

it wasn't very good. The next year I came back, there was a lot of kids there. The first day at school, why a kid run up to me and said, "I know who you are." I said "Yeah?" And he said, "You're a Blackfoot Frenchman, that's what you are." That's the reception I got at Warren school. Right on & off like that all the way down the line.

Uncle Herman's got a picture of him here I'd like to show you about the Indians and that would settle the argument about them.

Comment: There's a picture back there of that.

Answer: Where's it at? I'm more proud of the pictures than about anything I've got. regardless of anyone else's opinion Uncle Clem, that's Herman's dad. Uncle Herman here, I'll talk on him rather than talk on myself.

I see in Florence where old Joe Williams, who was an early pioneer in the Dixie area ran a butcher shop and Uncle Herman and some other party was furnishing meat to him. Who was it?

Uncle Herman: He used to work for Dad. Him and me drove a bunch of cows _____ and he butchered them out over there at Florence _____

You know monkeying with this kind of stuff, well then if you verify everything, run it all down and really prove it and convince yourself you're right, it's an awful good way to lose the farm.

Comment: _____ go down to Circle C

big Durham cows, pigs and cows _____ dollars a head,
drive them up Secesh Meadows, peel the hide off of them and quarter them
up, bring \$100.

Picture of old Fox and his hair was white and hung clear to his hips.

He located Hope mine _____ and Susick _____ later
on there.

Comment: He put a lot of tunnels under there.

Question: Johnny, how did your family come to _____
about to be in Warren
were they miners

Answer: *My Dad's* Jack's mother was a sister to Uncle Herman. He came to McCall
first, then she come and *she ran a stopping* the ~~Stockton~~ house. *at the head of the*
labe *Fisher Station* what they called fisher fishing. That was during the Thunder Mountain
boom _____ went from there to the South Fork _____
at the foot of the hill, now it's the Barkell place. I had 4 brothers
and sisters. *2* twin brothers *buried* South Fork Ranger
Station, 2 sisters *buried?* raised at the head *Nettinger Ranch* can't find the
_____ think I can almost find them but I can't quite.

Question: Who's buried in the grave beside the powder house on the
South Fork Ranger Station?

Answer: Jack Schaefer

come up just can't get straightened out, the road is all different, timber has growed up now, what used to be little trees is big ones now, I'm getting senile awful fast.

Question: How large a mill was at Stibnite? Black Lake or Iron Springs or Rankin Mill?

Answer: Well, I couldn't tell you the size of that mill.

Where they drop the ore in is about 14 inches. Like a cider mill, you know, run down in about that big. The paint was still on it and *exposed to weather not too many years ago.*

(Bedlam)

He won his bride in a poker game

Spawning grounds

by Jeff Fee



The Warren mining era is so full of rich history that one column can hardly do it justice. This week's Spawning Grounds will be a continuation of last week's column, which centered around Civil War rivals, Anglo and Chinese miners whose coexistence was both peaceful and violent.

Between 1870 and 1890 Chinese influenced the Warren mining district to a great extent. Throughout that time they were often the majority race and they frequently dominated the mining activity. One of the most colorful Chinese figures in the historic west was China Polly. Many legends have been written about this Chinese heroine whose fame is etched in history throughout our nation.

Here is a short account of Polly's life taken from research done by Sister M. Alfreda Elsensohm who is one of the most competent historians in the state of Idaho.

On July 8, 1872, a cloud of dust kicked up by a pack train could be seen moving down the meadows toward Warren. The pack string, full of supplies, was always welcomed in that remote mining district. A man could be seen leading the string of packed mules, but the horse in the very front carried the small, graceful figure of a pretty, 19-year-old Chinese girl. Lahu Nathoy arrived in Warren dressed in the everyday attire of Chinese tradition. While being helped from her horse, she was introduced to her new name, Polly. Her new master, Hong King, was there to meet her at the loading docks. He had paid \$2,500 for Polly and she was now his slave girl. Ironically in 1865, less than a decade before Polly's arrival, our nation had lost thousands of precious lives to abolish slavery in this country.

China Polly worked in a Warren tavern owned by her master. One night a gambler named Charlie Bemis and Hong King were playing cards. It got down to serious gambling when Charlie put up a large amount of money and his saloon against Hong King's slave girl and a little bit of gold. Charlie won.

Polly went to work for Charlie as a dance hall hostess. When fights broke out in the dance hall, Polly would fly out the back door and into the front door of Charlie's home. Charlie was good with a gun and between his six shooter and his quiet but stern personality, the peace returned pronto.

In 1890, Johnny Cox, a half breed Indian from Lapwai, shot Charlie Bemis in the face with a six shooter over a gambling dispute. The bullet passed through the left cheek and lodged close to the eye. The doctor said that he could do nothing for Charlie and that he was as good as dead. Polly had learned many of the sophisticated healing

techniques that had been practiced by the Chinese for thousands of years, such as acupuncture and healing with various herbs and roots. She took a crochet hook and miraculously extracted the bullet from Charlie's head. With tender care and medical knowledge Polly nursed Charlie back to health.

Now Charlie had the reputation of being a dedicated bachelor, yet another miracle took place Aug. 13, 1894 when he asked Polly to be his wife.

Pony Smead, the judge who married Polly and Charlie, was also a colorful and interesting character. Smead worked with Dick Raines on the Raines ranch. During the 1860s and 1870s, the Raines' ranch supplied much of the Warren population with fresh vegetables, hay and beef.

One day while Raines, Smead and other hired help were working on the ranch, a group of Sheepeater Indian people rode in to do some trading. Pony Smead traded a horse and some flour to have one of the Indian girls stay temporarily and cook for the ranch hands. The 10-year-old girl, who became known as Molly, wanted to stay with Smead. They fell in love and ended up in matrimony.

Not long after Molly came to the Raines' ranch, on Aug. 15, 1879, Dick Raines was killed by the Tukudekaa (Mountain Sheepeater), a small group of Shoshonie Bannock who were at war with the United States at the time.

After the death of Raines, Pony and Molly Smead stayed on the ranch, which became known as the Pony Smead Place. Molly gave birth to eight beautiful children -- Ellen, Ida, Maggie, Willy, Mary, Ethel, Earl and George. During the winter the Smead family would move to Warren so the children could go to school.

In Warren the well-respected Pony Smead became A.D. Smead, justice of the peace. By his judicial duty, it was he who had the honorable pleasure of joining Polly and Charlie Bemis in holy matrimony.

After their marriage, Charlie and Polly Bemis bought a ranch on the Salmon River where they lived the rest of their lives. Charlie died Oct. 29, 1922, and was buried on the Bemis ranch. Polly lived the rest of her life on the ranch where neighbors and friends checked on her continuously.

During November of 1933, Polly passed away. She had requested to be buried beside her husband on the banks of the Salmon, but for some reason was laid to rest in the Prairie View Cemetery in Grangeville.

Molly and Pony Smead lived out full and happy lives. I'm not sure when they died, but they rest in peace at the Smead Place on the banks of the South Fork of the Salmon River.

WARREN'S

In 1862 James Warren, Mathew Bledsoe, and a man named Reynolds discovered gold 40 miles south east of Florence.

Less than a month later about 200 men started work at the Warren's placers. A pack train arrived September 8 and a log cabin was built fast and a store set up. The mining season of 1862 ended in November with a work force of 375 men.

The following fall 660 men were still on hand. In 1885 the population increased to about 1500 men and it is said that over 6,000 men were working at the placers at one time.

The Civil War passions divided the men into two separate camps, Washington and Richmond.

Washington was the camp of the unionists set up along the Secesh River through the meadows about 15 miles west of Warren. It later became the county seat of Idaho County from 1886 until 1875 when it was moved to Mt. Idaho. C. A. Sears ran a general store, Mason and Wessel also ran a store, and George Pophan ran the Idaho Hotel.

Richmond was located at the mouth of Slaughter Creek full of southern sympathizers. There was a store set up there. The settlement was shore lived and in 1886 it was abandoned.

Warren's business district once consisted of an express line ran by W. P. Hunt and F. G. Hunt, a boarding house ran by Mrs. Shultz, a butcher shop ran by a man named Benson, George Dryer ran a blacksmith shop, a hotel, ran by George Church, Benson and a partner ran a general store, another general store was ran by Grostein and Binnards, Al Ripsin ran a saloon that boasted of an organ packed in by mules from Grangeville, and Mrs. Osborn ran a boarding house.

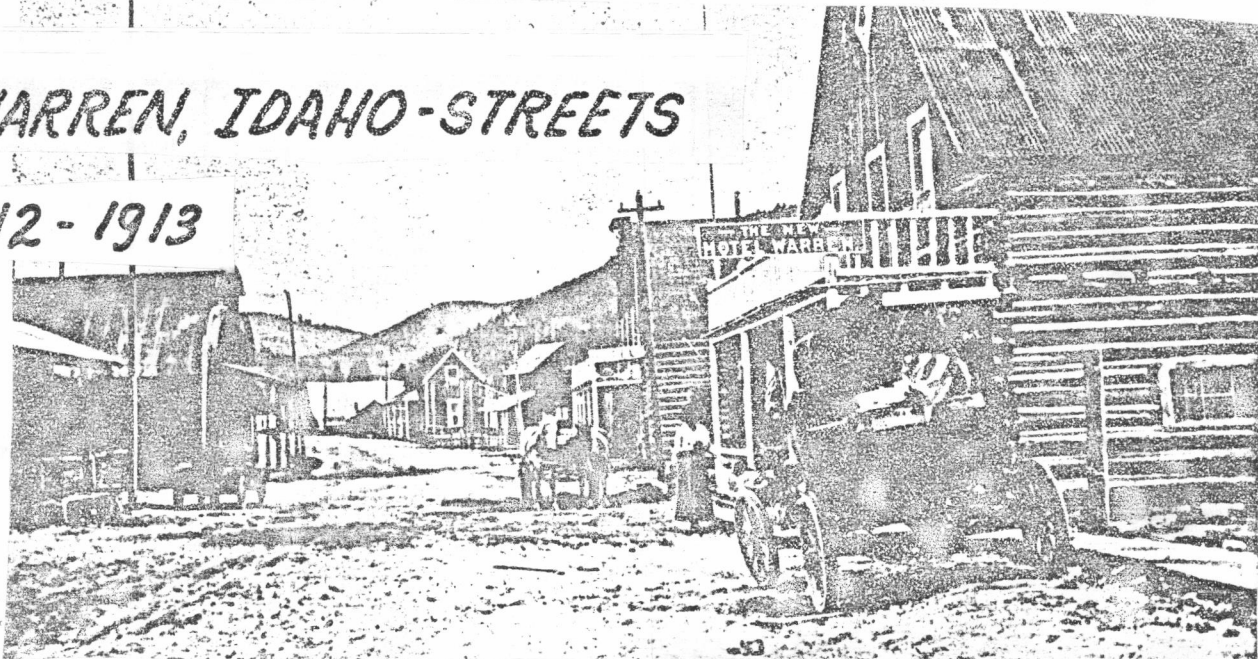
The Chinese miners established their own store, butcher shop, a gambling house, a saloon, and had their own pack string.

In about 1887, \$180 was collected to build a new school, Mrs. M. C. Benedict was the teacher. Mrs. Effa Skelton taught school in 1938.

The first mail came in on contract from Grangeville once a week. A pack horse was used during the summer and snow-

WARREN, IDAHO-STREETS

1912-1913



shoes during the winter months. Later the mail was brought in from Weiser with two contracts, one from Weiser to Indian Valley and the other from Indian Valley to Warrens. In 1938 winter delivery was three times a week.

"Hocum Felta" was a club formed by the miners and the businessmen. They put on their own entertainment. The basic rule of the club was that neither the entertainer or the audience could smile. A deadpan comic that managed to draw a few snickers became the celebrity of the town.

A water powered sawmill was built and operated by Frank Shissler in 1868. It was located on Shissler Creek about one mile from Warren. The capacity of the sawmill was approximately 2,000 board feet per day. In 1873 Shissler transferred the mill to Grangeville area.

According to E. I. Osborn, Norman B. Willey built a sawmill on Steamboat Creek prior to 1877. Willey later became the second governor of the State of Idaho when Governor Shoup resigned January 1, 1893. Willey was the Lieutenant Governor elected to the office December 1890. Prior to becoming Lt. Governor, Willey also owned a quartz mine at Warren. Willey was born at Guilford, New York, March 3, 1838 and was educated at the Delaware Literary Institute at Franklin, New York, and came to Idaho in 1864.

Placer mining was first used and was later replaced when quartz discoveries were made in 1866. Norman Willey described it as, "the attention of prospectors was attracted to considerable moderately rich float quartz hereabouts, and many score of ledges were discovered, and hundreds, probably thousands of claims were located and recorded upon them." Only 18 lodes actually and mining possibilities and two stamp mills and several arrastre went into operation. The definition of "Arrastre" found in the Handbook of Ore Dressing, by Arthur Taggart is "a primitive machine much used in early Mexican gold milling for grinding from 1 inch size to slime. Practice in building varied, but the usual form was a circular pit, walled with rock or logs and chinked with clay, the bottom lined with flat stones similarly chinked, over which flat-bottomed cubical stones weighing 100 to 1000 lbs. were dragged by means of a horse drawn sweep. Capacity varies from 200 to 300 lb. per day of soft ore in machines 3 or 4 ft. in diameter to 2 to 5 tons in 8- to 12-ft. mills."

Both of the stamp mills failed--as was usual at that time, especially in districts as remote as Warren's.

Placer mining continued to support Warren's, by 1874 most claims that white miners would pay attention to were worked out and Chinese miners worked placers that the white miners would leave.

Lode mining kept Warren's alive, mainly at the Charity and the Resue Mines.

Dredging of Warren's meadows became practical after 1930. A steam dredge was trucked into the area in 1931, and work continued until wartime restrictions suspended gold mining in 1942. Two dredges, powered by electricity were active and their yield finally reached about \$4,000,000.

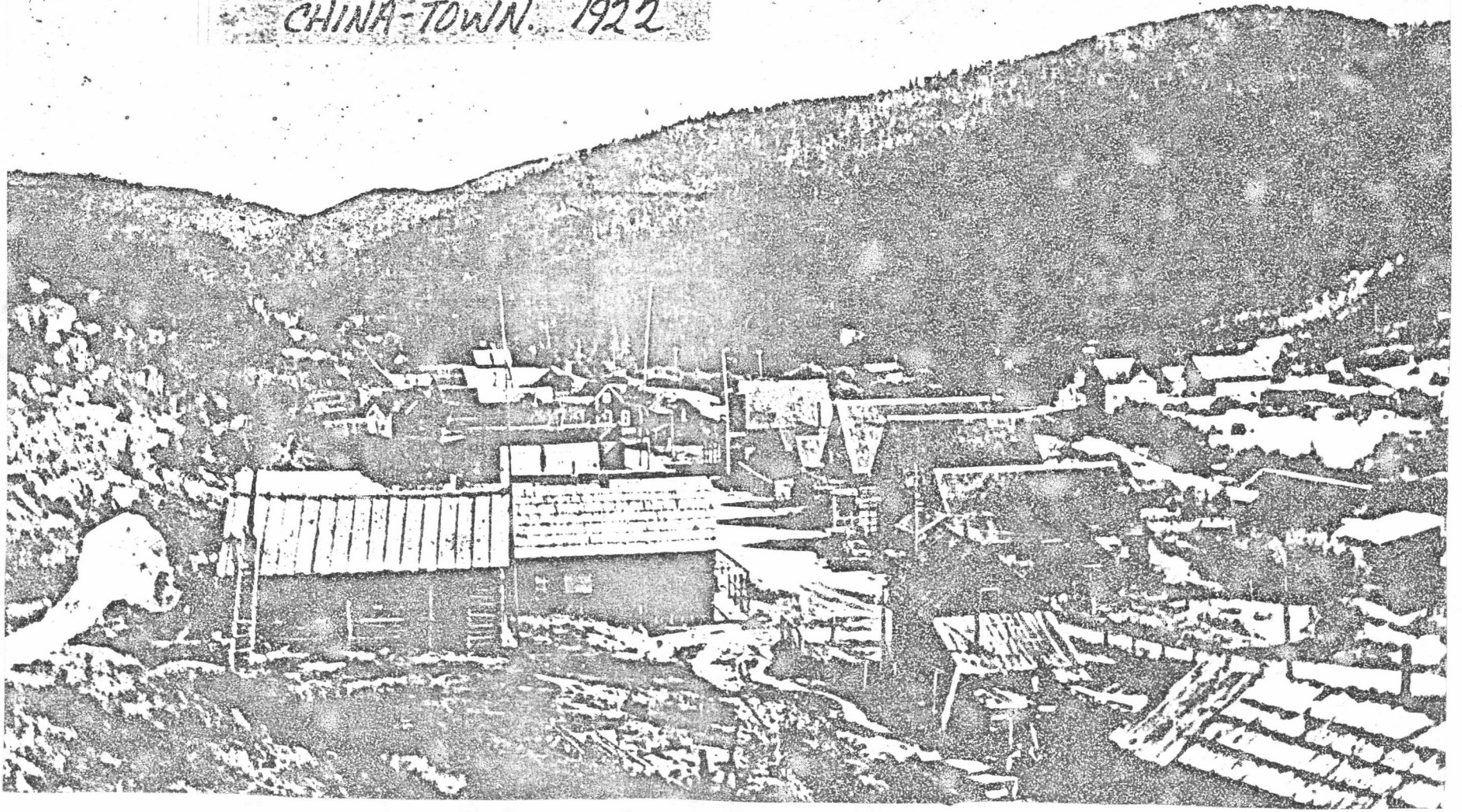
Warren's survives mainly as a forest service and a recreational center, a century or more after mining commenced. A new log dwelling was constructed at Warren's for the Payette National Forest in 1922. An office, warehouse-garage, and barn were added in the 1933 to 1936 period with CCC labor. A new modern frame house was constructed in 1959.



Carrying the Mail on Skis. Warren, 1897.

WARREN, IDAHO - VIEWS

LOOKING EAST FROM
CHINA-TOWN. 1922



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Spawning grounds

Gold fever gives birth to Warren

by Jeff Fee

The following account researched through Idaho Chinese Lore and Idaho County Records by Sister M. Alfreda Elsensohn.

During 1861 the cannons of civil war began to echo throughout our nation. In August of 1862 a gambler named Jim Warren discovered gold in a beautiful meadow along the Salmon River Basin. Word quickly reached other mining camps and a mass influx of prospectors headed for the meadows.

By the spring of 1863, a total of 400 men occupied the new mining area.

It was a time when the war between the states was beginning to reach a peak. A few southerners and many southern sympathizers decided to create their own separate camp in Warrens meadows. They built a store at the mouth of Slaughter Creek that became the center of the new settlement, called Richmond.

Pro-Unionists created a rival settlement appropriately named Washington. Another group of pro-Secessionists set up a small mining camp along a river running through meadows about 15 miles west of Warren. The meadows and the river were named Secesh as a result of the Secessionist camp.

Richmond was short-lived. In 1866, gold fever won out over the southern spirit when it was found out that some of the richest claims to be staked were right under the foundations of the southern settlement.

In 1869 Washington was chosen county seat and continued in that role until 1875. By 1875 a decade had passed since the end of the civil war. The rivalry between Washington and Richmond was only a memory. Washington was beginning to be referred to as Warrens. Then in 1876, it officially became known as Warren.

Between 1862 and 1875 population fluctuations varied from year to year. However, the late Ottis Morris, a long-time resident of Warren, claimed county seat records showed a population peak of 6,000. By 1872 most of the rich pay dirt had been worked clean. Only 400 miners remained working the odds and ends of a gold field that rendered nearly a decade of high gold concentrations.

During the early 1860s Chinese laborers entered the United States. The Central Pacific hired 10,000 Cantonese to help complete the railroad bound for the Pacific.

In 1869 the railroads were completed. The Chinese railroad gangs left for the gold booms springing up throughout the west. In 1870 the census of Idaho showed 14,999. Of that number 4,274 or one-fourth were Chinese.

The mining district of Warren, like other

mining districts in Idaho created a law, which read: "All Chinamen are prohibited from holding claims or working in this district as hired men." During 1872 the miners of Warren wanted to sell their depleted claims. A vote was taken, and 1,200 Chinese were allowed to come into the camp to buy and stake claims. By 1879, 600 Chinese were making their claims pay. Only 150 whitemen remained.

In 1882 a report on the production of gold and silver in the United States gives the following information. "Took Sing Company, \$14,120; Lin Wo Company, \$21,500, Hung Wo Company, \$17,400; Wing Wo Company, \$15,000; Shun Lee Company \$11,260. A total of \$79,280 in gold was extracted by Chinese placer mines in Warren. The five Chinese companies in Warrens own over a mile of creek bottom and employ about 200 men."

At certain times, prejudice towards the Chinese made its ugly mark. There are numerous records of Chinamen being shot or hung for their hard-earned gold filled poke.

One of the most tragic incidences took place in 1887 on Douglas Bar, when eight white cowboys rode into a Chinese mining camp and shot and killed 32 of the oriental miners. Douglas Bar is located a short distance below the confluence of the Salmon and Snake rivers. Many of the bodies were found floating down the Snake, and eighteen flasks of gold were stolen. In general, though, the Chinese in Warren were well respected by most Anglo citizens. However, one unfortunate incident stirred bad feelings--a Chinaman was taken to the creek and hung for stealing a white man's shoes.

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Gold FEVER - WARREN
CHINESE TONGS -

STAR NEWS
FEBRUARY - MAY 1978.

The Warren Chinese had more trouble among themselves because of the Tongs. One Tong would war against another Tong. Each Tong had his own particular style of weapon, usually a knife.

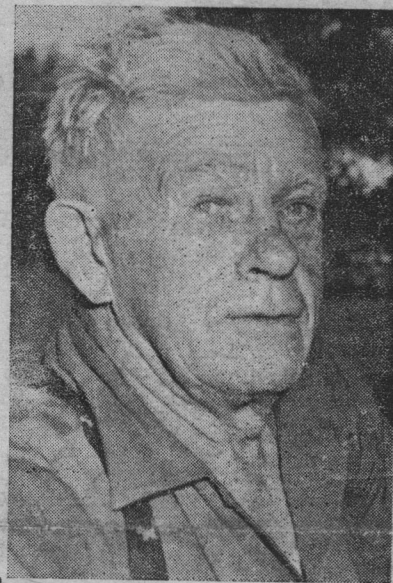
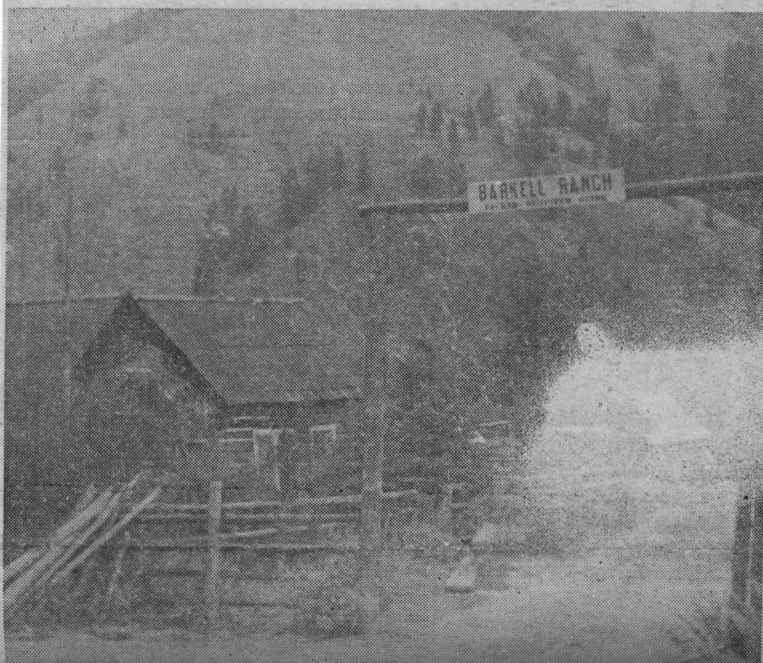
The early day Chinese had quite a cultural influence on Warren and other mining camps of the Northwest. Taverns, stores, restaurants and laundries were owned by many Chinese merchants. Some taverns actually had opium dens in the back, used by Chinese and some white customers as well. In Warren during times of illness, many of the white miners preferred the medical attention of two Chinese healers who healed with herbs and teas over a medical doctor.

Some of the best pack trains were owned and run by Chinese. One of the three largest pack trains on the Warren - Grangeville trail was the Ah Cain and Ah Luy's pack train.

So, history claims, what you read is the way it was.

OUT OF THE PAST

Mail Carriers



the National Archives at Washing-



(By Earl Willson)

An interesting highlight of this story and the accompanying photos, are the ancient and badly mildewed postoffice records recently resurrected by Otis Morris of Warren, while he was digging through long forgotten stuff stored in one of his buildings. One of the record books show that a postoffice named Hall was in existence, first at the original Ben Day ranch (later known as the Schaffer place) on the South Fork of the Salmon River below Warren Summit. Minnie Day was the postmaster in 1894, 1895 and at least a part of 1896. Then it seems that Simeon Willy (better known as "Sim" Willy) took the duties of postmaster, and the office was moved to his ranch, now known as the Ribulett place, where he served as postmaster for only a short time until "Pony" Smead assumed the duties, and moved the office back down the river to his ranch in October 1896, and continued to serve through 1897, 1898 and well into the year 1899. Incidentally the old Smead place was later well known as the Duston, Carey ranch, and now the Barkel place.

These old records also show that a post office known as Comfort was located on the South Fork near the mouth of Elk Creek, where Ernest W. Heath served as postmaster in 1904, 1905 and 1906.

In those days of slow transportation facilities, Uncle Sam's Postal Department seemingly wasn't too reluctant to establish postal service in the most remote places to serve a mere "handfull" of patrons, no matter the cost, and with no investigation as to the probable number of patrons that might be served. No wonder Uncle Shylocks Postal Department was usually in the "red" after his liberal efforts to get mail delivered into the interiors regardless of the cost, or any obstacle. Those were the days when the mail was delivered, or else! When it had to be delivered on schedule, and no excuse short of near death was acceptable.

Surprising as it may seem to many people, even Profile Summit had a post-office in 1914, and with the number of patrons practically nil.

Those were the days too, when mail might be delivered by dog teams far into the interior of

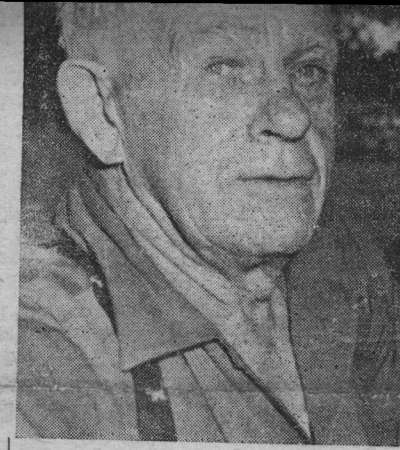
Alaska, and the rugged character having the contract for delivery, was in those days, quite well paid for the hazards he continually faced on the long treks "mushing" behind dogs or silently alone on skis or "webs", in some wide expanse of snow terrain, that many times was the areas of blizards or the wake of some avalanche that a carrier could not avoid crossing on his regular route.

Not only were the crude log houses, depicted in the accompanying photos, the places that housed the South Fork post offices, but they were also the temporary headquarters for US. cavalry when enroute into the rugged terrain on lower Big Creek and the Middle Fork of the Salmon River, where the rampaging Sheepeater Indians were captured in 1879.

It is said too, that because of the scarcity of white women around Warren and adjacent areas back in the 80's, that young Smead, one of the postmasters referred to, had traded a pony for his Indian wife who was a member of the Sheepeater tribe, and that there-after he became known as "Pony". Evidently too, "Pony's" squaw made a good wife, and bore him a large well behaved family who were very well schooled. Pony Creek, a small tributary of the South Fork, was named after young Smead.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Brown occupied the old Day place, (better known as the Schaffer ranch) soon after the turn of the century. A pioneer landmark that, like the "Curley" Bewer ranch, should have been preserved, but instead were wantonly disposed of by a State and National hierachy the likes of which are quite comparable to the Communist tactics we are so much against. And the Smead, Duston, Barkel place pictured here, probably would have gone the same route had the selfish interests been able to purchase the ranch. Of this we are quite sure.

In releasing the accompanying photo of the late "Curly" Brewer and his lone dog enroute into the remote Thunder Mountain area from Warren with the mail, long before an office and mail service to serve the patrons of that area, this correspondent was provided with additional information from



the National Archives at Washington D. C., confirming our earlier information that a postoffice was established at Roosevelt on February 19th 1902, and that it was discontinued on September 30th, 1915.

Names of those who were postmasters at that remote metropolis during its short but hectic life were, William L. Cuddy, February 19, 1902; Joseph Randell, September 6th, 1902; Warren M. Dutton, June 9th 1905; Harry S. Austin, December 15, 1906; Benjamin F. Francis, March 20, 1907; Gertrude Wayland, September 27, 1907; Tirza J. Wayland, July 1st, 1908; Esther H. Busby, December 21, 1911.

Apparently there was an interval before the abandonment of the office, when there was no regular appointed postmaster.

It will be noted too, that William L. Cuddy was also Warden at the Idaho State Prison through 1919 and 1924. Ben F. Francis too, was chief of police at Boise shortly after the gold boom had quieted down. Claude Elliott 76, and now a resident of Boise, likes to renece in the back country adjacent minesce about his long time resid- to Edwardsburg and the Big Lost country where, among other tasks, he assisted "Curly" Brewer in packing mail into the back country preceeding the turn of the century, and his employment on the Baumhoff gold dredges during Warrens second revival in mining in 1936.

Warren used to be gold miners' heaven

Warren, now little more than tumbling buildings, was a gold mine boom town when Stanley McClain first saw it and it stayed that way until World War II started.

Considering that McClain has spent most of his adult life in Idaho, it's ironic how it all began.

"I said I was going to see as much of Idaho as I can," he recalls of what was to be a brief stay in the state in the mid-1930s.

That was when he accepted an invitation from a friend to drive from Missouri to Idaho with several other young men. His job was to drive the car back to Missouri so the friend could spend the entire summer in Idaho where his uncle, Art Fiske, was mining on Warren Summit.

Everything went as scheduled until "the finance company came and got the car." That left Mc-

Clain with new plans to make. He stayed in Idaho.

The boys went to work in the Warren area. They worked at Fiske's mine and McClain also worked for the forest service. When he finally made it back to Missouri, he "bought a \$50 Model-A Ford... went to California and came back (to Idaho) the next summer."

After acquiring some property, he started adding claims until he had six hard rock and four placer gold claims. He built a small mill and worked by himself part of the time, but "never did get into good production... I didn't have the mine developed to the point I could get in there (full time)."

McClain worked the Mayflower Creek mines from 1935 to 1941 when he was drafted. That was a boom period for Warren.

There was a school, the forest

service, two hard-rock mines and three Baumhoff and Fisher dredges by 1937.

"It had a bunch of saloons and a dance hall that would jump on Saturday night and that kind of stuff," McClain said. "It was like a Western town -- drinking, fights -- all that good stuff."

Generally there was someone about "who would take an interest in religion," McClain continued, and would take charge of the youngsters for Sunday or Bible school.

At one time a family had a liquor store in town, he recalled.

"It just came and went -- seemed strange," he said.

Living in Warren was profitable during the Depression, McClain said, with muckers making \$3 a day and miners, \$4.

The pay was about the same for

(Continued on Page A-2)

...Warren in its heyday

(Continued from Page A-1) dredging jobs, with the dredge master making possibly as much as \$5 a day.

"If a person had a job then he was lucky," McClain said. "To see people running around with money in their pockets, that was great

McClain made enough money working for the forest service to buy winter supplies, warm clothes and groceries. People in the area did so much hunting for meat that game wardens remarked, "the people there eat too much illegal meat."

"I didn't feel that way," he said, explaining that the butcher shop was "too expensive for me."

When the war started, the mines shut down, McClain said "Gold wasn't considered," he explained. "It wasn't an essential metal. They wanted other minerals -- tungsten, copper, iron, manganese... Something to make guns and bullets, I guess."

"They didn't have much use for gold. It didn't fit into their program."

During the war, miners who stayed couldn't get mining supplies, dynamite or replacements. Some men however, "took out a couple dollars a day" with cradles (remains are the floor and a wall form of sluice box) in the Fork of the Salmon River, he said.

He worked his mines until the war, when he went into the service. His goal, he explained, was to mix some good ore with some leaner ore and "have it run for a time."

He returned five years later and worked for awhile, but then married and his life changed.

McClain built two cabins about two miles from Warren on the main forest road before the war.

During earlier times, people coming to the cabin came there for a reason, he said -- some were just hungry, others stayed for a short time. Whatever their reason for coming, he never had problems.

Later, however, the vandalism started. He found things missing -- "mattresses, sink, table, stove." He would return to find supplies and food sifted through and "pretty soon the rats moved in. I couldn't stay there."

The log cabin is still standing but the log and lumber cabin has been vandalized to a point he no longer wanted to fix it. A young man used the lumber for a home he was building and all that remains are the floor and a wall form of sluice box) in the Fork of the Salmon River, he said. McClain continues to work his mines but only to keep his annual assessment up.



Stanley McClain

He carries the mail to Warren

by Maureen Kennedy

People are often unable to say what motivated them to choose a career. For Jim Newcomb, commercial air taxi pilot, it may have been the winter he lived in Warren.

"I can remember the airplane was really the only link with the outside world," Newcomb, who lives in Lake Fork, said. "They had a radio but that usually was used for emergency purposes only. The mail plane brought groceries and the mail once a week.

"It wasn't such a great thing when it came every week but whenever it was storming it might be two weeks. It was always a neat thing when the mail plane got in."

Newcomb, mail carrier servicing the people in Warren and on the South Fork of the Salmon River since 1973, was 14 years old then.

He was six months old in 1948 when he first went to Warren. As he has heard the story, it was high-water season and the bridges were washed out. The family had to cross the Secesh River in a half-track, an outdated military vehicle with wheels in the front and tracks in the rear.

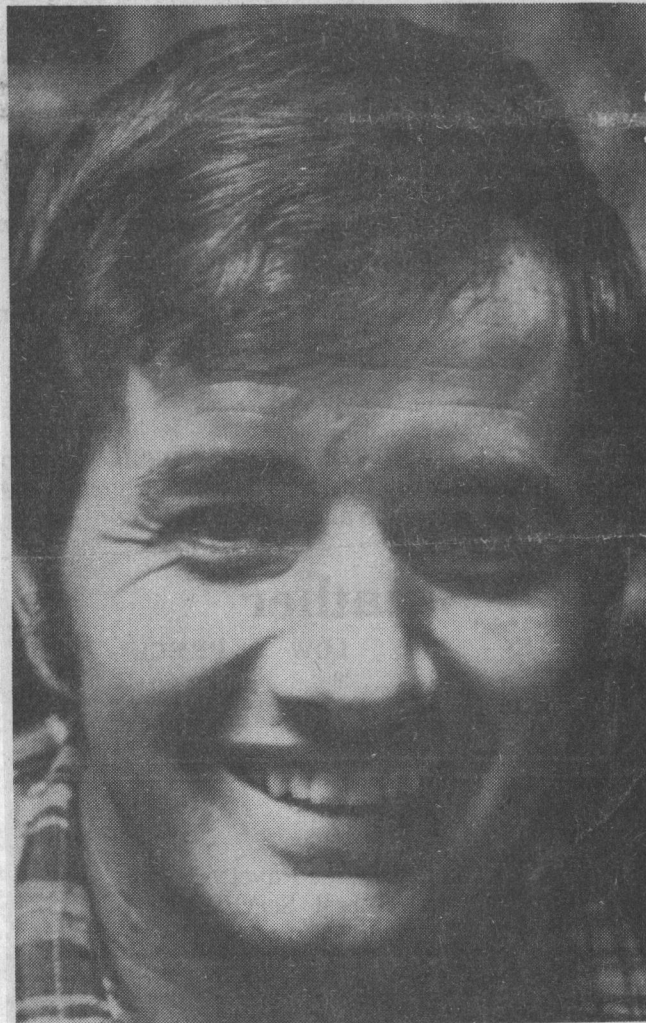
"They heated my bottle in the radiator of the half-track," he said.

His father, Robert, came to Warren from Missouri in the 1930s. He worked on the Baumhoff and Fisher dredges and later acquired some mining property in the area.

For a time his family lived in Orofino and when he was five years old, they moved to Boise. They spent summers in Warren and, Newcomb said, "I more or less grew up there every summer."

The family retained some of the mining property in Warren and his father primarily placer mined it.

"From a kid's standpoint, I thought it was neat," he said. "We'd traipse around the hill the time. There was lots of always places to explore."



Jim Newcomb, mail carrier.

Generally other children about his age would also be there, he said, and they fished and hiked. He estimates Warren's population at 40-50 during those summers.

They tended to be people who were involved in mining the area at one time or another, he said, and who found jobs elsewhere when the mining closed.

This winter nine people live in Warren.

During the heavy gold mining period before World War II, Newcomb believes from 150-200 lived there and, he said, several thousand lived in the district when the Chinese were there in the 1800s or possibly the early 1900s.

From stories told to him, people originally found gold in Warren during the Thunder Mountain Rush.

"Warren was more or less one of the trails to the Thunder Mountain area," he said. "Someone happened to make a gold discovery. From there, instead of Thunder Mountain, they went to Warren.

"The Chinese were brought in at a later date by the white man because they were such cheap labor. Gradually the Chinese bought their freedom, worked for themselves. A lot of them worked where the white man already worked. They worked what the white man missed."

No longer a town with a "tough guy" atmosphere as in the 1930s mining days, Warren now is more of a recreation spot for most people who go, Newcomb said. While he sees some new interest in mining, he said recreation is the main attraction.

"A lot of the people have summer homes," he said. "They may go in for two weeks or a weekend."

During the '30s when more people lived in Warren, however, "there were some fairly rough characters," Newcomb has heard. With two or three bars to choose from, quite a bit of drinking and gambling apparently took place.

"There were several incidents of fighting and occasionally somebody getting shot, but after the war there really wasn't much of that type thing going on," Newcomb said. "Most of the mining shut down."

As far as Newcomb knows, placer gold was the main type of mining. He said the ore is in a fairly free state and miners don't have to crush it to get at it. They wash the gravel with water to separate the fines from the heavies.

Additionally some hard-rock mining that produced a considerable amount of money also took place.

"When the dredges came in, that was pretty much the biggest operation there," he said.

Baumhoff and Fisher, who operated the dredges, were in Alaska when they decided to jointly dredge in the Warren area, Newcomb said. It went from a marginal venture, he said, to an operation that made about \$14 million.

...getting mail to Warren

Newcomb's father preceeded him as mail carrier in the Warren area. Prior to the days of the snowmobile, Robert got the mail out with a team of horses and a sled.

When Robert died, several years of his contract were left. Newcomb and his wife, Lorraine, hadn't been married that long and decided to take their young child and "move back (to Warren) for awhile to see what it was like."

Johnson Flying Service was still operating at the time, he said, and had part of his present mail contract. The service flew to Warren and Newcomb took the rest of the mail and provisions to the South Fork via snowmachine, jeep or motorcycle.

When Johnson's sold to Evergreen Air of Montana, Newcomb said, Johnson gave up the bid for the main Salmon River mail route that Ray Arnold now has and the Warren mail contract.

The post office combined the Warren route with Newcomb's. He already had his private pilot's license, got his commercial instrument license and "that was when I started flying."

His service to the South Fork and Warren area includes occasional trips to Big Creek and other spots. Part of his route also includes the Hettinger Ranch, the McClain Ranch and an air drop to the Fritzer Ranch.

He makes weekly runs, weather permitting, during the winter months and goes three times a week during the summer. The area is snowed in from about November to May, necessitating the air delivery.

During the summer Newcomb drives around the lake from McCall, making some box deliveries along the way. He continues to Warren and the end of the route is the forest service guard station on the South Fork. Occasionally he makes stops at areas such as Burgdorf and Secesh Meadow.

A special type of person chooses to live in a place such as Warren, Newcomb believes. In addition to their mail, he's taken them freight, groceries, "dogs, kids,

cats, goats" -- about anything they need that the plane can carry.

"I'm sure they like the seclusion," he said.

Most of them have something that keeps them busy all winter, he said, whether it's trapping or making rugs.

Jack and Lucille Pickell, Warren residents, were raised there, Newcomb said and had the post office for the last 28 years.

Tim and Ruth Williams still have mines in the area. Even though the mines are not active now, Tim still does a lot of prospecting, Newcomb said.

"I can remember them getting married," he said. "I was real young at the time."

Harry Vaux "came from somewhere back East" during the Thunder Mountain days, Newcomb said. Vaux, about 78 years old, acquired some mines in the Warren area then and has lived in Warren since.

Red Fisk, Newcomb's great-uncle, came from Missouri in the 1930s. He was a steam fitter by trade, Newcomb said, and his favorite pasttime was mining. About 76 years old, Fisk has several mining properties in the Warren district and has prospected all over the U.S. as well as places outside the country.

Newcomb said.

Fisk no longer actively mines, Newcomb said.

"He's a 'consultant'," he explained.

A couple who moved from Caldwell to Warren last fall completes the list of residents. Newcomb said, "they just wanted to winter back there."

When the Newcombs first moved to Warren, Lorraine said, it wasn't as easy as it now is to snowmobile in and out of the area. Then she found the arrival of the mail plane more exciting.

"They get a lot of snowmobile traffic so it may not be quite as big a day in their lives but it's still about their only source of fresh food, especially vegetables and milk," Newcomb said.

Warren residents usually have an account at McCall stores. They send grocery lists to the stores and Newcomb notifies the stores when he is going to take the plane to Warren.

Now that the Newcombs have school-aged children, living in Warren isn't practical. When Newcomb spent the winter there when he was 14 years old, the two-room schoolhouse was operating.

"It operated on and off since it was built," he said. "The two rooms were both classrooms originally. When I went to school there, the teacher lived in the back."

Newcomb went to school with five other students -- all girls. He was the oldest. The youngest was five years old. They went to school six days a week, he said, and got out in April "when the weather was nice."

He remembers all his classmates. Sherry Barkell, Sylvia McClain's granddaughter, was there. So were Chris and Sharon Murray, whose parents now live in McCall.

Joyce Harold, now Joyce Lukehart, lives in McCall. Julie McClain completed Newcomb's list.

A couple has been going to Warren from Texas every summer for the last 15 years, Newcomb said. For the last six years, the woman has been compiling a history of the Warren area and is now putting it in final form.

She plans to send the Newcombs a copy of the draft to review, he said, and "I suppose it will come as close to any (complete) history of the area."

How it was

To the editor:

I enjoyed reading the articles about Warren in issues of the past summer. But I would like to correct a few misstatements in those articles.

In your issue of April 16, you state that Fisher and Baumhoff were in Alaska when they decided to dredge Warren Meadows in 1931. Now while E.T. (Al) Fisher had spent years prospecting and mining in Alaska, he left there around 1920 and was a general contractor all up and down the west coast. Fred Baumhoff was a contractor in Placerville, Calif., and I doubt very much if he ever saw Alaska.

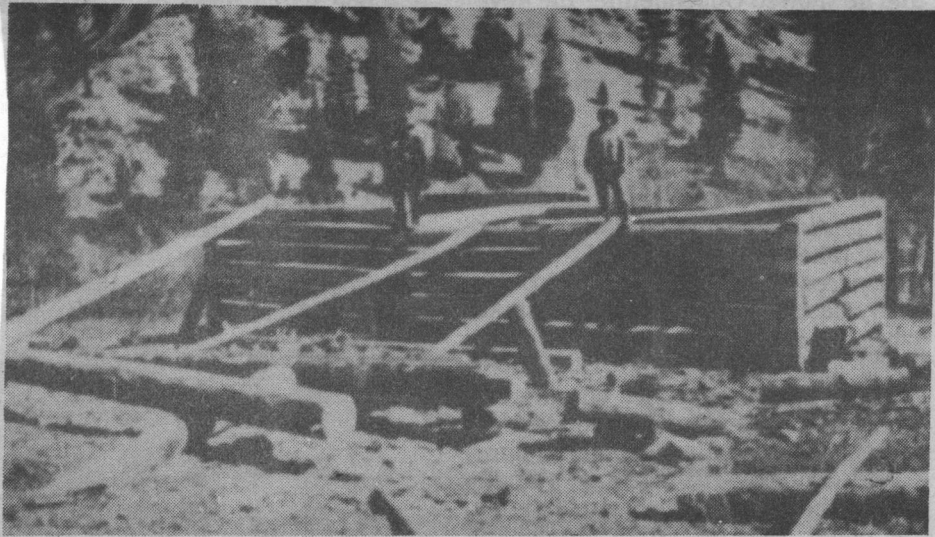
You also state in this issue that the dredge master made possibly as much as \$5 a day. I was the dredge master on the four dredges that operated in Warren and I sure hate to have you cut my wages at this late date. Nobody that worked on the dredges made less than \$5 a day. That was the lowest wage paid.

In a sense you were right about my wages as there were three corporations that owned the dredges. These corporations were all controlled by E.T. Fisher and Fred Baumhoff and each corporation paid me approximately \$5 a day.

Also in the issue of July 9, you state that Unity Gold Production switched from steam power to electricity on their dredges. Unity did not dredge one bucket full of gravel in Warren. They operated a quartz mine there and had a hydroelectric power plant on the South Fork of the Salmon River, so they merely sold electricity to the dredging companies.

Also they did not sell any power to the town of Warren as at that time Otis Morris had a small hydro-electric plant located in Warren that supplied power to the town.

Frank Gallagher
Portland, Ore.



Building a homestead cabin, Circa 1915.

George Fritser was born on the South Fork of the Salmon River in 1902. He still tills and lives on the land his father took as a homestead nearly eighty years ago.

By Jerry Dixon

George Fritser is the son of an original Idaho homesteader. He still lives on the site where he was born almost 80 years ago. He tills the land his father settled on before the turn of the century and was born in a log cabin which sat a few feet away from his present cabin.

The Fritser Homestead lies on a bar 50 feet above the rolling South Fork of the Salmon River. It is rimmed in by steep mountains that allow only three hours of sun to filter in during December. There is a large orchard with apple, plum and cherry trees and three eighth acre gardens. Above the home are two large hay fields where the horses and cattle were kept.

When George's father, Harry Fritser Sr., came to the South Fork from Oregon in 1898 it was still a wild country. Two miners named Hollaway and Dunaway were mining the bar that would become the Fritser homestead. They had leased the land to Chinese miners, who could not own the land but only work it for others.

Harry Fritser Sr. claimed the bar where Hollaway and Dunaway had mined. The two Canadians had taken off down the river in a boat after their claims played out. They lost 500 foot of rope in the first rapids. It must

have been an exciting trip since the South Fork of the Salmon has never been run, except by kayaks, in modern day.

George was the first born to Harry and Charlotte Fritser on a cold January day in 1902. After that followed 10 brothers and sisters, all brought into the world without the help of a midwife or doctor. The nearest town was Warrens which was a day's ski away out of a canyon that is deeper than the Grand Canyon.

Charlotte Genant was living with her family on the South Fork when she married Harry Fritser. Harry took his bride and moved to a log cabin he had built on his homestead. The nearest neighbors were the Willis' two miles upstream or the Hinkley's one mile downriver. In either case it meant getting across the South Fork which until recently called for rowing a boat or fording in low water.

The South Fork of the Salmon was at times a difficult place to grow up. To make ends meet Harry Fritser would sell a cow in the fall or herd sheep in the summer. The large Fritser family did not have many conveniences. George describes the good old days when, "We ate weeds and grass and drank milk mostly."



George's mother and father. George in center with hat on.

South Fork Native

The Fritser children grew up in the serenity of the river gorge. Life was hard but Harry and Charlotte Fritser provided a stable family life for them. Then tragedy struck when Charlotte Fritser died from childbirth complications bearing her eleventh child. George, then 17 years old, skied to Warrens to get a doctor. The only doctor he could find was Chinese so George brought him back to the river down the 5000 foot breaks. The 'doctor' administered herbs but could do nothing about the real cause of the problem which eventually led to the mother's death on May 28, 1919. She was buried on the ranch on a shady knoll overlooking the crystal river.

The next fall (1919) the county superintendent of schools, Tersey J. Wayland, rode into the Fritser homestead on a borrowed horse. She had heard of the Fritser children (ten then, one daughter had died) living on the river with no mother and no school near. It was law that all children had to go to a public school. Mrs. Wayland

wanted to bring them out to Boise to give them a chance to have a formal education. When she arrived at the ranch there was apprehension among the siblings because for the children to leave the ranch meant that Harry Fritser Sr. would be left alone.

George was in Cascade at the time fighting a fire. A vote was taken by the children when the school marm explained why she had come. Some wanted to stay on the ranch and others wanted to see what life was like outside of the canyon walls. They all wanted to be together so they eventually decided to leave with the superintendent. George relates that because of the law the vote was probably superfluous.

Traveling by horseback, the caravan of nine children and Mrs. Wayland rode down the South Fork and up into Warrens where they spent the night in the old Warrens Hotel. They then traveled on to Boise where the children were all put up for adoption. It would take two years before they would all find a new home. George returned home after fighting a forest fire and left that fall for Boise, where he enrolled in school. When he tried to find out where his brothers and sisters were, the adoption home denied him the information. It was 19 years before he found out where all of them were.

George and his brother Harry Jr. returned to the ranch in 1923 when they both ran away. George stayed in Boise with the Witlock family until February 1923. The Witlocks moved from a farm outside town closer to the

Then tragedy struck when Charlotte Fritser died from childbirth complications . . .

city and George decided to go stay with Harry Jr. in Cascade. The adoption home would only tell George where one of his nine brothers and sisters were. He found that Harry Jr. was staying in Cascade with Mrs. Wayland's family. When George got to Cascade he stayed until July. During this time he had talks with a preacher in town who told the Fritser boys they were working pretty hard and receiving little in return. Harry Jr. would plow with four horses out in the Wayland's field and then go to school. George remembers, "Waylands would work us like slaves and never paid us anything."

One clear summer night in July of 1923 after talking it over, George and Harry stole away from Cascade and the Wayland home. They only had a small sack of sugar between them and one gun. They had planned to make it into the South Fork in one day, a distance of 67 miles. They passed the night at Scott Valley outside of Cascade at the foot of the Salmon

George operating a piece of power equipment to haul logs.



Photo by Jerry Dixon

River Mountains. The next day they rose before the sun and trod over Big Creek summit into the headwaters of the South Fork of the Salmon. The river was running high and they had to descend to the '49 ford before they dared cross. Even then their crossing entailed wading the river in water up to their chest. The second night was spent at Nast Creek and it took three days to reach the homestead. There was a joyful reunion with their father and those were the only two of his children Harry Sr. would ever see

again. Harry Jr. was 16 when he left Cascade but no one ever showed up again to take him away from his South Fork home.

The two sons lived on the ranch and helped their father out with the homestead. Harry Fritser Sr. died of an apparent heart attack across the river from his home in September of 1927. After their father's death George and Harry remained on the South Fork working in the summer for the Forest Service. Harry Jr. died in 1936 from tick fever while packing. George relates. "When they pulled

the tick off his back it was as big as your thumb and the welt on his back was as big as your hand."

George calmly pulls dozens of ticks off himself every Spring, he says he can always feel them crawling on him and they have to be there 24 hours before they can bite you.

Except for brief periods on the outside when he served in World War II and worked as a watch repairman, George has lived on the river. He has worked most of his life as a packer and lookout and knows the trails of the South Fork like most know the streets of their neighborhood.

The conflagration of 1949 burnt down the original log cabin George was born in. In 1951 he dug enough wood to build his house over the South Fork breaks. The entire house was built with two hundred dollars of lumber. George then covered the house with tin so it would be harder to set ablaze if another fire rages through the canyon.

Directly across the river, all that remains of the dense douglas fir stand is a few widely scattered seedlings. But the two forty foot douglas firs near his door George remembers as saplings when he was a boy. He also remembers a time when the salmon, "Would swarm so thick in those pools they would knock each other clean out of the water."

It is quite likely that George Fritser is the oldest living resident of the Salmon River. However, he finds no need to advertise it. He leads a life of humility beneath the towering crags of the South Fork.

He cuts, hauls and splits his own wood and brings water from the stream in the winter when his spring freezes. He is an able craftsman fashioning tools, parts for a distributor, leather wallets and baby tractors. He even built himself a cable car (the best on the river) that sees so much use in the summer he claims, "I'm going to start charging five dollars a trip because I'm wearing out my rope taking people across."

Indeed George's hospitality is well known and he has made many friends, including the new generation of settlers--those that come down looking for a place to live and usually end up seeing how hard it is to live off the land or are removed by the Forest Service. It is only in recent times that George must lock his door when he leaves or stays because he is afraid to leave his place unguarded.

The real beauty of knowing someone like George Fritser is to understand what it means to be close to the land. Here lives a man who would not shoot deer because they were his pets in the winter, and calls the resident grouse his chickens. George is of pioneer stock that is as much a part of this river as the mountain sheep, salmon and yellow-pines that engender its spirit. □



A team of nine dogs, driven by McCoid, was needed to haul mail through the snow from McCall to Warren during that mining town's heyday.

'Welcome to Warren; you're snowed in for life'

WARREN — As humans, the only animals with egos, we like to think our lives are shaped by events of profound importance. Harry Vaux is proof of just the opposite.

Vaux came to Warren to see a mine he was thinking of buying. It turned out to be worthless, but before he could leave town, it snowed so hard that he was stuck for the winter. That was in 1929; he has been there ever since — 54 years of being "snowed in."

"I guess you could say I ended up here by accident," he said. "Who knows what would have happened if that storm hadn't come along?"

He arrived at his future home with a bag of clothes, a 1922 Mercer and a hundred dollars in his pocket. The son of Pennsylvania farmers, he wanted to see the world from somewhere besides the back of a plow.

"It's hard work being a farmer," he said. "You get up at 4 in the morning, work till dark and don't make anything. Mining's hard work, too, but you have a chance to make something. At least I've made a living."

He made his living that first winter as an employee at one of the larger mines — seven days a week, Christmas and New Year's off, \$5 a day. In the spring he went to find a mine of his own. Over the years — he will be 84 this month — he found dozens. Eight of the best he has owned.

It was a solitary way to make a living. For years Vaux lived by himself in a one-room cabin next to one of his claims. Often the snow outside his door was nine feet deep. One winter the temperature reached 50 degrees below zero. As a signal to a distant neighbor that everything was all right, Vaux left a lantern burning at night. Once it snowed so hard and so steadily that for a week the neighbor was unable to see the lantern through the storm.

I asked him if it ever bothered him, living out there alone like that.

"No," he said. "I like living alone. I like the peace and quiet. But I do miss some of the people who used to live here."

With this he went to another room and returned with a sheet of paper. On bo

Tim Woodward



sides, written in pencil, were names of people who lived in the Warren area during the '30s and '40s. Including children, there were more than 100. Warren's population last winter was 7.

Most of its buildings are vacant or owned by people who use them as vacation homes. There are a few commercial buildings — a hotel, the Warren Tavern, the Baum Shelter (a food-and-drink establishment owned by a man named Baum) — but on most days it would be possible to land an airplane on Main Street without hitting anyone.

Warren's dance hall is doing well to have one or two dances a year. Its U.S. Post Office, one of the smallest in the nation, is about the size of a large shed.

The smallest U.S. Post Office in the nation, according to Warren's postmaster, is in Florida and is about the size of a telephone booth.

There are no telephone booths in Warren, and no telephones. To keep in touch with the outside world, Vaux listens to the radio. He does more than keep in touch, though; his fireplace mantel is lined with autographed pictures and thank-you cards from the president and Republican congressmen, whose campaigns he supported.

"I quit doing it, though," he said. "It was getting too expensive."

His favorite radio station, one of the few he can get, is in Pullman, Wash. Pullman is in a different time zone, so he sets his clocks accordingly, and in all of southern Idaho he is probably the only person on Pacific time.

To help pass time, he collects things.

"Would you like to see my junk room?" he asked.

I said I would, and he showed me to a room with hundreds of bottles. Bottles of all kinds and sizes, from heavy antique whiskey bottles to bottles the size of a

child's finger. Half, maybe more, were sun-colored. Originally clear, they were left on the roof to catch the summer sun and become delicate shades of lavender. Some were on the roof for five summers.

Besides bottles, the junk room's contents include Chinese pottery and opium tins, cut glass, cigar boxes, old cooking utensils. Railroad lanterns, antique mining equipment, bellows. Snowshoes for horses, bells from a horse-drawn freight wagon. Scrapbooks.

He opened a scrapbook and looked wistfully at the pictures, mostly of old mines and long-ago friends.

"This is China Sam," he said, and smiled. "We used to play cards together. Sam loved to play cards. He taught me to count like he did."

Then, to prove he could still do it, he counted to 10 in Chinese.

I asked him if he ever regretted being snowed in, all those years ago.

"Gosh, no," he said. "I'm glad it happened. I've seen a lot of country, and there's no place I like better than this."

Backcountry life's for him

(8-8-84)

*Where are the mountain men?
They're down by the river
Big rollin' river
gonna sweep right over you*

*Some kind of livin'
when you're down by the river,
feeling that you're home
and you're never really lonely*

Big Rollin' River
Song by Ken Kuhne, McCall

By Mike Stewart
The Star-News

The house sits on a bench above the South Fork of the Salmon River at the five-mile marker, north from the end of the South Fork Road.

A corrugated tin roof tops the structure. That's not unusual in snow country. But, what is unusual is that the exterior walls of the cabin are also corrugated metal.

George Fritser is the home's builder and lone occupant, if you don't count his dog Chipper or the rats which preclude his leaving for any lengthy periods.

Fritser won't say so, but one wonders if the metal sides have something to do with the fact that the first cabin Fritser lived in at the site burned to the ground in the Pidgeon Creek Fire of 1949. That cabin was the same one in which Fritser was born 82 years ago.

He built his current house in 1951, packing in the materials necessary on an old wagon road and hauling them across the South Fork on his cable car.

Fireproofing a house's exterior is the sort of caution that seems fitting for a man who, with the exception of a few years in Boise for schooling following World War I and summers working for the U.S. Forest Service, has spent his entire life working a 45-acre ranch in the Idaho back country.

The eldest of 11 children born on the ranch to Harry and Janotte Fritser, George has watched over his small, isolated corner of the world for the better part of a century.

"The river hasn't cut any deeper. It looks about the same. I can't tell any difference," he said.

But he has seen a great difference in the numbers and types of people he sees traveling up and down the river.

During his early years, the population of Warren, numbered around 1,000.



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8.8.1984

With their small parcel of land, Fritser's family worked as many of the Chinese in the area worked, raising and hauling fruits and vegetables into Warren for sale to the miners.

Photo by Mike Stewart

George Fritser with his dog, Chipper.

At the peak, Fritser said about 600 "Chineemen" lived along the river growing produce for resale to miners or "skim digging," which Fritser defined as "working here or there wherever there was a hotspot."

to be used for fertilizer, he said.

A five-gallon coal oil can filled with strawberries was worth \$5 at Warren, and one entire acre at the Fritser place was planted in the small red fruit, George said.

dig that ditch, and that's where the two last Chineemen lived. They'd come up here to visit every once in a while," he said.

About 1918, the two, known as Chine Bob and High Pockets, left the area. One went to Boise and the other returned to China, Fritser said.

At its largest, the boom town of Warren had three general stores, he said. Several mines in the region had tunnels extending a mile or more into the mountains.

But he said the number of people in the area had a definite effect on the number of deer and elk.

One of the terraced Chinese gardens located near Bear Creek, a few miles downstream from the Fritser place, was irrigated by a two-mile long ditch, he said.

The population in the area didn't peak, however, until the 1920s, when Fritser said about 2,000 miners worked on the dredges in the Warren area.

"In 1916, there were only about three deer in the whole country," he said. Happily,

(Continued on Page A-2)

"It took them two years to

Copy of back of page 1

Dedication set for Friday of restored Bemis cabin

A dedication is scheduled for Friday of the restored cabin of Salmon River pioneer Polly Bemis.

The dedication of the cabin, renamed the Polly Bemis Historical Museum, will begin at 2 p.m. Friday, with Idaho Gov. Cecil Andrus scheduled as the featured speaker.

The cabin is located along the wild section of the Salmon River east of Riggins on land now owned by the Salmon River Resort Club. The museum is in the process of being accepted onto the National Register of Historic Places.

Bemis was Idaho's best-known pioneer heroine. She was born in China in 1853 and was brought to America as an indentured servant, a news release on the dedication said.

She became the property of a Chinese saloon-keeper in the gold-rush town of Warren, located north of McCall.

Local memory has it that a professional gambler named

Charley Bemis won Polly in a poker game, and married her when she was threatened with deportation. Bemis brought the small Chinese girl to his homestead on the banks of the Salmon River, where she became a legend.

"No bigger than a minute," Polly proved a dedicated wife and a hard-working partner. Her strength of character, combined with her open friendliness and her renowned nursing skills, earned her the name "Angel of the Salmon River."

The Salmon River Resort Club is a shared-ownership resort located within the Frank Church River of No Return Wilderness Area. The resort is being developed by entertainer Wayne Newton's Flying Eagle Resorts.

The finished resort will consist of 10 personal luxury lodges and a 4,000 square-foot main lodge, with jet boats and horses as part of the amenities for the 26 acres of riverfront property, a release from the club said.

The Star-News 7/21/87

Warren postmark to celebrate town's 125th anniversary



Washington Hotel at Warren (1866).

Photo courtesy Herb McDowell

A special postmark to note the 125th anniversary of the historic mining town of Warren is now available, but a birthday party that had been planned for Saturday has been cancelled.

The mountain village, located deep in the Payette National Forest northeast of McCall, had planned a party to note the anniversary. But organizers decided they would not be able to adequately control the number of people who might attend.

People can still celebrate the event by obtaining a special letter cancellation from the U.S. Postal Service office in Warren. The postmark, depicting a gold miner, was designed by Larry Newell of McCall.

The postmark can be obtained in person at the post office between 9 a.m. and 1 p.m. Mondays

through Saturdays, or a blank self-addressed stamped envelope can be sent under separate cover to Postmaster, Warren, Idaho 83671.

Warren is named after James Warren, whose mining party prospected south of the Salmon River, according to Cheryl Helmers, a summer resident of Warren who has done extensive research on the area's history.

The party sent their mining laws to the Walla Walla Statesman, which published them in mid-August of 1862.

Two towns were established, Richmond and Washington, the latter of which was located at Warren's Diggins and which soon became the county seat.

The name of the post office established at Washington was changed to Warren in the 1880s.

Roy C. Romine

McCALL — Interment services will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday at McCall for Roy Claud Romine, 69, a resident of Warren for 40 years and former justice of the peace in that community. He died at a hospital Saturday night.

Mr. Romine, a retired laborer, leaves a son, Albert Romine of McCall; two daughters, Mrs. Margaret Jean Nehring of Nampa and Mrs. Vera Rix of Del Rio, Texas; and a brother, Albert Romine of Camas, Wash.

Services were arranged by the Walker chapel in McCall.