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JEFFERSON BACKROADS

A Happy Little Publication

PO Box 344

Michelle Fain Ralph Fain

Grenada, CA 96038

Owner-Editor Side Kick

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email: JeffersonBackroads@gmail.com

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AD & STORY DEADLINE: 10TH OF THE MONTH.

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Cover Image - Gorgeous Shot of Orr Lake near Tennant, California. Photo by Ralph Fain

Jefferson Backroads is proudly published for Law Abiding Citizens, our fellow Independent, Hard Working, Old School, Patriotic American Rebels who live in or travel through our Rugged & Beautiful State of Jefferson Region. The same true INDEPENDENT NATURE and OLD SCHOOL ESSENCE of "The State of Jefferson" can be found in Small Towns all across Rural America. We are proudly keeping our Patriotic American Spirit Alive.

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

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KIFF2018 6th Annual Klamath Independent Film Festival



Two Balloons by Mark Smith of Portland, Oregon

Already the only full festival experience dedicated to Oregon films and filmmakers, and our very northerly California neighbors, this year's KIFF became the top recipient of Oregon film submissions, further establishing KIFF as the place to see and experience Oregon independent film!

The 6th annual Klamath Independent Film Festival will once again open at the Ross Ragland Theater in Klamath Falls, Oregon, with a Friday night gala and opening feature "Lean on Pete" starring Charlie Plummer and Steve Buscemi September 14, 2018. KIFF2018 carries over to Coming Attractions' Pelican Cinema on Saturday the 15th for a full day of feature films, and returns to the Ragland Sunday September 16th for short films, awards and final filmmaker Q&A.

The Ross Ragland Theater is a 700+ seat, genuine Art Deco movie theater renovated beautifully to serve as Klamath

Falls' cultural arts center, while Pelican Cinema completes the festival theatre experience with all your movie-going concessions and amenities.

"Lean on Pete" follows the emotional journey of a teen searching for a home with a retired racehorse in tow. Based on the novel by Portland, Oregon writer Willy Vlaudin.

6 more features and 28 shorts fill out the KIFF2018 program from Oregon and Northern California filmmakers, and films completed in Oregon/Northern California over the last year or so. For full details including trailers, synopses, tickets and more visit klamathfilm.org/festival.



The Astronot by Tim Cash of Bend, Oregon



September 1 & 2, 2018 Saturday, 10 to 5 & Sunday, 10 to 4

Over 150 Quilts by Local Artists <u>Featured Quilters: Mickey Weston of</u> Weston's Quilting & Fiber Arts & Diana Fogle -Accidental Quilter- for 18 Years

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Quilt Judge: Arlene Arnold Admission \$3.00 Mount Shasta High School Gym 710 Everitt Memorial Hwy Mount Shasta, CA

For questions, Contact Quilt Show Chair Kim Jenkins kjisaiah4031@gmail.com

Quilt By Katie Caldwell will be exhibited at the quilt show in September. Title: "Capay Valley" with almond orchards in bloom.

Scott Valley Theatre Co.





Avery Memorial Theatre 430 Main Street - Etna, CA 96027 (530) 598-0989 www.scottvalleytheatrecompany.org Call or check website for Events & Info. Find Us on Facebook



UPCOMING EVENTS

August 4

State of Jefferson Brewfest in Dunsmuir, California. Call Dunsmuir Chamber at (530) 235-2177

August 8-12 Siskiyou Golden Fair in Yreka. Call Siskiyou Golden Fair at 842-2767.

August 18 Motor the Mountain Custom Car Show and Swap Meet, McCloud. See Page 4 for details.

September 1-2 Shasta Lily Quilt Show in Mt. Shasta. See Page 32.

Labor Day Weekend: InterMountain Fair in McArthur, CA. 530-336-5695

September 14-16 McCloud Mountain Bluegrass Festival. See Page 4 for details.

September 14-16 Klamath Independent Film Festival in Klamath Falls, Oregon. See Pages 6-7 for details.

September 20-23 Jefferson State FLIXX Fest Film Festival in Fort Jones. Page 34.

September 21-23 Montague Hot Air Balloon Fair in Montague. For info (530) 643-1305.

More Quilt Shows and Information can be found on Pages 8, 18-19 & 36-37.

Events at Mt. Shasta Sisson Museum are on Page 25.





HISTORICAL MARKERS IN OUR REGION

Kerbyville The Plaques of E Clampus Vitus Umpqua Joe Chapter No. 1859 The fifty second in a continuing series of articles prepared by Bill Wensrich "If you ain't plaque'n, then you ain't Clampin"

Located in the Illinois River Valley, Kerby, Oregon was named after James Kerby (or Kereby). He was the first person to obtain a Donation Land Claim in the Illinois Valley in 1854. Surrounded by steep mountains and hillsides blocking ingress and egress to the area, the Illinois Valley was geographically isolated. Up until that time, the best way out of the valley was to take a pack train and in ensuing years a stage to Crescent City where you boarded a steamer for either San Francisco or Portland.

Known as Kerbyville, the town was named county seat in 1856 and served the area as the center of commerce until Grants Pass was voted the new county seat. Because of its selection as the next train stop on the way north to Portland in 1883, Grants Pass was destined to usurp Kerbyville as commerce hub for Josephine County. Once the Oregon and California Railroad completed its route to Grants Pass in 1886, easy rail access from the new county seat to locations north and south sounded the end of an era for Kerbyville.

Gold was discovered in this part of Oregon in 1851 on Josephine Creek and at Sailors' Diggins,' a 25 square mile gold rich area south of Kerby. By 1852 the area triangulated by Sailor's Diggins,' Jacksonville, Oregon and Yreka, California became known as the Northern Diggin's. Trade and commerce supporting miners located in this remote area boomed during the early 1850s. Legend has it that a packer was hired to carry a pool table to a Jacksonville saloon over the Cold Spring Mountain pack trail from Crescent City through Waldo (Sailors' Diggins') and on to J'ville. Some say the pack train's strongest mule carrying the heaviest and largest part of the table collapsed and died of exhaustion in the area known today as Kerby. Right then and there the packer decided to build a saloon. Or so the story goes.

At its zenith, Kerby boasted numerous saloons including the Blue Goose/Kerby Saloon and George Maurer's Saloon. By the 1880s the U.S. Post Office began implementing a policy to have all offices (towns) remove the word "ville" from their name. Various reasons led to this policy, one of which was that early day envelopes were not as large as today's standard business envelope. Thus, the limited writing space on the front of an 1880s envelope became more sufficient. That's when the town became known as Kerby. Kerby claims the second oldest post office in the state and is the location of the showcase Kerbyville Museum and History Center, which celebrated its 60th anniversary this year!

Fast forward to the 21st century and we find the rowdy and roisterous group of historians known as E Clampus Vitus have stumbled upon the town of Kerby. Clampers' claim to fame is erecting historical monuments. Wanting to commemorate a town worthy of quenching a Clampers thirst, 2016 ECV Umpqua Joe Chapter president, Gary "da Rake" Rakes selected the front of the Kerbyville museum to plaque.

Working with Museum Curator and local historian, Dennis Strayer, Humbug Gary obtained permission to erect the historical monument in front of the Museum. Dennis developed the text for the proposed plaque. Once the review of the

proposed wording by the Josephine County Historical Society was conducted, the granite sheet was ready to be engraved.





Volunteers for the Gazelle Fire Department and Auxilliary. Want to learn how to become a firefighter and serve your community? Training is provided and is free!

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HISTORICAL MARKERS IN OUR REGION Continued from Page 10

Umpqua Joe's Ex Noble Grand Humbug Harold "Aimless" Lee obtained the plaque granite from MWM Countertops in Medford, Oregon, and arraigned to have Rob Visel of Stone Blasted Graphics engrave the wording in the granite. MWM donated the granite and Rob didn't charge the clampers for the engraving. Koo Wheeeeeeeeee!

On the appointed day, Gary had his monument erection crew ready to go. Chapter founder Glenn Hearrell ordered the concrete. Dave Waslin, Harold Lee, Brian Norris, Dave Clark, Bryce Galland, Dan Rochester and Steve Pyle began the pour using the standard Umpqua Joe monument forms (designed by Hearrell). Once the concrete set up, Erectionist Extraordinaire Dave Waslin and his able assistant Brian Norris, did the finish rock work on the monument.

Now came time for the celebration party. That's when Yours Truly showed up. The Clampers held their annual Spring Jackass Tour weekend overnighter Doins' and celebration at Chinquapin campground just out of town. Chinquapin is on the way to the Oregon Caves.

On a sunny Sunday, April 30, 2016 the historical monument was dedicated. The dedication was attended by over 100 people, Clampers and Civilians alike. The JCHS along with Museum staff were in attendance. Humbug Rakes did some speechifyin' and then turned the podium over to Dennis Strayer who thrilled the audience with a well prepared presentation. Clampers sold hamburgers at the event raising \$400 to donate to the Cave Junction Little League.

To see this historical monument, drive to downtown Kerby, Oregon using Highway 199. Kerby is located half way between Crescent City and Grants Pass along the highway. On the south

side of the main drag you will see the Museum and the monument out front. A tour through the Museum is well worth your time. If you can find Dennis he



Kerbyville Sawyer Hotel built around the mid-1850. Photo circa 1860s.

will provide you with a custom tour of the facility and special highlights on local history. Museum season is April 1st to September 30th.

Kerbyville is the twenty first historical monument erected by Umpqua Joe 1859 and/or in conjunction with their sister Chapter, Humbug 73 from Yreka, California. Having been recently chartered in 2010, Umpqua Joe Chapter members can be proud of the fact that their organization has already erected over 20 historical monuments in Oregon and California. Clampers' claim to fame is the erection of historical plaques. If you ain't plaque'n,.. then you ain't Clampin'!



Dave Waslin and Noble Grand Humbug Gary "da Rake" Rakes celebrate the new historical monument .

KERBY(VILLE) - 1850's to Present In 1854, Mr. James Kerby obtained the first Donation Land Claim (DLC) in what become Kerbyville. Nearby gold fields attracted many miners and the town became a center of commerce. Mr. Kerby became the First Post Master in September 1855 when the Kerbyville Post Office was established. .

In 1856, Kerbyville was voted to become Josephine County's Second County Seat. The growing town had two hotels, The Sawyer/Union and the larger Pioneer Hotel. Several saloons helped quench the thirst of area gold miners and residents alike. Several General Stores provided needed supplies to both miners and settlers. Town Doctor, Dr. Daniel Holton, donated land on which the two story jail was built. It had four cells on the First Floor and two on the second. A small Sheriff's Office was later added to the side. A nearby large oak tree served as the Hanging Tree.

Kerbyville's prosperity declined and in 1883 the County Seat moved to Grants Pass, where the Oregon and California Railroad arrived in 1885.

Today, the Kerbyville Museum and History Center holds many exhibits and artifacts that tell the story of the settlement of the Illinois Valley, and the glory days of Kerbyville.

> Dedicated April 30, 2017 Umpqua Joe Chapter 1859 E Clampus Vitus

Bill Wensrich serves on the E Clampus Vitus Board of Directors. His recently published Guide Book for the ECV Transierra Roisterous Alliance of Senior Humbugs titled The Trail to Sailors' Diggin's from Paragon Bay is available for purchase from the non-profit Del Norte County Historical Society Museum located at 577 H Street in Crescent City, California.

INSPIRATIONS FROM THE FOREST



Real Life Logging Stories by Hank Nelson, Wasilla, Alaska

"A New Language"

I had been Knighted the season before-- initiated. Sarge had topped it all off by cutting a small limber vine-maple limb and then, with genteel ostentatious elaborations-- paramount and fitting-- gently, using just the tip... he'd tap my shoulders, thereby declaring me as a bonafide Knight of the Round-Stump. I relished the attention and pats on the back and an opportunity to measure-up!

That first summer working I was to learn the basics, albeit not over night. Ultimately I learned the difference between a Guy-line shackle and a Molly-Hogan... and even more importantly that it was not the Hook-Tenders girlfriend, but a coiled strand of wire rope inserted in the end of a steel pin, so that the pin didn't pop out on a hard pull. I learned not to stand in the Bight of the line, learned how to notch and hang a block and a strap, and what the terms "making a lay-out" and a "road change" meant. Proper names for various kinds of things... like buckle-guys and top guy lines to keep the spar-tree from buckling or pulled over under a hard pull. You don't learn everything there is to know in a day, a week, a month or for that matter maybe even years! AND – I'd bought my first pair of



DONALD G. HILL. D.C. 106 Ranch Lane Yreka, CA 96097 (530) 842-6500

caulked boots, those that loggers generally referred to as "Corks." I paid \$25.00 for a pair of spring-heel West Coast, a working man's boot. Right away Uncle Fred encouraged me to take good care of my boots, keeping the leather soft and pliant and waterproof by rubbing boot-grease into the leather every night after work. "Take good care of your boots and they'll take care of you!"

Somehow or other I kept thinking about having a pair of logging boots with "springheels" and when I laced them up good and tight it was as though I could run and jump and leap over insurmountable obstacles with the greatest of ease, like the winged flight of Mercury. They imbued me with a sense of invincibility, standing tall and measuring up in a world of genuine he-men.... and the genteel art of manliness... things like that.

I was now a year older, 14 going on 15, and soon as school let out for the summer I'd climb aboard a Greyhound bus in Yreka and head north, over the Siskiyou mountains, along the old twisting, narrow two lane Highway 99 to our lunch-stop in Roseburg, Oregon. From there it was on to Camas Valley, and when we dropped down into rolling, fertile undulating farm lands to Myrtle Point and then on to Coquille you could smell the mud-flats and the sharp tang of salt air. You could sense we were getting closer to our final destination at the bus dept in Coos Bay, Oregon where Uncle Fred would be on hand to pick me up and take me back to camp. It was a long haul, no question, but I was rejuvenated by the prospect of seeing and hob-nabbing with Sarge and the "Boys" again. As it turned out, most of the old crew had moved on to other shows and maybe better pay... just around the bend and over the next hump... and a real logger's utopia. Hard Hats and Chain Saws.

When Fred first took me up river in 1943-44 to spend the summer months in camp, where he was the head cook for Erwin and Lyons, I'd spent most of my time just knocking around, fishing, peeling cascara bark, and watching the loggers at work. They'd scamper up and down steep slopes, running for their lives amidst the lashing lines. The loggers were larger than life, real heroes, and I knew that someday I wanted to become a logger just like them: dressing the same way, stagedoff britches, caulked boots and suspenders. I'd breathe in fresh air, exalt in the wide-open spaces and generally measure up.

Every now and then, tired even of his own cooking, Fred would hire on some other place, bucking logs by hand, where he could regain his appetite! It was there that Uncle Fred taught me the basics: where to stand, what to look out for, the laws of gravity, momentum and friction, and the over-all effect they had on the dynamics of logging. Whenever he could, Fred took me with him so I could tag along at a safe distance, watching him buck logs with a six-foot crosscut bucking saw, and eat lunch with him and the boys. He told me, then showed me by example, the stress factors or "bind" that was inherent in



downed timber. Understanding the bind-- compression and tension-- was a critical factor for both bucking and felling.



Sharpening the saw was another. Uncle Fred was an artiste' when it came to filing a crosscut saw. When he was finished those old shavings curled up like spaghetti around your feet, with bark on both ends! Uncle Fred insisted that tools were your best friends and as such you needed to take good care of them.

A lot of skill went into bucking by hand. "Undercutting" was sometimes necessary to relieve the top tension on a log, so that when you sawed down from the top of the log, it would not splinter. For that process a single-bitted axe was sometimes your best friend-- an axe handle with a narrow guide groove, usually several at different angles, left and right. You stuck the axe into the side of the tree, lined a groove up with the cut, and the log-bucker could then turn the saw upside down, position the blade in the notch, and start slow... a steady rhythm until you cut maybe a third or less up. When you felt the cut pinching, and closing up, you removed the axe, set it aside, and took the saw and cut down on the far side. Then, you stepped back a ways and by using just the tip of your saw... and small strokes... cut down from the top until the log snapped clean and flush. An axe

came in handy in more ways than one-chopping, setting wedges, guiding a saw.

Another tool was an empty wine bottle filled with a mixture of



kerosene and oil. You whittled a wooden plug with a groove or two along the sides then tapped it gently into the top. The kerosene "thinned" out the oil just enough to enhance its fluidity. Whenever your saw blade began to pinch, especially in old growth Douglas fir where you now and then encountered pitch seams that had developed over the many years of twisting during bygone wind storms... all you had to do was take the flask or bottle in hand and give it a quick snap of the wrist. The lubricant would flow onto the blade, sufficient to enable the saw to work its way through the pitch seam and back into solid wood. The faithful jug of saw oil came in mighty handy too, on a wet, damp cold day when you wanted to build a small warming fire at lunch time, and warm your gloves up a little on the end of a forked stick. Grab a handful of dry moss on the lee side of the tree and add a few dry twigs, start slowly, adding a few bigger limbs, until you had a good blaze going. Rubbing two sticks together works, if you have time and the tenacity, but nothing can comes closer to building a fire when you need it than a log cutter's oil jug.

First chainsaws in the woods: 1945-1950

Andreas Stihl in 1929 is generally credited as the inventor of the first, practical, productive gas chain saw for commercial purposes. Stihl experimented with several saw designs in the 1930's. There were earlier versions, but for the most part either impractical, too heavy, or usually unwieldy as well as out of reach economically for the average application of the user.

There is a long list... a very long one... as new models began to appear on the market around the later part of the 1940's. Searches on the Internet for "two-man chainsaws" or "Stihl chainsaw museum" will provide numerous (generally copyrighted) pictures from collectors, museums, and even eBay auctions. The saws were grossly cumbersome, and the saying that it took "two men and boy" to carry saws around through the brush, lugging tools and accessories, was indeed entirely appropriate as I can attest from one of my first summers with Uncle Fred.

I stayed back at a safe distance and watched, enthralled... listening to the echoes of a chainsaw swallowed up in the canyon and the impregnable, primitive forest. I was the "Mule" bringing up the rear, toting packsacks, tools and gas and oil... extra chains and bars, wedges and a Misery Whip (crosscut saw) just in case the cantankerous chainsaw broke down. If so the old

venerated crosscut finished off the cut. I was diligent and took pride in my tasks, determined to make a name for myself as a go-getter. At day's end, back in camp, I would refill the canvas water bag in the creek... place a rock on it to hold it down next to the bank and let the canvas soak during the night. Along the trail the next day, I'd hang it on the shady side of the tree so it would stay cool. I must have made an impression, as I caught the attention of Blackie the head logger. The following summer I was hired! I was introduced as the new scissorbill rigging-rat, inducted over time as one of the boys... the Knights of the Round-Stump. And I took great pains to sit down and grease my new West-Coast spring-heel caulked boots.

The first truly productive saws began appearing in the woods in the Pacific Northwest in the latter half of the 1940's. In 1947 I was with Fred, watching him buck a log by hand above the road bank, when a salesman stopped his pickup at the bottom of the hill. He watched for a while, then made his way up the slope lugging a one-man twin I.E.L. power saw. It was the custom in those early pioneer days for a representative from one of a handful of burgeoning saw shops springing up in town to bring a saw out and offer someone who was working on a job an opportunity to "try it out" for a couple or three days, then let him know what you thought about it. Fred liked that loaner saw, but ended up buying a smaller version, a Hornet. He really liked his little saw, it wasn't too heavy nor unwieldy, ran smooth in the kerf, and for its size was ruggedly built. The only problem was that the carburetor was gravity fed, so you could only buck a log on the far side, the saw on its nose for just a few moments, before it started to "starve" out. Uncle Fred kept that little saw around for many years, teaching each one of us to run it and learn the intricate basics of woodsmanship.

Continued on Page 26...





PHOTO: Early hay work, stacking with forks. Courtesy Betty Jane Young Collection.



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.

Farming underwent important changes in the new century. By the end of the first decade, there were a number of threshing machines in Scott Valley. Many of these early machines were called Binders. They cut grain and gathered the grain in to bundles that were hand tied, then stacked into shocks. From there they were picked up by hand and put on a wagon, then taken to a stationary threshing machine that was driven by steam engine. Next came horse-drawn threshing machines (the Harris machine). On these machines, power for harvesting was generated by the large wheels carrying the threshing machine and the pull of the horses as they drew the machine forward, then transferred to the enclosed cylinder (and moving parts).

It wasn't many years until harvesters were converted to gas-engine power, but still horse drawn. Improvements on even these machines continued until tractors were introduced.

Hay balers and loaders were also introduced. Most early balers were considered stationary, but were moved from hay shock to hay shock by horse teams. Hand-fed, these machines were labor intensive. Another early, unique baler was a fully stationary one, powered by a horse moving in a circle. As the horse that was harnessed to a draw bar walked in a circle, it generated reciprocating power to a plunger that compressed the hay inside the bale chamber. With every rotation, the horse had to jump the connecting rod (running from crank to plunger head). One of these unusual balers can be seen at the Trinity Museum in Trinity Center, California.

Attached to a wagon in the field and pulled by a team of oversized horses, the loader picked up hay from windrows, then moved it up the conveyor and over the high rear of the loader. Two men were responsible for distributing the load as it came up the conveyor. The horses had to be gentle and steady so that the men didn't lose their balance as they worked to keep up with the moving hay. It was exhausting work.

According to Ernest Hayden who "drove a newfangled hay loader" at Parker's Ranch in Plowman's Valley, "On steep ground the wagon was loaded heavier on one side so it wouldn't tip over when it was turned at right angles to the slope. Then going downhill, the other side was loaded to balance it. When loaded, the driver would take off for the

barn or stack to be unloaded by a Jackson Fork, the motive power of which was provided by a 'derrick horse' that was usually driven by a youngster paid a dollar a day."





Discovering The State of Jefferson Continued from Page 14

In 1918 Frank Horn and the Hayes brothers were among the progressive Scott Valley farmers who purchased 'Tracklayer' tractors. According to the March 8th WESTERN SENTINEL, results were good. "The fact that these machines are delivering more goods than the makers claimed for them is a very pleasing feature of the transaction."

Hay and grain prices fluctuated greatly and were dependent on weather conditions. As reported in one newspaper of the day, though 1910's hay and grain harvest had been damaged by early rains, 1911's yield was good. In fact it was so good, reported the FARMER AND MINER, that "(Scott Valley) farmers are buying automobiles and paying 'spot cash' for them!"

Alfalfa seed took a jump in price during World War I and that was a boon to farmers like the Pitts family in Noves Valley. Farmers were also being encouraged to raise more hogs since they are easy to grow, quick to multiply, and easily cured for safe handling. According to one commentator of the times, "The American hog became an exalted animal, commanding for the moment a rather more intent regard than the lion or the eagle; the hog population was almost as much a concern to the government as manpower." Sugar, flour, and wheat products were also highly sought after products needed for soldiers overseas, thus restrictions were placed on the purchase of those items at home. Individuals were permitted to buy 2 pounds of sugar at one purchase within cities and towns, up to 5 pounds in rural areas. Larger quantities were sold only to boarding houses, camps, mines and remote ranches. A card-ration system was not introduced but, according to one news article of the time, "Hoarding would not be tolerated."



PHOTO: Harvesting Grain near Tulelake, Siskiyou County. Courtesy Gail Jenner Collection.





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Stitching in the Ditch

Stories by Judy Sartor of the Mount Shasta Lily Quilt Guild www.ShastaLily.org

"Quilting Around the Mountain"

Mount Shasta is a massive mountain, with a volume of 85 cubic miles. It is frequently encircled by lenticular clouds. I would like you to visualize Mt. Shasta with lenticular clouds circling its summit. Do you have that image in your mind? Now, let's shift that image to the Quilters who live—and quilt—and, yes, swirl—around that mountain, on various sides of the mountain. Have you got that image?

Some of these quilters are what I call traditional quilters. Do you see those quilt blocks attached to them? Churn Dash, Log Cabin, Road to California, Dresden Plate, Shoefly. Watch out, though! Not all of those blocks are in what we might consider traditional colors. Curious. (Maybe that is the Mountain Effect.)

Appliqué artists have a different look to them, and their tools also vary. Appliqué artists can combine their appliqué with traditional blocks and patterns, perhaps as borders or as center medallions. See the vines and leaves tangled around them? But look out! There is Appliqué and there is Appliqué, and they don't usually play well together. Sometimes the appliqué is turned under, and sometimes it is fused with a raw edge that is (or isn't) overcast. Have you got that image?

Then there are the art quilters, spinning very quickly and darting between or even through their counterparts. (At least that is how it looks to me.) Art quilters think fast, are intuitive, and pop up in the most unique places—possibly right in the middle of a traditional quilt. On occasion they stay within their borders, with spectacular results. They also have a curious effect on their companions when they bounce off or sometimes through their work. Watch closely for this phenomenon. Have you got that image?



Project Linus - Quilting Workshops Sew Days on 1st Wednesday of the Month



Shadow Mountain Rec Center Mt. Shasta, California www.ShastaLily.org



I have deliberately omitted Modern Quilters. All quilters react to the world around them. The nature of these observations is what make some quilters Modern. Modern Quilters exist in every age, but that is a topic for another column.

So, I'm curious. What form have the quilters taken in your imagination? Humanoid? Fairy-like? The substance of the winds? Moats of Dust? Star light diffused? Rainbows of color? I'll tell you mine if you tell me yours. So there you have it: Quilting Around the Mountain. And now for the Promotional Portion of this piece.

The Shasta Lily Quilt Guild presents "Quilting Around the Mountain" Quilt Show on September 1st and 2nd. You may not encounter those entities described earlier. Well, you will recognize one for sure. And there are always odd quilt blocks floating around.

However, we have quilts for you to see: some traditional quilts, some appliqué quilts, some art quilts, and, yes, also some modern quilts. Or, best of all, some a combination of everything. We have two fantastic featured artists, more vendors than ever before, many silent auction offerings, Opportunity Baskets galore, our ever-popular give away game, and some really special boutique items.

Then there is our raffle quilt, which will greet you as you enter the Mount Shasta High School lobby. This gorgeous demonstration of Shasta Lily artistry will be raffled off on Sunday. Proceeds from the sale of raffle tickets fund our annual scholarship. Take some time, relax, and check everything out. See you at the show! May your bobbin always be full. >

Please see the photo of the raffle quilt on Page 36.





Here is another of Local Author Gail Jenner's amazing literary projects.

www.GailJenner.com



<u>Timeline</u>

June 21-Sept 4:	Row by Row Experience. Theme: Sew Musical. Have you been collecting those patterns and kits? And what do you think of the	
	new block sizes? rowbyrowexperience.com	
September 1-2:	"Quilting Around the Mountain," Mt. Shasta High School	
	Gymnasium: Featured Quilters Mickey Weston and	
	Diana Fogle, Quilts, raffle baskets, boutique, silent auction	
	and vendors. Contact Vicki Melo, 926-2447.	
September 1-2:	Mountain Quail Quilters, McArthur Fairgrounds.	
October 6:	"Bloom'n Quilts," Pacific Flyway Quilters, Colusa County	
	Fairgrounds Colusa, Special exhibit of miniature quilts from	
	Lake County, 10-4	
October 20-21:	Ridge Quilters Quilt Show, Elks on Clark St., Paradise	
October 27-28:	Oroville Piecemakers Quilt Show, Municipal Auditorium, Oroville	











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People who participate in WBA are affectionately known as 'Woolies', quilters and stitchers full of enthusiasm and warmth for all things wool. With Wooly Block, patterns are collected in a variety of ways, in shops, online and by mail order during the event. You do not need to be near participating shops to have fun and collect with Wooly.

Wooly patterns are highlighted each week on the RxR Experience website during the Wooly Block Adventure season, via Special Shoplight Shops pages. Wonderful sampler projects bring 'woolies' together in their shared love of wool. Woolies unite!

Ask your favorite local quilt shop & wool shop. You can also go to their website: www.RowByRowExperience.com for more info!

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Northern Klamath Co. **Oregon History & Events**

By John C. Driscoll Johncdriscoll1068@gmailcom Find Interesting Regional Histories for sale on back cover.

"Gambler 500:

Burning Man For Eccentric Mechanics"

The 4000 people who came to north Klamath County for the Gambler 500 were, briefly, the area's largest community. Gambler 500 participants came with 1,554 vehicles. They came from throughout the United States, Canada, Mexico and Europe. The Gambler 500 is a navigational challenge based on fun, cheap cars, adventure and stewardship. It was founded in 2014 by Jim and Tate Morgan. In four years the event has grown from 14 vehicles to 1,554 vehicles. Stewardship is a significant part of the Gambler 500 experience. The ranking for Gambler 500 participants includes gathering trash as well as reaching way points by traveling on dirt roads. The way points were in north Klamath County, south Deschutes County and west Lake County at Fort Rock, Christmas Valley and Silver Lake.

Numerous reasons bring participants to the Gambler 500. Thuy Davis and June Smith of Kingsport Tennessee took part is the Gambler 500 to help raise funds for Homes For Troops. Seana Anderson and Jason Carrick, who met at a previous Gambler 500, were married Saturday night on the Gambler 500's main stage. Gambler participants drove their vehicles to north Klamath County from as far away as Pennsylvania and Maryland. All came for the Gambler 500 experience. As the Gamblers say "Always Be Gambling."

Phillip Thiessen of Tacoma, Washington described the Gambler 500 as "Burning Man for eccentric mechanics." Vehicles taking part in the Gambler 500 are valued at \$500.00 or less. Mechanical experience is invaluable for participants who prepare their vehicles for the Gambler 500

and who keep them operational during the event. A \$500 valuation doesn't mean the vehicles aren't mechanically sound. Since one achieves a higher ranking, in part, by navigating away from paved roads, participants strive to assure their vehicles won't fail them while they're far outback on a dirt road. Owners modify their vehicles to suit their tastes. Some of the vehicles were whimsical self-propelled sculptures. The vehicle entered by Mel Kern and Don Clark, named the "Tank" is an example.



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Northern Klamath County Oregon History & Events Continued from Page 22

Stewardship is a significant aspect of the Gambler 500. Participants strive to not only bring back the most trash but to bring back the oddest pieces of trash. Over 140 cubic yards of trash was collected from Oregon's public lands. In addition to mundane litter, dozens of tires, a camper shell, a smashed RV and an abandoned boat were collected. This aspect of the Gambler not only improves the appearance of north Klamath County's public lands, it saves tax payers the cost of having the Forest Service, Bureau of Land Management and Oregon Department of Forestry locate then remove the debris.

The economic impact of the Gambler 500 was very significant for north Klamath County. The employee of one Chemult business described the Gambler 500 as "almost as big as the Eclipse." The difference the Gambler 500 made, the Chemult Pilot reported, was a 300% increase in business. By 4:00 PM Saturday, Pilot's ice sales for the day had exceeded 800 pounds. Billie Madwell of the Double D Market (Chemult) reported that as of Saturday afternoon their business was up by 100% and that they had twice sold out their ice supply. The Gilchrist Market (located in the Gilchrist Mall 25 miles north of the Gambler encampment) reported a 50% increase in its business volume. All businesses in Gilchrist and Crescent reported significant increases in business. Saturday morning Gambler 500 rigs were in Klamath Falls, on Highway 97, buying gasoline. The event benefited the entire county and particularly was a boost to north Klamath County.

Said Tate Morgan, "We were honored by the welcome and fun nature of Chemult and North Klamath County. It is always our goal to leave areas better than we found them while serving the communities that host us. We hope that our 4,000 visitors had positive impact on local business and trust that they will return with their families to show off the amazing attractions for generations to come. Hopefully the 140 yards of debris cleared from the roadways (including an abandoned boat) can serve as a token of our gratitude. We look forward to partnership as we continue to grow and attract international attention."





Above: Medical Station

Below: Camper









History of the Mount Shasta Region

Stories & Photos submitted by the Mount Shasta Sisson Museum 1 North Old Stage Road, Mt. Shasta, CA 96067 (530) 926-5508 website: www.mtshastamuseum.com

"Here Comes the Train!"

By 1880, the Central Pacific Railroad system had extended its railroad lines in all directions from San Francisco. The goal to have a railroad line extending north to reach the Oregon line was very challenging. After it passed Redding, this railroad line up the Sacramento River Canyon proved to be the most hazardous to build, and it took the longest time to complete. But by the spring of 1882, definite progress began to be made by the railroad company on their line from Redding, north. Survey parties and reconnaissance crews, after having studied several possible routes up the canyon, decided on the most feasible one. The land agents for the company bought necessary property or rights of way from the settlers, and camps for the working crews were established. The first man to follow the survey gangs was a Scotchman, Col. James Scobie, who was the superintendent of all masonry construction. His crews kept well ahead of the construction gangs and the Chinese track layers.

In August 1886, when Mr. Scobie decided upon his winter terminal, his office force lived at the Upper Soda Springs Hotel. *See photo on Page 25*. This hotel was owned by Ross and Mary McCloud. They had bought the Upper Soda Springs property from two squatters in 1855 and built an Inn where they catered to the needs of the early day miners and travelers. They had two children, Elda and George.

This family witnessed the passing of the stagecoach and the advent of the railroad in 1886. The railroad line passed through their property and in Elda's memoirs, written in 1942 shortly before her death, she tells of the constant blasting that went on and of the showers of rocks that sometimes broke the windows of their hotel. Even the cows in the meadow learned to run and keep their distance from the hillside where the men were working. "Many Slovenian workmen were employed on the stone bridge piers," she

writes. "They were fine upstanding men. Many of them played concertinas and accordions. Most could sing well and operatic airs were often heard in the camps after the day's work."





History of The Mount Shasta Region Continued from Page 24

All of the local towns were looking forward to this great new transportation system that would bring added prosperity to them, and they were proud of their towns' work and growth. Proud of their work, also, were the engineers, surveyors, and office men who had spent the winter of 1886 at the Upper Soda Springs Hotel. Among that group was one young Scotchman, just over from the "old country." His name was James Masson. He was Mr. Scobie's bookkeeper. Sparks would fly between him and Elda McCloud. And on January 24, 1887, Elda McCloud became his bride.



Mount Shasta Sisson Museum Calendar of Events

August 3rd to 12th	Yard Sale in Events Room
August 4th	Medicine Lake Tour 9:15 to 4:30pm \$5/person. For reservations call 926-5508.
Aug 19th - Sept 4th	Siskiyou Artists Association Art Show
September 8th	McCloud Tour 10 to 4pm \$5/person. For reservations call 926-5508.





Photos:

(Above) Upper Soda Springs Resort started in the early 1850s as a small hostel along the Siskiyou Trail from California to Oregon. By the mid-1850s, Ross McCloud and Mary Campbell McCloud built a more substantial inn for travelers, and the main California-Oregon stagecoach road passed right in front of Ross and Mary's inn. In the 1880s, the railroad was built parallel to Ross's road with a stop for Upper Soda.

Photo Courtesy: The McCloud/Masson/Gomez family.

(Below) The steep Sacramento River Canyon caused many difficulties during the railroad construction, "Rougher and rougher, and more of it, is all I can say of the work the farther we get up, and to get material to some of the culverts requires almost superhuman exertions, the bluffs being almost perpendicular; we have many old railroad builders in our gangs and they all say it's the hardest piece of road they have every worked upon." (Redding Newspaper, 1886).

Photo Courtesy: Siskiyou County Museum.









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P.O. Box 356 Etna, CA 96027 CA Lic #914432 www.BNGFinish.com Inspirations from the Forest Continued from Page 13

Bones Brainerd and Fred Cooper manhandled a Mercury-Disston two-man power saw when they teamed up as Fallers and Buckers. It had handle bars, 6-foot bar and chain, and a "stinger" end hand-held attachment that allowed the guy holding up the far end of the bar to help guide the saw. When the ground was too steep for two on the saw, Fred would cut a piece of vine maple maybe 5 or 6 feet in length with a "Y' where two branches were cut off to form a notch, not too heavy, but stout enough, and sinewy. With the stinger in the "Y" on the far side of the log that enabled him to push just enough to apply the appropriate pressure that would help guide the saw through the back-cut. I remember shivering in the dreary half-light of a fog-bound morning, watching as Fred and Bones cranked that big Mercury. Bones rocked it back and forth to get some gas in the cylinders, then wound the starter rope around the open face fly wheel and gave it a quick pull. The old girl coughed a couple times-- Bones adjusted the choke a smidgeon-- gave it another crank... and the saw roared to life just as a flame shot out of the muffler, like a bolt of lightning. It was a mighty roar that echoed across the tree tops. Bones tipped his tin hat back and smiled, letting the old girl idle awhile, and warm up a little. Then Fred and Bones polished off the dregs of hot coffee, put out their cigarettes and lifted the saw up to the big old growth Douglas fir... its height and lofty branches lost in swirling mists above. And the long day began.

Bones was a crafty little man, and a good mechanic. And that was crucial. Fred was natural-born crosscut log cutter; together they worked in harmony and made a good team. In 1946 and '47 it was all brand new; the invasion of the power saw changed everything. The old timers were loath to give up their venerable crosscut saws, roll over and embrace a cantankerous, unwieldy contraption called... a chainsaw! but it really was a new day. With the dawning of a new era, a whole new culture began to emerge. For years the logger's soft felt hats, some red, green or black, were the earmark of the lumberjack strain-- a bit cocky, robust and courageous. It was inevitable, but the new hard-hats were here to stay, part of the encroachment of progress, safety and efficiency and productivity. Old-timers, set in their ways, were vexed. "What's this! Tin-lids are for miners and construction dings." As to chainsaws in general, though, the new and maybe younger breed of logger was inquisitive by nature and tinkering with a new toy was right up their alley. "Okay... lets see what we can do to make this ol' girl sing!"

That summer as I tagged along my destiny was written in the stars... although I was a raggedy pants kid as a 'courtier, bringing up the rear, I knew that someday I would rise to the top of the heap as a timber faller. I'd breathe the rarefied air amongst the lofty crags, revel in the sun rising over the rim of the tall timber and coastal mountain range and the swirling mist, and savor the pungency of fresh cut sawdust and the odiferous odors of the indigenous forest and fauna. As soon as school was out for the summer months, I grabbed a Greyhound bus and headed for Coos Bay where Uncle Fred waited, and then headed for camp. Those two summers were my apprenticeship to a world of tall timber, steep canyons and the coastal mountain range.

To be continued...



MOOSETRACKS - A TALE FROM THE GEEZER'S GARAGE

By Duncan Crawford

It had been a hard winter in Alaska, and come the end of February, when cabin fever had peaked for residents, there wasn't much grazing left for the moose. As cousin Pat recounted, "Early one morning we heard strange noises and went over to the living room window. Just outside there were two pesky moose browsing all our shrubs and small trees right down to the ground. A few weeks later at first thaw we found moose tracks in the mud all over the yard." That's the kind of thing that's normal in Alaska, but maybe a teensy bit strange to someone living Outside (in the Lower 48). Comments like that tend to stick in your mind, popping up now and then at odd moments maybe years later.

A few years after I'd retired, while my wife was still working and leaving me without proper adult daycare, I had some trail signs to make for the sections of the Appalachian Trail our hiking club maintains. Those signs last best when routed, so I went looking for lettering templates from mail-order woodworking companies. None seemed worth the money or aggravation to use, so as a toolnerd with a serious "new technology" addiction I started researching CNC routers. With one of those, says I to myself, you don't need any templates, for anything— just design what you want to make, program the tool path, and let the computer run the router. Sip coffee while the machine runs. Just.



All this would be nice, but a non-trivial investment for a proper machine, so it was time for some serious rationalization. Well, besides signs I could make all sorts of shop stuff, jigs and fixtures and molds for casting rubber, plastic parts or even soap. "Useful" household items that I could haul upstairs and show my long-suffering wife— maybe kinda like a cat delivers a dead mouse to its master, but hey. Chip and dip trays, serving platters, cutting boards— yeah, all that. No need to shop for Christmas presents, I could inflict this stuff on all the kids and relatives! At least the first year. Right about then came the final "Ahha!" moment— that odd comment about moose tracks surfaced again. I had a project!

After a little time surfing the Internet I'd found a good moose track image. It was small and low resolution, but a bit of computer work could fix that. Photoshop let me outline the tracks and delete its black fill color; CorelDraw let me trace that outline and convert it to vector graphics for scaling up and down in size with no loss of resolution. From there it went to VCarve Pro, the graphics package I'd bought for the CNC router.



Figure 2 Completed Set with dip bowls

Now for the fun part— designing that chip and dip tray. I had a nice thick block of poplar big enough for an elliptical, foot-long tray with a recess for a dip bowl. That shape would complement the tracks. A scaled-up, routed moose track would provide two spots for chips or veggies. VCarve lets you do a design, select the appropriate router bits, create tool paths, then preview the result before you actually make any sawdust. That tends to save a lot of time, not to mention wood. So a prototype, Figure 1, was the first order of business, made from a hunk of scrap 2x12.

The prototype cleaned up well with a flap wheel sander— that removed any wood fuzzies without rounding over edges. A few tweaks to the program for the actual project wood thickness and it was time for a "real one." This was exciting stuff— lots of embarrassingly happy chortles from the shop, thankfully covered up by the router noise. I was having so much fun in fact that I made two— already had the wood, just another half hour of unattended machine time, so why not? Gotta have a right and left foot.

Once the trays were machined and cleaned up, they got a couple of coats of sealing, food-safe "salad bowl" finish. Figure 2 is the completed project, just before wrapping and packing up for our second truck camper road trip to Alaska and delivery as an early "Christmas present" to cousin Pat and her hubby Hank (*our beloved writer Hank Nelson*).

Before we got to their place outside Anchorage, however, we overnighted in Fairbanks prior to driving the Haul Road (Dalton Highway) up to Prudhoe Bay. In Fairbanks there's a company that specializes in making nested, turned bowls from local birch logs. We stopped in and watched the process, and I lingered a little while longer watching how they laser-engraved scenes into the bottom of the bowls. After a bit of conversation I went back out to the truck, accidentally waking my wife, and brought in one of my trays to see if a real Alaskan from "moose country" could identify what I'd made. Yes! We left happily— my wife because we'd finally left, me because somebody thought I'd actually done a moose track.

A couple of weeks of wandering later we connected with Pat and Hank, had a great visit, and escaped before I could be embarrassed by what might eventually happen to the two trays. This was August, 2014, so there were lots of opportunities for delayed disposal before any sort of post-Christmas white elephant trades. Wouldn't matter, though, I'd had the pleasure of doing the design and making something at least potentially useful, and had delivered my mouse— ah, moose tracks project.



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The Dunsmuir Museum will hold a Quilt Raffle October 20th at 1:30 p.m. Many thanks to Shasta Lily Guild member Bev Loper of Mount Shasta for donating her beautiful quilt for the Museum's fundraiser. Winner need not be present to win; two years ago a

lady from New Mexico won a quilt!

The guilt is displayed at the Museum which is open the 1st and 3rd Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., where raffle tickets can be purchased. The Museum is located on Sacramento Avenue adjacent to the Amtrak Depot.

The Dunsmuir Railroad Depot Historical Society and the Dunsmuir Museum are fortunate to have volunteers who staff the Museum on Saturdays and RAILROAD DAYS. Hank, Neil, June, Jan, John D, Jerry, Billy, John S, Carol, Rick, Fred, Kit, and Omar are the best. They want to hear your Dunsmuir story.

Should you wish to join our volunteers, please email us at www.dunsmuirdepot.com See you at the Museum.





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Order Sons of Italy in America Weed Lodge #1269

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

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

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

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





It seems all we talk about recently are fires and hot weather. Both are very much on our minds. When the Klamathon fire started and moved so rapidly, both south and east, it suddenly occurred to us that we had no evacuation plan in place. It never crossed our minds. Fires happen in other areas, not in ranch areas like most of Montague. But here it was and possibly heading our way. We have animals lots of animals. What to do? Then we received a phone call from a FRIEND who lives near Weed. She said, if we needed to evacuate, we could bring our animals to her place and that she would get some of her neighbors to bring their trailers to help us move. That is a friend! That got us off top dead center and we began to make a plan. Then another FRIEND in Oregon called to say they would



be here in a flash if we needed to move.

Once we realized the fire was not going to come as far south as we are, we heaved a sigh of relief. At that point, we knew who our friends are. These are the people who come forward when they know you need them. What a comfort that is. They were there before we realized we might need help. How thoughtful and caring. We will not forget these two FRIENDS who thought of us and our animals.

We are safe. Our animals are safe. We have very dear friends. Thank you very much.

Our Beloved State of Jefferson Region





A Brief History of The State of Jefferson Written by Gail Jenner

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.

The principle is not a new one, however, but has its roots in the area's history. In 1852, a bill to create a new state died in committee. On Dec. 19, 1853, THE DAILY ALTA OF CALIFORNIA of San Francisco suggested that Northern California and Southern Oregon could both benefit if a 'new state' could be created. Some suggested it be called 'Klamath.' Others suggested the name "Jackson."

At a meeting held on January 7, 1854, in Jacksonville, Oregon, Lafayette F. Mosher spoke about a state of 'Jackson.' Unfortunately, as the son-in-law of General Lane, with well-known pro-slavery and anti-Indian beliefs, the proposed state's identity was tainted by prejudice and unfounded fear.

In 1854-55, the State Assembly tried to split California into three states: "Shasta" to the north, "Colorado" in the middle, and "California" to the south. But the Senate let the bill lapse. In 1877-78, some again pushed for "Shasta" in the north, but the U. S. Congress vetoed the proposal.

By the fall of 1941, most communities in and around the region were behind the idea of secession. In a contest held by the Siskiyou Daily News, the name "State of Jefferson" was officially born.

Several Oregon and California counties joined in. In order to garner attention, a protest was staged along Highway 99 near Yreka. Members of Yreka's 20-30 Club stopped cars and passed out a declaration and pledged to secede every Thursday until the State of Jefferson became recognized as a state.

The movement gained momentum and Stanton Delaplane won the Pulitzer Prize writing about the conditions leading up to The State of Jefferson's "official" secession. A gubernatorial race was held, complete with a parade and speeches and even a dancing bear, but then, on December 7th, 1941, the bombing of Pearl Harbor took precedence over the region's rebellion.

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.

But it's the people who reside here that make the greatest contribution to the character of this region we call The State of Jefferson.



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



Backroads Adventures by Ralph Fain

"Slowly, Slowly Sunrise"

"Nothing is more beautiful than the loveliness of the woods before sunrise." – George Washington Carver

Sunrise, the way a day should start. A gradual presentation of the world around us. Brought before us by the rotation of the earth it reveals the sun, the sky, the clouds, with awakening birdsong as the soundtrack. Every day the gift is given and every day we have the opportunity to quietly observe, partake and absorb this presentation. Sunrise is an uncompromising event in a compromising world. It is rock steady. No taking a day off, no excuses, no flaking out and without care who is watching. The sun will rise with or without you. We take it for granted. When was the last time you watched the sunrise?

Maybe I should clarify what I consider as watching a sunrise. I don't mean opening your bedroom shades and blinking into the newly risen sun. I'm not talking about watching the sun as it first peaks over the mountains to your east. I don't even consider the first glow in the sky as watching a complete sunrise. The only proper way to watch a full sunrise is to awaken in the complete dark of early morning. And you must be outside. A sunrise is meant to be felt as well as seen.

The best sunrise is when you are up, out and heading down the trail, fully immersed in the darkness and awaiting the new day. You can be heading down any trail of your choice. the sunrise will not begrudge you. You may be hiking Mount Shasta, stepping out on the banks of Lake Siskiyou or launching your boat on McCloud Reservoir. Your trail may be simply the walk onto your patio or into your garden. Any step beyond your front door is a trail in life. As a hunter and fisherman, I love my sunrises on the bank of a river or sitting on a desert mountain top. Some of my favorite sunrises were when I was nestled into an elk or duck blind.

There is true magic entering a duck blind in utter darkness. Once settled in you can hear the calls and soft chatter of ducks, geese, coots, swans and blackbirds. You can smell the mud and tules. I will pick a spot on the skyline wondering if that is where the sun will first peek over the mountains. The first glow in the sky reveals the silhouettes of passing birds where moments before you could only hear their whistling wings. I find contentment in the color of the sky, the sound of the birds and oddly, the smell of the mud. To each his own I reckon. I am always a little sad when the sun is fully up (unless I'm freezing my butt off) as I know the show is over and the day has begun.



Backroads Adventures Continued from Page 34

I am getting a little long in the tooth and these days more often than not, my trail leads to our patio and front yard to enjoy the sunrise. I am spoiled. It is 23 miles as the crow flies from our front step to the peak of Mount Shasta. We have an unobstructed view of the mountain. We have a multitude of birds around the house who happily help the sun rise with their chatter and songs. I can enjoy a cup of coffee, the birds, and first light on the mountain from our little backroads hideaway. More and more I find I appreciate watching the sunrise and calm quiet mornings that are bestowed on all of us. If you have not watched a full sunrise in a while, I suggest getting out of bed and hauling your butt outside. There is an old saying floating around that basically says "live while you're alive and sleep when you're dead." I find wisdom in those words. There are uncounted secret places in Siskiyou County and the State of Jefferson so get out. find your own trail, and watch the sun slowly, slowly rise.

> "What is the good of your stars and trees, your sunrise and the wind, if they do not enter into our daily lives?" E. M. Forster





Lovely Sunrise Photo by Ralph Fain







We'll double your donation made at a Mechanics Bank branch up to \$10,000 total (on top of the \$10,000 we've already donated.)

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Yreka is your destination for the most amazing homemade foods and beverages and quiche is our subject today.

One of the industrious owners of Nature's Kitchen, Cliff personally hand makes 12 quiche from scratch each



week, using a variety of ingredients. He learned to make quiche from a master in France over 40 years ago and has enjoyed making them ever since. Cliff's pie crust is made with good organic flour, eggs and cream. The flaky tenderness comes from the technique.

The quiche flavors are all unique. At first one of the quiche recipes used just bacon but when their nephew suggested adding jalapenos, it became an instant hit! It is a perfect blalance of heat and flavor.

Today, the local favorite is the bacon jalapeno quiche, but a couple other flavors baked each week are artichoke and sundried tomato basil.

Customers may pre-order whole quiche for enjoying at home or parties by calling to order a few days in advance (530) 842-1136. Go enjoy a delicious lunch at Nature's Kitchen. You will be so happy you did! ■



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Stitching in the Ditch

Stories by Judy Sartor of the Mount Shasta Lily Quilt Guild www.ShastaLily.org





Opportunity Quilt 2018 (above) This creation byShasta Lily Quilt Guild will be on display at the Quilting Around The Mountain Quilt Show to be held in Mt. Shasta over Labor Day Weekend. See Story and details on purchasing raffle tickets for winning this quilt on Page 18.

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Siskiyou Quilters that's our name. Sewing quilts for 300 Vietnam Veterans is our game.

No dues, no meetings, just being thankful for our Siskiyou County Veterans especially the 300 Vietnam Veterans who will be honored at a big dinner on October 6th put on by the Veterans Assistance Program of Siskiyou County. They will receive a personalized certificate of acknowledgement for their service in Vietnam from Congress, presented by Congressman Doug LaMalfa, AND a personalized lap quilt, approximately 45" X 67", 100% cotton, made by the sewers and quilters of Siskiyou County.

If you can sew, we would appreciate your help!

NOTE:

Please ONLY Use these Patriotic colors to create your quilt, specifically RED, WHITE, BLUE and GOLD for this special presentation and project.

Design your own quilt or pick up a free pattern or kit. Let's get 'er done and let the Veterans of Vietnam in Siskiyou County know that we remember and we are thankful for their service and sacrifice.

Contact Marilyn Berger, Weed 530-859-2037 or Kenna Edwards, McCloud 530-604-6899.

Yes, stitch in the ditch OK for quilting. Yes, you can zig-zag or fancy stich binding. Easey peasey cottage cheesey!

UPCOMING EVENTS:

OPEN SEW DAY: Saturday, August 25th, First Baptist Church, 712 Lassen Lane, Mount Shasta.

Bring your completed quilts for labels to be sewn on, or finish whatever project you are working on. It's AIR CONDITIONED. 9am-3pm Bring your own lunch/snacks.

To make donations to Veterans Assistance Program contact Jay Dancer 530-598-6979.



Sample of Patriotic Color Quilt Above and Label Information Below





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