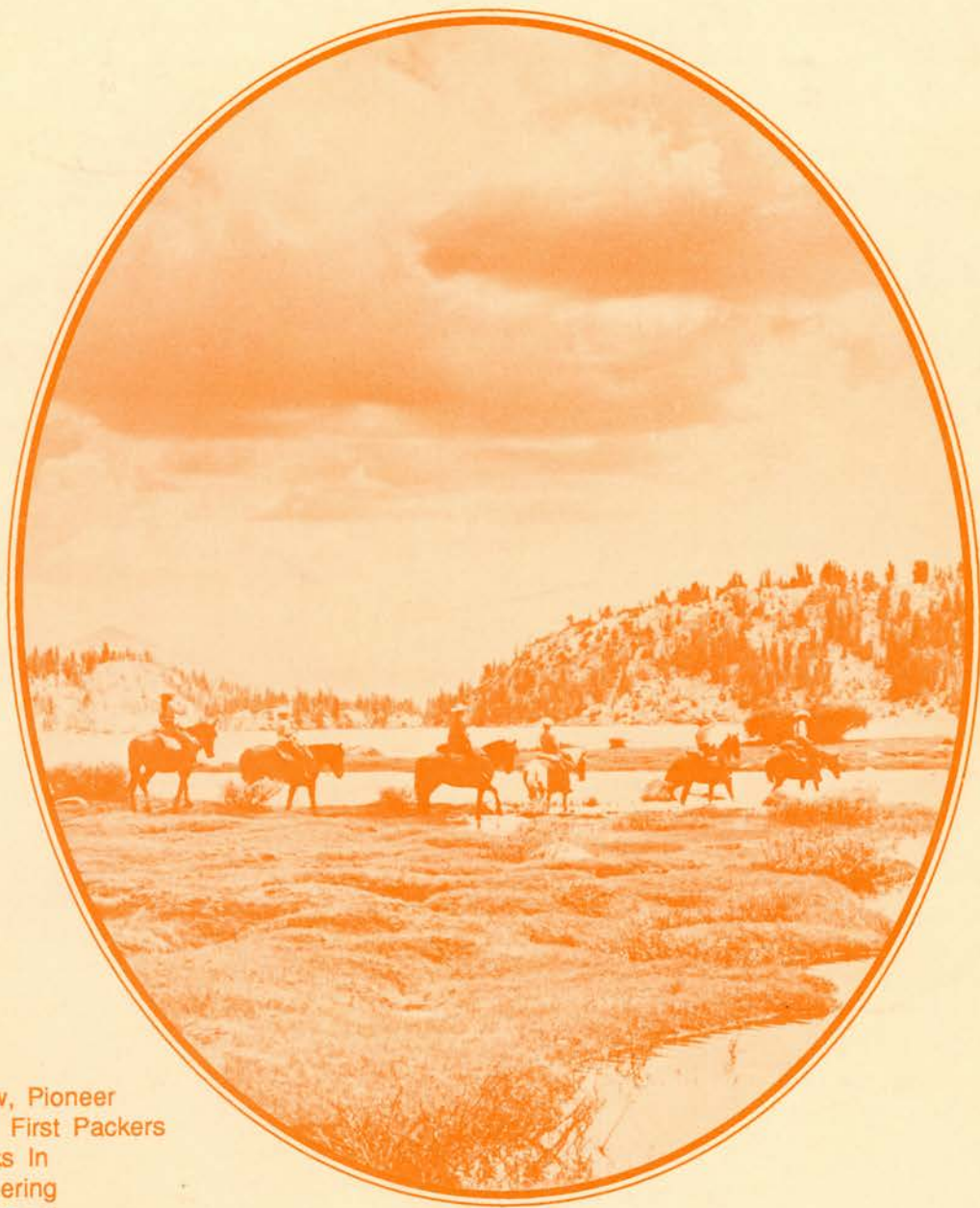


The Album

Times & Tales of Inyo-Mono

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

Vol. III, No. 3



Inside:

Frank Shaw, Pioneer
Mammoth's First Packers
A Kid Packs In
Wood Gathering
Lost in Cartago!
A Look Back at Owens Valley

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THE ALBUM, Times and Tales of Inyo-Mono

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Cover: A water crossing in the high country. Marshy water underfoot with a heavy cloud cover above puts a rider in touch with real weather. Kelsey photo.

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

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

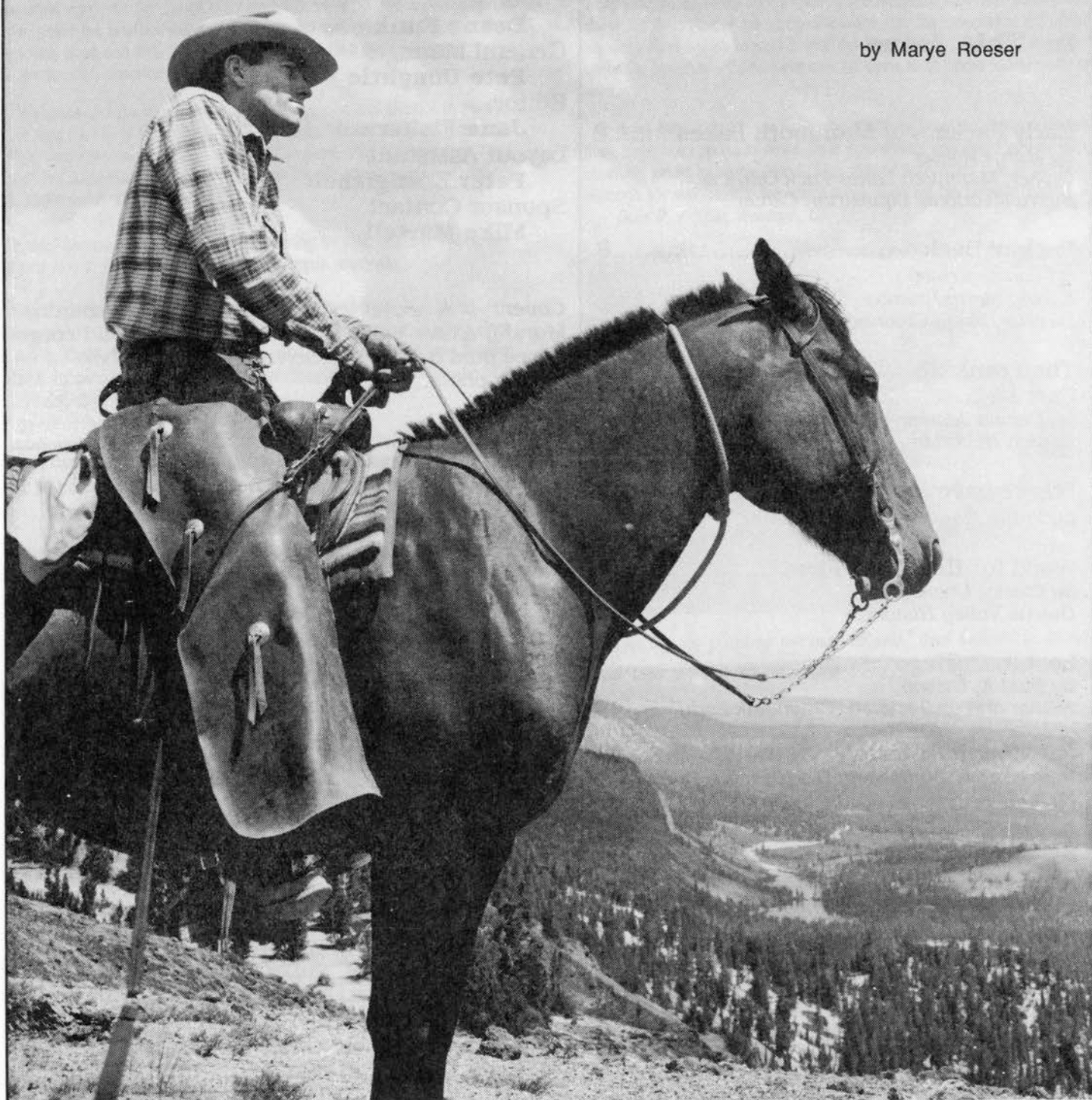
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EARLY PACKERS ***of Mammoth Lakes Sierra***

by Marye Roeser



Mammoth Crest Rim. Lou Roeser, 1952. L.A. City Recreation and Parks Dept. photo.

Wooden pack saddles still creak in rhythm to the clink of steel horseshoes on rocky granite trails leading into the craggy Sierra Nevada Mountains of the Mammoth Lakes Sierra. Rugged packers carefully tend their sturdy animals carrying loads of supplies over narrow trails pioneered by Indian travelers countless centuries ago. The packing industry in the Eastern Sierra had its beginning in the early 1860s and the "mule packers" with their strings of saddle and pack animals look much the same today as they did in those days long past.

Packing in Mammoth Lakes area has a long and colorful history. When gold fever and the search for the lost cement mines reached the Eastern Sierra, miners flocked in from the west side, following gold's siren call. Interest centered on the mountain we presently know as Red Mountain but in 1877 it was called Gold Mountain, or Mineral Hill, by the ever-hopeful miners and prospectors. Claims were filed on the north and west sides of the rich lode and the mining excitement began. The richest claims were worked by the Mammoth Mining Co. and the region took its name from this mine.

Miners were not the first people occupying and enjoying the scenic region known as Mammoth Lakes and the Lakes Basin. Various bands of Indian people, the northern Owens Valley Paiutes, lived in the area during the summer months hunting, harvesting seeds, and gathering willows for the superb baskets they constructed. Arrowheads, tools, grinding rocks and broken pieces of worked obsidian give evidence of their presence.

The Paiute Indians traded extensively with the Miwok Indians from the west slope of the Sierras, meeting at the Casa Diablo Hot Springs where they camped by the steaming springs. The trail across Mammoth Pass to the west was an important trade route. The Paiutes of the Eastern Sierra traded salt, obsidian, and pinenuts in exchange for acorns, manzanita berries, and sea shells brought by the western Miwoks.

During the Owens Valley Indian Wars of the 1960s, Joaquin Jim, chief of the Northern Owens Valley Paiutes, headquartered in Long Valley. He reportedly was a renegade Fresno Indian escaping from the troubles on the west slope, using Mammoth Pass Trail to join the Paiutes in their fight against the white settlers.

When gold was discovered on Red Mountain, several little towns immediately sprang up. Mammoth City was located on the north side of Red Mountain, while Mill City and Mineral Park were located further down the mountain to the east. Pine City grew up along the little creek on the west side north of Summit Lake, as Lake Mary was originally named.

Log cabins quickly sprang up in Pine City, perhaps as many as twenty, along with hotels, saloons and the Pine City Feed and Livery Stable. The livery stable was located approximately on the present site of the Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit. It advertised a corral with pas-

ture attached, and hay and grain for sale, in the Mammoth Herald newspaper in 1879.

The Owens Valley was first settled in the early 1860s when Aurora became the booming mining town of the Eastern Sierra. Ranchers trailed their herds to Adobe Valley and Long Valley to supply the new mining towns with meat. Packers hauled produce, eggs, milk and butter from the Owens Valley farms and ranches by pack strings before the trails were improved for use by freight wagons.

In 1878, J.S. French built a toll trail across the Sierra, following old established Indian routes to the new gold strikes. The Fresno Trail began at Fresno Flats (now the town of Oakhurst) 46 miles from Fresno, passed by such historic landmarks as Jackass Meadows, Clover Meadows, Soldier Meadow, and crossed the North Fork of the San Joaquin River. From there, the trail would up the Granite Stairway to King Creek and Summit Meadows and down to the Middle Fork of the San Joaquin River, over Mammoth Pass past Horseshoe Lake to Pine City, ending at Mammoth City.

This trail was also called the French Trail after J.S. French who constructed the 1878 trail. French offered twice-weekly pack train service from Fresno Flats to the new gold mines for \$15, and up to 20 pounds of luggage could be carried. The Pine City Feed and Livery Stable also advertised regular pack train trips to Fresno Flats. The Fresno Flats Saddle Trains departed from the Monumental Hotel on Central Mammoth Avenue in Mammoth City on Tuesday and Friday, leaving at 5 a.m. for the 54 mile journey. Travel and transportation of supplies and machinery for the new boom towns and mines depended on the sure-footed pack strings of mules and horses.

In April of 1879, a Fresno paper announced that the trail would be made into a wagon road, to cost \$40,000. A Visalia newspaper reported that J.C. Sherwin of Bishop, California had filed a map in Fresno County of the route from Fresno Flats to Pine City. During the summer months, supplies would be packed into the new mining camps from the San Joaquin Valley.

Famous teamster, Remi Nadeau, kept 16 to 20 oxen in a big log corral out in Windy Flat near Hidden Lake. The ox team hauled freight and lumber to the mining camps. The old Sherwin Grade Wagon Road was constructed as a toll road by James Sherwin for hauling goods and equipment to the new mines.

As with other mining booms, the mines failed, and in 1881 the miners left, the towns declined and eventually became ghost towns. A few miners and prospectors continued to work the claims, living in the abandoned cabins. "Old" Charlie Albright lived in Pine City in 1889, working a wooden arrasta near Lake Mary and occupying a cabin at the edge of the meadow. There were perhaps twenty log cabins still in Pine City at that time,

located up and down the small creek. The forests had been heavily logged and thinned out during construction of the mines and towns, and the present thick forest is second growth timber. The meadows were more extensive then and "Old" Charlie cut hay for his two burros in the nearby meadows while flourishing wild strawberry plants provided him with strawberry shortcake.

The Fresno Flats Trail continued to be an important thoroughfare across the Sierra, used particularly by livestock men driving their herds of cattle and sheep into the high mountains for summer grazing. The California drought of 1876 and 1877 pushed central valley livestock into the mountains where the lush grass fed the hungry herds. In the early 1900s Indians from the west still journeyed across the mountains to Casa Diablo Hot Springs where they enjoyed the hot springs, building sweat houses and sagebrush lodges nearby.

In the 1870s Charlie and John Summers, from Sierra Valley near Downieville, moved into the Eastern Sierra. Charlie was a cowboy for Tom Rickey, later becoming foreman of Rickey's Long Valley and Owens Valley holdings. The two Summers brothers purchased ranches from Whitmore and C.B. Rawson, which included land from Benton Crossing to Casa Diablo, Laurel and Sherwin Creek. Charlie Summers' ranch headquarters were near Laurel and Sherwin Creeks and he built the cabin that is still standing in the aspen grove by Laurel Creek. John Summers built the cabin, near the Sheriff's substation, now owned by the Miller and Wood Ranch Company.

Charlie and John Summers had a cattle ranching partnership with Frank Butler, stepson of Jim Butler, founder of Tonopah, Nevada. Their cattle ranged from Long Valley to the Panamint Range and China Lake. In the spring, part of the herds were driven to the Summers' Mammoth area ranches over the Rickey Trail. Cattle were then trailed to Fish Creek, deep in the heart of the mountains, for summer grazing. Packers and pack strings carried the gear and supplies for the cowboys' summer camps.

Charlie Summers was cattle foreman for Thomas B. Rickey, owner of Rickey Land and Cattle Co. Rickey was an early Inyo-Mono cattle baron owning and leasing land from Antelope Valley in northern Mono County to

Big Pine, as well as Nevada. He owned 18,000 acres in Long Valley and huge herds of cattle. In 1905, he sold his Long Valley Ranch to Fred Eaton who was operating as an agent for the City of Los Angeles. Crowley Lake now covers parts of Rickey's ranch.

Charlie and his wife, Elizabeth, raised three sons, Lloyd, Len and "Young" Charlie. In 1911, Lloyd married Sybil McGee, daughter of early pioneer cattleman Alney McGee, and they built the cabin along Sherwin Creek, where their son, Verne, and his family still live each summer.

Alney Lee McGee, the father of Sybil Summers, had arrived with his family in the Eastern Sierra in 1861 driving a herd of cattle from Tulare County. Alney and his brother Bart trailed cattle to the mining camps of Aurora, Bodie and Mammoth in the early mining days. Alney was a long time rancher in Inyo and Mono owning a ranch in Long Valley that he later sold to Rickey. The McGee headquarters were on McGee Creek and an early stage stop was located there. The old Rincon Corals were the site of many round-ups and brandings. Cattle and sheep were trailed into the mountains over McGee and Hopkins Pass to summer in the meadows of upper Fish Creek and Mono Creek. Many of the nearby geographical landmarks are named after Alney McGee.

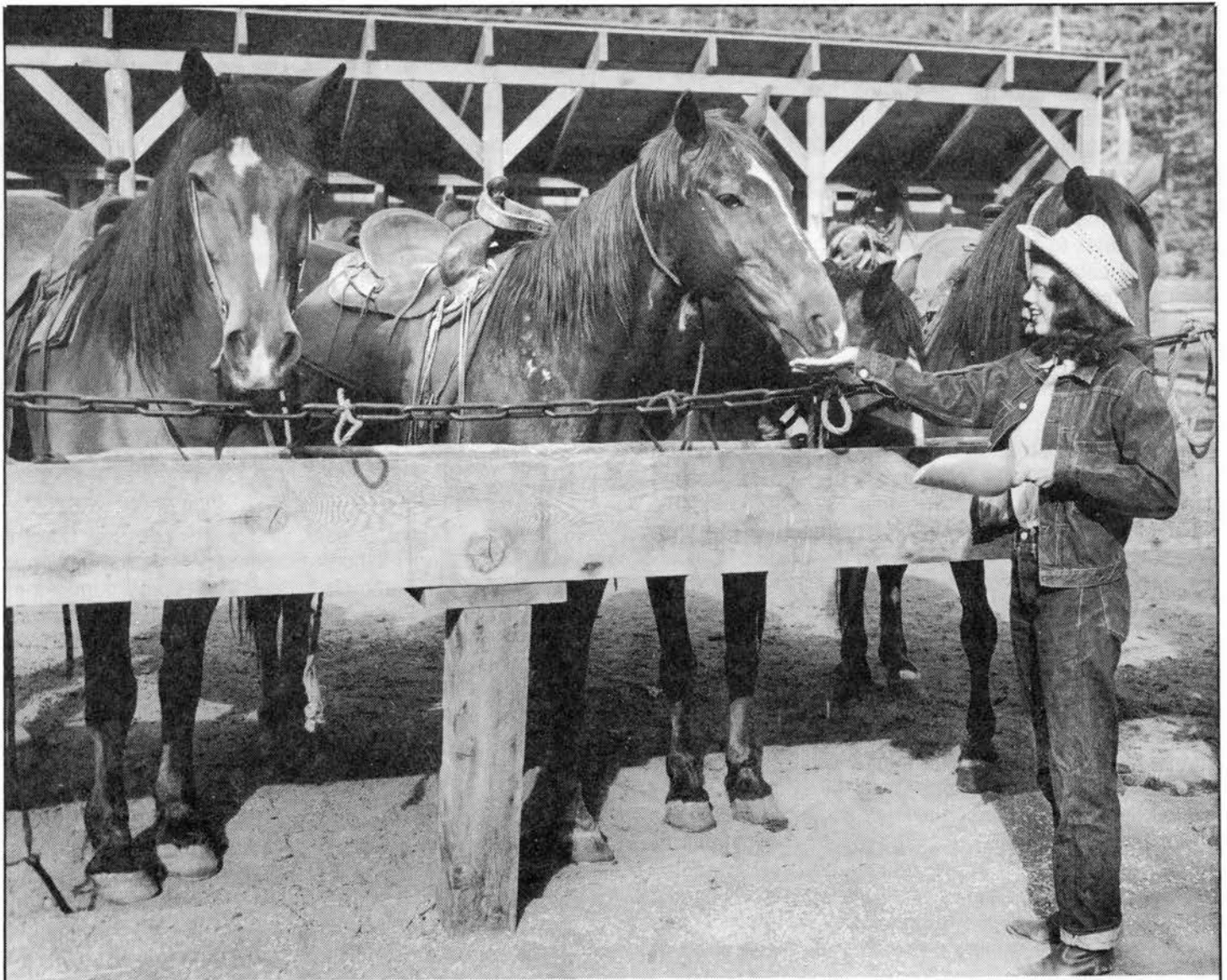
Charlie Wildasinn obtained a claim to 160 acres of meadowland in the Mammoth Meadows in 1891, plus some timber claims. He built a sawmill, hotel, and store along the creek. The hotel guest register lists Charlie and Lloyd Summers as guests there in 1908, and Sybil McGee (later Mrs. Lloyd Summers) as a hotel guest in 1910.

Tom Williams owned a ranch in Mammoth Meadows which at that time was called Big Windy Flat by the early settlers. Williams raised cattle and held a summer grazing permit for his cows in Deer Creek. He drove his cattle over Mammoth Pass on the Fresno Flats Trail each summer to graze in the grassy meadows along Deer Creek and in 1914 put up a paddock to keep several horses. Occasionally he packed campers and fishermen into the back country, which included Red's Meadow and the San Joaquin River. He later sold his Windy Flat Ranch to Alvin Bodle who owned a dairy and supplied early visitors and residents with milk and dairy products.

Charlie and Lloyd Summers purchased 160 acres of meadowland and the Wildasinn Hotel from Charlie Wildasinn in 1917. In 1918, they built a large new hotel in the meadow. It was built of logs cut at Twin Lakes and slabbed on two sides at the sawmill along Mammoth Creek. Early movie companies discovered the charms of the High Sierra, began filming in the meadows, and stayed at the hotel. In the winter of 1927, the hotel burned down and was never rebuilt.

In 1915, the Summers family began packing in summer visitors to the magnificent backcountry lakes and streams. The lakes, even the highest, had been planted with fish carried in cans by pack strings. Early pack trips began at the barn and corrals across the road from the hotel. The Summers called their outfit Mammoth Camp Pack Outfit.

A corral was established on the south side of Lake Mary in the little meadow, which was fenced in so the horses and mules could be trailed up the day prior to a trip. The only road at that time was the original wagon road through Mammoth City to Pine City. When the old wagon road was improved, trips originated from Lake Mary. Trips traveled over Mammoth Pass via Fresno



Corrals at Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit. Mary Russell Roeser, 1950. Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit photo.

Flats Trail to Red's Meadow, the San Joaquin River, Ritter Range, Deer Creek, Sheep Camp and Fish Creek. Other trips used the old Duck Pass Trail into Fish Creek Basin. Lloyd Summers moved their pack station headquarters from Lake Mary to a site across the road from the present location of the pack station.

Charlie Roberts opened a pack station around 1927, called the Lake Mary Pack Station, on the site of the old Pine City Feed and Livery Stables and the present location of the Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit. Don McGuffin and Ed Brown bought out Roberts and also had a corral at Pumice Flats along the San Joaquin River. McGuffin then bought out Brown and continued to operate the pack station until 1931.

In 1930, McGuffin moved the big saddle shed and the cook house up from Owens Valley. The two buildings were scheduled for demolition on a ranch that the City of Los Angeles had purchased. The City gave them to Don, who tore them down, hauled them up to the pack

station, and rebuilt them in their present location. In 1931, McGuffin sold his pack station to the Summers who moved their Mammoth Pack Outfit headquarters across the road where it continues today. Don McGuffin married Alice Austin of Tamarack Lodge and together they hosted the lodge until the late 1950s.

For many years afterward, Don continued to guide horseback riders to the top of Mammoth Mountain, using a trail that begins in back of the Rim cabins, continues up past "Bottomless Pit" and "Dragon's Back" to the top. There is an old cairn on top where riders and hikers added their names to lists in a rusty soup can. McGuffin also guided riders to the top of Red Mountain on weekly rides, and the old trail, still dimly visible, switchbacks up to the top from the north side of the Mammoth Consolidated Mine.

Lloyd and Sybil Summers opened a new pack station in 1932 at Red's Meadow which they sold to Arch and Gladys Mahan in 1934. Mahan had been involved with

the Mammoth Consolidated Mine until it ceased operations in 1934. A pack station was operated at Agnew Meadows by "Young Charlie" Summers, Lloyd's younger brother. Charlie and his wife Altha and their children Jack and Emily, ran the station for many years before selling it to Arch Mahan in the late 1950s.

Cecil Thorington, a grandson of Alney McGee, was packer-foreman for the Summers for a number of years and was later to become Sheriff of Mono County. Lee and Cecil Lakes in upper Fish Creek were named for Cecil and for Lee Summers during a fish planting expedition in the early days. In 1939, Thorington began his own pack station at McGee Creek, using trails pioneered by the McGee family so many years before.

After John Muir died in 1914, the California legislature, in 1915, appropriated \$10,000 for the construction of the John Muir Trail in recognition of his devotion and contributions in protecting the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Most of the construction was completed by the U.S. Forest Service with assistance from the State of California. The Trail was finally completed in 1931 from Yosemite to Mt. Whitney through the heart of the High Sierras.

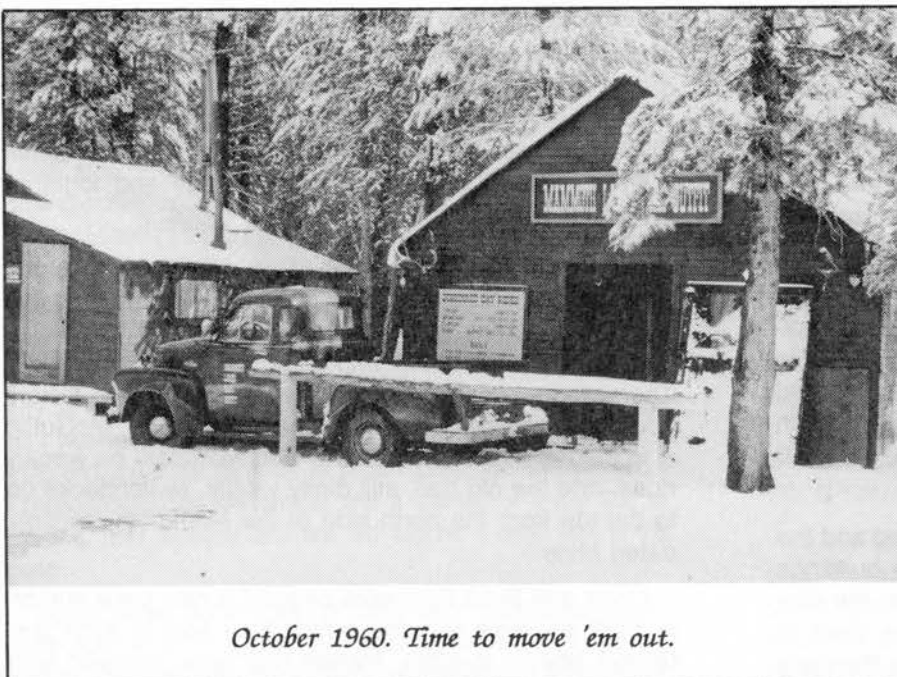
The original Duck (Duk) Pass Trail followed the present trail to Skelton Lake then went by the Woods Lakes over the top of the crest east of the present pass, stayed high along Duck Lake then dropped down to the outlet of Duck Lake. From Duck Meadow, the trail wound up a narrow canyon to the east and over the top south of Mt. Wintering, winding down the sidehill to Purple Lake. A very steep trail descended into Fish Creek in Cascade Valley from Purple Lake. The new Duck Pass Trail was completed in 1927 by the CCC and the Forest Service, joining the John Muir Trail just south of Duck Meadow.

Lloyd and Sybil Summers, with their three sons, Lee, Verne, and Dick, operated the Mammoth Pack Outfit until Lloyd's death in 1944. Lee was in the army in Alaska and Verne served in the South Pacific during World War II. Lee returned home to operate the pack station and Verne became District Attorney of Mono County and later Superior Court Judge in Inyo County. Lee married Dorothy Douglas in 1946 and they ran the pack station until 1960 when it was sold to Lou and Marye Roeser. Lee's son, Don, was a packer for some years and young Johnny, Lee and Dorothy's son, learned the trade at an early age.

Lou Roeser joined the operation in 1952 as a packer loving the Sierra backcountry with its myriad wilderness lakes and streams. He married Marye Russell, then program director at Camp High Sierra, in 1953 and they spent the next years packing at McGee Creek Pack Station and Rainbow Pack Outfit.

Lou and Marye Roeser, along with Lou and Dorothy (Marye's sister) Fitzhugh purchased the pack station in 1960 from the Summers family. The Roeser family then bought out the Fitzhughs and have continued to operate the Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit with their four children, Lee, Kerry, Maryl, and Leslie. Son Lee Roeser, named after Lee Summers, is now manager of the outfit, assisted by sister Kerry. Lee and his wife Jennifer Ketcham Roeser also operate the McGee Creek Pack Station.

The pack strings continue to wind their way up the mountains with echoes of the past around each curve of the trail. If one listens carefully, he might still hear ghostly packers calling to their mules, "Hey, Rocky, pay attention and step lightly! We'll soon be in camp, and green grass awaits you, with a cup of hot coffee for me." ❖



October 1960. Time to move 'em out.

Opposite above: A camp in the pines at Grassy Lake (formerly Jackson Lake), 1960.

Opposite below: Pack strings cross Meadow Creek and Jackson Meadow.

Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit photos.





Duck Pass with Barney Lake at its base, looking down Coldwater Canyon to Skelton Lake. Mammoth Mountain in background. Kelsey photo.

PACKIN' BACK

by Louise Kelsey

Someone was shaking my shoulder and a laughing voice said, "You can't stay in bed all day if you are going into the backcountry."

No one in the history of man had ever seen a nine year old leap out of the bunk any faster than I on that wonderful summer morning.

It was in the early days of the Great Depression. Lloyd and Sybil Summers ran a good little pack outfit that took "dudes" to the fish camps in the backcountry. Lloyd and Sybil came from pioneer stock. In fact, Sybil was the first white child to be born in Long Valley. She was a McGee and Lloyd was a Summers. Lloyd looked a little like Will Rogers. He had the same wrinkled, weather-beaten face, the same bow-legs of a lifelong rider and the same quiet, almost shy demeanor. But it was Sybil who had Will's humor and sense of fun. Sybil loved a good laugh, a good game of cards or a good meal. Life kept a fast pace around Syb. Her Irish blood coursed with humor and her spirit led her into some great adventures.

Dad had been packing into fish camps with the Summers at Mammoth Pack Outfit for years; it was his escape from his patients and the social whirl that filled his wife's world. I neither fished nor, at nine, did I care for grown-up parties.

But the backcountry, ahhh, now that was something else. When I walked along the city sidewalks every struggling blade of grass in each cement crack grew into a mountain meadow. Every blossom in a neatly groomed flower bed sprawled out to dance along the waterway left from a garden hose. And every tree along the street, no matter how out of tune with the pine forests of the backcountry, became a noble home for junkos and flickers, hawks and falcons, and of course, eagles.

Dad, limber as the fishing rods he treasured, had Dutch-blue eyes, blond/gray hair and a disposition that sat on the fence between disciplinarian and a hearty ho-ho-ho. He was a

high-principled dentist who, when he was out of his office, liked nothing better than to be fishing. But it had to be fly-fishing for trout, and it had to be in the backcountry if at all possible. And he didn't need company.

Indian Dave Jackson always packed Dad into the backcountry. Dave was as short and stocky as Dad was tall and slender. Dave had dark brown eyes and black hair. He had a gentle, kind manner that made kids feel that whatever they were trying to do, they were doing the best they could, and it was a first rate job. No one could quite remember where he had come from or how long he had been with the outfit. The best guess was that he was born around Mono Lake and had come looking for work in the early '20s and had just sort of stuck around. Dave was a fine packer. He took good care of the stock and of the "dudes" . . . in that

order. He was a true fisherman and knew what was happening in the high lakes at all times. And even though Dave had gone to "white" schools, he had his own Indian way of talking, ending nearly every sentence with "enit," for instance.

"That's a big fish, enit?"

"Good breakfast, enit?"

"Put on a coat. It's cold, enit"

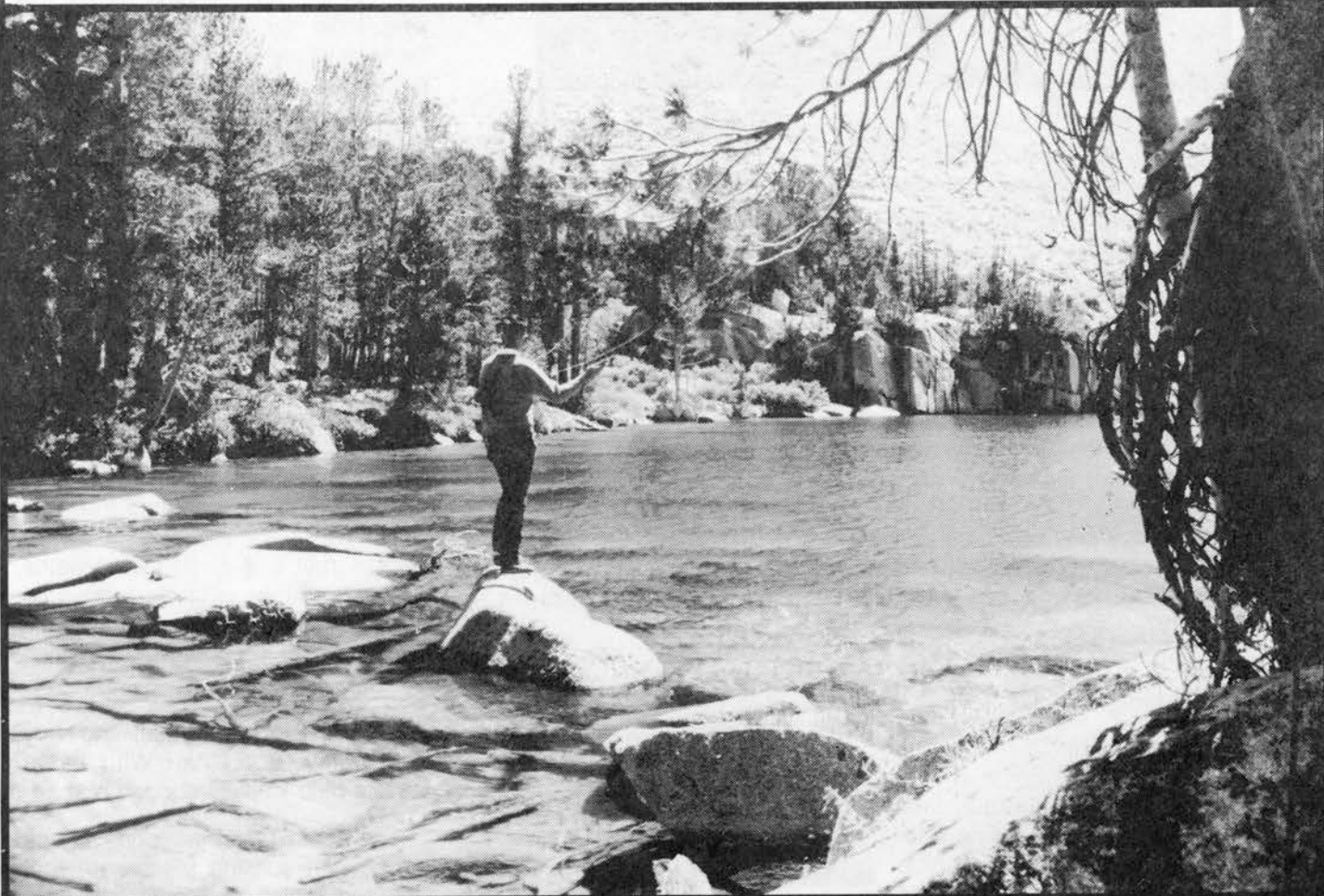
The longer around Dave the more of my sentences ended with "enit." Great word, enit?

It was Sybil who had awakened me to tell me she and Lloyd had convinced Dad that since Indian Dave was packing him in to Jackson Lake (now renamed "Grassy") it would be no trouble to take me. There was plenty of food at the pack station and a skinny little kid like me wouldn't eat all that much anyway. If worse came

to worse we could eat fish. That's what we were going for, wasn't it? Dave, like most Indians, liked and enjoyed children. He could keep an eye on me and furthermore it was about time this youngster got acquainted with the backcountry. It was pretty hard to argue with Sybil once she got her Irish mind made up.

About the only clothes I had worthy of a backcountry trip were my pants and underwear. Sybil had small feet and mine were big for my age, so Syb's boots and a couple pair of socks took care of my feet. Lloyd gave me a wonderfully worn jacket and their son, Lee, tossed me a wool sweater. I was outfitted!

Before breakfast everyone was expected to clean up his sleeping quarters. For me that was nothing more than throwing up the covers of my bunk, pulling them straight, and picking up a few clothes. No big deal



Fisherman's heaven. A lake, a light breeze, and no competition. Kelsey photo.



Lee Summers: little, lean and mean, with britches to grow into. Summers-McQueen collection.

... I had done that before and it was a little price to pay for the breakfast I knew was waiting.

For Ole Ed it was something else though. Ed hunted lion and trapped by profession and was a part-time packer in his off-season. He chose to be a bachelor and his best friend and companion was his lion-dog "Eat-'em-up-Jake." Ed and Jake weren't lazy, they just didn't believe in doing anything unnecessary and housework came high on Ed's list of "Unnecessary."

So when Syb said, "Ed, is the bunkhouse picked up?"

And Ed said, "Yup."

Syb just naturally went out to take a look. After she did, she came after Ed with a bucket of water, a scrub mop and a look on her face that told Ed that he'd best get busy. Which he did.

Ten or fifteen minutes later we were all headed for the cookhouse when a blast from Ole Ed's rifle cleared the air. Syb trotted toward the bunkhouse muttering that it was just too early for Ed to be drinking. As she opened the cabin door she saw Ed standing in the corner, while Eat-'em-up-Jake crouched on the floor looking for an animal that wasn't there.

"Well, Syb," said Ed, a big grin splitting his face, "she's a clean un, ain't she?"

Sybil could see that he had swamped down the cabin but it took her a minute to figure out that the door-sill was high and to get the extra water out Ed had simply shot a hole in a low spot in the floor. Eat-'em-up-Jake was still trying to figure out just what kind of a varmint they were hunting.

We ate the biggest breakfast I ever

sat down to. Pancakes, eggs, bacon, toast and jelly were all piled on the plate; the coffee I choked down just like the big guys. I wouldn't eat another meal at a table for days. I was heading into the backcountry where a granite boulder or a grassy slope would do nicely.

I went out and sort of stood around the loading platform. I wanted to keep as much out of the way as I could just in case someone changed his mind about my going. Not long after breakfast the mules were packed, the horses saddled and Indian Dave said, "Come, Little One, let's get you up on Ol' Rusty."

My dreams of taking a running leap to land square in the saddle were shattered as Dave pushed me up and into place. Ol' Rusty was a gentle, mild-mannered gelding, but to my way of thinking he had spent altogether too much time at the manger. He seemed as wide as he was long. I did my best to keep at least the toes of my boots near the stirrups but it was a losing battle. The whole trip was pretty much a balancing act, trying to keep in the middle of the saddle.

The ride up canyon to the foot of Duk Pass was my fantasy come true. All the meadows I had dreamed about, all the flowers I had created in my mind, all the cold and tumbling streams were right at my feet.

Then this gentle world turned to rock. The pass was a trail cut through granite boulders and scree. Here and there a columbine softened the grayness. When we stopped to let the animals rest and catch their breaths, Dad put a finger to his lips and said, "Listen: pika. If you watch carefully maybe you will see one."

The problem was pikas are as gray as the granite, small and very, very quick. But I did! With Indian Dave's help I finally spotted one.

The summit wind whipped around the corner, sucking the breath from our bodies, to be used in its wild dance across the boulders. And there was more to leave us breathless. On

the downhill side of the trail around Duk Lake was Dead Horse Bay. There could be no question as to how it got its macabre name. The trail was narrow and all my leaning into the mountain didn't seem to do much in helping Ol' Rusty across that horrifying vertical stretch of trail. The questionably gratifying thought was if you did slide off the trail you would end up in some of the bluest water on this planet.

Somewhere past Dead Horse Bay we stopped for lunch. From this point there would be no turning back . . . and no complaining. I had hoped and dreamed of such an adventure and like most dreamers I thought only of the loveliness. I had no idea that a saddle could hurt so bad or that just sitting on a horse could make you so tired, or that you could get SO hungry. Dad and Dave seemed to be doing fine so I wolfed down my sandwich, stretched out on the grass and was instantly asleep. Fifteen minutes later I felt like a new frontiersman. Dave led Rusty to a granite boulder and I got on ALL BY MYSELF. By now I had decided to drop the "Ol'" from Rusty. He looked younger and livelier all the time.



This is our high country home — among the boulders. Summers-McQueen collection.

It was late afternoon when we reached camp. Except for lunch break I had been in the saddle over eight hours. Luckily Dad was at my side and helped me to the ground. Good grief! My legs wouldn't come

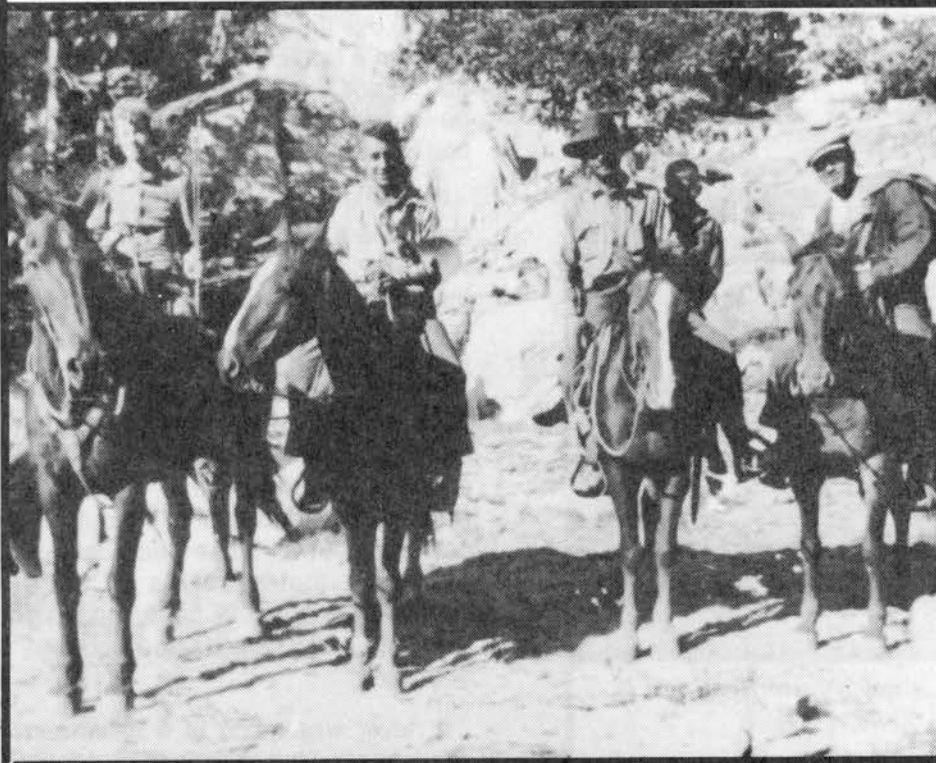
together. I stumbled and spraddle-legged around camp until I could move like a human again.

We rode into camp about an hour before the sun and the mountains met. It was mid-summer, the days were long and warm, even at 10,000 feet. Jackson was a lovely lake with meadowgrass all around its edges and where the grasses ended handsome pine trees rose among the massive boulders.

First off the pack animals was Dad's fishing gear and away he went. Dave took the saddles and blankets off the horses and the pack-saddles off the mules. He tossed me a coarse brush and told me to earn my supper. When we were both finished he hobbled the horses and set them off for the night knowing that between the hobbles and the tender grass none of them would wander far.

I was really tired, but I didn't want to miss a thing. Dave told me to pick out a spot for my sleeping bag and roll it out, which I did. I just had to lay down for a moment and I woke up an hour later to a high country home where just a bit ago had been a simple meadow. Pack boxes had

We made it! This is our campsite. Summers-McQueen collection.



become cupboards, and a circle of rocks a stove. Dave pulled a grill from a nail high in a tree. When we headed back to the outfit headquarters the grill would go back on the nail for the next fisherman the packer brought to this camp.

Nails served as dish towel racks, coat racks, fish creel holders, hat racks and hangers for just about anything that needed hanging up. Dave had pots and pans for cooking. The serving bowls were the same pots and pans. We ate on tin plates decorated with chips and craze cracks from many summers of use. Everything was washed with the clean stream sand and guess what was the automatic dishwasher . . . me. Years later I came to understand that as primitive as it seemed, at least with 'sand washing' we didn't put detergent bubbles in the streams and around rocks. A little diarrhea maybe, but no bubbles.

Dave had a fine bed of coals when Dad came off the lake carrying a beautiful string of trout. Fresh, fresh fish and fried potatoes . . . that was supper. Oh, one more thing, dessert, and what a dessert. When we finished the fish and potatoes and coals were still glowing, Dave tossed three apples into the pit and left them until they were black. And I mean *black*. Then he speared them out of the embers and passed one to each of us. The sun had gone down and there was a chill in the air. The apples were warm and juicy and sweet, just what a kid needs before bed. That, and a cookie I had sneaked into my pocket when we left the pack station.

Morning waited for me when I opened my eyes. I didn't have to waste one moment getting dressed. I was already in my clothes and unless a higher authority made me change, I intended to stay in the same outfit

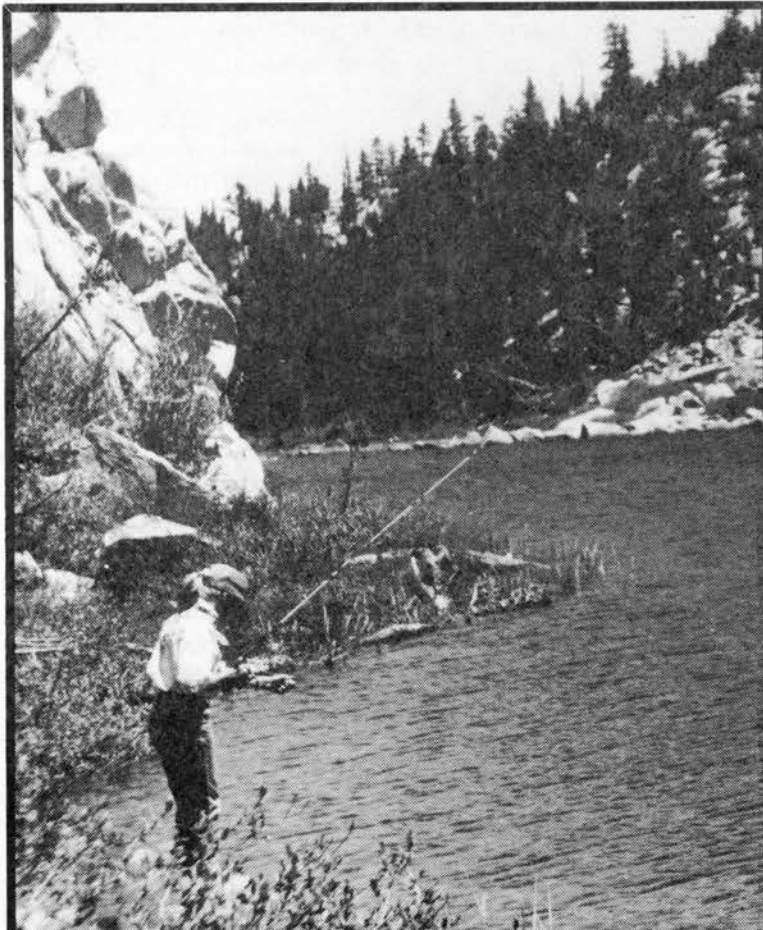
until we got back to civilization. The sun had just begun to spread its warmth through the camp. Dave had bacon sizzling and I took a long stretch before I got out of the sack.

Every muscle and every bone went into that stretch until my toes touched something that moved! The loudest screech ever screeched was followed by the fastest exit from a sleeping bag ever performed. Whatever moved at the bottom of my bag was also furry, fast and frightening! I wouldn't touch that bag, and Dad wouldn't help. I was along on this trip to learn about the outdoors and this was as good a place as any to begin. So okay. I tippy-fingered my way down the sleeping bag and turned it inside-out. And shook it. And finally a glossily little chipmunk dropped out and scurried up the pine tree, scolding when he reached the safety of a high limb. Shameful way to treat a guest you lured into a sleeping bag with a half-eaten cookie!

To me, Indian Dave was special. While Dad worked out his frustrations and calmed his soul with his fishing rod, Dave took me to the far side of the lake. He had a simple rod and tackle that any kid would get along with just great. He showed me how to bait my hook, cast my line, reel in; then he stood off and let me go at it. And I did just that. I thrashed the water to a fare-thee-well. Dave let me go on, and finally, for some never-to-be-known reason, a trout took the bait. NOW WHAT WAS I TO DO!

"Reel it in," Dave's quiet voice said. And I did, ever so carefully. But when my silver beauty got close to the sandy shore . . . close enough for me to see it . . . I started reeling in at a crazy pace and when it was nearly at my feet it threw itself off the hook. Even though the sun was behind the mountain and the temperature had dropped, I jumped into that cold water and started after MY trout. He got away but all these years later, I remember that beauty a lot more clearly than I would have, had my last picture of it been fried and brown in a pan.

I never was much of a fisherman



*Even little kids can fish. Age is not a factor; patience is.
Kelsey photo.*

and it didn't take Dave long to figure that one out. He told me once long, long ago his people spent summers and autumns in this high country. He took me back in time with stories of hunters waiting on the rocky passes for migratory deer. We walked up to a spot where we could see into the far distance. He let me discover for myself the chips left by hunters as they formed arrowheads from obsidian they had carried from the volcanic lower land. He showed me the best trees for hanging strips of venison to be dried and used for winter meat. So many stories filled my mind that there was no time for boredom and no need for books. Dave saw to that.

Summer days in the high country were balanced by sharp, clear nights. Camp living in the early days of packing just fell into focus.

Indian Trail, Fresno Flats Trail, Sheep Crossing are names that still bring mountain travel to mind.

From Mammoth Pass Indians headed over the mountains on their ancient trade trails to exchange goods and gossip with tribes in the west.

Sheep Crossing spoke of bands of sheep, herded into and over the Sierra in spring. Shepherds grazed them in the valleys, then crossed the Sierra to the home ranch in fall.

Mammoth and Eastern Sierra gold mining required hauling food and supplies across the mountains. This formed the beginning of pack outfits. Later the Forest Service required non-motorized transportation through the mountains and the National Forest. Again, pack outfits filled the need.

From these beginnings it was a short and natural transition to "packin' dudes." And to some of the early packers, dudes they were, hardly to be taken seriously. Few of the customers knew much about stock or riding, but with the adventure seeking '20s followed by the hard times of the '30s, whatever it took to make a living these packers would do, harshly or happily.

So from a practical beginning that filled a need came a colorful trade, manned by strong individuals, that also fills a need — a need for people to touch nature and be calmed and for kids to be assured that there is more to walk on than pavement. And yes, Dave, there *is* more to history than can be found in books. ❀



Verne Summers, Ethel Hess, Ed Cox (lion hunter), and Lucy Anderson. Packing for the Forest Service required wearing a full uniform, including a tie, like it or not. Summers-McQueen collection.



Clara Medora Shaw,
born Feb 21st. 1852
died July 30th 1931 in Bishop.
Frank Shaw born 1828 - died 1908 Calif.

This is to Certify



That Frank Shaw of Mono County in the STATE of California and Clara Medora Shaw of the Same County in the STATE of California were by me joined together in

HOLY MATRIMONY

on the Twenty fourth day of November in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty Eight.

Witness Maria Williams
and Charles E. Hart

J. W. Tyler
Justice of the Peace



PERFORMED BY E. GOODENOUGH.
122 Nassau St. New York.

Given at the Mono County Courthouse

The Frank Shaw Family Story, Part I

By Demila Jenner

Photographs courtesy Clara Shaw Eddy unless otherwise noted.

In the early 1860s, about the time of the rich silver strike on Benton's Blind Spring Hill above the Hot Springs, there came to Adobe Meadows, 16 miles to the north and westward, a one-eyed man of average height — but height was the only "average" aspect in Frank Shaw's appearance. He wore his dark, thick hair in Dutch-bob style, cut like a cap: straight across his forehead and straight down the sides and back. Around his neck he wore a black silk handkerchief brought together in front with two golden rings.

Shaw's faintly piratical bearing was more or less honestly come by. Born in Boston ca. 1828, at 17 he shipped out aboard a vessel that foundered after rounding Cape Horn; family lore has it that Frank spent some time in the environs of Valparaiso, that "Vale of Paradise" on the coast of Chile, where he acquired the Spanish vocabulary that later would stand him in good stead with his Mexican vaqueros in Adobe Meadows. At the onset of the gold rush Frank sailed for San Francisco; in 1864, he surfaced in Aurora as a face in the crowd of several hundred gathered around a hilltop gibbet to watch the February vigilante hanging there of four killers, among them the notorious murderer John Daley. It was an event of great moment in the life of Frank Shaw, that "maker of civilization" whose "pioneer venturings blazed the way for settlement and development," to quote from Shaw's obituary some 44 years into the future. His granddaughter, Clara Shaw Eddy, tells why:

"When Daley mounted the improvised scaffold, he spotted Frank Shaw in the crowd. Calling him up to the scaffold, he told him that if he would see that he (Daley) got a decent burial, he would bequeath Adobe Meadows to him. His title was probably only a squatters right, but in those days it carried weight. Shaw moved to Adobe Meadows and settled down to make his home there."

Historian W.A. Chalfant's account of Daley's hanging indicates that he was brandy-drunk and blindfolded when shoved onto the gallows, (so how could he have seen Frank Shaw in the crowd?) and there is no gravestone in the Aurora cemetery attesting to Daley's "decent burial." Yet Clara is sure that her grandfather would have kept his word and she could be right: since dead prostitutes were not allowed to rest within those "decent" frontier graveyards, perhaps Frank had to bury his outlaw benefactor *outside* the fence.

Another possibility is that Frank brought Daley's body to Adobe Meadows for that "proper burial": The late Alton Goolsby, one-time Mono County supervisor and road foreman from Benton, reported finding four unmarked burial mounds on Adobe Creek not far from the century-old corral that still stands on what was Frank Shaw's ranch. Goolsby theorized they were Mexican graves — but *quien sabe?*

Whatever the case, recorded events seem to substantiate the Shaw legending. Clara Shaw Eddy: "Our present knowledge of Adobe Meadows starts about 1862 when a gang of ruffians known as the Daley gang set up housekeeping there . . ." In 1862 Capt. E.A. Rowe of Company A, Second California Cavalry, was stationed in Adobe Meadows, which had been located by George Parker two years previously. The 1864 hanging in Aurora did propel Shaw southward, because Benton assessment records show Frank and George Parker being taxed in 1865 for land improvement on the Parker place in Adobe Meadows; in 1866 Frank Shaw had 20 yoke oxen; in 1867 the Evans ranch in Adobe Meadows

1990 photo shows part of the pumice-stone wall encircling the large corral in Adobe Meadows where Frank Shaw kept his stock in the 1860s. Though there are different versions, of when the enclosure was built, it is known to be over a hundred years old. Photo by Harley Jenner



listed unknown owners but in the margin was pencilled the name of Frank Shaw. Benton's 1868 tax rolls stated that Ed Dexter and Shaw had "possession, interest and claim to 640 acres in Adobe Meadows known as Shaw's ranch," that Dexter "has 320 of the 640 acres and a hay-press." A later news item: "Frank Shaw in Adobe Meadows will wind up haying in a week and will have stacked up 200 tons" indicates the ex-sailor had learned the value of being partners with a haypress!

Frank Shaw combined skill and talent with a sense of humor as is reflected in stories still told today, one of which concerns his missing eye. Frank had several glass eyes made and when he had to leave his workers at a task, he placed an eye on a fence post to watch them so they wouldn't goof off while he was gone.

Another story is told by William Symons, Jr., whose father in 1918 bought the Frank Shaw Land and Cattle Company which included 400 acres around Black Lake; at the northwest end of the lake was "the \$20 Spring." How did the spring get its name? Seems that one Fourth of July Frank Shaw drove his buckboard from Adobe Meadows to Old Benton to attend the celebrations always held there on Independence Day. Before reaching Black Lake, Frank's faster rig passed a horse and buggy. As he came in sight of the spring, Shaw was reminded that he hadn't got around to cleaning out the

debris that was choking it up. Struck by an idea, Shaw dismounted and bent down as if to drink from the spring. When the buggy appeared moments later, Frank was probing the water with a stick. "Watcha doing, Frank?" asked the driver. Frank straightened up: "I lost a \$20 gold piece in the spring and can't find it," he said disgustedly, got in his rig and drove off. After enjoying the festivities at Benton, he started for home. A satisfied smile illumined his face as he passed the northwest end of Black Lake and saw all the muck that had clogged his spring piled around its rim; now the water of "the \$20 spring" ran free and clear!

Soon after taking over at Adobe Meadows, Shaw had rented part of his land there to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bennet Morton; in 1868, Mrs. Morton's fair-haired sister, 16-year-old Clara Medora Hart, came from her father's home in Placerville to visit the Mortons. Shaw, now forty years old, fell desperately in love with the young girl, whose sister, alarmed at the pace of his ardor, removed her sister from Shaw's ranch; She and her husband went to Benton to live. From Benton, Mrs. Morton sent word to her parents in Placerville that Medora should come home; her brother came to Benton and started for Placerville with the young girl, but they had reckoned without Frank Shaw, who intercepted the stage coach with marriage license in hand (see sidebar); the wedding

From a family postcard: "A snap of the ruins of the early days in Nevada, the town of Aurora. Our Father Geo. Morton went there in 1860, burned the lime and bricks and built these and many more buildings when it was a prosperous mining town. It was here he took our Mother, a bride, in June of 1862. Here your Grand Father lost his eye, here he later married your Grand Moter, Clarissa Medora Hart and they went to Doby Meadows to live. Where your Father was a boy born in Placerville."



took place at Aurora on Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1868 with Justice of the Peace J.W. Tyler officiating. Despite the age difference, the couple would have a congenial and productive relationship that ended only with Frank's death in 1908.

Medora Hart's short life already would seem to have prepped her for a frontier career. Her father, Charlie Hart, emigrated from the Atlantic seaboard to what is now Wisconsin, and became the original settler in a community on the shore of Lake Michigan that was named Hart's Mill, after Charlie built there the first grist mill in the area, which is still standing. Hart's Mill today is called Wauwatosa, (from a Potawatomi word meaning "firefly") and has a population in excess of 56,000. Medora was born there on Feb. 21, 1852 and six years later began her journey to California in a covered wagon caravan, where Charlie Hart settled in Placerville, aka Hangtown, and from where Medora set forth to meet her future in the person of that sailor from Boston known as Frank Shaw.

On Oct. 14, 1869 Medora gave birth in Placerville to Harry (no middle name) Shaw. Little more than a child herself, Medora wanted to be with her mother at the birthing of her firstborn, and Frank understood. Once again Medora boarded the Adobe Meadows stage, and this time, she stayed with the coach until she reached home. A fierce October snowstorm kept the new father from learning he had a son for some weeks after the event.

Mrs. and Mrs. Frank Shaw with four grandchildren, James and Harold Birchim, Clara Shaw on Grandma's lap. Frank Millner on Grandpa's lap. 1904.



A male heir seemed to embue Frank with ever more acquisitive energy; the decade of the 1870s saw the Shaw "empire" mushroom. Having obtained legal title to the Adobe Meadows land, Frank dug miles of irrigation ditches. He expanded his meadowland surrounding the elaborate 8-foot high, 200-foot-wide circular corral, which is still standing today, swirled around with various stories concerning its origin.

One version says the stockade was built by the U.S. Military to pen their horses and mules when they occupied the Meadows in 1862; some old timers think it was built even earlier by the Spaniards. Though Shaw's youngest daughter, Elma Shuey, was told the corral was already in place when the family went to Adobe. William Symons, Jr., whose father later bought the land, is positive that Frank Shaw himself had the enclosure constructed from pumice stone mined a few miles from where the corral stands.

Shaw filled his meadows with cattle and horses. He next acquired several hundred acres between Laws and Bishop irrigated with water from the Bishop Creek Canal, from which he cut tons of grass hay. He bought additional range land in the Whiskey Flat area of Nevada for wintering his stock. He freighted his Adobe Meadow hay 60 miles to Belleville, NV, when the Candelaria mines developed. He teamed ore from the Blind Spring Hill mines for processing at the Owens Lake Silver Lead Furnaces at Swansea, below Lone Pine.

Frank Shaw Family, 1908, at home of Marjorie Shaw Kewley. Back: Clara Medora Hart Shaw, Marjorie Shaw Millner Kewley, Grandma Birchim, Mrs. Grover. Center: Frankie Birchim, Elma Shaw. Front: Frank Shaw, holding Asemath Shaw, James and Harold Birchim, Frank Millner, Clara Shaw, Harry Shaw.



There seemed to be no stopping the entrepreneur; deposits of a "white alkali" Shaw discovered a few miles from Adobe was found to be useful in recovering gold from ore and soon Frank's teams were hauling the stuff to a booming Bodie. All this in addition to running a trading post at the stagecoach stop in Adobe Meadows, where Shaw is said to have fed the sheriff at the front of the building, while giving handouts through the back door to desperados whom the lawmen were trailing. Having lost one eye in a "shooting scrape" (though there were other versions of how his one-eyedness occurred!) Shaw prudently closed his remaining eye to "legalities" and played it safe with both sides of the law.

Medora was seven months pregnant with her second child in September 1871 when four of thirty-one convicts who'd escaped from the Carson City (NV) Penitentiary invaded Adobe Meadows on their way to Bishop. That year, a seven-year-old boy moved to Bishop; ninety years later he wrote an account of the convict outrage against Medora's neighbor in Adobe Meadows:

... Up Adobe Creek about two miles, at what is known as McLaughlin Meadows, or ranch, they found Mrs. McLaughlin alone. With her kind hospitality she proceeded to get them a nice meal, and provided a liberal supply of provisions from her meager larder that they might proceed on their way. Yet they were not satisfied with this grand lady's hospitality. They abused her in every way that they should not have done. ... When Mr. McLaughlin returned home that night and found out from his wife's own lips how they had treated her, he immediately saddled his horse and proceeded to the old town of Benton where they formed a posse of 10 men and two Indian trailers ... ("Bishop's Vigilantes", by Eugene Mallory, 100 YEARS OF REAL LIVING, Bishop, CA 1861-1961.

The men from Benton caught up with the fleeing convicts and in the shootout two posse members were killed: Mono Jim, an Indian tracker, and Hot Springs merchant Robert Morrison. Mallory wrote that two of the convicts, Morton and Black, were taken by Bishop's vigilantes "north of Twin Pines about a half mile, to what was known as Jim Shaw's field" and there hanged from



a makeshift gallows. Years later "Harry Matlick was shown the grave site by Harry Shaw, and it remains today only an indentation in a pasture."

On November 23, Medora gave birth to their first daughter, Marjorie, and four months later celebrated Margie's "4th anniversary" by attending a dance at the John McGee home in Pleasant Valley. Suddenly it seemed the very earth was celebrating as Owens Valley experienced the catastrophic earthquake of March 1872!

Two years later a second daughter, Frankie, was born to the Shaws, after which event Editor Chalfant of the *Inyo Independent* noted, "The Adobe Meadows are still run by Frank Shaw who appears as contented as any man in the State." That condition of happiness held for the fertile May-December couple: In April 1875 Medora threw Frank a party that again attracted the attention of Chalfant:

Frank Shaw of Adobe Meadows, after having been absent for several days on Owens River looking after his stock, having left his good and amiable wife at home to superintend his affairs . . . celebrated his return with a grand party. Eighteen or 20 persons, middle-aged and young, by wagon and by horseback, arrived at Frank's early in the evening and the revelry continued through the night till about 9 o'clock the next morning. Participants departed to their homes, unanimously admiring the free and easy way Frank and his lady have of entertaining guests.

Frank's activities continued newsworthy: Two months later Editor Chalfant noted that Shaw began hay-cutting in a June so cold they had to wear overcoats and build fires to keep warm enough to work. In November, Shaw joined "horse fanciers" in Belleville who staged a "pulling match" there. No word of whether Frank's entry won, but his horse activity continued on more mundane, albeit more profitable, levels: a Benton newspaper noted on Aug. 19, 1879 that "Green, the driver of one of Frank Shaw's big teams, passed through Benton Saturday with twenty tons of salt and eighteen mules on one wagon. That is, the salt was on the wagon and the mules were hitched to it. The salt was from Teel's marsh and destined for Bodie."

The *Bishop Creek Times* dated Nov. 12, 1881 noted that "Frank Shaw will erect a dwelling on his ranch. Frank and his family will be a valuable addition to this region." Dec. 17 of that same year, the same newspaper printed this item: "The family of Frank Shaw, escorted by a bodyguard in the person of Bill Slee, have come to Bishop Creek to reside."

There, in 1884, was born to Frank and Medora their fourth and last child, Elma. In these meadows two and one-half miles north of Bishop on what is now Highway 6 where it curves, in the area then known as Lake Field, the growing Shaw children watched wild geese resting on their northward flight in the spring, saw ducks, black-birds and meadowlarks feed and make their nests.

Shaw continued to manage his Adobe Meadows property, the cattle at his isolated Whiskey Flat Nevada,

(The following was excerpted by Demila Jenner from a manuscript in Medora Hart Shaw's own handwriting, titled "The Story of My Early Life in California." Courtesy of Clara Shaw Eddy.)

I was born in Wauwatosa, Wisc., in 1852 and came across the plains in a covered wagon when I was six years old, 1858. Our party consisted of my father and mother and their five children. My father's name was Charles Hart and my mother's name was Hannah Caroline Hart; her maiden name was Leland.

My father hired a man by the name of Bailey, who had been in California before, to guide us over the plains; he paid him \$100. We saw many Indians on the plains, who were very glad to get the white man's food, but were so afraid of being poisoned that they would make the white people sample everything first. We made many trades of food; theirs consisted chiefly of dried buffalo meat. The Indians admired my oldest sister, who was sixteen at the time. She was rather dark complexioned and they would have given anything for her — beads, blankets, horses. They didn't want the 14-year-old blonde sister.

We started out with oxen, but they got very sore feet. We made shoes for them from flat boards tacked to the bottom of the upper part of men's boots; we cut the foot off the boot and tacked a board flat across the bottom of the boot leg. The shoes were pulled up over the oxen's feet and the boot was fastened around the oxen's legs with thongs. Still, the oxen kept getting worse and we had to abandon them one by one and lighten our load proportionately. All our cherished possessions were left behind on the trail; about the only thing we were able to bring all the way across the plains was some yarn belonging to my mother and some feather beds. At last we had to abandon all the rest of the oxen and buy mules.

It took us six months to cross the plains; we arrived at Placerville in California just after the name had been changed from Hangtown. Most of the people there still called it Hangtown. I stayed in Placerville until I was sixteen. In May, 1868, I went to visit my sister Mrs. Cedia Morton, a newlywed who was living with her husband at Adobe Meadows, Mono County, California, close to Benton. I went by stagecoach by way of the Placerville road to Virginia City, then past Genoa, Wellington and on to Aurora. It was a one-day journey between each of these stations. At Aurora I left the Placerville-Virginia City road and took a stage for Adobe Meadows. This was one of the stages running on the Carson City-Los Angeles Stage Line.

I thought Adobe Meadows was the most desolate place I'd ever seen; when I left Placerville, all the trees were in bloom and when I got to Adobe Meadows on May 23 it was snowing. I wanted to go right back.

range he left to the supervision of Frank Gifford, a native of Shaw's home state of Massachusetts, whose colorful past rivaled that of Shaw himself — but with a great difference. This came to light when the *Hawthorne Bulletin* (Jan. 16, 1890) printed Frank Shaw's testimony before a coroner's jury concerning Gifford's death at Christmas-time, 1889:

My name is Frank Shaw. I reside at Bishop and own the Whiskey Flat Ranch and have cattle there. I have known the deceased 12 years, he has been in my employ for eight years. He was born in New Bedford, Mass., aged 68 years. I arrived at the ranch on Jan. 2 and found the door of the cabin open. Deceased was lying in the middle of the doorway. A demijohn was in it, less than a pint of whiskey in it. The deceased's dog was lying on his breast. The stove was overturned and the furniture in disorder. His pants were partly off; I believe he froze to death. He has no property in this county. I placed the remains in my wagon and brought them to Hawthorne.

The Hawthorne jury found that Frank Gifford "came to his death on or about the 25th of December 1889 from exposure," and continued:

Frank Gifford is well-known here and there is a bit of romance connected with his life. He came to California in the early 1850s in his father's ship. On the death of relatives, he fell heir to \$60,000 but as he was cursed with an uncontrollable appetite for drink the courts appointed his sister his guardian and he was unable to get his money. He again came to this coast and finally isolated himself on a cattle range in this county. His death was a most miserable one, with no human being for miles and while the owner of thousands, he died in poverty.

Grandma Clara M. Shaw and Gifford Shuey



home, but my sister persuaded me to stay. Though I was lonesome for home, I stayed with my sister for about six months. I'd pack my trunk every week or so, but my sister was lonesome too, and begged me to stay. My sister's husband was renting land from Mr. Frank Shaw, who owned Adobe Meadows and raised stock and farmed wild hay. He also had cows and sold dairy products at Benton; the hay was sold at the Silver Peak mines and at Rhodes Marsh in Nevada. Mr. Shaw also ran a road-house for travelers on the stage-coach line. Sometimes U.S. soldiers from Fort Independence would be quartered there.

I met Mr. Shaw during this time and we were growing quite fond of each other. My sister became worried because of the attention Mr. Shaw was paying me, and the Mortons decided to leave the Adobe Meadows Ranch and move to Benton. My brother came from Placerville to take me home. We started out from Benton on our way to Placerville by way of Aurora and halfway between Benton and Adobe Meadows we met Mr. Shaw. He had gone to Bridgeport, the county seat of Mono County, and secured a marriage license for our marriage. We all went back to Adobe Meadows to talk things over. After some time, we finally decided to be married and went to Aurora where we were married by Judge Tyler. I had no wedding clothes and a woman at Aurora let me use her own wedding gown.

We were married Nov. 24, 1868 and went back to Adobe Meadows Ranch where we lived for 14 years. Our son, Harry, was born in 1869; our daughters Margie and Frankie were also born at Adobe Meadows. Elma, our youngest, was born after we moved to Bishop.

The main room at the ranch house at Adobe Meadows was made of sod. It was a large room with a fireplace at one end. A lean-to of wood was built against each of three sides of this structure. Around this main building were built barns, corrals, sheds, etc., made of slabs. Mr. Shaw owned 4,000 acres at Adobe Meadows; when we were married, we had only 250 head of cattle but the herd was later increased to two or three thousand head. Mr. Shaw had purchased his first horses from across the mountains at Sonora from a man named Kincaid, draft horses and ponies. Our cowhands were all Mexican vaqueros and Mr. Shaw spoke Spanish when giving them orders. These Mexicans all liked Mr. Shaw and we all enjoyed seeing the vaqueros bring in wild broncos to break. We would climb up on a barn roof to watch. Later, the vaqueros would bring in a side of beef and we'd cook it on irons over the fire in the fireplace. We also had a bean-hole in the fireplace where we finished the cooking of beans.

Meanwhile, Frank Shaw, apparently not plagued with uncontrollable appetite for anything but amassing property, continued doing just that. Bishop pioneer W.A. (Gus) Cashbaugh, interviewed in 1876 by Clara Shaw Eddy, characterized Shaw as one of the largest stockholders in the Bishop Creek Canal and described Frank's Bishop (Laws) home: "His residence was a two-story building on the north side of the north fork of Bishop Creek, surrounded by cottonwood and poplar trees and orchards of pears and apples. A road passed in front of the east side of the house, where there were barns, a cookhouse, blacksmith shop, bunk houses, corals and a dipping vat and scales."

Cashbaugh related that in the 1880s Clinton Myer drove a 32-head team (30 mules and two stallions) for Frank Shaw's freight wagons. "Shaw had a large stud jack he used to breed mares to raise mules. The jack was kept in a strongly built corral attended by a man named Sailor Jack. On one occasion, Sailor was in the corral and the jack turned on him and killed him. Shaw had the jack killed. After this, Shaw stopped freighting and raising mules and horses and went into the cattle business . . ."

Frank Shaw served one term as Inyo County Supervisor and was a member of the Winnedumah Lodge of the Masonic Order. When he died in June 1908, "content to go," he was praised for his strong and honest character. It was written that "he never intentionally wronged any man." Thus he left behind not only vast holdings for his family but a good reputation as well, a unique achievement for the teenager who ran away to sea, was shipwrecked, and got his first grubstake from a gallows felon who moments later was dangling from the end of a rope. ❀

Our ranch house was run very much as were the Spanish-California ranches west of the Sierra Nevada. I had an Indian man-servant who did all the chores: wash the dishes, scrub the floors, etc., for \$16 a month. The vaqueros got a dollar a day. I also had an Indian man who came every day to wash the clothes: he was a very good launderer.

The country was very isolated and I made everything we wore. Al Matlick used to team for Tate and he would come through once a month and take our orders for anything we wished. He would go out to Carson City and even Sacramento and purchase whatever had been ordered and then deliver it to us on his return. Goods were very high and I used to envy the Indians who could make rabbit-skin blankets.

We got our flour from the mill in Bishop. We had a tread-mill arrangement to churn butter. This mill looked very much like a squirrel-cage; we would put a calf in the wheel who would keep walking and turn the wheel which was geared to the churn.

-Mrs. Frank (Medora Hart) Shaw

(NEXT: "The Frank Shaw Family: Second Generation.")

Frank Millner and Clara Shaw Eddy (grandchildren of Clara and Frank Shaw) by the rock corral at Adobe Meadows, about 1980.



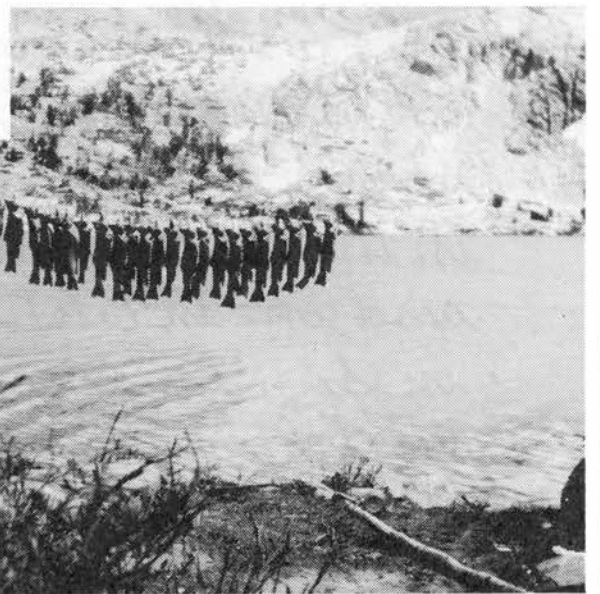
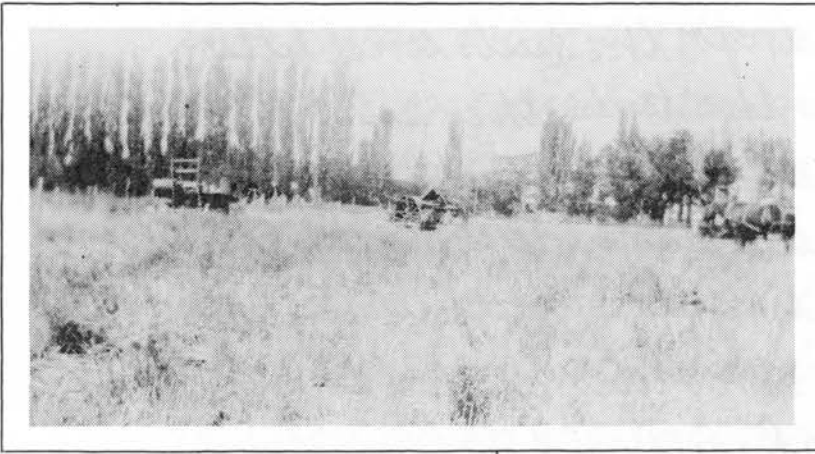
Where have all the ranches gone ...

This little story was written by
(Frank M. Madina of Independence, Ca..)

This is what the city of L.A. Water and Power, did to Owens Valley year ago, so people that comes to this Valley can see and imagine, I came to Owens Valley many years ago, I was very young, I descent from Apache Indian Mescalero from Bisbee Arizona, The Owens Valley was very beautiful great big apple orchards pears and peaches and many other fruits, there was plenty water for irrigation, pure drinking water that came from springs and snow from the mountains, people did not fight over water every one got their share, most of the farmers raised cattle sheep and hogs, they butcher there own cattle and hogs, they made there own ham and bacon they raised chickens duck turkeys and rabbits, in those days there was no refrigeration like we have today, they had rock cellars to keep their meat fresh, they ran a little water on top of the cellars to keep it cool inside

there was a big ice house that made ice for sale one cent a pound one hundred pound blocks or any amount to fit your ice box, ice man deliver ice in town every day, the farmers had beautiful jersey cows for fresh milk and butter and cream, Bishop had a big creamery, all surplus milk that the farmers did not use was sold to the creamery and was made into butter and cheese, and was sold in L. A. or Frisco they also raised lots of honey, Owens valley had two flour mills, one in Law's and one in Bishop. many farmers raised wheat and was sold to the flour mills lots of flour was sold in big cities, Owens Valley had many industrious people, in winter time they use to burn pinon wood, The wood was cut and hauled by Mexican wood men, most of the wood was cut in the black canyon in the white mountains, they had big long wagons and were pulled by six mules, in those days no permit was required, every body work lots of work in the farms or at the flour mills or at the mines, Fishing license was one dollar, fifty fish was the limit, ~~the~~ very few people went fishing, I use to fish a little in no time I caught a few and quit, deer

you could see them feeding along the river
Banks, deer season we use to go at the foot
of the mountains and get a big four pointer
buck, quail and grouse all over the valley,
if you went high in the mountain you
could get mountain quail, beautiful bird
very big, and you could run into mountain
sheep, you don't see them any more, most
of that animals were shot by greedy men, in
this days there was no such thing as
welfare, you could get up early in the morn-
ing and smell the coffee, and the smell of the
pinion wood smoke, in the fall of the year
around Labor day the farmers and the
business men got together and made a big
celebration, the farmers donated a cow or two
for a big barbaque, women made lots of
home made bread big salads home cooked
beans pie and cake, and lots of coffee and
coolaide, men made the barbaque, they dug
a big pit in the ground and made a big
fire, the meat was prepared by a good cook
and well season ready to be put in the pit.
late in the evening it was put in the pit
and cover with dirt, men watch it all night,
next day about two in the after noon was
ready to serve, the farmers wives and
daughters served it, all you could eat pie
or cake and coffee, no charge, they also



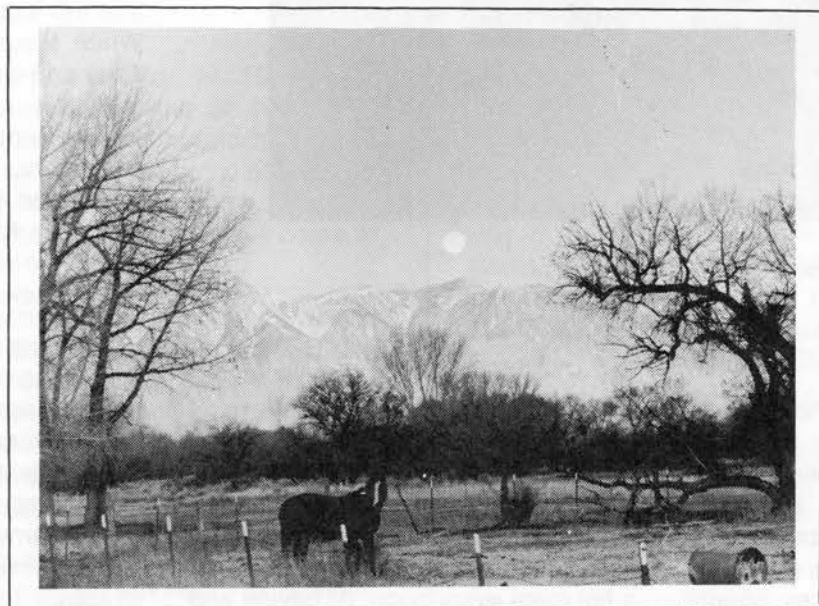
Photos: Walters family album

had a little parade for the kids and little prizes were given to the kids, they sure enjoy that, men had a few drinks home made wine or a little home brew, no drinks the sheriff and the undersheriff were there to keep things in order, at that time we only had the sheriff and the undersheriff and one deputy for each little town in the valley one in Lone Pine - one in Big Pine and one in Bishop. The Indian people in Sun Land Reservation had their own celebration they had a big barbaque lots of deer meat well cooked under the ground the men use to go and get a few deer for the barbaque, I lived with the Paiut Indians for many years, I learned many things from them, I knew many old time Indians very good people, I saw all of this things that I ~~used to~~ wrote here, in summer time we use to go pine nutting in the mountains we camp under the pine trees, made a big fire place to cook our meals, men went hunting and in no time came back with a big deer for camp meat, it was hung under a big tree, we pick pine nuts all day, in the evening we came to camp for supper and rest, women cook fried potatoes Indian bread cooked over the red hot coals, and roasted deer meat it was put in a big clutch oven, buried in the

ground all day long, after supper we sat by the fire and eat pine nuts cooked in a willow basket, and some old man would tell us stories that happen years ago, legends of the pass, very interesting to all of us, after we pick a few sacks of pine nuts we break camp and go home very happy, two days before labor day, men went to the mountains and kill a few deer for the barbaque, we made a great big corral out of willow branches, every body work some cutting willows and some tying the branches together a few tents were made for card games and a big place for ring dancing and a place for hand game, men dug a big pit for the barbaque, it was put in flour sacks and will season, later in the evening was put in the pit to cook, men watch it all night long. in the mean time there was a big hand game going on and card games and ring dance many Indians came from the state of Nevada and some came from Arizona and far away places, they came in big wagons pulled by big mules the celebration lasted three days, when the meat was done the barbaque was served, there was all kinds of Indian food like "cicada" the Indian name is "piegrech" and "coshavrech" it comes from Mono Lake, also "coorach" that bug comes from the earth in the spring time, when it comes from the ground it green

after a few hours it turns brown and sings.
it is related to the locust bug it produces a
vibration noise when mating the Indian people
use to roast them and eat them, lots of deer meat
was served pie cake and coffee all you could
eat free of charge, even white man came to
eat, and some even played hand game and
sing Indian songs some dance ring dance
some even spoke Indian, ring dance ~~old~~ old
people and young people dance
we had good singers I name a few they are
all gone for ever, Johnny Mager - Hendry -
Garragon - Tom Stone - Johnny Shaw, the old
timers sang war dance songs and dances
war dance, some had old time customs,
when the city of L.A. bought most of the Inyo
county land, the farmers had to leave the
valley, some went to the state of Nevada, some
to Oregon and many went to San Joaquin
valley, everything had to be moved by horse and
wagons, many farmers had to leave many
things, many left beautiful horses some even
left chickens and turkeys, no one fed them so
they went wild, many times I went to the old
ranches and catch a wild chicken or a turkey,
in summer time you could go to the farms and
pick all the fruit you wanted, the city of L.A.
destroyed many beautiful homes, some were
burned to the ground, so they did not had to

pay taxes to the state of California or the
Federal Government or the County of Inyo
some homes were sold for five dollars or
ten dollars and hauled away, that is what
the Water and Power from L.A. did to Owens
Valley, Later on they pull all the orchards to
save water, and sell it at L.A. for big money,
years later there was lots of Wild horses in
the Valley, the City of L.A. claimed they
drunk to much water, so they made the
U. S. A. kill all the wild horses and sell it for
dog food., that was ^{when} things were tough no
work at all in 1930 people were hungry
mayer poor people ate some of it, even
today the City of L.A. still pumping water
from under neath Owens Valley and
getting away with it, ♣





The Tate home in Big Pine

In 1901 my parents, Thomas and Esther Tate, moved their family to Big Pine from Smokey Valley, Nevada. A couple of years later they bought a 160 acre ranch about a mile north of town, but as there was no house on the property they bought

one in town. Father did his farming by going back and forth on horseback or in his light one-horse buggy. He kept one hired man year 'round, to whom he gave board and thirty dollars a month. They came home to a hot meal every noon. At haying and

Wood for the Home Fires

by Clarice Tate Uhlmeier

thrashing times he took a whole crew back and forth to meals in a larger wagon.

The days were getting short and the nights cold before the last crop of hay was cut and stacked. Then and then only could farmers turn their attention to getting in wood for the long cold months ahead. Gathering enough pinon wood to keep at least two stoves going full blast the whole winter was no small chore. My father took on even more than that, selling wood to the townspeople who had no means of getting it themselves. Many farmers raised locust and cottonwood trees, both of which grew fast, for their own use.

It took days to get ready for the first trip into the pinon woods of the White Mountains east of Big Pine. Axes and saws had to be sharpened, wedges and sledge hammers assembled, horse shoes, shoeing equipment, and other tools collected and stored in boxes where they could be easily found to set up the wood camp which would be in use for many weeks.

The "big wagon," as we called it, was used and an extra horse led behind. Among things to be taken were several bales of hay, a sack of grain, a tent for stormy weather, two large barrels to be filled with water, a heavy harness and singletree for the extra horse, chains, and bedrolls wrapped in heavy tarps (sleeping

bags were unheard of in that day). A special place was kept open for the tin-lined "grub box" containing prepared food, butter, milk, several dozen well-wrapped eggs, and other perishables. Fresh vegetables from the garden were put into a wet barley sack and a lug of apples and pears stowed away somewhere.

Table utensils, tin plates and cups, and a large piece of bright new oil-cloth to cover a makeshift table built on the spot, were also put in a wooden box. Cooking pots and pans blackened and dented by many years of use were tucked into a sack. All this cooking gear, together with a grate to go on top of rocks assembled for the cooking fire, had been carried down from the store room above the rock cellar days before, washed and polished up as best as could be done. Ten-pound lard cans were filled with flour and sugar and the lids securely fastened.

The days before the men were to leave, Mother baked bread, a couple of pies, and a jar of cookies which would all go into the grub box. About

the last thing to go on the wagon was a quarter of beef, securely wrapped in canvas. This was hung high in a tree at the wood camp, safely away from chipmunks and other invaders.

By three o'clock the next morning Father was up, and had aroused the other two who were to go with him, usually my uncle and brother. All went out to feed and harness the horses while Mother prepared a hearty breakfast of steak and eggs, fried potatoes, hot biscuits with sweet butter and honey, and coffee. The men ate heartily as they knew what was ahead of them. They lingered a little over smokes after the meal, Father with his pipe, the others with cigarettes, but as Father intended, they were on their way before daylight. This was the usual routine.

The first few miles were easy going and the horses pulled steadily along. From the foot of the hill, it was a different story. The road wound back and forth over washouts and ruts deep and dusty, and riding was anything but luxurious. The higher they went the steeper the road became. The horses had to be

stopped often and the brake set so they could breathe deeply and relax as this first load was far heavier than the many following would be.

This was Westgard Pass, a toll road, kept up by Scott Broder, a man past middle age. He lived at the toll house where there was a fresh water spring, and that is where the barrels would be filled. The wood crew always stopped to pay the toll, give Scott his mail and anything he might have ordered from Joseph's store. This was a service all his friends did.

The horses were unhitched, tied in the shade, and given a little grain while the men went in to share their lunch with Scott, with coffee he had made. This was the only long break they would have, and even though early in the day, it was convenient. My folks had gone over this road so many times during their trips from Big Pine to Smokey Valley that they were old friends of Scott, so mother usually included some special thing for his larder.

With barrels filled and horses



Thomas Tate on his horse Billy, one of those he rode to and from his farm.

watered and rehitched, they would be on their way once more. Between the toll house and the summit was the steepest part of the road. Soon they would reach the "narrows" where the road went between two solid walls of rock. There was always a little anxiety until they were through this part, especially in murky weather, for if caught here in a cloudburst there was no possible way for either man or animal to escape. In later years these walls had to be blasted for a two lane highway, but for now one man walked ahead to make sure there was not another outfit coming down.

Above the narrows the pinon trees became more thickly scattered over the hillsides. At the summit the crew took the first rough road that veered to the south and followed it for a few miles along the ridge into the thick woods. Then they started looking for a suitable campsite until they found a place sheltered by a large bluff from the northwinds. Their first chore was to tend to the horses, which they tied a short distance from camp. They decided where to put what before unloading so the heavy things would be handled only once. Rocks were arranged for the cooking fire, the grate put on and a pot of coffee put on to boil. Father drank only tea so his special pot was put on also. He drank it strong, either hot or cold. When camp was set up to their liking everyone sat down for a leisurely smoke. This over, it was time to start supper.

Steaks were cut for the evening meal, as well as a generous hunk for tomorrow's stew, before hoisting the quarter into its tree. They would cut up some onions and cucumbers in vinegar, heat the pot of beans Mother had cooked the day before, fry the steaks, get out the homemade bread, fresh butter and a fruit pie and have a meal fit for the gods. While two of them washed up and stowed away the rest of the food, a third raked out a few coals from the dying fire and tossed in some pitchy pinecones. Later they would rake the cones out and extract the delicious nuts to eat before going to bed. For exercise they usually scouted around checking on the timber near at hand.

The wood cutters never clear-cut, choosing trees here and there, dying ones if possible. They looked for straight logs. Plenty of pinon trees were not so large they couldn't be felled, trimmed and snaked by one man and a horse. They were satisfied that they had chosen the place well. Scarcely had the sun set before they were rolled up in their blankets and snoring. It had been an arduous day as many ahead would be.

They needed no alarm clock. Father had spent a large number of his working years driving stage, so had schooled himself on waking when he wanted. He was awake before dawn and had the coffee pot and tea kettle on, with breakfast well on the way before the others rolled out. They fed, watered, and grained the horses and when they returned there was a huge pile of hotcakes,



Esther Tate

bacon and eggs, and plenty of steaming coffee ready. They wasted no time eating and when through each washed his dishes in a pan of hot water, helped stow away the remaining food, and rolled his bed roll tightly to put into the tent put up the night before. They slept out-of-doors; the tent was used for sleeping only in stormy weather. They had done this so many times they had the whole process down to a science.

Each man harnessed a horse and they went into the timber to start the day's real work. The previous winter and spring winds had felled many a good tree so they were saved the trouble of cutting them, this first day at least. By early afternoon they had

far more than enough for the first load. They loaded the wagon, had an early supper, and were in bed with the birds. The next day two men went down with the load while the third stayed to continue bringing in logs.

The two who went down laid over one day, sawing the logs into four-foot lengths, splitting them into desired sizes, and laying the four-by-four piles that would extend the length of the half acre lot. By the time they finished late in the fall there would be many such piles practically filling the whole lot. The third day they returned to the woods taking any needed supplies and an extra barrel for water. They would lay over one day up there, again helping to bring in logs to the growing stockpile, and come down again the third day. Thus with two trips a week the long rows grew quickly with the addition of several eight-foot lengths each week.

Often on the way down with a load, someone who lived along the way would come out and stop them, asking that they leave a log or so for their use. The men would unload the desired amount, estimating the price, and once more be on their way. Many a time Father stopped at some desolate place without being asked and left logs for people he knew did not have the means to pay.

The two helpers often alternated trips to town, giving each a chance for a hot bath and hair cut. On every trip Mother would have fresh bread and some kind of sweets for them to take back, together with the late papers, which were always several days old when they came anyway.

The men had little time to read but always liked to scan the headlines to see what was going on in the outside world. Strange as it may seem the papers came from San Francisco, referred to as "Below" in those days. They came first to Reno, thence to Mina where the broadgauge took off to Tonopah. The narrow-gauge, nicknamed "Slim Princess," picked up the mail at Mina and brought it on down to the Owens Valley. Most outside travel went north, either by train or by team over Westgard or Montgomery. The roads south were poor.

Some years there was an early snow storm and the men were held up for a short time, but as a rule they could work into early November, when they had to break camp and go down for the winter. Occasionally they made a trip or so in the late spring. Toward the end of the fall season the stockpile would be large enough that an extra trip now and then was all that was needed to clean up before the storms came.

Thus the last of the logs came down faster than they could be split and piled, so it was some time before the long neat rows were finished.

Neighborhood children had a habit of gathering at "Tate's corner" in the early evenings to play. There was little or no traffic. These long rows of wood afforded wonderful hiding places if the games happened to be Hide-and-Seek or Run-Sheep-Run.

After all the exhausting weeks for both men and horses, the highest price Father ever charged for a cord of wood was twelve dollars. The fact that all the equipment was his own, left over from freighting days in Nevada, that wages were low, and that much of the food, both crops and animals were grown on his own land, made the undertaking profitable and brought in quite a few dollars to add to the family coffers. ♣



The east forty of the Tate property was wild pasture land. White Mountains are in the background.

LOST IN CARTAGO!

by Enid A. Larson

This account is written from recollections of a memorable trip out of Owens Valley in the early 1920s. In those days roads were unpaved, unmarked, unlighted and were only two parallel wheel tracks in the sand. In loose sand cars sank down to their axles and had to be shoveled out, thus it was treacherous to get a car's wheels out of the packed sand of the wheel tracks that passed for the "road" now known as Highway 395.

In that summer of 1922 the First Methodist Church of Bishop sponsored five young people to attend a workshop at Pacific Palisades in Southern California. This program was being given under the direction of G.

Bromley Oxnam, a religious leader who was well known.

Our pastor, the Rev. John H. Hodges made his Model T Ford available to us for transportation. Lester Parent, one of our group of young delegates, served as driver. Veleta Parent, Ruth Mason and I rode in the back seat of that Ford. For me, born and reared on a ranch south of Bishop, it was to be my first trip southward out of Owens Valley. Indeed, it was to be my first trip south of the Eight-Mile Ranch near Independence, and hence, my first opportunity to see Mt. Whitney.

Before we had reached Lone Pine

Veleta became carsick and we had to stop and clean up both clothes and car.

Dusk turned to darkness but on we went. Suddenly the driver became aware he had somehow driven off the highway. Now we were following wheel tracks that led to the shore of Owens Lake. He tried another track that led southward, and dead-ended. Track after track we followed, each ended in desert sand. We were lost in Cartago! After more than half an hour of wandering we finally re-located El Camino Sierra Real. Cartago was no different then from the way it is today; no town, just a mark-



*When all roads were two ruts in the sand, there was plenty of room to get lost between Cartago and Lone Pine.
Photo courtesy Caltrans District 9.*

er. We rode on. After midnight, Lester said he was getting sleepy so we pulled onto the flat roadside shoulder. He went to sleep immediately. Two of us lay down on the warm sand of the Mojave Desert. Dawn was approaching. The sand cooled down. I arose and walked back and forth to keep warm. Imagine that! By 8 a.m., after sunrise, the air temperature was 110°F!

I do not remember going through Mint Canyon near Newhall on the way south, but I certainly remember how the engine in that Model T boiled on our return trip.

At Pacific Palisades, we attended the workshop daily during the week. Ruth Mason (Peel) had been in attendance as a first-year student at S.B.U.C., now U.C.L.A., no longer the Southern Branch of the University. She knew her way around the Los Angeles area and served as our guide.

I have never forgotten my first sight of the Pacific Ocean or swimming in its water at the beach of Venice. This was so very different from swimming in the Owens River Canal at Sunland. Indelibly impressed on my memory was the roller coaster ride that frightened me witless and my total frustration in facing a dial telephone for the first time.

Eventually we returned to Bishop with stories to share of our experiences. Most important of all was the enlargement of my vision of the world beyond life on the ranch.

Seventy or more years ago, there was a dirt road that led from Los Angeles through Mojave to Bishop. The northward portion as it traversed Inyo and Mono counties became known as El Camino Sierra. Today, the wheel tracks and ruts of that road lie hidden among the brush and shrubs of Owens Valley and no markers indicate its location or history. Modern developments of Highway 395 have replaced El Camino Sierra and, in so doing, have bypassed much of the bed of that earlier road.

One interesting facet of reaching Senior Citizen status is remembering when things were not always the way they are today. How many modern automobile drivers in their haste, hell-bent night and day for the Mammoth ski area, could possibly envision old Sherwin Hill between Round Valley and Tom's Place unpaved, rutted, steep, with only freight teams, horse-drawn vehicles and DUST?

Today, the old road up Lower Rock Creek follows only a portion of El Camino Sierra. Another section remains west of the present roadbed of Highway 395.

This stretch can be travelled but is partly unpaved between Big Pine and Keough's Hot Springs.

The story of the name of El Camino Sierra is worthy of repetition. Inland from the coast of California, the main highway connecting Los Angeles and San Francisco had been named "El Camino Real," the Royal

Road. When a parallel road was developed along the eastern escarpment of the Sierra Nevada, Inyo residents became vocal and expressed their wish that it be named "El Camino Sierra," The Mountain Road. The Inyo Good Roads Club, with its executive secretary W.G. Scott, pushed for the name. Through the efforts of this organization, on August 31, 1910, California Governor Gillette came from Sacramento to Owens Valley and, in dedication services at the old Fred Eaton Ranch south of Big Pine, officially proclaimed this road, from Los Angeles County line to Sonora Junction, "El Camino Sierra."

In April 1943, the State Assembly designated Highway 6 from the Nevada border to Los Angeles as "Grand Army of Republic Highway."

In 1916 the grading of the unsurfaced road up old Sherwin Hill was completed and this section of El Camino Sierra was officially opened. According to the late Curt Phillips, in that year there were just 300 cars registered in Inyo County.

Each of these developments in road building took place before the California Highway Commission was established in 1922.



Old Sherwin road. Rossi Collection, courtesy Virginia Harwood.

Over El Camino Sierra came Mr. Wm. Bramlette in 1921 in a Lincoln Roadrunner to set a record of 6 hours, 38 minutes, 45 seconds from Los Angeles to Bishop. He came through Big Pine at a speed of 72 miles per hour. That car of his cost \$5,200.

Ed Leahey, of the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power, drove this road in an open Dodge touring car at the same speeds he drove the paved roads in Los Angeles. Never mind if he hit chuckholes, washboarded the surface and braked against sand ridges. He always missed the boulders. The old Dodge of those days could take it.

Ed took me from Independence to Mojave in late September, 1925; he to go to Los Angeles, I to board The "Owl" for Oakland. A few days earlier a cloudburst had torn up Freeman Gulch. At high speed we came, unknowingly, onto that washed out, boulder strewn section of El Camino Sierra. Ed braked somewhat as we rushed down into the gully. We missed the boulders but we hit the ditch at the bottom at 45 miles per hour. The impact threw me, as passenger, across the steering wheel.

The car shuddered and became momentarily airborne but Ed never slowed. He accelerated as we ascended the far side of the gulch. With one hand he shoved me back into my seat and drove on, saying "Guess I didn't slow enough for that one." That an axle did not shatter speaks for the sturdy construction of his Dodge. He left me at the Harvey House to await the train and after a cup of coffee, took off for Los Angeles. We had covered the 150 miles to Mojave in approximately two and three quarter hours.

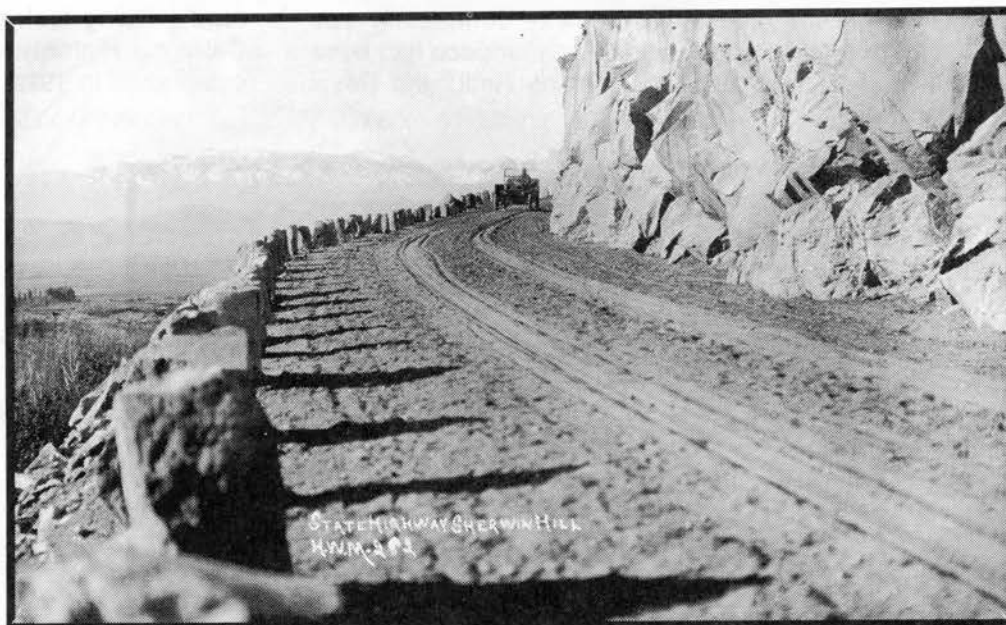
Ed's driving of El Camino Sierra is a legend among oldtimers in Owens Valley. He told me that once he had driven the 45 miles between Independence and Bishop in 37 minutes. Residents of Owens Valley got off the road when they saw a vehicle in the distance approaching at high speed, kicking up dust: "Here comes Leahey." Fate was kind to him. He never had an accident on El Camino Sierra that I know of and he lived to be an octogenarian.

My brother recalls coming north on El Camino Sierra after swimming at Keough's Hot Springs. The driver of the Ford Model T in which he was

riding had had "a drink" and his driving was proving erratic. My brother said, "If you are going to drive like that, give me the wheel," and, while they were travelling at 35 miles per hour, the driver obliged. The nut that connected the wheel to the steering post was missing so he had merely lifted the steering wheel free and handed it over to my brother. They and the car landed in a ditch, up against a culvert abutment, where the sand had braked them to a halt.



August 9, 1873: Inyo County Board of Supervisors sets Deep Springs Toll Road rates at \$1 wagon a pair of animals; each additional pair 50 cents; horse and rider 25 cents; pack animals 12½ cents each; loose stock 10 cents per head; sheep, goats and hogs 2 cents each.



State Highway, Sherwin Hill, 1920s. Mendenhall Collection.

Body and hood in beautiful Chester Hunt Red, black steel Disc wheels and fenders—Head lamps and parking lights, bumpers, radiator and tie rod of shimmering nickle, top, side curtains and tire covers of olive drab duck, heavily water proofed, black patent leather upholstery, trunk with dust cover rack, and aluminium trunk bars, on the touring model. A spare cord tire, spring type bumpers front and rear.



After a recent football game in Iowa City, a th mobile filled with spectators got stuck in the mu home. There most of them stayed all night, in nothing to eat. Many of the cars had to be ab majority were finally dragged out in the usual v

It was a mournful experience, but one that a lot of good. Reformers preach about the val without getting far. Getting up against rea bottomless prairie variety, in such a practical thousand sermons. Every one of those stranc hereafter an earnest booster for good roads, pay the price to make them good.

1927
BUICK

PRICES F. O. B. BISHOP

4 Cylinder Roadster	\$1085.00
4 Cylinder Touring	1110.00
6 Cylinder Roadster	1535.00
6 Cylinder Touring	1460.00

Car Load Will Arrive in Bishop Sept. 1st

Smith Auto Co.

VISALIA, June 22.—A
recognizance trip from
Camp Nelson to Lone
Pine, Inyo county, for the
purpose of viewing the
proposed trans-Sierra
road which would connect
Porterville and the town
across the range, will be
made late in August or
early in September by
Supervisor F. M. Pfrimmer
and Laurence A. Moyer,
county surveyor. Announcement
of this plan, made by Moyer,
puts the first official stamp
of recognition to the con-
templated road which
has been urged repeatedly
by the Porterville Cham-
ber of Commerce and
other organizations along
the east side and which
has the hearty support of
mountain lovers through-
out Tulare county.

AUTO SUGGESTIONS

At the suggestion of the City officials the attention of the public is respectfully called to a few things in connection with the automobile traffic. "Safety first" is not a very new thought, but it is a wise one.

"Remember that the automobile has neither brains nor instinct."

Parking within fifteen feet of any Fire Hydrant is prohibited by State law and the town or city is derelict if they fail to enforce the ordinance whether such ordinance has been passed by the town or city or not. Safety first in his instance to property and possibly to personal injury or fe This ordinance is being enforced. So in parking near a hydrant have your eye trained to fifteen feet, be sure of ore rather than less.

Then again there are State regulations concerning lights for driving after night. For motor vehicles, buggies and wagons included. The front or head lights and rear or tail lights should be made to comply with the required regulations of the State.

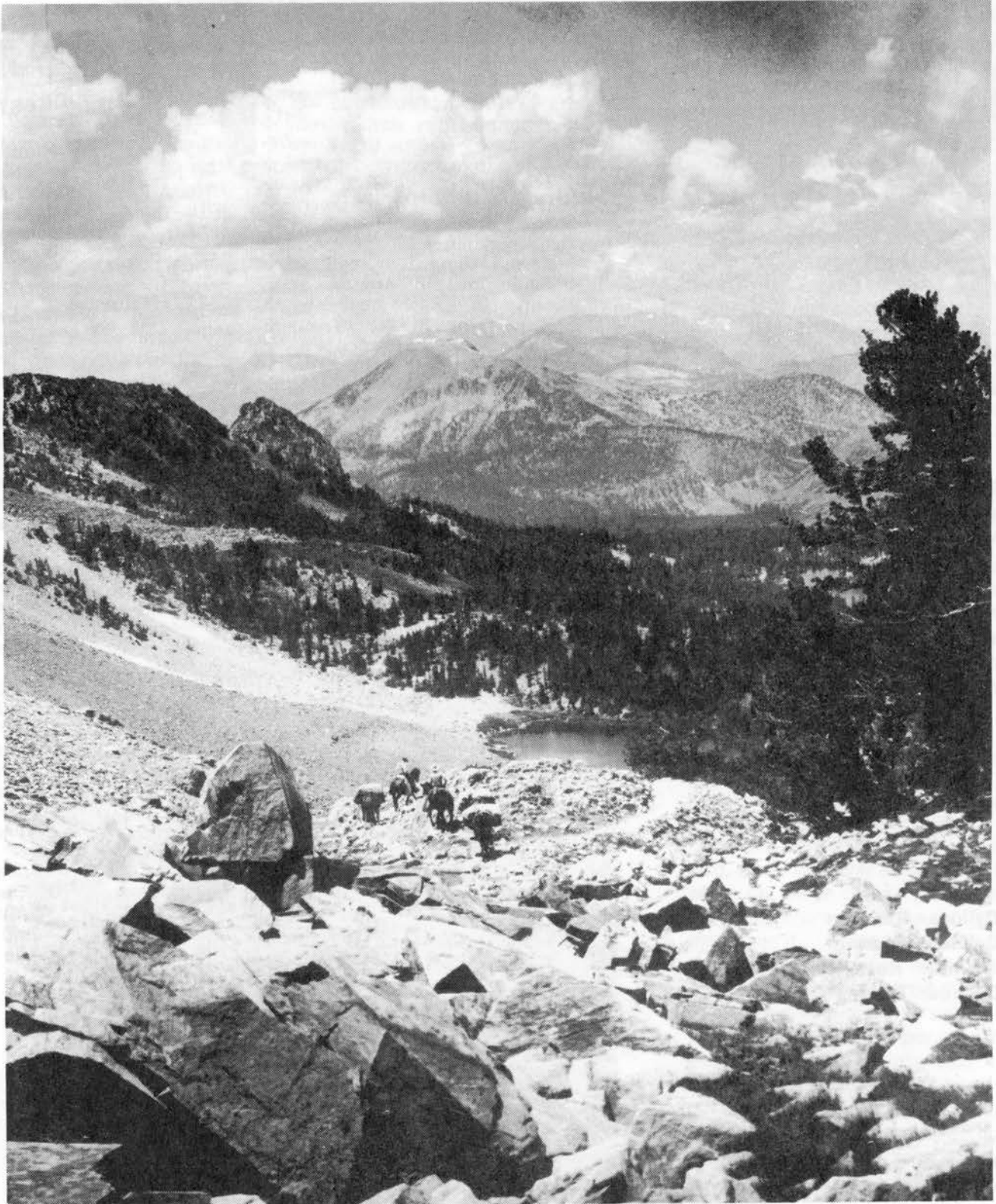
In case of a buggy or wagon if not possible to secure the regulation light, for safety sake a light of some kind could be secured and placed on the left side of the vehicle so it could be seen from front or rear by one approaching would show at least that there was a design to try to comply with the law and observe the rules of safety. Then keep to right of road. Such an effort may prevent an accident and save your own life as well as that of some one else. It is understood that quite recently two or three serious accidents have been very narrowly escaped for lack of lights.

SAFETY FIRST

Packing, 50 Years Ago

from a report by Norman B. Livermore, Jr.

by Jane Fisher



Over Duck Pass to Barney Lake. Kelsey Sierra Studios photo, courtesy Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit.

"Ike Livermore did this study more than fifty years ago, and little has changed," mused Bob Tanner when he handed over a faded copy of "The Tourist Packing Business of the High Sierra Region," by former packer and California State Administrator of Resources Norman B. Livermore, Jr.

Tanner should know; he has been in the industry for years and is the force behind Red's Meadow Pack Station, along with other enterprises.

Livermore was Secretary for Resources from 1967 to '74 under Gov. Reagan, and a member, later president, of the State Fish & Game Commission from 1980 to '84. In 1934, with the help of Allie Robinson, one of the first eastside packers, he organized the High Sierra Packers Association and became a major influence in decisions beneficial to the wilderness and packing industry. At one time he owned the largest pack train in California, being a partner of the Mineral King outfit (1929-46) and of Bruce and Charles

Morgan and Tommy Jefferson of Mt. Whitney Pack Trains based in Lone Pine (1946-73)

His report, compiled in 1935, was prompted by an assignment at the Harvard Graduate School of Business, where he was studying. In the autumn of 1934, motorcycling between Tioga and Walker, he interviewed packers on both sides of the Sierra.

At that time, 22 packers operated in Inyo and Mono counties. Thelan covered Kennedy Meadows; Sam Lewis Haiwee Canyon. Going into the Olancha area were Barney Sears, Dan Cook and Dick Burns out of Olancha, and Burkhart & Olivas from Lone Pine. Dow of Jordan Hot Springs went into the headwaters of the Kern, South Fork, from Lone Pine. Wally Wilson and Chrysler & Cook packed into Lone Pine and Carrol creeks.

From Independence, C.H. Hyers' Circle Dot Pack Train, Archie Dean and Allie Robinson took visitors



Rainbow Pack Outfit, 1960. Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit photo.



First snow, Deer Creek; Hugh Avery, packer, 1961. Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit photo.

into the back country through Onion Valley. Allie Robinson was the largest outfit, with 170 head of stock, and took trains out through Symmes Creek, Oak Creek, and Taboose as well as Onion Valley. R.H. Logan operated out of Big Pine Creek.

From Bishop, George Brown had the Pine Creek string, Cecil Thorington McGee Creek, Art Schober was listed for Bishop Creek, as was Halliday's Rainbow Pack Outfit at Parcher's Camp. Vance Brown packed out of Hilton Lakes Resort and D.G. McComber's Broken Bar Outfit went into Rock Creek Lakes region. Lloyd Summers' Mammoth Camp Pack Outfit went out from Mammoth, Agnew Meadow and Lake Mary. McGuffin's Lake Mary Pack Outfit also operated out of Lake Mary, while Slim Tatum covered the Silver Lake passes from his June Lake headquarters.

To tell the adventures, history, campfire tales, and relationships of these pioneer packers to families

throughout the two counties would take at least a thick volume. George Brown, for instance, was a respected Chief of the local Paiute Tribe; Brown, Tatum, Summers, Thorington, Schober, Olivas — all are familiar names with families firmly tied to the area. At least one campfire tale deals with who shot the coffee pot out of whose hands for harrassing his flock of trippers!

Livermore wrote of a High Sierra packing experience for the 1977 (8th Annual) Mule Days program. He told of feeling mighty lucky to have been assigned one of the 13 strings of mules used by Allie Robinson on a Sierra Club trip in 1938.

"First of all," he wrote, "Hightrippers don't see anything at all of the preparations at Independence or the deadheading to the point where the Club is first met. To the packers, these are in many ways the highlights of the trip."

When "Ike" arrived at Independence, he found the corrals a busy place, with packers arriving from all over the Valley. "Most of them, with a goodly sprinkling of Independence corral-fence sitters, were watching Allie at work in the corrals. Here, with two or three helpers, he was selecting out of more than 150 head the horses and mules that were to go on the Club trip.

"The stock was pretty well shod up, because Pete Buckley had been on hand for several weeks to tend to the exceedingly tough job. And if you don't think I mean tough, just try and shoe a bronc mule some time. This year, there were ten of them on the High Trip. Allie says he wishes Luther Burbank had been a stock breeder. He might have been able to develop a strain of mules that are born with their shoes on!"

Each packer was issued his gear: pack saddles with rigging, pack blankets, snap ropes, a bell and a blind. They furnished their own saddles and equipment, including bedroll (weight not over 75 pounds!). During

the four-day deadhead up the Valley, "no one seemed to know or care who the cook was going to be until after the fire was started. There was no grate, no equipment except frypan, coffeepot and stewpot. Dishwashing was a hasty if not painstaking chore, and the drying was mostly done by air (circulating naturally over a used mule pack cover). But everyone got happily and healthily nourished, which after all is the main thing. In the evening we'd sit around the campfire awhile where the favorite occupation was to 'run mustangs,' i.e. to lay dreamy plans for capturing wild Nevada horses. This didn't last far into the night, though, because the regular rising hour was four.

"Hightrippers' opinions of packers seem to range all the way from disdain through indifference up to admiration," Livermore wrote. "Packers, on the other hand, have a rather uniform and understandable if not quite fair opinion of the Club members" . . . "a feeling of good natured sympathy which is best expressed by the term 'footburner.' Packers, born and raised with stock, never have been able to see how people could derive pleasure from hiking" . . . "they feel genuinely



Strings yard in deer season, 1961. Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit photo.

sorry for what they regard as misguided souls burning their feet up. And when it comes to rock climbing, of course, a packer definitely loses all sympathy and comprehension. The whole subject is completely beyond him, and its devotees are living examples of life's endless mysteries."

One of Livermore's proudest accomplishments was to stop the construction of a trans Sierra Minarets Road which would have cut the John Muir Trail in half and greatly depreciated the High Sierra Wilderness. Construction of roads and dams on the westside reduced the need for packers there, and of 48 in 1936, less than a quarter are still in business. Of the 71 pack trains working both sides in 1935, fewer than 50 remain.

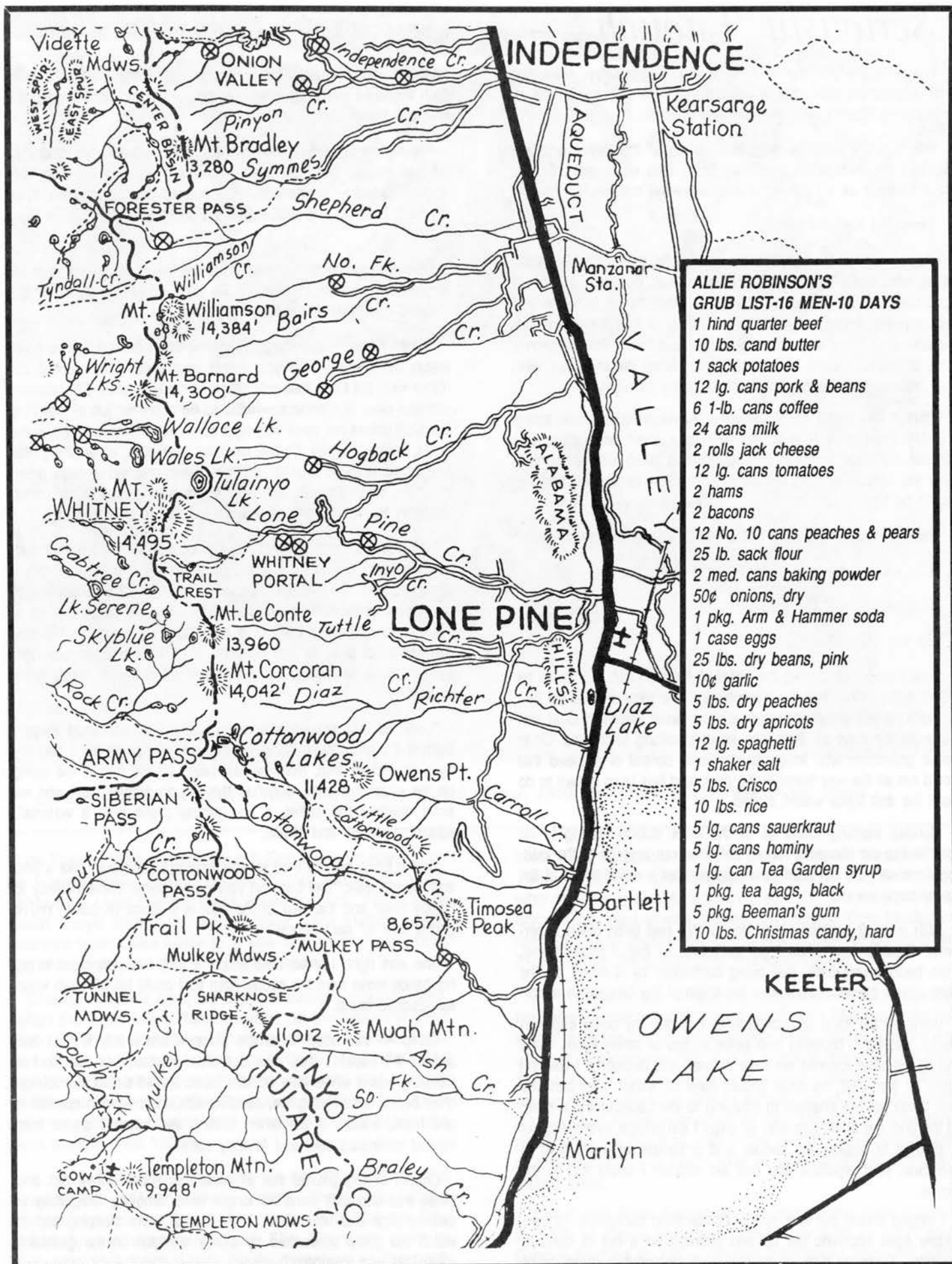
Nonetheless, Old West courtesy still prevails, with

packers prepared to make every wilderness trip a memorable experience. They will plan and prepare meals; they will chase and tend the animals; you may ride or walk; they will drop you off, stay with you, or drop your gear at your destination and haul it back out when you're ready to leave. They will arrange guided fishing, hunting, and exploring expeditions, or an outdoor college course. Learn fly-fishing, mountain cooking, painting, photography, flora and fauna, horsemanship. Go alone, with friends, meet new friends, or take the kids. Smell the coffee in the sharp morning air, hear the birds and splashing water, look into vast distances, eat the trout you just caught, feel the quiet.

"We are an old-style profession in a high-tech world," says Danica Berner of Pine Creek Pack Trains. A truly comforting thought. ❀



Red Altum, Lou Roeser, Carl James branding horses, 1961. Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit photo.



**ALLIE ROBINSON'S
GRUB LIST-16 MEN-10 DAYS**

- 1 hind quarter beef
- 10 lbs. cand butter
- 1 sack potatoes
- 12 lg. cans pork & beans
- 6 1-lb. cans coffee
- 24 cans milk
- 2 rolls jack cheese
- 12 lg. cans tomatoes
- 2 hams
- 2 bacons
- 12 No. 10 cans peaches & pears
- 25 lb. sack flour
- 2 med. cans baking powder
- 50¢ onions, dry
- 1 pkg. Arm & Hammer soda
- 1 case eggs
- 25 lbs. dry beans, pink
- 10¢ garlic
- 5 lbs. dry peaches
- 5 lbs. dry apricots
- 12 lg. spaghetti
- 1 shaker salt
- 5 lbs. Crisco
- 10 lbs. rice
- 5 lg. cans sauerkraut
- 5 lg. cans hominy
- 1 lg. can Tea Garden syrup
- 1 pkg. tea bags, black
- 5 pkg. Beeman's gum
- 10 lbs. Christmas candy, hard

Seriously Enough...

by Jane Fisher

I once had a packing experience too. Peggy Gray, artist and instructor for the University of California at Riverside, invited me on one of her Watercolor in the Wilderness trips.

"We spend a week traveling and painting in the High Sierra wilderness and Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit does all the work. All you have to do is sit on the horse and enjoy the scenery."

"Horse?" I said. "Hmmm."

The wilderness is where things growl, howl, screech in the night, sting, bite, and blister, and it's all uphill with no place to sit that isn't hard or wet. But when offered a chance to get back there, I become demented; all I can remember is that things bloom, whistle, sing, glow, and feel, smell and taste better than anywhere else on earth, and no one cares if you skinny dip in an icy lake, eat too much, or keep your flashlight going all night.

Thus it was that I found myself at Sierra Meadows one sunny Sunday evening in August, listening to a short orientation. Lou Roeser, our host, spoke to us about getting along with our horses, with the concomitant (in my case, erroneous) conclusion that we would be better riders by the end of the week.

"Horse?" I said. "Oh, don't bother about a horse for me. I'll walk."

"You wouldn't be able to keep up."

"How about run?" I offered.

"Do you gallop?"

It appeared that, barring the onset of common sense, I would be riding a live horse into the backcountry. We were persuaded that all pack horses are descendants of The Great Mountain Goat and have suction cups on their feet, leaving nothing to chance. Or to some greenhorn who imagines she is in control of a steed that could run all the way home in the dark, and has been known to do so if the drift fence wasn't closed.

Monday morning found us at the pack station waiting to be matched to our chargers, having delivered our luggage to the loading dock with the standard airline prayer that it would arrive at the same camp we did.

With mine, it couldn't matter much. We had been given a personal checklist, but when I got to "mirror," I quit. I remembered, from backpacking trips, that being confronted by a mirror on the third day in the mountains was the origin of the Sasquatch rumor.

Being an old hand at backpacking, I stuffed my duffle bag with books, flashlight, batteries and bulbs in lieu of street lights. I laid out all the other luxuries we were allowed and decided if I couldn't carry all that stuff, no mule should have to, either. You can see that I was not yet oriented to traveling to the backcountry in style. In the end, the duffle bag was so small I threw back everything but a change of basics, my sweats and a sample of every kind of medicine, pest repellent and first aid support I could find in the house.

I toggled myself out in a sort of combination backpacker-jogger-middle aged eccentric get up and jammed on a hat of dubious ancestry. Everyone else, of course, wore fashionable variations of

western, with a change for each day. We were assured a daily bath would be available. It was, in fact — running right through the meadow below camp.

"You might as well sit down while you're waiting for your horses," advised Peggy, "because tomorrow you will prefer to stand up." We soon mounted — or climbed, were pushed, tugged, coaxed, maneuvered, boosted and airlifted into the saddles and set out for Duck Pass.

Leah, the gentle horse assigned to me, eyed me with disgust but forgave me and dozed most of the way, except uphill, when she decided I weighed three hundred pounds.

"Listen horse," I said, "you are driving and I am the tourist, so I'll watch the scenery and you watch your feet." This worked out rather well, but Leah took advantage of my ignorance. She affected extreme near sightedness, unable to do a proper job of watching her step unless her nose was right down there level with the sweet grass beside the trail. Or the mouthful of daisies, or anything else she could grab to munch. Whenever we reached a high green meadow, Leah thought she was in an equine ice cream parlor. Probably that's why she grew wider as the sun went west.

We crossed the pass easily to Duck Lake, where the trail suddenly became two and a half inches wide and three thousand feet straight down. "Okay horse, it's suction cup time," I pleaded. Everyone else was exclaiming over the ultramarine and cobalt blue lake, the alizarine crimson, thalo blue and cadmium yellow wildflowers, the groves of pine, fir and hemlock. If I'd had any hemlock right then, I'd have swallowed it to put myself out of my miserable terror of heights.

"Look at this gorgeous scenery, Jane," admonished Peggy. Darned if I know how, riding behind me, she could tell I had my eyes squinched shut. Nonetheless, being on the trail is like being on the escalator: once launched there is no turning back and we soon reached the outlet, a fine grassy place with a waterfall, splashing stream and shade.

During lunch break I tried to hide, hoping Leah would fake a limp and I could walk. "Get back on your horse, Jane. We're halfway to Happy Hour and the rest of the ride is a piece of cake. You're gonna love it," said Peggy.

She was right. I loved it so much, it took two wranglers to pry my hands loose from the saddle horn so I could fall off Leah when we reached camp.

Camp — that used to be the place where I only knew I had arrived if I couldn't drag one foot after another, but this kind of camping was a whole new world. I found myself sitting in a lounge chair beside an evening fire, coddled with an anti-groan specific in one hand, snacks in the other, sniffing the aromatic steam from vats of marinated beef and cowboy coffee.

Careful testing proved that all parts that should move did, and those that shouldn't bend no longer bent. Smelling delightfully of smoke, pitch and wild onion, I slid into a warm sleeping bag to watch the pines silhouetted by alpine afterglow in the gathering dark. This was *camping*?

FISH TAILS

by George L. Garrigues

At the time the Fish and Game first started planting roadside streams with catchable trout, some local and many visiting fishermen played a game called "Follow the Fish Truck." When they spotted one going through town or down the highway, they got in line behind the truck to follow it to its destination.

They waited at a discreet distance, watching as the truck unloaded its cargo, then proceeded to the spot, there to separate the newly released trout from the water.

In those days Fish and Game employees made little effort to distribute the fish along a section of the stream or river. They would often drive to the first convenient spot and dump the entire load. Usually there were a dozen or more cars waiting just around the bend or over the hill. Sometimes, it was rumored, the trucks would not contain any fish and drivers would move them around all day, decoying fishermen from the loaded trucks. Nevertheless, the planting spots were well known although the planting dates became closely guarded secrets.

One summer morning when I was ten or eleven years old, our telephone rang. It was D.H. (Delmor) James, high school shop teacher and dad's fishing buddy. He asked my dad, "Got time for some easy fishing today? I'd like some company."

"No," was the reply, "I have to tend the store. Maybe George does, though."

"Why don't you ask him. I know where we can catch a limit in no time at all."

I hadn't made any plans for the day so I agreed.

D.H. said, "Good. Tell him I'll pick him up in about half an hour and bring lots of good red salmon eggs."

We drove out to the Owens River, past Five Bridges and over Chalk Bluff. D.H. maneuvered his car close to the big hole just past the bluff and said, "This is it."

We got out, sat on the running board, baited our hooks with single eggs, dropped them into the water and immediately had fish on our hooks. One after another we pulled them in without moving from our seats.

About forty-five minutes later, D.H. said, "I think it's time I checked up. I must be getting close to my limit." (It was twenty-five fish at that time). He counted out twenty-four, all similar in size. I had twenty-three. A couple more casts and we both had our limits.

We returned to town, satisfied with what we thought was the best fishing we'd ever had. I, grudgingly, spent more time cleaning my catch than it had taken to catch them. Even though I wasn't too pleased with the family "you catch 'em, you clean 'em" tradition, I was happily looking forward to an all-you-can-eat fish dinner.

When evening arrived we sat at the table, mouths watering, with a platter of freshly caught trout in front of us. What a disappointment the first bite was! We could taste the hatchery food the fish had been raised on and it was far from that of a native trout. I instantly developed a distaste that still exists today for newly released trout.

I find places to fish far from recently planted waters, leaving those, ugh, trout for others.

I want to emphasize that what I relate is strictly fact. I have called upon my conscience to be 100% accurate even though this may sound like the beginning of another fish story. If you have a favorite fish story that meets these requirements contact me, c/o The Album. Please be sure names and places are spelled correctly, dates are accurate and include your phone number in case we need to contact you. ♣



Recipes from the

REAL WILD WEST

Bishop's mayor pro tem Patricia Talmage shares these historic Butte, Montana, recipes found in a cookbook that was a gift from her mother, the late Irene Gedvillas.

Mrs. Gedvillas was born there, and Pat spent her early childhood in Montana. One of Pat's favorites is the Pasty, pronounced pass'-tee.

Filling:

skirt or flank steak	onions
or lion tip	salt and pepper
potatoes	

Pastry:

3 cups flour	1 teaspoon salt (added
1 cup lard	to flour)
water or milk	

Cut lard into flour. Add only enough water to make pastry stick together. Roll out rounds to size desired for each pasty.

Begin by layering sliced potatoes on half the round, then sliced onion, salt and pepper to taste; next a layer of meat (sliced or diced) and more salt and pepper; add another layer of potatoes, then onions, more salt and pepper and top with a pat of butter. Pull dough over and up, gathering and crimping across the top and dampening the dough to seal. Make a vent in the top. Brush pasties with a mixture of 1 egg yolk and 1 tablespoon water before baking. This seals in the juice and gives the pasties a golden brown color. Pasties made with lard might otherwise be white after baking. Bake at 400° for 15 minutes; then at 325° for 1 hour.

Melt 1 teaspoon butter with 1 tablespoon water and pour twice in vent during last 15 minutes of baking.

Another famous early west dessert was this Indian Pudding, which a Butte cook recommended be prepared with apples — sliced, cored and peeled — placed on the bottom of a greased baking dish.

4 tablespoons Indian cornmeal	5 cups milk
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Sprinkle cornmeal slowly into 1 cup milk and cook for a few minutes. Remove from heat.

Add:

1/4 teaspoon nutmeg	1 tablespoon butter
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon	1/2 cup molasses

1/4 teaspoon ginger	3/4 to 1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt	2 eggs, well beaten
a few grains allspice	

Add a quart cold milk, pour in greased 2-quart oven-proof dish, bake slowly at 300° for 3 hours. Serve with cream or hard sauce.

If that didn't satisfy the sweet tooth, there was always this recipe for a little cache of Cashew Brittle:

13 pounds granulated sugar	2 pounds brown sugar
15 pounds corn syrup	25 pounds roasted cashew
3 ounces salt	1 pound butter

Heat white and brown sugar and corn syrup to 300° then remove from heat. Add cashews and mix. Add salt and flavored shortening.

And what real old cowboy hasn't bragged about eating "Mountain Oysters?" Here's the recipe, but it is prefaced by this warning: "For those of delicate nature, proceed first with 2 shots of whiskey (for fortitude)."

Mountain oysters are the result of altering bull calves, thus turning them into steers, or turning young rams neutral. After altering operations, the "oysters" are put to soak overnight in a large crock filled with water to which salt has been added. Rinse out oysters repeatedly next day and carefully vein them to remove coarseness, thus making them tender as chicken livers. Prepare a dip of rolled saltine cracker crumbs, minute-beaten eggs and milk, seasoned with salt (if needed) and pepper. Roll oysters in dip and fry in deep vegetable oil. Remove when golden brown. Garnish with lemon slices and fresh parsley, if desired.

Perhaps this would help, if any can still be found. It is claimed to be the only recipe that survived the early French mountain men and fur trappers, and is called Tradin Likker.

To 1 barrel of distilled spirits, add 1 scoop of crushed ginger, some molasses, 3 handfuls of dried red peppers, a loaf of sugar and 2 gills of gunpowder. (Allow time to ferment some.) They say it made the natives restless.

MONO COUNTY



INYO COUNTY

Editor's Corner



Above: the threatened update of "Album" editor with no-longer-brown hair. The nice thing about black and white is you can't tell when the hair is really white and (a little) black.

To continue to acquaint you with our writers, we present Demila Jenner, who has spent half of her 22 years in Benton researching the history of that area. Her current work-in-progress is tentatively titled "THE SILVER MINES OF BLIND SPRING HILL: A History of the People of Benton Hot Springs," a book that begins with the first silver strike there in the early 1860s. The Shaw Family article in this issue is a chapter from that book.

Demila was born in Mississippi, raised in Louisiana, and has lived in New York and Mexico. She is a graduate of Louisiana State University, School of Journalism (B.A., M.A.) and worked for various newspapers, including 10 years on the late Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. Her husband Harley, whose photos have appeared in "The Album" worked there for 42 years before coming to Benton in 1968; his family spent every summer in Mammoth, beginning in 1921.

Demila's articles have appeared in such national publications as the *New York Times*, *Westways*, *Woman's Day*, and *Writer's Digest* and she ghosted articles for a book on the Grand Canyon, published in 1981. Demila worked with the late Sheldon Douglass Elliott of Independence, former dean of the Univ. of Southern Calif. Law School, who was then serving as legal consultant to the Paiute and Shoshone Indians of Owens Valley, and Earl Greeno, then Area IV Coordinator for the Inter-Tribal Council of Calif., who were pressuring the U.S. Navy to return Coso Hot Springs to Native Americans. The resultant article which Demila wrote for the Nov. 1970 issue of *Tribal Spokesman*, official newspaper of the Inter-Tribal Council of California, has recently acquired current relevancy with publication of "Pentagon empire building" plans (U.S. News & World Report, May 14, 1990) entitled "Operation Landgrab." It reveals Navy intent to add 7760 more California acres to the 523,000 acres (which include Coso Hot Springs) it seized in a 1945 condemnation proceeding for the China Lake Naval Weapons Center.

Letters to the Editor

MORE ON MONO'S VANISHING BENCHMARK

I am enclosing an analysis of a water sample taken from Mono Lake by a group of chemical engineers in 1948, working for the DWP, using me as a guide and my launch "Venita" for transportation.

Interest was expressed in finding the bench mark mentioned in I.C. Russell's report. However, the wind came up and the search was called off. On a subsequent trip to check some data obtained in September, we searched again for the bench mark and with no wind and a glassy, calm lake, poled the boat carefully into the area shown on Russell's map. Our luck was good and with the light just right, I spotted the mark under water at the location described by Russell.

We measured the depth to the mark with a tape and found it to be 41". This was the 8th of November, 1948, 65 years, almost to the day, from its origin, according to page 299 in Russell's report. This changes the "Time Line" in Louise Kelsey's article "The Lost Bench Mark" somewhat. **Wallis R. McPherson, Bridgeport, CA**

Mr. McPherson refers to articles appearing in THE ALBUM Vol. II, No. 2 and No. 4. Following is the water sample analysis.

Mono Lake Brine Analysis IX, Sampled Sept. 30, 1948, by F.J. Hortig, R.L. Derby, D.W. Graham, Bill Ree, L.B. Black. Analyst Schauer, Sanitary Engineering, DWP. Lake surface elevation 6,413.69; location of sample point 105 ft. below surface at point 4 on map. Specific gravity 1.043; temp. 8.4° C.

Sodium carbonate 1.43% by wt. (78,800,000 tons in lake); sodium bicarbonate 0.75% by wt. (41,400,000 tons in lake); sodium chloride 1.69% by wt. (93,200,000 tons in lake); potassium chloride 0.179% by wt. (9,870,000 tons in lake); sodium sulfide 0.00; sodium sulfate 0.94% by wt. (51,800,000 tons in lake); sodium tetraborate 0.12% by wt. (6,620,000 tons in lake); sodium phosphate (tri) 0.008% by wt. (441,000 tons in lake); sodium arsenate (tri) 0.0026% by wt. (143,000 tons in lake); silica 0.0028% by wt. (154,000 tons in lake).

I understand two things: Mono Lake weighed a lot and the water line was high in 1948.

ERNIE MORRIS 5-27-1889 to 9-19-1982

I wish someone would write the story of Ernie Morris, that venerable gentleman who spent his final years snugly ensconced in that beautiful little park just outside of Independence. One day, as we were chatting beside his trailer, he told me that this was the Eden he had long been searching for.

I first met Ernie a few years ago (1979) when I stopped to enjoy the Fourth of July parade as I traveled south on 395. As I walked along the curb in front of the Courthouse seeking a place to sit, a sturdy little man leaped to his feet and said he could squeeze over and make room for me. Thus began an acquaintance that lasted for the remainder of Ernie's life.

When the parade was over, Ernie invited me to his place for a game or two of horseshoes. I suppose I should have been embarrassed when I learned my conqueror was in his 90s, but I believe this fact only served for me to admire him more.

Later we met at the softball game where I found Ernie and Polly Con-

able perched on the hood of his car along the first base line. It was a revelation to see how many young people spoke to Ernie as they passed, many stopping to chat briefly. These youngsters didn't talk to Ernie in a solicitous manner usually reserved for oldsters, but almost as though he was their peer.

Ernie and I corresponded occasionally and every time I made it back to Independence I'd make sure I spent a few moments with him. Ernie talked about his bees, about his many excursions into the mountains and about his early days as an executive with the Boy Scouts. He talked about an upcoming horseshoe tournament and his plans to do some fishing north of town.

It didn't take long for me to realize that I had met a most remarkable man. Everyone I spoke to about Ernie immediately brightened up and were obviously proud to be his friend. This phenomenon holds true to this day, although it's now been a few years since Ernie left his beloved mountains . . . **Quin P. Frazier, Acampo, CA**



Taken by my playing partner "Rosie" and believe it or not this toss was a ringer. July 1977. (Ernie Morris).

WE LOVE TO TAKE OUR BOWS

We do thoroughly enjoy THE ALBUM. The articles are interesting and informative. While we have no family "roots" or ties in the Owens Valley, we have been long-term fans of the Inyo-Mono Eastern Sierra region, starting with visits in 1947 (while living in Los Angeles) and then much more frequently after we moved up to China Lake, Ridgecrest in 1950 to work at the Naval Weapons Center . . . **John DiPol, Ridgecrest, CA**

A WISH FOR THE 1990s

I love the area from Bridgeport to Olancha and fish and explore as much as possible. Maybe I was born 50 years too late, because I dream of large rainbows and browns jumping on my flies and the lush valleys and meadows, fruits and vegetables that grew then. It's so dry now and water is so important to everyone. I would like to see Owens Valley be able to keep more of their own water. One thing I wish most of all . . . that more of our young people would take an interest in what our pioneer people went through building this beautiful country, and help more to preserve its beauty and resources. **Robert L. Gage, Ontario, CA**

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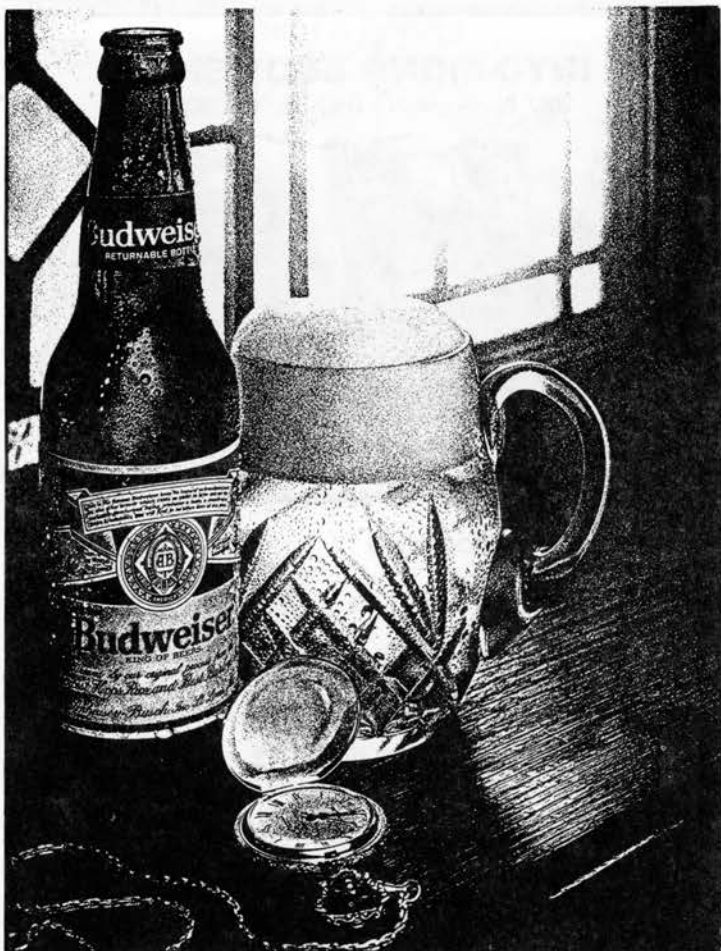
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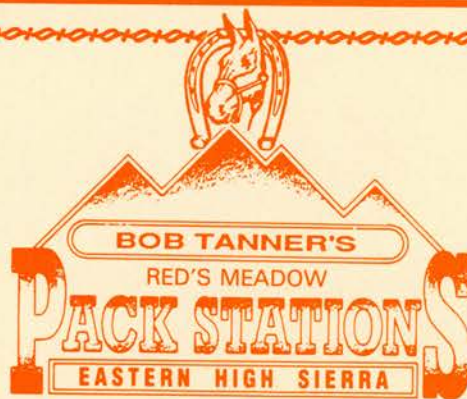
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