



#### THE RICH McADAMS CREEK GOLD FIELD

The creek bottom pictured here was one of the richest fields in the county. This ground was worked over five times. First it was ground sluiced, then drift mined, worked over by Chinese and finally dredged twice.

—Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

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**FOURTH OF JULY PARADE, YREKA, 1904**

Dunsmuir band in dark suits, Yreka band in white.

—Courtesy Herzog Collection

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LOG DECK & TRUCK SHOP, UNITED STATES PLYWOOD CORP.

—Courtesy Ray Kite

# United States Plywood Corporation

CALIFORNIA DIVISION, McCLOUD OPERATION

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MT. SHASTA 1965

—Courtesy J. O. McKinney

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ALFALFA FIELD IN SHASTA VALLEY NEAR MONTAGUE

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**INTERNATIONAL PAPER**  
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**YREKA RAILROAD DEPOT ABOUT 1913**

Shock's dray and hotel bus in foreground.

—Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

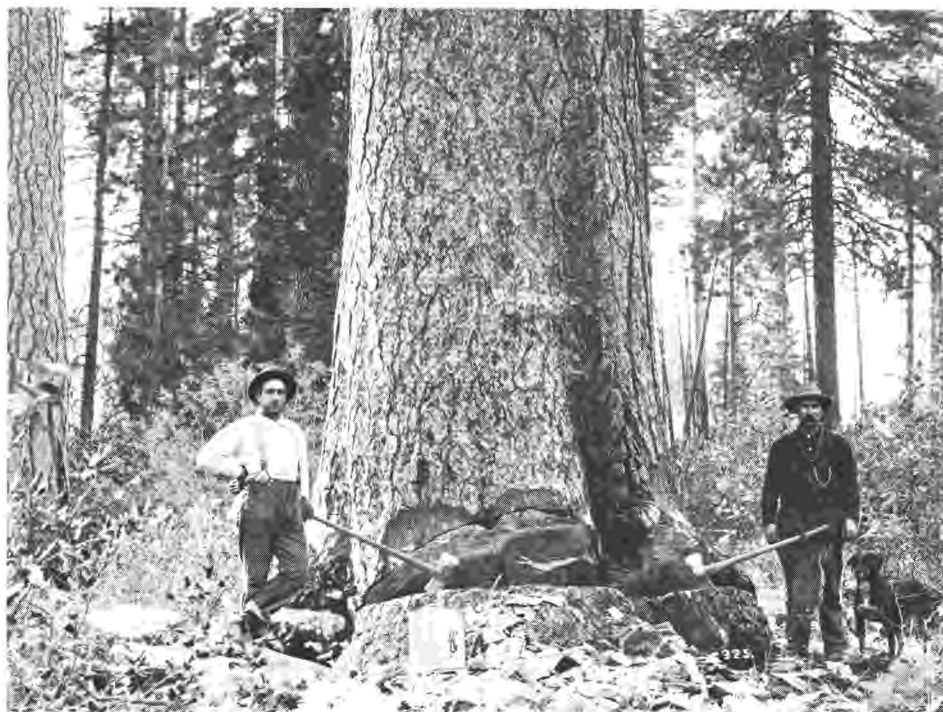
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FALLING PINE IN SISKIYOU COUNTY

—Courtesy Bickel Collection

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**MINER ST., YREKA, 1880's**

Sleigh on intersection of Miner  
and Second St. (Broadway)  
—Courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum





LUMBERING IN SISKIYOU

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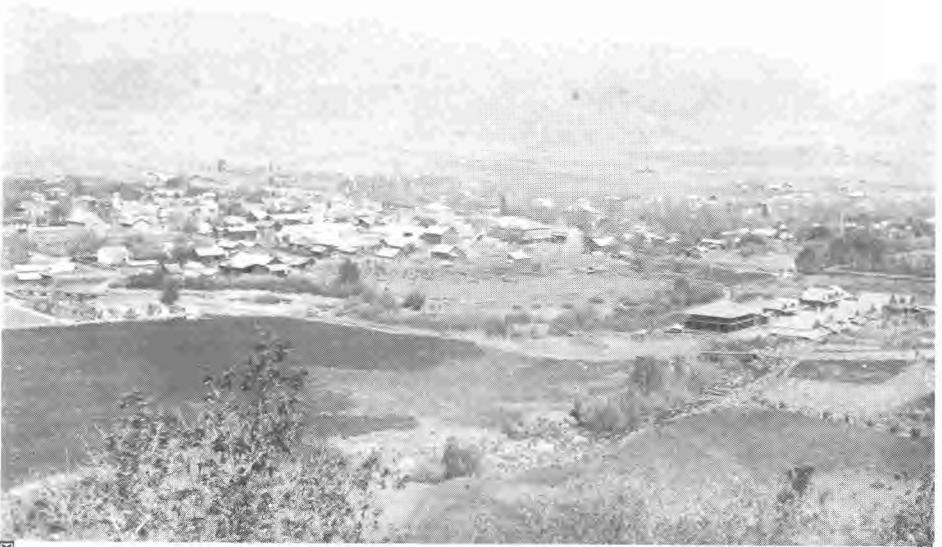
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**YREKA TAKEN IN 1880's**

Court House, Catholic Church, and County Jail on left, Chinatown on right.  
—Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

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YOUR EDITORS — THE TWO HAZELS

## Editors' Page

We, your editors, have taken a great deal of pleasure in editing the 1965 Siskiyou Pioneer and we hope that you will enjoy reading it.

We would especially like to thank Fred Burton, Jr. for writing "The Story of the Forest House" which is our feature story and also for the other stories that he wrote. He made several trips to Sacramento and San Francisco doing research on these stories.

Our thanks also to Ellen Drummond for drawing the picture of the First School House on the Salmon River and to Lottie Ball for the beautiful water color of a manzanita branch that she painted when she was fourteen years old and that graces the Society Activities divider, page 75.

We are also very grateful to all who so kindly wrote stories for this year's publication and to our advertisers who were so very cooperative.

The pictures that we are using, "Courtesy of the Bickel Collection" were used fifty years ago in a brochure issued by the Board of Supervisors and the Panama Pacific International Exposition of Siskiyou County, California.

**Cover Picture: FOREST HOUSE AT THE PEAK OF ITS SOCIAL GLORY (Believed to be about 1875). (Reproduction of a print drawing that hangs in DeYoung Museum in San Francisco). The artist seems to have drawn in an extra pillar, a dog running on one leg.**



CO-EDITORS - - - - - Hazel Pollock  
 Hazel Rider  
 ADVERTISING MANAGERS - - - - - Cleta Pendley  
 Elsa Wetzel

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The Siskiyou Pioneer and Yearbook—publications of the Siskiyou County Historical Society. Copies may be secured through the Secretary, 910 So. Main Street, Yreka, California, and on newsstands throughout the county, price \$2.00. Annual Society membership is \$3.00. Members receive publications free of charge anywhere in the U.S. or Canada.



Forest House about 1915 showing original hitching post. Inset: Ferdinand Grisez, one of original partners in Forest House.



# THE FOREST HOUSE STORY . . .

---

If we may day-dream for a moment and roam over a paragraph or two of probable history before returning to the known, it could be said that it is very likely that it all started this way:

On a warm spring day in 1851, Horace Knight, Ferdinand Grisez and Marshall Short were picking their way along Yreka Creek, above the tributary where the greenhorn made his strike and just southwest of the first Thompson's Dry Diggings.

The rusty haired 25 year old packer had tied the little pack train to some maple trees beside a cold mountain spring. All three men went out to search the bedrock and the small ravines for yellow gold. Meeting back at the spring in the shade of maples they reported each to the other.

Said Short, "Gentlemen, I didn't hit a single color this whole blessed morning."

Grisez: "I got a trace in the first ravine west; but she's not rich enough to interest anyone. I'm guessing that we passed the flow of the lode at that Greenhorn Creek some two miles back."

Horace Knight, then said, "I think you are both right, it took me a lot of shoveling to find color in the red banks on the far side of the creek."

And to this, Short replied, "I'm not a quitter; but somehow I have a feeling I was wrong when I thought I would make my stake at gold mining. It just doesn't seem to be my dish."

Mr. Knight: "You took my own thoughts. I've always had good luck in business. It's not my plan to spend my money looking for what I don't think I can find. Before I go too far I'd like to be back in business; and, I think there is a great opportunity in these parts with all the people around the "Diggings" and mining at Greenhorn Creek and Hawkinsville.

Grisez put in, "I've heard of a settlement called Deadwood that must be just through these hills."

Marshall Short chewed on some jerked

venison and a dry biscuit. The men looked at the hills, the great sugar and yellow pines. A grey squirrel climbed up the maple by the spring. The ground seemed to be busting with growing things. Finally the silence was broken when the strong young packer volunteered his further views, "That fellow Sutter down at the fort in the valley started his business place about 12 years ago. The fort was built in 1839. Look what he's doing now. And the people need a place like that. The immigrants always need a few staples and a place to stop. The miners don't get many of their own provisions aside from wild animals, a few fish and what they can find growing wild. This part of the country needs a place like Sutter's."

"Why don't we do it?" asked Grisez.

The question "We?" came from both of the others at one time.

Then all talking at once, the conversations were about like this: "Where? Why not right here? This is good ground. Short was born and raised in orchard country. This should grow fruit and the good Lord knows how dried fruit, fresh fruit and apple juice sells around a mining camp. The location is right. Look at that forest. Did you ever see such trees? Lumber is no question and I saw brick, clay and limestone just down the road. This spring will be our well. Let's build a stopping place, a house right here above the maples and call it Forest House. I just talked to a fellow at the Dry Diggings who knows about saw mills, his name is Sanford. He's down on his luck, at the moment. Money—we all have some and Horace here, says he can send East for more. Short is the craftsman and can build with lumber. We're partners! Let's pitch camp and start now! Tomorrow we can work some miners who need money for grub."

And, (we think) that is how the Forest House operation started just 13 years after Sutter built his fort. A historic mold was cast in the development of the new state of California.

## Marshall Short . . .

---

By HELEN BROWN ALLEN

This man's vision, ability and driving force caused the Forest House operation to be built and thrive. Other partners contributed time and money; but, Short was the outstanding leader.

Born near Ashland, Ohio on October 6, 1826, he with twelve companions sailed for California in 1850. They crossed the Isthmus of Panama and sailed for San Francisco on "The Oregon" which was the boat bringing word to California of her admission to the Union.

First he mined and ran pack trains in what is now Shasta, Trinity and Siskiyou Counties. He was a craftsman and under his supervision the Forest House and most of the buildings were constructed. He was respected, friendly and conservative, a man of marvelous physique. He was a handsome man with sandy, reddish hair. He never married. Uncle Marshall played cards with the freighters, but was always conservative and never drank to excess. He and partners also had the Union Hotel in Yreka, which was used as an outlet for the Forest House produce.

In 1854 he took a short leave and served for a few months as a volunteer against the Indians in Shasta County in Captain D. C. Johnson's Company.



MARSHALL SHORT

One of three principal partners who were first owners of the Forest House. This man worked at the Forest House from 1851 and died there in 1909. He built the main building and was an orchard expert.

He died at 83 in front of the fire place in the bar room of the Forest House April 10, 1909, after 58 years of building and managing the place he loved so well.

## Horace Knight . . .

---

Although we lack detail of the life of Horace Knight, it is known that he was born in Vermont in 1813, and it is known that he was on upper Yreka Creek in 1851. He was an original partner, active in the establishment and construction of Forest House. The name of this man appears in Book One of Water Rights in the County Recorder's Office.

In the very earliest days of this area land was claimed, later patents issued to Horace Knight and Marshall Short (Forest House)

as well as to their neighbors Louis Schultz (on the old John Walters or Cawley place), Charles Dillstrom (John Martin ranch), Cas Murray had the DeWitt field at Murray turn, Jesse Lester (Caldwell place) and E. C. Spannus (Wm. Shock ranch) at the forks of the roads to Fort Jones and Weed.

Mr. Knight was a public relations man. He and his wife, Elmira, headed up the social activities of Forest House resort, according to newspaper accounts.

He was politically inclined. The Yreka Union of July 26, 1879, said, "If we have to have a Republican as assemblyman of this district, we would just as soon it be Horace as anyone . . . provided he agrees to leave his stock of currant wine in our charge." Mr. Knight was on the committee that met President Hayes when he visited Yreka on April 14, 1881. (Yreka Tribune)

As far back as July 4, 1886 (Union), "Horace Knight of Union Hotel and Forest House thinks Grant will be elected. In fact, he bet Judge Durand of the Bench of

Humburg that Grant will win. The loser is to push the winner in a wheelbarrow from the Union Hotel to the Forest House."

Another item of interest, appeared 101 years ago, "Died at the Forest House on December 12, 1864 of congestion of the brain, Miss Clara A. Knight, daughter of Horace and Elmira Knight, aged 15 years, 8 months."

Upon retiring in 1879, Mr. and Mrs. Knight moved to a Yreka home near the present Siskiyou County museum and finally on to the State of Montana.



CLARA BROWN



ROBERT M. BROWN

Nephew of Marshall Short. Second owner of Forest House. Bought an interest in 1890. Lived there 1895-1909. Full ownership 1908-1909.

## Mr. & Mrs. Robert M. Brown . . .

Robert M. Brown and Clara Brown were born in Ohio and spent their early married life there. Later on they moved to Texas to try their hand at cattle ranching.

In 1890 they came west to California, Mr. Brown being a nephew of Marshall Short acquired an interest in the Forest House where they lived for a few years. They returned to Texas for a short time then returned to live at the Forest House from 1895 until 1908.

They had two daughters Helen Brown and Elizabeth Brown.



HELEN BROWN AND ELIZABETH BROWN and horse cart pulled by "Babe". Carrie Gale (by post), Mrs. Clara Brown (behind horse). About 1900.

## Fred C. Burton -- 1909 to Now . . .



FRED C. BURTON, 1906

Three years before he bought Forest House

Fred C. Burton, Sr. spent some 56 of his 86 years as owner and operator of the old teamsters' stop. Without a bit of Fred C. Burton, the Forest House story would be very incomplete.

He was born on the family homestead in Scott Valley March 28, 1879, one of Stephen T. Burton's twelve children. His mother, Sarah Shelley Burton died before he reached the age of ten.

Stephen Burton, a 16 year old boy, had crossed the plains by wagon in 1863. He remembered the toll road or Shasta-Scott Valley Turnpike on Fort Jones Mountain. He told of a \$100.00 greenback that his mother had sewed into his shirt. Stephen Burton sought to cash the bill at Forest House; but, the owners wanted to discount it, saying that the currency of both the Union and Confederate states was unstable because of the Civil War then being waged. He sent the bill back home and ultimately received 100 cents on the dollar. His

second wife was Annie Murray daughter of Cas Murray who settled near Yreka on Fort Jones Road.

Fred C. Burton's mother, Sarah Shelley Burton, was the daughter of William Shelley who started Cheeseville in Scott Valley (present Jo Johnson ranch). He also ran businesses at Greenview and in Oro Fino. Twice he crossed the plains—once in the early 1850's—then he went back to Iowa, married Martha Polk, a cousin of the president, and crossed the plains a second time in 1859 when Sarah was two years of age.

In early life Fred Burton, Sr., worked on Scott Valley farms, in various mines including the McKean Mine, The Sheba and The Morrison Carlock. He married Gertrude Bryan, June 7, 1907, in Yreka, and immediately left for Nome, Alaska, where he became mine foreman of the Miocene Ditch Company a placer operation. Shortly after returning to Siskiyou County he bought the Forest House Ranch. He arrived via thorough-brace wagon September 14, 1909, to start the cattle operation that he runs today.



GERTRUDE BURTON

In yard of her home, about 1933.

# Gertrude Bryan Burton . . .

Gertrude Claire Burton was born near Fort Jones on May 18, 1880. She was one of nine children born to James and Mary F. Bryan.

Her father, Sergeant James Bryan was stationed at the old Fort. He belonged to Company E, 4th Infantry, U.S. Grant's Regiment. He arrived in Fort Jones in 1852 having traveled by boat to Panama, marched across the Isthmus, sailed to San Francisco and then on the Vancouver from which Port he came to Scott Valley.

In 1864 he married Mary Fragley in Old St. Mary's Church in San Francisco. She had crossed the Isthmus in a rick-a-shaw pulled by a colored man. After the wedding she rode a horse to Fort Jones where her husband had his ranch.

Their daughter Gertrude and Fred C. Burton were married in 1907.

After two years in Alaska they, the Burtons, returned to Siskiyou to make their home at the Forest House. It was here that their three children, Homer, Fred Jr. and Patricia were born. She became the proud grandmother of seven grandchildren.

Gertrude Burton passed away July 29, 1961.

She had been loaned to us for many years,

This mother kind and dear,  
She has taught us many lessons  
While she journeyed with us here.  
Her life was earnest, her action kind.  
A generous hand, an active mind,  
Anxious to please, loath to offend—  
A loving mother and a faithful friend.

Russell.

Your editors knew this dear lady and loved her as one of their own, having known her from the time they were little girls.

In this poem written by Clara Hovey Russell, they have found a perfect tribute to her.



GERTRUDE BRYAN BURTON, 1906  
Three years before buying Forest House.  
(Graduation picture, Chico Normal)

# The Saw Mill . . .

## The Lumber and Box Industry Starts

The saw mill at the Forest House was a vital part of all that developed there and in the area about. Was it the first mill in Siskiyou County? At least, it recorded a substantial production as early at 1852.

A few weeks ago the present owner of this place, Fred C. Burton, showed the writer the old ox skid road. Still visible, near the present Scout camp ground, the ditch-like trail is grown up with trees of later growth. To show the trails age, it is noted that some trees of considerable diameter grow from the bottom of the trail; but, the trail of the logs being pulled by oxen to the mill is yet clear. In this trail we have found a number of oxen shoes.

The saw mill itself was built near and up creek from the ice house. The late Alex Roseborough, a Siskiyou County historian, life long resident and son of a pioneer judge, in 1950 wrote of this mill, "D.P. Sanborn, a former timberman, decided to start a sawmill at the foot of the mountain on the Yreka side, just below great virgin forests of pine and sugar pine, to fill a clamor for lumber at Yreka and the other mining districts and for homes and barns on the farms now beginning. Shortly the saws echoed a new sound into the neighboring gulches and the growing piles of beautiful pine lumber were used to build the resort. The builders of the tavern needed the entire production. A great fire visited Yreka in 1854, practically the entire town was wiped out. Kelly and Kline, carpenters in town, rushed out to try and secure this lumber, offering \$16,000.00 for it on the ground. The offer was refused and the owners of the Forest House kept on building."

Perhaps the Forest House gets its name from the groves of beautiful trees that must then have grown around it. The main house as originally constructed was of clear knotless sugar pine lumber cut to dimensions as exact as those of the most modern

mills. The mill wright must have been a mechanical genius to cut long true boards of ship lathe as he did. The work of this perfectionist is still observable in the old siding on the buildings. He also cut the lumber for the thousands of fruit boxes required to handle the orchard production. A special 50'x30' box house and wood working building was constructed for box production, barrel repair and general carpentry.

Although the greatest pines have long been cut and used, the forest about the place grows on.

The production of firewood was a major industry around Yreka until nearly 1930 when oil, gas and electricity replaced most of the wood burning stoves.

Fred Burton, Sr. from this forest produced as much as 1400 cord of wood in a single year. The remains of many wood cutters' cabins can still be found in the gulches. Many families were employed to cut wood. It took a good man a hard day to produce as much as a piled cord and a half of four foot wood with cross-cut saw and ax. It was not an unusual sight to see four wagons loaded with cord wood on the road to supply the needs of Yreka's schools, homes, court house and business places.

Forest fires on the slopes took their toll; but, human consumption was far greater. Most fires were quickly controlled. In the earlier days fires were allowed to burn. The Yreka Union of July 28, 1866 reports: "For several days past a fire has been raging in the mountains above the Forest House and the atmosphere is dense with smoke."

Other saw mills were located in the nearby hills. The saw dust pile of the old Lamb Mill at the head of Mill Creek on Soap Creek ridge is so old that it now has the appearance of blue mud. On April 5, 1879 the Yreka Union reported that Messrs. Deacon Lee and Lamb will start up their mill on Greenhorn divide in a few

## Wines and Vineyards . . .

The grape vines at this mountain inn were planted early in California history. A number of acres of grapes were located due east of the main barns. Of course, this was not the only vineyard in the neighborhood. Dr. Julien at Grenada a few miles away had acres of grapes. He was a capable European Viniculturist according to newspaper accounts printed October 5, 1870



The above is a photo of an old bottle label found in the Forest House. No one seems to remember just how Champagne Cider differs from Cider.

and January 22, 1879. In 1870 he made 600 gallons of claret not to mention his other brands.

To keep up with such stiff competition the management of Forest House vineyards took in one Frank Montre, also from France, who devoted most of his time and attention to the making of many kinds of wines and spirits.



The above is a photo of a bottle label for Currant Wine from the Forest House garden. Note the attempt to justify its use for medicinal purposes.

weeks. Mr. Deacon Lee also built a first saw mill on the mountain above the peach orchard near the confluence of Soap Creek and Moffett Creek.

The saw mill at the Forest House was run with water power. The water in the ice pond as well as a mill pond on Yreka Creek was used to get a "head" through the water gates, wooden pipes and flumes to turn the saws. The ice pond and the wings of the creek dam can still be seen.

However, in early times there were other products of this forest. A principal item was rails for the fences of Scott and Shasta Valleys. Metal fencing was rare and expensive. Red cedar trees on the rocky slopes were turned into thousands of rails used on the place and hauled to market.

Shakes and even shingles were made at Forest House.



**FRED C. BURTON**, Third Owner of the Forest House, 1909 to Present. Indian baskets given his wife by natives. Baskets are on the old wooden bar in bar room. Note wooden peg gun rack.



**EARLY DAY STEREOSCOPE PICTURE OF FOREST HOUSE ORCHARDS.**

This is the most historic photo of the old place. It shows the mountain inn when it was 120 feet long. Orchard in left front foreground is newly planted. Shows the many orchards. Light spot at left by large tree is ice pond or ice house. Road up center of picture is ox road to saw mill. This shows one stable and hay barn, the carriage shed and bunk house. A number of buildings hidden by trees. Orchards extended about one-half mile below these areas.—Stereoscope in Arthur Cox collection.



# California's Largest Orchard . . .

---

The original partners in Forest House Gardens, Knight, Grisez and Short, had the largest orchard in California soon after they started their operation. Marshall Short was an expert with trees. It was said that he could identify the variety of apples by simply looking at a branch of leaves brought to him. The men in the orchards often tested his ability in this way. And varieties they did have: Baldwin, Delicious, Jonathon, Pippen, Spitzenberg, Bell Flowers, Gravensteins, Winesaps, Astercans, Smith Cider, Greenlings, Crab-apples and many others.

In 1863 and 64 fruit was plentiful. Some of the trees had been planted in the early fifties as soon as land was cleared. Most of the original trees were packed in on mule back from Oregon—some on an oxen pulled wagon.

At least 10,000 apple trees were in production at one time to say nothing of several thousand other types of fruit. (Union Newspaper, August 19, 1867).

A newspaper of April 16, 1863 reports the planting of "3,000 more trees."

## NURSERY

The nursery business was secondary. The Yreka Journal of May 4, 1864 states, "a choice lot of 6—10 thousand fruit trees comprising apples, pear, peach, plum, apricot, nectarines and smaller fruits are for sale at reasonable rates at the Forest House. These are the choicest grafted and budded selections. Knight and Co."

Various walnuts and even almonds from a small grove of such trees were sold to the public. Marshall Short, the man with the green thumb, had various types of berries growing here and there in the corners of rail fences or wherever he could get seed, water and earth together.

There were currants in abundance—even enough for currant wine. Elderberries, blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries and strawberries. The fine strawberries of this

place were mentioned in the Journal of June 2, 1865.

Cherries, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, prunes and other fruits were harvested in great abundance and variety. Forest House cherry trees were a sight to see on June 27, 1874, (Union). Pears included Bartletts, Winter Nellies, Sugar pears, Cow pears, Comice and Seckel.

Fresh fruit of all kinds was sold in boxes made at the box factory. As we go to press we cannot find the one original label we had for a "Forest House Apple" box. At least five peddling wagons were run out to other parts of Siskiyou County. The present owner of the property, then a small boy, can remember when Arthur Cox sold his father in Quartz Valley a water bucket filled with grapes from such a delivery wagon. (Estimated 80 years ago).

In 1869 a number of wagons headed out to White Pine with orchard products, including boiled cider, canned fruit and the like.

(Union May 1, 1869). In the fall of the previous year, (Nov. 14, 1868) 20,000 pounds of apples were shipped to Surprise Valley.

One old resident, Harry H. Green, claimed that he witnessed the sale of Forest House apples on a train in the state of New York.

They have also an immense quantity of choice apple butter and preserved fruits. Their enterprise deserves liberal patronage to encourage home industry.

Those people on Fort Jones road out of Yreka are still making vinegar. The quantity is down, the quality is excellent.

The peach orchard is long gone; but, in its hey day Forest House peach and apple vinegars graced the tables of the better homes. Numerous newspaper accounts through this last century of history record these facts with comments such as, "Forest House orchards have started their annual production of cider and vinegars. Their

Yreka, Siskiyou Co., Cal. Feb. 14, 1898

Mr Alfred Lee

60 FOREST HOUSE, Dr.

T. SHORT & CO., Proprietors.

All Orders promptly attended to.

SCOTT VALLEY ROAD, FIVE MILES SOUTH OF YREKA.

1893	Sept 1	20 35" shoulder 24" side meat @ 13.50	7.30
	23	1 Bull, 2 <sup>00</sup> plums, 1 <sup>00</sup> pears, 1 <sup>00</sup> apple	25.00
	Oct 23	1 Box peaches 1 <sup>00</sup> 25 / 2 Boxes apple 1 <sup>00</sup>	2.00
	Dec 12	2 Boxes apple	1.25
1894	May 2	500 <sup>00</sup> potatoes 17 / 100 <sup>00</sup> dried fruit 9 <sup>00</sup>	14.00
	June 20	40 <sup>00</sup> cherries 4 <sup>00</sup> July 15 / 10 <sup>00</sup> dried peaches 1 <sup>00</sup>	4.00
	Sept 15	Apples and Bartlett Pears 2.50 / 20 / Bartlett Pears 1 <sup>00</sup>	3.50
	Oct 2	80 <sup>00</sup> apples Nov. 24 / Box apple 1 <sup>00</sup>	1.30
			17.45

cider is a recognized beverage of the country, their vinegar a splendid article."

May 31, 1873 "Messrs, Knight and Co. have on hand about 5,000 gallons of cider in every stage of advancement toward vinegar.

There is a heavy demand on their cider vinegar; and, it is constantly on the increase."

Surplus fruit was not to be wasted. Cider in all stages of hardness tickled the taste buds of those who sought to quench their thirst at the Forest House bar or elsewhere.

Arthur Cox, the foreman of the orchards, told me how cider was made utilizing the power of a horse that walked around and around hitched to a pole that turned down the screw press onto the mashed apples. He had a little poem about it. One line was: "A horse named Schneider made the apple cider."

Wines and other fruit juices were produced and sold by the gallon or by the

drink.

I always believed that smudging was a new thought in the orchard business until I read:

"May 15, 1865, Yreka Journal. During the heavy frost a few weeks ago the Forest House folks saved their peach trees from loss of fruit by building fires under them. Upwards of 2,000 fires were blazing, presenting a grand and novel sight rendered particularly so by the darkness prevailing at the time. About the 25th or 26th of the present month the final cold spell of the season occurs."

As reason will tell you, it was most important that those who lived in the early days of California have dried fruits. They would last. They were easy to transport. Therefore an "evaporator" or dry house was built. Here as many as thirty girls at a time were put to work, peeling, cutting, sorting, drying, boxing and pressing the various fruits.





#### FRUIT DRYER

Fruit was dried in this "evaporator". Fruit was prepared and placed on trays, then dried over a wood furnace. Hundreds of trays could be dried at a time, being elevated through the belfry. Torn down in 1963. Part of old furnace shown in bottom picture (barrel-like object in foreground).

be little fruit that year. "They will have some blackberries, a few currants, peaches and apples, but not to amount to anything."

Similar varied news reports were noted well into this century by the writer while researching.

It was only natural to the thrifty owners that some of the fruit produced would be canned to satisfy a different market. The cannery was located in front of the evaporator and closer to the creek. It consisted of wood heated copper kettles and some cast iron vats. Here fruits were canned into glass jars.

An unmailed letter of Marshall Short's to G. W. Meade Co. in San Francisco dated March 6, 1883 indicates that substantial

sales of Forest House canned fruits were made out of the county. Helen Brown Allen writes that even at the turn of the century most of the canned items were sold outside Siskiyou County; but, local trade was never shorted.

January 24, 1868 (mid-winter) Yreka Journal—"Knights and Co. have been bringing in their fruit from the Forest House this week which they offer for sale at the Union Hotel towards those who have lost their winter stock by frost and all others who may desire them.

They have over 500 boxes of the finest apples which they preserved in the finest condition in their saw dust lined warehouse.

UNITED STATES INTERNAL REVENUE.

RETURN OF GAUGER OF BRANDY FROM FRUIT.

To be made in duplicate daily on the days when gauging is performed: one copy to be sent to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, one copy to the Collector of the District, and one copy to be handed to the Distiller.

RETURN OF BRANDY gauged at Fruit Distillery No. 38, in the 2<sup>d</sup> District of Calif., operated by Knight & Short for the 12<sup>th</sup> day of Decr, 1875.

TOB VOLUM GAUGED	Actual Number of Packages.	Total Capacity of Packages. (in gallons)	Actual Wineage.	Indication.	Temperature.	Correction of Volume.	Net Wine Gallons Outlets.	Proof.	Proof Gallons.	Taxable Gallons.	Amount of Tax.	Kind of Brandy.
Knight & Short	16	15		102 1/2	32 1/2	3	18	104	15.75	16	11.30	Apple
	17	13 1/2		102 1/2	"	3	13 1/2	104	16.23	26	11.30	
	15	10		72	"	3	10	100	10	10	9.20	
	17	12		110	"	3	12	112	27.00	27	32.40	

The above is a Tax Return on Brandy distilled at the Forest House in 1875. Note that the proof is as high as 114.

## Distillery . . .

It was an inevitable step. The resourceful owners of these orchards put in a distillery. In the day of the origin it was the only licensed distillery north of Sacramento.

"A new enterprise—Messrs. Knight and Short of the Forest House are about to engage in the manufacture of liquors from their surplus fruits. The fruit they have on hand, in excess of the demand of the market is above all computation. To prevent this from going to waste and at the same time supply a want of the home market, and thus

to some extent prevent the drain of coin from the country, they have determined to put up a distillery and try the manufacture of liquors.

They have already their house for the purpose erected. It is 30 feet one way by 36 the other. Their still will be on the ground in a day or two and it will be set up at once. In the course of a few days or a week at the farthest, the work of distilling will commence."

Yreka Union, December 12, 1874.



PHOTO OF ICE HOUSE

Chunks of ice were slid down planks from the ice pond into the sawdust through the window shown here.

## Ice . . .

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There is no record of the year of first ice production at the mountain house. We surmise that the pond was dug by hand and with fresno scraper in the early 1850's to build up the head of water for the saw mill, and that when winter came the first ice was available.

An article was noted in the Yreka Journal under the date line, May 13, 1863, as follows: "Mr. Short of the Forest House furnishes an excellent quality of ice to customers in Yreka."

Before the days of electricity the old ice box was a luxury only in the best of homes. Ice was in great demand not only to cool father's beer and butter but all the meats and produce of the day.

Friday, January 24, 1868, "Last Saturday through the favor of Messrs., Bancroft and

Martin of the New York Livery Stable we were treated to a ride in their new superb sleigh built by L. Swan and which glided along smoothly behind a fast team decorated with merry sleigh bells. At the Forest House, Mr. and Mrs. Knight made themselves very agreeable and accommodating to visitors thereby rendering their place a pleasant resort for sleighing parties.

During our visit we took a look at the reservoir from which they produce ice and found it to be a large body of pure spring water. Six men were busy sawing and cutting up cakes of ice about a foot and one-half square and from 8" to 10" thick.

This was the second crop taken from the reservoir which completely fills their ice house capable of holding 300 tons; and, there is a third crop almost ready for the

cutting which probably will not be troubled for want of a suitable place to store it."

How was the ice made? The pond is located in a ravine where the winter sun seldom hits. If the winter was warm the ice that formed was flooded top and bottom to add a new layer on top and fill up the air space just under the ice so there would be contact between ice and water to make a new layer below. The best ice was formed below. Sometimes it was not necessary to flood the top. Top flooding made "white" ice because there were more air bubbles in it. Winters are as cold now as they were then. It is just that these pioneers knew how to make ice.

The ice house as remodeled about 1900 still stands. Ice tongs, ice saws and the necessary equipment are still about. This product was being made and stored for over two decades of this century.

When the ice was cut, the cakes would be floated to a chute and slid down into the sawdust pile in the ice house, where it was

stacked and made solid as men threw buckets of water on the piles of ice before the freezing temperatures of the day or night. If all was right the piles froze solid and would keep under a few inches of sawdust cover. This writer has seen ice in the old rock and mortar building last as long as 24 months. Two years after the water froze we made Fourth of July ice cream.

Marshall Short had a fine sense of humor. Furthermore, he knew how to get a bit of free publicity. On one occasion he gave the local editor a load of ice. But, he had it unloaded in such a manner as to block a door and keep the newsman in his office. The practical joke had the practical effect of getting Forest House ice and produce mentioned in many issues of newspapers of that era. Also, there are some clear indications that "Uncle Marshall" and "Uncle Knight" frequently gave the newsmen bottled items from the Forest House to go with the ice.

## Stable . . .

The horse and carriage shed was built at the same time that the main house was constructed. Later three other hay barns were built to contain the hay for the freighters, stages and other travellers with horses. A blacksmith shop was always available for the horses that needed shoeing.

Even after 1909, many were the nights when the proprietor of the stopping house would be called on to supply an extra team to pull a load up the grade through mud or snow. Fred Burton, Sr. often "walked" a team to the top of the Yreka mountain, where he would cut down a tree and drag it down the old toll road to make track for the wagons and vehicles on the move.

One year, three or four loaded Richman freighters were parked the entire winter in front of the old stop because there was no rush for the loads and deep snow blocked the pass.

The hub marks of the freighters can still be seen on the locust and maple trees in front of the Forest House.



This picture shows the stable at the Forest House and the bunk house at the left. The date of this picture is unknown, but it was sometime before 1900. The man on the cart is unknown. The tying shed was later increased in height by the present owner and made into a ranch hay barn and stable.



**FOREST HOUSE GARDENS ABOUT 1916**  
Fred W. Burton (the short one), and Homer Bryan Burton



**THE UNION HOTEL WAS RUN IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE FOREST HOUSE**  
Union Hotel was located on Southwest Corner of Main and Miner Streets, Yreka.  
(Present location of Kinney Shell Station.)

—Courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum



## Forest House Gardens and Restaurant . . .

The earliest history refers to this place as a garden. It must have been for here every available plot was put to seed.

The horse radish patch down by the bath house has finally given up its strong ghost after some one hundred years. The last plants of what appeared to be a very ample supply have now disappeared.

The Brown girls remember the sacks and sacks of fine potatoes produced for sale while they lived here.

Asparagus still volunteers tender shoots along the fences where it must have been planted so many years ago.

Rhubarb and all the other vegetables including melons, corn, squash, pumpkins, onions, carrots, turnips and the rest were planted, thrived and were sold to Messrs. Knight and Short. The Union Hotel was run in conjunction with the Forest House accommodations. The restaurants of both places drew on the garden production.

An advertisement in the Yreka Journal of August 23, 1867 reads as follows:

### "THE FOREST HOUSE

"Five miles from town will be kept by the above named firm the very best accommodations.

## A Bath House . . .

Today we forget that a bath was once an event of the week, month or lifetime depending on the customer. Now, even in the 1860's a first class stopping place would have a bath house somewhere about. The Forest House Hotel was no exception.

Early in its history a bath house was built behind the big old main building. In fact, it is still there. And, being a proper place, there was a side for the ladies and a side for the men, each equipped with the latest galvanized tin bath tub complete with a wood railing around the top.

Somewhere along the line, a wood burning steam engine and boiler was acquired

### THE TABLE

will be constantly supplied with all the luxuries the country affords and the finest quality of fruit and vegetables cultivated at the Forest House orchard and gardens.

### WINES LIQUORS CIGARS"

And, so it continued to be, well into the present century meals and accommodations were provided to the men who drove the herds of cattle and the last of the horse drawn wagons. Until 1940 some cattlemen continued to drive animals to the rail heads at Montague, Gazelle, or Grenada. Better roads and good, big trucks closed this type of specialized catering.

This writer remembers with amazement the ability of his remarkable mother who could sort box after box of apples or pears on the back porch and throughout the same day always have a family style meal ready on the old wood range for any number of teamsters or cowmen, (expected and unexpected). How she found time even with the aid of a house girl, to wash, cook, sort apples, smile with and care for the traveling public, their meals and lodging, look out for the family, keep the books and tend the big old house, I will never know.

and then they had a "modern" bath house supplied with hot water from the little monster that looked like a twelve foot train engine complete with a noisy steam whistle, smoke stack and big flat fly wheel to which could be attached a belt to cut the many cords of wood required to run such a complex commercial enterprise.

Current owners of the old place enjoyed the perils of a galvanized tin tub. When the hot water was first poured in by tea kettle it burned your seat. Usually the thin tin cooled as quickly as it heated, and the bather didn't spend the winter in a leisurely tub.



#### CATTLE DRIVES TO FOREST HOUSE

Herds and cowboys would sometimes string out as much as three miles, with leaders at F.H. corrals and end of herd at Greenhorn School (and vice versa, depending on which way herd was being moved).

## Cattle Stop . . .

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Herds of cattle, horses, sheep and even pigs were driven from Scott Valley to the Forest House Ranch, for over night stops, before being driven on to market. This practice dates back to the time when the first livestock for market were raised in the Valley.

Reports of big cattle movements through the county date back, at least, as far as August 10, 1867 when between 2,400 and 2,500 head were moved through Yreka to the southern valleys.

The first indication of a drive involving the Forest House was that of old Charles Hammond who sold between 500 and 600 head to Mr. Sweetman of Petaluma for \$24.00 each on April 24, 1869 (Yreka Union).

In the seventy years that followed the old ranchers of Scott Valley drove to market and later to rail head over this route. Thousands of head were corralled and fed at Forest House. The biggest drive remem-

bered was that of Walker Bros. Around 1920 they moved 1,600 head of Mexican cattle into the valley.

Riders for the families of Wolford, Jenners, Haydens, Wagners, Mulloy, Davidson, Marlahan, Kurt, Bryan, Mathews, Hammonds and the many others spent the nights in the old bunk rooms.

Here was another and a good source of income to the owners of the Forest House. Hay was sold for the herds and horses; the riders were put up. If the walls of the old home could only repeat the stories of these men, and recite the eventful experiences of those good old days.

One cowman got out the poker chips in the old bar room and started a little game. Three days later at the rail head in Montague the game was still going on; the man who started the game lost all the money that he was paid for his herd (a tidy sum) before returning home to start another crop.

## Brick and Lime . . .

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The Forest House was built with materials from the land about it. The lumber and timbers, the brick, as well as lime for plaster in walls and mortar joints in the great brick chimneys all were manufactured in the immediate area.

Lime kilns were built and operated by various persons throughout the years in "Lime Gulch" about 1½ miles below the resort. From these mines and kilns lime was shipped to Trinity County and elsewhere. (Yreka Union Dec. 12, 1874).

"Messrs. Dudley and Fred Stockslager have just completed the burning of a kiln of lime containing about 400 bushels. They burned the lime in a gulch a short distance this side of the Forest House where they have a quarry of limestone.

They say the stone from the quarry makes better lime than any stone they have heretofore used."

One member of the old Fred Stockslager family, a daughter, still resides on Greenhorn. She is Mrs. Minnie Marlow.

Mr. Ernest C. Spannus who owned land nearby shipped 3,500 pounds of lime from this deposit to Trinity Center according to the Union Newspaper of December 12, 1874.

Brick clay was readily available and all brick required by Knight, Short and Grisez were fired in kilns near the old orchards.



Programme.

1. Grand March
2. Quadrille
3. Quadrille
4. Waltz
5. Quadrille
6. Schottische
7. Quadrille, Lancers
8. Mazourka
9. Fireman's Dance
10. Waltz

Programme.

11. Quadrille
12. Polka
13. Quadrille
14. Schottische
15. Quadrille
16. Waltz
17. Quadrille, Lancers
18. Spanish Dance
19. Quadrille
20. Waltz

1882  
 Tuesday Evening, July 4th.  
 ON  
 FOREST HOUSE.  
 AT  
 BALLY  
 ANNIVERSARY  
 GRAND

1776-1882  
 106th  
 ANNIVERSARY

FLOOR MANAGERS

Foot James	Yreka
Chris Hall	John Lodge
Sam'l Davidson	A. Nichols
Geo Finn	W. H. Jackson
E. S. Hooper	Thos. Young
A. T. Wright	Edw. Yarnall
Callahan	Walter Martin
E. W. Goodwin	John Parker
T. F. Masterson	

Shoet & Vallier,  
 PROPRIETORS

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Shoet & Vallier,  
 PROPRIETORS

CENTENNIAL BALL.  
 No. 284  
 Supper Ticket.

This is a photo of a dance program for an Anniversary Ball on July 4, 1882 and a supper ticket for a dance in 1879 (the start of our second century of independence).

## Social Life . . .

Early in its history the Forest House gained fame as a place for social events. The New Years Party of 1862 was worthy of print.

The Union paper of February 10, 1864 is quoted, "Messrs. Knight and Short of the Forest House inform us they intend to give a ball on the 22nd inst. in honor of Washington's birthday. The Forest House is a place of popular resort. It has the best dancing hall in the country and none who are fond of pleasant, healthful, innocent recreation or who dance to properly celebrate the natal day of the father of his country should fail to be at the Forest House on the 22nd."

May 4, 1864, "The Ball at the Forest House on the 26th of April in celebration of IOOF anniversary was well attended and passed off more pleasantly than any party that has been given in a long time. All the buggies and a number of stages were brought into requisition to convey attendants. Much credit is due our friend Horace Knight and his associates and Mrs. Knight for their exertions in making it the grand ball of the season."

January 31, 1868 (Journal) "Another of those pleasant parties came off at the Forest House on last Friday evening. This one was under the auspices of the residents of Greenhorn. The supper, the music, the dancing, the ladies were all greatly and justly admired."

January 29, 1876, "On Tuesday evening last a large number of our young people—and old ones for that matter—got up a sleighing party and taking their music along went out to the Forest House and had a dance.

"A sleigh was engaged and rigged out with sheep and cow bells or anything that would make a noise. A party of young folks went out in the four horse sleigh that the old California and Oregon Stage Co. used to run over Scott Mountain.

"Messrs. Allen, Sandy and LeMay furnished the music, and from the fact that the

dancing was kept up until about 3:00 o'clock A.M. we judge it must have been sweet and inspiring.

"We were not there ourselves but judging from the way parties who were there smacked their lips, we conclude that it must have been something extra that Messrs. Knight and Short furnished."

This mountain resort was reported to be the finest North of Sacramento in those early days. It was the place to go if you were to have a society wedding.

"Married at the Forest House on Sunday, April 17, 1864 by Hon. A. M. Rosborough—A. P. McCarton to Miss Armanda Fisk of this city."

"Married at the Forest House on Sunday, December 6, 1866 by Rev. W. H. Cain, James A. Diggles of Scott Valley to Miss Annie M. Hinckly of the same place."

Before 1900 our county papers list many social activities here—sleighing parties, dances, weddings, picnics and general get-togethers. The resort was called the "Eden of Siskiyou and a place of ease, luxury and comfort."



Rock Crystal Chandeliers with kerosene lamps from the Ballroom of the Forest House.

## A \$75,000 Place

# The Chain of Ownership . . .

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Ownership of Forest House enterprises through the years is here mentioned to make this story complete. As elsewhere stated, the original and principal owners were Marshall Short, Horace Knight and Ferdinand Grisez. Their possession came into being in 1851. Land was available for the claiming. Knight and Grisez disposed of their interests on October 22, 1890 to R. M. Brown. Most of the ownership of Marshall Short was kept until November 8, 1908 when the aging man conveyed total ownership to his nephew, R. M. Brown. Previously, in 1879 Horace and Almyra Knight sold out to Short.

The second owner, R. M. Brown, in turn sold to the present owner, Fred C. Burton by deed dated September 11, 1909. Mr. Short died in the house he built in 1909. Thus, the lives of Marshall Short and Fred C. Burton span the history of the great old place.

The names of others interested in this mountain house operation appear in the

county recording throughout the last half of the 1800's. Ferdinand Grisez apparently was a silent partner. The name of Frank Whittier appears in 1859; he owned a limited interest in the association called Forest House Co. or sometimes Knights and Co. Mr. Whittier was active in the Union Hotel which was run in conjunction with Forest House.

Frank Montre disposed of the share he had to R. M. Brown in 1890. Montre was the wine and vineyard specialist. Joseph and Nancy Jane Wilson held an interest for one year about 1880, probably as security for a loan.

Before 1859 a Warren Taylor was in the group. F. Wadleigh appears to have invested.

Earliest surveys were those of 1854, 1856 and 1878. The original place was patented to Knight and Short for the sum of \$75.00 of which Knight paid \$38.00 and Short \$37.00 according to the records of the U. S. Land Office.

# A Ball Room Memory . . .

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Dr. Albert Newton tells this one on himself. And we have his permission to print it.

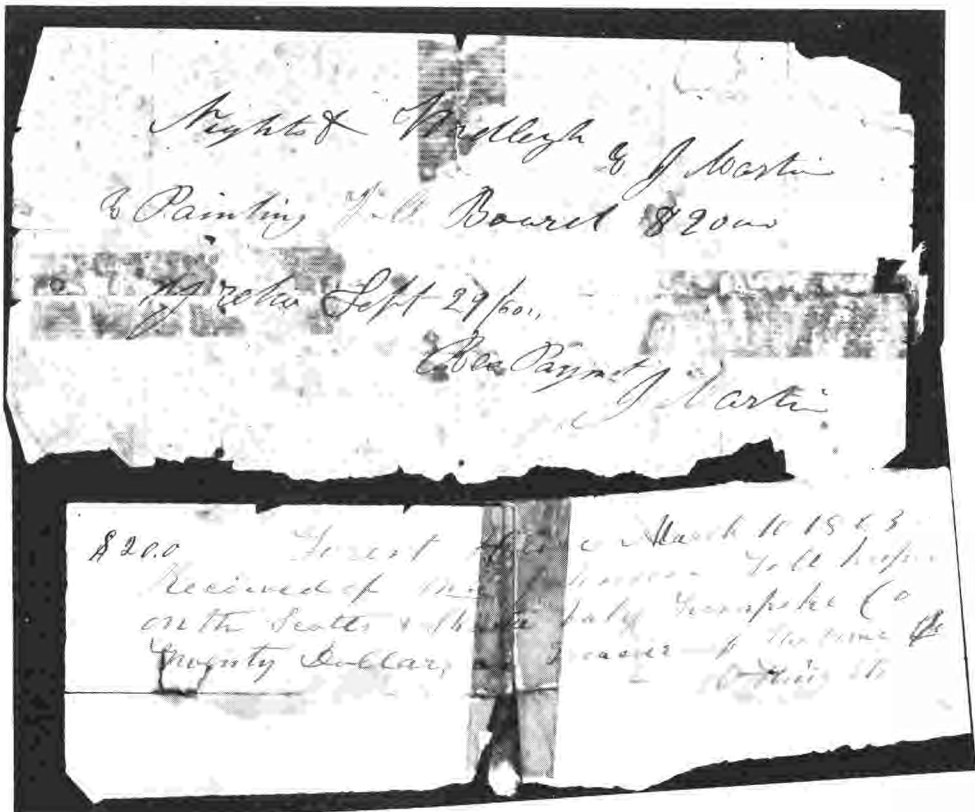
As a very young boy he crossed the mountain from Fort Jones to Yreka. In route he stayed all night at the Forest House. On the road in those days were mostly men—teamsters, cattlemen, miners and the like. Many of the over night male guests slept in beds placed around the ball room. Ladies and married travelers had separate rooms across the halls. Young Newton had a bed several down from the door. Near the door a big Indian was sleeping.

Albert knew about Indians. Some of the men he knew told of the Modoc Wars that had ended not many years before.

Some hours after he went to bed, the water melon he had eaten began to affect him. There was no chamber under his bed. The proper place to go was an elaborate white painted little building in the back yard by the bath house. It was equipped with a plank into which was cut five useful seats, one smaller one on the ladies side of the partition for children.

But, he pondered his predicament too long. The wet spot on the ball room floor he hoped would evaporate or go away by morning. It didn't. At least he saw it and it looked "as big as the ice pond" to an embarrassed child.

Anyhow, he didn't have to walk past that big Indian in the middle of the night.



**SCOTTS & SHASTA VALLEY TURNPIKE CO.**

1. Receipt for painting Toll sign. 2. 3/10/1863 receipt for Wm. "Yank" Johnson, toll keeper—By Horace Knight of Forest House.

**"Shasta-Scott Valley Turnpike" Toll Road . . .**

Early Yreka newspaper accounts show that the "Shasta-Scott Valley Turnpike" was a toll road, and perhaps first in Northern California. This road was constructed over Fort Jones Mountain under the leadership of the owners of the old Forest House. The road was built for the travelling public in the 1850's. One toll gate was located beside the hitching rack in front of the Forest House and was kept by the owners and employees of that place. The other toll gate was between Robber's Rock and the Fort Jones summit and was maintained by "Yank" Johnson. The toll gate and keepers

cabin at the top of the mountain was located beside the spring still running on the north side of the latest road over the summit. Mr. Johnson added to his income by making briar pipes for those who enjoyed pipe smoking. This Swedish craftsman left "an apple box full" of his unfinished pipes at the Forest House and some are still on hand this day. In the Journal of May 2, 1863 the following was written: "Yank Johnson holds forth at the top of the mountain beyond the Forest House where he keeps constantly on hand good liquors, wines, cigars, pies, spruce beer and cool water from

the fountain. He is an accommodating good soul and will do anything to favor the traveler passing his place."

In the old papers at the Forest House is a receipt for the painting of the toll sign in the year 1860. "Knight and Wadleigh—To painting toll board \$20.00, Yreka Sept. 29, 1860. Res. payment, J. Martin."

Another receipt: "Forest House, Mar. 10, 1863, Received of Wm. Johnson, toll keeper on the Scotts and Shasta Valley Turnpike Co. twenty dollars as treasurer of the same Co., H. Knight."

When the road was declared free it was a great benefit to the commercial interests because a considerable part of the traffic of teamsters, miners, farmers and travelers was being routed over the free road through the Greenhorn Pass to the thriving mining town of Deadwood and beyond.

The grade over Greenhorn was steep and more difficult for the horses to pull.

This bit of history is borne out by a number of newspaper articles among which are the following:

"Nov. 11, 1864

A subscription has been in circulation towards raising money to purchase the claims to the wagon road over the mountain between the Forest House and Scott Valley. The amount to be paid is \$3,000.00 and only \$150.00 was required to complete the



Unfinished smoking pipes from the Toll House of "Yank" Johnson.

sum. Over \$1,600.00 was subscribed by Knight and Co. at the Forest House. Those who subscribe in Scotts Valley are requested to pay A. B. Carlock this month so as to have a free road by December 1."

The editor of the Yreka Journal on Aug. 4, 1864 wrote: "Returning (from Ft. Jones) we found the roads in good condition, especially that portion over the mountain to the Forest House, we stopped a few minutes to see old Horace (Knight) who:

Good natured old soul  
never asked for his toll  
as he looked after the low backed car."

The road was declared free on November 27, 1864.

## The Bear-Bull Fight . .

One hundred years ago the world of sports was a rougher world than it is today.

Newspaper accounts reported weekly horse races in the summer time at Fort Jones and Yreka. Cock fighting was not uncommon.

But a most unusual sporting event held at the Forest House was an arranged fight between a bear and a bull. The date has been lost (believed to be in the 1860's). The site is known. The events and results have been reported.

A round arena was built of upright plank on the edge of an orchard about 200 feet east of the Forest House. The miners and others who desired to bet and watch sat around the top of the arena. An enraged bull was placed in the corral with a bear. The fight started and continued for some minutes. The result: The wild old bull killed the big bear, but he was so slashed and cut up that he, too, keeled over and died.

R. M. Brown, second owner of the Forest House, showed this writer the approximate location of the corral built for the special event, and related the event.





**EARLIEST KNOWN TIN-TYPE DRAWING OF FOREST HOUSE**

Good reproduction of shapes of hills. Orchards just planted. The resort itself (before) extended 60' more to south. Shows saw mill and carriage shed-stable. Artist drew bear larger than ox. About 1855-56. From King family collection (King Trading Store at 4th & Miner Streets, Yreka).

## Bear . . .

In the days of yore, bear were much more common than they are today. But, this animal is still a frequent visitor to this vicinity and the town itself. California is the bear state, with its bear flag and great seal depicting the animal. Siskiyou County was no exception.

The King family tin type of the Forest House is the oldest known reproduction of that place. It was loaned to this writer by George King and appears elsewhere herein. The Kings ran the Salt Works on the Shasta River near Montague and an early day trading store at Miner and Fourth Streets in Yreka. Note the bear in the photo which the artist drew larger than the ox.

Thoughts of the old mountain house and of bear are often associated. The Yreka

newspaper of October 6, 1866 records that: "Mr. Wm. Parks of this city says he saw three bears on the road between this city and the Forest House. They were large and looked like grizzlies. A grand hunt was started Wednesday morning. This coming within three or four miles of town will certainly result in injury to Mr. Grizzly."

Down through its more than one century of history owners of the historic stopping place have had pet bear. Obviously, the builders had one; Marshall Short had such pets from time to time.

Helen Brown Allen writes, "My father while hunting was given a bear cub by an Indian. It was a male cub but my father had an odd sense of humor and christened him Susie. The bear was a great pet. Father moved a very large vat to the end of the

wood shed and had water piped in so that it could be kept full of water. He built a sort of trapeze, shelf and ladder on the back wall of the vat and shed. (Note: Still there.)

"There Susie would play patting the apples that were dumped in the water and generally putting on a show for all to see. Even as Susie grew, my father was never afraid; he would call the bear and it would come running to jump into his lap and snuggle. On occasion the impact would knock him over.

"Mr. Brown went on a trip east and left Susie to be cared for by a young man cousin. Susie broke his collar; in putting another collar on we lost Susie by strangulation."

In the late 1930's and early 1940's

"Itchy and Scratchy" were the bear at the old house. When the historic State of Jefferson tried to become the 49th state of the Union, these animals as cubs were the objects of many photos.

Until the Soap Creek fires of the Prohibition era (started by stills in the hills) there stood above Robbers Rock on Fort Jones Mountain an old log bear trap in the first ravine northeast of the divide. If Mr. Bear walked in and pulled the bacon or can of honey, a heavy door would swing down behind him and block his departure. Then, the trapper, and it may have been Yank Johnson the keeper of the toll gate, could shoot the bruin through the logs or capture a pet if the quarry was small.

## Cemetery History . . .

By a strange coincidence the final resting places for persons who held continuous interest in the Forest House property from its very beginning to the present are located in a single plot at Evergreen Cemetery, Yreka, California.

The headstone of Marshall Short shows that he was born October 6, 1826 and passed away April 10, 1909. Marshall Short was one of the three men who started the Forest House operation. He died at the Forest House in the same year that it was

purchased by its present owner, Fred C. Burton.

The Marshall Short lot is now the Burton lot. Mrs. Fred Burton, Sr. who was born May 15, 1880 and expired June 29, 1961 is buried there.

Here rests another person who spent most of his working life tending to the trees and orchards for Marshall Short and the Burton family; namely, Arthur Cox. His headstone shows that he was born in 1859 and died in 1934.

## The Complete Cure . . .

A fine work horse belonging to one of the teamsters on the road from Yreka to Fort Jones became ill with lock jaw. The big horse was fed and watered through locked jaws, by syringe and hose placed between the bridle teeth. Veterinarians shook their heads, the horse continued to lose weight.

Finally another old teamster spit in the four-foot fireplace and said the only cure for that horse would be complete relaxation of muscles or unconsciousness for even a

moment. The vet agreed that it was a last resort and should be tried.

Fred Burton, Sr., owner of the place, was selected to deliver the knock-out punch with a single jack hammer. A two-inch plank was first placed on the head of the horse.

Now bear in mind that the knock-out man had been in the mines with rock drill and single jack. When the muscles in arm bulged, the vet said to himself, "Good-bye horse." The tap on the plank rendered the horse unconscious forever.



ROAD HOUSE NEAR YREKA CALIF.

The above is a photo taken sometime previous to 1910. Note the water flowing from the tree into the watering box. (This is mentioned elsewhere.)

## The Pipe Maker . . .

Few people remember that in bygone days metal and particularly metal pipe was extremely scarce. One man made his living travelling throughout Siskiyou County with a portable lathe auger. He could make 10 foot lengths of wooden pipe; with an inside diameter up to 4 inches. Poles were selected and cut to length, placed on his wood-working equipment and bored on the job site. The wooden pipe was usually coupled with a metal joint that resembled a metal hub. Many of the couplings still turn up in yards and garden spots. The poles would be driven into the couplings like pegs in a napkin holder. Many hundred feet of this type of pipe were in use around the Forest House orchards. The old owners made maximum use of the available water. They used it to make their products grow and their resort attractive.

People who remember this place in its heyday recall fountains, pipes, ditches and small canals dug from place to place.

One sight frequently commented about,

was that of water flowing into the watering box at the base of a large Locust tree.

Someone had ingeniously drilled a hole on a diagonal through the tree to a buried pipe in such a manner as to give the appearance of water spurting out of the tree from no particular source.



FOREST HOUSE ABOUT 1903

Lillian Bryan Fenger and Austin B. Fenger

Yreka August 9<sup>th</sup> 1883

A. Short & Co.



BOUGHT OF

YREKA BREWERY

C. C. PETERS, PROPRIETOR

Drum Street, North Side

Opposite Turner Hall

June	13	5 gal. beer	\$ 2 50
"	28	5 " " "	2 50
July	3	5 " " "	2 50
"	21	5 " " "	2 50
Aug	7	5 " " "	2 50
Total			12 50

Received Payment

C. Peters

ROUGH & READY MILLS, SISKIYOU COUNTY, CAL.

Otna, Cal. July 14 1884

Messrs Short & Co Brew House

Bought of RIST & FRENCH

GENERAL PRODUCE, ETC. DEALERS IN-

Terms—Interest after 30 days at one per cent per month.

Feb	24	To 100 <sup>th</sup>	Allow
March	15	" 500 <sup>th</sup>	"

W. A. & C. S. Houghton, Printers and Stationers.

3 00  
15 00  
\$18 00

## The Bakery Ovens . . .

One rounded mound of red brick containing two ovens made up the bakery. These ovens were located beneath a giant Baldwin apple tree near the creek at the south end of the Forest House as originally extended.

Similar, although smaller, ovens are to be seen at Sutters Fort in Sacramento.

Helen Brown Allen writes, "I remember

the bake ovens. They were built outside and were quite large. We seldom used them because it seemed foolish for ordinary baking. However, the bread had a better crust and was much nicer. First we filled the ovens with wood, and after it had burned we raked out the coals and pushed in the bread. I have seen such ovens on the Caspe peninsula in Canada."

## Ranch Records . . .

Sixteen books of record dating from the ledger of 1873 to the ice book of 1901 were discovered behind a chimney in the Forest House in December, 1963. And, what the detailed pages tell is nothing short of amazing.

Most of the pioneer names appear. Some bought cherries, some bought meals and stayed over night. We can read but we won't tell how many bottles of peach brandy your grandfather bought for "medicinal purposes." Suffice it to say, that some old families needed an ample supply of the early vintages.

Drinks across the bar were 13c each in those oversize shot glasses, a few of which we still have. Two drinks cost you 25c and four of the 114 proof stuff 50c, if you were man enough.

Strange as it may seem, every drink sold seems to have been written down on those pages stained with candle wax. Maybe

this was just the credit business. Anyway, Grandmother would have had the dope on Grandpa if she should have gotten her hands on these books. Some Grandfathers were real good customers.

One could write a book about the books. Unless you saw them, you would not believe the variety of items sold at Forest House.

Here we noted such names as,

"Old Pane—10 drinks—\$1.25"

"Preacher Miller—1 gal. peach brandy—\$5.00"

"Mrs. Julien's Chinaman"—1 drink—13c"

"Old Bill", "New Man", "Nig Bill", "Portugee from Deadwood" and a host of others.

Given almost any pioneer name of Scott Valley, Shasta Valley or the towns near about we can tell you who, when and what was bought at Forest House and its price between these given dates.

## The Bar . . .

As far as can be ascertained, the bar at the mountain resort was opened as soon after construction as possible to whet the spirits of the traveller with the spirits of the time.

The bar ceased functioning when the Robert M. Browns bought a greater interest in the old inn in 1895. Mrs. Brown was a religious woman who did not believe in strong drink; and, secondly she had two young daughters to raise in a proper atmos-

phere. Nevertheless, Helen Brown Allen remembers the fine stock of good liquor that was always kept by her father. She remembers trying to pour apple jack brandy from a decanter for her 82 year old uncle, Marshall Short, the day he died.

One-half of the bar is still in place, equipped with its wooden till. The other half and the back bar is in storage. Four of the colorful old bar bottles still sit on the mantle in the bar room.

# Yreka Stage Hold-Up . . .

Monday  
July 5, 1908

"The Scott Valley stage was held up at "hold-up rock" on Yreka mountain. On Monday afternoon, the express box was ransacked and the passengers robbed; this was the startling message that arrived here Monday evening and set the town in a fever of excitement.

"The stage was bound for Fort Jones and being on time was lumbering leisurely up the mountainside with four passengers aboard with "Cougar" (Fred Vetterline) in the driver's box, when the unexpected occurred. They had just reached the famous rock and the driver was getting ready to pull the leaders around the turn, when out stepped Mr. Highwayman in full disguise and covered the driver with his gun and demanded him to hold up. Cougar hesitated an instant thinking it some ruse or trick, but the robber said, "I mean business," upon this announcement and upon its being emphasized by the appearance of the head and shoulders of another robber from behind the big rock, with a six-shooter pointing square at his head, Cougar's hands went up followed almost instantaneously by all the hands of all hands aboard. The bandit then demanded the Wells, Fargo & Co.'s strong box, this handed over without hesitation, he then suggested that all aboard should climb off and line up. They did so. This done, he went through their pockets, took what money he found, took gold watches from two of the passengers, carried the box behind the passengers and broke it open with an ax, extracted the contents, returned the box with the company's way bills, told the passengers to climb aboard and demanded the driver to drive on. Thus the hold up was carried out.

"The stage had proceeded but a short distance, when it met two half breeds, Hubbard Shelling and Shelly Gayhart,



**This is the Wells Fargo box chopped open in California's last horsedrawn stage robbery. On display in Scott Valley Bank, Fort Jones.**

to whom they told their story and told them to hurry to the nearest phone and tell the Sheriff what had happened. They rode post haste to the telephone station and did as they were instructed, hence the news reached the Sheriff's office not later than half an hour after the robbery was committed, and the news reached here about a half an hour before the stage arrived.

"The following passengers were aboard: Mr. and Mrs. A. Dannenbrink of Gilta, John Sullivan of Sawyers Bar and a man named Silva bound for the Colden Creamery.

"Mr. Dannenbrink was robbed of a fine gold watch valued at about \$100. The robber found one dollar only, although he had fifty-five dollars in his hip pocket. Mrs. Dannenbrink was unmolested, although she carried about \$85.00 at the time. John Sullivan lost \$11 and a valuable gold watch. Silva lost \$1.50, the driver lost \$1.50. He told the robber he needed some money to get a drink with in Fort Jones and the robber gave him back fifty cents, which he gave to Silva, who is a stranger, to get supper with.

"The exact amount taken from Wells Fargo was not made public, but was likely

## Stopping Places Between Yreka and Fort Jones . . .

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In the days of slow travel stopping places were more numerous than they are now. The Forest House was the first major place for the horse users to stop to refresh themselves, their teams or mounts. On the three mile grade to the West of the Forest House there were several places where horses could be rested and the traveller sold a meal. However, the first actual commercial activity West of the Forest House was that of "Yank" Johnson at the toll gate on top of the mountain.

The Bowers' place on Soap Creek at the foot of Fort Jones Mountain is now commonly referred to as the Machado place. Mr. and Mrs. Bowers would provide food and a rest stop for men and horses. Many of the Bowers family survive and still live in Siskiyou County.

Just below the Bowers' place was located "Dutch Charlie's". "Dutch Charlie" apparently received his name because of his thick Holland accent. "Yank" Johnson got the name "Yank" because of his patriotism for those who favored freeing the slaves. Old residents of Yreka will remember Emily Hallick who was the daughter of "Dutch Charlie." "Dutch Charlie" actually made a business of serving the travelling public and his place was a more frequented stopping place than any of the others between the Forest House and Fort Jones. As to the

a small amount. The mail was not touched.

"The bandit was a jolly fellow; he joshed and talked with the passengers. When he broke the driver's ax, he told him he would buy a new one. He is a slender man of medium height and had a handkerchief over his face. The other robber was so concealed that no description of him could be given.

"Sheriff Howard is now in pursuit with a posse, and it is not very likely they will apprehend them soon."

others, income from travelers was incidental. The "Dutch Charlie" operation was located on what was formerly known as the Craemer place on Soap Creek. Persons of this generation know it as the Landi Ranch. An interesting article was written by the Union editor on the 17th day of April, 1875. It is as follows:

"Dutch Charley" told us to "dell der beoples dat he keeps a demembrance house, plenty of soda, cider, cidars and demembrance drinks."

"We'll do it, Charley."

The next place frequented by some of the people in the 1860's and 70's was that of "Cherokee Mary's." This operation was on the E. T. Simas property. "Cherokee Mary" was a notorious woman who was reported to have harbored criminals and the rough necks of the area. It was said that with her assistance some of the belligerent Indians on the lower Scott River as well as of the Klamath River and Salmon River received weapons. No one connected "Cherokee Mary" with the various hold-ups of those times, but she was a person frequently under suspicion.

The place and location of a hold-up was learned from someone at "Cherokee Mary's" who reported it to the intended victim.

The intended victim was James Bryan (the former army sergeant of the old Fort Jones) who learned that he was to be held up as he passed a certain yellow pine on the West side of Fort Jones Mountain. His information came from "Dutch Charlie" who in some manner had learned the plans. When Mr. Bryan came near the place planned for the robbery, he whipped his horse "Coalie" into a dead run and in doing so took the robbers by surprise and passed them before he could be stopped.



The above is a photo of Robbers' Rock, the scene of the last horse drawn stage robbery in California. This was before the rock was partially destroyed to make base for the road. Steele's Packard. Dr. Ernest Messner (r.), Mr. Ritz (l.), center man unidentified.

## A "Lady" Highwayman? . . .

I went in 1950 to the cabin of the last "whip" (stage driver) to be robbed in California, a few days before Cougar Vetterline died. He lived on Cemetery Lane in Yreka. I had prepared his will and took it for him to sign. My mother, knowing I was to see "Coug", sent him some big Bartlett pears from the orchard at Forest House, all of which the heavy man promptly ate with great relish and tears of thanks and memory in his eyes.

And, we talked about that last hold-up at Robbers Rock on the old toll road. He related a few extras about the incident. Doc Everhard also known as Doc St. Clair was a suspect. Doc lived on the little swamp about a mile above the old freighter stop. Cougar Vetterline saw St. Clair sitting on his front porch with his feet in a pan of water as the stage was driven by. It was thought that Doc then took a short cut to Robbers Roost to pull the job. So in the days that followed, a runner was used, to go

from the St. Clair place to the rock to see whether the stage, at its usual speed would reach Robbers Rock first. The runner arrived second and Doc St. Clair's name was cleared.

Then, there was the wood cutter and his wife who lived on the Fort Jones side of the mountain. This couple left the area shortly after the hold up of July 5, 1908.

Coug told me, as he had others before, that he always did think that the person holding the gun on him and the passengers from behind the rock was a woman. Do you suppose that there was, in fact, a woman highwayman in the history of the West?

To digress for a few sentences from Siskiyou history, during research it was noted that there was a rather famous "whip" in early days—Charlie Parkhurst, who drove stage in the central California gold country for twenty years. Charlie was held up twice, the first time without resisting, the second time Parkhurst fired a shotgun





FRED BURTON, JR. AT ROBBERS ROCK JULY 14, 1920

into the face and chest of the lead bandit and drove the stage away unrobbed. Charlie Parkhurst died alone in a cabin at Watsonville in 1879. The long guarded secret was then known, Charlie Parkhurst was a woman.

My next interview about stage robbing on the old Shasta-Scott Valley Turnpike took me to a fellow attorney, Henry Dannenbrink. He died this year. But he told the writer that he was a very small boy travelling on the stage with his father and mother when the last robbery occurred. He remembered the incident, and disclosed a sequel. The robber took his fathers' gold

watch. Later the highwayman remorsefully decided that the elder Dannenbrink was a "fine man" and brought the watch back to him at Etna.

Old Mr. Dannenbrink learned the identity of the criminal, but he never revealed it, for you see, there was an unspoken agreement—a gentleman robber with a gentleman. Because of the return of the fine gold watch the man was never recognized.

Who knows? Maybe your grandmother was not a horse thief after all, she may have been a stage robber—the only one in history.

## The Sow Gets Drunk . . .

B. R. Bailey and his sons were making cider about 1916. Vinegar and cider were in demand. And, in the fall of that year big barrels with bottles in the bungs were lying about on their sides, to be sold to Bird and Grant and other merchants.

In spite of the supply of cider in the process, the abundance of apples caused cider making to continue. Some of the mash or crushed apples did ferment in the hot sun. A sow and her litter partook of the mash.

The mother pig ate herself into a drunken stupor. She lost her equilibrium, staggered around, got in the way, seemed to love all the people, finally fell down and could only grunt, in spite of all the efforts of Mr. Bailey and his sons to get her on her feet.

He didn't realize she was drunk. It looked like poison or blind staggers to him. He knew the boss would be angry. Only after the sow sobered up could he laugh at himself and the mother pig.



From the slender limbs of this tree was hung the last person lynched in California. The tree was located approximately midway between Yreka and the Forest House on Fort Jones Road. C. L. Johnson was lynched here August 3, 1935.

## Last Lynching of the West . . .

At 2:00 A.M. on August 3, 1935, C. L. Johnson was left swinging by his neck from the limbs of a pine tree on Fort Jones road two miles west of Yreka. A group of men apparently came from the south to Yreka jail and then out on the old wagon road to accomplish this last lynching in the manner of the old wild west.

The lynched man was the confessed killer of Chief of Police F. R. "Jack" Daw of Dunsmuir. These citizens of the county were said to be disturbed because a number of their peace officers had been shot to death by criminals who were not brought to justice, were slowly tried, or given light sentences. No matter the reason, the final deed was done.

## Deputy Radford's Death . . .

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Yreka, California

Saturday  
October 16, 1897

### DEPUTY RADFORD'S DEATH

Details of the Bloody Tragedy at Delta

*Authentic Account of How a Brave Officer Met His Death—A Desperate Stage Robber Yielded Up His Life—The Real Facts of The Deadly Duel.*

Numerous garbled accounts of the killing of Deputy Sheriff William A. Radford and a desperate stage robber named William Harrall have been telegraphed the city papers and published in the local columns, and the Siskiyou News has taken pains to get the exact facts of the deadly duel.

As a result of the investigation of the Scott Valley stage robbery, that occurred on Yreka mountain September 25th, Detectives Thacker and Jennings, Wells-Fargo officers, traced the robber to Gazelle, where they found he had taken the southbound train and got off at Delta.

On the 25th they traced him to Redding, where on the 29th he purchased some goods with the \$20 gold note, the number and description of which the detectives had. As a result Detective Thacker sent Detective Jennings to Delta and with Deputy Sheriff G. H. Stewart of Delta, made a thorough investigation of the case. They then wired Thacker to come to Delta, he arriving on Tuesday evening's Portland special.

After considering the case they decided that they had located their man, who was no other than one William Harrall, who had been a resident of Delta for two years or more. He was a son-in-law of W. F. Lloyd.

On Wednesday Thacker wired the officers in Yreka for a warrant for Harrall

and also wired for Under Sheriff Radford to come to Delta and assist in making the arrest. Thacker having gone to Montague to meet Radford, both returned on Wednesday evening's passenger train.

During Wednesday night they planned their method for arresting Harrall, and on Thursday morning about 8:15 the two detectives with Under Sheriff Radford and Deputy Wm. A. Stewart, proceeded to the residence of Harrall who lived on the west side of the town of Delta, about 150 yards west of the track.

Deputies Radford and Stewart approached the front door while Jennings went to the back door. Stewart knocked on the door which was opened by Mrs. Harrall and asked the woman where her husband was.

She informed the visitors that he was inside, and Harrall came from a room in the rear of the house, without summons.

Stewart was acquainted with the man, and introduced Deputy Radford, who was standing on the step just outside the door.

While in the act of shaking hands after a few words of introduction, Harrall suddenly gave the Deputy Sheriff a jerk over the door step with the words, "I am ready for you," and quicker than a flash drew a 38-caliber pistol with his left hand and discharged it three times with the muzzle almost touching the officer.

One bullet entered the unfortunate man's stomach while another passed through his heart.

Deputy Stewart, who was taken by surprise, quickly recovered himself and dealt the desperate bandit a blow on the head just as the weapon was turned on himself, and he received the bullet in his left leg, just below the groin, and another lodged in the thigh.

The officer then opened a fusilade on

Harrall shooting him four times before he dropped dead.

The robber was a very quiet man, and one whom no one would have suspected of being a desperado. During the shooting his wife was in the room with her two babies, one of which is two years and the other ten days of age.

When her husband fell to the floor, she screamed:

"Oh! They have killed Billy."

News of the tragedy was telegraphed to this place, and Dr. Gill was summoned from Dunsmuir and extracted the bullet from Stewart's leg. The coroner of Shasta County held an inquest.

William A. Radford, the plucky officer who was murdered in the discharge of his duty, was a native of England, aged 58 years. For more than twenty-five years he had been a resident of Siskiyou County, having followed mining for a number of years. He has been a Deputy Sheriff for the past few years, and was never known to flinch from duty, no matter what risks were in store for him. He was highly esteemed in the community and his tragic death has been the subject of sorrowful comment by

all classes. He leaves a wife and three daughters in Yreka, and two step children, Miss Ida Denny of San Francisco and J. Vance Denny of Scott Valley.

The funeral will take place Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock from the late residence of deceased.

#### WINNIE WATCHES

Winnie Nelson, now living on Klamath River, was a passenger on the stage robbed September 27, 1897. The desperados held up the stage, at Robbers Rock on Fort Jones Mountain. As they left the scene of the crime they lined the driver and passengers up and warned the victims to look only up the mountain.

Winnie's mother, thinking a small girl would not be held to the order, put Winnie on her shoulder and told her in Indian to see which way the robbers went. The little girl pointed out the trail of the highway-men. A few hours after this, remnants of the mail and express box were found not far down the hill from the rock. A few days later one bandit was killed and deputy sheriff Wm. A. Radford was shot to death attempting capture.

## Railroad History . . .

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The very first carload of freight ever shipped over the tracks of the Yreka Western Railroad, that famous short line that runs some six miles from Yreka to Montague, was an S. P. box car filled with apples from the Forest House orchard.

Again, our Yreka newspaper makes record as follows, "An S. P. box car was hauled into Yreka last Friday loaded with iron pipe for J. W. Wetmore of Crystal Creek, Scott Valley and will be sent back with a load of apples from the Forest House orchard near this place. This is the first car load of freight brought over the road which is not yet ready for general business, and was hauled in as an accommodation, by urgent request.

"The Baldwin Locomotive machinist arrived in town on New Year's Day from Wallula, W. T. and has been overhauling and fixing up the new locomotive on the Y. R. R. for service.

"The new engine of the Y. R. R. is in fine running order, and will prove a very serviceable iron horse to pull as long a train as the best locomotive in the country. After blowing it out a number of times, she runs very smooth and as the weight of the boiler and water tank is principally over the driving wheels it can pull a tremendous load."

The new railway made this run to Montague with one Baldwin engine and one box car of apples in January, 1879.

# Julius Bender . . .

Three miles South and one-half mile East of Yreka in a fold of the Kilgore Hills lives an Indian who may be the last full blooded survivor of the Shasta Indian Tribe. It has been reported that he is the last full blooded Shasta Indian. This individual is Julius Bender. He is as much a part of the Greenhorn area as anyone could be, for the oldest residents of Greenhorn recall his presence as far back as they remember. Julius is proud of his blood. It is believed that he was born on the land that was made into a reservation, and where he now resides.

This man, whom James Fenimore Cooper would have immortalized in story as he did the last of the Mohican tribe were he living today, is old. How old even he doesn't know. Records show that he was living 90 years ago, but nothing tells his age then.

Julius is spry, he cuts his own fire wood from the hilly land of his 160 acre reservation. He does his own cooking and says he sleeps "all night" every night. Not many years ago he was detained by the local sheriff and became angry enough to threaten to bring in some Indian warriors from Eureka.

He likes few white people, but is loyal to those he does like. His demands are simple. He lives as the legal ward of a neighbor who acts as his guardian. Outsiders are not allowed on his reservation; and virtually everyone who tries to come onto his premises receive curt orders from Julius to get off and stay off.

This is better understood when one knows that once when the old tribesman had visited Yreka and had procured some "firewater" from some source, he was jailed despite the fact that he was not bothering anyone.

On a similar excursion, Julius and another Shasta Indian, Moffett Creek Jake, got drunk, and Jake fell off a bridge going

By J. O. McKINNEY



The above is a photo of an oil painting by Calla Caldwell Lukes. Mrs. Lukes knew the subject of her oil for many years, for the reason that he worked on the Caldwell Ranch and lived as a neighbor.

home. Julius got away; but, when brought in to explain where he got his drinks, (Indians were then not permitted legal liquor) said the only drink he remembered taking was out of Ed Shock's horse trough. His Fifth Amendment was poor memory.

Julius doesn't worry too much about anything. Unable to read, he says the world's troubles are no worry of his. No radio, no medium of communication, save with the few white people with whom he associates on brief occasion, he lives with two dogs, a horse and a dozen chickens on a road that requires a jeep to negotiate.

This Shasta Indian still enjoys Indian food such as apaws or the wild Indian potatoes, wild onions and icknish (Indian celery). He occasionally shoots some wild

## Sounds in the Night . . .

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Adam and Mary Sell once ran a dairy from pastures inside present city limits of Fort Jones across from the high school, but they moved to a farm a mile East of Forest House. Mrs. Sell often told of hearing the sound of horses shoes on the rocked and gravelled road, breaking the silence of the night of August 25-26, 1894, as groups of vigilantes rode from and to Scott Valley leaving four men hanging above the court house lawn.

Under cover of darkness that posse rode not less than 18 miles each way to deal the four accused a version of western justice. Mary Sell said that the day following, black kerchiefs were scattered along the old freighter road where the night riders had discarded their masks.

A mile West of Forest House the Ramus family homesteaded in the later 1800's near the Perkins place and the C. C. Cady orchard. Jack Ramus and Lydia Ramus, two of the five children, recently returned to visit and Jack, then 8 years old, remembered that same night sound—the beat of horses hoofs over the plank bridge across Yreka Creek above their house, all night long, as the Scott Valley vigilantes rode to hang four. He recalls that the Ramus children

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game, but gets his staple supplies from the white man's store. What else could he desire?

A few years back his guardian built Julius a first class cabin to replace the virtual hut that he had long lived in. But, he refused to move into the new abode because it was occupied by the "Indian Devil." That is, he didn't move until one night of heavy rain when the water poured into his hut through the brush thatch he had on the roof. The rain washed Julius in and we assume the Indian Devil out. Mr. Bender lives to this day in the once bewitched cabin.

were told to stay indoors and keep quiet by their parents.

This family was of negro and Shasta Indian blood. They were related to "Hank" Holland, the colored barber, who operated his shop at the end of Pollock's Clothing Store near the old post office. This brings us to another memory.

Lydia Ramus Scott, now of San Francisco, recalled her Mother telling of a fierce Modoc attack on the Shastas. Like warring nations of today, sometimes the tribes would make up, trade and fraternize with each other. Once when the Modocs were on the warpath against the Shastas, grandmother Ramus took her twins with her as she and others of the tribe went to dig apaws in the hills near Bogus. Lydia's mother was one of the twins and four or five years old at the time. One day she was apparently ill and fretting and the party of Shastas decided she was making too much noise to be near them as they dug their little wild potatoes, so they ordered the mother with the twins to be a lookout on a saddle in the mountains for possible raiding Modocs.

The Modocs did attack. The lookout saw the dust of their animals, and hid the twins on the mountain slope, after which she warned the Shastas. The Mother returned to her children and took them to a point on the Klamath River where they were told to stay under the roots of a tree on the river bank and answer no one until the Mother returned and spoke a certain word in Shasta language. Next the Mother swam the Klamath and did not return to get her tots until two nights had passed. The little Indian children stayed like hiding fawns in the one spot until they heard the particular call.

Some of the Shasta Indians were killed in this attack. Lydia's Mother could remember hearing screams of war and terror as the trio ran to hide.

## A Clever Robber . . .

In the Wells Fargo Museum in San Francisco there is preserved as an exhibit a set of freight team bells. These bells are number 53 in that display, a photo of which is shown here. The inscription below the exhibit shows that the bells were used to stop a stage on the Fort Jones Mountain. As the oldsters will remember, team bells jingled on the leading team's harness to warn others of the wagon's approach along tortuous mountain roads when two vehicles could not hope to pass. These particular bells were used by the ingenious highway man. With them, he imitated the sound of an approaching freight team and thus halted the stage coach to take the Wells Fargo box that he sought to rob. Further details of this robbery can be obtained from the Wells Fargo Historical Collection in San Francisco.



Bells used to rob stage at Robbers Rock. These are item 53 on display at the Wells Fargo Museum, San Francisco, California.

No one seems to have an exact count of the stage robberies on Fort Jones Mountain. There were six or more. At least four robberies were pulled at Robbers Rock and two or more on the Soap Creek side. The loot sought was the gold from the mines of Siskiyou or the money being sent back in.

## "Timber Mary" . . .



MARY MORRIS or "TIMBER MARY"

Mary Morris, an Indian lady, spent her lifetime in Moffett Creek a few miles over the ridges from the Forest House. Around the turn of the century she was a familiar

sight in both Fort Jones and Yreka when she came to market, frequently bringing wild plums, a Northern California delicacy, by the sack full.

This lady was very tall and was reported to be able to carry 50 pounds of sugar on her back through the mountains from Yreka to her home (over 10 miles) with ease.

The writer has seen her carry heavy loads of groceries and wild plums without seeming to notice the burden.

It is said that she was at one time married to a white officer who served during the Modoc wars.

On a stormy night she stopped at the Forest House when it was filled to capacity with teamsters and other travellers. All beds were taken, so the proprietors turned over the dining room table, put down a mattress and some blankets and there Mary spent the night. It was a long bed for a long lady.

She was once asked how many eggs she wanted for breakfast and she said, "I'm not 'bery' hungry, I think six".

# Captain Jack Goes to a Funeral . . .



**CAPTAIN JACK, MODOC CHIEF**  
Portrait from life.



Indian trade items—brass bells, buttons, thimbles, arrow heads, Hudson Bay beads, etc.—ripped up by farm machinery near Forest House.

Captain Jack of Modoc War fame attended the burial of a Shasta squaw a few miles southwest of Yreka.

"October 14, 1864, Yreka:

"Last Sunday night one Indian squaw killed another on the road south of Yreka foundry. It seems both were after a white man, when one became exceedingly jealous and stabbed the other with a knife.

"On Monday the dead squaw was buried with all Indian ceremonies by the Shastas. A nice coffin was procured and conveyed in a hearse followed by Indians to a gulch near the old saw mill just this side of the Forest House. Before starting dancing, singing and praying and putting beads in the coffin was performed and at the grave an old squaw prayed followed by a speech from Captain Jack who had a white rag tied around the muzzle of his rifle, his bow and arrow beside him, and a small fire in front of him. A large quantity of beads were counted and put in the grave, probably \$50.00 worth altogether with clothes of the deceased."

Miss Gladys Julien, just before her death, told us how frightened she was when Captain Jack came to the ranch at Grenada to trade horses with her father.

Recently a farm machine ripping a field below the old saw mill site on Forest House Ranch turned up what appeared to be an old style milk pan containing a number of small brass bells, thimbles, buttons, crude copper bracelets, Hudson Bay beads, abalone shell and native Indian beads. It could well be that some of these were placed by Captain Jack in the coffin beside the lady that he liked.



# Scar Face Charlie's Scar . . .

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A little known fact concerning the Modoc War Indian hero, Scar Face Charlie, is the manner in which he got the scar. He had been captured by the military and was being transported to the fort at Fort Jones when at a point about 1½ miles West of the Forest House on Fort Jones Mountain he made his escape by jumping from a moving wagon. He fell against a rock that cut his face. This caused the scar. The rock can still be pointed out by Fred Burton, Sr. because it was shown to him by Alex "Doc" Wilson, and Ike Reynolds, old time residents of Fort Jones.

Incidentally, it was reported that Scar Face Charlie then made his way through the hills to the gulch, now known as "Scar Face" near Gazelle where he stayed, living on the land and on the bounty of friendly persons until his scar had healed. Then, back he went to Modoc tribal ground and the years of war with the Indians winning more than their share of battles against a greater number of enemy whites.

While it is true that Fort Jones itself was actually operated as a military installation only until 1858, it was used in the 1870's and 1880's by soldiers on duty in the Siskiyou area. Thus, Harry H. Green, a Fort Jones boy reporting from the office of the Bronx Home News in New York City



"SCARFACE CHARLEY"

about 1921 wrote in his Fort Jones Semi-Century that he remembered when "Fort Jones was all excitement caused by the arrival of U. S. troops with the remnants of Capt. Jack's band of Indian Warriors from the Lava Beds. They camped at the old fort in Reynold's field."

## TANNERY GULCH . . .

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Mill Creek in Greenhorn was once known as "Tannery Gulch". The Abbott family was engaged in making leather and leather products for the people in the Yreka area in 1880. (Newspaper of 1/28/80.)

However, an earlier issue of the local paper (January 10, 1863) indicates that Mr. J. W. Balance started the commercial enterprise there.

Dolly Day split wood for Knight and

Short, when his own head wasn't splitting from lifting the cork on one of Uncle Horace Knight's brandy bottles. Dolly was a good brandy customer. The rock fence on Yreka Creek above the present Boy Scout grounds, Dolly built through the trees. When asked why he built it, he said, "I wanted to do something before I died that the bars couldn't get." The fence is a straight pile of rocks. It looks purposeless, but, to Dolly it meant something. He couldn't drink it up.



## The First School on the Salmon River . . .

As Told by MRS. EUPHEMA ROFF

In the year 1857 James Abrams left the Salmon River and went East to Illinois where he married Caroline Shaw. He and his bride then went to New York where they took passage to San Francisco by way of Cape Horn. Leaving San Francisco they journeyed North up the Sacramento River to the town of Old Shasta. Northward from Old Shasta the Abrams traveled over old Indian trails which in their winding course went over the mountains to the Trinity River, up the Trinity to Swift Creek, up Swift Creek, over Preacher's Peak, to Big Flat and the head-waters of the Salmon River. They arrived back in the Salmon River country in 1859 having been two years making the trip East and back.

During the time that Mr. Abrams was in the East Colonel Buell who owned the mine at Big Bend on the Salmon River sold to Joe Jones and went East.

In 1875 there were enough children of school age to make it possible to start a school. There were two children, Clayton and May in the Jones family and four,

Gordon, Margaret, Anna and Fred in the Abrams family. An application to form a school district was applied for and granted by what was then Klamath County and construction was started on the first school building on the Salmon River in 1876. It was a log structure sixty feet long and thirty feet wide with a shake roof. Whip sawn lumber was used for the interior. There were two small windows on each side of this long structure, a large stone fireplace on the north end and one small door on the south. The outside of the building was chinked with clay as was the massive fireplace which is now just a pile of stone and all that is left of what was once a busy school of the early days.

In the early summer of 1877 school was started and was held three months of each year. The teacher was first paid by money collected from the miners in the vicinity and the amount was very small. The first teacher was Clayton Jones who was a nephew of Joe Jones. The children's ages ranged

from six or seven to eleven or twelve and all started in the first grade.

In 1880 the school was moved about six miles farther down the South Fork of the Salmon River to Rush Creek. The old school building was left open for the use of travelers who might pass by on their way to and from the mining country.

In 1881 John Nelson McBroom moved into the old school house and lived there for one winter. It was there that John Opdike McBroom was born on May 14, 1882. After his birth the McBroom family moved to Callahan where the father clerked in the Denny Bar store. In 1890 John Nelson McBroom was accidentally killed while working in a mine known as the Iron Mountain Mine near Keswick in Shasta County. His body was returned to Callahan for burial.

After his father was killed in the mine accident John Opdike McBroom came to live with his uncle and aunt, Hampton Daniel and Margaret Abrams McNeill. Mr. McNeill owned the Rush Creek Ranch and ran a large string of pack mules from there. Johnnie McBroom as he was called then went with the pack train as bell boy in 1894. As they passed the old school house on one of their trips Mr. McNeill said to Johnnie, "You know you were born in that house," and Johnnie said, "I wouldn't want to be born there again."

In about the year 1887 a band of ten or fifteen Indians used the school house as a stopping place on their way to the Klamath River where they fished for salmon and eels near Sugar Loaf Mountain. The salmon and eels were dried and brought back to the Trinity River country. These Indians were called Digger Indians. The children of the settlers were frightened of them as they traveled along the trails chanting ooo-oo-ooo-oo. They seemed to set the pace at which they traveled to this eerie rhythm of many voices.

On one of their trips through the country one of the old Indians in the group became ill and the other members of the tribe left him in the old school house where he stayed

all winter. The settlers named him Tom and they cared for him until the following spring when he died from old age, of exposure or both. He was buried in an Indian cemetery on the old Jordan Ranch near Rush Creek. Fear of evil spirits kept the remainder of the tribe from ever returning to the vicinity.

In 1889 Frank Bighouse stayed in the school house one winter while prospecting for pockets. He said that he saw an old Indian looking through one of the windows on a moonlit night and it frightened him so badly that he left and continued his prospecting in Trinity County.

In 1896 the old school burned leaving only the chimney. Frank Bighouse claimed that the ghost of the old Indian who died there burned it.

The place where it once stood is known as Schoolhouse Flat and is located about six miles from Big Flat on the trail to Cecilville. The site will soon be lost as the tumble down fireplace cannot be seen from the trail and the countryside is gradually being covered by madrona, wild lilac, live oak and manzaneta. There is no marker at the site.

#### HURDY GURDY HOUSE . . .

Before 1870 and west of the old Cas Murray place, about two miles from Yreka on Fort Jones road was located "The Hall". The building was rounded in shape and had been built in the pines on the north side of the road to entertain the miners. The names of the owners of the operation are unknown; but one of its neighbors, Wm. "Bill" Murray said it must have been a very successful venture. Most of the dancing Hurdy Gurdy girls got more nuggets than the average Greenhorn miner.



CHINATOWN IN YREKA

## Yreka's Chinatown . . .

By PETE SCHELD

My nickname was Pete. I was born in Yreka in 1891 and until I left in 1907 the boundaries of my whole world were the Shasta River on the North and East, the Humbug Mountains on the West and slightly South of Greenhorn Gulch.

My world had its Seven Wonders. Two example wonders being of the rapid transit nature. The four horse stage and the wood burning train that departed to, and arrived from, respectively, the distant foreign cities, Fort Jones and Montague. Another was the Opera House. It was the last building on the South side of Miner Street. We attended all the shows by our ability to climb a drain pipe and crawl along a high porch roof (risky when raining) and with the kind co-operation of men in the gallery who opened the windows for us.

These and the other Wonders faded when the outstanding Wonder, China

Town, came to mind. The site was south of the very end of Center Street and between the railroad tracks and Yreka Creek. There was a fairly flat field beyond the tracks further south. The creek was crossed on a two plank bridge during the winter months. A wide front yard between the creek and the buildings that faced West.

The town buildings were of unpainted wood in one continuous row but of different shapes and design as were the front porches and roofs. The Joss House was separated from the others by a vacant lot. It was the last building on the south and much better constructed. The front door was always open but the interior was so dark and smoky that it took time before his holiness could be distinguished.

The joss was a painting of a skinny faced old Chinaman with long thin black moustache and chin whiskers. The picture was

surrounded by hanging banners bearing large Chinese characters and rope tassels. The smoke came from incense sticks that we kids called punks. We have seen old "Chinks" in there doing something. They made it clear for us to clear out.

Four or five stores operated in the row of approximately fourteen buildings. They were the same in most ways, all having a short counter and shelves on both sides loaded with cans and paper containers covered with "Chinee writin'." The clerk was always a man too old for the better paying hard work of mining.

The odd but not unpleasant odor of the store was of the many kinds of herbs and foods for sale, but opium smoke predominated because the next room was a passageway to the living quarters and the opium bunks. The bunks were made of boards covered with straw mats and a rounded out block of wood as head rest or pillow. No

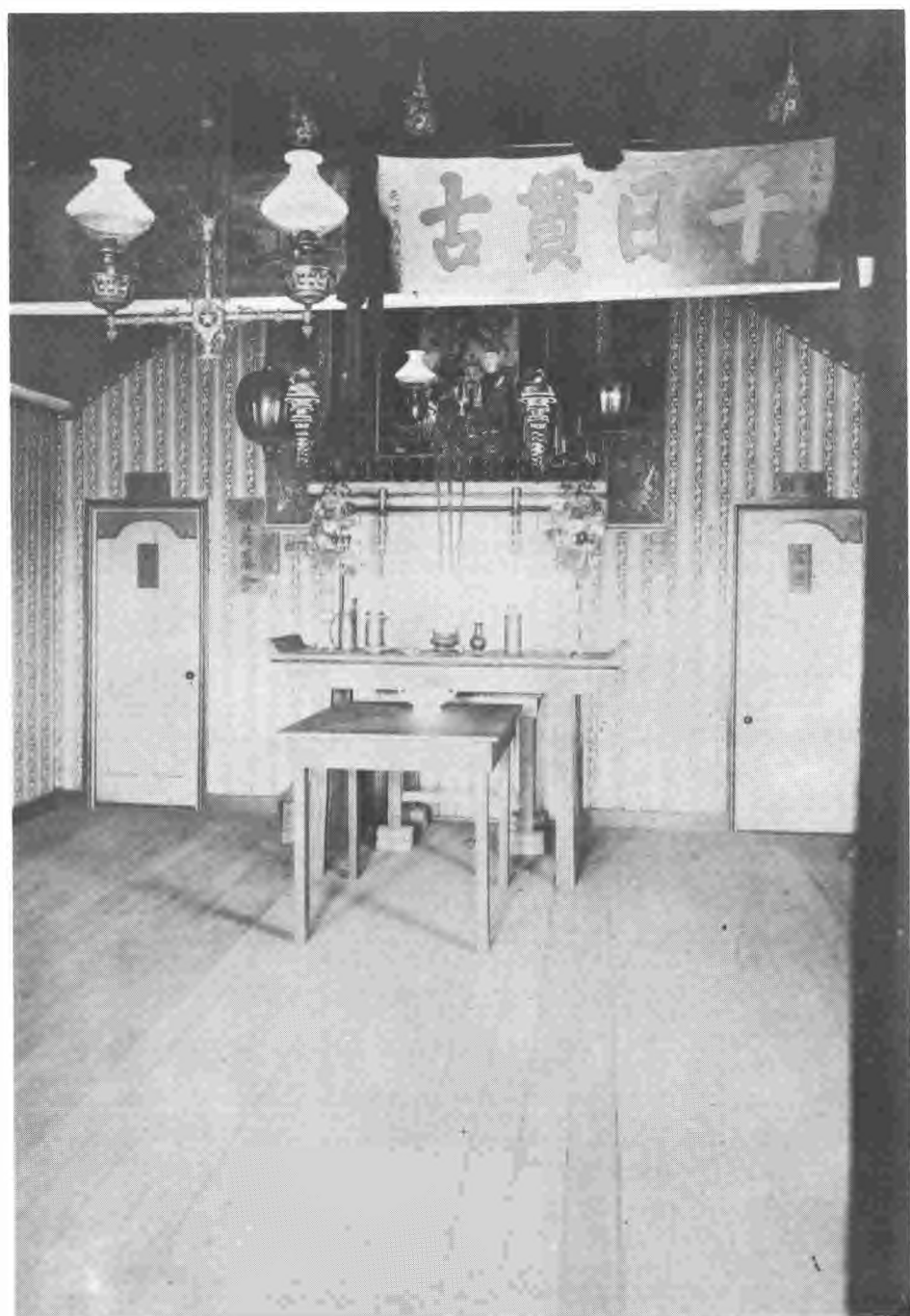
padding of any kind.

There may be other kinds of opium pipes, but these were made of bamboo about twelve inches long, open on one end and a tiny bowl on top of a stem on the other end. A box beside the bunk held a small alcohol lamp. The Chink dug a small pill of light tan colored, pine pitch like opium from a tin box with a sharpened piece of bamboo. He "cooked" the pill over the flame, continually turning until it was ready for the bowl. He was now all set for a heavenly trip to dream land. He placed the bowl in the flame and with the open end covered by his lips he inhaled the smoke. After a short "smoke" he extinguished the lamp, turned on his back, snuggled the back of his head in the block and was off.

Our China Town was the metropolis for the many placer mining camps in a wide surrounding area. It had a permanent



CHINESE NEW YEAR CELEBRATION



THE JOSS HOUSE IN YREKA'S CHINATOWN

population of about one hundred. On New Years and during a funeral of a prominent man it increased many times.

No Chinese were allowed on virgin placer claims, but could follow up the stream beds after the whites had taken the heavy gold. In their rush to be rich the white men would not bother with the flake or "grass roots" mining. After the Chinks had worked a stream it was clean and a flake would be hard to find. All their gold was sent to China.

A small number of Chinamen had a "diggings" on the Long Gulch Creek bed near a prospect hole my father and uncle worked. The ore body was very small but rich in gold. The large amount of rock that had to be removed to follow the vein caused Dad and Uncle an hour's work and two sheets of paper trying to find the value per ton. They arrived at a figure and then asked their Chinese neighbors about it. In about one minute of sliding the beads or counters on an abacus they produced the same figures. This simple meeting created a lasting and friendly feeling that "snowed under" our family with vegetables from their garden.

In our rambles we kids visited an abandoned Chinese workings at the head of Greenhorn Gulch and in the old riffles of a sluice box was a nugget of about two ounces or \$32.00. We rode Cloud Nine to the Bank to cash it in, but the teller just placed it on a blotter and poured a drop of something on our nugget and it began to boil and steam. The man said "I tho't so". He dipped it in water and said "Brass" as he handed it back to us. The only explanation for this very real looking "nugget" being in the sluice box is that the mine had been "salted" with brass gold to fool someone, most likely other Chinks.

The Chinese Cemetery was near the powder houses on Butcher Hill. Our gang was very interested in Chinese funerals. The procession left Chinatown for a mile walk on the road and it was very noisy due to the Band that consisted of large and small cymbals clashing together or being hit with a stick. This music blended harmoniously

with the shrill horns operated by reed or bamboo mouth pieces. Many banners fluttered in the breeze and were followed by a whole roasted hog, many Chinese dishes and most interesting of all, lots of candy and nuts. We vultures remained out of sight in the hill side brush until all mourners had left and then swooped down on the candy and fire-crackers, leaving the pig to the coyotes. There is the story of a man asking a Chink "You think dead man eat pig?" and got the answer, "You thinkee dead man smell flowers?".

The Chinese were good loyal friends when treated fair, but many times they were badly mistreated and robbed by tramp miners. I experienced a very good example of both the above statements.

The boys of my time settled most differences of opinion with fists and I soon found proficiency in delivering them made life easier. On my way home from school I saw a big teenage drop-out that had backed a little old Chinaman against a high board fence and was threatening him with clinched fists. The poor little Chink was about scared to death and was scratching at the bully in the way a cornered cat would to protect itself. The bully was roaring with laughter. He was much larger than I, but I knew they were all cowards so I stepped between them. The Chink was surprisingly active on his feet for a man of his age and left there at rocket speed without even waiting for the count down. The bully didn't want any fun with me and would not fight. This happened about two weeks before Chinese New Year.

My second statement was illustrated on the opening day. Three of us headed for China Town when school let out and while walking on the board walk there was a light tap on my shoulder and there he was saying "Com-on, com-on". He guided us to a store and pointed to a large round tray divided and filled with candy and nuts. He protested when we took a piece or two and said "Take, take," so we obliged with pockets full and he was all smiles. We tried to make him smile everyday and he never

failed to treat. Why not, he was sure that I had saved his life.

The town was overflowing with Chinese men from the mining camps, all with shaved heads except for long, thin Queues hanging down their backs or tightly wound around the head.

In front of a building and hanging from the porch roof would be a long string of fire crackers that I estimate at one thousand or more with a very large one occasionally. We would be right under the popping, dropping crackers trying to stamp out the fuse of the big ones so that we could use them later as dynamite in our make-believe mining operations. The crackers scared away the devil.

I do not remember any Chinese women, altho there must have been some. There was one to be remembered. She was about sixteen, very pretty and dressed in gold embroidered silk and had a high delicate tiara on her head. She sat at a window looking out on the street but seeing no one. She was for sale as a bride, and made you wish you had saved your money.

The "Chinee Fight" was one of the high-lights of the New Year. It took place in the field south of town with at least one hundred participants that I heard was made up of teams from the different mining camps. They would form a large circle three or four men thick and in the center was placed a heavy bamboo bound jug like object with a fuse protruding from the neck. On exploding it shot an odd shaped bamboo projectile out of sight straight up and the mob closed in with all arms raised. When the object was caught, the fight was on. I have squeezed close enough to see a mass of hands ten inches in diameter scratching and clawing, every one tugging and pulling, then a hand would come up to apply a hard slap on a shaved head. You could see they were playing for keeps. I never knew who won or how but was told the winning camp was awarded the Joss for the coming year. They earned it.

Now comes the Grand Finale, in my years since leaving Yreka I have never

heard of an exhibition of this kind, nor have I met a person that has witnessed one. Two heavy posts about eight feet apart and ten feet high with a cap on top were set up in the yard facing the buildings. Three wooden boxes that resembled the "drygoods boxes" of that day were placed, on top of each other in the center and raised until the upper was near the cap. The other two would then be suspended about two feet apart with ropes at the corners. A fuse burned into the lower box and it fell apart. It is hard to describe what now took place. Hundreds of birds, animals, men and women, houses and flowers began to unfold and made to move, swing or fly by many colored burning powders shooting from short bamboo sticks. All the objects were made of split bamboo and bent to shape and then covered with paper and of course painted in all colors. The Yreka people watching the show tried to rescue the unscorched pieces.

When the first box had burned out the fuse continued on to the next and another show, with different characters began. The last box seemed better than the others and the very last thing to unfold was the United States Flag in true colors. This ended the show and the Chinese New Year.

#### A ROBBER'S REFUSAL . . .

When a highwayman held up Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Mathews of Fort Jones on top of the Yreka divide, they had with them their annual tax money for the collector at the Courthouse—all in \$20.00 gold pieces. Mrs. Mathews held up a grip and said, "Here is my night gown. It is all we have with us." The robber refused to take it and with disgust waived them on their way, without even looking for their money.

#### A BIG SMELL . . .

One teamster who travelled the Fort Jones-Yreka road either had a good nose or a good imagination. He claimed he could smell the fruit mash of the Forest House when the cider press or stills were running as he came over the top of Yreka Mountain.





KITCHEN DISPLAY IN SMITHSONIAN

## Pioneer Kitchen Discovered in Siskiyou . . .

By CALLA CALDWELL LUKES

Not only was gold discovered in Siskiyou, but an early pioneer ranch kitchen, representing the western development of America from the Gold Rush Era, was discovered in Siskiyou for the Smithsonian.

After a long summer's search and inquiries around Scott Valley, Hornbrook, Sawyers Bar and Little Shasta for a kitchen, dating not later than 1870 and in its original state that had not been modernized, it was finally found near Edgewood, which was that of my great grandfather, George Washington Arbaugh.

Little would George Washington Arbaugh ever dream that the kitchen of his humble home, a century later, would occupy a corner in the Hall of "Everyday Life in the American Past" of the Smithsonian Museum of History and Technology, in Washington, D.C.

George was one of many venturesome pioneers who followed the lure of gold to settle and make his home in the west, California and our Siskiyou County. His biography can be found in Well's History of Siskiyou County.

Of German descent, he was born in Decatur, Alabama, August 9, 1822. The family later emigrated to Arkansas in 1831 and settled on a farm in Johnson County. In 1846, George enlisted for the Mexican War, but was sent instead to Fort Gibson in the Cherokee nation. After a year he was mustered out and returned to Arkansas. In 1846 he was married to Rebecca Graves. In 1849 he started for California via Texas, New Mexico and Arizona to Los Angeles and served four months under Gen. J. C. Moorehead, fighting the Yuma Indians. Catching the gold fever he asked for a discharge and came north to Fine Gulch in Shasta County, where he mined a month. He then returned to Arkansas via Panama and New Orleans to bring his wife and one child out across the plains, turning off at Fort Hall where they took the route to Oregon. Leaving his family in Eugene City, he came on to California to mine again around Yreka, Scott Bar and Shasta County, as well as taking a try at the ferrying business near Whiskeytown. Finally in June 1855, he brought his family to Shasta Val-



Seated: Leona Caldwell (eldest daughter), George Washington Arbaugh.  
Standing: Four born at "Wayside Ranch", l. to r.: William Arbaugh, Isabell Cavanaugh, Emily Ellison and George Arbaugh.

ley and turned his efforts to farming, settling first on Willow Creek. In 1857 he took up homesteading on the land near Edgewood, which he called "Wayside Ranch".

His wife, Rebecca, died in October 1876 and was buried in a grave site at Wayside. A son, Benjamin, who died at the age of six, is also buried there. George died April 18, 1911, at the age of 88, and he too was laid to rest beside his wife at "Wayside Ranch".

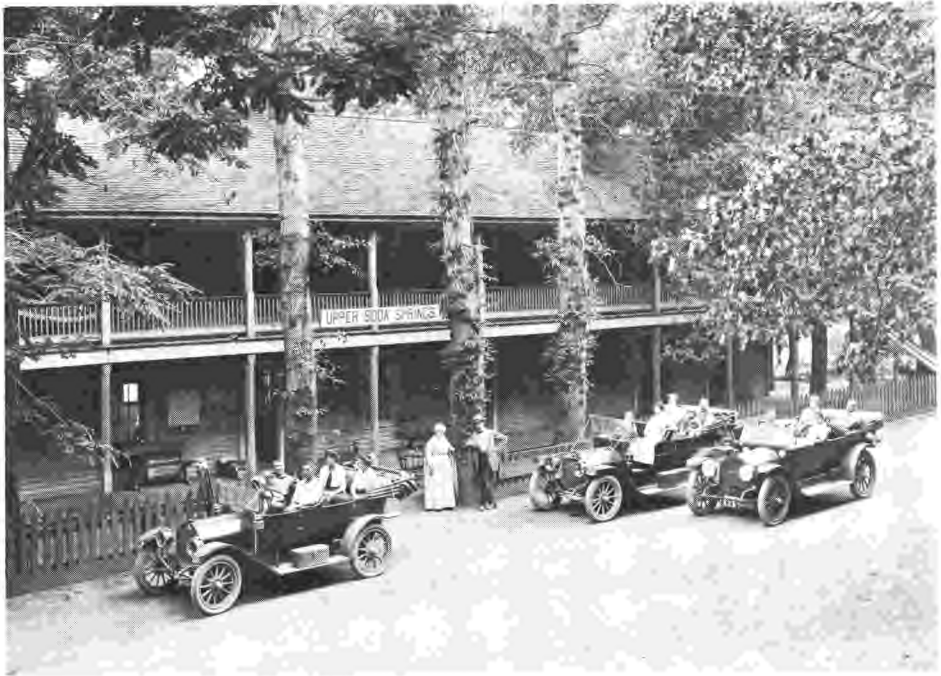
The walls of the log cabin, their first home, still stand about 100 yards from the house he built later. It was a very sturdy and well built cabin, with mortised corners similarly to a box without a peg or nail. Considerable craftsmanship and skill was used in building it.

The house and kitchen was also built with the same trademark of skill, using tongue and groove pine boards on the walls,

ceiling and floor. Boards used for the pantry walls were rough cut sugar pine 18 inches wide. Pasted on the walls of the upstairs rooms were found newspapers and pages of French magazines of the 1860's, which was a typical characteristic of that period.

Since the property had been purchased and joined to a neighboring ranch, the house had been abandoned for years, used only as a shelter for hunters, tramps and cows. It was a filthy sight for Smithsonian's Curator of Cultural History, C. Malcolm Watkins and wife, Joan Pearson Watkins, research collaborator to view. They had been many weeks inspecting leads up and down California, for the kitchen that would most typically represent the period with little results, but this seemed to be it and said it was "tailor-made" for the space allotted it in the Smithsonian.

(Continued on Page 52)



UPPER SODA SPRINGS NEAR DUNSMUIR, CALIFORNIA

—Courtesy Bickel Collection

## How the Dolly Varden Trout Was Named . . .

By MARCELLE MASSON

Elda McCloud Masson was born in Yreka in 1860. However, Upper Soda Springs was the home of her parents, Ross and Mary McCloud, who crossed the plains in 1852, and settled at Upper Soda Springs in 1855. The inn at the Soda Springs, as it was first called, was situated on the old trail of the Hudson's Bay Trappers. The McClouds, later with partners, operated the inn for travelers, miners; and then the teamsters and stages stopped there for meals in the years following the death of the McClouds when the place was operated by their relatives and heirs.

In the 1870's the young girl, Elda McCloud, helped her maternal uncle, George Campbell, to manage the place that

had by now become more or less a summer resort. Many guests would come from the Bay area in the spring and summer. They came by stage, since the railroad did not reach this area until 1886.

In 1875 or '76 some fishermen from the Bay area were standing on the lawn at Upper Soda Springs looking at a catch of the large trout from the McCloud river that were called "calico trout" because of their spotted, colorful markings. They were saying that the trout should have a better name. Young Elda had been reading about "Dolly Varden" in Dickens' book, "Barnaby Rudge" at that time; also, the vogue of dress in fashion for ladies at that time was called "Dolly Varden" and Elda had just

gotten a new dress in that style. It was a gaily printed muslin dress in olive green with orange, lavender and red spots on it, a polonaise looped up on the skirt. The hats worn with this style were of the large, sailor type with the sides and back held up against the crown with bows, and with streamers in the back.

She said to the men as all stood there looking at the trout that they be called "Dolly Varden", since their coloring and pattern resembled the current style of dress. The men thought it a very appropriate name for the large trout and the name became attached to them.

In the Yreka Union, June 3, 1876 there

### PIONEER KITCHEN . . .

(Continued from Page 50)

They immediately sent for the Smithsonian's experts who flew out to dismantle the kitchen section of the house. Many photographs were taken, each board was ear-marked and numbered so they could be set back in the same position they occupied originally.

The numbered boards, floor joists, rafters and part of the roof, some native rocks and bricks from the chimney, were carefully crated for the 3,000 mile trip to the Smithsonian in Washington, D. C. The work of dismantling and crating was accomplished in two and a half days, a marvel of speed and efficiency.

The house was completely bare of furnishings, so Mr. and Mrs. Watkins looked through dozens of old catalogues and talked to many elderly residents of the area, until they had a good idea of what an 1860 kitchen contained. Several objects were dug up around and under the house, such as a square toed shoe, children's doll dishes, chair legs and pieces of broken pottery and glass, which were all helpful clues.

is an article on this naming of the trout which states, in part, \_\_\_\_\_ "The first spotted trout were caught in the McCloud river by white men— Messrs. Josiah Edson of Shasta Valley and George Campbell of Soda Springs, and were given the name of Dolly Varden by Elda McCloud, niece of Mr. Campbell\_\_\_\_\_"

Then, later on, David Starr Jordan, while at Stanford University, included an account of this naming of the Dolly Varden trout in one of his books about fish.

This Dolly Varden style of dress is said to have been in vogue between the years 1865 to 1870.

After reaching the Smithsonian workshop, each board was washed and cleaned, and disinfected against termites. The original delph blue paint on the walls recovered its freshness as if it had been newly painted.

I had the privilege of attending the dedication ceremonies and reception given by the Smithsonian and California State Society of Washington, D. C., this past May 7, 1965. I was given the honor of cutting the ribbon officially opening the kitchen for public viewing. It was attended by many celebrities, including our Congressman, Harold "Bizz" Johnson, who recorded the Dedication and Heritage of the Kitchen for the Congressional Record in the House of Representatives on May 26, 1965.

If you should have the opportunity to go to Washington, D. C., do visit your heritage from Siskiyou County, the kitchen of George Washington Arbaugh, built in the 1860's.

### S C R I B E . . .

In days when "111" squaws walked these roads, Mrs. Gertrude Burton was scribe for those who could not write or spell.

One old lady dictated the first line of each letter as follows:

"Please excuse poor spelling and bad writing." With a snapping twinkle in her eyes, Mother always wrote the line.



DEER SKIN DANCE, SOMES BAR

—Courtesy Bickel Collection

## Tales of Klamath Indians . . .

Since writing my last article I have gained from Mr. Joseph Smith the following information, relative to the ending of the "Billy's" of whom I have previously written.

He says that Ellsworth "Billy" was killed before the other two. Jim Graham told him that "Ellsworth Billy" was in the habit of going to an Indian ranch where there were as many as 25 Indians, and driving them all out, as they were all afraid of him. At one time however, when drunk, he went to the ranch near Orleans, and while there, an old squaw stabbed him with a knife, and after that the male Indians came in and finished killing him.

Bull Head and the three "Billys," were once attacked by about 15 Indians at the place where Jonas Salstrom now lives, below Orleans, and during the fight Bull Head ran away, and the "Billys" routed the enemy. Then the Indians said that they would not kill Bull Head, as he was such a coward, but would catch him sometime and let the squaws kill him.

The Jim Graham mentioned by Smith was in a position to know the facts recited as he voted many years at Orleans, and being a Deputy under Sheriff Captain Cecil, who held the office, previous to McBrown's incumbency, and was later county Treasurer.

Mr. Joseph Smith, many people of Humboldt will remember was the mail carrier between Sawyers Bar and Arcata for a number of years, during the 70's. He and Mr. Huse Marshall, are all of the men living now that I know of, who were on the Salmon River in 1853, and they are still residing at Sawyer's Bar. Mr. Smith is a true type of the early day Westerner, hailing from Macoupin County, Illinois. When quite young he came to California across the "Plains," landing in Yreka in 1852, and reaching the Salmon River a year later, which has been his main residence since. He has pursued mining for most of the time, having had good claims in the early days. Notwithstanding the vicissitudes of time, and consequent ill fortune, he enjoys the memory of the old days equally with the



INDIAN WITH CEREMONIAL KNIVES

—Courtesy Bickel Collection

more fortunate, for he is respected by his neighbors, and bears an unsullied reputation for truth and honesty.

In all conflicts he was sure to be on the side of the right, a fitting example for posterity.

I have also learned from another party, that old "My-kee-arrah Jim," is still in the land of his forefathers, and living at the old ranch. I overlooked also in my last writing, the presence near here of one of the old-timers of the Klamath tribe, Mrs. Annie Cary Johnson, married to a Hoopa Indian, and rearing quite a family. She bears her age well.

### MONEY

As I have in my preceding article made reference to the use of money, "Ish-nook," among the Indians, it may be thought necessary to describe the material used by them in their financial transactions, inasmuch as until the whites came among them, they knew nothing of the use of the metals, for that or any other purpose, much less of written "promises to pay." However they had the money getting genius to design substitutes that answered their purpose well, and in fact which possessed many of the features of our own currency.

The kind in most general circulation, was the scalp of the Red-headed woodpecker, the largest of the species, that flew high and was belived to be able to dodge a shot gun, and much easier avoid the arrow of the Indians. These big birds were not numerous, thus possessing the necessary attribute of a circulating medium, that of scarcity, and being difficult to obtain. Furthermore the scalps were beautiful and profitable and were called "Foo-rock".

The scalp of the smaller species of Red-headed woodpecker had no value as money, but was used for various ornamental purposes, one in particular by the women, who wore their hair in two queues thrown forward over their shoulders, and wound with a buckskin strip, to which the scalps were sewed. The bucks also used them for head bands when dressed in gala day costume.

Another kind in general use was a small cylindrical shell, called by scientists "Den-

talium." from its resemblance to a tooth, and said to be found only upon Queen Charlotte Island. The possession of this article is one of the very few evidences of the Indian's intercourse with, to them, the outside world, which is one strong reason for the value placed upon it for currency purposes.

The shell used is about two inches in length, and  $\frac{3}{16}$  of an inch in diameter at one end, tapering to a point at the other and is very nearly straight. Being hollow it was strung upon a finely spun thread of deer sinew, and the large end being very thin is bound with the same material which at the same time holds in place usually a tuft of a Red-headed woodpecker scalp. Some shells are encircled with a strip of red snake skin for ornament. The chief value seemed to arise from the fact that the shell rarely reached the length stated, as large quantities of the smaller shells are found in use by the women for necklaces, and other ornamental purposes. The entire string consists of 13, and the measurement of each shell is made by placing it endwise between the first and third joint of the middle finger, on the palm side of the hand. As that distance is not uniform in all men, many of the bucks had tattooed marks upon the upper inside of their left arm, and determined the exact value of the string by taking one end between the thumb and forefinger, and extending the other end to the tattooed marks on the arm.

The purse in which the string is carried, consists of a piece of elk or deer horn, varying from 4 to 5 inches in length. It is hollowed out on the inside, and a buckskin string wound around it secures the inclosure.

The kind of money deemed the most valuable, and held by comparatively few, was made of obsidian, or what is commonly termed volcanic glass, which abounds in the Pitt River region, at Glass Mountain. It was called "O'o-tee," and made into oblong lengths from several inches to 12 and 15 inches long, being 3 to 4 inches in width, being oval with sharp edges. Its manufacture was by the same process followed in

arrow and knife making, an art well understood in early days, but now nearly obsolete. It is now carried on by a very few unskilled operators in order to supply the curio market.

Sims, who owned the Orleans Ferry, and Bob Walker, noting the value attached to the obsidian held by the Indians, conceived the idea of starting a mint of their own. Bob made a trip to Pitt River, returning with a mule load of obsidian, but they soon realized that not only they could not produce anything but an inferior article in appearance, but the amount of white man's money in the hands of the Indians for purchasing, was insufficient for their purpose. Their proposed mint failed to enrich them, not even disturbing the money market.

Snyder, who in the 60's conducted a settlers store at Fort "Ter-wah" on the Lower Klamath, created a panic by obtaining a lot of Red-headed woodpecker scalps from some outside source, and selling them for 50 cents apiece whereas they had been held at \$2.50 each. The effect produced was said to be equal considering the difference in population to the great financial excitement in New York upon "Black Friday" in 1869, when Greenbacks fell to 33 cents on the dollar, or the later 16 to 1 silver flurry. He unloaded his scalps before the slow minded Indians discovered that his action had produced a disastrous inflation of the currency of their country.

#### BOWS AND ARROWS

The bows in use by the Indians of the Klamath region, are models of symmetry and strength, and as in other portions of the world, from time immemorial, have occupied an important position in their life. They were a weapon of offense and defense in warfare, and also one of the chief means of obtaining meat for sustenance.

It is constructed from a Yew tree sapling, averaging about three feet in length, with the back entirely covered with deer sinew by adhesion, for strengthening purposes. Deer sinew also is used in making the string which propels the arrow, and also for fastening the head upon the shaft, as well as

the feather upon the other end, and securing it from splitting when shooting.

The bows and arrows together are carried in a quiver made from the skin of beaver, wildcat, or similar animals.

The arrow is usually three feet in length, made from a reed indigenous to the country and admirably adapted to the purpose. The head is of obsidian or quartz, the only suitable material obtainable here. In other localities they are to be seen manufactured from Carnelian, Chalcedony, Jasper, and even made from glass, since the advent of the whites.

#### DEER SNARING

Another method of capturing the deer was by the snare, a very ingenious contrivance consisting of a rope made from a wild Iris plant from which a species of hemp is extracted by the women, and spun into cord. One end of the rope was fastened to a tree along side of the trail made by the deer in going to and from their salt "lick," the other end was made into a loop with a slip noose, to which was attached finely spun, strong twine crossing it so as to form a net with large meshes. This was hung across the passage which was made narrow at that point, by enclosing the sides with brush in order to prompt the deer to try the opening ahead, upon doing which his head by pressing upon the net, drew the noose together around his neck, and he was then deer meat for the Aborigine.

I have thought that the foregoing explanation of the construction and use of a few of the accessories to Indian life, might have an interest attached, as they have now nearly all passed into private hands, and the curio stores.

*The preceding article was printed in the Arcata Union, April 29, 1911*

JOHN DAGGETT

Black Bear, Cal., June 6th 1911.

#### TALES OF KLAMATH INDIANS

While the Indians of Middle and Lower California at the time of the discovery of gold by Marshall in 1848, had been living in communication with and had been employed by the whites for a century and a



half, those occupying the great region in the north, drained by the Klamath River and its tributaries, remained until 1805 in their primitive state. Little notice was taken of their habits, customs or history by the parties first entering their country, the absorbing pursuit of gold demanding all of their attention. For that reason what is known of them has been obtained principally by residents of a later period.

Ethnologists have indulged in many theories regarding their origin, and connection with other tribes in various parts of the world, but it is, I think, purely a matter of speculation and conjecture, inasmuch as there are so many different tribes in this described area. These tribes speak different languages and possess different physical features, and territory, each within specifically marked lines. They had no commercial intercourse with outsiders, no literature, or records to justify an opinion. Moreover, the finding of stone mortars and pestles, the former of which the present race of Indians do not use for acorn grinding, and deny any knowledge of those who did use them, buried in banks of gravel forty and fifty feet deep on the Scott and Salmon Rivers, the bars containing them bearing on their surface great trees of fir and pine, from 300 to 400 years of age, would seem to indicate an occupation of the territory by human beings before the "Flood". There are also in the late Dr. Hearn's collection in Yreka, two Aztec mills, or Mexican "metates," which were unearthed by the miners on Scott River. This implement is a flat slab of stone, elevated upon one end by a single leg, which gives it an inclined surface, upon which the food is ground by rubbing it with another small flat stone, and they are now in general use in Mexico, and also in other parts of the South. In addition to the foregoing matter, the Klamath River Indians, unlike the Alaskans who indulge in "Totem Poles" to indicate their ancestry, were very averse to speaking of the dead.

The principal and largest tribe occupied the territory included between Bluff Creek, below Orleans Bar, and a point near Happy Camp on the river above, and were noted

for their superiority of physique, and general appearance. Their language is clearer and more pleasing in utterance than that of the neighboring tribes, and they always maintained friendly relations with the whites.

Your former townsman, the late John Chapman, whom I first met at Bestville in 1854, but who later in life was largely engaged in transportation and mining in different parts of the county, which furnished him an opportunity for observation, gave me much valuable information. Mr. Chapman stated that the change of language spoken, commenced at Bluff Creek on the Klamath River, and extended therefrom to Weitchpec, up the Trinity River four miles, thence down the Klamath to the mouth to Requa, and up the coast six miles to Wilson's Creek. From Wilson's Creek to Crescent City, a different language was spoken. The Mad River Indians had a different language still, and taken with the Crescent City tribe, both were considered of inferior races.

I have the names of eighteen ranches or villages inhabited by the tribe under consideration on the Klamath River, and there are, I know, several more, as well as others in territory off the river and above it, but I have never heard an estimate of the numbers of the tribe living, at the advent of the gold seekers.

Naturally their friendly relations with the whites, coupled with their adaptability to work subsidiary to the mines, gave employment to a number of members of the tribe, which was an important factor in the decrease of the pure bloods, as the younger element almost entirely refrained from marriage thereafter, and made no homes among their own.

The Indian marital union was consummated by the payment of money to the father of the girl, by the would be husband, and the daughter had no voice in the matter. No courting or eloping was allowed, a remarkable contrast to the methods pursued by the whites, more particularly when the heiress pays her money to obtain a title attached to a husband.

The Indian contract placed the responsibility upon the parent to accomplish the recovery of the wife in case of her running away, or of returning the money paid by the groom. Polygamy was tolerated, and depended solely upon the ability of the husband to buy the wife.

The most prominent among the members of the tribe was "Ya-flippa," commonly called "Yu-flipper". His place was located at "My-kee-arrah" falls, called "Ah-som-nom-karook," between the mouth of the Salmon and Orleans, and embraced a noted fishery. He was universally respected, and always a steadfast friend of the whites. His son "Little Ike" with children of pure blood, occupy the old ranch still, but the old chieftan has gone to the "happy hunting grounds". "My-kee-arrah Jim" was at the head of a ranch of the same name, immediately across the river. He however is not living. "Old Jim Pepper" dwelt at "Cah-tee-main," at the mouth of the Salmon, with his two wives, and "Red Neck" at Sims ferry, "Chee-nitz" opposite Orleans ("Poh-nom-i-nee.")

"Old Mary" is still living at Sawyers Bar with Indian Jeff. She remembers seeing the first white man that appeared at "Poh-nom-i-nee," and states that the Indian thought when a man on a mule first came, that they were one animal, and were greatly frightened by it.

"Carrum-Chupa," known here by the appellation of "Beggan Jim," hails from Somes Bar, or "Cah-tee-main," and was wont to express his idea of the superiority of his tribe by saying, "mouth of Klamath Indian no savy nothing, mouth of Salmon Indian heap smart." He made his living principally by selling Indian baskets and implements, and begging.

Not many years ago a young lawyer of San Francisco came up to this locality on business, and was entertained for several days. He had never before been in the mountains, much less seen a live Indian, and about the first thing he had to say after arrival, was to relate a narrow escape he had while crossing the mountain of Black Bear. He stated that he met a savage look-

ing Indian with a gun on his shoulder, and belt filled with cartridges, and thought his time to die had surely come. The Indian upon seeing him exclaimed: "You good man," to which he responded quickly, "yes." "Then give me a dollar," said the savage, and the lawyer complied with great alacrity. In telling of the incident he said to me, "I pledge you my word I would have given him five." It was rather cruel in me to take the romance out of the occurrence, by telling him that it was old "Beggan Jim," and if he had administered a good sound kick, he could not have seen him for the dust he would have made getting away.

Among the number of Indians that found employment with the whites in the late '50's were four bucks, three of whom were first employed as bell boys to their mule trains by packers engaged in transporting supplies from the coast to the mines, and were known as "Ellsworth Billy," "Jacksons Billy," and "Hughys Billy," taking their names from the owners of the trains they led, although full blooded Indians.

The other and elder member, was no less a personage than your latter day townsman, the noted "Bullhead". It was always understood that Bullhead was a half brother to the "Billys", and there was a very marked difference in their personal appearance to indicate it. He chose the town of Sawyers Bar for his field of living at first, which was principally gained by assisting families in housework. For some time he delivered, with a mule, supplies from Whelan & Bell's store to the mines along the river, besides doing chores generally. His mildness of manner and efficiency made him quite a favorite, and he never failed to make the best of it. At one time he was engaged to assist in preparing the Church for Christmas, and when he came for his pay, Whelan in a spirit of badinage told him that it was God's Church and he must look to Him for his reward, when Bullhead slyly remarked: "You savy God?" to which Whelan responded, "Yes." "Well," said Bullhead, "God no savy In-

(Continued on Page 61)



FALL CREEK TRESTLE

## Heyday of the Klamath Lake Railroad . . .

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By MARIE ABBOTT BEEBE

In the spring of 1905 E. T. Abbott, my father, was asked by the Weyerhaeuser Company to manage the Klamath Lake Railroad which ran from Thrall, California to Pokegama, Oregon, and to survey a continuance of that line to Klamath Falls.

My father was accustomed to accepting surveying jobs which took him away from his surveying office in Minneapolis and he considered this as merely another two or three months' job just a bit farther away from home than usual.

However, this job lasted six years for him and my mother and me during which time there were many unanticipated developments.

To begin with, the Weyerhaeuser Company soon abandoned its plans of extending its little railroad to Klamath Falls as they found that the Southern Pacific was going to relocate part of its main line from Port-

land to San Francisco to a more easterly location to avoid the slow and expensive route over the Siskiyou. The new line would go through Klamath Falls. However, my father was retained as General Manager of the Klamath Lake Railroad to continue its service; i.e., that of transporting passengers to Pokegama from where they took a six horse stage to Klamath Falls. Besides being Railroad Manager, my father was real Kingpin of all activities of both Thrall and Pokegama such as Postmaster, Station Agent, Express Agent, Hotel Manager, etc., etc., so that he had some quite facetious cards printed listing all his many titles. At the bottom of the card appeared the phrase, "Anything I ain't, isn't."

In those early 1900's, travelers whose destination was Klamath Falls were treated to quite an interesting and adventurous trip. Arriving in Thrall on the Southern

Pacific, they walked up a board walk on one side of which were three neat cottages, (the first one was ours) to the Hotel. This was a ranch house set beneath large, shady locust trees with single room cabins clustered nearby. Inside the ranch house was the dining room where meals were surprisingly good, the Chef being Sing a Chinese cook who worked there for some years only occasionally enlivening the peace by chasing someone with a large butcher knife. He had a tremendous respect for my mother and would often appear at our door bearing a many-tiered cake thickly swathed in coconut.

The little train made only one round trip each day to Pokegama so usually passengers had to stay all night at the Thrall Hotel.

The train consisted of engine, tender piled high with wood for fuel and the passenger coach boasting dark red plush seats. It ran very smoothly and faithfully and I recall only one untoward incident connected with it. As it came into Thrall the tracks turned on a "Y" and then backed in alongside the S.P. station, the end of the coach practically touching the embankment of the S.P. right-of-way. The S.P. tracks ran at right angles to those of the Klamath Lake. On one fatal day we heard the train start to back in as usual but all of a sudden the engine gave a terrific whistle and we rushed to our window to see the train racing around the curve, wood flying from the top of the tender. The coach, pushed madly backward, on reaching the embankment broke its coupling hurtled up and ploughed over across the Southern Pacific tracks coming to rest on the opposite side, miraculously still right side up. The tender and engine crashed into the embankment leaving their own tracks. The engine throttle had stuck, the engineer trying in vain to dislodge it.

Fortunately no one was very badly hurt. We cared for a few who were bruised and shaken and as Father was out of town, Mother and I took down as much information as we could. SP trains were delayed for some hours before they could run back

on schedule.

In this heyday of the Klamath Lake Railroad, Thrall boasted a population of about a dozen inhabitants, mostly railroad and Hotel personnel. Our little cottage was quite attractive. I was away at school part of the time but vacations were fun there and often interrupted by railroad trips north or south on the SP whose long passenger trains nearly always stopped at the little station to let off or take on either our family or Klamath Falls travelers. The change from our staid home in Minneapolis to this wild, tiny spot was to my mother like a change of worlds. This new one delighted her and she never lost her love of the western sunshine or of hearing the meadowlarks sing near our windows.

It was a fun trip for us to ride up to Pokegama, the twenty-four miles taking two hours to go and, for passengers, costing \$2.00. The ride was of tremendous scenic beauty. First the track closely followed the bank of the Klamath River whose swirlings and frothings as it ran its rapid down hill course made my mother often remark that it was like a little Niagara.

About eleven miles from Thrall the train went slowly and carefully over the high, curved Fall Creek Trestle, the beautiful Falls on one side and on the other, far below, the Fall Creek Powerhouse. Leaving these behind the track started up a grade which was so steep that part of it was accomplished by a switchback from which as the train neared the top there was a magnificent view of the wide Klamath Valley where the Klamath River wound a shady way among trees and the green fields of occasional ranches. But soon this view was lost as the track led still upward and through the virgin pine forest until it reached its destination—Pokegama. Cabins for Hotel rooms and a separate building for dining room were set in a clearing and made up the "town". Pokegama has an altitude of about 5000 feet and the piney air there is still as fresh as it was so long ago.

The most exciting part of this slow trip to Klamath Falls was the arising in the cold morning at Pokegama to get into the

cold six horse stage that left at 3:00 a.m. This was a six hour and as bumpy a trip as a western movie shows one to be, but the road led through tall green pines and eventually past some scattered shacks including the way station of Keno. Keno is still on the map but I fancy few of the passing autoists are aware of the hovering ghosts of the old stage riders.

Then, after we had been there about two years, the era of the Klamath Falls stage coach run came to an end and with it, automatically, the end of passenger service for our little railroad. But the advent of a new activity revived its usefulness in another direction. The Algoma Lumber Company bought cutting rights of about 2,000,000 feet of timber in the Pokegama area and in 1909 built a sawmill a mile or so from Pokegama with siding to connect its cars with the Klamath Lake track and get the lumber down to Thrall for the Southern Pacific to pick up. George Felts of Los Angeles was the mill project manager and he brought his family up to Pokegama with him for that summer. My father had a snug little cottage with huge fireplace built for us to which we moved from Thrall. The railroad of course had no passenger service except as railroad or local personnel wished to go back and forth to Thrall. Now we often used the little gasoline "scooter" which my Mother and I thought was great fun to ride on and we went up and down this way many times. A couple of years of this and then as the Algoma Lumber Company had cut all the timber it had been allowed to buy, the mill was shut down and, with no reason to remain in Pokegama we moved back to the little Thrall house.

All activity in this area was now centered in the big project of the COPCO Company which was building a dam near Fall Creek. The railroad track from there to Pokegama was taken up although the power personnel did use the old railroad track down to Thrall for temporary transportation.

This then was the end of my father's "surveying" job that had turned into six years of railroading. We returned to Minneapolis, he to resume his office. This six

years of such an utterly different life seemed like sort of a dream though my Mother thought it added ten years to her span. As for me, I became a real Westerner, marrying a western schoolmate.

Recently my husband and I drove along the road from Klamathon to the new Pacific Power and Light dam site, and around Copco Lake whose waters now cover that beautiful Klamath Valley we used to love to see from the top of the switchback. The whole territory is so changed that it was hard for me to get my bearings. Some places where the remains of the old Klamath Lake track were still recognizable stirred nostalgic feelings but the only unchanged memory was the Klamath River which still dances on its way and doesn't care a hoot what men do around it.

#### TALES OF KLAMATH INDIANS . . .

(Continued from Page 58)

dian, He savy you. You pay me He pay you," which put the joke on Whelan, and he gave the money to Bullhead.

After several years of residence among the whites, the three Billys met with a tragic end, by reason of a tribal law that required a money payment to the family of the victim killed by another, or the forfeiture of the life of the murderer, and any members of his family in case of failure to pay. As some member of the "Billy" family had been guilty of the offense, and had failed to make money recompense, "Jacksons Billy" was killed below Sawyers Bar and "Hugheys Billy" opposite the same place, at a later period. "Ellsworths Billy," I believe, met the same fate in Scott Valley. In each case the head was severed from the body, and taken to the Klamath River below Orleans for ceremonial identification, when it was then thrown into the river. I never heard how or why Bullhead escaped, yet he is, at last accounts still living on the lower Klamath River at an advanced age, the determining of which is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible.

JOHN DAGGETT

*The preceding article was printed in the Arcata Union, April 29, 1911.*



**KLAMATH HOT SPRINGS RESORT**

—Courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

# The History of Klamath Hot Springs . . .

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By ALICE HESSIG

The Klamath Hot Springs are located about forty miles northeast of Yreka by way of Montague and Ager, and about forty miles south of Klamath Falls, Oregon, by way of Topsy Grade. The springs are near the mouth of Nigger Creek and Shovel Creek on the east bank of the Klamath River.

"Shovel Creek". You will wonder how the creek happened to be called by that name. Hudson Bay Trappers on passing through the country often prospected for gold and left a shovel on the creek bank. When the shovel was found, the creek had a name.

"Nigger Creek". There were several families of Negroes living in Yreka in the gold rush days. They would come with their teams and wagons and camp on the banks of the stream when the salmon were running up to spawn. They would fish until their wagons were filled to capacity and then take the fish into Yreka to sell to the miners. The first owner of the creek was a man by the name of Johnson or Anderson. I've been given both names. Evidently he homesteaded the property about 1860. He raised a few beef cattle and horses.

There was an Indian trail from Butte Valley to Shovel Creek and Indians used to come in droves over this trail to camp on the river and creek banks. They were Modoc Indians. Many of these campsites and wickiup "holes" are still in evidence. They would dry the fish for future use. Mr. Anderson (or Johnson) was friendly with them and would permit them to butcher a beef. Many of the Indian women would put pitch on their hair. I've read that they do this when in mourning for their dead. There is a large Indian burial ground on the northeast side of Shovel Creek. This burial ground is in the lava rock. Mr. Stockslager told me that the

Modocs burned their dead. They would dig a large hole in the lava rocks, gather wood and place the body on it, then burn it with the personal belongings. They would roll lava rocks over the ashes. This I believe as I have been there so many times and all the rocks show evidence of fire. But I would never dig in the graves as many people do. I am a collector of arrowheads and other Indian artifacts, but to me their burial grounds are sacred. I only take what I find around old camp sites.

The Indians used to bathe in the Hot Springs and directly across the river from the Hot Springs is a large cave. I've been told Captain Jack and his followers or tribe used to camp there at times, and many a Hudson Bay trapper sought shelter there at night. My daughters and I often went there to look for arrowheads. I found a twenty five cent piece or quarter of a dollar that was minted in 1834. There was a hole punched in it. I figured some Indian had worn it for an ornament. My daughter, Dorothy, found a fifty-cent piece or half a dollar that was minted in 1838. We prize these coins highly as keepsakes.

Once a group of renegade Indians hid in this cave and no one dared to chase them out. Finally a cannon was brought in and after a shot or two was fired, the Indians gave themselves up.

Just north of Shovel Creek, on the opposite side of the river, a family by the name of Owens lived. The Owens had a small chair factory. This property was later sold to Edson Brothers.

On the east side of the Klamath, adjoining the Hot Springs property, was the Hessig Ranch, owned by my husband's grandfather. Farther on the west side of the Klamath was the Jerome Faye place which was later bought by the Edson Brothers. On the Hessig Ranch are the Beswick Craters. There are seven small craters in this lava formation, which show they were



**MUD BATHS AT KLAMATH HOT SPRINGS**

—Courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

once active. Many people have visited this spot.

The Klamath Hot Springs were sold around 1869 to Richard Beswick. As all freight was moved from Yreka to Klamath Falls via Ager and Topsy Grade road, Mr. and Mrs. Beswick decided to build a hotel and "keep travel," as they said in those days. This hotel was built in 1870 and still stands and is used as a dwelling.

The Hotel was a stopover for the passenger stage and freighters alike. A blacksmith shop, very much a necessity in those days for wagon repairs, with a forge for horse shoeing, was put up. Then a stage barn for stabling the horses and feed. The Hotel had ten sleeping rooms, front room and sitting room and ladies parlor, both sitting rooms and parlor having fireplaces. A large dining room, kitchen and a bathing place, short on plumbing. Each room was equipped with washbowl and pitcher and the very necessary chamber pot and coal oil lamps.

Mrs. Beswick cooked the meals and did much of the maid work herself and was said if an addition to the hotel, such as an extra room needed to be built on, she was apt to start the job. She was a very capable and hard working woman.

Fredrick Stockslager came to live with the Beswicks when he was nine years of age, after the death of both his parents. He was bound to them to work for his room, board and schooling. He milked the cows in the morning and took them to pasture on his way to school and brought them in on his return from school. The nearest school at that time was the Oak Grove school, which would be near the steel bridge at the head of Copco Lake. This school was later moved a mile south of Klamath Hot Springs. Beswick once boasted a store, post office, hotel, voting precinct, not to mention a saloon.

Mr. Beswick sold his Klamath Hot Springs property at Beswick to the Edson Brothers, Joe and Lile. The Edsons decided



to build a new hotel and a health resort. Much lava rock was used in the building which was beautiful and rustic and fit into a natural setting of rugged surroundings. Lush green lawns and shade trees added to the attractiveness of the place. Lava rock was used for fencing with concrete pillars at the entrances. This hotel had seventy-five guest rooms besides the office, huge dining room, kitchen and other necessary rooms. There was also a dining room for the hired help. The Edsons had cattle and sheep so hay had to be harvested, cattle marked and branded. They also had many fine horses.

A large bath house was built over the Hot Springs. There were six mud baths, a steam bath and a barber shop. During the summer season, a barber, masseur and a man and a woman attendant were employed especially for this work. In front of the bath house was a large concrete slab with a drinking fountain which unlike most mineral waters was very good tasting. Many people would drink a gallon of this water daily. The mud baths were very beneficial to people with rheumatic ailments, if they stayed with it long enough to get results.

A large swimming pool filled with the natural hot water was also available to guests. This water was cooled to the correct temperature for swimming and bathing with water from Nigger Creek.

There was an ice house to provide ice for the hotel as there was no other way of refrigeration at the time. The ice was cut from a pond up Shovel Creek. This building had double walls insulated with sawdust. The huge hotel ice box is still in the store building as well as the hotel safe. While we are still at the ice house, I will have to tell you a tale. Many years had passed, Louis and I had bought the property. The old ice house was about to tumble down. We had two men working for us so Louis told them to burn the ice house before it fell down on an animal or person. Well, it made a hot fire, but lo and behold, there was a secret door somewhere, and fumes of bonded whiskey began to penetrate the air and glass began to pop.

There must have been at least six or eight cases of whiskey hid there from the looks of the glass. Our hired men actually had tears in their eyes. Louis said no doubt it was stored there before prohibition days as the saloon at Klamath Hot Springs was a popular spot when Oregon went dry, about the time when the guys were singing:

It's a long way to California,  
It's a long way to go,  
It's a long way to California  
To the first Saloon I know.  
Goodby Tom and Jerry,  
Farewell Rock and Rye,  
It's a long way to California  
Since Oregon went dry.

There was also a fish house where a man was hired to clean the fish that were caught by the guests. Many liked to ship their fish out from Ager to friends in the Bay area—wooden boxes were made and clean hay placed in tightly. The fish were dried out inside, well. This was done by hanging them up and propping them open with sticks. The fish were placed on the hay singly and more hay over them, then the box was nailed shut and they were ready to be shipped.

The Edsons served bountiful meals at the hotel dining room, with much of the vegetables from their own vegetable gardens. Fruits, berries, eggs, butter, cheese, meat and wonderful home cured ham and bacon smoked in the big smokehouse.

A Chinese gardener, milker and irrigator was employed most of the time, also local help as well as some from San Francisco.

Bill Hoover tells me about one of the Owens boys, Grover by name, being sweet on one of the waitresses at the hotel. Grover lived across the river from Shovel Creek. The fellows around the saloon decided to have some fun with him, so they told him she had a jealous husband who would probably find out about him. The next night Grover crossed the river and was walking down toward the hotel when a shot rang out, followed by several more. Grover turned and ran so fast his feet scarcely

touched the ground. The fellows had hid behind the trees and fired the shots into the air. . . so that was the end of the romance.

In its heyday the Klamath Hot Springs was a famous resort and many people of note were guests there. The late President Herbert Hoover, Zane Grey, famous author of western fiction, William S. Hart, western movie star of silent picture days, aviatrix Amelia Earhart, Elmer Highery, and his partner. The guests were first met at Ager by horse drawn stages, but when the automobiles came in, a \$7,000 Locomobile with chain drive was purchased by the Edsons to bring the guests in from Ager Station. This was about 1912, and the driver's name was Tom Stafford, another later driver was Al Decker.

After the deaths of the Edson Brothers, Mrs. Bessie Edson operated the Klamath Hot Springs with the help of her sister, Mrs. Bourrows, and a niece and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Mr. Bill Hoover, who is now eighty-one years of age and still lives in the Beswick area, was foreman for Mrs. Edson. Bill recalls a time when they were on horseback and Mrs. Edson decided to go up on the mountain to see how the sheep were doing. She was riding her mare, Gypsy. Gypsy stumbled and lost her footing and couldn't get up. Mrs. Edson dismounted, quickly took her rope off and put it on the mare's front feet and tipped her down hill, where the horse was able to regain its feet. Old timers have said she was a very self-reliant woman, direct to the point. According to the late Fredrick Stockslager who was employed to irrigate, Mrs. Edson asked him to turn the water out of the orchard as she had planned a picnic there for her guests. Well, Fred didn't do as she said as it interfered with his irrigating. As soon as Mrs. Edson caught up with him she said, "Fred, you're fired." And he was.

Deer were very plentiful in winter months, one could ride up Shovel Creek trail and count two or three hundred deer. Edson kept guides for hunting parties. George Cook and Henry Kerwin were both

employed at the resort as guides and were considered the best in that day. Saddle horses were also available. Many rides and picnics were planned for guests. Many liked to search for Indian artifacts. Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons, the Montague band often played for dances and other entertainment.

Then there was a beautiful grove of alder and cottonwood near the mouth of Shovel Creek and Nigger Creek. Drinking fountains and camping facilities were available to those who wished to camp out.

Edsons had their own hydro-electric power plant which furnished electricity to all the buildings and also to the grove for campers.

Several cottages with six or more sleeping rooms were also built. A dining room was set up in the store building. Incidentally, this building still stands.

You will perhaps wonder what the guests did for recreation. Let me tell you there was no finer fishing anywhere than the Klamath River and Shovel Creek. Mr. Stockslager and my husband's father, Bert Hessig, told me that when the fish were coming up Shovel Creek to spawn, there were so many that the stream was literally alive with fish. You could hardly get a horse to cross the creek.

The Klamath Hot Springs hotel burned in 1915. Much of the furnishings were saved. Tents furnished as sleeping rooms were set up. Along about 1918, after the hotel was destroyed by fire business was getting poorer, as new highways were being built and the automobile was really coming into its own. Mrs. Edson saw the handwriting on the wall and in November 1921, she sold the Klamath Hot Springs property to Joe Serpa, Antone King, and Mr. Terry.

They paid her 61 thousand dollars for the ranch and 250 head of cattle, 400 tons of hay, 17 head of horses and all the farm equipment.

Two years later they sold the property for twenty-five thousand dollars to Margaret Rutherford. Miss Rutherford was a movie

(Continued on Page 69)

# Childhood Memories . . .

By MABEL VANCE CARTER

Do any of you good people of Siskiyou County remember, or were you ever told of the long weeks of preparation that our forebears spent to make the Christmas season a happy one?

Looking back over eighty years I see Yreka as it was about 1879 or 1880. Can you visualize Yreka a town with no railroad closer than Redding, every article not grown or developed in Siskiyou was brought in by horse drawn wagons? There was no electricity, no telephones; no running water in the homes; no furnaces; nothing but pitch torches, candles and kerosene lamps for lighting purposes; very little if any coal to heat our homes—very little of the comforts we now consider necessities. Yet, it was a happy, progressive community.

The citizens were dependent upon the townspeople chiefly for entertainment. Neighbors and families gathered and worked together in times of stress as well as for pleasure and advancement.

Four weeks before Christmas the women spent their leisure hours dressing dolls; knitting warm wooley articles for wear such as hug-me-tights, tam-o-shanters, mittens, shawls; stuffing woolen animals and dolls; meanwhile the men spent their evenings at work benches turning out little wagons, wheel barrows, sleds, toboggans, canes, hobby horses; doll furniture, and so on. When the sewing baskets and the tools were stored away for the day, groups often combined to spend an hour or so in a social game of cards with refreshments of hot cider made from home grown apples, cakes or cookies.

The teenagers of the families were put to work about Thanksgiving time. After school hours they made ornaments for the big Christmas trees we all had. Even the little tots helped stringing popcorn, yards and yards of it; cutting out daisy chains of bright colored papers; fashioning strings of paper dolls, horns of plenty; little fancy baskets; stars and crescents gaily painted,

and my sister Agnes, who was an artist, painted a circle of little angels to surround the one bright store purchased "Angel" atop the tree to symbolize the holy meaning of Christmas.

As the sacred day drew closer there were gatherings around the piano to practice Christmas hymns and carols. But it seemed to me that we little ones were cheated when we were put to bed early. Often my sister Lulu had to slip upstairs to sing us a lullaby before we were quieted or spanked.

I remember the Christmas Eve that remains most vividly in my memory was in 1879 when I was about four years old. My father, James Vance, and my Uncle Levi Swan had converted a large farm wagon bed into a sleigh. That evening the Swan and Vance families had an early supper and there was suppressed excitement until we heard many sleigh bells coming up the street. The youngest children were already dressed in warm clothing as we rushed to the front door to see my father and Uncle Swan in the most gorgeous sleigh our young eyes had ever seen. It was drawn by four prancing steeds, my father in a Santa Claus suit driving.

By previous arrangement the small children in the immediate neighborhood (Third and Yama streets), collected and all tucked into the sleigh with Auntie Swan and Uncle watching over us. There were children from the home of Walbridge, DeWitt, Autenrieth, Merrick, McConnell and Nixon and others whom I do not now recall. Anyway we went for what seemed a very short ride around town, a stop in front of the Methodist Church where there were bright lights and soft singing. Another spin down Miner Street which seemed to me to be ablaze with lights, but now I know they could have been only lanterns outside and lamps inside the stores. We met other smaller sleighs and there was



**INDIAN PEGGY**

—Courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

much shouting and laughter as we passed and some snowballing.

After the small tots were taken home and to the "awful" bed the older children had their turn at sleighing and caroling. Then they returned to our home where Auntie Swan and mother supervised the trimming of the tree—such a big shiny one—to greet us at the crack of dawn on Christmas morn. Big and beautiful as it was it did not remain in my memory as does that wonderful sleigh ride.

I remember Indian Peggy coming to town with a mob of children begging from store to store for anything wanted in the rancheria.

She would say to my father, James Vance, "Peggy cold, Peggy need blankets," or "Peggy's cousins have no overalls, no shoes." My father would give them to her; then she would go to Herman Bringer's or the nearest store and ask for a sack of flour, or potatoes, or even eggs. The children would carry the loot to a designated gathering spot near the school or courthouse and put it in sacks to carry on their backs to the Rancheria.

Once Peggy took lovely daintily trimmed blue and pink sunbonnets which mother had hung on the line after starching. The bonnets had been made for us four girls by a hired seamstress. One day Mother, Effie and I were out for a drive in Mother's Phaeton (carriage) and on the way home, near the Steele ranch, we saw Peggy with four of her little cousins wearing our sunbonnets. Mother stopped the carriage, got out and made Peggy take the bonnets off the children. She wrapped them in a newspaper and brought them home to be boiled and made sanitary for us to wear.

Another time Mother met Peggy trudging along to the rancheria with her loot, and stopped to talk to her. Peggy said, "Thank you, Peggy's legs cold, Peggy's legs warm with Mrs. Jim's rags." She lifted her skirt and Mother saw her loveliest white linen napkins tied around her legs. Mother told Peggy to stay where she was. Then she drove quickly to the store and had Father give her a pair of long stockings

and a paper bag. She rushed back to Peggy, unwrapped her best linen napkins from her legs and then she placed them in a paper bag to be taken home and washed. Mother had had a dinner party the night before and had used her fine linen. Afterward the soiled linen had been rolled up and tossed into the soiled clothes basket on the porch. It was here that Peggy found them, thought they had been discarded, so helped herself. The townspeople were always kind and generous to Peggy and she never begged in vain.

I vividly remember the visit of President and Mrs. Hayes to Yreka. My father took some part in the celebration and I sat on the porch of the second story of the Franco Hotel with father and mother. Mrs. Hayes held me on her lap while father made the introductory speech. I recall that there was something about Mrs. Hayes that was unusual and it fascinated me. Later the President took me on his lap and gave me a coin.

#### KLAMATH HOT SPRINGS . . .

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(Continued from Page 66)

star of silent pictures. Bill Hoover was her foreman and his wife Ethel had charge of the dining room.

About 1922, the Hot Springs property was leased to my husband's father, H. H. Hessig, but was sold the same year to the California Oregon Power Co. My father-in-law and my husband, Louis, leased the property until 1954 when my husband purchased the property from COPCO. In 1959, Louis and I sold all our Beswick holdings including the Hot Springs property to G. J. Laubacker, Tex Richard and their wives. It still is a beautiful spot. The potential is still there and who knows, there might be in the years to come another Klamath Hot Springs Resort. As for myself, the happiest days of my life have been spent at this delightful spot.

*(Information on the History of Klamath Hot Springs was given me by the late Fredrick Stockslager and my husband's parents, Bert and Emma Hessig, William Hoover and Joe Serpa.)*



BERTHA BRADLEY AT 1½ YEARS



LORA ROBERTSON



EDNA CHURCHILL STEELE (MRS. E. H.)

CHARLIE AVERY





**COLUMBUS DISCOVERING AMERICA, 1889**

Standing: Albert McCarton, Bruce Monroe, E. Warren (Columbus), Howard Jenson, John Rohrer, Ken Gillis, Frank Herzog. Middle Row: Fred Jenson, Karl Iffland. Front Row: Ernest Harmon, Harry LeMay, Claude Gillis.

**THE LITTLE TIGERS, 1908**

Top Row: Henry Swank, Lester Thompson, Fred Davis. Second Row: Frank Davis, John Schuler, Ralph Holden. Front Row: Phil O'Toole, Merten Knox, Frank Arins.



**EARL AGER, INEZ AGER CHASE**



**BESSIE MARTIN**

**KARL AND MINNIE IFFLAND**





MARTHA McBRIDE



KENNETH HUBERT EDDY

FRANK HARRIS, HERBERT FARRAHAR, BERNICE FARRAHAR







ROBERT HANLON



DR. J. ROY JONES



CLAUDE GILLIS

ISABEL GRISWOLD SCHRADER





VIVIAN SISSEL



ED R. CRAWLEY

BETTY HAWKINS WELLMAN



CLARRIE KOESTA (LEWIS)

LIZZIE TAYLOR McCUNE



# SISKIYOU COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



*Lottie Castell*  
1895

**ACTIVITIES AND REPORTS 1964**



JAMES D. McNEILL, PRESIDENT

—Courtesy J. O. McKinney

## The President's Message . . .

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Incredible as it seems another year has drawn to a close and with it my last year as President of the Siskiyou County Historical Society.

Thinking back over the past year my memory brings to mind the many interesting events that we have enjoyed together. It is a satisfaction to know that I was able, as your President, to help in bringing these events to pass.

To the two Hazels, Co-Chairmen of the Program Committee and Tom Bigelow, Chairman of the Field Research Committee I owe a deep debt of gratitude for the fine programs that were presented at our month-

ly meetings and the wonderful field trips that were enjoyed by many members of our Society and their friends.

Several of our members have passed away during 1964 and I extend my deepest sympathy to their families and friends.

I would like to thank each and every Committee Chairman for their very able assistance. It was greatly appreciated. It has also been a pleasure to have worked with the fine Board of Directors and the Museum Staff.

In closing may I extend my very best wishes for a wonderful 1965.

James D. MC NEILL  
President





DEAN CAMPBELL

## Meetings of 1964 . . .

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The first meeting of 1964 was held on January 11th with President James McNeill presiding.

The program was arranged by Ella Soule and the topic was "The Bad Boys of Siskiyou." The speakers were J. M. White, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Fred Meamber, Jr. and Mrs. Soule. Mr. White told of several crimes that were committed in Weed in the early days. Mrs. Meamber gave the history of Black Bart and his activities in Siskiyou County. Mr. Meamber spoke on duels in Siskiyou in the 1800's and Mrs. Soule gave a brief resume of the lynchings that had taken place in the County.

The February meeting was held on the 8th. Howard Marx of Anderson gave a talk on the "History of Brands and Noted Ranches." Collecting brands is his hobby

and he displayed several irons and gave a brief description of each during his talk.

Bob Schultz showed movies of the Hart cattle drive from the Hart Ranch in Little Shasta to Hart's Meadows. This program was in keeping with the theme for the 1964 Siskiyou Pioneer which is "Cattle Raising."

At the March meeting Robert Offield was the speaker. He gave a very interesting speech on "The History of the Karok Indian Tribe," and told of many Indian customs.

We were also privileged to have Irene Simpson, President of the Conference of California Historical Societies as our guest.

Jack Quinn of Callahan was speaker at the April meeting. The topic was "The Philosophy of the Salmon River Country."

Tom Bigelow, Chairman of the Field

Research Committee announced that the next field trip would be on May 17th and be through the Modoc Lava Beds.

At the meeting on May 9th Bernice and Fred Meamber showed historic slides of Yreka. The title of the program was "Yreka Then and Now," and many interesting pictures were shown of historic buildings and places as they looked in early days and as they look now.

Music by the Jack & Jill Choir of the Yreka High School under the direction of Daniel Soares was also featured.

On June 13th Hazel Pollock our Curator showed slides of the field trip to Wyntoon, the Hearst castle on the McCloud River with Gerald Wetzel as narrator and the trip to the Modoc Lava Beds.

"The Saga of the Sugar Pine Industry at Klamathon and Pokegama" was the title of the program at the September meeting. Gerald Wollam of Medford showed slides and gave the history of these two towns when they were thriving lumber towns.

At the meeting on October 10th we were privileged to hear a group of Senior Girl

Scouts from Troop No. 233 of Yreka. The girls showed colored slides of their trip to the Girl Scout International House "Our Cabana" in Mexico. They told of the many interesting places that they visited during their trip.

In November Mr. and Mrs. DeVere Helfrich of Klamath Falls showed slides of the old Applegate-Yreka Trail. The ruts of the wagon wheels are still visible along parts of this famous old trail. The program was most interesting and was greatly enjoyed by those present.

At the last meeting of the year on December 12th the program was on bottle collecting. Dean Campbell of Montague was the speaker and he displayed many rare old bottles and told the history of each. Some members of the audience also brought bottles to display.

In keeping with the Christmas season Merriam Amburn of Mt. Shasta sang two solos, "Christmas Angels" and "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day". In closing she sang "Silent Night" to the accompaniment of the old music box at the Museum.

## Pioneer Biographies and Member Records . . .

By HELEN M. FOULKE, Chairman

We close December 31, 1964 with 1112 pioneer biographies and 605 member records. As usual only the names received during the past year are being listed, as the former yearbooks contain all names previous. Missing dates are indicated by ( ) and pioneers still living by ----- . Any information on missing dates will be appreciated. The purpose of these records as stated before in all the year books is:

1. To be able to locate persons who have knowledge of places and events which are being studied.
2. To help identify descendants of pioneer families.
3. To be able to contact relatives and 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.

Corresponding secretaries for 1965 are the same as for 1964. And they will help you in making out your biographies and records and all have supplies of blanks and membership cards for your convenience. All records and information are confidential and filled out records and biographies should be sent immediately to Mrs. Helen Foulke, 813 French St., Yreka, Calif., Chairman of pioneer biographies and member records for the files of the Siskiyou County Historical Society.

The loan or gift of any early pioneers, parties or places, which can be used for articles or stories in the "Siskiyou Pioneer"

will be greatly appreciated. We especially need pictures of early Siskiyou County camps and towns.

#### PIONEER BIOGRAPHIES

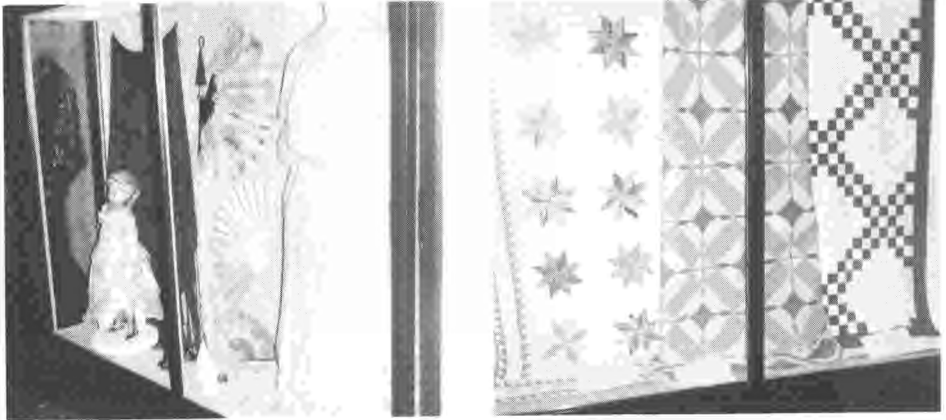
Beard, John Samuel—1836-( )  
 Coburn, Lewis F.—1854-( )  
 Collier, Buckner K.—1857-( )  
 Deter, Raymond Wilkson—1887-1927  
 Dexter, Anna Lillian Gosney—1871-1961  
 Dexter, George Franklin—1874-1945  
 Fairchild, James D.—1869-( )  
 Fassett, Gussie D.—1874-1918  
 Fiock, Charles—1864-1886  
 Lake, Lydia—1807-1880

McGoffey, John H.—1863-( )  
 O'Connor, Kate—1892-1913  
 Ringe, Frederick—1831-1887  
 Smith, Frank Millard—1861-1918  
 Terwilliger, Sidney Franklin—1860-1926  
 Vance, E. C.—1845-( )  
 Ward, Mary Haight—1867-1917  
 Wells, Dora—1859-1917  
 Wolford, George Washington—1808-1862

#### MEMBER RECORDS

Breceda, Roland A.  
 Coggins, Hazel Adele  
 Daggett, Gabriel Andrew  
 Evans, Walter L.  
 Fiock, Earl Bernard  
 Fiock, Mildred Olive Dexter

Flowers, Dale Raymon  
 Flowers, Verna Peters  
 Shewmaker, Calvin D.  
 Simmons, Lois Yvonne  
 Wickham, Faber Hampton  
 Wickham, Pricilla Hunt  
 Wolford, Laura Christena



DISPLAYS IN MUSEUM

## Curator's Report . . .

The Museum had a larger number of visitors than usual in 1964 due to an article on the Museum which was published in the March issue of the Sunset Magazine. The visitors came from forty-two states and twenty foreign countries as well as the surrounding communities.

Each month a special monthly display was arranged. For the summer tourist, a huge pegboard tepee was built and placed in the center of the main floor. On this

By HAZEL POLLOCK

teypee were displayed some of the choice Indian baskets and Indian Artifacts made by our Siskiyou Indians.

A group of girl scouts met at the Museum in May to hear Robert Offield of Hamburg explain the procedure used by the Karok Indians in making their baskets.

In the fall of the year the exterior of the Museum was repainted.

We received 16 loans during the year, some of which were watches, oil paintings,



pictures, books, sterling silver, and newspapers.

Twenty-three gifts were given to the Museum among which were, eighty photographs of Siskiyou taken by Dr. Larison, a cradle brought across the plains in 1878, a framed picture of the sawmill town of Upton in 1910, a pieced quilt over 164 years old and a black silk dress made in

France one hundred years ago.

Many classes of school children, boy scouts, cub scouts, and girl scouts as well as adult groups were taken on guided tours of the Museum. The school classes show their appreciation and the knowledge they acquire on these trips, in their letters of thanks to the Curator.



LAVA BEDS

Courtesy Museum



BRIDGE AT ISHI-PISHI FALLS

## Report of the Publicity Chairman . . .

By JENNIE CLAWSON, Chairman

The Siskiyou County Historical Society had a very active and enjoyable year, 1964. Five county newspapers, the Siskiyou Daily News, in Yreka, the Dunsmuir News, the Weed Press, the Mount Shasta Herald and the Butte Valley Star in Dorris, printed accounts of all the meetings, which were well attended, having interesting special speakers and programs each month.

The two field trips were also given due publicity. On May 17 a large caravan left the museum to visit the Lava Beds National Park, going through Tulelake. A guided hike through Captain Jack's Stronghold proved most interesting and all enjoyed a picnic lunch at the park campgrounds, and visited the Lava Beds Museum. A visit was made also to the Petroglyph Point, near Tulelake. About 125 members and friends gathered September 20 at the museum for a

trip "Around the Horn". The route was over the Salmon mountains to Finley Camp. Bill Smith of Etna was the narrator on the bus. Stops were made at the historical old towns of Sawyers Bar, Forks of Salmon and Somes Bar where short histories of the towns were given. The group enjoyed their lunch at the Oak Bottom Forest Service Camp, east of Somes Bar. A side trip was made after lunch to view the Ishi-Pishi Falls from where they could see the Salmon river joining the Klamath. After stopping at Happy Camp for a short time the caravan returned to the museum, rich in the lore of the Salmon and Klamath country. Three months later the terrible December floods destroyed many of these historical landmarks. As your Publicity Chairman for 1964 it has been a pleasure to report all of our interesting activities.



PART OF COLORED GLASS COLLECTION EXHIBITED IN THE MUSEUM

## REPORT OF SOUTHERN SISKIYOU Know Your Heirlooms Group . . .

By HELEN BLISS, Secretary

Officers for 1964 were president, Isabel Schrader; vice-president, Donna Brooks; 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 and to getting better acquainted with the books and magazines in our library.

The date of our next meeting, February 28th, was particularly appropriate as it was on that date fourteen years ago that the group was organized. Two charter members, Isabel Schrader and Myrtie K. Davis, were present. The subject for study at this meeting was colored glass with Kaymore Scott as the speaker. The group changed its exhibit at the Siskiyou County Museum this month, placing a collection of colored glass in their

case there.

In March Donna Brooks prepared a program on willow ware, the familiar blue and white pattern that has been one of the most popular in the history of ceramics.

In April it was our privilege to visit the B. C. Goldsmith home in Weed for a program on early American furniture. Following a commentary on the subject by Isabel Schrader in which she traced the history of early American furniture through its various periods, Mr. Goldsmith took the group on a tour of the house to see his many pieces of antique furniture.

Our speaker at the June meeting was Myrtie K. Davis with a program on old pocket watches and their accessories. In her highly entertaining style, she gave us the history of the pocket watch from its invention in the sixteenth century to its

decline in popularity when the wrist watch came into use during World War I.

Our annual picnic was held late in July in the lovely setting of the Fred Ingel home on the banks of Wagon Creek, rural Mount Shasta. Following the lunch and a brief business meeting, Mr. Ingel showed color slides of their recent trip to Greece.

In August our hostess, Ellen Tupper, presented a program on old iron ware, giving a brief history of its manufacture and use in America. Many interesting and rare pieces were exhibited, some so old that there was lively speculation as to their original purpose.

The program in September was a review of our China & Pottery Folio which traces

the history of china and pottery from the Neolithic Age more than twelve thousand years ago to modern times.

Our October meeting was held in two homes. First we viewed Mabel Glidden's extensive doll collection of more than four hundred dolls, the result of sixteen years of collecting. One of her dolls in the authentic dress of the late 1890's won a blue ribbon at the California State Fair this year. Next the group went to see Dawn Brooks' collection. Many of hers are foreign dolls brought or sent to her by friends traveling abroad. She also has several old dolls dating as far back as 1882.

With the October meeting we adjourned until January 1965. This has been another interesting and rewarding year.

## Clipping Report . . .

By HAZEL N. POLLOCK, Chairman

Three more scrapbooks have been completed this year, one of each of the following, Historical Society Meetings, Obituaries, and items of historical interest.

The Pacific Power and Light Co. saves the six county papers and other papers for us, from which many of these historical items are clipped. Charlotte Davis, Doris

Robinson, Betty Dow and other members of our society also send us clippings from out of county papers. To all of these people we are most grateful.

These scrapbooks have proven to be very helpful to students and other research workers. These books are available to the public for research at the Museum.

## 13th Annual Symposium of Historical Societies Of Northern California and Southern Oregon

By HELEN M. FOULKE

The 13th Annual Symposium of Historical Societies of Northern California and Southern Oregon was held in Nevada City and Grass Valley, California on October 9-10, 1964, with the largest crowd we have ever had at a symposium.

Registration at the Nevada City Museum Friday P.M. and open house and tour of local antique shops, of which there are many, was most interesting and enjoyable. The old shops, stores and buildings retain their early day interest. This was my first

visit to Nevada City in 55 years. It was good to see the old National Hotel restored. All I missed was the closed lobby down stairs and the old horse drawn stages in front of the hotel.

On Saturday morn registration and meeting at the Nevada City Elementary School Auditorium. Welcome and greetings by Gilbert Tennis, President of the Nevada City Historical Society, Dr. H. A. McPherson, Mayor, and Richard C. Bailey, President of the California Historical Society.

Mr. Charles Parson, owner and manager of Gillet Nursery spoke of Gillet Nursery and the history of the early nut industry in California and of the grapes and vineyards in Nevada County in the 1850's. Mr. Elmo Stevens subject "Wells Fargo and the most colorful agent in Nevada City," and Mr. James Henwood, a long time Wells Fargo agent in Grass Valley showed his collection of relics. Mr. Peter Ingram, editor of the "Union," gave a good talk on "Early Newspapers and Their Editors."

A very fine, real old miner's stew luncheon was served. Following luncheon a talk and tour of the Empire Mine property in Grass Valley. From 3-5 P.M. general meeting of the symposium. The time was much too short for all the reports which we all looked forward to hearing.

After a splendid banquet we heard the famous "Cornish Choir" directed by Harold George, Sr. Following, Mr. Harry Hyatt gave an excellent discussion of the early day development of high mountain water storage and transportation systems to the mines.

On Sunday many attended the dedication ceremonies of a pioneer Jewish cemetery in Nevada City with Hal Altman in charge. Many attended church and all of these churches are over 100 yrs. old—St. Canice, Catholic—old Trinity Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, reconstructed Baptist and in Grass Valley Emanuel Episcopal. I think the same carpet was on the floors of the Methodist Church as when I attended 55 years ago. The fall colors were beautiful.

## Conference of California Historical Societies . . . Tenth Annual Meeting — San Diego, June 18, 19, 20, 1964

By IRENE SIMPSON, President

The San Diego Historical Society and the Cabrillo Historical Association co-hosted this Conference meeting in San Diego. Highlight of the program planned by Conference Vice-President, Richard Bailey, was the Annual Banquet aboard the *Star of India*. Speaker for the occasion was Robert Weinstein of Ward Ritchie Press, an authority on sailing ships, who paid great tribute to the work of Conference Past President, Jerry MacMullen in his long struggle to restore the ship by speaking on the topic of "The Star of India—100 Years Afloat and Still Afloat." This was followed by the Biennial Book Auction, with Paul Galleher of Arthur H. Clark Company as auctioneer.

The Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West planned a delightful reception on Thursday evening at the Serra Museum. This was preceded by meeting of the California Heritage Preservation Commission, the California History Commission and the Conference Regional Vice Presidents Meeting and Dinner. From these

meetings, under the leadership of Ted Parker of Santa Ana, a new organization was formed of Corporate Historians, which is expected to meet the needs of those who work in the field of history for profit-making businesses. Reports of these Commissions were made for Conference members at the Saturday Luncheon, when Frank Gibson, President of the Cabrillo Historical Association, presided. Miss Irene Simpson, President of the Conference of California Historical Societies, presided at the business sessions and introduced the Chairman for each session, as follows:

Henry Clifford, President of the California Historical Society who introduced as speakers: Richard B. Yale, Publisher, Butterfield Express "George Derby, the Veritable Squibob" and Clark W. Brott, Curator North American Collections, Museum of Man, "Solving the Problems of Southern California Indian History."

Mrs. Everett G. Hager, President of the Historical Society of Southern California who introduced Dwight T. Warren,

Chief Naturalist of Death Valley National Monument "Interpreting Our Historic Heritage," and Dr. Wm. H. Wake, President of the Los Angeles Geographical Society "Selected Geographic Factors in California History."

Mrs. Elvira Wittenberg, President of the San Diego Historical Society who introduced Mr. Fred Jones, representing Governor Edmund G. Brown. Since Proposition One on the November Ballot was expected to include Historical as well as Recreational sites if it was passed, Mr. Jones very appropriately explained this measure and the need for our support of it.

The Breakfast Roundtable Summaries were presided over by Conference Past President, Clyde Arbuckle, who introduced the five discussion leaders and their topics as follows:

*History Projects*, Dr. V. Aubrey Neasham, President, Western Heritage Inc. *Society Publications*, Dr. John Jensen, Chairman, History Department, California Western University. *Junior Historians*, Miss Ruth Mahood, Chief Curator of History, Los Angeles County Museum. *Museum Workshop Techniques*, John B. Dowty, President Kern County Historical Society and Assistant Director, Kern County Museum, *Proposition 1*, John Michaels, Supervisor of Interpretive Services, California Division of Beaches and Parks.

Local Arrangements Chairmen, Dr. Joan Jensen and Ross Holland, planned a Historical field trip as the final event in three days of activity and two bus loads of tired but enthusiastic historians learned at first hand the varied projects of San Diego Historical groups.

## The Man Who Came to Eat . . .

A prisoner escaped near the old place years ago. He survived in the hills for a few days coming in to milk a corralled cow into a bottle or pail under cover of darkness. Solid food he wanted, so he raided the pantry one night with success. He was caught on the second trip to the same place and sent back to prison.

Do you suppose that the leg irons found a few months ago on the old 90 mile ditch where it crosses Ft. Jones Road had been cold chiselled off by this escapee? (Photo)



Leg irons found on China Ditch, sometimes called the Ninety Mile Ditch. Found during recent highway construction near Forest House.

## Greenhorns Stake Claims . . .

Here we Greenhorns stake our claims. Along the road between Yreka and the Fort, past Forest House there was:

1. The last horse drawn stage robbery in California history (confirmed by research at Wells Fargo Library and Museum, San Francisco, as well as State Library, Sacramento).

2. The last lynching in the West (confirmed by reports of California Department of Justice).

3. The largest orchard in the great bear

state—era 1855-70 (contentions of pioneers M. Short, Arthur Cox and others).

4. The only licensed distillery in California north of Sacramento (1870's) (unconfirmed).

5. A "lot" of Western history—a greenhorn's strike of gold, a Boston shaft, a first saw mill, commercial ice production, early industry, a great old mountain inn, stage and other robberies, a Modoc warrior scarred his face, an all night ride to lynch four; and other events galore.

## In Memorium

|                             |              |                           |
|-----------------------------|--------------|---------------------------|
| MISS ATLANTA ADAMS          | February 12  | Etna, California          |
| MAMIE V. ARENDS             | Date Unknown | Campbell, California      |
| EMMA CAMPBELL               | June 21      | Woodland, California      |
| ALBERT S. CONLEY            | December     | Sacramento, California    |
| I. E. DENNIS                | January 20   | Macdoel, California       |
| MRS. GEORGE FARNUM          | Date Unknown | Dunsmuir, California      |
| MRS. CHARLOTTE GLOVER       | October 9    | Yreka, California         |
| OSCAR GOTT                  | March 1      | Lake County, California   |
| GEORGE A. GREIVE            | August 30    | Cutten, California        |
| MARGUERITA HAYDEN           | August 9     | Yreka, California         |
| MR. GUY T. HEAD             | November 17  | Happy Camp, California    |
| MRS. MARY E. HEBARD         | April 7      | Yreka, California         |
| E. L. JOHNSON               | Date Unknown | Yreka, California         |
| MRS. GEORGE KRAFT           | November 24  | Nevada City, California   |
| GRACE LIGHTHILL             | May 24       | Fort Jones, California    |
| ROBERT C. MARTIN, M.D.      | May 7        | Monte Sereno, California  |
| N. McNAMES                  | February 6   | Yreka, California         |
| JAMES A. NUTTING            | January 23   | Susanville, California    |
| JOHN PELLEGRINI             | Date Unknown | Callahan, California      |
| CASSIE I. QUIGLEY           | March 31     | Yreka, California         |
| FRANCIS ACKLEY SILVER       | January 23   | Horse Creek, California   |
| JOHN SOLUS, SR.             | May 28       | Yreka, California         |
| LEILA E. STEELE             | June 2       | Yreka, California         |
| HENRY G. STOCKSLAGER        | Date Unknown | San Francisco, California |
| ALTA (MRS. GEORGE) STROFELD | December 2   | Yreka, California         |
| HARRY H. SULLIVAN           | March 22     | Montague, California      |
| W. E. THOMAS                | December 11  | Medford, Oregon           |
| WAYNE D. VON GUNTEN         | February 4   | Oakland, California       |
| MRS. ELMA HOUGHTON WARD     | March 9      | Yreka, California         |
| GRACE (MRS. H. L.) WERTS    | January 12   | Oildale, California       |
| CAMILLE ZWANZIGER           | August 26    | Weed, California          |

## Financial Report . .

By CLETA PENDLEY, Secretary-Treasurer

December 31, 1964

|                |            |               |            |
|----------------|------------|---------------|------------|
| CASH IN BANK   | \$4,173.39 | MUSEUM FUND   | 93.10      |
| GENERAL FUND   | 3,647.16   | MEMORIAL FUND | 1,190.50   |
| PUBLICATION    | 886.89     | FOOD FUND     | 18.26      |
| YREKA HEIRLOOM | 25.41      | MAP FUND      | 85.85      |
|                |            |               | TOTAL      |
|                |            |               | \$4,173.39 |



**SLUICE BOX CLEAN-UP, GOLD MINE IN SAWYERS BAR ABOUT 1908**

Near Catholic Church. \$3000.00 in gold pan. Left to right: Carl Lewis, Ed Townes, Sam Matthews, John Ahlgren, George Rogers, Albert Meyers, and Bill Wike.  
—Courtesy Mr. & Mrs. Carl Lewis, Etna, Calif.

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NATIONAL BANK** 

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**YREKA OFFICE**  
101 South Broadway

**NOW STATEWIDE—OVER 200 OFFICES IN CALIFORNIA**

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation



**LOGGING AT PARROT MILL ON FRENCH CREEK, ABOUT 1888**

George Meek is driver.

—Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

## **E. J. Hjertager & Son Lumber Company**

**SCOTT VALLEY LUMBER PIONEERS**

**Sawmill at Callahan**

**Phone IN 7-3998**

**Main Office**

**Planing Mill at Yreka**

**Phone 842-3456**

**P.O. Yreka, California**





"THE FOREST HOUSE TODAY —

Our good customer for 111 years."

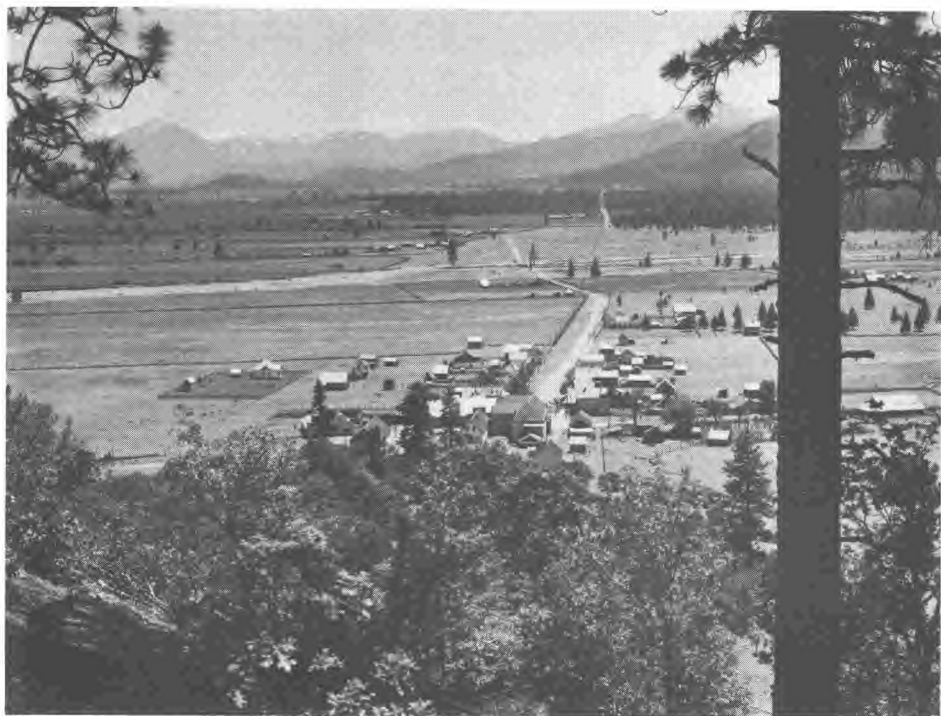
—Courtesy J. O. McKinney

## City Meat Market

SINCE 1854

319 West Miner Street

Yreka, California



GREENVIEW, SCOTT VALLEY, AND ITS RICH FARM LAND

—Courtesy Bickel Collection

Scott Valley  
Chamber of Commerce

Greenview, California

INVITES YOU TO VISIT  
HISTORICAL SCOTT VALLEY

A SPORTSMAN'S NATURAL PARADISE



HUDSON'S BAY TRAPPERS CROSSING ON THE KLAMATH RIVER  
NEAR KLAMATHON BRIDGE

**Randolph Collier**

STATE SENATOR



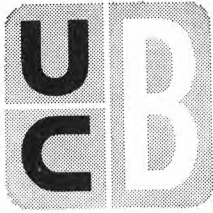
MINERS RESERVOIR AT MOUTH OF SCHULMEYERS GULCH

—Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

## Girdner Funeral Chapel

202 South Oregon Street

Yreka, California



# UNITED CALIFORNIA BANK

*The Bank That Does a Little More For You!*



Branches in Siskiyou County

AT

DORRIS

—

WEED

—

MT. SHASTA



BUTTE VALLEY —Courtesy Bickel Collection

## American Forest Products Corporation

Dorris, California



BENNETT'S AT THE FORKS OF SALMON RIVER

—Courtesy Bickel Collection

## Millbourn's Electric Supply Co.

INDUSTRIAL AND RESIDENTIAL ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS

F. C. "Ferd" Simmons

Res. 842-3323

Phone 842-4106

304 W. Miner St., Yreka, California

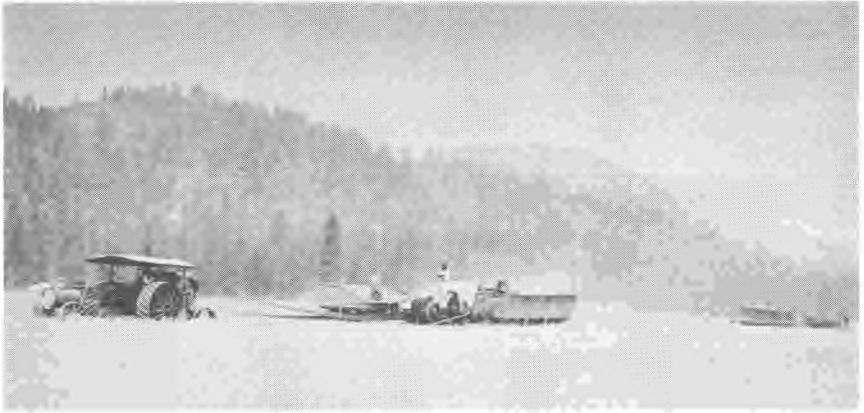


HAULING LOGS ON THE McCLOUD RIVER RAILROAD

—Courtesy Bickel Collection

# McCloud River Railroad Company

McCloud, California



HARVESTING IN SCOTT VALLEY

—Courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

## Siskiyou Tractor & Equipment Co.

612 South Main Street  
Yreka, California



LAYING CORNERSTONE FOR FIRST SISKIYOU CO. HIGH SCHOOL, 1894

—Courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

## A. J. McMurry Co.

BUILDING CONTRACTORS

"BUILDERS OF MODERN BUILDINGS

IN THIS HISTORICAL AREA"

Yreka

California





SALMON RIVER FREIGHT PULLED BY "JERK LINE" TEAM

—Courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

## Peters Truck Lines

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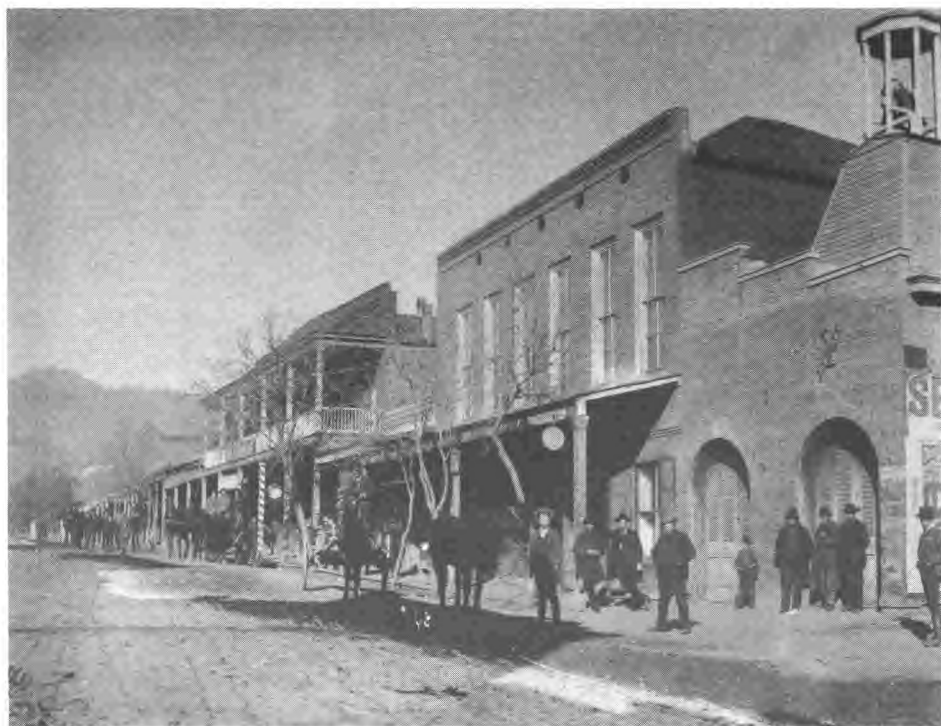
Yreka Home Office  
907 South Main Street  
842-4134

San Francisco  
648-6262

Oakland  
834-2773

Sacramento  
446-2761

Redding  
243-1476



**FIRE HOUSE No. 1, THIRD & MAIN STREETS, ABOUT 1887**

Masonic Hall, H. B. Gillis Law Office downstairs, Franco American Hotel.

—Courtesy Gillis Collection

## Town of Yreka City

HEART OF SCENIC SISKIYOU

For Information, Call or Write

### Yreka Chamber of Commerce

Phone 842-3779

City Hall

# Diagram of Forest House Operation

- 1 Bunkhouse
  - 2 Stable & carriage shed
  - 3 Barn & dairy shed
  - 4 Hay barn
  - 5 Fruit warehouse & cellar
  - 6 Toll gate
  - 7 Bear pen
  - 8 Hitching rack
  - 9 Watering trough
  - 10 Wood shed
  - 11 Forest House Hotel bar, dance hall & public dining room
  - 11a Forest House extension kitchen & dining area for help
  - 12 Site of arena for bull-bear fight
  - 13 Box factory (wood shop)
  - 14 Blacksmith shop
  - 15 Two story hen house
  - 16 Bath house
  - 17 Toilets
  - 18 Ovens
  - 19 Smoke house
  - 20 Saw mill
  - 21 Cannery
  - 22 Apple house, cider & vinegar press and distillery
  - 23 Ice house
  - 24 Fruit house
  - 25 Fruit evaporator
  - 26 Fruit house
  - 27 Hay barn
  - 28 Ice pond
- Not shown—Brick & lime kilns

