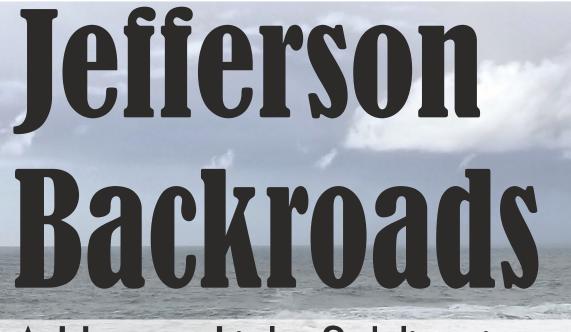
FREE LOCAL INFORMATION GUIDE

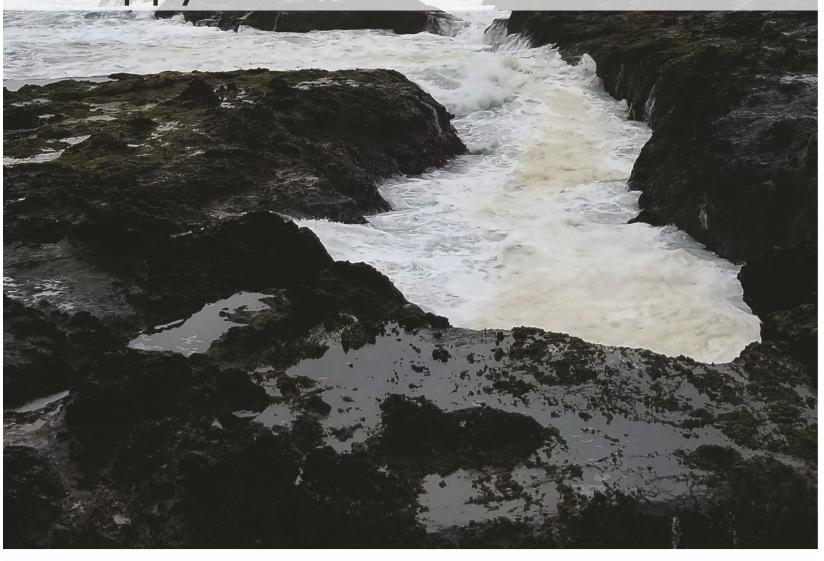


April 2019



A Happy Little Publication

God Bless America



Read our Publications 24/7/365 at www.JeffersonBackroads.com

ALWAYS HONORING OUR TRUE HEROES



Our United States of America:

Land of the Free

Because of the Brave.

WE STAND UP FOR
and Proudly Support, Honor & Salute
America's Amazing Heroes,
Those Men and Women who Bravely
Protect & Serve the Law Abiding Citizens:
Our Law Enforcement & Firefighters,
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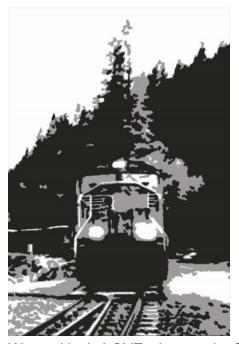


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We LOVE Small Town America!

Now in our 10th year of publication...

WELCOME ABOARD!



Thank You!

This happy little local publication is made possible ONLY thanks to our Honored Advertisers who graciously place their ads with us. Our beloved writers. readers & subscribers complete the circle.

Keeping your Business and Events on our Community's radar is our Pride & Joy!

We positively LOVE what we do. Sharing your business and events IS OUR BUSINESS! Again, Thank YOU ALL!!

Table of Contents

- Advertising Rates & Publication Info
- 33 Breweries & Distilleries in our Region
- 14 Butte Valley Chamber of Commerce
- 42 Carr Fire Cookbook Project
- 43 COMMUNITY BULLETIN BOARD - New!
- 18 **Dunsmuir Railroad Depot News**
- 12 Event: Art of Survival
- 44 Event - Fiber Arts Show Coming this Summer
- 13 Events - Just a Few Local Happenings
- 7 Event: Klamath River Turkey Shoot 9
- Event: Lake Shastina Community Wide Yard Sales 35 Event: Siskiyou Sheriff Search and Rescue Dinner
- 21 & 41 Quilting and Crafting Events
- Story: Apollo 16 & The Saga of the Lost Moon Rocks 22
- 29 Story: Backroads Adventures 20 Story: Can You Imagine?
- 26 Story: Discovering the State of Jefferson
- 19 Story: Inspirations from the Forest by Hank Nelson
- 38-39 Story: Quilting - Stitch in the Ditch
- 37 Story: Tawanda Farms
- 6 & 40 Story: Trails & Recreation Expo
- 45 Story: Train History
- Story: Northern Klamath County Oregon News & Info 28
- 9 & 25 Story: Yreka Garden Club
- Veterans & Senior Citizen Services & Info 15

JEFFERSON BACKROAD

A Happy Little Publication

PO Box 344

Michelle Fain & Ralph Fain Grenada, CA 96038 Owner-Editor Side Kick

(530) 640-0100

www.JeffersonBackroads.com email: JeffersonBackroads@gmail.com

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

COVER PHOTO by Michelle Fain was taken north of Fort Bragg, California

from the overlook at the gorgeous Pacific Star Winery in 2019.

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.

ACROSS AMERICA. We are proudly keeping the Patriotic American Spirit Alive!

Subscriptions are available by mail within the USA for only \$36 per year which covers postage and handling. Please mail check payable to Jefferson Backroads, PO Box 344, Grenada, CA 96038. Please include your full name, mailing address and a phone number or email address.

Our publications can be read ONLINE 24/7/365 from our website. www.JeffersonBackroads.com. Thank you all for your positively amazing support!

Editor/Owner: Michelle Fain Side Kick & Writer: Ralph Fain Printed by: Cascade Printing, Klamath Falls, Oregon

Feature Writers: John Driscoll Deni Duncan Gail Jenner Carol Pasheilich Judy Sartor Hank Nelson

Jefferson Backroads was started up in April of 2010. We print every month.

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

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

AD & STORY DEADLINE: 15th of each month.





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Happily serving Etna, Fort Jones, Happy Camp, Mt. Shasta, Redding, Weed and Yreka

800.797.6324 mechanicsbank.com







Creative Space 428 Pig Alley Etna, CA 96027

CREATIVE SPACE

Space for rent by hour or day. Perfect space to make extra \$\$. Teach classes. Hold Meetings. Art Shows. Family Reunions. Adult birthday parties. Building approx 760 sq. ft., 7 tables, 18 chairs provided, mini kitchen with microwave, mini fridge, large sink, counter space. Monitor heat with ceiling fan. Cleaning deposit required. Call (925) 323-9172 to reserve.

424 Pig Alley Etna, California 96032 (925) 323-9172 Antiques, vintage collectibles, artisan hand crafted items and gifts. Unique one of a kind items & treasures you won't find elsewhere.

New merchandise items posted weekly on our Facebook page.

Call or message on Facebook for scheduled classes. Open Wednesday thru Saturday 11am-4pm.





Welcome to River City RV located in Southern Oregon in the beautiful river town of Grants Pass. Located only 30 minutes from Medford, we are a family-owned, full-service RV dealer. Parts, Service & Sales. We offer a large inventory of new and previously owned RV's.

WE DO MORE

1581 Redwood Avenue Grants Pass, OR 97527 541-472-4999 800-359-6331 www.RiverCityRV.com If people could love their neighbors, friends and relatives the way a pet loves his master, the world would be a much sweeter place.

This page is brought to you by Stidham Trucking, Inc., in honor and appreciation of its amazing employees who were responsible for making it the fabulous company it became.

Trails & Recreation Expo Presented by

High Desert Trail Riders Back Country Horsemen for 32 years



FRIDAY Doors Open 12:00 Noon

- ★ Private Party Horse & Mule Sale
- ★ Crosscut Saw Instruction for **Wilderness Trails**
- ★ Free Saddle Fitting

FRIDAY EVENING

* Talent Show

SATURDAY Doors Open 8:00 AM

- ★ Private Party Horse & Mule Sale
- ★ Educational and Interactive Seminars on Camping, Riding & Trail Skills
- ★ Crosscut Saw Competition
- ★ Free Saddle Fitting
- ★ Kentucky Derby Party

SATURDAY EVENING Open to the Public

* BBQ Dinner

No-host bar - 5:30 pm. Dinner - 6:00 pm

★ Silent Auction • Live Auction

- ★ Private Party Horse & Mule Sale
- ★ Educational and Interactive Seminars on Camping, Riding & Trail Skills
- ★ Free Saddle Fitting

LOTS OF KIDS ACTIVITIES

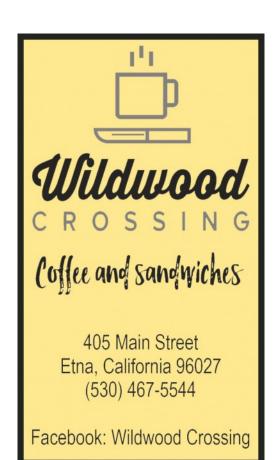
Enter Our Early Bird Drawing 8:30 AM \$100 each day



Klamath Falls, OR

Expo: 541-892-4844 Vendors: 541-533-3400 Advertising: 541-591-0967 Equine Sale: 541-591-9428

FREE Educational Seminars! Large Variety of Vendors! Silent Auction • Live Auction



OLD TIME TURKEY SHOOT

Target shooters of all levels of experience will, as always, be gathering at the Klamath River Community Hall shooting range the Sunday before Easter to test their skills in friendly competition. The range is a half hour from Yreka on Highway 96, right on the scenic Klamath River at Round Bar.

This year's Spring Turkey Shoot will take place on April 14th. Buck season is long over but there is still plenty of shooting to do. Or, if guns aren't your thing you can play dice games and buy splatter boards circles (no shooting skills required) to win the same prizes as the shooters: turkey, ham, bacon, salami and cheese. Or, come enjoy a home-cooked breakfast or lunch, or just warm yourself by the bonfire, chat and watch the fun.

The shooting starts around 9am. The competitions include 50, 75, 100 and 150 yard rifle shoots along with Running Deer and Pistol contests.

The local Turkey Shoot tradition that began in the 1940s continues into the 21st century. Besides the fun, the get-together raises funds to keep the Community Hall afloat.

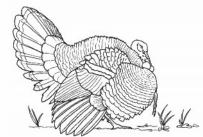
A source of local pride, the Hall was built in the late 1948 by volunteer labor out of locally milled lumber and is now a federally recognized 501©(3) nonprofit. •

TIME TURKEY SHOC



Sunday April 14, 2019

Klamath River Community Hall 19716 Highway 96 Klamath River, California 96050



Breakfast 8 to 10:30 am and Lunch 11:30 to 3pm - Both Open to the Public!

Be sure to bring ALL your guns to compete in categories consisting of:

- -Black Powder
- -Off Hand
- -Open Sight
- -Youth Shoot (16 and under)
- -50, 100 & 150 yards (Benchrest, Freestyle, or Standing)

Fun Starts at 9am!

- -Pistol @ 15 & 25 yards
- -Running Deer
- -Rim Fire

Non Shooting Games Available: 50/50 drawing Splatter boards Dice games

PRIZES: TURKEYS BACON SALAMI HAMS CHEESE

Info: Eric Lens (541) 816-2143 Facebook: Klamath River Community Hall



Lake Shastina Community Wide Yard Sale

On Saturday, May 4, from 8 am to 2 pm, the Lake Shastina Community Foundation, in partnership with the Chili Feast Committee, will be sponsoring the annual Lake Shastina Community-Wide Yard Sale. Last year's event was extremely successful, with over 50 individual yard sales held and hundreds of shoppers caravanning throughout the community. Although participants will hold their sale at their own residence, the Lake Shastina Community Foundation will coordinate activities in support of the sale, including advertising and the printing and distribution of a yard sale map that will highlight the addresses of yard sale locations within the community.

The map listing yard sale locations throughout the Lake Shastina community, will be available in the May 1st editions of the local area newspapers, as well as the Supersaver newspaper. The Supersaver is available at locations throughout the area; including the Mayten Market and The Lake Shastina Mini Mart.

Lake Shastina residents wanting to participate in the yard sale have until April 22nd to provide information to be included on the map. To get on the map, or for more information, call 530-938-0938, or send an email to lsyardsale@cot.net.

May 4, 2019 From 8 am to 2 pm

Deadline to be included on the map is April 22

Call to get on the map, or for more info:

Phone 530-938-0938

Email lsyardsale@cot.net



YREKA GARDEN CLUB

Day before Mother's Day

PLANT SALE

Saturday Only

May 11, 2019 - 9 am to 1 pm

See
Story on
Page 25.

Yreka Community Garden

Located on Knapp Street in Yreka, California Peggy (530) 842-6456 Call or Email for more information. pheide@snowcrest.net

PAYSTREAK BREWING: SPRING BEER RELEASE WEEKEND 2019

April 19-20-21, 2019
Paystreak Brewing
449 Main Street
Etna, California 96027
(530) 467-BEER





There is an epic event coming our way in April. Our Stunning Paystreak Brewing in Etna, California has a spring release of 5 different beers to share with the planet beginning Friday April 19, 2019. And it will be a GOOD Friday INDEED!

"Billy Brew" and "Debb The Brewmaster's Bride" have been happily running Paystreak Brewing for nearly 2 whole years now!! They have come a long way and their place is lovely. The food is divine - their staff is the coolest - you really gotta come by and check it out. Such a warm, friendly, relaxed vibe. Gorgeous wood tables, live music as often as possible and their location in Etna is just perfect. The sparkling lights shining off their Founders Mugs is a sight to behold.

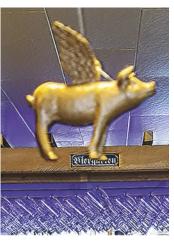
The beers they will be showcasing on this weekend long celebration are Trinity Wheat, Streaker IPA, Callahan Gold, Harvest Mood and their most exciting BRAND NEW ROGGENBIER!

Roggenbier is a specialty German rye beer with ancient origins.

Interesting to note: to create this ancient brew, Paystreak grew their own organic barley and hops down in Hamburg along the Klamath River and their organic rye was grown over in Modoc County... this combination is just about as rugged as it gets.

"Roggenbier is akin to a Dunkelweizen made with rye rather than wheat, but with a greater body and light finishing hops. Expect a very pronounced spiciness and sour-like rye character, malty flavor, and a clean hop character. Often unfiltered and bottle-conditioned, Roggenbiers tend to be rather turbid and foamy." LIVE MUSIC
YUMMY FOOD
EXCELLENT BREWS
GREAT TIMES









Come for a Visit. Grab Some Sudds and Great Vittles. Stay A While!

PAYSTREAK BREWING: SPRING BEER RELEASE WEEKEND 2019



Billy Brew Notes:

We have Big Visions for our Future. We plan to expand our existing brewhouse to keep our mug clubbers, locals and guests in great plentiful supply of Paystreak Brews. Paystreak Brewing mon night open mic signups start 6 pm 20 min slots or jam w us



We will be constructing a large enough malthouse to malt our own barley, wheat and rye.

We are very interested in brewing more old world beers with heirloom grains that we grow and malt, and we plan to dabble in open fermenting, top cropping and barrel aged sours.



It is all we can do to keep up with our in house demand for our beer. At this time we will not even consider distribution. All our focus will be on keeping our patrons happy and introducing new and historic style beers, brewed in their true style, and pairing them with delicious foods as they are released.





It seems that the further we advance, we tend to go back to old world tried and true techniques and styles.

Motto: Grow Your Own and Brew Your Own!



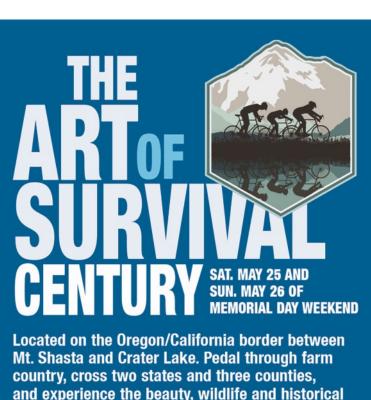






Spring Time in Etna is Gnarly Cool! Grab your Buds & Stomp Ur Feet!





route through forest lands. Sunday choose Gravel Grinder routes 73 mi., 54 mi. or 13 mi. family-friendly with majestic Mt. Shasta views.

COME RIDE, PLAY, LEARN, SEE, TOUCH, AND SURVIVE WITH US!

magic of the region. Saturday choose Century

(100 mi.), Metric Century (62 mi.), 45 mi., 16 mi.

Family-Friendly route, or a 20 mi. Mountain Bike

survivalcentury.com



Ginger Bert, D.C. 6th Annual Art of Survival Century Bicycle Ride

The 6th Annual ART OF SURVIVAL CENTURY BICYCLE RIDE (AOS) takes place on SATURDAY, May 25, 2019 in Tulelake, California and Malin and Merrill, Oregon and SUNDAY, May 26, 2019 in Dorris/Butte Valley, California.

The setting for this unique ride is in one of the most beautiful and undiscovered parts of Klamath County, Oregon and Siskiyou and Modoc Counties in California. The educational component of our history this year features the Civilian Conservation Corp Camps (CCC) along our routes and in the area, such as:

- 1. CCC Lookout: One of the most interesting CCC features still standing in the Local area, the rock structure located high on a Sheepy Ridge cliff face was built in November, 1937 as an observation post for law enforcement and game wardens. Today, a walking trail behind the wildlife refuge headquarters leads to the structure.
- 2. Tulelake tunnel: In 1940-1941, the Bureau of Reclamation built a tunnel, 6600 feet long, under Sheepy Ridge to connect the waters of Tule Lake sump with Lower Klamath Lake. The men of the CCC provided much of the labor for the project
- 3. Camp Lava Beds: Built on the site of an 1873 Modoc War U.S. Army camp (Gillem's) Camp Lava Beds opened in 1935 to house the CCC men working on building the infrastructure of the park. It was one of the last CCC camps closed in the U.S., closing in August 1942. The buildings were slowly demolished or moved to other areas of the park. Today, only concrete foundations remain.

Dorris/Butte Valley is host to the Gravel Grinder ride on Day Two, May 26. This year's ride also includes an optional route by the Butte Valley Wildlife area at the historic Meiss Ranch. All routes showcase majestic views of Mt. Shasta, abundant wildlife, rich history and quiet roads. A trek to a hidden gem—beautiful Juanita Lake is a special treat! Learn about the historic D Ranch too! The Butte Valley Community Center in Dorris is the ride headquarters for day 2 and start and finish line.

Plan to spend the Holiday weekend exploring this great area. Local lodging, RV Parks and Campgrounds with full hookups or dry camping are available close to the rides and throughout the area. See website for details. CHOOSE FROM SEVERAL ROUTES BETWEEN 100 MILES AND 13 MILES...

Please REGISTER today at www.survivalcentury.com for two days of adventure! •



Scott Valley Theatre Co.



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

www.ScottValleyTheatreCompany.org

UPCOMING EVENTS

Saturday April 6 3rd Annual Poetry Slam

Friday May 10 and Sat May 11

"Footloose"

Scott Valley Junior High Musical Production

Saturday June 29
2nd Annual Far-North Music Festival



2019 RMEF UPCOMING BIG GAME BANQUETS STATE OF JEFFERSON REGION

Location	Date	Contact Phone
Fortuna, California Weaverville, California Redmond, Oregon John Day, Oregon Medford, Oregon Yreka, California Grants Pass, Oregon	4/6/2019 4/13/2019 4/13/2019 4/20/2019 4/27/2019 5/18/2019 5/18/2019	707-735-5916 530-515-3321 541-460-3620 775-340-2520 541-878-3699 530-468-2162 541-660-8822
Smith River, Oregon	6/8/2019	707-954-1228

UPCOMING EVENTS

April 6, 2019

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

April 14, 2019

Klamath River Community Old Time Turkey Shoot, Breakfast and Lunch. See flyer and story on Page 7.

April 19-20-21, 2019

Spring Beer Release Weekend, Paystreak Brewing, Etna, California. See story on Pages 10-11.

May 3-5, 2019

Trails and Recreation Expo in Klamath Falls, Oregon. Please see Flyer on Page 6 AND Story on Page 40.

May 4, 2019

Lake Shastina Community Wide Yard Sale. See story and information on Page 9.

May 4, 2019

Siskiyou Scenic Bicycle Tour, Yreka, California. Call Rotary Club of Yreka at 530-842-7938 for info. See Page 12 and 21 for more.

May 10, 2019

Siskiyou County Sheriff Search and Rescue Association's Annual Tri Tip Dinner, Yreka, California. See Page 35 for details.

May 11, 2019

Annual Yreka Garden Club Mothers Day Plant Sale. Please see flyer on Page 9 and story on Page 25.

May 25-26, 2019

Art of Survival Century event. See Page 12 for story and details. See Page 21 for more events.

May 31 and June 1-2, 2019

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

June 2, 2019

Portuguese Picnic in Hawkinsville, California. See Page 20 for details.

COWBOY POETRY & MUSIC

Friday April 12, 2019 Yreka Elks Lodge #1980 332 W. Miner Street - Yreka, CA 96097

TGIF Tri-Tip Dinner 6:00 to 7:30pm. Entertainment to follow: \$18.

Only 100 tickets available.

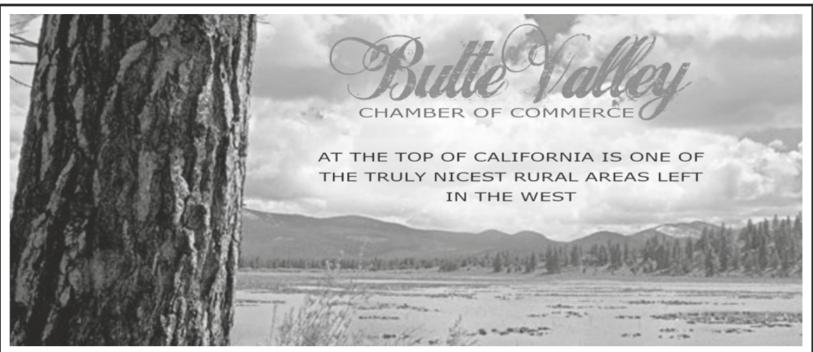
Poets: Larry Arkfeld, Roy Smith, Bill Roberts, Butch Jones,
Peggy Goshgarian and Phil Laubacher.

Music by Gary Gragnani.

Entertainment Only \$10 at the door 7:30 pm

Entertainment Only: \$10 at the door. 7:30 pm.

Call RB Phillipe at (530) 598-1103 for information or to purchase tickets with credit card, to be held at the door.





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TC Bar Vacation Rental

Your home away from home in Butte Valley. Hunting, fishing, hiking, birding and much more! Call (530) 398-4631 or email: williams@cot.net





Mountain Valleys Health Centers

A network of 5 small health centers for access to TOTAL health care. In Butte Valley - Call 530-397-8411. www.mtnvalleyhc.org

HOSPITALity Inn

The old hospital in Dorris is a B&B. We cater to Squeak Hunters! Room Rates start at \$62.50. Call 530-397-2097 to book your stay

A Slice of Heaven Cafe & Bakery

Delicious Food Prepared with Love. Located on Hwy. 97 across from the Giant American flag in Dorris. 530-397-5493. Catering Available.

Visit Dorris, California, just 3 miles south of the Oregon Border on Highway 97. Check out the Chamber of Commerce website at www.ButteValleyChamber.com for more information.

WE HONOR OUR AMAZING VETERANS & SENIOR CITIZENS



MAY GOD BLESS AND PROTECT OUR TROOPS.



Veterans Services & Benefits Include:

Compensation/Disability
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Educational benefits
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Siskiyou County Veterans Service Office 105 E Oberlin Road - Yreka, CA 96097 Phone: (530) 842-8010 Fax: 841-4314

On Call 24-Hours 7 Days a Week

- Oxygen
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- Wheel Chairs
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Most Insurances Billed

Scott Valley Respiratory Home Care, Inc. Corporate Office 1714 South Oregon Street - Yreka, CA 96097 - (530) 841-3000

HOME MEDICAL EQUIPMENT - LOCALLY OWNED

SENIOR SERVICES

Greenhorn Grange Yreka, CA (530) 842-0622

Happy Camp Family Resource Center Happy Camp, CA (530) 493-5117

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



5TH ANNUAL BUTTE VALLEY SUMMER SHOOTOUT RODEO SERIES

2019 Dates: 4/28, 5/12, 6/16, 7/14, 8/25 and 9/29

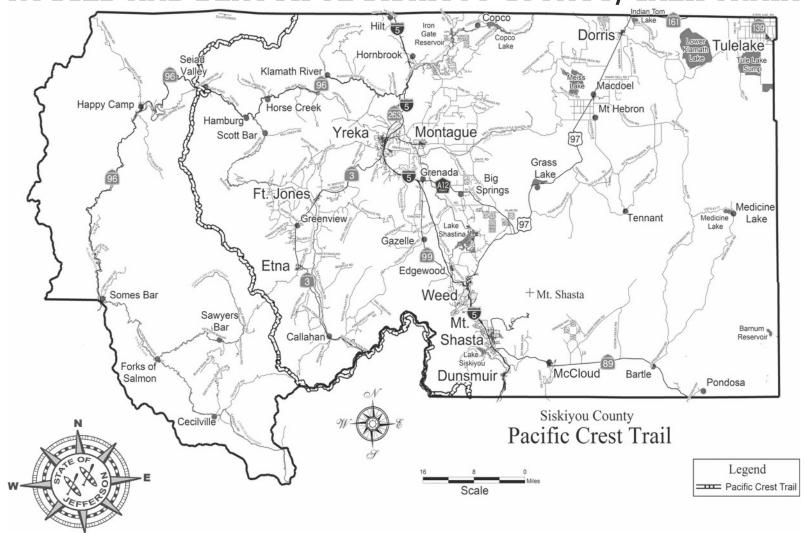
Events:

stick horse -mutton busting- -youth barrels and poles
 -open 4d barrels -calf riding -steer riding
 -mini- bareback and saddle bronc -open bulls
 -open break-away -open team roping

Stock provided by:

Vaughan Bucking Bulls and Whiskey Creek Buckers
Qualifying points for: NJBRA, IMRA
Concession onsite
Overnighting available for a fee
Office opens at 7 am Event starts at 9 am
Follow us on facebook for up to the date info
Questions 530-313-8927

RUGGED AND BEAUTIFUL SISKIYOU COUNTY, CALIFORNIA



VISIT COLLIER INTERPRETIVE & INFORMATION CENTER

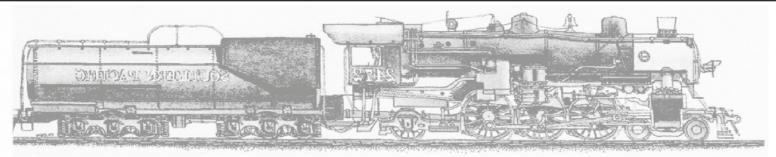
All the inspiration you need to plan your next excursion in Siskiyou County. Gather your information, grab a spot on the grass next to the beautiful Klamath River and start planning!



Collier Interpretive & Information Center, Yreka, California.

Located at the Junction of Interstate 5 and Highway 96. Stop by for a visit...

Or call us at (530) 475-3814



DUNSMUIR RAILROAD DEPOT HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

DUNSMUIR MUSEUM REOPENS APRIL 6, 2019 FROM 10AM - 2PM

The Dunsmuir Railroad Depot Historical Society advises that the Dunsmuir Museum will reopen on April 6 from 10am to 2pm. It is located adjacent to the Dunsmuir Amtrak Depot on Sacramento Avenue... just watch for the flags on the Museum.

The Museum will be open the 1st and 3rd Saturdays each month thru October, from 10am to 2pm as well as during Railroad Days on June 8 & 9. You can find our website at www.dunsmuirdepot.com.

SPRING

A blue, blue sky after winter's last storm...

Sunshine and rain and rainbows...

Manzanita, redbud, dogwood, violets and daffodils...

Shiny roads, warming earth, forest paths that lead into summer...

This is Dunsmuir, our home from which we greet you!

by June Wright from Centennial Book which can be purchased at the Dunsmuir Chamber of Commerce.



Delicious Charbroiled Burgers Fries & Great Shakes! Smoked BBQ Pulled Pork & Philly Cheesesteaks!

Pet-Friendly Patio Dining Dine In or Take Out

5942 Dunsmuir Avenue Dunsmuir, California (530) 235-2902



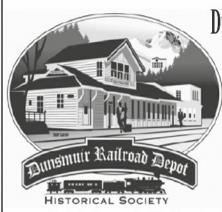
Founded in 1894 by Dunsmuir's first mayor, Alexander Levy, and continuing today as a blend of the traditional small town mercantile and a modern TRUE VALUE hardware store.

Open Every Day
Major credit cards accepted

True Value.

5836 Dunsmuir Ave., Dunsmuir, Ca (530) 235-4539

www.dunsmuirhardware.com



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

INSPIRATIONS FROM THE FOREST



Siskiyou Pellet Mill



704 Highway A12 Grenada, CA 96038 (530) 436-2241

Nutrena & Payback Feeds Cargill Salt and Now Carrying Diamond Dog Food



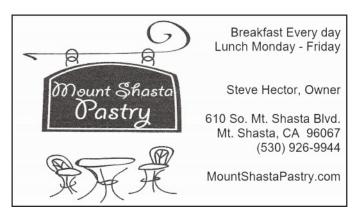
Jim Hendricks Owner

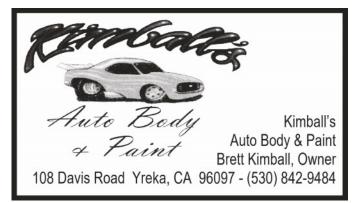
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A Continuing Saga ... Real Life Logging Stories by Hank Nelson of Wasilla, Alaska



Return to The North Country ... The Last Hurrah – 1975 Part 2

The James Taylor song "Fire and Rain," the line, "Have you ever seen the rain ... coming down," resonated with Bill and me as it rained a lot—as usual— while we were working once again for Clyde Dills in southeastern Alaska. Although for different reasons, we scoffed at Barry Manilow's "I made it through the rain," for as good as both songs were, it was highly unlikely that either of the authors had ever done a tap of work for a living out in the rain in their entire lives. It was entirely legitimate for us to think that if either one of us had written successful music like Barry and James we wouldn't have had to work in monsoons.

We worked through torrential downpours that instead of straight down, hit you sideways, bounced off the rocks and swirled up your pants legs. We'd wring out our gloves and lay them across the muffler of our saws... it warmed our hands for a moment... a short respite from the rain. As we waited roadside at the end of a grueling day of busting our humps, we envied and maybe even scorned the log truck drivers in their warm cabs as they rolled by. They'd continue past without a smile or so much as a nod of their heads in recognition, or a compassionate wave of the hand to at least acknowledge our existence, running right by the rain-soaked hapless wretches standing by the side of the road. I think it might have struck a chord with Bill as he'd worked driving trucks for a living and knew the score; perhaps they had been sorry for us but too embarrassed to let us know, and didn't want to rub it in. I often wondered, at times like this, if Bill missed his truck driving days. And as far as the heretofore mentioned song writers... about rain and fire... maybe it was high time for someone to write a country song about the overall merits of working in the rain.

Continued on Page 30.

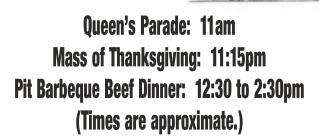


Photos: Hodgetts Family and Enoch Train Ship



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CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Stories by Pamela Weatherby Yreka, California

Can you imagine being a young girl and stowing away in a hidden compartment aboard the clipper ship Enoch Train in the year 1856? This is the oral history account I heard about my diminutive great, great, grandmother, Emily Teressa Hodgetts. She is seen in this photo surrounded by her nine children celebrating her 100th Birthday in 1941. The true story is not nearly as thrilling, but still interesting and exciting. With help from the Genealogical Society of Siskiyou County and my cousin, Lola Ann Johnson, I was able to delve more deeply into Emily's saga. Her account of coming to America as an immigrant from England is a bit less dramatic than being a stowaway, but captivating nonetheless.

Emily enjoyed a rich and privileged life in England. She came from a loving family, attended a boarding school and lived in a home where servants tended her. Her brother, Ben, was converted to Mormonism when he was a young man and became a missionary for the church. He, in turn, converted his mother, Mary Ann. Emily's father never became a member of the church, but did not stand in the way of his wife and older children becoming Latter Day Saints. Emily was baptized at the age of eight.

When Emily was 15, her mother was consumed with a desire to join the saints in the United States. While Emily's father, Joseph, was away her mother hired a carriage to take her and her children to Liverpool where they boarded the Enoch Train. Emily's father was livid when he realized his wife had left. He hastened on horseback after his family. When Emily's father arrived at the port the ship was in the Irish Channel, not yet into the open sea. He hired four officers to accompany him in a fast moving steamer to pursue the Enoch Train. Her father bribed the captain to drop anchor for one hour. Mary Ann and her children hid away in a compartment on deck. They could hear their father and the officers searching for them. The hour was almost up when Joseph's cries became desperate. Mary Ann's heart softened and she led her children out of hiding.

Joseph gently persuaded his wife to return home with the younger children. Emily and her seventeen-year-old sister, Maria, continued on their passage together. They experienced a pleasant voyage. They were treated with respect, danced to the music of the Birmingham Brass Band, ate delicious food and enjoyed comfortable accommodations. However, the duo was destined to go separate ways at the end of their journey.

When they arrived in Boston, they were meet by their older brother, Ben. He informed them that their mother had become ill and she beseeched Maria to return home to help care for her. Maria booked the quickest ship back to England. Emily never saw her birth family again. However, Ben promised to take care of her until they reached Zion.

This was just the beginning of the exciting and intriguing life of my pioneer grandma. Continue to support and read Jefferson Backroads for the next exciting episode in the life of Emily Hodgetts Lowder. •

Quilting Events Upcoming Cycling Events Pedals N Pears

April 6-7-Sun Country Quilters, Heart of the Home Quilt Show Tehama County Fairgrounds, Red Bluff.

April 13--MABD Klamath Community College, 9am start.

April 27-QGNQ Meeting hosted by Hayfork Quilters at Fairgrounds dining hall.

May 4-5-Grapevine Quilters of Ukiah, Quilts in Bloom, 10:00, Redwood Empire Fairgrounds.

May 17-18—Quilt Show at Woodland Fairgrounds.

May 18-19 Flying Needles! "Quilts that give you Paws" at Yolo County Fairgrounds.

June 20-22-The Quilt Show Reno, Grand Sierra Resort, Workshops, lectures/demos.

June 21-September 3-Row by Row Experience, Taste the Experience.

July 28-29-Heart of the Basin Quilt Guild, "Quilts from the Heart", Sacred Heart Gym. Hall and Parish, 815 High Street, Klamath Falls.

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

July 27- QGNQ hosted by Paradise at VFW hall in Durham.

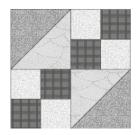
August 9-11 Log Cabin Quilters, Exhibit Building, Trinity County Fairgrounds.

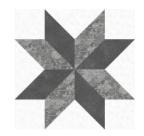
August 31-September 1-Long Valley Quilters, outdoor show by the Fat Quail Quilt Shop, Highway 101, Intermountain Fair in McArthur.

October 12-MABD Klamath Community College, 9 am start.

(NOTE: MABD = Make a Blanket Day)







April 13, 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

The Art of Survival Century May 25, 2019 in Tulelake, CA and Malin and Merrill, OR May 26, 2019 in Dorris, CA See Story on Page 12.

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 Rogue Sept 21, 2019 Rogue River, OR







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The Saga of the Lost Moon Rocks

Story by Brian Favero

Part Two

In the last installment, I talked about the form up of our detachment from VR- 30 to support the COD duties of the Apollo 16 mission, the hurricane we encountered during the crossing from San Diego to Pearl Harbor, liberty on Hotel Street in Honolulu, our 3 day shakedown evolution, and subsequent sailing for the South Pacific. So now we pick up the mission sailing out of Pearl.

Life at sea on a grey hotel with about 3,000 guys on board has its challenges. Everyone has a job to do, and after about 2 or 3 days underway, things fall into a very nice rhythm and routine. Skippers always say they don't know what kind of crew they will have until about the third day out. That's usually how long it takes to get all the ingested vices acquired on liberty out of the sailors system! Think alcohol. Since Christmas Island was our first port of call, and it's distant close proximity to the equator, we flight crew had copious time on our hands. We spent it with safety stand downs, NATOPS procedures and evaluations, aircraft maintenance issues, and generally getting to know Ships Company. Long days and calm seas underway, blue skies, and the absolute opposite of the hurricane conditions we had encountered on the first long leg from San Diego. One of our favorite pastimes was to go up into the forecastle, shinny out the anchor chain opening, look back toward the bow of the ship cutting through the waves, and watch the porpoises surfing the bow wave. I suppose they figured it was not only fun, but a free ride to wherever we were going.

Prior to shoving off at Pearl, many civilian contractors came on board to join the entourage of NASA personnel, National Geographic photographers, news media, tech reps, military personnel, and the U.S. Navy UDT contingency. These frogmen were really neat guys. They would have a very important job during splashdown. Should the capsule splashdown inverted, and the righting mechanism fail, the frogmen would be required to right the capsule prior to the three astronauts being able to open the hatch, be helped into a rubber raft, and then hoisted into the on station helicopter. Watching them go through their dry land drills on the hangar deck, and then the open ocean inverted dummy capsule drills was very interesting. A practice, non operational re-entry capsule was on board to use as a training aid for all contingencies.

Our Officer in Charge (OIC) volunteered me to be the Public Affairs Officer to liaison with Ships Company during the actual splashdown event. This required daily briefings from the NASA team, and interaction with news media. Consequently, much information came my way that was not shared around the boat. This job would require me to be topside during splashdown, grease pencil in hand, writing on a Plexiglas board, information fed to me over headphones from the official narrator of the event. More on that later.

"Ok guys, we're taking two CODs to Christmas Island tomorrow to bring back some big shots, mail, and high priority cargo." OIC Powell chose the two aircraft, and off we went. The U.S. Government sent a team to the island months before our arrival.

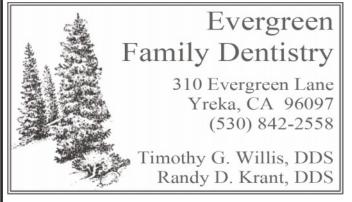




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The Lost Moon Rocks Saga Continued from Page 22

They were to determine if the runway was still stout enough to support aircraft landings and movement. An inch thick document was produced that spoke of core samples, etc., and a "who knows" sort of conclusion. The summary at the end of the report stated that the best way to determine if the runway would hold up was to do a touch and go, fly back over the runway, and look for any holes that may have opened up as a result of our footprint. Same procedure the guys flying Hurc's on skies in the Antarctic use. So, that's what we did! No holes, we landed.

What happened next, I will never forget as long as I live. Having studied a lot of cultural anthropology in college, this really got my attention. Shortly after shutting down, out of the jungle came a clutch of islanders led by a white haired, very elderly, very fit chief. I had finished my post flight walk around, was standing at the nose of the aircraft, and really feeling the heat of the concrete through the soles of my glove lined, steel toed boondocker flight boots. Up walks the islanders, chief bows, looks our COD over, and I notice he was BARE FOOT! I got his attention, pointed to his feet, then my boots, fanned both as to cool them off, and the old fellow just started laughing! The whole group was shoeless. I showed him the bottom of my boots, and he showed me the bottom of his feet. The calluses were 3/4 inch thick, and were like plates stuck to the bottom of his feet. Each life line was a clear demarcation of where one plate stopped, and the next one began. This gave perfect mobility, and the people thought nothing of the hot surface. They did not speak English, walked around the aircraft, and then disappeared back into the jungle.

The Air Force arrived with C-130 Hercules aircraft, did the same touch and go drill, and landed. Prior to the C-130 departing, our Plane Captain/Air Crew mechanic, took both batteries out of our CODs, and jump started one engine for Air Force guys so they could start the other three engines and not be stranded in the back of beyond. We were proud of our Swaby aircrew to bail those guys out. So, we received our payload, fired up, and went back to the boat.

It was really great to have completed our first useful piece of flight support for the mission, without a hitch.

Crossing the Equator into King Neptune Rex's domain, U.S. Navy shipboard Equatorial initiation, and a close encounter with sharks that was exhilarating, will be our subject next month. •

.... to be continued...



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Rockin the Backroads!!

YREKA GARDEN CLUB

Spring is coming soon and the Yreka Garden Club is active and starting seedlings for their annual Saturday before Mother's Day Plant Sale, May 11, 2019, from 9am to 1pm. The sale takes place at the Yreka Community Garden located near the corner of N. Oregon and Knapp Street. (see ad on Page 9.) The Yreka Community Garden will also be selling vegetable plants. Also available will be perennials and small shrubs and trees. Old fashion quince tree seedlings, birch, maples and a variety of other tree seedlings are a few that are offered. Over the years we have accumulated a large assortment of nursery pots that are free though a small donation would be appreciated.

Don't miss seeing The Gold Street garden area located on the Corner of North Street and Gold Street in Yreka. A small memorial tree area with a teardrop evergreen plot is on the north side. It has taken many hours by many volunteers, over many years to make this garden available to the public. Thanks to the City of Yreka for providing the land and water. Enjoy!

The Yreka Garden Club also awards a \$1000 scholarship yearly to a Siskiyou County graduating high school student pursuing a degree in Agriculture, Horticulture, Natural Science or related subjects. Students may call Neldena at (530) 841-0776 for more information and applications.

For the last couple of years the club has donated funds to the Siskiyou Golden Fair for Floral and Vegetable entries. Club has been involved with judging the flower garden plots scattered throughout the fairgrounds during each fair.

Membership is open year round and if interested please call Peggy at (530) 842-6456 for dues or meeting time and place.

Enjoy the Spring and Summer! See you at the May 11 plant sale and have a bountiful happy growing season. Gardeners know the best dirt! •

--Peggy Heide, President Yreka Garden Club



SEE OUR AD ON PAGE 9 ABOUT OUR ANNUAL MOTHER'S DAY

PLANT SALE TAKING PLACE ON SATURDAY ONLY - MAY 11, 2019



State of Jefferson Locations!! GRANTS PASS, OR MEDFORD, OR KLAMATH FALLS, OR WILLOWS, CA GRIDLEY, CA PARADISE, CA REDDING, CA YREKA, CA MT. SHASTA, CA **Black Bear** Diner Good **Old Fashioned Family Food** www.BlackBearDiner.com

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Photo: An early kitchen. Courtesy Library of Congress.



Photo: Salting and preparing hams and bacon for smoking. Courtesy Gail L. Jenner

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.

DISCOVERING THE STATE OF JEFFERSON

A Short History of Cookbooks and Local Food Production from SOURDOUGH BISCUITS AND PIONEER PIES by Gail L. Jenner

Cooks across the State of Jefferson are known to be resourceful and talented. For those whose families either came from tribes throughout the region or immigrated west during the mid-nineteenth century, the cultivation and preservation of food took up a great deal of time. Recipes, or "receipts" as they were first called, were either handed down or created, and local associations or groups began to collate and distribute small, locally produced cookbooks. The Altar Guilds or women's groups, along with 4-Hers or cattlewomen all developed recipes that quickly became favorites.

Hunting provided much of the meat of the original populations, but pork became another important meat source for settlers. Easy to raise and easy to preserve—whether as bacon or sausage or ham—farmers found hogs a ready source of income, along with chickens, turkeys, eggs and grain or cereal crops.

Most farm women kept their own flocks of chickens and eggs and this became their own source of income. Sheep and cattle grew in popularity as ranchers and farmers found the marginal lands and forestlands a renewable source of grass and cover for their four-footed animals. Moreover, the land-scape and climate was conducive to livestock production since winters were relatively long and growing seasons short, making crops a less sustainable choice. Ranchers often moved their herds together and even pigs were "driven" to the various stockyards to be shipped to market. Local sales were important, too, and butcher-meat markets grew up in all of the regions' settlements and towns.

The growing food production industry led to a great interest in cooking and recipe development and/or preservation. Even today!

This year the two-year old non-profit Friends of Siskiyou County Museum has gathered over 100 historic or vintage recipes and bound them in a historic cookbook that will also feature regional photographs from decades past. The cookbooks are expected to be distributed by Mother's Day and will be available for "pre-order" by calling the Siskiyou County Museum on Main Street in Yreka. Call 530-842-3836 to find out more. What a great gift idea for the cooks (old or new) in anyone's family! The history behind these age-old recipes is also an important aspect of preserving or developing cookbooks.

The history behind America's cookery is also an intriguing one! Here's just a little fascinating history...

Although Amelia Simmons's American Cookery (aka: American Cookery, or The Art of Dressing Viands, Fish, Poultry and Vegetables, and the Best Modes of Making Pastes, Puffs, Pies, Tarts, Puddings, Custards and Preserves, and All Kinds of Cakes . . . Adapted to this Country and All Grades of Life, 1796, is considered America's first real cookbook, colonists, brought cookbooks and recipes ("receipts") with them, most particularly, from England. Included in Simmons's volume, however, are recipes for cornbread, Indian pudding, and Johnny Cakes—making this the earliest mention of these very American dishes.

Not until 1824 did the next American cookbook appear, and that was Mary Randolph's The Virginia Housewife, which remained popular until the Civil War and introduced some "very American" dishes to the reading public, including Southern dishes like catfish and gumbo.

Discovering The State of Jefferson Continued from Page 26

The first cookbook by an African American appeared in 1827 as The House Servant's Directory, by Robert Roberts, who worked for a governor and senator from Massachusetts. Its focus was more on teaching the principles of running an upper-class household than on cooking extravagant dishes. In 1828, Seventy-Five Receipts for Pastry, Cakes and Sweetmeats—the first of many cookbooks by Eliza Leslie—appeared, and, in 1829, The Frugal Housewife, by Lydia Maria Child, was published and quickly became the most influential cookbook of its day.

Other cookbooks followed on the heels of these initial successes, many stressing principles of household management, diet and good health, even temperance. Several of the authors became familiar to women across the country. Most of these cookbooks were written by women —for women—although a few men and European chefs did produce some cookbooks. Many of them reflected regional foods and recipes, including cookbooks like The Kentucky Housewife, by Mrs. Lettice Bryan (1839), and The Carolina Housewife, By a Lady of Charleston (1847).

Probably two of the most intriguing cookbooks to emerge post—Civil War include Malinda Russell's Domestic Cook Book: Containing a Careful Selection of Useful Receipts for the Kitchen (circa 1866) and Mrs. Abby Fisher's What Mrs. Fisher Knows About Old Southern Cooking: Soups, Pickles, Preserves, Etc., (1881).

Malinda Russell was born a free woman in 1812. The mother of a crippled son and a single woman, she self-published her thirty-nine-page cookbook and hoped that the money would enable her to move back home. She had apprenticed under Fanny Steward, an African -American cook in Virginia.

Mrs. Abby Fisher was a former slave, born in 1832, who learned to cook on an Alabama plantation. After the Civil War, Mrs. Fisher, along with her husband and their eleven children, moved to San Francisco where she cooked and catered for many of San Francisco's upper class. She also began entering cooking competitions and winning awards. Her food became famous, and, though she never learned to read or write, Abby's skill was quickly recognized by San Francisco's elite; in 1881 the Women's Co-operative Printing Office published her recipes.

For many years Mrs. Fisher's cookbook was thought to be the first African-American woman's cookbook until Malinda Russell's earlier one was discovered and reprinted. Both remain as landmark achievements.

Other authors that published during the nineteenth century (from 1880 on) included Elizabeth Ellicott Lea, Maria Parloa, Mrs. Mary J. Lincoln, Marion Harland, Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer, and Mrs. B. C. Howard, et al.

Their "receipt" books, as well as their household hints, were considered part of the fabric of American cookery, with titles like Domestic Cookery, Useful Receipts, and Hints to Young Housekeepers (1869), by Elizabeth Ellicott Lea, who first published her book in 1845. Its subtitle, "Hints to Young Housekeepers" was aimed at new brides. The book was revised at least twenty times in its first twenty-five years.

It featured "plain" food, underscored by Lea in her introduction where she stated that her book offers "ordinary" recipes that many cooks might be looking for. She also included recipes for household chores like making cheese, rendering lard, making soap and candles, and even for making mattresses!

Other titles of the late nineteenth century include The Appledore Cook Book: containing practical receipts for plain and rich cooking (1880), by Maria Parloa; Common Sense in the Household: A Manual of Practical Housewifery (1882), by Marion Harland; Mrs. Lincoln's Boston Cook Book: What To Do and What Not To Do in Cooking (1884), by Mrs. Mary J. Lincoln; and Fifty Years in a Maryland Kitchen (1881), by Mrs. B. C. Howard.

One very important cookbook to come out in the latter half of the nineteenth century—one that is still treasured by cooks—is the White House Cook Book: A Comprehensive Cyclopedia of Information for the Home containing Cooking, Toilet and Household Recipes, Menus, Dinner-giving, Table Etiquette, Care of the Sick, Health Suggestion, Facts Worth Knowing, Etc., (1887), by F. L. Gillette. More than 500 pages, it is a fascinating read—and dedicated to "The Wives of Our Presidents, Those Noble Women Who Have Graced The White House, and Whose Names and Memories Are Dear to All Americans . . ."

Editor's Note: I positively LOVE the opportunities over the years to share the writings of Our Noble Authors such as Gail Jenner. She epitomizes hard work, resourcefulness and ingenuity. Sharing and preserving OUR NATION'S HISTORY is a vital and immensely important task. We can learn so much from history and marvel at the accomplishments of our ancestors. Keep up the excellence, Dear Gail... It is an honor to work with you. -Michelle Fain



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

Northern Klamath County Oregon News, History & Events







Find cool books on the history of Oregon on John's AD on Page 47
Stories, Photos & Information Submitted by
John C. Driscoll

Crescent Community Club Awarded Grant by Oregon Community Foundation

A generous grant from Oregon Community Foundation's Cycle Oregon Fund to the Crescent Community Club has made possible repairs and improvements to its bleachers, dugouts and picnic area. Decades of deferred maintenance and weathering had taken a toll. Timing for the grant couldn't have been better.

Work will commence during April with the removal of the existing bleachers and dugouts. Once the foundation work has been completed, installation of the new bleachers and picnic tables will occur. Simultaneously, fence repairs will take place. By the start of October, all the work will have been completed.

Said Beth Hatcher, Crescent Community Club President, in the matter of the Oregon Community Foundation's grant: "Following our principals of 'Providing Family Activities and Support' to the communities in North Klamath County is very important to us. Our partnership with Cycle Oregon has spanned many years. The repairs to the outdoor spaces will help provide years of use for future generations. I am proud to be part of the Crescent Community Club's dedicated team of volunteers."

Since 2016 the Crescent Community Club has seen a significant increase in its use by members of the community and community organizations. Current activities at the Crescent Community Club include Trunk Or Treat (Halloween), The Back Pack Program, the Highway Flag Program, Bingo (January – May), Harvest Bingo (November), Hidden Treasures (household goods sale) and Winter Wishes (a Christmas time crafts fair). Other events include the Easter Egg hunt (in conjunction with Hidden Treasures) and Santa's visit and Christmas Tree Lighting (in conjunction with the Winter Wishes crafts fair). The Crescent Community Club hosts visits by the County Commissioners, the Crescent Sewer Board's meetings, the ground-breaking ceremony for the Crescent Sewer System, public hearing by the Forest Service and numerous community wellness events as well as wedding receptions and memorial services.

Baseball, Easter Egg hunts and other activities on the grounds of the Crescent Community Club have been a staple since the Club was founded 1956. During the first week of May 1956 softball teams were first organized for men, woman and boys at the Crescent Community Club. By the end of the 1956 sports, including volley ball, dances, roller skating and theatricals had become established as regular Club events.

When commenting on the Oregon Community Foundation's grant, Echo Murray, Crescent Community Club Vice President, emphasized the importance of community involvement. She said, "We encourage family, business and community involvement and participation in the Crescent Community Club. By applying for and being awarded this Cycle Oregon grant we are one step closer to making this historic building more functional and appealing. We are thankful that Cycle Oregon believes in our vision and is partnering with us to bring us one step closer to achieving one of our long term goals."

The Crescent Community Club's improvements and repairs, made possible by the generous grant from Oregon Community Foundation's Cycle Oregon Fund, will serve north Klamath County well into the Club's next 60 years. •

BACKROADS ADVENTURE S by Ralph Fain

"Generally speaking, a howling wilderness does not howl: it is the imagination of the traveler that does the howling." Henry David Thoreau

Do you know what's outside?

I'm not talking about beyond your car window as you are whipping down the highway at 75 mph. I don't consider outside to be the parking lot of your favorite chain restaurant or monolithic big box store. And you bumped your head if you think you can find outside on the photos in your favorite App, Facebook post, meme, tv show, internet site or tweet. Don't get me wrong, I use all those platforms except for twitter, I just can't bring myself to twit or even begin to care about the gossip through the airwaves. I have seen many of the wonders of the world through photos, tv shows and Facebook posts. Many places that I will never see in person. But never once was I truly outside while doing so.

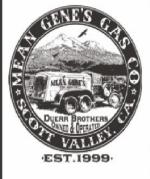
Being outside stimulates all five senses in ways that can never be achieved through media or through someone else's experience. When you step outside all five senses are activated, sight, sound, touch, taste and smell. It should be visceral, personal. It is a primitive instinct to heighten our senses and awareness when we step beyond the safety of our four walls. We come from hunters and gatherers. We are predators and occasionally prey. Our five senses put food on the table and occasionally keep us from being preyed upon by other humans and apex predators. Regardless of

how civilized, regimented, tamed and sterilized we have become, it behooves us to maintain and even fine tune our five senses. Today we do it for pleasure, tomorrow your life could depend on being in tune with your senses and surroundings.

As you step outside what do you see? How much do you really absorb? Is the sun shining or are the clouds rushing by or maybe a storm brewing? We almost always notice these things. But do you notice the subtler events around you? In Spring I watch for the first dandelions to bloom. I await the buds and blossoms on the trees. I watch for the birds migrating north, the geese in formation heading to the breeding grounds. I notice when they pair up and begin nesting. I watch for the turkey vultures to return, high in the air with wings locked onto a south wind until they arrive at their summer destination. When do the swallows return? I notice these things, look forward to them. I go outside and see them. What do you see?

As you step outside, what do you hear? Do you hear the songs of sparrows, robins, killdeer and meadowlarks? Do you hear the laughter of children, the hum of a lawn mower, wind in the trees, the sound of your own footsteps, the clap of thunder or calming silence? If you live in the country like I do, I listen to the voices of the farm animals, chickens, cows, horses and sheep. I can tell by their sound if they are content or alarmed. I go outside to hear them. What do you hear?

Continued on Page 41..



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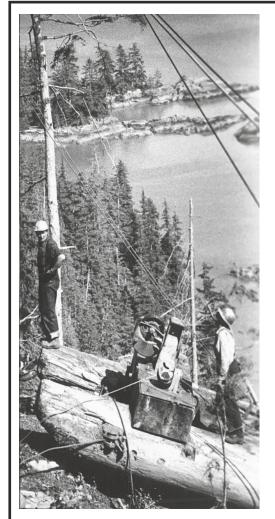


Photo above: old steam Donkey sled-mounted yarder

Photo middle: aerial view of floating camp.

Photo bottom: log raft





Inspirations from the Forest Continued from Page 19

Bill and I met all sorts of characters in the camp and bunkhouse, and some, like a fellow named Cliff, worked the logging camps for what might have been to us incomprehensible reasons of their own. Cliff painted a portrait as lovely and compelling as a Rembrandt or a Norman Rockwell painting, and I sure wish I could remember his last name. He let us into his world, albeit a mere glimpse, just enough to capture our interest. Around camp he puttered about, sweeping the sawdust up from the floor after the carpenter's work on the new annex, keeping things ship-shape.

He was also a fisherman, and sometimes he'd be gone for a couple of days, tending to his crab pots. Once he took Bill and me on a tour of his fishing boat, and it was clean as a whistle with everything fastidiously in its place. His two lives couldn't have been more different.

Living the life of a recluse in a camp was nowhere near our perception of living, however. We needed people around, and discourse. But, there are those who have experienced a bit of rough going and have been soured or scarred by the experience and just want to be alone for a season, to sort things out... and in due time, could chalk it all up to just plain living and the bitter-sweet joys of life. Maybe there'd been a lost sweetheart or companion; maybe they loved working for themselves, enduring the rigors and hardships, but later needed company, someone to listen to their stories, things like that. It was such times when the Old Timer held sway in the bunkhouse, regaling us with spellbinding, on the edges of our seats tales of yore. At night, you could hear the barking sound of seals and the mystic howl of a timber wolf... and the spine tingling primal sound of a loon, and you went to sleep with a gentle motion of a rolling sea, lulled by the myriad of night sounds.

Logging in southeastern Alaska has always been an ever-evolving industry. Economics drove the development of new technology and techniques, and the loggers themselves changed with the times. Human nature being what it is, however, elements of life in the logging camps— isolation and hard, dangerous work and rough camaraderie—tended to change slower than the technology. The Hand Loggers, like Hand Logger Jackson, and then the venerable steam-powered "A" frame logging setup, were the mainstays of the epic early day logging. Hand logging, despite utilizing gravity by falling the trees from off the top of cliffs or steep terrain directly into the water below, was nevertheless perilous. It was one of the most rudimentary yet efficient ways of transporting timber to the mills in the history of the lumberjack chronicles. If the tree didn't "run"

far enough and fast enough down the slope when felled, you had to cajole the cantankerous tree along, using cumbersome and at times unwieldy hand-jacks to get it up and over and past the obstructions in its path. Then, as the tree loosened and gravity took over, the hand loggers ran for their lives. But, when everything worked, it was a cinch—buck and limb and corral the logs into a flat raft, then tow that to the nearest sawmill. One thing for certain—it took guts and daring do!

The A-frame operation was the next evolutionary step after the hand logger shows. In the early days of line logging in the southeastern Alaska panhandle it was the chief method of yarding logs from the forests to salt water. The beauty of the A-frame operation was that the yarding engine setup, living quarters and miscellaneous repair shops were built on a large log raft that could be towed by a tug boat from one site to the next. To build the frame, two long spars of equal size were lashed together at their apex, where pulley blocks were then attached. The spars were bolstered at the butt end of the logs to secure them and keep them from sliding or separating, and then the resultant "A" was raised and secured by a series of "guy lines" to hold it in place under a hard pull. A steam powered Donkey winch engine, fueled by scrap wood, was the early standard, but over time gave way to diesel power.

Inspirations from the Forest Continued from Page 30

To keep the whole shebang from sliding up onto the beach under a hard pull, two stiff booms on each side of the Donkey raft kept it secure. It proved to be an efficient way of logging. A bay or cove sheltered from prevailing winds and storms was ideal; no roads were necessary. Somewhere up on the hill to be logged, on a small relatively flat cleared spot, a spar tree would be selected and prepared—limbed and topped. The spar was rigged with pulleys at the top, guyed for stability, long lifting cables leading back down to the A-frame pulleys and Donkey winch. Sometimes there was more than one spar tree, and a sled-mounted yarder would pull itself over the downed logs and rig a swing tree, thus transferring the logs cold-decked at the foot of the first spar to the next, to finally culminate at the rafting site. While there was still isolation and dangerous work, at least the bunkhouse and cook shack were a downhill walk at the end of the day.

This system was the mainstay for many years, and perhaps one of the most productive and efficient systems ever devised. The whole concept of high-lead cable logging and the spar tree, also known as full suspension in the Pacific Northwest, was encapsulated and wrapped around the tried and true acronym FMG (friction, momentum, and gravity). Legendary A-frame logger Blackie Neely operated successfully for over 35 years without building roads. Ultimately, however, geography and terrain and increasing distance inland from the rafting area brought truck-logging into existence, and over time, the venerable A-frame system dwindled. The last Forest Service sanctioned cold-deck show in southeastern Alaska was in 1975, Galla Logging, on Zarambo Island.

As the loggers moved steadily and relentlessly further into the vast forest domain, roads became increasingly costly. Balloon logging was eventually tried, tested on a trial and error basis, and while the balloon demonstrated favorable "lift" and most importantly of all helping to minimize overall ground disturbance, the southeastern Alaska prevailing winds nullified its practical application as a low-cost/economically productive methodology. This in turn paved the way for the next era, of helicopter logging. Eventually, growing environmental concerns, pulp market economics, and new laws like the Tongass Timber Reform Act in 1990 led to closures of the two regional pulp mills, thereby ending the nearly half-century of far-flung logging camps and the rawboned loggers who supplied the timber to keep the mills in operation. It had been a colorful and robust chapter of the tramp logger and high-ball logging... and the Hyperborean Strain.

When the A-Frame shows declined and truck-logging became more the standard, it was inevitable that a lot of small operators got into the game, some for the thrill and adventure, others maybe just looking to make a quick buck— so to speak. These were the Gyppo contract logger outfits, and they had rather mixed reputations. They were typically small scale logging ventures, usually on a shoestring budget, tight, barely able to make ends meet.

Continued on Page 32...





Photo left: Water end of drag line

Photo below: Galla log line crew



The cutting crew for Galla Log line up alongside of their crew bus for a photograph. Left to Right they are: Bullbuck Dave "Red" Clark of Roseburg, Oregon; Scott Kytola from LaPine, Oregon; Bill Black of Cottage Grove, Oregon; Howard Long from Roseburg; Billy Aseltine from Vreks. California: Bull Brannon from Sutherlin and Owen "Smoker" Allen of Gilde, Oregon.





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Inspirations from the Forest Continued from Page 31

In spite of this, the logger remained resolved in his quest amidst the hardships and formidable obstacles, battered and used equipment held together by bailing wire and prayer. The lure of working for themselves and inventing, succeeding with skill, perseverance and ingenuity made it worth the blood, sweat and tears. The gyppo logger, working on a contract basis for the parent company, looks for a shortcut; a faster, cheaper, more efficient way of getting the job done. Singing logger legend Buzz Martin caught the spirt of the gyppo perfectly in his 1960's song, "Used Log Truck," and that of the logger's life in general in the album titled "(Where There Walks a Logger) There Walks a Man"—1968, from Ripcord Records.

Logging in any of theses eras was never for those faint of heart, regardless of the techniques employed, Gyppo operation or not. You might be drawn to the life for any number of reasons, like Bill and I, but you needed to be prepared, mentally and physically, for a few (mis)adventures along the way. Camp life alone produced a few of those, as I can attest. Logging camps traditionally followed a dyed-in-the-wool rule of thumb layout, capturing an unwritten code of ethics and protocol, and as such had a generally accepted landscape. South end of camp were the "Home Guards," the married men with their families. To the north, at the far end, were the bunkhouses for single men, camp inspectors, tramp loggers and so forth, as well as married men a long ways from home. The rule of thumb was that fraternization of any kind was discouraged, with no exception, no hobnobbing; something particularly applicable to country and western singers and guitar players. History bears it out—single men, as well as married men a long way from home and family, might be singled out by the wary eyes of a jealous husband and the ever diligent camp boss. A logging camp was a microcosm of a small town. It had almost everything that you could ever want, save for a few certain things... and those would have to wait until the big annual mid-summer shutdown. By the time the 4th of July shutdown came around ... the loggers were loaded for bear!

Bud and Mildred Bates, "Bird Seed" and "Wesson Oil," were camp cooks of renown. Besides my Uncle Fred Cooper, Hot Biscuit Slim, and Sourdough Sam, Bud and Mildred Bates were as good as they come, and worth their weight in gold. They were superb! Besides the usual culinary skills that you would associate with a good cook was imagination. That quality kept you guessing, so the daily bill-of-fare was an antidote of sorts for boredom and predictability, except for the traditional fish on Friday and steak on Saturday. The rest of the week was a veritable potpourri of decorum, and protocol was a priority ardently adhered to, such as the vaunted Deacon seat, especially mandated as off limits, held safe for visiting dignitaries or woods superintendents, potentates and hook-tenders!

Mildred was a pleasant, comely and gracious woman with a good-hearted demeanor. She sang or hummed a tune that warmed the cockles of your heart as the boys meandered around the long spike table, filling their nose bags for the long and laborious day ahead. I thought she looked a lot like actress Esther Williams. Bud fancied himself as a sharpshooter and quick-draw expert. Bud was a tad shorter than Mildred, and a good cook. I liked Bud. He was always glad to see me in the chow line, and smiled, and invariably we'd exchange a word or two about Oregon and hunting and fishing.

Then, over time, I noticed a change in his demeanor whenever I showed up, although I couldn't for the life of me put my finger on it as to the reasons why, and sometimes I'd look up from my dinner plate to find him scowling at me.

Sunday, in camp, was a day off to rest your weary, tail-dragging, worn-out frame, following a grueling six-day week humping your back. It was a time to stretch out, wiggle your toes, and sleep-in awhile longer, if you wanted to. Down at the cookhouse, you could have an egg omelet of your choice, and throughout the day drop by, walk through and pick 'n choose whatever you wanted at brunch. It was a time of leisure. You could fly fish nearby in a creek that teamed with trout, enjoy a movie down at the rec-hall later in the evening, and in between, you could play a game of pool. One such day after breakfast Bud asked me if I would drive him up to the rock pit, where the hunters and sharpshooters had a set of targets to aim at and tinker around with the sights in preparation for deer season. The camp didn't mind if you borrowed a spare truck, if you were responsible and took good care of it. There were plenty of old logging roads, and the families at the home-guard section of camp liked to drive around and enjoy the scenery, looking for bear and just getting out of camp for a little while. Even home-guards and their families were prone to cabin fever every now and then. At first, I was wary, and reluctant, as to his countenance. Bud was a sharpshooter, and by his own admission, a quick-draw artist, and wanted me to take a gander firsthand as to his expertise. Along the way up the winding haul road, he kept referencing the passing landscapes as Eastern Oregon.

"This is my kind of country, Hank ... I'm an Elk hunter." "Me, too," I agreed, although I was a tad skeptical as to his geography. There was a scant chance of Elk being this far north, unless they could make it all the way from Etolin Island, a good one-hundred-mile swim from where the Alaska Game Commision had transplanted a herd of Elk, and where they had prospered and flourished. Bud was nevertheless adamant, "I tell you, Hank, this is Elk country!" Okay... it wasn't so much an issue as to his veracity, it was a difference of opinion as to geography and logic. If he wanted to believe there were Elk— what would it matter, just as long as it gave him something to cherish and hang on to.

Continued on Page 36...



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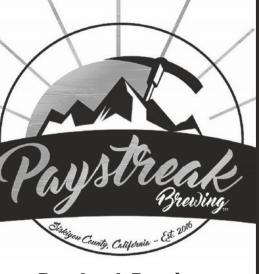
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**See Pages 10-11 for story about Spring





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Inspirations from the Forest Continued from Page 32

Truth was, I liked Bud and Mildred, but I was puzzled as to Bud's changing reaction every time I showed up... like maybe he had a bone stuck crossways in his craw.

I was on edge by the time we reached the abandoned rock pit, parked, got out and walked around to the front of the pickup truck. Bud bent down and cinched up the leather tie-down strap around his right leg. "Watch this, Hank ... I'll show you a trick slapping leather, okay!" Bud tensed, as I obligingly counted down ... 1, 2, 3 ... Bud slapped leather and then stalled on the way out. Embarrassed, he frantically yanked hard on the pearl handled HAWG-Leg 44-magnum shooting iron... and a shot rang out, loud enough to burst my eardrums. KERBLOOEY!

"What the Hell!" Bud bellowed. "Holy cow ... That's not like me a'tall ... Good honkin' stars alive ... I dang near shot myself in the foot there, Hank. Whew! Okay, count 'er off again, partner." This time he slapped leather, and quick as greased lightning three shots in rapid succession rang out! Bud held up the nozzle end of the barrel, blew away the curling wisps of blue smoke and turned around. He was grinning like a Cheshire cat with a mouthful of feathers. "Now that's just the way I'd take care of varmints ... two-legged or otherwise ... sneaking around the old hen house ... what had his eye on my sweetie pie. How about taking a hike and see how I did?"

I wasn't too sure about turning my back on old Bud under the circumstances, as I had felt like I was on thin ice all the way up the road, and even before. I was wary and weighed out his words. So... I smiled, "Say, what do you say we both go down at the same time... you know... so we can share the wealth." Truth was I wasn't too sure I could turn my back on Bud, at least not until things cooled off. I could just imagine and see in my mind's eye the headlines in the Sitka newspaper the next morning: "Target practice at an old rock pit turns to tragedy as... etc.... and so forth!!!"

"Well, I'll be doggone... look at that! By gosh, you're quite a marksman at that, Bud!" I said, reaching the target just a step ahead of Bud and shifting a thumb into the hole that was dead centered in the middle of the bullseye... scrunching it just a bit as I picked up the target and turned; now, two rounds had hit one right after another. Bud was pleased, and on the way back to camp I told him about my sweetheart back in Oregon, and that we planned to get married just as soon as the mid-season July 4th shutdown rolled around and I flew back south. He smiled at that and lightened up. "Why, that's good to hear, Hank. Congratulations. I ... maybe I was wary Hank ... put 'er there ..." and we'd shaken hands again. I could see how it might have seemed to him; at least Bud seemed to relax a bit after that. On the drive up he'd talked about rubbing another man's rhubarb, and seemed to have me pegged as a popinjay... a bunkhouse Casanova on the prowl. When I'd told him about my pending marriage to darling Darla down in Canyonville, Oregon he'd smiled, and all was well again. After that, whenever I walked into the cook shack and sat down he'd always greet me with a big wide grin and a friendly wave of the hand. Truth was, I liked Mildred; she was a nice lady, and I sure liked her pies and maple bars.

Things had settled down, as though a rough edge or a hump in the road had been smoothed over. Bud was a good guy, and Mildred the salt of the earth, as the saying goes. One time I asked Bud how he'd snagged such a pretty woman. "Well now, Hank, I'm proud to hear you say that. I was a rambunctious lad, a tad shorter than my sweetie pie, but I was a bold lad... and I could dance and turn the gals around; a regular Jim Dandy! I'm not braggin' Hank; I was a natural-born whirling dervish... the ladies just naturally like a fellow what can dance." It was easy enough to visualize Bud in his younger days in blue denim jeans, a big shiny belt buckle with a bull elk on the front, a red handkerchief around his neck, and a big, tall, white Stetson cowboy hat. Over the years, my mind would drift back to that memorable day when Bud slapped leather and came mighty close to shooting himself in the foot, and how much he loved his woman and elk hunting in eastern Oregon.

Bill and I eventually became a bit of an exception to the "no hobnobbing" rule in Clyde's camp. Clyde and Laura bent the code just enough to compensate suspicion and gossip by inviting me and Bill to supply the entertainment for Cliff and Jody's birthday bash... seeing as how we were above the fray. The party was a humdinger! The following morning, though, there came a hard knock on the bunkhouse door. Seeing as how it was Sunday, a day of sleeping in and leisure, "What the ...!!!" "Who let the bear in!"

Clyde stood in the doorway, his towering countenance casting an ominous spell. Clyde cleared his throat: "Uh ... seems as Cliff got sick last night and barfed out his uppers, they're out there somewhere on the mudflats. Seeing as how it's a minus tide, we might as well join in, spread out a wide swath and help find poor ole Cliff's upper plates, because Jody's having a fit! Half of them are solid gold crowns." "How come all that gold ...?" someone asked Jody. With a whimsical smile, and winking an eye, Jody tapped her forehead with her index finger and replied, "Well, you've heard the expression, worth your weight in gold... I figured it was an investment for the future." Jody mused, "You know how it is with the stock market these days."

"Lord love a duck!" Bill stammered. "'Kay ... me and Hank the Plank will be right down." It was a futile enterprise. The tide had shifted, and besides, poor ole Cliff's uppers were probably halfway to China anyway.

A few days later, a couple of young lads walked into camp holding a willow branch, and in the crotch of the forked limb were Cliff's uppers, albeit a bit tarnished and green around the gills... otherwise, no worse for the wear. A poster had been tacked to the timekeeper's office door offering a lost and found reward, which just goes to show what a little advertising can do.

Once again tranquility cast a warm glow over camp, and in time Bob Parker's letter arrived, letting us know that he would be needing us in a couple of weeks back at False Island to gear up and get ready for the logging season. Although we had no way of knowing, that would be the last time Bill and I would work together in Alaska. •to be continued...

TAWANDA FARMS

Stories by Carol Pasheilich

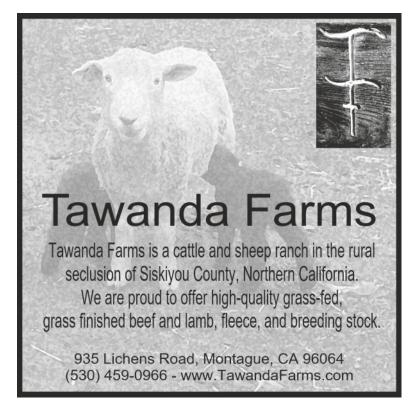
As I write this month's observations, Tawanda Farms has had over 50 lambs born in less than a month. It has been hectic to say the least. They are so cute and so much fun to watch.

In previous years, for various reasons, we did not integrate the livestock guardian dogs in with the pregnant ewes. This year we did and the results are very interesting. When there is a threat, be it a coyote singing or a noisy truck coming down along the fence line, these dogs bark. They do not even have to chase or fight with the predators, they just have to bark and the coyotes, especially, back way off. You also have to know that dogs are a sheep's natural enemy. As I made my late evening treks to see if any ewe was in labor or had given birth since I was there last, I noticed that the two guard dogs would race from one end of the yard to the other, barking wildly. The sheep paid no attention. The dogs never stepped on or bumped one, but they came very close to them. The sheep just continued chewing their cuds or sleeping or eating as if there were no commotion at all. Trust. I didn't know how much the sheep trusted the dogs.

The other thing that became apparent very quickly was the dogs knew when a ewe was in labor or had given birth. When I would appear at the gate, one or both of them would greet me and lead me right to the ewe that had either given birth or was about to give birth. If I came down and the dogs were quiet and either sleeping or just watching, they stayed in place as I made my rounds. One morning I came down very early, still dark, and my male, Sky, met me at the gate. He led me right to a very dark ewe who had a very dark baby. I would have missed her without his guidance. Her placenta was also near and it is the dogs duty to dispatch the placenta so no predators come in for it. But he didn't touch it because it was too close to the baby. He respected the mother's space and waited.

What wonderful intuition both on the parts of the sheep not worrying about barking dogs, and the dogs knowing when new life is imminent or just happened. Don't you wish you could tap into that kind of intuition for yourself? •







Photos: Beloved Allie (above) and Sky (left).



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Prospective Firefighters or for info please call: John or Linda Elsnab (925) 918-0516 or Darrell Parham (530) 905-2595 Stories by Judy Sartor of Mount Shasta Lily Quilt Guild, Mt. Shasta, California www.ShastaLily.org

It is Spring—maybe. At any rate, it is time for relaxing with a cup of lavender tea—followed by a piece of chocolate—all the while perusing my latest Territorial Seed Catalog. No, it is definitely not the time to consider ordering tomato plants. The chance of a tomato plant surviving the ride from Cottage Grove to Eugene to Sacramento to Mt. Shasta would stress out a human as much as it does a plant. After all, that is 720 miles.

Last year my tomato plants were more than wilted. This year they could arrive frozen. One spring my plants arrived in Sacramento not once but twice, according to tracking information. And they departed Sacramento not once but twice. Where they were in the interim remains a mystery. No, thank you! But those grafted tomato plants are awesome!

So, now that I have drunk my tea and put away my catalog for a warmer day, I will turn to another Spring topic. At least it is for me. It is time to consider Project Linus. It was a difficult year for all of us. There were far too many wildfires and far too much misery and destruction. And now there is this. Project Linus in its Mission Statement steps forward with blankets for children who are traumatized or otherwise in need. I don't have the exact figures, but Linus Quilts were given to every child in Hornbrook. Other quilts went to victims of the Carr Fire and the Delta Fire, and still more went to those traumatized by the explosive Camp Fire. Then there were quilts to the survivors of the Camp Fire who moved to Siskiyou County. And I do not discount the efforts of individuals and groups not associated with Project Linus who stepped up to provide the hug symbolic of the Linus quilt.

But quiltwise, our coffers are empty. We need quilts now, and those quilts are, after a bleak winter, beginning to arrive. Maybe there is something to the concept of Spring after all, even here.

Project Linus is a national organization that traces its origins to 1995. Chapters are self-started in various areas of the country but retain a strong bond to the national organization. Siskiyou County is included in the Project Linus Klamath/Siskiyou Chapter. Our Klamath Falls affiliates have been instrumental in Northern California. Of particular note are their quilt offerings for the Weed and Klamathon Fires. We owe these quilters a huge Thank You.

Now it is not easy to make that many quality charity quilts, and quality is a key word for these quilts. We collaborate in annual Make a Blanket Day activities, which bring up to 100 Quilters to Klamath Falls twice a year for a day of quilting. (see photo on page 39)

Our next Make a Blanket Day is scheduled for Saturday, April 13 at Klamath Community College. If you would like more information, please give me a call at 926-4158.

So now I am relaxing and watching the final laps of the truck race in Martinsville. There has been too much rain and—dare I say it—snow today, so I have put my Territorial Seed catalog away. In its place are visions of those distinctive white and blue Project Linus labels and the stories that go with them—boys and girls, small and tall. When you see one of those labels, remember these words "Providing Security through Blankets." That is the Motto of Project Linus.



Quilt from Make a Blanket Day Kit, completed by Barbara Hegdal.









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"Nobody cares how much you know, until they know how much you care." --Teddy Roosevelt

When thinking back on our school lessons regarding history, you can't leave out thoughts regarding Roosevelt, from becoming our 26th President, to cartoons drawn of him hunting a bear, or his boxing injury when he was president leaving him blind in one eye, to his heroics as a Rough Rider in the American – Spanish war. The interesting facts regarding Roosevelt are many, but most interesting part for me was his ability to think into the future regarding our national lands. In 1902, along with others, he was able to set aside 230 million acres under federal protection, some 150 million acres went on to become National Parks. His sole idea was to conserve forests for continued use.

Continued use of those protected lands is "the what and why" we work all year long to create an event for the public. This year's Trails & Recreation Expo held May 3-5, 2019 will be geared to greater education for all users of these protected lands. We have changed our agenda, rolled our sleeves up and put on our thinking caps to create and promote an event that is first fun and foremost educational. In fact, the cover of our program will lead you directly to a trailhead. This cover can be removed and saved.

We created a small arena on the lower dirt floor with bleachers for easier watching. We will have demonstrations for the weekend or day rider on: proper etiquette when meeting a bicycle on the trail, shooting a firearm from your horse and this year the Stillwell Arena will have a Cowboy Shooting Competition. Our small arena will also feature Clay Wright Horsemanship which teaches balance, unity and harmony with your horse.

For the hikers and backpackers we have bike etiquette, along with what to carry for first aid, GPS vs phone applications, proper choice of a firearm, and choosing a backpacking stove, as well as vendors carrying various outdoor equipment.

Five of our six demonstration areas are all interactive, meaning you will be able to be hands on. You will see a camp set up and interact with the camp host most of the day. How about tying a high line for your horse? Yes, you will be able to hands on tie it off, so step into the demo area and learn from our many volunteers. Or bring your horse in for a personalized saddle fit which I did year before last and was appalled at how badly my saddle fit my horse and mule.

Dutch oven cooking all day! This year in the far back corner we will be cooking up a storm. Different cooks showing off their ways they prefer and even a class on backpacking stove cooking. Jeremy and I will be doing our own cooking class on Sunday, poor guy just needs help....lol.... So if you need to brush up on your dutch oven skills, grab a spot on the bleachers and start asking questions.

The middle of our lower dirt arena will have our barrels for practice with tying off the ropes to keep your load on tight if you are packing. We will also have a pack string demonstration so you can learn to tie off the load on a mule.

Kids corral will have a "mini horse pack string." I can hardly wait to see those little kids' eyes with those ponies. We will also have a photo booth set up in the kids corral "to capture those moments." Watch for stick ponies for the kids and our famous stick pony parade.

Talent contest on Friday night, so tune your talent and come on down to our active fun live auction and delicious dinner on Saturday night. Visit our vendors, who have traveled many miles to bring you the things you need for a wonderful outdoor experience.

The millions of acres that Teddy Roosevelt had a hand in setting aside are the main reasons we put forth the effort on our Expo. To teach and educate the public for free is one of our missions as a Non-Profit Backcountry Horsemen Chapter. We not only ride for fun, we assist our local Forest Service by packing in the loads of equipment, personal gear or even bridge building material so our trails can stay open for equine and hiking groups.

For learning to tie down a load that may have shovels, axes, backpacks, gravel or beams we all turn to Betty Applebaker, a retired Forest Service Packer and expert on tying anything on. We have six sets of volunteers that work all summer long assisting our federal agencies by packing in various loads, Anthony Benedetti our Forest Service Recreation Officer states they can clear 36% more trail with our help. If you want to learn to pack or are a packer you are always welcome. Day riders are always needed on these day pack rides for holding animals or watching for balanced packs. We even dedicate one week of cooking to the Pacific Crest Trail Association Skills College.

This event is our annual fund raiser. It allows us the ability to bring in the speakers, rent the facility and put on a fun filled weekend of educational seminars. Our fund raising also allows us to purchase needed equipment or buy decking materials for trail bridges in need of repair. So don't be fooled that we just like to ride. We ride to assist the federal agencies so all hikers, backpackers and equine groups can stroll down these trails and cross the bridges safely. *See informative ad and schedule on Page 6.* •



When you step outside what do you touch? Anything more than the handle on your car door? I'm a cat guy. I like the feel of a cat's fur and the calming rumble of their purr, especially if they fall asleep on you and their contented purr softly vibrates through your body. And petting a dog and the big wet kisses you get in return. The warmth of a newly laid egg, the texture of the shell.

Do you ever go barefoot outside? The feel of grass or sand between your toes, the warmth of a patio, the feel of your feet in cold water on a hot day. The touch of the warm sun on a cool spring day. Laying on a warm rock for a quick nap. The texture of freshly picked produce from your own garden. I go outside to touch and feel the world around me. What do you touch, feel?

As you step outside what do you taste? Can you actually taste something by simply stepping outside? Well, each time I have been close to a skunk who just sprayed, I will tell you it can be tasted. Naturally it can be smelled, but if you are close enough when he atomizes his defense, those atomized particles will float through the air and land on your tongue. On a more positive note, I believe you can taste the new rain and a fresh snow. Maybe it is an active imagination on my part but it sure seems so to me. The taste of a new tomato or cucumber fresh off the vine cannot be found inside a supermarket. Same goes for fruit of all varieties. I go outside to taste the world around me. What do you taste?

When you step outside what do you smell? I already mentioned the skunk so that is a given unless you mistake the neighbor's happy plants for a skunk's backend. Smells the same to me. The smell of rain, fresh cut grass, flowers in bloom, along a river bank, hot days in the pines, sage brush. Man they all smell good! I love the smells in our great outdoors. What do you smell?

So, tell me, do you know what's outside? Are you locked into your easy chair in front of the tv, computer, dvr or smartphone? If so, head outside into the great State of Jefferson and see what's there waiting for you.

Hit the backroads.... Jefferson Backroads!!

"Our houses are such unwieldy property that we are often imprisoned rather than housed by them." Henry David Thoreau

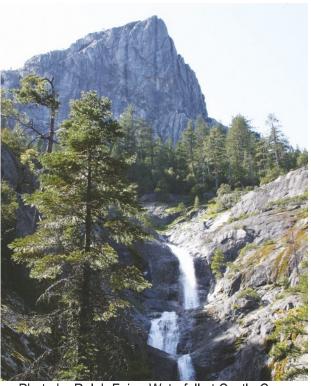


Photo by Ralph Fain - Waterfall at Castle Crags



THE CARR FIRE COOKBOOK PROJECT

THANK YOU
TO THOSE WHO
HAVE ALREADY
SUBMITTED
RECIPES!!



Wildfires have ravaged the communities many of us call home. A new year-long project is underway. We are gathering delicious recipes to create a uniquely personal cookbook dedicated to our fellow citizens who have lost all their worldly possessions in the recent tragic fires. These cookbooks will be presented to those who have lost everything and will also be available for sale to the public.

A dear young lady went looking for her grandma's banana bread recipe recently and it struck her

hard that all their family recipes were lost when her momma's house burned in the Carr Fire. The realization is tough that all the family recipes many of these people had that have been passed down from generation to generation are now, sadly, gone. We cannot replace what has been lost... But together, we can create something new.

If you are interested, please email or mail us your favorite delicious recipes: breads, rolls, main dishes, soups, casseroles, desserts, sauces, breakfast dishes, salads, snacks, drinks, etc. Let us know your name and the city/state you are mailing recipes from. Our hope is that, together, we can create something AMAZING to unite and help heal our communities... We all thank you, very much!!

Mailing Address:

Carr Fire Cookbook Project PO Box 344 Grenada, California 96038

Email Address:

carrfirecookbook@gmail.com

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ETC.....



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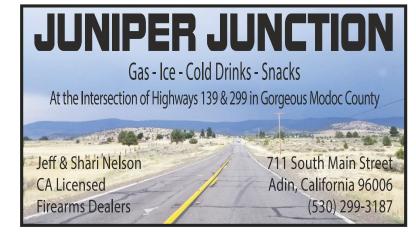
Place your handcraft business, club meeting, farmer's market, music lesson, quilt class, art workshop, products and services, ETC., here. Cost is only \$30 for each 2 x 2 inch cube for 3-months (\$10/month). Any regular monthly service or simple information to share is perfect to display on this page. Email us at jeffersonbackroads@gmail.com.

Deadline is by the 20th of each month to display your information in the next monthly issue.









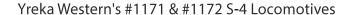


HISTORY OF OUR BELOVED MAJESTIC TRAINS

Photos and Information Submitted by Bruce A. Duncan, Edgewood, California Check out his company: Golden West Hobbies. Email: goldenwesthobbies@gmail.com



Photo above: #1172, Yreka, 1970's.



The Yreka Western's S-4 locomotives, Alco's 1,000hp, were built in 1955 for the Union Pacific Railroad. The locos were acquired by the YWRR, a Kyle Railway subsidiary, in 1972. They retained their former UP designations #1171 & #1172. Number 1172 remained active with the YWRR until 1979 when it was transferred to another Kyle railroad, the Pend Oreille Valley Railroad in Washington. It was finally scrapped in 1987. Number 1171 spent the remainder of its life with the YWRR before being scrapped in1988. These Alco's were a preferred choice of the train crews of the YWRR in the 1970's due to its ability to haul heavy tonnage over "Butcher Hill" without need for a second



Photo above: #1172, Shasta Valley, 1970's.



Photo above: MR #102, McCloud.

McCloud Railway #102 Caboose

McCloud Railway #102 custom short length steel wide vision caboose was built in 1962 by the International Car Company. Originally built for the McCloud River Railroad and sold to the McCloud Railway Company in 1992, #102 was used in both freight and excursion service during its life span. It was active on the McCloud Railway into the 21st century. Number 102 was painted Red Vermilion.





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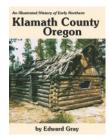
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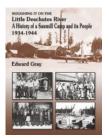
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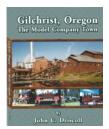


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