

Her Lines

*Published by
The Genealogical Society of Siskiyou County California*



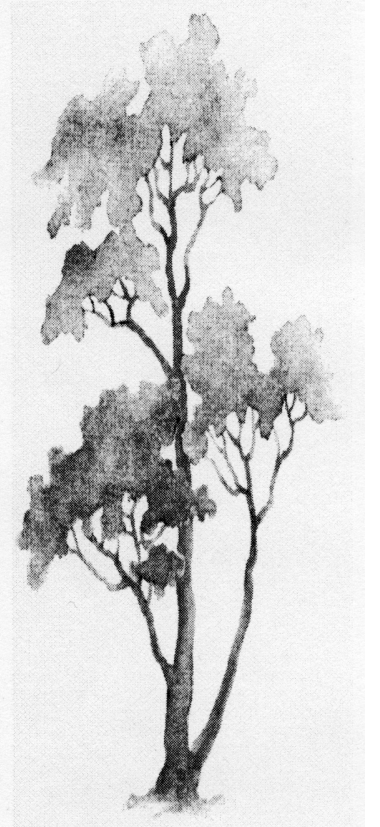
2008- 2009

Yreka, CA.

Volume 33 #1

Table of Contents

- 1 *President's Page*
- 2 *Information Page*
- 3 *Bits & Pieces*
- 4 *White & Gold*
- 6 *Heir's A Parent*
- 11 *Obituaries*
- 12 *GSSC Projects*
- 13 *Clippings from Past*
- 15 *Order Form*
- 16 *Index*



Presidents Page

Officers 2008 - 2009

President: Mary Burchfield - VP: Glenda Doughman - Secretary: Jennifer Bryan -
Treasure: Pat Healy

All donations to Rose L. Hicks Brown Memorial Endowment Fund are welcomed either in memory of someone who has passed on or in honor of someone living. Donations are tax deductible, as we are a Nonprofit Corporation.



Memorial donations for the Rose L. Hicks Brown Memorial Endowment Fund have been received in names of:



Jerry Churchill - Kathy Graves - Meredith Perry - Sherrie & Cheyenne Walters

Presidents Letter

Well, here it is almost the end of another year. Our summer months have been well spent. Several classes have been given by different members of our Society. There will be classes held during the winter months, so watch your e-mail and local papers for further details. We also had a very successful yard sale, thanks to all the volunteers.

Our library is slowly growing with new additions weekly. We have added several new Great Registries and books from Siskiyou and surrounding Counties. This will be a great resource for those doing research in the Northern California area. The members are still working on the marriage, birth & death books. Slowly we are getting them indexed and they will soon be ready for use.

I would like to ask each of our members to send in a copy of their family group sheets for four or more generations. Along with this we would need a pedigree sheet. Do not send anything with information on persons still living. We will be using this as a file for our Surname list. We are getting a lot of people coming to the Research Center to work on their family history.. You never know when a new connection to your family might be there.

All the people that have volunteered for the Research Center should be commended. They have done a great job, and I am looking forward to working with all of you in the coming weeks.

Wishing all of you Good Holidays, Health and Happiness in the coming New Year. May you have many great success stories to tell in the coming year!
Mary Burchfield, Pres.

Information Page

PROGRAMS FOR COMING MONTHS

Nov./ Dec. Combined meeting Potluck Dinner - Center Orientation by Glenda Doughman
Jan. Indian Research by Harvey Shinar

Purpose

To stimulate public interest in family history. To collect, preserve & publish genealogical, biographical historical matters relating to American families & places. To provide educational service to the communities in Siskiyou County. To establish & maintain for the use of members & others a library of American genealogy, local history & biography, including a surname file. To hold meetings for the instructions & increased effectiveness of its members. To serve & support the genealogy departments of Siskiyou County Public Library.

Address:

Genealogical Society of Siskiyou County
912 So. Main St. - P. O. Box 225
Yreka, CA. 96097-0225
Phone #530-842-5506 or #530-842-3688
e-mail - gsscl@att.net

Change of Address:

Send to above address.

General Meeting:

Last Tuesday of each month 7:00 P.M.
Exceptions:
Nov. - Dec. combined meeting - Potluck
Dinner the first Tue. Of Dec. 6: P.M.

March is First Family Dinner Meeting
Held at a local Restaurant 6: P.M.

Membership Fee:

\$15.00 Individual - \$20.00 Family
(same address)
Membership year from 1st July to 30th June

Queries:

Send to GSSC to address above.

Heir Lines:

Published four (4) times a year. The
last Tuesday of the months - Jan. - Apr.
Jul. - Oct.

Deadlines:

Ads etc. 1st of the above months.

Research Center:

Open Sat. 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.
May through Sep. Other times by appointment
Call: 530-842-5506 or 530-842-3688

Web Site:

<http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~casiskgs/>

Research Requests:

Send to GSSC - at address on left side of page
\$10.00 for first hour \$5.00 for each additional
hour. Reimbursement required for cost of vital
records, photos of grave sites for a donation
(within Siskiyou County). Enclose a stamped,
self addressed envelope.

Non Member Fees:

Library \$3.00 per day - \$5.00 per couple per
day

Appointed Positions:

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| Editor Heir Lines | Harvey Russell |
| Publication No. Co. | Kathryn Cavin |
| Publication So. Co. | Mary Burchfield |
| Rose H. Brown | Claudia East |
| New Members | Glenda Doughman |

Committees:

| | |
|----------|----------------|
| Research | Patricia Healy |
|----------|----------------|

Ads Price Schedule:

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| business card \$5.00 | quarter page \$10.00 |
| third page 14.00 | half page 18.00 |
| full page 35.00 | |

GSSC will not endorse commercial ads.

Political or Religious ads will no be accepted

Bits & Pieces



<http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~casiskgs/>

This is OUR NEW WEB PAGE
GSSC

You have probably read something similar to this before but maybe some of the new members have not.

Author unknown

Many many years ago when I was twenty three. I got married to a widow who was pretty as could be

This widow had a grown-up daughter. Who had hair of red.
My father fell in love with her. And soon the two were wed.
This made my dad my son-in law. And changed by very life.
My daughter was my mother. For she was my father's wife..

To complicate the matters worse. Although it brought me joy.
I soon became the father. Off a bouncing baby boy.

My little baby then became. A brother-in law to dad.
And so became my uncle. Though it made me very sad.

For if he was my uncle. Then that also made him brother.
To the widow's grown-up daughter. Who, of course, was my step-mother.

Father's wife then had a son. Who keep them on the run.
And he became by grandson, For he was my daughter's son.

My wife is now my mothers's mother. And it makes me blue.
Because, although she is my wife. She's my grandmother, too.

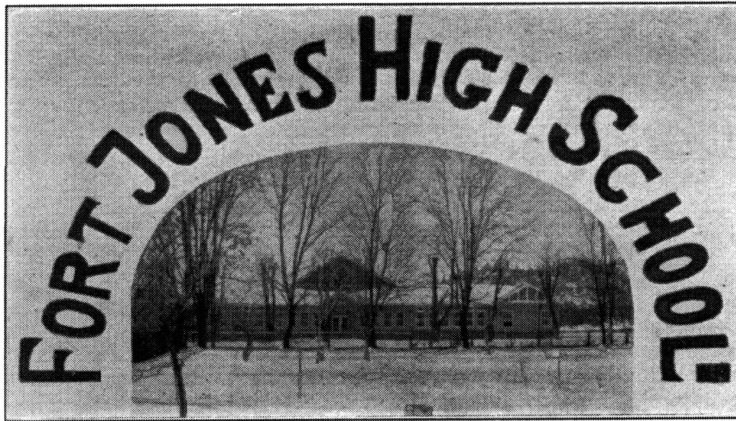
If my wife is my grandmother. Then I am her grandchild.
And every time I think of it. It simply drives my wild.

For now I have become. The strangest case you ever saw.
As the husband of by grandmother.

I am my own grandpa!



White & Gold



SOCIAL EVENTS

The annual reception to the incoming Freshmen was given September 29, 1922, by the Sophomore Class. After these aspirants for high school honors and for fame had been "created equal"; after everyone had been made to feel he was just as good as another, perhaps a little better, a rich banquet was served consisting of green watermelon, green cake, and green ice cream. If the freshmen went home feeling somewhat less dignified than when they arrived, no one could deny he had had a "treat." The distinct success of this function must be attributed to the efforts of the faithful committee, Reichman, Davidson and Shepard.

HI JINKS

The celebration of "Hi Jinks" by the girls of the Fort Jones High School took place on the evening of March 10, 1923, in the auditorium of the new high school building. A delighted as well as delightful throng of thirty-five or more girls was present. If a good time be indicated by manifest enthusiasm, then this meeting was successful to a large degree. After several most interesting numbers of the programme the rest of the evening until twelve o'clock was passed in dancing; then refreshments were served.

THE SENIOR PICNIC

True to form as well as to nature and literary history.

"When that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,

* * * * *

Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages."

On this occasion, however, the "longen" of the seniors,

"So priketh hem in hir corages,"

that, aided and abetted by the whole tribe of juniors, who, by the way, acted the part of host (and nobly), the stampede began as early as March 22, the shrine "for to seek" being one of the highest peaks about Fort Jones.

"Wel nyne and twenty in a companye"

were there.

WHITE and GOLD

Page Twenty-seven

Ft. Jones High School 1923



FORT JONES HIGH SCHOOL

William Ames
Della Potter
Antone King

Bertha Roberts
Esther Mulloy
Laura Mulloy
Esther Wharton

Guilbert Taylor
Ircel McBride
Fred Reichman

Page Ten

WHITE and GOLD

AMERICUS SAVAGE'S JOURNAL

If I should attempt to give a full history of all the privations, hardships, and dangers we passed through while crossing the American Continent, it would fill a volume. I will give a short history of some of our narrow escapes from floods and hostile Indians.

We met with no serious obstacles until we crossed the Missouri River on the 11th day of May 1851. On the 12th day in the morning I was elected Captain of the company. We had not travelled more than 10 miles when we were stopped by the Pawnee Indians, at a little muddy creek and demanded to pay tolls for crossing a log bridge which they claimed they had built. We knew they were lying to us but for peace with them we gave them a piece of money for each wagon. They had their blankets spread in the road in front of the teams and we were ordered to throw our money on them. When they were satisfied all had paid, they gathered up the money, and then came out with their sacks and wanted flour, sugar, etc. as toll for travelling through their country. I told the company we were going beyond the reach of supplies and the lives of our families depended on what we had, and let every man defend it as he would their lives, every man to take his rifle. I took their blankets and threw them into the bushes. The Indians drew their bows, gave a faint whoop, when I saw hundreds of heads pop out from among the bushes, and every place of concealment, I brought my rifle to ready aim in front of the Indian that held his bow in his hand. He immediately concealed it under his blanket and sneaked off and when the Indians saw the men coming out with their rifles they sneaked out of sight like a lot of young pheasants, not a sign of one could be seen.

We drove on to within five miles of Elkhorn River and camped. On the 13th we drove 5 miles to Elkhorn. We found a great many delayed here, the water covered the whole country for miles, and the ferryman (Fontenell) would not ferry anyone across until the water fell. Here we stayed until June 4th. In this time we had some of our cattle poisoned by eating a poison weed. We cured nearly all of them by giving them fat bacon. We built a ferry boat and ferried our cattle and wagons onto an island. The rain poured down in torrents all day. We slept in our wagons expecting to start in the morning on our journey and left the dreadful place of thunder, lightning and rain. There was a continual blast of lightning and thunder, peal after peal, that made the earth tremble, while the rain fell as though the doors of heaven were broke loose from their hinges. No one raised west of the Rocky Mountains can have any idea of a thunderstorm on the Elkhorn on Platt River.

While we were trying to rest our weary bodies cooped up in our wagons, preparing for our task on the next day, I heard a hideous, mournful shout, like it might have been from the lowest sepulchres of the dead and doomed in these words: "We are all lost, we are all lost". I rushed out of my wagon to see what it all meant. I jumped into the water that was about to my forward wagon's hubs and there stood an old Mormon by the name of Ames crying at the top of his voice "We are all lost". I told him to keep still as he would scare the women and children. There was danger, yet, I saw the water had risen about four feet in a few hours, the entire island was under water and it was still rising. The driftwood was lodging against our wagons, our cattle standing in the water to their bellies, shaking their heads and moaning as though they understood the awful situation. The lightning gave us our light to guide us. I selected four of the stoutest and heaviest young men to get the boat and haul it up to the wagons, we then loaded it with women and children and landed them back to the side we came from above high water.

After making several trips we were all safely landed with a few tents and quilts, ankle deep in the mud without fire or light, only lightning. I finally succeeded in stretching my tent, spread a quilt on the cold muddy earth and lay my little children on it to sleep. Mary, where was my dear Mary all

this time? She was lending a willing and helping hand, giving an encouraging word to everyone around her, never complaining or finding fault with anyone, and when morning came she crouched down by the side of her little children. I shall never forget my feelings at the sight. This was the night of the 24th & 25th of May.

About an hour after we were all crossed back our cattle plunged into the swift current and began circling around and going downstream at the rate of 10 knots an hour. All we could see was their horns when it lightened. We could hear them moan. It was a sorrowful sight. No one expected to ever see half of the cattle alive again, but fortune favoured us. We recovered all our stock.

Two men were killed by lightning, one drowned and one accidentally shot in the companies while we were there and on the third of June after the water had fallen so that we made another start. We found we had to ferry a creek about a mile from the river and haul our wagons nearly the whole distance through water up to the wagon beds, and in that distance were found several places of swimming water on a straight line from one island to another. I had found this out by fording it and following around the deep places and had stuck three stakes at the heads of these bayous. Our wagons were so hampered in the mud that when we ferried and run them out of the boat that we had to hitch on to them as they were. A man by the name of Forin had his wagon on the lead, and my team was the first ferried. He took my team for his wagon, we then ferried his team and I took it for my wagon. He sent three young men. I gave them the necessary instructions about keeping above the stakes to keep out of danger. They started out while I was getting a team to my wagon and had nearly crossed to the other island when I started. The wind blew down the stream, caused quite a wave in the water, so the cattle had to hold up their heads to keep their noses above water, and I found it difficult to keep my team braced against the wind and current enough to come in above the stakes.

I saw the young men had gone through, all safe and unloaded and started back for one could only haul half our loads at a trip. The muck and water were so hard to haul through. I saw them taking a straight line back regardless of any warnings to them. I tried to turn them by such signs as I could, but to no effect. I was by this time at the head of the last buoy. I stopped my team just as they went into it, about a quarter below me. The oxen circled around in order to get back where they came in, but they came around by the side of the wagon and sank out of sight. I could see only the wagon cover above water. Mary sat in the wagon calm and cool looking on.

"Well, Mary," says I, "our team is gone. This is a bad place to be shipwrecked in, but I hope the boys will get out."

Says she, "Let's hope for the best, the worst comes fast enough. Can we render any assistance?"

"No, it is not in my power, only to wait. It may be when they see this team they will swim to it. It is their nearest way to get on fordable ground."

I soon saw two of the men on the oxen's backs and they swam towards me, until they could ford it, then came to where I was. Powell and Lake were the names of the two who came out with the oxen. I inquired for Montgomery. They said when they went into the water he told them if they couldn't swim they were lost. He, being a good swimmer, left them and the last they saw of him he was about a rod from them. They trusted to the oxen and came out, each with a bow in his hands, while Montgomery was drowned.

I drove on to the island when I saw the wagon had drifted in towards the lower end of the island. I ran down and waded into the water and caught it and towed it to land and made it fast, then spent the rest of the day helping others to get across the terrible places of mud and water.

On the 4th of June we run our boat out, fished up the running gears of our wagon, hooked up Montgomery, buried him, went to the creek, ferried our wagons, swam our cattle, hitched up and drove three miles and camped, rejoicing that so many of us were alive and well. We seemed to take new courage although we knew our time lost had left us behind time. We knew our cattle were fat and could stand crowding.

We rolled out on the 5th of June, 1851, and left the Elkhorn river, the most of us - forever. No one was sorry to get away from that never-to-be-forgotten place. We travelled every day from 15 to 30 miles. We met with no serious obstacles to mar our peace and quiet progress until we passed Fort Hall on Snake River the 2nd day of August. We had now passed through the Sioux territory, they were peaceful. We had dispensed with a guard and had a fine time to rest for the Sioux chief had told the emigration party they should be protected through his territory, but now we were warned at the fort to keep a strong guard over our lives and property.

We camped about four miles from the fort. After supper I called a council of the men and told them what I had learned at the fort, that we were now entering a territory of hostile tribes of Indians. I thought it prudent we should again have our guard and keep a vigilant lookout for our lives and property. Some hooted at the idea, said the proposition was a mark of cowardice, one old man in particular said he could kill all the Indians in the road with his broadsword. I took a vote on the question and the guard was voted down. Those who voted against it were owners of all the horses in the company. I told them I was sorry the guard was not to be organized but that their horses would be the first to be stolen. We passed that night safely. The next day we drove 18 miles and camped on a bluff and turned our stock into Snake River Valley where there was good grass and water. My object in selecting this place was not to be easily surprised by Indians and it was a place easily defended. A few men with rifles could keep off a large band of Indians.

After we turned out our cattle I shouldered my rifle and concluded I would act as guard and prospect the country. In going down along the bluff, I came to a small bunch of bushes. It looked rather suspicious as though it might be a place for a spy. I entered the thicket, found a fire and place where an Indian had been a short time before. I returned to camp, told them of my discoveries and that the Indians were on the warpath, that their spy would inform them of our numbers which now was but 14 able bodied men, of the number of our horses, cattle and wagons, and again, urged the necessity of a guard. Again it was a failure.

We retired to bed but I could not sleep. About the middle of the night I heard the horses stampeding. I called to the owners of the horses and told them the Indians were after their horses, and if they wanted to save them they better get up and go after them and hitch them close to the wagons. Two of the men got up, took their bridles and inquired of me where the horses were. I told them at the foot of the Bluff, when I heard them last. They went down and soon returned with each of them a horse and tied them to their wagons. One man who owned a fine horse rolled over and inquired how the horses were.

"All right" was the gruff reply.

"False alarm as usual," said he, rolled over and went to sleep. As soon as light in the morning I shouldered my rifle and went after the cattle. I found and drove them in towards camp until breakfast was ready. I went in and sat down to my breakfast when someone asked me how the stock was. I told them "all right except horses, those I have not found."

"Oh well, they are not far off," was the reply.

As soon as breakfast was over I hurried everyone to help drive the stock in, ready for an early start.

In a short time our train was ready. Our horse owners, Simon & Nelson, that had each caught a horse the night before, saddled them and started for their horses. While the Dr. Simmons that owned the fine horse took his bridle in his hand and started with them.

We travelled five or six miles when Simon & Nelson came up at full speed and came to me, said "Captain, you must stop your train and help us get our horses. The Indians have got them. We have found their trail!"

I paid no attention to him but kept urging my team along when Simmons whined out, "Captain, are you not going to stop and camp?" I turned a square front to him and said, "Mr. Simons, go and kill your Indians with your broadsword. We are going to Oregon."

He fell in the rear. I heard no more from him until after supper, he came and apologized for what they had done in not listening to me and securing the horses. The Dr. was late getting into camp, bridle in hand, tired & cross. The first words that met his ears were "False alarm as usual!" That evening the vote was unanimous for the guard.

We travelled on down Smoke River without any accident of note until the morning of the 18th when we were aroused from our quiet slumber by a horseman coming from Clarke's Company, behind us about 4 days drive, saying they had been attacked by Indians. Mrs. Clark, a son and daughter were killed, the stock driven off, also 26 horses. He was trying to raise a company to pursue the Indians and get back the stock and horses. We had only two horses in our company and two men volunteered to go and were soon on the way. They raised fifteen volunteers from all the companies and by hard riding overtook the Indians at 12 o'clock the same day. Their horses tired and the men nearly famished for water. In their hurry to start they had taken neither provisions nor water with them and at noon found themselves in a desert with the hot August sun pouring down on them without mercy for man or beast, while before them on a hillside they could see the horses grazing quietly, herded by Squaws. They made a charge when close to the hill. The Indians sprang up from behind bush and rock, gave the war-hoop and discharged their guns into the little band of volunteers, killing one horse, mortally wounding one man and lodging a bullet in one by name of Powell, a man from our company. They saw the folly of further effort to recover their horses from the Indians in their chosen stronghold. They therefore retreated. They had gone but a few miles when they were obliged to leave Powell. He was in so much pain, could not be held on his horse, and begged to be left. He crawled into a thicket while the famished riders and horses hurried from the wretched scene. They got to water sometime in the night and the next day pursued their journey. No one ever went back to bury the unfortunate man, Powell. The above could at any time have destroyed all the emigrants.

On the 9th of August we camped on Goose Creek where there were hundreds of acres of grass or wild rye, waist high and dead ripe. I made my camp in the edge of this grass in order to be out of gunshot range from the willows on the bank of the stream. While we were unyoking our teams we heard some one shooting off their guns beyond the willows and above us about a quarter of a mile. We first thought there was a company camped there but I soon heard the bark of an Indian dog. I knew then we were in danger of being attacked at any moment. We had only 12 men and the two volunteers not having returned and we had only 5 guns. I had all the guns inspected and a few pistols put in order and sent out two men to herd the cattle and reconnoiter the brush. One of the men soon returned saying he had seen two Indian skulking along in the brush and thought we would all be murdered before morning.

I told him I was aware of our danger but we had made a long drive that day, our cattle were poor, weak, and hungry. It was 26 miles to another good grass and our only hope was to stay and defend

Obituaries

OCT. 22, 1901

Funeral of D. M. Cawley.

The funeral of the late D. M. Cawley, which took place last Sunday afternoon from the Red Men's Hall, under the auspices of that order, was one of the largest funerals ever witnessed in Yreka. The services at the hall were conducted by Rev. J. E. Wright of the M. E. Church, and the funeral cortege was very lengthy, the various carriages containing numerous old friends of the deceased, including a crowded stage load of veteran drivers, stock keepers, and other employees of the stage company, who felt great respect for their old co-worker during his service of over 40 years in handling the reins over four and six horse teams during ante-railroad time, and occasionally since on the route to Scott Valley. Services were also held at the grave by the Red Men, who turned out in good force. Many neat floral emblems were furnished by his old lady friends, and the body was embalmed and enclosed in a steel casket made some years ago at his request, when very sick and expecting to die at that time, so as to be laid beside his deceased wife in a handsome mausoleum built at the time of her death. The many friends of the family extend sincere sympathy for his son, the only survivor, and relatives at the East, in their

Apr. 3, 1908

Mrs. L. C. Carrick Answers Call

After only a few days' illness Mrs. Lucinda Charlotte Carrick, wife of Elijah Carrick, passed away Friday, April 3, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. B. R. Bailey, aged 71 years and 7 months. She had been suffering from an attack of La Grippe and this trouble contributory to heart failure caused her demise. The funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Methodist church, Rev. J. E. Badger officiating and the remains were tenderly laid to rest in Evergreen cemetery.

Mrs. Carrick was one of the oldest residents of the county, being one of the pioneers of the early fifties. Her family crossed the plains from Bloomington, Illinois, in 1853, and came directly to Siskiyou county and settled in Shasta valley on Parks' creek, which was named for her step-father. She had resided in Shasta valley and Yreka all her life and was one of the best known and most highly respected pioneers of "Siskiyou the Golden." She leaves two children to honor her memory, Mrs. B. R. Bailey, with whom she made her home, and M. L. Carrick.

Aug. 23 1905

Death of a Pioneer Lady.

Mrs. Katherine K. Hobbs, wife of ex-sheriff W. L. Hobbs, died last Wednesday morning, Aug. 23d, aged 65 years, from apoplexy. She came to this county with her parents in 1853, residing for many years on farm near Edgewood, where her son, J. B. Carrick, by her first husband still resides. Mrs. Hobbs leaves a husband, a sister Mrs. E. Carrick, and a brother Chas. Baker, living up north, also a half brother Erskine Parks of Bogus, and half sister Mrs. Brit Irwin of Yreka, to mourn her loss, who have the sympathy of all in their bereavement. The funeral took place last Thursday afternoon from the family residence, with services by Rev. J. E. Wright of the M. E. church, and the casket was surrounded by many handsome floral decorations, the loving tribute of friends in the county and other sections of the State.

1910

Death of Oscar Elisha DeWitt

Oscar DeWitt died at the home of his parents in Yreka, Saturday, August 20, aged 31 years, 3 months and 15 days. The funeral services were held at the M. E. church Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock and interment made in Evergreen cemetery.

He was born on Greenhorn where he spent his early childhood. He lived with his parents until 21 years old, doing his first mining in the Blue Gravel mine at Yreka when a boy. He followed this occupation up to a few weeks of his death, having spent several years at Goldfield, Nevada.

On June 24 while mining at French Gulch, Shasta county, his leg was broken by a large stone rolling against it. He apparently recovered from the accident, the bone knitting nicely, but it left him in a weakened condition. On August 10 he was taken suddenly ill and his father telegraphed for. He rallied and in a short time was brought home to Yreka, but only lived a few days. A blood clot formed on his lung, possibly caused by the accident, and nothing could be done by the physicians to save him. He lost consciousness Saturday afternoon and at 5 o'clock painlessly passed over to join those who had gone before.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha DeWitt, and eight brothers and sisters survive him—five sisters—Mrs. Beaughan of Dunsmuir, and Misses Minnie, Ella, Ethel and Helen DeWitt—and three brothers—J. F. DeWitt of Sacramento, James R. and Richard.

Dec. 15, 1997

Rose Leah Brown

Rose Leah Brown, 101-year-old Grenada resident, died in Grenada Inn in Grenada on Dec. 11, 1997.

Rose was born in Hillsboro, Ore., on Jan. 19, 1896, to Ulysses Sherman and Lillian Rebecca Hicks. Rose spent her early years in the Hornbrook area and most of her life in Siskiyou County. Rose was married to Lovell "Leo" Brown in 1943; they resided in Fort Jones where he had a welding shop until 1945. The couple moved to Forks of Salmon, living up Nordheimer Creek until 1980. Due to Leo's poor health, they sold their home and moved to Yreka. Leo preceded her in death on March 7, 1984. Then Rose moved to Bend, Ore. to live with her good friends Jess and Eloise Paschall in December 1984. In 1992 Rose had the pleasure of seeing her book, "Rosie, The Gold Miner's Daughter," published.

Survivors include a step-daughter, Mildred Dietrich of Montague; a cousin, Lillian Henderson and her daughter Lovenia Endicott. Rose was also preceded in death by a brother, Jessie.

Funeral services were held in Girdner Funeral Chapel in Yreka on Sunday, Dec. 14, 1997, at 2 p.m., with Samuel Paschall officiating.

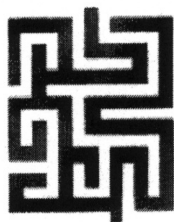
Interment will be in the Henley-Hornbrook Cemetery in Hornbrook. Girdner Funeral Chapel is in charge of arrangements.

From the Scrap Book of Mrs. Orr

GSSC PROJECTS

ADOPT A COUNTY

Help someone else make their way through the maze of genealogical research. You know all about certain counties. You have census records, history books, journals and all the other things we use for research. You books and journals but you keep them. Throw them away. them to the center kept together by others researchers in that records will be a to someone else edge of the county will help someone with their research.



MAY NOT USE THE
NALS ANY MORE,
BECAUSE YOU CAN'T
Why NOT DONATE
TER. They will be
AND CAN BE USED
SEARCHING ANCES-
COUNTY. YOUR RE-
VALUABLE RESOURCE
AND YOUR KNOW-

Mary Burchfield Pres.

Is starting a campaign to complete group sheets and pedigree charts for (GSSC Members) to complete as many generations of their families as possible aiming for 5 generations
no living individuals should be included in the information.

Contact Mary if you need more information

Marriage/Obit Indexing - still progressing. Contact Wanda Payne if you like to help with the project.

First Family Project - Karen Cleland - Progress is being made.

Coming Events

November\December - Joint General Meeting - Pot Luck Dinner at Center

Dec.2nd - 6:00 P. M. First Tue. In month ** Center Orientation by - Glenda Doughman

January - General Meeting will be held Last Saturday in month - Jan. 31st, 2009 - 1:00 P.M.

Book Donations

From

Hazel Scheff - Genealogy Woodward Family - Woodward Family Book 1 & 2

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Clippings from the Past

Section A Herald, Press, News Wednesday, December 7, 2005 Page 3

Looking Back

25 YEARS AGO

MOUNT SHASTA, Dec. 4, 1980

Coal burning that brought complaints from three Mount Shasta businesses has been halted. Mount Shasta director of public works Ned Boss said yesterday. Scott's Radiator Shop next to Tom Wisbey's real estate office was burning coal at a high sulphur content. Mountain Air Motel and Marilyn's Restaurant owner joined him in the complaint.

The temptations of the Barbary Coast — enchanting ladies, scintillating entertainment, plentiful good and drink — await the gentlemen of the area at the Bella Union Saloon Friday night in Mount Shasta. The occasion is the Gentlemen's Night Out at the Tree House, a benefit for the Children's Home Society.

WEED, Dec. 4, 1980

Fifty mile an hour winds literally blew the roof off of Silva's Restaurant early Tuesday morning. The winds blew the roof off the section that includes the banquet room and rest rooms, destroying the insulation and wall paneling.

Little Anna Lobis of Weed was the grand prize winner of a large gingerbread house at last week's open house at the Weed Florist.

Members of the Weed High School varsity basketball team are Alan Miller, Brad DeBortoli, Robbie Ericsson, Jerry Lemos, Bruce Stark, Keith Morris, Gary Rossi, Dean Linville, Dourg Harper, Alonzo Green and Ben Bowen. Team manager is Charles Gannon and coach is Drake Davis.

DUNSMUIR, Dec. 4, 1980

Kids of all ages are waiting anxiously for the arrival of Saint Nick in Dunsmuir this Saturday. The jolly fellow with the beard and big stomach will arrive via a Dunsmuir fire truck at 10 a.m. Santa will meet with his little friends outside the Travelers Hotel and hold his workshop in the mall there until noon.

The 911 emergency line went out of order for about two hours Tuesday after Dunsmuir was blasted with rain and snow for several consecutive days. The weather is also blamed for setting off the alarm at Bank of America Tuesday, which was responded to by the Dunsmuir Police Department. It was determined that it was a false alarm.

45 YEARS AGO

MOUNT SHASTA, Dec. 8, 1960

A group of friends dropped in on the Robert Griffiths of McCloud Sunday evening for a surprise potluck supper and housewarming. They presented them with a gift for their new home. Bridge was enjoyed for the remainder of the evening.

Families of McCloud Forest Service personnel met at the Restaurant Saturday evening for an early Christmas party. After dinner the adults exchanged "gag" gifts and each child received a gift. About 40 were present for dinner, dancing and games.

The Mt. Shasta Ski Bowl is offering season tickets to skiers starting Saturday. Cost for a single person is \$110; \$135 for couples; with \$5 additional for each child through high school age.

WEED, Dec. 8, 1960

Lights for the community Christmas tree placed on Main Street at the intersection of Division Street will be strung tonight by the Weed Volunteer Firemen. Lou Sbarbaro is chairman of the tree committee.

Sunday morning a disastrous fire struck the Angel Valley Market operated by Orlando Ruffalo and Bill Duchi. Dan Linville was first to note the blaze at about 3:30 a.m. Heavy damage occurred to the many thousands of dollars worth of merchandise, fixtures and equipment. Origin of the fire is undetermined.

DUNSMUIR, Dec. 8, 1960

It has been announced that Dunsmuir High School student Roger Grant has been selected by the Sacramento Bee as star halfback of northern California. Tigers football coach Lynn Ellison was selected by the Shasta-Cascade League and the Siskiyou League as coach of the year.

Judge A.A. "Shorty" Smith, Dunsmuir Key Club president, announced at Monday night's meeting that a Sports Jamboree would be scheduled for the latter part of April in Dunsmuir. To start the affair, there will be a full fledged carnival in town for April 29th, the opening day of the 1961 fishing season. The plan calls for a giant Trout Derby, Fish Fry, Rifle Shoot, Log Sawing contest and Fly Casting contest. Special entertainment during the two day jamboree is also planned such as trick shooting and a helicopter landing at the ball park.

65 YEARS AGO

MOUNT SHASTA, Dec. 5, 1940

The population of Siskiyou County will be about 28,700 on January 1, 1941 according to estimates California Taxpayer's Association. The state as a whole will top the seven million mark.

The Texaco Company has purchased land in north Mount Shasta, near the Standard Oil warehouse on the McCloud spur, and will move their tanks and warehouse from the Upton site to the new place within the next week or so.

Word was received here that Miss Mary Lombardi, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lombardi, who is attending Staton's Beauty School in Chico is doing exceptionally well in her vocational training.

WEED, Dec. 6, 1940

An official report was received here today from the Selective Service Board in Dunsmuir, to the effect that a large group of registrants will be drafted on or around January 3rd.

Miss Lydia Santini and Elvy Mazzoni were among those who enjoyed the Big Game in Berkeley Saturday.

Eighteen Etna High School students enjoyed an inspection tour through the Long-Bell box factory Friday. They reported the visit most interesting and instructive.

DUNSMUIR, Dec. 6, 1940

When J.J. Kelly came in from his run Saturday morning, a group of his fellow employees met him at the station to congratulate him on the completion of his service as a locomotive engineer for Southern Pacific.

Tony Yniguez, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Yniguez of Dunsmuir, is attending junior college in Sacramento. Tony not only attends school but is paying his way by washing dishes in a restaurant in the capital city. When not attending class or working, he takes time to do a little verse writing. One of his poems was published recently in a Sacramento daily paper.

Subject: Life in 1902 **** 106 Years Ago
Author Unknown

This ought to boggle your mind: I know it did mine!
What a difference a century makes. Here are the U.S. statistics for 1902
The average life expectancy in the US was forty seven.
Only 14 percent of the homes in the US had a bathtub.
Only 8 percent of the homes had a telephone.
A three minute call from Denver to New York City cost eleven dollars.(about 40hr.of wages)
There were only 8,000 cars in the US and only 144 miles of paved roads.
The maximum speed limit in most cities was 10 mph.
Alabama, Mississippi, Iowa and Tennessee were each more heavily populated than California.
With a mere 1.4 million residents, California was only the 21st most populous state in the
Union
The tallest structure in the world was the Eiffel Tower.
The average wage in the US was 22 cents an hour.
The average US worker made between \$200.00 and \$400.00 per year.
A competent accountant could expect to earn \$2000 per year, a dentist \$2,500 per year, a
veterinarian between \$1,500 and \$4,000 per year, and a mechanical engineer about \$5,000 per
year.
More than 95 percent of all births in the US took place at home.
Ninety percent of all US physicians had no college education. Instead, they attended medical
schools many of which were condemned in the press and by the government as "substandard."
Sugar cost four cents a pound. Eggs were fourteen cents a dozen. Coffee cost fifteen cents a
pound.
Most women only washed their hair once a month and used borax or egg yolks for shampoo.
Canada passed a law prohibiting poor people from entering the country for any reason.
The American flag had 45 stars. Arizona, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Hawaii and Alaska hadn't
been admitted to the Union yet.
The population of Las Vegas, Nevada was 30.
Crossword puzzles, canned beer, and iced tea hadn't been invented.
There were no Mother's Day or Father's Day.
One in ten US adults couldn't read or write. Only 6 percent of all Americans had graduated
from high school.
Marijuana, heroin, and morphine were all available over the counter at corner drugstores.
According to one pharmacist, "Heroin clears the complexion, gives buoyancy to the mind,
regulates the stomach and the bowels, and is, in fact, a perfect guardian of health."
Eighteen percent of households in the US had at least one full-time servant or domestic.
There were only about 230 reported murders in the entire US.

MEMBERSHIP & ORDER FORM



- ☐ **Digging Up Your Roots and How to Cook Them** **\$15.00**
A collection of our favorite recipes.

- ☐ **Evergreen Cemetery** **\$15.00**
Evergreen Cemetery is located in Yreka.

- ☐ **Shasta Valley Cemetery District, 1885 to 1995** **\$12.00**
This book includes graves in the seven smaller cemeteries in Siskiyou County.

- ☐ **Weed Cemetery (Winema Cemetery)** **\$15.00**

Note: Shipping & Handling on the above (4) books: \$4.00 per book .

- ☐ **Siskiyou County Marriages 1852 to 1910** **\$25.00**
Includes a Brides index.

- ☐ **Sawbones in Siskiyou** **\$19.95**
By Donald Meamber, M. D., Genealogy of the Meamber family.

- ☐ **Cowboy Poetry and Barn sour Verse** **\$28.00**
By V. June (Blevins) Collins. This is a compilation of her cowboy poems and story of her life.

Note: Shipping & Handling on the above (3) books only: \$6.00 per book.

All books subject to California Sales Tax of 7 1/4%

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INDEX

Ames, William 5
 Badger, J. E. Rev. 11
 Bailey, B. R. Mrs. 11
 Baker, Charles 11
 Blag, Isabelle 6
 Jesse 6
 Blockwell, Charles 6
 Mary E. 6
 Boss, Ned 13
 Bowen, Ben 13
 Brown, Rose Hicks 1-2
 Lovell "Leo" 11
 Bryan, Jennifer 1-12
 Burchfield, Mary 1-2-12
 Butler, Emily 6
 William 6
 Carrick, E. Mrs. 11
 Elijah 11
 J. B. 11
 L. C. 11
 Lucinda C 11
 M. L. 11
 Cavin, Albert Wayne 6
 Alexander 6
 Kathryn 6
 Kathryn. Orsdel 6
 William 6
 William Jesse 6
 Cawley, D. M. 11
 Charles, Elizabeth J. 6
 Churchill, Jerry 1
 Cleland, Karen 12
 Davidson 12
 Davis, Drake 13
 DeBortoli, Brad 13
 Decker, Mary 6
 DeWitt, Ella 11
 Elisha, 11
 Ethel 11
 Helen 11
 James 11
 J. E. 11
 Minnie 11
 Oscar Elisha 11
 Richard 11
 Dietrich, Mildred 11
 Doughman, Glenda 1-2
 Duchi, Bill 13
 Edwards, Sarah 6

Ellison, Lynn 13
 Endicott, Lovenia 11
 Ericsson, Robbie 13
 Franklin, Polly 6
 Gabrial, Cyriel 12
 Gannon, Charles 13
 Grant, Rober 13
 Graves, Kathy 1
 Green, Alonzo 13
 Griffith, Robert 13
 Harper, Dourg 13
 Healy, Pat 1-2
 Henderson, Lillian 11
 Hickey, Mary 12
 Hicks, Jessie 11
 Lillian R. 11
 Ulysses S. 11
 Hobbs, Katherine K. 11
 W. L. 11
 Irwin, Brit Mrs. 11
 Johnson 12
 Kelley, J. J. 13
 King Antone 5
 Kneeland, Joel 12
 Lemos, Jerry 13
 Linville, Dan 13
 Dean 13
 Lobis, Anne 13
 Limbardi, Joe 13
 Mary 13
 Long, Elleln 6
 Mathews 12
 Mazzoni, Elvy 13
 McBride 5
 McMechen 13
 Miller, Alan 13
 Morris, Keith 13
 Mulloy, Esther 5
 Laura 5
 Parks, Erskine 11
 Pashall, Eloise 11
 Jesse 11
 Samuel 11
 Payne, Wanda 12
 Perry, Meredith 1
 Potter, Della 5
 Reichman, Fred 4-5
 Roberts, Bertha 5
 Rossi, Gary 13
 Ruffalo, Orlando 13
 Russell, Harvey 2

Santani, Lydia 13
 Savage, Americus 6
 Joseph L. 6
 Lulu E. 6
 Mary 7-8
 Sbarbaro, Lou 13
 Scheff, Hazel 12
 Shinar, Harvey 2
 Hazel Lucille 6
 John 6
 Marmaclufie 6
 Smelser, Elizabeth 6
 Smith, A. A. (Shorty) 13
 Family 12
 Stark, Bruce 13
 Taylor, Guilbert 5
 James 6
 Malinda Ann 6
 Thomas, Glenda 12
 Walters, Cheyenne 1
 Sherrie 1
 Wharton, Esther 5
 Wisbey, Tom 13
 Woodward, family 12
 Wright, J. E. Rev. 11
 Wright 12
 Yniguez, L. Mr./Mrs. 13
 Tony 13