

The Sierran

— A Publication of the Sierra County Historical Society —

Longtime Sierra County resident Carl B. Scholberg passed away on February, 12, in the hospital in Portola, CA. The following narrative of Carl's life was dictated by Carl to his wife Maren, to be published at his death. We are fortunate that he shared his story with us in this very personal way because it is a fascinating look back at a life full of adventure, fun, and love.



I was born June 29, 1915 in Firesteel, S.D. My mother had gone there from her home in LaCrosse, WI to be with her mother so that her father, Dr. Franklin Whitney, could deliver me. Dr. Whitney had picked out this land to homestead in 1911. It was barren country—not a tree in sight! But the land was free if you stayed the required number of years, and he did.

Franklin Whitney was born in 1848 in Kendall, IL. He had four marriages and four divorces. He had one son, Charles E. from the first marriage, another son, Willis Elmer, from the second marriage, and three children from the last marriage to Laurine Williams. They were Hattie, Clifford and Ellsworth Whitney.

Hattie married Carl B. Scholberg Sr. and had two children—Carl (that's me) and Ethel. Clifford married Bess Craven and had three children—Virginia, Velma and Richard. Ellsworth married Hilda Iverson Kinley when he was 60 years old. He had no children.

Franklin Whitney was the son of Elijah Ward Whitney (born in N.Y.) and Olive M. Davis (born in Maine). Elijah's parents were William E. Whitney (born in Rhode Island) and Sarah Bracket (born in Maine). William's father was John Whitney (born about 1755) in RI. His parents came from England.

Laurine William's parents were William Williams and Caroline Greenman. William was descended from Robert Williams who was born in Wales in 1647. After coming to the U.S. he married Gwen Cadwalader in 1689 in PA. They belonged to the Quaker church. William's mother was Anna Starbuck who was descended from a long line of Starbucks going back to Edward who came to the U.S. in 1635. His wife, Katherine Reynolds, came from Wales. The Starbucks were also Quakers.

Caroline Greenman was descended from John Greenman and Polly Stevens. The first John Greenman came to America in 1631. Thomas Stevens, Polly's ancestor, came to America in 1641 from England.

My father, Carl B. Scholberg, Sr. was born in Trondheim, Norway. His parents were Martin and Oline Kristiansen Scholberg, who were married in 1888. They came to America settling in LaCrosse, WI, when my father was six years old. I knew my grandparents as they lived across the Mississippi River from our home in LaCrescent, MN, and we visited them often. My dad enjoyed speaking Norwegian with his folks. When my wife and I traveled in Norway in 1985 we went to Trondheim

and found the house where dad was born. We attended a beautiful concert in a big church nearby and the next day discovered that was the church in which my great grandparents were married. They no doubt were married in the small chapel, not the huge sanctuary.

My parents were living in LaCrosse, WI, when I was born but we moved to LaCrescent when I was five years old. At this time Caroline was a widow and struggling financially. She gave my folks her home with the understanding that they would take care of her for the

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— THE SIERRA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY —



The Sierra County Historical Society is an organization of people interested in preserving and promoting an appreciation of Sierra County's rich history. The Society operates a museum at the Kentucky Mine in Sierra City, holds an annual meeting, publishes a newsletter and conducts historical research. Members are sent notices of Society activities, receive THE SIERRAN, and are admitted free of charge to the museum and stamp mill tour. If you would like to become involved in these activities or would just like to give your support, please join us!

Officers and Executive Board of The Sierra County Historical Society

President: Bud Buczowske, Alleghany

Vice President: Joleen Torri, Sattley

Secretary: Vacant

Treasurer: Bill Copren, Sattley

Board members in addition to those previously mentioned are Maren Scholberg, Sierraville; Elda Faye Ball, Loyalton; Suzi Schoensee, Sattley; James Connolly, Sierra City; Mary Nourse, Sierra City; Eli Scholberg, Loyalton.

Museum Curator - Virginia Lutes

Assistant - Judy Lawrence

If you have any suggestions or comments, feel free to contact any board member.

Become a Member!

Membership in the Sierra County Historical Society is open to any interested person, business or organization. Members need not be residents of Sierra County. Dues are due and payable each January for the calendar year.

Membership categories are as follows:

INDIVIDUAL	\$20.00
FAMILY & INSTITUTION	\$25.00
BUSINESS & SUPPORTING	\$35.00
SUSTAINING	\$50.00
LIFE (per individual)	\$300.00

(The board increased membership fees commencing in June of 2008)

Please send dues to: S.C.H.S. Membership Chairperson, PO Box 54, Sattley, CA 96124

S.C.H.S. Welcomes New Members

New Lifetime Member

Megan Wright

New Members

Kathryn & Neil Morefield

Arinn Barrieau

Alan & Liz, Johnson

Lori Wright

Donna May

Jim Ramsey

Martha Lauritzen

Peterman Family

James Connolly

Bill McPherson

Norman & Marlene Johnson

S.C.H.S. Membership Demographics

California	231
Nevada	20
Virginia	3
Washington & Arizona.....	2 ea.
Hawaii, Indiana, Maryland, Missouri, Montana, Oregon, Texas, Utah, and Wisconsin.....	1 ea.

Demographics

by Sierra County Towns

Alleghany.....	7
Calpine.....	3
Downieville.....	15
Good Years Bar	2
Loyalton	21
Pike City	3
Sattley	5
Sierra City.....	21
Sierraville.....	17

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rest of her life. There was no electricity in her house and the first night we were there, I remember saying, "Turn on the lights!" When I was told there were no lights, I said, "Well then turn on the candles!" Caroline was a great help to my mother in canning season. She worked in the kitchen, preparing the fruit or vegetables and then helped in filling the jars. She had an active mind and was interested in the world events. She died in 1928 at the age of 89.

I remember that as a very young boy we played a lot of "cowboys and Indians". I learned to ice skate at a young age and spent many hours each year playing ice hockey.

Two years of high school were taught in the basement of the schoolhouse where I attended all eight grades in LaCrescent. I finished high school in LaCrosse and attended the State Teachers College there for three years with some thought of becoming a teacher. The more I went the more I discovered I did NOT want to be a teacher. It was understood that I would go to college but I had no idea what my major should be. My mother saw an ad in our paper describing a detailed, intensive aptitude test that would be given at the Univ. of Minn. I spent four days taking the test with the result that I seemed best fitted for a forestry course. Thanks to my folks and that test, I majored in Forestry and graduated in 1939 from the University of Minnesota.

There were no jobs available so I teamed up with another forestry graduate who did have a job in Montana. I rode with him hoping to get a job at the same place. That didn't work out so I decided to go on to Seattle and hitchhiked there.

I stayed at a boarding house and there I met Paul Fitzsimmons who became a life-long friend. We decided to rent an apartment and invited two other friends to join us. We planned to share cooking responsibilities. After I tried three times to make baking powder biscuits with baking soda, Paul ended up as our cook. He was a good one, having lost his mother when he was in high school and he then did the cooking for his father.

By this time I had met and was dating Maren Christiansen who was graduating from the Univ. of Washington with a major in Music Education. We were married Nov. 20, 1940, in the Univ. Congregational Church. (As I write this, we have been married 67 years!) Paul Fitzsimmons was our Best Man and Maren's sister Janet was Matron of Honor. We were married the night before Thanksgiving thinking we would have a four-day weekend for our honeymoon. However, I had to work on Friday so we postponed the honeymoon until summer when we spent four days

hiking in the Olympic National Park.

I had been working as a plumber in Seattle but a friend at work told me how to get on at Boeing. His instructions were that after they interviewed me, I should go through the door on the LEFT. Well, that did it! I was hired. Going through the other door would not have had the same results.

After three months we bought an old two-story house in South Seattle. There were four bedrooms, one bath next to the kitchen, a big Bing cherry tree, several apple trees and a quince tree. At the back of the lot were LOTS of blackberry bushes which we greatly enjoyed. We planted a good sized garden and I remember how the towhees went down each row of corn I planted and ate the seeds! I think I made three plantings. Maren enjoyed filling the shelves in the half-basement with canned vegetables and fruit.

We had a big circle of friends in Seattle—10 couples who had married shortly after college graduation. We moved from Seattle in January, 1945, but went back to visit once or twice a year and always got together with those of the group who were living in Seattle at that time. There were only nine of us for our last luncheon in 2003 and one has died since then. The group got smaller and smaller but we treasured our friendship.

I remember the day of Pearl Harbor. My friend came over to visit us on Sunday P.M., Dec. 7th. We had not had the radio on so my friend told us of the 'infamous day'. When I went to work Monday, security was already set up at Boeing and everyone was carefully checked as we went through the gates. By the next day, blimps were overhead and camouflage covered every building.

When I started working at Boeing, we were working on B17s. That soon changed to B29s and I worked on each of the 40 bombers made there, installing the flight control. I remember when the first one was taken out for a test flight. As it circled the air strip, the plane lost altitude and then crashed onto the field. All on board were killed. The announcement came over the loud speaker and a dead silence came over the entire plant. It was a very sad day for Boeing and all the employees. The cause of the crash was corrected and then there was a big demand for these bombers by the Air Force.

Since we were having no success in having a family of our own, we took in children who needed a temporary home. Marjorie (8) was with us for 10 months, Warren (4) made his home with us for 6 months, and there were three babies who lived with us for shorter periods. We put in an application to adopt a baby but our plans

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changed and we prepared for a move to California.

This came about when I decided to quit Boeing and get drafted—and I was! I ended up at Ft. Lewis and in no time was in the hospital. My ulcer had become active due to the great Italian food fed to us by the Italian cook. I had always watched my diet and avoided certain foods but in the Army I ate what was put in front of us. My C.O. had suffered from ulcers and when he talked to me, he said, "You are getting out—you don't belong here". So I was happily back at home with Maren. This was in November. I got a temporary job with the U.S. Postal Service which lasted through Christmas. In the meantime, I had corresponded with my college forestry friend who wrote there were openings in the Forest Service due to so many being drafted into military service. He was working in the Milford District of the Plumas National Forest at the time.

We sold our house, packed what we could get into a small trailer and left for California on January 5, 1945. We worked for three months at Herlong Army Depot until my job with the Forest Service would begin. Herlong was also a center for Italian prisoners of war. Many mornings we were awakened by beautiful Italian voices singing opera arias, love songs and other favorite tunes.

My first Forest Service job was a scaler for two logging outfits. (This meant I measured the board feet in each log.) We lived for three months in a trailer house in Chilcoot, CA. Maren's mother came to visit for a few days before the two of them took off for Pasadena to visit Maren's sister LaVerne (later called Joan). One morning I went over to the small mill to start the day and much to my surprise, there was NO MILL. It had burned in the night and I had heard nothing! It was only half mile from our trailer.

At the end of three months, I was brought into the Supervisor's Office in Quincy as the Junior Forester. We lived in an apartment there but soon decided to buy a small house in East Quincy. While living there a friend told us of a baby that would soon be up for adoption. We made connections and our daughter, Kristine Ann, was born June 29th, 1946—my birthdate! I remember taking the early A.M. feeding so Maren could get some rest from being up in the night. I treasured that time with our new daughter.

I was assigned to the Mohawk Ranger District (15 miles east of Quincy) and a house was provided at Jackson Creek campground. This was a big old house with an unfinished upstairs (and lots of bats), a big front room, one bedroom, a bathroom and a large kitchen with a wood stove for cooking . It took a while for Maren to get used to that. We really enjoyed living

there. Our nearest F.S. neighbors were Lou and Elizabeth Haan who lived at Mohawk Ranger Station and we became good friends.

While living in Quincy, we attended the Methodist church and continued going there while at Jackson Creek. We have been Methodist ever since, attending the Greenville Methodist church and after moving to Sierraville, driving 25 miles to Portola Methodist church.

In 1948 I was transferred to Greenville Ranger Station and we spent five years there. We adopted both Eric (born in 1948) and Kurt (born in 1951) while we lived there. We had our family—two sons and a daughter. I remember how much Eric loved to watch the trains go by in front of our house. Even in the middle of the night, when we heard the whistle, he would make a wild dash down the hall to the front room, push up a chair to the window and watch the train even if he saw only the lights from it. I also remember how Eric would wander away from the yard. We spent lots of time tracking him down and then we would be so thankful to see him and all he got was a big hug! Eric started kindergarten in Greenville. Kris was in the second grade. Kurt was a chubby happy baby. He liked school and was always at the top of his class. All three kids went through the six grades in Sierraville and from 7th grade through high school in Loyalton. We were always proud of them.

Another memory I have of Greenville was the big winter storm of 1952. The weather forecast advised us of heavy snow with the storm. Al Mullens and I decided we should get to Taylorsville and shovel snow off the roofs of the Forest Service buildings there to save the building from collapsing. We had a hard time getting there, a worse time getting the snow shoveled off and a terrible time trying to get home. We finally got to Crescent Mills which was about seven miles from Greenville, and decided to hole up in the hotel there. We were cold, we had been bucking snow the whole way and we were very tired. I called Maren and let her know our plans. That was the year the train was snowed in for five days on Donner Pass. Everyone has a story about the snow that year.

After five years in Greenville, first as Fire Control Officer and then as Assistant Ranger, I was transferred to Sierraville as District Ranger. While in Greenville, I worked under two rangers—Leonard Beltz and Hal Turner, both excellent men who gave me the training I needed to be a ranger.

I remember when we first drove down the hill into Sierraville, we wondered if this new place would ever

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feel like home. We had enjoyed Greenville so much but this was the job I had worked for and it was a new beginning for me. Well after living here for 55 years, it is HOME.

I had worked with the Boy Scouts in Greenville but Sierra Valley was all ranches and 4-H clubs were in each town. So I worked with the boys and girls including our own three in 4-H. They enjoyed attending the County Fair in Quincy each year.

I especially remember the following men who worked for me: Red Giffen, Ted Gregg, Dave Hammond, Joe Firebaugh, Bill Barnes, Jim Kaderabek, Jim Johnson, Jim Janzen, Jack Sherman and Kelso Della. I also had some very good secretaries including Dorothy McCaffrey and Barbara Pritchard.

There were three lookouts within the District at the time: Calpine, Sardine and Babbitt. All three are closed now. Wilda and Jack Sherman were stationed at Lewis Mill Guard Station where Jack worked as a patrolman. I have lots of great memories of that place.

I rode horseback for the field work and really enjoyed that a lot. Chiquita was my last horse and a favorite.

At the end of the day when out in the woods with her, I let her choose her own way home as I knew it would be the fastest! I had two horses and several times Maren came with me. Kris rode with me numerous times and she usually rode bareback. Kurt rode with me a lot. We had several overnight camping trips and one time he cooked a steak dinner that Maren had sent with us for me to cook. At age 10, Kurt was a better cook! He covered a lot of the District with me on horseback. Eric did not care for horses—no riding for him! He preferred the second-hand motorcycle that he bought. I was the last ranger on the Tahoe to use a horse.

We hiked to the bottom of the Grand Canyon with our three children plus Jacque Funk. Then we made the same trip with our grandsons, Jeff (13) and Blayne (9). It was great both times. Another great trip with Blayne was a two-month tour of the west en route to Minnesota.

There were three sheep allotments on my district and each spring I would count the sheep as they were unloaded into their allotment. During the summer I

enjoyed stopping at their camps because the Basque sheepherder always offered me a cup of wine. I knew their days were numbered because the sheep are very hard on the land. My goal was to have them eliminated from the District by the time I retired. One outfit went out of business and the other two guys were gone by the last year I worked. They moved on to other areas.

Fires were always a big concern and we had plenty on the District. Lightning caused small fires which the lookouts spotted quickly. A small boy playing with matches while his folks were fishing caused one big

fire. One of the biggest fires occurred when we were on a 'rare' summer vacation. We were en route home from Minnesota with plans to visit the Griffens in northern California for our last night. We had the radio on and heard of a big fire on the Tahoe National Forest and then heard the name 'Sierraville', knowing the 'fire team' was on the job, we stayed the night with our friends and came home the next day. Everything was under control without me.

The first thing I did after I retired in January, 1975, was to take flying lessons from Frank Nervino at the Beckwourth Airport. I rode my bicycle to the airport (25 miles) for my lessons. Many days it was mighty cold weather and I had to get off the bike, stamp my feet, clap my hands together to try to get better circulation.

Then continue my ride. When I got my pilots license I took Maren for a ride. I banked the plane for her to look down at our house. That was enough for her! Kurt was next and I had to empty what I could from the plane to lighten the load before he got in. Eric was next. He remarked when the ride was over, "Well, thank goodness, that's over!" Guess he felt they all had to go up with me to make me happy. I had a partner in the purchase of a small plane—he crashed it—end of flying for me.

There have been a lot of interesting stories and events during the years and one I want to tell about. I disliked Christmas time because of the commercial Christmas tree thieves who were so prevalent. We knew one such outfit had cut hundreds of illegal trees, had them all stacked ready to haul out at night. We were having a district party at our house and the men were sure this was the night the trees would be loaded and taken off the district. That day Red Griffen, with help, had



Carl Scholberg (1915 - 2010)

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Carl Scholberg (Continued from Page 5) —

strung a telephone wire across the dirt road near the stacked trees. The wire was connected to the phone line coming into our house. So, that night at our party, the men took turns lifting the receiver and listening to see if there was a buzzing which would mean someone had crossed the road and broken the line. For several hours all was quiet on the line. Then came the buzzing!! Red Griffen, Kelso Dellera, Jack Sherman and I took off in two pickups, losing no time in getting to the scene where the action would be. We were sure that we had caught the thieves red-handed. What excitement!! The wives who were left at our house could hardly wait for our return to get the details of the capture. What a let-down for them when we got back. There was no capture, no thieves, no trucks to take the illegal trees, no nothing! The culprit had been a porcupine which had walked across the road and broken the line. The end of this story is that all those trees are still in their pile. The thieves gave up and never came back for them. They evidently learned that they were being watched.

We had been living in government housing on the Sierraville station and paying a minimum rent. We

decided that when that rent went up to \$100 a month, we would look for a place to buy. That is how we bought our present house, in 1967, just half a mile south of the station.

I had a wonderful career with the Forest Service and both Maren and I have been happy living in Sierraville. It was a great place to raise our family, make good friends and now at age 92+ and 90, we can watch the world go by. We were fortunate to have traveled after I retired—first a trip all around the U.S. then overseas to Switzerland, Australia and New Zealand, a Nordic trip which included Norway and Sweden with a side trip to Leningrad (now St. Petersburg) in Russia. Wonderful, wonderful memories for us. We have had a good life and good health. We have a daughter and two sons whom we love dearly, five grand children, three great grandsons, and 67 years of marriage.

**WE ARE HEALTHY, HAPPY AND CONTENT.
IT HAS BEEN A GREAT LIFE.**

April 2008

Written by Maren for me.

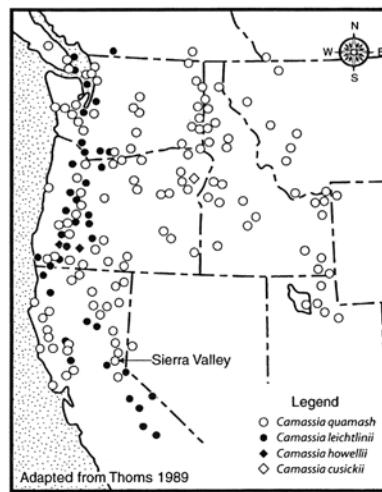
Carl B. Scholberg

Hot Rock Cooking in Sierra Valley

(A continuance of excerpts from a thesis entitled “Prehistoric Use of Hot Rock Cooking Features: Archaeological Investigations at the Webber Gravel Pit Site, Sierra Valley, California, by Judy Lawrence)

Cooking with cook stones, often referred to as hot rock cooking, is the most efficient cooking method when the resource being processed requires long cooking periods in order to take advantage of the nutrients provided. Heated rocks retain their heat at higher temperatures, for longer periods of time, than hot coals.

When roasting vegetative materials, such as camas bulbs, in pits (often referred to as earth ovens), Native Americans devised an elaborate roasting sequence that took place over three days in a specially constructed stone-lined pit.



Modern Distribution of *Camassia* spp. in the Northwest.

Pit-cooking served two purposes: it broke down the inulin in the camas bulbs so that it was digestable as fructose; and the roasted camas were probably better tasting than the raw bulbs. The procedures differ among groups but most included a bottom layer of fire into which rocks were placed to absorb and retain heat. This was overlain with a vegetative protective “matting” upon which the food to be cooked - roots, tubers, onions - was placed. This was then covered by a layer of branches, bark, and other vegetative materials,

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Native Americans (Continued from Page 6) —

and covering all was a layer of sand or earth. Cooking time varied among groups from 12-24 hours.

Many areas of Sierra Valley provided all the materials necessary for hot rock cooking - food, fuel, water and rocks. Pit or basin hot rock cooking facilities required sandy sediments near the resources being collected for convenient access and easy digging. Much of the glacial deposited soils surrounding the valley floor are colluvium or alluvium, including the Webber Gravel Pit mound site. Ethnographic documentation of pit or basin hot rock cooking in Northeastern California and western Nevada includes the cooking of geophytes, that is, plants with under-ground storage organs, such as camas and wild onion. Geophytes had become an important addition to Native American diets, beginning with a movement towards land-use intensification during the early Holocene when a carbohydrate revolution occurred. Camas was an important staple for the northern Washoe who visited Sierra Valley in early summer to harvest camas after their seasonal spring trek to Pyramid Lake to fish.

Sierra Valley Rock Cooking SitesThe Buttes Site—CA-PLU-1485

This 1999-2002 excavation project, located in the northern region of the valley, was conducted by

Far Western Anthropological Research Group, Inc., a cultural resource management group contracting with CalTrans. The excavation resulted in the discovery of 57 cultural features including large and small stone-lined cooking pits; clusters of unburnt stones; small rock pavements; two superimposed house floors with central hearths; bone-tool manufacturing debris; milling tools; and other features that couldn't be positively identified because of disturbance.

Charred wood and ash



Camas Plant
(*Camassia esculenta*)

collected from the features produced radiocarbon dates between 1,000 and 500 years ago.



Camas Roasting in Rock-lined Oven.
(Online at www.texasbeyondhistory.net)

The Old Webber Gravel Pit Site—
CA-SIE-1059

Sam and Pam Payen conducted an exploratory excavation at the gravel pit in 1995. During their limited excavation and surface collection, the Payens collected dart points and fragments; flaked-stone artifacts including drills and bifaces; ground stone items including manos, milling stones and pestles; and 1,993 pieces of debitage.

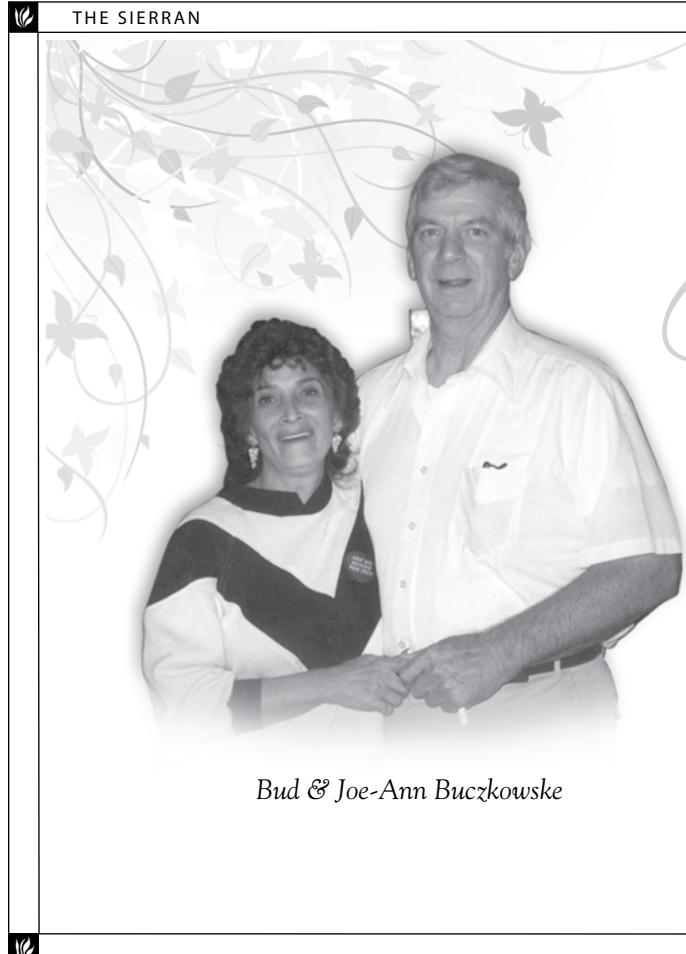
One feature, interpreted by the Payens as a rock cooking feature, was unearthed in the southwest area of the site. They concluded that the rock-lined feature was probably used to cook both camas and swamp onion that grow in the wet meadows near the site.

The 2009 excavation carried out by Judy Lawrence at Webber Gravel Pit will be included in the next installment of the Sierran.

(Referenced sources include: A.V. Thoms, R.T. Malouf, L. Wandsider, J.A. Teit, Sharon Waechter and David Andolina, Penny Rucks, Old Blind Mike, Siskin, Richard Barrington, George Wright, Sam Payen and Pam Payen)

The Sierran

Sierra County Historical Society
P.O. Box 260
Sierra City, California 96125



Bud & Joe-Ann Buczkowske

In Remembrance... **Joe-Ann Buczkowske**

Members of the Sierra Valley Historical Society have lost a good friend and supporter with the passing of Joe-Ann Buczkowske in February. Joe-Ann was married for over 32 years to historical society president Bud Buczkowske. Joe-Ann and Bud lived in Alleghany, California, for the past 25 years and were both involved in many community activities. Known far and wide as the "Jelly Lady", Joe-Ann was a prize-winning jam and jelly maker. To historical society members she was always by Bud's side as he represented the historical society within the community and presided over annual meetings each year. We will miss her wonderful sense of humor and smiling face which kept us all laughing and lightened the mood when we all needed a lift! We send warmest wishes to president Bud and our thanks for sharing Joe-Ann with us.