRENADA—Mrs. Freda Broderick, Mr. Vayne Ralston;

FORT JONES—Mrs. Irene Nelson, Mrs. Calla Lukes; ETNA—Mrs. Lottie Ball, Mrs. Rieta Campbell, HAPPY CAMP—Mrs. Alice Dunway; HORSE CREEK—Mr. Chester Barton; HORNBROOK—Mrs. Jennie Clawson; COPCO—Mrs. Ellen Wilson; McCLOUD—Mr. Gerald Wet-

zel; WEED — Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stratton, Mr. "Jude" White; DORRIS — Mr. Joe Allen. (We need secretaries for DUNSMUIR and SAWYERS BAR.)

These corresponding secretaries will help you in making out your biographies and all have supplies of blanks and membership cards for your convenience.

Southern Siskiyou Know Your Heirlooms Group . . .

—HELEN BLISS, Secretary

Officers for 1963 were president, Leona Hunter; vice-president, Isabel Schrader; secretary, Helen Bliss; treasurer, Alice Pipes; librarian, Katie Roush; program chairman, Donna Brooks.

Our January meeting at the home of Katie Roush, Mount Shasta, was devoted to planning the year's activities. In addition, members brought for display and discussion things pertaining to Christmas, such as old Christmas tree ornaments, other Christmas decorations, and cards.

In February Isabel Schrader gave a comprehensive history of Belleek ware from its discovery in the little village of Belleek, Ireland, to the world

famous American ware of Lenox, Inc. We were fortunate in having a number of pieces of Belleek on display.

In March it was our privilege to enjoy another of Myrtle K. Davis' distinctive programs—"A Sack of Old Coins". Mrs. Davis opened her talk with the statement "coins are history" and then showed how coins have contributed to the knowledge we now have of the early history of the world.

Our April meeting was devoted to the study of Ridgway Staffordshire ware with Donna Brooks presenting a paper she has prepared on the subject. Ridgway has been a leading name in Staffordshire ceramics since shortly after 1800.



Goss vases.

—courtesy Isabel Schrader



—courtesy Isabel Schrader

From the turn of the century to the first World War, crest miniatures were popular souvenirs of towns and seaside resorts in the British Isles. These minute copies of historical jugs or urns, colorfully decorated with crests of cities or towns, were originated at the Goss potteries in Staffordshire. English souvenir spoons also have enamelled crests; however, in Mrs. Schrader's large collection of spoons, only seven have been found that have crests identical with any on the Goss vases.

For the program at our May meeting, Isabel Schrader reviewed the book "Nineteenth Century Glass" by Albert Christian Revi. Mr. Revi, who has an art glass shop in San Antonio, Texas, toured Europe for information on art glass and talked with some of the few surviving workmen on old art glass. Mrs. Schrader gave a comprehensive review of this fine book on the history of glass through its use in the making of jewelry, dishes, vases and other decorative pieces.

At a special meeting in June in Fellowship Hall, Community Methodist Church, Mount Shasta, members and guests enjoyed a program on the history of silverware, the art of setting a beautiful table, and the craftsmanship inherent in all types of modern tableware. Mrs. Jack Andrews was the speaker. Her talk traced the history of the spoon, knife, and fork from early antiquity and, through the cooperation of Oneida Silversmiths, Mrs. Andrews was able to demonstrate how modern silversmiths interpret these every day items in fine sterling, silverplate, and stainless steel.

In place of our regular meeting in July, we took time out for our annual

picnic held this year at the City Park, Mount Shasta. Only a minimum of business was conducted, and there was no program.

So many members were away in August that our meeting was cancelled and its program shelved until a future date.

The group journeyed to the Dwight Hammond home on Eddy Creek Road near Weed in September for a program on old clocks by Anna Hammond. Mrs. Hammond read many excerpts from Carl W. Drepperd's book on antique clocks and illustrated her talk with clocks from her own collection.

Election of officers for 1964 was held at the October meeting. For our program Richard Bliss played ragtime music of the early 20th century on the piano. He interspersed his playing with lively comments on the titles and the pictures on the covers of the sheet music with the observation that each generation had its own particular type of popular music, perhaps not fully appreciated nor understood by any other.

And with our October meeting, we adjourned until January, 1964, when we will continue the fascinating study of our heirlooms.

12th Annual Symposium . . .

— HELEN M. FOULKE

The 12th Annual Symposium of Southern Oregon and Northern California was held in Crescent City Sept. 27-29, 1963 and hosted by the Del Norte County Historical Society.

On Friday night Al Hobart of Takelma, Oregon, gave a splendid wild flower colored slide display in the Oriental Room of the Surf Hotel. On Saturday morn Mrs. Ruby Van Deventer, symposium chairman and vice-president of Region No. 1, opened the meeting at the Elk's Hall. Local speakers were featured in the morning session. Mrs. Margaret Mathews of Crescent City, gave an excellent talk on "The Role of the Indian Woman", also telling of the Indian children and their work in gathering the basket material, berries, shells, fish, etc. Illustrating her talk with a wealth of material, she told of taking her infant son in a papoose basket on her back, both in their Indian garb, to shop in

I. Magnin's store in San Francisco and of the sensation they created. Her son is now a college student.

George T. Berry, a retired rancher, spoke of "Pioneers Along the Way".

Robert Heffernan of Medford, Oregon, was the luncheon speaker at noon in the Oriental Room of the Surf Hotel. His subject "Oregon Participates" with excellent coverage of early Chinese in California, Oregon and Washington. A trip to the Crescent City Lighthouse Museum highlighted Saturday afternoon and symposium discussion and reports at the Elk's Club, presided over by Miss Irene Simpson, president of the Conference of California Historical Societies. Dr. Brett Melendy of San Jose State College, spoke on "History of Klamath County" at the Saturday evening banquet.

Attending from Yreka were Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Foulke.

Conference of California Historical Societies . . .

*Ninth Annual Meeting, San Francisco,
California, June 20-22, 1963*

—Irene Simpson, *President*

Ten years ago the Conference of California Historical Societies was a dream. Its members, including the Siskiyou County Historical Society, have made it a reality. An example of its growth is evident from the quality of the meeting, enthusiasm of participants, and stature of the speakers at its most recent Annual Meeting.

"California's Past Foretells Her Future", was the theme of the Hon. James K. Carr, Undersecretary, U. S. Department of the Interior, when he was introduced by Conference President Jerry MacMullen as the Annual Banquet Speaker. His message to the more than 200 Conference members and guests was in part, "History is not merely a chronological recording of events. History as we know it, and as it was considered by the Congress when legislation was passed in 1935 to pro-

tect historic sites and buildings, is a record of man's achievement. This is where Historical Societies have a great responsibility. They must assist the governmental agencies, local, state and federal, in determining what events represent achievement . . . California has finally come of age. It is the most populous state of the 50 states. It is already well along in its second century. The Historical Societies of California face a new challenge. They, too, have an obligation to come of age."

San Francisco Mayor, Hon. George Christopher, extended greetings at the opening session on Friday morning, to which Dr. Albert Shumate, President of the California Historical Society, responded. Richard C. Bailey, Director of the Kern County Museum, was chairman of the morning panel discussing "New Historical Exhibits — Triumphs and Frustrations". Describing problems encountered by all Historical Societies when exhibits are first planned and installed, and concluding with examples of how these common frustrations have been successfully met by their individual hard-working groups were Jack Sutton, President, Siskiyou Pioneer Sites Foundation; Edwin Eaton, President, Fresno County Historical Society; Karl Kortum, Director, San Francisco Maritime Museum; and Miss Katherine Finchy, Palm Springs Historical Society.

Harold G. Schutt, Director of Publications and Past President of the Conference, introduced a panel of local bookdealers, whose publications were on display. Dr. Henry Madden, Fresno State College Librarian, was luncheon speaker.

A bus tour of some of San Francisco's Historical Exhibits was planned for the afternoon, and three chartered buses took the enthusiastic group to visit the Society of California Pioneers, the Wells Fargo Bank History Room, National Park Service Western Museums

Laboratory, and the San Francisco Fire Department Museum.

Breakfast Round Tables were an innovation of Saturday morning when ninety eager-to-learn members met at eight o'clock to discuss informally with more experienced specialists topics of mutual concern to most Historical Societies. Conclusions of the two-hour session at each table were reported on the following topics: Community Projects, Membership Dues, Programs for Meetings, Legislative Propositions, Group Tours, Historical Displays, California Heritage Council, Historic Houses Preservation.

"Writing History for Publications" was a panel introduced by Richard Dillon, Librarian, Sutro Library, San Francisco and many interesting anecdotes and behind-the-scene stories of preparing daily columns on historical subjects for the Womens Page of the San Francisco *Chronicle* were told by Millie Robbins; the successful formula for the weekly Sunday feature "Knave" of the Oakland *Tribune* was discussed by its editor, Leonard Verbaarg; W. H. Hutchinson, San Francisco *Chronicle* Book Reviewer and successful author of a number of historical books, emphasized the hard work of such research and writing—a theme supported by the chairman, himself a successful writer, and all panel members.

Concluding luncheon was presided over by George L. Harding, Treasurer and Past-President of the California Historical Society, and a film "Disaster 1906" was shown by courtesy of Studio 16. William Bronson, author of "The Earth Shook, The Sky Burned", on whose script the film is based, answered questions on the techniques of such historical productions.

Dr. Richard Coke Wood, Executive Secretary of the Conference, presided over the Annual Business Meeting. At that time an invitation to meet in San Diego was accepted for 1964 and nine-

teen Regional Vice Presidents were introduced, including Howard Lovely, elected to represent Region Two.

Mr. Lovely is, thus, your Society's representative to the Conference of California Historical Societies for 1963-4. Through him, his work, and your cooperation and support of his work, the Conference can look forward to continuing its strides in stimulating interest in our history, particularly on the local level.

Over the next few years, with the continued active support of all its member societies and growing number of associate members, the Conference

should become a recognized Voice of History in California—political, economic and social. We look forward to becoming the leading organization to foster worthwhile historical projects, sponsor far-seeing legislation for the preservation of historical landmarks, and encourage a respect for and understanding of California's past in a growing California. As one of the largest and most successful Societies in California, we look to Siskiyou County Historical Society for continued leadership and cooperation to help the Conference achieve its aims.

In Memorium

Frank Bascom	February 19	Dunsmuir, California
Mary Betts	October 24	Yreka, California
Kate L. Bickel	May 26	Yreka, California
Tessie Morgan Brown	July 22	Vallejo, California
Harold E. Caldwell	October 29	San Francisco, California
Belle Cavanaugh	October 3	Edgewood, California
Bernice F. Cober	August 14	Ukiah, California
Aaron Cooper	June 17	Yreka, California
Nellie Ruth Cooper	August 21	Yreka, California
Fred Deter	July 12	Montague, California
Lewis M. Foulke	December 2	Yreka, California
Catherine Luddy Fourie	November	Vallejo, California
Lillian M. Harris	April 16	Forks of Salmon, California
Clyde W. Hebard	August 26	Yreka, California
Marie Jenner	March 9	Etna, California
Armeda M. Kaiser	February 8	Oakland, California
Simon Koppes	June 1	Montague, California
J. F. Kronenberg	May 1	Bandon, Oregon
Victor G. Loly	Date Unknown	Anaheim, California
W. D. Mathews, Sr.	July 22	Fort Jones, California
Effie A. Phillips	Date Unknown	Sacramento, California
Jean H. Stuart	March	Medford, Oregon
Dr. Arthur S. Taylor	August 8	Ashland, Oregon
Thomas Washburn	December 14	Coalinga, California
Molly E. Wetzel	September 13	Ottawa, Canada

W. D. MATHEWS

William D. Mathews died on July 22. He was born in Fort Jones on January 4, 1874, the son of L. S. and Ann Mathews, early pioneers of Siskiyou County.

On January 15, 1903, he married Julia Swan who preceded him in death in 1921. One son, Douglas Mathews, also preceded him in death in 1925.

On September 10, 1921, he married Katherine Horn of Yreka who later died.

On January 25, 1936, he married Gertrude Evans Burton of Fort Jones who survives him.

His early life was devoted to farming with his father and brothers and together they pioneered trails into the beautiful Marble Mountain country. After the dissolution of the partnership, he owned and operated the Star Ranch. He served as Supervisor of Siskiyou County during World War I.

He served and took an active part in many community activities, including 19 years as director of the Siskiyou County Fair. In 1933 he became postmaster at Fort Jones and served until retirement at the age of 75.

In 1923 he joined the Masonic Fraternity, devoting much of his time to the study of Masonry and the furtherance of its teaching, being one of the outstanding Past Masters. He was also a Past Patron of Evening Star Chapter No. 10, Order of the Eastern Star.

After his retirement from the post-office, he became judge of the Fort Jones Township and served in that office until serious illness forced his retirement in September 1961.

MRS. KATE L. BICKEL

Mrs. Kate L. Bickel, 85, of Yreka, a native of the Klamath River area and former Siskiyou County Recorder, died on May 26, 1963, in the Siskiyou County General Hospital. She had



LEWIS M. FOULKE

Lewis Morris Foulke, 73, of Yreka, a member of a pioneer Siskiyou County family, passed away on December 2, 1963.

Born at Gazelle on March 4, 1890, he was the son of Lewis and Elizabeth Foulke and was a cattle rancher in the Gazelle and Grenada areas until his retirement several years ago.

He married Miss Christine Turner who preceded him in death in 1948. He later married Helen Ferguson who survives him. He also leaves a daughter, Mrs. Margaret Jane Ruckh of Connecticut, and a son, Robert Lewis Foulke of Newark, California. Nieces and nephews include Mrs. Elizabeth Epperson and Edson L. Foulke Jr., both of Gazelle, and Mrs. Katherine Kozlosky of Astoria.

He took an active part in community affairs, being very active in the Historical Society as Program Chairman during the past two years and has been a contributor of many very fine articles on early day history of Siskiyou County.

been in failing health for the past year.

Born on November 11, 1877, Mrs. Bickel was one of eleven children of Wm. and Mary Falkenstein Kleaver, her mother having been a native of Scott Bar. She was reared in the Scott Bar area. On November 14, 1897, she was married to George L. Bickel of Scott Bar and the couple made their home at Scott Valley and later at Hamburg and Happy Camp. Mr. Bickel died in 1939, and Mrs. Bickel later lived at Fort Jones and Mt. Shasta, coming to Yreka in 1915. She served as Recorder for 16 years, retiring in January of 1943. She was a 36 year member of Stella Chapter No. 30, Order of Eastern Star and a member of the American Legion Auxiliary. She leaves a daughter and son, Mrs. Georgia Bohrmann of Gridley and Dr. Leonard Bickel of Glenburn, a sister, Mrs. Dora Marlahan of Fort Jones, and three brothers, Gus Kleaver of Fort Jones, Dr. George Kleaver of Yreka and Dr. Merritt Kleaver of Dunsmuir.

AARON COOPER

Aaron Cooper, 88, a long time resident of this area and a rancher, passed away on June 17 in the Mt. View Nursing Home in Ashland where he had been confined since last September.

Born March 17, 1875, in Rowan County, Kentucky, he had been a permanent resident of the Yreka area since 1915. He first came to California in 1903 and attended a Masonic Convention in San Francisco. He had been a master mason for 63 years, joining the John C. Breckenridge Lodge in Kentucky on May 11, 1900. Mr. Cooper was a member of the Saint Mark's Episcopal Church and a former vestryman. He married Miss Nellie Calkins of Yreka in 1921.

CLYDE WILLIAM HEBARD

(September 27, 1886-August 27, 1963)

Clyde Hebard, son of Edgar and Maude Hebard, was born near Unity, Clark County, Wisconsin, where he spent most of his early boyhood. His parents then took up a homestead in the new country of northern Wisconsin. Here Clyde grew to manhood, working with his father, who was a stone mason, later learning the meat cutting trade at which he worked for many years.

At the outbreak of World War I he volunteered for service in the thirty-second division and received a commission of first lieutenant in the quartermaster corps.

On being discharged from service, he returned to his home town of Lady-smith, Wisconsin. Here on February 2, 1919, he was united in marriage to Mary McKnight, a teacher of Con-rath, Wisconsin.

In 1926 the Hebards came to the west coast, finally settling at Hilt where Clyde managed the meat market for the Fruit Growers Supply Company for ten years.

In 1936 they moved to Yreka where Mr. Hebard purchased and operated the meat department in Jackson's Gro-ceteria located in the Warren building on South Broadway.

He left the meat business in February of 1941 when he was appointed Chief of Police of the City of Yreka. He served in this capacity for nearly eighteen years.

He was a life member of the Siskiyou County Peace Officers' Association and was active in community and fraternal affairs. He was a member of the Siskiyou county Historical Society, a forty-eight year member and past Noble Grand of the Odd Fellow lodge, past master of Howard Lodge No. 37, Free and Accepted Masons, a member of Cyrus Chapter, Mount Shasta Com-mandery and Ben Ali Temple A.A.O.N.M.S. He was also past

patron of Stella Chapter Order of Eastern Star, a member of the Amaranth, the Modern Woodmen of America, and Ross Neilon American Legion Post, being a past Legion Commander.

Survivors of Mr. Hebard include Mrs. Hebard, a son, James, and daughter, Mrs. Florice Frank, both of Yreka, a daughter, Mrs. Illabess Deter of Grenada; his step-daughter, Mrs. Alice Hebard of Sheldon, Wisconsin; two sisters, Mrs. Clara Shult of Sheldon and Mrs. Cloe Lopat of Portland, Oregon, two brothers, Clarence of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Ralph of South Gate, California, six grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

MRS. ISABELL CAVANAUGH

Mrs. Isabell Cavanaugh, a life time resident of the Edgewood section, passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Caldwell on Thursday, October 3, 1963.

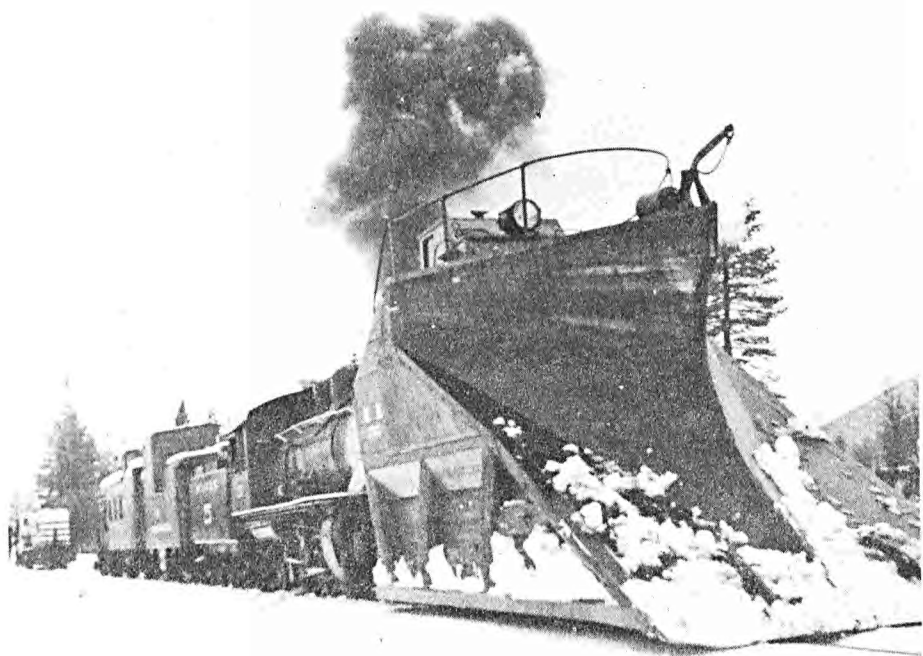
Mrs. Cavanaugh, nee Isabelle Arbaugh, was born January 21, 1865, when Abraham Lincoln was President of the United States. She was born on the Arbaugh Ranch four miles East of Edgewood and now part of the Mills Ranch.

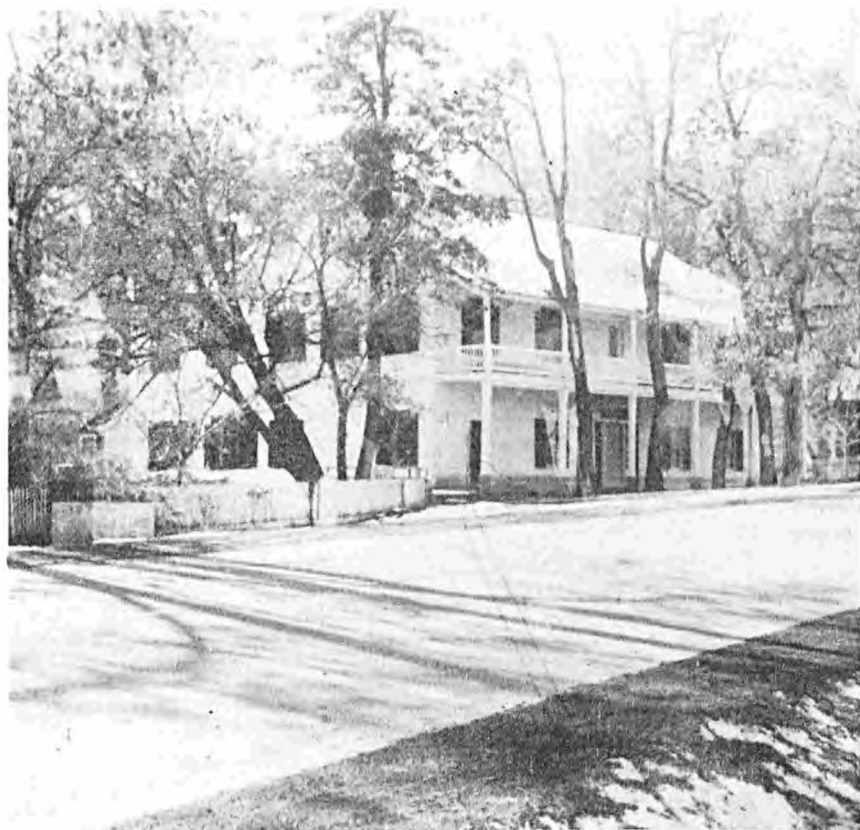
Her father, George Washington Arbaugh, and her mother, Rebecca Graves Arbaugh, were both born in Alabama and came to Siskiyou County in 1855.

Most of Mrs. Cavanaugh's 98 years were spent in Siskiyou County. In 1883 she married Mr. Walter G. Rucker in Yreka. The Ruckers had four children, one of whom died in infancy. The others were Callie Rucker Caldwell, Nora Rucker Hoy, and the late Vern Rucker. The Ruckers lived in Redding and Lassen County for a few years.

In 1897, Isabelle Arbaugh married Richard E. Cavanaugh of Edgewood in Jacksonville, Oregon. They made their home on the Cavanaugh Ranch at Edgewood. Mr. Cavanaugh passed away in 1947. The ranch was later sold, and Mrs. Cavanaugh made her home with her daughters.

Survivors include the two daughters, Mrs. Nora Hoy of Edgewood, and Mrs. Callie Caldwell, also of Edgewood; three grandchildren, Eldon Hoy of Weed, Willard Caldwell of Edgewood; and Harold Caldwell of San Francisco.





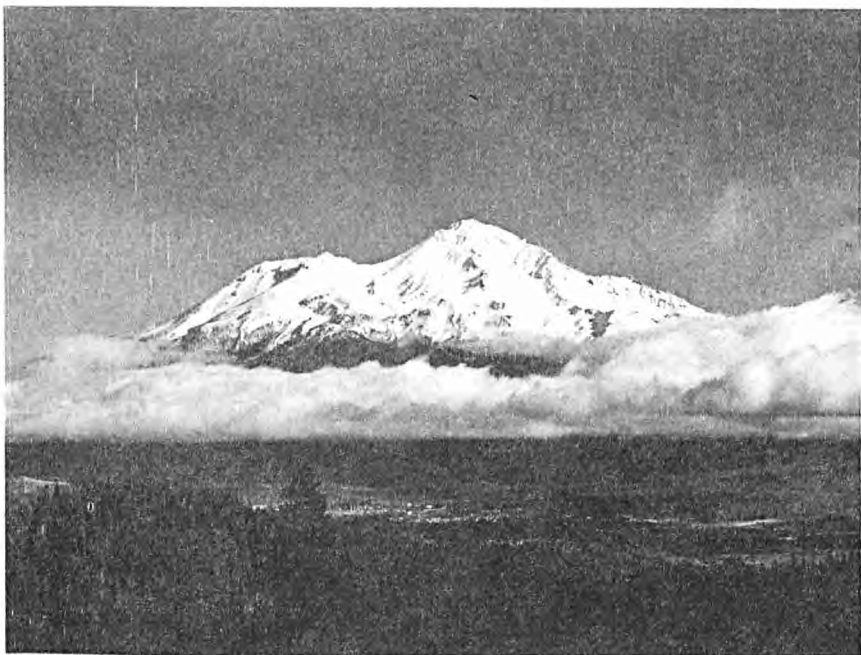
—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

The Forest House
An early day stage stop.

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—courtesy Richard Barney

Mt. Shasta, November, 1962

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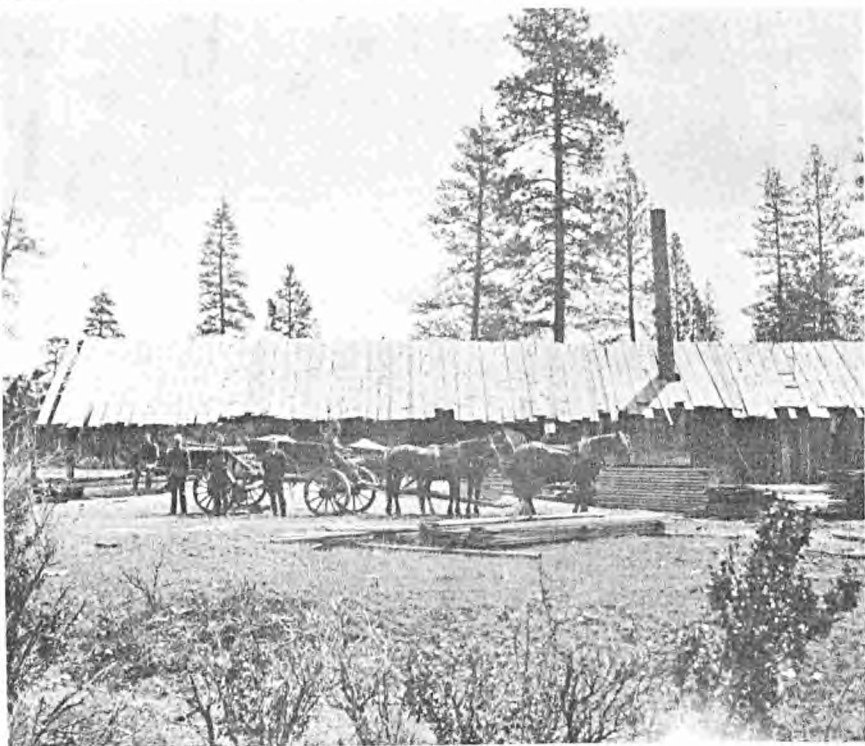
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—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

Logging at Igerna, California
in 1902.



—courtesy Schultz Collection

The Main Street of Chinatown in Yreka on February 4, 1890.

TOWN OF YREKA CITY

Heart of Scenic Siskiyou

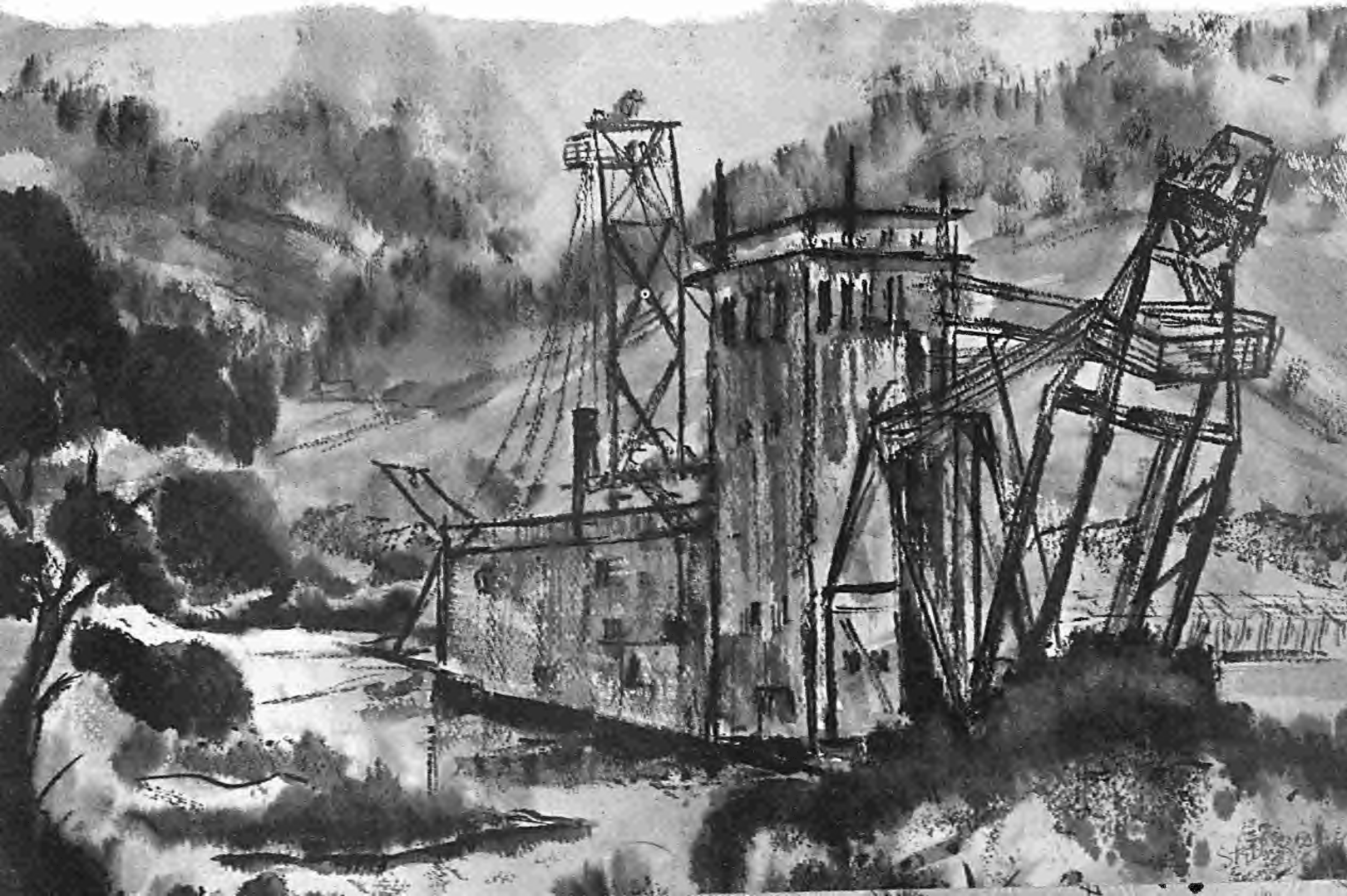


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