

Clyburn Family News

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Hi everyone. Our cousin Dan E. Clyburn (*another California boy*) has written a story about his life as a boy. This is only the first portion of it. I think, and I hope, that there will be more to follow. He is, like myself, a Great Grandson of Miles L. Clyburn. His mother's family was the McMaster's and I've traced them as far back at 1801 to William McMaster born in Penn.

This is a most wonderful story of carefree youth on the Klamath River here in Northern California.

Part I First Years

Now I was born in Feb. 1937 and I suppose these memory's are what made an impression on me.



Robert Lee (Bud) Clyburn holding brother Dan E. Clyburn with sister Thoma Clyburn

Since this was before world

war II, I wasn't more than 4 going on 5 years old. We lived in a mine cabin way up at the head of Dutch Creek, where my dad had a placer mine, which means he washed the hill side down with a giant. It shot a three inch stream of water several hundred feet and the dirt, rocks and gold would be washed thru his sluice box where the gold would settle and be caught.

When the dirt was washed away it left the bedrock that had little cracks and crevices that had sand and pebbles in them, and if you cleaned them out there was some gold also.

Well this day dad was cleaning the big rocks out of his water-way to the sluice box and I was out on the bed rock with my pick (*about the size of a ice pick*) and tweezers. I had a little bottle that I was putting the gold in that I found and I was doing real good. There was quiet a bit in the bottle.

I had just put a piece about the size of a pea in the bottle and there was another piece down in there that I was going to get.

I guess dad wasn't looking at where I was at and he thru a rock that hit me on the head. When I woke up I was back at the cabin with mom washing my head and face, which I didn't much care to have done anyway.

But the next day I was back up on the bedrock looking for my bottle and gold. Well I found my pick and tweezers but not the bottle.

Now that rock that dad threw was small enough to wash easy through his sluice box. After that, even though mom gave me another bottle that looked just like the one I had, I didn't go digging any more gold out of them cracks, if dad wanted that gold he could dig it out himself.

Another thing I remember was the dam with its big door that would open and send a lot of water down the creek all at once and then slam shut so it could fill back up and do it again day and night you could hear it thunk open and a big slam when it closed.

Of course there was the time when my older brother Bud, shot me in the eye with a home made arrow. It wasn't his fault, we were playing cowboys and Indian's.

And another time when I got stung with a scorpion I tried to pick up. And when my older sister Thoma, chased me with a big stick after I thru a rock at the out-house when she was in it. Boy! was she mad.

It must have been that winter I remember we was all at my grandfather's (*Clyburn*) house and everyone was in the room listening to grand dad's big old radio. In a big deep voice this feller said "I

now declare WARRR". Well mom always said that, "that Damn Roosevelt" knew the Jap's where going to attack the US and didn't do a thing to stop them.

My dad and uncle "Woody" went off to help fight the war. Mom she packed us kids up, "Bud, Thoma, Dan, 'that's me' and my little sister Patsy", and we went to live with her folks, grandpa and grandma McMaster.



Part II
Living at the McMaster Ranch

Grandpa's "Ranch" was up on the Klamath River a ways below Copco Dam, it was on the back side of the river with the main road being on the other side of the river. You went thru a barnyard and crossed a "swinging bridge" then walked a quarter mile or so up the old rail road track to get to the house. *(The rail road was build to freight supply's to the Copco Dam site when they were building it. Then the rails were pulled and the ties were left)*

There I learned to walk all over again, take two steps and kick, one foot then the other to give the mud a sling off your shoes. If you aimed just right you could hit an older brother or sister in the back, that was ahead of you, with that gob of mud. If you was lucky you didn't have to run to far to get away from them!

Then I started school, we walked down that R.R. track,



Tom Clyburn

across the bridge, through the barn yard, and got in the back of the pickup that was the school bus. It had a canopy of sorts and a bench on both sides, and in the winter, a bucket of hot rocks up front where the big kids set.

I sat in the back where the drafty old door was and it got cold. And that bridge it had a big belly in it, you went down hill to the middle then back up to the other side. When it rained those old boards on that bridge was slick, and being out over the river the frost was a good half inch thick. You just slid to the middle and crawled back up the other side.

To me, it didn't seem like there was much on the sides, just wires ever 2 feet or so that hung from the cables to support the walk-way. Plenty of room to fall thru an into the river.



Clyburn's Crossing the Klamath at Lime Gulch

I went through the 4th grade at that one room school, so I don't remember every thing, but I do remember one time at recess when we all lined up at the out house, and this Bud Williams who was in the 7th or 8th grade was ahead of me and

one of the Hagadorn's was behind me. Bud, he wet all over the seat and then those two told the teacher that I done it.

Well the teacher didn't believe me and gave me a whipping with a yard stick, right in front of the whole class. So come noon hour I struck out for home about 15 miles away. When a car came I'd hide until I seen the pickup bus coming. Mom she believed me and went and had a little talk with the tub of lard that was called the teacher. That didn't set to well with her and she didn't like me very much after that.

But I figured I needed to get back on Williams and Hagadorn so one noon hour me and this girl "Mary Ann" that was in my grade and some more of the smaller kids, we went out behind the school on the hill and turned over rocks, and there was



Woody Clyburn

a scorpion under all most all of them. Picking them up with a couple of sticks we put them in a big match box, that I put in the teachers desk. We must of had a couple dozen scorpion's in that box and it was in the top drawer.

Well now, when the teacher opened that drawer and picked up that box, she wanted to know who put it there, but when she opened it you could say she really, and I mean really knew how to scream!!! And scorpion's went all over



the room.

When the girl's got the scorpion's swept up and disposed of, that old teacher, she wanted to know who done it and she was looking at me. Now I'd been stung with a scorpion and was afraid of them, that's what I told her, and my sister and brother said that was the truth, but I'd seen Bud Williams do it, and that Mary Ann and the smaller kid's had too. "bunch of lying little jokers" No one else would say he didn't do it.

She must have screamed for a half hour at Williams then sent him home, he lived about a half mile from school so he could walk. His mother must not have believed him ether, because she didn't come and talk with the teacher. Boy! what a great day at school. We sure learned a lot that afternoon.

Part III

On grandpa's "ranch" there was Grandpa, Grandma, Uncle Jack, Mom, and us four kids.

There was about 6 or 8 beef cows, (*Mom bought her own milk cow*), 6 horses, chickens, and a whole bunch of pigs.

Grandpa also raised a big garden and the produce was canned (*in jars*) for the year. He grew enough hay to feed the live stock, but I don't think he liked the milk cow, he was all the time saying it stayed to close to the house and why didn't it go up on the hill and eat instead of eating the barley that mom bought.



He wouldn't drink the milk, but he sure spread the butter thick. I don't know if he liked me very much I don't remember him saying more than a dozen words to me all the time we lived there.

Pigs! Hogs! Grandpa was all the time either butchering and selling the pork or hauling pigs off to be sold. He had a whole bunch of them up the gulch behind the barn.

I don't remember what the inside of the barn looked like, cause I wasn't allowed to go there, but I do remember that big old boar that was kept in a pen back of the barn, and how it caught and ate a chicken when it flew into its pen.

He was most as big as moms milk cow. And that was the only time I was out there with my uncle Jack. That Boar would once in while get out of his pen, he cut open the belly of a horse and they had to stuff the insides back in to sew it up.

But when he cut open Mom's milk cow and she came running with her insides dragging on the ground, being chased by that boar they butchered her, and when Mom said something at dinner that night, Grandpa said, "Well Gladys we got beef to eat now" *Grandpa's hog looked something like this only his tusks were a bit longer.*



Well Mom bought another milk cow, a better one she said, more milk and more cream. The cream she skimmed off and sold to a neighbor, there was no butter for the bread, just plenty of good rich milk to put it in.

Things settled down and we were back to normal. Until one day in the spring, when the four of us kids were playing down in the oaks and that old boar got out of his pin again. My brother Bud gave me a boost up a tree and set little sister Patsy up before he went up with her (*Thoma was already half way up one*).

Here I am standing on a limb looking straight down on that boar pig, when I see Mom come out of the yard and she's got her 410 shot gun with her.



Thoma

Uncle Jack had been working on the water tank up on the hill, but I guess the yelling that had gone on got him to look up, cause when he seen Mom and that pig he started yelling for her to go back into the yard.

I can see him and hear him to this day. "GO BACK GLADYS GO BACK" him running down that hill like his pants was afire.

Well Mom didn't go back she just kept walking and that pig was going to meet her like she had (*or was*) a treat for him. His head wasn't more than 2 inches from the muzzle of Mom's 410 when it went off.

All Mom said was "OK, you kids get down out of them trees before you fall and break your necks"

Uncle Jack came running up looking like he'd just done something in his pants. All white and pale. And Grandpa was a-coming from the garden on the run. Mom said it was dinner time and for us to go wash up and took us into the house. *That old hog looked something like this after mom shot it.*



Uncle Jack and Grandpa didn't come in to eat they was busy fixing up that hog, but Grandma took them out a sandwich. That seemed to calm Grandpa's cursing down a little ,at least, until he got thru eating it and Grandma was back in the house.

Us kids, we was watching them take care of it. But we stayed out of the way, a long way out of the way. It was almost dark when Uncle Jack and Grandpa got through cutting up and carrying the meat into the well house where it would cool good. Then they came into the house for supper.

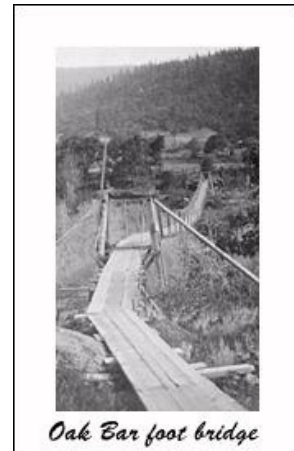
We'd all got set down and was beginning to eat when Grandpa started saying something about Mom not having to shoot his boar hog.

You could see the fire in Mom's eyes when she said, "Well now maybe we can have some pork to eat, if that damn thing is fit to eat" Mom didn't curse and when she said damn

ever one knew that she was mad! I don't think we ever ate any of that hog because since the mud had dried hard enough to drive down those rail road ties.

Grandpa had that hog loaded on his old truck early the next morning and went bump,bump,bump down them ties to town. When he came home he had another boar hog in the back of his truck, this one wasn't as big or mean as the other one was.

-Dan E. Clyburn



Oak Bar foot bridge

Pictured here a footbridge across the Klamath River at Oak Bar.



Gladys McMaster Clyburn

Well this is all for this newsletter folks. I hope that you all enjoyed Dan's story of his early life. I hope that he continues to share these wonderfully innocent times in his life with us. I can picture Aunt Gladys now with that shotgun! Hahah..she surely would have shot that pig. I remember that she wielded a 2x4 like other would a switch when she whipped us kids once. Ouch!

Please send me your family stories to share with us. Send to above email address. -Frank
