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The Siskiyou Pioneer

IN FOLKLORE, FACT AND FICTION



and YEARBOOK

Siskiyou County Historical Society

P-3074

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Vol. 4
#2
1969



Siskiyou County Board of Supervisors
Seated: Chairman of the Board, Earl F. Ager, Tulelake, District 1; S. C. "Clint" Jackson, Edgewood, District 3. L. to r.: George Wacker, Yreka, District 4; Ernest Hayden, Callahan, District 5; Phil Mattos, Dunsmuir, District 2.

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Freight Team in Scott Valley
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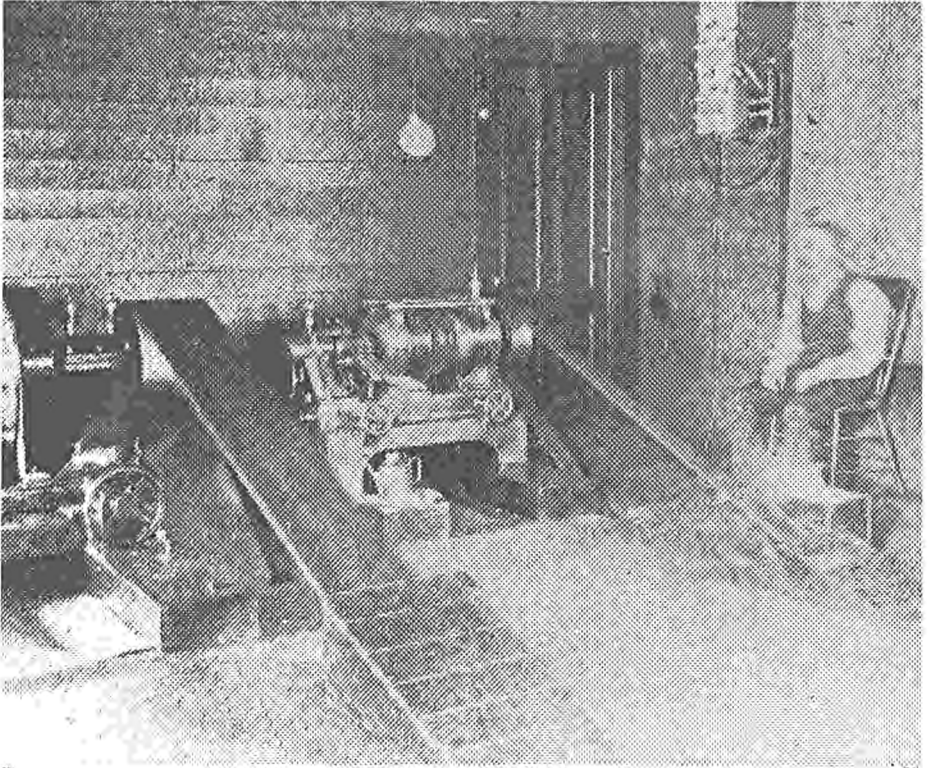


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Upper End of Sawyers Bar, Called Berryville — 1880's

—courtesy Dave Robinson

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—courtesy Siskiyou
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Old Wood Burning Engine Hauling Logs for Weed Lumber Company
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

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The late Walter H. Bray of Hornbrook, well known Siskiyou hunter, with one of his hunting dogs and a bear taken near Hamburg, down the Klamath River, in 1923.
—courtesy Verna Bray Wedin

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Yreka High School (County High School established in 1893). Frank N. Hyatt was the first principal. 55 pupils enrolled the first year.

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

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Staking Logs at Durney Mill
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Editors' Page

The files in the Siskiyou County Museum are like a Treasure Chest, filled with priceless jewels. You are aware that they are there, yet they are only taken out when one wishes to examine a certain piece. In this 1969 issue of the Siskiyou Pioneer, we are sharing our priceless gems with you. Each article sparkles and shines as it reflects its own colorful story of Siskiyou.

Many stories and documents have accumulated in our files over the years and each represents many hours of labor by the writer in preparing them for publication. The letters with their quaint expressions and misspelled words are truly "jewels of great price" as they reveal bits of priceless history.

This is only a small portion of the material in our files. Your editors found it very hard to make a choice as only a certain number could be used.

We would like to thank those who have contributed this material over the years, those who gave or loaned us pictures and our advertisers who as usual were most cooperative.

Some of the jewels from our "Treasure Chest" now belong to you.

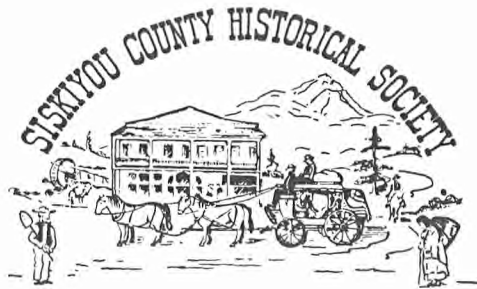
EDITORS



HAZEL POLLOCK



ELEANOR BROWN



EDITORS - - HAZEL POLLOCK — ELEANOR BROWN
ADVERTISING MANAGER - - - ELEANOR BROWN

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Valentine mailed from Detroit, Michigan to Pontiac, Michigan in 1847. Original may be seen at Siskiyou County Museum.

Letter of David Greninger--1870 . . .

May 17, 1870

Rev A Buchanan

Dearsir

I suppose you are aware that Becca & I are about to bid adieu to Single life and to Share with each other that life which belongs to none other but to those who in the first place give that matter a good and Serious consituation and agree to become companions while life remains and second to live a life acceptable in the sight of their Maker 3rd a life which may render the trials and afflictions of this world easy and Since we have come to this conclution I would ask a cordial consent of you and

Mother as Parents.. We intended to get married on next Sabbath but if you are going away this week if it is your wish to be here we can pospone for a few weeks.

Your request shall be favored

David P. Greninger

Rebecca J. Buchanan

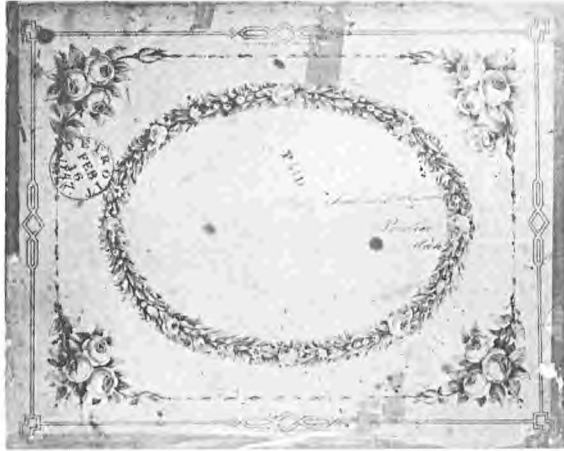
Father

Mother (Names)

Amos Buchanan

Luvina Buchanan

(This is a letter written by David P. Greninger to Amos and Luvina Buchanan asking for the hand of their daughter Rebecca. May 17, 1870.)



Envelope that contained Valentine.
Postage paid 50 cents.
—courtesy Ackerman family

Letter of Amos Buchanan--1870 . . .

May 17th A.D. 1870

Mr. D. P. Greninger

Dear Sir

In reply to your's of the present inst. 1st The Selection of a companion as I consider is the inherant rite of every person. I therefor cheerfully adopt as a child and member of my family a Selection's made by my daughter.

The fervant prayer of my heart to the most high God, from the time I was married was, Give me my children perfect in organization, (That is neither *Deaf, Dumb, Blind, Crippled* nor *Insane.*)

And I most devoutly thank and praise God that my prayers have been answered.

And now getting older my prayers are

to my *children* and God. May I never be dishonored by one of my children so as to bring me to my grave in sorrow, I have watched over them as a Father with an anxious heart and it now gives me strength to believe they will regard it.

Select your own time, and I am satisfied.

In hope of Eternal Life I remain as ever,

Amos Buchanan
Luvina Buchanan

D. P. Greninger
R. J. Buchanan

(Answer to Daniel P. Greninger's letter, written by Rebecca's father, consenting to the marriage.)



This home was built by John Neilon in 1854, four miles west of the Gazelle-Callahan road. Porch was added in later years.

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

A Pioneer Life Story . . .

By MARY BRIDWELL

PART I

In 1849, an Irish boy of 18, John Neilon caught the gold fever and joined one of the first bands of Argonauts bound for California. Instead of panning gold, however, he conducted a small store in Yreka and with a pack train, made a profitable business of packing miners' supplies up from the old town of Shasta via the Sacramento Canyon trail in 1853.

He staked off for himself a farm about four miles out of Gazelle on what is now a highway to Callahan. He sent for his two sisters to come to America to join him, and after meeting them in St. Joseph, Missouri took them across the plains, through an attack by Indians in which Mary, one of the sisters, was wounded, and finally over the natural bridge of Lost River and Sheep Rock to John's log cabin, arriving there in the fall of 1854.

The sisters, Mary and Anne lived with

John until their marriages—Mary to James Farraher, a neighboring homesteader, and Anne to John Sissel. (Anne and John had a boy, John, Jr., who was Mrs. Gertrude Crechriou's father. Mrs. Crechriou is the mother of Mary Bridwell and Sissel Crechriou of Gazelle.)

Following the marriages of his sisters, John Neilon went to Cincinnati, Ohio in 1858 and was married there, returning to California with his bride the same year. They came by steamer via the Panama Route and from San Francisco they came up the Sacramento trail on mule back to the door of the log cabin he had built in 1854. He carried his bride across the threshold after the long and arduous trip. Here the Neilon sons and daughters were born and grew up, moving later to Etna in Scott Valley.

Many years later, on June 22, 1914 while Mrs. Neilon was visiting in Siskiyou

County, she expressed a desire to see the old home which she entered as a bride 58 years before. As she crossed the threshold again, she was seized with a sudden heart attack and died.

The ranch and homestead were sold and changed ownership several times since it was built almost 100 years ago, but the sturdy old house still stands. This old landmark and the orchard and trees planted by Mr. Neilon are living monuments to the memory of these grand pioneers.

PART II

(taken from a newspaper clipping)

On Easter Sunday, 1824, at Rathkeale, County Limerick, Ireland, Mary Neilon was born—the second oldest of six children. Her father who was captain of barracks and without independent means died when she was about 16 years of age. Under the landlord system then prevailing the father held an estate for life in the family home and upon his death, notice of eviction came to the widowed mother with her family of six. Frail and heart broken, like many another Irish mother of her day, she laid down the burden with her life. Mary was the only one of her children present at the death bedside and the horror of the situation and the brutality of the system responsible left an impression which, with the splendid kindness and work of the Irish priests in amelioration, she carried with her till the very last.

John Neilon, the only brother and next in age, came to America when a boy of 18 and first found work at Quebec, caught the gold fever and joined one of the first bands of Argonauts bound for California—the land of golden promise. He soon "staked off" for himself a farm in what is now Shasta Valley and then as a dutiful and kindly brother sent to Ireland for his two eldest sisters, Anne (who became the wife of John Sissel) and Mary. In '53 he recrossed the plains to meet them. In the spring following, over the Oregon trail he came with his two sisters and his caravan including cattle and horses for his California

farm. On the 4th day of July some 300 miles from Salt Lake City they were attacked by Indians. Mary was shot through the shoulder and John was wounded in the knee but the Indians were routed. In the fall of 1854 they reached Shasta Valley by way of the natural bridge of Lost River and Sheep Rock and were soon at home in the brother's log cabin.

Crossing the plains at the same time and entering Shasta valley the very same day with the Neilon party was another pioneer party among which were N. H. Eddy, Andrew Soule and Mrs. Willard Stone. En route they met also coming to California, the E. W. (trapper) Connor party and the Alexander (Sandy) Parker party. Splendid pioneers they all were and Siskiyou County homes carved from the wilds, are their lasting monuments.

Four years later Mary Neilon married James Farragher who had acquired the neighboring ranch where her two children, Ann and James, were born and there she remained. In 1863 her husband started a band of cattle to Frazer River where the mining excitement was on, but they were stolen en route by a trusted employee. Farragher sought the immediately needed stake in the mines near Idaho City where his over-eager pick strokes brought down the bank cave that killed him before the stake was realized. Widowed, as her mother had been, and with two children the oldest yet under five years of age dependent upon her, but in the land of free America where the home is awarded to the widow, with unflinching trust in God his widow courageously took up the duty of provider and the home farm responded well to her care. On February 9, 1875, she married Louis Wortman and their devotion to each other and endearment to the farm home were only surpassed by their devotion to the church of their fathers. Her closing years were splendidly ministered to by her devoted daughter and her two grandchildren whose love, akin to worship, gave her much comfort. In her

(Continued on Page 21)

Bunion Derby . . .



JIM McNEILL AS HE LOOKS TODAY
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

They say it is a certain sign of old age when one gets to reminiscing, but be that as it may, I am going to reach far back in my memory and draw out an old closed file cabinet, dusty though it may be, and pull out a file entitled "The R Races, Redwood Marathon, 1927". I haven't anything to go on in the telling of this story except my memory, as all the data I owned—photographs, clippings and all—were destroyed in a house fire in Redding in 1940.

As I riffle through the file folder of my brain, I come up with a plausible story of facts and figures and through my mind pass the many dignitaries whom I met before and during the race. Such people as Jimmie Rolf, then the Governor of the State of California; Angelo Rossi, Mayor of San Francisco; Norman Cowan, three time Cowboy Champion of the World; Edding Scott and his wife Vi who wrote that World War I marching song "Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous"; David O. Selznick, the movie pro-

By **JAMES McNEILL**

ducer from Hollywood; one of the Warner brothers with Myrna Loy, one of their cute little movie queens who was one of the first stars of the early day talking movies.

There was Big Bill Hayward, the famous athletic coach of the University of Oregon; Charlie Hunter, also a famous coach of athletics at the Olympic Club of San Francisco. There was Mike Kirk who drew the assignment of gathering up runners for the race on the East Coast, the South, the Southwest and old Mexico, and H. G. Boorse, the small time merchant of Happy Camp, drew the same assignment for the Pacific Coast and Canada. There was Princess Little Fawn who doubled as the Princess of the Redwood Empire Association and the Sweetheart of the Redwood Marathon. There was Dr. Leroy Coolidge, the first cousin of President Coolidge, who was the President of the Redwood Marathon Association. Yes, they were all there, a little dim and fuzzy now as they troop across my mind something like television operating in a fringe area.

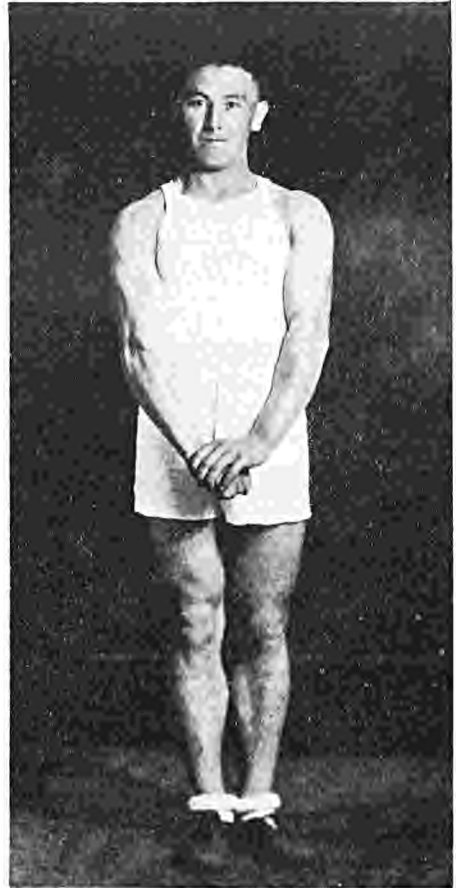
Before we actually go into the running of the Redwood Marathon Race, one of the most famous of all the Bunion Derbys, let us look at what motivated the running of the race in the first place.

As you know, the Redwood Highway extends from San Francisco to Grants Pass, Oregon. It was completed, black top and all, in the early 1920's. Of course the California land sharks moved in and gobbled up all the desirable land along the Eel River, the Russian River and all the other nice places. Large hotels and auto camps, as they were called in those days, sprang up along the flats by the rivers. They were going to make millions with all the travel going that way. The Douglas Memorial Bridge at Klamath was completed and the old ferry at Requa had been beached and left molding and rotting in the sun. It was



FLYING CLOUD

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum



MAD BULL

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

just something to show the tourists. Only the tourists didn't come. They spent thousands of dollars in advertising and still nothing happened.

In the fall of 1926, the Redwood Empire Association had a meeting in San Francisco to see what could be done about all the money being spent. It was a losing game—they weren't getting anywhere. Highways 99E and 99W were still getting the lion's share of the travel. Someone came up with the suggestion of having a foot race. Someone else wanted to know from where to where. Another person said, "Let's have it from the City Hall in San Francisco to the

City Hall in Grants Pass." "That's a long way," another one said. Yes, it was a long way, 482½ miles. Anyway, the idea caught on right away and it was decided that that was the way they were going to spend their advertising money the next year. They set aside \$100,000 to finance the race. \$10,000 to be in prizes and \$90,000 for incidentals. They then searched around for runners and that is where Mike Kirk and H. G. Boorse fit in. Of course they had to have a Queen of the Redwood Race so they held a contest and Miss Dorothy Allen who lived in Orleans, California won the race hands down and she became Princess Little Fawn. Her

father, Johnny Allen, was one of the best administrative Forest Service guards the Klamath National Forest ever had. He worked on the Orleans District for many years.

At that time I was driving the mail wagon from Hornbrook to Happy Camp. I had had a little experience in athletics prior to that time but 5 years sitting on a truck hadn't done anything for my physical condition. Anyway, Mr. Boorse kind of capitalized on what I did know and asked me if I would like to try the race. I told him I would have to talk it over with the boys in Hornbrook. We had a little athletic club going there and I wanted to ask the fellows in the gym about it when I got back there the next night. Of course they were all for it, especially Fred Jones, who was quite a trainer of men. When I told Mr. Boorse it was alright, he brought out a contract with the Redwood Marathon Association. We signed up with them and they provided us with a sponsor if possible. They had a hundred people to take care of whatever runners they got.

I decided I had better get into condition. This was late in the fall of 1926. Fred put me through quite a routine that fall and winter, as much as we could, and then that spring when it warmed up a bit, he really put me through the jumps. I went from 236 pounds to 218 pounds there in Hornbrook. Some of the boys around Happy Camp had picked up sponsors, got contracts and were leaving for camp. The papers were filled with names of people who were going to run and one of the farthest away was a man from Canada around Great Slave Lake. His name was Joe La Fountain. He was the most well-known runner in all of Canada. As it turned out, they were using him for a come-on boy. Everyone trained madly to get in shape. I know I did because he was a menace. The papers began to play up that Mike Kirk was bringing some great runners from the Southwest, and a particular bunch of Yaquis from Old Mexico who could run 600 or 700 miles on

a handful of parched corn. That scared us some more.

I still had no sponsor and thought if I didn't get one by the first of April, I would quit because I wouldn't have time to train satisfactorily. But one afternoon just before April 1st, when I got in Hornbrook with the mail, one of the telephone operators came running down the street to the Post Office all excited and said as soon as I got the locked sack into the Post Office I was to come to the telephone office and call a certain number in San Francisco. I called them and found I had a sponsor, the H. B. Littler & Co., who was the West Coast representative for the Durante Motors Co. They had picked up my contract for the Association. They had arranged for satisfactory training quarters for me and there would be someone in Hornbrook to pick me up as well as my trainer. They would guarantee whatever salary he would be out and also furnish anything else I needed. I was to be ready to leave on the tenth of April. Fred was a fireman for the Southern Pacific and he arranged for a leave.

On the afternoon of April 10th, a bright and shiny new Durante touring car drove in to pick us up. It had just been driven off the show room floor in San Francisco by a little pug nosed guy named Harrington. He was a budding young lightweight who thought he was going to be champion of the world. (He wasn't). He was to be my rubber and his mother was to be our cook.

They had set up camp at Cotati which is between Santa Rosa and Petaluma and when we arrived there the next morning, I went into training. I pounded the pavement and they took me to San Francisco and steamed off weight. The race was to be on the 14th of June, and on the 12th we received our final instructions. At that time I weighed 198 pounds which was still overweight, but I could carry that. I was a pretty weak and sick man from too much forced weight loss though. We began to appear here and there for our sponsors and I even went on the air in early day radio. We dined at the Commercial Club and the

Press Club and many places I don't even remember. The Hotel Manx was our headquarters and we were there until the morning of the 14th. The doctor looked us all over to be sure we were all okay and we were given our instructions. They were pretty simple. We were to carry a letter from the Governor of California to the Governor of Oregon and one from the Mayor of San Francisco to the Mayor of Grants Pass. These were to be handed personally to us by the Governor and Mayor. Naturally they were late.

The rules of the game were we could run, walk, crawl or go any way we wished under our own power, and the man who arrived first at the City Hall in Grants Pass, won the \$5000 bucket of gold. Each man was to check in every eight miles from the time we left Sausalito until we arrived at our destination. There were 36 runners plus one Jim McNeill, #8, who was the Great White Deer. There was no mistaking I was #8 as it was on my jersey and shorts, both front and back and our cars carried the same number also. We were all numbered in the same manner. We would have an inspector representing the Association riding with us and they would change once a day. Each inspector saw to it that we traveled alone at night. During the day our inspector would pace us, our rubber or manager could pace us, or anyone who wished to travel with us could pace us, but from sundown to sunup we had to travel alone because they were afraid our manager or trainer would masquerade for us and let us ride in the car. Our managers could dress or undress us but we had to pull up and tie our own shoe strings. Other than that, we could do pretty much as we wanted, travel when we wished, and eat when we wished, whatever they wanted to give us to eat.

The Governor and Mayor finally got there and gave us our letters in little bags which we were to wear around our necks. Al Jennings was to use his trusty old 41 revolver to start us. He looked over and asked, "Ready, Mr. Governor? Ready Mr. Mayor?" and they nodded in affirmative.

Jennings was standing right beside me. There was no gun in sight and I don't know where he had that hog's leg hidden but it just jumped out in his hand and it said "BOOM!" I assure you I was halfway to the Ferry Building before the echoes died away. I was the third man to reach the Ferry Building and that was the nearest to the lead I ever was. From there we went down to the Embarcadero to the Northwest Pacific Ferries and then across to Sausalito and lined up again. Al Jennings got his cannon out once more and fired it for the last time. We took off pretty much in a bunch and stayed that way until we got around the bay.

In those days, we had to climb the old Corta Medera grade through Larkspur and so on into San Rafael. We got across Mill Valley and started up the grade when two of the boys took off running up the grade—Rushing Water from Happy Camp and one of the Zuni boys by the name of Amon. If I live to be a hundred years old, I never expect to see a race like that again. They ran just like they were out for a 100 yard dash and when they got into San Rafael, Amon collapsed into the movie camera. Rushing Water passed out in Petaluma and was out of the race there and Amon gave it up just past Santa Rosa. The rest of us just jogged along.

I guess I was 5th or 6th when we got into San Rafael. They herded us into a little knot to get as many of us in front of the movie camera as possible. I was standing near the curb and darned if a lady in a big cadillac as long as from here to there didn't run into me! She knocked me down but didn't hurt me a bit. The people were about ready to mob her until they saw me get up. There was just a little red mark on my leg but they carted me up to the hospital anyway and held me there for 2 and a half hours to be sure I didn't have a concussion or that something bad didn't come out of my leg injury. The people were milling around and the headlines were screaming and it got wired up to Hornbrook that the runner Great White Deer had been run

over. Of course Hornbrook was all in a lather and they were calling down to Fred to find out how badly I was hurt. By that time I was back in the race and jogging up the highway.

I got to just out of Peraluma that night at dusk and I overtook Flying Cloud who ultimately won the race. He was sitting down on the running board of a car changing his socks. I talked to him a minute while he tied his shoes and then we jogged on together for a bit. Right then they were changing my inspector and we asked him where he came from. When he told us he was from the front, we asked him how the race was going and he told us we were about 5 miles behind the leaders. Thunder Cloud and Mad Bull who were the heads-on to win, were fighting it out for the lead, I looked at Flying Cloud and he looked just like a little human dynamo. He was a small man between 127 and 130 pounds and appeared to be so full of energy he was ready to explode. He told me he wanted to see what was going on and that he would see me in Grants Pass. That was right—I didn't see him again until Grants Pass and neither did anyone else because he took the lead that night.

The first day I made it just past Healdsburg where I kegged up for the night. The next day was rather uneventful. I made it through the hill above Cloverdale and along the road in Alder Glenn we came across a group of girls. My handlers stopped and talked to a couple of them and I traveled on alone.

About midnight I got awfully thirsty. I overtook a highway crew and asked if they had anything to drink. They told me they had a water bag hanging on the back of their truck and I was welcome to some of that. Now you don't have to drink much or any that is too cold and as this didn't appear to have any ice in it, I took a couple of big swallows. Evidently it did. I went a couple of hundred yards and my legs started to stiffen up on me. Another couple hundred yards and I had had it. I could hardly walk so I turned around and started

back. Some people stopped and asked where I was going. I asked them if they had passed a car with the number 8 on it. They said they had seen it stopped and the fellows in it were talking to some girls. I told them that it was my crew and I sure needed them as I was sick. They were willing to take me back and just as I was getting into the car, number 8 came along. If I had gone back in the car, that whole day would have been lost as there was no inspector there to mark the highway where I would have left it.

They rubbed me down and worked me over so I could travel again and by the time I got to Ukiah, I had limbered up and got into pretty fair shape. I had dinner there and headed for Willits. Now when you speak of dinner for a long run like that, it doesn't really amount to much. They feed you a little every two or three hours and only one real meal which is usually dinner at night. Then they make you travel 50 minutes to an hour to digest your food, after which they bring you back and let you sleep.

I arrived in Willits just as it was breaking daylight. I rested a short time and started for Laytonville where I arrived about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I was really getting tired by that time. I didn't eat any dinner that night. I went to sleep instead. We left there at 3:00 A.M. and that night at 6:00 I was 106 miles down the road or up the road and if any of you doubt it, next time you drive down the Redwood Highway, look at your speedometer when you pass through Scotia and look again when you get to Laytonville. It will be a little different now because they have straightened out the highway and changed it but there won't be over 4 or 5 miles difference.

The next morning I passed runner after runner and saw their cars all along the road. I made it to Eureka by noon and by that time I had worn out the soles of two pair of shoes. I couldn't leave until a pair were soled and about 3:00 I was able to leave. I traveled up the coast to Stone Lagoon

and stayed there for the night. The next day was a rather nice uneventful day and by evening I was in Klamath. Just as I was turning down the hill to Crescent City the following day, Dr. Coolidge arrived and told me Flying Cloud had just finished in Grants Pass and that there were five or six men ahead of me. He was giving everyone a thimbleful of whiskey and he gave me mine.

When I arrived at Crescent City my heart was blown up. While I was resting and waiting to eat my lunch, Dr. Coolidge came in and tested me. He wouldn't let me go on and said I had to lay right there in that bed until four o'clock and if I weren't any better by then I would have to go out of the race. When he returned, he said I could go on but I wasn't to run one step. I had to walk.

When I got to Smith River just below Gasquet that evening, one of the Warner brothers came along with Myrna Loy. I had been traveling all day and with cars going by, was sweaty and dusty and dirty. He wanted a picture of me with Myrna so we sat on one of those stone walls that go up the Smith River Canyon. She told me to move over a little closer and put my arm around her. She had a pretty white shirt on and I said I was afraid I would soil her blouse. But she said, "I want you to put your brand on me so when you get a job in Hollywood and I hear you are there, I'll wear this shirt, and you will be able to pick me out from all the other pretty girls." So I put my arm around her and put my big paw on her shoulder and sure had her branded. I didn't get to Hollywood and she went on her way. I have never seen Myrna Loy from that day to this and she, like myself, is now getting old.

By the time I got five or six miles beyond Gasquet, it had started to rain. It rained all night and all the next day. My sweat shirt got so heavy that I pulled it off and threw it in the car. All I had on when I climbed that Oregon mountain with the rain pounding down on my sore back, was my running trunks. I even took off my jersey. By the

time I got over the mountain and down into the Illinois Valley I was cold, bitter cold, and my teeth were chattering. My crew was checking all the time to see where the runners were. There were three behind me but they were so far back there was no chance of them ever catching me. Three runners had already finished and the 4th was so far ahead of me there was no chance of me catching him. That being the case, we decided to stay in Kirby that night in a hotel and get warm and rested. We stopped about 9:00 and the next morning we didn't get an early start even though they wanted us to get in by noon.

In the morning we didn't even bother to check to see where the 4th runner was because the last we heard he was at a place called Wonder and he had only 12 or 14 miles left to go against my 30. We trotted along until we came to Applegate where we changed inspectors at the bridge. He mentioned that Red Robin's car had just pulled out on the road from a motel a little way up. My manager couldn't believe that so he flew up the road to see what was going on. Sure enough, Red Robin had stayed at a motel that night—why I'll never know.

My manager returned and asked how I felt. When I told him that I was just fine he said he would have Harrington pace me for a little bit and maybe I could catch Red Robin. When I got to the top of the long hill looking down the slope into Rogue Valley, I could see him going down the hill. He was walking from his hips to his ankles. He didn't have any bend in his knees whatsoever. He was making as good time as possible but he was stumbling and I caught up to him at the bottom of the hill. He spoke pretty good English so I said to him, "Red Robin, let's go in and break the tape together and divide the proceeds." He never spoke a word, he just tried to run and couldn't so I just trotted off and left him. I was doing about 5 or 6 miles an hour and was at the forks of the roads of 99 and 199 when Harrington looked back

(Continued on Page 21)

Letter from Mrs. Morton . . .

Yreka, Siskiyou Co., Cal., April 22nd, 1855

Dear Sister Maggie,

And it is So! and am I here a stranger in a strange land, far far away from all familiar faces and familiar scenes my head is all running *tisarisen* when I attempt to look upon the past three months, it appears almost incredible that I should or could have passed through so much in so short a time. I shall appempt an account of our travels. I think I wrote you up to the 28th on the forenoon of that day we entered the harbor of San Francisco, passing the Golden Gate which is the inlet to the harbor. We then saw many spouting whales, and a great many sail vessels. Saw one very large ship very near, in full sail, cannot say it was a grand or imposing sight but it was simply beautiful certainly the most beautiful object that ever met my vision. The harbor and rounded molehill mountains that encircle it presents an imposing picture, not so with the city, it presents a miserable picture from the harbor, after we went ashore and got into the handsomely improved part of the town I formed a very different opinion many of the streets are beautifully built up. We remained there two days. Charley Williams came to see us the same evening after we got in he had failed to get Mr. Mortons letter therefore did not meet us at the wharf he is in good health looks well quite fleshy William Osborn called to see us also he has good health not any fleshier than he used to be. We went aboard a beautiful little steamboat light and swift which took us in a few hours to Sacramento did not like it as a town it rained all day we left next morning in the least bit of a boat you ever did see but very clean and nice had three state rooms we were two days going up to the head of navigation paid a high fare and all the meals extra charge the dampness of the atmosphere at Sacramento and no fire in our room gave me a severe cold I suffered



ELIZABETH MORTON
with son Albert—1852

much from its effects we landed at eight oclock I started to leave the boat but my limbs refused to do me service by the aid of the Capt. and Mr. Morton I was put on shore sat me on some baggage my limbs felt powerless in all my life I never was so sick, so sick I cared not to live or die, my sleepy little boys pressing close to me Albert little heart broken because I was so sick I commenced vomiting which continued for about twenty minutes felt a little better rode to the hotel in a hack got to bed vomited again took some Golden tincture which settled my stomache rested pretty well on a straw bed and pillows of the same material we took the stage for Shasta in the forenoon very bad road did not get there until nine at night had nothing to eat all day from breakfast the children neither they did not complain until we were almost there. Albert said he was cold tired sleepy and hungry poor little fellows take every thing as it comes without a complaint we remained three days in Shasta resting and waiting for Mr. Mortons friend that came

with us from Cleveland he had parted with us at San Francisco to meet us at Shasta. We did not take mules at Shasta but took stage fifteen miles it was far worse than mule riding I was nocked and thumped til I could scarcely move myself we all took dinner then mounted our mules and set off for Trinity mountain, I had a very rough trotting mule we went in the passenger train and we were obliged to trot whenever the road was level enough. The scenery in many places was beautifully grand but going down those steeps unnerved me so that I could not enjoy anything on we went up up up round one elevation then partially down it then up again higher and still higher until we were on the summit then commenced the descent it is not one continued ascent on one side and descent on the other but it is first up then wind round the side of a steep with a mere path for a mule, with hundreds of feet almost straight beneath your feet with a river rushing like a mighty torrent at the bottom ready to engulf any thing that would slip from the narrow path, then raise our eyes upward and we will see towering almost perpendicular above our heads perhaps hundreds feet more. going down such steeps, we are obliged to let the reins loose press my hands against the horn of the saddle and lean back as far as you can, let mule take his own course on one short level coming down my mule feeling very tired concluded to lay down awhile I was not aware of his movement until he was down I whipped him up again contrary to all expectation I did not fall I gave out about sundown crossed the river in a ferry and started for a six mile ride in the night got along with much exertion, they wished me to stop at the ferry house but I was determined I would stick to the train dead or alive it so happened at the very last steep the very worst place in the whole road, it inclined but very little more than a church steeple and it was very dark we had no idea of its steepness til I saw two going down I lent forward to place my foot properly in the stirrup but had no strength to rise again. That moment the mule

commenced going down and I too of course and how right over the mules head to be sure I made some kind of a noise saying I had fallen for I was too much exhausted to scream. I think I caught the mule around the neck at any rate I had the bridle and was not hurt the least, the two gentlemen that were down came to my relief but we could not walk down he took me round the waist and I him and we slid down for I could not walk on level ground by that time. Mr. Morton was down with Willie. He sat the poor little soul on my shawl on the ground and lifted me on. I felt as though I was dying of thirst my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth could not swallow for want of moisture to do so husband lifted water from a brook with his two hands and I drank such delicious drafts I never have had before or since we went on had a good valley road, nine o'clock found us at our stopping place had to carry me from my mule in the house could not even undress myself or go to bed had to be tended like a baby we were obliged to rest over next day I was not able to travel it happened very well for it was Sabbath it is the most beautiful spot my eyes ever rested upon it might well be called the valley of seclusion about half mile in width with a snow capped mountain on either side looming toward the heaven in an almost perpendicular form their sides covered with a short grass and not a tree or shrub to ruffle its side the valley is thickly set with tall seders firs and pines and the ground covered with flowers every spear of grass not over an inch in length and that is the case all over the country no one could wish to look at amore beautiful country than this the scenery changing constantly,—Monday morning we started on a new train with a forty mile ride ahead of us for that day they gave me a nice little pacing mule and it loped beautifully we had a nice long ride up this narrow valley crossed a great many streams finally halted at the last house for dinner these houses are stations on purpose for travelers we then commenced the ascent of Scott mountain which consists entirely

of rock the most horrible pass that could be thought of I cannot think of it without shuddering my faithful little mule clambered along over those rocky steep stopping many times as though he considered it impossible to proceed and surely I thought so but he went faithfully on over rock and stream twice the leader of the train lead it across the Trinity river which is rocky and swift all I had to do was to hold myself by the horn of the saddle with both hands I was highly commended for my fortitude, we finished the descent of this rocky steep about an hour before sundown we had then about three miles of the most beautiful valley road I ever saw; but I could not enjoy it I had passed too much too many times nearly dead with fright which weakened my nerves so that I had scarcely life left in my body, and I wept as I have never wept they were tears of thankfulness of fatigue of a wornout body and spirit thoughts of home and friends and of those that have gone to the spirit land all came crowding upon my senses till my weak brain well nigh burst but tears came to my relief and soothed the aching heart and throbbing brow together with the kind encouragement of my dear husband and the appealing words and looks of our dear little boys. In all our journeyings Albert enjoyed no part so well as mule travel he didnt care who carried him he was almost frantic with delight Wilbur did not appear to enjoy it so much but was quiet and but little trouble they did not get much tired riding at least they were ready for play. Mr. Morton had a violent headache caused by intense anxiety for it rained on us and I got quite wet crossing the rivers and my exhaustion and then his care of the children all together was enough to give the headache to a stouter man than he I had to be carried stripped and put to bed again but we all felt better in the morning we there took stage for forty miles down the valley stopped at the fort and saw George Crook he is well was here a few days ago does not think of going home, that is to the states for some time to come James Favorite spent

a part of an evening here with us he looks very much like a man large and stout with a heavy growth of black beard but not wear it long is still packing is in good health says he likes the country and does not wish to return to the states says he is saving some money. Saw Doll in Shasta he is a pretty little fellow was married a few weeks ago says he has married a woman that loves him enough to go with him any place told me he was worth considerable money and that he was very happy spoke highly favorable of Br Samuel, now I know you would rather hear about our own affairs, Well Mr. Morton is very well is very well, and I am I think entirely cured of my dispepsia at least you would think so to see me eat, biscuit battercake, meat pies and anything that I wish does not hurt me at all I am not quite well of my cold yet but very nearly so the children are over theirs they took desperate colds when I did, I wish you could see them eat, all day they piece at meal time are just as hungry as though they had not eaten they are getting fat as our Squab Indians I am getting so fleshy husband calls me fattie my neck is running over and my shoulders look as they did a few years ago how much Maggie I wish your society yet I cannot bear the thought that you should bear such fatigue as I have done and then I could not think of you having to live in such a place as this and it is heart sickning to be without you every day since I left home things occur that I think I must go to you and tell you and the heart sickens at the returning thought I cannot tell it I have no one to tell it to, I do not like it here but I shall try not to murmur and take it all for the best, but I do not wish my friends to come here where there is no comforts, I have not told you the half I have to say, I am very anxious to hear from home, tell me all your arrangements and the disposition you made of the things my love to all yours Lizzie G. Morton

we never had a meals vicuals for less than a dollar a piece all round from the time we struck the country till we came here travel and every thing else is very high our trip cost over twelve hundred dollars we are boarding at a very nice private boarding house.



CALIFORNIA OREGON STAGE COACH

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Letters Written by William Morton . . .

to His Wife in Yreka, California

In Camp May 3, 1862

My Dear Wife

As we are now laying in camp waiting the going off of the snow to enable us to cross the Mountains, and the time passing very slowly I shall now endeavor to give you a brief account of our trip thus far, but to give you a full detail of all that we have experienced thus far would fill a whole volume, but I will try and give you the most important incidents. The first day from Yreka we got to Poindexter & Orr's Ranch, where we camped and had to sleep in a stall in the Stable, for want of better accomodation, we stayed at the ranch one day and all being ready we left the next morning and went as far as Hards Ranch and camped for the night, the next morning started over Sheep Rock which we found

very steep and hard to ascend as we could not take the old traveled road, we traveled all day and got to the top and passed over a short distance when we camped and passed a cold and stormy night, with snow and rain falling the next day we got to Grass Valley, and found snow mud in which we had to pull through miring down all the animals it took us two days to get through Grass Valley, we then got into Butte Valley and where we experienced very bad roads and the worst weather we have had on the trip, the first eight days we were out it snowed six, and we had hard work to find food for our animals, we stayed in camp one day in Butte Valley, it snowing and blowing all day. While passing through Grass Valley we heard the firing of cannon and before leaving Butte Creek got an extra

containing the news of the taking of Island no. 10. While there Mr. Carr overtook us with his train on his way to Walla-Walla, while in Butte Valley we heard from the Indians that the Road party was but a few days ahead of us in camp, as the snow was so deep they could get no farther. We left Butte Valley and traveled on towards the lakes over some of the worst roads I ever saw in my life, it took us four days to pass the lakes camping at night on their margins finding but little grass and no wood but sagebrush, after passing little Klamath Lake we crossed over to Lost River coming to it at what is called the natural Bridge, but we saw nothing of it as it was about fifteen feet under water so we could not cross, we then went up the river about three miles and camped the next morning started again and came to a large slough where Mr. Carr was crossing over he having got a few miles ahead of us the day before, after he got his cargo over we hauled out the raft which was made out of sticks and sage Brush, after putting on more Bush and canvass we launched it again and commenced crossing over our cargo, after the cargo was all over we then drove all our mules and horses into the stream where they had to swim across, it then being about two o'clock and all very tired we concluded to camp that evening I wrote you a few lines which I gave to a man that had traveled with us from Butte Valley as guide and who was going to return to Yreka the next day but I had my doubts about you receiving it, but hope you did. At Lost River we ascertained from the Indians that Taylor and party had taken the trail up Lost River intending to go direct to Powder River but the Indians said he would have to return as the Snake Indians would be troublesome and that the snow was so deep that he could not get through for many weeks, therefore our party would be very small numbering only Seven men in case we went that way, we had to abandon the idea of going that road, and take the trail to Walla-Walla in company with Mr. Carr, and others which



WILLIAM MORTON — 1823

gives us now a party of thirty men and 120 animals we left Lost River the next day after crossing it being Sunday and traveled until three o'clock making about five miles camping near the hot springs at one of the Lakes the names of which I cannot give you as the whole country seems to be nothing but lakes and sloughs and no one in our party being much acquainted with the route in fact we have but one man along that has ever been through this route and he is a negro acting as guide for Mr. Carr, after several days more travel we came to a River which empties into one of the Lakes and at this place we found James Favorite and his party where they had been camped for several weeks we got to the river and found it deep and wide, so we got an Indian with his canoe to take over our cargo paying him for so doing Seven dollars and fifty cents. Mr. Carr paying the same amount for his cargo, here we had again to swim our animals which was very hard work they having been mired down so often they are afraid of the water

we crossed over however all safe and they packed up and moved about a mile up the stream and camped, here we ascertained that Taylors had separated on Lost River and that Mr Mallet who had the train had left him to take his own course, as he (Mallet) would not risk his mules any farther on that route but left it and crossed over intending to go through on the trail we are now on after camping at that place we found that Mallet party was camped about four miles above us on a branch of the same river the next day some of his men came to our camp as we stayed there one day waiting for some of the party to prospect the trail ahead before moving again, we started next morning and traveled about eight miles and again came to a halt there being no prospect ahead for grass and in fact none where we camped but a little dry stuff on the opposite bank of the stream on which we camped after camping and getting supper we swam the animals across to do the best they could, the next morning we got them back again and packed up and came on to this place which is at the head of a small creek which we have named Stop Creek from the fact that we have been unable to go any farther on account of the snow on the mountain, we camped here about noon on last Saturday the 26 of April, and then sent out a party to see what the prospects were for getting any farther, they went out and returned in the evening and reported the snow from two to six feet deep and the distance to the mountain which divides us from the waters of the Columbia about forty miles as near as they could judge by the view they had from the mountain they ascended so we held a council that night and concluded to try the next day and see if we could not break a trail for the animals rather than return so the next morning some of the men took all the animals back about ten miles where there was good grass and a party of fifteen of us started afoot with shovels to see what we could do at breaking trail we worked hard all day and such work I never want to try again, going into the

snow at every step almost up to our middle we worked all day and found we had made about three miles, and after getting to the top of a hill where we could see the country ahead all became discouraged being satisfied it would be impossible to break the trail so great a distance we then returned to camp again to consult as to what could be done, if we were to turn back it would take us ten days to reach Yreka and what could we do we however thought that by laying here a few days the snow would melt off so that we could get through and three of Mr. Carr's men went to work the next day and made snow shoes being determined to go on foot and see what chance there was of getting through, they have now been gone five days and we are looking for them back every hour, should they get back and report favorable we will start on as soon as we can as we are all tired of this kind of camp life and anxious to get through to the mines, as we will now be about a month longer on the road than we expected to be even should we get through without further delay, but still we have not much cause for complaint when we consider the time that others have been on the road and we now ahead of them, as Mallet is now camped about eight miles below us and Jas. Favorite about one mile and all waiting the going off of the snow, the boys are trying to kill time by visiting the different camps and hunting and fishing but where we are now camped there is neither fish or game and all the fish we get they bring from where Mallet is camped—the men have just returned from prospecting the trail and report that we can get through by breaking about eight miles of snow which will take us then to where there is good grass being about 30 miles ahead, which distance, we will have to make without feed for our animals but as they will all be well rested they can go through very well so that tomorrow we will have to go to breaking trail again and get off from here as soon as possible for if we delay starting the mud will be about as bad as the snow—we have had no trouble what-

ever with the Indians as all we have seen are friendly but some of them pretty saucy- the only accident we have had on the trip thus far has been the loss of one of Rains horses which happened while we were camped at one of the lakes after we camped the grass being very scarce we concluded to let the horses run loose all night and this one went back on the trail which was very rocky, and when we found him in the morning he had got one foot fast in the rocks and fell and had kicked until he had broked one leg all to pieces so we had to shoot him and leave the Indians to eat him after we were out three days we found the roads so bad we had to pack our riding animals and take it afoot ourselves which made me very tired by the time we would get to camp but we have to stand it rather than break down our horses.

Monday May 5th 1862

Dear Wife,

We are still in camp but getting ready to start by daylight tomorrow, as we have to travel about twenty five miles before we can get any feed for our animals, yesterday morning we had quite a snow storm which lasted until about ten o'clock much to our relief as we were just getting ready to start out to break the eight miles of trail through the snow, the storm being over we started at twelve o'clock M, with twenty six men and worked hard until about four o'clock and then much to our relief we struck out on an open flat where the snow was but a few inches deep through which we can travel with ease we gave three hearty cheers and then started back for camp getting in at six o'clock P.M. very tired having walked about sixteen miles and broke about five miles of trail through deep snow some might say that we should not of worked Sunday but we can make no distinction in days on this trip as we are compelled to get through as soon as possible, and the trail that we have to travel for the next thirty miles, will in the course of ten days be impassable on account of the mud just as soon as the snow and ice

goes off which will be soon, some of the men came up from Mallet camp last night and reported about two hundred men at the river and we are very anxious to hear and see who they are as nothing is more desired by me than to receive a letter from you, as we have not heard one word as yet from Yreka two men from Taylors party got to Mallets camp on Saturday and reported him on his way back to Yreka, he having travelled but fifteen miles after separating from Mallet, and then found it impossible to get any farther as they found snow twelve feet deep, which I suppose will end the road expedition, we think now that we have been quite fortunate in getting on this route and not being compelled to return as we are now satisfied that we will get through to Walla Walla in about two weeks, after getting to that place we can then determine as to the best point for us to go to, as we cannot tell at present what we will do, when we make our start tomorrow from here we will have in company Mr. Carrs train, Mr. Malletts, John McBrides, Jas. Favorite (or Dutch Petes as it is called) and our own, and perhaps several others that are camped back on the river waiting I suppose for us to move as we are ahead of all others at present and should we meet with no more obstructions on our trail we will get through as soon as any one could expect if they could but see the road we have had to travel over.

May 8th We started as calculated on the morning of the 6th at seven o'clock and got along over the trail we had made without any difficulty but found after going about ten miles that there was more snow than we anticipated so that we had to send men and mules ahead to break trail which was very hard work as we could spare but few men to go ahead there being so many animals to drive through after going a few miles we struck what is called the Tamarack swamp and such a place to travel through I never saw or heard tell of it being covered with small Tamarack trees growing so thick that the animals could not

get through until the men ahead cut the road through with axes. Mr. Carrs train took the lead and we came in next and several others followed after we traveled all day very steady through the mud, snow, Tamarack trees and fallen timber and camped at Six o'clock in the evening making about twenty five miles and the only place we had to camp was right in the middle of the swamp with no feed for the animals but a little dead grass around the trees where the snow had melted off, but it was small feed for about four hundred animals that night we all went to bed very tired as we all had to go afoot, and it is rather hard work with feet cold and wet all day. The next morning we were all up by daylight being anxious to get started and get through this miserable swamp (but to my view of things it is one vast mirey wilderness) after hunting some time for the animals the train all got started but ours and we were so unfortunate as to have three of our animals go back on the trail which delayed us some time but at half past Eleven o'clock we started with the animals we had two men going back to bring up the missing ones and overtake us (which they did the same evening just as we got to camp) after starting on the trail we found the same difficulties had to be encountered as we had the day previous as there seemed to be no end to the swamp and the travelling about the same except the ground being more mirey we got along very well however as the trains ahead had got the trail very well broken which enabled us to travel much faster and by so doing we overtook the other trains just as they found a place to camp which is on the bank of a small creek that puts into a large slough that lays to the north and east of the swamp, after getting into camp we found very good grass for our animals which they stood very much in need of as they had travelled two and a half days with scarcely anything to eat we made this day about fifteen miles and now today we are laying in camp to let the animals feed and rest as we

do not know how far we will have to travel before getting any more, and then Mr. Carr and ourselves having broken all the trail thus far we are trying to get some of the other trains to go ahead which they seem unwilling to do but we are determined to see if we can't compel them by delay on our part, as they are all very anxious to get through, we expect however to make a start tomorrow again and go as far as the foot of the divide which is about fifteen miles and the next day go across to the DeSchute River provided there is no snow to prevent, there is now a train camped near us just from Yreka called Sam Stuarts they bring us the news that a party with letters and papers for us had taken the trail to Powder River as Taylor told them they could get through that way without any trouble as some of his men had gone on and he was going back to Yreka for provisions, and would return and overtake them in about a week, but as the only men of his party that did not return to Yreka with him are now travelling with us he must have deceived them. We feel very much disappointed in not getting the letters and papers, the only news this train brings is the news of a severe battle having been fought some where on the Tennessee River in which ten thousand were killed on a side but as they brought no papers we cannot tell which side was victorious but hope the Federals were.

Sunday May 11th Dear Wife we are again laying in camp on account of snow in the divide we left our other camp on the morning of the 9th pretty early and after travelling a mile or two we began to think we were going in the wrong direction as we could not tell what course we were taking the day being cloudy and raining, we kept on travelling however for some time, and in fact until we found we were travelling round in a complete circle on our own trail which we travelled once and a half round, and then all came to a halt as they found the trains that started in the morning ahead were now in the rear after consulting a little while

we all started again and got on the right trail, we travelled until one o'clock when we had to camp where we now are as the snow is about four feet deep on the divide ahead. we went out yesterday to try and break the trail one train of 56 mules going with us we got along with some difficulty about six miles and found it impossible to get any farther with the mules as we only had a few men with us we returned to camp and sent all our animals back where we were camped before to feed intending to start out about fifty men this morning and break the trail over the divide which we think is about twenty five miles when we will strike the DeSchute River but to our disappointment it commenced storming in the night and such a storm I never experienced it being accompanied by Thunder and Lightning of the severest kind but instead of rain it snowed very hard continuing until about eight o'clock, which prevented us from going out to break trail, but as it is now clearing off I think we will be able to go out tomorrow, at least I hope so as I am tired of the road having been out now about five weeks and not travelled two hundred miles in fact a train has just got in that left Yreka one week ago, but it is very easy travelling after us as we leave a good trail and trains can travel thirty miles in the same time it took us to travel five the train just in brings us the news of the death of John Heath, also confirms the news of the Battle on the Tennessee River but we get no letters or papers, there is one or two women with the train that has just got in we can not tell how soon we will leave here but hope it will be very soon, as we are eating up provision very fast when we did not expect it and have had to let some of the other trains have some to help them through to Walla-Walla when it will be returned to us in case we go to that place if we do not go there they will pay us for it. There is now camped here and where our animals are about Three Hundred men and animals numbering near a Thousand and more

coming up every day all anxious to go through but not more so than we are it is very discouraging to us to see parties overtaking us only one week out while we have been pulling through mud and snow for five weeks and now many of them will be ahead of us as we do not intend to put our animals in the lead again preferring to let them rest and be one day behind the rest as there is so many animals together it is difficult to get along very fast, and then when we come to camp all try to get the same camp ground mixing the animals all up and creating much confusion but as soon as we get over the mountain the parties will begin to divide and take different routes, some for Salmon and some for Powder and other Rivers.

Tuesday 13th

Dear Wife Lizzie,

We are still here in camp at the foot of the divide and much discouraged as the weather is cold and stormy feeling more like the middle of winter than spring, we had another severe snow storm on sunday night but yesterday it cleared up and the sun came out a while making us feel more encouraged but this morning it is again cloudy and cold, yesterday morning there was about forty men started out to break the trail over the divide (as I did not feel very well I did not go) none of them have returned as yet so I think they must be getting along much better than expected should they return today and report the trail passable we will get off from here about day after tomorrow as we intend letting the most of the other trains start ahead of us, and then we can travel as far in one day as they will in two and not be near so hard on our animals, as they are now beginning to look pretty thin on account of the cold weather and scarcity of feed, but as soon as we get to the De-Schutes River we expect to find good grass and a warmer climate.

You can imagine the feelings of our party on last evening when a man came up from the lower camp with the letters and

papers that were sent to us, such anxiety for news I never saw or experienced before and as all the letters and papers were for our party, the circle around the camp fire was quite a scene for a painter each one laying on the ground with a paper the party bringing the packages came as far as the lower camp as we call it where our animals are and when they camped and sent the packages up by a man who was coming up here, we were much gratified in receiving them being afraid that the parties would wait until they could get through on the Road which Taylor and his party abandoned in that case we should not have received them for many weeks if at all, there is so many parties coming up to the river camp every day but as it is about eight miles from here I do not see them but expect there is many that I am acquainted with there is many however that have come from the counties lower down in California and all seem discouraged on account of the impassable state of the roads, but that is not strange for who could expect to find such quantities of snow as we have come through even at the time we started and that too in places where the grass should have been six inches high, yet we will not despair as long as we have our health and our provisions hold out, it will be a good lesson in experience for us but costing I think a little too much—if we had suspected that we would have had to go through what we have we never would have started on this road as it will now cost us double what it would to have taken the stage through Oregon, and then by so doing we should have saved about one months time and all this hard work and exposure, but I suppose it will make us more able to endure the labor in the mines in case we are so fortunatè as to find any that will pay for working, and mines should be very rich to pay men for the trip this season of the year across this route, there is some here now who went through this way last fall that were only 12 days from the Dalles to Yreka, and here we are on the road just five weeks today and expect

to be two or more weeks yet before we get to the mines. The road however will be a good one after the snow goes off and the mud dries up as there is no mountains to cross of any height and the most of it is a level plain thickly set with timber, the only difficulty being the scarcity of water in the summer months. One man has just returned from the divide and reports the trail broke about half way and the snow about six feet deep.

In Camp on DeSchute River May 20th '62

Dear Wife,

We have at last got across the divide and on the head waters of the DeSchute River the men finished breaking the trail just one week ago but when the trail was broke we found that our animals could not go through until we could get them recruited as the place we had them on feed was on a large Slough and it having snowed about eight inches it drove them into the water to get anything to eat so that by standing and feeding in the water and the weather being so cold and stormy some of them got so weak they could scarcely stand and then many died but none of our party lost any, but others lost nearly all, one party had twenty two animals and lost all but Seven, we were fortunate enough to find grass on dry ground and drove our animals there when they soon began to look better, we let them remain there until Sunday when we started and drove to our upper camp at the foot of the divide where we had to tie them up to trees and feed them on the hay we had in the pads of our pack Saddles, and then next morning we were up by two o'clock got breakfast and packed up and started at five o'clock and drove hard all day until half past three when we came to the River at this point and camped there being a little grass and the animals being tired we having made about thirty five miles of a drive, and now have to lay here today and let the animals feed as we can not tell how far we shall have to travel before getting

grass again as every one that seems to know the road has misrepresented it so much that we place no more reliance on their word, there has many parties come up and gone on ahead of us as they have had nothing to detain them, we having broke all the trail and bridged the Sloughs and now have to travel so as to save our animals, which many do not do as the trail is marked with dead and wornout animals, we shall start from here in the morning and make a good drive when we expect to get to the place where we have to cross the River, and think we shall get along without futher difficulty as we are out of the snow and the trail is good at least we expect to find it so, but may be disappointed as that has been our luck ever since we started but I think we have had enough for one trip and what makes us feel the worst is that parties who left Yreka the fifth to tenth of May are now gone on ahead of us. I have to stop my account of the trip until some future time.

BUNION DERBY.

(Continued from Page 10)

and exclaimed, "You better start running! That Indian is coming!" I looked back and saw a streak coming down the highway. I just about made a record from there to the city hall and that son-of-a-gun, for every yard I made, he made two and when I broke the tape he wasn't 200 yards behind me and that makes the difference of 100 dollars on payday.

It had taken me 8 days, two hours, and two minutes to accomplish the 482.5 miles, which wasn't too bad. A lot of people said afterward that if I hadn't been hit by that car I would have won. I have news for everyone. I would not have won. I didn't have what it took.

I went up to the hotel to get a little rest before the banquet that night. One of the Oregon Cavemen came in and said it was a long time until banquet time and they always asked the runners when they

came in and were resting if there was anything they would like to eat. They knew there were a lot of things we couldn't have while running and I could have anything I liked. I told him I would like to have one whole custard pie. He said, "Coming up— one whole custard pie!"

Later, as I was about to go to sleep, Mr. Selznick came in and said he had had his fingers crossed ever since the race started hoping I would win. He said that he was disappointed and when I asked him what he meant, he replied if I had won, he would have made my face worth a million dollars. Well, I never made the million.

A PIONEER LIFE STORY

(Continued from Page 4)

passing hours her husband and two children were at her side.

So full and rounded a life is the lot of but few to live. While devoted to her own, her kindly charities and open hearted hospitality with her quiet manner and strong character will be recalled in helpful memory by all who knew her. The festivals of Easter and Christmas meant much to Mrs. Wortman. At Easter time with all the members of her family it was her unflinching custom, while able, to attend mass at the Catholic church at Yreka. Christmas was the fireside festival and she was wont to gather about her all members of the family and share with them the bounteous cheer always provided. She died December 18, 1912, at the home she made and loved. On its highest point overlooking the scene of her life's work in what is now one of the fairest valleys in all California—which she first saw as a portion of the unwon wilderness—facing an eastern horizon whose sky line is met by the snowy crests of Shasta, she was laid to rest.

1240
 Elizabeth Schlitter Schlegel - Mining Co
 I have to hurry give that we have
 decided have taken up the following mining
 claim situated on Long Gulch about 1/2
 mile from the Schiller house and runs
 up said Gulch to the water course
 Said claim is better on a lot
 I will give
 a year until you wish to visit
 the 17th day of March 1862
 I have read and signed the
 of said claim at Great City
 40

RECORDED MINING CLAIM OF ELIZABETH SCHLITTER
 —courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

The First Woman to Mine in Siskiyou . . .

Elizabeth Schlitter was the first woman in Siskiyou County to stake out a gold mining claim. The mining records in the Siskiyou County Courthouse show that she recorded her claim on Long Gulch, March 17, 1862. This gave her the distinction of being the first woman miner in the county.

She and her husband, Jacob Schlitter, were natives of Switzerland. Their love of adventure brought them many miles across the seas to the United States. Jacob became a naturalized citizen in New Orleans, Louisiana, May 1845. Like many other gold seeking adventurers they found their way west, settling in Yreka, California. They were considered people of means when they came, and their success in mining ventures added greatly to their wealth.

On the corner of Yama and Pine Streets they built a four room cottage, while the home was small it was one of the most pretentious of the early days. There were long shuttered windows on either side of the deep fireplace which was built of native stones. It was furnished with beautiful furniture, mostly solid mahogany, which included a carved sofa. High dressers and spool beds furnished the bedrooms. Besides their flower garden Mr. Schlitter planted many grape vines from which he made fine wine.

They were both fond of the out of doors. He was a great hunter and delighted in bringing home wild game for their table. His pride and joy was a fine Winchester repeating rifle a 44 caliber Kings patent, which had a beautiful polished black wal-

SACRAMENTO UNION

March 16, 1853



ELIZABETH SCHLITTER

nut stock with brass mountings.

Elizabeth, the lady miner, was noted for her beautiful gowns of silk and brocade and her gorgeous beaded black silk cape. These were worn with hoops which were the style of that day. She was not hampered with long skirts when she worked her claim. She wore her husband's breeches or pants which gave her the freedom she needed.

Her little kitchen, from the scrubbed plank floors to the shining windows showed that she was very domestic. She was proud of the bright shiny pans that hung along the wall. The pan which did not hang on the wall is the one for which she is remembered. It was the gold pan, the pan that gave her the right to be called the first woman miner in Siskiyou.

YREKA—The *Shasta Courier* has received news from Yreka, through Mr. A. J. Horsley, of Cram, Rogers & Co.'s Express, whose messenger brought it in company with 25 gentlemen, on Wednesday, the 9th. An advance scout of ten men were kept constantly in advance to look out for Indians. They had 250 pack mules with them, and got through without suffering an attack.

Business was improving at Yreka. Provisions had slightly declined; flour was selling for 50 cents per lb., sugar 50, and coffee 60. Clothing was obtainable at fair prices.

The citizens of Yreka have gotten into quite a spirit for building, and a number of elegant and substantial stone houses are in process of erection.

Messrs. Garland & Co. reopened the Yreka Hotel on 22d of Feb., on which occasion they gave the citizens of Yreka a splendid ball.

Extensive preparations are being made throughout Scott's Valley, for farming upon a large scale the approaching summer. Two quartz machines have arrived in the valley by way of Oregon, and will speedily be put in operation upon the claims known as the Best's and Shackleford's. The leads are said to be very rich, and the owners anticipate an abundant yield.

The mines around Yreka have paid well all winter, and the miners are now making good wages, having everywhere an abundance of water.

Very rich diggings were lately discovered upon Althone Creek, a tributary of Rogue river, distant about 60 miles to the northward of Yreka. The miners are rushing there in great numbers. The diggings about Jacksonville are also very good, and have been so all winter.

A party are out endeavoring to find a trail over the Coast Range from Yreka to the new town just starting on the coast below Scottsburg.



DORRIS, CALIFORNIA IN 1908

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

The History of Dorris, California 1964 . . .

By CLINTON ARCHIBALD

At this point I would like to draw attention to the fact that very little information in manuscript form is available on Dorris. Surprisingly enough there is nothing but a few vague allusions to the general area in Yreka, the county seat. Other than two publications of the Siskiyou County Historical Society, of which the Butte Valley Edition has very little on Dorris itself, the only other source, except for the city council minutes which go back to 1928, was the files of the *Butte Valley Star*, which only go back to 1926. But the important information in the council minutes is contained in the *Butte Valley Star*. The minutes of the period previous to 1928 were burned in the disastrous fire of 1934, as, evidently, was anything else which had been recorded. For this reason much of my information came from interviews with people who remember items of the town's history. Therefore I would like

to thank the following people for their co-operation and patience: Jennie Lang, Harry Holzhauser, Frances Conner, Bill Ryer, Virginia Hamilton, Minnie Truax, John McGinnis, Lora Williams, Tex Robinson, Ray Allen, Jim Campbell, Clifford W. Sevits, Anna Motschenbacher, and Buel Fisher.

Located in the north central portion of Siskiyou County, California, is a high mountain valley known as Butte Valley, at the northernmost extent of which is Dorris, California, one of Siskiyou County's important industrial areas. It is three miles south of the Oregon-California State boundary, with an elevation of 4,200 feet above sea level, and a population of 973 persons.

Actually the history of Dorris began with the establishment of her "parent town," Picard, in the 1890's. Butte Valley had

been settled by white men since the early 1860's, during which period various ranches had arisen over the valley and surrounding area. The town of Picard was founded when Frank Picard built a saloon named the Pioneer Saloon on a road at the north end of the valley. This road connected with the one that went over Ball Mountain into Shasta Valley. In 1898 Picard sold the saloon to Charles Silvers, who later moved it to Dorris, where it now stands at the corner of Second and Main Streets. It is one of two buildings still standing which were moved in from Picard. The other building is the Nazarene Church, which was built as a Congregational Church in the 1890's and stood about one and one-half miles west of Picard.

Since the town of Picard was quite small, there were few businesses. They consisted of: the Charles Silvers Saloon, which has already been mentioned; a hotel owned by Neil Sly and later sold to Mrs. Charles Silvers; a general store owned by O. J. Reed and later sold to Merrill Evans; a general store owned by Bob Oliver; a general store and livery barn owned by George Otto; a blacksmith shop owned by Charles Spannaus and sold to John London; the Al Bradburn Saloon; and the office of Dr. William Palmer Sweetland, who practiced during the 1890's.

At this time there was nothing whatsoever but sage brush and juniper trees in the area where Dorris is now situated. In fact being one of the lowest spots in the valley there stood a lake on the spot in the summers of 1894 and 1904 after hard winters. In all probability if the railroad had not gone through Butte Valley, Dorris would not exist today in a spot where there are still drainage problems.

During the 1907-08 period the railroad was pushed across Butte Valley. Because the advantage of a town's being situated on the railroad was readily apparent, a Mr. A. V. Jacobson came into the area and contracted to transport the Picard establishments closer to the railroad. In the summer and fall of 1908, five buildings were

moved from old Picard to the site of Dorris: Charles Silvers Saloon, the Congregational Church, the Al Bradburn Saloon, Bob Oliver's store, and George Otto's General Merchandise Store. The operation of transporting these buildings took approximately six weeks. It is interesting to note that George Otto's store was open for business during he complete process. The buildings were "propelled" by "capstan." The ground was planked, and log rollers of about four inches in diameter were placed under the building. A long cable was attached to the building which was being moved and to a large post which was placed securely in the ground but was free to revolve. The post was planted some distance in front of the building, and was turned by a horse walking around and around the post, thus winding up the cable and pulling the building forward. Hence Dorris was born with the moving of these five buildings. Merrill Evans did not move his store from Picard but built in Dorris, and soon afterward the Grand Central Hotel, the first hotel in Dorris was built. The settlement was named after Presley A. Dorris, a prominent rancher of the Butte Valley area, whose ranch had been located on Sheepy Creek east of Butte Valley.

Shortly after the founding of Dorris, Fred C. Stitser organized the Butte Valley State Bank in Dorris in 1908 or 1909. The Butte Valley State Bank or one of its descendants has operated continuously in Dorris since its founding. In 1955 it was bought by the First Western Bank and Trust Company, and in 1961 First Western merged with the United California Bank, which serves the Butte Valley area today.

Butte Valley's first newspaper, the *Dorris Booster*, owned and operated by Billie Bohannon, was established in December, 1907. It only existed for a few years, and over the next fifteen years two other newspapers were established under the names of the *Dorris Reporter* and the *Dorris Times*, but like the *Booster*, were unsuccessful. However in 1926 the *Butte Valley Star* was

established. Unlike the others, it survived the trying years of the depression and today is a thriving weekly newspaper.

The railroad reached Klamath Falls on May 19, 1909. When it was first pushed across Butte Valley in 1907 and 1908, it went over what is now known as Dorris Hill, north of town. But this arrangement was only temporary; in 1909 the tunnel was constructed through Dorris Hill. Remarkably enough, it was excavated from both ends, and with the equipment used at the time, they were able to bring both sections together almost perfectly.

The construction of the tunnel brought enough workers into the area for the population of the town to grow to the number required for incorporation. At this time the city limits extended over Dorris Hill to include the ranch on the other side, which was also necessary to have a sufficient population. However, the hill and area beyond were excluded at a later date.

On December 21, 1908, the City of Dorris was incorporated, with George Otto the first mayor. This act of incorporation was largely the work of Art, Owey, and Fred Moore, three brothers who owned a large hardware store and worked diligently in their efforts to arouse enough public interest. The ultimate reason for the incorporation was so that the town could be bonded in order to establish a public water system. In 1911 the first city well, a hand dug well of a depth of thirty-four feet was dug. The water from this well was pumped into a 250,000 gallon redwood tank.

With the added population of the tunnel workers, Dorris expanded quite rapidly after its founding. It was a typical "wide open western town" with the traditional town drunks and horse races down Main Street, which was merely a sparse row of saloons down both sides. Some year in the town's youth an annual rodeo was initiated. Lasting for about three days, it was usually held around July 4, on which there was often an all-night dance. The 1916 rodeo is reputed to have been the largest one with 2,500-3,000 people in town. The rodeos

were held almost every year through 1946. By that time the Klamath County Rodeo had become large enough that there was not sufficient interest for one in Dorris.

Shortly after the town was founded, an elementary school was established. It was a four-room, two-story building and is still standing on California Street next to the water tower as an apartment house, although it is only one story now. In 1916 a high school was organized in an extra room upstairs. There was a separate branch in Macdoel with the one teacher commuting back and forth morning and afternoon. Only the freshman and sophomore years were taught, after which one went to Yreka if further education was desired. The original unit of Butte Valley High School was constructed in 1918, and in 1920 the Macdoel branch was discontinued. However the matter of the location of the school was not settled until 1927 when it was finally agreed to locate the Butte Valley Union High School in Dorris.

Throughout the first two decades of the twentieth century the main industries of the Dorris area had been cattle raising and farming. Corrals were built at the railroad station, and cattle were shipped from Dorris.

In 1911 Dorris' first aspect of the lumber industry was established when George Pratt built the Dorris Lumber and Box Factory for E. A. Blocklinger of San Francisco. The Associated Lumber and Box Company built a box factory in 1919, but it burned very shortly afterward, at which time they bought out the Dorris Lumber Box Company. The Dainard Sawmill was built by Pete Dainard in 1930 and cut lumber for the Associated Box factory. It burned in 1932, after which the Associated Lumber and Box Company built a sawmill. In 1934 the box factory burned, causing the disastrous fire of 1934. The sawmill was saved in 1934, only to burn in 1935. The present sawmill was built in 1936.

The Dorris Lumber Yard was built in 1912 by Russ Ludwig and August Gustafson. It was bought in 1925 by the Dorris

Lumber and Moulding Company, built by John, Robert, and Vick Olsen and Nelson Israelson. Today the Dorris Lumber and Moulding Company is the only mill or factory in Dorris which has escaped destruction by fire.

The Kesterson sawmill was built in 1926 by the Kesterson brothers. After several fires, especially one which burned twelve million feet of pine lumber in 1930, and the stock market collapse in 1929, the Kesterson Lumber Company was sold in the early 1930's to the Long Bell Lumber Company, which operated it until 1946.

Today the lumber operations are what "make Dorris," just as they made the town forty and fifty years ago. It was the population increase caused by the arrival of the mills, especially the Kesterson Lumber Company, which occasioned the high school to be located at Dorris.

In 1920 or 1921 (it is not remembered which), the first of Dorris' series of notable fires occurred. This fire claimed four buildings: the Al Bradburn Saloon; a hotel, bar, and restaurant; and two other saloons.

Virtually prohibition had little effect on Dorris: there was very little change in the amount of liquor available. The hills were infested with stills, and moonshining was the "order of the day." This liquor was bootlegged into town and sold illegally, for it was easy for the revenue officers to be "bought off." These officers, on the whole, ignored the illegal practices until they became too evident, at which time a raid would be staged.

Dorris' first city hall, a one-story, stone building, costing \$3,750, was built in 1928. The county supervisors allotted \$1,000 to be used for incorporating a jail into the building. Until that time there had been an old wooden jail which for many years had not even had a lock. Since prisoners were jailed "on their honor," all it could be used for was a place for drunks to "sleep it off."

Because of the lowering of the water table over the years since the digging of the first well and because of the population

increase, a water shortage had resulted by 1928. A well, known today as well #1, was drilled to a depth of 153 feet. Water meters were also installed in 1928, but they were found to be impractical after a few years when the water table again dropped, and the resulting sand in the system caused excessive wear.

Three fires took their toll on Dorris in 1928 and 1929. Although one of the 1928 fires was limited to the May Pharmacy only the absence of wind saved the town from destruction. In August, 1928, a fire which started in the bathroom of Ege-line's barber shop burned six businesses on Main Street. There was a \$50,000-\$60,000 loss, and only a wind change prevented it from being much greater. In March, 1929, three businesses burned, two of them having burned in 1928 also.

Despite these setbacks, the town received improvements during this same time period. Many of the old wooden sidewalks were replaced by concrete ones, and Dorris, which had been called the "mud hole of Siskiyou County," received paving of various kinds, stone, brick, block, concrete, and even sawdust, used with varying degrees of success. In 1933 the Civil Works Administration awarded Dorris \$3,250 for a project including a mile of sidewalks, and reconstruction and graveling of the streets.

On July 28, 1934, fire paralyzed Dorris. At 3:00 p.m. fire started at the Associated Lumber and Box Company's factory south of town. Sweeping across the street, it ignited a large auto camp. From there an extremely strong wind carried the flames through the main section of town, leaving two-thirds of the business section and forty-five residences in ashes, including the city hall which was gutted and later knocked down; miraculously though the fire jumped the high school. Fire fighting equipment was brought in from Klamath Falls, Weed, Tennant, and Yreka, but nevertheless damages reached \$350,000. The Red Cross came into the area and distributed \$15,000 in aid to ninety families made homeless.

With the loss of the Associated Lumber and Box Company, it was generally expected that Dorris would join the ranks of California's ghost towns. But the mill was rebuilt, and by December, 1936, Dorris was out of debt for her postfire expenditures which included a new city hall valued at \$20,000 and built with WPA money.

It took the 1934 disaster to bring the citizens of Dorris to their senses in relation to the deplorable condition of their fire prevention forces, for the 1934 fire had found the town with only a water barrel on a cart with a hand pump. In 1937 a fire truck was purchased, and a well organized fire department, the predecessor of Dorris' efficient volunteer fire department of today, was formed.

On October 5, 1936, the Weed to Klamath Falls highway was dedicated, although the highway had been in use, though not completed, for several years. Before the 1934 fire Dorris had been fairly self-sufficient out of necessity, for the only ways to reach Klamath Falls were circuitous and often impassable. Consequently it was profitable for businesses to enter the Dorris area. However, once depleted and with a good highway going much more directly to Klamath Falls, the business section of Dorris never did attain its former size, although the town itself is larger today.

In the late 1930's two significant improvements occurred. A new six-room elementary school with a full basement and an oil heating plant was built as a WPA project in 1936. Resulting from the Butte Valley American Legion Post's pressure, the Siskiyou County Board of Supervisors adopted a resolution forming the Picard Cemetery District in 1938. Picard Cemetery, the only cemetery in the north end of Butte Valley and dilapidated for years, had been cared for only through the volunteer efforts of the Dorris Grange.

At 4:00 a.m., Saturday, December 11, 1943, Butte Valley High School was destroyed by fire believed to have started from the furnace or electrical wiring on the

stage in the auditorium. With additions including a \$20,000 gymnasium in 1930, the school had come to be valued at \$60,000. Despite the efforts of the fire department, the building burned to the ground in less than two hours, leaving only the chimneys and the shop, a detached building. For about a month the high school held classes in various buildings around town on a makeshift schedule until it was agreed that the high school and elementary school would share the elementary school building on a half day basis with the high school paying \$400 a month rent. The next year Butte Valley High School students were transported to Klamath Union High School while their own school was being constructed.

In June, 1944, the War Production Board approved the Butte Valley High School plans, and Lawrence Construction Company of Sacramento was awarded the \$52,784 contract to build a school of six classrooms with a central heating system on several acres across from the elementary school on Third Street. On September 10, 1945, Butte Valley High School reopened, but because of the war, plans for a gymnasium were not approved until 1947, and the Board of Trustees of the Siskiyou Joint High School District did not accept the bid of \$113,340 submitted by Phenninger and Watkins of Klamath Falls until 1948. The gymnasium was finally completed in May, 1949.

Two service organizations were founded in 1946, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Lions Club. The American Legion Auxilliary was founded shortly after World War I. The Lions Club in particular has done much for the community. In 1950 they reactivated Boy Scout Troop 17 in Dorris, and in 1960 they turned a youth building which they had designed and built with financial aid from the Federated Women's Club for a meeting place for youth groups over to the city.

It was announced in 1946 that the Long Bell Lumber Company's plant and sawmill in Dorris would be closed indefinitely.

The closing of Long Bell left Dorris, a town which previously had had as many as a half dozen lumber mills, with but one major operation, the Associated Lumber and Box Company. The Dorris Lumber and Moulding Company was a lumber processing plant only, and had no woods or mill operations. However, in 1949 four Dorris men, Herb Gordon, Joe Shelly, Les Spannaus, and Clifford W. Sevits bought the Long Bell site and organized the Butte Valley Manufacturing Company. But it had no field operations either, for mouldings were its principal product. In early 1957 Mountain Valley Moulding Company, an Ashland, Oregon firm, bought the Butte Valley Manufacturing Company and has operated it since.

In the early 1950's the Dorris fire prevention system was greatly improved. The volunteer fire department built a new \$13,000 fire hall which houses the department's two trucks and other fire fighting equipment in 1950. In March of the same year a six hundred gallon per minute pumper was delivered, and in October, 1953, fifteen alarm boxes were installed at strategic points around the town by volunteer help.

Purchasing the Dorris Telephone Company from Mrs. Billie Starr in 1950, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edgar have greatly improved and modernized telephone service. The same year they gave Dorris her first twenty-four hour telephone service. Also in 1953 conversion of the entire Dorris Telephone system to dial operation was completed at a cost of around \$50,000.

Beginning in 1952 much street improvement has been done in Dorris. Third Street, the first street to be paved other than Main (Highway 97) was completed, the work being done on a rental basis with the State Division of Highway's equipment. The same year a contract was granted to the Riley Bros. contracting firm for the grading of many of the other streets. First Street was paved in 1955, and in 1960 other streets were paved, paid out of the State gasoline tax money.

By 1954 a water shortage had evolved again (over the years two more wells had been drilled, #2 in 1929, and #3 in 1947). Also the present 100,000 gallon steel water tank and tower was purchased from the Alaska Junk Company in 1941 in order to allow a larger water reserve to be kept on hand. In 1952 a \$46,000 bond issue for the "improvement of the municipal water works... of the City of Dorris" was defeated. This would have ended summer shortage and improved water supply to the Dorris schools. In 1955 the situation became critical, and later that year a \$43,000 bond issue was overwhelmingly approved. In 1956 well #4 was drilled.

Five churches now exist in Dorris: Church of the Nazarene, Our Lady of Good Counsel Roman Catholic Church, First Baptist, Freewill Baptist, and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, which holds services in the city hall. Several others have been disbanded, among them: Methodist, Christian Scientist, Congregational, Assembly of God, and the non-denominational Free Gospel Community Church.

In 1961 Police Chief Byard Kelly resigned from his office which had come to include (1) business license collector; (2) mail carrier; (3) city hall janitor; (4) water pump and maintenance; (5) water superintendent; (6) building inspector; (7) health officer (8) electricity inspector; (9) appraiser of abandoned cars in and for the City of Dorris; (10) dog catcher; (11) chief of police. After Lester A. Upham resigned in 1961, the city signed a contract with the Siskiyou County Sheriff's Office for the city's police protection to be provided by a deputy sheriff, a system which is still in use and has functioned quite well.

The schools, so vital to any community, have progressed rapidly during the last fifteen years. In 1953 the elementary school received a \$69,960 addition containing three classrooms and an auxiliary room to accommodate the increasing enrollment, which today is about 235. In 1958

Butte Valley High School received a \$309,907 addition, which included three classrooms, a cafeteria, and a shop. The \$59,000 reconstruction and enlargement of Butte Valley High School's playing fields in 1959 gave the school the most modern and spacious athletic facilities available for a school of its size, around 165 students at the present. The improvements furnished a one-fourth mile track, pipe goal posts on the football field, sprinkler system and grass, baseball diamond, and a blacktop area resurfaced and converted into four tennis courts convertible into four basketball or volley ball courts completely enclosed by a twelve foot high cyclone fence. In the last three years Butte Valley High School has won fourteen basketball trophies, and this year the Parent and Teachers' Association sponsored a drive and presented the school with a new basketball score clock. Under the six-year administration of Principal Ken Cleland, Butte Valley High School has been improved greatly and can be expected to improve even more in the years to come.

The last four years have witnessed many civic improvements: The paving of the main streets was completed. The council bought a \$11,299.60 fire truck to replace the old 1939 Ford truck in 1960. A \$10,000 post office was constructed in 1961. Twenty 20,000-lumen Mercury vapor lights were installed down Main and Third Streets in 1962, a far cry from the 100-watt lamps placed down the same streets in 1924. A civil defense organization was created, and Mr. and Mrs. James Morris, with years of experience in the grocery business, opened the Dorris Food Center in 1963. Also in 1963 the city bought through the State purchasing agent in Sacramento a new police car, a 1963 Dodge built to California Highway Patrol specifications. Finally, a condemnation board was created to rid the city of unsafe buildings at the March 2, 1964 city council meeting.

In accordance with Dorris' progressive attitude, the name formally changed from

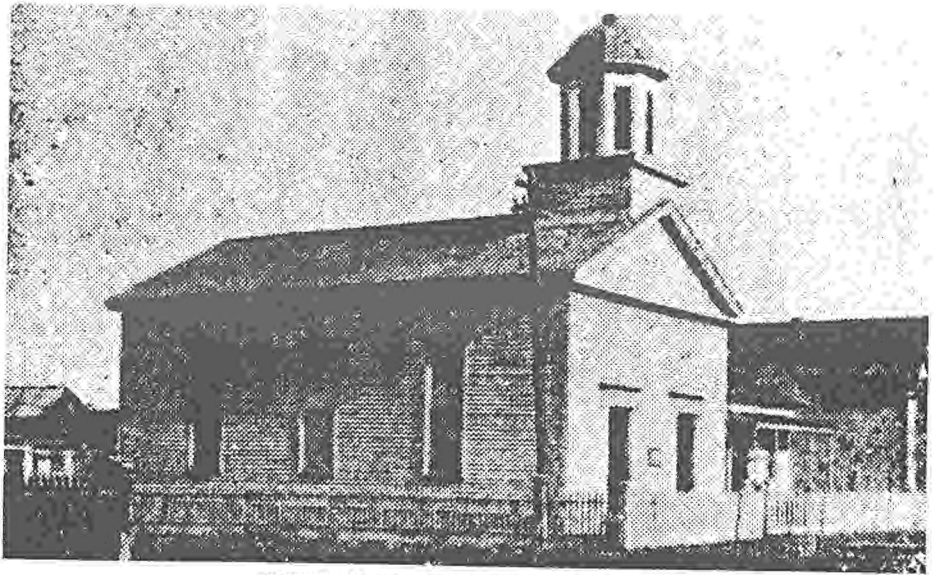
the Town of Dorris to City of Dorris in 1963.

At the present time Dorris is in the process of attaining further improvements in the form of a sewer system. In July, 1963, the city received under the Accelerated Public Works Act \$95,250 in federal grants, \$84,400 for the collection system and \$10,850 for the sewage treatment plant. At the same time a \$100,000 bond issue to match the federal funds was approved by a large majority. The oxidation pond was begun in late 1963 but was held up by inclement weather, and a token start was made on the collection system. The entire project is scheduled to be completed by October, 1964. More streets are scheduled to be paved after the completion of the sewer system, and it is highly probable that the city will impose zoning restrictions in the future. These and other future improvements will tend to give Dorris the stability and civic pride that are essential for a progressive community.

Sacramento Transcript

Tuesday, August 6, 1850

THE MAN WITH THE WHEELBARROW, who has been often noticed by emigrants, who have seen him on his way across the Plains, arrived at Culloma about a week ago. He states that he got the California fever, and as he had no means to purchase a team, he loaded his wheelbarrow with 150 lbs. of provisions, besides his cooking utensils and baggage, and started from the States on the long journey. He was able to make greater headway than most of the teams, as he lost no time except for his meals and sleep. When he arrived at Salt Lake, he found an opportunity of joining a company then about starting; so he left his faithful hand-carriage by the side of the road and "on he came a whistling". That man will make his pile.



YREKA UNION CHURCH BUILT IN 1854

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

The Meeting House . . .

By MARY BOYD WAGNER

Nuggets big as bartlet pears
 Were found in the street at X,
 And down in the creek bed the sands were
 bright
 With glowing yellow flecks.

The town went wild as an outlaw mule,
 At midnight or high noon
 Ribald music and laughter rang
 From dance hall and saloon.

It was as if the devil's hand
 Tipped the dice that rolled;
 And many a life was gambled away
 For California gold.

"There is no place," one woman wailed,
 "No place north of Redding
 To hold a service for the dead
 Or solemnize a wedding."

"This town is crying for a church
 Where it can meet and pray,
 But our menfolks cannot take the time
 To build it for us, they say."

"We will build it ourselves," another cried
 "God helping us, we can
 Wield a hammer and a saw
 As well as any man."

And so they laid the corner stone,
 And so they turned the sod,
 And in the heart of the mining town
 They staked a claim for God.

It was no ordinary church
 That rose from that foundation,
 But such a church as must have had
 The Father's approbation.

Not Catholic, not Protestant—
 A church that knew no creed—
 It simply was THE MEETING HOUSE,
 Fulfilling every need.

And to this day a meeting house
 Covers the sacred sod
 Where those dauntless women of X
 Staked a claim for God.



JOHN AND NANCY HILT
Taken in Hilt about 1888.

—courtesy Mildred Graves

Letter from Henry S. Hazitt . . .

Happy Camp, California, January 5, 1940

Seattle, Washington:

Friend Del: I have finally got round to your question of the name of the first white Child born at Cottonwood (Henley Post Office,) Siskiyou County California, The Post Office was Henley, but to me the Old Town was and will always be Cottonwood, also it fits better into the memories of the Early Days and the men who settled in the Cottonwood Valley, "the Boys of the 1850s." Perhaps you remember that the men in Cottonwood, always called one another "Boys". Cottonwood Diggins were first discovered in a little flat draw at the eastern foot of Sugarloaf Hill in October 1851, if my memory serves me rightly I know the spot a little to the right of the Anderson Ferry Road. My Stepfather, Matthew Fultz told me that it was only

16 inches to bed rock, and that the coarse gold literally clung to the grass roots. This little draw is really the head of French Gulch. French Gulch empties into the Klamath River on the North Side just below the Island above the old Carson Place.

The first families to come to Cottonwood that I am certain of the year of their arrival, were, Silas Shattuck and Ann Eliza Shattuck; no children. The Shettler family, with 2 children, Ellen and Alice Shettler, both born in Michigan; I do not remember Mr. Shettler's Christian name. His wife was Nancy. We remember her, as Mrs. John Hilt. Shettler located the ranch at the mouth of Shettler Creek later known as the Widow Brown Place. Annie and Albert Shettler were both born at Cotton-



SLEIGH RIDE IN HENLEY

On sleds, right to left: Walt Clawson, Bob Stallcup, Frank Jacobs, Carl Deal, Unknown, Albert Jones, Willard Jones, Earl Smith, Mat Deal, Roy Jones, Potter, Roy Drake, Dave Drake, Shilah Smith, Don Drake, Unknown, Unknown. Far saloon porch: George Hicks, Andy Sletphen (?). Middle saloon with tray: William Barker. Standing, left to right: Eli Clawson, Billy Lee, Bill Stallcup, W. S. Hicks, Child Unknown, 2 men Unknown, Hicks with cane, Unknown, Dick Stoniferd, Kneeling, Bert Hopkins, Fradenburg with cigars, Bill Ennis, John Dicks, Unknown, Unknown, Joe Clawson, Sam Meek, Unknown.

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

wood: Annie, I think in 1854, and Albert 1857.

The Edward Overton family, consisting of Edward Overton and Nancy Downs Overton and their 2 daughters, Sarah and Nancy. Their son Daniel Overton was born shortly after their arrival in 1853. Charley Brown, said that when Overtons arrived Mr. Overton pitched a tent up near where the Old School house stood, and that Dan was born in it. Charley said that Dan's birth was *the event of the camp*. Ellen Overton was born in 1855: Hannah Overton in 1856, 3 months after my advent. Major Watson Overton, 1857 and Nettie Overton the youngest of the family 1859.

I think the Todhunter family came to Cottonwood in 1854, and that Frank Todhunter the oldest child was born shortly

after the arrival of his parents. Frank Todhunter was a year or eighteen months older than I. Clay was born in 1857 and Charlie in 1859. The other Todhunter children were all born at Cottonwood after 1860. Todhunter worked those old diggins, that gave the name to Todhunter Flat.

I think that Lewis Byrnes and Nancy Byrnes came about the same time that Todhunters did. Mrs. Todhunter and Mrs. Byrnes were Sisters and Cousins of Matthew Fultz. Their father's name was Jouett.

I think the oldest Byrnes children were born at Cottonwood. Byrnes, was in the Bakery Business while he lived in Cottonwood. He with his Family left Cottonwood in 1861 or 1862 and settled in Salem, Oregon, where in 1868 he had a combined Bakery and Grocery Business.



NICK AND SOPHIA BUCKNER
In front of their home in Henley.

—courtesy Mildred Graves

A Mr. & Mrs. Scoles came in 1853 or 1854, but I never heard mother speak of their having children. I heard my mother and Matt, speak of a Barnes family that lived in one of those cabins that stood up where Sam Richardson lived, I remember no children mentioned in this family.

Chesley and Jane McCoy came either 1853 or 1854, with 2 children, Jane and Columbus McCoy, they migrated from Williamson County, Illinois from the same neighborhood as the Eubanks family. Their second boy was born at Cottonwood in 1856.

The Merritt Brothers, Frank, George and Issac opened a store at Cottonwood in 1853. Their pack train, loaded mostly with flour was the second pack train to cross the Siskiyou Mountain the Spring of 1853. I heard Frank say that they "sold out their flour at a dollar and five bits a pound". (\$1.62½) The first Pack Train to get in, the Spring of 1853, was Joe Leg's. Matt Fultz said the camp met the train at Bailey Hill. He said the ground was soft and bog-

gy, and when heavily loaded Mules mired, that when a mule bogged down the "Boys" would strip the pack from it, shoulder a sack of flour and strike for camp. The winter of 1852-53 was the starving year when all the men had to live on, as my mother said in one of her letters to me, was beef and venison straight. Salt that winter in Cottonwood and Jacksonville, Oregon, sold at \$16. a pound. Before spring came both camps were out of salt. In the same letter she said a man started the fall of 1852 from Scottsburg, Oregon with a mule loaded with 150 pounds of salt. The snow was deep, and he had many times to shovel his mule out of the drifts. That the storekeepers in Jacksonville heard of his coming and met him some distance out of Jacksonville and bought the load of salt, for which they paid the packer \$150. When they got back to Jacksonville with the salt they held a meeting in which it was voted that the merchants should sell it out at 16 dollars a pound, each man to have a certain allowance, as long as the supply lasted.

The salt was done up in small packages, and the men lined up like people do at a Post Office Window.

Whether Mr. and Mrs. Merritt were married in New York (Poughkeepsie) or at Cottonwood I am unable to say, but their children were all born there. Ann Eliza 9 named for Mrs. Shattuck in 1856 a few months later than I. Nettie early in 1858.

Merritt brothers built the Brick Store, and The Brick House, the Dear Family lived in.

My mother spoke of another family named Sutherland, but other than that their baby died and is buried in old part of the Henley Cemetery, not far from the graves of Mr. Jenkins and Jacob Anniway. I guess you remember the little grave with a picket fence round it.

John Ireland and Mary (Lewis) Ireland must have come late in 1855 from the Southern part of the State, altho I am not sure that Cottonwood is Willie Ireland's birth place, Willie was born in September and is 6 months younger than I. Johnny (Jack) was born at Cottonwood November 11, 1857 he was just a year younger than my brother Hays, Charley, Albert and Maria Ireland were all born after 1860. The Ireland family are all dead. Charlie, the last one to go was killed in a train wreck near Los Angeles. The winter of 1926.

I don't know when the Lafrantz came, but I think both of their children were born in Cottonwood, Theresa in 1858 and the other girl after 1860. They went back to Iowa in 1865.

Nicholas Haun and his wife came in late 1853 or early 1854. No children in this family. The Hauns were divorced, and Mrs. Haun married Amos Stites. Who with his brother Henry bought the Shettler Place when the Shettler family went back to Michigan.

I don't know, at least I am not sure, but I think the William Foster family's children were both born at Cottonwood, their names were Willie and Sam. The Foster family lived the winter of 1861-62 in the

Niles house. Left Cottonwood and settled in Long Tom, Oregon in 1863, the Fosters were great friends of the Carson family.

I don't remember much about the Cyrus Woodford family. His wife Emma Woodford was an English woman, altho there is a faint glimmer in my recollection that Mother said Mrs. Woodford came from Australia. They lived in the Call house, which they sold to John Curran when they moved to Yreka. I think both children, Thomas and Emma, were born at Cottonwood. Tommy in 1854 and Emma in 1856 or possibly early in 1857. Another Early day family was Ray Spencer and his wife Laura Spencer. Spencer owned the old Todhunter ranch which he sold with his cattle to Todhunter in 1863 and went to Oregon. Ray was running a store at Champanoeg in 1868. They had 2 children when they left Cottonwood. John and Laura, both I think born at Cottonwood, John in 1856 and Laura in 1857 or 1858.

Lewis Anniway and wife came in the 50's. They had 2 children Clayton and Jacob, Anniway and Lovias Smith were partners, and I remember both men as early as 1860. So I think Clayton as well as Jacob was born at Cottonwood, Clayton about 1857, as he and Hays Hazlitt were about the same age.

There were 2 families of Jews. Simon Aaron and Harris Aaron. They came there prior to 1860 and bought out Merritt Brothers, I have no recollection of Simon Aaron's family. The Harris Aaron family had no children. They lived in the Coultas house across the street from us.

My father and his two brothers came to Cottonwood the fall of 1852. He and my mother were married in 1855 at the William Geiger Donation Claim 3 miles east of Forest Grove, Washington County, Oregon. After their marriage he and his partners brought a band of cattle from the Willamette Valley and settled on Willow Creek. They got across the Siskiyou Mountain 2 weeks ahead of the Indian out break

(Continued on Page 38)



PORTABLE JAIL

This calf pen once served as a portable jail when county prisoners built the Anderson Grade road. At night prisoners were chained to rings which were fastened to the wall three feet above the dirt floor. —courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

1854 - 1880

Development of the County Road System . . .

By WALTER B. POLLOCK, JR.

To almost everyone the road is the works of man. Such is not the case. Countless ages ago nature performed a feat which is peculiar to our part of the world. Nowhere else the globe over can valleys such as those in Siskiyou be found. The upheaval which formed our western mountains played a trick on the valleys of Siskiyou. They are peculiar in having no natural outlet except by steep, rugged canyons. These valleys are rimmed by high and nearly impassable mountains with only a few natural passes. This rugged topography together with the severe Pacific storms isolated this part of the Pacific coast for centuries. Nature seemingly prevented man's appearance until comparatively recent times.

In March of 1826, the first crossing of the Siskiyou mountains was recorded in a skin diary kept by a Hudson Bay trapper who descended into the Shasta Valley on his way to the Sacramento Valley. During this trip he made trips in the valley of the McCloud and the Scott. The discovery which he made there earned the name of Beaver Valley and Beaver River which we know today as Scott Valley. The result of his discovery was the early ventures of hundreds of Hudson Bay trappers which established numerous camps throughout the county including the two important ones, Sheep Rock and the forks of the Shasta River. The trappers established a main North-South trail through the area which we know as the California-Oregon Trail.

The trail ran from the summit of the Siskiyou down Cottonwood Valley and across the Klamath River near the mouth of Cottonwood Creek. From this point it followed the Klamath up to the mouth of Willow Creek and by way of the Creek across Shasta Valley to the camp south of Montague. From this point it proceeded south by way of what is now Edgewood to the headwaters of the Sacramento River. Another trail left the camp on Shasta River and led to the camp at Sheep Rock and southeast around the Eastern pass of Mt. Shasta to the headwaters of the McCloud River.

Later in 1836 trappers eager for the wealth of Beaver Valley came over the Siskiyou and down Beaver Creek and along it to the Klamath and probably to the mouth of the Scott River. From the mouth of the Scott there were several trails which led to the valley but the main one must have led to the river itself.

Thirteen years later in 1849, Lindsey Applegate led a party of prospectors along the same route and discovered the first gold in Siskiyou County on the South Fork of the Scott River. That same year the first emigrant road to southern Oregon passed through Siskiyou County. It was also established by Lindsey Applegate. Portions of this emigrant road are still in use today. It crossed into Siskiyou County over the Lost River bridge and followed the eastern and southern shore of Lower Klamath Lake. At the Laird ranch it passed over the divide to Willow Creek and from Willow Creek to Hot Creek which is now the Dorris ranch and down Hot Creek and along the western shore of Indian Tom Creek. Over this route hundreds of emigrants were to find new homes in Oregon and Siskiyou County and many were to lose their lives at the hands of the Modocs.

The following year, 1850, prospectors on the Trinity River crossed over the Salmon Mountains to the south fork of the Salmon River. Their findings led them to prospect tributary streams of the Salmon which led them to Scott Valley. One of

these prospectors, C. W. Scott, discovered the fabulous digging at Scott Bar and to this day the valley and its streams bear his name.

The next four years were to see the birth of a new county and the building of an empire never to be dimmed. The ruggedness of the area proved so great that the first miners walked to the rich diggings of Siskiyou from the Sacramento Valley and from the Pacific Ocean at Trinidad. A news account of 1851, *The Shasta Courier*, described the country as being so rugged that the miners must break their own trails up the Klamath River. The miners followed the ridges along the Salmon River, the upper Klamath having proved far too rugged for them. These miners worked their way through the mountains to the mines in the Scott and Shasta Valleys.

Period of 1854-60, saw the start of Siskiyou's agricultural development and as might be expected the most fertile land was settled first. The island country of Scott Valley and the Little Shasta area were traversed by roads early in the era. The development of the Oregon territory also affected Siskiyou County and the Oregon-Pit River road connected with the Military Pass road. The rich diggings in Quartz Valley was connected with the main roads in 1858 and a stage road connected Fort Jones and Yreka with Scott Bar in 1855. The Klamath River was traversed by a public trail for the first time from Somes Bar to Happy Camp and on up the River connecting with the Hungry Creek Trail at the mouth of Beaver Creek. Stage service was extended to Strawberry Valley in 1855.

Period 1861-70. The severe winter of 1861 brought new changes to the roads and trails of the county. A new crossing of the Scott River was built which became known as the Ohio House Lane. This lane replaced several washouts in the upper end of the valley and was used till the severe storms in the late '80's. Mining activity in the Henley and Cottonwood area had so increased with an increase in traffic that

prison labor was used in 1865 to build what we call the Anderson Grade. (Interstate 5 is now part of this road.) This also allowed stage travel to avoid adobe in Shasta Valley. Mining on Humbug Creek brought about the construction of wagon roads to the Klamath River. Later in the same period the first road on the Klamath River was built which led from Riderville down Little Humbug Creek and along the Klamath to Scott Bar. The following year a pack route from the Meamber Ranch in Scott Valley was built over the mountains to Scott Bar.

During the same time the Salmon River mining activity called for a new trail over Salmon Mountain. Farming was keeping abreast of mining and influenced the building of the Butte Creek road which we now call the Bald Mountain road. This road was later extended to the Dorris Ranch and Fairchild Ranches. These roads marked the birth of the lucrative farming districts of Butte and Tulelake. The last road in this period was to prove the most important. The Bogus road, also known as the Yreka-Linkville Road was built from Ager to the Oregon line by way of the Klamath River. This road was to completely reshape the economy of Siskiyou County and add the needed impetus to the growth of the growth of the Klamath Basin and Southern Oregon.

Period 1871-1880. This period was greatly influenced by the 1873 Modoc War. The mining and agriculture for the most part was stabilized with new territory gold by many in the Salmon River region. Packing from the coast which had started with the discovery of gold was benefited by the construction of the Kelsey Trail in 1878. The Modoc War called for the improving of the Bald Mountain road and the building of the noted Tickner road which led to the boiling springs on Shasta River. The advent of the lumber industry and its effect on the road system first be-

came evident when with the increasing demand for lumber, the Alex Rosborough road was built to the timber line on Goose Nest in 1872. This was the first timber access road. The main routes of the period were the Sacramento Canyon Road and the Scott Mountain Road and the two military pass roads becoming a thing of the past.

LETTER FROM HENRY S. HAZITT.

.....
(Continued from Page 35)

in 1855. When the Modocs joined the hostiles the folks fled to Cottonwood, where I was born March 10, 1856. Isaih Hays Hazitt, my brother was born November 12, 1857, Haomi was born on the William Geiger farm where the folks were married.

The rest of our flock are all natives of Cottonwood.

Mr. M. A. Carson and Elizabeth Strickland Carson were married at Cottonwood, where all their children were born, Senora Carson, in 1857, and Addie in 1859, the other Carson children were all born there after 1860; this long letter probably answers your question, but even so it must be incomplete.

I promised to send a copy of this to the Yreka Journal, whether the Journal can find space for it is another question. I have a lot of notes called Tales from Old Cottonwood, which I may whip together in a coherent story later on. It is too bad that I did not learn more from my mother of the early days of Siskiyou County, California, as well as her recollection of the Pioneer days of Southern Oregon.

I am the last of the Vaqueros, (Bo-karos we called ourselves,) that rode the Ash Creek and Camp Creek Hills, Bill Wright was buried 3 weeks before I got back to Hornbrook, after an absence of 49 years.

As ever your friend

Henry S. Hazitt

Hospital Quarterly Report of 1866

of the Hon. Board of Supervisors of Siskiyou County Cal
Report of County Hospital for Quarter ending July 31, 1866

No.	Names	Nativity	District	Diseases	Dates	Discharges	Deaths
77.	S. R. Bemis	Vermont	No. 1	Rheumism	May 1 st 1866	-----	-----
79.	B. G. Houghton	Illinois	" 3	Rheumatism	do "	-----	-----
81.	Mich. Fisher	France	" 1	Dysentery	4 th "	May 14, 1866	-----
82.	A. F. Walters	Germany	" 1	Abcess	" 4 th "	" 13, "	-----
83.	H. R. Gamble	Pennsylvania	" 1	Scrofula	" 16 th "	July 1 st "	-----
84.	F. Duarda	Mexico	" 3	Sun Stroke Effect	" 24 th "	June 4 th "	-----
85.	F. Richardson	Kentucky	" 2	Dislocated Nose	June 11 th "	July 1 st "	-----
86.	G. Leacari	Italy	" 3	Peritonitis	June 27 th "	-----	June 27 th 1866
87.	Duanda or Chico	Mexico	" 3	Cocherecin	June 28 th "	July 6 th "	-----
88.	R. L. Gream	South Carolina	" 1	Injured Shoulder	July 8 th "	-----	-----
89.	Mich. Geary	New York	" 3	Chronic Gastritis	July 10 th "	-----	-----
90.	Dr. Alex Hamilton	South Carolina	" 3	Delirium Tremens	July 15 th "	July 16 th "	-----

Recapitulation

Number of Cases of the Quarter 12, Discharged 7, Died 1, Remaining 4

Daily Attendance table of each of the above mentioned Patients

No.	Names	Days	No.	Names	Days
77.	Bemis	92 days	85.	Richardson	21 days
79.	Houghton	92 days	86.	Leacari	1 "
81.	Fisher	15 days	87.	Chico	9 "
82.	Walters	10 days	88.	Gream	24 "
83.	Gamble	47 days	89.	Geary	22 "
84.	Duarda	12 days	90.	Hamilton	2 "
		268			79
					268
					347 days

The foregoing statement of 347 days being divided between the three Districts

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Bemis 77 - 92 days	Richardson 85 - 21 days	Houghton 79 - 92 days
Fisher 81 - 15 days		Duarda 84 - 12 "
Walters 82 - 10 days		Leacari 86 - 1 "
Gamble 83 - 47 days		Chico or Duarda
Gream 88 - 24 days		Geary 89 - 22 "
		Hamilton 90 - 2 "
		188 days

We the Hon Board of Supervisors of Siskiyou County Cal
 Report of County Hospital for Quarter ending July 31, 1866.

No.	Names	Nativity	District	Diseases	Dates	Discharges	Deaths
77	S. R. Bemis	Vermont	No. 1	Phthisis	May 1st, 1866	-----	-----
79	B. G. Houghton	Illinois	" 3	Rheumatism	di "	-----	-----
81	Mich. Fisher	France	" 1	Dysentery	di "	May 14, 1866	-----
82	A. F. Walters	Germany	" 1	Abcess	" 4th "	" 13, "	-----
83	H. R. Gamble	Pennsylvania	" 1	Scrofula	" 16th "	July 1st "	-----
84	F. Duarda	Mexico	" 3	Sun Stroke Effect	" 24th "	June 4th "	-----
85	S. T. Richardson	Kentucky	" 2	Dislocated Nose	June 11th "	July 1st "	-----
86	G. Leacari	Italy	" 3	Peritonitis	June 27th "	-----	June 27, 1866
87	Duanda or Chico	Mexico	" 3	Cocherecin	June 28th "	July 6th "	-----
88	R. L. Gream	South Carolina	" 1	Injured Shoulder	July 8th "	-----	-----
89	Mich. Geary	New York	" 3	Chronic Gastritis	July 10th "	-----	-----
90	Dr. Alex Hamilton	South Carolina	" 3	Delirium Tremens	July 15th "	July 16th "	-----

Recapitulation

Number of Cases of the Quarter 12, Discharged 7, Died 1, Remaining 4

Daily Attendance table of each of the above mentioned Patients.

No.	Names	Days	No.	Names	Days
77.	Bemis	92 days	85.	Richardson	21 days
79.	Houghton	92 "	86.	Leacari	1 "
81.	Fisher	15 "	87.	Chico	9 "
82.	Walters	10 "	88.	Gream	24 "
83.	Gamble	47 "	89.	Geary	22 "
84.	Duarda	12 "	90.	Hamilton	2 "
		268			79
					268
					347 days

The foregoing statement of 347 days being divided between the three Districts

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Bemis 77 - 92 days	Richardson 85 - 21 days	Houghton 79 - 92 days
Fisher 81 - 15 days		Duarda 84 - 12 "
Walters 82 - 10 days		Leacari 86 - 1 "
Gamble 83 - 47 days		Chico or Duarda
Gream 88 - 24 days		Geary 89 - 22 "
		Hamilton 90 - 2 "
		188 days



MASSON PLACE, UPPER SODA SPRINGS, DUNSMUIR, CALIFORNIA

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

The Panther Story . . .

(As told by her husband's mother, Elda McCloud Masson)

By MARCELLE MASSON

It was in April, I think, and Uncle Dick Mannon and I were sitting in the hotel office. Another was there, the hired man, I believe. Uncle George Campbell had gone to the Sacramento River below the meadow to shovel up gravel and salmon eggs where the fish had been spawning; he wanted to put them in the new fish pond he had made in the meadow. Aunt Molly Campbell, his wife, had the baby, Lucy, in a baby buggy and was wheeling her on the porch on the north side of the hotel. The boy, Charlie, about three years old, had taken his hatchet up to the Soda Springs near by and was trying to cut down a small tree.

Suddenly Aunt Molly heard him scream and saw an animal on top of him. She cried out, "The fox! The fox!" because the family had thought they had heard one in the woods a few nights previous.

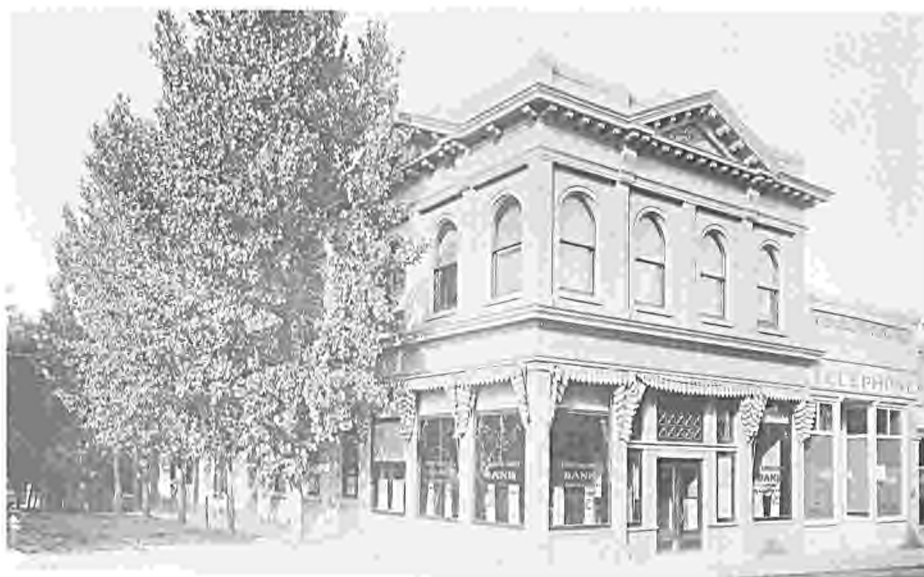
We ran out of the office in time to see

that it was a panther as it became frightened and jumped off the child when Aunt Molly screamed and ran toward her son. It ran up the hill under the trees and brush.

Charlie came running down to us, blood streaming from a wound on his lips, the left side, and tooth marks on his neck.

They cared for him while Uncle Dick ran for his gun and started up the hill after the panther. He followed a trail where he'd seen the panther disappear under the trees above the spring, it was an old road, and after he'd gone a few yards he heard a branch crackle and saw the animal crouching there and shot it. It was so skinny that they couldn't use the hide. It was a young panther.

The big oak tree from back of which the panther sprung still stands a few yards above the spring and has been called "Panther Oak" by the family since that time, about 1880.



SISKIYOU COUNTY BANK, YREKA

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Banking in Siskiyou County . . .

By MARY WAGNER SORENSEN

With the discovery of gold in California, our Siskiyou County almost at once became an important mining area. In those first days, the miners prospected and found gold in widely scattered locations in this remote area. Many of the mines were rich in gold-bearing ore, while others were smaller operations.

The early needs of this growing population for banking facilities were handled by various express companies. The merchants too, along with the many duties they performed, dabbled in buying and selling gold.

However, the rush for riches was on and the need for a banking house was soon recognized. The pioneer bankers were a hearty breed of men, who for the most part lacked banking experience. The foremost requirements in those days for banking were a strong safe and a well-protected building. Needless to say, their honesty and integrity were qualifications that determined success in their business as regulatory agen-

cies that oversee banking today were completely lacking in the early 1850's.

The first banks in our state were private banking houses. Dr. E. Wadsworth, who came to California in 1851 from Ohio, pioneered banking in Siskiyou County, opening his establishment in Yreka under the name, "E. Wadsworth, Banker." Later he was joined by his brother and the firm name was changed to "E. & H. Wadsworth, Bankers" and continued doing business as a private banking house until September of 1882, when they incorporated as the Siskiyou County Bank, with a capital of \$100,000. At the incorporation, Jerome C. Churchill was president and F. E. Wadsworth, a son of E. Wadsworth, was cashier. Ensuuing presidents of this bank were Fred E. Wadsworth, J. A. Julian and J. P. Churchill, who was president when the bank was sold to the Liberty Bank of San Francisco in March, 1926, and became the Siskiyou branch of that bank.



INTERIOR OF FIRST NATIONAL BANK, YREKA

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

The other private banking house in Siskiyou County was opened in Fort Jones in 1876 by A. B. Carlock. His first published financial statement in July of 1887 showed total assets of almost \$70,000. This bank was incorporated on June 27, 1899, as The Carlock Banking Company with a fully paid-up capital stock of \$50,000. A. B. Carlock was the first president and M. C. Beem was cashier. Mr. Carlock, along with Charles Hovenden, J. W. Young, D. W. Jones and N. C. Carlock were the first board of directors. A branch was opened in Etna Mills (now just Etna), in 1903 and the current name of Scott Valley Bank was adopted on March 27, 1911. Two more branches have been opened by the bank in recent years: the Yreka branch on May 17, 1965, and the Happy Camp branch on September 14, 1967.

The State Bank of Dunsmuir was in-

corporated on January 15, 1904, under state bank charter #294, with a paid-up capital of \$25,000. The first officers were E. V. Carter, President; J. B. Dougherty, Vice President; and B. O. Tupper, Cashier. Besides these officers, G. S. Butler, George Engwich, and Elmer Weed made up the first board of directors. This bank accomplished a spectacular growth for a small town institution, and in June, 1926, the bank's statement showed resources of \$946,204. Mr. Gustav Hutaff was a driving force in this bank, becoming a director in 1910 and in 1916 he was elected President. This bank was sold on October 24, 1927, to the Security Bank and Trust Company of Bakersfield and was then operated as a branch of that bank. After various buying and selling transactions carried on over the next few years, in November, 1934,

this bank became the present branch of the Bank of America.

Montague Banking Company was organized under the guiding hand of Arthur Simon and opened on March 1, 1907. Mr. Simon had the singular distinction among these early bankers of being a native of native of Siskiyou County, having been born at Scott Bar, where in his early teens it became his duty to manage a mercantile business started by his late father. He resigned the presidency of the bank four months after it opened to assume the duties of vice president and cashier. Mr. Henry L. Davis became president and, along with Mr. Simon, E. Reichman, E. F. Reichman and Phoebe Terwilliger, made up the first board of directors. Montague Banking Company was a thriving institution under the apt leadership of Mr. Simon and his commendable policies were carried on by his son, Walter A. Simon, who came into the bank in 1917.

As with so many banks throughout the United States, the Montague Banking Company was one of the many victims of the banking crises and its doors were closed by the Superintendent of Banks in February, 1933, followed by liquidation, which was completed in December, 1939.

Butte Valley State Bank was opened in Dorris on June 26, 1908, and managed the banking needs of eastern Siskiyou County, being the only bank in that sparsely populated area. Mr. S. E. DeRacklin was the first president and F. C. Stitser the first cashier. J. F. Mitchell, O. E. Moore and A. A. Atkinson, along with the officers, made up the first directorate. The capital stock of this bank was \$25,000 and that amount was paid in cash at the incorporation. This little bank carried on for forty-seven years administering the banking business of this vast area until, under the presidency of William G. Hagelstein, it was sold to the First Western Bank and Trust Company in September, 1955.

The McCloud Valley Bank was opened as a state chartered bank on April 23, 1904, and operated under state control until June 15, 1909, when it converted to a national

bank. The records as a state institution were destroyed in the 1906 earthquake and fire in San Francisco. The first panel of officers were J. H. Queal, president; William Thompson, cashier; and J. H. Heininger, assistant cashier. F. F. Spencer and A. C. Kaiser, along with the active officers, made up the first board of directors. This bank grew steadily under a conservative management and had never suffered loss of a single dollar through loans or investments. Consequently, by 1926 a surplus fund of \$50,000 had accumulated. Under this thriving leadership, this small bank administered the needs of this community until it was sold to the Bank of America in October of 1935 and is still being operated as a branch of that bank. The First Savings Bank of Siskiyou County was incorporated September 27, 1909. The first directors were Fred E. Wadsworth, Kenneth C. Gilles, Lillian M. Julian, Lenore C. Huseman, J. E. Churchill, E. C. Hart and M. C. Beem. Mr. Wadsworth was the first president; Mr. Gilles, vice president; and Mr. Thomas, the first cashier. The authorized capital at opening was \$100,000 and by 1919 \$72,000 had been paid. The activities of this bank were terminated when, along with the Siskiyou County Bank, it was purchased by the Liberty Bank of San Francisco in March, 1926. The combination was then operated as the First Siskiyou County Branch of that bank, and is now operated as a branch of the Bank of America.

Mt. Shasta Banking Company was organized in Fort Jones by a group of prominent Scott Valley citizens and was opened on December 27, 1910. Dr. A. Millikin was the first president; Henry Egli and H. Pereira, Sr., vice presidents; and B. Thelen the first cashier. The directors listed on the bank's first statement of June, 1911, along with the above officers, were I. N. Evans, E. I. Roberts, John Simas, John Silva, Joe Pereira, and M. Pereira, Sr. Mr. M. F. Barnum, Thomas J. Taylor and J. P. Shippert were also associated with this bank during its short existence of less than five

years. Scott Valley Bank purchased the Mt. Shasta Banking Company in August of 1915.

The First National Bank of Weed was organized by officials of the Weed Lumber Company in July of 1910. G. X. Wendling assumed the duties of the first president, S. O. Johnson and C. E. Evans were vice presidents, and J. M. Potter was the first cashier. The active officers, along with C. E. Glidden, made up the first board of directors. Various prominent officials of the lumber company filled the head positions and directorate of the bank which doubled its capital in the first twelve years from earnings. Regular dividends were paid each year while the deposits grew steadily. The Long Bell Lumber Company has been a prosperous industry in Weed, on which the bank was wholly dependent. On June 26, 1950, this bank was sold to Bank of America; however, was again reestablished as an independent national bank on August 7, 1950. United California Bank finally acquired this institution in December, 1954.

The First National Bank of Yreka was organized by five prominent citizens, B. K. Collier, V. E. Warrens, Eugene Dowling, Roger Sherman, and Thomas Jones. This bank's singular distinction was that it was capitalized for \$50,000 and had a surplus of \$5,000 when its doors opened for business on April 28, 1915. Under the capable guidance of these gentlemen, this institution became a "roll of honor" bank in that it possessed surplus and profits in excess of its capital. Mr. Ernest Harmon, a native son of Yreka, came into the bank as a bookkeeper in January of 1917, and shortly thereafter was made assistant cashier and director. Later that same year he became cashier and assumed active charge. In June of 1955, this bank was sold to the Crocker-Anglo Bank and is still operated as a branch of their system.

The last bank to open in Siskiyou County was the Bank of Mt. Shasta, which was organized by J. M. Slocum and opened under state charter #766 on March 1, 1923.

This institution was short-lived, as it was reorganized and reopened under state charter #789 on July 20, 1923, as Bank of Mt. Shasta. The first officers were Alden Anderson, president; A. J. Barr and Louis Solari, vice presidents; G. M. Slocum, cashier; and Charles Capifoni, assistant cashier. Acting on the board of directors besides the active officers were H. J. Laurie, Peter Mugler and S. W. Morrison. In 1924 this bank came under the control of Charles E. and J. H. Wailes, who assumed the duties of president and vice president respectively, conducting the business of the bank until their stock was purchased by Louis Solari and Charles Capifoni in 1926. During the banking crisis in March, 1933, Bank of Mt. Shasta was temporarily placed in the hands of a conservator by the Superintendent of Banks, and was reopened for business in September of that same year. Bank of Mt. Shasta was purchased by the United California Bank in February of 1965 and is now operated as a branch of that bank.

There were eleven banks opened in Siskiyou County over a period of sixty-nine years. One can say that each was a flourishing, home-organized and home-owned business. With few exceptions, once the initial organization was accomplished and a period of adjustment passed, the families owning stock in these small banks kept their investments and lively interest in their banking business for several generations.

As of this year, 1968, there is but one of these banks operating as it was opened—an independent, locally-owned institution—The Scott Valley Bank. This still-growing institution, now under the able guidance of Ernest Smith, is the seventh oldest state-chartered bank of deposit in California.

Prepared and submitted by:

Mary Wagner Sorensen
Born in Etna, December 28, 1912
Daughter of Eugene J. and
Abbie Cramer Wagner



FRANCO AMERICAN HOTEL, 1880's

Grand Ovation in Yreka . . .

Enthusiastic Reception of President Hayes and Gen. Sherman

The Presidential Party passed through Yreka on Saturday and Sunday September 25 and 26, 1880, en route for Portland, Oregon. On Saturday evening, Gen. McCook, accompanied by Burchard Hayes, the President's son, Miss Sherman, daughter of General Sherman, and Mrs. Autenrieth, widow of the General's aide, Col. Autenrieth, who served through the rebellion, arrived here and proceeded the same evening to Jacksonville where they would stop over for a rest.

On Sunday the town was dressed up in grand holiday attire with flags flying from every flag staff, many of the business houses were handsomely decorated and surmounted with a transparency containing the word welcome.

About 2 o'clock the coach containing the band on top, and a load inside was driven down Miner street, together with the carriage containing the reception committee, consisting of Judge E. Steele, M. Sleeper, Horace Knight, J. M. Walbridge and Dr. King. Other parties also turned out in large numbers with carriages, spring wagons and buggies and went out as far as Orr's. Everybody except a few boss minding Bourbons took an interest in the reception of the President of the United States and his associates.

About 5 o'clock the Presidential party came into sight, when the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner" while the reception committee interviewed the President and Gen. Sherman in reference to

the people of Yreka tendering them a cordial reception.

Without delay the procession was soon formed, with the Presidential party ahead, and just before entering town, was preceded by the band coach and the reception committee carriage. As the long line of stages, carriages, buggies and spring wagons passed through Second Street, the corners were crowded with men, women and children, and upon coming to the hotel, Miner Street was densely packed. The arch was brilliantly illuminated and numerous Japanese lanterns were hung upon the hotel balcony.

After the party left the stage, and entered the parlor of the hotel the committee desired the President and Gen. Sherman to go upstairs on the balcony where the crowd would see them, and there make a few remarks or bow their acknowledgments, as they pleased. Neither would do so, desiring no demonstration or speech making on Sunday, but would be pleased to shake hands with everybody. Judge Steele then delivered the address of welcome as follows:

"Mr. President: In view of the distinguished position which you occupy as President of the United States, and more especially since your entry upon the duties of that office, of the very able manner, the unbiased and statesmanlike conduct of the affairs of the Government which have marked your administration, has called together the citizens of our mountain district to meet and greet you on your passage through the country. Understanding that your trip to this coast is intended solely as a free and easy visit for recreation and observation, as also a means of acquiring information of the condition of these outside districts of the nation we, on the part of our people, tender you a free and easy welcome, and the freedom of our town. To the honorable and distinguished members of your party, one and all, we also extend the hand of welcome, and the same freedom of the town extended to you. To your distinguished wife and lady, who in pre-

siding over the social life at the White House, has so impressed the moral and social atmosphere at the national capital with the purity and dignity of her own character, our ladies especially, and our citizens generally, extend a most cordial welcome, and but give vent in words to the heartfelt wish that the Presidential party would tarry a few days in our midst, and feel for themselves the heartiness of the welcome we now utter from the lips."

The President in reply thanked the people for the reception given, looking upon it as a demonstration towards the position, rather than to him personally. He said he could not make any extended speech in view of it being the Sabbath, and excused himself with the utmost good will towards all.

The party comprised President Hayes, Mrs. Hayes, Gen. W. T. Sherman, J. W. Herron, the President's family physician and his wife, Mrs. J. G. Mitchell, said to be a newspaper correspondent, Dr. D. L. Huntington, an army surgeon and Col. Jameson, the latter acting as the business man of the party.



Grace Jackson and Edith White were born on the Klamath River and spent many happy hours as little girls playing with these dolls.

Edith's doll, the smaller one, is named Grace and is dressed in the original clothes made for her by Mrs. Mott of Oak Bar in 1881. The clothes on Grace's doll are old but not the original ones.

These treasures of the past are now side by side as part of the doll collection in the Siskiyou County Museum.



ENTERTAINERS AT LITTLE SHASTA SCHOOL, 1899
 L. to r.: John Rohrer, Damie Boyes, Clarence Soule, Ed Babcock and Ella Dexter (Soule).

Entertainment at Little Shasta--1899 . . .

The successful entertainment which was given at the Little Shasta school house Friday was sufficient evidence of the ability of Mrs. G. M. Dexter as a manager and instructor of young people. Much histrionic ability was displayed by the participants, and nothing so helps to develop the faculties as appearing before appreciative audiences under favorable circumstances. Such circumstances prevailed on this occasion as the house was crowded to the doors, and appreciation was shown by the frequent applause.

The first number on the program was a song, "Ossian Serenade," by a chorus of mixed voices rendered in a manner to elicit much favorable comment.

Miss Fannie Haight then sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," very effectively in her usual easy manner.

The next was a recitation by Miss Ella Dexter, entitled, "Lasca." This is by no means an easy selection to render, but Miss Dexter threw into it the feeling so essential in a poem of this character, and held the close attention of the audience to the end.

Several boys and girls then appeared on the stage dressed in full Japanese attire, and executed a very difficult Japanese drill, to the amusement and satisfaction of the audience.

After the drill, Misses Elsie Casedy, Vella Haight and Dora Boyes and Masters Frank Casedy and Ashley Dexter sang a Japanese song, the words of which were beyond our comprehension, but proved very pleasing and amusing.

The last number of the program was the farce, "Who is Who." Each character in this humorous piece was so well taken that



ENTERTAINERS AT LITTLE SHASTA SCHOOL, 1899

Top row: Frank Casedy, Daisy Haight, Fannie Haight, Fannie Boyes, Phoebe Babcock, Middle row: Howard O'Connor, Dora Boyes, Elsie Casedy, Vella Haight, Albert Terwilliger. Front row: Lute Boyes, Ashley Dexter, Kate O'Connor, Drake, Carol Terwilliger, Raymond Hart.

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

it seemed adapted to the individual, and the manner in which "Everybody is somebody else, and nobody whom he ought to be," was very amusing and kept the audience in a tumult of laughter throughout. Everyone did his part so well that merited

credit is due each participant, and also to Mrs. Dexter, who has labored so arduously on this, their first entertainment.

Music was furnished between acts by Henry Janson, violinist, accompanied by Mrs. Ida Dye as organist.

A CONTRIBUTION

The following article was clipped from the *Deep River Record*. It is the reprint of an old sale bill printed in 1850:

Having sold my farm and intending to move to Missouri, I will sell at public sale, 1 mile west and 4 miles south of Harrisburg, Ky. on Sat., Sept. 26, 1850, the following described property, to wit: One buck nigger, 25 years old, 210 lbs., 4 nigger wenches from 18 to 24 years old; 3 nigger boys, 6 years old; 8 nigger hoes;

1 fine sled; 6 yoke of oxen, well broke; 10 oxen yokes with hickory bows; 2 ox carts with 6 in. tires; 1 saddle pony, 5 years old; 1 side saddle; 3 double shovel plows; 2 stump plows, 10 and 12 inch; 25 one gallon whiskey jugs; 100 gal. apple cider; 1 barrel of good sorghum; 2 barrels of soap; 2 barrels of kraut; 1 extra good nigger whip; 2 tons of tobacco, 2 years old. Sale will begin at 10:30 sharp. Terms, cash; I need the money. Col. H. W. Johnson, Auctioneer; Bill Crawford, clerk; Joe Cooley, owner.



HAWKINSVILLE CELEBRATION
Dr. Ream on horse; Yreka Brass Band.

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Letter from Henry Austen--1855 . . .

Hockinsvill Call, December 6th AD 1855
 Joseph Austen to his Darter Marilla in the
 State of Iowa

Darter tis with gratitued and thanks to him
 who thank is due that I am Abel to Rite
 thes few lines to anser your leter Dated
 August 11th AD 1855 witch found me
 laying on my Bunk I wont call it Bed Just
 abel to hold up my head long a nuff to
 Read it I had a spel of the feavre witch
 laid me up for six weaks and Seth he has
 Bin sick (down, and, too) six weak has Bin
 low But is now mended so he can set up
 nearley all day Henrey he is well I have
 got so I can worke som tho my helth has
 not Bin so good sens I came hear as it was
 in the south the wether is more changabel
 hear But on the Bay and contrey Round it
 I like well this plase and contrey Round
 hear is no plase to farm tis a mining plase
 all to gether. the Bonifields is all well
 nancy has a yong Darter Call her Nancy

virginna Dial cranshaw is well and Noah
 Collwel Wm Bonifields has moved hear
 your leter Semd to be part Riten By Na-
 thanel and part By your self But only sind
 by you witch stated your misfortunz witch
 I can onley simpithiz with you, witch is
 poor help my one sickness and seth have
 cost considrabel it cost a man one dollar
 a day to du nothent in Calafornia and you
 may gess wat it cost to Bee sick for Docters
 onley charg \$20. a trip from yreka hear
 witch is 2½ mils short I have laid out
 nearley all I have maid hear for iron and
 steel and our winters provisions we have
 now on hands six hundred of flower and
 2 hundred of potatos and som molases and
 som pork and our Beef wy By at the Butch-
 ers as we want it flower and other things
 Rise and falls with the wether and Roads
 sow I though Best to lay in a nuf to du us
 in case the snow shold hem us in for we ar
 in a valley serounded by high mountins on

all sides witch has Bin civred with snow
sow they cold not Be crost for months and
flower has sold for a dollar per lb salt
for 16 dollars lb But is not sow evrey
winter tho thay rais in prise as soon as the
winter sets in witch has Begun now the
mountins has Bin white for som time last
nite the valley was made white tho the
snow was not more then an inch or sow
deep

you Rote in yor leter that Mother wanted to
no wat the presant was that I sent hir it
was a picter and a Brest pin the pin was
gold the Desin of a leaf and the picter was
Deguerean pictur of your father taken on
his Return from his first visit to the mines
By the sejestion of Mr L(S)atchaw hou
agreed to take it home I wish you or Na-
thaiel to anser this leter as son as it coms
to hand and tell me wether the morgage
that I sent home to the car of timothy on
west Bonifield for three hundred & 99 dol-
lars has com to hand or not and all other
information you may think mite interrest
me or wold be new to us we have got us
a good frame shop 16 by 20 feet on one
end of that we Bilt us a hous shed fashen
sixteen by 10 to liv in got a Brick chimbley
to it and the shop Booth & a cole shed on
one side of the shop 8 by 20 feet for cole
and other things witch is in the town and
I also have a livri stabel now I lent a man
som money and took a deed in trust and
the time run out and cold not redem it so
we shel have to keep it Henry started
yesterday morning to Draw hay to put in
I have one mule witch if I com home by
land I shel fetch home it is a grate faver-
rite of mine and then I will give you a ride
on a mule witch is not comen in that con-
trety it is jentel Irecived aleter the same
time that I recived yourn and mothrs from
your unchel freeman witch stated that your
grandfather was feebel the rest well I re-
cived one a shorte time ago from your ane
phebe Austen she livs in sackremeto city
witch you have lerned that she was in Call
from my leter Befor this wen she rote to me
Befor thay lived at clear lake if you see
your unchel Sam tell him to Rite to them

adres william C. Barber Sackremento City
Call in the part of the leter that Patch Rote
he said he though that thar was some hel-
ther plase than thair that may Be tru But
it has Bin varrey Sickley hear this fall and
agrate maney Deths it was princapel the
flux and Diarear good maney that had bin
hear som 3 som 4 years and was gest redy
to start home tuck Sick and went to the
grave a good maney more was to go in the
Spring one of our nearst nabors ho had a
wife and 2 children in Pensylvana had Bin
hear 3 years and mad som 4 or 5 thousand
Dolars was to start home soon took the flux
in and in nineday he was Bered he was a
fine man too the Deses was hard to manage
But som got over it my one case and seths
was the onley case of fever that thair was in
our town But with the kind atension of
the Brothers of our order we did not suffer
for want of atension nor eney thing els as
far as humen ade cold asist like some poor
felows did Call is a difrent plase from eney
you have seen and it has more difrent kind
of papel in it then eney other contrey non
Excepted from evrey land and contrey all
collers and clases mor Sodem its then Lots
tho we have as good a precher hear as you
cold wish To hear tho wile he is preching
on the Sabeth day you can hear from the
church the oction near voice the smiths
hamer the carpentrs saw the temsters and
in time evrey kind of Bisness gowing on as
if it was a weake day But tho thair is a
few faithful my hand has got wery I must
stop for tonite so in the morning I will
Rite more on the next leaf Read crost
Bouth

Dear Darter tis now near one weake sens
I commesed this leter I have tho the plesher
to tell you that my helth is Beter Seth is
so he can walk about som tho I fear the
fever has fel in his leg his rite legg is
sweld Bad and dont think he will be abel to
du eney thing this winter and mabey longer
for it takes a person longer in Call to git
well then in eney then eney plase that I
hav seen bin wen thay Du git sick Henry
he is still well has sold his teem and wag-
gon and Goghte a clame and has comes

mining a gane he giv five hundred Dollars for one third intrest in a clame I du not no how it will turn out one man sais he nows the clame and that Henrey has maid six hundred in the traid I no it has paid well this sumer it is within site of our shop and he will stil liv with us his other pardners livs close to the clame Ech in a caben by him self Bouth yanks and I think fine stidey men tho thay ar Bouth old Batchlers one from Main the other from New york Both old salts you can tell Timothy I received his leter dated Sept 16 and was glad to hear that the famley was all well and hope and pray thes lines may still find you enjoying that grate Blesing and find you all Riteley aprshateing them and I wold hav Riting to anser it. But had begun this and it will anser Both your at wonse as I find my time all takin up with work and cooking and washing and mending our clouths and my eys is sow weak by working at the fier in the day times I cant Rite mutch at nite and thay have Bin worse sens I was sick then thay was before the presant you find in this leter is for my litel grand Darter so if she neve see me she wil hav one presant from me tell william and Gorg if I hear thay ar good Boys and mind thar Mother thay shell have one tow witch you must Rite to me about them and mela she must be good to hir litel sister Josephin and giv hir a swete kis for Pa and tell hir she wont no paw wen he comes home nor him hir he Espects and paw will send hir something evrey time he can I have not sent Malinda & Abagil eney litel money the reson I have not I Expect them now wimmon or at lest think them selvs so it is not that I have for got them for thay ar in my thoughts evrey day and I hope and pray thay will trey to liv and conduct thar-selvs so thay may Be worthey the name I will Bad you good nite agane

December 10th

Dear Darter I comens agane to Rite I donIt no that I ca nfind news anuf to Be interesting to you to fill this paper But will trey my on helth is still improving seth is still getting Beter henrey is well Diel

he is still well he is to work for us now we giv him Sixty Dollars per month tims is hard still and thar is a grate meney men i nthis contrey that ant making thair Bord and last winter I new a good meney to work for thair Bord and som of thim had Bin in Call sens 49 and thair is thousands of men I have heard say if thay had money anuff to take them home thay woldnot stay hear another Day and som Make money fast But it is few others make Slow and shure tho if a man has his helth I think still if he has to labor he can still make money hear tho it is said to be the hardest tims that Call has ever seen By hur oldes settlers las sabbath I heard a most exelent surmond and injoyed a comuning seasom in the church at yreka war the Rev Mr Straton presided a small number of cumunicans to the number of the Congregation thair has Bin number of men foun dDrung and frose in this contrey with thear chirch leters in thair pockits witch in a grate mesher shous the wate of morels your Brother Henrey say he has not heard a sermond in Call tho it is bot Becos thay ant Preahed But becas he did not gow to chirch to hear them this is the case with tow meney tho your father has Bin in the chirch nearley Every Sabeth sens he came hear and his humbel prail shel go up for you all and hopes you will remember us at the throne wen you com to the merse seate and I hope and pray you will Still try to liv faithful and teach our children to oner thear father and mother and obay them and feear god fro mthear youth for the fear of the lord is the begining of wisdom And you Dear Darter ever trey and may god Be yor helper to make your own hous a plas of came retreat for your husband sow that it will all ways will bee the most desirabel for him to Return home wen he is worne down by labor and the trubels of this life thair let him meet you smils and it will make your on path smooth thru life on the conterary if he has to com in tire dand in trubel him self from time to time and met fronz it will after continual Repetution fare upon his hart so that his on hous will Be the last plase of Resorte

for he must seeke those hours of comfort that eney man shold find in his on hos and famley Els wars theair for Dear Darter may you thoughts often be lifted on high for help to sow order your walks and conversion that you may enjoy the Blessings that our hevenley father has maid and will giv to all that live Rite and obey his commandments and may his Blessing Rest apon you and your husband and children may thay live to be an ornament to society an Blessing to the contrey you must tell Mary Jane that hir grand paw wants hir to Be a good girl and he wants to hear hir Repeat the Lords Prair and the commandments wen he coms home and that Evrey time she sees hir Present she must think of it and lern to Bee a good girl and obey Paw & maw and if she Dos grand Paw will giv hir som other nise present wen he coms home Shold the Lord spar him too and you must tell Meela & Josephin too thair father hopes to find them good girls allwas to mind thair Mother and lov one another and thair Brothers and Sisters and to lern thair Prairs and commandments and love the sabeth school and to gow to the school Evrey Day thay ca nand to troy to lern to Read and Rite and tell Wm & Gorge the same I say to them I now will giv you the opinion that I have form of Call tho I have seen But litel of the Best part sow papel tell me that have Bin more over it then I have I have Bin most of my travils in the Mountins and But litel in the Best farming part though I have travild a bout tow thousand mils sens I came in Call on fether River from the Mountins to its mouth and the sackramento from the mountins to the Bay I du Beleve is as sickley as the Missippa River But on the Bay and Cost and in the south part the finest climet that I have ever seen and in the North it is winter nearley all the time we have live in site of snow all sumer tho thair is some few plases thay can Rasin som varey fine wheate in Shasty valey & scots valley som potatos and onions cabage and other garden stuffs war thay can Eragate the sand and thay stuff thay du ras comand a good prise wen the

grass hoppers du not Eate it up witch has bin the cas this season But som seasons thay du not som season do mutch Damage But on the cost thar is som varey fine land a good grason contrey stock livs fat and fine all winter with out eney feed and you cold hatch chickens in the midel of the winter and Rais them to all you need is a hous to kepe them outo f the Rain thar coms in the winter I have seen cabage stocks in Blosem that stood in the garden at Christmas and the wild oats and clover and grass in the woods ankel high the same time of year and the hardes freeze ise was about as thick as window glass so you can judg of the climet and the sumer and fall not sow hot as in Iowa and wheate in som parts the Best that I ever see in eney contrey and Barley grate and in some of the valey the world cant Beat for murpeys and corn grose in som plasis varey well But a grate part of the contrey it needs to Be Eragated to prodise graden stuff to perfection and to ceap theam a growing late

December 31th Darter I agane comens my task to finish this leter Seths has got nearley will But he is not got varey stout yet the wether is varey Cold hear I think it is as cold hear as it is in Iowa the mountins all Round us is civerd with snow from 6 to 10 feet deep sow you may gess that it ant warm near it sow cold that now one is to work that can help it I received a leter about 2 day ago from Timothy and Mother Dated oct 31th witch stated you was all well witch I was glad to hear having had considrabel of sickness myself lately tho my helth has improved varey mutch lately Henry he is well and sow is all the acquaintenc as fur as I no I have just Riten a leter to Mother and one tow your unchel freeman and Recived from your ant Phebe a shorte time ago witch stated thay was well I Expect wile I am Riting this leter you ar making som peporation to Eate a Rost turky or som other way to make hapy new years sow I wish it may Bee to you all and for my part I think to have a diner of Beef and Flap

(Continued on Page 55)



ELECTRIC TREE IN 1893

—courtesy Bob Schultz

The Electric Tree . . .

By HAZEL (SCHULTZ) POLLOCK

Christmas in 1893 saw what is believed to be the first electrically lighted Christmas tree in California, twinkle into being, in the Henry Schultz home in Yreka, California.

On December 17th, 1893 a son named Henry N. T. Schultz, was born. The father was so proud and happy that his first *born* was a son, that he decided he would have a special tree for his son's first Christmas.

Yreka's first electric light plant had been constructed in 1891, and as Mr. Schultz was a tinsmith and an electrician by trade, it was only natural that he should conceive the idea of putting electric lights on a Christmas tree instead of candles.

To begin with, he chose a perfectly shaped fir tree about four feet tall. Start-

ing at the base of the tree he fastened the main feeder line of the series circuit up the trunk of the tree. Wires lead off from this line to small white porcelain sockets on each branch of the tree. The sockets were screwed to metal clips originally designed to be used as candle holders on a tree. The larger branches had three lights and the others, one or two lights depending on the size of the branch. Each branch was a complete circuit. The little lights were clear carbon lights and gave off a dim glow. When the old fashioned ornaments of spun glass and paper and the strings of popcorn and cranberries had been added to the tree, Mr. Schultz turned the magic switch and there was the Christmas tree



**Original Clear Globes and Sockets
used on the tree.**

—courtesy Bob Schultz



Tree in 1940

—courtesy Bob Schultz



**Circuit shown on branch, main feeder line
in foreground.**

—courtesy Bob Schultz

he had dreamed of for his baby son, a tree that would never be forgotten. This little tree with its tiny twinkling lights was the beginning of a family tradition that was carried on for many years.

There were seven children in the Schultz family and Mr. Schultz taught each of his five sons the method of wiring the tree. When his two grandsons became old enough, each of them was instructed in this enjoyable task.

One Christmas when there were only four children in the family, four small fir trees were placed on a cotton mountain and

each tree was wired the same way.

Some years there would be a large tree, then this would require as many as 150 lights. The original wire was gradually replaced with modern rubber coated wire for safety precaution. When colored lights were invented, some shaped like peaches, pears, plums, grapes and pine cones were used instead of the clear bulbs.

The Schultz family Christmas tree was the envy of the Yreka children in the early days. The faces of many children could be seen pressed against the living room windows while they viewed the "wonderful electric tree" with awe struck eyes.

It is necessary to explain the Schultz home had once been a furniture store and the windows were long store windows, easy for children to see into.

The children in the family were never allowed to watch the tree being decorated. This was done the day before Christmas. The only glimpse they had of the tree was a quick peek through the key hole.

Early Christmas morning the father would blow a horn which was a signal that Santa had just left. The seven children then marched into the living room in order according to their height, to view the wonderful tree and receive their presents.

In 1962 and again in 1968, with the aid of two of Mr. Schultz's sons a replica of the first electrically lighted Christmas tree was recreated in the Siskiyou County Museum for the holiday season.

Several of the original lights along with modern ones, which had had the paint removed so they would be clear and the filament would show like the original lights, were used. Along with these were a few of the original ornaments and some of the original wire used on that first tree.

Once again the "electric tree" sparkled and shone for the pleasure of many.

Hazel N. Schultz Pollock

LETTER FROM HENRY AUTEN . . .

(Continued from Page 52)

Jacks must shortley Bring my leter to a close and partley for want of somthing to Rite and in pat Becos the paper soon will be low thear for I wish you all a hapy new yeare Janarey 1st AD 1856 this morning Darter I resum my leter and shorteley close we ar all well and may all the Blessings of the new year by yourz No more But Remain your father and well wisher til Deth and Evir Pray

s. Joseph Austen

Dear Mother i now take mi pen in hand to let you all no that both use (we all?) all ar use (wear) ar all well i have ben very low and i am very usallseak (?) in the arms father rote to you about bout mi leg it is geting better i want you to tell all of mi brothers and sisters i want you to tell them that i want them to rite to me as sun as tha hear from them i have nothing more to rite to you but reMain you Sun Seth austen untell deth Seth austen untell deth mlinda austen

Dec the 15 AD 1855

once more i will tri to scribe a few linse So that you may no that i hav not forgot the time when we all set to gether at the famley board and dined a fathers i should like for to see thee same thinge again for it very Seldom that brothers & Sisters ever See one awl to gether after they get Seperated and if i hav any thing like good luck i will tri to cum home in the Spring and if i Should have bad luck i do not thing that they never need to expect to See me in that cuntrey for the girls all hav maried and those that is there i no nothing about & i think i shal mary a Spanesh girl So No more at the present

Henry Austen

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express Robbers Record

Bolton, Charles E.—alias C. E. Boles, alias "BLACK BART, the P. O. 8"

Nativity, New York; County, Calveras; Age, 55 years; Occupation, Miner; Height, 5 feet, 7½ inches; Complexion, light; Color of eyes, blue; Color of hair, Gray; Size of foot, 6; High forehead, points running well up on each side of head, high cheek bones, heavy eyebrows, chin square, rather small, two upper front teeth on right side gone, two lower center teeth gone, small mole on left cheek-bone, scar on top of forehead right side, scar on left wrist, shield in India ink on right upper arm, gunshot wound on right side of naval.



BLACK BART, CHARLES E. BOLTON
Alias C. E. Boles, alias Black Bart the P. O. 8. Robbed 28 stages in 8 years before being captured.

—courtesy Siskiyou Co. Museum

Robbed Wells Fargo & Co.'s Express on stages on the routes and dates enumerated below:

- Sonora to Milton.....July 26, 1875
- San Juan to Marysville
.....December 28, 1875
- Roseburg to Yreka.....June 2, 1876
- Point Arenas to Duncan's Mills
.....August 3, 1877
- Quincy to Oroville.....July 25, 1878
- Laporte to Oroville.....July 30, 1878
- Cahto to Ukiah.....October 2, 1878
- Covelo to Ukiah.....October 3, 1878
- Laporte to Oroville.....June 21, 1879
- Roseburg to Redding.....October 25, 1879
- Alturas to Redding.....October 27, 1879
- Point Arenas to Duncan's Mills
.....July 22, 1880
- Weaverville to Redding
.....September 1, 1880
- Roseburg to Yreka.....September 16, 1880
- Roseburg to Redding
.....November 20, 1880
- Roseburg to Yreka.....August 31, 1881
- Lakeview to Redding.....October 11, 1881
- Downieville to Marysville
.....December 15, 1881
- North San Juan to Smartsville
.....December 27, 1881
- Ukiah to Cloverdale.....January 26, 1882
- Little Lake to Ukiah.....June 14, 1882
- Attempt to rob stage from Laporte to
Oroville.....July 13, 1882
- Yreka to Redding.....September 17, 1882
- Lakeport to Cloverdale
.....November 24, 1882
- Lakeport to Cloverdale.....April 12, 1883
- Jackson to Ione.....June 23, 1883
- Sonora to Milton.....November 3, 1883

He committed all the foregoing robberies alone, and in nearly every instance robbed the U.S. Mail.

Plead guilty to the robbery of November 3, 1883, and was received at California State Prison, November 21, 1883. Commitment 11046. Crime, robbery; Term, 6 years.

A History of the Organ Case . . .

Since the notorious organ case has again been brought before the public, the ladies interested therein have deemed it due to themselves to make a brief statement of the case, and announce to the people the disposition they desire to make of said organ, should lawful proceedings against them be discontinued, thereby leaving them free to do so. For the benefit of those who not knowing the facts of the case, have formed an erroneous opinion, it is necessary to date back to Nov. 21st, 1870, when the "Ladies Union Aid Society" was formed, it being distinctly understood that said society was organized in the interest of any and all charitable works, and not bound or hampered by any particular church or religion. The first benevolent purpose which engaged their attention, as seeming the most important, was the repairing or virtually rebuilding the only Protestant Church in the town. Had the church been of any denomination, it would have made no difference, but as is well known, the church in question was the Methodist Episcopal Church, or its phantom, as the semblance of the building remaining was nothing more or less than a shell.

By the many persuasive arguments an influence was brought to bear upon the Trustees, which induced them to put the church on a new foundation, (the underpinning having so far rotted away that the building at one end was badly settled, giving it a very tumbled down appearance.) This being done, the ladies went to work, and during the winter, by incessant labor on their part, and the kind assistance of several gentlemen, gave a series of entertainments, suppers, etc., from which they realized some five or six hundred dollars, enough at all events to repair the wood work throughout the church, supply a fine altar railing, and give to the outside a new coat of paint, nor were they assisted during that period in the slightest degree by

any individual member of the church, excepting the pastor, Rev. Joseph Hammond, who was always encouraging, courteous and kind, and who raised money by subscription to paper the church, as did two of the ladies, active members of the society, solicit sufficient money to furnish the church with an entire new set of windows.

During the summer of '71 the ladies still worked on, giving ice cream entertainments, selling home made soda, ginger beer, etc., and the following Fall when a continuation of amusements were talked of for the purpose of furnishing the church, a number of the leading singers and musicians, upon whom an absolute dependence was necessary demurred, and some positively refused to render any further assistance unless the ladies would promise to get an organ for public purposes, to be used in giving concerts, etc., as great inconvenience and annoyance had been experienced the winter previous by being obliged to borrow. After promising to comply with their request just as soon as the church should be carpeted and otherwise furnished, they con-



COULD THIS BE THE ORGAN?
Organ at Siskiyou County Museum.

tinued in their efforts, which culminated in a Fair held during Christmas week, Dec., 1872. On the evening which should have closed the Fair, the officers after counting up the receipts and expences, held a consultation as to whether there would be enough money left after procuring carpet, cushions and altar chairs for the church, to purchase the desired organ, and fears being expressed to the contrary it was decided to open the Fair still another night for that special purpose. Consequently a new programme of entertainment was fixed upon, and renewed effort made on the part of the singers to make the last evening a success, as had previously been decided upon. A supper was also furnished on the Friday evening after the Fair for the Masonic ball, this supper being supplied by an extra and separate contribution from that donated to the Fair. Financially these efforts were a grand success, as the result demonstrated, for after handsomely fitting up the church, which was completed the following summer, there was quite an amount left over, and a meeting of the ladies being called either in August or September, the subject of purchasing an organ was thoroughly discussed and voted upon, the ladies unanimously decided in the affirmative, there being more than a quorum present.

The general understanding arrived at, was that the organ should be considered as town property, but held in trust by the ladies, entirely subject to their order. It was also resolved to loan the organ to the choir, then singing in the M. E. Church, in consideration of their valuable service rendered the ladies. A committee was then appointed who entrusted the commission to A. E. Raynes, who, furnished by an order of the Secretary of the society, signed by the President, drew the requisite amount from Wells, Fargo & Co., where all the moneys belonging to the society were on deposit. Upon arrival of the organ, the key thereto was placed in the hands of one of the society, and never given to the keeping of any other party. On two separate occasions a

committee was appointed by the Sunday School to ask permission of the ladies to use the organ, the church being in possession of an instrument in comparative good order. On one occasion the request was refused, as had it been granted, the organ would have been moved from the gallery to the Court House and back again, a procedure which the ladies feared would injure the instrument, consequently they never derived the benefit from the organ in its use for concerts, etc., they had hoped, as it has always been placed where to move it was very difficult. After purchase of the organ, a surplus of \$75 was still remaining, which the ladies expended in procuring beds and bedding, chairs and dishes for the parsonage, and some new stove pipe for the church, the sum altogether expended on the church amounting to about fifteen hundred dollars, although an uninformed critic, judging from subsequent events, might infer that all the money raised by the ladies during their most trying and harrasing labors of nearly three years, had all been swallowed up in one little inexpensive organ. We have often heard of making a "mountain out of a mole hill," but never before, we venture to say, has an organ been known to overshadow an entire church.

In the fall, we think, of 1875, the ladies were petitioned to loan the organ to the same choir to whom they were under so many obligations, said choir having volunteered to sing for the Episcopal, who were trying to establish a church, there having been no regular preaching at the M. E. Church for upward of a year. A meeting of the society was called through papers, to be held at the church as formerly. Upon arriving at the church it was found to be locked, and two ladies were requested to go for the key and obtain permission to open the doors. Calling at Mr. Miller's house, who usually kept the key, and finding him absent from home, they proceeded to another trustee, Mr. Patterson failing to find the key informed them he thought it must be "out of town," but instructed them

how to enter and open the church, which he said had frequently been done by putting a boy in the window, who could slip the slip the bolt to one side. The ladies returning met the City Marshall, who put a boy through the window, and then the church was opened and bell rang, calling the ladies together. About thirty being present, the meeting organized, and propriety of loaning the organ to the Episcopal choir was discussed, and the question being put to vote, it was decided best to do so, without, we believe, one dissenting voice. By this time a number of gentlemen being present, some of whom had been sent for, they were requested by the ladies to remove the organ to the Court House, where it has since remained. Any further history of the "organ case" is unnecessary. And now as the Ladies' Union Aid Society is somewhat broken up, they desire to disorganize entirely, but before doing so, they would like to make such a disposition of the organ, as will meet the approval of all parties and the community at large. It is but just to say that the ladies have acted in good faith in this matter, believing they were right, and under the supposition that the opposing party have not fully comprehended the circumstances, they are charitable enough to presume that they have been honest in their opinions, and that they will agree with us, that for the universal good, it is time this strife was ended. The Ladies' Union Aid Society have no further wish as a society to keep the organ, and as the parties hitherto claiming it have recently procured a fine instrument (by liberal contribution of the town people, with the distinct understanding that the aforesaid suit be dropped) they certainly do not need it. Therefore should the suit against the defendants be entirely withdrawn, it is the desire of the ladies that each party shall pay their own cost, and that the organ be donated to the public school, either to be used in the lower rooms, where we are told they need an instrument, or that it be sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds be donated to the public school library, for

the purchase of standard works, thereby assisting in that "intellectual culture," which we are justly told is so much needed in this community. By order of

Mrs. J. Churchill
Pres. pro tem, formerly Vice-Pres., Ladies' Union Aid Society.

Mrs. R. Nixon, Sec'y pro tem.

ORGAN.—We understand that it was stated at the meeting last Monday evening, that the ladies were opposed to entertaining any proposition for settlement. The facts are these: Their lawyer instructed them that they had no right in justice to the gentlemen sued, to consider any compromise whatever until the suit pending had been withdrawn. The ladies are all anxious for the sake of harmony to see the matter settled amicably, and had the last meeting appointed not been postponed, the ladies would have been present, by the advice of their lawyer and for the sake of peace.

A MEMBER OF SOCIETY
(Taken from the Scrap Book of Ella Cleland)

Alta California, San Francisco,
Friday, August 23, 1850

HUMBOLDT BAY, Aug. 15, 1850.
Dear Sir: . . . The rich mines of the Trinity, Chasta and Klameth rivers are all within from one to five days' journey. They are the most recently discovered in the country, and are of great extent. Immigrants will find it especially to their advantage to try them, from the fact that they are not occupied by claims, and must, for some time to come, afford ample fields for discovery, which is not the case in any of the older mines. So far as mining has been carried on, it has been in the highest degree successful. The richness of the Trinity was sufficiently tested last fall; and as this is generally known, I will only say, that the yield was so great as to draw a large majority of the miners from Redding. (Note: Reading's Springs, afterward Shasta City—Mae Helene Bacon Boggs) Cottonwood, and the different mines in that region.



CLARK MINING CLAIM ON GREENHORN
This mine had the second water right issued in Siskiyou County.

—courtesy A. G. "Mush" Fledderman

Letter of Edwin Crockett--1853 . . .

By MRS. RAYMOND R. VOWELL

1346 McCarroll
Clarkston, Washington

Siskiyou County Museum
Yreka, California

Gentlemen:

We recently passed through Yreka on our return home from Southern California. I was glad to have the opportunity to see the area, as I have had for some time a letter which my grandfather wrote from there in 1853. I have copied it as nearly as I could with his spelling and errors in repeating words, etc. It seemed to me the letter might be interesting to someone in Yreka for it's report of circumstances in that time.

The letter writer was Edwin Crockett. He did not remain long in California; returned to his home in Missouri, came back and found gold at Pierce, Idaho, returned to Missouri, was married, fought in the Civil War, and eventually moved to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho where he is buried.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. Raymond R. Vowell

Greenhorn Feb. 28th 1853

Father I recieved your letter dated the 12th of dec, on the 22nd of this month and was extremely rejoiced on receiving it it being the first letter I have received since starting from home I also see by it

that you have not recieved several that I have sent from here I am very glad to hear that you are and have been all well I am enjoying tolerable good health I had long been wishing to hear from the crops & domestic intelligence generally so your news of of these things came directly home to me. The colts I suppose are intended for the Punch place I am extremely thankful for the favor you have bestowed on me in balancing the accounts of of Barber & Patterson I must acknowledge that this has been the greatest trouble I have had to endure, as circumstances unlooked for have put it beyond my power to do so myself it was Cal's and my intention to send on a draft to Josiah and John the first of this winter I had at this time been prospecting for diggings for the winter and afterward making improvements on our land claim Cal had been sick so we were of neither us flush of cash at the time but told us that that there was no winter here it was the best time for work etc. etc. but just as we got ready to earn the money which we would have been enabled to in a short time wages being \$100.00 per month winter came upon us in good earnest snow 2 feet deep all communication with any other part of the world closed entirely the price of provision scarcely creditable men unable to get work for their board etc!

Winter of 1852

Price of provision in Yreka

Flour \$1.25 to 2.00 per pound

Sugar \$1.25 to 2.00 per pound

Salt \$8.00 to 16 per pound

None of these in market for 6 weeks or more

Meat \$.25 to 30 cts per pound and plenty in market

This will afford you a criterion by which to judge the articles though in fact there was nothing else in market except a few vegetables (cabbages, turnips, rutabegas, potatoes—12 hundred bushels) which Mr. Bowles the principal farmer here (cousin to elder Bowles) sold very reasonably he could have sold them at 50 cts. pound but said he would not starve the people so let

them have on credit at 25 cents per pound still there was much distress in the families of emigrants we were kept scratching to live. Now we have come out like a couple of frogs in early spring and begun to sing of better times though business is rather stagnant yet we have built a house for Mr. Kimball who is we expect to join us in a sort of partnership concern The house is 16 by twenty with a chamber and very comfortable this will probably be our home the rest of our stay in California as we have some land plowed here and a mining claim within 8 rods of the house Flour is now 60 cts per pound meal do. sugar 50 cts salt, do. other things in proportion we are in hopes of making something this summer and determined to stick to one thing at all events Cal has been offered 220. dollars for two months work (principally carpenter work) by Mr. McConaughy who has a ranch in Scotts valley about 30 miles from Yreka and is doing first rate has all his cattle which have more than doubled in price since he came in oxen worth from 175 to 250 dollar per yoke cows worth from 100 to 150 dollars a fortune might be realized by driving a good drove of stock in here now you enquired about Mr. Kimballs folk Mrs Kimball died last fall Mr. Kimball has not recovered from his last falls illness so as to be able to work much yet the rest of the family are now all well though they have had fevers excepting one I shall send a piece of Marys wedding dress she was married last week to Mr. Daviesson an old acquaintance of hers accidentally meeting her here he's worth several thousands, the other two (15 & 17 years old) have beaux and the least one 9 years old talks about the yong men petty smartly I had heard of Josiah's marriage through Cals letter from Jane I think his courage must have waxed very warm to have caused him to launch fearlessly into such a state however much happiness to him and his fair bride my new sister It beats all what as-

(Continued on Page 65)

Yreka Apr 27th 1895
To whom it may Concern

This is to certify that I have known
William H. Mills since infancy, who is
now about ten years old, he is a bright and
intelligent child of good personal appearance
good habits and health. I have been the
family Physician during his life time and
believe the only thing that I was called to see
him when an infant for treatment of Scarlatina
Fever. His physical condition is excellent,
and would in my opinion reflect credit
upon those interested in the proper culture
and training of the child.

Yours Very Respectfully &c

D. Ream, M.D.

LETTER FOUND HIDDEN IN THE ATTIC WALL OF A HOME IN YREKA

Reminiscences of Early Days . . .

By THOMAS G. BRADLEY

In those good old days there was a public administrator, as now, who took over everything in a case where there was no will and settled the estate. As a rule, when he got through the poor widow was boosted out into the road. Such were the prospects facing my mother but, to the everlasting credit of a neighboring farmer, one Henry Davis, he knew there was livestock enough to take care of all outstanding indebtedness and still leave enough stock to enable Mother to carry on. When the public administrator was about to turn her out into the road with seven urchins, our good friend Henry Davis stepped in and asked some pertinent questions of said administrator which caused him much embarrassment. And through the efforts of Mr. Davis the estate was finally settled on an honest basis. Mother retained the farm; Mr. Davis took over the mortgage; and Mother proceeded from there.

In those good (?) old days the nearest railroad terminal was Red Bluff, California. I do not know where the northern terminal was. But my earliest recollection is of the freight teams bound to and from Jacksonville, Oregon. Two and sometimes three wagons hitched together with eight to twelve horses in the team. Mother raised barley and hay on the farm which was a regular stopping place for the teamsters. It was by this means that the mortgage was paid off on the old home.

In the early summer of 1874 there was great excitement in our home. I remember it vividly. Montgomery Queen's Circus was coming to Yreka. The advance agent plastered our barn and all out-buildings with the most fantastic pictures. I still remember the awful face of the Wild Man from Borneo. I was afraid, as I well remember, to go near the granary for there was his picture! The granary before that time had been my favorite haunt. For the privi-



THE LATE THOMAS G. BRADLEY
General Superintendent of
The California Oregon Power Company

lege of posting these bills the agent gave Mother four tickets to the circus. When the great day came, my four older brothers mounted on two horses and started for the show.

This was the first circus worthy of the name to pass through our territory and was, of course, all in horse-drawn wagons. I was too young to attend the circus but it was stated that the circus train would leave Yreka at 3:30 A.M. on a certain date, which would mean that it would pass our house at 6:30 A.M. Mother made it a point to have us up and ready, and also had two cousins of mine who lived off the road to be present. They were about my own age. We waited and worried about the circus

but it finally began to pass at about 10:00 A.M. First were the property wagons loaded with tents, etc. But it was a great show to us as the wagons were different from any we had seen. Then came the passenger coaches painted in the gayest of colors. And then the animal cages. As it was a warm day the curtains were up and we could see the lion, the tiger and the leopard. Finally, along came a man on a pony leading two camels; then, the great wonder, the man escorting the elephant. The great event was that he stopped at our house to give the elephant a drink from our well. I was so engrossed that I never once thought of that awful guy from Borneo whose picture on our granary had kept me in terror for weeks past.

My next great impression must have happened soon after the circus event. I do not know how long but I well remember Mother took me and sister, who was two years older than I, and went to the schoolhouse to see a magic lantern show. The schoolhouse was two miles from our home and when Mother was not carrying me I walked. When we got there I saw the first drum I had ever seen. A man was beating it to announce that the show was about to begin. I remember well that the drum had a large hole broken in one of the heads. The show started and there was Nichodemus catching rats with his mouth for a trap; and the old lady who went to market and the wind snatched her baldheaded; and the poor boy lost in the snow and the angels took him someplace. I must have gone to sleep here for I do not remember anything more until I awoke in Mother's arms out in the open air. A good neighbor insisted on giving us a ride home on his hayrack. I can still remember the great fear I had of falling through the rack as the boards were widely spaced.

Another early impression, which must have been close to the above events, was when playing out in the dusty road in front of our house I suddenly heard a sort of moaning sound, then it burst into loud wailing and lamenting. I took to my heels and

did not stop until I was safe inside the home yard. The strange sounds came nearer. Soon there appeared a long string of buck Indians mounted on spotted ponies riding single file. There must have been fifty of them. The last one of the bucks was the queerest sight I ever saw before or since. He was dead and was lashed in the saddle with a forked limb supporting his body, and his head was covered with a sack. The bucks were all silent and grim but behind the dead departed there came a long string of squaws, also mounted on spotted ponies, with numerous papooses and baskets. A string of divers and sundry dogs followed. It was the squaws who were making the doleful noise that had so filled me with terror. They would moan dolefully for a while then burst out in the wildest of laments. This event left a lasting impression on my childish mind. In later years I learned that these Indians had been to a July Fourth celebration in Yreka. The departed boy had filled up on firewater and had become frivolous with the town marshall. Hence the strange ride I saw.

Among the various characters I have met in my life on the frontier was Joaquin Miller, Poet of the Sierra Nevadas. I had seen him several times before, but had the great honor to meet him in the year 1901. He had just returned from the Yukon and Alaska where he had lost an ear due to the machinations of Jack Frost. When I met him he was in the employ of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company writing advertising matter.

In appearance Joaquin Miller was a typical squaw man. He had a long gray beard, his hair was down over his coat collar, and he wore a dirty old slouch hat, a duck coat far too short to cover the seat of his pants which were of the same material as his coat. His boots were of the old fashioned pull-on type with long straps looped down for the purpose of pulling them on. He did not tuck his pants inside his boots as was the usual custom but sort of hung his pants legs on top of them. His boots seemed to remonstrate by crumpling down in wrin-

kles, like an accordion, to about half their original height. He was a very tall man and slim. His legs fit his boots like a cat's tail in a churn.

As to Miller's poetry, I have been unable to find any of it in late years, but when I was young we had a book containing one long poem entitled "The Last Tas Shastas." It was about the northern California Indians among whom he spent years of his early life. It has been said of him that he never wrote the stuff accredited to him but plagiarized it. This, I think, flattered him as he felt that it sort of put him in a class with Shakespeare and Lord Bacon. Personally, I think his greatest claim to fame was his personal appearance, which always made me think of a dried moth.

When Joaquin died, he left a daughter named Juanita. Her mother was said to have been a Spanish lady, but I saw Juanita and I decided that her mother was just plain squaw. Juanita lived on the side of a high hill back of Oakland, California in a little shack of a house and was said to be an artist. Anyway, she smeared paint of divers colors on canvas. I was told that she was also a poet and very romantic; that she lived in a spiritualistic sphere which was far beyond the common herd; that she lived a life apart until one cold morning a tramp appeared at her door asking for food and Juanita immediately saw in him her soul mate. She fed him and then rushed him off to the Justice of the Peace and married him. From all accounts he was more cautious as to where he begged his biscuits after that experience. This story of Juanita rated headlines in the San Francisco Examiner and, I presume, is Juanita's only claim to fame.

LETTER OF EDWIN CROCKETT . . .

(Continued from Page 61)

tounding changes time reveals Georg has got a son an father you are a grnd-dad! and I an uncle! Prest change I am very happy etc. and very gld to hear of the contract you have made for a school house

Sorry to hear of yor melancholy loss in shape of that (celebrated physician) Dr. L from your neighborhood spose you couldnt help it though The most gratifying news of all is Knotts schoolmastership he has done extremely well we expect to have a post office here soon then you shall have the news by the wholesale your Geographical calculations are very correct 65 or 70 miles to the Pacific and somewhere near 10 to the Oregon line I shall try to live up to your kind advice as near as possible Cal nor myself have neither of us playd a game of cards since starting from home we see Mead and Church occasionally they ar in good health Church has had a letter from Dan'l Lapp Keating played hob ran off in mean company went below and left his debts behind him owed Call \$7,000 borrowed money Give my love to mother

Edwin Crockett

Mr. James Crockett

Dear Brother

It is sunday here too But "we" ar not all here yet I can imagine imagine myself with the rest of you round the fireside you say you recieved a letter wit a specimen in it I have sent several such home Capt Wright returned covered with scalps mud and Glory I have possession of a scalp I am glad to have you write I think you have improved much in penmanship and your compo is very good write often I couldn't think who was writing at first

Sacramento Transcript
Wednesday, July 3, 1850

HO! FOR CALIFORNIA The Nashville True Whig says: "A. M. Roseborough, Esq., principal editor of this paper, left on Thursday for California by the overland route.. He goes out as Superintendent of the Tennessee Mining Company, with a steam engine and other suitable machinery for gold mining in the quartz region."



WILLIAM G. GRANT OF BIRD AND GRANT STORE, YREKA, CALIFORNIA

“The Trappers”--A True Story . . .

Do you like a mystery?—Even a little one??? Well—

We were on the ranch that winter, and as the winter closed in on us, every precious bit of mail that came into the ranch house was of infinite interest, even to the Fur Companies' catalogs and price lists. Furs were listed high in price that year, and as we read them over, ideas came into our heads. Yes, even girls can be interested in quick ways of making money, if they have time on their hands. Out in the harness room, hanging from the wooden pegs at one end, were a number of steel traps, on their long chains.

Our father was amusedly indulgent in our scheme, but we got the green light. With our little mother, it was something else again: “It is definitely unladylike for girls of your age to be out trapping for wild animals, and I don't want to hear any more about it!” So, we kept quiet about

it when we took the traps from the pegs, cut down through the feed yards toward the frozen creek, where we had seen a coyote recently. We had filched some beef bones from the meat room for bait, thus cutting the family out of a pot of soup. But it was worth it.

Every morning after the dishes were done, the beds made, and the chickens fed, we made our foray to our trap lines. The first morning the bones were gone, so we knew our bait had been right, but our trap-setting wrong. We did better next time, and as was hurried over to the first trap, we saw dirt flying, and fur above the dirt—tawny fur, but not a coyote, for they do not dig in! How we ran down that slope, only to face a belligerent badger—a big fellow, and we exulted at his depth of fur, the lovely black markings over his eyes. We don't claim any credit for knowing how to handle a gun: our father took care of that, and

also took some pride in the fact that his daughters could shoot as well, if not better than two of his sons. With one well aimed shot, Sally put the worried badger out of his misery, and we crossed the frozen creek to the slope of the hill where we had carefully concealed our other traps. There were tracks near by, but some instinct had scared the coyotes off for the time being, so we did not go too close, and thus leave our scent. Another day was coming. Some days were uneventful, the traps undisturbed, and we would go disconsolately home to mull over the catalogs again. That first animal—the badger—according to the price list, should bring at least three dollars, for to us at least, the fur was prime. He was duly skinned—not by Sally and me, but by one of the men who knew about skinning, and volunteered to do the job. He even stretched the hide on a shaped board, and we viewed it proudly.

One morning, one of the traps was gone—pulled free from the log to which it had been wired. We found coyote tracks aplenty, and tried tracking it, but when we got into frozen grass, we lost it, and although we looked until we had to go home in the late afternoon, we were unsuccessful. We may as well record the rest of that story right now: Two of the ranch hands found the poor coyote down near the creek, the chain hopelessly entangled in the willows, some eight days later, the poor animal near starvation. They killed him, and brought in the scalp, saying the hide was no good. In those days, a coyote scalp was worth two dollars and a half. Those were Bounty Days, a custom no longer in use. Panther skins were twenty dollars. I should say 'scalps', but on one ever cut the scalp from the good hide of a panther. They just took it into the county office and had it punched, and usually made a rug out of the hide.

One morning, as we topped the rise, we had not need for eyes. Our noses told us! We had trapped a skunk! We didn't dare to get too close, but he had to be killed, and removed from the trap—and you had to

watch his every move, and keep facing him. Sally got a bead on his head, so as not to injure the hide, and fired the Twenty-Two just as he turned his head, and the shot carried away his under jaw! One doesn't take the suffering of animals lightly. She handed me the gun saying, "Gert, finish him, quick!" And the shot went home, the skin itself not injured. We didn't skin that one out, either. Men had become quite chivalrous toward the trapping 'gals'. Next day, in another trap, we had a fine big coyote. But that was the day I could not, for some reason go on the expedition, so Sally saddled her little mare, and rode over the meadows to the hill side. She somehow failed to take the gun, and when she dismounted and threw the reins over a limb on a log, the coyote charged her, to the full length of the chain. Having no weapon, she grabbed a pine limb and hit hard on his head as he charged her, fangs showing. She said afterward that she never for one moment thought she could actually kill an animal by hitting it, but that once started, it was the only humane thing to do. He was almost out of the trap, anyway, and she was in a dangerous spot. Two more blows, and he lay still. It wasn't easy to get the dead animal on her spirited little mare, but she managed it, and cut down through the lower meadow so that she was near town, and a logging engine was going by. The men waved and shouted and the little mare, Flash, put on a pretty show for them.

We got another coyote a couple of days later or so, and when the skins were cured and shipped away, we waited impatiently for the returns. According to our figures, the badger was worth three dollars, the coyotes at least five dollars each and the skunk—well, who wants to wear a skunk? The returns: The Badger brought twenty cents, the skunk, and lets not talk about the coyotes. We were young ladies once more—and our mother was happier!

P.S. Don't ever believe a Fur Company's price list!!

Signed, THE TRAPPERS
The Mystery? Who are they?

An Indian Tale . . .

As told by my mother Mrs. Grace Balfrey

By GRACE CRANDALL

Shortly after our marriage, I accompanied my husband on a business trip into the Salmon River country. The people there, white and Indian alike, were his friends, so I was not surprised when he turned the team off the road and stopped in front of an unpainted board house, typical of the ones occupied by the Indian families.

At our approach an elderly Indian woman rose from her seat beside the door to greet us. In her broken English, she invited us to enter. The room was very dark after the brilliant sunshine outside. It was completely bare except for one table and two or three benches. She spoke briefly to my husband. They were old friends and understood each other well. He asked her to



OLD MARTHA, SCOTT VALLEY INDIAN

show me her baskets—the work of her hands. She began to bring them out, from where I could not see, but soon there was a large array before us. I was enthralled with them and with the graciousness of our hostess as she explained how each was used. At the end of the visit my husband smiled at me and said, "She wishes you to pick out as many as you like to take with you as a gift from her."

I was a bit nonplussed, but none the less delighted at such an opportunity, as these baskets were unusually fine. However, since they represented such a lot of work to her and were her entire fortune, I chose only one, rather large, used for storing acorn flour. As we left, I felt that I too had been accepted as a friend.

Two years went by. The magnificent basket was still one of my treasured possessions.

Then one day the Indian woman came to return my call. She had heard about our first born son and had walked across the mountains to see him. It had taken her three days of walking by day and camping by night beside a stream or mountain spring. I was proud and happy to put my beautiful fair-haired baby into the strong old arms and watch the smile which lighted her face. But to my utter astonishment she held the baby only a moment and handed him back to me shaking her head.

"Me no like," she said. "Too white. Me not like."

I looked at my husband in hurt bewilderment but he did not seem at all perturbed and suggested food and drink for our weary guest. The refreshment over, she began to look around with interest. We enjoyed showing her our dwelling, perhaps as she had enjoyed showing us her treasures. During the tour I received a hint on proper etiquette.

(Continued on Page 86)



TERRAIN CROSSED BY THE SISKIYOU ARGONAUTS

Story of a Siskiyou Argonaut . . .

Parts 12 - 13

By ERNEST KIDDER

(Editor's note: We resume the printing of the Kidder Diary. The last installment appeared in the 1964 Siskiyou Pioneer, Vol. 3, No. 7)

PART 12

And now the work of disembarking had to be done by the ship's lifeboats, three in number. They were lowered and manned, and all were eager to go on the first trip. As all had considerable baggage of the most nondescript character, the work was necessarily very slow and but few could be carried at one time. When the first boat started with the second mate at the oars, the captain remarked to the first mate that he feared the boat was overloaded. For, he said, the surf was rolling pretty heavily.

"Never mind," said the first mate, "it is big Andy and some of his chums and

I am sure that a little water would be good for them."

"Yes," replied the captain, "but it would take more than the Pacific could supply to make them clean at heart."

So saying, he turned to give some order to the seaman and then turned to watch the progress of the lifeboat. Sure enough, the surf seemed at that time to be all they could weather, and they were yet some distance from the shore and would have a number of such swells to meet. They went through another, but this time it was very evident that they could not meet any more without swamping. We noticed that they were trying to get the depth of the water by running down a long handled shovel and they found that it was not above their arm pits. Immediately all but the oarsman got

over the side just in time to have her rise on the surf, which passed entirely over the men, who ducked to meet it and made for shore.

The skipper stood with bated breath until the first wave had passed and then, when he saw they understood their business, he burst out in a hilarious fit of laughter. Turning to us he said that he would venture that there were not four men with us, who were not professional sailors, who would get out of such a predicament as well as they did.

The mate had got the other two boats following close after, but with lighter loads, enabling them to ride the surf and make shore all right. When we came ashore it was just about dark and we got to the nearest place where we could procure some fuel and fresh spring water, pitched our tent, prepared a clean bite, and, after partaking of the same, turned in for the night, and had it not been for the outlandish, sea-going gray-back passengers that we had brought ashore in our bedding, we would have enjoyed it hugely.

The next day was both bright and breezy, and although about the 10th of February, it was as pleasant as could be desired and we, very naturally, concluded that we would make a wash day of it. Preparing for that task, we filled all our camp kettles with water and got them over the fire. I had noticed, a little way up the bluff from us, a young Mexican and his wife and could see that they had what seemed to be a wash tub which at that time was not in use. I determined to see if I could borrow it for the day and accordingly approached their camp. Finding them both in their tent, I asked the man, who could talk English fairly well, if they would loan us their tub. They were agreeable and I took the tub and gave them to understand that I would return it by noon. I returned to the camp and we soon had our clothes steeping at a jolly good rate.

Our washing over, I took the tub back and offered to pay for the use of it, but they declined to accept any money. After

dinner we went up into town for the first time to see what kind of place it was and also to learn what there was to the mine excitement that had induced so many to come this way. On our way we noticed a poster calling attention to an auction sale that would take place down on the beach the next day, in front of where the bark Chester was then lying at anchor. A list of the property that would be put up for sale was given on the poster. The first of this list was five pack mules with the necessary pack saddles, ropes, etc., a number of barrels of mess pork, several thousand pounds of flour in quarter-barrel sacks, several sacks of beans, potatoes, rice, some dried apples and a quantity of lumber.

It was George Zublin who discovered the notice and called our attention to it and commenced reading it aloud as we approached. When he finished reading, Uncle Philip remarked that it looked like our fellow passengers were going to do just what they said they were, only they hadn't advertised the lifeboats. Uncle Joe thought they had better go a little slow and that there was a danger that they might get into trouble. We started to walk down to the four or five houses that the town contained, and met some of the Andy faction, who were earnestly talking about the business they had in hand, and we were face to face with them before they noticed who we were. When they saw us they asked if we had seen any of the auction notices. George said we had just been reading one.

"I see you are bound to do it, boys," said Uncle Philip.

"You bet we are," they replied, "so come down tomorrow and get some of the bargains. Bound to go the highest bidder, so look out."

"I reckon that you fellows had better look a little out and not get into Uncle Sam's courts," was the last retort, at which they laughed and said they were not afraid of anything of that kind. "You see, us fellows that paid \$75 for our tickets, and most of the \$60 fellows, are going to run this auction sale and divide the proceeds

pro rata according to the ticket we hold, and you can bet if that is not enough to satisfy our demands, we will strip the old tub of her last sail, rope, lifeboat or anything else that will sell for a dollar. You can make up your mind that we will not stand for any such swindle as long as we can help ourselves. The California Transportation Company can put that in its pipe and smoke it to its heart's content."

And they passed on down to the beach where their comrades were engaged unloading the cargo that they were going to put up at public auction on the following day, and we entered the town of Trinidad. This was the place we had so much longed to see while we were tossing and tumbling about for two weeks and more, and while looking around we met others of our traveling companions. From them we learned that Andy and his associates had pitched their tents as soon as they had come ashore and organized their court, as they called it, and set about to devise plans by which they would be guided in getting even with the California Transportation Company. Before they slept that night they had their plans all arranged. They were to see if the ship's company would commence discharging cargo the first thing in the morning, and if they did not do so, a committee was appointed whose duty it would be to attend to it and see that the cargo was discharged at once. But when morning came they did not have long to wait until they could see the crew preparing to unload the mules and freight, and a committee was on the shore to see that nothing was taken away.

It was supposed that the captain was ignorant of their intentions, and be that as it may, the crew worked until noon. In the afternoon they seemed to be resting and were not doing anything toward discharging the freight, and the committee whose duty it was to attend to that, went on board and asked the captain if they were not going to proceed with the work of discharging the freight. They were told that they had discharged all that their bill of

lading had called for.

The committee then informed the captain that they would take the matter in hand and proceed with the work of discharging the balance that was on board. This piece of intelligence, whether looked for or not, seemed to surprise the captain, who protested very stoutly that they were overriding the law and laying themselves liable to very severe punishment at the hands of the United States courts, and that they would be lucky if some of them, at least, did not find themselves in the clutches of the law before they got through with it.

This they only laughed to scorn and proceeded to take charge of the vessel and cargo. Before sundown everything was on shore save a scant allowance of provisions for the crew to subsist upon on their return voyage to San Francisco. The committee then returned to shore and completed arrangements for the evening sale. Sure enough, the sale came off as advertised, and although everything was sold for a good price, they did not realize as much as they considered they should have, and began making calculations to put into practice what they had planned in regard to stripping the ship the next morning. But someone informed the captain, or else the old sea dog expected it, for next morning at 4 o'clock the ship's cannon proclaimed that her anchor was being weighed. We looked out of our tent and could see her sails were unfurled and the old hulk moved out as majestically as could have been wished. All that we ever heard of her was that she made her return voyage in 40 hours with only the captain and three sailors aboard.

Now, as yet, we had not acquainted ourselves with the mining prospects or other interests of that part of the state, but we were told that Captain McDermit, who had explored that part of the country more than any other man, was in town, and also that he was loud in his praise of the outlook on the Salmon River and likewise the Trinity and Klamath Rivers. So, accordingly we sought the titled gentleman out and found

him to be a very genial and communicative man, and that he had gained the title of "captain" in the Mexican War. Leaving that country at the close of the struggle, he had wended his way up the coast from Mazatlan until he got as far north as he cared to go, and he said that he believed many fortunes could be dug out of the mountain streams tributary to the Klamath River.

"The country," he said, "is very rugged, the most rugged of anything I have yet seen, but I am much taken with it and intend to cast my lot there for awhile at least. I would advise you gentlemen to try the Salmon mines, and if you should make up your minds that you can endure the hardships and persevere, I am confident that you will succeed. The mines have been worked but very little as yet, but what has been done in them has given evidence of much wealth. As yet there is no way of getting there except through the woods and up the mountains. A party of four of us has just come down from there and have looked out a route which, if it could be worked a little, could be greatly improved and packers could get through in half the time they do now. A mule could pack twice the load that it can now, and we are contemplating the hiring of some men and putting them to work on this trail. While our plans are not yet perfected, we are to meet again tonight and I think we will be able to tell more about it. If it will suit you to take a job like that perhaps we could agree on terms tomorrow that will be of benefit to both parties and the traveling public as well."

We told the captain that we did not know but we might take employment to work on the trail, and he said he would inform us of their decision at the earliest possible moment, for which we thanked him and went our way. That afternoon we strolled out into the great forest that skirted the town and were surprised to find it the edge of the great redwood forest of which we had read and heard so

much. Great trees whose trunks would measure eight and ten feet in diameter and whose height would be two-hundred feet or more, were plentiful and the white fir and varieties of pine were abundant. At dusk we returned to camp and prepared supper, and the absorbing topic was the timber of California and especially the redwood.

Early next morning Captain McDermitt came to our camp and informed us that he had met with his associates and that they had decided to employ fifteen or twenty men to work on their proposed trail, and that they would pay \$8 per day for able laborer and furnish provisions, the men to furnish their own tools and do their own cooking. If we so desired we could go to work at that figure, he said. He added that he had talked with several others and that they were going to load up some mules with provisions that morning and go out about five or six miles and camp, and we could take our picks and shovels on our shoulders and do what little was needed between town and camp.

As soon as we had finished breakfast we struck camp and soon had our tools at the place designated by the captain, where we found men at work packing mules. Twelve other men soon arrived, who were going to be our working companions. A number of their faces were recognized as some of our ship's companions and others who had come on other ships. When all was ready we started before the mule train, shouldering our working tools, with Captain McDermitt in the lead to show us the way and also where he wanted the work done. We soon came to some logs and brush that he required us to remove, and as I was carrying our axe, I commenced to work and proved as good as the best axe man in the crowd. While we were on this job, the others with their picks and shovels, a little further along, had found where work in their line was needed and they fell to work with a will. Soon we were on hand with our axes to remove some logs and chop

a few trees, and before long had the trail through this first gulch clear of obstacles or anything that might be a hindrance to mule travel. Just then the train arrived and enjoyed the benefit of what we had done.

About noon we arrived at a nice shady place with a cold spring and here we pitched our first camp on the new trail. Having passed some ground where considerable work was needed, and also having a place a short distance ahead which the captain said would need considerable of our skill, we thought that to be a good place for us to stay until we had finished what would be needed in that vicinity. Then we could move camp about a couple miles and we would have to carry the burdens on our backs and finish up what work was needed along the coast which we had been following. He said he would return to the train and bring more supplies, and about the time he thought we would have the work along he would be back with provisions. We would then move camp seven or eight miles, which would take us up the coast beyond a lagoon which was about three miles wide, along the sea, by five or six miles inland, and between this lagoon and the sea was a narrow strip of land about 100 feet wide which we had to traverse.

We found this very hard and wearisome work, as we were all loaded with an average of fifty pounds. We would sink in this sand nearly ankle deep and we were all weary and jaded when we camped. We soon had fires started and some elk steak, which the captain had bought from a hunter, was soon frying, some potatoes were cooked and with coffee and cold baked beans we were soon partaking with whetted appetites that were not easy to satisfy but had to yield when the capacity of our stomachs was reached. Within a week we would take salt pork in preference to elk meat. It was so abundant and we had eaten so heartily of it at first that we had become tired of it and relished anything more.

PART 13

We had camped just at the edge of the redwoods, about two miles from the sea, on a beautiful elevated plain overlooking the great Pacific where the constant wash of the surf was a reminder of its greatness and of Him who created it and controlled its motion. And here again we witnessed another of those sublimely beautiful sunsets. With the Pacific on the west, the beautiful and placid little lagoon, studded about with cedars, live oaks and the more stately pines and fir on the south, and with the giant redwoods on the north and east, I have always remembered this, of all the places it has been my lot to visit, as the most delightful.

After dinner, which was late, we shouldered our tools to do some work that was needed near our camp, removing the trunks of some trees that had fallen across the line of our proposed trail, and also to do some pick and shovel work in crossing a ravine, which took up what time we had left that day. The next morning we went farther into that dense forest, removing all obstructions in the line of our path, and a great deal of chopping was necessary. As I was very fond of that work and could accomplish as much with my axe as any man in the crowd, that tool was naturally surrendered and three others and I were installed by Captain McDermitt as choppers, while eleven others plied the picks and shovels and one was named the cook.

We made such rapid progress with the work that it was found that our camp was getting far from our work and, after remaining only two nights in the redwoods, we struck camp again and moved into the heart of the forest and bid adieu to the Pacific and the lagoon and reluctantly shouldered our trappings and trudged away, this time a distance of about five miles. As our packs were considerably heavier than they had previously been, having no mules to carry a portion of the burden, we were quite fatigued when we arrived at the spring where we were to pitch camp. All were ready for dinner

when the announcement came, and a heartier crew I imagine would be hard to meet with.

Captain McDermitt saw us at work after dinner and, appointing Uncle Joseph as overseer of the work, returned to Trinidad, saying that he would forward more supplies, which would be needed by the time he would be able to get them along, and promised to be with us again in a few days. This promise was not kept and we saw no more of him while at work on the trail.

The next day or two brought us to Redwood Creek, to which place we moved camp. Redwood Creek is a broad, shallow creek with gravel bottom at that point and as cold, seemingly, as ice itself, and the only means of crossing it was by wading. So one of our party drew off his boots, rolled his trousers up and waded. He found it about knee deep and declared that his legs were so numb that he could scarcely stand when he landed on the other side. This statement we were ready to verify when we had followed his example, the stream being 150 feet wide and cold.

On the other side we pitched our camp and got dinner and that afternoon we devoted to the felling of a tree across the creek to serve as a bridge. There was but one tree that would fall the way we wished and to that giant of the forest we applied ourselves. With four men chopping at the same time and changing off, it was nearly night when the old monarch began to weaken and went down with a great splash into the creek, the butt going down to the bottom of the creek and resting on the bank. After the tree was down we measured the stump and found it to be nine feet across, not including the bark, which was very thick. This was by no means a large tree as compared with its relatives and neighbors. Near by we stretched a rope around one that measured ninety-eight feet in circumference and was, I think, the largest tree I ever saw. It was as solid and perfect as one could wish.

After our tree was down we cut other logs and placed them in between the end and the bank, so that the mules could get off and on easily. At the top we cut away the limbs and in a very short time we had a mule train crossing, the drivers having waited a short time to see the tree fall. Next morning we were out on the trail and nearly finished the trail through the redwoods, a distance of twelve miles of the densest forest I have ever seen. The following morning we struck camp, shouldered our belongings and moved them out of the woods on a beautiful little prairie four miles distant from the creek. This we named Elk Camp because of having seen a herd of elk there, one of which was brought down by the rifle of one of our boys. For at least ten years this place bore the name and it may still be known as Elk Camp. Here at the edge of this prairie we camped temporarily and finished our work in the redwoods, got our dinner and about that time the train that we had been expecting with supplies came along. We packed what we could with them, shouldered the balance and moved a distance of six or seven miles to what was called bald prairie, skirted with timber and covered with the most beautiful grass, similar to our blue grass and very nutritious.

At night we came to heavy timber again, but not redwood this time. It was many species of pine, embracing white, yellow, pitch and sugar pine, fir, oak and cedar. Here on the banks of the Klamath River we pitched camp. Next morning we went to work and let the train take the supplies on about four miles further where a Captain Thompson was putting in a ferry boat to cross the Klamath, which we had expected would be ready for us to cross in when we arrived. This part of the trail we found needed considerable work. It was along the bank of the river and was very rugged and required a great deal of excavating. Trees also had to be cut out and logs removed and one or two small bridges built. This, however, we accomplished in due time, and brought up at

the ferry with packs on our backs, as rugged a lot of sixteen fellows as could be wished for.

The captain welcomed us cordially and in true Virginian style. He said that we were doing a fine piece of work for the country and that the packers he had conversed with all spoke in highest terms of our work, and said that he had nothing good to treat us with except some old rye whiskey that he had received by the train that brought our supplies. So saying, he drew from a five-gallon keg a tin cup full of the beverage mentioned and passed it to Uncle Joseph, who imbibed a quantity of it and passed it along to the next. In the meantime the captain had drawn another and started at the other end of the line. They all partook except, George, myself and another one, if I remember rightly. The captain noticed this and said that it was alright, that he would not urge anyone to drink who was opposed to it, but remarked that a man who had been raised in Virginia, gone through the Mexican War and up to this time in California was very likely to have some habits that were not likely to be approved in the best regulated society.

Captain Thompson was a man in the prime of life, would measure over six feet in his stocking feet and would, I judge, weigh 225 pounds, hale and hearty and just the kind of man that one delights to meet. He was a man who was acquainted with all sides of life and all grades of society and seemed to be at ease under all circumstances. He told us that when we were ready to let him know and he would ferry us across the river, and that anything he could do for us he would be more than willing to do. I found out afterwards that this was not all for effect, as I had occasion to cross his ferry several times afterward and he always insisted that I go free and instructed his ferry man to that effect.

We finished what work there was to do on the south side of the river and crossed over in the evening and camped on the

north bank at a spring in sight of the ferry. Up to the time we arrived at the Klamath River we had not seen any Indians, but now they were very numerous and there was a large village of them at the ferry. They were the best looking and most intelligent looking Indians we had met in the state, and the white never having mingled with them, they seemed very friendly and came around and endeavored to learn our language. We set about to learn theirs and in a short time I could understand considerable of theirs. They lived in quite good houses, which we had never seen Indians do before, they having such beautiful and free splitting timber that they could split out planks nearly as nicely as they could be sawed.

The buildings were constructed by planting these planks, which were about three or four inches thick, with the ends in the ground close together on the four sides, with an extra wide plank for the door, which was cut out of the middle part of the plank. The planks for this purpose would necessarily have to be about four feet wide. It seemed strange to us how these people with the means and implements they possessed could have wrought out and erected such buildings, or even how they managed to cut down the trees, as we saw neither axe nor saws nor any other edged instrument with the exception of some very rude knives which the braves wore in their belts.

The men wore nothing but a waist cloth. That article, coupled with a quiver filled with arrows, was their only article, of apparel, with the moccasins they occasionally wore. The squaws did not carry bows and arrows and dressed in short skirts made from deer skins which reached a little below the knees. These Indians were surrounded by many natural advantages, including game of all kinds, fish in great abundance, lovely forests and hills covered with luxurious grass.

After crossing the Klamath River we found that considerable work was necessary. There were a number of deep gulches

jutting down into the river, which were very heavily timbered, but in due time we had accomplished the arduous task as far as Bluff Creek, which in the month of March is a bold, rushing stream fed by the melting snow and with a bed filled with boulders, many of them of huge dimensions. The water coming down from the high mountains with immense force gave it a wild and dangerous appearance, nor was it all in the appearance, for it was a luckless man or animal that at a high stage of the water chanced to get into that roaring stream. We pitched our camp several hundred feet above the cataract and had, as I above stated, finished our work at this point and were nearly out of everything eatable. We were eagerly looking for Captain McDermitt with a fresh supply, he having sent us word that he would have the supplies there by the twelfth and it was now the thirteenth, with a snowstorm setting in. It bid fair to be a hard one and it made us very apprehensive of trouble ahead, for there had been no hard storms that winter so far and, it being close to the equinox, the elders of our party declared the situation to be anything but flattering.

"If only we had our supplies," they would say, and then look at the empty bags as though they were trying to devise some means by which we might be delivered from what seemed to be threatening a pretty hungry time of it. It is true we had rifles and good marksman and plenty of bear, deer and grouse, but it is impossible to do anything in that line with such a storm raging as it soon grew to be. An empty mule train passed our camp about sundown, going down for supplies. Of those who had charge we tried to get something to relieve our wants, but they, too, were out and must hurry on, not withstanding the storm, and get over the mountains, "for" said the man I judged to be in charge, "if I am any judge of weather in these mountains, this will not be a favorable place for us to be for the next few days with our mules, and I would rather

chance it crossing the mountains tonight in the dark than to wait for daylight, when the snow will be much deeper." His train was moving; in fact, the man with the bell had not stopped at all.

The storm seemed to increase in fury and we had eaten everything eatable. Uncle Joseph remarked that there was never a loss sustained but some little matter of gain might be traced and should be credited to the proper side of the account. In this case, he pointed out, as we had nothing to eat we would not have to prepare supper. We kept fixing our tents, which were thin and badly suited for our needs. We had pitched them between two great fir trees, which as a general thing was a nice place, especially to shelter us from the sun. But now the heat from that most essential orb was not annoying us at all, but the rain and the great splashes of half melted snow that were continually sliding from the drooping branches of some of those great giants of the forest were annoying to the last degree of endurance.

To shift our camp to some other place at that time was not to be thought of, so, as necessity is said to be the mother of invention, we certainly felt the necessity and set about to invent. The idea suggested itself to some of the wiser ones of our water-logged party that we might make use of some of these same fir branches, which were the source of so much annoyance to us, by cutting them off as high as we could reach, turning their stems up against the ridge poles of the tents, and in that way form a roof that would ward off the snow slides. This proved to be a happy thought and we soon had as complete a roof as we could have wished for. We kept good fires going in front of the tents, with the doors opened, and, as our bedding was pretty well moistened, we soon had everything inside the tents steaming.

(to be continued)

SOCIETY
ACTIVITIES
1968



President's Message . . .

I have very much enjoyed the two years I have served as President of the Society and wish to express my appreciation for all the help given by the staff, Board members and committees. All of the programs were interesting and drew extremely good attendance. Our membership has continued to grow and stands at an all time high.

Tom Bigelow, our Field Chairman, arranged a trip to Klamath Falls and another through Little Shasta Valley which was much enjoyed by those who went along. Our Curator, with the help of her brother, Bob Schultz, has, for the past two years, arranged very interesting, competitive booths at the County Fair for which the Society was awarded first place in the class each year. This money, plus two other bequests, have been placed in the Building Fund. School children throughout the county continue to avail themselves of the facilities at the Museum and visitors from many countries continue to visit.

Sincerely,
Josephine (Jo) Kinney



Membership Report . . .

CALLAHAN.....	5	MT. HEBRON.....	1
CECILVILLE.....	1	MOUNT SHASTA.....	52
DORRIS.....	7	SCOTT BAR.....	2
DUNSMUIR.....	28	SIEAD VALLEY.....	1
EDGEWOOD.....	3	SOMES BAR.....	1
ETNA.....	55	SAWYERS BAR.....	1
FORKS OF SALMON.....	2	TULELAKE.....	5
FORT JONES.....	32	WEED.....	47
GAZELLE.....	21	YREKA.....	246
GREENVIEW.....	3	OUT OF COUNTY.....	334
GRENADA.....	16	OUT OF STATE.....	99
HAPPY CAMP.....	36	FOREIGN.....	2
HORNBROOK.....	16		
HORSE CREEK.....	6	TOTAL.....	1107
KLAMATH RIVER.....	3		
MC CLOUD.....	13		
MONTAGUE.....	68		

Eleanor Brown
Secretary - Treasurer

1968

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

PRESIDENT - - - - - JOSEPHINE KINNEY
VICE-PRESIDENT - - - - - HERBERT W. TRAPNELL
SECRETARY-TREASURER - - - - - ELEANOR BROWN
RECORDING SECRETARY - - - - - GRACE MICKE
DIRECTORS - - - - - THOMAS BIGELOW, ROBUR COSTELLO
JENNIE CLAWSON, LORIETA CAMPBELL
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 - - - - - JENNIE CLAWSON
CLIPPINGS - - - - - HAZEL N. POLLOCK
RADIO - - - - - ELEANOR BROWN
MUSEUM STAFF - - - - - CURATOR - HAZEL N. POLLOCK
ASS'T. CURATOR - ELEANOR BROWN

Financial Report . . .

DECEMBER 31, 1968

Cash in Bank.....	\$11,476.22
Savings Account.....	5,417.74
Checking Account.....	6,058.48
General Fund.....	3,299.63
Publication Fund.....	1,426.55
Memorial Garden Fund.....	789.78
Food Fund.....	50.71
Map Fund.....	247.30
Yreka Heirloom Fund.....	25.41
Museum Special Fund.....	176.82
Symposium Fund.....	42.28
Total.....	<u>\$11,476.22</u>

Eleanor Brown
Secretary-Treasurer

Programs of Our 1968 Meetings . . .

Seventy-three members and friends attended the first historical meeting of 1968. Fred and Bernice Meamber presented a slide program, a pictorial history of Gatzelle, Edgewood and Weed.

The history of the Yreka Fire Department, Siskiyou County's oldest, was the topic of the program for our February meeting. Charles Schultz, Chief of the Yreka Volunteer Fire Department was the speaker.

A life size mannequin was dressed in an old original fireman's uniform to compare with the modern dress uniform worn by Chief Schultz. Special guests were Mount Shasta's Fire Chief, Frank Mello and mem-

bers of the Yreka Fire Department.

Mrs. Iris Coonrod of Little Shasta Valley was the guest speaker for our March meeting. Her topic was, "The Indians of Spring Creek". Eighty-five members and friends enjoyed hearing about the history habits of this tribe of Indians.

Miller Stepanovich, a Yreka High School teacher, was the speaker for the April meeting. Early History of California was the topic of his talk. He used historical books and maps to trace the history of California from the early explorers of 1510 to 1850 when California became a state.

In May, Agnes Swigart entertained the



January—
FRED AND BERNICE MEAMBER



March—
IRIS COONROD



February—
CHARLES SCHULTZ



April—
MILLER STEPANOVICH



May—

AGNES SWIGART

group with a very interesting talk about "A Day in the Life of a Lookout". Mrs. Swigart had been a lookout for seven years with the United States Forest Service.

Landmark was the topic for the program in June. Mr. Harold Campbell, president of the Associated Chambers of Commerce was the speaker. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Meamber showed slides of landmarks of Siskiyou County that the Landmarks Committee had selected to be marked. Members also submitted a number of places to add to the list.

Seventy-five members were present when we resumed our meetings in September. Jim McNeill, a past president of our Society, related as only Jim can, some of his experiences as a boy on pack train trips through the Salmon and Trinity



November—

HENRY N. T. SCHULTZ

Mountains with his father.

In October, Fletcher E. Hoyt, a professor of Forestry at the College of the Siskiyou, and a veteran mountain climber was our speaker. He took the group on a trip up Mt. Shasta by means of colored slides and telling of his many experiences when climbing the mountain.

Henry N. T. Schultz of Jacksonville, Oregon was the speaker for our November meeting. He spoke on Rocks and Minerals of Siskiyou. Many beautiful rock specimens and hand crafted jewelry of rocks were on display. Mr. Schultz's hobby is collecting, cutting and polishing rocks.

Hazel Schneider was the guest speaker for the December meeting. She spoke on "Timepieces and Their History."



September—

JIM McNEILL



December—

HAZEL SCHNEIDER

Curator's Report . . .

By HAZEL N. POLLOCK, Curator

During the year the register in the Siskiyou County Museum showed that we had over 12,000 visitors during 1968. They came from 23 foreign countries and 48 states.

The last Saturday and Sunday in March we had the pleasure of meeting 17 foreign students from the University of California who came to view the displays. Each student was given an Historical map of Siskiyou County and a postal card of the Museum.

Special Tour groups, classes from seven schools in the county, the geology class from the College of the Siskiyou and a special group from Southern Oregon College, along with Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, Brownie's and Cub Scouts toured the Museum.

Our Memorial Garden with it's bright flowers, trees and shrubs have added greatly to our Museum grounds. During the summer, two pair of quail built their nests



**BOOTH AT SISKIYOU COUNTY FAIR
First Prize**

in the garden and each hatched a large family. We hope they will come back each year, they will be most welcome.

Our friends and members have been very generous with their gifts and loans. During the year we received the following:

GIFTS

- Indian Baskets
- Dolls
- Snuff Box
- Shaving Mug
- Various Certificates
- Branding Irons & Register
- Framed Godey Prints
- Books
- Beautiful old Clothes
- Pictures
- Glassware
- Quilts
- Sewing Machine
- Christmas Tree Ornaments
- Old Newspapers



SCHOOL CLASS TOURING MUSEUM

Skis
Toll Register
Lunch Box
Cherry Pitter
Cooking Utinsels

LOANS

Wedding Dress
Doll Furniture
Baby Clothes

Canister Set
Mojolic Pitcher
Indian Baskets and Beads
Chinese Coin
Toys
Godey's Magazine 1867
Shawls
Woven Coverlets
Smith & Wesson Pistol



KLAMATH FALLS FIELD TRIP, MAY 1968

Part of the crowd on Riverside School playground overlooking Link River and location of Linkville now Klamath Falls, Oregon.

1968 Field Trips . . .

Our first field trip for 1968 was held on May 19th. It was arranged by our Field Trip Chairman, "Wagon Master" Tom Bigelow. Seventy members and guests of the Siskiyou County Historical Society braved the rain and wind to tour Klamath Falls, Oregon formerly Linkville.

Devere Helfrich and R. F. "Dick" Teater, president of the Klamath County Historical Society were our guides and pointed out the locations of interest, the first power plant, the first water works, house of seven gables and others. A stop

was made at the beautiful old home of J. G. Goeller.

Due to the rain lunch was eaten in the lobby of the Baldwin Hotel. After lunch a tour was made of each floor of this building which was converted into a hotel in 1908.

In the afternoon we toured the Klamath County Museum, which was opened especially for the group. They also toured the grounds of the Oregon Technical Institute's new campus.

The group returned home over the



LITTLE SHASTA, EDGEWOOD FIELD TRIP
At the Siskiyou County Airport.

Green Springs road having had a wonderful day despite the weather.

The fall field trip which was held Sunday, September 15th took us through Little Shasta Valley and Edgewood area.

The first stop on the trip was at the Siskiyou County Airport where Tom Bigelow had arranged with the Division of Forestry and the U. S. Forest Service to show us one of the fire fighting planes and how the borate mixture for controlling

fires was mixed and loaded.

Helen Crebbin was the narrator for the trip through Little Shasta Valley. At noon the group enjoyed their lunch on the lawn of the Orlo Davis ranch.

In the afternoon Willard Stone was the guide through Big Springs country and Edgewood.

Thus ended another day of reminiscing by the members of the Siskiyou County Historical Society.

Know Your Heirlooms Group . . .

Officers for 1968 were president, Donna Brooks; vice-president and program chairman, Ellen Tupper; secretary, Helen Bliss; treasurer, Alice Pipes; librarian, Katie Roush.

In January we met at the home of Isabel Schrader, Mount Shasta, to plan our activities for the year. Also, Mrs. Schrader showed us the many things sent to her from Korea by her daughter who was employed as a librarian at one of our military bases there.

A program on custard glass was presented by Inez Lorenzen in February.

Custard glass, comparatively rare and little known, was pressed around the turn of the century in decorative as well as utilitarian pieces. They were of fine quality, often with heavy gold decoration. The rich custard color of this ware was due to the use of uranium in its manufacture. Custard glass is unique in that it is one of the things from the past that has not been reproduced.

Candles and candle-holders were the subject of our March program. In a well-illustrated talk, Donna Brooks traced their history and development from the crude



DISPLAY OF HEIRLOOMS GROUP AT SISKIYOU COUNTY MUSEUM

rush light of early England when rushes were used for wicks to candles as we know them today—dripless creations in all sizes, shapes and fragrances.

The program on geneology presented in April by Beatrice Clark was very well attended. Mrs. Clark showed the chart of her own family tree and gave helpful advice on tracing one's ancestry.

The program in May by Helen Bliss was on Art Nouveau, an art form that came into existence around 1890 and flourished about thirty years. Characterized by long flowing lines and an absence of square corners and symmetry of design, its influence was felt not only in the graphic arts but in architecture, jewelry, silverware, lamps, buttons, bureau sets, etc.

The June program by Katie Roush was on "Goofus Glass"—the name applied to a colorful decorative glassware that was often given away at carnivals before the advent of carnival glass. It was a good grade of embossed glass usually with a golden bronze paint applied on the outside. There is probably less known of "Goofus Glass" than of any other items being actively collected today. It is not even known for sure how the name originated.

Our annual picnic was held in July and

in August we met at the home of Katie Roush, Mount Shasta, bringing items for display and discussion as we occasionally do in lieu of a program.

"Old Kitchen Utensils" was the subject of the September program by Ellen Tupper. Many old and fascinating articles, some dating back three generations, were displayed.

In October we travelled to the W. S. Listoe home north of Gazelle to view the many interesting family heirlooms from Holland. Mrs. Listoe gave the history of each item and the customs at the time they were acquired. This was our final meeting until January 1969 when we will resume our quest for further knowledge of our heirlooms.

—by Helen Bliss

Alta California, San Francisco

Saturday, February 8, 1851

THE RECENT GOLD DISCOVERIES — THEIR FUTURE EFFECT. This tells that the land in the vicinity of the Klamath, Trinity, Scott's River and Salmon Creek has value other than for gold. It has agricultural wealth.

In Memorium

Shirley Allen	Date Unknown	Ann Arbor, Michigan
Fred C. Burton	May 10, 1968	Yreka, California
Miss Jessie Coonrod	December 19, 1968	Montague, California
Robert G. Dennis	July 12, 1968	Albany, California
Mildred E. Fiock	December 26, 1968	Montague, California
Verna Flowers	December 24, 1968	Medford, Oregon
Mrs. Alma Forrester	October 6, 1968	Dunsmuir, California
Emma Pearl Freshour	August 25, 1968	Yreka, California
Edna Meamber Gillis	November 16, 1968	Monterey, California
Harold Lawless	Date Unknown	Placerville, California
Ariel Lowden	June 17, 1968	Weed, California
Ethel Lowden	October 31, 1968	Weed, California
Arthur Luddy	January 8, 1968	Sacramento, California
Catherine Middleton	May 24, 1968	Trinity Center, California
A. J. Montgomery	March 31, 1968	Slayton, Oregon
Isabel Hart Piemme	May 21, 1968	Yreka, California
Clara A. Rader	October 24, 1968	Weed, California
Maude F. Sette	June 27, 1968	Scott Bar, California
Edward C. Smith	April 2, 1968	Yreka, California
L. A. T. Soldane	March 5, 1968	Yreka, California
George Albert Tebbe	March 4, 1968	Yreka, California
John Thomas	May 13, 1968	Yreka, California
William V. Thompson	April 27, 1968	Yreka, California
Laura C. Wolford	May 24, 1968	Yreka, California
Homer L. Werts	September 22, 1968	Oildale, California

AN INDIAN TALE

(Continued from Page 68)

"She offered you anything you wanted from her house. You must offer her something from ours," whispered my husband. So I did.

Slowly the Indian woman walked through the house. Many of the furnishings and utensils must have been utterly foreign to her. I waited with interest to see what she would choose. She went from one thing to another looking and weighing. Finally she made up her mind.

"I take this." She spoke with finality as she picked up my brand new fur cape—the

pride and joy of my life—the gift of my husband on our anniversary. A quick protest rose to my lips, but at the quiet touch of my husband's hand on my arm, I said nothing. He wrapped the fur carefully, that no harm might befall it on the journey home, and escorted our guest to the stage so she would not again have to walk the long miles across the mountains.

I had mixed feelings as I held my "too white baby" close and watched that cherished fur go out of my life. But the memory of the incident lingered throughout the years, becoming perhaps as treasured as the fur could have ever been.



MEMORIAL GARDEN

“Book of Remembrance”

In 1955 the Memorial Garden Fund was established, and it has become customary for members and friends to make monetary gifts to the Memorial Garden Fund in memory of those interested in Siskiyou County and its history.

Usually, such memorial gifts are made at the time of death in lieu of flowers, but contributions may be made at any time, and pioneer family names have been so commemorated.

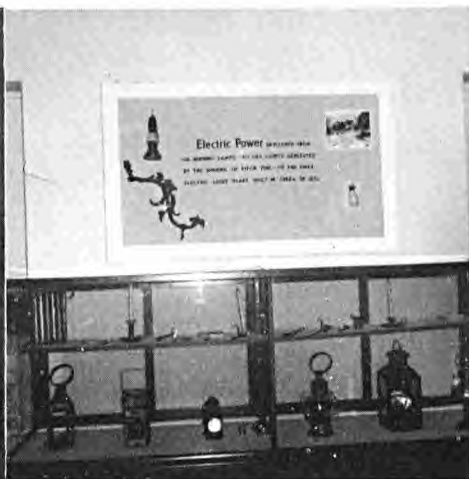
The name of the deceased is placed in the “BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE” which is always on display (by the Society) in the Museum. A letter is sent to the nearest relatives informing them of the donation.

The Memorial Garden was placed on the north side of the Museum in 1966 and was dedicated June 10, 1967. A rose garden, herb bed, old fashioned flower beds, plus trees and shrubs make up the garden.

Donations may be sent to:

Siskiyou County Historical Society
910 South Main Street
Yreka, California 96097





A few of the
EXHIBITS
in the
SISKIYOU COUNTY
MUSEUM





IN THE
Prehistoric Past
PART OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA WAS
OCCUPIED BY A WARM SHALLOW SEA.
IN IT WAS A RUGGED ISLAND KNOWN
AS THE SISRYOU ISLAND.
ALONG ITS SHORES LIVED
SUCH MARINE LIFE AS
AMMONITES, CLAMS,
TURRITELLAS AND
SHARKS.

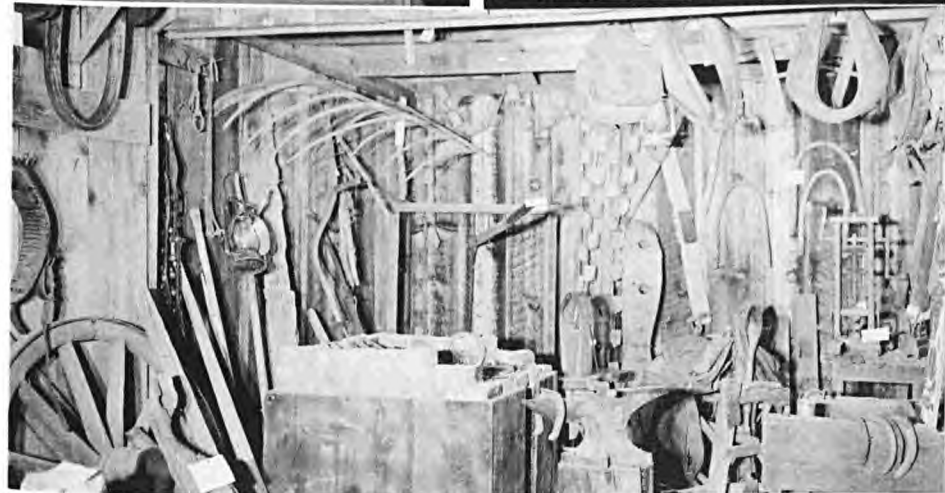
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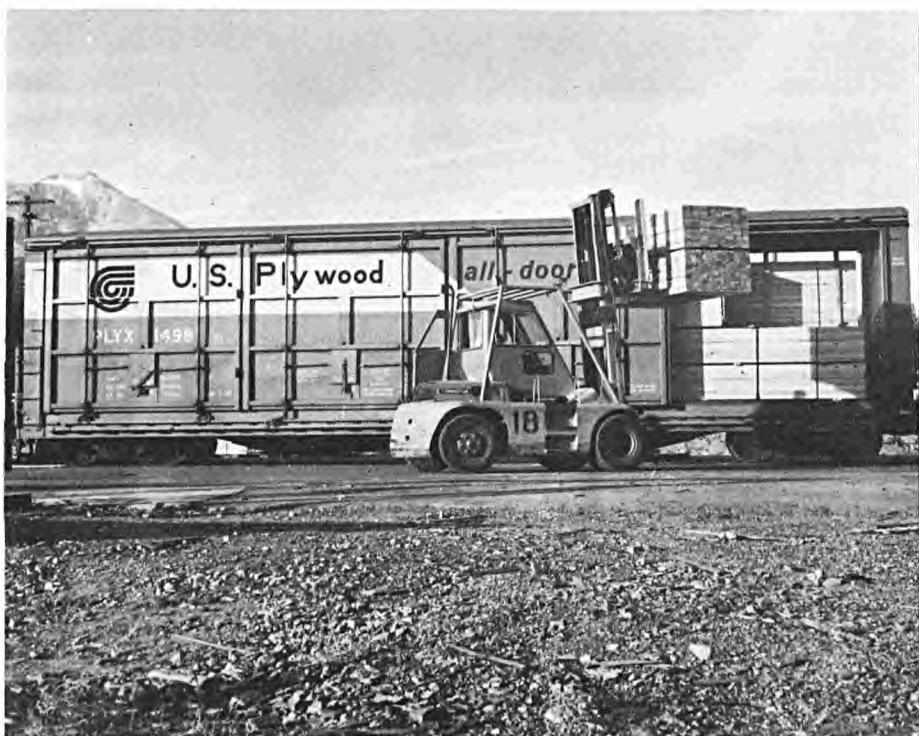
C2

S2

Lead by Young

THROUGH THE LATEST RESEARCH
THE SOUTH YAKA OF THE
SEPTEMBER 1935, CAP
WITH MEAT, MILK, TALLOW
LEATHER BECAME ONE OF THE
LEADING INDUSTRIES OF
THE AREA.





—Kite photo

U. S. Plywood--California Division

McCloud Operation

A Div. of U.S. Plywood-Champion Papers Inc.

McCLOUD, CALIFORNIA



Sawyers Bar Before They Started to Mine Around the Church

—courtesy Dave Robinson

Girdner Funeral Chapel

202 South Oregon Street

Yreka, California



Mills No. 1 and No. 2 Prior to 1916
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

CHANEY'S WEED MERCANTILE COMPANY

Phone 938-4451

Building Supply Park

Weed, California 96094



Klamathon Sawmill Dam. Note Fish Ladder on Left.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Northern Klamath River Chamber of Commerce

"STEELHEAD CAPITAL OF THE WORLD"

KLAMATH RIVER, CALIFORNIA 96050



Miner Street Around 1915

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

YREKA STUDIO & CAMERA SHOP

Phone 842-4284 (Area 916)

111 So. Oregon Street

Yreka, California 96097



Miner Street Showing Peter's Theater and Bandstand, Now the Elks Club

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

CHURCHILL INSURANCE, INC.

326 W. Miner Street

Yreka, California



City of Yreka, Yesterday—Early 1900's

—courtesy Alton Taylor



City of Yreka Today—1969

—courtesy Bob Schultz

City of Yreka

Incorporated 1857

for Information, Call or Write

PHONE: 916 842-3794

CITY HALL



McCloud River Railroad Clearing the Tracks, 1938
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

McCloud River Railroad Company

McCloud, California



Parker Cattle Ranch and Deer Reserve in Plowman's Valley.
Now owned by Dr. A. H. Newton
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

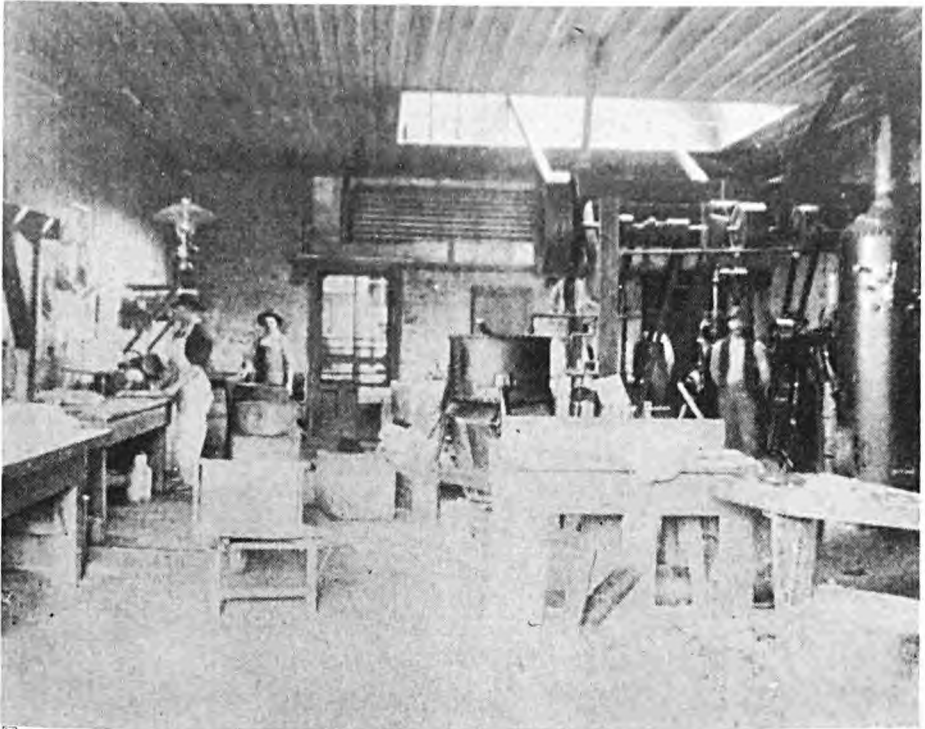
Scott Valley Chamber of Commerce

Greenview, California

INVITES YOU TO VISIT

HISTORICAL SCOTT VALLEY

A SPORTSMAN'S NATURAL PARADISE



Wadsworth Meat Packing Plant, Still the **City Meat Market**
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

City Meat Market

SINCE 1854

319 West Miner Street

Yreka, California



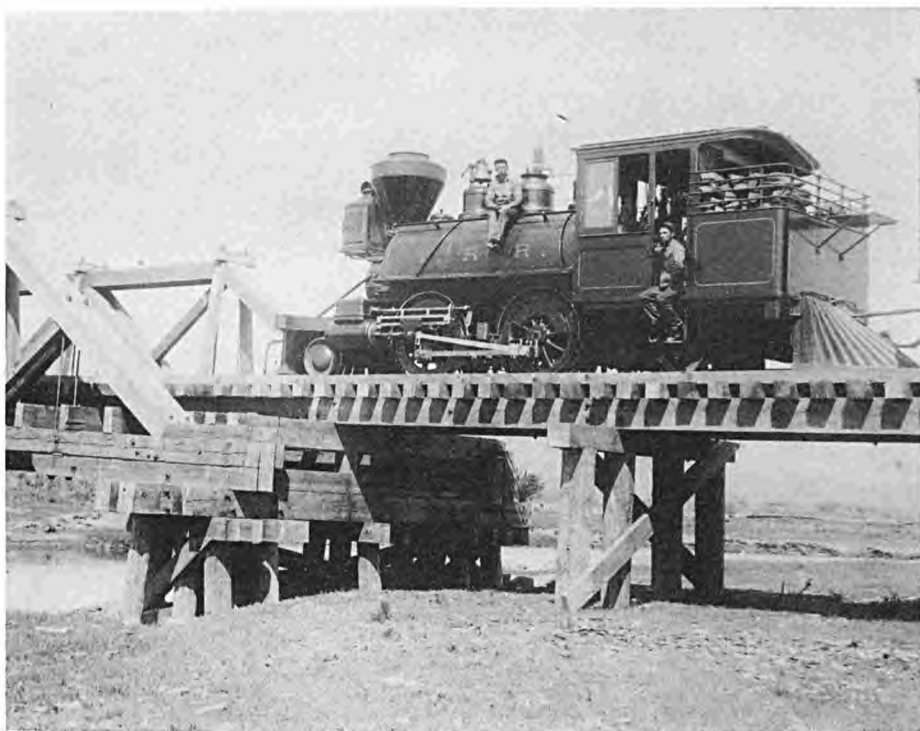
Oro Fino Hydraulic Mine
L. to r.: Hiram Whipple, Sylvester Eastlick, George Kradel
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Bank of America

N. T. & S. A.

Branches in Siskiyou County

YREKA - DUNSMUIR - McCLOUD - MOUNT SHASTA - TULELAKE



Yreka Western Locomotive at Shasta River Bridge—1899

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Yreka Western Railroad Company

SERVING YREKA, SCOTT VALLEY AND
KLAMATH RIVER POINTS

Phone: 842-4146

Yreka, California



Logging with Oxen in Siskiyou
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

J. F. SHARP LUMBER CO.

Manufacturers and Wholesalers of
DOUGLAS FIR - PONDEROSA AND SUGAR PINE LUMBER

Sawmill and Planing Mill
Located at Yreka, California

Office — P. O. Box 158
Yreka, California



Dr. O'Connell's Drug Store. Dr. Frank O'Connell and Minnie Hearn.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

YREKA DRUG CO.

Alden Dickson, Prop.

RELIABLE PRESCRIPTIONS

I.O.O.F. Building

Yreka, California

Phone 842-2727



Thrashing in Scott Valley Around 1890
John Quigely, engineer and George Kradel, separator tender.

SISKIYOU TRACTOR & EQUIPMENT CO.

612 South Main Street

Yreka, California 96097



Oro Fino Hydraulic Mine
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

NORTHERN BLUEPRINT SERVICE

REGISTERED CIVIL ENGINEER and LAND SURVEYING

328 West Miner Street

Yreka, California 96097

Phone: 916 842-4262



Siskiyou Mine and Evans Ranch on the Klamath River near Happy Camp
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

EVANS MERCANTILE STORE

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

HAPPY CAMP

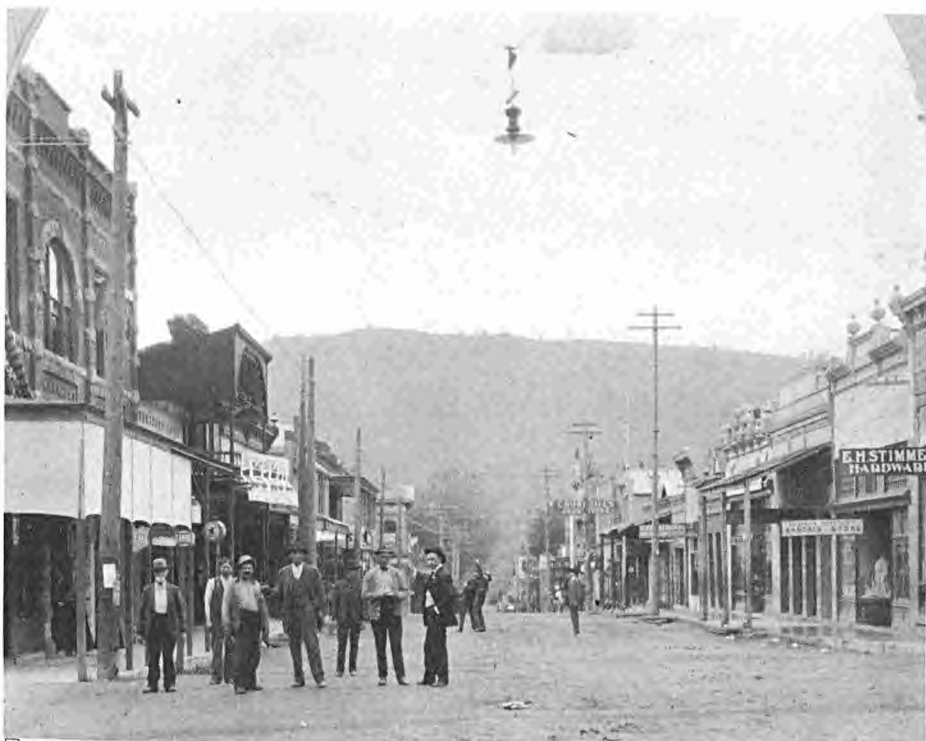
CALIFORNIA

News-Journal Litho

PRINTERS-LITHOGRAPHERS

314 So. Broadway

Yreka, California



Yreka Business District in 1900, Looking East on Miner Street
Notice the dirt street and the street light. Man on the extreme left is W. W. Powers, one of the original pioneers of Yreka. Mr. Van Camp is second man from right. Rest of men unknown.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Town of Yreka City

HEART OF SCENIC SISKIYOU

For Information, Call or Write

Yreka Chamber of Commerce

Phone 842-3779

533 North Main Street

