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JEFFERSON BACKROADS

A Happy Little Publication

PO Box 344 Grenada, CA 96038

(530) 640-0100

Michelle Fain & Ralph Fain 6038 Owner-Editor Side Kick

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

ADVERTISING RATES

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

SIZE	DIMENSIONS	B/W	COLOR
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MEDIUM AD	4 x 8"	\$150/mo	\$160/mo
FULL PAGE AD	8 1/2 x 10 3/4"	\$200/mo	\$225/mo

*Cube ads display on Community Bulletin Board Page for 3-months.

AD & STORY DEADLINE: 15th of each month.

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Cover Photo taken by Michelle Fain in December 2019: Susanville, California - Holiday Fireworks Display...

Jefferson Backroads is proudly published every single month for our fellow independent, old school, hard working, Patriotic American Law Abiding 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 is still ALIVE, ALL ACROSS AMERICA. We are doing our part to proudly keep this Patriotic American Spirit Alive!

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

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!

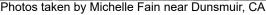
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Gail Jenner Judy Sartor Hank Nelson

Carol Pasheilich

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Steve Pestana

Pamela Weatherby







IRAINS

My Story by Michelle Fain, Editor

Apparently, TRAINS really are in my blood. They have followed me or led me throughout my entire life... In a great way, TRAINS have haunted me. I have not ever pursued them much; it's been more of passing nod or a simple mysterious acknowledgment. I haven't yet delved deeply into their history or how they operate or even researched their current role in our society. But, the fact remains: I am so intrigued by their delightful sounds. I am totally mesmerized by their rumble. My face smiles every single time I see or hear one. Thus, the time is NOW.

Anyone who knows me knows this crazy happy little publication called Jefferson Backroads pretty much directs itself. It actually evolves day to day, month to month. I hold onto the reins and just let 'er fly. Over the past 10 solid years, every single month, the publications are almost never planned out besides the obvious inclusion of our beloved advertisements, local history, regional events & mom and pop businesses. The stories or histories I am thankfully handed to publish each month basically just happen. Sometimes the stories happen to be similar or appear to be connected to other stories in a particular month, without even a wave of my magic wand. It just happens. It truly IS fascinating!

> Well... I am waving my magic wand now.... begging for MORE TRAIN and RAILROAD CONTENT!! Pretty please? Time for expansion!

I most likely have already discussed the ways trains have affected me or intrigued me over my lifetime on the pages of this publication. But yesterday, as I was producing this January 2020 issue to send to the printer, it occurred to me: MORE. TRAINS. NEED. TO. BE. IN. OUR. PUBLICATIONS. (8 magical words, wink, wink.)

Fortunately, we have many railroad and railroad history buffs and contacts in and around Our GREAT State of Jefferson Region. The Time is NOW to link you all together and really expand the TRAINS and RAILROADS features appearing on our pages. Please contact me!

Most of my happiest childhood memories include some influence from a train. My sister and I rode a commuter train, alone, several times from San Jose to San Francisco to go hang out with our dad in the late 1960s. I cannot even imagine putting my little kids onto a train, alone. But that truly was a simpler time. We had a BLAST!!

It is so funny how life pops you into situations and places, hoping you will PAY ATTENTION... The photos on this page are mine. Nearly ten short years ago, I was the nut sitting wayyyy too close to the moving TRAIN with my old school video camera for the (screen captured) bottom left photo. My two oldest daughters were right there with me. SUCH A RUSH!

I cannot tell you how many times I am driving along and come up to a railroad crossing and there is a TRAIN coming. I feel this is never a coincidence for me and I almost always take photos or video when it occurs.

Hubby Side Kick and I took one of the best ever vacations with our dear friends who live in and run mom and pop businesses in Bandon, Oregon in the Autumn of 2010. Having boarded a northbound train in Klamath Falls, Oregon, with only our camera/phones, suit cases, wallets and crochet hooks in hand, we four unchaperoned adults took a TRAIN RIDE ADVENTURE OF A LIFETIME up to Seattle, Washington! We took public transportation or walked to see all the sights and enjoy all the incredible foods and beverages we could find.

Anyway, I just want to share all the fun and adventure... My email address is jeffersonbackroads@gmail.com. Let's do this! •

Page 4

UPCOMING EVENTS

March 7, 2020 Sundial Film Festival, Redding, California. Call (530) 255-4911 for info.

April 16-20, 2020 Ashland Independent Film Festival, Ashland, Oregon. Call (541) 488-3823 for info.

March 28-29, 2020

Siskiyou Sportsmen's Expo and Carving Competition, Yreka, California. Call (530) 842-2767 for all the info!

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Location	Date	Contact Phone
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Gold Beach, Oregon	2/8/2020	541-661-5949
Klamath Falls, Oregon	2/22/2020	541-331-1331
Redding, California	2/22/2020	530-226-3344
Chico, California	2/22/2020	530-514-4667
Coos Bay, Oregon	2/29/2020	541-790-9255
Burns, Oregon	3/7/2020	208-284-4455
Roseburg, Oregon	3/14/2020	541-459-8800
Fortuna, California	4/4/2020	530-722-5414
Weaverville, California	4/11/2020	530-515-3321
Bend, Oregon	4/11/2020	541-460-3620
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Alturas, California	4/25/2020	530-233-9219
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Yreka, California	5/16/2020	530-468-2162
Grants Pass, Oregon	5/16/2020	541-660-8822
Crescent City, California	6/13/2020	707-954-1228
Seneca, Oregon	7/18/2020	541-772-7473





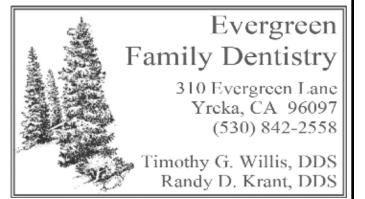
Jim Hendricks Owner

MOUNTAIN VILLAGE PARK, INC.

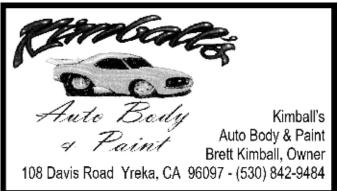
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> Mt. Shasta Senior Nutrition Mt. Shasta, CA (530) 926-4611

Scott Valley Community Lunch Program

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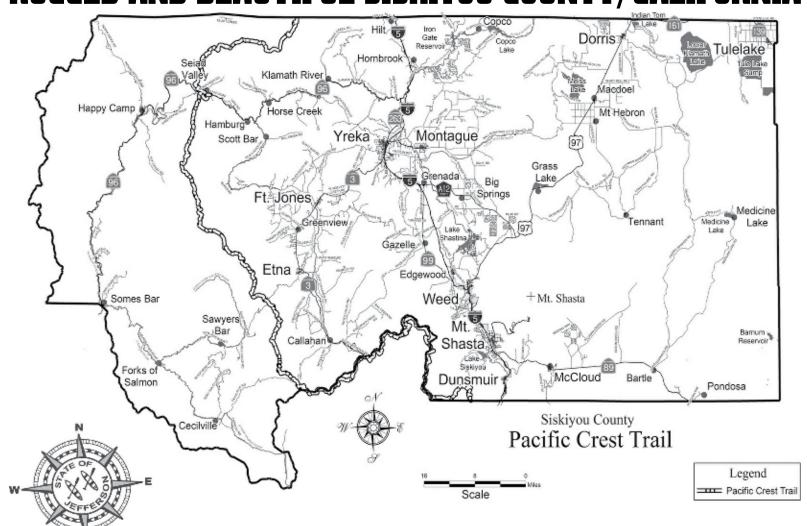
Etna United Methodist Church: 467-3612

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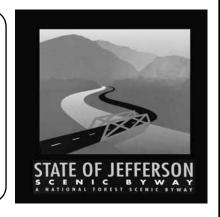
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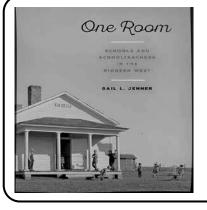
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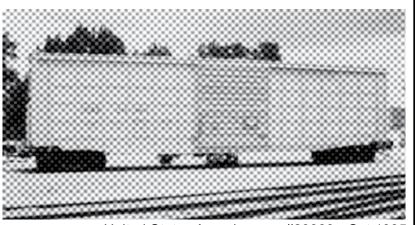
PRODUCTS: Gasoline, Red Diesel, Highway Diesel, Kerosene, Oil and we now carry Wood Pellets.

The Sierra Army Depot Railroad

By Bruce Duncan, Edgewood, California

In the Southeastern corner of the State of Jefferson there is a railroad that would rival many short line railroads. It is the United States Army Railroad at the Sierra Army Depot near Herlong, California. The depot was established in 1942 and its High Desert climate makes it ideal for storage. Today the Depot's Railroad maintains an engine house, 59 miles of rail and 3 rail classification yards connecting to the 7 million cubic feet of covered storage warehouses and 799 earth covered igloos along the tracks. The Railroad has a direct connection with the Union Pacific and the National Railway System.

The depot's mission is to support Department of Defense logistics, storage and maintenance requirements (with their Railroad and other forms of transportation). EMD GP10 locomotives and a variety of USAX (United States Army) and DODX (Department of Defense) freight cars, from box cars to flat cars, move equipment and other loads around and into and out of this facility. •



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DUNSMUIR RAILROAD DEPOT HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

A Writer's Love Affair with Dunsmuir (1987) Written by Larry Green for the Dunsmuir Centennial Book

My personal love affair with the town of Dunsmuir spans nearly 40 years. As a young lad, I was actually raised in the San Francisco Bay Area, but my parents had always been active outdoor people who whisked me off to the mountains for fishing, hunting, or camping at every opportunity that arose.

In 1947, one of my uncles and his family moved to Dunsmuir to take a job in a sawmill, then located near Crag View Drive. Thus, it was the following summer of 1948, when I was then at the tender age of 11 years, that my folks brought me north for my first look at the town of Dunsmuir to visit my uncle. I remember vividly that it was love at first sight. There was a lot here to impress a young, outdoor-minded lad of 11 years, with those rugged, rocky crags to the west, beautiful Mt. Shasta to the north, and east of the millhouse, where we stayed with my uncle's family, the Upper Sacramento River, which was then chuck full of native rainbow trout.

Also, there were the trains, and for a boy whose father had fired steam locomotives during the war years, I was held spellbound by those massive mallets called Cab-Forwards that grunted and groaned under the strain of pushing and pulling great tonnage over well polished rail in the canyons above Dunsmuir. How I then loved and now miss those wonderful old steam locomotives!

In the following years, I'd returned to Dunsmuir summer after summer with my parents long after the mill had burnt down and my aunt and uncle had moved back to the Bay Area. But for myself, at least, a seed had been planted. After marriage and while raising two children, my wife, Mary, and I continued to share our love of Dunsmuir with our children through annual summer vacations, some 20 in a row.

In 1960, I became an active outdoor sports writer and have since enjoyed the opportunity of traveling in search of the best fishing and hunting opportunities across 11 western states, Canada, and Mexico, But my heart remained in Dunsmuir, and thus it was in 1983 in planning for an early retirement that we had our life-long dream of a river front summer home come true. We chose Dunsmuir. Because in all honesty, of the thousands of miles I've hunted and fished all over the western United States, these fabulous Siskiyou mountains and the quaint, friendly little town of Dunsmuir appealed to us more than any place we've yet traveled. Here I can write with unending inspiration because the scenery, the people, the water, the town, the fishing, the hunting, the pure pine-scented air, and yes, still the trains captivated our souls completely. And it is here in Dunsmuir that I expect I'll eventually expire, hopefully long after I retire. Because to our family, there's just no place on God's green earth quite like Dunsmuir.

The above article is from the Dunsmuir Centennial Book which is available for purchase at the Dunsmuir Library.



Photo of train in Dunsmuir by Michelle Fain



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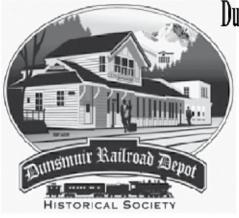
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YREKA ELKS NEWS



Photo: Elk members Frank Borg (left) getting the next bingo ball and Nancy Duncan (right) works the register, while Matt Dustan (center), band trumpet player and pianist, watches the crowd attentively.



Photo: Band Matt Dustan (left) delivers the last raffle gift basket, "Date Night," which coincidentally was won by his grandfather.



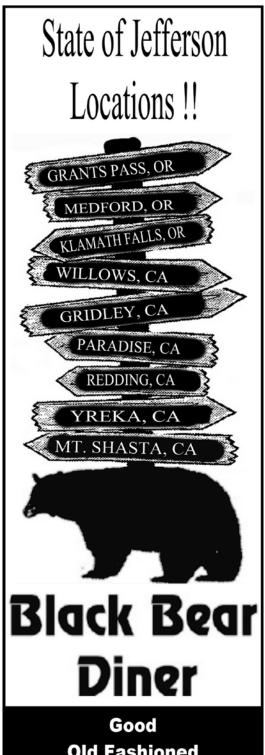
BINGO FOR BOOKS & BAND:

The Yreka Elks Lodge held a charity bingo to benefit the Montague School Library and Band on December 4, 2019. The Montague Elementary School PTO was instrumental in making this fundraiser a big success! There were multiple, overflowing gift baskets, each with its own theme and extra enticements of matching gift certificates within, such as "Chocolate Delights" or "Precious Pets." Also, some wonderful looking and tasting deserts were raffled off and shared. The school band program members hosted the pulled pork sandwich concessions, which kept everyone going through the evening. The school principal, the school board's president, many parents and others attended in support of the endeavor. The band made \$300.00 and the Library about \$400.00.

TOYS FOR TOTS:

Toys for Tots charity Bingo was held on December 11, 2019, with a precursor on December 4th. The precursor was to bring in wrapped gifts and receiving bingo games in exchange. The gifts were then donated by Frank Borg, on behalf of our Lodge to Toys for Tots. A similar gift for games was done on December 11th. Besides several barrels of wrapped gifts, Toys for Tots made \$1,267.32 for additional toy purchases.





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KLAD FM 92.5 Klamath Falls, OR Country

> KRDG 105.3 Redding, CA CLASSIC HITS

KJDX - 93.3 Susanville, CA COUNTRY

KSJK AM 1230 KSYC AM 1490 JeffersonPublic Radio News & Info

KEEP ON Rockin' the Backroads!!



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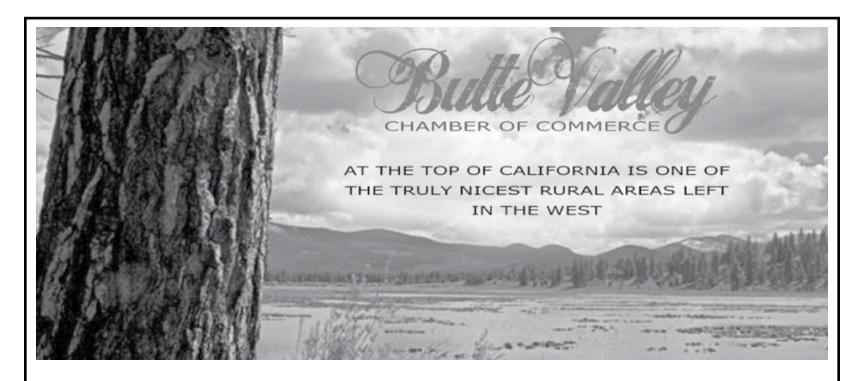
335 North Main Street - Yreka, CA 96097 Office (530) 842-1996 or 842-3591 Fax (530) 842-1739 www.SiskiyouCountyPropertiesOnline.com





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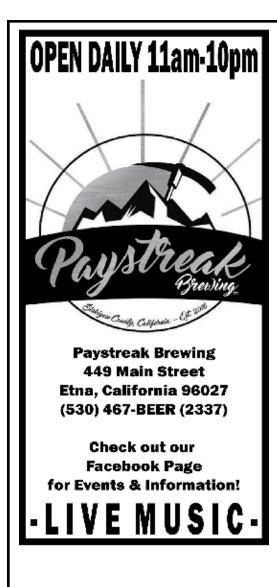
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Visit Dorris, California, just 3 miles south of the Oregon Border on Highway 97. Check out the Chamber of Commerce website at www.ButteValleyChamber.com for more information.



Nature's Kitchen Cafe Supplements Gifts 412 S. Main Street Yreka, CA 96097 (530) 842-1136



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INSPIRATIONS FROM THE FOREST

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

"ALASKA LEGEND PORKY BICKAR AND THE HYPERBOREAN STRAIN"

The quaint seaport town of Sitka rises slowly to its feet and shakes off the tethered remnants of slumber.

"Cock - a - doodle - doo rise -n - shine roll up - n - roll out."

It's damnable early... but-- this is big timber country-and when the bullwhacker has bellowed, it's daylight in the swamps.

Edna Revard's restaurant was the scene of many morning coffee sessions and the only downtown restaurant for many years. It was situated on Lincoln Street, a small "hole in the wall." Entering, booths were on the left side of the aisle and on the right were seats along the counter. Edna, the owner, chief cook and often waitress, always had a moment to stop and chat with her patrons. In fact, no one wanted to leave the group for a restroom visit, and whoever did would always leave the door ajar to monitor the table talk. Likely some of the tourists left Edna's restaurant with tall tales of how strangely the Sitkans stand at their urinals.

A motley crew has gathered in anticipation of a new day. The already cheery atmosphere, where the ritual of banter and early morning brew is rooted in antiquity, is pungent with the pleasing aroma of freshly brewed coffee and of ham, sausage, bacon and eggs frying on the grill. In due time, the sun will ascend from behind the Baranof Range and tinge the forest with a soft gold light from timber-line to waters' edge, but for now, the Baranofs are a dim outline against the eastern sky. Its closer ramparts, distant relatives of an ancient range that pushed its way up from the earliest of times, stand shoulder to shoulder as silent guardians and mute sentinels of the emerald archipelago.

At the end of the counter and occupying a commanding view, the 'Deacon's Seat' has been reserved. Presently, a pickup truck grinds to a halt by the curb outside. It is precisely 6:00 a.m. Printed in bold letters across the truck's door are the words Porky Bickar's Sales & Service. A stout figure of a man steps out, then slowly makes his way toward the door. Across the street on the dockside, the fishing boats rise and fall on the gentle swells. Pausing just long enough to adjust his red logger's suspenders and draw in the fresh sea breeze, Porky Bickar enters.

"Hi, Porky, how's it goin'?" "Hey - morning, Porky." "Yeh - what's the latest, Porky?"

Bickar nods his head in regal recognition to the hail of friendly queries and warm salutations and smiles. "Top of the mornin', folks."

Amidst the soft ruffling of the early editions and the ebb and flow of random topics, the Bard's grand entrance is regarded as the high-water mark of the day, for the "Bull O' The Woods"... The Lord of the Realm... has arrived.

"Born with an axe and a crosscut saw-- muscles of steel and grit in the craw..."

Porky Bickar is a most striking figure, the consummate study of sublimity; an amalgamation of Paul Bunyan, the Ancient Mariner and Father Time. Porky is a man who seems for all the world to have been chiseled from a solid block of granite, whose weathered brow reminds you of old rawhide and whose eyes are as crystal clear as a high mountain lake. He is a man whose very character and moral fiber has been forged, tested and tempered in the searing heat of battle. Spawned and reared in mill towns and lumber camps, Porky Bickar is a product of the slab piles and sawdust heaps of the Pacific Northwest.

The waitress, a seasoned veteran of a good many bull sessions, smiles hospitably. Hot Java is poured into Porky's cup. He smiles in approbation. "Thank ya kindly, ma'am."

"What's it gonna be this morning, Porky?" Her query is born strictly from habit and a perfunctory nature.

"You know - same as always - the regular layout."

It's a real logger's he-man kind of breakfast: ham and eggs, over easy, country fried potatoes and a stack of thick saddle blankets. It is, in fact, the kind of breakfast that is guaranteed to put steam back in the boiler and spring back into tired extremities.

In the time honored tradition of every shanty boy from Bangor, Maine to Coos Bay, Oregon — the Bard, Porky Bickar, is about to conduct the true blue loggers coffee test.



"Ready?"
"Of course,"
answered Porky.

What followed next has long since been regarded as a thing of both beauty and wonder-ment. Now there are certain prerequisites. The brew has to be strong and stout-- vile enough to take hair from off the hide of a musk ox and with an overall consistency thick enough to support a spoon in a vertical position. These are the primary

objectives of the brew test, and if the terms of the crude but rudimentary criteria are met, then, accordingly, the brew is adjudged fit for human consumption. With an audacious air, the spoon is placed in the cup. It is remarkable-- the spoon stands by itself! The brew has passed! From the small circle of curious and amused on-lookers, there is a mild ripple of applause with a chorus of approval.

Inspirations from the Forest Continued from Page 16

"Hey, Porky, way to go!"

"How'd he do that?" someone asks.
Porky holds one hand up. He is a
solemn as a potentate. The assemblage
shrinks back, a little in awe and silent
reverence. Porky is not through. There is
more. With true artistic flare, befitting the
species, that is the pure strain-- The Bard
removes the spoon and gives the contents in the
cup a couple of quick swirls with his thumb.
Then, slowly and deliberately, he lifts the cup.
In essence, this was the defining moment. Porky
sampled the brew. He takes a sip, then an-other.
There was a glint in his eyes. He smacked his
lips.

"Ahhh" A wry smile began to creep across the craggy profile.

"Well, what's the verdict?" another asks.
"Yeh, Porky, how's it measure up?"
from someone else.

A snicker was heard. "Hey, Bickar, is it-- the true brew?" This was a mild form of sarcasm. Porky brushed it aside.

The waitress, though, was a little more condescending. She placed her hand lightly on his shoulder. "How was it, Porky?"

Porky winked, forming a circle with his thumb and index finger. "Ya gotta damned fine scald on'er this morning, Ma'am. Ya did good."

"TIMBERRRRRR ..."

The conversation shifted into high gear. Politics, the economy, even environmentalism ranked as issues important enough to go over with a fine tooth comb, but, of course, there were others... topics deemed worthy of considerable attention... sports and local gossip! There was not a stone left unturned. By the time all the cups had been refilled with fresh brew, the limbs, bark and sawdust were really flying! In fact, by now, a full fledged logging operation was underway. This was Porky's element. He stood tall as the trees. The supreme maestro was conducting a great symphony of industry and cacophony. Porky is also The Deacon, the Bard, Lord and Master of the Realm. He waves his arms, pointing first this way, then that. He directs the traffic... barking out commands... giving instruction, offering advice along the way. At the end of the day, a thousand to a billion board feet of prime timber has been felled, limbed, measured, then bucked into logs, yarded to the landing, loaded onto trucks, hauled to a mill someplace and sawed into lumber... all in the course of a mere half-hour to an hour's time. It is a phenomenal feat by anyone's standards.



"Say - what'd ya think, Jim? How much we got here?"

"Holy smoke, Porky, I dunno. How about it, Evans? You're the log scaler."

"Want me to round it off?"

"Yeh, sure," Porky laughed, "Go ahead, round'er off."

"Well, we've been in prime old growth all morning. How about a million board feet? Even-Steven?"

"That's a pretty damned big round there, Porky," Jim chuckled

"Who's going to muck the place out? Limbs must be a foot

deep!"

Edna shook her head. "Yeh, that's not the only thing that's been getting deep around here either. Good grief!"

"Maybe you ought to slant the floor a little," Leo laughed. Leo Leach, a side hill gouger, as rough 'n ready as they come, yet give you the shirt off his back and a real bunkhouse wizard. "Make it a helluva lot easier."

Later a subcontract would be let and a front-end loader brought in to help clear away the knee deep limbs and gathering debris. Then, returning the next morning, the loggers, as faithful and ritualistic as lemmings, would wipe the slate clean. Past indiscretions laid aside, they'd start anew, trading barbs, swapping lies and boldly mapping out new ventures. Compliments of the management, the heavy unbreakable mugs, brim filled with fresh, hot brew would be set out too... but for now, the profoundly flavored banter continued unabated. Well-seasoned profundity flowed too, as thick as warm maple syrup... and in the span of time, what had been high-spirited, friendly discourse, suddenly turned to verbal jousting. Terse words, upside down, double edged, caustic and biting were punctuated with sharp rebuttal. It was tit for tat-- bombastic and pithy. Rejuvenated now, the loggers were feisty and robust and feeling their oats. Then, as soon as the pant legs were rolled up, the whistle punk pulled down hard on the jerk-wire.

"Three longs - and a handful ..."

The echoes shrill blast from the old steam pot reverberated past Lincoln Street and beyond. There was just so much of a good thing that a man could stand! It was time to shag it and wag it ... all over again.

"Roust up laddies, can't make a living on a shoestring - burning daylight--like there was no tomorrow-- like bumps on a cull-log."

The words, swallowed up in a pool of hungry carp in stale, stagnant pond water, were like runaway logs slamming down out of nowhere and blind-sighted alongside the head-- tin hats sailing away, jill-poked by a bent-over sidewinder sapling-- zigzagging upended root wads-- dancing choker bells, bowl'd over like ten pins in a cheap bowl-ing alley at the spar pole saloon.

"Watch'er boys! Ol' Curley has those babies swingin' some mean looking figure eights this morning. There's loggin' to do, lads-- straw-line to pull, riggin' to hang. Time to haul and day's a' ready gettin' short an' no use burnin' daylight like there's no damn tomorrow ... an' ..."

"Ah - go to hell, you ol' coot!"

The words stung ... like wasps zeroing in for the kill... demented horseflies closing in on a fresh pile of moose dung. Things were unraveling faster than a cheap pair of nylons. The admonishments caught the gnarly logger off balance. Though waxed by the unexpected rearms, Leo continued full stride, straight up and over the steep-as-it-gets- cow's face blowdown, bewhiskered hillside. There was no stopping him now. When the spring was wound, Leach could out-talk a door-to-door shoe salesman... or a three legged sailor in town on a two hour layover. For those unaccustomed to the rough-cut nature of the breed, they polished off the rest of their coffee and left quietly, leaving it, for a time, to the more hardened cast of regu-lars.

Porky regarded the object of this latest diversion with mild curiosity. Some mornings were like that-- lasting a little longer than usual, but-- where else could a man go, gear up for a day's work and be entertained all at the same time? •

The saga will continue next month . . .

SISKIYOU COUNTY MUSEUM

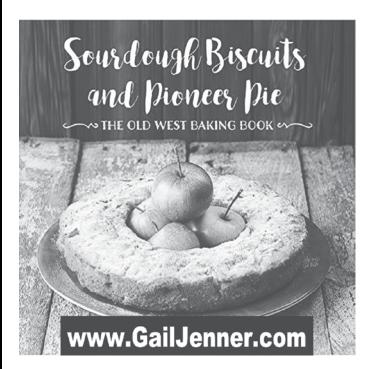
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Photo above: Montague Airport, Circa 1950 Aerial View

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Story by Linda Kepford of Fort Jones, California

In the early days of flying, there were few navigation aids for pilots. Flying was basically by visual observations. In the 1920's, mail flights were helped by large cement arrows with lighted rotating beacons located on prominent mountaintops. Three of these arrows still exist in Siskiyou County. One is on a small mound west of Highway 5, near Louie Road. A second sits on the mountain just east of Montague's airfield. And the third is atop Black Mountain. These arrows and lights guided pilots at night on the Cam 8 mail route and basically followed Interstate 5 from Redding to Grenada, and then to Montague and Black Mountain.

In addition, the Richfield gas company built a tall, lighted tower on their station to guide the mail pilots. The station and tower still stand at the south entrance to Mt. Shasta city.

Early mail pilots flew small, single engine planes with open cockpits. It was a cold and dangerous job especially in the winter and during adverse weather. In the 1930's, 4 low frequency radio towers were installed near Scott Valley airport that used a series of Morse codes to indicate a plane's position. As planes became faster and more sophisticated a better navigation system was developed. Now pilots use global positioning satellites for navigation. GPS gives pilots their exact longitude and latitude so they know their position precisely. Due to the unreliability of early aircraft engines there were many emergency landing fields in Siskiyou County. Six airfields still exist in Happy Camp, Butte Valley, Weed, Dunsmuir, Scott Valley, Montague and the large Siskiyou County airport which was built later as a military airbase.

Montague airport was the first officially established field. It was located near the present day ballpark and rodeo grounds. The field was in use by the Forest Service in 1919 and was used to fly fire watch over the Klamath National Forest and other northern woods. Later, in 1928, local businessmen convinced Montague to buy 320 acres just west of town and, with the approval of Pacific Air Transport, a new improved gravel runway was built. The city paid \$2,800 for the land.

West Coast Air Transport started operating in 1928, using Bach tri-motor aircraft and flying between Portland and San Francisco. By 1929, they made daily stops in Montague. It was the only stop on the route. Eventually a building was erected at the airport which had a lunch room for the passengers. The larger airport at Medford, Oregon later became the stop for our area but Montague remained an alternate landing place when Medford was fogged in, a common occurrence.

It cost \$28 to fly from Portland to Medford and your luggage could not weight more than 25 pounds. West Coast Air Transport eventually became United Airlines. In 1974, Montague Airport was officially renamed Rohrer Field after pioneer pilot, Brice Rohrer. Brice had been in on the building of the airport from the beginning and became the official weather observer for our area. The airport has been in continuous operation for over 90 years.

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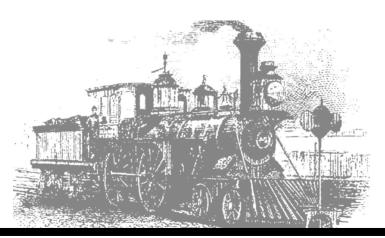
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MORE TO COME!!



YREKA ELKS STORY

Memories of Uncle Victor (AKA Slim) and the Diamond Bar in Hilt, Ca. Part 3 of 3

Story by Elizabeth (Warrens) Claypool

Hilt was the first rail stop out of Oregon, which was a dry state. Fruit Growers Supply owned the land and Uncle Victor leased the property. Victor is the last man on the right in this picture (at right). The tracks in front of the saloon were a siding for Fruit Growers Supply and for a box factory. This building was enlarged later and had a one acre tree park to its left. The shed to the left in the picture was torn down. The Diamond Saloon in Hilt had a beautiful bar, not as elaborate as the one at the Diamond Bar in Kennett, but spectacular in its own right. I believe that this building was built later than The Diamond Bar at Kennett. (Side note: This is the site of the November 15, 1912 robbery by two masked gun toting robbers and the sub sequential shoot-out bullet hole in the partition story will be told in the next issue of Jefferson Backroads).



Hilt's Diamond was enlarged with an apartment on the left. When saloons were closed from 1920 to 1933, Uncle Victor took his bonded liquor to Cuba for sale. My father, Alva Patterson Warrens, took over the store in 1929, when we moved from Butte, Montana, to Hilt. During Prohibition, this property stayed open as a fountain for soft drinks and sandwiches. They also sold radios and jewelry, had a clock and watch repair shop, and had a barber shop.

(Side note: On March 1, 1920, Victor wrote the Board of Supervisors of Siskiyou County and requested the amount of his liquor license bond be returned as the Constitutional Amendment had put him out of business. The request was granted.)

My father moved us from Hilt to Durham in 1935, when it was time for my brother, Edward, to go to high school. My father stayed on in Hilt, because he needed the revenue to pay for his new almond orchard in Durham. He would come down to visit us one weekend out of each month.



Photo of The Diamond Saloon in Hilt, California

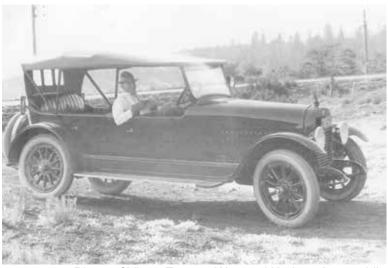


Photo of Victor Eugene Warrens' Hudson Automobile

This photo of Victor Eugene Warrens' Hudson Automobile was taken in the fall of 1918. This car could go 66 miles per hour. It was Navy Blue with red pin-stripe upholstery and soft rubber tires.



Yreka Elks Story Continued from Page 20



After leaving Hilt, Victor purchased Judge Gillis' son's home on Yama Street (at the corner with Oregon Street) in Yreka. His sister, Bernice, went to Chicago to buy all of the furnishings for it. It was known in the family as the "Big Home." That home was sold to Dr. Newton between 1935 and 1940 to get cash needed to finance Victor's building projects in the Yreka business district (Miner Street and south on Broadway). Dr. Newton later made the home into apartments, and it still stands today.

Warrens Monument is located at Grandview Cemetery,
Albany, Missouri. Victor Eugene Warrens erected this monument in
honor of his parents and asked to be buried at the foot of his mother's
grave. His sister, Bernice Warrens, and my mother, Alice Clement
Warrens, escorted Victor's body to Missouri in 1944 to fulfill his
wish. •







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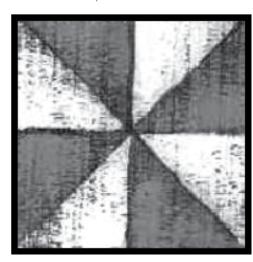
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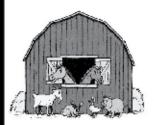
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STITCHING IN THE DITCH

Story by Judy Sartor, Mt. Shasta, California





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The Christmas carols have all been sung. And merry bells have all been rung. The dog and the cat drowse by the fire. (I am not about to rhyme.) The stars are brighter than ever. The ski parks are open. It is full winter. We have had snow, rain, snow, and all other sorts of weather. Kind of nice to have a normal winter—what we used to call normal anyway.

I have always enjoyed snow—maybe because we seldom had snow where I grew up. But when it snowed there, the world stopped—total Mother Nature gridlock. When it snows here, the harsh edges of the world soften and sounds (distractions) are muted. It's a wonderful feeling.

It's Winter, so what's a Quilter to do? Snuggle in and enjoy the season! For one thing, you can wrap yourself in flannel. Flannel just feels good to your fingers. Weston's Quilt Shop in Mt. Shasta has a nice supply of quality flannel. Drop by and try it out. As flannel quality varies wildly, most Quilters prefer to choose flannels by touch rather than by ordering on line. Now if flannel doesn't do it for you, other opportunities abound.

Sooner than we can realize, it will be Quilt Show season again. You know, time has a tendency of doing that to us—faster and faster each year. How about rediscovering a project that you had forgotten to finish. But only if you liked it in the first place and still like it. Maybe you just need to attach a hanging sleeve. This distasteful task is best finished early rather than at the last minute. Grown Quilters have been known to throw that gorgeous quilt aside in disgust at the thought of attaching a hanging sleeve.

With everything washed away by the whiteness around you—but not so white that you can't get to a fabric store—this might be the time to begin a whole new project. Now, I will not predict the form that your project might take. I will not predict your selection of fabrics, nor whether you will choose to use fabric collections, precuts, or to select your fabrics individually ala Diana Fogle. That's your job, after all. All I want is for you to draw some inspiration from the Season and the calm that surrounds you.

"Whose woods these are, I think I know.

His house is in the village though;

He will not see me stopping here.

To watch his woods fill up with snow."

"Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening"

Poem Written by Robert Frost in 1922

Without analyzing the deeper meaning of the poem—and there is a deeper meaning—the poet draws a word picture of a woods covered with winter snow, a woods that manages to be beautiful and alluring but with hints of danger. You can find me in that woods—vicariously, of course. That's me there, a watcher, contemplating a new flannel quilt. •



A Sign of Winter

Remember what I said on Page 24 about the Robert Frost poem: "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening?"

This photo, a friend of mine took in Mt. Shasta, is not a quilt, but it is a Winter moment. You would not see this scene in July; but here it is, captured by a Winter watcher. Enjoy the season.

Note by Judy Sartor



Photo by Donna McNames

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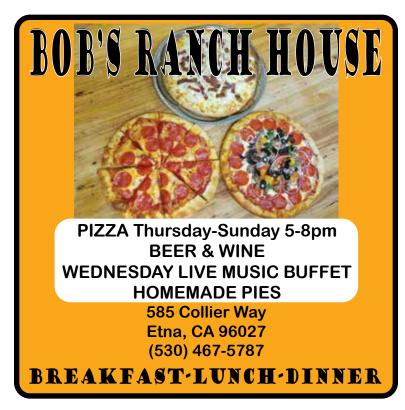


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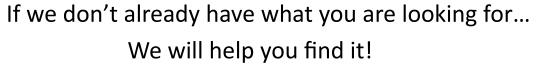




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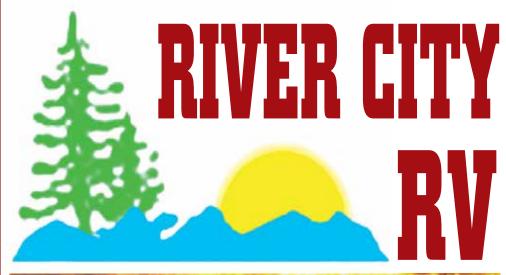




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