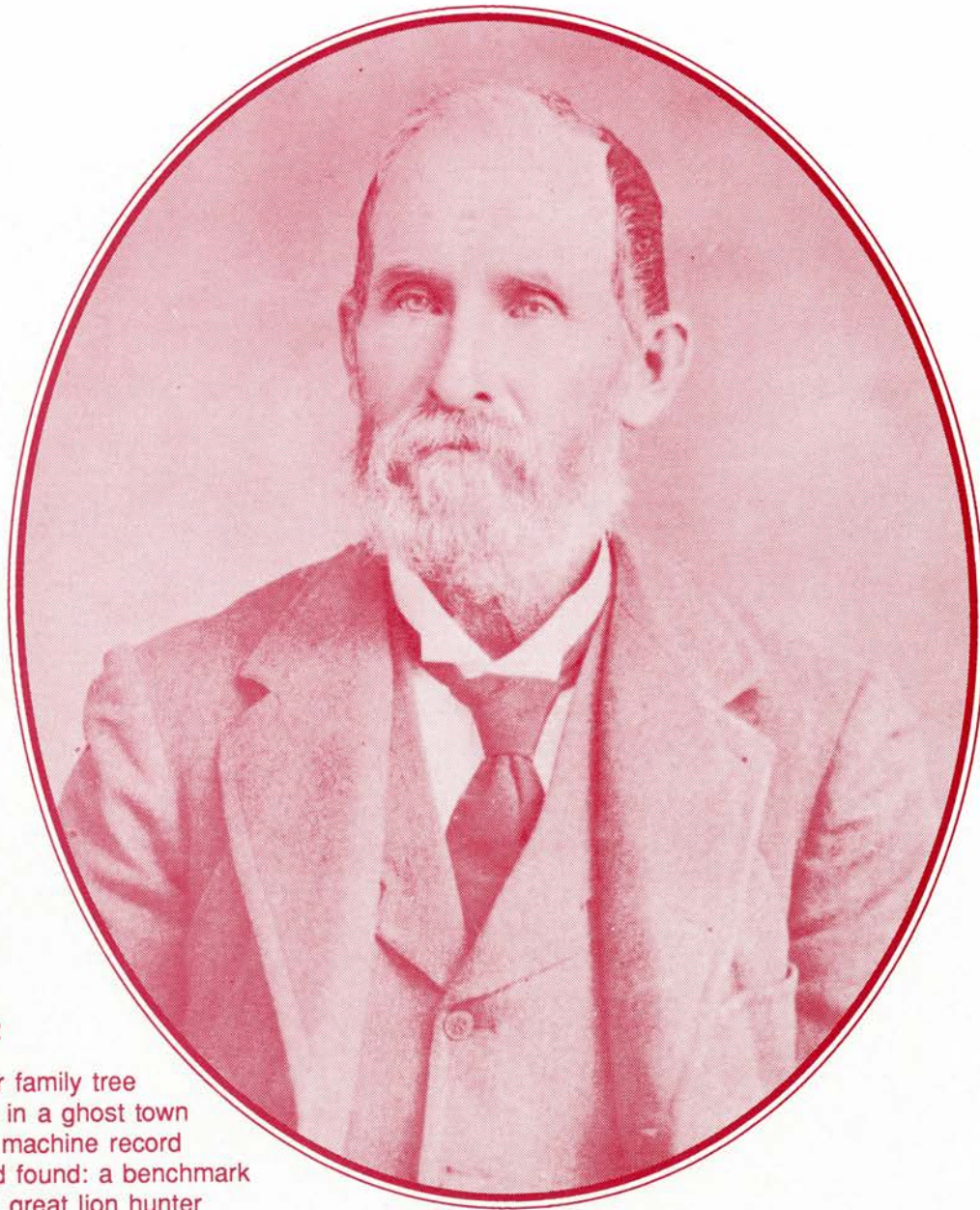


# The Album

## *Times & Tales of Inyo-Mono*

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

Vol. II, No. 4



### **Inside:**

400-year family tree  
Scandal in a ghost town  
A flying machine record  
Lost and found: a benchmark  
The last great lion hunter  
and more



# The Eastern Sierra

## Land of Many Uses

Most of Los Angeles water supply comes from the melted snows of the eastern Sierra — the same region that is one of America's finest recreational areas.

The Los Angeles Department of Water and Power works with Inyo and Mono counties to maintain the eastern Sierra as a vacationer's paradise.

Most of our leased lands remain open for hunting, fishing and other forms of recreational. Additional land

has been made available to public agencies for roadside parks, campgrounds and fish hatcheries.

Crowley and Grant Lake Reservoirs have become famous for fishing as well as for boating and water skiing.

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

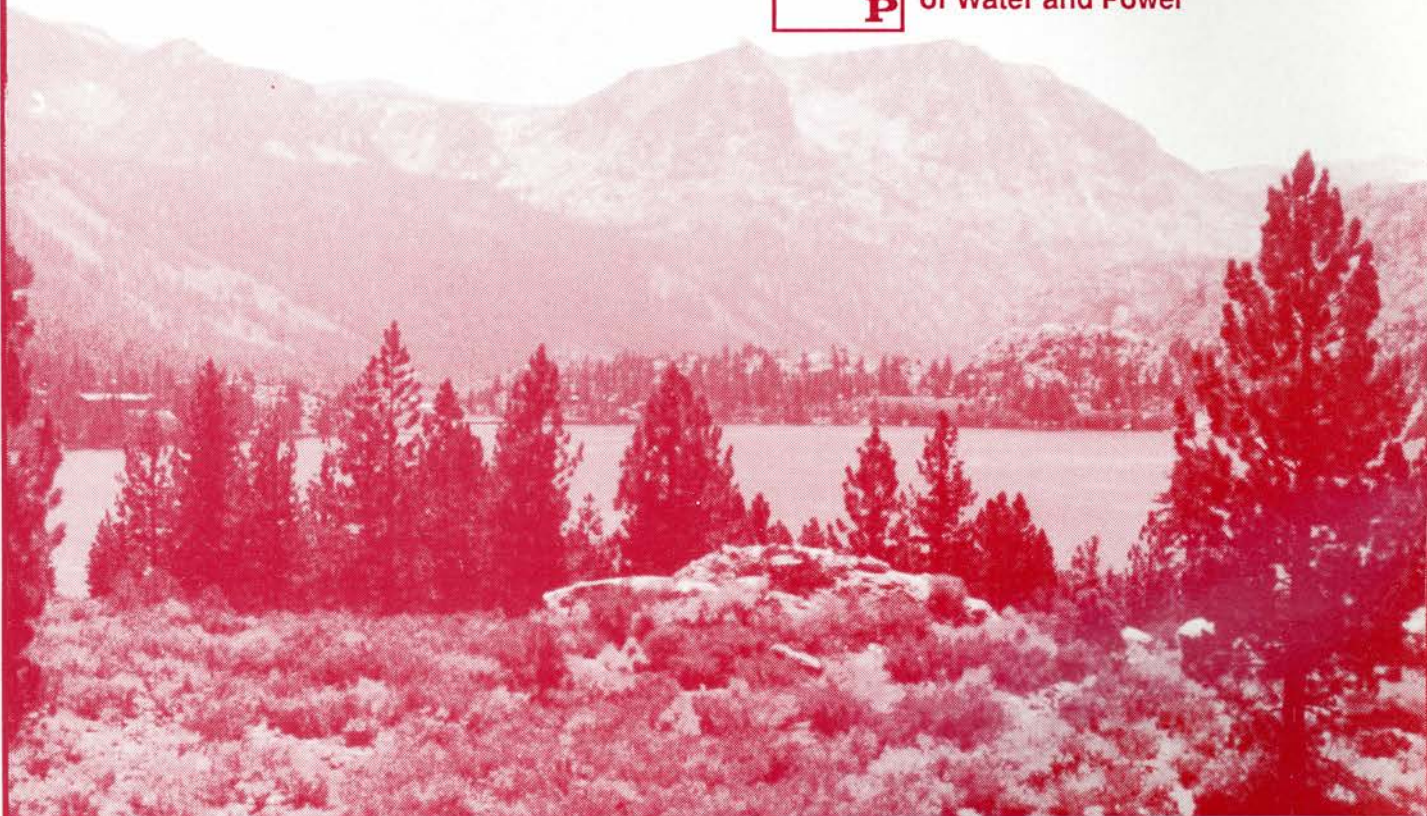


Photo by Diane Reesman



## Shopping List

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Wide Selection             | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Wine, Beer & Liquor        |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Fresh Fruit and Vegetables | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Locally Owned and Operated |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Fresh Meat and Poultry     | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Friendly Service           |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Gourmet Foods              | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Fair Prices                |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Cleaning Supplies          | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Weekly Specials            |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pet Center                 |  |

*You'll find all this  
and more at . . .*

**Joseph's**  
**BI-RITE**  
**Market**

California Lottery

**Scratchers**



**Lotto 6/49**  
California Lottery

IN BISHOP  
211 North Main Street  
(619) 873-6388

Monte & Cora  
Williams & Family

IN LONE PINE  
119 So. Main  
619/876-4378

Mike & Connie  
Tobey

**Owens Valley**  
Realty



2 NAMES YOU CAN TRUST  
FOR YOUR REAL ESTATE NEEDS

306 W. Line St.  
Bishop, CA 93514

(619) 873-7109



Dwayne's  
**friendly pharmacy**

- Lowest Consistant Prescription Prices
- We Match AARP Mail Order
- Award - Winning Hallmark Shop
- Gifts • Cosmetics

644 West Line • Bishop • 872 - 2522

10 YEARS OF FAMILY PRACTICE

## FAMILY HEALTH CENTRE MEDICAL GROUP

**Total Family Practice**

**Pediatrics • Geriatrics • Gynecology**  
**Family Planning • Obstetrics • Acute Illness**

Complete Health Evaluations


Pap Screening • Sigmoidoscopy • Stress Treadmill  
LAB MAMMOGRAPHY X-RAY

**OPEN EVERY DAY**

872-4311  
686 West Line  
BISHOP, CA 93514



934-8052  
123 Commercial Dr., Ste. A-2  
MAMMOTH LAKES, CA 93546



51 Years of Service  
**LLOYD'S**  
*'Browser's Welcome...  
 Buyers Adored!'*  
 SHOES • WESTERN WEAR  
 SADDLERY  
 LONE PINE, CALIF. 93545  
 619/876-4371



**DON'S SERVICE CENTER**  
 24 HOUR TOWING  
 NATIONAL AUTO CLUB  
 PHONE 876-4415  
 840 SOUTH MAIN,  
 LONE PINE, CA. 93545



Propane



**LONE PINE REALTY**  
 Dorothy Bonnefin Broker-Owner  
*"Your Local Real Estate Expert"*  
 (619) 876-4121 310 So. Main

**LONE PINE  
 PHEASANT CLUB**



P.O. BOX 158  
 LONE PINE, CA 93545  
 BRUCE - ELSIE IVEY  
 (619) 876-4595

**Ivey Auto Parts, Inc.** 

**Automotive - Industrial Parts**

Serving the Eastern Sierra  
 Bishop - 963 N. Main  
 (619) 872-4281  
 Lone Pine 430 N. Main  
 (619) 876-5586



Classic service for over 30 years

**LEE'S FRONTIER LIQUOR**

Liquor • Wine • Beer  
 Self Service Gas • Diesel  
 Deli Items • Video Rentals

**FISHING TACKLE • BAIT**

South End of Lone Pine on 395  
 1900 So. Main (619) 876-5844


WHEN IN LONE PINE  
**VISIT**

\*  
**INTERAGENCY VISITOR CENTER**  
 SOUTH END OF TOWN  
 HWY 395 AT HWY 136  
 \*

Lone Pine Chamber of Commerce  
 126 South Main  
 876-4444

*the* **Mt. WHITNEY**

Breakfast • Lunch • Dinner  
 Tour Buses Welcome  
 - Banquet Room -



25¢ coffee

Your Host  
 Joe & Grace 619 - 876 - 4144  
 227 South Main, Lone Pine Ca.



# THE ALBUM, Times and Tales of Inyo-Mono

October, 1989

Volume II, Number 4

Published quarterly by Chalfant Press, Inc.

Copyright October 1989

## In This Issue

### Suds and Duds ..... 2

by Marye Roeser

Owner, Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit  
& Sierra Meadows Equestrian Center

### Aeroplane Conquers Mt. Whitney.....6

by George L. Garrigues

Bishop Native, Writer and Poet

### Scandal at Big Spring.....14

by David A. Wright

Ghost town, railroad and fresh air explorer

### Remembering Bodie.....19

by Victor Larson, Pioneer

submitted by daughter Donna S. Strong

### The Lost Benchmark.....22

by Louise Kelsey

Kelsey Sierra Studios

Director, Mono Chamber of Commerce

### Charlie Tant, Lion Hunter.....27

by Joy Fatooh

Old Benton Writer and Artist

and Demila Jenner

Benton Historian

### Arcularius

### 400 Years and Growing.....32

introduction by Jane Fisher

The Arcularius Paper-Mill

by Tilli Arcularius Rothe

### Fish Planting..... 41

by Dave Babb

Certified Wildlife Biologist

Range & Wildlife Specialist, DWP

### From an Arcularius Kitchen... .....45

thanks to Genevieve Arcularius Clement

### Map, Editorial. ....47

### Letters.....48

Publisher

**Deane Funk**

General Manager

**Pete Doughtie**

Editor

**Jane Fisher**

Layout Assistant

**Peter Korngiebel**

**Cover photo:** Wood Larson, grandfather of Donna S. Strong of Napa, California, and Enid Larson of Big Pine, father of Victor Larson (page 19). A stained glass window in the First United Methodist Church of Bishop is dedicated to Wood Larson's memory.

*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.

Chalfant Press, Inc. assumes no responsibility for damage or loss of material submitted but will make every effort to return materials, whether published or not.

Reproduction of photographs, art work, or contents without prior written permission of Chalfant Press, Inc. is prohibited.

Individual copies of *THE ALBUM* are available for \$3 by mail or \$12 a year (four issues) by subscription, including tax and postage. Address correspondence to Chalfant Press, Inc., P.O. Box 787, Bishop, California 93514, Attention: Jane Fisher, Editor.





*Camp High Sierra dining hall, 1940s*

# SUDS *and* DUDS

by Marye Roeser

*photos courtesy of Marye Roeser*



*Kerry and Cricket, 1960*



While dashing into the local laundromat to stuff our weekly wash into an automatic washing machine, I reflected how such a homely procedure has changed in the mountain communities of the Eastern Sierra. Washing clothes is a relatively painless activity in today's world; just a few short years ago, it was an immensely time-consuming chore.

In the early 1900s, Indian women did laundry for the local inhabitants of Mammoth Camp, using an iron tub outside over a wood fire. The old laundry shed of "Nellie," stood for years on the Arcularius property, now the site of Snow Creek.

In 1949, when I first worked in Mammoth Lakes at Camp High Sierra, there was no electricity in town and "Camp High" didn't have a power generator. The dining hall girls were required to wear dresses or skirts and blouses to work in and for the twice weekly dances. Peasant skirts and blouses and full-skirted dresses were in vogue, worn with lacey, starched petticoats. These outfits looked crisp and wonderful but required laborious efforts to achieve that effect.

Laundry facilities at Camp High Sierra consisted of outside steel laundry sinks, scrub boards and a clothesline. Lux or Ivory soap flakes, bleach, blueing and lots of elbow grease completed the equipment. We didn't have the luxury of a hand wringer so we developed strong fingers by wringing out Levis. The washing process included a tub of soapy water first, with bleach for white clothes, then two tubs of rinse water, one with blueing added. Clothes were wrung out by hand and

the cotton clothes set aside for starching. The Levis were hung on the line carefully so that the desired creases dried in with the pants.

Instant powdered starch was just appearing in the market but the old standby for starched clothing was Argo Gloss Starch which had to be cooked on the huge Wolf gas cookstove in the kitchen. The starch was boxed in chunks which first had to be dissolved in water and then slowly added to boiling water, much as we thicken soup. After allowing the starch to cool a little, the cotton clothes were

immersed in the liquid, wrung out (again) and then hung on the clothesline where they swung stiffly in the afternoon Sierra zephyrs.

The next step was equally arduous in achieving the freshly laundered look. When the skirts and dresses were dry, they had to be dampened by sprinkling with water, rolled up tightly and wrapped in a damp towel. After mellowing for a time, but not too long or the clothes would mildew, the ironing phase was ready to begin.

Flat irons provided a side



*Dining hall girls, Camp High Sierra, 1949*



benefit in building upper arm strength without a workout on a Nautilus machine. The bottom of each heavy iron was first cleaned of old, burned-on starch and then put on the stove to heat. There were usually three irons; two were heating on the stove while you ironed with the third. The irons had to be constantly tested because if they became too hot, your freshly washed and starched white blouse would quickly be scorched and you would have to start all over again — perish the thought.

After a shower to wash away the generated sweat, the dining hall girls were ready to look as “clean and fresh as a daisy,” for dinner and twirling around the dance floor later in the evening. Stiff white petticoats rustled and peeked out from under the flawlessly ironed ruffles.

When we could arrange a ride from Camp High Sierra into the village, we could use the self-service laundry cabin on Minaret Road, about where Dempsey Construction Company offices are now located. The owners had installed several wringer washing machines, steel tubs, and even an electric iron that ran off their generator.

For each wringer washing machine, you also needed a sink, preferably, but a tub and a hose would do. For the uninitiated, a wringer washer had a tub that agitated the clothes and an attached wringer — two rollers — to squeeze the water from the clothes and sometimes your fingers if your attention wandered. A portable hand wringer with a hand crank was also used when you were not fortunate enough to have a washing machine.

A wringer washer could operate on a generator if the generator was AC. There were also some gasoline engine machines which sometimes started by kicking a starter lever under the machine. Sometimes it required quite a little combination effort of kicking and cursing to convince the temperamental motor to begin chugging and agitating.

Adventures in washing clothes were many and occupied much of a woman's time. In my newly married years, we worked at McGee Creek Pack Station during the summer months, where quite a procedure for the twice-weekly laundry had been worked out carefully by owner Anne Johnson. On a concrete pad, behind the house, we had a gasoline-powered wringer washing machine and two round water tubs. The cottonwood trees shaded our work site and McGee Creek bubbled over the rocks nearby. The laundry was sorted into piles on the concrete slab and we began washing with the white and cleanest clothes since we recycled the

water. The hot water was run into the machine and tubs from the house through a garden hose.

On one never-to-be-forgotten day, as we sorted clothes and filled the tubs, my dog, a German Shorthaired Pointer, kept fussing and pointing around the heaps of linens and clothing. I assumed a lurking squirrel was capturing Jiggs' attention. However, when I bent down to pick up an armload of sheets and heard an unmistakable buzzing within my bundle, I knew instantly that a buzztail had sought refuge amidst our laundry. I dropped the sheets, leaped backward in the blink of a breath and watched, speechless, as a five-foot-long rattlesnake slithered out of the white folds. After that, a big stick was always part of the washday equipment.

In the years before Pampers arrived on the scene, washing diapers was a daily chore. At the Rainbow Pack Outfit, in 1955, when number one son,



*Showers and laundry area, Camp High Sierra, 1940s*



Lee, was a babe, there were no washing machines at Bishop Creek. I hauled buckets of water from Bishop Creek to heat on the stove and washed clothes by the strong-fingers method, aided by a scrub board. Later, I had running cold water and a wood stove on which to heat the water — and the same reliable scrub board. The working area was a wooden picnic table under pine trees alongside Bishop Creek. I was entertained while I washed by six-year-old Roy Boothe who would ride by on his old mare dragging his string of stick horses behind him. His "pack string" was made up of thoughtfully chosen sticks, named, and carefully shod with bottle caps. He would wave and call, "Good-bye, I'm off for the Kings Canyon!" and ride down his little trail to Bishop Creek.

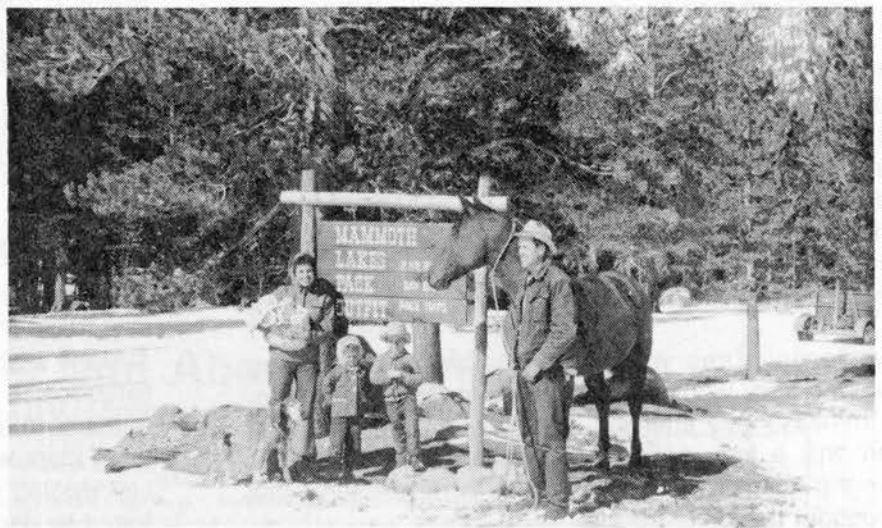
Soon after we purchased the Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit, we had three small children, with their endless supply of dirty clothes. A sympathetic friend gave me an old wringer washer that ran off the AC generator. The only available hot water for filling the tub was in the tiny kitchen of our cabin. The real problem was in emptying the washer. The drain hose was in the bottom of the machine and couldn't drain up into the kitchen sink. So, I would push the machine to the front door, and drain it off the porch onto the horse trail passing by the cabin. This apparition was exceedingly startling to our city customers awaiting their pack trips into the mountains. In the fall, the deer hunters were further startled by the frozen diapers flapping on the line. It always is amazing to hang up clothes on a bright, sunny day and have them freeze immediately in the cold air.

The old machine, fortunately, had a loose wringer which at first I didn't appreciate adequately. As I was engrossed in keeping the clothes feeding through the rollers without wrapping around them, I found my head being rapidly propelled toward the revolving rollers along with the clothes. My waist length ponytail had become entwined with the laundry causing me a few frantic moments, turning off the machine.

When Leslie, child number four, became a toddler, I discovered a wonderful child-tender in the four legged form of Cricket, a small sorrel mare. Cricket would follow me around the pack station yard as I attended to my outside chores. Leslie was quite content to ride Cricket while I hung out the clothes to dry on the clothesline. Completely absorbed in the task at hand, I forgot that Cricket might miscalculate the clearance space above her. She, of course, walked under the clothesline following me and neatly wiped off her young charge onto the pine needles below.

In 1966, electricity arrived at the pack station by Lake Mary and in my exuberance, I threw the hated flat irons into a load going to the dump. Now that flat irons are considered antiques, I think of that set waiting to be dug up by bottle hunters in the old Mammoth dump. Perhaps they will wonder about the history behind them and why they ended up buried in a dump. In recent years, my husband Lou presented me with an old flat-iron as an anniversary gift because I often moaned about my impulsive riddance of a unique tool of the past.

Lou always wondered why his favorite white shirts disappeared every summer, only to reappear during the winter months when we returned to the electric world. Sheets dried on lines strung between pine trees have a heavenly fragrance to sleep with, though, however, duplicated in any automatic dryer, and I look at my old flat-iron and I smile. ❖



*Marye, Maryl, Kerry, Lee and Lou Roeser, 1960*

# AEROPLANE CONQUERS MT. WHITNEY

by George L. Garrigues

The headline on June 25, 1914 in bold one-half inch letters, extra large for newspapers of that era, read:

## The Inyo Register.

VOL. XXX.

BISHOP, INYO COUNTY, CAL., THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1914

NO. 26

### SILAS CHRISTOFFERSON ACHIEVES NEW AMERICAN ALTITUDE RECORD

Daring Aviator Flies Hundreds of Feet above Mt. Whitney, the  
Highest Summit of the Union

It was an exciting time in the Owens Valley, the culmination of months of planning for a promotional event sponsored by the Inyo Good Road Club. The local publicity had begun several weeks prior. Newspaper stories stimulated talk about the coming Aviation Week and the attempt to fly over the top of Mt. Whitney.

The benefits of the worldwide publicity and the opportunity for Owens Valley residents to see a real flying machine created considerable fervor. Even in metropolitan areas, less than one person in ten had actually seen an aeroplane, as it was called then. This was to be a chance to observe the flying machine in flight and to closely inspect it on the ground. The flights would be the first in the valley and likely the last for some time. Press releases stated that if Christofferson could rise above and circle over Mt. Whitney, the highest point in the United States outside of Alaska, as he had no doubt he could do, it would be a remarkable event in American aviation annals.

Motion pictures were to be taken of the daring attempt. These would be shown around the world bringing immeasurable attention to the Owens Valley. It had been only a few years since an aeroplane had flown over the Singer Building in New York, creating talk throughout the United States.

The reason for the promotion was to advertise the recently improved highway through Owens Valley which had been named Exposition Way. It was described as a

year around overland automobile route into California. Newspaper stories stated that the flight would do more to make the features and location of Inyo County known than any previous publicity. It would be well worth the effort and the cost.

Local residents were urged to participate in the festivities. They were extolled to buy tickets to help meet the heavy expense of the unique exhibition. While admitting that the aeroplane could be seen in the air from anywhere in the vicinity, *The Inyo Register* stated, "The man on the road can only say he saw it fly. To see it in the air would be only as interesting as watching a big bird in flight. Only at or in the vicinity of the grandstand could the starting and the landing of the machine be observed. Close inspection would be infinitely interesting."

An energetic committee sold 800 of the \$1.00 tickets the first day of the sale. More tickets were available at local stores. "Don't be a piker, buy one or more tickets."

Many festive events were planned for the two day exhibition in Bishop. A kite flying contest for boys was announced, with cash prizes; the Brass Band would perform; there would be motorcycle and horse races. Special movies would be shown at the opera house, followed by dances. Of course, the flying machine was the main attraction. Harry Holland, manager of the affair for the Good Road Club, announced that concessions were selling fast. See him if you wanted to conduct business at the exhibition grounds or on Main Street vacant lots.



# AVIATION PROGRAM

## Saturday, June 20th

### BOYS' KITE-FLYING CONTEST at NEW BASEBALL GROUNDS

10 to 12 o'clock a. m. Admission free, and no charge will be made to enter contest.

### SATURDAY AFTERNOON at the BISHOP DRIVING PARK

there will be a BRASS BAND, BALLOONS, RACES, etc. Also a BASEBALL GAME between the Bishop White Team and the Bishop Indian Team.

## AEROPLANE FLIGHTS by the noted Silas Christofferson

Everything included for \$1.00 admission. All children under thirteen years of age will be admitted free.

SATURDAY EVENING commencing at 6:30 the BISHOP OPERA HOUSE will offer Jack London's famous story of "THE SEA WOLF," in seven great reels of motion pictures. Two complete shows will be given; first commencing promptly at 6:30 and the second at about 8:15. No waits between reels, as two projecting machines will be used. Our usual Popular 10c Dance will be given immediately after the second performance. Positively no walking or ragging will be permitted.

## Sunday, June 21st

BOYS' KITE-FLYING CONTEST by the three winners of previous day's altitude record will be held at the new baseball grounds between 10 and 12 o'clock a. m. First prize Miniature Grand Stand, etc., and \$5 cash; second prize \$5 cash; third prize \$2.50 cash

Sunday Afternoon there will be Music by the Brass Band, Races, Balloons, etc. Also a BASEBALL GAME between the Big Pine White Team and the Winners of Previous Day's Game.

## Exhibition Flights by Christofferson

Sunday Evening commencing at 6:30 we will offer a splendid five-reel program of mixed pictures at the Opera House which will include a side-splitting two-reel comedy entitled "When Women Go On the Warpath, or Why Jonesville Went Dry." Two complete shows will be given, and more if necessary.

## Monday, June 22d

Christofferson's Flight of 70 miles along the Exposition Way, over Big Pine and Independence to Lone Pine.

## Tuesday, June 23d

Christofferson will overhaul Aeroplane at Lone Pine and complete preparations for the Greatest Flight the World has ever known, right here in our own little valley

## Wednesday, June 24th

The Daring Birdman will arise, circle and soar through the air with lightning rapidity and determined intention to

## Fly Over and Above Mt. Whitney

the highest point in the United States, 14,502 feet above sea level.

The daring aeroplane flights as above described are not gotten up solely as a matter of amusement, neither are they intended as a money making proposition. They are promoted and financed by men who are always planning the future welfare of the valley. It all came about through the untiring efforts of W. G. Scott whose work will eventually be realized by the few who are now unable to see ahead. Already this coming aviation is receiving marked attention from thousands of people who never before heard of Mount Whitney and Owens Valley. Newspapers and magazines are writing complimentary articles about the valley and the great enterprises now under preparation. Moving pictures of the wonderful mountain scenery, the beautiful streams and the valley in connection with the World's Greatest Motor Plane Flight are soon to be shown practically all over the world.

We need but one thing more and that is the Lincoln Highway and Good Roads. Any one interested in the future of this valley will buy one or more tickets to help pay expenses, figuring that the cost price of same is bound to come back to them in a very short time. If one cannot afford to buy tickets they are not expected to do so, but if one can afford to assist in such a great benefit for the entire welfare of every one, it is nothing more than their duty.

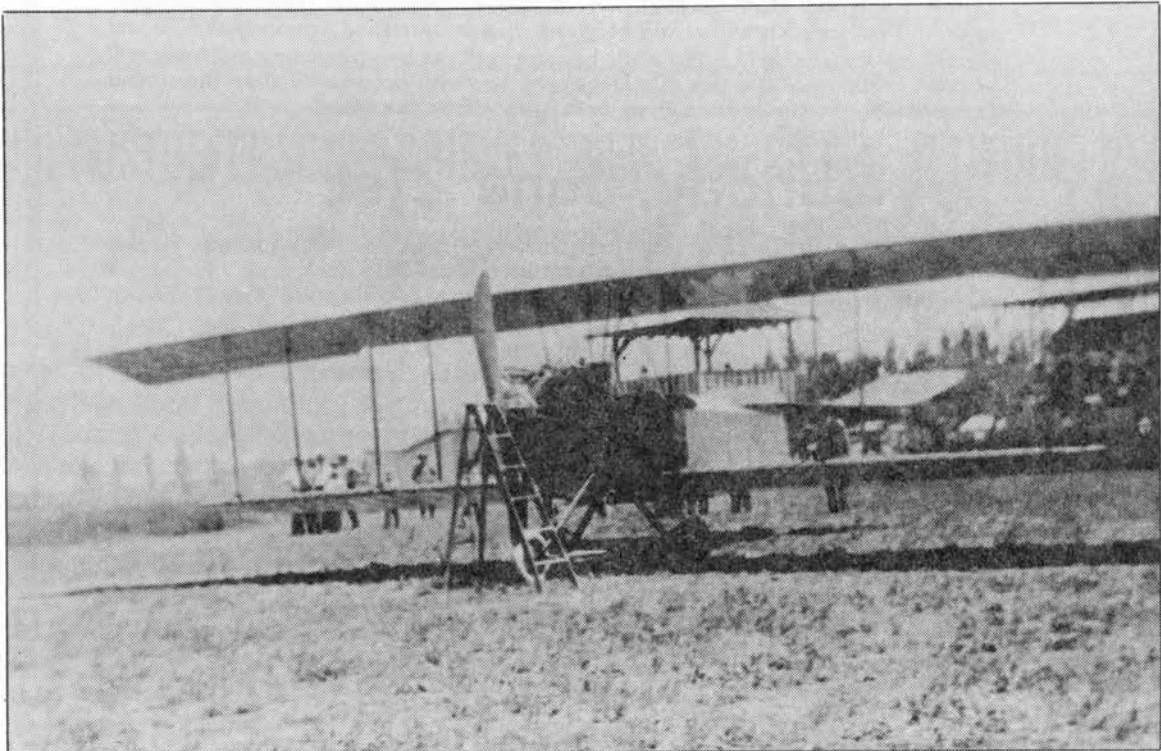
HARRY HOLLAND.

A letter from San Francisco said that Christofferson's aeroplane was nearly completed and would soon be shipped to Bishop by Railway Express. It would be the finest built in America, superior in beauty and finish. The letter went on:

*"Its mechanism is as true as a Swiss watch, its finish as handsome as a grand piano, its general appearance as light and airy as a sea gull. It will be the last word positively in aeroplanes."*

The aeroplane was Christofferson's own design, manufactured to his specifications by Glenn Curtiss in his San Francisco factory. It bore a striking resemblance to the world famous Curtiss Jenny that was to appear a couple of years later. It was powered by an OX-5 100 horsepower engine that weighed 375 pounds and cost \$2,500. This same engine soon would be popular worldwide.

The aeroplane would use a specially made, high pitch propeller for the high altitude thin air. With a forty-gallon gas tank, the aeroplane could remain in the air for about four hours at a normal airspeed of sixty to seventy miles per hour. The wings were larger than usual with a span of forty-eight feet. Although appearing fragile, it was built of specially strong materials. The ribs showing through the covering and the crossing braces were laminated strips of wood glued together under heat and pressure. This construction was considerably lighter and much stronger than two inch thick Douglas Fir. The frame was covered with a finely woven material and varnished to make it waterproof. With a full load of fuel, one passenger and the pilot, it carried its maximum load of 1,800 pounds. The total cost was about \$8,000.



*Christofferson's aeroplane being readied for flight. Bishop Driving Park, June 20, 1914 (Garrigues collection)*

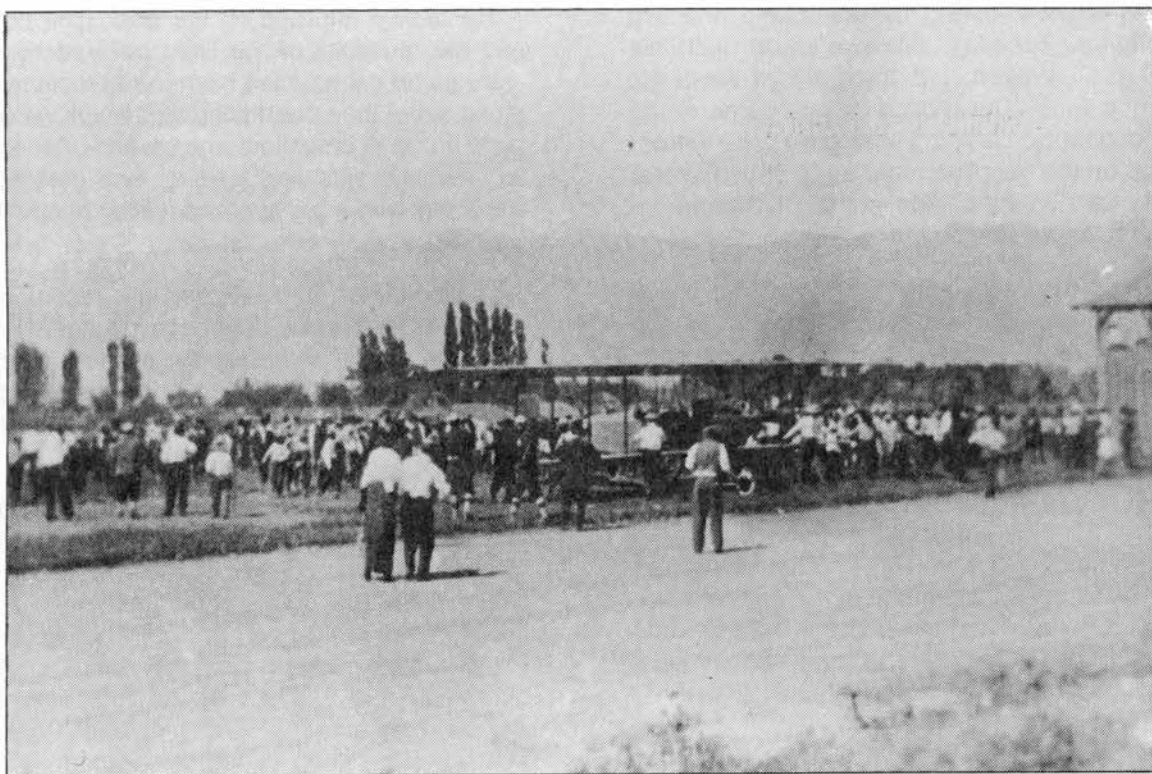
Aviation Days in Bishop saw clear, calm, made-to-order weather with a few fleecy clouds drifting overhead. The aeroplane was wheeled to the head of the oval at the Driving Park (at the east end of the present fairgrounds) accompanied by a regiment of young boys and some not so young.

Christofferson gave the word to "Let 'er go." The propeller spun, the machine started to move, rose beautifully, smoothly, perfectly as a bird. It was the first time in eastern California that a machine had lifted from the earth in conquest of the air.

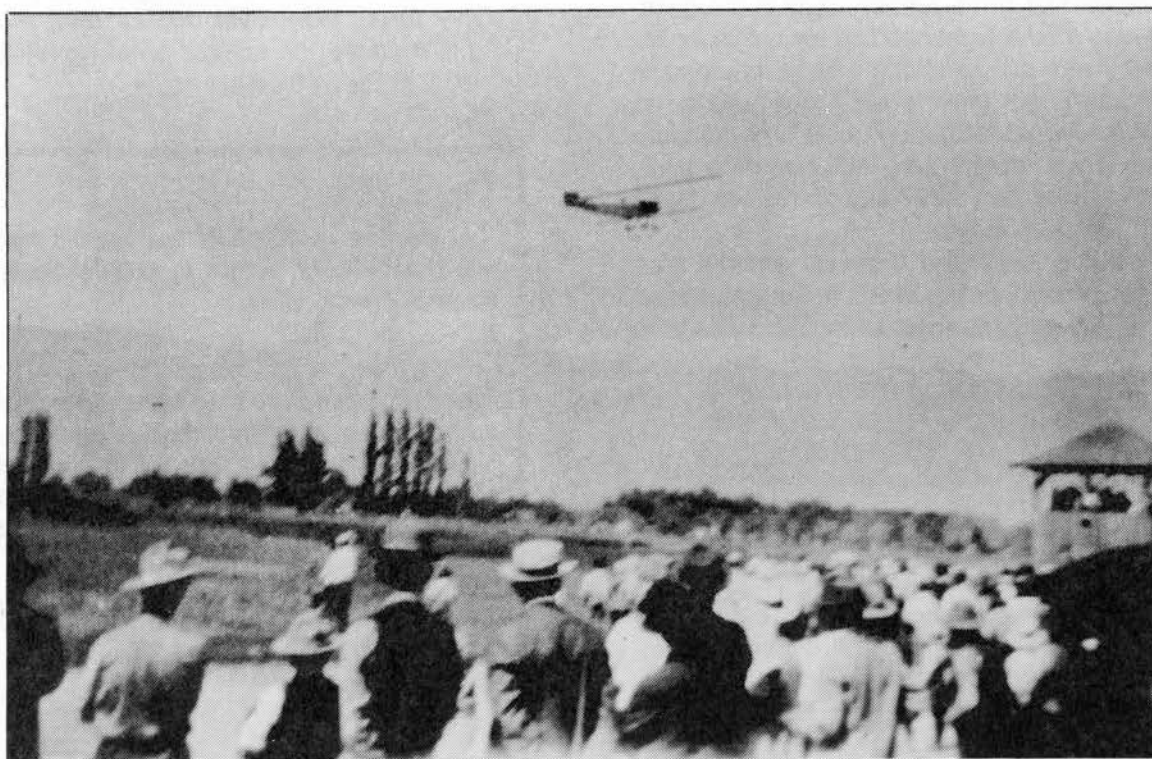
The second flight and those the next day were faultless. The aeroplane circled about, passing the stands close enough for everyone to get a good view at close range, and then landed easily in the oval.

The Sunday attendance was the largest ever seen in the county. Thanks to the watchful care of the marshalls under Harry Holland, no accidents occurred among the tangle of autos, buggies and people on foot. There were many out-of-town visitors. The motion picture shows and dances were well attended. All local hotels and rooming houses were filled to capacity.





*Aeroplane being wheeled to head of oval accompanied by a regiment of young boys, and some not so young. Bishop Driving Park, June 20, 1914 (Garrigues collection)*



*Aeroplane in flight. Bishop Driving Park, June 20, 1914 (Garrigues collection)*

Monday was spent checking the aeroplane and fine tuning the engine. Tuesday, Christofferson, with his photographer E.C. Wallen, left the park at six a.m., headed for Lone Pine. The motion picture camera had been mounted directly behind the engine (see photo) and Wallen sat on the gasoline tank, a rather precarious position. They landed in a field south of Bishop for breakfast at the Clarke ranch.

Afterward, they resumed their flight down the valley passing Big Pine fifteen minutes later and taking motion pictures as they went. It was smooth flying until they reached Sawmill Canyon. A gust of wind coming down the canyon (man's first encounter with the Sierra Wave ) caught the machine, tipping it and dropping it several hundred feet toward the ground.

Christofferson managed to right the machine. Scared and shaken, he landed in a corn field about five miles north of Independence to inspect the aeroplane for damage. It appeared to be unharmed and the flight to Lone Pine continued. They landed there with an elapsed flight time of forty-eight minutes for the distance of sixty-three miles by road.

Wallen later admitted that he was scared when the aeroplane dropped so suddenly. Christofferson commented that the plane was at a considerable incline, but they had plenty of room below them. He said, "A man is as dead if he falls 500 feet as 5,000, but being up gives him a chance to right himself if possible."

Wednesday, the day planned for the attempted flight over the mountain, a high wind was blowing and the take-off was postponed twice. Finally, early in the evening, Christofferson tried a flight heading toward Independence. The wind was still so strong that he returned to the landing field without making a serious attempt to gain altitude. His aneroid (altimeter) could only measure 12,000 feet so it was set at zero at Lone Pine (U.S. Geological Survey elevation 3,727 feet above sea level.)

Thursday morning early, the first real attempt was made. Climbing above Lone Pine, he encountered strong winds again and returned to the field. He had reached 13,400 feet above sea level and was within 1,000 feet of the desired altitude. The motion picture camera was removed to lighten the load.

A second attempt was made between eight and nine that morning. This time Christofferson flew south to Owens Lake, turned north to Independence, climbing all the way. He then headed directly for Mt. Whitney, still climbing. He passed several hundred feet east of the peak and 800 to 1,000 feet above it, then circled over the top. When the aneroid reached its limit, Christofferson knew that he had achieved his goal. He was slightly westward and about 1,200 feet above the top of Whitney. He had gone to an American record, 15,728 feet above sea level, and also had broken the record for flight over mountains.

He hastily returned to the field. The cold, the wind and the emotions of the flight covered his cheeks with tears as he dismounted from the aeroplane. He showed the strain of the undertaking as he was welcomed by the large group of onlookers and carried on men's shoulders to where his wife was waiting. She greeted him enthusiastically with a big hug and a kiss, happy that the flight was successfully completed.

Christofferson had reached the record breaking altitude in a flight time of fifty-six minutes. He had won a place as one of the foremost aviators of the era. This record put him in the front of his profession. It was a remarkable achievement, coming only eleven years after Kitty Hawk.

Many people observed the flight through telescopes and field glasses, seeing the aeroplane clearly except when it was headed directly at them. In the only related disaster, Owens Valley photographer B.C. Forbes had taken mules on the trail up Mt. Whitney. He wanted to photograph the event from the summit, but one of the mules slipped, fell against the rocks on the trail and smashed the camera. Forbes was unable to capture the aeroplane in the air during the historic flight.

W. Gillette Scott, executive secretary of the Inyo Good Road Club, sent the following telegram to prominent interested persons, to various highway associations in the west and to A.L. Westgard, vice-president of the National Highway Association in New York:

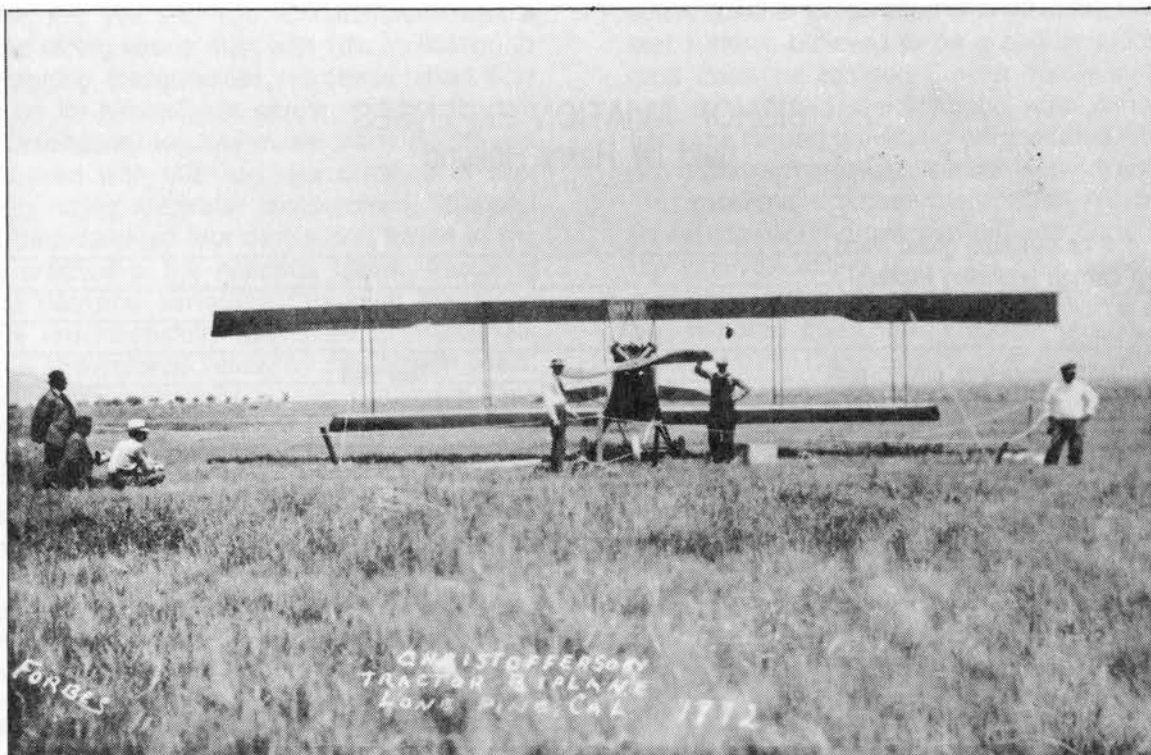
*"Inyo Good Road Club this morning 9 a.m. achieved national prominence by sending Silas Christofferson in a tractor biplane over Mt. Whitney to a height over 15,728 feet, more than 1,226 above the summit breaking all American records for altitude."*

***At the time of this flight, the existing world altitude record was 20,079 feet set in 1913 by Georges Legagneux in France.***

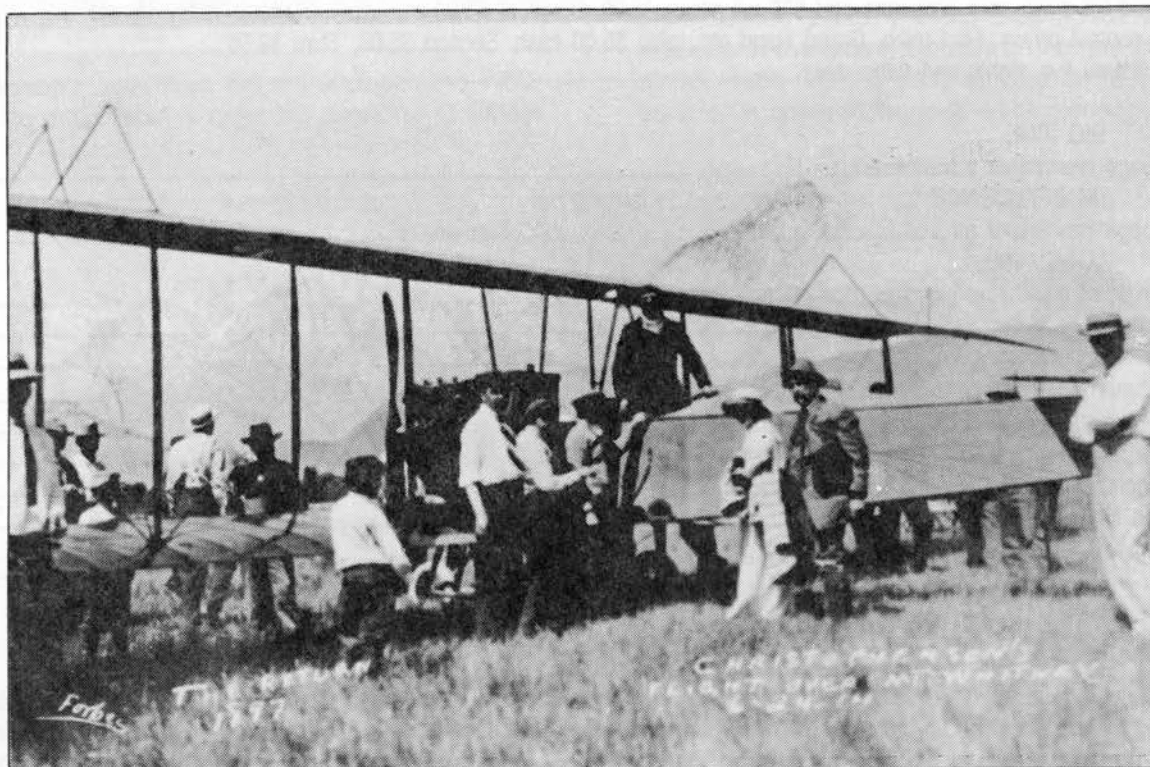
***The Inyo Good Road Club was formed circa 1910 with the objective of securing better highways into and within the Owens Valley. It functioned to impress state officials of the need for local first class highways. Although not strong in numbers, it was very effective. Principal members were:***

***W. Gillette Scott, Executive Secretary  
U.G. Smith  
Mark Watterson  
W.A. Chalfant  
Harry Holland***





*Silas Christofferson ready to attempt flight over Mt. Whitney. Lone Pine, June 24, 1914 (B.W. Forbes photo, courtesy Howard Holland)*



*Silas Christofferson after successful flight over Mt. Whitney. Lone Pine, June 25, 1914 (B.W. Forbes photo, courtesy Howard Holland)*

# BISHOP AVIATION EXPENSES paid by Harry Holland

One small doll for miniature grand stand .....	\$ .35
One sample balloon (including express) .....	1.10
Lumber for miniature grandstand .....	5.50
Nails .....	.50
To labor on arch entrance at driving park ..... Tom Bell .....	4.00
Postage on advertising matter sent to Tonopah and Goldfield .....	1.65
Postage on advertising matter sent to other small towns .....	1.10
Telegram to Christofferson relative to afternoon flight .....	1.25
To making of two special slides ..... 75¢ each .....	1.50
Seven hundred one cent stamped envelopes ..... for mailing program .....	7.00
Four dozen balloons .....	17.00
Freight on balloons .....	1.70
Lumber for building arch at driving park .....	23.30
Tar for dipping arch posts .....	1.00
Nails .....	.50
H.P. Nelligan, cloth 4.74, sewing 2.00, tacks 30, paint 1.00 rope 1.30, Floyd labor 5.00, Stanfield labor 5.00, tinting for gate-way 80, Floyd labor 2.50, Stanfield labor 5.00 .....	27.64
George Rome to mowing grass and preparing grounds at driving park including extra man .....	9.50
Two field guards, \$2.00 each per day, two days .....	8.00
Winner of Auto Race, Earl Newlan .....	20.00
Ray Neikirk, winner of motorcycle race two days .....	20.00
Winner of Pony Race .....	10.00
Telegram to Pathe Weekly cameraman .....	1.10
W.A. Chalfant, Show cards "Buy Aviation Tickets Here" 3.00, 4,000 aviation tickets 9.00, Five hundred two color ad cards 13.50, One full-page newspaper ad 15.00 .....	40.50
Forty line ad in newspaper 2.00, Full page newspaper 18.00, .....	
Five hundred full page card programs and 600 on paper 12.00, Discount \$3.00 ..... Owens Valley Herald .....	29.00
Kite flying contest prizes. First prize, Grand stand etc., also \$5.00 cash. Second \$5.00, Third \$2.50 .....	12.50
Night watchman, five nights and three days .....	16.00

## BIG PINE

One half page newspaper advertisement .....	7.50
---	------

## INDEPENDENCE

One half page newspaper ad ..... Two weeks .....	15.00
--	-------

## LONE PINE

Lumber for ticket stand and big sign gateway entrance .....	10.25
Nails .....	.75
Clearing landing place .....	9.00
Night watchman .....	6.00
Sign painting and paint .....	6.00
Austin Ober, Ray Hume and Charles Player, general helpers .....	6.00
Ten 2x4 short stakes for fastening aeroplane .....	.70
Coil of rope for fastening aeroplane to stakes .....	1.25
\$25.50 sent to Mrs. E.H. Edwards to cover charges on pack train .....	25.50

\$350.64

*Aviation Days expenses as prepared by Manager Harry Holland. In addition, the Inyo Good Road Club guaranteed Christofferson \$1,000 for the event and another \$1,000 if he succeeded in flying over the top of Mt. Whitney. While there is no record of receipts from the various exhibitions, it is known that they did not meet expenses. Harry Holland, a very community-minded person, paid the difference out of his own pocket. (Courtesy Howard Holland.)*



Only twenty-five years of age, Christofferson was a modest, self-effacing young man with little inclination to indulge in bragging. Nevertheless, his deeds talked if he failed to do so for himself. His career, though short in years, was fascinating. He had made many flights with successes mixed with mishaps. He crashed in San Francisco Bay hitting the water upside down. Strapped in his seat, he unbuckled four straps and swam to the surface. He crashed in the Alameda Marsh, fracturing some of his ribs and seriously damaging the flying machine. He unsuccessfully attempted to rescue six people from a shipwrecked vessel off the Oregon coast. He was the first to successfully fly over Tehachapi Pass on a 232 minute elapsed time flight from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Seven others had tried and failed.

The aviator was honored at a reception by the Pinon Club. He commented that although it was warm at the floor of Owens Valley, the climate at that higher elevation was quite different. The engine behaved beautifully and he believed he could fly to 30,000 feet with it. He was very surprised when looking to the west while he was above the peak. All he could see was an unlimited succession of mountain summits. He had expected to get a good view of the San Joaquin Valley.

Wallen added that Silas was in the business of flying for the practical side of it and predicted that within two or three years he would be flying passengers from San Francisco to the Sierra summits.

Christofferson called California scenery the grandest of all and Inyo County scenery the greatest of California. Photographer Wallen, a specialist in such matters, was no less impressed, "You have here the most sincere booster you've ever had."

Christofferson's adventure did not end with the Whitney flight. He departed the following week for Goldfield

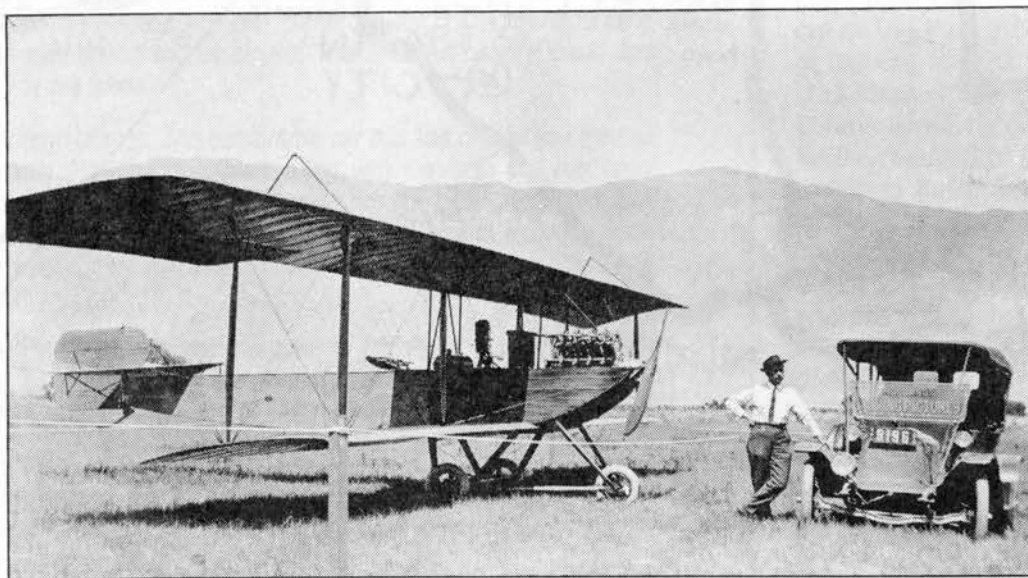
where another celebration was planned. Flying over Gilbert summit, believed to be a shorter route than Westgard Pass, he crossed Eureka Valley and headed for Lida summit. He struck strong wind currents different from any he had previously encountered. There was terrific downward pressure, similar to an inverted whirlwind. The machine dropped faster than his body several times; the winds drove him through Eureka Valley with the machine acting like a bucking bronco. He drifted over thirty miles off course and after flying more than one hundred miles, he landed in the northern end of Death Valley. There was no sign of life; the aeroplane's engine was very hot as he had been running it at its maximum possible 1,500 r.p.m.'s, but after letting it cool, he succeeded in taking off. His gas and oil were getting low so he hugged the east side of the Inyo Mountains, landed at Deep Springs, refueled and flew on to Oasis for the night. He continued into Goldfield early the next morning.

*The Inyo Register* of July 23, 1914, reporting on Wallen's photographic efforts, said:

*"The motion pictures of Christofferson's trip to eastern California and western Nevada are well worth seeing, but the part of the flight down Owens Valley is limited and indistinct. The start at Lone Pine, the return after the flight over Mt. Whitney and the incidents of the conclave are well shown."*

Sadly, during an attempt to copy and restore the film in later years, it disintegrated from age.

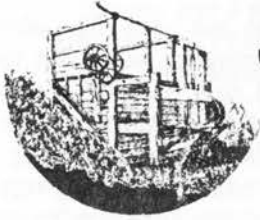
Silas Christofferson continued his aviation exploits in the following years, proving that the aeroplane was a machine of the future. He was one of the pioneers of the air as much as the early settlers on foot or on horseback or in covered wagons were pioneers of the land. ❀



*Harry Holland, Aviation Days Manager, with Christofferson's aeroplane. Note motion picture camera mounted between the wings. Lone Pine, June 25, 1914 (photo courtesy Howard Holland)*







# SCANDAL AT BIG SPRINGS

by David A. Wright

*Scandal (skan' dal) n 1. A discreditable action or circumstance offensive to public morals or feelings. Examples: Tea Pot Dome, Watergate, Iran-Contra, White Mountain City.*

What...?? Wait a minute! White Mountain City? White Mountain City!! Where is that? What has that got to do with any scandal? What does it have to do with Inyo-Mono? What and who did it affect?

First of all, let's take a small side trip to the location to get a feel for this scandal that rocked a young California 128 years ago. Are you all set? Good, Now let's get comfortable, buckle our seatbelts, put 'er in gear, and head for the "city."

It is a typical summer day as we begin our trip, starting by the sequoia at the junction of U.S. 395 and California 168, at the north end of Big Pine. Our eyes focus on the looming hulk of the White Mountains, as we cross the Owens River, and soon pass the skeletal remains of a relative (to our story) newcomer, the roadbed of the Carson and Colorado Railway at the former station site of Zurich. As we speed past the site, we begin some serious climbing, which will not cease until we top Westgard Pass.

Driving along the gentle summit, and down into the upper reaches of Payson Canyon, we see glimpses of Deep Springs Valley, in whose bosom hides the ruins of White Mountain City. Already, there may be in the pit of your stomach the uneasy sense of being away from the security of civilization. The sight as you emerge from the canyon onto the valley floor is desolate. A bright, white alkaline dry lake glares upward, blue-grey mountains dominate the road ahead and all around. This is desert country, basin and range, and you are alone.

Suddenly things change. The comfortable car that has carried you the last 45 minutes from Big Pine disappears along with the radio that has been playing the country sounds of KIBS-Bishop. Watch now. The green fields and trees of Deep Springs college disappear. Beneath you is a boney mule where there were comfortable seats. Your watch is gone, but you sense it is summer, 1861.

Now what? What do you do? Go back to Big Pine? It does not exist. Bishop? Not, it does not yet lay over in fertile lands of Owens River country. Over there are Indians, a handful of white settlers, and little else.

The boom towns of Aurora, Bodie, Monoville, and Benton are little more than small communities on this date, and on this mule are at least a week away. But look! Up ahead, there seems to be some sort of outpost. Let's get this stubborn mule in gear and head that-aways!

## White Mountain City

### What's There and How to Get There

White Mountain City is off the beaten path, but a visit can be incorporated into a trip to the Ancient Bristlecone Pine Forest, or a loop trip around the White Mountain Range. For those expecting a ghost town on the scale of Virginia City or Bodie, this is not the ghost for you! But if you enjoy solitude, endless vistas, and are not nervous about being too far away from civilization for a little bit, then White Mountain City can be an enjoyable diversion.

To reach White Mountain City, take California 168 east out of Big Pine (15 miles south of Bishop) from its junction with U.S. 395. After crossing the Owens River, be on the lookout for the roadbed of the Carson & Colorado (later Southern Pacific) Railway. The narrow gauge train regularly ran by this point until 1960, and was unique as one of the last regularly operating narrow gauge carriers west of the Rockies.

After reaching the top of Westgard Pass, vistas of bowl-shaped Deep Springs Valley are dominated by the alkaline dry lake at its southwest corner.

We arrive at a "city" of scattered rock buildings and miles of zig-zag rock walls. Through the forlorn scene babbles a small, willow-lined creek destined to bear the name of the city's founder, Dan Wyman. Only a handful of men are scattered in the valley, each going about his business of trying to find enough precious metal to fund his bacon, beans, and whiskey. One old sourdough steps forward to be our guide, proud to help us feel at home.

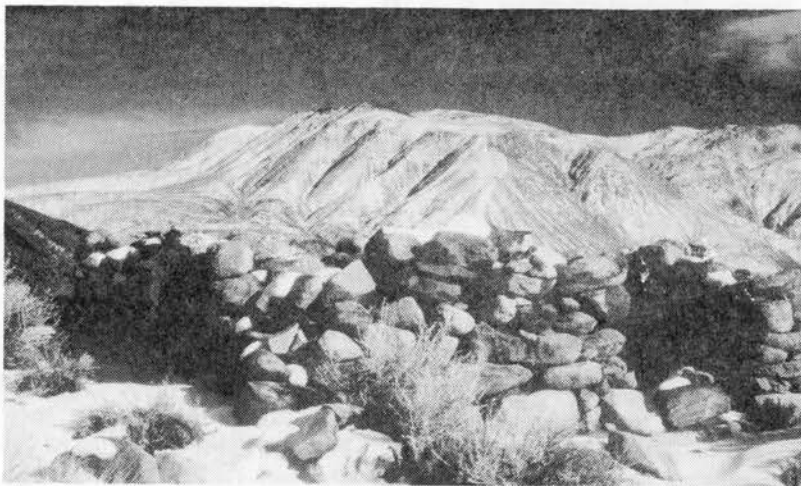
The Colonel, as he calls himself, happily tells us we are in a new county called Mono, just created that spring. He also tells us of the new territory called Nevada. He says it's close, but nobody knows just where the border is. "We want White Mountain City to be in Calyforny, so Calyforny she be!" Out here, he just knows the mountains and the valley.

All that can be seen is endless rock and sagebrush. The soil is fit for nothing you might assume, but in this year of 1861, it will sprout the seed of scandal.

You are, after all, locked into the 61st year of the 19th century, and this is an election year for a full state ticket. The Colonel bellows "Yessiree, the boys and I are real proud of our 'lil city here and I'm here to tell ya that we plan to let everybody know that White Mountain is gonna be the next 'Frisco!"

But out here in the middle of nowhere, where are you going to vote? This might be 1861, but you are up to date on current affairs. You know this county is only about four months old, it's county seat is over a week away, and by golly, that upstart Nevada is already trying to grab ahold of it! But in that infant seat of government, unbeknownst to our host, Mono County Supervisors have created the Big Springs Precinct.

Falling back on our modern technology, let's fast-forward two weeks. Shortly after election day, September 14, 1861, we peer into a small shack near the shore of Mono Lake. There the proceedings of a secret meeting will change the outcome of the position of State Assemblyman. It will affect the outcome of the Senate and Governor races as well.



*Rock house, looking northwest toward White Mountains, early winter 1983. David A. Wright photo*

Those who are unfamiliar with the area, may be surprised to learn that one of California's most respected colleges, and its smallest, is here in the valley. Founded in 1917, Deep Springs College enrolls only the most gifted of students.

Just past the college, and near the end of the valley, there is a former Caltrans station on the left side of the highway and beyond that is a dirt road heading north. Turn here, or if traveling in a low-slung vehicle, take the next turnoff, about one-half mile farther along. This road is marked as the Wyman Creek Road, it joins the first road at the site of White Mountain City, about one-half mile off of California 168.

Little is known of White Mountain City, and ruins indicate that even during its heyday, it was little known. They cover only a few acres, and all are composed of rock. Rock walls of huts, rock walls of zig-zag patterns (thought to be anything from corrals to Indian attack fortresses), and rock remains of a smelter stack.

The city's known history only spans the years 1861-1864. It was founded in what was then Mono County by a party of men comprised of Dan Wyman, J.S. Broder, Col. L.F. Cralley, and brothers by the name of Graves. In 1866, Mono's borders were adjusted to create Inyo County, putting the already dead town in the new county by a small margin.

A few visitors came to town, including Samuel Clemmens, who later became famous as Mark Twain. He was living in Aurora at the time, and stayed in town only a few days. Another visitor did leave us with



Scrawled onto a torn piece of paper are 521 names from the Big Springs Precinct. All 521 have voted Democratic, helping to elect Leander Quint for State Senator, and B.K. Davis for Assemblyman. A majority of the votes also have been cast for a man named McConnel for Governor.

Now we again fast-forward a few weeks. While B.K. Davis basks in the glory of his new job as State Assemblyman, his opponent Nelson M. Orr of Tuolumne County is a sore loser. He realizes that this Mono County was carved from the eastern portion of his county just a few months previously. He is sure also that nobody is out there east of the Owens River. Just what and where is this place called Big Springs, and how did it get to be so prominent in the election without anybody finding out about it sooner? A few days later, Mr. Orr sets out to find the answer.

We now find ourselves back in White Mountain City. A stranger comes into town, introducing himself as Orr, asking questions. He and his horse slowly make their way across the valley to a neighboring "city," Roachville, over on Cottonwood Creek. Nobody knows just who he is.

Forward again about a month, and we find ourselves in a courtroom. Any building will do in young California, often one in or near a saloon. In this makeshift courtroom, the scandal is about to be revealed. Nelson Orr has alleged that fraud has taken place, and is demanding an inquiry into the matter.

"I've been to this so-called Big Springs . . . or Deep Springs . . . or whatever you see fit to call this outpost far from any form of human civilization! One fact there is, and one that I can prove: in the whole of the country east of the Owens, there are not 50 men!"

"That is not so Mr. Orr!" This voice shoots from newly elected Assemblyman B.K. Davis. "I have witnesses to bear out the fact that you are wrong sir!"



*Author's friend, Jim Sauter, in front of what appears to be a small smelter stack, looking southeast, early winter 1983.*

a glimpse of the physical description of the town, saying it was laid out on a surveyed city grid, as was Roachville, a companion town on Cottonwood Creek farther north.

The return trip to Big Pine is about 30 miles, or you can continue to make a loop tour. If you make the tour, be sure to have plenty of gas; it is lengthy, with few supplies along the east side of the White Mountains.

The loop tour continues east on California 168 over Gilbert Pass to the south end of Fish Lake Valley. Few may realize it, but the north end of Death Valley lies southeast, just over the range of hills. Here at Oasis, tucked into a small triangle formed by the White Mountains, California-Nevada border, and Inyo-Mono county line, sits a sparsely populated ranching community whose services depend on Dyer, Nevada, farther north.

At Oasis, the road splits. California 266 eastward will split again, one fork heading to Silver Peak, Nevada, and the other becoming Nevada 266 to crawl into and over the Lida Mountains and meet U.S. 95 south of Goldfield, Nevada.

For the loop trip, take California 266 northward up Fish Lake Valley. In seven miles California 266 turns into Nevada 264.

To feel just how elusive the California-Nevada border was back in the last century, stop at the border, find the U.S.G.S. benchmark, and sight northwest up and over the White Mountains. Now turn around and do the same southeast across the Fish Lake Valley and into the Lida Range.

*His witnesses are businessmen and freighters who claim they sell and deliver enough supplies and goods to outfit 500 men. "Five hundred men, sir, is close enough to the figure in question of 521 registered voters in Big Springs Precinct to make it a creditable figure!"*

*Mr. Orr calls upon Mr. R.M. Wilson, acting Mono County Clerk. "Where are your records sir, you poll list and ballots from this precinct in question?"*

*"I mailed them to Sacramento along with the poll lists for the whole of Mono."*

*"But, Mr. Wilson, may I remind you that the election was months ago, and the Deep Springs poll list and ballots have never arrived."*

*From here, imagination can finish the scene, but the facts that emerged from this inquiry showed that the poll list from Big Springs Precinct was made of names copied from passenger lists of a ship company's voyages from New York to San Francisco; only two of the names were actually Big Springs residents.*

*Our miraculous technology has snapped us back to the present. Funny, but White Mountain City doesn't look much different. The rocks and sage are still the same. The creek and willows are still here. The zig-zag rock walls are over there, and you still don't know why they were built. Over there, look! There are the remains of the small rock house you lived in while on your journey back in time. The pinon pine and brush roof is gone, but the walls still stand.*

*As we return to the comfortable civilization of Big Pine, questions nag at us. Why such a scandal in the first place? Was it to boost the victory of one party over another? Was it an attempt to gain a stronger foothold in the border dispute? What person or group instigated it? How would it have affected history if it had succeeded? The answers to those questions are hidden in 128 years of time, as are the secrets of White Mountain City.*

#### REFERENCES

- Coy, Owen C. Ph.D.: California County Boundaries  
Challant, W.A.: Story of Inyo  
Williams, George III: Mark Twain: His Adventures At Aurora and Mono Lake  
Clark, Lew and Ginny: High Mountains and Deep Valleys  
Glass, Mary Ellen and Al: Touring Nevada  
Little, Thomas Ph.D.: The Elusive California Nevada Border

Dyer, Nevada is now eight miles north, and has limited facilities, including gas, store, post office, and a telephone. Beyond Dyer, continue north to the junction of Nevada 264 and 733 staying on 264. Here, in the towering White Mountains, is Nevada's highest point, Boundary Peak, 13,140 feet. That point is really a second peak of Mount Montgomery in California, 13,441 feet. If the original Von Schmidt line were used today, Boundary Peak would be inside California by a few yards.

At the junction of Nevada 264 and U.S. 6, turn left (west) toward Montgomery Summit. Shortly after passing the junction of Nevada 360, you will be again in the realm of the Carson and Colorado Railway, visible most of the way to Bishop. In the area of Montgomery Pass, there are points where the railroad bed comes within a few feet of the highway. Look closely at the rock work, built in 1883. It was laid without mortar, only skilled cutting of the stone and intricate fitting to hold it together.

Soon after the brief drop over the pinon studded summit of Montgomery, U.S. 6 crosses Queen Valley and enters California. Benton, with its interesting history, comes into view. The last 34 miles into Bishop complete the loop tour, but if you are a railroad or history buff, the Laws Railroad Museum, five miles before reaching Bishop, is a must. ♣





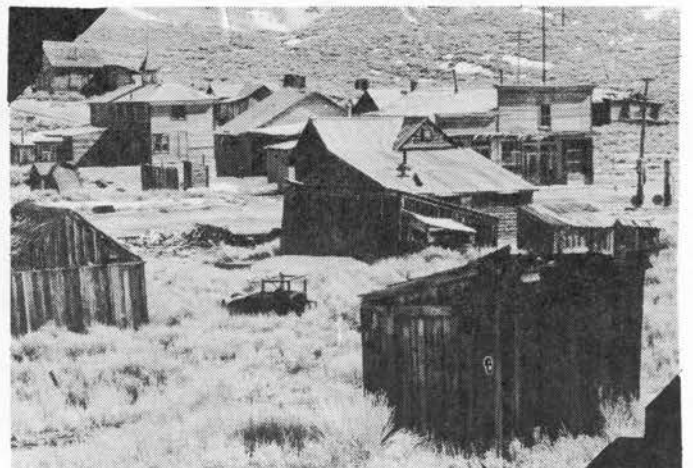


# BODIE A FIRST-HAND TALE

by Victor Larson

*Victor H. Larson, from a photograph taken in front of his grandmother's boarding house in Bodie. Donna S. Strong collection*

*Victor H. Larson wrote down many memories of his life in Antelope Valley in northern Mono County. His father, Wood Larson, who came to the area as a pioneer from Norway, appears on the cover. Donna S. Strong, Victor Larson's daughter, shares his stories in this and future issues.*



*Bodie. Chalfant Press photo*

In years gone by, much was written and told of Bodie, now but a deserted Ghost Town. The cemetery there was always referred to as Boot Town, owing to the fact that so many men were killed with their boots on over a card game or saloon brawls. Bad men all over the west were often referred to as "The bad men from Bodie." So it was during the boom days when the population was near 10,000. Gamblers and crooks all over the west seem to flock there to fleece the miners of their weekly pay. Bodie was said to be the wickedest town according to population and had the distinction of being the highest elevated city in the United States, being, I believe, over 10,000 feet. Freight was hauled by jerk-line teams, mostly eight or twelve horses from Carson City 100 miles away. The teamsters had good pickings as well as the farmers 50 to 75 miles away. The quartz mills as well as the hoists were all run by steam and the woodcutters did a profitable business supplying the mines and residents. All freight had to be hauled from Carson City and the old Virginia and Truckee Railroad was doing well. At that there seemed to be rivalry between Carson and Bodie. More than half of the people arriving on the railroad would stay in Carson only long enough to get the stage for Bodie.

*The Carson Appeal* was run by Sam Davis, a noted jester and the *Bodie Miner Index* was run by an equal jester, Jim Townsend, and many quips were exchanged by the two rivals. At the time *The Appeal* printed an article saying that a refined religious girl decided to go to Bodie, but before leaving and she thinking of changing her habits, knelt down and made a fervent prayer, then said, "Now, goodbye God! I'm going to Bodie."

In the next issue of the *Bodie Miner Index*, Townsend quoted the girl as saying those exact words but in a different vein as follows: "Good! By God I'm going to Bodie." Then commented: "This she said as she thought of leaving the sleepy town of Carson to go to the roaring town of Bodie."

My Grandmother Johnson went to Bodie and built a rooming house in 1876, and my Uncle Billie Owens went there sometime later, rooming with Grandmother. He was a battery man at the Standard Mill for many years. The quartz mills ran day and night, 365 days of the year. There were so many shooting



A Bodie bar today. Chalfant Press photo



scraps that it was a common saying that the undertaker got a man before breakfast every morning. There was no law prohibiting carrying fire arms and a man seldom sat down at a card game without a six-shooter in his holster. Many times the professional gambler would graciously order the drinks to stupify his opponent, having made arrangements with an unscrupulous bartender to spike the drinks and share the winnings.

In late summer of 1881, Father had driven to Bodie with farm produce and he expected to make frequent trips. Grandmother prevailed on him to bring one of us older children to stay with her for awhile.

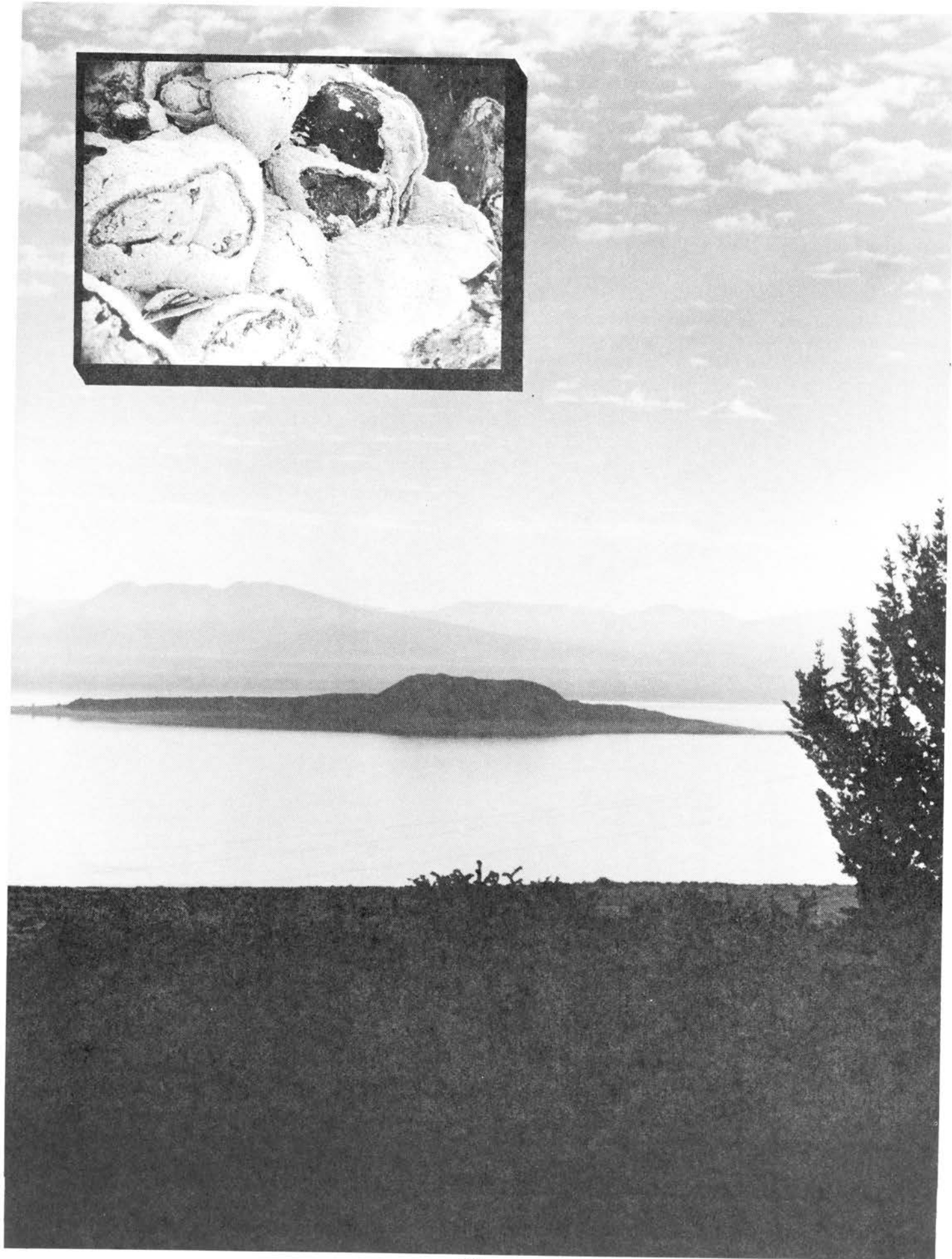
I was nearing nine years of age at the time and it was decided I should go. I vividly recall while there of two men being killed and taken to boot town. While on this trip to Bodie I wore a pair of red top coppered-toed boots. The first night, we stopped at Frost Station on Little Walker River. I recall that we were treated to fresh trout both for supper and breakfast. That morning, after Father had his horses hitched to the wagon and gone up to pay his bill, Charlie Frost, a boy two

years older than I threw me down, took my boots off and tossed them on a long, high stable and then hid away. Father, having no ladder, drove the loaded wagon near the shed and by standing on the high spring seat retrieved my boots.

Father, on reaching Bodie, soon sold his produce and returned home. One morning, while I was there, Uncle Bill came in from his night shift and said; "Don't wait breakfast for me, Mother. I met the coroner and I stopped for an eye-opener at a certain saloon. The coroner and the constable were just locking the place. I am to serve on a coroner's jury." He changed his work clothes and was gone for several hours. Upon his return, he stated that there was a shooting scrape, that two men had shot it out and both were killed. One man had eight bullets in him and three different caliber bullets were taken from him, one a forty-four. A forty-four pistol was found behind the bar with one empty shell, denoting that the bartender had fired one shot. All witnesses in the saloon remained dumb, and this affair was just one of many but were hardly any different where four men were shooting at once. ♣



Bodie's main street today, west side, bar at left. Chalfant Press photo





# THE LOST BENCHMARK

by Louise Kelsey

## PREFACE

Mono Lake in its basin, surrounded by the distant White Mountains, the nearby Bodie Hills and the classic Sierra Nevada Range, holds the attention of anyone who sees it.

Indian legends are woven around the vapors of Paoha and the peaks of the Sierra. The need for the waters which feed Mono Lake versus the need to maintain this natural treasure is an ongoing struggle. Through it all, before history and into the future the mysterious beauty of this lake, its colors, its moods and its capricious weather have held the observer in its spell.

Is Mono Lake the remnant of an ancient sea or is it a natural sump that sits and gathers whatever water flows into it?

One of the first and finest surveys of Lake Mono, its basin and surrounding mountains, was made by Israel Russell for the United States Geological Survey, 1889, in his Quaternary History of the Mono Valley, California. Russell named the black island "Negit," Pa-vi-o-osi word for blue-winged goose. The light gray and larger island he named "Pa-o-ha," Indian word for diminutive spirits with long, wavy hair who sometimes are seen in the vapor wreaths floating up from the island hot springs. Panum Crater and Aeolian Buttes were fortunate enough to receive their names from this observant and sensitive geologist.

The color of Mono's water changes with sunrise, high noon and sunset. The moon and its phases give a different density to the silver black of Mono at night. Wind-shaped waves replace ancient tides and the briny water is stirred to a milky froth.

This is the setting for the adventure of The Lost Benchmark.

## THE CAST, ALL CHARACTERS

- Jane Fisher - Editor, friend and the one who gently shoved me into this adventure.
- Bill Kelsey - Husband, friend and companion who sometimes leads me into the wilds farther than I want to go!
- Don Banta - Hero. He braves the elements to take his beautiful boat into the murky gloom of the Mono lake winter, then washes her down without asking my help.
- Rita Banta - Friend, and Don's lady. She has hot coffee on hand and keeps a close eye on the depth finder ... submerged tufa, y'know.
- and me. - Hunter of the "Lost Benchmark."

## TIME-LINE

**Nov. 5, 1883:** benchmark incised in rock on Negit Island at the direction of Israel Russell as part of his U.S.G.S. Report on the Quaternary History of Mono Valley.

**Interim:** lake waters rose and covered benchmark.

**50 years later:** lake level lowered below benchmark elevation.

**Sept. 30, 1950:** benchmark re-located by L.G. Black, chemical engineer.

**Aug. 1, 1951:** lead and set screw placed at horizontal/vertical intersection of benchmark by R.V. Phillips of D.W.P.

**July 10, 1959:** S.T. Harding, aided by Don Banta, attempted to locate benchmark. Unsuccessful.

**Aug. 9, 1960:** Harding/Banta second attempt. Successful.

**Sept. 1988:** Kelsey/Banta attempted to locate benchmark. Unsuccessful.

**Nov. 1988:** Eureka! We found it!

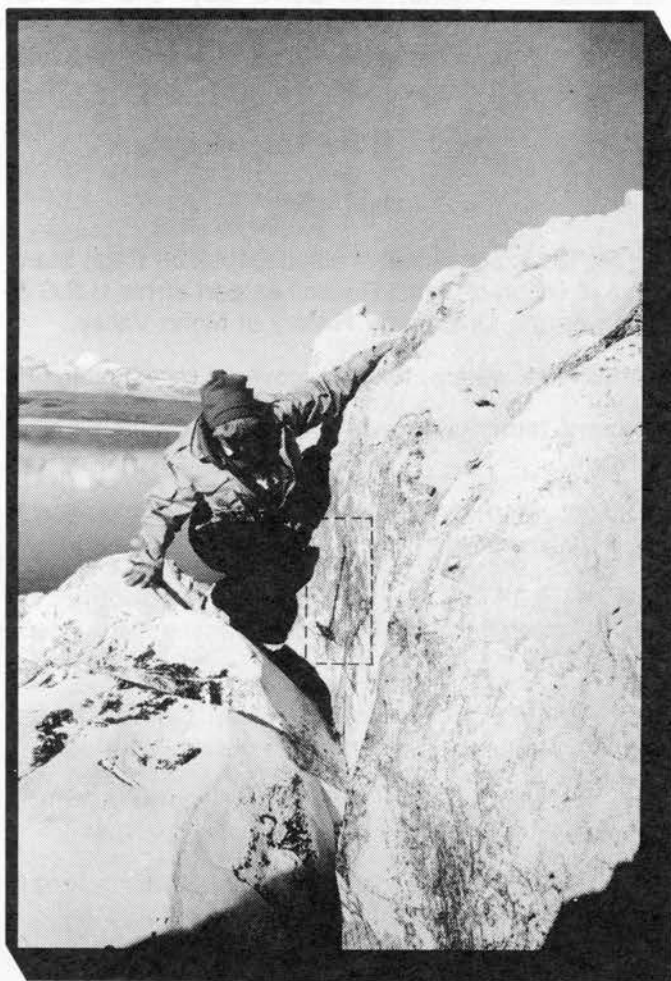


Peaks, left to right: Crater Mountain, Mt. Wood, Parker Peak, Kip Peak, Mt. Lewis, Peak 12,568, Mt. Gibbs, Dana Plateau, Mt. Dana, Lee

"We know when we're in love!" Jane's eyes held both sparkle and defiance. All I could do was nod in agreement as my husband just shook his head in the presence of feminine logic.

Jane's statement was in answer to Bill's question, "How do you know which man is Israel Russell?"

Russell's photograph had appeared in the National Geographic Society's "100 Years of Adventure and Discovery." There were four men in the photo but none



Louise Kelsey surveys the benchmark (L.K. photo)

were identified, but it was obvious to Jane and me which was our Israel.

At home I opened the Geographic and asked, "Which do you think is Israel Russell?"

With hardly a breath's hesitation Bill pointed to the man Jane and I just *knew* was the one.

"Why, Bill?"

"Because he is the only one with his fly open." So much for romance.

Don Banta said he would take us to Negit Island and show us the benchmark so it seemed only reasonable to ask him the "identification" question.

Don studied the photo (see Vol. II No. 2, p. 25) for some time before pointing to, again, the same man.

And again, "Why, Don?"

In his soft-spoken manner Don said, "Well, Russell is the leader of the expedition and that man has the lightest pack so he must be the leader."

I was getting a bit miffed with these masculine evaluations of our hero, but I tried one more time.

I asked a young friend (of great sensitivity and intelligence) the question, and again he pointed to the same man.

One more time, "Why?"

This time I got an answer I liked. "He just looks like a man with leadership and vision. Besides, he is the only one with a brimmed hat to shade his eyes and look great distances." (The others were wearing knit watchcaps.)

That did it. Everyone, and for different reasons, pointed to the same man.

Of course Jane and I had the important reason, and our instant recognition was later confirmed by no less than the National Geographic Society itself.





Peak, Mt. Warren, North Peak, Excelsior Mountain, Black Mountain, Dunderberg Peak. Right foreground: Black Point. Louise Kelsey photos

Jane Fisher, editor of "The Album," asked if I had read Israel Russell's Quaternary History of Mono Valley as prepared for the U.S.G.S. 100 years ago, in 1889. I had not read it, I was not really sure what a Quaternary History was, and it sounded rather dull to me. But Jane is a gently persistent person. She said she also had a copy of Harding's report on "Water Supply of Mono Lake Based on its Past Fluctuations," as well as photographs and another rather obscure report. Now doesn't *that* sound exciting! As a dutiful writer I dragged my heels down to pick up the papers, an assignment I was sure would be dull-dull-dull. They sat on the back burner for a month or so.

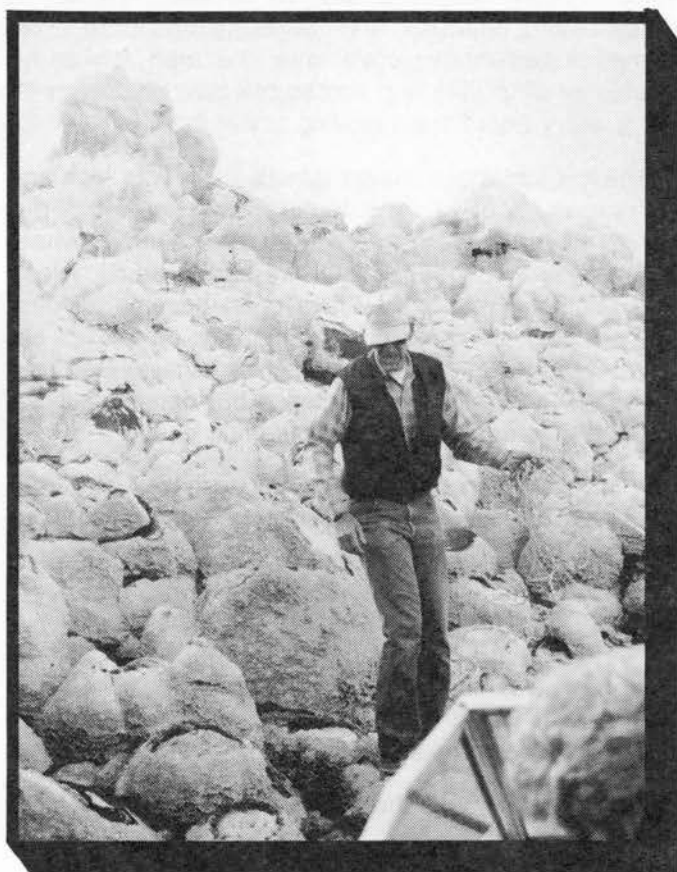
Finally a guilty corner of my mind prodded me to pull out Russell's report one blustery afternoon. It took no time at all to recognize that I was into the work of a fine writer. He was not only a careful geologist, he was an adventurer and poet. His descriptions of the Mono Valley, as he saw it over 100 years ago, were accurate, and beautifully phrased. Hours later I had a new idol.

In his report Russell referred to a benchmark placed on Negit Island. This mark had been submerged for fifty years by Mono's rising waters. When the lake level fell the mark should be exposed. The mark was important to the research being done on the lake level but the black lava of Negit was heavily encrusted in the areas that had been under water. Understandable — you'd be crusty, too, if you had been under Mono's briny brew for fifty years.

The mark was found, and lost and found and lost and found. (See time-line.)

Intrigued with Israel Russell and the elusiveness of his benchmark, I desperately wanted to see this rock carving. But how?

Environmental romancing aside, have you ever found a U.S.G.S. benchmark? Or worse, have you ever lost one? My only experience with benchmarks had been the round, metal disks with "U.S.G.S." and some numbers, firmly fixed in rock. All they did for me was to let me know that I certainly was not the first to wander this way.



Bill Kelsey's rock mooring, Negit Island (L.K. photo)

Israel Russell, during his survey of Mono Valley, had placed a benchmark on Negit Island over 100 years ago, marking the water level at that date. The lake waters rose. The mark became encrusted with Mono's own brand of frosting. The lake lowered but the mark was hidden. Or was it? And who could help me?

Don Banta! Of course. His name had popped out of Harding's report as the man who had taken him to Negit Island and helped in the search and locating of the mark. We knew Don and Rita. They were nice people. Surely they would help my small dream come true. A fine adventure which began with a U.S.G.S. report of 100 years ago began again on Mono Lake.

The sky and the water were almost terminal gray. "Please hold your breath for a couple of hours, clouds!" It was almost immoral to ask for no rain after several dry years - but all we needed was a two-hour delay.

Don, Rita and Bill launched the boat while I hid behind my camera. The boat was in the water, lines were up and our bodies bundled against Mono's cold air. I had waited long and wished hard. Now it was *go*, at last.

As we sped across the gray lake the gray sky seemed determined to wed with the water. Black Negit Island, with its water edge of white, fit the scene. To say we "beached the boat" would be all wrong on that volcanic island. Better to say "we rocked the boat." A rocky beach, this, but an interesting one. The crust formed a cement-like cover over the area. It was no trouble at all to rock-hop across the lava boulders with not a worry about them moving under foot.

The excitement of seeing Israel's mark was high and we eagerly looked, and looked...and looked. Four people crossed and recrossed the several acres where the mark must be. Hours later we had to admit defeat. The rain had begun. The lava crust became slippery and our spirits were as gray as the day; only Rita's hot coffee brought us a degree of cheerfulness. Back we sailed, to Mono's shore, in silence but determined that we would go again, and we *would* find it.

A tiny fear niggled my mind. Suppose someone had lifted or even destroyed the benchmark as vandals had done the petroglyphs.

Our second journey was undertaken on a more pleasant day. A light lake fog lay a hundred feet above the water, but it appeared neither heavy nor thick. Don was sure it would clear. If it didn't, he said, we certainly would head for shore, because he had been lost on that lake in heavy fog.

Why, I asked, was the water a thick, pea-soup green?

"They tell me the lake turned over," was Don's reply.

"The lake turned over? *The lake turned over!* What do you mean 'the lake turned over'?"

***Among the ways lakes are classified is their periodic mixing.***

***In 1988 Mono Lake returned to its previous condition of annual autumn mixing from top to bottom. Complete mixing is indicated by uniform profiles of temperature, salinity and nutrients from top to bottom in late November field surveys. This had not occurred since 1982. Ref. Bob Jellison, researcher.***

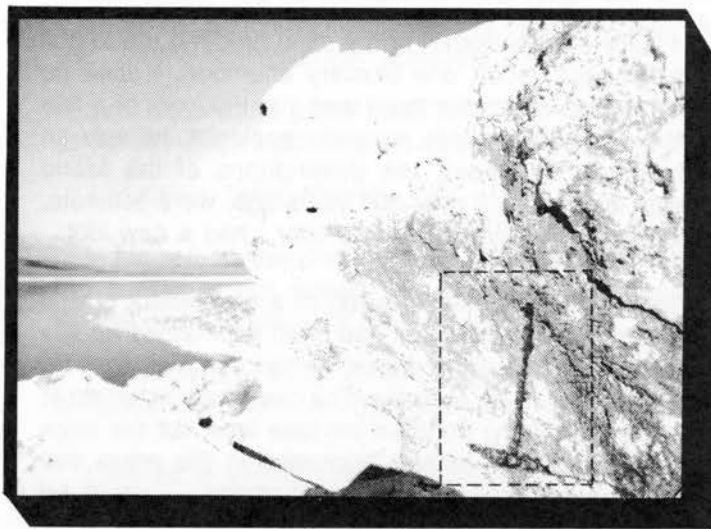
Pea-soup or no, as long as Rita kept a sharp eye on the depth finder for submerged tufa, I hadn't a worry on my mind.

This time we had done our homework. Pictures and files had been pulled and studied. Like homing gulls we headed straight for the cove, dropped anchor and moored to the crusted lava of Negit. As we scrambled to shore the fog lifted to a delicate layer that floated above the lake and gave a special dimension to an other-worldly landscape.

We quickly located the benchmark, intact and undamaged. The incised outline of Israel's geologist's hammer and the lead set-screw were all in place and all was well with my world. ♣

#### REFERENCES

- Banta, Don and Rita, Interviews and trips to Negit Island  
Russell, Israel: U.S.G.S. Quaternary History of Mono Valley, 1889  
Harding, S.T.: Water supply of Mono Lake, 1962  
Jellison, Bob: Mono Lake Mixes It Up, Mono Lake Newsletter, Vol. II, #3, pg. 19; Newsletter, Vol. II #3, Pg. 19



*The benchmark and set-screw (L.K. photo)*





*photo by Harley Jenner*

# **CHARLIE TANT LION HUNTER**

by Joy Fatooh  
and Demila Jenner

Turning west off U.S. 6 onto Highway 120 at Benton Station, Wales Bramlette drove toward the Sierra Nevada, the White Mountains at his back, listening idly as the early morning sportscaster out of Bishop chortled over the U.S. wins in Munich.

"Yes, a lot of records are being broken at the 1972 Olympics," said the announcer. "But there's one record that'll never be broken, and no medal's ever been handed out for it. Charlie Tant, the greatest lion hunter of them all. Charlie Tant has tracked and killed 1,303 mountain lions in his life and nobody's about to beat that record."

Wales could hardly believe his ears. Not about Charlie Tant's cougar record — for years he'd argued that Charlie was the greatest tracker of the big cats since the legendary Ben Lilly — but he didn't think anyone had been listening.

"I don't know where they got those figures," Wales said later. "Charlie always told me Ben Lilly was the greatest mountain man that ever lived, but I never knew how many lions he himself had caught. I do know, though, that Charlie can tell by how a cat puts down his foot how much he weighs, how hungry he is, how tired, how far he's traveled — almost what the lion is thinking. But then, hell, he's lived with the cats for more than fifty years."

It might be possible to verify those figures, if you searched through Fish and Game archives long enough. Charlie hunted lions in the days when there was a bounty on them, back when they were commonly thought of as vermin to be exterminated and only rarely seen as majestic creatures with a vital role in the balance of nature: They say Charlie didn't have a wife, rent payments, a Social Security number; the bounty was his income, and the mountains were his home.

Charlie hunted in Texas, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada, in Ventura, Santa Barbara and Siskiyou counties in California; but from the 1950s on he roamed the rugged ridges of Mono County, east of the Sierra.

The Benton Range, the very country Wales was winding through when he heard Charlie's name on the radio, was his favorite hunting ground.

To climb these mountains is to pull yourself up steep ridges of granite, water-worn in weird brown spheres and stacks, or sharp gray, cracked by ice; to edge along polished bluffs of black basalt inscribed with petroglyphs; to stand among wind-whispering pinyon pines and look down, down across sage-dotted valleys to snowcapped peaks a hundred miles away; to follow the track of deer or wild horses to a tiny spring in a hidden green meadow, muddy with hoofprints and frosted white with alkali dust.

Lions live here. You don't see them unless they want you to — or unless you and your dogs know how to find them.

Bill Bramlette, Wales' son, has a photo of himself as a child with Charlie and his dogs, standing in front of six lion pelts tacked to a wall of the old Bramlette ranch house. Charlie is tall, broad shouldered and square-jawed, his face browned by the sun, white hair showing



*Charlie (on left) with Wales Bramlette and his children, 1957. Bill Bramlette collection*



beneath his cap. The dogs are spotted Walker hounds, leggy and alert. "He usually had at least five or six adults," Bill recalls. "They had names like Sadie, Rocky, Buzzard Wing." Another picture shows five dogs, four puppies, and three lion carcasses — their mouths propped open — arrayed around his old blue Dodge truck with its homemade canvas cover. "He'd just live out of that old truck and camp. . . .

"Truth of the matter is, I don't think Charlie owned anything but what you see in that picture."

Charlie would make his home base wherever the mountains offered a bit of shelter: the little stone cabin at Pizona above River Springs, or an old lean-to at the Rabbit Ranch where Blind Springs Hill meets the volcanic tableland.

"The guy was pretty incredible in terms of being physically capable," Bill says. "He would place caches of food all over the country so that when he was hunting he'd take nothing but what he had on his back, and his dogs. He'd drive somewhere to pick up a scent; a good place was the top of Dutch Pete's Hill.

"And he'd take off walking. They'd go for days. You wouldn't even see the guy for a week."

"This whole range running northeast by southwest is Charlie's hunting ground," Wales used to say. "He'll start out at Black Rock, say, and next morning he'll be over at Pizona or Truman Meadows. Thirty, thirty-five miles.

"He'll set two dogs loose on the trail and tie two dogs to his belt. When the trail dogs get tired, he'll tie them to his belt and set the fresh ones loose. Sometimes the dogs circle around and lose the trail; Charlie'll find the

track for them. At night when he can't see the tracks or even hear his dogs, the dogs tied to his belt will guide him until he gets in hearing distance of the trail dogs.

"Charlie really dedicates himself to a hunt. He only eats when the lion eats. But his dogs eat first."

When lion dogs find their lion they tree it, then stay there, barking, until the hunter arrives to make the kill. Charlie would shoot it cleanly with his old .30-.30 Winchester, skin the cat and pack the pelt back to his truck, and collect the bounty: \$50 for a male lion, \$60 for a female.

Bill Bramlette grew up in Old Benton, the ghost of a mining town his family owned; his grandparents kept a store and tended bar and sometimes tried to persuade Charlie to live for free in one of their houses. Charlie wouldn't live in town, Bill says, but he'd show up with bounty money and drink a case or two of beer with his friends.

"He'd come in, get drunk, and take off when he'd spent what he had," Bill says. On occasion when hunting was slow Charlie would trap bobcats and coyotes or work on a local ranch, but not for long: "You'd see him sitting here drinking beer one night and the next morning he'd be gone. Two or three weeks might go by with no one knowing where he was — he'd be out in the mountains somewhere.

"About once a year he'd come in here and start taking off the layers of old clothes he'd put on, soak it all off in the hot springs. He'd take newspapers and stuff them in between his jacket and shirt and his body; that's what he used in the winter for insulation." His bed was made



*"He'd just live out of that old truck and camp . . ." Bill Bramlette collection*

of rags and newspapers, and dogs: "The biggest joke was that it'd get cold out there at night and he'd just pull up another hound."

Bill's grandparents still run the store, with a photograph of Charlie, a dog and a dead lion displayed on one wall. MaBelle Bramlette remembers Charlie's dogs: "Lick Pot, Queen de High . . . Buzzard Wing? — awful names!" And she remembers his generosity, gifts of money to family and friends in need: "You know, that old man had a pretty good bank account at one time."

Once Charlie killed a mother lion in the rocks just above the Bramlette's spring, and his hounds found her cubs nearby. They killed two before he could reach them; the other two he brought to MaBelle. "They were a week, week and a half old according to Charlie, judging by when their eyes opened. I raised them on a regular baby bottle with Carnation milk. I kept them until they were five or six months old and then I sold them to Disney. They were getting to be too much in here, jumping on people. And they had a tendency to only want steak to eat. Fried steak."

MaBelle pulled out an old brown ledger in which she's written dates she wanted to remember. "Charlie was 66 years old on October 25, 1962. He'd been here ten or so years by then; he must have been here about 22 years altogether." That would put his birthdate in 1896.

On the back of the photo on the wall are the date — December 1965 — and the dog's name, which MaBelle pronounces "Ratifier" but renders "Radifirie." The lion is draped over the cab of a car; the dog is lolling on the trunk. Charlie in the foreground looks rather handsome and vigorous with his tousled white hair, smiling his pride.

"Old Charlie was about six foot three and weighed around 190," MaBelle says. "He was a big man; he was rangy. Never wore any socks! — he said they made his feet sore."

Carolyn and Dick Dawson met Charlie when he used to drive cattle past their place. Dick reminisced over breakfast recently: "One time I was riding this nice stallion we had, north of our place here; and here's Charlie — he's leading this horse, Tumbleweed, and he was walking that horse into the ground. Charlie was taking such strides that I had to trot my horse to keep up with him while he was walking. And Tumbleweed was going, 'Wow! Do we ever slow down?' He had this immense stride. He could really fly."

"And he was not a young man then, that's for sure," Carolyn said. "There were some young men who came up and wanted to go lion hunting. These people came with their fancy dogs and their fancy clothes and vehicles and things, and he was going to be their guide. Well, first of all, they thought sure they'd be able to do most of it from their four-wheel-drives; but he said 'No, you'll have to get off and walk!' Well, he just flat walked

away from them. They couldn't keep up with him."

"He was on the downhill side when we met him," Dick said.

Carolyn agreed. "But still, he could leave any of us behind!"

"He came to dinner at our house one night and was telling us about his saddle," Dick said: "1928 All-Around Cowboy at the L.A. County Fair, or something like that. He also told us that evening about his gun: he had this .30-.30 carbine, and the barrel was bent. He was rounding up cattle for the Harris ranch in one of the spring areas up there, and one cow would not come out of the aspens; so he said, 'Well, I'll go in and git it.' So he charges in there with his horse, and the gun he had stuck underneath the cinch of the saddle — at a dead run, the gun went on one side of the tree and the horse went on the other side of the tree. And it bent the gun. It was a horrible wreck. He got up, finished gathering the cows and came back; and every time he would go to shoot anything, he would have to allow for the curvature of the barrel. He was still able to hit a mountain lion and kill it with that gun."

"We heard — he had this tumor on his eyelid," Dick said, "and his eyelid would grow together. Well, it was his shooting eye and he couldn't stand that, so he'd take his skinning knife and slit his eyelid so that he'd be able to see to shoot with it."

"He was tough," Carolyn said. "He was tough."

What would you give to sit by a campfire and listen to Charlie storying his life? Coauthor Demila Jenner did just that on a sunny, cold October morning 17 years ago, accompanied by Wales Bramlette, a bottle of red wine and a small tape recorder.

Charlie was recovering from surgery: they'd removed tumors from both eyes and installed tiny plastic drainage tubes at the corners. Were Charlie's hunting days over?

"Don't you believe it," Wales said as they drove out to the Rabbit Ranch. "The only reason Charlie agreed to the operation was so that he could see to go after that sheep-killer over in Nevada that made a fool of him and his dogs, on account of his eyes being so bad. He was down on his hands and knees trying to track it. Now he's just waiting to get his sight back — he wants that lion real bad."

"I'll tell you what he did last week, just after getting home from the hospital. Deer season opens, these guys come by to get Charlie to take them where they can find some deer. When Charlie picks up his gun they laugh; they know he can't hunt, them tubes in his eyes. Charlie don't argue, just takes that .30-.30 of his — he can put only one shell in it at a time because the receiver's all messed up. He uses that gun for a crowbar, a walkings-tick . . .

"Charlie went and showed the guys where to kick out a deer, then walked down the slope a way and lay down under a tree while the hunters went up the draw. They flushed a big buck in no time. Charlie heard them shooting, heard the deer running — right toward him, like he figured it would. He sat up, rolled over, and let go with the one bullet in his gun. It was a clean shot, right through the neck, exactly what he aimed for."

Wales and Demila followed the dirt road past abandoned mines, up toward the Sierra, around great mounds of puma-colored pumice dotted with golden-blossomed rabbitbrush, greasewood and mountain mahogany, and plenty of bitterbrush for deer. "And where there's deer there's lions," Wales said. "That's why Charlie loves it so out here."

The road became two ruts through the brush, then disappeared in a grassy flat. Wales stopped the car in a primeval meadow where magnificent junipers, pale berries decorating their branches, grew near tall cottonwoods with yellow autumn leaves. Beneath clumps of willows running water murmured unseen. "The lions come right down that draw to drink," Wales said.

They walked single file along a path closed in by head-high rabbitbrush. Two hounds came out of the

brush so silently that hummingbirds didn't bother to withdraw their beaks from the blossoms. A turn in the path revealed empty, falling rabbit warrens. Sheep ranchers had bought the old rabbit farm for summer grazing but no longer used it; they let Charlie live there in gratitude for his help with lamb-eating cougars. And there was Charlie, a time-stained light felt hat levelled across his head, tending a blackened coffeepot over a sagebrush fire.

As they settled in around the fire and set up the tape recorder, Wales remembered a telephone message he'd brought. He dug the crumpled paper out of his pocket and handed it to Charlie, who looked at it helplessly and handed it back. Wales read a Louisiana telephone number: "Call collect. Lonnie and Stan are thinking of you. Having trouble with a black lion. Need Charlie Tant and his dogs right away."

Charlie squinted into the fire and blotted his eyes with a red bandanna before replying.

"I'm in no position to take care of it now. Someone else'll have to do it."

Under cover of the small sounds Wales made pouring wine, Demila turned on the tape recorder. ♣

*Coming in January: Demilla's interview with Charlie*





Felix Archlaß  
Bürger

Magister Jacob  
Schulmeister  
Heinrich  
Johann  
\* 6. XII. 1614

Pfarrer zu Münster a. d. Eder 1594 - 1605; immatr. Pädagog. Marburg 1574. Magister 1583;  
Landesschulinspektor u. Binger zu Marburg a. Vorhörer, \* gest. 1621 zu Marburg, verh. mit  
Schneider; stirbt am 7. I. 1638 Marburger Binger; 1642 Krause in der Barfüßer Gasse.

Anna Elisabetha Arcularius  
geb. 2. I. 1642  
Bürger u. Bäcker zu Marburg; Senior bei der Stadtkirche. verh. am 4. II. 1671 Anna Margarete Dambner  
Tochter des Kleindruckers auf der Kiefernack Georg Dambner und dessen Ehefrau Elisabeth geb. Rith.

Anna Maria Arcularius  
geb. 1. II. 1674. heiratete  
als 3. Hofen den Bingeren Bäcker  
Barthard Matthei  
geb. in Wittelsberg 7. I. 1661

Johann Georg Arcularius  
bap. 1. XI. 1703 Bäcker

Johann Ludwig Arcularius  
bap. 28. I. 1737, Bäcker  
mit Katharina Elisabeth Tweste

Georg Ludwig Arcularius  
\* 22. IX. 1746 + 22. 9. 1803 Schlossvermeister  
cop. 14. II. 1771 m. Anna Katharina Verban  
\* 9. IV. 1774 + 7. V. 1810

Johann Martin Arcularius  
\* 24. X. 1772 + 6. III. 1837 Schlossvermeister u. Bienenhändler  
cop. 28. X. 1800 m. Maria Elisabeth Grief  
\* 20. XI. 1779 + 5. I. 1819

Wilhelm Arcularius  
Bienenhändler in Marburg  
+

Friderike  
verh. Ludwig  
1 Sohn  
Antiquar u. Dr.  
frucht Ludwig

Christine  
verh. Gundlach  
Heilbrunn a. M.

Caroline  
verh. Geibel  
Papierfabrikant

Georg Ludwig Martin Arcularius  
Papiermeister in Wittelsberg  
\* 4. 5. 1810 + 8. 2. 18  
am 24. II. 1842 m.  
Marie Elisabeth Caroline  
\* 6. 12. 1824 + 21. III. 18  
Wetter bei Korbach  
8 Kinder, alle glückl.  
in  
Mittelscheidhausen  
Papiermühle

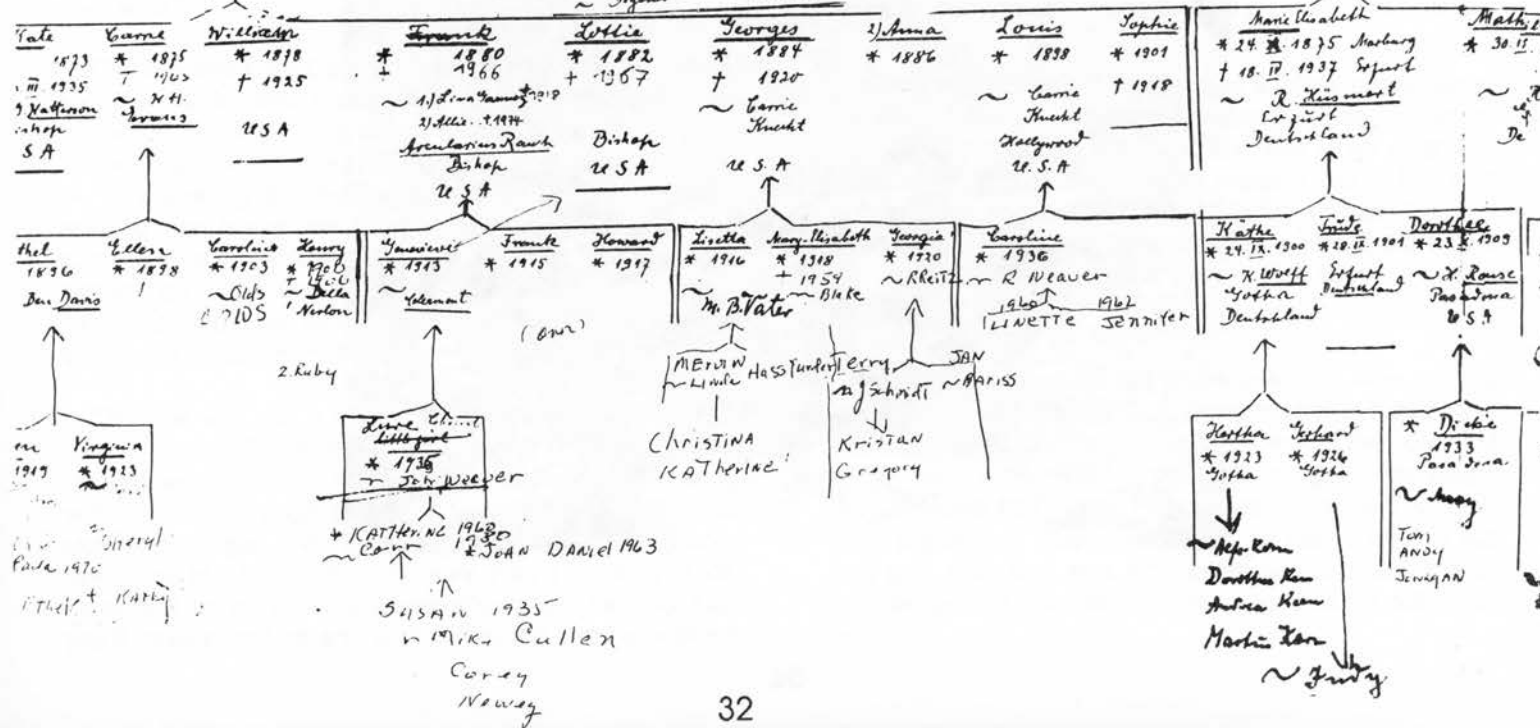
Leintra 1. Georg 2. Anna  
verh. verst. + verh. Landow  
\* verheiratete + verheiratete  
Math. Pothmann

1 Tochter Anna

Wilhelm  
\* 23. I. 1844 + 31. I. 1902  
Sodaville, Nevada, U.S.A  
1) Lilla Zimmermann  
2) Anna Albers

Marie  
\* 10. X. 1846 +  
Anton  
Sodaville, Nevada  
1 Tochter  
Eigener  
2 Söhne  
Anton

Anna  
\* 17. VIII. 1848 + 15. III. 1935  
Gotha, Deutschland  
X. B. Freundesheim



les  
brog.

in  
in  
in

in  
in  
in

1585 - 1593

6. 1613, Tochter des Bingers und Bäckers Anton Lotz, Mannheim

versch. mit Ann. Elisabeth Bauer am 22. II. 1641, Tocht. J. Bingers u. Bäckers Johannes Bauer u. Ehefrau Anna, geb. Künig, Weidenhausen

An. Githarna Arcularius  
geb. 7. 10. 1644

Johann Wilhelm Arcularius  
geb. 8. VII. 1655  
mit Binger 22. I. 1678

von Jesse Lving stammen  
die Othodriker u. fieserben  
Familien Arcularius ab.

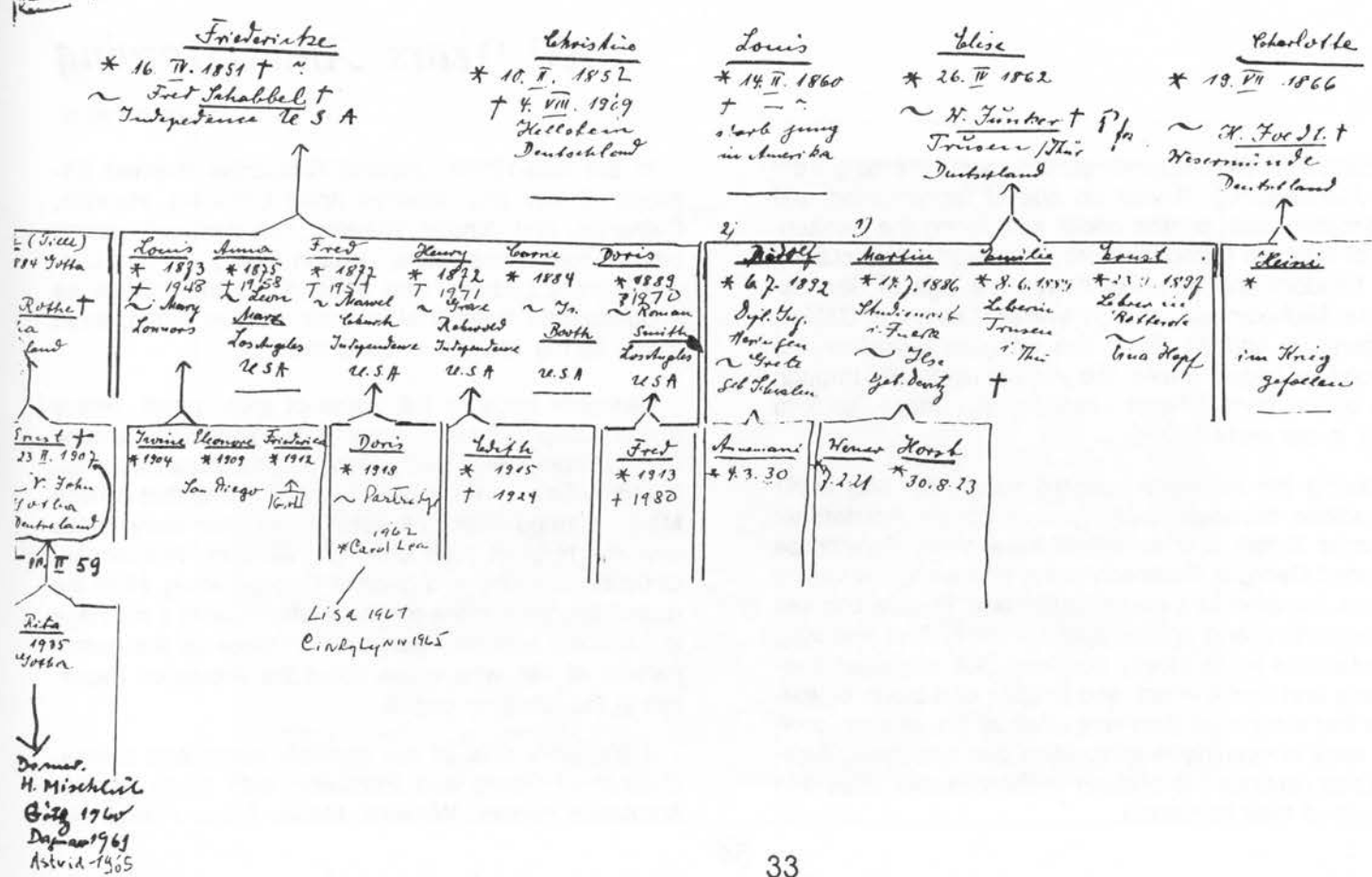
in  
in  
in

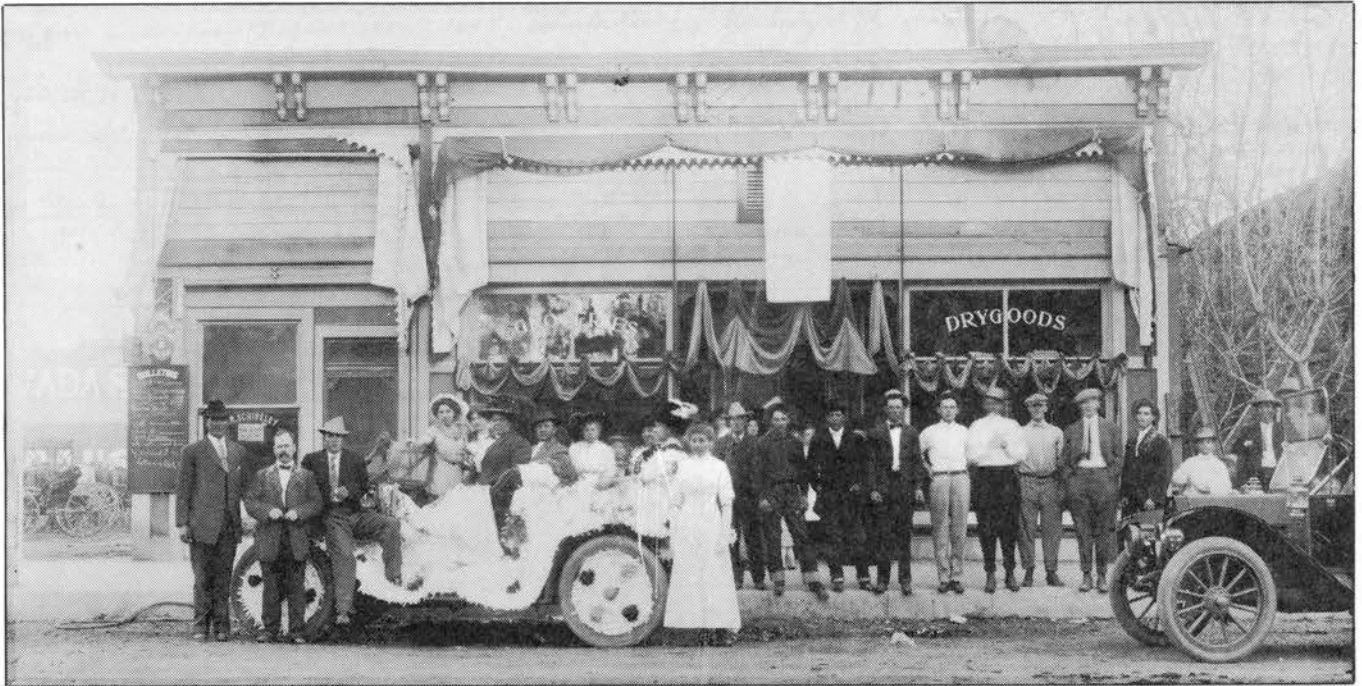
in  
in  
in

in  
in

# ARCULARIUS

## 400 Years And Growing





*T.J. and Katie Watterson's Inyo Store and first prize winning Harvest Festival float. Left to right around float: Bill Arcularius, T.J. Watterson, George Arcularius, Lottee Arcularius, Ellen Evans, Carrie Evans, F.H. Arcularius, Caroline Olds, Lisetta Arcularius, Lura Garner.*

*Opposite, top right: Land for this Round Valley School was deeded by Lisetta Arcularius. Below: Original home in Round Valley, later destroyed by fire. Bottom: Round Valley Ranch. Photos from Genevieve Clement collection.*

## 400 Years And Growing

by Jane Fisher

Europe in the sixteenth century was emerging from the Renaissance. It was an age of fermentation and exploration, with printed books stimulating the awakening of Western European intelligence and a new craving for freedom and equality. It was the age of Shakespeare, Michelangelo, and Sir Walter Raleigh, of Galileo, Copernicus and da Vinci. The amazing record on the preceding pages traces the Arcularius family through this period from Johann, Heinrich, and Jacob, back to Felix in the early 1500s.

During the next two hundred years, the Mayflower expedition founded New Plymouth, Nieuw Amsterdam became British and re-named New York, Oglethorpe founded Georgia, Napoleon came and went, the United States declared its independence, and Prussia became an important and prickly political force. The enduring Arculariuses were mostly burghers, the educated merchants and land owners, and in spite of a storm of warfare that exhausted Germany when all the western powers were competing in exploration and sea trade, Arculariuses continued to prosper in the beautiful cities and forests of their homeland.

In the mid-1600s, Johann Arcularius married Elizabeth Bauer and fathered Anna Christina, Henrich, Catharina, and Johann Wilhelm. The next generations brought forth Anna Maria, Johann Georg, Johann Ludwig, Georg Ludwig, and Johann Martin, names as enduring and traditional in their various forms, even today, as the Arcularius family itself.

Germany became the home of great poets, artists and philosophers at the close of the eighteenth century; German composers Bach, Handel, and Mozart were followed by Beethoven. It was during this time that Johann Martin married Maria Elizabeth Greif. The early 1800s saw the birth of their children, Wilhelm, Friedericke, Christine, Caroline and another Georg Ludwig. Here the record becomes more personal when Georg's marriage to Elizabeth Heldman puts them in place as the grandparents of Tilli, who writes about the Arcularius Papermill in the following pages.

Tilli's story tells of her mother, aunts and uncles, children of Georg and Elizabeth, with those familiar Arcularius names: Wilhelm, Marie, Anna, Friedericke



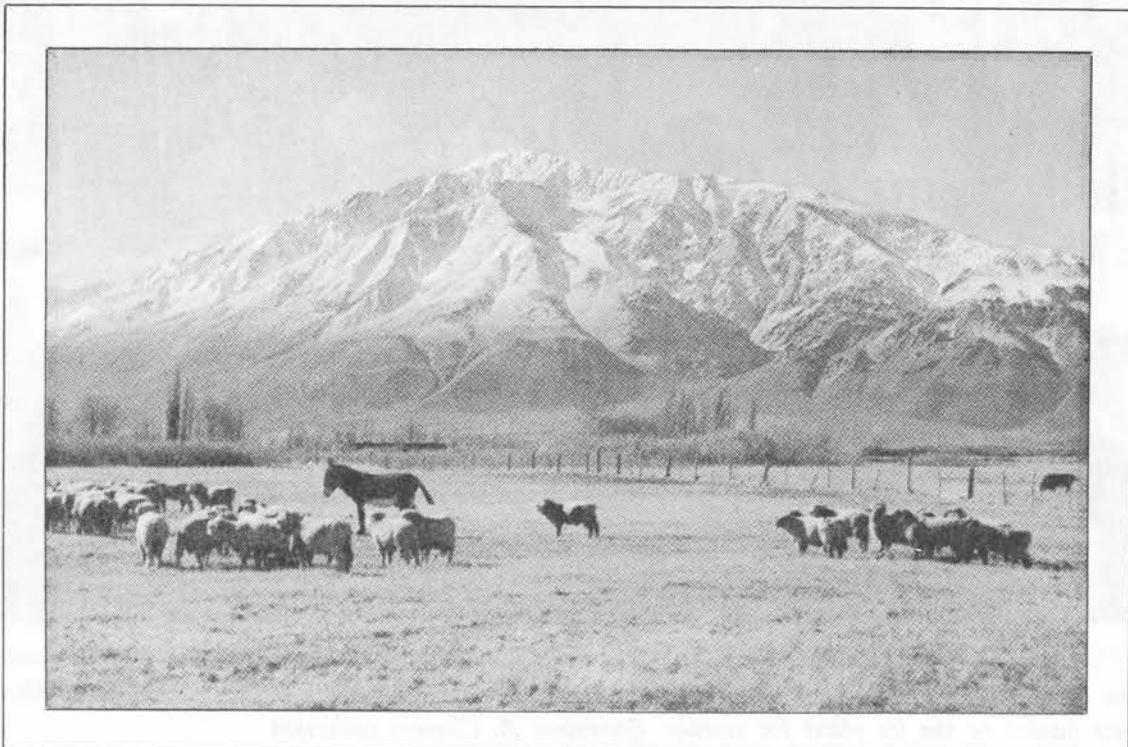
Matilda (also called Tilli), Christine, Louis, Elise, and Charlotte.

Wilhelm emigrated to America and it is his descendants who carry on the Arcularius name in Eastern California. Friedericke Matilda followed, eventually marrying Frederick Schabbell, also from Germany, and their story, too, continues down through the intricate tapestry of Owens Valley families (*The Album*, Vol. I, No. 2, "A Journal for Doris").

The Arcularius history in this country is rich with adventure and enterprise. Wilhelm (William) brought his wife, Lisetta, to Inyo County in the early 1870s, acquiring land in Round Valley in 1875. Always alert to opportunity, he went from farming to freighting for the mines, ranching, and back to freighting. "Alkali Bill," as he was known from Dagget to Barstow and Bodie to Placerville, trained the team that became famous through "Twenty Mule Team Borax."

In this part of California, pioneer history is still in its forenoon. Our very grandparents have told us the tales of their parents' settlement of the West, thus the web of relationships weaves together many of the old family names.

William and Lisetta's children, for instance. Katherine (Katie) was born in West Bishop in 1873, taught school and married Thomas G. Watterson. They took over the Andrews Mercantile store and it became the Inyo Store, managed by Katie. Her obituary read "the lady's high character and personality won and held many friends."



Carrie was born at Fort Independence in 1875 and married Henry Evans, another Round Valley rancher. William was also born at The Fort in 1878 and his life was devoted to the Round Valley ranch. Frank (father of Frank, Howard and Genevieve) was born in Bodie in 1880. He became a prominent and successful livestock operator, owned a bank building and mining interests, and operated a butcher shop and grocery store in Bishop, as well as a resort on the summer ranch in Long Valley. He married Lura Garner, and when she died in the flu epidemic of 1918, he married her sister Olive, who helped to raise his young children.

Charlotte, born in 1882, did not marry. She became an authority on early railroading, was in great demand because of her ability at the organ, and was known as the Hedda Hopper of Bishop because she was never without a large, fanciful hat. George was born in Round Valley, married Carrie Knecht, but died when he was very young. Carrie later married his stepbrother, Louis.

Lisetta Arcularius was known as the "godmother of Round Valley," because of her generosity and hospitality. Not only did she maintain a store of staples to help out in the years when a trip to town was a long journey, but she donated land for the Round Valley School. After Lisetta's death, William had three more children, Anna, Louis, and Sophie, by marriage to Anna Albers of Georges Creek, near Independence.

Local citizens proudly point out that the Round Valley ranch has remained in the family for over one hundred years, during times when most other ranches in the area were taken up by the City of Los Angeles for the water. Wilhelm's descendants carry on the family enterprises, the traditional names, and continuing connections with other pioneer families. Arcularius holdings have extended across many pursuits throughout the Eastern Sierra, from commerce, mining, sheep, and cattle ranching, to the beautiful fishing resort in Long Valley (*The Album*, Vol. I, No. 1).

Genevieve Arcularius Clement, granddaughter of Wilhelm, collects the history of her family and major events of the Owens Valley and has written some of the stories for *The Saga of Inyo*. She shares the following account by Tilli Rothe, daughter of Wilhelm's sister Anna.

Intelligent and courageous, Matilda (Tilli) Rothe helped to free her granddaughter, Rita, from East Germany; her great-granddaughter, Astrid Mischilish, has just returned to Germany after six weeks in the United States, meeting American relatives and studying American Indian history for her work at the University of Frankfurt. Tilli's memoir is handwritten in the English language, but in beautiful, difficult-to-read German script. ❀



*The butcher shop and grocery, one of Frank Arcularius' many enterprises. Every night perishables were hauled to the ice plant for storage. Genevieve A. Clement collection*





*Anna Arcularius, Tilli's mother, 1848-1935. Photos from Genevieve A. Clement collection*



*Home of Tilli's grandmother, Karoline Arcularius, born Heldman, in Wetter, near Marburg, Germany*

## The Arcularius Paper-mill at Mittelsmits hausen

by Matilda (Tilli) Arcularius Rothe. April 1950, Germany

*My grandfather, Georg Ludwig Martin Arcularius, (1810-1893) was born at Marburg, little university-town in the midst of Germany. He was the youngest of 5 children. His father, Johann Martin Arcularius, was the owner of an iron-mongery at Marburg. His eldest son Wilhelm intended to go to university, and the youngest Georg Louis Martin, was to run the firm. But things did not go this way and it was Wilhelm who took charge of the iron-mongery and Georg Ludwing Martin learned the trade of a paper miller.*

*He served his apprenticeship with the paper-miller Giebel, husband of his sister Caroline. Later on he went travelling to get perfection in his trade and then his father bought him the paper-mill at Mittelsmits hausen, near Wetten, little country-town not far from Marburg. His now widowed sister Caroline kept home for him, but as her children lived in America, after some years, she finally left him to join her children and so Georg Ludwig Martin was on the look-out for a wife!*



*He was a tall and handsome young man, highly esteemed and a well-to-do citizen. He understood his business thoroughly and made much headway. He was able to get what contributes to have a comfortable life. He also was passionately fond of hunting and had a hunting-ground with right of shooting, and he was too owner of a fishing-ground with fishing-rights.*

*He entered into friendly relations with people of distinction in Webber, and soon he was the favorite and may be counted there among the notabilities. Here he found the companion of his life, my grandmother, Marie Elisabeth Caroline Heldmann, (1821-1885), the 9th and last child of the leather-merchant Johann Peter Heldmann, a family in honorable position. Her parents did not want her to get married. They had arranged to make her live with her brother Christian, who had grown hunchbacked. Brother and sister ought to keep house together and to cultivate the very big "Longanten" near the town.*

*But all of a sudden Christian changed his mind and got married and now Marie Elisabeth Caroline decided to accept Georg Ludwig Martin Arcularius as husband, and so he led home his bride in his big house, the paper-mill at Mittelsmits hausen. My grandmother lost all her property at Webber, having left it to her brother, but she brought in a fine wedding-trousseau. Each of the Heldmann's girls had a drawer full of "self-knitted" stockings! Grandmother had 40 pairs of them! The Heldmanns made woven linencloth, Grandmother had got 60 sheets in her trousseau!*

*Well, the grand-parents started life in the freshness of youth, enjoying their task of life. They were blessed with 8 children, all born in the paper-mill town of Smits hausen! There was work beyond measure, but it was a happy union; lots of trouble but as much joy. Grandmother had to work hard to run the house and to bring up the flock of children. She filled her post worthily.*

*The paper-mill was a large building in the midst of a big yard. There was a broad doorway and three massive street-doors with brass mountings, spreading a lustre around at every time! Grandfather had 12 journeymen millers working with him and Grandmother had to take care of bed and board for all of them.*

*On the first floor there was the "parlour" with the fireplace, heated from the corridor outside, the children were not allowed to step in, except in special cases, and then only after having put out their shoes! On the second floor there was the enormous store rooms, the very thing for the children! But, alas! alas! held under lock and key. Therein was kept the homemade bread; it was the fruit loft, therein was the meat for consumption and the salt-meat and fermented cabbage; in short, everything and all for the household was put in safety here and Grandmother, being very particular with a saving turn of mind, was eager to keep everything in order and at times, she was the only person knowing how to open the room, called the "Eisenkammer" (iron room). It was sealed with a brass padlock from times immemorial! To put right the lock, there was a dial-plate with letters, just as we have nowadays at the dial-telephone. The magic word to adapt the key was "Wien," — just w-i-e-n, Grandmother herself had put it this way and no one could draw the secret from her! Finally, after a good deal of entreaty Elise was told the word, when she was a big girl.*

*We see, Grandmother was at times very strict, but, nevertheless, my mother never failed to stress what a fine and kind hearted woman she was.*

*Later on, Grandfather transformed the paper-mill into a flour-mill, the manufacture by hand being outstripped. He installed 3 sets of English mill-stones, in order to get the finest flour. There were 2 mill-courses, one rough grinding mill to grind oats. And in addition to that Grandfather installed an oil-mill to gain oil. He did a good stroke of business. The mills did not come to a standstill in winter, due to a hot spring, that belonged to Grandfather's garden, called the "Christenbrunnen." This warm spring-water was led on the mill-wheel. The hot spring is still there up to now. This Christenbrunnen flows into the "Wetschaft," a small streamlet, lower down than the mill. (There the younger children often went catching hold of crayfish, they wrapped them in leaves of stinging nettle and sent them off to my mother, who lived at that time at Marburg.)*

To Grandfather's property belonged big meadows and fields, and lower down than the mill, there was his large orchard, and the bake-house of his own. In the other large garden, above the mill, there were the beds of roses, Grandfather's rosery. He was a grower and lover of roses. And — he gathered the rose-leaves! He dried them and on fine summer evenings, he was sitting with Grandmother in the arbor and enjoyed his pipe: filled with dried rose-leaves. (My mother chuckled saying: he was eager to keep the pipe going!)

But the roses were not his only hobby. He was as good at fruit culture as he was good at the cultivation of vegetables. Especially he cultivated beans, and in his orchard the apple trees and plum trees were well looked after. Thus, he got the fruit of his labour, holding a rich harvest for home consumption and for sale. Grandfather had 15 big fruit stands and more than 30 cwt. of fruit were dried. (My mother often told me with beaming eyes, of the immense joy they had, when a big basket full of beans arrived from Smits hausen! "Beans from 'at home'," she said, "we believed them better than any to be had at Gotha!")

The grandparents really did not mind any trouble and their work was crowned with success. But, alas! fortune did not favor them further on. They were hard hit by a stroke of ill-luck. When Grandfather got tired, he sold his mill to a master-mason Herr from Munchen Gladbach. Grandfather got a first small sum of installment from him and the Arcularius family went on living in the house and Grandfather did not take any precautions to come into his money. Then — one day — all of a sudden — fire broke out, the mill was all ablaze!

Elise just was in nearby Webber, on her way home she saw from afar the house in flames. The mill was destroyed to the ground. The Arcularius family got shelter in the school-house and later on they moved from Smits hausen to Webber. The mill was reconstructed but by far not in the dimensions of old, only a small, insignificant house and a petty mill. Grandfather, having experience and skill in his trade — was not fit for money affairs, he had blind confidence in honesty and loyalty of men. As the miller was not able to pay further installments, Grandfather finally lost all that he possessed.

The grandparents lived a couple of years at Webber, they sold the fields and meadows and their property only to get their living. Their children did their best to make easy the burden and gave them pleasure as much as they could. Grandmother was the first to die. She fell ill and was well nursed by her youngest girls, she passed away in her 64th year. Grandfather was crushed down with grief and all his children far and near shared his deep mourning. He grew old and needed great care and in his 83rd year he passed away too and entered divine peace.

Some time after Grandfather's death there dropped in a sum of about \$80, a birthday present from his eldest son Wilhelm. How deeply the children grieved that their father had not lived to see to this day of joy. The dollars were not allowed to be accepted by the children and had to go back to America.

Wilhelm, being a young man, learned the paper-miller's trade in order to take in hand later on his father's mill. Having learned a great deal he was eager to get along well pushing forward so that the business might improve. Unfortunately his father was not fond of innovations and changes and wanted things remain as they were. (But, years later — Grandfather felt that his son *was* right, he then did himself what Wilhelm proposed to do — to change the mill!) Thereupon Wilhelm decided to emigrate, to try his luck abroad as had done with success the children of Aunt Caroline Giebel.

Wilhelm felt capable to do as well and together with his friend Detch he went to America. Wilhelm was not only a lucky chap, but a clever head and a man of ability, and being settled in America he soon proved his fitness. He made his way in the new world and he sent money and asked his sister Friedericke to join him. She did and fortune smiled upon her too. Soon she got married and lived in prosperous conditions.

*Later on Wilhelm sent money again to give a lift to his brother Louis. Louis followed his brother and sister but through ill-luck it turned out a failure. Louis was not a man of practical experience and strong enough for the struggle of life. Already on board of the ship he was robbed, later on he fell ill and died.*

*The glad tidings of Wilhelm and Freidericke filled the grandparents' hearts with sound faith and hope. Grandmother, having had drudgery all her life did not want her children to be married in the village or in the mill, she believed it to be hard lives, so she preferred their leaving, to see them getting along well to prosperity. But when she got news that Louis had perished, it was very hard on her, grief was eating in her heart. She grew old.*

*Wilhelm again sent money for the passage to America to his sister Anna, (my mother). But young Anna was afraid of crossing the ocean. "The sea is not planked over," she said smiling, when she told me about it. She got from Wilhelm a big dollar coin in gold, she gave it to her cousin Landow to take care of it. But this cousin, in shortness of money, disposed of it and so the money was lost. The smallest coin, a tiny, tiny gold coin of 1/4 of a dollar, she kept it, this treasure of hers, in safe custody, till the end of her days! After her death this small coin, not precious in money but in remembrance of the love and kindness between sister and brother — Anna and Wilhelm — this small coin was to go back to California! We gave it to my mother's grandchild Dorothea Rouse, when she followed her ancestors way in going abroad, being married to Hunter Rouse.*

*Marie, eldest daughter of the grandparents, was married to a businessman Anton, at Bokenheim near Frankfurt. The Antons went to Argentina and the family never heard again from them. My mother, Anna, had left home to live at her aunt's at Barmen. Aunt Mentel had no children and wanted little Anna to be with her. Grandmother, having Christine, Elise and Charlotte at home, let her go. My mother had a good time in Barmen. She was fond of life in a city and she learned a great deal in the well-off and comfortable house of her aunt. After a couple of years she returned home and soon she married my father, Hermann Bernhard Freudenstein, at that time a businessman at Marburg.*

*Later on my parents moved to Eisenauch and after some years to Gotha. Elise was married to a clergyman Wilhelm Funker, at Hellstim. Christine, frail and a bit hunchbacked like her cousin Heldmann at Webber, and Charlotte, the youngest of the children, took care of the grandparents. Afterwards Charlotte got married to a teacher, Heinrick Foedt. Charlotte is living up to now, in good health, in Brumerhaven, she is now, (1950) in her 84th year. Christine went to Elise's and gave her a helping hand in the big rectory and she died at Hellstim. Elise died in 1931, my mother in 1935.*

*As long as the grandparents lived they felt the love and care of their children. They got letters and gifts and every sign of love and help from America, my parents sent wine and cigars to Grandfather and coffee and things she loved to Granny. Mother told me about so nice a joke she had with her mother: Grandmother was fond of knitting in her last years and never could get enough wool for knitting. To give her a special fun, my mother folded banknotes and rolled round the woolen yarn into a ball. Thus, Granny was very eager to work off — to enjoy the getting of the surprises! The 3 girls, Elise, Christine and Charlotte gave the best care possible to their parents and loved them dearly. After the marriage of Elise, Christine and Charlotte nursed them till the end of their days. Grandmother died in Charlotte's arms, her last words were ". . . I hear the angels sing . . ."*

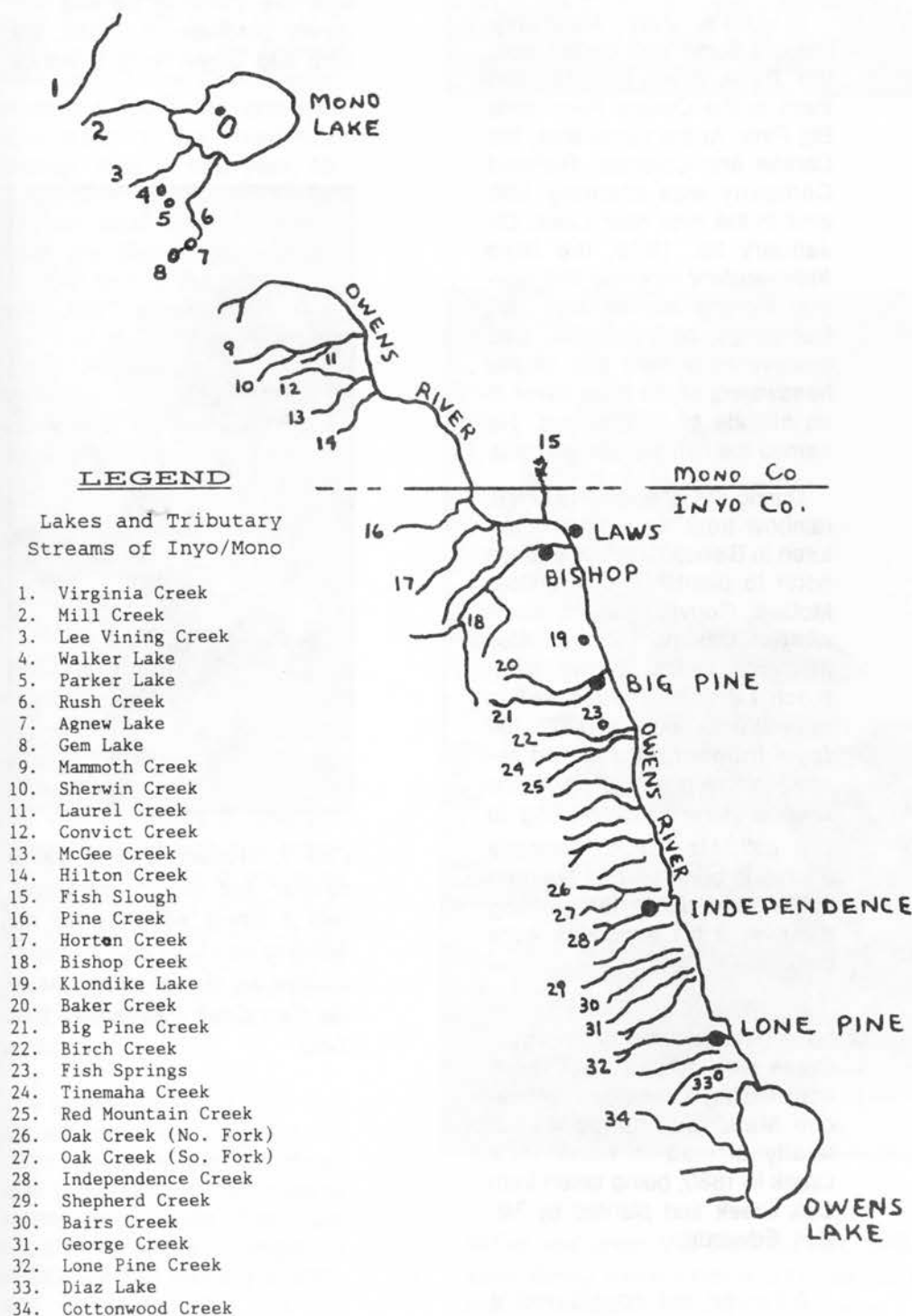
*The grandparents are buried in the churchyard of Webber. ♣*

*(Everything I wrote was told to me: by my mother, Aunt Elise and Aunt Charlotte.)*



# FISH PLANTING IN THE EASTERN SIERRA

by Dave Babb



The Eastern Sierra region of Inyo and Mono Counties, with its 900 miles of streams and scores of lakes, ponds and reservoirs, attracts anglers from throughout the State and beyond. Seasonal fishing for several species of trout is a rewarding experience in the area lakes and streams, while the Owens River in Inyo County is open to yearlong fishing. A warm-water fishery is also available at several ponds in Owens Valley, offering such species as catfish, bass, bluegill, crappie and other sunfish. In all, more than a dozen species of game fish can be found in the waters of the Eastern Sierra, but this has not always been so.

In the early days of settlement in Owens Valley, there were very few species of wildlife found in any abundance, and only four species of native fish — the Owens pupfish, Owens Tui Chub, speckled dace and Owens River sucker — inhabited the Owens River and its tributary streams. Although these fish were small, they occurred in numbers large enough to contribute to the diet of the Native Americans in the Valley. In the Mono Basin, however, the streams were barren.

Details of the earliest trout planting in Mono Basin are sketchy, but it is recorded that the first trout (probably cutthroat) came into the Basin as a result of the diversion of water from Virginia Creek to Mill Creek in Lundy Canyon by a mining company in 1867. It is believed that shortly thereafter, trout were planted in Rush and Lee Vining Creeks. Other recorded plantings were reported in 1895, 1898 and 1903. In 1911, thousands of rainbow, brook and brown trout were stocked in the streams, as well as in Gem, Agnew, Parker and Walker Lakes.

The effort to develop a fishery in the Owens River

drainage met with varying degrees of success, a few failures, and an occasional controversy. Trout did not appear in Owens Valley until 1872, when Mr. J.W. McMurry, a pioneer of Big Pine, brought two dozen rainbow trout from the Kings River and planted them in reservoirs on his property at Fish Springs.

Planting of Owens Valley streams began in earnest in late spring of 1873, when Mr. A.B. Kitchen planted about 60 small rainbow trout in Little Pine Creek (now Independence Creek). The excitement of the prospect of establishing a trout fishery in Owens Valley led to the announcement in the *Inyo Independent*, July 26, 1873, that:

"It is hoped that for the next two years any individual disturbing them (the trout) will be immediately reduced to bait for the benefit of the fish remaining."

In August 1873, rainbow trout from the South Fork Kings River were planted in Big Pine Creek. These fish were also planted by Mr. Kitchen, who brought 200 fish by pack train 58 miles over the Sierra, with 80 fish surviving the trip. Mr. Kitchen was paid \$1.00 for each fish. In the fall of that year, additional rainbows were brought from the Kings River and planted in Baker, Birch, Tinemaha, Red Mountain, Oak, Independence, Shepherd, Bairs and Georges creeks (many of the fish in the latter four creeks were lost in the 1890s due to heavy runoff conditions). To the north, Bishop Creek was stocked with rainbow trout from the Carson City area. Fish were later captured in Bishop Creek and used to stock Horton and Pine Creeks in Round Valley.

By the fall of 1874, Thomas Bell of Big Pine had raised

thousands of rainbow trout from a stock of 10 trout brought from the Kern River the previous year. Mr. Bell was, at that time, building another reservoir (covering three or four acres) to be used for breeding trout. A similar breeding program was started by Steve Gregg, but on a smaller scale. Also in 1874, Mr. A. Thompson brought rainbow trout from the Walker River and planted them in the upper Owens River in Long Valley.

In 1875, J.W. McMurry brought some 400 catfish from the Reno area and planted them in the Owens River near Big Pine. At the same time, the Carson and Colorado Railroad Company was planting 500 trout in the river near Laws. On January 22, 1876, the *Inyo Independent* reported that several months earlier, Mr. J.M. Hutchings, of Yosemite, had discovered a new fish at the headwaters of the Kern River at an altitude of 10,500 feet. He named the fish the golden trout.

During the period of 1877-78, rainbow trout were again captured in Bishop Creek and taken north to plant in Rock, Hilton, McGee, Convict, Laurel, Sherwin and Mammoth Creeks. Also in those years, brown trout (Loch Leven) were planted in several area lakes. In 1878, the *Inyo Independent* called for more planting of catfish in the Owens River. Responding to that call, Mr. T.F.A. Connelly offered to bring several hundred catfish and perch for planting the river if his expenses were paid.

In 1879, Col. Stevens, of Lone Pine, planted Cottonwood Creek with golden trout taken from Mulkey Creek near Monache Meadows; rainbow trout finally arrived in Lone Pine Creek in 1880, being taken from Oak Creek and planted by Mr. E.H. Edwards.

Although not considered a

welcome addition to the fishery by today's fishermen, it is of interest to note that in 1881, Mr. Thomas Jones, of Round Valley, brought approximately \$10,000 worth (10,000!) of carp from San Bernardino to stock in local ponds. Carp were originally introduced into California in 1872, when five individuals were imported from Holstein, Germany, to Sonoma County. The species was to be raised in large numbers for food. This was the thinking behind Mr. Jones' purchase. By 1882, the carp had grown from 6 inches



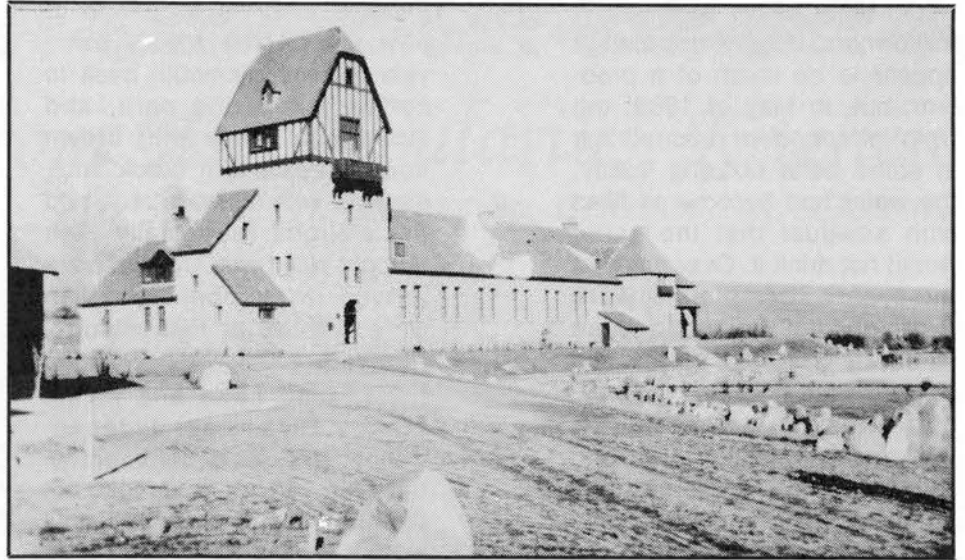
*Carl J. Walters, Owens Valley rancher and ardent sportsman, was a strong advocate for the hatchery on Oak Creek. He later assisted in the establishment of the Fern Creek Hatchery at June Lake.*

to 18 inches in length and many were stocked in ponds in the Bishop area, with nearly 80 being released into the lower elevations of Bishop Creek. Mr. Jones said he would supply the whole country with fresh fish by the following year.

In 1884, the Owens River fishery suffered a minor setback when it was found that very few fish remained in the river south of Bishop due to alkali in the river water. To compensate for this loss, Mr. G.T. Mills, representing the Nevada Fish and Game Commission, planted 6,000 brook and rainbow trout in the river near Bishop. Also in that year, Mr. Charles Wonnacott stocked several local lakes with trout from the San Joaquin River. Another loss of fish occurred in early 1887, when reports were received that catfish in some sloughs near Big Pine were dying by the thousands. The cause was unknown. Water in the river had a red tinge but the fish in the river were not affected. In May, Mr. Phil Kehoe transplanted 700 catfish from the affected areas to Fish Slough, eight miles north of Bishop.

The Nevada Fish and Game Commission returned to the Valley in 1888 and planted 7,000 brook and rainbow trout in Big Pine Creek. This planting met with little success, however. Because of the high flow conditions that year and the poor condition of the planted trout, the fish did not do well at all. Few of the brook trout were ever caught and all were gone from the stream within a few years.

A situation arose in 1889 that caused concern throughout the State — namely, the loss of fish due to sawdust in the streams below lumber mills. The state legislature made it illegal to empty sawdust into any stream, and violation of the new law



*Before and after: The beautiful Mt. Whitney Fish Hatchery near Independence during construction in 1917 and as it looks now, as it is being considered for designation as a visitor center.*



would bring heavy penalties to mill owners. Locally, this did not appear to be much of a problem; but, in May of 1889, the *Inyo Independent* reported that in some parts of Long Valley, the water had become so filled with sawdust that the cattle would not drink it. Over the next five years, complaints were received that trout had been killed by sawdust in the Big Pine Canyon area and in Mammoth Creek. In the latter case, however, it was later found that the dead fish were actually above the mill and the cause was cyanide from tailings.

The turn of the century saw increasing talk about stocking largemouth bass in the Valley. For several years, "talk" is about all that happened, but the talk did prompt an officer of the State Fish and Game Commission to advise Valley citizens against planting bass in the Owens River because of the probability that they would clean out the existing trout and catfish — and even carp. In 1906, something did, in fact, clean out most of the fish in a 10-mile stretch of the Owens River south of Laws bridge. The cause, however, was said to be from a "black barnyard ooze" seeping from the river banks. The Valley citizens finally got their way when shipments of largemouth bass arrived in the Valley in 1908.

One of the most intensive programs of fish planting yet seen in the Valley occurred during 1908. The year began with reports that the trout appeared to be thinning out in all the local streams, and especially in Bishop Creek due to the construction of hydroelectric power facilities. In the summer, all of the local streams were planted with three varieties of trout from the Sisson Hatchery. In September, Deputy Fish Commissioner Shaeffle met with Valley citizens, and a program was for-

mulated to bring a carload of new fish to the Valley each year, plant largemouth bass to compete with the carp, and stock local lakes with brown trout, streams with brook trout, the river with rainbow trout, and the sloughs (especially Fish Slough) with bass. Cans of bass arrived in October, and fish were planted at Fish Slough, Klondike Lake, Fish Springs Lake, Diaz Lake and in the Owens River near Independence. The next shipment of bass arrived in November but the cans were almost empty (one can marked "500" contained only 26 fish and another only 80). The total shipment yielded only 400 fish to be planted from Fish Slough to Lone Pine. Shipment of bass continued into the fall of 1909.

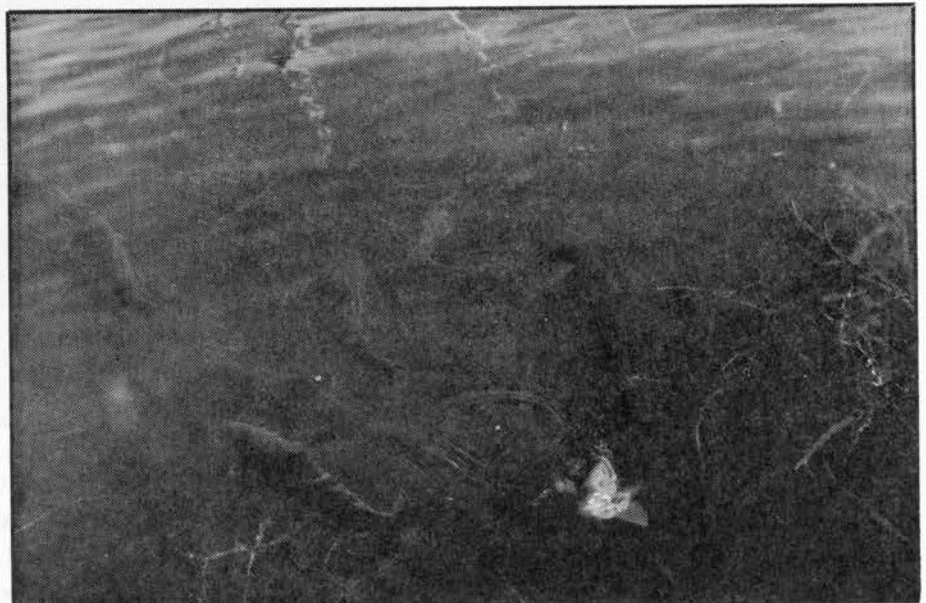
About that time, officials in both Inyo and Mono counties began to request that a fish hatchery be built to be able to supply the growing needs of fishermen in the area. In May 1910, the State Fish and Game Commission reached the conclusion that a fish hatchery would not work in Inyo County. But after much discussion on the matter, the State received land on Oak Creek in November 1915, and the Mt. Whitney Hatchery was constructed.

Soon, the hatchery was producing more than three million trout annually to be planted in Eastern Sierra waters, and by the late 1920s, additional rearing ponds were constructed at Hot Creek in Mono County, where the trout grew twice as fast as those at any other facility.

In 1930, new species (bluegill and crappie) were introduced into the Valley at the request of the Big Pine Chamber of Commerce.

News of the tremendous Eastern Sierra fishery spread rapidly and the region began to boom as a recreation center. In fact, to promote tourism in the region, the Owens River gorge was dubbed "The Grand Canyon of California."

By the early 1940s, two more hatcheries were operating in Inyo County (at Blackrock and Fish Springs) and, as a result of the extension of the Los Angeles Aqueduct into the Mono Basin, Grant Lake and Crowley Lake reservoirs were constructed and a new fish hatchery was built at Hot Creek. The dream of a few pioneers had become a reality when nationally known guide Morris Harlen announced that fishing in the Owens River country was now the "best on the continent."





# From An Arcularius Kitchen

Thanks to Genevieve A. Clement



## AN OLD-COUNTRY CAKE RECIPE

3 cups brown sugar  
8 cups flour  
3 cups lard  
2 cups molasses  
5 cups yeast  
1 pint chopped citron  
3 pounds seedless raisins  
3 pounds currants  
3 pounds seeded raisins  
2 teaspoons cinnamon  
1 teaspoon cloves  
2 teaspoons allspice  
2 teaspoons nutmeg  
flavoring

Mix the same as bread. Let rise overnight, then bake.



## KARTOFFELKLOESEE (or potato dumplings)

Boil as many potatoes in jackets as would be sufficient for the number of persons to be served. Do not cook too soft — mealy potatoes are best, and should be cooked the day before. Rice potatoes, add 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons shortening, 2 heaping tablespoons flour, salt to taste, nutmeg and grated onion, if desired.

Roll into balls and boil in salted boiling water.

Especially good with pot roasts and sauerbraten roasts.

## GOOSEBERRY PICKLE

6 quarts gooseberries  
9 pounds sugar  
1 pint vinegar  
1 tablespoon cinnamon  
cloves and allspice

Put gooseberries in kettle with  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the sugar and a little water. Boil for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours, when gooseberries are nearly done, add the rest of the sugar. Set off stove and add spice and vinegar. Bottle for storing.





### LEBKUCHEN (German Cookies)

1 cup white sugar  
1 cup brown sugar  
¼ cup wine  
1 tablespoon syrup  
1 teaspoon cloves  
1 teaspoon allspice  
1½ cup sliced almonds  
1 cup chopped citron  
3 cups flour  
¼ pound butter  
2 tablespoons baking powder and 2 eggs

Beat eggs and brown sugar well. Stir in syrup, then add dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Stir in almonds and citron. Chill. Best if chilled overnight. Roll out on floured board, cut your favorite pattern, and bake in moderate oven.



### SCRAPPLE

*(The all time favorite of the old recipes — in fact it is a must for Christmas breakfast)*

There was no recipe per se for the scrapple as the older cooks had a very keen sense of proportion without using measuring utensils. My fondness for scrapple made me realize I would have to learn to make it if I was to have it for Christmas breakfast. So my mother and Aunt Lottee Arcularius took me through the steps of its preparation many times and tried to establish cup measurements for me.

They used a hog's head and my generation uses pork shoulder meat; that is, except for my daughter Lura, who wanted to make scrapple for Christmas one year and announced she was going to make it the proper way, with a hog's head. All went well until she started getting the tasty morsels from the head, and that did it! She took the whole lot out and buried it in a field nearby — thus ending Lura's scrapple making.

The recipe as established follows:

Boil a hog's head or pork shoulder meat well covered with water, salt and whole black pepper until it is very tender.

Save liquid and grind the meat to be used in these proportions: 3 cups liquid to 1 cup corn meal and 3 cups ground meat.

Cook corn meal in liquid until it becomes very thick. Add meat and continue cooking slowly until a wooden spoon will stand straight up in the mixture. Then add to suit your taste sage, thyme, and marjoram. Continue to cook slowly for herbs to blend.

Pour into low rimmed pans and chill until firm. Cut into slices about ½ inch thick and fry in a heated pan slightly oiled. (Pam works well.) Cook until crisp on both sides. During the years hominy grits mixed with the corn meal has proven to give a nice texture to the scrapple.

If a batch does not turn out well, I have my Aunt Lottee to thank for the reason. She always said, "It's the corn meal; they don't grind it like they used to!"

Charles Hillinger, L.A. Times columnist, quotes Kenneth Finkel, Philadelphia author and "pied piper of the Philadelphia paté:"

"Scrapple is a Philadelphia tradition. It's the leftover scraps of pig, everything but the oink, with cornmeal, buckwheat and spices thrown in. Try it with eggs, you'll love it.

"Scrapple's roots go back to medieval times to Holland and North Germany where remnants of butchered pigs were made into a meat pudding. This practice was brought to the New World, especially to Philadelphia.

"Once here, the Pennsylvania Dutch went a few steps further. They added cornmeal, buckwheat, sage, cloves and other spices."

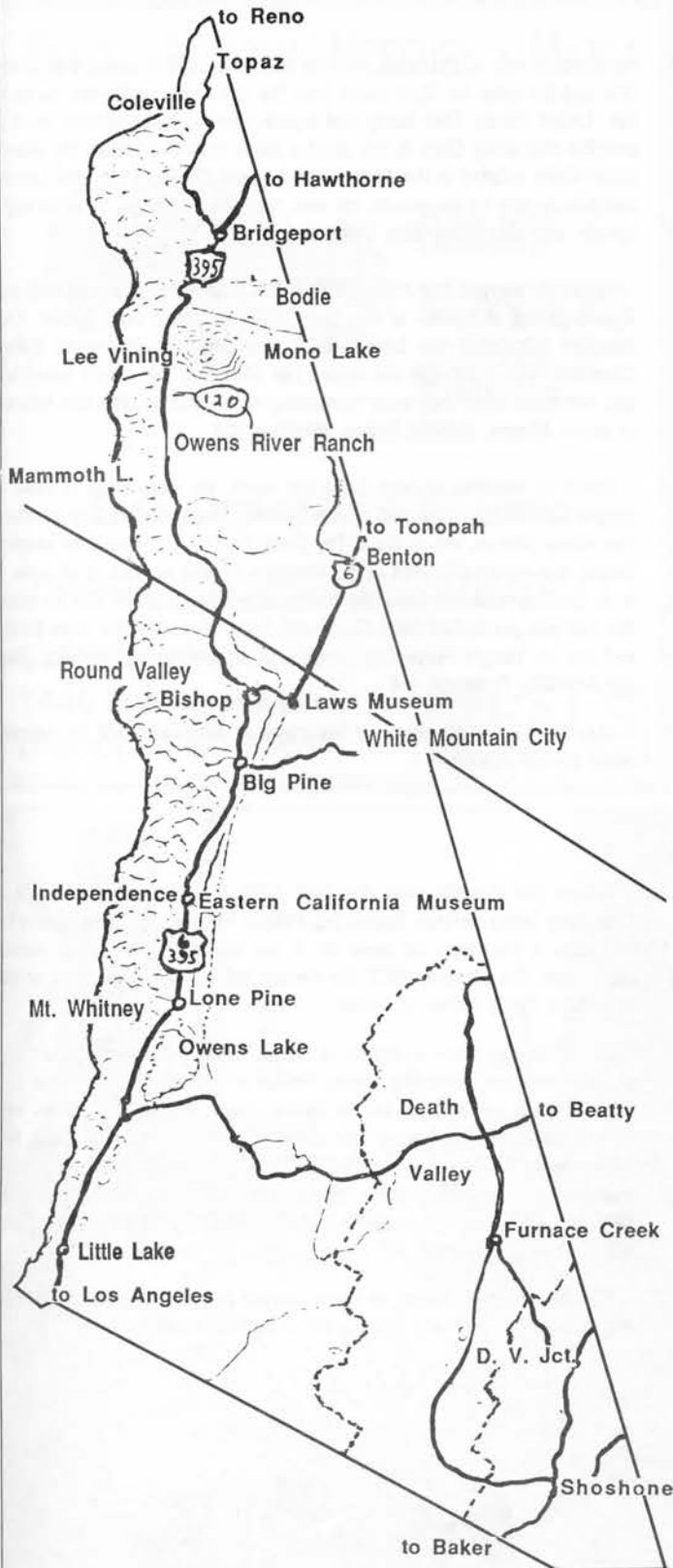
"Poetry and songs have been written about scrapple," says Hillinger. "For example this bit of doggerel from William M. Bunn's 'Some After Dinner Speeches' was published in Philadelphia in 1906:

'This world is a fleeting show,  
Since Adam ate the apple,  
Its smiles of joy, its tears of woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow -  
There's nothing true but -  
Scrapple'."





# MONO COUNTY



# INYO COUNTY



With Vol. II, No. 4, our eighth issue, representing two years of effort, we've decided we're really a magazine.

THE ALBUM is different. We believe history is in the eye of the beholder and the best story tellers aren't afraid to throw in the legends. We don't believe in breaking up the mood of a tale with "continued on page 18" or by mixing ads in the text. We don't use color, because old photos were not in color.

All this makes THE ALBUM sort of homespun, a folksy collection of treasured family journals, memories, and stories heard at Grandma's house (or sitting on the steps when the grownups didn't remember we could hear through the screen door), mixed with research and exploration. So how did such a publication get started?

It didn't grow out of an editorial conclave designed to think up new things to publish. It didn't grow out of a brainstorming session by the accounting staff. It started over coffee in Barbara Moore's kitchen, with Pete Doughtie, Chalfant Press general manager, talking about how he and other newcomers (outsiders, flatlanders and such) didn't know a whole lot about the history of the Eastern Sierra, and since they were really interested, someone ought to be publishing an historical journal.

We progressed from there into arguments over what constituted historical journalism, who might care to read it, where to find experts to research and write it, and why wouldn't it be more fun — and more interesting — to collect the living memories of the people who lived it or heard it firsthand. And why not a bit of both scholarly research and twice-told tales?

Little by little, THE ALBUM, TIMES AND TALES OF INYO-MONO came to life. It was when I said, "I think this is a great idea," that Pete produced his ha-ha grin and said, "Yes, and *you* are going to do it."

Thanks for accepting THE ALBUM so enthusiastically, folks. And I hope you've noticed our sponsors — wrapped around us, appropriately — who also care about the beautiful Eastern Sierra. It's their contribution that has allowed us to expand THE ALBUM without expanding your costs. It would be nice if you'd drop in and thank them. — Jane

# Letters to the Editor

## CORRECTION

If there's one thing that assures an editor of plenty of calls and letters, it's making a great big, horrible, horrendous, embarrassing mistake. Which we did. (And thank goodness for the editorial "we" — I certainly wouldn't want to admit I did it myself.) In our July issue WE gave Babe Rossi Harwood credit for her sister Estelle's story of her growing up years. Both stories were written by Estelle Rossi Screen. WE have a reason, but WE doubt that it constitutes an excuse.

It was also brought to our attention that the photo on page 3, identified as Jay and Estelle Fansler and family, is of Maynard Rossi, Harvey Rossi, Estelle Fansler (Screen), and Alma Rossi holding Warren Fansler; standing in front of Estelle are Buddy Fansler and Virginia (Babe) Rossi (Harwood).

Regardless of author, the Rossi family stories are myriad and represent a cross-section of the whole history of this area, so Babe's story will be printed later.

## INFORMATION, PLEASE

I am writing to enquire if you have any information about the history around Big Pine, CA during the gold rush days which might describe activities and events relating to the family of my great-grandfather Grover who the family history has it ran a stage coach stop at Big Pine . . .

It is also my understanding that he drove a 40-mule team hauling Borax. A great aunt, whose name was Emily, years ago recounted for me a story that occurred at the hotel in Big Pine and involved the barn catching on fire while a stage was visiting and the travelers were staying over. Apparently, someone had left a loaded pistol on a window sill. The heat of the fire discharged it and it went over the head of a short man who was helping grandfather Grover haul things out of the barn and the bullet landed in grandpa Grover's abdomen. As luck would have it, there was a doctor on the stage who stayed and nursed my great-grandfather back to health and then went on his way to San Francisco.

I am writing at this time to ask if you may know of any other information about the hotel or the family in those days. I appreciate any information you can give me . . .

Coincidentally, I should mention that I have had the pleasure of reading your publication entitled "The Album — Times and Tales of Arcularius Ranch" and I found it delightful. **Carter V. Multz, M.D., F.A.C.P., San Jose**

*If anyone has information, we will be glad to forward it to Dr. Multz.*

## COMMENTS AND ADDENDUM

Would enjoy more about Independence and Lone Pine as those are times I know best. It's all interesting though. **None A. Longwell, Ocean-side, CA**

*We would enjoy publishing more stories about Independence and Lone Pine. Where are the writers?*

Just a note to add to your article about the Rev. Andrew Clark (Vol. I, No. 3, page 2). It referred to Otis Clark. His father was Ira Clark whose father, also Ira Clark, owned a ranch to the northeast of Laws and watered the fields from water that came out of Silver Canyon. My parents owned a

ranch some way to the north, and my mother's maiden name was Clark. She and the older Ira Clark came from the first Clark family that came to the United States. This family had twelve sons — no daughters, so it is possible that every Clark in the country came from that family. My grandfather Clark enlisted in the Army when he was 17, and President Lincoln had him as one of his guards. He was supposed to be on duty the night Lincoln was shot. **Mrs. Wm. Utter, Sr., Bishop, CA**

We really enjoyed The Album, Vol. II, No. 2 as my husband Murrell and I were raised at Keeler at the Soda Mill two miles from Keeler. Our daughter (Charlotte) was born in Lone Pine and Mrs. Hilderman (Lillian Charlotte) always thought we named her after her. We dearly loved her and her news item. They were "something else" at times. We look forward to future Albums. **Connie Evans, Redding, CA**

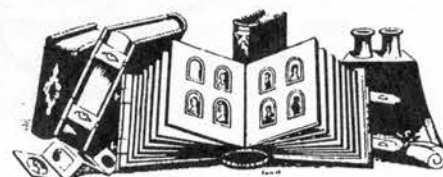
When on vacation at June Lake last week, we were lucky to meet a couple from Bishop, Ray and Arlene Steffen. They were so nice to share The Album with us, Vol. II, No. 3 The Rossi Family . . . Thanks for keeping history of a remarkable area at the fingertips of your readers of all ages. It is so great to read and know the history of an area that we visit so often. We had just purchased Gold, Guns and Ghost Towns a few days before and last trip bought Horseshoe Canyon, all very enjoyable readings. **Gerald Marsilio, Torrance, CA**

*Ray Steffen's own story of his days at Aberdeen will be coming soon in The Album.*

I have just recently seen the April 1989 edition of the Album, at a Cederburg family reunion, August 26, 1989 in Prescott, AZ. The reason for this letter is the photo on page 39. If you are interested in the correct information, the photo is NOT the Keeler School. It is the steps of the Cederburg family home, in Keeler.

The photo was taken on March 31, 1929. The occasion was the birthday of Julia Cederburg (now Mrs. Harley Phillips of Bishop). Her father had told her that when her birthday fell on Easter, it was a special occasion. Her father died in 1928 but when her birthday came on Easter in 1929, her mother Mary Cederburg and older brother Ivar saw to it that her birthday was special. Hence, this photo. Her birthday will again fall on Easter in 1991 and we again hope to make it special. **Marian Phillips Downs (Julia's daughter), Prescott, AZ**

*We are not only happy to have correct information, but delight in responses that add any bits to the historical record.*



# EASTERN SIERRA MOTORS

FORD • LINCOLN / MERCURY • MAZDA



BRONCO

**SALES  
SERVICES  
PARTS**

**DAILY RENTALS & LEASING**

**"WHERE THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS #1"**

619/873-4291

1440 No. Sierra Hwy  
Bishop CA. 93514



**"OPEN DAILY"**

**BREAKFAST**

**LUNCH**

**DINNER**

**7 am - 8 pm**

**Mon. - Tues 7am - 2pm**

**DAILY  
SPECIALS**

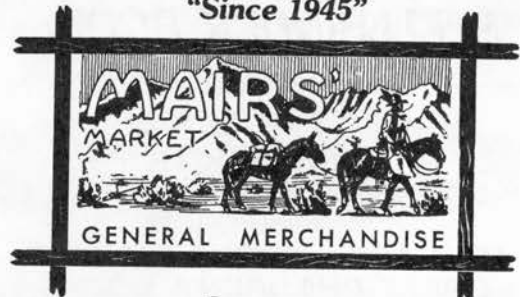
**CATERING**

**SPECIAL  
OCCASIONS**

**878-2091**

**305 SO. EDWARDS INDEPENDENCE CA**

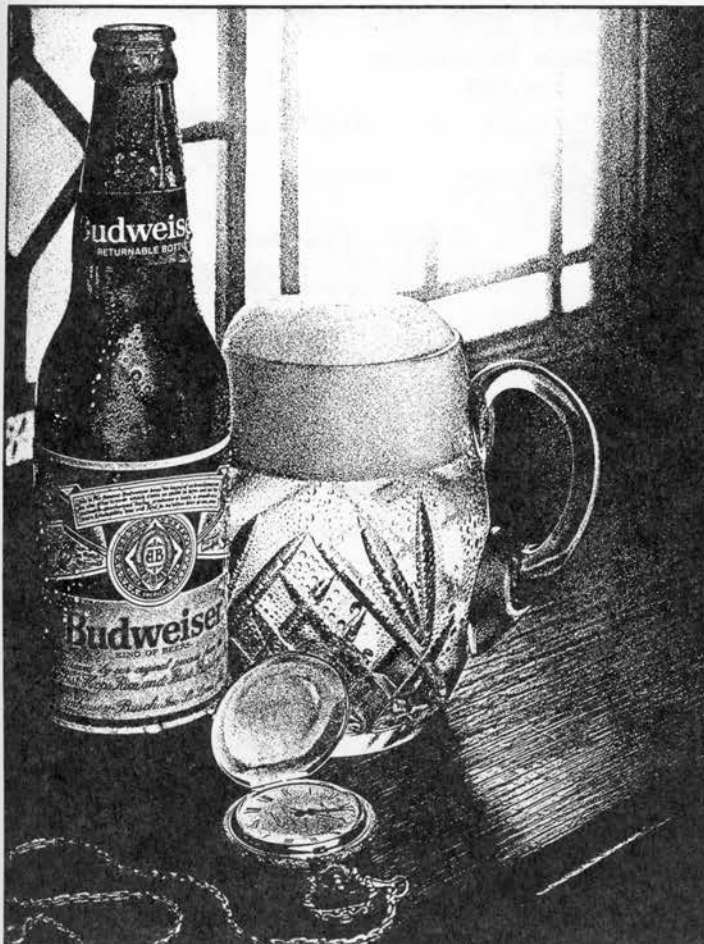
**"Since 1945"**



**"WHERE THE PIONEER SPIRIT LIVES"**

**Independence, California**

**(619) 878-2169**



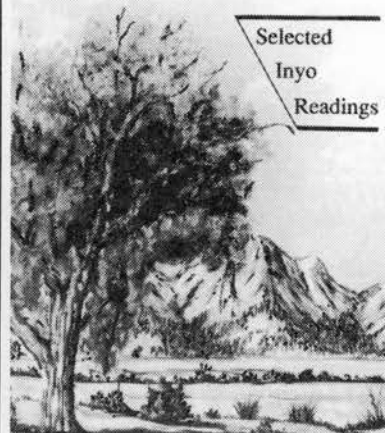
## VISIT INYO COUNTY'S EASTERN CALIFORNIA MUSEUM

*A Great Gift Idea*

**MOUNTAINS  
TO  
DESERT**

Selected  
Inyo  
Readings

- Natural History
- The Politics of California Water
- Fish Hatcheries
- History of Fort Independence
- First Woman on Mt. Whitney

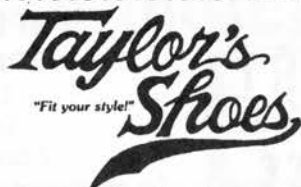


**—Mountains to Desert—**

*Now available throughout the Eastern Sierra  
or order direct from:*

**Friends of the Eastern California Museum  
P.O. Box 33, Independence, CA 93526**





Some of our best lines:

**SORELS • WOLVERINE • LA GEAR  
HI-TEC • BRITISH KNIGHTS • NIKE**

**Women's Sizes 4-11 • Men's Sizes 6-15**

The Eastern Sierra's #1 in Selection & Service

**—872-5583—**

**298 N. Main Bishop, CA 93514**

**Rich's  
BITCHES**  
136 West Line St.  
Bishop CA. 93514  
619/873-5966



**Quality Sportswear for Guys & Gals**

## SPELLBINDER BOOKS

"Literate Bookstore"

•  
LOCAL BOOKS  
BOOKS OF THE OLD WEST

•  
NEW AGE • BOOKS ON TAPE  
GREAT CHILDREN'S BOOKS

**(619) 873-4511**

124 N. Main

Bishop, CA 93514

## ... from Yesterday



**HIGH COUNTRY ANTIQUES**

Member N.A.D.A.

2293 No. Sierra Hwy.  
Bishop CA. 619/873-5509



2208 No. Sierra Hwy.  
Bishop CA.  
619-873-8527

**Antique Hotel**

Antiques & Collectibles



**BILL  
BOWLES  
& ASSOCIATES**

INSURANCE BROKERS • RISK MANAGERS

**EST. 1953**

**BISHOP OFFICE**

Mike & Bill Bowles

**RIDGECREST OFFICE**

Jim Bowles

701 Balsam Street • Ridgecrest, Calif. 93555 • (619) 375-8666  
162 E. Line St., P.O. Box 876 • Bishop, CA 93514 • (619) 873-5871

Complete Automotive  
Service



24HR. TOWING

**MR. K AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE**

Roger W. Rogers  
Owner

873-7149 / 872-7611

175 W. Grove  
Bishop, CA 93514

# HALL'S

## FURNITURE

**Flooring • Carpet**

286 No. Warren St., Bishop, CA 93514  
(619) 873-7788 Owners: Larry & Janice



— FEATURING —

**AUBREY™  
ORGANICS**

**Holmes Health Haven**

*Our 19th year of serving you!*

Natural & Vegetarian Foods  
Dietetic Foods • Cosmetics  
Vitamin Supplements • Mail Order

**HEALTH INFORMATION CENTER**

192 WEST LINE ST. — BISHOP, CA 93514 — (619) 872-5571





P.O. Box 835  
Mammoth Lakes, CA 93546  
619-934-7525

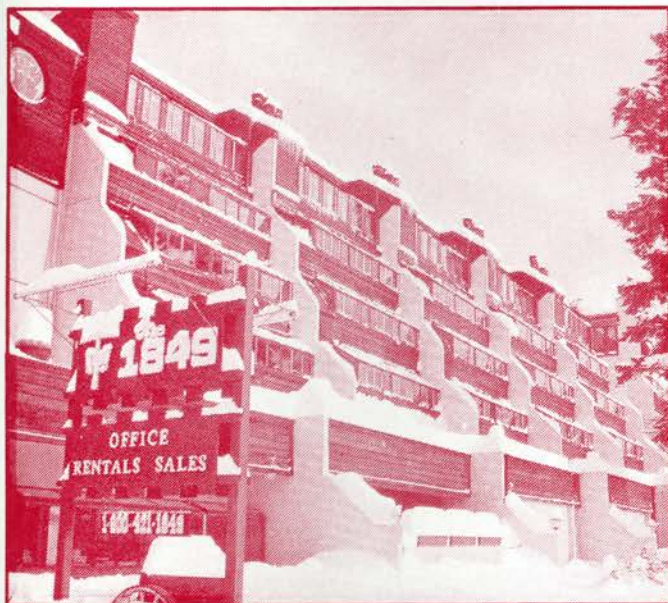
*Nothing Compares!*

Walk to Ski Lifts  
At Warming Hut II

*Luxurious 1, 2, 3 & 4 bedroom  
Rental Condominium Units.*

Summer Off Season Rates.  
Stay 5 Nites – 6th Nite Free!

*Conference Room Available*



**1-800-421-1849**

Southern California only

**PETROLANE**

**'The Clean Air Fuel'**  
*Featuring*

**Sales & Service on Propane**

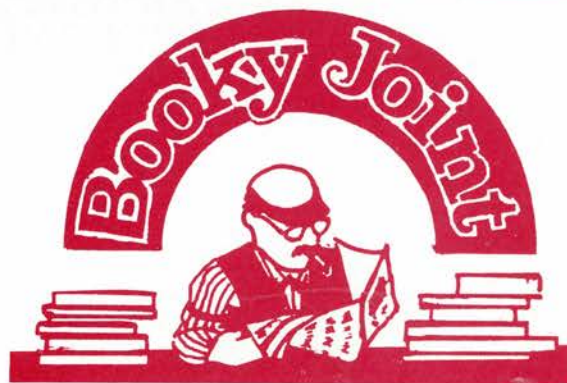
- Refrigerators • Heaters
- Water Heaters • Ranges & BBQs

**Save Every Day By  
Operating Propane Appliances**  
*(Come In and we'll show you how)*

**Petrolane Gas Service Inc.**

455 S. Main St.  
BISHOP, CA  
(619) 873-3559

470089 Laurel Mt. Rd.  
MAMMOTH LAKES, CA  
(619) 934-2213



**ONE STOP ENTERTAINMENT CENTER**

*Cassettes • Records • Books  
Magazines • Stereo Systems  
Televisions • VCR & Video Rentals*

**Mono County's  
Largest Selection  
of Local History Books**

**Minaret Village Shopping Center  
Mammoth Lakes**

Books (619) 934-3240 • Videos (619) 934-2176