Southern Borderlands Issue 1968

The Siskiyou Pioneer

IN FOLKLORE, FACT AND FICTION

and YEARBOOK

Siskiyou County Historical Society

Volume Four Number 1

Siskiyou County Board of Supervisors. l. to r.: Earl F. Ager, Tulelake, District 1; Ernest Hayden, Callahan, District 5 (Board Chairman), William Ealy, Yreka, District 4; S. C. Jackson, Edgewood, District 3; Dom Sirianni, Dunsmuir, District 2.

Siskiyou County

OFFERS OPPORTUNITY WITH ITS

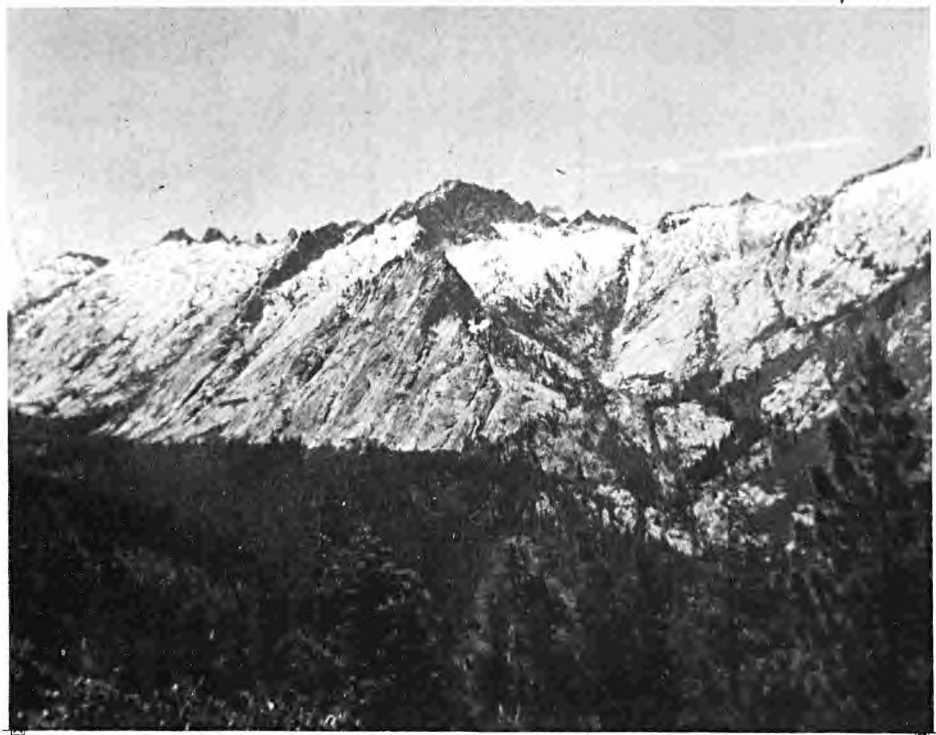
GREAT NATURAL RESOURCES

PRODUCTIVE RICH SOIL

EXTENSIVE VACATION AREAS

INDUSTRY

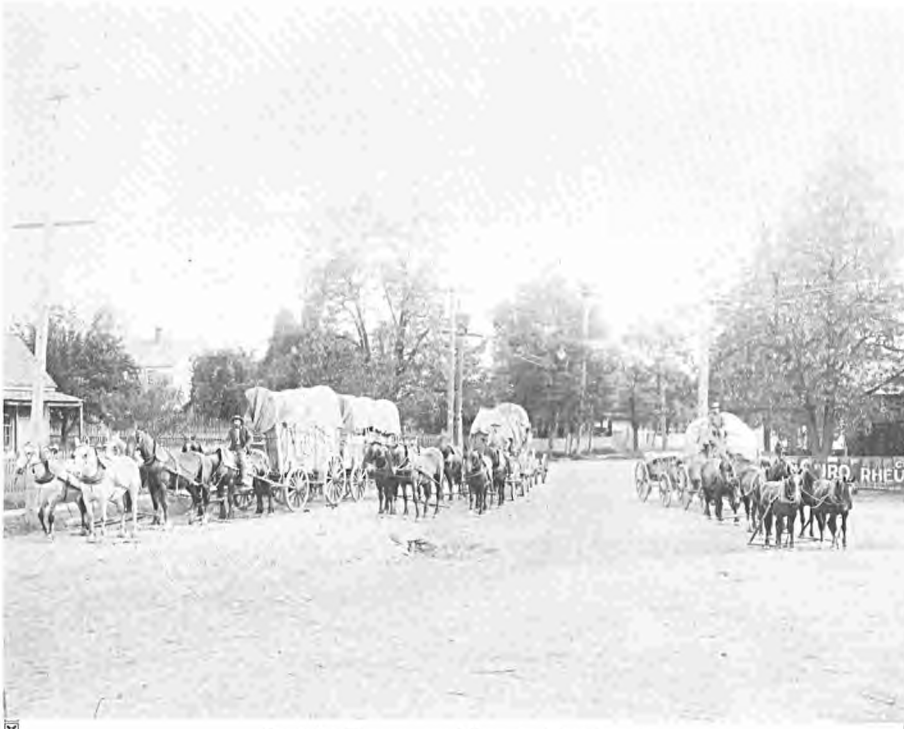
Siskiyou County Board of Supervisors



Trinity Alps, Southernmost Point of Siskiyou County
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Randolph Collier

STATE SENATOR

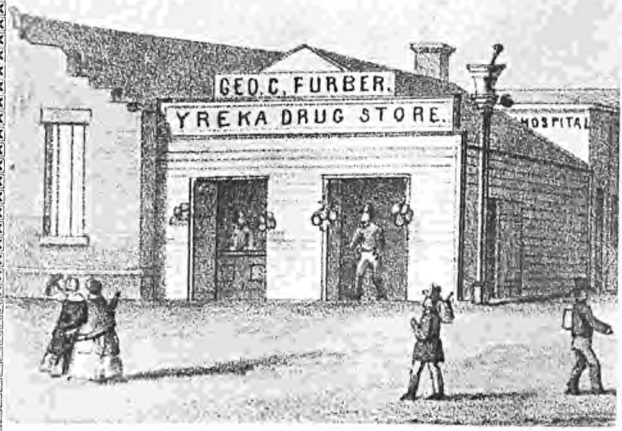


Freight Teams on Way to Fort Jones
Drivers, left to right: Hank Luttrell, Walt Delaney, Harold Taylor, all of Fort Jones.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Forks of Salmon, California
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Shasta Alpine Lodge, built by the Sierra Club in 1921 at Horse Camp on the west slope of Mt. Shasta. It is situated at timber line 8000 ft. elevation. The Lodge is open all year free to all. At this elevation in ordinary winters the Lodge is buried out of sight under 15 to 20 feet of snow.

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum



Yreka's first drug store on the southwest corner of Miner and Center Streets.
—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

Snow on the Trinity Divide
—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

First Yreka Railroad Engine—1901
(1) Jack Frazelle, (2) Ashley Russell, (3) Engineer Dean
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Yreka Western Railroad Company

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Alex Parker's Sawmill, Etna, California

Photo: Gordon Jacobs, left, and the late Walter H. Bray, both of Hornbrook, with four of their hunting dogs and two bear just killed.

Bray and Jacobs were co-owners of a pack of hunting dogs and hunted together throughout Siskiyou County for many years. The picture was taken about 1922.

Mr. Jacobs celebrated his 90th birthday on June 30, 1968.

A salute to one of Siskiyou's Leading Pioneers

J. M. "Jude" White, Sr., 1886-1967 . . . Siskiyou Pioneer . . . Wood Products Industry Leader . . . Long-Bell President . . . ad infinitum. Mr. White held countless offices of leadership in many industry associations, and was influential in the planning of numerous major programs. He served the Long-Bell Lumber Company for a half-century. And Mr. White played a continuing significant role in the development and progress of Weed and Siskiyou County. Appropriately, in 1967, two pioneering publications—"The Siskiyou Pioneer" and "Weed and Long-Bell" (published by Plywood Pioneers Association)—were dedicated to his memory. It is a pleasure for the Company to offer free copies of the Plywood Pioneers' salute to Mr. White, which publication records the history of the Weed Plywood Plant, the oldest plywood mill running today. *If you would like a copy of "Weed and Long-Bell" contact International Paper Company, Drawer "A", Weed.*

INTERNATIONAL PAPER COMPANY
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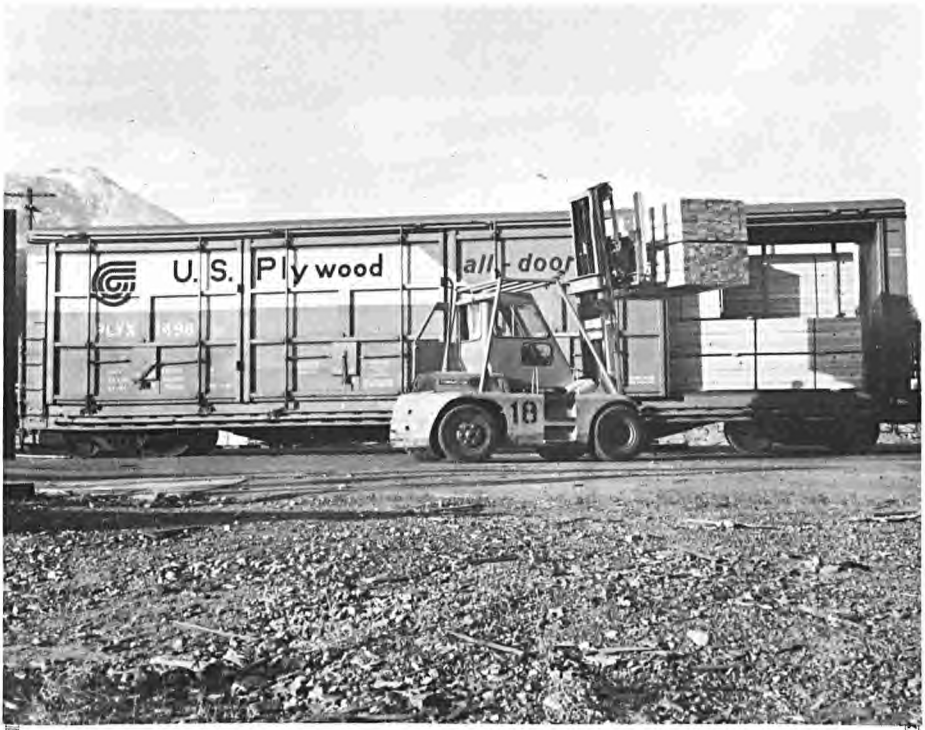
WEED, CALIFORNIA



—Kite photo

U. S. Plywood - Champion Papers Inc.

CALIFORNIA DIVISION McCLOUD OPERATION

McCLOUD, CALIFORNIA

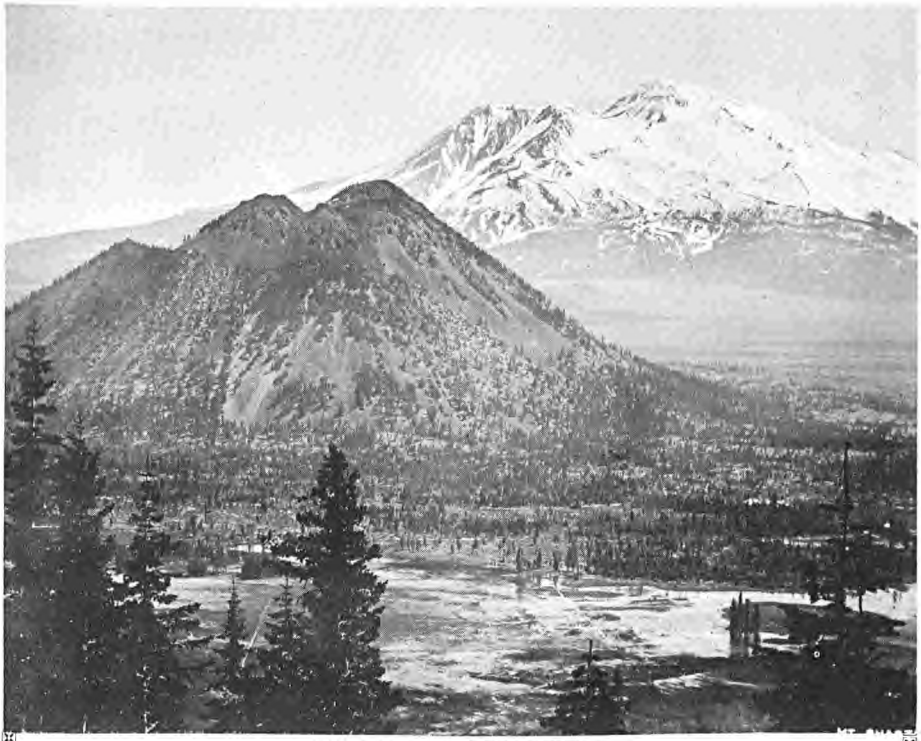
Mt. Shasta from Gazelle, California
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Miner Street, Yreka, California
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Strawberry Field Near Mt. Shasta, California
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Marble Peaks from Near Happy Camp
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Logging Train Near Mt. Shasta. Notice Snow Calla Lilly on Mountain.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum



Mt. Shasta and Black Butte
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

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Mount Shasta
Chamber of Commerce

HOME OF THE MOUNT SHASTA SKI BOWL

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P. O. Box 201 Mount Shasta, California 96067

Harvesting in Scott Valley, California
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

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Surveying for the Railroad Over the Siskiyous
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

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Editor's Page

The assembling of the material for the Society's yearbook this year has been a privilege for me. I regret that I was unable to devote even more time to the project than is the case, but numerous things prevented me from so doing.

The preservation of our local history and traditions is one of the most valuable things which we can each help to do in order to aid in the stabilization of our society and country in these trying times. The Siskiyou County Historical Society has been outstanding in doing just this over the years through its publications, programs, and various special projects. It is indeed an honor for me to be able to contribute in a small way to this continuing process.

Thanks are due to many people in the production of this book. Especial thanks, of course, to each author who has contributed to the book, whether personally known to me, or not. I would mention particularly Mrs. Mabel Steele, author of the lead article, without whose willingness to contribute from her vast and accurate memories, the work would never have been begun by this editor. Mrs. Hazel Pollock and Mrs. Eleanor Brown of the museum staff also deserve recognition for their constant help and encouragement, especially during the final stages of getting the book ready for press.

To all of the members who gave encouragement, too numerous to mention, believe me, you have my gratitude.

Finally, to those people who have articles in progress, but which were not completed for inclusion in this book, the work will continue. Though it may seem that much has been recorded, in reality we have only scratched the surface.

H. W. Trapnell

Siskiyou Pioneer

Vol. IV, No. 1

1968

EDITOR - - - - - HERBERT W. TRAPNELL

ADVERTISING MANAGER - - - ELEANOR BROWN

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MISCELLANEOUS

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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 96097. Price $2.00. Annual Society membership is $3.00. Members receive publications free of charge anywhere in the U.S. or Canada

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Lumber packed to Big Flat by McNeil's packtrain, early 1900's.
—courtesy Mabel Frances Steele

Sidney Steele and wife, Mabel with daughter Alice in arms, on trip from Big Flat to Trinity Center, California, August, 1910.
—courtesy Mabel Frances Steele

Gold Mining in Siskiyou by Hydraulic Power
—courtesy Mabel Frances Steele

Salmon River, California . . .

By MABEL FRANCES STEELE

MABEL FRANCES STEELE

After the first wild rush to the Gold Fields of California in 1849, people commenced to branch out in search of gold. In the early 1850's and 1860's some came north to the Coast Range Mountains and to the three forks of the Salmon River in Siskiyou County.

The main stream of this river is the South Fork which rises in the Southwest near Trinity County at the base of the Trinity Alps. It flows north for seven miles through beautiful mountain meadows edged with enormous pines and fir trees. It then makes a short turn into a deep canyon extending directly west to the Pacific Coast.

The little town of Cecilville lies sixteen miles west and downstream where the South Fork is joined to the East Fork. Nineteen miles further on, the North Fork also joins the South Fork at what is called "Bennett's Store", or as known in the earlier days as the "Forks of the Salmon". Some further distance on, the Salmon enters the Klamath River at Somes Bar and continues on from there to the Pacific Ocean. By this time the Salmon is quite a large stream inhabited along the way by small settlements of miners and their families. All of these streams flow through rough, wild mountain country with steep rocky slopes and clear rushing streams in which both salmon and mountain trout are plentiful.

In the early days the Indians at the lower levels caught many salmon with nets and spears. White people reveled in their ability to catch both salmon and trout. As there was no law against catching them at that time, they used them for a daily diet if they chose. Deer also were plentiful and furnished fresh meat any time but especially in the early fall.

Gold was found in these mountain streams in gravel bars and also in veins of quartz in the mountain sides. Miners encamped along the streams took up mining claims, built cabins in which they lived until the supply of gold slackened, then they moved on to try again to find their "big stakes." "Free gold", as it was called, was taken in loose form and cleaned off rocks and black sand by separating with a knife or other sharp instrument, taking out the larger chunks of "nuggets" first. What a thrill of satisfaction it was to watch the bright lumps forming in piles and knowing it was real money at last! This I remember very well and later when the claim was worked out and "color" was scarce, the disappointment was great and the thought of all the hard wasted work was very depressing. However, the miners were a stubborn lot and they were always going to try and make it "next time."

Quite a lot of gold was obtained on the main South Fork of the Salmon before it "petered out", as the saying goes. At the Summerville Mine, which was operated for many years, a strip of granite bedrock three miles long by one mile wide lies today, bare and shining white as seen from the air or the

Mabel Steele, center, at left son Franklin (Pat) Steele and son Frankie; at right, son Nathan A. Steele, daughter, Alice Jewett, at Mt. Meadow Lodge, June, 1962.
—courtesy Mabel Frances Steele

Packing a cooking range to Salmon River, Siskiyou County. Packed by H. D. McNeil packtrain. Early 1900's.
—courtesy Mabel Frances Steele

higher levels of the mountains. I can remember at least twenty-five years of mining that took place there, and the mining equipment was then moved three miles down the river to Petersburg. The camp was established at Black Gulch. I have no knowledge of how long the work continued there, but it was a number of years. I think the move was made in 1908. I was married at that time and my husband, Sidney Steele, worked at the mine for a number of years. We moved to Trinity County later on and I lost all account of what went on at the mine after that time. It is probably a ghost camp by now. At the time I knew Summerville it was a busy place and employed about twenty miners to work the steady shift around the clock. In the late winter and early spring when the water was high, it was utilized as long as possible into the summer months. The men had a cabin nearby where the night shift could get warm and heat their coffee and eat their lunch. It was a long, cold shift and at times they worked in the rain and snow. This mine worked steadily throughout the year and in the many years they operated, they undoubtedly took out a large amount of gold. The company had its headquarters in Etna, Scott Valley. It went under the name of Spooner, Smith and Parker at first. Mr. Spooner was the Superintendent and he and his wife lived and worked at the mine the year around. Later on Mr. Spooner became blind and he and his wife moved to San Francisco to live. While he was Superintendent he had a new trail built up Rush Creek and on over the "divide" to Callahan on Scott River. This trail was a short cut to the end of the wagon road in Scott Valley and it was very convenient to all on the South Fork of the Salmon. It was known as the "Spooner Trail" and was used by the pack trains all summer until the deep snow closed the pass. Every mile was marked with a white milepost, miles marked with black letters and figures; it is twenty-five miles. The other trail up the East Fork of Salmon to Callahan was thirty-five miles. The mail was carried this way to the Cecilville Post Office. This trail was kept open as much as possible in winter as the Spooner Trail

Mr. Westphal's camp on Big Flat, 1906. Left to right: Monroe Jones, Mary Calfee, Mabel Jones, Tony, the dog, and Mr. Westphal standing. —courtesy Mabel Frances Steele

closed and was used only in summer. The Summerville Company drove some hogs over this trail in the the fall for quite a good many years. They had a smoke house and made their own bacon. They also put down barrels of salt beef and some sauerkraut. They had a small store where supplies were kept and the families working for the Company could get whatever they required or ran out of during the winter.

In the 1890's the mine was operated almost entirely by Chinese. A large vegetable garden was raised and cows provided milk and butter. There was a Chinese cook, laundry man and chore boy. Also, a small sawmill was run by a young Chinese, "Huey". He must have been much impressed with this simple mill because when he made a trip to his homeland he purchased one of these mills and took it with him. When he started using it there, the Chinese became very angry and broke it up. They had no use for anything that might keep their jobs from them. Later on when more white people were available, the Chinese left and only white people were employed. A woman cook and waitress were hired in the kitchen, wages were raised, and during the early 1900's a larger sawmill and a large flume were built to obtain a greater supply of water to the new camp built at Petersburg. This flume crossed our home place at one side and was five miles in length, transporting a large amount of water from the dam across the river at a point two miles above, to Petersburg, three miles lower down where the new camp was being built. I worked at the Summerville Camp for two seasons. I worked first as a waitress and later on as cook, with a chore boy helper from Scott Valley. It was hard work and hard and long hours but every-

Forks of Salmon Hotel built in 1851.

—courtesy William Smith

one was helpful, friendly and sincere and I had no trouble. The wages were low compared with those of today, but other things were cheaper too including food, clothing and other accessories. Rent of houses was unheard of. If a person was in need of shelter, there was always someone to help build a new house or provide an unused dwelling of some kind. Very few people were ever burned out. People were always very careful about fires. There were forest fires at times that were closely watched, and all gathered to help if danger threatened. All families lived on small ranches which were clear and cultivated, high and dry from all danger of high water. The river got very high during the early spring when the snows were melting. The elevation is around three thousand feet, sunny and warm until around July when it becomes very hot.

Our school was a summer one which started in March and closed in September. It was hot, but we never seemed to mind it at all. We liked playing ball and returned to our seats excited and noisy, fanning ourselves with a paper or a book cover, or anything that would stir up a small breeze. I walked two miles to school and carried my lunch. Our teachers all came from Scott Valley or Yreka. The term was six months. I remember almost all of our teachers quite well. They were mostly young students taking their first school. I remember them mostly for the different things they did for us. One of them sent for some books and started us in a course of botany, which I liked very much. We gathered wild flowers from around the schoolhouse and made drawings of them, writing descriptions and giving the Latin names. We also dissected them and made drawings naming the different parts and entering our lessons in a large notebook. This was our Friday afternoon special lesson and we all liked it very much. Another teacher taught us many old songs by Stephen Foster and some other famous song writers. Each Monday he wrote a verse of a song on the large blackboard and left it until it was memorized, then he wrote the second stanza. We sang every morning and evening, and I still remember almost all of those songs to this day. I have so many lovely memories of this special time in my life. I was twelve years old, or perhaps a year or two older. One older teacher who came later was very religious, played the guitar and taught us

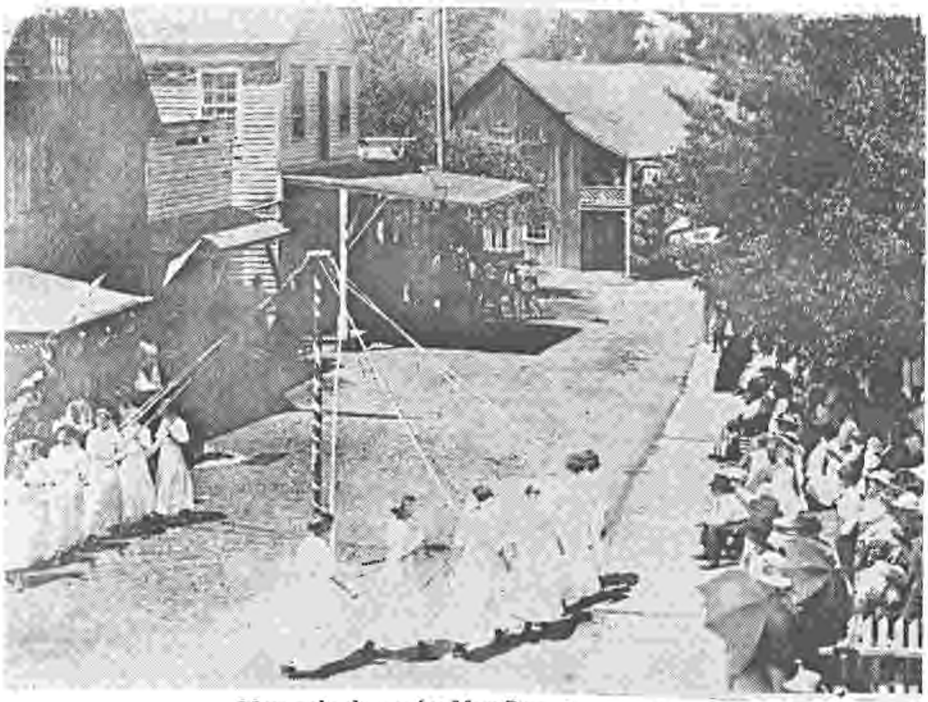
religious songs. He started a Sunday School to which we all went. The next year this man's wife came and taught us. She was very nice and we all liked her. On graduation day we had a school picnic lunch out in the open among the trees. Each pupil had a special recitation with a dialogue or two and there was much singing. Company came and all had a wonderful day. At this time I was just sixteen. Another teacher was a happy, sociable person who was younger and very popular. Her name was Mary Bantz, and years later I was pleased to find a poem that she had written in a paper. It was called "Mount Shasta" and it was beautifully written. I still have it pasted on the back of a large colored photograph of the mountain, framed and hanging on the wall of my home in Napa, California. It is the most beautiful mountain on the Pacific Coast, if not in all the West.

On our South Fork of the Salmon River we received our mail twice a week and looked forward to our issue of the "Weekly San Francisco Examiner". With each yearly subscription we received a beautiful large picture which was always greatly welcomed and admired. My father made frames and hung them on the log walls of our home. These pictures were copies of famous paintings; "The Horse Fair" by Rosa Bonhuer and "The Stampede", which was another painted by Rosa Bonhuer of a large herd of cattle. Another, "The Retreat from Moscow" of Napoleon leading the remnants of his army, marching back home in the deep snow, shoeless and forlorn. In later years I read of those famous people and the stories of them. My favorite picture was of "Dan Patch", famous trotting horse of many years ago. He was a beautiful dark bay and held his head high and seemed so full of life and action. How I longed to see him. I forget what his trotting time was, but I am sure it was under two minutes to the mile. My father and I were fond of horses and proud to have "Dan Patch" with us.

We had a couple of saddle horses and I learned to ride pretty well. It was my favorite pastime, and almost every evening in the summer time I took a short ride. The horses were very gentle and my parents were not afraid of anything happening. My playmates were few and none lived very near, but I had my horse and dog. When I was younger, all of my six dolls kept me busy. On stormy days I read most of the time. I got books at the school library which was kept in the house of one of the school trustees. I read almost all of them. Our neighbors were mostly a couple of families of girls all older than I. Some of them still went to school. There were only ten or twelve pupils. I went through the grammar school grades there, and later one term at Etna in Scott Valley, getting my diploma there. I always enjoyed school, especially the music, singing, art work and languages. Later I excelled in spelling and reading. I thought history a bore at that time.

Charles Talcott, Albert Peluca, Peter Osteried and Wallace McAusland, our nearest neighbors, were some bachelor miners who lived in lonely cabins. They worked their mines during the summer and retired to their cabins in winter to rest, read and perhaps play some cards at times, but mostly sleeping away the time. On holidays my mother always had them in for dinner and they really seemed to enjoy it. My mother raised a few chickens each year and we had the young roosters stuffed and roasted. She made a Christmas cake and mince pie too. We had a small fir tree set up and trimmed it with homemade ornaments fashioned of red tissue paper and silver foil taken from inside the packages of Dad's smoking tobacco. To create the atmosphere of Christmas we nailed fir and cedar boughs over the walls of the fireplace. These always smelled so good, and even now it only takes the smell of fir and cedar to give me the feeling of holiday time. We had so little to do with but the enjoyment was great anyway.

Other neighbors which we had were the Miller family at Summerville. Their father and his partner had a hydraulic mine there, but one stormy day Pete Miller fell in the mining flume and the swift water washed



May pole dance for May Day, Sawyers Bar
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

him over the dump and to his death. His partner took care of the wants of the family until the youngest of them became of age, then the remainder of the estate was turned over to them and they were on their own. The ranch was sold after this and all moved to the San Francisco area. All have passed away, but a few of their children are somewhere in that area. One and one-half miles from the Miller place lived the Jordan family. Mr. Jordan cultivated quite a large ranch with cattle and a few saddle horses. He raised a lot of potatoes for sale, sold beef and fruit and raised a large garden. There were seven girls in this family and two boys, one dying at an early age. Mr. Jordan was a stern State of Maine man. His wife was said to be the Princess of the Indian tribe. I knew her only when she was old, but she must have been a beautiful girl as she was still an exceptionally fine looking woman. They had a large dining room in their house where dances were held frequently in the winter months. The girls were musical, played the guitar and violin, and Ottie, the boy, always fiddled for the square dances, waltzes, polkas, etc. We danced them all and used an hour at midnight to eat and sing songs. We went to all the dances and I learned all of the old-time dances. Morning seemed to always come too soon. I was ten years old when I danced my first quadrille; a kind man I didn't know very well insisted I dance with him and I finally consented. I remember how scared I was, but once started I was never scared again. At these neighboring ranches all of the main staples of vegetables were raised or grown by the women, who also grew beautiful flowers of many kinds. Our place on Indian Gulch was small but we had fruit trees, berry bushes and a patch of clover hay which was fed to our two horses during the winter. In the summer months they were

Lake on Big Flat —courtesy Mrs. E. Roff

taken to Big Flat Meadows for awhile. It was there that our lovely black mare Nelly was stolen along with three other horses. Only one of the horses was ever seen again by any of us. He was an old horse and came home over the Spooner Trail from Callahan. He had been born and raised at the Abrams' home at Lake View and he remembered his home and came back.

The Abrams family, who were our neighbors, were four miles from our place. As I recall, the two old brothers lived there on their early-day ranch and worked their placer mine near the Salmon River. James Abrams had the mail contract from Carrville to Cecilville, which was thirty miles on horseback. In later years this mail route was discontinued and the mail came twice a week from Callahan to Cecilville by way of the East Fork of the Salmon River. This high mountain pass was very hard to travel during the winter. Skis had to be used for several weeks and a rough cabin was built at Carter's Meadows for the convenience of the mail carrier. Many times it became necessary to stay overnight during the severe storms. Mail was only first class because of the weight which had to be kept to a minimum. There was no parcel post at this time, especially in the winter.

Frank Abrams, the other brother, worked their mine while the water season was on and took care of the ranch during the dry season. They had many fruit trees of all kinds and Frank did the cooking and putting up of this fruit. He was at work all the time at one thing or another. When I was small and we lived at our first house on the river at Big Flat, my mother and I would walk to Lake View to get fruit and milk. The trail was steep and rough, but we took all day and enjoyed the change. My father mined for gold and we stayed at this place for eight years, then moved near the school. My mother did not know Mrs. James Abrams as she had died earlier, but we knew the children. There were two grown girls and two boys, one boy older and the other was the youngest. The old home place at Lake View is still occupied by a member of the Abrams family, a great-grandson who takes care of the fences and fruit but works in the logging woods in the summer. He also does quartz mining and has a claim

Sawyers Bar —courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

which he and his brother work during the winter. Their mother now lives in Shasta, the first County Seat of Shasta County. She is very old and the climate there is good. They are also close to all the conveniences of civilization. I visit her occasionally and enjoy talking of our younger days. We are the same age and have known each other all of our lives.

Neighbors lived far apart on the Salmon River and only saw each other occasionally, so she seems exceptionally close now in our fast declining years. She is a granddaughter of James Abrams and the Lakeview Ranch still belongs to her although her son Harlan has charge of it and has made some improvements on it in late years. Other members of the Abrams family were the oldest son Gordon, the youngest daughter Annie, and the youngest son Frederick. They all moved to different places and have now passed away leaving large families except Gordon, who died a bachelor. Their Uncle Frank Abrams died at Lakeview in May of 1897. His was the first funeral I ever attended. I was fifteen years old and it all seemed very sad.

In 1891 we moved from our mine near Big Flat to Indian Gulch, eight miles down the Salmon River near Summerville, and I started to school. I was nine years old and started in the first grade. I had one term of kindergarten in Salinas where my mother visited her folks during one winter. At first we missed our neighbors, the Abrams, but soon became friends with the Summerville people. The Miller and Jordon families and I became much interested in the school life. My father worked at the Summerville Hydraulic Mine which hired around twenty men during the season which was in late winter and early spring when there was a large supply of water for the hydraulic pipes. Later on my father homesteaded our home place and started mining for himself. There was never much quartz mining on the Salmon River. About the only mine of any importance was the King Solomon near Cecilville, but the Dorleska Mine which was very rich in gold ore, was over the ridge

from Big Flat in Trinity County which adjoins Siskiyou at this place. My parents and I spent one winter there in 1900 and 1901. When the snow covered the cabins we burned kerosene lamps all day in order to see to do our work. The snow covered the windows completely. The men worked in the tunnel getting out the rich ore which they ran through the small stamp mill when spring opened up. The mill could only crush a small amount of ore at a time and a cleanup was made every evening at quitting time. About $2,000 was taken each day of tightly squeezed amalgam. The amalgam was retorted afterward and the gold was melted into bars of approximately $5,000 each. I saw several bars which were sent to the smelter in the Bay Area and sold to the mint in San Francisco. The Dorleska was worked for many years and was not abandoned until the middle 1930's. Now all is changed there. The mill and covered track are gone, but three or four old buildings are still there in a falling down condition. Today tourists look with wonder about how life could have been then and they hunt for ancient bottles. It was a busy place at one time, but now all is quiet and no longer can we hear the chug-chug of the mill, or listen for the whistle at noon or quitting time. I have pleasant memories of the people who worked there when my mother and I operated the cook house, working early and late. On Sundays, the men laid off and cleaned up and did their laundry. If the weather permitted, they climbed the mountain on their skis and competed to see who could reach the bottom of the slope first. We also had horseshoe games after the snow started to melt and was shoveled off in a space near the kitchen door. In the evening we often had card games or sang together. A couple of the fellows had real good voices and others played the violin which a friend had loaned to me for the winter. Sometimes we danced, but not often because everybody was too tired after a hard day's work to do much of that. I was at an age where I enjoyed everything. I learned to ski but never became expert at it. We also had my 22 rifle and for three shots at 50 cents we practiced marksmanship. I was better at that and collected the 50 cents quite often. It was all fun and was something to do other than work which became pretty tedious sometimes.

One evening in the middle of winter, we had a severe storm with very deep snow. We were playing cards around 10:30 p.m. when we heard a shout outside, and on opening the door there were three men from over the mountain at the Yellow Rose Mine. They were wet, cold, bareheaded and *barefoot!* They had just experienced a dreadful night. They, like we folks, had been playing cards with their shoes and boots off. One of the men had a big yellow cat on his lap. A sudden loud noise was heard and before they could realize what was happening, a mammouth snow slide struck them demolishing the cabin and burying them all under deep piles of snow. One of the men was completely buried. He was dug up with much effort and hard work and they finally found their skis and started up the trail to the Dorleska. It was only a little over a mile, but what a mile! Everyone got busy at once. My mother flew about making hot coffee and preparing food. The men rushed around fixing up the fires, getting dry clothing for them and making extra beds. They were badly shaken, and it happened that one of our men had been to Carrville over the weekend and had a bottle of whiskey. Needless to say, that came in handy, and after they got warm and more composed, they all went to bed. The next day they left for Carrville and we all went over to see the slide. What a mess! We found the big yellow cat with a long cut on his side. We kept him and no one came back to the "Yellow Rose" until the next summer. He was still there when my parents and I left the next September. I sort of hated to leave, but the mine had changed hands with a new superintendent in charge and all new help. We left and in October we went to Etna where I went my last year of school. A lot of work was done at the mine after the new company took over. A

Dorleska Mill and snow shed. Covered track from mouth of tunnel to mill in background.
—courtesy Mabel Frances Steele

long tunnel of 1,500 feet was run in at a lower level to tap the shaft which was in use when we were there. The new mill which was built was a much larger one, and a sawmill was also added. They sawed lumber and built a number of new houses, a cookhouse and a store, a large bunkhouse, and a covered track to haul ore to the mill from the long tunnel. It is said that about $300,000 was taken out of the mine in those early days, then it seems the body of ore separated and only bunches of pockets were found. The Dorleska Mine and the Yellow Rose Mine are now only a memory. They are "ghost mines" now where tourists go to look and wonder how it was long ago. The small lake near the old mill is still there. Some girls in the early days combined their two names, Anna and Sidney, and named it Lake Sidanna. There were a million little frogs there in that Spring of 1902, and their song could be heard all over the country. After the silence of the deep snow for so long, their noise was especially welcome as it was the harbinger of spring and warm weather. Very welcome too, were the wild flowers in the meadows. They were beautiful and of many varieties. We had our horse there at that time and in the afternoon I sometimes went for a ride and got flowers to decorate the kitchen. I rode to the nearby meadows, Union Creek and Bullard Basin and once tied my horse and cilmbed to the top of the ridge. I found a small lake which I had never heard of which was just at the foot of another peak which towered above the ridge. There were wild flowers all around. I was thrilled with the beautiful place and I can still see it in my memory. I have never had the opportunity to go back to it. Circumstances caused me to go away to other places to school and to work. The next year I finished school in Etna.

The nearest neighbors to us in the earliest years were the Abrams family. They were the real early day pioneers and consisted of two brothers; James Abrams and Frank Abrams. They, accompanied by a Col. Buell and John Winger and another man named Thomas, left the State of Illinois in 1849, traveling around Cape Horn and

arriving in San Francisco six months later. They were probably the first white men to arrive over the beautiful mountain passes into what is now known as the Trinity Alps. At Big Flat they established a stopping post in 1850, after visiting other parts of Siskiyou Co., Scott Valley and Etna. They stayed in Scott Valley the first winter then returned to Big Flat where they built some cabins, started a store, butcher shop, dairy and a place to accommodate travelers overnight. This was in 1850-52. In 1851, Frank Abrams, a younger brother of James, arrived and helped with the work at the Post. He took over the butcher shop and they bought some cattle, started a herd and fenced the natural meadow. They mowed and stored the wild hay for winter feed. James later returned to their old home in Illinois and married his sweetheart, bringing her back with him to this wild place in California. They stayed the first years at Big Flat and their first child was born and died there. The winters were so severe that they decided to move to a lower altitude. There was a lovely setting for a home four miles down the Salmon River, so they built a large log cabin, barn and other outbuildings. They named their home "Lake View" because of the small lake on the property and the wonderful view of the near mountains. They are now all buried on the hill overlooking the ranch and the place is now owned by a great-granddaughter of James. Frank Abrams never married but remained at the ranch and worked his gold mine which he discovered in the river bottom. This was worked for many years and when Frank became ill and died, the mine was sold. James had four children. There were two boys and two girls; Gordon, Margaret, Annie and Frederick. Gordon died a bachelor, Margaret married a rancher and packer and they had four children. His name was McNeill. Anne married a miner named McBroom and they raised six children, three boys and three girls. These children I knew, but they lived at Callahan and I never saw much of them. As far as I know all are dead except two of the girls. They are somewhere in the Sacramento Valley but I don't know exactly where. Frederick married a girl from Weaverville and they had two girls. They are quite old now if they are still alive. A more detailed account of the Abrams family can be read in the 1951 Issue of the Siskiyou County Historical Magazine. The only remaining one of the family that I know is Mrs. Euphemia Roff, who is also my age and living at Old Shasta, California. She has always been a remarkable person and a good friend whom I have known all my life. She is Margaret Abram's daughter and is now eighty-five years old.

The next home place on this part of the South Fork of the Salmon River is three miles further downstream from Lake View. This place which is now known as Glacier View was cleared and built by Col. William Buell, who came in the original group of settlers. This ranch is now owned by someone near Santa Rosa and there is a caretaker there. The owner only comes up occasionally. Below this was our home on Indian Gulch. We lived at this place for thirty years before I married my husband and moved to our homestead across the river in 1941. We stayed there for five years, then moved on to Weaverville in Trinity County. The schoolhouse was next in line on the trail and below that, the Summerville Mining Company buildings and store. Next came the Pete Miller place, then the Jordan Ranch. A few bachelors lived between this and Cecilville. From Cecilville to the Forks of the Salmon, a man by the name of William Bennet built a store and a hotel. He and Pete Miller were partners in mining for many years and the families carried on after their deaths. The families are now scattered and most of them have passed on. I do not know who is at The Forks as strangers took over and I know very few in Sawyers Bar on the North Fork of the Salmon. On the East Fork were the Stoody's, an old Irish couple; and Tom George, whose wife was a Jordan girl. They had six children, however, one of the boys (Ralph) was killed in Germany in 1917 during

On Salmon Mt. road.

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

World War I. Between George's and Cecilville there were a couple of families; the George Browns, with three girls and two boys; and the Wholferts, with only one boy.

All of these people with the exception of one or two have passed away and none of the people I once knew are there at all. On a ride which I took to Cecilville from Callahan last year, all I saw were the old vacant houses by the side of the road. Everyone was gone and not a vestige remains at Cecilville of the store, boarding and rooming house, barn or warehouse. There is a store and bar at Crawford Creek two miles away from the old location, and a short distance from the same they have the new Post Office and school. Across the river are some dwellings. The road from Callahan is very good and it was quite enjoyable for me to ride by car over the horse trail which was the only way of transportation in the early days as I remember them. The King Solomon Mine was four miles north of Cecilville on the ridge going towards Sawyers Bar. This mine was of unusual operation, being a huge open pit of gold bearing ore which was loaded into hand cars and run down the mountain side to the mill by the cable line. My mother and I worked at this mine during one winter. At one time the snow was quite deep, but as this was at a lower elevation it did not stay very late. The sun cleared off warm and it melted quite rapidly. I understood that this mine was quite rich in "free gold", but it was only operated for a few years so I am quite sure that the body of ore was not large. It closed down and I haven't heard of it for many years.

Sawyer's Bar, on the North Fork of the Salmon River, was a larger community than Cecilville. The stream is wild and rough, and the town is built on a narrow bar by the riverside. At the time I was there, the hotel was on a sort of cliff and a part of the hotel actually hung over the rushing river. I understand that now the hotel is burned down and several other buildings are also gone. They have had a couple of disastrous fires of late years. I haven't been there since 1905, so I think everything is quite different now. I knew but a few families there. In those days of horseback travel people did not move around much. Our closest point to the outside was Callahan. The Spooner Trail (considered a short cut) was twenty-five miles from our place, but it was quite a distance to ride on a horse in one day. This trail was not steep or too rough follow-

Sawyers Bar Courthouse, where miners' disputes were settled.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

ing the mountain meadows and granite ridge tops. It was very beautiful in the summer, but it was closed in the winter by deep snows. We, on the Salmon River, were shut in from the valley towns and had to purchase our supplies in large quantities and have them delivered by pack trains of mules which serviced our area in the summer and fall. There were 35 to 50 animals in these trains. The coming of the pack train was announced by the whoops of the boss packer. This always caused quite a lot of excitement, and the kids at school could hear them as they passed only five hundred yards away. At noon recess we usually ran as hard as we could to watch the mules with their great high loads go by. Running a pack train involved a lot of hard and dirty work. The bell boy and one packer, who were up before dawn, would run the animals in, give them barley and load them while the cook hurried to prepare breakfast and clean up the camp. There were usually four men to load. They became very expert in loading and throwing and tying the "diamond hitch" which really holds the pack in place. The men worked rapidly early and late in the fall because there was a lot of supplies to be brought in before the snowfall which closed all of the trails until spring. To people nowadays with all the modern conveniences, it must seem strange that people could live in such a fashion. To us, at that time, it was only a regular chore to be done each year, expected and prepared for.

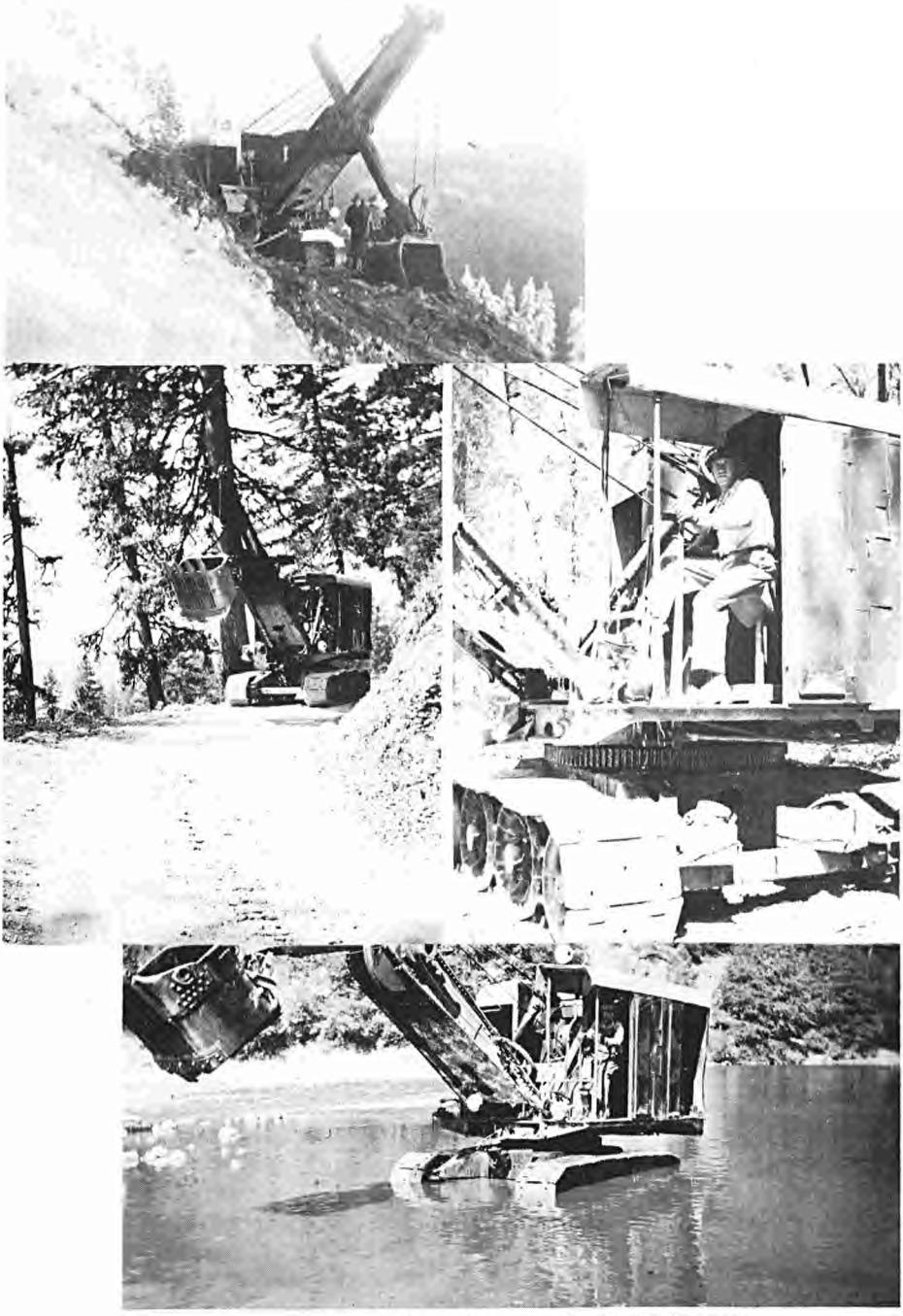
All of the families who lived in this locality had small hay fields and gardens, kept a few cattle, horses, chickens, and perhaps a pig or two. Butchering was done around Thanksgiving and meat was packed in wooden kegs in salt brine. Everyone had a few fruit trees and berry bushes. The women were all busy during the fruit season, canning, making jelly and mince meat. The people did live well, and if anyone ran out of provisions they could always borrow from their neighbors and return it later. Of course, in the summer there was always fish and venison, and this provided sport and pleasure as well as food. I'll never forget my days of camping, fishing and hunting. My husband was an expert at those things.

We took the children a few times, but it was mostly work and a living to make which had to come first although many pleasant memories still linger of those happy days.

When my mother and father first came to the Salmon River, he bought a mine two miles down the river from Big Flat where the Abrams first settled. They moved into the rather large one-room log cabin that was there. There was only a fireplace to cook by and to warm the room. My mother cooked on the open hearth made of some flat stones from the river. Our chairs were homemade stools. My father started at once to mine. A ditch of water ran right by our front door and was carried into the gravel pit by a wooden flume which was made with twelve-inch boards. One board was the bottom and one board on each side held the rushing water. The boxes were twelve feet long. Riffles were made of ladder-like forms in the bottom and this served to catch the gold and fine black sand which was always found where there was gold. The black sand and the gold, being heavier, sank to the bottom of the box, and the lighter sand and gravel washed on down and out of the flume. It was always so interesting to watch and see if a large nugget or two might show up. This was mining on a small scale, but the method was the same; larger flumes carried a greater volume. Quicksilver amalgam was placed near the beginning of the flume where the water was very swift. Gold settling on the amalgam caught and hung tenaciously and was gathered up after the run, processed and shipped to a smelter and the mint in San Francisco.

I would much like to see the "days of old and the days of gold" return.

Sam was returning home late after a lively time in town. As it was moonlight he figured he could make it safely. There was just one hazard, a foot log over a big ditch. Not trusting to the sureness of his feet he threw himself down on the supposed log to "coon" it, it was only a tree shadow and the water was ice cold.—by Lottie Ball



The late John D. Campbell working on the Cecilcille road.
—courtesy Mrs. John D. Campbell

Monroe and Ida Jones and Family . . .

By MABEL FRANCES STEELE

My father, Monroe Jones, was not one of the earlier pioneers of California. He came here by wagon train in 1865 at the close of the Civil War. He served two years in the War, and when discharged at its close in April of 1865, the family was ready and waiting for his return. They had sold their farm in Rock Island and packed their belongings. They joined a large wagon train and left Illinois on May 7th which was my father's 21st birthday. The wagon train was a large one of 300 people, an all horse train, which would make much better time than with wagons drawn by oxen.

They started from Illinois and went as far as Salt Lake City, Utah by July 4th where they laid over for ten days for rest and relaxation. They met some Mormon people and my father became very much interested in one of the young ladies. They became very much in love and she begged him to take her with him to California. He decided, however, that would be a very dangerous move as the Mormons were very strict and particular about their women and he was afraid for the train and his mother and sister and all the others. That was a sad parting and he never saw or heard from her again.

After the ten days rest they moved on across the wide plain. That must have been a terrible trip in the summer's heat all the way and they were a long time on the way, arriving in San Jose in September. They bought a ranch in Santa Clara Valley, which they kept only for a time, selling it later and moving to Salinas. My father had a fine team of horses and a new wagon and he worked at teaming for a few years. He got a job driving a United States stage coach for quite awhile before he decided to take his team to Monterey, which was a resort town, and Pacific Grove was just opening for the tourist trade. He drove the first load of passengers that went from Monterey to Pacific Grove, a large load on a passenger coach. That was quite a busy country at that time and I have heard my father say that he never should have left it.

While in Salinas he had met my mother, Ida Bell Heller or "Smith" as she was known, as that was her step-father's name and they were married on March 8, 1880, in Salinas at the First Presbyterian Church, making their home there for some time. My grandparents on my father's side also had their home there and my Aunt Delina, my father's sister was married to A. J. Cook about that time. My father's brother was also married about then or perhaps a little later. They all lived in Salinas for a very long time. There were four children born to the Cooks, all boys. The middle two were twins, one of whom died at two years of age. Only one child, a boy, was born to my father's brother, King Jones. This marriage did not last but only a few years, but I did hear that the mother married a man named Shilling and they lived in Santa Cruz. I saw by a newspaper in 1907 that he (Carl Jones Shilling my cousin) had died, aged 66. I lived in the far off mountains of California and transportation was practically impossible, so I did not really know these relatives at all. I know absolutely nothing of my ancestry that came from overseas. Only that they were of English or Welch origin with a line of French, I think, on my great-grandmother's side.

My grandfather on my mother's side was from Germany. He was a school teacher and writer. He drowned while swimming in the Missouri River a short time after he was married to my grandmother. My grandmother, who was terribly shocked and hurt and as this was just before the birth of my mother and my aunts told me that they thought that is why my mother was always so quiet and sad. This happened in Iowa

where my grandparents on my mother's side lived. A few years later my grandmother remarried and they came to California. She married a man named Smith. They settled in Salinas where they spent the rest of their lives. The children moved elsewhere and my father and mother moved to northern California in 1881 after my father had made a trip to Trinity County accompanied by his brother-in-law, J. A. Cook. They arrived at Big Flat, in Siskiyou Co. where there is now a large resort called Mountain Meadow Ranch. This is a beautiful mountain meadow surrounded by high granite peaks and on a rushing river cold as ice. They arrived on May 9, 1880, made camp and met the Abrams brothers who were the early poineers, having arrived in 1850, built cabins, opened a store and butcher shop where they served the incoming miners. My father purchased a gold mine about two miles away at the riverside and went back to Salinas to wait for the next year. Next spring my father and mother returned and opened the mine. They spent the next ten summers here, moving to Trinity Center twenty-five miles away in the winters. Big Flat is 5072 feet above sea level and in winter the snow is deep and trails are closed. There was no way of remaining in comfort in such a place. The summers are wonderful however and now there is a road in and a resort there where tourists go to fish and hunt or just relax. The scenery is beautiful.

I was born at my father's mine on August 23, 1882. We lived there each summer, going to Trinity Center in the fall. Later when I was of school age, we moved down the Salmon River where we lived for many years. After I married in 1909, I and my husband, and children moved to Weaverville in 1915 where we lived for thirty-two years. My mother and father are both at rest in the cemetary there.

In the years 1915-1942, my eight children attended school there and later all moved to San Francisco Bay Area, where all of us are living now. I left Weaverville in 1948 and now live with my son Merton on his small ranch in Napa, California.

James Kelly's Rush Creek Ranch . . .

As Told by MRS. E. ROFF

In 1856, James Kelly, his wife Ella, and small girl, Stella, arrived in Rush Creek, tributary of South Fork of the Salmon River, and started building a small ranch. As there was no house or other place to reside, they started living in a hollow log, evidently a large pine hollowed out by fire.

They made their fireplace in the stump and lived there for two years, selling their place to Silas Jordan in 1887, who built a house and barn, fencing in a few acres for hay. Mr. Jordan sold the property to Mr. H. D. McNeill, a packer, who married Margaret Abrams and lived on this ranch many years. They raised a lot of wonderful hay and sold large quantities of large, tasty potatoes to the miners. This ranch has been purchased and sold quite a few times in the last fifty years. It is in a very isolated place and is entirely deserted now.

Sawyers Bar, like most early day mining towns, had its would be bad men. One of these when properly "lit" was known to be very ugly. He started picking on "Chum" Patton finally pulling a gun. "Chum" talked quietly to him, "Why now, Henry, you wouldn't hurt an old friend, etc." All the while he was edging closer. Suddenly grabbing the gun, he gave Henry such a thorough beating he was a good little boy ever after.—by Lottie Ball

John Abrams, when he carried the mail in the '80s.

—courtesy Lottie A. Ball

Early Pioneers--The Abrams Family . . .

By MABEL FRANCES STEELE

The party of pioneers, James Abrams, Col. William Buell, John Wanger and a man named Thomas, were probably the first white settlers of the upper reaches of the South Fork of Salmon River Country in Siskiyou County, California.

They arrived at this scenic, but isolated place in 1849 in their search for gold. They found none here, but in further prospecting they found a gravel bar at the mouth of Big Bend Creek, so named because of the circular bend in the course of Salmon River. Here they settled for awhile doing some mining, but while they were absent one day, pilfering Indians entered their camp taking almost all of their things. Winter being near, they moved on down the river to the forks of the Salmon where the stream is joined by the North Fork of the Salmon, there being a small settlement there known now as "Bennett's Store." After a short stay they moved on up the North Fork and on over the divide to Etna in Scott Valley, a ranching and stock raising community. Here they remained for the winter of 1850 and the year of 1851, working at the "Rough and Ready Flour Mill."

That summer (1851), James' younger brother Frank arrived from Joliet, Illinois, and joined James at the Big Flat Post in Trinity County on the meeting border line of Siskiyou County. Here they worked steadily for many years building a store, cabins, a barn and a butcher shop. They acquired a pack train and fenced in the large natural meadow where they later raised hay for fall and early spring use or storing in the barns over the winter.

Lakeview Home. House at extreme left built by Francis Abrams in 1898—next is the original large log house built by James Abrams. Picture taken by Mrs. Euphemia Roff, granddaughter of James Abrams and owner of Lakeview. —courtesy Mrs. Lottie A. Ball

At this time they also discovered a gold mine at Carribou Gulch and filed their claim, also building a cabin on the property and a small stamp mill with which to crush the ore from the mine. This mill was built on the bank of the Salmon River and the ore was carried down to the mill on mules about one and one-half miles of very steep trail. After a couple of years, in 1853, James Abrams went back to Illinois and married his sweetheart bringing her back with him to the Big Flat Post.

There they remained for a couple of years, but as it was shut in with deep snow and very cold all winter, they decided to move to a lower elevation and a warmer climate. Four miles down the Salmon River and on a fairly level place on the mountainside, they built a large log four-room house with an added lean-to kitchen and a large attic over the main large rooms. This provided them with plenty of room and here they lived all the rest of their lives. Their four children were born here; however, both the older brothers died during the early 1900's, but the wife died much earlier. The cemetary is on a small knoll back of the house. There are several graves there now and an iron fence encloses them. There are also some marble slabs which were brought in by mules. There is no road to this place although it is still being occupied by some grandchildren of James Abrams. The trees still bear fruit and the hay lot is used for pasture. There is still water in the little lake which gave the idea of the name of "Lake View" by which it is still called by everyone.

Frank Abrams never married. He was a great worker and was always busy. Later they filed on a hydraulic mine on the Salmon River Bar and Frank had a crew of three men who worked it for some years.

The Abrams children were Gordon, Margaret, Annie and Frederick. Gordon never married, Margaret married Hampton D. McNeill, Annie married John Henry McBroom, and Fred married a Weaverville woman named "Bessie" Crawford. They have all passed away many years ago.

Of the grandchildren, Euphemia McNeill Roff is the only one living near. She is

with a son at "Old Shasta" near Redding. She is now 84 years old and a few years ago became blind from a stroke. Now she seems in fair health and still enjoys talking over old times. She and I grew up together and it seems really something to us to get together for a talk once in awhile. Of the other Abrams grandchildren, Annie McBroom had six; three boys, John Jr., Frank and Edward and three girls, Ella, Ida and Mary. All have passed away except perhaps Ida and Mary, who were living in Woodland when last I heard of them. Fred Abrams had two girls and the family moved to Sacramento. I have never seen nor heard of them since the children were very young. They were born in the 1890's and are getting along in years now if still living. Euphemia Roff had two brothers and one sister who were much younger than she who moved away with their mother many years ago. Mrs. Roff does not seem to know where they are living at the present time.* We did hear that the mother died, date unknown, but in the 1920's or 1930's, I think. James Abrams died about 1906. Frank died in 1897, the last of the old timers of Big Flat.

Euphemia Roff had two families as her first husband, John Roff, died in 1910. His brother Charles and family were separated and he was living with his brother John and family. After John died Euphemia married Charles, uniting the two families. They were living at the time on the East Fork of the Salmon River. The children were all small. Euphemia and John's family consisted of three boys, Louis, Lester and John, all of whom are living. Louis and John Jr. are in Anderson, California. There were two boys, Harlan and Waldo, in Charles' family and two girls, Effie and Ethel. Effie lives with her husband, Louis Young, in Greenview, California, and Ethel married my son, Nathan Steele, who passed away in December of 1965. She has her ranch in Cottonwood, California, where she lives with her two sons, Nathan Jr., and Warren Charles. Ethel is now a grandmother, Charles having two boys, Allan and Dan Steele. Ethel also operates a summer resort at "Big Flat" the place that her grandfather James and his brother, Frank Abrams, operated in the early days of 1880-1900. They would be amazed at the progress at Big Flat, but to me who knew them all in the early days, remain many happy memories. They were the kindest and most helpful of neighbors which meant so much to everyone in the early days.

*Note: I have recently learned that Mrs. Roff's oldest brother is in Yreka, California, and that the sister and youngest brother have both passed away.

Mining Town of Rollin . . .

By TOM BIGELOW

A lot of the names of places in Siskiyou County were named for people who settled there or for events that happened in that vicinity. Rollin is such a name. It was named after Rollin Fergundes who discovered and worked a very rich pocket mine in that area. The mine was named the Humpback.

A small community developed near the mine and was known as Rollin. This community was three miles up Eddy Gulch in the Salmon River area. This small settlement consisted of a home, a boarding house, a quartz mill, a small sawmill and several cabins. In due course of time a Post Office was established and also a school.

Today there is nothing left except the foundations of some of the buildings. Another Ghost Town of the mining days.

The last mine to be worked at the Forks of Salmon.
—courtesy William Smith

HISTORY OF
The South Fork of Salmon Placer Mine . . .

By JACK QUINN

In the early 1860's the Abrams brothers, Jim and Frank, ventured into the South Fork of the Salmon River Country. It was very rugged country in those days, and as far as scenic beauty is concerned, is quite a rugged piece of country yet.

In the early 1860's there were no roads or trails of any mention, and it was many miles from any point of supplies or material depots. There was no such thing as an easy access into this rugged country, and going into Callahan, the nearest means of trade, meant many days of travel for packer and mules for supplies.

The old town of Callahan in its natural setting is the same as in the days when the old stage driver, the long-line skinners, and the tobacco chewin' and spittin' jerk-line skinner held sway in all of their western splendor plied their trade along the Old Oregon Trail. This wound its way from Sacramento, Redding and other southern points, to Yreka and thence north into the Oregon Country. The old hotel and the principal store, now owned by a Mr. Farrington, are old landmarks of this area and are soon to become a tourist attraction as the roads are completed to open up the recreational areas of this district.

This was the setting in which the Abrams brothers moved into and started preparations towards opening up the mining area on the South Fork of the Salmon River. They were, and had to be, a hardy lot with dauntless courage as the demands of the country at that time called for men to match the conditions.

This was a very large area that covered the country from what was later to become known as Summerville, on down the South Fork to what is known today as the Gardener Estate. There were trails to be made,

Forks of Salmon River —courtesy William Smith

roads to build, a sawmill to be moved in, ditches and flumes to be made, and much blasting powder to pack in; not to mention other incidentals like hydraulic pipe, a blacksmith shop, steel for reinforcement, and small sundry items too numerous to mention.

Bennett mule team at Bonnaly Bluff, South Fork of Salmon. —courtesy William Smith

The job was big and tough and the men were the same way. Although the progress was slow and tedious, they at least progressed. In that area from the mouth of Rush Creek to the mouth of Board Tree Gulch, is where the old town of Summerville was located. Today there are numerous summer cabins along the County Road that runs on up to what is called the Bird Farm, which is a philanthropic and hobby venture of a wealthy Los Angeles man. It is contemplated that within this decade the road will continue up the South Fork and on through to connect with the road that leads from the Trinity Alps to Callahan, over Scott Mountain, opening up one of the greatest recreational spots in all of California.

The history is quite vague as to the amount of mining the Abrams brothers did in their day or the amount of gold they extracted from their operation. They at least operated until 1868, then sold out to the firm of Bennett and Miller. The name Bennett, as many know, is an old family in this district. Many of the descendants are still around, one of which now operates a

store at Cecilville. Others can be found in and around Sawyers Bar and the Forks of the Salmon. There is much history about the Bennetts in the early days, and from known sources they were quite an industrious family who were in freighting and supplies for many years.

The company of Bennett and Miller built the high ditch that derived its source of water from Rush Creek. They had the first hydraulic pipe and giant packed in over the Swift Creek Trail. To the layman of this day such a venture would seem like a simple undertaking—which it would be today—with good roads, long bed trucks and means to handle heavy equipment. In the days of Bennett and Miller, however, the idea of packing in on mule back, large hydraulic pipe, was a problem. The method employed was to freight the sections into the point of arrival by freight teams, then to rivet the short sections together into fifteen-foot lengths which was a long and tedious job. A giant, to those unfamiliar with "hydraulic lingo", is what we would call today an oversized nozzle, whereas a six-inch giant would be considered a small or regular nozzle. This particular piece of equipment works on a revolving base with a monitor on the end to deflect the water and acts as an elevator to swing the giant in different directions and levels. This tool and a heavy force of water, or what we old timers call a "head", is what washes the gravel down and into the sluice boxes from the bedrock and hillsides.

So, from Swift Creek Trail through Sun Rise Pass, thence down the Salmon River to the mine, many tons of steel and rails for the sluice boxes and giants were packed in over the rugged terrain. With hopes of riches, man's lust for gold was in the state of adventure. It is very unfortunate that those early day men did not keep records of their operations, or the amounts of gold they extracted, with one exception. Today, if one would care to make a scenic trip into this country for a wonderful weekend, one can see the amounts of gravel that were moved by those old timers. The evidence of millions of yards of muck washed from the hillsides are proof of the toil and tenacity of those who, in their quest for gold, let nothing stand in their way. Mountains of rock and muck were literally washed away anywhere a giant could be placed or a pipeline laid.

Bill Bennett sold his interest to Miller and started a store at Petersburg. We are at a loss as to the founding of Petersburg, but we assume that a man by that name started the town. If one would wish to go to Cecilville, thence to the old site of Petersburg, one will find a marker on a tree alongside the road which informs the traveler that the old store of Petersburg is located seventy feet from the marked tree. Next to this old site is the remnant of the old blacksmith shop. This site is now on the Gardener Estate.

Bennett sold his interest at Petersburg and Summerville to Fyefield and Brown,

Poison Lake from 4 Buck Point. Head of Wooley Creek.
—courtesy William Smith

Taylor Lake Mine

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

and he then moved to the Forks of the Salmon. Miller operated the mine until 1882. He was killed at that time, when the giant he was operating blew up due to overpressure, or head. The following year, 1883, the Peter Miller Estate sold the mine to E. A. Spooner and Associates.

This company went in for more heavy construction and the building of roads and trails. They built the trail from Summerville through Rush Creek Trail, up the last few miles of the East Fork of the Salmon River, over the divide and down the South Fork of Scott River to Jackson, where it joined what at that time was the main Callahan - Cecilville Trail. It is now called the "Spooner Trail". Today the traveler will find a new oiled road from Callahan over the divide to Cecilville, a distance of thirty-one miles, with a grandeur of scenic beauty, towering rock crags and peaks, and beautiful waterways on both sides of the divide.

Over this old Spooner Trail came miles of hydraulic pipe along with big giants to match. Along with this was a sawmill to cut the lumber for miles of flume. The mill was operated by a pelton wheel, which by way of explanation, operates the same as a water wheel with the exception that the pelton wheel is driven by a heavy head of water from a reduced nozzle. This was the first sawmill to use the circular saw in the Salmon River Country.

As before, this hydraulic pipe, some of twenty-two inch diameter, was brought in by short sections which were later riveted together into short lengths. The short lengths were then made into fifteen-foot joints. The writer has used the same anvil that was used in the early days, which is still on the property and remains a relic of the past and somewhat of a mystery to those never seeing one of these anvils. How such a heavy piece was packed in over the then steep trail is still a mystery to this writer. My assumption is that it had to be hauled in on a narrow skid, as this tool itself is more than a load for two heavy pack mules and there is no way of dismantling the piece.

A large ditch was built from the mine to

Gold Hill Placer Mine
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Rush Creek. This ditch, like the trail, is known as Spooner Ditch. If one would care to take a hike up the steep mountainside, thousands of feet above the river, one can view the remnants of the old ditch and many remnants of the huge flumes that were a part of this big operation.

A low dam was built in a narrow spot of the river below the Lake View Ranch. The water was picked up in a flume and carried to Big Bend Creek, where it was syphoned several hundred feet across the creek canyon, carried by ditch to Rush Creek, then picked up by the Spooner Ditch and carried to the hydraulic workings. There were also a ditch and syphon leading from the Little South Fork of the Salmon River. The syphon was across the main Salmon River just below the junction of the two streams. The ditch tender's cabin, which was known as the Junction House, was located at this junction.

After many miles of trail and road, the packing in of all the heavy equipment (representing many months of hard, tedious and slow labor), along with countless plugs of "spittin terbaccer", the operation was in readiness for one of the biggest hydraulic operations in California. Since boyhood days in Idaho, this writer has covered many miles over the western trails and roads and has been in many placer mine and hydraulic operations. Although the Spooner operation was by no means the biggest or the toughest, it does have its place among those of the high calibre; and considering the amount of work to be done before one section of the miles of pipe could be brought in, we can then say that the Spooner is among the tops of the West.

In 1888 the operation began with E. A. Spooner as Superintendent, followed by Charles Wesley Lake and Ed Mathewson. Spooner died in 1895, and his company disposed of the property by selling it to Alex Parker and Fred Smith, two businessmen in Etna, California. They operated the mine until 1900, when the old flumes and syphons were beginning to fall away into wreckage and give up the ghost.

Smith and Parker leased the property with an option to buy, and since taking over this property they had either purchased or located most of the bars along the Salmon

River, from the mouth of Gibson Gulch (including Petersburg Flats), to Summerville. The Salmon River Mining Company had been operating placer mines around Sawyers Bar for a number of years, and they took the Smith and Parker property over. They moved their sawmill to the mouth of Blind Gulch at once and began to build a new seven-mile flume to replace the old Spooner flume out of the South Fork of the Salmon River.

The lumber from the Blind Horse Mill was hauled from the mill to the flume by a tram car. The trestle across the Salmon was seventy feet in height. The car track was made from two-by-six lumber laid flat, with strips of one-half inch steel for the car wheels to run on. The length of the tram was a little over one-half mile. The power to haul the tram was from a pelton wheel thirty-six inches in diameter, to drive a single drum hoist with a cable three-fourths mile long of one-half inch cable. The pelton wheel was driven by water force from a two hundred-foot head. To the miner this head represents power and pressure of terrific force, and in case of line breakage, can become very dangerous for all concerned.

When the lumber from the mill reached the flume, it was loaded onto two wheeled carts; one of the old carts is still on the property. From the point of delivery the lumber went up and down the flume to the workmen drawn by mule power, using the new flume bottom for the roadway. Limited mining operations were being carried on with water from Rush Street during the time of flume construction. The Company had negotiated a deal with S. Jordan for ten acres of this ranch property.

The new flume was finally completed in 1905, and mining operations on the Jordan property began at once. For the ten acres of the Jordan property, history reveals that this piece of ground yielded ten thousand dollars per acre. This small record is about the only history associated with this mining operation which kept a record of gold production.

While this extensive mining operation was in progress, the Company continued to build the flume downriver to a point opposite Petersburg Flat. The sawmill was still at Blind Horse, but the lumber was floated down the ditch to the point of construction. The Company also built a road from Summerville to their new camp at Black Gulch. They purchased and had packed in by mule train, the first wagon that ever came to the Salmon River Country. By the spring of 1907, the camp and mining equipment had been moved from Summerville to the new operations at Black Gulch.

If one were to take a trip to Cecilville, then by County Road as far as Blue Gulch, then hike from the road to the end of the old operation after the 1900 period, one would see a sight that is almost unbelievable. The gulch opens into a wide area, in places three-eighths of a mile wide, and runs for nearly three miles in length. Here, hundreds of feet high on both sides, the red iron oxide of the diggings is extended. There is no way to estimate in millions of yards, the amount of material that was washed down and through the huge sluice boxes, to find its way into the Salmon River, thence on down to the Klamath River and into the ocean.

Before reaching Blue Gulch, just at the bottom of the hill from Cecilville, one can see a similar operation where millions of yards were washed out, leaving in its wake a washed out area down to bedrock of about sixty acres. From this point on down the river (which takes in the Petersburg Bar), for a distance of seven thousand feet, the bedrock is laid bare from the river to the hill where it is two thousand feet wide in places. In its wake one of the most natural air strips to be found in all of Northern California was left.

A. S. Graham, better known as Sandy, was the Superintendent of Operations for the Salmon River Mining Company. This company operated until the close of the mining season of 1909. After working off the Petersburg Flat on both sides of the river, they gave up their lease. The firm

Michigan Salmon Mining Company. Open elevators working near the mouth of Know Nothing Creek. L. E. Taggert, superintendent. —courtesy William Smith

of Henderson and Gillis carried on an operation until 1910 when Henderson passed away, and Gillis carried on the operation alone until 1919. Gillis gave up the lease in 1920 to the three Farnsworth Brothers (Ace, Bert and Ed), along with Ace's two sons, Archie and Roscoe. Later, the two boys, Archie and Roscoe, purchased the property from Smith and Parker along with the equipment.

The old flumes began to crack-up and wither away, so the boys decided on building a new ditch and take the water from the South Fork of the Salmon below the mouth of Rush Creek. This construction was one of the most unique ideas that had ever struck the Western Hemisphere, and one of the cheapest means of ditch construction. This ditch, which is still in use, was nearly all blown out along the steep hillside with hydraulic lines and pressure. The water was brought down from the high ditch. With the exception of having to blast through a few dike formations, the Farnsworth boys executed an engineering feat that has little equal in the annals of hydraulic mining. Their work still stands as a tribute to their engineering skill.

This ditch, with the water from the Salmon River, is slightly under four miles long and has three flumes. In later years there was a large landslide at one place along the route. The owner of the slide at that time was Ed McBroom. He hauled, mostly by heaves and grunts, enough twenty-two inch line up to the ditch, up the ditch to the point of the slide, built a series of trestles to hold the pipe, and he then laid two twin lines to carry the water over the slide area for a distance of four hundred feet. This is another tribute to "Miners Strategy" and what is referred to in "Miner's Lingo" as "savvy". We of this day and age refer to such as "improvisation".

They purchased an old 1923 Star Automobile, tore it down and had it packed in by mule train. Bert Far, who was somewhat of a mechanic and machinist, converted the motor into a power shovel. It took the brothers five years to complete their ditch project and they began operations in 1928. They also had a sawmill at Black Gulch, operated by water power, and they operated it for a commercial as well as personal benefit. Ace Farnsworth was killed by one of their hydraulic giants in 1936, Ed passed on a year later, and Bert in 1939.

Hancock Lake from Roberts Wharf, looking towards English Peak.
—courtesy William Smith

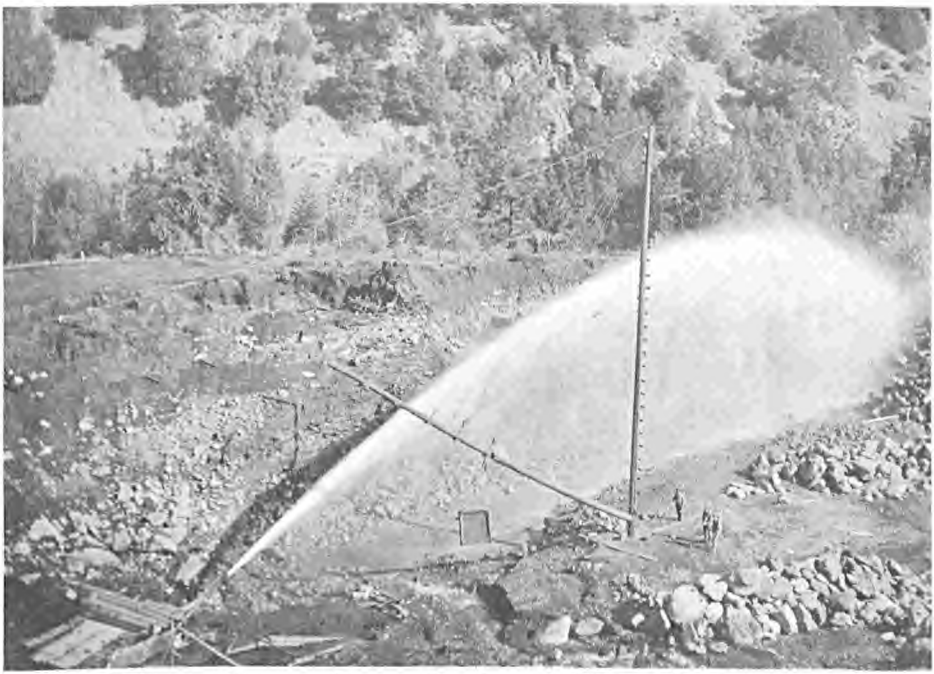
The property came into the hands of Archie and Roscoe Farnsworth, who in turn sold it to Ed McBroom, who operated it until his death, less the time during the war when mining for gold was restricted by federal law. The sad thing about Ole Ed, as he was known among his many friends, was that he had carried on many improvements and repairs getting ready for the big event of the mining season to start on the first of December. All was in readiness when he left his helper Kinny Kinsman at the pit and went to turn in the water. It was about two miles down from the dam where the last flume and the head gate to the ditch were. Apparently he slipped and fell many feet down to the bottom of the gulch, resulting in his death.

After a year of probate the property, under the executor management of Jim McNeill, was placed on the market for bids. Mr. Jack Gardener of Los Angeles placed the highest bid and obtained the property, which he still holds.

There is one story told about one of the operations up Blue Gulch. Ed Lynch, one of the really old timers of the Salmon River Country, tells about the times of cleanup when they would sit around the cabin and play with the big nuggets, and how they would stack them up like a child stacks up play blocks.

Just above Blue Gulch there is another mining operation which derives a source of water from Bear Gulch. Due to the water shortage this property has not been worked in the past few years. It was a little four-inch giant operation as they only had a ten-inch line coming down the hill above the house. This property belonged to Luther

Pack train up to the Saddles at the Forks of Salmon. —courtesy William Smith



Slapjack Hydraulic Mine near Sawyers Bar. Sawyers Bar-Etna Road showing on upper bank. —courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Lake, who worked for the Forest Service until the time of his death. This property has been sold by Ida Lake to some people I do not know. For many years prior to the death of Luther Lake, Mrs. Lake was well known for her many humanitarian acts, many of which were acts of mercy. Some years ago this writer took the liberty of writing a little poem called, "An Ode to Ida Lake." I have taken the liberty of placing this poem within this structure, hoping it will meet the approval of those interested.

AN ODE TO IDA LAKE

There's a place in the sky blue yonder,
Where only Heaven is found—
Where God, in his golden throne room,
And the choicest angels abound.

Where a seat next to God is waiting,
For an Angel, yet to come from earth,
Whose angelic deeds and good merits,
And her acts of provoking mirth,
Are her virtues to be long remembered,
By those below and above—
And her love for those around her,
And her many tokens of love.

These things God recognizes;
And a place next to His He will make,
When he calls home this earthly Angel,
And says; "Take your place next to me,
Ida Lake."

After taking over the property, Mr. Gardener's caretaker made several attempts to get an operator for the hydraulic operation. One operator was found for the 1961 season, but due to failing water pressures

Salmon River Bunch

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

and other things too numerous to mention, the operation was not a success; it didn't pay off. Mr. Harold Gould, like the writer, was one of the few old time hydraulic operators left in The West. He undertook the operation for a year but failed to renew his contract for a second season, which is quite understandable.

We now view the old "diggin's" with a sigh and a tear, perhaps, shed for what was once the glory of the Salmon River. The old pipes, (some buried now under tons of debris) and the broken and rusted joints of pipe with split seams that once boasted high pressure power to tear down mountains, lay rusting away; a past memory. The old, rusted giants, still mounted like sentinels looking up into the sky; waiting, so it seems, for the day when they will fall and crumble. The old dam broken and nearly all washed away from the effects of flood waters, the anchor cables rusted away; a rusty drift pin here and there, like ghosts, marking the spot where the dam once was. The old flumes, their planking rotted away, their supports sagging, their sides with open gaps showing the signs of many summers; and the ditch filled with fallen trees, the bottom filled with washed dirt from the hillsides, mixed with the fallen leaves of fall; like the rest is but a symbol of what was once glory, yet a symbol of what ends man will go to, what sacrifices he will make, and the hardships he will endure for that "muck" called gold.

Yet, we are met with other sights, the beauty, the glory of creation, the richness and splendor of that which drew men like Adams, Bennetts, the Farnsworths and others to its bosom. This creation remains to draw others; the artist, the poet, the philosopher that seeks the solitude, and those seeking the wonders of the cosmic creation. They come, they see, and, for those for love of beauty write their version of that which they behold. To one of these he has captured that which the eyes see, out of which has been placed in writing, that which is, and will always remain "God's Country."

GOD'S COUNTRY

When God created this universe,
  Then took a rest for a day—
He forgot to create a bit of heaven,
  Where all the sportsmen could play.

He had some left over surpluses,
Of heavenly blended hues,
Some stardust, and some silver linings,
And colors of reds, greens, and blues.

He looked for a place to put them,
Where the color schemes would blend,
Where the green and white of the water—
Would match that of the rainbow's end.

A river of beauty was chosen,
Reflecting an artistic scene,
That would mirror the dome of all heaven,
In its silver-like glistening sheen.

He called this river the Salmon,
From the name of the mountains around,
And 'neath the heavenly peaks, of the Trinity Alps,
Where the headwaters of the Salmon are found.

So, where the Salmon River, is aligned with the sun,
In a path that is true with the west,
Where the open sky is the broadest,
And the galaxy shines at its best,

Where the stars shine their brightest,
And the heavens are bluer than blue,
And the glistening gleen of the moonbeams,
Meets the silver of star bright hue,

Where the Star of Venus shines brightly,
And the Big Dipper casts its spell,
And the mighty armanda of all Heaven,
Lights up the depths of the earthly dell.

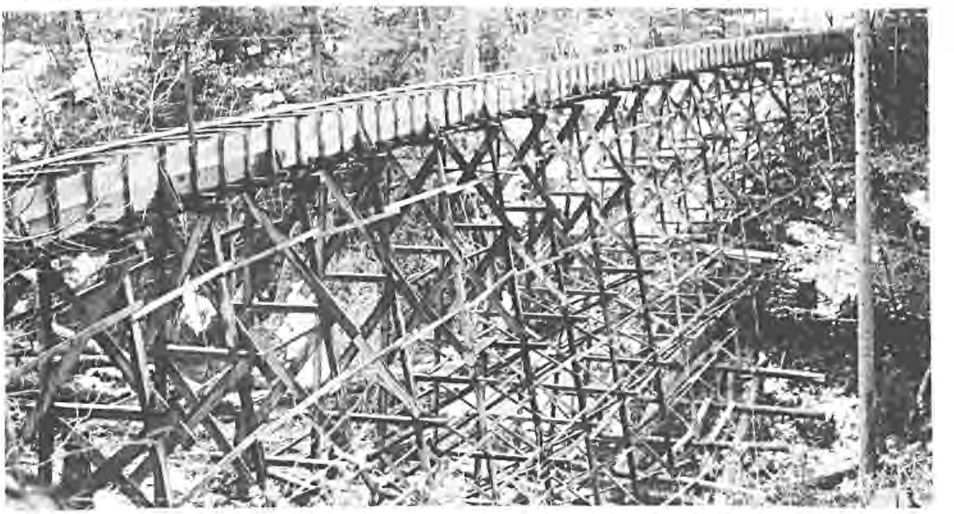
Where the evening twilight is blended,
With the sunset of golden hue,
And the green reflection of the pine trees,
Match that of the heavenly blue.

Where the stars in their silverly splendor,
Seem to dance in rapturous joy,
Is where God built this eden-like paradise,
For all of mankind to enjoy.

We speak many times of God's Country,
In our many travels around,
But there can only be one God's Country,
That's where God's best reflections are found.

So, in this wonderous paradise,
Where the direction of God's forces flows,
Is the only real God's Country,
And that's where the "Salmon River Flows."

Written and composed by Jack Quinn
Callahan, California



Big Bend Creek Tressel. This tressel was located on the South Fork of the Salmon River to carry water for mining. The photo was taken in 1904 by E. McNeil.

—courtesy Siskiyou County Historical Society

Miner's Pilgrim Progress

A pilgrim from the eastern shore
Stood on Nevada's strand,
A tear was in his hither eye
A pickax in his hand.

A tear was in his hither eye
And in his left to match,
There would have been another tear,
But for a healing patch.

And other patches, too, he wore,
That on his garments hung,
And, too, where on that ill-starred spot
Where Mothers smite their young.

His hat, a shing "Coster" once,
Is broken now and dim,
And wild his bearded features gleam,
Beneath the tattered brim.

The pilgrim paused, and looking down,
As one who is in doubt,
He sighed to see how fast
That pair of boots was wearing out.

And as he filled an ancient pipe,
His wrethchedness to cheer,
He stopped with hurried hand,
To pick a flea from out his ear.

Then spake the pilgrim from the east,
"I am a wretched man
For lust of gold has lured
Me to the shovel and the pan."

"I saw in dreams a pile of gold
It's dazzling radiance pour.
No more my dreams are of that gold
For now my hopes are o'er."

The Pilgrim paused, for now he heard
His distant comrades shout,
He drew a last whiff from his pipe,
And knocked the ashes out.

And stooping down he gathered up
His shovel and his pan.
The breeze his latest accents bore,
"I am a wretched man".

Thrice have I left this cursed spot
But mine it was to learn,
The fatal truth, that dust we are,
To dust we shall return."

So here condemned to fates unkind
I rock elusive sands
And dream of wailing babes at home
Unrocked, an orphan band.

Once more returned at close of day,
To a cheerless dismal home,
He vows if he were back in Maine,
He never more would roam.

How hunger makes his bowels yearn
For yams and Irish roots
But these he looks in vain to find,
Then tries to fry his boots.

The night is passed in happy dreams,
Of youth and childhood joys,
Of times when he got flogged at school,
For pinching smaller boys,

His wife whose smile has cheered him on,
And rendered light his care
He sees in far New England's clime,
Enjoying better fare.

But morn dispels this fairy dream,
And want arouses pluck,
He shoulders pick and pan once more,
Once more to try his luck.

He digs in dark, secluded depths,
The spots where slugs abound,
And oh, what rapture fills his breast,
At last his pile is found.

He drops his pick, his pan is left,
He e'en neglects his pipe,
He leaves his diggings far behind,
His purse he holds in iron grip.

Resolved to dig and toil no more,
No more, in dreams to trust.
His well filled bag upon his back,
Of pure and shining dust.

THE SAGA OF
The Salmon River Lifting Rock . . .

By JIM McNEILL

Gone are the old mining towns of Abrams, Summerville, Big Bend, Petersburg and Yocumville, once hell-raising towns that dotted the bars along the South Fork of the Salmon River from Big Flat to the Forks of the Salmon.

Gone, deserted and forgotten are the towns of Old Denny, White Rock and Lake City—all just across the line in Trinity Co. Gone too are all of the mines that gave the towns their excuse for being there in the first place. Now only Cecilville remains, not much of a town now to be sure. Just a huddle of no more than five or six buildings dozing beside the Salmon River Road. You might even pass the town by in your travels up the river were it not for a leaning sign beside the road that tells you that you are approaching the Cecilville Post Office. Yes, not much of a town now, but Cecilville was once the most hell-raising town of them all.

Closed down, worked out, deserted and forgotten are the mines that supported the towns. Even the ground where Petersburg and Big Bend once stood was long ago placer mined away, leaving but ugly piles of boulders and barren bedrock. But at this time nature has done a fair job of hiding the man-made scars by covering rock piles and bedrock with a generous covering of scrub pine trees and assorted types of brush. Yes, gone are the mines—The Gulick, Leroy, and Yellow Rose of Texas—The Dorleska, The Caribou, The Confetti and Thomas Mines along fabulously rich Packers Gulch.

The rock on the right is the Salmon River Lifting Rock now at the Siskiyou County Museum.

The Deep Bank Placer, The Los Perlos, Lucky Hunter, and The Gold Dyke; The Mountain Lily, Low Hill and The Salmon River Placer; The Cecil Creek Placer, The Sightman Mine. The George Placer, The Root and Salsberg Mine, and The Johnson Mine on Six-Mile Creek; The Trail Creek Mine, The Ward Highland and The June Bride; The Aultking, The Gun Barrel and Stakeout Bar; The Nigger Hill, Red Hill, Knownothing and The Gilta; The Salmon Summit Mine, The Canary Bird and Brooks Mine; The Mountain Boomer and The Placer Mines along Eagle and Virgin Creeks just over the Trinity County line. The Bob's Farm and the unnamed placers along Griz-

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His wardrobe changed,
Behold him now, in affluence and pride,
Surrounded by the ones he loves,
With joy on every side.

Pressed closely to his heart, he holds,
His wife and children dear,
The latter shouting wild while,
The former drops a tear.

(From an old scrapbook owned by Mary Jones, grandmother of Mabel Frances Steele.)

zily and Rattlesnake Creek, also in Trinity County—all have seen their glory fade away. Even the famous old Black Bear Mine, along with the King Solomon, folded up and closed down a few years ago. Cecilville, however, has survived the years. There it sits beside the road, dozing in the afternoon sun, dreaming of past glories, but unmindful of the object that once gave the town its greatest claim to fame—The Salmon River Lifting Rock. Yes, Cecilville dreams on. The Lifting Rock has been uprooted from its original resting place down by the old hitching rack and rolled to a spot where the old Dave Burgess Store once stood. There it rests in a bed of sticks and leaves, weed and grass covered now. Forsaken and forgotten, this once famous round grey quartzite boulder, like Cecilville, dreams of glories long past, for now few people have ever heard of this once renowned rock.

On a mound above and one hundred yards to the east, overlooking the main street, the Old Burgess Hotel still stands. Abandoned now and fallen to decay, windows broken or long ago removed, the wide front door hanging askew from one broken hinge. The interior is a shambles, the playground for pack rats and the few tourist children, who on occasion visit the old town.

The broken windows stare like vacant dreaming eyes out over the gardens that fill the space that was once Cecilville's main street. They seem to be seeing once again, Dave Burgess strolling across the street on his way from his store to the Post Office where Tass Arbuckel, the mail carrier from Callahan, has just delivered the locked sack to Postmaster Cliff Pharas, and now busily engaged in unloading the second class mail along with mail packages and express from three pack mules. They are seeing again old man Sightman, the first settler in the town, standing in front of the Denny Barr Store engaged in a political argument with Tom Markham, the store manager. The three town characters, Frank Brant, George Lawrence and Sid Steele listen in.

Over on the porch at the Cecilville Saloon, Sam Graham, the old scout and hunter, long-haired and buckskin dressed, with his old long barreled Kentucky hunting rifle at his side, sits in a bar room chair tilted back against the saloon wall, dozing the afternoon away. Tom Dow, the diminutive half-breed French-Canadian hunter for the Salmon River Placer Mines, swings jauntily along the street on his way from Denny Barr Company Store to the Burgess Saloon, rifle over his shoulder. Further on down the street Mike Malone and Hardscrabble Bill Luddy, in town from the Deep Bank Mine for a week of celebrating, stagger from the wide door of the Cecilville Saloon and start arm-in-arm toward the Sightman Livery and Feed Barn. Before they reach their objective, however, they spied the flag floating proudly atop its new sixty-foot pole. The pair halts abruptly, salutes, still with their arms locked together, and begin singing "My Wild Irish Rose".

Those vacant staring eyes seem to be seeing again Charlie Roff and Willie Wolfert (two of old man Sightman's riders) galloping into town from the East, their rifles held high; canter down the street headed for the hitching rack at the Cecilville Saloon. They have just returned from an unsuccessful hunt for some of Sightman's wild cattle that are ranging along Shadow Creek and on Grasshopper Point. They see once again, Carrie Pharras, Proprietor of the Denny Barr Company's Hotel, and her cook Annie Tempel, standing on the hotel porch looking down toward the flat below the town where three pack trains are camped; their pack saddles and cargo strung in neat rows across the flat. The three bell mares tied under a shed are contentedly munching hay, while the eighty-odd pack mules roll in the dust of the flat or crop at the short grass, never straying from hearing of the bell of their respective bell mare.

The packers are gathered in a group under the large live oak tree below the feed barn. One of their number is busily engaged in putting a new set of shoes on a docile old grey mule, while the rest of the group are listening to a tall tale by one of the Denny Barr Packers. The tale has to do with the

exploits of "Old Mandy", the famous mule that the Denny Barr Company had pensioned off after she carried a six hundred pound steel safe the eighty-odd miles from Callahan to Old Denny. The story finally comes to an end, the job of shoeing the mule is completed, and the mule is released to return to the train.

The packers slowly rise from their seats under the old live oak. They dust off the seat of their pants, then in a group climb the rise to the street, make their way up toward the Burgess Saloon, pausing briefly to pass the time of day with old peg-leg Sam Thompson, the old gunman with his old 45 Peacemaker Colt worn low and tied down. The old man nods curtly to the packers and limps out of town on his way to his lonely cabin far up little Cecil Creek.

The group comes to a halt to have a look at the lifting rock. They debate a moment on whether to have a try at lifting the rock or to go on to the Saloon for a few drinks. The latter idea wins as they must again take the trail tomorrow. The Denny Barr Company pack train, empty now, having unloaded their cargo at the Company's store at Cecilville, would be on its way back to Callahan's for another load of supplies. Barney Neilon's train would proceed to Old Denny, still two hard days drive away. It is loaded with whiskey and supplies for Ladd's Store in Denny and a few mule loads of hydraulic pipe going to some placer mine on Eagle Creek.

McNeill's train will take the old Montgomery Trail headed for the mines along Rattlesnake and Grizzily Creek, loaded with the last of the machinery for the Bob's Farm Quartz Mill, supplies for the white miners strung along the length of Specimen Gulch, and the rice and delicacies from far off China for the Chinese miners who are drift mining along Grizzily Creek.

Yes, Cecilville dreams on of its past glories, forgetful of its one remaining monument to the memories of those long forgotten days—The Salmon River Lifting Rock.

The Lifting Rock was mined out and blocked the sluice box of a miner a few hundred feet from where it now stands. When the miner tried to lift the round boulder from his sluice, he found that he could not budge it. The miner, a man of considerable strength, called to men working on nearby claims and made bets that none of them could lift the rock. None of the local miners could lift the rock, so they lifted it with bars and rolled it to a point near the hitching rack where it has remained for over three-quarters of a century. Local history has it that the rock was mined out and rolled into town in the Spring of 1852.

It did not take long for the fame of the rock to spread far beyond the confines of Cecilville and the mines. Along the South and East Forks of the Salmon, miners, packers, cowboys, townsmen, drifters, gamblers and Indians all took their turn at trying to lift the rock with no luck. Miners from the camps along the South Fork of Scott River, Callahan, South Fork, Springtown, Fox Creek and Gasburg, made the long hike to Cecilville to lay their wagers and to have their try at lifting the rock, only to return home minus their cash. They were disappointed because the Lifting Rock had won. The men from faraway Denny, White Rock and Lake City, along with the miners from Specimen Gulch, Grizzily and Rattlesnake Creeks, who had learned of the rock, came to have their try at lifting it. However, they fared no better than the men from Scott River, Sawyers Bar, and Forks of the Salmon, who sent their husky Irish miners trampling over the mountains to have their try at lifting the rock. They fared no better than the rest and returned home poorer and very disappointed.

This condition went on until 1906, when two and possibly a third man turned the trick. They lifted the rock. It always seemed odd to me that these three men were all employed as miners at the mines above Cecilville at the same time. In fact, the two men (Arthur Thompson and Jack Henderson) who were known to have lifted the rock several inches clear of the ground,

worked together on the night shift at the Salmon River Hydraulic Mines.

Sponge Featherstone, the other man who may or may not have lifted the rock, was employed as a miner at the Cecil Creek Placers, a small mine across the river from Cecilville. I have listened to many arguments on Featherstone's efforts to lift the rock. Some old timers contended that he just cleared the ground, while others contended that he had not lifted the rock clear of the ground, but merely moved it an inch or so sideways in its bed. So, in all fairness to Featherstone's great try, I have always felt that he should be credited with having lifted the rock.

Forty-eight years have passed since the summer of 1906. Over the years there have been many hardy souls trying to lift the rock with no success.

Rumor has it that a Forest Ranger, Clyde Lewis, had cleared the ground with the rock. This feat of strength was supposed to have taken place some time in the early 1930's, but as far as I know this rumor has never been verified.

So alone and forgotten the once famous rock rests today on the rise of ground above the gardens where was once Cecilville's busy main street. The sun has wheeled his disc westward until it sits astride the Salmon Range. The evening shadows come creeping out from across the river and cover Cecilville Flats. A last ray of the setting sun rests for a brief instant, as though in a benediction on the head of the Lifting Rock and is then gone.

A speeding car loaded with a family of fishermen comes tearing up the road from the south, leaving a long plume of dust in its wake. It takes the road, by-passing the town; it pauses for a moment at the forks of the road just west of the town. Two youngsters jump from the car. They spend a moment reading the road signs. They turn to look toward the old town; a shrill female voice impatiently calls to them. The children, chattering like squirrels, pile back into the car which roars into motion and takes the East Fork branch of the road. The darkness comes swiftly and silently down over the town and Cecilville Flats.

The world is hushed and silent for a moment. The night wind sighing through the trees seems to bear on its breath the ghostly and distant yells of a group of celebrating miners making their unsteady way out of town on their way home to some long forgotten mine.

The clear clang of a bell comes up across the flat. It brings back a memory of some long departed bell mare shaking her ghostly head. Then the spell is broken as someone lights a kerosene lamp. Its feeble yellow rays shine through an open window and light a narrow yellow path across the orchard and garden that was once Cecilville's main street, but the path of light stops many feet short of reaching the Lifting Rock which still rests in its bed of dry grass, leaves and man-caused litter, alone and forgotten.

Its head still proudly erect, still a champion, stands the Salmon River Lifting Rock.

On an early date in old Bestville there came a man with a bad reputation, who liked to see groups break up whenever he silently joined them. This night as he stood near the bar room stove he would throw in a pinch of powder just to get a jump out of the crowd. Suddenly exclaiming, "Well, we might as well all go to H-ll together," he tossed the powder can into the fire. Shouting, "Save yoselves white folks!" the negro musician jumped t h r o u g h the window, breaking his fiddle. The crowd made a rush for the door, two men wedged in it and the whole side of the flimsy building went out. When there was no explosion the crowd stopped and looked back. The fellow was grinning over his joke. The can was empty.—by Lottie Ball

The Salmon River Hog Drive . . .

By TOM BIGELOW

We have all read about the big cattle drives from Texas to Abilene and Dodge City. Even our past member Ab Evans on one of our field trips pointed out to us where he saw one-thousand cattle pass in one day. This was on the low pass between Van Bremmer and Red Rock Valley. We have seen our local ranchers drive herds to the mountains for summer pasture but we do not hear or read anything about our hog drives.

The Salmon River country was and still is an isolated area. In the past a lot of ham and bacon was delivered to that area on foot. The Bennett Company of Forks of Salmon had their yearly hog drive. These drives started before the roads were built and continued till about 1916.

The Bennett Company bought hogs from the following ranches: the Pete Smith, John Smith, Felty and McBride ranch. The purchased hogs were delivered to the Bennett Company corral in Etna by the ranchers. When one hundred hogs, more or less, were delivered the drive was ready to start.

It was 42 miles from Etna to the Forks and took 7 days to make the drive. Camping places along the route were as follows: Barnum Turn, Punkin Center, Crookes Flat, Paradise Flat, New Diggins, Saw Pit Flat and then the Forks. During the trail days the Grain and Camp outfit was delivered by pack train. After the road was built, the outfit was moved along with a four animal team, two horses and two mules.

There were from four to six men on the drive and they camped with the hogs. The hogs from each ranch bedded down by themselves and at times there were some wicked fights between each group. The drivers wanted wet weather so that the hogs would not get too sore footed. Freezing weather was dynamite on them. The real sore footed ones were put in the wagon. The drive took place in November and often snow and floods were encountered.

Hog killing day was a big local event. The killing took place next day after the drive. All preparations were made in advance. Wood and rocks were collected. The scalding trough, scraping platforms and poles to hang the dressed hogs on were in place.

The killing and dressing of the hogs was really on a production line. The water in the trough was heated with hot rocks. It was one man's job to keep the water at the right scalding temperature. This was done by adding more hot rocks as needed. One man stuck the hogs, two men with an inch knotted rope turned the hogs in the hot trough. They were then rolled on to the platform and the scrapers went to work, ending up by the last man on the line cleaning the head and pulling off the toe nails. The hogs were then hung on the poles and dressed out. Two strong men would lift up the hog and the third man would insert the gamble. The hog was then slid along the pole to dry out and cool off.

All hogs were killed in one day. During the killing Mr. Bennett issued out two drinks of whiskey per man. After the killing it was different, free whiskey, food and a joyful celebration.

The next several days were busy ones. Some of the hogs were packed to the mines and prospectors. The others were cut up for hams, bacon and salt pork. Lard was rendered, sausage and head cheese was made, pigs feet were cleaned. The hams and bacon were salted and smoked. The sausage and head cheese were put into salt brine. Green white oak and alder wood were used to smoke the hams and bacon.

There is comedy in all events. There were many pig droppings through the town of Sawyers Bar. Believe me if a kid came romping into the house with too much pig on him, the good mother was after him with a broom. Then again in about two or

(continued on next page)

Fire Search, 1929 . . .

By JIM McNEILL

Nineteen twenty-nine was one of those years. A wave of incendiarism hit and covered the Klamath like a blanket, from the Yreka District on the east side of the forest, to the huckleberry choked canyons of the Orleans District on the west side.

We on the Happy Camp District were under the able leadership of Ranger Sutcliffe and Protective Assistant Mike Morgan, with a big assist from my fifteen man volunteer suppression crew.

This crew called themselves The Big Nail Gang. They proudly wore a forty penny spike dangling from the topmost buttonhole of their shirts. They did very well in holding our area burn down to a minimum until the first week in August.

Some enterprising fire bug or fire bugs set Elk Creek and Titus Bridge afire from Johnson's Hunting Ground near Independence Valley to below Gypsy John's Camp, not too far from the East Bank of the Klamath River. Ranger Sutcliffe sent me into the upper Elk Creek country to take charge in that area. My assistants were Christopher Barney, who was the Elk Creek Guard, along with Trail Foreman Alvin Smith and Trail Worker Elder Barney. Our fire crew was all settlers who resided along Elk Creek. Guard Lee Waddell came in from his China Creek Station and took over the Gypsy John situation. Lawrence Robert's small road crew furnished leadership. My Big Nail Gang and other pick-up firefighters from Happy Camp and Cottage Grove made up Waddell's crew. Guard C. L. Huestis and Trail Worker Ray Anderson handled the law enforcement aspects of the operation. We all went about the business of putting out thirty-seven set forest fires. Ranger Sutcliffe, aboard his horse Nig, visited both Waddell and me giving few instructions but many words of praise and encouragement.

Ten days later we were back at our stations, another fire campaign behind us, 153 acres burned. I took a look at the little table in the corner of the Dispatcher's Office that served as my desk and found it piled high with incompleted fire reports. Not "929's", but the little red and white ones, leather notebook size. After a look, I told Morgan that I was going to have a swim and a change of clothes before I tackled the reports.

After a dip in the "ole swimmin' hole" on Indian Creek above town and with clean clothes, I felt that I could whip any report that came my way. On my way through town it occurred to me that it had been some time since I had eaten a meal sitting at a table. Anyway, the fire camp's fare of bacon, beans, canned tomatoes, peaches and frying pan bread topped off with coffee had grown tiresome to say the least. I decided to drop in at Cyclone Thompson's Pearl Cafe and have a steak. While the steak sizzled on the grill, I settled myself on a stool and prepared to get caught up on the town gossip from Thompson and a couple of town hangers-on. Then in came Guard Joe Aubrey from the Cottage Grove unit. Dispatcher Morgan had sent him to find me. "Mike wants you right away", he said. I thought, "Oh, oh, here we go again". I paid for the uneaten steak and told Cyclone to feed it to some hungry Indian and was on my way

THE SALMON RIVER HOG DRIVE

(continued from page 37)

three days these droppings would be fairly dry and the boys would have a turd fight. Now if you got plastered with one that was fairly ripe, you didn't get into the house until you got out of your clothes.

The above hog wash was told to me by Ralph and Bill Smith. The events as told tell a true story of the past hog drives. Bill and Ralph are honest boys and would not polish up the truth to make a story interesting.

back to the Ranger Station.

As I passed the office headed for the living quarters out in back to pick up my boots and personal gear, I called to Morgan through the window. "Where am I going this time?" Morgan said, "Not so fast. Come in here." He informed me that Supervisor Douthit had called from Orleans and said to send me over there to stay at least ten days and to send me right away.

Three hours later I met Supervisor Douthit at the east end of the bridge across the Klamath River. He informed me that there was a fire on Camp Creek at an old homestead known as the Hunter Place. So far there had been no action on the fire. He need not have given me this bit of information, for I had seen the smoke billowing up for miles as I came down river. As late in the day as it was, the fire was still doing all right for itself.

Then came the part I was to play in the act. The Humboldt County Deputy Sheriff, the local constable, and the District Ranger had rounded up all the known bootleggers, fire bugs and community hard cases. They numbered 19 in all and they were being held under guard at the Ranger Station. They had already been fed. I was to have charge of this crew for the next ten days. I was not to let them out of my sight for any length of time. I was to eat with them, drink with them and bed down in their sleeping area, and I was to move them out immediately to make the initial attack on the Hunter Place fire.

So, I crossed the bridge and drove up to the Ranger's Office where there was a terrific turmoil. I finally got inside the Ranger's Office where I planned to ask Perry J. Hill, who was Deputy Forest Supervisor at that time, to fill me in on a few details; but about all I could get out of him was, "When are you going to get your crew out of here?"

Outside again I met Albert Wilder (Fred's father), who was Acting Dispatcher. He told me that tools and water had been sent to the Hunter Place, but no lunches. He also brought me up to date on a fact that Douthit had failed to mention. There had been a fight and a man named Swagler had thrown Ranger Shellenbarger over a stone wall and broken his arm.

As I asked the people to load on the truck, some of them I knew and shook hands with, Swagler walked up to me and said,, "Can I talk to you, or do I have to have more trouble?" I told him to go ahead and state his trouble. He said he had two milk cows, some chickens and hogs at his small farm on Red Cap Road on the east bank of the Klamath River. He had asked to go home and arrange for his neighbor Grant Hillman to care for his garden and livestock, but some misunderstanding arose and ended in a fight. I asked him how long it would take him to complete the arrangements. He said, "Two or three hours." I told him to be on his way and on his way back to the fire to stop at the Ranger Station and pick up lunches for the crew. Swagler and I shook hands.

The outlaw crew and I were then on our way to the Hunter Place where we arrived some forty-five minutes later. The fire was burning on the east side of Camp Creek and already covered about 40 acres and was still burning hot. There was a break and a small gap in the main ridge and the fire was heading up this ridge fast. I told the crew if we could get into that gap and get a line in and back-fire out, it would mean the difference between a 100-acre fire and one that could possibly burn out an entire drainage.

I held a short council of war with my outlaw crew. I pointed out to them our need to beat the fire to the gap in the ridge. One man knew of an old trail that we could follow almost all of the way into the gap. So we were on our way and beat the fire into the gap. We began building fire lines down both the north and south side of the ridge, back-firing as we went. I was amazed at the way the crew worked. I wasn't supposed to be able to get any work out of them. I was just to keep them where I could watch them and they were turning

out to be one of the best crews that I have ever worked with.

Swagler came in with the lunches at 1000 hours. Though 0500 hours breakfast and Johnson's Hunting Ground was a lot of miles and hours behind me, I still could not find the time to eat until Leo Nix and his twenty man Weitchpec crew came in, and I gave him the south side of the fire. My outlaw crew concentrated on the north line, which was completed on Camp Creek at 0530 hours. All crews gathered at the Hunter Place at 0730 hours. My notes show the following: Fire controlled at 0630; men used to control the fire—41; area burned—approximately 88 acres.

The day relief came in. They were a pickup crew from Somes Bar. If my memory is correct, they were under the leadership of Lyle Hill and Willis Conrad. I drew the assignment with my outlaw crew to do the mop up on the Hunter Place Fire. For the next six days I worked with the crew all day. I drank with them, ate with them, talked about everything, and shared their sleeping quarters in the Forest Service's mule barn at night.

I learned why so many previous fires had been set. They told of cases of timber trespasses and many things that were taking place in the community, but never a word about who was responsible for the present rash of fires.

At the end of six days every smoke on the Hunter Place Fire had been searched out and extinguished. Over the same six day period there had not been a fire in the entire Orleans District. Ranger Shellenbarger and his staff were highly elated over this fact, but for me it was creating a problem. How was I going to hold my outlaws together and keep them reasonably sober with nothing to do? The problem was solved on that sixth and last day of mop up on the Hunter Place Fire. We were taking a long noon hour in the gap at the head end of the fire, when far up the mountain there came a long, high, shrill whistle. One of the men who was laying on his stomach talking to another fellow, rolled over and looked straight at me and said, "Hey, Jim, fire on Wilder Creek tomorrow." Nothing more was said. I reported the incident to the Ranger that evening and got laughed at for my trouble.

There was not one but three fires the next afternoon on Wilder Creek. My outlaw crew was then released. They gave me a new crew of 15 men just recruited from the Hobo Jungles along the Southern Pacific track at Mount Shasta. We were on our way at 1500 hours up the trail to the Wilder Creek Fires.

During 25 seasons of firefighting I was forced to leave the line for the first and only time due to an injury. That is another story.

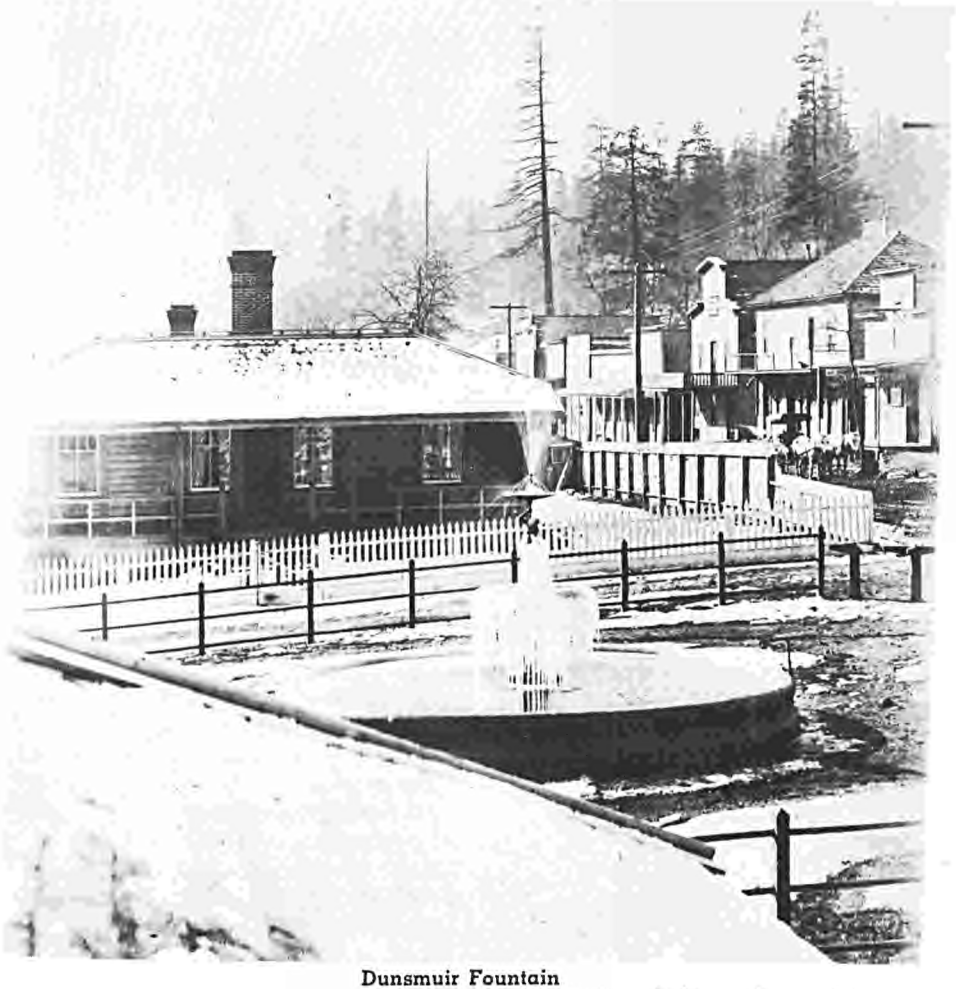
Mining Town of Gilta . . .

By TOM BIGELOW

Four miles up Knownothing Creek is the old mining camp of Gilta. Gilta was the name of one of the three productive mines of this small area. When a Post Office was established it was named Gilta after the name of the most productive mine.

There were three mines in this area that were producers; namely, the Gilta, the Wansen and the Knownothing. The Dannenbrink Brothers were the real organizers and developed these mines. A Post Office was established and a telephone line was constructed to the Camp from the Forks of Salmon.

Some of the buildings are still standing and habitable. Mining is still going at these mines on an off and on basis. No doubt they will produce again when the price of gold goes up.



Dunsmuir Fountain
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Dunsmuir . . .

By RUTH T. JONES

UPPER SODA SPRINGS

The town of Dunsmuir was established by the Central Pacific Railroad which later became the Southern Pacific. Dunsmuir was to be the terminus of the Shasta Division with a roundhouse, shops, and office forces located there. Situated just south of Mt. Shasta on the Sacramento River, the town has an elevation of about 2300 feet.

In the year 1852, the first white men came to Southern Siskiyou County and settled in the vicinity of Dunsmuir. Twin brothers, Samuel and Harry Lockart, acquired squatters rights to the land known at that time as Soda Springs, later to be called Upper Soda Springs, as well as about 160 acres of the adjoining wooded hillsides, including the land lying below what is now

Upper Soda Springs
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

the highway bridge in North Dunsmuir.

The two Lockart brothers had mined in the Scott River country and had operated a saloon in Yreka before coming to Soda Springs, where they built a log cabin and a corral for pack trains. Since this spot was one of the main Sacramento River crossings, their crude inn provided an excellent overnight resting place for travelers along the California-Oregon trail. The Lockarts continued this operation until 1855 when they sold their squatters rights to Ross McCloud for approximately $100.00.

This area like the rest of the region had first been occupied by Indians. The Towendolly family were Wintu Indians whose tribal home is in Trinity County. After the white man came to that area, the Towendollies left their ancestral home and settled on the Sacramento River at Soda Springs. When Ross McCloud bought the property in 1855, Old Bill, the father of Grant Towendolly, remained to work for the McClouds. Old Bill's opinion of some of the miners and settlers who were taking over the home of his forefathers was adequately expressed once when he said, "White man all time drink whiskey, swear damn!"

Bill's son, Grant, one of the last of Wintu shamens, was born at Upper Soda Springs on Oct. 29, 1873, and spent more than half of his life there working as a handyman and a gardener. Grant's father chose him to be the next chieftain of the northern Wintu. Old Bill died when Grant was too young to take his father's place as headman, so an uncle became the interim leader. By the time Grant came of age, the Wintu were so dispersed by the advent of the white man that tribal unity was lost. He never functioned as a shamen. In 1882 the Trinity Wintu held their last big gathering. Their way of life began to change, some intermarried with the white man, and English began to adulterate the Wintu tongue.

When the Upper Soda Springs resort closed, Grant and his wife moved to Shasta County near O'Brien where he raised chickens and a vegetable garden. He died

on March 19, 1963, at the age of 90 years. Relatives of the Towendolly family still live in Dunsmuir.

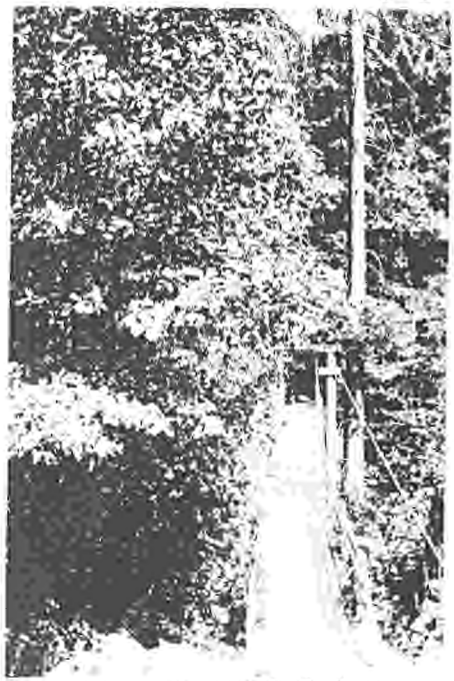
After buying the Soda Springs property, Ross McCloud improved the place as a stopping place for travelers, and in 1856, he built a toll bridge across the Sacramento River to the east and below the present highway bridge. Mr. McCloud had constructed a mill at a place called Berryville, now the town of Mt. Shasta. Out of lumber from this mill, in 1864 he and his partner built at Soda Springs the first building of planed lumber in this vicinity.

In 1859 Washington Bailey bought the squatters rights to property on Soda Creek. A soda spring was discovered, so he called his place Lower Soda Springs. Mr. McCloud's place eventually became known as Upper Soda Springs. Knapp's Ranch was established at what was later known as the Stone Ranch, also Hanlon's, now in the vicinity of the Dunsmuir Lumber Company south of town. The spot occupied by the main business section of Dunsmuir was still a wooded hillside.

The Sacramento Stage route was opened in 1860 by Stone and Sullaway, who ran stages from Yreka to Soda Springs. From that point Loag and Kenyon packed to the Pit River and had stages from there to Shasta. A toll road was built by Stone and Son, after which time William Sullaway put on a stage line from Yreka to Red Bluff which he operated for many years. In 1871 the mail ceased to be carried by way of the Scott Mountain Route and was put on the Sacramento River Route. However, since the main stage line to Yreka continued to be the one through the Scott Mountains, this may account for the late development of the Dunsmuir area as compared to towns in the other parts of Siskiyou County.

By 1864 the Modoc Indians had regained their leadership and strength which they had lost when the white men treacherously murdered the best of their fighting force at Black Point. In 1872 when the Modocs were forced to move to a reservation in Oregon also occupied by the Klamath Indians, Captain Jack lead his people back to their tribal home in the Lost River country. The Indians entrenched themselves in the Tulelake Lava Beds and held off over a thousand soldiers for three months. Then, in 1873, they played the white man's game and killed General Canby at a truce conference, along with a Reverend Thomas who had accompanied the General to the peace talks. Following the murders, the Modocs withdrew into the deep recesses of the Lava Beds. Additional troops were sent to the area where they surrounded the Lava Beds. At last the Modocs surrendered and Captain Jack along with five of his leaders were hanged at Fort Klamath on Oct. 3, 1873.

The Indian Princess, Wi-ne-ma, a cousin of Captain Jack, aided the army in the Modoc War. After the fighting ended, she returned to her home in Hawkinsville. A parade in Yreka was held in her honor. When she died in 1932, a memorial plaque



Bridge at Upper Soda Springs
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

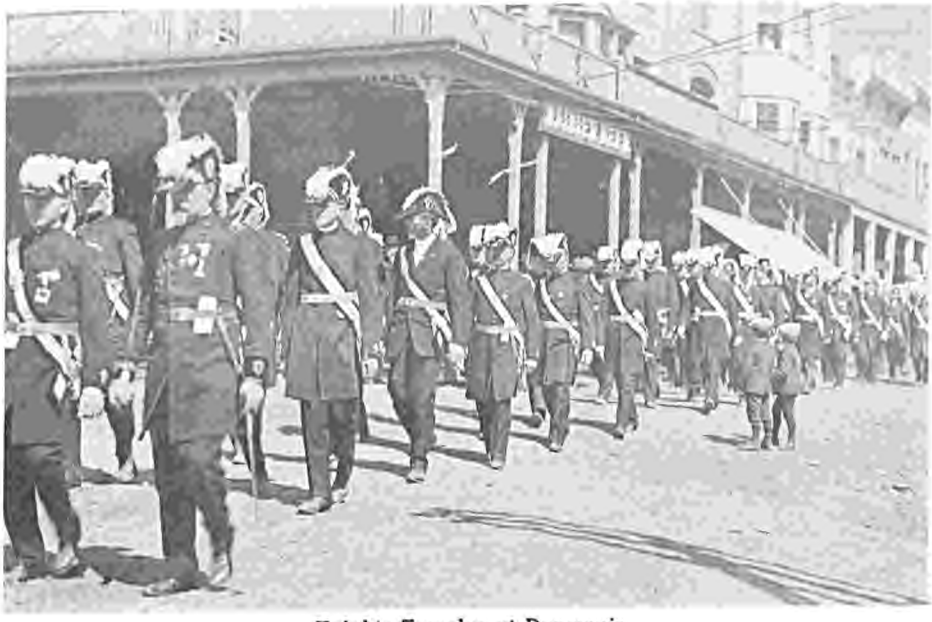
Fourth of July Parade at Dunsmuir
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

honoring her was placed in the Modoc cemetery on the Klamath Indian Reservation.

About five miles south of Dunsmuir, at Castella, stands a marker commemorating the last uprisings of the Indians against men in the Southern Siskiyou area. This fight took place in June of 1885 in the Castle Crags and at Battle Rock to the south of Castle Lake. The famous California poet, Joaquin Miller, then known as "Mountain Joe's Boy," took part in this fight and received an arrow wound. Joaquin Miller and Mountain Joe had a post at Soda Springs below Castle Rocks. The Indians had destroyed their property. When Miller received the arrow wound, he was first cared for by friendly Indians and then by Mrs. Ross McCloud at their Inn. Joaquin Miller stayed at Upper Soda Springs for several months during the summer of 1885. Mr. McCloud, who was also wounded in the arm by an arrow, had joined the company of 29 white men and 30 friendly Indians who engaged and destroyed the hostiles after a hard perilous march.

THE TRAIN ARRIVES

Following the completion of the transcontinental line, the railroad companies began the construction of local and interstate lines. One under construction was the northwestward extension of the Union Pacific to Portland. In 1880 the Central Pacific Railroad was in the hands of Californians known as the Big Four....Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins, and Crocker. The Central Pacific system stretched in all directions from San Francisco. The Big Four bought the California-Oregon Railroad and began to build north from Sacramento, following closely the route outlined in an army survey made in the 1850's. This railroad up the Sacramento Valley to Redding and through the Sacramento River Canyon proved to be the most hazardous to build and took the longest time to complete of any of the California lines. By the spring of 1882, work was definitely in progress to extend the line north of Redding and by summer, forty miles of road were under construction. Chinese track layers



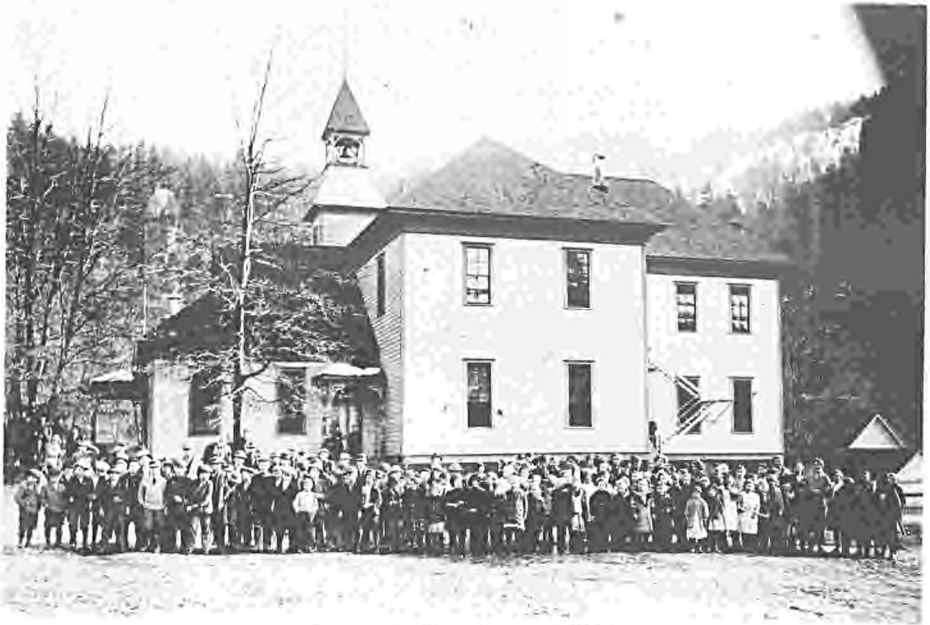
Knights Templar at Dunsmuir
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

followed Slavonian masonry construction crews. By the spring of 1886, trains were running as far north as Slate Creek. In July of that year the headquarters for the railroad was between Hazel Creek and Lower Soda Springs. Wash Bailey had sold his property to the railroad, who shortly after their purchase of the springs, built a large summer resort to be known as Castle Crags.

Cedar Flat, about a mile south of Dunsmuir, now the Southern Pacific yards, was the site for the next camp. When the railroad reached this section in August of 1886, Alexander Dunsmuir, a coal baron from British Columbia, passed through Cedar Flat, then just a station consisting of a box car. He promised the settlers a fountain if they would name the future town for him. They accepted his proposal and in January of 1887, the name and the box car were moved to the present town site, which previously had been called Pusher. The fountain was erected at the railroad station where it stood for many years.

Mae Helene Boggs, in her book, *My Playhouse Was A Concord Coach,* gives the following description. "The railroad station or town of Dunsmuir, consisting of a box car, has been moved up closer to Soda Springs, at a station formerly known as Pusher, and will continue to be the telegraph office, express office, railroad office, city hall, and general business resort for that place." From this account it seems that the new settlement had a name before it was permanently located. According to an item in the Yreka Journal dated August 28, 1886, the C. O. & I. Stage Co. planned to run weekly stages from Yreka to Castle Rock. The railroad named the new station at Cedar Flat "Dunsmuir," but the stage company name was Castle Rock.

The California-Oregon railroad made the new town of Dunsmuir a division point and immediately began construction on a roundhouse, machine shops, and offices on the site where they are still situated. The track laying continued and Upper Soda Springs became the winter railroad terminal in



Dunsmuir School about 1916

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

1886. This railroad accomplished an exceptional piece of engineering known as the Cantara Loop in the vicinity of the new town of Mott. The engineers and crews were proud of this work. Among the group of railroad men that stayed at Upper Soda Springs that winter was a Mr. James Masson, bookkeeper for the superintendent of masonry construction. Mr. Masson, a young Scotchman just over from the old country, married Elda, daughter of Ross and Mary McCloud, on Jan. 24, 1887.

The train continued up the grade. Progress was slow north of Mott. A long wooden trestle had to be built at Shasta Springs and a larger one constructed in Big Canyon.

Anne Scott Fussler (still living in Dunsmuir at the present time), whose family moved to the area in 1885, told of the blasting that went on as the railroad was being constructed. Her grandfather was one of the bosses over the coolies. Anne's father, Mr. J. Scott, operated a mill at the spot where the Shasta Royal now stands.

In December of 1886, the first train arrived at Sisson, now Mt. Shasta City. Edgewood, Montague, Hornbrook, and points to the north were next on the line. Finally on Dec. 17, 1887, a train from San Francisco met the train from Portland at Ashland, Oregon, and officials drove the one remaining gold spike to complete the Shasta Route which connected the Oregon and California Railroad with the Southern Pacific.

FRONT STREET AND BACK STREET

After Dunsmuir had been moved to Pusher in January of 1887, and the location of the town definitely established, the town grew rapidly. In November, 1887, George McCloud, brother of Elda, was appointed postmaster in Dunsmuir, and by 1888, the new town had a population of 350 people. It was the location of the railroad's car works. Branstetter's general store, Brown's hotel, Scott and Company's lumber mill, along with a carpenter, newsdealer, saloon, meat market, shoemaker and a physician comprised some of the several businesses

Railroad Station at Dunsmuir
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

that sprang up along the railroad. Cal Griffin was the first constable. Mr. Bilicke built his hotel on the site of the old Weed Hotel which is now a part of the Dunsmuir Hotel.

In those days, Sacramento Avenue was the main street, but was often called "Front Street." Florence Avenue, now Dunsmuir Avenue, was then called "Back Street" and was the main residential street. A street called Woodin, named for a Mr. Woodin, one of the first local railroad engineers, went off Butterfly Avenue up the hill to the Cornish Hospital which has since been abolished. The name of the street is spelled "Wooden" at the present time.

Most of Dunsmuir's early day buildings were made of lumber from Scott's Mill above Hedge Creek. The Scott family had come up by way of Redding from their home in Roseville in 1885. Mr. Scott, along with three other men, had filed on four timber claims which included the land covering the Shasta Springs property and the area around the Shasta Royal Motel. They built cabins on the property and began construction on the sawmill. The trees were so dense in the area during those years that no one could see the sawmill from the cabins which were only a short distance away. Wood for the railroad and the construction of new buildings in the surrounding towns soon eliminated the denseness of the forest.

In 1886 Mr. Scott discovered a mineral springs on his property. He covered the springs with a shed and put benches around it. He realized the value of the soda springs and formed a corporation with some Bay Area merchants to market the mineral water. This was the beginning of the Shasta Water Company at Shasta Springs. The new company bottled the water and also built cabins on the property. Thus began the famous Shasta Springs Resort.

With the coming of the railroad, the old inns of logs were torn down or fixed up and summer resort hotels took their places. Two important attractions brought tourists to the area. First, it was a natural vacation spot. Second, the health giving mineral waters drew people from all over the state. The old resorts began to decline after the 1920's, and Shasta Springs is now the headquarters of the Saint Germain Foundation.

Upper Soda Springs also added a larger

Upper Soda Springs, people undentified.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

hotel building in 1874 and operated as a summer resort until 1921. Wash Bailey's place at Lower Soda Springs was purchased by the Pacific Improvement Company, a holding company of Southern Pacific. In 1892 they completed an exceptionally fine resort there called the Tavern of Castle Crags. After the Tavern was destroyed by fire, the property was sold. The new owners rebuilt the summer resort which became quite successful. Today it is called the Berry Estate.

Shasta Retreat, about a mile north of Dunsmuir, was first owned by a group of Methodist ministers who formed the Shasta Vicino Camp Association in 1895. They sold stock in the company, and laid out home sites and streets. The venture was unsuccessful. Later the area became a summer resort of private homes. At that time Shasta Retreat had its own store, recreation hall, swimming pool and railroad station. It is now a residential section of North Dunsmuir.

Mott, a very short-lived town, was an offspring of the railroad as was Dunsmuir. It received its name from Mr. Mott who was the first roadmaster at Dunsmuir. Mott, a mill town, had a hotel, livery stables, a school, and a newspaper as well as many homes. The newspaper, the North Star, printed an item stating that Mr. Bilicke, who owned the Mt. Shasta Hotel in Dunsmuir, opened a sanatarium at his "suburban villa, the old Galphin place, where he accommodates those who are of a quiet temperament, where they can avail themselves of the springs near the villa." This place was part of the Harry O. Brown ranch, where a dairy was operated. The springs mentioned are those at Shasta Retreat. The Mott Star reported also that a site for a new Catholic summer resort had been selected between Mott and Dunsmuir in the area that lies between Upper Soda Springs and the Hedge Creek Cave. Forty acres of land were purchased upon which large buildings were to be constructed. The resort was intended for the use of Catholic families throughout the state.

A newspaper called "Dunsmuir News' was first printed sometime in 1890. The San Francisco Chronicle printed an article from the Dunsmuir News edition of June

Tetreau & Ehreneman Store, Dunsmuir
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

28, 1890, which stated that the population of Dunsmuir at that time was about 500 and was constantly increasing. Pioneer settlers included M. M. Brown, J. W. White, L. Boylon, and W. J. Branstetter, all businessmen. The postmaster was L. Van Fossen. The town had a good water works, a public school, two churches along with a reading room, and a library which was maintained by the railroad men. Except for a few logging camps and sawmill, the town depended entirely upon the railroad for its support. The school mentioned above was on Front Street and was destroyed by fire in 1921. The first Methodist Church was located about where the Texaco Service Station now stands. The minister's house was next door. A Presbyterian Church was built where the addition to the present grammar school is now located. It later became an Episcopal Church.

Activity in Dunsmuir real estate was considerable in the 1890's. The Pacific Improvement Company marked streets, surveyed lots, and put them up for sale. They offered every inducement to promote purchase including a bargain of only one-fourth of the price as a down payment. The residential section spread from Back Street up the hill to the west as well as across the river along what is now Butterfly and River Avenue. Across from the S & J Market, and from there south, cottages were built for the families of the railroad section crews. In the late 1890's, the Champions had a house on the east side of the Sacramento River in a beautiful grove of trees south of the town's main business district. A picnic area and a ball park were included in that section now known as the Champion Park area. Old timers tell of the many good times they had down at the Champions.

The Rostal building is one of the oldest buildings still remaining on Sacramento Avenue. It is located north of the Dunsmuir Hotel. Long ago it was the grocery and dry goods store of A. Levy, who also sold hay and grain. Anne Fussler worked for Mr. Levy as his bookkeeper. North of this building is a rock wall said to be the remains of a butcher shop operated by J. Waldo Emerson, a relative of the noted poet. McGinty's Print Shop was two doors north of the butcher shop, beyond which stood the old K. P. Hall where minstrel shows, dances, and such were held. A fire

Dunsmuir about 1890.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

in this building in 1924 destroyed not only the K. P. Hall but also burned the church, a residence, and the Dunsmuir News Print Shop located on Back Street.

Old timers also tell of Aunty Hendrick's rooming house near the K. P. Hall. This rooming house was later built into the Riverview Hotel following the big fire of 1903 which destroyed most of the business section on Front Street up to Emerson's butcher shop. This fire, which supposedly started in the Mt. Shasta Hotel, also burned a number of saloons along Front Street. Realizing that their buildings were in the path of the fire, the saloon owners told everyone to help themselves to all they could carry out in the way of beverages.

Lucy Neher's three story rooming house was near Emerson's. It later became the home of Mrs. Anne Fussler. A jewelry shop owned by W. D. Nunamaker was combined with the telephone, telegraph office, and post office. Culver and Harris operated the California Hotel where the Bank of America Building is now. Located in this block on Front Street were Van Fossen's drug store and the Arlington Hotel, operated by J. Malone who also ran a dray. On to the south was the Branstetter building which housed a store, a saloon, and a lodge hall as well as a dance hall. At first there were no sidewalks on this main street. Later heavy wooden sidewalks were built a foot or more off the ground.

One of Dunsmuir's earliest settlers, the late W. J. Branstetter, the father of Mrs. Florence Maude Silva and Grove Branstetter, bought from the Pacific Improvement Company 26 acres of land which was located between the present Branstetter Street and the cemetery in south Dunsmuir. Mr. Branstetter first had an orchard, but then he subdivided the land into lots. The streets in the subdivision were named after the members of his family. These streets were Grover Street, Rose Avenue, Frances Street, and finally, Florence Avenue, which was named for his daughter, Mrs. Silva. Back Street, which was just a short street at the time, became a through street, and from that time on, it was called Florence Avenue. The length of this street extended only as far south as the present site of the Commercial Garage, from which point travelers continued out of town by way of lower Sacramento Avenue and the old stage road.

Main hotel and dining room at Shasta Springs. Annex in foreground.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

On Back Street at what is now the corner of Pine and Dunsmuir Avenues, was a livery stable owned by the Lee family. Just south of the livery stable stood the jail. An Irishman, Pat Furlong, was one of the town's early day peace officers. In later years, Billy Lee used the jail as a young men's athletic club. In the 1890's, the Wing Sing Laundry was located across from the livery stable. These Chinese carried the laundry in baskets on their shoulders until the time of the automobile when they bought a Ford.

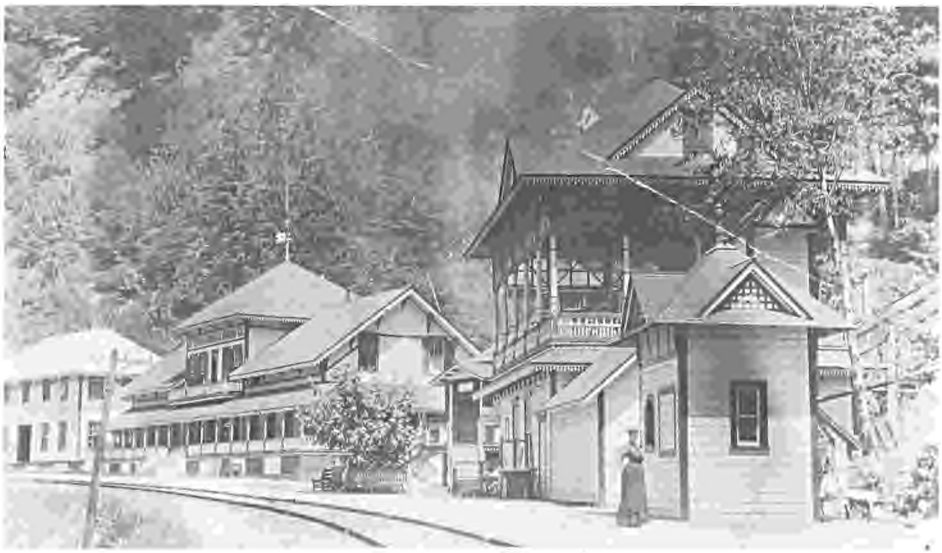
Life in those early days was rough and tumble. Many saloons provided recreation in the form of drinking and gambling. The Chinese didn't go in for such things, but other elements that followed the railroad and the logging camps consisted of many tough characters. As the early settlers began to buy lots and build more homes and businesses, law and order began to take over. The turn of the century found Dunsmuir a thriving communtiy.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

By the year 1900, the railroad was doing a prosperous business. During this period when the trains arrived at the station, nearby hotels and restaurants competed with each other in seeing which one could make the most noise to attract the most customers. Outside these establishments, large brass Chinese gongs hung on ropes. When beaten upon, they created a deafening noise. The Mt. Shasta Hotel placed long counters under awnings on the sidewalk outside the entrance and served pies, doughnuts, and coffee. Runners were sent down to the trains to direct the passengers to the counters. A candy man selling delicious taffy met the trains. A lunch wagon was also on hand to meet the trains and serve the passengers beef stew and chili beans.

As the town grew, thought was given to city government. On July 7, 1909, Dunsmuir became an incorporated 6th class city. A city council was chosen and A. Levy became the first mayor. The Mott Township Court was established Dec. 29, 1912, and continued until 1952, when the name was changed to the Dunsmuir Judicial District. One of the early justices of the peace was Henry McGuiness, a well known citizen of the town. In the 1940's, Dunsmuir had a city court which was later abolished.

Marion Bass, who was born at Shasta Springs Resort in 1895, tells of life in the



Railroad Station at Shasta Springs
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

early 1900's. Her father was the manager of the Resort and the Shasta Water Bottling Company. He built the tram used at Shasta Springs. One day the cable slipped while Marion was riding on the tram. It went crashing to the bottom of the hill and into a sawdust pile. No one was hurt fortunately, but all were badly frightened. Marion's father drove the second car that came to the Dunsmuir area. A Dr. Thompson owned the first auto. The road to Sacramento Avenue down from Florence Avenue was so steep that people were sure that an automobile would never make it down the hill. When on sort of a dare, Marion's father took his car down the hill, the whole town turned out to watch the proceedings.

In those days the citizens of Dunsmuir bought car licenses every three months except in the winter. The roads were such that automobiles couldn't move during winter rains and snow. The first auto road built in the area was a toll road from the Castle Crags Resort over the old Soda Creek Road to the Hurst Estate near McCloud. About 1918 the road north of the Sacramento River bridge was paved as far as Weed, after which time Florence Avenue was paved. Even with the improvement in the roads, it took three days by auto to go from Shasta Springs to San Francisco. The first motel in the area was Brown's Auto Court at Cave Springs. In 1928, Marion Bass's family operated the second auto court south of town, later to be known as Sharp's Auto Court.

In the early 1900's, the first theater and skating rink were built where S & J Market now has a parking lot. J. C. Gardner operated the theater along with a dance hall. He was a professor of music and led the orchestra for the dances.

Mrs. Bass remembers the delicious tamalies made and served by Mrs. B. Lee in her home located next to the livery stable. After becoming a widow, Mrs. Lee supported her family by selling these hot tamalies to the local residents of the town.

The Dusmuir Elementary School District was established in 1887. The first school house was built on the northeast corner of the present school ground. Anne Scott Fussler was in the first graduation class of the Dunsmuir Elementary School in 1892. The school's first teacher was Miss Lou Hellmuth. In 1895 Mrs. J. Sheafor started

Shasta Springs Hotel
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

a kindergarten and continued to teach in the primary grades until 1916. N. T. J. Beaughan was another highly respected teacher and principal from 1900 to 1940.

A Catholic summer school and home was built at the site of the present post office around 1900. The building consisted of a two story house facing on Sacramento Avenue. Marion Bass attended school there before going south to complete her education. The elementary school in operation at the present time was built about 1925 after a fire destroyed the original school building. Construction is now in progress on a new elementary school to be completed in the fall of 1968.

The first high school was held in a two-room duplex on Florence Avenue, just north of the Hancock Service Station. In 1920 property was given to the Board of Trustees and that fall, construction began on the present high school. Only what is now the auditorium, band room, library, office and the class rooms in that immediate area were included in the original building. The class of 1922 was the first to graduate. In 1933 the south hall was added to the high school and in 1936, the gymnasium was finished. The Home Economics room was completed in 1952, and the building stands as it is today.

One of the favorite forms of recreation in the 1920's was the baseball game. The Dunsmuir Chamber of Commerce and the Lion's Club sponsored teams that played against the other towns in the area. Ernie Bonham, famous pitcher for the Yankees, started his career by playing with members of the Dunsmuir team. In 1924 Babe Ruth and his teammate on the New York Yankees club gave an exhibition demonstration of long distance hitting in the Dunsmuir ball park. Baseball is still played by Little League and Merchant teams at the ball park in North Dunsmuir.

Another favorite recreation spot was the old Corral which included the swimming pool that was a part of the famous Dunsmuir Joyland, built by a man named Frank Talmadge. In the 1940's dances by big name bands were held at the old Corral The Dunsmuir Recreation District now

Scenic railroad at Shasta Springs

operates the City Park, the ball park and the swimming pool next to the spot where the Corral stood.

One of the most unique city celebrations in the country was held in Dunsmuir for many years. Beginning in 1940, the Railroad Days Celebration, the only one of its kind in the country, was held for three days in June. Variety shows, parades, old timer picnics, dancing, and carnivals, as well as musical entertainment and important speakers were some of the highlights of the celebration. A major attraction was the model railroad operating unit of a scale model train complete with buildings and crossings set up in one of the stores downtown. During the second world war, Railroad Days were not held, but the celebration was continued again in 1946 and was celebrated annually for the next twenty years. In 1966 the Dunsmuir Chamber of Commerce dropped Railroad Days and since that time has sponsored Canyon Homecoming Days instead.

Although the railroad provided the main source of economy for the town of Dunsmuir, the sawmill and logging industry played a major role as well. In the early 1900's, the Dunsmuir Mill, belonging to Dan Reigel and located south of town, employed a large number of people. This mill burned partially, became a shingle mill, and then burned completely in 1952. Another source of income important to the town is derived from tourist travel. The summer resorts brought hundreds of people to the community. After the 1920's, these resorts began to close down, the process of which was hastened by the depression of the 1930's. Upper Soda Springs closed in 1921, but remained a private residence in the hands of the McCloud and Masson family until 1963 when the property was sold to Dr. Harry Chappell. Dr.

Chappell has recently built a modern home on the old historical site.

With the coming of the era of the automobile and the paving of Florence Avenue, business houses began to build up on Back Street replacing the old residences. The old Van Fossen farm house has been a lawyer's office for the last thirty years, and is presently owned by Howard E. Jones, Attorney. The old Weed Hotel with an entrance on Front Street became a part of the Dunsmuir Hotel. Additions and remodeling have created a unique structure. This hotel is known over the country as the upside down hotel. The new entrance was built on Back Street, or Florence Avenue. The fourth floor is down instead of up. Remodeling reversed the floors of the old Weed Hotel and the ground floor on Front Street, or Sacramento Avenue, is four floors below the main entrance to the hotel at the present time.

A barber who had a shop on Front Street lived in a residence where the Travelers Hotel is now located. In 1915 Gus Hutaff, a druggist on Sacramento Avenue, constructed this two-story building which he named the Travelers Hotel. The old White House Dry Goods Store occupied the space now housing Pat Patterson's Big Sporting Goods Store. The Sacramento Telephone and Telegraph Company used to occupy the space where Carol's Beauty Shop and the Dunsmuir Water Company is now. Pratt's Insurance Office used to be the offices of Doctors George Malone, E. J. Cornish, and Paul Wright. In 1923 a third story was added to the hotel. A lobby, coffee shop, and dining room were added in 1926, and the hotel capacity was increased to 100 rooms. At that time the post office was located across the street on the corner now owned by the Bank of America.

Mr. W. J. Branstetter and Bill Roberts had the first water system for the growing community. Mr. Van Fossen bought this system to go along with another that he owned east of town. The Van Fossens also had a light plant on their property west of town, as well as one on the flat below and east of the highway bridge. It was Herman Scherrer, however, who built the dam across the Sacramento River behind the old Southern Pacific roundhouse to provide the power for the city's first electrical system in 1892. This plant was purchased by the Siskiyou Power and Light Company in 1910 along with property at Mossbrae Falls where they developed a power plant. The assets of the Siskiyou Power and Light Company were taken over in 1912 by the California-Oregon Power Company which later merged in the 1960's with the Pacific Power and Light Company.

One of the first banks was the old State Bank of Dunsmuir located on Pine Street. Mr. C. O. Porter went to work as assistant cashier at this bank in 1918. In May of 1921, a new bank building was constructed at the corner of Florence and Pine Streets, and through a series of mergers, the State Bank of Dunsmuir eventually be-

Shasta Springs, Dunsmuir, California
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

came the Bank of America about 1925. Mr. Porter continued to work for this bank until 1936. Since that time, he has operated a real estate and insurance business. He has also been treasurer for the City of Dunsmuir for 42 years.

The construction of the U. S. highway system through Dunsmuir via Florence Avenue brought more tourist travel to the communtiy. Service stations, restaurants, motels, and various facilities to cater to the travelet were built along Back Street which now became the main business street of the town. Heavy traffic, especially trucks, during and following the second World War was the source of much consternation among the citizens of Dunsmuir. It was necessary for small school children to cross the heavily traveled highway. The climax came suddenly and sorrowfully in the late 1950's when a truck went out of control coming south on Florence Avenue in front of the Elementary School killing one person and injuring several others. This accident hastened the construction of the Interstate 5 freeway through Dunsmuir. The Sacramento River Gorge had long been a bottleneck in the highway system. Tremendous excavations were necessary to construct the multilane highway through the Dunsmuir area.

Bridges along the zig zag trail at Glacier Falls, Shasta Springs.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

At first the bypass of the downtown area following the completion of the freeway in the early 1960's brought about a decrease in the town's economy, but new businesses opened up in North Dunsmuir along the frontage road. Merchants discovered that the opening of the freeway did not actually hurt their business as much as they had feared it would. They realized that the effect of highway improvement brings more tourists and vacationers to the area and results in increased economy.

As the population increased and the residential area spread out, the North Dunsmuir section became the location of choice home sites. The City of Dunsmuir annexed the Van Fossen addition west of Florence Avenue along with the North Dunsmuir addition in 1954.

Siskiyou County spent about $80,000.00 of federal funds to improve the county owned Mott airport, but afterward decided that they did not wish to maintain it. Siskiyou County offered the airport jointly to Mt. Shasta and Dunsmuir, but Mt. Shasta refused to accept it. The City of Dunsmuir acquired it as a part of approximately 160 acres of land transferred from the county free of charge. In 1965 the city approved the Mott annexation and Dunsmuir now owns the airport north of town. The Champion Park area is still unincorporated, although the subdivision contains numerous homes which add to the population of the entire Dunsmuir Area. Because of the growth of the city and the resulting complexity in the affairs of the community, the city council hired their first city manager in 1965 to assist them in the administration of city government.

When the railroad shifted from steam to diesel, catering to highway travelers became even more important to the economy of Dunsmuir. In the early 1950's, the Southern Pacific reduced its repair shops and elimin-

ated the roundhouse because servicing the diesel equipment was done in another area. Dunsmuir felt the impact of this payroll loss, but the economy eventually stabilized.

In October, 1967, came the end of an era. Crews moved the last train from the 15 track, mile long railroad yard. Southern Pacific had closed the switchyards. The yards were built in 1916 and enlarged in the early 1940's to handle wartime activities. At one time, 1200 to 1500 men were on the payroll. That number was now reduced to the 400 who remained in Dunsmuir, which still has one of the largest payrolls in the area.

THE FUTURE OF DUNSMUIR

Since its beginning in 1886, the town of Dunsmuir has grown in population slowly but steadily. According to the 1960 census, the population is numbered at 2873. The total population of the entire surrounding area is about 7500. Within the next fifty years, it is estimated that this population will grow to about 27,000.

Located in the heart of the Shasta Cascade Wonderland, on the Sacramento River, just south of Mt. Shasta, the Dunsmuir region is becoming increasingly attractive to recreationists. The reasons for this stem both from the natural attributes of the locality and from the population surge in other portions of the state. The natural beauty of the forest and mountains together with the pleasant climate provide the setting that recreationists seek. The modern highways and autos are bringing more and more visitors to the sparsely populated northern areas. Mt. Shasta itself has always been a big attraction. Naturalist John Muir thought Mt. Shasta should become a state park and in his book, *Steep Trails*, describes the mountain as "radiating beauty on all the subject landscape like a sun" The completion of the ski bowl chair lift and lodge in 1958 brought about a large scale attempt to popularize the area for winter sports. Fishing and hunting are excellent in this mountainous region. In fact the entire area from Shasta Lake and Castle Crags State Park to Burney Falls and Mt. Lassen is one vast natural playground. It seems evident that the future lies in recreation.

As a means of further spurring their economy, many residents of Dunsmuir advocate a reservoir at Box Canyon, on the Sacramento River about two miles southwest of Mt. Shasta City. Such a reservoir would draw to the area many of the water sport enthusiasts. It would provide attractions to fishermen and campers, contributing to a well-rounded year around recreational development which could supplement an economy whose only other major support comes from lumbering, the railroad, and the limited amount of agriculture in Southern Siskiyou County.

Box Canyon would also provide aid in flood control. Much damage in Dunsmuir in recent years has been caused by flooding since many private residences as well as business establishments are built right on the banks of the river. Flood control would benefit this area by several thousand dollars a year by preventing the loss due to flooding. The Box Canyon project is now under construction and should be in operation by the spring of 1969.

To stimulate interest and to aid in the improvement of the town, a group of citizens formed the Dunsmuir Congress for Communtiy Progress, sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce. At a meeting on April 6, 1968, many problems and ideas were discussed. Much has already been accomplished for the betterment of the community. The joint efforts of the city and the Dunsmuir Fire Protection District built the new fire hall completed in 1967. A modern sewer system for North Dunsmuir is under construction and will be completed in 1968. The new Community Building was dedicated in January of 1968. The ideas for this building date back a few years. The Dunsmuir Boy Scout Hut stood in the path of the new interstate freeway, so it was purchased by the highway department for $10,000.00. With this money, together with other public contri-

butions, the Lion's Club built the Youth Center in North Dunsmuir at the entrance to the City Park. This building collapsed from snow during the winter of 1966. Insurance proceeds from this collapse were used to build the new Communtiy Center at the spot where the Youth Center stood. Another new building, Dunsmuir's Catholic Parish Hall, was dedicated March 16, 1968.

One of the projects to begin in the summer of 1968 is the development of a new park area to be built next to the freeway just across from the high school grounds. This spot has been an eyesore for sometime. The City of Dunsmuir has leased the land to the school for a nominal sum. In return, the high school students will landscape the grounds, and build the benches, tables, or whatever they require to develop the park area.

In 1961 a museum park project was begun just south of Dunsmuir adjacent to Interstate 5. Located on a 50-acre site with scenic Castle Crags in the background, the spot is ideal for increasing tourist traffic. The intention of the museum was to preserve objects of the early railroad and lumbering era before they are no longer in existance. Financial difficulties caused a halt in the park project, then owned by the Siskiyou Recreation Development League. Bill Murphy, of Dunsmuir, has now purchased the property and plans to continue its development. The first thing to be put into operation is the old railroad which includes one of the few operable Shay steam engines in the country.

On the south side of the Sacramento River and west of the new Dunsmuir Avenue bridge, the baseball park for the Dunsmuir Little League is under construction. The Masson family gave the ground to the city so that the boys would have a place to play ball. It is quite appropriate that this spot should be called the Elda Masson Memorial Park. A spot so steeped in the history of the town of Dunsmuir will soon be dedicated to the future of the area—recreation.

Kiock and falls at Shasta Springs
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

J. H. Sisson, pioneer and hunter, in front of his residence, called "Sisson Tavern". Siskiyou County, August, 1883. —courtesy Isabel Schrader

Strawberry Valley . . .

By ISABEL SCHRADER

In a letter written in the early 1940's, in response to an inquiry from the Readers Digest, my late husband, George R Schrader, wrote:

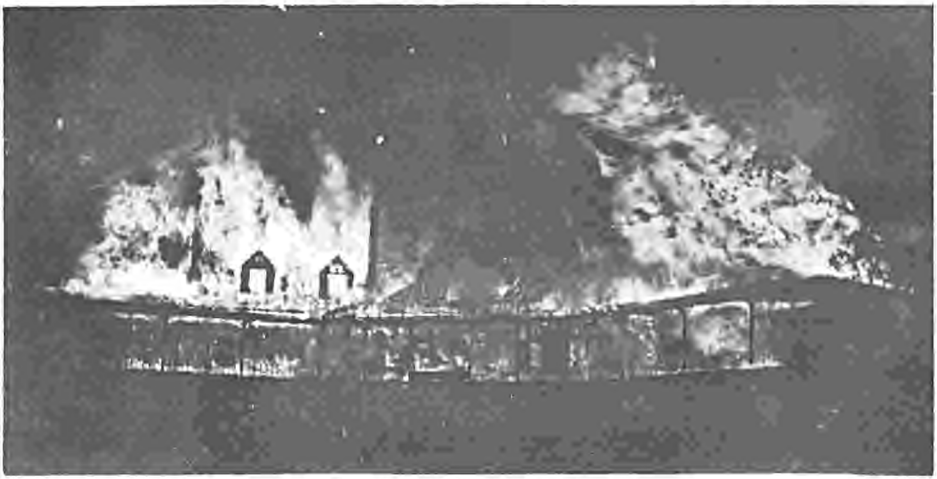
"Strawberry Valley" was originally named by early travelers through the region because of the presence of wild strawberries. The first hamlet was known as Berryvale and the center of activity was located near the present State Fish Hatchery. Berryvale consisted of two hostelries, a store and post office. The principal stopping place was Sisson Tavern. Justin H. Sisson was the owner. This was a great summer resort. Mr. Sisson also had a number of cabins on the McCloud River where he took his guests, primarily for fishing. He also ran a guide and packing service up Mt. Shasta. In 1875 he arranged for packing to the top of the mountain materials for the gigantic reflector erected by the U. S. Geological Surveys. This material was packed to the top of the mountain on the backs of Indians who worked for Mr. Sisson and were known as Sisson Jim's Tribe.

Towendolly (see page 20, Siskiyou Pioneer 1947) says that the Indian name for Strawberry Valley is WEI-NUNE-CHAR-ROW, meaning "north-west valley."

There are at least 50 Strawberry Valley names on the state map and many more used locally, like our usage of "Black Butte" for Muir's Peak. There are almost 100 Black Mountains, Cones and Peaks in California. The striking looking lava cone so close to Mt. Shasta has been named successively Wintoon Butte, Cone Mountain and in 1934 was again tagged "Black Butte."

The oldest Strawberry Valley in Yuba county, was settled in 1850 and it's post office was listed in 1858, supposedly named for two settlers, Messrs. Straw and Berry, whose idenity has not been established.

It is not surprising that when in 1870 the Siskiyou County post office was named the more euphonious "Berryvale" was chosen. The name belongs peculiarly to this forest fringed valley with its more than ten-thousand acres of rich agricultural soil where strawberries, blackberries and wild



Burning of Sisson Tavern

—courtesy Isabel Schrader

plums grew in wild profusion. The beauty of the place with Mt. Shasta on the east and the Mt. Eddy range on the west made it an ideal vacation spot even before the railroad made it accessible. It was crossed by the main stage road connecting the railroads of California and Southern Oregon.

In 1857 Justice Huckley Sisson filed on land which is now Mount Shasta and the State Fish Hatchery. He built Sisson's Tavern and planted orchards and vegetable gardens and even stocked trout ponds for the pleasure of his guests. Pack trains and guides were made available and he had many illustrious visitors from San Francisco and all over the world.

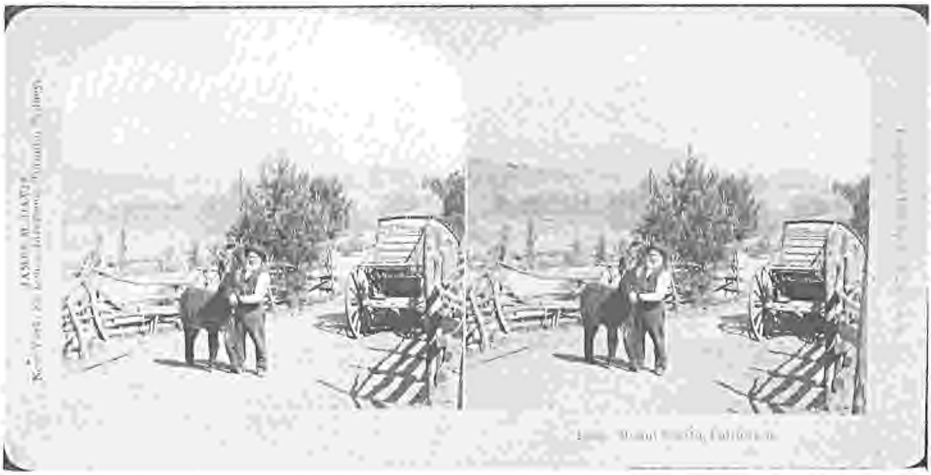
On the other side of the stage road, Mrs. Sophia Fellows had bought squatters rights to a large ranch property in 1866. Here she built a hotel and ran a store and the post office which is still standing. She and her husband operated a tub and barrel factory powered by the water from Cold Creek. Their product was much in demand, not only in the valley, but all up and down the coast.

There was keen competition between the two hostelries, not only for the stage travelers, but in the 80's and 90's "Strawberry" was a very popular picnic place for parties on horse back and buggies from Yreka and nearby towns. In those days a whole family came by stage and stayed a week or even two. As the forest was cleared to make room for cultivation and later for ties and fuel for the railroad, many small sawmills dotted the valley, for it was easier to set up a mill where the timber was than to haul the logs to the mill.

Ross McCloud of Soda Springs constructed a mill in Strawberry Valley in 1859, north and west of the present State Fish Hatchery. It had a water wheel and a flume that carried the water from the Big Springs Creek.

In 1915 a brochure published for the Panama Pacific Exposition tells of the tremendous yield of celery from the rich soil of the valley, and the berries and fruit crops unsurpassed anywhere in the state.

In 1947 the Siskiyou County Historical Society dedicated a bronze marker on the old Valley Road, near the site of the old Sisson's Tavern, and across the road from the old Berryvale post office. Decendents of pioneer families described the many delightful picnics and parties at "Strawberry" where friends gathered from Yreka and other towns, as far away as San Francisco. Mrs. Mae Helene Bacon Boggs who recently



This picture was bought in an antique shop in New York State in 1949. The old stage has a sign reading "To Gold Gulch Camp". The picture was copyrighted in New Hampshire in 1895 when everyone toured the world via stereoscope. This was evidently one of a series. It may have been taken in Strawberry Valley or farther north, or it may be a "manufactured" scene with the mountain on the back drop. Studios did a lot of that back in the 90's. (Anyway the Schraders pounced on it when they came across it on their Eastern trip.)

—courtesy Isabel Schrader

passed away at the age of 100, was the principal speaker, who has preserved many of these memories in her book "My Playhouse was a Concord Coach." The old stage road still exists but the valley is so crisscrossed with highways and overpasses that only an occasional glimpse can be caught of the peaceful and beautiful valley, once called "Strawberry."

SOURCES

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Name—California Place Names—Guddle
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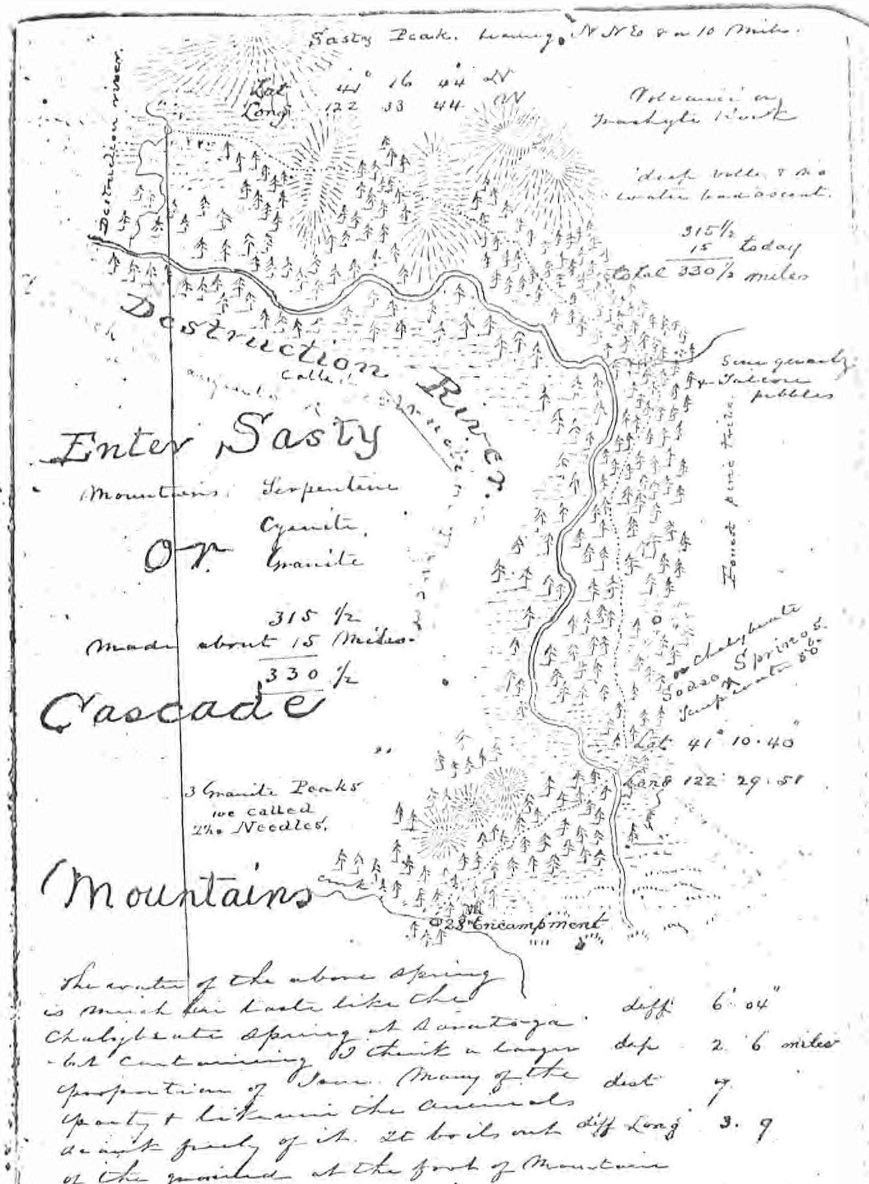
Towendolly—Pioneer 1947—page 20.

For many years following the California gold rush, the town of Trinidad on the Humboldt coast was the landing port for much merchandise going to the northern mines. This meant that the town was always crowded with pack mules and packers, both often disturbing elements. Law was enforced by a Justice of the Peace, known familiarly as "Uncle Billy". The first case called in morning court was a packer charged with causing a near riot in Chinatown on the previous night. To the question of guilty or not guilty, he replied, "Not guilty, your Honor". Whereupn the "Judge" rose from his seat and pointing a finger at him thundered, "You're a —— liar, wasn't I there and saw you myself."—by Lottie Ball

The Indian scare on the Salmon in January, 1864 had one possible humorous touch. When word reached Sawyers Bar that the Dorsey Hotel at the Forks had been fired on an aid party set out for that settlement. Guards were set and all were on the alert. In the middle of the night, two rapid shots brought everyone running. At the South Fork bridge they met Con Cane who explained, "I got two of them, they were stealin' thru the brush." Daylight proved the victim to be a horse. In the dimming light Con had taken the two pairs of legs for those of two moving Indians.

—by Lottie Ball



The water of the above spring is much in taste like the Chalybeate Spring at Saratoga but containing I think a larger proportion of Iron. Many of the party & likewise the animals drank freely of it. It boils out of the ground at the foot of Mountain about 500 ft high at the rate of one gallon per Minute. Could not get the Latitude of this camp by observation on account of the smoke Country much burnt & in some places still burning. fore part of the day very dusty; thick brush in many places but generally open woods Pine Spruce Alder Cedar &c

diff	6' 04"
dep	2. 6 miles
dist	7
diff Long	3. 9

Through the Sacramento River Canyon in 1841

By HUGH F. SCANLON

"No civilized and sane being would ever recommend the construction of railroads or canals in this region—All the crossings very bad—descents and ascents w o r s e—those of the party who have crossed the Rocky Mountains and the Andes say that the trails are not half so bad as that we have followed today."

The above comment is from Passed-Midshipman Henry Eld's "Journal" (October 8, 1841), while passing through the Slate Creek area of the Canyon. Eld was second-in-command of the Wilkes Overland Expedition to California, from the Columbia River, led by Lieut. George Foster Emmons.

The exploring party was following the old Hudson's Bay Company trail (established by Michel Laframboise), guided by Baptiste Gardapie; zig-zagging back and forth over the river (one day, crossing it six times), often traveling on the crest of ridges, 1,500 feet above. Much has been written about this trail (Interstate 5 follows it fairly closely today). But its precise path has been an object of search for some time. In attempting to locate the original Laframboise map, which I knew had been seen at Vancouver in 1849, I encountered a reference to the Eld "Journal," located in the Coe Collection at Yale University. In less time than it takes a Canyon Water Ouzel (first identified, incidently, by Titian Peale of the above party) to dip three times on his river rock, I had spread before me photostats of the Eld material, and now present what is, undoubtedly, or at any rate until Michel's reappears, the earliest map of the Canyon area.

Of considerable interest to local historians is Eld's sketch-map of October 4th, showing the group's first crossing of the Sacramento ("Destruction River," Eld calls it). He has given, in latitude, the present location of the Berry Company property, at Soda Creek. Heretofore, prevailing opinion

Titian Ramsay Peale

has placed the first crossing further north at Dunsmuir. Note, also, his locating the famous early soda spring at the same latitude, with this comment: "(It being) at the foot of Mountain about 500 ft. high." This description would apply more aptly to the soda spring at Berry's than the one at Dunsmuir, I do believe.

Our knowledge of Eld's brief life (he died, a lieutenant, at sea in 1850) is briefer still. The records show him being born in New Haven, Connecticut, June 2, 1814, and developing into a competent seaman, while distinguishing himself in hydrography; enough background, perhaps, for us to place some credence in his observed locations, particularly when being checked by Emmons, who was also taking bearings. At times, the two did vary in their findings. However, this variance was, seemingly, con-

fined to longitude.

The party was a composite group made up of a quintet of brilliant young scientists (Dana, Brackenridge, Peale, Rich and Agate), a hard core of mountain men (Walker, Tibbetts, Wood, Burrows, Warfield, Henry Black, and Gardapie), an Iroquois Indian hunter (Ignace), four Navy officers (Emmons, Eld, Colvocoressis and Whittle), and eight enlised men (Smith, Doughty, Sutton, Waltham, Merzer, Stearns, Hughes and Marsh). Together with families and dependents, the whole party numbered thirty-nine, with seventy-six horses and mules.

Emmons was worried; not only because of illness plaguing them (a form of malaria, contracted on the damp banks of the Willamette), but there were continuing reports that the Indians would not let them pass unscathed. Eld fretted, too, bringing up the rear, when they would have to halt, quite often for an hour or so, while some member shook himself out of the chills. Forming a vulnerable line, nearly a mile in length, the Canyon Trail, with its innumerable points of likely ambush, presented a real problem. But Emmons was determined to make "a run for it," and on they hurried, averaging about fifteen miles a day, and (oddly enough to them!) rarely seeing an Indian. They finally emerged from the Canyon on October 10th, "a matter of joy to all," notes Eld.

James D. Dana
1843, Age 30

At one point, just below the juncture of the Pit with the Sacramento, while venturing on a new trail ("but once traversed by Whites," says Eld), they got lost, and had to be set aright by a woman of the brigade. Mrs. Warfield, who is half-Indian and had been through this route before, took the lead and found the way without difficulty, pointing out rocks and trees as she advanced that she distinctly recollected."

This is not the only allusion to women-members we should note; for Mrs. Joel Walker and her sister Martha, were the first American women to come overland to California, preceding Nancy Kelsey, of Sierra fame, by several days. In this connection, Dale Morgan, an accepted authority, calls Joel, brother of the celebrated Joe Walker, the "first avowed home-seeker to come to the Pacific from Missouri." So, chalk up two "firsts" for the "hurrying explorers!"

Many a tale rings down the corridors of California history about this fellow. Commodore Wilkes, who met Joel in Oregon, calls him: "a good speciman of a border man, and appears to think nothing of a change of domicile, although he is much past the middle age, with grown-up sons and daughters around him. He intended to go to California, and if the country did not please him, he would travel home by way of Mexico." When, in 1845, another party including James W. Marshall, of gold-discovery fame, prepared to pass over the same route, it was to Joel Walker they turned for advice. Joel had this to say: "Be careful to never camp in the timber—never let any Indians come among you—Never fire a

gun after crossing the Umpqua Mountain until you cross the Siskiyou Mountain—Never scatter, keep close—keep guns in best firing condition."

The Shasta tribe did not harrass the Wilkes party; one explanation being the group's sharp vigilance. But there are indications that a greater deterrant was operating.

Michel Laframboise, Hudson's Bay Company fur-brigade leader, who annually trekked from the Columbia to the San Joaquin delta and back, had sometime in the course of events since 1832, contracted a marriage alliance (Indian-wise) with a Shasta squaw. So, when on October 2nd (near the headwaters of the Sacramento), the party had been visited by some, seemingly, friendly Shastas ("a fine looking race," comments Emmons), and had pointed out to them an old Indian, as Michel's father-in-law, we do get the real reason, I believe, for the party's freedom from attack in the Canyon. The influence of Laframboise ("that good Samaritan," as Hall J. Kelley called him in 1834) was great in those early border days. We know that Wilkes had long consultations with Michel in Oregon, prior to the party's start, and was much impressed with his knowledge of the country (also, with the man, himself; although disapproving of Mihcel's too frequent "tipping-of-the bottle"). Be it further noted, that the mountain men of the party, tried to persuade Emmons, in the Umpqua area, to halt long enough for Laframboise's brigade to join them.

But the lieutenant was in a hurry!

It has always seemed surprising that James D. Dana, the greatest mineralogist of his day, should have walked right over ground, later to yield millions in gold, without alerting the world, in that autumn of 1841! He seemed somewhat aware of its existence, for Joel Walker comments, in his narrative: "At Sutter's I met Commodore Wilkes, and with him a mineralogist named Denny (Dana), who told me as we came down the Sacramento River, 'this is a Golden Country'. He said he saw every indication of gold but showed me none." Dana left no journal of the Canyon jaunt; and if any of the group profited by Dana's observation, we have no record of it. He died April 14, 1895, after teaching many years at Yale. The actual exposure of the gold veins of Shasta was to await Pierson B. Reading, in the spring of 1848.

In this short sketch, presumed to be of some light entertainment value, we don't delve, too deeply historically, but should like to emphasize again, the worth of Eld's maps; as regards the actual path of the Canyon Trail. While his attached diary is all too brief, his maps will be forever helpful in indicating, with a degree of exactness, where certain incidents occurred. More detailed commentary may be found in the accounts of Titian Peale, or Lieut. Emmons (the official report), and to a lesser degree, in Colvocoressis and Brackenridge. Walker's account is much too short to be of significance. If

William Dunlop Brackenridge
—courtesy of the U. S. Nat'l. Museum

any other member has left any Canyon reporting of 1841, it is buried too deep in the archives (or some dusty trunk) for our immediate use.

From Eld's maps it would seem entirely possible to locate, more or less precisely, where, in fording the river on October 9th, the little half-Indian, Elsie, daughter of Burrows fell from her horse, and in Eld's words: "But for the timely assistance of Dr. Whittle, who was just in her rear, she would have been hurried down by the current and in all probability drowned, but she was soon drawn out without having received any injury but being well-ducked and much frightened." Peale gives the story this way: "She would have been drowned, being but 6 or 7 years old, had not Dr. Whittle jumped off to her rescue; the current was too rapid even for him to gain a footing for some time, and other assistance became necessary; the advance portion of the party waited for upwards of an hour after crossing a mountain until we learned the cause of the delay." The good doctor's gun was dropped in the excitement (later recovered from the river bed); hinting at gun-in-hand traveling, regardless of Michel's shadowy protection!

Then again from Eld's map, it was in the Sweetbriar area that Henry Wood, an irascible fellow (the "problem child" of the party) had taken off on his own, got too far ahead to return that night, and so becomes, very probably, the first white man to camp alone on the banks of the Upper Sacramento! One gets the feeling that Lieut. Emmons wished Henry would get lost "for good"! A short time earlier Wood had aroused Emmon's ire by shooting off his gun against orders. The lieutenant would have run him off, then and there had there been a safe place to "shoo" him to. This was the same Henry Wood who, in a heated dispute with Dr. McLoughlin, the "King of the Columbia," told the all-powerful head of the Hudson Bay Company, that his (Wood's) rich uncle would soon be in Oregon, and that the doctor might as well "fold his tent". Upon the high-tempered McLoughlin stutteringly inquiring the uncle's name, Henry told him: "Uncle Sam!" Peale calls Henry "a worthless vagabond"; but oddly enough, during a "tiff" with Emmons and Eld about a slain deer, Peale tells Wood of the deer's whereabouts, and in Peale's words: "Consequently, (he, Henry) was better supplied (with meat) than we were."

Typical of the hurry and state of alarm, the party traveled the Canyon in, is the following incident, handed down, orally, in the family of William Brackenridge, the botanist, while the group was on the run, literally, after a warning shout—"Indians" —Brackenridge spied an unfamiliar plant; had only a moment to snatch a clump of it, and dash on! This was the first discovery and official identification of, what we now commonly call the "bug-trap"; an odd growth which attracts insects by a sticky substance in the hollow stem; same bugs becoming thereafter part and parcel of the carnivorous "Darlingtonia Californica" (for such is its botanical name).

How pleasant, in retrospect, to go down the Canyon with Eld—the foliage must have had that burnt gold coloring, we know so well—the river, a silver sparkler, in that far-away time, before the pollution era. And we know full well, sitting in our armchair, that we'll not be made mince-meat of, by the marauding hostiles!

Yet, the party, although dubbed an exploration expedition, were in no mood for sightseeing; what with ailing members, lame and exhausted animals, fearful of sudden attack. But as the little group (for they were small, in contrast to the Shastas, whom Wilkes estimated at 500) goes hurriedly stumbling (and bumbling) along, one wonders at their audacity.

The hand of Fate (or was it the hand of Michel?) was kind, and they arrived at Sutter's Fort, Tuesday, October 19th, 1841. Peale records the hour as 2 p.m. when they all sat down for "refreshments" with the cordial Sutter; mentioning in the same entry that he had observed a distillery, where wild grapes were made into a "kind of

Joel P. Walker
—courtesy California State Library

pisco". We can well believe a mighty toast was raised that day!

In closing, a revealing phrase is found in a letter from Peale to his brother, dated "San Francisco, October 30, 1841:"

"...they evidently let us pass...."

Hugh F. Scanlon
March 8, 1966

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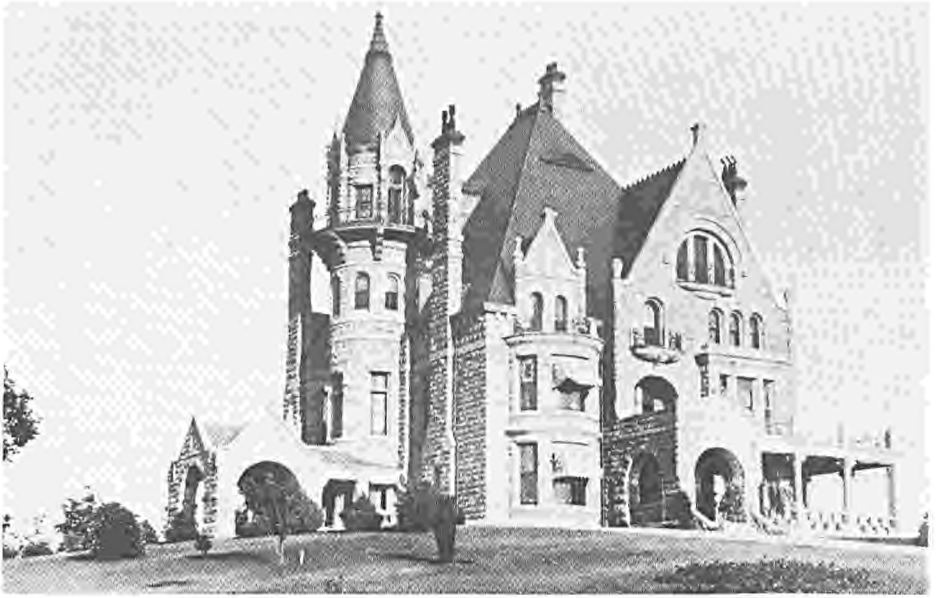
One of the buildings burned in last month's fire at Sawyers Bar was the old hotel, built in the 1850's. It had seen a great variety of proprietors and up to about twenty years ago dances were held in its upstairs hall. I think the last one to run it was John Nefreney. Grant and Patton were very early proprietors. Mathew Patton, familiarly known as "Chum" was too fond of his liquor. This is the trick his wife played on him at a time when he was "all out". She sewed him up securely in a heavy blanket, blacked and polished his bald head, set candles around him and called in the townspeople to see "Chum's Wake". When he came to, raging mad, he threatened to kill her but she left him safely caged till he quieted down. Many years later Mrs. "Chum" became the wife of the proprietor of San Francisco's Russ House and Baldwin Hotel. Those were the days now referred to as the "Gay 90's", when the guests of these hotels were taken in a "Four in Hand" on sight seeing drives to Golden Gate Park and the Cliff House.

—by Lottie Ball

* * *

Four days in the claim had been a hard one, boulders were extra heavy. He would stop for refreshments in town before continuing the three mile walk home. After the exchange of numerous remarks he started out with a jug in his sack, but at the last saloon to be passed there was another stop and he left his sack on the porch. As he finally cached the sack in the hay barn at home he thought with pleasant satisfaction of the Sunday party he and a couple of neighbors would have. Little did he suspect that some low down witch had substituted a round stick of oak wood.—by Lottie Ball



Craigdarroch Castle . . .

By WILL DAWSON

The new town of Mott, located in 1887, was a neighbor to the north of Dunsmuir. Their newspaper, the North Star, antedates those of Dunsmuir, and in a June 3, 1888 edition one reads as the following: "Hon. R. Dunsmuir, the millionaire owner of coal mines in British Columbia, after whom the town was named, intimated while in Dunsmuir lately that he would present the town with a fountain to be placed in the open space in front of Billicke's Mt. Shasta Hotel.

This article is through the courtesy of B.C. Outdoors magazine formerly British Columbia Digest:

Craigdarroch Castle is a prominent landmark of history in Victoria. It includes 32 fireplaces, and was built by coal baron Robert Dunsmuir, below with his wife Joan, to fulfill a promise when, penniless, he pursuaded her to leave Scotland in 1851 for Vancouver Island.

About twenty minutes walk from the heart of B.C.'s capital city of Victoria stands the 35-room castle with turrets and towers, huge windows and broad balconies, enormous stone fireplaces and ornate staircases. It was built block on massive block so excellently that after almost 100 years of wind and weather it shows no sign of age. From the topmost tower—a circular chamber with tall curved windows—Victoria can be seen to its farthest limits; while to northeast and round the compass to southwest the sea that breaks gently—and occasionally roughly—on the coast of Vancouver Island presents a living picture of island-decorated beauty.

The name of the castle is Craigdarroch, after Craigdarroch House in Scotland, of which Annie Laurie was mistress.

Built at a cost estimated as high as $500,000, it changed hands for $1. But that unique transaction and events subsequent to it will be recounted later. How and why it was built and by whom, particularly by whom, is part of the story of Craigdarroch Castle.

It began on December 10, 1851, when a

man and his wife, their two infant children, and an uncle, boarded the sailing ship *Tory* outward bound from Scotland to Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River in Oregon. The man was Robert Dunsmuir, coal miner. According to history, in order to prevail on his wife, Joan, to accompany him to the New World, he promised that one day he would built her a castle. Seven months later, in June, 1852, the *Tory* grounded on a sandbar in the Columbia River, and Robert and Joan and their two daughters, along with the other passengers, were rowed to Fort Vancouver. At Fort Vancouver, Joan bore a son whom they christened James.

Robert entered the Hudson's Bay Company's service as a coal miner, and later in 1852 arrived with his wife and children at Fort Rupert at the northern end of Vancouver Island. They saw a wooden stockade with bastions and cannon overlooking a wide harbour of sandy beaches; with Indian villages nearby. Here Dunsmuir met his fellow miners, hard, tough men who were working seams of indifferent coal not far from the Fort. Coal-burning vessels, including the *Beaver*, put in for coal, and sailing vessels anchored off for cargoes to transport to Fort Victoria and Fort Vancouver. A good market existed, but the seams were as poor as the quality of the coal.

Like his father and grandfather before him, Robert had worked in the mines in Scotland and he was appointed mine overseer. Then coal was discovered on the east coast of Vancouver Island and he and other miners were dispatched to conduct a survey. Results were favorable and the Hudson's Bay Company built a bastion overlooking Winthusysen Bay as the harbour at the new site had been named by the early Spaniards. Shortly afterward Fort Rupert was closed and officers and miners, including the Dunsmuirs, were moved to these richer seams of excellent quality coal. In July 1853, Joan bore a son, first white child born at the tiny settlement originally named Colville after the Governor of the Company, but later changed to Nanaimo.

Robert Dunsmuir saw the small clearing at the edge of the forest around the bastion quickly develop into a coal mining center of more than 500 people, a community that shipped over 18,000 tons of coal a year to markets along the Pacific coast and Britain. In 1862 the mines were purchased from the Hudson's Bay by a British company, and in 1864 Dunsmuir was placed in charge of one of the most important mines. But he was discontented.

To be in charge of a mine was not enough —unless it was his mine. He began to search for signs of coal beyond the present workings. The years passed—one, then two, then three. Finally he came across in-

The mines that gave Robert Dunsmuir his fortune have closed, the only tangible link to the era abandoned shafts and a few weather-stained buildings in communities that the coal created.

dications of coal near Departure Bay a few miles north of Nanaimo, filed a claim, sank a shaft—but missed the main body.

According to report, when Dunsmuir did discover a fantastically rich seam it was by accident. While walking through the forest around Departure Bay he came upon an uprooted tree. Among the huge mess of roots were embedded chunks of pure coal of the finest grade.

Lacking funds for development, he interested an Admiral, a captain, and a lieutenant of H. M. S. *Grappler*. They formed a company under the name of Dunsmuir and Quiggle (the latter the name of the lieutenant), and work began on what shortly proved to be the richest coal deposit in the area.

Fourteen years later Dunsmuir bought out his partners for $800,000. With vast energy and enterprise he added to his holdings to become, within a handful of years, the richest man in the western Pacific region. He built a railway from Nanaimo to Victoria, opened up new colleries, had the first telephone in British Columbia installed between his Wellington mines and the wharf at Departure Bay, and acquired a fleet of ships. He assisted in establishing the first hospital at Nanaimo, began development of other mines, was elected to the Provincial Legislature and returned in 1886 and 1888 as member for the Nanaimo District. He became president of the Executive Council at Victoria, was chief shareholder of the Albion Iron works, and, besides his own fleet of sail and steam ships, had interests in the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company. And he gave generously to the Victoria Theatre, eventually becoming its chief shareholder and most loyal supporter.

But his success, like any man's, was not unmixed with trouble, especially with his miners who worked long hours under hard and dangerous conditions. Dunsmuir, who had worked in mines as a boy, had little pa-

tience with complaints and none at all with talk of strikes. He had worked 14 hours a day as a boy; why should the men complain at a mere 10 hours a day? As for accidents in which men died—that was part of coal mining.

The troubles began as far back as 1877 when the miners held a series of strikes. Dunsmuir owned their homes. He called the militia, had the families evicted, the houses padlocked. A period of bitter disturbance followed which finally ended with him ordering the padlocks removed and grudgingly making concessions to the strikers.

An eye-witness account of what the mines in the Nanaimo area were like is given in a report of a visitor to one of Dunsmuir's mines: "On arriving at the mouth of the pit," wrote the visitor ,"you will be handed a litle lamp that looks for all the world like a diminutive coffee pot with a bit of burning tow in the spout. This is the lamp the miners wear on their heads. You will next enter what looks like an elevator in a store only with the sides entirely open and unprotected. Hold firmly to the crossbar for you are not accustomed to the journey you are about to take. 'Tong' goes the gong, and away you speed down the narrow shaft—down, down, down into the darkness, dampness, and cold, dropping, dropping, dropping till you catch your breath like a child on his first swing, and with a sigh of relief find yourself at last on terra firma.

"Presently boarding a train of narrow, open trucks, you catch a dim outline of the mule at the other end of the cars and watch with interest the shadowy form of the driver. 'All aboard!' and you are whisked along levels and slopes, and slopes and levels, twisting and turning, shooting and spinning through the pitch-dark corridors and maze-like galleries. The workings are visited, the stables inspected with their lifelong dumb, intombed occupants, and anon you find yourself again at the mouth of the pit."

At about the time the visitor was commenting on this trip into a coal mine, Robert Dunsmuir was giving thought to the building of a castle at Victoria. Whether he was prompted by the promise to his wife as an inducement to immigrate from Scotland, or whether it was because other newly-rich men of the west were building fantastic mansions cannot be said. The facts are he determined to build a castle that would rise dominant over all buildings in that city and be of the finest materials and most expert workmanship money could buy. Plans for Craigdarroch Castle were drawn. The site was selected—many acres on the hill within the city. Stone masons, carpenters, glaziers, wood carvers—a small army of workmen, each a master in his trade or craft, were engaged. Materials were shipped from various parts of the world, including white sandstone from Scotland with the peculiar property of never becoming soiled, oak from England, and walnut, mahogany, and other exotic woods from distant lands. In addition came granite, marble, exquisite tiles, slate, copper brass—entire shiploads of materials. Craigdarroch Castle became a magnificnt fact.

To walk into it today is to be beset by vistual impressions almost too many to record. Staircases wind up from large and lofty rooms, the banister of the main one of golden oak exquisitely hand-carved in a motif of oak leaves and acorn clusters. The one leading to the servants quarters is white oak, and also hand-carved, although not so grandly as the main staircase. Even the dumb waiter which operated from the enormous cellars by means of a shaft to the rooms it served is of oak, hand-carved. Each and every room—and even the *porte cochere* where carriages once drew up—are finished in hardwoods; and all hand-carved in motifs suitable to the purpose of each room. For instance, in what had been the castle's classroom, children's heads and faces peer out from the gleaming panelling.

The windows are wide, tall, and curved, the flawless panes so expertly fitted they are as weatherproof today as when they were first installed almost a century ago. Many are of stained glass, with the one in the curved

door of the vestibule not glass but bevelled crystal. Vancouver Island, along with other parts of the Pacific coast, is at times subject to earth tremors, so all the windows were designed and fitted to withstand earthquake shocks.

Wooden shutters cunningly constructed fold back on themselves, section upon section, and disappear completely in the side panelling of each window when not in use. Doors measuring from eight to twelve feet high, oak on one side, African mahogany on the other and weighing up to 600 pounds each, can be slid open or closed with one finger. A pulpit with railed balcony faces down onto the main hall. Another small balconied alcove was once occupied by musicians who sat and played while host, hostess and guests strolled through the various halls or danced in the enormous ballroom. The roofs are red slate imported from Scotland, eavestroughs and downpipes are copper. There are niches that once held suits of armour; 32 fireplaces of stone, polished marble, and carved wood; floors of hardwoods and floors of mosaic-pattern tile; high, curved and carved ceilings; and the tower with its magnificent panoramic view of city and sea.

Two particularly personal touches indicate something about the character of Robert Dunsmuir. They are to be found in the library and the main hall. In the mahogany panelling above it is carved that well-known quotation from Bacon: "Reading maketh a full man." In the main hall an even more massive fireplace carries in exquisite scroll in the woodwork above: "Welcome ever miles, and farewell goes out sighing."

But Robert Dunsmuir did not enjoy his castle long. On April 12, 1889, only a short while after it was completed and furnished, he died.

His widow lived in it, and on one occasion at least enjoyed its magnificence. That was at the wedding of her sixth daughter, Jessie Sophia, to Sir Richard Musgrave. This lavish affair was attended by between 200 and 300 guests. Mrs. Dunsmuir died in her castle in 1908.

For a while it stood vacant except for a few servitors. Then it was vacated and the land on which it stood subdivided into lots, and tickets printed which entitled whoever bought a lot to draw for the castle for $1.

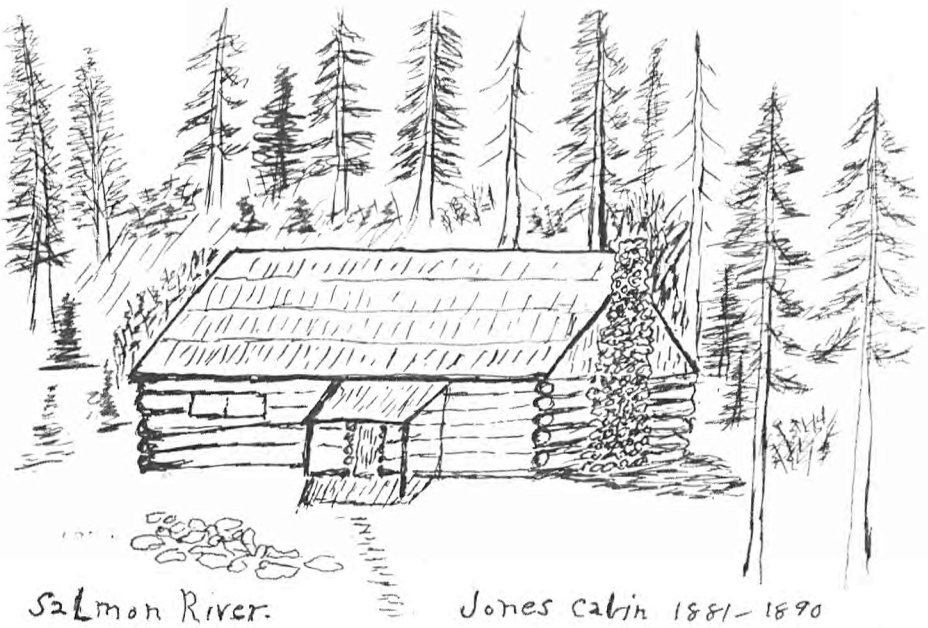
A lumber company held the winning ticket, and a member of the firm moved in and lived in the castle until 1915. Heating costs, taxes, general maintenance and possibly loneliness in such a huge home made private occupancy impractical. The castle became the property of a bank. During the First World War it was used as a military hospital by the Soldiers Civil Re-Establishment Organization, a service which ended in 1921.

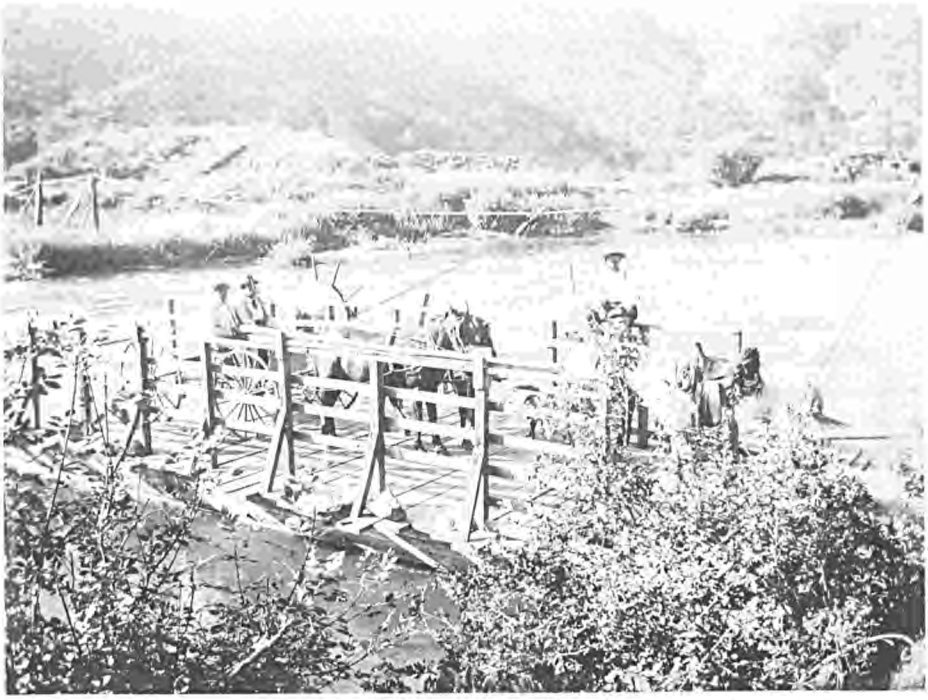
It was next leased to the Victoria School Board which opened it as Victoria College, and at one time it housed about 600 first-year university students. On April 30, 1927, the School Board bought it for $35,000 and continued to operate it as Victoria College until November 1946, at which time the college moved to other premises. The castle became the headquarters of the School Board with the first meeting held in the great hall on January 6, 1947.

All that gave birth to Craigdarroch Castle has gone. The coal mines at Nanaimo and adjacent towns are closed, entire communities have virtually disappeared. But the castle rises in picturesque magnificence as a proud reminder of the vigour and power that helped to create British Columbia.

Joe Smith was one of the early mail riders between Sawyers Bar and Trinidad, 125 miles, three days down and three days back. Sundays in Trinidad gave him time to court the little waitress at the hotel. He cheerfully agreed to provide the money for the trouseau, and they were to be married on the following week-end. On his return he found she had married the dishwasher. Joe didn't take it too hard, said if she preferred the other fellow perhaps he was better off. He remained a bachelor, spending his time mining. It was he who almost undermined the old church.—by Lottie Ball

MISCELLANEOUS





The old ferry boat. Dr. Ream and friend in buckboard. George Fawcett, ferryman, seated on railing. —courtesy Joe Freshour

Klamath River Ferry . . .

By CHARLOTTE DAVIS

Ferry boats were once a very common sight up and down the Klamath River, recalls Mrs. Pearl Freshour, now living in Yreka. "Down River" was her home for many years, from 1907 on, to be exact, when she hired out to help at the ranch of her future father-in-law, Joe Freshour, one of the pioneers of the Klamath River ranching country. She was 15 years old at the time, Pearl Wallace, from Etna. She helped with the many chores that were required of the pioneer women, and girls learned young to do all that was required. She went to school there for a time and in July 1908 she was married to Walter Freshour.

As a wedding gift his father gave them the "Ferry Place" near Gottville. This was the location of one of the several ferries that crossed the river, before bridges were constructed. The first one that she recalls being put in was in 1914. Other ferries crossed the river at the Lucas place (near the present Hornbrook), Quigleys and Hamburg. Others were used further down.

The main road from Yreka, the county seat, crossed over Humbug Mountain, down to the river and followed the stream on its south side. Since most of the ranching country was on the north side of the river, ferries were required to get to them. The young Freshour couple lived about 1½ miles from the post office of Gottville (now extinct).

The stages traveled from Yreka 3 times a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday,

and returned on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. The fare on the ferry at Gottville was 25 cents per single person or a man on horseback, 50 cents for a two horse buggy and $1.00 for the stage or a four horse wagon.

The ferries were constructed by the people living in the surrounding area and governed by them. The one near their place was considered the property of Joe Freshour, her father-in-law. Whoever was engaged for ferry tender, kept the fees for his salary.

Pearl remembers one tender in particular. He was Tom Middleton, who lived about ½ mile from the boat landing. He passed their place each morning and evening on his way to and from the ferry. He was a fine old man, who had come there from New York. Before coming West, he had lost his fiancee by death. The rest of his life he revered her memory by setting a place for her at his supper table.

Tom Middleton, Ferry Boat Tender
—courtesy Joe Freshour

A bar had to be put across the ends of the ferry to guard the occupants of the ferry from slipping off when it lunged across the river, which was often rough. Once this was neglected and the two horse buggy, and the two young people occupying it slipped off into the river and the horses and people all drowned before they could be rescued. This happened before 1894. The young people were Hanna Garvey and Elmer Calkins, brother of the late Andrew Calkins, sheriff of Siskiyou County for many years. The bodies were not found until 3 weeks afterword.

Another incidence in Mrs. Freshour's memory is a time when she operated the ferry for a boy, afoot, who called on the opposite bank of the river that he wanted to cross. Since it was past hours for the ferry tender to be on duty, she took the ferry across. The ferry was operated on a windless. After the young stuttering boy came aboard, she told him to throw the rope around the stump. He didn't understand and she didn't check it and when they were in the middle of the stream, they almost lost control, by being swept down the river. After that her husband didn't allow her to operate the ferry, unless a reliable man were aboard.

Gottville was located at the mouth of Lumgrey and Empire Creeks about 18 miles from Yreka.

Speaking of Latin, I do not know the origin of this one so perhaps all of you have heard it. A newly elected sheriff was not too familiar with his studies. He had tracked his man all day only to find on reaching a swamp that the fellow had crossed over on a long pole and pulled it over after him. This was his repro: Non am allibus al railum in swampo.—by Lottie Ball

The late John D. Campbell and Leslie J. Campbell, sons of James Campbell, at grave site.
—courtesy Loreita M. Campbell

Indian Massacre . . .

By LOREITA CAMPBELL

During hunting season Joe Boswell, a Yreka barber, habituated a campsite located between the summit of Ball Mountain and the head of Shovel Creek at a point leading to Bear Canyon which outlets into the Meiss Lake area in Butte Valley.

In 1937 Boswell came upon a glade not far from his camp. On one side of the glade was a border of quaking aspen trees. He noted that these trees bore inscriptions cut deeply into the bark, but years of growth in the bark had made the words almost illegible. One name, however, was easy to decipher—that of Campbell. Also figures cut into the bark seemed to outline men with extended guns. Searching further he found a pine tree into which had been driven a hardwood peg and more illegible inscriptions. Near the tree he found a mound of rocks dimly indicating a grave or graves.

When Boswell returned to Yreka he searched for information that would enlighten him concerning his discovery. He found that the name Campbell apparently belonged to a very young man who was riding with a supply train for government troops during the Modoc War. The supply trains were subject to lightning-quick night raids by Indians. James Campbell was the sole survivor of one of these raids and the following account had been given to the army headquarters by him.

It was the summer of 1873 near the end of the Modoc War that James Campbell with three other wagon train drivers set out to transport supplies to government troops who were pursuing the Modoc Indians after the treacherous slaying of General Edward Richard Sprigg Canby by the Modoc leader, Captain Jack, during a peace parley in April of that year. For some unknown reason the wagon train was traveling without the usual military escort.

Toward nightfall the party had made camp in a clearing near the summit of Ball

Mountain. The men made a log corral for the horses near their camp and after their evening meal, they retired without troubling to take turns guarding their camp.

At daybreak they had been aroused by the shrill cries of a marauding band of Sukita Indians, part of Captain Jack's warriors. Too late the wagon drivers reached for their muskets but they were outnumbered by the Indians. However, James Campbell, who had slept a short distance from his companions, managed to slip away into the brush and trees.

After the terrifying din of the massacre had subsided and all was quiet, Campbell cautiously returned to the camp. To his horror he found his three companions scalped, the wagons looted, and the remains of the horses upon which the braves had feasted.

Campbell buried the bodies of the drivers in shallow graves and piled rocks upon them to forestall carniverous animals. He drove an oaken marker into a pine tree and endeavored to leave an inscription under it. Upon some nearby quaking aspen trees he made further inscriptions and on others he attempted to depict the fate of his companions.

Fearing to tarry longer lest the Indians should return, Campbell made his way to a military post where he reported the fate of the wagon train. A date of Oct. 1875 on one of the trees near the ambush indicates that Campbell and a burial party returned to the site of the ill-fated camp but after that the location seems to have been forgotten. Campbell died years later and the event became only a memory.

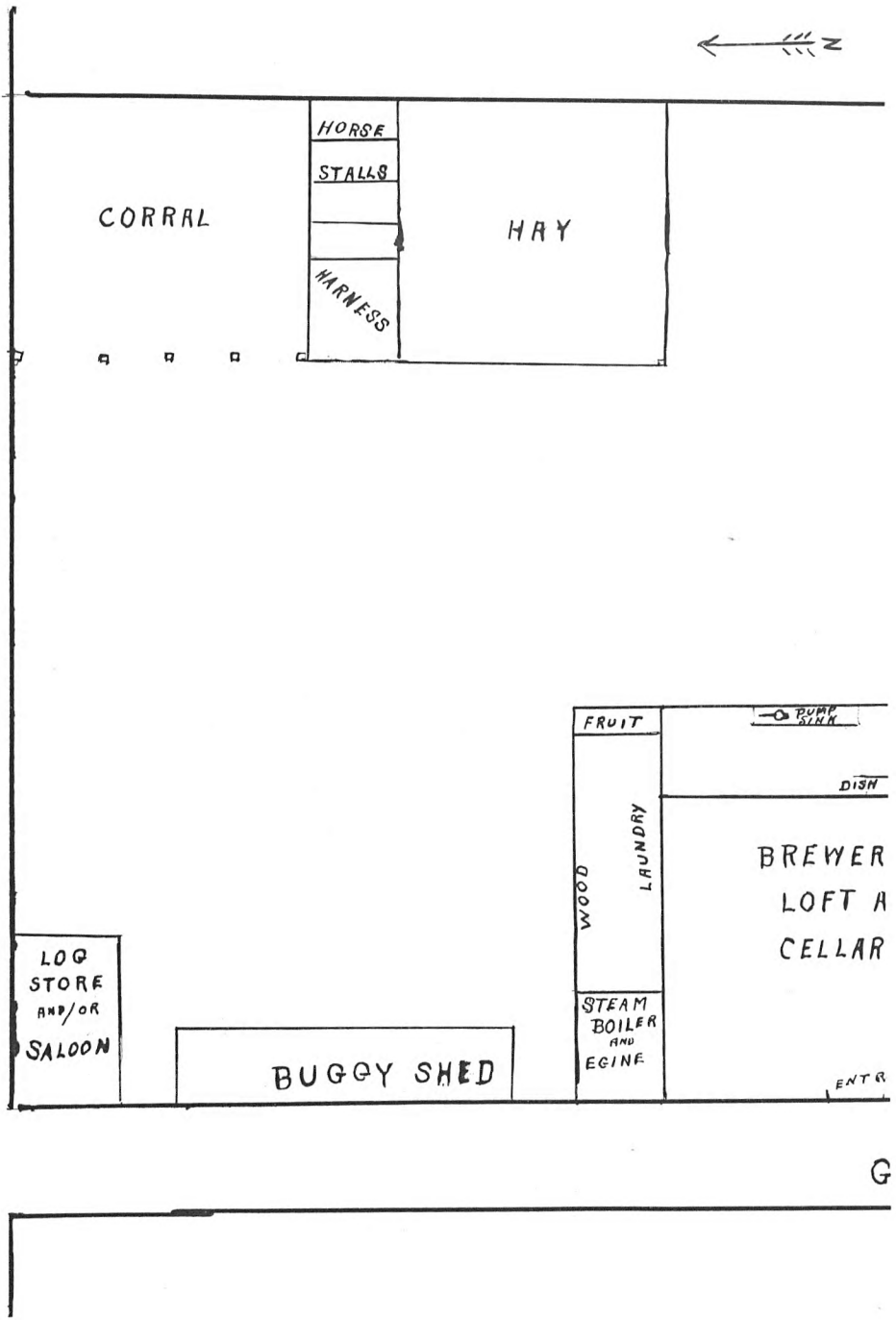
After the discovery made by Joe Boswell, the story told by James Campbell was revived—sixty-six years after its occurence.

Subsequently, in 1939, a party of men and women, including James Campbell's two sons, the late John D. Campbell and Leslie J. Campbell and Forest Ranger M. Barron, were guided to the site of the tragedy by Joe Boswell.

The setting was just as James Campbell had described it—even to the crude graves and the remains of the corral. The quaking aspen trees were dying. The sections containing the inscriptions were carefully removed and taken away for further study. The rock covered graves remained unmarked to give mute evidence as to what had happened there.

Material for this account was taken from the *Yreka Journal,* July 8, 1939 and *The Sacramento Bee,* July 10, 1939 and from the survivors own accounts as given to his sons and daughters.

Carving on tree.
—courtesy Reita M. Campbell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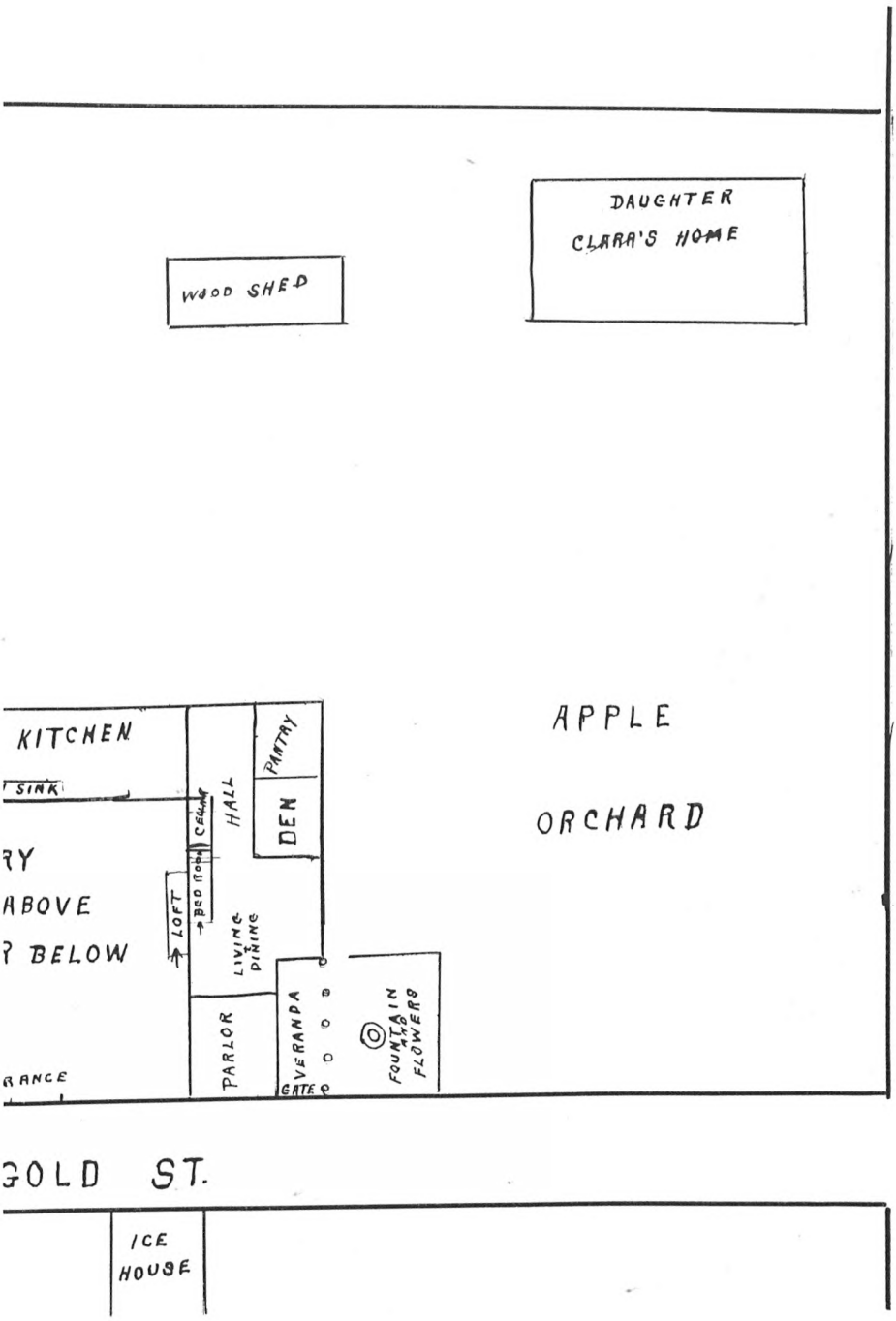
DAUGHTER
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DEN
LIVING DINING
PARLOR
VERANDA
GATE
FOUNTAIN
FLOWERS
APPLE
ORCHARD
GOLD ST.
ICE HOUSE

Henry Scheld . . .

By W. T. (PETE) SCHELD

Henry Scheld—1822-1901

July 11, 1967 will mark the one hundred and twenty-second anniversary of the Yreka Pioneer, Henry Scheld's, landing at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He and his brother Philip had embarked on the sailing vessel, Neptune, at Bremen, Germany, thirty-five days earlier on June 4, 1845.

He was twenty-three years old, a son of John and Kate Scheld of Giesen, Hesse, Darmstadt, Germany. He was an expert in the family trade of wheel-wright and cabinet maker and followed this work while in Philadelphia.

Four years later, in company with twenty-four others, he traveled via New Orleans, Monterey and Mazatlan to the Pacific Coast where he boarded a sailing ship to San Francisco, arriving there in 1849, thereby establishing his status as an original California Forty-Niner. He then went to the mines near Sacramento.

Receiving a letter from Henry urging him to move to California, Philip Scheld sailed to Panama and walked part way across the Isthmus. He took the steamer, California, to San Francisco, arriving on March 24, 1850. He then traveled one and a half days by the river steamer, Hartford, paying sixteen dollars for his passage to join Henry near Sacramento.

On his birthday, May 4, 1852, Henry had returned to Philadelphia and married Helena Rhoner who had immigrated there from Switzerland. There is no record of their return route to Sacramento. There is a family side-light that due to Old Country custom, a girl's parents' consent was very necessary to become a bride. Henry's foresight in taking a pocket full of gold nuggets helped his cause.

The brothers tried teaming, building, and raising hogs until the flooding Sacramento River caused them to separate and seek higher ground. Philip and a partner operated a bakery and hotel in Coloma for years. Later, Philip became a Sacramento banker.

Before Henry left for Yreka in 1855 a daughter, Clara, was born on February 16, 1853, and a son, Henry Second, on January 26, 1855.

Natives of the different European nations naturally settled where they understood the language and customs of their country. This was true of Germans in Yreka and the descendants of Henry Scheld believe this influenced his decision to move there.

It is interesting to note here of the organizing at the Forest House of a Glee Club called "Lieder Tafel", later named "Yreka Turnverein", on October 18, 1855. The officers were: Henry Repp, President; Herman Duenkel, Vice President; Henry Scheld, Corresponding Secretary; Charles Voss, Recording Secretary; Maurice Renner, Treasurer. Charles Monroe and Theo-

The Scheld home on Gold Street. Left to right: Ollie Scheld, Mollie Scheld (mother) and Art Scheld (uncle to Ollie). —courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

bald Young, Turnvereins. Trustees were: Luies Haseman, Charles Peters and Robert Nixon. Other members listed as Christian Schock, Charles Lunker, Hugh Miller, and Alois Wetzel. There were many others of this nationality in and around Yreka.

A search of the records show other civic activities to be: "H. Scheld, Exc. Cert. of the Yreka Fire Dept., December 18, 1866, and City Trustee from 1862 until 1870 and again from 1876 to 1878. He was a member of I.O.O.F. Siskiyou Encampment No. 15."

Eight children were born to Henry and Helena Scheld between the years 1853 and 1970. Of the two born in Sacramento, Clara had three daughters and Henry Second died at the age of twenty-two. He did not marry. All others were born in Yreka. Herman, 1857, a son and two daughters. Helena, 1859, lived only two years. Louis, 1861, four daughters. John Walter (Pete), 1864, two sons and a daughter. Arthur, 1866, married but no children; and Nellie, 1870, married but no children.

There is no record of Henry following his wood working trade in Yreka but previous to 1869 he constructed and operated Yreka's first Water Works, using local springs. Due to increasing demand, this source became inadequate so he bought on August 23, 1869, from, quote, "Book 14, Page 362, Henry Egbert to Henry Scheld $500.00 gold coin of U.S.A. Water and Water Ditch from Greenhorn Creek to Humbug Gulch."

A detailed description of this Water Works, with its pitfalls might interest today's Yreka citizens who, by a simple twist of the wrist get hot and cold water in volume and pressure. The ditch was abandoned and to prevent contamination, the water was transported in enclosed flumes, called boxes. The boxes were constructed of one by twelve inch boards that were costly to build and maintain. They were supported over low ground on trestles and placed in trenches through high places.

There was a continuous fight with the elements to say nothing about Chinese

miners in Greenhorn Gulch, who at times would wreck the flumes to obtain water for placer mining. A couple of the boys stopped this game by hiding in the brush at night with muzzle loaded shot guns. Sure enough; soon after dark they saw flashes of light from a lantern and here they came. The chinks had picks and crowbars, all were chattering to each other. As they approached the boxes, two terrific booms roared out. The first, when the guns cut loose over their heads and the second was the Sonic Boom as they broke the Sound Barrier on their way down the mountain. The boys were partly repaid for their trouble by the tools and lanterns left behind.

The boxes emptied into a cistern dug in an open field west of town behind the Taylor home on Lane Street or about 100 yards south on West Street. The cistern was lined on sides and bottom with redwood planks and was covered with the same material that was removable for cleaning and repairs.

Steel pipe was unobtainable, so the water was distributed in town through hollowed logs, joined together with steel sleeves or couplings. Replacing the rotted logs was another great expense. He sold it all to the City.

Apparently Henry Scheld was convinced that his livelihood was based on thirst. After selling his Water Works, he started a brewery that operated successfully for many years.

The Scheld home site consisted of the west end of the block within bounds of Gold, Miner, and Second Streets to a depth of two hundred feet. Old records show it was purchased at different times. One reading "Nov. 1, 1861, H. Scheld and wife paid $500.00 to W. Parker for a parcel of land on the North side of Second Street and another parcel adjoining." Then on July 9, 1862, H. Scheld was high bidder at a Constable's sale for a forty foot frontage on the South side of Miner Street in the sum of $80.00. No other records located.

If a business was ever enveloped by a home, the Brewery was. In fact all was under the same roof. The very large building centered the block on Gold Street with the Northern three quarters occupied by the business and a steam boiler and engine. One home room was all that faced Gold Street.

The story to this point has been copied mostly from records uncovered by a long and diligent search of a great grand-daughter, Joy Eddy Walthers, now living in Patterson, California.

As we come to the old home and family, we, the five surviving grandchildren hesitate to say Henry and Helena, so they will be Grandpa and Grandma Scheld although we are, with one exception, past our three score and ten. We are: Anita Miller, daughter of Herman, in San Diego; Leona Eddy of Walnut Creek; Genevieve Scheld of San Francisco, daughters of Louis; Marguerite Leidy of Bishop, and Walter of Mariposa, children of Walter (Pete).

Our combined memories and keepsakes were pooled to relate events and describe the home, furniture and personalities as they existed just one hundred years ago. Starting with the grounds and outbuildings, south of the home was a large apple orchard that extended nearly to Daughter Clara Burrows' home to the east on Second Street. North to Miner Street was open buggy sheds that connected to a log building used as a saloon and store. Across a large open yard, was the hay barn and horse stalls.

The large main floor of the Brewery was elevated some three feet above street level to facilitate the loading of beer kegs on wagons. Beer was sold and dispensed in different sized kegs. No bottles or cans. Under this floor was a semi-underground cellar. Ice was harvested from ponds in winter and stored in sawdust insulation for summer use in an ice house across Gold Street. Up steep stairs was a loft used for beer-making materials.

The home was entered through a gate from Gold Street to a long veranda with the roof supported by honeysuckle vine covered pillars that formed one side of our Grandfather's flower garden. The other sides of low white picket fencing enclosed a

bubbling water fountain that was encircled by many varieties of flowers. The ground was covered with violets. Other than an occasional deer hunting trip with his boys, his flowers were his only remembered hobby. Near the end of the veranda, a door opened into a large living-dining room that had doors and stairs leading to all other rooms, including the brewery. A side light concerning beer drinking. The children were not forbidden beer, but because there was no glamour attached to it, they never liked or drank it. Pete did drink some unfinished brew and was very sick. He never again touched alcohol in any form during his life time.

The only room of the home touching Gold Street was The Room, better known as the Parlor. The door to it was always locked and the window blinds drawn. This room was used almost exclusively for weddings and funerals. There was a fine upright piano, a fancy carved center table, a bric-a-brac shelf with many figurines from Germany. On the walls in carved frames were roses and other flowers formed from colored, twisted and curled hair of horses manes and tails. Although the materials were odd, there was beauty in the pictures.

The grandchildren entered this room fascinated and awed, it gave us the "shivers". The most glorious objects to us were the couch and chairs covered with shiny, slick black woven horse hair. The couch especially was wonderful for sliding, but this was forbidden because rough treatment caused the hairs to break and stand straight up. On sitting down, only a very rugged pioneer or well padded person could resist the temptation to arise immediately. Comfort and relaxation could not be achieved by squirming, as motion caused deeper penetration.

The most "lived in" room of the home was the large living-dining room with a bright, sunny alcove on the south side overlooking the rose garden and orchard. On the north side was a narrow, steep stairway leading to the bedrooms and Grandma's nice sewing room. A long hall led to the rear door. On the right was Grandpa's office and den. Next to it, a storeroom or pantry. Across the hall, a door opened to stairs leading to the dark cellar and apple bins.

The kitchen was also entered from the hall. This kitchen was not planned by a woman. It was as long as the brewery was wide and so narrow that with cupboards and work table on one side, sink with hand pump for water was the lavatory. Another sink on the opposite side was for dishes only and no one ever washed their hands in it twice if Grandma caught them the first time. With more cupboards and the stove, the traffic was practically "one way". The back porch on the north that contained fruit cupboards, laundry tubs and firewood completed the encircling on three sides of the business area.

Our Grandmother was gentle and very lovable. A devoted mother. She was born March 19, 1834 in Canton Argan, Switzerland. She was a member of the Rebecca Lodge but with six living children and a big home to care for, her social life was limited. Another side light has it: Someone had left a long, tapering, black leather whip that was coiled when not in use, called a "black snake", lying on a chair. The small children would knock on the door and hide. Grandma decided to join the fun, so with arm and whip held high, she waited and at the next rap she jerked open the door and stood face to face with the minister.

Our grandfather was not only the Head of the House, but following the European custom, The Boss. Depending on the person classifying him, he was all stages from severe and headstrong to plain bullheaded. A study of old pioneer photos will show very stern faces on both men and women. Life was stern.

After the children were married and gathered at the home for dinner no one spoke an unnecessary word during the meal. A little of this training could rub off on some of the present generation.

Grandpa hired a German man to teach

(continued on page 90)

HISTORY OF
Siskiyou County Hospital . . .

By MARIE L. ASHCRAFT

MAY 22, 1967

All of the area north of Butte City was named Shasta County when the State of California was divided into separate counties by the State Legislature in 1850. The area that was to become Siskiyou County was roadless, and relatively uninhabited. The closest large settlement was over the Trinity Alps, at Shasta City. Prospecting in Siskiyou County was haphazard, done as the miners passed through the area on their way to the proven mine fields in Trinity County, or at the mouth of the Klamath River. Then in May, 1851, Abraham Thompson found the precious metal while panning at his camp site, while en route to Greenhorn. Within six weeks, the area became famous for the wealth of the strikes that were to be found at Thompson's Dry Diggin's. Before the year was over, the tent city was replaced by buildings, rough though they might be, they were permanent and built with some measure of solidity. The first doctors to arrive on the scene in Yreka and Siskiyou County appeared the same year. They were Drs. W. D. Aylett, A. M. C. Smith, William Dane, and W. J. Gatliff. Their primary interest in the area around Yreka, was in looking for gold on Yreka flats. One of the first buildings was occupied by Dr. Dane and his partner Alby Boles, a blacksmith. There is no available record that Dr. Dane practiced medicine from this building, but it was this same building that was eventually used for a hospital by Drs. A. M. C. Smith and J. L. Cummins. The building was located on the present Miner Street, approximately 500 feet west of its intersection with Broadway. The building was later destroyed by fire, and the Red Mans Hall was built in the same location.

Desiring some local form of government, the residents of the area formally adopted the name of Siskiyou County, and formed a County government on March 22, 1852. From this time to the present, meetings of the elected representatives of the people have been held, and minutes of the meetings taken and recorded. From these minutes, a history of the development of various branches of the County government may be taken. Prior to 1857, there was no building designated as the County Hospital. Care of the indigent sick was done in the patient's home, or in the offices of the Doctor. There does not appear to have been a certain Doctor that acted as County Physician until 1854. The earliest record of the payment to a County Physician was to S. W. Chute, for the amount of $380.00. It is assumed that this amount was to cover a three month period, as the Board of Supervisors met only quarterly at that time. During the same period, several persons were paid for boarding and care of the indigent sick, or for medical attention to the indigent sick.

It was in August, 1855, that an appointment was made to the office of County Physician. This appointment was conferred on Dr. John Ridgely. To qualify for care as an indigent, it was necessary for the applicant to appear at a Board of Supervisor's meeting and petition for care. Presumably the applicant must not own any property or possess any assets, and must be unable, medically, to provide for his own care. By the same token, he must be well enough to appear before the meeting and state his case. In those years, the names of the indigents and the amounts paid them were stated in the minutes of the Supervisor's meetings, which were then printed in the local paper. There was no Welfare Department, and payment was made directly to the person involved. There is some question that all or part of the moneys expended for the care of the indigents was reimbursed by the State of California. There appears in

the minutes regular notations of moneys received from the State Treasurer for care of the indigents. This amount was paid quarterly, and usually was in the amount of $300.00

In September, 1856, the house of James Ensey, within the City of Yreka, was rented to the County for use as a hospital. The taxes for the Hospital maintenance was $.20 for each $100. of assessed valuation of property. This brought the tax rate to $1.50 for each $100.00 of assessed valuation. This tax was levied on every Caucasian male over the age of twenty-one. Women, Indians, and Chinese were exempt. At the same meeting in September, 1856, Dr. Hugh Morgan was appointed to act as County Physician. His salary was to be $1,500.00 per year.

During the next year, there was more and more talk of the County owning a building in which to care for the indigent sick. Dr. John Ridgely owned a building on Oregon Street, near the present Court House, that was suitable to use as a hospital. The population of the area was approximately 5,000 persons, and there were sporadic epidemics of smallpox and malaria. Living conditions were typical of the era; sanitation was minimal, and the water supply was questionable. The use of the hospital was primarily as a pest house, for the confinement of a person with a communicable disease; one who could not care for himself, or without funds to pay for his own care. The taxes that had been levied in 1856 were accumulating to sufficient size to purchase the building. So in May, 1857, the building owned by Dr. Ridgely was purchased. The purchase price was $5,500.00, which was considered exhorbitant at the time. Included with the building were the furnishings and supplies. The inventory was short but diverse; included was one bed-pan and a set of rules and regulations. The same day, May 22, 1857, the Board of Supervisors paid to James Ensey the sum of $1,250. to release them from the contract they had entered into with him for the use of his house by the County. The last item of business this busy day, was for the Board to authorize Mr. A. E. Schwatka, a Supervisor, to find a mechanic to build and finish a bath house near to the Hospital that they had just purchased.

In September, 1857, Dr. Hugh Morgan's contract as County Physician was expiring. A young man from Virginia was appointed as Siskiyou County Physician. His name was Thomas Cabaniss, M. D. His salary was to be $4,500.00 per year, but out of this sum to be paid the costs of running the Hospital. Among his duties were the following:

Reside in the County Hospital Building

Take charge of the sick who were confined.

Use his best skill and ability as Surgeon and Physician

Have prepared and cooked, the proper food and diet.

Keep clothing, beds, and bedding in cleanly manner, changing weekly.

Furnish a steward and stewardess to care for the sick.

Furinsh and supply medicines.

Do and perform all duties of Physician and Surgeon.

In February, 1858, the taxes totaled $2.20 from all males over the age of twenty-one. The Hospital share of this tax was $ .10. But in addition, there was a special per-capita tax of $2.00 to be levied on all males between the ages of 18 and 60. This revenue was to be used for the maintenance of the County Hospital.

In April, 1858, a new contract was signed with Dr. Cabaniss. He and Dr. F. Sorrel were hired to act as County Physicians jointly, and be in charge of the County Hospital for one year, for the sum of $7,000.00 per year. Besides the duties listed above, there was the additional burden of paying for the burial expense for any of the indigents under their care. This alone was an incentive to provide good medical care. In addition to the monetary advantage, the Grand Jury of the County made regular inspections of the Hospital and reported to

the Board of Supervisors and the general public. Even though there were only three patients in the County Hospital at the time, the Grand Jury gave the management a commendable report.

In spite of the approval of the Grand Jury, there was a dissenting voice among the citizens of Yreka. The part-time owner of the Yreka paper, the Yreka Union, published an editorial, under the pseudonym of Josephus, severly criticizing the Hospital management. This man was David C. Colton, later to become involved with the Big Four: Stanford, Huntington, Crocker, and Hopkins of railroad fame. He was accused of embezzling huge sums of money, but died before it could be proven. During his residence in Yreka, he was vitally involved with local politics, and was of different political leaning than Dr. Cabaniss. It might be said here, that several of the early Doctors in Siskiyou County seemed to have had a fondness for politics, being elected to many offices; Coroner, Tax Collector, and even Supervisor. The editorial by Colton was answered by Dr. Cabaniss in the rival paper, and the contest began. It erupted into a dangerous situation when Dr. Cabaniss was challenged to a duel by General Colton. To us in 1967, this hardly seems as legitimate serious grounds for dueling, as Hospital Superintendents and Hospital management seem to be fair game for everyone to criticize. But in 1858, the situation was deadly. Since dueling was illegal in California it was necessary to arrange to have the duel take place in Oregon. The participants and their followers left Yreka the evening before the duel was to take place, and spent the night at the northernmost stage station in California. But cooler heads prevailed before sunrise the next morning, and the issue seems to have been resolved. It is not known who made the offer for conciliation, but it was made and accepted. Retractions on both parties' parts appeared in the local press, and quiet, if not harmony resulted.

Dr. Cabaniss retained the post of County Physician until 1862, when he was replaced by Dr. George Furber. It was necessary during the preceeding years to repair the building and keep up the maintenance. It would appear that further service of the building was becoming limited. The use of the County facilities was increasing with the increase in population. In 1863, Dr. Daniel Ream was appointed as County Physician, and served in that post almost continuously for twenty years. During the time that he was not acting as County Physician, Dr. Ream kept his office and home on a piece of property that included both sides of Yreka Creek, north of the confluence with Greenhorn Creek.

As the need for a new County Hospital became apparent to the Board of Supervisors, a committee was appointed for the purpose of selecting a location for the establishing of a County Infirmary. There seems to have been some amount of political pressure brought to bear, as the property selected by the committee for the location of the Hospital was that which belonged to the County Physician. When the committee returned their recommendation, another committee of appraisal was appointed to determine a fair price for the land. When the appraisal of the land at the price of $3,750.00 was returned to the Board on April 4, 1870, an argument ensued, and the Board of Supervisors recessed for dinner. The meeting reconvened after supper, but one of the Supervisors pleaded that he must return home sooner than anticipated, so the Board again recessed, until the next day. April 5, 1870 an amended appraisal was submitted by the committee, apparently reached during the night, and the property was purchased. It is interesting to note that the only property considered by both the original committee selecting a site, and by the committee to determine a price, was that of Dr. Ream. An auctioneer was appointed to conduct an auction for the sale of the old County Hospital on Oregon Street, and in August, 1870, none other than Dr. Ream bought the building. There were questions that remained unanswered

in the newspapers, but there is no record of any specific charges made or denied.

The site of the Hospital was on a substantial sized lot, located along what is now Main Street in Yreka, encompassing both sides of Yreka Creek. It was necessary to pump water from the creek for use by the Hospital, and during the ensuing years, various methods of pumping and filtering the water were attempted. Besides the necessity for human consumption, the County kept a garden plot near the Hospital, using the products for the benefits of the indigents.

In 1872, it became necessary to repair parts of the building being used as a Hospital. This building was not a new building, and the repairs amounted to approximately $1,100.00. The bids for this repair work were sent to Dr. Ream, and he selected the appropriate bid. The repairs seem to have had the desired effect, as there were no further alterations necessary on the building for several years. On February 9, 1876, the Board of Supervisors passed a new order levying a special Hospital tax of $2.00 on all males over twenty-one years of age, payable on the first Monday in March, and the first Monday in July, or else the amount levied would be $3.00. In 1878, Dr. J. B. Robertson was appointed as County Physician for the sum of $275.00 per month. The selection of a County Physician was by competitive bidding from the Doctors interested. In reading the minutes of the Board, it is interesting to note that the difference between two bids from different Doctors was comparitively small at some time, and quite large at others. Usually the incumbent, in this case Dr. Ream, was selected as the Physician, but in 1878, Dr. Ream was replaced by Dr. J. B. Robertson. This appointment was to be short-lived, as Dr. Robertson died suddenly in August of the same year. Dr. Ream was appointed to fill out the year, for the sum of $125.00 per month. From this amount, Dr. Ream was to pay for help and medicine, to board, room, and professionally care for the sick poor, at $1.00 per day up to five indigents in number, and $.75 per day in excess over five. From this agreement, it would seem that in addition to those indigents that required medical care, the indigents who just needed a place to stay were also accommodated at the Hospital.

By 1889, the Hospital building was becoming inadequate, both in age and in repair. In July of that year, the Board of Supervisors advertised for bids for a new Hospital building, to be built on the existing County property, and to be completed by December 1, 1889. On August 3, 1889, the bid of D. C. Biggs for the amount of $4,711.00 was accepted and the contract was signed. Work was commenced and progressed a little more slowly than had been anticipated. The building was not completed until January 9, 1890. The total amount expended by the Board of Supervisors for construction of the Hospital was the bid price of $4,711 plus an additinonal amount of $352.00 for extra work. This must have been an imposing building for the day, as can be seen by the picture that follows. The cost of the labor did not appreciably add to the cost of the building, as the men were paid less than $5.00 per day for their time. There were other costs to complete the building, such as additional furniture needed, a new road to be built, and a sewer system to be completed. On January 7, 1890, Mr. Charles Sabean was appointed by the Board as Hospital Steward for a period of two years. A contract was signed, after Mr. Sabean purchased a bond of $3,000.00. To the best of my knowledge, this was the first time that the County Physician was not in direct charge of the Hospital, but another person was hired for the patients' well-being. Whether the position of Steward included management of the Hospital, or just care of the patients, is lost in history. At this time, Dr. H. D. Robertson, a brother to J. B. Robertson, was County Physician for the sum of $125.00 per month. Because this amount is considerably less than it had been in previous years, it is my belief that the Doctor's duties did not include management of the Hospital, but was left to the Steward.

There is an interesting notation in the Supervisor's minutes, on July 10, 1897, that includes the following information:

Steaks, Roast Pork, and Roast Beef, once a week if called for	$ .06 per lb.
Ham, bacon, and side	$ .14 per lb.
Milk per gallon	$ .14
Flour per 1,000 lbs.	$18.50
Butter	$ .16 per lb.

Other items of both food, and necessities, including lard, macaroni, brooms, crockery, soap, candles, salt, flavoring, shirts at $4.75 a dozen, underwear, drawers, and socks.

In October, 1897, the Board of Supervisors felt that certain alterations in the building were necessary, and they awarded a contract to Simmons and Company for additions to the building. These alterations were completed by November of the same year, and amounted to $1,439. This amount was paid to Simmons and $51.30 was paid to George Gove as architect for the plans for the addition.

A copy of the receipt that was issued for the per capita tax follows. This tax was in effect since 1858, the date of the receipt was 1900.

Just 10 years later, the Town of Yreka and its environs had made the Hospital building obsolete. Bids for a new building were advertised for, and received. But this time, the cost of building Hospitals was increased. The new addition was to be 53 beds, and the bid was for the sum of $19,600.00. George Cooper bid this amount, and his bid was accepted on July 6, 1907. As work progressed on the new building, there were necessary changes made. One of these was for the addition of wash basins to each room, with hot and cold water to each basin. New equipment was purchased, including blankets, pillows, rubber sheeting, 53 mattresses for $7.65 each, dressers for every room, one wheeled bath tub, a stretcher, three commodes, 24 spitoons for $24.00, 200 sheets (for 53 beds!), and an operating table for $126.00. (This cost must be compared to a sum at least 10 times that great in 1964). On February 7, 1908 the building was completed and ready for occupancy. A photo-

graph of the building follows. This building was built to the south of the previous building completed in 1890. The 1908 building was used for domiciliary care as well as a Hospital until it was demolished in 1956

The utilization of a County Hospital in the early part of this century was considerably different than it is in 1967. There was no support of an indigent to live wherever he desired. In fact, to be declared an indigent, it was necessary that the person not have any assets. He would then be at the complete mercy of the County authorities, and would need a place to live as well as daily provisions. This could best be taken care of by providing both board and room for the indigent, and by placing all indigents in one place. Since it was necessary to provide medical care to those in need, it became expedient to maintain one home for all classes of indigent. The County "poor farm" came into being. More of the beds in the County hospital were filled by indigents than by the sick. By examining the pictures of the buildings, it will be noticed that there are several men on the porches that do not appear to be in need of medical care, and that there is a garden in the foreground, undoubtedly tended by the "patients". In 1910, the Board of Supervisors asked the Superintendent of the County Hospital to notify the saloon keepers in the City of Yreka, that inmates of the County Hospital were not allowed in the local saloons, or that they were not to be sold any intoxicants. It seems that some of the inmates with time on their hands were becoming a problem to the quiet and order in the Hospital.

In 1917, another problem arose, requiring some action on the part of the Supervisors. This problem was not spelled out, but can be deduced from the Board's action. They issued a minute order implicitly listing the duties and responsibilities of the Superintendent and the County Physician. The Superintendent was to be the business manager of the Hospital, purchasing the supplies, keeping the Hospital clean and orderly. He was to receive the sum of $100.00 per month, as well as the use of a house, rent free, with the County supplying the lights and water, but no living expenses. The County Physician was to control the sick wards, as well as to control the nurses. He was authorized to employ and dismiss the nurses, and see that all instructions regarding care of the sick are complied with.

By the time the original building, completed in 1890 was thirty years old, public demand for a new and modern Hospital prompted the Board of Supervisors to hire the Architectural firm of George C. Sellon to draw up plans for a new Hospital building. In September, 1921, the Board let it be known that a new County Hospital was to be built on the lot that existing County Hospitals were on, but that the new County Hospital was to be erected on the opposite (east) side of Yreka Creek from the then existing buildings, and near the foot of the hill. Public hearings were held and testimony taken as to the condition of Yreka Creek during severe flooding conditions. This must have been the reason behind the Supervisors asking for the new building to be built above the flood stage of the creek. Architect Sellon was asked to draw up the plans for the new building, taking into consideration any suggestions that the County Physician, Dr. H. S. Warren might give. In January, 1922, a delegation of citizens appeared before the Board, with the objection that a ten per-cent fee for the Architect was too high, and the financial condition of the County was such that a new County Hospital building should not be started that year. The arguments pro and con became more vocal as time went by. But the Architect continued his work. In April, 1922, another group of taxpayers attended the Board of Supervisor's meeting, with another protest. It was another protest regarding the cost of the Hospital building and the Architect's fee. This time the protest must have been more effective, as the Board decided to postpone any further action on the Hospital at the present time, and the Architect agreed to delay any further work until notified by the Board. The plans

for the $200,000.00 and one hundred bed hospital were set aside.

On August 3, 1922, the Board of Supervisors agreed to ask the California State Board of Charities and Corrections to make a survey of Siskiyou County to determine whether a hospital was needed in this area, and if so, how many beds would be adequate. This same Board of Charities and Corrections completed their survey in April, 1923, and reported to the Board of Supervisors that a thirty-five bed hospital would be adequate for the needs of the County. It was the Supervisors' plan that this would be a General Hospital as well as a County Hospital. There had been private hospitals operating in the Yreka area in the preceeding years, but the need for a larger, well-equipped hospital offering surgical and obstetrical equipment was needed. From 1923 to 1925 the controversy raged. Newspapers, speakers, and editorials appeared, either to support or to reject the plan. Public meetings were held and tempers flared. The Board of Supervisors was divided, with two members being in favor of building the hospital, and two members opposing it. The deciding vote was held by the Chairman of the Board, who ironically enough, was a Medical Doctor, E. W. Bathurst of Etna. The Superintendent of the Hospital was also a Medical Doctor, Dr. Pius. He was an ardent supporter of the new hospital building, and was attempting to persuade as many people as he could to support the new building. When the final vote was taken, one of the dissenting Supervisors declined to vote, so that the final vote was two votes in favor and one against beginning construction of a new hospital. The building was completed on August 3, 1926, and the Superintendent, Dr. Pius, was ordered by the Siskiyou County Board of Supervisors to open the County General Hospital doors to the public and private patient alike, for the first time in Siskiyou County.

I am deeply indebted to the following for their help in compiling this paper.

Albert H. Newton, M. D., for his recollection of the early Doctors and the Hospitals in Siskiyou County, and the time he took out of his busy schedule to record it.

Mrs. Rachael Cordes, Siskiyou County Clerk, and the women in the Clerk's office, for their help and patience in finding the newspapers and Supervisors' records on file there.

Mrs. Hazel Pollock, Curator of the Siskiyou County Museum, for her assistance and kindness in loaning me her copy of "Saddle Bags in Siskiyou".

Mr. Robert McKean, Administrator of the Siskiyou County General Hospital, for the encouragement and the loan of the pictures.

Miss Roberta Ashcraft, my Daughter, for the assistance during the hours spent searching the records.

HENRY SCHELD . . .

(continued from page 83)

his children. The teacher would call the boys "Dummicks" and slap them for poor lessons. Should their work be good, they received the slap anyway with, "You can if you try." His desk was never overstocked with big red apples.

The roof over the steam boiler took fire and the teacher climbed on the roof to help while two Scheld boys controlled the City Fire Dept. nozzle. Somehow there was a slip and the water nearly swept the teacher off the roof. Accidents of this nature happen in the excitement of a fire.

Our grandfather was never a wealthy man but he was at one time "well to do" as that expression was used. He, like many others invested in quartz mines after the placer mining played out and again like many others, "lost his shirt".

The steep stairs to the bedrooms became too much for him so his youngest son, Arthur and wife, who were living in the old home with him, moved his bed to his den. He died there in 1901 at the age of 79.

SOCIETY HAPPENINGS

President's Message . . .

By JOSEPHINE (JO) KINNEY

As a descendant of Alexander Parker, Sr., I have taken pleasure in serving the Siskiyou County Historical Society as President over the past two years and, while I actually accepted this office as a challenge, I have found the office most rewarding, inasmuch as the attendance at our monthly meetings have been extermely good and, thanks to our membership chairmen, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stratton, our membership, while suffering the loss of many of our Faithful, has increased from 1060 in 1966 to 1105 in 1967.

Our Curator and Program Chairman, Hazel, has provided us with many wonderful meetings and reports and, with the help of our Assistant Curator, Secretary, Eleanor, the exhibits have been well displayed thus attracting over 12,000 persons in 1966 and over 11,000 in 1967; a great many of these being school children, in whom the interest of past and living history is being further instilled.

Tom Bigelow, Field Chairman, has arranged and conducted many tours, among these were the trip to Happy Camp, the new Iron Gate Dam, the new Weaverville Museum and this Spring to Klamath Falls, all of which were much enjoyed by those who were fortunate enough to be able to journey by bus or car to these points of interest.

The cooperation of the volunteers for refreshments has been much appreciated, all those who brought delicious cookies or cake to the meetings and the staff who provided the hot coffee.

The donations and gifts have been too many to mention here. So many, in fact, that we are hopeful that in the not too distant future, we shall be provided with an addition wherein we can better display, without crowding, our treasures.

Bernice and Fred Meamber have been wonderful in showing the Society members their historical slides, with commentary; sometimes with an assist from the youngest Meamber. They have also provided fine programs of this sort in many other areas.

Jennie Clawson, Publicity Chairman, has done her usual excellent job in reporting the meetings as has our Pioneer Biographies Chairman, Rita Campbell.

I especially want to thank the Board of Directors for always coming to the Board meetings. Many good things have been accomplished, one being our Memorial Garden which is unique and beautiful and given loving care by our Curators, even to protecting the quail nests therein.

To Evelyn and Bob Nolan goes a special thanks for jobs well done and tho' we may sometimes be impatient, the results are always worth waiting for.

The 1967 yearbook was a fine example of good research and diligence as is this book also.

Most sincerely,
Josephine (Jo) Kinney

1967

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

PRESIDENT	JOSEPHINE KINNEY
VICE-PRESIDENT	HERBERT W. TRAPNELL
SECRETARY-TREASURER	ELEANOR BROWN
RECORDING SECRETARY	CHARLOTTE DAVIS
DIRECTORS	THOMAS BIGELOW, LEROY BARNES
	ROBUR COSTELLO, JENNIE CLAWSON
	AND JESS O'ROKE, *Representative of the Siskiyou County Board of Supervisors*

STANDING COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

PIONEER BIOGRAPHIES	LORIETA CAMPBELL
PROGRAM	HAZEL N. POLLOCK
MEMBERSHIP	FRED STRATTON
FIELD RESEARCH	THOMAS BIGELOW
PUBLICITY	CHARLOTTE DAVIS
CLIPPINGS	HAZEL N. POLLOCK
RADIO	ELEANOR BROWN
MUSEUM STAFF	CURATOR - HAZEL N. POLLOCK
	ASS'T. CURATOR - ELEANOR BROWN

Thursday, February 13, 1851.

The editor of the *Oregonian* has seen specimens of gold from Scott's' Bar, Klamath River. He says some lumps have been found of the value of $200 and $500. His informant represented the country to be well calculated for grazing, and some small valleys of good agricultural land. He says the distance is about two hundred miles from Umpqua Valley, that the road is easily traversed with pack mules but inaccessible with wagons; that the best and most feasible place to get supplies is from this part of Oregon.

Boggs.

February 8, 1851.

W. F. MONTOGOMERY'S EXPRESS. Running regulary to Humboldt, Trinidad, Gold Bluffs, Klamath River, and all parts of the Klamath and Trinity Rivers. Packages of every description, forwarded and delivered with the utmost despatch. Gold dust, coin, insured against all risks, and forwarded to all the principal cities and towns of the Union. Drafts procured upon all parts of the United States and Europe. Our arrangements are now such that patrons can safely rely on their business being promptly attended to.

Boggs.

An old time school room was the Siskiyou County Historical Society's blue ribbon booth at the 1967 Siskiyou County Fair.

Howard Trivelpiece, left, presenting Tom Bigelow a special award.

Meetings of 1967 . . .

By HAZEL N. POLLOCK, Program Chairman

Our first meeting for 1967 was held January 14 in the Museum and was presided over by President Josephine Kinney. Dorothy Hill was our speaker and she entertained the one-hundred and four members present with a talk on her experiences on the Klamath River. Harold Campbell of Weed, representing the Associated Chambers of Commerce of Siskiyou County, also spoke at the meeting.

In February, the Society was entertained by Edna Skinner who showed colored slides of various scenes of Siskiyou County and southern Oregon. Slides were also shown of the Society's Field Trips to the Iron Gate Dam and Copco area, also to Weaverville and of the Symposium held in Yreka the preceding fall.

In March, Jim Jones, the Siskiyou County Fair manager, entertained the members and friends with an interesting account of the history of the Siskiyou County Fairs, the first of which was held in October, 1860 in Fort Jones. At this meeting, the oldest member of our Society, Minnie Tamisiea of Montague, who was 97, was introduced. Happy Birthday was sung and a lighted birthday cake was presented to her.

On April 8th, Mrs. Ella Soule entertained the members and friends as only she could with a most informative and humorous account of the life of Joaquin Miller. This was one of the most interesting programs of the year.

W. A. Radcliffe of McCloud was the guest speaker for the May meeting. His talk was on the changes in McCloud since 1963. The most significant change took place in September 1963 when the U.S. Plywood Corporation purchased the assets of the McCloud River Lumber Company. An added attraction at this meeting was Dick Bliss of Mt. Shasta who played old time selections and ragtime on the piano.

In June, we dedicated our Memorial Garden. Vice-President Herbert W. Trapnell presided at this meeting. A short history of how the Memorial Garden Fund started in 1947 was given by Bernice Meamber. In keeping with the dedication program, Al Crebbin showed color slides of

Currier & Ives display at the Museum, 1967.

wild flowers of Siskiyou County and movies of big game in Alaska were shown by Bob Schultz. At the close of the meeting the group adjourned to the Memorial Garden where Mrs. George Schrader unveiled the plaque. Refreshments were served in the Garden.

Meetings are not held during the months of July or August.

Mrs. Lottie Beck of Orleans, a member of the Karok Indian tribe, was the guest speaker for the September meeting. The Indians Heritage and Ancestral Rights was the topic of her very informative talk.

Mr. and Mrs. Devere Helfrich of Klamath Falls, Oregon entertained the Society in October by showing slides of historic sites of California and Oregon, also the Emigrant Trail over Sheep Rock.

Our speaker for the November meeting was Edson "Ep" Foulke, a member of one of the early Siskiyou's cattle raising families. He spoke of the History of the Cattle Industry.

Elsa Wetzel opened the program for our December meeting by playing Christmas carols on the organ. Hazel Pollock, the curator at the Museum, entertained the group with a talk on the History of Currier & Ives who were printmakers in America from 1835 to 1907. Fourteen of these rare old original lithographs were on display. A life size Currier & Ives Christmas card was used in place of the old fashioned Christmas tree for the Christmas display at the Museum. At this meeting Howard Trivelpiece made a special award to our Field Trip Chairman, Tom Bigelow. The award was a model of a covered wagon and bore an engraved plate with the wording: "To the old Wagon-Master from the Old Skinner."

Membership Report . . .

By ELEANOR BROWN, Secretary-Treasurer

CALLAHAN	4
CECILVILLE	1
DORRIS	7
DUNSMUIR	25
EDGEWOOD	3
ETNA	50
FORKS OF SALMON	2
FORT JONES	37
GAZELLE	20
GREENVIEW	3
GRENADA	18
HAPPY CAMP	39
HORNBROOK	17
HORSE CREEK	3
KLAMATH RIVER	2
McCLOUD	12
MONTAGUE	58
MT. HEBRON	1
MOUNT SHASTA	45
SAWYERS BAR	1
SCOTT BAR	4
SOMES BAR	2
SEIAD VALLEY	1
TULELAKE	6
WEED	45
YREKA	259
OUT OF COUNTY	341
OUT OF STATE	97
FOREIGN	2
TOTAL	1105

Field Trips, 1967 . . . .

By TOM BIGELOW, Field Trip Chairman

HAPPY CAMP

On June 11, 1967, eighty people made the field trip to Happy Camp and vicinity. Our good four horse skinner, Howard Trivelpiece, drove us down Scott River to the Klamath River road and then down the Klamath to Happy Camp. Several stops were made en route to view points of historical interest. Among them was Scott Bar, Hamburg, Seiad Valley and the top of Cade Mt.

We were met in Happy Camp by Mr. and Mrs. Phil Toleman. An enjoyable picnic lunch was served at Curly Jack campground where our good member, Elmer Larson, had a big brew of real coffee going for us. After lunch we visited the spring near the Grange Hall. This is the spring where the first prospectors camped. It was such a fine spring and a lovely little meadow that they named it Happy Camp.

Our fine member, Alice Dunaway, had her wonderful collection of Indian artifacts and baskets on display at the old log schoolhouse. This is a wonderful collection of lost Indian art and more than interesting.

We drove ten miles up Indian Creek to where we could see part of the famous old Classic Hill mine. Mr. Toleman gave a talk here on the history of this famous producer of gold. On our return, one mile from Classic Hill we stopped at the site of Indian Town. This in the 1860's was a larger town than Happy Camp. The old registers prove this.

Mr. and Mrs. Toleman gave a very interesting talk on the history of this town. There is nothing at this site now. Nothing but rock piles. An Historical Marker should be erected, marking this spot.

We returned to Happy Camp and the good Tolemans told us the history of some of the old buildings, such as the old Cudihay Hotel and the old brick building. Marks of the flood of 1964 and '65 were much in evidence.

Mr. Gordon Jacobs gave a very interesting talk. Happy Camp and all of Indian Creek were in Del Norte County. He told how his father who was a Siskiyou County Supervisor came to Happy Camp and met with the Del Norte Supervisor. They made a deal and Mr. Jacobs bought Happy Camp and all of Indian Creek for $500.00 for Siskiyou County. He also told of a shooting fray but nobody was hit.

On our return we back-tracked to Scott River and then up the Klamath and back to the Museum.

TRINITY DAM

Our good skinner got itchy feet and on September 17, 1967 with fifty-five members and friends headed for the Trinity country. He took Jim McNeill along as narrator and guide. Jim was raised in the Trinity country and Howard knew that he wouldn't get lost.

The bus left the Museum at 8 a.m. and went by way of Parks Creek and over the International Paper Company logging road to the Trinity and then to Lewiston. No stops were made going except at watering places.

From Lewiston Jim took over and gave wonderful talks on places of interest, such as the diversion dam, fish hatchery and the portal of the big diversion tunnel. We ate lunch at the campground below the huge Trinity Dam.

A stop was made at the Observation Point and we had a wonderful look at this huge earth filled dam. On our return, stops were made at Stewarts Fork and opposite old Minersville. Minersville is now under water and the famous Trinity Alps Resort is on Stewarts Fork.

We stopped for forty-five minutes at Trinity Center and went through their new Museum. It has a wonderful collection and it was here that Bill Smith recognized a pair of mule shoes that he had put on Sal-

mon Mt. mules more than once.

We continued on up the Trinity. Jim gave the history of such old sites as Stringtown, New York Hotel and Coffee Creek. He showed us where his boyhood days were spent and he claims he ran six miles to school. At the foot of Scott Mt. we took the old Scott Mt. stage road. On the summit Jim showed us where the barns and corrals were. They kept oxen here in the winter and when it snowed they used the oxen to scrape the road so the stages could come through.

From the top of Scott Mt. to Callahan, to Fort Jones we followed the route of the old stage road. In fact we followed the route from Triniy Center to Fort Jones.

Our good skinner, Howard, sure made his horses step over the chain in order to make some of the turns. He still claims the road is twice as long as the mileage figures show. We arrived at the Museum just as it was getting dark. A tired but happy crowd.

In Memorium

Gus Ahlgren	Vallejo, California	October, 1967
F. B. Ackerman	Yreka, California	September 23, 1967
George Behnke	Gazelle, California	January 12, 1967
John Brandsma	Yreka, California	February 8, 1967
Josephine Caldwell	Yreka, California	May 1, 1967
John D. Campbell	Etna, California	September 30, 1967
Jerome Churchill	Yreka, California	August 17, 1967
William L. Harris	Yreka, California	February 4, 1967
Thomas V. Huddle	Greenview, California	November 7, 1967
Charles M. Holzhauser	Yreka, California	March 17, 1967
Daisy M. Kindig	Fort Jones, California	January 8, 1967
Ora Kouts	Montague, California	April 30, 1967
George Luttrell	Yreka, California	December 16, 1968
Eleanor A. Mason	Etna, California	April 23, 1967
Grace Jensen Quigley	Hornbrook, California	May 28, 1967
Clyde H. Parker	Montague, California	January 17, 1967
Carl Phelps	Weed, California	October, 1967
Annie L. Pipkin	Trona, California	Date Unknown
Hazel M. Rohrer	Montague, California	October 25, 1967
Alice Sedros	Happy Camp, California	September 8, 1967
Ruth Kennedy Tartar	Corvallis, Oregon	August 27, 1967
Miriam Webb	Yreka, California	July 28, 1967
J. M. White	Weed, California	August 7, 1967
George Zwanziger	Weed, California	August 4, 1967

The child's play room at the Siskiyou County Museum.

The old fashioned parlor at the Siskiyou County Museum.

Curator's Report . . .

By HAZEL N. POLLOCK, Curator

The year 1967 was a very busy and prosperous one for the Siskiyou County Museum.

Two new displays were added on the mezzanine floor, an old fashioned parlor and a child's play room.

In the parlor, the settee and four chairs were willed to us by the late Daisy Kindig. They were brought west by Wallace Whitmore in the 1860's for his home in Scott Valley.

The beautiful Bay State Organ and the marble topped table were once in the home of pioneer Willard Perrin Stone in the early 1860's.

There is also a child's mahogany rocker with a cane seat, which came west in a covered wagon. On the wall in round mahogany frames are the pictures of William and Rebecca Oberlin, both Siskiyou County pioneers.

In the child's play room among the dolls and toys are three manequins dressed as children of long ago, having a tea party. Some of the toys and furniture date back to the 1850's. A rug showing a large dog protecting a kitten from a smaller dog completes the room.

We received many gifts and loans but space permits mention of only a few.

A group of nine cattle branding irons from Butte Valley are hanging in our blacksmith's shop. Each has a wooden plaque showing the brand burned in the wood. These branding irons date back to 1854.

Other gifts were jewelry, pictures, scrapbooks, maps, a foot warmer, books and school girl dresses of the 1880's.

Currier & Ives prints, a bible, mustache cup, bear traps, pictures, and a book, "To The American Indian," by Lucy Thompson were among the loans.

We are very pleased to have on loan in our basement a show case filled with polished gem stones from Siskiyou County. The lovely heirlooms in the D.A.R. case

and the Southern Know Your Heirlooms group case are on loan also.

Our Memorial Garden was dedicated on June 10th. Isabel Schrader unveiled the plaque, which was placed at the base of the sundial. The plaque reads:

THE SISKIYOU COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGES
THE DONATIONS FOR THIS
MEMORIAL GARDEN
Dedicated June 10, 1967

Warner L. Marsh, a planning consultant and landscape architect of Carmichael, California, presented us with two historical trees, a Dawn Redwood, which is planted in the lawn in front of the Museum, and a Ginko tree which was planted in our garden. Trees of these species grew in Siskiyou County millions of years ago and we have the fossils of these on display in the Museum.

During the fall the area around the Museum received a hard top surfacing and the parking area marked off, making it more convenient for the visitors.

We are sincerely grateful to all contributors for their gifts and loans. These people make it possible for the hundreds of visitors including people from all over the United States, foreign countries and our school classes who tour our Museum to have a glimpse of Siskiyou's colorful past.

Error in Historical Story Is Corrected . . .

As a point of information, and to whom it may concern:

In the Weed issue of the 1967 Siskiyou Pioneer, a booklet issued annually by the Siskiyou County Historical Society, there is stated on page 24, that Anna (Sullivan) was a widow, who had first been married to a Mr. Bowen.

This statement is incorrect, according to Mrs. Inez Meline, a present day member of the Sullivan family. Anna, whose correct maiden name was Georgeanna Sullaway, had never been married before she became the wife of Mr. Thomas Edward Sullivan.

The confusion in the article in the booklet was caused because Thomas Jefferson Sullivan, the father of Thomas Edward Sullivan, had married a Mr. Bowen's widow.

In the picture of the original Sullivan home (located near the back of the book) which was established where the Spini Ranch is now, are shown an unknown man, Georgeanna Sullivan and her father-in-law, Thomas Jefferson Sullivan, holding his grandson, Lawrence.

The caption under the picture reads: The original Sullivan home showing "Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Sullivan with Lawrence being held," man with hat unknown. Late 1880's.

Mrs. Meline and other members of the Sullivan family, early day settlers of the area, hope the above explanations will clear up the confusion.

Financial Report . . .

DECEMBER 31, 1967

Cash in Bank	$7,967.24
Savings Account	5,000.00
Checking Account	2,967.24
Publication Fund	257.87
General Fund	1,556.60
Memorial Garden Fund	595.49
Food Fund	31.19
Map Fund	187.80
Yreka Heirloom	25.41
Special Museum Fund	270.60
Symposium Fund	42.28
Total	$7,967.24

Eleanor Brown
Secretary-Treasurer

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

By HELEN BLISS, Secretary

Officers for 1967 were: president, Donna Brooks; vice-president and program chairman, Ellen Tupper; secretary, Helen Bliss; treasurer, Alice Pipes; librarian, Katie Roush.

The January meeting was cancelled due to heavy snow. The weather being more cooperative in February, we planned the year's activities then and Donna Brooks presented a program on shaving mugs. Once a necessary barber shop and household article, the shaving mug is now little used and has become a collector's item.

Mrs. Erna K. Bean was our speaker in March. She talked on the Indians of the western and southwestern United States and displayed her collection of Indian artifacts.

In April Leona Hunter spoke on fans, telling of their antiquity, the materials used in their making and their many different uses. She showed her own extensive collection.

There was no meeting in May due to the absence of many members. In June the group met at the home of Isabel Schrader to view the many items sent to her from Turkey and Vietnam by her daughter. Mrs. Schrader also showed her collection of early American and German pewter, telling what she knew of the history of each piece.

Our annual picnic was in July. As usual we dispensed with all business at this meeting but in August we returned to the study of our heirlooms with a program on paper weights by Ellen Tupper. We learned that most of the early paper weights were made in France and that there were mainly two types. One, the jeweled type, was usually round consisting of small pieces of colored glass inclosed in solid clear glass resembling a miniature flower garden. The other type was usually oblong with a picture enclosed within the glass and was given by merchants to their customers to stimulate trade. A number of both types as well as more modern ones were displayed.

Katie Roush was our speaker in September and her program dealt with the history of the use of salt, the different sources of salt and the many types of salt servers. Many salt cellars, shakers and a few salt spoons were exhibited.

The group's activities for the year closed in October with the annual program of piano music of other eras played by Richard Bliss followed by a community sing with Mr. Bliss at the piano.

A UNIQUE FLY SWATTER

Something new in the way of fly swatters was demonstrated by John D. Campbell on the South Fork of the Salmon River Forest Service road project about thirty years ago.

Mr. Campbell, being an expert heavy duty equipment operator, got away with it nicely, but it is doubtful if the act could be duplicated by many.

A small tree was uprooted which had a hornets' nest suspended from one of its branches. When it dropped against the bank hornets swarmed in every direction looking for their molester. Mr. Campbell ran up the windows of his shovel cab and proceeded to smash the nest against the bank with the dipper of the shovel. As the hornets returned to the nest, he repeatedly swatted them against the bank.

The foreman of the project arrived just as Mr. Campbell was giving the finishing touches. He commented, "John, that's the biggest fly swatter I've ever seen, but I wouldn't recommend its use for anyone who isn't an expert."

This story was published in a National Forest Service magazine.

The Yreka Journal August 21, 1939

On Route of Deacon Lee Trail
Left to right: Russian Peak, Grizzly Peak, and Wild Cat Peak
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Scott Valley Chamber of Commerce

Greenview, California

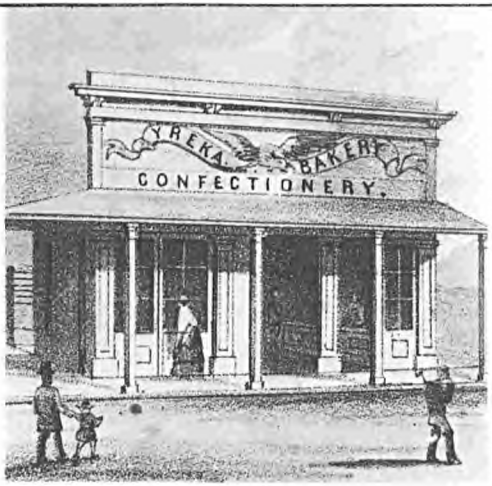
INVITES YOU TO VISIT

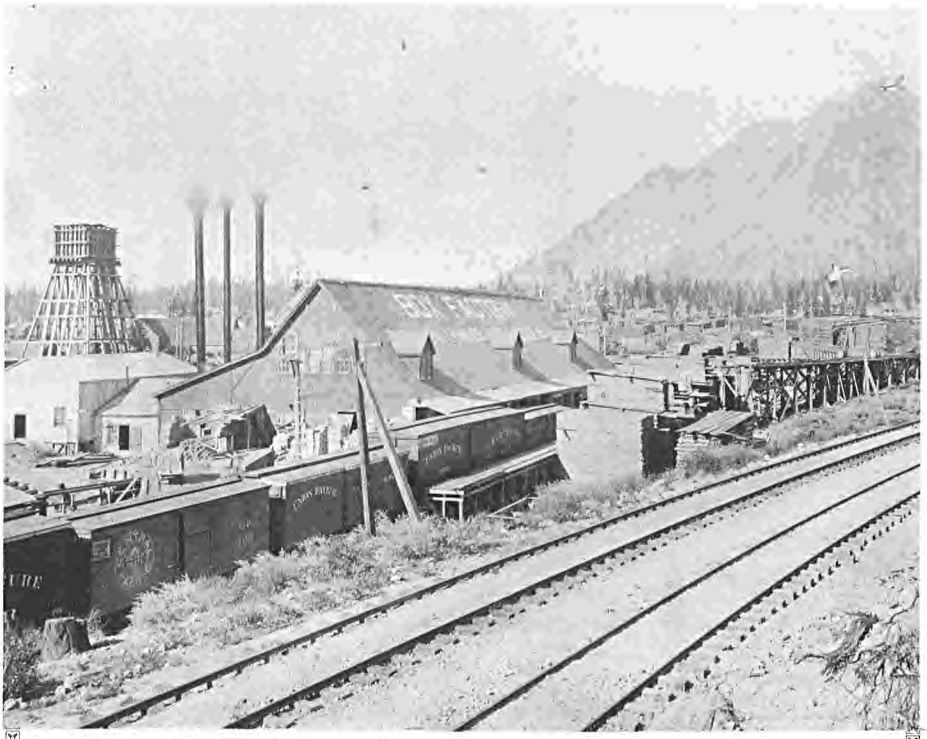
HISTORICAL SCOTT VALLEY

A SPORTSMAN'S NATURAL PARADISE

Photography Shop on the Southwest Corner of Miner and Oregon Streets
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Yreka Bakery, 1856, the name spells with equal correctness forward and backward. Fred Ding, a Civil War deserter, was the founder of the bakery.
—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum





Box Factory at Upton, California, Two Miles North of Sisson (Now Mt. Shasta) 1898
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Pine Mountain Lumber Company

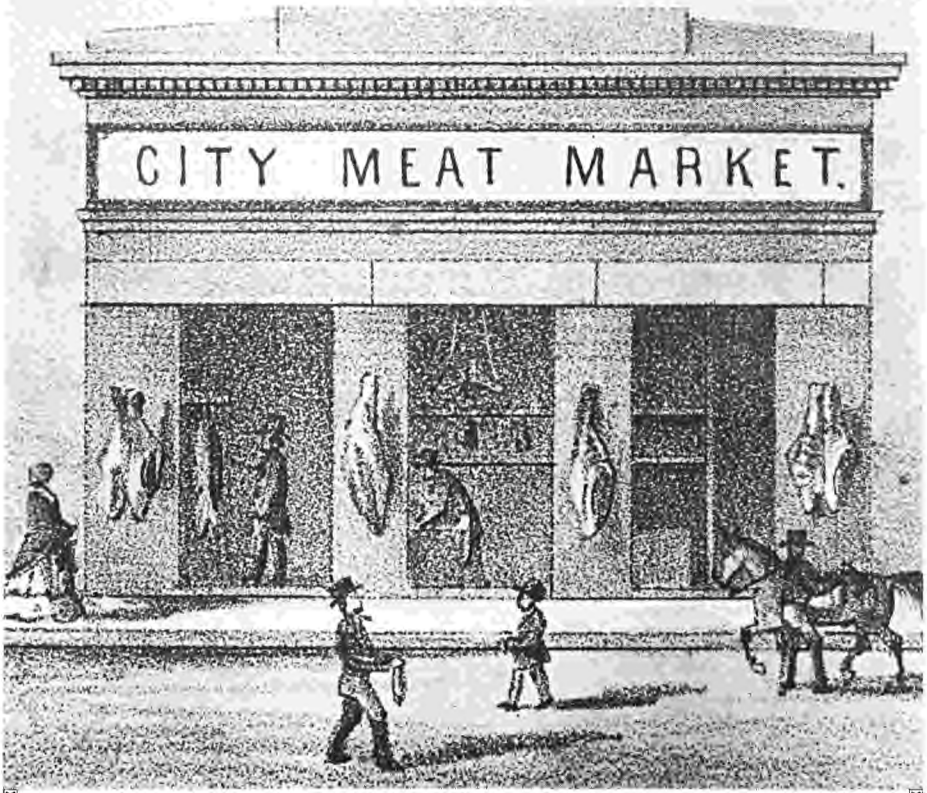
PONDEROSA PINE - SUGAR PINE - FIR

Saw Mill
Phone 842-2141

Planing Mill and Main Office
Phone 842-4176

Yreka, California

Gold Dredger, McAdams Creek, California
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum



City Meat Market, 1856.
—courtesy Siskiyou-County Museum

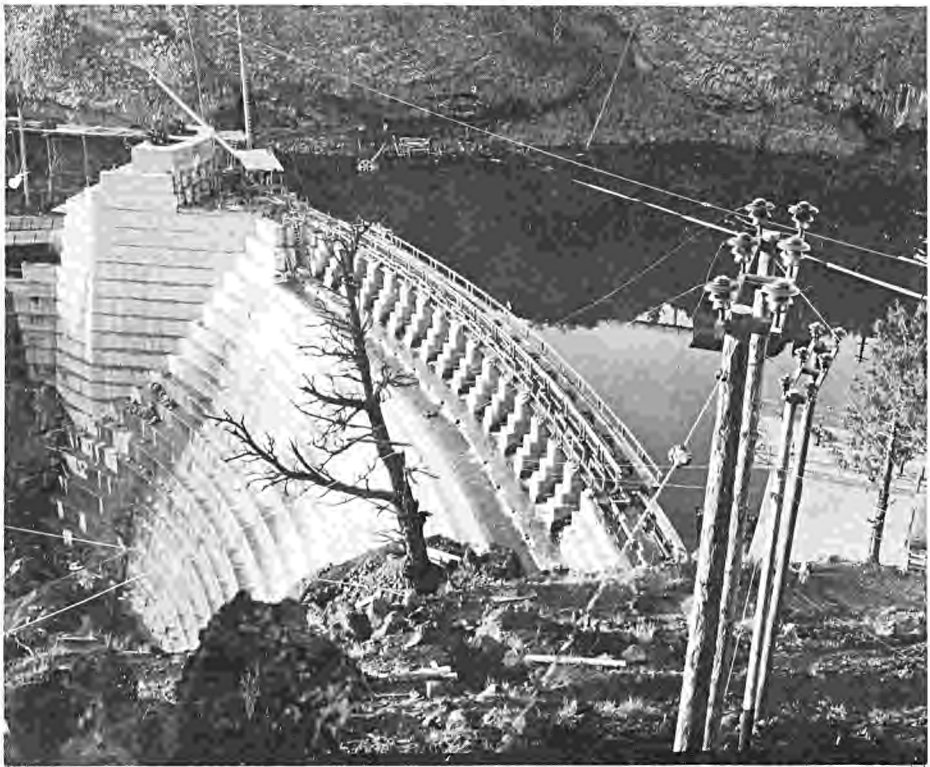
City Meat Market

SINCE 1854

319 West Miner Street

Yreka, California

Hamburg Bar, Center of a Rich Mining District in the Early Days
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum



Copco No. 1 Under Construction—1916
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Pacific Power & Light Company

"YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY"

YOUR PARTNER IN WESTERN PROGRESS

First Boat Race Down the Klamath River, July, 1949
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Northern Klamath River Chamber of Commerce

KLAMATH RIVER, CALIFORNIA 96050

Weed Factory Band—1913
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

CHANEY'S WEED MERCANTILE COMPANY

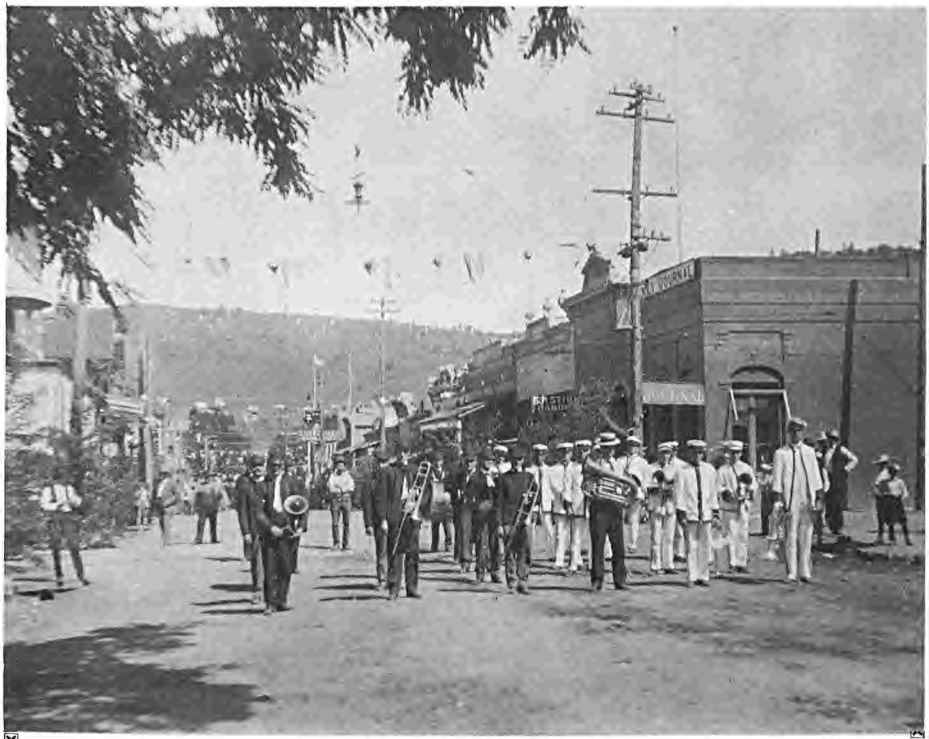
Phone 938-4451

Building Supply Park — Weed, California 96094

Loading Logs on the McCloud River Railroad
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

McCloud River Railroad Company

McCloud, California



July 4th, 1902. The Yreka Brass Band and the Dunsmuir Band (on the left). Fred Meamber, Sr., leader.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Town of Yreka City

HEART OF SCENIC SISKIYOU

For Information, Call or Write

Yreka Chamber of Commerce

Phone 842-3779 **City Hall**

News-Journal Litho, Yreka, Cal.