

Heir Lines

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Presidents Page

Officers:

President: Glenda Doughman

V.P.: Jennifer Bryan



Secretary: Donna Coleman

Treasure: Karen Cleland

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.

Welcome New Members

Tracie Aseltine - Betty L. Hall - Francis C. Lynn - Jan McAlliser - Gearldine C. Perkins -
Michele E. Parks-Shames - Jean Taylor - Cheri M. White

President's Letter

Good Morning, it is beautiful springtime here in Siskiyou County. I write this with very mixed emotions, some very sad as this is the last presidents letter I will be writing, but I am also very excited turning over the presidency to a regime.

Looking over the two years we have had lot of great steps forward. The Society has up date several things in our research center, another computer, a new printer, new carpet, getting the work room well organized (thanks to Harvey), many more. The all day seminars have been well attended and we are looking forward to more next year. The GSSC web site has been updated and looking good, with lots of data bases being added regularly.

Big thanks to all the volunteers that are there every Saturday working on many diverse projects. The newspaper clipping group has gotten up to the year 2005 (good job). Several volunteers are working on indexing many of our books here in the Center. All of this will be added to our web site.

We have received many donations of records and books. We now have early Church records and funeral home records. We are always looking for new records to bring into the research center to make them available for research.

More and more people are making use of the research center. Some are just starting their Family History and some just to help them over a brick wall. We are getting more written requests for help from all over the country. There is a man from Australia coming next month to do research at the center.

I am looking forward to work with the new president on all of her old and new ideas for the year. I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone for helping me the last two years, could not have done it without you.

Glenda Doughman

Information Page

Meeting Programs for Coming Months

May - Census - June & July to be announced

Purpose of Genealogical Society

To stimulate public interest in family history. To collect, preserve & publish genealogical 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 Library

Address:

Genealogical Society of Siskiyou County
912 So. Main St., Yreka, CA. 96097.0225
Phone #530-842-0277
E-mail - gssc1@att.net

Web Site:

<http://siskiyougenealogy.org>
<http://rootsweb.ancestry.com/~casiskgs/>

General Meetings: Held at above address
Last Saturday of each month. 1 P.M.

Exceptions:

March is First Family Dinner Potluck
Last Saturday of Mar. 1 P. M.

Nov./Dec. Combined meeting - Potluck
2nd Sat. of Dec. 1 P. M.

Research Center:

Open Sat. 10:00 A.M. To 4:00 P.M.

Other times by appointment

Call: 530-842-5506 or 530-842-5437

Membership Fees:

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

Heir Lines: Quarterly Publication

January - April - July - October

Deadlines:

For Ads -Article's etc. 1st of the above months.

Appointed Positions:

Editor of Heir-Lines: Harvey Russell
Publications No. Co.: Jennifer Bryan
Publications So. Co. : Mary Burchfield
Rose Hicks Brown: Pat Healy
New Members: Jennifer Bryan

Research Requests:

Send to GSSC - at address on left side of page
\$10.00 .Reimbursement required
for cost of Vital Records, & Photo's
of Grave Sites (within Siskiyou County).
Enclose a stamped self addressed Envelope.

Non Member Fees:

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

Queries:

Send to GSSC to the address above left.

Committees:

Research Pat Healy

Ads Price Schedule: (Heir-Lines:

| | |
|---------------|---------|
| 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 will **not** be accepted.

Bits & Pieces



Web Sites

www.peakyou.com – checks social networks – www.cvgadget.com – checks online images
www.pipl.com – checks public records – www.radaris.com – checks google/facebook
www.zabasearch.com – checks everything online

Book in our Library

Seiad Valley Tales & Tailings – author Brian Helsaple – copyright 1995
Our library # 979.421 - History - Helsaple

The book is about history & mining in Seiad Valley & Siskiyou Co., CA.
Brian Helsaple is not a native of Seiad he arrived in the area about 1975 from Palo Alto, CA.
He planted a Vineyard & Established a Winery in 1992 - 1994 Brian is still listed in the 2011 phone book but the Winery is not.

The book has information about the dredger that operated originally north of Yreka, CA.
In the 1930 & 1940's and then moved to Seiad, CA. Brian spent a lot of time doing research for this book & list the people that helped him, the original documentation and Dredge records Were donated to Siskiyou County Museum . There is also about 30 or more pictures in the book of the dredger & many of the early buildings in the area.

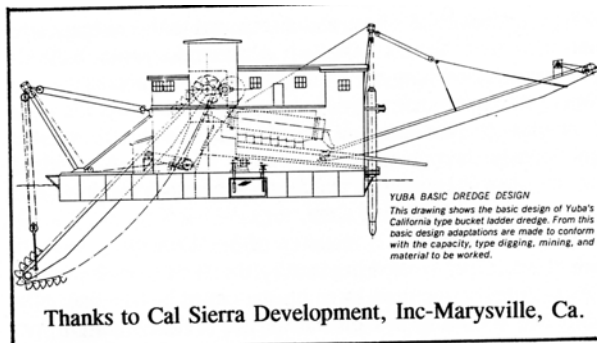


Photo of dredger at Yreka, CA. Site.

From page 146. The dredge continued to process ground from mid October, 1945, to the final cleanup on September 2, 1948 a total of two year, ten months. In that time it processed 3.33 million cubic yards of material and extracted 13,657 ounces of gold valued at \$417,904.20 at \$33.60 per ounce.

With gold selling for about \$1400. per ounce in April of 2011 it would have a value of \$19,119,800.00. This book has some interesting information about Siskiyou Co. In the years between 1850's and 1950's.

GSSC News

Newspaper Projects that are completed

Birth 1970 to 1983
Marriages 1970 to 1999
Military 1970 to 1999
Newspaper Miscellaneous 1970 to 2002
Obituaries 1970 to Dec 2003

History Festival - Second Annual to be he Saturday June 19th
Fathers Day at the Siskiyou County Fair Grounds.
8 A.M. To 3 P.M.

The Spring Seminars were well attended

The Odd Fellows Book has been Indexed by Donna Coleman.

Yard Sale & Spring Clean Up & Maintenance day is being planned for May
There will be discussion these items at April 30th meeting.

The Oral History Project is on hold for the present.

Book prices: are no the same for all posting's - Internet - Heir Lines
& the Wall at the Front Desk.

The Cowboy Poetry book is now on sale for \$10.00.

Volunteers will be needed for the above projects.
So please show support for the Officers & their projects.
These ladies work very hard to make the Society the best it can be.

Hey Guy's here your opportunity to Volunteer
The decks & ramps are in bad shape & need to be prepared for
sealing & painting
Also there will be help needed at the History Festival setting up tables
& hay bales at the Fair Grounds

Calendar's & Book Donations

May

7th Center Open 10 A.M. To 4 P.M.
14th Center Open 10 A. M. To 4 P.M.
12th Board Meeting 1 P.M.
21st Center Open 10 A.M. To 4 P.M.
28th Center Open 10 A.M. To 4 P.M.
& General Meeting: 1 P.M.

JUNE

4th Center Open 10 A.M. To 4 P.M.
9th Board Meeting 1 P.M.
11th Center Open 10 A.M. To 4 P.M.
18th Center Open 10 A.M. To 4 P.M.
19th History Festival 8 A.M. to 2 P.M.
25th Center Open 10 A.M. To 4 P.M.
& General Meeting: 1 P.M.

JULY

2nd Center Open 10 A.M. To 4 P.M.
9th Center Open 10 A. M. To 4 P.M.
14th Board Meeting 1 P.M.
16th Center Open 10 A. M. To 4 P.M.
23rd Center Open 10 A.M. To 4 P.M.
30th Center Open 10 A.M. To 4 P.M.
& General Meeting at 1 P. M.

Book Donations

Claudia East

Siskiyou Co. - City Sanborn Maps - CD
Siskiyou Pioneer Vol. 4 #8 1975
" " Vol. 8 #3 2004

Rogue Valley

Siskiyou Pioneer Vol. 3 #9 1966
List of Swiss Emigrants to American Colonies
West Virginia Estate Settlements
List of the Colonial Soldiers of Virginia
W. Virginia Estate Settlements
Worldwide Family History
Early Marriages, Wills, War Records, Virginia
Roll of Battle Abbey
Early Settlers of Fort Boones Boroug
The Library - A Guide to the LDS
Family History County Courthouse Book
The Researcher's Guide to American Genealogy
Genealogy of the Kemper Family in US
Early Massachusetts Marriages prior to 1800
Pennsylvania Naturalization 1740-1773 - CD
Canadian Genealogy Index 1600-1900 - CD

Gail Platt

Mt. Shasta High School Annuals

2003 - 2004 - 2004/2005 - 2006 -
2007/2008 - 2008/2009

White & Gold

1935 -1952 - 1954 - 1956 - 1959 - 1980 -
1989 - 1992 -19 93 - 1994 - 1996 - 1997 -
1998

Larry & Linda Livesay

White & Gold

1913 - 1917 -1918 - 1919 - 1920 - 1921 -
1922 - 1929 -1939 - 1954 - 1959



White & Gold



VOL. XV YREKA, CALIFORNIA, JUNE, 1913 No. 1

To a Friendship

(Sonnet)

Dost know the sweetest flower of all, my dear,
The bloom that sweetens, gladdens dismal day?
Dost know the song,—the twittering birdlets' lay,—
That brightens cheeks and soothes a heart most drear?
Canst tell the calmest, snowiest, mountain crest?
The silent streamlet flowing to the sea?
Canst name the fragrant grasses of the lea
Or sing the sunny day thou lovest best?
Answer, my dear, and then thou dost but name
A love, called friendship, better far than fame;
A sweetness claimed by gentle maid or boy;
The poor man's comfort or the rich one's joy;
The beauty dimmed not by sighs and tears,
Or severed by the break of Life's short years.



Senior Class 1913



Isabel Tapscott



William Sackville



Elsie Terwilliger



Floris Howard



Isabel Boyle



Fay Ager



Earl Iunker



Dorothy Hooper



Helene Hooper



Hazel Murray



Leo Wayne



Ralph Albee



Louis Wacker

Heir-A-Parent

F T

By: Cecil W. Shelley

April 22, 2004

My many memories of living in Little Shasta Valley, are just that.

Lets begin with the names of some of the properties in the east part of Little Shasta.

If we start with the place called TAILHOLT, that was where our mail box was,[No.17] There had been a store there at one time and an old farm stead across the road north of the mail boxes. What not a lot of people knew was that at one time there was a race track there. The banked turns were visible the last time I was by there. I understand they used to have horse races there on the weekends.

If You go north from Tailholt, up Hovey Gulch road, you will come to what I called the old Shelley place. It had a homestead name, but I don't remember what it was. On above that was the Fry homestead, I remember it well because it had the largest grain field, that I can ever remember. It seems it contained about 250 acres. Next up the road was the Hovey Gulch School. My Mother Irma Terwilliger taught there. She walked to school, from the Table Rock ranch.

Next up the road was the O'Neill place. As I understand it, these were all homesteads. On up the road, was the Townley place. It could have been the Washburn place, I am not sure.

West of the Fry place, there was the Dewitt homestead, it bordered on the west on the Webb Lane.

On top of the hill, and west off of the Hovey Gulch road, was a section called the Harry Quarter, by my family, as far as I know it didn't have a visible homestead.

Going back to Tailholt if you turn right onto the Bald Mt. Road, you will come to what we called the ROSE place, I am pretty sure it had another name, it consisted of two places. It had the distinction of having a flour mill there, run by water power. On up the road east, you will come to the place I spent my first seventeen years. We called it the TABLEROCK ranch. I had the great privilege of playing in my grandfather Frank Terwilliger's wood shop and blacksmith shop as a kid. They were wonderful shops. The first shop was run by an overshot water wheel. It had to be at least 20 feet in diameter. The creek water was diverted east of the homestead, and flume over the water wheel. In the shop there was a large bandsaw, a rough planner, and electric generator, direct current, that gave the ranch power. Then there was a lumber planner, that I am sure Grandfather had bought from a burned down business, because legs had been replaced with wood legs. It could make tongue and grove flooring. Next there was a grain rolls, that could make flour, or just cracked grain for feed. This was all run by an over head line shaft. There was a wood lathe, on the south side of the shop.

In the Blacksmith shop, there was a forge to heat iron. It had a large bellows to pump air into the forge. I heated and bent my first iron there. There was a hand operated dill press. It took a lot of work to drill a hole in a piece of steel.

I remember the old vise, I almost lost a thumb in that thing. The water from the water wheel, ran right by the blacksmith shop.

There was a smoke house there too. We cured bacon and ham in it.

Going south from Tailholt, the Hart Soda Springs was on the left, then across the Little Shasta creek, you come to the Burr place. At least that is what my Uncle Lennard called it.

The Edmunds family lived there when I went to Little Shasta school. Next was the Little Shasta cemetery. That is where a lot of my family are buried. The large Marker in the center, is where Grandfather's parents are buried. The granite ball on top of that marker had been knocked off by someone, and I got the job of putting it back in place. It was very difficult to get a chain to hold onto a round ball.

Back to the Bald Mt. Road, east of the Tablerock ranch, was the cold springs, that came out from under the lava flow that apparently came from Goosenest's volcano. It was very cold, it sure made beer taste good. We also hunted ducks and quail in the lava beds.

On up the Bald Mt. Road you will come to the Harp orchard, I don't know if any fruit trees are still there. I killed a nice buck just south of that orchard.

Next was Dewey gulch. That was where the ranch got it's highest ditch water.

Going north from the Bald Mt. Road, up Dewey Gulch, you would come to the Dewey homestead. I saw the sheep herders shear their sheep there one time. On up the gulch and on the right was the Clark camp, it had a fair cabin on it. My Dad had some men making posts for the ranch stay there. Then on up the Gulch was what was called the Cook camp, there was no evidence of any building there. This was a large area, where these camps or whatever you might want to call them. It encompassed the west side of the Dewey Mt. It was very good deer hunting late in the season. There were Mountain Quail in this area too.

I might add a short note about the Lava Beds, south of the Little Shasta creek, I heard my Uncles Sid & Henry tell about a place where there could have been water running under the lava. I don't remember who was supposed to have been the person that heard it. But no-one could seem to find the place again.

In this area Dewey mountain, was on the east side of the gulch. It had four distinct table top rocks on top of it. Late in the deer season the bucks would come into that area. I think they liked the acorns.

South of this Dewey Gulch, There had been a stage station. The barn and some building's were still there. South of this area, and south of the lava bed's, there were some prominent hills. One we called Temple hill and the other Solomons Temple. This one was a steep climb. I only went to the top once. My Mother was with us that day.

On up the Bald Mt. Road, was a field and cabin that we called the Monkeymore cabin. We held the cattle that were to go up to Martins Dairy the next day. It was a rough field, bordered on the south by the Little Shasta creek. We would leave the ranch on horseback about six in the morning, and get the cattle to the Dairy about one in the afternoon.

A funny thing happened to my sister Lucille and me, one time we were after some cattle in this same field, when we saw a Bobcat cross the creek and go into a cave in the lava. So we went to see if we could find him. Which was rather silly, and we had no gun with us, just the dogs. We stuck our head in this cave and it growled at us, so we decided that we didn't really need to bother the cat.

Next up the road is Dry creek. Well named , it drained down from Willow Creek Mt.

Next up the Bald Mountain road was the Hunters Bridge. There was a grave with a fence around it, near the bridge, we never did investigate to see who's name was on it. The area was named after the Hunter family, There were some buildings and a orchard. This was where the Smit brother's saw mill was built. It stayed there until 1940. My Mother taught there in a one room school for two years before it closed.

On up the road, was what we called the Devil's pocket. A very' rocky pile of lava rocks. On a little further on the left side and back toward the creek, was what I remember being called the Wetsel mill. All that was there were sawdust piles. Next was an open area that was called Bullmeadows. I don't remember ever seeing it with much grass on it. So what did the Bulls eat. Running south of that area was what we called Horsethief I have no

idea where it got it's name, unless there were wild horses, there if you could catch them. This was on the eastern slope of Goosenest mountain. Speaking of Goosenest, I remember a group of us cousin climbing the mountain, one time. The last part was the toughest. Very loose footing.

Back to the days when one would do anything to get a chance to hunt. I would get home from school about four o'clock in the afternoon. I saddled my horse, and headed for Martin's Dairy, to hunt with my uncle Leonard. It was all up hill, so I just went in a walk. It was twelve [12 Miles]. It took a good three hours, to make the trip. This was in October, so the days were getting shorter. I got on top of a steep grade, before it headed down to the dairy. In the timber, it was so dark that I couldn't see the road. So I kept the horse on the soft center of the track. I only had a mile to go to the cabin. I was in the timber when I met Sid O'Connor coming out in his pickup. That was the hunting trip where I finally found a good buck. I was with Uncle, as he could not see the deer, he said shoot him. I took a rest on a snag, and shot. I missed and so did Uncle. We went back to where the deer was first seen, and found a mahogany stump that I had hit dead center. It had been bent down through years of snow pack. The shot was good but the stump got in the way.

On over the mountain you would come th the Prather Ranch. That was where the Edson Foulke held their cattle before driving them to the Tablerock ranch, where they spent the night. We put up the cowboys.

There is one more story that I remember about the waterwheel, at Tablerock. When I was a young kid. The wheel needed to be replaced. My uncles Sid & Henry rebuilt the whole wheel. They had to build it in place, because it was to big to do otherwise. They laminated the spokes, out 2X8 inch fir. The buckets were attached to the spokes, and I didn't get to see how they handled the turning of the wheel as they progressed with the project. I wish I had paid more attention to the operation.

Some of the things I recall, while I lived in Little Shasta, were the times I got caught in a cloud burst.

The first time, Lucille and I had been to the garden north of the orchard, to pick vegetables, I think we had gone on horses. The storm looked bad Just as we were ready to head for home. We got as far as the horse barn, and was really pouring. So we stayed in the barn, and viewed it from the upper loft. It came down through the orchard, through the barn yard, by the house and onto the creek. We got a little wet.

The next time, was in the summer. For reasons I can not remember we were working in the hay in the morning, and intended to run the harvester in the afternoon. When it clouded up and threatened with dark clouds, my Dad told me to go to the harvester, and loosen the canvas draper. The harvester was closest to the Oregon Lane. I took the old Oldsmobile car. I had the hood off of the engine, like kids will do. I got as far as Tailholt, and the car drowned out. I had one of the dogs with me. The roof started to leak, so the dog and I got in the back seat, and put the seat over our heads. The cloud burst came down Hovey gulch, in such an amount of water, that it went over the O'Connor Long ditch, in a big wave. My Dad or someone finally came and found me, and towed the car home. Later that evening, we drove to the lower road, to see if the water had done any damage. It apparently dissipates in the flat, before it got to the Martin place. I remember one time, Lucille and I were riding in the area of the Cold Springs. She was on a large horse, and I was on the shetland that we called Toppsie. I was bare foot. There was a path around the garden, that went around a corner. Lucille went through first, and I followed, and as my horse, cut the turn to close, and a barb on the wire was on the turn at the post. I cut my left foot just

below the ankle. It bled very good. So we headed for the house, I almost fell off once. We stopped and regrouped, and made it to the house. It took 11 stitches to sew my foot up. That stint to the Doctor lead to having my tonsils being taken out. I think the Doc needed a new car, or something.

I remember the cattle drives, taking the cattle to Bald Mt. And the Martin Dairy. We would hold the cattle at the Monkeymore cabin field below Dry creek. We would leave the house about 6 AM, and drive the cattle up through Smits mill, the Hudson Mill and on up through Shingle Springs, up the grade, and down to the Little Shasta creek, and Martins's Dairy. Then we had a 3 hour ride back home. It was fun, a little dusty. Now people pay to drive cattle I understand.

I remember plowing my first field with the AC tractor pulling two 4 bottom plows. After the first day, when I got home, my Dad asked me if I turned the front plow over, I hadn't. That could happen when pulling two plows, on a turn if you didn't get the back plow out of the ground, it could turn the front plow over.

I remember going to the Soda Springs to go swimming, I had driven the old Oldsmobile, with out the hood on it. Some of my cousins, crossed the wires, at the distributor, and messed up the engine, I did get it to run enough to get it home.

Some of you relatives may remember the Webb Lane, being also called the Oregon Lane. I finally found out why, after my folks bought the Hayes place, which was north of the Webb Ranch.

The Oregon Lane went up past the Webb Ranch, and where it turned east the old Oregon trail cut across the Hayes place, and about half way down that property, it cut north into the Bud Bryant property, and on north to the Ager School house. The reason finally dawned on me that they didn't like the adobe flats north of Montague. There was resemblance of a road, through the Hayes place, it is probably pretty dim by now.

Just east of what I call the old Shelley Home, there was a fairly high hill, with a rock backbone, and a flat rock at the peak. It was called by my family, Lena's Butte. My Dad and I were riding just west of the peak, when I noticed a row of little trees, about 10 feet tall. I asked what is this row of trees? My Dad laughed and said, this is Lena Morningstar's timber claim. I am wondering if the trees are still there.

The Table Rock ranch had an unusual water system for the house. There was a 50 ft. tower by the shop, that at one time it had a tank on top of it. Well to get the water to the tank, there was what is called a Hydraulic ram. The water must have been piped from the flume to the ram, where after a certain amount of pressure built up it would push some water to the tank. Apparently this was not successful. I don't ever remember a tank being on top of the tower. It did supply water to the house. Often the ram would stop, and it was my job to go and start it. Finally my Father came up with the idea of piping water from the Cold Springs to the house. It was taken out just below the division of the cold springs

water. It started out into a 2 inch pipe down the ditch so it would not freeze, across the creek in the flume, on down to the house. Not a lot of pressure, but it worked. The Hovey Gulch school had a large bell on top. So it was decided that it would be good to announce meal time. First it was put on top of the water tower, that didn't work very well, so a 10 foot stand was put up in the back yard near the house. When we moved to Gazelle in 1940, we took the bell with us. It was set up in back of the house there too. I don't have a clue as to what became of it. There was a wood saw that ran off of the water wheel and through the shop. Via belts. The saw was noisy, and had a crack in it. I looked for it to fly apart one day, but it never did.

FT and F
Frank Terwilliger's brand

By: CECIL W. SHELLEY

April 22, 2004

Stories

Record Searchlight

Thursday, November 6, 1980



ANDY JONES AT THE HOUSTON PUBLIC CEMETERY NORTHEAST OF REDDING
He's embroiled in dispute over cleanup of the graves on developer's land

Tiny cemeteries get new look

By DAVE WADDELL

Shasta County is making progress in restoring scores of cemeteries scattered throughout the countryside.

Often an emotional subject for the descendants of pioneers buried there, many of the cemeteries have been woefully neglected through the years.

But that is changing, says Coroner-Public Administrator Joe Kohn, who was appointed indigent burial officer and cemetery director for Shasta County last February.

Working with scant funds, Kohn said he has used Crystal Creek Conservation Camp inmates to clear vegetation at about half of the 60 cemeteries found in the county. About 40 of the cemeteries have been photographed for county records.

Kohn estimated there are another 10 cemeteries the county has no records of, but that those may be identified in the future. Recently, the old Fern Cemetery with 50 or 60 graves was discovered behind a barn off Fern Road in the eastern county, Kohn said.

All burial places with six or more graves legally are classified as cemeteries. Although title to cemeteries may be vested in a variety of ways, the county is required by law to maintain cemeteries that are not operated by special districts, or religious or fraternal organizations, Kohn said.

With help from the Shasta Historical

Society and other groups and individuals, the county slowly is beginning to put together records on who is buried where in various cemeteries, Kohn said.

"We have had a terrific response from people who are appreciative (to the county) for cleaning them (cemeteries) up and helpful in providing information," Kohn said.

The county's interest in cemeteries was prompted by an announcement in late 1978 from Redding-area funeral directors that they were running out of room for the estimated 50 indigent burials in Shasta County each year, Kohn said.

The county has made the most progress in revitalizing the Central Valley, Whiskeytown and Clear Creek cemeteries, and has solved the indigent burial problem, Kohn said.

He said that non-indigents may be buried at those cemeteries at a relatively nominal cost compared with commercial cemeteries.

In addition, Kohn said the county has improved procedures for finding assets of indigents and in eliminating applications for free burials of people who were not really indigents. Kohn estimates the program has recovered enough funds to reimburse the county about \$1,500.

"Hardly anyone dies anymore without some assets," Kohn said.

An example of the emotion that can surround a cemetery is an incident that

occurred this year at the Houston Public Cemetery, located on a bluff overlooking Stillwater Creek, northeast of Redding.

The land is owned by developer Mason Brown, who sued Jones Valley tavern owner Andy Jones and others last spring for allegedly cutting and removing timber from the cemetery grounds.

Jones's father, Major Jones, for whom Jones Valley is named, is buried in the cemetery along with several other Joneses.

There also are numerous other members of pioneer families buried there. The Houston burial site is said to date back to the 1860s.

The cemetery, which was overgrown with vines and trees earlier this year, is one of the sites the Crystal Creek crew helped clear.

Brown's suit, which is in arbitration in Shasta County Superior Court, seeks more than \$26,000 in damages for the alleged removal of 10 cords of timber.

Jones said the only trees he removed were a few that were potentially damaging to grave sites. He has accused Brown of attempting to keep relatives out of the cemetery, which Jones said he has helped maintain for about a half-century.

Brown said he has no intention of keeping out relatives, and that he just wants to be paid for timber taken from the land.

Advertisement

History Festival

June 19th, 2011

8 A.M. To 2 P.M.

Sponsored by
GSSC



HISTORY FESTIVAL



Obituaries

Obituary- Harry Edson Bryan 1931 - 2011

GSSC has lost another long time member of our Society.

Harry Edson Bryan, son of a pioneer Siskiyou County family, passed away on March 23, 2011, after a long illness. He died on the eve of his eightieth birthday at his home in Yreka, surrounded by his family.

Harry was born in Yreka on March 24, 1931 to Leon Horan Bryan, of Fort Jones, and Ella Edith Prettyman Bryan, who grew up in Broken Bow, Nebraska. Harry was a fourth generation native of Siskiyou County.

Harry graduated from Yreka High School in 1949 and received his Bachelor of Science degree from Stanford University in 1954. After serving two years in the U.S. Army at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, during the Korea war, he returned to Stanford to complete a Master's degree in civil engineering. Subsequently, he was licensed as a Registered Civil Engineer.

Harry met and married Mary Ellen McLean shortly after college. They married on June 24, 1961, in Dunsuir. They lived in Yreka during their nearly fifty years of marriage and were a team to the end.

Engineering was a great love and his work efforts are evidenced throughout Siskiyou County. His projects included the Greenhorn dam project in the early 1960's, the Fall Creek Water Project which still supplies Yreka's water today Yreka Sewage Treatment Plant, and many other projects through the years.

He will be greatly missed by those who knew or loved him.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1919

When word was received of the death of the Honorable John Daggett, the county felt that it had received a loss as one of the great men of the county passed away. John Daggett died at his home at the Black Bear Quartz Mine, near Sawyers Bar in the Salmon River district on Saturday, August 30, 1919, at the age of 84 years. He was a native of New York state and came to California in the early fifties. His body was brought to Etna Mills on Sunday. The funeral took place on Tuesday in Etna under the auspices of the Evening Star Lodge of the Masonic Order. He leaves a wife, one son, and one daughter to mourn.

In 1883 he was elected Lieutenant Governor of the State and served till 1888 with Governor George Stoneman. Later he was elected Assemblyman from Del Norte, Klamath, Modoc and Siskiyou counties, serving in that office during the 10th, 11th, and 12th Sessions of the Assembly. In 1891 he received the appointment of Trustee of the State Miners Hospital, also was appointed commissioner to the World's Fair held in Chicago. In 1893, under the Cleveland administration, he held the federal office of Superintendent of the Mint in San Francisco. During the latter part of his life he devoted his time to writing pioneer history of California.

Feb. 4, 1911

Death of Edgewood Pioneer

Ralph P. Bigelow passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. S. Beard in Yreka Saturday at noon after a short illness, aged 79 years, 8 months and days. He was taken sick with grip the Sunday before his death and it developed into pneumonia with fatal result. The funeral was held from the church at Edgewood Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock and interment made in the family plot in Edgewood cemetery. Rev. C. Gillette, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church in Yreka, conducted the services.

Mr. Bigelow was a native of New York state, but moved to Illinois with his family when about twelve years old. He grew to manhood in the new home and there was married to Miss Emily Palmer. Five or six years later, in 1859, they came to California and settled at Edgewood where Mr. Bigelow followed ranching until two years ago when he sold his farm and came to Yreka. Mrs. Bigelow passed away on February 22, 1897, and was laid to rest in the Edgewood cemetery.

Two daughters and a son are left to mourn his loss, Mrs. J. S. Beard of Yreka; Mrs. Ella Gordon of Puyallup, Washington; and Frank Bigelow of Gazelle.

JACKSON—At Edgewood, Nov. 4, 1904, Samuel Jackson, native of Virginia, aged 77 years, 9 months and 12 days.

Samuel Jackson, the well known farmer and stockman of Edgewood, Shasta Valley, died last Friday, aged 77 years. He was of Scotch-Irish ancestry, born near Gainsboro, Frederick county, Virginia, January 27, 1827. Sam worked on his father's farm until he was about 22 years of age, then going to Ohio on a visit, where he spent one winter, thence to Illinois, and later to St. Louis. From there he went to New Orleans, where he met two returned Californians, whose stories of the Golden State induced him to try his fortunes on this coast. With \$500 in his pocket, he came to California by the isthmus route, landing at San Francisco in November, 1852. His first job was to work in a bakery at Sacramento for \$80 a month, but soon after left for Shasta county, where he followed mining, thence going to Weaverville to mine at Big and French Bars. In the fall of 1853 he removed to Yreka, and finding the place dull, went on to Cottonwood, where he had a very rich claim in Rocky Gulch. Soon after he sold this claim for the paltry sum of \$250, and went to Virginia Bar on Klamath river, so named by Mr. Jackson and his friend Goodnight, also a Virginian. They built a ditch and worked the claim for a while. Sam then went to Shasta Valley, where he purchased land from an old sailor named Witherell, where he resided. After growing a few crops, he leased the place and bought a couple of claims on Greenhorn, which he worked a couple of years. Finally he believed farming was the best business, and selling out, returned to his farm. He was married in 1861 to Miss Caroline Sherrill of Independence county, Ark., to whom six children were born, four boys and two girls, one boy and one girl having died several years ago, followed two years ago by their mother. Mr. Jackson's first purchase in Shasta Valley was about 160 acres, to which he kept adding until accumulating over three thousand acres now, well stocked with cattle, horses, fine buildings, an abundance of fruit trees, etc., and a fine supply of water. His estate also comprises a ranch at Gazelle and land in other sections of the State. The deceased was a prominent man in all affairs of public interest, and one of Siskiyou's most substantial property holders, highly respected by all for his upright dealings, social nature and generous disposition. His funeral took place in Yreka last Sunday afternoon from the M. E. church, which was largely attended from all sections by the numerous friends of the family. Rev. J. E. Wright delivered an impressive sermon on the occasion, assisted by an excellent choir in the funeral hymns. Many beautiful floral tributes of friends attracted admiration as silent mementoes of respect for the deceased.

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