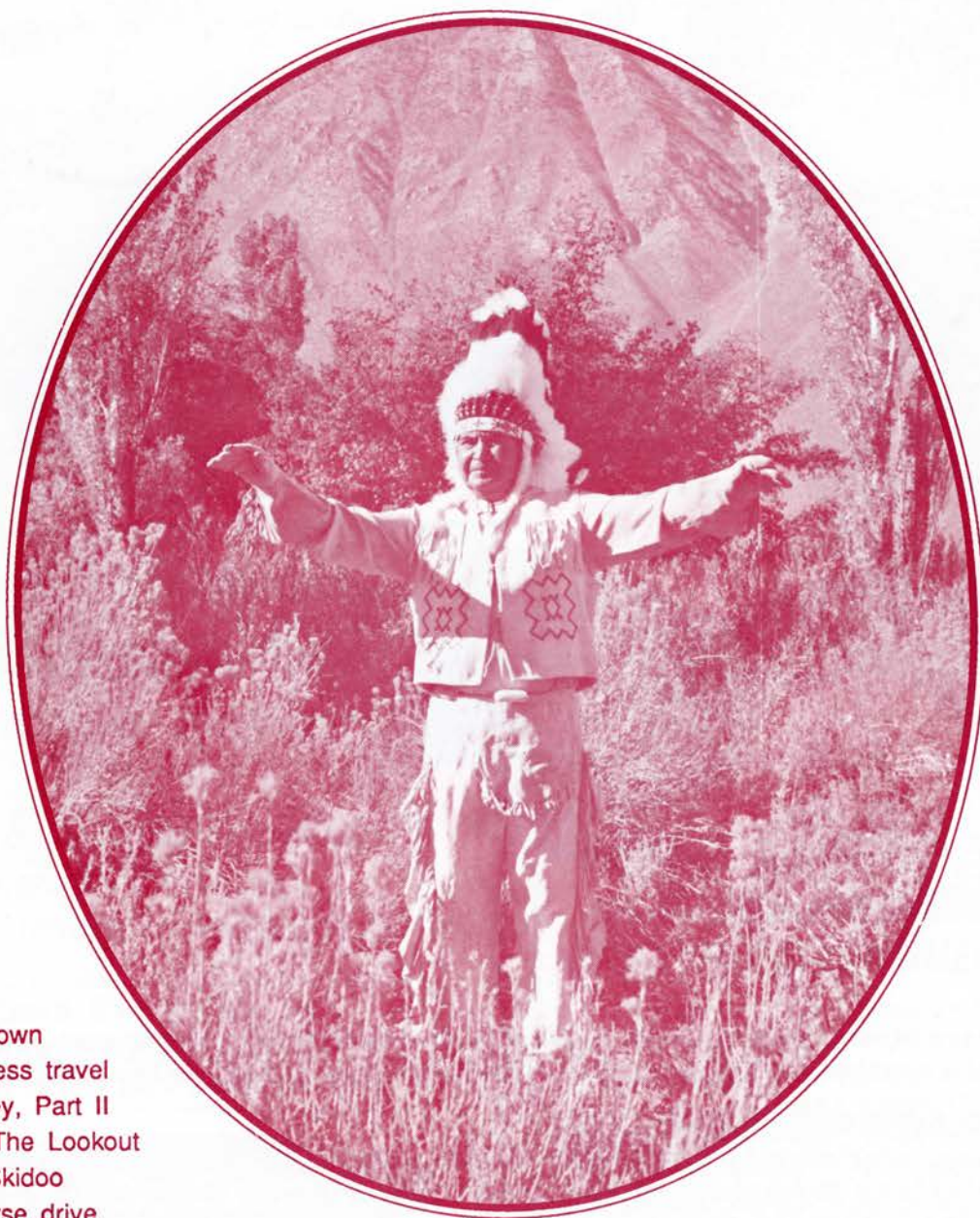


# The Album

## *Times & Tales of Inyo-Mono*

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

Vol. IV, No. 4



### INSIDE

George Brown  
Slim Princess travel  
Anna Kelley, Part II  
Minnie & The Lookout  
More on Skidoo  
A long horse drive  
Bishop nostalgia  
Recalling Pearl Harbor  
and more



# Eastern Sierra . . . . something for everyone



In the Eastern Sierra you'll find the highest peak (Mt. Whitney) and lowest point (Death Valley) in the continental United States. You'll also find one of the best fishing holes in the West, Crowley Lake.

Many of these resources are located on Department of Water & Power, U.S. Forest Service, and Bureau of Land Management Lands. These agencies work to ensure they are maintained for generations to come.

**For more information:**

Bishop Chamber of Commerce  
Mammoth Lakes Visitors Bureau  
Lone Pine Chamber of Commerce

(619) 873-8405  
(619) 934-2712  
(619) 876-4444



**Department of Water and Power**

## Brent's Technical Services

Factory Trained VCR Services



De-Scramblers  
Authorized 'On Site'  
Service



Certified Satellite  
Sales & Service

**(619) 873-3688**

336 N. Warren St. Bishop CA 93514

## Owens Valley Realty



**2 NAMES YOU CAN TRUST  
FOR YOUR REAL ESTATE NEEDS**

306 W. Line St.  
Bishop, CA 93514

(619) 873-7109



Forbes photo, courtesy Rosemarie Jarvis

*Bishop's Main Street at the turn of the century.*



## Dwayne's friendly pharmacy

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


**644 West Line • Bishop • 872 - 2522**



Only in Bishop can you find  
the Quality Baked Products of  
Erick Schats Bakkerij  
An Owens Valley Tradition  
Bishop, California, U.S.A.



53 Years of Service



# LLOYD'S

"Browser's Welcome...  
Buyers Adored!"

**SHOES • WESTERN WEAR  
SADDLERY**

LONE PINE, CALIF. 93545  
619/876-4371


## Templeton Mobile Home Sales



(619) 938-2047

390 S. MAIN ST. • P.O. BOX 699 • BIG PINE, CA 93513

## LONE PINE PHEASANT CLUB



P.O. BOX 158  
LONE PINE, CA 93545

BRUCE - ELSIE IVEY  
(619) 876-4595

LAKESIDE DINING

## Ernie's Tinroof



(619) 876-4574 • Box L 93545

**CAMPING • WATER SKIING  
FISHING • MINIATURE GOLF**

Diaz Lake • Lone Pine, CA.

## Ivey Auto Parts, Inc,

Your NAPA Jobber



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



Classic service for over 35 years

## SYMONS EMERGENCY SPECIALTIES

Dial **911**



214 West Line St., Bishop

## LEE'S FRONTIER LIQUOR



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

**Free Coffee • Clean Restrooms**

## FISHING TACKLE • BAIT

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

- FEATURING -

## GOOD 'N NATURAL

## Holmes Health Haven

Our 20th year of serving you!

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

## HEALTH INFORMATION CENTER

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



# THE ALBUM, Times and Tales of Inyo-Mono

OCTOBER, 1991

Volume IV, Number 4

Published quarterly by Chalfant Press, Inc.

Copyright October 1991

## In This Issue

George Brown, A Man of the People .... 2

by George Garrigues  
Bishop native, writer, & poet

Riding the Old Slim Princess ..... 12

by Clarice Tate Uhlmeier  
Owens Valley Historian

Anna Theresa Kelly, A Life, Part II .... 16

by Demila Jenner  
Benton Historian

Here My People Lived ..... 24

as told to Louise

How 'Ol Hootch Lost His Head ..... 26

by David A. Wright  
Ghost town, railroad & fresh air explorer

The Long Trail ..... 31

by Marye Roeser  
Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit and  
Sierra Meadows Equestrian Center

As I Saw It ..... 42

by Irl Newlan  
Writer and photographer

Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, 1941 ..... 48

Bill Kelsey remembers

Fish Tails..... 51

Recipes ..... 52

Letters ..... 54

Editorial ..... 55

Seriously ..... 56

Publisher

**Deane Funk**

General Manager

**Pete Doughtie**

Editor

**Jane Fisher**

Layout Assistant

**Kaye Doughtie**

Sponsor Contact

**Mike Martell**

**Cover photo:** George Brown summons the spirits.  
Story on page 2. Bill Kelsey photo courtesy Frances Brown.

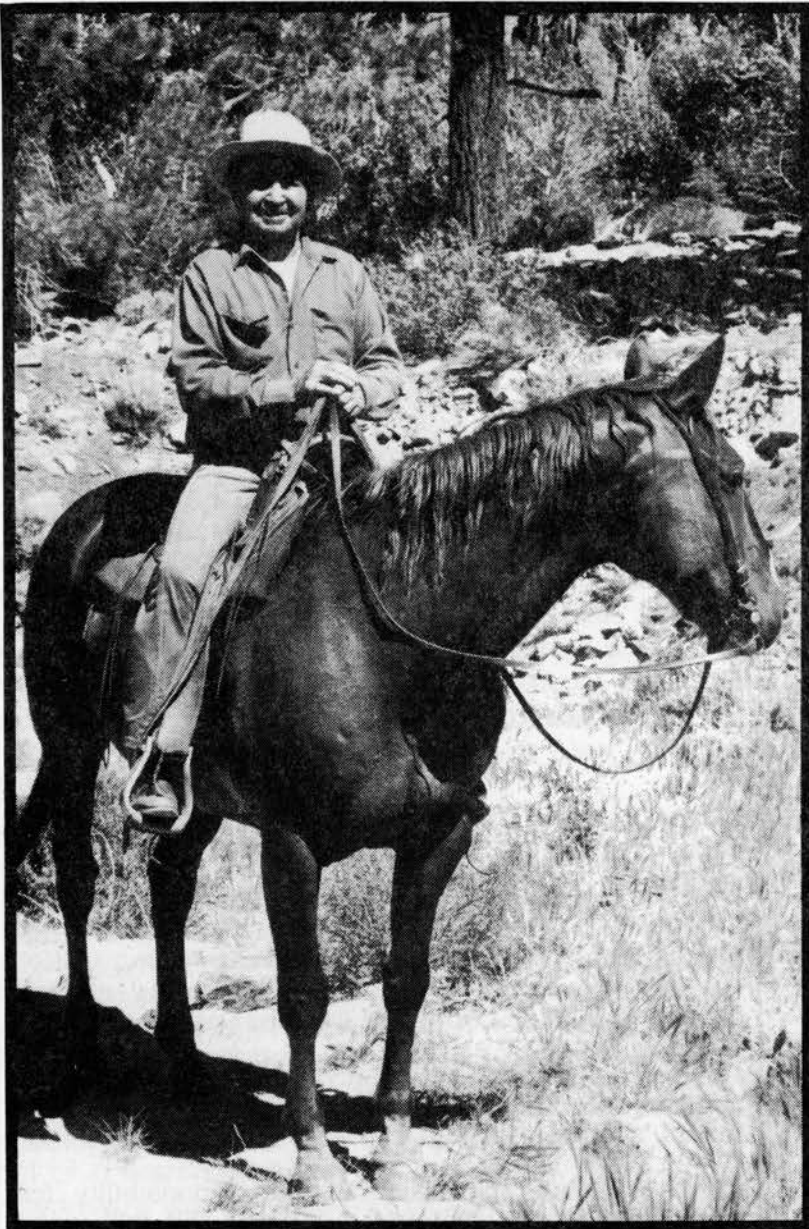
*THE ALBUM, Times and Tales of Inyo-Mono*, is a collection of stories, history, and natural history of Inyo County and Mono County, in Eastern California.

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

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

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

Individual copies of *THE ALBUM* are available for \$3.50 by mail or \$14 a year (four issues) by subscription, including tax and postage. Address correspondence to Chalfant Press, Inc., P.O. Box 787, Bishop, California 93515, Attention: Jane Fisher, Editor. (619) 873-3535



*George Brown on his horse, where he most preferred to be. The picture was taken in 1977 and a note on the back reads: "Jan. 27, 1978. Dear George, I've been meaning to send this to you for about two months, but I just have been too busy. The photographer (me) wasn't the best, but the guy in the photo is tops. Your friend, Steve Quesenberry."*

# GEORGE BROWN

## A Man For The People

as told by his wife Frances Brown to George Garrigues;  
photographs courtesy of Frances Brown.



August 15, 1898 was an important day at the Brown residence in Round Valley. That was the day that George, a Native American destined to leave his mark in the Owens Valley, was born.

George Brown attended the Carson Indian School at Carson City, Nevada. He was almost twenty years in 1918 when he went to work for Jim Birchim on the Birchim Ranch. After about a year, he left for a better job — breaking and riding wild or spoiled horses. In 1922, he began driving eight to ten horse teams for Bill Rowan. His job was to haul large loads, fourteen to eighteen tons of stone, from the quarry in Round Valley to the railroad station at Laws. This was slow, tedious work involving a two-day trip, much of it over loose, dry, sandy soil.

After Christmas 1923 George was hired for a forty-day cattle drive by Frank (Sage) Cornett. He helped push a thousand head of steers from Round Valley, through the Owens Valley, and over Walker Pass to Bakersfield. By the time he was twenty-six, he had become an experienced cowboy and mule skinner.

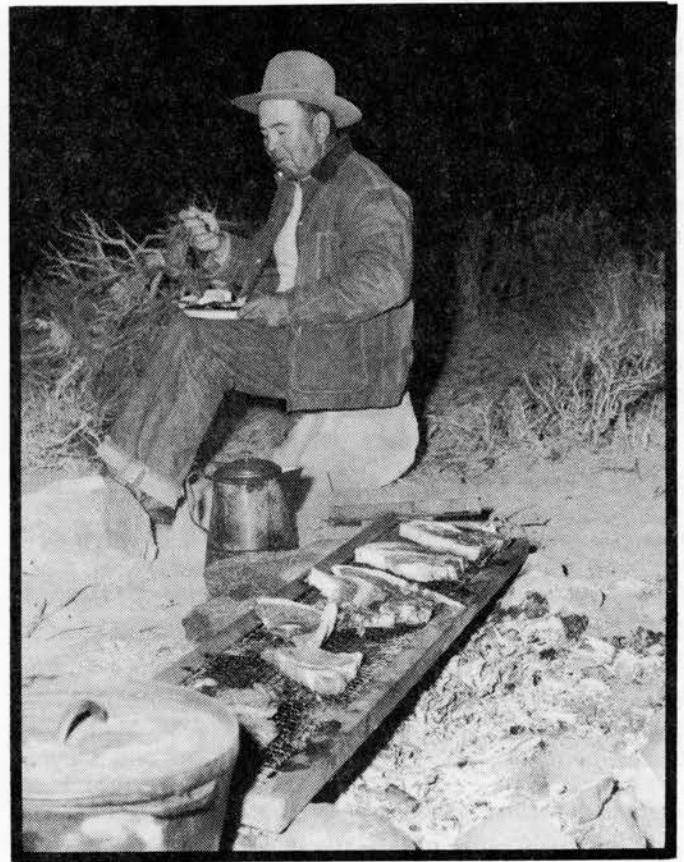
He went to work for Herb Francisco. The two men shipped two carloads of mules from Laws to Los Angeles for the Elington and Francisco Construction Company, to be used for leveling and grading the first subdivision in the Wilshire District. George's job was to see that the mules did their job.

While he was working in Los Angeles, the Indians in the area would gather at 16th and Main Streets once a month for a popular dance with music by a piano, sax, clarinet, and drum band. George attended these dances and at one of them he met his future wife, Frances Chrest.

Frances had been born in Quincy, California on February 1, 1907, and attended school at the Sherman Institute in Riverside. Frances says, "We got together at those dances. He was a cowboy and I liked that!" They were married in 1925 and George brought his bride back to Bishop on the Slim Princess. Over the years, five children were born to them: Kenneth L., Betty (Alexis), George D., Patricia (Elbers), and Polly (Cox).

In 1926, George started a dairy at Silver Lake. Frances's job was to milk the cows every morning and evening. She says, "It was a job that I didn't enjoy." After they bottled the milk, they placed the bottles in a large trough of ice cold water to cool. When it was cool, they skimmed off the cream and capped the bottles. George, in his Model T Ford, delivered it to the June Lake, Silver Lake, and Gull Lake areas and to Cunningham's Store near Mono Lake. The price was twenty-five cents a quart, delivered.

George also leased 160 acres in Round Valley from the Department of Water and Power. Every fall he drove the cattle down through Long Valley and over Sherwin Hill to Round Valley where they wintered over. Then in the spring, he drove them back to Silver Lake.



*Brown at chow time after a long day's work on a cattle drive. Curtis Phillips photo*

When the Inyo Bank failed in 1927, George lost all of his savings. He sold the dairy to Slim Tatum and returned to ranching, raising cattle and growing contract hay on his Round Valley lease.

When the lease expired, he sold his cattle to Cy Williams and moved into the Tom Jones house. It was leased by Frank Arcularius, and George contracted hay for all four Arcularius ranches and tended their cattle.

George was more at home on horseback than anywhere else, but one day he found himself not so "at home." He was tending herd for Frank Arcularius, riding through deep grass, when his horse spotted a snake. The startled horse started to buck and deposited George on the ground. The horse took off for unknown parts and George had a long walk back to the ranch house.

In the spring of 1934, the Jones house burned and again the Browns lost everything. Frank Arcularius was there to help, providing them with a house on the Pauly place. Eventually they leased the Roberts house on top of the little hill in Round Valley, where they remained for the next twelve years. The view was excellent and their children had fun racing up and down the steep road, but Frances mostly remembers their efforts to pump water with a gasoline powered pump to the house.

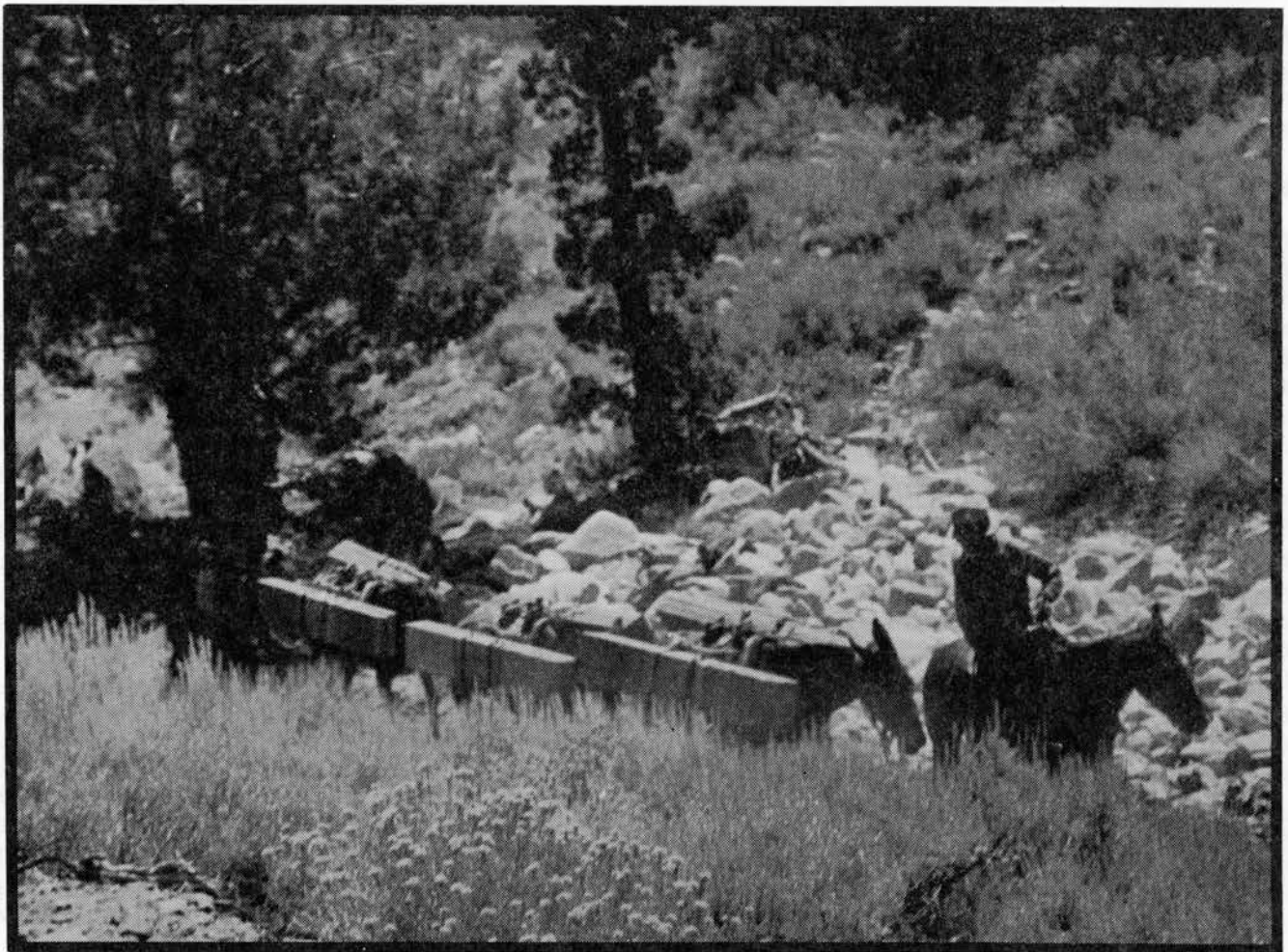
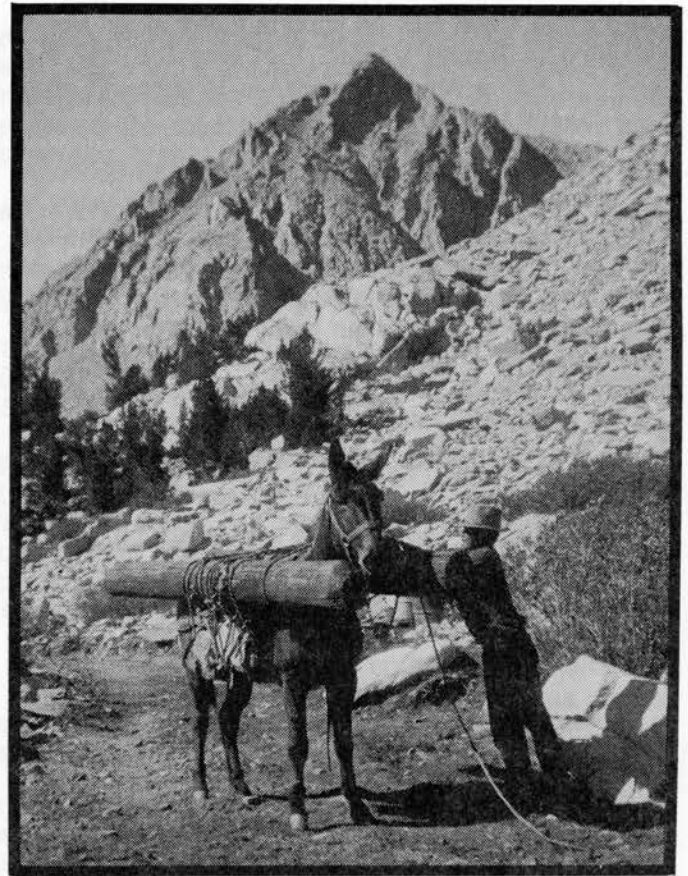
During this time, George started the Pine Creek Pack Outfit. He guided people and transported their equipment and supplies into the Pine Creek area and over Pine Pass into the French Canyon backcountry. He also packed many difficult loads of mining supplies and equipment to the Tungstar Mine in Pine Creek Canyon on the north side of Mt. Tom. All sorts of gear, lumber, and mine timbers, even a large cable, went to the mine on the backs of George's mules. The cable was a particular challenge. The Tungstar people didn't want to cut it, and asked George to bring it in in one piece. After considerable time and figuring, he found a way to fasten the whole cable on the mules.

*Right: Brown packing a mule with mine timbers. Curtis Phillips photo*

*Below: Pack train with mine timbers, on the trail to Tungstar Mine. Curtis Phillips photo*

*Opposite, top: George Brown walking beside the fifth mule of the timber pack train*

*Opposite, bottom: Pack train in Pine Creek Canyon carrying cable and other supplies to Tungstar Mine*







California Interstate Telephone Company (now Con-tel) and California Electric Power Company (now Southern California Edison) relied on George to transport power poles and other equipment also in Pine Creek Canyon. He packed and delivered mail, even in the middle of winter when a horse or snowshoes had to be used. Then in 1943, he sold the pack station to Spray and Ernest Kinney and went to work for Jess Chance, herding cattle. This employment lasted until George received an urgent call to return to the back country.

Generals George C. Marshall and Hap Arnold of World War II fame were on a vacation pack trip in the High Sierra. They had made arrangements to have mail airdropped to them on regular intervals at designated spots. Unable to locate one of the drops, they sent out an emergency call for assistance. George responded,

leaving an unhappy Jess Chance, and returned to Pine Creek Canyon. He climbed up into the rocks, found the lost mail pouch, and continued on as guide for the generals' party, so impressing them that they wanted to take him to Washington D.C. when they returned. U.S. Forest Service authorities talked him out of going, for some unknown reason.

George went to work for the Deep Springs School as ranch manager in 1945, staying there for two years and then moving on to Fish Lake Valley to help Frank Alexis at the Oasis Ranch. After that, he worked for Alex Reeves, continuing for a year after Reeves' death in 1959. Alex once told George he was the only bald headed Indian he'd ever known. George replied "It's from eating too much white man's grub."

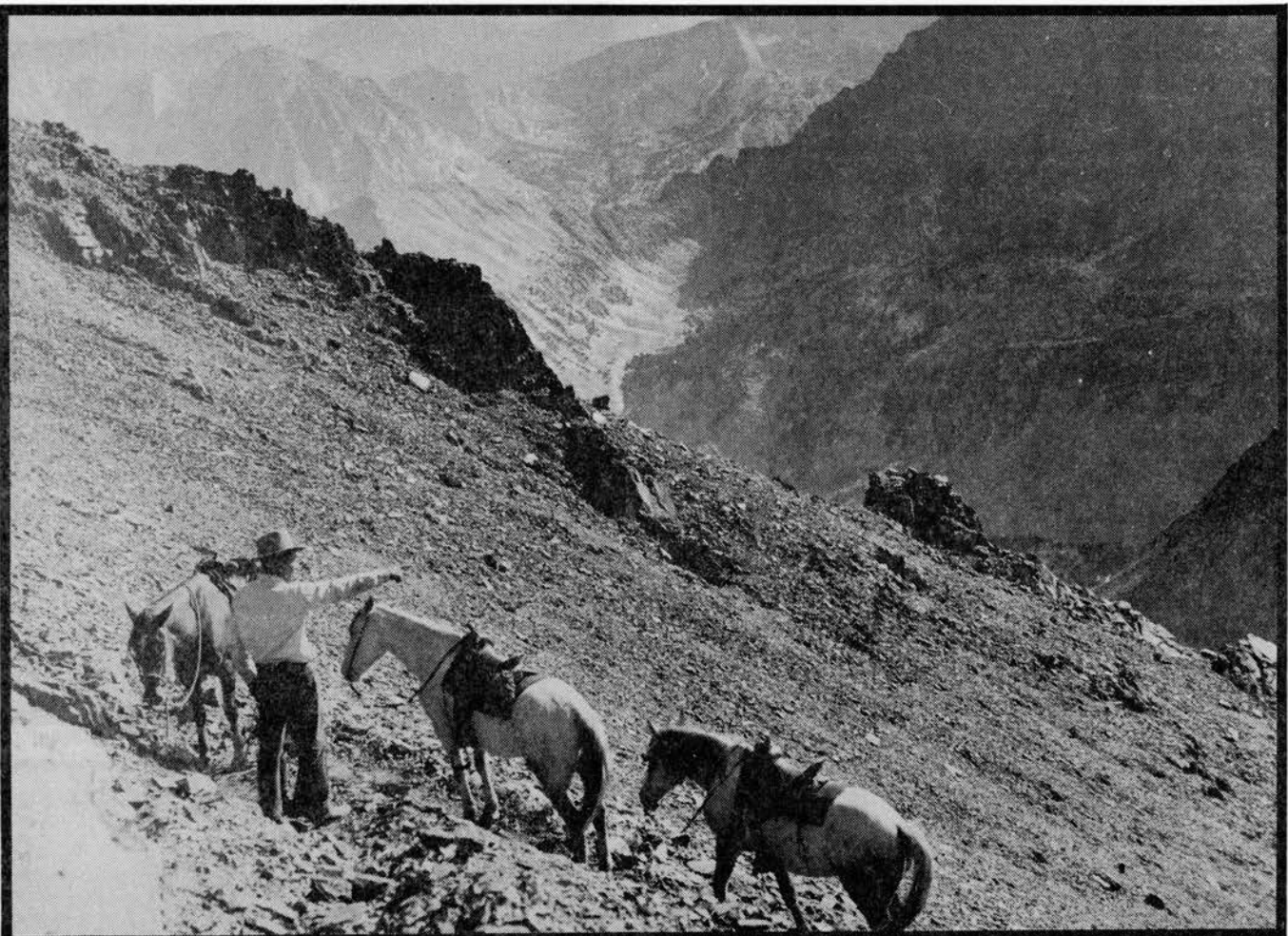
*Below: George Brown, Alex Reeves, and Lester Stewart*

*Opposite, bottom: Brown and Les Stewart herding cattle*

*Opposite, top: Brown points out a hidden lake across Pine Canyon. Curtis Phillips photo*





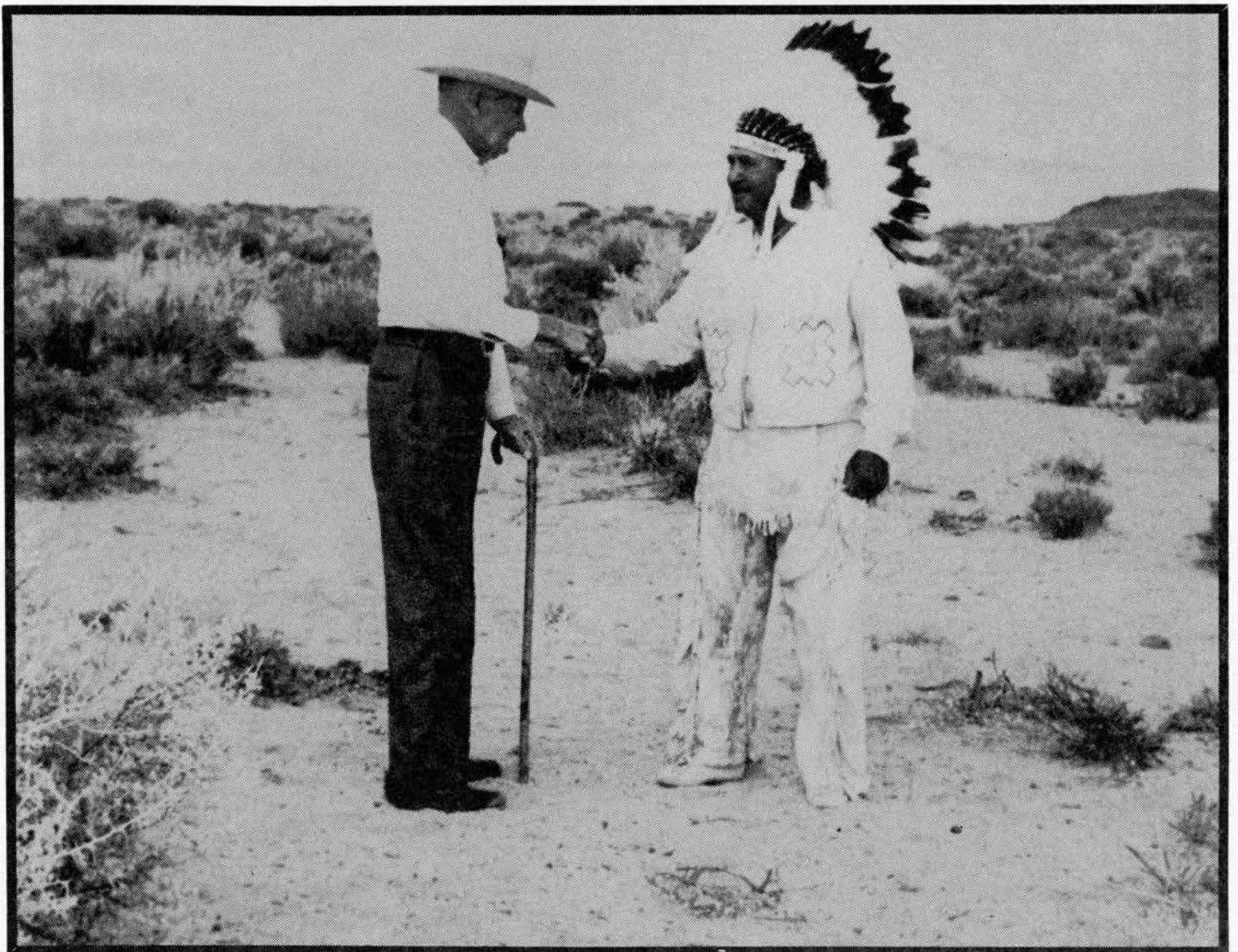
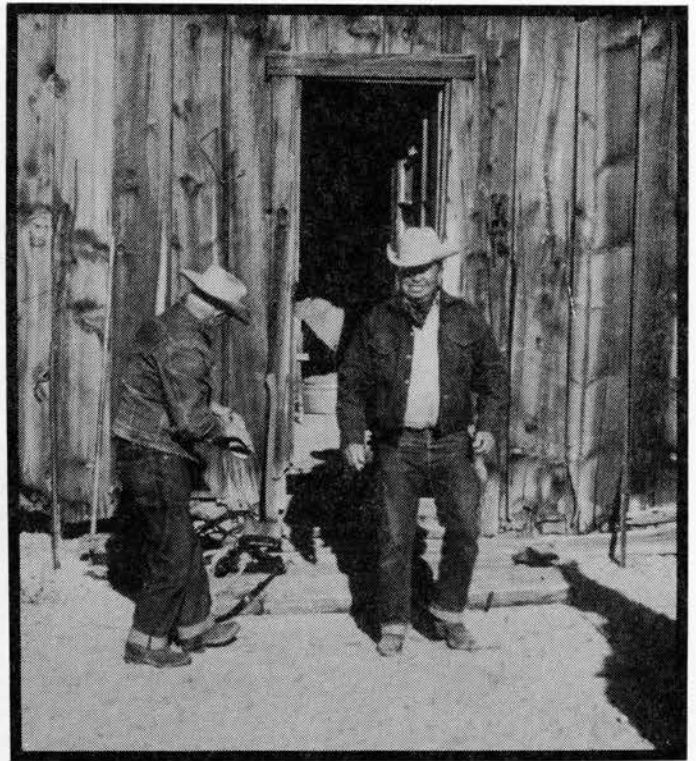


In 1960, George went to work for the Little Walker Cattleman's Association, and spent about half the year helping at their cow camp. The rest of the year was occupied driving cattle with Norman Brown in Smith Valley, at home in Bishop preparing his horses for parades, or talking in Indian language with Richie Conway.

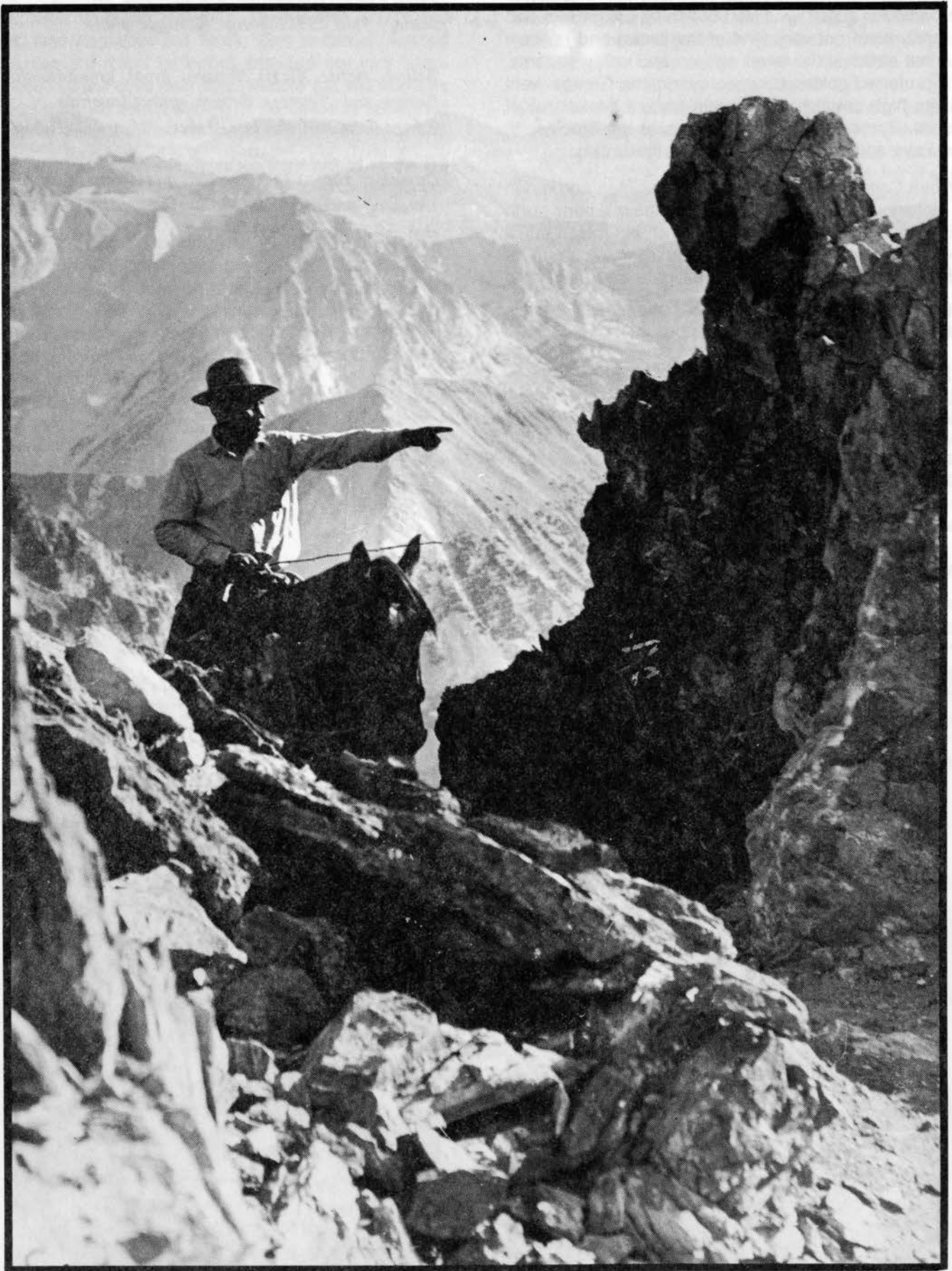
One of the highlights of George's life was his selection as Grand Marshal for the 1969 Bishop Homecoming and Labor Day Celebration. It was an example of the esteem and high regard for George in the Owens Valley. He was at his best, riding at the head of the parade wearing his Indian costume and presiding over the various events at the Tri-County Fairgrounds and elsewhere.

*Right: Richie Conway and George Brown*

*Below: Inyo County Supervisor Wallace Partridge congratulates Brown on his selection as Grand Marshal for the 1969 Bishop Homecoming Parade.*







*Brown points out an old gold mine in Pine Creek Canyon. Curtis Phillips photo*

Whenever he could, George liked to go fishing, but he was particular about what kind of fish he caught. He and his family were not very fond of the brown and rainbow trout that swam in the lower canyon and valley streams. They preferred golden trout, so every time George went into the high country, he brought back a basket full of goldens. Some goldens had mixed with the brookies in Pine Lake and sometimes he fished there also.

When Caltrans was preparing to straighten and widen the highway over the sand hill and by the mill pond north of Bishop, there was a possibility of an old Indian burial ground in the vicinity of the new road. A team of archaeologists was called to investigate and they hired George as guide and adviser. He supervised the dig and, happily, nothing was found.

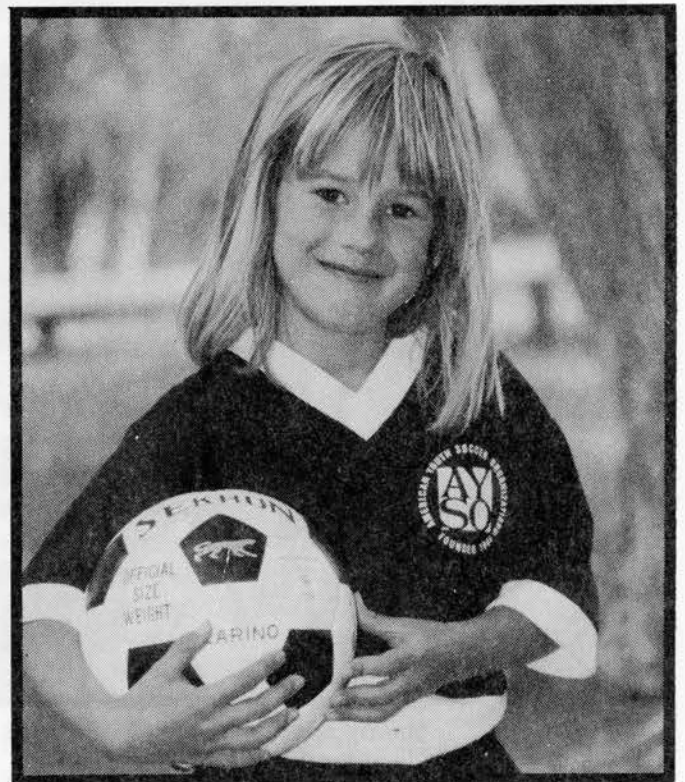
In August, 1984, at the age of eighty-six, George and his nephew Steve were enroute to Fallon for the funeral of one of George's brother's daughters. It was storming as they went over Montgomery Pass and the rain had washed out a portion of the road. There was a detour near a old mine. The truck skidded when it hit some of the tailings from the mine that had washed across the road, and George was killed. It was the end of a rich, full life for one of the most popular, well regarded Native Americans of the Bishop area.

His wife, Frances, at the age of eighty-four continues to live on the Bishop reservation. She can't miss the daily "soaps" and enjoys being with her offspring. She is cheerful and alert in a house full of pleasant memories, pictures and mementos of George, their children and grandchildren. Her husband of fifty-nine years may be gone from this earth, but he can rest in peace, content with a happy, productive life. \*

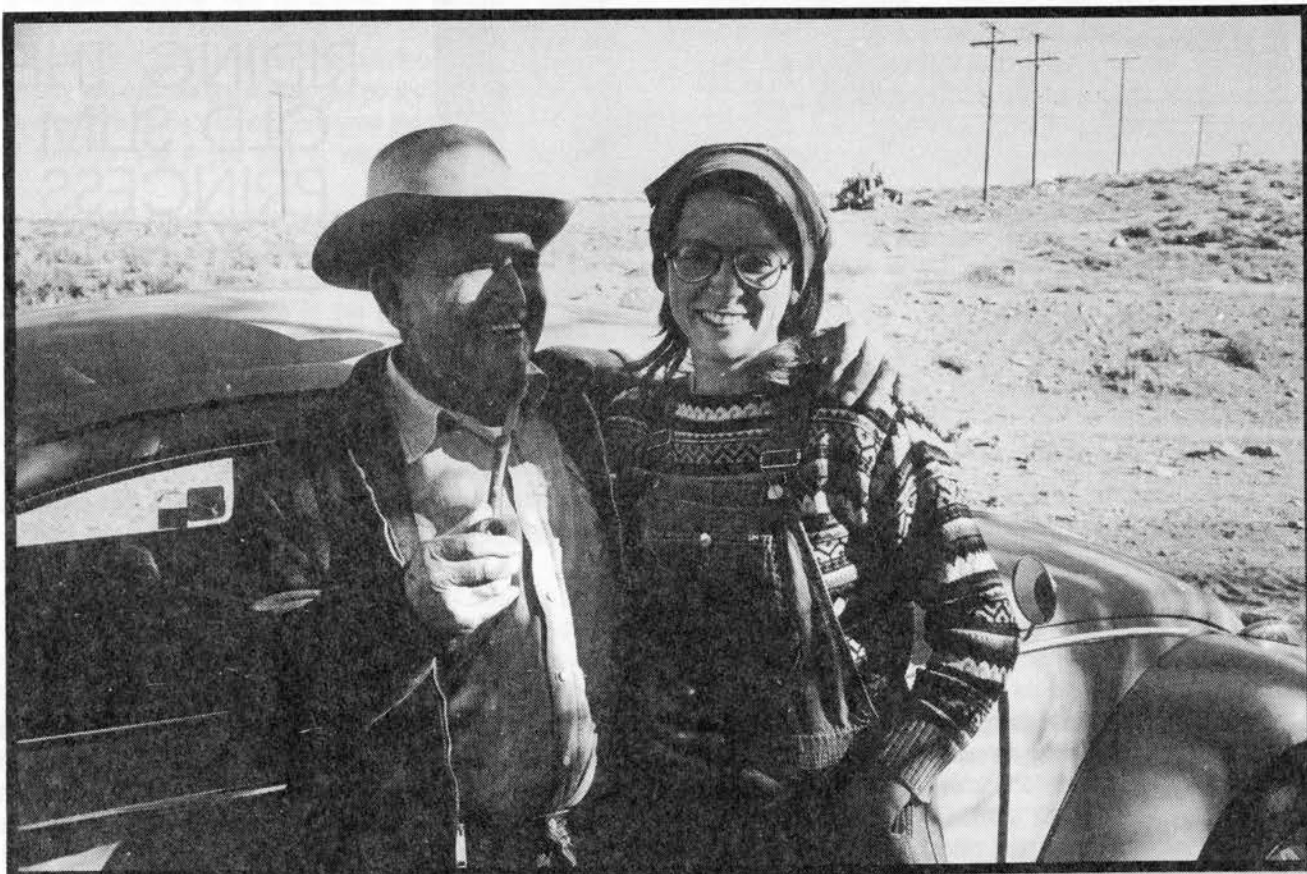
*Below, left: Frances Brown at home on Diaz Lane in Bishop, July 1991. George Garrigue photo*

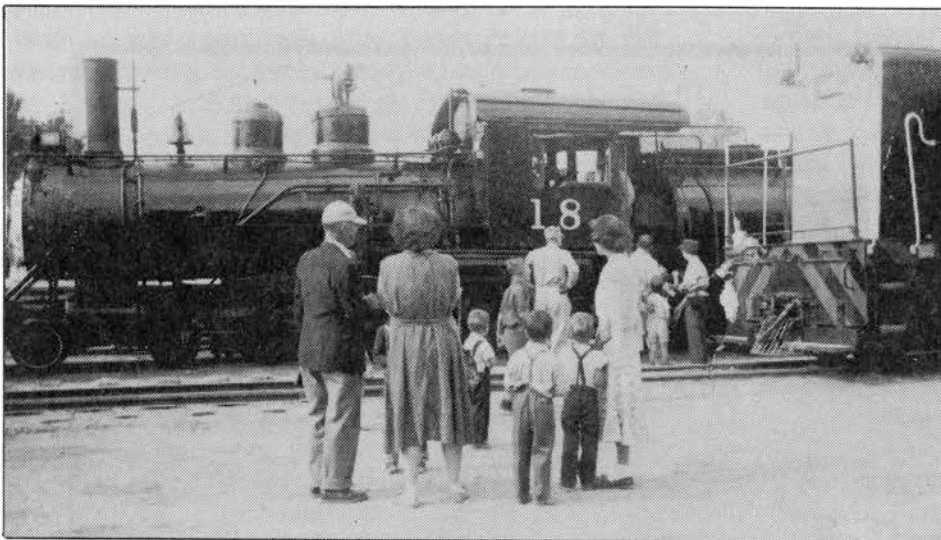
*Below, right: Alexis Brown, great granddaughter of George and Frances Brown, granddaughter of Album Editor Jane and the late Robert "Himself" Fisher*

*Opposite, top: 1975: Brown and Mary Ann Bedford watching archaeologists dig during construction of a portion of Highway 395*









# RIDING THE OLD SLIM PRINCESS

*by Clarice Tate Uhlmeyer  
photos: Uhlmeyer collection*

*Engine #18 at Owenyo before it was moved to Dehy Park in Independence*

The year was 1901 and I was four. Talk had been going on for weeks that we were going to move from the stage station I knew as home in Smokey Valley to an unknown place called Big Pine. My sister, next older than I, told me we would meet a lot of new cousins and our grandparents had already gone there. The day finally arrived when the house was empty and the big wagon packed high with familiar things: the organ, the rocking chair Papa rocked me in at night, the pictures from the walls, and even the beds, for we had slept on a field bed on the floor in the parlor the previous night.

My older sister put a bright new checkered sunbonnet on me and tied it securely under my chin. Then I sought out my puppy. Mother had told me we couldn't take him for we were going on a train, whatever that was. In later years my sister told me I had cried because we had to leave the beautiful trees — scarce on that desert place — but what I remember is that I cried because we had to leave the puppy. My brother was not going, but assurances that he would take care of him were of little comfort. Until they came to get me I sat on the front porch with the puppy asleep on my lap.

Only a few things remain in my memory of that trip of several days in the big wagon; camping at night, the occasional meeting of other travelers, or stopping at stations along the way, but I'll never forget the train. We were still quite a distance from Sodaville, the train station, when something came winding through the sandhills and brush, with smoke

streaming from the top and some horrible, unfamiliar noises. Papa had a hard time controlling the horses even at that distance, and the fact that we were going to ride on it frightened me still more.

There was a hotel at Sodaville where we stayed all night. Meals were served to the train crew and its passengers, family style. There was a bath house on the rise behind the hotel where there was a hot mineral spring and we all happily took advantage of it. Being weary after those long days of travel, everyone went to bed early.

Sometime during the late afternoon and evening our furniture was loaded onto one of the freight cars, so in the morning all we had to do was to get ready, eat breakfast and get on board. The crew had been busy for hours switching and loading the engine with coal and water. Papa helped us on the passenger car, bid us goodbye and got off, as he was taking the team and wagon back to the stage station. He would be joining us soon, bringing a bunch of horses, wagons and farm implements down by the road through Silver Peak and Fish Lake Valley.

Once inside the car we had a chance to look around. There were six or seven double seats on either side. In the rear was a water tank with a tin cup hanging beside it and a spigot to turn at the bottom, and a pot bellied stove. Behind that was a small closed door as well as one leading outside. There were about half a dozen passengers besides my mother, my two sisters, and myself but

no other children. Elva, my eight-year-old sister, ventured to the opposite side of the car where there was an empty seat. Finally I lost a little of my reticence and followed. My older sister Myrtle, who was fifteen, sat very primly where she was first seated. Mother, who had crossed the continent when she was nine on one of the earliest transcontinental trains, was thoroughly enjoying the ride and made conversation with the conductor when he came through to take the tickets. When he had gone on she started talking to a woman in the seat opposite her.

Belleville, a thriving mining town of the 1870s and '80s, was our first stop; here the train took on water. At one time there had been several stamp mills here and mines for many miles around had sent their ore to be milled, but now there were only the remains of one big mill on the sidehill and a few scattered, broken down shacks. I went over to Myrtle and whispered that I needed to go. She looked around to see if anyone was looking, then in turn whispered to Mother. Mother quietly said to me, "Wait until we start." To me this was the place to go as there were bushes here like we always looked for when Papa stopped the big wagon. After quite a while the train started up. Mother took me to the little door at the rear, and to my amazement, in there was a 'one-holer.' It had a lid but no bottom; we could see the rails and ties passing beneath us.

The next stop was Candelaria where there was an old, unused branch line going to the once booming camp. When the C&C (Car-



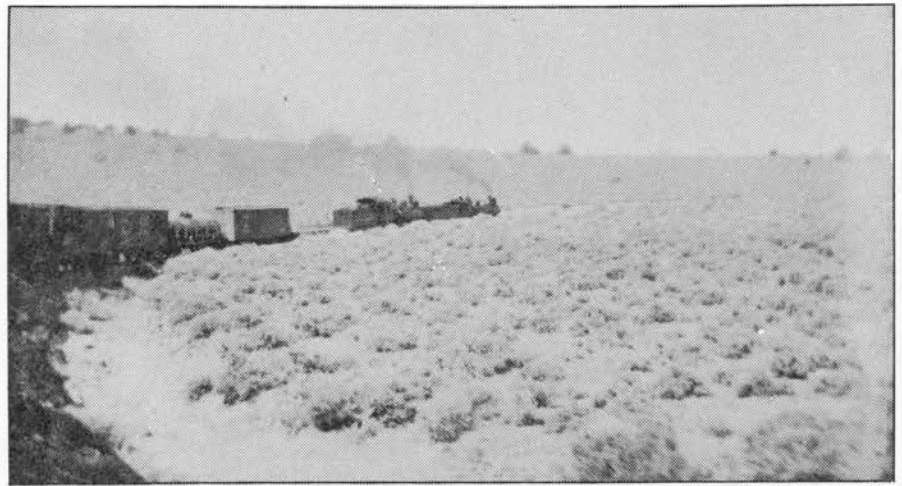
son and Colorado, named after two rivers) was being constructed it was at first intended to go through this town, then down Lida Valley, but about that time Cerro Gordo came to be the main camp in this part of the country, so the original plan was changed and Owens Valley was the winner.

From Belleville the track had been climbing, winding back and forth to make the ascent gradual, and it kept Elva and me running from one side to the other to watch the engine puffing and pulling up the grade. We would wave to the engineer from one side, then the other. It being late summer and still very hot all the windows in the car were opened to catch the cross breeze, so both of us got cinders in our eyes from the coal burning furnace. Only the year before the engines had been converted from wood burners to coal. Wood burners had denuded many a pinon forest along the way.

The last stop before going up the steepest part of the grade was Basalt and we were told that shortly after Summit, now Mt. Montgomery, there was a tunnel. Mother told Elva and me to stay beside her as she was afraid we would be frightened going through it. No night was ever as black as that tunnel, and I wondered if it would ever end. The south side was much steeper than the north and coming down the grade we could see the track directly beneath us.

In the distance we could see a green patch where someone had taken up a farm on his own mountain stream. Queen and Benton Stations were not far apart and both served mining camps. Queen was in the White Mountains and Benton toward the west. At Benton Station the tracks led over swampy ground and there were trees larger than any I had seen since leaving home. Then all at once we were going through Hammil and Chalfant valleys, with miles and miles of green fields interspersed with acres of sagebrush.

The train made many stops along here and someplace we picked up a group of Indians who climbed on top of the freight cars, where they could ride for free. This group was in mourning and their wailing and moaning accompanied us the rest of the way to Laws. The Indian women wore bright silk kerchiefs folded in triangles and tied under their chins, shawls, long full skirts, and heavy shoes. Some had bright beaded collars. In those days the women were called "squaws." In fact the Indian men called all women by that name. In Nevada the word



*Slim Princess with two engines starting up the grade toward Summit (Mt. Montgomery)*

was often divided into two syllables, "Se-quaws," with the accent on the first syllable. The men wore mostly second hand clothes, sometimes shawls, heavy hobnailed shoes, and most of them had hats of various kinds.

It was here also that the fireman came into our car carrying a large hunk of ice, black coal dust from his hands making dirty streams down his arms. Someone took the lid off the drinking tank and he dropped the ice into the water. In those days ice was cut from ponds during the winter and stored in deep sod cellars securely insulated from the outside air. Along here were many ponds of water from the mountain streams after they had irrigated farmlands. It was said the train crew carried shotguns so they could shoot ducks on their stops.

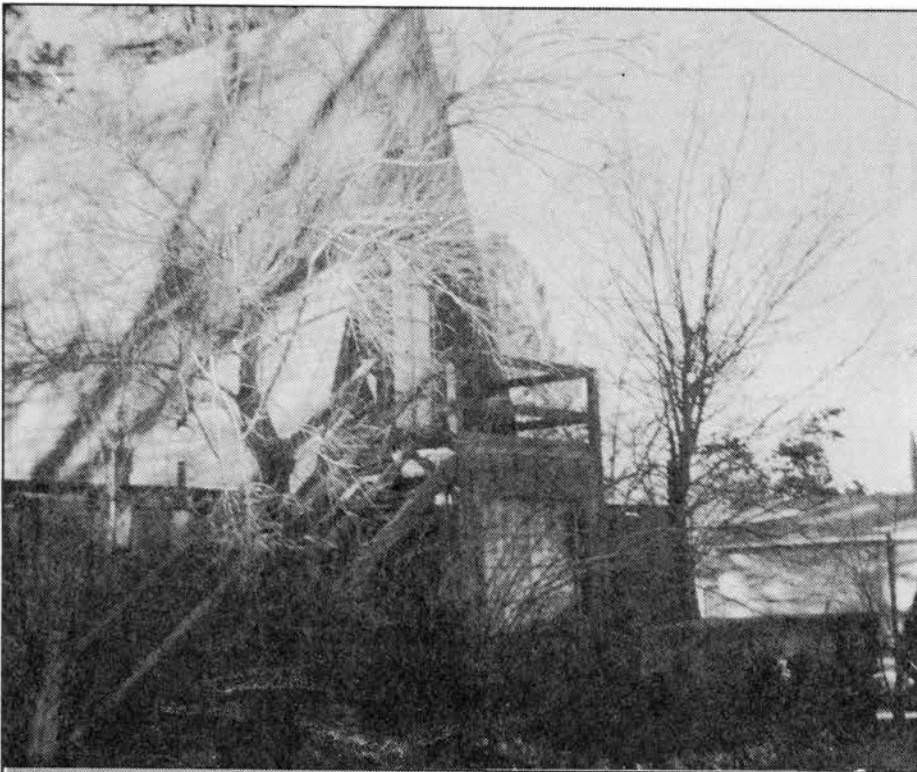
Laws was the longest stop of all, as the crew ate here, dropped off cars, and took on more with a lot of switching. There was a turntable where engines or cars could be reversed. We went to the only eating place, a farm house converted to a restaurant, where we were again served family style. There were two long tables and they were mostly full.

While waiting for the train to go we walked around and watched the switching. Between Laws and Alvord, our destination, there was only one station: Poleta. At Alvord many members of our family were waiting for us. Some were in light rigs but Grandpa had come in a big wagon for our furniture. I knew only one of my cousins as she had grown up in Smokey Valley about twelve miles from our station. The others were all

strangers, but it was going to be fun having people close enough to visit without hitching up a wagon and riding for miles. When I went to bed that night I thought of my puppy, and of the many tomorrows with my new cousins, but the motion of the train and rattle of the iron wheels over the iron rails still went through my system and I soon slept.

In subsequent years I rode the narrow gauge many times. Papa kept his stage, hiring drivers most of the time, and coming to Big Pine for long stays. About that time the broadgauge was put into Tonopah from Reno and the station was moved from Soda-ville to Mina, where we made connections, staying over one night. In 1905 we moved to the booming mining camp of Manhattan, Nevada for two years.

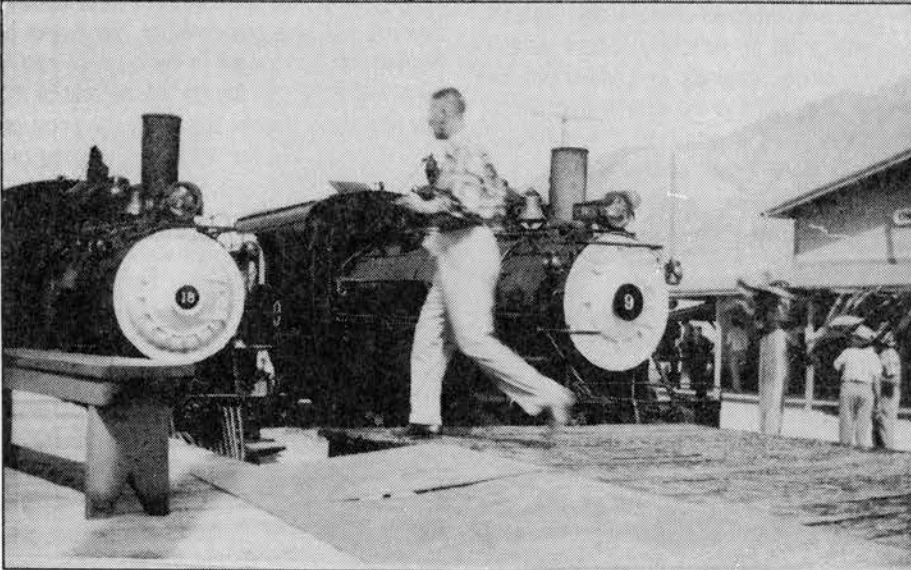
Once when my sisters and I were coming down to visit our grandmother, the tunnel at the summit had caved in because of heavy rains. We stayed in the car all the rest of the day and divided what little food everyone on the train had. We had expected to have our noon meal at Laws, but it was getting dark when the train dispatched from Laws had been assembled and arrived at the most convenient place to transfer freight and passengers up and down a steep hill. Chinese workers, called "coolies," did the difficult work of carrying the loads up and down the hill. All night long we could hear their sing-song laments and groans under the heavy freight. It was still raining heavily just after daylight when we were escorted down the steep, rough trail to the train below that would take us the rest of the way to Alvord.



*Many box cars were purchased by people of the valley for storerooms or extra rooms. In Lone Pine, the late Ben Randolph built an A-frame over a box car, which made a home for him for the rest of his life.*



*Thomas W. Uhlmeier showing the spread of the narrow gauge rails*



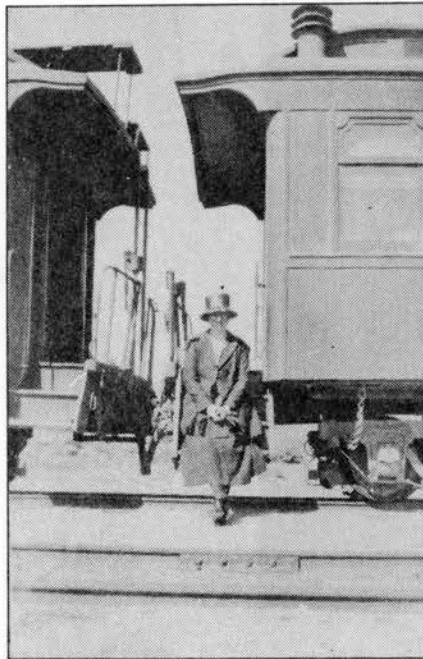
*Two coal burning engines at Owenyo, 1954*



There was one conductor we all came to know well, as he was on that run for a long time. His name was Fred Balzaar. A young lady often met the train at the stop in Ham-mill Valley. Fred would always go out and get in the buggy and they would take a short ride and be back in time for him to get on the train when it left. The lady's name was Idelle Sinnamon, and she lived or taught on one of the nearby ranches. She taught school in Big Pine for a term or so. In 1907 they were married. In 1927 Fredrick Bennet Balzaar was elected Governor of Nevada, so one of my first teachers became the "First Lady" of Nevada.

There was one other member of the crew we all knew, as we were related by marriage. Bruce Bulmer was the mail clerk on the train. In the early years of the century he had married Laura Robinson, the oldest of the four Robinson girls of Big Pine, who were my cousins. When I went to Reno to the University in 1917 I was a green country kid. My folks always let Bruce know when I was on the train. Sometime during the trip, before reaching Mina, he would look me up to see if there was anything I needed. On one trip Valentine Olds of Bishop and I were traveling together. Bruce suggested that, instead of getting a room at Mina, we get the sleeper which was sidetracked there to be picked up early in the morning by the Tonopah train. Thus we needn't be disturbed until we wished to get up and we could have our breakfast in the diner. We did as he suggested, taking just one berth and sleeping crosswise with our heads in the window for coolness, as it was late August and sweltering hot. Sometime during the night the window worked loose and came down gently but firmly on my long braids. When I awoke in the morning I was anchored to the spot. We were caught in a ridiculous situation, laughing so hard that neither had the strength to budge the window. What would we do — cut off my hair or call for help? Calling the porter for help would have been most embarrassing to us as we were very shy young women. Nowadays it would have meant only a good laugh, but sixty-five years ago things were very different. I think I would rather have cut off my hair, but it would have been too close to my head. Eventually it became more serious than funny and we were able to push the window up just enough that I could work the braids out a little at a time. We had a very late breakfast.

It was on one of our trips back and forth together that Valentine and I took pictures of each other sitting on the steps of the passenger car. Most of these years the tin cup had hung beside the drinking fountain in the car. On my last trip on that part of the line, in early 1920, it had been replaced by paper cups; they were two pieces of pasteboard glued together at the sides and the narrow end. To open one for water it had to be squeezed together. I kept one and still have it.



*Clarice Tate (Uhlmeier), above, and Valentine Olds, below, at Basalt*



The Slim Princess was not always known by that name. It was dubbed that sometime in the early 1900s. Also Alvord became Zurich. The story is told that Mrs. Nikolaus, wife of the section boss, was a native of Switzerland and named it after her native city, but that story has been denied. The change came because it was found that there was another Alvord station.

The little narrow gauge was the lifeline of the valley for over fifty years. Until the standard gauge was extended from Mojave to Owenyo in 1910, almost everything went north. Crops were sent to market by way of Reno and ore was shipped east by the same route. People going out of the valley usually went north by train as roads south were poor. When folk went to San Francisco, it was said they were going "below." The earliest automobiles could hardly make the sandy roads between Lone Pine and Mojave. It took the "Tin Lizzy" to do that. Even as late as 1923 it was a two-day trip from Big Pine to Los Angeles by car.

My very last ride on the Slim Princess was between Owenyo and Keeler and was made mostly for camera and train fans, and to bid farewell to the old engines. That was in 1954.

It has been over three decades now since the little train made its daily trips up and down the valley, but I can close my eyes and still see it crawling like a worm on the far side of the river with a column of steam puffing from its head, and hear the echo of its shrill whistle as it nears its station. \*

#### REFERENCES:

Myrick, David F., *Railroads of Nevada and Eastern California* Vol. 1

Personal interviews: M.T. Myles, F. Wood



*Southern Pacific Stationmaster Bob Gracey, with daughters Anna (right) and Mona (left), Lovelock, NV, about 1910. When Anna was three her father was transferred to Kearsarge Station near Independence. Though Kearsarge Station no longer exists, Anna still lives in Independence.*

*Photos courtesy Anna Kelley except where otherwise noted*

ANNA

TERESA

KELLY

A LIFE

Part II

by Demila Jenner

(The following article is based in part on interviews with Anna Kelley conducted by Kathy Barnes of the Oral History Project of the Eastern California Museum at Independence, William Michael, Director; the sidebar with some assistance from Mr. Michael.)

Part I of Anna's story (See page 19, The Album, Vol. 4, No. 3) detailed her youthful years near Independence at Kearsarge, the Southern Pacific narrow gauge railroad station managed by her father, Bob Gracey. The childhood of Anna and her siblings had an international flavor since the station crew was an ethnic mix of Asians, Europeans, Mexican Nationals, and a variety of Americans. Unaware that she was part of a living history, that posterity would regard this as "probably the most successful narrow gauge railroad ever to operate on the North American continent," (Sierra, Winter Edition, 1971) Anna grew to young womanhood at Kearsarge, went away to college, came back to Inyo County and thumbed her nose at the Great Depression by marrying and starting a family.

During World War II, Anna worked as Inyo County's Welfare Director, making house calls on Department clients from Independence all the way to Death Valley.



Anna's welfare clients were varied. Some she'd known at the O.K. Kelley Service Station: "... Like old Tom Rooney or Chester Milton would come out and be drunk and need to go home." Anna would get them into her Chevy and take them home. At Darwin she met a gifted basket maker, Mamie Gregory, whose husband George became Anna's guide:

"I wasn't familiar with that country out there; there was the Indian Ranch and Cole Spring ... whenever I needed to go somewhere, I'd go see George and Mamie Gregory and he would take me there."

Anna requested George's guidance to the Indian Ranch: "When we got there, there wasn't a sign of a human being, because that was what the Indians did. If somebody was coming that they didn't know, they left, went and hid in the sagebrush if there wasn't anything else. So we waited. I told George, 'Pretty soon somebody will come.' And he said 'Yes' ..."

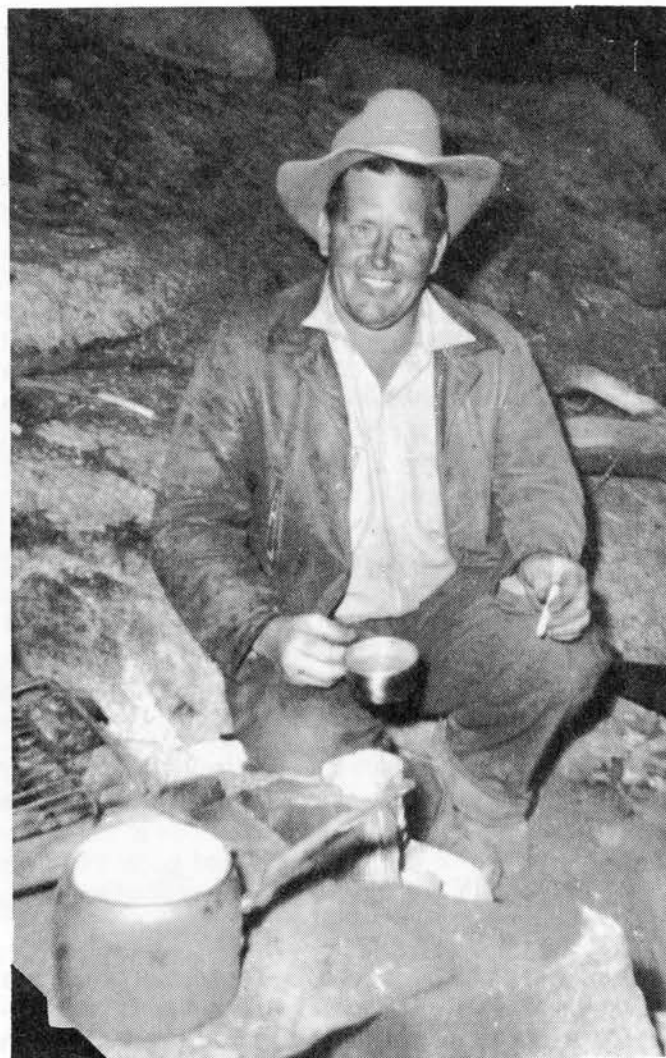
But nobody came, so George went to look for somebody. Presently he returned with George Hanson. Anna held out her hand and introduced herself: "George Hanson looked at me, and he said- 'Well, George says you're all right, so what do you want to know?' So we became friends."

The first time Anna went to Death Valley there had been a big cloudburst; the roads were full of rocks. "Kelley went with me. I could have made it without him but he wanted to go." At Furnace Creek, Anna found some Native American clients living in adobe houses "except for Tom and Sarah Wilson, who still lived in a brush wickiup, not willow, north of the date orchard at Furnace Creek." The cloudburst had washed away some of the adobe houses; Anna was to make a report for the Department. She called on Tom Wilson's sidekick, Johnny Shoshone, who confirmed they'd "had all kinds of water; a big flood." But Shoshone was more interested in what was happening back in Owens Valley; by the end of their visit, Johnny and Anna were firm friends.

On another Death Valley call, Anna got stuck in a sand storm: "You don't want to get caught in one of those on the floor of Death Valley. They are terrible. I didn't know whether I was getting off the road or where I was. I spent the night in my car because I was afraid to go on."

Anna could count on comic relief in such adversities from Tom and Johnny. During the war years tourists still came to Death Valley, but fuel was rationed and cars had to line up at the Furnace Creek gas station. Anna's two friends were occasional bench-sitters near the service station, wearing those black Stetson hats tourists liked to think of as standard gear for the "picturesque Indians."

"The people that were coming by would want to take a picture: 'Well, okay, double ice cream cone. Take picture.' " One day Anna was in line, inching her car toward



*O.K. Kelley. Anna and O.K. were married in 1931 and together they owned and managed the O.K. Service Station and Garage, long a landmark in Independence.*

the gas pump, when she caught sight of her black-hatted friends sitting on their bench "putting on" the tourists. The Stetsoned twosome didn't see Anna and she sat enjoying the efforts of those in front of her trying to get Tom and Johnny to talk:

"Of course they wouldn't. One tourist was Spanish; Tom Wilson spoke fluent Spanish-Mexican, but he and Johnny wouldn't say anything. Well, it came my turn at the pump; they saw me get out of the car and immediately the two of them got up off that bench and came around and said: 'Mrs. Kelley! We haven't seen you for so long,' and started telling me about Johnny and Sarah and everything that had happened. I looked over at those poor people ..."

Because roads into Saline Valley were almost nonexistent, welfare clients from out there came into Independence to see Anna. "Johnny and Sarah Hunter used to come in all the time from Saline Valley. They rode their horses and came in over by Winnedumah. They used to stop by our gas station and visit with me and give their horses a drink of water." Sarah was a talented

basket maker; from her Anna bought a beautiful water jug fully pitched inside and out, to put beside the utility baskets, winnowers and seed beaters she'd collected over the years.

Once, however, Anna had to venture into Saline Valley: "In those years road work was practically nil and Saline Valley roads both north and south were terrible, real rough. There came a report that the watchman at Montise property over on Hunter Creek was starving to death . . . the County Board of Supervisors thought it too dangerous for me to go alone, and arranged for a highway patrolman named Jimmy Ford to take me to Hunter Creek in a patrol car. That wouldn't happen today. We got over there and went up to Montise's to a real nice camp there; here's the watchman, Mr. Carnihan, hale and hearty. We talked for a long time." Mr. Carnihan was happy to have visitors, but he declined the groceries Anna had brought him: "No, I really don't need anything. I got enough food to keep me for six months." So Anna and Ford "turned around and came home." Anna's report to the Board: rumor of a starving watchman at Montise greatly exaggerated.

Then there was "a little old guy they called 'Cranky Casey': . . . "because he was cranky; he just didn't like people. He was a hermit. Lived pretty close to the Noon-day Mine, which is way the heck and gone the other side of Tecopa, in a dugout full of magazines including National Geographics: "He was well read."

Cranky bought his booze in Tecopa, in what was called the Snake Room located on one side of the building. "It had a counter where you could get a sandwich and stuff . . . One day Cranky was standing at the counter eating a ham sandwich and drinking a bottle of beer and he just up and died. Just fell down right there in a heap . . . Everyone said 'Now, you just leave him alone; we've got to get the coroner.' I don't know why they decided they had to have the coroner because they'd never bothered before. Of course, he was crumpled up like this and rigor mortis set in."

Because of the hot climate and no mortuary facilities, they hurried to build a coffin for him, but even in death old Casey was cranky; because his body had stiffened in a sitting position he wouldn't fit into his coffin.

"If they put him on his back, his knees stuck up, if they put him on his face, his rear end stuck up. They finally had to build a square box to plant him in. And that's a true story."

Anna's greatest difficulty came in resisting the hospitality of her welfare clients: "They were forever wanting to give me something, and of course, the law is very specific. You do not accept a gift of any kind whatsoever, ever . . . The only time I ate with any of them was at Trona. Billy Hider lived out in the boonies from Trona. He was very well-mannered, old school, you know. He insisted that we have lunch and I couldn't turn him down . . ."

As with the rest of the nation, the ending of World War II brought changes to Independence. Among them was the shutting down of Manzanar, established eight miles south of town by edict of President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1941 as the first of ten internment centers throughout the nation for more than 110,000 American citizens of Japanese descent detained for the war's duration. The California compound on the former site of the Town of Manzanar, housing 10,000 internees, furnished employment for a number of civilians in Independence, and its closing necessarily put those people out of work. Though Anna was not among those, she also was out of a job with war's end.

When Anna accepted the Welfare Director job at the beginning of WWII (simply because there was no one available more qualified than her own unqualified self to do the work), she had stipulated that she would quit when the war was over. Though Japan signed the articles of surrender aboard the *USS Missouri* in Tokyo Bay Sept. 1, 1945, Anna stayed on until they found a replacement for her in 1946.



*Anna Kelley with her son Jim, July 1953.*

Now she could devote full attention to her family. She and her husband still operated their service station out on Highway 395 at the south end of town; their son Jimmy was in high school and Anna became active in local educational concerns. Along the way, she got an education herself in how difficult it could be to get her views heard by some members of the board of supervisors, who simply shut off their hearing aids when she said things they didn't want to hear. On occasion, Anna's temper, inherited perhaps from her red-headed father, caused her to pound the hearing-room table, shouting: "Turn on your blankety-blank hearing aids!"

Less controversial were her contributions as part of staff at the Eastern California Museum where she



helped to assemble and consolidate exhibits that today truly "reflect the unique and diverse natural and cultural heritage of Inyo County," as the Museum brochure claims. Anna added substantially to that heritage when she augmented the museum's collection with her own pattern baskets, winnowers and seed beaters — and that fully pitched water jug created by Sarah Hunter of Saline Valley.

Jimmy finished high school, went to Valley College and did a four-year hitch in the U.S. Navy, returning to work in his parents' garage where he developed into a first-class mechanic. He remained active in the Navy Reserve and during the Korean conflict was assigned to the *USS Repose*, afterwards returning again to Independence, where he became service officer of veteran affairs. Meanwhile, he had married and he and his wife Marilyn presented Anna with her first and only grandchild, Roseanne.

The narrow gauge railroad had begun its slide into history, taking with it a sizeable chunk of Anna's youth. Already the Southern Pacific had closed some of its stations; among the first to go was Kearsarge, back in the time of the Great Depression. The railroad company maintained a section crew at Kearsarge in charge of a Mr. Cole, but Stationmaster Bob Gracey had been transferred back to the mainline station in Lovelock, Nevada, to which he had been assigned when their world was young and Anna was just three years old. In 1955, spurred by the accelerated dismantling of the narrow-gauge tracks, Anna retrieved a part of her disappearing past by orchestrating the securing of one Slim Princess for permanent exhibition in her hometown. Engine #18, built in 1911 by the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia and the only locomotive on the line to feature "monkey motion," the Walschaert valve gear, was installed in Independence's Dehy Park a decade before its sister locomotive #9 went on exhibit at the Laws Railroad Museum. (See *"Life After Death for a Princess,"* sidebar herewith.)

Time's "Grim Reaper," death, was decimating the Gracey clan; gone was Anna's great grandmother Catherine Christian Gracey, her grandmother Teresa and grandfather Robert Gracey; her uncle Thomas and his wife. In 1969 the passing of her father Bob Gracey possibly brought intimations of her own mortality; at any rate, Anna took a heightened interest in the genealogical diggings of her great-nephew Bob Geyer, son of her grandfather's sister, Grace Gracey Geyer, with whom second-grader Anna had lived in Virginia City during her parents' first year at Kearsarge. In climbing the family tree, Bob visited his ancestral Isle of Man, writing to his cousin Anna in Independence:

"... The lady who did research for me said the Gracys came to the Isle of Man from Scotland sometime around 1700 ... and there is a plaid; the ancient one is very nice ... also a Manx tweed ... " Geyer's researcher indicated that the Gracey (Gracie) clan was a sub-clan of Farquharson, one of the stronger branches of



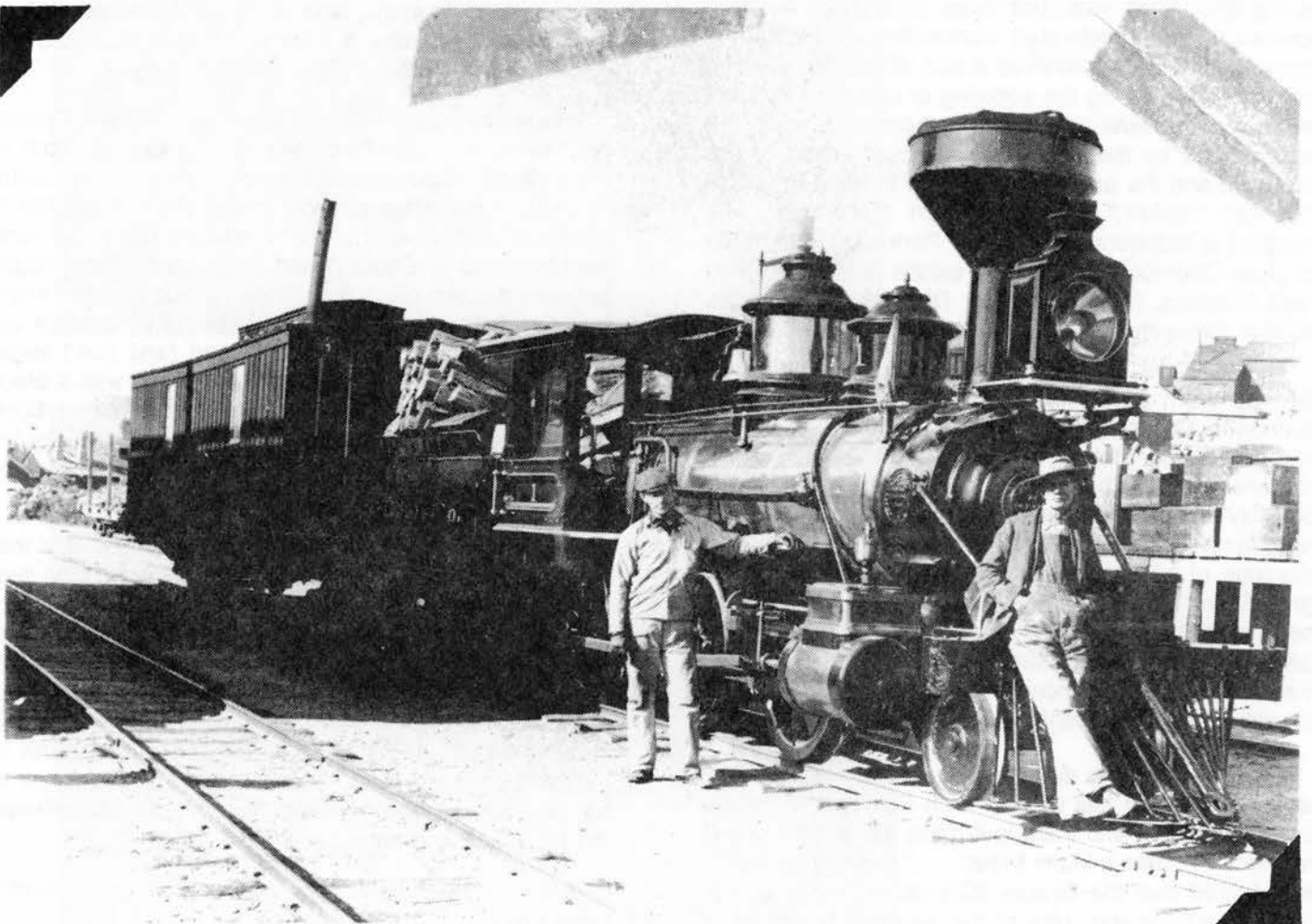
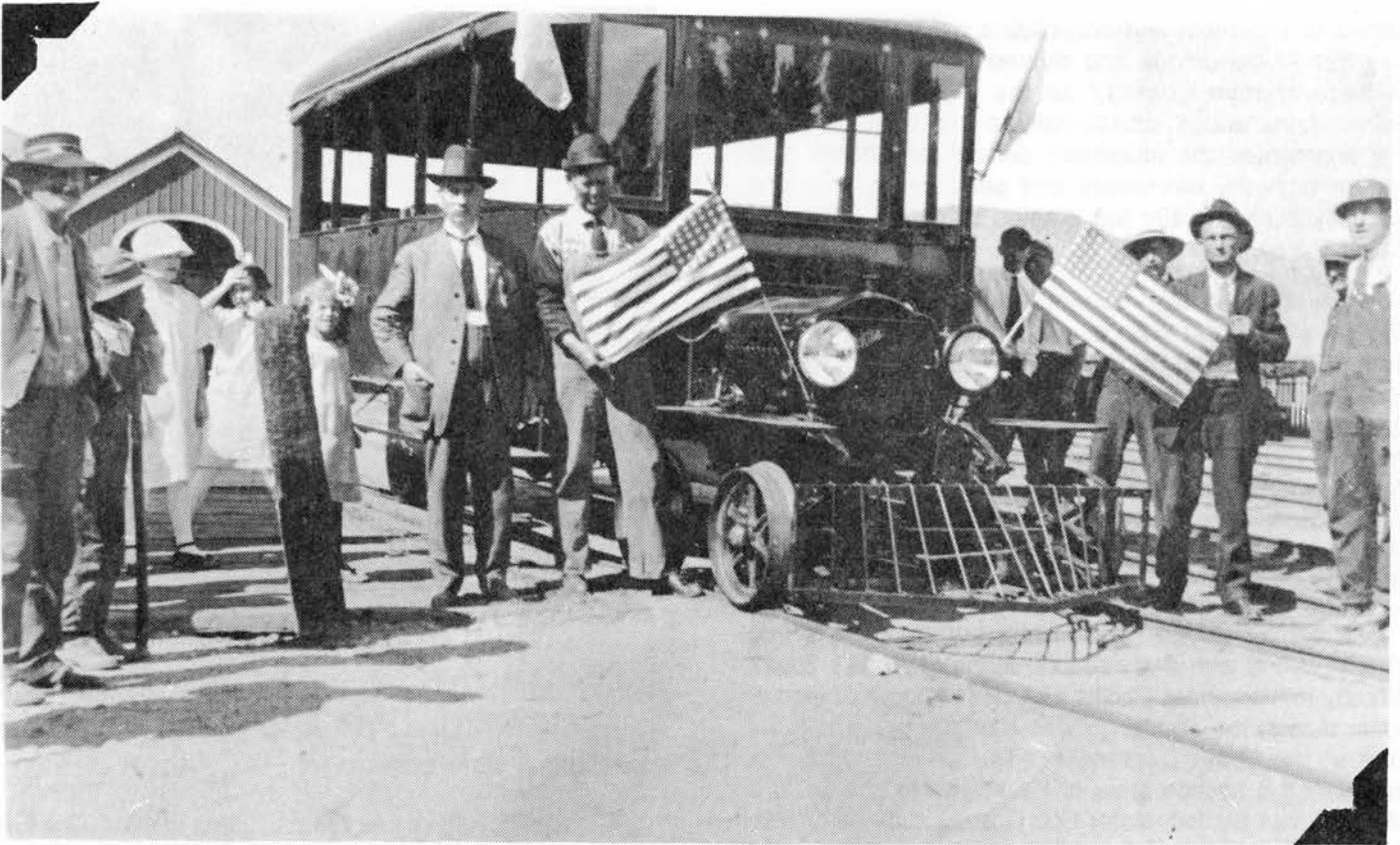
*Robert Gracey, Anna's father, with siblings. From left: Tom, Grace, Robert, and Kate.*

Clan Chattan, noting that "in the Rising of 1715, the Farquharsons gathered over 140 men for the Clan Chattan Regiment, and it was Anne, daughter of Invercauld, and wife of the Mackintosh, who contrived the 'Rout of Moy,' a stratagem whereby a handful of men scattered the Redcoats and saved the Prince from danger ... "

The prince alluded to was know as "The Old Pretender," father of history's Bonnie Prince Charlie, both of them (failed) claimants to England's throne. For centuries after 1266 when Norway ceded the Isle of Man to Scotland, control of the island passed back and forth from Scotland to England and fierce border wars raged between the two countries. Since various Scottish Highland Chieftains fought on the side of the Pretenders trying to de-throne the King of England (and don't forget Anne of Invercauld), Scotland in the 1700s was a place of strife and one can easily imagine a war-weary Scottish Gracey deciding to seek a more peaceful life for his family in the middle of the Irish sea on that isle of wide sandy beaches, open moors and glens.

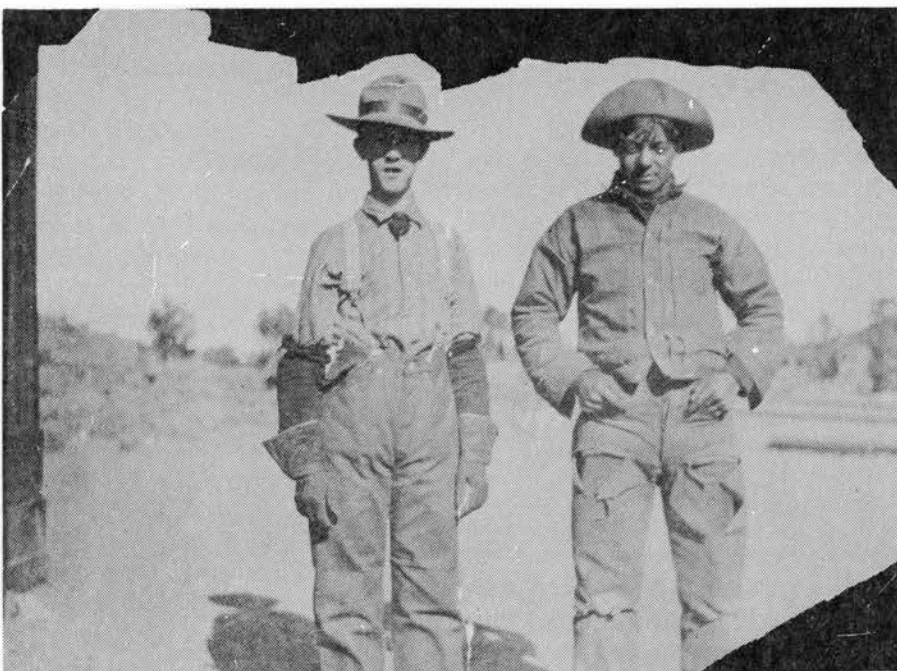
If it did happen that way, Gracey history falls into place; in their new island home, the Gracey clan procreated with the help of Manx families named Christian, Calvin, Geyer, Keig, Kewley, Quayle and Watterson and sent forth their progeny in due time to foreign lands. Perhaps the first Gracey to arrive in the new world was Anna's grandfather, Robert, who came to Virginia City in 1860. And so, almost a century later, here's Anna of Independence saving a "Slim Princess" in the mode of her probable ancestor Anne of Invercauld who scattered the Redcoats and saved a prince.

And the warp and weft threads of the tapestry lengthen.



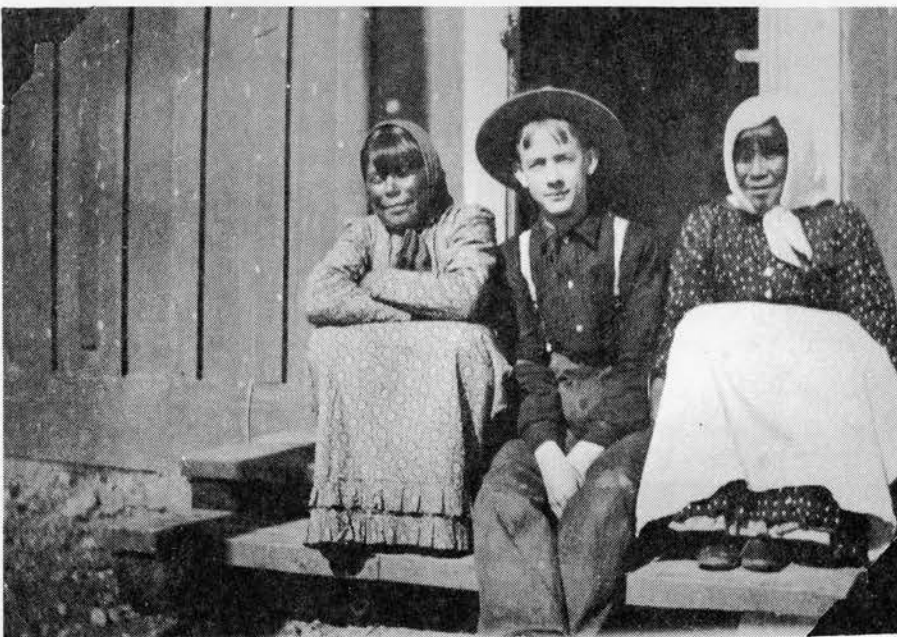


Ed Shaw, right, head of Indian police at Mt. Montgomery, NV, 1903. Policeman Shaw's friend is Bob Gracey, S.P. telegrapher on his first job for the railroad.

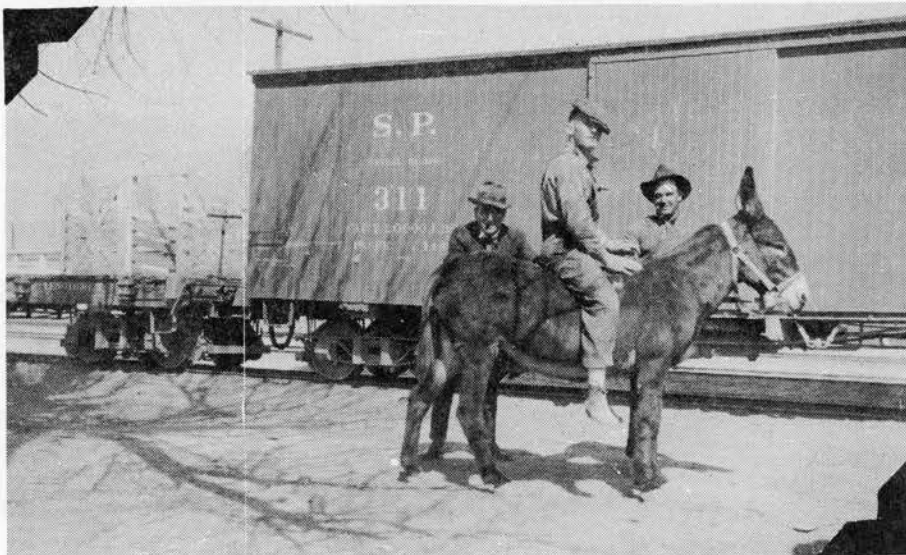


Opposite, top: Saving rubber on the 4th of July in Virginia City. This auto adapted to run on rails was called a "canary," though Anna doesn't know why. At far right is William Recker, who worked for the Virginia and Truckee RR. Man in business suit standing right of man holding center flag is Anna's Manx grandfather, Robert Gracey.

S.P. Telegrapher Bob Gracey and friends at Summit (now Montgomery Pass), 1902. This was 17-year-old Bob's first job with the railroad, though he went to work as Western Union messenger at age 14 in Virginia City, NV, where telegraph operator Miss Etta Naylor taught him telegraphy.



"If the engine doesn't run, get a burro!" S.P. warehouse worker at Laws straddles a back-up burro just in case. Backing up the burro is (right) Roscoe C. Sims, Laws S.P. agent, and Louis Bodle, express driver between Laws and Bishop, 1920.



Opposite, below: Inyo Development Company engine heading south from Dayton, NV, bound for Keeler Station, 1902. Photo courtesy Bob Geyer.

## LIFE AFTER DEATH FOR A PRINCESS

Perhaps it was fitting that station-master Bob Gracey and the Slim Princess should expire together, so to speak. On that bright April day in 1960 when engine #9 chugged out of Kearsarge station going north to its permanent retirement home at Laws Museum near Bishop, it signalled the end of the last narrow gauge common carrier west of the Rockies. Before the decade was out, Anna Gracey Kelley's father, whose entire working life was spent on the railroad, had made his own final run — into Eternity.

In its application to the ICC, for permission to abandon the line, Southern Pacific stated that "the little railroad with its 36-inch gauge and tiny cars is an anachronism which can no longer be justified as an efficient operation." While lamenting the action from "a sentimental point of view," the S.P. cited "the expensive and time consuming transfer of shipments between narrow gauge (small sized cars) and standard gauge cars." Thus, just as the coming of the Slim Princess nudged out the romantic stage-coach as transport in the valley, so did the standard gauge make redundant the 36-inch rails.

When the narrow gauge's usefulness came to an end and its high carbon steel rails that had traveled across the ocean from England and Holland were being uprooted and stacked like cordwood, a lot of people felt sad. Among them was Anna Kelley, who might be said to have a little steel in her veins, because the ties that bound her to the railroad went further than her immediate family; her mother's parents, Charlie and Anna Recker, were also railroading people. So when her friend, Independence librarian Bessie T. Best, gave her a gentle prod ("Anna, we have to have something left of the railroad . . . You go get us an engine!"), Anna set herself the task of securing for her town and posterity a locomotive as reminder of a nostalgic era reaching back to 1880 when the white tents of railroad surveyors began to cluster in Owens Valley throughout its green (then!) length.

Could she do it? Persuade the SP to give Independence an engine of its very own? Well, she certainly could try!

The narrow gauge story has been so well documented by such writers as Richard Datin and George Turner among others — notably and most recently Western Historian Beverly Webster (see "The Narrow Gauge Railroad of Owens Valley," Vol. IV No. 1, *THE ALBUM*) that a few anecdotes here will suffice as epitaph. In 1975, Bishop old-timer, the late Gus Cashbaugh, related how 61 years earlier he had made a memorable train trip from Los Angeles to Walker Lake in Nevada, boarding the Slim Princess at Owenyo: "Memory says with two head-end cars and three coaches and that the motive power was not that seen today but of an earlier vintage." Nobody seemed to care back then whether the trains ran on time:

"Away we went swaying up the east side of Owens Valley, only to come to a complete stop in the middle of nowhere. Out piled crew and passengers, the latter wondering what it was all about. In a moment there appeared a dot over the crest of the Sierra Nevadas, which represented an aeroplane piloted by one Silas Christopherson, the first to fly across the range of mountains. Back on board and under way, to stop again within a few miles while the engine crew took pot shots at some ducks in Owens River . . ."

Yet the narrow gauge had its dedicated workers. The *Inyo Register*, March 20, 1924: "Fred Merckle, foreman at the Benton section of the S.P.'s narrow gauge is second in the list of honorable mentions in the railroad's monthly bulletin, having had no accident during his 35 years of service."

When Anna's father died, a newspaper "In Tribute" lamented the passing of the "genial, courteous, capable station agent of Southern Pacific at Kearsarge." But Benton's octogenarian Tom Buckley in a 1985 interview remembered another station-master, somewhat less gentle: "When I came back to Mono County from Sacramento after WWI I was wondering what became of all them railroad fellers: Fred Merckle, Alfred Bloomdale. There was this crazy guy at Hamil railroad station, he'd shoot you in a minute. Had two daughters and there was a dance over at the station. Some young fellers from down toward Bishop, pumice mill down

by the county line, come up here to dance and was talking to one of the station-master's daughters. Do you know, that crazy Hamil railroad guy took out his knife and cut him? Cut him right across his stomach. Didn't want nobody talking to his girls."

When Anna's friend Bessie told her "You go get us an engine," her first move was to write a letter to Mr. Russell, president of Southern Pacific: "We would very much like to have a locomotive. You'll just sell it to Disneyland anyway, and I promise you it will be well taken care of here in Independence, because I will see to it."

Anna never received an answer from Mr. Russell, but one fine day she was pumping gas at the O.K. Kelley Service Station, which she and her husband still operated, when customer Richard Torres, who was also a dear friend, said to her: "Anna, can you keep a secret? You're going to get your engine!" As Anna related to interviewer Kathy Barnes, Richard, a section crew foreman over at Kearsarge, had just got orders from SP headquarters to go through all his track and pull the oldest rails and oldest ties: "You see, the rails are dated; the ties also. When they are put in the ground, there is a special zinc nail that has the year on the head; that tells foreman and crew how old the tie is. They weren't pulling them for anybody else; they were pulling them for me!"

Anna's engineering of that project, getting engine #18 into its now-familiar location in Independence's Dehy Park, was the "most fun thing I ever did in my life."

The engine was sitting at Owenyo when the order was given to turn it over to Anna. First, the Southern Pacific "loaded it on a broadgauge flatcar and took it to their carbarns in Bakersfield and gave her a real good cleaning and a good paint job and then loaded her on another flatbed and brought her back to Lone Pine."

What now? Where to put the train? Anna went to see Sid Paratt of the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power, which owned the land at Dehy Park: "I've got a problem. I've got a narrow gauge locomotive on my hands but I don't know



where to put it." They decided where in the park the train should go; the railroad supplied a crew from over at Kearsarge station and another from Lone Pine. "I arranged to use the County's lowbed truck and the tractor to pull it. There was a winch with a lot of cable . . . I went to Jimmy Nick (Nikolaus) in Big Pine; he had a lowbed like the county's . . . so he loaned it to me."

Everything fell into place; Anna had all the people, machinery and good will she needed.

"We did it all in one day. The track was already in because Richard Torres and his crew had done that. After the locomotive was in, Kelley (Anna's husband) brought the tow truck and hooked

the cable on to the front of the locomotive and gently pulled it to the front where it belonged."

And there today sits old engine #18 on its narrow gauge tracks, for all who pass to see and admire — and wonder. The Slim Princess lives again!

March 17, 1991, Bishop's *Inyo Register* printed a letter from Mike Patterson over at Cerro Gordo Mines. Like so many of us, prisoners of progress, Mr. Patterson yearns to board the Slim Princess, ride the rails between the river and the foot of the Inyo and the White mountains. Lacking the reality of space travel backward through time, Mike opts for an alternative "rails to trails" project: Convert unused railbeds into equestrian, hiking and biking

trails, with the cooperation of the railroad company. He cites recent articles in both *Mother Earth News* and *Western Horseman* fostering the rails-to-trails idea. and concludes:

*The time is right. The narrow gauge right-of-way here is owned by both the City of L.A. and Southern Pacific Transportation Company. Anyone who is interested in joining with me in the pursuit of a Rails to Trails project on the old right-of-way between Keeler and Laws, please call me at (619) 876-4154 or write, P.O. Box 221, Keeler, CA 93530.*

Another life extension for the Slim Princess mystique? Mike Patterson, meet Anna Kelley! \*



# HERE MY PEOPLE LIVED

## MINNIE AND THE LOOK-OUT

"I am fortunate that some of my friends are Paiute. Like many friends, we share stories and laughter and sometimes we give each other gifts." ...Louise

*She was a large-boned woman. Not fat, certainly, but with a commanding figure. Her gray hair, always neatly captured in a knot, gave her an understated dignity.*

*He was a look-out, new to his position in the Forest Service. His uniform did not yet show the dust, grime or ash that would come with his job as look-out over the Jeffrey forest, high in the Adobe Meadows country.*



HARVEST CAMP

Winona Roach Collection



The time of year was right. The strikingly beautiful Ponderosa moth had laid her eggs. It was the pre-cocoon period of the fat, protein-filled larvae in the life-cycle of this Paiute food source.

Minnie's family had taken her to her favorite part of the forest to harvest py-agi, the larvae of the Ponderosa. She had all she needed to sustain her for the days she would spend harvesting and smoking the py-agi for food during the cold months. She had carefully dug trenches around the tree trunks. The py-agi would roll into the trenches and be gathered into Minnie's basket before they could make their clumsy effort to crawl out. With deft, sure movements, Minnie would shake the basket over her smoldering fire, roasting the larvae with hardly a smudge on her basket.

In his fire look-out the young forester turned in a slow circle, admiring the vast and lonely beauty below him while keeping alert to any danger to his forest. His eyes passed over, then snapped back to a tiny wisp of smoke that wiggled its way upward through the branches of his charges. He jumped from his seat, jammed his hat square onto his head, leaped into his pick-up and bumped his way down the mountain toward the threat to his territory.

The young look-out half stumbled in his rush from the pick-up to the softly burning fire.

"What are you DOING?" he gasped. "You can't build a fire here! Don't you realize you could start a terrible fire in my forest? I'll bet you don't even have a permit!"

As he was fuming his disbelief in what he was seeing, Minnie quietly sat and continued her work. Finally she looked fully at the young man and simply said,

"This my forest. You go."

"But you can't DO this!"

"Go!"

"But — but . . ."

"GO! Now!"

And Minnie had not even stood up.

After all, he reasoned, the woman was an Indian. The Indians had been here a long, long time. Perhaps she did have rights that he didn't know about. He left.

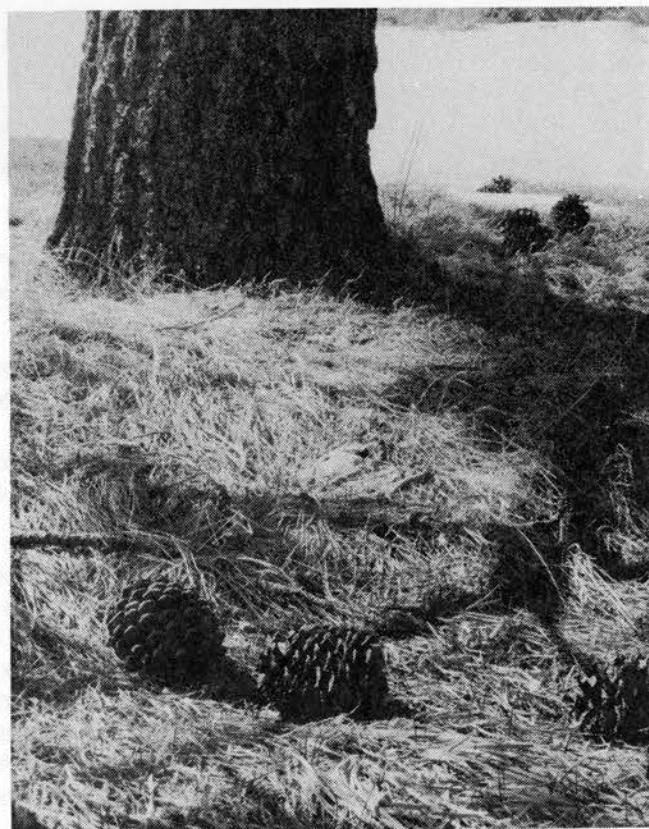
The next day he recruited a friend to go with him to try and convince Minnie that she was a problem to him. But Minnie seemed to know that her problem was coming. She had fixed an extra portion of pinion nut meal and some fry bread that morning. As the young men came to her camp Minnie said, "Here, you are too skinny. Eat."

Caught off-guard, the young men enjoyed a filling breakfast that included what they would later learn was roasted larvae.

Minnie explained the py-agi harvest.

The look-out explained the fire danger.

They both lived happily ever after. \*



JEFFREY PINE CONES photo by Louise



David A. Wright Elaborates on  
Skidoo-Harrisburg

*Body of Joe "Hootch" Simpson, a staged hanging in a tent. His original hanging was from one of Skidoo's sturdy telephone poles. Newsmen of yesterday, not having today's technology, arrived in Skidoo three days after he was buried. Skidoovians, eager to get into the news, obligingly dug Hootch up and rehung him for the benefit of the cameras. Or so they say...Photo courtesy of Eastern California Museum*

## How 'Ol Hootch Lost His Head

On a drab hilltop I ramble through the sagebrush. Nothing unusual about that for me, but at this site, melancholy best describes my disposition. I gaze about the valley below; my eyes behold an abolished civilization, once a breathing, living, and working community now lifeless.

I wander through the small valley hanging on the edge of the Panamint Range, dangling precariously over the vast maw of Death Valley. Beside me trots faithful furry companion, Reno II. Another companion is Jim Sauter, of Indio, formerly of Crowley Lake. My sharp eye, Jim's

insatiable desire to explore, and Reno's delicate nose came to this small gap in a jagged range to search for residue from a bit of civilization on the brink of hell.

We ramble roundabout in the sagebrush, not finding any significant signs here: tin cans, some faint tracings in the brush, a sign erected by the Park Service: Skidoo 1906-17. I climb a hill to the west. I peer at an historical photo of this site, taken when my grandmother was just a Missouri farm girl.

We are tired, I spy a small mine tailing high on a slope, and we sit

there on the yellow dirt. Reno lies beside me, pressing against my leg and watching intently for anything menacing. Jim and I do not sense such danger. The valley is empty. We see no one. The temperate late afternoon sun lulls me to laziness; it is cozy, too moderate for New Years Day. In this year of drought, I inspect the meager snows of Mount Charleston, across the Valley of Death, in Nevada, my thoughts turning to another drought: the lack of remains here in Skidoo. The ghosts left for us to see are as meager as the snow.

Suddenly, Reno barks, jumping



to his feet, eyes focused, ears erect. His sudden blast jars me, standing the hair on my back and neck. What does he see? I quickly scan the valley below. Nothing new in the view greets my eyes, nothing stirs in the sage below. Just sun, sky, and sage. What does he sense?

The afternoon sun grows warmer. We again lie back against the warm earth. The silent valley lulls my soul into repose. Voices. Reno boy! Do you hear voices? His head cocks to one side, ears upright. Faint voices hit my ears.

"Have you got anything against me, Jim?"

"No, Joe, I've got nothing against you."

"Yes you have, your end has come, prepare to die!"

BOOM!!

I recoil from the gunblast, jerking to my feet. Instead of a man lying in a puddle of blood, my eyes behold empty land. Jim and Reno lie beside me, both fast asleep.

Again I lie back. Again the warm sun subdues me. Again dreams fill my head. Voices. Many of them. Feet. Countless feet shuffling in the darkness. A mob carrying a man. In the distant torchlight a rope is yanked skyward, the rope severing his life.

Jim nudges me awake. The sun is sinking low in the western sky, purple and gold dance in the hills about me. Reno and I walk a ridge-top, drinking in the pastel palate of intense beauty. A bright spot glows in the sky. Mother of pearl appears in the wispy clouds over Olancho Peak, deep purple far on the western horizon over the silhouetted ridges of the Argus, Coso, and Inyos.

But my eyes are drawn again to the lifeless valley. Reno snaps to attention and growls, but I still fail to discern what he perceives. All I can see is a land vacant and noiseless, indistinct indications of old streets

gridding the valley, broken bits of glass glinting in the setting sun.

Inspecting the valley that cradles Skidoo, one cannot help but wonder at the fickleness of man and nature, who attempt to erase each other; in the end nature wins. Maybe Reno senses Skidoo that was. Jim and I certainly cannot detect it. Beholding this empty land, it is difficult to imagine that men fought and died for it.

Clutched in my hand is evidence that they did, however: the photocopy of a 1980 newspaper printed right here somewhere in the sagebrush. Only then there was a wooden building that housed a small printing press, possibly manned by a half drunk, big mouthed newspaper editor like the one in "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance." Only this one wrote about "The Man Who Shot Jim Arnold and was Lynched."

In one of Skidoo's countless mine shafts, there used to lie the headless body of a man — the very one written about in the newspaper I hold. In life, the man suffered; in death, his remains suffered more. The whole scenario surrounding the big story in the short life of a town named Skidoo could never be detected by visiting the townsite. Its bones have been picked clean and scattered to the four winds by those who refuse to acknowledge that there are people who prefer to "take nothing but pictures and leave nothing but footprints" and thus preserve a bit more of history. Only paper and celluloid have been preserved to recall one of California's last "wild west" lynchings, which took place not once, but twice!

Somewhere in the beginning was a flourishing boom camp named Skidoo. Her song emptied many a saloon and shack in such places as Rhyolite, Tonopah, and Goldfield, back when the century was young, and young men in their fancy new flippers were hot to pounce on a new find. Among them was Joseph L. Simpson.

History shows that all booms

bust, but Skidoo didn't really bust; a slow leak was more like it. But in the mind of the con artist, the gambler, the "get rich quick" types, and the over-abundance of saloon keepers, Skidoo's new bent toward a "compact but efficient" company town was disconcerting.

Simpson didn't fancy it one bit. On the other hand, not many of the dwindling town's citizens liked him either. In the flush days of Skidoo, Simpson and a partner, one Fred Oakes, ran a saloon called the Gold Seal. Those palmy days brought enough coin for Simpson to imbibe in the two things he loved most: hootch and red light ladies. Liquor earned him the nickname "Hootch" and an ill temper when drunk or sober; the frequent trips into the red light district earned him a bad case of syphilis. The pain of it later made him a drug addict, but nothing diminished his fantasy of being a gunfighter with lots of notches on the handles of his Colts. During an episode of acting out his fantasy, he got a notch in the side of his nose instead.

After the San Francisco earthquake of 1906, a financial panic swept the mining west, taking out the young, old and weak in towns based on mines that overpopulated desert California and Nevada. Skidoo merely dieted off the overindulgent and managed to survive. But before Hootch decided to leave town, his eyes saw the empty Gold Seal through an alcoholic mist that made him mean as hell.

Easter Morning, April 19, 1908. Hootch had been on a drunk for several days. He wanted those notches, and he made threats to acquire them. As events unfolded, he would get his notch . . . and then a noose. And then another.

Charging in a drunken rage into Jim Arnold's Skidoo Trading Company and Southern California Bank, Hootch marched up and demanded . . . twenty dollars. Ralph Dobbs, the man at the counter, looked down the barrel of Hootch's gun

and got an ear full of threats. Before Dobbs could reach into the till for the cash, a customer, Hootch's personal physician Doctor McDonald, knocked Hootch's pride and feet out from under him and took his gun. Then Jim Arnold kicked what was left out the front door into the street.

Constable Henry Sellers wanted to handcuff Hootch to a telephone pole, there being no real jail handy, and take him to Independence for incarceration later. But Oakes, Hootch's partner, managed to persuade him to allow Hootch to be held under surveillance at home. Hootch shortly passed out in the back of the saloon, Oakes took his gun and hid it, then left.

Awaking that afternoon, Hootch had an awful hangover and worse temper. He found his gun, stormed the Trading Company, and cornered Jim Arnold.

"Have you got anything against me Jim?"

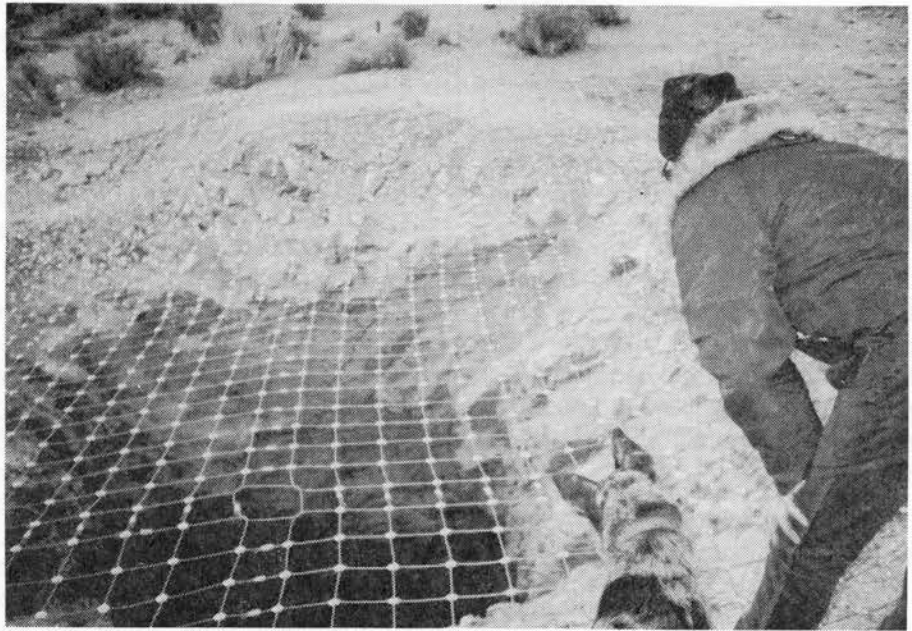
"No, Joe, I've got nothing against you."

"Yes, you have have, your end has come, prepare to die!"

**BOOM!**

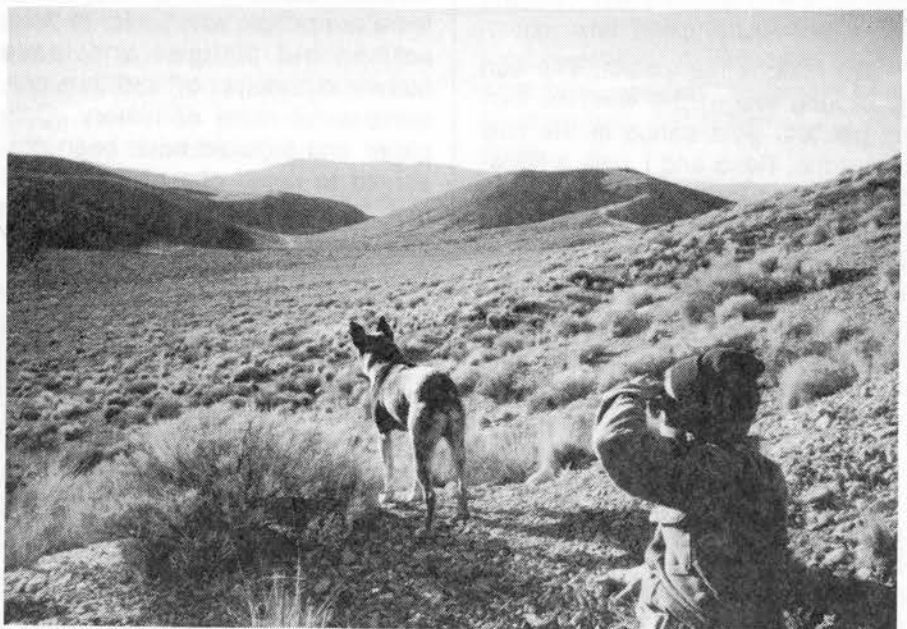
From out of nowhere, people appeared, alerted by the shot cracking the silence of the town. In the ruckus, a drunk and the constable were nearly killed trying to arrest Simpson, who was wildly emptying his gun. Simpson soon ran out of bullets, and was overpowered. Constable Sellers then handcuffed him and threw him into a shed.

Arnold managed to hang onto life until that evening, but a severed spinal artery finally took its toll. He was buried the following morning. After the ceremony, minds turned on Hootch with the thought that the small cemetery needed another body. Hootch, in the meantime, was having a ball in the little shed, yelling out his glee about the new notch on his gun. That set the minds of those about to kill him.



*"Hey Hootch, you down there?" It is a good thing the Park Service has placed these sturdy cable nets over the thousand mine shafts in the vicinity. A rock tossed down gives a clue as to how deep they are, prompting a shiver down the spine. Skidoo is one place where walking in the dark may offer a worse fate than meeting up with a ghost. David A. Wright photo, January 1991*

*What does Reno see? Jim Sauter scans intently the valley below, searching for the invisible that Reno senses. Perhaps only Reno can see the ghosts of Skidoo, imperceptible to the eyes of Jim and me. David A. Wright photo, January 1991*

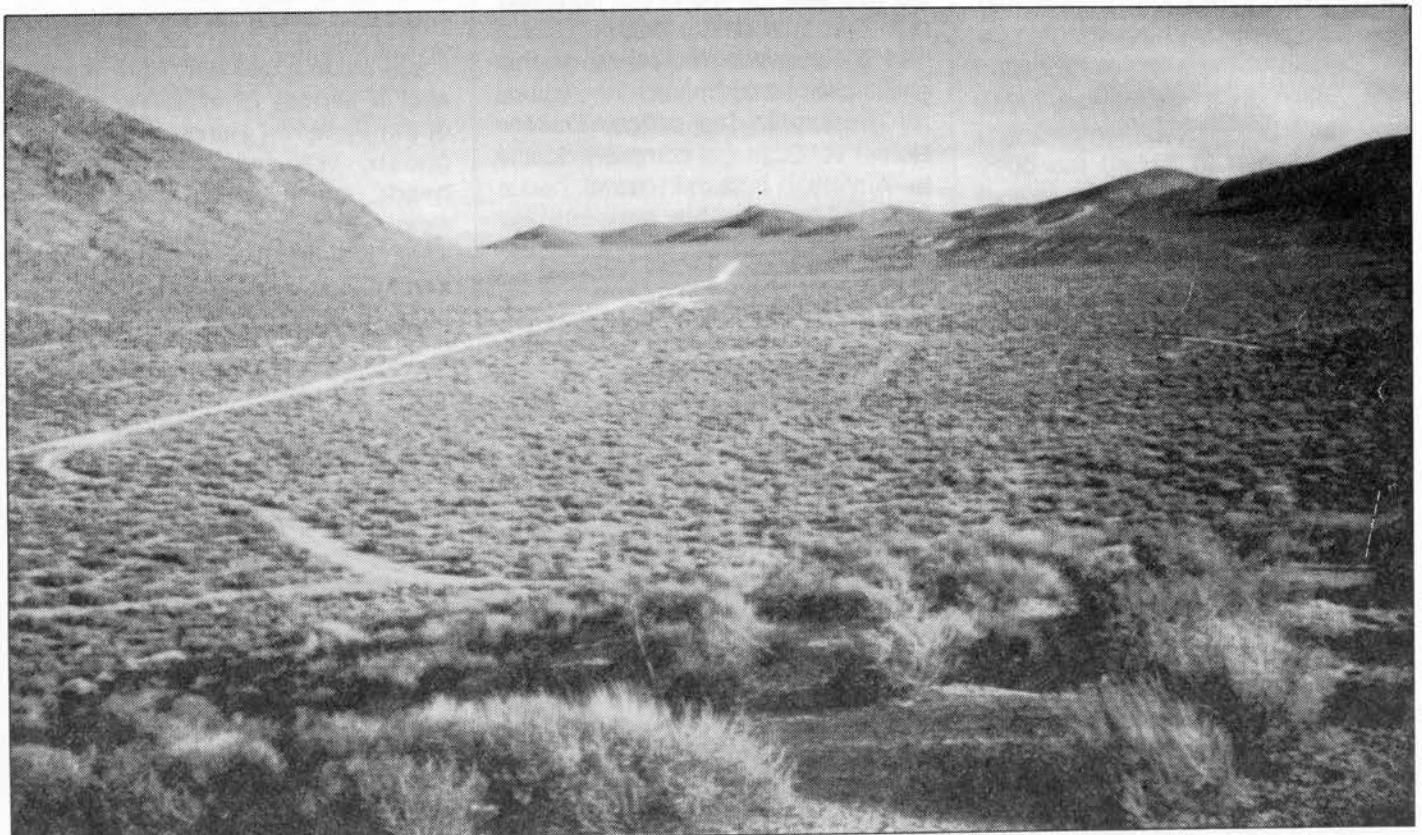






*Above: Skidoo in 1901. Photo courtesy of Eastern California Museum*

*Below: A view of Skidoo townsite today. David A. Wright photo, January 1991*



On the night of Arnold's funeral, just before midnight, Hootch was invited to a necktie party. The next morning, he was found hanging from his necktie, up one of Skidoo's telephone poles. That livened things up and assisted in emptying town of a few whose dealings would make them a special consideration for the next town party.

Hootch hung around for the rest of the day, then was cut down and buried out of town in a gulch. But not for long.

A photograph shows Simpson hanging, not from a stout Skidoo telephone pole, but what appears to be a crossbeam inside a tent. And that is exactly what it is. The accounts vary on how Hootch was hung in a tent. One is the popular legend, one is based on an eyewitness account told to friends, one is based on research. I do not claim part of any of them, I simply pass them on.

The popular legend involves late newspaper reporters rushing to Skidoo from Los Angeles, Reno, and other large cities, only to find Hootch already buried. But Skidoo, proud of administering "frontier justice," obligingly dug him up again for the benefit of the press.

Another puts it basically the same way, but has the newsmen bribing a couple of men to dig up the body and hang it inside the tent, out of consideration for the women and children.

And finally, there is the account

that Doctor McDonald himself dug up Simpson, taking the photo of him hanging, (perhaps to record how he died) and another photo of Hootch stretched out on his operating table. But most gruesome of all is "the rest of the story," or should I say, the rest of Hootch.

Doctor McDonald wanted to get inside of Hootch's head. Literally. Here, he thought, was a golden opportunity to see first-hand what damage syphilis causes the brain. So he removed the head from the body, then dumped the headless corpse down an abandoned prospect shaft. Back at the office, he opened the skull, satisfied his curiosity, then put the remains on an ant hill to let ants dispose of it. McDonald wanted to keep the skull as a memento for his waiting room, so Hootch's head was boiled for three days to remove the flesh.

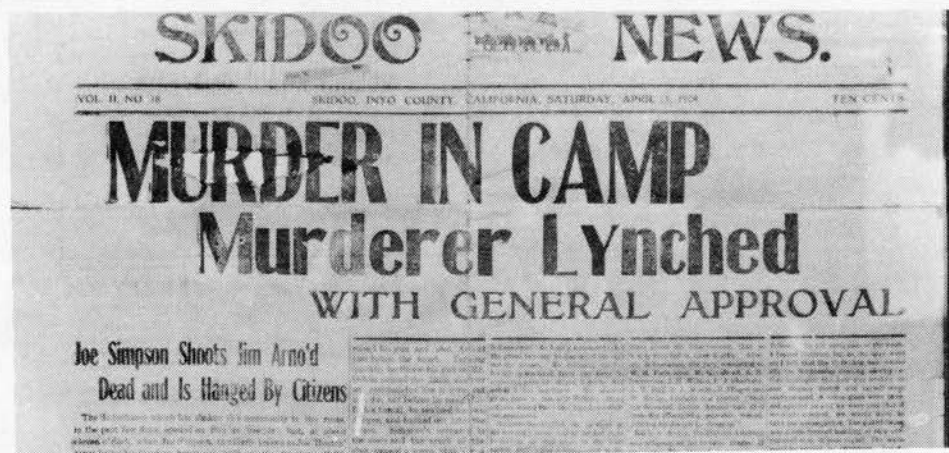
As Skidoo settled down to a small one-company town, Doctor McDonald left for the greener fields of Los Angeles. He took only his needs to set up shop in L.A., Hootch's skull not one of them. That, he left under the floorboards of his cabin back at Skidoo. In an L.A. bar, sometime in the twenties, he found out from two men that their doctor back in Trona had a fondness for relics of the ghost towns that littered the region, for display in his office. Doctor Homer R. Evans, a company doctor for American Potash in Trona, had a habit of trading his services for desert relics. So Dr. McDonald told these two men just where they could find Hootch's skull.

Doctor McDonald's cabin still stood. Gaining access to the cellar through a hidden trap door, they found an ore bag; inside was Hootch's skull.

On Panamint Street in Trona, Hootch sat on display for many years. Evans retired in 1934 and moved to San Bernardino. In 1948, he gave the skull to George Pipkin, who displayed it at Wildrose Station, whose own bones now lie along the side of the narrow canyon. George is still alive; he may still have that skull.

As for the rest of Ol' Hootch, a couple of his red light girls, who had gone on to Beatty, got sentimental about him and decided upon a decent burial, even if it was minus a head, (*The Album*, Vol. IV, No. 2, p. 37). The plot worked out alright until it got hot. Somewhere in the middle of Death Valley in early summer, a hasty funeral took place in the hot sand, presided over by a couple of women. Then the funeral procession skiddooed for the nearest shade and drink. Years later, a tourist uncovered human remains in the sand dunes, causing speculation over whether they might be Hootch.

The sun has set now; it's time to leave Skidoo. Jim and I are hungry after a full day of exploring the top of the Panamint Range in search of ghosts. We decide to keep our heads, and head out before darkness overtakes us. Reno lies on the seat between us; we never hear another growl out of him all the way home. \*



Courtesy  
Eastern  
California  
Museum



# THE LONG TRAIL



*Casa Diablo Hill looking east.*

*Dust billows in clouds around the thundering hooves. Riders emerge through the haze, shouting at horses and mules as the herd clatters into the corrals at Aberdeen. The Owens Valley shimmers in the afternoon heat and the sweaty riders are covered with a dusting of white alkali. The horses and mules are as thirsty for the cool water as the parched riders. This is the first day of Spring Horse Drive for Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit and McGee Creek Pack Station from Independence to Lake Mary corrals at Mammoth Lakes, California in the rugged Eastern High Sierra.*

Trails followed by Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit on the annual horse drives have been used for over 120 years by ranchers driving their cattle and sheep back and forth to summer pasture in Long Valley and winter pasture in Owens Valley. The horse remudas were driven back and forth also. From Long Valley, many herds were driven into the lush mountain meadows for summer grazing. The first trails and passes were built by the early ranchers, often following Indian trails. These early cattle trails were known by various names such as Rickey Trail, Dry Trail, Casa Diablo Trail and Sherwin Hill Trail.

by Marye Roeser  
photos from Roeser Collection

The Independence pasture of Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit is located just north of Fort Independence on the east side of the Los Angeles aqueduct. Presently called the pool field, it was once known as Thibaut Field after an early French family who ranched there many years ago. The lakes or ponds and the creek at the north edge of the pasture still bear his name. The field is 5500 acres, extending from the aqueduct to the base of the Inyo Mountains, and lies at about 4300 feet elevation. It is owned by Los Angeles Department of Water and Power and leased by Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit, along with two other pack stations, as winter grazing for horses and mules.

Fort Independence (Camp Independence) was built by the U.S. Army in 1862 when hostilities broke out between the Owens Valley Paiute Indians and the white settlers. Col. Evans and 300 soldiers established the camp but fighting still continued. On July 10th, 1863, 908 Indians surrendered at the Fort and were marched to a reservation at Fort Tejon south of Bakersfield. It was a journey of eleven days under extremely harsh and hot desert conditions. Some Indians did escape and return to the valley, some died along the trail, and approximately 850 reached Fort Tejon where they lived

for several years. By 1868, the fighting was mostly over. However, Joaquin Jim and his band of northern Owens Valley Paiutes never surrendered to the army. In the massive 1872 Lone Pine earthquake, estimated at 8.3 magnitude, the adobe buildings of the Fort collapsed and were rebuilt of wood frame. The army remained until 1885 when the Fort was closed, and a Paiute Indian reservation is now located on part of the old Fort area.

The vegetation of the valley is primarily salt grass and desert scrub. In 1860, the valley supported few trees and grass grew mainly along the Owens River and the abundant sloughs. Early ranchers cleared brush, diverted water and irrigated and developed the grasslands, some of which remain today. The Owens River, called Wakopee by the Indians, was named by John C. Fremont for Richards Owens, a member of his 1845-46 expedition.

The Owens River is now famous for its wild Brown trout but in 1860, there were only four species of native fish, which did not include trout. Early settlers first planted trout transported from the Walker River, and later fish hatcheries were established in the valley. The Owens Valley pupfish, once plentiful but now on the federal endangered list, and speckled dace are both quite small fish. The larger native desert species were the Owens Valley tui chub and Owens Valley sucker, which were important food staples for the Paiute Indians.

The Carson and Colorado Railroad was constructed along the east side of the valley, completed in 1883. The railroad connected in Carson City with the Virginia and Truckee Railroad. To the south, the C&C extended to Keeler and made connections with the Southern Pacific Railroad to the south. The little narrow gauge engine, affectionately called "Slim Princess," traveled up and down the east side of the valley, making stops at stations along the way. Kearsarge Station was located near Independence, south of the pool field.

Valley produce and livestock were shipped from Aberdeen Station on Goodale Creek. In 1895, some violent fights over water occurred between ranchers Goodale and Hines where their irrigation ditches joined. T.B. Rickey of Rickey Land and Cattle Company was a Mono County cattle baron who also owned a winter ranch at Black Rock, near Aberdeen. In 1902, over 5,000 head of cattle grazed on his valley ranch. In 1905 he sold it to the City of Los Angeles whose aqueduct diversion intake is just south of Aberdeen.

Tinnemaha Reservoir is a water storage lake for the Los Angeles water export system and the "Long Trail" skirts its east side. Tule elk are often seen in the fields near the reservoir. These are a smaller relative of the Roosevelt elk, are native to the Central Valley of California, and were in danger of becoming extinct due to a loss of their habitat. In 1930, G. Walter Dow, a hotel owner from Lone Pine, imported a small herd to the Owens Valley. The elk successfully adapted to their new

habitat and now number about 2,000 animals. They may be seen from Owens Lake on the south to Bishop on the north.

Just south of the town of Big Pine and Zurich Station lies the Big Pine volcanic field which includes about ten basalt cinder cones and lava flows, some as young as 10,000 years. Red Mountain and Crater Mountain are two prominent cones in the field.

Zurich was a stop on the C&C Railroad and was named by the stationmaster's wife who thought the surrounding mountains resembled the Alps of her former Switzerland home. The railroad buildings are gone but the shipping corrals, although partially destroyed, are still used. One can almost hear the bell tolling the arrival of the train.

*As the dusty riders, led by pack outfit owner Lou Roeser, head the horse herd into Zurich corrals, the camp crew goes into action. The crew has pulled in earlier to set up camp and prepare dinner. An appetizer table with cold drinks is set out for the hungry riders, while they are dipping in the cool Owens River to remove the layers of white alkali dust. Kerry Roeser, head cook, has the barbecues fired up and ready for thick, juicy steaks. The sun sets behind Palisade crags and glaciers, and golden light lingers on Westgard Pass to the east. Horses and mules will spend the night resting in the corrals, feasting on local alfalfa hay and cool water that has been hauled in on the water truck.*

The Summers and Butler Cattle Company headquarters were in Big Pine and their ranching interests extended all the way from Long Valley to the Coso Mountains and China Lake on the south. The three partners, Charlie and John Summers and Frank Butler, had their own brands but ran all the cattle together. In the summer, cattle were pastured in Monache Meadows and Long Valley with some driven deep into the Sierra to summer along the lush grass of Fish Creek.

*Morning comes early as the herd needs to be on the trail to beat the afternoon valley heat. The scent of cowboy coffee lures riders to the campfires as the first streaks of light tip the high peaks. Lee and Jennifer Roeser and Leslie Engelhart supervise saddling the horses, checking saddles and bridles to ascertain that all are fitting properly. The triangle rings announcing breakfast for the trail driving crew.*

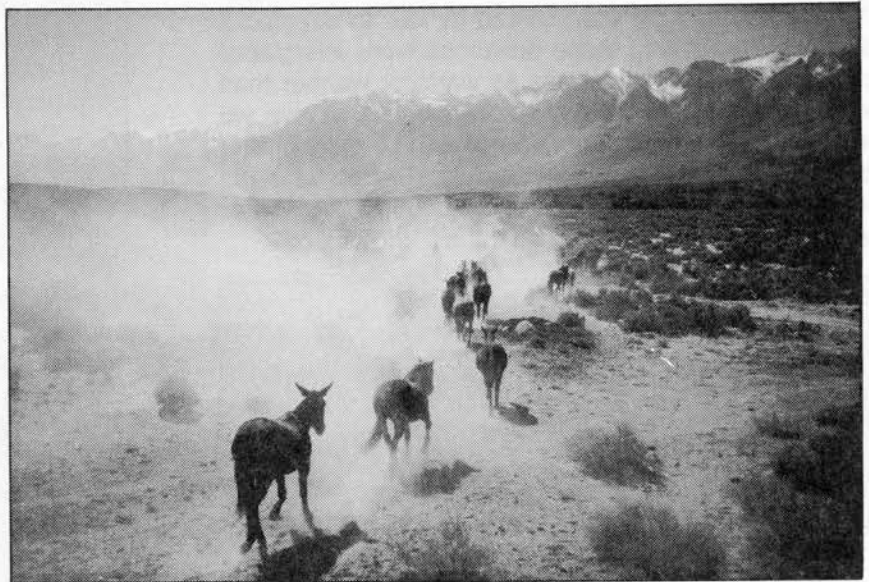
The Cal Tech Radio Observatory towers are located along the trail just north of Zurich and the huge towers are focused on far distant quasars in space. Westgard Pass, originally named the Deep Spring Valley Toll Road, turns east at Zurich and is the entrance to the ancient Bristlecone Pine Forest in the White Mountains. The 1872 toll road charged a horse and rider 25 cents,



*Corrals at Pool Field  
Independence  
Thibault Creek*



*Owens Valley*



*Near Tinemaha Lake*



pack animals 12 and one-half cents, while a wagon and team were charged one dollar.

The Owens Valley is a long, narrow block of the earth's crust which dropped between two uplifted fault block mountain ranges on the east and west. The Sierra Nevada range on the west, and the White/Inyo Range on the east have been uplifted to great heights, the escarpments of each range bordering the valley. Mt. Whitney, in the Sierra Nevada, is 14,494 feet in elevation and White Mountain Peak in the White Mountains is 14,246 feet. Death Valley, only a short air distance to the east, is below sea level. The Sierra Nevada fault block tilts to the west. Most of the uplift has occurred during the last 700,000 years and in the Sierra is continuing to rise at about 15 inches a century. In the 1872 earthquake, the eastern front of the range rose 13 feet in just a few minutes.

The Sierra received its magnificent sculpturing from the glacial ice. The ice age, which commenced about 2.5 million years ago, was marked by four to ten glacial advances. Separating these advances were interglacial periods when the climate was as warm or warmer than the climate today and many meteorologists believe we may be in an interglacial period now. The largest glacier now found in the Sierra is Palisade Glacier near Big Pine, located in a northeast basin about 12,000 feet in elevation and clearly visible from the Zurich camp.

*The trail drive follows the old road bed of the C&C Railroad which traversed the Owens Valley from Keeler to Montgomery Pass. Occasionally, hooves of the livestock still turn up a rusty old spike, mute remainder of railroad ties once there. Owens River, lined with sprawling willow trees, meanders through the flat valley floor.*

The earliest town in the northern part of the Owens Valley was Owensville, established in 1863, along the Owens River near Laws. It lasted about two years before prospectors moved on to more lucrative diggings. A talc mill and cattle ranches are the only industries in the area now, but remnants of an old stone corral still peek out of the rabbit brush.

Laws station, built in 1883, was a major stop, after which the Slim Princess headed north up the valley, climbed over Montgomery Pass and thence to Walker Lake, Hawthorne and Carson City. The Laws Railroad Museum now offers a window to the past. The Slim Princess, the station, stationmaster's house, several of the passenger cars, and other buildings and displays are lovingly maintained for visitors to experience.

At Five Bridges, a vast volcanic tableland, created when the Long Valley Caldera erupted 730,000 years ago, looms toward the northwest. The mesa of pink volcanic rock is Bishop tuff, welded ash formed from that gigantic eruption. The ancient Owens River cut a

700-foot deep gorge through the volcanic tableland when it drained the pleistocene Long Valley Lake.

*Tired cowboys push the herd of horses and mules into the "Pole Corrals," an old ranch now owned by the Miller and Wood Ranches. This was a homestead dating back to the 1860s.*

*Ranches in the northern Owens Valley were important supply points for Aurora, Bodie, and Mammoth City, early mining boom towns. Ranchers supplied the mining camps with meat, produce, dairy products and eggs. In 1905, the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power began buying Owens Valley ranches in order to acquire water rights and divert precious water to the City of Los Angeles. There are no longer any privately owned ranches in the valley; all ranch land is leased from the City of Los Angeles.*

*The pounding hooves of over 150 horses and mules clatter up the washboard gravel road to the old stock corrals at Fish Slough. The afternoon is hot and the green meadows look soft and inviting to the weary riders. The camp crew has set up folding chairs in the shade of cottonwood trees, and gallons of iced tea and lemonade are ready to quench their thirst.*

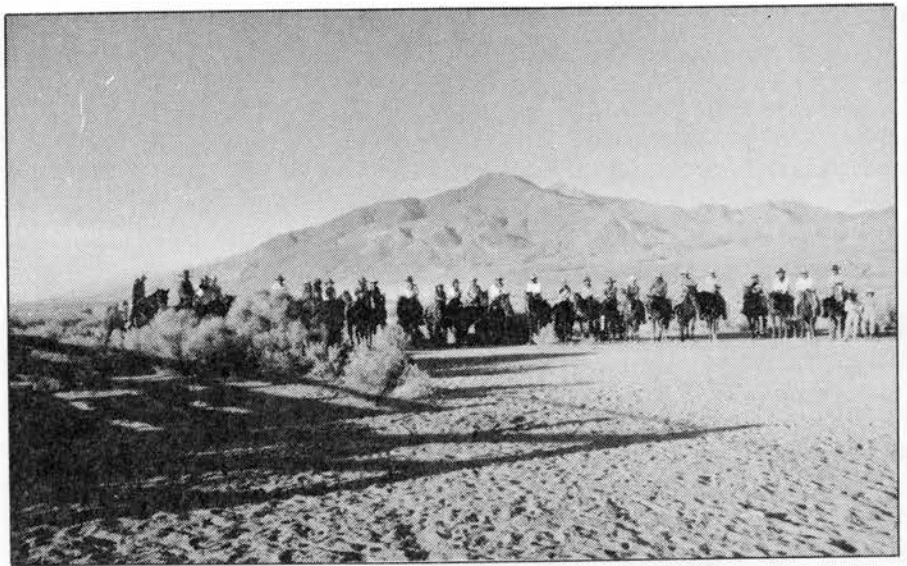
Fish Slough sits in a unique valley: long, narrow, and bounded by the volcanic tablelands. Water gushes from several springs which create the grassland and creek. Ponds provide a last sanctuary for the Owens Valley Pupfish, as well as home for the three other rare native fish. An endangered plant, a milk vetch, also resides in the little valley. The United Stage Company was headquartered here in the 1870s and Fish Slough Road was the main road to Benton, Aurora and Bodie, and a winter route to Mammoth City. Early Indians also camped in the valley and carved mysterious petroglyphs in nearby volcanic rocks.

*The red sun sets over the Sierra Nevada as the marshes come to life. Sounds of bird calls fill the rosy dusk, while a lone coyote prowls along a ditch bank. The scent of steaks grilling and coffee brewing drifts from camp while clouds boil up over the White Mountains, bringing the hint of a rare summer rain. Tomorrow will be another early morning for the pack outfit crew, rounding up horses and mules, saddling horses for the riders, and driving the stock up the tableland to Casa Diablo Mountain, now standing guard over sagebrush foothills in the waning light.*

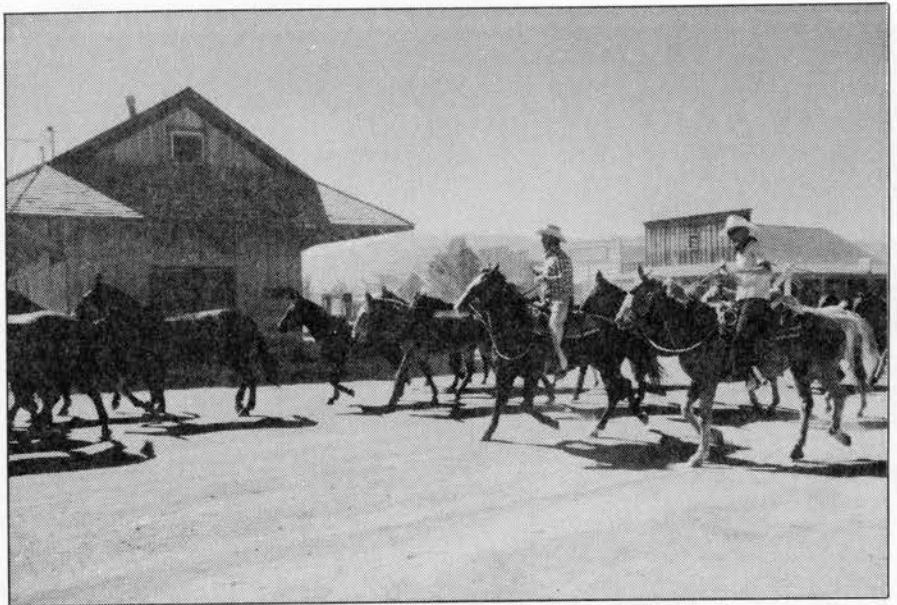
Casa Diablo Road branches off from Fish Slough Road toward Casa Diablo Mountain, a granite knob protruding through the Bishop tuff. Several mines operated on the mountain in the 1870s and 1880s. This is dry



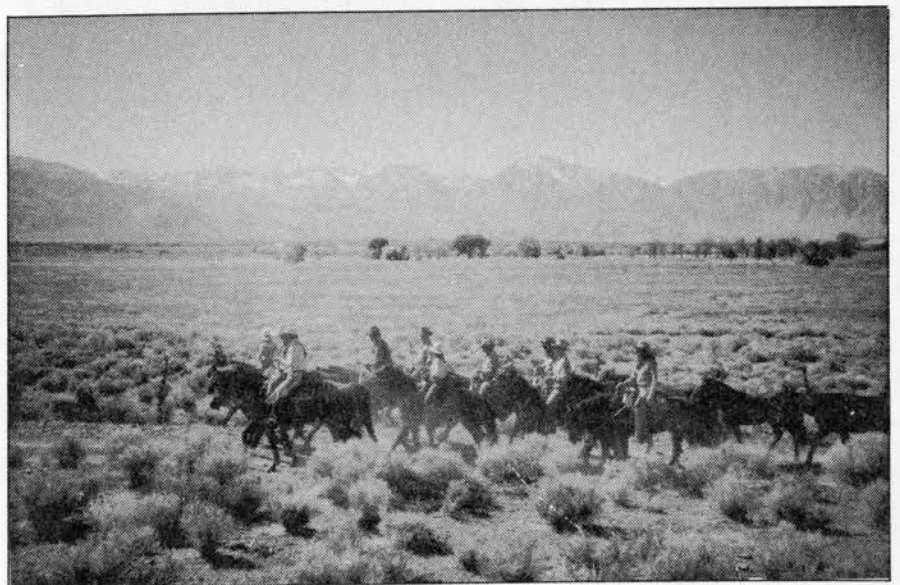
*Near Westgard Pass  
at Zurich*



*Horse Drive  
passing Laws*

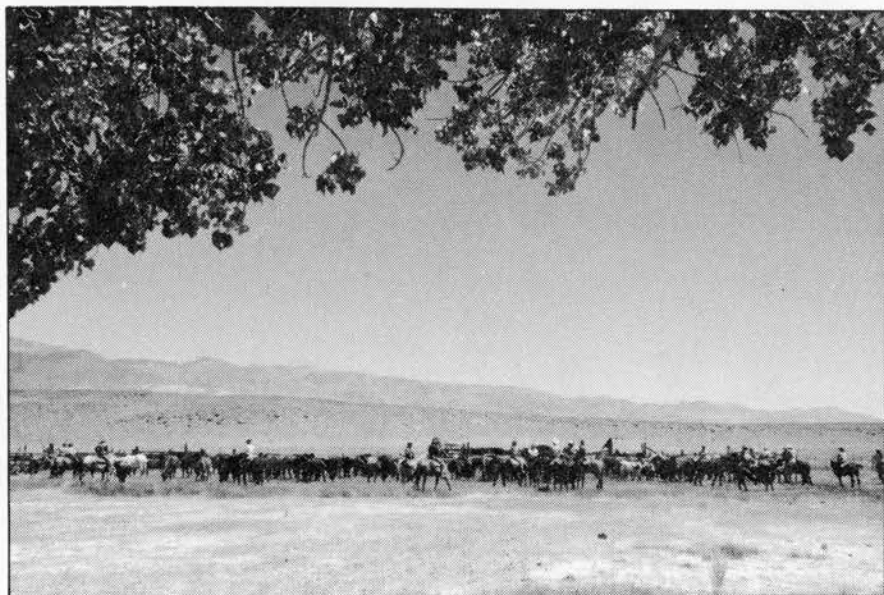


*East of Bishop*

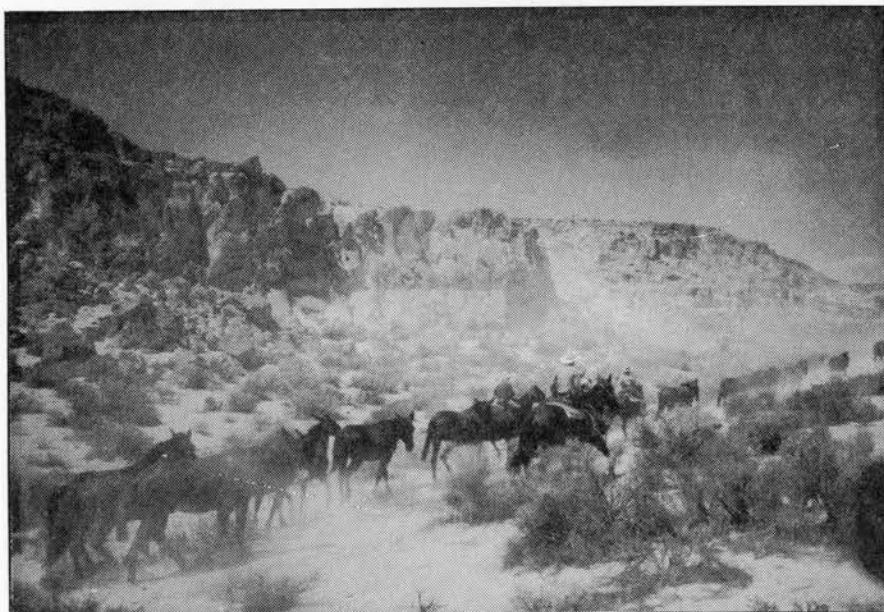




*Pole corrals  
Five Bridges*



*Fish Slough*



*Volcanic Tableland  
"Bad Lands" n. of Bishop*



sheep country and flocks graze the benches during summer months. Run-off water drains into the porous tuff so there are no running streams, and only a few springs are located in the tableland. Early ranchers called this part of the stock drive the "Dry Trail."

Looking south toward the Sierra, Mt. Tom and the great Coyote warp, or bend of the Sierras, dominates the sky. This remnant of an old plain was bent down to the valley rather than dropped along a fault. The surface cracked as it bent and the cracks became faults. The main crest of the Sierra changes from a north/south direction to an east/west direction for a span following the Coyote warp.

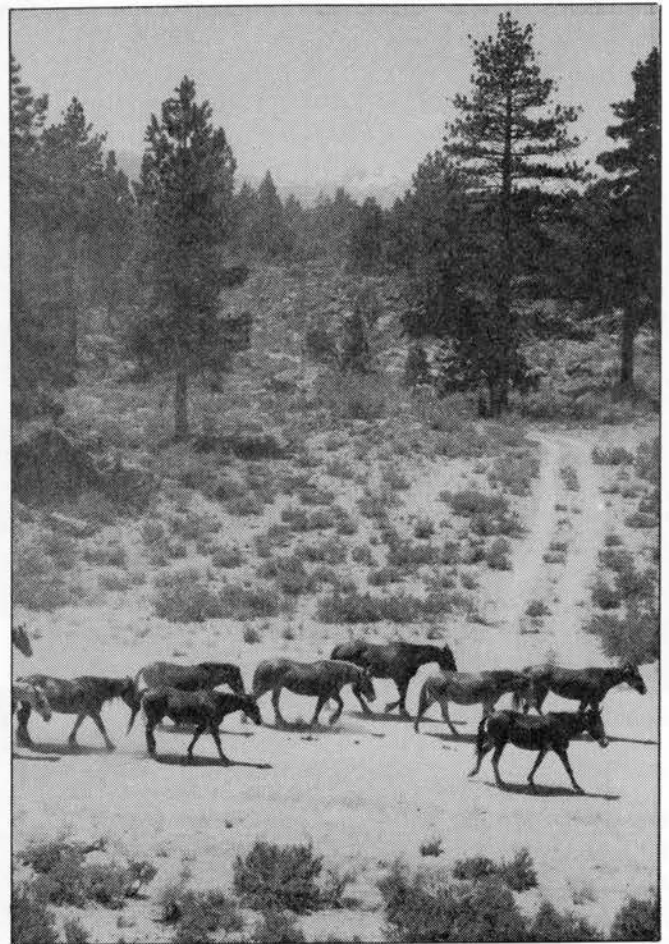
Pinion and Jeffrey pines, sagebrush and bitterbrush cover the tableland. The Pinion pine provided pinenuts, an important food staple and trade item for the Owens Valley Paiutes, and was harvested in the fall. The pinenut, an extremely nutritious food, was as important to the diet of the eastside Indians as the acorn was to the westside Indians. The Jeffrey pine hosts the piuga, a caterpillar from the Pandora moth. Caterpillars grow to three or four inches in length and descend from the trees in July when the Indians collected and roasted them. The piuga were also an important trade item with the Miwok Indians from the westside of the Sierra. The remains of Indian pinenut camps can be found tucked away among the pinions and junipers.

*The herd winds up the dry mesa land toward Casa Diablo Mountain and cooler weather. At Casa Diablo sheep camp, warm coats are dug out of duffle bags and the warmth of the campfire is welcome as a silvery moon slides over the mountains. Fiddlin' Pete and Derik Olson tune up the fiddles and guitars to sing the favorite songs around the fire.*

*In the morning, the drive moves through the pinion and juniper forest and into a large Jeffrey pine forest. Lunch break is under the enveloping shade of giant old pines and the water truck is waiting for thirsty animals. The next leg of the day is exhilarating, with the snow-covered Sierra looming ahead. Crossing the plateau, the herd arrives at the crest of Alligator Point with Crowley Lake sparkling below. Down off the bluff stream the horses and mules, manes and tails flying, loping toward green grass and the evening camp.*

Layton Springs was named for a cowboy, Ivey Layton, who worked for the Green Cattle Company, and had his summer cow camp near the springs. The temperate springs gushing out of the dry hillside maintain the same temperature year round. Two species of fish live in the pond: Sacramento perch, a native of the Sacramento Valley introduced into Crowley Lake, and tui chub, one of the native desert fish.

Crowley Lake dam was constructed by the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power in 1941 to



*Jeffrey Pine Forest - Volcanic Tableland*

store Mono County water diverted for export to Los Angeles. It was named to honor Father J.J. Crowley, the Desert Padre, who was killed in an automobile accident. The lake is famous for excellent trout fishing and lies in the eastern part of the Long Valley caldera.

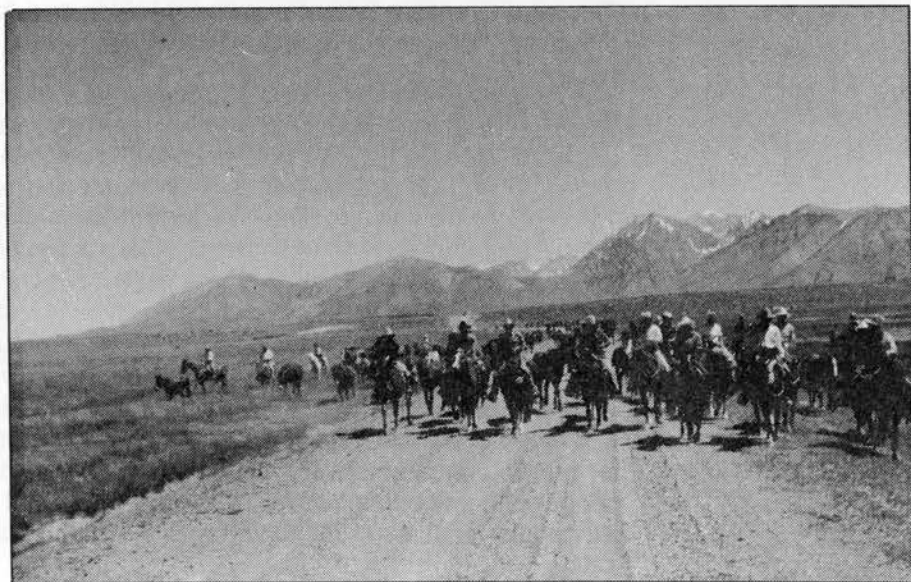
The Long Valley Caldera erupted about 730,000 years ago depositing ash for hundreds of miles to the east and creating the volcanic tableland east of Long Valley. The elliptical valley is 20 miles long and about 7,000 feet in elevation. Magma continues to move under the caldera as evidenced by the many hot springs and earthquakes in the area. Glass Mountain on the north rim of the caldera erupted about one million years ago and Mammoth Mountain, a volcano on the east rim, blew a crater out of its east wall about 30,000 years ago. The black, glossy-looking rock from Glass Mountain, called obsidian, provided the Indians with material for creating arrowheads and tools. Hot Creek has many hot geysers and springs bubbling into the creek and was as popular with early inhabitants as it is with visitors today.



*White Mountains  
from Casa  
Diablo Hill  
(about 100 horses)*

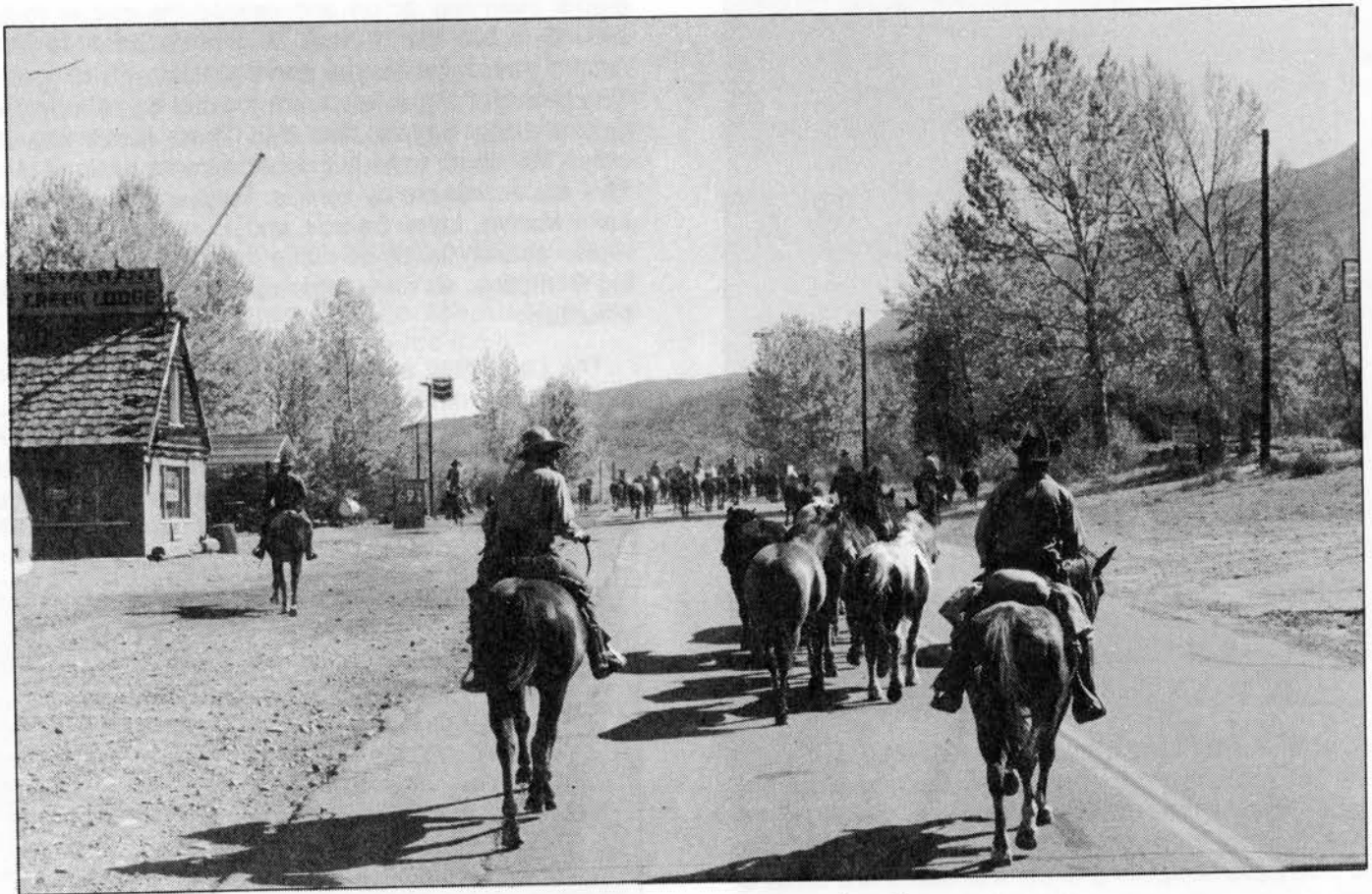


*Horse Drive at  
Crowley Lake*



*Long Valley*





*First Horse Drive - 1975 at Tom's Place*

At the close of the last ice age, about 10,000 years ago, a large glacial lake, Long Valley Lake, filled the caldera and was part of the Death Valley system of lakes. As the glaciers receded, they deposited moraines of debris, conspicuous along this section of the Sierra front. The glaciers moved out of the mountains onto the open sagebrush plains before terminating. Lateral moraines between Hilton Creek and Mammoth Mountain are particularly visible and a terminal moraine impounds the waters of Convict Lake.

The Arcularius family, Owens Valley pioneers, purchased the Owens River ranch in about 1919 and began summering their cattle and sheep in Long Valley. They also purchased Mammoth meadowland from the Summers family and grazed cattle and sheep there until recent years. The Arcularius ranch in Round Valley is the only valley ranch still remaining in private ownership.

Long Valley and the Upper Owens River were home to Joaquin Jim, leader of the northern Owens Valley Paiute band fighting white settlers in the 1860s. By the 1870s after the Indian wars ended, ranchers began clearing sagebrush and developing the meadows. Because of alkali content, the land had to be leached

with water before grass would grow. West of Crowley Lake are several small alkali lakes and white crusts of alkali are visible throughout the valley. Many geographical place names reflect early ranchers who homesteaded the area, such as McGee and Hilton Canyons, and Whitmore Hot Springs.

Casa Diablo Hot Springs was a famous watering hole in the past times, both with Paiute Indians who met Miwok Indians from the west to trade while enjoying the warm waters and steam vents, and the white settlers and travelers. Casa Diablo later became a stage stop on the wagon road to Bodie. The restaurant, bar, and Greyhound Bus Stop continued there until the 1950s. A large geyser, shooting at times 60 to 80 feet in the air and many small pools, made it a tourist point of interest. When Magma Power Company began geothermal drilling in about 1960, the springs and geyser dried up. Today, three geothermal power plants operate at Casa Diablo Hot Springs.

The Summers Ranch was homesteaded by C.B. Rawson and bought by Charlie and John Summers. John Summers made it his summer headquarters and built the house still used by Miller and Wood. The ranch

was sold to the City of Los Angeles in about 1970 and the Miller and Wood Ranches operate it now. Rich grasslands along Mammoth Creek and Hot Creek pasture many cattle during the summer months, but Long Valley ranchers now truck their cattle back and forth to the Owens Valley.

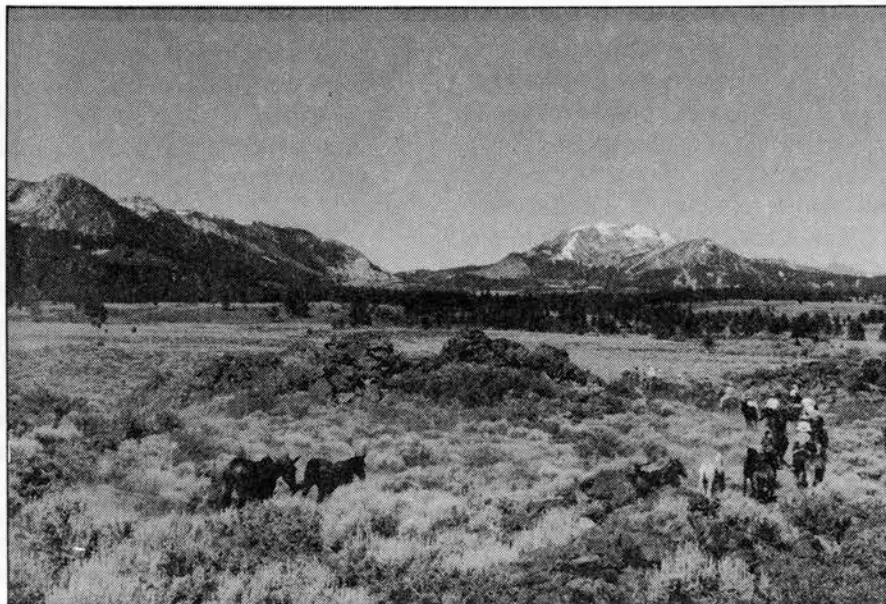
*Leaving the old Summers Ranch, the herd picks up its pace, eagerly sniffing the breezes for green pasture grasses tucked under Mammoth Rock. Early ranchers called these Mammoth meadows Big Windy Flat. Remi Nadeau, the famous teamster, kept 16 to 20 oxen in his Windy Flat corral near Hidden Lake in 1879, and rusted oxen shoes have been found in recent years in the meadows. Evidence of old hot springs and fumaroles is apparent with white kaolinite clay and travertine dotting the upper meadows. A glacial till dammed lake existed in the meadows in pleistocene times. The horses and mules kick up their heels and roll ecstatically upon reaching the pasture. The trail delivers will continue riding up the Mammoth Rock Trail to the pack station.*

The Mammoth Lakes Sierra was glaciated during the great ice age and much glacial evidence abounds. The crystal lakes in their rocky basins were carved by the slowly moving rivers of ice, often in glacial stairsteps. The distinctive sculpturing of the mountains is a result of the quarrying action of ice. Winds blew the snow and ice off the highest peaks which became "islands" poking upward through the glaciers. Crystal Crag resisted the

glacial quarrying action and caused the glacier to flow around it. Mammoth Rock is another hard, resistant marble that deflected the carving action of the glacier. Two beautiful cirque lakes are located on either side of Crystal Crag: Crystal and T.J. There is no one lake called Mammoth Lake but rather a lovely basin of lakes. Five are accessible by vehicle: Twin Lakes, Lake Mary, Lake Mamie, Lake George and Horseshoe Lake. The region actually takes its name from the Mammoth Mining Company, an early mine operating in 1878 on Red Mountain.

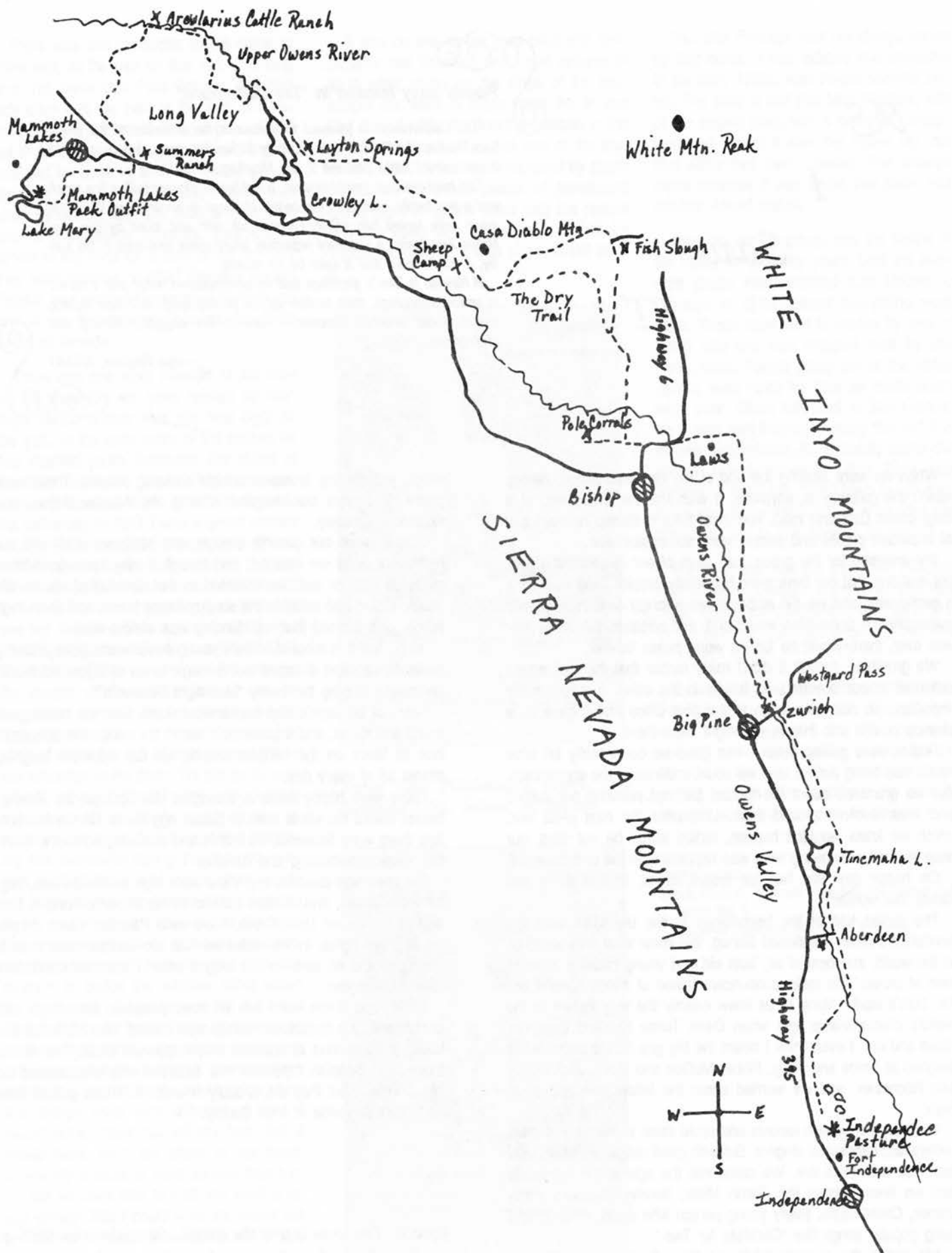
The Long Trail ended in Long Valley and Mammoth Meadows but other trails branched off from its terminus. Mammoth Pass Trail, formerly called Fresno Flats Trail or French Trail, traversed the Sierra to Fresno Flats, now the town of Oakhurst. Stockmen from San Joaquin Valley drove their herds to summer pasture over this trail.

*Our trail ends at the Mammoth Lakes Pack Outfit and other trails lead into the John Muir Wilderness with its many lakes and streams. The horses and mules will travel these trails during the summer months and carry visitors and gear into magical campsites deep in the vastness of the mountain wilderness. In the fall, the stock will make the Long Drive back down to the Owens Valley and winter pasture near Fort Independence. The dusty trail drivers look forward to seeing each other again on the Fall Drive, but right now they look forward to a long, hot shower. ❖*



*Heading to Mammoth-Mammoth Mountain*





THE LONG TRAIL --

AS

I

Saw

IT

Pioneer story featured in "The Californians"

"The Californians" is pleased to announce the inclusion of the article Sam Newlan: An Owens Valley Life by Irl Newlan, appearing on page 18 in our current issue (Volume 9, #1, May/August 1991).

This hard-working, good-humored, full-of-beans pioneer built a fine ranch and a fine family, was often the center of things in an untamed West that never quite tamed him either. He was fair with and loved by the local Native Americans, a visionary regarding future water problems in his Valley, a man's man, and a saint by no means.

Irl Newlan is Sam's grandson and an accomplished writer with a career in space technology, then motion picture photography, and now history, rounding out another successful Newlan life enjoying fishing and photography.

—Inyo Register, 8/30/91

When we were nearing the end of the big depression, Bishop wasn't the gateway to anyplace. It was just the almost-end of a long, desert California road. And most folks in Bishop believed that all important places and people were someplace else.

We dreamed for the green, lush days of our forefathers' valley, not realizing that our lives were beautifully simple. Time passed in a gentle way, and we did embrace two strongly sustaining beliefs: eventually the depression would end, and because the Great War was over, there would be lasting world peace forever.

We grumbled, though it didn't really matter that the mail wasn't delivered to our doorstep, as it was in the cities. It wasn't really important; we had time to go to the post office and it gave us a chance to visit with friends we might meet there.

Radios were getting better — so good we could really tell what music was being played, and we could understand the announcers. But we grumbled about the radios, too, not realizing our culture and lives revolved around them. Until after the next great war, which we knew wouldn't happen, radios would be our ears, our main method of knowing what was happening in the outside world.

Oh happy day! We had ice cream cones, malted milks and radios that worked!

The radios told of the happenings in the big cities, and the announcers never mentioned Bishop. We knew what was going on in the world, and best of all, both old and young heard a different kind of music. The radio announcers talked of things beyond our Mt. Tom's world. Many of us knew exactly the very instant in the world's championship fight when Gene Tunney knocked Dempsey down and out. I even think I heard the big guy hit the canvas! We laughed at Amos and Andy, Fibber McGee and Molly, Jack Benny and Rochester, and we worried about the fellow who walked at night.

We had phonograph records and could listen to the world's great orchestras, bands and singers. But with good radios we heard new melodies and lyrics live. We came into the age of the big bands and we knew names like Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Harry James, Count Basie. Every young person who could, whistled and sang popular songs like "Cocktails for Two."

We called the records "platters." Bing Crosby was crooning, though older folks didn't like him very much. Sinatra was in the

wings, just starting to make "bobbie sockers" scream. There were pretty girl singers like Margaret Whiting, the Andrew Sisters, and Rosemary Clooney.

Despite what our parents thought and said, we really did our homework while we listened, and though it may have sometimes made us glad or sad, we dreamed to the slow ballad music. We shook, rattled and rolled to the snappy-happy tunes, and some high school girls learned that tap dancing was almost easy.

Isn't it sad that most of today's young sweethearts have probably never danced and dreamed to the magic tones of a jeweled Wurlitzer quietly singing the lovely "Moonlight Serenade?"

Some of our music had nonsensical words like "the music goes round and round, and it comes out here." "... does the Spearmint lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight?" But we were laughing almost all of every day.

There were happy times at Keough's Hot Springs; the Vonderheides invited the whole town to Easter egg hunts. On the fourth of July there were fireworks, fat man's and three-legged races, baseball, picnics, swimming and dancing.

Our town was dance crazy; there were high school dances, Legion Hall dances, and old-time dances at the Masonic Temple. Outside of Bishop, on Rock Creek, there were Paradise Camp dances on Saturday nights. In the winter we had two dances each week in Big Pine, and all summer the lodges around Mammoth and June Lake had dances.

Every year there were two or three parades, sometimes with skittish prancing horses. Dr. Boody was bucked from his horse and killed, but that kind of accident only happened once. I remember three great Spanish American War veterans who were almost too old to march, but they did, proudly in uniform. Those gallant three had been the pride of Inyo County.

*Oposite: I suppose it was the terrible depression that Bishop people had to endure that was the real reason the Inyo County Bank went broke. Photo courtesy Laws Railroad Museum*





*The Inyo County Bank stood on the northwest corner of Main and Academy Streets. Across the street was the Watterson Hardware Store. The hard-tired, all purpose pickup truck was used by merchants all over town for many years. Here the Hardware Store is preparing to deliver sacks of coal to its many customers who used coal rather than the expensive wood for their stoves. Ernie Kinney Collection.*







Mr. Evers gave kids hair cuts for a dime. He charged the grown-ups maybe twenty five cents, and he could tap dance too. At the Bishop Toggery you could buy Levis for seventy five cents. When they got dirty you just bought a new pair so they wouldn't look old and shrunken from being washed. Everyone thought you were poor and felt sorry for you if you had to wear Levis that had been washed.

There used to be five and dime stores where you could buy stuff for five or ten cents. As a vital community service, and to augment his salary, Coke Wood, a Bishop High School history teacher, sold two heads of lettuce for the price of five cents, as well as other fresh produce. Five cents was what we called "good money." You could buy a good soft drink, or make a good telephone call, or mail two letters and a good penny post card for five cents.

It wasn't long ago that rich fattening food only cost a few dollars a week, and almost everyone could buy it because most people made plenty — sixty to a hundred or more dollars per month. I was still in school when I made thirty cents per hour, and sometimes they let me work 12 hour days. It added up!

If you had twenty thousand dollars you were so rich you could retire for life and have money left over when you were dead. Cheap houses cost more today than most people used to earn in a lifetime, or in several lifetimes. On February 12, 1940, Ben Hogan won the golf championship of the world and he was paid the unheard-of amount of five thousand dollars. There was one happy

guy, he even threw several golf balls into the crowd!

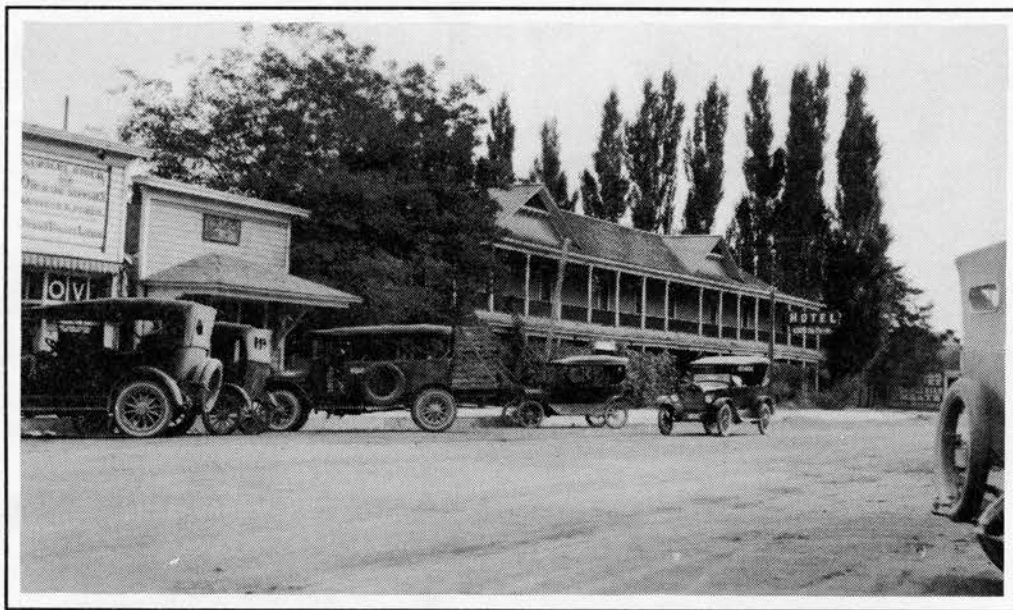
In the mid 1930s, new Fords or Chevys cost only about \$600, and that was with extras and a radio.

Of course, sometimes the engines wouldn't start, tire tubes would occasionally leak, leather cracked and paint faded. But with a neighbor's help, we usually could fix most cars.

FDR, JFK, and LBJ became famous household terms, but who would have suspected that an Ms could ever be a head of state? Today, NATO, CIA, UN, DOD, FBI, USAF, NASA and many others sometimes worry about what UFOs are doing. Not only that, worldwide automobile manufacturers mix the alphabet with numbers and strange names to describe their cars.

In the good old days in Bishop, California, we existed without making up new words, and we also managed to get along without zippers, pantyhose, electric shavers, all kinds of plastic everthings, and underarm deodorants too.

Most things which are commonplace and taken for granted today were actually invented and put to use during our lifetime. On the other hand, there are not many things we handled, touched and used, that are still required in our lives today. The long cross-cut wood saw, the sheep shears, the water dipper, the tire irons, the bamboo fishing rod, the crank ice cream freezer, the popcorn toaster, the foot powered sewing machine — are as useful now as the old automobile license plates that used to hang on garage walls.



*Above: Looking south on Main Street at the Hotel Istalia in 1926. By this time cars were sporting air-filled rubber tires. A year or two later, the hotel was destroyed by fire, the space now occupied by Von's Market. Ernie Kinney Collection*

*Opposite, top: There was a fine parade in Bishop in those good old days when World War I was at last over and our boys came marching home. Our make-believe tank was painted up just like the big British machines. Curt Phillips photo courtesy Laws Railroad Museum*

*Opposite, bottom: The year of the Big Flood was about 1936. Contrary to expectations, fishing on Main Street wasn't too good, but there was a rumor Bill Hartshorn caught a big one in front of the blacksmith shop. Curtis Phillips photo courtesy Laws Railroad Museum*

When we were young, horse drawn wagons brought ice, milk, meat and produce to our doorsteps and that was a very convenient thing. But the Bishop area has always been a very convenient place in which to live. It's only 45 miles from Bishop to Mammoth, and in that distance there were 43 bootleggers which, for medicinal purposes, was quite convenient. The town's only brothel was right in back of both the city jail and the Smith Auto Company's taxi service, and that was convenient too.

The doctor used to come to the house and have a cup of coffee. In times gone by, right out in the open, drug stores sold banana splits, ice cream sodas and soft drinks, and in so doing they provided nice community flirting places free.

Our youths often say that their vision of the world is much improved, while our vision was through old fashioned glasses. True, in our days glass was only used for windows, milk bottles, dishes and that's all. Glass would break. It wasn't used in the manufacturing of boats, automobile bodies and fenders, rockets, hair dryers or fishing rods. That's not all. Charcoal was only used by blacksmiths, not cooks; and there was no such thing as brickettes. We knew when to go to bed or get up without daylight savings time, and no one would dare to think of moving Washington's or

Lincoln's birthday so he could get a three-day weekend.

I remember that people had plenty of time and seemed to be kinder and more considerate than they are today. If you were a little kid in Bishop, Harry Holland would invite you to see a motion picture if you had a dime or not. Tom Williams always gave kids a weiner, and all of the business men got together every Christmas to pass out toys at the town's Christmas tree. Marshall Spray Kinney talked to folks and let people know he was around, but it didn't seem that he ever put anyone in jail.

Those gestures were just some of the real "time sharing," and had nothing to do with computers, which we didn't know about back then. To us, chips were bits of wood that were left over from cutting down trees or were found in Hess' Lumber yard. Hardware was tools or the metal objects sold in Watterson's Hardware Store.

It was a joyous time back when we thought that bunnies were baby rabbits, and we didn't know that rabbits were really VWs. We didn't know about or miss credit cards, fluorescent lights, ball point pens, pizza parlors, video tapes, electronic music and that gibberish would have sounded crazy to our ears.

Without TVs and VCRs, what *did* we do? Strangely enough we were quite busy. I don't remember if we watched the radio as the

*The sign on Harry Holland's Bishop Theater told the whole story about how he felt about kids. 1947 photo courtesy Larus Railroad Museum*





sound came out, or if we closed our eyes. We did fish, and we hunted, skied, ice skated, rode sleds, talked to each other, played games, read magazines and books, went to dances, watched school plays and rooted for football, basketball and track teams. We cruised up and down main street because that was where we would be seen. We weren't showing off our cars, they belonged to our parents. We just wanted our friends to know we were around.

We walked a lot, and sometimes we stood around on the few streets that had cement sidewalks. We liked to watch people, and wondered what they were doing.

One day, standing on a street corner, we noticed that every day, after lunch, Mr. Chalfant walked the half block from his house back to his newspaper office. He always wore a dark, wrinkled suit and the same hat with the brim turned down almost over his eyes. When he walked, he always looked down at his feet. After taking seven deliberate steps, he would quickly look up and then down again, for seven more steps.

We wondered if he counted his steps or if the number of his footfalls were just his natural gait before looking, but we didn't dare ask. Because he was a brilliant writer, I don't think he was counting, I imagine he was thinking of important things.

I have wondered what he thought about. And I have also

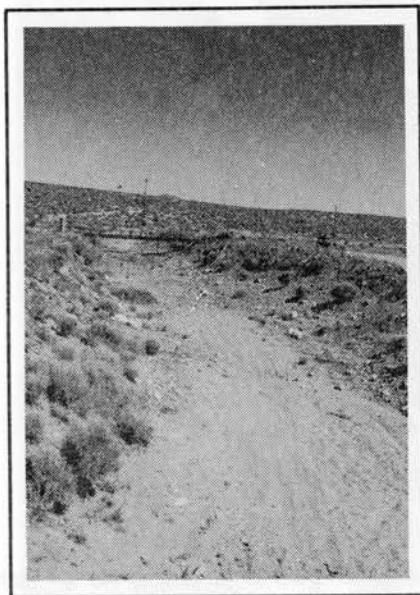
wondered if back then, Willie Chalfant or Coke Wood or anyone of those older-generation people had any inkling of what our new "useless, tumbleweed generation" was about to do. In only five or six decades, we would change the whole face of the earth.

In addition to ushering in the nuclear and space ages, we slipped in, as if it was an aside, a happy, labor-saving "gadget age" that screechingly upset most natural rhythms of people-life.

If today, suddenly, our fine, efficient conveniences became mere lumps of unworkable mass, we would all be in one hell of a mess. All of life as we know it would slump right back to where it used to be, right back into the middle of the good old days! Confess now, we wouldn't like that!

You see, it wasn't a better life five or six decades ago; it only seemed to be. The reason — back in the good old days we were young, enthusiastic and full of piss and vinegar. We did change the way the world lives, but we didn't even come close to changing the people.

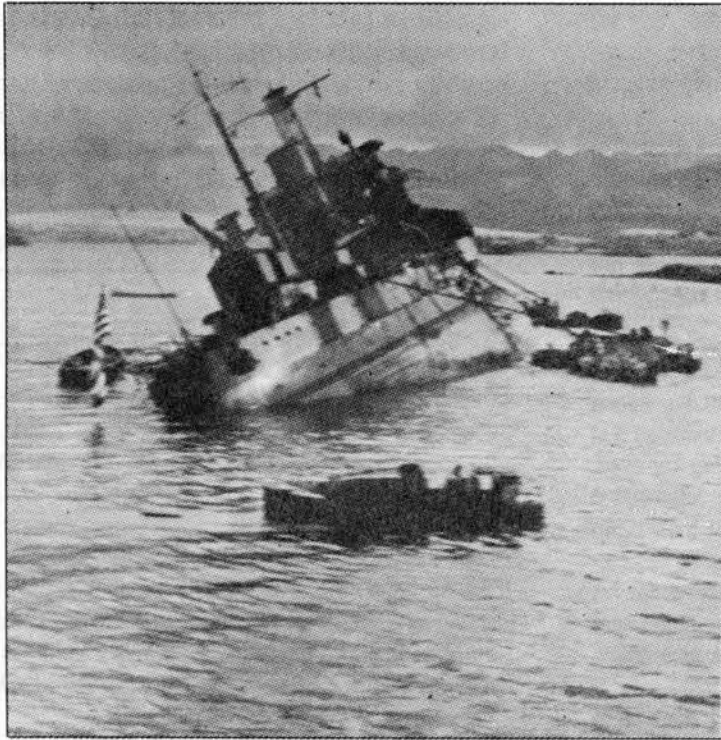
In this whole living process there looms a fundamental fact. Bishop wasn't the almost end of a long, desert road; it was and it is a lovely place called home. All homes are places to stay and live in; and, they also are world gateways — bridges to any place you might want to go, to anything you may want to do. Each new generation learns that fact, over and over again.



*In the good old days the Newlan Canal carried water from the Owens River in Pleasant Valley to West Bishop and supplied enough water to irrigate dozens of farms and ranches (see title page inset). Irl Newlan photo*



*Shortly after completion: the First National Bank building on the corner of Main and East Line streets. The store in the center, to the right of the sports runabout racer, became Detrick Drugstore. To the far left of the two Indian ladies on the curb is the new post office. Ernie Kinney Collection*



**USS UTAH** was one of the first ships hit that Sunday of December 7th. She took two torpedoes within five minutes of the beginning of the attack and listed so rapidly the senior officer aboard ordered "abandon ship." No one finished hoisting the flag that was to be raised at 8:00 a.m. By 8:12 the UTAH was bottom up, a total loss.

Four hundred sixty-one men survived the sinking of the UTAH. Fifty-eight perished by the strafing attacks, or were trapped inside the ship. One man was saved by cutting through the bottom.

The UTAH was built as Battleship #31 and during World War I was a Flagship in the Atlantic. In 1931 she was converted to a mobile target vessel with her heavy guns removed and decks of heavy timbers and cement constructed as protection against the practice bombs dropped on her. From 1935 on, UTAH was also designated and staffed as an anti-aircraft training ship but did not have time to use these powerful batteries that morning. She was declared "out of commission" in 1944 when salvage work was abandoned. Being moored in "Aircraft Carrier Row" made her a target for very heavy attacks.

25.

# RECALLING PEARL HARBOR

*December 7, 1991 marks the 50th anniversary of the beginning of World War II. Bill Kelsey, now a local photographer, artist, and businessman, had wanted to go to Annapolis. His father, Dr. Kelsey, wanted to use his own influence in Washington, D.C. to have him appointed but Bill rebelled, deciding to earn his appointment from the Fleet.*

*The young warrior was only 18 years old, an enlisted man in the U.S. Navy aboard the U.S.S. Detroit on that Sunday morning when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. He was reported killed in action and his parents were unaware he was alive until he called them on Christmas night. Bill recalls:*

Sunday on board ship was a day off, so no one was rousting you out of bed at a regular time, but if you wanted to eat, you got up on time. The last five or six of us were in the chow line topside, taking the sun and relaxing, when somebody said, "Look at those P-40s. What are P-40s doing flying around on Sunday, in formation?"

Someone else said, "Yeah, and the dang things look like they've got torpedos underneath." What the heck, P-40s don't fly with torpedos on 'em. So we all walked around out from the bulkhead to the railing, most of us 18 year old kids, and we're standing there watching these things flying around.

They peeled off, and I said, "Oh, the target ship is the old Utah." The WWI battlewagon had pulled in the night before and was tied up behind the Raleigh, our sister ship. We're thinking this is neat; we're hanging over the railing watching these Army P-40s that are going to drop torpedos. Number one, that's weird. Secondly, they're doing it on Sunday, and thirdly, they're going to use this old battlewagon for target practice and even a dummy warhead on that old ship is kind of dumb. It's great for dropping powder bags on, but there's planking about 14 feet deep all over the decks.

The first plane went in and then up — it's like a page in a comic book, the picture is still so vivid in my mind. There was this airp-



lane with two big red dots on the bottom of it, and this torpedo hitting the water and going across, and somebody said, "Japs!" And it was WOW! That first fish hit that poor old battlewagon and here's this blast coming out and this airplane going up with the red on the bottoms of the wings. That was the first.

In the meantime, there were other groups coming in on "Battleship Row" on the other side. One fish hit our sister ship right astern of us, and she sank, went straight down. We were tied up next to Ford Island, so it wasn't deep. They fought the whole battle of Pearl Harbor sitting on the bottom of the bay, but they never did back off. The only time they stopped fighting was when we finally were able to get under way and out of the harbor, and they all manned the rail and cheered us on.

But the old Utah, the first one that took a hit, turned bottoms up in seven and a half minutes. Although she wasn't completely capsized because it was so shallow, she rolled so fast that fellows who hit topside and started running as hard as they could toward Ford Island, ran right up and around the side of the hull. They were essentially standing still and she was rolling under them. There were a lot of people, of course, who didn't make it.

For myself, it's wonderful what training does because you become an automaton. You function, no matter how shocked you are, or how unusual the situation. I immediately turned around, reached around the corner and threw the nearest general quarters button, and took off for my battle station. It was automatic — I never thought about it.

That whole side of the deck, 50 or 60 feet, had just been painted and was zig-zagged with white line. I don't remember any of those ropes. I ran through that whole bloody thing and up a rope ladder, totally automatic. I went up the first ladder, up a second ladder to the signal bridge level, and up another to the altimeter deck, which was a big steel deck with two tracks on it. The tracks were two or two and a half inches high, like railroad tracks, to move the altime-

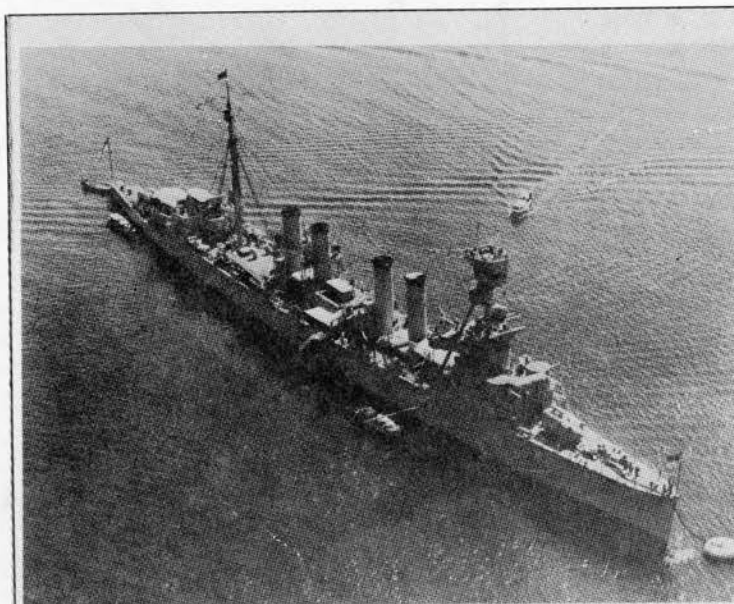
ter back and forth to zero in anti-aircraft battery. Here came two Japanese planes, fore and aft, strafing, and you could see those little red dots where they were shooting at you, chipping all the paint off. I dove behind the altimeter track, and there I was laying behind this thing feeling just as safe as could be and all it covered up was my arm.

I jumped up to go up into the forward con to get my headphones so I could start reporting these aircraft to the anti-aircraft battery. While I'm going up the ladder, here came a couple more of them strafing us. There were six "dogs" on that big sealed door. I didn't use a "dog wrench" to undog that door, but I was inside it before the first airplane got to me. I don't know how I did that. I couldn't do it on a time trial for all the money in the world! You do wonderful things.

When I got inside bullets were bouncing off the door, ding, ding, ding. The phone box I kept my headset in was in front of a port sealed with armor plate steel, with a slit in it to look out. As I picked up my phones, my eyes came up level with the battle just as the Arizona took one down the stack. That was frighteningly spectacular: huge pieces of steel just floating like leaves in the air. It was unreal.

But of course, you could only stand around so long, so I ran back out and got into my station — my "tub" — plugged in my phones and tried to talk to anti-aircraft control, and there was nobody there. We were 'way up about 80 to 85 feet above the water level so we could see to identify, aircraft in this case.

This guy came panting up the ladders and said, "Help me get some of this ammo up here." Of course, all the ammo was put away, and we had four 50 calibre machine guns in the crow's nest right up above us, so we started hauling it up. Another guy came down and opened up a magazine 'way down below there on the weather deck, so we started hauling cases of belts of 50 calibre ammo up, hand over hand. I opened one and fed the machine gun



**USS DETROIT** was moored just ahead of her sister cruiser the RALEIGH when Pearl Harbor was attacked, December 7th.

The same wave of torpedo planes that hit the RALEIGH and the UTAH sent one torpedo at the DETROIT which skimmed by her and detonated against Ford Island. The DETROIT gun crews got in some hits on enemy planes. However, it was so close to the RALEIGH, and with both ships firing at will, which guns scored was difficult to determine.

The DETROIT was not damaged during the attack. She joined two other cruisers ST. LOUIS and PHOENIX, the destroyers WARD, HELM, MONAGHAN, BLUE, TUCKER, BAGLEY, DALE HENLEY, PHELPS, and other ships in the fruitless search for the Japanese forces.

The DETROIT earned six battle stars. After Pearl Harbor she participated in the Aleutian patrols and occupation of Attu, the attacks on the Kurile Islands, the Iwo Jima and Okinawa assaults and occupations, and the Third Fleet operations against Japan.

and started shooting at Japanese planes that were flying by.

Pretty soon somebody came up and banged me on the shoulder and said, "Go get another gun. This is my gun." The guys were starting to come up, and finally we had operators for all four 50s, so I got back to my station and put on my phones, but there was still nobody to talk to in battery control. I looked down and saw Tommy Mulligan, our Chief "Boats," about 90 feet back and 70 feet below, waving to me to come down.

I went down there and they didn't have anybody on the three inch battery. I think Tom started off with me on that. I just held the key open and as fast as those shells would seat, the gun would go off. Tom and I were just trying to keep the gun pointed at something we could shoot. Again, the regular gunner came in and tapped me on the shoulder, so I went over to the other side and fired that three inch battery, until finally I went up and got back into my own station. By then we had somebody back in battery control.

We had bombs straddle us, we were torpedoed and strafed, but our only injuries were two officers. One had been captain of the rifle team at the Academy. He came running topside in his bare feet and skivvies, grabbed an old Springfield 30.06 out of the magazine and was out there with hot shells bouncing around and he burned his feet. Then there was poor old "Motor Boat" Brown — a mathematical genius but pretty easily confused. He grabbed one of the men hauling ammo to the anti-aircraft battery and, with the world exploding all around him, demanded "Who gave you orders to get out that ammunition?" Somebody just took a dog wrench and tapped him on the head and slid him under a gund casement.

The worst things that happened were a number of burst eardrums from firing, and the fact that we didn't have anything to eat for 72 hours. I got a bowl of bean soup the second day and somebody bumped me so I only got half of that.

When we finally pulled out, a battleship was sinking in the channel, so they ordered us back until the channel was cleared. Normal speed was three to five knots through the channel, and when we finally were cleared we went out at 25 knots. Not knowing what was going to happen, we didn't have the gangways in. In those days they were all teakwood and brass — gorgeous things but a three-man job over the side plus a crew on board to rig in, but Tommy Mulligan and I rigged the port gangway. I went over the side and he got it onto a winch to raise it and we got it aboard. While I was down there over the side somebody yelled, "Fish, dead ahead!" Here I am hanging out over the side, going 25 knots, looking down the side of the ship at this wake coming at us. The skipper just moved the ship over a hair and the thing went right underneath me.

Tommy said, "You okay?"

"Yeah," I said, "but I dropped my pocketknife."

We went out and tried to catch the Japanese fleet. How dumb can you be? We had fired one year's allocation of ammunition during the attack; we had no fuel, no food, nothing. We chased them all the way to the Kuriles. I'm glad we didn't find them. They had the whole dang ocean between Japan and the Hawaiian Islands full of submarines, just waiting for us. I don't know how many subs we sank, but those destroyers used up all their depth chargers — I think they were throwing the garbage at them.

When we came back the skipper admitted he was sweating blood

because we didn't have enough fuel to make it. We were coming through the channel and someone hollered "Fish on the port bow!" It was coming on a collision course. The strategy is to bring your ship around to get in line with the torpedo so you only present the beam. Here we are sitting high in the water, but the skipper brought her around.

When you bring a ship around to the left, inertia causes you to tip outboard, the maximum roll on that vessel being 42 degrees. We went over the whole 42 degrees, maybe 43, and I'm 100 feet above the water thinking "If this thing tips over I'm going to get wet. Everybody's going to drown down there, but I'll just swim away."

But the fish went by us, and we are now headed right for the island of Molokai at flank speed, 25 knots, headed for that island as hard as we can go at a 42 degree angle! Then it starts to vibrate and I'm standing up there hanging onto the edge, and it comes back. Just as I'm thinking, "Whew! Thank goodness!" it tips into the opposite angle and just stays there. We're still headed full bore for Molokai, but you can't touch the engines or you'll upset everything. Pretty soon it started quivering, and obviously, we didn't run aground but boy, it was close.

Later, out of Okinawa, we were under kamikaze attack when for no reason in the world one of the most incredible, dependable gunners we had ever had just jumped over the side. He swam all the way around the ship, grabbed hold of a rope and climbed back up right where he jumped off. He couldn't swim a lick, before or after.

There were a lot of very interesting things that day, interesting reactions from people. But by and large, the most significant lesson I learned was that all of that training, as repetitious as it may have seemed, paid off because everybody did the right thing — everybody who was able.



*Bill Kelsey on far right.*



# FISH TAILS

## FISH FOR BREAKFAST

by George Garrigues

Art Hess has fished Inyo-Mono lakes and streams for more than seventy-five years. He can tell fish stories around the campfire from dusk until dawn. One of his favorites is set at Lake Ediza, elevation 9,400 feet, nestled at the foot of 12,000 feet Minarets.

Ediza is a medium sized lake, about one-quarter of a mile long and one-eighth of a mile wide. It fills a hollow carved by the glaciers of the last ice age. Being above timberline, trees are absent from its shore. The surrounding alpine meadow is covered with hardy grass and dotted with a large assortment of tiny wild flowers in late summer. Low manzanita bushes struggle to grow in the rare air and harsh winters. Large granite boulders peek through the meadow and line the nearby cliffs. They show striation marks and glacial polish, revealing the power of the glacier that once covered the area. Shadow Creek, above and below the lake, runs low at this time of the year. Most of the winter snow has melted although a few large snowbanks remain in shady spots. The fish are all golden trout. The meadow gives way to steep cliffs that climb to the Minarets. Mosquitoes swarm about, a few small birds flit here and there searching for food; occasionally deer wander into the meadow to graze or pause for water.

Many years ago, two men and a boy, Art Hess, Bob Crosby and his son Lee, arrived at this pristine environment in midafternoon. They carried heavy backpacks and had hiked the dusty trail from Agnew Meadows, down and back up the walls of the San Joaquin River canyon, then followed Shadow Creek to Ediza. They set up their camp, gathered a pile of dead manzanita branches for fire wood and prepared their dinner. As they finished eating, the sun went behind the ridge of the Minarets in the west and Art muttered something about, "Show you how it's done."

He picked up his fly rod, tied a very small fly, size eighteen or twenty, to the leader and ambled down to the shore of the lake. Bob and Lee were busy cleaning up after dinner, talking and watching the sunset on the nearby peaks and the few puffs of cumulus clouds that drifted overhead. They didn't pay much attention to Art until they heard him yelling. They looked in his direction and noticed that his fly rod was bent almost double. Joining him at the shore of the lake, they offered all kinds of advice which Art ignored. After quite a while, twenty or thirty minutes Art thinks, he managed to get the fish close to the shore. It was almost dark by then and he didn't want to lose it. He finally got it on shore and it was a golden beauty — twenty inches long and weighing three or four pounds. Art, in his quiet way, said, "Looks like we've got our breakfast, boys. We'll save the bacon and eggs for later."

They buried the fish in a nearby snowbank and returned to their campsite. Another cup of coffee, a few fish stories shared, the fire burned low and the trio crawled into their sleeping bags.

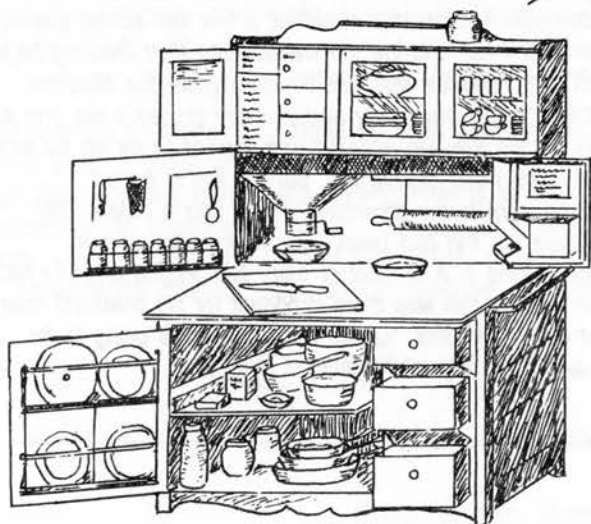
Dawn came and the sun was creeping down the Minarets toward their camp when they awoke. They started a fire and Art went to get the fish. He returned with a woeful look on his face. He said, "You won't believe this, but the fish is gone."

All three went to the snowbank. There was a hole in the snow where the fish had been. Tiny claw marks were in evidence around it. A marmot or other four legged creature had decided that the fish was more important for his breakfast than for that of the intruders. "Guess our breakfast is going to be bacon and eggs after all," grumbled Bob.



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. ♣

# A GOO-OOD COOK BOOK



## CRACKER DUMPLINGS (Marguerite Carr)

2 doz. crackers, crumbled  
2 eggs  
1 tsp. butter or margarine  
1 c. soup stock

Mix butter and cracker crumbs. Stir in beaten eggs and add soup. Mix. Form small, hard balls and cook in soup 4 minutes.

## CINNAMON SALAD DRESSING (Florence Irwin)

1 egg  
1 tbsp. butter  
1/2 c. sugar  
1/4 c. vinegar  
1/4 tsp. cinnamon  
1/2 c. cream

Mix egg, sugar, cinnamon and vinegar. Place in top of double boiler and cook until it thickens, then add butter and stir until smooth. Remove from heat, cook slightly and add cream. Serve over diced or chopped apples with any other fruits or nuts that you wish to add. My favorite is apple, nuts, and raisins, with perhaps a little finely diced celery.

In the October issue, we promised a taste of the cookbook produced by the Palisade Glacier Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution for the Bishop Centennial 1861-1961, and our personal pick of some of the recipes from "A Goo-ood Cookbook" follow.



## GREEN CORN PANCAKES

Press or grate the pulp of the most sugary and youngest sweet corn, 2 c. of it. Add 1/4 c. of milk, 1 well-beaten egg and 1 extra yolk. Add 1 c. of flour sifted with 1 tsp. of baking powder, 1 tsp. sugar and 1 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. freshly ground pepper, the same of grated nutmeg and a great big tbsp. of melted bacon fat or soft butter. Beat leftover white of egg and fold in. Bake on a lightly greased griddle and eat with rapture.

## DR. BOODY'S EGGNOG (Dora Coats)

2 eggs  
1/2 c. Brandy  
2 c. cream

Break eggs, add Brandy. Shake lightly until Brandy cooks eggs. Then beat very lightly and add cream a little at a time until all the cream has been added. A little nutmeg sprinkled on top of glass as you serve it.



# Letters to the Editor

## PIONEERS

My great-grandparents lived in the Bishop Creek area from the 1870s to sometime after 1900. They had a ranch on East Line Street, the area across from the airport. They sold part of the property to create the cemetery.

Alexander Mead(e)(s)(es) was born in Finland and Emma Lucy Hobbs was born in Surrey, England. They had eight children, the last four being born in Bishop. One daughter married Milburn Chase Hall, but unfortunately she died seven months later and is buried in West Line Cemetery.

I would like to subscribe to your publication... I belong to the Orange County Genealogical Society and would like to donate the volumes. *Nola Ezell, Los Alamitos, CA*

## OLD FRIENDS

...You are doing a great job with this. We've been away from the Valley for about nine years now, but it is still a part of us. My folks moved us to Bishop in 1924 when I was nine, in an old 1920 Chev. touring car. There have been many changes since then — most for the better. It sure is fun to reminisce with THE ALBUM...  
*Howard Hillis, Placerville, CA*

*When I don't have time to answer all the letters I'd like to answer, I pretend this is my answering service. Hi, Howard!*

## FRIENDS OF INYO-MONO

Congratulations on your wonderful publication, THE ALBUM. I just discovered it a week or so ago while on our annual vacation to Mammoth. How I missed seeing it before I'll never understand. I bought one copy in Lee Vining, loved it then found four other editions at Laws, in the Museum, and bought those too. I have not finished reading all yet but I do know I want to get some of the back copies if they are available, and perhaps subscribe to the future editions.

Can you provide me with a list of the back issues that are still available, and also a list of the contents of those issues?...

Our family came to the area for our first ever vacation in 1957, and have only missed one year of coming ever since. We also have had several years when we came to part of Inyo-Mono for an additional weekend or holiday. We generally stay at Tamarack Lodge in Mammoth, but have stayed at Crystal Crag, a private home in Mammoth and the Four Seasons condos, and twice stayed at June Lake. We go anywhere from Cerro Gordo to Tonopah, looking at ghost towns and fish anywhere from Rock Creek Lake to Twin Lakes at Bridgeport. In other words we cover the whole area, and love every inch of it.

Our youngest daughter, Karen Hurst, became a Forest Service employee and served at the Lee Vining Station several years, seeing duty at the campgrounds mostly at June Lake, but covering the area from Deadman Summit to Tioga Pass... *Mrs. Peggy Lee, Sunland, CA*

*Mrs. Lee, the chambers of commerce up here should send you a reward. What an advertisement for Inyo-Mono! Back issues*

*of THE ALBUM are disappearing quickly; we are already out of Vol. I, Nos. 3 and 4, and have only five copies of Vol. II, No. 1. We have an index for the first three years, by article only, but please see the editor's corner for a proposal for a more comprehensive index.*

## AND MORE "RELATIVES"

...My mother Grace Gracey Geyer taught school in Sodaville. The Wattersons in Benton (Kate and Tom) always looked out for her. She was just out of high school and taught all twelve grades.

There is a reference to her in Tom Wilson's Pioneer Nevada, published by Harold's Club... Keep up the good work. *Billie Patrick, Reno, NV*

## PERSONAL TO THE ALBUM

Dear Album: We saw Vol. IV, No. 3 while on vacation this summer. You're wonderful. After 22 years of camping and fishing between Lone Pine and Lee Vining, it's a pleasure to read the stories of the people lucky enough to live year round in the Eastern Sierra. *Jean MacMillan, Tipton, CA*

We picked up a copy of THE ALBUM at Bishop Creek Lodge last May. What an interesting magazine it is. We wish to subscribe.

I have been visiting the Southern Sierra since 1914. My family had relatives in Kernville and we used the So. Pacific RR and Caliente-Kernville stage on our visits.

In 1924 we bought our first car, a used (well used) Model T Ford touring car and traveled the road along the Eastern Sierra for the first time. Turning east from Mojave, we followed two ruts through the mesquite and cholla cactus. The two ruts had the impressive name "Midland Trail."

Over the years the two ruts gave way to a graded dirt road and eventually it was paved. The name seemed to change frequently: Sierra Hwy., Mt. Whitney Hwy., Three Flags Hwy., 395, etc.

Certain places on the route were greeted like old friends: Cinco, Red Rock Canyon, Paradise Cmap (the "Radiator Stop"), Sherwin Grade, Mono Lake, Conway Summit, and so on.

Even during WWII we managed a trip up to Tom's Place on Rock Creek. Our family went up on the Inland Stage bus. We passed Manzanar where the bus stopped. A Japanese lady was giving kids haircuts near the concentration camp gate.

I saw a "for sale" sign near Tom's Place and copied down the address since I thought a cabin on a creek would be great for us and the kids.

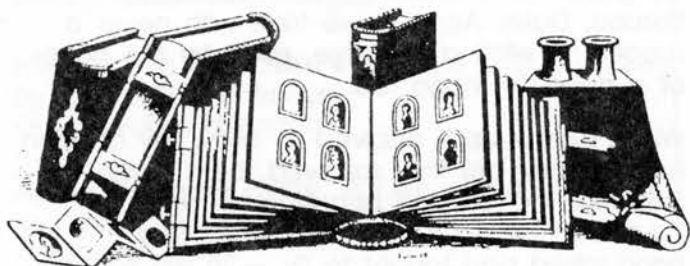
I sent off a letter asking for particulars about land for sale. I received a letter from Jim Watterson offering to sell me a big section of land in Long Valley. I have this letter around somewhere and will copy and send it to you if you are interested.

I think it was a case of mistaken identity. My name is rare. Yet there were two J.E. McGuigans living in North Hollywood in the 1940s. One was a distinguished Bank of America executive who lived in a two story manion on Burbank Blvd. The other (me) had a small tract house on Delano Street. I believe Jim Watterson thought he had a hot prospect. Actually it wasn't the affluent banker; it was a North Hollywood High math teacher — me...

Also I have a strip map that I picked up in Doc and Al's Sporting Goods Store in Bridgeport in 1933. I find it interesting for the advertisers on the edge of the map. I suppose that many are still in business up there, such as Ellis Motors, Joseph's Market, Marie's Diner, etc.

I frown when I enter Bishop now. A GOLF COURSE! Just what are we trying to leave behind. Soon they'll have female mud wrestling, chambers of commerce, Rotary Clubs, and all other curses of civilization. O tempora! O mores... **Joe McGuigan, Laguna Niguel, CA**

*Oops. Maybe I should have edited out the last paragraph. Well, we don't have female mud wrestling. Yet. \**



## BUSINESS

We are conducting a survey of our readers to determine if there is enough interest in complete indexes to THE ALBUM to make it worth our while to print and sell them. There is a clipper at the bottom of this page for your answer, which would be appreciated. David Wright has proposed a very comprehensive index and prepared a sample for 1990. It includes separate sections for subjects, articles, authors, illustrations, maps, photographs, recipes, references, and advertisers. If there is a need, they would be sold for enough to recover our costs.

### I WOULD BUY AN INDEX OF:

- |  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Subjects      | <input type="checkbox"/> Maps       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Articles      | <input type="checkbox"/> Photos     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Authors       | <input type="checkbox"/> Recipes    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrations | <input type="checkbox"/> References |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Advertisers   |                                     |

## Editor's Corner



## PROFILE

Irl Newlan, author of "As I Saw It," a look back at the Bishop that was, is a writer and photographer whose hobbies are fishing, archaeology, travel, and racing his sloop, which fields are merging to become a new writing profession.

Prior to his retirement, Newlan was Director of Technical Information & Documentation Division of the Jet Propulsion Lab at Cal Tech. In his Senior Staff capacity, he was coordinator and consultant to several government agencies, an International Geophysical Year advisor, and a member of AGARD, part of the NATO organization.

Newlan was a pioneer in the use of technical still and motion picture photography in the national space program. One example was his "Journey to the Stars" for the Seattle Century 21 World Exposition. He is author/producer of a dozen documentaries which have won national and international awards, and has written plots for Larry Crosby's TV series, "Hogan's Heroes" as well as advised for Gene Rodenberry's "Star Trek."

A graduate of Occidental College, Newlan has taught high school, lofted the XP-49 for Lockheed, headed a section of the Physics Dept. at Occidental College, and supervised technical high schools for USC, before he went to the JPL. Since his retirement, has also taught at the University of the Dominican Republic in Santa Domingo.

Irl Newlan says he is available for a fishing or photography trip any time, any place. Some recollections of his youth in Bishop can be found on page 42.



# Seriously Enough...

by Jane Fisher

During a review of contributions to our local history and nostalgia, I found a serious oversight. No one has immortalized the family pet. Have the Rovers, the Fidos, the Scats, Dammits and Bridgit Bardogs gone without glory to that great dog pound in the sky?

I, for one, will never forget some of the animals with whom I grew up, especially the dogs, cats, snakes, horned toads, my little brother, and a certain flock of viciously deranged chickens.

I remember Grandpa's hunting dog who rejoiced in the industrial strength name of Carlspad von Vommelsdorf, so registered in honor of his royal line and ours. We had to call him Spot because Grandpa's name was Carl, and when Grandma got upset, both Carl and Carlspad were out of sight before it was clear which one was in the most trouble.

Spot and Grandma fought over the front seat of the Buick every time they went for a drive. Sometimes Grandma gave up and just refused to go along, but usually Spot conceded graciously, after a few whacks with Grandma's purse, and perched in back with his front paws on Grandpa's shoulders, head out the window, spraying dog drool back across the windows.

Carlspad was a masterful hunter, being especially adept at pouncing on the moving spot of a flashlight after dark, and attacking watermelons rolled across the kitchen floor — one of the things which incited Grandma's upset. Spot lived to a great age because she tanned his hide so many times he was darned near preserved. He was smart, too, immediately recognizing, when Grandma picked up her fly swatter and said, "All right, you kids," that it was time to ebb toward the exit well ahead of the tide.

Carlspad von Vommelsdorf, who came into the family after we moved to town, was a departure from our usual coterie of livestock. Growing up on the ranch, we were seldom well acquainted with our pets before they provided disaster. There were cats who forgot to get out from under the hood of the tractor before it was started, Pete and Repeat, the police dogs who developed an unfortunate taste for

domestic turkey, and chickens whose parts we swore we recognized at the dinner table. We were not encouraged to develop a rapport with Grandpa's pigs because Grandma knew they would eat us, given any chance for familiarity.

About the only real pets who survived long enough to establish a relationship were the horned toads we kept in empty lard buckets and the king snake who refused to be kept, none of whom would respond to the fine names we gave them. Sophia, Edzel, Cranberry, Boscoe, Duke, Aloysius; we tried with never a success to elicit a response, even for the honor of a dead fly, hand fed.

When I grew up, I resolved to allow my children to keep any pet that followed them home, a resolution I often had occasion to regret. Especially the two baby birds who were hand-raised and taught to fly — in the house. And Bandit, who graduated from third grade with higher marks than the kid he accompanied to class each day. But those stories are still too painfully recent to be considered history, therefore not qualified for THE ABLUM. \*



New Location

# HALL'S FURNITURE

**Flooring • Carpet**

275 North Main St., Bishop, CA 93514  
(619) 873-7788 Owners: Larry & Janice

Complete Automotive  
Service



24HR. TOWING

**MR. K AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE**

Roger W. Rogers  
Owner  
873-7149 / 872-7611

175 W. Grove  
Bishop, CA 93514



## INYO-MONO BODY SHOP

387 N. Warren - Bishop, CA 93514



24-Hour Towing Service  
Complete Radiator Service (619) 873-4271

## SPELLBINDER BOOKS

*"Literate Bookstore"*

Computer Network Access to Any Book in Print

- FINE ART POSTERS • LOCAL BOOKS
- BOOKS OF THE OLD WEST • NEW AGE
- BOOKS ON TAPE • GREAT CHILDREN'S BOOKS

**(619) 873-4511**

124 N. Main

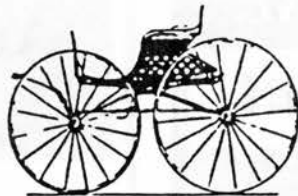
Bishop, CA 93514



Right after the second War, in about 1946, Bishop got this fancy new Fire Engine, but there weren't many fires after that. The grand old years of the Big Fires in the Opera House, the Istalia Hotel and the Lumber Yard all regrettably seemed to be over.



# Old West History



## THE ALBUM *Times & Tales of Inyo-Mono*

*THE ALBUM, Times and Tales of Inyo-Mono is a collection of pioneer stories and photos representing first hand tales, family journals, legends, recipes, and scholarly research documenting the history of these two Eastern Sierra counties.*

*An ideal gift for:*

- *parents who have everything*
- *friends who want to relocate to Inyo-Mono*
- *visitors who want to know about area history*
- *students, teachers, history buffs*
- *the professional office waiting room*
- *yourself*

Please send \_\_\_\_\_ copies of \_\_\_\_\_ issues of THE ALBUM at \$3.50, including tax and postage to:

Please send a gift subscription (four issues, starting with No. \_\_\_\_\_) of THE ALBUM at \$14, including tax and postage to:

Please send my subscription (four issues, starting with No. \_\_\_\_\_) of THE ALBUM at \$14, including tax and postage to:

Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**Chalfant Press, Inc., P.O. Box 787, Bishop, CA 93515**



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

*Nothing Compares!*

Walk to Ski Lifts At Warming Hut II

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

**1-800-421-1849**

Southern California only

## EASTERN SIERRA MOTORS

FORD • LINCOLN / MERCURY • MAZDA



BRONCO

**SALES  
SERVICES  
PARTS**

**DAILY CAR RENTALS & LEASING**

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

619/873-4291

1440 No. Sierra Hwy  
Bishop CA. 93514



## PETROLANE

**'The Clean Air Fuel'**

*Featuring*

**Sales & Service on Propane**

- Refrigerators • Heaters
- Water Heaters • Ranges & BBQs

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

**Petrolane Gas Service Inc.**

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



## ONE STOP ENTERTAINMENT CENTER

Cassettes • CDs • Books • Magazines  
TVs • Stereo Systems • VCR & Video Rentals  
Pioneer • Panasonic • Technic • Toshiba • Fisher

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

**Minaret Village Shopping Center  
Mammoth Lakes**

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