

Come and be a part of this amazing display of hot air balloons, held each year in September in Montague, California.

Read a fun story about one of the past hot air balloon fairs on Page 6 and also see the advertisement for this year's event on Page 13.



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Photo of magical hot air balloons by M. Fain

<u>What it is</u> . . .

Welcome! We are happy to report that The Mythical State of Jefferson is most definitely alive and well. We bring you stories, up-coming events, history and spotlight articles on the Mom & Pop Shoppes, businesses, artists, musicians, inns, eateries, recreational opportunities and community organizations proudly operating here in the Heart of The State of Jefferson: Rugged & Beautiful Siskiyou County.

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REK

Above: Vintage Photo of Yreka Welcome Arch.

Right: Current Photo of Yreka Welcome Arch

> Both photos courtesy of Claudia East.



HISTORY OF YREKA: "Yreka's Welcome Arch" by Claudia A. East

Join us each month for Claudia East's fascinating historical stories of the town of Yreka, California. Also go to Siskiyou County Historical Society at <u>www.siskiyoucountyhistoricalsociety.com</u>. -Editor $\frown \mathfrak{S}$

It has been read that Yrekans first saw our own Welcome Arch in 1917. It was an exciting time with travel by automobile staging a promising future! By automobile, Yreka was the midway point between San Francisco and Portland on the Great Pacific Highway. It was a common practice by cities and towns of this era, to erect a welcome arch to announce their city. According to research discussed in the book, "That Ribbon of Highway" it was revealed that originally the welcome arches were placed alongside the clear view of train routes as trains were the major long distance transportation option. Once automobiles became popular the arches sprang up along major new highways!

Many times the arches had abbreviated statements to advertise the area's prized features like "water" or "climate". Yreka's arch was illuminated so travelers could see the sign from a distance and know this was a progressive town. The sign hailed a welcome to all travelers! It was a time before GPS routes and mileage indicators were located on the dashes of cars. The signs helped travelers distinguish the towns apart and it was hoped that they would stop and enjoy the local fare and spend a little money on their journey. The Yreka Arch originally spanned the corner of what is now Main and Miner Streets in Yreka. Almost one block west from where the arch now stands welcoming visitors to our town and our National Historic District.

> In the 1920s the Pacific Highway that ran essentially the length of California right down the middle was "updated" and the route officially changed to Highway 99. However, at that time only portions of the road were paved. It wasn't until 1931 that the portion of the new Highway 99 through the Shasta Canyon, just north of Yreka, was complete. But the changes were yet to come in Yreka proper. During the mid 1930's, Main Street (Pacific Highway, later Highway 99) was widened through town. It was quite the project as many buildings were demolished and front yards consumed, on one side of the street or other, to make room for this wider new Highway. The building on the northwest corner of Miner and Main as well as a portion of the block next to it was torn down and later more modern structures in a modest Art Deco style were built. The once elegant entrance to the Yreka Inn, that once stood close by, turned into road, curb, and short driveway.

> Driving down Main Street today one can see where the road was widened, as many buildings have virtually no front yard. Those on the opposite side of the street may appear as they did prior to the reconstruction. The Yreka Arch was taken down in the 1930s during this reconstruction of the Pacific Highway into Highway 99. It was in storage and fell into disrepair until 1976 when the local Soroptimists made the move to restore and replace the sign. The citizens of Yreka helped with funding and support and in 1977 the Welcome Arch was rededicated. It now sits at the Central Yreka Interchange but seems somehow smaller at eye level. This author, for one, is pleased that our Welcome Arch is still visible for travelers and residents alike.

> Another view of the Yreka Welcome Arch and a view North on Main Street from Miner can be viewed on page 20 of our book, Yreka Images of America Series from Arcadia Publishing.

> > Visit http://yrekahistory.blogspot.com to learn more about the rich history that Yreka offers!

INVITATION TO ATTEND TOURISM COMMITTEE MEETINGS

News Flash! We are looking for local business, motel and restaurant owners to attend our monthly tourism meetings held at the Holiday Inn Express in Yreka, located at the north exit of Yreka. A nice group has gotten together the past few months which includes representatives from many of the local businesses, and also a representative from the Siskiyou Golden Fair, Yreka Chamber of Commerce, and the City of Yreka. We have been meeting to discuss ideas to stimulate tourism revenues in our beautiful and historic area. If we are to attract more of the millions of people traveling through our area on Interstate 5 to stop, shop, eat and stay in Siskiyou County, we need to come up with some new, unique, solid and positive ideas to entice and entertain them.

The fact is that higher revenues <u>are</u> generated during the many annual events held throughout our area such as Gold Rush Days, Siskiyou Golden Fair, Siskiyou Sled Dog Races, Scott Valley Bluegrass Festival, Mt. Shasta's Taiko Drum Festival, Montague and Etna Rodeos, the upcoming Montague Balloon Fair, to name but a few. This is wonderful! Perhaps if we can create a couple more large warm weather community events, we can enjoy an even more significant increase in the income for many of our local restaurants, motels, shops and community organizations.

One very interesting idea is being discussed: an annual State of Jefferson Days event - or a Jefferson State Fair - to be held right here in Yreka, which was the town slated to become the Capital of The State of Jefferson way back in the 1940s. There couldn't be a more perfect location to invite people, from all OVER the counties of Southern Oregon and Northern California which make up The State of Jefferson, to come and celebrate our unique way of life!

Just think of it: A very unique event held at our own Siskiyou Golden Fairgrounds with an old-fashioned historical flavor: blacksmith demos, railroad history, airplane history, history of the various immigrant nationalities who settled here, the local Native American heritage, gold mining history, sack races, 3-legged races, old-fashioned sourdough griddle cakes and biscuits, pie baking and Dutch oven cooking, jams and jellies, history of the land surveyors and homesteaders, antique forestry methods, good old-fashioned music, rodeo events, antique covered wagons, farming history and antique farming equipment, logging history, equipment and competitions, mountain men and women Rendezvous, quilter's and crafter's shows, and much more! We could make it just like the olden days, all the fun things many of us remember from our childhoods and especially fun olden days activities from our parents' and grand-parents' recollections!

Heck, we may as well throw in a re-enactment of the State of Jefferson Patriotic Rebellion of 1941, a nice Antique car show, motorcycle rally, golf and horseshoe tournaments, and even a vintage travel trailer rally too, for good measure! An amazing combined vision of all things that made up a much simpler time...

We welcome you to attend our next meeting, tentatively scheduled for Monday September 20 at 10 am at the Holiday Inn Express in Yreka. Call the Yreka Chamber or send an email to jeffersonbackroads@gmail.com for more information.



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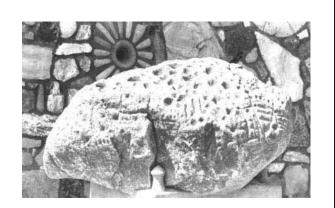
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The unique Shasta Rain Rock, located along the Fort Jones Museum outer wall. A 2-ton chunk of soapstone, which was uncovered in 1947, many believe it was buried by local tribes because it was so powerful. Photo courtesy of Gail Jenner collection.



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Discovering The State of Jefferson:

"Shasta Rain Rock" by Gail L. Jenner

Follow along with Gail each month and enjoy another new story of the many historical towns found scattered throughout The State of Jefferson. This month Gail will talk about the Shasta Rain Rock, sitting on the northside of the Fort Jones Museum in Fort Jones, California.

The Shasta Rain Rock, sitting on the north side of the Fort Jones museum, is a unique piece of local Siskiyou history—and well worth a trip to Scott Valley. If you visited during the 150th Fort Jones Celebration, I hope you stopped in for a look-see. If not, the museum is open through September and any time by appointment.

The rock, a two-ton oblong chunk of soapstone, has been the object of much publicity over the years. It was discovered in 1947 when a state road crew, working to widen the Klamath River highway near Gottsville, California, uncovered a strange looking boulder. The boulder is four to five feet long, three feet across, and stands two feet high. Its surface is covered with more than 70 pocks and holes, some shallow and some as wide as a fist. There are also many 'scratches' and 'carvings' along its surface.

The Shasta and other local tribes believe that to leave the Rain Rock uncovered causes a hard winter. According to one speaker, "If too much rain came, the (people) would fill the holes with mud, to politely tell the Great Spirit, 'that is enough!'" Conversely, if the people wanted to bring rain, they would pound holes in the rock.

Story has it that the stone was buried by the local tribes in the late 1800s to halt the severe winters they had been having. Some speculate that it could have been the winter of 1860-61 when floods and torrential rains devastated Western Siskiyou County.

There have been some intriguing stories related to the Rain Rock. In one, a local logging truck, pulling away from the scales located next door to the museum, lost a log that rolled off and hit the rain rock, shaking it on its pedestal. The next night, three feet of fresh powdered snow fell over most of Scott Valley. Though it may have seemed coincidental to some people, others noted that there had been no storm warnings; the date was April first.

Another: when a heavyweight fight at Madison Square Gardens (then an open-air arena) in the early part of the twentieth century had to be canceled for two nights in a row, a telegram was sent to Fort Jones requesting that the rock be covered. The request was granted and the bout went on—as clouds, but no rainfall, filled the skies above New York.

For many years the Rain Rock, sitting outside, alongside the rock wall of the museum, had a companion, a 500-1000 pound piece of "Happy Camp" jade. Unfortunately, one night the jade disappeared without a trace.

The Fort Jones' Museum is located on Main Street, next to Frontier Hardware and across from Scott Valley Bank and the Scott Valley Unified School District Office. For more information, the museum phone is 530-468-5568; email: <u>fjmuseum@sisqtel.net</u>. Or check out the website at <u>www.fortjonesmuseum.com</u>.

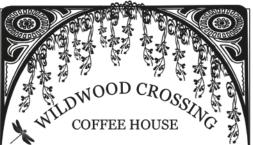


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Also see AD on Page 13

There is a lovely little spot in the friendly and quaint town of Etna, California called Wildwood Crossing Coffeehouse. This is a warm, friendly and relaxing place. It was once an old saloon back in the olden days, and the beautiful brick building where Wildwood Crossing operates today apparently used to be the old Blake Hotel. I didn't dig too hard yet, but I am sure there is some interesting history if a person dug around to find out about the old saloon and the Blake Hotel.

The first time I stopped by Wildwood Crossing I had a delicious Latte and I got to meet the Etna born and raised owner: Sharmel Christ. In strolling around her cute little shop, I notice many beautiful photographs, jewelry and local artwork hanging on the walls for sale. There is a most amazing mural on one of the back walls. You just gotta come by and check this place out.

Some of the yummy items I got to sample from Wildwood Crossing were her Turkey Artichoke and cream cheese wrap and her world famous creamy Chicken Tortellini. The wrap was huge and delicious, and the Chicken Tortellini was exactly as I hoped, warm, creamy, tangy with Parmesan cheese and simply out of this world!

There is a great bunch of happy travelers who regularly flock from their road trips or Pacific Crest Trail hikes to Wildwood Crossing to enjoy the hot coffee and tea drinks, the organic fresh squeezed juices, fruit smoothies and especially the iced or blended specialties! The staff here really enjoys meeting people who come in from ALL OVER THE WORLD! Combine the Free WI-FI and all their tasty beverages with the muffins, bagels, sandwiches and wraps, and you have a bunch of reasons to go visit Wildwood yourself! Why not? It's open YEAR ROUND! Sharmel would also like to let the community know how much she appreciates their local support! There are many times all throughout the year when the place is filled with locals, hanging out visiting with each other and enjoying the delightful surroundings, the nice music or the warm fire in the woodstove! What do you know, Autumn is knock, knock, knocking!

by M. Fain





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MONTAQUE BALLOON FAIR

Article and Balloon Photo by M. Fain



See Full Advertisement on Page 13

It was September of 2006. That was the first year I attended the Montague Balloon Fair. It was one of those busy fire seasons for California. My husband and I had been planning on checking out the hot air balloons together, yet that first morning of the festivities, I recall the balloons couldn't take to the air because of the weather - winds in the early morning, which are not good for hot air balloons. The second morning, same... the balloons stayed grounded. Then, sometime that Saturday, the FIRE call came and Ralph was gone.

As I went to sleep that night, I wondered if I would really be eager to get up early enough the next morning, all by myself, to check out the weather and make it over to Montague. Next morning, I woke up at some deep dark hour and the air outside was completely still . . . it was dang COLD as well! Excitement! I smiled and got dressed all warm and snuggly, grabbed the camera, video camera, binocs and a coat and loaded myself into the big ol' truck. I had barely a 10 mile drive. There would be coffee and hot food later . . .

When I got to Montague, it was still black dark. It was perfectly calm, no winds and the sky clear as a bell, full of stars.

As I wandered down the road to where all the seemingly hundreds of motor homes and trailers were camped for the weekend-long festival, I was met by someone with a flashlight directing traffic. I mumbled out the window that I was a "photographer" and was waved on towards the excitement ahead. I parked, got my camera, hung it around my neck, tugged on the thick mittens and coat and, that quickly, I began to shiver a little . . . and it was not JUST because of the near 30 degree temps . . .

Only a hint of daylight started to show on the eastern horizon as I walked towards the commotion already starting in the large flat field ahead of me. There were dozens of vehicles with these peculiar little enclosed trailers, each uniquely painted with its owners' colorful graphics and images, holding all the paraphernalia for flying these giant colorful magical balloons.

Once the official decision was made to let them FLY, the buzz of activity REALLY began! People unfolding huge tarps, rolling out the giant rip-stop nylon balloons in their flattened state, ropes, baskets, generators and super-sized fans coming alive to inflate these nearly 100 foot tall marvels!

Once everything was laid out and attached together, the fans began to fill the balloons with cold air. Soon after, the most amazing thing began: these large BURNERS shot out great ferocious FLAMES and heated air into the centers of the inflating balloons! Right in front of me! OH MY, this is now one of my most incredibly favorite, exciting things to witness EVER!! The sound, the HEAT, the way the balloons very delicately begin to rise and stand up-right. It is simply one of the most magical and mysterious sights and experiences!

Best part of all, you get to be right there as it is happening . . . watching, learning, ooohing and aweing and photographing, AND EVEN ASSISTING the crews if you wish! Each year volunteers are asked to assist. So, Yes! It is totally worth getting up in the dark! \checkmark

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As each of these massive marvelous balloons starts to gently rise and fill the air just over your head with colors and the sights and sounds of the flaming burners shooting FIRE up into the balloons while you watch, practically in disbelief, you just can't imagine the strange and wonderful thing that happens to your face, no matter how frozen it really is . . . You smile and smile and smile!



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4 Volcanoes of The State of Jefferson

**Facts, photos and information derived from www.mountainzone.com, en.wikipedia.org & vulcan.wr.usgs.gov.

Lassen Peak Elevation 10,457 feet Shasta County, California Last Erupted: 1914-1921 Lassen Volcanic National Park



Lassen Peak is located in the volcanic mountain area to the east of Redding, California. Native Americans called this area home long before white settlers ever saw Lassen. The mountain was named after Peter Lassen, a Danish blacksmith immigrant who settled in Northern California in the 1830s. Lassen is one of the world's largest plug dome volcanoes. The series of minor to major eruptions occurred between 1914 and 1921. Many homes along area creeks were destroyed.

Mount Shasta Elevation 14,179 feet Siskiyou County, California Last Erupted: 1786 Mount Shasta Wilderness and Shasta-Trinity National Forest



The 5th highest peak in California, Mount Shasta has the most volume of the stratovolcanoes in the Cascade Volcanic Arc. The Karuk Indians call her Uytaahkoo or "White Mountain." Theodore Roosevelt once said: "I consider the evening twilight on Mount Shasta one of the grandest sights I have ever witnessed." Shasta is home to seven named glaciers, and has erupted on average once every 600 years during the past 4,500 years.

Mount McLoughlin Elevation 9,344 feet Jackson County, Oregon Last Erupted: 30,000 years ago Sky Lakes Wilderness Area



This is a steep-sided lava cone built on top of a shield volcano. Most of the information gathered about this volcano came from LeRoy Maynard of the Center for Volcanology at University of Oregon. Mount McLoughlin was named after John McLoughlin, an Agent for the Hudson's Bay Company. The Pacific Crest Trail skirts the northern and eastern sides. On a clear day from the summit, one can see Crater Lake and Mount Shasta. Mount Thielsen or Big Cow Horn Elevation 9,184 feet Klamath County, Oregon Last Erupted: 250,000 years ago Mount Thielsen Wilderness Area



Mount Thielsen is sometimes referred to as the "Lightning Rod of the Cascades." It's an extinct shield volcano previously inhabited by Chinook Native Americans, and was referred to as "Hischokwolas." The mountain was named after Jon Hurlburt, a Polish Explorer. The spire-like shape of Thielsen attracts lightning strikes which forms an unusual mineraloid called fulgurite. Fulgurites are natural hollow glass tubes formed in quartzose sand, silica or soil by lightning strikes.

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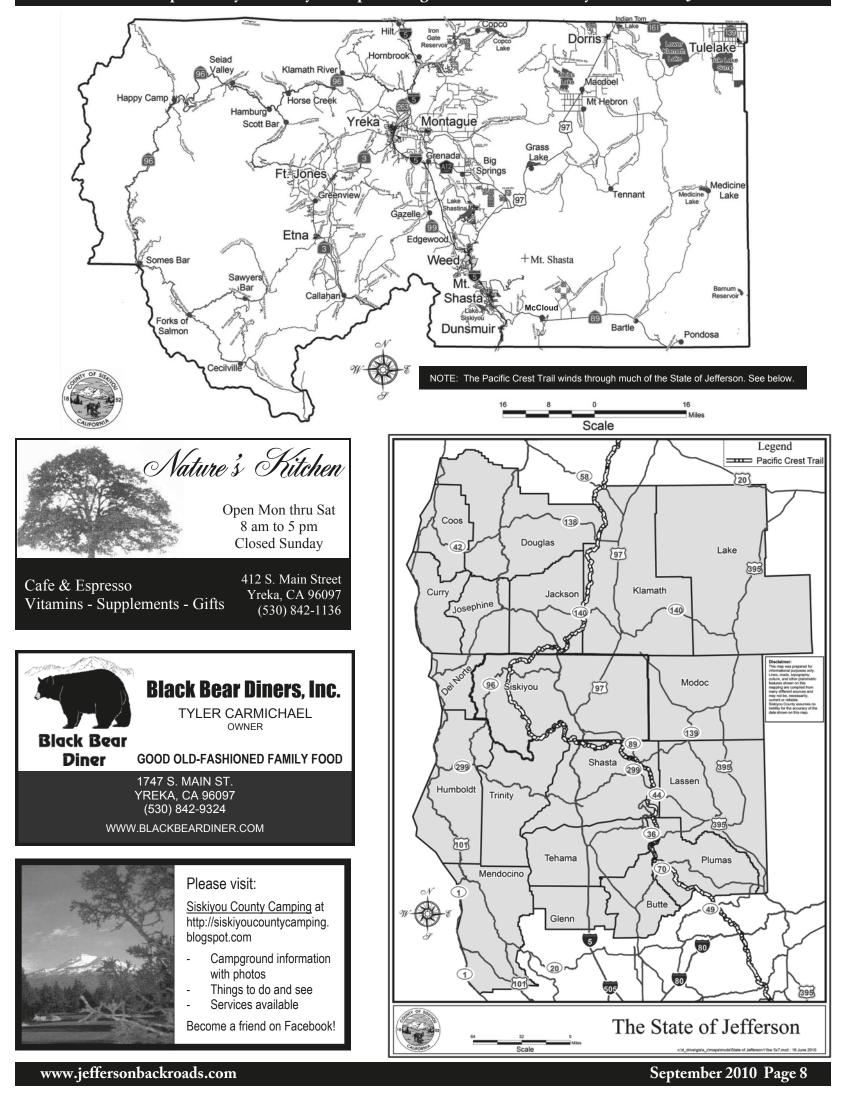
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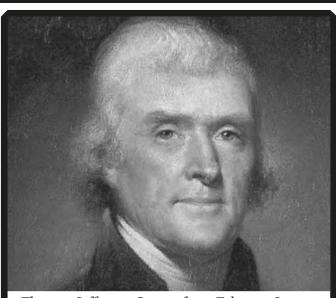


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Detail Map of Siskiyou County & Map Showing the Counties in The Mythical State of Jefferson



What IS The Mythical State of Jefferson? By Gail Jenner



Thomas Jefferson Quotes from Feb. 21, 1825
(1) "Never spend your money before you have it."
(2) "Never trouble another for what you can do for yourself."

(3) "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today."

Thomas Jefferson - Lived from 1743 - 1826 He was the 3rd President of the United States & principal author of the Declaration of Independence.



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Today's State of Jefferson refers to portions of Southern Oregon and Northern California. Originally this region represented the "second half" or "northern mines" of the famous gold rush of 1849-50, but it never received the kind of historical reference that the Sierra Mother Lode did, even though it contributed as much, if not more, to the coffers of the two states. Moreover, the region was easily overlooked after the gold rush, since it continued to be less populated and more rural than the remainder of the two states.

Because the people who have settled along the northern boundary of California and the southern boundary of Oregon have always been of an independent nature, it seems fitting that this region has attempted, on numerous occasions, to create a new state, not just in name or principle, but in reality as well.

Even today, the dream lives on for this unrealized, some might even say, mystical State of Jefferson. With majestic Mt. Shasta at its heart, and the Cascades forming its backbone, the region's wild rivers and rugged peaks both isolate and, at times, insulate its residents from the more populated outside world. Ranching, mining and logging have been its traditional source of wealth, but now recreation and tourism compete as major industries. It's the people who reside here that make the greatest contribution to the character of the region called The State of Jefferson.

We welcome you to learn more about the history of our area, visit our museums, seek out the books written by local writers, and fall in love with this most amazing part of the Pacific Northwest. -Editor S



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Backpacking in Jefferson

SINKYONE WASHOUT **Copyright © 1992 by Richard S. Platz**

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Welcome to a new feature which comes to us from one of our fellow State of Jefferson friends. Richard has a great supply of stories he has written about his backpacking adventures throughout our beloved State of Jefferson.

Check it out: www.backpackinginjefferson.com. -Editor Co

Hail ping-ponged off my windshield like swollen molecules of an angry gas trying to get in at me. I crouched in the passenger seat where I had taken refuge, one boot on, the other still clutched in my dripping fingers. Outside the wind lashed the poncho I had hastily yanked over my backpack.

"Maybe this isn't such a good idea," I muttered to myself.

I had spent most of the morning jarring along gravel mountain roads beneath a mosaic of cold blue sky and blindingly white thunderheads bruised underneath with dull foggy drizzle, winding inexorably into the heart of California's King Range National Conservation Area. This stretch of the coast was once inhabited by the Sinkyone and Mattole Indians, the government brochure informed me. The so-called "Lost Coast" had been one of the most heavily populated Native American regions in North America for 8000 years before the white man arrived. Maybe so, but I hadn't seen a soul since I entered the area more than three hours ago.

At the general store in Honeydew a large, friendly fellow in worn coveralls warned me that the weather forecast on his CB radio had turned ugly. Ordinarily a little rain wouldn't put me off. After all, I spent good money on Goretex rainwear, a urethane-coated tarp, waterproof stuff sacks, and a state-of-the-art four-season tent, all of which were packed slickly beneath the whipping poncho outside. I had expected a few scattered showers for the rest of the day, but nothing like this.

The Lost Coast is different. King Peak, at just over 4,000 feet and the highest point on the coast of the continental United States, manhandles the moist Pacific air, squeezes it against the sky, and wrings out an unholy amount of precipitation. Over 200 inches of rain fall annually in some places. And once it starts, it can go on for days. Long enough for condensation to wilt the loftiest down sleeping bag and clinical gloom to settle into a pilgrim's heart.

As I contemplated my empty boot, wondering if I was really into this much pain, the hail gradually became a sputtering drizzle, then stopped. Slowly the sky brightened. A dazzling sun burst from behind the clouds, a rainbow flared, and the wet gravel steamed contentedly. I slipped on my boot, snugged down the laces, and stepped out into the hot May sun.

Before me lay a dripping rain-forest of madrone, oak, and towering Douglas fir. A thick understory of blackberry, huckleberry, and salal was trying to choke the madrones, and a whole forest of brazen flesh-like limbs writhed in frozen agony. Moss clung to every available trunk, and sword ferns held what little ground remained. No cross-country work possible here, I concluded. Either stick to the trails or be eaten alive by the foliage.

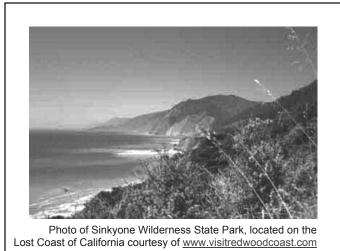
The Lightning Trail is the shortest route to the summit. I soon discovered that the trail hadn't earned its name for speed, but because it zig-zagged straight down out of the sky. New thorny shoots grew into the narrow path like clawed hands, snagging my pack, and droplets showered me as I broke free. Unseen in the canopy a jay rudely decried my intrusion. The sun had disappeared, and low clouds brooded overhead, obscuring the upper slopes of the mountain. The air grew heavy, and I realized I was in a race to get my tent pitched before the next downpour. My shirt, soaked with sweat, clung cold against my skin. An icy headwind greeted me as I crested a ridge at 3500 feet and swung south into a steep canyon curving toward the peak.



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Backpacking in Jefferson by Richard Platz continued ...



With numb fingers I managed to erect my tent on a rocky flat wedged between a swift stream and the sheer slope in a stand of Douglas fir. The canyon was a wind tunnel, funneling the cold northwest gusts down from the peak into my campsite. I gathered some damp wood and on my second try the fire caught. Why was it so cold? It shouldn't be this cold in May. My thermometer read 38 degrees and dropping.

Hunched over the fire with my back to the wind, I ate freeze-dried shrimp Creole and a fistfull of cashews. After dinner, I set out for the summit. The trail cut through the thick manzanita of the upper slopes and looped up to King Peak. The sky had cleared enough for a cheap-seats view. Just below the bottoms of the broken clouds the mountains rose on both sides of the Mattole Valley like crumpled wads of fuzzy paper. Four thousand feet below the Pacific pounded the Lost Coast. It looked a lot closer. The icy northwest wind quickly drove me back down to camp. But at least it wasn't raining. I slipped into my down bag confident things would be better in the morning.

Sometime during the night I was awakened by the "tat... tat" of a loose line blowing against the tent membrane. No, not a line, water dripping, probably condensation off the trees. I went back to sleep and dreamed of grinning savages romping through a field of wildflowers. When I awoke with first light, the dripping had become constant. I crept out of the tent. It was snowing. Snowing!

The snow metamorphosed into a steady drizzle. I resolved to outlast it. I resurrected my campfire and ate a dispirited breakfast. The drizzle became a driving rain. Smoke from my fire blew with increasing urgency in the wrong direction--east--as if sucked out to sea by the low-pressure inhalations of a looming beast. This was to be no passing sprinkle; the real bad-news weather was still hanging off-shore. I was cold, wet, irritable, and losing conviction. My spirit mildewed. After four hours of enduring the persistent wind-driven rain, the thought of my water-tight vehicle waiting an hour below at the trailhead, with its forced-air heat, reclining bucket seats, and Dolby stereo, became too much for me. I called it quits.

I slogged down the steep trail carrying an extra ten pounds of water in my soaked gear. How, I wondered, did the Sinkyone Indians manage? They had no Goretex, no nylon taffeta, no polyurethane coatings, no high-tech walking boots, no geodesic four-season shelters. They couldn't simply add water to a freeze-dried dinner. If they didn't catch it, find it, grow it, or dig it up, they didn't eat. Yet they and their ancestors survived here for 8000 years. How did they do it?

The Sinkyone Indians had no other choice. It was this or nothing at all. No automobiles waited below at the trailhead. Rather, this environment chose them. The rain-soaked Lost Coast was one more of the countless harsh anvils upon which evolution forged the human being. Perhaps not as harsh as the Eskimo's arctic tundra or the stark slopes of the Sherpas' Everest, but harsh enough for me to pack it in for the weekend and run home to my color tv, electric blanket, and freezer full of Haagen-Dazs ice cream. ◆

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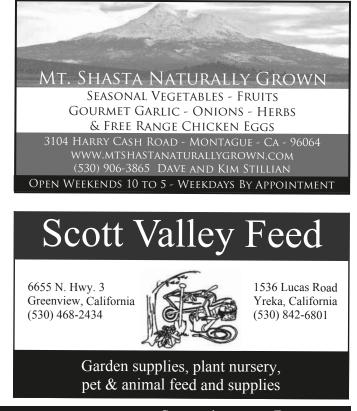
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Where to Go - What to See - When to Do It

CONTACT US - We are happy to publish your upcoming community events. Call us by the 20th of the month so we can make room for your request. We routinely distribute between the 5th and 10th of each month. Call us at (530) 640-0100. OR: Email jeffersonbackroads@gmail.com.

<u>**The Tulelake-Butte Valley Fair</u>** Bring your family to the Tulelake Fair Sept 9-12, 2010. Call for more info: (530) 667-5312.</u>

<u>A Gala Night Out</u> When: Sat, Sept 11th, 5:30pm – 9:00pm, Miner's Inn Convention Center, Yreka, CA 96097. Live music, raffles, auctions & door prizes. Dinner by Oliveras Catering. Info: 530-841-0844.

Night at the Museum - "An Exhibiting Experience" Thur, Sept 9, at 7pm & Sat, Sept 11, at 9pm, at Siskiyou County Museum, Yreka. Desserts, visits from historical figures, music and more. Tickets \$25. Proceeds go towards keeping the museum open. 842-3836 for info.

Benefit Rafting Trip - Saturday, Sep 11, 2010 at Trees of Heaven Campground, Hwy 96, Klamath River. River rafting, nature appreciation, lots of dark chocolate and organic desserts combine for A Sweet Extravaganza. Rafting meanders along a 7 mile stretch of gentle Class 2 and 3 rapids. Novices, children age 4 and up, and experienced rafters are all welcome. Donation:\$85 adults, \$55 kids under 18. Advanced reservations suggested. Info: 530-926-5655 No Pets or Coolers.

<u>Siskiyou Century Bike Ride</u> Sat, Sept 11, Yreka at the Siskiyou Golden Fairgrounds. For info call 842-1649.

Concert-Big Brother & The Holding Company, Saturday, Sep 11, 2010 in Dunsmuir, California. Janis Joplin's original band will do a benefit concert for senior citizens at 3pm in the Dunsmuir Ball Park. All proceeds will go to the Dunsmuir Community Needy Seniors Program. **Annual Scott Valley Swap Meet** Sat, Sept. 11 8:00 a.m. till 1:30 p.m. at Greenview behind Premiere West Bank. Food, vendors, family activities. By Scott Valley Family Resource Center. Info 468-2450.

16th Annual Fairchild Medical Center Golf Tournament, Sunday Sept 12, 2010, Lake Shastina Golf Resort. Call 530-841-6239 for info. Callahan 3 on 3 Basketball Challenge, Saturday September 11th in Callahan, California. Also: Live music and BBQ on Fri. Sept. 10. Proceeds go to the Mt. Bolivar Grange Restoration Project.

<u>Yreka Elks Lodge Poker Run</u>, Saturday Sept. 18, Registration begins at 9 am. At Greenhorn Park there will be live music from noon to 5 pm, BBQ tri-tip and chicken dinner from 1pm-3pm. Drawings, raffles, all proceeds of event benefits local community charities. Info 842-1980.

18th Annual River Clean-Up Event Sat. Sept 18, 9am – 2pm, Dunsmuir City Park. Care about your local watershed? Then come to the River Exchange's 18th Annual Great River Clean-up. After picking up trash at designated sites, volunteers enjoy a free lunch, awards and prizes from 12 to 2 p.m. Call Robin at 235-2012 for info.

Montague Balloon Fair, Sept. 24-25-26, Montague, Calif. Wonderful display of hot air balloons - mass ascensions each day. Call Dave at 1-951-901-5596 for info. See story on Page 6 and AD on Page 13.

Fairchild Medical Health Fair, Saturday Sept. 25, Siskiyou Golden Fairgrounds, Yreka, California. Call 842-4121 for information.

<u>Annual Harvest Festival</u>, Sat. Sept. 25 9:30 am-12:30 pm, Dunsmuir Children's Park, Dunsmuir, Ca. Fun music and events, call Dunsmuir Chamber for info at 235-2177.

Lost Dutchman Mining Association Yearly Outing, 33860 Hwy 96, Sept. 29-30 and Oct. 1, Contact Earl Abbot at 530-496-3204 or go to www.goldprospectors.org.

Taste of Siskiyou, Saturday Oct. 2 from 1 to 6 pm, Historical District, Miner Street & Broadway, Yreka. A Celebration for your Senses. Delicious local food and beverage producers. For tickets, for information or to become a vendor or sponsor, please call 530-842-1993.

Tennis in the Park - Yreka Tennis Tournament, Oct. 2-3, Yreka Miner Street Park Tennis Courts. Entry deadline Mon. 9/27. Call for times on Wed. 9/29. For more info: call 530-475-0940. Send entries to Mark Reichert, 14021 Rainbow Street, Hornbrook, Ca, 96044. ◆

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LOCAL SISKIYOU COUNTY FARMERS MARKETS

TOWN	DAY	TIME	
Big Springs	Tuesday	2:30 to 6 pm	Ň_ A
Dunsmuir	Saturday	9:30 to 12:30	
Fort Jones	Tuesday	5:30 pm	
Happy Camp	Thursday	4 to 6 pm	
	Saturday	10:30 to Noonish	8 100 (1)
Klamath River	Sat-Sun	9 am - Noonish	
Lake Shastina	Thursday	2:30 to 6 pm	
McCloud	Sunday	9 am to 2 pm	
Montague	Saturday	9 am to Noonish	
Mt. Shasta	Mon & Thurs	3:30 to 6 pm	
Yreka	Wednesday	11 am to 2 pm	

It's recommended that you call the local chamber of commerce in case of schedule changes for any of these farmers markets before you drive long distances.



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Backroads Adventures Salmon Fishing the Backroads by <u>Ralph Fain</u>

Fishing is much more than fish. It is the great occasion when we may return to the fine simplicity of our forefathers. - Herbert Hoover

The changing of the seasons is often defined by events. For me the fall run of Salmon on the Klamath River is a sign of the transition from summer to fall, just as the salmon transition from the saltwater ocean to the freshwater of the Klamath River. A change, an event, an important time in our lives. This is the annual time of gathering and preparing for winter. It does not matter if you are man, animal or fish, each making our own preparation for the next season. Salmon making the ultimate sacrifice to bring forth the next generation.

The Klamath River is well known for its fall run of Chinook (King) Salmon. The season peaks from about September 20th thru October 15th. Klamath River fish average from 12-20 pounds with some kings reaching the 30-40 pound weight class. Numbers of fish fluctuate year to year and are monitored for the number of fish that enter the river and what may be taken by sport fishermen, tribal harvest and the needs of the fish hatchery below Iron Gate Dam.

Many things factor into the fishing regulations on the Klamath River. If you are fishing without a guide, make sure you acquire a 2010 Freshwater & Ocean supplemental fishing regulations booklet. Study the book and be familiar with the regulations. The Klamath River is located in the North Coast District. You must use barbless hooks and have a salmon sport fishing report card. The season runs from August 15th thru December 31st, 2010. The daily bag and possession limit is 3 Chinook Salmon with only 2 fish over 22 inches total length. This can change depending on sub quotas that I cannot figure out reading the regulations. Good luck to you figuring this section out. It's easier to call 1(800)564-6479 and get the weekly report on progress towards the quotas for various sections of the river.

The possession limit is 9 Chinook Salmon, of which, no more than 6 may be over 22 inches. Everything must be properly documented on your salmon report card. You cannot keep Silver (Coho) Salmon. Remember, white mouth Coho Salmon, black mouth King Salmon. If in doubt about any of these regulations, check with a game warden or better yet hire one of the many local, competent guides who will keep you out of trouble and into the fish.

Speaking of our local guides, they are the best way to access the Klamath River from Interstate 5 to the Iron Gate Fish Hatchery. They know the river, they know the fish and they know the regulations. You cannot fish within 3500 feet below the hatchery and the remainder of this section of river passes through mostly private property so river access is almost strictly by boat. The salmon hold in this section because it is the end of the road for them, immediately above the hatchery is Iron Gate Dam which they cannot pass. For those of you that want to fish from the bank and avoid some of the congestion, head downriver and try your luck. The crowds will thin out but you have to be aware of where the schools of fish are as they pass up the river fairly quickly. There are local guides out of Somes Bar, Happy Camp and Seiad Valley who know where the fish are as they make their journey and will be happy to throw you in their boat and put you onto the fish. Check out our website at <u>www.jeffersonbackroads.com</u> for a list of some of the guides in the area.

Smoked carp tastes just as good as smoked salmon when you ain't got no smoked salmon. - Patrick F. McManus



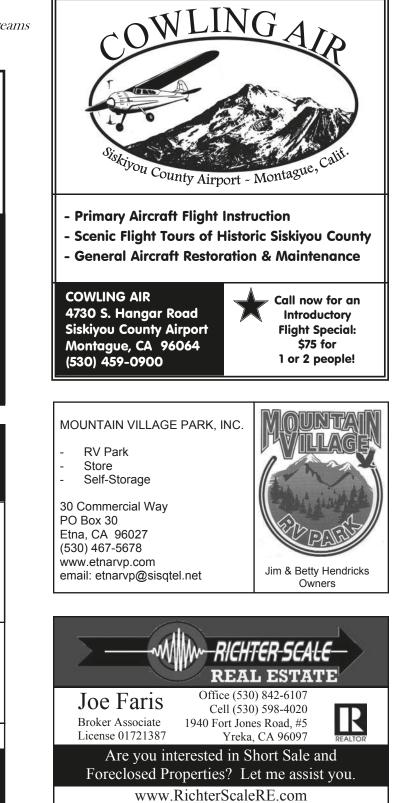
Backroads Adventures continued . . .



There is much controversy surrounding the Klamath River these days. I will not enter the fray surrounding the dams, farmers, tribes and debates of hatchery fish vs. native fish. With no small part of wisdom, each must work with the other to ensure that all interests place the river first, for if they don't and the river does not survive, then neither will those partaking of its bounty. Man has forever changed this river. Hopefully man will have the insight and intestinal fortitude to make decisions that will ensure the health of the river and continued run of salmon up this waterway. It is my hope that our children and grandchildren will be able to fish one of the great rivers on the west coast, the mighty Klamath River. (see photo upper right)



Photo of Rattlesnake Rapid, Klamath River, California by Ralph Fain



The angler forgets most of the fish he catches, but he does not forget the streams and lakes in which they are caught. - Charles K. Fox



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