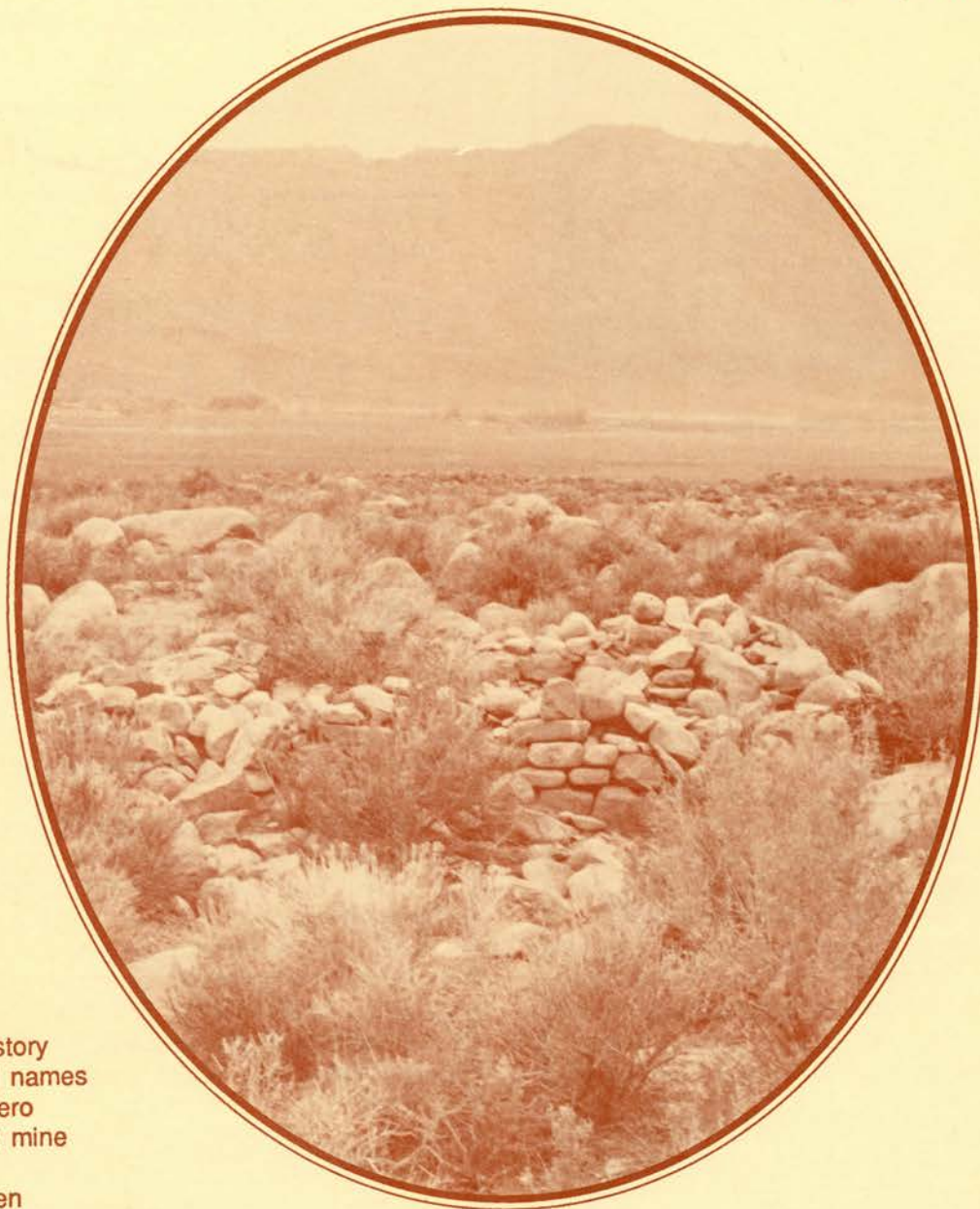


The Album

Times & Tales of Inyo-Mono

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

Vol. V, No. 1



INSIDE

The Bulpitt story
Mono Island names
A cowboy hero
Famous lost mine
Raymond
Mountain Men
More White Mtn. City
Mary Gorman
A vanishing breed



The California Press Association

ELECTS

W. A. Chalfant
(1868-1943)

TO

The California Newspaper Hall of Fame

W.A. (Bill) Chalfant began his newspaper career at age 8 when he started the *Juvenile Weekly* printed on a small press given him by his father. Only death — at age 75 — brought his editing career to an end.

Young Chalfant grew up in a printshop, first at Virginia City's famed *Territorial Enterprise* where his father worked and then in his beloved Inyo County where he and his father founded the *Inyo Register* in 1885.

Chalfant took over the editor's chair in 1887 and soon had a lifetime battle on his hands: to keep Los Angeles from turning the Owens Valley into a desert by draining its water.

Chalfant and his paper fought valiantly — both the marauders from Los Angeles headed by Chief Engineer William Mulholland of the Los Angeles-Owens River Aqueduct and "traitors" within the area who gave in to the city's pressure and sold out to Mulholland's agents.

Stories, editorials, cartoons - all filled the columns of the *Register* as the fight continued, but a different kind of story, reports not about the present and future but about the past — began to appear in 1904.

Chalfant had become concerned about preservation of Inyo County's history before the 1870s when written records began to be kept, and he became the self-appointed chronicler of the county's robust pioneer years, interviewing those who had been part of its turbulent history and searching newspaper files, official government reports, survey field notes, state legislative journals, county government records, personal archives and books for confirmation and amplification of those accounts.

Chalfant's research was the basis of stories and columns in his paper until the week of his death. They began appearing in book form in 1921 with *The Story of Inyo*.

The Story of Inyo was followed by *Outposts of Civilization* in 1928; *Death Valley, The Facts* in 1930; *Tales of the Pioneers* in 1942 and *Gold, Guns and Ghosttowns* in 1947.

Chalfant was a familiar and respected figure in Bishop, his paper admired for its sound judgment and courageous opinions. A quiet, even reserved man, he thought his job was to report public affairs, not participate in them. He had firm opinions on many subjects, but those he expressed in editorial columns, not in public forums.

Even when he sold the paper in 1942, he continued both on the masthead and in the editorial office. To honor him, the new owners took the name of Chalfant Press for their three papers.

The Chalfants' name lives in other monuments to their contribution to Inyo County. Chalfant Valley in the shadow of the 13,000-foot White Mountain Range is famous for its Indian petroglyphs.

Summing up Chalfant's 56-year career, John B. Long, manager of the California Newspaper Publishers Association, said, "Angels Camp had its Mark Twain, the Valley of the Moon its Jack London, San Francisco its Bret Harte, and Owens Valley its Bill Chalfant."

Allen P. McCombs

President, California Press Association

Robert M. Lynch

Chairman, Committee of Judges

Fred Weybret

Chairman, Hall of Fame Committee

San Francisco, California, December 6, 1991

Brent's Technical Services
Factory Trained VCR Services



NETLINK

SATELLITE PROGRAMMING
20 Channels \$14.95/mo.
NO HOOK UP FEE




Certified Satellite Sales & Service
336 N. Warren St. Bishop CA 93514
(619) 873-3688

Owens Valley
Realty



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

306 W. Line St.
Bishop, CA 93514

GILLESPIE

DISTRIBUTING
C · O · M · P · A · N · Y

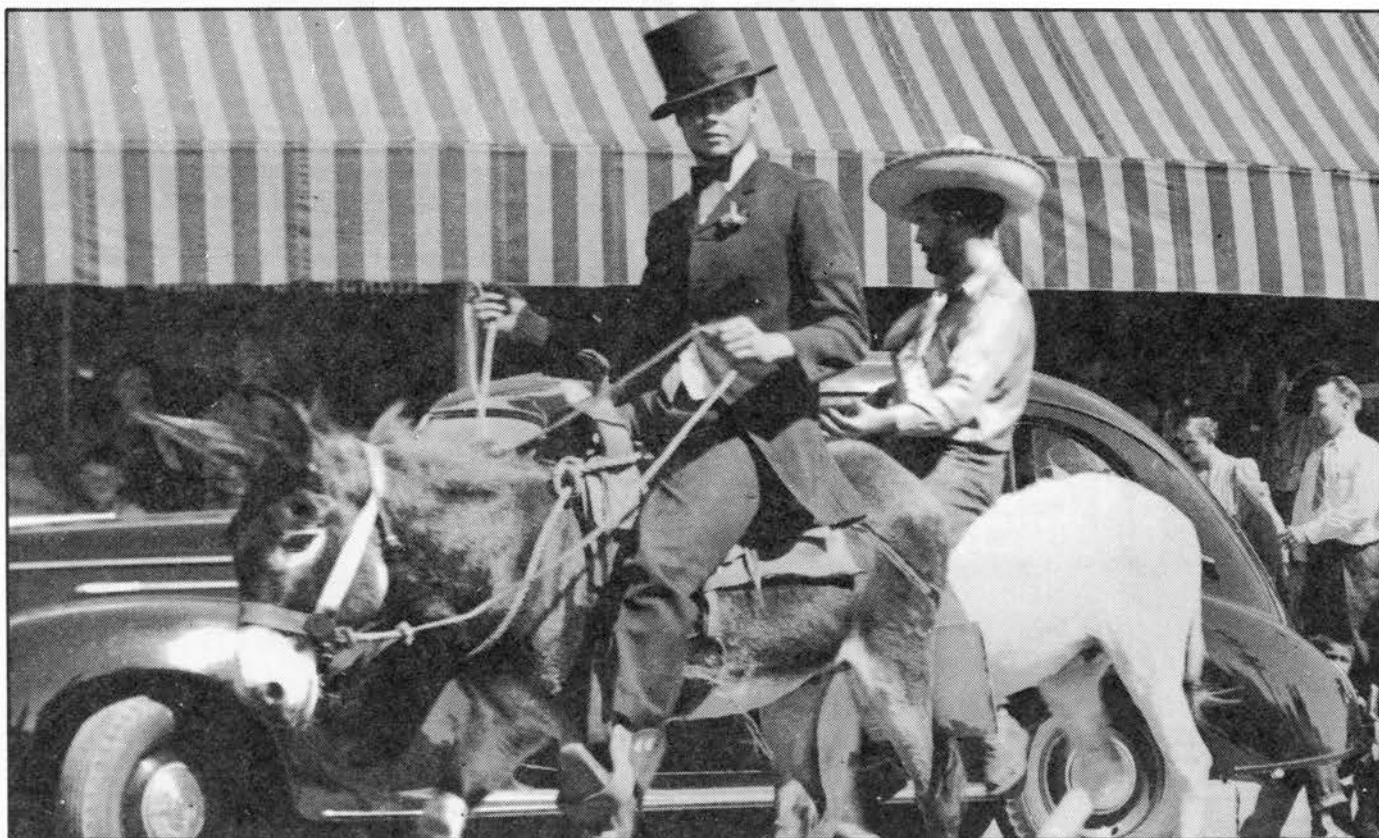
486 E. LINE STREET • BISHOP, CALIFORNIA 93514



**Dwayne's
friendly pharmacy**

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

644 West Line • Bishop • 872 - 2522



On one historical occasion in 1935, Abe Lincoln (in the person of Ernie Kinney) thought it was Mule Days, and rode in Bishop's Homecoming Parade. Photo Courtesy Ernie Kinney Collection.

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 Newtawk 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

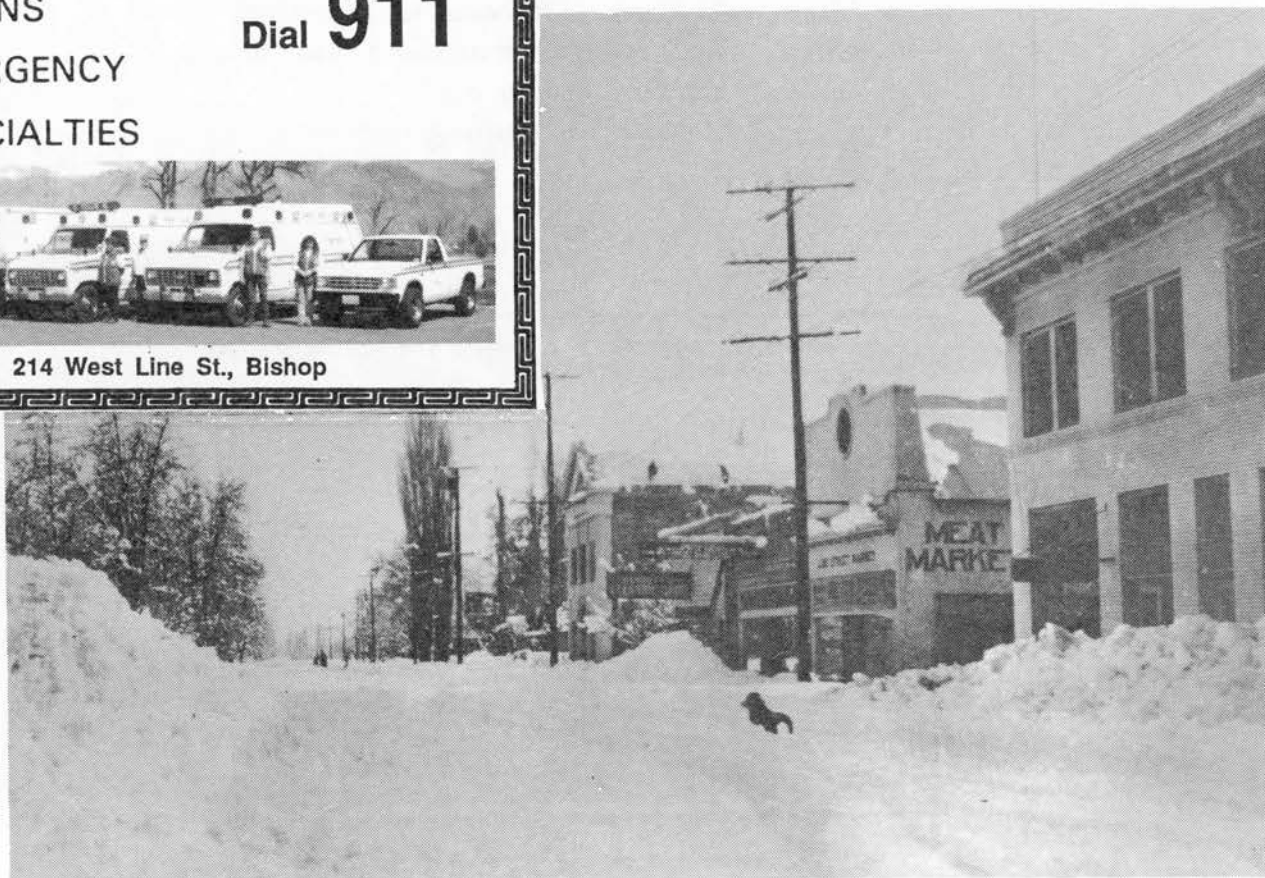
Bishop, CA 93514

**SYMONS
EMERGENCY
SPECIALTIES**

Dial **911**



214 West Line St., Bishop



THE ALBUM, Times and Tales of Inyo-Mono

JANUARY, 1992

Volume V, Number 1

Published quarterly by Chalfant Press, Inc.

Copyright January 1992

In This Issue

Five Generations of Bulpitts..... 2

by Dave Smith

Local history buff

Beauty, Goose and Anna Herman..... 13

Mono Lake Islands

by Joseph R. Jehl, Jr.

Here My People Lived..... 20

Raymond, as told to Clay

The Golden Cement Mine..... 22

by George Garrigues

Bishop native, writer, & poet

White Mountain City Revisited..... 28

by David A. Wright

Ghost town, railroad & fresh air explorer

Trails of the Mountain Men..... 31

through the Eastern Sierra

by Beverly Webster

Freelance writer, western history

Cowboys Have Always Been Heroes.... 39

by Lynn Clay

Mary Watterson Gorman 1899-1999.. 40

by Demilla Jenner

Benton Historian

The Last of a Breed..... 48

by Bob Callender

Recipes..... 51

Seriously Enough..... 53

Editor's Corner..... 54

Coming Events; Map..... 55

Letters..... 56

Publisher

Deane Funk

General Manager

Pete Doughtie

Editor

Jane Fisher

Layout Assistant

Kaye Doughtie

Sponsor Contact

Mike Martell

Cover photo: David A. Wright visits White Mountain City again, and in a whimsical story, imagines some wild cattle are savage Indians. This time he gets photographs of the ruins before the bulls chase him away. May, 1991

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



John Hawkins Bulpitt (center) with seven of eight grandchildren; John Muncey Bulpitt left, Frederick H. Bulpitt, second right, Naomi Caroline Bulpitt and Ruth Carol Bulpitt, babes in arms. Others left to right: Cyrene Harriett Bulpitt, Paul Adams Bulpitt and Esther Lucille Bulpitt. These latter five grandchildren are from the second marriage of Frederick to Ella Avis Adams pictured on page 6. Taken about 1910.



FIVE GENERATIONS OF BULPITTS

**from Middlesex to
Owens Valley
through
Prince Edward Island**

by Dave Smith

Photos courtesy Dr. Ed Bulpitt and Gordon Adams

Left: a recent photo to "Dr. Ed," Edward Roberson Bulpitt II.

"Say Ed, what can you tell us of life growing up in Bishop? What was it like?"

With that request the stories begin to flow like a stream of word pictures from the 1920s, '30s, '40s on up to the present. Our raconteur par excellence is Edward Roberson Bulpitt III, (1914 to present) sometimes known affectionately as "Doc" Bulpitt, or "Doctor Ed." Those with longer recollections realize he is also a man whose roots in Bishop go back to 1864 — about one year after Samuel Bishop started a settlement out near Bishop Creek, southwest of town. Beyond Bishop, those roots extend through Prince Edward Island to Middlesex County in England before 1800.

More recently though, Ed came back to Bishop after graduating from USC Dental School in 1939 to serve as the only dentist for a sparse population stretching from Mojave to Carson City beginning in 1940.

Ed wasn't born in Bishop. His mother, Marion Murray Bulpitt, expected a problem pregnancy and took the Slim Princess narrow gauge train south to Loma Linda where Ed was born in a hospital. Mom promptly got on the train and brought the future Doctor Ed back to Bishop.

Life in Bishop as a kid was great fun, and a lot of homemade fun. The family lived in the little house at Third and Willow Street, still standing. There are recollections of creeping along the hedge to stay out of sight of the piano teacher and the inevitable practice, of corporal punishment at school for various forms of boyish devilry, of moving outhouses around to unlikely locations by wagon on Halloween, of firing away with snowballs from the huge mound of snow plowed up in the middle of Main Street — until the city prohibited that practice by a special ordinance, of stealing watermelons from old man McDonald.

There was the time Ed went to the dump with his friends and scrounged up enough pieces to build a Model T. All from junk. Then he and his buddies put off-center wheels on the axles to make a "bucking bronco" clown car. Or they would set up to drive up a ramp and deliberately roll the car. Pretty wild for 14-16 year olds. No wonder Ed was dexterous enough to become an oral surgeon, and no wonder he learned to pioneer dental techniques in the welding of stainless steel. Even the junkyard can be a pretty good teacher. This retired dentist still recognizes a "perfectly good piece of junk" when he sees it on a trip to the solid waste recycling center with leftovers from his apartment maintenance.

Kids could still catch wild burros around Bishop and set up their own burro rodeo in those days. Or take the burro on a ride to church so it would bray, providing Ed with an excuse to get out of church to take the animal away.

First grade for Ed was the Seventh Day Adventist School in a shack next to the present dental offices at Grove and Hammond Streets. Later, he went to gram-

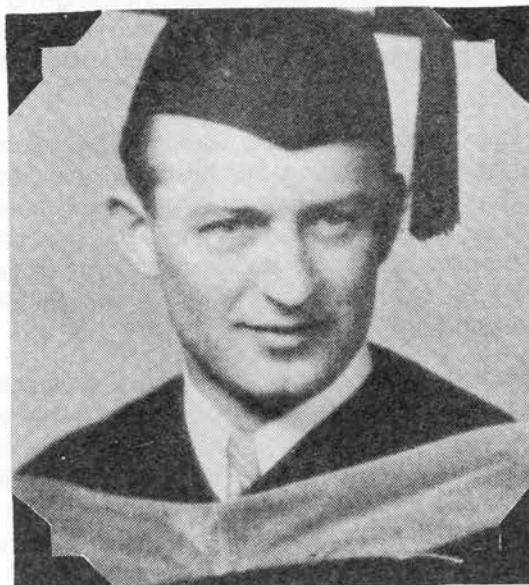
mar school in the old firehouse (Bishop City Hall presently) where Principal Maude Truscott would dole out punishment in the form of yard work until the grounds were spotless. There was the discipline of lining up outside at the bell and marching into class in two lines — boys and girls. Ed was left-handed and had special training in which his left hand was tied behind him so that he could learn to write "normally."

Ed graduated from Bishop High School in 1932 with a class of 23. John Schwab was the athletic coach for whom Schwab field is named and Horace Moore was the Principal. Ed recalls Principal Moore as the man who tried to have him enrolled in reform school. It isn't clear why. Nevertheless favorite subjects were chemistry and biology, paving the way for medical studies to come.

Inspired by a large family with Uncle Paul Adams Bulpitt, M.D. plus two other uncles and one aunt, all medical doctors, Ed entered college at the school on Vermont Avenue in Los Angeles which was later to become UCLA. After he decided he didn't like the idea of night work plus house calls, he switched to dentistry. During school Ed worked with Dr. McQueen in Los Angeles learning good dental technique, and met his future wife Nedra. He practiced dentistry for a time at the All-Nations Clinic near Wall and Los Angeles Streets and learned oral surgery from Dr. Charles Woodward.

After returning to Bishop to commence his dental practice Ed found himself invited back to Los Angeles to give clinics on rural practice. These were days prior to penicillin. Rural dentists made their own novocaine and on-the-spot adaptations of techniques dictated by their remoteness. At the time it was necessary to make all his own castings and contouring. Ed incorporated silica and porcelain into his work at an early time and in original ways.

Young "Dr. Ed" at graduation from USC in 1939



The Bulpitt family is extensive and has contributed over the years to many features of life in Bishop. Earliest documented roots of the family begin with the Reverend James Bulpitt. Born in England in 1765, James took oaths "for the relief of Protestant Dissenting Ministers and Schoolmasters" in Middlesex County in 1793. James became an Elder in the Church of God in 1799 and was dispatched as the first ordained Methodist missionary to Prince Edward Island in 1807 with his then seven year old, and only, son James Chancey Bulpitt II.

Little is known of the personal life of James Chancey except that he suffered substantial financial loss in 1833 with the sinking of his large merchant ship off the coast of Newfoundland, escaping with only his pocket bible. James Chancey did father 12 children of whom the brothers William (Billy) Bulpitt (1833-1894) and John Hawkins Bulpitt (1842-1925) with their orphaned nephew William Crawn Bulpitt (1861-1923) came to live in Bishop.

Billy was the first Bulpitt to come to the Owens Valley. In 1864 he established a ranch northwest of Bishop in the area now known as Dixon Lane. Upon returning to Prince Edward Island for a visit, the story goes, Billy tossed a handful of California gold nuggets on the table to encourage other family members to come west. John Hawkins Bulpitt and nephew William Crawn Bulpitt traveled to Bishop in 1877 with the uncle serving as a foster parent. Their route was via the seven-year-old transcontinental railroad to Carson City and then by wagon train to Bishop. The family at that time included wife Isabella McKay Bulpitt, first son Frederick, and daughter Harriet. A third child, Edward Roberson Bulpitt (later to become the father of Dr. Ed) was born in Bishop in 1882. Times were tough that first winter of 1877 and there are memories of scarce food and diets consisting mostly of cornmeal.

William Crawn Bulpitt became a successful rancher and the father of Ernest I. Bulpitt who went on to become a Bishop community leader, heading the local power company and taking the initiative to obtain leased land for the park on West Line Street now known as Bulpitt Park.

Billy Bulpitt married Rosina Caffery. Their daughter Louisa Bulpitt Schoch and her husband operated the Schoch Bakery for many years becoming famous for shepherd bread in the Bishop area. This was prior to the 1938 arrival of another well-known family of bakers still known for shepherd bread originating in Bishop from the Eric Schat Dutch Bakery.

John Hawkins Bulpitt was shortly able to establish a general merchandise store in a small community which was then called Bishop Creek located southwest of the present site of Bishop. He would make store profits as well as provide grubstakes for local prospectors in consideration of one-half the proceeds of their discoveries. One mine, the Molis Mine later sold for \$135,000 — a

large sum in those days. And a sum which likely led to John owning seven ranches in and around Bishop at one time.

The Bishop and Bishop Creek areas vied with each other to become the local population center. Bishop won and in 1891 John Hawkins Bulpitt yielded to population pressures and moved his store to Bishop. He built a two-story building in the center of Bishop at the northwest corner of Main and Church Streets. The structure was formed of native stone (Bishop Tuff) cut to shape at a local quarry. Ultimately John sold the store to his first son, Frederick Henry Bulpitt, who operated it until 1933 when the site was sold to the City of Los Angeles. Shortly thereafter the building was torn down to make room for a new building which now houses Joseph's Bi-Rite Market.

John Bulpitt's daughter Harriet was educated at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston with the proceeds of the thriving Bulpitt business and later returned to Bishop. "Aunt Hattie," as she fondly became known, taught music for at least two generations of Bishop students until her death in 1954.

John Hawkins Bulpitt was a man of many interests, not the least of which were irrigation and mining. W.H. Chalfant in *The Story of Inyo* describes John Bulpitt as an active member of an organization whose chief interest was to bring local farm land under irrigation. An 1893 *Inyo Register* article confirms this interest.

Frederick Henry Bulpitt (1867-1954) became the primary heir of John Hawkins Bulpitt. He built the well-known "big white house" on Academy Street for his second wife Ella Avis (Nellie) Adams. The site now contains several apartment buildings. The house later became part of the school system housing kindergarten and first grades. Frederick Henry fathered eight children, four of whom became medical doctors practicing in Southern California.

Located in the same block bounded by Academy, Church, Fowler and Warren streets was the shop of younger brother Edward Roberson Bulpitt (1882-1961), a tool and die maker who operated a garage at the present site of the Smart and Final Warehouse on Warren Street, commencing about 1912. The first cars to come to Bishop were attended to by Edward and were brought in by rail. Local skeptics said "They'll never get her to run." Once running, the same skeptics were heard to say, "They'll never get her stopped."

Opposite, above: Adults, left to right: John Hawkins Bulpitt (1842-1935); Harriett (Aunt Hattie) Beecher Bulpitt (1869-1954); Isabella G. McKay (1843-1917) wife of John Hawkins; grandchildren, Frederick H. Bulpitt II (1893-1921) and John Muncey Bulpitt (1895-1967)



Below: Interior of the tufa rock store at northwest corner of Main and Church streets in Bishop (present site of Joseph's Bi-Rite Market), Frederick Bulpitt on right. Note "Grab Box 5 cents."



Edward met his wife, the former Marion Murray in Cogswell College in San Francisco and they were married there in 1910. Marion was well known among the Native American population of Bishop, befriendng many at a time when segregationist feelings ran high. Family members recall segregation practices at movies, store and restaurants even through the 1940s.

A full treatment of the Bulpitt family would require more type and massive genealogical study and research. This short account only covers the paternal line from Dr. Ed back five generations to England. The branches of this prolific and talented family reflect sto-

ries of the medical profession, community development, service to community and a healthy life lived in the Eastern Sierra by four generations of Bulpitts.

The Bulpitt family history has one very dramatic account of perilous travel to come west. Nellie's father, one Asa Adams, provided the letter to Nellie's sister Cora, and it has been handed down through the family. Written in 1915, it gives the flavor of getting west in 1856 and precedes by some eight years the time of Billy Bulpitt coming to Bishop. It is a harrowing account of western travel before the railroad.



Ella Avis Adams Bulpitt (1873-1952) second wife of Frederick Henry Bulpitt (1867-1954). Frederick's first wife was Clara Muncey, mother of the grandchildren in top photo, page 5.



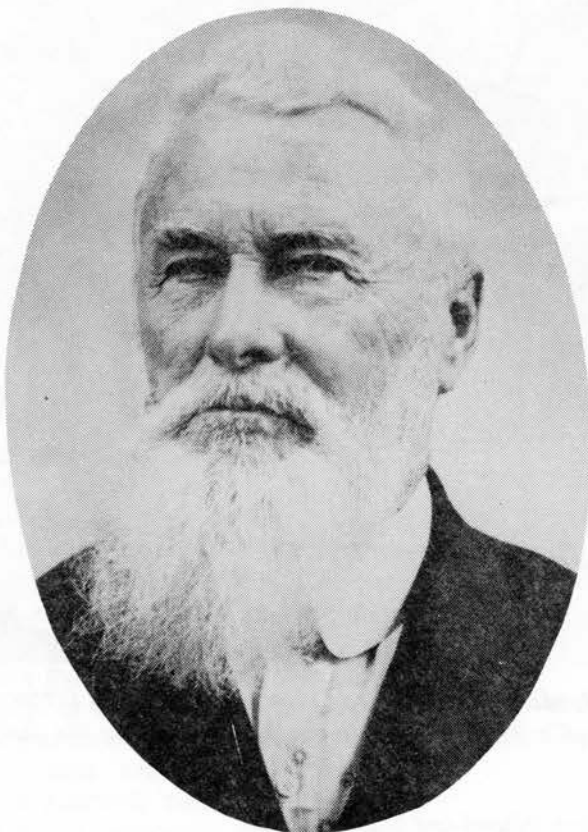
The big white house on Academy Street stood on the south side of Academy Street, west of present Inyo County Library. The entire block as well as other property including the site of Joseph's Market, was at one time owned by the Bulpitts.

The Bulpitt girls, left to right: Cyrene Harriett, Naomi and Ruth (twins), Annabelle, and Esther, ca. 1935



*Handwritten note at the top of first page:
This letter written by Nellie Bulpitt's father."
The letter ends with "Asa Adams" (signed)
but there is no actual signature so we are
presuming it was re-typed from a
manuscript.*

*From the family tree one can locate Nellie as
Ella Avis Adams Bulpitt (1873-1952) who
married Frederick Henry Bulpitt (1867-1925)
on July 23, 1903. The "Cora" to whom Asa is
writing is Nellie's sister.*



*Asa Adams, father of Ella Avis Adams Bulpitt and author
of the letter telling of his travels west in 1856.*

Patton, March 28, 1915

Dear Cora,

*I was born the 26th of September 1835, in
Genessee County, New York State. My father and
mother started with their family, Altidor, Oscar,
Mary and Asa Adams for Michigan by the way of
Canada in the fall of 1835. I was six weeks old.
We crossed back to Michigan at Detroit and went
to Oakland County and there stayed eight years.
There Grandpa Asa Adams was buried on a little
hill on the side of Pond Lily Lake. After that we
went to Genessee, Michigan, to Davidsonville.*

*Altidore died at the age of three in Oakland
County. We lived at Davidsonville on a farm until
I was seventeen, then went to Flint; then from
there I started for California, April 17, 1856. I
was converted and joined the first Baptist Church.
The seventeenth of April I turned my face
westward. I well remember as I took my little grip
in hand, Mother and Carrie, both of loving
memory, stood on the sidewalk as I bade them
farewell and started. A lump came into my throat
and I dared not look back.*

*In due time I landed in Kansas City and I was
then 20 years and six months old. Had varied
and exciting experience in Canada. I went to
Kansas with a friend and helped to survey
Kansas but Congress did not make any
appropriations for the work, so I went on a farm
to work for a widow with a lot of slaves. I worked
with them one week and then returned to Kansas
City. From there I hired out to Major and Russell
to drive a six yoke oxen team to go to Fort Riley,
130 miles, with gov't corn for the cavalry. There
was a great commotion in Kansas at this time
over slavery and I stood in great danger because
of the strife between the free and slave state men.
Once they raised a scaffold to hang me. I came
near being sent down the Missouri River on a log.
They sent many that way, but it got too hot for
me as I was followed a long way wanted as a spy.
So on the fourth of July, 1856, I left Atchison City
for Salt Lake driving six yoke of oxen with 26
other wagons of the same kind owned by Gilbert
and Caris.*

*All along the road was strewn by dead men's
bones. Oxen and horses died by the thousands,
wagons were left to rot on the way. There were no
bridges, rivers had to be forded, mountains
crossed, hills so steep to go down that we had to
tie logs to drag behind to hold the wagons back.
Indians traveling with their papoose on two poles
lashed on either side of a pony, one end grazing
on the ground.*

*Along in here I lost what little salvation I had,
trouble with drivers and every other conceivable
thing to come along in my way drove me into sin.*

*The wild buffalo lined our way making it
dangerous by day and hideous by night by their
roaring, wolves howling, coyotes barking, Indians
whooping, all had a tendency to drive me wild
and reckless.*

*We arrived at Salt Lake the 25th of September,
1856, being three months on the way from
Kansas. There within three days after the goods
were placed in the stores by the company all were
sold out so great was the demand for the goods. I
had seventy five dollars for my wages.*

Salt Lake City was quite a city then. Brigham Young was in his full power, building houses and compounds for his thirty some odd wives. Here eight of us men got together and chipped in \$35.00 each and I was chosen to manage the buying of wagons, teams and goods for the trip to California. Other parties also fitted out from six to twelve in companies and each company seemed to go off as each got ready, not each waiting for the other as they should, but each for themselves which made it very disastrous for us all. The first party of six started three days ahead of us and the other started from three to six days later so we were strung along the way. I never knew why this was as there were in all about seventy five men that wanted to go to California. After each of the men had made their payment of the thirty five dollars they seemed to think that would be all of the money they would ever need so they spent the most of this in riotous living but I hung onto mine thinking that perhaps sometime I might need more, by the way it came good play later.

Our start from Salt Lake was on the 4th of Oct. 1856. Eight men in our compnay, Lara O'neil, a north islander, a Frenchman, and a fine young fellow was my mate and helped me to buy the team and food, but knew very little how much grub it would take to feed eight hungry men for a thousand miles traveling at the rate of from ten to twenty miles a day barring no stopping.

After we had traveled about 15 days toward California, at night, while we were all asleep, who should come into camp, but those six men who had started on three days before we did. They, having been robbed and driven back by the Indians, hungry, tired and footsore, with no blankets or anything, here were we with our number swollen to fourteen men.

This was their tale of woe — About forty miles ahead on the bank of the Humbolt river as they started on their journey someone from the brush shot down their front wheel horse. They threw him out of the road and started to place the lead horse in his place when a supposed Indian (but no doubt he was a Mormon with the Indians), said, "Leave the team and wagon and go back for if you do not we will shoot you!" But they hitched in the horse and started off on a full run on the road, thereupon the Indians fired the grass so they could not pass along the road. They had gone about five miles when the Indians shot another horse. They fired again and hit a man upon his belt buckle. It stung him and he thought he was shot. So then, horses gone, they had naught to do but to turn back. They took no food or blankets. One of the men, an Englishman, had eighty-five gold sovereigns (\$425.00) done up in his clothes so great was his fright he forgot them.

They reached us in the third night. They voted against any protest to wait three days or until the people came up. I protested on account that we had no food to feed the extra six men and lay there three days. I asserted the others would not be up in that time, but they voted to stay the three days.

At the end of three days, we started, no others being in sight. We went on and came to the place where the others were robbed before sundown. As we stood on the bank of the river we could see the Indians among the brush, with their white shirts, black breeches of cloth and other white men's clothes on. With their strings of gold sovereigns as beads around their necks. That night was a bright moonshine night. We moved our camp back from the river bank, put on double guard and laid down until ten o'clock, then we started. We slipped out, and down the road. None spoke a word. That night we traveled twenty miles. We camped at Stony Point at sunrise, got breakfast and thought to rest a while when the war whoop was given. It made our hair stand on end. We could see the Indians coming from every point. Signal fires on the tops of all the mountains, it was a stirring time. Some of them passed on to the right and some of them to the other side of the river to the left. Our only hope was to get past Stony Point before they could get there and head us off in the narrow passage.

Two men in the wagon, six ahead, and the balance behind us to protect the rear. That was a dangerous place as the enemy was coming up behind. We rushed the team for the narrow pass. The bluff at the point overhung the road at this point. The river curved into the bluff. The river banks were full, the brush on either side was very thick, and that is what saved us. They could not see to shoot through the brush. Two Indians got a shot at us. The first shot was from a gun that sent a bullet into the side or hips of the man that walked at my side. The next moment an arrow flew between us and hit a man just in front. We pulled the barbed arrow out of the man's back and carried the wounded man to the wagon. He had to ride the balance of the way into California and was a cripple for life.

By this time, I was under the cliff of rocks and looking up I saw two redskins peeping over the rocks preparing to shoot us while we were below. I saw the situation and immediately took aim and fired right into the faces of them for their faces were close together. We never saw them again.

At this point the road took straight across a large sage flat, the river bent back to the other side of the valley. From this time on the battle was on a fairer basis but the Indians ran ahead

and fired sage brush piles, that before had been made ready for the purpose. After they set fire to the piles of brush they came up behind the fire to shoot us in that way, but our sharp eyes and quick shots made these plans futile.

While in the course of the days battle we counted six of their company that bit the dust while we lost none, only the two I have mentioned were wounded. It was an all day running fight, and about five o'clock we crossed the tribal line. The new Indians were peaceable but we were a thirsty set. We ran to the river and tried to drink it dry and Oh! so hungry! But we went further on so as to be more safe from our enemies.

Our meals were short rations now, a pone of bread which was baked in a frying pan was cut into small pieces and given to each man a small slice.

At last we got within seventy five miles of the sink of the Humbolt. Things began to be desperate. As Lara and myself were custodians of all the food they demanded of us a full meal. Now a full meal would take all that was left. At last they got so insistent that we agreed, but not without protest. We told them that we would divide the food into equal parts and a man could stand his back to the pile, and I would take a plate with one man's portion and he should say whose it should be. In that way we divided the last meal. I told them I did not intend to eat my portion all at once but a little at a time to make it last until we got food, and that if they ate theirs they need not ask me to divide. They all stood holding on a plate all the food that stood between them and starvation. Then, one man brought back his plate and emptied it on mine, and then another set his plate down, and so on until all had set their food down for me to divide and make it last as long as we could. We killed a snake and a skunk and they helped make soup so we got along. We ate many rose buds (wild).

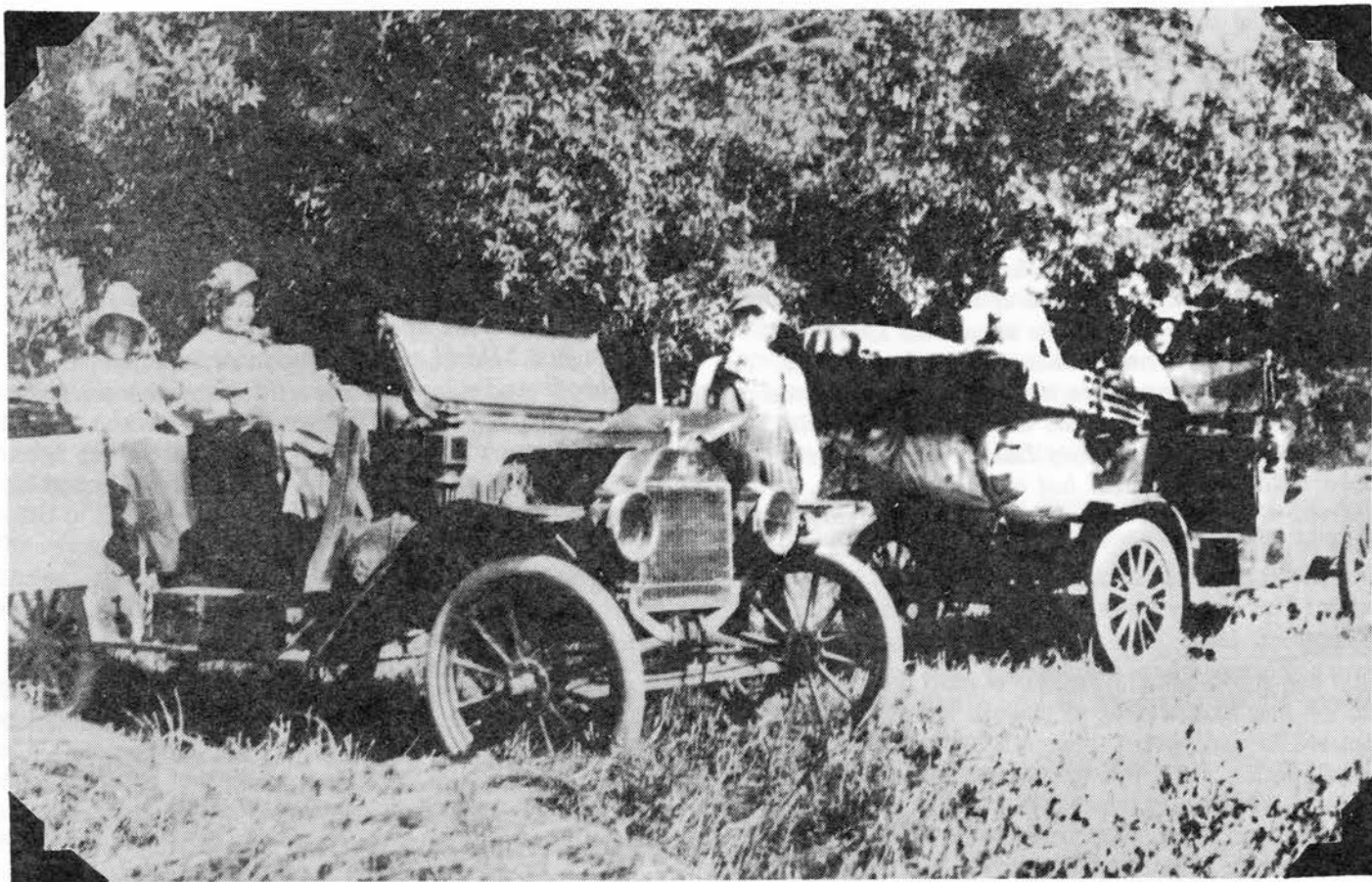
At last we were within thirty miles of the station and every thing was cleaned up. At night I announced I would strike out for the station. Six others followed. At noon we came across an Indian with a few small fish. There were two each. We traded a red shirt for the lot and gathered some cow chips, built a fire, and laid the fish on the coals. We ate them and got strength to go on. We arrived at the station at sundown and we ordered supper, \$1.00 a meal. There were seven of us. The agent had just got a lot of ducks which he cooked and we ate five ducks and seven pans of biscuits. The man lost money on those meals with flour at seventy-five cents per pound. Not one was sick that night from overeating but all slept well. All along in the night others came stringing in until all were there. At the station

they kept straggling in all night, even a band of those we had waited for on the plain.

Perhaps it would be well to relate here a story they told. They came to the place where we had waited for them, the next day after we had left. They came to the place where we had spent a part of the night before our Indian fight. They went to bed unsuspecting of danger but in the night the attack came. The first shot killed Lee, a colored boy and a guide to the party. As they got out of their blankets the Indians shot them down until five were shot or wounded. Then the warning came to leave the teams and wagons and food and go on. There was a man, a Frenchman, who was wounded and could not walk. He had a revolver. A well man asked him for that, he said, "No, I don't intend to die alone." He laid down in the wagon on his back with gun in hand ready to kill the first one that came to the wagon. They all left but him but had not gone far until they heard the report of a pistol and a cry, then they heard him cry — "Don't kill me!" — Another report and all was still. There was a Frenchman wounded in the ankle. He traveled with the others for several miles and could go no further and started for water five miles away on hands and knees to die of starvation on those plains. There were six that got to the station that night of that crowd. A distance of one hundred and fifty miles they subsisted on wild rose buds and in all they kept the station keeper up all night cooking for the newcomers. The next day our company got together to talk over how we were going the rest of the way, still a hundred miles ahead to the next post. They had spent nearly all their money before leaving Salt Lake City. I had forty dollars and all the balance hadn't much more. We had a poor team and an old wagon. They gave me the team for my money and we got together about ninety dollars. We gave \$72.00 for a poor calf and .72 per pound for flour. The first drive was forty miles to the first water, a station called Ragtown (deserted).

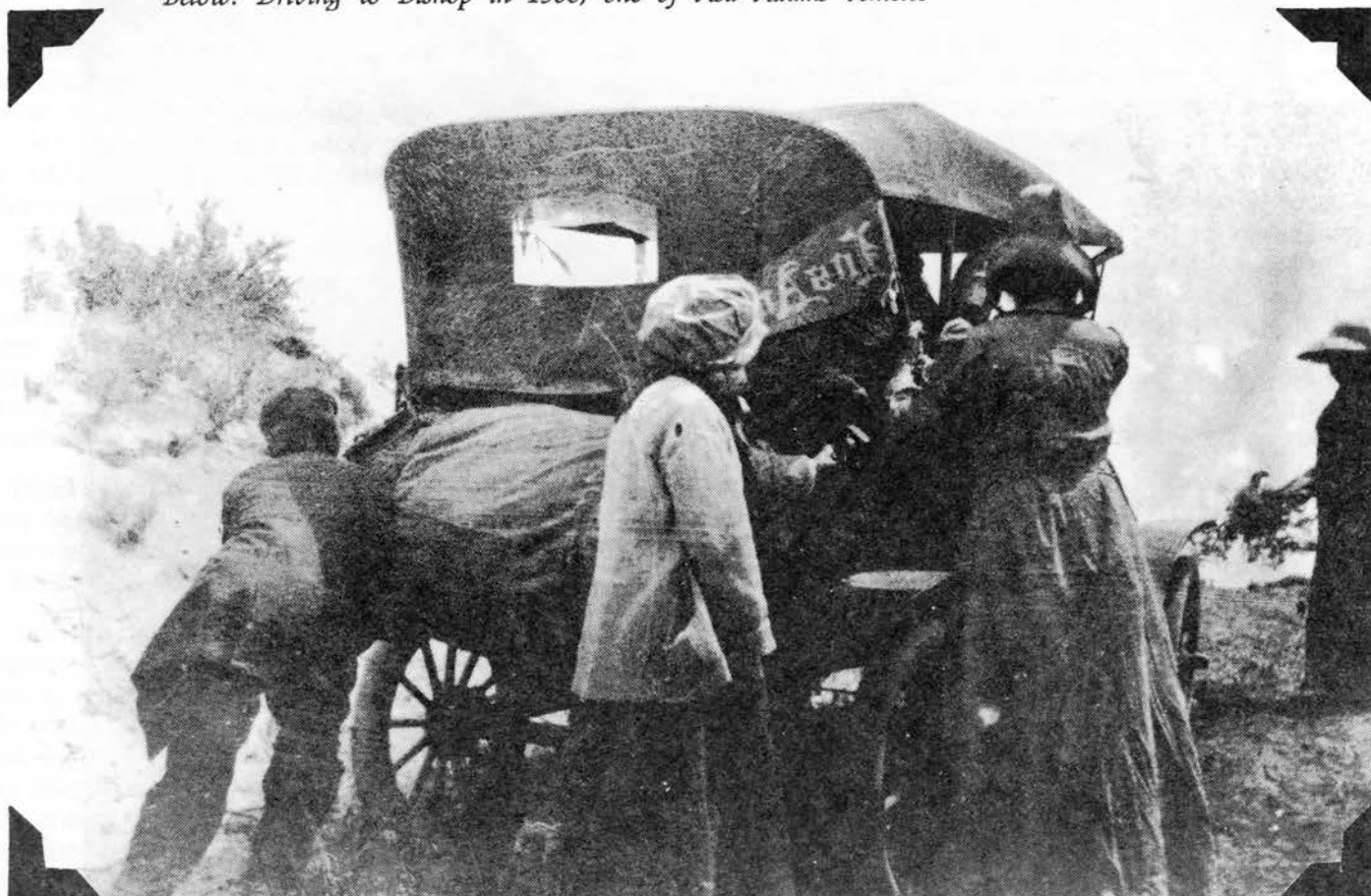
We started 2 p.m. to travel all night and the next day, but on the eve of starting the men commenced to drink and at ten o'clock they were scattered four miles along and I had to stop the wagon at ten p.m. for fear that some would perish. By four o'clock in the morning they all caught up and we started on our journey. We arrived at Ragtown at sundown, all fagged out both man and beast. Our supper was soup with flour stirred in.

That night at Ragtown the men kept coming in the whole night long. The drink knocked them out so they could not travel. If I had time I would tell you of the trouble some of the men got into because of the drink traffic. The next day was our last day on the plains. Ragtown is on the Carson



Above: Asa Adams (standing, center), said to have brought the first automobiles to Bishop.

Below: Driving to Bishop in 1906; one of Asa Adams vehicles



River at the sink. We traveled all day up the river to a station, the last on the trip before coming to Carson, Nevada. This was the day before the election of Buchanan for President of the United States. Here we disbanded. I took the team for money furnished. I sold them for a trifle and went on up the canyon to mine. We took cans and washed out the gravel. Made about enough to buy grub but all the balance of the men pushed on to Placerville. I stuck to my job of mining. After three weeks it commenced to snow and I had no boots. There were no boots to sell in that part of the country. A man came along on horseback and asked me if I did not want to take a job to drive five yoke of cattle to Honey Lake Valley. We struck a bargain and I left all but my blankets and started afoot to Carson, eighteen mile, barefooted, and in the snow. After eight days hard work driving the cattle with a wagon load of provisions we arrived at Honey Lake Valley on the first day of December, 1856. This valley was my home for 13 years. This is where I found my wife and this is where Mattie was born. It was a new country and

new settlers and a hard struggle to get along owing to Indian thieves who stole our stock and white men sharks to lead us astray.

Although I had left the Lord, He did not leave me, and I can look back and see how He protected me and delivered me from imminent peril. One time as I was travelling with a team along a lonely road many miles from Whites the Indians sighted me from a mountain and started for my scalp. I hurried up and made my escape but the men just behind me was overtaken and killed and robbed. And so many times things of this nature happened. What a difference it would make to a lot of you children if God had not spared my life and another thing I would have missed Heaven for I was not prepared.

Now as I have got to the Settlements I would bring this narrative to a close as it might be too tame for your life.

Asa Adams (signed) *

Asa Adams and (unknown) fishing the Owens River in 1910



BEAUTY, GOOSE & ANNA HERMAN

*Mono Lake's Islands and
How They Got Their Names*



Negit and Paoha islands

Joseph R. Jehl, Jr.

The panorama of Mono Lake, when seen from the western shoreline, is punctuated by two stunning and contrasting islands. The smaller, black island, Negit, is made up of a series of dark-colored lava flows up to 1700 years old. The larger, white island, Paoha, is mostly light-colored sediments that were uplifted from the lake bottom about 300 years ago.¹

Explorers and settlers in the Mono Basin in the 19th and early 20th centuries visited the islands to harvest gull eggs, establish ranches, and even drill for oil. Later, in the 1930s and 1940s, the gulls themselves became the subjects of scientific study. As a result, access to the islands was restricted and few people now go there.

The main islands were named almost immediately after the Mono Basin was inhabited, but over the years their names have changed several times for reasons that are not always clear. Indeed, the source of one former name is a mystery, and the derivation of the names

currently used for the two main islands has been misinterpreted. Furthermore, as the lake level dropped in the 20th century, there appeared more than a score of new islets, which were informally named to facilitate the gull research. Given the growing interest in Mono Lake, especially since it was designated a National Scenic Area in 1984, it seems worthwhile to review the history of the islands' names, relying when possible on the testimony of those directly involved.

Credit for discovering and naming Mono Lake is given Lt. Tredwell Moore, who led an expedition into the Mono Basin in 1852. Evidently his party paid strict attention to its assigned duties — trying to capture Chief Teneiya — and did not stop to gaze at the landscape, because Trask's (1853) *Map of the State of California*, which incorporated Moore's observations, shows the lake but no islands.² The same is true of Bancroft's (1858) *Map of the State of California*.

The islands did appear in Eddy's (1854) *Official Map of the State of California*, with the larger (Paoha) being

called "Grand," and the smaller (Negit) shown as "Beauty." This usage was retained a year later in Baker's *Map of the Mining Region of California*.

In 1855, surveyor A.W. Von Schmidt was hired to extend the Mount Diablo baseline from the San Francisco Bay area eastward to the Nevada border, and this brought him to the south shore of Mono Lake. He wrote that "Mono Lake with its two islands lying to the north-east is beautiful, and in short, take the scenery altogether, it is the most beautiful that I ever saw." Vistas aside, Von Schmidt seemed otherwise unimpressed with the area, calling the land "entirely worthless," except for that bordering the streams.³ His sketch map⁴ shows two unnamed islands, which in his notebooks he called Island No. 1 (probably Paoha, as that was closest to his baseline) and Island No. 2. He also referred to Paoha as the Eastern Island.

By the 1860s exploration for gold in California shifted to the eastern Sierra and into the Great Basin. As a result, the country became better known, and newer

maps resulted. Indeed, the islands were shown prominently, though without names, on Clayton's (1861) *Map of the Esmeralda Mining District*.

In 1863, in his capacity as "Principal Assistant, in Charge of Botanical Department" on J.D. Whitney's Geological Survey of California, William H. Brewer visited the Mono Basin and became the first man to write about the islands. A first-rate scientist, Brewer was escorted to them by Louis Sammann, a local resident.⁵ If Sammann knew of any names, they are not reflected in Brewer's field notes, which simply refer to Negit geographically as both "the north island" and "N.W. island."⁶ The next year J. Ross Browne visited the Basin and referred to "the main island."⁷ Similarly, no names were used by Whitney (1865) in his *Geological Survey of California*. Nor are any shown on either Holt's (1869) *Map of the State of California and Nevada*, or on a map dated "ca. 1870" (but probably made seven years earlier) and drawn by Charles Hoffman,⁸ a member of the Whitney survey who visited the islands with Brewer in 1863. Another map in the Bancroft Library dated "187?"

Negit Island



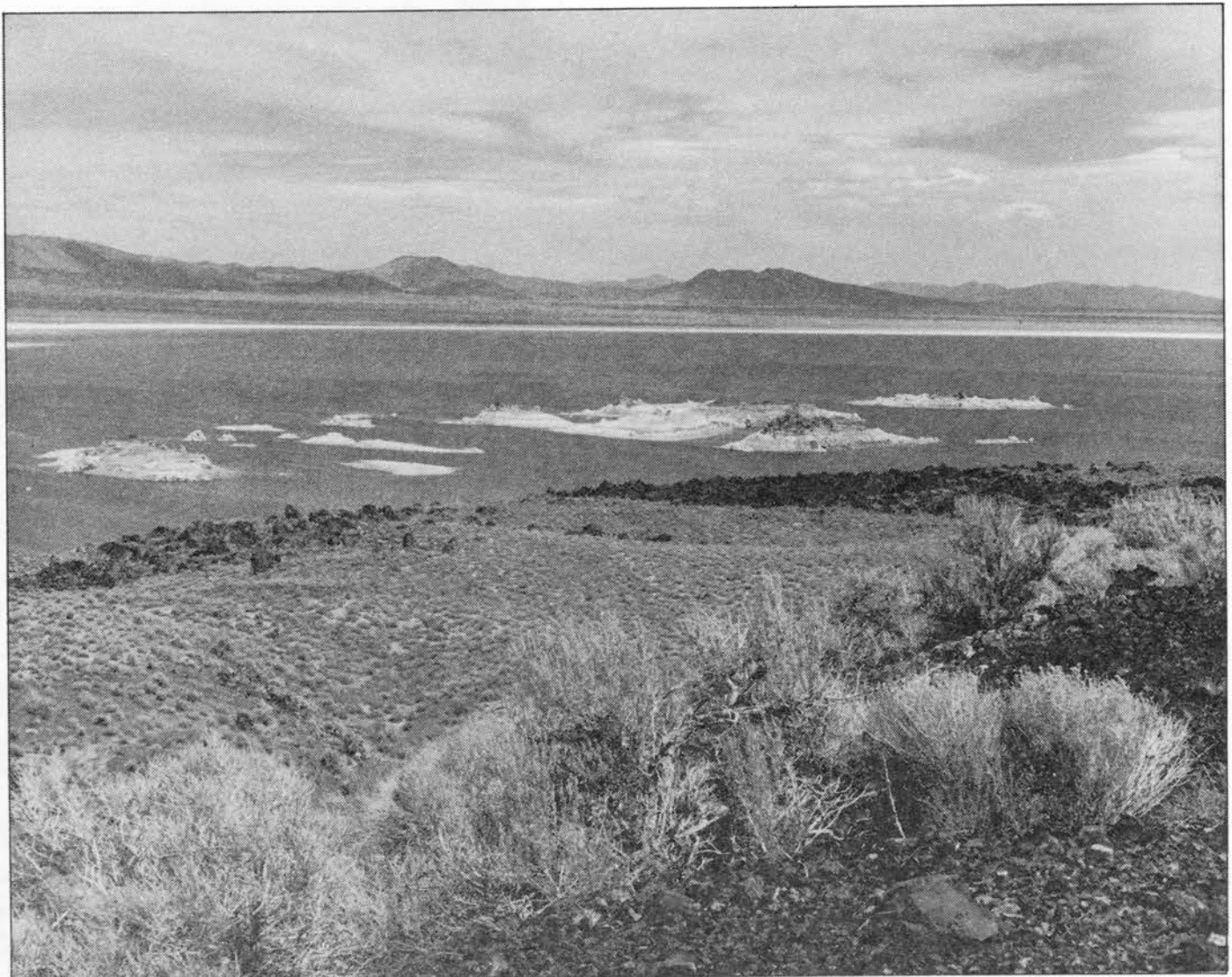
shows the lake's main islands as well as five islets lying to the north and east. Although unattributed, the map's accuracy suggests the hand of Hoffman, who has been called "the progenitor of modern topography."⁹

Professor Joseph LeConte, one of the most eminent scientists of his day, visited Mono Lake in 1870 and 1872 and described the geology of the islands,¹⁰ but, again, neither he nor other naturalists or raconteurs who wrote about the lake at that time called the islands by name. All this indicates that as late as the mid-1870s Eddy's names of Beauty and Grand were not recognized by — if they were even known to — Mono Basin residents. The locals most likely called them the "white" (Paoha) or "black" (Negit) islands, appellations that are still in common use. Even "official" knowledge of the lake was receding about that time, as Ransom and Doolittle's (1869) *Map of the State of California and Nevada* shows the lake with only one large, unnamed island, and Roeser's (1876) *State of California* shows none at all. But that situation was about to change.

The Negit Islets, viewed from top of Negit Island

In July 1879, L.D. Bond surveyed lands near Mono Lake, including the main islands, which he mapped as Bird (Negit) and Anna Herman (Paoha). As Bond did not explain his names, we can only guess about their origin. One might suspect that "bird" meant "gull," but Bond's field notes,¹¹ although commenting extensively on the vegetation and geology, nowhere mention gulls (much less a colony) or other birds that attracted his notice. It also seems unlikely that the name had come into local usage, because an allusion to gulls would more likely have been applied to Paoha Island, which was the site of the earliest-recorded colony.⁶

The origin of "Anna Herman Island" is also a puzzle. Who was she? This name is not listed in "California Place Names," and I have found no evidence of any "Herman" in the Mono County voting registers from 1873-1880. Of course, women had no vote then, so if Anna was a local female she could have been a child, maiden lady, widow, or the spouse of someone who didn't vote. My guess is that she was a woman from far away, who simply was much on the mind of a lonely surveyor.



In any case, Bond's names didn't last long. In 1881, Israel C. Russell began his classic geological studies in the Mono Basin.¹² Disregarding priority, Russell ignored Bond's names as well as those on the earlier "official" state map, and invented his own — Negit and Paoha — as recorded on his map dated 1887. This action might have been justifiable had the names been used by the Basin's Indians or somehow come into local usage. But that was not the case. In a rhapsodic exposition Russell explained:

"in seeking names [for the islands], it was suggested that their differences in color might be used, but the writer preferred to record some of the poetic words from the language of the aboriginal inhabitants of the valley. On the larger island there are hot springs and orifices through which heated vapors escape, which are among the most interesting features of the basin. In the legends of the Pa-vi-o-si people, who still inhabit the region in scattered bands, there is a story about diminutive spirits, having long, wavy hair, that are sometimes seen in the vapor wreaths ascending from hot springs. The word

Pa-o-ha, by which these spirits are known, is also used at times to designate hot springs in general. We may therefore name the larger island Paoha Island, in remembrance perhaps of the children of the mist that held their revels there on moonlight nights in times long past.

"The island second in size we call Negit Island, the name being the Pa-vi-o-si word for blue-winged goose."¹³

Russell wrote that he derived these names from "Manuscript notes on the Indian languages of the West by J. W. Powell." While his interpretations were broadly correct, they are imprecise. According to Dr. Catherine Fowler,¹⁴ Paoha is a Paiute word that refers not to hot springs or their spirits but to "water babies," the powerful and fearsome spirits that inhabit permanent bodies of water. Negit is derived from the Paiute word *nag-í-ta* (roughly pronounced "nah-jít,") and means Canada Goose. Whether that species, which does nest on islands in Mono Lake, influenced Russell's choice (and

Scene in the Negit Islets. Krakatoa Islet, with its movie set volcano, is prominent.



Bond's earlier "Bird Island") is unresolvable. In any case, there is no reason to suppose, as some have, that "Negit" referred to gulls or alluded to the presence of a colony on that island.¹⁵ We might also note that "nag-*í-ta*" is so different from either of the two Paiute words for California Gull that there is no chance of mistranscription: *kuná'id+* refers to dark-colored gulls (i.e., immatures) and *tohá'ada* to white birds (i.e. adults).¹⁴

Russell's map, dated 1887, does show, for the first time in a published form, the series of "small islands and crags dotting the surface of the lake" adjacent to Negit Island.¹⁶ As the lake level dropped, these and other submerged topographic highs emerged to create the Negit and Paoha islets. The former are volcanic islets that lie to the northeast of Negit Island, and the latter are blocks of sediment that slumped off the western side of Paoha when it was uplifted.

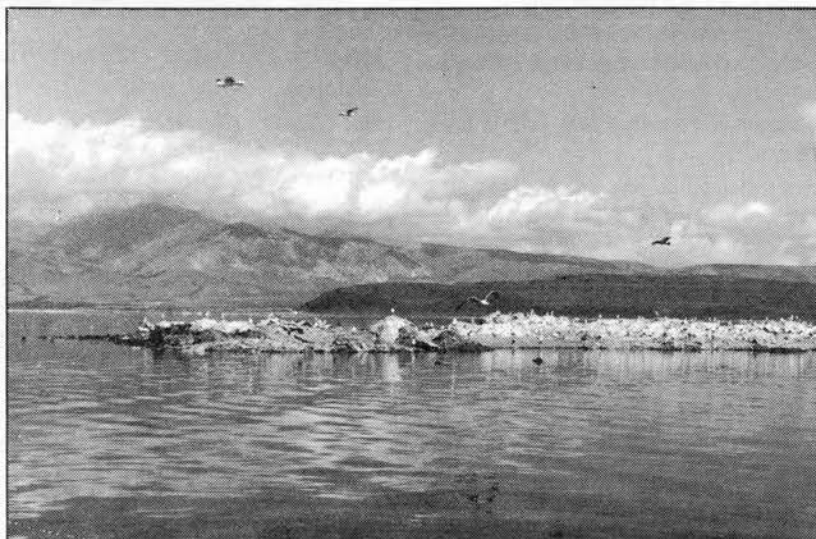
The Negit Islets were named, mostly in allusion to their size and topography, by David Winkler in 1976, who was coordinating the first ecological study of the lake.¹⁷ Shortly afterward, David Babb, biologist for the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power, named the Paoha Islets in recognition of explorers and historical figures in the Mono Basin. When rocky islets to the northwest of Negit emerged about 1982, I named them the Winkler Islets.

The number of the Mono Lake islets varies with changes in lake level. Should new ones appear, I think they should be named for those who have made important contributions to our knowledge of the Mono Basin. In this regard, I call the two prominent tufa spires just to the south of Little Norway, and which mark the eastern end of the channel between Negit and Paoha islands, Bond and Denton rocks. These are named for surveyor L.D. Bond and naturalist Shelly Wright Denton¹⁸, whose observations of 1879 and 1880, respectively, along with those of Brewer in 1863, have provided us with our most reliable information about the natural history of the islands in the last half of the 19th century¹⁹.

REFERENCES

1. Scott Stine, personal communication
2. Maps noted in this report may be found in the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.
3. A. Von Schmidt, field notes. Book 203-2, Survey records in Bureau of Land Management, Sacramento and Bancroft Library, Univ. California, Berkeley.
4. Reproduced in Fletcher, T.C. 1987. *Paiute, Prospector, Pioneer*. Artemisia Press, Lee Vining, Ca.
5. Sammann's name, also spelled as Sammon by Brewer, has been further transliterated and memorialized at "Simon's Spring" on the southeastern shore of Mono Lake.
6. Brewer, W.H. 1863. Field notebooks, in Bancroft Library, Univ. California, Berkeley.
7. Browne, J.R. 1865. "A trip to Bodie Bluff and the Dead Sea of the West." *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, 31:274-285, 411-419. See also reference 13.
8. Hoffmann, C.F. ca. 1870. A map of the Mono Lake region. Map no. 224 in Bancroft Library, Univ. California, Berkeley.
9. Wheat, C.L. 1942. The maps of the California Gold Region 1848-1857. Grabhorn Press, San Francisco.
10. LeConte, J. 1879. "On the extinct volcanoes about Lake Mono, and their relation to the Glacial Drift." *Am. J. Sci.* 18:35-44.
11. L.C. Bond, field notes of 1-2 July 1879; in Bancroft Library, Univ. California, Berkeley.
12. Russell, I.C. 1889., "Quaternary History of the Mono Valley, California." *Eighth Ann. Rept. U.S. Geol. Survey*, 1889, pp. 267-394. Reprint edition (1984). Artemisia Press, Lee Vining, Ca.
13. Russell op. cit. p. 273.
14. Dr. Catherine Fowler, Dept. of Anthropology, University of Nevada, Reno, personal communication.
15. "Negit" . . . is a Paiute word for gull (Gaines, D., 1981. *Mono Lake Handbook* Kutsavi Books, Lee Vining, Ca., p. 8).
16. "The Paiute word 'Negit' which has been translated as 'blue-winged goose' but more likely means 'gull,' hints that the main nesting colony has always been on Negit Island." Winkler, D.W., and D. Gaines. 1979. "History of the Mono Lake gull colonies." *Mono Lake Newsletter* 2:9-10.
17. Russell, op cit. p. 375; see also maps on pp. 273,286.
18. Winkler, D.W. (ed.) 1977 "An ecological study of Mono Lake." *Inst. of Ecology Publ.* 12. Univ. California, Davis.
19. Denton, S.W. 1949. *Pages from a Naturalist's Diary*. Boston, MA. Alexander Printing Co.
19. Thanks to Abraham Hoffman, David Babb, Catherine Fowler, David Winkler, Scott Stine, and the staff of the Bancroft Library for their assistance in compiling this record, and to Ron McGhie and the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power for the maps of the islands as they appeared in 1990.

Below: part of the gull colony on McPherson Islet, of the Paoha Islet group



NEGIT ISLETS

- Twain:** Samuel Clemens, miner, reporter, author and raconteur, visited Mono Lake and Paoha Island in 1862. A colorful account of his Mono Lake impressions is found in *Roughing It*.
- La Pas:** Gull chicks on this islet were serene and did not react fearfully to the presence of researchers.
- Geographic:** A photographer from the National Geographic Society visited the area in the year that this islet emerged.
- Muir:** John Muir, naturalist, visited the Mono Basin in 1870 and Paoha Island in 1875.
- Krakatoa:** The movie set volcano on this islet was a prop from "Fair Winds to Java," which was made at Mono Lake. Winkler thought it amusing to place his field camp in a place that might blow up.
- Little Tahiti:** Named for the small movie set volcanos.
- Little Norway:** The islet with the deepest "fjords," whose namesake is a resort in the Western Sierra.
- Java:** From the movie "Krakatoa, east of Java" (actually, Krakatoa is to the west, on the island of Sumatra). This rugged islet was in the right spot to fit the movie version of geography.
- Hat:** After an island of the same shape, with an important gull colony, in Great Salt Lake.
- Tie:** "Hat" goes with "Tie," and it was the right shape.
- Steamboat:** For its shape; also an allusion to the Twain connection.
- Spot:** That's all it was when it first appeared.
- Midget:** For its size.
- Siren:** A reef just offshore made landing there a challenge.
- Comma, Castle, Pancake:** For their shapes.

PAOHA ISLETS

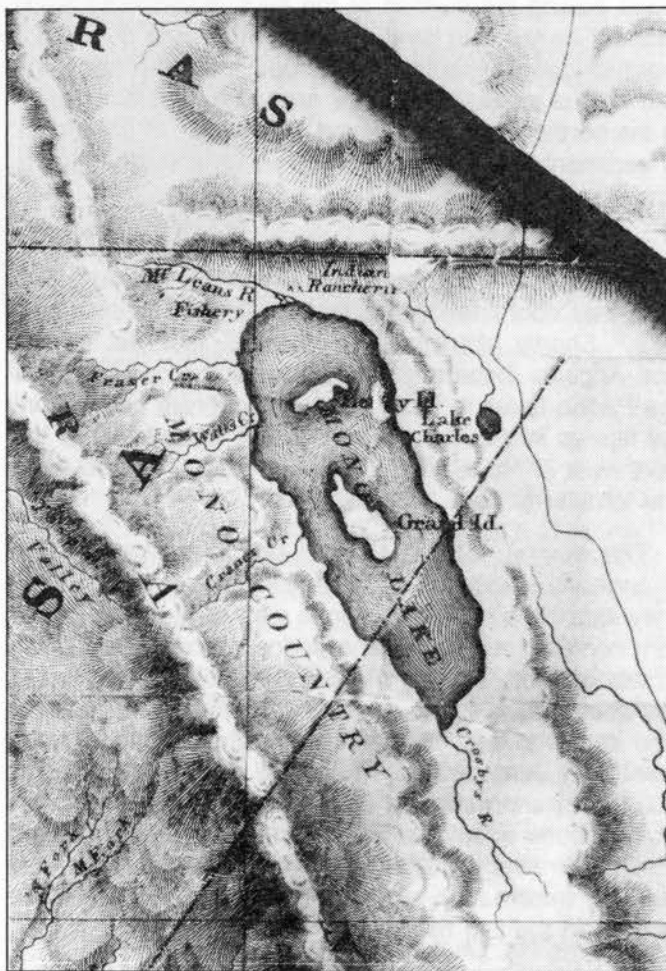
- Anderson:** Morris (Andy) Anderson, California Department of Fish and Game biologist in the Mono Basin in the early 1970s.
- Brewer:** William Henry Brewer, Principal Assistant in charge of the Botanical Department, on J.D. Whitney's Geological Survey of California, visited and wrote about the islands in 1863.
- Browne:** J. Ross Browne, writer and government agent, wrote imaginatively about the islands, without visiting them, in 1864.
- Cluster, Pinnacle:** Small islets, named for topography.
- Conway:** Ritchie Conway and his father operated freight wagons between Carson City and Mono Basin in the early 1900s.
- Coyote:** A forlorn and bedraggled animal was photographed there in 1980.
- Dawson:** William Leon Dawson, author of *The Birds of California* (1923), provided an important record of the gull colony in 1919.
- Dixon:** Joseph Dixon, biologist and egg-collector, visited the islands twice in 1916 and provided the first good description of the gull colony on Paoha Island.
- Gull:** A relatively large nesting location in the early 1980s, prior to being badly eroded in a 1983 storm.
- Hoffmann:** Charles F. Hoffmann, topographer with the Whitney party, accompanied W.H. Brewer to the island in 1863.
- McPherson:** Longtime resident of Mono County, Wallis McPherson, as a boy, lived on Paoha Island with his family (1917-1922).
- Russell:** Israel C. Russell (1889) wrote the first geological study of the Mono Basin.
- Smith:** Jedediah Smith, a "Mountain Man," was alleged to have discovered gold in the Mono Basin in the 1820s.
- West:** Southernmost of the islets, lying SW of Anderson; still inundated in 1990.
- Whitney:** Josiah D. Whitney was appointed State Geologist of California in 1860. His field party, under Brewer, visited the island in 1863.

ISLETS TO THE WEST OF NEGIT ISLAND

Winkler: David W. Winkler studied the California Gull colony at Mono Lake, 1987-1983.

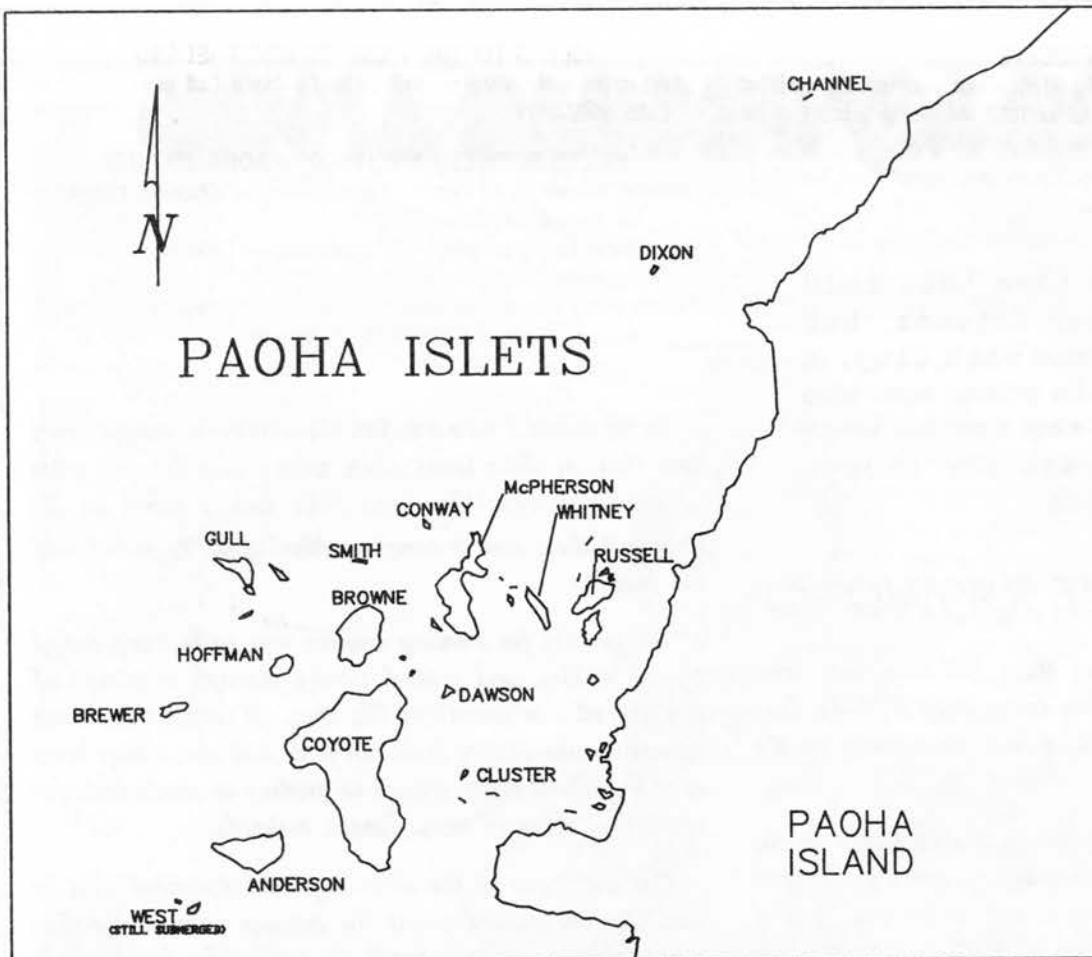
ISLETS BETWEEN NEGIT AND PAOHA ISLANDS

- Channel:** Named for its location. Sometimes called Obsidian, because of its mineral composition.
- Bond Rock:** The larger of two tufa spires south of Little Norway is named for surveyor L.D. Bond.
- Denton Rock:** The smaller and more northerly rock adjacent to Bond is named for naturalist Shelly Wright Denton.

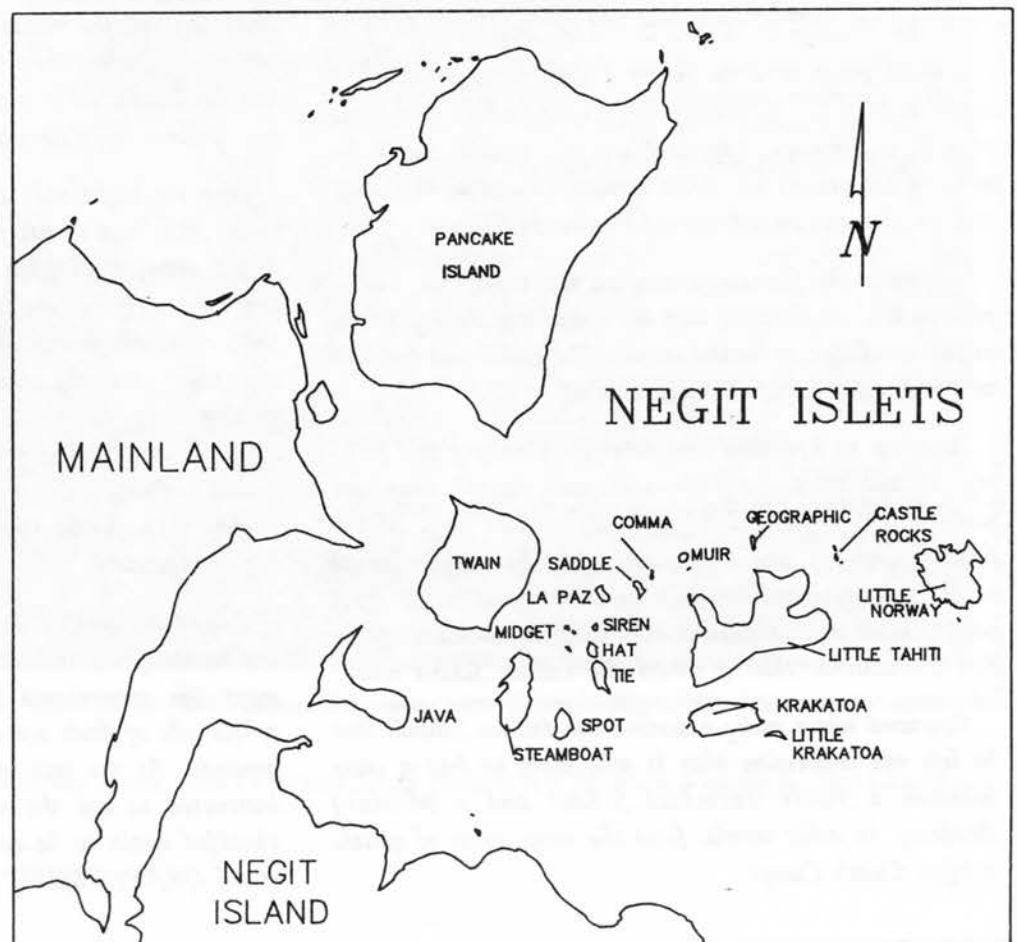


A section of Eddy's (1854) "Official Map of the State of California." Mono Lake is shown with two islands, Beauty and Grand. Courtesy of the Bancroft Library.

Joseph R. Jehl, Jr. is Director of Research at Hubbs-Sea World Research Institute in San Diego. He has been studying the ecology of gulls and other waterbirds at Mono Lake since 1980.



*The Paoha Islets. Courtesy
Ron McGhie, LADWP*



*The Negit Islets. Courtesy
Ron McGhie, LADWP*

HERE MY PEOPLE LIVED

"Some stories have been told to me by my Indian friends, but this one was shared with Clay, a quiet and a gentle young man who is sensitive to the Indian ways and their fondness for storytelling." - Louise

ONCE ABOUT RAYMOND

I remember. It was one of those fall days that seem warm enough for summer, but crisp; crisp like the dead leaves scattered in the yard. I had gone early to the sweat.

Being the little white boy who came to sweat in the kiva with the others... well, it was important to help out as much as possible... one way to say 'thank you,' but of course, as with all other forms of toil, there were those rewards that seem to last; last nearly as long as dreams.

Old Raymond was the finger I used to touch a life I would never have to live... a life that was like a shadow to little white boys. Raymond was the contact point for many of his people, too. He was very special in this way, and he was recognized for it. It was in his eyes.

We built the fire early, stacked the lava rock in the pit... stoked the flames... and let them have their pleasure in the wind and upon the stones. The wind just laughed at the flames, but the stones blushed.

Anyway, as Raymond and I sat there poking and stoking, he told me a story about his way-back... way-back when he was a little Indian. Back in those days all the little Indians in Big Pine were taken to another small town called Independence. There they boarded a train which, after a long adventure would dump them off in San Bernardino. That is where the Indian School was.

Raymond never really described the Indian School. But he left the impression that it was more or less a cross between a Jesuit Parochial School and a Military Academy. In other words, from the view point of youth, a Nazi Death Camp!

In Raymond's memory San Bernardino's saving grace was that, in those times, there were still miles and miles of orange groves. The citrus fruit was a rarity in the Owens Valley, and a complete novelty to Raymond and his friends.

The penalty for stealing oranges was to be hung naked by the ankles, and trailed slowly through a trough of scalding oil... or something like that. Of course this threat sweetened the savory fruit ten-fold, and the orange trees near the school never seemed to produce as much fruit for market as those in more distant orchards.

One night one of the older boys told Raymond that he had seen an orchard where the oranges were so big they wouldn't fit in a soup bowl! On and on he described the treasure until the vision began to take on mythical proportions. Together they made plans to plunder the trove and haul back their booty... probably to be welcomed as hero pirates by their envious friends.

Into the night they went, through the dark groves of trees until, just as his friend had promised...ORANGES! Giant oranges.. Bigger than two fists together! Quicky the boys stripped the lower branches bare. And sooner than expected, found they were almost over-burdened! It was that wickedly wonderful sense of exhilaration... of getting away with their small piracy that gave them the strength to lug their prize back to the dormitory, and it was a crushing sense of defeat when they were discovered coming through the back door, not by their friends but by the headmaster!

Raymond chuckled as he threw two more pieces of pinion on the fire. He chuckled and remembered the punishment. He remembered how he and his friend and the whole pile of fruit were set in the middle of the parade grounds. As the rest of the school watched, they were instructed to eat the whole pile... which they did. He chuckled again as he confessed that to this day he can't stand GRAPEFRUIT!



RAYMOND

photo by Louise



Mammoth Mountain overlooking the area of the Cement Mine and many other later mines

THE GOLDEN CEMENT MINE

by George Garrigues

Among the stories of prospecting in the old west, the enigmas are those tales of found and then lost rich bodies of gold or silver ore. Whether real or not, they are an important part of our history and development of the west. There are many, and the Mono County "Cement Mine" is not the least. Several different versions of what actually happened exist and who can say that any of them are accurate. Reading from several original sources is fascinating, but drawing conclusions is difficult.

Mark Twain in his book *Roughing It* relates that three German brothers, on foot on their way to the California gold fields, came upon a curious vein of cement shot full of dull yellow metal. They saw that it was gold and here

was a fortune. They each took about twenty-five pounds of it and proceeded across the Sierras. Various troubles best them and only one was successful in crossing the mountains. He was exhausted, sick and his mind deranged by his sufferings. He had thrown away all but a few fragments of his cement.

Other sources give, perhaps, a more reliable story. In 1859, an emigrant train to California wandered into Death Valley. Two of the men in the party lost their teams and continued on foot. Reaching the Owens Valley, the party discovered the mountains were impassable for teams and wagons and they would have to go around the Sierras. The two men without teams left the party, following the Owens River in their attempt to

reach the gold country. Arriving at the headwaters of the river, they paused to rest and noticed a curious piece of rock. They crushed it and found what appeared to be gold. They took a lump of the rock with them and continued across the Sierras, separating in the gold fields. One of them, with the rock, was not successful and wandered to San Francisco where he was overcome with consumption. He came under the care of a Dr. Randall. As he was dying, he gave the doctor the rock as payment, along with a description of where he found it.

In 1861, Dr. Randall left his practice in San Francisco and came to Mono County. His arrival at the mining camp of Mono caused some excitement when he announced that he was looking for someone to go prospecting with him in a certain direction. He found a man and they located a quarter section of land on a pumice flat south of Mono. Others thought he was a fool for locating there, but he just said that he liked the looks of the country.

He returned the following spring, bringing another man with him, and hired Gid Whiteman as foreman, as well as eleven other men. They prospected the 160 acres and found some reddish lava, or cement as it was commonly called. The man who had come with Dr. Randall took a rock to Mono and showed it to others. It was

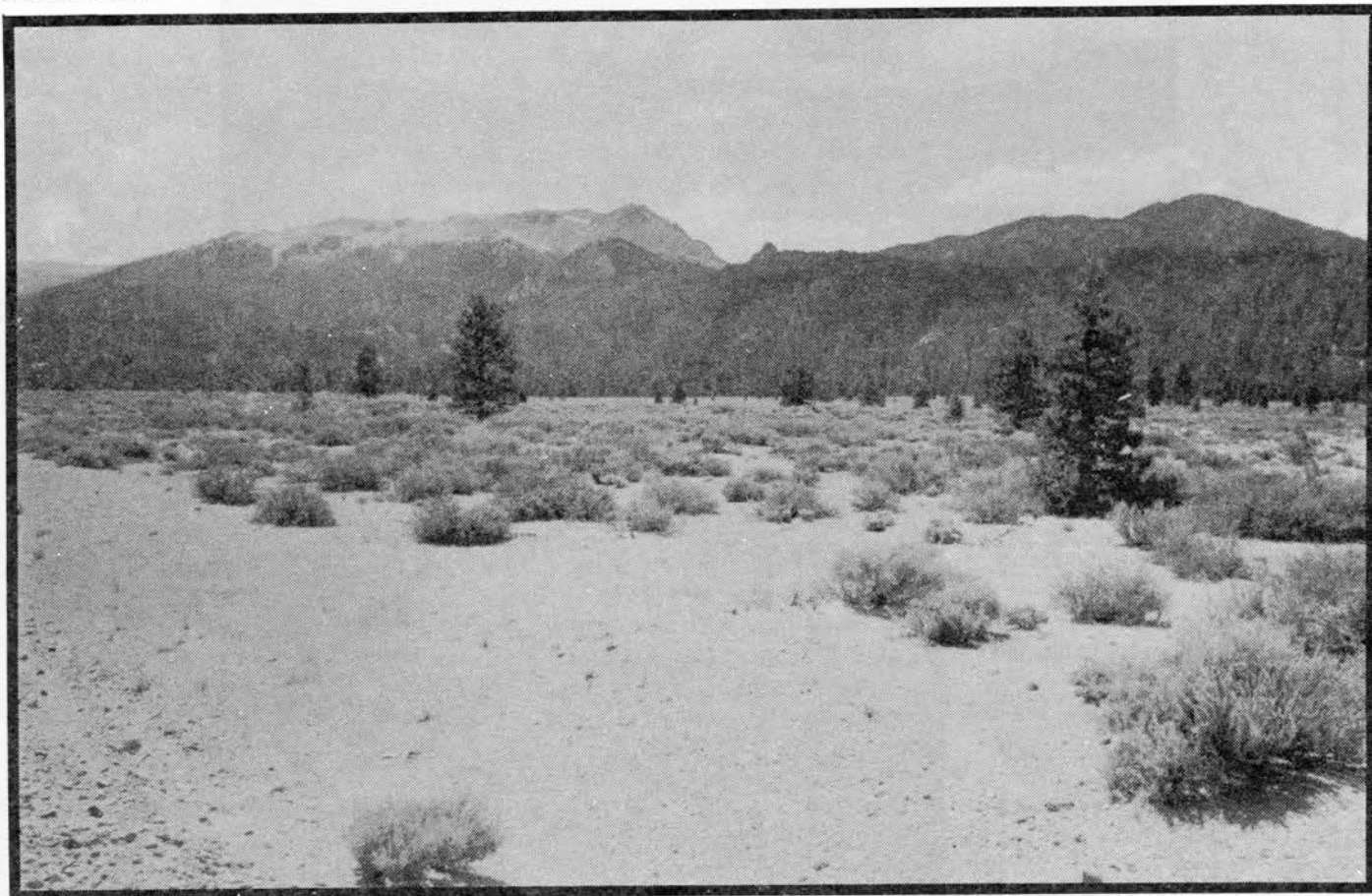
rich in gold. It is now thought that the rock was the one given to Dr. Randall by his dying patient, but the man said nothing of this, creating the impression it had been found on Dr. Randall's claim.

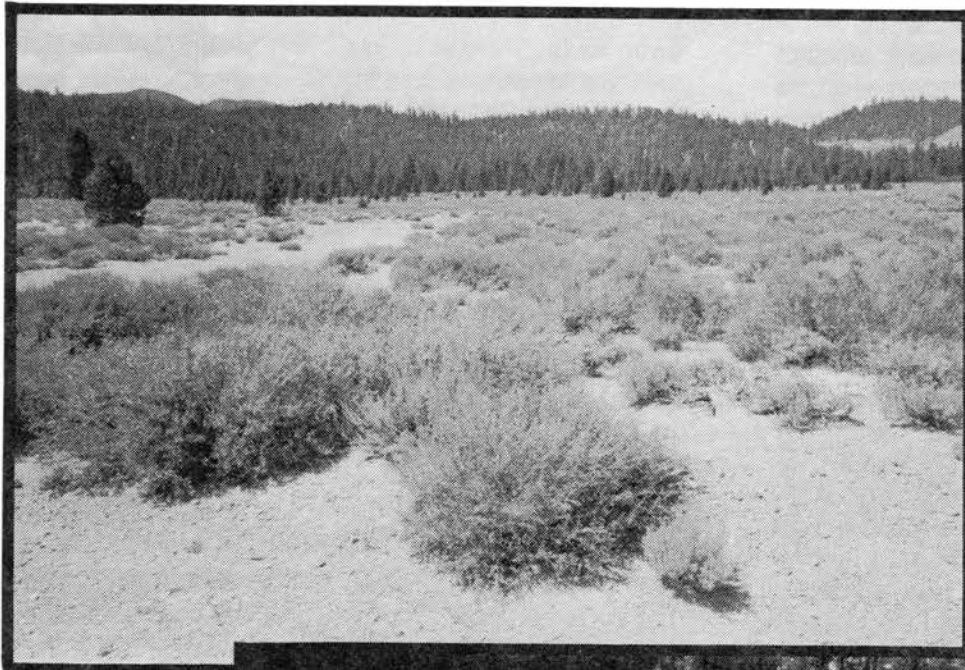
Miners poured out of Mono, Aurora, and other camps eagerly seeking cement. By the spring of 1862, hundreds of miners had searched for the red cement, but no one had found any. Some men debased Dr. Randall, saying he was a humbug; others defended him as an earnest believer in the existence of the ledge.

So strong was the belief that for many years after 1862 a considerable number of prospecting parties continued to search for the mine. Their efforts were hindered by the Indian War that had broken out in Owens Valley. At least seven men looking for gold are known to have been killed by Joaquin Jim and his warriors.

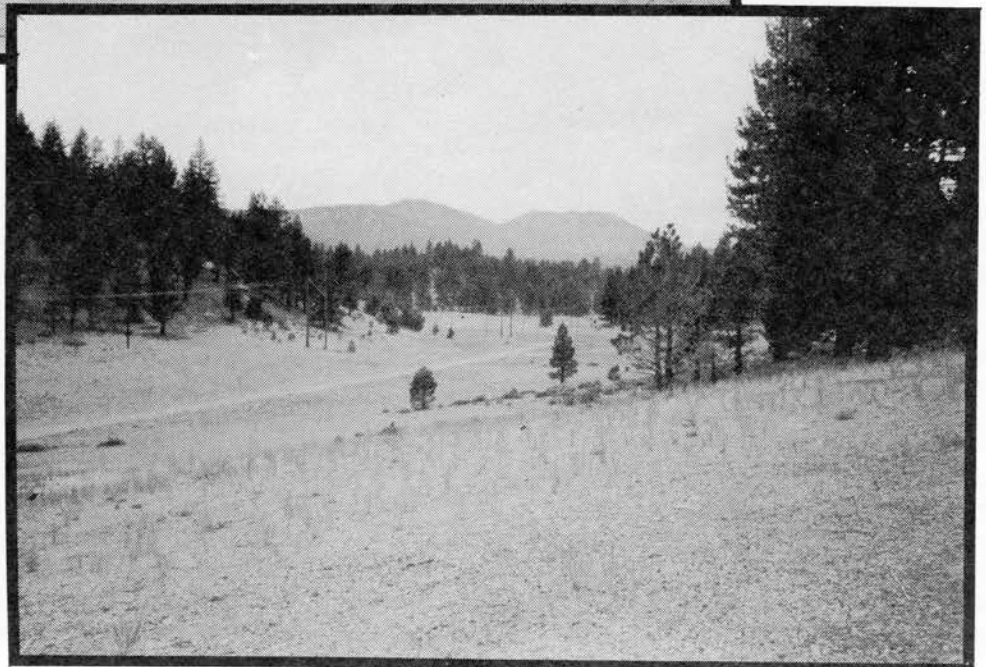
It is possible that the red cement was found in 1862, not by Dr. Randall, but by two of the men working for him. They kept it a secret and accumulated many thousands of dollars in ore. One of these men, named Van Horn, later ill and dying, told this story to his friend Carpenter. Van Horn had been the cook for Dr. Randall's party. One day a German worker in the party came to him when he was alone. The German, possibly the one in Twain's story, said that Randall was looking in the wrong place.

The unnamed "bald peak" described by Chalfant in The Inyo Register and the pumice flats it guards. Somewhere near here is the cement mine.





Typical pumice flats where Dr. Randall may have located his claim and where the cement may be.



In confidence he said, "I find dot dam ting, and I get noting but my wages." He pulled out a lump of the cement rich with free gold.

Van Horn became very excited, saying, "Hush, hide it; we'll fix that. I get nothing but my wages, either."

They quit Dr. Randall the next day and packed their few possessions on Van Horn's horse. They headed toward Aurora, but as soon as they were out of sight of the camp, they turned and went to the site of the cement.

According to Van Horn, they dug through about two feet of pumice and found cement that was more than half gold. They filled a sack with the ore and then left to get more supplies and better equipment. They covered the cement with pumice, buried their tools and swept the area with a bush to cover their tracks.

The men stopped along the Walker River, crushed the rock and panned out an incredible \$30,000 worth of gold. They went to Virginia City, purchased a winter outfit, took in a partner and started back. In the meantime Gid Whiteman and his men who were working for Dr. Randall quit, and Dr. Randall disappeared from the scene.

Van Horn and two companions returned to their site and began to construct a cabin for winter quarters. At breakfast the next morning, they were surprised by Joaquin Jim and thirty of his braves. The Indians took everything except an old horse and ordered them out. Jim said they had known about the place for a long time, that what the white men were looking for was medicine and the Indians wanted it.

Happy to escape with their lives, the three men left, promising each other to say nothing of their find until they met again. Two were reported to have joined the "California Hundred" and gone east to fight in the Civil War. The third, Van Horn, was the dying man who told Carpenter this story and gave him directions to the place.

In 1862, J.F. Wilson, who had a ranch near Independence, left it for more peaceful surroundings during the Indian War. He established a ranch near Mono City. It was on a well traveled road and became a general stopping place for prospectors. He heard their talk of the cement, but thought it was just another mining story.

In 1865, George Kirkpatrick and "Si" Colt arrived at Wilson's. They were seeking a guide and convinced Wilson to show them where Gid Whiteman's camp had been. They knew of Van Horn and his death and had a carefully written description of the locality. They went to the site and spent six weeks searching the adjoining country. They found several places with red cement, but none with any gold in it.

They were not yet satisfied so they got a new outfit and different Indian guides. One said he had seen the

two men bury their tools and sweep the ground. He led them to the destroyed cabin again and they found some tools and camp equipment. A third Indian volunteered to show them the camp of white men they had killed during the war. He did and they found the skeletons of two men. They probably belonged to the two companions of Van Horn who secretly returned instead of joining the California Hundred.

Back in 1861, the summer that Dr. Randall made his first attempt to locate the "Cement Mine," a man named Farnsworth came to Mono City. He eventually became associated with a man named Hume and they departed to go prospecting, about the time the Indian troubles were starting. Before long, Farnsworth returned alone saying they had been attacked by Indians and the other man had been killed. Farnsworth showed a bullet hole in the top of his boot and clothes that appeared to have been cut with a knife.

On questioning, his story did not hold up well and people became suspicious. As in many mining camps without law enforcement officers, the miners were the law. They appointed someone to take charge of Farnsworth while they searched for the missing man. They hired Indian guides and set off, following Farnsworth's tracks to the headwaters of the north branch of the Owens River, now called Deadman's Creek. They found blood, hair and ax marks on a log, but no Indian tracks in the area. They followed Farnsworth's tracks along the creek until they found a man's head buried under a pile of rocks, and the body nearby, also covered with rocks. They buried the body at the site under a large pine tree and took the head back to Mono City, to be preserved in a barrel of whisky until Hume's sister could come from San Francisco to identify it.

Fist sized and larger pieces of pumice found in the area





Above: Deadman Creek near possible area where Hume was murdered

Below: Deadman Creek looking upstream from Highway 395. Possible area where Hume was murdered.



The story doesn't end there. That night the guards became sleepy and relaxed their vigil. Farnsworth escaped. He was tracked as far as Honey Lake in Lassen County, but never caught.

In May 1869 two men arrived in Stockton, claiming they were from Salt Lake City and had been in California during early mining days. The names they later used were Kent and McDougal, although they gave different names at this time. They purchased an excessive amount of equipment and supplies for a summer camping trip and proceeded east into the Sierras. At Crane Flat, on the north fork of the San Joaquin River, they left their big wagon at a ranch and obtained enough pack animals to carry their supplies. Kent told the ranchers his friend was acquainted with the Inyo-Mono area and they were going to visit some of his friends there. They hired two Indian guides to lead them to the pass near Mammoth Mountain, promising to send the pack animals back with the guides when they reached the pass. This they did. They returned in the fall, and made duplicate trips each summer until 1877.

In the fall of 1877, a man (McDougal) had a stroke on the streets of San Francisco and was placed in a hospital there. He lingered and rallied enough to regain some speech, asking for a confessor, and told his story:

He had been a prospector in Utah and had met Kent prior to 1869. Kent was also a miner who occasionally came out from the east and they became good friends. Kent confided that he knew of a good thing in California but that he had been in trouble there earlier. McDougal wanted to return as soon as the railroad was finished, and offered Kent a salary of \$1,500 per year, a goodly sum in those days, to maintain profound secrecy about their work. Thus, they arrived in Stockton.

When the Indian guides left them on the pass, they actually didn't continue on over. They went up the San Joaquin River and found a secluded spot where they built a rough cabin. Then they cautiously crossed the divide near the headwaters of the Owens River. Kent was able to identify certain landmarks and they found the reddish ledge, rich in free gold. They worked it for about two months, extracting bullion worth at least \$40,000. They molded it into small bars of about \$2,000 each so they could spread it among the pack animals on their way out. In the fall, they returned to Crane Flat, made arrangements to winter their animals and promised to return the next spring. Their trips continued every summer until 1877.

Kent took McDougal east with him in the fall of 1874. They toured many eastern cities and spent several weeks at Kent's home. It was a productive, well stocked and improved farm about 150 miles from Chicago. Here Kent and his family lived the life of a wealthy farmer. He was a highly respected and trusted citizen in the community, but he persistently avoided notoriety and McDougal felt that anxiety seemed to gnaw at his happiness at times, as if a dark shadow hung over his past.

When they returned to the cabin in the spring of 1877, they found that several gold and silver discoveries had been made in the Mammoth area and the country was swarming with prospectors. They removed as much gold as they could from the mine, then destroyed all signs of their work and cabin. Kent returned to the east and McDougal to San Francisco where two months later he had the stroke. According to McDougal, they had taken between \$350,000 and \$400,000 from the ledge over the years.

The question arises as to the true identity of Kent. Evidence suggests he could have been Farnsworth, hiding from the murder of Hume and possibly others.

No one else has been able to locate the original ledge although several other mines in the area could be an extension of the ledge. Is it still there waiting for someone?

The *Inyo Register* of August 28, 1890 describes the area:

"The region is guarded by a great peak, painfully bare — as near a picture of thorough desolation and lifelessness as can be imagined. The red cement hill in which is supposed to be the great treasure is nearby. The stillness of death reigns. No flowers bloom, no bird or animal breaks the silences of that sterile, burned mountain. A dense forest, however, of fir, pine, spruce and the handsome California yew, stretches for many miles over the tablelands at its foot."

Recently I was having dinner with friends at a restaurant in Mammoth. Our conversation turned to Mammoth in the early days and naturally the subject of the lost Cement Mines came up. Later, when we were having our coffee, a well dressed elderly gentleman seated at a nearby table got up and approached our table.

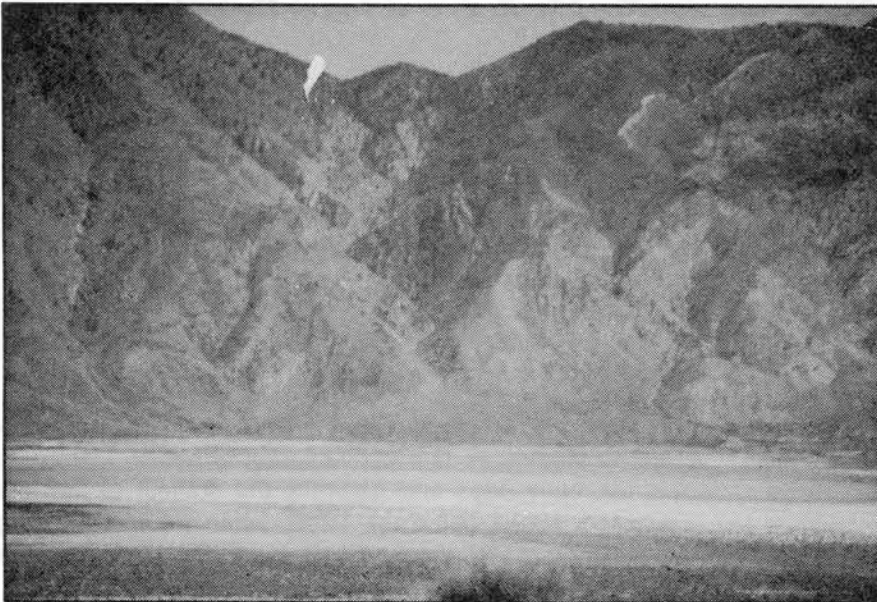
He said, "Couldn't help but hear your talk about the Cement Mine. It's like this. Recently a friend of mine was going through a trunk of papers that belonged to his grandfather. Down in the bottom he found a map. A group of us is getting together to check it out. If you care to join us, you're welcome. We are going to meet at the 15,000 foot level on the north face of Mammoth Mountain at noon on the second Tuesday of the week after the Fourth of July next summer. If you are interested, be there, but don't be late. We won't wait." *

For additional and more detailed information:
***Inyo Register*, August 28, 1890**
Wright, James W. A., *The Cement Hunters*, Dawson's Book Shop, Wilmac Press, Los Angeles, 1960.

(This book was originally published as part of a series of newspaper articles by the San Francisco Daily Evening Post, November 8, 1879 through December 20, 1879.)

WHITE MOUNTAIN CITY REVISITED

by David A. Wright

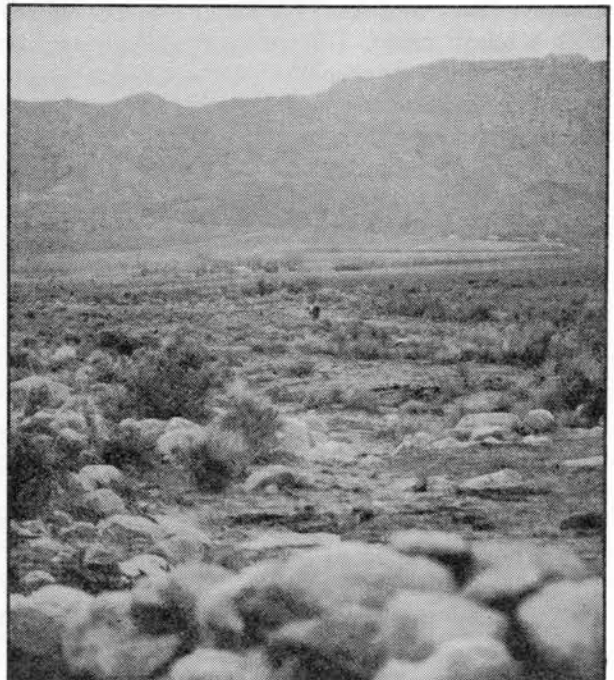


In "Scandal at Big Springs" (Vol. II, No. 4) David provided a map and sidebar "White Mountain City, What's There and How to Get There," but, always the explorer, he wanted to see more. Returning in May of 1991, he came back with many more photographs and one of his usual whimsical adventures.

The wind, howling through the sagebrush, is too cold for May. Clouds hover close over the White Mountains. The Sierra Crest, peeking over a low saddle in the Whites, is swathed in snow squalls that race down its canyons. I walk across a boulder strewn alluvium, cold and hungry.

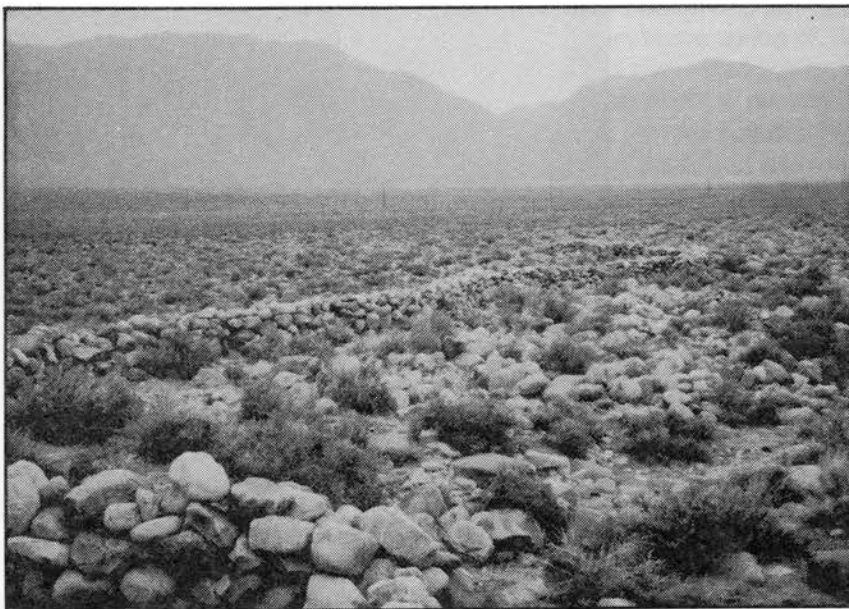
The empty valley east of the White Mountains is vacant, hostile beneath the sudden uplift of its encompassing ridges. I stumble aimlessly through the low sagebrush, exposed to the elements in a barren country, alienated from civilization.

Suddenly, I come face to face with a large Indian buck! At that close range, a bull is more like it! I have no weapon, but he carries two of them; pointed, razor sharp. I cautiously back away, attempting to make no sudden threatening moves. He follows me, his eyes flash his disdain at my invasion of his territory.

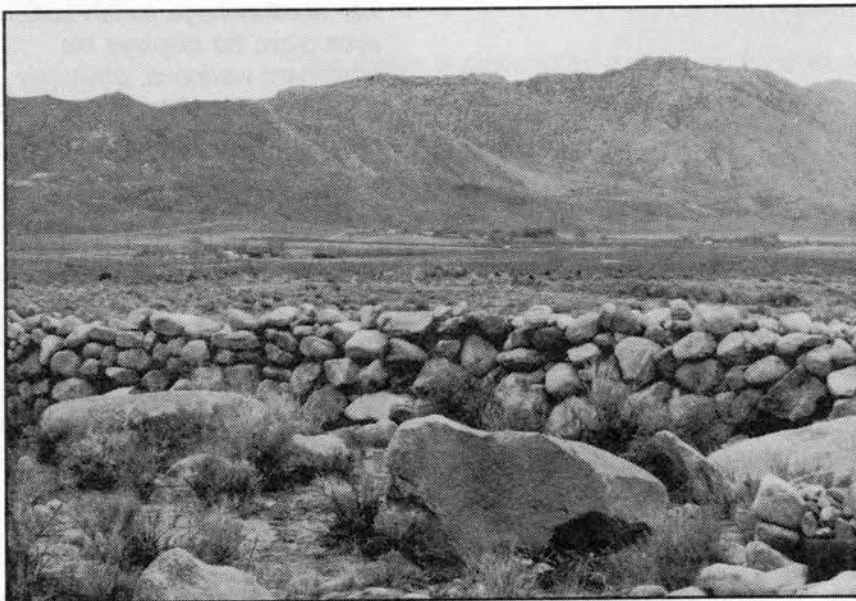


I detour up a hill. Gaining elevation, I find that I am in the midst of many Indians. They are scattered all about me. I feel anxiety at my perilous circumstance. With no cover in which to hide, where do I run? I hear voices carried on the wind. They are calling to each other. Plotting how to kill the intruder?

The rock stronghold circles about, all over the place. I see huts of stone also. They prick my curiosity.



The Indian bulls are close, but out of range. Keeping an eye on their positions, I explore the rock hovels scattered about the thick sagebrush. A small creek bed bisects them.



I see no other white men about, but obviously they left their mark here. With the abundant rock, numerous dwellings have been built, plus the stone stockade zig-zagging about over an extensive area, encircling the huts.





Rounding a corner I run smack into another huge Indian bull. His eyes glow, he displays his prominent weapons, obviously annoyed at my intrusion. He opens his mouth to shout his anger.

"Moooooooooooo . . .!!"



Like a flash, I gallop through the abundant sagebrush straight for my Taurus. I am no match for that large steer; a Taurus with hair, hide, and a head with an abundance of bony protrusions. It's also too cold to be out here playing in this wind. I guess I'll have to check out White Mountain City another day, when the aggressive range bulls aren't

surrounding the place, and I bring suitable clothing.

*In the warm car I chuckle to myself. Imagine me, a 35-year-old man, playing cowboys and Indians in a forgotten ghost town in a forgotten corner of Inyo County. Some day ... maybe, just maybe ... I'll grow up. **



"The Great Explorers. X--Jedidiah Smith," an illustration by Frederic Remington, made for Colliers Weekly and published in 1906. Remington was dissatisfied with the whole series and subsequently burned all but one of the paintings. Photo courtesy Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming.

TRAILS OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN

through the Eastern Sierra

by Beverly Webster

"I am exhausted going back and forth across the Sierra Nevada in deep snow, crossing the deserts looking for water, suffering hunger pangs, eating horse meat, and getting surprised by Indians. This was truly a towering breed of men who added to our Western expansion. Perhaps we would not want many of them home for Sunday dinner with our mothers present, but I would certainly like to have met some of them." -- Beverly Webster

The earliest explorers from the United States to venture into California's Eastern Sierra were mountain men, that special breed who during the first half of the nineteenth century roamed and mapped most of the Rocky Mountains and the far west. These burly adventurers, searching for beaver and accustomed to fighting weather, Indians, grizzlies, and hunger, paved the way for settlers who came later, carving out trails and gathering information about the country west of the Rockies. Two renowned members of this daring fraternity, Jedediah Smith and Joseph Walker, figured prominently in the Eastern Sierra's history as they led early parties through Mono County and Owens Valley.

Each summer from 1825 to 1840 mountain men held a rendezvous, typically in the Green River Valley of Wyoming and occasionally in other scenic locations in Wyoming and Utah. Here they traded their furs for supplies with Eastern buyers and swapped stories and information about the past winter's successes and the West's geography. From the rendezvous they scattered in many directions, some alone, some in small groups, some in organized parties, to trap for furs that would be traded the following summer, always seeking new areas rich in beaver.

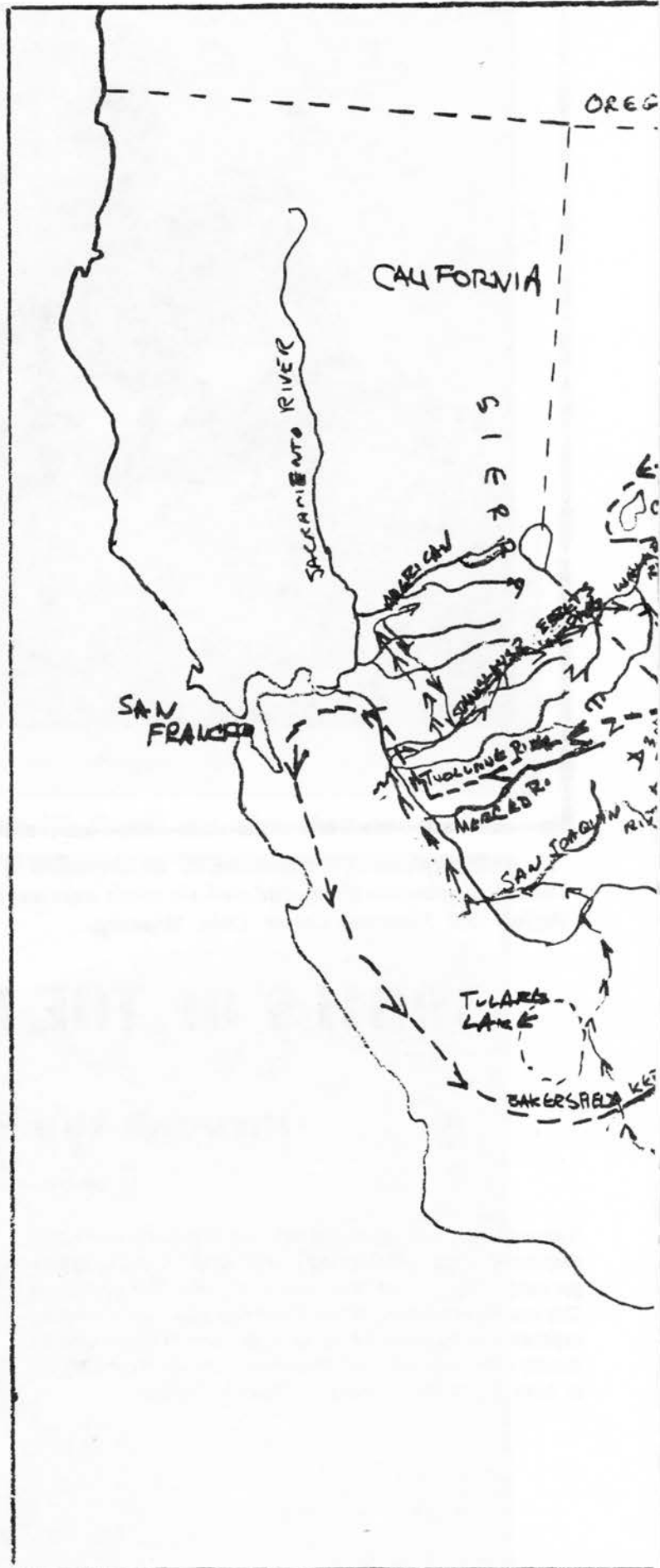
It was at the 1826 rendezvous held in Cache Valley, Utah, that Jedediah Strong Smith recruited men and left on his epic journey of discovery to California. On the return trip the following spring he and his two companions, Robert Evans and Silas Goble, became the first whites to cross the Sierra Nevada. The precise route which took this courageous trio across the Sierra and into Mono County has only recently been determined through discovery of Smith's personal journals of the trip.

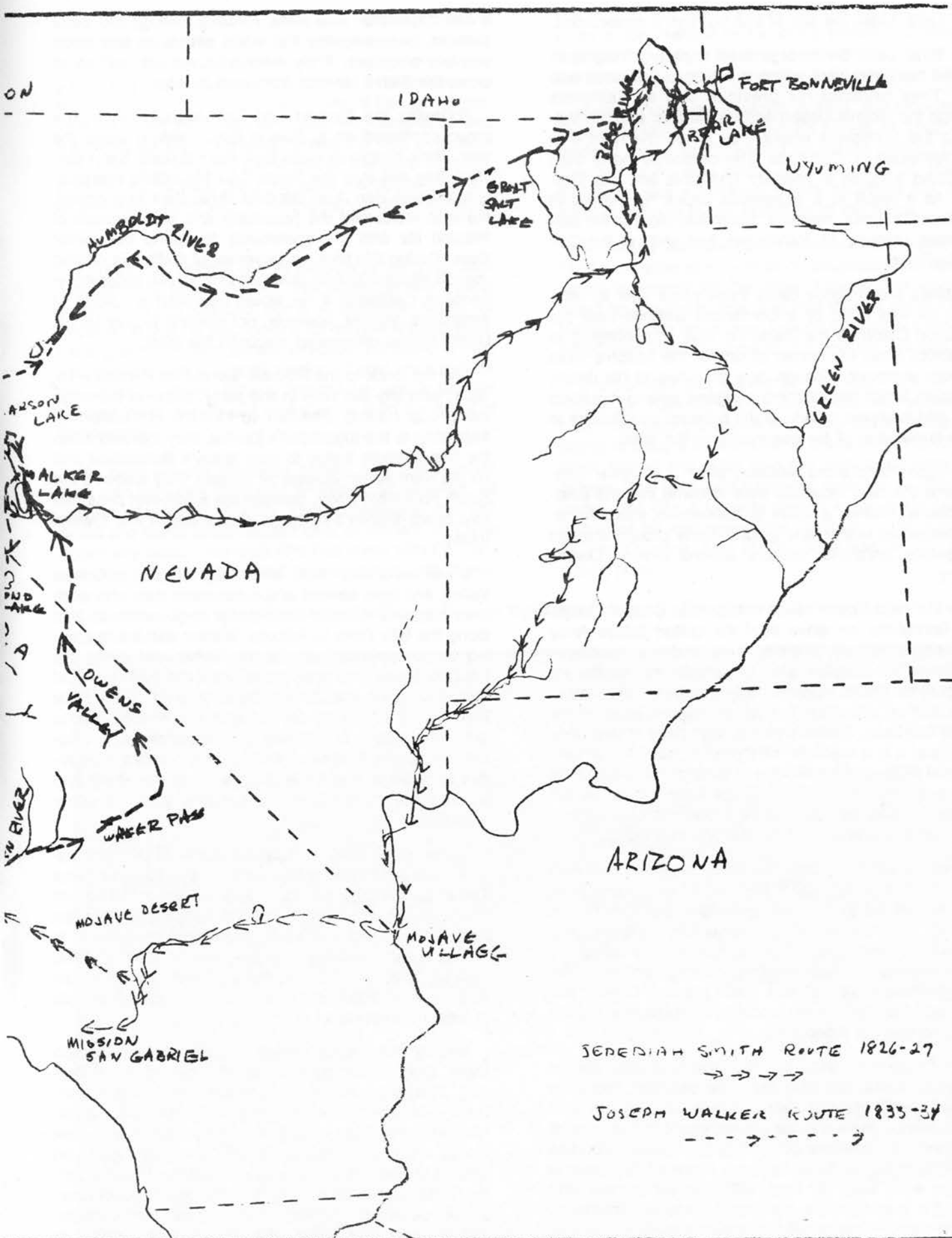
Born in 1799 in Jericho, New York, now Bainbridge, Smith began his career as a mountain man in 1822 in St. Louis, Missouri, when he joined the fur trapping company of William Ashley, originator of mountain rendezvous. His leadership qualities soon earned him command of trapping expeditions throughout the Rocky Mountains.

His route to California in 1826 was through largely unexplored and uncharted territory. Taking a southwesterly direction from Bear Lake, he crossed dry, barren Utah, enduring exhausting hardships where both men and horses suffered from the harsh environment, finally arriving at the Colorado River near today's Needles. Swinging west, the party traveled through the Mojave Desert and ultimately reached Mission San Gabriel, thus establishing what would be the final western section of the Old Spanish Trail.

After a winter of successful trapping in the rivers of San Joaquin Valley, Smith and his party of fifteen men started over the Sierra Nevada near present-day Highway 50 but were thwarted in their attempts by heavy snows. Returning to the valley, they continued south to near Oakdale and set up camp on the Stanislaus River. Feeling it urgent to get back to the summer rendezvous with information of his explorations, Smith decided to leave everyone but Evans and Goble on the Stanislaus, along with the furs, and once again attempt to cross the Sierra.

Leaving the encampment on May 20, 1827, with six horses and two pack mules, the three men succeeded in crossing Ebbett's Pass after eight days. Once across the Sierra the intrepid frontiersmen sliced through the northern tip of Mono County and followed the West Fork of the Walker River for a distance before cutting south over Wheeler Pass, passing between Walker Lake and present-day Hawthorne, Nevada. They continued from there in a northeasterly direction to their destination,





Bear Lake, Utah, the site of that summer's rendezvous.

At Bear Lake Smith organized a party of eighteen spirited men who were willing to return to California with him. They retraced his previous trail to California through the Mojave Desert and up the San Joaquin Valley to the Stanislaus where they joined the men who had remained in California. The combined party then continued trapping in northern California and into Oregon. As a result of a murderous attack by Indians in northern California, however, Smith lost most of his party before reaching Ft. Vancouver, just north of the Columbia River.

Smith's final tragedy came three years later in 1831 when he was killed by a Comanche ambush near the Cimarron Cutoff on the Santa Fe Trail, thus bringing to an abrupt close the career of one of the nation's most fearless explorers. Though only thirty-two at his death, Jedediah Smith has become a legend among mountain men and is known as one of the greatest contributors to early knowledge of the geography of the West.

Joseph Reddford Walker, after a six-year gap, became the next mountain man to come into the Eastern Sierra. Walker, a native to Tennessee, was a forceful, respected leader and guided many groups through dangerous, unfamiliar territory, several through Owens Valley.

At the 1833 Green River rendezvous Captain Benjamin Bonneville, on leave from the United States Army ostensibly to engage in the fur trade and map territory in the West but possibly also to contain the southward thrust of the British Hudson's Bay Company, hired Walker to lead an expedition to trap and explore south of the Great Salt Lake. Walker's was a large party of over sixty men, and it is a credit to his thorough planning, organizational skills, and knowledge of outdoor survival that on this year-long trip to and from the Pacific coast he did not lose a man, although the party endured severe hardships and had serious confrontations with Indians.

From Great Salt Lake the band traveled southwest through Utah to the upper Humboldt River. Records of this part of the journey were sketchy and incomplete, causing historians partially on conjecture to piece together the probable route. They appear to have paralleled the Humboldt, then unexplored country, and from the Humboldt Sink they angled south passing Carson and Walker Lakes and then probably followed the Walker River to north of Mono Lake.

On October 1, 1883, the now-exhausted party started over the Sierra, following the ridge between Tuolumne Canyon and Yosemite Valley. Hunger and brutally cold weather with snow and ice caused many in the party to question the wisdom of continuing, but Walker's courage and determination drove them on. Some of their least-fit horses were used for food. Although the journey was grim, the journals of the trip record some high moments, noting that on October 20 they saw Yosemite Valley and

a few days later they were winding through the giant sequoia, becoming the first white people to see these marvels of nature. They were also the first whites to cross the Sierra Nevada from east to west.

Following the Merced and San Joaquin rivers, the group continued on to Suisun Bay, trapping along the way. Their circuitous route took them around San Francisco Bay and over the Santa Cruz Mountains eventually to Mission San Juan Bautista. After their long ordeal, the men welcomed the hospitality and pleasantness of mission life and the opportunity to spend the winter there. During this time the governor of California offered Joseph Walker 30,000 acres of land of his choosing in northern California if he would establish a colony of Americans. Walker, however, not wanting to give up his United States citizenship, declined the offer.

The trip back to the Rockies started on February 13, 1834, with fifty-two men in the party, some of the original group having decided to remain in California. According to the expedition's journal, they traveled down the San Joaquin Valley to near today's Bakersfield and up the Kern River. Guided by Indians, they followed the South Fork Kern River, crossed the 5,052-foot pass that now bears Walker's name, and descended into Owens Valley.

It was early May 1834, when they camped in Owens Valley, and here several of the mountain men who were "free trappers" left the main party to go south to trap along the Gila River in Arizona. Walker and the remaining group continued up Owens Valley and along the Eastern Sierra until they came upon the trail they had blazed on the outbound trip, traveling back to the Bear River in Utah in time for the summer rendezvous to bring information of the year-long explorations to Captain Bonneville. This remarkable journey added substantive knowledge about the geography of the West and would make Joseph Walker a valuable guide for future expeditions.

Some of the most famous characters of Western history traveled in this party. One of the key men was Zenas Leonard, a twenty-three-year-old who had left Pennsylvania two years earlier to become a mountain man. This adventurous young man hired on as clerk to Walker's party and kept the only written journal of the trailblazing expedition, and his accounts have been an invaluable contribution to the nation's historical records of western exploration.

Among this notable group of trappers were Joseph Meek, tough Indian fighter who later settled in the Oregon Territory; Joe Meek's older brother Stephen; George Nidever, expert hunter who remained in California and trapped sea otter in Pacific coastal waters; Alex Godey, trapping companion of Kit Carson and guide on several of Fremont's exploring expeditions; William Shirley Williams, known as "Old Bill Williams," Indian interpreter, guide on Fremont's expeditions, horse trader, and very possibly horse thief; William Craig, settler in



"'Bourgeois' Walker, & his Squaw" by noted Western artist Alfred Jacob Miller, painted at the 1837 rendezvous. The title "Bourgeois" was given to mountain men who had a dozen or more trappers under their command, and Walker earned this title. Walker was married from about 1836 until 1846 to a woman of the Snake band of the Shoshoni tribe who, as was the custom, accompanied him on many of his journeys. In his notes on the painting, Miller recorded that she was particularly pretty and quite artistic. No mention of Walker's wife is made in historical accounts after the year 1846, and Walker's whereabouts for that year are vague. It has been assumed by historians that he lost his wife at that time through accident or illness, and he never enlightened anyone as to what happened. It was in 1846 that Walker left the Rockies to make his home in California. Photo courtesy Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore, Maryland.

Note: It was customary in paintings sometimes not to spell out the name of the mountain man in the title.

the Oregon Territory and for whom several landmarks in the Northwest are names; and Levin Mitchell, trapping companion of Carson and Joe Meek and later horse thief, not an unusual occupation for these free-spirited rovers of the West.

Williams, Mitchell, and Craig had wild reputations that they continually lived up to, and it was a test of Walker's leadership and discipline throughout the expedition that he kept this band of mavericks together.

Walker returned to the Eastern Sierra nine years later in 1843 as guide to the Chiles Party, a wagon train of emigrants on their way to California. Under the leadership of Joe Chiles, the wagon train headed out from Missouri, composed of about fifty mostly inexperienced people including women and children. At Ft. Hall (in today's Idaho) the party split up when they were unable to get supplies from the British who controlled the fort. Chiles with thirteen of the party's strongest men left for Sutter's Fort by horseback intending to return to the wagon train with the needed supplies, while the main party under Walker was to continue west and then south. Due to Sierra snow, however, Chiles had to remain at Sutter's Fort, and Walker was left to oversee the wagon train.

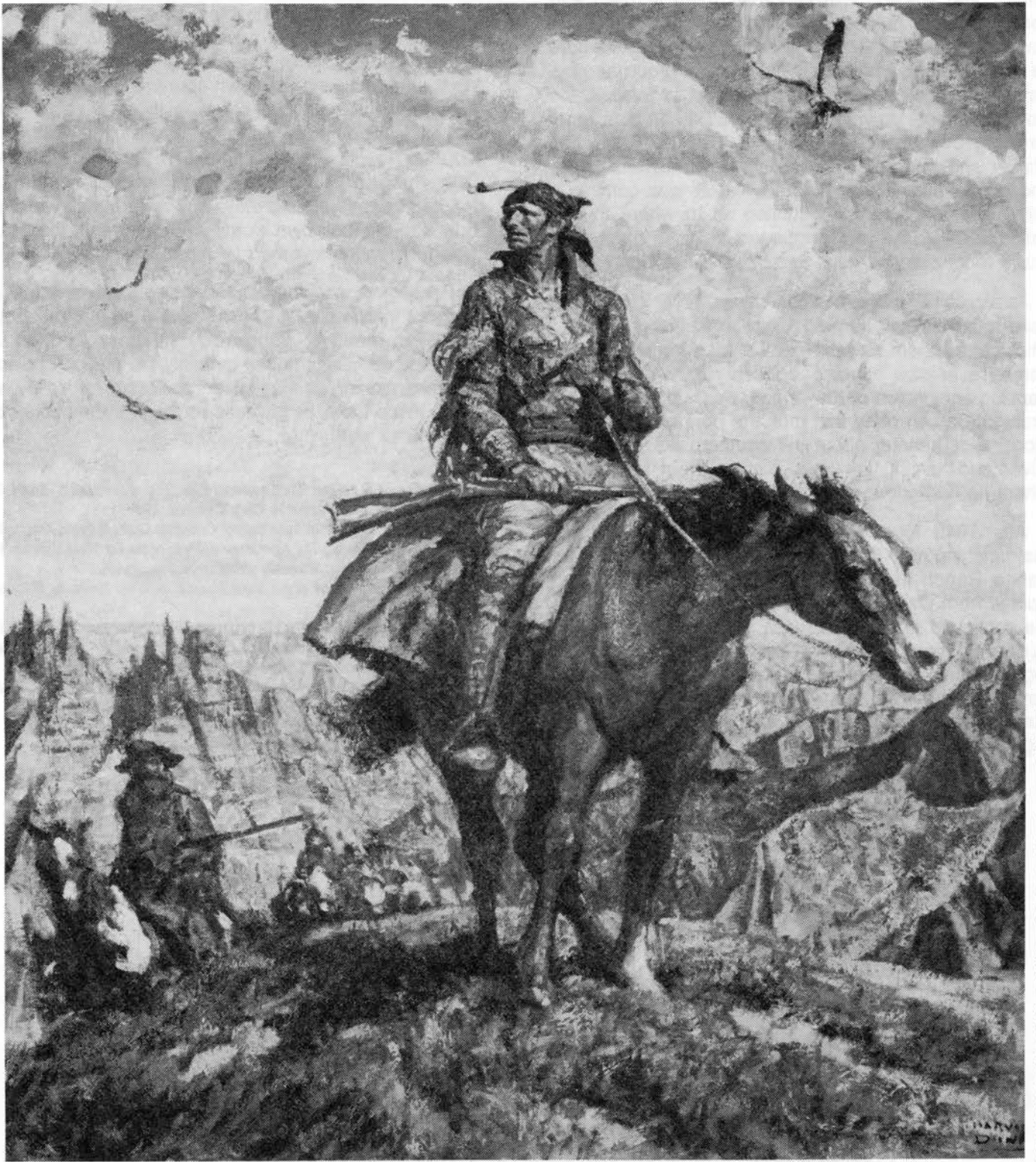
Walker's group consisted of the women, children, and least experienced men. They traveled southwesterly along the Humboldt, Carson, and Walker rivers past Walker Lake, five hundred miles of this route later becoming part of the famed California Trail. Continuing south after leaving Walker Lake, they followed the Owens River down the valley to Owens Lake, becoming the first wagon train to cross California's eastern boundary. It was then near the end of November, and at Owens Lake the weary party abandoned the wagons, making packframes from some of the wood and burning the rest. With the wagon train becoming a pack train, Walker led the group over Walker Pass, reaching the summit on December third in six inches of snow. Once across the Sierra Nevada, he guided the grateful group to the coast where they parted to start their new lives.

Among the supplies jetisoned at Owens Lake was an entire set of heavy iron machinery destined to be used in the construction of a sawmill in California. For many years remains of the abandoned equipment could be seen at the south end of Owens Lake, but these traces of the Chiles Party's trials have long since disappeared.

Two years later (1845) Walker served as chief guide on John C. Fremont's Third Expedition, and one more

National Registered Landmark Monument at Walker Pass, 5052 feet. Photo by Bill Webster.





"Jedediah Smith in the Badlands" by Harvey Dunn. Photo courtesy South Dakota Art Museum, Brookings, South Dakota.

time he came to the Eastern Sierra. On this expedition of exploration was Kit Carson, famed scout, trapper, hunter, and soldier. Walker joined them in Utah and from Salt Lake guided the main section of the party down the Humboldt River and on to Walker Lake where he met Fremont, who had taken a small group another way. At the lake, which Fremont named for Walker, the party again split up with the Fremont/Carson contingent traveling over the Sierra via the Truckee River and Walker and his group proceeding down Owens Valley and over Walker Pass, a route Walker was coming to know well. After some confusion as to where in San Joaquin Valley the two groups would again meet, they finally rendezvoused near San Jose in February, 1846.

As a result of this expedition Owens River and Owens Lake received their names, although neither the person who named them nor the person for whom they were named ever saw either one. Richard Owens, often a trapping companion of Kit Carson, was a member of the Fremont/Carson party that took the northern route. Fremont, after hearing about the southern flowing Owens River and its alkaline lake, named them for Owens, whom he had come to respect on this expedition.

After 1848 Joseph Walker made his home in California, ranching near Gilroy for awhile and then at his Manzanita Ranch in Contra Costa County, often taking horses from California to the army forts in the Rockies. He continued to serve as guide to expeditions throughout the Southwest and organized a successful gold mining company near Prescott, Arizona, where he lived for several years. His final years he spent at Manzanita Ranch where he died in 1876 at the age of seventy-eight. He is buried in Martinez, California, where the

words on his headstone include, "Camped at Yosemite — Nov. 13, 1833."

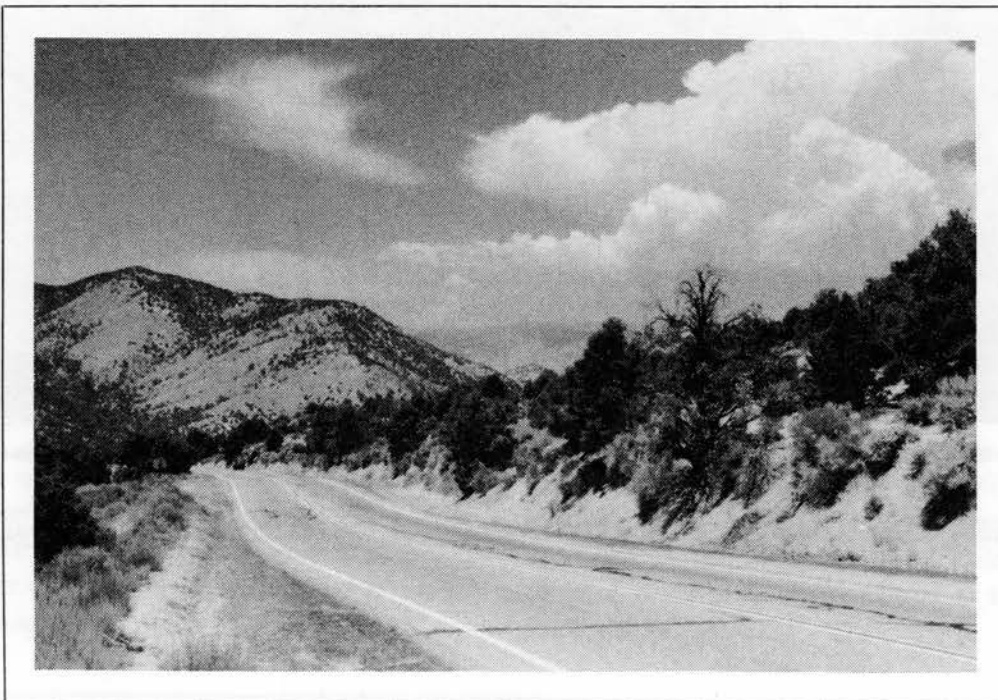
Although the mountain men considered themselves primarily trappers, they became true explorers as they traveled thousands of miles each year throughout the West, often through unknown country. When they came through Mono and Inyo counties there were no place names. Walker Pass was referred to as "the point of the mountain" — the southern end of the Sierra Nevada. Only through descriptions of geographic landmarks learned from others did they know where they were, and only through their own words were they able to pass on new information to others.

Each of those nineteenth-century explorers, the ultimate of individualists, had his own personal reasons to travel unfamiliar, dangerous territory and endure supreme deprivations, but certainly the elation of discovering something as magnificent as Yosemite Valley, eerie as Mono Lake, or majestic as the giant sequoia could make it all worthwhile. *

REFERENCES

- Brookes, George R., editor. *The Southwest Expedition of Jedediah S. Smith*. Glendale, California: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1965.
 Chalfant, W.A. *The Story of Inyo*. Bishop, California: Chalfant Press, Inc., 1975.
 Chittenden, Hiram Martin. *The American Fur Trade of the Far West*. Volumes I and II. Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska Press, 1986.
 Farquar, Francis P. *History of the Sierra Nevada*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1965.
 Gilbert, Bil. *Westering Man—the Life of Joseph Walker*. New York: Atheneum, 1983.
 Hafen, Leroy R., editor. *Mountain Men and Fur Traders of the Far West*. Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska Press, 1982.
 Hafen, Leroy R., editor. *The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade*. Volumes I, II, V, VI, VIII. Glendale, California: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1965.
 Lavendar, David. *The Great West*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1965.
 Stewart, George R. *The California Trail*. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1962.

California State Highway 178 looking west from summit of Walker Pass. Photo by Bill Webster.



COWBOYS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN HEROES

and they still are today.

by Lynn Clay

My hero was my Uncle Lee Summers, a cowboy, a packer, a gambler, a drinker and — as my parents said in hushed tones — a "ladies' man." In other words, a rogue. You can understand my parents' reluctance when he invited me to accompany him on a four-day pack trip.

I was just 14 and Uncle Lee was working as a packer for the Forest Service out of Reds Meadows, packing in supplies to the wilderness rangers on the John Muir Trail and carrying out trash, etc.

My grandfather, my father (Verne) and Uncle Lee had packed into the Mammoth Lakes backcountry for years. My grandfather and grandmother, Lloyd and Sybil McGee Summers, owned and operated the first pack station in Mono County, the Mammoth Lakes Pack Station, now owned by Lou and Marye Roeser.

Hesitant, but knowing the special bond between Uncle Lee and me, Mom and Dad gave their permission. YaHoo! I got to go!! So began my adventure with Uncle Lee and four mules.

We saddled up early one morning and off we rode. When I saw him roll a Bull Durham cigarette one handed in the wind and strike a match on his saddle to light it, I thought I would fall off my horse right there. "What a cowboy thing to do!"

We rode for five hours; I was saddle sore in two. When we stopped to set up camp, I was dirty, horse-smelly, and exhausted. Far too tired to eat and way too sore to sit down. Lee pitched the

tent, laid out my sleeping bag, and laughing a little at my discomfort, said, "Drink this," I did. My first cocktail, a shot of whiskey with a splash of water: "Yuck!" But I woke up ten hours later ready for a hearty breakfast.

Mules packed and horses ready, we experienced a beautiful, but uneventful day, camping that night at Purple Lake with wilderness ranger, now Judge of the Justice Court, Patrick Canfield.

Heading off the next morning, we found the country breathtaking. By now I was feeling somewhat horse-i-fied. We hit some steep switchbacks going down to a lovely meadow area called Tully Hole, Uncle Lee in front, the four mules and I trailing. I'm not sure, but I think my horse must have been stung by a bee. She jumped up and above the last mule in line, causing him to spook too. The mule lost its footing and in seconds began to slide down the steep shale-covered mountainside. Because the mules were roped together, the third mule started to slide as well. I held my horse fast and looked at Lee. He quickly yanked the lead rope around his saddle horn, spurred his horse with all he had, and pulled the two sliding mules back onto the trail.

It wasn't until we were on steady ground that I noticed the pocket knife in his hand. When I asked him about it, he said calmly, "I would have cut them loose." I was stunned and shaken but amazed at the calm reflexes of this man who knew exactly what to do, and I couldn't help but speculate on how it could have turned out so differently.

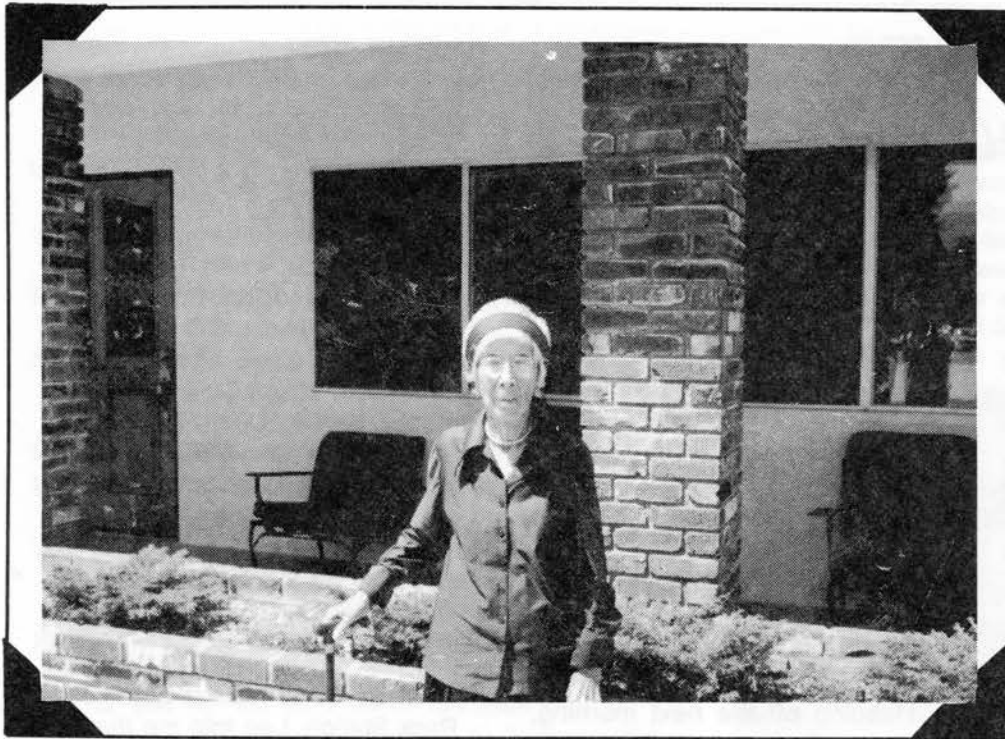
The following day Uncle Lee showed me where Dad had shot

his first deer when he was 12 years old. From up on a bluff, he pointed out two small lakes, one named Lee Lake after him, the other Cecil Lake after an old friend of the family, Cecil Thorington, Sheriff of Mono County. In between the two lakes was a small meadow that Uncle Lee thought was unnamed. He said when we returned, he would register it with the Forest Service as Lynn Meadow, for me.

When we arrived at Lake Mary Pack Station, Lee told me that my little horse had never been on a trail ride before, and that she liked to buck! "But," he said, "what you didn't know didn't hurt you."

As for Lynn Meadow, I don't believe he ever did register it, but that doesn't really matter. Uncle Lee was still alive when I had my daughter, Coral. I am certain he took pride in knowing that her middle name is Lee. Thus: Coral Lee was my meadow-name in his honor. *





Mary Watterson Gorman, 1988

MARY WATTERSON GORMAN 1889-1990

photos

courtesy Lowell Kunze, nephew

by Demila Jenner

In 1983 when Mary Watterson Gorman was an immaculately groomed, articulate 94 years old, Demila Jenner spent some months interviewing her for a work-in-progress about the silver history of Mono County's Blind Spring Hill mining district. Jenner was interested in eliciting memories of Mary's girlhood visits to her Aunt Kate Watterson, a resident of Benton Hot Springs for 25 years. The taped interviews eventually ranged back and forth over the whole of Mary's life. After her death, Mary's nephew, Lowell Kunze of Santa Rosa, Ca., generously lent to ALBUM Editor Jane Fisher notebooks filled with his aunt's memories, plus several manuscripts of her fiction writings dealing with various experiences she encountered during her 101 years, one month and 27 days of real living. From this rich collection comes the account of the life of Mary Watterson Gorman.

Pick any 100-year period of American history; it is bound to teem with dynamic, important happenings. And yet, the Mary Gorman century seems particularly interesting. For starters, look who else was born in Mary's natal year and think how those names fit into the crevices of our recent history: Adolf Hitler. Robert Brown. ing. Charlie Chaplin. Jean Cocteau. Claude Rains. A. Philip Randolph.

The year Mary was born, the Bishop post office, established in 1870 as "Big Creek," was officially changed to "Bishop" with Seth Snedin as its first postmaster. In 1889, Bishop's Inyo Academy advertised in

The Northwestern Christian Advocate for a principal, "rooms furnished," with the result that William G. Dixon left off topping oat stacks on his father's New Hartford, Iowa, farm and entrained with his bride for Bishop. Today, Dixon Lane north of Bishop attests that Principal Dixon landed the job.

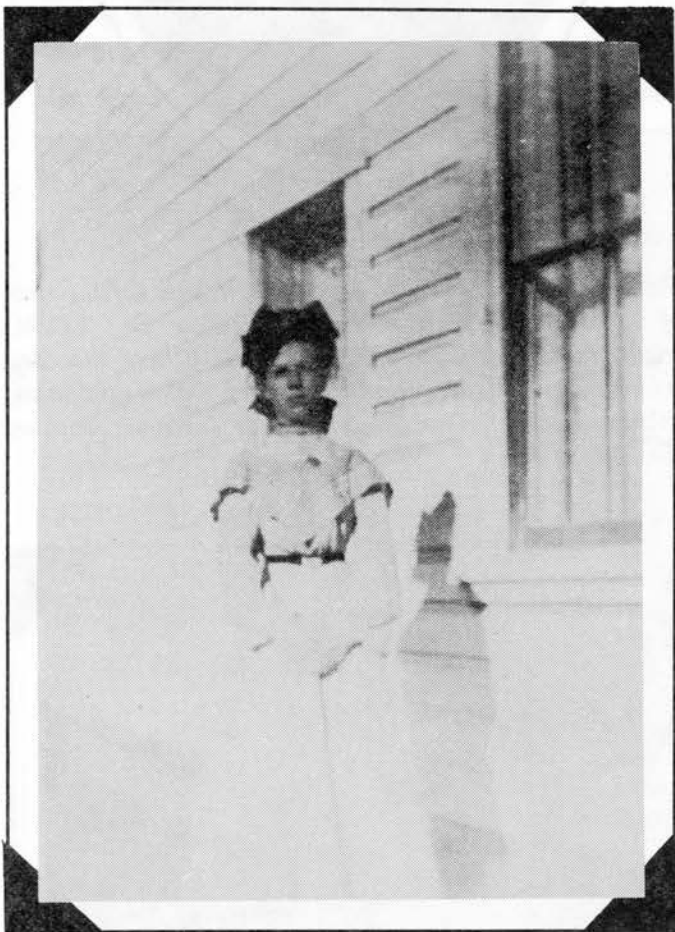
It was in 1889 also that Congress provided for appropriations leading to establishment of a national Reclamation Service, which opened the sluices to Owens Valley water for J.B. Lippincott, supervising engineer for California, and his partners-in-crime. How did this affect Mary's life? Practically until the day of her death, she was an articulate foe of the water thieves who drained Owens Valley of its life fluid.

The year Mary was born, the territory of Washington became our nation's 42nd state; in Mary's lifetime nine more territories would achieve statehood, including Alaska which brought into our Union the largest land mass of any state thus far admitted. Mary's century saw some 20 presidential inaugurations; it also witnessed the doubling of the list of U.S. presidents murdered by American citizens, adding McKinley and Kennedy to Garfield and the martyred Lincoln.

In 1869 the ship that brought Mary's mother Eliza Watterson to America docked in New York Harbor as two courageous women, Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, were organizing the National Woman Suffrage Association. Though it would be another 51 years before American women were allowed to vote, during her century Mary would see these women firsts: Jeanette Rankin was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives, 1916; in 1920, women won

the right to vote with ratification of the 19th amendment; Rebecca Felton became a member of the U.S. Senate, 1922; Nellie Tayloe Ross was elected governor of Wyoming, 1925; Francis Perkins became Secretary of Labor (Cabinet member), 1933; Sandra Day O'Connor was appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court, 1981.

All her adult life, Mary considered she was *born* a Republican; certainly she died a Republican. Thus, politically, life began auspiciously for her: a month before her birth, Republican Benjamin Harrison was inaugurated as 23rd president of these United States, ousting Democrat Grover Cleveland. During the last decade of her life, Mary's Republicans were firmly entrenched in the White House, and if in the interim she had to endure some Democratic presidential tenures at D.C.'s 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., Mary lived secure in the knowledge it was through no vote of hers that the likes of Jimmy Carter was given a four-year chance to run the country.



Mary Watterson, probably in Bishop during her high school years

Mary Constance they named her, this last of seven children born to Eliza Quayle and William Watterson, a sheepherding couple who in 1869 came honeymooning to California from their ancestral land in the Irish Sea.

Like patriarchs of Bible lore they came to the [Owens] Valley, driving their flocks before them, wrote a teenage Mary, touched forever by the writing bug after Mary Austin (*Land of Little Rain*) lived for a while with the Wattersons on their huge sheep ranch outside Bishop while doing research for her book *The Flock*.

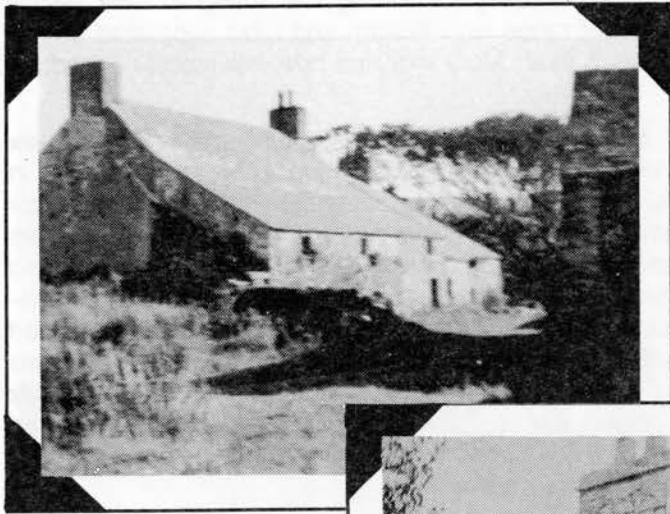
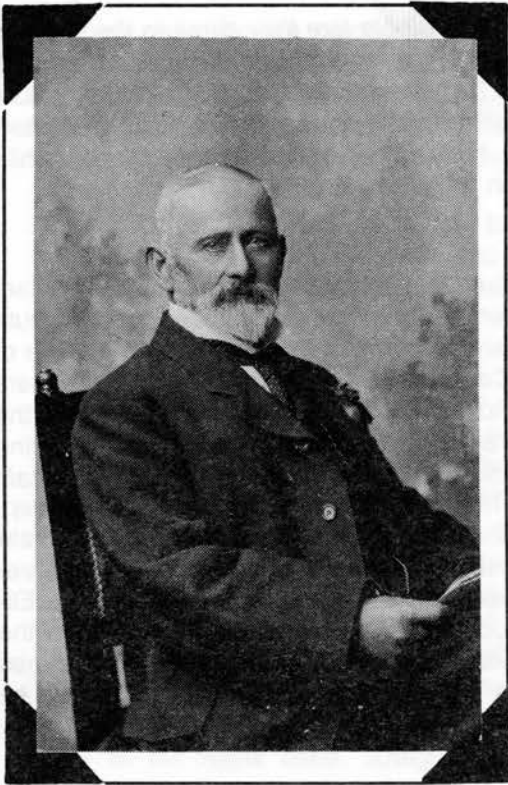
Austin had chosen an impeccable source: William and his brother Mark, solidly experienced from a youth spent on the sheep farms of their parents on the Isle of Man, for 17 California years drove the flocks of others from Delano to summer in mountain meadows of the Eastern Sierras, returning to Delano before lambing time, *contending with uncertain weather, uncertain markets, and most of all, uncertain feed for the sheep,* wrote Mary. She also noted that had not a deadly Fate intervened, there would have been three Manx sheepherders instead of just the two Watterson brothers. Eliza's brother, John Quayle, made the journey from the Isle of Man with them. After a few weeks he returned home to bring his family to California; while there he contracted pneumonia and died.

The necessity for trailing the sheep to their distant summer range kept William and Eliza separated for half of each year; Mary explains how her mother coped:

My mother was left in their small home in Stockton six months of the year. Her two oldest children were born in that time. The older boy being somewhat frail, the doctor advised her to give him more outdoor life, so she gave up the small home they had bought in Stockton and thereafter followed the flocks, eventually driving the one-horse, one-mule team which pulled the wagon loaded with the necessary equipment. During those years two other children were born, with assistance of Mexican or Spanish women. Eventually acreage was purchased seven miles out from Delano with a two-room house for mother and children.

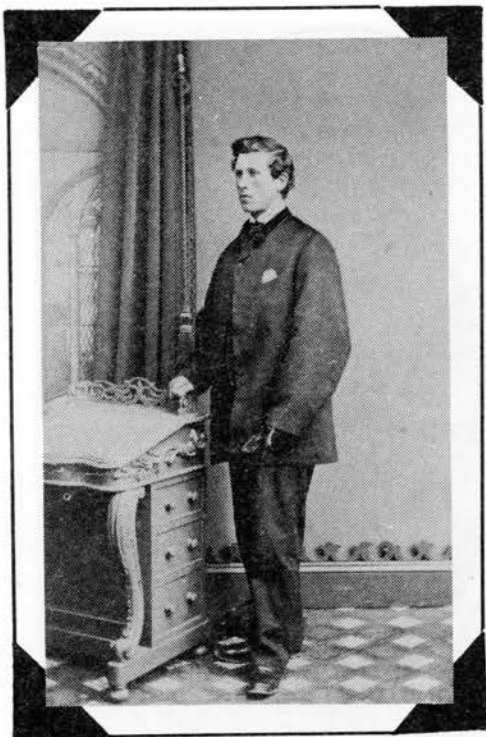
The Wattersons' contract with sheep owners called for modest wages, but the important clause was "a percentage of the flock increase." Due to their excellent stewardship of the sheep, William and Mark were able in 1885 to buy property three miles southeast of Bishop in the Warm Springs area, where, noted Mary, *the rivers and creeks ran full and appealed to the weary sheepherders — as it did later to notables of the City of Los Angeles.*

Long into the future, Mary would remember her first home: *I was born three years after my people settled on the ranch in Bishop, a ranch that had been owned by a man of means, Al Briggs. Judging from what remained of the elaborate project, he must have been more intent on making his 500-plus acres into a gracious setting for his ego than in the science of farming.*



Patriarchs Wm. Quayle, M.H.K., Isle of Man (left), father of Eliza; Mark Watterson of Knock-Aloe Beg, I.O.M. (right), father of William Watterson; (left) Knock-Aloe Beg which Mary spells Naquelo Beg, home of William and Mark Watterson; and (below) Quayle home at Glenmayer, both on the Isle of Man



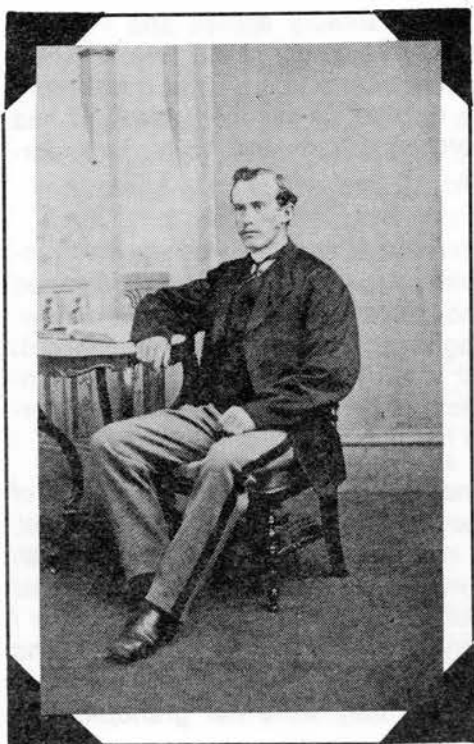


Left: William Watterson

Right: Sisters Eliza and Sara Quayle



The handsome Watterson brothers, William and Mark, were two of eight children born to Mark Watterson, whose brother was also William, names that continued through generations. The William pictured on this page married Eliza Quayle and they in turn produced seven children: Wilfred, Mark, Isabel, Elizabeth, Elsie, Eldred, and Mary (Gorman). Sara Quayle was married to Mark, but died when she was only 28, after which Mark married Elizabeth Connell. Through the marriages of the eight Watterson men and women from the Isle of Man have come so many connections to local pioneer families over the generations that a family tree was too large to print in these pages, even after determining which Williams and Marks were which.



Left: Mark Watterson

Right: Elizabeth Connell





Left: four Watterson sisters: (top) Isabel, (center) Elsie and "Bessie," (bottom) Mary

Above: Eliza Quayle Watterson and her first child, Wilfred, 1869

Briggs sold the property and left the area when his house burned down soon after it was built. What was left when the Wattersons moved there in 1886 were *well-built stables with stalls to accommodate nine horses, a carriage room, tack rooms and bins for grain, a panelled enclosure and shed for the dairy and a pump to fill the drinking trough with well water rather than depending on the uncertain irrigating ditches.* The outhouse was a two-room affair, one with two large seats and two small ones; the other with one seat. Apparently Mr. Briggs's aim was catering to all tastes: privacy while answering nature's calls, or sharing of life's momentous events.

The Watterson family made their home in Briggs's "*commodious wash house*," which they remodelled into a three-bedroom affair adjacent to two large cellars of stone and adobe under the bunkhouse built for Brigg's hired help. Still intact was the fifty-foot wide driveway lined with willow and poplar trees that led to the burned-out house site, which space was filled with tamarisk and mulberry trees enclosing all kinds of roses interspersed with lilacs and snow balls. An orchard still produced

Belle Fleur and Rome Beauty apples and Pippins, flanked by Bartlett and d'Anjou pear trees, beyond which spread great patches of blackberry and gooseberry bushes — quite a change for shepherders who had spent 17 years searching deserts and mountains for forage for their flocks.

Having a baby in cramped quarters was standard procedure for Eliza by now, so Mary's birth in the converted wash house was no problem. Moving in her piano, however, presented logistical problems long remembered: On Nov. 20, 1982 when Mary was living in Independence after the death of her second husband, Val Gorman, she wrote in her notebook:

When we returned last night from the installation of officers in the lodge hall across the street from the hotel, Albert was sitting in front of the fire in the lobby. With him was a young woman whose two attractive little girls were running about. Although her name was familiar I did not immediately connect her with the couple who lived two miles or more above Val and me on the creek some fifty years ago; they were her grandparents,

George and Vida Parker, who ran a pack outfit on Oak Creek . . . In recalling George and Vida, I remembered Vida's grandmother and grandfather — six generations, all told. Vida's grandfather, whom I met after my return to the Valley, told me of being at our ranch the day our piano was unloaded, a beautifully-toned upright Weber. The door casing of the converted wash house, which was our home, had to be removed to permit the unusually large addition to the meager amount of furniture we had.

Their living quarters might be small, but there was nothing picayune about the Bishop-based land holdings of Eliza and William Watterson. Mary wrote that they started out with 400 acres, and as adjacent acreage could be either filed upon or bought, our land soon consisted of 520 acres of level land suitable for agriculture. The whole pattern of life was changed. Father became a farmer, a successful one, as he constantly informed himself of better methods and installed them.

One of her father's innovations was buying his own stud horse, just for our mares, eliminating heavy breeding fees. The stallion was named Corbett, after James John ("Gentleman Jim") Corbett, an American pugilist who fought his first heavy-weight bout when Mary was two-and-a-half weeks old. Begun in Fairfax, California, on May 30, the fight was stopped by police in the fourth round; it began again a week later on a barge in San Francisco Bay. Corbett, whose hands were "unusually small and frail for a prizefighter," had suffered a broken right thumb in the beginning four rounds; the barge phase of the fight netted him two broken knuckles on his left hand. Despite two maimed hands, Corbett won over Joe Choynski, an experienced heavyweight, in the 28th round. In naming his stud horse "Corbett," therefore, William Watterson was obviously betting on his stallion exhibiting Gentleman Jim's staying power in the face of whatever odds.

Freed of birthing, Eliza matched William's industry: Mother soon acquired a flock of chickens, later added turkeys, using the chickens as incubators for turkey eggs. As the turkey flocks increased, she made contact with markets in Virginia City and Reno and shipped the dressed turkeys to them in winter. One year she counted 400 turkeys sold.

William was still a sheepman, but now he hired herders from the French Alps (gentle, kindly men, Mary remembered) to drive the flocks to their summer range in Benton:

The drive north to the range above Benton was begun by one herder for each of the two flocks and a man to tend to the burros and food supplies and make the bread. The morning they started out everyone was astir early as going through Bishop three miles beyond our ranch was more feasible before people were about. The sheep had to be driven the length of Main Street and then across the branches of Bishop Creek five miles beyond the town. This was difficult as sheep will

take almost any action to avoid going through water, even at wading depth. If storms in the mountains or heavy runoff made the creek-levels high with water, the bed of the wagon was removed to form a bridge. But once beyond this difficult beginning, there were no more streams of any size to worry about.

After a heavy snowfall, the area around Fish Slough provided good pasture. Fish Slough was at one time a station for the occasional stage service and vehicular traffic going north and south. Its huge crystal-clear spring was made accessible by a floor and shallow sides of flat stones slightly moss-grown. It made an attractive spot, just before the water ran into huge ponds where giant carp moved lazily about.

After the herders with their sheep reached the summer camp beyond Benton, neither the head men nor the burros and dogs was seen by us again until their return in September.

*By 1894 all Mary's siblings had become accustomed to the mile-long walk to school, and the nearly-five Mary was agitating to be allowed to go to school with her sisters Isabel, Elsie and Elizabeth rather than fill the long days following mother around doing her outside tasks. When she reached her fifth birthday, she was enrolled as a pupil in the one-room schoolhouse situated about a quarter of a mile beyond the southeast corner of the Watterson ranch on a five-acre corner plot fenced off from the 20-acre field farmed by Billy Oliver. More than 80 years later, Mary could remember details: *There were two outhouses and a hitching rack for the horses which the children rode who lived more than two or three miles from school; some of them lived six or more miles away. The school house consisted of one large room, probably 60x80 feet and two anterooms where we deposited our lunches and wraps each morning. Into this large room with forty or more combined seats and desks, some forty — and once or twice, some sixty — children gathered to be instructed by one teacher.**

Mary's teacher for the first three years was a Dr. Howell, who had helped Eliza deliver Mary into the world. A kind and patient man who had 40 or 50 pupils between the ages of five and 15 — all nine grades — Dr. Howell had brought his family from Kansas with the intention of practicing medicine but he had not acquired a California license so he had to add to the small sum he received from his few acres by teaching for three years.

Succeeding Dr. Howell was a young Nevada Native named Janet Pearce who taught for two years, followed by an unforgettable local girl named Lea Darrah:

Of all [the teachers] I knew, she was the most dedicated. As her home was with her parents in Bishop, she drove the four miles each way in a little one-horse cart. What long hours were required of her! She must have left home soon after seven o'clock on those cold and sometimes stormy mornings. As she passed our Uncle

Mark's home on the way, Lea picked up his two girls, Emily and Nellie, for their ride to school. Uncle Mark furnished oats for Lea's horse in return for the girls' transportation. It must have often been 6 o'clock and dark before she got home at night. The narrow road went through a willow thicket wherein anything might lurk and years afterward my cousin Nellie told me of her terror when they went through this tunnel-like section of the road . . . Often there was no regular janitor, and the teacher would have to build the fire in the huge wood stove that sat in the middle of the schoolroom..

With one teacher to corral sometimes sixty pupils, Mary justifiably marvelled at their ability to pull it off: *When I hear the word 'dedicated' I think only of those admirable teachers who somehow managed to keep order and guide this heterogeneous group. The fact that all of the children were of Anglo-Saxon origin may have been a salutary circumstance.*

The schools were segregated in those days; Inyo's Paiute children attended separate schools. Could it be that Mary's Republican elitism was showing a bit there?

After finishing grammar school, Mary entered Inyo Academy, which her brothers and sisters had already attended. Bishop's equivalent of a high school, the Academy was established by the Methodist Church the year she was born. Alumnus Mary Watterson thought highly of the Academy's building and its teachers:

The Academy in Bishop, established for higher learning, existed for some years. A two-story building containing an auditorium, quite the largest in the Valley at that time, a social hall, numerous classrooms and living quarters for students from a distance, was situated on a campus of some 30 or more acres. The faculty consisted of exceptional men from Eastern colleges — one at a time — aided by women teachers in the Art and Music Departments. Mary Austin taught there a few years as art instructor and English teacher . . .

From 1909 through 1911, Mary attended Mills College at Oakland, Calif. Chartered in 1885 as the first college for women in the Far West, it was noted for its fine arts department. Mary's flair for writing blossomed at Mills; in 1910 and 1911, she was assistant editor of the *Mills Literary Quarterly*, which published several of her short stories.

In 1912 Mary returned to Bishop to help her mother take care of her seriously ill father. When it became apparent that William Watterson was dying, Mary gave up thought of returning to Mills, though the dean of the college wrote her a letter offering scholarship assistance if she would return for her final year. Mary's father died late in December of that year.

Some time after her father's death, Mary made her first trip to the Isle of Man, birthplace of both her parents: *I was about 23 years old; I stayed with relatives on my mother's side and my father's side. It was not until I stood in the doorway at Knockaloe, the farm where my father spent his early years, and looked across the gorse-covered hills to the sapphire Irish Sea that I glimpsed the resolution and courage that compelled my parents to leave that sea-girt land...*

Back in Bishop, where her brothers, Wilfred and Mark were operating the Inyo County Bank, which they had established some years previously, Mary decided to go to Los Angeles, where she worked for a couple of years. During this time, she accompanied her mother, who suffered from rheumatism, to Lake Elsinore where Eliza was treated by an English physician, Dr. Tom Gotham, recently widowed, father of a beautiful young daughter. Dr. Gotham and Mary became friends; in 1916, they were married.

(In the next installment, Mary copes with sudden motherhood, learns what it means to be the wife of an erratic doctor, intensifies her writing career, and at last returns gratefully to *the greatest country in the world.*

MARY GORMAN AS WRITER

In the following story written at Burlingame on the shores of San Francisco Bay, Mary Watterson Gotham (later Gorman) brings a shepherd boy from the French Pyrenees to California. In a storm-battered homesteader's cabin beside the lake of Bitter Waters in the Eastern Sierras, a man regains his lost faith with the midnight cry of a newborn babe on *Holy Night*.

To give you the flavor of Mary's writing, we present the opening and closing paragraphs of her story; Author Jenner gives a synopsis of the middle part in the interest of brevity.

"Ave, Ave, Ave Maria!" The anthem mounted to the stars. In the face of the mountain of the Pic du Jers, where blazed an enormous cross, some thousand souls sent up their prayers. All night these sturdy and primitive Ayrans lay in the open, sleeping and praying. It was the annual feast of Our Lady of the Lourdes. From the farthest Pyrenean slopes they had come in the quest of the Holy Grail of Health and on the opposite shores of the Cave River and over the cities of Bayonne and Lourdes the echoes of their ceaseless chants lay heavily.

*"Mother of our Saviour, pray for us!
Mother, most pure, pray for us!
Our Lady of Lourdes, pray for us!"*

With his father and mother came Andre Espelier to the shrine of the sainted peasant girl. Andre, a lad of 12 at the time, watched his mother with wondering eyes as she kissed the sacred stone, then died like a moth at the very foot of the altar. As his father wiped the blood from the mother's still lips and gathered the frail body into his arms, Andre cursed the calm eyed image above them until he was carried away by the horrified worshippers... in after years when others spoke of the miracles performed by Saint Bernardette, Andre blasphemed against Our Lady of Lourdes, against the Virgin, against the Christ himself, and she, whose prayers could have healed his soul, was gone.

★ ★ ★

Middle Synopsis: Andre's father remarried and Andre tended his father's sheep in the "Pyrenean fastnesses," always remembering the words of a villager who'd returned from America: *Anyone who knows sheep can get a job from Ardizzi and Olcese in Bakersfield, California.* Seven years after his mother died, when the time was ripe and his heart bitterest, Andre left his father's sheep in the care of a hireling — all but the wethers; these he sold in the nearest market place, and with the money, he came to California.

For Olcese and Ardizzi Andre trailed 1500 ewes across the Mojave desert to summer pasture in the high sierra. A rainless summer and fall meant no forage in Delano and on instructions, Andre lingered with the sheep until the winter was too far advanced and the ewes too heavy for the journey to Delano. Then he was told to run them along the foothills until they could be fed with hay in fenced pastures at lambing time. Late December found Andre camping with his dogs and sheep below the lake of Bitter Waters where now and then a homesteader's cabin and corrals dotted the plain.

On a stormy midnight Andre was disturbed by a light burning in a distant cabin; he knew the owner had gone into town, and judging by the weather, would not return until the next day. The worried shepherd dressed himself and went through the night to the cabin.

★ ★ ★

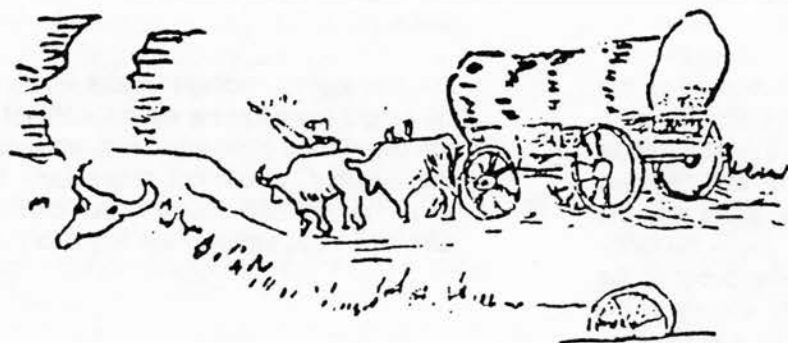
On a cot in one corner of the room lay a woman, white and stricken, and in the other corner, near the stove, an old woman bent over a newborn babe. There was no sound, no cry of the child, and Andre, seeing the pale woman, small and frail as was his mother, fumbled timidly at the door and pushed his way into the room. The two women were slightly startled but they were not afraid. He did not attempt to speak with them, and they seemed to understand that he did not know their language.

While the Indian woman rubbed the small limbs of the child according to her primitive understanding, she sought to coax a breath of life into the tiny frame as the mother feebly made suggestions; Andre built up the fire until it baffled the wind that shrieked through the cracks. He fetched water from the well outside and set it on the stove to heat; he carried the mother, cot and all, over to the fire and made her warm and comfortable as he had learned to do with his mother. He did many things in a few moments, but listened always for the child's cry to pierce the stillness of the cabin.

Finally, the still child and the anguished mother presented to Andre a situation not to be controlled by human hands. Into his mind rushed all the hopes that had inspired his childish heart before the fateful journey to Lourdes. He did not think of what had come after. It was with the same childish faith that the little mother had knelt at the shrine across the seas that Andre knelt on the cabin floor and fervently whispered the prayers of the pilgrim of Lourdes.

*"Mother of our Saviour, pray for us!
Mother, most pure, pray for us!
Our Lady of Lourdes, pray for us!"*

No prayer for life or healing in the face of the Pic du Jers ever rose to Heaven more completely and more swiftly than did the whispering of Andre, for the child moved in the Indian woman's arms and cried. Over the face of the mother on the cot spread a radiance such as Andre had seen only around the Madonna's image on Christmas morn and Andre remembered it was Holy Night. ❖



*From The
Callender Tepee*

"...the living drama in this last stand of old-timers... the desire (to share) this chance friendship of a silver and gold mining pioneer family while they are actually living out one of the fast disappearing legends of the west..."

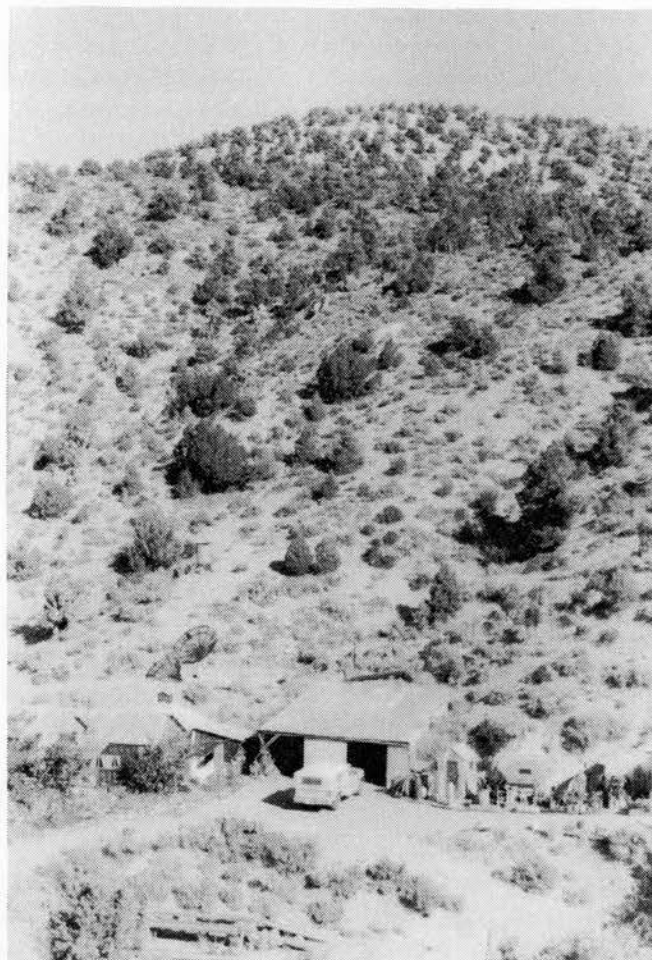
Thus does Bob Callender introduce:

THE LAST OF A BREED

by Bob Callender

There is drama today in western Nevada, near the California border. It is the life of a vanishing breed, in a remote canyon east of the White Mountains. It is found in a place I call Magic Canyon, where on a summer morn you can almost hear history echoing through the pinion pine studded slopes of the six thousand foot high range. The only tangible sound will be a dawn breeze announcing the sun's rays as they filter through the pale green and blue Juniper berries, the dark green of the pinion, and the gentle gray of the fragrant sage on the lower slopes.

If you allow your imagination to listen carefully, you might hear the underground blasting of rich silver ore and the creaking of ancient wooden head frames as it was pulled from the depths before the turn of the century. A hawk may slowly circle Indian Rock up the canyon, seeking a desert mouse on the slopes where Paiute tribes once roamed gathering pinenuts and hunting game.



This twentieth century setting is the result of a dream, not of Hollywood making, but of the last of a breed, a man and his wife who have vowed to live out their joys and lives in this magic canyon they have known for so long.

To those who accidentally wander by, Don and Margaret Clair will tell of how his father followed the Indian trails in the 1800s when the aborigines spoke of heavy rocks in sacred canyons of the pinion that furnished winter food. The legends were true. The rocks were heavy in the draws and gullies: heavy with silver and lead. The world needed silver to fight wars, foster science and form the monetary base of trade.

The word got out, a town was born, claims were staked, shafts were sunk, tunnels bored, and the ore shipped to distant mills. Then fate twisted fortunes; Don's father died; silver fell; and the town became a sleeping ghost. Young Don went away to school, jobs in southern climes, marriage, and a son, Earl. Silver prices rose again so Dan and Margaret went north to reinstate his father's old mines. They never left.

The original bunkhouse was remodeled for their treasure trove of memories, where neither telephone nor power lines penetrate the land. Don had gone to mining school and inherited his father's aptitude in mechanics and equipment operation and through the years performed many miracles in perfecting the operation. The nearly single-handed construction of an ore processing mill, using diesel electric power, brought successful years of production. In recent inflationary times, high costs and technology have taken their toll in silver and lead, as Don works to promote corporation interests and a smelter addition.

Small generators allow washer and dryer, electric water pumping systems, and even satellite television. Radio-telephone communication furnishes sufficient touch with the outer world. Old fashioned gas lights, cook stove, water heater, and generating plants utilize butane, although refrig-



eration works best on kerosene. In using dead pinion pine and Juniper of the area Don has become the master woodsman in gathering and "making" his wood with his powerful home-made splitter. The big Ashley stove keeps the whole house snug in winter months, sometimes spent increasing the Disneyland of colored macrame plant hangers in the living room, or perusing the many books and magazines neatly stacked in shelves.

There is an extra room attached, with an old-fashioned feather bed next to an aged upright piano, crates of oranges, apples, and extra food. On any trips in the area, I always detour for a visit, to sleep in "my" special bed, sometimes to hear a snowy wind carry the howl of a distant coyote echoing down the frosty slopes of Magic Canyon.

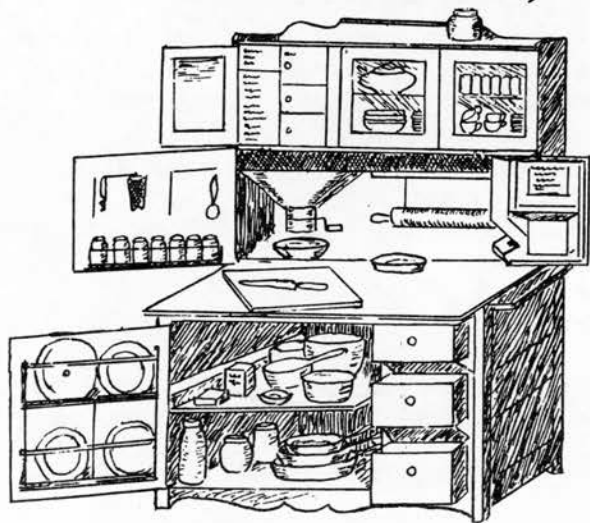
Once in awhile the canyon gives birth to a real gully washer. The weather-maker decides to throw a party in the sky, calling in the darkest thunderheads heavy with rain as star performers, choosing a spot for which no formula has ever been figured, and dumping all their rain at once. The ensuing action can happen where the dry desert has little growth to hold or divert the resulting deluge and you have a gully washer. Rocks, sand, logs, branches of trees and brush suddenly become a devastating force removing or drastically changing everything in the way. Sometimes the canyon road literally disappears and several days will pass before the county sends in heavy equipment to rebuild the road.

It was quite by accident that my Baja buddy Mel Lamoureux and I found the canyon. An enticing *Desert Magazine* article spoke of a cottonwood springs and nearby ancient mining camps and trails to ride with our small bikes. Cresting the summit of a seven thousand foot dirt road, we were drawn by curiosity down the well maintained mountain grade to the buildings of Magic Canyon and a lasting friendship. The many visits, mining tours, and story telling by this vanishing breed are the real treasures of these mountains.



Ten miles out on the flats of the neighboring valley, a metal barrel suffices as a post office. Another thirty miles over a twisting, high White Mountain pass will reach the nearest town. ✱

A Goo-ood Cook Book



ELSA CRAIG'S CORN SPOON BREAD (Dora Coats)

Scald 1 cup top milk, add 1 cup corn meal, 3 egg yolks-beaten in, one at a time, 1 tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. salt, 3 tbsp. sugar. Gently add stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake at 400° for 30 minutes. Nice baked in an iron skillet. Spoon out to serve.

Ed. Note: remember "top milk?" It was that wonderful stuff we ate by the solid spoonfull after the milk stood long enough to separate — those of us who grew up on a ranch, anyway. That was before cholesterol was invented.

Here's another way:

SPOON BREAD (Emma Ratliff)

1 c. yellow corn meal
1 tsp. salt
4 eggs
3 c. milk
2 tbsp. butter
1 tsp. baking powder

Cook cornmeal in milk in double boiler for 30 minutes. Beat eggs well, add eggs, butter, salt, and baking powder to mush. Butter 1½ quart size baking dish, put in mush and bake in 375° oven for 30 minutes.

Here are some more recipes from the cookbook produced by the Palisade Glacier Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution for the Bishop Centennial 1861-1961. Some for fun and some for downright good eating, but all collections from cooks of an earlier time.

Try one or the other with a good hot soup for a cold day. And no, there is no shortcut microwave variation. Maybe it has to be made on a cold Saturday or Sunday at home.

LIMA HAM CHOWDER (Phyllis Boothe)

1½ cup large dry lima beans
1 meaty ham hock
1½ tsp. salt
1 cup chopped onion
½ cup chopped green pepper
2 tbsp. butter
1½ cup cream style corn
1 quart scalded milk
Dash paprika

Soak limas overnight. Add ham hock and simmer until tender (1½ hours). Season with salt last ½ hour. Remove meat from bone. Mash 1 cup beans. Saute onion and pepper 5 minutes in butter. Stir in corn, whole beans, 1 cup bean cooking liquid, ham and scaled milk. Heat — do not boil.

BOILED SALAD DRESSING (Matie Lutz)

4 tsp. sugar
2 tsp. salt
½ cup vinegar
1½ tsp. dry mustard
2 eggs
1 cup milk
1 cup sour cream

Mix sugar, salt, mustard in top of double boiler. Stir in mixture of slightly beaten eggs, milk and vinegar. Stir thoroughly. Cook over boiling water, stirring until thickened. Cool to room temperature, then beat in sour cream. Refrigerate. Makes 2½ cups.

ARMENIAN CASSEROLE (Elma Rae Crosby)

- 3 lb. boned lamb shoulder, cut into small cubes (or 6 oz. diced roast lamb)
- ½ cup olive oil
- 1 cup minced onions
- ½ cup minced green peppers
- 1 cup raw regular or processed white rice (or 1½ cup precooked rice or 5 oz. pkg.)
- 3 lb. eggplant (2 medium)
- 1 #2 can tomatoes (2½ c.) well drained
- 1 cup Burgundy wine
- ½ c. grated Parmesan cheese
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- 2 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. garlic salt
- ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese for topping

Brown diced lamb thoroughly in olive oil; add onion and green pepper; saute until tender. Cover; simmer until tender (if using cooked lamb omit simmering). Cook rice as package directs. Pare and dice eggplant; cook, covered, in 1" boiling salted water for 5 min.; drain well. Into lamb, stir rice, eggplant, tomatoes, and wine, seasoning and cheese. Turn into a 2 qt. casserole, top with Parmesan cheese and bake 1 hr. or until hot and bubbling. Makes 8 generous servings.

GLAD'S GOOD GOO (Mrs. C.F. White)

- 1 c. mushrooms (or fresh)
- 1 onion
- salt and pepper
- prepared mustard, soya sauce, Lea & Perrins, Beau Monde salt
- ½ c. grated cheddar cheese
- 1 diced green pepper
- 1 lb. link sausage, cut in ½ with scissors
- 1 c. celery
- ½ c. sherry
- 1 clove garlic
- ½ c. uncooked long brown rice
- ½ c. uncooked wild rice
- 3 cans chicken soup or equivalent of chicken cubes and water.

Saute sausage, pour off all grease. Slightly saute onion, garlic, celery, green pepper and add all else except cheese, save that for top. Put in baking dish. Cook in 300° oven 2 hrs. Add sherry last ½ hr. For buffet supper, if no meat is served, use 2 lbs. sausage. For just a vegetable the dish can be toned down by leaving out most anything you want.

That's exactly what it says!

For this one, you have to figure out how to put it together yourself.

FRENCH CHICKEN CURRY (Lucile Sutherland)

- 3 broilers cut up for frying, wing tips removed, thighs separated from drumsticks.
- 4 - 6 tbsp. curry powder (depending on strength of powder)
- 3 med. onions, chopped fine
- 2 peeled, cored apples, chopped fine
- 3 ripe bananas, mashed and put through sieve
- 1½ c. heavy cream, heated
- 2 c. clear chicken broth (a slight additional amount may be needed)
- Butter
- Lemon

As long as you are staying home to cook all day, you might as well make some cookies, too.

PINEAPPLE RAISIN DROPS (Nevada Chamberlain)

Gradually add 1 c. light brown sugar to ½ c. mixed shortening and butter, add 1 egg and one tsp. vanilla, beat well. Stir in ¾ c. crushed pineapple (not drained). Sift together 2 c. sifted flour, 1 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. each soda and salt. Add to first mixture and mix smooth. Stir in ½ c. raisins or walnuts or both. Drop by fat teaspoonfuls on greased baking sheet and bake at 375° (mod.) 12 to 15 min. until lightly browned. Cool on rack, makes 30 to 36 soft cookies. (I used dates instead of raisins and we liked them. The ½ c. of raisins and nuts really means ¼ c. of each. I used a little more of each item - raisins and nuts.)



Seriously Enough...

by Jane Fisher

If you manage to separate your children from the television, planning to carry on, so to speak, about your family history, ancestors, and antecedents, it is wise to use caution.

When I was a girl — an era of which my own girls snidely inquired, “before the olden days or after the days of yore, Mom?” — we spent a lot of time listening to family stories. Of course, those were the days of heros. All of our ancestors were heros, although there may have been a bit of revision in stories of the lives of any forebears less than wonderful.

Bedtime entertainment, when our daughters were young enough to be lured to bed with the promise of stories and songs, consisted of Texas lullabies by their father and family tales by their mother. They grew up believing “The Yellow Rose of Texas” was the national anthem, and that fairy tales were all about ancestors.

We told about John Paul Jones, about Great Grandpa Schaefer who ran away and was adopted by the Army, was kidnapped and raised to teenage by a great Indian Chief, became United States Counsel to Mexico, and finally engineered the city of Wichita, Kansas. Which led to a trial runaway by a certain child determined to live up to her ancestors. Along with her cousin of the same age and adventurous persuasion, carrying a bag of hair curlers each, she set off one dark night to make it to the family cabin at June Lake well ahead of a planned family outing. Fortunately (or unfortunately, depending on whose viewpoint we take here) the first car they thumbed down was a deputy sheriff. Why couldn't she have tried to build a town? Where did we go wrong?

We told about our sea captains who sailed the world in trading ships, who lost brothers and fiances in shipwrecks, who built breweries and hotels in San Francisco before the earthquake and fire. So did they build us a brewery or a nice sailboat? No. They took their little sister out and tied her to a post and prepared to set a fire under her feet.

We told of the ponds, lakes, and reservoirs on the ranches in the Valley when their grandma was a girl. Of how we searched out every mud hole and irrigation ditch left, hoping to find water in which to mess about after the ranches dried up. Beginning to realize we had a captive

audience who might interpret almost anything as reasonable excuse for misadventure, we withheld the stories about running away to try to swim in the aqueduct, sitting in the green slime around the edges of leaking City of Los Angeles pump houses just to feel WET, and dragging old tar barrels up onto the porch to fill with water in which to sit and sulk. Did they appreciate how sad it was to lose the water? I don't think so. At least not after they persuaded Himself to build them a lovely swimming pool in their own back yard.

We told of how their great granddad roamed the backcountry on his horse for weeks at a time with nothing but a wool blanket, some flour, bacon and coffee. This was a favorite story of their father's, who married me, I was convinced, to go backpacking and fishing with my parents back in those grim places with no street lights, populated with ferocious bears and who knew what else. Himself was perfectly pleased to find that these stories led to a burning desire to follow in their great granddad's horse-steps. But it backfired on me. They made me go along, wet, cold and wailing all the way.

But the worst problem was yet to come. It was the event that caused serious reconsideration of ancestor-flaunting, and painstaking, detailed explanations of the sequence of time. It was when our youngest said, “Mom, did you come to California on a covered wagon?”

When talking about the olden days, be sure you differentiate carefully between once-upon-a-time and the days of yore.



Editor's Corner



A LITTLE BUSINESS

Please don't forget to let us know any change of address. It costs us \$1.33 to mail out one *ALBUM*, another \$1.33 when it is returned, and \$1.33 again to send it out to the corrected address furnished by the post office. Third class mail is not forwarded. Our new policy is to hold the returned issue until the next mailing and include it with that. Mailing two *ALBUM*s costs \$1.67, so it saves us a little. Remember that this doesn't include the price of envelopes — or employee time.

GOOD NEWS FOR A FEW

In cleaning out the warehouse, Jerry found a dozen each of the out-of-print issues of *THE ALBUM* Vol. I, Nos. 3 and 4. If you are collecting the complete set and were disappointed, we can make 12 people happy.

It has been suggested that we place an ad here for those collector's issues that are so scarce: Vol. 1, Nos. 3 and 4, and Vol. II, No. 1. If any readers have those numbers and are willing to sell them, please let us know name, address, issue, and price asked.

PROFILE

Now that you think you know our explorer and day dreaming ghost town collector David A. Wright, let's see if his profile matches your vision.

You may be surprised to know that David is organized extremely well. I wondered if he was in love with his word processor, but he scolds it in every letter. Nonetheless, his articles arrive on my desk in three-ring binders with neatly labeled subdivisions: Contents,

Cover Letter, Introduction, Manuscript (by title), Photo List and Photographs, Map(s), References, Field Trips (listed), Notes, and Cost List. When each is returned after publication, David has another fine addition to his library of explorations. Because he always sends dozens of photographs from which to choose, these are most exciting packages, and I expect they will become a valuable collection someday.

David works for Kerr-McGee in Trona as an operator at the Argus Plant. Since he has worked all areas of the plant, he gets moved around quite a bit, running "Bicarb," "Mono's," "Carbo," "M.E.A.," "S.A.C.," the control board, or sometimes acting as "rover," which is an extra man on each shift to fill in as needed to help out when things go wrong. He also fills in as supervisor if a supervisor is out of the plant or sick.

Not only are there risks involved in his full time job, since making Borax and ash soda products is a highly technical chemical process, but David also is Deputy Fire Chief of the volunteer brigade. "K-M stresses on-the-job safety as an extremely high priority, and not a day goes by without a safety meeting," he says. "Also the company has safety awards often. I have received some of them, they usually can be quite expensive, not just trinkets. Consequently, the company has a very good safety record in the chemical industry." The operations of the Kerr-McGee company and its plants, use of reclaimed water, and safety methods is a fascinating story of its own.

David says he supports a three bedroom/two bath home, a dog (we knew that), a 2x4 truck and a new Taurus, both "with all the goodies." He loves the desert and his pretty wife, who goes exploring with him.

Here is an example of how David collects his information. "It seems that each time I sit down at the word processor (which is almost daily), I get emotionally involved with one story or another. Then I focus on that story for a few weeks, then dump it. The Bodie and Benton story is like that. I started taking the notes (for which I have a floppy disk dedicated to that purpose; I copy all material I find, put the source in bold type at the end of each input, then categorize it by subject and chronology, print it out, then erase the disk). For the B & B story last summer, I did a rough draft for the introduction soon afterward, then dumped it until January. Then each day in January and February I took notes, ordered books from the library (San Bernardino County Library has a great system. Even little Trona has a computer to access the entire library system, which is great because I can find books I didn't know even existed), and wrote in more manuscript. Then I dumped it again, and then tried to pick it up again in April and May."

And we thought he just sat down under a tree beside an old arrastra and dreamed up all this stuff! So when you read the playful story on page 28 of this issue, you know that more than a whimsy and a camera went into White Mountain City. There was more to the story, as well, but we edited out a lot to turn it into a photo essay.

COMING EVENTS

Coming in the April issue will be the next era of Mary Gorman's life, as promised by Demila Jenner, another Native American photo essay by "Louise," and a touching history of initials carved in a tree on Mono Pass in the late 1800s. This one is by a new contributor, Susan Guhm, and comes with permission of the Yosemite Association newsletter.

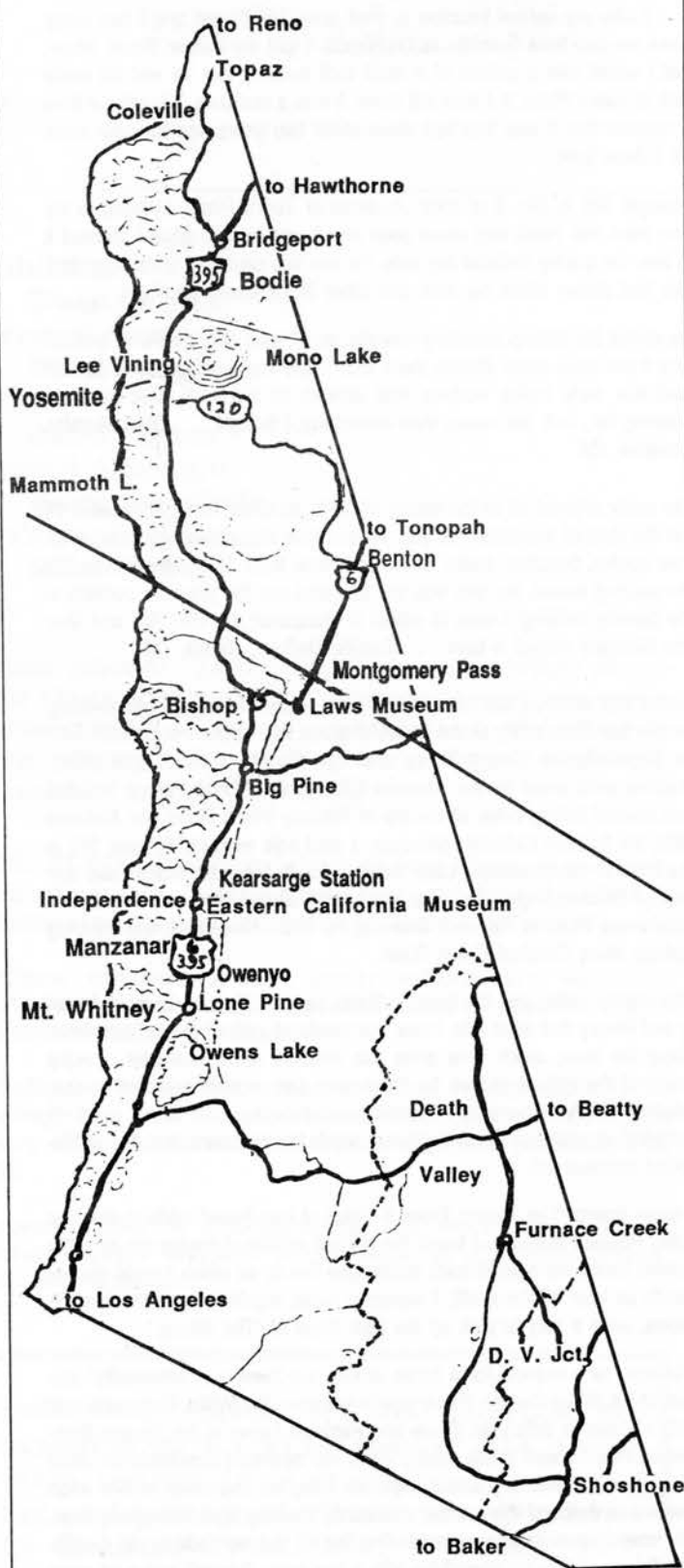
Another new contributor to be featured in the next edition of *THE ALBUM* is Gwilym Williams, whose work at Chicago Title has exposed him to so much local history that he can't resist sharing, starting with a series of three stories about Mammoth: "History of Old Mammoth - The Meadow," in April, "Beginnings of New Mammoth, 1937," in July, and "Origins of Skiing in the Eastern Sierra," next October.

Explorer David A. Wright takes his whimsical attitude to Dog Town and brings back "Dead Dog in the Middle of the Road, a Tall Tale." Louise Kelsey is working on the story of the Conways of Mono County and Bishop, through interviews with Gladys Conway Crosby Milner.

Many Lone Piners will remember the late Gunnar Wahlquist, teacher. His wife, Marian Wahlquist Brooks reminisces about their cabin at Whitney Portal, and many of the people who visited there from 1936 to 1984.

We have the wonderful collection of photographs and stories contributed by Charles and Evelyn Holeman, now of Torrance, CA, which we are anxious to start sharing. Charles Holeman's father, Bert, was president of the High Sierra Recreation Association, organized in 1929, and in this capacity he met Burton Frasher whose photographs became well known collectors' items. Mr. Holeman was appointed by the Federal Government as Receiver of the 1st National Bank of Bishop when it ran into trouble, his wife Mary was the first City Clerk of Bishop, and Charles spent his last three years of high school here. Charles and Evelyn Holeman have made several trips to Bishop for the main purpose of sharing these photographs (many of which were personal gifts from Burton Frasher) and stories with readers of *THE ALBUM*.

MONO COUNTY



INYO COUNTY

Letters to the Editor

SHARING HISTORY

... I take my annual vacation in your area. My fly rod and I fish every creek we can from Goodale to Bridgeport. I told my barber, Frank Shaw, that I would take a picture of a small rock building that he and his uncle built at Tom's Place, if it was still there. It was a restroom. I found out from a resident that it was knocked down about two years ago to make room for Edison lines.

I bought Vol. 4, No. 3 of *THE ALBUM* at Tom's Place, knowing in my own mind that Frank had never seen one. I was excited when I showed it to him. He quickly deflated my sails. He has two copies of *THE ALBUM* that had stories about his aunt and other Shaw family members.

He visited the Bishop cemetery recently, and it took him a while to find out why there were more Shaws there than there were supposed to be. He said that early Indian workers who worked for his aunt, after years of knowing her, took her name. Very interesting, I thought... *Glen Murphy, Laverne, CA*

I've really enjoyed all of the issues of *THE ALBUM*. I hope someday I'll get the deal of Manzanar for you. At one time Manzanar was famous for their apples, peaches, pears, and many more fruits. My mother worked in the packing house, my dad was the one who ran the pressure cookers in the canning building. I went to school at Manzanar; my folks (Mr. and Mrs. Joe Metzger) owned a farm... *Lucille DeBoer, Clovis, CA*

Earlier this month, I was able to spend an extended weekend discovering, for the first time, many of the beautiful areas throughout the Eastern Sierra, especially the Owens Valley and Inyo County. I visited and photographed such areas as the Charcoal Kilns south of Lone Pine; a waterfall and several fishing holes at the top of Whitney Portal Road; the Alabama Hills; the Eastern California Museum; a yard sale west of Highway 395 in the town of Independence; Lake Sabrina, South Lake and North Lake outside of Bishop; Engine No. 9 at the Laws Railroad Museum; the ancient Bristlecone Pines at Patriarch Grove in the White Mountains; and bubbling springs along Crooked Creek Road.

The Owens Valley and the Eastern Sierra came to life with so much beauty and history that what little I saw that weekend enticed me to learn more about the area; about what gives this area so much character. I enjoy many of the articles written by those who can recount personal stories; whether simply a personal reminiscence, or background to an event of historical significance (meaning those which the historians feel are of historical significance).

I came across "The Album: Times & Tales of Inyo-Mono" while visiting the Laws Railroad Museum. I found the content worthy of buying not only the current issue, but several back issues (the five or so which I could get my hands on from off the shelf). I expect to make regular trips to the Eastern Sierra, even if only to pick up the new issue of "The Album."

Perhaps, as a request for a future article, are there any 'noteworthy' stories about Silver Canyon Road, which traverses the White Mountains outside of Laws to Schulman Grove and Patriarch Grove in the Ancient Bristlecone Pine Forest? While driving down the mountain (emphasis on down the mountain) with a 4-wheel drive, no less, we marvelled at the effort needed to descend this narrow, constantly bending, and unforgiving road. We vowed never to attempt ascending the hill lest we trade in our 4-cylinder Toyota pickup for something with a few more 'horses' and a lot more guts. On our next visit to the Bristlecone Pines, we'll probably muster

enough sense of adventure and uncertainty, not to mention the desire for the beautiful views, and visit Silver Canyon Road. Although common sense would tell us to drive south an extra 15 miles to Big Pine to arrive at the same destination via Route 168.

We've conjured several reasons for why Silver Canyon Road was constructed, some more likely than others. Someone, in the heart of the valley, will be able to lay the false stories to rest... *Jeanne Pandes, Rancho Santa Margarita, CA*

Okay out there: who has the story of why Silver Canyon Road was constructed? And wouldn't it be nice to see Ms. Pandes's collection of photos?

... I really enjoy your magazine and hope, one day, to contribute my remembrances of early 1920s in Bishop where my father worked as a mechanic in Hazzard's Garage. On a recent trip, I saw its big red fish on the side of the depot at Laws Museum. Deja vu!... *Nona E. Finn, Bakersfield, CA*

COMMENTS AND KUDOS

Love your bit about pets in the last *ALBUM* and hope it will elicit some interesting stories from your readers. I have only one pet story and that's about a St. Bernard that my uncle had in Alaska at the time of the Gold Rush, but guess that's out of your territory.

Irl Newman's "As I Saw It" is marvelous. Am looking forward, too, to Dave Wright's article on West Portal.

Please tell George Garrigues that I for one will verify his Indian fish story. Connie Denver of Bishop told us about that method of fishing more than thirty years ago — but didn't demonstrate it for us!... *Jo Veenker, Bishop, CA*

Please send me Vol. IV, No. 4 of *THE ALBUM* and extend my subscription thru 1992... I had not realized that my subscription had expired when it did. It would be nice to be notified of that fact.

I value my subscription to *THE ALBUM* very much as I have learned more about the Valley and areas surrounding it than ever before. You know sometimes back when you were small and your parents talked about the "old days" you sort of let it go in one ear and out the other and now you can't go back. This magazine helps to bring some of those memories back. Thank you and keep up the good work!... *John McMurphy, Torrance, CA*

The appreciation of these reminiscences, as shown by these letters, as well as many others, should encourage many of our readers to share their bits of history.

As for expiration notices, we do put a notice and return envelope in with your last edition each time, so watch for it. If your magazine is a gift, we send the notice to the donor. You may also see a small number on your address label which indicates the last one you are scheduled to receive. The numbers correspond to the number of issues published. At four a year, this first magazine for 1992 is 17. If you see 17 in one corner of your label, you can expect a sheet of paper and envelope to fall out when you aren't watching.

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



The Result of Careless Driving and Brakes
 May 4, 1934

24-Hour Towing Service

Complete Radiator Service

(619) 873-4271

SPELLBINDER BOOKS

"Literate Bookstore"

Computer Newtawk 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

SYMONS
EMERGENCY
SPECIALTIES

Dial **911**



214 West Line St., Bishop





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.

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

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