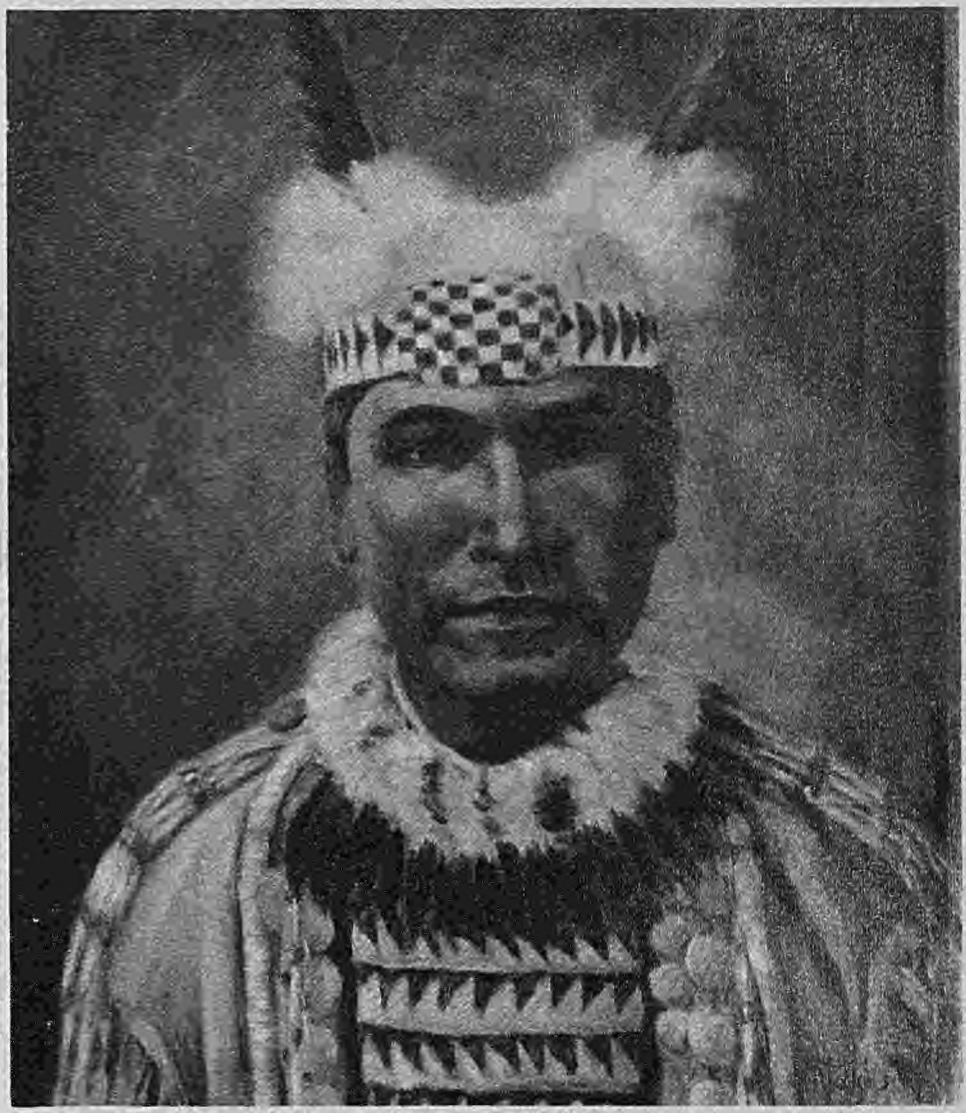
Indian Tribes of Siskiyou 1971

The Siskiyou Pioneer

IN FOLKLORE, FACT AND FICTION



and YEARBOOK

Siskiyou County Historical Society

Volume 4 Number 4

SISKIYOU COUNTY BOARD OF SUPERVISORS
Left to Right: Mike Belcastro, Earl Ager, George Wacker, Ernest Hayden, Phil Mattos.

105 pgs

Siskiyou County

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INDUSTRY

Siskiyou County Board of Supervisors

White Deerskin dancers crossing the Klamath River on a raft on their way to World Renewal Ceremonies, Pick-ya-wish.

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

OLD MR. RUFFY
During the Modoc War Ruffy drove cattle from Butte Valley to Forks of Salmon. Note arrows made with mountain mahogany points and the design on the bow.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

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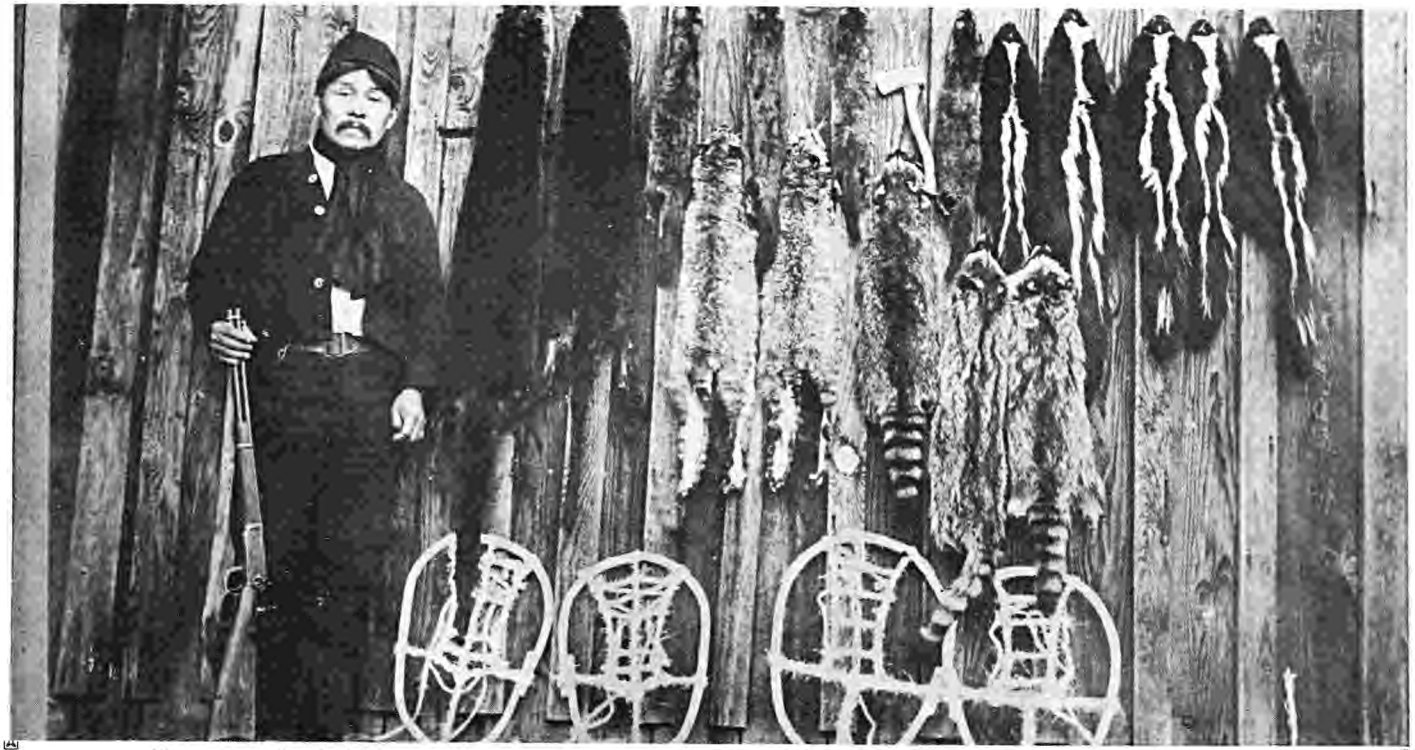
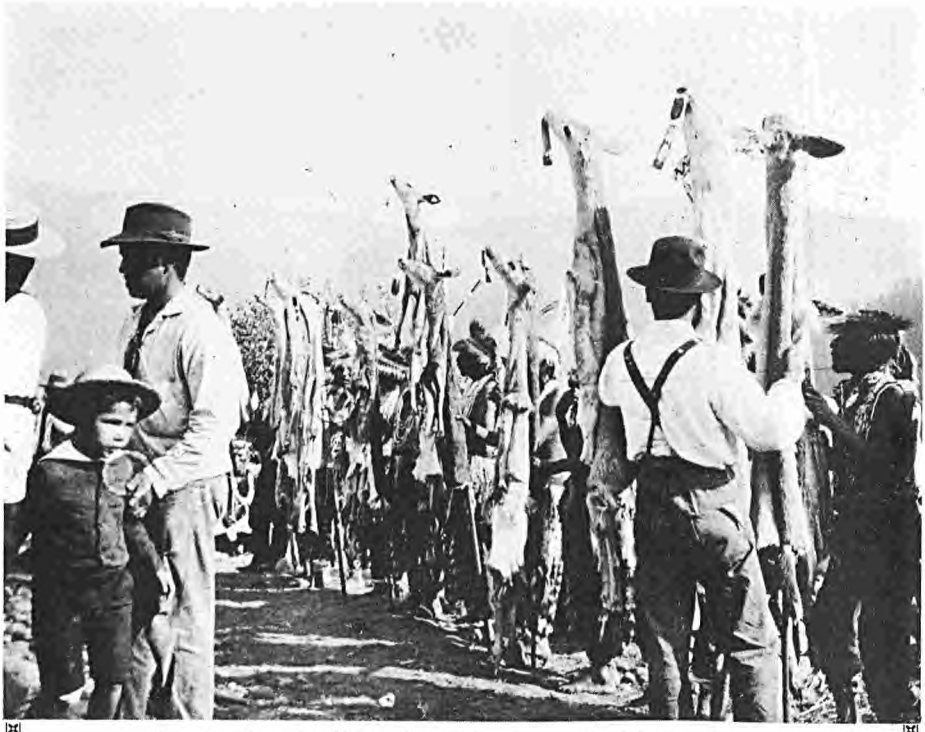


Henry Joe, Karok Indian, was a trapper during the winter using handmade snow shoes to tend his traps
—courtesy Hazel Davis

Thunder Cloud, Elder Barney and mountain lion he bagged with bow and arrow. Note quiver made of fur.

—courtesy Joe Ritcher



Forming line for White Deerskin dance at Pick-ya-wish.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Beggar Jim making a projectile point of obsidian.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Randolph Collier

STATE SENATOR

Florence Harrie weaving the history of Siskiyou at the California State Fair in Sacramento.

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Scott Valley Chamber of Commerce

Greenview, California

INVITES YOU TO VISIT

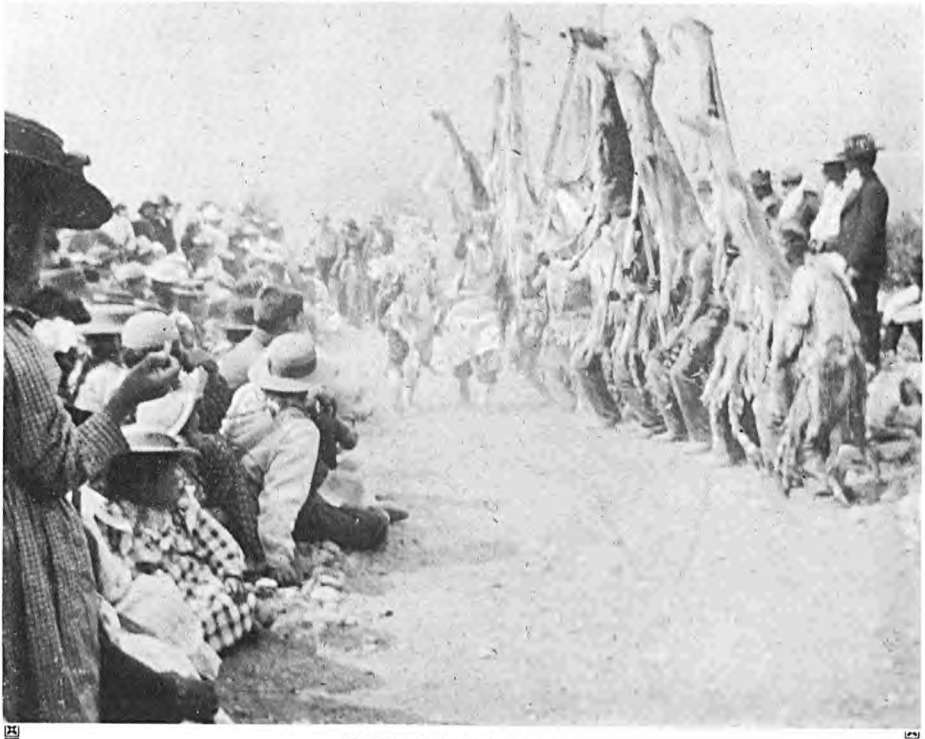
HISTORICAL SCOTT VALLEY

A SPORTSMAN'S NATURAL PARADISE

Mrs. Shan Davis starts a work basket. Her fingers reveal years of weaving. She is one of the last of the basket makers of her tribe.

—courtesy Hazel Davis

White Deerskin dancers in action, beginning of dance.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum



White Deerskin dance.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Nellie Ike, a Karok of Ike Falls camp. She wears a "work hat" with very little pattern. Her bobbed hair was a sign of mourning. Note lll on chin.
—courtesy Wes Hotelling

KITE PHOTO

Lower Falls, McCloud River. Wintu fishing stream.

U.S. Plywood

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Squirrel Jim's cabin. Jim led Captain John Best to the gold field discovery. It was the beginning of Bestville. This cabin was on the Ahlgren ranch, mouth of Little North Fork Salmon River.

—courtesy Lietta Ahlgren

Editors' Page

My reason for wishing to compile this book is to provide students and others who might be interested in the ways of the Indian with a concise history of helpful and varied information.

If I have achieved that goal it will be well worth the time it has taken.

I would like to thank those who have taken the time to write stories and those who have loaned pictures for this publication.

My thanks, also to those who have been so kind as to advertise in this issue. The pictures that I have selected for the advertisements show action by the Indians and portraits that show the facial expressions characteristic of them.

Last but not least I would like to express my sincere gratitude to Calla Lukes for her painting of Sergeant Sambo which so fittingly graces our cover.

Dedication

WE DEDICATE THIS ISSUE

OF THE

SISKIYOU PIONEER

TO

THE FIRST INHABITANTS

OF SISKIYOU

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Siskiyou Pioneer

Vol. IV, No. 4

1971

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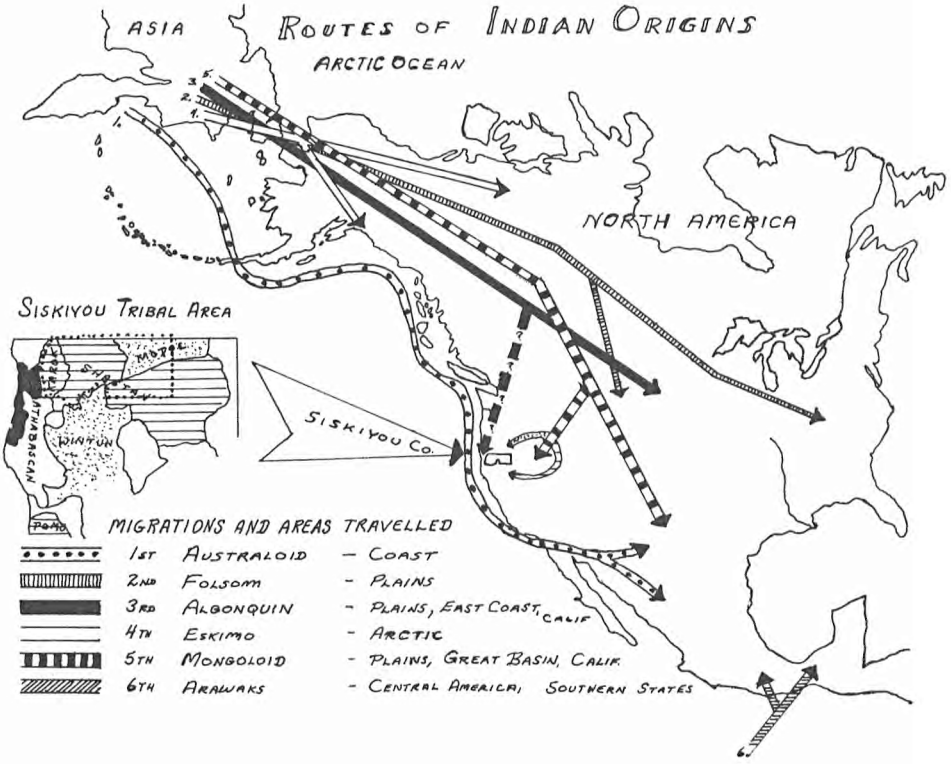
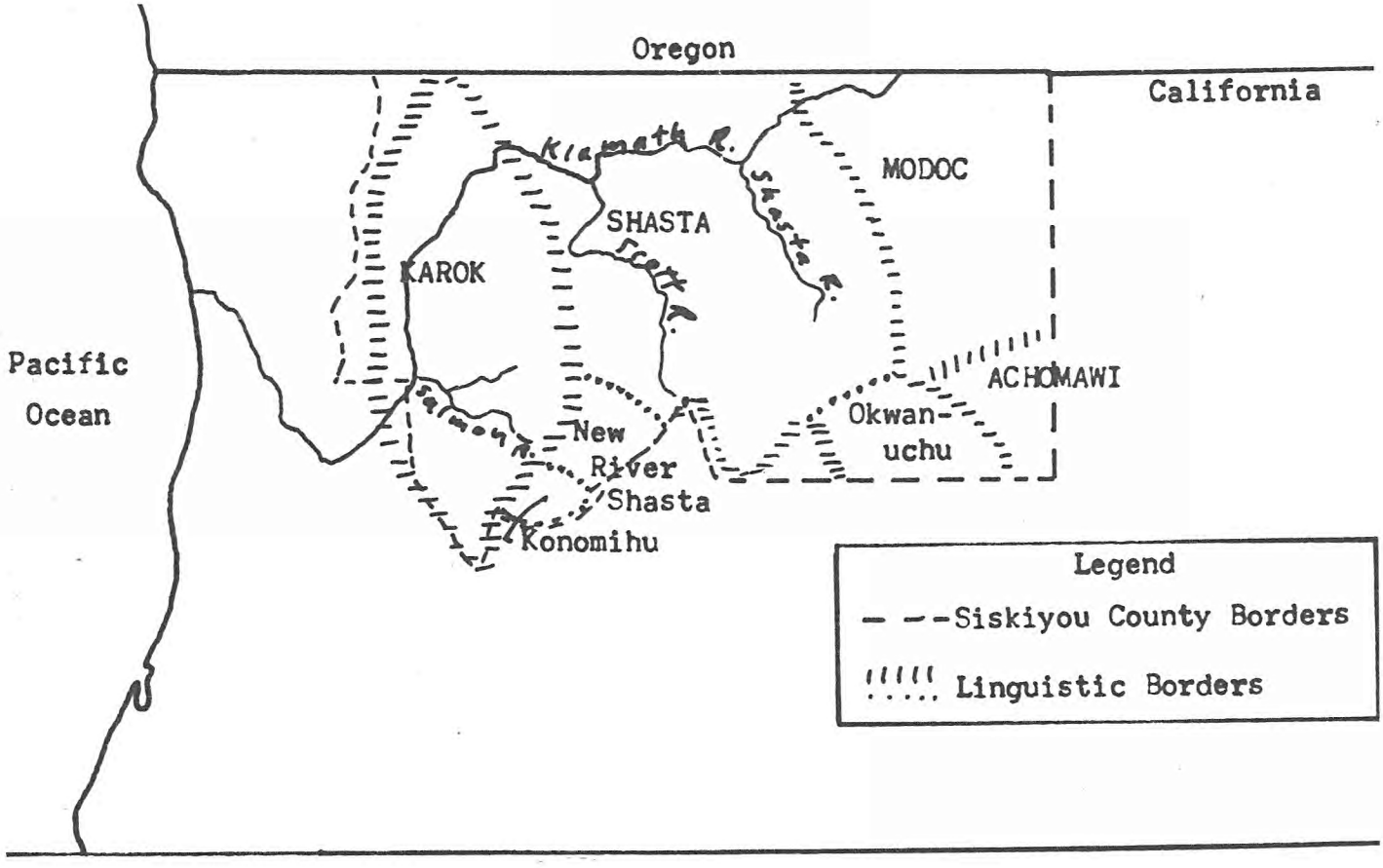
The Siskiyou Pioneer and Yearbook — publications of the Siskiyou County Historical Society. Copies may be secured through the Secretary, 910 So. Main Street, Yreka, California 96097. Price $2.00 plus .35 handling charge. Annual Society membership is $3.00.. Members receive publications free of charge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

Cover: Sergeant Sambo dressed in ceremonial dress . . . by Calla L. Lukes

Printed by: Nolan Litho and Printing, Yreka, California



The origin of the American Indian's ancestors has been the object of research for years. This map is a very general indication of time, routes and races as they might have come.


Oregon
California
Klamath R.
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Konomihu
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Legend
---Siskiyou County Borders
Linguistic Borders

The Indians of Siskiyou County

By DR. ALBERT ELSASSER

Lowie Museum of Anthropology
University of California, Berkeley

It happens that modern county borders correspond only in part to those which many pre-Contact California Indian groups regarded as lines dividing them from neighbors, friendly or otherwise. Associated with this is the observation that the Indians of California are noted among anthropologists for their separatistic tendencies and therefore strong consciousness of many kinds of natural boundaries. The Indians of Siskiyou County assuredly did not deviate from this pattern of separatism, and indeed showed themselves well-adapted to the many different natural environments of the region.

The three great land form provinces of northern California, abundantly represented in Siskiyou County, are the Klamath Mountains, the Cascade Range, and the Modoc Plateau. These each had several different groups living within their borders, and the people are best described as belonging to three large linguistic subgroups, from west to east, the **Karok**, the **Shasta**, and the **Modoc**, with the first two of these almost entirely contained within the present county limits. Not considered at length here are four separate groups, all identified as belonging to a language sub-family which has been designated as **Shastan**. Three of these, the **New River Shasta**, the **Konomihu**, and the **Okwanuchu**, were tiny nations occupying small portions of the county along its southern border; the bulk of the fourth group, called the **Achomawi**, lived on land extending to the south and east outside of the county, and centering on the Pit River drainage in Shasta County.

Crests of several ranges of mountains, including the Siskiyou mountains in the north and the Salmon, Trinity and Scott mountains in the south, served as exact or approximate borders for much of the population of the Karok and the New River Shasta, Konomihu, and Okwanuchu as well. These mountain ranches are also associated with present county borders. Most of the territory of the Modoc, like that of the Achomawi, lay outside of the county on the Modoc Plateau, hence there is no obvious correspondence here between natural, tribal and county borders.

It is possible to say that the Karok were almost entirely river dwellers, with their villages, entirely in the Klamath Mountain province, located along the Klamath River and its tributaries (like the Salmon River), from about Some's Bar to Seiad Valley. The Shasta lived in both the Klamath Mountains and Cascade Range provinces, with their centers of population being along that section of the Klamath River

above the Karok, and the Scott and Shasta River Valleys. The Modoc were also associated with the Klamath River, but in its upper stretches in Oregon and California, aptly, in the Modoc Plateau.

In speculating about when these different groups first came to these lands, it is important to note that the Karok and Shasta languages, while not mutually intelligible (as English and French, for example, are not) both belong to the same language family, usually called the **Hokan** family, while the Modoc belong to a family called the **Lutuamian.** Many linguists believe that peoples who spoke Hokan languages may have been the first occupants of California, from about 10,000 to about 4,000 years ago. Around about 2,000 B.C. some other peoples, Penutian speakers, seem to have come into California and displaced the Hokan speakers, at least in some regions. The Penutian speaking Modoc perhaps did not have much effect in the way of displacement of people of northern California, but it is thought from both linguistic and archaeological evidence that the Achomawi lived to the south, in the Sacramento Valley for example, and were pushed to their presently outlined northern position by the incursion of the Penutian speakers, about 4,000 years ago. So far it is not known whether the Karok and Shasta (Hokans) were part of this movement, whether they were already in their historically known territory at this time, or whether they came in much after 2,000 B.C. No radiocarbon dated archaeological sites in Siskiyou County have so far indicated occupation at such an early time. Of the two sites that have been excavated and published, one, in the Iron Gate Reservoir region on the Klamath River, has a radiocarbon date, and this is only around 1500 A.D. or so. Perhaps future excavation will disclose a greater age than this for archaeological sites in the county. Although the earlist radiocarbon date for the coast in neighboring Humboldt County is only around 900 A.D., we should be aware that estimates for age of sites in the Upper Klamath Basin in Oregon run as high as 7500 years of age.

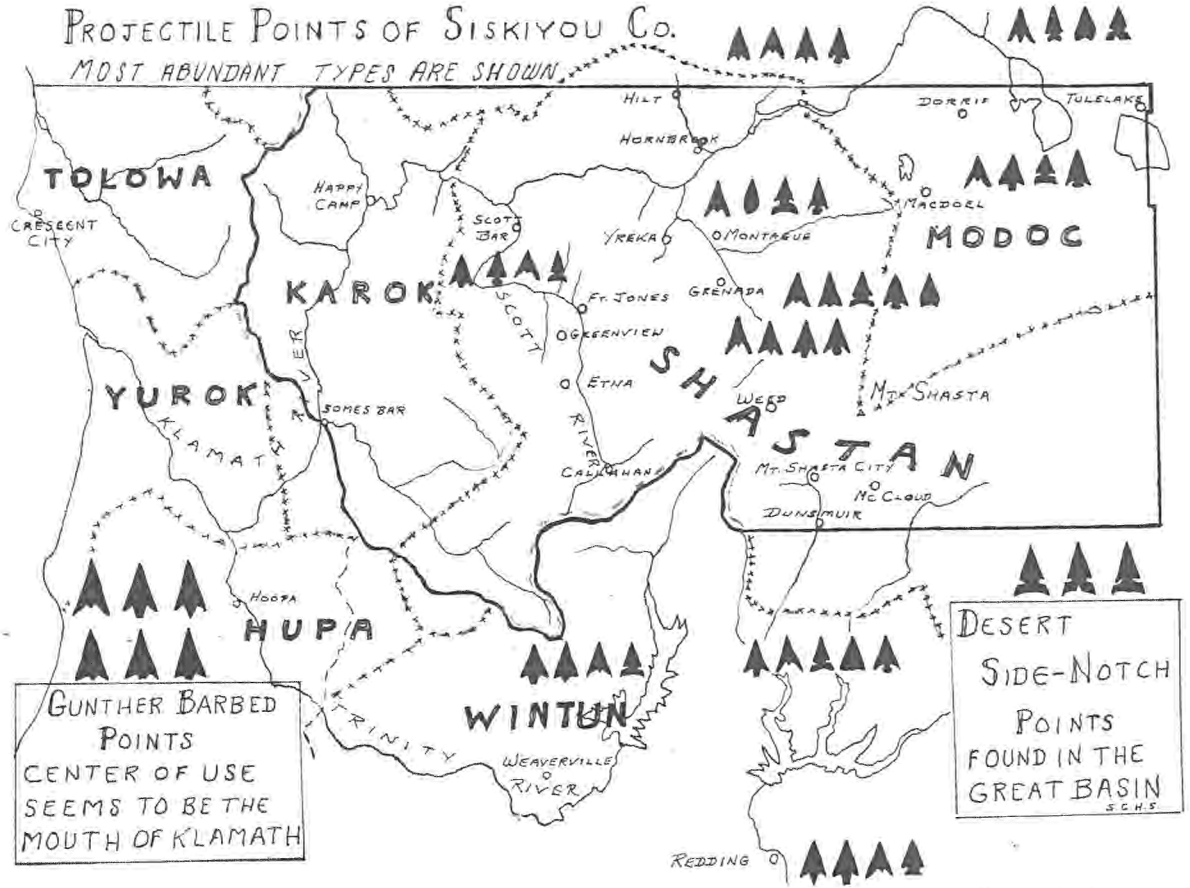
Although we know so little of the archaeology of Siskiyou County, the work mainly of A. L. Kroeber of the University of California at Berkeley nevertheless has resulted in a fairly clear picture of how people must have been living before the white man came. Professor Kroeber visited many of these Indian groups, especially those along the Klamath River, more than sixty years ago, with the express idea of studying their languages, customs and interrelationships. Together with other scholars, he pointed out that the peoples at the mouth of the Klamath (the Yuyok), those on the lower course of the Trinity River (the **Hupa**), and the Karok upstream on the Klamath River in Siskiyou County all had quite similar ways of living. However, these groups, all in close contact with each other, represented three of the large linguistic families of North America, the Algonkian (Yurok), the Athapascan

(Hupa), and the Karok (Hokan). Despite this great linguistic barrier, comparable roughly to that between English, Hebrew, and Chinese, these people managed apparently to live in harmony with each other. They all depended heavily upon the salmon as their basic food, and they developed elaborate ceremonial systems, some of which featured large obsidian blades as wealth items, with the obsidian probably coming from the Modoc from around Glass Mountain in e a s t e r n Siskiyou County. Besides the blades, other items of wealth were **Dentalium** shells, imported from far to the north, and colorful woodpecker scalps, both considered as money; in addition deer skins of unusual color were highly prized. In the more prosaic aspects of life the Karok and their neighbors to the west and south were best known for their large split plank houses, including "sweathouses" where men and boys gathered as in an exclusive club, and massive dugout river canoes, made from redwood. The name "Karok" is their word for "upstream", while "Shasta" seems to be based upon the name of a chief of some consequence in this group. Although the Shasta traded down the river with the Karok and Yurok (for **Dentalium**, salt, seaweed, acorns and canoes, for which they gave obsidian, deerskin, and sugar pine nuts) and shared other customs with the downstreamers, it seems they were also influenced by peoples from the south, i.e., from the Sacramento River drainage, and to a lesser degree, from farther away to the east. For example, their large men's "club house" was built differently and was not used as a sweathouse. For this and other reasons, including the fact that the Shasta gambled in their large house, the house did not have strong religious connotations like those of the Yurok and Karok.

With the Modoc, whose name is taken from the the word for "south", we can appreciate more than with the other groups the complexity of patterns of influence from elsewhere upon them. First of all, they could not exploit the salmon in their land and instead had as a notable staple the bulb of a water lily, called **wokas**. This came from the Lower Klamath Lake country, which also allowed the local people to become distinguished by an almost infinite use of tule and bulrush. Beyond this, the Modoc seemed to have numbers of similarities to the Karok, like the use of the wooden canoe, the sledge maul for splitting wood, the sitting type of basket cradle, and what is known as the trickster culture hero in myth. Of traits typical of other northern California (non-Klamath) groups they had the tule raft or canoe, a rude snowshoe, and a mat-covered summer dwelling. Apparently they derived many significant traits from east of the Rocky Mountains via the Columbia-Deschutes Rivers, probably, and these included a particular type of sweathouse, types of skin moccasins, and other skin clothing, artificial head deformation, and a board child cradle. Possibly a greater sense of tribal solidarity than that shown by the Shasta or Karok and resulting

warlike tendencies also came to the Modoc from the Plains. (Compare the Modoc Wars of 1872-73.)

In all, without further recitation of traits from a long list, we can see that the Indian peoples of what is now Siskiyou County (a name of uncertain Indian derivation) were not all alike. They took advantage of everything that nature had to offer, hunting on the slopes of Mt. Shasta and utilizing to the full practically every livable spot along the county's most valued natural resource, the great Klamath River.



The most abundant point in each area is the one on the left of each group of points. This preliminary study is being made of collections at the Siskiyou County Museum. Thus far the Gunther Barbed points of the coast indicate strong influence of those tribes.

The desert side-notch points are next in importance showing the influence of Eastern tribes. Perhaps your collection might aid this study. (Tribe boundaries are very general).

The Karok Indian

COMPILED BY HAZEL DAVIS

The Karok Indian tribe inhabited the middle section of the Klamath River between the Yurok Indians on the west and the Shastas on the East and all the branches of the Klamath in that section except the upper course of the Salmon River.

The number of Karoks was estimated by historians to be about 1,500 in 1770. After 1900 however that figure had dwindled to approximately 775 according to the census in 1910 and 1930.

Karok means Upstream in the language of the tribe. A sister tribe, the Yurok, means downriver in the Karok language.

It is reported by a research study made by the Smithsonian Institution, and printed by the United States government that there were 36 Karok villages, most of these being located at the mouth of the various creeks emptying into the Klamath River from the approximate area of present day Orleans to Happy Camp.

The tribe appeared to be divided into the Upper Karok above Independence Creek and the Lower Karok below that stream.

Of all the California Indians, the Karok tribe was believed by most of those having any contact with the western tribes to be the most cultured in the state.

Karok cooking and storage baskets top shelf, caps on second and third shelf.
—courtesy Hazel Davis

The basketwork of the women was the best seen anywhere. The women worked hard and traveled far to gather their supply of materials that they used in their baskets. There were work type baskets for gathering food, and then there were the cooking baskets which were woven so tightly that they were water tight. They made their baby baskets of hazel sticks and made them in various sizes so that when the baby outgrew one size it was placed in the next size. The bottom of the basket was filled with moss which was disposed of much the same as today's disposable diapers. The baby was wrapped in fur or buckskin.

Spoons and other implements were carved from deer antlers. Sometimes they used mussel shells for eating or wooden spoons carved from manzanita. Some of the tools were made from rock or obsidian.

The men hunted with bow and arrow, the arrows made of arrowwood, usually the bush commonly known as syringa or mock-orange. The bow was usually made of yew wood strung with sinew. The arrows were tipped with obsidian tied with sinew. The obsidian was not native to the area so it was of great value and was obtained by trading with other tribes.

The hunters also used spears but mostly the spears were for snagging salmon in the shallow waters of the river. Small game such as rabbits, squirrels, quail and grouse were also trapped with the use of snares. But they also trapped deer with the use of dogs trained to chase the deer on trails where traps were set up. Hunting parties also camped at high elevations where they killed many elk each year. Some of the meat was dried on racks and some was taken back to the tribe fresh.

The Red Salmon and eels which were netted at Ishi Pishi Falls were also main food for the tribe. Here at the falls were the main villages of the tribe, Cottemain on the east side and Ishi Pishi on the west side. Here at the falls the salmon were taken by netting in the big holes at the edges of the whirling tumbling falls. The big nets were made of grasses (usually wild iris leaves) tied onto a net frame with deer sinew. The net was long and shaped like a cone. The frame was made of two long poles, the top ends tied together and the bottom ends spreading apart and forming a loop. The net was secured to this loop.

The net was thrown into deep pools at the edge of the falls, since the fish had to stop in these holes to rest before making the next jump upstream. The net was dragged along the bottom coming toward the bank, trapping any salmon in the pool.

Each family had his fishing location and day to fish. The holder of the rights could fish on the designated day at the designated place from "the time the sun came half-way across the big rock, and fish until the next day when the sun again crossed half-way over the big rock." (The big rock referred to is an unmistakable large flat boulder

which sits near the river and was the gathering place during the salmon run.) The fish were then divided equal to shareholders on the certain day of fishing rights. They did not divide the fish until end of the "fishing day". No one ever fished in another's time, and Indians were never selfish with food. If the fishing family had more than they needed, the surplus was divided among those waiting at the "big rock" with the ones waiting the longest taking the first pick, etc. Among those families having rights at the falls were: Lucy Spinks, Dora Jerry, Pepper family, Lucy and John Lawson, Emma Effman, Jim Thom, Sandy Bar Jim, George Leary, Tripp family; and Jennie Donahue, and their families.

Although dip nets were also used in smaller falls, elsewhere in the river and creeks salmon were taken with spears and traps. In these places summer camps were usually set up in the fishery area. They made their fisheries of poles stuck into the river tightly to form a platform. The fish trap was made of small poles which guided the salmon into the large net. A string was tied to the end of the net which signaled the fisherman sitting on the platform that he had trapped a salmon. The net was then brought up, the fish taken out and killed, and the net returned to the water. Women were never allowed at the fishery, as this was believed to bring bad luck.

While much of the fish and game was eaten fresh, most of it was preserved by drying methods to be used for winter use. Large racks

Allie Davis throws net into hole at Ishi-Pishi Falls.
—courtesy Hazel Davis

were set up for drying in the sun and racks were also used inside the houses where salmon, eels, and venison were dried over fires. Varied tastes were also put into the smoked food by burning different kinds of wood or branches during the smoking process.

Small clams, the common river mussel, also provided much food for the tribe. They were cleaned and cooked like a stew and eaten by dipping with the shell.

The Karok was very religious in his daily living, his deep religion was reflected in his annual ceremonials believing that the Great Spirit sent an abundance of food and kept the tribe in good health if he was pleased with the behavior of the tribe. It was told that one year they did not do the World Renewal ceremony just as it had been the year before. That year there was great sickness among the tribe and there was much hunger so they went back to the old way and there was no more sickness and no more hunger. The Medicine Man was a very important member of the tribe and took part in all the religious ceremonials of his tribe.

The funeral ceremonies occupied five days during which time the soul of the deceased is in danger from the devil. To keep the devil and evil spirits away a fire is kept at the grave and there is a singing and dancing ritual that is designed to scare away the devil. The next of kin kept the fire and supplied food enough each day to carry them to the great hunting grounds. The family members who had contact with the deceased just prior to death must also keep the devil away from their home and they do this by tying a "medicine wreathe" of willow and grass on their doorway and by cleansing their bodies by drinking a special "medicine mixture" after which they take a sweat bath. They also may not appear in public during these five days. Women in great mourning also bobbed their hair short.

The medicine man, chief, and queen or princesses were all buried in their ceremonial dress with their headdress or Indian hat. The Indian hats were partly unwoven to prove to others that they belonged to the dead. The graves of the chiefs were surrounded by neat wooden fences, each board decorated with feathers of the bald eagle.

Red headed woodpecker scalps were a form of money as was abalone and smaller dentillium and olivella shells which were all used in beads and ornaments for ceremonial dress. Obsidian also designated the owner's wealth as did the ownership of white deerskins and other ceremonial garments.

The Chief was head of the tribe and ruled. However, the Medicine Man was also considered to be a very important member of the tribe.

Crime was scarce, since any crime upon another had to be corrected by making payment for the damage. As a whole the tribe was very peaceful, never of war-like nature, although they did have small

feuds amongst families and disagreements which were nearly always settled before World Renewal so that the Great Spirit would look down with pleasure upon his people. They were never known to take scalps or to make war raids for the sake of killing.

The homes for the families consisted of a small building of bark and driftwood which was built over a hollowed out piece of ground. A small opening to crawl through was the door. The house was formed around a pole frame with a center ridge-pole, with the bark and driftwood sort of erected in a lean-to fashion. The women and children stayed in one of these while the men and older boys stayed in another where they took their sweat baths and taught the young men the secrets of the old ones. Sweat baths were a daily routine, with a dip in the river regardless of the time of year.

All Indian children and adults alike looked forward to the first snow that left a cap on the mountain for this was the time for story telling. They would all gather around the story-teller of the house who would repeat the stories exactly as they were told in the family for generations and generations. Thus history was passed word for word from one generation to the next and the legends of the animals and all beings was preserved down through the ages. All these legends had a lesson, some were comical and some were sad, some bringing much laughter from the eager listeners and others sad enough to bring tears. It was believed that if the stories were told before the first snow that it would bring very bad luck or the person would be bitten by snakes.

When they traveled by water they used canoes of a dug-out variety, hollowed out of a log by burning a portion of the log and chiseling out the coals and burning some more and then chiseling until the proper shape was attained.

The women and children moved about in the summer and fall, gathering nuts, berries, edible roots, and basket material which they prepared for future use.

The marriage ceremony involved the purchase of the wife by a price set by the wife's family. A wife from a family of wealth who was an expert basketmaker and good worker brought a good price for her family which made her very proud. Two days must pass before the relationship is official. During this time the bride must go through the sweat bath and other rituals so that she is cleansed and pure. The groom also goes through his daily sweat bath and also must eat only a vegetable diet. The marriage finally is official and the ceremony closes with a celebration with dancing, feasting, and much happiness.

Indian Tobacco (ihe-rahA)

Most Indian families along the river grew their own tobacco which was used for pleasure smoking as well as for medicinal purposes.

Karok Indian Woman Smoking.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

The leaf of the tobacco was approximately four to five inches long and grew in a bunch up to four feet in height.

The Indians would select a flat place, a bench on the hillside, where there was fairly good soil, clear it, and in the spring of the year, cover the plot of ground to a depth of about one foot with spruce, fir and hemlock boughs. In the fall, before the rains came, the area was burned, leaving a heavy ash covering. The seed was broadcast into the ashes. In the spring the smaller plants were pulled up and destroyed, leaving the larger, healthy plants to mature.

In the fall of the year, the leaves were gathered in large baskets and taken to a sweat house where they were put through a sweat. A committee of five men had charge of the tobacco, and would visit it occasionally to see if it was completely cured. They would fill a pipe (holding about one-half teaspoon), and if three of the five were satisfied that it was cured, the other two would have to accept the verdict. The tobacco was then divided.

The Indians say there are two kinds of tobacco. "One, he's easy," meaning it is mild. "Older one, he's strong for make you sleep." The smoke is pleasantly fragrant but two pipefuls smoked in quick succession could cause a man to "sleep"—the latter probably being used for pain killer and medicinal purposes.

The Preparation of Acorns

When the acorns were ripe they fell from the trees and were gathered. They were then cracked and dried. After they were dried they were rubbed to remove the skins and then they were ground by pounding on a flat rock until very fine and then transferred to a flat basket sieve and the meal worked through by agitating the sieve which separated the coarse meal from the fine flour. Then they leached it in the sand by digging a large hole and dumping in the meal. Water was then poured slowly through the meal until it was not bitter. It was then allowed to dry so that it could be picked up out of the sand and then it was washed to clean away any particles of sand that clung.

The meal was cooked by putting it into a water tight basket, then adding water, and cooked with hot rocks. They stirred and added more hot rocks to keep it boiling for a time, and then it was ready to eat. They also ate the soup cold.

Sometimes the meal was made into a dough and baked like a bread in front of hot coals.

Legends of Myths

There were many legends and myths that were told over and over again to the young generation by the old generation. All had a meaning and usually a lesson. A great many of these stories were about Coyote, who always seemed to be up to some mischief. Some pertained to living things, others to mountains, rocks, rivers and creeks, the ocean, etc.; and others were of medicine type and of magical powers; and they all had a moral and many told of having bad luck if things were not done right. The people all feared bad luck and had many "medicine formulas" to have good luck in whatever they did, from hunting and fishing to gambling and love medicine.

Since there are so many of these myths and most of them are to be found in other publications we will not attempt to print a great many, but this writer cannot help but repeat here her favorite:

The Eel and the Sucker

The eel and the sucker gambled together. Finally sucker won everything from Eel who had bet everything. But eel still wanted to play so he said, I'll bet my bones." So sucker said "okay". And sucker won those too. For that reason eel has no bones and sucker is very bony.

Tattoos

The Karok women often wore the "III" tattooed on their chin. There were three wide stripes running down from the lip to the chin. One was located in the center with one on each side. Sometimes they were wide and sometimes they were narrow.

Sandy Bar Jennie, 111 on chin.

—courtesy Wes Hotelling

They made the design with a sharp stone such as obsidian, making cuts into the skin. Then they mixed soot and grease and they rubbed it on the cut area. When it finally healed it was not black, but sort of a blue. It was not customary to tattoo in any other place on the face and generally the practice was only among the women, especially those of great beauty or standing in the tribe.

There is some confusion as to the reason for tattooing. Some say it was a tribal mark so that if the women were captured by another tribe they could be identified and returned to their homes. Others say it was only a mark of beauty and distinction, which this writer believes, since it is a very striking mark. And others say that it was done to tell men and women apart in old age, since the women bobbed their hair short like men after there were many deaths in their family, a sign of mourning, and thus she looked like a man in old age.

The Indian Stick Game

The Indian stick game has been described as being one of the most grueling of any sport of any race. It is a fast moving sport that can't be matched in modern times for individual endurance and stamina, a combination of wrestling and hockey.

The game is played on a sandy field approximately 150 to 200 yards in length. The contest is between two teams composed of three players each. A member of each team is stationed at each end of the field and one in the center. They are each equipped with sticks, usually Juneberry, about 36" long with a slight curve on the pointed end. They vie for a tassel made of two four-inch pieces of wood bound together with a piece of rawhide.

The object of the game is to throw the tassel with the stick over the end of the team goal line for a point without touching the tassel with the hands. The curved end of the stick is inserted in the loop of the tassel and tossing it up the field to the other member of the team.

The game starts with the players in the end zones grasping hands in such a fashion that the hold gives equal advantage to each player; the center players then face each other, scratching the grounds with their sticks and wait for the tassel to fall. The tassel is held in one of the player's mouth, and he tries to catch the opposing player off guard so he can control the "scratch-off".

Once the tassel is dropped the two center players try to work free of their opponent so that they may toss it to their teammate waiting up field, but sometimes the wrestling goes on for many minutes before a hold can be broken, when the race is on to get to the tassel and toss it before the opponent can catch up and either wrestle again or toss the tassel himself.

Wrestling to keep the opponent from getting to the tassel.—courtesy Wes Hotelling

Francis Davis
one of the last medicine men.
—courtesy Vera Davis Aswood

The end zone players then repeat the performance, the defensive player must return the tassel up the field before the defensive player can toss it over the goal line for a point for his team. They can hold or wrestle their opponent to keep him from getting to the tassel, but they cannot touch the tassel with their hands at any time. All this time they also must keep hold of their sticks since these are the only implements which can move the tassel up field to the goal.

The game is controlled by six coaches or referees who see that the rules are adhered to.

The length of the game is predetermined and is usually a two-out-of-three or three-out-of-seven point game. Tradition dictates that the game must end at dusk however, and the games are usually held prior to the ceremonial dances of the tribes, or after the Brush Dance, and the home team usually tries to demonstrate the great medicine of the Brush Dance by winning the game.

In the original rules of the tribe, the players had to swim hazardous courses to qualify for teams and were not permitted to see any women before the game so they would be clean, there-by warding off th opposing team's medicine.

Pick-Ya-Wish World Renewal Ceremonies (Clear Creek)

Approximately one month prior to the Pick-ya-wish ceremony which is usually held in August, a stone altar is built near the mouth of Clear Creek facing the sacred mountain of Ah-say-kay. The altar is built in the form of a semi-circle up to eye level in height. Within the walls of the altar the Medicine Man meditates and prays. Here his powers are given him to make the medicine for his people to bring them an abundance of salmon in the river, for an abundance of foods from the forest, for good hunting of wild game which not only provided food but also hides for warmth, and good health for the people.

The ceremony in August starts with the arrow shoot about 10 days prior to the World Renewal Ceremony. The shoot starts from a point down stream from the Pick-ya-wish site traveling a short distance each day until they are at the ceremonial site.

The Medicine Man starts his journey from the ceremonial site and travels westerly from the north side of the river, across Clear Creek and up to a point above Indian Ned's home on the mountain. Here he prays and conducts his ceremony and then returns to the ceremonial site to make preparations for the longer journey across the river.

He is then rowed across the river by his assistants who always travel behind him but never in sight of him. He travels from the river's edge on the south side in a westerly direction to a rocky point. During this time he may not be seen by any member of his tribe lest bad luck fall on any who catch sight of him. After he passed the rocky point he continues on westerly approximately 1½ miles down river above Titus

Creek and here on the mountain be builds his first fire. He again makes medicine by talking to the Great Spirit. From here he turns easterly following along the ridge to the head of U-fish Creek and here he builds two big fires and again prays. During this time he is fasting, having no water or food. This mountain is called Ah-say-kay-wahr or Medicine Mountain No. 2. From here he travels down the ridge across from the mouth of Clear Creek and then follows along the river to where the boat is put into the river to cross back to the ceremonial site. During this crossing no oars are used, the assistants who traveled behind him propelling the boat across the river by dancing, their footwork in rhythm skillfully guiding the boat to the other shore of the swift waters of the river.

A series of dances is being held during this time and much feasting takes place at the camps. Many games are also played and there is much singing.

When the priest returns from his journey he is served by two queens or princesses who have also fasted since the last meal of the Medicine Man. The Queens also fetch wood for the ceremonial fires, but during all the sacred rituals the Medicine Man is alone for the entire trip.

The spring from which the Medicine Man drinks is also considered sacred and he drinks from it only one time during the ritual and after that it is covered to keep it pure until the next World Renewal.

World Renewal Ceremony at Cottamain

The World Renewal Ceremony at Cottemain always was held after the World Renewal Ceremony at Clear Creek. The Indian word Pick-a-wish means "the priest is going to fix the world".

The World Renewal started when the priest (Medicine Man) went to his position. He lived in the sweat house nine days. During this time the men were shooting arrows every day in different locations. After the arrow shoot they all ate.

The priest came to camp then and he ate. Then he returned to the sweat house. The next morning it was repeated except that the arrow shoot was held at another location until the end of the nine days, then the priest stands still all night long. That night there is deerskin dancing to keep the priest awake.

Then the 10th day is Pick-a-wish day. They played Indian cards all day and the next day and feasted. Then there was more dancing that night which ended the ceremonial.

A priestess served the priest during his days of making medicine. She prepared his meals and assisted him. The priest went to the river and a short distance down river he looked in all directions and prayed. Then he went a short distance up river and built a fire. The priestesses

Princess Vera Davis and Daisy Jacobs
—courtesy Vera Davis Aswood

were preparing acorn meal, then they went down to Cottemain carrying their cooking baskets, soup stirrers, and dippers, and the sacred stool for the priest, upon which he sat to make the World firm (so as to not have earthquakes or floods, it is presumed).

They did not eat or drink for two days and a night. The priestesses then bound their long hair with fir boughs. They covered their sacred acorn leaching hole and stuck in the fir boughs from their hair. They then took their burden baskets, carrying everything back up the hill to the sacred sweat house. Then all the people were happy to see the priest and assistant priests returning and they gathered around.

They lived in the sweat house five more days. In the evening they bathed in the pond and the women's hair was whipped with syringa which was later hid in a hollow tree up the hill.

Downhill the celebration had already begun. There was gambling. They did the deerskin dance and the war dance. They cooked acorn soup and roasted salmon. They burned brush on Offield Mountain, a sacred mountain with a living spirit.

The exact meanings for all the ritual and the exact paths followed by the Medicine Man and his assistants are known to the Medicine Man alone who trains his successor.

Basket Weaving (Karok)

The women of the Karok tribe produced some of the most beautiful weaving and some of the finest stitches of any tribe according to numer-

ous studies made of baskets used for daily living as well as for ornamental purposes.

Water tight baskets were made for cooking and eating. They were woven on a frame of willow shoots which had been peeled and dried. However, they were soaked again before the time for weaving to keep them pliable. Upon this frame the weaving starts at the bottom where fibers of the bull-pine root start the forming of the basket bottom and the securing of each willow stick to a position by weaving around and around. When a pattern is desired white bunch grass, black maiden-hair fern stalks, fern fibers, or porcupine quills were used to weave to form the desired pattern.

The gathering of materials was a great task in making baskets as well as the preparation of the materials after the gathering.

Willow shoots were gathered in the spring as well as in August. They were picked, then peeled while green, and dried. Wild lilac shoots were also prepared like this and were picked in June and July but were only used in very small baskets. Hazel shoots were used for the large handled baskets as well as fancy hats, etc. These shoots were picked from an area that had been burned off two years previously, being gathered in the spring of the year. All of these were used in making frames for the weaving, as well as the weaving of the handle basket types.

Bull pine roots provided the fibers for strength in the weaving. They were gathered any time except spring. The roots were dug from beneath the ground and cut a short distance from the trunk. They were roasted by building a fire in the sand and then taking the fire out and inserting the roots in the hot sand, then covered with sand with a fire built over them for baking.. After they were roasted for a sufficient length of time they were taken out and the bark peeled off while hot. The roots were then split into thin strips and dried. Then they were soaked for use by making them pliable and then scraping them with a sharp instrument so that the tough fibers could be pulled from the strips. Grape vine roots and willow roots were also used in this way and were gathered after high water.

The maiden-hair fern was gathered in mid-summer. The black stems were dried, then split into strips by running the stem through a split in a straight-grained piece of wood by applying pressure to the split.

The large sword ferns provided two tough strings for ornamental weaving also—the red-brown color found in most of the baskets. The ferns were gathered in mid summer. The stalks were crushed with a rock and from this pulp two strings the length of the stalk were pulled. These strings were later dyed from a solution made from the bark from an old alder tree.

MAGGIE CHARLEY

—courtesy Vera Davis Aswood

The bunch grass is the white ornamental grass used in nearly all baskets. It is gathered from an area that was burned the year previous.

The porcupine quills are taken from the animal then dyed yellow by using either the wild parsnip or the yellow moss taken from trees of the higher elevations. Since the wild parsnip was easier to obtain it was used more frequently. The quills were boiled in this solution after which they were rinsed in cold water and then dried. The ends were cut before weaving.

Work baskets were made of the willow or hazelnut bush. The best hazel twigs were said to come from a fir forest area on the side of the mountain rather than on a mountaintop where they were short and stubby. They broke the hazel twigs with their fingers and then carried them down in burden baskets which the women carried on their backs. The men also carried them, but on their shoulders. They were peeled with the teeth while they were very green and easy to peel. All the men and women of the lodge helpd, sometimes having work contests while peeling, since it took so many for weaving.

Indian Card Games or Indian Gambling

A number of sticks was used as cards, usually being 20 sticks about eight inches long. One of these sticks was marked in the middle with soot and pitch or burned and was called the Ace.

The game is usually played between teams. The dealer holds the sticks and with his hands behind his back hidden from the opponents, he mixes the ace with the other sticks and divides them into two bunches, one for each hand. When he is ready for the guessing, he brings his hands with the sticks to his sides. Then the opponent tries to

Indian card game in progress at Cottamain
—courtesy Alvin Orcutt

guess which hand the ace is in. Sometimes the ace is not in either hand but placed in the back of the dealer's garment, which can also be guessed by the opponent, thus giving a choice of three places, in either hand or at the dealer's back.

At this time there is much betting and excitement amongst the players as well as the spectators. The dealer then, through a colorful gesture while holding the excitement to a climax by his routine, displays the hand of sticks guessed by the opponent. He usually prolongs the excitement by his skillful manuevering of the sticks so that all the sticks are not revealed at once. If the ace is not amongst the sticks the opponent loses and the dealer throws him one of the sticks. The team having the most sticks loses the game.

Each team had a drummer and a singer also, and all during the game there is much singing. While the dealer is preparing his sticks, the singer keeps time with the drum, his singing adding much excitement, since he is making the medicine for his team to win. Then when the other team deals, their drummer and singer take over, and this rotation continues throughout the game. There were some outstanding singers among the tribesmen, some of the songs handed down through many generations which were said to have Much Medicine. Usually the drummer did the singing himself. However, sometimes there was a team, a drummer and a singer.

Brush Dance

When a child is sick the mother sends for the Medicine Man or Woman, whichever the case may be. If it is a serious illness they decide to hold a Brush Dance.

The Medicine Woman first cuts a small fir tree about six feet in height, which she trims to within about eighteen inches or two feet of the top; the name of the dance comes from this tree top. This small tree she uses as a staff while going from place to place as she gathers herbs to be used in the ritual. She has a large burden basket on her back. As she gathers the herbs she throws them over her shoulder into the basket. It requires so many different kinds of herbs to cure a very sick child that her basket is loaded and heavy, and she uses her staff to help her with her burden.

The brush dance is always in a pit.

A fire is built and rocks are heated; the herbs have been placed in water-tight baskets, and hot rocks are used until everything is steaming. The Medicine Woman is praying and making medicine all the while she is preparing the mixture. The Medicine Woman then takes the sick child and covers him, holding him over the steam from the medicine until he has sweat enough to cure him. She is aided by men and women who sing and dance all night, it usually being a one-night ceremony.

However, in extreme illness it might require more days of treatment before a cure is effected. The singing and dancing continue until the cure, or sometimes death in some instances.

Wearing Apparel

The everyday dress was made of buckskin or fur, depending on the time of year and was a simple wrap-around garment. In the summer the part above the waist was bare, but in winter another skin or fur was used to cover the upper body as well. Some of the greatest hunters wore cougar skins with pride.

The ceremonial dress of the women however was fancy and laden with abalone and olivella shells as well as digger pine nuts. The skirts were made in two pieces, a wrap-around skirt was worn under an apron of elaborate work. Shells and nuts hung from braids of bear lily or bunch grass and made a very pleasing sound as the wearer walked or danced. Many strings of beads hung around the neck also, the entire outfit reflecting the wealth of the wearer and his or her family. The men wore decorated buckskin also but their wrap-around garment was short, more the length of a loin cloth.

It is also said that many years ago the wearing apparel also consisted of a skirt made from the inner bark of the maple. They stripped the bark from the trees then beat it until the rough outer bark separated from the nner bark, and then it is cut for length.

When they wore shoes they were made simply from buckskin.

For those who want further reading on the Karok Indians I have compiled a list of publications for further study, most of which are to be found in public libraries of the area:

"The Siskiyou Pioneer," published by the Siskiyou County Historical Society—Spring, 1953

"The Karok Language," published by University of California Publications, by William Bright, 1957

"Almost Ancestors, The First Californians," written by Theodora Kroeber and Robert F. Heizer, published by Sierra Club, 1968.

"Indian Tribes of North America," printed by United States Government Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 145, 1953

"The Inland Whale," by Theodora Kroeber, 1959, Indian legends including the Karok legends

"Lore and Legends of the Klamath River Indians," by Charles S. Graves, 1929

"Before the White Man Came" by Charles S. Graves, 1934.

"In the Land of the Grasshopper Song," by Mary Ellicott Arnold and Mabel Reed, 1957

Indian Baskets (caps on)
—courtesy Fort Jones Museum

Karok Basketry

By LOTTIE BECK

Girls started weaving as young as six years old. I started very young with one strand. Then I used two after I learned to place the strands in the proper place and set in the designs too.

The men wove fishnets with twine they made themselves.

The designs were handed down generation after generation.

There are all sizes of baskets, such as pack baskets, cooking, drying, grinders, storage. The beautiful ones are just to show off. There is the baby basket, handle baskets, also mats, tobacco baskets.

Hazel sticks are gathered after the area had been burned the year before. Willow and hazel sticks are gathered in April. Each stick must be peeled, dried and stored away. You gather all sizes.

Roots are gathered in December, January and February. Right after flood waters recede, the small roots are exposed. They vary in size. Each root must be scraped until it is nice and white, then they are hung out to dry ready for use as soon as they dry. The roots are the inside of the basket. You weave with two strands with the color on the outer side.

Five finger ferns are gathered in June and July. They have long stems, black on one side and rust color on the other. The black side of the stem is used as you split them. They must be dried and stored away, then soaked in water before used.

The squaw grass is gathered in July. The area has to be burned the fall before, or even the year before. You gather the long center shoots; then lay them out in the sun to blacken and dry. They must be

turned over several times a day, and all gathered up and brought in at night. You do this until the grass is dry, and then keep them in a cool place.

Woodwardia fern is gathered in September and October, before the frost. It is found in a shady moist place. The stems are all sizes so you just cut assorted sizes. You pull the feathery leaves off, then you pound the long stem. Each stem has two long white strands. Pull them out carefully and hang them out to dry. When dried, you go and cut alder bark, break it in small pieces or pulverize it and put it in a large pan. Then add enough water to cover the bark and let stand. The water turns a red color. Then put your strands in and let soak for a few minutes, and hang them out to dry. They should turn out a very pretty red color.

Jeffrey Pine roots are used for water proof baskets. You find a tall straight pine tree. Find a root close to the trunk and follow it out. Cut the straightest pieces of the root in any length you want. Then dig a pit about three feet deep and put river gravel in the bottom. Build a fire in the pit and get your gravel good and hot. Put the pine roots in side by side. Cover with more gravel. Build another fire on it, and leave it over night. In the morning you dig the roots out, peel them, split them into small fibers, and you are ready to weave a basket.

Porcupine quills are the most difficult material to weave with. You must find a porcupine, kill it, then hang it up so you can pull the quills out. When the quills are pulled one by one put them out to dry. Then you go and gather high altitude moss, which is a deep yellow color, off the trees, or dig durango root which is also yellow. Boil your quills in either one. They all come out yellow. When ready to use, you cut the sharp points off each side, flatten them as flat as possible, as that makes them flexible and easy to weave with.

Making Acorn Bread

By GRACE BALFREY

This acorn bread-making process was observed and recorded by Mrs. Grace Balfrey at the Forks of Salmon in 1900. It was done by a very old Indian woman by the name of "Mother Orcutt".

The acorns are cracked either by the teeth, or by rolling them between two stones held in the hands.

Then the cleaned acorn nuts are put in a bottomless basket placed on a large flat stone, and pounded with a stone pestle called manos until they are pulverized as fine as flour. Grinding slab is called metales.

Karok Indian woman preparing acorn flour.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

This flour is sifted through an open-work basket (kh-nee) and piled upon some clean, coarse wet sand that has been tamped down in a depressed circle on the ground.

The flour is then leached by pouring first cold water, then warm water over it until all the bitterness is gone. This chore takes about twelve hours.

When the flour "tastes right" the uppermost part is taken off and dried out and stored in baskets. The flour next to the sand is put into a basket with some water. When the sand has settled the "broth" is dipped up into another basket. It is heated by dropping into the basket several clean, hot, smooth river rocks about the size of a large grapefruit.

To make the bread, the flour mixed with water is put on a hot flat rock and stirred with an oaken spoon or paddle (called tolai-e).

The flour has a natural oil in it, and after browning is stored in a flat basket and kept for future use.

Happy Experiences of a Pioneer Teacher in the Wilds of Siskiyou County

By MRS. EUGENIA HOWELLS

In the early spring of 1909, I wrote Miss Effie Persons, County Superintendent of Schools of Siskiyou County, for a summer school. Her reply being favorable, the latter part of March I left home in Fresno for the County seat. After all day and night aboard train, I arrived in Yreka and registered at the Franco American Hotel. In the afternoon I met Miss Persons at the Court House. She gave me a brief description of the school, the mountains, and the long journey, saying, "You will have about fifteen Indian pupils. The school house is a small one-room building situated on the Salmon river near its mouth, about ninety-five miles from Yreka. The journey is made by stage and horse or mule back, with the mail carrier."

Among the questions Miss Persons asked: "Can you ride horseback? Can you walk a cable bridge? Are you a good hiker? You will have a mile and one half or more to walk to reach your class of Indian pupils, and will have to cross the cable bridge over the Salmon River." After this information, she wished me a pleasant and successful school term.

Early the next morning I took the stage to Etna Mills, a small town at the foot of the Salmon Mountains, twenty-five miles from Yreka. I remained in Etna Mills over night. I was awakened in the morning by a rap on my door with the announcement, "The mail carrier and the mule train will be leaving in about twenty minutes for Sawyer's Bar." There was time for but a hasty toilet. Donning a culotte costume, I rushed down to the dining room in time for only a cup of coffee before leaving.

There were twelve or fifteen mules heavily loaded with freight for the mining camps along the Salmon River. I was given a mule to ride and told to give him the rein and let him guide himself. The distance to Sawyer's Bar, the next mining camp, is twenty-five miles over the Salmon Mountains. The snow was twelve feet deep as we approached the summit. A deep trail had been made by the mules traveling through the snow. Sometimes a mule fell with his burden, and the mail carrier would have to stop and put him on his feet again and readjust his load. We finally arrived at Sawyer's Bar. How glad I was to wash and break my long fast!

The next day I left with the mail carrier in a stage for Forks of Salmon, another mining camp, eighteen miles from Sawyer's Bar. The snow gradually disappeared as we followed the Salmon and came into lower altitudes.

Remaining overnight at Forks of Salmon, we left for Somes Bar, my destination. The distance is twenty-five miles by trail along the river. The mail carrier brought a mule for me to ride. He blindfolded the mule, saying, "He is not accustomed to a lady passenger and might try to buck you off, if he saw you." I was finally seated, the blindfold removed and started on my journey. Nothing unusual happened, for I remained on the mule.

The scenery grew more beautiful as we followed the course of the Salmon as it wound its way over gigantic boulders along the trail. Pines, firs, madrones and laurels covered the mountain sides, and the red buds, harbingers of Spring, were in full bloom.

We arrived at Somes Bar hotel about dusk, and were received by a kindly old lady and her son who kept the hotel, post office and a store.

The next morning, I took a stroll along the river to survey my surroundings and view the cable bridge. It looked rather terrifying to me as it dangled in the breeze two or three hundred feet above the waters of the raging Salmon. A high cliff on the opposite side towered before me.

Monday morning, April 6th, I crossed the river on the cable bridge and followed a narrow trail along the stream until I came to the school

Crossing the Salmon River
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

house. Here I was greeted by two little Indian boys, waiting to see the new teacher. Others came, and in a few weeks my little school numbered twenty-five Indian children.

The building was crudely constructed with boards placed vertically on the sides. There was no ceiling, for which I was thankful, as it enabled us to have more oxygen in circulation without it. The seats were common home-made benches, seating two or three pupils on each. The teacher's desk was a small home-made pine table with a chair behind it.

I found the Indian children tractable, observant and imitative. They were quite bright in reading, writing, drawing, painting and music. Being truly children of nature, they liked to draw and paint the wild flowers and ferns, study the habits of the birds, gray squirrels, fishes and many of the larger animals of the forests. We often went on jaunts for these nature lessons, when they grew tired of the school room and confinement.

Indians do not have much conception of time as we reckon it. The children would want always to know when school would begin and when it would close. I could make them understand by telling them, "School will open with the Red Bud or Judas trees' blossom." I would then tell them the legend of the Judas tree. "These trees, when they first grew had beautiful white blossoms. When Judas betrayed Christ, it was said, he hanged himself on one of these trees. Then the blossoms turned red for shame and remained red ever after."

"It will be time for school to close when the Toyon, or California Holly, begins to turn red." Along the Klamath and Salmon rivers, the Toyon berries turn red long before Christmas.

Indian children all have Indian names, but they do not divulge them to white people unless they like and trust them. Indian mothers and fathers rarely chastise their children. Indian men and women all call one another by their Christian or Indian names. I, too, followed this custom while I lived among them.

Not wishing to cross the cable bridge twice daily, I left the hotel and went to live with a "half breed" woman and her family, two miles and a half from the school house. The children and I walked this distance morning and evening. The trail wound through a natural park after we ascended the mountain. The park was covered with forest trees where squirrels built their nests and stored acorns for the winter. The birds found homes, too in nature's wonderland. Many species of wild flowers grew along the trails, many of which I had never seen before. Among them were mountain lady's slippers, fire-cracker flowers, ruby lilies, mission bells, fawn lilies, wild irises and hollyhocks. There were cool mountain springs and large creeks, tumbling down into the mighty Salmon and Klamath rivers.

My home with the Indian family was similar to the home of the white man's family along the Klamath river in early days. The family consisted of a man, Frank, his wife, Susie, and two children. They lived in a double log house with a stairway on the outside of the main building. The large log house had three rooms—living room with a fireplace, and two bedrooms. My bedroom was located on the east side of the living room. In this small room were a single homemade bed, a homemade table and a chair. There were no springs on the bed. The mattress was a tick made of unbleached muslin and filled with corn husks. On the bed were clean, white sheets, a cotton blanket, a couple of homemade quilts and a pine needle pillow. A candle stood on the table, anchored in a bottle. The room had a door and one window. The walls were papered with newspapers.

Sometimes there was a scarcity of food in the early spring. They kept cattle and there was always plenty of milk. They had game and fish in season and many kinds of berries. They raised all kinds of vegetables and melons. Their orchards contained all the common fruits. The Karok Indians are good gardeners. Many have learned this work in Federal schools. The early Spanish inhabitants settled along the coast and some of them moved to the interior and inter-married, taking Indian wives. This intermingling, probably accounts for the superiority of Klamath Indians when compared with other tribes farther east in California.

The women are fond of flowers and plant beautiful tea roses and other flowers in their gardens. Imagine my surprise, when one morning, early in June, one of the girls brought me a bouquet of La France tea roses and placed it on my desk in the school room.

The salmon fishing season opens in August and this is a great harvest for the Indians. The fish are caught with dip-nets. An Indian stands beside a great boulder by a deep pool in the river and with his net dips down and catches a number of salmon at one time. The net is made conical in shape and attached to two poles, each about five feet long. A hoop is placed over the large end of the cone and it is fastened to the end of the poles. The Indian places a squaw cap on his head, stands on the edge of the pool, places the other ends of the poles against his head and dips the net into the pool, holding fast the poles. When the salmon are running it is easy to catch them this way. Sometimes they have traps out in the river. At the camp, the women prepare them for drying. They have eel bakes also in the spring.

When the deer season opens, everybody goes hunting. Much of the venison is dried. Huckleberry time is in September. The wild berries are gathered and put in wood baskets which the women carry on their backs. Berries are dried for winter.

Indian canoes are made from hollow trees, which have been burned

out and shaped into small boats. An Indian sits in the stern of the canoe with his paddle, guides the boat along the bank until he thinks he is far enough up stream to drift gently across and land on the opposite side.

My bath tub was a burnt hollow tree, fashioned into a tub and placed near running water.

Two missionaries came every two weeks and held Sunday School at Cottemain. They were field matrons sent by the Federal Government to teach the Indians on the Klamath and Salmon rivers. They traveled on mule back, going long distances sometimes from camp to camp. The Indians liked them and the missions prospered. The missionaries purchased all sorts of Indian handiwork which they sold as curios in eastern cities.

Many episodes took place during the time I lived among these children of Nature, for after my first school, I came back and spent seven years teaching them.

I often took long hikes into the deep forest, sometimes alone, sometimes with Indian children, or the dog. Often I went on horseback. In order to find my way, I blazed the trail with remnants of an old calico apron, which I tied on the bushes and along the trails. Certain seasons of the year bears and deer were numerous.

One afternoon I was returning from school when I encountered a brown bear carrying a pig. Indians say that the cinnamon bears are more dangerous than black bears. I often saw black ones but they seemed harmless unless they were cornered by a dog.

Deer drinking at the Salmon River

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

The Fourth of July is a great day for the Indians. They are very patriotic, sometimes celebrating for a week. On a particular Fourth, a chicken dinner was served in the hotel at Somes Bar and an Indian "Stick" game was played in the afternoon. This game is similar to the white man's football, only sticks are used instead of a ball. Two small sticks are tied together and thrown into the air and caught by the opposing side.

We all went over on horseback to the hotel. As there was no bridge over the river for horses, we had to ford it. The river was quite high. We had to remove our feet from the stirrups to keep dry. As the stream was very swift, we could not look at the water while crossing, as it would make us dizzy and we might fall off the horses, but we crossed safely and enjoyed the big dinner at the hotel.

The Declaration of Independence was read and school children sang patriotic songs. Then came the "stick" and card games. At night the young people went to a white man's dance. These games and dances continued several days, or until all were tired and ready for home.

The Indians revere their teachers. I was always welcome at all their festivals, picnics, dances and other entertainments. They would have been offended had I not attended their "Pick-a-wish," or "Indian New Year." This weird, mystical, religious ceremony is witnessed by all good Indians.

During one of these celebrations which I attended, they wanted ice cream on their menu. Frank went on horseback to Yreka for a freezer, returning with one holding a gallon. There was plenty of milk and cream, and I was chosen to teach them the science of making the coveted confection. Frank went next to one of the high mountains and with his pack train brought several sacks of snow. They had lessons in ice cream making and when it came time for "Pick-a-wish," they were prepared to serve it. Frank had secured an abundance of snow and with Susie's help, all their sugar, milk, eggs and cream were converted into the ice dainty.

As it was so difficult to obtain the snow, fifteen or twenty miles up a steep mountain, they decided to sell the ice cream at twenty-five cents a dish, and OH, how fast it disappeared! The young Indians with their sweethearts kept Frank and Susie busy. It was surely a treat to eat ice cream so far from the beaten tracks of civilization.

Time passed quickly and my Indian school drew to a close. In October I bade adieu to the children of nature and went home, only to return again and again to teach among them.

Mary Ike

When Mrs. Mary Ike died at the age of 101 years in a hospital in Eureka at 2 a.m., Sunday, February 3, 1946, there passed with her one of the last links with the "old Indians" of pioneer days in Northern California.

Mrs. Ike was a child of seven years when on October 6, 1851, she witnessed the signing of the peace treaty between the Indians and the whites at Mac-A-Yarms, which now is the site of Nelson's Mine opposite Ike's Creek. Chief Yah-Fee-Pah, later to become Mrs. Ike's father-in-law, signed the treaty on behalf of the Si-Wah tribe, which lived near the mouth of the Salmon River.

Mrs. Ike's husband, known as "Little Ike" or "Fish Ike" was a familiar figure in Quartz and Scott Valleys in early days. He died many years ago but is still remembered for the long treks he made over the Salmons to Etna and Quartz Valley where he supplied residents with fresh salmon caught at Ike's Falls. On the return trips he loaded his pack animals with flour from the old Etna Flour Mills, then in operation.

In an interview some time ago she recalled the historic snows and floods of 1890 which threatened starvation to the whites around Sawyers Bar and caused them to migrate to the lower country. Nearly one hundred of them were on the trail together when they reached the lodges of Chief Tah-Fee-Pah and his son, Little Ike, on the Klamath River. There, the whites were fed acorn soup, deer meat and dried salmon, and given food that enabled them to reach Orleans.

Fish Ike and Son

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Indian Ned
—courtesy Floyd Merrill

An Interview with Indian Ned

By FLOYD MERRILL

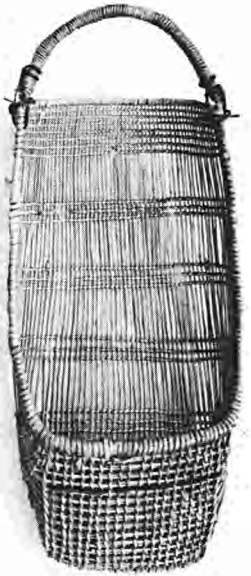
During the summer of 1940, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Merrill, accompanied by Abner Aubrey, interview Indian Ned near his home at Clear Creek on the Klamath River. Mr. Aubrey had arranged for the interview and acted as interpreter because Indian Ned could not or would not speak English.

At that time Indian Ned stated that he was "very old", but he did not know or would not state his age in terms of years. He did state, however, that he was born at the mouth of Clear Creek where his father at that time had several "houses". There were more "houses" across the creek, but these evidently did not belong to his father.

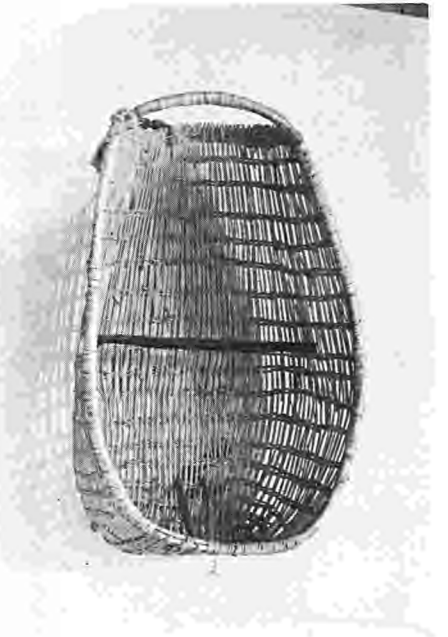
He remembered seeing the first white men. They came from "down the river" and he seemed to be impressed with the fact that they wore "shiny buttons" on their clothes and had "black beards." They fired on the village, killing several of the Indians. This frightened him and he ran up on the hill where he stayed for five days. He did not see them again.

After being persuaded by Mr. Aubrey, Indian Ned permitted us to take a picture of him. I was told that this was very unusual as he seldom permitted anyone to photograph him because of some Indian superstition.

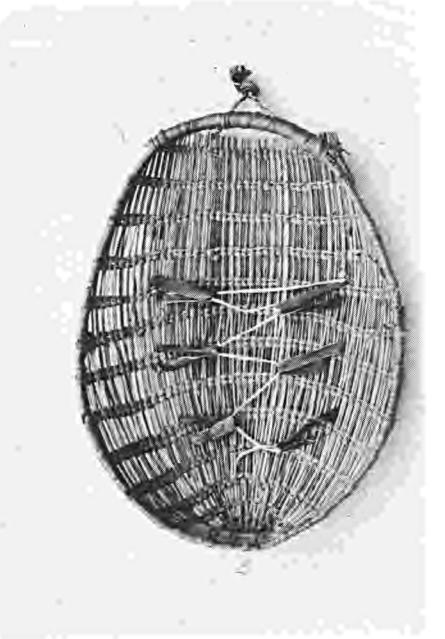
When Indian Ned died he was supposed to be nearly 120 years old.



Karok — Thuktoi



Shasta — Tor-ri-la



Wintu — Lol

PAPOOSE BASKETS

Each Indian tribe has its individual name for their cradle or papoose basket.

The baby is securely wrapped in an animal skin and then placed in the cradle which is padded with shredded bark or moss.

It is fastened in the cradle with twisted twine made from plant fibers or strips of buckskin.

In the Siskiyou County Museum are the three baskets you see in the picture above.

The Shasta

Compiled by
PAT MARTIN

Red Bird, Shasta Indian

Siskiyou County was a nearly ideal habitat for early man as it is for modern man and her native sons and daughters enjoyed and loved their pleasant environment.

If we could go back in time and picture life as it was here in Siskiyou County two hundred years ago we would see a total population of approximately seven thousand souls. These people were well proportioned with light copper colored skin, brown to hazel eyes, heavy black hair and medium to short height. In personality traits they were generally suspicious and wary of strangers, but open and affectionate to family and lifetime associates.

Their first attachment was to a spot—the place where they were born and for the men, where they expected to live their life and die. Their world was small and minutely known. The natives lived along stream banks. Each tribe had become a component part of the ecological unit of its particular area. The effect of the hordes of gold seeking miners that came into Siskiyou County with their typical Caucasian

dominance was disastrous to this fragile ecological unit and social structure. Ancestral hunting and food gathering habits became impossible and social, moral and cultural traditions declined under the influence of the whites, leaving little but memories of a once greater race of people. These memories must be kept alive so that present day Indian children can take pride in their cultural heritage which is also an inexorable part of our own history.

Habitat, Boundaries and Neighboring Tribes

The mountainous habitat of the Shasta may be described as follows: Beginning at Mt. Shasta, the boundary ran nearly due north over Goose Nest mountain to the Klamath River, reaching the river near Jenny Creek and including the headwaters of Jenny Creek. East of this line were the Modocs. The line entered Oregon and followed roughly the divide of Mt. McLaughlin, turned westward along the Rogue River to Bear Creek. From this point the boundary curved, following the crest of the Siskiyous to the vicinity of Thompson Creek, where the line reached the Klamath River. Here the neighboring people were Karok. Southward from here the divide between the western tributaries of the Scott and the eastern tributaries of the Klamath and Salmon Rivers seems to have divided the Shasta from the Karok, the Konomihu and the New River Shasta. From Mt. Shasta, again the boundary followed a natural stream drainage area, the divide between the Trinity and Sacramento Rivers on the north. The neighboring tribes to the south were the Okwanuchu and Wintun. The Shasta territory which seems unquestionably theirs divides itself topographically into three sections —namely, the Klamath River Valley, Scott Valley and Shasta Valley.

The first of these includes the course of the Klamath River from near Jenny Creek to Seiad. Here the river is a rapid stream, flowing in a deep canyon with little level land along its banks. The climate, like that of most of the Shasta area, is characterized by hot summers and moderately cold winters with heavy snowfall in the mountains. In the early days the river was clear and alive with salmon and other fish, game was abundant in the mountains and there was a good supply of acorns along with many other fruits and vegetables.

Scott Valley is a broad flat-floored mountain valley, well watered and surrounded by high mountains. Scott Valley formed an almost ideal spot for an Indian community with its good supply of fish, game, acorns, pine nuts and other fruits and vegetables.

Shasta Valley is larger than Scott Valley and less uniform in character. Much of the southern end of the valley is covered by old lava flows, or small volcanic cones, interspersed with swamps. The central portions are smoother but nearly treeless. Game was originally abundant here.

Social Organization

People lived in village communities generally small in size and sometimes consisting of a single family. Each little community had a sub-chief and these sub-chiefs were under the authority of the head chief. Some sources claim that each group of the Shasta had a separate head chief and that there was no unity between Scott Valley, Shasta Valley and the Klamath River people. Some sources include the Rogue Valley group too as being independent. But Mr. E. Steele, early day judge at Yreka and friend of the Indians, stated that before their organization was broken up by the whites, one Shasta chief exercised authority over all this territory with his headquarters in Scott Valley. Before the white man came, as a nation the Shasta were different from California Indians proper in that they had more solidarity. What Mr. Steele said is in agreement with statements made by present Shasta people. Within historic time the head-chief of all the Shasta lived in Scott Valley and his name was Tyee Jim. Clara Wicks said, "Tyee Jim was our peace-maker. He spoke for us." She went on to say that Tyee Jim would go over to Shasta Valley, or to the Klamath River or even up Bogus to help settle quarrels or pray at funerals. Winnie Nelson agreed with Clara. This suggests that there was governmental unity between the groups of Shasta, the rudiments of which persisted even after the white man came.

Power of Chief and Law

The power of the chief was advisory more than absolute and when there was big trouble in a community which the sub-chief couldn't settle, he would call the head-chiefs. Sometimes the chieftancy was hereditary, but the chief must be wealthy and respected by all or he was not allowed to take his position.

Possession of wealth on the part of the chief was necessary because he often had to pay or advance out of his own property, the fines required as blood-money of the people of his group. Sometimes he had to pay outright for crimes committed by the poorer people. Most disputes, major and minor, were settled with money payment and acceptance of payment forbade subsequent revenge. In minor affairs such as theft, the chief acted as mediator and settled the quarrel usually by demanding payment be made to the aggrieved party. For more serious crimes such as murder there was more formality. Go-betweens were hired, much as a lawyer is hired today, and these went to the family of the murdered man and tried to arrange for blood money to be paid. This was sometimes merely property in dentalium (shells), food, or redhead woodpecker scalps, but sometimes included one or more women. The amount of payment required was usually a simple affair to arrange because each individual had his or her fixed value, depending on the bride-price their father paid for their mother.

Rising Sun — Got-a-uke Ek-su.
—courtesy Pat Martin

Shasta Indian, Molly Oscar, and grandchildren.
—courtesy Pat Martin

Clothing and Personal Adornment

The men wore moccasins, long leggings reaching from hip to ankle, and sometimes a shirt. All these articles were made of buckskin—the moccasins with an outer sole of bear or elkhide. Much care was given to making the dress moccasins which were stitched expertly and beautifully beaded. Both sexes and children usually went barefoot except when going into the hills or in winter. Clothing was scant in summer and consisted merely of a tied buckskin around the hips.

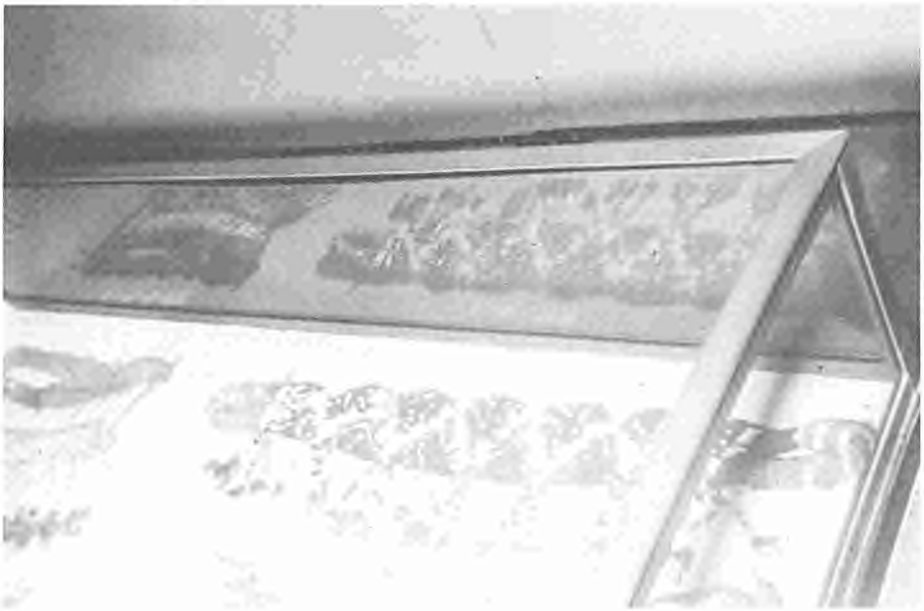
For extra warmth in winter the people wore fur robes usually of raccoon or ringtail-cat skin. The skins were sewn together head end up, with the tail left dangling and were highly prized. Winter moccasins often had a sole of bearskin having the fur left on, and this being turned inside brought the foot in direct contact with the warm fur. Sometimes the feet were wrapped in moss, grass and other furs. Snowshoes made of deer hide thongs with the hair left on were worn. For decoration, seams of clothes were often painted; skirts were fringed at the seams; leggings were fringed down the sides, the fringe of the better ones was decorated with beads or seeds.

Some sources say the Shasta women dressed similar to the Karok, Yurok and Hupa people. The Shasta whose boundary connected with the Karok probably did dress similar to the Karok. This type of dress consisted of a sleeveless buckskin blouse; moccasins; a double fringed buckskin shirt with apron both decorated with seeds, pine nuts, shells or beads and a basketry cap. The everyday buckskin shirt was a simple wraparound. The dance or dress-up shirt was beautifully fringed and beaded and decorated with shells.

The other type of clothing Shasta women wore was the one piece fringed buckskin dress and resembled the Modoc buckskin dress which showed plains influence. Winnie Nelson's grandmother wore this type dress when she was a young girl. The women wore a braided horsehair belt which was originally of human hair. These belts were made of many tiny braids; were decorated with shells and beads, and were four to six inches wide.

Deer marrow was saved and packed in a deer bladder for dressing the hair and for chapped hands and face. Mint was sometimes added to the women's cosmetic deer marrow to make it smell nice. A certain plant was boiled and the water used as a hair rinse. This rinse gave a reddish cast to their black hair. Bear and otter oil were sometimes used for the hair.

The people spent much time brushing their shiny black hair with brushes made of bunched pine needles or porcupine quills. Children's



Shasta woman's braided horse hair belt.
—courtesy Pat Martin

hair was burned off close to their head at the age of one month. Facial hair was plucked out.

Body painting was used by a doctor (shaman) and by warriors preparing for a raid. The colored paints were obtained mainly from the different earths of the area. The paints were ground and mixed with pitch; then applied to the upper parts of the body. The design of dots, stripes and solid masses a young warrior painted himself for his first raid was the pattern he was to use for the rest of his life.

Girls were tattooed at puberty with three vertical stripes on the chin. The tattooing was usually done by an old woman who cut deep incisions in the girl's chin and rubbed in soot from pitch mixed with fat or blue mud.

Dwellings

The dwelling house was occupied during the winter and was generally rectangular or oval and semi-subterranean. The interior was dug out and a shallow pit was added in the center for a fireplace. Earth, pine needles and/or oak leaves were packed up to reach the eaves. The inside walls were lined with cedar bark and the floor was packed hard and often covered with tule mats. The roof was made of slabs of cedar bark.

The people could be called semi-nomadic even though they were sedentary stay-at-homes who rarely traveled over twenty miles total even on a hunting trip. In summer they often lived in brush houses near their fishing grounds or bulb and root gathering grounds. In early fall they often moved to their favorite acorn gathering area and lived in a crude bark house or rock shelter. They kept moving, though short distances, in their own territory, gathering food as it was ready, and hunting. Then in late fall the Shasta would return to their winter camp.

Sweat House

Besides the dwelling house, the Shasta also built a big sweat house which could also be used as an assembly chamber. The sweat house was dug out deeper than the dwelling and the roof was almost flat at ground level. Dirt and pine needles were thrown over the roof to make the sweat house almost air tight. This large type sweat house was built only in the larger villages and was heated by a central fire. Small dome shaped steam sweat houses were used by individual families. The daily sweat-bath followed by a warm or cold bath was part of the life of the Shasta people. Clara Wicks related the following story concerning the sweat house: "I can remember people coming to sweat on Saturday night (a social occasion). They would make a dome frame of poles and throw blankets over the top. In the early days they used skins. Then they would heat rocks and splash water on the rocks and steam them-

selves. Mama would sweat sometimes and I always wanted to, but Mama said it was too hot. They really got themselves clean and came out looking like peeled onions." Clara also stated that there was a large sweat house on the Ed Burton ranch which was used for as assembly house in the old days and was used also for meetings of the resurrection religion (Ghost Dance).

The daily sweatbath was common to all tribes of Siskiyou County and most of California. Sweating served social, educational and spiritual as well as hygienic purposes. As a self-purification ceremony, Shasta hunters had to sweat, usually five days, in preparation for a hunting trip, fishing trip or war raid. The sacred tobacco was smoked in the sweathouse. Here also, the men and boys often slept. In the privacy of the sweat house boys could be instructed in Indian ways and were told things women weren't allowed to hear.

Doctoring or Shamanism

Treatment for disease was a mixture of natural and spiritual methods. Healing herbs and certain roots were administered with beneficial results. Negative powers or the "Indian Devil" were principal causes of sickness; so the first concern of the doctor was to drive away such spirits. This they accomplished by chanting; singing, often with the help of their patient's family or friends; dancing; blowing tobacco smoke in the air; sprinkling the air with water in which icknish root or other herbs had been boiled—using an eagle feather dipped into the mixture; the ceremonial performance of sucking at the painful or diseased area. The Shasta shaman or doctor was a person of great importance in the community. The position of shaman was often, but not always, hereditary and dreams of various sorts were the first indication that a person was to become a shaman. To ignore pre-Shamanistic dreams could bring sickness or even death; so if a person started having these special dreams he usually began to prepare himself for the occupation of shaman.

Trade and Transportation

There was considerable trade down the Klamath River with the Karok, and probably through their territory. Dentalium, salt or seaweed, baskets of all kinds, tan-oak acorns and canoes were the articles that came to the Shasta. In return they gave obsidian, deerskins, and sugarpine nuts. Oaks became scarce near the Oregon line and any surplus acorn flour the Shasta possessed found ready takers among these Oregonian people. Most of the obsidian used by the Shasta came from Glass Mountain where it was obtained from trade with the Achomawi, or Modoc tribe.

There was an Indian trail up Shackleford over the Marble Mountains through Somes Bar and Hupa to the coast used as a trade route by

the Indians of Scott Valley. The people of Scott Valley took tanned skins and traded them for smoked fish and shells to the Indians on the coast.

Transportation was on foot except for a few canoes. The Klamath River was swift in the Shasta territory and not well suited to canoes. The Shasta acquired a few horses after the cavalry came.

Food: Its Gathering, Preparation and Storage

The food gathering chore was a slow and tedious job which took much of a woman's time and was considered strictly woman's work. Nature provided a great variety of food for the Shasta people but their staff of life was the acorn, and their most important meat was salmon. These people practiced no agriculture and the only plant they propagated was a non-food—tobacco. Seeds of the Indian tobacco would be sown in the ashes of a tree that had been burned for that purpose.

Roots such as apaw and icknish were dug with a sharp pointed digging stick. This method of gathering food is where the slang term "digger" Indian originated. On a food-gathering trip the women carried their large conical shaped burden baskets on their backs. Small seeds were beaten off grass and caught in a rawhide receptacle. Acorns were gathered in the fall, cracked, hulled, dried, and pounded into flour. The women sometimes used a deep rock mortar for this job, but more often used a bottomless mortar basket set on a rock slab. The finished product was a very fine meal. Bitter and toxic tannin was leached from the flour, leaving it bland. Extra flour was stored in large baskets lined with woven leaves. From this acorn flour the women made acorn soup, acorn cakes and acorn bread. The pounded powder of deer and salmon bones was sometimes added to the acorn soup, or for variety dried manzanita berry pulp could be added. Fruits containing a large stone such as wild plum, were dried and pounded—seed and all. Other fruits such as chokecherry, elderberry and backberry were dried for storage. Meat was dried and smoked and sometimes pounded into powder form to conserve storage space. Salmon heads were sometimes crushed and made into cakes which were used as a concentrated food on hunting trips in winter.

Cooking was accomplished by various methods. These included boiling, roasting, baking, steaming and smoking. Acorn soup was boiled in a water-tight basket and stirred with a large wooden mush paddle. The cooking process was accomplished by hot stones dropped into the basket and stirred vigorously. Sometimes the deep rock mortars used for pounding were also used for cooking utensils. The mortar was placed in the fire pit and heated. Hot rocks were dropped into the mortar hole to help with the cooking. Meat was boiled, roasted, smoked or wrapped in woven leaves and baked in a covered pit in the ground.

Small game, such as squirrels, was roasted in hot coals with the hide and hair on. Small acorn cakes were baked on a flat rock slanted up in front of the fire. Sugar-pine nuts were steamed in an earthen oven, then dried.

For dishes the people used baskets and for silverware, wooden, elk-horn or mussel shell spoons. Their knives were made of flaked rock. The old people who couldn't chew well often used a small rock mortar for a bowl. They could pound and grind their food easily in the small mortars.

Wicks brothers catch in 1900.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Hunting and Fishing

Both hunting and fishing places were inherited in the male line. Each village had a well-recognized territory within which the areas of different families lay. A hunter or fisherman always shared his game fairly with the rest of the village. Sons or sons-in-law hunted for their older parents and a relative would hunt for a widow.

Fish were caught by nets, spears, fish traps, hook and line and shot with arrows. Salmon were usually trapped, speared or netted. There were two large salmon traps within the Shasta territory of the Klamath River. One of these was at the mouth of the Scott River, one at the mouth of the Shasta River. These dam-like traps were privately owned, but anyone was allowed to come and spear fish there. The Shasta Indians on the Klamath River thought that the first fish to ascend the stream

annually brought the "salmon medicine" put on by the Yurok Indians at the mouth of the river. These first fish therefore were always allowed to pass. The large net used by the Shasta was a very ingenious one and was much used by the other Indians of this whole region, and it is still used today.

Deer were hunted in a variety of wavs. Deer drives were made. The people drove the deer into a trap where the deer were snared, clubbed or shot with arrows. In late fall they went higher into the mountains and it was at this time they had the big drive, encircling the deer with fire. This fire served a dual purpose. It not only drove the deer into a trap but the fire also burned off the woods and kept them healthy. It was a common practice of the Shasta and Karok to burn their particular section of the woods in the fall. After this big drive the deer were mating and no one hunted them. Later, after the first snowstorm, the people put on their snow-shoes and hunted again. The Shasta also used the stalking technique for hunting deer, and antlers at various stages of development were kept to use as disguise for the hunter. For this purpose the hunter put on the whole skin of the deer with antlers attached.

Both black and grizzly bears were hunted in their dens. Hunters sweated for five days in preparation for a black bear hunt and had to dance the war dance before hunting grizzlies.

Other game was snared or shot. Hardwood points were often used on the arrows for small game, the stone points being reserved for war or other game. Elk were killed chiefly in the winter, being run down on snow shoes and shot or clubbed.

Hide Tanning

The Shasta Indians were expert hide tanners and produced hides as soft and pliable as cloth. The hide was first soaked in plain water for a few days or until the hair loosened. Then the hide was stretched till half dry, and scraped thoroughly on both sides; then well beaten with sticks. Next the hide was again soaked but this time a mixture of grass and deer brains that had been baked together was added to the water. The hide was soaked in this mixture for two days, then removed, hung and scraped with a stick or rib. The hide was then smoked. Bearskins were staked to the ground and scraped. Rotten pine was sprinkled repeatedly over the hide to absorb oil. Then the bear skin was washed with hot water and scraped with a stone scraper. Bearskin tanning was exclusively men's work and the hides were prized as bed covers. The skins of small animals were left nearly intact and used as quivers.

Warfare

There was little or nothing in the way of organized warfare with these people except for raids on the hated Modocs.

In 1835 a party of French Canadians took several Modocs to The Dalles on the Columbia River. At this great trading center they learned that the Northwest Coast Indians paid well for slaves. After this the Modocs began to raid the Achomawi (Pit River), Shasta and Takelma (Oregon) groups for slaves. They usually traded the captives to the Klamaths who took them to The Dalles.

The bow was the chief weapon of the Shasta. In use it was held horizontally. The Shasta used both elkhide and stick armor and sometimes wore a headband or helmet of hide.

For several nights before setting out on a raid the members of a raiding party would dance the war dance. The dancers stood in line facing the fire and danced, stamping one foot only and carrying bows or knives. Position and step are characteristic of the northwestern tribes. Women stood at the ends of the line.

Mollie Oscar wearing necklace of dentalium shells.

Money

Dentalium shells and redhead woodpecker scalps were used as money. As currency, dentalium were divided into two classes according to size. The large shells were regarded as equalling one dollar in 1907. The woodpecker scalps were carefully dried and kept in rolls of buckskin. They too, were of two grades, the scalp of the larger being worth twice that of the smaller. The central California disk bead of hard clamshell was less prized than dentalium.

Elk horn spoons and rock bowl.
—courtesy Fort Jones Museum

Manufactured Objects

The manufactured objects of the Shasta include: pipes with stone bowls; wood spoons; acorn mush paddles; baskets and cordage; bows and arrows; stone pestles; projectile points; rough canoes out of sugar pine logs; beads of parched juniper berries, pine nuts and other seeds; buckskin; hair belts and other objects.

The Shasta made fine quality knives, scrapers, spears and arrow points chiefly of obsidian. Arrow and spear points were made by holding the obsidian or other rock material in a split stick like a vise and flaking the stone with pressure on a piece of antler. Stone pipe tips were ground laboriously into shape by pounding with a piece of antler aided by sand. Wood was not widely used except for bows, arrow shafts, spoons and mush paddles. Wood carving was considered man's work. Bone and antler were used for scrapers, awls, wedges, arrow-flakers, salmon gigs and bird bone whistles. Deer hoof rattles were used cere-

monially and as clothing decoration on the women's good dress skirts. The clatter of these rattles along with shells added a pleasant cadence to the Shasta dances. The main use of shell was for ornament and in the form of beads as currency (dentalium).

Cordage and netting were made from wild hemp, wild iris, and other grasses. Cordage was manufactured chiefly by old men and women, but only men made the deer snare rope and fish net.

Marriage

Marriage was by purchase and both sides were eager to set as high a price as possible since the value of the children was determined by the bride-price of the mother. Blood money to that amount could be demanded for a killing or injury. Peoples' social status depended on the bride-price of their mother; so often the youth's entire family would contribute toward the price of his bride.

The normal price paid for a bride of average standing is said to have been fifteen or twenty full size dentalium shells, ten to fifteen strings of disk beads, and twenty to thirty woodpecker scalps, with one or more deerskins added for good measure.

Birth

From the beginning of pregnancy the husband and wife were subject to strict regulations all for the good of the child. The father from fear of prenatal influence hunted less and less as the time of birth approached. Delivery took place in the woman's hut where the mother remained with her baby for one month. The father stayed with the mother in the hut for five days after birth. He and the mother observed strict food taboos and the father had to sweat every day for five days. The baby was steamed over baskets of boiling water and was given only nominal quantities of food for the first five days after birth.

Adolescence

At the age of ten or twelve boys and girls had their ears pierced with a porcupine quill. Sometimes a dentalium shell was inserted into the ear lobe. For a period of five days after his ears were pierced a child had to eat and sleep little and had to walk alone in the hills. It was a characteristic of many California tribes that at this time a boy would build a spirit quest cairn out of rocks. It is possible that the Shasta observed this ceremonial custom as unaccountable and unnatural piles of rocks are found in their territory.

Girls Puberty Ceremony

The adolescence dance was conducted on a much more grand scale by the Shasta than by most other tribes evidently because it was one of their few opportunities for rhythmic ritual. This was the only big

public dance the Shasta held. It took two principle forms—a round dance and one in which the men locked arms and rocked sideways while the women held on to their belts from behind.

The girl's period of fasting and seclusion was ten days, and each night she participated in a dance made for her. She wore a band or visor of blue-jay feathers like those used by the Karok to shield the eyes. She was forbidden to look upon fire, sun, moon, or human beings. She did not speak except perhaps to whisper to her mother. She could not wash or comb her hair, could scratch her head and eyes only with a bone, and wore moccasins continually—perhaps because the only activity besides dancing permitted her was to gather wood for the dance fire and for every house in the village. She slept as little as possible, with her head in a mortar basket. While in her hut she held and would occasionally shake, a deer-hoof rattle, the implement associated with this class of observances throughout northern California.

A curious and unexplained symbolic reference to the east pervaded all of this ceremony. The girl faced east while in her hut. She faced east while dancing and the dancers mostly looked in that same direction. On the morning after the tenth night the girl's blue-jay visor was gradually removed. At high noon it was finally taken off and thrown towards the east. This act marked the real conclusion of the ceremony.

There was also a welcoming dance to parties of visitors. The last night was one of freely tolerated licence. To maintain this ceremony for ten days, and then repeat it in full on two subsequent months, meanwhile feeding all visitors from other villages, entailed great expense on the girl's parents.

Death and Burial

The Shasta had a strong desire to be buried in their native land and this request was often observed. If a man died at a distance or was killed on a war raid he was buried in the local graveyard. His relatives would subsequently pay the residents for the exhumation of his bones and transportation to his ancestral cemetery. A person dying indoors was taken out through a hole in the room instead of the door. Some of the Shasta cemeteries were in the village; others were far from town.

All relatives and friends who came to the burial ceremony brought shell money and beads and placed them on the body. Sometimes a man's favorite hunting dogs were killed and buried with him. Grave goods were usually broken because the people believed, when someone died, his belongings died too and shouldn't be used by anyone else.

A five-day fast with sweating and dancing was considered an obligation to the grave diggers and nearest relatives. The hair was burned off as a traditional sign of mourning and a widower kept his hair short until he remarried. A widow, in addition, rubbed charcoal and pitch on

her face and head. Widows, widowers, and parents who had lost a child wore a mourning belt made either or their own hair or willow bark. With regards to the soul, the Shasta believed the soul was helped along its journey to the land of the dead by the dancing, sweating and fasting at the funeral. The name of the deceased was never mentioned for a year, and seldom thereafter.

Summary

The Shasta tribe could be described as a peripheral culture since the territory of the Shasta was on the fringes of three culture areas and they mingled elements from each culture.

The Shasta mode of life was most closely related to the northwest coast culture with their emphasis on wealth, especially dentalium. The northwest coast traits came to the Shasta via their proximity to the Karok, Yurok, and Hupa people.

The Shasta were food gatherers and hunters with some civic organization. These characteristics suggest the central California influence which, along with other traits, came through from the Wintun and Yana.

The small dome-shaped steam sweathouse made of poles and the women's one piece buckskin dress are elements of culture derived from the northeast culture area and came from the Shasta's neighbors to the east, the Modocs.

Where Have They Gone?

An estimated and accepted Shasta population for the year 1850 was 2000 souls. Now there are no known pure Shasta. What happened to these people?

In early goldrush days the Indians' lot was hard. Miners often shot them for sport like wild game. As settlers came in they brought the white man's diseases and claimed the Shasta ancestral lands. The natives' health and spirits began to fail. Hundreds died on forced marches to reservations. Hundreds more died of small-pox. These conditions lead to the extinction of a people, a tragedy we all lament. And now a belated awareness is apparent among us whites that patterns of life other than our own have validity and significance. Now also, among the descendants of these people and other tribes of Siskiyou, there has been a renewed interest and pride in their Indian heritage. With enough dedication and work from enough people of Indian ancestry, the heartbeat of those ancients can be rekindled.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The ultimate sources of most of the information in this paper were Shasta Indians. All of them are gone now. Many were born before 1830.

(cont'd. on page 69)

Sergeant Sambo
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Sergeant Sambo

Ah-Kee-Ah-Humpy

By MRS. LOREITA M. CAMPBELL

During the summer of 1960 my husband, the late John Campbell, and I found ourselves in Hornbrook when we were enjoying a Sunday afternoon drive.

My husband said, "Let's stop at Gosney's to see Sergeant Sambo. He is living in a small cabin and they say he is nearly blind.

"He used to help my grandmother and later my mother when we lived down the Klamath near Oak Bar. Grandma Collins and my step-granddad had a large ranch house where travelers between Yreka and Happy Camp could stay over night to rest and have their teams cared for before they continued their journey."

We did stop to see Sergeant Sambo and much to his delight, when he recognized my husband. His cabin was very clean and he himself wore a white shirt and light colored trousers. His snow white hair framed his countenance and his almost sightless eyes. He talked with enthusiasm to my husband recalling life as they remembered it down the Klamath, especially the area between Oak Bar and Horse Creek. Sergeant Sambo had spent most of his life in the same area.

Recently I have had the good fortune to read a taped interview conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Meamber and Sergeant Sambo. This interview took place about the same time as our visit. Much of the material in this biography came from this interview which was trans-

posed and edited by Miss Gladys Haight. Other material came from newspaper clippings based on interviews held during the latter part of his life.

According to the records in the U.S. Department of Interior, Sergeant Sambo was born in 1865 at the rancherie on Donor Creek, a tributary to the Klamath River. He celebrated his birthday on Oct. 6.

"You know how I know this?" Sergeant's eyes twinkled. "When I was born my father got a carpenter, Dad Whitely, to smooth a board to lay me on. You see, I was never kept in a basket. I was tied to the board so that my mother could carry me easily. None of my brothers and sisters was kept in a basket. Dad Whitely had carved on the board the date October 6, 1865. That's how I know!"

Sergeant Sambo's grandfather, Maw-Qwa-Haw-O, was the chief of four Shasta tribes: Shasta Valley, Quartz Valley, the Klamath to the mouth of Scott River, and the tribe around Jacksonville in Oregon. These tribes spoke the same language which was known as the Kik-ut-sik. The chief's wife was from Shasta Valley. The grandparents spent most of their time near Jacksonville.

The chief's son, Sambo, was in charge of the Klamath and Quartz Valley tribes. The name Sambo was given to him by the early trappers when he was a small boy. Sambo's home was known as Sambo Bar. There was a ceremonial ground where dances were held. Also there was a sweat house.

When Sambo was a young man he was betrothed to a Karok princess. Since the princess was still a small girl, Sambo was allowed to take another wife until she was old enough to marry.

Sergeant Sambo was the oldest child of this marriage. There were four other children but they had died except for the youngest in the family—a sister Dolly who lived at Hamburg. "She didn't count for much," said Sergeant, "for she was just an old woman."

As the titular head of the Klamath tribe, Sambo had dealings with an officer from the fort known as Fort Jones. This officer had impressed Sambo to the extent that he named his first-born son "Sergeant", since that seemed to be the officer's only name. Thus the son's name was Sergeant Sambo. For many years Sergeant had a military cape which was given to his father by the officer.

Sergeant and the other children in Sambo's family were taught the Indian traditions and legends by their grandmother in the evenings and sometimes the lessons were continued the next morning.

During his youth Sergeant formed a close friendship with a white boy who attended school. The boys often spent the night together and Sergeant would have his friend tell him what he had learned in school during the day. This boy taught Sergeant to read fluently. Many nights they would read in bed by candle light until they were sleepy.

One of Sergeant's early memories was the custom of plunging into the icy water at daybreak for a swim. Then there would be a dash to the sweathouse to get warm. On one occasion his foot was frozen to a rock and had to be pried off.

Sergeant recalled a fishing trip to Horse Creek when he was very young. He was tied to his father by a leather cord so that he would not get lost. The Indians had no horses so they walked over rough trails through the hills along the Klamath River. All of the difficulties of traveling were forgotten when they had good luck fishing.

On their way they came up a steep hill from the top of which they could see a large building near the river. Sergeant's father told him that the building was Horse Creek.

When they reached Horse Creek a man came out of the building and talked to Sambo. Then the man picked Sergeant up and carried him to the kitchen where he told his wife to give the boy food. While Sergeant was eating the man gathered a bucket of apples for the older members of the family. This man, Sergeant said, was Johnny Pickens' father.

Sergeant said that the Indians used mainly three methods of fishing:

1. When the river was raised a small semi circle dip net was used. These are used for mountain trout. The fisherman waded out into deep water and dipped his net into the water. When the net was partially filled the fisherman would quickly remove it from the water.

2. Sometimes they used "set nets". These were used down the river and not so often by the Shasta Indians. A platform was built over the deep water. Then the fisherman would lower a long net bag attached to a triangle of poles by many fine strings. When a fish was caught in the net the fisherman would know by the pull on the strings. He would pull the net up quickly and remove the fish. These were large fish—steelhead or salmon. The platform usually washed away during winter so new ones would have to be built each spring.

3. The Indians also used a fish ladder which was used at certain times in the spring. There would be a gathering of the tribe for these occasions. When the fish were caught they were cooked by the children. The boys cooked the fish and the girls made the acorn porridge. No one was allowed to eat until the cooking was completed. The children ate last.

The modes of travel were by walking or by canoe, for the Indians had no horses until the white man came.

While Sergeant Sambo was growing to manhood the life of the Indians was changing. There were at first only the white trappers who the Indians called Muskie Men (Makay's men). They would hire

the Indians to row them across the river and pay them in colored beads which the Indians were eager to get.

In a cigar box which Sergeant had in his chest, there was a picture of Sergeant when he was seventeen years old. This picture was of a tall erect youth dressed in Indian ceremonial fashion. The main part of the garment was buckskin which was decorated with many colored beads and wildcat fur.

The trappers were followed by the miners who often lacked the courtesy shown by the trappers. Among these were the Chinese. They worked feverishly until they had amassed as much gold as they could carry and then returned to China, leaving much debris as evidence of their labor.

To supply the needs of the miners John and Gus Meamber started a pack train between Fort Jones and Happy Camp. Sergeant said that he and his father were well acquainted with these men who lived in Quartz Valley.

Some of the men who had come to mine settled down to farming and cattle raising. They cleared land that had once been hunting grounds for the Indians. As the farmers moved in the Indians were pushed aside to less attractive land. Even Sambo sold his land at Sambo Bar with the aid of Mr. Barton who owned a store at Horse Creek. Sambo then lived in a smaller rancherie near the home of the Lichen family.

Sambo was able to get work for his fifteen-year-old son during the haying season.

One of Sergeant's jobs was in Seiad Valley on a large cattle ranch owned by Dave Doggett, who also had many horses. The young boy loved the horses and learned quickly to be a buckaroo. His skill in breaking horses was due in part to the fact that he rode bare-back. He had observed that riders were often dragged by having a foot caught in the stirrup.

"I was never bucked off a horse in my life but I used to be afraid to see anyone else ride a wild horse. I was no coward. If I knew the horse was going to buck I hid." Sergeant chuckled as he reflected on his riding days.

Mr. Lowden, a nearby rancher, had more than five hundred head of cattle that had not be herded for over five years. He sold these cattle to a man named Moore from Butte Valley. This man sent his own buckaroos to gather these wild cattle but they were unable to get about a hundred and fifty of them.

Mr. Doggett sent Sergeant to watch the salt licks. There were small corrals with high fences near the salt licks. The cattle would approach the lick very cautiously for they could smell the presence of humans. These animals were fierce fighters when cornered and Sergeant said he climbed many a tree to escape their sharp horns. When

the cattle were leaving the salt lick he would try to rush them into one of the corrals, then slip up and bar the entrance as quickly as possible. By this means he captured all but about twenty head of them. Since capturing these animals was a slow process, they were butchered on the spot and the meat sold locally.

At this time Sergeant's father worked for the Lichens family. They had built a new addition to their home so they hired Sergeant to paper a room. After he had worked all morning getting the ceiling paper on he stopped for lunch. When he returned the paper was all down on the floor!

Unfortunately, the Lichens had no more of the paper. Consequently Sergeant's career as a paper hanger was at an end.

The next day while Sergeant was at home nursing his injured pride, he heard many loud and angry voices outside. He went to the door to see what was going on. A feud had erupted among the members of Sambo's tribe led by Sambo's cousin Beans. They shouted that they were going to kill Sambo and Sergeant too! Quickly Sergeant seized a gun and a belt of ammunition and started out the door. He saw a man coming toward him. In self-defense he shot at the man and the others departed, for it seemed they had only one gun amongst them. They hurried across a foot bridge over the river shouting that they would return.

In the meantime Sambo was swearing to kill them if they returned. In an effort to conciliate them, Sambo's mother crossed the foot bridge, but the attackers would not let her return.

That night a war dance was held while the attackers awaited reinforcements from Hamburg. Sergeant and another Indian went to Scott Bar to see a relative and get aid. Some of Sambo's followers went to see the Justice of the Peace, Dave Collins. However, Mr. Collins said he could no nothing for he was too old to handle such cases. He advised them to go to Yreka for help.

After a day in Scott Bar Sergeant returned to his father's home by a trail through the mountains. When he reached home the trouble seemed to have simmered down.

A day or so later Sambo had returned to his job of weeding onions in the Lichens' garden. Suddenly a shot rang out. Sambo had been hit in the jaw. Bleeding profusely, he was taken to the Lichens' kitchen and placed on the floor. According to some accounts he died there, but some of the "old timers" who remember the incident say he recovered, but bore the scar as long as he lived.

Sergeant spoke only once of illness. When he was a young boy he had what he called typhoid fever. His father had him taken to a tent apart from the family. When all the medicinal skill of the native people did not bring results, Sambo asked Dr. Ream, who was on his way home

from Happy Camp, to see his son. Dr. Ream gave Sergeant a tablespoon full of powder for which he charged Sambo $5.00! He did get better soon, he remembered.

Sergeant Sambo said that his mother had the power of a doctor and he added, he also had the power at one time. The power, he explained, was not to be confused with that of a medicine man who uses herbs to cure different kinds of sickness. The power that his mother and he had was in being able to foretell what was going to happen in the future.

Because of a canoe accident one of Sergeant's arms was badly injured; therefore he was forced to give up the life of a buckaroo, which was his favorite occupation. He was forced to turn to doing odd jobs for his livelihood. He worked on various ranches as cook, gardener, and even as baby sitter. He was especially proud of his skill as a cook. Eventually, he served as cook for the Hornbrook Hotel for over twenty years when that town was a railroad division point.

As the years passed by Sergeant Sambo's eyesight began to fail. He received a blind pension which was ample to take care of his simple needs. During his later years he lived in a small cabin owned by the Gosney family in Hornbrook.

His chief source of pleasure was in telling of his life experiences to both children and adults as well. Occasionally he would say, "Why do people come to me now to tell them of the past? Now I have forgotten so much—I've seen so many things in my day, but I can't possibly tell about them all—there were so many—" Then he would sigh and look out the window.

One of the proudest experiences in his life came at this time when many of his lifelong interests had to be abandoned. This was the opportunity to become a teacher!

Sergeant was the last of his people who could speak the Kik-ut-sik dialect. It was a great source of pleasure to him to teach this dialect to a young woman who was a graduate student in linguistics from the University of California. Each summer she had come to be instructed by Sergeant. Sergeant would smile and say, "In my day schools were held in the winter."

Miss Catherine Holt, the student, was able to make a record of the dialect in the **Shasta Ethnology** bulletin for the **American Museum of Natural History,** Vol. 19, part 5. A copy of this work is to be found in the Siskiyou County Library in Yreka.

The final two years of Sergeant Sambo's life were spent at a home for the aged near Gazelle. He had suffered a stroke which affected his left eye and leg, making it necessary for him to walk with a cane. Although he longed to return to his home in Hornbrook, he enjoyed the companionship of the other elderly patients at the rest home. He es-

pecially enjoyed television and became an avid fan of the Giants in baseball.

At last the day came when Sergeant had to be taken to the hospital for intensive care. On June 24, 1963, death came to Sergeant Sambo. His last request was that he be buried in a beautiful place—not a rocky burial ground as his forefathers had at Hamburg. In compliance with his wish, he was buried in the Henley-Hornbrook cemetery.

During his lifetime he had seen almost a complete century of change come to his beloved Siskiyou.

Sally Houghlet
—courtesy Pearl Hamilton

Sally Houghlett

By PEARL HAMILTON

Sally Houghlett was the wife of John Houghlett who was an early day rider on the Big Ditch. She lived on Squaw Creek about five miles west of Gazelle.

She told my mother that she was reared by white people, but she had the tattoo of 111 on her chin.

Many of the rock fences that she built are still standing as a memento for her hard work. She always raised a large garden and took care of an orchard. She used to can lots of fruit, but there always seemed to be as many hornets and flies as fruit. The Dewey Mine bought lots of her fruit and vegetables.

At one time John took a young lady with her brother and sister up there to live. Sally must have become jealous, because in the absence of John she got her pistol and marched them down the road to a neighbor's home, telling them "me injun—me shoot". Anyway, they never came back.

John finally lost his mind and was sent to Napa. For several years Sally lived in a cabin near the home of the John Sissel Ranch and Mrs. Sissel cared for her.

Later she was taken to the county hospital where she died.

Tyee Jim's fish weir. —courtesy Pat Martin

Stories by Clara Wicks

A Story From My Grandmother's Life

Grandma's parents used to live down by the old Gus Meamber place—that's where they all lived. Grandmother lived up in Joy Land—up that draw. They had a lookout way up on this peak. They could see clear over on through to Callahan. Every time they saw a moving object they would give warning. Then they all would run for their hiding places in the mountains.

This time they were busy. They had fishing place there in the river where the Indians used to come down and get fish from them. This was Tyee Jim's fishing place. He got a whole lot of willows and wove them together and stretched them across the river (Scott). Sometimes the Indians would bring a load of acorns and trade. Sometimes

there wouldn't be any acorns down here, and up along through Callahan there would be a lot of acorns. Then the people that lived up Callahan would bring those acorns and trade. They were down there fishing this time and the first thing they know, those Indians came in on them. They were Modoc Indians. It was just daybreak when they came in.

Some of the Shasta got away but those Modoc Indians got Grandma. She must have been fifteen or sixteen or something like that—maybe older. They took her to Rogue River and kept her housed up all the time. They watched her day and night and when they slept one of them would sleep by the door and every time Grandma moved, their heads would pop up.

One day one young woman came there and asked those folks if she could have Grandma come out and help her fix acorns. She said she's got quite a bit of acorns to fix and she said she needed some help. This was a Rogue Valley Indian woman. They could talk our language you know. So Grandma helped her all forenoon I think.

That lady told her, "You try and take a sneak tonight after dark. I'll have a lunch and a pair of moccasins for you hanging up in a certain tree. You'll find it there." Grandma was barefooted. They wouldn't give her her shoes or anything. They were afraid she might take off. This lady said she would have a new pair of moccasins for her hanging in that certain tree. She told Grandma where the tree was. So Grandma said she would try to sneak off.

They all had gone to bed after that, and everything was quiet just before break of daylight. Grandma moved and nobody stared. She got up easy and sneaked out. One was sleeping by the door there and she stepped by him just as carefully as could be and went. Sure enough, the lunch and the moccasins were hanging there in the tree so she put the moccasins on and she took off. The lady told Grandma what direction to take.

Just think how far she came from Rogue River. She never said how many days it took her but she came. She swam the (Klamath) river, I don't know where. She must have crossed the river up by Hornbrook somewhere, because she came through Montague. When she swam the river she stripped herself and bundled her clothes up and tied the bundle on top of her head so it wouldn't get wet. Her clothes were dry when she got out. She could swim good, see.

As she came through the valley there were some women digging roots out in the field or meadow. They saw her and Grandma started to run. They made motion for her not run. She stopped and they came over and met her. They knew she was a stranger. Then they took her to Scarface where they were camping. They were Shasta Indians.

Two men who were riding by on horseback saw her too, but these

women took Grandma to their house at Scarface. Her moccasins were worn out; so she stayed at Scarface a couple of days and rested. Those men that saw her came there and they said they wanted to take her to their place. The women said, "No, we saw her first," and the men said, "We were with her when you showed up." But the women said no, and they kept Grandma.

Then she was going to come over the Scarface trail over Moffett Creek. She came over, but instead of coming over this way, she took the wrong trail and went up towards Table Rock. She took south. Instead of following the creek down, she went up. You know there is a big rock up Moffett Creek that is called Table Rock.

The women told her there was some men (Shasta) out hunting. They had been out hunting and camping in Moffett Creek somewhere. They said, "You might meet them; they are coming home today." So Grandma was kind of watching out for them. Finally she heard them talking. She sneaked off into the brush and hid until they all went by. They never suspected her at all. After everything quieted down, Grandma got back in the trail. There was some dried venison scattered along th trail. The men's packs got loose somehow and it fell out. She picked it up and followed that trail up to a camp place. It was getting late. The sun was down. The men's fire was still smoldering. She built up a fire and roasted some of that jerky for dinner. Then she camped there.

She knew she was lost, so she climbed up the mountain. She came right over back of Harry Bryan's right across from Crystal Creek. As she came over she saw Independence Rock. When she saw that big rock she knew where she was and she crossed that valley.

There were some immigrants coming down there and she had to hide from them. Every now and then another wagon would come along. They had a trail right along the mountains there all the way down. Instead of coming through the valley they just hugged the hill. She kept behind, and followed them down.

Those people (Shasta) from Scarface came over to make sure Grandma got home. And no Grandma yet. About that time, towards evening, Grandma came in. Those people (Shasta from Scarface) came this way from Moffett Creek while Grandma was coming through the valley, and they missed her.

She got home at last.

Tyee Jim - Resurrection Religion - Rising Sun

As far back as I can remember Tyee Jim lived right down here below Burtons under that little hill there they call Olimpah—and there was quite a few other Indians lived around there—rancheria area it was. He always lived there and every time people had trouble they always come to him to straighten things up, you know, and make peace. When

Lookout Point —courtesy Pat Martin

they had trouble like that, he always made peace with them all. He always did that but he wasn't a mean man or anything like that. He was always calm. Everybody liked him, and every time they had any trouble it was Tyee Jim they would run to to straighten things out..

One time there were Indians come—a whole bunch of Indians. I don't know where they all come from. They were preaching resurrection. (This was the Ghost Dance cult. The source of the Ghost Dance was the Paviosto tribe of Walker Lake in Nevada—1871. From there the religion diffused to the Washo, Pyramid Lake Paviosto, Klamath Reservation and Surprise Valley to the Modoc, Klamath, Shasta, and Karok tribes. The Shasta carried the Ghost Dance to Siletz and Grand Ponde reservations in Oregon. The Ghost Dance stressed the return of the dead Indians and hoped for the elimination of the whites. The Christian Mission influence must have been a stimulus to the resurrection idea and the hope of the revivalistic Ghost Dance impressed the desperate Indians.) So Tyee Jim built that great big sweathouse there—on that hill where he used to live on the Burton ranch. There is the outline of a sweathouse—trees are grown up in it now but you can see the outline yet in the ground. And those Indians stayed for several weeks preaching the resurrection. My mother and dad joined in. They had to sing and preach and things like that, and I don't know whether they danced or not.

At one religious meeting Clara's great aunt, Tyee Jim's wife said, "Where are they?" (the resurrection leaders?) "I don't see any of them sitting around here." She was my Grandma's sister, Lucy Jackson.

When they got through they went to Yreka and my mother and dad went there. They were there for several weeks preaching and after that

the other Indians went somewhere else and Mother and Dad came back. I think those Indians went up Rogue River but we never heard anything of them any more.

Old Rising Sun, he was around. How he got his name Rising Sun—he used to always get up before daylight and watch the dawn. And when the whites came they asked him what his name was. He couldn't say, but he pointed east at the sun. So the nearest they could come was Rising Sun; so he went by the name of Rising Sun. His Indian name was Got-a-uke Ek su. Got-a-uke means daylight. Ek su means looking for it. Rising Sun lived at Tyee Jim's. Tyee Jim was an Indian preacher too, besides peacemaker. At funeral time they called on him to preach. I've heard him preach. It was quite nice how he stood there and preached.

When Tyee Jim died we called Bogus Tom to do the preaching. They said he could preach, but he didn't come. I don't know what was the matter with him. And so they didn't have a preacher for him, and there was so many people gathered—oh, so many—white people too. His funeral was over at our old home place—Joyland it was called. He is buried next creek down from Joyland.

How he died: he had a runaway. By Meamber's his horse got scared and dragged him all the way down to Joyland. (Joyland was where Clara's Dad used to live. He fixed a place to swim in the river and people swam and had so much fun they called it Joyland.) When brother found him he was still breathing. By the time they got him home he was dead.

Doctoring

Grandma used to be sort of a doctor. They used to call on her every time somebody had a little ailment. She would go there and she would dress up with her feathers made out of yellow hammer and blue jays, and other feathers. She had bracelets, and I think she had some on her head and on her neck. A big bunch of feathers hung down her shoulders. And she used to sing and dance and sprinkle this liquid over with fir boughs. Sometimes the doctor would put their hands on and press where they got pain, and their patients would get well.

One time I used to have an awful headache. I almost died with headache day after day. I just had to go to bed and couldn't raise my head up. One day my mother's aunt came down. She had been up to Tyee Jim's place—he lived about a mile from our place. She said, "Can you make it up to Tyee Jim's? Old Henry Jo came out, and I want to see if he can doctor you and do something for that headache you got. Maybe he can help." And I said, "Well, maybe I can make it up there." So I just barely made it, I was so weak and sick.

They made a bed for me. They put a comfort and a pillow on the

floor, and they told me to lay down there. He had stripped his shirt off and rolled his pants up above his knees and he was barefooted, and he didn't have any feathers on him though. He had a bunch of fir boughs in his hands and a bowl of liquid sitting on the floor. I lay down and he started to sing and dance up and down—tip his heel and toe up, and all the others started singing and he dipped that fir into the liquid and sprinkled that over me. They kept singing and he dipped the boughs in the liquid and rubbed it across my forehead twice, and he got through singing. "Now," he said, "I think you will be all right." So I kind of wiped my face off a litle bit. I got up and went home that evening.

I was pretty tired but I didn't have a headache. I went to bed with no headache.

Next morning I got up. I feel like I was in a different world. Everything seemed so clear. I just felt so nice and you know, I never had a headache since. Lots of times I would be so sick I was just about ready to die, but I never had a headache. I never did have headache since that day. I could smell the celery root in that water—I could smell that celery root.

The doctor's name was Henry Jo. He was a Shasta. He lived down Seiad. He came over Scott Bar trail to Tyee Jim's.

Marble Mountain Trail

Oh yes, that old Indian trail goes up Shackleford, then they take it down through the Marble Mountains over the ridge and it comes out down by Somes. Indians used it to come back and forth. Then Indians (from down the Klamath River and the coast) used to come out and get buckskins. They couldn't tan hides down there, you know. The Indians up here tanned. So they (the Indians from down the Klamath and the coast) came out and traded for buckskin and took it back down. Sometimes they would bring out food and acorns and dried fish they had smoked, or shell that they get from the coast—things like that they traded. They had a trail that went back and forth. They went clear through Hupa and down through there. They had trails everywhere. But them Indians down the coast and those down the Klamath—they were more devil-possessed. The people here didn't have any use for them. They (the Shasta) were scared of them, and they had to be so careful when they (the Indians from down the Klamath and the coast) came to see that they didn't get insulted or something. They hardly ever visited one another, only when they came out after something, you know. Those were the Klamath River Indians. Even their neighbors down through there were scared of each other.

(At the request of Pat Martin these stories are the exact wording as taken from a tape recording.)

Indian sweat house.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

The Sweat House

By WINNIE NELSON

They built the sweathouse away from the house and they put rocks in a fire outside the sweathouse. Then they brought the rocks inside the sweathouse and piled them up. The sweathouse was dome shaped and was made of willow poles covered with canvas hides or whatever they had to keep the heat in. And then they would take a basket of water and put it on the inside and while they took their sweatbath the water was getting warm. If it started to get cool in the sweathouse they would throw water on the rocks to get more steam. Four or five maybe six people could get in there. If it got too hot you could lift the flap and stick your head out. I can remember when I was a little girl, Oh—I got so hot I always had to stick my head out. The rest of the body was in the sweathouse. Sometimes they would go to the creek and bathe after a sweatbath but most of the time they had warm water in

there in the Indian baskets and they would wash themselves with that warm water. A lot of people say the Indians always jumped in a creek or took a cold bath after coming out of the sweathouse but they didn't always. Some took warm baths. Of course after a funeral or somethink like that and they all came from the funeral well they would all go and take baths in the creek or river. I can remember when I was a little girl they use to make me go to the creek and take a bath the first thing in the morning. Every morning that's what they did with us. We didn't swim. We would get in right quick: If you get in quick you don't feel that cold.

(At the request of Pat Martin this story is the exact wording as taken from a tape recording.)

Recollections of Ethel Ley and Winnie Nelson

The following memories are recalled by two ladies who were born in Siskiyou County in the 1880's. Winnie Nelson, half Shasta Indian, and Ethel Cowan Ley, daughter of early day doctor Charles Cowan of Fort Jones.

Ethel: Did you know Peggy? (Speaking of Indian Peggy who was given credit for saving the town of Yreka from Indian attack by warning the townspeople).

Winnie: Oh yes, we all lived down at the rancherie together by the Pines Auto Park.

Ethel: When Peggy died they let high school out to go to her funeral and I never heard as impressive a prayer as this Indian gave. He stood with his arms raised and he gave it in Indian language. It was very impressive and inspirational even though I couldn't understand his words, I never forgot that.

Winnie: You remember old Tyee Jim don't you? Wasn't he the one that prayed at the funeral?

Ethel: Well, I knew Tyee Jim. He lived in Scott Valley.

Winnie: Yes, he lived in Scott Valley but he was one of the chiefs who use to come over here and pray at funerals.

Ethel: Well, I think Jenny Wicks was his daughter and my father (Dr. Chas. Cowan) had Tyee Jim's ceremonial apron. He used to have a wonderful collection of Indian things.

Winnie: Yes, I know he did. We used to go over there years ago. Your father doctored me sometimes. We lived near the Pines Auto Park but would visit in Scott Valley. Sally was Peggy's daughter that was my Uncle McCoy's wife in the Indian ways. They lived together for years and years until my uncle passed away.

Of course that was after Peggy's death. Do you remember the Indian woman they called Mandy? (Answer yes.) Well, Mandy was Peggy's granddaughter. She died here not so very long ago and her mother's name was Lucy. Mandy is buried out there in the cemetery that goes toward Montague. Old Peggy is buried out at the old Indian cemetery and there is no white person buried out there. They are all Indians.

Ethel: I remember after Peggy was buried, or maybe it was just before they buried her the Indian women got down on their hands and knees and they chanted and rubbed their hands over the grave.

Winnie: Yes, they did that and sometimes they would bring things to put in the graves. Anything she had or anything anyone wanted to give her at her death they would put in the grave. Remember old Jake? He is buried out there too you know.

Ethel: Yes, well Jake and Susan use to come to the open fields around my place (up French St. in Yreka) and dig apaws and the children always wanted to take them cookies or a sandwich. I'd give the children something to take to them. Then Jake and Susan would give the children apaws. One day I cooked some the apaws to see what they tasted like and they were good.

Winnie: Yes, apaws are good. I like them too either raw or cooked. A few years after that Jake and Susan moved out to the ran-

Susan and Jake
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

cherie. That is where Susan died and then Jake went to Hornbrook and lived with Rosy Empter and after Rosy's death, Jake lived with Rosy's daughters until he passed away. See, he was blind. And do you remember Doc Bender?

Ethel: No.

Winnie: He was a cripple fellow you know and his wife was named Redbird. They all lived over at Moffett Creek together for a long while then they all moved over to the old rancherie over by the Pines Auto Park. That's where we use to live too.

Winnie: I was a young girl in 1900 and we had to wait on Peggy and take care of her. Old Peggy couldn't even get out of bed. She couldn't even hold a cup.

Ethel: Well, she died my first year in high school and that was 1902 or 1903.

Winnie: Poor old Mandy. She said to me one day, "I'm going back to where I was born," and I said, "You Are?" And Mandy said, Yes, back to the old home." She was mad. Something had happened there at the place where she was staying in Yreka. So I talked Indian to her and told her, "You know Mandy, you can't go back to the place where you were born. Other people have that property now." You know where they make bricks now out by the Pines Auto Park? Well, there was a little gulch above there with a house and Mandy was born right there years ago. I can remember that just as plain as if it was right here today.

Ethel: Well, you remember Jenny Wicks. She came to my father with a sore eye. She wanted medicine for her eyes. Jenny was a very intelligent person and father thought a lot of her. Father said, "Boil some water and put salt in it. That makes good eye medicine." But Jenny said no, that she wanted some better medicine than salt water. So father went into the back of his office and boiled up some salt water, put it in a bottle and gave it to Jenny. Next time Jenny came to see father she said, "That was the best eye medicine I ever had."

Winnie: Well, you know the Indians used moss off the fir trees—that yellow moss—well they would take that moss and boil it all up and then they would strain that until it was a clear liquid and that's what they used for eye wash. That's all my grandmother used. I can remember my grandmother had us climbing fir trees to gather that moss. Some Indians used that same moss to dye porcupine quills yellow.

(At the request of Pat Martin this story is the exact wording as taken from a tape recording.)

Bessie Snellin, fullblooded Shasta Indian, grandmother of Winnie Nelson.
—courtesy Pat Martin

How I Lived

By WINNIE NELSON

When I was a little girl I lived in a house that was made out of bark—cedar bark. They had a smoke hole right in the middle of the roof and they had ground floor and a hole in the center of the room for a fireplace. Sometimes it was so smoky in there I could hardly breathe, especially when the wind would blow the smoke back down. When it would rain the cedar bark, they had it down just so far then, they packed pine needles or oak leaves up against that and dirt up against that to keep it warm. Lots of time when it rained the water would run down and seep in through the walls. Then they would dig a ditch around the outside of the house for drainage. That was the way I lived. We had no stoves. We had no beds. We lived at the rancherie by the Pines Auto Park. We slept on the ground. Sometimes we had pine needles to sleep on and sometimes we had straw. We use to follow the thrashing machine when I was a litle girl. Lots of times the thrashing machine would loose a lot of wheat and we would go along and gather the wheat and we would take the wheat home. Then we would get a mat and put it on the ground then we would throw the wheat up in the air and the wind would come along and blow all the little specks out of it. The straw we would put in barley sacks we had sewn together and we would make mattresses out of them. We just put them on the ground and that was the way we slept. We didn't have any beds. We didn't have any tables. We just spread a mat down on the floor and sat around there and ate. Our house was square and pretty big (one room). It had to be big because the fireplace was here in the middle then we made our beds on the floor around the fireplace—that's the way we did.

(At the request of Pat Martin this story is the exact wording as taken from a tape recording.)

A True Story

By MRS. R. M. HAYDEN

Near the boundary line of Nevada and California a large train of emigrants known as the Oltman train was attacked by the Humboldt tribe of Indians. Some twenty-five wagons were captured, all the people but two were murdered, large herds of stock were driven off, and provisions were carried away.

The two who were left to witness this scene, Olive, a girl of seventeen, and Mary, nine years of age, were driven ahead into California toward the Indian camp ten miles away. It is hard to find words for their sorrow, fear and suffering. Mary, a delicate child, was lashed and goaded until she was unconscious. An Indian then swung her across his back, and in that way she finished the journey.

The girls were in this tribe for three years. A buck was ordered to prepare ground for them to plant a garden, and they were given seed. One day they met the Shasta tribe who succeeded in buying the girls. The latter were glad to see the trade made, because they saw kindness in the faces of the Shastas. Soon they were traded again to the Trinity Indians, this time. A dry season came—no berries, no hazel-nuts, no vegetation! The Indians were faced by famine. Olive begged from travelers in order to keep Mary from starving, and in so doing, became known to white people, but not in time to save Mary's life. She died of starvation in 1862.

Olive, now alone, was reported to the Siskiyou people, who went over with money and horses, and after some time found her. She was bought from the Indians and taken through Coffee Creek to Callahan. Here she was entertained by Mrs. Masterson in the hotel which is now my home.

Olive had been with the Indians so long and was so extensively tattooed that she did not feel at home among white people. To aid her, friends wrote a book telling the story of her life. This was sold for her benefit. I read her book in '63 and shed many tears over the suffering of poor little Mary. I lost my copy, which was in novel form, with paper covers, in a fire, and have so far been unsuccessful in finding another copy. I remember meeting the women who flocked to Callahan to see Olive. Later she was given a position as teacher in a reservation school.

Tyee Jim

By IRENE NELSON

The following is from notes I took as William E. Pinkerton related the story to me, probably in 1944 or thereabout.

Tyee Jim, an Indian Chief, lived at the mouth of Tyler Gulch, at a rancherie. The government gave Tyee Jim and the other Indians who lived there, the land for as long as they lived, and the land in the gulch back of the Gus Meamber Ranch. Wilson Pete and the Scotty boys were among the ones living there. Old squaws were there, Blind Mary, Suzannah, Old Martha, Lucy, who was Tyee's wife, and Old Lady Scotty lived there probably from 1903-4 till 1911-12.

The Pinkerton family moved to the Gus Meamber ranch in 1905. Tyee Jim was an old man then, his wife a lot younger. The men hunted and fished, the squaws gathered wood and stacked it against the trees. On a couple of flats at the home place they raised a little hay.

Tyee Jim used to be at the head of all the Indian war dances on July 4th at the celebrations in Fort Jones. They would form a big circle and whoop and holler.

Tyee Jim, Scotty, and Hamburg John used to run together but Bill said he did not remember the last two.

Martha used to live around the Lighthill Grade where the Bill Evans saw mill was later located. Martha was the grandmother of Indian Billy who was hung back of Ed O'Neil's saloon, by a lynching party. Indian Billy was arrested for something and was being held in the hotel. A party took him out and hung him.

One time Tyee Jim was in town and was heading home in his one-horse buggy. Lame Jesse was drunk and on horseback and came up back of Tyee Jim on the narrow road below the Meamber School. It frightened Tyee's horse and it ran away. The tracks showed where the buggy was on the road, off the road, over chapparal, etc. Tyee's pants hung up on the buggy steps as he was thrown out and "drug, a-whoopin' and a-hollerin' " down the road, through mud holes and over a cottonwood stump in the road, which put a hole in his back. The river was high and water was in the road so that he got soaked and nearly froze to death. Lame Jesse told Fred Wicks (Lee's father) and they went back and found him. They took him to Charlie Wicks' and later to his home. He died during the night. The squaws had a "wailing bee". They hauled him in a farm wagon to the Indian cemetery back of the Charles Wicks place about a quarter of a mile away. That happened about 1908-09, or '10. There was a large crowd present for his funeral. Tyee Jim was buried with all his possessions. Bill and his sister Effie Pinkerton were present at the burial. Bill said Tyee must have been about 90

years old.

* * *

I remember seeing Tyee Jim in town when I was a small girl. My father, Ed Jordan, told me that Tyee Jim wore a long black overcoat summer and winter. Tyee told him, "What will keep out the cold, will keep out the heat". In the Fort Jones Museum in one of the cases is an Indian bow made by Tyee Jim and given to my brother Carl Jordan. I put it in the museum, but it belongs to my son Edward, as my mother gave it to him when he was a small boy.

On November 9, 1959 I was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Reichman. They were relating some of the happenings around this area. Mrs. Reichman, the former Susie Varnum, was telling me that she remembered when fire took out the center of town. She told of the building of the I.O.O.F. hall, and Kunz's store which was in the lower part of the building. (It was completed and dedicated in 1895.) When the scaffolding was up for the Wheeler Building, she and Emma Kunz were on their way to school and saw Indian Billy hanging from the scaffolding where he had been lynched for cutting off another Indian's head, which he had thrown into the river. She said Billy was dressed only in light blue underwear when hung. (The Wheeler building burned and the one now on that location is known as Rosy's (Irwin's) in 1970.) Mrs. Bowers had a rooming house and Indian Billy was being kept there over night prior to removal to Yreka jail the next day, but he was lynched.

THE SHASTA (cont'd. from page 48)

My deepest appreciation goes to two of their descendants—Winnie Nelson and Clara Wicks.

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INDIAN ARTIFACTS FOUND IN SCOTT VALLEY

The Modoc Ethos

By LAURAN PAINE

The American Indian was never static in culture nor particularly stationary in environment. Like all people, Indians reacted in one way or another to every natural phenomenon, and to every association.

Before the advent of Europeans, America's Indians were practicing an identical variety of aggressiveness to change boundaries, to dominate others, to improve political and social conditions, as had been customary overseas, for thousands of years.

After the advent of Europeans—at least after the **recorded advent** —it became the custom of the newcomers, who soon became dominant, to record what they learned of Indians as though these native peoples were of an established and unchanging culture. What ensued fixed for posterity, not what was unaltered but what was actually as transitional as the European's cultures themselves. The Indians were as constantly evolving as were the Europeans—as were all people everywhere—but, caught at a particular moment of the evolving process, they became historically fixed at that time, and all subsequent explanations, and apologies, were based almost entirely on that fixed moment in time.

Because of this attitude, for several centuries very little genuine research was undertaken; Indians were explained on the grounds of what the Spanish, English, and French explorers knew of them, beginning somewhere in the sixteenth century, and afterwards, for a long time, few people knew, or cared particularly, what the pre-advent, or much earlier Indians had been like.

A fair example of this would be the Modoc Indians, whose territory, at the time of their first encounter with Americans of European descent, embraced the area east of the Cascade cordillera, and included areas on both sides of the latter-day California-Oregon boundary. These Indians, linguistically of the Shapwailutan (Sahaptin) stock, were known to range as far north as Oregon's Crater Lake, as far south as the areas below Clear Lake in California, and while the general domain claimed, controlled and defended by the Modoc people, at the time of their first contact with other Americans, was an anomaly of marshland, deserts, plains, mountains, ice caves and hot water creeks, in earlier times they had more divergent and fluctuating frontiers, reaching a considerable distance beyond their domain when the first white men encountered them. But their territory, like much else about them, was fixed in time with the arrival of the Americans, for although the tribe was not at an apex in its history, politically, numerically or socially, it was thought to

be, and most of what was afterwards written about the tribe was based on this one assumption.

There is some reason for speculation about the origin of the Modoc Indians, that had almost nothing to do with them as the latter-day settlers found them. Their possible prehistoric progenitors, a cave-dwelling race, long extinct, left metal tools, metal lamps, and other artifacts that later Modocs knew nothing about, and were commemorated in Modoc legend as a fair, or white, ethnic group. Those early Modocs called themselves "Mukluks", meaning simply 'people'. This was a common designation among American Indians. The fierce lords of the South Plains, the Comanches, also called themselves 'the people', in Siouian, Padouca; other tribes did likewise. To trace this corollary further, it was the Utes, special enemies of the Padouca, who called them **Komanticia**—enemy—which subsequently became Comanche, exactly as the early Shasta Indians, uneasy neighbors of the Mukluks called them 'Moadoc', or some variation, meaning either 'southerners', 'strangers' ' or 'enemies', but definitely **not** meaning friends or friendly.

The early Modocs, formed and sustained by a constantly fluctuating cross-current of aboriginal cultures, shared with all American Indians—shared with all human beings, in fact—an indigenous compulsion to exist with whatever was especially natural to their particular environment—tules, obsidian, seeds, game animals **et cetera**—and were original only in this context. Otherwise, they adopted whatever was functionally advantageous from the Paiutes, the Shastas, the Achomawi, and others, with whom they were constantly at war. Thus their culture was based on an environmental necessity—the need to exist upon what nature had provided in their particular domain—and also upon the adaptations they chose to accept from other, usually neighboring, Indian cultures.

It could hardly have been otherwise, for the Modocs were directly athwart the route used by southern tribesmen who went north to raid, and northerners who went south for the same purpose. Further, Modoc territory was adjacent to the northern Central Plateau, the Coastal Rim, and the Great Basin, and although the Modocs were as insular as choice permitted, they were inevitably influenced by other cultures, although, being the northernmost California Indians, they could more readily identify with, and be identified with, the upper Coastal and Oregon—or Northwestern—Indians, not only by the settlers who invaded their domain but also by other California Indians.

It was undoubtedly this fact of residing in an area prone to constant invasion, that made the Modocs warlike. Even before the white people came the Modocs were noted for cruelty, treachery, and fierce aggressiveness. Their philosophy, not unusual in neolithics, seemed based

upon the conviction that any means to achieve an end—and all 'ends' were rooted in survival—required no other justification. As warriors the Modocs were mightily respected by their neighbors. Even the Klamath Indians, with whom they frequently traded and intermarried, and who were not as intolerant, feared the Modocs.

Additionally, and this same gloominess pervaded other Indian cultures, notably the Siouian, the Modocs were preoccupied with death, with after-life legends, with variations of mysticism, bad dreams, and That Other Place, which have commonly marked warrior cultures.

After the settlers came, after the Modocs acquired horses and were well on the way to becoming far-ranging "Plains Indian" types, it was not unusual to find their war parties on slave hunts as far south as Arizona, and as far inland as the Sioux and Blackfeet country. Although it is not now possible to say with certainty that these people would have rivalled the other horse-Indians of the West, that possibly existed. But, while this change from sedentary fisherfolk, hunters of limited scope, to a mounted people of wider horizons presaged yet another alteration in the constantly changing world of the Modocs, it came too late.

The Modocs, numerous by California Indian standards, were far too few to stand against their last enemy: settlers, miners, white argonauts by the thousands.

Their subsequent alternatives were to fight for tribal survival, which they tried, and did rather well at for a while, or to adapt, which they also tried, and managed to accomplish with an even more salutary effect.

One element marked the Modoc transition which did not obtain elsewhere in California; former Modoc territory did not change rapidly. The pastoral-agricultural way of life for both Indians and settlers continued—still continues—making adaptation perhaps a little less difficult. Elsewhere in California the change was more wrenching, more rapid and complete, with the result that some tribes became entirely extinct, and whether present-day Indian 'activists' approve or not, the simple fact is that, with natural law being rooted in change, neither the Modocs or any other American Indians will ever be able to 'go back'.

Today, the Modocs are Americans, which simply means that another variety of influence overlies the same basic sub-culture which has been adapting to other influences for perhaps a thousand years. The Modoc ethos has been, and still is, adaptation.

The Modocs

Compiled by HAZEL N. POLLOCK

The mountainous volcanic region filled with lakes and marshes influenced the culture of the Modocs in many ways. The forests around the lakes provided the material for canoes and houses as well as part of their food supply. In aboriginal time an abundance of tubers, seeds and other vegetable foods were found in the fertile marsh lands. The yellow water lily which grows in the marsh was a staple article of food, but the principle vegetable foods were the tubers and bulbs of the camoss and ipos.

The lakes provided them with swan, geese, ducks and other birds which were used for food and in other ways. The skins of swans and geese with fine down were made into blankets and swaddling clothes. The lakes also provided them with an abundance of fish.

In the forests were many animals such as elk, deer and antelope, used for food and coyotes, wildcats, rabbits and various furbearing animals, the hides of which were used for blankets and clothing.

The Modoc had two types of houses, the summer house and the winter house.

The summer house was of the wickiup type. It was usually high enough in the center to permit a person to stand erect. Its sides sloped abruptly to the ground with a comparatively flat top. The frame work was of willow poles stuck into the ground and brought together along the ridge-pole to which they were bound securely. Cross pieces were bound along the sides to hold the poles in place. Three layers of tule matting, each woven in a different way were placed over the frame work as a covering. This summer or temporary house was made with a door opening at one end. Near this house there was a sun shelter which was made of poles covered with boughs, tule mats or long weeds or grass. Under this shelter, meals were served and the greater part of the work of the women was done.

In this region where there was snow in the winter it was necessary to have a warm durable house for the cold weather. This was a semi-subterranean earth lodge with a pit from a foot to three or four feet in depth. Its conical or cone shaped roof of poles was placed over the pit. It was first covered with tule mats and brush and then with a thick layer of earth. They were as large as forty to fifty feet in diameter and from fifteen to twenty feet high. The door of the house was an opening near the apex of the roof. This opening also served as an escape for the smoke.

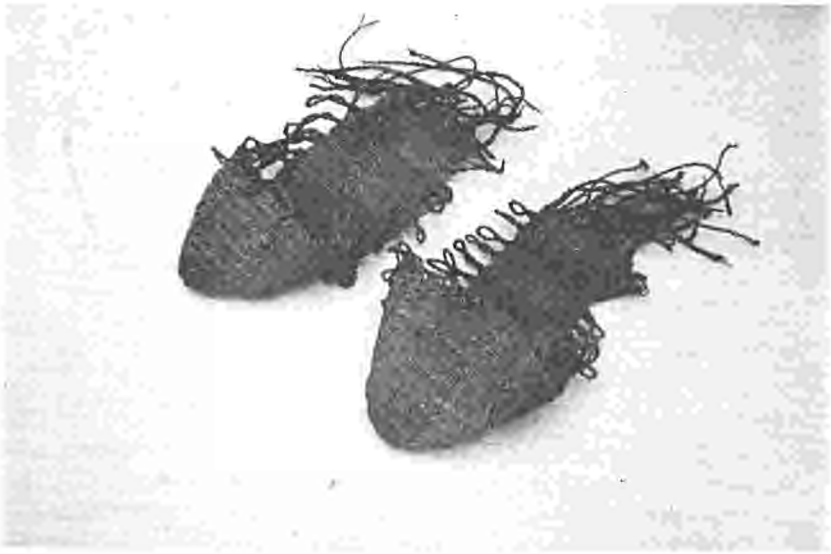
Entry to the dwelling was accomplished by walking up the sloping roof to the opening and climbing down the inside by means of a vertical

ladder or by steps cut into the center pole. The house was so warm that fires were needed only in the early morning and late evening.

Th sweat house most commonly used was a small dome shaped structure from four to eight feet in diameter and three to four feet in height. The roof was covered with tule mats or blankets. It may be a permanent covering for the house or put on only when a sweat bath was being taken. The entrance was a small opening with a mat for covering. Outside of the opening was a fireplace which was used for heating stones. On the inside near the rear of the structure was a small pit which was filled with heated stones. When water was thrown onto the stones steam was produced. The heat was conserved by carefully closing all crevices about the sweat house. Some say that the Modocs plunged into a lake or river after a certain length of time spent in the sweat house, others say that he sat quietly outside of the sweat house to cool off. This practice of sweating was used as a habitual means of warding off disease as well as curing it.

The influence of the Plains Indians is said to be responsible for the dress of the Modocs. The men wore a loin cloth covering at all times. During the winter the upper part of the body was covered with a hide with the hair or fur side out.

Their hair was parted in the center of the head and hung in front of the ears in two braids. During the winter they wore tule hats to keep their heads warm. In the summer they acted as a sun shade. Sometimes in the summer buckskin moccasins were worn but the majority of the time they were barefoot. In the winter both sexes wore moccasins



Modoc woman's moccasins.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

made from plain twined tule. A layer of dry grass was placed on the bottom of the moccasns to make them warm and they were then laced around the foot. They also wore leggings for warmth and protection. In the winter they used snowshoes made of a hoop and strips of skin.

The women wore their hair in braids on each side of their heads. The braids were bound with fur strips which caused them to look like clubs. However the majority of them wore it parted in the center and braided in a long braid on the sides of their heads. As they moved about the braids fell forward. Their dress was composed of two aprons, one for the front and one for the back. Nothing was worn above the waist during the summer months. In the winter the upper part of the body was covered with a skin of fur like the men. Sometimes the aprons and a wrap around skirt were made of buckskin but more often they were made of tule mats and like the men they wore hats of tule for warmth in the winter and protection from the sun in the summer. They made belts from the fiber of the inner bark of certain trees or from human hair. These belts were worn by the women in every day dress.

A brush for dressing the hair was made from the tail of the porcupine. The longer spines were removed and it was then stuffed with shredded tule or shredded sage bark.

The men carried small bows which were often painted with designs on either side and slung over their shoulder was a quiver for their arrows. The quiver was made of plain twined tule. The wealthy Modoc carried a quiver made from the hide of some small animal.

The dug-out canoe was a necessity to the Modoc living on the lakes. The dug-out was usually made of a fir log since knots in the fir are more durable and will not come out as they do in pine and cedar. The canoe was made by hollowing out a log by burning and adzing. The bottom of the canoe sloped at an angle at each end.

They made special arrows with shafts of cane and points of mountain mahogany. The points were ringed which caused the arrows to skip along the surface of the water when shooting ducks or birds.

The basketry of the Modoc was always twined and is classified under two heads, soft or pliable basketry and stiff or rigid basketry. The former is largely predominant and all fine baskets were made in this manner. The materials used in making these baskets were the skin from the leaves of the cattail tule which forms the white material used for the ground work of the finer baskets. The skin of the circular tule was used for the same purpose. All of this material was used as the weft. The warp being the twisted brown skin of the circular tule. The

Modoc Indian baskets.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

only baskets made from harder materials were burden baskets, triangular sifters, fish baskets and several other kinds. These baskets were made of willow and hazel sticks. The papoose basket was made of soft tule. Woven spoons were made of tule basketry and were used to gather floating wokas seeds. Tule was also used in making baskets for serving food such as trays, platters, etc. Designs were usually worked out from the reddish brown roots of the tule. For finer baskets, quills of the porcupine, dyed yellow by means of yellow moss, were used. Baskets of this type are usually used as caps for the head. Tule may be cured to have a greenish or a yellowish color. It can also be dyed black by means of a mixture of blue mud and wokas shucks.

The Modocs may be placed in a class by themselves as regards their culture with their specialized tule and stone objects and implements for use on the water which is the outcome of their habitat.

For those of you interested in the life of the Modoc Indian, I would like to suggest the following books for reference:

Primitive Pragmatists, The Modocs of Northern California, by Verne F. Ray. **The Material Culture of the Klamath Lake and Modoc Indians of Northeastern California and Southern Oregon,** California University, Anthropology Division, by S. A. Barrett. **Ancient Tribes of the Klamath Country,** by Carrol B. Howe.

Guns and other articles found at the site.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Indian Massacre

By HAZEL N. POLLOCK

In the spring of 1955, while a new channel for Bogus Creek was being bulldozed on the John Foster ranch northeast of Yreka, a very interesting Indian burial ground was uncovered.

The first objects brought to light were a scattering of brightly colored trading beads of all sizes. Soon other objects began to appear and among them were eleven human skulls, four of which had been decapitated. Copper frying pans had been placed upside down over the skulls in a large grave. There were also flintlock pistols, Pepperbox pistols, four gun barrels covered with hundreds of tiny glass beads, powder loading measures, small metal powder horns, axe blades, hatchet blades, spurs, digger-like knives minus the wooden handles, which had worn away. There were also ink bottles, pocket knives, spoons, forks, scissors, metal bracelets, beads of different sizes, various kinds of buttons, thimbles punched to make tinklers, pieces of abalone shell, mule shoes, broken crockery pipes, watch plates, sleigh bells, round harness bells, and regular copper bells.

A casket containing the skeleton of a young Indian girl was found later at the burial site. The casket was made of Indian basketry. It held the skeleton of a young Indian girl, perhaps a princess, who had worn a pair of gold earrings which were fashioned in the shape of crescents. Also in the casket were hundreds of small beads and a large number of

buttons, among which were approximately 20 to 24 Phoenix buttons. These buttons, bearing the Phoenix bird and a motto in French, were made for King Christophe of Haiti by an English firm in the early 1800's, but for some reason were never delivered to him. They were brought to this country by independent French fur traders.

At the request of the President of the Siskiyou County Historical Society, Walter Pollock Jr., two members of the archaeology department of the University of California, A. B. Elssasser and J. A. Bennyhoff, came to the site and made a thorough investigation. They concurred that all of the human bones in the big grave were those of Indians. During their investigation they talked to Mrs. Julius Augesberger, who was of Indian descent, and who, as a young girl, had heard the story of the Indian burial many times. This is the story she told them:

"In 1886 John Sloniger, a peddler from Hawkinsville near Yreka, took my family up to Bogus Creek to fish. He said he knew which grave had money in it, and went to dig it up. Mamma wouldn't stand for him digging up a Shasta Indian's grave. He said he had camped at this same place many years ago when some Shasta Indians stopped at this site with a German peddler to do some trading. The peddler had an assortment of trading goods in sacks tied to the pack on his mule. While they were trading, the Modocs came. They tied Sloniger and the German peddler to a tree and killed all the Shastas. Later that night they killed the German, but Sloniger slipped away in the darkness."

"The next day the soldiers came and ran the Modocs off. When the Shastas heard the soldiers were there they went back, and with the aid of Bogus Tom, a Shasta Chief, and Moffett Creek Jack, they buried their dead. The soldiers buried the body of the peddler."

Among the many trinkets found was a silver twenty-five cent piece minted in San Francisco. It was in good condition and dated 1860, which fixes the time of the massacre after that date.

Bad feelings were rampant between the Modocs and Shastas at this time and account for a fight to the finish when the two bands came together.

The archaeologists stated that the burial ground on the Foster ranch was one of the largest finds ever made in Siskiyou County.

After the University completed the study of the articles they were returned and today, with the exception of the earrings, they are on display in the Siskiyou County Museum in Yreka.

My Early Memories

Places, Names and Events

By GEO. F. WRIGHT

Back in the 1900's I had the pleasure of coming in contact many times with the Indians living in the vicinity of Copco, especially when they would journey to the Skookum Gulch area where I live, to dig apaws, wild onions, and other herbs and greens which were plentiful. Skookum, meaning plenty or good, was given to the Gulch by the Indians because of plenty of apaws.

During the springtime the women would band together with packs on their backs and hike the five and more miles to the Skookum country for a stay of around two weeks. They would dig and gather many different plants, especially apaws, which were used in many ways. Often they were dried and stored for winter use. Usually the men with team and wagon would come and haul the harvest home when they were through.

Another get-together was in the early fall when the wild plums were ready to gather. The plums were also dried for winter use. Sometimes the men would come along to hunt for deer which were scarce because the market hunters had killed them off in earlier years.

After the Indians killed a deer they found use for all of it. None was wasted.

These Indians were friendly and good-hearted, and quite often camped at our Cold Spring Ranch. Most of the women were tattooed on the face. They were good cooks. Most of them smoked tobacco pipes, and some chewed tobacco. They referred to me as a "White Indian Boy", which meant that I was their friend. In being their friend I became aware of many of their customs. I admired them and had a lot of sympathy for them. Most of them had a hard time making a living after the deer were nearly killed off by market hunters.

They weren't happy over the way they were treated by the white man; the way the game and fish were depleted; the digging up of their graves where the bones were left scattered around. I heard "Indian Tom" say, "White man crazy, all time makeum trouble for Indian."

The Indians told me about the feuds with the whites in earlier years. The most talked-about took place at Copco during the early part of 1854, after Indians had killed some white men there.

Camp Creek got its name after the troops camped at its mouth. In crossing a stream farther on, a jenny was drowned, so Jenny Creek got its name. Fall Creek was named when they crossed the stream at the falls.

The Indians knew that trouble was near, so they went into a cave along a rim-rock, taking with them their squaws and papooses. Because of the brush and trees in front of the cave the troops were unable to see any sign of the Indians. Also hidden from sight was a sort of cave, or hangover, a few feet from the main cave. This one had a spring of water.

An Indian woman who was about seven years old at the time, told me that there were a few Indians and a hundred or so white men. The braves assembled the squaws and papooses in the inner part of the cave, expecting the whites to rush in on them, which would mean death for them all. With the cave well concealed, the braves could slip out at night and return with food.

The story teller related the story of two miners who jointly worked a mine at Henley. One of them had buried his bag of gold and joined the white man's army. He advanced to the top edge of the rim over the cave to see if the Indians were still there and was shot dead.

His partner, on hearing about his death, then buried his bag of gold and rushed to the scene, and was also killed. Both died before they could reveal the hiding place of the two bags of gold buried where the Henley-Hornbrook cemetery is now located.

The Indian woman who was in the cave at the time related how the Indians escaped one by one under cover of darkness.

Thinking the Indians were still in the cave, the troops fired some cannon balls into the cave from a nearby hill top.

In the early 1900's the cannon ball marks were still visible on the trees, while inside the cave pieces of lead were scattered around.

One day I was coming up the Klamath River from Orleans. It was a dark, cloudy day and to me it looked like rain. Near Rogers Creek I met an old Indian friend of mine, Jim Tom.

I stopped to pass the time of day with him and mentioned that it looked like rain. Jim says, "Don't know." I mentioned rain a couple of times and got the reply "don't know". Finally I asked him what his rain sign was. His reply was as follows, "When it is cloudy all over and a little rain coming down, damn good sign it's going to rain."

—by Tom Bigelow

Franks Shanks, a Forks of Salmon Indian, decided he would go to Somes Bar and start a store. This he did but was not long in business. He could not understand his failure. He said, "I no understand. Bennett Co. sell for ten per cent and got lots of business. I only sell for one per cent and nobody buy. I only try to sell for one per cent. I buy for one dollar and try to sell for two dollars." —by Tom Bigelow

Trinity and Salmon mountains.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Story of a Siskiyou Argonaut

By ERNEST R. KIDDER

Continued from 1970 Siskiyou Pioneer:

Part 16

The next day after getting to Trinidad there was an auction sale of a large train of mules that had come up from the Sacramento valley. I decided to be on hand and if I thought any of them were going at reasonable figures, I would bid on them. When the sale commenced I stood around as any boy would until three of four of the shabby ones of the flock had been struck off. Then one that struck my fancy was led in, and the bidding was kept up pretty sharp until it was struck off to me, at $145 for mule, blankets and ropes.

The next mule did not suit me quite so well as the one I already had and I let it go to another bidder. But the next mule was my kind and I bid on him to $125 and got him. I then went to the grocery store and bought four 50-pound sacks of flour, some bacon, a sack of coffee and another half sack of flour with which to bake my bread on the way back.

I knew a fellow who had three mules who would be ready to start

for the Salmon mines the next morning and we made arrangements to go together, as it takes two men to pack a mule as it should be done. We hurried and loaded up and moved about two miles and camped. I had two as nice mules as you would meet and was naturally proud of them, taking delight in shearing them and making them look fine.

The next day brought us back to the redwood camp on the lagoon. The morning was cloudy and it commenced raining shortly after we left camp, and the atmosphere was cold and wet with a heavy fog from the sea. The black mould that covers the ground through the heavy timber rendered the traveling slippery and worried our mules perceptibly. About the time we reached Redwood Creek the rain turned to snow and I began to think I had loaded too heavily, as Julia, my favorite mule, was beginning to show signs of weakening. I concluded that I must let her take her time and I told my traveling companion not to wait for me but to go ahead and get under cover at Elk Camp and I would come along as fast as possible. When he reached the camp the big tent was full of packers, some coming down for supplies and others going up, and all alike seeking shelter from the storm. So my friend concluded to push on a mile further, where he was told some packers with whom he was acquainted were camped. I stopped there, wet, tired and hungry, and with a sick mule to care for. After unpacking I took the saddles off the mules, spread the sick animal's blanket so as to cover the whole body, replaced the saddle and let her go with the other mules, and, as I noticed she commenced eating grass at once, I concluded she was not in a dangerous condition. After eating some of the bread I had baked in my skillet and a slice of cold fried bacon and a cup of coffee, I went to bed.

By leaving a blanket of mine with the mule, I had cut my own short, and I could see that I would be greatly in need of it before morning. The tent did not afford first class accommodations but it was better than out of doors entirely in such a storm and we felt thankful that we were as fortunate as we were, and in due time we were all in bed, the others pairing off, two and two. For my bed I took my four sacks of flour and laid them two on either side, about a foot apart, with a bundle of merchandise for a pillow. I then took the pair of blankets and spread them over in such a way that one edge would come down between the two rows of flour sacks on each side, and in this way I hoped to keep warm.

In this, however, I was disappointed, for there was too much wet and too much cold for a fellow of my temperament to be supremely happy, and the later the hour the colder it grew. The only way I could keep from chilling to death was to keep turning from one side to the other, the exercise keeping my blood in circulation until morning. Luckily for me the others were up early and were out and had started a big pine fire. I, being in the way, had to arise, but it seemed impossible for

me to do so, for I had suddenly become stupid. The others fellows noticed that something was the matter and commenced rolling me around, and one of the older ones coming in and looking at me exclaimed, "For God's sake give that boy some brandy, he is freezing to death." At that they set me up and with some brandy in a tin cup they made me drink, and I managed to swallow some of it. They helped me stand up then and told me to walk, which I managed to do with their assistance, and they got me out to their big fire around which they paraded me until I could walk alone. After giving me some coffee and broiled venison, of which I ate well, they gave me a good lecture for not letting my condition be known.

My partner and I went out to look after the mules, which were all right. We drove the mules all up to the big tent and packed them and went on as far as Thompson's ferry. The captain seemed pleased to see me back again and inquired how I had succeeded with McDermit. I told him that I had settled with him for myself and my brother-in-law for $40 each, but the others I had positive instructions not to take less than the full amount of their claims.

"I think you acted wisely by taking what you could get, and that the others are unwise for not doing so. By the way, did the other man that went with you settle with Mack?"

"No," I said, "at least he had not done so when I last saw him, and he declared he would not discount his claim a red cent, that he would have all or nothing."

We crossed the ferry to the other side of the river, as the range was better on that side, and camped beside some of the other packers. On the way over we met quite a number of Indians and they all seemed to recognize me and I could notice they were talking about me. To this, however, I paid but little attention, and after supper I came back to have a little more talk with the captain, as a strong and mutual friendship had formed between us, but to my sorrow I found my friend very much inebriated and showing an inclination to shun me. I returned to camp and in conversation with Mr. Blackburn, who was in charge of the ferry, I ventured to mention the fact that the captain seemed to be under the influence of drink.

"Yes," said Blackburn, "it is getting quite common, I'm sorry to say. Since he got that keg of whiskey he has been drinking quite hard and going from bad to worse. Now he has just got another keg, which I was hoping he would not do, for I greatly fear some accident will befall him on the ferry as he is sometimes quite reckless when in that mood and only yesterday came near falling overboard." The boat had now reached the landing and no more was said, but I felt greatly pained over what I had learned concerning the captain.

The next morning we packed and were off quite early. I expected soon to reach home, as Bluff Creek had come to seem to me, and I felt elated, for I had really made a quick trip and accomplished quite a little stroke of business for a boy, and everything had gone fairly well. We had just started from camp when we met a packer going down for supplies who informed me that my partners at the creek had sold out their bridge to Durkee. They had started that morning for the Salmon mines and had requested him to tell me to follow them. I asked my informant how much they had received for the bridge, but this he was uunable to tell me, being uninformed himself. So I went on and at the bridge found Mr. Durkee in charge, who told me that he had bought the bridge for $300, that he had paid $250 and given his note for $50 more. He said my partners had gone up on the Salmon and had requested me to follow them. In three days more travel I found them getting ready to go to mining. They all seemed pleased to have me back with them and admired my mules, and thought I had made a quick trip. After learning what I had done with McDermit, Uncle Joe said he wished I had accepted the $40 for him. They then told me about selling the bridge to Durkee. They said he was getting ready to build another, and they concluded that $250 and his note for $50 more was pretty god pay for the labor we had done on it, together with over $150 more in tolls which they had taken in.

I said I was satisfied, and then is was proposed that they all take an interest in the mules, and as there were five of us and only four could work to advantage in the mines, it was planned that I keep on packing and that we buy more mules, and perhaps we could make something at one if not the other. This proposition seemed to strike all hands favorably and it was agreed that George and I should receive what we paid for the mules and what our merchandise was worth. About this time a fellow came along with another nice mule, which he offered to sell at a reasonable price. We bought the animal and I started back after more supplies after having sold out everything. I was supplied with sufficient money to buy two additional mules and supplies enough to freight them all back, and I began to feel that I was a thoroughbred packer. Next morning I started for Trinidad and my partners went to mining.

That day I met a packer who told me that Captain Thompson had drowned while ferrying at his place. This piece of news nearly unstrung my nerves and the gloom it caused seemed to over spread everything I came in contact with and everybody that I met. I felt as though I would rather go by some other route so as not to see the ferry or the place where my friend had met his fate, but I concluded that I was weak and foolish to be affected in that way, and rallied my courage and went along in company with others.

The next morning when I was out driving the mules I ran over what at first looked like a huge ratlesnake, but as I was in the act of stepping over it I was surprised to find it only a string of sleigh-bells such as I had seen people decorate their horses with at home. I picked them up and examined them, and it was evident that they had been worn by some mule and had been lost. but why anyone would bring them to that country, where such a thing as a sleigh had not yet been seen and in all probability never would be, was a mystery. I thought I would see what my Julia would think about wearing them, but when I tried them on her she shied and frisked around as though to say, "No, thank you, let some other mule wear them." I then caught Fanny and she did not object to the bells but seemed to be proud of them, and I came to be known as the "sleigh-bell boy."

When we came to Thompson's ferry I had a hurried interview with Mr. Blackburn, who gave me the particulars of the drowning of my friend. Different ones had told me that the Indians at the ferry were acting strangely, especially since Captain Thompson's death, and people began to fear that trouble was not far ahead. People were warned to keep a close guard against any hostile demonstration that they might make and to go well armed. That night I camped with some packers who told that the chances were I would be troubled to get supplies, as the assortments were broken when they were buying theirs, as there had been unfavorable winds at sea and no vessels had been able to make the port of Trinidad for several days. As we met no packers going to the mountains that seemed to confirm the report. I began to think I would have to await the arrival of vessels before I could return, but two or three miles out of town two fellow packers who were just pitching camp told me that they believed I would be able to get what I wanted, and if I wished they would not hurry the next morning and I could load up early and we would go along together. I told them I would be glad to, and when I got to town I immediately went to work to see if I could pick up what I needed.

I did not get started as soon by an hour as I had wished and when I arrived at the camp I found them gone. I pushed after them, and at a high point I could see them and concluded they were about four miles ahead of me. Hoping they would camp before crossing the sand at the lagoon I urged my mules as fast as I could, but when I got there I came across a family who had stopped to start a wayside inn and who told me that they had heard one packed say to the other that food was getting scarce in the mines and that they would undoubtedly be able to sell at good prices if they hurried along. This was rather unwelcome news to me, as I had entertained great hopes of overtaking them at this point, and at first I determined to go after them. But when I came to consider that I was very tired and that the mules were as tired as myself

it discouraged me and I decided to wait till morning. So I pitched camp and turned my mules out on the range, fried some bacon and had a square meal. Before I retired I staked out one mule and fettered the others. In the morning I got breakfast and commenced packing and was off bright and early to overtake the other train. I urged the mules forward with all the energy that I could muster and went through the lonely redwoods alone, resolving that I would not do it again, as it was the most lonely place I was ever in. It seemed to me that every one of those great tres that I passed had half a dozen Indians behind dressed in war paint. I emerged from the timber a little before sundown, and when I came to the big tent where I had so nearly frozen on my other trip the place was deserted. I knew that a fellow with whom I was a little acquainted was starting a place about three-quarters of a mile further on and I decided to go there. This man was glad to receive company and told me that the packers I had been trying to overtake had gone on about three miles. He urged me to spend the night with him and to try to catch them before they got started in the morning, saying I ought not to travel alone as the Indians about the ferry were acting strangely.

Part 17

I turned my mules loose, thinking they would eat and lie down, as they were very tired. I then got supper and shortly after turned in and was soon fast asleep.

I had not slept long before I was awakened by the running and snorting of mules and horses, and I knew my mules were with them as I heard the jingle of sleigh bells. We both got up and looked around, but as it was quite dark could see nothing, but could hear the animals running and snorting. Finally my mule Julia came right up to me and as her halter was on I tied her to a tree. Soon our other animals came up and were easily secured, as they seemed anxious for protection. Meanwhile some range horses kept running around the snorting.

My friend said that he could not understand what it meant—what was scaring the brutes that way. My idea that it was a bear, or possibly some Indians had tried to steal the bells off of my mules, but the bear theory seemed the more plausible to me.

My friend seemed to think as I did, and suddenly remembered that he had no bullets for his revolver except those that were already in it. He said that he would run down to the neighbors and get some more as he had sent to town by them some time previously for ammunition, which should be there by that time. He told me to take a position in the edge of the brush and not to make a bit of noise, but keep listening and looking to see what I could discover. He said that he would be gone not to exceed half an hour, and would whistle on his return so that I would know who it was and not shoot him. I asked him not to be gone

any longer than necessary, and he was off.

Meanwhile, the range horses kept up their running and snorting and once I thought they were going to come into camp with our animals, as they approached very close. But they wheeled suddenly and went snorting off as fast as their legs would carry them.

I can testify without the least hesitation that it was the longest half hour, or appeared so at least, that I ever spent alone in my life, as I stood revolver in hand ready to shoot at the least provacation. As the time went on the loose horses kept running and snorting and my hair seemed to stand a little straighter every second, but finally, to my delight, I heard the whistle, and my friend came up and asked if anything new had developed.

I told him nothing had happened except that the horses had come very close to camp and had kept up their running and snorting continuously. He seemed positive that a bear was the cause of the alarm, and soon the animals were heard going further and further, their hoofbeats on the hard prairie getting fainter and fainter, finally ceasing altogether.

I then turned in again and my friend said that he would stay up the remainder of the night, turning my mules loose near morning to enable them to feed and prepare them for the day's work.

The next thing I knew it was daylight, and my friend was starting a fire for breakfast, which was hastily prepared and eaten. During the meal my friend told me that he had been out about 80 rods from camp before calling me and in the dust of the trail had seen the tracks of bear—more than one animal evidently—which settled in our minds the cause of the previous night's disturbance. I then drove up my mules and we soon had them packed ready for the trail.

As I was about to start my friend said that undoubtedly I would come upon the men I had been trying to catch, but to go no further than the ferry alone, as it would not pay to take chances.

When I reached the spot I had expected to overtake my friends I was told by some packers that they had been there an hour ahead of me—very disappointing news. The fact that they were making haste as well as myself became more apparent each day, but I did not despair, but kept urging my mules forward in hopes that I would overtake them before they reached the ferry. But my packs did not ride as well as they did the day before, and I could not adjust them as well or as quickly as I could have done with help. Consequently it was nearly night when I reached the ferry, and being plenty tired decided to camp there for the night.

At this time Abe Lindley came out of the big tent at the ferry, and seeing me, came over to where I was, saying "Hello! Are you making the second trip as soon as this?"

I said yes, and that I had been hurrying along as fast as possible trying to overtake a couple of fellows with six mules who were a short distance ahead of me, but that it seemed impossible to gain a mile on them, hurry as fast as I could.

He told me the men I wanted to see had passed there not more than an hour before, and he judged would camp at the spring that I have mentioned before—about two or three miles beyond the ferry. He suggested that the ferry was the place to stay that night, as it was too late to go on to the spring. I thought so too, and said so, also adding the statement that I had been told that the Indians were showing hostility.

"Oh, nonsense," said Lindley, "I wouldn't be afraid of 50 of them if I had any kind of a shooting iron, and I see that you have your revolver."

"Abe," I said, "you may have more respect for those Indians when you get better acquainted with them."

"Well, I hope so," he answered, "for I certainly have none now; but I see you still have a tender spot in your heart for them."

I answered that I respected them enough to use them well, as well as fear them when traveling through the woods and gulches alone. He replied that I need have no fear of them unless it was that they would most certainly steal from me if I gave them a chance.

I said I did not doubt that they would and thought they might do worse. Wishing, however, to change the subject, I said:

"Are you stopping here tonight?"

"Yes," said he. "That is, I came here yesterday, and hope to get a situation tending ferry, at least I have had encouragement of that kind. I will probably know tomorrow, when a relative of Mr. Blackburn's is expected. If this man comes he is to have the job. If not, I will get the place."

I said that undoubtedly it would be a good situation.

"Well," said Abe, "I would rather chance it than mines. I will get $4 a day and board, which is as good as another dollar."

"Did you settle with McDermit?" I asked.

"No. I'll be blamed if I will take $40, and I think you were foolish to take it."

"Well, it seemed to me that I had better take what I could get and go about my business, and not be looking for something that I would never get, and that I would probably earn more than I would ever realize running after McDermit. But what has become of Mack?" I asked. "I did not see him at Trinidad."

"I don't know," he said. "He has been gone about a week or ten days."

Nothing more was said on the subject, and as I had unpacked my mules while this conversation was taking place, I then turned them loose

to graze. To guard against their straying I staked two of them out with lash ropes before turning in.

Lindley and I spliced out blankets that night and slept together, and the next morning he helped me load and get under way. As he did not cross on the ferry, I bade him goodbye and engaged in conversation with Mr. Blackburn.

"They tell me," I said, "that the Indians are acting a little curious, and that you are apprehensive of trouble with them."

"That is so," he replied, "and I am really worried about the matter. If I could only persuade my wife to go down to Trindad and stay until the matter is settled, I would be very glad, but she declares that she will never go until I go with her.

There are a number of rifles that have been left here by people who were tired of carrying them, but who are expected to call for them later. With these she is practicing every day and is really getting to be a good shot. She declares if the Indians make trouble that I can count upon her to do her share of the fighting. She also has a revolver that she can handle about as well as any man, and she says that if the Indians get my scalp hers must go with it. I really think that she has the most pluck of any woman I ever saw."

Mr. Blackburn and his young wife were as devotedly attached to each other as any couple I ever saw, and she would not leave him there among those bloodthirsty savages to take his chances singlehanded against such odds in number. Although he was brave and courageous and with a fair chance could stand off a dozen Indians, such a thing as fairness in Indian warfare she knew was not to be thought of. Said she, "I can watch while he eats and sleeps—for eat and sleep he must—and if it comes to battle I can draw a bead on an Indian as well as the next one." So he let her have her own way, hoping that the Indians would become pacified without bloodshed, but in this he was disappointed.

I have to mention that hostilities had already commenced some six months before. Two men had been killed by the Indians who belonged to a village at the mouth of the Trinity river about ten miles above the ferry and six or eight miles down the river from Bluff creek. This murder was committed almost on the very ground where my mules got so frightened and came into camp. The two victims were Spink and Cushon, or some such names—prospectors going up towards the Salmon mines in the fall of 1850, and were evidently surprised at night while asleep.

Their fellow prospectors finding it out immediately after, traced the murder to this village, and in fact found some of the property belonging to the dead miners in the possession of the Indians. Surrender

of the murderers was demanded, but was refused, whereupon the village was attacked and twenty of the Indians were killed, the whites coming off without serious loss. Undoubtedly the Indians all up and down the river were banded together to do the whites battle in retaliation for this affair, and the signs seemed to indicate that hostilities would soon commence. On this account Mr. Blackburn warned me to be on my guard and make every effort to overtake the men ahead of me. I said that I believed that I could accomplish that task before noon. I then said goodbye and was gone.

When I came to the spring, the camp fires of my friends were yet burning and I concluded that they had been gone from camp but a short time. As I passed a narrow belt of timber I could see them nearing the big gulch, as we called it, which was heavily timbered. I had hoped to overtake them before they reached the gulch, but plainly saw that I could not do so unless they should see me and await my coming. That, however, they did not do, and I put forth every effort and threw pebbles at my lead mule to make her go as fast as possible in hopes they might have to stop to adjust some of their packs, and I would be able to overtake them in the timber.

There was no such luck for me, however, and when I came to the timber it seemed that my mules were making very slow progress. I urged them forward in every way possible, and as they came to a little creek at the foot of the hill and commenced to climb on the other side, I noticed that my lead animal seemed to be looking at something ahead of her. When I had proceeded a few steps along the trail I could see Indians coming down the trail. I saw that they had paint or something daubed on their faces and one or two of them had their bows strung. This I knew was not their custom unless they saw something to shoot at, and to say that I was scared is wording it as mildly as truthfulness will admit. In fact, it seemed to me that every hair stood straight and my first impulse was to turn and run. But something seemed to say, "Be firm, boy, this is no time to run." I therefore summoned all my courage and stepped behind a big tree, drew my revolver from its scabbard and hastily examined it again to make sure that it was alright, replacing it in a twinkling. I sang out to my mules to get along and suddenly looked up as if I had not seen them before and sang out "Ayya-quay," which in their language was a salutation and meant "Good morning" or "How do you do?"

This was answered by one of the number, but I fancied that the response was not as cordial as I could have wished. I thought they appeared sullen, yet I kept talking to them and asked them if there were two "wangies" (white men) ahead. They said yes and asked me if there were any more wangies coming, to which I replied, "Yes, three," holding

up three fingers to make sure they understood it. They kept looking in the direction from which I had come as though they expected to see someone coming. I turned and walked up the hill, talking the while to them. They, however, were directing their attention the other way, as if expecting others to come along. When a little way from them I urged my mules along and soon got to the top of the hill and out on the prairie, where I began to breathe more freely. Looking ahead I saw the men that I wished so much to see about one-half or three quarters of a mile ahead. They happened to see me and I signaled them and they waited until I caught up with them. If ever a fellow was glad to see company I am quite sure that I was. I asked them if they saw any Indians in the big gulch, and they replied that they had not. I told them that I had met six of them and when they asked me if I had been afraid I replied that if I knew myself I rather thought I was.

Did they offer any abuse? I said no, but I expected they would and was very glad to part company with them.

"Where do you suppose the devils were when we came through the gulch?" they asked.

"I don't know," I said, "and I don't understand what they mean by having their faced daubed up as they were."

"Did they have paint on?"

"Yes, some kind of daub."

"Well, it looks as if they meant mischief."

"I am certainly glad," said I, "that I have overtaken you. What do you mean by crowding ahead so fast? I have been trying to catch up with you ever since I left Trinidad."

"Well, we had no idea that you were coming, and thought that supplies might be getting scarce on the Salmon and so pushed ahead. But had we supposed that you were coming we would have waited for you."

"Well, I am with you now and you will have to be lively if you get away from me before we get out of the wilderness."

"Well we are glad to have company as well as you and we have slept with one eye open for the last three nights, and it will pay us to keep a sharp lookout yet for two nights more at least."

We got to Bluff creek that night and camped at the bridge with Mr. Durkee, which pleased him very much, as he was also beginning to feel a little uncomfortable. The next day passed without anything unusual to record. We made good progress and camped on a high table land a little way back from the river and elevated considerably above it.

— to be continued —

Siskiyou County Historical Society
ACTIVITIES AND REPORTS
1970

H. W. TRAPNELL

DORTHY HETTEMA

ALFRED CREBBIN

JENNIE CLAWSON

DORICE YOUNG
and THOMAS BIGELOW

LORIETA CAMPBELL

ELEANOR BROWN

JESS O'ROKE

HAZEL POLLOCK

1970
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President	Dorice Young
Vice-President	Thomas A. Bigelow
Recording Secretary	Dorthy Hettema
Secretary-Treasurer	Eleanor Brown
Directors	Loreita Campbell
	Jennie Clawson
	Alfred Crebbin
	H. W. Trapnell
	and Jess O'Roke (Representative of the Siskiyou County Board of Supervisors)

STANDING COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Pioneer Biographies	Loreita Campbell
Program	Hazel N. Pollock
Membership	Fred Stratton
Field Research	Thomas Bigelow
Publicity	Grace Micke
Clippings	Hazel N. Pollock
Radio	Eleanor Brown
Museum Staff	Curator - Hazel N. Pollock
	Ass't. Curator - Eleanor Brown

President's Message

It has been an honor and a pleasure to be the president of the Siskiyou County Historical Society. The meetings were well attended due to the very enjoyable programs planned by our curator and program chairman, Hazel Pollock, and to the excellent job done by Grace Micke, our publicity chairman. Thanks, Hazel and Grace.

Probably due largely to Hazel's most interesting and informative programs on T.V. many visited the museum this year who otherwise might not have come.

Two very important projects have been accomplished. The building has been greatly improved with new siding and the society voted to give a scholarship.

The dinner celebrating the 25th anniversary of the museum was the highlight of the year. It was well attended and everyone enjoyed the dinner and the entertaining program.

I wish to thank Eleanor Brown, our secretary, for all the many ways she has helped me. I also appreciated all the cooperation I have received from the directors, committees, and members.

My very best wishes to all the members for another good year.

Sincerely,
Dorice Young

Programs of Our 1970 Meetings

The first meeting for 1970 of the Siskiyou County Historical Society was held January 10th and was conducted by the new president, Dorice Young.

Josephine Kinney presented a slide program of a trip to the Yukon she had taken the previous summer. As an added treat she showed slides from Vietnam which were taken by her son-in-law.

The Telephone in Siskiyou was the title of the February program. Floyd Dill, business and office manager for the Pacific Telephone Company in Yreka, was the speaker. Several retired telephone operators were present and introduced. Each spoke of some highlight in their "telephone working years". Old telephones and equipment were on display.

George McUne of the Pioneer Village in Jacksonville, Oregon entertained us with movies at our March meeting. The movies were of the retracing of the Oregon Trail from Independence, Missouri to Oregon in 1959 to commemorate the Oregon Centennial. Mr. McUne was one of the drivers of a covered wagon drawn by mules. He presented the Museum with a pair of mule shoes worn by one of these mules.

Fashion Show

Left to right: Doll, Anne Micke, Eileen Micke, Lorraine Micke, Eleanor Brown, Agusta Rotan. —courtesy Grace Micke

For our April meeting, George Rambo, of Medford, Oregon, an amateur historian and collector of early photography, spoke to the members. He had on display an outstanding assortment of daguerrotypes, melanotypes, better known as tintypes and ambrotypes from his priceless collection. Many members brought old photos and were advised as to their age and how to restore their clarity. This was a very informative program and was enjoyed by all present.

The National Boy Scout Jamboree held at Farragut, Idaho on Pend O'Reille Lake in July 1969 was the topic for the program presented by Jeff Brown at our May meeting. Jeff was one of the three scouts from Siskiyou that attended the Jamboree. He showed slides of the camp and some of the activities which were made twice as enjoyable by his witty narration. At the conclusion of the program a fashion show was held. This show had previously been presented on KMED TV, Channel 10, Medford, Oregon.

Eighty-six were present for our June meeting to hear and see Charlotte Davis present the program "June in January". Mrs. Davis and her husband, Orlo, were among a group of Cattlemen and Cowbelles who attended the National Convention held in the Hawaiian Islands. Beautiful colored slides were shown of the various islands where the cattle industry was established over 100 years ago.

In honor of Flag Day, Thea Hiett of Etna sang the "Star Spangled Banner" and Dick Bliss played several appropriate selections on the piano.

During the vacation months of July and August no meetings were held.

The program for September was held on the 12th. The speaker was Charlotte Fazakas whose topic was The History of Seiad Valley. There were 71 present to enjoy hearing the history of the little town in the heart of the mining country. At the conclusion of her program Mrs. Fazakas presented the Museum with a cherished fiddle, a gift to her from Grant Lowden, a pioneer resident of Seiad.

In October we celebrated the Society's twenty-fifth birthday.

Devere and Helen Helfrich of Klamath Falls, Oregon presented a color slide program, "The Marking of the Applegate Trail," to eighty members and friends at our November meeting. Mr. Elliott, president of the Klamath County Historical Society, and his wife were introduced.

One-hundred and five were present for the December meeting to enjoy "Shopping in the Old Country Store" as the curator, Hazel Pollock, dressed in costume of 100 years ago, told the history of the products in the store to a modern day shopper, Eleanor Brown, the secretary of our Society. A miniature country store was arranged for this program. All enjoyed the old-fashioned Christmas tree, strung with popcorn, madrone berries, old ornaments and Christmas cards of long ago. Eleanor presented each one present with an old fashioned paper bag of candy which she had purchased at the country store for them.

Field Trips of 1970

The spring field trip for 1970 took place Sunday, May 24th, when eighty members and friends of the Siskiyou County Historical Society journeyed by bus and private car to Jacksonville, Oregon.

The first stop was at the Pioneer Village where we gathered around long tables for lunch. George McUne, the owner of the village, provided hot coffee, for which we were most grateful.

After lunch, we stepped back in time one hundred years or so as Mr. McUne took us on a guided tour of the Village. As we wandered in and out of the buildings and through the streets we learned the history of each of the old buildings, who built them, and where.

Later in the afternoon Mr. McUne accompanied the group on the bus as we took a sight-seeing tour of historical Jacksonville.

The group wandered through the town of Jacksonville, visiting the Jacksonville Museum, McCulley Doll Museum, Beekman House, Beek-

man Bank, the old Jacksonville cemetery, the Posy Patch, art galleries and antique shops.

We returned late in the afternoon, each having enjoyed the time well spent in the historic town of Jacksonville.

Our fall field trip took place in September. Two hundred people, including Historical Society members and friends, toured the grounds of Wyntoon, the Hearst estate near McCloud.

After lunch at the Fowler Campground along the beautiful McCloud River, we drove several miles through the beautiful trees to the entrance of the estate. Inside, a caretaker guided us through the well-kept grounds with the many trees, beautiful lawns and marble fountains.

The buildings (not open to the public) are built along the McCloud River. They include "The Bend", built of native stone, the McCloud River cottage, used as a summer home, and the Bavarian Village, whose buildings are known as "Brown Bear", "Cinderella" and "Angel" or "Fairy House", never completed.

The group returned home tired but happy, all agreeing that this was one of the most enjoyable trips we had ever taken.

Pioneer Biographies and Member Records

By LORIETA CAMPBELL

Little change has occurred in the progress of compiling Pioneer Biographies and Member Records.

Blank Pioneer and Membership records have been enclosed in this book (Siskiyou Pioneer),, and it would be greatly appreciated if members would respond.

As you recall, 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 descendants of pioneers.
3. To be able to contact relatives and associates of participants and 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.

Our Member Records are far from complete. Such data would be helpful in making our records more comprehensive.

We again ask you to help us!

Birthday Dinner

—courtesy Hazel N. Pollock

An Evening of Remembering

Twenty-five years of remembering were reviewed by over one hundred members and friends of the Siskiyou County Historical Society when they met at the Greenhorn Grange Hall south of Yreka on the evening of October 17th which was just twenty-five years to the day of the Society's conception.

Hazel Pollock, curator of the Museum, acted as mistress of ceremonies and introduced the officers and other dignitaries present and announced the program.

Of the ten founders there are only three living, two of which were present, Gordon Jacobs, who was presented with a life membership, and Mrs. Fred Meamber, the first secretary, who was presented with an old fashioned flower arrangement. Mrs. George Schrader, who was unable to be present, was also sent an old fashioned flower arrangement. These gifts were the Society's way of saying "thank you" for all the favors of the past.

A musical program was presented by Barbara Wilder and Dick Bliss of Mt. Shasta. They portrayed in costume a once famous vaude-

ville team who had returned to a vacant theatre to relive their musical memories.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Meamber presented a slide program reviewing the activities of the Society from its beginning on October 17, 1945 to the present day. The pictures showed many of the activities, the dedications, field trips and members who played an important role in the organization and the preservation of the history of Siskiyou County.

The delicious dinner served by the ladies of the Greenhorn Grange, the enjoyable program and the visiting with friends made the evening one to be remembered.

Curator's Report

By HAZEL N. POLLOCK

Sixteen thousand five hundred visitors from forty-two states and twenty-six foreign countries visited the Siskiyou County Museum in 1970, the largest number of visitors since the opening in 1951.

On June 24, 1969, the Siskiyou County Board of Supervisors passed a minute order reserving the vacant lot south of the Museum to be used for historical purposes by the Museum. The Society has also been given the original Davis log cabin, which is over 100 years old. We hope to place this cabin on this lot in an appropriate setting.

Changes were made in some of the displays on the mezzanine floor. The Southern Siskiyou Know-Your-Heirlooms Group collected early day sewing articles such as thimbles, buttons, needle cases, sewing baskets, thread, braids, etc., for its show case display.

The D.A.R. has a display of early American cooking articles the pioneer women used in their homes.

Starting in March a program was presented each month on Channel 10, TV, Medford, "Today on 10", to publicize the Museum.

The gifts and loans were many. Outstanding among the gifts was a colored lithograph of Yreka in 1856. This was purchased in New York and presented to the Museum by Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Ordway, members of our Society who live in New York and Weed.

We appreciate the gifts and loans we have received, as they all help to make an interesting Museum. A few are listed below:

Gifts: Pictures, glassware, books, quartz crusher, buggy robe, dishes, newspapers, army uniforms, dolls, scrap books, baby clothes, gold watch, jade medallion, mining tools, old fashioned clothes and accessories,, Indian artifacts, school slate, fiddle.

Loans: Arrowheads, pottery, silverware, dolls, baby bonnet, magazines, newspapers, ammonite, silver communion set, violin, barber pole, spectacles.

Report of the Southern Siskiyou
Know Your Heirlooms Group

Officers for 1970 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 a program by Isabel Schrader on souvenir spoons based on a recent book by Dorthy Rainwater. Mrs. Rainwater is a personal friend of Mrs. Schrader and a well-known authority on spoons.

In February Donna Brooks presented a program on souvenir china, well-illustrated from her own and her family's collections. Many of the pieces were made for local merchants and given free to their customers in appreciation for their trade. The Schuler-Knox Company was the one most represented and the scenes on the dishes were local ones usually with Mt. Shasta in the background. Having been notified that it was time to change our exhibit at the Museum, we chose old sewing aids for the new exhibit.

For our March meeting it was our privilege to have with us Mrs. Hazel Pollock, curator of the Siskiyou County Museum, who showed color slides with a running commentary of her trip of the previous summer to attend a seminar of the American Association of State and Local History at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee. After the seminar, Mrs. Pollock and her party went on to the east coast to visit as many as possible of the historical points of interest in and around our nation's capitol.

In April our program by Katie Roush was on "Depression Glass". As the name implies, Depression Glass" was a product born of the depression era of the 1930's and was manufactured for merchants to use as premiums either packaged with products or given with purchases to stimulate business.

The program in May was a repeat of the one of the previous May when Beatrice Clark showed her collection of scrapbooks made by herself and her mother. Many members had missed this program and it was felt that they should have another opportunity to see this very interesting collection.

In June we met with Mrs. Erna Bean, retired librarian of the Mt. Shasta Branch of the Siskiyou County Library and one of our senior members, to hear of her ancestors' life in Germany and of her parents' life in the United States after their arrival in the Carson

Valley of Nevada in 1881. She showed heirlooms inherited from her parents and many family photos.

As usual in July we dispensed with business and study and enjoyed our annual picnic, once again in the Kohn-Brooks garden in Mount Shasta. We met there again in August with members and guests bringing items of interest for display and discussion.

Milk and the containers used to put it in was the subject of the September program by Ellen Tupper at her home in Weed. In addition to a large display of things used in the handling and storage of milk, Mrs. Tupper told of her own experiences during her twenty years as "the goat lady of Mt. Eddy" when her goats in one way or another furnished the major part of her living.

Our year's activities ended in October with our annual program of old music by Richard Bliss, varied this year with several classical selections of Chopin, Clementi and Bach in addition to ballads and rags.

—by Helen Bliss

Membership Report

CALLAHAN	5	MACDOEL	3
CECILVILLE	2	McCLOUD	9
DORRIS	9	MONTAGUE	59
DUNSMUIR	31	MT. HEBRON	1
EDGEWOOD	3	MOUNT SHASTA	50
ETNA	59	SAWYERS BAR	1
FORKS OF SALMON	5	SEIAD VALLEY	3
FORT JONES	38	SCOTT BAR	4
GAZELLE	19	SOMES BAR	1
GREENVIEW	4	TULELAKE	6
GRENADA	16	WEED	46
HAPPY CAMP	37	YREKA	264
HORNBROOK	18	OUT OF STATE	127
HORSE CREEK	7	OUT OF COUNTY	385
KLAMATH RIVER	5	FOREIGN	3

TOTAL 1229

Eleanor Brown
Secretary-Treasurer

In Memorium

Amelia Andrews	February 9, 1970	Yreka, California
Mrs. George Brabham	June 16, 1970	Susanville, California
Lottie Astell Ball	August 27, 1970	Etna, California
Rudolph J. Brown	January 17, 1970	Yreka, California
J. E. Barr	July 28, 1970	Yreka, California
Viola Frances Barton	January 13, 1970	Horse Creek, California
Mrs. Ruth Baumgartner	August 16, 1970	Yreka, California
Gertrude V. Cheney	November 27, 1970	Redding, California
George Cory	January 29, 1970	Callahan, California
James G. Davis	April 26, 1970	Yreka, California
Margaret A. Davis	July 10, 1970	Montague, California
Anna E. Soule' Dreyer	October 21, 1970	Montague, California
Arthur S. Dustan	March 6, 1970	Blue River, Oregon
Louisa Fay	April 1, 1970	Yreka, California
David E. Griffith	May 15, 1970	Yreka, California
R. V. Hayden, Sr.	March 27, 1970	Callahan, California
Iva Heflin	November, 1970	Redding, California
Ramona M. Kehrer	September 2, 1970	Yreka, California
E. C. Latchem	June 17, 1970	Gazelle, California
Mrs. Betty Lavell	July, 1970	Montague, California
John F. Mott	November 15, 1970	Oakland, California
Beulah Orr	January 25, 1970	Yreka, California
Darrell W. Papst	August, 1970	Mount Shasta, California
Alice L. Pipes	November, 1970	Mount Shasta, Calif.
Albert J. Rader	July, 1970	West Sacramento, California
Mary Boyd Scammell	February 4, 1970	Yreka, California
Henry N. T. Schultz	February 24, 1970	Jacksonville, Oregon
Dr. Paul W. Sharp	Date Unknown	Klamath Falls, Oregon
Walter A. Simon	April 28, 1970	Montague, California
Lawrence F. Smith	Date Unknown	Carpinteria, California
Mc D. Smith	February 22, 1970	Elkton, Oregon
Minne A. Tamisiea	November 7, 1970	Montague, California
Mary T. Tillotson	December 6, 1970	Woodland, California
Josephine Soule' Turre'	May 8, 1970	Yreka, California
Effie A. Wellons	May 14, 1970	Mount Shasta, California
Gerald F. Wetzel	November 23, 1970	McCloud, California
Mrs. J. M. (Laura) White	December 4, 1970	Weed, California
Pearl Young	July 30, 1970	Stockton, California

Financial Report

December 31, 1970

Savings Account	$13,651.24
Checking Account	7,611.13
Cash in Bank	21,262.37

General Fund	$ 5,105.62
Publication Fund	1,396.74
Memorial Garden Fund	506.77
Map Fund	266.12
Food Fund	16.55
Special Museum	70.00
Wells History	249.33
Total Cash in Bank	$21,262.37

Eleanor Brown, Secretary-Treasurer

Oh Karok Chief

Oh Karok Chief—

Many moons ago these rivers and streams were Karok land
The old Chief, his squaw, and his tribe
Have given up their home to the greedy white hand
Of miners, who moved in pushing redman aside.

Oh Chief, your giant red salmon, once your daily food
Now can't get past the greedy nets of white fisheries.
The game so abundant once furnished your brood
With skins for warmth and meat for strength, now scarce.

Your trails, once hidden by big trees and brush
Now lost in a maze of logging roads and highways
Your villages, burial grounds and baskets for acorn mush
They too giving way to civilization, are now dust.

White laws won't allow fire in the forests to grow grass
For the Squaw's baskets, but Oh Chief of the Karok,
The white-man's lust for riches, prestige, and class
Have made him disobey his own laws and cheat his brother.

And now I think of you in your Happy Hunting Grounds
And wonder if there is a mighty river there
Flowing over a falls like Ishi Pishi with a thundering sound,
And I wonder, Oh Karok Chief, is there a place there
for a mixed breed like me!

by Hazel Davis

Indian salmon fishing on the Klamath River.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Stone pipes made by Indians at Shovel Creek, Siskiyou County.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Karok Indians watching White Deerskin Dance, September 1896.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Indian woman pounding acorns into flour.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Georgia Henry standing in front of sweat house.
—courtesy Wes Hotelling

Mrs. Tom, first half breed born in Somes Bar area. Spoke only native tongue. Notice lll on chin.
—courtesy Wes Hotelling

Indian men proudly display their white men's guns.
—courtesy Alvin Orcutt

Oak Bottom Jack, Karok, picture taken in 1900.
—courtesy Hazel Davis

Full blooded Karok, Nellie Johnson, notice Indian cap and braids.
—courtesy Hazel Davis

Nettie Rubin, native of Ishi Pishi Rancheria, wearing her dress-up hat.
—courtesy Hazel Davis

Sweat house on Klamath River.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

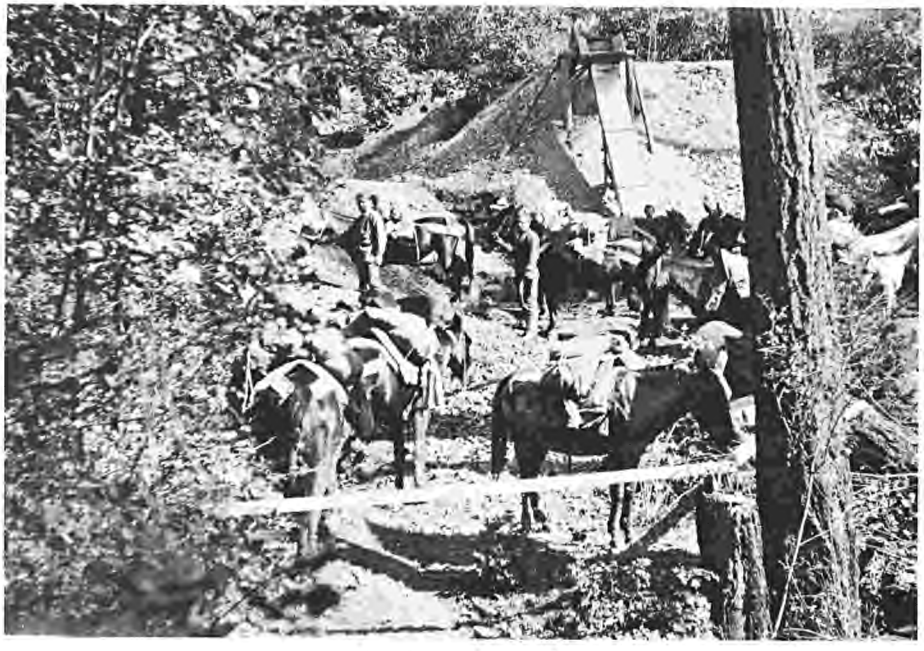
One of the best canoe operaters on the Klamath River, Nellie Rubin
—courtesy Hazel Davis

Beggar Jim, notice fancy design on bow.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Doc Keene lived on Rancheria south of Yreka. Notice woodpecker head dress.
—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Karok Indian drum, notice lacing on side.

—courtesy Hazel Davis



Loading pack train.

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Indian Pegg, a Shasta Indian, who saved the people in Yreka by warning them of an Indian attack.

—courtesy Siskiyou County Museum

Town of Yreka City

HEART OF SCENIC SISKIYOU

For Information, Call or Write

Yreka City Hall

Phone (916) 842-4386

Yreeka, California 96097

NOLAN
LITHO
Yreka, Calif.