

# Heir Lines

*Published by  
The Genealogical Society of Siskiyou County California*

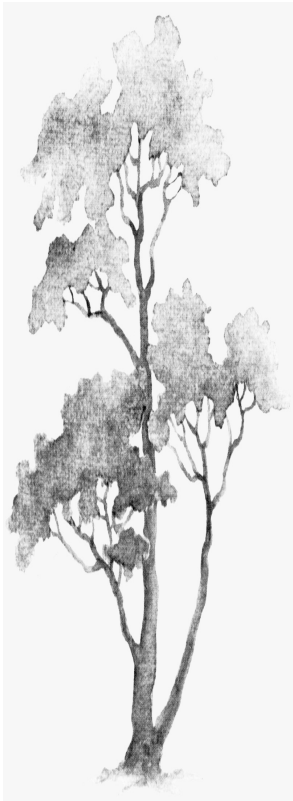


*2008- 2009*

*Yreka, CA.*

*Volume 33 #2*

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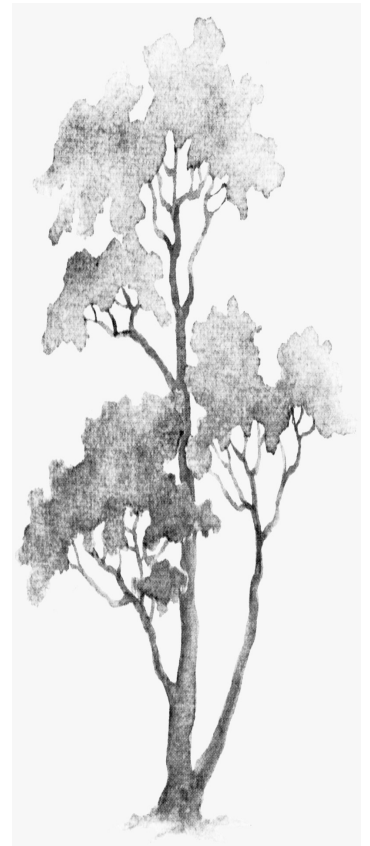
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# Presidents Page

Officers 2008 - 2009

President: Mary Burchfield - V.P. : 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:



Lara, Charles A. - Richard L. & Isabel Pack

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## President Letter

The Holidays are over! We are now starting on a New Year. We want to get our classes started again, so let us know which would be most beneficial to you. There are so many new resources for research and we want to keep abreast of all of them. Our society needs to grow both in knowledge and membership. So your input is very important to its success.

The Volunteers are still working on the binders donated by Fawn Hulquist and are now up to 1982. This includes the marriage, divorce, death, birth, military service and misc. information. All indexed and on the shelf. The job is slowly but surely getting done. Many thanks go to them for all the hours that have gone into the project.

Our First Family is also growing with two new members. Harvey Shinar and Sharon Youngs. Karen Cleland is working diligently to get the First Family information ready for publishing.

Now that winter will soon be over, we are looking forward to seeing more of you at the meetings. We will be start projects and I know you will want to included in their success. We have several good web sites for researchers to use. We have Wi-fi, so you can bring your own laptop computer or use one of our computer. There is always someone her to help.

Looking forward to another great year!

Mary Burchfield  
President

# Information Page

## PROGRAMS FOR COMING MONTHS

**February - Book Share - March - First Family - April - to be announced**

### 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](mailto:gsscl@att.net)

### 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/>

### 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 1<sup>st</sup> July to 30<sup>th</sup> 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. 1<sup>st</sup> of the above months.

### 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
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### 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.cagenweb.com/modoc/>  
Genealogy for Modoc County, CA.

<http://www.myheritage.com>  
My Heritage Family Tree Builder

This is a **FREE** Program similar format as the #16 Family Tree Maker  
We have a copy installed on the computer at the center check it out.

<http://www.openoffice.org>

Another **FREE** Program this is similar to Microsoft Office - word -power point etc.

## **Tombstone: Dead End?**

You finally found it – the burial place for an elusive ancestor who somehow managed to keep you searching for several years. Although burial and death records are missing the tombstone is intact, quite large, and with decipherable information. But there are some stumbling blocks. The epitaph is not in English but rather in Czech, French, German or Welch And the stone is intricately decorated with oak leaves and acorns, with the letters G.A.R. appearing at the tip. Now what can all this possibly mean?

Help is available. A Tombstone Insignia and Inscriptions aid has been placed online by the Waukesha County Wisconsin Online Genealogy and Family History Library. The site [www.linkstothepast.com/waukesha/defn.php](http://www.linkstothepast.com/waukesha/defn.php) also provides links to information that will please researchers interested in Waukesha County. The site is a cooperative effort with the Wisconsin Gen Web project thus you can view records or indexes to birth and marriages, deaths and obituaries, censuses and directories, business and government records, military, church and school, and other useful classifications for Waukesha and other counties and for the State of Wisconsin

But it is the Tombstone Insignia & Inscription section that will assist even researchers who do not have Waukesha County ancestry.

The page opens with Common Foreign Words Found on Tombstones. A translation chart shows the English word followed by Bohemian, Bohemian dialect, German, French, and Welch. Next comes a Basic Genealogical Vocabulary giving English, German and Czech versions of commonly used words such as brother, marry and parish.



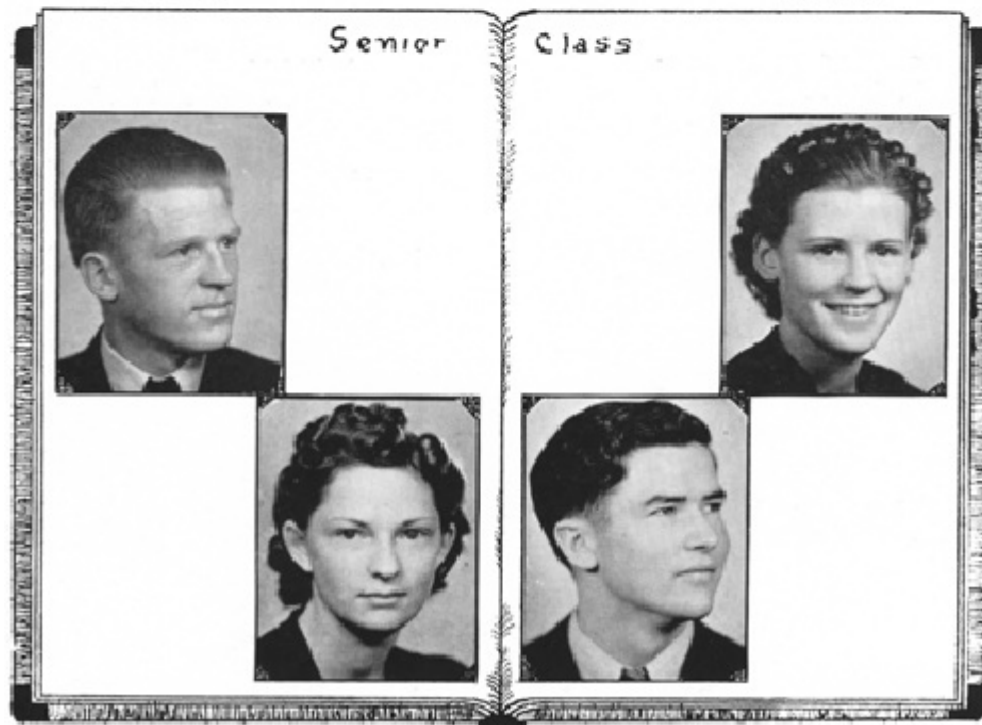
# *White & Gold*



1940

GEORGE LITTLE

HAZEL LITTLE





DARLENE WILCOX

NAN McLEOD

PHYLLIS PENNELL

## JUNIOR CLASS



DONALD WYNANT

FRED LITTLE

MARGIE BARNES

EDWIN REDDINGTON

DONALD FINE

ROBERT CASTER

## SOPHOMORES FRESHMEN

LEONARD FERGUSON

ADAIR MURPHY

PAUL MEADOWS

ALBERT McLEOD

MANUELA GONZALEZ



# *Heir-A-Parent*

Americus Savage Journal  
Submitted by Kathryn Cavin  
Part #2 from Vol. 33 #1 Oct. 2008

ourselves where we were. I told him to drive in the cattle before dark and we would herd them near the wagons. The women got supper while every man was on guard around the camp. The cattle were driven in and soon lay down being tired and footsore. They had no disposition to ramble off and after getting a good bait of grass they were glad to rest. I put two men on guard, the night was dark, our fires all extinguished and we lay down to rest, but I could not sleep. I heard the guard call those who were to take their places at 12 o'clock. I soon heard the guard cry "fire, fire, fire!" I saw at a glance the cause of the alarm. The Indians had set the grass on fire by one of their number taking a bundle of dry grass on fire, and running with it through the dry grass to the windward of us setting the grass on fire for 25 or 30 rods. The wind was blowing a stiff breeze at the time. Everyone was on their feet in an instant. I saw our situation. I ordered every man to form a line facing the brush. I then ordered them to lay close to the ground while two who volunteered to go with me and put out the fire.

Simons and Bronsil, they said "Well, Captain, what shall we put the fire out with?"

I said, "Take your gun in one hand, and spade in the other and follow me".

I started on a run with them at my heels. When we came to the fire we swept it out with such velocity with our spades that in thirty or forty minutes I was nearly victorious. When I saw the tall grass parting at my left, I raised my rifle ready to shoot an Indian as I supposed, when what was my surprise to hear Bronsil cry out "don't shoot!" After he started with me, he and Simmons both skulked back to the wagons and Bronsil had armed himself with sword and pistol in addition to spade and rifle and came crawling through the grass. I told him he was a coward and finished putting out the fire with the sweat dripping from me. I went back to the camp. There I found Simmons hid behind the wagons.

"Well, Captain," he said, "I was afraid the Indians would attack camp and I came back to keep the camp from being thrown into confusion."

"Yes," I said, "I believe you are the man who wanted to yoke the oxen and move out of here while Bronsil and I were a target down there by the brush of Indians. The moment we shouldered our yokes and laid down our arms we should have been attacked by Indians. The war-hoop would have been sounded and twenty minutes would have been all the time they would have wanted to dispatch every living soul in our train."

"What," said he, "the Indians in the brush?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "those watching every move we make."

I then went to those who lay on the ground to see if they had seen any Indians.

"No, but the way the brush is crackling it is full of them."

They saw we meant to fight was all that saved us from destruction. We listened until we were satisfied they were getting away from there and then told the men to rest until the first appearance of daylight. The guard was to call and every man must be ready to act, wide awake, gun in hand, for if the Indians found us napping they would take our scalps.

When I went to our wagon I found Mary sitting in the front part of the wagon with an old dull axe in her hand watching over the little children. She had piled all the trunkery in the wagon as a fortification, and got the children up out of their little tent and stowed them in the center of the wagon and mounted guard over them, determined to smack the first Indian who dared interfere with her little ones. She never found fault or whined like the others at the trials and troubles which



came to us, always ready at all times to help while others were scolding and finding fault.

The above shows the brave braggers (Bronsil & Simmons) where he really is, in danger cowering and hiding, and further shows the danger and hardships of emigrant trains to encounter in crossing the plains in 1851.

As soon as light appeared in the East everyone was up and while some were yoking their oxen, others stood with guns in hand, ready for action. We rolled out carrying our guns for several miles.

When we were several miles from camp we saw about a mile to our left the dust rising from the trail of Indians going in the same direction we were as though they intended to herd us perhaps in some canyon while they could secrete themselves and shoot us down while they were out of danger. And had it not been for the dust marking their course they might have succeeded but I read their intentions and when about noon we came to a deep ravine we had to pass through, I ordered a halt and to turn the cattle loose and let them feed while we reconnoiter in order to keep from being ambushed by our enemies. We found several of the cattle dead in the Ravine with arrows sticking in them, one grave with this inscription "This man was killed by Indians August 5th 1851." There were fresh moccasin tracks around.

Our company was so small we decided to wait where we were until other companies should overtake us. I was happy that night to see two other companies roll in and camp with us. One circumstance that perhaps caused the Indians to pursue us was this - I had been out scouting up Goose Creek one night about sundown when I found a nice large fat ox. I knew the emigration train ahead of me had lost him and perhaps the Indians were then herding him back from the road to kill him themselves. I walked around the ox and drove him back to our camp. In the morning I yoked him up in my team and drove to the ravine as above related. We made our camp in the ravine by the willows turning our stock up the ravine, keeping a guard in advance of the stock at bottom of the bluff until time to drive in towards camp.

Willows grew along on each side and across the little valley in many places, with the high steep bluffs on each side. I was one of the guards over the stock. We took our posts above the stock. I was close to the willows and while on the lookout I heard a dead willow snap. I inquired of my companion if any of the stock had passed. He said "No, it was the wind broke some dry thing." I soon forgot the circumstance and being tired and almost sick about the middle of the night concluded I would light my pipe. The night was tremendously dark but I was within hailing distance of my companion and I told him I was going to light my pipe if he thought there was no danger. He said, "Go ahead, there is no Indian near here." I scraped together a few leaves, dry grass and sticks and then lighted a match and lit my tiny fire. I was just taking some fire to light my pipe when I heard the click of a hammer and bursting of a cap not fifty feet from me. I kicked the fire into total darkness and rolled about 10 feet quicker than I ever did before in my life. This I did to change my position, then raised myself ready to shoot. I thought if he tried another cap in his old musket I would shoot at the blaze of it. My companion asked where the cap burst. I told him. He said he knew it was in the willows and that the cursed Indian was mad because we had that ox and wanted to shoot a man in revenge for it.

"Well, I gave him a good chance," I said.

"Yes," said he. "If his old musket had not missed fire he would have had a dead shot on you sure."

I proposed to lay low until daylight. We were from a quarter to half a mile from camp but there were several who heard the report of the cap bursting.

While we were yoking our oxen in the morning a Mrs. Hall said "Look yonder." We looked and there

on the bluff stood an Indian looking at us. He instantly dropped on his hands and knees and went hopping off like a Kioter which we should have certainly thought it to be if we had not seen him standing first. The above shows the stratagems of the cunning (or devilish) Indians.

We travelled then in larger companies which made it easier for our guard and safer for our families and stock. We met with nothing interesting to an emigrant train, only sometimes a little better grass and good water. I forded every stream by the side of by cattle from Long Fork to Oregon.

I was the first to cross Green River in 1851 by driving through it. A Mormon by the name of Jack Robinson was running the ferryboats but when he saw I had led my company successfully through he sunk his boats and went back to Salt Lake City. One little incident I will now relate.

While crossing the Deschutes River not far above where it empties into the Columbia the current was very swift and water so deep we blocked up our wagon beds about six inches to raise them above the water. As I was always put ahead in every bad place I took the lead without any guide, only to judge by the ripple of water as best I could. When about half way across I discovered I was too low down, that the rock was sliding and slippery. I gave my whip a whirl to hit the off ox to make him brace up against the current. My lash flew off the stock and went several feet up the stream. I watched it as it came floating down, caught it when it came near enough in my left hand when my feet flew out from under me. I passed between and under my near tongue oxen, caught the chain of the next yoke of oxen. I managed to get hold of the near ox's bow and pull myself up by his side until I could get a foothold. I then forded by their side until I could get the near ox's bow of the leader when I pulled them around to a safe floating, then turned to Mary and told her to take the tent pole and "punch Old Buck, the off tongue ox." She seized the pole and Old Buck soon felt the effects of it. I then spoke to my team and then we once more rolled out on terra firmer.

Although I was thoroughly wet with the cold water of the Deschutes yet there I stood with the sweat pouring from my body. Who can tell the power of the mind over the body or who can describe the feelings of a man in such a place in the middle of a stream with the water dashing against the wagon bed in which are cooped up wife and children. All he lives for or loves, within a few feet of inevitable destruction, expecting the first move I made that the wheels would go over the sliding rock, dragging the team with it beyond the hope of rescue. No tongue can tell or pen describe my feelings for a few moments there, and to make it worse - if possible - I could not swim and had I not caught the chain I should not be here to write this down. I mentioned to the other teams to keep above the ripple and they crossed all right.

This was on the 18th of September and the Deschutes was swollen by recent rains so that in a few days it was past fording. I said nothing to Mary or the children of the danger we passed through at that time. She appeared to feel perfectly safe, where I was, always. While other women, afraid to trust themselves with their own people, often would get into any wagon when there were dangerous places to pass.

The companies soon divided, some going the Barlow Route across the mountains while others went down the Columbia River. I took the latter course on account of the situation of my family. One of my oxen was very poor and lame, the others poor and weak. I had no time to lose. We that came by water landed at the Dalles that 22nd day of September. I paid \$30 from Dalles to Cascade Falls in a yawl boat and pulled the oars all the way, blistered my hands terribly. I paid \$6 for portage of my freight across and \$35 from there in an open boat to where we landed at the mouth of the big Sandy on September 29th. I had sent my cattle down the trail which was represented by those who drove them as being a rough and dangerous trail. They were from the 29th of September to the 6th of October making the trip.

On the sixth of October about 11 o'clock Mary gave birth to a son. It was raining hard, everything was drenched with the cold rain. I covered the wagon with quilts and warmed it with pans of live coals and made everything as comfortable for two days as possible and in that time moved six miles to a house we had rented and would have got into sooner had my cattle come as had expected. In a few days Mary was up full of courage and ambition, ready to take charge of the children while I went out to work. I found myself in a new country with new prospects, in my prime with a stout heart, and a willing mind ready to do all I could for the welfare of my little family and my Mary. I had nothing left but one yoke of oxen. I had to sell two yoke to pay our passage down the river and other debts.

I worked digging potatoes, and making shingles until October 30th.

I hitched up, drove to Clackamas River, landed there at three o'clock, moved into an old house, then got to work making shingles until I got provisions for the family and fifteen dollars in my pocket. I then made one pair of shoes, took my axe, started up the valley to select a place and build me a cabin to move into. My dress at that time consisted of a pair of shoes, a pair of trousers, a frock and one checkered shirt. I travelled about forty miles to the Waldo Hills, drove my oxen to good grass. I didn't like any of the country. I went through and returned to Clackamas. I left my oxen with a man by the name of Bridges. I was offered good wages to work in a sawmill in Portland. I concluded to work until I got money enough to leave the country but I met a man by the name of Dukes. He told me there was a good country about eighty miles south in the Willamette Valley. I was heartily tired of travelling but concluded to see that valley before I made a permanent stop. On November 23rd I again started in search of a home. I travelled for 12 days through the tall wet grass raining nearly all the time. I could see no object for a guide.

I finally selected a place on the Calapooia about 12 miles south of Albany. I built me a cabin, walked back, taking my oxen with me, again hitched up and started up the valley with Mary and the family through the rain and mud and sometimes snow for five days when we finally landed at our little cabin home, with a puncheon floor, a dirt fireplace, on the 25th day of December in 1851.

That day we took our dinner sitting around a box for a table and all sitting the floor. It was the second happiest day of my life, the anniversary of our wedding day.

I shall never forget the looks of five pairs of bright eyes when I told them we would now stop travelling, I hoped as long as I lived. I believed we were in good country and I was satisfied.

The above shows some of the trials and hardships of a journey to and settlement in a new country.

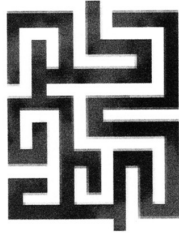
How easy it is for a man to change his course and go another way. How contented and happy one might be, where another would be discontented and miserable.

So ends the story of my journey to Oregon.

# 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 records in that cords 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 KNOWL-

### Coming Events

Feb. 7<sup>th</sup> - Class #1 Pat - Un Covering your Family History

Class #2 - Glenda Resource Availability

Afternoon Class - Pat - Internet

Registration 8:30 to 9:00 A/M/

Class Start 9:00 A.M.

Feb. 28<sup>th</sup> - General Meeting 1:00 P.M.

Program - Book Share

March 31<sup>st</sup> - General Meeting 7:00 P.M.

Program - First Family

Apr. 28<sup>th</sup> - General Meeting - 7:00 P.M.

Program - to be announced

### Book Donations

The Siskiyou Pioneers

2008 Vol. 8 #7 - June & Jerry Collins [1 Book]

2008 Vol. 8 #8 - Karen Cleland [1 Book]

1958 - Vol. 3 #2 1973 Vol. 4 #6 - 1979 Vol. 5 #2 - 1984 Vol. 5 #7 - 1985 Vol. 5 #8 - Purchased [5 Books]

1951 V2 #1 - 63 V3 #6 - 70 V4 #3 - 74 V4 #7 - 87 V5 #10-88 V6 #1-89 V6#2-91 V6 #4-93 V6#6

Kathryn Cavin [9 Books]

The Census Book - June & Jerry Collins

Marriage Notices from Siskiyou County Newspapers - Compiled by Fawn Hullquist

Vol. 2 - Jan. 1972 to Dec. 1972

Vol. 3 1978

Obituaries from Siskiyou Co. Newspapers Compiled by Fawn Hullquist

Vol. 1 Aug. 1968 to Dec 1976

Published by Members of GSSC - Wanda Payne & her many helpers & much time.

Geographical Names on The Klamath National Forest

The Wintun Indians of California

Portraits in Time

The Handy Book for Genealogists 11<sup>th</sup> Edition

Genealogical Classification Vol's . 1 & 2

Unknown contributors

### Other Donations

LCD - Monitor - Hazel Scheff

LCD - Monitor - Harry Bryan

Lenovo PC Computer K210

Bryan, Jennifer - Burchfield, Mary - Cleland, Karen - Doughman, Glenda - Russell, Harvey - Tessmer, JoAnn



# Obituaries

From the Scrapbook of Mrs. Alice Orr

Jul 9, 1911

## Death of Dr. Larison

Dr. Charles Amos Larison died of appendicitis at the hospital in McCloud last Sunday morning, July 9, at 4 o'clock, aged 53 years, 10 months and 17 days. The funeral was held in Masonic hall on Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity, the religious services being conducted by Rev. J. M. Wright. Interment was made in Evergreen cemetery, Mt. Shasta Commandery No. 32, Knights Templar, acting as escort.

The deceased had been ailing for several weeks but did not understand the nature of his trouble and neglected calling a physician until his disease had progressed so far that his system became poisoned beyond recovery. On July 3 he was taken to the McCloud hospital in an automobile, accompanied by his son and a nurse, the remainder of his family going by train. The doctor enjoyed every minute of the trip, arriving at McCloud in good condition.

On the morning of July 4 he was operated upon for appendicitis and rallied nicely from the shock. The surgeons however found his appendix swollen with pus and badly inflamed, blood poisoning having already set in. They were of the opinion that the operation had been too long delayed and that his condition was very precarious. They were hopeful however for several days on account of the fortitude and cheerfulness of the patient. On the evening of July 8th he began to sicken. Just as the sun looked over the mountain on the birth of the peaceful Sabbath, with the last kiss of his beloved companion upon his lips, his soul took its flight, born again into the realms of the spirit.

Dr. Larison was a native of California, born on a ranch near Quincy, Plumas county, on August 23, 1858, where he grew to manhood. He located in Yreka with Dr. Leonard thirty years ago and practiced dentistry here up to the time of his last sickness. On September 27, 1888, he married Miss Dorothy Peters. Their union was most happy, two daughters and a son adding to the completeness of their home life. He was devoted to his family, and home was the most sacred place on earth to him. He was genial and companionable, possessing a keen sense of humor, and his dry wit and funny sayings kept dull care banished from his presence. In politics a democrat, his sympathy was unbounded for the lowly and unfortunate.

Dr. Larison was a Past Master of Howard Lodge No. 96, F. & A. M., a member of Cyrus Chapter No. 15, R. A. M., and Past Commander of Mt. Shasta Commandery No. 32, K. T. He also was a member of the Dental Congress of California for many years and never missed its meetings. Besides his family, two sisters and one brother survive him, all living in Plumas county.

In the departure of Dr. Larison the community loses an exemplary citizen, his family a loving husband and father, and his fraternity a faithful brother. We do not ask that he may "rest in peace." That were in truth death. We believe that his greatest activities have just commenced and that he will never cease from good works.

## DORA LARISON 1940

Mrs. Dora Larison, 79, of 122 North Oregon Street, died at her home Friday afternoon, June 14th at 1:45. She was the widow of the late Doctor Charles A. Larison, mother of Mrs. Joyce Custer of Dunsmuir and Orris Larison of Medford.

Funeral services were held at 2:00 P. M. Sunday at the Episcopal Church, Rev. William Hamilton officiating. J. E. Turner & Sons were the funeral directors. Interment was made in Evergreen.

Mrs. Larison was born and raised in Yreka, where she had spent her entire life and where she had many admiring friends. She lived to a ripe old age. She had been failing in health for some months.

GOLDENSMITH—Near Edgewood, October 15, 1906. DeWitt Clinton Goldsmith, native of Tennessee, aged 59 years.

A man named De Witt Clinton Goldsmith, familiarly known as Capt. Goldsmith, native of Tennessee, was killed last Sunday about 10 a. m. between Weed and Edgewood, from being struck by a freight train. Cap. is rather deaf, and was packing wood across the track from the hillside, throwing it over into his place, as the train came along. Although the engineer blew the whistle loud and long, the old man, aged 60, did not seem to hear, hence was thrown into the air on one side by the pilot. It being impossible to stop the train, when it was discovered that he failed to hear the signals. Coroner Doc O'Connell held an inquest, and the jury rendered verdict of accidental death, with no blame to the men in charge of the freight train. Cap. was an old resident of that section and a hard working, industrious old man.

## Mrs. H. H. Stewart.

Last Tuesday, Mrs. Hattie H. Stewart, the estimable wife of Mr. John Stewart, of Indian Creek, died at Fort Jones, after a long and severe illness. She was born in Sandwich, Mass., and at the age of 13 attended the Quaker Seminary in that place, graduating at 15, afterwards becoming a school teacher, to gain eminent success as a noted public educator of superior ability. Coming to California in 1868, she made her home in Siskiyou county, residing most of the time in Yreka and Scott Valley, teaching occasionally at other places, giving general satisfaction and securing the friendship of all, especially the children and their parents. She was a leader in the councils of the teachers, having served repeatedly as Vice President of the Annual Institute, member of the Board of Education, and was candidate for County Superintendent on the Republican ticket a number of years ago, making an excellent run for the office when Democracy in this county was largely in the majority. Mrs. Stewart, in addition to being an excellent teacher, was a ready debater on all questions, and an eloquent speaker, also a fine singer, with a sweet voice that charmed her hearers. In the busy walks of life she was a friend of all in their struggles, and in sickness was always ready to lend her aid both from her means and in the performance of any service possible for the relief of friends and neighbors. Her death is a great loss to the community as well as her bereaved relatives, and her memory will be cherished with ardent affection by the numerous children grown to manhood and woman who had the benefit of her teaching the present generation have received instructions years. The funeral took place in Yreka, last Thursday afternoon from Odd Fellows Hall, under the auspices of the Stella Chapter O. E. S., of which she was an honored member, the remains having reached the hall about noon followed by a long procession of friends in carriages from Scott Valley. After the service at the hall under the management of Rev. J. B. Rutter, of the M. E. Church, the remains were escorted to Evergreen Cemetery, and laid away in the Masonic section, Messrs. H. B. Gillis, B. F. Smith, Geo. B. Robertson, Maurice Renner, L. F. Coburn and Robt. Nixon acting as pall bearers. At the grave, the beautiful funeral service of the O. E. S. was rendered, closing with the singing of "Nearer my God to thee," a favorite hymn often sung by the departed sister.

## DIED

BERRY—In Gazelle, Jan. 29, Parker Armine Berry, dearly beloved husband of Besse Doney Berry, son of J. L. and M. A. Berry, brother of Stanley R., Rae C., Ruth B. and Maribel E. Berry, a native of Antelope, Sacramento county, California, aged 28 years, 8 months and 1 day.



# Clippings from the Past

Section A Herald. Press. News Wednesday, December 21, 2005 Page 3

## 45 YEARS AGO

### MOUNT SHASTA, Dec. 22, 1960

William A. Rupp is retiring after 40 years of service with the Southern Pacific tomorrow. Rupp said he will work for the Ralph L. Smith Lumber Company as a watchman.

A new and different Christmas gift, car safety belts, was suggested by CHP Lt. A.T. Cumings when he spoke before the Rotary Club Tuesday noon. Lt. Cumings stressed the protection that safety belts provide in accidents.

Decorations of the business district in downtown Mount Shasta were judged Tuesday evening. Winners were: 1st, Vivienne's Fabrics; 2nd, Lloyd Mickey's Autorama window; 3rd, Gilda's; 4th, Gower's Electric Service.

### WEED, Dec. 22, 1960

The Off-Tones, a group of vocalists from COS, were invited by the Dunsmuir Rotary Club to sing and to have dinner Wednesday at the Dunsmuir Hotel. Three girls had the privilege of flying back to Weed with Dr. H. Meredith. The Off-Tones are Linda and Lia Alvarado, Barbara Booth, Marcia Sbarbaro, and Gloria Acquistapace.

Christmas carols were sung Wednesday night by the Senior Weed Girl Scout troop and guests, who were treated to a hayride for the transportation over the town area. An outdoor fire pit welcomed the carolers when they ended their caroling at the R.G. Gaynor home on Main Street. The group enjoyed a hi-fi party with soda pop and snacks in the Gaynor's rumpus room.

### DUNSMUIR, Dec. 22, 1960

Army Captain Norman Stockton arrived in Dunsmuir on a H-21 helicopter to visit with his mother Mrs. Mike Fossat. Stockton, who is assigned to the 33rd Transportation Company, 52nd Transportation Battalion at Ft. Ord, landed near the Ralph Smith Lumber Mill in south Dunsmuir Monday afternoon during a cross-country training flight. He left Tuesday afternoon to return to Ft. Ord by way of the coast.

The Dunsmuir City Council approved the purchase of Southern Pacific buildings for use as city equipment storage. The property is part of the former roundhouse facilities left over from the days of the steam engine. It was reported that the buildings will cost the city about \$2,000. The land will be leased from SP for a small annual fee.

## 65 YEARS AGO

### MOUNT SHASTA, Dec. 19, 1940

The elementary school was closed Monday as more than 60 pupils were absent due to the flu epidemic. The high school closed yesterday morning as two teachers and about 35 students were out of school on Tuesday.

Many ice skaters and would-be-skaters have had many good times at Dixon Flat outside of McCloud.

The new ski trail from Sand Flats to the Shasta Alpine Lodge has been completed by the Forest Service with the exception of posting signs, which are currently being painted.

### WEED, Dec. 20, 1940

At five o'clock Monday morning a fire of unknown origin started in a shed at the rear of the Overland Rooms on Main Street in Shastina. The rooming house was considered a total loss. Katherine's Dress Shop and Beauty Salon and an eating place were also damaged. The Overland building is one of the oldest and one of the first building to be built here.

Jerry Kirby and Julian White spent Sunday ice skating at Abrams Lake in Mount Shasta.

Mrs. Katherine Huffman left for Sacramento Monday morning to attend the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company School in order to learn the operation of the new dial phones.

### DUNSMUIR, Dec. 20, 1940

Dunsmuir's Christmas tree, an unusually beautiful one, has been set up and is now gleaming forth at the corner of Pine Street and Florence Avenue. The tree was secured and erected by employees of the California Oregon Power Company who donated their services to the city.

The California Theatre will give its annual Christmas party for youngsters in the surrounding area tomorrow at 10 a.m. A fine picture for boys and girls, "The Under Pup," starring Gloria Jean will be shown. Santa will distribute candy to all who attend the free party.

## Classified Ads

**REPUS** TECHNOLOGIES Jason Haines Owner  
**COMPUTER ZONE**  
Parts & Service - Networking - Service Calls - Internet Bar  
**Weed Office** 938-2949 590 Main St. Suite 9  
**Yreka Office** 842-9071 1217 S. Main St. Suite B

### Looking for the Following Books The Siskiyou Pioneer

1946 - 47 - 49 Vol. 1 #3 - 50 Vol. 1 #5 - 59  
60 - 61 - 62 - 65 - 66 - 68 - 69 - 81 - 83 -90 - 92 - 2004 - 2006  
If you have any of the above books please contact

GSSC, P. O. Box 225, Yreka, Ca. 96097

e-mail - [gssc1@att.net](mailto:gssc1@att.net)

or one of the - following member

Mary Burchfield - Ph. # 530-938-3517

Glenda Doughman - Ph #530-842-5437

Jennifer Bryan - Ph #530-842-7102

Pat Healy - Ph # 530-842-842-5506

Harvey Russell - Ph#530-842-4788

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**GSSC Historical Marriage Book 1882-1910** Has been reprinted  
Regular Price \$35.00 + tax & shipping for a limited time this book will be offered  
at **\$25.00 + tax & shipping.** See page #14 for order form.

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## PUBLICATION ORDER FORM

☐ **Digging Up Your Roots and How to Cook Them** \$15.00

Not your ordinary cookbook, but a collection of our favorite recipes. Plus you will get a little humor, bits of good advice, genealogy on the contributor's and their recipes.

☐ **Evergreen Cemetery** \$15.00

Evergreen Cemetery is located in Yreka. The first grave was that of a child of Ray Hager in August 1878.

☐ **Shasta Valley Cemetery District, 1885 to 1995** \$12.00

Includes maps of the district. This book includes all identifiable graves in the seven smaller cemeteries in the District.

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

This book contains information on the beginning of the cemetery with many listing for unmarked graves. The cemetery was first used in 1901.

*Note: Shipping and handling on the above books: \$2.00 per book.*

☐ **Siskiyou County Marriages 1852 - 1910** \$35.00

This is a new reprint of a book put out by our Society many years ago. Includes a Brides index.

☐ **Sawbones in Siskiyou** \$19.95

A book by Donald Meamber, M. D., Genealogy of the Meamber family.

☐ **Cowboy Poetry and Barn sour Verse** \$28.00

Our latest publication available - Written by V. June (Blevins) Collins. This is a compilation of her cowboy poems and story of her life. A delightful book with more than 80 pictures. All monies taken in on this book are donated to our Society.

*Note: Shipping and Handling on the above three books only: \$4.00 per book.*

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

Please send those books marked above to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone # \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

I have enclosed a check or money order for \$ \_\_\_\_\_, which includes tax and shipping and handling



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