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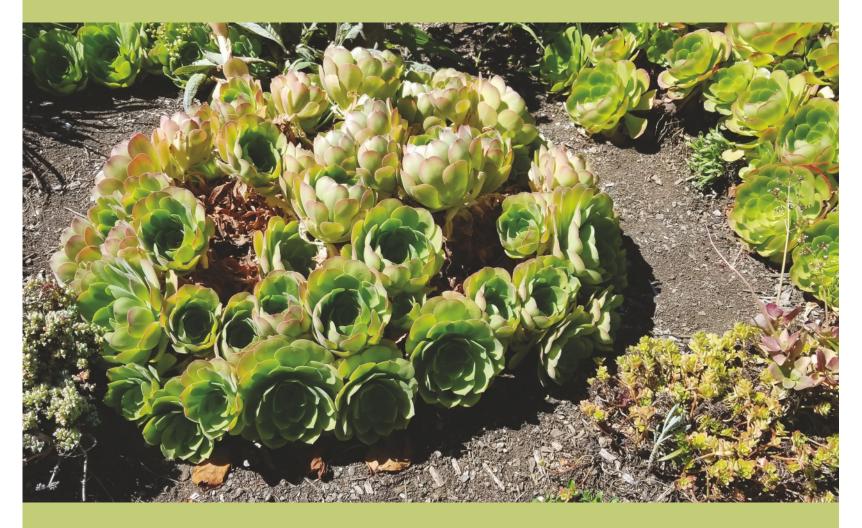
Jefferson

Backet 9968
A Happy Little Publication

February 2019



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A big HIGH FIVE to all the amazing old school Handcrafting Worker Bees on this planet!!



## **JEFFERSON BACKROADS**

## A Happy Little Publication

PO Box 344 Grenada, CA 96038

Michelle Fain & Ralph Fain
6038 Owner-Editor Side Kick

(530) 640-0100

www.JeffersonBackroads.com email: JeffersonBackroads@gmail.com COVER PHOTO by Michelle Fain: Captured this image of happy little succulents growing in Mendocino, California.

Jefferson Backroads is proudly published every single month for the old school law abiding citizens - our fellow independent, hard working, Patriotic American Rebels who live in or travel through our Rugged & Beautiful State of Jefferson Region. The same true Independent Nature and Old School Essence of our beloved State of Jefferson can be found in Small Towns & Big Cities ALL ACROSS AMERICA. We are proudly keeping the Patriotic American Spirit Alive!

Here at Jefferson Backroads, we focus on the positive, the fun, the amazing local mom & pop businesses, events, history and The Adventure! Our papers are distributed in the first week of each month throughout Siskiyou County, California and in surrounding communities.

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Editor/Owner:
Printed by:
Feature Writers:

Michelle Fain

Side Kick Writer: Ralph Fain

Cascade Printing, Klamath Falls, Oregon John Driscoll Deni Duncan G

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John Driscoll Deni Duncan Judy Sartor Hank Nelson Gail Jenner Bill Wensrich

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## ADVERTISING RATES

Ad Sizes & Rates per Month - Please Call or Email us to advertise YOUR business, organization & events. Thank You!

SIZE	DIMENSIONS	B/W	COLOR
CARD SMALL HALF PAGE FULL PAGE	2 x 3 1/2" 4 x 4" 4 x 8" 8 1/2 x 10 3/4"	\$50/mo \$80/mo \$150/mo \$200/mo	\$60/mo \$100/mo \$160/mo \$225/mo
			,

AD & STORY DEADLINE: 10th of each month.

# In Loving Honor and Memory of Teresa Ann Stidham who dearly loved animals and lived an amazing & beautiful life from 1960 to 2016.



## A Dog's Prayer by Beth Norman Harris

Treat me kindly, my beloved master, for no heart in all the world is more grateful for kindness than the loving heart of me. Do not break my spirit with a stick, for though I should lick your hand between the blows, your patience and understanding will more quickly teach me the things you would have me do.

Speak to me often, for your voice is the world's sweetest music, as you must know by the fierce wagging of my tail when your footstep falls upon my waiting ear.

When it is cold and wet, please take me inside, for I am now a domesticated animal, no longer used to bitter elements. And I ask no greater glory than the privilege of sitting at your feet beside the hearth. Though had you no home, I would rather follow you through ice and snow than rest upon the softest pillow in the warmest home in all the land, for you are my god and I am your devoted worshipper.

Keep my pan filled with fresh water, for although I should not reproach you were it dry, I cannot tell you when I suffer thirst. Feed me clean food, that I may stay well, to romp and play and do your bidding, to walk by your side, and stand ready, willing and able to protect you with my life should your life be in danger.

And, beloved master, should the great Master see fit to deprive me of my health or sight, do not turn me away from you. Rather hold me gently in your arms as skilled hands grant me the merciful boon of eternal rest - and I will leave you knowing with the last breath I drew, my fate was ever safest in your hands. Treat me kindly, my beloved master, for no heart in all the world is more grateful for kindness than the loving heart of me.



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If you are interested in making a donation to SNIP or would like to assist as a volunteer, please contact us:



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**Thank You!!** 

Call SNIP at (530) 926-1196 to schedule an appointment for your dog or cat.

Low Cost spay and neuter clinics are held weekly by appointment in Yreka, California.

Veterinary Services are performed by Dr. Dakota Woodard, DVM. See his business information below.

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## **2019 Special Tour Events**

**Sponsored by** 

Siskiyou County Historical Society Genealogical Society of Siskiyou County Yreka Historic Preservation

Suggested donation: \$5.00 per person per tour. Questions? Call (530) 710-4882.

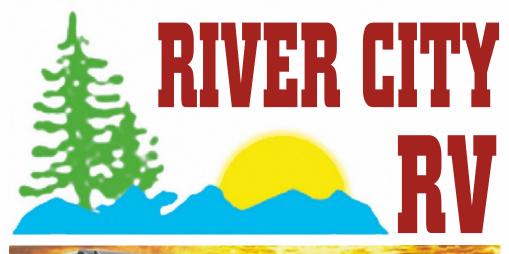
MARCH	Yreka Masonic Hall	
22	Learn about the building's history and see inside the meeting rooms.	
5PM	Meet in front of the building on Miner St., Yreka.	
	Indoor tour, walking and standing.	
APRIL 20	Third & North Oregon Streets Historic Homes	
11am &	Learn about these historic homes in Yreka. Meet at corner of 3rd & North Streets, Yreka.	
1pm	Wagon Ride Tour - Limited Space, 10 per tour.	
MAY 5	City Cemetary - Yreka	A CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF TH
10am	Take a walking tour of Yreka's oldest extant cemetary. Entrance on Foothill Drive, follow parking directions.	
	Some walking.	
JUNE 2	Evergreen Cemetary - Yreka	
11am &	Hear stories about some of the people buried here. Park outside of gate, meet at flagpole inside.	SVSHCRSSN CACION
1pm	Wagon Ride Tour - Limited Space, 10 per tour.	
OCTOBER 6	Miner Street Tour	
3pm &	Learn about the historic buildings and their stories.  Meet n front of the Franco American Hotel.	
5pm	Walking tour.	
OCTOBER 31	Evergreen Cemetary - Yreka	
6pm	Meet at flagpole at center of cemetary near the mausoleum.	BUSHCRESH OPTION
Bring a Light!	Some walking.	

## Sweetheart Dinner

in Etna on Friday February 15, 2019



Special Dining Event at Bob's Ranch House 585 Collier Way, Etna, California 96027 (530) 467-5787





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## Scott Valley Theatre Co.



Avery Memorial Theatre 430 Main Street - Etna, CA 96027 (530) 598-0989

www.ScottValleyTheatreCompany.org

#### **UPCOMING EVENTS**

Performances by The MAD Players of their new melodrama "Gold Meddling ... or Cain't We All Jest Git Along!?" on Friday and Saturday, February 22 and 23, at 7:00 p.m., and Sunday, February 24, 2:00 p.m., at the Historic Avery Theater, Main Street, Etna. Tickets are \$10 for adults and \$5 for students under 12.

Benefits the Historic Avery Theater.

See Story on Page 25 and Flyer on Page 35.

## **UPCOMING EVENTS**

February 5-6, 2019

Banff Center Mountain Film Festival World Tour, Ashland, Oregon, hosted by The Outdoor Program. Call (541) 552-6470 for info.

February 9, 2019

2019 Year of the Pig event, hosted by Southern Oregon Chinese Cultural Association. 10am-5pm in Jacksonville, Oregon. Call (541) 899-8118 for info.

#### February 2019:

See flyer and story on Page 25 & 35 for dates of the MAD Players' new melodrama shows in Etna.

February 16-17, 2019

Rescheduled: Chester Winterfest Sled Dog Races in Chester. Go to www.sndd.org for more info and see story on Page 21.

February 22-24, 2019

Chico Sportsman's Expo at Silver Dollar Fairgrounds in Chico, California. Call (530) 227-0454 for info.

### 2019 QUILT SHOWS & EVENTS



February 2 - Quilt of Valor Foundation National Sew Day.

March 6 - MABD & Potato Potluck, 9 am start.

March 9-10 - Yuba-Sutter - Valley Quilt Guild Show Heart & Home - Yuba-Sutter Fairgrounds,10:00 am, \$7, Yuba City, CA.

March 29-31 - Tater Patch Retreat at Running Y Ranch, Klamath Falls, OR. For info call Tater Patch at (541) 798-5955.

April 20 - MABD Klamath Community College 9 am start, Klamath Falls, OR.

May 4-5—Grapevine Quilters of Ukiah Quilts in Bloom 10:00 am, \$10.

June 21-Sept. 3—Row by Row Experience
Taste the Experience. www.rowbyrowexperience.com.

June 29-30–Ocean Waves Quilters, Fort Bragg Quilt Show, "Magic Dreams," Dana Gray Elementary School 1197 Chestnut St., Fort Bragg, 10:00, \$7.

August 31-September 1-Long Valley Quilters, outdoor show by the Fat Quail Quilt Shop, Hwy 101, Laytonville.

October 12–MABD Klamath Community College 9 am start, Klamath Falls, OR.

March 2, 2019

Chowder Tasting & Competition - Mendocino Whale Festival, Mendocino, California. Call (707) 961-6300 for info.

March 8-10, 2019

Oregon Chocolate Festival in Ashland, Oregon. Call (541) 631-2004 for info.

March 16-17, 2019

Oregon Cheese Festival at Rogue Creamery in Central Point, Oregon. Call 541-665-1155 for info.

March 16, 2019

Fort Bragg Whale Festival in Fort Bragg, California. Call (707) 961-6300 for info.

March 23-24, 2019

Siskiyou Sportsmen's Expo at Siskiyou Golden Fairgrounds in Yreka, California. See flyer on Page 34 or call for info: (530) 842-2767.

April 6, 2019

Redding Sportsman's Expo at Redding Civic Auditorium. Call (530) 229-0036 for info.

May 31 and June 1-2, 2019

Grants Pass Balloon & Kite Festival, Grants Pass, Oregon. For info: go to www.gpballoonfest.com.

Chart of Siskiyou Co. Historical Events on Page 6.



## BINGO

Wednesdays at 7pm Early bird starts at 6:30

Yreka Elks Lodge #1980 332 West Miner Street, Yreka



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## Volunteers Needed



for the Dorris Volunteer Fire Department and Butte Valley Volunteer Fire Department. Want to learn how to become a firefighter and serve your community? Training is provided and is free! For info please call Mike Craddock at (503) 931-5283.

## Yreka Lodge #1980 Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks News



### "ELKS IN THE COMMUNITY"

As the Yreka Elks Lodge #1980 begins its spring cleaning, some old items have found new homes with other local, non-profit organizations. Five child/animal expanding door gates, left over from the time of day-care in the lodge, were given to John Loray at the Rescue Ranch on Oberlin Road, which specializes in dog rescue, re-homing, training and boarding.

Two old, large, and heavy folding wood tables and large "wet floor" sponge type matting were donated to SNIP (Siskiyou Spray-Neuter Incentive Program). The program needed some tables to assist their operation, per Elk Member Leslie Blankenship. Leslie volunteers time with SNIP in the old Ellis Brooks Motor Company building on Main Street in Yreka, along with the SNIP president, Alisa Fraser, also an Elk member. SNIP offers reasonable alternatives to overpopulation of companion animals, so that homelessness and euthanasia are not the only choices. *Please see Page 5 for more information about SNIP*.

This past year the Yreka Elks Lodge, #1980, donated tangible items and more than \$25,000.00 to local charitable causes, such as youth sports, scholarships, Veteran organizations, law enforcement organizations, and drug awareness.

"Skip" Tuttle of the Mt. Shasta Elks Lodge, #2333, stated that they have made similar charitable contributions to the community. At their Mt. Shasta Elks free Veterans Dinner, three retired generals appeared as guest speakers. Mt. Shasta is also looking forward to this year's Law Enforcement Appreciation Dinner, where Siskiyou County law enforcement agencies are recognized. The two Elks Lodges co-host the dinner. With spring just around the corner, the annual Elks sponsored Easter Egg Hunt in the Mt. Shasta City Park is coming up soon.

Those interested in joining a volunteer fraternal organization that does a lot of local charitable fundraising are encouraged to contact the Yreka Elks Lodge at (530) 841-1980 or the Mt. Shasta Elks Lodge at (530) 926-2138.

Photo: Pictured are some of the SNIP crew members from left to right: Chris Angus, Dakota Woodard (DVM), Kelsie Ericson, Alisa Fraser, Meg Silvia and Leslie Blankenship.

## Northern Klamath County Oregon News, History & Events

By John C. Driscoll Johncdriscoll1068@gmailcom

"Gilchrist Timber Company Lead the Way in Sustained Yield Forestry"

Gilchrist Timber Company was renowned for its sustained yield timber management practices. These practices were refined during the first decades of the last century.

During the 1910s the Gilchrist family began attempting to practice sustained yield forest on its Mississippi timber lands. Implementing these practices was frustrated by the manner in which Mississippi's state government taxed timber and by the attitudes and practices of neighboring land owners. B. V. Wright, Gilchrist Timber's first forest manager, in a letter dated April 27, 1925, described an incident involving neighboring property owners who were thwarting Gilchrist Timber's sustained yield forest program. B. V. Wright wrote:

Please note attached copy of letter to Mr. Cary in regard to the seed trees we were leaving in that section east and north of Wedgeworths. Mr. Wedgeworth advised that Mr. Smith and his boys went out into the cut over and actually cut down every seed tree that we left so as to be sure that there was no reproduction... before anything can be done in line of reproductions the native must become interested and cooperate with the timber people in saving the young trees.

Taxation was the other factor that stifled Gilchrist Timber's attempt to practice sustained yield forestry on its Mississippi timberlands. S. M. Jones, Gilchrist Timber's mill manager, in a letter dated September 16, 1927 wrote:

I should say that with the present method of taxation in Mississippi a mill with twenty-five years of timber ahead is in a mighty bad fix. I do not believe such a property could possibly operate and get its money back...On account of this, the mills in this section are forced to push production at the highest rate of speed and sell the output regardless of the intrinsic value of the product.

Continued on Page 32.

## Siskiyou Pellet Mill



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## THE ART OF SURVIVAL CENTURY

Story and Photo Submitted by Deni Duncan Yreka, California



A Century Ride is NOT a race. A century ride and a race are similar in some ways, like the importance of training and preparation, but different because it's not really a good thing to be first. Sure, you could ride hard and fast, pass everyone within your sight, be aggressive and challenge your physical limits, but it's not necessary and no one would notice. There are plenty of incredibly fit people, a lot of expensive high tech gear, and flashy athletic apparel, but there's also the complete opposite. People of all shapes and sizes ride in a century ride. I once saw a healthy young man ride a metric century on a mountain bike in black denim jeans, in August! I don't recommend that. There's a legitimate reason cyclists wear those padded spandex shorts. Imagine the chafing he had on his inner thighs?!

A Century Ride is more of an adventure than a competition. It's all about the people that you meet and the things that you see. The City Attorney for Folsom helped me change a flat once. Halfway through a 60 mile ride, I met a man on a hand-pedal bike that had lost both of his legs when he was hit by a car

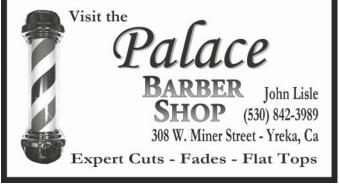
and left for dead. Talk about getting back on that horse! I watched an elderly woman out distance a barking mongrel. Okay, those examples might not be the endorsement I was going for. It's also about the food, the beer and the SWAG!

What is SWAG? It's the Stuff We All Get at an event to commemorate our participation. There are usually coupons and advertisements promoting local businesses, and I've never been to an event that didn't have free Cliff Bars. Thanks, Cliff. Checking out your SWAG bag is like digging through a Cracker Jack box. It's all good, plus a prize! One late season ride used to put hand warmers in their SWAG bags. This year they offered a USB charger created by "this handsome man" pitching in at the rest stop. The real treasure is the locally produced loot. Over the years I've picked up a

fancy Chico bag, a Sierra Nevada Klean Kanteen, a nifty spork made out of recycled plastic and some nasty tasting hops-flavored chapstick. Eh, you can't expect to like everything.

The food can make or break a century ride, for me anyway. I once rode 67 miles and ended up gaining 2 pounds! At one time, Ride the Rogue served locally caught salmon! I hear the Castle Crag Century has their meal catered by a local Mexican restaurant and it's really good! In an after ride survey, I once knocked the food on a particularly beautiful ride. One of the coordinators personally invited me back a couple years later, telling me they had improved the menu. Can't wait to find out for myself. Yet, there's nothing I enjoy more than a cold micro brew with friends after a hot bike ride. Ahhh...

Typically these events are fundraisers organized by area nonprofit groups with a mutual cause and scenic route to promote. The Art of Survival Century began four years ago in Tulelake by the Malin Community Service Club to aid revitalization of historical buildings and educate riders on their rich historical heritage, geography, geology and environmental issues.





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The historical Hall of the Weed Sons of Italy is available for rent. Located in picturesque Weed, California, our facilities can handle large events with a full kitchen, dining room, hall and dance floor.

New members are always welcome with meetings held on the first Wednesday of the month at 155 Clay Street Weed, California.

Remember you don't have to be Italian to join! Please follow us on Facebook.

For more info, please contact Kim Greene at (530) 340-2954 or email shoegalkim1962@gmail.com.



Story on The Art of Survival Century Continued from Page 12

My faithful riding buddy for the past 30 years, Ruthe Woudenberg, and I rode this century last year for the first time. (see photo on Page 12.) We've both done 100 mile centuries before but are completely satisfied nowadays with a metric century, 100 kilometers or 62 miles. Shorter routes are always available too. This ride appealed to me because there was only one climb of 1,444 ft. Mostly flat, it's perfect for the first ride of the year. Ruthe seemed excited about the educational stations. Not really knowing what to expect, we grabbed our registration packets at the Tulelake Fairgrounds and followed the arrows that clearly marked the metric course. As promised the course was flat, but we weren't expecting the wind. A breeze can be a welcome addition on a hot day, especially if it's at your back. This wasn't like that. It wasn't hot and it wasn't at our backs. Just as we were beginning to grumble, the course made a left turn and we started our trek through the wildlife refuge. The low clouds were a periwinkle blue mirrored on the marshes below and we took guesses at the variety of birds we saw. We never gave the wind another thought.

The rest stop at Captain Jack's Stronghold has to be our all time favorite! The educational station was fully equipped with pictures, bones, pelts and an adorable lady Ranger to answer any questions. But even Ruthe has to admit that the flapjacks, fresh off the griddle with all the fixings, took the prize! Manned by volunteers from Hutch's Bike Shop of Klamath Falls, they earned a 5 star rating for their mechanical knowledge and hospitality!

The ride from there was a panoramic view of immense sky dotted with flocks of birds, huge bluffs in the distance and a close up of the petroglyphs parking area. The fields were a rich green and the low clouds were replaced with pristine sky. An Americana Flag was painted on the back side of the petroghys wall. That's where we took our photo opportunity, and stretched our legs.

A quick jaunt across the highway and we arrived at the next rest stop. The volunteers at this stop were local law enforcement and their hospitality amounted to well... water, plenty of water. Someone must have mentioned the contrast because I heard a robust officer proclaim, "We used to have some marijuana brownies but the riders kept heading out the wrong way and we had to go get them." Okay, they had water and humor. We left with a smile, across miles of agriculture. Potatoes were scattered along the road sides instead of litter. We took guesses at what else grew in the fields: mint, horseradish, garlic, marijuana for the brownies? haha!

We finally arrived back at the fairgrounds satisfied with our accomplishment and were greeted by our host with SWAG and a 5 pound sack of organic potatoes. Ruthe and I looked at each other and agreed that we were glad they didn't hand those out at the beginning of the ride.

Personally, I was skeptical about the after-ride-meal they provided. The menu included baked potatoes, ground beef and nacho sauce. I'd never had such a combination. Turned out it was delicious, satisfying and easy to digest, and it went great with the refreshing craft beer from Mt. Shasta Brewery we purchased with a ticket from our SWAG!

Overall it was a great ride! Linda Woodley admitted to me that most of the event planners were not cyclists but with the direction of George Jennings, of Cycle Siskiyou, they were able to put on a rewarding event for all.

The longer rides cross two states and multiple counties! Offered as a two day event held on Memorial weekend, The Art of Survival includes a Gravel Grinder with 72, 54 and 8 mile courses that I'd like to try this year. For more information go to www.SurvivalCentury.com. •

## **Upcoming Cycling Events**

Pedals N Pears April 2019 Medford, OR

Chico Wildflower Century April 27-28, 2019 Chico, CA

Siskiyou Scenic Century May 4, 2019 Yreka, CA

Mohawk Valley Metric Century May 11, 2019 Eugene, OR

Art of Survival Century
May 25-26, 2019 Tulelake, CA
& Klamath Falls, OR

Tour of the Unknown Coast June 8, 2019 Ferndale, CA

Tour de Fronds June 15, 2019 Powers, OR

Petal Pedal June 22, 2019 Silverton, OR

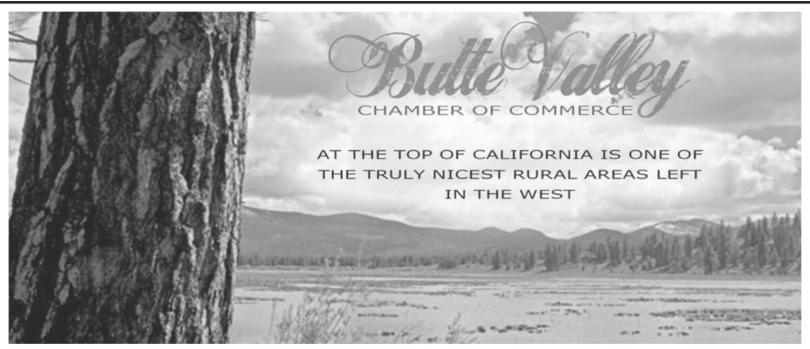
Castle Crags Century
June 23, 2019 Mt. Shasta, CA

Lake County Tour de Outback & Trail Run June 22, 2019 Lakeview, OR

> Ride the Rim 2019 TBA Crater Lake, OR

The Vineyard Tour Bike Ride Sept 1, 2019 Roseburg, OR

Ride the Rouge 2019 TBA Rogue River, OR





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Happy Camp Senior Center Happy Camp, CA (530) 493-2508

Madrone Senior Services & Senior Nutrition Yreka, CA (530) 842-3907 or 841-2365

Meals on Wheels and Veteran's Services Dorris, CA (530) 397-2273

> Mt. Shasta Senior Nutrition Mt. Shasta, CA (530) 926-4611

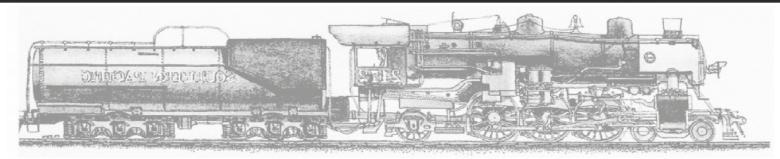
**Scott Valley Community Lunch Program** 

Valley Oaks Senior Center: 468-2904

**Etna United Methodist Church: 467-3612** 

Scott Valley Family Resources: 468-2450

**Scott Valley Berean Church: 467-3715** 



## DUNSMUIR RAILROAD DEPOT HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

The winter of 1890 saw 16' of snow at Sisson to the North. The snowfall caused the entire railroad to shutdown for nearly 48 days and a train was nearly buried at Sims.

The winter of December 1936-February 1937 saw record snowfalls, not even heroic efforts could keep rail lines and highways continuously open. Many Dunsmuir stores had snow tunnel entrances. Winter had the town in a paralyzing grip. Snow was even shoveled by hand onto flat rail cars which were hauled below town; the dirty white stuff disposed of in the river. 180 carloads were unloaded in this way. 181" of snow buried the Shasta Division for hundreds of miles.

The winters of 1949-1950 and 1952 were as severe as the winter of 1937 and were ones that the railroaders remember well. The canyon was hit with storm after storm and before long over 16' of snow was paralyzing the town and railroad. Everyone in town worked together to keep the rail lines and highway open. Town dump trucks would load flat cars going to Willamette Valley where the snow would melt in the warmer Oregon valley. The men working at Dunsmuir sometimes had severe conditions to stand against but their job was to keep the trains moving and that they did through ingenuity and hard work.

The winter of January 1952 saw much snow and December 1952 had another hugh snow storm hit Dunsmuir. The common cause for the railroad was to keep the line open. Giant steam rotaries chewed away while snow filled the cuts amost as fast as they were cleared. •

(Above is borrowed Text from the website of Dunsmuir Railroad Depot.)



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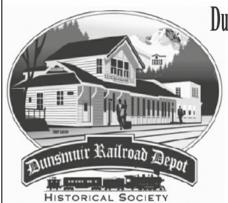
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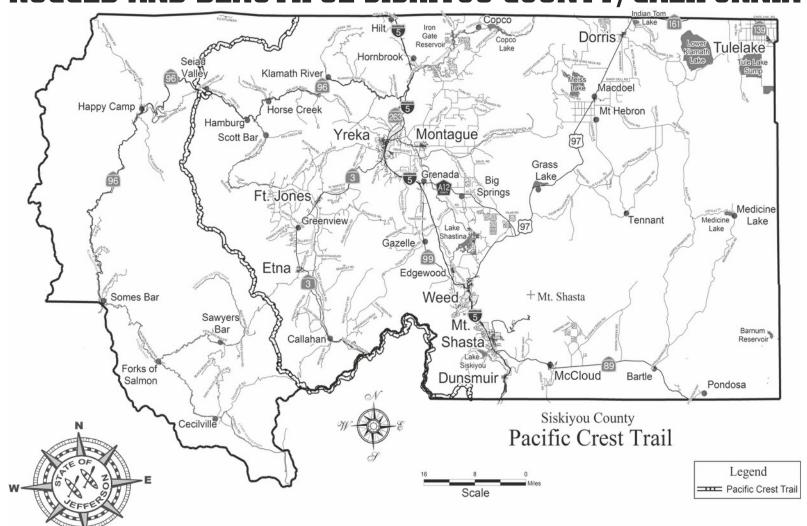
**Dunsmuir Museum** 

Located at the Amtrak Depot Corner of Pine & Sacramento Dunsmuir, Ca

Revisit the past in this historic railroad town. Open April through October, 1st and 3rd Saturday, from 10am to 2pm.

www.dunsmuirdepot.com

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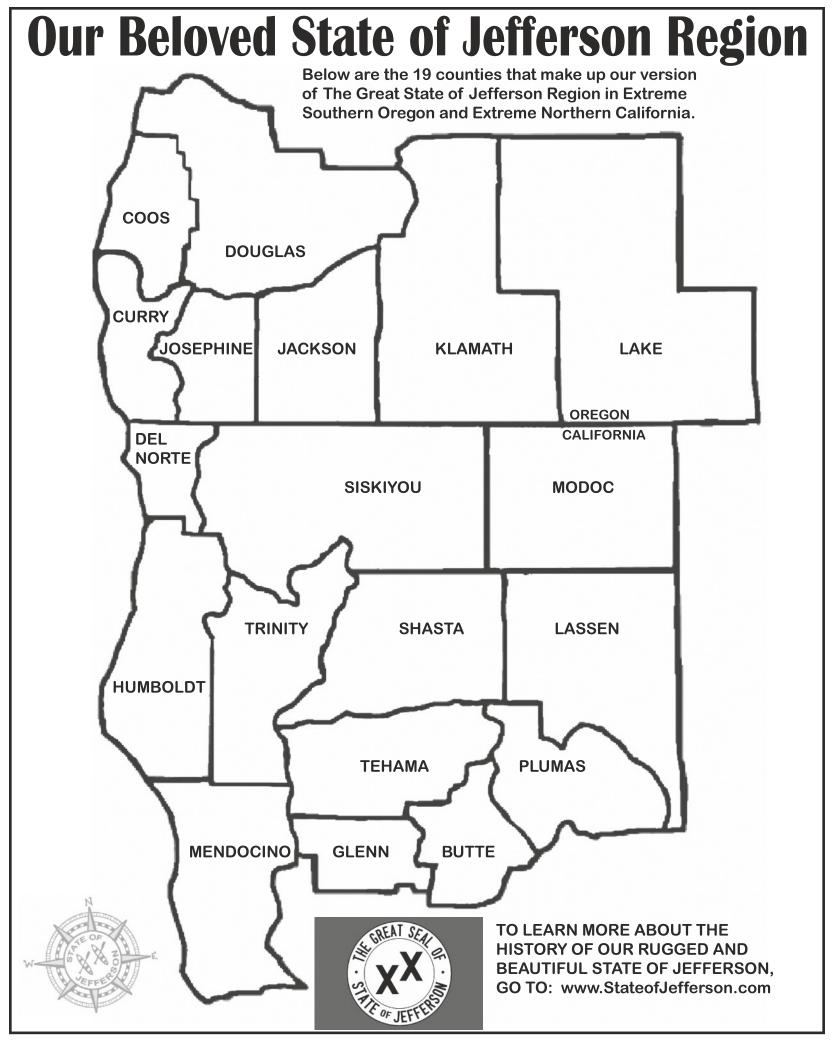
All the inspiration you need to plan your next excursion in Siskiyou County. Gather your information, grab a spot on the grass next to the beautiful Klamath River and start planning!



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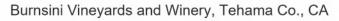


A Few Wineries in
The State of
Jefferson Region

Alger Vineyards, Tehama Co., CA

Alpen Cellars, Trinity Co., CA

Bridgeview Vineyards, Douglas Co., OR



Butter Creek Ranch Vineyard, Trinity Co., CA

Cedar Crest Winery, Tehama Co., CA

Dogwood Cellars, Mendocino Co., CA

Flor d'Iuna Boutique Winery, Humboldt Co., CA

Handley Cellars, Mendocino Co., CA

Indian Peak Vineyards, Tehama, Co., CA

Matson Vineyards, Shasta Co., CA

Melrose Vineyards, Douglas Co., OR

Merlo Family Estate Vineyards, Trinity Co., CA

Misty Oaks Vineyard, Douglas Co., OR

Moonstone Crossing Winery, Humboldt Co., CA

Mount Tehama Winery, Tehama Co., CA

New Clairvaux Vineyard, Tehama Co., CA

One Maple Winery, Trinity Co., CA

Pacific Star Winery, Mendocino Co., CA

River's Edge Winery, Douglas Co., OR

RoxyAnn Winery, Jackson Co., OR

Schmidt Family Vineyards, Josephine Co., OR

Stringer's Orchard Wild Plum Winery, Modoc Co., CA

Violet-Green Winery, Humboldt Co., CA

Weisinger Family Winery, Jackson Co., OR

Woolridge Creek Vineyard, Douglas Co., OR



## STITCHING IN THE DITCE

Stories by Judy Sartor of Mount Shasta Lily Quilt Guild, Mt. Shasta, California www.ShastaLily.org

What's your favorite Quilt Block? Have you used it in a Quilt? And why is it your favorite? Perhaps it was a Quilt that you grew up with. Is it a visual memory? A tactile memory?

I remember Flannel. Lots of flannel. The feel of the soft flannel of utility quilts that changed to that slightly rough textured flannel through repeated washings. These quilts were usually tied. How many of those knots did I untie? That's between me and the quilting brownies.

And I can remember the wooden quilt frame in my Aunt Hazel's dining room. It folded up against the wall with the two tall windows. In my memory it always had a quilt stretched on it. Usually it was a Grandmother's Flower Garden Quilt. Unfortunately I don't remember ever seeing my Aunt or Grandmother quilting on it. I wish that I did.

My other Grandmother did not quilt. She did, however, have a treadle machine, and my 3 year old self was forever in trouble for playing underneath it. Back to favorite quilt blocks.

With its red or yellow hearthstone center, the Traditional Log Cabin Block is truly an American invention. There are, of course, numerous variations in color, shape and size. Individual states have their own quilt blocks, and there are countless blocks connected to the western migration. What Quilter has not heard of Kansas Troubles or Road to California? How about Rocky Road or Oregon Trail? You can choose to make up your own pattern, which is usually problematic and easier said than done. But here's a

novel idea. Why not choose a traditional block and experiment with something a little more familiar?

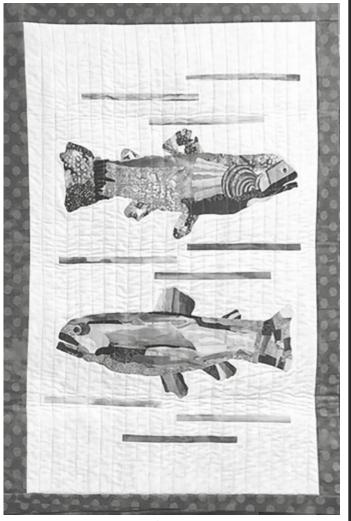
#### **And Then There Is This**

When Magalia burned during the Camp Fire this summer, a terrifying story played out at the Pines Baptist Church. The Pastor had just loaded his van with a group of residents who had no transportation out of the area. Then the world exploded. The Pastor ordered everyone back into the church, where they hunkered down praying that they would somehow survive. After a terrifying night punctuated by exploding propane tanks and the insane roar of the flames themselves, daylight revealed a transformed reality. But, despite the destruction, the church



had survived unscathed. So had many trees close to the building.

This church has become the center of local recovery efforts. The ladies of the Shasta Lily Quilt Guild have delivered a number of quilts for the survivors of this fire. As the Magalia/Paradise area is home to a good number of retirees, many of them are also Veterans. To meet a special request, we are making an Honor Quilt which will be dedicated to those Veterans and presented to the church. It is a small step towards recovery. •



Collage Technique from Tater Patch Retreat





## SIERRA NEVADA DOG DRIVERS NEWS

Story and Photo by April Cox of SNDD

Getting all excited about a sled dog race can be an emotional roller coaster. Mushers like me spend hours and days on end, running the dogs, making an extra special blend of food (kibble, frozen meat mix) which gives the dogs extra protein and fat. We spend hundreds of dollars on entries, hotels, food, fuel and other miscellaneous stuff. We spend time planning, scheduling, making reservations at hotels and hiring dog sitters to come tend the ones we don't take. Often, a working mushing kennel will have dogs of all ages, for example, the old-timers that are on the retirement plan, the main string, and sometimes there is a second string. Then there is our future: the puppies! When a musher entrusts you to come take care of their dogs, it is a HUGE form of respect as this is the most important thing to a musher: the care of their dogs. Sled dogs are more than kids or pets, they are elite athletes.

Events in our sport are entirely dependent on the weather. Often, if the weather isn't cooperative, the club will have an alternate date set for a second try. Clubs spend hours and hours planning them. There are so many logistics in putting on a successful sled dog race. We have officials such as Race Marshall, Timers, Race Secretary, & Trail Boss. Those are the key. Then, come race time, we need to find the other key, the volunteer. Most often those come in the form of the mushers as well as their family members. Volunteers can be in the form of other people who love dogs and love to watch sled dogs work. If you have never attended a race, then you have not ever seen the total reward of all the time and energy that shows in expression of those dogs, in the chute, barking to go, lunging in their harnesses to go... they live to go, they love to go!

The musher enters the chute. There are volunteers here to help hold the sled at the start line until the timer gives the signal. The dogs are screaming at this point, it is all everyone can do to hold them back. They lunge up and down and forward all in one motion, jerking the sled.

The release is almost whiplashing. They are off! Then there is silence. The dogs don't bark when they run. All you hear now is their breathing and the sound of the sled runners in the snow. The dogs are kicking up the snow in the air with their feet as they go. It is truly a magical moment. The snow along the trail sparkles like diamonds in the sunny crisp air. You can feel the dogs pulling, gaining speed as they go. Faster and faster they go. Soon, almost too soon it seems, the finish line is ahead of you. The crowd is gathered around the chute, cheering you in, but really they are cheering the dogs. Without the dogs there is nothing. The dogs love the noise and just when you didn't think it was possible, they go faster. You cross the finish line and press the brake down to stop. They don't want to stop. They aren't bred to stop. They go straight to their truck and finally you get them stopped, only because someone is there to help. Quickly, you unhook their lines and put them on the drop chains that are stretched along the side of the truck. Now it is rest time, for them. But you have to wait. First they need water and snacks, NOW! Then you unharness each one. As you do this, you give each one a hug and thank them for being awesome. Also, you rub them down and check for any soreness then move on. Now you can rest for a few.

If you are at a race, this is the perfect time to approach the musher to ask questions and often they will allow you to pet the dogs because, now, the day is done for the race. Mushers generally love to talk to people about their dogs and the sport. Education to the public is key in our sport as there is a lot of misinformation and misconception about what we do. So please, ask questions.

If this sounds like something you want to experience, then you have a chance. Yes, the weather this year has been trying to cooperate.



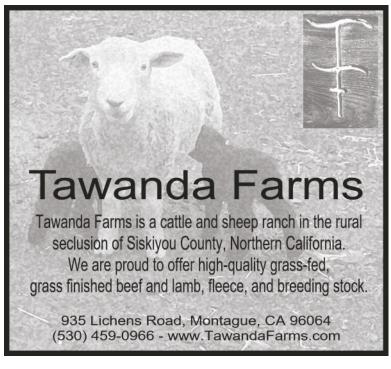
The race coming up in Chester, California that was scheduled for Jan 12 & 13, 2019 has been rescheduled so now please mark your calendars for Feb 16 & 17, 2019.

Sometimes mushers will allow personal kennel visits if you can't attend a race. You can also join a club like Sierra Nevada Dog Drivers. You don't have to be a musher or want to be a musher to be a part of the club and the races. You only need to love dogs and love the sport!



www.sndd.org







## TAWANDA FARMS

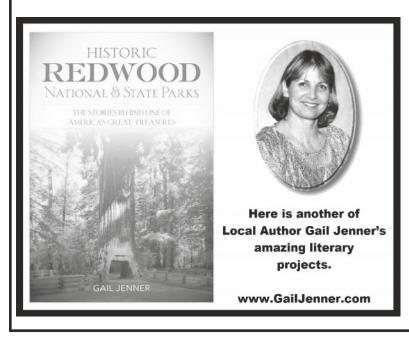
We did it! One more time. On Friday, 18 January, we sheared 66 ewes, and we did it in the rain. Not an easy feat. Jimmy, our shearer comes from Rogue River, OR. He brings all of his equipment, including the chute with a trip door where he pulls the girls out onto the shearing floor. He is gentle and kind and talks to them the whole time he is working on them.

Then, there is the crew, all volunteers. Friends from Siskiyou Spinning Guild have been coming for several years now. There are also friends of friends who come year after year. Neighbors and friends of theirs. This year we had at least 5 new people who had never been to Tawanda Farms before. They come from as far away as Oregon, several from Weed and as close as just down the road. There were between 14 and 17 people here from 7:30 a.m. until 6:00 p.m. Most of them were here all day. We are truly blessed.

At the skirting table, we have our two resident wool evaluators, filled with knowledge. What is a skirting table you ask? Each fleece as it comes off the sheep is thrown onto a large, open table; in our case, an old gate. All of the really nasty wool is pulled off the sides and back and thrown on the floor.

This year they were asked to pick out fleeces that had been requested by buyers for their color or character. And they were also asked to choose several for showing either at the fair or a wool show. Since they are both hand spinners, they chose another few for sales to hand spinners. The remainder of the wool is sold to a commercial buyer who produces a breed specific yarn; at Tawanda Farms, the breed is Romney.

I could go on and on about our day. We were all very tired. We all had a good time. We made new friends and got the job done. One more time we are very blessed. •





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-LIVE MUSIC-



## **LOCAL INFORMATION**



Siskiyou County Chamber Alliance www.SiskiyouChambers.com



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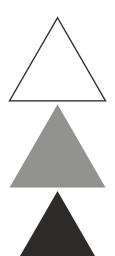
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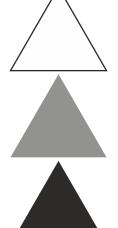


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KZRO FM 100.1 Mt. Shasta, CA Classic Rock

KTHU FM 100.7 Chico, CA Thunderheads Classic Rock

KBOY FM 95.7 Grants Pass, OR Classic Rock

KSJK AM 1230 KSYC AM 1490 Jefferson Public Radio News & Info

KLAD FM 92.5 Klamath Falls, OR Country

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Rockin the Backroads!!

## New Melodrama Debuts in Scott Valley

It's 1867, and Beaver Valley is in crisis. The townsfolk are divided...over everything! Incivility is the order of the day. Nothing is getting done around town, the children are behaving like wild animals, and the new schoolmarm is at her wit's end. A Carpetbagger arrives in town to work his nefarious schemes and madcap mayhem ensues.

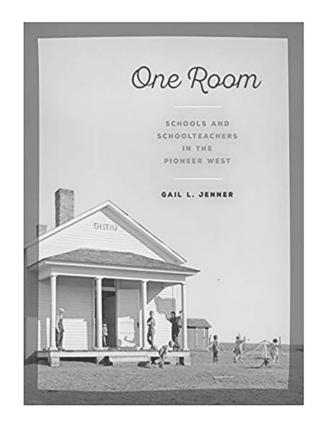
The MAD Players proudly present their new melodrama, "Gold Meddling...or Cain't We All Jest Git Along?!" Filled with local humor, and some ancient wisdom too, the play is good old-fashioned family fun. You will boo and hiss, cheer and gasp, and have some laughs along the way.

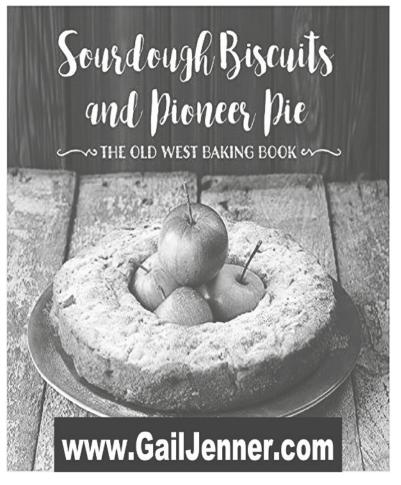
This is the fourth original melodrama written by the local trio of Madeleine Ayres, Annie Kramer and Dee Jones, who have also produced such favorites as "The Marlahan Mustard Mystery...or Woad is Me," "Common Cents...or What's in Store?," and "Cabin Fever...or Dancing with Wolves."

Performances dates are Friday, February 15, and Saturday, February 16, at the Fort Jones Community Center, 11960 East St., in Fort Jones. Tickets are \$15 and include hearty appetizers, beer, wine, or soft drinks, and dessert. Doors open at 6:00 p.m., play begins at 7:00 p.m. Advance tickets are suggested and available at Martin's Experienced Items, Etna or call 530-598-4490 for reservations and information. Benefits the community service projects of the Rotary Club of Scott Valley.

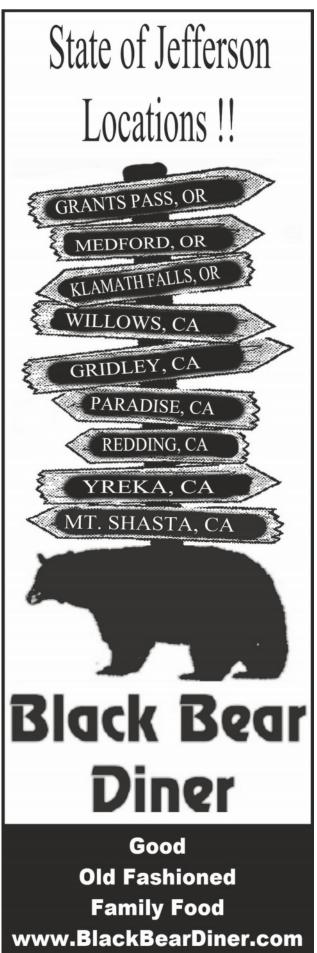
A second weekend of performances will be Friday and Saturday, February 22 and 23, at 7:00 p.m., and Sunday, February 24, 2:00 p.m., at the Historic Avery Theater, Main Street, Etna. Tickets are \$10 for adults and \$5 for students under 12. Benefits the Historic Avery Theater. •

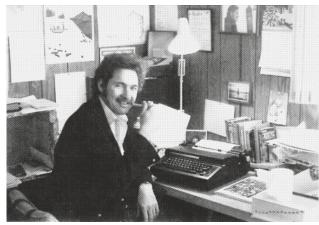






## INSPIRATIONS FROM THE FOREST





Continuing Saga... Real Life Logging Stories by Hank Nelson of Wasilla, Alaska

## "The Tale of Big Ed"

During World War II Fred was too old for active duty; he had been honorably discharged from the Coast Guard during the Depression years. As part of the civilian war effort, however, those who were fit enough, and with good temperament, were sent to various places that were deemed crucial and important. Uncle Fred spent two years in Dutch Harbor, Alaska at a United States Navy PBY seaplane port. Planes from there engaged in aerial reconnaissance over the Gulf of Alaska and the Aleutian Island chain, which stuck out in a broad curve like an elephants tusk into the Bering Sea. Fred always liked to say that it was in Dutch Harbor where he learned to cook. When Fred later became the head cook for Erwin & Lyons at the big camp on Burma Canyon Flats, a splash dam and skyline logging operation, he employed with skill and imaginative flare all that he had learned from his experience in Dutch Harbor.

One time, I recall the when Uncle Fred made a beautiful two-layer birthday cake for Grandma, brought it down river to town and proudly set it down on the table. It was generously covered with thick, white frosting with purple letters he had scribed: Happy Birthday Mother. She was to say, many times, she'd scoff, "That Fred... he's too damn particular...." Her style of cooking, which she'd learned from her West Virginia Hatfield aunts, was a pinch of this and a dab of that, tasting it with a spoon occasionally, stirring in the proper seasoning. Fred did the same thing except when it came to baking things like hot dinner rolls, cakes, pies, Maple Bars and doughnuts. No... to Fred it was both scientific and artistry.

Prior to leaving for his stint in Dutch Harbor, Uncle Fred had sat in front of a mirror he'd propped up on the kitchen table so he could see his hands as he practiced shuffling the cards. He got pretty good at it, doing tricks and a bit of sleigh-of-hand. But after he had been at the base a few days, watching some real card players at the table, he told grandma that the boys sitting around the table had their eyes on this one particular fellow who looked and acted... just a little too good to be true. Turned out that he was a card-shark and the guys told him if he wasn't out of camp by the next day, they were going to fix his hash! It doesn't take a good imagination to figure out what that might mean. That night, Fred slipped out of bed, put on his pants, gathered up his playing cards, walked down to the beach and

ered up his playing cards, walked down to the beach and gave them a fling as far as he could throw them... into the deep blue sea.



## Inspirations from the Forest Continued from Page 26

Big Ed "Oh My" Gosh had been a Heavy-weight boxer, a contender for the California state crown. He was a gentle giant... a blonde Viking....a tattoo on each arm: 'Mother,' and a big red Rose. He was tall, a plodding, shuffling, immovable granite statue; hands hanging down to his knees. When he lifted his arms and struck a pose his clenched fists were the size of the hub of a Conastoga wagon wheel, like the ones that rolled across the Oregon trail. The blows from an opponent merely glanced off his brow, and on he came.... bobbing and weaving. Even now I can visualize Big Ed climbing into the ring, holding his arms above his head, dancing around in circles... wearing a dark blue robe with the name "Oh My" in huge gold blocked letters emblazoned on the back.

How and why Big Ed "Oh My" Gosh had ever found his way into the logging Camp on the Alleghany River no one will ever know. He had stature... yet now here he was, working as a flunky in Fred's kitchen. With nearly a 50-inch reach, and when recoiled, and the trip-hammer sprung... it would have been like a cannon ball hurled at you from a giant cross-bow, "Wham!"

But Big Ed was a kindly, gentle man. He bore no resemblance at all to the stereotype of stumble bum, used-up prize fighter. No slurred speech, with "Dims" and "Dems" nor "Do's." No misshapen nose, nor cauliflower ears nor scar tissue above the eyes... All this, except one night, when Uncle Fred took me to a movie at the Egyptian theater. After the cartoons and coming events the News Reel Cavalcade of Sports showed the hi-lights of a recent boxing match between Jersey Joe Walcott and Joe Louis up on the big screen. Suddenly, about four rows down from us, a huge giant of a man stood up and started bobbing and weaving and throwing punches... shadow boxing and grunting. It was Big Ed. Uncle Fred bent over and in a low voice said, "Big Ed's a little punchy."

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Fred didn't mind my setting down at the camp kitchen table now and then and have a bite to eat, but for the most part instructed me to stay out of the way of the flunkies who were busy setting the tables and so on and so forth. But one day I burst into the kitchen and there was Big Ed walking towards the door. I put up my dukes and danced around shadow-boxing, showing off. His eyes lit up, then grinning and mimicking me Big Ed shuffled towards me, bobbing and weaving. Ed's playful tap on the shoulder sent me backward like a leaf in a gale. He wasn't trying to hurt me, just didn't know his own strength. Fred saw it happen and stood right up to Big Ed.

"Hey... lay off the kid!"

Big Ed grinned... "Geeze... 'kay ... didn't mean to rough 'em up none... just joshing around."

"Well then... okay."

Fred was like that.

If he thought he was in the right, he'd stand toe to toe and look a guy right in the eye, no matter how big or how tough he was. Fred knew the score alright. Big Ed could have squashed him like a bug. But there was something inside him as well, a gentle nature... at least outside the ring. Fred never held a grudge. Once it was over and an understanding was established he'd forget all about it. Fred liked Big Ed, and so did I, and if Ed were anywhere around, he'd greet you with a smile as big as all outdoors as he was taking care of things here and there around the big camp. If Uncle Fred wanted something done... Big Ed was right there. And Johnny-on-the spot!

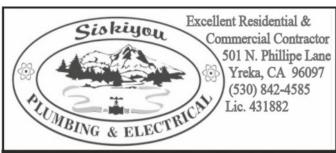
Continued on Page 28





## 2019 RMEF UPCOMING BIG GAME BANQUETS STATE OF JEFFERSON REGION

Location	Date	Contact Phone
Gold Beach, Oregon	2/9/2019	541-661-5949
Klamath Falls, Oregon	2/23/2019	541-331-1331
Redding, California	2/23/2019	530-226-3344
Chico, California	2/23/2019	530-592-9587
Burns, Oregon	3/2/2019	541-589-2332
Roseburg, Oregon	3/16/2019	541-459-8800
Fortuna, California	4/6/2019	707-735-5916
Weaverville, California	4/13/2019	530-515-3321
Redmond, Oregon	4/13/2019	541-460-3620
John Day, Oregon	4/20/2019	775-340-2520
Medford, Oregon	4/27/2019	541-878-3699
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## Inspirations from the Forest Continued from Page 27

Sometimes between shifts, when Big Ed took a short break, we'd sit together outside the cook house on a bench and talk about things in general. He'd asked me what I wanted to be... and I just shrugged my shoulders... I wasn't just sure what I wanted to be, except maybe a baseball pitcher like Rapid Bobby Feller. I spent a lot of my spare time tossing rocks and pretending to be pitching in the World Series, for the Cleveland Indians. I'd rare back, mimicking that high kick of his, throwing overhand fastballs over the plate for strikes. That summer, in 1948 with Uncle Fred at the Alleghany River Camp, I lived the life of Riley; sometimes I'd join Fred and Big Ed and sit down on a bench just outside the kitchen and the big walk-in freezer, sip ice-cold lemonade and chow-down on Uncle Fred's signature Blueberry cobbler. Fred would set his cup of coffee down and light up, and more than once told me to back off a little when Big Ed was around... reminding me that he had a job to do and so forth and so on. Truth was I was getting a little to cocky and he let me know it. "Just Tone it down a little, Buddy."

It was an idyllic adventure, surreal and nothing short of fabulous; the whole thing was magnanimous. I was just 15 going on 16 and sort of feeling my oats, trying as best I could to sort things out. The big kitchen, where Fred reigned supreme, and the long dining hall, reminded me of a Paul Bunyan yarn I had read in my youth late one night by the dim yellow glow of an old kerosene lamp. The dining hall was so big and long that the flunkies serving the hungry loggers had to strap on skates to get to the other end, and clouds formed in the ceiling spaces, falling as warm summer mists. The hot grill where Uncle Fred fried the bacon, ham and sausage and eggs was so big flunkies tied strips of bacon rimes on the bottom of their shoes in order to skate around quickly and fast enough to turn the flapjacks and such; there were cranes to load the batter and swing it around. It was as if Fred stood in front of a panel of various levers and Gismos, a maestro conducting a vast symphony of fried potatoes, flapjacks, bacon, and sausage and eggs sizzling on the grill. The Big Camp really was a Paul Bunyan conglomeration, open 24 hours a day.... seven days a week... nonstop! Uncle Fred was the head cook... boss of the whole shebang.





## Inspirations from the Forest Continued from Page 28

As to camp-cook ethics, Fred was particular about his utensils, pots and pans, and staff. Fred did all his own baking-bread, hot rolls, cakes, doughnuts... maple bars, pies; and whenever he baked, he used a set of red weight scales, measuring out accurate amounts of ingredients, so that everything would come out the way it was supposed to be. He carried the little red scales in a small blue suitcase just large enough to hold all his tools of the trade: a couple of aprons, a chef's hat, knives, whips and a foot long, tapered-cylindrical shaped sharpener. He figured it all out on paper, ordered supplies-- and they were prodigious! Nothing was left to chance, he even washed all his own pots and pans. Uncle Fred's goal was to be carefully exact and serve nutritious fare satisfying the palate of even the most sceptic connoisseurs of culinary delights! Fred was an absolute dictator when it came to insisting that anyone and everyone who worked in "His" kitchen washed their hands whenever they went outside and reentered. The floors were scrubbed and kept clean. Anyone who ever worked for Fred Cooper, including the helpers, second-cooks, and flunkies who waited on the tables, were expected to dress and look neat, be shaven, hair trimmed, and to be courteous in their demeanors. Every now and then, Fred would check the fingernails of the food handlers who worked in the kitchen. It was Fred's unwritten code of conduct and his workers fully understood where they stood in the overall scheme of things.

The big camp on the Alleghany River was encompassed by mountains and incessant sounds of clattering, reverberating echoes of the drills striking the iron face of solid rock, and of rumbling machines gouging out the big haul road. Sometimes working through solid, rock-ribbed ridge lines, the material displaced would be used to fill lower places and to straighten out narrow gauge roads into wide sweeping curves and long straight-a-ways. When finished, it would be the biggest, most grandiose road in the history of logging. It was, however, the sound of men and machines... the rattling of the big pneumatic drills boring through rock walls and the placement of dynamite for the "powder experts" to load and shoot the rock. Everything was mapped out by the design that the road engineers had surveyed in the field, put on paper and then carried out by the road builders. Humongous machines, bulldozers, ponderous lumbering earth movers... dump trucks so big that when a six-foot tall man stood along side one of the tires on the behemoth, he would barely come up to the inside hub. The crews worked in shifts, around the clock, beneath the man-made portable lights strung out strategically, all to the steady drone of light plants.

The big shops were made for shelter during repairs of the big equipment, tire sheds, and maintenance... it took an army of trained, skilled mechanics to keep the operation moving forward. The heartbeat of it all was the cook shack, and the mechanics... but the men I saw through the lighted windows—surveyors, and engineers pouring over maps and blue-prints, night and day, seven days a week—they were the "Gods" lighting the way. Two years

later, patterned from the basics of the Roman road builders, a haul road that would rival the great Audubon was completed. The big off-highway Weyerhaeuser logging trucks loaded down by as much as 13,000 or more board feet of logs rolled along from the verdant forests to the big mill.

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running at full capacity. It was such a momentous and spellbinding operation that there's no way in the telling of it that comes anywhere close, except as a comparison, to the Biblical account found in 1st Kings, Chapter 5 of the Bible... which upon reading grips and holds you in its grasp!



Continued on Page 30



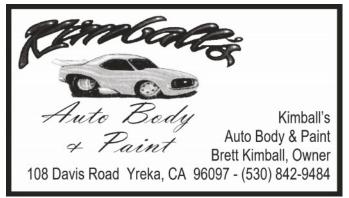
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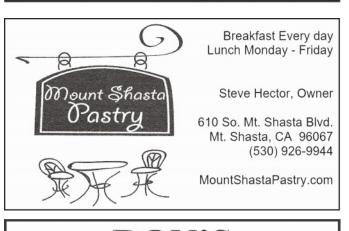
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## Inspirations from the Forest Continued from Page 29

The Lord spoke to Solomon, son of David... you will build for me a Tabernacle. Therefore, command that thy servants cut for me Cedars from Lebanon. My servants will be with your servants; and I will give you wages for your servants, according to what you say; for there is no one among us who knows how to cut timber like the Sidonians. So, Hiram sent word to Solomon saying, "I have heard your message which you have sent me; I will do what you desire concerning the Cedar and Cypress timber, my servants will bring them down from Lebanon to the sea and will make them into rafts to go by sea to the place where you direct me, and I will have them broken up there; and you shall carry them away."

Now King Solomon levied labors from all of Israel; and they numbered 30,000 men. And he sent them to Lebanon 10,000 a month in relays, so that they were in camp a month and two months at home; the Bull-Buck in charge was Adoniriam. Solomon had a crew that Paul Bunyan would have held in awe... and to that extent given his suspenders a couple or three snaps... 70,000 transporters, and 80,000 hewers to cut the stones and prepare the timbers to build the house.

Now, perhaps you may have some idea, a mere smidgeon, of the complexity and poetry of maintaining such a crew, meeting their basic needs: warm, comfortable on-the-job housing, wash-rooms and showers, laundry, a recreation facility-- and the Cook Shack to maintain team-work and morale and to accommodate and maintain a high degree of excellence. Uncle Fred as Head Chef took that mantle seriously, as if the whole thing rested upon the functioning of the Big Cook Shack on the hill. It was an army, and the belly of the beast ran on the good fortunes of the kitchen crew-- flunkies who smilingly, courteously, and with aplomb brought the food in platters, gumbos and serving bowls to the ravenous crews who bowed their necks and ate silently and prodigiously of the bill-o-fare placed before them. It took more, a great deal more-- continual food deliveries, dishwashers, maintenance, and preparation. Fred, by nature, a kindly fair-minded man at heart, nevertheless insisted on rigid compliance as to rules of conduct... no boozing or dilly-dallying or carousing on the job, and cleanliness was a virtue!

There was a trail I discovered, zig-zagging back and forth away from camp, meandering here and there, finally working itself up a narrow ridge-line that at one time had been a haul-road, now grown over with brush, and in places little more than a game trail. I told Fred about it and asked him what he thought. "Good...." He was all for it: "Why don't you check it out, Bud, it'll do you good!" Truth was Fred was tired of me getting in the way at the cook house. He was anxious for me to get off my can and do something besides goofing off, laying around, guzzling lemonade and scarfing up blueberry pies! With my knapsack on my back, containing various things that I might need—a lunch that Uncle Fred had put



together, a flask of water and so forth, I cradled my 25/20 Winchester carbine lever action rifle and headed for the high country.

## Inspirations from the Forest Continued from Page 30

I walked back and forth, then stopped abruptly at the landing site of an old long ago logging show. Tall ferns and vine maples had grown up around the old sled-mounted steam-pot, a figurative relic of the Pleistocene... its boilers rusting in the grip of antiquity. Moss covered the sled-runners and clung here and there on the shanty-cab where the Donkey Puncher would sit. The cables were suspended in midair, tight-lined in suspended animation, two-blocked against the Bull Block high up in the spar tree.... all left exactly the way it had been the day that the last log was pulled into the landing and the operation had shut down. A few twisted rusty cables stretched out through the ferns and new growth. A row of big Old Growth Douglas Fir logs lay to one side, and except for maybe three or four inches of decay around the outside of the logs, the rest were as sound as a silver dollar. The whole thing was shrouded in mystery. Maybe the company had gone broke or perhaps encroached accidentally or otherwise onto private land. Judging from the size of the new growth springing up here and there, the old logging show had probably been shut down for at least ten years or so; a classic example of a Gyppo logger's dream run amuck! A Gyppo logger's fortune was tenuous at best, treading as it were a fine line working on a shoestring budget, straddling the narrow rail fence between making enough to meet payroll or bankruptcy. I looked it all over, glancing over my shoulder for cougars, and then made my way back down the trail towards camp and Uncle Fred.

The trail bent around a rocky ledge, and then I stopped dead in my tracks! The hair bristled on the back of my neck as I caught a glimpse of Big Ed on his knees, sobbing like a newborn baby... looking up into the sky and crying over and over... "Oh God! Mother... Mother!" It unnerved me. It was unsettling. Cold chills went up and down my spine. Slowly, cognizant that a mere step on a broken twig would upset the whole apple-cart... I quietly backed up stealthily along the trail, then cut across and made my way around to the other side of the knob. I worked my way through the brush to where I emerged once again on the trail a good ways below Big Ed. I had learned to pray the Lord's prayer from my little West Virginia Grandmother, but I had never heard about the Holy Ghost and the likes of Big Ed's lifting his hands into the sky... and his anguished prayers. Years later, Fred told me that Big Ed had opened a health spa in Coos Bay; the "Golden-something-or-other" and was doing well. It just goes to show that you never know how things are going to work out in this life and many a time they do in ways you never counted on.

At the end of the summer, at the bus Depot, Fred shook hands, told me to keep my chin up, and not take any wooden nickels. I stepped aboard the big Greyhound bus with a big lump in my throat, turning my head away so that Uncle Fred wouldn't see the tears welling up in my eyes. By the time we made it to Myrtle Point, heading for Roseburg through Camas Valley, the coastal country and the smell of salt air melting away with each mile, I had had enough time to sort things out, and was beginning to feel better. Besides, he said that he would be seeing me again, when the job was finished. Heading out of town, through the winding two-lane old Highway 99 over the mountains between Canyonville, Grants Pass and the Siskiyou Mountains, way off in the distance I saw a spar tree high on a ridge. It reminded me of Uncle Fred, the logging camp and my career-



inspiring image of young loggers running between the lashing lines to hook a log and then run for their lives to high ground. I had worked that summer on a big hay ranch, bought a nifty little automobile, a semi-automatic Remington .22 caliber rifle for Uncle Fred, and then spent nearly a month with Uncle Fred at the big construction camp on the Allegheny River. That same year Bobby Feller and the Cleveland Indians won the World Series against the Boston Braves. Life was pretty good after all.

In 1949 Fred returned to town to stay. His marriage to Ina had fizzled. She was his son's mother and so he'd stuck it out for as long as he could. She was a pretty, vivacious woman but had big ideas and before long, Fred was head over heels in debt. He'd bailed out, in sheer desperation. It would take him nearly ten years to pay all of his debts. A man's word was his integrity, and a good name was important to Uncle Fred. It was a lesson he taught me well.

Looking back, I've realized I had never once told Uncle Fred about my unexpected revelation about Big Ed's anguished prayers... Maybe part of it was because I didn't want to "rock the boat"...and besides it was all just between me, Big Ed and God!

I had my little Model-A Ford waiting for me when I got back to Beaver Creek, and my first year in High School. There were things to do, and things to consider, like my Darla Darling Jones from just across the road. Logging camp was another notch on my axe-handle, an accumulated adventure tucked away in my knapsack and tapping into the



Photo of Donkey engine used for logging, found through University of Washington.

rich literary vein of Homilies and Falderal. Indeed... I had toughened up! •



Photo: Logging Truck taken in the 1940s-50s.

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In 1898 Albert Gilchrist sent Frank Dushau west. He began assembling the Gilchrist family's Klamath and Lake County timber lands. The sustained yielded forestry program that Gilchrist Timber was prevented from implementing in Mississippi was refined and employed by the company in the management of its Oregon timber lands.

On May 31, 1927 Gilchrist Timber formalized the management of its Central Oregon Timber lands by joining with Shevlin-Hixon and Fremont Land Company to organize Walker Range Protective Association. Walker Range, besides fighting fires on the lands protected by the Association, also aggressively promoted the maintenance of forest health.

On April 29, 1944, the Gilchrist Timber Company's board of directors adopted then specified the company's policy of conservation and sustained-yield timber management. It would remain one of the hallmarks of Gilchrist Timber Company for the rest of the company's existence. The forest management practices which grew out of that meeting supplied the mill with a sustainable supply of timber. Rufus Childre, then William Steers managed the Gilchrist Timber Company's timberlands. They managed the Pacific Northwest's most remarkable tree farm.

The basic unit for single-tree management was a sixteenth of a section, known as a "forty" because it consisted of forty acres. Frank Dushau, when he began acquiring timberland in Central Oregon for the Gilchrist family, did so in forty-acre parcels. Benjamin V. Wright carried on purchasing timberlands in forty-acre blocks, then began employing the forty as the basic unit for the management of Gilchrist Timber Company's timber holdings. The logging superintendent and company forester, under single-tree management, selected the timber. Trees of varying age, as well as trees which were wind-damaged or diseased, were harvested. The remaining trees achieved faster rates of growth. After forty years the Gilchrist Forest was producing more timber of a better quality than had been the case when the application of the technique had commenced.

The principals of Gilchrist Timber Company, through contacts within the Western Pine Association, were introduced to, and then quickly adopted, a technique known as Single Tree Management. The aforementioned timber management technique made Gilchrist Timber Company's

timberlands a self-sustaining tree farm. Sustained yield forestry was one of Gilchrist Timber's most broadly applied practices. •

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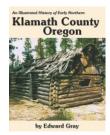
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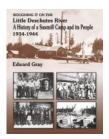
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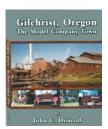


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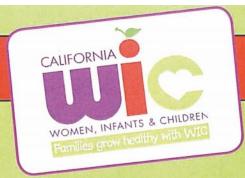
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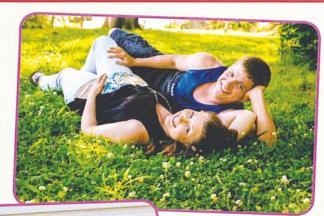
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