Upper Klamath River Issue *1974*

The Siskiyou Pioneer

IN FOLKLORE, FACT AND FICTION

and YEARBOOK

Siskiyou County Historical Society

Volume 4 Number 7

Beswick Hotel at Shovel Creek on upper Klamath River.

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Thrall, 1887. A stone cellar is all that is left today.

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HEART OF SCENIC SISKIYOU

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Pokegama, July 4th celebration

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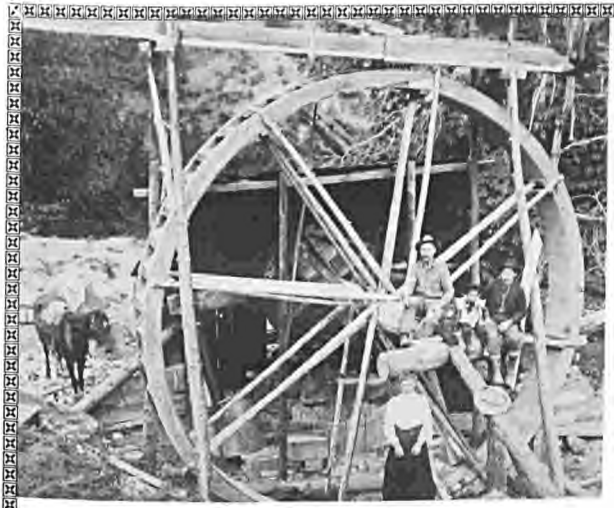
Yreka, California

Grave at Klamathon. Stone reads, "Charles Brigham. Born July 28, 1900, Died August 9, 1900.

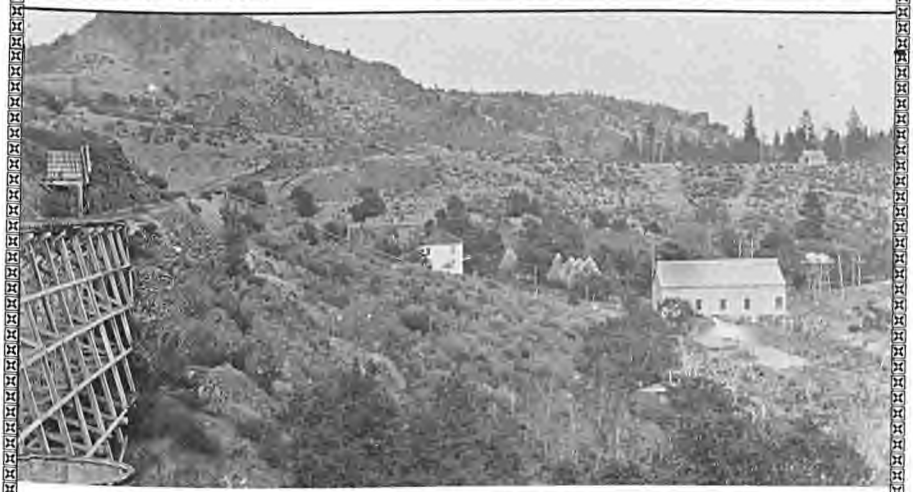
Girdner Funeral Chapel

202 South Oregon Street

Yreka, California



An arrasta near Hornbrook. Arrastas were powered by an overshot wheel, using water, and were used to work gold from the quartz rock.



Fall Creek powerhouse and trestle, 1917. —courtesy Doug Horn

Cattle grazing near Hornbrook.

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On road to Klamath Hot Springs, 1909.

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Lookout point on Topsy Grade enroute from Klamath Falls to Ager via Klamath Hot Springs.

Randolph Collier

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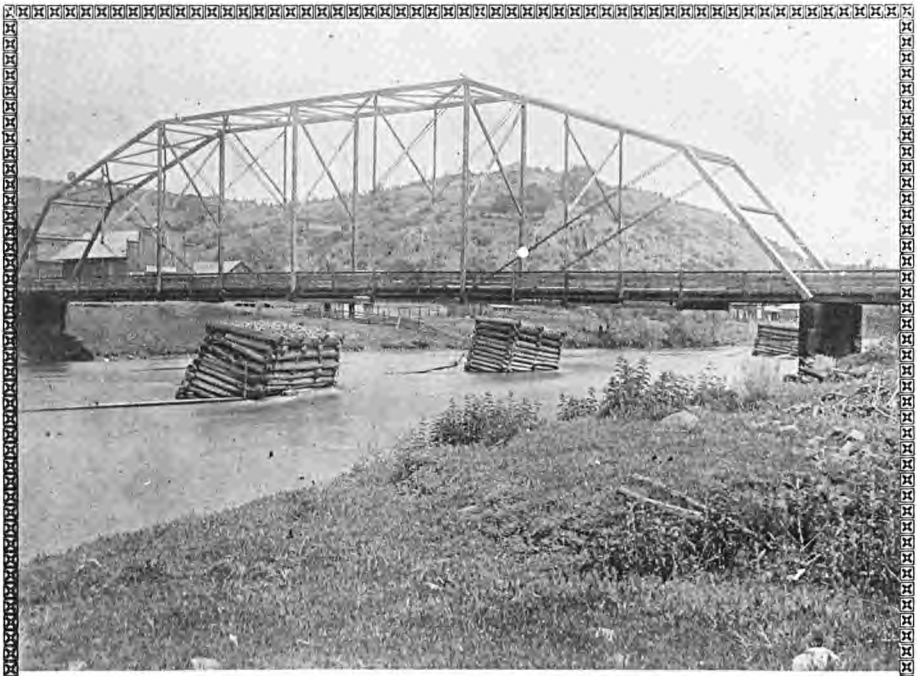
4th of July celebration at Pokegama.

McCloud River Railroad Company

McCloud, California



Old bridge across the Klamath River at Klamathon with anchors for millpond.

Klamathon, California, sawmill dam. Fish ladder to the left.

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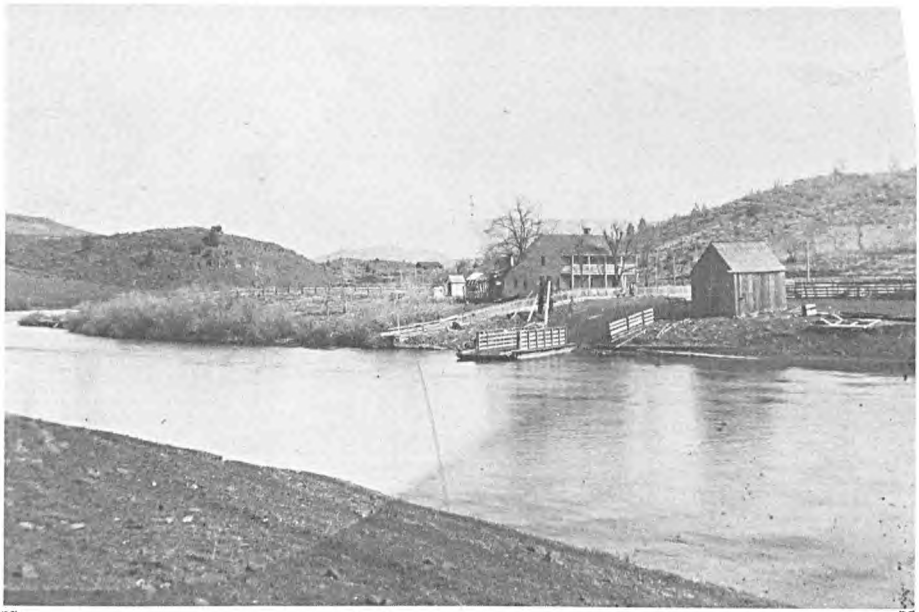

Old Klamathon ferry.

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Old fort, near Fort Jones, California. Nothing left today.

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Editor's Page

Darlene G. Anderson, Editor

It is difficult to cover an area so one does not get bored with too much of one item. The brief history of Klamathon and events covered in this year's issue of the Siskiyou Pioneer are quite fascinating and have all the makings of a good T.V. series.

The history of Klamathon has been covered in great detail by the Klamath County Historical Society in the 1966 Klamath Echoes. They devoted the whole issue to Klamathon and the Pokegama Basin and the railroads. For those of you wishing to cover in greater detail this fascinating chapter of Klamath River history, their book will be a must. This issue has been reprinted and copies are available at the Siskiyou County Museum at this date.

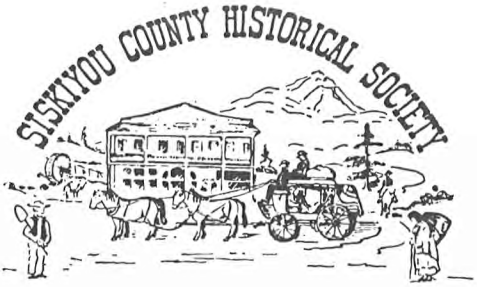
As one travels up and down the Klamath River you cannot help but see the rock tailings and scars from past mining ventures. With current world events going as they are, especially the price of gold and silver, one cannot stop to think that perhaps one day we will see again the quartz mine, sluice boxes and long toms back in operation. Mining was a major part of Siskiyou County and pulled many a family through earlier times and again during the Great Depression, and perhaps it will come to the rescue again.

Darlene G. Anderson

COVER PICTURE: Log chute near Shovel Creek on the Klamath River. It was 2650 feet from top to river, a vertical drop of 835 feet. Remains of this chute are visible today.

Siskiyou Pioneer

Vol. IV, No. 7 1974



Editor . . . . . Darlene G. Anderson
Advertising Manager . . . Eleanor Brown

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The Siskiyou Pioneer and Yearbook – publications of the Siskiyou County Historical Society. Copies may be secured through the Secretary, 910 So. Main Street, Yreka, California 96097. Price is $2.50 plus $.35 handling charge. Annual Society membership is $4.00. Members receive publications free of charge anywhere in the U.S. or Canada.

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Upper Klamath River

Klamathon by Darlene G. Anderson

In the Cottonwood Basin, the Klamath River was crossed by six wagons following the old Siskiyou Mountain Trail southward in the late summer of 1848.

Sometime in March, 1851 gold was discovered in Yreka, California and in December, 1851 in Jacksonville, Oregon. With those discoveries, the rush was on. About August 26, 1854 (My Playhouse Was a Concord Coach, by Maye Helene Bacon Boggs, page 209) a ferry was put in use. It was called "Klamath Ferry" and was located between Willow Creek and Cottonwood Creek. Probably, this ferry became later known as the "James Bell Ferry".

As the country became more settled and roads began appearing, stage routes and post offices were established. Among the first was the town of Henley, whose post office was established on January 3, 1856. It was closed to Hornbrook on October 31, 1912. (Century of California Post Offices, 1848-1954 by Walter N. Frickstad, 1955).

By December 26, 1866, some "12 miles from Yreka", a post office of "Klamath" was established. The exact location is not known, but operating continued until February 28, 1872. "Virginia Ranch" was established on January 9, 1871, and was closed on December 18, 1871. (California Post Offices). Virginia Ranch was evidently the old Laird Ranch. In 1876, on September 22, a post office of "Willow Creek" was established and closed to "Ager" on February 3, 1888. (California Post Offices).

A winter schedule was printed by the Redding Free Press on December 15, 1884 for the stage. It read in part . . . Leave Yreka 4 a.m. Arrive Lairds 8 a.m. (for breakfast) Leave Lairds 8:30 a.m. Arrive Cole's 12:30 p.m. (for dinner.)

Laird's became Thrall in the early 1900's and was the taking off point for the Klamath Lake Railroad from the Southern Pacific Railroad. Thrall is now part of a subdivision and all that remains is part of a stone building.

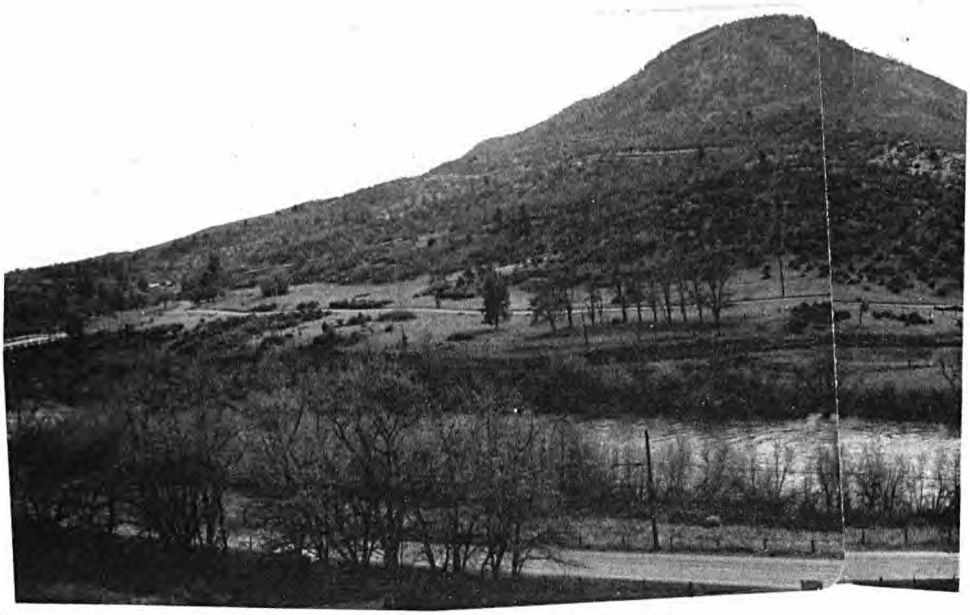
By May 1, 1887, the railroad was built as far north as Hornbrook. In 1888, the Klamath River Improvement Company was incorporated by James F. McLaughlin (as president), J. Louvenberg and James Steele. Steele seemed to be the principal investor. There may have been others.

According to an article in the Journal (Yreka) of November 28, 1888, "a depot is to be built at this new town on Klamath River, and Klamath City is destined to become one of the largest towns in the county." Plans to build a dam, a saw mill and a "woodenware factory" were underway in Portland by the corporation heads.

"To test the matter of getting logs down the river, 134 were thrown in at the Oregon Boundary line and 119 reached the locality of Klamath City, without any further attention, the river being at its lowest.

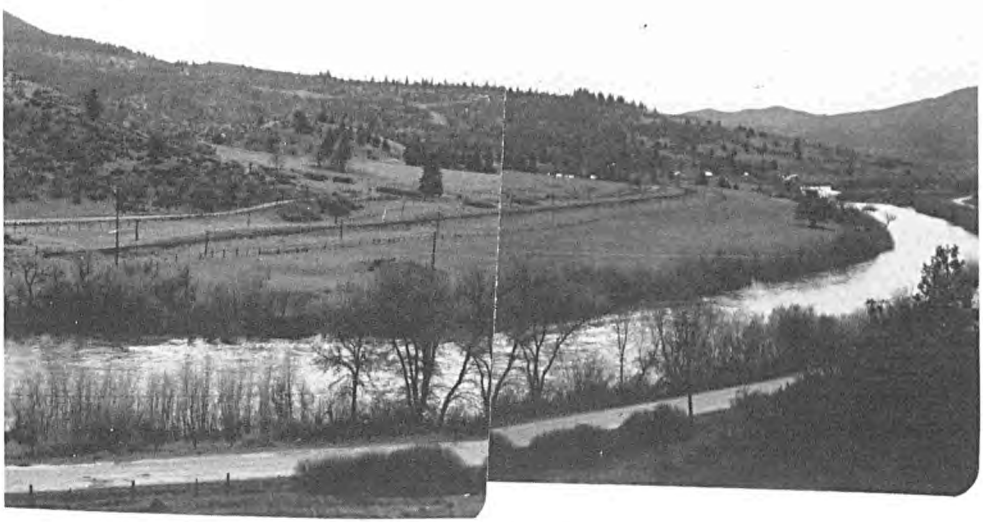
"In addition to these improvements, a new road is being built up the river to Elk Flats, near Shovel Creek, joining the Linkville (Klamath Falls—ed.) road at that point, the new road being free from the troublesome adobe, so difficult for travel in the winter season."

Then: Klamathon, California taken about 1898, showing the mill, the town and the



Now: Klamathon, California as it is today. The county bridge is located upstream from

bridge. Nob Hill is to the left of the picture. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)



the old bridge of 1890's. (David Anderson photo)

Reprinting an article from the Ashland Record, the Union on February 21, 1889 reported, "The work on the big lumbering mill and town site has been closed down and the men discharged. The Record is informed, upon pretty fair authority, that operations have been suspended indefinitely, on account of the company not being able to get proper title to their land. It is said the biggest part of their land, about 30,000 acres, was ceded to the state, which gave a swamp land title to the parties from whom they purchased it. As it is a fine belt of sugar and yellow pine, plainly without any taint whatever of being swamp, it is said the government has notified the company that the titles were procured through fraud, and will be revoked."

Construction was resumed after the Klamath River Improvement Company entered into an agreement with Klamath and Siskiyou counties during early 1889.

The Union reprinted an article by the Linkville Star of August 8, 1889 "The boom of Klamath City is fairly opened. Thirty three carloads of machinery, all marked in big advertising letters 'Klamath City Lumber and Driving Co.' have just rolled into that interesting locality from the east, together with a 250 horsepower engine and eleven great boilers. Next will be heard the call for laborers, and the echoes of saws, hammers, axes and mule drivers will drown the roar of the Klamath. The market thus opening for our stock and farm products will soon be calling for its supply."

It was reported on October 17, 1889 (by the Union) that an auction of Klamath City town lots was postponed until October 31.

The Journal on July 30, 1890 reported: "The County Supervisors created a new school district on May 10th. Mr. J.E. McLaughlin, W.H. Laird and B.M. Gill were elected trustees, and $500 is apportioned for this district. No teacher has been employed yet and those who desire to apply should do so at once."

Newspaper comments during the remainder of 1890 and most of 1891 have little to say about Klamath City, so it seems little or no new construction occurred.

The San Francisco Examiner announced (and it was reprinted in the Journal) on November 11, 1891 that "The largest sale of railroad timber land on the coast this year has just been concluded by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. The land in question is situated near what is known as Jenny Creek, a stream flowing into the Klamath River. Pardee, Cook & Co., one of the largest timber firms of Michigan, are the purchasers, and they paid $90,000 for it. In addition to this purchase the Michigan Company has about an equal portion of government timber land interspersed in sections between the tracts just acquired from the railroad company."

"The firm above named may probably be the present owners of the extensive mill at Klamath City, as that mill was built by Michigan and Oregon capital some three years ago and a town site laid out for an extensive business. Some trouble in the company caused a suspension of the

work after the extensive mill was almost ready to set in motion."

December 9, 1890 the Journal reported that "the new foreman of the Klamath City Mills, on Monday last, told that Pardee, Cook & Co., have bought the entire outfit of the old company, and that thirty men from Michigan will arrive today to commence work in fixing up the mill and dam. Steele, McLaughlin and all the former stockholders have retired."

February 3, 1891, Journal, "As yet no lots can be sold, until Mr. Cook returns from the east, but a great many have been spoken for, to be transferred when Mr. Cook arrives . . . A post office will soon be established . . . We are still calling it Klamath City, but that name will not be allowed by the government for a post office as there is a Klamath in Humboldt county and one in Oregon.

On February 8, 1891, a post office was established under the name of "Pokegama", and ran until June 4, 1897 when the name was changed to "Klamathon". The Klamathon post office was in existence until March, 1918 when it was closed to Hornbrook, and from then on it was placed on mail route. (California Post Offices)

Depending on the date the names of Pokegama and Klamathon are both used to designate the town. Later a logging camp was to be named Pokegama, but it was usually called Pokegama Camp or Pokegama, Oregon.

Klamathon had a town Constable, a Justice of the Peace and a jail. Actually, the jail was called a "cooler" and was used mainly for the boys to sleep off a drunk. The few more serious offenders were transported to the jail at Yreka. The local cemetery was upstream from the town on the opposite side of the river. A row of small houses were built on the property during the construction of Iron Gate Dam, and only three graves remain. One headstone can be seen in the field behind the houses, and the other grave is in the clump of locust trees.

The following was reported by the Yreka Journal on July 20, 1892: "The loggers up the Klamath, are now dumping logs into the river at a rapid rate and the mill will soon be ready for commencing work. . .Over 110 men are now employed all along the river in getting the logs down, and a number of experienced rafters follow them in bateaus or flat bottom boats to prevent a jam by keeping the logs moving. An immense chute of about a mile long has been made on the mountain side between Truitt's and Edson's, down which the logs are shot into the river.

"At present large carts with wheels 10 feet high, and 6 inch tires, are used in hauling logs about a quarter of a mile to the chute, each haul of two 12 to 16 feet logs, requiring about 13½ minutes in loading, hauling and dumping into the stream. As soon as the timber is cut away from the edge of the mountain plateau nearest the river, a railroad will be built back from four to ten miles for speedy hauling to the river bank. The company will buy all the logs they can get in addition to the several contracts, and are now building a fine wagon road up the north side of the river from Pokegama to

the junction with the Shovel Creek and Linkville road at the Schnackenburg crossing near Bogus."

There was a flag station near the bottom of the log chute to signal the top if it was all clear, so another log could be sent down. The loggers greased the chute with tallow to help speed the logs down. Any log that hung up was pulled free, using a large horse. It took 10 to 15 seconds for the logs to travel the length of the chute.

Most of the men, especially the ones that worked the river, stayed at the hotel at Klamath Hot Springs. The other men stayed at a camp at the top of the plateau.

The Yreka Journal on May 17, 1893 reported: "They are extending a railroad from the river back to the logs and now have an engine which they will take up for duty soon.

The Cook Enterprises, or Klamath River Lumber and Improvement Co., purchased a small engine at Santa Monica, California. It had been used to draw an excursion train from Santa Monica to the Pacific Ocean, and was shipped up on the Southern Pacific Railroad. Then hauled up the north side wagon road from Pokegama by horse team. The number of horses used varied and the roughest part of the trip seemed to be getting the little engine up Spannus Grade.

Possibly, because of the color of the cab, the engine was called "Blue", "Little Blue" and mostly "Old Blue". There was quite a mystery as to what ever happened to "Old Blue" but it appears to have been cut for scrap metal during World War II.

One of the first main logging camps established on the plateau was called "Cooks Camp", and later it became known as "Snow". It is unclear if the name "Snow" came from the heavy winter snow in the area, or if it was for William Snow, who had a homestead in the area. At any rate, a post office of Snow, Oregon, was established on June 22, 1894. Later, as the logging railroad was extended, possibly in early 1898, a new camp was established. The camp was named "Pokegama" after the saw mill town became "Klamathon". The Snow Post Office was transferred to the new camp of Pokegama in November, 1898, and was known as Pokegama, Oregon.

On June 23, 1896 the Yreka Journal ran a detailed description of the town of Pokegama. Here is part of that article: "Stopping at Pokegama, we found quite a large town, of probably 500 inhabitants, and upwards of 100 buildings, including stores, sawmills, box factory, saloons, churches, new school house, hotels, livery stables, offices, residences, etc. The town extends mostly along the Klamath River, about a mile in length, with good wooden sidewalks and broad street fronting the railroad track, and is well supplied with a good system of water works and other improvements.

"The sawmill plant is housed in a substantially framed two story building, about 170 feet in length, and from 50 to 60 feet in width. The building is sheathed and roofed with corrugated iron. Within the building is

located machinery for the manufacture of rough and surfaced lumber, shingles, lath, etc. The Klamath River is dammed a short distance above the mill, and the driveway from the mill terminates in the pond. The log runs into the mill on an endless chain, and is kicked onto the carriage by what is known as a 'nigger'. The band saw had a capacity of 50,000 feet of 1 inch lumber per 10 hour day. The saw carriage is moved by a pair of engines, situated below the floor.

"The 500 horse power engine now in use being worked to but 25 per cent of its capacity. Located near the trimmers are the lath and shingle saws.

"The lumber goes to the stackers from the mill on hand trucks holding 1,000 feet each; some 20 of the trucks being used.

"North of the mill is the extensive yard, containing nearly 2,000,000 feet of lumber piled up. Connected with and below the yard is a box factory and fine cut mill, well equipped with planers, small band saws, shapers and other machinery for small work. The box factory is now engaged in making fruit boxes, and consumes about 25,000 feet of lumber per day. This factory is run by an independent compound 34 horse power engine.

"Adequate protection from fire is guaranteed by an extensive pumping plant located in the large mill, the pumps throwing 500 gallons per minute."

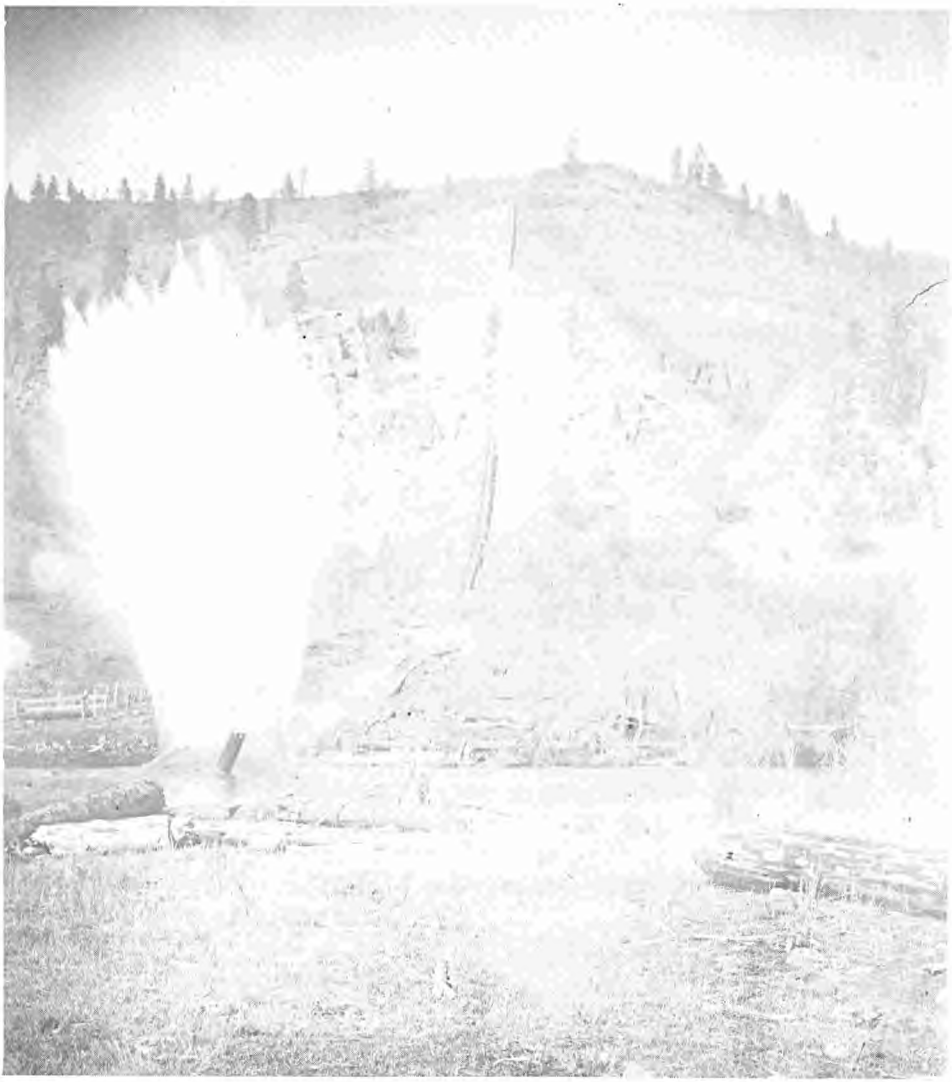
The Klamath River and Improvement Co. entered into a lease agreement with Hervey Lindley, of Los Angeles on February 24, 1897. This agreement would later prove to be a lot of trouble with law suits and counter suits being filed. The lease was for the entire lumber plant.

Klamathon had several fires over a period of five years. The fires, along with the court fights, finally brought about the death of the town.

Mason, Lindley and Coffin renamed the saw mill "The Pokegama Sugar Pine Lumber Company." In 1901, the Pokegama Sugar Pine Company met with the Southern Pacific Railroad to start a new railroad. "The Klamath Lake Railroad." This would insure a way to get a steady supply of logs to the mill at Klamathon. The river proved to be unstable to bring logs down because of low water, log jams and drifts. Building dams to increase the water flow to bring the logs down, caused trouble with the miners on the river because of the water fluctuation.

In October, 1902, John R. Cook sold three fourths interest in his lumber and timber properties to C.C. Pelton of Cheboygan, Michigan, for about $500,000. At one time, Mr. Pelton was an employee of Mr. Cook. A new company was formed with T.V. Ward as manager of the manufacturing interest of the company, Pelton Reed and Ward.

On December 12, 1905 Weyerhaeuser Syndicate completed the purchase of Pelton, Reed and Ward's interest in the John R. Cook and Son's holdings and also the Klamath Lake Railroad Company, along with the Poke-



Then: Klamath River Lumber Co. shooting logs into the Klamath River near Shovel Creek. It was estimated the logs would travel 90 m.p.h. down the chute and some were smoking by the time it reached the river. (Courtesy of Siskiyou County Museum)

gama Sugar Pine Lumber Company.

There was nothing left of the once proud little town and the bustling saw mill but one home and open fields. Several homes have been built in later years and at this writing the town of Klamathon consists of five families: the Anderson's, Adams, Lucas, Horton's and Reeves. According to court house records, the townsite is still divided in San Francisco size lots of 25 x 100 feet and most are owned by individuals.

Klamathon Fires

by DARLENE G. ANDERSON

Klamathon had several fires as reported before. Here are the newspaper accounts of these fires. . .

The Yreka Journal reported on January 11, 1898 of the fire at Klamathon saying it "commenced about 4 a.m. in the Meeker & Davis saloon, extending to the drug store, Nichols' barn, Gillis' saloon, barber shop, Mrs. Durgin's confectionery store and the ice house on the vacant log west of Walden's saloon."

On July 6, 1899 the Republican reported that a disastrous fire had almost destroyed Klamathon. The fire started in the kitchen of Parshall's Store and residence, destroying over one-half of the business portion of the town. The mill and box factory were not damaged.

After the lease from Cook to Lindley, on April 7, 1897 and the ensuing court fights starting in 1898 there was sabotage and fights on both sides, but in brief: Cook (Klamath River Lumber) sued Lindley (Pokegama Sugar Pine Lumber) to break the lease to regain the mill, and the judge dissolved the injunction on March 12, 1898. Next Lindley sued Cook to regain the mill and Cook countersued for damages. Judge Morrow gave the mill back to Lindley with an extension of the lease to 1904. On Cook's suit for damages, the decision was for Mr. Cook and Mr. Lindley (Pokegama Sugar Pine Lumber Co.) was to pay "$25,054.80 with legal interest from March 28, 1898 as net profits on 19,500,000 feet and $15,127.25 as net profits in excess of 19,500,000 feet, and also costs of the suit." In view of the adverse decision, Mason Lindley & Co. decided to give up possession of the mill on April 20, 1903.

On May 22, 1902 the Republican reported that "500 feet of the log chute at Shovel Creek was destroyed by fire last Saturday."

On October 2, 1902, John R. Cook sold three fourths of his logging interests, including the large sawmill, box factory and planing mill at Klamathon to D.C. Pelton of Cheboygan, Michigan (Pelton, Reed and Ward).

On October 9, 1902 the Republican reported "An Ashland paper reports that someone, as yet unknown, entered the Box Factory of the Earl Fruit Company, at Klamathon and cut all the belting on the company's machinery, doing $600 worth of damage, and necessitating the suspension of operations at the plant until repairs can be made. Officers are trying to detect the guilty miscreant."

Next, on October 13-14 came the big fire at Klamathon. This event had been building up for some time.

Now: Shovel Creek Chute scar showing yet. The field in foreground used to belong to Beswick's or Klamath Hot Springs Hotel. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

The Yreka Journal reported on October 17th, "Shortly after midnight last Monday a fire broke out at Klamathon in the carpenter shop, a considerable distance back of the box factory, which indicated incendiarism, and

soon enveloped the box factory in flames, extending rapidly to the big lumber mills, lumber piles and drying houses, etc., of Mason, Lindley and Coffin.

"The company's saw mill, lumber yard and two box factories were located just east of the railroad track. West of the track and extending about parallel with it was a long row of business buildings, some twenty-five or thirty in number. In this row was the post office and company store. A few minutes past 12 o'clock the sawmill whistle blew the alarm of fire. The blaze started down stairs in the southernmost box factory south of the lumber yard. A strong wind was blowing from the southwest and before anything could be accomplished in the line of fire fighting the box factory and its neighboring building, another box factory, were a mass of flames.

"The ground all around the buildings, and even over the principal part of the town was covered with sawdust. The flames, fanned by the wind, sped through this, licking up 8,000,000 feet of lumber stored in the yards, then jumped the track, taking the railroad buildings and gaining such headway in the row of business buildings that a well organized fire department could not have checked its devastating progress. The flames spread until there were no more buildings to be burned, and then died out in the thinning sawdust east of town.

"At 4 o'clock the sawmill belonging to the company, located some distance north of the burned lumber yards, caught fire and it, too, was completely destroyed.

"Telegraph poles 200 yards away from the fire, across the Klamath River, were burned and wires put out of action. The bridges across the river were not burned.

"The ties of the railroad track were burned and rails warped. The northbound passenger train was stalled just south of Klamathon, and the southbound California Express was held up at Hornbrook for over 10 hours.

"The approximated loss is given at $500,000. There is some insurance, particularly on the company's property. On account of the vast quantity of sawdust around and the great risk incurred, the insurance companies had but recently withdrawn many policies on the old wood buildings of the town.

"The blaze would form in funnel shape and shoot up in the air several hundred feet, throwing up burning boards that floated around like the sprays from rockets. The corrugated iron roof of the company's store was also lifted and sent skyward, making a loud rumbling noise like thunder. A concrete building owned by Jake Strobeck, considered fire proof by test in a former fire, stood for some time, but finally succumbed to the devouring element.

"A handsome sleeper of the St. Louis and Iron Mountain R.R., containing parties intending to purchase the mill plant from Cook and Sons, had a close call, and was blistered to some extent, when a switch engine from Hornbrook came to the rescue. Some five or six freight cars were drawn to the end of the yards, supposed to be safe, but the fire spread so rapidly that they

were caught in the blaze and destroyed.

"The principal loser is the firm of Mason, Lindley & Coffin, sawmill, sash and door factory, general store, two box factories and 8,000,000 feet of lumber. Other losses are: T.E. Murphy, saloon; Con DeWitt, saloon; S. Walden, saloon; Camper & Davis, saloon; Wm. Ennis, saloon; Gus Walden, store; Wilson's hall; Parcell's butchershop; post office; Gregory's drug store; T.E. Murphy's residence; Townsley's hotel; Wellon's bakery; Gisbrecht's hotel; Parcell's store; Judge Nichols' hotel and lodging house; the company's big barn, railroad depot, sheds and cars."

The remaining residences and buildings were burned a number of years later by a boy who was supposedly stealing a smoke.

The only house that has survived all of these fires is now a private residence of the David W. Anderson family. It was reported to have been a hardware store at one time.

Klamathon: The Mill and Town

by JOHN C. WELLONS

Quite a number of people have asked me about Klamathon; who the people were, where they lived, where they worked, and if there were any incidents which would stand recording.

To begin with, Father and Mother and six children left Keno, Oregon in a covered wagon. They came down Topsy Grade and landed in Pokegama on April 11, 1892, which happened to be my eighth birthday. The name of the town was later changed to Klamathon.

There were no spare houses available then, but we had a tent and camped at the north end of the bridge. The mill was already built, as was the dam and fish ladder. I am not sure when the mill actually started but I have been told it was in the spring of 1893. The bridge was about one hundred yards above the mill.

While we were camped by the bridge, the Cook Company was digging a reservoir on the top of the hill north of the river. They had piped water from a spring a mile or two back in the hills. The reservoir was located just on top of the hill where the present bridge ends into the Copco road. They piped the water across by laying the pipe on the bottom of the river and this supplied Knob Hill with domestic water. The only well that I can remember in Klamathon was just off the sidewalk in front of Waldon Brothers Saloon. It had a pump on it and was for public use.

All the houses on Knob Hill were built by the Cook Company and were made from good material. They were surfaced and painted, as were the two churches, school house and hotel. The Cook Company was good to their employees and wanted them to have good homes.

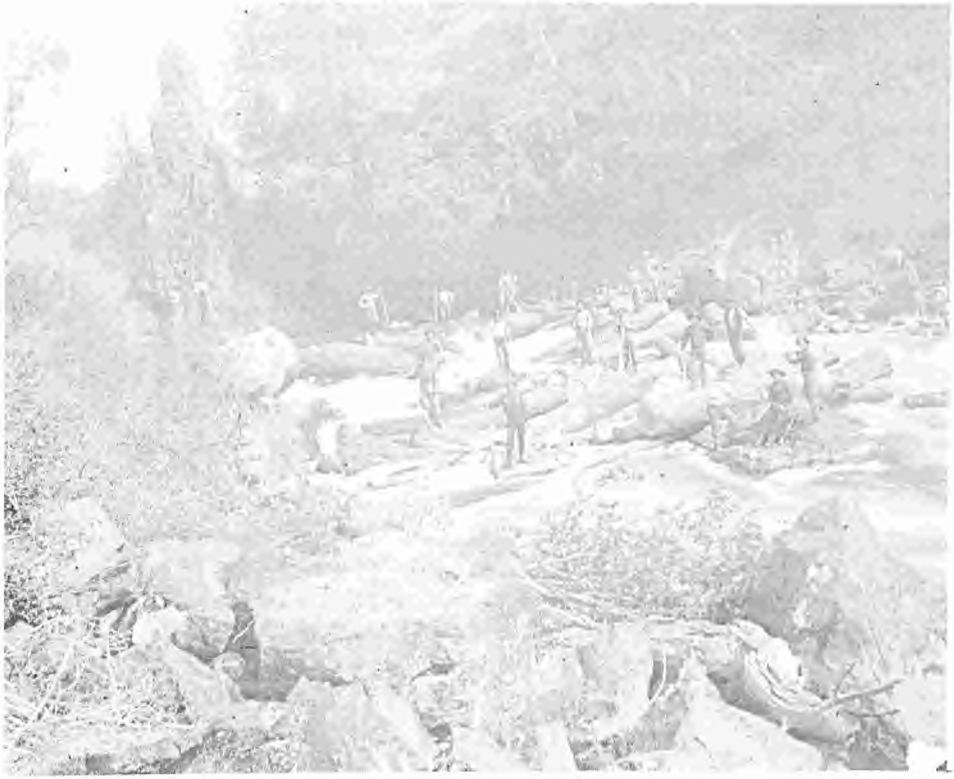
Top of log chute near Shovel Creek on Klamath River. From the top it was 2,650 feet to the river, with a vertical drop of 835 feet.

"River Pigs" on the Klamath River about 1900. Shovel Creek Chute can be seen in the background. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

The dam backed water up to approximately where the present bridge is. That made a lake that had a slight current flowing through it. There was no way of holding the logs when we made our camp. But the company was in the process of building cribs in the river and fastening boom logs to them, so as to hold the saw logs when they arrived.

These cribs were made of 12 to 16 inch logs about 12 feet long. They were notched at each end and spiked together, in the same way as one would build a log cabin, only having wider cracks. After the first two layers of logs were laid, a floor of heavy planks were fastened to the crack between the first and second layer, then four or five more layers of logs were added. Now the crib was ready to set out in the lake. Strong ropes were fastened to the two up stream corners and the crib was hauled into place, but I cannot remember how that was done. Next, they hauled scow loads of large rocks and sank the crib almost to water level. Then they built the crib up until it had reached the bottom of the lake, it was then built up 8 or 10 feet highe and filled with more rocks. I think there were 7 cribs from a point one thir of the distance across the lake, by the mill, to the north side of the riv above the present bridge. There were two more cribs on the south si Remains of the cribs can still be seen. Beams reached across the river were tied from each south crib to hold the logs back from the lower pond.

After the cribs were placed, the boom logs were put in. They were made of logs about 20 inches to two feet in diameter and 16 feet long or more. Each end had a strong iron band stretched around each end like a wagon tire and spiked thru to insure that the bands would not come off. The boom logs were fastened together by short lengths of chain, then fastened to the cribs so that they made a floating fence from the mill to the last crib on the north.



Log Jam on the Klamath River. This shows some of the problems that the river men faced in getting the logs down from Shovel Creek to the sawmill at Klamathon.
(Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

There were two cross booms to hold the logs above the lower part of the lake and that portion was called the "mill pond". The mill was close to the river on the south, so when they began sawing they built a slab dike as high as the dam to protect the shore from washing away. This dike was afterwards extended down river to one half the way to the sash and door factory. They also built lumber piles on the river side of the north tram.

The first year we were there we saw most of this work being done. Before winter came, Father filed on a homestead of 160 acres. It was be-

tween Klamathon and Hornbrook just off the present Copco road to the north. He built a single room house, open to the rafters, and we lived there for four years. On my twelfth birthday, we moved to Klamathon. Father sold the homestead rights to make a down payment on a lot and building. The house had a business front and was built right out to the sidewalk on Main Street. Mother started a bakery and sold bread for 5¢ a loaf, cookies for 5¢ a dozen, rolls and donuts for 10¢ a dozen and pies for 20¢.

Mason, Lindley and Coffin had charge of the mill at this time.

The railroad track was where it is at present, the side tracks just north, then came the lumber yard and mill. The railroad track was not fenced like it is today. The sash and door factory was to the west and near the river. The railroad was opposite the Waldon Store. There were two or three railroad side tracks running south into the lumber yard and one to the box factory on the east.

The mill was a large structure three stories high. The lower level was about ten feet above the pond level. In it was located the furnace, three boilers, the two hundred fifty horse power engine, the four cylinder water pump, the big line shaft and the sixteen foot fly wheel with three foot belt surface fly wheel which delivered power to the whole works.

There was also a steam bathroom near the engine and a rest room over the river large enough to accommodate at least twelve persons at once. That is where the out-dated Montgomery Ward catalogs found their final destination.

When the logs for the lumber came down the river and were caught and held, they had already been barked where they had been cut. This was so they would slide down the half mile chute into the river easier. Sometimes the sides and ends of the logs picked up gravel so when the log was brought on deck by an elevator, it had to be inspected and the rocks removed. Two men with double bit axes were required to do this. When the carriage that took the logs to the saw came back empty, these men took cant hooks and rolled the logs on the carriage. After that, it was up to the man who ran the carriage to run the log thru the saw. When he wanted to turn the log they used what was called a "steam nigger". The carriage was also run by steam. The slabs went from the saw onto a set of live rollers and the lumber onto another set. The slabs were stopped at a circular saw. The man who handled it cut the slabs into four foot lengths. These slabs were dumped on the ground. Some were dumped into a hopper which led to what they called a "hog" (a circular broadface wheel with knives on it) and were chopped into small pieces. A conveyor carried the results to a supply tank over the boilers and the furnace. That way the fireman did not have to go after wood to keep the steam up. The four foot slabs that were dumped onto the ground were for sale around town. A man drove a horse that was hitched to a cart. This horse was blind and I think she must have weighed almost a ton. Most everyone burned slab wood and it sold for two dollars a load.

When they sawed a cedar log, they made the lumber into shingles. The mill was also equipped with a machine for making four foot laths out of the 4 foot slabs.

When a board was sawed from a log, it traveled to an edger which divided them into different widths and also trimmed the edges from them. The boards went to a trimmer where they were trimmed in different lengths. Any board shorter than 12 feet was sent to the sash and door factory.

From the trimmer, the lumber went to the sorting table, and according to their grade and length were then placed on two wheel carts. They were placed so the weight was a little more on one end. There were six or seven trams for these carts to travel on. The carts were 12 feet wide and 15 feet high. They didn't use horses to move the carts; they used men. They had four or five as tram men; and they had to be husky. Each man had to move a cart and unload it by himself.

"Old Blue" near the California-Oregon border. Bud Inman, "engineer" Ed Way, "brakeman" Walter Inman in cab. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

My brother six years older than I applied for the job as tram man. He was five feet six inches and weighed 135 pounds. They said he could not handle the job on account of his weight, that he would not be able to balance the loads. Somehow they let him try and he soon became one of the best tram men they had. One day they sawed a very wet log and the lumber was very heavy. The lumber seemed to be all of one grade, so the men at the sorting table piled all of it on one cart. It took two men to push it away

Klamathon about 1900. This shows the mill and mill yard with the town in the background. The school, boarding house and one church is on the upper left corner. The road from Hornbrook to Iron Gate Dam is now located where the barn in left foreground was. (Gordon Jacob collection. Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

from the sorting table. There wasn't any of the cart men around so the mill hands got up bets to see who would take the cart load out to its place. Each of the men tried as they came back with their empty cart, but none of them could move it. Brother Ebb walked over to it, picked the end up that was down, leveled it off, then dropped a little and put his pressure on one wheel and got it moving. Then he did the same with the other wheel and it sailed right down the track. I understand afterwards that he won quite a lot of money for some of the mill hands that were watching, but brother did not get any of the money. He didn't know about it for several days.

When the nine foot band saw got dull they loosened it and the man in the filing room (which was the third floor) pulled a lever and it went up to be sharpened and a sharpened saw came right down. To keep the filer in good humor on hot days, the water pump was turned on the corrugated tin roof.

Everything in the mill was made to keep the workers as comfortable as possible. They even had electric lights all over the mill and in the box factory. The mill did not need them except on cloudy days, but the box factory

Store at Klamathon. People not identified. Boarding house and school in the background. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

often worked overtime to get a car loaded to go on the next train south.

In the box factory they had a printing press to print the name of the company that ordered the boxes. Earl Fruit Company was one of the customers.

Wages were $1.75 per day. I went to work in the factory when I was twelve and worked from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. for 75¢ a day. Later I worked from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. at $1.00 a day. The last year I worked I was getting $1.25. These are 10 hours a day, six days a week. The last month I worked I think I got $36.00.

That puts me in mind of pay day. One time when the river drivers were in town we all had pay day together, so I watched the train come in and unload the express. The depot was a little over a block from the Mason, Lindley & Coffin Company office and the third building from our bakery. The pay master, Harry Swift, a small man, carried the pay from the depot to the company office. By the way, this Harry Swift was a character. He could add up two columns of figures at one time while talking to you; he could turn and spit tobacco juice into a box of sawdust and never miss a word or a figure, all at the same time. Well, the payroll was in two bags, all in silver, $20.00 in a roll or 40 ½ dollars in a roll. I can't remember how the quarters and smaller change was fixed but there were no pennies. We hardly knew what a penny looked like and if you ever got one you kept it for a keepsake. But that poor little man came lugging the two sacks of silver money down the street. I wish I had a picture of him with his shoulders dragged down and

bags almost touching the sidewalk. But he was accurate on figures and I never knew of him having any trouble paying the men off.

Now back to the mill. Henry Gesbrecht was the Engineer, Gus Pianka the oiler, Jack Gillan rode the carriage as setter. The rest of the crew I did not know. Most of the men on Knob Hill were in parts of the main part of the mill. Mr. Edwall was the yard boss, Sam Willia, box factory boss and Edmons was boss of the whole works. I never heard of a clean up man, but they must have had some way of getting it done as the mill and factory was always in good shape when we came to work in the morning.

The factory had a conveyor to take sawdust and blocks to the bull pen up river from the factory. Later they installed a section fan that took care of sawdust and light waste. It was really a very complete plant.

Now we come to the school and the churches. The school house had two rooms and two teachers and almost fifty children. The woman teacher taught the first to fifth grades and the man teacher the sixth, seventh and eighth grades.

There were two churches, the Methodist on top of a ridge separating Coles's Addition from the business district. This ridge came to an abrupt bluff point at the north and the church was built on the extreme end. They had to build a stairway to get to it from the Main Street sidewalk. There were about four or five sections of stairways with a platform between each section to rest on. There were hand rails on each side. I'm sure the mill company built the stairs. One could drive to the back with a rig if it was necessary to move heavy furniture or erect a Christmas tree. It did not always have a pastor and that stairway was too much for older people after six days of hard work. I do not think anyone in town owned a team except Cooks. Anyhow, a new group took over and built another church called the Congregational. It was a short way west of the school house. The school already had a wooden walk to it, so they only had to build a short walk on perfectly level ground to get to it.

My Recollections of the Klamathon Fires

By JOHN C. WELLONS

Oh yes, now about the fires. We had one in about 1896. It started about five o'clock a.m. in the Murphy Saloon, upstairs in the Community Hall. It was thought that someone had thrown his cigar in a sawdust pitton box thinking that the cigar was out. I remember father was up and walking to Townley's store, which was in the same block. He saw the smoke and also saw Townley standing in front of his store. Father said to him "why doesn't someone hollar fire?" Townley said, "I don't know." Well, the fire had gotten a good start by that time and burnt three saloons. It was stopped at Waldon Brothers saloon which was made of brick and mortar.

Then on the third of July, 1899, a fire started midday in the next block east behind Parshall general store. It soon ignited Cook's office and started west. It burnt Coles' residence and the Post Office (Mrs. Durgan was postmistress then), then two or three more houses. I think one was occupied by Fred Meamber, Sr.'s mother. It finally reached Waldon Brothers store, a concrete two story building. The building next to it was a small wooden affair used as a butcher shop. Next was the two story drug store. I do not remember who owned the butcher shop. By this time a large crowd has assembled. Some one suggested that if the little shop was not there, they might save the drug store. Someone asked the butcher about it and he said "tear it down." Someone produced a big strong rope. A man climbed on the roof and they soon had a loop around it just below the roof. About twenty or thirty men were willing to take a pull and down it came and they dragged most of it off to safety. It wasn't necessary as the fire was stopped before it got to that area. I saw that trick done myself but was too young to mingle with those huskies. The depot did not burn, the sidewalk leading from the depot to Waldens' store did not burn.

Then in November of 1902, Mason, Lindley and Coffin were having a party for some people from San Francisco. It was reported that a man from this party went down to the mill. He was smoking a cigar and the night watchman on duty told him no smoking was allowed and for him to get rid of his cigar, and this man threw it down in a can of kerosene and started a fire. There was no steam up so the boiler was not going and there was no water to save the town. It traveled from the mill to the lumber yard and box factory. It jumped the Southern Pacific Railroad track and burned the depot, crossed Main Street, leveled the drug store, burned Nichols boarding house and cow barn, caught the remaining saloons, the barber shop, Townleys' store and dwelling, jumped the street and destroyed the Mason, Lindley & Coffin office and store, leveled the Dollarhide restaurant and lodging; burned the Wellons' bakery and consumed Gisbrichte and son-in-law homes. There was quite a space from that to Joe Eaton's livery stable and dwelling and they were left intact, but all of the lumber in the yard was destroyed and I was told that a big pile of lumber tipped into the river and went sailing along the bank and when it reached the sash and door factory, it set that on fire and burned it to the ground.

I was in Yreka going to school and as soon as I heard what happened, I jumped on my bicycle, took the Anderson Grade road and arrived in town in time to see the last of it. The people were able to save most of their furniture as everyone helped and men came from everywhere to help out. My folks had just bought 20 100 lb. sacks of potatoes and a ton of flour to use in their bakery and they were unable to save them.

A lot of people thought the whole town of Klamathon burned, but that is not the fact. Really the only part left of the business houses was the Joe Eaton barn and residence and livery stable, the school house and the two churches. The Coles Addition on the west, the Crenshaw blacksmith shop.

Some half dozen other residences. Across the river from Knob Hill and about 15 houses on Knob Hill were spared. I can remember who some of the people were that lived on Knob Hill: The Cooks, Edwall, Lynns, Alflesh, Ulins, Olins, Hanson, Kirwins, Launahams, Nailors, Coffins, and Hogan. Several others I do not remember.

In the Coles Addition was the Wood (or Edmons), the Norris, Davis, Layman, Durkee, Campbell, two houses of Fergusons, Fennel, Setsere, Kouts, Brothers, Dobkins, Skuse, Paynes, and Hawkins.

Pokegama Camp or Pokegama, Oregon. Western Stage Office, Klamath Lake Railroad, and waiting "room" in foreground.

On the north besides the blacksmith shop was Zibull, Thomasons, Elmore, Clawson, Belvens and a livery stable. My uncle owned it for a short time.

So there were plenty of people still living in houses that did not burn, but no way to make a living. Naturally they had to migrate, so it was not long before most of them found homes elsewhere.

The Brothers stayed because Mr. Brothers was a track walker for the S.P.R.R. Several families were still in the Coles Addition. One day a boy out

in an outhouse was smoking a hand made cigarette and accidentally set fire to the building. It was in the fall when the grass was dry and this fire finished the Coles Addition and the two churches and school house. The mill and factory were gone so most of the people left.

Tombstone in Klamathon Cemetery. Stone reads "Olive Ruiter Durkee Died Aug. 19, 1900 Aged 68 Yrs 11 Mo's & 1 Day." This stone is out in middle of a field where cattle graze and is broken off of pedestal

The only house to survive Klamathon. It is now the private residence of the David W. Andersons.
(Courtesy Bruce Anderson. Photo taken 1970)

People and Events of Klamathon

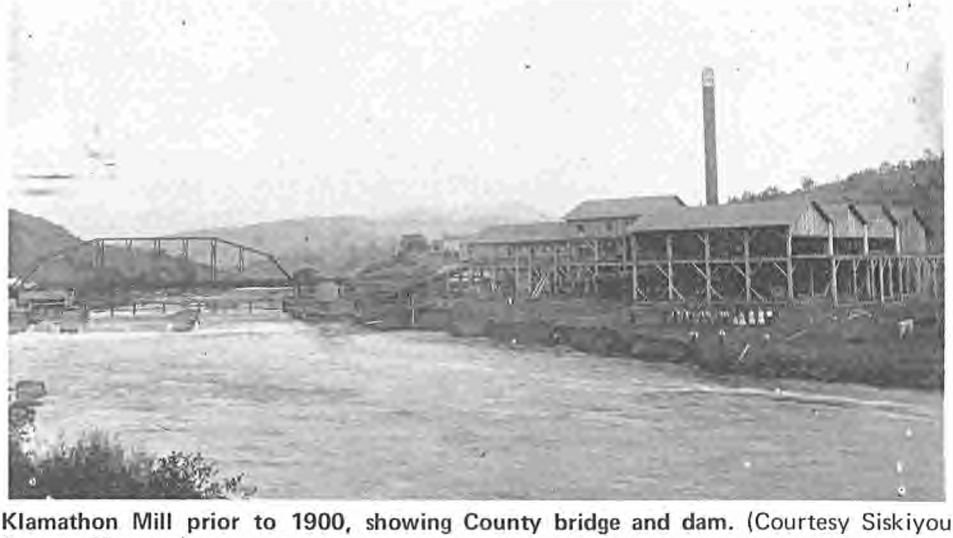
By JOHN C. WELLONS

We moved to Klamathon on my twelfth birthday which would be April 11, 1896. Our place stood where the big black walnut tree stands now along the road. I do not know where the water came from but we had running water there. My father later built the reservoir up the draw behind Joey's place (Joe Lucas) and brought water down from Cold Spring to the reservoir. From there it was piped to the houses in Coles Addition.

We had a cow barn. I milked two cows and sold a few quarts each day at 10¢ a quart. My 10 year old sister, Sadie, delivered the milk. We had a small corral and barn 100 yards from the house. In the fall we purchased enough hay to winter the cows. In the spring we turned them out to graze anywhere they wanted to. After school I sometimes traveled miles to get them home when the grass got short. Knob Hill was about the only place there were fences, but the cows always went west of the barn. Pigs were allowed in town but had to be fenced in.

Dogs were not plentiful. We had one yellow mongrel and he was a good fighter. When attacked by another dog, he would go for the dog's foot instead of the head. He would get the other dog by the foot and bite all the way thru and cripple his opponent so he would not have any desire to continue the fight.

I have seen salmon so thick below the dam that fishermen would bait their hooks for steelhead that followed the salmon and the salmon were so thick that the bait would ride on the salmon backs for some time before it could get into deeper water. The outlet to the dam was about twelve feet



Klamathon Mill prior to 1900, showing County bridge and dam. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

across and ten feet deep and the water rushed thru with tremendous speed. Believe it or not, but I have seen big salmon jump at it and land just right, then wiggle their tail and soon disappear upstream. A wonderful exhibition of power. This was after the fish ladder went out in the 1900 flood.

It has only been in fairly recent years that the name of steelhead came about. We used to call them salmon-trout.

Some of the boom logs broke during that 1900 flood and let a number of logs go down the river. One big sugar pine log was left on the north bank between the dam and the wagon bridge. The company kept four big beautiful horses and a colored man to take care of them and the barn. He was told to put the log in the river and pull it up to the wagon bridge. Whoever told him did not know the banks of the river were slick, as so often they are after a heavy rain. Sambo harnessed the four horses to a long log chain and set of log tongs (two strong iron hooks crossed together and fixed so the harder you pulled on one end the deeper the hooks entered the log) so if pulled by a long chain they would not come loose. Well, poor Sambo never had had any experience in logging, so he hooked up and started the log but did not keep enough tension on the log and the log rolled into the river dragging the slipping and struggling horses with it. The mill hands saw the situation and came over and succeeded in cutting one horse loose, but the other three drowned. Sambo was called to the office and received his pay and told not to come back.

I remember a boy caught a big salmon on a grab hook and in the struggle to get it to the top of the dam, lost his balance and fell into the spillway. I don't think they ever found his body.

One Sunday several small children were playing near the mill and before anyone saw them, they were out on the lower boom log. The boom logs had been hewn off level to make walking easy. One little fellow about six or seven was seen with a stick pushing a loose log, but before this party could get to him or call, the stick slipped and he went into the river. Mr. Dollarhide, who was on the opposite side of the river, jumped in and made a heroic effort to save him, but no luck. The boy's body was found the next spring many miles down stream. He was, I think, the youngest child in the Nutty family. The family did not stay in Klamathon long after that.

Another Sunday Billy Kirwin, the pond man, was floating logs from an upper boom down to the mill pond, when he heard a cry for help. He hadn't noticed the three Lynn girls, about eight, ten and twelve, on a jam of logs upstream. They had come down a steep bank from Knob Hill, across the railroad and walked out on this jam. They had gotten upstream where the logs had just come in and were not jammed solid and would turn. The three stepped on a log that was loose and went in the river. The oldest girl kept her arm over the log and the middle girl saw her hand and grabbed it. They held on but by the time help got there, the youngest girl had disappeared. Her body came up in the mill pond next spring.

Fire in Klamathon, California on July 3, 1899. The fire started in W.R. Parshall's General Store in left of picture. Next building was John R. Cook's Company Office and the Post Office. The sidewalk in foreground leads to S.P. Depot.
(Courtesy John C. Wellons)

The three buildings in path of fire are rooming and boarding houses. The building on right of picture was Waldon Brothers Store. It was a cement building but burnt from roof down.
(John Wellons photo)

Another body came into the mill pond one spring and I do not know his name, but he was a relative to some people who lived in the northern part of Shasta Valley. He was not married and worked on the railroad repair crew. He had just had a pay day and it was thought he was murdered for he had a bullet hole in his head and his throat was cut. The authorities never found out who did the job.

I do not think the town was what one would call rough and wild. The ten years that I was there I only remember of three people being shot. One was the oldest Dollarhide boy, Wes, and he was so sick with a wasting disease that he was really not responsible for what he was doing. He and a brother to Mr. Norris, the Constable, were in a saloon gambling. Norris only had one leg. Wes and Norris got into an argument. Wes went home and came back with a butcher knife and got the crippled Norris down on the floor and was hacking his face to shreds. Constable Norris managed to get Dollarhide by the collar and told him to drop his knife. Instead he made a pass at the Constable so Norris shot him with one shot and killed him. There were plenty of witnesses to the affair and everyone agreed that the Constable was only doing his duty and had acted in self-defense.

Then one night McDonald took a team and went to Fall Creek where there was located a fast house. They evidently were dancing and drinking and having a wild time. Two of McDonald's friends decided to play a trick on him, so they untied his team and started to drive them back to Klamathon. McDonald saw them and ran out of the building and fired a shot with his revolver; the bullet entered the back of the head of the passing man and killed him instantly. Hicks, the driver, stopped the team and was taking the

Waldon Bros. Store on left, remains of butcher shop in center and drug store on right. The fire was stopped at Waldon Bros. store.
(Courtesy John C. Wellons)

body out of the buggy when McDonald got in the seat and grabbed the lines. But Hicks told him they were going to hold him there. McDonald said "NO, I am going to Yreka and give myself up." Hicks did not believe him and hung onto the lines, so McDonald shot him in the middle and drove off. McDonald went to Yreka and gave himself up and was tried and received a life time sentence. He was pardoned after about 20 years. I was told that he lived the rest of his life as a very good citizen. Hicks did not die; he was brought to Klamathon and stayed at the Dollarhides' until he was able to shift for himself.

But there was one sad accident which happened to one of my school mates. I do not remember of the Coffins ever having any children, but evidently some of their relatives had a boy that they thought would do better in Klamathon than in the city in which they lived. So they sent the boy to Coffins. He was a reckless lad, being full of life, about fifteen or sixteen. Came a rainy day and the school children had to stay indoors during recess. This boy took out his new pocket knife and opened the big sharp blade and told us that he could throw it up and catch it when it came down by the handle. He collected quite an audience and someone said they bet he could not do it. That was what he wanted, so when he performed the act, the sharp blade came down first and went through his hand. He was sure reckless. When his hand got well enough the Coffins bought him a 22 rifle. He and another boy went out in the hills hunting; they got tired of that so came back on the hill just back of the company barn. I think they had not much practice hunting, so began to shoot at knots in the barn. I think they shot a good many times. They didn't think the bullets would penetrate the one inch boards but kept hearing the horse in the barn creating a noise. They layed it on the noise of the gun and the impact of the bullet. The horse on the inside got shot up like a checker board. It did not kill him but made a

bad sore which put him out of commission for sometime. Well, the Coffins decided that Bob (the boy's name) needed more to do, so they got him a job in the box factory. The man who ran the saw was deaf and dumb. They got along fine for several days, Duny cutting long boards into short pieces and Bob stacking the short pieces in piles. Then something went wrong with the saw. I do not know what it was, but it was necessary for Duny to come down in the ground floor where the big shafts were to mend the trouble. Well, Bob followed him. I don't think Duny knew this but anyway while Duny was working at his problem Bob started to roam around on the machinery and got caught.

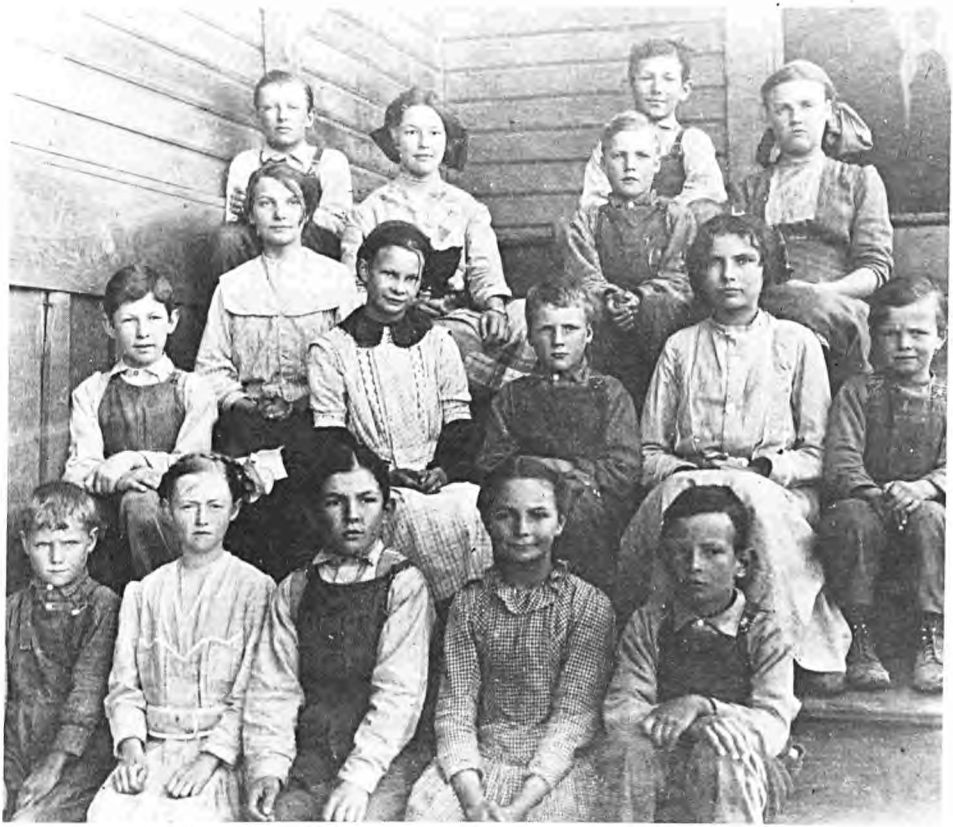
When Duny realized that something was wrong, he grabbed the big 10 inch belt that was driving the shaft and threw it off the pulley which was turning the shaft, a task for a medium sized man to perform. Bob was badly beaten up, both legs broken and his head was badly mashed. Even so he was alive. The doctors had to remove both legs, but to no use as Bob passed away in a few days.

I remember the first bicycle I ever saw. It belonged to the youngest of the Cook girls, Rosabell. She rode it on the sidewalk on Knob Hill. The bicycle had small rubber tires; the center did not have any tube to be pumped up. But inside of 5 years the inner tube type of tire came along.

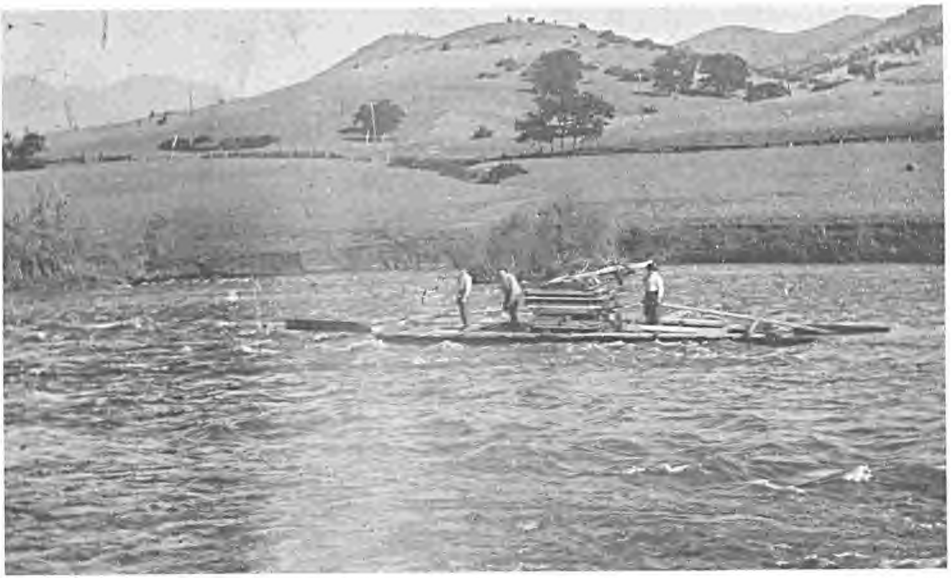
The Campells had two sons; each had a bicycle. They were big young men over six feet tall and they worked at the logging camps where the Klamathon mill was getting their logs. These two men were so long legged that they had to have a cycle frame built 26 inch instead of 24 inch as was and still is the standard size. The brothers would work all week on the job and on Saturday evening ride to town some twenty miles of rough going. They spent Sunday at home and would start back early in the P.M. If I recollect correctly, they had carbide lights on their bicycle as the way back was mostly uphill and it took them much longer to make the journey back to camp.

There was also a blacksmith who lived up Deadhorse Creek, about two miles from the river. He made a trail most of the way which he used when he rode his bicycle back and forth, weather permitting.

All the people in Knob Hill were friends of Mr. Cook and came out from Michigan to work for him. Since he knew every family personally, he had the houses made up for them. He knew who needed more bedrooms because of larger families, etc. His house stood where Anderson Grade Road intersects the Montague-Ager road now. There are still some fruit trees there.



Klamathon school picture taken around 1910. Top row, left to right: Wilmore Thomason, Irene Bartlett, Earl Seikel, Albert Cavin just in front of him; Earl's sister and Ora Cavin. Second row, left to right: Raymond Seikel, next to building, Ethel Brittson, Gussie Thomason. Front row, left to right: Alex Cavin, Ruby Dollarhide, Joe Seikel, Carrol Dodson and Orrin Thomason. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)



Rafting on Klamath River. Frank Lowe (on left), Julius Osburger (center), and Bill Lowe (right) taking timbers and window sash to McConnell Bar Dredge at Humbug Creek. Photo prior to 1908. (Courtesy Frank H. Lowe)

Lumber Rafting on Klamath River

By DARLENE G. ANDERSON

Lumber was sold in many ways to many people. One demand for lumber was by the miners down the Klamath River. By June, 1896 the Klamath River Lumber and Improvement Company had sold 600,000 feet of lumber to them.

B.F. McCary and William Lowe took the contract to raft the lumber for the American Bar Company. Each raft contained about ten thousand feet of lumber.

An excellent description of this enterprise was given on May 5, 1896 in the Yreka Journal: "Klamath River Lumber Rafting". "The manner of rafting lumber down the raging Klamath River at almost railroad speed from the sawmill at Pokegama to Honolulu, a distance of 20 miles, is more exciting than shooting the chutes at San Francisco, and very dangerous. A raft of about 10,000 feet of lumber is firmly fastened together to float like a barge, leaving the top about five feet above the water line. Four or five men with long poles manage the raft and keep it from dashing against rocks or running into the banks at crooked turns from the speed attained. The current being very swift with dangerous cataracts and whirlpools in many places, requires energetic action on the part of the managers, who seem to have no serious

difficulty until reaching Lime Gulch below the mouth of Humbug Creek, where the rafts sometimes strike dangerous rocks to be broken to pieces, causing the men to swim ashore or save themselves the best way possible. The raft crew watch carefully to keep clear of blind rocks covered by water on the swift journey, not only to save the lumber from being scattered, but also for their own safety, as it is difficult for the most expert swimmer to reach the shore at any section of the turbulent stream. Residents along the river watch these rafts with intense interest, as they fly along the surface of the water, especially through the rapids or winding crooked turns, fearing disastrous results. By this method a great quantity of lumber is supplied to miners for building water wheels and wing and head dams at points where there are no wagon roads for hauling by team, or such poor roads as to make hauling very slow and tedious. The men who manage the rafts are experienced river loggers and know all the crooks, turns, eddies, rocks, bars and rapids, hence keep their floats in proper position to shoot through the dangerous places with safety, showing great skill also in landing at points where the canoes are desired."

Rafting

as told by FRANK LOWE

My father, William Lowe, was a good river man and took most of the lumber rafts to the American Bar Company from the Klamathon Mill. This lumber was used by the miners to build wing dams, water wheels and sluice boxes.

The rafts were 16 x 16 feet square and were loaded with about 10,000 feet of lumber. The lumber was 1 x 12 and was stacked solid on (6) 4 x 4's, used as a frame, and was tied down by bolts. There were not less than nine bolts used, and each bolt was ¾ to 1 inch in diameter and approximately four feet long, and had a "horn" on the side to tighten the lumber down. Sometimes the load would have to be tightened during the trip down in mid-river. I have seen these horns used on stock gates in later years. These bolts were used like a wing nut, except the horn was only on one side. Sometimes they used a rope to lash down the load, running from one side to the other.

When the lumber was stacked on the frame, one course would lay solid one way and the next course would lay the other way, just like you would build a log cabin, so to speak.

The rafts were steered by "sweeps", which were like overgrown oars or rudders. They were over 12 feet long. One was placed in the front and the other on the back.

Lumber raft in foreground and ferry boat in background. Men in photograph are not identified. Photo taken early 1899 at Oak Bar. (Courtesy Chester Barton)

There was usually a tree close to the river bank that was cut off to make a snub to tie the raft up to, when the trip was completed. Chinese were used to unload the rafts.

My job was to follow the raft down river on horseback to pick up my Dad and his helper. The only thing we brought back from the raft was the bolts and the rope. New frames and sweeps were made for the next trip.

The river was a steady volume then and there was no fluctuating as it has become in later years. It kept my horse at a steady trot to keep up with the raft, just to show you how fast the current was.

There were several places in the river that gave trouble. One spot was just below the Shasta River. There was a big rock just under the surface of the water. If you ran up on that rock with a raft, it would drop the front end right down underwater and could wash the men off. Dad always got his raft real close to the bank away from that rock. Usually the current went right down the center of the river. Another place that gave trouble and had to be watched for was at the lower end of Croy Bar below Ash Creek. The river current went straight into the bank where there was a sharp right turn in the river, so the river had a tendency to make a whirlpool effect.

Dad also took down the Booms for the McConnell Dredge at Humbug Creek. One trip I went along with Julius Osburger and Dad. This raft was 14 feet wide and 75 feet long and we left Klamathon in the morning and were down to Ash Creek by 11 a.m.

Beswick Hotel and guest houses about 1870. These buildings are still standing today. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

Beswick or Klamath Hot Springs

by DARLENE G. ANDERSON

Years before the first white man was aware of their existance, the Indians partook of the hot springs at the junction of Shovel Creek and the Klamath River. The Modoc Indians had a trail from Butte Valley to Shovel Creek and they came over to fish, rest and make "sweat houses" at the hot springs.

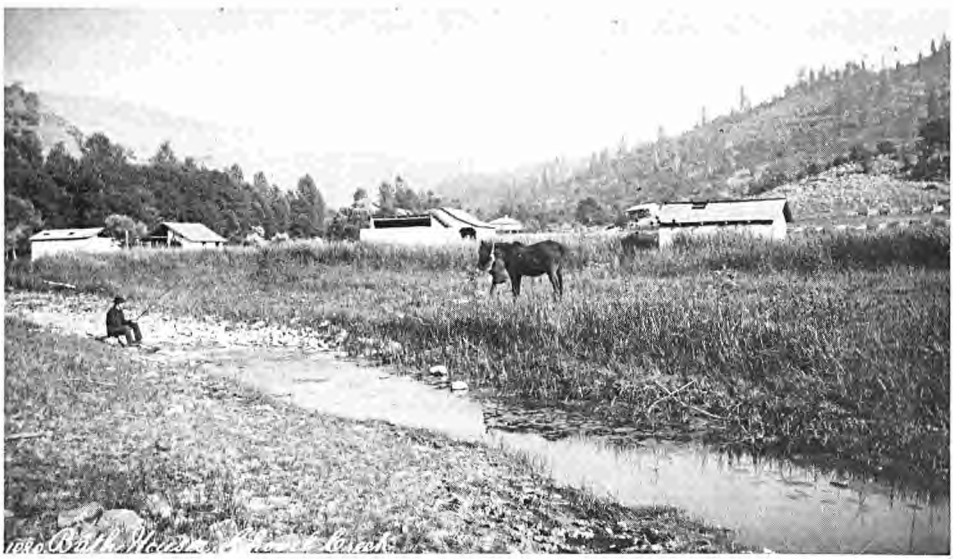
Within an area of a hundred feet were four springs. Three were boiling and each were found to be chemically different. The fourth spring was pure and cold.

The Hudson Bay trappers discovered the springs and made regular use of them while trapping in the area. Later as the country became more settled men and women made regular trips to the springs.

The first homestead at the springs was filed about 1860 by a man by the name of Anderson or Johnson. He sold to Richard Beswick in 1869.

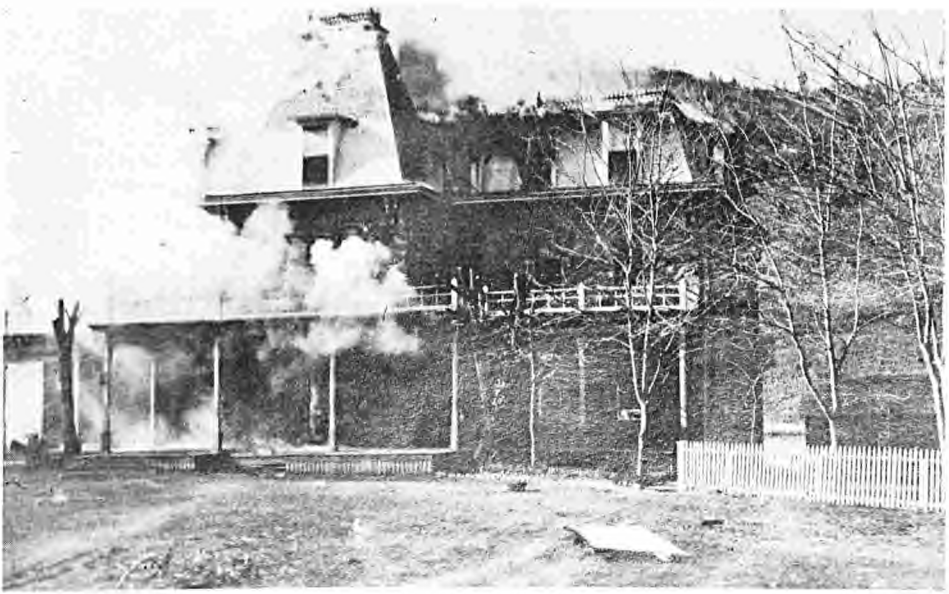
All freight was moved to Klamath Falls (Linkville) by the way of Ager and Topsy Grade and went right by the springs. So, Mr. and Mrs. Beswick decided to build a hotel. Mrs. Beswick cooked the meals and did most of the maid work herself. The hotel had 10 sleeping rooms. This hotel became a stop over for the stage travelers as well as the freighters. Beside the hotel, the little town of Beswick had a store, Post Office, voting precinct and a saloon.

Another view of Beswick Hotel. People are not identified. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

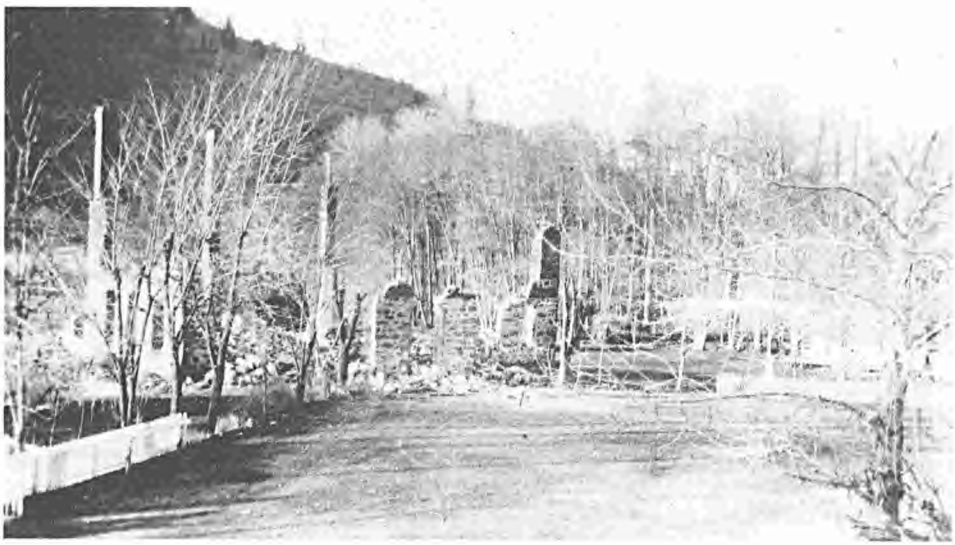


Bath houses at Klamath Hot Springs. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

Klamath Hot Springs Hotel built by Edson Brothers from Lava Rock. It had 75 bedrooms. Photo about 1890. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)



Fire destroying Klamath Hot Springs Hotel in 1915. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)



Remains of Klamath Hot Springs Hotel after the fire. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

Later the Beswicks sold to Joe and Lile Edson, who were brothers. They decided to build a new hotel and a health resort.

Lava rock was used for fences, and the buildings. The new hotel had 75 guest rooms beside the usual huge dining room, kitchen and other rooms.

A large bath house was built over the springs and there were six mud baths, steam bath and a barber shop. A large swimming pool was also built. During the summer season a barber, masseur and lady attendant were hired just to work the bath house.

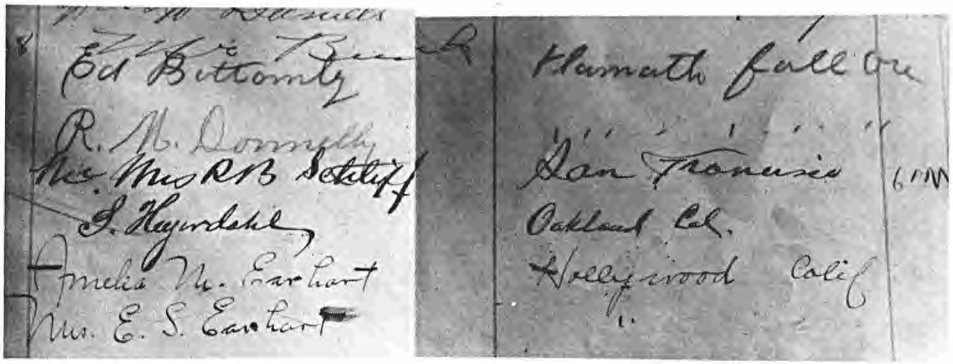
Ice was cut from a pond on Shovel Creek during the winter and stored in an ice house for later use. The Edson's also had their own hydroelectric power plant for electricity.

Many famous people such as: President Herbert Hoover, Zane Grey Amelia Earhart and William S. Hart came to Klamath Hot Springs. It was very popular resort and there was a special vehicle made to make the run Thrall and meet the train. Guests usually came and stayed anywhere fro week to a month. Loggers for the Klamath River Lumber Company sta at the hotel when the sawmill at Klamathon was in its heyday.

The Klamath Hot Springs Hotel burned in 1915, after which were used for sleeping along with the previously built guest cottage

The Edsons sold the resort and ranch, farm equipment, 240 h cattle, 17 horses and 400 tons of hay in 1921 for 61 thousand

A complete detailed history of Beswick is covered in the 1965 issue of Siskiyou Pioneer by Alice Hessig. Copies are available yet at the Siskiyou County Museum.



Signature of Amelia Earhart, taken from Klamath Hot Springs Hotel register, June 9, 1924. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

Good times at Klamath Hot Springs in 1909. Men are not identified. Note the coffee pot for a hat on the "drummer" at left.
(Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

Register of Klamath Hot Springs Hotel for May and June, 1924. Amelia M. Earhart next to last signature on page.
(Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

1906 ice cutting crew. This shows how ice was cut from ponds and creeks to be stored for later use. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

Oak Grove School about 1893. This was located at the mouth of Fall Creek. Elizabeth Neilon, teacher. Top row: Pleasant Picard, Robert Picard, Charles Spannaus, Bertha Calkins, Grace Sloan, May Scott. Center row: Robert Spannaus, Mardow Jones, Willie Carrico, Birdie Picard, Wallace Scott, Mary Raymond, Sylvia Caskey, Lottie Calkins. Front row: Joe Scott, Ida Otto, Gertie Picard, Nettie Scott, Herman Spannaus, Henry Ward, Jesse Otto. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

New Oak Grove School built in 1906 closer to Klamath Hot Springs after the old school burned in 1905. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

Devil's Swirl

as told by GEORGE SOUZA

I don't remember them rafting any lumber down river. But I do remember them rafting some timbers to McConnell Bar to that dredger. Those were the timbers that were so long they could not get them around the curves in the road.

If they had any trouble rafting down river, it would have been at a place below Lime Gulch that was called "Devils Swirl". Lime Gulch was below Humbug Creek. Devils Swirl was so named as the river shot right into the mountain and swirled around to form a whirlpool, then it went down and came up in a different direction.

If anyone got drowned up river and if the body was not found before it reached Devils Swirl, it would usually be found there. You sure never saw anyone swimming in that hole, I'm tellin' you.

Us kids used to throw sticks in there and watch them suck under. I've seen large trees and logs that came down river when the water was high go thru there. If they stayed flat to reach across, then it would float on down river, but if one end started down, then the whole thing would disappear.

The river has changed over the years and it is nothing like it used to be. There is just a little eddy there now instead of the deep swirl.

"Peg" Clawson Souza (left) and Hettie Clawson taking flour, sugar and salt home from the store in Henley. "Bobby" riding on sled pulled by "Minnie" the calf in 1907. (Courtesy Peg Souza)

About Henley

as told to me by "PEG" SOUZA

My father, Joseph F. Clawson, was Deputy Sheriff and Town Constable of Hornbrook, California, until his death in 1919. I'm not sure how many years he held that position but even in my first memories of him, he was Deputy Sheriff.

My mother, Mary Jane Deal, was born in 1861 and it has been said she was one of the first white babies to be born in Henley. My Grandparents' place was the brick house east of the Grange Hall where the Barnums now live. That house was built in the 1850's using locally kilned brick. I understand that the brick was made at the Williams Gulch area. (editor's note: Williams Creek is near the Collier Rest Area).

We lived in the village of Henley, which was quite an active place, even before Hornbrook was formed. In fact, I was born in the old house that stood 50 feet from where we now live. I remember them tearing down the old home to build this house. I was the youngest of eight children. The two oldest boys died during the deptheria epidemic that swept thru the area in

Main Street of Henley, California in 1901. The Grange Hall now stands where the Keystone Bar was. The following people are in this picture: Walt Clawson, Bob Stallcup, Frank Jacobs, Carl Deal, Albert Jones, Willard Jones, Earl Smith, Mat Deal, Roy Jones, ---- Potter, Roy Drake, Dave Drake, Shilah Smith, Don Drake, George Hicks, Andy Stetphen (?), William Barker, Eli Clawson, Billy Lee, Bill Stallcup, W.S. Hicks, Dick Stoniferd, Bill Ennis, John Dicks, Joe Clawson, Sam Meek.

Main Street, Henley, looking West in front of the Grange Hall. The Stage Station, Post Office and old Bradley Hotel shown on the left. (Courtesy Peg Souza)

1884. It is my understanding that in February, March and April (1884) there were about 90 deaths due to diptheria, and three men were kept busy making coffins.

Henley at one time had a post office, newspaper, a hotel, bakery, a store, two saloons and a dance hall above the rooming house. Before my time there was even a school. It was located where Henley Way intersected Highway 99. So it would now be under the new Interstate 5. When I went to school we all went to Hornbrook, where the Hornbrook Elementary is located now. The original school built there was destroyed by fire, but a new school was rebuilt near the same spot. Henley also had a Masonic Lodge. (editor's note: the charter was granted on June 6, 1856 for that Chapter).

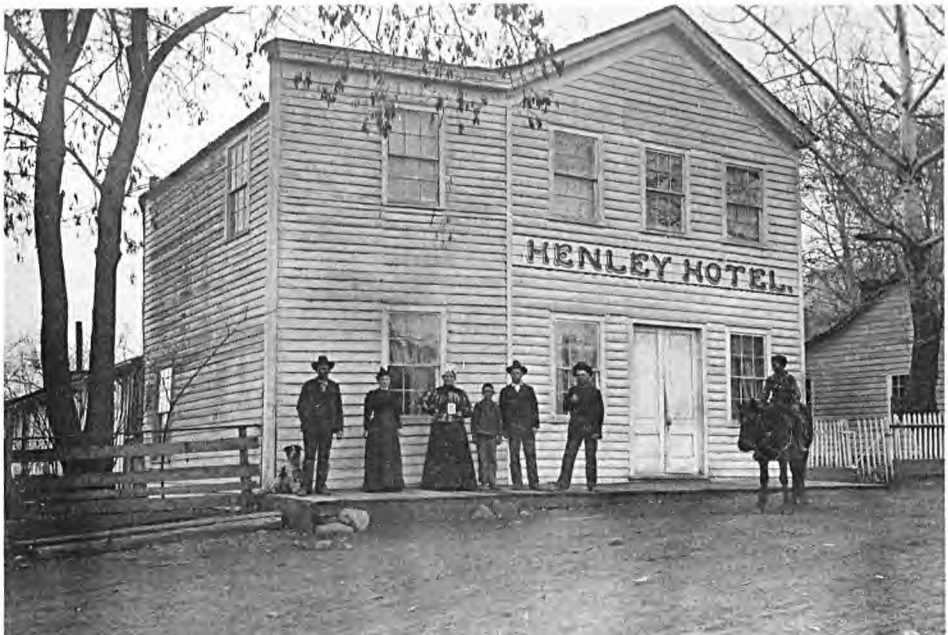
Henley had a Chinatown, which was located on Yreka Street. One of the last Chinese to live here was an old couple, Lee Man and his wife Susan. She was called "Chinese Susan" by the locals. They lived in a shack at the corner of Yreka and Main Streets until about 1910.

Most of the families entertained themselves by having taffy pulls, fudge parties, charades, parlor games, dances, songs and music. Naturally, there was a shivaree for any newlyweds.

Each Fourth of July, Henley had a big celebration with baseball games, horse racing, picnics, music and dancing. Music was provided by local talent

Merritt Brothers built and operated this store in Henley in 1853. It was made from locally kilned brick. T.J. Jones bought the store in 1881. This picture taken 1888. Left to right: John Brady, William Smith, Unknown, Thomas Jones, M. Smith, in rear; Wagner boy, Unknown, Unknown, Abraham Schultz, Dick Reese, Unknown, Elmer Niles and Joe Deal. This store stood to the right of the Grange Hall and later became a bakery. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

Junction of Main Street and Yreka Street in Henley. House in foreground is that of the last Chinese to live in Henley, Lee Man and his wife Susan. This site is now a garden area. Black Mountain is in the background. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)



Henley Hotel about 1908. This hotel stood next to the old Thomas Jones home which was later owned by Clara Ladd. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

and home instruments. They could have had a parade, too, tho I don't recall one.

The horse races were usually held on Yreka Street that went in front of our place. During one race, two horses hit head on. Both horses died as their necks were broken. I'm not sure what type race that was, but guess the riders were playing "chicken" like some of the younger generation have done with cars.

For recreation my greatest pleasure came from horseback riding. I'd often ride over to Klamathon and buy a few "goodies" from the store to munch on while I rode.

Henley had two musical groups during the 1890's. One was called the Niles Orchestra and was in great demand for social affairs in Southern Oregon and Northern California. (editor's note: The orchestra consisted of A.W. Niles on violin; Elmer Niles on clarinet; J.E. Niles on cornet; Angelo Yeago on harp; and Andrew Terwilliger on clarinet.) The other group was the Henley Cornet Band. They had uniforms and were in demand also. (editor's note: Frank Niles, snare drum; A.W. Niles on bass drum; Elmer Niles, bass horn; J.E. Niles, cornet; George Lee, baritone; Andrew Terwilliger, clarinet; Nick Buckner, tenor; E.A. Niles, 2nd cornet and Miles Bucker, alto.)

Old Thomas Jones home at Henley. This was the birthplace of Dr. J. Roy Jones. Left to right: Thomas Jones, Mabel Hazlitt and Lena Bell. Albert, Raymond and Willard in front. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

Nick and Sophia Buckner in front of their home in Henley. (Museum photo)

Old Deal home in Henley, built in 1850's.
(Siskiyou County Museum)

The Niles Orchestra of Henley. Left to right: Angelo Yeago, harp; A.W. Niles, violin; Elmer Niles, clarinet; Andrew Twilliger, clarinet; J.E. Niles, cornet. This orchestra was always in demand at leading events in Northern California and Southern Oregon. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

John and Nancy Hilt about 1888. This house is still standing today. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

John Austin Hooper, The Whistling Bandit

by the late GORDON JACOBS

In 1917, I was the manager of the T. Jones Co., a fair sized general merchandise store in the little town of Hornbrook, California. Hornbrook was supported by mining, stock raising, and a sizeable railroad payroll, for it was a semi division point of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Workers came and went, with new faces appearing constantly, including one day, a well mannered man. He appeared to be in his middle thirties. He appeared to be well educated, was always clean and well dressed. His hands showed he was not a laborer, so that he seemed a little different than the men we were accustomed to dealing with.

He dropped in every few days to make small purchases, usually from a clerk named John Brunk, who had a sister in Joplin, Missouri. Her husband was a policeman named Wells and John thought the world of them both.

After a couple of weeks or so, the man began to show quite an interest in the guns which were carried in stock in the store. He usually examined them after his customary little purchases. John was no gun man, so I showed the guns to him, eventually selling him a high powered rifle and a colt 45 caliber automatic pistol.

A few days later, a peace officer inquired about him and gave me the information that he was a convict on parole, named John Austin Hooper. He was thought to have broken parole, and for that reason, the officer was ordered to keep an eye on him. All I could tell the officer was that he was living in an abandoned miners cabin and was on very good terms with the Indians some twenty miles down the Klamath River from here.

A month or so went by without seeing him and then, one evening just before the nine o'clock closing time, he came in and asked me if I could cash a $300.00 check for him.

I immediately became suspicious, feeling certain he had no such check but just wanted to learn if that much cash was on hand so he could rob us of it later. I told him our receipts were used up every day in cashing payroll checks which were sent to the bank by the evening mail daily, and that no funds were on hand. Something in his expression or manner convinced me that he intended to hold up the store. After he left, I distributed loaded arms about the store in handy places, including a pistol near each of the cash registers, one in the grocery and another in the dry goods department. A Winchester carbine was placed just inside the office door, on the left side, and a pistol on a handy shelf to the right.

A few weeks or maybe a couple of months went by, but Hooper never appeared. Then an indian came in from down the Klamath with a bottle containing three or four hundred dollars in gold dust. He wanted to leave the gold in our safe for a few days. This was nothing unusual; many of the

John Austin Hooper, bandit. Hooper held up Gordon Jacobs and T.J. Jones Company Store in Hornbrook in 1917. (Courtesy late Gordon Jacobs)

miners did it until they had finished their cleanup or had accumulated enough gold to make a shipment to the U.S. Mint at San Francisco.

That night it was a warm June evening. John Brunk and the other clerks left the store about nine, but I stayed to clean up some work on my desk until about ten. Then I started for home about three blocks away. Within a block of my house, someone came up behind me, walking quite fast, and I stepped aside to let them pass. Almost alongside of me he said (and it was Hooper's voice) "Mr. Jacobs, this is a holdup. Don't try to resist." I turned to look into the muzzle of the 45 I had sold him, and saw the man was masked. He continued, "don't try to make a fight. I will hold you in a rear alley until midnight. We will then go to the store and you will open the safe."

I told him the little he would get would not be worth the risk. He said he "was used to taking risks", adding, "I suppose that sometime I will be like the pitcher that went to the well once too often", all in a friendly tone. Then, pressing the Colt in the small of my back, he ordered me to walk on.

In front of my house my wife was waiting at the front gate in the moonlight. I kept right on going, without looking right or left, hoping that she would catch on that something was wrong.

Hooper stopped and asked her if she was not Mrs. Jacobs; when she said yes, he ordered her to step out and join me. I told her not to be frightened, that we were being held up. Hooper told her he would hold us until after midnight, when we would all go to the store, adding that no one would be harmed if there was no alarm or resistance.

Taking another tact, I suggested that if he had any nerve, we would all go to the store now, that a man of courage would not skulk two hours in a dark alley. Although my idea was at that hour some passer-by might discover the robbery while it was in progress; for there was a hotel and a saloon in the same building which was well patronized until after midnight. The taunt worked. Hooper ordered us to right face and head for the store.

We met two railroad men on the way, but I did not speak. Hooper wanted to know if I knew them and why I had not spoken to them. I told him if I had he probably would have added them to the procession. Although in truth, I was hoping my passing them without speaking might alarm them. Hooper resumed his whistling, as he had been doing when we met them. For This he was often called "The Whistling Bandit."

When we arrived at the store, he ordered me to unlock the door, step back and "let your wife pass in first as a lady should", but not to look around. I partly turned after unlocking the door and he jabbed me sharply with the muzzle.

Hooper next said he knew there were arms in the office, on each side of the door, and what kind they were. He warned me not to try and use them but to proceed to the safe and open it. In the office, he ordered my wife to face a desk, keeping her eyes on the wall behind it on the pain of death.

After I opened the safe, he ordered me to stand near my wife, facing the wall. She half turned and he yelled at her angrily.

He took the bottle of gold dust out of the safe the very first thing, as I could see from the corner of my eye. Next, he gathered up the loose money in the safe amounting to about five hundred dollars. This included considerable silver coin and a purse containing some Red Cross donations, perhaps amounting to fifteen or twenty dollars. Hooper then took my hat off my head and placed all the swag in it. He ordered us back to my home again. Later, I found he had missed a stack of some twenty five or thirty twenty dollar gold pieces that were in one corner of the inner safe.

Back at my house, he ordered my wife to go into the house and get an empty flour sack for him, saying he had good ears and if he heard a telephone ring he would shoot me on the first noise of it. After she brought the sack, he placed all the loot in it and disappeared into the night.

I immediately notified the store owners of the robbery and called the sheriff at Yreka. He did not come out until the next day. I told him the

robber was Hooper and where he had been hanging out. The sheriff outfitted a couple of deputies as prospectors, with a pack horse loaded with mining equipment, and sent them down the Klamath River. The deputies found out that Mr. Hooper had not been seen on the Klamath since the day of the robbery.

Within a few days following the robbery, I was contacted by Barney McShane, a special agent of the Southern Pacific Company, and was shown a picture of Hooper. McShane said Hooper was positively identified as the man who had robbed the Southern Pacific Company ticket office at Grants Pass, Oregon and the bank at the town of Rogue River. These towns are about ten miles apart.

I told McShane that I knew Hooper, and that he was the man that held me up. I knew that Hooper's mother lived in Petaluma, California from a stray bit of information he had let fall during our sessions over guns. Hooper was a most interesting fellow and a very good talker. This information about his mother eventually led to his arrest. A post card he had sent her from Seattle was intercepted. It said he was going to The Dalles, Oregon to gather up some things he had there, then he was going to move to Ashcroft, British Columbia. At The Dalles he had a room above an ice cream parlor. Officers were waiting when he came downstairs for a malted milk, and he made no resistance, as he had left his arms on the bed in his room.

I identified him after he was brought back to the county jail at Grants Pass, Oregon, where he was to be tried for the robbery of the Southern Pacific office. Then, on the following Sunday morning, I received a phone call from the Sheriff at Grants Pass, saying Hooper overpowered the jailer when he brought in his breakfast and made his escape. It was thought that Hooper had a rifle cached in the brush near a railroad water tank about ten miles north of Hornbrook. I searched for the rifle, but was unable to find it and Hooper did not appear there.

Hooper was shortly thereafter arrested in Milwaukee, Wisconsin on suspicion of having held up a gambling joint. His father, an attorney, from the reports filtering back, obtained his release only an hour before his identity was learned.

After his release in Milwaukee, he committed a holdup in Joplin, Missouri. In attempting to escape, he shot and killed John Brunk's brother-in-law, Officer Wells. For this Hooper was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Missouri State Prison. He made his escape from the prison shortly thereafter, but a fellow convict attempting to escape with him was killed. According to reports Hooper was later killed in a gun battle with officers in a houseboat on the Mississippi River. So was ended the career of crime of John Austin Hooper, The Whistling Bandit.

July 3rd 1958

Mr Gordon Jacobs
Hornbrook Calif.

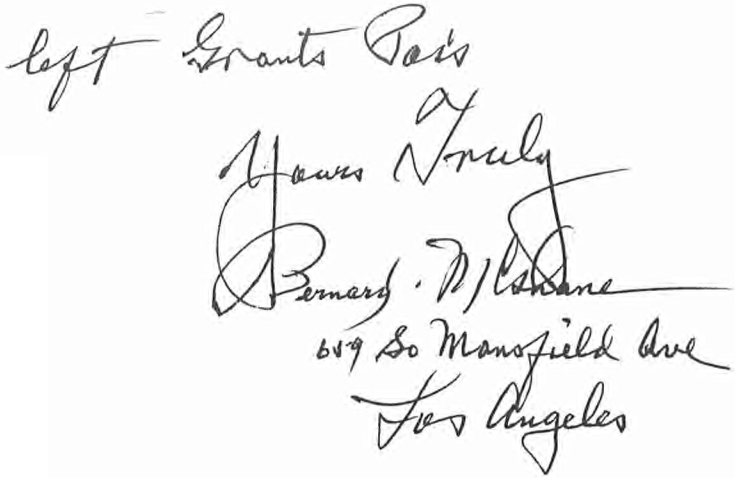
Dear Mr Jacobs

I have been absent from Los Angeles for several months and got your letter on my return a few days ago.

John Austin Hooper was convicted of Murder Committed in Marin County (dont know date of Murder or date of Conviction) He was sentenced to life in San Quinten for His crime and was Paroled about 6 months or a year before he held up the Hornbrook Store. After he held up the S.P. Station in Grants Pass Oregon and was apprehended by Me he confessed to the various crimes in Calif and Oregon and escaped from Grants Pass Jail

locked up Sheriff Smith in his own Jail and left Calyfornia.

I never saw him after he



Letter to Gordon Jacobs from Bernard McShane. McShane arrested John Hooper in Grants Pass, Oregon. (Courtesy Gordon Jacobs)

John A. Hooper by GEORGE SOUZA

Just below our house on Humbug Creek were some shacks that prospectors used to live in all winter long. Even tho they were on our place, the old man never charged them anything to stay there, for they were just shacks.

I can remember this one fellow that moved in there. Said his name was John Hooper and led us to believe he was a mining engineer. He was sure different from the usual run of the mill prospectors. He was very well educated and was clean cut and neat about his person. He was very likeable and was a good story teller. He'd walk up and down the road with us kids and we all liked him. He was an excellent shot with both pistol and rifle. I've seen him shoot squirrels that were running down the road ahead of us, right from the hip with a pistol. He was really a marksman. But then everyone them days was a good shot, so us kids didn't think too much about it. Everyone had to be a good shot for ammunition was too expensive to be wasted.

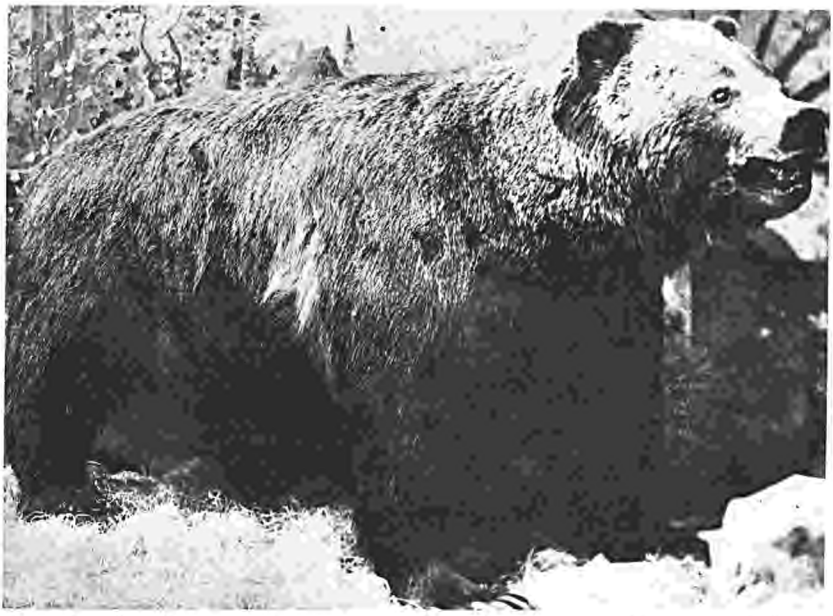
When one stops to think about it, he never went over to the house to visit any, and seemed to stay away from any adult. Us kids just took him on face value and never tried to dig into his past. He stayed around there about three months.

After he left our place, he held up Gordon Jacobs at the T. Jones store in Hornbrook. I understand that he was paroled from San Quentin about three months or so before he got to our place. That would explain why he didn't want any adults digging into his past and why his hands were so smooth.

Old Clubfoot

BY

by EMILIE A. FRANK



"Old Clubfoot" roamed Cottonwood Basin for 40 years. He weighed about 2,000 pounds and was nine feet long. This picture was taken while on tour after being mounted for display. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

He was huge and he was gutsy. He traveled the trails and wagon roads at night, breaking into corrals and carrying off a calf or a pig. He learned to let down the bars at the gates and if the rail fences were too high, he would tear down a rail or two and crawl over. They called him Old Clubfoot.

Old Clubfoot was also known in these parts as Old Sluefoot and Old Reelfoot, possible to distinguish him from the other bears known as Clubfoot. It was apparently a common practice to call a maimed grizzly "Old Clubfoot" and this may be the reason why the same bear has at times appeared to have covered an enormous territory, although it is the natural habit of the grizzly to range over a large area. And too, it was not uncommon for a grizzly to be caught in a trap, although it was an uncommon trap that could hold a grizzly after catching him.

The trap naturally resulted in a deformed foot for the bear, and his track was easily recognized thereafter. And that is why, wherever grizzly bears roamed, it was quite a common occurance to call any bear "Clubfoot" who had lost toes in a trap. There was a bear known as Clubfoot in the

Tehachapi Range and there was a female with a foot deformity who was captured alive and exhibited for a number of years at Golden Gate Park. And there was a southern California grizzly, killed around 1890 who was also called Clubfoot.

Siskiyou County's own silver-tip grizzly, known as "Old Clubfoot," was a very hip bear who eluded capture for forty years, so cunning and trap wise was he. This enormous bear terrorized the cattle country of northern California and southern Oregon. Though he roamed and pillaged the entire area for four decades, he was caught only once in a trap. He had a reputation which spread throughout California because he was a notorious killer and had successfully eluded all efforts to exterminate him. Though he was also called "Sluefoot" and "Reelfoot" (and certainly a few other unprintable names) he will be referred to herewith as Clubfoot in order to avoid confusion.

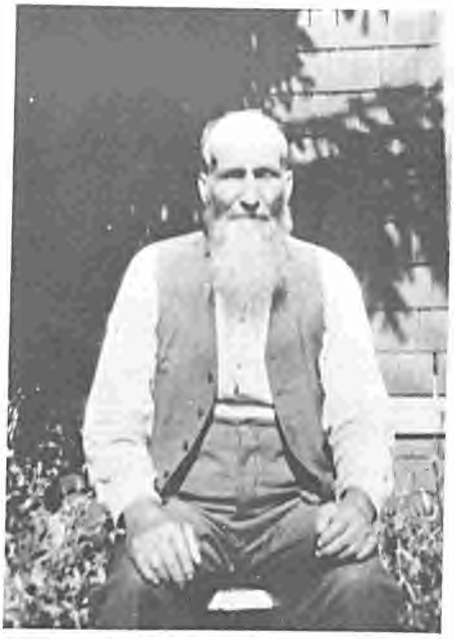
This famous old outlaw created quite a little disturbance over a long period of time during the last century and was finally killed near Pilot Rock over by Hornbrook in 1890.

Almost flagrantly he took what he wanted when he wanted it and continued to do so through the years until the day he died. Bullets meant nothing to Clubfoot. They took about a quart jar full out of his smelly old carcass after his demise.

It is said that anyone who has ever skinned an old grizzly bear will realize how little bullets affected them - they could not penetrate the accumulated dirt, grease, mud and grime in his fur. One oldtimer said that he had taken bullets out of a grizzly's fur that had only battered against the animal's hide, and had been held in place through the years by about three-quarters of an inch of grease and mud. It should be pointed out, however, that the pioneers of that era had no highpowered guns. Some used old muzzle-loaders or 44 Winchesters and black powder. The gun that finally killed Clubfoot was a 56-46 Spencer with a barrel made by G.A. Nordheim who lived in Yreka. The gun had a hair trigger, needing to be cocked every time. It had a muzzle-loading barrel with magazine in stock. It fired seven shots and weighed 13 pounds.

But let's go back to the days when Old Clubfoot was not a clubfoot - those days when he was a young silver-tip grizzly not aware of the white man's traps. In those days he roamed free and wild and was known to have a mate (who was killed two years after he was). He measured nine feet in length and it is said he reached up 12 feet when standing on his hind feet. His head, from the tip of his nose to the top of his head, measured 22 inches. He measured 14 inches between the ears. He weighed almost 2,000 pounds. So anyone can see that this was no ordinary grizzly.

It should be stated here that the grizzly was not so named on account of its ferocious disposition, but rather because of its gray coat. The silver-tipped coat, humped shoulders, and long nearly straight claws on its forefoot, are peculiarities of its particular race.



William A. Wright, who together with Pearl Bean, killed Clubfoot in 1890.

George Wright (left) and Gordon Jacobs with the bear trap in which Old Clubfoot was caught the only time. Photo taken September, 1941.
(Siskiyou County Museum)

Actually, the grizzly is basically a friendly creature in captivity. It will, in a playful gesture, probably break a man's arm or crush his back with a slap. But it does not mean any harm - it just does not realize the frailty of the human body.

The grizzly was, by reason of its giant strength and courage, the king of beasts in western North America. It openly took what it wanted and none dared question its right. Both the Indian and the white settlers stepped aside when it loped along the trails. Despite its great size and lumbering gait, the grizzly was swift in action and could travel at the rate of a good horse. But that was before the use of repeating rifles. With the introduction of modern firearms the grizzly recognized defeat and has taught its cubs to shun the highways of civilization and seek safety in flight when the hated scent of man flows down the breeze.

Bears had ways of inadvertently letting the settlers know they were around. Of course they leave enormous tracks, but they also, when they come out in the spring, stand up on their hind feet and bite the cedar trees.

One day a man by the name of Bruce Greives noticed the tracks and stripped cedars. He set a trap which he had fastened to a drag, or toggle

(which was a black oak log about eight inches in diameter and 10 or 12 feet long) with the trap chain fastened in the middle so that it would catch on the brush and trees as the bear passed through.

That is exactly what happened. The young grizzly who was to be known as Clubfoot was passing by on a trail that had a large clump of brush on each side and which had grown together over the top. When the toggle caught on the brush he tried to climb back up over the top of the brush. The trap became so tight that he was forced to twist and pull in an effort to free himself, thereby severing part of his foot, several toes and three of his claws. (The bear trap weighed 42 pounds, and was about four feet long.)

His deformed stump of a foot was to forever give away his presence, and his rage against man was never to subside. He would never forget.

Normally, little credit was given to a bear for instinct. The grizzly bear particularly, was considered to be stupid, and bear-baiting was a favorite sport of the vaqueros of early-day California. The grizzly, due to his size, was often clumsy and was easily roped from horseback by two vaqueros - then stretched out with a rope on a forepaw and rope on a hind leg. It seems incredible that such inhumaneness existed, but after they had the bear secured, a wild bull of the range was then captured and the two were tied together to fight it out, with the spectators enormously relishing the roars, the blood and the rage of the unfortunate animals.

But they were mistaken in their belief that the grizzly was stupid. Indeed, there are those who say that the grizzly was smarter than the coyote even, who is noted for his avoidance of man-set traps.

After once being caught, Clubfoot was never caught in a trap again. But he didn't stay away from traps. Instead, he learned to rob the trap and get away. In setting bear traps, it was the custom to hang a piece of meat six or eight feet up on a large tree, or suspend it from a limb, leaving the trap set beneath. After his first dreadful experience, Clubfoot learned to climb the tree from the opposite side, reach out and secure the meat, have his feast, then amble away unharmed.

As the years went by, innumerable traps had been set to no avail and the rewards offered by the cattlemen for his destruction were growing each year. But through four decades he continued to make depredations on the stock until that April day in 1890 when two hunters by the name of Billy Wright and Pearl Bean noticed Old Clubfoot lying in the sun by Pilot Rock.

It seems entirely fitting that the likes of Billy Wright and Old Clubfoot would meet up someday. Billy was born in 1849 and crossed the plains in a covered wagon. He settled in Siskiyou County on Camp Creek in 1879, where he raised cattle.

Billy Wright saw many grizzly bears in those days. It is recorded that he saw seven grizzlies in one group on Cold Spring Flat. Another time he had a narrow escape when the horse he was riding was attacked by a huge grizzly. The monstrous animal pulled a lot of hair from the horse's tail and Bill's saddle was about to come off. Billy grabbed his 50-70 Sharps carbine from

his saddle horn, turned around, stuck the muzzle of the gun in the bear's mouth and pulled the trigger just as the bear had reared up on the horse's rump. Billy, the bear and the saddle were all piled up in a heap on the ground afterwards, but Billy was alive and the bear was dead.

Then there was the time that he and two friends were riding on good fast saddle horses. They slowed down when they came upon a grizzly mother with two very small cubs. One of Billy's friends wanted to capture one of the cubs and take it home, or frighten her so she would leave. The mother grizzly charged, grabbing a mouthful of hair out of the horse's tail while they were trying to get away. Luckily, they made a hairpin turn on the hill - which again, because of the grizzly's size and awkwardness, she couldn't make. But she convinced them that they didn't want one of her cubs for a pet.

On another day Billy Wright was walking along a trail looking for his saddle horses. It was a frosty cold morning and the trail led through heavy brush. He had been looking to the side, scanning the area for the missing horses when he looked directly in front of him and froze in his tracks - but not because of the temperature. He was face to face with a grizzly, so close that the steam from its mouth permeated his face. The bear reared up on his hind feet, clacked his jaws together a few times, got down on his four legs, turned around and walked away. Leaving behind a vastly relieved Billy, because he had not brought along his gun that morning.

So you could say that William A. Wright had had a few experiences with grizzly bears. And it was certain that he wanted to claim the honor of killing the notorious Old Clubfoot.

Clubfoot still reigned supreme among the wildlife of Siskiyou County. Gifted with enormous strength, wonderful agility and almost human instinct, he had so far eluded all attempts to capture him. Just once, almost forty years earlier, he had gotten caught in a trap. Besides the lesson he had learned about traps that day, he had also learned another very important lesson. He would never again return to his kill for a second meal. (The night before he was caught in the trap, he had killed a two-year-old heifer belonging to Grieves. The trap in which he was caught had been set at the scene of the kill and Clubfoot had returned for a second feast. After the excruciating pain caused by the trap, he would never again return to his kill for another meal, no matter how hungry he was.)

Down through the years many stories were told of his cunning and prowess. There were deadly conflicts between Old Clubfoot and his would-be slayers, human or otherwise.

One of his mightiest battles involved a bull. In the spring of 1882 a sheepherder by the name of J.D. Williams viewed this great battle from the top of a tree about 50 yards away (he had left his gun in camp). Below him, in the glade, cattle were placidly feeding, led by a big bull. Old Clubfoot, deciding he needed some nourishment for his 2,000 pound frame, was hulking stealthily toward them. He suddenly made a charge for a calf stand-

ing by its mother's side. Naturally she attempted to defend her young, but with one powerful stroke of Clubfoot's paw, she was brushed bleeding aside. The bull charged the grizzly and so enraged was he at this interloper that Clubfoot was knocked into the brush. Undaunted, Clubfoot charged again and again, at last seizing the bull by the nose and then, with a powerful twist, breaking his neck. Triumphant, he inspected his kill, ambled over to the nearby spring for a drink and a leisurely swim - and returned to the calf he sought in the beginning, ate his fill and shuffled off. The terrified sheepherder remained in the tree until nightfall in case Clubfoot had caught his scent and might come back. But how was he to know that Clubfoot never returned to the scene of the kill. . . . .

Following this terrible slaughter, the stockmen of Hornbrook and other areas offered more rewards for the capture of old Clubfoot, dead or alive.

Clubfoot must have realized the heat was on because he left the Hornbrook area and turned up in Scott Valley. A farmer named Jo Doll drove into town from French Creek with his team and wagon spreading the word that a giant bear had killed one of his cows near his farm. He asked for men to go back and hunt the grizzly and five men volunteered, each armed with a rifle, one of which was a Spencer carbine breech loader owned by William Kimball.

They went to a designated oak tree nearby the farm. Four were up the tree when one of them said, "There he is, get those guns up here!" The man on the ground handed up the Spencer carbine (loaded) muzzle first. In the rush the hammer caught under a limb, exploding the gun, and the bullet passed through the thigh of Jim Cuddy - which ended the hunt and Clubfoot disappeared out of sight.

When all else failed, an attempt was made to kill the grizzly monarch by means of a set gun. His tracks were found on a dim trail which led through tall firs and underbrush and an old trapper decided he would outwit this ruthless killer by means of a set gun. Choosing a point where the trail passed between two large trees, he placed a loaded gun pointing across the trail, attached a strong string to the trigger, then placed a tempting morsel of meat as bait at the other end of the string. Smugly he took his position in a nearby tree where he would spend the night and wait for Clubfoot.

Along about daylight he saw a massive form moving in the shadows of the trail. Clubfoot was approaching. Now he scents the tempting bait. Instantly suspicious, he stops, rears aloft and keenly scents the air. His keen nostrils catch a human scent and his cunning comes once more into play. Cautiously moving toward the bait, he approaches the tree nearest, reaches around the tree with his paw, clutches the bait and drags it toward him. Then the trigger falls. There is a loud report, and the rifle's slugs are buried in the tree trunk. With a mighty roar, Old Clubfoot rushed off toward his den and the amazed trapper is left behind high in the tree shaking his head unbelievingly.

At another time a number of sheep near Pilot Rock were killed, and worse yet, they were not killed for food as their carcasses were still intact. It was obvious that the old grizzly had acquired a lust for killing. So a party of hunters was formed, with the best hounds in the country, in an effort to once and for all rid the locality of this killer bear.

The trail started near Pilot Rock, led across the upper end of the Rogue River Valley, through what is known as the Dead Indian country, then went on along the shores of Lake of the Woods. They had only his unmistakable clubbed foot impression to guide them for they did not once see him. After continuing the hunt to the shores of Crater Lake, they gave up and started homewards.

What they didn't know was that Clubfoot was now following them and that night, while they camped, in what seemed to be utter contempt, he killed a young steer within a mile of their camp. He then vanished into the forest, much to the chagrin of the hunting party (when they saw the kill next morning.)

Old Clubfoot's days were numbered but he didn't know it. He was getting a little too sure of himself; a little too careless in his old age. Many more incidents could be told in the life of Clubfoot - chance encounters by stockmen and sheepmen, most of whom were tremendously awed by the gigantic size, for fearlessness and cunning of this greatest of all grizzly. Ironically, his end came near his very favorite haunt in the vicinity of Pilot Rock.

There are several versions of Old Clubfoot's last day on earth. Both the men who were responsible for his death are dead now. But it is well-known that Billy Wright and Pearl Bean killed Old Clubfoot. Billy was a grown man but Pearl was not yet seventeen years old.

But they didn't get Clubfoot the first time out, as evidenced from an article published in the Yreka Journal and dated April 2nd, 1890:

"William Wright and a son of Mr. Bean had an exciting chase after a huge grizzly up among the great snow banks of the Siskiyous recently. They were looking for stock and found the track of the bear, and concluding that it was old "Clubfoot" himself, thought the present a good season of the year in which to capture his hide and scalp and rid the range of his depredations. They came upon the bear somewhere in the region of Bald Mountain, and gave him a good dose of lead to begin with, but it didn't seem to damage him much and he started off on a long trip across the country, with the men after him.

"They had snowshoes and the bear hadn't and as he was compelled to plow his way along with the snow up to his throat much of the time, they had the advantage of him and were sure they would wind up his career. But Old Clubfoot had fate on his side, and the snowshoes of the hunters soon went back on them and the bear made his escape, taking with him however, eight rifle balls deposited in his thievish hulk. He was in good flesh and as strong as a grizzly can get, or he would never have escaped. The reason of his good condition was found in the discovery that his headquarters were in

The large claw is one of the claws from Clubfoot which was left in the trap. The smaller claw is from a full grown black bear.
(Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

Cartridge for the 56-46 Spencer rifle that killed Clubfoot.
(Siskiyou County Museum)

the midst of the carcasses of some forty horses that had been caught in the deep snow and perished during the winter. . ."

Then a short 14 days later, in the same Yreka Journal, dated April 16th, 1890, was printed the following:

"Billy Wright and a boy named Bean killed the celebrated grizzly "Clubfoot" one day last week, about seven miles from here. Wright and Bean found his track at 9 a.m. and followed it until noon when they located him in a thicket of scrub oak near Deihl Springs.

"Rocks were rolled down the hill and the bear came out. Both fired at the same time and the grizzly fell, but immediately got up again and started for the boys. He got within 30 or 40 feet of them and dropped dead. Ten shots were fired and all were found in his body, two having passed through his heart. The boys skinned him carefully, and intend having him stuffed for exhibition. He has been systematically hunted for many years, and cattlemen consider this a stroke of good luck, that he has been killed at last. . ."

But the newspaper didn't really tell it the way it was. Gordon Jacobs, former Siskiyou County Supervisor, tells the story as he heard it:

"Pedro Smith said he had been to town. It was in the spring, and coming back from town he saw where a cow had been killed on Dry Creek. He saw bear tracks. He went home, got on his saddle horse and went to tell Billy Wright that it was Clubfoot. Billy and Pearl tracked him that afternoon and the next morning, caught him in the thicket in the snow and killed him. Pedro Smith claimed the glory of putting them onto the track.

George Wright with the Spencer gun that killed Clubfoot. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

They saw the bear and after they shot it, it charged them. The bear was above them on the hill quite a ways from the creek and they were close to the creek on the opposite side. Clubfoot was going away from them when they shot the first time. Billy shot him and he charged. They poured lead into him and he kept charging. The bear finally dropped at their feet. They hit the bear ten times, but only one bullet, the first one shot by Billy when the bear was going the opposite way, took effect. This is the shot that killed him. They say that Pearl Bean got scared and wanted to climb a tree. This occurred in Wild Cat or Slide Creek. . ."

Mrs. Pearl Bean, who no doubt heard the story many times while her husband was alive, tells the story in her own words:

"The bear was killed on April 10th, 1890. Pearl Bean and Bill Wright, with a third party who had dogs, were hunting in the vicinity of Pilot Rock. The dogs were running a wild cat when Old Clubfoot was seen lying in the sun at the head of Camp Creek. An attempt was made to get the dogs started after the bear, but the bear got away. This was in the morning.

"They all went to their respective homes for lunch. Pearl Bean left Billy Wright at his place, telling Bill that he was going to go home, take a bath, eat lunch and go out again after the bear. Bill Wright tried to dissuade him, but Pearl insisted that he would go out again. Bill Wright then told Pearl that if he finally decided to go out, to stop at his place on the way and he would go with him.

Pearl did come along in the middle of the afternoon and woke Billy up. They went back up toward Pilot Rock and found fresh tracks. They had stopped to rest and were sitting down when a dark spot on the snow over across the creek suddenly stood up and sniffed. It was Old Clubfoot. The bear started down the hill toward them through the snow, breaking his way through the mountain scrub oak. Bill Wright handed the gun to Pearl to do the shooting. 'Fire at his nose or the spot under his neck,' he instructed Pearl.

"Pearl continued to fire at the bear, but seemed unsuccessful in getting a dead shot, which was not surprising considering the caliber of the gun used and the size of the animal. The bear crossed the creek and continued coming toward them. Bill Wright warned Pearl to stand still until the bear came within 30 feet of the two hunters and fell dead. Bill warned Pearl not to go near the bear, who was lying in the deep snow, until they were sure he was dead.

Mrs. Bean added that although there had been a large standing reward for this notorious animal, now that the brute was dead, the cattlemen began to hedge. Only one cattleman came through. He had pledged $300 for the killing of Old Clubfoot and he paid. The others all backed down.

Finally, a man by the name of A.E. Doney wrote to present still another version of the killing of Clubfoot. He claims to have talked with Billy Wright shortly before his death and the following is Billy's story:

"I found the tracks of a large bear, and the carcass of one of my large steers on a little flat eight miles up Camp Creek. That steer was killed before it could get on his feet to run. I got Pearl Bean to go with me, both armed with rifles and riding good horses. We followed a trail up the creek. We saw the bear on the opposite side of the creek. Turning back a short distance, we tied the horses, then walked ahead to a place where we were in shooting distance. We began firing. The bear came toward us, but we continued shooting until he fell not far from where we stood.

"We put eight bullets into his breast, all ranged back, each vital, but Clubfoot did not slow up but kept coming."

Clubfoot was dead. The battle to keep living and the constant foraging for food to maintain his mighty body was over. His forty year reign was suddenly ended, but his legend will live forever in the vast territory he roamed, high in the mountains of northern California.

But wait. It wasn't all over for Clubfoot.

There was great excitement and interest when the old monarch of the forests was finally killed. So much so that Clubfoot's great form was mounted. From the Yreka Journal, dated May 28th, 1890, came the following article:

"Your correspondent visited on Tuesday last the residence of Mr. Wright, one of the slayers of "Old Clubfoot" and witnessed Mr. J. Lomas' arrangements for stuffing and mounting the monster. This was undoubtedly the King of the Grizzlies for this part of the world. Mr. Lomas thinks he could not have weighed less than 2,000 pounds when killed. Some of the fineness of a front view of this countenance is lost, from the fact that his tusks or canine teeth are worn off to not much more than one-half inch in length. But what he lacks in teeth he makes up in claws, which are simply immense. On one foot only two claws are left. He will measure nine feet in length and probably could reach up to 12 feet when standing on his hind feet. . ."

Old Clubfoot went on the road with Billy Wright and Pearl Bean, and drew outstanding crowds wherever he appeared. In 1893 he was exhibited at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. The exhibit consisted of a mound of rocks, with patches of real moss, genuine ferns and native shrubbery over a large cave. Standing at the cave entrance was Old Clubfoot. The huge grizzly was still being looked upon with awe and the exhibit was an outstanding success.

After that Pearl sold out his interest to Bill Wright for $300. Billy and Clubfoot made the small-town circuit in a tent and appeared in many places in the west.

There are conflicting stories about what happened to him after that, and there is a question to his final disappearance. Some say that Clubfoot was purchased by the Native Sons of the Golden West to be displayed in the lobby of their headquarters in San Francisco - and that he was destroyed at the time of the San Francisco earthquake and fire.

However, there were also rumors that Old Clubfoot had been seen in San Francisco after the earthquake. He was in a museum known as "Jordan's Museum of Anatomy" which was operating in 1914.

Then a Siskiyou County resident was sent a newspaper clipping saying a doctor took Clubfoot to Europe and had made a great deal of money exhibiting him in various countries. It has been 83 years since Old Clubfoot met his death near his den at Pilot Rock, and it is possible that they are still spinning tales about him over in Hornbrook. It is also possible that the King of the Grizzlies is still on display in some public or commercial museum somewhere in the world. Somewhere, indeed, Old Clubfoot might still be attracting the attention that he did in his forty years of prowling his kingdom in northern California - attention that only a silver-tip grizzly weighing a ton could command.

(The files of the late George R. Schrader were used in the research of this famous bear story and I would like to thank Mrs. George Schrader of Costa Mesa and the United States Forest Service for allowing access to the files.)

(Editor's note: This article was first published by The Playlander; John Bretzman, editor and publisher.)

Camp Lowe

by FRANK LOWE

The only thing I can remember about Camp Lowe is that it was a lot of hard work. I was born in 1889, on this side of the river. My dad had a mining claim and we lived there, but he got so busy taking rafts down the river and hauling freight that he neglected to keep up the assessment work, so our claim was jumped, so they bought the place across the river and moved part of our house from this side over there, and added to it. This

Camp Lowe on old Highway 99 south of Hornbrook in 1949. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

was when I was four years old. We had about 620 acres there and raised cattle, vegetables and fruit, also hay. I helped dad plant the fruit trees you see out there in the field now. We would peddle all the hay, vegetables and fruit we could raise to the folks in Klamathon.

There was a school down at Williams Creek (now Colliers Rest Area: editor's note) and us kids went down there. We had to cross one creek on a foot log. It was over a foot deep and ran all the time. I can remember fish going up the creek and they were almost solid. There was no road then so we just followed a trail.

E.E. Williams bought the place where the school was (which was the old Anderson place that Anderson Grade Road was named for) and since he was a county supervisor, he got the road extended on through. Before that the road crossed the river at Carson Gulch and went in front of the JO Ranch and down to Henley.

The school was moved up the river to just this side of that bad curve, where the rock bluff almost drops into the river. There was a swinging walk bridge at Osburger gulch and the kids from the families on the other side of the river would come over to go to school. We only went there for a couple of years, then we went to Klamathon. I can remember we always had to work before school and about the time we'd just get started for school, we'd hear the school bell ring, so we'd have to run. We had to work several hours after school, too.

One job that befell my sister and myself was to cut up the logs that were stranded on the bar below the house. We had an old whipsaw, and every day we'd have to go out there, and at least get one or two cuts. Some of the logs were ones that got away from the Klamathon mill.

As soon as I was old enough I left and went to work for the railroad so can't really remember much more about the place, but think the place was sold about 1915 or 1916 to George Callisch.

George Callisch could tell you exact dates of when the place was purchased and when the camp ground went in. There were cabins put up and it was like a motel. People would camp there too. There was a store across the river from the cabins on old highway 99. That highway came down through Hornbrook in front of the First and Last Chance.

When Klamathon was going strong, I made one trip up to Shovel Creek and took a load of loggers up. "Old Daddy" Stough was cook for the river men, and what a cook he was. He sure had a good reputation and it was well deserved. Anyway, his cook wagon was built like the old sheep herders' wagons. He would follow the men down the river as they fought to get the logs down to the mill. They would just camp overnight wherever they were. I remember this one time it was dusty and the men just threw down their blankets, and the next morning there were the tracks of a big rattlesnake that had crawled in and out amongst them during the night.

The Lucas Ranch

by JOEY A. LUCAS

We came to this area from Los Angeles when my dad, Dr. Frank B. Lucas, took over the practice of Dr. Pious of Montague. Dr. Pious served in the first World War. When he came back to resume his private practice, we moved to Hilt. Doctor took over there as company doctor for Fruit Growers and was also the only doctor for the Southern Pacific Railroad between Dunsmuir and Ashland. He did not have an office as such, but our home was his office. Anytime Doctor would get a call, he was ready to go. He was the only doctor in this area for years.

One time the Doctor was called to deliver a baby up towards Fall Creek. That baby was Don O'Brien. Another time, Mrs. Fox called the Doctor as her husband was real sick. Mother assisted Doctor then and they had to perform emergency surgery on the kitchen table as Mr. Fox's appendix were ready to burst.

When the DeAutremont brothers blew the train in Tunnel 13 in 1923, Doctor was called to go to the scene and check the men out.

When we were at Hilt there were only two cars that could go in and out. That was the company car, that was a Dodge, and the Doctor's car, that was a Reo. Those were the only cars that had high enough clearance. The road was in the same place it is now, but it was a mess and had real deep ruts. In fact the ruts were so deep that once you started up or down, you could take your hands off the wheel. There was no way the car could get out of the ruts. You also carried a shovel and hoped that you did not meet another car when you started out. The people wanted the road fixed and asked the supervisors to get it fixed, but their attitude seemed to be that

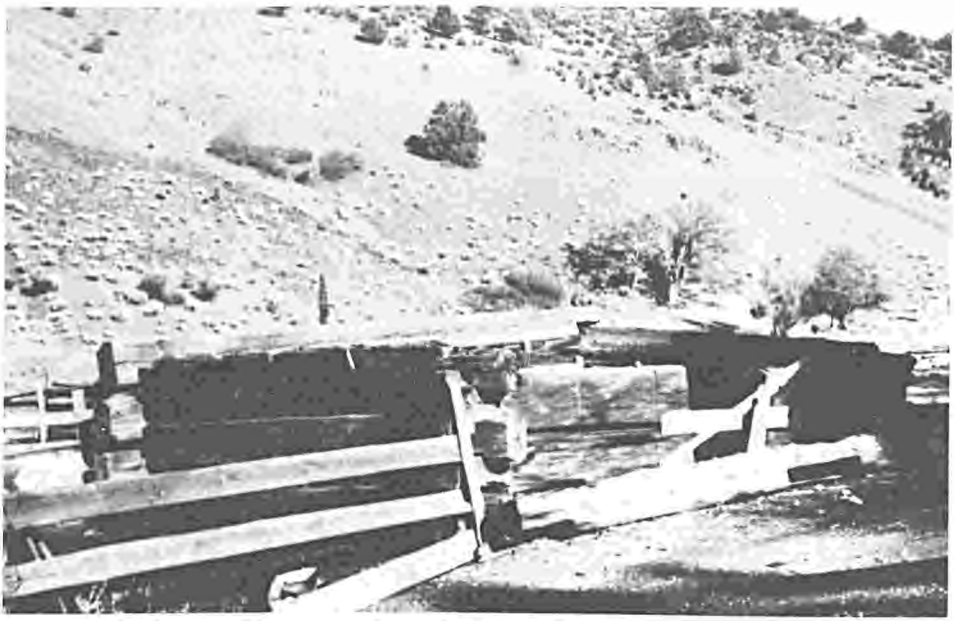
Lucas Ranch in 1920. Note the water wheel used for irrigation. (Courtesy Joey Lucas)

the people should patronize the home industry and to keep the road bad. It was that way for years.

We bought the old home place and moved there from Hilt about 1920. It was at one time the Anderson Ranch that the Anderson Grade Road was named for. Anderson Grade Road was the first road in Siskiyou County to be built with convict labor during the late 1800's. Anderson Grade Road used to go up as far as Carson Gulch and crossed on a ferry. I had the deed to the ferry rights up until I sold the remains of the ranch last year.

When Anderson Grade was being built, it was my understanding they had a jail on wheels and moved it along as the road progressed. That way they did not have the long drive back and forth to Yreka. The blacksmith shop on the ranch was the original jail. It was made of huge hewn logs that had bolts through them and bunks around the walls. The prisoners were shackled in there for the night. We finally used the heavy logs for a pig pen in later years. The remains of the jail were burnt when the new freeway came through. It was too bad the Museum did not have a place to move it to, as I wanted to donate it to them. Our pasture and orchard are now Interstate 5 and Collier Rest Area.

Later there was a road that came up the other side of the river and Anderson Grade was not in much use anymore. We had a bridge crossing over to the new highway and used it till about 1938, when they relocated the highway. They made us take our bridge down as the cables were in the



Remains of old portable jail used on Anderson Grade Road during the late 1800's. (Anderson Grade Road was the first road in Siskiyou County to be built by convict labor.) It was left on the Old Lucas Ranch and was first used as a blacksmith shop and later a pig pen. It was burned during the construction of Interstate 5. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

way. After that we had to come in by Camp Lowe, or if we had a heavy load we had to go clear around.

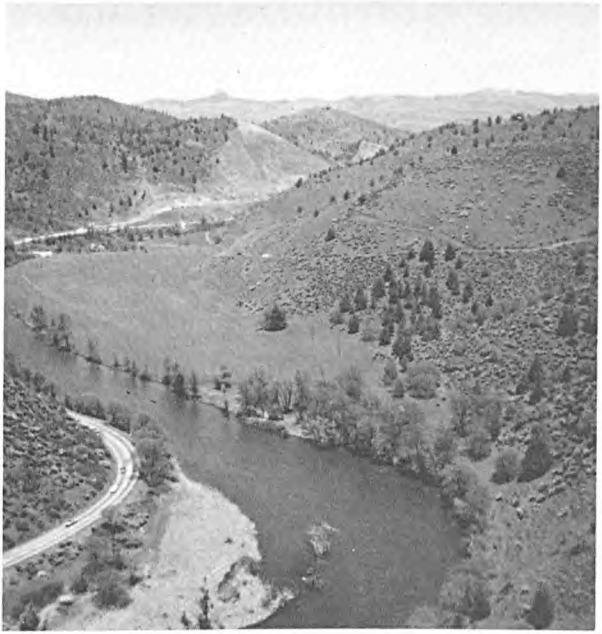
We had two water wheels on the ranch for irrigation. Clyde Ladd built one of them in 1919 and it was one of the last ones he did. He took scrub oaks and used them for support. The water wheels would take the water way back up there so we could irrigate the whole fields. The stern wheeler that is on the Ralston ranch now was built in 1938 by Mr. Mason. It too was for irrigation. The Ralston place was at one time the Horn Ranch.

I remember once we ordered lumber from Hilt and they delivered it to Hornbrook, instead of the siding at Klamathon. So we had to take the team and running gear and go get it. If the water was low, we could cross at the old wagon ford at Camp Lowe. After we got all loaded up, we'd have to come up and cross the old bridge and over the road bridge and over the railroad tracks and up a steep hill at Klamathon. My uncle was helping us and he gave the horses a run at the hill but when we bounced over the tracks, the reach broke. Bill Lowe had his team ahead of us and he helped us get the lumber off the track. Just as they got the last of it moved, the passenger train came around the curve.

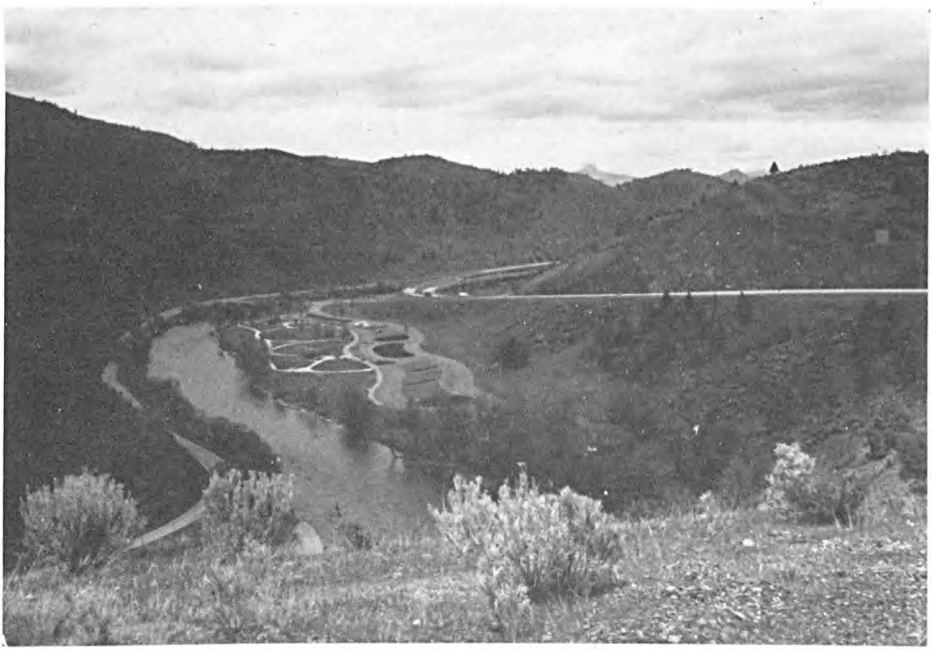
Later the other bridge (we cross now) was built to do away with the steep hill and crossing the railroad tracks.

THEN: Part of Lucas Ranch from West side of Klamath River.
(Courtesy Joey Lucas)

NOW: Interstate 5 bridges over Klamath River and Collier Rest Area on right. (Courtesy Darlene Anderson)



THEN: Lucas field with Pilot Rock in background. Old Hwy. 99 in left foreground. (Courtesy Joey Lucas)



NOW: Collier Rest Area. (Courtesy Darlene Anderson)

Hells Gate at the mouth of Shasta River. The rugged Shasta River Canyon as it appeared to the miners in the Gold Rush Days. An old hoisting works appears at the lower foreground where the river was mined. The ruggedness of this part of the Shasta and Klamath Rivers prevented the construction of roads until well after the turn of the century. This photo was taken about 1904. Old U.S. Highway 99 is located on the bluff at the right. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Historical Society)

Mine on the Klamath River across from Long Gulch, ¾ mile below the mouth of the Shasta River, during 1890. This is a good example of how the river was mined. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

Around Humbug Creek

by F. GEORGE SOUZA

It was in December of 1906 when I first came to Humbug area. My step-dad, Frank S. Rose, came to the area about 1880. He had 80 acres and we had the first ranch up Humbug Creek from the Klamath River, at the mouth of Clear Creek. We ran cattle up Ash Creek towards Cottonwood Peak. In fact, I helped plant the fruit trees that are in the new state park on the Klamath River, called "Tree of Heaven". The park is just across the river from the mouth of Humbug Creek. One hay barn was just upstream from where the park is and we fed cattle on the gravel bar.

The school house sat to the East of Humbug Creek. It was a one room school, 12 x 20 feet, and one teacher for all nine grades. The teacher was paid about $60.00 per month and she usually lived with us, paying about $15.00 for board and room. When the dredger was working there were up to 37 students. Rarely anyone in outlying areas went on to high school them days. The ones that did go on had to be taken to Yreka, where they had to pay for all their own supplies and also board and room.

Hand mining on Humbug Creek. Note the men working in center of picture. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

The old road to Happy Camp went down that side of the river. At one time, the road went in front of the school house. Then later, it went to the back of the school. But either time, the road was so close that we could reach out the window and touch the wagons as they went by.

Many times I can recall the mail carrier leaving his buggy during flood stage of the river and carrying the mail on down to Happy Camp on horseback. The mail went through daily, except Sundays, even on holidays like Christmas. Our carrier went from Hornbrook to Hamburg. There were really two carriers on each leg of the trip. One left Hornbrook every morning and stayed overnight at Hamburg. The other one left Hamburg and stayed overnight at Hornbrook.

Lots of times one would see a horse headed down the road with the reins tied up to the saddle. No one ever bothered a horse or tried to stop him, if the reins were tied up, for we knew he was headed home. If the reins were broken or down, then we would go look for the rider. There were quite a few reasons why the horses would be going home alone. For instance, if a person wanted to catch the stage or the train, they would ride to the depot, then send the horse on home alone. In fact, many times Peg would ride her horse down to the depot to catch the train to go to the doctor's for her back. She always sent her horse home alone. I used to pack salt up on the mountain on a pack animal and then send him on home.

Humbug had no cemetery as such. Most of those that passed on were taken into Yreka, tho there are family cemeteries on private lands and individual graves all up and down the river.

There was quite a community down there with lots of cabins and people. It is hard to realize that fact now when one drives down river. Every week there would be a dance someplace, and people would come from all over. We had a lot of fun. Our music would be local talent, fiddles, guitars and the like.

Just below Ash Creek was the Jim Clyburn place. He had a big garden and sold produce. The Clyburns bought the place from Charley Hubbard. Charley used to live there with his two sisters.

The T.J. Jones store of Hornbrook delivered supplies and groceries weekly to our area. They usually used a two horse team. The meat company in Hornbrook run by the Bloomingcamps, also ran weekly deliveries. Some occasions they ran twice a week. The Bloomingcamp building is still standing in Hornbrook. It is the big burnt out concrete building across from the old T.J. Jones store (now the Radio Museum). The Bloomingcamps also had an ice plant in back of the store and delivered ice around town.

I understood during the late 1800's not far from our place on the Humbug, there was a saloon, store and rooming house combination. It was run by a fellow named Hutchins, I think. Anyway, when he died people dug up all around the place looking for his supposedly buried money.

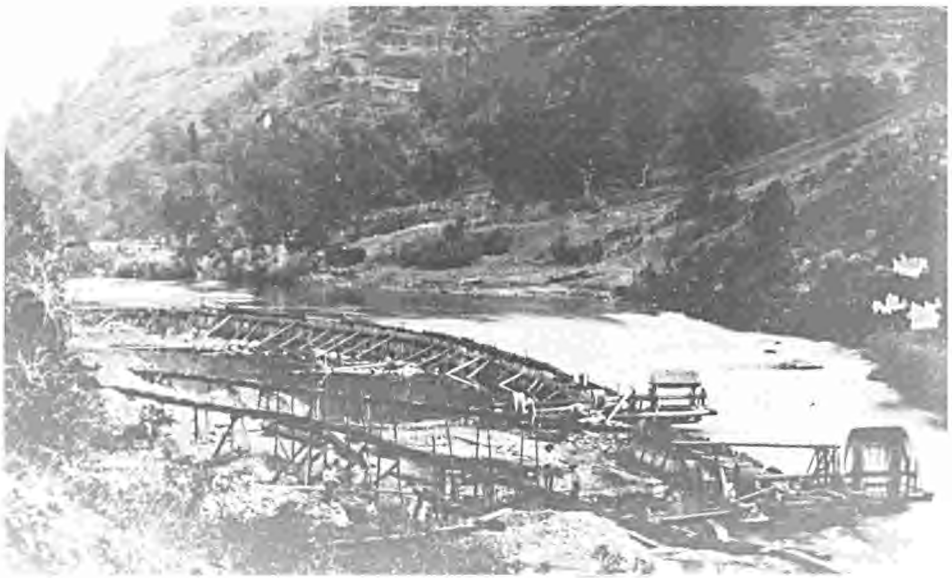
Along the same thought, there used to be a butcher shop upstream from our ranch. The butcher was supposed to have buried his money across on

McConnell Bar Dredge. This was the first dragline to be used on the Klamath River. The dredge was invented and run by S.T. Wellman of Ohio for two and a half years below Humbug Creek. (Courtesy Chester Barton)

the other hill. No one ever found the money, or if they did, they never said anything about it. You want to remember there were no banks them days, and it was customary to hide one's money, mainly by burying it.

There were quite a few Chinese down there. One could always hear them coming some distance away. They always walked single file, and as people do, the front man had to talk to the last man in line, and their voices would carry some distance down the canyon. It seems funny, but they would never go around the road if they could take a trail, even tho it was straight up and down. One of the pranks us kids used to pull would be to go hide up in the chaparral when we heard them coming. Then we would throw things, like tomatoes or eggs at them. They'd sure get awful mad at us and cuss us out, but we'd stay hid in the thick brush. They would never break line nor fight back. We never threw rocks or anything that could hurt anyone. The Chinese mainly mined for themselves and there would be from 20 to 100 all in one mine. They would split the proceeds from the mine. It was claimed then that a chinaman could work for a dime a day and make money.

They used a lot of Chinese to put in the railroad, especially in open country, but never in a tunnel. I heard it was for two reasons: 1. they would not work underground and 2. they did not know how to tunnel.



Hilt Mine on the Klamath River. This mine was operated by John Hilt and was located near the mouth of Osburger Gulch on the Klamath River. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

My uncle, Manual Rose, worked on Tunnel 13 up in the Siskiyous. Tunnel 13 is where the last train robbery took place by the DeAutremont Brothers in 1923. Just before that robbery I worked for the railroad as caretaker of Tunnel 13.

We mined Humbug Creek, and it was sure hard work, as it was all done by hand. (Editor's note: In the early days, some places of Humbug were placer mined two or three times in the same place. It reportedly has produced millions in placer gold.) My step-dad would ship the gold to the U.S. Mint at San Francisco, when we got from 12 to 14 ounces saved up. He'd get back maybe three or four hundred dollars for the gold, maybe ten dollars for the silver, two or three dollars for copper and perhaps fifty cents for something else. The mint paid you for everything of value that was in the gold sent it. You see, gold is rarely pure.

Some miners would sell to places like T.J. Jones store for the going rate, usually about $18.00 per ounce. Then the store would sell to the Mint and make the extra on the silver, copper and whatever else of value the gold contained. All that extra was gravy for the store.

Gordon Jacobs once told me when he ran the T. Jones store, that they would buy gold from Main Hungry Creek only at their own price. That was because gold from there was porous and full of impurities. Now you take gold from North Hungry Creek is redder in color and solid.

Old timers could tell you where any gold came from just by looking at it, as it is different from different parts of the country. One place the gold

would be different shades of yellow, still other places it is silver color, another a reddish color.

For the most part this whole area seems to be placer or grass roots and pocket gold. There was no good paying mine on the east side of the Klamath River on Black Mountain. But both sides of the Klamath River from Camp Lowe to Osburger Gulch was all mined by using wing dams and dip wheels to run the sluice boxes.

(note: Cottonwood Creek seemed to be the dividing line, for gold bearing material. The Klamath River was mined clear down to below Happy Camp by using wing dams, hydraulicing and derricks. Most every bar and channel still show signs of past mining.)

A wing dam was made by making cribs from whatever material was available along the bank. The cribs were then filled with rocks and sunk in the river. Several cribs were made and set along side by side to make however long of a dam that was needed. Other ways of making the wing dam were by rocks and by lumber.

Humbug had only one real good sized mine that I knew of. It was called the MONO Mine. It had three shafts and they went down 500 to 600 feet and had three levels. The mine stood someplace upstream about where old French Town stood.

(note: The Mono Mine was formerly known as the Old Punch Creek Mine. It was on Punch Creek off of the South Fork of Humbug Creek. It was worked by John Barton, John Shipp and Jones during the 1860's. The mine changed hands many times and produced an estimated $2,000,000.00.

To my knowledge the other mines in the area were drifts or prospect holes run into the hillside. There were a lot of fair sized placer mines and diggings using giants (or hydraulicing) and sluice boxes. Most all of Humbug Creek has been mined by hand. The old timers used a hand derrick to move the rocks. It was remarkable the size of some of the boulders that were moved by the hand derricks. The miners had lines running from the rock, or their tubs, to the boom and then down to the base of the shaft, then back to a windlass. They had what is called a double end windlass on both sides, with men on each side winding them up. Sometimes if the rock was bigger than they could windlass with the power they had, they would use block power, or they would double up on the blocks. Sometimes they would take and put a block and run a line down to the bottom and tie it up on top of the boom; that gave them another half block purchase. You want to remember that the men that wrestled all those rocks got $2.00 for ten hours labor or 20¢ per hour.

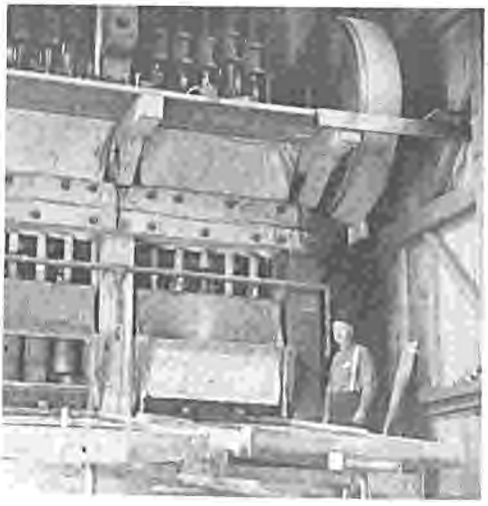
Just below Humbug Creek about 1909, a man by the name of Wellmann put in a big dredger. It was a clamshell type that would hold 20 to 25 yards of material per bite. They would dump the material on a grizzily and the big rocks would go off the side while the dirt and gravel would go down the sluice boxes. The dredge was run by electricity and the California Oregon Power Company ran a special line down for it. There is nothing left of the

Brass Wire Mine, Henley, Calif. This mine was one of the richest placer mines in the Cottonwood Basin and is now covered by Interstate 5. (Courtesy Siskiyou County Museum)

power line now, except in a few spots you can still see the poles and cross arms. The McConnell Bar Dredge was in operation in 1910 to 1912. The dredge worked on a 24 hour basis and the men were paid $2.50 per shift. There was always a long list of men waiting to get a job there, too. On Skunk Gulch they had an office, superintendent's house, foreman's house; a bunk house for sleeping and a boarding house for eating; a wash room with places for the men to take showers and to wash their own clothes. So you can see the McConnell Bar operation had quite a community all of its own. I had the job of taking a gallon and a half of milk down there every day before school and then again after school.

Some of the other mines I recall around the area were the KLONDIKE MINE and the INDIAN GIRL MINE. The Klondike Mine was up Ash Creek and was never too hot. The story I heard was that Nick Myers and two other fellows found a trace and took out a pocket of gold. Gold could still be seen clinging to the rocks, so they were bought out by a company that sold mining stock to the mine. The company then built a rooming house and other buildings down by the river. They built a wing dam on the Klamath River to run a generator for electricity for the mine and the houses. After investing so much on improvements, and what have you, the mine never produced much.

The Indian Girl Mine is not too far up above the present highway 96, west of Ash Creek, and amounted to a lot more than did the Klondike Mine.



Jillson Stamp Mill about 1899 at the Jillson Mine. The right name of the Jillson Mine was the Hazel Gold Mining Company, named after I. Oliver Jillson's sister, Hazel MacIntosh of Chico. On the right is Jehu Jacobs (Gordon Jacobs' father, who was the head quartz mill man for the company).
(Courtesy Gordon Jacobs)

At one time they had an ore mill down at the river and they put in a pipe chute to bring the ore down from the mine to the mill. It made so much noise that one had trouble getting horses up or down river; new horses especially would get completely unnerved by all that noise.

(Note: From a report from H. J. Barton on the output of Humbug Mines: "The Indian Girl Mine, Northerly, located on Ash Creek about four miles distance has produced over $100,000.00, principally speciman ore. Horace H. Howe and his brother took out in three years by hand mortaring $31,000 and in one day took out $3,300.")

Across from the old ranch that Joey Lucas grew up on, that is now the Collier Rest Area on Interstate 5, there was a big ore mill. The road used to go under their apparatus. It milled ore for the Wolverine Mine. That mine was located up the ridge. There are still shafts up there to this date. Never heard how good of a mine it was but don't think it amounted to too much. Something funny happened to Peg under that tramway for the mill one time. She, her mother and sister, had been down to Garvey Bar picking blackberries. They had about 3 crates of berries and were on their way home. They were in a single buggy pulled by a mule named "Beck". A jackrabbit jumped down from the bank right as they got under the chute and spooked Beck. It upset all the girls and blackberries right there in the road and Beck took off for home. Mr. Hobson from Hornbrook was walking down the road and caught Beck and brought her back down to where the girls were. Funny thing, Peg's little bob tailed dog, named Bobby, was the only one to ride out the whole thing and was still in the buggy when Mr. Hobson stopped the mule. There were not enough berries left to make a pie.

Just south of Henley road where the new construction for the freeway is used to be a big placer mine called the Brass Wire Mine. In fact, the free-

(continued on page 86)

Herbert Hoover in the Siskiyou Mountains

Edited from manuscript by Patricia L. Pilling (Wayne State University, Detroit, Michigan) June 21, 1973

That Herbert Hoover was an avid fisherman is well-documented. His own views on fishing and fishermen were gathered by him into a thin volume entitled Fishing for Fun and to Wash Your Soul. In fact, fishing was important enough to the former President that on at least one occasion he arranged a fishing trip during a birthday week, inadvertently putting an obstacle in the way of a surprise celebration to be held for him at Stanford University. He said of fishing:

> "I am for fishing as a contribution to constructive joy because it gives an impulse to take to the woods and to the water."

Indicative of Hoover's reliance upon fishing for refreshment of body and soul some authors have pointed out that Hoover seemed to make an effort to include fishing as an integral part of his thinking processes. He appears to have deemed it almost a necessity to feeling confident that many of the major decisions he made were carefully thought out and analyzed far from the pressures of his very busy life. Fishing gave him this unique opportunity.

He once even lamented with a touch of humor, the decline of fishing as a sport before the Izaak Walton League, stating:

> "I assure you the increase of crime is due to a lack of the qualities of mind and character which impregnate the soul of every fisherman, except those who get no bites."

That Hoover fished extensively in the eastern United States, especially at Rapidan, in Virginia, the "Camp David" of his Administration, is well known.

But what is not generally known is that Hoover enjoyed and fished several times in the isolated wilderness surrounding the Marble Mountain in Siskiyou County of northwestern California.

(Editor's note: Hoover often stayed with – Gunst at his fishing lodge above Hornbrook. This place is now privately owned and is still maintained as a fishing lodge.)

Indeed, when I came to inquire of the Herbert Hoover Presidential Library at West Branch, Iowa, about Hoover's ties with northwestern California, that repository seemed to have no evidence of such interludes in Hoover's life.

My interest in Hoover in northwestern California derived from a casual comment by one of my acquaintances in that region in which he noted that he had "the key" to Herbert Hoover's fishing chest. Anthropological fieldwork among the Yurok Indians had brought my husband and I to Weitchpec, on the Klamath River northeast of Eureka, in Humboldt County, for the summer and fall of 1968; and it was during a conversation with one of the

President Herbert Hoover fishing.

local white residents, Steve Ross, who had been raised in the area and whose father had been Humboldt County Sheriff, that we first came to hear of Hoover's days in the Siskiyou Mountains. But, Where? When? Why? How did Hoover happen to come to this part of California?

Mr. Ross told us that he had never personally met Mr. Hoover but knew that he had fished a number of times on the Klamath and Salmon rivers. Mr. Ross said that Hoover and his fishing friends referred to themselves as the Wooley Camp Association and always stayed at Wooley Camp on Wooley Creek, a tributary of the Salmon River, not far from its entry into the Klamath River.

The crucial fishing chest whose key first gave rise to my questions surrounding Mr. Hoover's presence in the Siskiyous was made of tin and placed on a wood frame high up in a tree to keep it safe from bears at a lake not far from Wooley Camp. The "key" and the right to own the chest were ultimately given to Steve Ross by Blake C. Wilbur, son of Ray Lyman Wilbur. Blake C. Wilbur is a doctor in Palo Alto and present owner of Wooley Camp.

Wooley Camp is still extant but tracing its history and Hoover's connection with it proved to be no easy task.

Inkling of pre-European, traditional Indian patterns of land use in the Wooley Camp area could be provided by Mrs. Bessie Tripp, a local Karok, now in her 80's. She said that her grandfather (name not mentioned) owned

the area as a hunting place under Indian law. This early Indian owner was apparently the "Big Man" of the village site known as "Oak Bottom," on which Mrs. Tripp now resides, near the foot of the trail leading to Wooley Camp. According to Mrs. Tripp, the traditional Indian camp was in the upper end of the Wooley Camp flat, while Mr. Hoover's house was on the lower part of the flat. Deer were especially attracted to the Wooley Camp area because there was a natural salt lick in the creek below Wooley Camp. How early and how long the Oak Bottom leader owned Wooley Camp as a hunting place is not known but his ownership may well have commenced before White penetration into the region.

To some local citizens, Wooley Camp has another special significance, for as Maggie Grant, a resident of nearby Somes Bar, said:

> (It was) on the old '49 trail that came in from the coast and went up Wooley Creek through the Marble Mountains to Scott Valley. The pack trains went that way before the other trails were built.

An 1893 article in the Arcata Union tells of mining in Wooley Creek area, while Maggie Grant, the local Somes Bar resident, expressed the opinion that one Sam Frame and his wife were the first to build a cabin at Wooley Camp. Certainly by 1913 or 1914, when then Orleans resident Wesley Hotelling first visited Wooley Camp, the ranch buildings were not new.

Wesley Hotelling, who was raised in the Orleans-Somes Bar area and who in 1973 lived in Willow Creek, recounted the greatest detail of early Wooley Creek days. He writes:

> I stopped at the ranch in 1913 or 1914 on my way to the headwaters of Wooley Creek accompanied by an Indian, Jimmie Johnson, then owner of the place - the buildings were old then and made chiefly of native logs - a very small field supplied feed for horses. The trails in the area were narrow and not too well kept up - rattlesnakes were generally plentiful - native trout in the creeks provided us with much of our food. We visited the Marbles (Marble Mountain - PLP) and returned to the Johnsons' place by way of Haypress Meadows.

Hotelling also comments:

> I would guess that the claim (Wooley - PLP) was settled sometime after 1913 and patent was taken under the Forest Homestead Act of June 11, 1906 - any prior patent would probably have come under the Stone and Timber Act though not probable because of the small acreage involved. . . My father ran or managed the Somes Bar store for A. Brizard Inc. 1912-1916 and my mother operated the Brizard Hotel until it burned to the ground. It was here that (I) frequently met the Johnsons. . . I had believed that the Johnsons patented the place Wooley Creek Ranch or perhaps filed a homestead and later relinquished to the patentee whoever it may have been.

Mrs. Maggie Grant of Somes Bar stated that she believed that Jimmie Johnson lived on the Wooley Camp property. He died quite young of TB and was replaced on the land by his brother, Elmer (also known as "Happy Hooligan"). Mrs. Grant also noted that because the holding was probably a mining stake in origin and necessary assessments had not been made, Fred Edie was able to obtain the claim.

Recorded title for the Wooley Creek land starts when Fred M. Edie registered Patent number 876144 on August 15, 1922. Then, apparently, Edie sold this property in 1925 to Clarence and Villa B. Jackson of San Joaquin County, California. Mrs. Maggie Grant stated that the Jacksons never lived at Wooley Camp, but had a German caretaker named Henry Myers. The Jacksons sold the land on April 27, 1925, to five of the registered six Directors of Wooley Camp, Ray Lyman Wilbur, Timothy Hopkings, Fred H. Smith, Alonzo Englebert Taylor and Thomas M. Williams. There is no mention of the Wooley Camp Association or Herbert Hoover's name in the actual Grant Deed; although the Articles of Incorporation of Wooley Camp Association, filed April 12, 1926, in the Office of the County Clerk, County of Santa Clara, California, as No. 3217, indicate that Herbert Hoover was one of the six Directors of the Association, along with the five men mentioned above who had actually purchased the property. The Directors were "appointed for the first year and to serve until the election and qualification of their successors." The principal office of one of the group was at Stanford University and their stated purpose was:

> to cooperate as a recreational club for the purpose of camping, fishing, hunting, swimming and otherwise furnishing exercise, relaxation and recreation to its members.

Records from the Office of Secretary of State in Sacramento show the Wooley Camp Association to be a California corporation incorporated April 3, 1926.

Today, land around the mouth of Wooley Creek is administered as the Klamath National Forest under the aegis of the U.S. Forest Service, but at one time some Homestead and Patent Claims were granted in the area. Only a few parcels of land, such as "Hoover Ranch" or Wooley Camp, remain in private hands in the region.

Although contemporary documentary proof of Herbert Hoover's affiliation with Wooley Camp was finally located in the incorporation papers for the Wooley Camp Association, it was hoped more could be learned of Hoover's days in the Siskiyous. Mr. Dwight Miller, archivist at the Herbert Hoover Presidential Library, was most helpful; but noted that, as a young man, Mr. Hoover did not maintain files, although a calendar has been constructed for the period between 1917 and 1921, the year Mr. Hoover became Secretary of Commerce under President Harding. But, even after 1921, Mr. Miller noted that when Hoover went away "he really went on vacation."

Chances for much additional data from Hoover's own writings and records, therefore, seemed low. Indeed, Mrs. Laurene Anderson Small, a

Herbert Hoover's cabin at Wooley Camp. This is a recent photograph taken by Dale Senter and sent to the author by Wesley Hotelling of Willow Creek.

resident of Nevada City, where Hoover had worked in the mid-1890's, and a friend of his since 1908, including a period when she served as his secretary in London in 1910, said she had never heard him mention an interest in fishing on the Klamath River even in later years, because fishing was a "personal" matter with him. A similar view was expressed many times during the quest for more material on this aspect of Mr. Hoover's life. It became clear that no more was to be found easily about Hoover and Wooley Camp from the standard manuscript and published sources on Hoover. Therefore, it was decided that possibly the best approaches available would be to search local newspapers of northwestern California and to obtain local oral traditions. The first big break came in the March 6, 1928 issue of the Crescent City Courier, in an article reprinted from the Arcata Union which proclaimed:

> Hoover Building Summer Home in Siskiyou County
>
> While not given publicity through the press it was known to a number of people that Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce. . . who is now one of the outstanding Republican candidates for president, visited the Klamath River country in the fall of 1926.
>
> At the time of this visit, Mr. Hoover, who has associated with him President R. Lyman Wilbur of Stanford University and his old California partner, Thomas Gregory, selected a camping site of eighty acres on the Salmon River seven miles from Somes Bar - Siskiyou County at the mouth of Wooley Creek and later acquired title to the land.
>
> At the time of the visit arrangements were made for building an ideal mountain camp on the site and from reliable sources the ARCATA UNION now learns that the camp is ready for occupancy. It consists of a substantial log cabin 40 x 60 feet, which is

to be used as a dining room and social unit, and six other log cabins to be used for sleeping quarters. A crew of from three to five men have been engaged in the work for some time past and the buildings are now ready for occupancy.

At the time of Mr. Hoover's visit to the Klamath River he announced his intention of spending some time at the new camp this summer, but the fact that he recently gave consent to allow his name to be presented to the people. . . (as) a presidential candidate may cause a postponement of the visit as Mr. Hoover will undoubtedly be a very busy man for the remainder of this year.

It is also reported that the Hoover camp will not be the last to be established in this section of the State where hunting and fishing. . . (are) big attractions(s), but that negotiations have been entered into with men of national reputation, who may buy land and establish permanent camps in northern wilds.

A second article a few months later reports:

Hoover Will Occupy Camp Wooley Site

Following the nomination of Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover as the Republican standard bearer of the presidency of the United States was the publication of a news item to the effect that Mr. Hoover would receive the official notification of his nomination at his home at Stanford University, sometime in August.

From a letter written by President Ray Lyman Wilbur, Stanford University, to a well known resident of northern California, the UNION learns that Secretary Hoover intends to spend a couple of weeks at his mountain resort, Camp Wooley, on Wooley Creek, seven miles from Somes Bar in Siskiyou County.

There are already six mountain cabins built at this point, owned by prominent California men. President Ray Wilbur being among the number, he having spent several weeks there for the past seven or eight years.

Secretary Hoover's camp was built last year, but has not been occupied, although the Republican candidate for the presidency visited Wooley Camp within the past couple of years and made plans for the establishment of a camp.

In the event of his visit this summer, which will probably be in August, it is not probable that Humboldt county people will catch a glimpse of Mr. Hoover, as he usually goes in by the Pacific Highway unheralded by newspaper publicity.

Thus, it may be concluded with certainty that Hoover, Wilbur, and others had visited Wooley and stayed in cabins at Wooley Camp even before their building activity there, possibly in the same buildings seen by Wesley Hotelling around 1913/14.

Informal statements regarding Hoover and Wooley Camp are to be found in the writings of Carol Green Wilson. Mrs. Wilson stresses the relaxa-

tion enjoyed by Mr. Hoover on these trips. Perhaps the most frequent participant at Wooley Camp, however, was Ray Lyman Wilbur, who later served as Secretary of the Interior in Hoover's cabinet.

In addition to written comments on Wooley Camp, discussion with persons living in the area between Willow Creek and Somes Bar confirmed Hoover's associations with the area. Most informants appeared to be of the view that Hoover came to fish "to get away from people."

Barry Carroll, former co-publisher of the Klam-Ity Kourier in Willow Creek, commented that old Judge Graham had mentioned to him that the highlight of his life occurred when he served Herbert Hoover at the local Brizard store in Willow Creek.

Further local data were obtained from Josephine Peters of Hoopa, who was raised in Somes.

Caretakers at Wooley Camp were Alice, wife of Elmer (Happy Hooligan) Johnson from Sawyers Bar. After her husband's death, Alice stayed on and married Ivan Charles, a relative of Mrs. Peters. Alice herself was somewhat reluctant to talk about Hoover. She did, however, comment on the preparations made for one of the fishing trips. She emphasized that everyone had to walk a lot up there so it is not surprising that the last time Hoover was reported visiting the Siskiyous was in 1944 when he was around 70 years old. One should note it is not certain if he actually reached Wooley Camp at that time. Even riding horseback up the seven mile long trail was, and is, no easy task.

Another local resident who remembers Hoover well is Mabel Nitsche, the Somes reporter on the Klam-Ity Kourier. Mrs. Nitsche said she sometimes used to see Hoover when she was at home in Somes on vacation and she remembered he always smoked cigars; there was a specific portion of the Creek near the Wooley Camp lodge where Mr. Hoover "used to sit and think."

Another respondent, Mrs. X, at first was very reticent to talk about Hoover, stating that "the ones that would know about him were his guide and his packer and they are dead and gone." Hoover had long conversations with her husband, however, who was a hydraulic engineer involved in investigations connected with the proposed Klamath Dam project. Mrs. X remembered the many preparations which had to be made before the camp could be used. Equipment was ordered about three weeks before the group arrived. Walter Knudsen and Dave Drake, who worked at Langford's store in Somes did the packing of supplies into Camp; Dave and Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur did the cooking.

Both Mrs. X and Ben Wilder, another local part-Karok, noted that Mr. Hoover sometimes brought his sons with him. Mr. Wilder, a well-trained mechanic of the generalized nineteenth-century variety, talked about hydraulic engineering with Hoover, whom, he confirmed, was a major "stockholder" (?) in Wooley Camp.

An informal gathering of Wooley Campers taken in the 1920's. Donated to the HERBERT HOOVER PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY by Mr. Hoover. Standing in overalls, Dr. Tom Williams, lighting cigarette; Timothy Hopkins. Sitting in chair, Herbert Hoover, 2nd man unidentified, Dr. Ray Wilbur. Sitting on floor, Ferd Smith (?), I. Pearce Mitchell and Allen Hoover.

It is difficult to determine whether Hoover did indeed fish on the Klamath or Salmon Rivers during his Presidency. The isolation of Wooley Camp and its lack of communication with the outside world plus the problem of maintaining security arrangements would have been a major deterent. Prior to his Presidency, there are reports of attempts by his secretary, in San Francisco to contact Hoover on some important business while he was at Wooley Camp; the obstacles encountered were considerable. On one such emergency call, Ralph Peters, driver of the mail stage in the Etna-Somes-Orleans area, was asked to carry Mr. Hoover from Somes to Weitchpec. This service resulted in "The Chief" (Mr. Hoover) presenting his driver with ten dollars.

Mrs. Dave Drake stated that her brother-in-law Dan Drake was the carpenter at Wooley Camp, and like her husband, knew Hoover and R.L. Wilbur fairly well. She was of the opinion that Ray Lyman Wilbur was the man responsible for preserving the natural state of the Marble Mountain region after his appointment as Hoover's Secretary of the Interior. And she was probably right.

The disposition of the Marble area was important to conservation as was the whole question of California water and the proposed damming of the Klamath River, a situation still unresolved some forty years later. Along with his bias toward fishing, Mr. Hoover had a very strong interest in the growth of water resources and gave much attention to this problem. California played a significant role in his national planning for water development.

In 1928, Theodore Hoover, Herbert Hoover's brother, was appointed to form a committee to study the expansion of power, and of fish propagation on the Klamath River. There were many arguments pro and con in the state regarding the repeal of a 1924 law prohibiting more electric power on the Klamath. For instance, there was even a large advertisement in the Arcata Union by the Associated Sportsmen of California to "Save the

Klamath River". Commercial fishing interests, the Electro-Metals Company of California, and private fishing interests were similarly involved; the power potential of the Klamath was of concern to many people.

The Theodore Hoover Committee visited the Klamath River to find out what was needed to protect fishing interests. Alonzo Taylor and Thomas Williams, both Wooley Campers, were on the Committee. Theodore Hoover was chosen to form the Committee because of his "impartiality and experience." But one might wonder if Theodore Hoover's love of fishing might not have contributed indirectly to his thinking with regard to the adviseability of a Klamath Dam in the Somes area; a decision our present ecology-minded generation might well applaud.

Carl Langford of Somes Bar was empowered by the Electro-Metals Company to make some initial tests in preparation for a proposed dam; and he gave testimony at the hearings of the Committee, as did P.L. Young, the engineer from Orleans.

The Committee made its recommendations and the repeal of the 1924 law which involved closure of the Klamath River to hydro-electric power was put on the state ballot. To the joy of conservationists and many local people, it went down to defeat. The Klamath was protected from abuse and future generations would have the opportunity to enjoy the beauty and solitude of the Marble Mountain region (recently designated as a Wilderness) without hydro-electric facilities encringing upon it.

Perhaps one of the most widely-publicized fishing trips ever undertaken was that of Mr. Hoover to northern California in August, 1928. Prior to the trip, Republicans in Eureka were very excited concerning Hoover's presidential nomination and a prominent Hoover backer telegraphed the following message to the nominee:

Honorable Herbert Hoover
Washington, D. C.

Congratulations upon your splendid victory. Why not make the Klamath River the Summer White House?

Mr. Ralph W. Bull
Eureka, California

To which Hoover responded:

Department of Commerce
USA. Washington

Mr. Ralph W. Bull
Eureka, California

My Dear Mr. Bull:

I wish to thank you for your kind telegram of congratulations. I do not know that I like your mention of Klamath so much for I fear the fates are not going to allow me to be there this summer and I hate to be reminded of this deprivation.

Yours faithfully,
Herbert Hoover

Ray Lyman Wilbur refers to a later fishing trip, to Brown Camp, in his Memoirs in some detail. He states that he and Hoover during this particular trip first fished on the Rogue River and then near Hornbrook on the Klamath, while staying at Esberg's home.

It is unfortunate that some of the data obtained for this study are not complete. One individual significantly connected with Wooley Camp who might have filled in many of the missing pieces did not respond to any communication.

In recent years, Wooley Camp has become less isolated. Accounts of persons hiking and camping in the vicinity have increased. "The Marbles," as the area is often referred to, is now a "popular" Wilderness for sports enthusiasts; and it has sometimes been noted that all too often quite a crowd may be found at the lake where Mr. Hoover kept his fishing chest.

In closing, perhaps one might propose that Wooley Camp itself served a twofold purpose. First, it provided a pleasant sanctuary for its members; and second, because some of those members had political power, it may have provided them with a political context for pondering and talking politics in a leisurely fashion.

Thus, Hoover's fishing on the Klamath and Salmon Rivers may have resulted in more than personal relaxation for Hoover. Indeed, indirectly, his trips and those of his friends to Wooley Camp probably produced a highly worthwhile contribution to conservation when the Marble Mountain Primitive (later Wilderness) Area was established. Today, this Wilderness is a living monument to the remarkable men of Wooley Camp.

Herbert Hoover and the Honolulu School

by HAZEL N. POLLOCK

Nineteen miles west of Yreka on the Klamath River was the old mining town of Gottville. East of this town along the river was a place called Kanaka Bar where hundreds of Kanaka from Hawaii mined for gold. Years later a school was built on this Bar and it became known as the Honolulu school.

In 1933 Ex-President Herbert Hoover was visiting with friends and fishing along the Klamath River. One evening while he and his friends were playing cards someone made the remark that a child had died that day from malnutrition. The remark was also made that Mrs. Elsie DeAvilla, the teacher at the Honolulu school had a "Soup Kittle" and they thought it would be a good gesture if each of them, including Mr. Hoover, would make a donation to this "Soup Kittle" so that the children could have proper food.

Each year Mr. Hoover sent a donation to the teacher, Mrs. DeAvilla, so the children could have a hot lunch. He considered this school his charity.

One day he visited the school, arriving in his chauffeur driven limousine. When he left the school he gave each of the children his autograph.

The royalties he received from several articles he published, one of which was written when he was eighty years old, went to his favorite charity, the Honolulu School on Kanaka Bar along the Klamath River.

Hoover on Upper Klamath

by AL KUTZKEY

When I purchased the Morgan A. Gunst lodge in 1955, it was told to me by various people that Mr. Herbert Hoover spent time here at the lodge and fished the Klamath at this point many times. It is my understanding that Mr. Gunst and Mr. Hoover were good friends.

AROUND HUMBUG CREEK
continued from page 75

way goes over the top of where the mine was. The Brass Wire got its name because the owners had to import so much brass wire from San Francisco, because iron wire and galvanized wire were not available. They used the wire to guy line the flumes. The Brass Wire Mine was supposed to be one of the most extensive placer mines in the Hornbrook area and also one of the richest.

The richest of all mines, tho, in the Hornbrook area, was the Jillson Mine that was up Rocky Gulch. Jillson Mine was a quartz mine and was in operation about 1870. There were a lot of buildings up around the mine and the bottle diggers have done a lot of digging up there.

(note: The Jillson Mine was supposed to have produced millions, but the exact figure is not known. It finally closed in 1902.)

NOTE: Variation in spelling of names and places in this issue is due to lack of information by authors.

The Story of a Siskiyou Argonaut

By ERNEST R. KIDDER
(continued from the 1973 Siskiyou Pioneer)
Part 21

Soon after my return Billy suggested a dissolution of partnership as he wanted to get back to Illinois with what money he had, and asked me to settle or divide up in a short time so that he could get away soon. We settled on a price of $1,200 for the mules and bell mare, and as we were able to sell the store and the balance of the stock, when we finally got squared away I found myself with the pack train and $1,000 in dust. I decided to get out to Shasta right away to find something to do with the train. I found that although it was the middle of February the snow on the trail into Yreka or Shasta Flats was still impassable, and although the people in that section were sorely in need of provisions, the only way in was by the Sacramento River route, which was not a popular one on account of the activities of the Pitt River Indians, who not only lifted scalps, but also mutilated teams and made themselves altogether obnoxious. Not withstanding this almost certainty of Indian interference, two or three small trains were preparing to go into that country by the river route on account of the suffering for lack of food and raimant of the people of the Shasta Flats section.

My train was out of town two or three miles where I had left it with a young Englishman by the name of Tom, there being good feed for the mules. I found that a Jew there had a load of boots and shoes that he wanted packed to Yreka, and in view of the fact that about 40 mules and about 10 men were ready to start on the trip, I felt somewhat dubious. The Jew was very anxious for me to take his freight in but I still hesitated. My old friends Alfeus Bull and Mr. Doll advised me not to take a chance at this time - better to wait until the Trinity trail was open even if I did not make so much. I thought their advice was good but still wanted to go, and concluded terms with the Jew to take his goods in at 35 cents a pound, and would be responsible for no damage either from storm or Indians.

I went out to the camp and told Tom what I proposed to do. He said that he was satisfied to go, and we soon rounded up the mules, and the next morning were in town bright and early ready to take on the load.

Near town I met two of our old plains comrades, Gilbert Lamphire and Dan Richmond, whom I had known from early childhood. Talking a few minutes I found that they wanted to go on in to Yreka but had been delayed on account of the trail. As they had two rifles I asked them to come with us which they decided to do. I deposited about $900 of the dust with an express company with instructions to forward it to my father if I did not return. Owens Brothers and the other trains had left before I was ready and I was a little worried on this account, but as they said they would not drive hard nor far I expected to overtake them by driving late.

We did not get up with them that night although we drove till sundown, and we camped alone. We were not disturbed that night and the next morning found us astir early and after breakfast saddled up. To anyone not acquainted with packing in the mountains it may be said that it is anything but child's play - rough, hard work that must be done at top speed in the early morning hours in order to get the train away on the trail by as near sun-up as possible. Mules must be watched for signs of swellings and lumps indicating folds in the blankets under the saddles, and on the least indication must be treated with cold water to avoid a sore back which will last all season if once started.

Our cargo of boots and shoes proved to be rather slow and difficult to pack until we learned how to take them and we were later in getting started than we had hoped to be and when we had traveled about a mile we could see the big train ahead of us just leaving their camp, and we learned afterward that the Owens Brothers had taken the lead and were a mile or so ahead of the big train and very foolishly we were divided in this way and unable to give each other any support in case of an Indian attack when we should have been close up in more compact order so that we could render assistance to each other in case of necessity. But so eager were they to get through and realize the first and highest prices for their wares that they seemed to lose sight of everything else and pushed blindly ahead regardless of the terrible consequence that awaited them. About noon we met one of the helpers from the big train coming toward us with his face tied up in cloths that had been white but were stained with blood, and when he came near enough he told us that their train had been attacked by Indians and that a glancing arrow had shot out one of his eyes, but that was all the damage sustained by them and he was returning to Shasta for surgical treatment. He went his way and we went ours, and as this attack had delayed the big train, we soon overtook them and were told how it happened. The proprietor said he presumed that the Owen brothers had got several miles ahead if nothing had happened. I said that I thought we should travel close together so as to be able to assist one another if necessary, and we so traveled for several days until we got beyond the mouth of the Pit River which comes in from the east and empties into the Sacramento on the opposite side from us, and which we thought was about another day's journey up the river, but which in fact we reached that evening. We saw nothing of the Owen brothers at this point and came to the conclusion that they had cut loose from us thinking that they could get through quicker alone and would take chances of trouble with the Indians, which we believed very foolhardy.

The Pitt river for several miles from its mouth passes through a very rough and broken section and the rocks stand up in all shapes, and right at the place where the Sacramento receives its waters, or between the two streams, the rocks stand up quite high and rough, and our two trains were camped immediately opposite these high rocks.

Sacramento River below Dunsmuir.

We kept a guard all night and were unmolested, but in the morning as we were preparing to leave an Indian suddenly made his appearance on these rocks and gave an Indian yell that caused all hands to look in that direction to locate the noise. Shortly afterward another buck made his appearance and gave an ear-splitting yell, he in turn being followed by others until the rocks were covered with the fiends, all yelling and calling us every vile name they could lay their tongues to. Foulness of language is an Indian characteristic - if they learn any English at all it is always the oaths and slang phrases they get ahold of first. Anyway, we got the benefit of this characteristic this morning and if we were what they said we were bad indeed, as, if there was any vile name they had failed to call us, I am not now prepared to say what it was. Some of our people began to answer them in the same way, but I told them not to do so; to let them entirely alone - we could afford to set the Indians an example that would do them good if they chose to follow it.

The Indians were not more than 100 yards distant and I have often thought since I have been acquainted with the powerful long-range latter-day rifles, what a beautiful surprise we could have given them that morning had we been provided with a Sharp or Remington rifle instead of the clumsy ones we had, for there is no doubt in my mind that a good marksman could have picked them off very easily. But they knew they were out of range of our rifles and talked as they pleased. We kept up our packing, and they kept up their howling and abuse, and as it happened I took the lead with my train with the understanding that we would keep together that day as we knew we were within the most dangerous portion of the route and felt that

if we could get through that day's travel we would begin to feel easier. Our trail for several miles was known to be bushy with a number of places where Indians could surprise us if they so disposed, which we felt quite certain they were. I could not help thinking about the Owen brothers and could not understand why they did not wait for us to come up and overtake them, and now it occurs to my mind that the name of the gentleman who was employing the big train was Cohen - a Jewish gentleman and merchant of good judgment, who seemed particularly solicitous concerning our predicament, as he knew the difficulties that lay in our way. Owing to the fact that he had a large shipment of goods enroute this was not surprising.

As we were about to start that morning I asked Gilbert Lamphire to accompany me and we would stay with old Fly, the bell mare, and keep Racket, the little dog, with us as he would tell us immediately if there were any Indians about. Mr. Cohen came forward with his rifle and signaled his intention of going with us. It was decided that I should stay with the bell mare on the trail and Lamphire would scout through the brush a few rods distant abreast of me. This, with Racket running on ahead and coming back every few minutes would keep us fairly well protected from surprise. In this order we started out, and made it successfully through the first difficult strip of brush. We halted after passing the dangerous stretch to examine the packs and have a little better understanding how to proceed.

While we were thus engaged we saw a man running down the trail toward us with his hat in his hand, apparently very much exhausted and excited. When he had come near enough we could see that it was Owens brothers' helper, and he had a sad story to tell. The Indians, he said, had attacked their train a few miles ahead while passing through one of the dense thickets similar to the one we were just through.

John Owens was ahead with the bell mare and the Indians pounced on him, murdering him instantly, after which they gave chase to Alexander Owens and the helper. The latter two, fleeing for their lives, became separated, and the helper had grave doubts of the safety of Owens. He wanted to return and apprise Mr. Archer of the circumstance, but I thought that he had better accompany us to the scene of the tragedy, as it might be possible that Alex was still in the vicinity, wounded and in hiding, needing assistance. By this time it was probable that the Indians had made off with the train and it was not very likely would meet up with people in sufficient numbers to pursue and retake the plunder, let alone punish the marauders. The helper did not want to go back, as he had had all the Indians he wanted, but we assured him that it would be less dangerous for him to be with us than to go his way alone, as the Indians had probably left with their plunder. He finally consented to go back with us and we started on again in the same order as before. Someone suggested we stay where we were all night, but it was decided safer to go on now while the Indians were busy with other matters. On we moved, keeping close watch on all sides, and in two or three miles came to the scene of the Owens holdup. When nearly through the thicket, Racket

began to bark and would not come in. We found the body of poor John Owens about two rods from the trail where the brutish Indians had dragged it in order to get the mules by on the trail without too much trouble.

The sight that met our gaze there is as fresh in my memory today as it was at that time, although more than 40 years have passed, and I would be glad to blot it from my memory. It was decided to give the body as decent a burial as possible, and some prepared the body as well as circumstances would permit while others dug a grave, in which when finished was lowered all that remained of the unfortunate packer. It seems to me now that never a sadder funeral of the same number of mourners was ever solemnized than that of John Owens in that lonesome place on the headwaters of the Sacramento. The grave was under a small pine tree and was covered with flat stones.

The balance of the day's trip was uneventful, and that night we kept a very close guard. I stood half of the night with Racket for aid and my revolver in my belt. At midnight Tom relieved me, and as the other train did the same, there were two on watch all the time. I have no doubt but what we could have made the rest of the trip without a guard, but we were pretty well fagged out when we finally got to Yreka. I delivered my load to the Jewish gentleman, whose name I cannot now recall, and he paid me off with between $1,000 and $1,100 in dust. As he did so he remarked that it was a good deal of money for so short a service, but that he would not do it for less money, and that I was welcome to my wage.

He might well be satisfied for he sold the footwear for at least $25 per pair. After I paid Tom $100 for the trip, I considered that I had cleared about $900 on the work of three weeks, and felt that I had earned every cent of it. We returned to Shasta by the Trinity route, the snow now having settled on the mountains sufficiently to make it passable with an empty train.

I noticed that Yreka, or Shasta Flats as we called it then, had grown considerably and many buildings had been constructed since I had been there in the summer of '51, and I thought to myself that it would be a good place for a young man to settle. On the other hand, however, I had begun to think about my boyhood home and I had almost decided to return to the Sacramento Valley and offer my mules for sale and return to the scenes of my childhood.

When I got to Shasta City, Tom Hitchum, my helper, with the $100 in his pocket felt too rich to continue as a packer's helper, and decided to remain at Shasta and see what the chances for investment were in that then wide-awake market. I advised him to keep away from town but Tom paid no heed and I was forced to continue my journey to Red Bluff alone, which caused me no particular inconvenience.

I stayed overnight at Garrison, a packers' and teamsters' stopping place kept by a man by the name of John Garrison. Here it rained all day and I did

not try to move, trying to content myself with a copy of the New York Weekly Tribune that I found on the table of the spacious though illy-furnished bar room. This paper was a month from the press, but that was considered quite fresh news in that section.

While I was thus engaged who should come in but my old friend McDermit, whom I had not met since I first quit the Trinidad and Klamath trail. I knew that he was sheriff of Siskiyou county, and while at Yreka had called at his home but was told that he was absent on business, so now a good chance was afforded for me to talk over old times with him as well as the prospects of the future, and right well did we improve the opportunity.

He told me that he had often thought of me in the past two years, and asked me what I had been doing and where I had been. During the conversation I told him that I was on the way to the Bluffs to sell my train, and in case I should get a fair price for it, I would have some $3000 to take home. He said that I was foolish to do this, but should stay until I had made five or six times that amount. He mentioned the opportunity for raising livestock on the ranges. I said I had thought of that, but would rather go back to the lake country near Chicago and get into the lumber business in which I had had a little experience. McDermit agreed with me, but mentioned the fact that Chicago was such a nasty place—nothing but a dirty swamp—and contrasted that with the California country. I began to waver and said I would think it over. The next morning McDermit took the stage for Sacramento and I went on down to Red Bluff and tried to sell my mules.

Staying there for several days without getting a bidder for my train, I decided to load up with merchandise and go up into Scott Valley to take up a pre-emption claim and get into farming. Accordingly I purchased 2,000 pounds of provisions, sufficient to load my 16 mules, and employed a young man who was a professional packer and another who was green at the business but who wanted to get up to Yreka by working his way. We loaded up and started, and I made up my mind to take things easier, make shorter drives and keep my mules in good condition, and if an opportunity offered for a sale would take it then and there and take passage on a steamship for home or engage in some other business.

Part 22

I could not banish from my mind the argument that Captain McDermit had set forth that northern California was yet undeveloped and that great chances for making money were in store for young men with a little means to start with, and although I had regarded the man as well meaning, who would not attempt to advise or influence anyone to his detriment, yet I considered him very visionary. I considered that as he always saw great prospects ahead of him wherever he was or whatever he was engaged in, he was judging for me by the same rule that he used for himself and yet his arguments were very reasonable.

In the first place there was a large tract of mountain country that had been prospected to a considerable extent, or at least enough to warrant one

in the conclusion that a great number of miners would be engaged in mining throughout the region for at least a number of years to come; and again there was Scott Valley that was just beginning to be settled. This was indeed a lovely spot with a soil that would produce almost any cereal or vegetable crop, although a fruit or melon crop was not considered certain. However, I reasoned that with those products that could be relied upon, coupled with the stock raising business which could be carried on also, and owing to its isolation and distance from other agricultural districts lessening competition in marketing produce, that the Scott Valley section could not fail to be remunerative. At any rate I decided to investigate it and if it appeared no different to me when I arrived in the valley I would quite likely remain in the state awhile longer.

A few miles out of Shasta I left the train in charge of the two Mexicans who were to take it out of town about five miles to a camping place, and as I rode ahead rapidly into town coming in front of Bull, Baker & Company's store, a crowd of men came down the street. A little way ahead of me they turned off into a side street which led in the direction of the gallows upon which Bates and Tattmen were hung some three months before, and which were still standing for the punishment of the next who would shed his brother's blood. In the crowd I noticed one who wore hand-cuffs and on either side strode a burly miner who seemed to be closely guarding the manacled one. I recognized a vigilance committee about to punish a murderer by committing another murder themselves, and as I could see no one of whom I could inquire as to the circumstances of the affair, I followed along after the procession to try and learn who the prisoner was and whom he had killed, as I felt sure that it was for murder that he was to be executed. Finally I came upon my former helper, Tom Hitchum, of whom I asked the particulars, and was told that the prisoner was called Irish or Whisky Jimmy who had a claim out on Clear creek near Alex Murdock's saloon, and that Alex Murdock was the man killed. Going further he told me the circumstances as follows: It seems that there was a poker game in progress at the Murdock saloon and Jimmy came in and wanted to sit in. The game being four-handed already and Jimmy being broke and pretty drunk, he was not wanted, and Murdock, himself not any too sober, told him to go away and stop bothering them. Jimmy did go away, but returned in a few minutes with a revolver and shot Murdock dead in his chair, and then commenced to dance and cavort around like a crazy man, asking why the sheriff did not come and take him. The sheriff finally did get him and lock him in jail, but this committee soon organized and took him from the custody of the sheriff. After a trial before a court of their own creating that morning, a verdict was rendered which was then about to be put into execution. Hitchum seemed to think that Jimmy's fate was deserved as Alex was a mighty good fellow, so he said.

Just then the prisoner was taken to the scaffold and I judged by his actions that he was still drunk, as he allowed himself to be pushed and

Pack Train.

pulled without any resistance. Being asked if he had anything to say before he died, he was unable to make any reply beyond a few facial contortions such as a drunken man would be expected to make. A handkerchief was then tied over his eyes, the handcuffs were taken off and his arms tied behind his back, the noose was adjusted and Whisky Jimmy paid the penalty of his crime.

I then called on Messrs. Bull, Baker & Robbins and spoke of the sight I had just witnessed. My friend Mr. Bull gave it as his opinion that although things were indeed bad as they were, he did not believe there would be any improvement until the advent of some of the opposite sex—that is, a goodly number of nice, refined ladies to influence and correct the moral atmosphere. Men, he said, went wild away from the society of women and resorted to drinking and gambling and every other vicious habit that they would escape were they under the gentling influence of the opposite sex. He stated further that several of the leading citizens were contemplating sending for their families that summer. Speaking of the tragedy, he told me that he had known both of the parties—both being neighbors of his. When he came to the country Murdock had a claim next to his just over on Clear Creek with the cabins not 10 feet apart. A good neighbor and an exemplary man, he had the best claim in the camp and was very industrious. He was looked up to as a man of the strictest integrity.

Two claims away was the claim of Jimmy Smith where with a partner he had a cabin. Jimmy was equally as industrious as Murdock and he had a good paying claim too, and while he lived neighbors to them Bull said he never heard anything against the man.

Soon after Bull sold his claim and went into business Murdock began to drink heavily, and although Bull tried to reason with him and get him to stop it was all to no purpose. Jimmy Smith was a likable little Irishman, and he too began to drink. Both men had made considerable money and both had sent money home to relatives–Murdock to a young wife and Jimmy to a mother and two sisters. When Murdock bought the saloon near his claim he rapidly grew worse. Jimmy's downward course was rapid until the act that terminated the career of both.

Having no more time to listen to the story of these unfortunates, I bade my friends goodby, mounted my mule and was soon in camp. Upon telling my Mexican helpers of the event in town, they expressed themselves against the practice of hanging, saying that they did not hang in Mexico, they shot, and with the aid of his revolver one of them attempted to illustrate how it was done.

The balance of the trip was uneventful and we arrived in Scott Valley in due time and I commenced selling my merchandise and discharged my help preparatory to looking around and informing myself as to the future prospects of that part of the country.

Everyone with whom I came in contact who had wintered there was loud in his praises of the country and those who had attempted to raise crops of any kind the year before had succeeded beyond all expectations. The winter having been an unusually severe one, those who had raised anything at all, whether vegetable or cereal, were able to dispose of it at exorbitant prices. For instance, two men who were building a sawmill declared their sustenance for nearly two months consisted of small or cull potatoes for which they paid 50 cents a pound, together with what they killed with their rifle. As neither of them was inclined to hunt, their principal support was the small potatoes, and some of the tales they told were laughable indeed.

This story about the great prices paid for potatoes set my mind to working on the idea of what a fortune could be made in raising those vegetables if one only had the seed to plant. As I had brought quite a number of sacks of them along I concluded that if I could find a piece of land in the valley that was not pre-empted by settlers which I considered suitable to settle on, I would get a patch plowed and get what potatoes I had with me planted.

With this end in view I mounted a mule and crossed Scott river to the west side as I could hear of no good situation on the east side of the valley but was told that quite a bit of good land was yet vacant on the west side. I was determined to investigate for myself and the result was that I found as nice a place as one could wish, very desirably situated on a rushing mountain stream of pure, sparkling water and which was at that time swollen with the melting snows from the adjacent mountains. Here I determined to set my stakes and commence my new life of farmer, or ranching as it was called in that country.

Right here I might as well take occasion to say that I made my first mistake from a financial standpoint; not that my choice of a location was a bad one, but the great expense of getting anything done, together with my inexperience and greenness in farming made it uphill business for me. It was late when I got my potatoes planted and the season was unfavorable, and although I had been to enormous expense my potatoes were not worth digging, notwithstanding they had been well tended. This small reverse, however, was not enough to satisfy me, and I determined to go ahead and break up more prairie and get ready to sow wheat, which also proved an expensive as well as arduous undertaking for me.

In the first place my plow cost $100 and a poor one at that, and everything else in proportion. When I got my first crop ready to market I found that others had been as crazy as myself and the result was that there was an overproduction with little chance to sell anything only at a ruinously low price. I could plainly see then where I had miscalculated and had I only put my means into cattle it would have been very different, but it was then too late and I had missed the opportunity of a lifetime.

When I moved onto my claim I employed a young fellow by the name of Dan Perry as helper, and we loaded my belongings and crossed Scott river from the east to the west side where my ranch was situated and camped under a large pine tree just on the bank of the creek which I have mentioned as running through my place. I thought to myself that it was one of the most beautiful spots that I had ever seen in my life, lying as it did at the edge of a beautiful pine forest and along this clear, cold mountain stream—it surely seemed a place for the nobility.

I went to work with a will to hew me out a home where I began to hope that in the near future I might invite some fair daughter of Eve to join and share with me the fruits of my toil and where we might live and grow old together and be counted in time as old settlers of that beautiful valley.

However, all of that dream came to naught. As I have stated, we camped in the edge of the timber until such time as we could get the potatoes planted and a cabin built and I had noticed when we were arranging our camp that there seemed to be a trail of some sort immediately through where we were camped but gave it little thought as such trails were quite numerous in that country and I thought no more about it until the next morning when we were preparing breakfast and busying ourselves about camp, Racket jumped up of a sudden and darted past me like a rocket with his hair standing up in a way that told me very plainly that something of an unusual character was at hand. On glancing in the direction which my faithful little dog had taken I noticed right almost in our midst a huge grizzly bear coming along the trail with his head down, shacking along in the gait peculiar to grizzly bears.

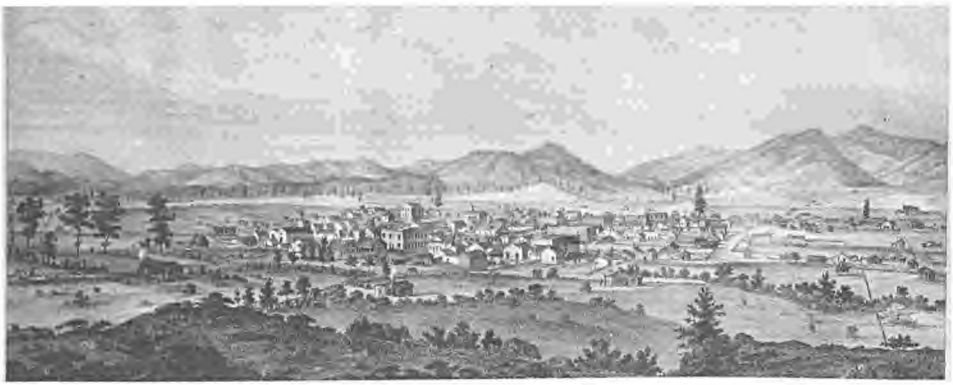
When I first saw him he had not yet noticed the dog and seemed to be deeply engrossed in some perplexing question that was demanding his whole attention. When the dog met him and demanded a halt he seemed much

surprised, and as I saw that he was undecided as to what to do I called out in a tone of authority for Racket to come back, which he did and stood by me ready for battle. After debating the matter for awhile the bear decided to move, and went back into the forest from whence he came. Had the little dog not given the alarm the bear would have walked right into camp before either of us was aware and no telling what would have happened. My helper Dan was very much surprised at the action of the bear and thought that Racket had played a very brave part, saying that he deserved good treatment forever after, with which I agreed. I then told him about the California lion, and also how useful he had been on the trail up the Sacramento river and of other good deeds of the canine friend and servant.

I was now about ready to plant my potatoes and I had hired a yoke of oxen and plow from the Hud brothers & Lytle who had settled on the east side and were the most prominent ranchers and stock owners in the valley, if not that part of the state. I bought another yoke of oxen for which I paid $300 in dust as well as $3 a day for those I had hired, and with the four oxen attached to the plow Dan and I commenced breaking the piece of prairie that I had selected because of its special fitness as I believed for a potato patch. In due time with the customary three days of grace we had the ground fitted for the seed and after getting the potatoes in proper shape with reference to the seed eyes we proceeded to plant and then to fence the ground and await the result of our labor in the most extravagant anticipation of the harvest. But, alas for our blasted hopes. I worked and hoed and sweat in that patch of potatoes until the middle of June when we had a total eclipse of the sun with an accompanying frost that cut my potatoes close to the ground and my Scott valley stock could have been bought at a ravenously low figure at that time.

As I had always prided myself on my grit, I concluded that it would be a blot on my escutcheon to give the enterprise up without further effort. I had had satisfactory proof that abundant crops had been raised in the valley the year previous and I felt sure that many other crops would be raised there again. In talking with my nearest neighbor on the north, or down the valley—a venerable farmer from Indiana—he said that I probably had not planted my potatoes in the moon. I told him that I had never planted potatoes in the moon, as the climate of Scott Valley seemed to be too cold for the vegetable. My neighbor told me that such a frost might not occur again in a hundred years, or maybe longer than that. The total eclipse of the sun, together with the great and unusual amount of snow that was lying on these nearby mountains was responsible for the heavy and untimely frost, he asserted, and also said that I should do all my planting according to the changes or phases of the moon.

I thanked Neighbor Bell for the enlightenment and assured him that should I continue in the farming business his recommendations would be of great use to me and I might seek his advice in other matters with regard to farming. Further in conversation Neighbor Ball told me that he had been



Yreka, 1856.

elected justice of the peace but that people were so peaceable that he had nothing to do, and was getting disgusted with the lack of action. He especially recommended that all young fellows, myself included, get married. I told him that if he would furnish ladies, bar natives, he would probably get plenty of business in the marriage line.

This was the first time I had ever met the esquire, although his place was five miles distant on the road to Fort Jones or to Yreka, but I often met him afterwards and he gave me friendly greeting and advice. His son Billy was a sturdy, whole-souled young fellow about my own age, true blue and reliable. He had had fair schooling and was a good shot with the rifle; many deer, antelope and wild ducks falling to his aim. I frequently was the recipient of a quarter of venison from the Ball ranch, as well as many other tokens of friendship and good will.

Two cabins were built about a mile and a half distant, one owned by E.J. Winegar from New York, the other by two brothers from Wisconsin named William and Thomas Glendenning. These young men had pre-empted their claims, built their log cabins and were then working in the ranching, and right good fellows they proved to be.

On the south of me my nearest neighbor was an empty cabin a mile distant, and a little further on another empty, and then one more mile south were J.P. Wilson and Jeremiah Day, two royal fine fellows from Van Buren County, Iowa. Wilson and Day were college graduates; both young men only a year or two my seniors. With these young men I spent many agreeable and profitable hours in social converse, they being scholarly and refined naturally won me to them, and we were soon on the best of terms and remained so as long as our acquaintance lasted, although some sad things happened to mar the pleasures of life in our midst.

Part 23

The first accident worthy of mention in our neighborhood happened to Mr. Wilson, and as I was an eye witness I will give a short account of how it happened.

I remember that it was in May, 1854. I was riding past my neighbors, Wilson and Day, and as I remember about 8 or 9 in the morning. My friend J.P., as we were wont familiarly to address him, was in front of his house with a double barreled shotgun on his shoulder, and when I came near he hailed me, saying: "Good morning, Neighbor Kidder," to which I answered "Good morning," and asked him what was the news. He answered me that there was no news except that war had been declared on the ground squirrels in his truck patch. He kept on joking and laughing and I had never seen him so jolly and carefree as on that morning. Finally he came up carrying his gun and sat on the top rail of the fence, where after a short time he was joined by Uncle Thompson Smith who owned the adjoining ranch and who happened to be there that morning, and on the other side of Mr. Wilson sat Sam Cole who worked for Wilson & Day—all three on the same rail. Wilson still had the gun, its breech resting on the same rail with his feet. I sat on my horse some eight or ten feet distant from the three, when all of a sudden the butt of the gun slipped off the rail and in falling both hammers struck the rail. Fortunately only one barrel was exploded, but the contents were discharged at the point of Wilson's chin, the load tearing away the whole left side of his under jaw and missing the jugular vein by a hair's breadth. Falling backward, the wounded man struck the hard ground with a thud that to this day makes me shudder.

We hastened to pick up the injured man, whose appearance was most sickening and defies description, and carried him into the house. We found that he was not dead, and by applying a little spirits of turpentine to the wound the bleeding soon ceased and we began to have hope. My horse being saddled at the door, I struck out for Fort Jones after Dr. Sorrel, who was the government physician at that time. As it was some ten miles to the fort it promised to be a hard jaunt for my cayuse pony, but as luck would have it I met a friend, Mr. Pratt, who was on a fresh horse, and to him I told of the accident and asked him to change horses with me. Pratt agreed to this, and even offered to go himself, but I said that I would go, and Pratt gave me his horse, telling me that I would find my cayuse at Winegar's when I came back.

Reaching the fort I found the doctor in and told him of the accidental shooting in as few words as possible. The doctor listened to me and ordered his servant to bring his horse out at once. He then asked me a few questions as to the wound, its location, etc., put on his hat, leggins and spurs, and we were soon on our way without loss of time. The doctor took occasion to question me further about the wound, asking what we had done to check the flow of blood. I told him we had moistened a handkerchief with spirits of turpentine and applied it and that it seemed to check the flow at once. He said that it was very fortunate that we had the turpentine on hand.

Expressing my fears that we would not be able to get there in time to help the injured man, the doctor told me from what he could gather he

would be able to patch him up pretty well. Not as good as he was, as he understood that the left side of the underjaw was all gone, but being a young man with a good constitution, and as gunshot wounds healed rapidly in that climate, the chances for his recovery were good. Little else was said as we were riding at too rapid a gait to admit of much conversation.

I found Pratt at my neighbor Winegar's, where I left his horse, and thanking him for the accommodation, mounted my pony and rode on to overtake the doctor. Reaching the cabin the doctor went in and I took charge of his horse, walking it around until it cooled down a little.

When I finally went to the house, I met the doctor in the door and tried to read the fate of Wilson in his face, but could not. The doctor told me that the wound was a very bad one, but that he had strong hopes of his recovery, and hoped to patch him up and make quite a man of him yet. He had not bled enough to weaken him materially and with due care should be around in a few weeks. I was very glad to hear this and said so. The doctor suggested that perhaps Mrs. Lowry and Mrs. Weeks could be persuaded to take charge of the invalid. I felt certain that they would when they heard of the circumstances, for they were two of the noblest of God's creations and were always where they were needed and the most accomplished. I soon found that the ladies mentioned were already there and decided not to go in as the women, with Day and Cole, would be plenty. I resolved, however, to stay close at hand so that I could be summoned in case of need at the shortest notice.

While I sat there musing, I could not help but think that I was more or less responsible for the accident that might cost my friend's life or at least maim him permanently, as if I had not stopped but gone right along about my business J.P. would undoubtedly have put his gun away and the accident would not have happened. While I was thus musing Sam Cole came out and told me that I had made a quick trip, as he had not thought to see the doctor for an hour yet, and suggested that my pony was a good one. I told him that I had changed mounts with Mr. Pratt and that made extra good time. He asked me if Mr. Pratt's horse was the little buckskin mare he generally rode. On being told that it was he said that he would like to own her as she was an unusually fast animal.

Sam further told me that the doctor said J.P. would come out all right, but would have to do his chewing all on one side as he could not make a new jaw for the left side. Speaking to Cole about my part in the accident he laughed at me and said that if Wilson had not sat on the fence until the accident occurred, he might have gone into the house and shot himself dead while putting his gun up. Also that J.P. had as much to thank me for in getting the doctor as I had to blame myself for as to my part in the cause. We discussed the matter for some little time when the doctor came out and asked me for his horse, spurs, etc. Getting his outfit together he rode away and I accompanied him. The doctor told me that Wilson would get well but that he would have an impediment in his speech, and would have difficulty in eating, as well as a bad scar on his face. This latter, however, would be

covered by his whiskers should he grow any. I told the doctor that it was better than I had dared hope, and suggested that I get some dinner and go back to help through the night. However, the doctor told me it was not necessary as one of the ladies would stay one night and the other the next if needed. Furthermore, he would come back the next day and dress the wound and leave directions how to proceed, until the patient was able to make the trip to the fort which would be much cheaper than having the doctor out there.

When I reached home I bade the doctor good-bye and went in and got myself some dinner and by the time I had it ready the hired man came in from the field and asked me where I had gone in such a hurry. I then told him of the accident, and he expressed himself as very sorry, as he considered Wilson one of the finest fellows he had ever met.

The next day I waited for the doctor and followed him to Wilson's. On his return I asked him about Wilson. He told me that he was getting along nicely—as well as could be expected, and that all he needed was good care. The loss of blood and the fall from the fence were considerable of a shock, but a week or so would see him able to ride to the fort. As the doctor rode away I went into the house and when Wilson heard my voice he waved his hand for me to go into the room where he was. As I approached the bed where he lay, in spite of the cumbersome bandages I could see an expression of satisfaction at seeing me as he held out his hand, and as I took it in mine he pressed it affectionately. Thus we remained for fully a minute, no word being spoken except when I bade him good morning. I then left the room.

During my stay there that day Lucius Wilson, or L.S. as we came to call him, who was a younger brother of J.P. and had come out to the coast and mined on the south fork of Scott River about twenty miles distant from his brother's ranch, came in - word having been sent him of the accident befalling J.P. I had never met the younger brother and found him a bright young fellow who had just passed his majority and come out to the Golden State to seek his fortune. The meeting of the two brothers was painful to witness, J.P. not being able to talk made matters worse. It reminded me of meeting a deaf mute and I left the room to allow the brothers to be alone.

I had some talk with Mr. Day about helping take care of the sick man but was assured that there was no need of my coming, as with the advent of the younger brother and as Mrs. Lowry and Mrs. Weeks had promised their aid each day to assist with the dressing whenever necessary, no further help would be needed. He thanked me for my offer and mentioned my going for the doctor. I told him it was the least I could do and I was only too glad to help in any way, and asked him to let me know of anything that I could possibly do to help.

Wilson ultimately recovered, and although he had considerable trouble in masticating his food, the impediment in his speech was not very noticeable, and a heavy beard covered the scar completely.

About a year after the accident Jerry Day sold his interest in the ranch

Scott Valley.

to the younger brother Lucius, and took his leave for the Atlantic states. He was the only son of a well-to-do family who were not satisfied to have him so far away from home. The community were all sorry to see Day leave, but we consoled ourselves that we ought to be thankful that he could go to friends who wanted him. He returned by way of the isthmus of Panama and in due time arrived at his home safely. From there he wrote a letter which reached us in a little over two months' time—then the fastest time on record for mail from that part of the East. In this communication he gave in detail an account of the trip, and the letter was read by nearly everyone in the neighborhood as it was intended for a neighborhood letter.

Closely following this letter was another, not written by Jerry Day but by some one of the family. This was addressed to Mr. Wilson and told of the drowning of Jerry in the waters of Skunk river, a tributary of the DesMoines, having been seized with cramps while bathing. The announcement of his death cast a gloom over all of us.

During the time I had been in Scott Valley I had been engaged in farming and stock raising and had bought a lot of hogs thinking that the raising of them would be profitable but in this I misjudged, as the wild beasts at that time were so numerous and preyed upon the young ones so much that it was almost impossible to raise any at all, otherwise it would have been a paying investment. As it was it was a total failure and now I decided to try diversified farming.

I had built a hewed log house, and when the water in the creek commenced falling about July, which I found it did every year, I commenced digging a well to supply myself water from the house. This I found to be a more tedius and expensive piece of work than I had anticipated, as the earth

all about my house proved to be underlaid with a bed of gravel almost the same as the bed of the creek, which would run from the size of a man's head down to a hickory nut and smaller. In this gravel we dug as the water receded until late in the fall when the water seemed to be stationery and as I could not fully make up my mind what to wall my well with, a neighbor said he could put in a wall with those pebble rocks which would be the best thing obtainable as there was no quarry rock to be had in that vicinity.

Taking his word for it we went at it and walled up the well with the gravel and I learned that my neighbor knew something about laying stone, and I soon had as nice a well of water as any man ever saw. The well lasted about a year until one day while drawing a bucket of water it caught on a projecting pebble, pulled it out, and the whole business fell in and my well was no good.

As the water in my well had already commenced rising and as in a few days the rains commenced, nothing could be done that fall toward digging another well that winter. This, however, was of no inconvenience to me after the creek began flowing as there was then plenty of water within a few rods of my door. I consequently left the well until such time as I would need it when the water became short again.

I then began splitting rails and building fences, breaking prairie and getting ready to put in a crop of wheat the next spring, and I succeeded in putting in about 25 acres in the spring of 1854 which yielded about 20 bushels to the acre.

This I considered a poor yield as not less than 40 bushels had been reported the year before. My seed had cost me $10 per bushel and other expenses were proportionately high, and as I could see no prospect of realizing more than $5 per bushel, it began to look as though my percent of profit would be very small. However, I resolved to make the best of it as my ground was new and mellow. I concluded that I might get a volunteer or self-seed crop the next year, so after I had harvested my crop I gave the ground a thorough harrowing to cover the seed that was left on the ground. When the rains came it sprouted and grew finally on about one-half the piece, but the other half I concluded was too thin and I plowed it up and sowed new seed. I afterward concluded that I should have let it go, for the volunteer crop proved to be much the best, and was really too thick on the ground.

My first crop of wheat was raised, it will be remembered, in 1854. Immigration came across the plains that summer as well as by water in considerable numbers.

to be continued- - - -

Society Activities
1973

1973 OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

PRESIDENT	Thomas A. Bigelow
VICE-PRESIDENT	Chester H. Barton
SECRETARY-TREASURER	Eleanor Brown
RECORDING SECRETARY	Florence Boone (deceased) Dorothy Hettema
DIRECTORS	F. Douglas Horn Donna Brooks Ruth Robertson Hazel N. Pollock Robert McKean (Representative of the Board of Supervisors, Siskiyou County)

STANDING COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

STANDING COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

PUBLICITY	Grace Micke
PROGRAM	Eleanor Brown
PIONEER BIOGRAPHIES	Dorothy Hettema
FIELD RESEARCH	Thomas A. Bigelow
MEMBERSHIP	Fred Stratton
CLIPPINGS	Hazel N. Pollock
CEMETARY	Dorothy Hettema
MUSEUM STAFF	Curator, Christine Glidden Assistant Curator, Eleanor Brown

Historical Society Programs for 1973

"Slides of Siskiyou County" taken by Jeff Brown and Mike Irvine of Yreka were shown at the January meeting. Pictures of the Marble Mt. Wilderness Area, Grizzly Lake in the Trinity Alps, Eaton and Duck Lakes and Salmon River country were seen. Views taken from the top of Mt. Shasta in the morning were different than ones usually seen. There were 110 in attendance.

"Reminiscences of the Salmon River Country" by Tom Bigelow were enjoyed by the eighty three persons present at the February meeting. Mr. Bigelow was born and raised at Sawyers Bar. He told of his boyhood days and the school he attended and many of the highlights of the community over the years.

"Geology of Siskiyou County" was presented by Paul Dawson, geology instructor at College of the Siskiyous, to a large crowd of 145 at the March meeting. This most interesting program told of how Siskiyou County was formed and how the county was once under water with the shoreline near the California-Nevada border. Fossils have been found near Hornbrook and Gazelle as a result of their being near the edge of the water. The oldest rocks in the county are found between Gazelle and Callahan. Mt. Shasta is a young mountain and could erupt again, but because of the monitors there would be ample warning.

"Northern Arizona" slides of prehistoric sites, many of them centered around Flagstaff, were shown at the April meeting by Christine Glidden. Interesting pictures of many cliff dwellings, the national monuments, and the Painted Desert were shown. Several Kachina dolls were on display and the story behind these Hopi dolls was explained. There were seventy five present.

"The History of Hilt" was told to a large crowd of eighty eight at the May meeting by Frank Graves, a long-time employee and resident of Hilt. Hilt was one of the last company owned lumber towns and it was soon to be abandoned. The town's first sawmill established there was a shake mill and was sold to John Hilt in 1877. The town was named after John Hilt. (The 1975 issue of the Siskiyou Pioneer will be about Hilt, now abandoned.)

"Wildflowers of Siskiyou and the High Country," a slide program, was given to a large crowd at the June meeting by Al Crebbin, a retired Forest Service employee. Many pictures of rare flowers that grow in the high country were shown and explained by Mr. Crebbin. He told of the lush grass that once covered the Siskiyou mountains. Soon after World War I, 3,000 sheep were put to graze the high pastures for three years during the summer. Then the grasslands went to sulpur flowers and they still dominate the area.

"Old Trails of the West", a slide program, was presented by Devere and Helen Helfrich to seventy eight people present at the September meeting. The Helfrich's are members of Trails West, Inc. and these slides were taken on their trips marking some of the old trails in Nevada, Idaho and California.

This group traces and marks these trails for future generations.

"The Colorful Universe", a slide program, and a lecture on astronomy were given by Vince Sempronio, scholarship winner for 1973 at the October meeting. Amazing what the heavens contain not visible to the naked eye.

"Myths of Mt. Shasta", a slide program, was presented by Bernice Meamber and her son, Stephen Meamber, at the November meeting to an audience of 115. Beautiful slides of Mt. Shasta were shown along with narration of myths like "the Little People" and the legend about the Lemurians who are supposed to live on Mt. Shasta.

"Christmas on the American Frontier" was presented by Hazel Pollock, retired curator. This program was taken from the book of the same name by John E. Baur, and can be obtained at the library. Mrs. Pollock also included our first space age Christmas and played different selections on the music box. Dick Bliss played Christmas carols for community singing.

Report of the Know Your Heirlooms Group

Officers for 1973 were President, Donna Brooks; Vice-President and Program Chairman, Ellen Tupper; Secretary, Helen Bliss; Treasurer, Jo Kinney; Librarian, Katie Roush.

The year's activities were planned at the January meeting. Magazines accumulated during our two months adjournment were reviewed and articles of particular interest were noted for possible future programs. During the refreshment period, we surprised our senior member, Beatrice Clark, with a cake and sang "Happy Birthday" to her in honor of her 90th birthday.

The program in February by Katie Roush was on postcards. The postcard which became a centenarian in 1969 originated in Europe and was introduced into the United States in 1893.

For the March program Donna Brooks gave the history of the development of the cup and saucer. With the introduction of tea, coffee and chocolate into Europe in the early 17th century, the Europeans came to feel that these exotic drinks called for something more delicate than tankards, mugs and flagons. Having great admiration for the beautiful porcelain from China, Europeans began to search for a method of producing it and finally succeeded in the early 18th century, beginning the development of the cup and saucer in the western world.

In April Donna Brooks was our hostess and Christine Glidden, curator of the Siskiyou County Museum, was our speaker. Miss Glidden presented a slide show and commentary on her two years with an archeological study group which visited prehistoric Indian sites in northern Arizona, an area of several major Indian cultures.

The May program was on the history of the Mt. Shasta State Fish Hatchery. Appropriately, the meeting was held in the Manager's home on the hatchery grounds with Betty Evans as our hostess. This was essentially the same program that the Heirlooms Group did for the May 1972 meeting of the Siskiyou County Historical Society. Betty Evans and Donna Brooks did a great deal of research to assemble this information. Donna gave the history of the hatchery and showed old pictures of the buildings and the workers. Helen Bliss told of the fish distribution railroad cars in use from 1907 to 1937 when they were replaced by automotive equipment. Betty Evans told the history of the house, built in 1904, which still serves as the manager's home.

Instead of a program in June, we had a "show and tell" meeting with each one bringing something of interest and telling what was known of its history.

Our annual picnic was held as usual in July in the garden of Flossie Kohn's home in Mount Shasta. Good friends and good food always make this a very special occasion.

Ellen Tupper was our speaker in August with trivets the subject of her program. The trivet is a three-legged stand originally designed to keep cooking vessels over or off the fire. Later trivets were used to put hot irons on and to keep hot dishes off the table. Presently, their use is both utilitarian and decorative.

In September the program by Anita Hennig was a review and an updating of our information on Depression Glass. This often colorful glass was mass-produced in the early 1930's to offset the hard times of the depression era and was frequently used by merchants to stimulate business.

Once again the year's activities ended in October with our annual program of piano music by Richard Bliss followed by group singing.

by HELEN BLISS

Siskiyou County Historical Society - 1973

1973 saw a lot of changes in the Siskiyou County Historical Society with the retirement of Hazel N. Pollock, after 15 years of outstanding work in the Museum. Christine Glidden is the new curator.

A Cumulative Index of the Siskiyou Pioneer and Yearbooks, 1946-1971 inclusive, was compiled by Anna Marie and Everett Hager, Terminal Island, California, for the Historical Society. Copies of the index are available at the Museum.

A plaque was dedicated March 24, 1973, marking Dwinnel Dam (now Lake Shastina) by Shastina Properties, Inc. and the Siskiyou County Historical Society. History of the Dwinnell Dam can be found in the 1961 Siskiyou Pioneer, Vol. 3, No. 4.

The new Humbug Chapter of the E Clampus Vitus received their Charter and dedicated the Giant Monitor (they had restored) at the Siskiyou County Museum, Yreka, on June 17, 1973.

Vince Sempronio, McCloud, California, was the recipient of the 1973 Siskiyou County Historical Society Scholarship. His theme was "History of Astronomy in Siskiyou County".

Christine Glidden, curator, attended a two week seminar in May on "Management and Interpretation of History Museums" at the Ohio Historical Center, Columbus, Ohio. This seminar was conducted by the American Association for State and Local History. There were 18 participants selected from applicants throughout the United States.

Conference of California Historical Societies 1973 Symposium was held in Mariposa, California, September 28 and 29. Chester and Dorothy Barton, Josephine Kinney and Eleanor Brown represented the Siskiyou County Historical Society. It was a very good symposium and Mariposa is to be commended for same.

The field trip this year, 1973, was to Hilt, California, on June 10th. Near 95 people enjoyed the trip, with Frank Graves as guide through the now extinct town of Hilt. Site of the original mill and a drive through the plant area were some of the highlights of the trip. The company owned town has been phased out as many other small mill towns have been in the past. (The 1975 Siskiyou Pioneer will be The History of Hilt.)

MEMBERSHIP REPORT

CALLAHAN	7	MACDOEL	6
CECILVILLE	1	McCLOUD	13
DORRIS	10	MONTAGUE	75
DUNSMUIR	34	MT. HEBRON	2
EDGEWOOD	4	MOUNT SHASTA	59
ETNA	70	SAWYERS BAR	4
FORKS OF SALMON	9	SCOTT BAR	6
FORT JONES	44	SEIAD VALLEY	6
GAZELLE	23	SOMES BAR	2
GREENVIEW	7	TULELAKE	8
GRENADA	17	WEED	49
HAPPY CAMP	40	YREKA	279
HORNBROOK	18	OUT OF COUNTY	444
HORSE CREEK	9	OUT OF STATE	137
KLAMATH RIVER	10	FOREIGN	3

TOTAL 1394

Eleanor Brown
Secretary-Treasurer

Correction

It has been brought to our attention that the name of Willard Perriman Stone was misspelled in the 1973 Siskiyou Pioneer, Vol. 4, No. 6, pages 1, 2 and 3. The name should be Willard Perrin Stone. Information by Willard H. Stone, grandson of Willard Perrin Stone.

In Memorium

Homer E. Atchley	November 8, 1973	Yreka, California
Mrs. Lionel T. Barneson	September 14, 1973	Sausalito, California
Carlton A. Batchelder	May 12, 1973	Yreka, California
Emily A. Bigelow	March 15, 1973	Yreka, California
Florence Boone	February 1, 1973	Scott Bar, California
Grace Meek Bottoms	December 2, 1973	Oakland, California
Frank B. Branson	August 13, 1973	Fort Jones, California
Gladys Brown	September 4, 1973	Yreka, California
Reita Campbell	November 15, 1973	Yreka, California
Leona (Nelson) Eddy	January 16, 1973	Walnut Creek, California
Vivian Elliott	July 2, 1973	Etna, California
Grace Allen Fraser	April 28, 1973	Medford, Oregon
Miss Gladys Haight	January 7, 1973	Yreka, California
Mattie A. Haight	May 4, 1973	Yreka, California
Charles Harris	March 17, 1973	Yreka, California
May L. Hartley	February 5, 1973	Yreka, California
Jere E. Hurley	December 24, 1973	Yreka, California
Gordon Jacobs	November 16, 1973	Hornbrook, California
Mrs. E.A. Johnston	Unknown	Berkeley, California
George Christian Kleaver	May 29, 1973	Yreka, California
Clare Ladd	March 15, 1973	Hornbrook, California
Wilford H. Landon	March 2, 1973	Etna, California
Goldie M. Larsen	December 8, 1973	Happy Camp, California
Lewis N. Lorenzen	January 11, 1973	Mount Shasta, California
Frank W. Luttrell	March 24, 1973	Santa Rosa, California
Franklin Maplesden	January 5, 1973	Etna, California
Mrs. Verna Maplesden	August 22, 1973	Etna, California
Jess C. Martin	December 29, 1973	Montague, California
Anita Martin (Mrs. Jess)	February 3, 1974	Montague, California
Ernest E. McBain	October 15, 1973	Yreka, California
Rex W. McMillan	August 3, 1973	Dunsmuir, California
Katherine C. Nelson	August 29, 1973	Mount Shasta, California
Marion Nelson	November 4, 1973	Weed, California
Robert C. Orr	February 24, 1973	Yreka, California
Donald I. Segerstrom	August 30, 1973	Sonora, California
R. W. Thomason	February 1, 1973	Yreka, California
Howard B. Thompson	July 15, 1973	McCloud, California
Wallace A. Turre'	August 22, 1973	Yreka, California
Marie Soule' Walker	September 4, 1973	Los Gatos, California
Dorice Young	March 19, 1973	Etna, California

Cottonwood Creek. Notice the horse and buggy near the center of picture that has forded the stream.

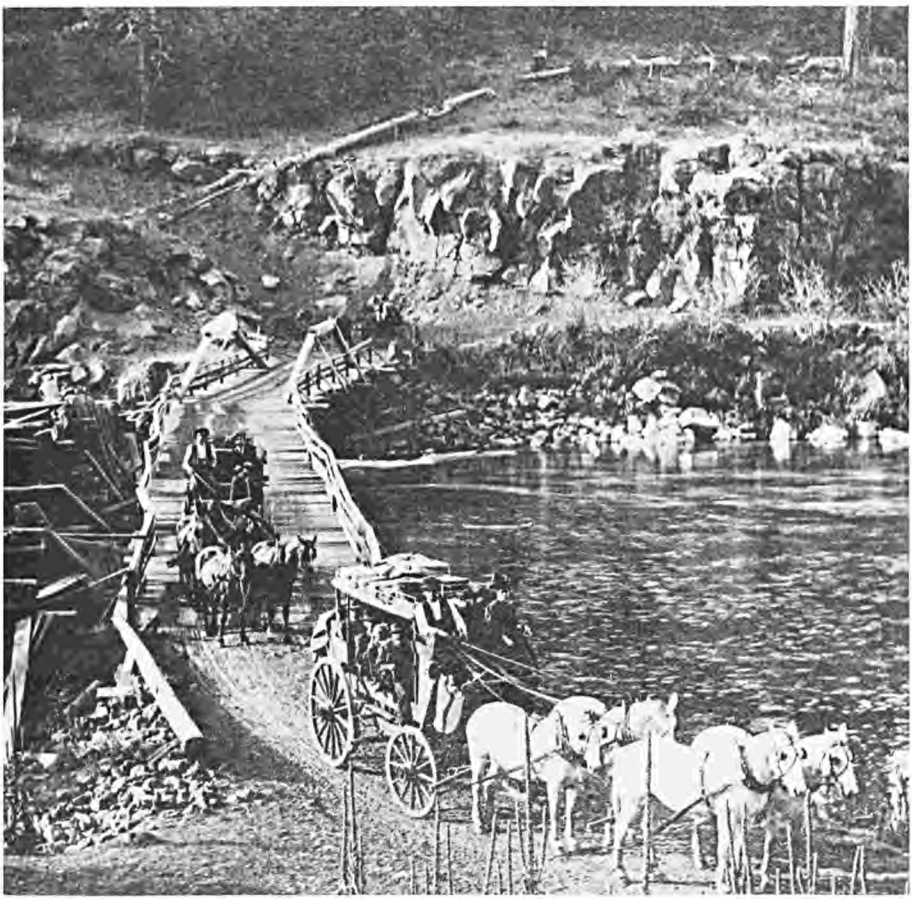
Water wheel on Klamath River near Beswick.

Mud Springs at Klamath Hot Springs.

Pat McGarrey Saloon in Henley, California. Left to right: Elmer Niles, Nick Buckner, Pat McGarrey.

Logging cribs on the Klamath River near Klamathon.

Looking down the log chute at Pokegama, 1909.



_Stagecoaches (mudwagons) crossing the old "Dam Bridge" on the Klamath River just below McCullum mill site - west of Keno.

View of Mt. Shasta from north end of Shasta Valley.

FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING BUSINESS OR PLEASURE

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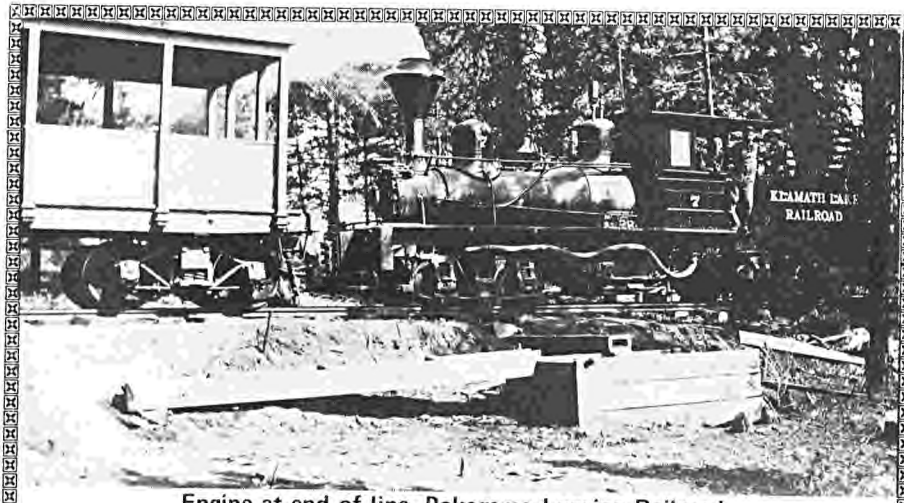

Engine at end of line. Pokegama Logging Railroad.

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Mining on the Klamath.

WEED CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

WEED, CALIFORNIA 96094

Log chute near Klamath Hot Springs. The logs made quite a splash when entering the Klamath River.

J.W. Scheld and son, Henley, California, 1893. Man with horse and child unknown.

Main Hotel at Klamath Hot Springs.

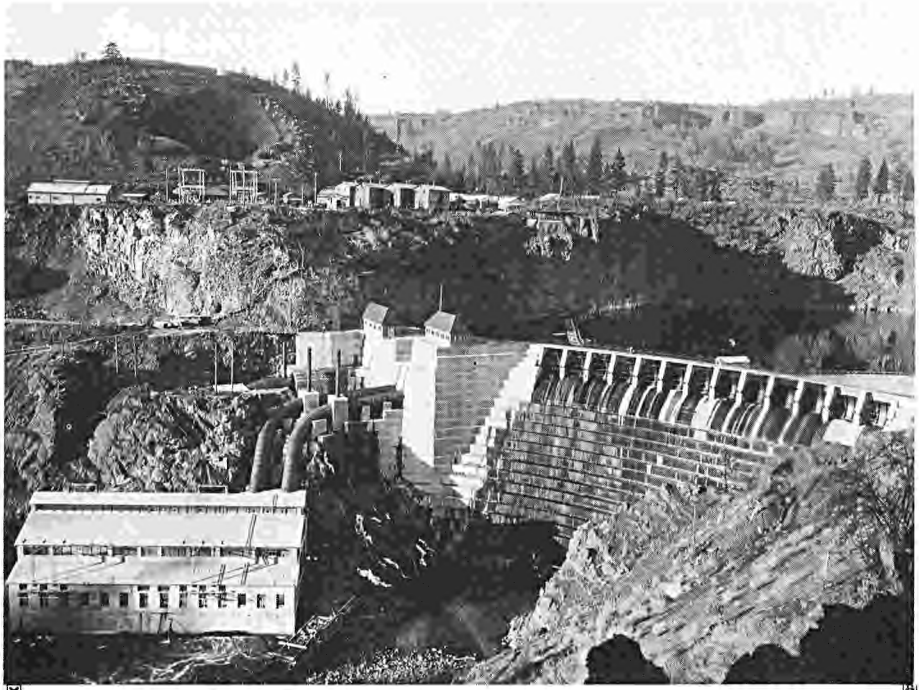
HOWARD HOUSE, MUGGINSVILLE

The Asa and Eliza Howard home in Mugginsville, California was built soon after their arrival in Quartz Valley in 1854. Mr. Howard built his own sawmill and sawed the lumber for the house, also burned his own lime and made the bricks. The home was the scene of many social events and for years a center of hospitality 'where many a pilgrim found rest and comfort - the poor, the rich, the white man, the red man.'

The front portion of the house was used as a barroom, the upstairs was the ballroom. The kitchen and sleeping quarters were on the left and right wings. The house is still standing.

At the lower west end of Scott Valley is Quartz Valley, a small valley about two by five miles. In 1852 an eight stamp mill was erected on Shackleford Creek, a sawmill in 1853; a grist mill in 1854. Near the mills were a store, blacksmith shop and hotel. It was known as Mugginsville. Asa Howard was postmaster, a store and hotel keeper. The town was tethered to the illustrious past by 1873, along with other mining names like Oro Fino, McAdams, Patterson and Deadwood.

In Appreciation of the Siskiyou County Historical Society



Copco Dam No. 1 on the upper Klamath River.

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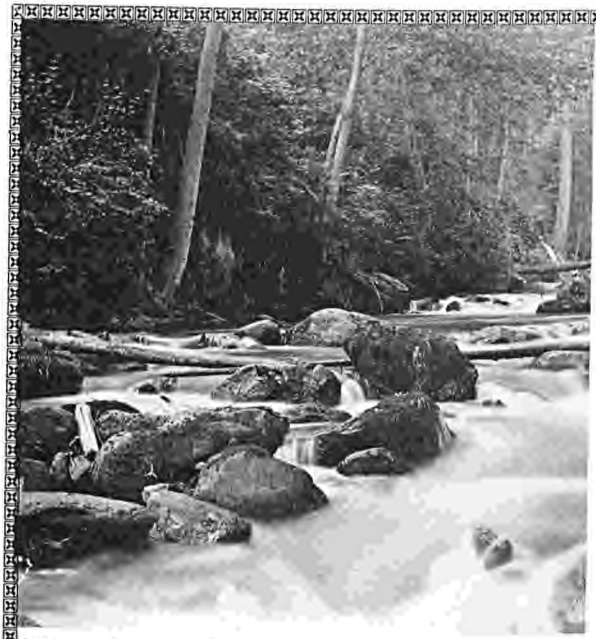
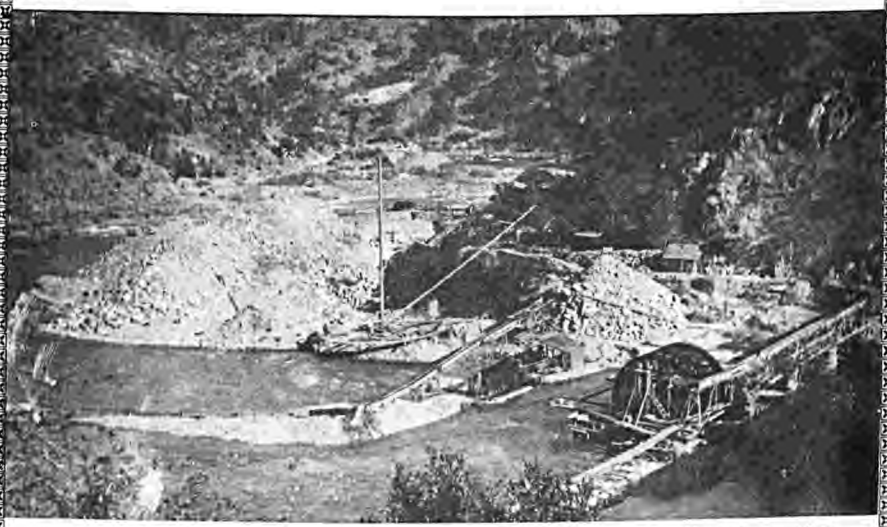


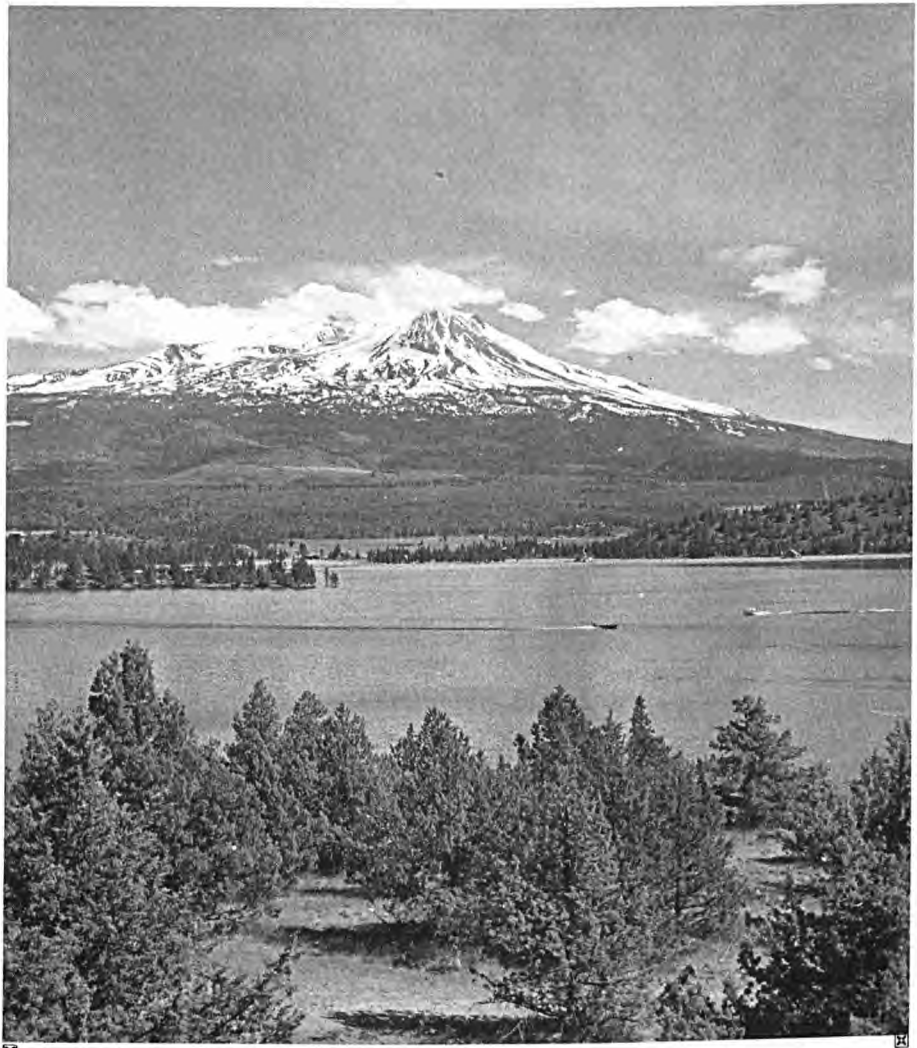
View of Klamath River near Klamath Hot Springs resort.



Power and dip wheel, showing how mining was accomplished on the Klamath River.

Klamath River above Copco Lake

Sheep at Klamath Hot Springs



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Join the Siskiyou County Historical Society

For $4.00 a year you can become a member of the Siskiyou County Historical Society.

Membership includes the annual publication, "The Siskiyou Pioneer", free of charge and the monthly newsletter, "Nuggets".

Meetings are held in the Siskiyou County Museum, Yreka the second Saturday of each month except July and August.

Two field trips are taken each year. One in the spring and one in the fall.

Headquarters: Siskiyou County Museum. You need not be a resident of the county to become a member.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - -

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

Enclosed please find $4.00 covering membership in the Siskiyou County Historical Society.

After joining dues are payable January of each year.

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