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Jefferson Backroads is proudly created and published for those Independent, Hard Working, Old School, Patriotic American Rebels who live in or travel through our Rugged & Beautiful State of Jefferson Region. The TRUE Independent Nature of The State of Jefferson can be found in Small Towns all across Rural America. 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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Jefferson Backroads was started up in April 2010. Anyone can read our publications each month FREE via our website and Facebook page.

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UPCOMING EVENTS

Christmas Craft Fairs and Other Fun Holiday Events

For a few local Veterans Day Events, please turn to Page 25. God Bless Our Veterans and Military.

Scott Valley Theatre Co.

UPCOMING EVENTS!!

Cowboy Poetry November 12, 2017 Scott Valley Bank @ The Avery Series To Benefit Valley Oaks Seniors...

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November 18, 2017 Rockin' into the Holidays event put on by Yreka Chamber of Commerce. See Page 35 for details.

November 19, 2017 Old Time Turkey Shoot in Klamath River, California. See Page 36 for details.

November 24, 2017 Mt. Shasta's First Annual Hometown Holiday Light Parade. Call 530-926-3696 for details.

November 25, 2017 Parade of Lights event put on by Yreka Chamber of Commerce. See Page 5 details.

November 25, 2017 Dog, Pony & Bike Parade in McCloud, California. Call 530-964-3113 for details.

November 28, 2017 North State Giving Tuesday. See Page 8 for details.

December 1, 2017 Night of Lights event put on by Yreka Chamber of Commerce. See Page 5 for details.

December 1, 2017 Christmas Magic event in McCloud, California. Call 530-964-3113 for details.

December 1-2, 2017 COS Craft Fair to be held at the Weed Campus in the Gym. Call College of the Siskiyous for details.

December 2, 2017 Dunsmuir Candles in the Canyon event put on by the Dunsmuir Chamber of Commerce. See Page 38 for details.

December 3, 2017 Holiday Craft Fair and Brunch in Klamath River, California. See Page 36 for details.

December 9, 2017 Fort Jones Firemen's Breakfast and Christmas Parade & Craft Fair. See Page 9 for details.

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North State Giving Tuesday is November 28th!

Don't miss an opportunity for one-stop year end giving at www.northstategives.org on Giving Tuesday on November 28th. This worldwide day of giving back follows two days of holiday 'deals' at Thanksgiving time - Black Friday and Cyber Monday.

The Shasta Regional Community Foundation is leading North State Giving Tuesday, a 6 am – 8 pm online event at www.northstategives.org, where you can donate a minimum of \$10 to 120+ participating local nonprofits – 45 of them based in Siskiyou County - who are eligible for a share of over \$85,000 in prize incentives offered by the Community Foundation's Knodel Family Endowment Fund and local businesses.

At www.northstategives.org you will see new features this year - extended hours into the evening to accommodate busy work schedules, and options for scheduling your donations in advance with all major credit cards or an e-check beginning November 14th. A catchy video created by Dunsmuir's Pusher, Inc. illustrates the 'how to' of the overall event. "It's a secure online giving opportunity where a donation of \$10 or more to the nonprofit(s) you select will help them garner extra cash to do the great work they do in our Shasta and Siskiyou County communities," says Program Officer Amanda Hutchings of the Community Foundation. "We are so grateful for the support of Redding Bank of Commerce, Pacific Power Foundation and Pusher, Inc. for making possible the new giving platform website this year." Hutchings added.

Each hour, one nonprofit from Siskiyou County and one from Shasta County will be randomly drawn to win \$500 thanks to local business sponsors. Follow the excitement of the day on social media via the Community Foundation's Facebook, Twitter and Instagram sites and #NorthStateGivingTuesday.

Beacon of Hope Gospel Rescue Mission Boys and Girls Club of the Siskiyous CASA of Siskiyou County College of the Siskiyous Foundation Friends of the Etna Public Library Friends of the Mt. Shasta Avalanche Center Friends of the Mt. Shasta Library **Goliath Mountain Rescue** Great Northern Services Great Shasta Rail Trail Association Jefferson Economic Development Institute **Kidder Creek Camp** Madrone Hospice Mid Klamath Watershed Council Mt. Shasta Bioregional Ecology Center Mt. Shasta Community Resource Center Mt. Shasta Nordic Ski Organization Mt. Shasta Trail Association Music By The Mountain **Ore-Cal Resource Conservation and Development Area** Council Red Scarf Society for the Performing Arts **Rescue Ranch**

Rotary Club of Mount Shasta Foundation Save the Rain Scott River Watershed Council Scott Valley Family Resource Center Siskiyou Arts Museum Siskiyou Child Care Council Siskiyou Community Food Bank Siskiyou County Sheriffs Search & Rescue Association Siskiyou Domestic Violence and Crisis Center Siskiyou Family YMCA Siskiyou Food Assistance Siskiyou Gardens, Parks and Greenway Association Siskiyou Habitat for Humanity Siskiyou Humane Society Siskiyou Land Trust Siskiyou Media Council Siskiyou Spay and Neuter Incentive Program Sisson Museum Soroptimist International of Yreka Stable Hands W.A.T.E.R (We Advocate Thorough Environmental Review) Yreka Community Resource Center Yreka Enrichment Fund



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DUNSMUIR RAILROAD DEPOT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DUNSMUIR MUSEUM AND THE SHASTA DIVISION ARCHIVES

The Shasta Division Archives are located in the Dunsmuir Museum. Their volunteers have completed the following projects.

Files have been sorted and arranged by Station Names, Abner Station to Zuleka Station, and then in chronological order; they also include bridges and tunnels. There is currently 314+ lineal feet of paper in the files. The major terminals, Alturas, Ashland, Dunsmuir, Gerber, Klamath Falls, Red Bluff and Weed are being worked on. These tend to be more complex than a station with a siding and a sign.

2632+ photographs, negatives, and maps have been scanned and identified as to location, subject and if possible, date.

1758+ maps or drawings are indexed as to location, date, material and file location. A continuing project is to get as many of these unfolded and stored flat or as a rolled drawing.

Three research requests were handled, dealing with documents and maps in the vicinity of Shasta Springs, Azalea-Mott, Big Canyon plus a general request about rock culvert construction in 1887. Two pending requests await completion.

The Shasta Division volunteers can be reached at shastadivision@snowcrest.net. The Dunsmuir Museum has closed for the winter months. Follow us at www.dunsmuirdepot.com for the latest information. See you in April 2018.



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A CHRISTMAS STORY ABOUT GOD'S GREATEST GIFT: LOVE

BY HANK NELSON, of Wasilla, Alaska and HONORED former Siskiyou County Resident

"It was late afternoon when he first heard Stikine Charley's dogs. Within the hour he saw them round the bend in the trail, top the hill..."

"Now Molly O'Grady Was quite a lady, And pure as the driven snow..."

It had been over six weeks since Henry Olds received word that Molly's little girl was coming to live with him. Even now, Stikine Charley, his old pal, was bringing her downriver from Telegraph. There was no way to tell him not to bring her. The thought of the girl's coming to spend the winter with him had caused Olds to fret and worry the whole time. When Olds had received Charley's hastily written note, from the mailboat's last run upriver before the big freeze-up, there had been a small, faded photograph of her inside. She was Molly and Dave's little girl.

Dave Olds, his younger brother by almost ten years. He remembered well, as if it were yesterday, when Dave had first set eyes on Molly, his Molly! That's the way Dave Olds was, though, see a thing he wanted, then take it. That was Dave, and somehow... he'd won Molly's heart. Why? He could never answer that question and how or why a person felt and did what they did. Life was just like that. So, Dave had taken Molly O'Grady away from him and now... they were lost, gone from the face of the earth and Stikine Charley was bringing their little child downriver... to him.

For almost two months now, the cabin and the small clearing that comprised the world of Henry Olds, lay amidst a frozen realm. Trees snapped and split in the bitter cold. It was almost fifty miles by boat and even further by sled



or afoot, that separated Olds' cabin from Wrangell to the southwest. Upriver and far inland, lay Telegraph and beyond that, the Hotailuh Range and the wide, flat country of the Northwest Territory of northern Canada. This was Stikine Charley's country.

Olds wondered how long it would take him to bring her here. Now that there was no stopping them, what could he do? How was he to take care of a ten year old child... and a girl at that? Even though he was her uncle, he would be more like a wizened, old grandfather to her. He was too old to take care of someone else's child. Come next spring, when it was again time for the Canadian geese to fly north, somewhere beyond the rim of the Arctic Circle, and mate and raise their young, why, he'd be sixty years old!

Olds got up and put another chunk of wood on the fire, then he sat back down wearily. There... what was that? He lifted his head, turning around just so, listening with his good ear. Perhaps it was only his imagination. No... there it was again, the sound of something breaking through crusted snow outside his cabin. Spot, a large, black-coated dog, with a diamond-shaped wedge of white on his forehead, lay on the floor, beside his chair. A low, menacing growl stirred deep in his throat. Olds reached down and scratched his ears."Easy... easy, boy." Olds patted him. You don't want outside. You'd end up inside a wolf's belly, sure."

The long wail of a wolf sounded far off in the depths of the forest and, close by, another answered. There was something almost atavistic about the sound of wolves crying in the night. It was a lament as old as time and it always sent shivers up a man's back, no matter how many times he heard them. He hoped Stikine Charley was all right, out on the trail at twenty below, with a babe and wolves on the prowl.









How Far From There to Here?

Actual Mileage Obviously Depends on the Route you Take	Adin, CA	Alturas, CA	Arcata, CA	Ashland, OR	Bandon, OR	Bend, OR	Bieber, CA	Burney, CA	Chico, CA	Etna, CA	Grenada, CA	Fairbanks, AK	McCloud, CA	Medford, OR	Portland, OR	Reno, NV	Tulelake, CA	Williams, CA	Yreka, CA
Aberdeen, WA	520	518	546	426	388	296	514	564	632	493	475	2258	513	415	143	673	448	663	465
Brookings, OR	301	295	103	138	83	338	289	276	312	205	186	3106	224	127	344	431	226	342	176
Crater Lake, OR	161	159	255	91	186	105	155	202	270	158	133	2949	151	79	247	332	89	299	130
Dunsmuir, CA	93	148	194	85	262	226	81	67	124	68	37	3069	16	96	368	222	95	155	46
Fort Bragg, CA	334	374	141	340	326	509	322	284	183	302	319	3308	299	329	547	318	378	130	328
Fort Jones, CA	154	194	182	58	234	238	127	113	181	11	23	3102	62	69	341	269	107	212	18
Greenview, CA	159	199	178	62	239	242	132	118	186	7	28	3107	67	73	345	273	111	217	22
Happy Camp, CA	196	251	122	97	192	280	184	170	238	72	81	3079	119	104	318	326	164	274	70
Hornbrook, CA	140	170	191	29	202	210	128	115	183	44	25	3071	63	37	309	270	98	214	15
Klamath Falls, OR	102	100	263	64	241	138	95	143	211	112	77	2982	91	76	279	271	29	242	81
Lakeview, OR	93	53	338	160	342	175	106	144	259	208	173	2999	186	172	350	226	124	298	183
Montague, CA	123	178	198	49	221	220	111	97	165	35	6	3090	46	56	328	253	89	197	7
Mt. Shasta, CA	89	144	201	81	253	217	77	64	132	59	28	3061	12	88	360	219	86	163	37
Redding, CA	104	143	140	140	312	277	91	53	73	120	88	3121	68	148	420	199	147	104	97
San Francisco, CA	319	359	280	356	464	493	305	267	171	337	303	3527	284	363	636	218	361	114	312
Seattle, WA	554	552	580	458	420	329	546	596	664	525	506	2590	545	446	173	720	479	695	496
Weaverville, CA	148	189	96	148	277	305	137	99	118	129	96	3149	112	155	428	242	191	148	105
Weed, CA	98	153	193	72	244	209	85	72	140	53	19	3052	21	79	352	225	77	171	29

Map of Siskiyou County in Extreme Northern California







Gift of the Snow Continued from Page 13

After a time, Olds slumped forward in his chair... asleep. When he awoke, the fire had gone down and it was cold. He got up and put some more wood on the fire, then, sitting down on the edge of his cot, he removed his boots and took off his outer clothing, down to the woolen underwear and socks. Then he climbed into bed and pulled the warm, heavy blankets up to his chin.



It was a cold, clear night outside and the moon, round and full, rose into the sky. It slid higher, above the treetops, infusing the millions of tiny, snow crystals, causing them to sparkle. Soon, the woods were bathed in a strange, celestial glow that made the river gleam like a winding ribbon of silver through an enchanted forest. Olds lay awake for a time, thinking. So, the little girl was coming. She'd probably be here within a week, maybe sooner. Spot was a one man dog and Olds worried about this. The child would have to be wary of him. Then, there was Smitty, the old tomcat. Except at mealtimes, you couldn't touch him with a ten foot pole.

The next few days Olds readied the cabin for the girl. He split more firewood, stacked it on the porch and filled the woodbox next to the stove. Each day Olds looked for Charley, watching the trail where it broke below timberline, out from the forest.

It was late afternoon when he first heard Stikine Charley's dogs. Within the hour, he saw them round the bend in the trail, top the hill, then plunge down the slope towards the cabin. Olds grinned as he stepped down from the porch and waved. Sitting in the sleigh, wrapped in Charley's parka, sat the girl. As Charley stopped the team. Olds walked out and met them. Charley smiled, removing his heavy mittens, and shook hands, "Good to see you again, Olds." Spot bounded outside and ran in among the tired dogs, evoking a chorus of barking dogs and wagging tails.

Continued on Page 17...





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Gift of the Snow Continued from Page 16

"Hey, Spot! Go on, git back in the house and lay down. Go on...GIT!"

Charley smiled. "He's okay, Just wants to play. Won't no harm come of it. They're tired and hungry, but they won't mind the sight of another dog, especially after these past two weeks, looking back over their shoulders for a glimpse of wolves."

"Aha, you seen 'em, huh."

"They shadowed us downriver, clear from Quartz Bar, but we were already over halfway here by then, so we just kept our eyes peeled and kept on coming."

"How'd she make it'?" Olds inquired, regarding the child. "Aye, real good, just like an oldtimer. Didn't bellyache the whole time." Charley winked at Olds. "You two will get along good."

Olds nodded glumly. He reached down, pulling back the corner or the fur parka that framed the child's face, A small, oval shaped face looked up into his, their eyes meeting for the first time. Olds' heart quickened and he let go of her parka and stepped back. Why, she was the spitting image of her mother. She even had Molly's fair complexion, emerald green eyes and long, red tresses. "What's her name?" Olds asked.

"Molly," Charley replied simply. "Little Molly, I wan'cha to meet your Uncle Olds."

Olds glanced up quickly at Charley, then back down at the fur clad form in the sleigh, "Even has her mother's name too, huh."

Looking down again at the little girl. he added "Spot's a cantankerous old biscuit eater, so be careful. You go on inside and take off your mukluks and coat and set by the fire. Charley and I will feed the dogs and bring in some wood, then we'll fix supper."

Continued on Page 26 . . .







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Northern Klamath County

Oregon History

By John C. Driscoll Johncdriscoll1068@gmailcom

"The Gilchrist School"

The Gilchrist School is one of the pillars of North Klamath County's communities. Its story begins in the 1890s.

In 1897 Gilchrist Timber began paying Klamath County property taxes. By 1938 it was Klamath County's third largest payer of property taxes. During 1937 Gilchrist Timber proposed the construction of a school large enough to accommodate the north Klamath County student body that would exist once Gilchrist was completed. The proposal met with opposition.

Opponents of the Gilchrist School contended that the three room Crescent School had adequately served the north end of the county since 1914 and that an addition to the existing school would suffice.

There were residents of Klamath County who appreciated the need for a new school for the north end of the county. The Klamath News published an editorial supporting the construction of the new school. The editor wrote:

"Crescent is undergoing a community development in connection with the plans of the Gilchrist Timber. As the mill is completed and actual work begins, the size of the community will increase materially.

The present school facilities are obviously inadequate to care for the prospective school population. Recently two makeshift rooms were added to the little frame structure to handle the additional demand for space, even though the real growth has not yet occurred.

The timber which is bringing about this community development has been paying taxes for many years that support not only of all schools within the county unit, but under the county school tax it has contributed to the schools in Klamath Falls. The Gilchrist company is one of the county's largest taxpayers. Under those circumstances, there is a definite obligation upon the county school board to provide Crescent with adequate school facilities. That is plain to all fair-minded citizens."

Construction of the Gilchrist School was eventually approved. The following year The Klamath News reported on the county's school construction plans:

"The largest single job in the program will be the Crescent School building... A 12 room wooden building will be erected. Six of the rooms will be for elementary purposes and six for high school. The cost will be about \$70,000.00, including the cost of the gym."



Northern Klamath County Oregon History Continued from Page 18

Seven months later, on April 21, 1939, the Klamath Falls Herald and News reported on the progress made in the construction of Gilchrist's school:

"Buckler Brothers are pressing work on the new school at Gilchrist. Footings were being poured when our reporter was recently there."

The Gilchrist School was completed a few months later. The school's actual construction cost was \$65,000. As completed, it was laid out with two wings coming off a central administrative area and a combined gymnasium and auditorium located on the east side of the building. The Gilchrist Timber Company built an apartment complex to provide housing for the school's teachers.

The Gilchrist School opened in September of 1939 with a student body of 94 elementary students and 93 high school students. The high school graduated its first class, consisting of three students. Students came to it from as far away as Fort Rock, Oregon. They boarded in Gilchrist or Crescent with the school's teachers. Most came from Crescent, Mowich, Chemult, Odell Lake, Crescent Lake, Beaver Marsh, and Crater Lake Junction as well as from the surrounding ranches. Gilchrist School activities such as attending basketball games during the winter months and football games during the Fall became and remain a staple of life in Gilchrist and its neighboring communities. ■







Image above: of Gilchrist High School from 1940. Below: Students waiting for the bus in 1963.







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Our Historic State of Jefferson Regional Map



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.

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At Tawanda Farms we are on a count down to the end of breeding for the sheep. We noted before that we have 5 breeding groups, plus the grandmothers. It is interesting to watch as the groups of ewes all go together into one large group. They are excited to have something new. It's almost a relief they express as they become one again. And they have friends and daughters they haven't seen for two months. Humans never think of animals having bonds like humans do, but we've seen it here.

Just a couple of examples... One year, early on, a friend wanted two or three lambs to teach their children caring and working responsibilities. So they were given 3 ewe lambs. Two of them had been bottle babies so it was easy for the children to tame them. After almost 9 months at their new home, two of them died. That left one. You can't have one sheep or one cow or one horse. They are herding animals and need company. So the remaining ewe came back to us. She was not in the field 10 minutes before her twin found her. That bond is so great, they don't forget.

Another example happened just this past lambing. One of our recessively colored ewes had twin girls. Unfortunately she become separated from the first born and it was several hours before the lamb was found and put back with her mother. It was too long. The mother said 'that's not my baby. I have one, not two.' She wouldn't have anything to do with it. However, the two girls knew each other. They cuddled in a corner. They were in the womb together and they remembered. It was when the first born tried to nurse that there was a problem.

Ultimately, the twins had to be separated so the first could survive. She became a bottle baby. They were both chosen to be replacements and are both in the same breeding group. They are inseparable. They hang together all of the time.

It is amazing what you see in the animal world if you take time to stand or sit and watch. They are wonderful creatures.



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UPCOMING VETERANS DAY EVENTS

<u>Thursday November 9 at 6 pm</u> Yreka Elk's Lodge Free Veterans Dinner & Program

<u>Saturday November 11 at 9 am</u> Veteran Day Services at Yreka's Evergreen Cemetery Veterans Section Veterans Commission Ceremony

Saturday November 11 at at 11 am Living Memorial Sculpture Garden Highway 97 Near Weed, California

<u>Saturday November 4 at 11 am</u> Veterans Parade in Etna, California

Siskiyou Co. Sheriff Jon Lopey said he will have several vehicles entered, Siskiyou Co. Dist. 5 Supervisor Ray Haupt said he will participate and Steve Farrington of Callahan has agreed to serve as Grand Marshal. To enter, call Liz Bowen at 530-467-3515.



The annual Etna Veterans Day Parade is coming up. This year's event should be fun. FREE hotdogs and chili for ALL Veterans!!

There is an invitation to ALL Veterans to participate in this year's parade. The plan is to have a tractor pulling a flatbed trailer set up with chairs for Veterans to ride on. If you'd rather ride in your own personal vehicle, that is also welcome. Any vehicle is welcome for that matter.

Please give this consideration. We would love to see you participate in the parade, still the ONLY Veterans Day Parade in the county. Come let Scott Valley and Etna show their pride and respect for our Veterans in Siskiyou County. Call Liz Bowen at 530-467-3515 for more info.



Prospective Firefighters or for info please call: John or Linda Elsnab (925) 918-0516 or Darrell Parham (530) 905-2595



By the time they'd returned, Molly and Spot had made friends and the dog was romping around the room. "Well, what's this?"

Charley laughed. "What'd I tell you, Olds? She's a humdinger, ain't she?"

After supper and when Molly had gone to sleep on the cot that Olds had fixed up for her next to the wall, Charley and Olds sat in front of the fire.

"How's your people, Charley?" Olds asked.

"Fine, all fine." Charley nodded his head.

"Wished I had a drink to offer you, Stikine, but I'm plumb out." He threw up his hands.

"Bad, huh. No gold in the placers this year?"

"Bad all right. First time in years I haven't had at least a swallow of good drinking whiskey for an old friend." Olds paused and looked at the sleeping girl and said in

a low voice, "Now she's here and nothing fancy to feed her."

Charley grinned. "Nothing fancy... just warm grub." He held up three fingers. "Growing child needs plenty of grub, three times a day."

"I know it, but... not even a drink... for an old friend?"

Charley smiled broadly, "That's okay, Olds. Don't worry. I don't drink now. Quit over a year ago."

Olds looked at him curiously. "What's the matter, Stikine, you went and got a dose of religion or something?"

"Ummm. Go to church in village now."

Olds shook his head in disbelief. "Never thought I'd see the day Stikine Charley refused a drink." He recalled their earlier times together in Wrangell. They'd both worked at the old sawmill there. He'd been wild and woolly himself then, but Stikine Charley had been a ripsnorter. It just went to show... that if God could help Stikine Charley, he could help anyone.

"Ya know, Charley, I'm worried about things."

"You got no worries. Warm cabin to sleep in, lots of grub, meat, spuds, plenty of coffee, huh."

"No, no...ain't exactly that. What am I gonna do with... her?" He nodded towards the sleeping girl. Charley shrugged his shoulders. "Take her to Wrangell in the Spring. Church will take care of her. Good school too." "That's just it. I'm too old to take care of another man's babe, anyone's for that matter." But inside, Olds was thinking of Molly's mother. He remembered her photograph he'd taken from the bottom of his footlocker the day he'd received word of the little girl's coming. Whenever Olds thought of Molly's photograph, he remembered that her eyes seemed to follow him wherever he went. For some reason, the words of Browning's "Earl Mertoun's Song" came to him:

"There's a woman like a dew drop, she's so pure, Purer than the purest; And her noble heart's the noblest, yes and her sure faith's the surest..."

"Huh.. .what you thinkin about?" "What!" Olds looked around, Charley's words snapping him out of his reverie. "Oh... I was just

thinking, you know, figuring the lay of things."

"Ya know, Charley, I'm really too old to baby-set a kid." Olds looked at Molly. "She's a mere child, though and..." "And, you are her only relative." Charley finished the sentence for him.

The next morning, Olds and Molly stood on the porch and waved goodbye to Stikine Charley. Soon, man and dogs were both lost from view of the trail, where it entered the

forest. For awhile, Olds could hear the yipping of the dogs, until finally, even they were swallowed up in the vast, impregnable silence.

After Charley left, Olds and Molly ventured no further than need be outside the cabin. But, when Olds had to break trail out back, to get to the spring, Molly went along with him, dressed in the mukluks and warm parka Charley had left for her. Once a day the ice that had formed from the night before had to be broken from atop the water hole. Each morning, Molly helped Olds pack in enough firewood to see them through the long, winter nights.

Christmas grew closer. It was uncanny the way Molly had made friends so easily with first, Spot and then, Smitty. To Olds, Spot had seemed half wolf and Smitty, the yellow tomcat, had always been aloof. Why, he'd never even allowed Olds to pet him, but here he was, acting like a silly kitten.

Continued on Page 27 . . .





Gift of the Snow Continued from Page 26

Two days before Christmas, it began snowing again. Drifting down in soft lazy whirls, some of the flakes were as big as silver dollars. Olds lit the kerosene lamp. It filled the center of the room with a circle of soft, yellow light and where the ring of light left off, uncertain shadows remained and filled the corners of the room. Books, bewhiskered by dust and mold, lined the wall behind his cot, some of them unread for years. They stood sedately atop the shelves, like rows of Rip VanWinkles waiting to be aroused from their slumber. They were old friends, Kipling, London and the rest.

As the days had passed since her arrival, Molly learned to help Olds cook. She set the table and washed dishes after each meal, things she'd never learned before. Though his eyes had grown dim and he needed glasses, at night, he would read poems and stories to her from his books. It was on this night, as he was reading to her, that Molly began to cry. Olds felt a wave of helplessness sweep over him. He could shoot a buck deer, or a bull moose on the run, could stand his ground with wolves or a mad bear and when he was young, he'd never backed down from a fight with any man, but confronted now, with the desires and needs of a ten year old girl, he was as helpless as a child.

"Look, Molly, it will be Christmas, day after tomorrow. We'll put up a little tree and... maybe we can look around and find a few odds and ends for decorations and you can put 'em on. How'll that be?" Molly's shoulders shook. "Why... why can't I go back upriver to Charley's?

Maybe daddy and mommy came back. Oh... I want to see them so bad again, Grandpaw."

A sharp pain knifed its way into Olds' heart. How could he tell her the truth, explain to her the finality of never seeing her parents again. Falling through skim ice, dog team, sled and all, and swept downstream beneath a slab of ice, that was inexplicably final and telling her they were lost, that was something else again.

Olds knelt beside her cot. "Look, Molly, we'll have to make the best of it... think we can do it?" Molly nodded her head and wiped the tears from her eyes.

Olds continued. "Ya see, Charley's gone upriver, back to his own people. He's got children, too, just like you, I suspect. Well...he just naturally wants to be with them at Christmas."

Olds cradled her chin in his hand, lifting her face until he could look into her eyes, and he smiled. "Molly it's like this. Maybe your daddy and mommy will come back in the spring. I don't know, maybe not, but in the meantime, I'm your blood kin. We got to make the best of it... here... together. Think you can do that?"

"Yes...I think so, Grandpaw."

Olds choked back a sob and turned his head for a moment. When he looked back, his eyes were moist. "I know I was mean to you the first few days, all that talk with Charley about not wanting you around the place. It's just that I don't know how to act around little kids and..."

"Grandpaw... you're crying." Suddenly she sat up and threw her arms around his neck. "I love you, Grandpaw." She kissed his weathered cheek and hugged him. Olds felt his body shudder as his latent toughness fought to control a strange emotion. "There, there now, it's going to be okay." He stood up and looked down at her, "Try and get some sleep. In the morning, we'll go look for a Christmas tree, Okay?"

"Okay. Good night, Grandpaw." Molly curled up happily, for the first time in a long while.



Continued on Page 28 . . .











Gift of the Snow Continued from Page 27

Olds sat in front of the fire. He remembered a book he read once someplace, that nostalgia was nothing more than an old man lamenting his lost youth... but for Olds, it was more than that. It was as though life had passed him by and now, here he was, nearing his sixtieth birthday and he'd long forgotten the simple joys of life. It was as if he'd run from life and pursued an elusive dream, until it had been almost too late. Now, Molly had opened his eyes... and his heart. But Christmas? What was it all about? Toys...a tree? Or was it the Christ Child? It seemed to him, that the world had either forgotten or turned their backs on the real meaning of Christmas.

Next morning, after they had eaten breakfast, they went out, found a Christmas tree and cut it down. Olds packed it back to the cabin and made a stand for it, then set it on the kitchen table. Afterwards, Molly made the decorations. All by herself, she'd used flour and water for paste and cut various strips of paper, making them into rings and then pasting them together to form a chain. Draping them over the branches of the tree, she topped the decorations off with a paper star, and as silly as the whole thing seemed to him, Olds smiled. Much later that evening, after Molly had fallen asleep, he took out the old photograph of her mother and carefully wrapped it in the leftover paper from Molly's chains and wrote atop the package, "To Molly, from Grandpaw."

Olds looked at Molly, the pillow framing her soft red curls. Maybe it was more than a coincidence that had brought her here. God worked things out, weaving his Spirit through the fabric of things. God's blessings were, by far, richer than all the silver and gold in the world. Suddenly, his heart swelled in his chest and warm tears tilled his eyes. Molly and Dave were gone. This was true, all true and he would never be able to change that. He'd had a good life and possessed a storehouse of memories, but now he had Little Molly and she had him.

Continued on Page 29 . . .







After he had placed Molly's present beneath the little tree, Olds stepped outside. It had stopped snowing. It was strangely quiet and, under the heavy weight of he new snow, tree branches drooped to the ground. The clouds had rolled away, revealing millions of bright shining stars. He turned and went back inside and gently shook Molly. "Wake up, Molly. It's Christmas Eve."

She sat up in bed and rubbed the sleep from her eyes, then taking ahold of his hand, together they went outside. He wanted to share this moment with Molly, the beauty of the snow and the stars. As they looked up, Olds thought of how she'd come to him, a niece he never even knew existed. She had come, a gift of the snow, in the dead of winter, a hundred miles through a frozen forest, with hungry wolves abroad in the land. A wonderful thing had happened and it had begun in a subtle way, until a certain kind of magic had filled his heart. Olds laughed. "Look up there, Molly, it's the aurora borealis, the northern lights. Aren't they beautiful? God's decorating His Christmas tree."

Molly giggled happily and looked up at the craggy, bewhiskered profile of Olds' face and squeezed his hand. He looked down at her and hugged her to him, then, in a soft, but audible voice, whispered, "I love you, Molly."



"Look up there, Molly, it's the aurora borealis...the Northern Lights...God's decorating His Christmas tree."



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Historic photos submitted by Gail Jenner. 1. Wagon Train headed west ...

- 2. Two Girls Waffle House, Alaska, 1900
- 3. Three girls at cooking school, c. 1890s





Discovering The State of Jefferson

By Gail Jenner

More than 400,000 pioneers traveled the Oregon Trail between 1840 and 1860. While most emigrant trains followed a route that passed by identified landmarks in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho, and Oregon, many spread out for miles across the plains. Hunting and grazing was of paramount importance but with the plains made barren by over-grazing, and with the choking dust of so many parties crossing the Great Plains, one trail was really a multitude of trails. This led to the discovery of new trails or cutoffs, which those who followed after often sought.

Of the 400,000 who crossed, roughly 80,000 settled in the famed Willamette Valley of Oregon. The remainder made their way into Utah, Wyoming, Washington, California, Idaho and other territories.

The first white woman to cross the Rocky Mountains was Narcissa Whitman, a newlywed missionary's wife, in 1836. The 28-year old woman sent letters back home, filled with details of the journey and their adventures. Many of these letters were printed in newspapers, spurring more men and women to journey west.

The first great pioneer train crossed in 1843, led by Marcus Whitman. Within a few years, more than 50,000 pioneers were hitting the trail each year, with more than 12,000 settling in the Oregon Territory, alone. Contrary to what Hollywood films have depicted, there were far fewer "Indian attacks" than supposed. From 1840 to 1860, only about 400 settlers were killed by Native American tribes, while more than 20,000 perished from cholera and other diseases.



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Discovering The State of Jefferson Continued from Page 26

Disease and accidents, as well as childbirth, were the most dreaded enemies of the pioneer woman. When America's pioneers packed up and headed west, there was much with which the women of a wagon train had to contend: the two-thousand mile journey from Missouri to Oregon or California was not easy. If anything, it was a struggle—to overcome, to manage, to survive.

Food, of course, was a central part of the struggle. First there was the question of what supplies were needed, and many sought the information provided by emigrant trail journals or diaries. One list of recommended supplies was compiled by trail guide Lansford Warren Hastings; at a minimum, he felt each individual required: "two hundred pounds of flour, or meal; one hundred fifty pounds of bacon; ten pounds of coffee; twenty pounds of sugar; and ten pounds of salt, together with such other provisions, ample as to variety. The quantity of provisions would be the same as that which would be required at home for the same length of time."

Hastings also advised that few cooking utensils be taken to avoid any extra weight since wagons were already close to being overburdened. His recommendation: "a baking kettle, frying pan, tea kettle, coffee pot, tin plates and cups and ordinary knives and forks." A cast iron Dutch oven was another common utensil, used for baking as well general cooking. Set in the embers, women could even bake cakes or pies. As noted by one early writer, "It [the Dutch oven] combines, in fact, the advantages of roasting and baking and it may be adopted for compound dishes and for warming cold scraps. It is easily heated and causes no material expenditure of fuel."

Another pioneer, D. B. Ward shared that he took along a three-gallon cask of the best proof brandy—for medicinal purposes, of course.

One emigrant party compiled this list for the six individuals in its group: "800 lbs. of flour; 100 lbs. ham and bacon; 60 lbs. dried beef; 5 lbs. pepper; 5 bushels dried apples; 50 lbs. rice; 3 gallons vinegar; 26 lbs. cheese; 20 lbs. tallow; 3 lbs. tartaric acid (cream of tartar); 3 gallons brandy; 5 lbs. soda; 5 lbs. saleratus (baking soda); 2 bbl. pilot bread; 160 lbs. side of bacon; 13 lbs. tea; 2 sacks salt; 1 bushel beans; 3 lbs. allspice; 3 gallons pickles; 1 lb. ginger; 100 lbs. sugar; 6 lbs. mustard."



As supplies dwindled and prairie dust covered everything they owned, these stalwart pioneer women were forced to improvise and find or combine new ingredients or methods of cooking. Women cooked over buffalo pies ("chips") or dry grass, or sagebrush, which burned like straw and burned up quickly. Ash covered everything as women tried to lay out a meal for their families, whether in the dirt or on the back end of a wagon.

Bread, always a mainstay, had to be made in a large tin trough or wooden bowl. Soda, warm water, flour and salt, had to be well kneaded then rolled out until it was about an inch thick. Placed in a Dutch oven or skillet (with a lid), by the time the meat was fried, the bread was ready, too. Some women set their dough out to rise overnight then fried it come morning, turning it often to keep it from burning. If supplies were in short supply, wagon trains might trade with other passing trains for ingredients.

For more on the history of cooking in the West, look for SOURDOUGH BISCUITS AND PIONEER PIES, Gail Jenner's latest release from Globe/Two Dot. It features more than 120 collected recipes that date back 60, 80, 100+ years, with historic photos, and tons of fascinating history. Many of the contributions were from local Siskiyou County residents.





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November 4-5: Annie's Star Quilt Guild Quilt Show, Silver Dollar Fairgrounds, Chico: Featured quilters Janice Maxey and Janet Alexander, raffle baskets and quilts, Boutique and vendors. Times

May 19, 2018: Scott Valley Quilters Quilt Show, Fort Jones Community Center, contact Michele Estrada, 598-2444.

September 1-2, 2018: "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 Sally Eagleman, 859-0656.

Quilts of Valor Corner

There is now an active chapter of Quilts of Valor covering our area. Aptly named "State of Jefferson Quilters," this chapter awards Quilts to Veterans in Northern California and Southern Oregon. This provides us more autonomy, as we are no longer dependent on Mega Chapters in the Bay Area or Metropolitan Eugene. I'll try to keep you updated on presentations.

September 28: Sgt. Kristopher Torrey of Ashland, Oregon-USMC-OEF and OIF - see photo below

Update: Weston's Quilting and Crafts

As you may have heard, Mickey Weston is still recovering from complications due to her surgery. I saw Mickey in the shop last week when she checked in for an hour or two. It's a slow recovery-that happens when your heart stops during surgery-but she is improving! Our prayers and support are with her. In her absence, a team of quilting elves has moved in to help. And the new fabrics just keep coming! Please continue to shop as these elves are beyond helpful. Hmm. Is there a word for that?



Sgt. Kristopher Torrey of Ashland, Oregon USMC—OEF and OIF receiving his Quilt of Valor in Ashland, Oregon

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Stitching in the Ditch

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

Another change of seasons. Leaves blaze red, orange and yellow. The air grows crisp. There is a chill to the wind. Gardens bed down. Flames flicker in wood stoves. Summer is finished, but Winter is not quite here. I pity the people in Florida who must either look at a calendar or take a trip to experience any change of Season.

(As a side comment, it is still summer on the Hudson River outside of New York City. I was just there. No legendary color. We searched for a sign of red leaves. Ahh! Look! There's one. Oh! Poison ivy!)

Anyway, the calendar leads us into a season of giving thanks. Giving—that is what is important. No surprise, then, that Project Linus continues to produce blankets—quilts—and give them to children in need of a hug in Siskiyou and Klamath Counties and beyond.

We will soon be sending quilts to the fire victims in the Bay Area counties down below. Fortunately, we have the blankets to send. That's what Make a Blanket Day in Klamath Falls is about. On October 14, nearly 100 blanketeers (quilters) from Siskiyou and Klamath Counties and beyond gathered at Klamath Community College in Klamath Falls for a day of quilting. 100 airplane or butterfly kits were distributed, which we pledged to complete.

It was fun to work and interact with so many blanketeers who have the same purpose. Besides, there were door prizes, fabric to share, basket raffles and so much more. There was also a quilt competition with the theme "Up, Up, and Away." Our own Anita Balkovek placed 3rd. *(See Photo at top, right.)*

Disasters come in various shapes and sizes. As a guild, we try to stay caught up, even with adult quilts through our Caring Friends program. We had a recent tragedy that hit Mt. Shasta hard a few weeks

ago. You may have heard about it. The college theatre was packed for the Memorial Service, standing room only. We were able to provide quilts for the immediate family members, both adults and children.

Now as hard as we try, we need some help. Here's where you come in. We accept donations of clean, quality fabric. We don't need scraps. Our time can be better spent making quilts than sorting through scraps. And if you don't have fabric and still want to help, we do accept cash contributions for fabric purchases. If you live in the Scott Valley Area, contact Michele Estrada of the Scott Valley Quilters at 598-2444. If you live closer to Mt. Shasta, contact me at 926-4158.

So that's it. Welcome to Autumn, my favorite season of the year. Go out and gather some leaves, the more colors the better, and jump in. Aren't we lucky to live here?

> "Purchased blankets are nice, but handmade blankets are from the heart." Project Linus



Above, Anita Balkovec's 3rd place quilt at MABD event in Klamath Falls. Below, MABD Quilts and baskets at Klamath Falls on October 14



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> Michaela Weston Owner



Handcrafting Baby Quilts

By Michelle Fain, Editor

Funny things happen to me when I begin new quilting projects and attempt to work with patterns I have never tried before. We have two baby grand-daughters coming due in December so I began my process a few weeks ago of searching for quilt patterns that I would like to try. Looking back through my camera and Pinterest boards, I see I have literally hundreds of quilt patterns which are enticing to me... I really want to do a "diagonal" pattern but being as I have never done the "diagonal" quilt pattern of rows of various colored squares before, it didn't dawn on me until I was laying out the squares in the desired arrangement that I have no clue how to SEW two squares to a row of 4 squares, and then sew four squares to a row of 6 squares. Predicament. See photo below.



It is an odd sensation when my brain tries to "wrap itself" around a concept that is foreign. I believe that is one of the most fascinating parts of doing handcrafts, whether it be sewing, quilting, carving, wood-working, or especially painting and drawing. Learning new methods or trying new patterns is like medicine for me. It inspires and motivates me. It is what keeps my brain challenged, active and engaged. The exploration and learning during creative activities provide a necessary puff of vital energy and delicious fresh air into my every day crazy fun life.

Hey, seriously, just the fact that I purchased 4 colors of gorgeous matching fabric and then washed, ironed and carefully measured and cut out all the squares all within a couple of days is a miracle. The time it usually takes me to get from dream stage, to planning, to choosing the pattern idea(s) and actually purchasing the materials can be incredibly long.



I seem to thrive on a motivator such as a solid looming deadline. I always have been a procrastinator and the main reason the motivation of a deadline works for me is because I have so many other things and projects and daydreams to take care of. Deadlines for this publication are exactly the same way. Some day, my momma always tells me, some day waiting till the last minute will bite me in the butt. Hahaha so far the only thing I know for sure is not to try to do things "EARLY." Nature does not appreciate when Michelle tries to do things early. Disaster always strikes.

Anyway, If you will notice the above photo, my "plans" changed a little. Once I realized I didn't really want to try to sew uneven rows of squares together to formulate the "diagonal" quilt block I am dreaming of for the center of these baby quilts, as I do quite often... I changed plans mid stream and improvised. This frustrates so many people.

So as of the moment I uploaded this November issue to the printer, I sewed the squares into simple(?) rows, ironed, sewed those rows together matching the points as carefully as possible, and here you go! *I have listened to Tom Petty music constantly.... And I will continue forever more...*

Who knows, maybe I will just CUT this "piece" and still MAKE it into a "diagonal" block! It will be interesting to see how these two baby quilts turn out. I am also playing with half-square triangles, another NEW concept for my happy busy tangled up brain!!Have fun creating... ©



Note: Tom Petty will always be my favorite musician of all time...



Shoot and Shop Down the River this Fall!

Yes, it's that time of year again: Turkey Shoot Time! Buck season may be over but some shooting fun is still on the horizon. Come on down to the Klamath River Community Hall range on the Sunday before Thanksgiving to test your skills in a friendly competition. This year the Turkey Shoot will take place on Nov. 19th. The range is a half hour from Yreka on Highway 96, right on the scenic Klamath River at Round Bar.

But if guns aren't your thing you can play dice games and buy splatter boards circles (no shooting skills required) to win the same prizes as the shooters: turkey, ham, bacon, salami and cheese. Or, come enjoy a home-cooked breakfast or lunch, or just warm yourself by the bonfire, chat and watch the fun.

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

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

Two weeks later, right on the heels of the Turkey Shoot on Sunday, December 3rd, the Holiday Craft Fair (10 am - 3 pm) will return. A popular event in the 1980s, the Craft Fair made a come back a few years ago to everyone's delight. While shopping, your choice of homemade soups and chili will fend off the winter chill and the good cheer will warm your heart.

The Community Hall was built about 1948 by all volunteer labor out of locally milled lumber and has been the place for local gatherings ever since. It is now a federally recognized 501©(3) nonprofit. If you have upcoming events, projects, news or requests for YOUR community organization or business, call us and let Jefferson Backroads share the information for you in one of our upcoming Happy Little Local Publications...



Old Time **TURKEY SHOOT** Klamath River Community Hall 1:30-3PM Breakfast Br 10:301 19716 Hwy 96, Klamath River, CA Sunday - November 19 ODEN AT 9AM 50/50 Drawing ~ Splatter Boards ~ Dice Games Bring **ALL** your guns to compete in every category Black Powder - Pistol 15 & 25yd - Offhand - Running Deer 50, 100 & 150 yd (Benchrest, Freestyle or Standing) Open Sight - Rim Fire - Youth shoot (16 & under) ~ Prizes ~ TURKEYS, HAMS, BACON, CHEESE, AND SALAMI For event info call JoAnne Benson 465-2029



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