

THE ALBUM

Times & Tales of Inyo-Mono

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

Vol. I, No. 2



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The Eastern Sierra

Land of Many Uses

This is the time of year for the annual migration of thousands of fishermen to eastern Sierra lakes and streams for the opening of the trout season.

Two of the most popular fishing spots in the region are Crowley and Grant Lake Reservoirs, built by the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power. The reservoirs also attract boaters and water skiers.

The DWP works with Inyo and Mono counties to maintain the eastern Sierra as a vacationer's paradise. In addition to being one of America's

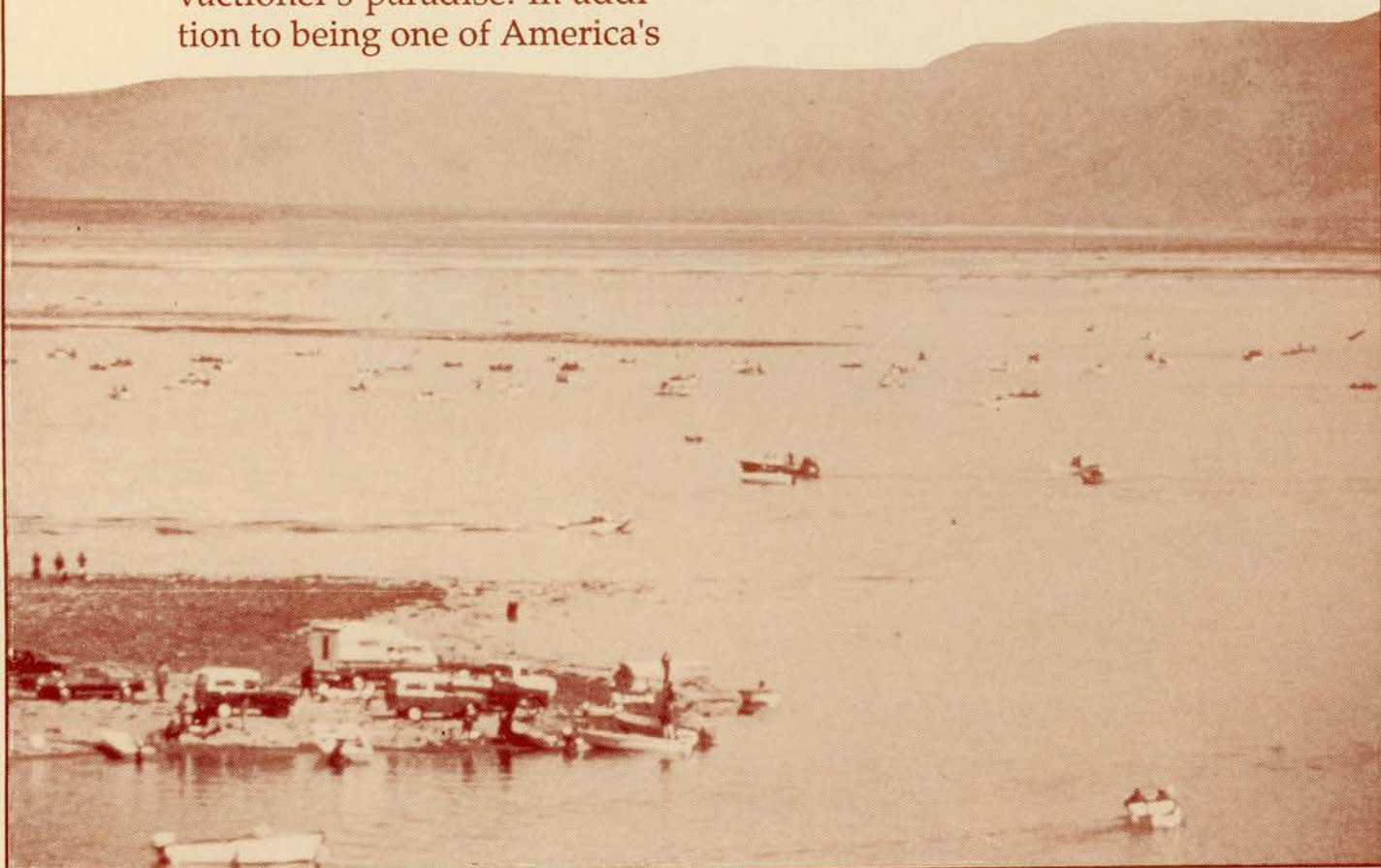
finest recreational areas, the region is also the source of most of Los Angeles' water.

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.



Los Angeles Department
of Water and Power



THE ALBUM, Times and Tales of Inyo-Mono

March, 1988

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Cover photo: The Pogonip, by Louise Kelsey,
(see photo essay, p. 18)

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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Emma Jiggins, a sister of Mrs. Maile, and her son, Harry Jiggins, also lived in this hotel. The Maile family also owned and managed a livery stable north of the hotel. Adams hall was above this stable.

There were three General Merchandise stores which kept open until nine or ten o'clock and were lighted by coal oil lamps. When I say nine or ten o'clock I mean nine or ten o'clock at night. They also staid open until Sunday noon. These stores had solid fronts, no glass windows. One was where The Sierra Cash Grocery and printing office are now and was owned and managed by (Mrs.) Friederick Rhine, the widow of Nathan Rhine. On the opposite corner was one owned and managed by Mr. Louis Wood and his son, George. Mr. Wood's wife and two daughters, Getta and Blanche lived with him and George, back of the store.

Across the street where Medary's run a store was the store owned and managed by Mr. Aaron Ebschut and his son, Julian. Mr. Ebschut's wife, Goldie, and their daughter, Elsie, lived with him and Julian in a home on a street back of the store.

There were two doctors; Dr. Woodin, who was some thing of a new comer and old Dr. Plair whom I have mentioned before. There was no drug store as we know a drug store now but Dr. Plair sold some simple drugs which he kept stocked in his office. On coming to town we often visited in the Plair home and they in turn visited the Schabblers. In the Plair home I met Harry Cook, Mrs. Plair's son by a former marriage. He was a brother of Malde Cook and Marvel's mother, Julia Church. At that time Mr. and Mrs. Abe Church and their children

Independence, California,
December 25, 1938.

Dear Doris:-

Complying with your request for the story of my first arrival in Inyo Co. I have written the following account which I hope will interest you and be a lasting pleasure to you.

Lovingly yours,
Auntie Grace.

A
Journal
for
Doris



Realizing an ambition I had had since childhood I began to teach as soon as I was qualified to do so.

My first school was at Harmony in Riverside County, Calif. Before starting to teach that school I had taken the Civil Service examination for teacher at Los Angeles, California. While in Los Angeles at that time I was a guest of my friend, Mrs. G. O. Newman, a sister of Frank A. Miller of the Mission Inn at Riverside, California.

Before my term at Harmony was completed I was appointed to the Government school at Camp Independence, Inyo Co., California. As the salary offered was much larger than that paid in the Riverside County schools I accepted on condition that I need not take the new school until my term at Harmony had ended. This permission was granted and after my Harmony school closed May 9, 1902 I went home to Riverside for a few days' rest and to make preparations to go to Camp Independence. My father had learned that I would have to make part of the trip by stage.

On the afternoon of May 15, 1902, I left Riverside on the Southern Pacific for Mojave. And that evening I took the stage from Mojave to Keeler. As only fifty pounds of baggage was allowed on this horse drawn stage I took no trunk but a very large telescope suit case.

There were two other passengers on the stage, a Mr. Roach, an attorney, who was on his way to Independence, California on the Boland Water Case; and a miner from Cerro Gordo. This miner spoke with an accent and I judge that he was a German.

At midnight we stopped at Raymond's for a meal which consisted mostly of fried meat, fried potatoes and coffee which I did not drink. After eating, walking around for exercise, while the driver changed horses, we proceeded on our way, driving slowly over the winding, sandy roads of Mojave desert. We stopped at Olancha for another meal and another change of horses. My sister, Ivy, had put me up a lunch, to be eaten during the day time drive across the desert. After riding all day, in the evening of May 16, 1902 we arrived at the hotel at Keeler.

I was very tired, very warm and very dusty from head to foot.

This country hotel had no running water but in each bed room there was a wash stand with a bowl and a pitcher of water. I freshened up, as much as I could, and staid at this hotel over night, having dinner there that evening and breakfast the next morning.

Years later I learned that the driver who drove the stage across the desert, on this my first visit to the valley, was Henry Lenbeck, commonly known as "Stokes."

After breakfast I took the narrow gauge train from Keeler to Citrus, now known as Kearsarge. Also years later I learned that Max Fausel, Independence barber was a passenger on this same train.



Upon arriving at Citrus I was met by Mr. Henry Levy, who owned the Independence Hotel, and who drove the stage over from Independence to Citrus, a distance of five miles. He met me on the train, took my little hand grip, got my suit case and helped me on to his stage. At Independence we stopped in front of the hotel a little while, while he attended to some business. I did not get out of the stage. Mr. Levy then took me out to Camp Independence, for such was its designation on the map. The natives called it "The Fort." We drove along what was known as the "lower road" and eventually came to a nice looking place with a white picket fence around it. I admired this place and Mr. Levy said, "I am taking you to a nicer place than that," and we drove around to the Schabbell Ranch

which had a comfortable home, a very nice front yard with spacious lawns and flowers, enclosed by a white picket fence.

Here I was met by a German lady, Mrs. Fred Schabbell, and her chubby little twelve year old daughter, Dora, who was then often called "Baby" as she was the youngest of the family. Mrs. Schabbell took me through the front yard into the parlor where we visited for a while.

The parlor was a neat, home-like looking room with both a piano and an organ in it.



The Fred Schabbell ranch house, February 18, 1938.

My arrival on the Schabbell Ranch was on Saturday forenoon May 17, 1902.

After our visit in the parlor Mrs. Schabbell showed me through her house and told me which would be my room.

Miss Nellie Reynolds, whom I was succeeding, was in this room packing up her things preparatory to returning to her home at Georges Creek.

I then met another daughter, Carrie, and Mr. Fred Schabbell who was then 72 years old and crippled with rheumatism. He was a kindly gentleman, a German, who wore a long white beard. On account of his rheumatism he walked with one cane.

And about noon I met the youngest son of the family, Henry Schabbell. Miss Reynolds urged him to harness her horse to her cart as she was in a hurry to get home as she thought the wind was going to blow. She left before lunch. It was a warm summery day.

Visiting in the Schabbell household that day was Miss Minnie Levy, a daughter of Mr. Henry Levy. She staid until the next afternoon and the friendship begun with her then has continued through the years.



On the day of my arrival on the Schabbell Ranch Mrs. Schabbell asked me my name. And I told her "Grace Rehwold." From the day I entered High School in Riverside until I came here I was always called "Miss Rehwold" as I was the eldest in my family. But Mrs. Schabbell said, "We will call you Grace and you will be just like one of the family." She showed me my place at the table which was at the right of Mr. Schabbell, who sat at the head of the table. This place was always mine for the four years I boarded with the family. Mrs. Schabbell always sat at the other end of the table, Henry opposite me and the girls on either side of their mother.

Lunch was my first meal in this house hold. Among other things we had salmon and fried potatoes.

It turned very cold over night and the next afternoon, Sunday, we sat in the parlor with a fire going. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Schabbell, Henry, Carrie, Dora, Minnie Levy and I.

Dora had a large doll with which she played on the lounge and from time to time she fell almost asleep. At this stage Henry would call, "Dora" and she would start up. The thing that impressed me most was the depth of his voice.

Shortly afterwards, upon my return from school one afternoon I met another son, next older than Henry named Fred. He was sitting on his heels by the stove in the sitting room, talking to his parents. I wondered at the high heels on his boots. Until I came here I had never seen men wear boots.

Fred was working on the Tom Rickey Ranch and had taken time off to come home and take his father to Coso Hot Springs for treatment for his rheumatism. Fred left his father there for a stay of about five weeks. A man by the name of Tom Furgerson cared for the father at Coso Hot Springs and at the end of Mr. Schabbell's stay there Fred went to Coso and brought him home.



My first stay in the valley was for six weeks. I liked it here and returned for four successive years.

During my six weeks' stay I met Louis Schabbell, the eldest in the family, and his young wife, nee Mary Connor. Louis and Mary came down for a few days' visit with his parents. He was a very large man with a very small wife ten years his junior.

In days following I met other members of the Levy family, Mrs. Henry Levy, Birdie Milt, Lena, Walter and little Edie. Also other friends of the Schabbells living in town; Dr. and Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Blair's daughter, Maude Cook, and her grand-daughter Marvel Church who was eight years old nearly nine.

Dr. Blair made regular trips to the County Hospital which was managed by (Mrs.) Margaret Lewis. And on some of these trips he would come over to visit the Schabbell family and bring Marvel with him.

Mrs. Lewis had two of her children still living with her; two sons, John and Albert. Albert was there all of the time and John only part of the time.

Mrs. Schabbell's brother, Wilhelm Arcularius, had died a few months previously and his widow and two children Louis and Sophie, were living with the widow's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albers, at Georges Creek. This widow was Wilhelm Arcularius' second wife.

One week end Mrs. Schabbell said to me, "I want to go to Georges Creek to see my brother's widow and to see that a suitable stone is placed on my brother's grave and I would like to have you see Georges Creek."

So early one Saturday morning we started out by buggy, drawn by a team of horses, Sontag and Benton. About noon we came to the Reynolds Ranch on the river where we had lunch. Mrs. Reynolds, a refined English lady, lived there with her three daughters, Nellie, Clara and Irene. Upon coming to America she had left one daughter in England and she had two sons, Jim and Silas, not then living at home. We had come unexpectedly but Mrs. Reynolds got lunch for us which we ate in a kitchen lean-to. She sent her youngest daughter, Irene, to some place near by to get some home grown lettuce which was a luxury as there were no vegetable markets in this isolated valley. Irene went on horse back to the place where she got the lettuce. I also remember another item of our lunch, stewed tomatoes. In the front room of the Reynolds home was a screen upon which were fastened photographs of their friends. Among these was a photograph of Fred Schabbell and one of Henry Schabbell.

In the afternoon we drove on and toward evening came to the Kispert Ranch where we staid over night.

Mrs. Kispert, a German widow, lived there with one son, Charles, who was very bashful and would not come in to visit because a strange young lady was there. One thing Mrs. Kispert had for supper was cottage cheese with onions in it. Mrs. Schabbell told Mrs. Kispert that I did not like onions so I think I did not eat any of the cheese. Mrs. Kispert had recently lost a daughter and her own husband after a sad illness. Also a son. She was grief stricken and could talk of nothing but these three deaths.

On Sunday we left Mrs. Kispert's and drove to the Alber's Ranch, reaching there in the early afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Albers were sitting on the front porch. We visited with them there and also with Mrs. Wilhelm Arcularius. I met others of the family but to-day I can not recall who they were. Later in the afternoon a very nice cocoanut layer cake and coffee were served in an out-of-door place in the back yard. This place had the ground swept very clean and was roofed over with branches of trees. After these refreshments we drove back home, arriving late Sunday evening.



When my first stay of six weeks came to a close I returned to my home in Riverside, California going back by stage to Mojave and thence by train to Riverside. On this trip the stage broke down and we finished the trip across the desert in an open farm wagon. And even in July the night was cold on the desert. The stage driver, one other than Henry Lenbeck, became intoxicated and the whole trip was so unpleasant that I never made it across the desert by horse stage again. But made the long trip around by train via San Francisco, Sacramento, Reno and Carson City and then down on the narrow gauge to Citrus. I had some very dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Richardson of Riverside, who in summer managed the luxurious Tahoe Tavern on Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Richardson, who died just a short time ago this year, was another sister of Frank A. Miller, Master of the Mission Inn at Riverside. Frank A. Miller died a few years ago. On my trips back and forth I would stop over at Lake Tahoe and visit Mr. and Mrs. Richardson for a few days. They had a son, Stanley, who was there when he was not East in college.



When I first came here in 1902 this valley was very much shut off from the rest of the world and had characteristics peculiar to itself. Very few new people came in and when any one did that person attracted every ones attention.

Out here at "The Fort" were a number of cultivated ranches with beautiful stands of alfalfa. Just east of the Schabbell Ranch was the Walters Ranch where an old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Walters lived. With them was (Mrs.) Lena Given and her little son, Paul. Mrs. Given was Mrs. Walter's daughter by a former marriage. In another house on the same ranch lived Carl J. Walters, son of the old couple, with his young wife, Frieda and their baby daughter, Marie.



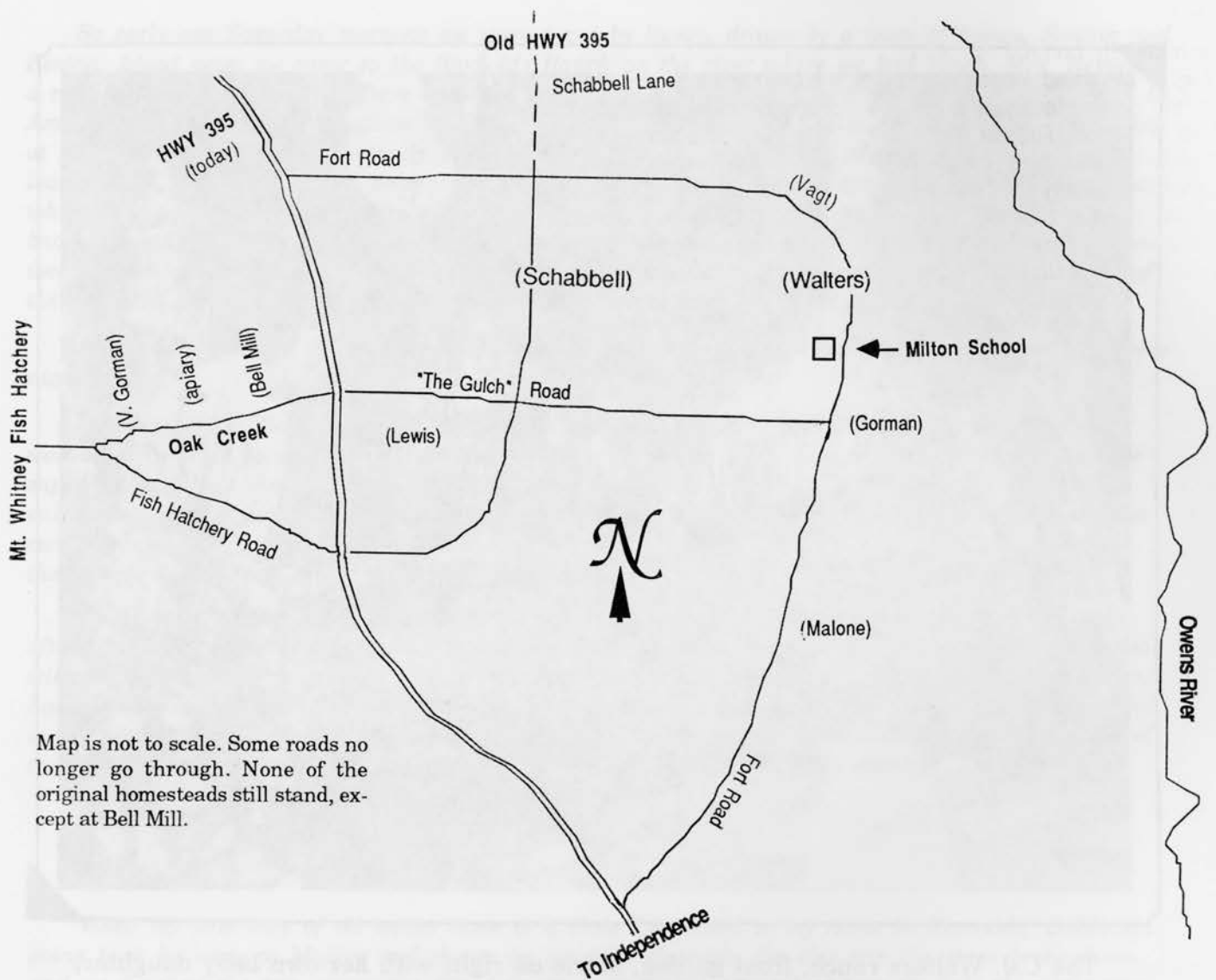
The C.J. Walters ranch, front garden, Marie on right with her own baby daughter, Marie Jeanette ("Jane" Hurlbut Fisher).

On another ranch across from the Walters Ranch lived Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Gorman with their children, Maggie, a daughter of Mrs. Gorman by a former marriage, Val, Edith, John, Lester and little Vivian. Mrs. Gorman was a daughter of Mrs. Lewis. On the Vaght Ranch was a McSweeney family. Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey with their children, Fred, Ed, and Tula lived on the Fehrman place. Herb and Sid Seymore lived on this same ranch. Further north lived the Aguirre family and north of them the McGann family. Kate Walters lived with her mother on a ranch out at Black Rock. She often came in horseback to spend a few days with the Schabbell girls. A Carter family lived on the Densmore Ranch. South of the Gorman Ranch was the Malone Ranch with old lady Malone still living there. Further south was the Mairs Ranch and nearer to town a ranch owned by Mr. and Mrs. John Baxter. They had three children, Jennie, Clifford and Harold. I believe Jennie was already married to Crom Harper and Clifford may have been already married to Josephine Fearon.

Just south of the Schabbell Ranch, across the creek, was a lovely alfalfa ranch on which lived Billie Boyd and with him "Old Fairechilids."

Now going up Oak Creek was the flour mill owned by the Bell family and operated by them. Here lived Neel Bell, his sister, Mrs. Duncan and her little daughter, Alta, two brothers, John and Lee. Alva Bell was married and did not live there.

Going up the creek one came to an apiary owned and operated by Paul William Muth-Rasmussen. And nearer the mountains was a place owned by "Old man Lane."



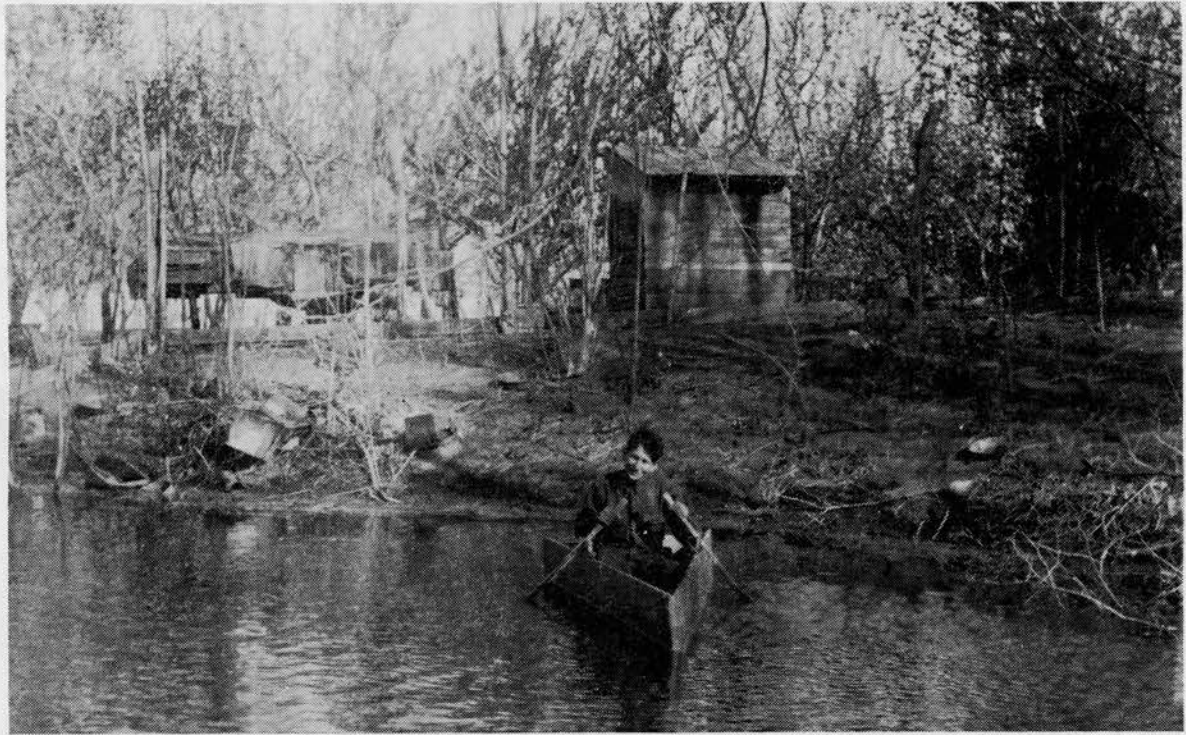
Locating some of the ranches at "The Fort" and Oak Creek.

Now a little more in the way of description of the Schabbell Ranch as it was in 1902. I have already mentioned the lawns and flowers in the front yard. Along the edge of the south lawn was a row of locust trees, some of which are still standing. When Louis Schabbell was just learning to walk he carried the little trees to his father to plant. North of the lawns was a vegetable garden, north of that a number of rows of raspberry bushes that were in bearing and between them and the corral was a strawberry bed. Dora and I once picked a milk pan of strawberries from it. North of the corral and east of the house were orchards of all kinds and varieties of deciduous fruits and across the road was a vineyard. Where the house, which belongs to Henry and me now stands, was an alfalfa field. Then as now crops of alfalfa, wheat corn and potatoes were raised.

Like all ranch homes here at that time there was no water piped into the house but all water for domestic use was carried from the creek. There was no bathroom but in a sort of shed like room which leaned against the small back bedroom on its east-side was a tin bath tub. Water for its use was heated outside over an open fire near the creek. The house was lighted by candles and coal oil lamps. A neat and tidy mahalie, Sally Laird, did the washing and ironing. She used old fashioned flat irons which were heated on the kitchen range, wood and corn cobs being used for fuel.

The mail from the north came in every week-day night and from the south by stage across the desert three times a week. In the evenings Henry went in horseback to get the mail. The horse he rode was named, "Chub."

Though Edith Gorman was several years older than Dora they were very great friends and spent many happy days together at the home of one or the other.



Behind the outbuildings of the J. Gorman Ranch was a reservoir, a favored recreation spot, even in the chill of early spring. Carl Walters' son, Carl H. "Bud", rows a homemade boat with locust branch oars.

Among the friends who visited at the Schabbell home was a Mr. Gus Stecker who lived in town. Mrs. Schabbell had raised his daughter, Alice, from three years old to eighteen years old. She then entered a hospital in Los Angeles where she studied to be a nurse. She followed this profession until the hardships of it caused her early death.

Mr. Henry Fehrman who in earlier years had owned a ranch at the Fort was then living in town. From time to time he came out to visit. And beginning several years later Mr. Ross, father of Mrs. C. J. Walters, made frequent visits to this home.

In the spring of 1903 Anna, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Schabbell came home for a visit. She had married Leon N. Marx and was living in Globe, Arizona. She had come home by the stage route across the desert. Her trunk was delayed in getting here and upon her arrival she had changed from her traveling dress to one of her mother's clean wrappers. It was short on her but as for length would be in style today.

Two years after I came here Fred Schabbell gave up his work on the Rickey Ranch and came home to ranch with his brother, Henry. And from that day to this the two brothers have worked harmoniously together ranching and raising cattle.



The Schabbell family obtained nearly all of its food from the ranch. They kept milk cows and had plenty of milk and cream. Mrs. Schabbell made butter, using the butter milk as a basis for hot cakes the next morning. They raised hogs and smoked hams and bacon for their own use and made lard. She raised turkeys, ducks and chickens. She made sauer kraut and mince meat, dried sweet corn and string beans, canned tomatoes and all the different kinds of fruit they raised, made jellies, preserves, pickled peaches and pickles.

Life was simple. We spent our summer evenings on the front porch or on the lawn; our winter evenings in the sitting room where Dora and I embroidered, crocheted or did drawn work. We took lessons in these things from (Mrs.) Lena Given who had now become post-mistress in town. We also took music lessons from Mrs. Tom Webb. We took these lessons on Saturdays, driving to town in a buggy drawn by a team of horses named Flora and Charlie.

In the winter, when the days were short, Mrs. Schabbell always had an early dinner, about the time Dora and I came from school. And in the evening before going to bed we usually ate something; apples or apples and walnuts. For amusement there were dances and once in a while a show. If we went to town once a week it was an event.



Now I shall give you some idea of what the town was like at that time. There were two hotels, each having a saloon in connection with it. I have already mentioned the Independence Hotel, owned and operated by Mr. Henry Levy. The other one on the other side of the street was the Norman House, owned and managed by Mr. and Mrs. Omie Mairs. They had five children; Norm, Pete, Paul, Howard and Nellie. (Mrs.) Emma Jiggins, a sister of Mrs. Mairs, and her son, Harry Jiggins, also lived in this hotel. The Mairs family also owned and managed a livery stable north of the hotel. A dance hall was above this stable.

There were three General Merchandise stores which kept open until nine or ten o'clock and were lighted by coal oil lamps. When I say nine or ten o'clock I mean nine or ten o'clock at night. They also staid open until Sunday noon. These stores had solid fronts, no glass windows. One was where the Sierra Cash Grocery and printing office are now and was owned and managed by (Mrs.) Friedericke Rhine, the widow of Nathan Rhine. On the opposite corner was one owned and managed by Mrs. Louis Wood and his son, George. Mr. Wood's wife and two daughters, Jetta and Blanche lived with him and George, back of the store.

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There were two doctors; Dr. Woodin, who was something of a new comer and old Dr. Blair whom I have mentioned before. There was no drug store as we know a drug store now but Dr. Blair sold some simple drugs which he kept stocked in his office. On coming to town we often visited in the Blair home and they in turn visited the Schabbells. In the Blair home I met Harry Cook, Mrs. Blair's son by a former marriage. He was a brother of Maude Cook and Marvel's mother, Julia Church. At that time Mr. and Mrs. Abe Church and their children Rita and Jim did not live here. In time Rita came to visit her relatives and Dr. Blair brought her out to the ranch where I met her. In like manner I met Mrs. Church when she was visiting here and came out to the ranch.

Mr. Julius Roeper ran a meat market which he owned but about the only fresh meat he sold was beef. There was no store or market here from which one could buy any variety of meats, sausage, cheese, fresh fruits or vegetables. On holidays Mr. Roeper might get in a crate of celery. Julius Roeper and his wife, Mary, had four children, Nettie, Rose, Effie and LeRoy. Nettie was already married to the barber, Max Fausel, and they had one little girl, Norma.

In the town were several other saloons besides those in connection with the two hotels.

The United States Land Office was by the Norman House.

There were no street lights and to go through town afoot one walked on board walks or wooden porches in front of the hotels and business houses.

There was no place where one could buy books, papers or magazines.

Just north of the Blair home and very close to it was the two storied frame Masonic Hall.

The same Church is still standing but it has been improved inside and out.

There was a one room, one teacher Grammar School but no High School.

A two storied frame Court House stood where the Court House now stands. Many large trees surrounded it.



HARRIS & RHINE
ISAAC HARRIS, NATHA

HARRIS & RHINE

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consisting of most every needful article, is well calculated to satisfy the wants of everybody; and, as in the past, it will be our aim in the future to retain the extensive patronage enjoyed heretofore.

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Constantly on hand at Agents
San Francisco prices.

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VY, Prop'r.

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or Teams by the feed, day,
hay and grain for sale, whole-
saler-room for animals. Cus-
saddle horses or teams will be

H. LEVY.

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PIONEER LIVERY & FEED STABLES,
Independence, Cal.

HAVING RETURNED AND RESUMED THE management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and LIVERY ACCOMMODATIONS in general. Also. Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.
April 30, 1881
O I MAIRS, Prop'r.
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L. WOOD

OFFERS TO THE PUBLIC THE FINEST selected assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, Fancy Goods, Etc., Etc.

CASH SALES! LOWEST PRICES!
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HAVING ALMOST ENTIRELY REFITTED my Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is EQUAL TO THE BEST. I know you will come again. Crack Corn and Barley at 1 cent per ton.
A. N. BELL.

PIONEER STABLES,
BISHOP CREEK, CA.
JOHN CLARKE

BREWERIES.

The Pioneer Brewery,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.,
JOS. FERNBACH, Prop'r.

LARGEST, MOST COMPLETE AND FINEST Brewery on this side of the Sierras. Having thoroughly renovated the entire establishment. introduced new improvements and secured the services of one of the best practical Brewers on the Coast, the undersigned is prepared to supply the public with the PUREST AND BEST QUALITY OF BEER, by the

KEG, BOTTLE OR QUART.
Prompt attention given to all orders.
JOSEPH FERNBACH, Prop'r.
n584t



Independence Hotel - Independence, Cal

In speaking of the Bell family at the Mill on Oak Creek I neglected to say that their uncle, Van Baker, lived with them.

Mr. Schabbell had had an interesting life and often told me many things in regard to it. Many times he expressed a desire to have me write the story of his life but it was put off from time to time until it was never done. And as you would like to know something about it I shall now give you an outline of his life as I remember it.

Frederick Schabbell was born in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Germany November 1, 1829. In his 'teens he became a "roust-about," as he called it, for some lawyers. I think we would say that he was an office boy. These lawyers paid his passage to the United States. And he arrived when he was seventeen years old and weighed ninety pounds.

He found employment and went to night school to learn to read and write the English language. As soon as all the necessary requirements were fulfilled he became a naturalized citizen of the United State in Champaign County, Illinois.

He lived in and around Chicago and in his youth took a contract for building eighteen miles of Chicago railroad.

As he accumulated the money he sent back to Germany for other members of his family. I never heard him say that his father came over. Perhaps his father had died by then. But his mother and sisters came. His mother earned her living as a midwife. They all lived in Chicago.

By way of the Isthmus of Panama he came to the Pacific coast, taking fifty-six days to make the trip. On this coast he and the father of C.J. Walters were partners for seventeen years. They engaged in various enterprises, one of which was to run a boat up and down the coast around Monterey. This boat burned. He mined on the Fraser River and just escaped death. For very shortly after he left that part of the country the Indians killed all of the Whites. He came down to Oroville and later to Inyo County, California at the time the Eclipse mine was booming in the early 1860's, about the time the soldiers were first stationed at Camp Independence. He farmed on the Shed Ranch and he and a Mr. Broder ran a meat market in Independence in the 1870's. While in partnership with the father of C.J. Walters, they had another partner for a while; one by the name of Jacob Vaght.

December 18, 1872 at the home of the parents of C.J. Walters he was married to Miss Friedericke Arcularius, who had recently come from Germany.

A while later when he saw that his former partners, Walters and Vaght had taken up farms at Camp Independence he had to have one, too, and bought one from John W. Martin and Sarah E. Martin, man and wife. The deed to this 160 acre ranch was recorded February 17, 1874. He later homesteaded this ranch.

Mr. Schabbell always saved some money and when married was able to maintain a comfortable home.

The couple and their baby son, Louis, moved on to the ranch, into a three room adobe house which is still a part of the old home. Here their other children, Anna, Fred, Henry, Carrie and Dora were born. These children are all married and comfortably situated. As you know your family lives in the old home and your father still sleeps in the room in which he was born.

Mr. Schabbell had rheumatism when I first came here and his stay in Coso did not help him. He walked with a cane. And as his rheumatism grew worse he used two canes and later, crutches. Finally, for the last five years of his life he was confined to his bed. During all this time he was given loving care by all members of his family. And on December 21, 1910 at his home on the ranch he passed into eternal sleep.



Last summer you obtained the history of your Grandma Schabbell's family from her grand niece, Dorothee Rouse, so I shall just give you a few more items of interest in regard to her.

Friedericke Arcularius came from a fine German family which can trace its ancestry back for hundreds of years.

Her brother, Wilhelm Arcularius, had come to the United States in his young manhood and eventually to California. When he found himself well established he sent for his sisters, Anna and Friedericke. Anna backed out but Friedericke came. Wilhelm and his young wife, the former Lisetta Halberstadt, met her at New York. They came on to Inyo County, California, arriving here in July, 1872. Being a young lady of independent spirit and not wanting to be dependent upon her brother, who was now married, she went to cook for Mrs. Nathan Rhine who made her acquainted with Frederick Schabbell whom she married December 18, 1872.

After her husband's death in 1910 she went to live in Los Angeles, California, first with her daughter, Dora, who had just recently married Roman G. Schmit, and later in her own home where she passed on September 5, 1925 at the age of 74 years. On September 9, 1925 she was laid to rest beside her husband in the cemetery at Independence, California.

Editor's Note: Grace Rehwold was married to Henry Schabbell on April 30, 1911. In the year 1924 on July 30, their only child Edith died, shortly before her ninth birthday.

On May 17, 1916, Henry's brother Frederick was married to Marvel Maude Church at the home of her aunt, Maude Wheeler, in Independence. This incomparable first-hand account of family life near Independence in the early 1900s was written for their daughter, Doris, who is now Mrs. Wilfred Partridge of Bishop, California.

Photographs on pages 11 and 12 courtesy of Eastern California Museum.



MONO COUNTY...

By Barbara Moore

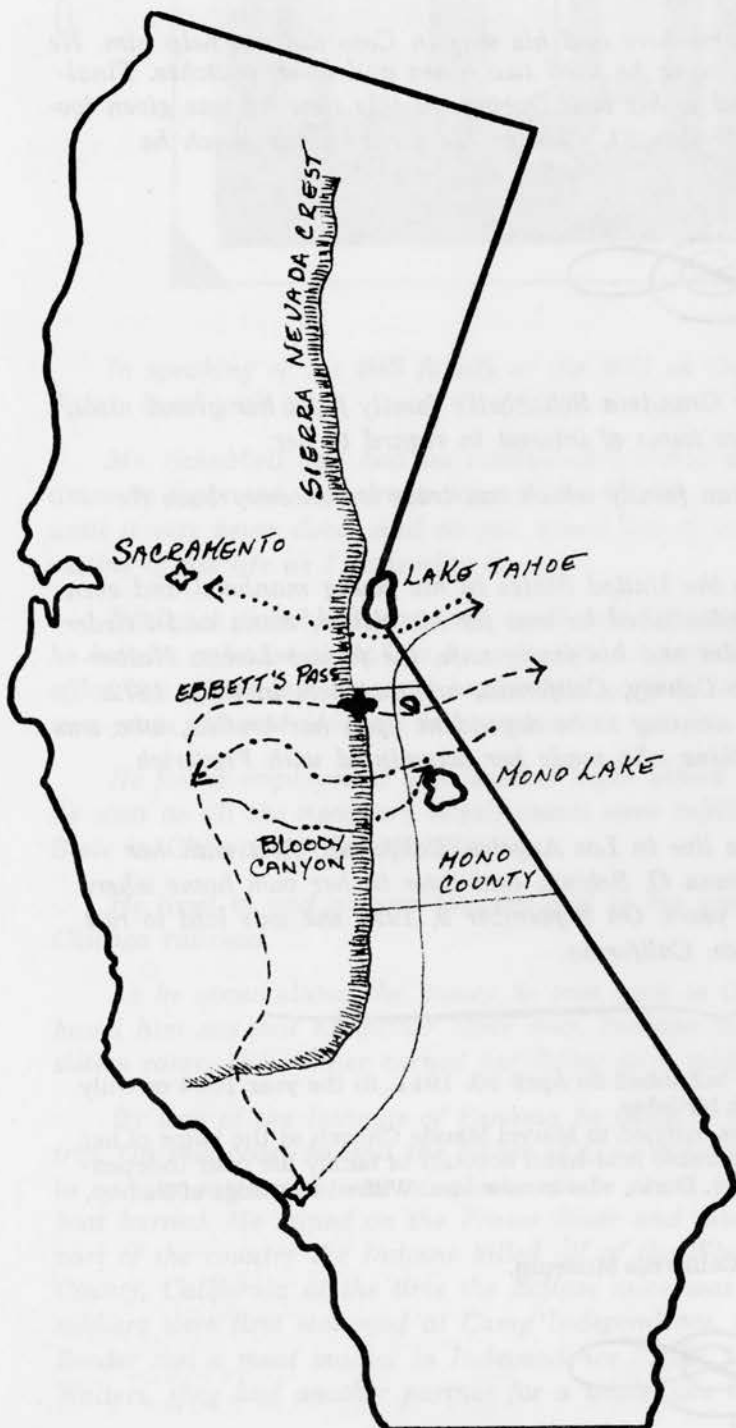
It is generally thought that a large portion of the land that now includes Mono County was one of the last areas in all of the United States to bear witness to the footsteps of the white man. However, the best known and most complete record of travel into this central Eastern Sierra area, that of Lt. Tredwell Moore's entry via Mono Pass and Bloody Canyon in 1852, probably was preceded by many years which would question Mono County's late discovery.

Obscure records indicate it was quite possible that a young beaver trapper-explorer from New York state, Jedediah Smith, tramped through a part of Mono County in 1827 on his return to Salt Lake City from the San Gabriel Mission.

After the Spanish missionaries denied Smith permission to trade up the coast, history is clouded as to his exact route. Some records state that Smith left the mission in January of that year and traveled three hundred miles northward through the San Joaquin Valley before finding a route through the Sierra barrier, which at that time of year would have been covered by snow. These historians suggest that his eventual crossing was near what is now known as Ebbett's Pass.

Other historians have doubted this and feel evidence points to his crossing many miles south. They think he traveled through Paiute country, following the Owens Valley as he proceeded northward. If so, he was the first white man to journey through the Eastern Sierra.

Whatever his route, whether north or south, he was the



CALIFORNIA

- 49ERS ROUTE
- SMITH'S ROUTE - 1827
SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY
- SMITH'S ROUTE - 1827
OWENS VALLEY
- · - · - WALKER'S ROUTE - 1833
- - - - - MOORE'S ROUTE - 1852

References: Sierra Nevada Natural History by Storer & Usinger; History of Sierra Nevada by Farquhar; Paiute, Prospector, Pioneer by Fletcher

A settlement in reverse

first white man to cross the Sierra barrier and did so in a west to east direction. This backward movement was a forerunner of things to come, for Mono County is a part of California not included in what was the general migratory direction that settled the state—east to west. Rather Mono County was settled in reverse—a west to east migration.

The great Sierra wall was avoided until 1833, when a second group of explorer-trappers, led by Joseph Reddelford Walker, made the first east to west crossing near the source of the East Walker River, eventually following the Tuolumne River into the Yosemite area. Evidently they did not see Yosemite Valley, instead kept to the north rim. They also missed the Indian passes, Sonora and the Mono Pass-Bloody Canyon trails that would later become the most traveled entries into the land east of the Sierra Crest. One reads with awe the diaries of these stalwart men as they struggled through waist deep snows and scrambled up and down sheer granite cliffs. Ill-prepared and with little or no knowledge of where they were going, they frequently resorted to eating their horses and mules in order to survive in this inhospitable land.

More than twenty years after these two explorations, the Mono Pass-Bloody Canyon trail became the route that would finally lead to the settlement of the central Eastern Sierra, Mono County. Not only is the discovery of this route entwined in Yosemite history, it also led to the first discovery of gold in the Eastern Sierra. The ensuing frantic rush from west to east finally resulted in the formation of Mono County.

In 1851 a volunteer militia called the Mariposa Battalion was formed to retaliate an Indian raid on James Savage's Fresno trading post. Until a diary left by William Penn Abrams was discovered in 1947, it was thought that the members of the Mariposa Battalion were the first white men to view the magnificent cliffs and waterfalls of Yosemite Valley. However Penn's diary, found almost one hundred years later, proves that Abrams saw the valley in October of 1849 while hunting grizzly bears.

The Mariposa Battalion was led into the valley by Chief Teneiya to meet with his people after the Indian raids. Lafayette Bunnell, a member of the battalion, wrote lengthy descriptions of this breathtaking place he named Yosemite after the tribe that called the valley their home, and later named Tenaya Lake after the Indian chief.

Teneiya was captured but later freed, and along with members of his immediate family was allowed to return to the grandeur of his granite framed valley. However, he broke his promise of good behavior and after new hostilities broke out in the spring of 1852, a small company of

U.S. Army soldiers, under the direction of Lt. Tredwell Moore, was ordered to capture Teneiya and his renegade Indians to put a stop to the continuing murders and raids on miners and settlers. With Lt. Moore and his men in hot pursuit, Teneiya and his people fled over the Mono Pass-Bloody Canyon trail to seek refuge with the Mono Paiutes on the east side of the Sierra.

Teneiya and his people blended into the Mono Paiutes so well that the pursuit of Indians was abandoned in favor of exploring the starkly beautiful land surrounding Mono Lake. Moore and his men explored canyons and gulches north and east of Mono Lake and in a canyon that later became known as Monoville, made the first discovery of gold on the eastern side of the Sierra.

After spending a year with the Mono Indians, Chief Teneiya set out to return over Mono Pass to Yosemite, but made the mistake of stealing horses from the Monos, which they had earlier stolen from white men in Owens Valley. He finally met his death, not at the hand of battalions of soldiers, but from the Monos who had befriended him.

These episodes, starting with the Indian raid in Savage's trading post, the Mariposa Battalion's encampment in Yosemite Valley and subsequent raids by Teneiya's people which brought on the pursuit by Lt. Moore, began the migration to the east. (In 1853 LeRoy Vining, a miner from Mariposa, hired an Indian guide to locate the gulch where Lt. Moore had made his discovery the previous year.) Hundreds of prospectors who had given up on the dwindling resources of the Mother Lode followed LeRoy Vining into the land that lay in the shadow of the Sierra.

Monoville, the first settlement, became a community of close to a thousand people. From Monoville the gold seekers went on to discover placer deposits in Dogtown, and two years later in 1859, William S. Bodey made his Bodie discovery. Shortly afterward he lost his life in a snowstorm while bringing supplies from Monoville to his cabin in Bodie.

Mono County, the first named mining county east of the Sierra, was formed by an act signed by the State legislature in 1861, a direct result of the marauding actions of the famous chief of the Yosemite Indians, Chief Teneiya.

One can only wonder what would have happened if Lt. Moore and his men had not followed Teneiya across the mountains. Would Mono County's settlement and ultimate designation as a county have been delayed? Would the settlement have come from the north? Or the east? We can only conjecture about alternatives, but we do know the settlement was the gold rush in reverse from west to east!

Shoreline

To the memory of David Gaines. He increased our awareness of the beauty and the fragility of Mono Lake and our Earth.



Mono Under Ice

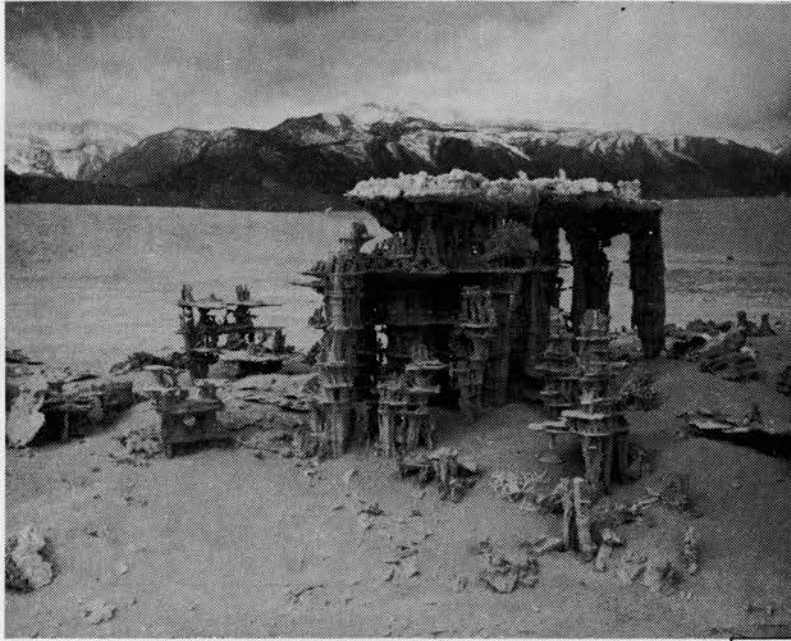
by Louise Kelsey

One winter the surface of Mono Lake froze. In the memory of people born and raised in the Basin, this had never happened.

Mono Lake waters are heavy with salts and minerals. In the early winter of this particular year a large quantity of fresh water was introduced into the lake. Before the waters could mix, an intense cold front moved in and froze the floating layer of fresh water. It was a bad time to break through the ice because beneath it Mono's normal briny water was colder than cold, but unfrozen.

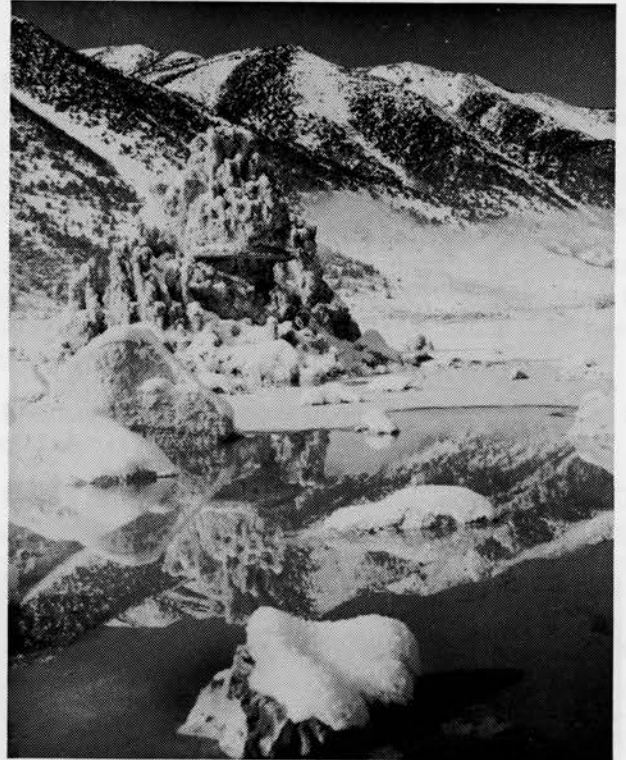
Because the kutsavi were dormant they survived the freeze. The larvae of these brine fly were a high protein source of food for the Kuzedika Paiute. They harvested, roasted, and shelled the larvae. Some were stored as food and some were traded with the Valley Indians to the west.

As to the Paoha...I cannot tell you much about them except that they are tiny. They have long, flowing hair. And the gentle creatures laugh and dance in the vapor vents of the Island.



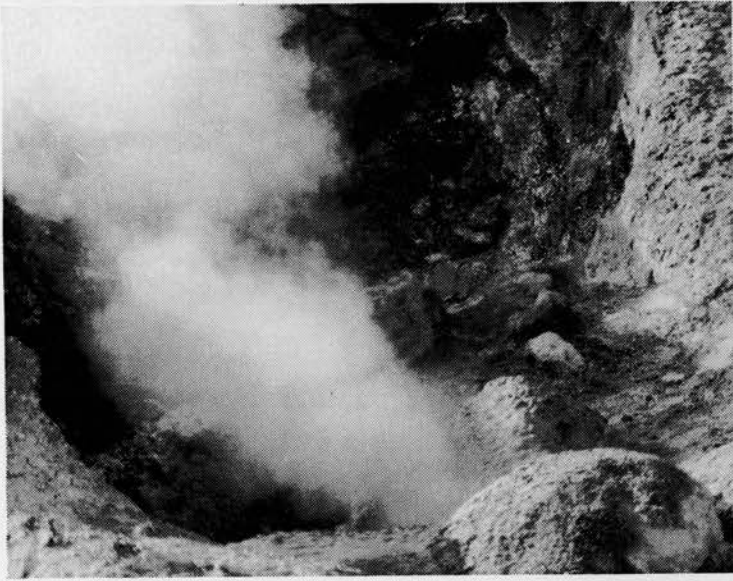
*A grey sky settles winter onto the land.
Sand towers wait,
with only a wisp of tumbleweed
as Autumn's last gesture.*

*Tufa towers wait,
their strong forms gentled
by a glistening ice-mirror.*



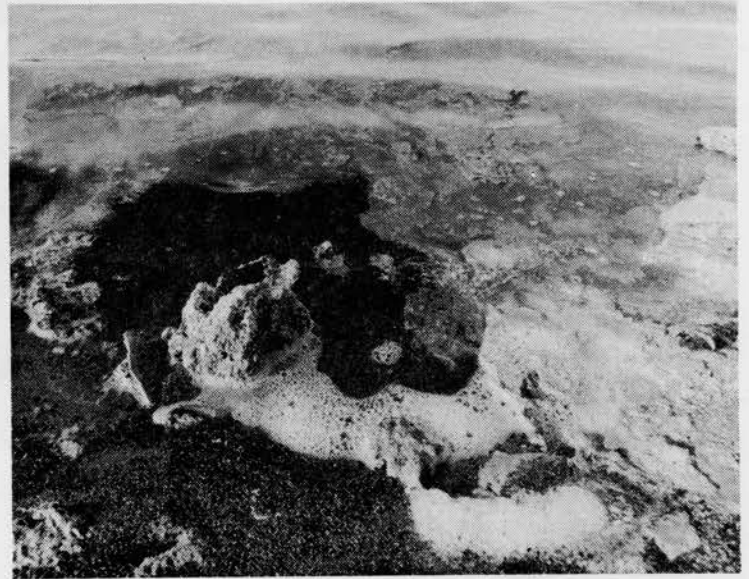
*Grebes and gulls have left for warmer air
and kinder water,
until the instinct guides them back
at nesting time.*



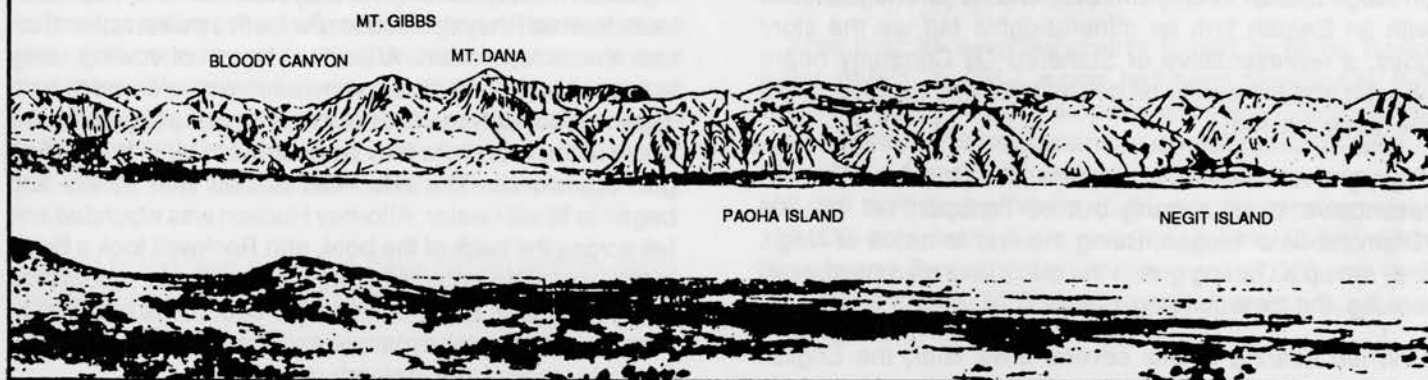


*Only the Paoha are left to play in the vapor.
Spirit creatures-
Strange as the land they live in-
Mono under ice.*

*Kuzedika Paiute have left,
taking their harvest of kutsavi
to nourish them until
brine flies hatch in the spring.*



*This is the time of the pogonip.
It shimmers through the cold air,
lacing ice, layer upon layer,
It covers the ground with
a crisp carpet of crystals.*



THE HIGH SIERRA FROM THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE MONO

THE MONO LAKE WARS

By Dave Babb

Over the past few years, there has been a tremendous amount of information presented, a lot of which is even factual, about the present day resources of the Mono Lake area; namely, water birds and brine shrimp.

Late in the 19th century, and early in the 20th, however, the big resource news at Mono Lake involved oil and mineral exploration, along with a little known plan to export water to Kern County.

Today, it seems strange to think that the Mono Lake area was once thought of as the site of possibly the biggest oil strike in North America, but it's true.

It appears that the first oil find was made in about 1885, but the news made the Inyo Register and Bodie Miner in April of 1894.

April 12, 1894 - Oil strike on Paoha Island made some time ago, but has been kept quiet.

July 1903 - There are now 51 claims filed at Mono Lake.

May 1904 - Kern County oilmen have been prospecting for the past two summers and say they have found a grade of petroleum much, much superior to that found on the other side of the mountain. A number of claims staked on the eastern shore.

July 1904 - Mono Lake oil wells bonded by a Stockton Company and boring operations will commence at once.

June 1907 - The Merced Petroleum and Placer Mining Co. now has 170 claims at Mono Lake. On Paoha Island, there are 14 acres of land where oil is found ponding on the surface. This oil is equalled by only one well in Pennsylvania and will burn in a lamp just as it comes from the ground.

September 1907 - Experts from Pennsylvania say Mono may be the richest strike in North America. Could be worth \$6.00 per barrel and a city of 20,000 could develop on the west shore. There are two types of oil; a white paraffin which burns easily in lamps, and a red one type.

January 1908 - Mono oil lands in dispute. One group occupying Paoha and keeping others off. May lead to bloodshed as lawsuits filed because island has been located three and four claims deep.

February 1908 - Reports of oil seepage on 26 miles of shoreline.

March 5, 1908 - It was reported that Great Western Oil and Development Company struck oil on Paoha; first finding a flow of gas at 300 feet, then oil at the rate of 20 barrels per day.

March 18, 1908 - Great Western denies claim of oil find. Well now 600 feet and don't expect oil before 1,000 feet.

April 1908 - Well at 1,000 feet, oil expected at 1,500.

July 1908 - Oil found on Paoha and well capped. Problems of pipeline to export oil from basin being discussed.

And so it went, new claims filed on islands and shoreline and continued arguing, lawsuits, and battles. While some oil was found, it was never a strike of any magnitude, and the capped well on Paoha, said to be some 2,500 feet deep, is visible today.

While the oil activities made the headlines at the turn of the century, the report of radium being found in the Mono Lake rocks early in 1912 soon led to one of the strangest confrontations seen in this area. It all began when Mrs. C. M. Lewis reported the finding of radium in mineral deposits

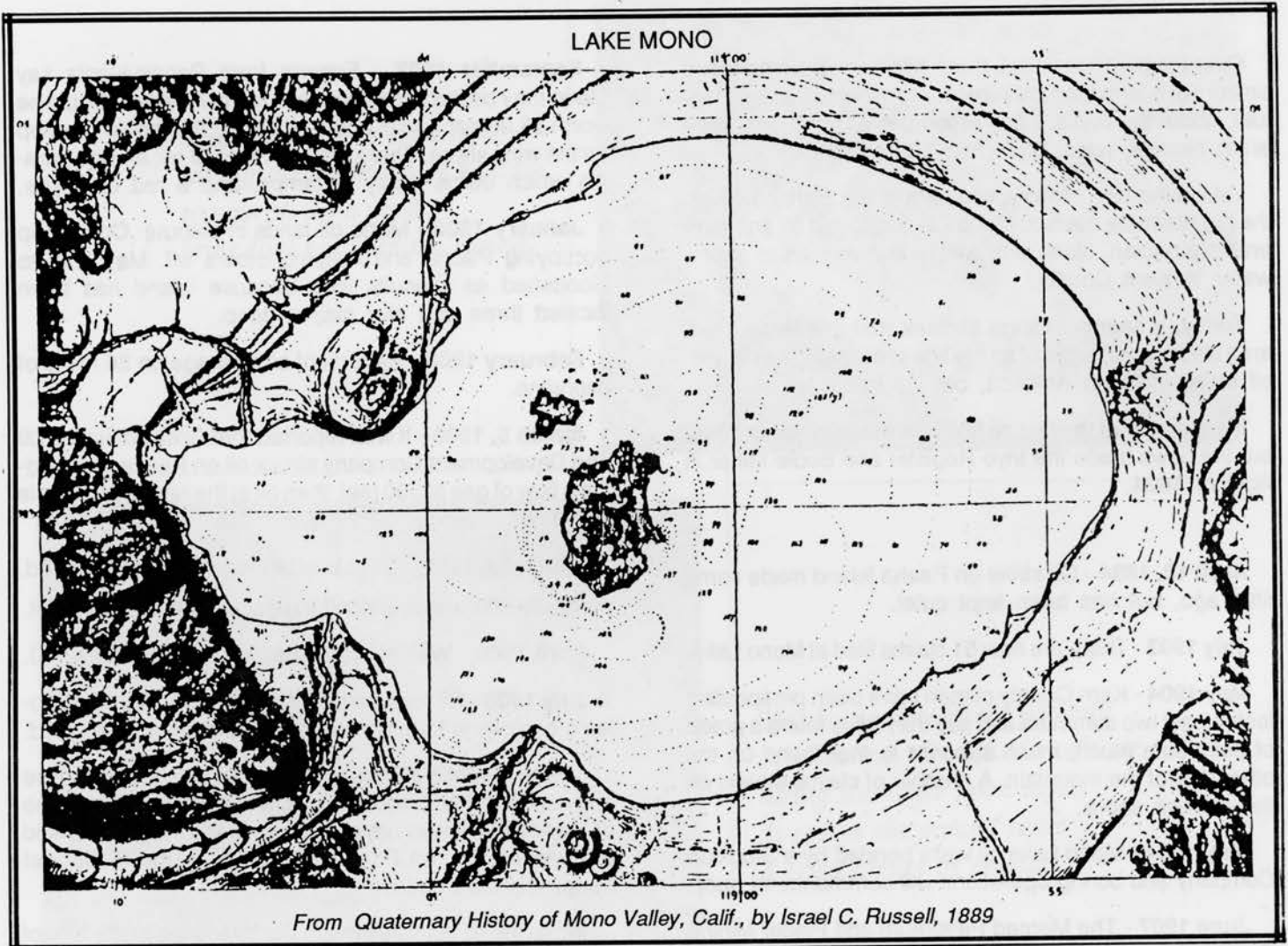
on Negit Island. In May of 1912, she began negotiations with an English firm for mineral rights but, as the story goes, a representative of Standard Oil Company heard about it and the earlier oil possibilities and decided to get the jump on her.

Through his contacts in Nevada, the Standard Oil representative hired a gang out of Tonopah led by one "Diamond-field" Hogan. Being the first to arrive at Negit, they set up a Gatling gun in the black lava on a point overlooking the best landing places.

When hearing of this several days later, the English company rounded up six longshoremen and set out for Mono Lake, led by attorney Joseph Hudson of San Francisco and Alfred Rockwell of Pacific Grove. The party reached the shore of the lake on June 5. They apparently expected to have their visit resisted as they brought along a large quantity of dynamite and a catapult capable of throwing the charges from a boat.

At 2 a.m., they sailed off to Negit Island in a rented motor launch, which they decided to row for five miles, rather than use the noisy motor. After two hours of rowing, they approached the island but were seen and ordered to halt. They immediately started the motor to make a dash for the shore of the island. As they were about to land, the Gatling gun opened up. The boat was riddled with bullets and began to fill with water. Attorney Hudson was wounded and fell across the back of the boat, and Rockwell took a bullet in the knee. The force of the engine slammed the boat onto the rocky shore, throwing the other occupants out. Two of them grabbed some dynamite and the catapult and set out to circle behind the defenders.

At sunrise, under the diversion of rifle fire from the longshoremen, the two loaded the catapult and sent a charge of dynamite to within some 10 feet of the Gatling gun, destroying it. The defenders were not wounded but were

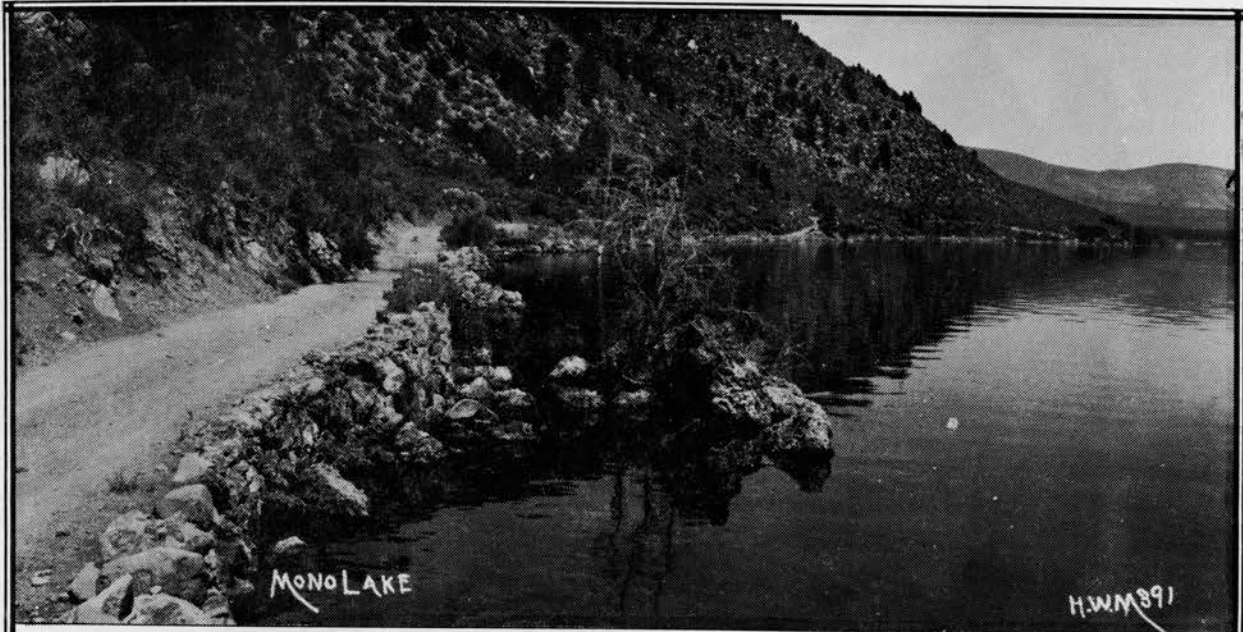


scattered in all directions, looking for escape. The longshoremen captured them all, wounding one. The Nevadans were then bound hand and foot and taken to shore in their own boat. The wounded man was put on a horse but Hogan and the others were made to walk the distance back to Tonopah. Both Hudson and Rockwell were taken by car to Carson City for treatment and both survived.

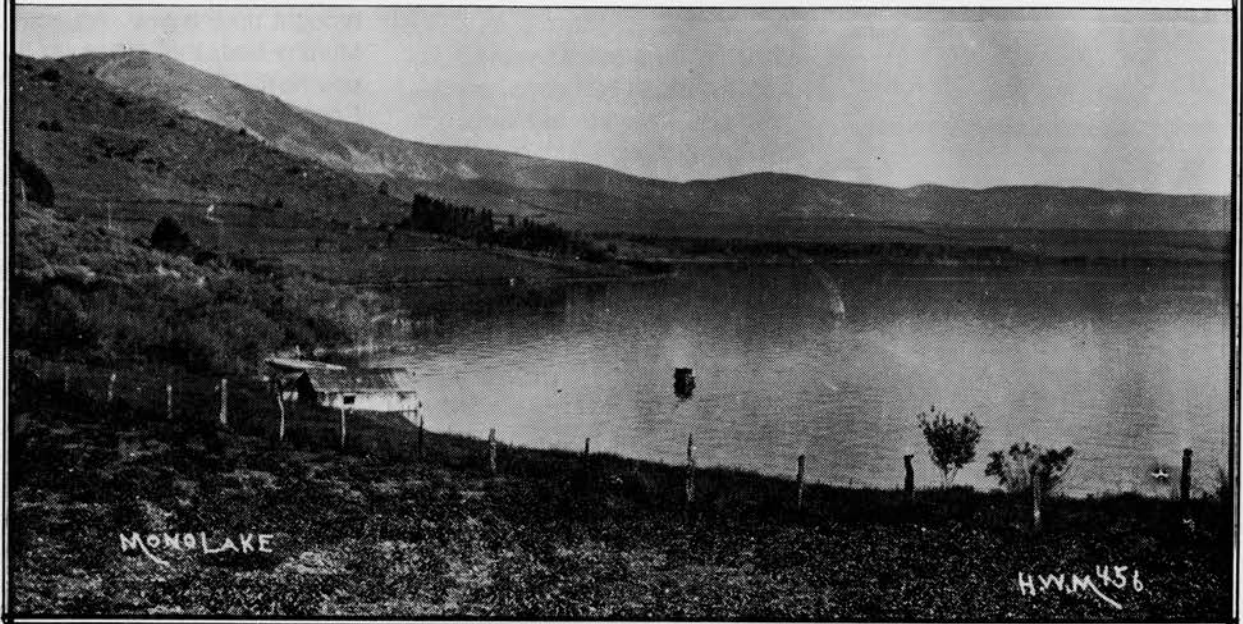
Negit Island later proved to have neither radium deposits nor oil-bearing strata and it was suggested that the only

existing mineral deposits were in Mrs. Lewis' head.

After this, all eyes apparently turned to Mono Basin water. In fact, by 1919, a plan had been designed by the Southern Sierra Power Company and Kern County farming interests, which was unanimously approved by resolution of the Bishop Chamber of Commerce, to export 189,000 acre feet of water (L.A. exports approximately 100,000 acre feet) each year via Adobe Valley, Fish Slough, and Owens Valley, and deliver 180,000 acre feet per year to irrigate 50,000 acres at Ridgecrest. But that's another story for another time.



*Photos of Mono Lake in the early 1900s
from the Mendenhall Collection*





Nancy Harris and Samuel Bohn on their wedding day in 1895

Nancy Bohn's Maternity Home

by Frances Rowan

Talking with long-time Bishop residents can be both exciting and rewarding. Like falling into a trance, you can live in another generation, as you listen to stories of yesteryear. Many times you learn of events in the lives of old-timers that should be preserved for posterity.

A two hour visit with Bishop resident, Florence (Bohn) Kennedy, proved to be one of those rewarding experiences.

Florence arrived in Bishop one hot summer night in 1912. She was only nine years old, but she well remembers her trip up the valley on the narrow gauge train. As the little train slowly made its way north, Florence recalls seeing the DWP construction crew busily at work on the L.A. aqueduct.

She remembers her first glimpse of the downtown area, as she and her family rode down the street in her father's horse-drawn surrey. It was the middle of the night and they had just arrived at Laws from southern California on the Slim Princess. The narrow gauge carried all of their belongings, including their animals, in one of the freight cars that brought up the rear. An antique Murphy-bed, that came up from southern California with the Bohns, is a prized possession of the Laws Museum and a topic of conversation when visitors view it at the Agent's House.

This was not Samuel Bohn's first time in Bishop. He too, had once arrived in Inyo County at age nine. The year was 1872, and Samuel was in the company of a wagon train from Illinois to California. While some of the group had traveled on west over Donner Pass, twenty-six years after the ill-fated Donner party had passed that way, the Bohns had turned south with the group that traveled through Carson Valley. They arrived in Owensville,



*Left:
The Murphy bed,
now on display in
the Agent's House
at Laws Railroad
Museum*

*Below:
Bulpitt Store
at Main and Church,
now dismantled;
stone used
in buliding on
South Street*

near Laws, where they camped before traveling on south to their final destination, Arizona.

Samuel never forgot the beautiful Bishop area and always had a desire to return. He got his wish forty years later when, in 1912, he brought his wife and three children to Bishop to live.

Samuel's parents, Peter and Uphelia (Olds) Bohn, had brought their family west in a wagon train with six of their seven children, settling in Benson, Arizona on the San Pedro River. Their heritage was German and Pennsylvania-Dutch, known for their longevity. (Almost half of Samuel's life had been spent in Bishop, when he died at the age of ninety-five.)

Nancy Harris was born and raised in Moore, Texas, and in her late teens, she went to Arizona to live with relatives. It was there that she met and fell in love with a handsome young man by the name of Samuel Bohn.

Nancy and Samuel were married on August 22, 1895 in Benson, Arizona. Their first two children, Frank and Irene, were born there before Samuel moved his small family to California in 1900. On January 12, 1903, their third child, Florence was born.

When a typhoid epidemic hit the Garden Grove area in 1912, and the family had all been ill with this dreaded disease, Samuel decided to make his long desired dream come true. Not only were the beautiful mountains, that Samuel had seen as a nine year old, a great incentive to come north, but the doctor's insistence that the dry climate would be good for his family left little doubt in Samuel's mind that this was, indeed, the place he wanted to make his home.

And so it was that Florence, her mother, sister and brother arrived on the Slim Princess this special August night. Her father met them and drove them to their new home. He had come to

Bishop ahead of the family and bought property on Barlow Lane. There he built the house that would be their home for many years thereafter. The old house was torn down long ago and the property is now a part of the Indian Reservation.

Florence has vivid memories of the ride down the dusty, unpaved road that was Main Street, Bishop. She remembers the buildings as she passed each one: the beautiful old Presbyterian Church and the Watterson Bank down the street; the rock store that was Fred Bulpitt's Mercantile; the hotel across from the store; and the Valley View Hotel nearby. On the south corner of Line and Main Streets stood the Marks and Cohn Mercantile.

Florence had several interesting tales to tell about her childhood years in Bishop. She remembers the close call the children at school had one early spring day in 1913, as they scrambled from their burning building. Called the Irving School, it was located on the corner of Brockman Lane and Line Street. When it had caught fire that morning, the students had no time to grab books or belongings of any kind. It was during the days



of the bucket-brigade, although it proved of no value in saving their school.

"We went to school in tents for the next two years," she recalled, "until the school on Line Street and Pa Me was finally built." It is now the Valley Presbyterian Church.

The Bohns had a small ranch and owned milk cows. Florence was the chief milker and recalls selling cream to the Inyo Co-op Creamery downtown, saving her money to go away to school after graduation from Bishop High School in 1920.

Nancy's first love was caring for the sick. In describing her mother's interest in nursing, Florence said, "She was a natural." Nancy began her career by working as a home nurse for three dollars a day. "This included doing the housekeeping too," Florence said with a smile.

Nancy was so wrapped up in her work that she decided to get some training, so she enrolled in a correspondence course from the Chicago School of Nursing, and about 1918, earned her diploma.

When Nancy and Samuel decided to end their twenty-five year marriage, Mr. Bohn built a small grocery store at the same spot where the Irving School had been located.

Nancy bought property in the Hanby Addition and opened a Nursing Home to care for the sick, about 1921. She took maternity patients along with others who needed her care. But it was not long until she dropped all patients except those having babies, and her establishment was thereafter known as "Nancy Bohn's Maternity Home." She had a two bedroom house with a large, enclosed back porch. A small room, known as the 'South Room' housed the infants and Nancy soon became second

mother to most of the babies born in the Bishop area.

Florence recalled with pride, "Mother called them 'her babies,' and she always took the time to crochet or knit a little gift for each one."

Nancy's babies span more than one generation. Helen (Barlow) Talbot remembers "Auntie Bohn," as she was fondly called. Nancy attended Helen's birth in 1916. Her parents, Arthur and Edith Barlow lived on Sneden Street at the time. "It was on the east side of Sneden, where Short Street dead ends," she said. Nancy was also present at the birth of Helen's sister Betty in 1920. Her brothers, Arthur, Jr. and Jack were born at the Clinic in 1922 and 1924 respectively.

A generation later two of Helen's sons were born at the maternity home, Stephen in 1941, and Bill, four years later. Stephen is now a veterinarian in Gardnerville, Nevada. Bill is a dentist and continues to reside in Bishop.

Louise Clarkson remembers Nancy Bohn quite well. "She was a dear friend, and a very good nurse," she recalls. "I spent about two weeks at Nancy's home before my baby was born," she remembers, "and another two-and-a-half weeks afterward." Her son, Donald, who works for Southern California Edison, was born there in 1932.

Many Bishop residents remember Nancy Bohn as a dear and loving person, a hard worker, and an asset to the community. She always took gifts that she had made to many neighbors and friends, especially at Christmas. Her work was long and hard, but she seemed to love every minute of it. She did the housework, laundry, and cooking, and took pride in the meals she served.

With no modern conveniences, she managed to keep things going with little outside help.

"Sheets were wrapped in newspaper and put into the oven of the old wood cookstove," Florence remembers. "This was the way they sterilized things."

Patients came from miles around. Sometimes in winter they had to come from surrounding areas a week or two ahead of time to be assured of being near a doctor when he was needed.

"After the baby came, they were always expected to stay in bed at least ten days," said Florence. Doctors were almost always present for a birth. Those who assisted with deliveries at the home included Doctors C. W. Anderson and Fred Boody. Later, Dr. C. L. Scott and William Shultz assisted at the births of many babies born there.

All of Nancy's seven grandchildren were born at the clinic. Her only granddaughter, Florence (Barlow) Phillips, recalls with pride the time she helped at the home by carrying the babies from the nursery to their mothers, even in the middle of the night. Her grandmother had a badly sprained ankle and was not able to do this task.

Dr. Scott had only praise for Nancy and her work as he reminisced those days after his arrival in Bishop in 1937. "We had some tough deliveries there," he recalled, relating one as being a breech birth. He remembered having to do a few tonsillectomies there, before the hospital on the corner of Elm and Home Street was built.

"Nancy was quite a gal," Dr. Scott remarked. "But the most fascinating thing about her was her remarkable memory," he said. "She remembered the birthday of every child born there."

Not long after Nancy began

her maternity home, both of her daughters married. Irene married into the Barlow family, and Florence married Robert Holm-Kennedy, who had come to Bishop in the early 1920s to work for California Electric, (now Southern California Edison). Robert was born in Scotland, but gave up his scotch name by dropping Holm, using only the name Kennedy.

Florence shared a humorous aspect of her wedding when she described how a young minister kept repeating over and over several wedding vows. She was married in her mother's home on Hanby Street and it must have been the preacher's first experience at performing a wedding ceremony. After repeating at least three different ceremonies, the Rev. Walpole finally pronounced them man and wife. Robert gave him \$10.00 for performing the ceremony, to which her mother promptly announced, "What did you do that for? It wasn't worth it."

Florence and Robert had two sons, one of whom died shortly after birth. The other, Robert, Jr., was a teacher at Home Street Elementary School for twenty-seven years before his death at age fifty-seven.

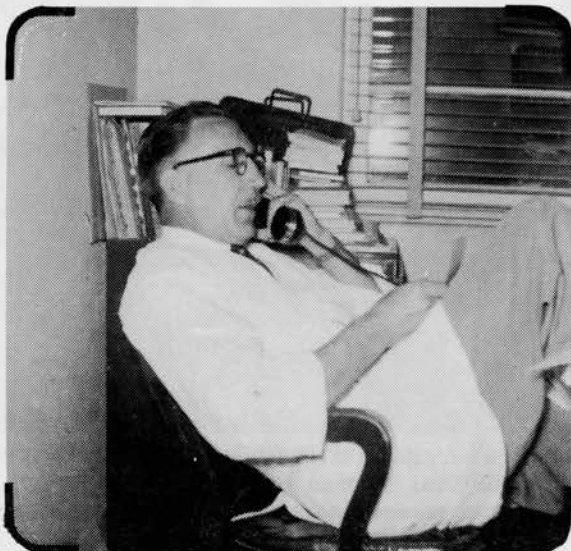
Nancy Bohn's maternity home served the community well for about twenty-five years. Dr. Scott

remembers that, as she got older, she began to fear she might drop one of her babies, as she called them. "But, of course, she never did," he said. When she became too ill in the mid-1940s to carry on her beloved work, with reluctance she closed her home. She no longer heard cries of new-born infants, but continued to keep up with each one as he or she grew to adulthood. Her last days were spent with her daughter Irene, on Barlow Lane.

Then, just three months before she died, in December 1963, while most of the town slept, what had been the birthplace of many area residents was quickly consumed by fire. Florence recalls with sadness the beautiful old piano that was destroyed in the flames. It would have been hers, had she taken the time to move it to her home on Second Street where she has lived these thirty-four years.

The unexpected tragedy of the fire seemed to hasten Nancy's death, and in March 1964 she passed away, her long life a productive one for the community in which she served.

All that is left of "Nancy Bohn's Maternity Home" is the piano stool that miraculously escaped the fire, and the fond memories that her daughter shares with those who are interested.



Dr. Scott,
1953

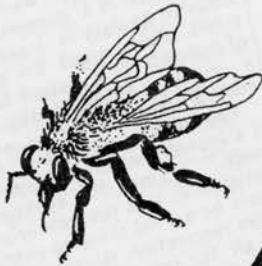
The Cerro Gordo Water Company.
LOS ANGELES, June 23. 1873.
MESSRS. EDITORS: Noticing in the last number of THE INDEPENDENT an article in relation to the Water Company formed to conduct water to Cerro Gordo, and thinking a true statement of how the work is progressing would be of interest to your readers, we would state this: We are manufacturing here for the Company eleven and one-half miles of pipe, and will be turning it out at the rate of one thousand feet per day. We confidently expect to have water running through these pipes into Cerro Gordo by September 1st.
BARBER & RAGAN,
Contractors for the Work.

Locating a Land Warrant.
A school land warrant is a very elastic sort of a document. It can be made to do duty in locating a claim to a fort, a mine worth five or six millions of dollars—the Keystone for instance—a meeting house, Indian reservation—mineral springs and what not.
The latest use noted is the locating of a school warrant on the Camp Independence. A Lieut. McLaughlin, formerly stationed at that post, conceived that it would be a good thing to gobble up the entire reservation, storehouses, barracks and all the appurtenances of the post. He accordingly located a school land warrant thereon, and for some years has been pushing his claim. Surveyor-General Gardner has made application on behalf of the State, but really in behalf of McLaughlin, for 320 acres, or for Camp Independence. If the application is successful, McLaughlin will be set up for life. Some other adventurer might locate, Goat Island or Alcatraz, and that without any discouraging prospects of ultimate success.

Fire at Benton.
On Friday last some unknown incendiary started a fire in one of the managers of Hightower & Co.'s stable in Benton, Mono county, which resulted in the total destruction of the stable, adjoining corral, harnesses, hay and other property, some of which pertained to Ullrick's stage line, besides two horses belonging to Hightower. One of these was a valuable young stallion. All told the loss cannot be less than \$2,000.

Assault and Battery.
Last Saturday Justice Gunnison disposed of an assault and battery case, in which Theodore Warnick was prosecutor and J. W. Martin defendant, Bennett & Gregg for the State, no appearance for defendant, who entered a plea of guilty. It appears that Warnick called Martin a liar, and got a head put on him for making such an indiscreet observation.

The Quilting



By Debbie Gardner

The quilt that grandma made is slowly unraveling, telling the story of her life, like a signature in time, delicately stitched into place. Each print beckons some distant memory; the yellow and blue print flowers cut from a worn dress, lush greens and deep golds from an apron that once sported an embroidered yoke. Silken threads stitched upon rich-colored fabric and patterns of small-petaled blossoms are elaborately united to create the design.

The nostalgia of quilts has been carried on by travelers of the early American frontier. Their struggles represent an artform that has played a large part in the growth and development of American life.

First as a necessity to

pioneer survival, quilts provided warmth from New England winters. Gradually a time came when color and design combinations took top consideration. Through an awakened desire for beauty pioneer mothers learned to dye fabric through the use of roots and leaves.

Colors were discovered in varying shades including earth tones from walnut hulls, or soft yellows taken from the skin of an onion. One American dyer, writing on the values of the lichen in dying techniques, spoke of the "peculiar softness and velvet bloom it (the lichen) communicates to color."

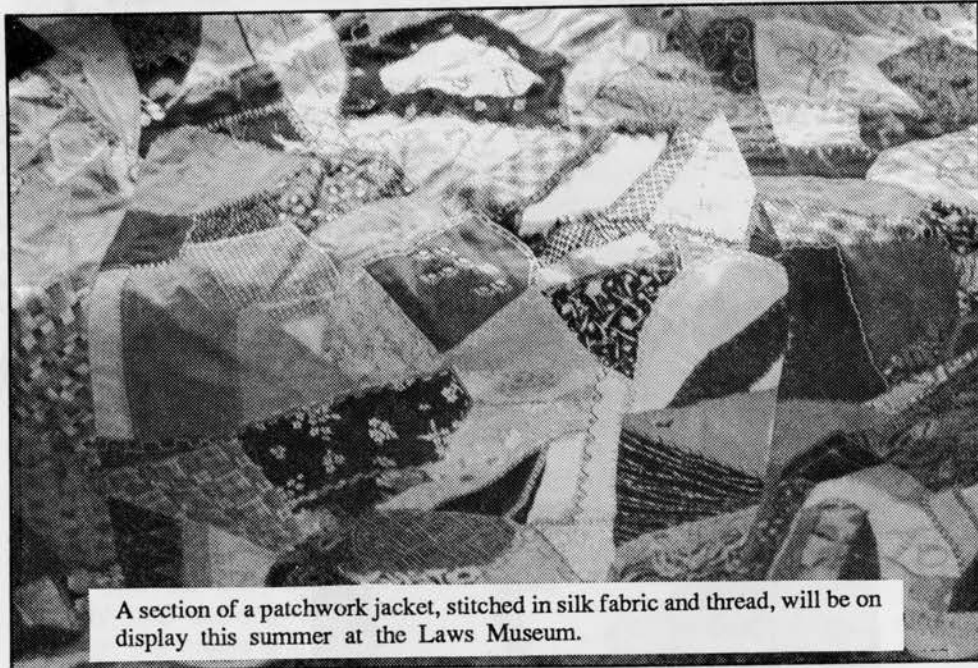
All shades became essential to the beauty of the quilt, whether hand-dyed or cut from a cherished piece of cloth brought from the Old Country. Every scrap of material was utilized in working the designs, all of which has established a sound foundation for renewed interest during a hurried generation.

During the years of the Westward movement many

quilts were laboriously sewn together. Patchwork masterpieces developed through a lack of material. It is ironic that something so exquisitely designed was born from the lack of familiar supplies. The traditional European materials weren't available, but there were still the remnants of discarded clothing that otherwise would have been discarded.

Historians believe the first quilted items were brought to Europe from the Far East during the Middle Ages. Crusading knights are thought to have worn quilted clothing to protect them from harsh elements. At first sight, Europeans thought the clothing to be strange and nothing more than useless, but during spells of freezing temperatures they took a deeper look.

The first European quilts were primitive, consisting only of a layer of wool or flax placed between two layers of fabric, held together by a few strong anchoring stitches. These were slowly improved by adding more thread. As this artform developed, quilts came to be judged by the



A section of a patchwork jacket, stitched in silk fabric and thread, will be on display this summer at the Laws Museum.

number of stitches taken and how artistically they were applied.

An exceptional 16th century quilter, Queen Mary of Scotland, acquired her skill while imprisoned for nearly twenty years. Fine examples of her work are still displayed in Europe. Toward the end of the 16th century quilting began to lose some of its importance in Europe, but was revitalized by a group of craftswomen who, through time, took their quilting techniques beyond the bounds of necessity.

ments. This was the origin of the patchwork quilt. As patching dominated the original backgrounds, a new style, Crazy Quilts developed. Odd pieces of material were sewn together, resulting in quilts of fanciful size, shape, and color.

To prevent small pieces of fabric from being discarded, quilters began to assemble them into individual blocks. Each section was cut into a uniform size so that the block design would be consistent throughout the entire quilt.

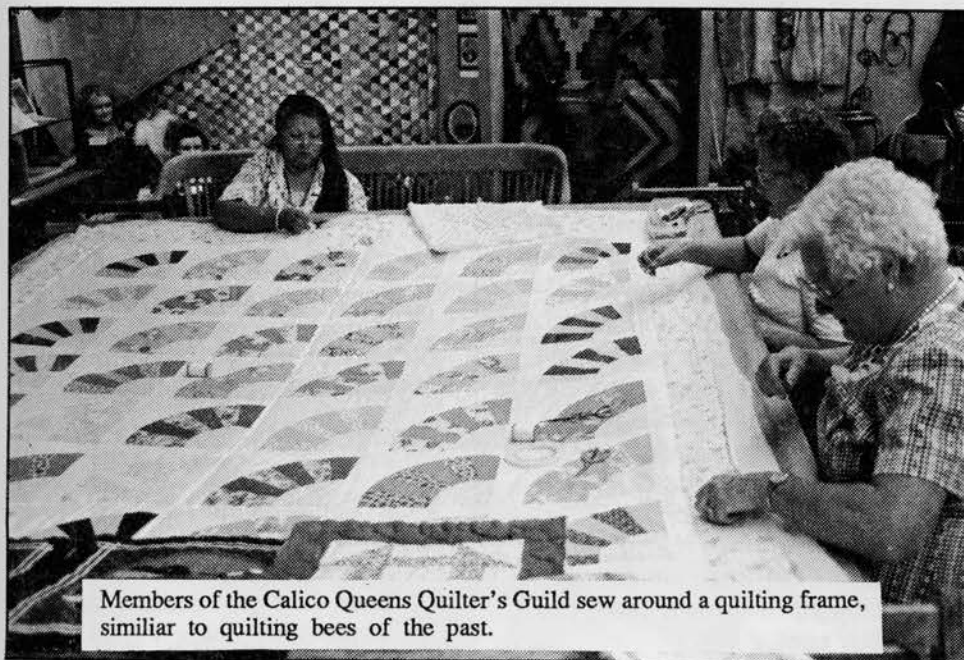
the fabric. Found within the borders of a friendship quilt might be as many names as colors and varying stitches.

Friendship quilts were often sewn together at quilting bees, as were the early-day quilts. Quilting bees were established out of the need to communicate as well as the need to produce quilts. Women would gather on an appointed day at a certain home where they would sit around a large quilting frame to sew. The quilting frames in many cases were attached to ceiling rafters, and when not in use could be conveniently hoisted out of the way.

A woman's duties on the ranch or farm were long, but the need for warmth justified the all-day quilting bees. Women from adjoining homesteads would receive invitations far in advance to attend these events. During the bees recipes, patterns, religious aspirations, political beliefs, or just general gossip might be exchanged. Whatever the conversation, women were able to gather in a comradeship that helped them shape their individual destinies.

Quilting bees could easily be compared to modern-day groups such as the Calico Queens Quilter's Guild in Bishop. This group meets regularly to design and assemble quilts. There are various service projects events in which the local guild participates. Many quilts have been raffled or donated to benefit people in the community. Members of the guild explained that their main goal is "doing things for the good of others," which was equally important to quilting bees of yesteryear.

While the quilting bee was originally established in the



Members of the Calico Queens Quilter's Guild sew around a quilting frame, similar to quilting bees of the past.

The years that followed brought a great change to quilting styles, a transitional period for the future of quilting.

Many years would pass in the New World before a sufficient amount of flax would be grown and enough wool produced for the colonies. When the quilts brought from Europe eventually began to wear out, repair work would begin that involved applying bits and pieces of worn gar-

Gradually the piecing technique became more refined. Various patterns developed, with names given to each.

Decorative stitching also became popular. The feather-stitch, satin-stitch, and the cross-stitch were a few used to adorn and embellish the texture of a quilt. The friendship quilt was one with a great deal of embroidery in it. Each woman who worked on the quilt would sew her name into

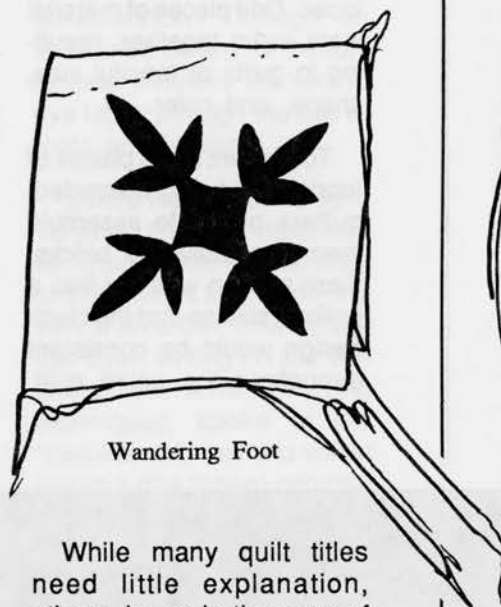
colonies, it was soon transplanted into new settlements by those who chose to travel west. Blocks could be pieced together by pioneer women who traveled the westward trail. After their destinations were reached, they could sew and quilt the blocks.

The desire to create seemed to be born out of the need to survive in a new land, a willingness to travel the road to a distant future. And in these travels exquisite patterns were pieced together, often interpreting or depicting people and places seen along the way.

Quilt designs often suggested the keen awareness of women to the significance of the westward movement. Even a woman who was unable to read or write left a personal account of her migration through the quilts that she stitched.

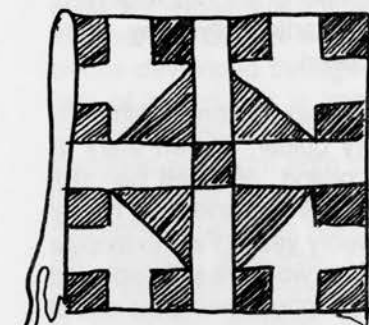
Quilt names were inspired by a number of events, including historical, geographical, botanical, and some even humorous; Toad-in-the-Puddle, Duck's Foot-in-the-Mud. Other titles implied troubles that were met along the journey; Rocky Road to Kansas, Kansas Troubles, or Bear's Paw. Still other quilt

names reflected the beauty of the outdoors; Garden Maze, Dove in the Window, Forest Path, Autumn Leaf, and Hovering Hawks.



Wandering Foot

While many quilt titles need little explanation, others do, as in the case of Wandering Foot, later changed to Turkey Tracks due to its dreaded consequences. Because of its bad influence no child was allowed to sleep under a Wandering Foot quilt, for fear of the child becoming discontented, unstable, or a rover. A young woman wouldn't put a quilt of this pattern in her dower chest for fear of attracting the roving sort. Changing the name was thought to have broken the evil spell.

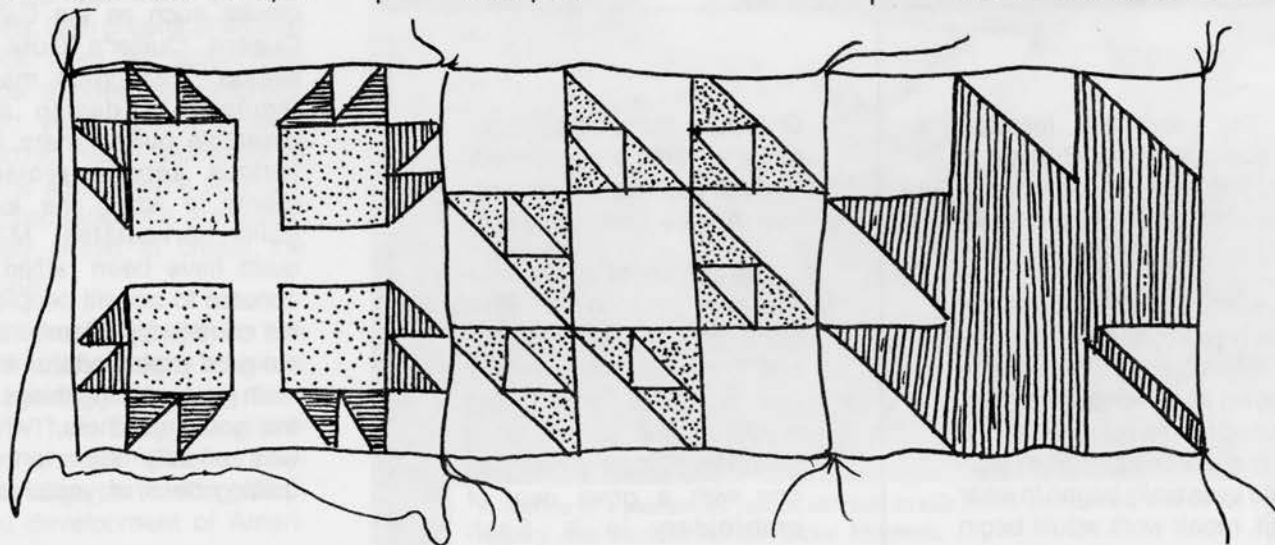


Lincoln's Platform

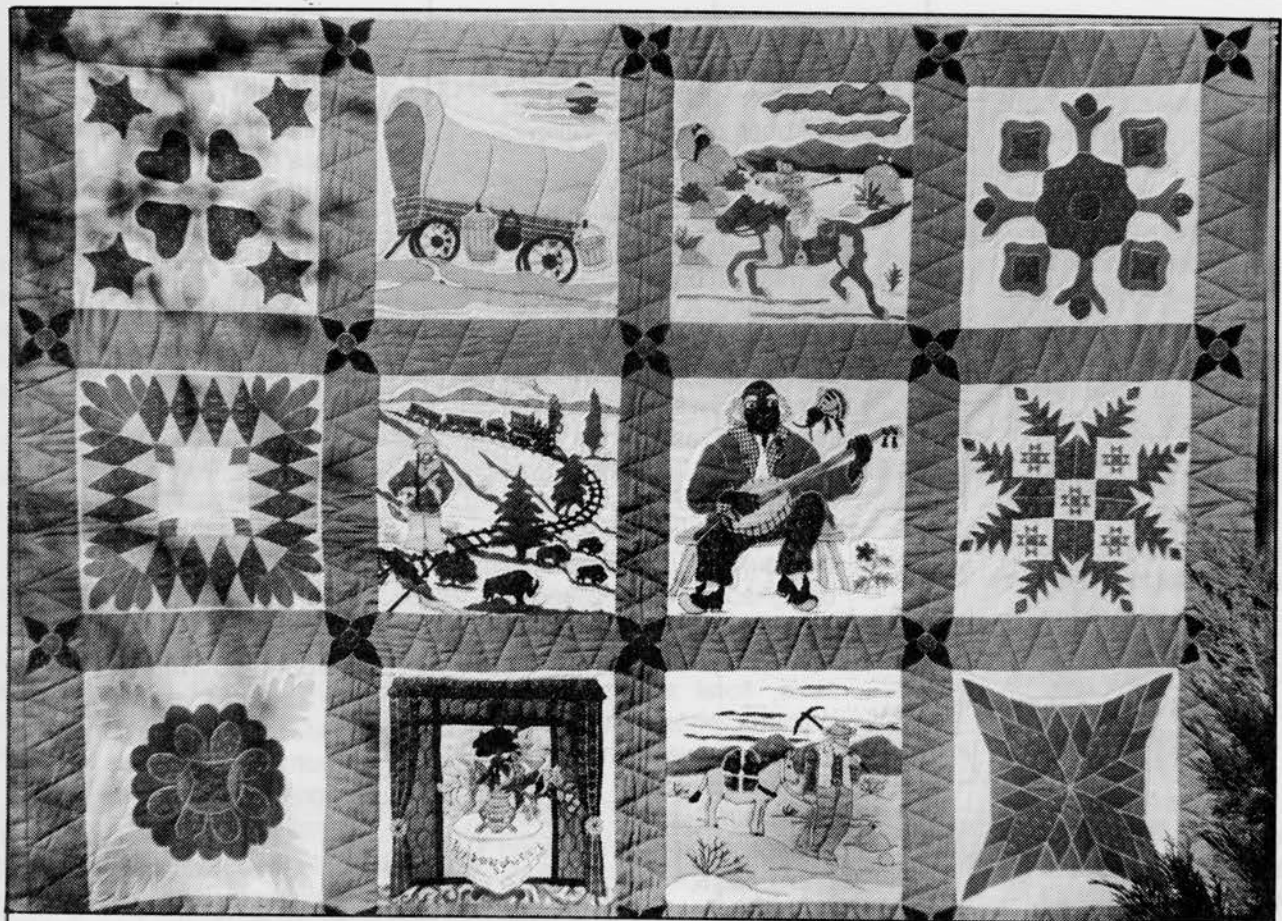
Another favorite pattern was Amethyst. It was favored since the amethyst is the stone of February, and several famous people were born in that month, such as Lincoln, Washington, and Lindbergh.

Some quilts carried names of a political nature. Even though women weren't allowed to vote or express political preferences in mixed company, they still listened and formed their own opinions, in many cases reflected through their quilting, which remained their main outlet for expression.

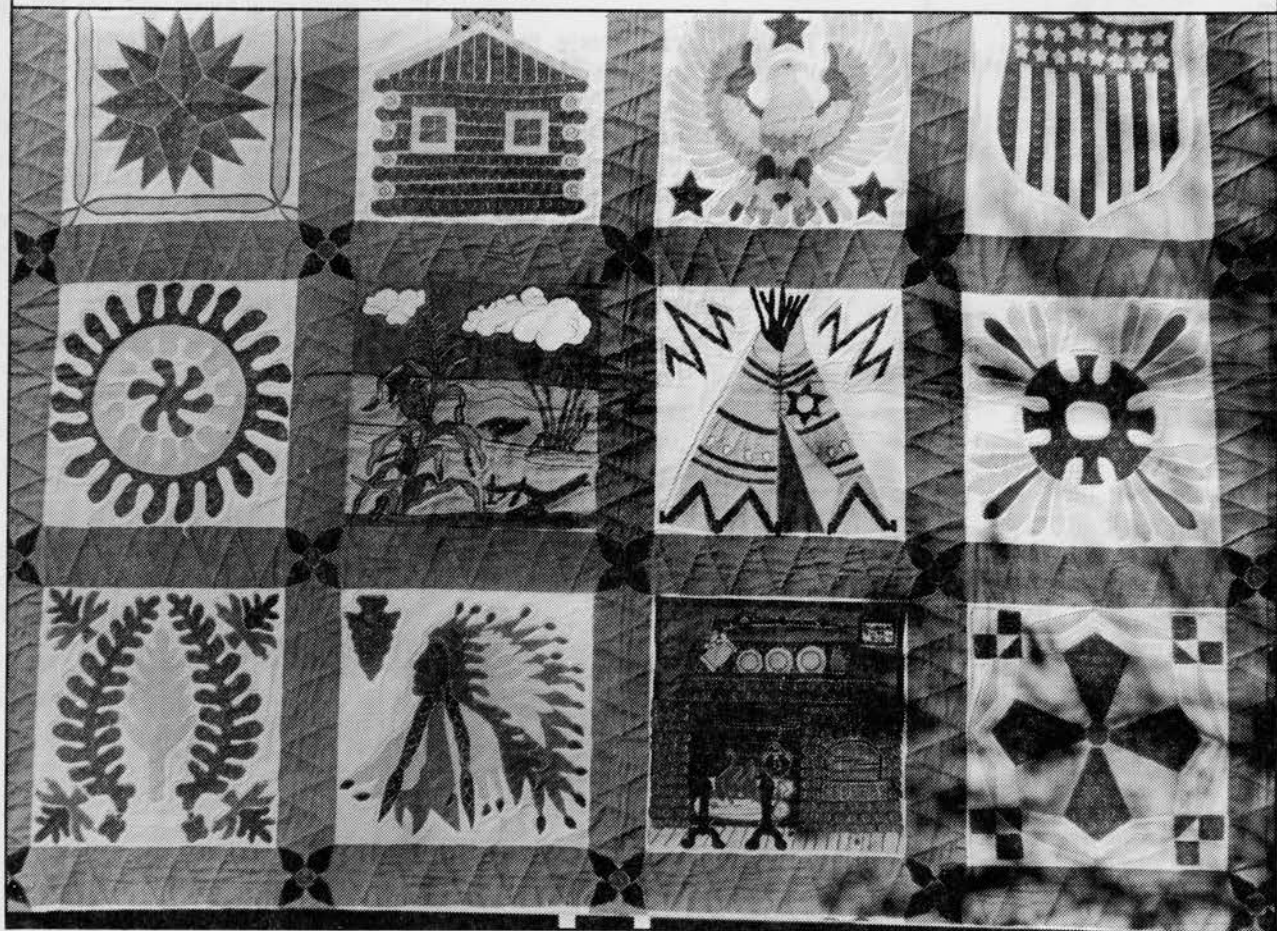
Some of the names that bore these opinions were Old Tippicanoe, Lincoln's Platform, Whig's Defeat, and Fifty-Four-Forty-or Fight.



These three blocks show, from left, Bear Paw, Flying Bird, and Poplar Leaf



An appliqued and pieced quilt depicting events in American history, made by
 Laura Schober Carlyle.



Some confusion sets in when trying to identify exact dates and patterns. Through the years quilt patterns might be renamed; the same patterns used in different locations. Generations fell between quilters, who in their own time adjusted ideas and designs to suit their own environments. Many women would save a cherished piece of cloth for years before using it in a quilt, possibly passing it on to a daughter, who in turn might do the same. When this saved fabric was finally put to use it may have been several decades later.

There are many stories that drift into the story of the quilt, including one that Big Pine resident Enid Larson tells. During a trip into the backcountry of Baja California, she found hanging on a clothes line, a beautiful Log Cabin quilt that had been hand-sewn by a Mexican woman.

"She didn't speak English and I didn't speak Spanish," Larson explained. But through the universal language of love for beauty and pioneering tradition, they were able to communicate. "I couldn't believe my eyes," she added, "that such an old-American pattern had found its way into the far reaches of Baja."

Larson spoke of yet another quilt. "You have to see this gorgeous quilt," she said. "It's the most beautiful historic quilt I've ever seen, and it was made by an absolute artist, who would make a story all on her own."

Larson's opinion was accurate. The appliqued and pieced quilt was made by Laura Schober Carlyle, who was a granddaughter of a pioneer to the Owens Valley.

She was the sister of Hazel Schober Tatum, John Schober of Bishop, and Art Schober of Round Valley.

Hazel graciously brought the quilt out for a Sunday viewing, explaining that Laura was a talented artist in her own right. A delicate flower print on a red background was a fabric that Laura used consistently in the quilt. The red fabric was given to her by a good friend who was nearly 100 years old. The 24 squares within the borders of the quilt were thoughtfully designed to reflect a part of American history; the blocks on two sides are pieced emblems, floral and geometric patterns, while center blocks display a miner with his pick, a covered wagon crossing the plains, stalks of corn under a cloud-filled sky, a log cabin, a tipi, and a train crossing over hills through pine trees and grazing buffaloes.

"Before Laura made the quilt, Hazel explained, "she had my sister and I doing all the sewing. She said that she couldn't sew. She was really working us, then she came up with this quilt!"

There is a real emotion that stirs when studying anti-

que quilts—a desire to learn, and to understand our ancestral past, manifested by a longing to delve into the maze of our historical background where pioneering spirits still linger.

Through every generation, no matter what personal struggles were endured, there were always those who created. Through these artistic expressions, fragments of American lives have been passed on and preserved for future sons and daughters of American soil.

A good number of antique quilts are on display through-out the world. As an artform, these works continue to be admired in museums and galleries in metropolitan cities as well as in small-town shows.

In the Laws collection are appliqued floral designs, a Crazy Quilt, the Log Cabin pattern, and a lovely patchwork coat sewn with silk fabric, intricately stitched in variegated colors.

Such displays may be seen locally this summer at the Laws Museum north of Bishop. There are several well-preserved quilts that have been donated by thoughtful residents.

References

- The Foxfire Book — edited with an introduction by Eliot Wigginton
- The Patchwork Quilt in America
- Applique Old and New — Nedda C. Anders
- Art Nouveau Embroidery — Lewis F. Day and Mary Buckle
- Dyes from Plants — Seonaid Robertson



A Little Story of Old Benton

by Dorothy Mathieu

About the turn of the Century, a young Italian immigrant, Agesini Isadoria, came to the Eastern Sierra. For awhile he wandered from settlement to settlement doing odd jobs to earn his living. He also worked for the Power Company. Then he came to Benton and liked it so well that this became his home for many years.

He built himself a dugout beside the stream from Montgomery Canyon. This is near Montgomery City in the foothills of the White Mountains east of Benton Station.

Isador, as he was called, worked on the ranches in the area. His lifestyle was very frugal. It is said that he sewed patches upon patches on his clothing. He made his own headgear from various materials. I remember one hat that was made from a piece of canvas fire hose. He used his coffee and tobacco over and over again, drying it between uses.

As was his habit, Isador would walk down the hillside to the store at Benton Station to replenish his meager supply of tobacco, beans, salt pork, coffee and flour. On this particular winter day, the weather was very cold and windy. Isador bought his supplies and then decided to visit the local saloon to warm up before starting the long hike back up the hill.

After spending several hours in wine and song he was no longer feeling any cold. Isador had never learned to speak very good English. The other occupants of the saloon grew tired of his constant chatter. So they decided to accompany Isador as far as the railroad depot in the hope he would go on home. There they left him in the cold night air.

Next morning, when the railroad section crew came to work, they found poor old Isador stretched out on the ground beside the depot platform. He was stiff like a board and blue with cold. The men wrapped him in a canvas tarp and put him up on the platform. They also sent for the Coroner who had to come from Bridgeport.

Isador lay on the platform most of the morning. As the sun came out he began to warm up. Finally he was able to move so he gathered up his belongings and headed up the trail for home.

When the Coroner arrived in Benton, a very much alive Isador was back in his dugout and feeling fine.

Note: Dorothy Mathieu has been a resident of Benton and Hammil Valley most of her life, and is currently Benton's librarian.

From "Grandma" Kinney's Household Collection

These recipes came from a venerable household bookkeeping journal, belonging to the Ernie Kinneys. In its pages are listed prices of purchases, costs of sales, and recipes from 1909, when beef was \$.07 a pound, a pair of shoes cost \$3.25, and a cord of wood, delivered, was \$16.50.



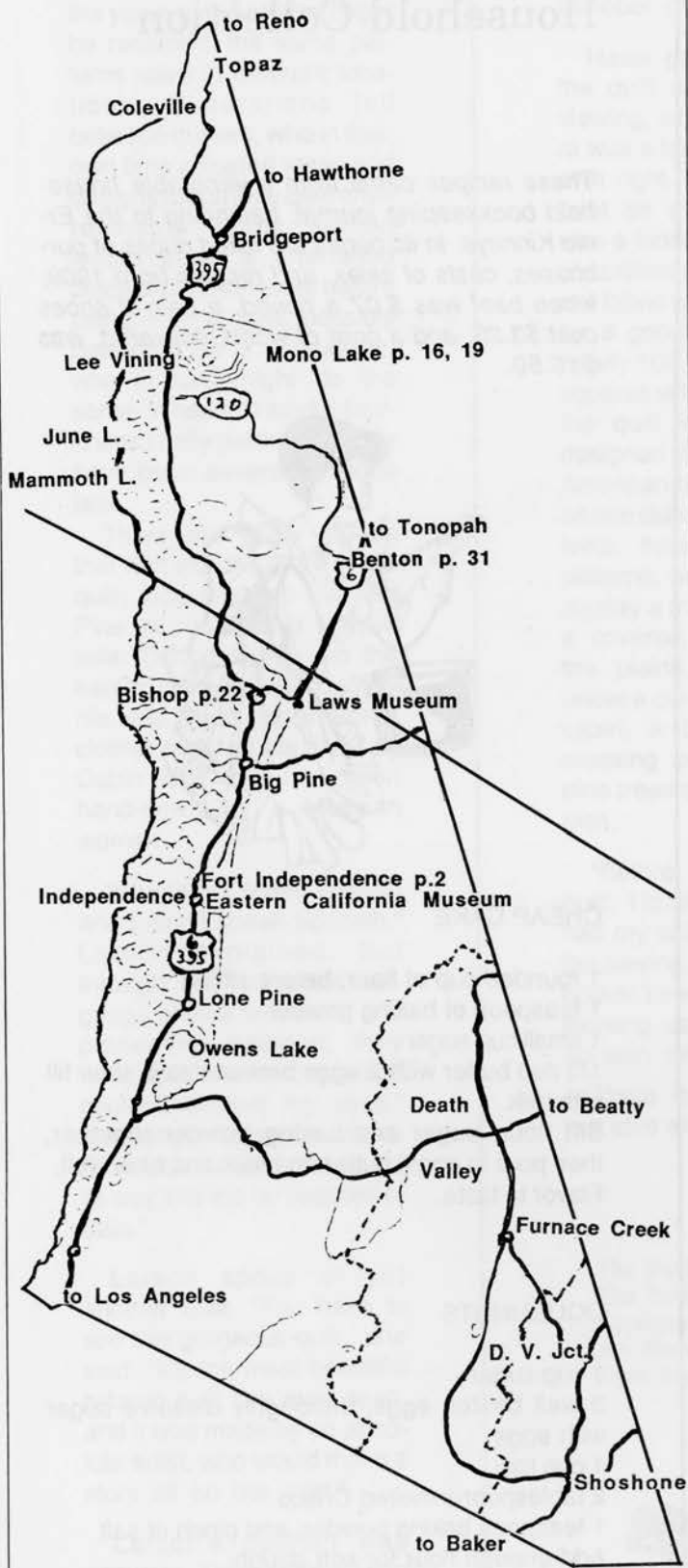
CHEAP CAKE

1 rounded cup of flour, before sifting
1 teaspoon of baking powder
1 small cup sugar
1/3 cup butter with 2 eggs broken into it, then fill with milk
Sift flour, sugar and baking powder together, then pour in eggs, butter and milk and beat well.
Flavor to taste.

DOUGHNUTS

1 cup sugar
3 well beaten eggs, thoroughly dissolve sugar with eggs
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons melted Crisco
1 teaspoon baking powder, and pinch of salt
Add enough flour for soft dough.
Cut and fry in hot Crisco.
Flavor with grated nutmeg.

MONO COUNTY



INYO COUNTY

Letters to the Editor

All thanks for sending me your latest publication. It must have been fun to do and it's fun to read. Photos are great. Louise K's story of Sybil Summers is wonderful. Surely there are endless stories and tales for endless issues of The Album...I'm curious about a couple of points...

p.6 Could you re-check the name Arcularius? I believe it's not Greek but German.

p.9 Pink color in Owens Lake is caused by algae, not bacteria.

p.22 Wasn't Dr. McQueen a dentist, not physician? Also the Doyles moved to New York - see her own book - not San Francisco until after the war was over. Sincerely, Genny (Smith)

Editor: Genny Smith is the author of Deepest Valley, among others, and reproduced Dr. Helen McKnight Doyle's autobiography in 1983.

p.6 Author Moore has it on tape from John and Howard Arcularius that the name is greek. In this issue, Grace Schabbell speaks of an Arcularius from Germany. It's not impossible that both are correct.

p.9 Author Sowaal says "algae," and she knew it, but was quoting from an Inyo County bulletin by Earl Greeno, then Park Director.

p.22 Dr. J.S. McQueen, Dentist, advertised his office at his residence on E. Line Street in Bishop, in an Inyo Register of the time. And yes, the Doyles came from San Francisco, but went to New York during WWI, and then back to San Francisco.

What a great idea to print some of this area's fantastic history in such entertaining text...I was wondering how I might get on a mailing list to receive this publication...Kama Rowley, Public Information Tech. for John M. McGee, District Forest Ranger.

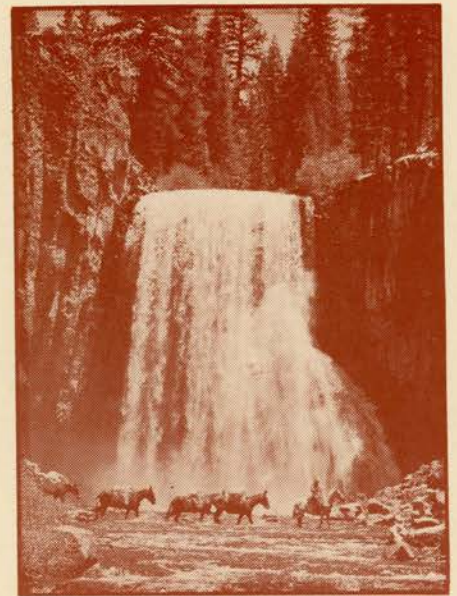
My family and I have coming to Bishop for about 22 years, at least two or three times a year...I also subscribe to the Inyo Register to keep up to date on my "home town," and enjoy every issue, especially stories and articles about "the old days." I was very pleased and happy to read that...Chalfant Press...was going to print The Album...and would like to subscribe to it...Elbert C. Anderson, Arcadia, CA

Editor: Thank you, and all the others who have admired and inquired. We hope to stir up some good stories, even arguments, as we turn over twice-told tales and discover that history is in the eye of the beholder. See p.1 for subscription information.





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