

HEIR LINES

QUARTERLY PUBLICATION



GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

OF

SISKIYOU COUNTY

912 South Main Street
Yreka, California 96097

Research Hours:
Saturday's 10am – 3pm

By Appointment:
Jennifer Bryan (530) 917-9478 (cell)
Patricia Healy (530) 598-4035 (cell)

Contact:
GSSC1@att.net
GSSC (530) 842-0277 (Leave Message)

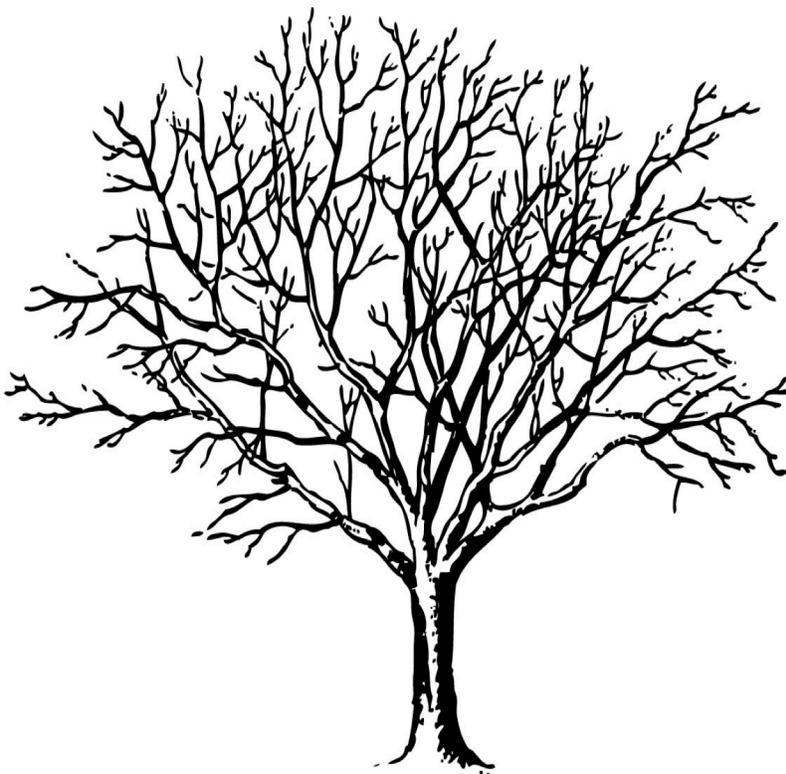
On the Web:
www.siskiyougenealogy.org
gssc1@att.net

See Us on Facebook:
Yreka Genealogy Society of Siskiyou County



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*"There are only two
lasting bequests we can
give our children - one is
roots, and the other,
wings."*

Hodding S. Carter

*"Anyone can make
history, only a great man
can write it."*

Oscar Wilde

GSSC NEWS!



PRESIDENTS CORNER

By Mary Burchfield

Hello Everyone,

Another year has come and gone! Time to get started on all the New Year Resolutions to get your research going again. As my g-granddaughter tells me “Granny you just have to focus.” So taking her advice I am going to quit chasing the BSO’s (Bright shining object) that always lead me away from my original search goals and focus, focus, focus.

We have some great classes coming up in the next few months. It is still too cold to get outside and work, so take advantage of this free time and visit us at the Research Library. The first Saturday of the month is always a class on getting started on your genealogy. Even if you are a seasoned researcher, you can always find something new. We also have some great classes coming up. Check out this publication or our website for more details! This past year has been a busy one, especially for Gail Platt, Pat Healy and our volunteers. Our library is now organized and you will find it much easier to find your research material.

We are planning a trip to Salt Lake City in October. Anyone who may be interested be sure to come to the meeting in February. We need to know who many will be going to we can plan on how many rooms we need and transportation. Usually we car pool! Also we will be having classes on how to do the research before you go. It can be extremely overwhelming if you go unprepared.

We would like to remember our members, Doris Wohlfert Betts, as she passed away this past November, and Frank Clyburn who passed this January. Our thoughts are with the families.

In closing I would like to wish everyone lots of success in the coming months with your research and an invitation to the Research Library. There is always someone there to help with any brick walls that is standing in the way of your research.

Mary Burchfield, GSSC President

*In Loving
Memory*

Doris Wohlfert Betts - Charter Member

PURPOSE OF GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

To stimulate public interest in family history. To collect, preserve and publish genealogical historical matters relating to American families and places. To provide educational service to the communities in Siskiyou County. To establish and maintain for the use of members and others a library of American genealogy, local history and biography including a surname file. To hold meetings for instructions and increased effectiveness of its members. To serve and support the genealogy departments of Siskiyou County Library.

ADDRESS:

Genealogical Society of Siskiyou County
912 So. Main St., Yreka, CA 96097-0225
Phone: 530-842-0277
E-mail: gssc1@att.net

WEBSITE:

<http://siskiyougenealogy.org>

REGULAR MEETINGS:

(Held quarterly, at the above address, March, June and September, the last Saturday of the month, however December is the second Saturday. Alternate dates may be scheduled due to holiday conflicts through the year.)
1 PM.

MEMBERSHIP FEES:

\$20.00 Individual
\$25.00 Family (*same address*)
Membership July 1st to June 30th

NON-MEMBER FEES:

\$5.00 per day (*facility use*)

OFFICERS:

President: Mary Burchfield
Vice President: Gail Platt
Secretary: Jen Bryan
Treasurer: Patricia Healy

COMMITTEES:

Projects	Pat Williams
Research	Jen Bryan/Pat Healy
Library	Pat Healy/Gail Platt
Web Site	Jen Bryan

HEIR LINES:

Quarterly Publication (fiscal year)
October, January, April, July

ADS PRICE SCHEDULE:

Business Card	\$ 5.00
Quarter Page	10.00
Third Page	14.00
Half Page	18.00
Full Page	35.00

DEADLINES:

For Ads, Article's, 1st of the publication months

GSSC will NOT endorse or accept commercial, political or religious ads.

APPOINTED POSITIONS:

Editor of Heir Lines	Gail Platt
Indexing Heir Lines	Pat Healy
Publications No. Co.	Karen Cleland
Publications So. Co.	Mary Burchfield
Rose Hicks Brown	Patricia Healy
New Members	Patricia Healy

RESEARCH REQUESTS:

Send to GSSC (gssc1@att.net)
Cost: \$15.00 per hour/1 hr minimum
Reimbursement required for cost of Vital Records and Photo's of Grave Sites (within Siskiyou County). Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

QUERIES:

Send to gssc1@att.net

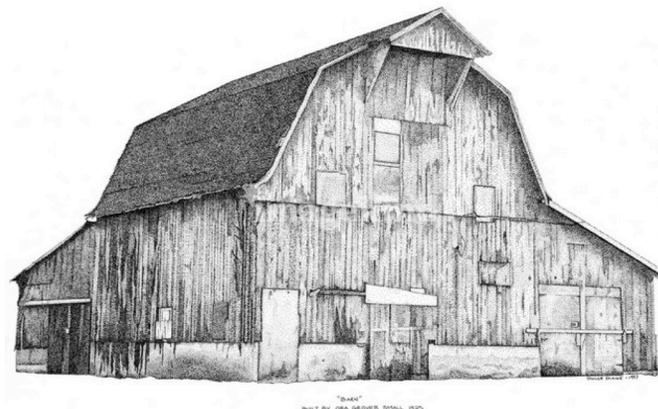
PRODUCTIONS OF AGRICULTURE IN BIG SHASTA VALLEY TOWNSHIP

IN THE COUNTY OF SISKIYOU IN THE POST OFFICE YREKA
STATE OF CALIFORNIA ENUMERATED ON THE 19TH – 29TH DAY OF JUNE 1860
CHARLES MCDERMIT ASS'T MARSHAL
Transcribed by Patricia Healy March 2016
Part 4 of 4

Name	Acres Improved Acres Unimproved Cash Value of Farm Value of Machinery	Live Stock as of June 1, 1860	Production As of June 1, 1860
Samuel Goodwick	50 Improved 110 Unimproved Farm 2,500 Machinery 200	Horses 2, Swine 3, Value 165	Bushels of Wheat 50, Indian Corn 25 Oats 125, Irish Potatoes 500 Buck Wheat 20, 15 Lbs. of Butter 300 Tons of Hay, 4 Gals of molasses Value of animals slaughtered 75
William Townsend	200 Improved Farm 1,500 Machinery 120	Horses 3, Milch Cows 60 Oxen 8, Cattle 40, Swine 5 Value 2, 550	Tons of hay 30 Value of Animals Slaughtered 100
Wm. Chamberlin	10 Improved 150 Unimproved Farm 4,000 Machinery 145	Horses 6, Milch Cows 60 Oxen 4, Cattle 80, Swine 30 Value 4,855	Tons of Hay 50 Value of Animals Slaughtered 100
James Faariety	300 Unimproved Farm 1,000	Horses 3, Milch Cows 15 Oxen 6, Cattle 40, Swine 15 Value 1,250	None listed
Conrad	160 Improved Farm 800	Cattle 50 Value 1,500	None listed
Silas Cregg	80 Improved 80 Unimproved Farm 2,500 Machinery 175	Horses 3, Milch Cows 4 Oxen 6, Cattle 6 Value 985	Tons of Hay 80
Daniel Dye	200 Improved 40 Unimproved Farm 2,500	Horses 3, Milch Cows 30 Cattle 55, Swine 1 Value 2,535	Lbs. of Butter 1,000, Tons of Hay 40 Value of Animals Slaughtered 200
James Carpenter	60 Improved 100 Unimproved Farm 1,000 Machinery 135	Horses 2, Milch Cows 11 Cattle 5, Swine 4 Value 802	Bushels of Wheat 74 Irish Potatoes 100 Value of Market Garden 125 Lbs. of Butter 400, Tons of Hay 30 Value of Animals Slaughtered 90
Geo. W. Arbaugh	70 Improved 30 Unimproved Farm 1,800 Machinery 100	Horses 2, Milch Cows 24 Oxen 4, Cattle 40, Swine 2 Value 2,230	Bushels of Wheat 60 Peas & Beans 10, Irish Potatoes 100 Lbs. of Butter 1,500, Tons of Hay 75
Robert Seeper	None listed	Horses 2, Milch Cows 10 Cattle 55 Value 2350	None listed
William J. Thomas	300 Improved Farm 4,000 Machinery 100	Horses 3, Milch Cows 17 Cattle 14, Swine 11 Value 1,080	Bushels of Wheat 110 Indian Corn 100, Oats 250 Peas & Beans 3, Irish Potatoes 600 Barley 450, Lbs. of Butter 1,000 Tons of Hay 20 Value of Animals Slaughtered 300

Name	Acres Improved Acres Unimproved	Live Stock as of	Production As of
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	Cash Value of Farm Value of Machinery	June 1, 1860	June 1, 1860
John Bagley	40 Improved 20 Unimproved Farm 1,000 Machinery 100	Horses 2, Milch Cows 20 Oxen 1, Cattle 12 Swine 8 Value 1,069	Bushels of Wheat 80 Indian Corn 20, Oats 120 Peas & Beans 4, Irish Potatoes 30 Barley 100, Lbs. of Butter 700 Value of Homemade Manufacture 10 Value of Animals Slaughtered 225
Edward W. Conner	250 Improved Value 5,000 Machinery 250	Horses 4, Milch Cows 40 Cattle 200, Swine 18 Value 6,500	Lbs. of butter 1,500 Tons of Hay 150 Value of Homemade Manufacture 50 Value of Animals Slaughtered 100
Henry S. Stewart	200 Improved 200 Unimproved Value 4,000 Machinery 800	Horses 4, Milch Cows 1 Value 640	Bushels of Wheat 140 Indian Corn 30 Oats 300, Irish Potatoes 50 Bushels of Barley 300 Tons of Hay 50
Nemiah Pain	160 Unimproved Value 500	Horses 7 Value 400	Tons of Hay 50
Joseph R. Patterson	350 Improved Value 8,000, Machinery 400	Horses 11, Milch Cows 40 Oxen 2, Cattle 160 Swine 10 Value 8,150	Tons of Hay 10
John P. Smith	None listed	Horses 2, Milch Cows 13 Cattle 4, Swine 5 Value 900	Bushels of Wheat 220, Oats 700 Irish Potatoes 40, Barley 600 Lbs. of butter 1,600 Tons of Hay 125 Bushels of Grass Seed 6 Value of Homemade Manufacture 50 Value of Animals Slaughtered 500
Isaac M. Johnson	12 Improved 140 Unimproved Value 500	None listed	None listed
Brown Bryant	320 Improved Value 3,000 Machinery 300	Horses 8, Milch Cows 50 Cattle 200, Swine 4 Value 9,370	Lbs. of Cheese 1,200 Value of Animals Slaughtered 130
Benjamin Bryant	80 Unimproved Value 100	Horses 1, Cattle 2 Value 100	None listed



AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of

ELIZABETH COLE

Here is an autobiography of Elizabeth Cole. It was transcribed by Karen Cleland for ease of reading. Once you get into the rhythm of her writing, you will love it.

Continued from previous issue....

On September 8, 1858, brother John was born. He had big brown eyes and black hair and the folks by this time had built a new house across the river and the county had built a bridge across the river and the folks had quite a band of cattle by this time and was doing very well. The soldiers and their wives used to come up there and have dances and sing songs. They would bring the children and we would have such good times, but in 1859 they all left the Fort but a couple of officers that kept the Fort as a recruiting station. And as there had been a good many more families moved in that had children, they built a schoolhouse. It was a rough board house with just a rough plank for seats and was 3 miles from our place but Nass and Nellie and I walked it morning and night. Our first teacher's name was Charles Abbott, he was a young man not over 24. I just hated him but Nass and Nellie liked him fine. We went nine months and I was reading in the fifth reader by the time school was out. Everybody said I learned very fast. Our next teacher's name was Laurence and he was a terrible excited man, when he would get mad he would jump up and down, but he was a fine teacher. I was about eight years old but I could spell them all down in school, we used to have spelling school every Friday night and if it was windy or wet Bryan would carry Nellie on his back just to have her spell down every one there. We were good spellers, we studied at home so hard and men and women would all come to the spelling school and we generally did spell them all down.

The school I went to, Abbott taught, I remember one day Father had brought Nellie home from town a little rubber doll that he bought, about 4 inches long, so she took it to school with her. She had it in her pocket and she went up to the water bench to get a drink. She pressed her pocket against the bench and some way in the rubber doll squeaked and that made them all laugh, so teacher took it away and put it in his pocket and she thought her doll was gone for good. She was afraid to ask for the teacher for it, but a little boy about her age named Willy Sharp went and asked him for it. She was so glad to get her doll back that she never took it to school again and that was the only doll she ever had in all her life. Our next teacher named Wes Thompson, he was a very religious man, he would read a chapter in the Bible and have prayer, night and morning, but while we went to school we had our work to do night and morning. The folks were milking about 15 to 20 cows and making butter to sell and every child as soon they was big enough to milk, had to milk. Mother would turn the cream in the old-fashioned churn with a dasher and then every Saturday, Father would take it to a place called Deadwood, a mining camp. He would take 50 pounds on a horse and accepted a dollar a pound for it in the summer of 1860. That was the year Charlie was born, he had blue eyes.

That same year Father and Bryan drove a big band of cattle to lower California and sold them and bought brought back home \$1600. They kept about 150 head at home. Then Bryan and Griffin and Father dissolved the partnership in the land, but not the cattle. As they had to live on their own places and Griffin had three brothers and a sister come over from Ireland, but Bryan and Griffin remain partners in their land as it was all under one fence, while Father's was fenced separate. That is why they slept in their own places, but they still boarded at our house and Mother done all the cooking alone and washing, only what help us children did for her and she had to cook on a

fireplace and we had to carry all the water we used from the river about 100 yards away and Mother had to do all the sewing by hand. I don't see how she did it and so much the men made more work than help. Sometimes she would get a man by the name of Bishop to come and sew for a month. He was a tailor and he had been in the same Company and was discharged about the same time that the rest was. He was also a violinist and a good one to. He would play for all the dances that were around the Valley.

In 1861 and 62 was the year that we had such high water. It commenced to rain the last week in December 1861 and rained until the river was running over the banks, then it stopped for a day or so and then it commenced to rain again and the water got over everything. In January 1862 brother George was born he was born the 4 January, and the night he was born we could hardly keep a fire in the fireplace, the water kept seeping in, so was even with the door and not a part of land could be seen except the mountains in the distance. We could see houses and barns and straw stacks and trees going down the river anytime we looked out, and the folks are so afraid that a big tree or house would float against our house and take it off. Sometimes on the straw stack would be hogs and chickens, one day there was a lot of chickens and an old rooster was crowing as loud as he could. There was one house with a family in it and all were drowned. The folks at the new Fort Jones fixed up a boat that would go and get people out of their houses and take them up on the mountain to a place of safety, but as we were on the other side of the river. They were afraid to cross the river, it was so full of things floating down, it took every bridge and all the rails from all the places on the river. And so the night that George was born there was no one with Mother but Father, he could not get anyone there if she had died. Nellie and I was up in the loft with Nass and John, Charlie having died the summer before with inflammation of the bowels caused by catching his clothing on fire. So when Father told me and Nellie to come down and wash and dress the baby we were scared to death, but with Father's help we done the best we could, but I will never forget that night and neither did Mother. The next night Mother took cramps and we all thought she was dying, but Father gave her a big dose of castor oil and that saved her life I do believe. I know I set up all night and rock George and cried. I thought she was going to die and only for Bryan I don't know what we would've done for Father was almost crazy, but in a weeks time the water went down and then Ness made a boat of siding to go across the river and see about the cattle and they were laying dead all over the mountain. The mountain was covered with snow and they could not get anything to eat and being chilled they died, they had about 29 left out of over 200. And there was not a rail left on the place. Mother did not get strong all spring and when George was a small baby she had a cataract come on one of her eyes and very near went blind. She had to stay in a dark room for a long time. I was 10 years old and with Father's help, I done the washing, there was seven in the family to wash for and I don't suppose they were washed very clean but we down the best we could.

In the summer of 1863 grandpa Woodworth came from Wisconsin to make his home with us and he helped us children so much, the men folks had to go to making rails to fence the place and as there was no bridge across the river we could not have any school so we studied at home. The summer after George was a year old the White Pine Mines was discovered and all that had not gone to the war and could get away, went to White Pine and you could not get help enough to harvest the crops so Ness cradled all their grain that year with a cradle and Mother raked it while Pa and grandpa bound it and the pasture fence was not very good, so the cattle kept getting into the grain fields every day so they put John and I to herd them in the pasture days and bring them home and put them in a large corral at night that we had. And Nellie had to stay in the house and

tend to George and get dinner and wash the breakfast dishes and keep the house clean, and as we did not have a clock, Mother would put a stick down, that when the shade got to that stick, time to make the fire. We had got us a cook stove that summer and all of us children was afraid of it, for it was the first we had ever seen, only what we saw at the Fort. Then there was another stick when she was supposed to put the potatoes on and another when she was to fry the meat if we did not have any cold meat and she used to watch the sticks so close and besides she had to take care of George and he was crossdest child that ever was, crying all the time. Mother would tell her not to let him cry and she has walked the floor with him for hours it seemed to me then, to keep him from crying and when she would get tired and sit down he would start crying, so she would have to be to keep walking, but she says if she knew as much then as she knows now she would have let him cry or give him a good spanking. She used to think that she had the hardest part to do and I thought John and I had thought we had the hardest part, so I don't know which work was the hardest, watching cattle all day was no picnic, sometimes we would get so tired of herding them, driving them home in the middle of that afternoon, but we were all just kids and enjoyed playing as well as the other children. But Mother and I and Nellie done the milking of 14 cows, so life was not all play when I was a child.

About that time at the recruiting station many were volunteering to go to the Civil War, lots of younger men enlisted from that part of the country where we lived, and there was talk of drafting men, all that was able to handle a gun. We took a paper printed in Sacramento called the Sacramento Times. It was \$10 a year, a weekly paper at that, and Bryan would read it out loud to us all. I knew, how I would cry when he would read about drafting men for fear that they would take Father and Ness and Bryan and Griffin, but they did not have to draft that far west that summer.

The folks started to build a new house up on higher ground but yet close to the river so as to get water for the stock, but they dug a well for the house. Living so close to the river, whenever we would have a spare minute we would be in the water. We were just like ducks always in the water we could just swim like one in warm weather. I never cared for the water is much as they. I was not very strong and looked so bad sometimes, I would be so white. Mother said it was because I had the cholera so bad and lay dead for so long. I remember when we was going to school, I would look so bad and feel so bad I could not study my lessons and of course I would not have perfect lessons, then Abbott would punish me by pulling my ears, he had them all sore. Mother spoke to him about it and told him she would like him to find some other way of punishing the children, that children's ears were not made to be pulled like hogs ears. But feeling so bad, I could not study. Mother used to spare me all she could about the work, but there was so much to do and we all had to work. But still, for all our work, as bad as I felt, we were happy children, there was no quarreling among us, one did not get everything they saw to play with. We played with whatever we had and was contented, far more contented than the children now days that have all sorts of playthings.

On June 22, 1865, brother Thomas was born and the night he was born there was the hardest frost that ever was known in California for that time of the year. The folks did not even cut their grain and there was not any grain that was hardly worth cutting in the valley. Tom weighed 9 pounds and had big blue eyes and was such a good baby, slept all the time. We moved up to the new house in August. The new house had six rooms with a fireplace in it and was a comfortable home. They also built a large barn and had the place all fenced again. Then Bryan and Griffin and Father

dissolved the partnership. Bryan and Griffin stayed together but had separate houses. Griffin had three brothers come from Ireland, Pat, Tom and Dennis where their names and they had a sister her name was Mary and she was a good woman. The county had build bridges across the river in different places, so we went to school again. Bryan lived across the river and a man by the name of George Bennett lived with him, but they would all be our house nearly every evening and other folks around the valley would come and Father would tell stories. He was a natural born storyteller. He would tell how the banshees would cry in Ireland whenever anyone was going to die and tell about the underground castles that was haunted and the ghosts that was seen there. Then he used to tell us so many stories from the Arabian Nights he used to tell one I always liked to hear that was called Three Nights Lodging in the Chambers of Echo and another Three Golden Apples and Jack that fought the Dragon. Sometimes some of the boys would be afraid to go home alone. Papa would sit up until 12 o'clock telling stories and he hardly ever told the same one over twice. One story would take the whole evening to tell, how I used to love these dear old days, they were the happiest days in all our lives. I wish a thousand times I could live life over again but that would never be. Those dear old dead days are gone forever, beyond recall. Sometimes they would sing, Mother was a beautiful singer and papa could sing good. Then the folk that would be there would sing sometimes and we would all play games, Blind Man's Bluff. Bryan was as big a kid as any of us. There were sometimes 15 to 20 of an evening for everybody like to come to our house for the always had such a good time then maybe the next night, we would go to some neighbors house, but there was no place where we had such a good time as at home.

In 1867 sister Mary Geneve was born. She was born on 14th of February. She had blue eyes and was always a very delicate child, she was never well and when she was a-year-old we all took the whooping cough and she died and was buried at Fort Jones, Siskiyou County. The winter she was a baby, Ness took inflammation of the bowels and was sick all winter we all thought he would die, everyone thought so.

Bryan had went to San Francisco and got married and when Ness was so sick he was so good to us he would be there over half of his time he and Mrs. Bryan. I liked her, she was so nice to us. Griffin had got married also but I never liked Mrs. Griffin although she was a good woman. In the meantime Griffin had went back to Ireland on a visit and brought out his sister before he was married and she was the grandest woman I ever saw. Irish to the backbone and after he got married his wife and sister did not get along very well.

The End...





MARK YOUR CALENDAR!



FEB 2017

Saturday/10am / 1pm	4 Feb 2017	Introduction to Genealogy! FREE Genealogy Do Over! FREE
Thursday/1pm	9 Feb 2017	Board Meeting @ GSSC in Yreka/Members are invited
Saturday/10am /1pm	11 Feb 2017	Your Female Ancestor and the Law (Pat Healy) \$10 Members/\$15 Non Members 10am/SLC Plan FREE
Saturday/10am	18 Feb 2017	Open Research! FREE
Saturday/1pm	25 Feb 2017	Webinar: New and Must Have Google Tips

MAR 2017

Saturday/10am / 1pm	4 Mar 2017	Introduction to Genealogy! FREE Genealogy Do Over! FREE
Thursday/1pm	9 Mar 2017	Board Meeting @ GSSC in Yreka/Members are invited
Saturday/10am	11 Mar 2017	Irish Research – Jen \$10 Members/\$15 Non Members
Saturday/10am	18 Mar 2017	Open Research! FREE
Saturday/1pm	25 Mar 2017	Qtrly Mtg. – Using Your Library (Pat & Gail)

APR 2017

Saturday/10am / 1pm	1 Apr 2017	Introduction to Genealogy! FREE Genealogy Do Over! FREE
Saturday/10am	8 Apr 2017	Researching in the Southern States \$10 Members/\$15 Non Members
Thursday/1pm	13 Apr 2017	Board Meeting @ GSSC in Yreka/Members are invited
Saturday/10am	15 Apr 2017	Open Research! FREE
Saturday/1pm At Evergreen	22 Apr 2017	GSSC Open at 10am/ Care and Protection of Your Family – Mike Grifantini-Donations @ Evergreen Cem.
Saturday/1pm	29 Apr 2017	Webinar: Virginia Research



BOARD MTGS: We have begun to have our board meetings at the homes of out of town GSSC officers at times. If the meeting is scheduled for other than GSSC, and if interested in attending, please contact those officers that are listed above.

CLASSES: Classes are held at GSSC and are scheduled for 10am.

PROGRAMS: Programs are held the last day of the month and/or after our quarterly meetings. They are scheduled for 1pm.

MEMBER QUERIES



LEGEND: Names are listed alphabetically, C3 means under the family name starting with C, there are 2 additional family names.

SUBMIT YOUR QUERY!

*If you would like to add your Query,
here are some Guidelines:*

*CAPITALIZE your ancestor's last name, include given names,
residence location and dates. One ancestor per query please.
Make it short and sweet!*

*Add anything that would help someone identify your ancestor as their
own. Queries are published in October, January, April and July. No
limit, but space is a consideration. <gssc1@att.net>*

Keep Queries coming....You never know when someone in your family will read them!

“My Grand-Dad, Joseph Moses (Noble) Waddell!”

Copyright by: James A. “Jim” Waddell, 2001

From my memories from my family, and from an article by Arlene Titus.

I grew up in the mountains of the Klamath River in northwestern California. The father of my dad John Joseph Waddell was called Grandpa Joe. He was my Dad’s Dad. He was married to Mary Elizabeth Sedros Waddell-Case. She was a member of the Benoni and Elizabeth Swearingen family, pioneers of Indian Town. The Swearingens were married there in 1856 by Squire Prindle.

I grew up in the time of all people do their part. From feeding the cows and horses, to digging the mud and roots in the ditches. My grandparents and friends were of the same school, at least most of them. There were always sneaky, lying people around if you didn’t watch out.

In most discussions he was called Joseph “Noble” Waddell. Sometimes he was called Joseph “Moses” Waddell. He was born into times of hard life, in the town of Laredo, Texas in the year 1876. He grew up with the work ethic that whatever had to be done, had to be done, either by Dad, Mom, or one of the kids. The assigned chores were not something of long conversation. If something needed to be done, somebody had to do it. Dad had something to do. Mom had something to do. All people were sent to the “Chores.”

That's the way my family grew up too! We had a homestead of the Sedros/Waddell family, Sedros Homestead of 1900, in Happy Camp, CA. It is 8 miles north of Happy Camp, CA. It is still in our family.

In his early years, Grandpa Joe decided that there must be something better than working for his Dad on the ranch. He ran away when he was seven to get his own job. He ran away more than once. Each time his Dad found him, Dad brought him back to the ranch. When he was a teen-ager, he ran away for good. He didn't even have shoes most of the time; he just wrapped his feet in gunny sacks in cold weather. As long as you could saddle-up and ride, you were a cowboy on the range. Things needed to be done to survive.

He went on to other ranching jobs. His brothers and sisters all attended school, but Joes didn't get schooling. He went on to work a number of ranches while his brother and sisters all got schooling. He didn't even learn to write his name until late in his life. His brother rode with General Francisco "Poncho" Villa for a number of years, of Mexico Revolution fame. Working on ranches, and in times of tough men and tough times, Joe Waddell was known of as a man who could use the six-gun with great accuracy. He carried two guns most of the time.

Joe's first marriage didn't last long. His second marriage was to a woman that was related to John Wesley Hardin, the outlaw killer of the wet.

Joe Noble Waddell was good with horses. He was good with his firearms. At one time he worked for Buffalo Bill's Wild Wet Show for a while. I have been told that he worked as a trick-rider and sharp-shooter in the Wild West Show. I remember my Dad telling me of how his Dad could drive a nail into an oak tree with the bullets from his revolver. He could shoot a rabbit with is revolver at a hundred yards...with either hand.

My Mom told me that she had watched Grandpa Joe shoot a can in half while it stood sideways to him. My family told me of times when Grandpa Joe would shoot his revolvers, one hand then the other and keep "Kicking" the can down the road. My Dad said that his Dad could shoot a tin-can off the ground and shoot it again before it hit the ground again. My family still has one of his old handguns. I estimated it back to a Colt .44 cal. Cap & ball six-shooter back in the 1850's. I think that the other part of the family has the other gun down in Arizona.

In Joe Noble's day, the outlaws and bandits were running around the west and down into Mexico. One time, Joe and a Mexican lady Camp-cook got trapped by bandits. Their hope was to keep fighting until the other ranch hands showed up to help them. There were about 30 or so outlaws attacked the Cow-camp. The Mexican lady loaded the guns and Joe shot them dry again and again. They held out until help cam riding in.

According the family stories, there was some kind of dispute amongst the family and Grandpa Joe headed for California. He came to Happy Camp, CA in about 1920. He worked on the first road down the river to Somes Bar, CA. He worked with horse-drawn "Scraper" called Fresno. He met my Grandmother Mary Elizabeth Sedros who was cooking for the road crew. Sometime later they married. Later, when jobs were hard to find, Grandpa Joe and "Grand" Mary headed out through the mountains and valleys of the west looking for whatever work they could find. That's the reason my dad, John Joe Waddell was born in Kansas.

I know that they both worked for the Buzzard Hill Mine for a while. Somewhere, I have a picture of GrandMary at the mine. Few people seen know of Buzzard Hill's existence. There was a "Mining" town, excavation areas, and a processing mill...all up in the narrow little canyon of Buzzard Creek. I was there when I was about ten or eleven years old, about 1959. All the buildings were still there and in poor condition. This is a mine in Buzzard Creek on the east side of the river about 6 miles south of Happy Camp. The old road came down from the top of Buzzard Hill and the Titus Ridge area. Then the owners of the Mine shut it down to go work on another mine called the Independence Mine at the mouth of Independence Creek in about 1924.

Continued in next issue...

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