

# *THE ALBUM*

## *Times & Tales of Inyo-Mono*

Being a quarterly recounting of the nature and history of two California counties

Vol. I, No. 3



Inside:

Bodie Electrifies, p. 5

Keough Hot Springs, p. 26

Our Youngest Author, p. 2

*Two Bentons, p. 16*

*A Bristlecone Photo Essay, p. 10*



# The Eastern Sierra

## Land of Many Uses

This is the time of year for the annual migration of thousands of fishermen and tourists to Eastern Sierra lakes and streams for summer vacations.

The Los Angeles Department of Water and Power works with Inyo and Mono counties to maintain the Eastern Sierra as a vacationer's paradise. In addition to being one of America's finest recreational areas, the region is also the source of 75 percent of Los Angeles' water.

Two of the most popular fishing spots in the region are Crowley and Grant Lake Reservoirs, built by the DWP.

The reservoirs also attract boaters and water skiers.

Additionally, most of our leased lands remain open for hunting, fishing and other forms of recreation. Additional land has been made available to public agencies for roadside parks, campgrounds and fish hatcheries.

We are doing our best to make sure that the Eastern Sierra has something for everyone and remains that special vacation spot. Enjoy yourself and come back often.



Los Angeles Department  
of Water and Power





# THE ALBUM, Times and Tales of Inyo-Mono

July, 1988

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## IN THIS ISSUE

### A Frontier Family ..... 2

by Ashley Kinney

*Our youngest Author*

### Bodie Electrifies the World .....5

by Barbara Moore,

*University of Wisconsin graduate,*

*Mono County tour guide*

### Old, Older, Oldest

### A Bristlecone Photo Essay..... 10

by Louise Kelsey,

*Kelsey Sierra Studios,*

*Director, Mono Chamber of Commerce*

### Two Bentons.....16

Marguerite Sowaal

*Director*

*Inyo County Free Library*

### Tarzan and the L.A. Aqueduct..... 23

### Bigfoot in the Owens Valley?..... 25

by Dave Babb

*Certified Wildlife Biologist*

*Range & Wildlife Specialist, Los Angeles DWP*

### Keough Hot Springs

### Once Upon A Time..... 26

by Jeff Cook

*University of California at Santa Barbara*

*Graduate in History, Anthropology*

### Four Hours 'til Marmalade..... 31

*from the Kitchen of Crissy Reeve*

*as given to Louise Kelsey*

### Location Map..... 32

### Letters..... 32

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*Cover photo: From Benton Station to Old Benton the road winds through pastures and meadows. Photo by Marguerite Sowaal. Story pg. 16.*

*THE ALBUM, Times and Tales of Inyo-Mono, is a collection of stories, history, and natural history of Inyo County and Mono County, in Eastern California.*

Letters, comments, and contributions are welcome; contributions should be accompanied by photos, documents, sketches, or maps.

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# Certificate of Achievement

*for participation in*

## National History Day

*The National History Day Committee certifies that*

Ashley Kinney

*has successfully participated in the  
District Contest of National History Day*

*David W. Hall*  
District Coordinator

March 19, 1988  
Date

Opposite: Ashley Kinney and friend Sarah Hite show the display board Ashley prepared for her project in the 1988 National History Day competition. Missing on the left side is a map that had to be returned immediately after the exhibit. The frame holds the certificate of a marriage performed by Rev. Clark for one of Ashley's ancestors before the two families were joined by the marriage of Madalynne and Lloyd Clark, Ashley's grandparents.

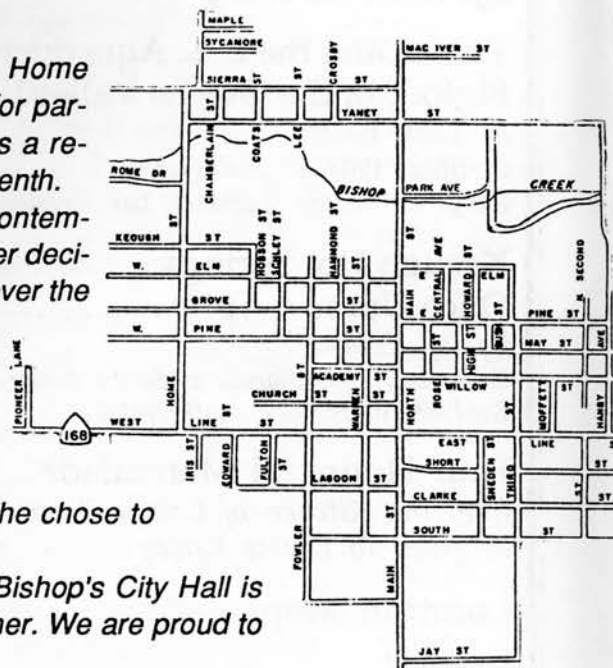
## WE INTRODUCE OUR YOUNGEST HISTORIAN...

Ashley Kinney, an eleven-year-old sixth grader at Bishop's Home Street School, was awarded the above Certificate of Achievement for participation in National History Day this year. While participation was a required assignment for eighth graders, it was optional in sixth and seventh.

About eleven students from the two lower junior high groups contemplated entering the contest, but in the end, only Ashley carried out her decision to compete with eighth grade and high school students from all over the country, winning Honorable Mention in her school, fourth place county-wide, and qualification to state competition.

"I didn't participate in the state competition," Ashley said. "I just went to Sacramento to observe."

While local students took many honors and went on the further heights, we wanted to publish Ashley's entry because she chose to research someone she felt was important about the Rev. Andrew Clark, in whose honor the Clark Wing of Bishop's City Hall is named, and who just happens to be her great-great-great grandfather. We are proud to present Ashley's project.







# A Frontier Family

by Ashley Kinney

*Andrew Clark was born on the East Coast in 1832 and did not arrive in California until 1867. He was a member of a small high desert community, Bishop Creek. Because he was the Baptist minister, he was able to closely watch the people settle in the town and make changes.*

*One day my Grandfather, Lloyd Clark, was telling me about his genealogy. His sister had sent him some information about the first minister of Bishop, Reverend Andrew Clark. I thought that Reverend Clark would make a great history project.*

*To start my project, I went to the public library and checked out the book, INYO 1950-1960. This book explained that Andrew Clark owned the Concord Stage which was an opera house in Laws, California. Laws is located approximately five miles north of Bishop. Another book I checked out was called THE STORY OF INYO. This book told the story of Reverend Andrew Clark from his childhood to his death.*

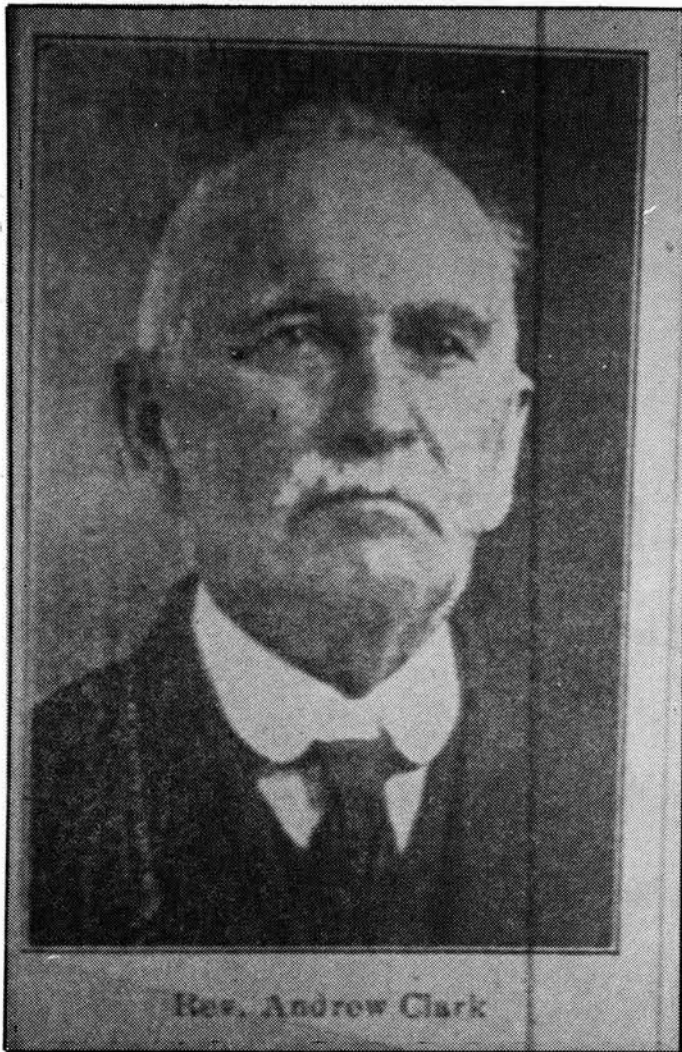
*To complete the information for my report, I interviewed my grandfather, Lloyd Clark, Reverend Andrew Clark's great grandson.*

This is a history of my great, great Grandfather Rev. Andrew Clark.

Andrew Clark was born July 14, 1832 at McKeesport, PA to Thomas & Barbra (Kees) Clark. They were faithful Baptists and in 1850 Andrew helped his family build the Mars Hill Baptist Church on their farm. In 1866 he became a licensed minister and was ordained in 1867.

In 1866 his father, Thomas, who had settled in the Owens Valley in 1863, wrote Andrew that the Bishop Creek Valley needed a minister so he accepted the call. Andrew and his wife Rachel had 7 children - Martha Alice, John William (who was Leora Feige's father), Ulysses Grant, Ada May (Mother of Lawrence Taylor), Ira Otis (grandfather of Otis Clark) and 2 others who died young.

Mt. Tom was named for Thomas Clark, brother of Andrew, who was the first white man to climb that great peak to its summit. Andrew fought on the Union side during the battle of Shiloh in the Civil War. After the Civil War was over, two brothers joined the family - William and Milton. Milton was the first teacher north of Independence. Three members homesteaded all of the land in the present City of Bishop - about 480 acres. Andrew did not homestead. Andrew arrived in the valley October 3, 1867 and settled his family near Owensville which is now called Laws.



Andrew Clark was known as a "circuit rider" traveling by horseback from Bishop to Cerro Gordo to Lida., NV. He carried mail to these parts, married couples, baptized the young and performed funeral services. He held church services in the homes of friends and on Jan. 1, 1869 he organized the First Church Society in California, East of the Sierra. This was the Baptist Convention. In 1870 he traveled across the Sierra Nevada to San Francisco to a meeting.

Andrew acquired lots of land in Bishop. He bought and sold and traded from time to time. He and his wife Rachel gave the trustees of Bishop Creek School property for a token fee of \$1.00. The present City Hall and fire station stand there today. When this school became too crowded, he gave the Bishop School District more land for a token fee of \$1.00 on Dec. 29, 1913.

Other interesting property that Rev. Clark owned and sold was the corner of Main & Line for \$25 to Jim Mills; land on the corner of Main & Church to Fred Bulpitt for \$10 on Dec. 31, 1879. Joseph's store is now located there. He established his own Baptist Church on Willow and gave a plot to the Methodist and Holiness churches.

Andrew's sister-in-law built the old Clark Hotel on Warren Street behind Joseph's. Later burned to the ground. Smart & Final is there now. About 1800 Andrew built a new home south of the old Pioneer Hardware Store which is now our mini-park.

The Academy Street property was his apple and fruit orchard and garden. He had a barn and pasture where the Coca Cola plant stands. An artesian well gave him water not too far from the high school fountain. In 1886 Andrew sold 20 acres of farm land for \$1500 to the Inyo Academy Assn. who built the current High School later.

After his wife Rachel died in 1888 he lived on High Street and turned all of his attention to his church and saw the 3rd and 4th generations growing up and was pleased when Bishop became an incorporated city Apr. 24, 1903.

He began to sell his land on all sides of town. He gave granddaughter Leora Feige a lot for a wedding present; also to son Ira on Willow St. He bought 480 acres in Laws and owned a ranch. This was one of the finest ranches in the Valley growing potatoes and wheat. My grandfather, Lloyd Clark, was born on that ranch and went to elementary school in Laws.

Bishop Creek became Bishop Jan. 2, 1889. On Nov. 6, 1910 Andrew's new church was dedicated. He was 80 years old. He moved to the ranch visiting among his children. He is remembered today by his grandchildren as sitting, rocking, and singing old hymns he loved so well. He died in Feb. 1918 and was buried beside his wife Rachel in Pioneer Cemetery. The ranch was sold to City of L.A. in 1924.

Rev. Andrew Clark had unlimited faith in himself and his valley. The family tribute was:

*"Count only that man lost who has lost faith in himself.  
Until that happens, no game is over, no score is final.  
The biggest success stories are of men who came  
back After the rest of the world forgot."*

An interesting sidelight: On Sept. 23, 1893 (Sept. 23 is my birthday), Rev. Andrew Clark married my Grandmother's (Madalynne Clark) Grandmother Laura Belle McMurry (Bishop McMurry's) to Adenijah Peacock Smith in Big Pine, CA. We have the original marriage certificate framed at my Grandma's house.

.....Ashley Kinney

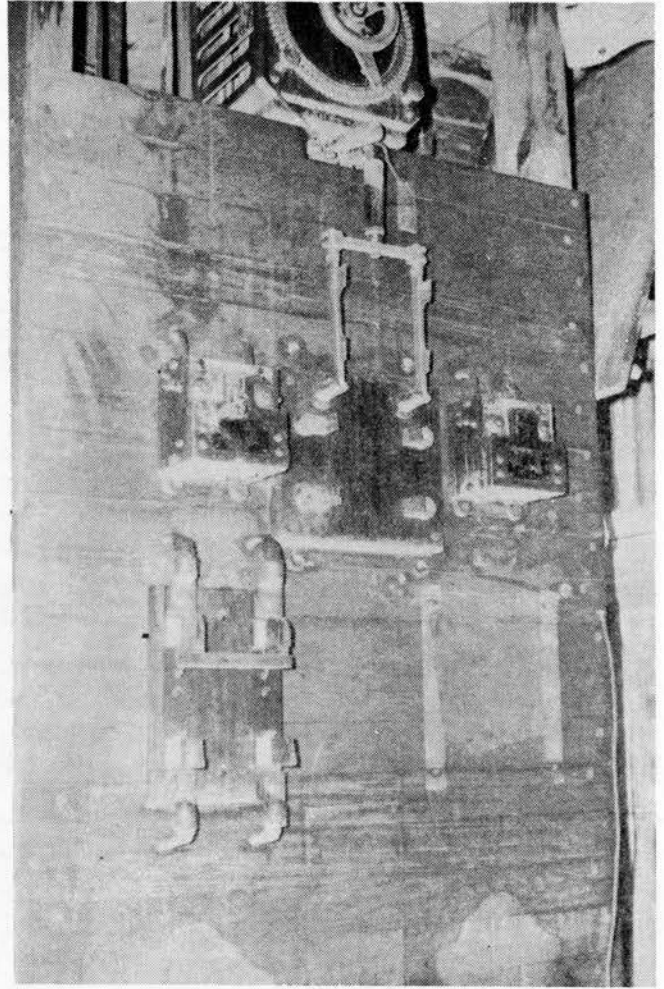
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1. Personal interview with Lloyd Clark; interviewed by Ashely Kinney, Bishop, California, 8:30 p.m., November 23, 1987.
2. Clark family genealogy records received from Aunt Harriet, Sherman, Texas, October 1987.
3. Chalfant, W.A., *The Story of Inyo*, 1922 published by the author.
4. C. Lorin Ray, Page 33, *Saga of Inyo County*.





*Green Street, Bodie, showing power poles and tree-less hills.*



*Original control panels inside Standard Mill. Shipped to Bodie in two pieces.*

# Bodie Electrifies the World

by Barbara Moore

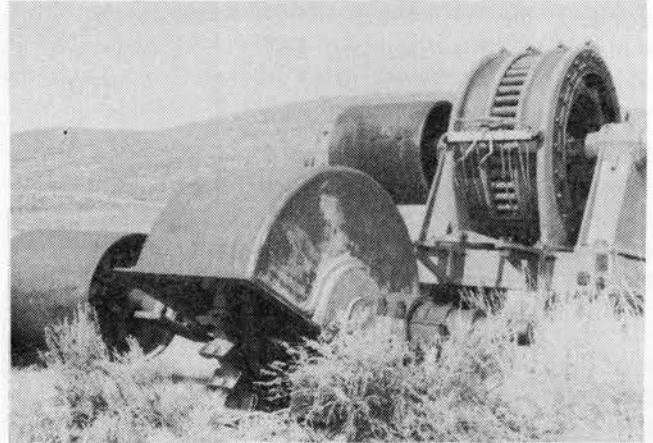
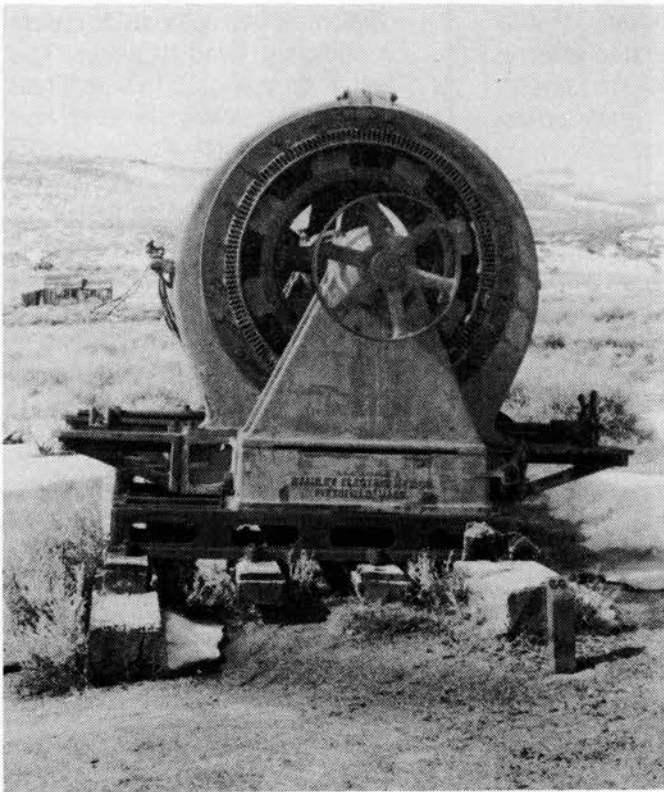
What visitor to the ghost town of Bodie doesn't peek into the houses and exclaim in wonder, "they had electricity!" That is, if the visitor is over fifty. Younger people take electric lights, refrigerators, heat, wall switches and electric plugs in stride. Few realize the use of electricity in homes is a relatively recent invention, and reaching for that convenient switch wasn't always the case.

The over-fifty group can remember the frantic efforts of

government during the 1930s when, under the name of Rural Electrification Administration, poles were set and wires strung all across the country to electrify America. Although this was a rural movement to replace windmills and waterwheels as sources of energy, even tremendous numbers of homes in cities hadn't been wired up at the time. Today, in some turn-of-the-century relics, gas fixtures are still evident, giving us a mirror into the almost forgotten past.

But Bodie? A town that died in the '30s had electricity? A town that was almost as far off the beaten path as you can get? That seems incredulous! But it is true. Bodie not only had electricity, it was the first place in the whole world to use power brought in over long-distance lines.

The reasons are two-fold. One, a far-sighted man. The other, Bodie's monumental need for wood, not only to build and heat houses, but just as important, to produce the steam that



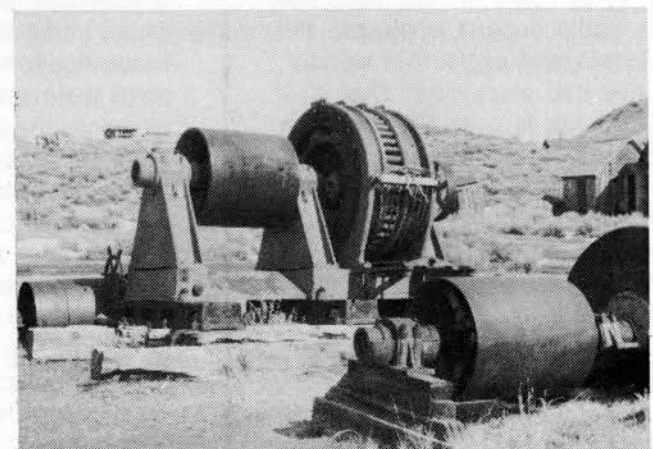
*Upper left: Original generator, thought to have been hauled from the Green Creek dynamo plant (in meadow display).*

*Lower left: Standard Mill building.*

*Above: Water powered generator in background. Pelton water wheel in foreground (in meadow display).*

*Below: Pelton water wheel with water powered generator used prior to electrification (in meadow display).*

*Opposite: Steam boilers used before electrification (in meadow display). Methodist Church background.*





powered the monstrous milling machinery. The Standard Mill alone used over 45 cords of wood a day at a cost of over \$1500 per month.

Total wood consumption in Bodie was close to 5,000,000 board feet of lumber per year. Because the surrounding treeless hills provided nothing but scraggly sage brush, hauling the wood from distant Jeffrey pine and pinyon forests contributed substantially to the staggering costs. Wood cutting and hauling made many men wealthier than the stockholders of the mines and eventually led to the building of a railroad with the sole purpose of shipping wood to Bodie.

James Cain, a major stockholder of the Standard Mine at that time, was foresighted, innovative and persuasive, never afraid to experiment against odds and criticism. With its mines declining in production and the population doing likewise, going from a meteoric rise in one year from 3500 to 10,000 in 1880, and dropping to less than 1500 in 1887, Bodie needed some adrenalin to survive. James Cain provided it with two projects, both of which influenced the entire world and postponed Bodie's demise for several years.

One, in 1894, was the perfection of the cyanide process discovered a few years earlier in Australia. Cain, with associates, bought nearly all the tailings in and around Bodie and was able to prove there was money to be made by re-working the thousands of tons of ore in the waste dumps. The cyanide process revitalized Bodie for another ten years and is still an important part of the gold mining process.

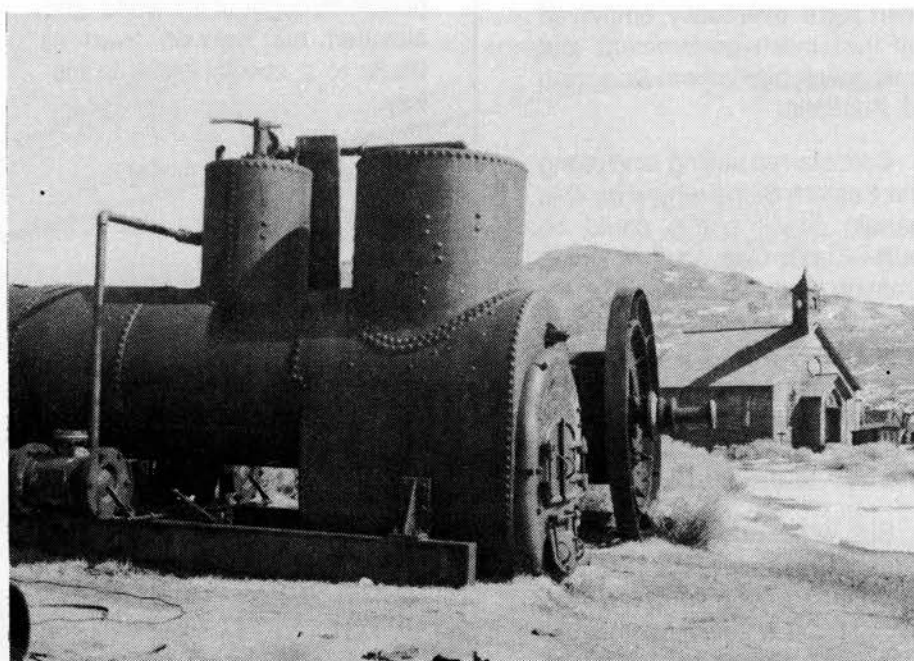
However, two years earlier in 1892, the men in Bodie pioneered an event which would revolutionize the way the people of the world lived and worked, immortalizing Bodie in the annals of history.

The superintendent of the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, Thomas H. Legett\*, was quite certain that power could be transmitted over wires and used many miles from its source. Reluctant stockholders had to be convinced that this revolutionary idea was possible, but one early believer was none other than James Cain, the largest stockholder of the mining company.

Doubters dubbed the experiment as Legett's and Cain's folly,

The creek was dammed to create a sufficient head of water. The water, dropping 350 vertical feet from Green Creek, went into four twenty-one inch Pelton waterwheels which produced a total of 250 horsepower. This was connected to a Westinghouse alternating dynamo that generated current at 3500 volts.

Later it was determined that the capacity of the original equipment was inadequate, and a new generating plant was built at Green Creek that produced 350



since the long-distance transmittal of power had never been tried before. Up to this time hydroelectric power was used only at its source. So little was known about transporting electricity that the engineers were instructed not to have any curves or angles in the line for fear the electricity would jump off and disappear into space if the line wasn't straight.

Construction began in the spring of 1892 at Green Creek, eight miles south of Bridgeport, and thirteen miles from Bodie.

horsepower and 6600 volts of current in three phases. The three-wire alternating current replaced the old direct current two-wire line.

During the construction of the power plant mill operations ceased while it was equipped with agitators, motors, and generators to enable the changeover from steam to electric power. This brought howls of protest from stockholders who objected to the expense, not only of the machinery, but the need for the mill to be shut down.

After many delays caused by accidents and slow delivery of machinery, at 12 noon in October, 1893 the switches were thrown, and slowly the lights came on. The wheels of the small motors began to turn, then the larger ones hummed a steady tune. Power had arrived!

The laughter of ridicule turned to laughter of praise. The \$30,000 cost of building the power plant was made up in less than two years as wood costs shrank to nothing. The men who engineered the project were hosted the world over. Legett and his men were eventually employed by the British government and built power plants from Rhodesia to Australia.

Cain started buying land along the Eastern Sierra where he was certain power plants could be built—Lundy Canyon, Lee Vining Canyon, and at Rush Creek near Silver Lake where power plants built shortly after the turn of the century are now part of the Southern California Edison grid system that furnishes power all the way to the Mexican border.

But what about Bodie. The Green Creek development produced only enough power for the mill and a few select businesses in the town. Power for homes was still a few years into the future.

In 1910 a second plant was built at Jordon, at the foot of Copper Mountain, using water from Mill Creek in Lundy Canyon with a 1500' fall to the power house below. Christmas in 1910 was a jolly day when the lights came on in Bodie. Sadly, they didn't stay on long. A massive avalanche thundered down Copper Mountain in March 1911, wiping out the Jordon plant, killing seven persons, and knocking out power in Bodie.

The Jordon plant was rebuilt in a more protected area and the other sites that Cain bought—

Lee Vining and Rush Creek—were sold to the Pacific Electric Power Company, the predecessor of Southern California Edison Company.

The rush to produce this new marvel caused stock of the Pacific Electric Power Company to skyrocket from \$4.00 per share to \$125.00 in just a few years, making James Cain a very wealthy man.

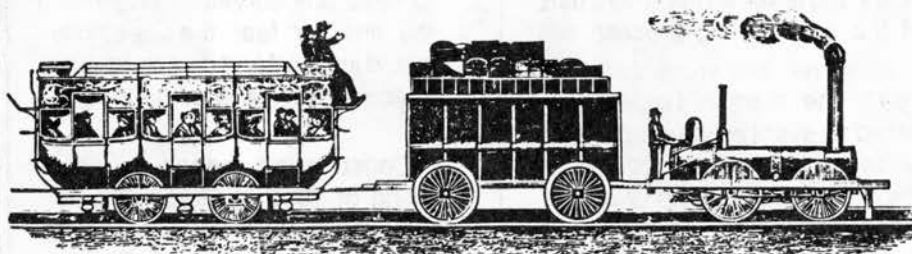
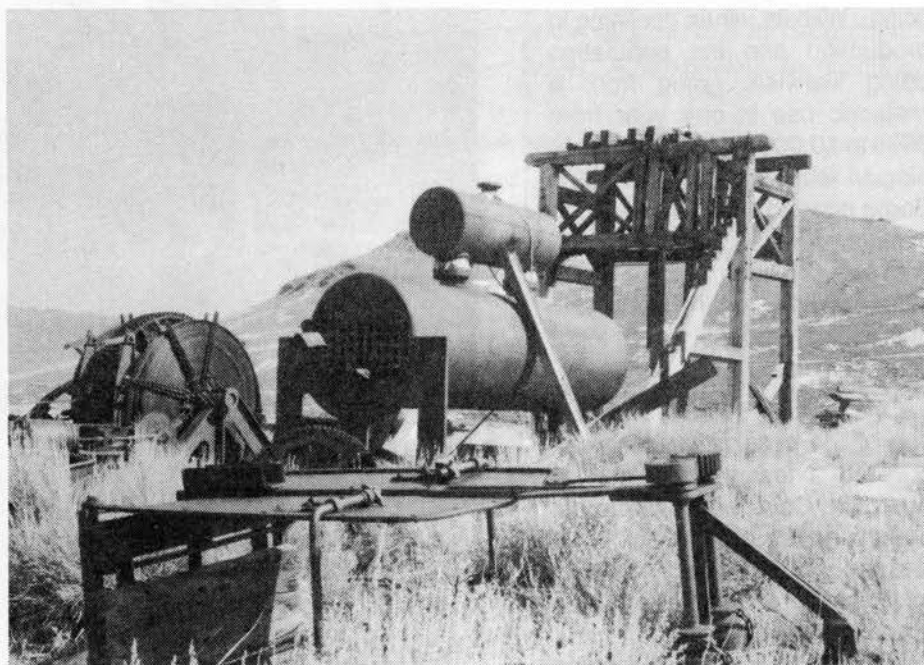
More important than the money he made with his uncanny foresight was the knowledge that his courage changed the lives of people throughout the world, and elevated his beloved town of Bodie to a special niche in history.

*\*Spelled Leggett in some sources.*

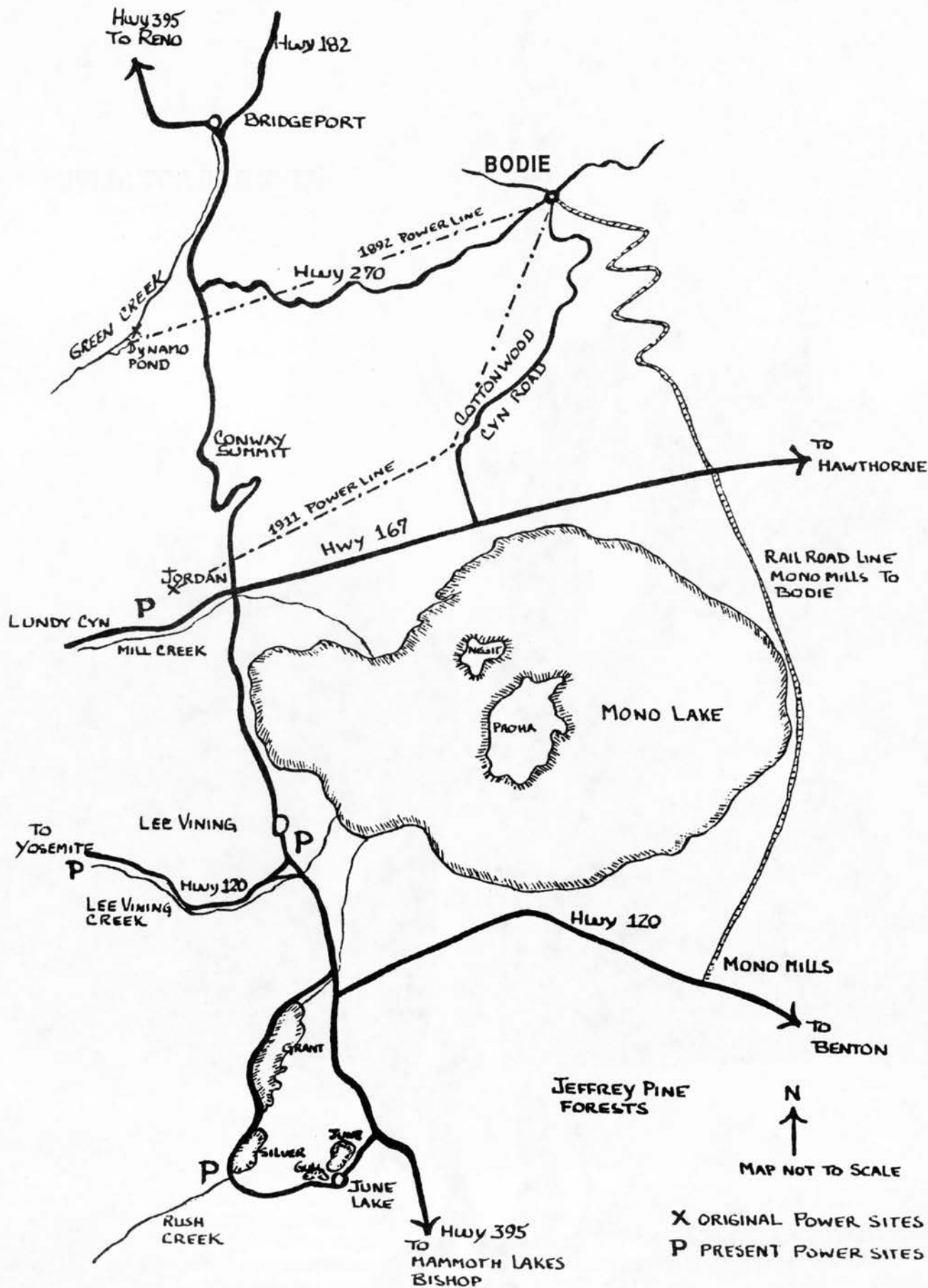
#### *Author's Note:*

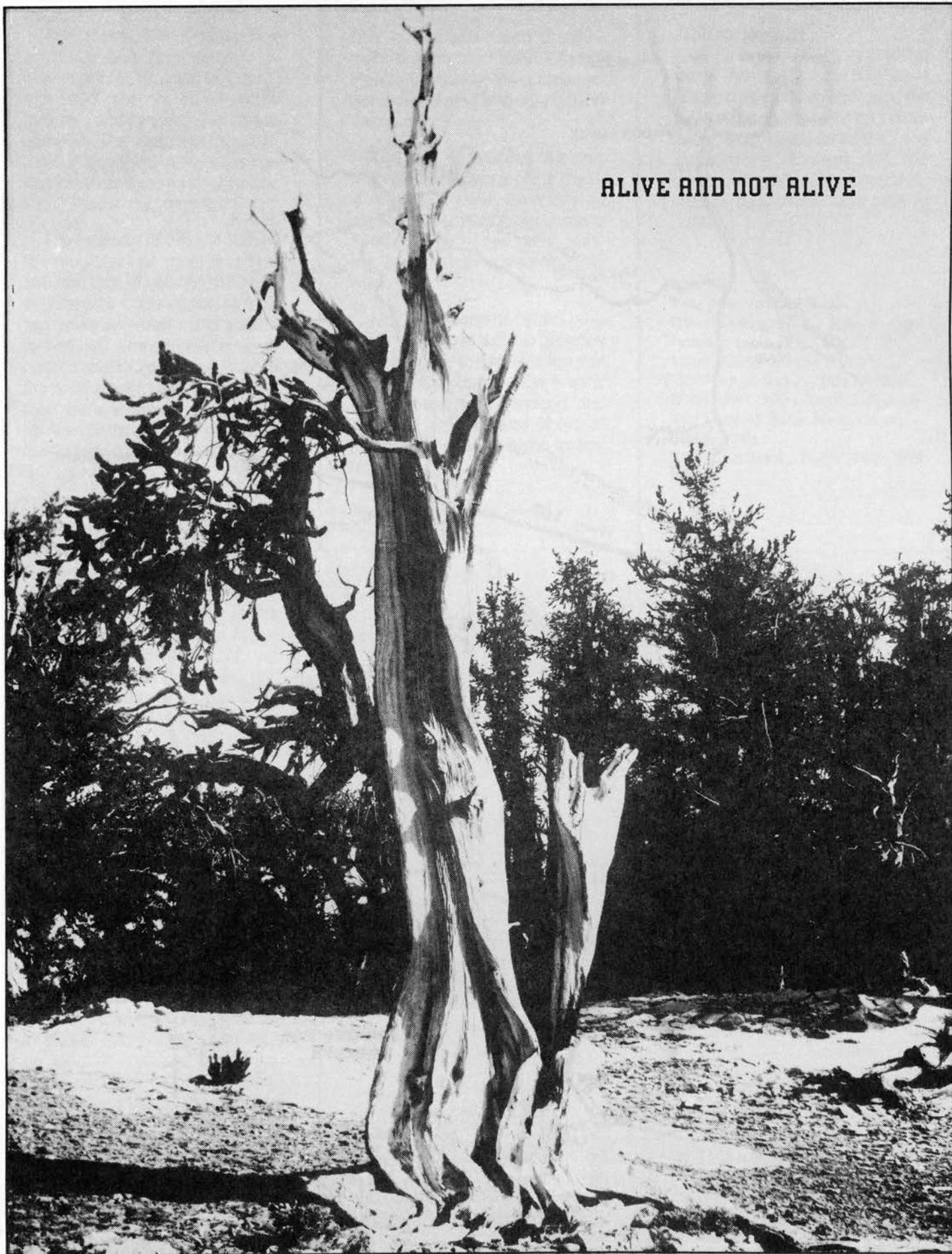
*What is particularly interesting about this is that I am building a house 5 miles from Bodie and will have to generate my own power using solar cells, batteries, and generators. Except for the advanced technology I might as well be back in the days prior to 1892.*

The Ghost Town of Bodie,  
California State Park – Russ & Anne Johnson  
Mining Camp Days – Billeb  
The Story of Bodie – Ella M. Cain  
Bodie 1859-1900 – Frank S. Werdetz  
The Story of Early Mono County – Ella M. Cain  
Brad Sturdivant, Bodie State Park Ranger









ALIVE AND NOT ALIVE



# OLD

# OLDER

# OLDEST

By Louise Kelsey  
Photos by Bill & Louise Kelsey



Desert winds blow cold at 10,000 feet. Trees send their roots deep for water in the harsh earth of the White Mountain Range. Over 4,000 years ago a pine nut dropped from a cone, took root and grew. This spring the same bristlecone pine will glisten with new needles, develop new cones and start another tiny seedling toward growth.

It is a wonder of nature to consider that some of the trees growing in the Bristlecone forest were 2,000 years old when Christ walked this earth. They were youngsters through the glory of the Ming Dynasty. They will be developing growth rings long after you and I are counting grandchildren.

## ACROSS THE VALLEY TO THE SIERRA



A visit to the home of the ancient trees begins in the Owens Valley. To the west the Sierra Nevada rises, sharp-faced and craggy. In the east stands the White Mountain Range, looking far more aged and eroded. And so it is. Sierra upheaval and glacial carving took place 100 million years ago, while the White Mountains rose from the sedimentary plain 400 million years earlier. Their contours have been shaped by winds and snows over eons, yet because they are in the rain-shadow of the Sierra, growth is sparse in these mountains.

Northeast of Big Pine Westgard Road winds upward through the Whites. This road began as a wagon trail and, with the exception of paving, has changed little since its early days. High in the mountains the road to the Bristlecone forest turns north from Westgard. Pinon and Juniper forest gives way to Limber pine, Foxtail and Bristlecone.

Vista Point offers a spectacular panorama of the Sierra range. The view is breathtaking as it stretches in the south from the 14,000 ft. peaks that cluster around Mt. Whitney,



northward past Palisade Glacier, the southernmost glacier in the U.S., and on to Mammoth Mountain and the Minarets of the Ritter Range.

A good introduction to the Bristlecone is at 10,000 foot Schulman Grove. (Dr. Schulman discovered the great age of the trees.) Displays identify the Bristlecone and explain their scientific importance. Their growth rings record weather cycles and have aided in the update and improvement of carbon dating. In dry cycles rings are so close they require magnification to separate them.

Much of the rock in the White Mountains is limestone dolomite. Bristlecone have a strong preference for this light-colored soil. Very few of them spill over into areas of darker rock. The fact seems to be that the harsher the conditions the more determined the trees.

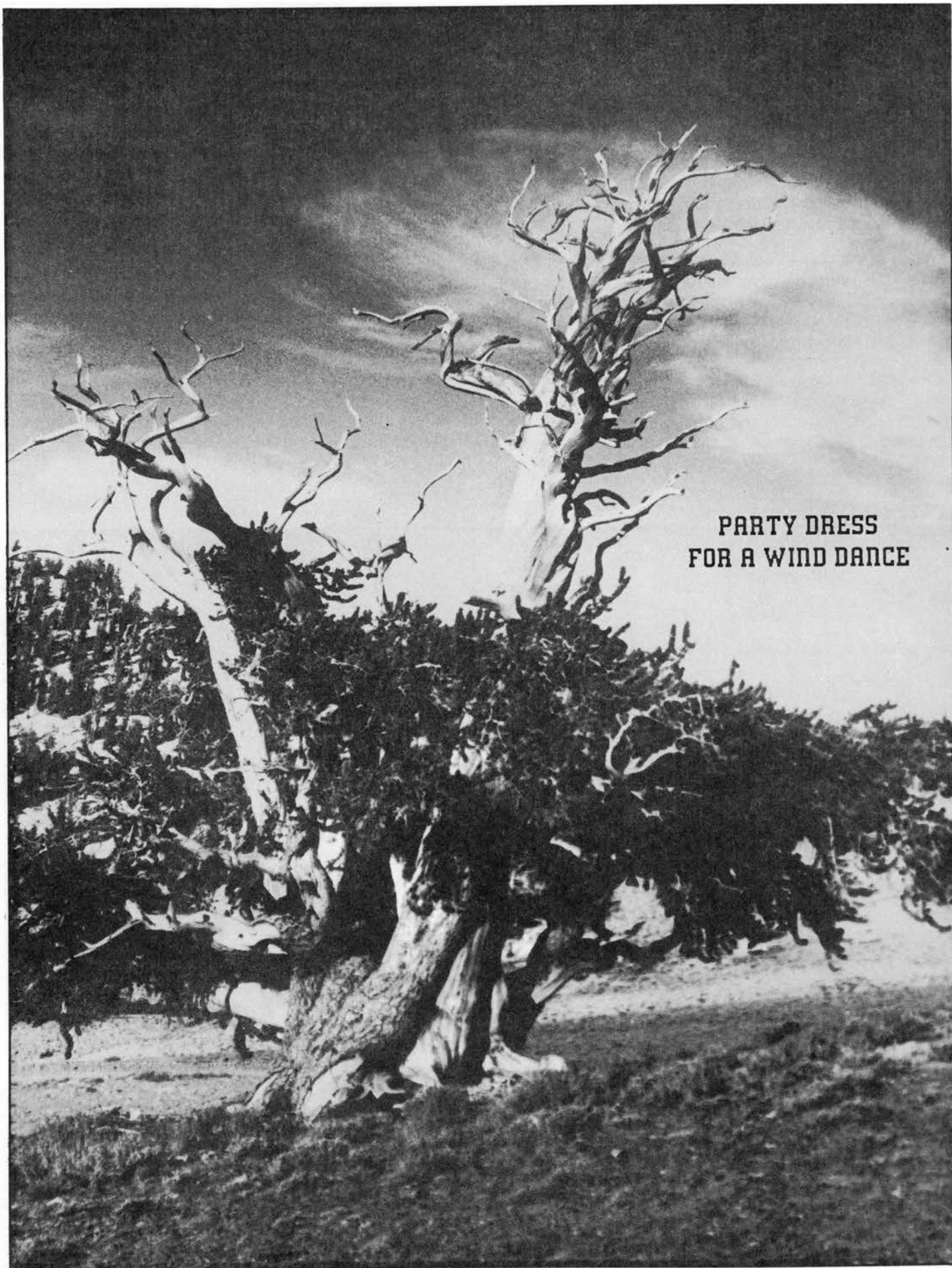
Timberline in the Whites is at 11,500 ft. and this is where earth's oldest trees survive. One factor of their longevity is a south facing slope which is hot and dry. On these sites the wood is filled with dense resin which resists decay; wood from such areas can be dated back 8,700 years.

Another peculiarity of the Bristlecone is that in dry cycles they will retain their needles for up to 30 years. The average retention of needles on Jeffery and Lodgepole pine is two to three years.

Despite their age Bristlecone are no match for the majestic height of the Sequoia. They are a short tree, seldom reaching 30 feet high but making up for their lack of height by interest in form. There is nothing look-alike about the Bristlecone. So strong is their ability to survive that some trees seem to grow sideways, bent in a wind pattern, adding inches to their girth but little to their height.

Over thousands of years the sequence of decay and new growth can produce a stubby, sprawling tree which is old almost beyond belief. The great age of the trees adds to their dramatic appearance, but anything that can survive 4,000 years commands respect. The ragged old rascals, with weather-bleached wood and wind-twisted trunks, claw determinedly to the dry and rocky soil. Agreeable conditions seem to soften them into a short life-span; thus it is the very harshness of the environment that challenges the ancients to a long, long life.





PARTY DRESS  
FOR A WIND DANCE



North of Schulman Grove is the Patriarch tree. This youngster is only 1,500 years old but has the impressive trunk circumference of over 36 feet.

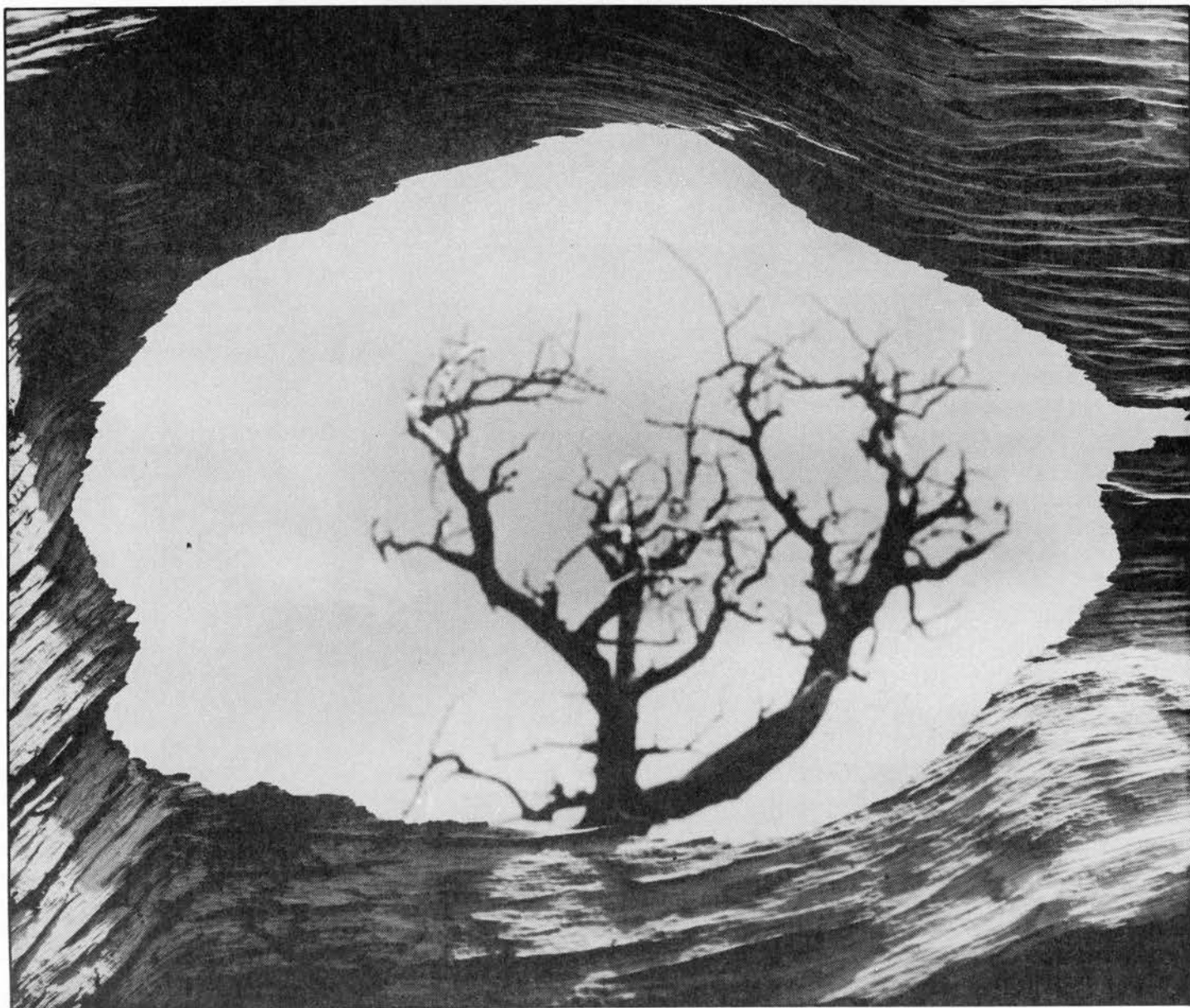
The public access road ends three miles beyond the Patriarch, at the gate to the White Mountain Research Laboratory, elevation 14,246 feet. The research stations and laboratories are under supervision of the University of California and studies include work on cosmic ray measurements and stress effects of high altitude. Although visitors are not encouraged at the laboratories, one can walk to the 14,246 summit of White Mountain peak to stand at an altitude only slightly less than Mt. Whitney, the Sierra's tallest peak.

The western slope of the White Mountains has few springs or streams. Despite this, and the small rainfall, there is a great variety of bird, animal and plant life. These

may not seem apparent since the birds are migratory, the animals small and often nocturnal, and the plants so tiny that one could walk over them without realizing they were there. These flowers are a rare delight to photographers who have nicknamed them "belly-flowers" for obvious reason. Spring comes late and summer is short-lived in these mountains but after a winter of heavy snow, flowers bloom in a brilliance of paintbrush-red, lupin-blue and daisy-yellow that is as startling as it is unexpected.

Plants and animals are not alone in their claim on the White Mountains. Miner's tunnels, cattlemen's water troughs and shepherd's cairns are reminders of man's presence. The east slopes of the Whites hold lovely springs and small meadow streams which nourish animals and permit men to stay the summer in the high country.

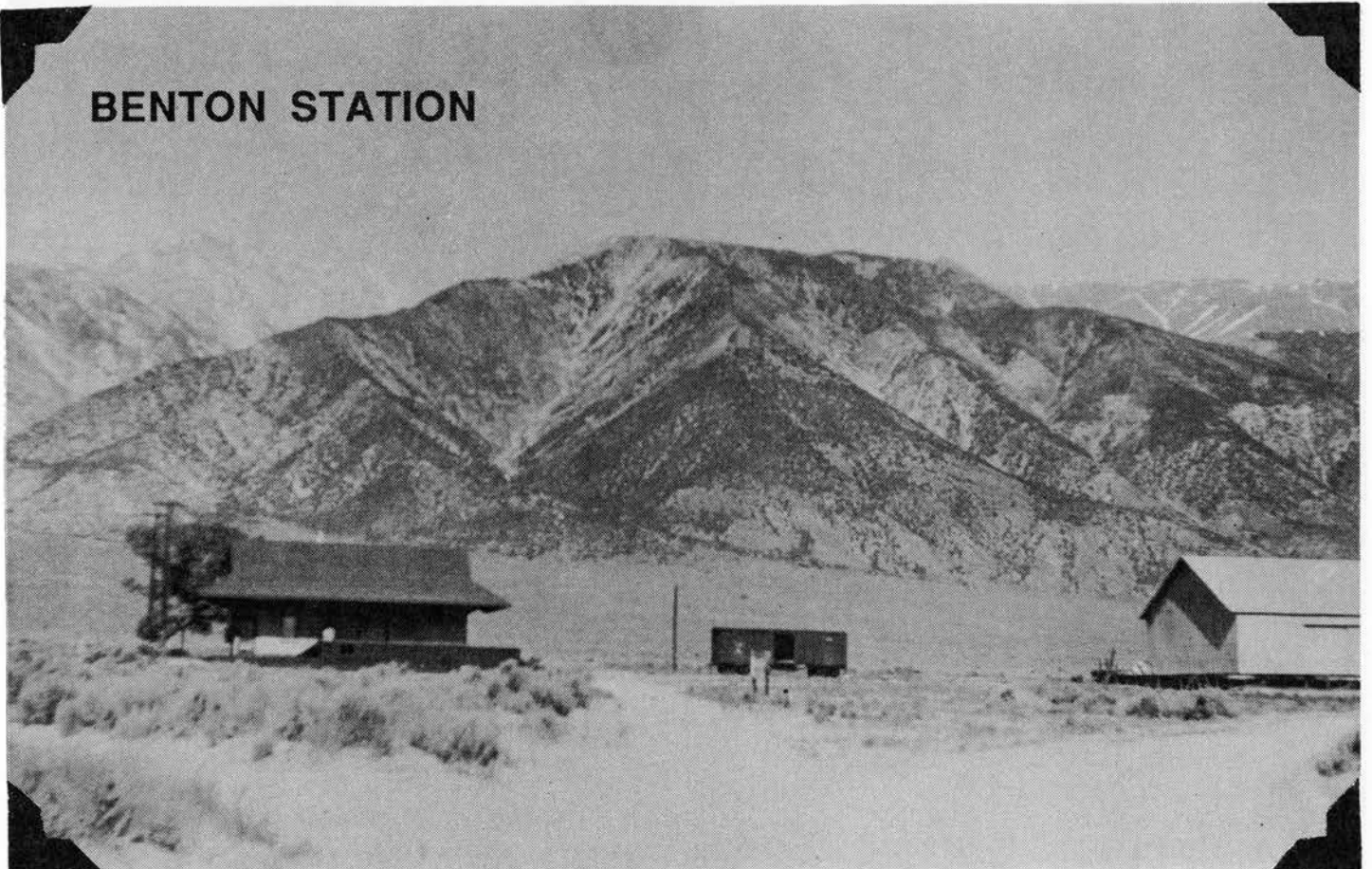
The White mountains have a special charm. On a summer's night when the moon is full and the owl is hunting, the spell of the Bristlecone's home is complete.



**OLD BENTON  
(Bramlette's Store)**



**BENTON STATION**







WITH COOTS ABOUNDING

# A TALE OF TWO BENTONS

By Marguerite Sowaal

Aurora, Nevada, 1869. It was a Wednesday and the day dawned brisk and bright. At 6 a.m. the Wellington stage left on its weekly run with one woman passenger aboard. She glanced at the three men sitting opposite and wondered if they were going all the way to Kearsarge — a three-day trip — and was grateful she could leave the stage at Benton that evening. Her husband would be waiting for her. He had tried his luck mining gold, with little success, and now was mining silver on Blind Springs Hill near Benton. She was encouraged by his letter asking her to come. Maybe, now, they could settle down. A shiver went through her at the thought of the many gold camps she had seen, men drunk and brawling, disappointment the only reward for their labors.

The lady traveler would have stopped at the Dexters and Adobe Meadows way-stations before arriving at Benton

where the stage made an overnight stop. She would have endured the rocking, swaying, charging climb up mountain passes; the dusty, thirsty lowlands; and the tricky fording of streams. Depending on the season, she would have suffered freezing cold or intolerable heat. She would not eat or drink unless she carried provisions with her.

Benton must have appeared a paradise to her upon her arrival there. Here was a town with conveniences — a grand meal for 50 cents, and hot water — a lot of hot water. It is still hot today, running at a temperature of 168 degrees from a stream producing 10,000 gallons a minute. Even today, many casual visitors exclaim, "Your plumbing is hooked up backwards!" after flushing a steaming toilet. Obviously there was a reason for one of the earliest names for Benton — "Hot Springs."

Prior to 1865, there were several other names for the community including "Spring Valley," and "Bentonville," but in 1865 the official name was declared "Benton" and a post office was established with that name in 1867.

It is a common belief that the town was named after Thomas Hart Benton, U.S. Senator from Missouri who was the father-in-law of John C. Fremont. It seems a reasonable assumption since Senator Benton was not only a proponent of Western expansion, but also an advocate of metallic currency. Benton being a silver-mining district in the West, the name is fitting.

Benton is located thirty miles north of Bishop on Highway 6 and four miles west of Benton Station on Highway 120. Today it slumbers peacefully amid cottonwoods. Cattle graze in valley meadows surrounded by low-ranging mountains. Coots dart here and there over a pond where an occasional black swan (locally called a "scout") glides languidly. There is a serenity not often found in our present civilization. It is hard to imagine that Benton was the largest town in Mono County in 1865.

In 1861, Aurora was not only the county seat of Mono, but boasted the largest population, 1,885 persons. But alas, a survey in 1863 found Aurora to be in Nevada and Benton took honors as being the largest community by default. The discovery of silver on Blind Spring Hill in 1862 brought in hundreds (some sources say thousands) of prospectors, increasing the population overnight.

Benton was the commercial center for the many mines which sprang up on Blind Springs Hill. It also served the communities of Montgomery City and Partzwick. Partzwick was a "rival" town about one-half mile from Benton. It boasted 10 buildings, a livery stable, liquor store, hotel, brewery, general store and 40 residents, but Benton was the major consumer supplier, including Wells Fargo and the Post Office.

That Benton was a successful shopping center is indicated by the advertising in the Mammoth City Herald of April 17, 1880. James Watterson proclaimed, "general merchandise of all kinds, the best assorted stock this side of the mountains...," and R.B. Alverson advertised wines, liquors, cigars, and a billiard table.

Advertising in the Benton papers was similar. In 1879 the "Mono Messenger" made its debut but only lasted a few months, followed by the more successful "Weekly Bentonian."

There was a succession of hotels, the most famous, the Waiwera. There was a school which, in 1881, had a Christmas program featuring 26 students, according to the Bentonian. There were mining camps, "Whiskey Flat," "Camp Enterprise," etc., as well as the mines themselves. Mines with colorful names such as "Cornucopia," and "Comanche," and names honoring ladies of one kind or another, "Elmira," "Diana," and "Laura." The more mines that were claimed, the more fights over territory, and the more new diggings. At one time the hillsides were dotted with so



*If only wagons could talk...*



*There's no place like home...*



*Wells Fargo safe...*



many mounds of new earth, Blind Springs Hill looked as though a gigantic gopher had gone berserk.

Montgomery City, east of Benton Station, was typical of the mining camps in the 1880s. It sprang up quickly and disappeared almost as fast. Once it supported two newspapers but "shopped" at Benton. There is little left of Montgomery City — just rutted wagon tracks are visible today. A roaring flood followed the alluvial fan of the White Mountains taking what was left of the ruins.

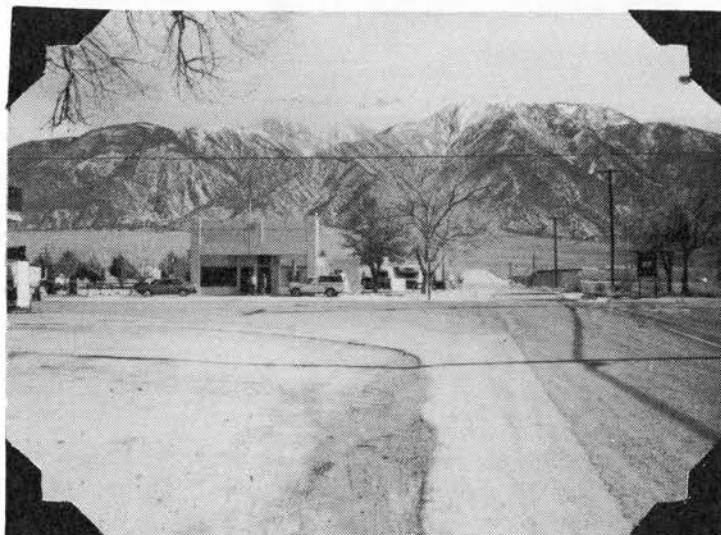


One of the old buildings in Benton which still stands as a monument to the silver mining days was built by John H. Milner. It has been in the Bramlette family for the past fifty years. Mr. W.W. Bramlette of Little Lake bought the property in 1929 and the present owners, MaBelle and Wales G. Bramlette bought it from his estate in the early 1940s. The actual building has changed very little since 1852 when it was built. The sod roof was replaced with lumber from Mono Mills and the "new" floor came from the Elsworth Taylor house in Bishop, both put in by Mr. Bramlette, Sr. There was a seven room hotel adjacent, with five more rooms available across the street. Home cooked meals were served and business boomed. At one time the building housed a general store, gas station and post office.

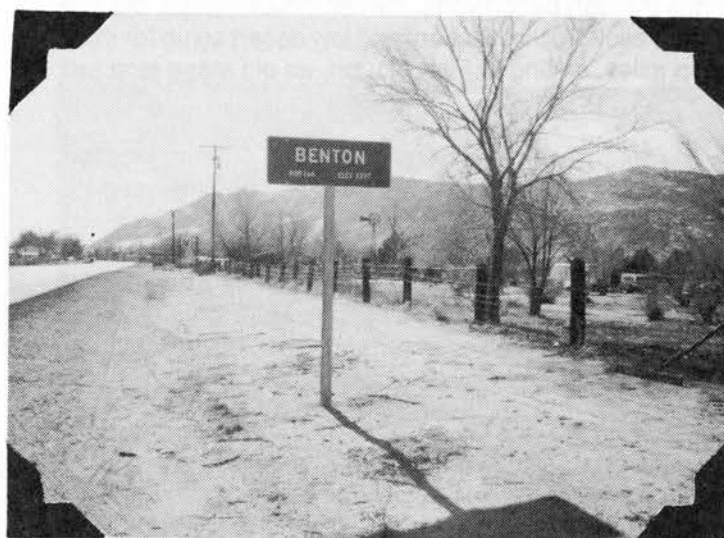
The post office moved to Benton Station when MaBelle refused to have it at Benton any longer. Since the Government classed it as a low-priority office, the name "Benton" went with it to Benton Station so that new stamps would not have to be made.

But Paramount Pictures figured their priorities a little differently and considered Benton (Hot Springs) an ideal place for filming. They sent scouts to find location sites, as well as their stars for rest and relaxation. Fred MacMurray and Andy Devine were frequent visitors in the '40s and '50s. Film stars were not the only clientele. Senators, judges and others came for the soothing effects, as well. When the hotel closed, visitors continued to search out Benton as a beautiful recreation area, coming with trailers and motorhomes. And still do.

Nor were these the only celebrities in Benton. Both George Washington (a Yosemite) and Abraham Lincoln (a white man) lived in Benton at the same time . . . few towns can claim two presidents . . . albeit in name only.



*Benton Station Post Office...*



*Population 164, Elevation 5377*

Throughout the sojourn of the Bramlette family, MaBelle collected memorabilia and antiques. The one-time store became a marvelous place to see, with old books, figurines, signs, dishes, an ancient wood stove, and the Wells Fargo safe tucked away in a corner. Sorry, nothing is for sale at the present time.

Also the State Highway Department was at this Benton address for a while, but when the Bramlettes decided not to give the state a 90-year lease, it was moved to Benton Station, site of the old railroad station.

Another old house in Benton bears noting. The one on the corner of Highway 120 and Yellow Jacket Road was once a brewery, became a meat market, and ultimately a residence, housing a few other businesses in between. Many of the buildings (and ruins) remain from the days of the silver strike on Blind Springs Hill.



*Brewery and Meat Market*



There are many estimates as to the amount of silver bullion which was shipped by Wells Fargo from the mines around Benton, but since the records were lost, we have only estimates of between four and five million dollars shipped between 1862 and 1888. The coach route which carried the bullion from Benton south is still viable although at certain times it becomes a washboard-jarring ride. It winds through petroglyphs, former Indian camps, the site of the Yellow Jacket Station, and low desert scrub for thirty or so miles, ending at Fish Slough, an old stage stop just north of Bishop.

The stage was the only reliable mode of transportation into and out of Benton in the 1860s. A pony mail service connected Aurora and Benton with W.J. Gill as the rider. This service was semi-weekly and each letter had to bear the proper postage and be accompanied by a payment to the driver (usually 25 cents a parcel). Mule drivers hauled timber to the mines, and enterprising young men made a few cents each time they delivered a letter from Benton to a miner.

Miners and their families moved frequently and stages became so crowded that passage had to be booked days in advance. Nor was the stage always the safest way to travel. Destitute men, unable to find gold, turned to other means of quick income, and stages were stopped with regularity. It became increasingly clear that a railroad was needed to haul goods and passengers, and the community needed access to the world in general.

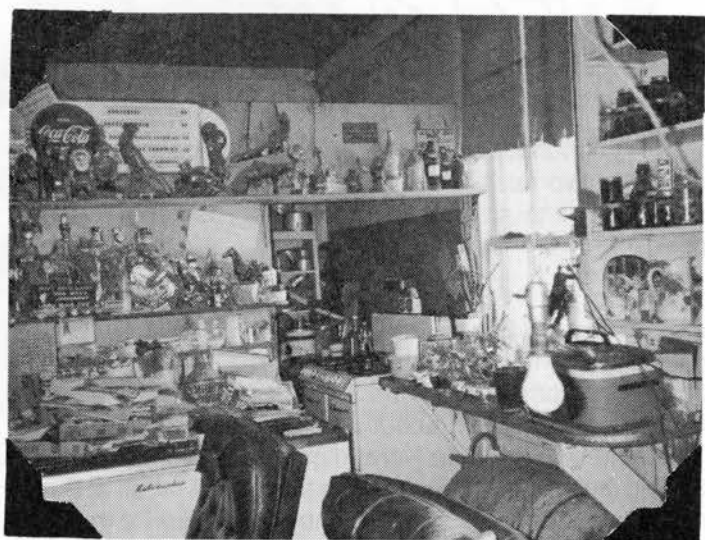
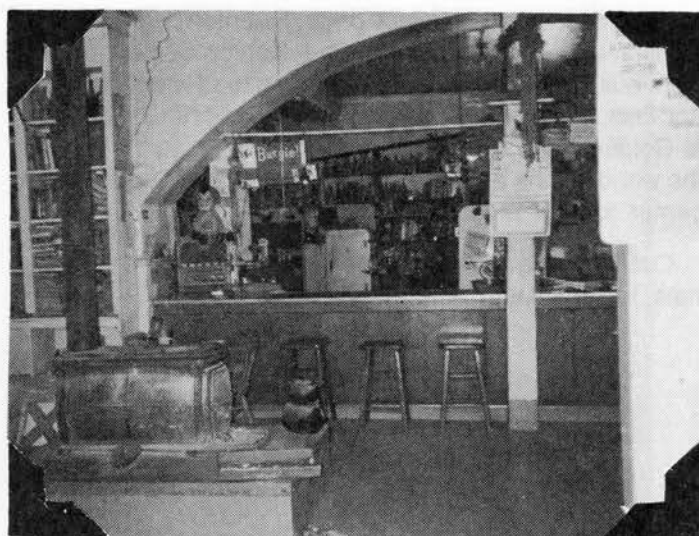
To that end, on February 18, 1881, the Bodie Railway & Lumber Co. was formed which ultimately became the Bodie & Benton Railway. The tracks never got to Benton.

Great strides were made at the Bodie end of the tracks, even though strikes and work stoppages caused delays. Ground was graded for 22 miles and ties were finally laid to Mono Mills where a two-story sawmill was located, a source for additional ties. Each mile of track required 352 rails 30 feet long and on a good day 46 men could lay a mile of track. November 8, 1881 was the first time Bodie heard the sound of a locomotive whistle, and on November 14, the first train rolled into Bodie with two cars of lumber for the Standard Mine.

Then winter came. It wasn't until May 12 the following year that grading began on the extension to Benton. Work progressed nicely, with grading completed to within 15 miles of Benton. Then, suddenly, work halted on July 10, 1882 and 125 men were laid off. There were many rumors. Some said that the Carson & Colorado Railroad, which was to have extended its line over Montgomery Pass to Benton had been held up because of the inability to obtain rails and there was no hurry to rush the trans-state system. Others blamed the C&CR for slowing progress because they did not want competition from the Mono Mills lumber business. C&CR was also in the lumber trade. Whatever the reasons, the work was never finished.

The Carson & Colorado finally got to Benton — four miles from Benton, anyway. Initial construction began at Mound House, Nevada in 1880, got to Hawthorne by April of the following year and to Candelaria by February of 1882. On January 20, 1883 trains (through a tunnel and many switchbacks) began operation to Benton. Within a few months after this the rail arrived at Laws. Actually, the railroad didn't quite get to Benton. It's station was built four miles from Benton at what was called Benton Station.





*The treasures in the old Benton Hot Springs store*

From this turning point, the original Benton began a slow decline. With the railroad station at Benton Station, roads were built to that site, and the old coach road was used less and less. Miners on Blind Spring Hill heard of the new strike at Goldfield and moved on, and with access to the rest of the world via the train, Benton was no longer the shopping center for the area.

Old Benton was left to its rocking chair, content to ruminate the past and elaborate its history.



Tales abound. Selecting fact from fiction becomes difficult. The two tales which follow are considered fact as more than one source seems to agree on the cogent points.

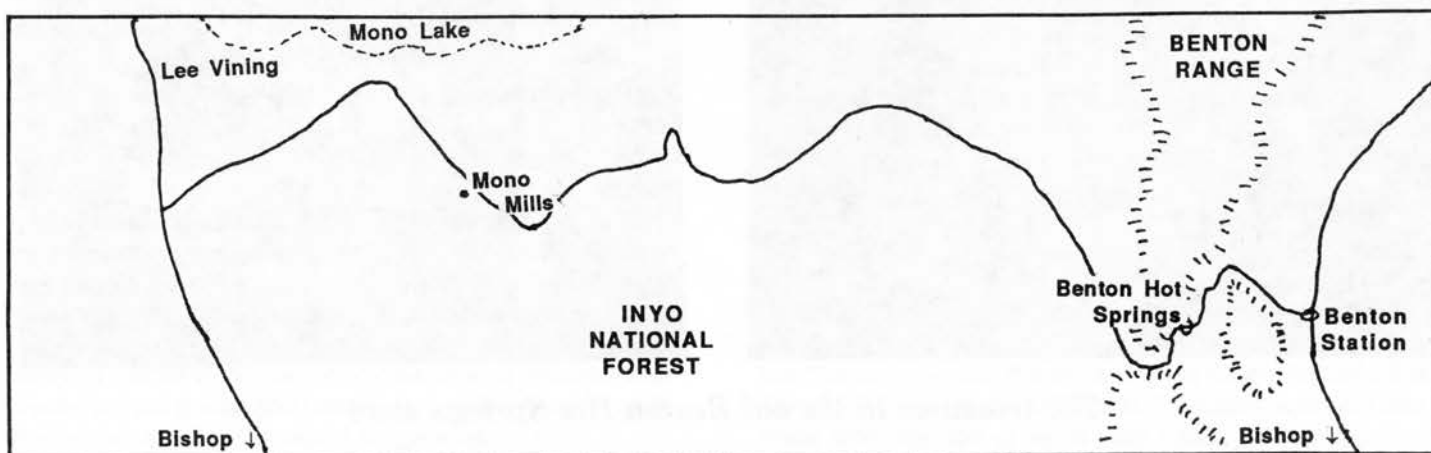
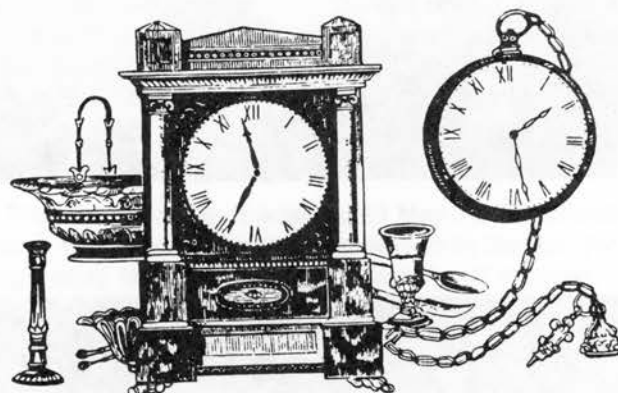
The story of E.S. ("Black") Taylor is a grisly one. He was a partner of Bill Bodey (after whom the city of Bodie was named). When Bodey froze to death, "Black" Taylor drifted on to "Hot Springs," as Benton was then called. He built himself a stone cabin about a mile northeast of Benton. The Indians in the area were angry at the Whites for disturbing their way of life and taking the land. A rebuff at Putnam's where they were denied entry, added fuel to the fire and they set out for Taylor's ranch. One of them, "Butcher Fred," told this story in his later years. He said the Indians surrounded the cabin and outnumbered Taylor. The siege lasted two days. Taylor's stone walls kept him from being hurt, although in that time he killed ten Indians. When they set fire to his sod roof, he was forced into the open and died the victim of many arrows.

There is also the story of "Queen Dick," who lived about five miles south of Benton and built rock fences. He lived alone and some say he raised goats. His barn was shingled in flattened five-gallon cans. No one knows where he came from, but his ranch resembled a Quechua Indian village from Bolivia. As far as the eye could see there were stone walls. It was as though he lived in an imaginary village and perhaps entertained imaginary friends.

The second issue of the Album tells of another story, that of the resurrected Isador, and there are others which bring a chuckle or a gasp.

The years have not modernized Benton to any great extent. From the mule-driving days to the stages, the railroads to the air-conditioned passenger car; from the days when you could buy a meal for 50 cents to the times of prohibition when "Slim" Burke or "Fat" Campbell offered (for a price) to quench your thirst with some bootleg whiskey; through floods and earthquakes; it remains the same peaceful place where the Wellington Stage rolled in at 6 o'clock with passengers from Aurora expectant of home cooking, a hot bath and a good night's sleep.

*AUTHOR'S NOTE: Thanks to Dorothy Mathieu & MaBelle Bramlette for their time and graciousness.*







*Workers at the Los Angeles Aqueduct Intake, 1911*

## TARZAN and the Los Angeles Aqueduct

by Dave Babb

The time . . . May 1908. Construction of the Los Angeles aqueduct was to commence in October. William Mulholland, seeing a need for a medical staff to care for the needs of the construction workers who would be employed for the enormous project through hostile desert environments, requested the services of Dr. Raymond G. Taylor.

Dr. Taylor was, at that time, the president of the Los Angeles County Medical Association; at 35, he was the youngest man ever to hold that office. Dr. Taylor formed a partnership with his cousin, Rae Smith, M.D., and with Edward C. Moore, M.D. A contract was signed with the Water Department on May 13. Although no official title was awarded, Dr. Taylor became the "chief physician" throughout the construction period (1908 through 1913).

One of the demands placed on Dr. Taylor was monthly inspection trips up the line of construction from the San Fernando Valley to the intake in Owens Valley, through the Mojave Desert where travel was difficult and roads practically non-existent. For this project, health care included

many considerations: staffing medical and first-aid personnel at several field camps; treatment of injuries and accidents; diet and nutrition; public health and sanitation; containment and prevention of infectious diseases; and even a knowledge of human behavior. The work was as demanding on hospital stewards and medical staff as on the construction workers.

In the book "Men, Medicine and Water," published by the Friends of the LACMA Library with the assistance of the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power, Dr. Taylor recalled a specific point in time when he was in desperate need of a hospital steward. One of the applicants was a husky, 6-foot, 230-pound young man by the name of Otto Elmo Linkenheldt. While his qualifications were questionable, Linkenheldt seemed intelligent, willing to work, and claimed to have had some experience in first-aid work. Dr. Taylor hired him and sent him out to the aqueduct field hospitals, where he worked until the completion of the aqueduct in November 1913.

After he returned to the city, Linkenheldt went to see Dr. Taylor one day, saying he had a job with one of the motion picture companies as a first-aid man and extra on location near Chatsworth, where D. W. Griffith was making a "primitive man" picture. They expected to have some accidents, as they were working on a rock cliff formation. Link, as Dr. Taylor called him, wanted to know if he could have one of the first-aid kits he had used when he was on the job up in the Owens Valley. The doctor agreed and fixed him up with a few other items he might need.

After the filming was completed at Chatsworth, the movie company decided to go to the swamps of Louisiana, where the long-limbed overhanging trees made an ideal location to produce the first Tarzan film, "Tarzan of the Apes." Link went along, again as a first-aid man and extra.

On that Louisiana trip, the somewhat temperamental "pretty boy" (a New York stage actor who was to be the leading man) refused to wade around in the swamp, swing from tree to tree, or dodge an occasional water moccasin. You might say he got cold feet, and he quit. The departure of the leading man left the company stuck in the swamp without Tarzan.

Link, being muscular, athletic and active, told Griffith he could do the job. Griffith let him do a few scenes, was impressed, and hired Link to do the whole picture. Griffith then gave Link the stage name of Elmo Lincoln, and the rest is movie history.

Lincoln made two more Tarzan movies — "The Romance of Tarzan" and "The Adventures of Tarzan," the last being in 1920. One day, after filming his last Tarzan movie, Lincoln went to see his friend, Dr. Taylor. As the doctor recalled, Lincoln was "all scarred up," so he asked him what had happened.

"Well," Lincoln said, "I was wrestling with a lion the other day and the old fool got rough and scratched me up."

The doctor said, "Oh, do you do that often?"

"Oh, yes" Lincoln replied. "We've got a couple of tame old beasts anybody can fool with — they haven't got any teeth, but they've got claws and I wasn't quick enough and I got messed up." Lincoln actually had killed the lion with a knife.

After 1920, Lincoln's career declined and was all but ended with the coming of sound in motion pictures. He left Hollywood and moved to Salt Lake City, where he operated a salvage business. He returned to Hollywood in 1937 to work again in films.

Lincoln claimed to have worked in over one hundred films, including "Birth of a Nation" and "The Kaiser," but most were small parts. His last films were "Joan of Arc" and "The Hollywood Story," in which he played himself. Tarzan of the LA aqueduct died in Los Angeles on June 27, 1952, at the age of sixty three.

**TARZAN  
OF THE APES**

From the book by  
**EDGAR RICE BURROWS**

**BISHOP THEATRE**

Sunday and Monday  
June 27th and 28th

Including  
PRIZMA RAVALOGUE  
and  
Paramount Screen Magazine

25 and 50c

*An advertisement from the  
Inyo Register, June 24, 1920.*



# BIGFOOT IN OWENS VALLEY

By Dave Babb

Yeti . . . abominable snowman . . . sasquatch . . . bigfoot. Familiar names, yes — in tales of alleged sightings of some creature, or its tracks, in the Himalayas or the Pacific Northwest. But on the desert floor of southern Owens Valley? TRUE, according to the Honorable Guy C. Earl, a prominent Oakland attorney and State Senator of years past.

Mr. Earl was the son of Josiah Earl, who settled near Camp Independence in the 1860s. He spent part of his boyhood on the ranch opposite San Carlos, northeast of present-day Independence. Winnedumah stood directly above, atop the Inyo Range. Mr. Earl returned to the Valley in his later years and recalled several memorable events of his youth — one of which being the discovery of mysterious footprints of huge proportions.

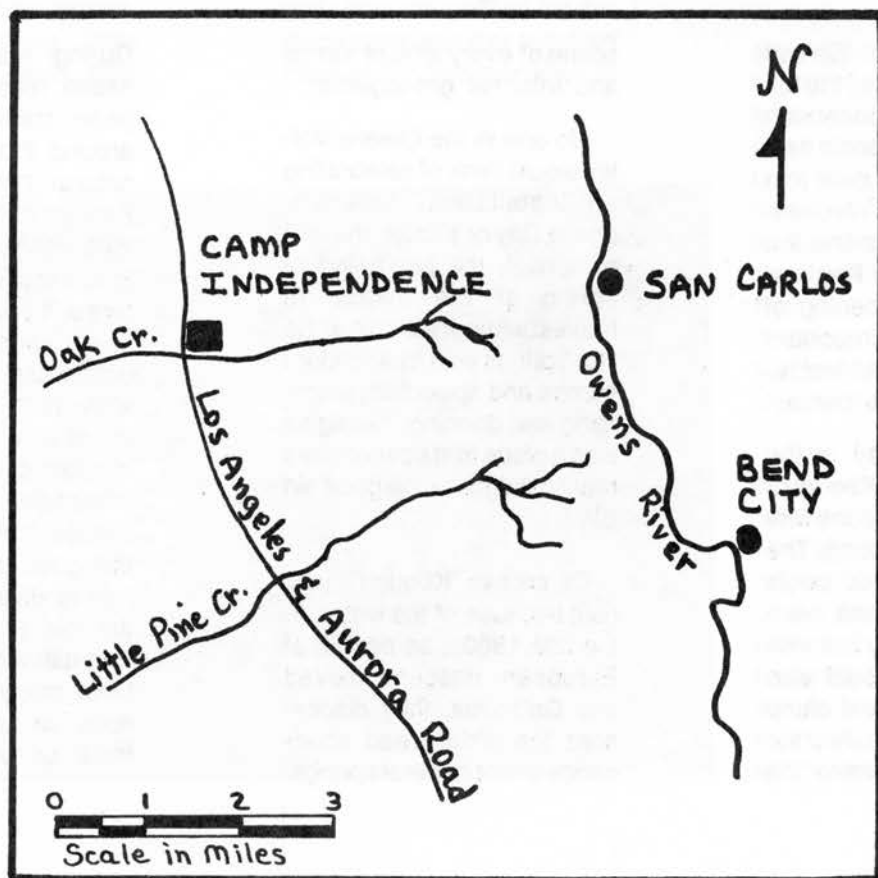
Just before the collapse of the mines in the San Carlos District (the settlement was abandoned in 1866), young Guy went with his father to explore some of the abandoned places. In the moist soil, near the San Carlos mill, they

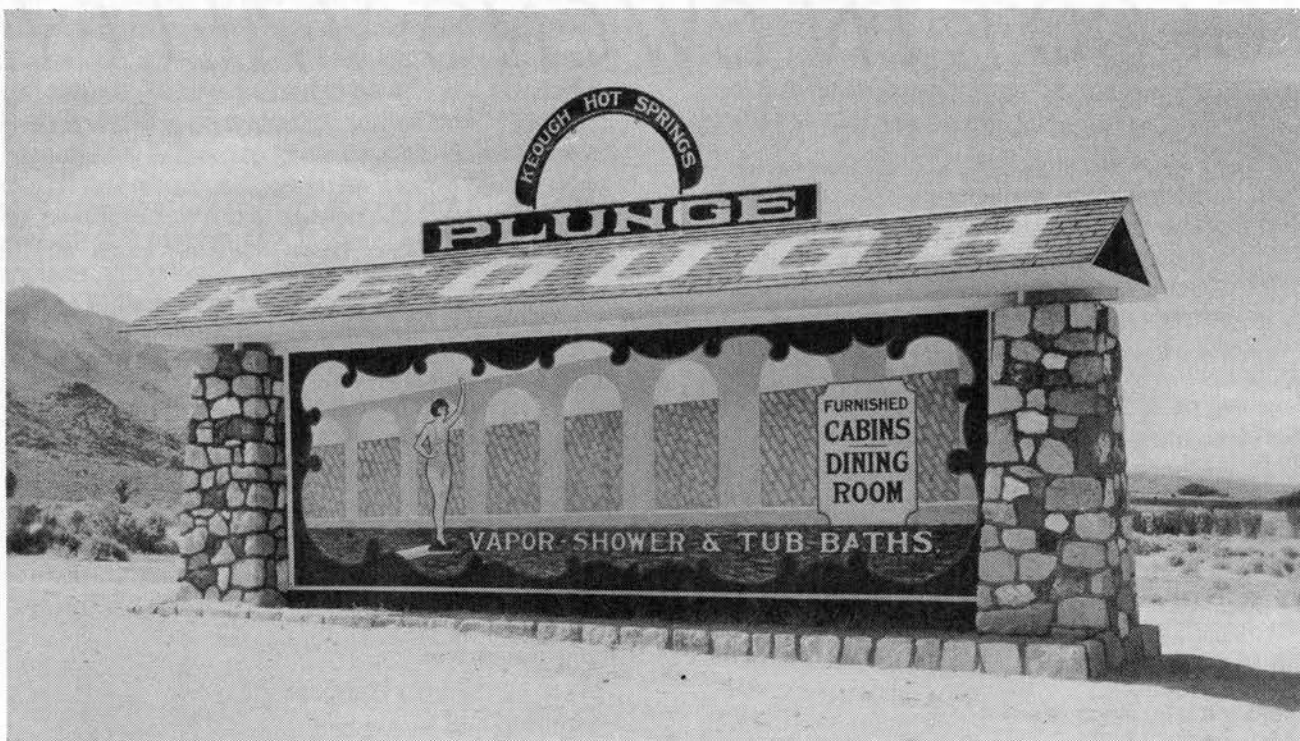
came upon a trail of huge, human-like footprints. From the appearance of the prints, it was evident that the creature had been walking (not running), leaving impressions that measured 18 inches long and 6 inches wide at the toes.

A few days later, more tracks were found, and then a third sighting after another similar interval. Reports of the same type of footprints came from Bend City, three miles to the south, along the Owens River. No one could offer a satisfactory explanation for the origin of these huge footprints.

Finally, some of the tribal elders and other Indian natives who were familiar with the countryside were shown the tracks. The elders became extremely nervous and acted very strange — in awe of what they saw. One old man then pointed to the Inyo Range, saying "He lives there and is called bigfoot."

Settlers in the Bend City area often saw the tracks and called the maker "bigfoot." To this day, the mystery has never been solved.





# KEOUGH HOT SPRINGS

## *Once Upon A Time...*

By Jeff Cook

"To the refrain of 'Splash Me' and the rhythm of the fox trot over 1000 persons swam and danced the splendid new Keough swimming pool into instant popularity Wednesday night." With this line the August 7, 1919 Inyo Register noted the grand opening of what was to be an important Owens Valley social institution for decades to come.

During its heyday in the 1920s and 1930s, Keough's Hot Springs was a complete health and leisure resort. The natural hot water-fed pools and therapeutic baths were the main attraction, but visitors to Keough's could also fish, dine, dance, and camp out or stay in a cabin. And the well-kept grounds were the

scene of every kind of formal and informal get-together.

No one in the Owens Valley would think of celebrating an installation, Independence Day or Easter, the end of school, the beginning of spring or the middle of harvest without a picnic at the Hot Springs with its attendant games and speeches, swimming and dancing. Keough's was a place that now inspires real nostalgia for the good old days.

Of course, Keough's was built because of the water. In the late 1800s, as people of European descent moved into California, they discovered the widespread abundance of hot mineral springs.

During this period many health resorts in the European tradition were built around these springs. The natural hot water flow at Keough's is perfectly suited for a resort; by all standards it is superlative. The temperature at the source, a cluster of three springs west of the bathhouse, has been a constant 127°F since it was first measured in 1859. The amount of flow remains an impressive 600 gallons a minute (only six percent of this goes into the pool; the rest is diverted directly into the well-known Hot Ditch). And although the water contains many minerals it has none of the objectionable taste or odor often asso-



ciated with geothermal water.

Native Americans were the first to take the waters at Keough's, which they call u'tu'utu paya<sup>a</sup>. Local tribal members say they've always used the springs for bathing and healing.

Helen McGee, a Pauite elder, says, "Indian people really believe the water is sacred. You pray to it before you use it; you tell those springs about your pain. And you leave something, maybe a coin. It's your Mother Earth."

For hundreds of years the springs were in the middle of a Pauite village. Using a highly developed irrigation system, navahita, or wild hyacinth, and other plants were grown for food. With the settlement of the Owens Valley by whites, with their notion of private ownership, the springs passed into the hands of those who used the surrounding land for agriculture and ranching. The unique looking cabin built



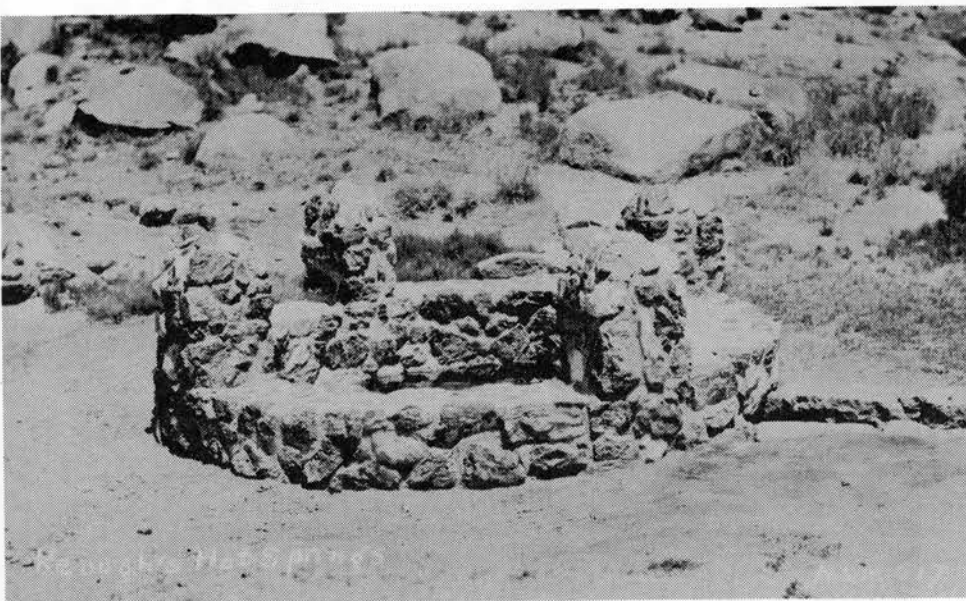
against a huge boulder, visible today north of the pool, dates from these early days as shown by its pre-1900s square nail construction.

In 1918, the property was bought by Philip P. Keough, one of the pioneers in the Eastern Sierra. Born in Ontario, Canada in 1857, Keough had come West at an early age. He worked for the stage company that supplied most of the transportation in

Eastern California and Southern Nevada, eventually advancing to superintendent of all lines. He moved to Bishop in the 1880s and became a large land owner and leader in civic affairs. In 1908 he opened the City Market on Main Street which he operated with his two sons.

Keough had a vision. "He always thought those beautiful springs could be developed into something very fine," according to Laura Lutz, his granddaughter, who lives in Bishop today. Keough wanted to build a first class health resort, but more than that he envisioned a complete recreation and leisure center for the people of Owens Valley.

The setting did indeed offer much potential. Situated in a protected dip of land against the foothills and irrigated by nearby Freeman Creek, the ranch around the springs was covered by orchards and vineyards. Tall stands of locust and black walnut trees offered plenty of shade. And the unlimited hot



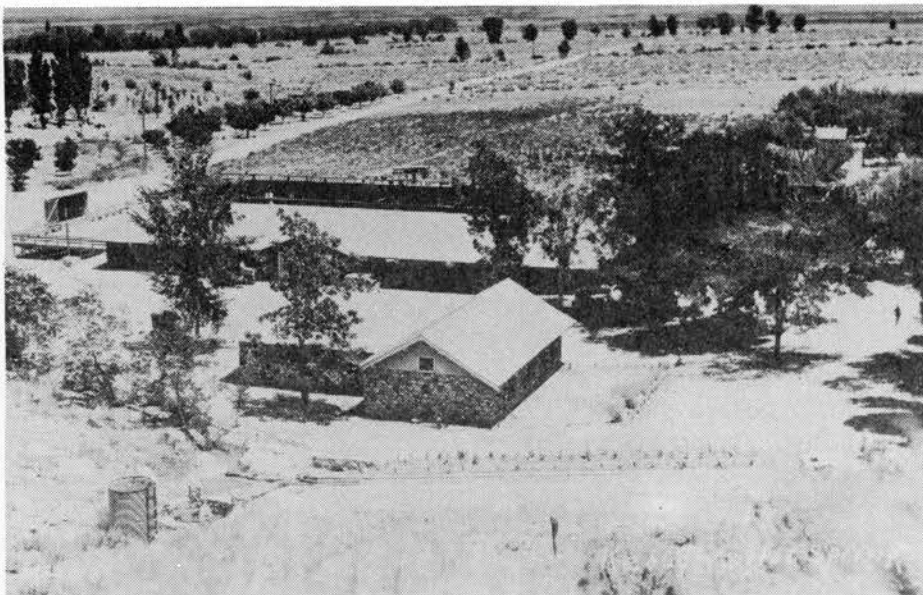
water—Keough planned swimming pools and therapeutic baths, but he also wanted to pipe the water into the dwellings for space heating. He even planned a water-heated hothouse enterprise to grow flowers and vegetables in the winter.

Keough immediately began to spend a fortune on construction. He employed contractors Mike Milovich, Rufus Cornell, and Bill Utter who managed to have the big 48' by 100' pool, food concession, and outdoor dance pavilion completed for the August 1919 opening party.

By the following May, the large children's wading pool (which is now kept hot for soaking) and stone bath house were ready. The bath house, which is boarded up today, was a wonder. It was built of many kinds of colorful stone representing ore from mines all over Inyo County. The interior was of redwood to withstand the moisture from the steam baths and hot tubs. After a soak and a rub-down, patrons could lounge amid the indoor tropical plants which thrived in the humid warmth.

In those days, hot mineral water was credited with many medicinal uses. Many even took it internally, including Keough himself who drank it with cream and sugar at every meal. People began coming from Southern California to take the cure and stay in the cabins being built.

The grounds in the early 1920s looked very different from today. The large grove of locust trees south of the pool building was kept raked, and tables were built for use by picnickers. The orchards



and vineyards were kept up so that visitors could help themselves to grapes, apples, pears, and peaches free of charge. The large irrigation storage pond to the south (now dry) was stocked with fish for the catching. Flowers graced the stonework that was built around the source springs. Says Laura Lutz, "It's hard for people to visualize how beautiful it

was. Travelers would stop just to be refreshed and wander around the grounds."

The three impressive stone pillars which now overlook the road to the resort are all that's left of a large two-story house that burned down in 1945. Here Keough lived with his son "Ches" and family. When Keough died suddenly in 1921 at age 64, Ches inherited the resort.





Keough's other son Karl, who later became a State Senator, inherited the ranch property to the north. Keough's death a short three years after he began his project undoubtedly kept much of his dream from becoming reality. Nevertheless, Ches and Karl continued the work and kept Keough's spirit of excellence alive.

In the news reports of the day and in the words of those who remember, we get a picture of just how important Keough's Hot Springs was in the social life of the area up until the Second World War. This is shown by the great variety of activities that took place there. The pool was a focus for fun with regular diving and swimming competitions and a yearly bathing beauty contest for young women. For a time lively boxing matches were held until new laws required that the sheriff stop any fights that got too rough. Said the Inyo Register: "Most of the time the boxers were tenderly caressing each other's anatomy. The limitations imposed brought the contests down to the savageness of a pink tea."

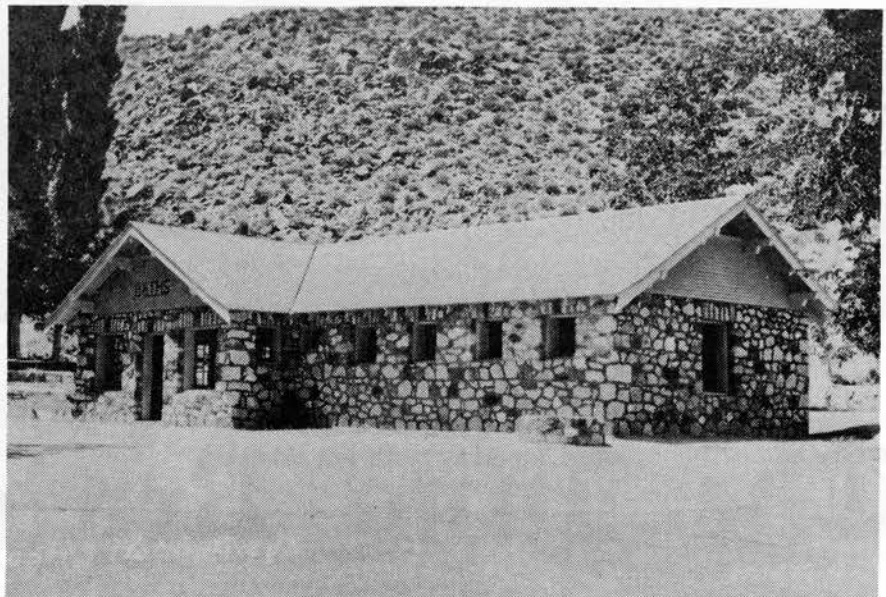
Keough's was always available for parties and special picnics. Farm Bureau picnics were especially colorful, with games for everybody: rolling pin throwing and nail-driving for ladies, tug-of-war and blind-folded wheelbarrow races for gentlemen, and pie-eating, greased pig, and three-legged contests for boys and girls. Babies had their own beauty show. One such gathering in 1926 attracted some 1200 people. Fourth of July every year was celebrated by a fireworks display high up on the hill, and of

course much swimming and dancing.

Dancing at Keough's! Today the wooden platform next to the pool is barely recognizable as a dance floor but every Saturday night in the summer throughout the 1920s and 1930s it was packed. People came from Lone Pine to Lee Vining to dance under the stars to a live jazz band. Teenagers were welcome, and they came in large numbers. Children came too, with their parents.

just picture them by the hundreds streaming in there." There was baseball and family picnics and fishing in the pond. And there were special celebrations. Every year Keough put on an end-of-school party with swimming and feasting and games, staggered on different days to accommodate all the school children in the valley.

Easter was a big occasion too. Women from the community worked for days boiling and dying thousands of



Helen Keough, sister-in-law to Laura Lutz, remembers, "You didn't have babysitters; you just brought 'em along." Little kids slept on the benches that surrounded the dance floor. Older kids would swim until the pool closed at 10 p.m., then go to sleep in the car.

Keough's was a kind of paradise for children. Laura Lutz recalls, "The pool was always open to them. I can

eggs which were hidden all over the grounds and in the foothills. On the big day a child who was lucky enough to find one of the several dozen "golden" eggs got to take home a live bunny.

But these ongoing activities took place against a background of great change at the Hot Springs. In 1926 Ches Keough sold the property and water rights to the City of Los Angeles. Thus

began a long period continuing until today during which the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power has leased the resort to various tenants. DWP has never granted long term leases, with the result that no tenant has had the incentive to invest the money required to make Keough's what it was in the early days.

Keough's has changed

greatly in physical appearance. Soon after DWP took ownership, irrigation was stopped. The more tender vegetation, and eventually the big trees, died off. Most of the facilities have deteriorated to a point where the big pool is the only original attraction still in use. And today it is in use only by adults. Because of the recent insurance crisis, no children

are allowed to swim there.

But in the nearly 60 years since the Los Angeles DWP took over, Keough's Hot Springs has remained open to the public. During most of this time the Vonderheide family and later the Denniss' have kept it going. Their efforts to serve the public and keep the traditions alive is another interesting story, still to come.



# The Inyo Register.

BISHOP, INYO COUNTY, CAL., THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1919

NO. 27

## MUCH WORK DONE ON A FINE RESORT

**Keough's Hot Springs Nearing Readiness for Public Service**

The big tank at Keough's Hot Springs has been completed by contractor Rufus Cornell, and water will be turned into it this week. It is 38 by 100 feet between walls, and slopes from 2½ to 8 feet depth. It is arranged so that the surface will be constantly drawn off, while the whole pool can be rapidly emptied through a 12-inch outlet at the bottom.

Concrete sidewalks are being laid around the edge. Work on the dressing rooms, office and concession stands will begin at once.

The establishment is being built with scrupulous attention to the requirements of law and approved practice. A laundry will be in continual operation, and a life-guard will be kept on duty when the place is open for business. The tank will not be covered over, to begin with, but probably will be roofed later and made a winter as well as summer resort.

Seventy inches of water at 130 degrees runs from three groups of cement-enclosed springs. This water's taste gives no suggestion of the minerals which chemists say it contains. A cold mountain stream carrying from 100 to 200 inches is available, permitting any desired modification of the temperature of the water supply of pool or other baths.

Vapor baths are also to be provided.

Situated at the foothill base seven or eight miles south of town, in a sheltered dip of land, the site certainly presents almost unlimited op-

portunity for development into an unsurpassed resort. Many years of occupation have grown fruit and shade trees in profusion, and a grove offers an attractive picnic ground.

Hot water is now piped to the fine dwelling which Mrs. Mowrer built on the place. Electric lights are to be provided, either by use of some of the hot water stream or by utilizing the 700-foot fall of Freeman creek when brought to the crest of the hill just west.

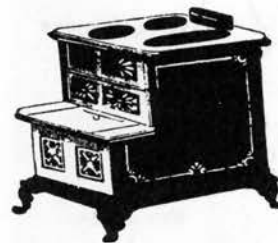
In addition to the numerous changes planned by Mr. Keough to make it an attractive resort, it is probable that a hot-house enterprise will be launched by E. M. Nordyke. By use of the hot water, there can be a yield of fresh vegetables and flowers in winter as well as summer. This has not been completely planned, so far, but will become a factor.



# FOUR DAYS 'TIL MARMALADE

from the kitchen of Crissy Reeve  
as told to Louis Kelsey

Crissy Reeve was a rancher's wife. Alex Reeve's winter headquarters were on Brockman Lane in West Bishop. His summer range was in Long Valley. Crissy's kitchen was a big one, big enough for the joy of her life -- an electric stove -- and big enough for Alex's preferred wood burning range. The old wood burner warmed the kitchen, cooked up pancakes and played a big part in the annual early winter marmalade ceremony.



Grandchildren can help. Their admiration is the secret ingredient of any good recipe.

First you will need bits and pieces of four days.

Next read the recipe ALL the way through

You will need:

6 large, thick-skinned oranges

2 lemons

6 to 8 lbs. sugar

small, wide-mouthed jars

a kitchen scale

candy or cooking thermometer

LARGE pot; weigh this before starting. You'll understand later.

1st day: Cut 6 oranges and 2 lemons into eighths, then slice crosswise into small pieces. Add one scant quart water to each pound of fruit (approximately four quarts). Let stand 24 hours.

2nd day: Boil one hour. Set aside for 24 hours.

3rd day: Add 1 lb. sugar to each 1 lb. orange preparation (approximately 6 and 1/2 lbs.). Boil to 220 degrees. Pour into sterile glasses.

4th day: Seal with paraffin, wrap in pretty paper and give it all away.



When Crissy told me that it was time to make marmalade, and it would take four days, I began to question her good sense. When I said, "Alright," I was sure I had lost mine.

But that's the way it is for ranchers' and farmers' wives (and the mothers of small children). They can only give snips and pieces of a day to the luxury of making marmalade, but it is so pretty and it makes such a welcome gift when it's finished. So pick out your days, get a good book you have longed to read, and settle into giving a bit of your time and your love to your friends.

# MONO COUNTY

# Letters to the Editor

You are to be complimented with the unique idea of THE ALBUM, it is great fun to read and I am sure that the histories and stories might be lost were it not for this publication to gather these untold or unpublished bits of our local heritage.

Referring to letters to the Editor in No. 2, I too have had many calls re Arcularius name and its heritage. I am a direct descendant of Wilhelm Arcularius born in Marburg, Germany 1844. He was the father of my father, Frank Halberstadt Arcularius. Wilhelm's sister Fredericke Arcularius Schabell was born in Marburg, Germany in 1857.

I have in my possession the family tree of Felix Arcularius, citizen of Marburg, Germany, which dates back to 1585. So from these records I only read persons of German descent, and feel most confident in saying that the Arcularius name is of German heritage.

Hope this will help clarify the question! Sincerely yours,  
Genevieve Arcularius Clement, Bishop

*Armed with this fascinating information, you can bet we are going to try to persuade Mrs. Clement to share that family tree with readers of THE ALBUM! Jane Fisher, Editor*

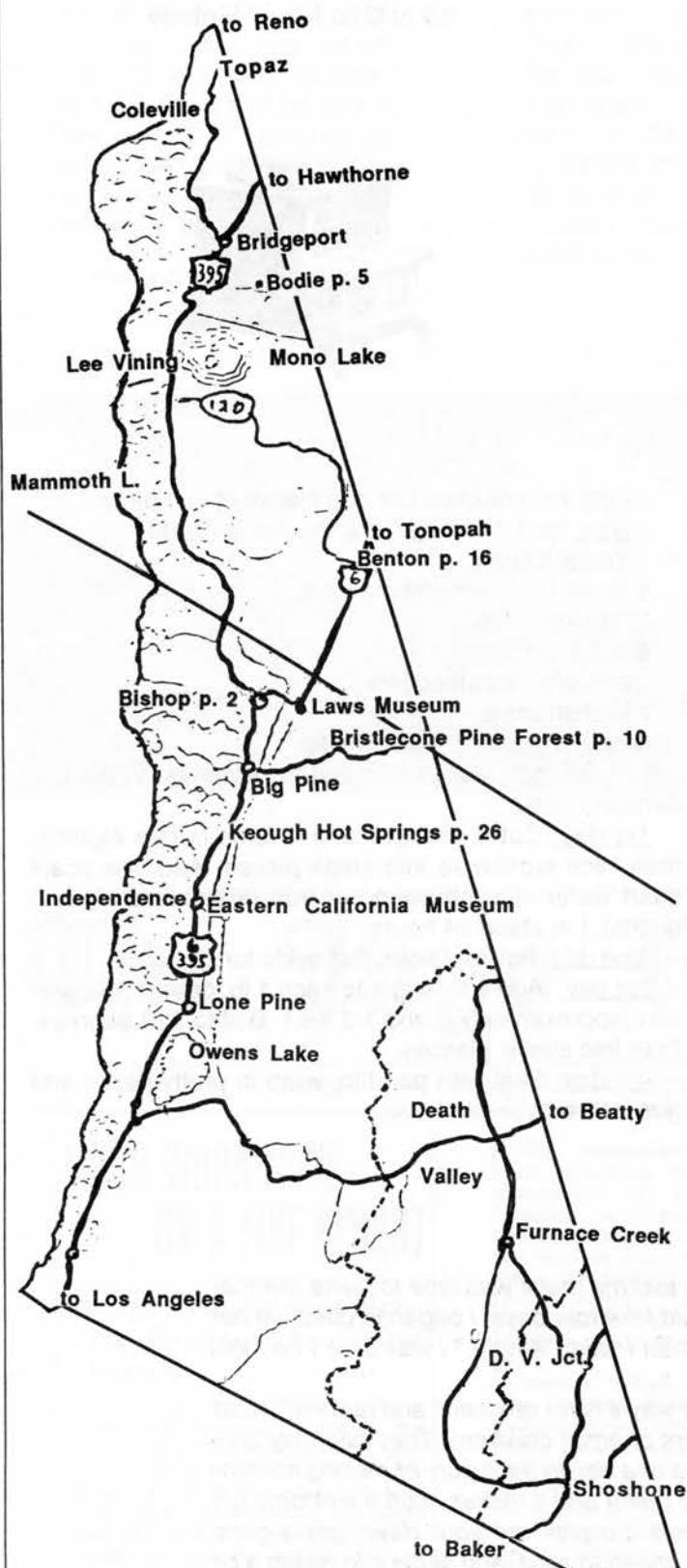
Thanks very much for the initial issue of THE ALBUM...I hope THE ALBUM does well; it promises to be a most interesting magazine. We'll enjoy our trips to the east side more because of it. Sincerely, James B. Snyder, Yosemite National Park

Bravo for the 12/87 issue of THE ALBUM. What does it take to subscribe, beginning with the following issue? I've been a constant visitor to your area since 1947--love it. Ron Lyons, Redwood Coast Mortgage Corp., Aptos

My husband and I spent the last two weeks in Death Valley and ran across a copy of THE ALBUM. It was great reading. Having been born in Randsburg and raised in Mojave we spent many a vacation in the Mammoth Lakes area camping and riding...brought back lots of wonderful memories. Thanks a million, Dorothy Aeling, Escondido

Enjoyed the magazine. Especially enjoyed the article on Cerro Gordo as I am a descendant of John T. Belshaw (brother of Mortimer W.) Have much Belshaw genealogical info - hope someday to get some stuff together and submit an article. Thanks, Nancy Thornburg, Markleeville

*These are representative of letters we receive almost daily. Because so many of our readers are frequent guests of Inyo and Mono, or have lived here or had families who lived here, we are always glimpsing bits of histories and memories. Why not write them down for us, or send for our writers' guidelines and have your own story printed in THE ALBUM? Jane Fisher, Editor*

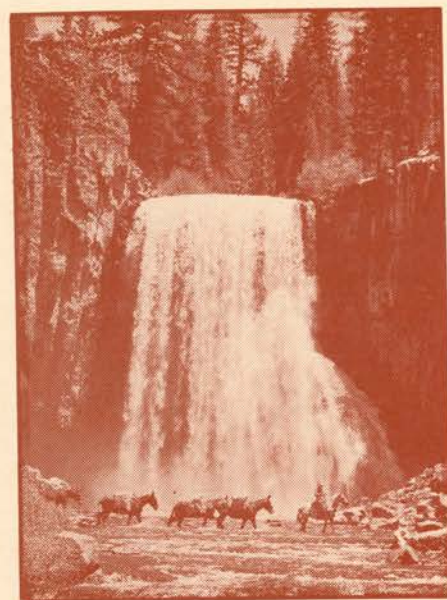


# INYO COUNTY

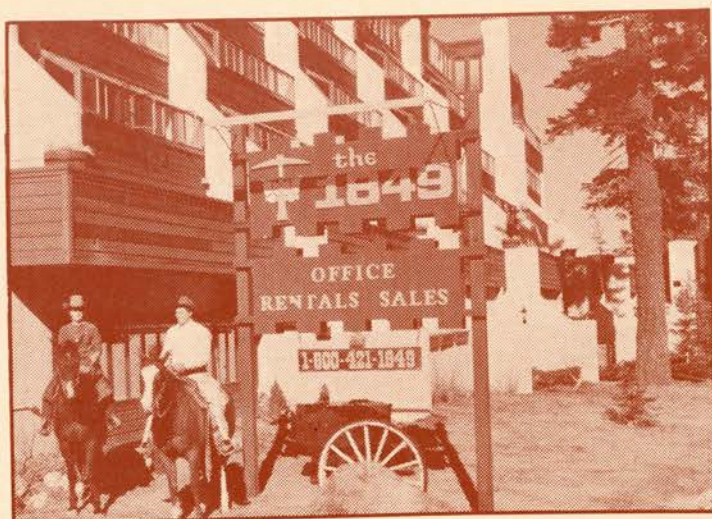




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