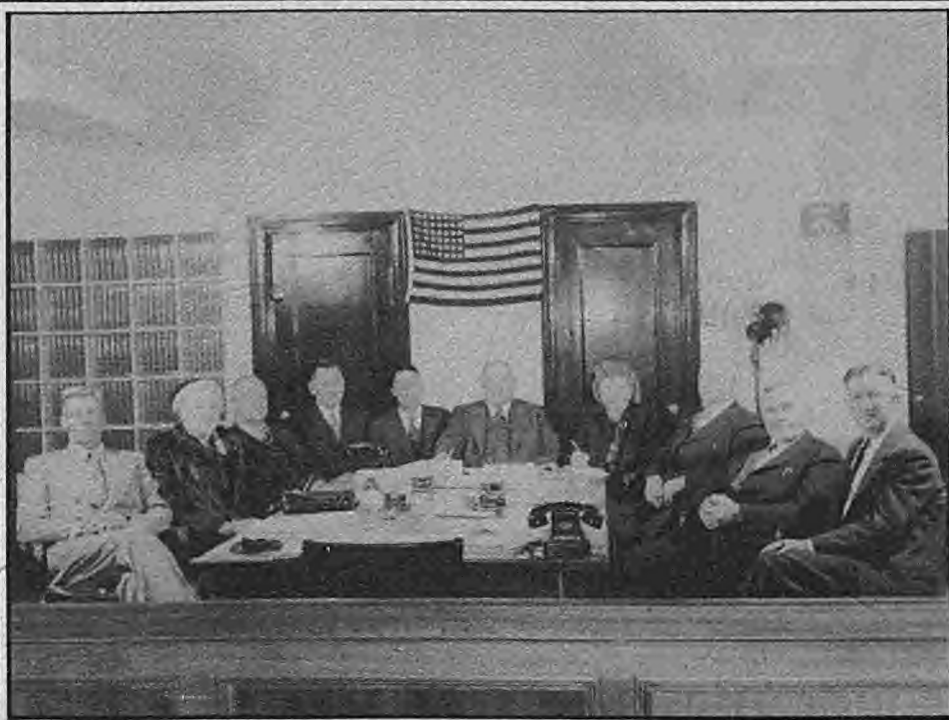


23E-2138360  
*Anniversary Issue*

LDS Sac Family History Center 1970

# The Siskiyou Pioneer

IN FOLKLORE, FACT AND FICTION



and YEARBOOK

Siskiyou County Historical Society

Volume 4

Number 3

P-1304

979.A21  
SISK #3  
Vol. 4 #3  
1970



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.

## Siskiyou County

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 GREAT NATURAL RESOURCES  
 PRODUCTIVE RICH SOIL  
 EXTENSIVE VACATION AREAS  
 INDUSTRY

Siskiyou County Board of Supervisors

SAC 7/1



Gold dredger working on Greenhorn Creek southwest of Yreka.

—courtesy Museum

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"Lake Siskiyou" in Mount Shasta's own back yard.

—courtesy Alva Neuns

FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING  
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## Mount Shasta Chamber of Commerce

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Mount Shasta, California 96067





## Siskiyou Recreationists

are enjoying Camp Eden, a public park developed through International Paper Company's multiple-use forest management program. Many campers; picnickers; and scout, church, civic and other groups have already visited this scenic spot. Camp Eden is located five miles west of Callahan near the south fork of Scott River in the heart of historic gold country. Appropriately, the park was opened in conjunction with the annual Miners Day Celebration at Callahan. The relatively new recreational facility has seven picnic units, provides overnight camping, and has 10 trailer units. Camp Eden features several ponds fed by nearby Grizzly Creek, a corral and water for horses with trails to the high country, and a nature trail for hikers. Drinking water and restrooms are provided. In addition to Camp Eden, the Company's Weed Woodlands Area includes campsites on Shackelford Creek—gateway to the Marble Mountains, and a dozen hunter camps in the Grass Lake-Tennant and Klamath River areas. We believe in multiple-use forestry, with more than 6.5 million acres of Company woodlands in this country made available for public recreation.



**INTERNATIONAL PAPER COMPANY**

WEED, CALIFORNIA



Big wheels at Camp 3, McCloud, California, 1903.

—courtesy Museum

# McCloud River Railroad Company

McCloud, California



Early day picture of City Meat Market. Notice the shake roof and painting over the doorway.  
—courtesy Bernard Pollard

## City Meat Market

SINCE 1854

319 West Miner Street

Yreka, California



Mill pond and mill, Long Bell Lumber Company.

—courtesy Museum



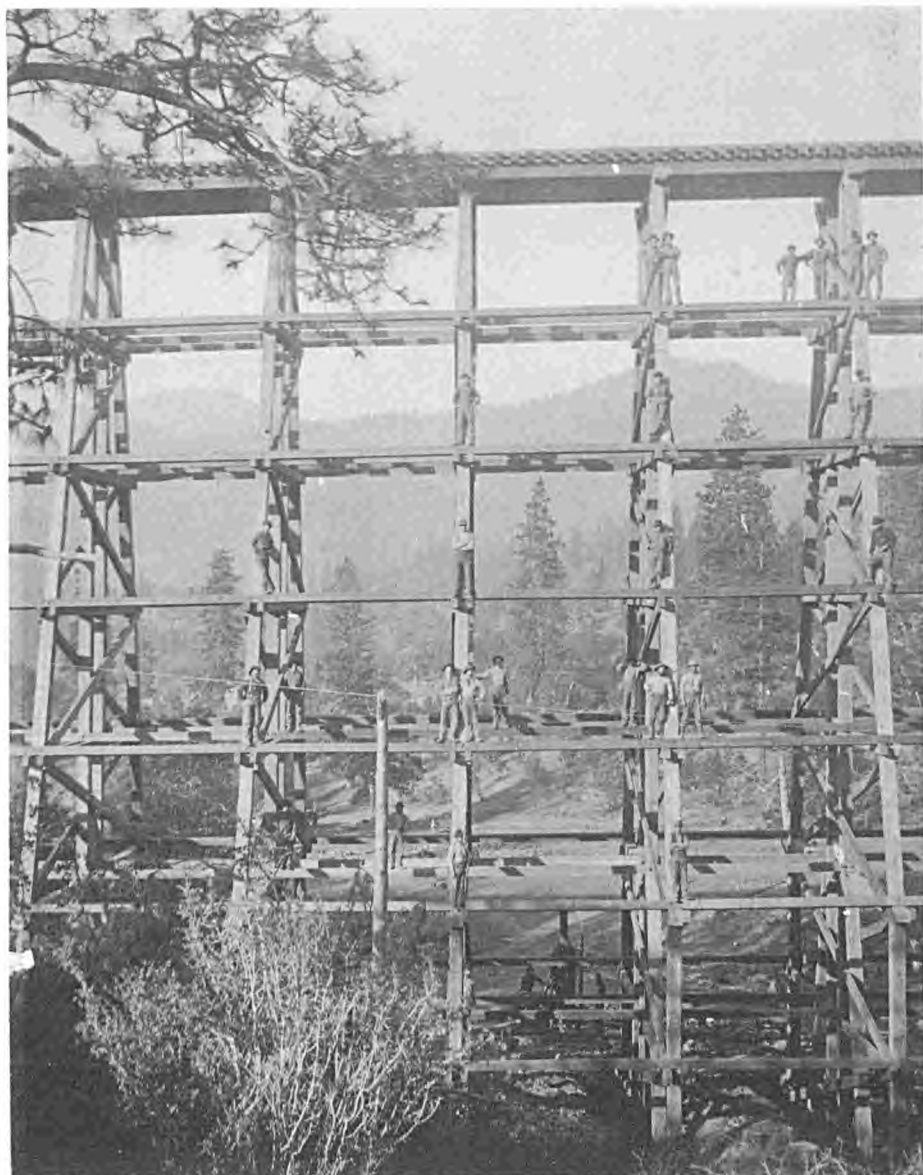
*The Bank That Does a Little More For You!*

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DORRIS

WEED

MT. SHASTA

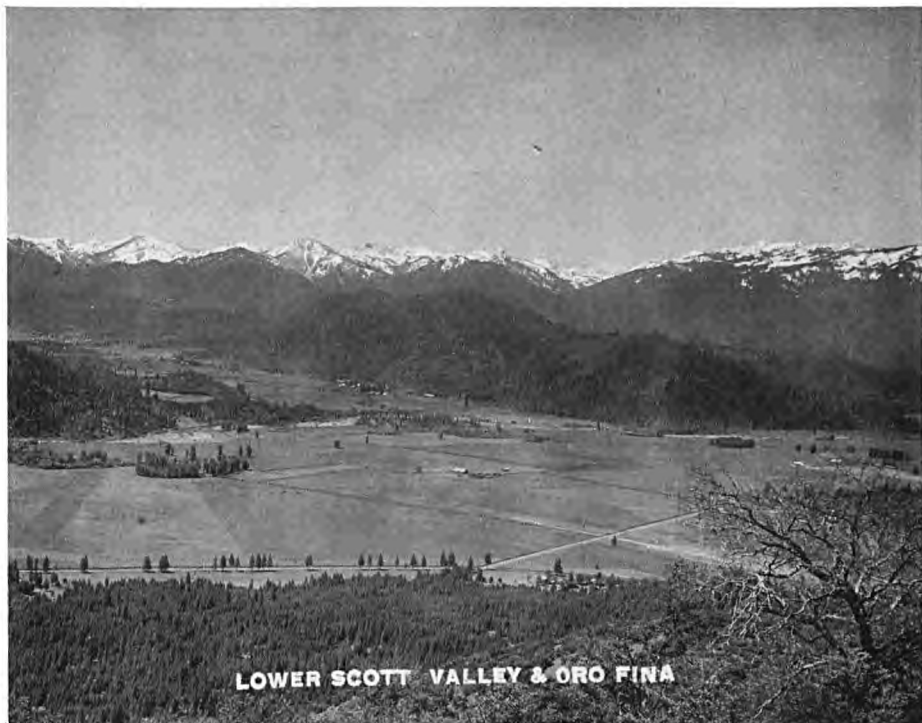


Workmen constructing Bailey Hill trestle.

—courtesy Rodney Hamilton

**Randolph Collier**

STATE SENATOR



**LOWER SCOTT VALLEY & ORO FINA**

**Lower Scott Valley and Oro Fino.**

—courtesy Museum

**Scott Valley  
Chamber of Commerce**

**Greenview, California**

**INVITES YOU TO VISIT**

**HISTORICAL SCOTT VALLEY**

**A SPORTSMAN'S NATURAL PARADISE**



Siskiyou Electric Power Co. Fall Creek Plant, Cal.



Siskiyou Electric Power Co., Fall Creek Plant. Early 1900's. This post card was published for Churchill Drug Store, F. S. Ackerman, Mgr., Yreka, Cal. Made in Germany.

—courtesy Museum

## Pacific Power & Light Company

"YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY"

YOUR PARTNER IN WESTERN PROGRESS



Mr. Lyman Thomas at Siskiyou County Courthouse during Memorial Services for President McKinley, 1901.

—courtesy Museum

## Girdner Funeral Chapel

202 South Oregon Street

Yreka, California



Gold mining in the China Diggins northwest of Yreka.

—courtesy Museum

## Bank of America

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Branches in Siskiyou County

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## Editors' Page

This year, 1970, marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Siskiyou County Historical Society.

The feature story of this Anniversary Issue reveals the history of our Society and its many accomplishments over the past twenty-five years. In this story are quotes from the three living members of the founders of our Society: Gordon Jacobs of Hornbrook, Isabel Schrader of Mount Shasta (now Klamath Falls), and Bernice Meamber of Yreka. To all the members who made this story possible, we wish to acknowledge our debt of sincere gratitude.

To complete this issue we chose a variety of stories from our Museum files which we hope the reader will enjoy.

To all who have contributed articles, to those who loaned pictures and to the business firms who advertised in this issue of the Siskiyou Pioneer, our most sincere thanks. Once again you have helped us open the door to Siskiyou's colorful past.

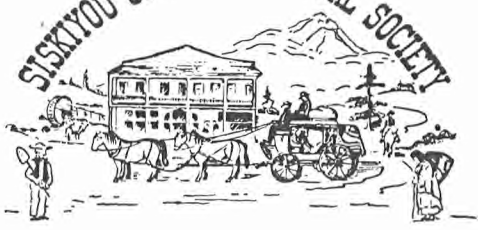


ELEANOR BROWN



HAZEL N. POLLOCK

SISKIYOU COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Siskiyou  
Vol. IV, No. 3

Pioneer  
1970

Editors - - - Hazel Pollock - Eleanor Brown  
Advertising Manager - - - Eleanor Brown

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The Siskiyou Pioneer and Yearbook—publications of the Siskiyou County Historical Society. Copies may be secured through the Secretary, 910 So. Main Street, Yreka, California 96097. Price \$2.00 plus .35 handling charge. Annual Society membership is \$3.00. Members receive publications free of charge anywhere in the U.S. or Canada.

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# Dedication



WE DEDICATE THIS ISSUE

OF THE

SISKIYOU PIONEER

TO

THE FOUNDERS

OF THE

SISKIYOU COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



(cover photo)

left to right: Fred M. Wolford, Isabel Shrader, Gordon Jacobs, Eugene S. Dowling, George R. Schrader, W. T. Davidson, Bernice Meamber, Fred C. Burton, T. R. Douglass, and Waldo J. Smith.



GEORGE R. SCHRADER  
1896 - 1958

First President

## Before the Beginning

By ISABEL G. SCHRADER

What gave Mr. Schrader and other dedicated persons the idea of forming a historical society in Siskiyou County?

It is not always the person born in a locality and familiar with its traditions from the cradle who has the greatest urge to perpetuate its history for coming generations. It takes an outsider, a newcomer, to get the perspective on what has gone into the making of a place and to try to capture its feeling before it is lost.

Coming to the Shasta National Forest as administrative assistant to the Supervisor, one of Mr. Schrader's duties was to talk with people in every department of forest activity and to create favorable public opinion. George had the gift of making people open up to him and tell him things buried deep in their memories. Meeting men like Ben Fairchild, Alex Rosborough, J. B. Russell and Frank Herzog he realized that here was a gold mine of history which, if not recorded, would be lost forever.

Mrs. Gertrude Steger, president of the Shasta County Historical Society, was one who furnished a spark that ignited these ideas into action. There were others, in this county, who had the same idea, among them Bernice Meamber, formerly on the Forest Service staff. The Siskiyou Board of Supervisors became interested in organizing the Society, and with the discovery of the Oro Fino headstone the Society was off to a start.

# We Chart Our Course

By BERNICE MEAMBER

Like the United Nations, our Society is twenty-five years old this year. The Siskiyou County Historical Society had its beginning in the Supervisors' rooms of the court house Hall of Records in Yreka on October 17, 1945.

Appearing before the Board on that day were Mr. and Mrs. George R. Schrader of Mount Shasta and I. Also present besides Board members William T. Davidson (chairman), Gordon Jacobs, Fred C. Burton, Rodney Douglass and Fred M. Wolford, were Waldo J. Smith, County Clerk, and Eugene S. Dowling, County Auditor.

Several different factors had brought this group together on this particular day. Gordon Jacobs had been discussing informally for some time with Eugene Dowling and Bill Davidson, both of whom shared his interest in local history and the placing of markers on historic sites.

"... We were talking among ourselves," Mr. Jacobs of Hornbrook (now 92 years old) recently recalled, "wondering how to arrange to get some of the historic spots marked. There were perhaps 100 places of minor importance, but there were several major places above all others that ought to be marked first. We were going to propose to the County that we mark these places."

Mr. Jacobs had also mentioned this subject to George Schrader of the Shasta National Forest who had written historical articles on both Siskiyou and Shasta Counties. And he invited him to come to this Board meeting. Mr. Schrader asked his wife, Isabel, and me to accompany him.

Another person entering the picture, indirectly, was Frank W. Hooper of Oakland, California. As a native of the county and an early-day teacher and lawyer, he was writing a history of Siskiyou County. During correspondence with me while I was helping with his research, Mr. Hooper wrote not long before this meeting, "Why don't you and the Schraders' organize a historical society up there? You could start a museum and get some retired old fellow to serve as curator." He wrote a similar letter to Mr. and Mrs. Schrader. The idea was fascinating to me; my interest in local history had been heightened not long before when we had made a field trip to Sheep Rock gap, through which immigrant parties had entered Little Shasta Valley. (My paternal grandparents, Stephen and Maria Soule, had come through here in 1861.)

An additional source of interest at this gathering — a kind of focal point, was a limestone grave marker thought to represent the



SHEEP ROCK PASS

earliest known grave of a white man in northern California. About ten months earlier Frank Hooper had written a letter to George Schrader, an excerpt of which is quoted below :

“... In rummaging through old notes I found one from my late friend, George Conner, who wrote about a piece of limestone found near Oro Fino and given by the finder to the Scott boys at Weed. He thinks the man who cut the name and date had nothing but a hammer and cold chisel. The carving reads, ‘Died June 10, 1839. Jno. B. Smith.’ Mrs. Maloney spent some time on this inscription and who the man was, and came to the conclusion he was some member of a wandering Hudson’s Bay party killed by the Indians, perhaps.”

Following this lead, Mr. Schrader had obtained the headstone at the home of Ernest Scott the day before the meeting, and so was able to report on its historical significance to the Supervisors.

After discussing the marking of county historic sites with the Board members and Eugene Dowling, whom they had called in, our group told of its desire to organize a county historical society. We asked the Supervisors if they would sponsor the organization, and they seemed very receptive to the idea. However, the chairman asked us to continue the conference at 4 p.m., after their business of the day was over. (Possibly so they could discuss it among themselves.)

So that was the beginning. We met again with the Supervisors at 4 p.m., having recruited in the meantime, Mr. A. G. Feustel of the Klamath National Forest to join us. The Supervisors were waiting to have a final word with us.

I don't remember all that was said at this conference, but two events that took place stand out very clearly in my mind: Chairman Davidson's statement to our group, "We will sponsor a county historical society by giving you our moral support, but we won't promise any financial support." (The Board apparently doubted the future success of our organization.) And secondly, the appearance of Senator Randolph Collier (who had come before the Board on other matters) and his reaction to our plans for forming the society. In his quick decisive way, he reached in his pocket, took out his wallet and laid \$10.00 on the table saying, "Here is money for dues; I want to be the first member of the Siskiyou County Historical Society." Needless to say, his encouragement came at a very opportune time and was an added stimulus to our group!

"... It progressed very rapidly from there" was actually an understatement, as recalled by Gordon Jacobs. In the words of Mrs. Ramona M. Kehrer of Yreka, an early enthusiastic worker who served the Society in many capacities, "The idea of an historical society caught on immediately, and from then on the membership snowballed. The present residents and people who had formerly lived in the county were most anxious to have the history and lore of Siskiyou County preserved."

The organizational meeting of the Society was held November 5, in the same Supervisors' room, and official status was given the organization by this simple entry in the Supervisors' Minutes, Book 20, Page 19, by Waldo Smith, clerk:

#### COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY — OFFICERS ELECTED.

The County Historical Society met with the Board of Supervisors, there being a large attendance and by-laws adopted and the following officers were elected: President, George Schrader of Mt. Shasta; Vice President, E. S. Dowling of Yreka; Secretary, Bernice Meamber of Yreka and Treasurer, Waldo J. Smith of Yreka.

A more detailed account of the organizational meeting was given by George Schrader in the 1946 Yearbook in his article, "In the Beginning," from which I quote:

... On November 5 ... people representing all parts of the county were gathered in the Supervisors' Rooms in the Hall of Records at Yreka. Supervisor William Davidson acted as chairman pro tem and Mrs. Fred Meamber, Jr., secretary.

A constitution was presented and adopted stating the purposes of the organization and how it should function. ... A slate of officers was elected and the date for the first meeting ... was set for December 8, 1945 in the Superior Courtroom of Siskiyou County. The officers for the first year were:

President.....George R. Schrader  
Vice President.....Eugene S. Dowling





I can still see George Schrader, at this meeting, "lugging" the heavy Oro Fino headstone upstairs to the meeting room and presenting it to the Supervisors. He told them that this was to be the first accession for the future Siskiyou County museum. And it was stored there in the Hall of Records for some time to come.

December 8, was the date of the first meeting of the new Society after the organizational meeting, and it was held in the Superior courtroom — our regular meeting place for the next five years.

Most of the newspapers in northern California carried stories of the new organization's first meeting. The Weed Press of December 14, 1945 printed an article with a statement from Mr. Schrader which, I believe, furnishes a clue to the instant success of the Society:

...President George R. Schrader of Mt. Shasta reports that there are now 116 enrolled members and that the **enthusiasm** shown by the **old timers who are eager to give** and the **younger ones who are ready to work** indicates that a record of pioneer . . . local history may be preserved and that the future of the Society is assured.

It was that combination of older and younger members working together, plus the inspiring leadership of George Schrader, which got the Society off to a good start.

Mr. Schrader had a kind of youthful enthusiasm, a certain charisma, that inspired people — people who became truly dedicated to the cause of this new organization. His wife, Isabel, completely shared his interest and work in the Society and she, we found, had an unlimited fund of new ideas and plans. In addition, she had the ability to put her thoughts into printed form. One of our better writers, she was a source of help to all officers and committees.

As Mrs. Ramona Kehrer expressed it, "George and Isabel Schrader were able to put ideas into operation. George had an inexhaustible source of energy, and he and Isabel both gave unstintingly of their time."

Through their membership in the Shasta County Historical Society, the Schraders were able to obtain a great deal of advice and encouragement from its president, Mrs. Gertrude Steger of Redding. Also, their association with Mrs. Alice Bay Maloney of Berkeley, an authority on Hudson's Bay trappers in this region, proved helpful.

And so, with the sponsorship of the County Supervisors, our Society was launched and our course charted. We didn't realize then that it wouldn't always be "smooth sailing"; that the sea would sometimes be pretty rough. But we had high hopes for carrying out our plans with the cooperation of many good people working together.



BERNICE MEAMBER HOLDING PICTURE OF FRANK HOOPER

## Achieving Our Goals

By FRED AND BERNICE MEAMBER

The high objectives and aims of the Siskiyou County Historical Society as set forth in the Constitution, project far into the future —so far that it will take another twenty-five years or more to meet them. But in this first quarter century we have come a long way. And we have many material assets to show for it, in the form of a county museum, with its hundreds of cherished relics of the past.

The principal achievements of the various committees of the Society through the past twenty-five years are summarized here, and we hope they will provide pleasant reminiscing for those involved in its early years, and afford new ideas and inspiration to those now working toward the same goals.

### Membership

The Society's membership jumped from 116 in 1945 to 1,133 by 1954. This increase, we feel, was due largely to the efforts of Membership chairmen Ben Fairchild and Karl V. Denny. Despite the fact that both were over 80 years old, they worked very diligently, even going so far as to canvas the merchants up and down the streets of Yreka (when we were nearing the 1,000 mark).

For many years we had the highest membership of any county his-

torical society in the state. At present we have 1,190 members—and are now looking forward to reaching 1,500.

The continued success of the Society and the steady growth of membership may be attributed, mainly, to two factors:

- (1) The Society's publications.
- (2) The Siskiyou County Museum.

### Publications

**The Siskiyou Pioneer and Yearbook** published for several years semi-annually, and now annually, is furnished to members without charge.

The publication was the brain child of George and Isabel Schrader who edited the first 16 issues. To date, there have been 33 issues published, not including the **Covered Wagon** booklet put out in conjunction with the Shasta County Society.

It has been the policy of the editors to do very little editing, or changing, in the articles written by the old-timers so as not to lose the flavor of the original pioneer colloquial expressions so fast disappearing. We have also tried to retain the interesting and amusing anecdotes (**small potatoes**, George Schrader called them) in the articles, to make them more readable.

The following members have served as editors of the publication, with efficient staffs to assist them:

George R. Schrader.....	1946-1950,	10 issues
George R. and Isabel G. Schrader.....	1950-1954,	6 issues
Keneth G. Young.....	1955 issue	
Anthony J. Thomas.....	1956 issue	
Bernice and Fred J. Meamber.....	1957-1959,	3 issues
Walter B. Pollock, Jr.....	1957 issue	(Fall)
Lauran Paine.....	1960 issue	
Freda Broderick and Helen Sherman.....	1961 issue	
Helen Sherman and Reita Campbell.....	1962 issue	
Charlotte Davis and Evelyn Carter.....	1963 issue	
Evelyn Carter and Josephine Kinney.....	1964 issue	
Hazel Pollock and Hazel Rider.....	1965 issue	
Vera Toleman and Hazel Davis.....	1966 issue	
Frank E. and Hope Lewis.....	1967 issue	
Herbert W. Trapnell.....	1968 issue	
Hazel Pollock and Eleanor Brown.....	1969-1970,	2 issues

The origin of the emblem appearing in the **Siskiyou Pioneer and Yearbook** is covered elsewhere in this issue.



GORDON JACOBS SPEAKING AT THE MUSEUM DEDICATION, AUGUST 24, 1951

### The Siskiyou County Museum

Through the forethought and progressiveness of the County Supervisors — Gordon Jacobs (chairman), William T. Davidson, Fred C. Burton, Fred M. Wolford and W. A. Barr, in erecting a museum building costing nearly \$30,000, and providing the means to maintain it, the Society is able to preserve Siskiyou County's history for posterity.

After the Siskiyou County Historical Society had proved itself to be a successful and permanent organization, and after representatives of the Society had made many appearances before the Board of Supervisors, in 1948 the Board approved the construction of a museum building. It was erected in 1950, being designed to resemble the Callahan Ranch Hotel stage station, and it was occupied in 1951. Fred's first act on becoming president of the Society was, on January 1, 1951, to pick up in his truck curator Alex J. Rosborough, and help him move all the accessions he had stored in the Road Department annex at the court house, into the museum. There were no showcases there —no furnishings at all, but Alex moved in and soon was "open for business."

The administration of the museum was given over to the historical society by the County Supervisors, and a Museum Board of Governors set up by the Society.

Since those first days when the Rev. Kenneth Linton was chairman of the Board of Governors and Alex Rosborough curator, the growth in



NURSERY ON MEZZANINE FLOOR OF MUSEUM

—courtesy Fred Raffaelli



VIEW OF MAIN FLOOR OF THE MUSEUM, TAKEN FROM THE MEZZANINE

—courtesy Fred Raffaelli



accessions and exhibits has been so great that now, 25 years later, we have outgrown the building and are making plans to enlarge both the building and the grounds.

Succeeding curators have been the Rev. Edwin Halcrow, George Exline, Frank Herzog and Hazel Pollock. Many fine donations and loans came to the museum while Mr. Exline was curator. Frank Herzog of Yreka, now 90 years old, devoted much time and effort as curator. He also added color to the position, with his lively personality and his dramatic ability to narrate facts and folklore to the visitors. A grandson of pioneer Charles Herzog who came to the county in 1852, Frank was well versed on tales of Siskiyou.

Mrs. Hazel Pollock, the present curator, has built up many new exhibit areas, including an arrangement on the main floor telling the **Story of Siskiyou** in seven periods. Her most recent displays are an old-fashioned parlor and a child's play room on the mezzanine floor. Also on this floor are the library which boasts 30 volumes of Bancroft's Works, an extensive doll collection, an exhibit of costuming of the past era, silver, China, glassware, toys, a fire department display, and many photographs; and exhibits arranged by special groups such as the **Know Your Heirlooms** committee and the D.A.R.

The main floor has (besides the Story of Siskiyou around the walls) a priceless gun collection, a Regina music box, a variety of arrowheads, and a wall-size historic map designed and constructed by Walter B. Pollock, Jr. and Robert Schultz.

The basement is particularly interesting with its general store, millinery shop, music shop, miner's cabin, blacksmith shop, polished gems, Indian baskets and other artifacts, rock collections and mining and agriculture equipment.



D.A.R. DISPLAY CASE IN THE MUSEUM, 1969

On the front porch of the museum are two authentic stagecoaches loaned to us: the coach which ran from Yreka to Etna Mills and the one from Yreka to Linkville (Klamath Falls, Oregon). The wagon shed to the northeast of the museum has a freight wagon, mail sleigh, logging wagon, a reaper and Studebaker buggy.



MRS. GEORGE SCHRADER DEDICATING  
PLAQUE IN MEMORIAL GARDEN

The grounds to the north have become the Memorial Garden. The area was landscaped as an old-fashioned garden in 1966 with funds accumulating since 1955 when the Memorial Garden Fund was established. A dedication ceremony was held June 10, 1967. A contribution may be made in memory of a relative or friend, whose name is then added to the Book of Remembrance on display in the museum.

Conducted tours are given for school classes, as well as boy and girl scout troops, foreign exchange students, college students, senior citizens' groups, railroad buffs and others.

In 1969, the attendance of visitors at the museum reached 14,000 representing every state in the Union and 30 foreign countries. With the completion of the expansion program now in its planning stage, our museum should be the most attractive museum complex in the state.

### Presidents

Through twenty-five years, sixteen presidents have served the Society. From all walks of life, they represent federal, state and county government employees, businessmen, lawyers, teachers, lumbermen, farmers and office secretaries.

Walter B. Pollock, Jr. was the youngest president. He brought to the Society all the energy, zeal and competence of his twenty-five years. The first woman president was Josephine Kinney of Yreka, who served two terms with great efficiency. During Judge James M. Allen's term in 1953, the organization was incorporated under the laws of the State of California as a non-profit corporation.

A list of the presidents and their terms follows:

George R. Schrader.....	1946	John Collier.....	1958
Eugene S. Dowling.....	1947	J. M. White.....	1959, 1960
Joseph H. Wales.....	1948	Vayne O. Ralston.....	1961, 1962
A. G. Feustel.....	1949, 1950	Jim McNeil.....	1963, 1964
Fred J. Meamber, Jr.....	1951, 1952	Gerald Wetzel.....	1965, 1966
Judge James M. Allen.....	1953, 1954	Josephine Kinney.....	1967, 1968
Walter B. Pollock, Jr.....	1955, 1956	Herbert W. Trapnell.....	1969
M. H. Messner.....	1957	Dorice Young.....	1970



JOE WALES AND FRED MEAMBER

### Field Research

The Society was fortunate in having as its first Field Research chairman, Joseph H. Wales of Mount Shasta. Joe came in at the start and, with his background and great interest, soon became a key man in the organization.

As a biologist for the State Division of Fish and Game at the Mount Shasta fish hatchery, Joe traveled over most of the county and was in an ideal position to plan field trips and arrange for the marking of historic sites.

Joe also served as president in 1948, and he designed the historic map which helped us win one of our Awards of Merit from the American Association for State and Local History.

Our present Field Research chairman is Thomas A. Bigelow who is also vice president, and a long-time member of the Board of Directors. Tom has earned the title "wagon master" from the hundreds of members who take the tours through Siskiyou and adjoining counties in the long

caravans headed by the "wagon master" and the chartered school bus. County residents have not only had many enjoyable times on our field trips, but have come to know the county better from having explored every section that can be reached by a bus.



**UNVEILING THE KITTY HUSEMAN FOUNTAIN**  
by her daughter, Margaret Lind, at Museum  
dedication. Joe Wales on left.



**DEDICATION OF ALDEN PLAQUE**  
August 8, 1953.  
Charles F. Bryan and Barbara Bryan.

### Dedications and Field Trips

1. July 14, 1946—Dedication at site of old Fort Jones, followed by tour to Oro Fino grave site, Quartz Valley, Etna and Callahan's
2. September 14, 1946—Field trip around Yreka from city hall to Judge Rosborough's home, Thompson's Dry Diggings, hanging gallows on Butcher Hill, Sampson Crowder grave, and Bisbee and Gov. Irwin homes on Lane St.
3. October 20, 1946—Field trip to Camp Leaf near Bray to examine stone circles. (Indian mounds or Brodel rings?)
4. May 18, 1947—Joint tour of Lava Beds National Monument with Klamath Co. Historical Society.
5. September 28, 1947—Dedication Strawberry Valley plaque at Mount Shasta, commemorating site of Strawberry Valley stage station, Berryvale post office, Sisson Hotel and Mount Shasta fish hatchery.
6. June 27, 1948—Dedication Thompson's Dry Diggings where gold was discovered in Yreka.
7. May 15, 1949—Dedication site of town of Deadwood, and tour to take part in dedication of new Fort Jones museum.
8. October 2, 1949—Joint tour of Southern Oregon Trail with Klamath Co. Historical Society.



DEDICATION OF MARKER AT GRAVE OF "INDIAN PEGGY", JUNE 9, 1951  
Mandy Clarkson and Joe Wales.

9. April 1, 1951—Field trip to the dedication of Jacksonville museum, as guests of So. Oregon Historical Society.
10. June 9, 1951—Dedication Indian Peggy monument south of Yreka.
11. April 20, 1952—Field trip to Scott Bar via Klamath River and Scott River.
12. August 8, 1953—Dedication Captain Bradford Ripley Alden plaque at quarantine station on Siskiyou Mountains.
13. September 26, 1954—Field trip to Willow Creek-Little Shasta area.
14. October 9, 1955—Dedication Emigrant Trail-Military Pass marker on U.S. 97 jointly with Calif. State Park Commission.
15. May 20, 1956—Field trip to Klamath Co. museum, Klamath Falls, and Herman's House of Guns, Dorris.
16. June 4, 1961—Field trip to Etna, Cecilville, up East Fork, over new road to Callahan's, Etna.
17. May 20, 1962—Field trip down Klamath River, up Scott River to



**FORT JONES MUSEUM DEDICATION, MAY 15, 1948**



**DEDICATION OF EMIGRANT TRAIL, OCTOBER 9, 1955**  
**Walter Pollock, Anna Dreyer, Joe Allen, Aubrey Neasham, Paula Harris.**

Scott Bar, Quartz Valley; back over Indian Creek and Cherry Creek roads.

18. September 23, 1962—Butte Valley via Ager and Topsy Grade, to Dorris, Oklahoma district, Laird's Landing, Macdoel, back via U.S. 97.
19. May 26, 1963—Field trip to Gazelle, Dobkins Mill, College of Siskiyou, Soda Springs, Strawberry Valley, Upton, Igerna, Butteville.
20. October 13, 1963—Field trip to Wyntoon, Hearst Estate near McCloud, and U.S. tree nursery.
21. May 17, 1964—Field trip to Lava Beds National Monument and Dorris.
22. September 20, 1964—Field trip around "Horn" down Salmon and up Klamath Rivers.





**THOMPSON'S DRY DIGGINS DEDICATION, JUNE 27, 1948**



**DEADWOOD DEDICATION, MAY 15, 1949**

Left to right: Mr. Branson, Mrs. Mathilda Branson, W. T. Davidson, Judge J. M. Allen.

23. May 23, 1965—Field trip Jacksonville Museum and tour of town.
24. September 12, 1965—Field trip Fall River Mills to attend dedication of new museum. Tour of valley, site of Fort Crook, Burney Falls.
25. May 22, 1966—Field trip up Klamath River to Iron Gate dam, Copco No. 1 and 2, Klamathon.
26. September 18, 1966—Field trip to Weaverville, Trinity Co., and tour of town.
27. June 11, 1967—Field trip Scott Valley, down Scott and Klamath Rivers to Happy Camp. Tour of town.

28. September 17, 1967—Field trip to Lewiston and Trinity dam, Trinity Center, back via Scott Mountain.
29. May 19, 1968—Field trip to Klamath Co. museum, Klamath Falls, and tour of town.
30. September 15, 1968—Field trip to Little Shasta and Edgewood areas.
31. May 18, 1969—Field trip to Oro Fino, Quartz Valley, old Etna; joined by Klamath Co. Historical Society.

#### **Markers Erected (Without Formal Dedication)**

- 1948—Wooden sign at Butteville Stage Station, Edgewood.  
Wooden sign at Starveout Stage Station between Grenada and Gazelle.
- 1949—Wooden sign at Coles Stage Station, Hilt.  
Wooden sign at Henley Stage Station near Hornbrook.  
Wooden sign at Stone Fort, between Montague and Ager.
- 1949—Metal signs for City of Yreka placed at:  
Arcade Billiard Saloon, Miner Street  
City Meat Market, Miner Street  
Methodist Church, So. Oregon and Lane Streets  
Fire Hall, Engine #2, Miner Street
- 1950—Wooden sign at Robber's Rock, southwest of Yreka.
- 1951—Metal signs for City of Yreka placed at:  
Site of old gas works, Main Street.  
First house still standing, North Street.  
Site of first place of business, Main and Center Streets.
- 1958—Nineteen metal signs placed from foot of Scott Mountain to town of Hilt, reading:

California-Oregon Stage Road  
1851 - 1886

- 1966—Wooden sign, "Calif.-Oregon Trail. First used prior to 1846 by trappers, and after 1851 by gold miners." Placed near Klamathon by Norman Fiock. Wooden sign, "Henley Stage Coach Station, Cottonwood, 1854-1887. Changed to Henley 1861. Early gold mining town." Placed by Norman Fiock.

#### **Special Meetings**

1. November 9, 1947—Joint meeting with Eschscholtzia Parlor Native Daughters of the Golden West in Etna.
2. June 25, 1948—Pioneer Day luncheon at Yreka Inn during Gold Rush celebration.
3. April 9, 1949—Regular meeting held in Mt. Shasta Methodist Church. 500th member, Mrs. J. H. Mills, honored.
4. June 25, 1949—Pioneer Day Old-Timers' Reunion, Yreka Inn, during which informal dedication held for four metal signs placed in Yreka.
5. May 20, 1951—Joint meeting with Shasta Historical Society for presentation ceremony of town of Shasta as a State historical monument.





GEO. SHRADER AND RAMONA KEHRER  
at Pioneer Day Old-Timers' Reunion

6. June 24, 1951—First annual picnic, Yreka city park.
7. August 24, 1951 — Dedication of Siskiyou Co. Museum building, Yreka.
8. October 30, 1951 — Attended annual meeting of So. Oregon Historical Society, Medford.
9. May 17, 1952 — Symposium Group of Northern Calif. and So. Oregon Historical Societies organized at Yreka.
10. August 23-24, 1952—Produced Siskiyou Co. Fair Assn. outdoor pageant, "The Siskiyou Story," during Fair.
11. November 14, 1953 — 1000th member, J. J. Mabry of Yreka, honored at regular meeting, Yreka.
12. June 4, 1956—Attended annual meeting So. Oregon Historical Society at Jacksonville, and visited the museum.

13. July 17, 1959—Old-Timers' picnic in Yreka city park.
14. October 14-16, 1966—15th Annual Symposium of Historical Societies of No. California-So. Oregon meeting in Yreka.

### Biographies File

"Biography is the only true history," stated Carlyle. Again, "History is neither more nor less than biography on a large scale."—Lamar-tine. One of the most important objectives of the Society is the collecting and filing of Pioneer and Member biography forms by the Pioneer Biographies committee.

Through the efforts of Helen M. Foulke and her committee of Corresponding Secretaries, hundreds of forms were collected in the 14-year period she was chairman. Mrs. Foulke was one of our most industrious workers. Besides her work on the biographies, she helped with many of the arrangements in the museum and served on its Board for many years. She served on the Membership committee, and was our most consistent volunteer on the Food committee for the regular meetings.

Mrs. Reita Campbell, present chairman, now reports 1,115 Pioneer forms and over 600 Member forms in the collection. Mrs. Campbell, also a long-time worker, served as Corresponding Secretary for many years and has been on the editorial staff of the *Siskiyou Pioneer and Yearbook*, being an excellent writer. She is also a member of the Board of Directors.



**CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES**

Bottom Row, l. to r.: Leslie Hyde, Viola Barton, Jessie Coonrod, Fannie Webb, Alice Dunaway, Lottie Ball, Betty Lavell, and Ruth Morton.

Top Row, l. to r.: Hazel Rohrer, Grace Micke, Jennie Clawson, Jennie Mathews, Karl Denny, Freida Broderick, Ora McGregor, and Anna Dreyer.

Inset: Mary Lemos, Irene Nelson, Minnie Soule, Marcelle Masson.

The Corresponding Secretaries whose duties are to promote the interest of the Society in their districts, serve on this committee as well as the Membership committee and any other committee where they are needed. In the beginning the Corresponding Secretaries were appointed by the County Supervisors, one from each district.

When Fred became president in 1951, he increased the number to twenty-one, and the Secretaries became a strong working force in the Society. They were called to meetings in our home to discuss their work with the Biographies and Membership chairmen. We look back to a very pleasant personal relationship with the Corresponding Secretaries, and the realization that though their work often went unnoticed, their accomplishments were very fruitful for the Society. Irene Nelson of Fort Jones is an outstanding Secretary.

### Programs

The large attendance at the meetings of our society held in the Siskiyou County Museum is due to the high quality of the programs. The Program chairmen through the years deserve praise for the care given in the selection of the speakers and the special plans they have made to make the programs attractive to the membership.

### Publicity and Clippings

During the early years of the Society we had excellent press coverage in every newspaper in the county—the Siskiyou Daily News, Yreka; Weed Press, Weed; Mount Shasta Herald, Mount Shasta; Dunsmuir News, Dunsmuir; Butte Valley Star, Dorris; Tulelake Reporter, Tulelake; and the Western Sentinel, Etna, **through the efforts of Mrs. Betty Dow**, a newspaper woman of exceptional talent. Mrs. Dow wrote reams of copy for us which have filled many of our Clippings committee's scrapbooks.

When we first organized two county editors made mention of the new society several times in their personal columns—the best publicity we could have had. Mr. Orbell Apperson of the Mt. Shasta Herald in his column, "As We See It", of November 29, 1945, mentioned that the county should have a museum and suggested that the newly formed Siskiyou County Historical Society consider such an undertaking. And in the Siskiyou Daily News soon after we organized, the "Up and Down Yreka with Bill Bailey" column stated, "PERSONAL OPINION: Siskiyou Historical Society should prove one of the most interesting and useful organizations got underway in the county in several years past." On July 9, 1946, Bill Bailey wrote: "SUCCESS seems assured for Siskiyou County Historical Society—which now has about 180 members and finds practically all first year members maintaining dues while others are joining. The SOCIETY is all set for its first field trip next Sunday, too."

Cy Rippon of the **Weed Press** has allowed us unlimited space in his paper, which provides us with long articles for our scrapbooks. Clippings chairman, Hazel Pollock, reports that we have **twenty-two** scrapbooks filled with clippings of Society activities, obituaries of county and former county residents, and other historical articles.

### **Radio and TV.**

The Radio committee was very active in 1948 and 1949. Fifteen-minute programs were released over KSYC in Yreka and KWSD in Mount Shasta dealing with landmarks, mining, stage stations, historic towns and folklore. Mrs. Ramona Kehrer, chairman, had members on her committee read prepared scripts. Later, half hour open-forum type programs were given in cooperation with the Yreka Chamber of Commerce with four society members participating and the chairman acting as moderator.

In 1952 over KSYC a series on the history of the county by periods was introduced by Bernice Meamber with teams of two reading the script each week.

During the past year we were invited by Channel 10 TV to participate in their community program, "Take 10". Mrs. Hazel Pollock, our Museum curator, has charge of the program. The following subjects have been covered by Mrs. Pollock on the ten-minute program, twice a month. The Museum and its displays, gold mining items from the Museum, a fashion show, featuring clothing in the life of a pioneer woman, a program of pictures of historical articles in the Museum, including a recording from our music box, a display of dolls, each representing a pioneer woman who played an important part in the history of Siskiyou County and a program of small items necessary in the life of a pioneer.

### **Fossils**

The Fossils committee originally consisted of Walter Pollock, Sr. and Walter, Jr. who made many interesting and important finds through the years. They uncovered Indian relics in their Miller Mountain cave dig which brought Dr. Howell Williams, volcanologist and geologist at the University of California in Berkeley, Dr. William Wallace also of U. C., and Dr. Alex Krieger of the University of Texas, archaeologists, to the scene. Their findings have been published in No. 15 of the **Archaeology Survey** of the University of California.

In 1950, bones from elephants of the Mammoth species were uncovered on the D. C. Shelley ranch west of Gazelle.

An unusual Indian massacre site was found in 1955 on the John Foster ranch in Bogus. Walter Pollock, Jr. brought this to the attention of an archeologist from U. C. who was thus able to make a further study of Shasta Indians.

Rodney Gregg of Gazelle also served as chairman of this committee, and reported finding horned coral fossils dating back nearly 500 million years. These were found in an area west of Gazelle. Rodney served as vice president on the Board of Directors a number of years, and as a Corresponding Secretary.



DENNIS WILLIAMS, RON CHASE, GARY TALLIS  
IN MUSEUM LIBRARY

### Librarian

Before the library collection was housed in the museum where the curator would act as Librarian, the position was filled by the County Librarian or a member of her staff. Books and pamphlets donated to the Society were catalogued and placed in the collection.

Books are no longer loaned out, but they are available at the museum for students and others doing research. The complete set of Bancroft's Works are our most prized books in the library.

### Suggestions

The Suggestions committee was short lived. The rapid progress of the Society made the committee no longer necessary.

### Cemeteries

Up until 1962, the Society had a Cemeteries committee chairman. The purpose of the committee was to locate unmarked graves and unidentified cemeteries, delineating them on a map along with known graves and cemeteries.

### Special Committees

Many special committees have been appointed from time to time. One—the Screening committee, inspects and passes on all items brought to the museum as gifts or on loan.

**Southern Section.** There was in existence for a short while a subsidiary organization of the Society. On October 30, 1946 a group organized in Mount Shasta with Charles Masson as president and E. R. Smith, secretary, to carry out the objectives of the Society in Dunsmuir, McCloud, Mount Shasta, Weed, and the surrounding country. However, the members of this group became so involved with the main Society there was neither time nor need for the Southern Section.

### Awards of Merit

Less than two years after the Society was organized we were pre-

sented an **Award of Merit** by the American Association for State and Local History in Washington, D.C., reading as follows:

"The American Association for State and Local History is pleased to recognize and commend the distinctive contribution of the Siskiyou County Historical Society to American Local History, in witness whereof this Certificate is presented in accordance with the formal citation of the Committee on Awards dated on the sixth day of September, 1947 and transmitted to the proper officers."

A second **Award of Merit** was received jointly with the Klamath County Historical Society of Oregon by the American Association for State and Local History, which reads:

"For undertaking a joint historical tour on May 18, 1947, in which members of the societies reviewed the history of the Modoc War during the course of visits to the many important sites, thereby illustrating the possibility of cooperation in historical work across state boundaries. Voted at the annual meeting of the Association in Denver on September 1-7, 1947."

On September 14, 1949 our third award from the American Association was accompanied by a letter reading:

"For its Yearbook of 1948 devoted to the history of the lumbering industry in the county, a contribution to our knowledge of lumbering, attractively presented, along with excellent reports of the activities of the Society, and statements of the purposes of such an organization, and for its Historical Map with sketches and descriptions of historic points of interest. Voted at the annual meeting of the American Association in Burlington on September 14, 1949."

The Siskiyou Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution presented the Society with an **Award of Merit** December 12, 1953 for "... outstanding services and worthy accomplishments for the protection of our constitutional republic and preservation of its history."

The California Historical Society presented our Society with an **Award of Merit** on January 21, 1960 "for distinguished historical accomplishment".

### Symposiums

Members of our Society are credited with organizing the Symposium Group of Northern California and Southern Oregon Historical Societies. This group, now called the Annual Northern California Symposium held its **nineteenth** annual meeting in Redding on October 2-4, 1970.

The historical societies of southern California likewise organized a regional group called the Annual Southern Symposium, Conference of California Historical Societies, which is holding its **thirteenth** annual





FIRST SYMPOSIUM, MAY 17, 1952

meeting in Fresno February 12-13, 1971.

Little did we know when the three of us, Joe Wales and Fred and Bernice Meamber, drove to Chico May 5, 1951 to attend a district meeting of the California Library Association, that this would result. The County Librarians had been urged to bring representatives of historical societies to this meeting, with historical documents to put on display. Although there were few representatives present, great interest was shown in each other's display and in a speech given by Mr. W. H. Hutchinson on history.

Noting this interest, and being very interested in local history himself, Dr. Hector Lee of Chico State approached us three from Siskiyou County with the suggestion that we form a regional organization of historical societies of northern California. He thought we should have meetings to discuss projects and solve problems. The idea was very exciting to us and we told Dr. Lee we would ask our Society to host the first meeting.

Our members were equally enthusiastic when we brought home the idea, so on May 17, 1952 the first Symposium was held at the Siskiyou County Museum.

Again our Society hosted the Symposium Group at its 15th annual meeting October 14-16, 1966 in Yreka when Gerald Wetzel was our president. From 65 delegates in 1952, the attendance had grown to 200 delegates in 1966, coming from as far south as Los Angeles County and north as Klamath County, Oregon.

#### **Know Your Heirlooms Group**

The Know Your Heirlooms Group, a subsidiary of the historical society, was organized in March, 1949 in Yreka to enable members to study and identify their family treasures and to enjoy those of others.

Because of the great interest in heirlooms, a southern unit was organized in Mount Shasta in February, 1950. The southern section developed so much interest it gradually absorbed the northern unit, and it is still very active in Mount Shasta and vicinity.

The Heirlooms Group maintains a showcase in the museum which it keeps filled with lovely China, glassware, silver, etc., revolving the exhibit at regular intervals.

#### **Sawyers Bar Church Restoration**

A special project of the Society, and more particularly of Mr. A. G. Feustel, a one-man-committee, was the restoration of the historic Sawyers Bar church which was built in 1855. Enough money was raised between 1953 and 1957 to replace the foundation, windows and frames and the porch and steps.

Visitors from far and near come to see the famous painting of the Crucifixion which hangs on the wall behind the altar. It is said that



this painting was carried over the mountains to Sawyers Bar on the back of Father Florian Schwenninger, the little Austrian priest, who served the parish at the beginning and had the church built.



PRIZE WINNING BOOTHS  
AT SISKIYOU COUNTY FAIR  
1967, 1968, and 1969



### Exhibits at County Fair

For many years the Society has been active in providing displays at the Siskiyou County Fair, and has taken prizes most of the time. The past three years have netted \$600.00 in prize money to the Society for the respective exhibits of a schoolroom, a miner's cabin with the miner panning gold beside it and Peter Skene Ogden writing in his diary as he named Mount Shasta.

### Special Gifts

The Society has been fortunate in receiving two sizeable contributions in the form of bequests. These were from Mrs. Mae Helene Bacon Boggs of San Francisco, in 1964, Mr. Arthur Luddy, formerly of Sawyers Bar, and Mrs. Etta Soldane of Yreka, in 1969.

Mrs. Boggs lived in Yreka for a time in her youth, and she also lived in the old town of Shasta where her uncle, Williamson L. Smith, had his headquarters when he was stagecoach driver in Upper California and Lower Oregon. Mrs. Boggs is best known for compiling the book, **My Playhouse Was a Concord Coach** in 1942, which is now on all the rare book lists in California.

Mr. Luddy was the son of Ted Luddy, a pioneer of the Sawyers Bar region. Mrs. Soldane is the widow of L. A. T. Soldane, a Yreka businessman who had been manager of the Grenada Hotel in its heyday.

### Affiliation with Other Societies

At the very outset, our Society became a member of the American Association for State and Local History in Washington, D. C. and the California Historical Society in San Francisco.

As mentioned previously, our Society was the organizer of the Annual Symposium of Historical Societies of Northern California and Southern Oregon in 1952.

When the Conference of California Historical Societies was organized in Columbia in 1954, we had a representative there to take part in the organization of the state-wide society. It is hoped that our Society will be host to this Conference group in the not-too-distant future.

### Young Historians

Our Society's executive committee realized in its first year that we should provide ways to interest the youth of the county so that they could carry on our work. Accordingly, in 1946 we held a contest for 7th and 8th grade and high school students of the county to design a bookplate. Miss June Hildebrand of Mount Shasta, the winner, was awarded a cash prize of \$25.00.

There is a Young Historians movement in the state being sponsored  
(continued on page 43)



SOCIETY BOOK PLATE



GLENN FEUSTEL PRESENTING AWARD TO MRS. J. H. MILLS OF McCLOUD, 500TH MEMBER

## Challenge of the Future

By A. G. FEUSTEL

We have a wonderful society. The strong membership makes possible very great things for recording history for posterity.

I just hope that our membership does not lose itself in the entertaining features of past work—let us by all means add to it; let us dig up more stories of the past, more facts to add to old tales, more historic points of interest to record and mark—in point, let us have more workers—let us have more groundwork for the future in addition to the enjoyment of our accomplishments to date.

I wonder if it isn't time that we review the **objectives** of the Society as stated in our **Constitution**:

### ARTICLE II

#### Objects

The object of the society shall be to discover, collect, preserve and disseminate knowledge about the history of Siskiyou County and the State of California. More particularly its objects shall be:

Section 1. **To discover and collect any material on Siskiyou County or the State of California** which may help to establish or illustrate its exploration, settlement, development, activities in peace and in war, progress in population, wealth, education, arts, science, agriculture,

manufacture, trade and transportation; this material being printed material such as histories, genealogies, biographies, descriptions, gazetteers, directories, newspapers, pamphlets, catalogues, circulars, handbills, programs and posters; manuscript material such as letters, diaries, journals, memoranda, reminiscences, rosters, service records, account books, charts, surveys and field books; and museum material such as pictures, photographs, paintings, portraits, scenes, Indian relics, and material objects illustrative of life, conditions, events and activities in the past or the present.

**Section 2. To provide for the preservation of such material** and for its accessibility, as far as may be feasible, to all who wish to examine or study it, particularly authors of books, treatises, papers or letters pertaining to Siskiyou County or the State of California; to cooperate with officials in ensuring the preservation and accessibility of the records and archives of the county and of its cities, towns, villages and institutions; to conduct archaeological investigations of aboriginal or pioneer sites in the county and to bring about the preservation of historic buildings, monuments and markers.

**Section 3. To disseminate historical information** and arouse interest in the past by publishing historical material in the newspapers or otherwise; by holding meetings with addresses, lectures, papers and discussion; and by marking historic buildings, sites and trails.

#### HONORARY MEMBERS - 1946

Hooper, Estella, Piedmont, California  
Hooper, Frank, Piedmont California  
Jones, D. R., Piedmont, California  
Maloney, Alice B., Berkeley, California  
Moore, W. A., Seattle, Washington  
Rosborough, Alex J., Oakland, California  
Steger, Gertrude, Bella Vista, California

#### CHARTER MEMBERS

Allen, James M., Yreka	Caldwell, Horace W., Weed
Avery, Don S., Etna	Campbell, Mary, Yreka
Barnum, Oscar L., Klamath River	Carnie, Dorothy, Hayward
Bascom, Frank, Dunsmuir	Cathey, Joseph A., Yreka
Bascom, Grace, Dunsmuir	Churchill, Jerome, Yreka
Bathurst, Frances M., Etna	Collier, Randolph C., Yreka
Bigelow, Emily, Yreka	Crebbin, A. K., Yreka
Bigelow, Thomas A., Yreka	Crebbin, Helen R., Yreka
Bridwell, Mary, Gazelle	Davidson, Bernard F., Fort Jones
Brown, Conley C., Yreka	Davidson, W. T., Fort Jones
Brown, Geneva, Dunsmuir	Denney, Rex, Fort Jones
Brown, Harry, Dunsmuir	Dollar, Rita, Yreka
Bryan, Harry M., Fort Jones	Douglass, T. R., Mount Shasta
Burton, Fred C., Yreka	Dowling, Eugene S., Yreka

Dreyer, Anna S., Montague  
 Dye, Elmer, Gazelle  
 Eddy, Millie, Yreka  
 Farrell, Norman J., Mount Shasta  
 Feustel, A. G., Yreka  
 Gaddis, Augie B., Dastrop, La.  
 Gillis, Ethel L., Yreka  
 Graves, C. S., Yreka  
 Greene, Laura J., Etna  
 Gregg, Jane, Gazelle  
 Gregg, Rodney, Gazelle  
 Hart, Gladys I., Montague  
 Hayden, R. V., Callahan  
 Hayden, Rose, Callahan  
 Herzog, Charles, Yreka  
 Hill, Dorothy, Yreka  
 Holloway, Beth, Yreka  
 Holloway, Edgar, Yreka  
 Howell, T. H., Yreka  
 Hurley, J. E., Yreka  
 Jackson, S. C., Edgewood  
 Jackson, Virginia, Edgewood  
 Jacobs, Gordon, Hornbrook  
 James, George S., Yreka  
 Janson, John K., Yreka  
 Janson, Ollie, Yreka  
 Johnson, Ernest T., Yreka  
 Jones, Dr. J. Roy, Sacramento  
 Kehrer, Ramona M., Yreka  
 Kennedy, K. J., Scott Bar  
 Lee, Lawrence H., Yreka  
 Lewis, Eleanor A., Fort Jones  
 Lorenzen, L. N., Mount Shasta  
 Martin, Ida A., Montague  
 Mason, Vera, Dunsmuir  
 Mason, Dr. W. B., Dunsmuir  
 Masson, Charles E., Dunsmuir  
 Masson, Marcelle S., Dunsmuir  
 Masson, Nellie B., Dunsmuir  
 Mathewson, Ida L., Yreka  
 Meamber, Fred J. Jr., Yreka  
 Meamber, R. Bernice, Yreka  
 Meek, Frank C., Yreka  
 Merrill, Floyd, Yreka  
 Merrill, Marie, Yreka  
 Milne, George A., Fort Jones  
 Morford, A. L., Yreka  
 Nixon, Robert C., Scott Bar  
 Noe, Mae H., Mount Shasta  
 Noonan, George C., Scott Bar  
 Owens, Hazel H., Callahan  
 Owens, John W., Callahan  
 Parker, Calara, Klamath River  
 Parker, Clyde, Gazelle  
 Parker, Fern V., Yreka  
 Parker, Howard W., Gazelle  
 Pendleton, Grace, Dunsmuir  
 Pendleton, Oramae, Dunsmuir  
 Peters, Frank H., Mount Shasta  
 Phelps, Clara, Yreka  
 Rohrer, Helen L., Montague  
 Rohrer, James B., Montague  
 Rule, Jeanette K., Mount Shasta  
 Rule, John, Mount Shasta  
 Rupp, Elsa, Mount Shasta  
 Russell, J. B., Yreka  
 Schrader, George R., Mount Shasta  
 Schrader, Isabel G., Mount Shasta  
 Schuler, John W., Mount Shasta  
 Shearer, Allen B., Yreka  
 Sherman, Helen, Yreka  
 Sleep, Herbert A., Yreka  
 Sleep, Mary C., Yreka  
 Smith, Althea, Yreka  
 Smith, Waldo J., Yreka  
 Soule', Minnie D., Yreka  
 Soule', Ray, Yreka  
 Southard, R. L., Clear Creek  
 Stables, Frank, Yreka  
 Steele, Leila E., Yreka  
 Steele, O. G., Yreka  
 Stone, Harry A., Dunsmuir  
 Stone, Willard H., Gazelle  
 Stone, Yvette A., Dunsmuir  
 Sutcliffe, Ernest H., Happy Camp  
 Thompson, Richard E., Yreka  
 Thompson, Unetta, Yreka  
 Turpin, Evelyn, Yreka  
 Turre', Josephine S., Yreka  
 Tyler, Cina G., Yreka  
 Wagner, Roy, Mount Shasta  
 Wales, Joseph H., Mount Shasta  
 Wendel, Elizabeth P., Dunsmuir  
 Werner, Edward, Berkeley  
 Wolford, Fred M., Etna  
 Zink, Harvey E., Happy Camp

## FIELD TRIPS



Tom Bigelow, Wagon-master



Rough & Ready, old Etna—June 1961



Upper Soda Springs  
June, 1963



Picard  
September, 1962



Winton  
October, 1963



Winton—Cinderella Cotage  
October, 1963





Sawyers Bar, Forks of Salmon, Cecilville. June 1961.





Lava Beds  
May, 1964



"Around the Horn", Sawyers Bar  
September, 1964



Somes Bar  
September, 1964



Sawyers Bar  
September, 1964



Departing for Jacksonville  
1965



Viewing old Pioneer Road  
over the Siskiyou Mountains  
1965



Picnic at Jacksonville  
Museum—1965



Glenburn Church, Shasta County  
Trip to Fort Creek Museum—1965



Copco No. 1  
1966



Cadahy Hotel, Happy Camp  
1967



Happy Camp Trip  
1967



Lunch at Davis Ranch  
Little Shasta Valley, 1968



Trip to Klamath Falls—May, 1968



Lunch in Etna Park  
Oro Fino Trip—1969



Trip to Oro Fino  
1968

# PICNICS



Durney Mill Picnic  
1961



Abner Evans and May Denny Parker,  
King and Queen of the 1960 Historical  
Society picnic.



Museum's Christmas Tree 1958



SAMUEL E. PEACOCK

September 4, 1824 - November 27, 1854

## One of the Forgotten Pioneers of Yreka

Barker, New York  
December 26, 1967

Dear Sir:

I visited your beautiful city on January 15, 1967, and other places in California, engaging in research on the Peacock family history. I found records of Samuel E. Peacock, my great uncle, and his three cousins, Joseph, Jr., Ezra A., and Allan Peacock, all pioneers of Yreka, Siskiyou County, California in 1851 and 1852.

I would like to give you a little of the background of Samuel E. Peacock, the forgotten pioneer who came to Yreka, Siskiyou County, California, at the age of twenty-four, and died at the age of thirty. Mr. Peacock was a Yreka City Justice of the Peace in 1853.

Samuel E. Peacock, the youngest of seven sons and three daughters of James and Gertrude Finkel Peacock, pioneers of Walworth, Wayne County, New York in 1817, was born September 24, 1824 in the family homestead.

November 17, 1843, Samuel E. Peacock married Mary Ann Peacock, daughter of Joseph, Sr. and Deborah Comstock Peacock of Oneida County, New York. Like many other young people in the gold rush days, thinking California was the place to settle, Samuel E. Peacock, his wife Mary Ann, and their two children, Alice M., three years, and Joseph M.,



three months, and Samuel's cousins Joseph, Jr. and Allan Peacock, left their Wayne County, New York home in the fall of 1851, sailing from New York City on the steamer Daniel Webster to Nicaragua, from Panama to San Francisco on the steamer Old Independence. The family settled in Yreka, Siskiyou County where Samuel E. Peacock worked in the gold mines for a short time on Humbug Creek. In September 1852, Samuel E. Peacock and his cousin Ezra A. Peacock, who pioneered to California in 1852 by the same route, as partners purchased a ten pin alley, converting it into a livery stable. They also operated a staging and teaming business on Main Street, north of Miner Street, Yreka. They also engaged in farming and threshing wheat, receiving fifteen cents per bushel for threshing in Scott Valley.

In 1853, Samuel E. Peacock and J. B. Burns, as partners, formed a real estate business under the name of Burns and Peacock. The firm continued the business until Samuel E. Peacock's death on November 27, 1854 in Yreka. The real estate company property holdings were numerous, mostly located on Main Street, north of Miner Street, Yreka, except a log cabin on Canal Gulch. Due to past fires on North Main Street, no buildings of those days are now standing.

If Samuel E. Peacock had lived until the turn of the century, the young pioneer would have seen many changes take place in Yreka, Siskiyou County. After settling the estate of Mr. Peacock by Joseph Peacock, Jr., cousin of Samuel E. Peacock, and executor, in 1856, Mary Ann, Samuel's widow and children, Alice M. and Joseph M., returned to their former home in Wayne County, New York. Joseph M., son of Samuel E., died at sixteen years in 1868. Alice M. married Charles R. Dryer on July 18, 1874. Mary Ann, Samuel's widow, remarried in 1871 to Ruben Tiffany, and died in 1917 at Fort Wayne, Indiana at 93 years.

It being 113 years on November 27, 1967 that the young pioneer businessman died, no record has been found where any member of Samuel E. Peacock's family ever returned to Yreka, Siskiyou County to see if some kind of record of his life's history was recorded in Siskiyou County or state history.

Joseph, Jr., 22, Ezra A., 18 and Allan Peacock 14, are listed in the 1852 census as gold miners in Humbug Creek. Joseph, Jr., moved to Kern County, California, and married Hanna Bonham. The couple were the parents of five sons and five daughters. The history of Joseph Peacock, Jr., can be found in the Kern County history.

Ezra A. Peacock married Miss Martha Ann London of Yreka in 1862, and moved to Berryessa Valley, Salano County, and built the first house and hotel in Monticello. The area is now Berryessa Lake. The



history of Ezra A. Peacock can be found in the Salano County history. The couple had no children.

The whereabouts of Allan Peacock's descendents are not known.

It was these young men and others from many states and countries, as pioneers, were the beginners of making California the beautiful state it is today.

Not only were these young Peacock men pioneers of California, their grandparents, Jonathan, Sr., and his wife, Mabel Robinson Peacock, and their seven children—four sons and three daughters—left their Yorkshyre, England home in 1801 for the United States. On arrival in New York City, the family settled in Dutchess County, New York. In 1805 the family re-moved to the town of Boonville, Oneida County, New York, where Jonathan Peacock, Sr., purchased one hundred and fifty acres of uncleared land on November 8, 1806 from Egnitous Van Orden, located north of the Mohawk River. Two log cabins were built on the Mohawk Indian Trail on the property. In 1812 a brick house was built and also a grist mill which was operated by the Peacock family until 1832.

Jonathan, Sr., and his wife, Mabel Robinson Peacock, are listed at the Library of Congress, Washington D.C. in book, Vol. IV as among the earliest pioneers in Oneida County, New York. It was at this Oneida homestead where Joseph, Jr., Ezra A. and Allan Peacock were born—sons of Joseph, Sr., and Deborah Comstock Peacock.

The writer of this history resides on the Henry F. Peacock, his grandfather's homestead of 1844, in the town of Somerset, Niagara County, New York, purchased from Washington Hunt - one-time Governor of New York State, and a Holland Land representative. The homestead is presently owned by Clifford J. Peacock, a grandson of Henry F. Peacock, and brother of the writer.

Sincerely,  
Frank H. Peacock

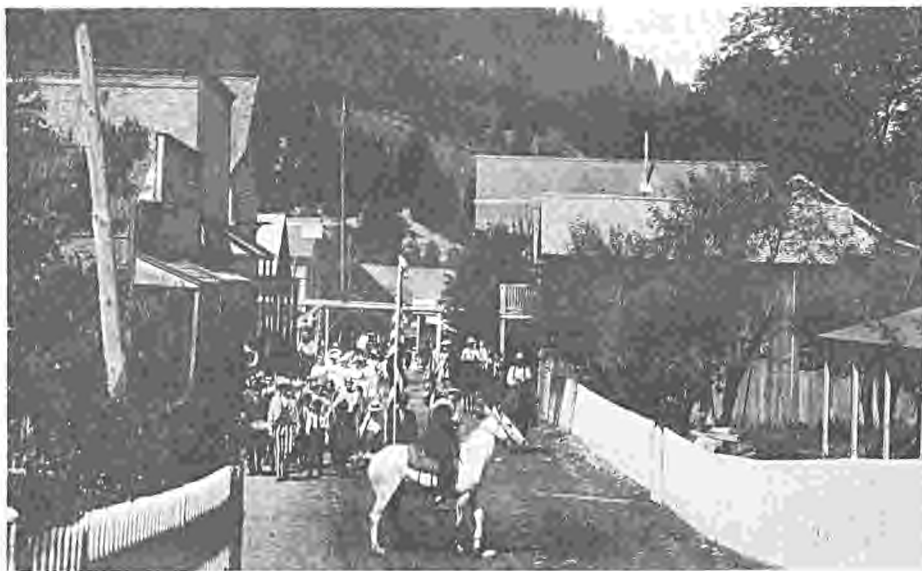
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#### ACHIEVING OUR GOALS (continued from page 29)

sored by county historical societies. It has long been the wish of the writers and Mrs. Helen Foulke to have such a junior historical society in Siskiyou County. This could be our most important goal for the future.

The above impressive achievements—which attest to the remarkable success of the Society and which include the attainment of a county museum, have brought about the realization of the dreams of the Founders of the Siskiyou County Historical Society.

What great strides will our Society make in the next twenty-five years?



4TH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN SAWYERS BAR AROUND 1900  
Fred Skillen dressed as Uncle Sam. Note the telephone poles.

—courtesy Mary Smith

## The First Farmer Line Telephone System

By NELLIE GEORGE

In the early 1890's, William Baptist, of Sawyers Bar, who knew and experienced the difficulty of communications between the different mines located in very rough and mountainous country, the small towns and communities, and neighbors in the outside valleys of Scott and Shasta decided a telephone line would be the answer! So he proceeded to organize a stock company of the different mine owners, and peoples, and business owners in the Salmon River districts—strictly a community affair.

They would build a single line from place to place and anyone could call his neighbor or anyone else who had a phone by ringing a certain number of rings (no telephone numbers) or calling the central office in Sawyers Bar and ask to be switched to the certain person's line. To call anyone, you would ring so many long or short rings, or a combination of long and short rings. The mine operators and people in general were very enthusiastic at the thought of having a "telephone". Some of the largest stockholders were the following mines, and managers, or owners: Black Bear Mine, John Daggett; Cash Mine, Mr. Orcutt; Homestake, Mr. Boyle; Highland, Mr. Mattern; Advance; Taylor, John and Ed Harris; Hardscrabble; Bonally; Gallia. Other stockholders were many residents in and around Sawyers Bar: Finleys Camp, Herbie Finley;

Snowden (old stage station) operated by Mr. Grant; Hickey Brothers and John Daggett. These were some of the largest stockholders.

After the organization was completed, Mr. Baptist and his crew of men started building the line (a so-called "farmer" line) by running a single wire, on insulators, from tree to tree, and adding a pole now and then where the trees were too far apart, to the various subscribers' telephones. After many months, the line was completed. At that time, a small telephone system was owned and operated by Charlie Willard in Etna, and the Salmon River line was finally connected with the Etna office.

The line left Sawyers Bar, over the "Black Bear" hill, down to the Black Bear Mine, on down Black Bear Creek, to connect with different mines on the South Fork of the Salmon River. The first phone was at the Gilta Mine on Knownothing Creek. Gilta was owned and operated by Gus Dannenbrink and brother (Gus many years later managed the Siskiyou Telephone Company in Etna). The line went on down the South Fork to the Forks of Salmon store and trading post, owned and operated by William P. Bennett. It was also run up the Salmon River to the old Bonally and to many other residences on the Salmon River. A few years later, after the advent of the U.S. Forest Service, they ran a line from Orleans Bar, Humboldt County, up the Klamath River to Somes Bar, at the junction of the Salmon and Klamath Rivers, then up the Salmon to connect with the line at the Forks of Salmon Store. Years went by, mines closed down, people died or went away, and little by little, the telephone line was coming into disuse and bankruptcy. Some of the stockholders didn't want to see their "baby" die, or be abandoned, so they started wheels rolling to find a new owner or owners that would give them continued service. In the meantime, Bill Baptist had moved to Fort Jones, and Gus Dannenbrink and family moved to Etna from the Gilta Mine. Dannenbrink comes into the story in later years.

#### Part 2

On October 10, 1896, in Fort Jones, the Siskiyou Telephone Company was organized. The following men were on the Board of Directors: A. B. Carlock, president of Carlock's Banking Company; William Baptist, organizer of the old stock company in Sawyers Bar; A. H. Denny, merchant in Etna; E. Richman, merchant, Fort Jones; James Camp, merchant, Fort Jones.

Other directors were: T. A. Reynolds, E. F. Richman, Alec Parker, Denny Bar-Parker Company and M. C. Beem, Secretary.

Years went by and in that time Etna became the headquarters of the Siskiyou Telephone Company, with many new members and subscribers. Many of the charter members had passed on or had left the country. The telephone lines had spread to include the Scott Valley to Callahan, and down the Scott River, and over the hill to Yreka. With an

eye to possible new toll and revenue, the old Salmon River lines were added to the Siskiyou Telephone Company system, by consent of the remaining stockholders of the old company. New toll stations were made accessible for public use. Newer systems were installed, newer phones added, newer type switchboards. First switches were old type "knife" switches, to connect different lines. Newer boards used cord and plug and jacks. The old type knife switch was still in use until the autumn of 1933. At that time, the central office in Sawyers Bar was transferred from the Bill Baldwin's store to the George's store. When the transfer was made a later type board was installed with cord, plug and jacks.

For many years before his death in 1940, August (Gus) Dannenbrink was manager and operator of the Siskiyou Telephone Company in Etna. Since his untimely passing, his daughter, Mrs. George Hendricks, has been manager and operator of the company office in Etna. For many years the company's right-handed lineman and installations chief, had been, and still is Frank Boedecker. Frank is a wizard when it comes to making both old and new phones into working machines.

Many new lines have been added to the originals, and lines now go down the Scott River to the Klamath River and down the Klamath to Happy Camp station. Siskiyou Telephone lines begin at Orleans, Humboldt County, go up the Klamath to Somes Bar (at the junction of the Salmon and Klamath Rivers), up the Salmon to Forks of Salmon store, on up to Sawyers Bar toll station, over the Black Bear Hill to Black Bear toll station, and from Sawyers Bar to Rainbow Mine (formerly Advance Mine) toll station and over the Salmon Summit to Etna, to Greenview, to Fort Jones and over the "hill" to Yreka, where service is extended to the rest of the world by the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company.

Inside the last few years, a new metallic circuit has been built and installed as far as Sawyers Bar, on regular telephone poles. The U.S. Forest Service and the Siskiyou Telephone Company use the same poles for each of their lines. In cooperation, the Forest Service helps to maintain the lines on the Sawyers Bar side of the Salmon Mountain, especially in the winter time. At that time it is almost impossible for a lineman on skis or snowshoes to patrol the line from snow-line to snow-line over the Salmon Mountain summit. Quite often the weight of the wet snow and the high winds pull the lines off the poles onto the ground or snow, and "grounds" the metallic lines so that service is sometimes impossible. Quite often the lines are completely broken and have to be repaired or tied together under great handicaps of snow and cold. Maintenance in winter is divided by the Forest Service and Siskiyou Telephone Company. Perhaps in the distant future the telephone will be supplanted by some super radio system. Who knows!

(This story was written several years ago and is as authentic as can be made from available data.)



FRENCH CO. MINE ON SOUTH FORK OF SCOTT RIVER ABOVE CALLAHANS

Roof in lower center is the home of Oscar Henry. The powerhouse building in center of picture is over 72 years old (1970).

## Early Day Mining on the South Fork of Scott River

By OSCAR J. HENRY

I was born to Joseph M. Henry and Eudora Bingham in 1897 at what was known as the Chinese high rim just below Springtown on the South Fork of the Scott River.

I will start my story with what I heard as a boy from the old timers who mined on Fox Creek, Slide Creek, Jackson Creek, Wild Cat and South Fork. The first store, saloon, dance hall and boarding house "all in one building" was located on the west side of South Fork Creek at what was later known as China Town, and the French Flat. This was before the town of Callahans was established. This part of my story will deal with people and events from 1849 to the year of my birth 1897. The Messners and Schulers started mining on Fox Creek in 1850 or '51 as I remember. How many of them I do not know, they were all from Germany.

They started mining near the mouth of Fox Creek and mined almost up to what is known as the falls, when their tools and diggings were buried by a slide caused by extremely heavy rains, this was in the first part of 1861.

It is amazing to see the amount of work done during this period; remember they had no dynamite or cable, their winches were hand made, the rope and tools had to come in by pack train over Scott Mountain from the coast, in fact all food and supplies had to come over this route. Even today throughout this area of Fox Creek, you can see split rocks with half a drill hole on the side of them either done by black powder or water when it was freezing hard.

There is no record of them doing any more work on Fox Creek after the slide. One of the Schulers opened a merchandise store in Sisson (now known as Mount Shasta City). Some of the Messners stayed in the valley. One of this group, a Schuler, I was told, was later killed in a tunnel cave in, near the mouth of Boulder Creek, above the Ferguson place on South Fork. The amount of gold taken by this group from Fox Creek during this period is not known, it certainly was no small amount.

Sam Jackson mined the creek that bears his name, (which is a tributary of South Fork). Later Sam Jackson purchased a ranch in Shasta Valley at Edgewood where some of his descendents still live.

Slide Creek is a tributary of Fox Creek. Who mined there first I do not know, the first one I have any knowledge of was Joe Carter who is said to have quit on pay, caused by a slide or flood, I presume. The next one to hold this claim that I know of, was a man by the name of West-over who held it a number of years. He built self chuter, after rip rapping the stream for a number of yards below. A chuter is a dam with a gate built with a trigger set to release the gate when the water fills the dam. I saw a gash cut through a point projecting into the stream in 1923 by the chuter, it is almost unbelievable the amount of dirt and rocks moved by this rig in a few days. The chasm was at least thirty or forty feet deep.

The next one to find the old channel was old man Robinson, he sank a shaft and landed in what must have been Carter's old tunnel for he had drainage. He followed the old channel upstream but the bedrock kept rising on him. He finally quit because it became too hard to get a wheelbarrow load of rock to the surface. He sank several more shafts but was unable to find his tunnel. He told me when the going was good he averaged two hundred dollars a set, which is five feet ahead, timbering and cleaning the bedrock would take two or three days' work if you didn't come up against a big boulder, of course every rise in the bedrock slowed him down.

What fed all of these streams was what the old timers called the mother lode. It crossed Fox Creek at Sugar Hill Mine, went up the side of Blue Jay Hill, crossed Slide Creek near its head, went over the ridge to the south fork side, then Blue Jay Meadows, crossing near the head of South Fork and over into Trinity near the head of Coffee Creek.





#### FRENCH FLAT

School is on the left; also the boarding house. Denny Bar's first store was here before the one in Callahans. Chinese homes are in center of picture. Wilbur Sullivan home left foreground.

In 1859 after the road was built over Scott Mountain from Trinity Center, a Western Union telegraph line went along this road from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon. It was a one wire grounded circuit, the poles were of cedar, hand hewn, and square, the insulators an iron bolt with two hooks curled back, the wire went under one hook over the bolt and under the other hook, so as to allow for stretch without pulling apart. This bolt was insulated from the rest of the insulators by a hard rubber core.

In the late sixties or early seventies, a man by the name of Dan Rice started from Trinity Center for Scott Valley late in the fall, with a small circus consisting of an elephant and a few other animals. An early snowfall stopped him at a creek that now bears his name on the Trinity side of Scott Mountain. He was forced to winter there, how this was ever accomplished is really a miracle.

Now back to the creeks and miners. I do not know who the miners were on Wild Cat before the French Company. A boarding house and sawmill presumably were built by the French Company. While they were mining there, the sawmill and boarding house burned to the ground in the early 19's.

Who mined up Boulder Creek and when, I have no knowledge. Mining was done on this creek, whether as extensive as the others I have my doubts. These two streams also are tributaries of South Fork.

Starting on South Fork below Callahans and the mouth of Wild Cat to Dredgerville on the west side were a number of small high rims. These were mined by the Littlefields, Crawfords, and Roche among others, on the South Fork from Callahans to some where above Grass-



burg (now known as Camp Eden). This stream was mined extensively, at Callahans first by the old timers who had or dug the Fore ditch, then the Parkers who took over and mined up to the Ferguson place. From here the Chinese among others mined the stream bed up to the Ford where the road crossed the stream to Springtown and Fox Creek.

From the Ford, Pollard and the Irish who lived at Springtown with others mined up to the mouth of Fox Creek, from here on the only one I know was John Bingham whose mine was near the stone dam. This dam, by the way, furnished water for the Fore ditch which went around the steep serpentine hillside below the dam in a four foot by four foot board flume and ditch that came out on or near the top of the hill across the creek from Callahans to operate a hydraulic elevator in what was later the Montesuma mine. This flume burned in 1903 or 1904. Later the flume bed was used as a road bed that ended at Jackson Creek.

From 1850 to 1854, I would say there were at least three thousand men mining and living along the creeks.

The aforementioned boarding house was the only place to buy supplies and have relaxation over the week-ends. They say on Saturday nights the dance hall and saloon were really jumping. A post office was here for awhile, soon this was all taken over by a growing Callahans, except the store which did not go out of business until later in the century. Abe Barr of Denny Barr ran this store after the main exodus to Callahans. The old road ran along the stream in front of China Town, stretched north of the boarding house, two-thirds of the way to the Nolan Place and a hundred yards or more back from the road. China Town was built sometime during this early period. The Chinese had their own store and gambling hall, there was a head man who hired out the Chinese to the white men, he collected the wages and kept a percentage. This head man had a wife who became fearful he meant to get rid of her. She was liked by the white women, whom she told of her husband's intentions. A delegation of white men called on him, and in no uncertain terms, told him what would happen if his wife was harmed in any way. Needless to say, she was never harmed. Each family had their idol or Joss in the front room, they lived and ate in the back rooms. Before eating they would put food, Chinese candy and Lechee nuts around the Joss. Some of the white children, at times, would sneak in during their meal, grab food, candy or nuts. The first to get his or hers would charge out, forcing the others to do the same. Out would come the Chinese like a swarm of bees and the big foot race would be on. Another stunt of the Chinese was to bait a fish hook attached to a line and pole with an angle worm, throw it over the fence into one of their neighbors chicken yards and pull the chicken flopping over the fence. One kind of colored chicken, black I believe, they would not touch, "to muche debbilo."



DENNY BAR STORE & WELLS FARGO EXPRESS OFFICE IN CALLAHANS



THE FORE DITCH NEAR CALLAHAN. FOX CREEK IS ON THE LEFT.

The older white boys at times bombarded the Chinese while working with rotten eggs or Chinese stink pots. This did not lead to better relations. Later as the big wave of mining began to subside, miners began to leave their mines and cabins. Single Chinese from China Town began to move into these cabins, at nighttime they would all walk down to China



WILD CAT SAWMILL ON SOUTH FORK OF SCOTT RIVER

Town to gamble. Passing the Bingham place, back at three or four o'clock in the morning, they came discussing their card game at the top of their voices, waking up John Bingham, who was a light sleeper. He soon tired of being so rudely awakened, so on hearing them coming he got his two cap and ball (called horse) pistols stepping out on the porch, he shouted, "Can't you fellows go by here without making so much noise? You wake everybody up!" One of them called, "Aw, shut up, you old so and so." Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Within seconds they were all gone. After that you could hear them coming until they reached the Bingham place. The noise abruptly ceased, taking up again after passing the property limits. One of them later said, "Me to muchee sclare me lun too fast."

How many Irish there were living at Springtown during this period is not known. They went en mass to Callahans to celebrate on Saturday nights. The first saloon was at the old Callahan Ranch Hotel. One incident I remember, the Irish served notice on a certain old timer by sending a mutual acquaintance to inform him that they were waiting for him at the saloon. You either met a challenge like that or left the country. So he strolled over to the saloon, entering he was greeted by the Irish by name and invited to have a drink. In those days you had a drink with a man before fighting it out or shooting him. He was wearing a pair of heavy square-toed leather mining boots with a stiff outside leather counter. Pretending there was something wrong with one

(continued on page 77)



GRANDFATHER JAMES DeWITT

—courtesy Museum

## Story and Letters of the James DeWitt Family of Yreka

The trials, separations, divided sympathies, sorrows, and deprivations of one Northern California pioneer family during the Civil War, the migration West, and the hard years after, are clearly and poignantly told in several very old, faded and torn letters kept for three generations in an ancient, bent tin box. These letters, in the possession of the DeWitt family of Yreka, Dunsmuir and finally, Seattle, Washington, have sat uncared for in basements, attics and storage rooms until copied, sorted and edited by me, the Great-great Granddaughter of James DeWitt.

The family was Southern, with the feelings of most Southerners of that time, except throughout there remained a strong loyalty to an undivided United States. So most of the young men fought for the North for a cause not wholly their own. The letters themselves date back to 1857, before the War when part of the family left Kentucky for Yreka in the wilds of the Siskiyou country, writing back to urge others to follow before the storm of rebellion broke. The first is written by Robert O.



THE BEE HIVE

—courtesy Museum

DeWitt, the Grandfather of Gerald and Reginald Wetzel of McCloud, California, a doctor and owner of one of the first drug stores in Yreka, dated September 25th, 1859, to his sister, Lizzie, Elizabeth DeWitt, later Mrs. William Thomas, wife of Judge Thomas of Yreka:

"I am pleased with the idea of your coming to this country. 'Tis true crossing the plains is a long and tedious journey, but you are all young and hearty and thousands have come the same route. You speak of the Indians—true, you pass through an Indian Country but you have little to fear from that score, unless you happen to be about the last of the immigration, but that need not happen. I would make one suggestion now in relation to clothing you or Mary (youngest sister and later wife of Capt. John Fairchild, pioneer cattleman) might have that you would want to bring. Box them up in a large box lined with tin, have the box soldered air tight, and send it by Express—Wells Fargo and Co. directly to me in Yreka—and they would arrive before you. I make this suggestion in order that you may bring or send all your clothing that is of value. Have plenty of good substantial clothing for the crossing of the plains, have heavy shoes made for yourself and Mary.

I wrote to Pa (James DeWitt, at that time a merchant in Elizabethtown, Kentucky), suggesting to him to buy mules, I now change my advice. Tell him to buy mares, not mules or horses, as a good mare is worth \$300. when she arrives. Say to him to buy a good Concord wagon, one that will carry 4 persons, with good thorough braces. The wagon will be worth a great deal more when it arrives than it cost at the manufacturers. Say to him to buy a good wagon with six good mares in Ill.



THE DeWITT HOME SOUTH OF YREKA AT GREENHORN

—courtesy Museum

or Mo., and to commence to trade for his stock as soon as possible. A good Concord wagon will cost 150 to two hundred dollars, six mares \$600, 3 or 4 cows will be enough for milk on the route. They will be worth 40 or 50 dollars apiece when here. The six mares, if good, will bring \$1800, the wagon two or three hundred, according to the wear, 4 good cows, a total of \$140, to bring a grand total of \$2860.00. These prices may seem large, but I can assure you the articles named, if good, will bring them.

The trip is a four month's trip. Tell Pa not to think of remaining in that unhealthy country any longer than this winter. Tell him that he is yet young enough to make a fortune in this country. I have a new partner in the drug business. His name is E. K. Phipps as you will see in the paper I sent you. I am also interested in a soap factory. I started a young man in the business. It will pay one hundred dollars a month from this time if nothing happens. We built a brick store (this building still stands in good repair on Miner Street in present Yreka, containing a drug store) that cost us over four thousand dollars or will when paid for which will be before you arrive next fall. So come along. You will never regret it. This is the country for the poor of all classes. Society is improving much and your position can and will be as good as anyone in the county as my associates are No. 1. I would say to Pa to come by water but that would cost a little fortune without any show for return and by crossing the plains, you get well paid for it by bringing stock worth more at the end of a long trip than when you left.

Begin to prepare for the trip immediately. Buy four or six good mares, work four at a time and you will come through without any trou-



ble. Write, as I hope this meets the views of yourself and all the family and my love to all, believe me. Ever your old brother,

R. O. DeWitt"

Four letters of the War years were written by the youngest son, Elisha DeWitt, my Great-Grandfather. After leaving his family in St. Louis, they on their way West, Elisha joined "Father Abraham's" Missouri Volunteers. He enlisted at the age of seventeen, somewhat against the wishes of his father and definitely against the sympathies of his older brother, R. O. DeWitt of Yreka. The official War Department records show that he enlisted twice, first on June 1st, 1861 and again on June 14th of 1864 at the rank of a sergeant in the Regular Missouri Volunteers, Co. "K", 7th Regt. DeWitt served mostly in recruiting service in Missouri, stationed at St. Louis, but he was in active duty in the West under General Grant's command and was captured by Southern forces at Miliken Bend in June of 1863. He was paroled after this battle, but took a "French Leave" to visit his father's relatives in Missouri before returning to his company for re-enlistment.

"Pittsburg Landing, Tenn.  
May 24, 1862

To Wm. Thomas, Pleasant Hill, Ill.

Dear Brother,

I received yours this morning and was much pleased to hear from home. I am in fine health and doing likewise. We will start for the front in a few days, i.e. towards Corinth.

We were fired on by rebels on the Tennessee River doing no damage. We returned the fire killing two and wounding one—such was the first fight of the bloody seventh. We are to be on the right in the brigade with the 8th and 6th Missouri regts. in Sherman's division. Curtis's command is coming. The 13th Ill. and 38th Ill. arrived here this morning. The Tenth Missouri is on the left from all accounts. I have not seen or heard from them since my arrival. It is a horrible smell and sight to see the battle ground here. We are quartered close by where Kilpatrick fell. I expect before this reaches you that the fight at Corinth will be decided.

Write soon. Direct to Pittsburg Landing, Tenn, 7th Regt., Mo. Vols., c/o Capt. Buchanan, "Co K".

Yours as ever, Elisha DeWitt"

James DeWitt

Dear Father,

As I am going down to St. Louis this eav. on the packet to report to Benton Barracks, thought would write as I may not get back here before am exchanged. Received your letter written Ft. Laramie, dated June

"At Gilgal, Pike Co., Ill.  
August 24th, 1863





THE DEWITT HOME ON CORNER OF NORTH AND OREGON STREETS, YREKA

l. to r.: Mable DeWitt, May Barrows, Effice DeWitt.

29th, and was glad to hear from you and family as we had heard that the whole train was captured by Indians and sister's two babies were killed and the rest taken prisoners. Such you see are the d . . d lies they can raise in that famous city called Pleasant Hill.

Father, I wrote to Bro. D. C. (this refers to Elisha's older brother, Daniel C. DeWitt) giving him all the particulars concerning my capture, release and c. Cannot tell when I'll be exchanged and to tell the truth don't care much if they do not exchange at all.

Uncle (Nicholas Crenshaw of Pleasant Hill, Ill.) has gone out to Washington (a small town near Pleasant Hill) and if he gets back in time may write some in this letter—if not he sends his best wishes to you and family. Aunt (Zerilda DeWitt Crenshaw, younger sister of James DeWitt) intends writing in a short time. Have been here one month and have enjoyed myself very well. Aunt Ella and the family send their love to you, Mary, Lizzie and William T. Hope by the time this reaches its destination, it will find you well and safe in California. Give my love to Sisters Lizzie and Mary, also Brothers Bob and Dan.

Father, I am well and hardy and my time will be out on the first day of June 1864.

Direct your letter to Gilgal, Pike Co., Ill., care of N. Crenshaw. Write to me and let me know how the girls stood the trip. Tell them to write and I'll close.

From your son,  
E. DeWitt'

James DeWitt  
Dear Father,

Vicksburg, Miss. 19th November, 1863

You will pardon me when I say that I can not tell when I wrote to my father! (such is the case). Received a letter from Brother Bob some-time since dated Sept. 11th. He stated that you are getting along fine, which was good news indeed!

Ella wrote me that Sister Lizzie had been very sick and you intend-  
ed to lay by at Silver Mine until she was able to proceed. This is not  
very pleasant news but hope ere this that she has fully recovered and  
your destination reached. This leaves me as usual nothing special to  
write. I came very near going to Missouri to recruit again but was too  
late as the Colonel could not get the detail changed. Well, it matters  
little to me as it would cost me more than my wages and it will be but  
a short time until my time expires. Bro. Bob wrote me that John DeWitt  
(Elisha's older brother who lived in Mexico) had requested him to write  
to me in regard I should meet with an accident that he would have the  
kindness to take care of me the rest of my days. It is very encouraging  
indeed to think I can have one to look to in case I should meet with an  
accident. I answered Bob's letter and thanked Brother John and told  
him I would very much indeed like to go to Mexico and see him after my  
term of enlistment expired (Further note: John DeWitt was a doctor and  
was married to a Mexican Aristocrat, daughter of a regional Governor).

Give Sisters Lizzie and Mary, Bros. Bob and Dan my love. Also  
receive an equal share yourself. And tell Will, Lizzie and Mary to write  
to me. Direct to Vicksburg, Miss., Co. "K" 7th Mo. Inf. Vols.

From your affect. son,  
E. DeWitt

I see my colored Brethern, as Brother Bob called them, in artillery  
uniform. They have been turned into heavy artillery for their bravery  
at Millikins Bend. "Yes, very desirable nowadays to be called a free  
American Citizen of African Descent".

(Note: this letter was written in very small scroll on one piece of  
paper from edge to edge on both sides as normal, then turned and more  
written from top to bottom, owing to the terrible paper shortage at this  
time throughout the country).

"Camp Co "K", 4 Mile Bridge  
V and J RR, Sunday,  
April 24th, 1864

James DeWitt  
Dear Father,

Yours dated March 22nd has been received and found me well and  
happy and still at or near Vicksburg. Will remain here until we start  
to St. Louis to be discharged which will be by the middle of the next



THE BEE HIVE DELIVERY WAGON. DRIVER, ANSELEM KAISER.

month at the farthest. Our time will be out the first day of June next and then perhaps I will start for Nevada in a month or two. But should I remain till spring, will come through with a train. I did one thing that I have repented by asking Brother Bob for a small check to come out with on the stage when I could come at my own expence by waiting till Spring next. But should he send it, will start immediately and will repay him with my first proceeds as I intend to try work and see if I cannot be independant. If I cannot that way I'll try another mode. I could have been elected First Lieutenant in our Veteran Company for three years longer but thought would try my hand at something else as soldiering is too confining for me to like.  $\frac{3}{4}$  of our company have reenlisted for three years leaving 13 of us here. They have gone home on furlough and I think we will start to join them at St. Louis by the first of next month. Nearly  $\frac{3}{4}$  of our Regt. enlisted. Our old Captain (Buchanan) will be the Col. of the Veteran 7th Mo. He is now a Lt. Col. and a very fine man. I could get a position in his regiment would I say the word. He was recruiting officer and I clerked for him while getting his veterans, in all about 178.

Write soon and give me all the news.

From Your Son,  
E. DeWitt'

Other happenings and other views recorded by this family that was neither all Northern nor all Southern in sympathy, cause, or feeling, are found in more letters from the old tin box, letters from one Daniel DeWitt, brother of James DeWitt, who had gone on to the West. This

man wrote of uprootings, burnings, and injustice that can only be found in a war between brothers. His letters starting from Pike County, Ill., in February of 1864 tell of the trials of those who stayed home:

Note: The spelling and English grammar are those of the original writer.

"Dear Brother,

I take this oportunity of informing you that I am in Ills with my family. I should have ritten to you sooner if I had nown whar to rote too. I left Jackson Co. Mo. on the 27th of last August and I got to this country in Sept about the last or the first of October. I have lost daits. We have been dragged and tore around untill we hardly new when Sunday come. On the 25th of last August a company of Soldiers claiming to bee fedrell troops from Kansas, rode up to my house and my wife was making a calico dress for one of the little girls. The officer on entering said he would burn that house for she was making up goods that was taken at Lawernce by Bushwhackers She told him that if he would give her time, she could prove that he was mistaken and that Mrs. Smith, the old Dutch woman, braut the goods from Kansas Sitty. No, he said he wanted no proof, the goods was proof to him to burn the house and at it went and the balance of his men to takeing sutch things as sooted ther fancy. I was off halling hay at the time . . . burned up everything in the house that they could not cary off with them and burnt the smokehouse and stable. I had some 2000 lbs of bacon and lard and about 500 bushels of corn in the cribb for it was full of corn and the loft full of hay of the best quality. There was a wagon and cariage and a good many farming utentials and they went to my wheat stacks and fierd them. I had 2 crops on hand and it was fine. Their must have bin 5 or 6 hundred bushels. They burned all the buildings but the henhouse and I supose you heard of Ewings order for all the citizens to leave Jackson, Cass, and Baits Counties and that portion of Vernon north of the Osage River. That was as far as his district run. I went to Lexington and staid two weaks and I no my case was bad enough but I thought it was the most hart rendering sight to se people of all ages and of all sects crossing the river. The time was so short that people had to git out the best way they could. I see women driveing oxin, widow women and children walking, old men and women driveing stock and none could tell wheare they was going. I got about half of my sheep out of that country and four cows and calves out of ten cows and calves, and all my hogs was left, between 30 and 40 head, and almost without anything to live on, but a few clothing for myself and family. I have maid out to scratch thro this fair thro the winter and I do not no yet how I will make out to git along with my little ones. I got off better than some. I have one horse, would not had that if it could have traveled when the Kansas troops was ther. They took old Nance - we could not git hands to drive stock oweing to the

shortness of the order and it throweing all on the same footing. Men was afraid to go back for they killed seven men near Lone Jack that went back after the second load. You likely new some of them. One was the old man Hunter and his son 14 years old and John Cave of the Jack and George Tait, a son in lew of Martin Rices, near the Smiths. We are all scattered from that county. I don't no yet whether I will stay in this country this season or not. The times heare is fine for the farmers but bad for me. Provisions heare is high. I Have not saw Guthries family for three weeks. Today I was out thear and Henry told me that he had got a letter from your son Elisha. He was in Memphis, Tennessee, if I am not mistaken. It has not bin over four weeks since the letter was ritten. He was acting as Clearke for an enrooling oficer and he was in good health at that time. We have had a hard spell of weather heare, said to bee the coldest that has bin for some 14 years. It lasted some 5 weeks, the river froze to a depth of 18 in. or 2 feet. But with that exception we have had a mild winter, and a sickly one. I hope you may make your fortions in so rich a country. The people heare is in a great way for that country and from all apearence at presant, their will bee a large emigration to that country in the spring. As for my part, I am not makeing any calculations of goeing yet. But if I had not bin robbed so clean, I would have bin thinkeing pretty strong of that teritory or Arizona. But to it I submit my fait. You would hardly no Jackson or Cass Countys. They are so torn up and burned up. I will give you a faint ida by describeing Blue Springs and the country around. Burned Burris's, Steemill School house, Meet and Nears on the corner of the Rock Fence, in shorte, all but Barnes and widow Smith's and Joneses. All the balance on the rode to Blue Springs but stelters Crenshaw's house on Blue is burnt and he is a prisoner at Cansas Sitty, Mo. All or most was done by fedrel or prending to bee fedrel troops, claiming it to bee military necessity. It it is absolutly a necessity to destroy property and that of privit individuals, I cherfully submit. I leave the world to judge. As to my part, I have no ida what all the country was tore up for, altho some few that had ther property distroyed was in the rebel army. But as a general thing, they fard better than those that took no part in it. I must close. I want you to wright on reception of this. I remain as ever your affectionat brother,

D. DeWitt

To James DeWitt"

As the mail, especially that to the Western Territories such as Nevada, was very unreliable during the Civil War, the first letter written by Daniel DeWitt to his brother was months arriving. Meanwhile this same Daniel wrote again telling further details of the raid of the Kansas troops and repeating much of the story of the burning of his farm. He



again expresses his doubts that these raiders were Union soldiers, "I will tell you a little about matters in Jackson Co., Mo. We have bin harast and torn up by the Kansas troops under the name of the United Stait troops, but I think that they were onley thieves. They come and burnt my house and barn and smoke house, in short all. All of our furniture and clothing was burnt or caried off for they would not let my wife git out anything scersley and what things she did git out, the best of them was taken off by thes men claiming to bee United Stait troops wareing United Stait uniforms. The officer said he was going to have satisfaction for the Buchwhackers had robbed Lawrence and he would burn out Mo. for it if that is the way to put down the rebellion and whip out the South. I think it a strange way after that scout past throu burning and steeling, General Ewing of Leavenworth ishued a proclimation for all of the sitizens to leave Jackson Co. within 10 days or otherwise move inside the lines. But more moved outside of the lines than moved in. A man or woman had to prove that he was unconditional Union man before they would be permitted to stay. And a great many would not try to prove that. The kind of men that was considered good evidence then was not considerd so in peasible times. Some of thes mens oaths was not takeing in a Sivel Cort but it was the best evidence then. I have heard from their lateley they have officers their now that is doeing up Bisness in some form and judgment and not pitching off and taring things up to gratify thieves. The whole country was filled with thieves and when they wanted a raike at some mans property they would go and report somely on someone and the hasty officers without inquiry would pitch off and tear him up without giveing him a chance or hearing. But that way is changed now. If it had bin chainged a yeare ago, no dout but a many mans life would have bin saived and many a house standing that is not."

Politics of the Border States at this time were quite black and white and it was believed, often quite wrongly, that a Democrat could not be a Union man. The trials of the semi-Southern Democrats are reflected in a later letter, again written by Daniel DeWitt to his brother in Nevada.

"A good many of your old acquaintance from Pike are now on the plaines. Their will bee a large emigration from Ills. to Nevada this season. I believe that a great many left heare to show the draft. But I do not believe that their will bee any draft in Ills. for I do not believe that the people will stand a draft. As soon as they commence the draft, I think the troubles will commence thear. I should as soon resk this part of Misouri (by this time, Daniel DeWitt had returned to his old home in Pike County, Missouri to try to rebuild his life) as Ills and a little sooner for piece. The excitement in old Pike has cooled down from some cause or other. The Republicans is more calm and social than they was last fall and winter. Their is a change in Pike from some cause not none to me. I heard some hints in the spring that the Democratts

had stood insults about as long as they was goeing to stand it and the Republicans was rather weake in Pike for them. The Democrats bore it with all the fortitude they could and tried to have piece but they come very near it at one time last fall and winter. They said that they wanted the Republicans to begin the trobles and if they had trouble, let it be in self defence. I have talked with several Democrats and they told me that they was thretts maid that they should leave the country and bee hung if they said anything against the President. So they had it all winter and a part of the spring. At last the matter begain to look serious. I heard a Republican say one day that if the people did not quit joying (jawing) that they would sher the same fate of Mo. and he wished that men had some sence. He said for about a month he was riding round considerable and freequantley he could se small squads of men off as tho they was holding council. Whether it was on acount of the draft or whether it was because their was so much disputing, I noticed the same move myself and for a time in later part of winter and early in spring it seemed to me that their was little signs of enterprising feling. But at preasant all as fair out as I was, all seemed to bee ingaiged at ther bisnes, altho they are later in that part with ther cropps than usul. Last Monday some was yet planting corn and some brakeing ground to plant corn at this late season. (Note: This letter was dated June the 5th, 1864 and written from Pike Co. Mo.) A grest deal of that orginated from what I above mentioned.

You said you wished I was out their in Nevada. I would have no abjections of being their or in Oregon or California, but I have bin stripped so clean both of property and clothing for myself and family that I am not able to go anywhare. But if I can have my health, I am not afraid but what I can live somehow . . .”

Letters from this poor man to his more fortunate brother in the West continue up until 1881 and there is never any indication that he recovered from the raid by the Kansas troops during the War.

News of the deaths of many former friends was carried to James DeWitt in Nevada by letters from his remaining cousins in Pike County, Illinois. Some of these letters contained very bitter feelings toward the War and those leading the opposite side. Lines written on February 11th, 1364, show the bitterness that was to live the lifetime of the writer.

“There has been some deaths here since last spring and a great many Pike Co. boys has died in the Army. My brother died in May at Grand Gulf, Miss. I hope to live long enough to get revenge of the Black hearted trators. I want to scalp five Jeff Davis men at least.”

As the War progressed, Siskiyou County in these early days became emotionally involved, more Union than Southern. Conditions and sym-



pathies there are illustrated in another letter from the druggist Robert O. DeWitt, of Yreka, to his father, James, in Austin, Nevada Territory, a long stop on the trail West.

“Yreka, Jan. 9th, 1863

Dear Father,

Enclosed you find a check for one hundred dollars, being the first installment on the amount of \$500 you ask for. The balance will be remitted in like form from time to time until the amount is rec'd. In fact it is more convenient and more safe to send in such amounts in THESE PLEASANT TIMES OF PEACE. You will hear from Dan and myself until you leave in the spring, which will be the 1st of April. My advise to you and Wm. Thomas is to go to Washoe. He must if he has not been, be admitted to the Supreme Court of Illinois, then he can practice in any court. As you are aware, if he is any account, he can make a fortune in a few years in Washoe. This state is not a place for a young lawyer. Every city and town is filled and as Washoe is a new and the most flourishing country on the Coast that is the place for him, untold wealth is the present and future of Washoe or Nevada is the name of the territory. You see by John's letter he anticipates visiting you. You also see he proposes assisting you with a farm and all of that you can think of until you see him. If you conclude to go with him, let Thomas have the money to come to Nevada or Washoe, the right place for him. After this war has ended, I am going to some Southern City to open a big drug store. I think from present indications all will be over in less than two years. You had better buy mules to cross the plains with. Dan was anxious to go to Mexico. I had to prevail on him. He would have gone. We think he is better off where he is until peace is made. Then I say . . . GO . . . and not until then. Times at this time are a little rough. Everyone in this section are crazy about Washoe and Humbolt Silver Mines. That is the place you must strike for. California has become too much like the States. I am much pleased with the result of the late elections in the Northern States. Success to Democracy. Let Mr. Thomas know that it is important to be admitted in Supreme Court. And I say again, if he has the BOTTOM, he can make a fortune at his profession. School teaching is played out in this country by promising young men from Boston and other like. Say to him to hang his shingle as a lawyer . . . never say school teach for fear of coming in contact with some screech-owl voiced and bespectled crenoline direct from Cape Cod.”

Further disgust for the War is in the following letter from Robert DeWitt to his father on the subject of the discharge of his baby brother, Elisha, from the Army.

"Yreka, Mch. 24th, 1864

... I am glad to hear that Elisha is not in the field and is in good health. I hope he has enough soldiering by this time. The chances for him coming out, I think, are now good, but when after those Rebels, they are, as you know, rather slim, as the Rebs shoot wild at some Yankeys and he might be the Yank. I do hope he will not enlist again. If he does I can have no sympathy for him. I think he has done his share for old Abe and his Negro lovers."

The situation in Nevada politically was watched with great interest in California, with divided sympathies for the two great causes. Comments on items in the newspapers at that time are found in a final letter from Robert DeWitt in Yreka to James DeWitt in Austin, Nevada.

"Yreka, Jan. 21st, 1864

Dear Father,

I am pleased to see that the people killed your beautiful abolition constituion that is good, but it is rather rough on old broken down California bunwarmers or office hunters from California. I see any number of old political hags flourishing over in that section. I wonder where they will now immigrate to as their occupation in that section is gone as well as in this. They are enterprising, they will find some field of operation and it will not be battlefields either. Your citizens are certainly in luck but the poor office hunter is decidedly out. You would have had a good time paying taxes and taking oaths of allegiance, is that not a sweet comment that Americans, I mean White Americans, should be compelled to sware and for what - the Americans of African decent never do. They are loyal enough, their color is a sufficient garantee for their loyalty. But to the poor White American... he has to face the music, that is if he is suspisioned and who is not unless he is black. You spoke of hiring a man to prospect for you. I would if I were there hire a man to drive the team and prospect myself. White man is rather slipery these times and a good silver claim might make a fellow do anything. I would do the prospecting myself, if you find anything you will know it. If your hired prospector finds anything, you may know it - if you do, the hired prospectors have changed to what they used to be in this country. I would have to know the man that I would hire to prospect for me. There are too many prospectors in this world. They are not all hunting silver mines, either. Never think of squandering money hiring them to prospect for you. Get a claim, then you can hire the man to work. But never think of hiring a man to find a claim for you. If you do, you will want for one a long time."

And so the letters close, the personal story of the days of the Civil War and early Yreka told by men who have been gone for many years. Reading these old papers makes one feel as if he actually knew these

people that helped to build an infant Siskiyou County and stayed on to see her grow to greatness.

James DeWitt left his gold claim in Nevada and came on to Yreka where he bought farm land in the old Greenhorn School district, at the intersection of the present Scott Valley road and Highway 99. He studied law in Yreka and there passed the State Bar Examination, but due to his advanced age he never practiced the profession. He died at the age of 81, on Friday, Nov. 24th, 1893 and is buried in the DeWitt family plot in Evergreen Cemetery.

The eldest son, Robert O. DeWitt lived in Yreka until his death in February of 1884 in the still standing, majestic brick home he built for his bride, Sally, on Third Street. Dr. R. O. DeWitt lost a hand in a hunting accident in his youth in Kentucky and practiced no further surgery, but he has been credited with saving much of the population of the county during a terrible Diphtheria epidemic.

The two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary, were both oldtime Yreka residents, Elizabeth's husband becoming a Judge in Yreka, and Mary the wife of John Fairchild. John M. DeWitt died a hopeless alcoholic in Mexico and the final days of Daniel, the lawyer, are unknown to me.

On completion of his enlistment in the Union Army, Elisha DeWitt, the youngest son of James, settled in Texas for five years and married Susan Maddux. After the birth of two children, Mary Elizabeth, known to all old Siskiyou people as Aunt Minnie, and Annie Alice, who later became Mrs. N. T. J. Beaughan of Dunsmuir, this family traveled to Yreka to live with Elisha's father on the Greenhorn land. There three more children were added and Susan DeWitt died. The second wife and mother of four more children was Ella Mills, a Cleland and widow of a Yreka doctor. Elisha spent most of his life in local politics and for a number of years served in the office of County Assessor, first as a deputy during the terms of J. S. Nalley and John F. Fairchild. President Cleveland appointed him postmaster at Yreka, a position he held until retiring and moving to San Francisco where he died on February 15th, 1922.

Suzanne Evans White  
September 18th, 1964  
Bellevue, Washington



## Letter to C. J. Laird

Malheur City, Oregon  
Nov 26, 1880

C. J. Laird,

Dear Sir I write you a few lines to let you know that we landed here safe & sound & are all well. We were 32 days on the road we traveled about 600 miles over the roughest road I ever saw rocks sand & desert & no grass No water We came up Klamath & out to Lost River across to Sprages River & then to Goos Lake they is some very nice ranches there & some good land vacant. & then we turned North 200 miles thru Che-wawcan Summer Lake & to Silver Lake to Durans Ranch & then across the Desert to Prineville. I think the Silver Lake country poorest country that I ever saw I could not see any grass timber or water. from Prineville we came up Ocho River to the head then to John Days River & there I saw the pretiest ranches & farming country that I saw on the trip they rais anything & every thing.

I can't say that I am very favable impress with this country as a farming country farming is very limited yet. But they do not seem to be very energetic class of people they can only farm the low land along the creeks & they are narrow as far as I have saw But they say below here the bottoms widen out But this is the finest stock country that I ever saw open rolling hills for miles & miles & the finest Bunch grass that I ever saw the hills is rather steep timber is very scarce We have to hall our wood only 10 miles Pine at that. as soon as I get fixed for winter I

(continued on page 77)



MARY EMILY COLLINS  
Wife of A. S. Collins.  
Taught school at Sawyers Bar.



EMMA COLLINS  
Born April 12, 1850; lived in Sawyers Bar; took  
guitar and French lessons from Father Florin.

## Letters Written by Mary Emily Collins and Daughter Emma to Relatives in Massachusetts

The following letters were written by Mary Emily Collins and her daughter, Emma Collins when they lived in Sawyers Bar and Scott Valley during the Civil War.

Mary Emily Collins was the wife of "Squire" Collins, who was a pioneer in the Sawyers Bar country in the 1850's. Mrs. Collins journeyed from her home in Massachusetts and declared people insane to come into such desolate country, (this after she had crossed the mountains into the Salmon River country), but stayed and induced several of her family to "come out".

In 1858 Mrs. Collins took possession of an old sawmill and converted it into a school house, where she established and taught for several years.

(Story of the Collins family may be read in the 1950 Yearbook, Volume One, Number 5, Page 31.)

## LETTERS OF EMILY COLLINS

Direct to Sawyers Bar, Calif.

Sawyers Bar Nov 10, 1859

Dear Aunt Gerasha Ann

this leaves us well & in hopes to see Nelly & Winsor this week we heard from them that they was on their way up & Nell could ride mule back finely I went down to meete them but they had not started from Trinidad where the steamer landed we are again to start down again on Saturday to meet them Dear Auntie I do want to see you and to see my Deare little cousins and I do wish you was out here.

the men make lots of money out here there is a claim here that Paid Six Thousand dollars in one week all in coarse gold dust they took 16 hundred dollars a day for several days I wish uncle Joseph was out here Picking up the lumps for you you must tell him to come out here and in a Short time he can make money enough to Buy a Ranch & lots of cows I am studying French and I can dance seven different dances I have not learned to Play on my Guitar yet But I hope I shall be able to learn to Play on it mother is teaching schcol She has got eight scholars it is very rainy here to day ciss all the little cousins for us & except lots of cises & love for your self & Uncle Joseph So good by from your Neice Emma Collins

Dear Sister Gerasha & Family

I take my pen to again commune with you in thought altho a long distance parts us this leaves us well & enjoying all the comphorts of life We have the name of being the happiest Family on the River & I think we have as much contentment as anyone except when I think of home I often wake & think of you all there and my dear Mother where is she this winter I hope she is happy I shall send her Fifty dollars as soon as I now whare to sent it I am ceeping school you now I must do something all the time and this is the first money I have earned independant of Anthony & as I have Taught the children besides my house work I feel I have the right to spend it as I like I have worked hard since I came out here & am in couraged to do so as long as I can make something I expect to have a large school this winter there are several young men that want to study and recite to me they will pay 10 dollars a month each & I shall be able to pay Ellin good wages to assist me as well as to have her study every day I am delighted to think they have made the Trip oute, so finely & are well & on there way from the coast up here we are having a hard rain which will be snow on the mountains & I am afraid they will be detained a long time on the way for it rained 6 weeks in succession without stopping last winter & it may do the same the Express started with them & said Ellin got along riding well & that they had good company they found oure acquaintances all the way from Trinidad whare they



leave the steamer & we shall write again as soon as they come up Write as soon as you get this & donte fail as I shall have to depend on you to write Mar & Martha and don't delay as some of the letters get lost in winter & we never get - I never have received but 1 letter from you since I came here & if you new how much we wanted to hear you would write If you know whare Mar is write to her and tell her all the news I should have written her if I had known whare to write, Ellin did not say in her letter if she stopped at Watertown or not & I did not like to write there if she did not stay there Tell her she has children here that will never forget her Emma often speaks of her & cries to think Poor Marim is left them & now one with her.

Scott Valley May 18th, 1863

Dear Brother

I improve this opportunity in writing to you it is sometime since we received your welcome letter which was very interesting to us all & we should be very glad to receive letters from you every month this finds us all wll & I do hope it may find you enjoying the same great blessing - every time we read the war news we think of you & the sacrafice your noble heart enabled you to make in leaving your little family to fight for the freedom of our country & my prayer is that our armies may be successful in exterminating every Traitor from the land. I have no doubts your thoughts are often sad ones when your dear wife & children come up before you but God will reward you & take care of them I intend writing to them oftener than I have done it makes all feel better to hear from our friends. I have often wished you were all out here but it might not be for the best. Thar is fears of an outbreak in this state & if it should be so it would be much worse here then thar but enough of this.

We are farming this year Mr. Collins & Winsor came out here last summer. Emma & I spent the summer with Ellin & came here last fall we have put up a new house & they have sowed about one-hundred & eighty acres of wheat & oats George & Winsor both worked for us until the crop was in & George is packing with a train of mules from here to Sawyers Bar where we used to live & Winsor is there at work in a quartz mill he gets three dollars per day & board we have not any of us made our pice as the saying is but live in hopes to get it is very expensive living here & we are so very far from the coast, this is a very fertile valley we can raise our own bread & meat & make my own butter we have three splendid cows that give milk & we have two pair of horses & one pair of mules Mr Collins left this morning for Sawyers Bar with the mules packed with five hundred pounds of potatoes, they sell for eight cents per pound everything has to be packed on mule back there is no rode over the mountain only a narrow trail & snow is from eight to ten





**ANTHONY SNOW COLLINS**

Came to California in 1850, to Sawyers Bar in 1856 where he discovered the Black Bear Mine, later owned by John Daggett.



**PETER CRUMBAUGH AND WIFE,**

Nee Ellen Worden, youngest sister of Mary Emily Collins. They lived in Sawyers Bar.

feet on the summit they cut steps in it like stairs this valley presents a fine appearance it is perfectly level & covered with grain & grass to the foot of the mountains & they are capped with snow & surround us in every direction & two roads leading from here are built over the highest mountains in the State traveled over. I have not received a letter from Gerasha since I last wrote I received one from Father this last mail he said all the folks were well Winsor & George are going to write you do not feel neglected at their not writing sooner they do not have much time but they often speak of you but they have had rather bad luck & felt rather discouraged they would have been in this war if they had been at home Pleas & write us all the war news we do not get any thing reliable here I will close for Emma wishes to write a few lines to her patriotic uncle hoping to hear from you soon & may heavens choicest blessings list upon you & yours We all send our love & best wishes Mr. Collins is the strongest kind of Union man & sends his best regards & will write you next time

I remain your sister E. Collins

P. S. Please excuse poor writing & mistakes

Dear Uncle

I improve this opportunity of writing you a few lines to let you

know that we think of you and the glorius cause in which you are engaged. If it were not for the patriots like yo dear uncle I do not know what would become of us here. There are a great many Secessionists here and we all have to associate with them and hear them talk **but we do not like it**. I often times wish that I could come over there and do something for the suffering Soldiers I think & hope that you have got a good commander in General Hooker he is nothing like Machallon and that is one good assurance: I always feel very much engaged reading tha war news but it is so contradictory that we can not place much confidence in it. I do so wish that we had little Henry out here with us we should enjoy it so much. I am afraid you will not think my letter very interesting but when I thought of the noble sacrifice you were making in leaving your dear family and fighting for our beloved country I thought I would add a few lines I will close hoping that health and success may ever attend you. from your niece Emma Collins

Yreka Jan 18, 1865

Dear Aunt

I will seat myself to pen you a few lines after so long a time. I am away from home now attending school here in Yreka. They have a very good school. I am studing all the English branches besides taking lessons on the Piano. I get rather homesick sometimes being away from mother but I have a great many pleasant friends & acquaintances which make it very pleasant. Ellen has been stopping with us for some time but she returned home the first of this week. Mother would be entirely alone if it were not for a girl which she has stopping with her who is a great deal of company. Father is gone most of the time carring mail to Salmon River over the mountain in winter on his back & in summere on mules. It is very hard dangerous work & we do not like to have him do it, but he will not withstanding all we say. I am boarding with a very pleasant family they have two little girls which is a great deal of company for me when I get homesick.

It has been so long since I have written to you that I hardly know what to write you. I know I ought to feel ashamed for being so negligent but - I kept putting it off from time to time until it had almost escaped my memory but that I had written. You can see from this that I am a very poor writer & for that reason I do not feel llke writing more. This winter has been a very unpleasant stormy one so far but we are having pleasant weather now although the snow is ankle deep here in town. We have been visited by a number of floods which have done a great deal of damage to miners and farmers in all parts of the state, everywhere you go you can see the effects of the floods. Our holidays here were very unpleasant, rain, rain, all the time. I spent the holidays at home there was nothing going on atall there but here in town they had a Fair &



SIGN MADE BY FATHER FLORIN SCHWENNINGER FOR MRS. COLLINS SCHOOL AT SAWYERS BAR

Featival & a good time generally but the storms & condition of the roads prevented one from going to anything, I suppose at home they enjoy themselves finely although the thoughts of those who are far away from home fighting & enduring hardships & periling their precious lives for their country would prevent one from thinking so much of enjoyment as they used to. I hope & pray that Uncle Joseph will return safely & well to those whom he is so dear to. I intend writing to him before long. I suppose Dwight is growing to be a fine boy & I do not forget Henry either give them my love & kisses I did not know when I commenced writing this whether Grandmother was with you or not if so I should have written some of this to her & tell her that I shall write soon. As it is getting late in the evening I will bring this finely written epistle to a close by hoping that this will find you all in the enjoyment of as good health as it leaves me. Give my love to all inquiring friends and accept a large share of it for yourself.

This from your affectionate niece Emma Collins

Yours with much love.

(Pictures used in this story courtesy Museum.)



YREKA IN 1856. NOTICE STEEPLE OF UNION CHURCH TO RIGHT OF TREES.

—courtesy Museum

## The New Yreka of 90 Years Ago

(Written in 1924 by Mrs. A. H. Russell for her son J. B. Russell.)

In July, 1853, my two sisters and I were invited to visit my aunt in Yreka and attend the Fourth of July celebration, the first miners' and settlers' Fourth in the county. She, being one of the few women in the land and keeping a boarding house, had become a friend to many homesick boys who had left homes "in the States" for California gold mines. My aunt's kind words, with a bowl of hot soup for some lonesome, sick miner had won many friends, and when it was known that her three nieces were coming from the Rogue River Valley to visit her, arrangements were made (without her consent) to have a hack which had crossed the plains, and which was the only one in the county, come to meet us with a band—a drum and a fife and a harmonica, perhaps. My aunt heard of this and knew my mother's "Southern ways" would not approve of such a demonstration, and wrote us to postpone our visit until later.

Two weeks later my brother and two young friends brought horses and side-saddles from Yreka to accompany us over the Siskiyou Indian trail to the town. The trail was cut out in stair step fashion by pack mules' feet, as all transportation either into or from Oregon was by mules - the miner's ship. This part of the trail was steep, and we often

caught the horses' manes to keep from slippin backwards.

I shall never forget how we entertained these young men on their arrival. It happened that three Methodist preachers also came the same day to stay all night. All nine horses were staked out to eat grass while the men sat under the oak trees in the yard and mother and daughters prepared supper under a shed beside the log cabin for eleven people on a small stove. A table was set in the cabin for seven men who were delighted to eat woman's cooking in real dishes on white table linen. The table, however, was not a polished extension, but made of split boards or "shakes" with legs of fir limbs with the bark off. Supper over, the arranging for the family and company beds seemed a problem for Mother to demonstrate. Our beds were in the corners, supported by one leg, the springs were shakes. The floor had to accomodate the men - six of them, so two rows of feather beds were placed on the floor with the pillows next the wall. We could hear the voices through our calico bed curtains that hung from ceiling to floor, and it may be that the men heard suppressed giggling on the other side when they suggested that a long man sleep opposite a short one so their feet would not overlap. That caused a deal of wondering how we would ever get to our shed kitchen to cook breakfast. But some men are wise. **These were**, and were up with the birds, and the coast was clear for us women folks to dress behind our calico partitions, ready for duty. Somehow, Father and Mother managed fine.

All parties wanted an early start on the road. It took all day to ride to Yreka, about 40 miles, even when the horses were allowed to lope when on good ground. Each of us had to take all our extra wardrobe in satchels hung on the horn of our saddles. Our riding costumes covered us completely, hanging almost to the ground. (Women's feet were not seen much in those days, after early teens.) We did not overtake the preachers, who started at 7 A.M. and we an hour later. The narrow trail over the Siskiyoues needed a careful guide. Our horses stepped farther than mules, and on steep places the mules' stair steps bothered our long-legged horses. That, and a fear of Indians' arrows that might fly from ambush, gave us something to think about.

We reached Cole's tavern at noon, where a darky cook had been instructed to "do his best, as some young ladies were coming," and a fine dinner surely was enjoyed. We reached Yreka after sunset. Such a queer-looking town - on Miner street where my aunt lived the houses joined each other, I suppose to be safer from Indian attack. Her house was made of stakes set in the ground with shakes nailed to them, no floor, a roof of poles covered with shakes, and windows of canvas. Her long boarding-house table was made of shakes and fir poles, and a row of benches against the wall and beside the tables was the way her house

and her neighbors' houses were built and furnished. Partitions were of shakes, and doors were just calico curtains.

Stores were built in the same style, but very fine and costly dry goods were displayed, and in good taste, while plenty of gold dust and nuggets were weighed on the "gold scales" which had their place on each counter beside the "yard stick" in order to weigh out the cost of each purchase. No silver coin smaller than a 25 cent piece was used then, for the 10-cent-piece, if seen at all, was considered unworthy of attention. The tiny octagon-shaped \$1.00 piece, like the \$50.00 slug, was often seen on ladies' dresses with eyes as buttons. One lady who called on us had gold pieces on her gown from collar to hem. The \$50.00 slugs and \$20.00 and \$10.00 gold coin came from the S. F. mint, but most trading was done with gold dust payments. Men carried buckskin bags about 8 in. long and 2 in. wide tied with a buckskin string for purses. Some of these purses were heavy and had fine nuggets, and the goldsmith (a jeweler in Yreka) was kept busy the week of our stay making gifts for Mrs. Kelley's nieces. Again our aunt had to explain about Southern ideas of accepting gifts, but a former friend's offering of gold earrings for two of us and a ring for my oldest sister made from gold dug from his own mine was accepted.

This is remembered as a week of continual festivities, and my aunt's house was often filled to capacity with friends. We girls did not dance, so horseback rides and walks about town with the few young ladies who lived there and liked similar entertainment filled the time. We visited the Printing Office (Yreka Journal) and stores and the mines nearby.

But, when a party was made up of about 20 young folks to ride to Sheep Rock, my aunt declined the invitation, believing the distance too far to make in one day. This proved true. Night overtook the party at the "Cedars", and they were compelled to stop and wait for daylight. My cousin, Isham P. Keith, accompanied Miss Mary Price, a very beautiful young lady, the Belle of the county. Her mother watched all night for her return and regretted that she had not followed our aunt's example, when she learned of the long roadless distance. It was past noon when a remorseful cousin related the hazardous night in the "Cedars", the tearful girls around the camp fire, and Mrs. Price's disfavor. But the lady chaperone seemed more distressed over the affair than anyone else, though no blame could be laid to her - a long day was too short for the horses to accomplish the distance in daylight. My aunt invited the whole party to a supper at her house. The cook was ordered to "do his best" for the occasion, and all related the Sheep Rock experience - this time without tears.

In those days Yreka had its share of enjoyment in its shell like buildings, but its durability was short-lived, for in the Spring of 1854



it was burned like paper, and costly merchandise destroyed with time to save very little. When rebuilt, the need for joining house to house, the narrow vein-like streets, and the need for guarding at night against Indian attacks had passed, wider streets and better buildings sprang up, and the picture of the old Yreka remains only in memory.

Personal data in the original have been omitted and the account has been revised and shortened.

I. G. S.

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### EARLY DAY MINING (continued from page 52)

boot, he raised it across the other leg, jerked it off, grabbed it by the top and laid to among the Irish with great gusto.

The first house (not a cabin) was above Springtown, occupied by the Andrews family. The next house, a short ways above the Andrews was the Coggins place. The last house above the two, just across Fox Creek, was the Beuoy place where Charly Beuoy, a bachelor, lived. These three were partners in a high channel or rim up on the hill side above the ford at Fox Creek. This channel was mined for about a quarter of a mile, producing over \$700,000 at the old price of gold, \$18.00 an ounce. This mine is called the A.B.C. Rim. The Andrews and Coggins families moved away about seventy years ago, but Charly Beuoy died at his place on Fox Creek, and is buried in a mausoleum in Scott Valley somewhere between Etna and Fort Jones.

(All pictures used in this story courtesy of Oscar J. Henry.)

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### LETTER TO C. J. LAIRD (continued from page 67)

want to look a round & see what I can see I want to go and look at the Piatte country they say they is some good country over there yet If I do not find a place to suit me I shall go to the Wood River country in the spring. My team was all give out when I got here & I was broke so I had to stop here this winter we can send to school here this winter is a dull place this winter the mines shut down for the winter an they is nothing a doing.

Now I want you to write to me all that is going on since I left & what has become of my conections.

It seldoms rains here the ground has ben partly covered with snow for two weeks & cold & has snowed some today but not cold it would take a 12 inch snow to cover up the grass. Oats & Barley 1½cts on Ranch & 1¾ in town Hay \$5.00 per ton Potatoes 1½ cts folour 2.75 pr cwt, Butter 30 cts Bacon & Lard & Pork halves, very few hoggs raised in this country. Write as soon as you get this give our respects to all inquiring friends & to your father & mother & accept the same Direct to Malheur City, Baker county, Oregon.

Yours J. C. Richardson



McCLOUD RIVER RAILROAD COMPANY

—courtesy Museum

## McCloud Area History

By GERALD WETZEL, 1953

The town of McCloud itself is an infant historically compared to some other parts of Siskiyou, yet the crop we are harvesting is old, having been planted hundreds of years ago.

The earliest records we have of Squaw Valley are those of Peter Skene Ogden and of Alexander Rodrick McLeod, spelled McLEOD, a Scotchman in the employ of the Hudson Gay Co., who in the year 1827 led a determined band of that company's trappers over the Siskiyou Mountains into California and crossed the Klamath River near the present location of Hornbrook and came through the territory now known as Ager, Montague and Grenada. From Grenada they trudged up the Slough Road, then east of Weed, through Strawberry Valley and down the Sacramento Canyon. They continued their tour of exploration, coming to the valley where McCloud now stands and traveled on to the spot later called Bartle where they camped and set their traps. Here they narrowly escaped starvation and death when early snows and severe weather forced them to cache their furs and traps and immediately seek a warmer climate, a circumstance that was not peculiar in those days. It is not unusual now to get a snowfall of from 8 to 10 feet

in a "good" winter. Much later, in 1874, John Bartle and an Indian, found in that locality, some guns and other paraphernalia, including a log dug out by experienced ax men in which to cache furs that are believed to have been left by the McLeod party. This is the first evidence of white man in the valley where McCloud now stands.

Here, too, came a young wanderer, Cincinnatus Hiner Miller, who later called himself Joaquin. According to his own story, the Indian Chief Blackbeard, gave him a beautiful little valley then known as Now-ow wa but now called Squaw Valley. Here he built a cabin, and according to him, it was here he first began to write. Other sections of Siskiyou may claim the same story, Joaquin seemed to have a way of getting around.

But, to go back to Peter Skene Ogden, it was he who was credited with the discovery of Mt. Shasta on February 14, 1827, a truly glorious Valentine's Day gift. Credit for the first ascent goes to Capt. E. D. Pearce, a merchant of Yreka, who made the climb alone in 1854. The California State Geological survey party, led by Josiah Whitney, made the climb in September, 1862. Others had evidently been there before, for records of the party lead one to believe that it had the appearance of a present day tourist camp.

It was perhaps in 1858 that a world of a peaceful little valley with cold, clear water and a river plentifully stocked with salmon and a beautiful strange trout later to be known as the McCloud Rainbow. The Cavanaugh family homesteaded in 1860 at what is now known as Esperanza. George Nabor and later the Flood family located on the present site of the Golf Course. Banks were scarce in early days. Not too many years ago, our caretaker at the course dug up several jars containing a small amount of gold coin, and a man in town making a garden dug up three jars containing gold and currency which was mostly in good condition. He was able to count a little over \$2,000.00 but I do not know how he came out on the jar of paper money that water had seeped into. He was a box factory worker. Needless to say, the factory was without his services that day.

There is a rumor that an early settler, a bachelor, built a three story house with only one room on each floor.

Many came to Squaw Valley, the Conner family who gave their name to a ranch south of town, which name I think is now forgotten. I know my family did. In fact I remember George Connor who was probably the second generation. Spangle homesteaded what is now known as the Memeo place with Totten to the south. Jents Peterson was at the mouth of Tom Neil Creek, his cabin still standing in 1910. Rogers was near Pig Creek, and John Hemy was east of the present town. Simons was at the north end of town and further up, near some springs, a widow lived for some years by herself, and for this reason the springs



LAST LOAD OF LOGS VIA TRAIN AT McCLOUD, JANUARY 1964

—courtesy Museum

are still known as "Widow Woman Springs". We still get much of our water supply from these springs. Fortunately, there is considerable drop to the town, and the cold water flows rapidly through the pipes, otherwise it might turn to ice. Ayres, Butterway and Sawyer, located on Huckleberry Creek practically in the present town. Wells and Shepard had a large dairy and Sam Jackson also had extensive herds of

cattle and dairy. Evans, Scheller and Winchester grazed sheep in the valley, as do some, or did some of the present day ranchers of Siskiyou.

Fowler was on the river at the place which still bears his name.

Probably the original settlement in 1886 was a mile or so south of the present town, Warmcastle, named after Judge Warmcastle, where there was a hotel, stagestops, and a saloon and later a schoolhouse. The late N. T. J. Beaughan of Dunsmuir, taught school there, Judge Warmcastle had been a Superior Judge of Salano County.

In 1888, J. S. Beard, later Superior Judge of Siskiyou, homesteaded property where presently is located the lumber city of McCloud. Small sawmills appeared in the early '90's. McKay's mill at Esperanza, Anderson's mill at Pig Creek, Harper's mill north of McCloud and "Friday" George's mill, first on the present site of McCloud. Lumbering had begun, and from now on lumber is to be the only industry and over the years is to give employment to thousands.

John Sisson had a place on the McCloud River where it makes a nearly circular bend, hence the name The Bend. He transported fishing parties from Sisson Tavern to The Bend, a fisherman's paradise. Even as late as my time it was perfectly safe to promise plenty of rainbows if we were planning to fish there. This property was later acquired by Charles S. Wheeler, an attorney of San Francisco, who had the place closely guarded. It was his, who can blame him for wishing to protect it?

The first sawmills had their difficulties. The road out was long and rugged, and it took days to reach the railroad and lumber buyers. "Friday" George built a shorter road, but construction took months. This road was known as the "Friday" George Grade, no longer passable. The present site of the Mt. Shasta Snowman's ski jump is located on the steepest part of that grade. It was really an automobile in the early days of cars, if it could negotiate Friday George in high gear.

One by one the mills went broke because it was too difficult to get the lumber out. "Friday" George closed in 1894. Oxen were too slow. All that remained active in the vicinity now was the little settlement of Elk Lawn which was a stopping place between Fall River and Sisson for freight teamsters. This was at Elk Creek about five miles east of McCloud. The first post office in McCloud or Squaw Valley was here, a hotel, saloon, blacksmith shop and large barn. It was finally abandoned in 1901, and today there is no trace of anything ever having been there. There is little evidence of a mill on Ash Creek several miles north of town.

In the early '90's there came to Siskiyou two men who were destined to successfully operate a lumber mill and to start McCloud to what it is today—George W. Scott and William W. Van Arsdale. The latter



WINTOON, NEAR McCLOUD. BAVARIAN VILLAGE. —courtesy Museum

was a mining engineer of the class of 1874, the second group to graduate from the new University of California. He spent several years in Arizona before returning to northern California. He and George W. Scott became the principal officers of the Sisson-Crocker Co., with headquarters at Sisson.

A new branch railroad was in the offing. In April, 1896, Scott & Van Arsdale filed articles of incorporation forming the McCloud Valley Railroad Co., a proposed road from Mott to Squaw Valley, capital stock of the company \$1,000,000. This was a standard gauge railroad into the then woods. Timber was fallen and cut to length and the logs hauled to Sisson. The next trip would dig a bit deeper into the woods and the process repeated until rail finally reached Squaw Valley. It is said that the finest stand of Sugar and Ponderosa Pine in California was at one



time cut off flat between Dunsmuir and Mt. Shasta, extending to the top of the ridge at Pierce and on down toward McCloud and this was mostly used for wood for the locomotives and for railroad ties. Imagine sacrificing good pine for railroad ties, one of the economic wastes of our early day plenty.

The railroad had arrived and to borrow an old saw, "while not as long as the S. P. or Santa Fe was just as wide rail to rail."

Scott and Van Arsdale bought up many of the small sawmills in the vicinity of the old "Friday" George mill with the idea of having one large establishment. It is estimated that Scott and Van Arsdale owned a billion and a half of timber.

The principals of the newly formed railroad and lumber company were Scott, Van Arsdale, Earl Smith, Cooley and Brown, with Scott president, and Van Arsdale, vice-president and manager. In January, 1897 the railroad became a separate concern.

Families began to move in and a town to be built. The first street was called California.

A store was built with a small office to the right, while in the upstairs rooms was the first hospital. The store has been remodeled over the years to its present size. There was a saloon run by a man named Prince, and above this was a bunk house for the men. The building still stands. The saloon was closed and part of it turned into reading rooms; then later upstairs, a small movie showhouse and dance floor, then during W.W. I, a club house for the negro people who had been brought in from the south, and today the California St. Apartments. What history that old building could tell!

In 1899 the first doctor, Robert T. Legge, arrived. Dr. Legge stayed until 1913 and then went to Berkeley to teach in the University of California. Though retired, he still lives in Berkeley.

In 1900 Van Arsdale built the office that is used today and in the same year built a new home for himself, the red house, a red structure that traditionally has been the home of every general manager of the company. Also in 1900 Charles S. Wheeler built his home on the river at The Bend, and Phoebe Apperson Hearst began construction of the Castle on land leased from Wheeler. Hearst Castle was completed in 1903. A huge structure supposedly copied from some castle or castles in Europe and partly furnished with things brought from there. The castle was destroyed by fire in 1929.

On February 1, 1902, a group of men re-incorporated under the California law. McCloud River Lumber Co. with a capital of \$3,000,000. Scott and Van Arsdale stepped out in July, 1902 but retained an interest in the company and the management of the railroad. John Wisdom from Quincy, Ill., became plant manager under J. E. Carpenter of Minneapolis. The present two band mill was built in 1906.



**WATERHOUSES AT McCLOUD**

—courtesy Museum

In 1903 the McCloud River club was built on the McCloud River some 18 miles south of town and still is in use today.

As in many new communities and some old ones, McCloud was not immune to that dread disease, Typhoid. There were 128 cases in 1903. Dr. Legge contacted the disease and recovered. John Wisdom did not recover. Charles Wisdom succeeded his father as manager for the year 1904, working under S. S. Johnson, president and general manager. Johnson was from Cloquet, Minn., and when he came he purchased the remaining interest of Scott and Van Arsdale. He was president less than two years. In that time McCloud grew rapidly. All of Lawndale, the west side of Edgewood, south California, all of Quincy, Broadway and Siskiyou were built as well as the hotel.

In 1904 an Episcopal Church was built on Quincy and Division Streets, across from the then hospital and the McCloud Valley Bank began business. Charlie Wisdom resigned in October of that year and F. O. McGavic, who was Sales Manager with offices in San Francisco, took over temporarily. In December, S. O. Johnson, son of S. S. Johnson, became resident Manager and McGavic returned to his former position.

S. S. Johnson passed away in San Francisco late in 1905, and J. H. Queal of Minneapolis was made president and general manager. The McCloud River Lumber Co., the present concern, was re-incorporated by Queal, Colman, Carpenter, Hixon, Curtis, and the Alexanders, a Minneapolis group.

1906 was a year of building and some loss. The loss was the burning of the inside of Prince's saloon and the upstairs bunkhouse, caused by the overturning of a lamp. (Lamps were still in use ten years later. Even then, in 1916, the electric power was turned off at 11 p.m. and the

kerosene lamps were in readiness before that hour. There were one or two days a week when the power was turned on in the mornings and the housewives did the weekly ironing, and the lamps were 220 volt.) There were few electrical appliances. Of course, the plant was on 110 volts but it is said the bulbs had a way of disappearing from the plant, hence the difference in power, plant and town. A dance hall and theater were built, and in the fall a new grammar school was begun and completed in the spring of 1907. The beginning classes were often as large as a hundred, fifty being taught in the morning and the other half in the afternoon.

In 1907 a new hospital was built, and Mr. Queal built his white house on the hill which was his home when he came to McCloud in his private car. That house is now our Guest House.

McCloud was growing. In 1908 there were ten new houses on Minnesota St., and all those on Pacific, Berkeley Way and Junction Ave., were built. It was also in this year that a local option was taken and the town decided by a vote that liquor would no longer be sold. That was the end of Prince's saloon, which was then owned by Godfrey Peters from Yreka. B. C. Johnson left in April, 1908 and F. F. Spencer became General Manager.

In 1909 McCloud felt the first serious strike. The State militia was called in, and there was a tent city in front of the hotel. There was no damage done, the instigators left, and the town settled down. There are a number of vicious looking long knives around the office today, which were surrendered by the strikers. Mr. Queal had Prince's saloon building turned into an employees' club with several recreation rooms.

1910 and 1911 were apparently years of normal growth but not a great deal to be recorded.

In 1912 Copco built service lines into McCloud. Up to then the company had generated all its own electricity. In 1953 we are generating most all of our own electricity but sometimes find it necessary to still buy from Copco, at other times we sell power to them. Those of you who have seen the pile of sawdust building up near the mill in the summer may wonder what we ever do with it. This is our reserve fuel supply for the winter months. We not only have to keep our generators operating and dry kilns going, but we also heat a large part of the town with steam generated at the mill boiler room.

1913 evidently was another quiet year, but an event of 1914 is recorded. The winter was one of heavy snow, too much for the railroad plows to handle. The S. P. rotary was finally called in and cleared the tracks of the snowbound town. There were few cars in McCloud then, and the road over the hill was closed from the first snowfall until April or May of the next spring. It was early in 1914 that the railroad was nearly closed by another cause, hoards of caterpillars. These were in



CLEARING THE TRACK FOR THE McCLOUD RIVER RAILROAD, 1938

—courtesy Museum

such number that they made the tracks so slippery there was no traction. Finally, someone in the railroad machine shop devised steam jets which killed the caterpillars as the live steam hit and blew them off the tracks. That simple little device was later written up in the "Scientific American."

Tragedy struck again in 1915, the hotel burned. One man lost his life. The present hotel, containing 86 rooms, was built on the same site.

Fred Spencer left in 1916, and F. B. Huchins came to take his place as General Manager. Bob Pashburg and I came to McCloud in the summer of 1916. He may have had romantic interest here, I went along for the ride. We thought we were very fortunate youngsters to be able to earn twenty cents an hour for ten hours on the job. All went well until someone remarked that the little guy didn't appear old enough to work sixty hours a week and then Frank Jones, who was a Yrekan and who was in McCloud that summer to catch on the ball team, let the cat out of the bag. After that, who was 6 ft. 2 in. tall, was sent home after he had put in 48 hours. Later that summer I became telephone operator. The hours were from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. and a half day Sunday. I think the pay was \$55.00 a month. There was no phone service after those hours.

April 6, 1917, WAR. Soon the fittest of McCloud's young men were

on their way. Labor became increasingly scarce, and it was then that the influx of colored people from the South began. At the peak, there were several hundred but over the years many moved away. There are still a few left who came in those early days. The old saloon, converted to employees' club was turned over for their recreation hall. The old Episcopal Church was moved to Southern Avenue and many houses built in the south and north part of town.

Deer season opened earlier in those days, August 15th. I shall never forget it. We were all working quietly midmorning that day when five shots were fired rapidly. The bank! We wandered out to see what was happening, and the first were met with another volley. Two men had attempted to rob the bank, but evidently became frightened and opened fire on anyone and everyone. They were poor shots and made the mistake of shooting at the company chauffeur and a friend who were just returning from a deer hunt. These men returned the fire, though evidently not to kill, as one bandit was hit in the heel. He went about a mile and was found later shot through the head. The other man was never found, and it was assumed that he shot his partner who could no longer travel on the wounded foot.

1918 was not a happy year for McCloud, nor for most of the rest of the world, except for the happy event of November 11, when the war to end all wars ended. The first part of the year brought casualty lists, and the influenza epidemic took a heavy toll. Many people who contracted the disease knew they were going to die, and they did.

1919 saw the plant enlarged again. The old two band mill was retired and a new three band mill built along side of the "new" (1907) two band mill. From that time to this day the plant has been improved, dry kilns, more efficient planing mill, and improvements necessary to an institution of that size.

We had grown up, but there are still a few highlites I would like to mention.

Mr. F. H. Lambert succeeded Mr. Huchins as General Manager. In 1924 there was a severe mud flow north of town. Some of our water was buried, and for a time water was brought in tank cars. One would have to see the power of a mud flow to believe what it could and did do. Mr. Lambert did more than he should have attempted and the effort was too much. He passed away late in 1924. It was in 1923 that the electric plant was enlarged and the homes had 110 volt, 24 hour electric service free, but carelessness and waste put a stop to that. Meters were soon installed.

Mr. B. W. Lakin came to take Mr. Lambert's place, and in 1924 McCloud operated through the winter months, and we have continued to operate the sawmills in the winters since then, depression years and the winters of heavy snow excepted.



**BARTLE HOTEL, ORMERLY LOCATED NEAR McCLOUD, SISKIYOU COUNTY. DATE UNKNOWN.**

—courtesy Museum

In 1927 the golf course was started. People from all over Siskiyou and Shasta regularly enjoy the course now.

Two years later, 1929, a new road, the Mt. Shasta and Mt. Lassen Road, Highway 89, was completed, and we were no longer isolated. Even the special trains which we used to ride to dances or events in Sisson, lately changed to Mt. Shasta, were happily remembered institutions. Hearst Castle burned.

The big event of the fall was the completion of the railroad to connect with the Great Northern and Western Pacific railroads to the east. We now had three transcontinental connections, the Southern Pacific to the west, and The Great Northern and Western Pacific to the east.

I don't think anyone has happy memories of the early '30's, let's skip to the fall of 1936. Tragedy again! A small fire grew rapidly to a raging forest fire. The town was seriously threatened. Somehow Mr. Lakin who was out directing the fire fighting crews was caught and perished within a few yards of the railroad and what might have been safety. Mr. Lakin had contributed so much to making McCloud a better place to live.





NOB HILL, McCLOUD

—courtesy Museum

Mr. J. P. Hennessy succeeded Mr. Lakin. When he arrived with his family in 1937, he was greeted by one of the most severe snowstorms we ever had. We were completely isolated for several days, and the plant was disrupted for weeks.

Fire struck again in 1938. Our crane shed with 12 million feet of better grades of lumber was destroyed.

Probably the largest construction program of the late 1930's was carried on by William Randolph Hearst who had added to the holdings of the original property until thousands of acres and miles of river were under his control. Here he built his fabulous Bavarian Village, and here he lived during the war. Construction never ceased during his life time. He never saw the last building completed.

Let's pass up the early '40's when every effort was bent to further destruction rather than construction. It took the last part of the 1940's to recover and repair the inevitable damage of overdriven machinery.

Today we are operating on a reasonably even keel. The railroad, which I have touched on but lightly, is gradually converting from steam to diesel power, and the four diesels which should be in operation by the end of this year, steam may be a thing of the past. In this machine  
(continued on page 92)



REAM AND STEELE PICNIC GROVE SOUTH OF YREKA ON YREKA CREEK

—courtesy Museum

## The Turners' Picnic

The tenth annual picnic of the Yreka Turnverein took place, as announced, last Saturday, though great fears were entertained of the usual postponement on account of rain, until within two days of the time, rain having fallen on Tuesday quite lively, with a slight shower on Wednesday, and a dark cloudy sky, up to Friday morning. At the appointed time the weather was delightful, with a clear sky overhead, and the weather just warm enough to make outdoor exercise an enjoyment exceedingly agreeable to both old and young, and nearly everybody and their children were on hand for the good time afforded. At 9 o'clock the procession formed at Turners' Hall, with Robt. Nixon as Marshall of the day, the principal feature of the turnout being the display of 12 boys and 12 girls dressed as old Continentals of 1776, the boys with their white wigs, continental breeches and buckle slippers, while the girls represented the matrons of revolutionary days in the costumes of the 17th century. Following this feature came the Turners with their flags and banners, next the wagon to take the young Continentals to the ground, followed by other wagons and carriages, all proceeded by the Yreka Brass Band, discoursing several favorite airs. The procession marched down Miner Street to Third to Yama, up Yama to Oregon, and along Oregon to the corner of Butte street, where the continentals were helped into their decorated wagon, and taken to Ream & Steele's grove, followed by the Turners and a large number of families in wagons and

on foot. At the grove after getting out of their wagon the young continentals formed in procession headed by the representatives of George Washington and Lady Washington, circling around the large dancing platform, and coming down the center to a stand covered and shaded by a large national flag, where Washington and Lady Washington occupied the two chairs, while the suite attending them circled around the front. Washington was personified in dignified manner by John H., son of Sam Magoffey of this place aged 13 years, and was neatly dressed for the occasion. Lady Washington was equally dignified and pleasingly represented by Minnie, daughter of R. O. DeWitt, of this place, aged 12 years, while the other representatives by the boys of John Adams, Ben Franklin, John Hancock, Gen. Putman and other revolutionary patriots; and of matrons of revolutionary times by the girls were equally neat and attractive in their costumes, which reflected great credit on the parents who devoted so much labor and expense in preparing their children for the occasion. The members of the suite attending Washington and Lady were represented by Masters Henry Wadsworth, Eddie Wetzel, Alex Rosborough, Godfrey Peters, Walter Scheld, John Stimmel, Cole Skinner, Frank King, Bertie Raynes, Albert Iunker, Willie Shearer, also Misses Sarah Stue, Mary Wetzel, Ida Stimmel, Lena Bisbee, Mary Uerlings, Amelia Huseman, Lizzie Nixon, Gussey Ringe, Mattie Pyle, Helen Martin and Annie McCarton. After music by the band the young continentals sang "The Red, White and Blue" in good style, and then formed a quadrille, which they danced in the most perfect order, having been drilled before by Mr. Truitt the leader of the cotillion band. The dance was a pleasing sight, reminding all assembled, of the olden time festivities, the youngsters enjoying it as gaily as the older heads who soon after followed them in the giddy music of the dance. After the dance the song of "America" was given by them, followed by John H. Magoffey, representing the father of our country, in the delivery of an original and appropriate address for the occasion, which elicited the greatest admiration for the excellent manner in which it was given, equal, if not superior to the most distinguished of mature years, the gesticulation, emphasis and action being faultless, and gaining him the universal credit of being a natural orator, destined to make his mark in our country as a distinguished person, when arriving at the years of manhood. On every hand the highest compliments were extended on behalf of the boy's address, and strangers present from the Bay city were astonished at finding boys from the mountains who could do so well, acknowledging that it was hard to find a better boy speaker anywhere.

After this, the dancing commenced, with excellent music by Messrs. Truitt, Weston and Niles and son, which continued all day, while all over the grounds were various amusements, consisting of girls swinging,

boys turning, foot racing, climbing pole, rooster striking, sack racing, for prizes, etc. The usual cutting down of presents from a rope, afforded considerable excitement among the little girls, while the older portion of the community enjoyed themselves in observing the young people enjoying themselves.

Groups of friends and acquaintances gathered in various places in the shade of the green trees, beside the well provided tables, while young couples wandered off, whispering sweet words perhaps, or were tripping the light fantastic toe in the enjoyment of the dance. In the races by the little girls, the prizes were won by Mollie Schnabele, Annie Kelch, Maggie Dudley and Mollie Schlicht, which races afforded considerable sport, especially the last one by the smallest girls who kept in a bunch to the outcome better than the larger girls, so that it required better judging to decide who was the winner. The festivities of the day continued until sundown, all seemingly determined to remain until darkness threatened to close the merriment of the day. On the following day after dinner, a large crowd also assembled and enjoyed a good time. The whole affair was certainly one of the finest ever witnessed in our county and in every way a grand success, which makes the Turners feel highly gratified and who cordially extend their hearty thanks for the general attendance of the public, and their liberality in assisting to render the occasion so pleasing and satisfactory.

Taken from J. H. Magoffey scrapbook.  
Yreka Journal, May 31, 1876

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### **McCLOUD AREA HISTORY** (continued from page 89)

age, both the lumber company and the railroad employ far less men than thirty years ago, but those men are generally more highly skilled to do the job quicker and with less effort than the hard working, hard living, and hard playing logger of the past.

(September 20, 1963, U. S. Plywood Corporation purchased the assets of the McCloud River Lumber Company. A more recent change occurred on January 20, 1967 when stockholders approved the merger plan of Champion Paper and U. S. Plywood Corporation.

May 1, 1966 was the date when the transfer of town properties from McCloud to the John W. Galbreath & Co. took place. Galbreath, a real estate firm from Columbus, Ohio, purchased all the residences and businesses in McCloud from Plywood, and is now in the process of selling these to respective occupants.

The biggest change has been when McCloud went from railroad logging to truck logging. They now log entirely by truck and the majority is off the highway.

You can see by these remarks that there has been a change in McCloud these past few years.)

## A 1902 Halloween Night

Halloween in Yreka meant Tick-Tack—"The Great Gate Hunt" and reposing Outhouses—Yes, but destruction of property, NO!

Tick-Tack as we knew it; An empty can with a rosined string knotted through a hole in the center of the bottom. The preferred window had the blinds raised so we could view the people quietly reading. The can gently but firmly held against the glass with one hand while the fingers of the other were pulled along the string.

The result shattered the peaceful quiet of the household. Most did not get up from their chairs in the usual manner, but seemed to raise straight up. It was now our turn to move in haste.

All homes had a fence and gates. We removed Mr. A's gate but, with our hearts in the right place, we left Mr. G's gate to replace it altho' it never seemed to be the right size or construction. Our efforts always caused an early morning Gate Hunt the next day before going to work by the Head of the Family. They met others along the way with arms full of "Gate" and rather sour expressions on their faces.

Another pleasant pastime was tipping over outhouses, causing home owners no small inconvenience. One "Morning After" there stood, in stately splendor, an outhouse in the center of the intersection of Miner and Oregon Streets with a large sign reading; "General Useless Grunt Stopped Here."

My most memorable Halloween nearly caused my staying home on that night there after. The Town Marshall had a deputy that took his job seriously. I became separated from the boys of my age and joined a group of Big Boys, 17 and 18 years old.

In an alleyway near the Bird & Grant Store they watched for the Deputy as he strutted down Miner Street. When he neared the alley they rubbed rocks on the corrugated iron siding of the building with the expected result of bringing the "Special" on the run.

Here is where I was dumbfounded; they did not scatter as my gang would have, but followed along meekly when he arrested the whole bunch; I was never so scared in my life. What would my folks think and do? Me, locked up in that old jail all night!

Looking back I realize the Deputy should have known better. The old rock jail door was in the rear and locked by a padlock. He inserted the key, opened the lock and than the explosion occurred. One boy snatched his glasses, another the padlock while others took possession of the Deputy.

The door opened. The "Fuzz" moved in; the door closed; the lock snapped and I never headed home so fast in my life.

The next morning a rope was stretched across Miner Street with a large pair of glasses, a star and padlock cut from leather hanging from it. I think the paper wrote it up that week.—Author unknown.

# A 78 Year Old Boy Remembers Yreka When--

By W. T. (PETE) SCHELD

The muddy Hawkinsville Ditch was sometimes tapped to irrigate home gardens by driving a pipe under the bank near the bottom and covering it for a distance so the Ditch Tender would not notice. He would rip it out when discovered.

One man made a small "water wheel" with tiny buckets, that emptied into a trough above the bank. The current turned it. The Ditch Tender did not destroy this because it operated only while irrigating a small garden and was skillfully constructed.

**When -**

A forest fire on the west slope of Humbug Mountain burned to the ridge before it was controlled. During the daylight there was only a cloud of smoke, but after dark we could see each big pine tree outlined, then ignite and seemingly explode in a ball of fire. To a boy, it was a wonderful show.

**When -**

Lightning struck a "scale house" on the road near Steel's Ranch (99 now). This is remembered mostly for what happened to the douglas fir lumber. The soft wood between the grains had disappeared, leaving only the wide, tough sheets of grain wood that was, on some pieces, held together on one end of the timber or plank that the bolt had missed.

**When -**

The early spring salmon were in prime condition at the Power House on the Shasta River, but hard to find.

A pal and I started soon after daylight with our long shaft spears, a gunny sack and a lunch to hike the something like five miles. By sun-down we had not seen a fish, then our luck changed.

We were right below the spillway at the Plant when the night shift man dropped the big gate so he could start the second generator for the extra night time electric load.

Stopping the water suddenly left salmon flopping on the gravel bed. We dropped our spears, and with drift wood started clubbing before they could reach the river. He got five and I got four and now we were in a fix—more fish than we could lift, five miles to go and it would soon be dark.

I do not remember how we got them up the steep bank and on the road, but then Lady Luck came by again in the form of the day shift man on his way home in a buckboard wagon. He had no trouble coaxing us to put our fish in back and sit beside him. He would not take a fish we offered, saying he could get them anytime. We sold our catch for fifty cents each and thereby became two wealthy boys.

(continued on page 110)





WHEAT FIELD IN SCOTT VALLEY

—courtesy Museum

## A Tale of the Scott Valley Farmers During the Modoc War

Rather early in the settlement of the fine grain lands of Scott Valley, especially the south central part, which my father, coming from the famous grain lands of Ontario County, N. Y. soon pronounced as fine as those famous lands, an Englishman, Charles Hovenden and his English wife, drawn to this delectable area, acquired a very desirable portion of same.

The Modoc Indian War, while hot and bloody, is said to have cost our Uncle Sam over a million dollars, and among the necessities of the war were oats for the wagon trains which were drawn mostly by horses. And the lowly mule in the well-organized pack train under the competent packer Augustus Meamber with his own fine outfit must have oats too.

Since Charles Hovenden knew perhaps quite well, David Horn, who in those hectic days had not only farmed in Scott Valley but had been a successful business man at Fort Jones and had been made the Wagon Master by the Government service, it was natural that he be assisted by Horn in securing the oats contract, which they got at a price of 5 cents per pound at his ranch. David Horn, by the way, had been in many close calls from death by the wily Indians out on the Modoc battlefield.

Hovenden, realizing that his limited acreage would not furnish all the oats needed, quietly went among his neighbors and rented every acre he could, and to assist the deal, hired his neighbors to assist, and

expeditiously as a good farmer knew how, planted both his own and all the rented lands. The harvest yielded a most bountiful crop—in fact, a most remarkable yield, for every factor in farming seemed to play into Hovenden's hands. When the authorities sent their wagon train, probably headed by Horn, the paymaster drew his check and the bountiful yield—for the threshing had been fortunately accomplished with no loss—was hauled away to the headquarters of the Government to play its part in killing or capturing some 50-odd Modocs, with a few malcontents.

Charles Hovenden and his wife found to their elation that the check was more than enough to pay their rents and to clear their fine homestead of all debt. However, a rather laughable but disastrous thing happened. Almost every farmer in Scott Valley, believing that the war would last, proceeded to plant every available acre in oats; but the war ended rather suddenly the next year and oats went down, down in price, until oats, good oats, dropped to around the standard old price of 50 to 60 cents a bushel, and many a farmer had a drear time disposing of his crop, if at all. For many a month, this was the standing but grim joke among the other farmers and cattle men in Scott Valley.

And now, but only remotely tied up with this true oats tale, Fred Meamber, the last surviving son of the late Gus Meamber, related to me that when the war was over and the U. S. Government settled with his dad for the hiring of his fine pack train, he brought home a check of \$5,000. But the tale would not be complete unless it was related that upon a certain day Gus foolishly spurred his fine saddle mule too close to the Modoc firing line . . . but in place of being killed or badly wounded, the hostile bullet merely cut its way across his goattee and inflicted a mere chin-barking. But Gus quickly concluded it was too close to still be in charge of his train.

The writer also very distinctly calls out of the sub-conscious mind a hot day in August when stopped by a messenger at the divide between McAdams and Indian Creek, we panic-stricken children of the old Lincoln school district (named after the immortal Lincoln by Edward Mathewson,) were told of the killing of a former neighbor, in the Modoc War. He was a miner who had quit his job and joined the Oregon Volunteers, against my father's advice. In one of those sudden forays, and against his commanding officer's command, he projected his head above the protecting lava and was carried off by a deadly Modoc bullet. For long years now his body has lain in the Government burial ground at former old Fort Klamath, Oregon.

s/s Frank Whitney Hooper

The amount \$5,000 mentioned may not be correct.



TERRAIN CROSSED BY THE SISKIYOU ARGONAUTS

## Story of a Siskiyou Argonaut

By ERNEST KIDDER

continued from 1969 Siskiyou Pioneer:

### Part 14

It is said that an empty stomach is better to sleep on than to labor on and so it was in our case, for all claimed to have slept soundly and no disturbing dreams were reported when the morning came. We had hoped that the storm would abate during the night, but were disappointed in that. Here let me mention that one of the mules from the train that had passed our camp that evening, had returned to us without saddle or other equipage and would have come into our tent if we would have admitted him. But we were not keeping open doors for that kind of traveler, especially as the hour was late. So I gave him an empty sack that hung on a stump close at hand, which sack had some old flour or dough, as is often the case, adhering to it. He took the sack and, seemingly thankful, began chewing it, while I stood in the door and almost envied him the comfort and sustenance he was deriving from the old sack. Yet the nourishment was insufficient to sustain him through that terrible night, for the next morning he lay still and cold in our very camp.

"Oh, that is too bad," said Bob Walker, when he looked out and saw the dead mule.

"It's only a mule," said Abe Lindly.

"What are we, but mules?" asked Lyman Greer.

"At least they are using us for the same purposes," added Billy Goff.

"The question of Mr. Greer," I said, "requires an answer which I'll undertake to make. It seems to me that the most correct answer is that we are asses or at least we will be if we allow ourselves to be imposed on in this way any longer, and I for one feel that it is a duty, that we owe ourselves to call a halt and tell Captain McDermit that we demand better treatment at his hands.

"That's it," said John Handy.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" said Uncle Joe. "This sort of talk isn't going to fill empty stomachs."

"Well," said Uncle Phillip, "I am going to take my gun and see what I can bring in." And he and two others started out in the storm to hunt. Meantime the snow and rain kept coming down as though it meant to deluge creation. About noon Uncle Phillip came in with a small deer and shortly the others came in empty handed and all thoroughly wet. Uncle Phillip had no more than laid his game down until we were at work dressing it, and we soon had every joint before the fire on sharp sticks, broiling. After our meal was over and we had returned to the tent I asked Uncle Joe and George if they remembered that this was the 14th of March. Just one year since we had left home. Uncle Joe said he had thought of it but did not mention it. He said it was too bad to think over.

Evening came and darkness closed in on us again and still it rained. We turned in that night not quite as hungry as the night before, although any of us could have eaten a square meal with a relish. We tried to play cards for a pastime, but there was too little room in the tents, as we all had to be inside to keep dry, so we had to content ourselves with story telling and, as all our stories had been told until they were threadbare, that diversion soon lagged. We were illy provided with reading matter and time dragged heavily. Although our stomachs kept reminding us that something ought to be done, the elements seemed to say, "No, sir. Stay where you are and keep quiet." And so the second night of the storm passed and the next morning showed no promise of anything better. While we were a little differently situated than Noah in his ark, the outlook was about as discouraging, for there was no thought of them going hungry in the ark and we were actually beginning to be ravenous. Uncle Joe said that he believed he could eat a dog if it had not been dead too long. And so the time dragged along and the flood kept coming down until the morning of the 17th, when we woke up in

the morning and found that the storm had abated and there were signs of better weather. Our best hunters shouldered their rifles and staggered forth to try their luck for game again, hoping that deer, grouse or other game would come to our relief, while others replenished the fires. One of the boys said he thought he could see smoke down the creek and directed our gaze in that direction. We could see neither man nor beast, as the camp was surrounded by a thicket of brush, so two others and myself were delegated to go down on a voyage of discovery and see if we could procure some provisions.

So off we started down the very steep mountain side, which was very wet with snow, but we paid very little attention to anything but the smoke for which we were aiming. When we arrived at the camp a white man greeted us.

"Yes," he said, "I have flour." When we told him our situation he said, "But it doesn't seem to me that I ought to part with any of that flour, for who knows how many destitute ones there may be in the Klamath river mines."

"That is true," said Walter, "there may be destitution up there. However, that is guessed at, while ours is a certainty, and some of your flour we must have, peaceably if possible, forcibly if it must be. The best thing you can do is produce your scales and weigh out sixteen pounds and name your price."

This little speech of Walter's was made in a tone with an earnestness that seemed to carry conviction, and it looked like all the man wanted was a chance to name the price of his flour. So he weighed it out carefully and named \$2 a pound as the price, and we paid him \$32 and started back to camp. George, coming down to meet us, informed us that the hunters had got two grouse, which was good news to us and we dragged ourselves back to camp, smelling those savory odors from the luscious birds over the fire. The flour was baked into sixteen loaves and one given to each. After our appetites were appeased all who had guns went out in quest of whatever might come their way, and as a result six more grouse were brought in.

The next evening two men came into camp with two mules loaded with supplies, having got through and over the mountains by shoveling a considerable distance. They brought about 125 pounds of provisions consisting of rice, mess pork, beans, flour and a little coffee. The men said they had come through at the first possible moment and that they had opened the trail so that trains could come through with little hindrance.

It was then the 18th of March, and about six months later we had found our way to Evans Bar in Trinity, when a sort of expressman brought me two letters from home, for which I paid \$2. Each was from



HEADING FOR THE MOUNTAINS

—courtesy Bill Smith

my father and dated March 20, and conveyed to me the sad intelligence of my mother's death on March 17, the day we were bartering for the flour. After reading the letter I handed it to George, saying as I did so that mother was dead. After he had finished reading it we sat in silence for a long time and George was the first to break it, asking me if I remembered where we were on that date.

The news of mother's death, although looked for, caused gloom to overspread everything that I came in contact with. I realized fully that I had lost my best friend on earth, and the following week was a week of deepest gloom. But as our trail was not completed I will proceed to finish that account in as few words as possible. When our supplies arrived we moved our camp to the bank of the creek and intended to build some sort of raft for the purpose of crossing to the other side, as the creek was a raging torrent after that storm. When we arrived we found a man named Durkee who had come up on the Humboldt trail and was already preparing a raft at the only available point or place to cross, there being a large rock running out into the stream on the side that we were on and around which the foaming cataract had to pass, causing an eddy immediately below the rock and forming a place of comparatively still water where it was possible to pull the raft across by ropes. A man with a mule loaded could be taken across, the man on the raft leading the mule, and the others on the bank pushing and scaring him along until he finally got across. But woe befell the luckless man or beast that by any accident got a rod below the track or line of crossing, for they might as well be in the whirlpools of Niagara. I saw one fellow



who was being ferried over when some of his trappings were about to go over. In trying to save them he got too near the edge of the raft and it tipped. The force of the current nearly capsized the awkward thing and the man went into the whirling flood. All who witnessed it held their breath, expecting that would be the last glimpse we would have of the poor fellow, but contrary to all expectations, the mad waters threw him toward the shore and an overhanging willow whose branches were submerged. By luck the man's open hand struck one of these limbs which he grasped and pulled himself to safety. There was still another mishap at the same place.

A sick man came down from the Salmon mines from scurvy, as many were who had spent the winter in those mountains. The poor fellow had had a donkey on which he was packing his worldly goods and hobbling along the best he could, trying to reach the coast or some place where he could be treated for his malady. When he arrived at Bluff creek he proceeded to cross on the raft, and got aboard, with a halter on the donkey with which to tow the little beast across the creek. When the donkey came to the swift water the halter slipped from his head and away he went down the foaming stream. He was soon out of sight and the distressed owner had lost everything that he possessed save an ounce or two of gold in his pockets. But he was in a generous community, if community it could be called. A subscription paper was circulated and very soon he found himself in possession of more ready cash than his outfit would have sold for. Then a mule train going out for supplies came by and the man in charge gave him a riding mule to finish the trip.

Our party had suggested to Mr. Durkee the idea of building a bridge to take the place of his raft, saying it could be constructed very cheaply and would be much safer as well as more convenient. This proposition was rejected, Durkee saying that he did not propose to lay out money for any such thing up here in the mountains, that the water would be down again in a few days and that he proposed to run his raft as long as the water was up and he could get two dollars for crossing a mule and his pack.

So we said no more and started to finish up the work that was yet needed on the trail, which, if I remember, was four days more. Uncle Joseph, Phillip, George and myself had been making some notes of the surroundings and had noted the possibilities as to what could be accomplished in the way of a bridge over the creek. The result of these deliberations was that we decided that as soon as we could finish the work on the trail we four and no more would hasten back and try it at all hazards. This program was followed with the exception that Lyman Greer and Abe Lindly had overheard us in our deliberations and wanted to join us in our enterprise, and we finally decided to admit them. This



BILL ELLIOTT PACK TRAIN, HAPPY CAMP TO CRESCENT CITY

—courtesy Museum

was about March 19, 1851, and on the morning of the 23rd the six of us were back at the creek and I commenced to cut down two dead fir trees that were handy and of convenient size for the outside stringers. The others were pitching camp and two of them had crossed on the raft to get possession of the rock on the other side. After I had chopped down one tree and cut off the top at the length required and had commenced chopping the other tree, Mr. Durkee came to me and asked what we were going to do. I replied that we were going to build a bridge across the creek.

“You will be wasting your time to do that, as I have sent for a license to cross people here and collect toll for the same,” he said. I asked him who had authority to grant the license. He replied that it was either the county or circuit court at Trinidad. He was not certain which court it was, but he had sent down a friend to procure him a license of the proper authorities, and he said he would be back the next day with the license. My uncle and George had now approached, and overhearing the latter part of the conversation Uncle Joe said it would be a queer place for a county or circuit court to convene.

“I will bet you as much as you please that not so much as a constable can be found within a hundred miles of Trinidad, and we propose to build a bridge that can be crossed without so much hindrance and risk of life and property. We have come here for that purpose and you can make up your mind that the bridge will be built, and that right speedily, and we haven’t any time to quarrel or parley about it, so you

can go about your business and we will go about ours."

By that time some travelers had approached on the other side who wanted to cross the creek and Durkee went to attend to that, threatening us with all kinds of vengeance if we persisted in our plans. This, however, we paid no attention to, but I chopped the other tree down and cut it to the same length as the other, and Durkee plied his vocation by accommodating the traveling public, as he was wont to call it. He was continually berating us for interfering with his business and calling us pirates and all such endearing names. It happened that a packer by the name of Moore, with whom we were acquainted, and who had spoken of the work we were doing on the trail as worthy of a liberal reward, was riding across on the ferry. Moore listening to Durkee's abuse as long as he cared to said:

"I think, Mr. Durkee, that it will be a good thing if these people succeed in getting a bridge on which the traveling public can cross without this everlasting drowning, freezing and every perilous operation of getting over on these few poles and chunks you have tied together and for which you have the cheek to charge \$2 for each mule and his pack. The wonder to me is that a number of human lives have not been sacrificed at this perilous point. And, furthermore, if any of the people are entitled to the sympathy of the traveling public, these are the people so entitled and if I can render them any assistance I shall gladly do so." And it is supposed that this little speech of our friend caused this man Durkee to shiver as though he had fallen overboard and been handled by the rough waters of Bluff creek.

It did not make any difference in his plans, however, and he went around talking to each of our party, threatening us with the law which would be all in his favor, and we would aye, yes or no and keep on with our work. Mr. Moore allowed his mules to go and get grass and dry off, and came to where we were at work and said his party would assist us to get our stringers across the creek. The four of our party with the assistance of our friend and the three others made eight on our side of the creek, which was sufficient to pick up the stringer and carry it to the creek bank very nicely. We then threw a rope over to one of the men on the rock, which we had tied to the top of the stringer, and the two men on the rock, with the assistance of two or three others, pulled it over. Soon we had it in position with one end firmly on the rock, and in a few minutes the other was by its side. We placed them so that they were about five feet apart, and the next thing was to fill the space between the two. To do this we took some round sticks like cordwood and six inches thick for the cross ties and notched them at the end so they fitted on the underside of the stringers nicely. The next thing to do was to keep them in position, and to do this we cut our long rope in pieces of suitable length to go twice around the stringer and one end



SKY HIGH PEAK, MARBLE MOUNTAINS

—courtesy Museum

of the cross tie, drew it up as tightly as possible and tied it securely. These ties we placed about five feet apart for the floor planks to rest upon. The next thing was to get the planks and for this we felled some fir trees about a foot thick and cut them ten feet long and hewed them down about three inches. We then placed them lengthwise over the cross ties and secured them with wooden pins in their places. About 1:00 o'clock of the second day of our labor on the bridge we were ready to cross trains of mules. A number had waited from the evening before to cross on the bridge in preference to taking one of Durkee's cold baths. That afternoon we crossed about thirty mules and received \$1 each, which the owners were glad to pay, saying it was better than a plunge in the water for \$2 and half a day's hindrance. I forgot to say that at almost the commencement of the bridge, Abe Lindly, who was a very passionate sort of fellow and could not take this man Durkee's bombast and keep his temper, told Mr. Durkee in the most emphatic manner that he would do well to keep away and keep his blab to himself, or he would proceed to take his heart's blood. This threat was rebuked, however, by all the rest of us.

While we were at work building the bridge and Durkee was talking of his determination to fight us in the courts and all that sort of nonsense, we had talked the matter over and concluded that as soon as the bridge was completed one of our number had better go down to Trinidad and see if there was any chance for him to carry out his threats or any

part of them. This proposition seemed to take with all our party but no one wanted to be the one to make the trip. All seemed to think that it should be George or myself, as we were the youngest and could endure the fatigue of the journey better than the rest. George said, however, most positively and emphatically that he would not go and so the only one that could and would go was myself. We dedicated the bridge by crossing the mules and men and while at dinner it was proposed that I should start immediately.

Uncle Joseph said I could make Thompson's ferry, about fifteen miles, that night, and as a mule train was only about an hour ahead I would stand a chance to overtake them before they reached the ferry. At that Abe Lindly said he would go along with me, as he had seen enough of that God-forsaken country. So we hastily rolled up blankets and each one took a pone of corn and some venison we had left from dinner. Each man gave me an order on Captain McDermit for the amount each claimed was due him, and when we were ready to start it was 2:30 o'clock. I asked them in case McDermit should offer a part of what was due if I should accept it. They wanted all or nothing. George had told me previously we had better take one-half of our account if it was offered, for it began to look as though it was a hard bill to collect.

So we started out and, as the first five or six miles were mountainous and pretty sharp up-grade, I was naturally worn and weary by the time we reached the summit, but took courage when we undertook to descend the side of the mountain and went along briskly and at times had to wait for Lindly. We trudged just as fast as our strength would let us and reached the ferry about dark, finding the ferry tied up for the night at the other bank. After shouting as loudly as we could and failing to rouse anyone we went back a little way and found a smooth place, spread our blankets, ate some of our bread and venison and turned in for the night with three or four Indian shanties on one side, an Indian burying ground on the other, and the swift flowing Klamath at our feet. Lindly said he wished he had not chosen a place with so many pebbles on it and commenced brushing them from under his blankets. He presently got into bed again and an Indian dog made his appearance at the foot of our bed. Lindly was first to see him and exclaimed, "See that d...d Indian dog," and quicker than thought he drew his rifle and fired at the pet of the Indian household. The canine yelled and ran away and I indignantly said:

"For God's sake, are you crazy?"

"Well, not exactly crazy," said Abe, "but if that dog doesn't keep away from here I'll make him a fit subject for the insane asylum or the bone yard."

"But," I remonstrated, "these Indians have rights which we are in duty bound to respect and if we go on disregarding their rights, right in the midst of their strongholds, what can you expect of uncivilized creatures like them but to rise up and take our scalps either tonight or some other time and place. Call it by whatever name you please, those are my sentiments, and I tell you right here that if the whites who claim to be so much superior to the Indians would be more humane to them we would not have nearly so much trouble with them."

"You speak like one gifted with any amount of wisdom."

"Very well," I said, "continue this kind of practice and see if you do not find yourself in trouble with them."

"Well, now, you have said enough for a boy. You had better go to sleep and I think you will feel better in the morning."

A number of Indians of all sizes, ages and sexes had been attracted by the shot and the yelping of the dog and seemed to be listening to our animated conversation. Undoubtedly they could see that I was displeased with the action of Lindly, who still held his rifle, reloaded. I presume they recognized us from being among them a short time before and they had probably taken a dislike to Lindly before that. This is only a conjecture. I slept but very little that night as I did not like the surroundings. Neither did Lindly. The next morning we were up early and tying the blankets around us to keep warm, we started a little fire and made some coffee and ate the remainder of the bread and venison.

We went down to the ferry landing and waited for the ferryman to come over, which he soon did and took us across. When Captain Thompson saw us he said that if he had known who it was who wanted to cross he would have had the boat sent over, but thinking there was a train of mules to cross he did not like to try it in the dark.

"I hear you are building a bridge across Bluff creek," he said, I replied that the bridge was already finished and the mule trains already crossing without interruption.

"Is it possible? And what does old Durkee say about it?"

I told him that he had a great deal to say about it and was making threats. At this the Captain laughed merrily and said not to mind his threats, for "everyone who goes or comes is for you and they have had enough of Durkee's raft.

"By the way," he asked, "what do you charge for crossing your bridge?"

"One dollar a mule, loaded or empty, and 25 cents for footmen."

"That is a great improvement on the raft and will be duly appreciated by all concerned. Are you going down to Trinidad?"

"I am," said I. "We have finished the trail and we want to see about our pay for our work."

The captain shook his head.



"It is too bad," he said, "but I fear you will never realize much from that. The fact is that McDermit has nothing to pay with and the other fellows who were to stand by him had about the same amount of capital that McDermit did. I am told that one of them has already left the place and gone down to San Francisco, and it looks dubious to me about you ever getting much out of it."

"Well," I said, "I will go and see what I can do about it. It seems to me that if we do not try we will never get anything for what we have done."

"That is so, and I hope they will pay you for every day's work."

When we came to Elk Camp we found that two fellows had erected a large tent and were preparing to keep a bar and sort of a wayside hotel with liquors, cigars and meals, it being the custom for everyone who traveled in that country to carry his blankets with him. We got dinner, for which we paid a dollar each, and after a half hour's rest we shouldered our blankets and resumed our journey. We were soon in that densest of all wilderness and soon overhauled the empty mule train that crossed our bridge. They tied our blankets on one of their mules and one of them carried Lindly's rifle for him for several miles. When we reached Redwood Creek we found that the big tree which we had felled across the creek had been moved around by the mighty flood and its great trunk was lying lengthwise. Someone had felled another smaller tree about four feet across the stump, and by using the big log in the center as a pier, with both ends of their tree on the banks, the builders had constructed as complete a foot and mule bridge as could be wished for.

I will relate what I saw a mule do on this same bridge. When we came to the creek on this occasion Lindly and I had gotten ahead of the train and had arrived at the creek a few minutes in advance of them. A loaded train was coming down from the other side and one mule was several rods in advance. As the trail to the approach to this log on that side of the creek led through a thicket of brush, this mule had got out of sight of the others and had not noticed it until she had mounted the log and was half way across. Then she looked around and, noticing that none of the mules were following, suddenly halted and began to turn around out there in midstream, on that log about ten feet above the water. This was a performance a little different than we had ever seen before and we watched it with bated breath thinking she would surely fall before she got turned around. But not so. She accomplished that feat with as much ease as could be imagined. It would be worth a day's journey to see a mule do such a trick - to see how carefully she put each foot down and make sure of sure footing before she would venture to raise another foot. As she reached the bank she had started from she

met the rest of the train, turned around, remounted the log and led them across.

We arrived at the edge of the redwoods before sundown and again camped on the edge of the little lagoon near the great Pacific. Our friends, the packers, insisted that we camp with them and partake of their flapjacks and coffee, which invitation we accepted without apology. The next morning we assisted in getting up the mules, saddling and getting started, while they tied our blankets on with theirs and offered us the use of their saddle animals. This last we refused to accept. After we had gone a mile or two one of the men insisted on carrying Lindly's rifle, saying he believed in wearing out mule flesh. We reached Trinidad in the middle of the afternoon and after dinner we hunted up Captain McDermit, to whom I submitted a report of our work on the trail, and told him about our venture in bridging Bluff creek and of Durkee's protestations and threats to prosecute us. To this the captain replied that he was very much pleased to know that the creek was successfully bridged, and said that had he supposed it could be done so cheaply he would have had us build it make it free for all.

"I think you had better make what you can out of it and never mind Durkee. I know him. He is a bag of wind, and as to his prosecutions, he would have to serve as judge and jury, as there is nothing of the kind at this port. If there were they would have no power to grant a license for a ferry or anything else, and every witness in the land would be prejudiced against him." He called several business men to confirm his statement. I told them that their views and ours were identical and that we had not anticipated any trouble from Durkee, but that our people had finished the work that we had been given to do, that the packers all spoke well of it and that we would now be glad to receive our pay.

The captain replied that he was very sorry but that he could not meet the demand, and said that the men who had agreed to stand by him and share in the expenses of the trail had deserted him and gone he knew not where and that he could not possibly raise sufficient money to pay us off. At this Lindly gave the captain a piece of his mind. I think it must have been the whole mind in one piece, which I tried to cut off as he reeled it off, with but poor success, and when he came to the end and had nothing more to offer, he withdrew from the council and left the captain and me alone. When he had gone the captain remarked that he was rather high strung.

"Yes," I said, "he is inclined to be a little brittle at times, and he felt keenly disappointed at not getting his pay. He told me that someone had intimated since we had arrived in town that it was a doubtful case. He is a poor man with a family in the states that he is anxious to get back to, and as you and I have no families we cannot sympathize with him as much as we should."

"Perhaps it is so," said the captain, "and although he berated me in terms and language that it is hard to take, I am willing and anxious to do all I can for him and the others who have labored on the trail. If he and those whose orders you have will accept \$40 each in lieu of the full amount of their claims I will try to raise the money and pay them off."

To this offer I answered that I had positive orders not to accept anything short of the full amount of their claims, except in the case of George Zublin, who said that any settlement we made he would accept. I said that Mr. Lindly was here and could speak for himself, and, as to George and myself, if that was all he felt he could pay we would both accept and sign the receipt for payment in full.

"Very well," he said and counted out \$80. I signed the receipts and went and told Lindly what I had done.

"I will never take a cent less than the full amount," he said, "and I'll give him another blessing when I see him."

"Save your wind," I said, "to get back up the mountains."

"You are getting another one of your smart fits," he replied. "I don't see why your mother ever let you come away. She ought to have kept you at home and make something away up of you."

I said I was going "away up" in the mountains again as soon as possible.

"All right," he said, "go as soon and where it seems best to you and I will not object. But one thing I do object to and never will submit to and that is taking \$40 for what I have done and undergone on that trail."

"Half a loaf is better than no loaf." I remarked

I'll take none first; besides it is not half. If we charged all the time that we worked it would amount to a plump hundred dollars and I am not the fellow to be gulled in such a way."

"That is entirely your own business and I am not going to try and make it my own. I hope you will collect the full amount."

Captain McDermit and others had spoken to the man who kept the boarding house to let us stop with him for a day or so, and we made ourselves at home. I determined to return to Bluff creek as soon as possible. George and I had talked the matter over before I left and we had decided to buy two or three mules and one of us do a little packing while the other worked in the mines. Then if one venture failed, perhaps the other might pay, and by so doing we would not risk all on a single venture but would have two chances to make something. When I had started away it was agreed that if I had an opportunity I was to buy as many mules as our money would pay for.

—to be continued

## A 78 YEAR OLD BOY REMEMBERS YREKA WHEN—

(continued from page 94)

**When -**

We boys rode the Tender of the Yreka Railroad locomotive as it "backed" on a free trip to Montague for a political rally. The engine had changed from wood to coal by this time and we had a wonderful time throwing coal at everything we passed (until stopped).

**When -**

My two pals and I were stuck for the day with my kid brother. We slipped into my uncle's barn and relieved a hen's nest of seven eggs. Six were nice big ones but the seventh was small. After they were hard boiled in a can we decided we three boys should have two each of the big ones. We gave the kid the small one and as luck would have it, it was the only good one in the bunch.

**When -**

Hawkinsville was a Portuguese Colony at the time my father and uncle had an arrastra they were operating about one mile up Long Gulch "cleaned up" while they were in Yreka. They were barely making expenses at the mine and now needed help.

My father asked a neighbor rancher, Mr. Cardoza, for a loan of \$150.00 (equal to \$1500.00 today). Mr. Cardoza laughed and said it was a coincidence because a friend would repay him a loan in that amount day after tomorrow.

My father was doubly grateful when he learned some years later that Mr. Cardoza had not been truthful, but had ridden horseback over the Humbug Mountain, borrowed the money and returned by the agreed time. The saying "A friend in need . . ." leaves a life time of deep feeling.

SOCIETY ACTIVITIES  
AND REPORTS

1969



Official Emblem of the Siskiyou County Historical Society  
Designed by Mrs Grace Cox of Mount Shasta, California

# President's Message

## 1969



During the year 1969, it was my pleasure to serve as President of the Siskiyou County Historical Society, and for two years before that as Vice-President. I consider it a privilege to have done so. Without the constant encouragement and aid of the Museum staff, the Board of Directors, each individual committee chairman, and many of the regular members, this would not have been possible, and to each of them goes my most sincere thanks.

I have been, and still am, impressed with the work that has gone into building the Society and Museum to their present levels, and to help carry on what others have done toward these ends is ample reward for any small service I may have rendered.

Our programs and meetings have been well attended, and the Society's membership has continued to grow, trends which we hope and expect to continue into the future. Plans have begun to germinate for the expansion of the present Museum and grounds. All these things are indicative of a healthy and active organization.

Most rewarding of all to me has been coming to know so many wonderful people through our meetings and activities, indeed a most remarkable and outstanding group. They all contributed to making my term as President a most enjoyable experience.

It is my hope that the Society's activities will continue to be worthwhile and valuable for our county as a whole, and that I may continue to serve the Society in the years to come.

Sincerely,

Wally Trapnell





## Curator's Report

The largest registration to date was made possible in 1969 by visitors to the Siskiyou County Museum from every state in the Union and from thirty foreign countries.

There were the usual tours for the school classes, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and other groups including one from Camp White Domiciliary in Oregon.

The Art Exhibit Sale was held in the Museum in June. The sale of these paintings netted over \$300.00 toward our building fund.

For the third time the Historical Society won a Blue Ribbon and a cash prize of \$200.00 for our display at the County Fair. Our booth depicted the Hudson Bay Trapper, Peter Skene Ogden writing in his diary, his discovery of Mt. Shasta, February 14, 1828.

There were many gifts and loans, to mention a few. Gifts: Magazines, books, newspapers, Bibles, pioneer garden tools, Indian baskets, photographs, dolls, paintings, spinning wheel, cradle over 100 years old, wedding dress made and worn in Scott Bar in 1880 and three muzzle loading guns one of which was made by G. A. Nordheim. Loans: Velvet dress made in Paris over 100 years ago, doll music box, books, hand made dulcimar, dishes, mining equipment, dolls and a Karok Indian bow and four arrows.

Hazel N. Pollock, Curator

## Membership Report

December 31, 1969

CALLAHAN .....	4	MACDOEL .....	1
CECILVILLE .....	2	MC CLOUD .....	13
DORRIS .....	9	MONTAGUE .....	65
DUNSMUIR .....	31	MT. HEBRON .....	1
EDGEWOOD .....	2	MOUNT SHASTA .....	50
ETNA .....	64	SAWYERS BAR .....	2
FORKS OF SALMON .....	3	SCOTT BAR .....	4
FORT JONES .....	39	SOMES BAR .....	1
GAZELLE .....	20	TULELAKE .....	6
GREENVIEW .....	3	WEED .....	49
GRENADA .....	14	YREKA .....	255
HAPPY CAMP .....	36	OUT OF COUNTY .....	397
HORNBROOK .....	16	OUT OF STATE .....	115
HORSE CREEK .....	6	FOREIGN .....	3
KLAMATH RIVER .....	4		
		TOTAL .....	1215

Eleanor Brown, Secretary-Treasurer



MARCH MEETING. TOM BIGELOW AND BILL SMITH, OUR VILLAGE BLACKSMITHS.

## Programs of 1969

There were nine very interesting programs presented during the year 1969.

It was necessary to cancel our January meeting because of the severe weather conditions.

In February our curator, Hazel Pollock, presented a slide program, "Our Pioneer Neighbors of the North". These slides were taken in the spring of 1968 when she made a trip to the old restored gold rush town of Barkerville, British Columbia. These included many scenes of the Caribou country made famous in the Gold Rush of 1861.

At this meeting a card was signed by all present and sent to one of our oldest members, Anna E. Dreyer.

Our two village blacksmiths, Tom Bigelow and Bill Smith, were in charge of the March program. After a short history on blacksmithing, the audience accompanied the two "Smithies" outside where they had set up a forge and an anvil on the lawn. An interesting demonstration of the art of blacksmithing was presented.

Seventy-three members and friends were present at the April meeting to hear Orel Lewis speak on the early history of Oro Fino and the Quartz Valley area. We will long remember many interesting facts

we learned about this valley that his ancestors helped to settle in the late 1850's.

In May, Wendell Bussert of Scott Bar, was scheduled to be the guest speaker but because of ill health he was unable to keep the appointment. In his place he sent a tape recording he had made of the early history of Scott Bar. We were sorry we could not see our speaker, never the less we enjoyed hearing his voice as he told of the many events that happened in the early days of Scott Bar, one of the earliest mining communities in Siskiyou County.

Tom Bigelow added a few more incidents that took place in this mining town. At the close of the program we surprised Amelia Andrews, a native of Scott Bar, with a birthday cake.

In June members of the Southern Know Your Heirlooms Group were our speakers. Donna Brooks gave the history of Windsor's Drug Store, Beatrice Clark read a paper prepared by Orbell Apperson on the history of the Mt. Shasta Herald. Ellen Tupper read a paper prepared by William Rupp on the early days of Sisson. Helen Bliss gave a talk on the A. J. Barr family. At the close of the program Dick Bliss played old time tunes which we all greatly enjoyed.

There are no meetings held in the summer months of July and August.

Hazel Pollock gave a report at the September meeting of the Historical Publications Seminar she attended last June at the Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee. She then presented a slide trav-  
elogue of historical places she had visited on her way to and from Nashville.

In October, Carrol B. Howe, author of the book, **Ancient Tribes of the Klamath Country**, gave a slide program about upper Klamath and Modoc tribes. He also had a number of unusual artifacts on display to illustrate his very interesting program.

For the November meeting, Jim McNeill entertained us as only Jim can with an account of his participation in the famous Redwood Empire Marathon Race of 1927.

A complete story of this race, written by Jim, appears in our 1969 Siskiyou Pioneer.

A Trunk in the Attic, was the program presented by the Museum staff, Hazel Pollock and Eleanor Brown for the December meeting. We were taken on an imaginary trip into the attic where a huge old fashioned trunk was opened. The trunk contained many articles of yester-year, such as dishes, jewelry, pictures, dresses, guns, documents, newspapers and Christmas tree ornaments. As each article was taken out of the trunk its history was revealed to the many listeners. All viewed the old fashioned Christmas tree and enjoyed hearing the playing of Silent Night on the old music box at the close of the meeting.



HAZEL N. POLLOCK AND FRANCES ALBERTS, EDITOR OF "THE SOD HOUSE", HASTINGS, NEBRASKA  
Photo taken in front of the Quadrangle Dormitory, Vanderbilt University during seminar.

## Historical Publication Seminar in Nashville

By HAZEL N. POLLOCK

The American Association for State and Local History and the Vanderbilt University with the support of The National Endowment for the Humanities presented a Seminar on publications of Historical Societies and Historical Museums in Nashville, Tennessee June 22-27, 1969.

Thirty-five scholarships were available for the course which was held at the Vanderbilt University. The writer of this article was one of the very fortunate thirty-five editors chosen to attend.

The morning, afternoon and evening sessions included the following courses, Editing the Historical Journal, Documentary Publications, Lay-out and Design, Writing Local History, Illustrating Historical Publications, Printing and Printers and Brochures and Guidebooks.

In addition to the lectures and discussion sessions there were informal workshops and a field trip to one of Nashville's printing plants.

Saturday there was a tour of Historical Nashville which included Country Music Hall of Fame, Old Hickory Dam, the State Capital, the Parthanon, the Hermitage and the Belle Mead Mansion.

Late in the afternoon, at the conclusion of the tour, good-byes were said to the many Historical minded new friends from Canada and the United States which this writer had the pleasure of making at this very informative and enjoyable Seminar.



REGAN HOUSE, WEAVERVILLE, CALIFORNIA

## 18th Annual Northern California Symposium Conference of California Historical Societies

By CHARLOTTE DAVIS

"Bits and Pieces of the Past" was the theme of the 18th Annual Northern California Historical Societies Symposium, held in Weaverville, October 3 - 5, 1969. The Siskiyou County Historical Society was represented by eleven of its members.

The symposium started on Friday afternoon with registration, the viewing of the new Jake Jackson Museum in Weaverville and house tours. Houses visited included those of Moon Lee, a new home in Chinese architecture overlooking the Weaver Valley, and the Regan House, which has been occupied by various attorneys since it was built in 1898. It has been redecorated and furnished in as nearly the old Victorian style as possible.

Following the dinner Friday evening, the group heard of William Spencer Lowden, a man who played an important part in the early history of the area. Narrator was his great-grand nephew, Harley Lowden. E. V. Ryan told of the important part the LaGrange Mine played in the economy of the communities there.

The business portion of the symposium was conducted by Richard Harville, Eureka, president of the Conference of California Historical

(continued on page 123)





**SEWING ARTICLES OF YESTERYEAR**  
Heirloom display in Museum.



**DOLL CASE**  
Dedicated to Thelma Louise Ozumas.

## Yesterday

### HISTORY OF KNOW YOUR HEIRLOOMS GROUP

Organized March 29, 1949, in Yreka. Glenn Feustel, Historical Society President, appointed Isabel Schrader as General Chairman. Bernice Meamber and others helped in organizing and launching.

First Chairman - Zona Severin.

Southern Unit organized in Mount Shasta, Feb. 28, 1950. Dorothy Jeffery, Weed, Chairman; Pat Martin, Weed, Secretary; Erna Bean, Mount Shasta, Librarian.

1950 - Yreka Unit. Henrietta Williams, Montague, Chairman. Virginia Jones, Yreka, Secretary; Betty Dow, Montague, Publicity. Feature of year, Fashion Show in Montague.

1951 - Yreka Unit. Henrietta Williams, Montague, Chairman; Virginia Jones, Yreka, Secretary.

Southern Unit. Dorothy Jeffery, Weed, Chairman; Pat Martin, Weed, Secretary, Dorothy Bangsberg, Mount Shasta, Librarian. Each unit had an exhibit in the museum.

1952 - Yreka Unit. Mrs. Henrietta Williams, Montague, Chairman; Virginia Jones, Secretary.

Southern Unit. Mrs. Delwin Poe, Mount Shasta, Chairman; Mrs. Kay Scott, Mount Shasta, Secretary; Mrs. Pearl Huffman, Mount Shasta, Registrar; Mrs. Dorothy Bangsberg, Librarian. (Meetings at Methodist Church, and at homes.)

1953 - Yreka unit discontinued meetings.

1953 - Southern Unit. Meetings held in radio studio at Schuler's Store. Mrs. Thelma Lou Ozunas, Chairman; Kay Scott, Secretary; Pearl Huffman, Registrar (also corresponding secretary for Society in this

area); Dorothy Bangsberg, Librarian. Feature of this year - a program on dolls by Tommie Lou Ozunas, and setting up of first doll case in Museum.

1954 - Southern Unit. Same officers as 1953. Feature of year program presented at regular meeting of Society, and setting up of more exhibits at museum.

1955 - Southern Unit. Kay Scott, Chairman; Katie Roush, Librarian. Meetings held at Roush home, and library located at this central point.

1956 - Reorganized as Southern Siskiyou Heirlooms Group. General Chairman appointed by society abolished, and own officers and treasury adopted. President - Kay Scott; Vice-President - Myrtie K Davis; Secretary - Isabel Schrader; Treasurer - Donna Brooks. (More doll cases were set up and plans were made to sponsor a country store in museum.)

1957. President, Donna Brooks; Vice-president, Isabel Schrader; Secretary, Kay Scott; Treasurer, Alice Pipes; Librarian, Katie Roush. (The country store was opened during this year. Most of the credit for its completion is due to Mrs. Pollock and other Yreka workers, since the distance and difficulties of transportation made it almost impossible for Mt. Shasta members to devote the necessary time to it.)

1958. President, Donna Brooks; Vice-President, Isabel Schrader; Secretary, Inez Lorezen; Treasurer, Alice Pipes; Librarian, Katie Roush. This meeting is the most important on our calendar for this year.

Tommie Lou's death, a little over a year ago, after a long illness, took from us an enthusiastic leader, and a clever and creative artist, as well as a warm and inspiring friend. Her interest in dolls and her ability to reconstruct any type she became interested in is responsible for most of the dolls in this historical collection.

We wish therefore to dedicate to the memory of Thelma Louise Ozunas the dolls in these cases, whether on loan or gift to the Museum, and the exhibit, which we will endeavor to keep active and interesting as was her intention when she brought and arranged the first case of dolls five years ago.

(The above are the notes used by Isabel G. Schrader at the May 23rd meeting (1958) of the Southern Siskiyou Heirlooms Group at the Siskiyou County Museum, when a doll showcase was dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Ozunas.)

# Today

## REPORT OF THE SOUTHERN SISKIYOU KNOW YOUR HEIRLOOMS GROUP

Officers for 1969 were president, Donna Brooks; vice-president, and program chairman, Ellen Tupper; secretary, Helen Bliss; treasurer, Alice Pipes; librarian, Katie Roush.

The January meeting was devoted to planning the year's activities and to reviewing the magazines to which we subscribe that had accumulated during our two months' adjournment period.

In February Donna Brooks presented "The Windsor Story," tracing the history of the present Windsor's Drug Store in Mount Shasta from its beginning in 1904 as The Little Gem Confectionary to the large modern store that it is today. Many items from the earlier days of the store were displayed, some found in the dirt under the store during the rebuilding of the store in 1953.

Katie Roush was our speaker in March with a program on napkin rings and toothpick holders. Many fine items were displayed, including napkin rings of embroidered strips of cloth that buttoned around the folded napkins.

In April the group was privileged to hear Mrs. William Kinkade of Weed perform on her sitar, stringed instrument of India which she learned to play while living in Pakistan. Before beginning to play, Mrs. Kinkade explained the parts of the instrument, how it is made and how it is tuned. She also demonstrated the wrapping of the sari, the principal outer garment of Hindu women.

At the May meeting we decided on the program to be given at the June meeting of the Historical Society in Yreka. We chose the above mentioned Windsor Story, "The Sisson Story" as prepared by O. R. Apperson, Sr. and stories of the A. J. Barr and the William Rupp families, concluding the program with some old time music by Richard Bliss. Our May program by Beatrice Clark was on scrapbooks and old books. Of special interest were those made by Mrs. Clark's mother in the 1880's in which the pages were literally filled with her favorite poems and articles. Books to put material in were not readily available to her and she made do with whatever she could find. For the covers she used cardboard covered with cloth and for the inner sheets she made use of ledger sheets or anything suitable she could find.

Mrs. Erna Bean, our speaker in June, prepared a different type of program. She had members model her six Japanese kimonas while she told the meaning of the designs woven into or embroidered on them. To complete the Japanese theme, Mrs. Bean served Japanese cookies and tea.

As usual in July, we dispensed with business and study and enjoyed our annual picnic in the Kohn-Brooks garden in Mount Shasta. In August we again met in this garden with each member bringing one or more heirlooms for display and discussion. This meeting turned up some real choice items.

Old sewing aids was the subject of the September program by Ellen Tupper at her home in Weed. Many old and interesting items were displayed. Of particular interest were the contents of a drawer of an old Champion sewing machine Ellen had acquired. Among them were several spools of thread from an old store in Gazelle.

Our year's activities ended in October with a program of old time music by Richard Bliss, followed by a "sing-along-with-Dick" in which everyone joined enthusiastically.

## Pioneer Biographies and Member Records

At the beginning of 1970 there were 1,115 Pioneer Biographies and 605 Member Records. Only names added since 1966 have been recorded here; names of pioneers received earlier are to be found in previous issues of the Yearbook. Missing dates, as before, are indicated by (-) and pioneers still living by -. Any information concerning the missing dates will be appreciated.

The purposes of these records are as follows:

1. To be able to locate persons who have knowledge of places and events which are being studied.
2. To help identify decendants of pioneers.
3. To be able to contact relatives and associates of participants in historic events in Siskiyou County.
4. To obtain clues for the location of historic places and to follow the movements of historic parties, in this way assisting in the placing of historic monuments and markers.
5. To establish a permanent authentic record for posterity.

The loan or gift of any early pioneers, parties or places, which can be used for articles or stories in the "Siskiyou Pioneer" will be greatly appreciated. We especially need pictures of early Siskiyou County camps and towns.

It would also be greatly appreciated if those having knowledge of early pioneers would send or bring these to the Museum.

Also, we have more than a thousand members in the Society but there are only 605 Member Records. Please help us!—Reita Campbell

## PIONEER BIOGRAPHIES

Barr, Aaron .....1827 - 1904	Jackson, Samuel
Barton, John .....1829 - 1894	Henry .....1868 - 1942
Bone, Elizabeth Ann ..1877 - 1943	Jensen, Henrietta
Deter, Isaac Milton ....1847 - 1919	Christain .....1854 - 1941
Deter, Martha	Laduc, Joseph Barnby ..1830 - 1907
Bersheba .....1863 - 1921	LeMay, Joseph Henry....1868 - 1942
Doolittle, Grace .....1871 - 1968	Lewis, Jacob Warren...1832 - 1902
George, Charlotte .....1833 - 1912	Messner, Rufus .....1884 - 1947
Gorman, Margaret	Nentzel, Christopher ...1803 - 1888
Marlahan .....( - ) - 1927	Rostel, Adolph
Grisez, Francis	Wilhelm Gustav .....1861 - 1905
Ferdinand .....1831 - ( - )	Rostel, Anna Augusta
Jackson, Andrew .....1827 - 1904	W. Mueller .....1896 - ( - )
Jackson, Samuel .....1827 - 1904	Sambo, Sargeant .....( - ) - 1960

## Clippings Report

Over the past twenty-five years we have filled twenty-two scrapbooks with clippings of historical interest. They are in three different categories; namely, Obituaries, Historical Clippings and Historical Society meetings.

We are indebted to the Pacific Power & Light Company for saving the six county newspapers and others for us from which we take our clippings.

These scrapbooks are available for reference in the Siskiyou County Museum.

### 18th ANNUAL NORTHERN CALIFORNIA SYMPOSIUM

(continued from page 118)

Societies and the reports from the various societies were guided by Dr. Hector Lee of Sonoma State College.

The luncheon session was highlighted by a slide lecture by Dr. Robert A. Amesbury of Susanville, who has made a study of "Ishi" the last of the Yahi Indian tribe.

Tour during the afternoon took the visitors to the LaGrange Mine, site of the Chinese Tong War in 1854, the See Yup Company Cemetary, the new Jake Jackson Museum, the Chinese Joss House State Historical Museum and art exhibit.

During the dinner meeting on Saturday, Chief Suwohorn and members of the Hoopa Indian Tribe entertained with a number of their native dances and the telling of many customs by Mrs. Vivien Hailstone.

On Sunday a brunch was held in the old Lewiston Hotel which has been famous for its good food since the early days when it was established as a stage stop on the way to the gold fields.

## In Memorium

John Allen	January 22, 1970	San Francisco, California
Mrs. John (Ruby) Allen	February 3, 1969	San Francisco, California
Charles W. Augner	June, 1969	Oakland, California
Mrs. A. L. (Jessie) Bailey	June 11, 1969	Yreka, California
Dr. W. W. Barham	August 6, 1969	Yreka, California
Jack A. Caswell	June 23, 1969	Alturas, California
Vinton D. Deter	July 18, 1969	Walnut Creek, California
Lelia M. Heflin	April 11, 1969	Redding, California
Mrs. Robert S. Hawkins	April 3, 1969	Hickman, California
John Louie	September 1, 1969	Montague, California
Thelma McNeil	August 12, 1969	Etna, California
H. C. Patterson	February 8, 1969	Palo Alto, California
Henrietta Riffel	November 12, 1969	Yreka, California
Mrs. Emma E. Thornton	July 19, 1969	Mount Shasta, California





## 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





Hauling machinery to the Morrison-Carlock mine in Quartz Valley.

—courtesy Museum

## Scott Valley Bank

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James Dobkins Mill on Shasta River west of Durney Mill near Mt. Eddy. Man in the buggy, E. B. Cavanaugh, man sitting on the lumber, James Dobkins and children Mae and Abner. Man standing unknown.

—courtesy Clarence R. Davidson

# Pine Mountain Lumber Company

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Freight train hauling hay over the Salmon Mt.

—courtesy Bill Smith

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243-1476



Ferry boat crossing to the George Jensen Ranch opposite Oak Bar in 1899. This was the only means of transporting lumber from the mill one mile up Doggett Creek to mouth of the Scott River.  
—courtesy Chester Barton

## Northern Klamath River Chamber of Commerce

"STEELHEAD CAPITAL OF THE WORLD"

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Freight teams in Sawyers Bar during the gold mining days.

—courtesy Museum

## CHANEY'S WEED MERCANTILE COMPANY

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Building Supply Park

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Cherry tree in bloom at Happy Camp  
—courtesy Museum

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YREKA, CALIFORNIA



The old general store at Bray, California. The original store was owned and operated by the late Wm. J. Bray, after whom the town was named. Later his son, Wm. A. Bray, now of Medford, Oregon, operated this store.

—courtesy Verna Bray Wedin





Main street of Scott Bar in 1850's.

—courtesy Ellen Skillen

## YREKA STUDIO & CAMERA SHOP

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111 So. Oregon Street

Yreka, California 96097



Miner Street looking east 1900. Corner Miner and Oregon Streets.

—courtesy Irene Nelson

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Miner Street on Elks Day, May 23, 1910. Jerome Churchill, the great grandfather of Jerome Churchill, Jr., was one of Yreka's pioneer merchants. Notice Drug Store sign.

—courtesy Museum

## CHURCHILL INSURANCE INC.



326 W. MINER ST.  
YREKA, CALIFORNIA

## *Silverhart's* FURNITURE

Miner Street looking west from the corner of Main and Miner Streets before 1900.

—courtesy Museum

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212 NO. MT. SHASTA BLVD.  
MT. SHASTA, CALIF. 96067  
(916) 926-4239





Charles Sullaway's shingle mill on old stage road, approximately two miles north of the Berryvale Post Office west of Mount Shasta, 1906. —courtesy Museum

## AMERICAN FOREST PRODUCTS CORPORATION

DORRIS, CALIFORNIA



Miner Street showing Peters Saloon and Band Stand, now the site of Northern Blue Print. Notice street is paved. —courtesy Museum

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First National Bank Building on the northeast corner of Miner and 3rd Street, Yreka. Decorated for Elks Day, May 23, 1910.  
—courtesy Museum

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First circular sawmill in Salmon River, 1884. Packed by mule from Korb, Humboldt County.  
—courtesy Bill Smith

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Pacific Brewery  
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of the  
Siskiyou  
Distributing Co.  
—courtesy Museum

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Early day parade in Dunsuir, California corner of Dunsuir Ave. and Pine Street. About 1905.

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Mt. Eddy in the background near old Eddy Ranch, once owned by Abner Weed.

courtesy Museum

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4th of July celebration in 1880's, looking west on Miner Street corner of intersection of Main and Miner. Insert: Same corner looking west in 1920's.

—courtesy Museum

# City of Yreka

Incorporated 1857

for Information, Call or Write

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