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JEFFERSON BACKROADS A Happy Little Publication

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AD & STORY DEADLINE: 15th of each month.

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Cover Photo taken by Tom Wetter of Lake Shastina, CA A Stunning view, Looking West towards the Eddies

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.

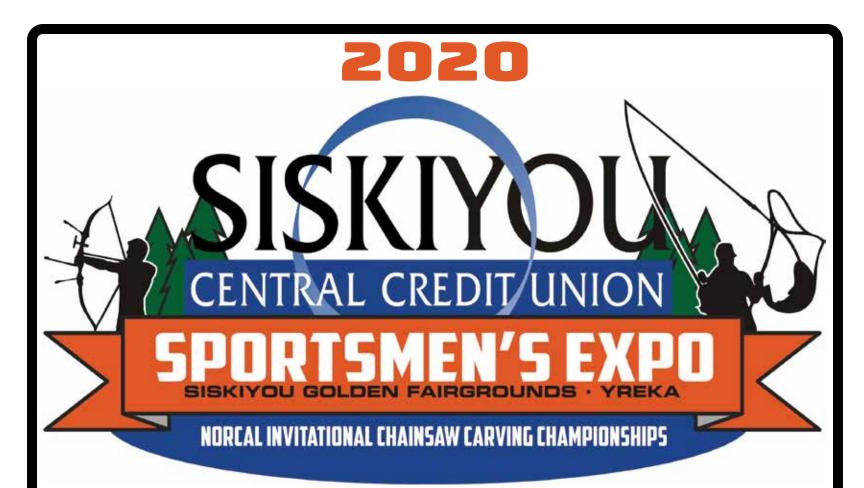
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Saturday March 28, 2020 10am - 6pm Sunday March 29, 2020 10am - 5pm Admission \$5.00 - kids 12 and under free



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UPCOMING EVENTS

February 2020: See Pages 6-7 for the schedule of MAD Players Melodrama performances in Etna and Fort Jones!

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

March 28-29, 2020 Siskiyou Central Credit Union Sportsmen's Expo and NorCal Invitational Chainsaw Carving Championships, Yreka, California. See AD on Page 4 for all the info!



TAWANDA FARMS by Carol Pasheilich "Snippets"

Not long ago, I was dumping hay into a feeder. The chickens love the grain hay and there were a couple already in the feeder digger around for anything they could find. As I stopped the tractor, I saw the rooster chasing a hen. There he goes again, I thought, he's going to breed her. He chased her out of the feeder, and she turned around to go back in. He stepped in front of her and kept her from going back. He was protecting her from the hay falling into the feeder. I dropped the hay and they both went back. He kept her from getting hurt.

Our first group of chickens, years ago, were rescues, One of them was a beautiful rooster. He was lovely. We were working with the sheep in the barn one day and I watched him building a nest. He worked all day and brought so many good things to put in it. He'd work the material around and then he'd sit in it to make it just right or he' rearrange what he had just added. He was determined. Finally he finished and went to find the hen he had built it for. He showed it to her and she immediately tore it apart and redid the whole thing. He watched. It was so funny to see, but in the end, they both seemed satisfied with their efforts.

We sheared all of the ewes two weeks ago. God smiled and the weather was perfect. We had a good group of helpers, 25 in all. We could not do this without all the help. We thank each and every one for their part. Shearing this time of year is perfect. Since it has been so rainy, the girls have sought shelter. That's exactly what we want them to do with their babies. And babies are next, starting mid-February. Stay tuned for a report on lambing at Tawanda Farms 2020.





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

www.ScottValleyTheatreCompany.org

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> Visit www.mendowhale.com for more information!



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Avery Theatre

\$10 at the door \$5 students 12 and under

Directed by: Madeleine Ayres Artistic Director: Dee Jones Musical Director: Annie Kramer

Read the Amazing Story of The M.A.D. Players at right, on Page 7...

STORY OF MAD PLAYERS By Dee Jones

In the summer of 2013, the Rotary Club of Scott Valley asked me if I would take on the task of reviving the traditional old time melodrama as a fundraiser for their project to build nine bicycle racks throughout Scott Valley. The venue for the play was to be the Montague Community Hall on a Friday night during the Balloon Fair weekend.

Since moving to Scott Valley in 2005, I had heard many comments from people in the community about how they loved the old time melodramas that used to be done here. I had some prior community theater experience, and had acted in several productions, under the direction of J.J. Lewis-Nichols at the Siskiyou Performing Arts Center, SPAC. After giving it some thought, I decided that it was too much for me, alone, to undertake and called the Scott Valley Theatre Company to suggest a collaboration. We came to an agreement that benefited both the Rotary and the Historic Avery Theater. The plan was for us to build the sets and rehearse at the Avery Theater in Etna, then strike the set, move it to Montague for one performance to benefit the Rotary, and then move it back to Etna for a weekend run. A real live "road show."

We began production of "Bulldog Saves the Day...or I was My Teacher's Pitt." Madeleine Ayres, then Etna High School's drama and English teacher, agreed to be our director. We purchased the script, enlisted a talented cast of adults and children, and had lots of help from many community members. Our primary goal was to have fun. Madeleine dubbed our style as "faith-based directing." We all had a wonderful, challenging, joyful experience producing and performing the play, and both Rotary and the Theatre benefited as well. A true win-win.

In fact, it was so much fun, and our partnership was so satisfying, Madeleine, Annie Kramer and I joked that we should write the next melodrama ourselves. The purchased play had been our largest production expense and we knew we could write something better. After all, we were an educator and essayist, a Ph.D. punster and columnist, and a budding impresario and jill-of-all-trades...who better? The MAD Players was born.

The three of us met most every Monday night at my house over dinner and afterwards worked on our play. We started with an idea that was pure synchronicity. Madeleine had been making a blue dye, known as "woad" from the leaves of the mustard plant, that scourge of our region also known as Marlahan. Annie had written a song entitled, "Oh, Marlahan, My Marlahan," sung to the tune of "America the Beautiful," about eradicating the weed. We melded our ideas, had lots of great times together, and drank some wine, too. The result was "The Marlahan Mustard Mystery…or Woad is Me." It took us three months to write it and we laughed until we cried doing it. What fun it was to work together. Again, we produced the play as a benefit for the Rotary of Scott Valley and the Scott Valley Theatre Company. When the Montague Balloon Fair was cancelled due to the fires of 2014, we thought all was lost. In a miraculous stroke of timing and good fortune we were able to go ahead with the "world premiere" at the Fort Jones Community Center to a standing room only crowd for the Rotary benefit and then go on to a two weekend run at the Avery Theater. The play was a hit. The sound of our community laughing was especially sweet after a sad, smoke-filled summer and the devastation of the Boles fire. We were even invited to present the play at SPAC and had a successful four-day run in Yreka the following spring.

Madeleine, Annie and I got to work again in the summer of 2015. This time we decided to write a sequel. As in the past, we drew our plotline from local lore and current events. Our new title was "Common Cents…or What's in Store." There was quite a community kerfuffle over the building of a new Dollar General store in Etna that year and OR-7, the Oregon gray wolf, had been in the news again, so we ripped our story from the headlines. Again, the play was well-received by the community in three benefit performances in Scott Valley

In the summer of 2016 we wrote the final installment of our trilogy, "Cabin Fever...or Dancing with Wolves." We have begun production, with rehearsals three days a week. Our cast, many of whom have been in all three plays, is a talented group of local actors ranging in age from 3 to 65. In this play, set in snow-bound Beaver Valley in the 1860's, the residents of Cheeseville are suffering with bad cases of cabin fever. The townsfolk are out of shape, out of sorts, and at their wits' end. To complicate matters, the town's beloved rescue wolves are acting up. When a pair of villainous characters arrives in town to promote their special brand of "snake oil" and swindle the townsfolk out of their hard earned cash, madcap mayhem and zany fun ensue. Come cheer the hero, boo and hiss at the villains, and enjoy a case of "Cabin Fever." *(See ad on Page 6.)*



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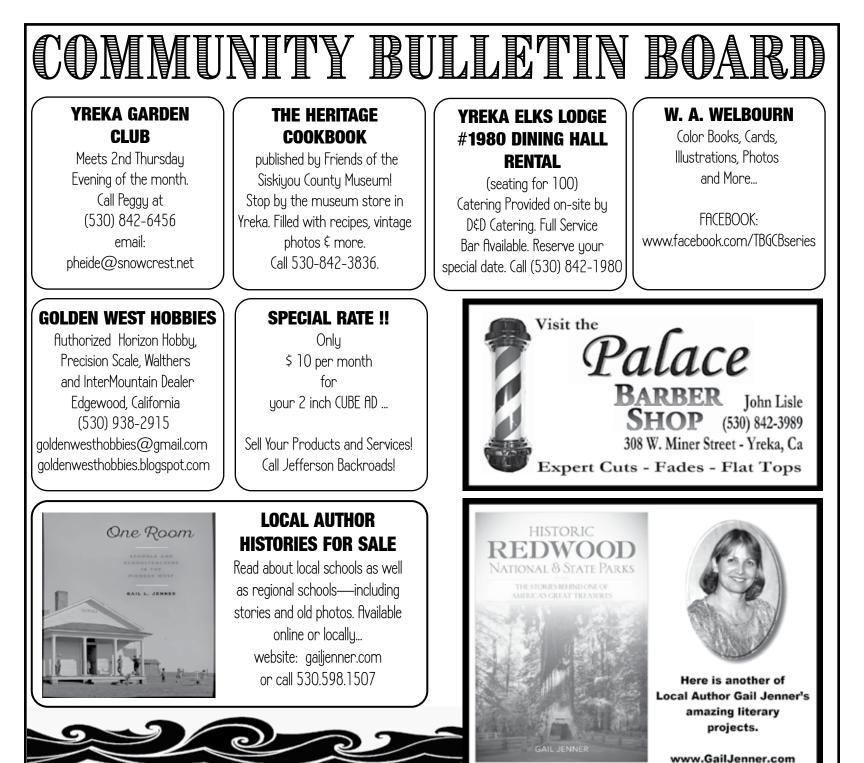
Scott Valley Community Lunch Program

Valley Oaks Senior Center: 468-2904

Etna United Methodist Church: 467-3612

Scott Valley Family Resources: 468-2450

Scott Valley Berean Church: 467-3715



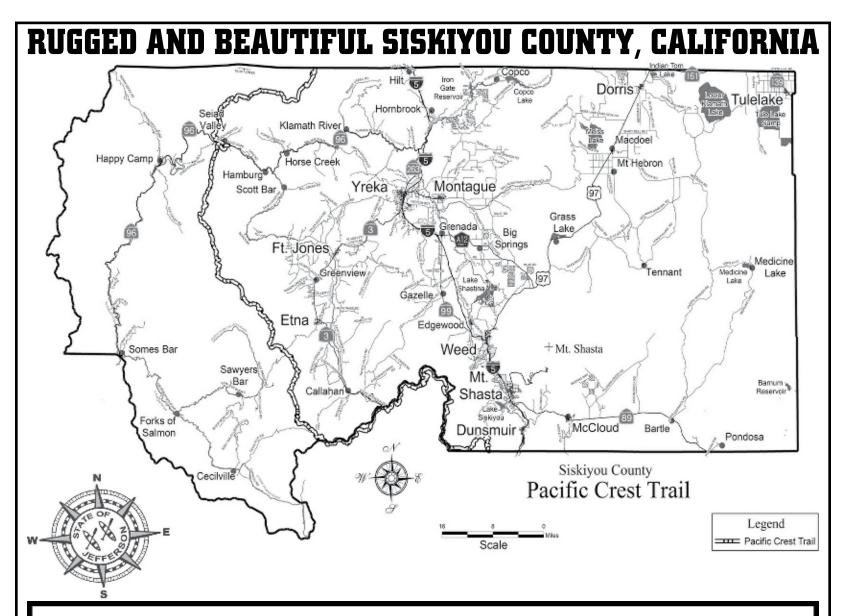
Welcome: place your handcrafting business, club meeting, special event, quilt class, art workshop, products for sale and services you provide, etc., here on our Community Bulletin Board page.

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DUNSMUIR RAILROAD DEPOT HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS The Southern Pacific Shasta Division Archives

The Shasta Division Archives of the Dunsmuir RR Depot Historical Society consist of the engineering records of the Shasta Division of the Southern Pacific Railroad (circa 1872 to circa 1957), encompassing the territory from Gerber. Ca. to Ashland, Or. (Siskiyou Line): from Weed, Ca. / Black Butte, Ca. to Crescent Lake, Or. (Cascade Line); From Klamath Fall, Or. to Wendel, Ca, (Modoc Line) and from Alturas, Ca. to Lakeview, Or. (Lakeview Branch). Also included in the Archives are some records of predecessor / subsidiary / tributary railroads, such as the Nevada–California–Oregon Railway, Oregon, California and Eastern Railroad, Klamath Lake Railroad and others.

The Archives hold thousands of maps showing the location of the railroad rights of way; layout of stations, sidings and spurs; land surveys, drawings of various structures including depots, engine houses, water tanks, bridges, etc; and detail drawings of minor improvements, some dating as far back as the 19th century, as well as correspondence dealing with these these and other matters. Other records include engineering field survey books that many of the maps and drawings are based on, card index's linking survey books to locations, short descriptions of work done at locations, etc.; and somewhat incomplete records of railroad employees.

The Archives also are custodian of a huge photo/negative collection including images of trains, grade crossing accidents, wrecks, buildings, employees, bridge construction and repairs, on line industries, tunnel fires, and scenic views.

Formerly housed in rooms at the Dunsmuir Depot, a little over a year ago, due to the Union Pacific Railroad tearing down a structure that the Depot Society was using for storage, there was a need for re-arranging the Depot Museum. Fortunately, the Archives were offered the use of a nearby building with three times the space, where they now reside. And with the additional space, a significant separate collection dealing with the entire Southern Pacific System has been added.

Due to limited staff, the Archives are open by appointment only, and can be contacted at:

shastadivision@snowcrest.net (email)

or via the Society's website contact page at www.dunsmuirdepot.com/contact/

Modest fees are charged for scanning / reproduction of materials, and research fees for large projects can be negotiated. All fees go to the purchase of archival storage materials and maintenance of the building.



Dunsmuir Museum Located at the Amtrak Depot

Amtrak Depot Corner of Pine & Sacramento Dunsmuir, Ca

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See Pages 16 & 19 for more Train and Railroad history, links and info...

YREKA ELKS NEWS



The first sponsorship of the Yreka High School Trap Team was by G&G Hardware of Yreka. The team began its first year by placing 5th in the California State High School Clay Target League 2019 State Tournament in Kingsburg, California. The team was chosen to attend the USA High School Clay Target League 2019 National

Championships in Mason, Michigan, a month later. The Clay Birds of Yreka supported the team with the use of their range facilities, while many local businesses and organizations, to include Rocky Mountain Elks Foundation, CLT Logging, Evans Construction, Dustin Brown Landscaping, Siskiyou Smile Design, Siskiyou Golden Speedway, and individuals throughout Siskiyou County have assisted with sponsorships. CRPA Volunteer Byran Duncan coordinated a CRPA Foundation Grant of \$1,000.00 for the team to attend and a Yreka Elks Lodge Bingo Fund Raiser that raised almost \$1,800.00. He is coordinating a similar CRPA Foundation Grant for the 2019-2020 season. The team has increased from 11 youth competitors to 32 for the 2019-2020 season. The team's head coach, Doug Westbrook, wanted it known that the supporters that have not received their "thank-you" plaques will be getting them soon. If you would like to support this year's high school sponsored shooting team, please contact the coach, Doug Westbrook, at Yreka High School. •



Thank you for your support!





CRPO CEO Rick Travis and CRPA Volunteer Byran Duncan. Photo by Jacob Ramirez.



DONATION TO THE RESCUE RANCH

The Yreka Elks Lodge donated 15 cases of dog food to the Rescue Ranch this month.



Photo: Mion, one of the many dogs that have been adopted from the Rescue Ranch.





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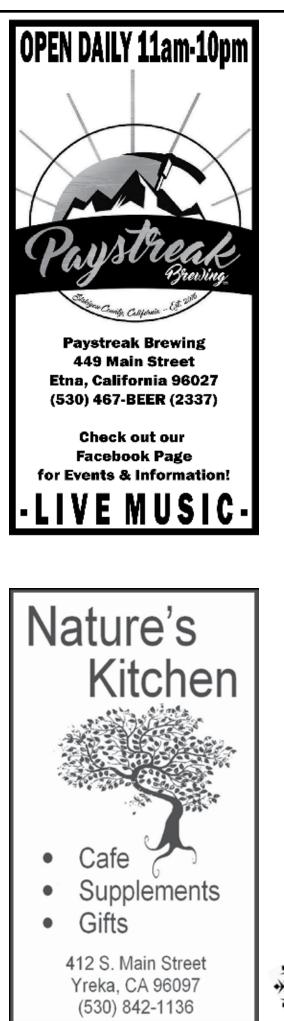
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VOLUNTEERS NEEDED for the Dorris Volunteer Fire Department and Butte Valley Volunteer Fire Department. Want to learn how to become a firefighter and serve your community? Training is provided and is FREE! For info please call Mike Craddock at (503)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



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.





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The Jacobite



Photo - Bill Duncan on the Jacobite from 8 Aug 1996

By Bruce Duncan, Edgewood, California

Some roughly 4,800 miles from the State of Jefferson there is a railroad that is "magical." It is the Mallaig Extension of the West Highland Line operating from Fort William, Scotland to Mallaig, Scotland. Opened in 1901, this line runs through some of the most scenic areas of Scotland. In 1984, Scotrail re-introduced steam power rail service over this extension, in an effort to encourage tourism and boost the economy on the heavily subsidized line. And on this line is the steam powered passenger/tourist train nicknamed the Jacobite. It has been running during the summers almost continually every year since 1984. It had previous names between 1984 to 1994, the West Highlander and the Lochaber. In 1995 the name the Jacobite took hold after the historic Jacobite Rebellion which has many local connections along the route.

I, with my father, had the chance to ride this train in 1996. An interesting note is the station and flag stop signs along this route are bilingual, in Celtic and English. Scenery along these tracks is breathtaking. The route of 42 miles one way (84 round trip) the train takes includes passing Ben Nevis, Scotland's highest mountain and crossing the Glenfinnan Viaduct. It is the route used in all the Harry Potter movies. The company running the Jacobite provided Warner Brothers with the train and allowed them use of the Jacobite's route for filming. The train the Jacobite is the Hogwarts Express pulled by Great Western Railway 4900 Class 5972 Olton Hall in the movies. Hence the railroad is "magical."

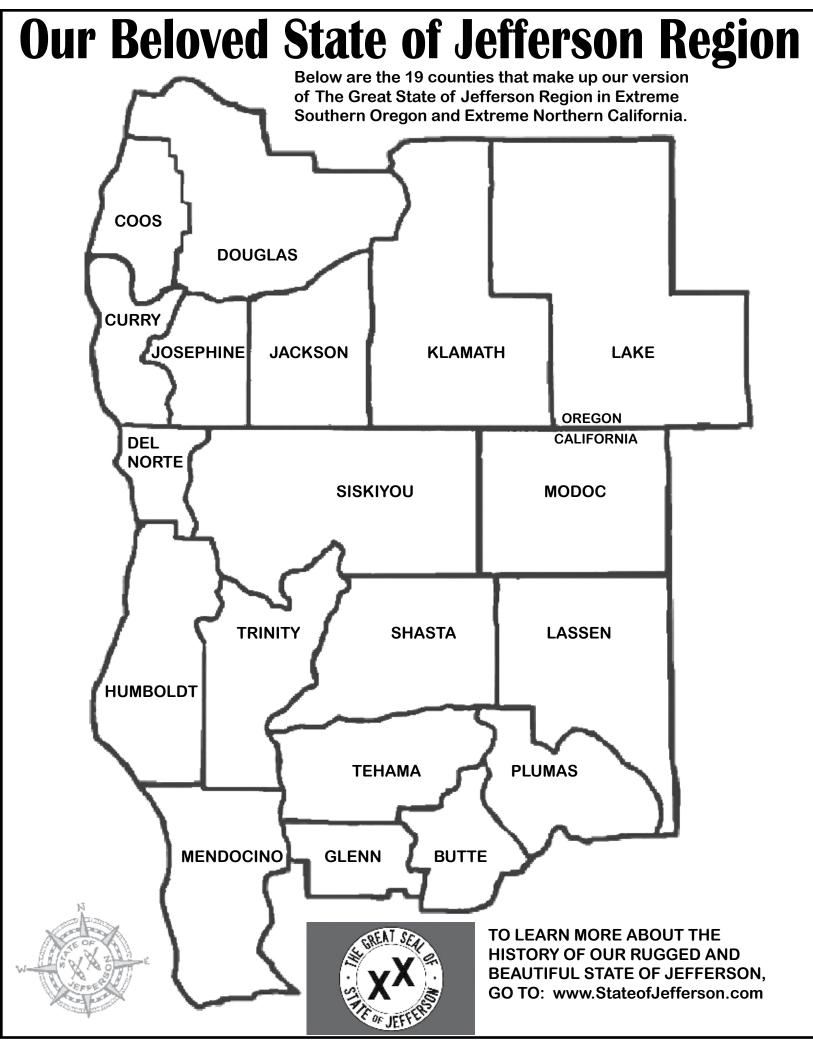


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Photo - The Jacobite crossing the Glenfinnan Viaduct Promo Postcard 1996





DISCOVERING THE STATE OF JEFFERSON

By Gail Jenner - Enjoy another new story of the many historical towns and unique realms which can be found scattered about The State of Jefferson.

A Sad But Intriguing Episode in Our Local History

We all visit cemeteries at one time or another, whether to attend a funeral or memorial or even as kids stealing through on a dark night. Some of us approach a visit with trepidation or anxiety, not wishing to acknowledge who lies beneath us as we step around headstones; others find a cemetery or graveyard a place of silent history, a place to honor or learn more about the ancestors who preceded us in our family lineages.

As a writer, fascinated by history, I have always been equally fascinated by cemeteries. Many would say that's macabre as I admit to being a taphophile (someone with a passion for studying cemeteries). I can only imagine as I wander through the older sections of a cemetery: who were these people, what did they experience, what did they suffer through or overcome? My imagination slips into gear and the desire to know more is triggered.

At present, I am working on a book centered on such cemeteries—many actually forgotten or nearly abandoned—and am thrilled that the book is being published by Globe Pequot/Two Dot (the same publisher I have worked with on my last four books, including ANKLE HIGH AND KNEE DEEP, HISTORIC REDWOOD NATIONAL AND STATE PARKS, SOURDOUGH BISCUITS AND PIONEER PIES: The Old West Baking Book, and ONE ROOM: SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL TEACHERS IN THE PIONEER WEST.

Some of the stories I've investigated are fairly simple, but others end up being intriguing. From the Eagleville Cemetery in Modoc County, for example, I stumbled over this sad but fascinating episode. It involves the death of Frank Peck who died in 1919 at the age of 58 or 59.

I am including the actual newspaper excerpt from the Surprise Valley Record in Cedarville, California:

"A SAD TRAGEDY

Last Friday the people of this place were startled on learning that Frank Peck of Eagleville was dead, from poison, it is claimed, and that his wife had attempted to take her own life by cutting her throat with a razor. Coroner Kerr held an inquest over the remains of the dead man, and the jury returned a verdict that death had been caused by the administration of poison by parties unknown.

The remains of Mr. Peck were interred in the Eagleville cemetery last Sunday afternoon, large numbers of his old time friends attending the last sad rites. Frank Peck was a man of steady habits and highly respected by all who knew him and his sudden and tragic death is deeply regretted.

Mrs. Peck's word is now considered critical and she was brought to the Sanitarium here Sunday, and if nothing unforeseen occurs, she will soon recover.



There are many rumors afloat regarding the tragedy, but the following facts were brought out at the Coroner's inquest: It seems that Mr. and Mrs. Peck had finished supper and Mrs. Peck left the house, presumably to go to a neighbor's to see about getting him to help dig a well. In the meantime, Mr. Peck was attacked with violent convulsions, similar to those caused by strychnine, shortly after which Ernie and Neva Cook came to the house and at once gave the alarm. Among the first to get there was Richard Cook, who called Dr. Kennedy and others, and *Mr. Peck requested them to call his wife and when she* came in Mr. Peck is reported to have said to her that 'she knew who poisoned him, 'which she denied, and rushed into another room and got hold of a gun which was taken from her, then she picked up a razor and went out of the house and tried to destroy herself by cutting her throat.

Sheriff Poore and District Attorney Laird came over and searched for evidence of any kind, but we understand that no poison of any kind was found. The stomach of the dead man was sent below for analysis and the result of that will, no doubt, determine as to what caused his death.

Murder is a grave charge, and in the absence of any definite proof it would be well to withhold judgment, for it might be that grave injustice would be done. It is a well-known fact that at times during the past 15 years, Mr. Peck had been subjected to paroxysms that threatened his life and often lasted for an hour or more each time. It is one of those sad and regrettable tragedies that at some time or other occur in every community, and the same charity should be extended to the accused as would be asked by the accuser under similar circumstances. The analysis of the stomach will tell the tale."

Surprise Valley Record, Cedarville, CA November 5, 1919

So the question remains: "Did she or didn't she?" •

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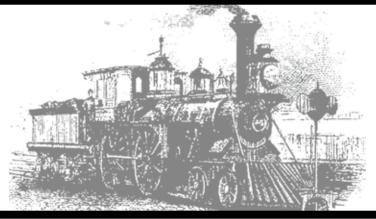
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The Sensational 1912 Hold-up of Hilt's Diamond Bar





Post Card from 1920: Hilt, California - Lumber Company Town



By Byran Duncan

In history, it is not uncommon for facts to become distorted and blurred with time, even when dealing with sources of the times, especially when the sources do not totally agree. I found this to be true with the newspaper articles of the Hold-up Robbery of Hilt's Diamond Saloon for the evening of Saturday, the 16th of November 1912. The Siskiyou County and Oregon newspapers appear to agree in most everything about the hold-up robbery, except the few seconds of the actual exchange of gunfire. I hope to bring you the most accurate amalgamation account of the story.

To set the stage, hopefully you read the last three issues of the Jefferson Backroads, particularly the 3-part story titled, "Memories of Uncle Victor (AKA Slim) and the Diamond Bars in Hilt," by Elizabeth (Warrens) Claypool. Elizabeth's uncle Victor Eugene "Slim" Warrens was very fond of his diamonds, especially the diamond stick pin he always wore in his cravat and the complementing diamond rings. His fondness spilled over into the naming of his saloons in Kennett and Hilt, the Diamond Bars. Slim was a tall, slender man and found to be honest and true in his dealings with others.

The town of Hilt was a bustling Fruit Growers Supply company town, with dirt streets, board sidewalks, company store and large houses, each with an out-house, chicken coop and garden. Slim had the very profitable saloon that was commonly referred to as the "Men's Club" of the town, with a pool hall, ten pins, snooker, poker and libations flowed freely. The walls were adorned with paintings of nude women, given to him by the wholesale liquor distributors (some are in the

Yreka Elks Lodge today). Ford came out with the Model T just four years prior, so wagons and horses were still the preferred rural transportation for the dirt trails and developing roads of Siskiyou County. Prohibition had not happened yet, and World War I was just around the corner.

On Friday, November 15th, 1912, two men, Frank Brownlee (AKA Goldie) and Harry Lewis (AKA Chas), rode into the lumber town of Hilt, coincidentally, having come from the copper mining town of Kennett, California, where Slim's other Diamond Bar was located. Along their way, they had solidified plans to rob the company town's payroll. Upon arrival, they found that Fruit Grower Supply, being a company town, paid mostly in coupons, reimbursable at the company store. Brownlee was ready to move on, but Lewis continued to goad him into action by saying the Diamond Bar would be an easy take and he was a coward if he did not help. Of course, Brownlee told a

mirror image of this account, as Lewis shammed him into the hold-up.

It took them a full day to gall each other into the robbery of Slim's Diamond Bar. Around 10:30 PM on Saturday night, November 16th, Brownlee and Lewis pulled their bandanas up to help mask their faces (as later, so commonly seen in the B&W western television shows), drew their .45 caliber revolvers and walked into the Diamond Bar to hold it up. The robbers first lined up the fifteen patrons and bartender along the bar with their hands on the bar top, so they could easily fleece their pockets. (Note: This would be the same bar located in the Yreka Elks Lodge today). Lewis saw Slim sitting at his typewriter



Hold Up in Hilt, California Continued from Page 20

table in the office area. Slim simultaneously became aware of the hold-up and Lewis coming towards him with drawn pistol. Slim acquired a revolver from the desk and within moments, five gunshots rang out.

In the exchange, Slim fired three shots and Lewis two. None of the five slugs hit occupants of the bar, but that night a mirror was shattered, a clock died, Lewis's hat brim was redecorated, a partition pillar post venti-



lated and the one of three partition glass panels has a peep hole in its center. (Another side note: The partition with the peep hole glass and ventilated partition pillar is located in the Yreka Elks Lodge pool hall today, both holes still visible.) The shattered mirror or partition glass showered Slim with chards.

Historic Diamond Saloon, Hilt, California

Slim thought he was hit, falling to the ground behind the desk for cover. Lewis approached Slim and secured his surrender. As Slim was marched to the bar to be lined up with the others, he slipped off his diamond pin and rings and threw them in a dark corner, hoping they were not found. Unfortunately, the robbers were through, including finding the diamonds. Between the cash register and the patrons' pockets the robbers netted about \$150 dollars in cash and checks, along with Slim's three diamonds, valued at more than \$1,500. As the robbers left the bar, Slim ducked behind the bar for another revolver. Slim emptied the revolver at the fleeing robbers. The robbers, of course, fired back. (Note: What a classic western TV script.)

Sheriff Chas B. Howard in Yreka was notified about midnight. When the Diamond Bar in Kennett received word of the hold-up the next day, a telegraph was sent to Sheriff Howard describing Brownlee and an associate as the possible suspects due to their shady dealings in Kennett the past week. Sheriff Howard sent circulars throughout southern Oregon and northern California (or as we know it today, the State of Jefferson). Having received word from the Medford Police Department of a person matching the description of Brownlee the following Wednesday, Sheriff Howard and a small posse of Yrekans rode north via train. Sheriff Howard met with the Chief of Police and officers of the Medford Police Department at the depot. Officer "Pat" was assigned to the case and within short order, led them to Brownlee. After 6-hours of rapid-fire questioning by Officer "Pat," Brownlee admitted to being the "right man," blaming the whole thing on his associate, Chas Lewis. According to Brownlee, Lewis had served some time in state prison and had "Earl Newton" tattooed on his left arm. Brownlee further stated that the diamonds had been left with Della Miller, a woman running the Imperial Boarding House in Ashland.

When Della Miller was contacted by Sheriff Howard, she first denied the diamonds, then finally gave in, as she threw them at him, screaming that



Continued on Page 23



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See More Quilting Info on Pages 28-29...

Hold Up in Hilt, California Continued from Page 21

she did not need them anyway. All three diamonds were recovered, minus the settings, which had been removed.

After booking Brownlee in the Siskiyou County Jail, Sheriff Howard wrote the two state prisons inquiring about a recent release by the name of Chas Lewis. He received several possible matches for Lewis from both prisons. With the positive identification assistance of the bartender, O'Grady, he was able to identify Lewis from San Quentin Prison photo as the accomplice. Lewis had served time for a burglary in Tulare. Additional circulars went out and on Tuesday of the second week, Marshal Goe walked into the movie picture show in Chico and arrested Lewis. Positive confirmation of Lewis was made via the tattoo. When brought before the court, the 23-year-old Lewis said, "I am the bandit," and then blamed the whole idea on Brownlee, as he was made to do it against his will.

The diamonds were returned to Slim, who had them remounted and continued to wear them daily. Slim became a prominent businessman in Yreka, until his unexpected natural death in September 1944, at the age of 68-year-old. Harry Lewis was sentenced to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ years in San Quentin Prison, his old stomping grounds. Frank Brownlee was sentence on the 18th of December 1912 to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ years in Folsom State Prison. Both have been lost to history.

Sheriff Chas Howard escorted both criminals to their new digs at the state prisons. He later ran for another term as Sheriff, with the slogan: "You can see that he is too old to go to with the boys to France, but if you want a man that will go over the top in Siskiyou County, just give him a chance." •





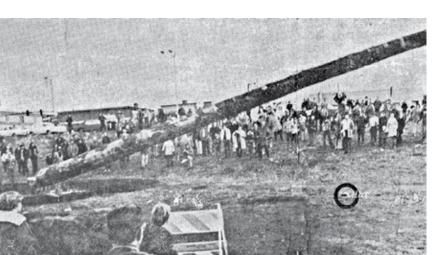
INSPIRATIONS FROM THE FOREST

A Continuing Saga ... Real Life Logging Stories by Hank Nelson of Wasilla, Alaska THE FELLING OF THE SPAR TREE ACT

The spar tree at the All Alaska Logging Show was always the first thing to go up and the last to come down. Porky Bickar, patriarch of the All-Alaska

Logging Championships, had a hand in more than a few spar-tree raisings.

As Porky described it, "The first thing I'd always do was to dig a hole in the ground with the backhoe for the spar tree to set down in. I always like to get it down good and deep -- at least 10 or 12 feet, so that the damned thing wouldn't poop-out or fall over in a high wind. Then, we'd



snag the tallest crane we could find -- one that had a nice long boom. Dave Franks was our operator—stayed with us for a lot of years. He was good at it. We'd already have the snub-lines laid out and a small block and strap hooked up and shackled at the top of the spar for the straw line.

Then we'd grab a'hold of the spar tree -gut-hook'er right in the middle -- and since the heavy end was always down—she'd stand there nice and straight. Then, we'll butt it right up against the blade of the cat and nudge it forward until she dropped down in the hole. Dave kept it steady—while I tamped the fill dirt in and around the base of the tree with the backhoe, about like you would a fence post, until we had it packed down good and tight. When you got a good crew, you can make it look easy.

This one year, we had a spar tree that was REAL TALL -- OVER 125 FEET. Instead of falling it on the hard hat, like we always did at the end of each show - we decided to leave it standing and use it for the logging show the following year. That fall, I made a flange down at the shop, a metal cap -- that fit right down over the top of the spar tree -- with a saddle clamp on top of the flange. I cut a little tree, about 4 feet tall, and dolled it up with Christmas tree lights. Climbed up with a good long extension cord -- set the tree up -- clamped it down and plugged it in. Everyone loved it — looked great up there. For miles around, airplanes coming in for a landing could see our little Christmas tree atop the spar pole. Christmas in Sitka that year was real special." Once all was ready for the Show, with a downward wave of Herb Eliason's hard hat, the toot-toot from Newt Cutler's old steam donkey whistle signaled the start of the annual All-Alaska Logging Championships. One day, at the end of the show, Herb Eliason walked to the center of the arena, laid his hat down and yelled - "Hey, Porky betcha can't hit my hard-hat!"

The big Sitka spruce towered over the sawdust arena. A light drizzle had fallen intermittently throughout the morning. Ravens kaw'd

and seagulls, singing slightly off note, caterwauled... a light sea breeze picked up across the sound. Saw in hand, Porky stood at the base of the spar tree, relishing the moment. This was his element! The crowd was now on its feet -- watching -waiting— to see what would happen next.

The undercut was... in. The spar tree was lined up, on target... ready to go.... Porky Bickar looked up, squinting his eyes -- checked the top -- then

back down along an imaginary line to where the big spar tree should lay, and saw the bottle of Old Bulldog whiskey, where Herb's hardhat had been.

"What'n the --- damit ta ..." A conservationist at heart, it sorely riled Porky to waste a thing which might be of good use later on. "Humrhump! Wise guys." He saw them watching him, "The Boys," standing there, lined up like crows on a telephone wire, nudging one another and

grinning from ear to ear like Cheshire cats. Porky shrugged his shoulders -- he was a logger -- there it was -- and besides -- a logger had to do what a logger had to do.





Inspirations from the Forest Continued from Page 24

Porky cracked the throttle open on his chainsaw, revving up the engine: "ARUUM — ARRUM" -- shave an' a haircut -- six bits! The corners were intact, the back-cut was nearly finished. Porky worked carefully. Taking his good time and using the tip of his bar he tickled the last remnant, a pie shaped wedge of wood in the center. He saw the kerf in back of the tree start to lift, to widen just a trifle. "Yeh—there—that's it jus' a tad—wee bit more" With one hand still on the saw and one had cupped to his mouth, Porky turned and gave the logger's universal cry of warning -- hollering at the top of his lungs. The cry of "TIMB'UR-RIZ" could have been heard all the way down to Sawmill Creek.

Leo's timing could not have been better. Leo Evans had waited patiently, inconspicuously nearby, biding his time, quickly springing into action. He slipped up behind Porky, hooking his fingers through the belt loops in the back of Porky's trousers, pulled them back and dumped it in... that is to say... filling-- the inside of his pants with ice cubes. As a giant sized shiver went down one side of Porky's pant legs and then the other he let out a "Hot d... jumping' Jehoshaphat!" He straightened up and turned just in time to see Leo race back across the arena with Porky's favorite hard hat.

"Hey—come back here with that, Leo -- that's my tin-lid ya got there, Buddy!!!"

Gritting his teeth -- Porky deftly carved the rest of the holding wood and stepped back as the spar arched towards the ground. "What'n the ...?" Someone had replaced the Old Bull-dog with a shiny new tin-lid-- with a crisp \$50 dollar bill taped to the inside of the brim.

Kramer's rich, golden voice reverberated across the arena-- "Hey, folks —give'em a big hand-- an' chalk up another direct hit for Porky Bickar."

Later... "That was slick as a Mississippi gambler there, Herb. You and the boys work up that little sleight-of-the-hand prank all by yourselves? I'm not made of hard hats. Those damned things cost money-- and it doesn't exactly grow on trees."

"Quit your complaining, Bickar, you're \$50 dollars richer now then you were before -- and you snagged another trophy to line your mantle-piece. You came out alright-- Quit your bellyaching--"

Larsen laughed, "Yeh-- if ol' Porky fell into a trough of fresh manure, he'd come up smelling like a rose."

Porky thought for a moment, then smiled. With the crisp \$50 dollar bill he could replace his flattened tin-lid with two brand new hats.

Herb laughed, "Yeh -- besides -- it wouldn't be right—Porky—to destroy such a fine drink-- just to prove you could do it-- when a tin hat would work just as good." A point that heartily agreed upon by one and all. And that was more or less how the legend of Felling the Spar Tree act began. The Logging Show was authentic, reflecting the drama of the dangerous occupation of the loggers. Although fiercely competitive, the loggers appreciated and respected each other and a spirit of friendship and camaraderie held sway. They really knew how to put on a show and since it came but once a year the loggers showed up, the community turned out, and everyone did their best to make the show all it could be.



Over the years the Show went on the road to Haines, AK for the Southeast State Fair, to Anchorage during the Alaska Logging Association conventions, and in 1984, sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution, went to Washington, D.C., spending ten days on the Mall while entertaining some 500,000 visitors.

In 1988 one of the Logging show booklets found it's way to Japan, and the Japanese national television station NHK filmed the show in Sitka. They then invited a contingent of loggers to Japan to be ambassadors of logging

sports, doing skills demonstrations at an exposition in Yokohama. Michele McGraw (woman's champion), Porky Bickar, his wife Patty, and Mel Lentz (the all-around champion) traveled to Japan that September. Mel and Michele demonstrated chopping and hand bucking techniques, while Porky constructed a log cabin with nothing more than a chain saw then joined the others in an axe throwing competition. After the demonstration the cabin was dissembled and then rebuilt as a permanent display in the Yokohama City Park. A prototype cabin constructed in Sitka before the trip became part of the Alice Island Elementary School playground.

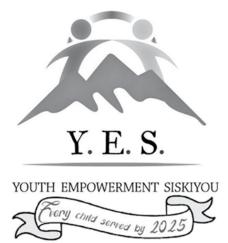
The roar of the crowds and echos of the chainsaws reverberating across the timbered slopes and rocky ramparts of the Baronofs every July for well over 30 years made the All-Alaska Logging Championships a true Alaska legend and one of the best logging shows ever conceived. •



CASA Connections



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CASAs connect with the key people in the child's life: foster parents, birth parents, grandparents, teachers, principals, therapists, social workers and lawyers among others. These connections not only assist the CASA in building a strong, supportive relationship with the assigned child, they also enable the CASA to offer meaningful recommendations in the best interests of the child to the judge presiding over the case.

Youth Empowerment Siskiyou has as a Five-Year goal to grow our CASA program. We want every child in the Juvenile Dependency system to have the opportunity for a CASA connection and we need your help! At any given time, there are 130-150 children in the system. Only 36% of them have a CASA as of December 2019.

We know that the first step in growing our CASA base is for us to connect to you, our community. Throughout 2020, we will be offering a series of articles here introducing our CASAs and the stories of the children for whom they advocate.

So, Welcome! We're glad you're here.

Sincerely Yours, Youth Empowerment Siskiyou

P.S. You can support us by attending our events. Monte Carlo Night is on February 29th at the Weed Community Center.

Go to www.YouthEmpowermentSiskiyou.org for more details. See our AD at right on Page 27.

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Now that we are off and running in 2020, it will soon be time to multi-task. Therefore it is time for a potpourri of topics. So follow this—if you can.

How about that snow? It may have been locally inconvenient, but it was gorgeous. To us old timers, that berm in the middle of Mt. Shasta Boulevard was a welcome sight and a reminder of the snowstorms of old. Can we ever tell you stories of that time!

Weston's Quilt Shop in Mt. Shasta has some fantastic new fabric offerings. One of my favorites is the digital longhorn cow, just preparing to step out of its frame. And while I'm talking about Weston's, always remember their Super Bowl Sunday sale.

If you are a Quilter—or a wannabe Quilter—consider joining one of the local guilds. Beginners are as welcome as old—or young—pros. We love passing on our tips, techniques, and tricks to a new bunch of Quilters. Quilters are among the friendliest and most gregarious people in the world. (Yes, we do love to show off.) In fact, just try shutting us up.

New quilters, by the way, arrive by at least two routes. Many arrive as seamstresses, having learned that craft through the construction of clothing and household items. Clothing construction was generally a necessity for much of the twentieth century. More and more, however, we see new quilters arriving because of their interest in Art. To them, fabric is an excellent medium through which to pursue their craft. Go to any Quilt Show to see many examples of their works.

All local guilds offer Quilt Shows, are involved in charity work and the awarding of scholarships, and offer many opportunities to quilt and interact. Got a question? We can usually come up with an answer. Otherwise, we will happily make one up. In Scott Valley, the local contact person is Michele Estrada (598-2444). In the Yreka area, call Jeanne Welch (435-3371). For Mt. Shasta, contact Vicki Melo at 926-2447. Additionally, there is an least one informal group of quilters that I am aware of. This group meets each Monday in Lake Shastina. Contact Diana Fogle at 938-3181 for that group. I'm told that they have a name, but it's apparently a secret.

This brings me to the topic of Quilt Shows, which I will cover more at a later time. Quilters enjoy displaying their works. True, some are a bit hesitant. However, I have seen even the most hesitant Quilter light up when she sees her quilt on display with other quilts. It is not about winning a ribbon, though some quilt shows do award ribbons. It's about sharing the Art of Quilting with other members of the quilting community and with the general public. So look out! Here we come!

- - Stitching, In THE DITCH - - - -



This is one way that the ladies of the Shasta Lily Quilt Guild prepare for their Quilt Show. They are hand quilting the Opportunity Quilt that will be offered by raffle. From left to right are Charlotte Crawford, Jane St. Pierre, Gila Burger, and Angie Toreson. Photo by Vicki Melo.



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By Ralph Fain

"Pyramid Lake Whoppers"

"Do not tell fish stories where the people know you; but particularly, don't tell them where they know the fish." Mark Twain

What is a Whopper? Well, in my eyes, a Whopper can be several things. A big ol' buck, a fat feisty fish or the air that escapes the north end of a southbound bean eater. A Whopper can also be a story. A true story, or maybe more accurately, a not so true story. The less true, the bigger the Whopper. The better the storyteller, the better the Whopper.

I know of the Whoppers of Pyramid Lake in Nevada which is about an hour and a half east of Susanville. These are the tall tale and fat fish kinda' Whoppers. This country is on the eastern border of the State of Jefferson. It is wild, free, beautiful, high desert country. We really should bring this area into the State of Jefferson fold. The lake is on the reservation of the Pyramid Lake Paiute Tribe. Fishing permits are obtained from these folks. The Tribe also manages the fishery which includes the Lahontan Cutthroat Trout. Winter time brings fishermen from far and wide seeking to net one of the Lahontan Whoppers roaming the shoreline. Last I heard the record fish from the lake was 24 pounds: a Whopper in anybody's book. Fishing and boating permits can be purchased in the small community of Sutcliffe on the West shore of the lake.

Many years ago, I fished the lake during the winter. Usually January till March. My first trip to Pyramid Lake was on a windy day in midwinter. We traveled the backroads through the desert from Susanville to the lake. As we rounded the mountains and came to the north end of the lake, we were met with huge crashing waves. It was pretty dang cold. As the windblown waves crashed onto shore the water sprayed the shoreline rock and sagebrush where it froze. The rocks were covered in ice. The sagebrush was covered in ice. My truck was warm. I stayed in the warm truck. We never fished that first trip. I didn't really want to spend the day covered in ice.

I fished with a buddy by the name of Steve. Steve was a Vietnam Vet, tough as nails and had the scars to prove it. Steve was also funny and always up for adventure. He had a small aluminum boat we towed to the lake to troll for Whoppers. Steve liked to drive fast out through the desert along the gravel road to the lake. One cold gray day returning from the lake, he was hauling a\$\$ across the gravel road. I pointed out his attempt at breaking a land speed record might result in problems for the little boat bouncing wildly behind us. He laughed, said it was ok and pointed out that maybe I shouldn't worry so much. I stopped worrying and enjoyed the blurred scenery out my passenger window. My view was suddenly interrupted by a little aluminum boat, on its trailer, merrily bouncing through the sagebrush alongside us, maybe even gaining a bit on us. I turned to my unworried buddy and asked him what he thought about the little boat bouncing through the sagebrush. I laughed, he didn't. I think it was because he was now worried and I was not. We stopped, and we waited for the boat to stop too. Then we simply hooked it back on the truck and continued on our merry way. The last trip for that little boat came on a day of arctic cold. We arrived at the lake and launched the boat into the frigid water and



Photo of lovely Pyramid Lake, Nevada by Ralph Fain

headed out to catch Whoppers. A couple hundred yards from the boat ramp I noticed water and slush rolling back and forth along the floor of the boat. I pointed the water out to Steve and he laughed. He said I should grab the coffee can floating on the water and bail the water out. He said maybe I shouldn't worry so much, it was just leftover water caught in the boat after the last storm. I quit worrying and started bailing. After five minutes of bailing, I pointed out to my unworried buddy that the water was getting deeper inside the boat. The frigid water was coming in faster than I could bail. He grumbled and began a boat inspection.

When he started looking at the bottom of the boat he unloaded with a string of unprintable words. Unbeknownst to us there were very narrow 3 inch cuts, traversing the bottom of the boat from bow to stern. Seems before we left, he had his son clear the small accumulation of ice from the bottom of the boat. What he didn't know was his son used a hatchet to merrily chip away the ice. In the process he also chipped a dozen cuts into the bottom of the boat. I laughed, Steve didn't. I think it was because he was now worried and I wasn't. We returned to shore and he retired the boat.

One of my last trips to Pyramid Lake with Steve we were fishing from the bank because the little boat was now full of holes. A whopper hit my line and I set my hook. My fishing rod promptly broke in half. Unbeknownst to me, seems my new puppy back home used my rod as a chew toy. My buddy tells me he has an extra fishing rod I can use. Great! He hands me what looks like a child's Snoopy rod. I don't think you could land a bluegill on this thing. I tell him as much. Steve tells me I worry too much. The rod is an Ugly Stick and known for its strength and flexibility. He proves it by bending the rod into a circle touching the rod tip to its butt. I have doubts, I am worried, I don't want to break his fishing rod. He isn't giving up and bends the rod into an unnatural circle again. Just as he is telling me for the second time that I worry too much, the rod snapped in half. I laughed, he didn't. We were out of fishing rods so we called it a day. Fun times!!

I know it is a cold, wet winter February day. No matter, Pyramid Lake sits out there in the desert waiting for someone to come catch Whoppers. There are also Whoppers to be told. It might as well be you. The trip is well worth it. Hit the backroads: the Jefferson Backroads!!

> "Sweet is the memory of distant friends! Like the mellow rays of the departing sun, it falls tenderly, yet sadly, on the heart." Washington Irving





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