

The Album

1996



Times & Tales of Inyo-Mono

THE ALBUM

Times and Tales of Inyo - Mono

1996

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Cover Photo: the paternal grandfather of Charles Von Vommelsdorf, who came to the United States in the mid-1800s, changing his name to Walters. The picture is a reproduction from an engraving made in the late 1700s by Schmidt & Wegener of Kiel, Germany. The story of the Walters family appears on page 14.

The collection of Eastern Sierra history is our fourth edition of annual and semi-annual publications of *THE ALBUM*. There are many stories yet to tell and we hope to continue to collect and record them.

People have often said, "Why don't you write a book about the history of the east side?" How could one person's perspective equal the colorful variety of these writers' voices? Some tell of their own memories, personally recalled or handed down through the family. Others have put hours into research and money into reproductions of photographs to aid in picturing history as it happened. Still others share a lifetime hobby of exploration.

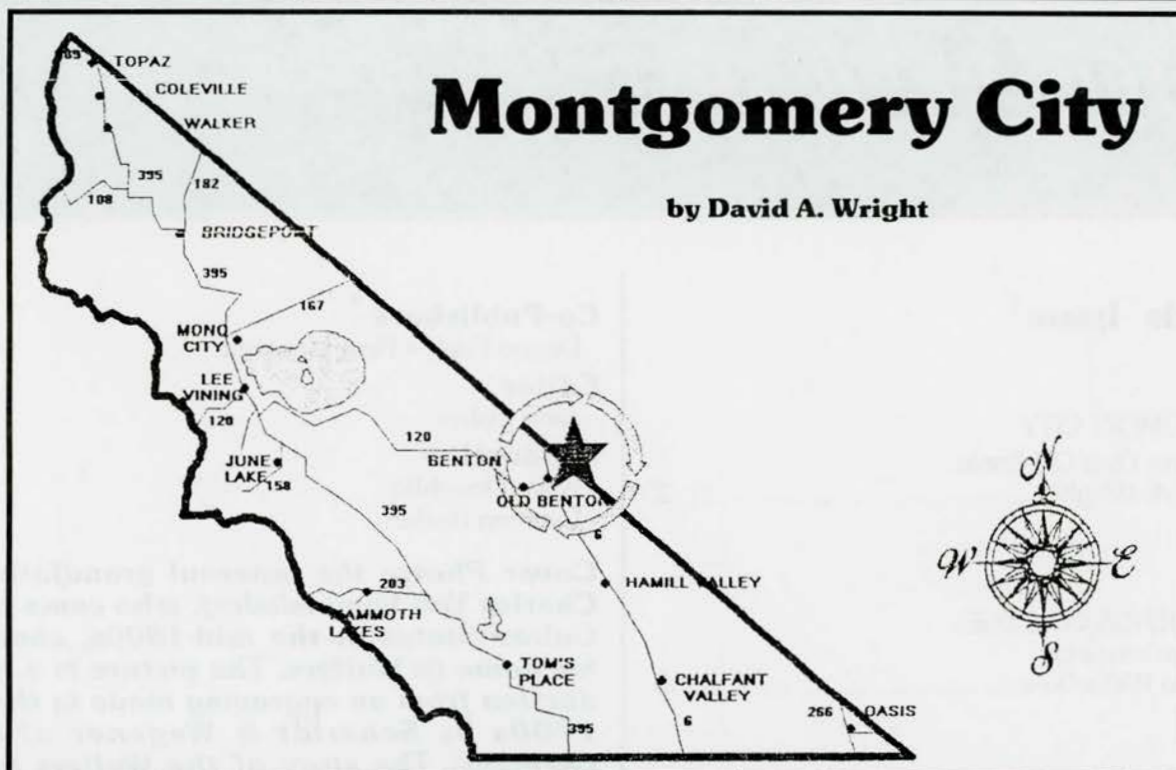
Come with these writers who take you to where the Old West and the New mingle in the shadow of the Sierra.

—Jane Fisher, Editor

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

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

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Montgomery City

by David A. Wright

David turns over old bones

Ah! A magnificent day in this niche of land called Mono, charming me with a superb array that excites all my senses. Ahead thrusts a giant range of motley colors: white, dolomite, blue, grey, yellow and buff. Stark snowfields lie high up this range, capping tier after tier of folded color. Behind rise smaller hills, brown and somber; broken by a thin forest of pinon. Beyond, in the distance, is the purple Sierra Nevada, studded with white snowcaps. Massive cumulonimbus pile high here and there, painting black curtains of rain against an intense azure sky; distant thunder mumbles.

Afoot through the sagebrush along the border of Mono County, California and Esmeralda County, Nevada, I hike eastward, up along the alluvium toward the majestic dolomites of the White Mountains. A creek, lined with a few small willows; bisects the sagebrush. I relish this trek through a new region to explore: the melody of an occasional bird, distant thunder, soft breeze, the colors and shapes, clean air spiced with sagebrush and a dash

of rain on the wind. The warmth of sun and a vigorous breeze evaporate perspiration. I am in my element, basin and range country.

There is more than beauty here; there is history. One particular location guides me higher into the mountains to a place that was once a boisterous place for a very short time, entreating all who would listen to come up and take a chance: a chance to make a fortune, a chance to create a town whose roots would dig deep, locking this locality here forever. But now it is quiet. It hides at the foot of the great white range and doesn't reveal much about itself.

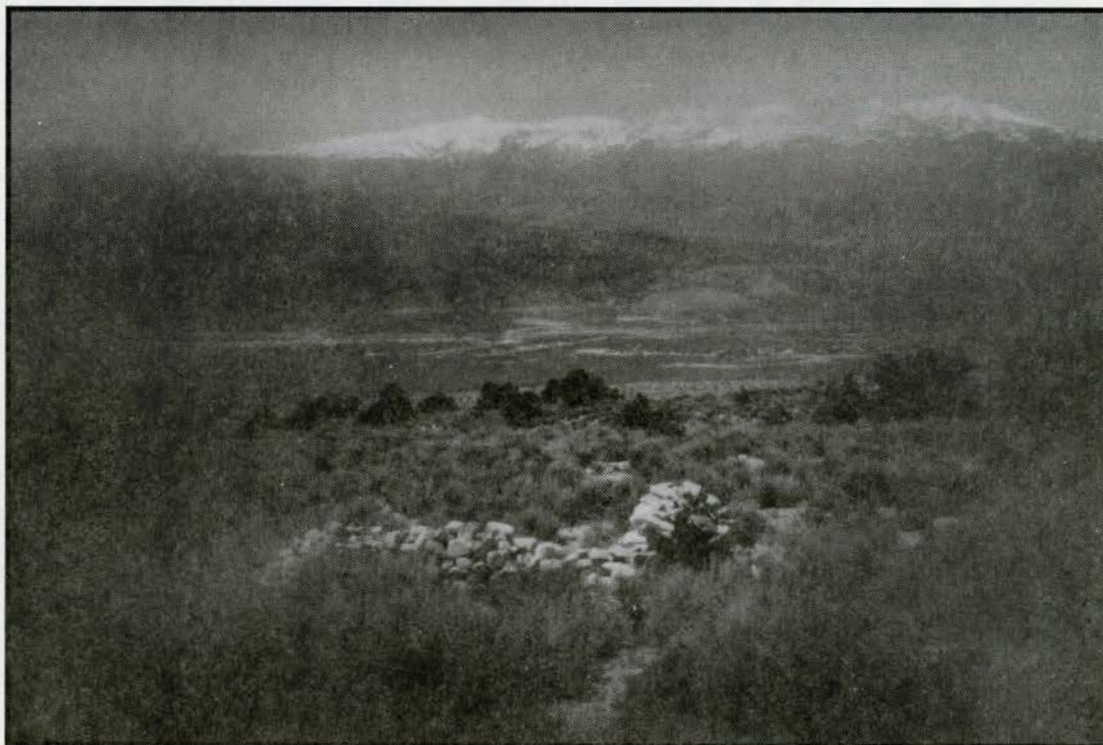
Entering the pinon belt, the alluvium opens into the mouth of the canyon that disgorged it. I find a pile of stones half hidden in the sagebrush, standing apart from the rest, set in a pattern that indicates faintly, along with the shambled remains of a wooden roof, that they were laid by hands driven by intelligence. The form a dwelling place, not of an animal, but man. Who lived here, and why?

The slope of the White

Mountains thrust suddenly from this point, topping out 13,000 feet in the sky. With such beauty, it is difficult to gaze at the somber pile of stones in front of me. But I force my eyes to scout about me. I find that this pile of stone has comrades here too, and scars on the slope give evidence that people dug for their living. Not much is here to look at, but enough to give evidence of a small population nestled at the mouth of Montgomery Canyon.

Montgomery Canyon, Pass, Peak, Creek and City. Five Montgomerys on the southeastern Mono County landscape. I am standing at what was once called Montgomery City. Onward, a grand canyon slashes the White Mountains, Montgomery Creek fills that groove, the canyon forming a notch that separates the smooth, relatively gentle Pellisser Flats area from the sudden uplift of Montgomery Peak. A bit north, Montgomery Pass allows passage into the Nevada interior.

Where I stand, the canyon, pass, peak, creek and city all named by or for an optimistic Montgomery, whoever he was. Now his progeny are



1980. Montgomery City - the remains. The community of Benton lies in the valley below. Photos by D.A. Wright



mute. I have been unsuccessful tracking this Montgomery guy.

Montgomery City is one of those towns typically summed up in history books in a manner which reads: "bouillon was found - a town sprang up - the vein was shallow - the town folded - not much is left to see." If they are mentioned at all.

Often, this kind of press is applied to any town that didn't have such an illustrious career as Virginia City or Bodie. When historic towns once held, say 10,000 folks, and "only" 5,000 are left they are often considered ghost towns. Sometimes, however, these settlements outlived the six month "boom-bust" cycle implied by history; after the initial mining excitement waned and the greediest masses left for brighter prospects, a small but steady population kept their names on the map, often for decades.

A few places do last only a few months, living a life of sudden birth, accelerated growth, abrupt death. Probably the best local examples of this can be found at Leadfield¹ and Skookum² in the Death Valley country. And then there was Montgomery City, another "boom-bust" town.

This community materialized after silver was discovered, about October 1863, an outgrowth of the Benton excitement; a district was platted four months later. Bragging rights to the moniker "city" were announced by the founding of a newspaper, with the epithet of *Pioneer*. Some references state that there were two newspapers published in Montgomery City, but if so, the *Pioneer's* competitor's name is lost to history. Montgomery lived a stunted and short life. How two newspapermen figured there would be enough beans and bacon to be made out of a handful of people is a mystery, especially since Benton and its newspapers were a few miles down the road.

Veins soon pinched out, the town

collapsed and died. Mother Nature promptly carried off the bones and buried them via a flashflood. There have been many since.

A Biblical passage from the Acts of the Apostles³ comes to mind: "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." Seems to sum up Montgomery City.

A curtain of black rain begins to veil the white range ahead. The canyon mouth looks ready to disgorge another layer of alluvium in its determination to bury what little remains after its first attempt to erase Montgomery City. I have no intention of riding the giant wall of water that canyon mouths can expel, having personally experienced an "E-ticket" ride out of a canyon in central Nevada once⁴. I retrace my path down to my car parked at the Benton dump, and turn northeast along Highway 6, to another Montgomery, one that is alive and well.

In the cradle of the summit, a small meadow accommodates another Montgomery, related; though the opposite of its now silent brother. This one keeps alive the family name but similarly beckons travelers to stop and take a chance.

Entering this Montgomery, I stroll among the folks that congregate here atop the Whites. Various jingles, bells and whistles amend the glittering lights alive with sights and smells, typical rural Nevada atmosphere. Making my way through the noisy throng, I do not participate in the usual sort of a chance at the Montgomery Pass Casino, for I am no betting man.

Finding a chair, I sit at the table and place my order: "Cheeseburger and fries, please."

1 Leadfield was a promotional scheme founded by C.C. Julian in Titus Canyon, just inside California near Rhyolite. Julian, who later faced investigation on fraud charges, promoted his townsites with flyers and numerous, extravagant ads in the Los Angeles newspapers.

Julian kicked off the promotion March 26, 1926, a post office opened in August that

year, then the post office closed in January 1927 with one patron. In 1938, when the writers for the WPA guides came though, Leadfield was for the most part gone.

2 Skookum was a fleeting tent camp at the upper end of Death Valley, at the base of the Last Chance Range. Skookum first popped out like a Death Valley wildflower in 1927, obtained a road, tents, store and a gas station. It disappeared about as swift as one of those wildflowers.

3 Acts 3:6 King James Version.

4 A friend and I were caught in a flashflood up Twin River Canyon in the Toiyabe Range near Austin, Nevada. Loosing our camp and equipment to the rising floodwaters, we tried to drive out, nearly loosing my truck and our lives as well. See Nevada Magazine, "Wet in the Wild," April 1990.

OUR BENTON LETTER.

BENTON, MONO CO., CAL.,
July 1, 1885.

EDS. REGISTER—In early days—about '63 and '64, I believe—some very rich rock was found in Montgomery Canyon, and a tremendous rush and excitement was the consequence. A lively little town of three or four thousand inhabitants at once sprung up, locations were made and mines opened out, and large shipments of rich ore made to San Francisco and other places. I have been told that some of the ore was worth from \$2 to \$3 a pound; but the ledges were broken on the surface, and apparently gave out, and the excitement soon subsided. In the meantime, parties prospecting around found rich ore on

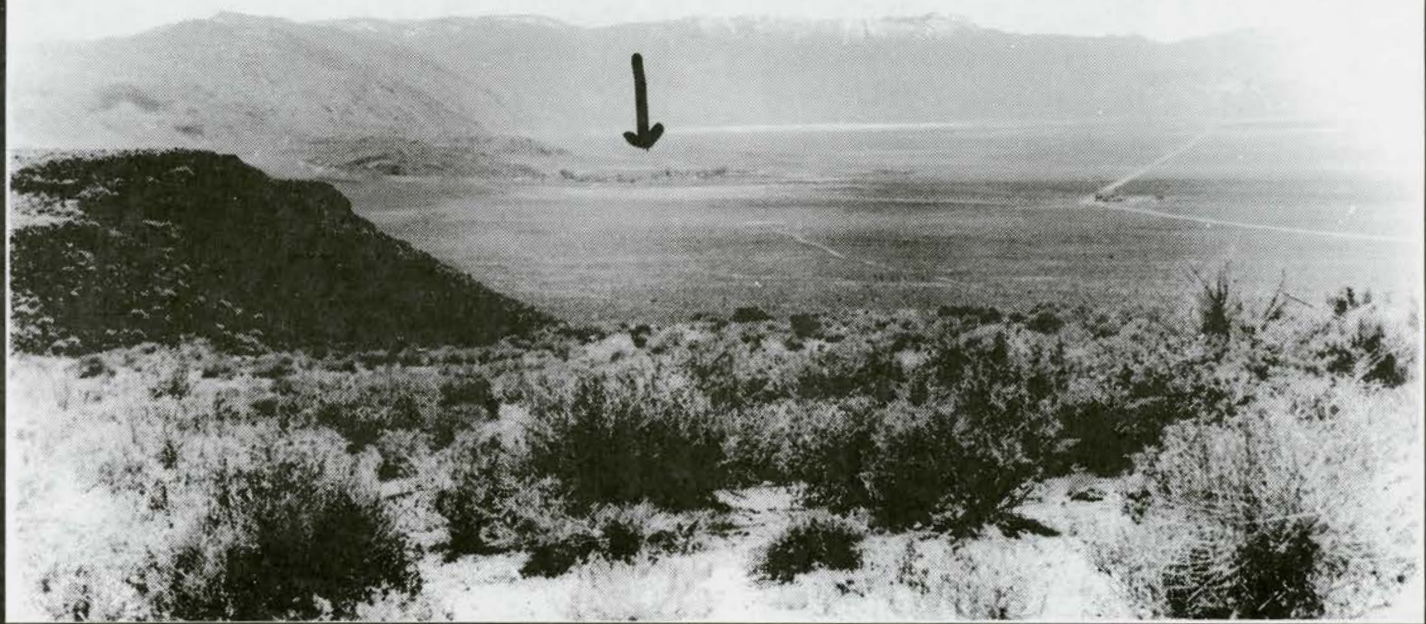
BLIND SPRINGS HILL,

and every one rushed for the new discoveries, and soon Montgomery had nothing left but the few who went on working their mines. On Blind

Inyo Register, July 2, 1885



DEEP SPRINGS COLLEGE



– a hands-on education

by Willma Willis Gore

"A college—in that desert? Impossible!"

Even some of the long-term residents and regular travelers on Inyo and Mono highways are surprised to learn that a prestigious academy of higher learning exists across the White Mountains to the east of Owens Valley. But this remote, one-of-a-kind school, Deep Springs College, founded in 1917, celebrated its 75th anniversary of continuous operation in 1992.

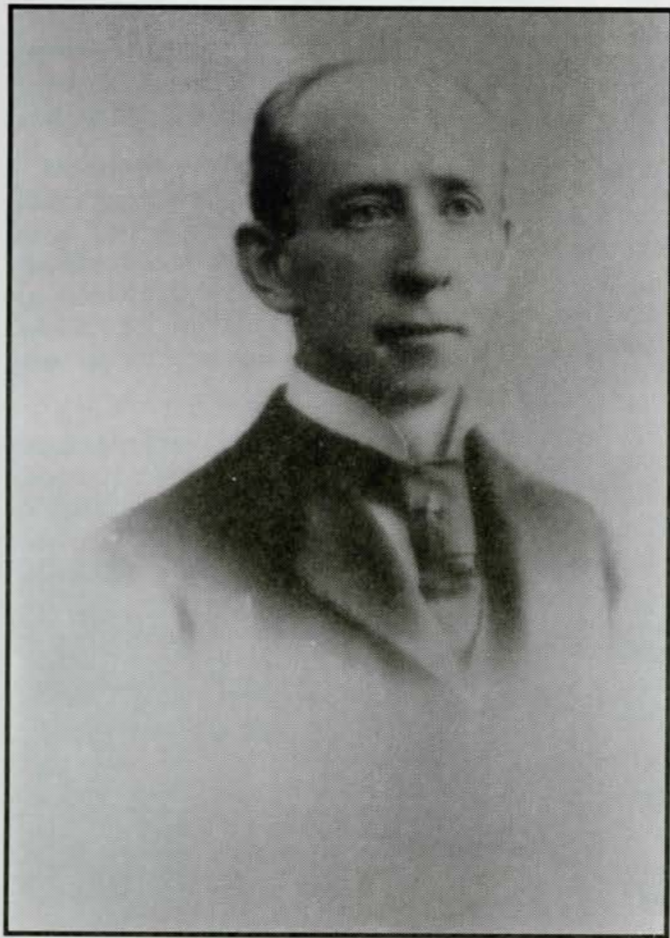
The two-year residential facility occupies a historic ranch site in the valley from which it takes its name. The ranch and school, virtually the only habitations in the valley, are situated against a spur of the Inyo Range off Highway 168, 26 miles via Westgard Pass from the nearest Owens Valley community, Big Pine.

The valley, the ranch, and the school -- as of this

date, the only private college campus in Inyo and Mono counties -- have an historical as well as physical kinship with THE ALBUM's traditional areas of concern: "Times and Tales of Inyo-Mono."

Long before prospectors, ranchers and the school came to Deep Springs Valley, wild game and Native Americans were the valley's inhabitants. Winona Johnson Holloway, author of *"Moving Out,"* was a resident of Deep Springs Ranch in the early '40s. Mrs. Holloway ("Nona" to family and friends) tells of conversations with Harry Alston, an Indian who was born "down by the lake" at the southern end of the valley.

He said before the white men came, wild grasses, pinon nuts from the mountains, big horn sheep, deer and other game that gathered near the warm-springs-bordered lake provided a comfortable life for the



Approaching Westgard Pass. (1917)

Above left. L.L. Nunn, founder of Deep Springs Collegiate and Preparatory.

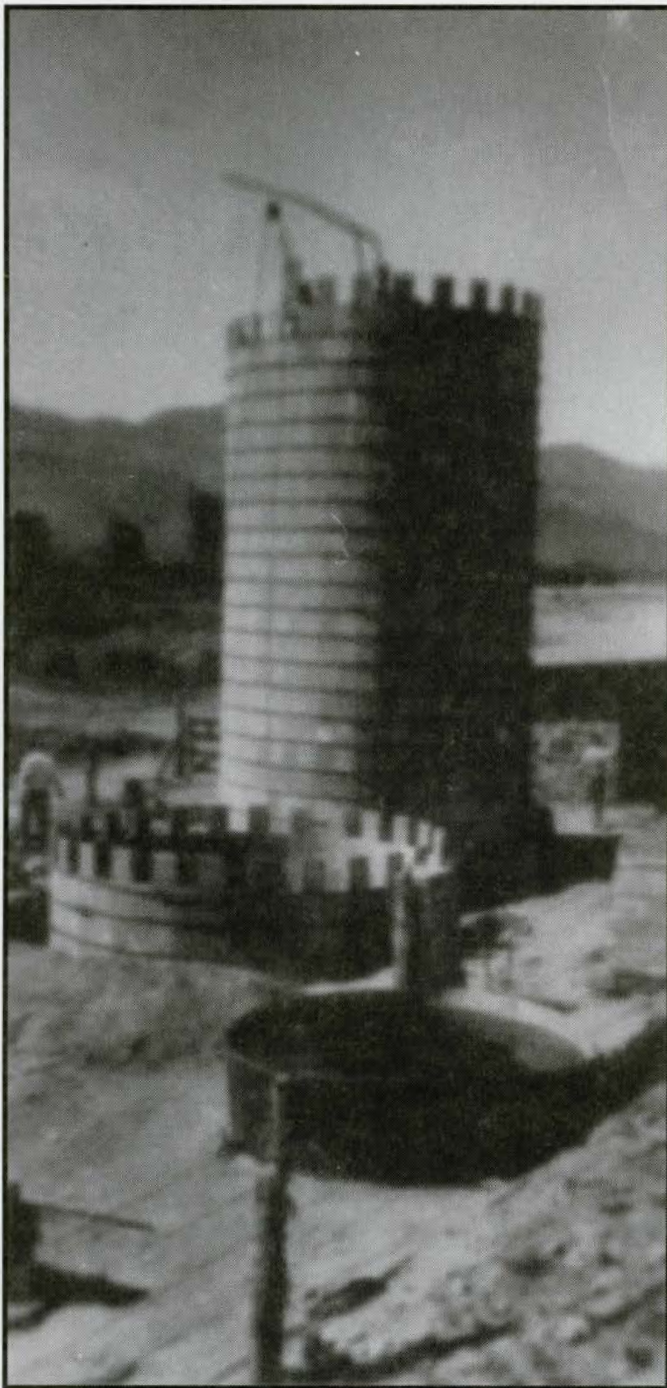
Above right. L.L. Nunn and Mr. Suhr. Mr. Suhr was the chief engineer of Nunn's power plants and oversaw the construction of the buildings on the main circle.



A gathering of the class of 1917; the winter of 1917-18. The students are, clockwise: Ed Meehan, Carlyle Ashley, Sherlock Davis, Chet Dunn, Burgin, Charles Winship, Harvey Gerry, Herb Reich, Walter Welti, G. Otis Whitecotton, Merrill Wrench. (In the 1989 alumni file, Wrench is listed as DS18.)

Ice skating on the upper reservoir. L to R: H. Burtis Ritter, Walter Welti Bailey, Carlyle Ashley.





Building the dairy silos.

Indians.

Alston told of his father, "Indian Harry," born about 1830, who remembered when the first white men came through, headed for California's gold bonanza. Indian Harry worked as an irrigator on Deep Springs Ranch into his old age, but most of his people had long since died or been driven out.

According to Chalfant's "*Story of Inyo*," mining was the impetus for establishing the earliest towns in the valley. These were Roachville on Cottonwood Creek and White Mountain City on Wyman Creek. Both streams



Left, Jim Holmes (DS17); right, Elbridge Gerry (DS17). Caption in original album, "Washday, old ranch." Caption on photograph, "Washermen." Historic photos on pages 6, 7 and 8 courtesy of Deep Springs College.

flow easterly out of the White Mountains.

Thomas Tate, who ran a stage line in Smokey Valley, Nevada, and moved his family to Big Pine around 1900, traveled through Deep Springs Valley fairly often as he maintained his Nevada lines and visited his wife and children in Owens Valley. His daughter, Clarice Tate Uhlmeier, now a resident of Bishop, remembers passing the Gilbert Ranch, later to become Deep Springs Ranch, when the family came over Gilbert Pass from Fish Lake Valley en route to Owens Valley.

Meager Owens Valley publicity attended the launching of Deep Springs College in 1917. A search of the local papers published at the time reveals no mention. The school's founder, L. L. Nunn, was a wealthy -- and some would say eccentric -- man who envisioned creating an institution of higher learning to embrace his conviction that the "making of a man" included hands-on effort as well as academic prowess. Nunn felt that the practicalities of animal tending, crop cultivation, building construction, food preparation and daily survival skills were essential for students destined to become scientific, literary, and diplomatic leaders of their country.

L.L. Nunn was largely self-educated, a naturally talented, practical engineer, and a pioneer in his dedication to the proposition that electric power could be supplied for a reasonable rate. During the early part of the 20th century -- at his Gold King mine near Telluride, Colorado -- he persuaded another entrepreneur, George Westinghouse, to work with him on producing and transporting high voltage alternating current to the mine. It was the first commercial transmission of

hydro-electric power, and Nunn made a small fortune from it.

He wanted to establish a residence school isolated from the temptations and refinements of city life. Its student body would be made up of young men who would learn to work with their hands while honing their speaking and academic skills. Only the brightest minds would be welcomed.

Remoteness being a prime requisite, L.L. Nunn seriously considered a location in Grapevine Canyon at the north end of Death Valley, recommended by Albert M. Johnson, a Chicago Insurance magnate. But Nunn was a practical man and knew that availability and transport of supplies, students, and faculty required greater proximity to civilization than the Death Valley location would allow. While Johnson pursued his own dream and built the famous Death Valley Scotty castle, Nunn looked elsewhere.

Fifty miles north of Scotty's castle, as the crow flies, Nunn was introduced to an isolated area surrounded by barren mountains. This was Deep Springs Valley. By then, a working cattle ranch fed by springs and runoff from the White Mountains occupied the northeast end of the valley. More springs fed a playa lake and supported grasslands in the south end.

The location had the required remoteness but at the same time, accessibility. Twenty-six miles westward from the ranch, across the White Mountains, near Big Pine, was Zurich, a station stop for the Carson & Colorado narrow gauge railroad. This line connected to the broadgauge Southern Pacific at Tonopah and Reno, Nevada and provided transport and communication throughout Owens Valley.

Nunn purchased the ranch from Arch Farrington, one of three brothers who had come from Canada to operate a freighting business. The brothers had settled in Lone, Nevada and in Bishop.

An electric line already crossed the White Mountains between Bishop and Goldfield, but L.L. Nunn and his construction engineer brought in a diesel engine to provide power for the ranch. Herb Reich, a member of the first (1917) student body remembers that the engine "operated well but was exceedingly dirty to clean up."

From the very first, students have been required to put in a minimum of 20 hours a week learning machinery operation, herding cattle, hand-milking, cooking, planting, irrigating, and harvesting the crops, dominated by alfalfa. The institution is supported by a small endowment, cash from cattle sales, and generous contributions from friends and alumni. Its students pay no tuition.

The visionary Nunn stressed self-sufficiency for the college as well as the students. Water being a commodity always in short supply in desert climates, the school

depended not only on the valley's springs but on water from Wyman and Cottonwood Creeks. Among Nunn's early plans was to develop an electrical system independent of outside sources.

By 1996, the Deep Springs 100 KW hydroelectric plant on Wyman Creek, had been in operation for seven years, providing between 60 and 100 percent of the electricity consumed by the school, depending on rainfall, with an operations savings of more than \$26,000 dollars -- enough to cover most of the cost of a single student for the same year.

Applications for enrollment at Deep Springs College come from graduates with the highest grade point averages in high schools throughout the United States. Screening examinations include extensive essay writing and visits to the school, where applicants participate in physical labor as well as attending classes. The student body averages about 25 members per semester and "Springers" go on to attend the finest colleges and universities in the nation.

In the early part of the century, Inyo and Mono residents saw little of the students. Early rumors had it that the school was "for retarded or delinquent boys." In the early days, about the only contact between Owens Valley people and the school was a student driver assigned to pick up groceries in Big Pine or Bishop. These young men were on a tight schedule and had no time to linger over conversation.

Through the years, however, a number of Inyo- Mono people have developed cordial working relationships with Deep Springs College, and in summer months the Bishop Farmers' Market features student-raised produce from the ranch.

John Reade, currently of Bishop, provides this account of his work at Deep Springs in 1938 and 1939. "These were still depression years, and jobs of any kind were scarce. I was a kitchen assistant under the chief cook (a notable campus character, Ann Monk), and waited table in the dining room serving students, faculty, any visiting professors, and occasionally some of the ranch hands." John reports that the hours were long -- "up at dawn and work not finished until after seven at night, with perhaps two hours freedom in the midafternoon." He had no car so his life, as that of the students, was centered at the ranch. He recalls with pleasure "knowing a fine group of top students from many parts of the U.S."

John is a retiree of the Costa Mesa (CA) Park and Recreation Department. His love of the Inyo-Mono landscape is reflected in his words about Deep Springs. "I enjoyed the uniqueness of the place, the serene but beautiful surroundings with the tips of the Sierra visible in the far distance." John had use of the main building and its library and "the phonograph with an extensive record collection." He remembers playing popular hits of the day such as "Heart and Soul," "My Reverie," and "Deep

Purple." During part of his tenure, Charlie Uhlmeier, Owens Valley native and brother-in-law of Clarice Uhlmeier, (q.v.) was the wrangler at Deep Springs.

Use of the college facilities was of prime importance also to Winona Holloway during the tenure of her family as traditional Western ranchers and wranglers at Deep Springs. She and her husband Merritt arrived at the ranch with their three young sons in the mid-'40s. Merritt was to manage the ranch's cattle operation. Nona's efforts included cooking, sewing, cleaning, "pinch hitting" as a wrangler, and many other chores.

When the hired laundry man reduced a load of students' woolen blankets to dishtowel size by washing them in scalding water, Nona was hired for the job.

She further reports, "Although Merritt's wages had been raised from one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, plus board and room for our family, a few extra dollars were welcome and I always took any jobs on the place that came my way, which were as varied as being Assistant Postmaster, 'running up' floral drapes for student rooms, or serving as relief cook in the boarding house."

Nona enjoyed talking with the intelligent students and especially treasured sitting in on classes at the college and the opportunity to use the library.

The only elementary school for the three Holloway boys and the children of the faculty was in Bishop, 43 miles one way across Westgard Pass, or at Oasis in Fish Lake Valley across Gilbert Pass to the north.

With the help of Dorothy Cragen, then superintendent of schools for Inyo County, Nona established a small elementary school which was held in the museum room of the main college building. The youngsters enjoyed recess games in the big central circle, still a distinctive feature of the school's grounds.

Winona now lives in Live Oak, California where her Shadow Butte Press turns out history of cowboy and ranching days in the West.

Today Deep Springs College communicates with its 900 alumni and others "on the outside" through a quarterly newsletter. Additional outreach comes from poets, essayists and other writers at the school who produce "*The Bonepile*," an occasional compilation of literary efforts of students and faculty. The derivation of its name reflects the "economy of means" philosophy of founder Nunn.

In the basement of the college's main building is a pile of used clothing beneath posted rules under the heading, "Welcome To the Bonepile." Users are admonished to evaluate their contributions as to usability, to stack them according to type and size, to burn or

trash what isn't wearable, and to "have fun, use the Bonepile freely, work hearty, be considerate..."

The literary "*Bonepile*" advises readers to "try them [the writings] on; move around in them...because clothes are what we wear on the outside, and words are just the packaging of our lives..."

The college has been administered by a succession of former students who have gone on to academic and other professional careers. The tenure of a president is three to five years. The faculty is comprised of professors from prestigious colleges and universities throughout the U.S. The 1994 edition of the "*Princeton Review, Guide to the Best Colleges*," says that Deep Springs is the Number One school in the country, providing "the best overall undergraduate experience."

The place of Deep Springs College in the history and the future of Inyo-Mono is surely assured by an enthusiastic staff and student body.

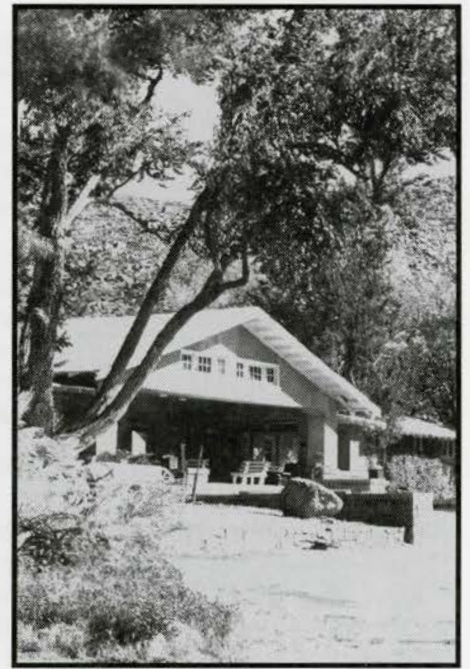
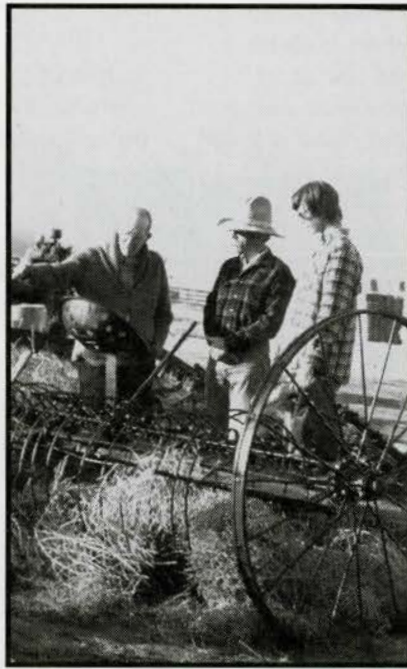
Evidence comes from Joe Gardner Wessely, a student from New Mexico who graduated last year. He wrote of his first semester at Deep Springs College:

"...I've been here for almost three months now and I'm loving (almost) every minute. Since I've irrigated every day my feet have grown flatter and my legs stronger. When the handle burst off the bucket on Field Two and we had a forty foot geyser I trucked to the pump, ...popped a new roll pin and chevron gasket into the clutch, and had the system up and running again in forty five minutes. I can't describe what a feeling it is to say something like that or even to know how to fix a bucket, much less control a mile and a half of irrigation lines that I'd never seen before July.

"...I've been taking a Thomas Mann and Franz Kafka literature course, Ethics and Interests in which we trace Western political thought through the ages, and Desert Ecology of the Great Basin (that's here!). It's a crazy workload, but I feel good about learning in this environment....

"The gardeners are producing some marvelous, though occasionally wormy, produce including more zucchini than fifty people can bear to see. Our dairy cows, Malice, Strife, Beth, are just about to give birth and return precious milk to our refrigerators... The alfalfa fields have been cut and baled for the season and the farmer, his assistant, and general laborers are now working on a windbreak for North Field. BHers scrub away, Chuck, the mechanic and his assistant are trying to force the boilers to give us hot water for winter, and Jason, the cowboy, has brought the herd back from Cow Camp.

"There's a whole lot more hectic fun times and exhaustion going on out here, but I can't seem to bring it to mind right now..."



1987 president at Deep Springs, John Anderson makes a call via the crank phone to the south section of the Deep Springs College property known as "the south ranch." In 1994 this phone, the first installed at the College, is still operable between the college office and the south ranch.

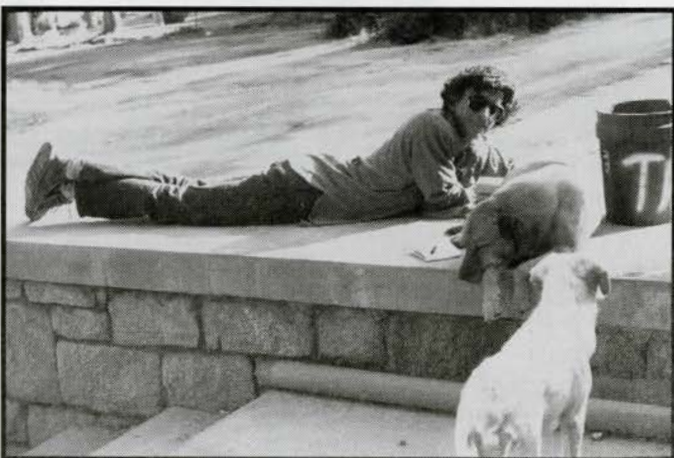
John Anderson, Geoff Pope (ranch manager in '87 thru current) and student Brian Yeager (from Columbus, Ohio) look over the tumbleweed-festooned sulkey rake that was in operation when John was a student here in 1941. Modern bales and baler are in the background.

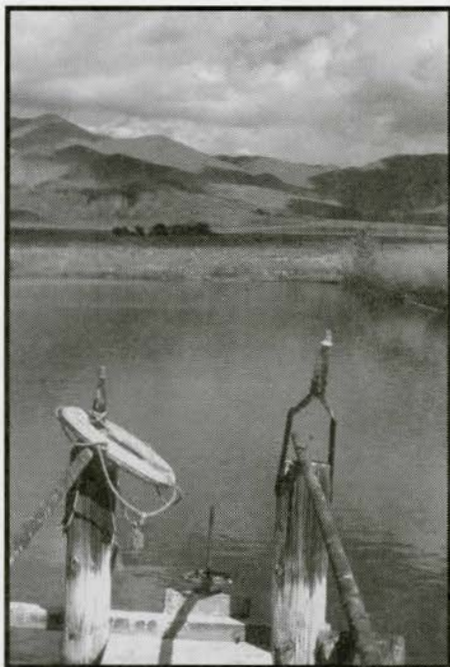
The main building on the campus houses the president's office, the dormitories and the library. It was built in 1917. In 1994 plans are underway to refurbish the buildings to meet earthquake safety requirements.

Brian Yeager (Ohio) and Adam Schwartz (Connecticut) gather the milk cows for the evening's hand-milking.

Marc Applebaum, Racine, Wisconsin, catches up on his studies between chores – with the help of the ranch dogs.

Photos by Willma W. Gore

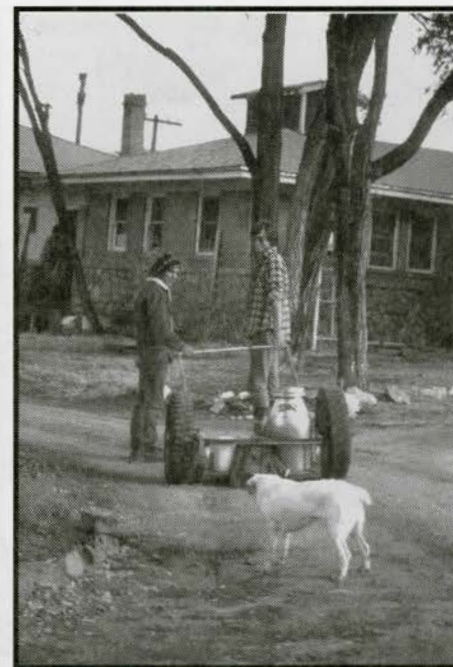




Original rock fences built during tenure of Arch Farrington from whom L.L. Nunn purchased Deep Springs Ranch.

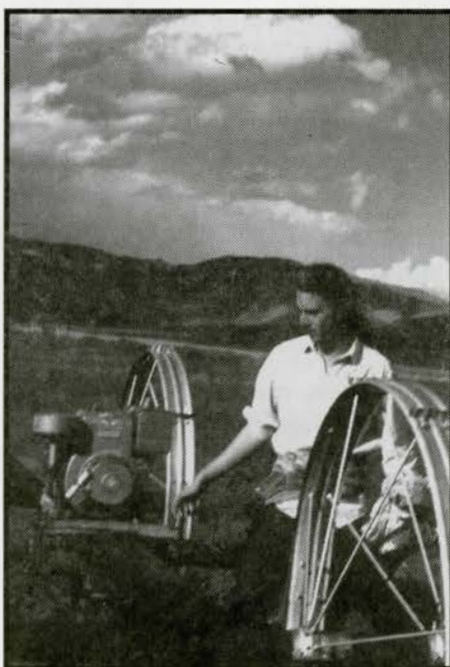


Students demolish an old calf pen in preparation for new construction, "tasting the fatigue of hard labor to earn the rest for mental pursuits," a guiding principle stipulated by founder L.L. Nunn. [George (dog), Brian Yeager (Ohio) and Adam Schwartz (Connecticut)]



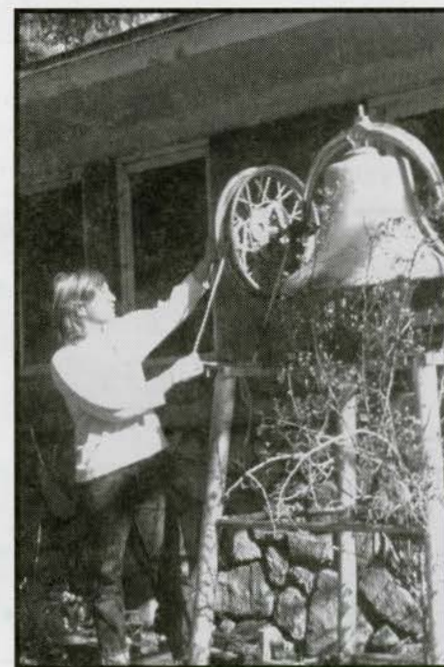
In the tradition established with the founding of the school, the morning's milk from the four cows is pulled up the hill to the boarding house in time for processing before breakfast. (Though "George" is a bitch, she was given a masculine name in support of the all-male requirements of the campus enrollees.)

Photos by Willina W. Gore



Left: Josh Welber of New York became a practiced irrigator during his studies at DSC. He was among those who attended the summer '87 get-acquainted program and "progressed" to the irrigator's job. (Looking north toward Gilbert Pass)

Right: Mishka Terplan, one of four Californians at the school in 1987, was in charge of the day's meals in the boarding house, including ringing the dinner bell, one of the original ranch artifacts still in use.



DEEP SPRINGS TODAY

During the preparation of the accompanying historical account of Deep Springs College, its president, Sherwin Howard made time for interviews and cordially assisted research. During his years with Deep Springs College his primary focus was fund raising, but he claims that being president of Deep Springs "is the best job I've ever had. And it's the people who have made it so." His involvement with the college in fund raising and friendship will continue. Terminating his DS presidency in July of 1995, he returned to a tenured professorship of Theater Arts at Weber State University in Utah.

Replacing Howard is Jack Newell. A Deep Springs graduate (1956), Professor Newell has enjoyed a long and respected association with the college. Selected from a field of six applicants, Newell is a "favorite former Chair of the Board of Trustees" and was a unanimous choice of the search committee, the faculty, and the students.

Professor of Higher Education at University of Utah, Newell took his BA in American history from Ohio State University in 1961, his M.A. in history and theology at Duke University and returned to Ohio State to earn his PhD in educational administration in 1972. Dr. Newell was cited by the National Institute of Education in 1985 as a model for reform in American undergraduate education.

The future of Deep Springs College includes a capital campaign to renew the aging physical plant, especially the main building which has housed library, dormitories and offices since its founding in 1917. These buildings require renovating to comply with California seismic

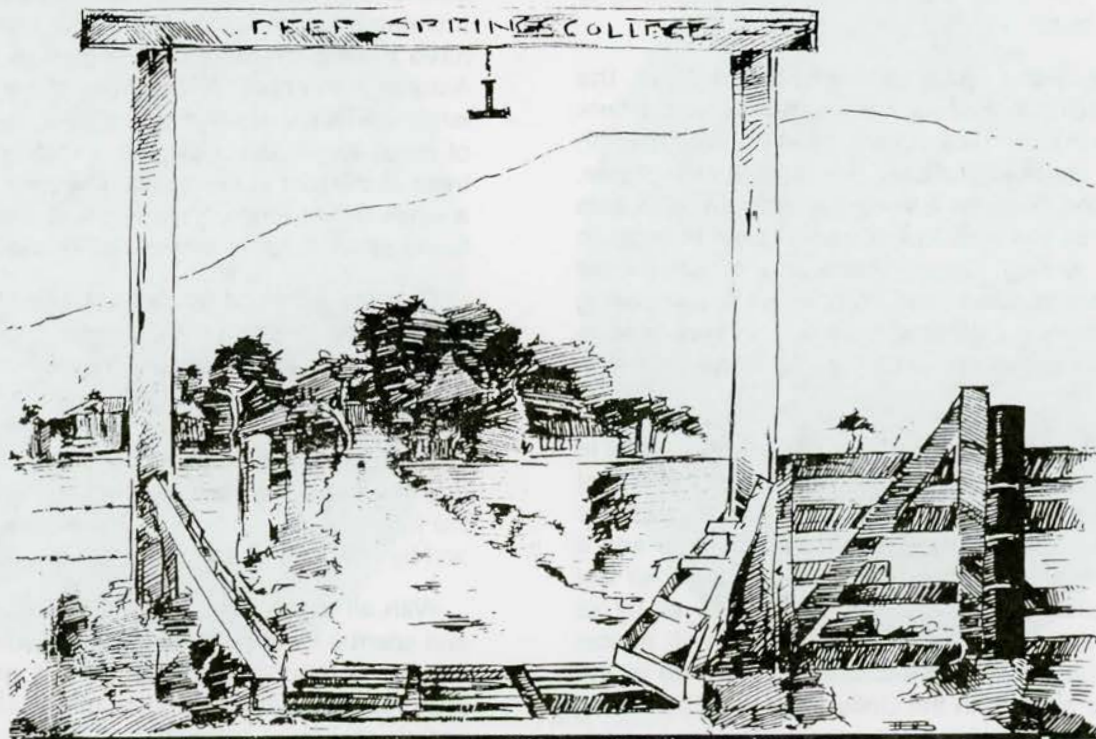
safety standards. Conferenc-ing among architects and student body has resulted in the probability that students will be doing much of the actual construction of new buildings. The student body consensus is that "... the project of plant improvement should be frugal and new structures should be designed to blend with and embrace the desert rather than dominate and exclude it ..."

In the past year, the library has been increased by 3000 volumes and four new computers, making it "the best-equipped undergraduate computer-center in the country," according to the Spring 1995 issue of Deep Springs College Alumni Newsletter.

Although keeping the college an institute of learning for men only was renewed in October of 1994, a visiting student plan initiated in the early 1990s by the College's Diversity Committee brought women guest students from William Smith to spend a recent semester at Deep Springs. "It is hoped that in the coming years we will share the Deep Springs experience with visiting students [women and men] from institutions such as Harvard, Yale and Cornell ..."

Deep Springs College remains devoted to educating and training its students in public service and leadership, enhancing the goals of founder L.L. Nunn. It is an institution of which Inyo and Mono Counties remain justly proud and supportive.

*Note: The passages in quotes are from the Deep Springs College Alumni Newsletter of Spring 1995 and from the October 1994 letter to Alumni and Friends of Deep Springs College from Richard Cornelison, Chairman of the Trustees of Deep Springs. **



Story of a Family

Walters of Sunnyside Farm

by Jane Fisher

It was springtime in Germany, in the year 1853. A young woman and her brother stood on a dock, searching the horizon for the sails of a merchant ship, as they had done day after day. The vessel was long overdue and their hearts were filled with anxiety for their older brother who was in command, and the young woman's fiancé who had sailed with him this trip. Charles and Agnes Von Vommelsdorf waited in vain, for their ship was never to return.

Many years later, the lives of these two people ended in California, and Charles was to become known as an Inyo County pioneer. More years passed and a hand-woven linen counterpane and pillow covers, meant for the trousseau Agnes was never to use, became the cause of a humorous glitch in history.

Charles A. Von Vommelsdorf (or Wommelsdorf, as it was spelled in Europe) was born in Hollenstein (Kiel), Germany in June, 1823. The Von Vommelsdorf family had turned its fortunes into merchant shipping, due mostly to a desire to escape the oppression of the Prussian regime under the insane King Frederick William IV.

Twenty years later, another young woman was born in Bavaria on October 30, 1843. She was named Louisa, and her family also left Europe, immigrating to the United States.

These were the years of the Crimean Wars, the Czars still ruling in Russia, the years of great writers such as Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Wordsworth Longfellow, Herman Melville, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Thoreau, and George Sand, the woman who was Chopin's lover and who took a man's name in order to publish her writing. Corot, Millet, and Whistler were painting; Chopin, Liszt, and Wagner were composing music; In America, California entered into statehood in 1850; the Civil War broke out in 1861 and ended in 1865.

Charles and his sister set out in another ship in search of the missing brother and fiancé, sailing for more than a year in fruitless effort. They finally came to San Francisco, where they established a hotel and a brewery, as many Germans did, and changed their last name to Walter. The businesses were destroyed by an earthquake and fire in the late 1860s. Left with almost nothing of the family fortune, Charles went up to the Presidio and enlisted in the United States Army, taking his sister along as was the accepted custom at the time,

and was sent to Fort Independence, California. The Civil War was over by then, and his assignment was to a peace keeping force trying to resolve conflicts with Paiute Indian people who had lived in the Owens Valley for thousands of years.

At this time, the town of Independence was only a stagecoach stop known as Putnam's Trading Post, and the main population of settlers was around the Fort, about five miles north. One of the ranches was owned by H. Thompson who, as a wounded Civil War veteran, had been granted a 640 acre parcel of land by President Grant. Not much is known about Thompson, except that he had married the young Bavarian woman, Louisa, and here they had settled.

Charles and Agnes had not been in the area very long when Thompson died, leaving Louisa with four small children: Heinrich Fred, age 7, Herminia Louise "Minnie," age 5, Caroline "Lena," age 3, and Anna "Annie," barely a year old. Louisa worked hard to keep the ranch, known then as Sunnyside Farm, by establishing a home for ailing and retired soldiers in one of the two ranch houses, and organizing a school for the local children.

The soldiers, for whom she had been caring even before her husband died, had designed, planted and maintained a beautiful garden for her. It was said to have been patterned after a garden at the Waldorf-Astoria, a fine hotel in New York at the time, and had a large oval lawn, small rose trellises on each side, rows of roses and hollyhocks, and a matching pair of cedar trees at the foot of the lawns. The yard was fronted with a white picket fence and the usual row of poplar trees found as windbreaks on most of the early ranches.

Charles admired Louisa for her efforts and often helped her. A romance developed between the two lonely people and they were married on Christmas Day in 1871. Charles was 48 and Louisa 28, her children now ranging in ages from eight down to two. Three years later, a little son was born, Charles H. Walter. He only lived about a year, but happily, another son joined the family on April 21, 1877. He was named Carl Julius, and by now Walter had somehow become Walters.

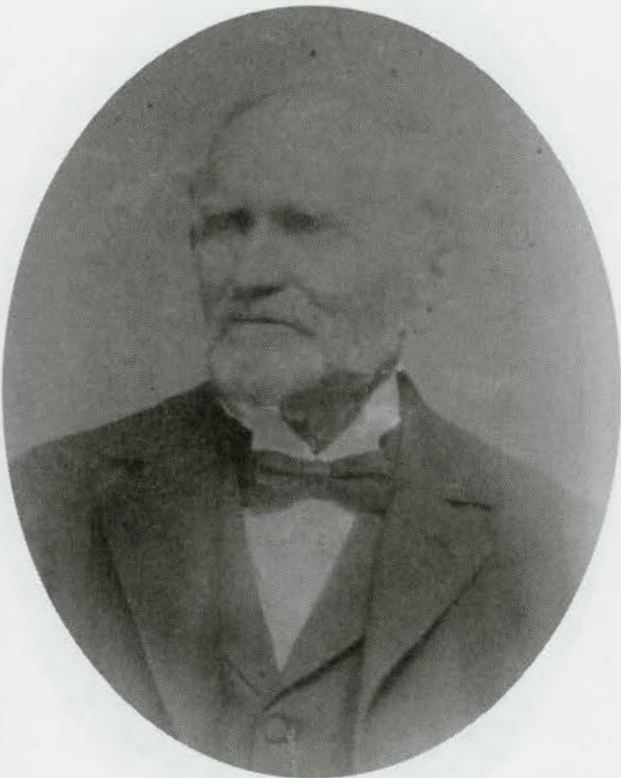
With all those big sisters, Carl was slightly spoiled, and spent a lot of his growing years riding his horse into the Sierra mountains, developing a great love for the backcountry, fishing, and hunting, often with only a bedroll of woolen blankets and some coffee, flour, and



*From a hand-painted miniature, identified as
"Carl's great grandpa Birkenfeld"*



*"Grandmother Birkenfeld," a portrait made in Kiel,
Germany, and identified as "proud to be an Oldendorf, she
gave Agnes Von Wommelsdorf a marble clock in 1821."
(The clock, an intricate work in marble and gold, tradition-
ally notified the family of tragedy or death.)*



Charles von Wommelsdorf and Louisa Thompson

bacon to add to his catch. When he was about 18, he was sent to Woodbury Business College in Los Angeles to learn a little more about how to manage the cattle, alfalfa, corn, and other products that made the ranch a going concern.

The Ross family, also from the Alsace-Lorraine area of Germany, had come to the United States and settled in New Jersey, where their children, Herman, August, Mary, and Frieda were born. Wealthy enough not to bother with stage coach or train travel, they came by ship around Cape Horn to California, where they established a large trunk and leather goods company in Los Angeles.

Frieda, too, was sent to Woodbury College to prepare to be a business woman; here she met Carl, and another romance was in the making. Love notes were exchanged between the pair, families were introduced, and when Frieda and Carl were married in October, 1899, her parents bought Sunnyside Farm from Carl's parents as a wedding gift for the young couple.

"The old folks," as Frieda called them in telling her stories to her grandchildren, stayed on with Carl and Frieda on the ranch. Ranching was a thriving industry in the Owens Valley in the years of the early settlers. Mines, such as the Cerro Gordo which supplied the silver that launched the gargantuan growth of the city of Los Angeles, were busy with silver and gold; a railroad ran through the valley; and the ranchers and farmers supplied food to the many towns in Eastern California and Nevada that sprouted near the mines.

Carl tended his cattle, farm, and orchard business with the help of ranch hands, made wine from his grapes, and brought home wild game -- venison, duck, pheasant, sagehen, and other birds, and of course, his favorite: fish. Frieda cooked, cleaned, and canned much of their food from the cows, pigs, chickens, turkeys, garden products, game, and large orchard with the help of Indian ladies, who also did the washing outside in big tubs heated over fires, using homemade lye soap.

In a couple of years, the children began to arrive. Marie Elizabeth first, on March 14, 1901; then Louise Anna "Auntie Bill" (Walker) on May 20, 1905; Carl Herman "Bud" on Feb. 16, 1908; and Nellie Eudora "Nel" (Loundagin) on Feb. 16, 1908.

The Indians called Carl "Smoke Eye," and Marie "Little Carl," because she adored her father, following him around and later helping to drive the cattle into the mountains, camping out right along with the men. The Indian ladies who nursemaided Marie, "Susie" and "Annie" among them, came to town to visit her years later, and sat on her front porch to rest before walking back home to the reservation at the Fort. She loved going with them to gather pinenuts and other natural foods and medicines, and learned to make baskets, "aphid" sugar candy, and to tell their legends. She respected and used many of their natural remedies all of



*(above) Frieda Water's mother, Fredricka Ross and
(below) with daughters Mary and baby Frieda.*





(above left) Young Carl Walters

(above) Carl Walters in 1917

(left) Frieda Ross and Carl Walters c. 1899

(p. 18, above) The last photo of Charles Von Vommelsdorf Walters in the rose garden of Sunnyside Farm, with baby granddaughter Louise, in the spring of 1907.

(p. 18, below) Marie, the Berkeley years.

her life.

By the time Marie was growing up, Independence had become a little town and was designated the Inyo County Seat, since it was located about the center of the second largest county in the United States, stretching from Death Valley to Sherwin Grade north of Bishop. Marie went to the first eight grades in the Milton School, a corner in the southeast section of Sunnyside Farm that had been dedicated by her grandparents for school purposes. But there was no high school nearby.

Two of her father's half-sisters had married men with large ranches in Round Valley -- John Jones and Will Roberts -- and when it was time for Marie to attend high school, she was sent to Bishop, traveling in a buggy and staying with these aunts part of the time. One of her teachers was Mazie Hurlbut, a maiden lady from Kansas, who became her friend.

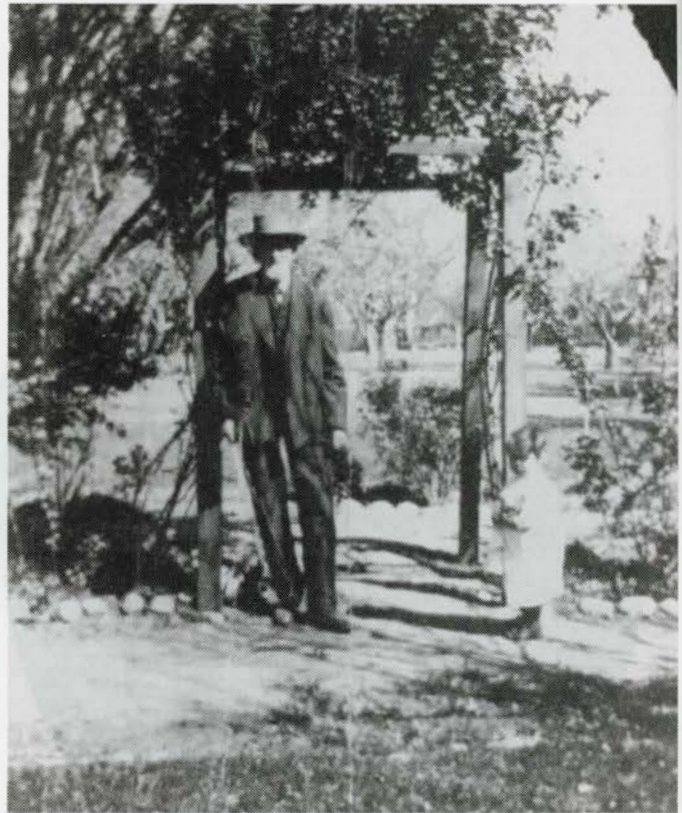
College age arrived, and Marie decided she wanted to be an interpreter of foreign law, so she was sent to Berkeley. This time she lived with her father's third half-sister, "Lena" Givens, who was very strict. World War II was in progress, and Marie volunteered to work for the Red Cross while she was at Berkeley. A beautiful girl, even more poignantly lovely in her white Red Cross uniform, she attracted the attention of a photographer who enlarged, tinted, and framed her photograph to hang in the window of his business to attract customers. "Aunt Lena" was horrified and immediately purchased the picture, insisting that the photographer cease to exhibit it anywhere.

But who should she meet again but her teacher, Mazie. Mazie had a handsome brother, Earl, a Lieutenant in the United States Navy, and she invited Marie to come along on a picnic where he was to be. Earl insisted ever afterward that he fell in love at first sight, but Marie was always so busy picnicking and going places surrounded by other boys that he spent a year trying to get a date.

When Marie returned to the ranch, Earl claimed he spent two more years and wore out the car he had bought her for a wedding present, driving back and forth from San Diego over what were then just sandy tracks, trying to get her dad to say they could be married.

Eventually, Carl relented, the date was set for October 15, 1921, and Earl managed to get a short shore leave for the ceremony. In one last test to be sure this was the right man for his daughter, Carl took Earl into the mountains deer hunting two days before the scheduled ceremony.

The men didn't return that evening, and nightfall found Frieda and Marie anxiously watching the mountains for a signal. Ranchers driving cattle or hunting in the mountains signalled for help or distress by lighting three fires. As the women watched, the fires appeared on the mountainside: one, two, and then three. With





*(above) Marie Elizabeth Walters
Hurlbut.*

(lower right) Earl Schaefer Hurlbut

hearts in mouths, they waited for news, and before long Carl appeared with the word that Earl had been crossing a stream on the verge of a cliff, slipped and fallen over the edge of its waterfall. Both feet were broken, but he was otherwise undamaged.

Neighbors arrived with wagons and blankets, and the injured groom was carried out of the mountains, insisting with ironic humor that Carl had tried to kill him so he couldn't marry his daughter. Doc Wooden plastered up the feet, with some help from the bride, and at the appointed hour, they were married by Judge William D. Dehy, never mind that the groom was in bed and the bride had a little plaster on her dress. Earl was not going through another two years of trial. Two days later Lt. Hurlbut returned to duty, walking on the slippery decks of his ship with the aid of canes.

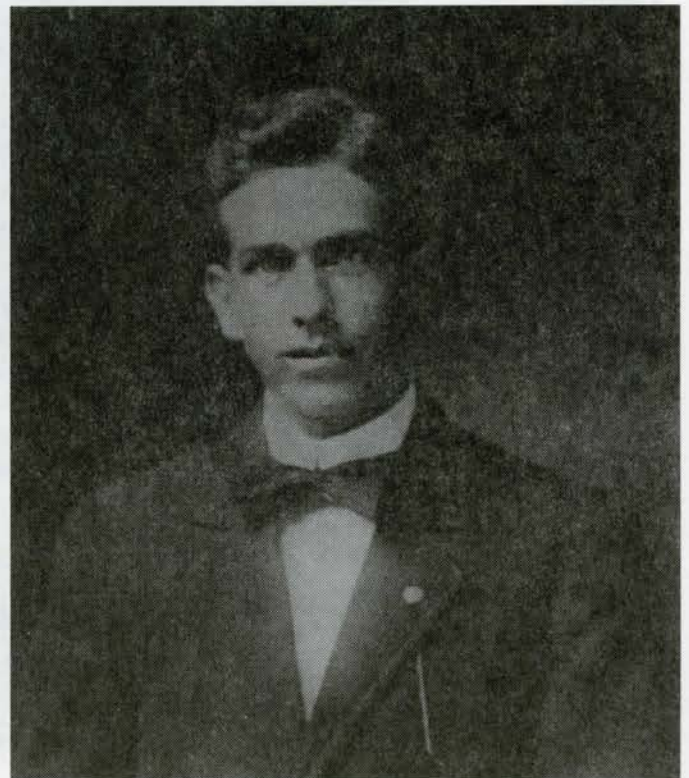
Skimming through the ensuing years: the ranch was sold, the money lost when the Watterson Banks closed. Carl became a Justice Court Judge, fought successfully to establish the Mt. Whitney Fish Hatchery, and spent the rest of his days in the service of the State Dept. of Fish & Game, roving his beloved mountains and streams as he pleased. His children stayed in the Owens Valley for most of their years as well, and some

of his descendants still live here. The Hurlbuts enjoyed more years of Navy life in San Diego, Virginia, and Nebraska, and produced three children: Marie Jeanette (Jane Fisher), Carl Stanley, and Mazie Louise (Myrick), but through it all, the call of the Sierra country was strong. When Earl retired as a Commander, on a hearing disability after seventeen years of his Navy career, they returned to Inyo County. Several more careers awaited him – ranching, Fish and Game Commissioner, foreman with the City of Los Angeles DWP, twelve years as Inyo County Supervisor, and finally years when both Marie and Earl worked as directors of the County's Tecopa Hot Springs, where he was honored with the naming of the Hurlbut-Rook building.

It was at Tecopa that the story of Agnes's hand-woven linens came full circle.

After Marie and Earl had been at Tecopa for a few years, one of Marie's Round Valley cousins, who had long since grown and moved away from the county, brought her the counterpane and pillow covers with the information that Agnes had wanted her to have them for her own trousseau -- although it had somehow become a lot of years too late for that.

During the recording of local histories in the *Saga of Inyo*, contracted by the AARP, interviewer Peggy Streeter traveled to Tecopa to talk to Marie about her family history and because she had heard the story of the surfacing of the beautiful linens. Earl's own family were an important part of Kansas history, and he often had strong conversations with his mother-in-law about whose family was the most "Who," giving up with the disgruntled joke, "Oh well, we're just a bunch of Yaqui



Indians." He managed to get his favorite remark into the conversation with Mrs. Streeter.

"Earl, she believed you," Marie laughed after Mrs. Streeter left.

"Oh, she knew I was just pulling her leg," Earl assured her.

But if you read of the encounter in the *Saga of Inyo*, you will see this: "A tall, erect gentleman...with striking blue eyes, he tells of Yaqui blood in his family, accounting for his Roman nose..." a nose that actually came to the United States directly from Scotland with his ancestors in the 1600s.

The counterpane and pillow covers now rest in the care of the Laws Railroad Museum, but Agnes's story after she came to Fort Independence remains a mys-

tery. Records burned with the destruction by fire and earthquake of the county courthouses; the family plot in the Independence Cemetery carries only a simple cross with her name and no dates. When and where she died, how old she was, whether she ever actually knew Marie or just left her treasured linens for her only nephew's first child, and how the linens came to be held by Marie's older cousins remains undiscovered.

A sad little footnote to history is the family legend that one day, when Charles and Louisa were first married and the families were away on a picnic in the mountains, a man came by asking for Agnes Von Vommelsdorf. The hands left at the ranch had never heard of a Von Vommelsdorf, of course, and all efforts to locate the visitor were to no avail. But his description of the man sounded bitterly similar to that of Agnes's lost fiancé. ❖



Frieda Walters on the steps of what is now called "The Commander's House" in Independence.

(opposite) A page from the Walters Family Bible

FAMILY RECORD

NAME	PLACE OF BIRTH	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF MARRIAGE	DATE OF DEATH
Chas. A. Walter	Hollstein (Niel) Germ.	June 19-1823	Dec 25-1871	Apr. 16-1907
Louise C. Walter	Nehl Muhlbach (Bararia)	Oct 30-1846	" " "	Oct 29-1907
Heinrich Prof. Thomson	San Bernardino, Cal	Dec. 27-1863	Sept. 25-1887	Mar. 24, 1917
Henrich Louise	San Francisco, "	Dec 7-1863	May 30-1888	Nov. 5-1914
Caroline	Independence	Nov 20-1867	1897	March 4-1907
Aina	"	Sept 29-1869	Feb 23-1893	1895
Chas. H. Walter	"	Apr 12-1874	" " "	Mar 9-1878
Carl Julius Walter	"	Apr 21-1877	Oct 22-1899	1949
Mother Walter	L.A.	1877		1956



MOUNTAIN WARFARE TRAINING

at the
Marine Corps
Center

Marine infantrymen practicing mountain climbing at Leavitt Training Area.

by Beverly Webster

"Really, a mixture of ant larvae and wild onion bulbs is quite tasty. You should try it."

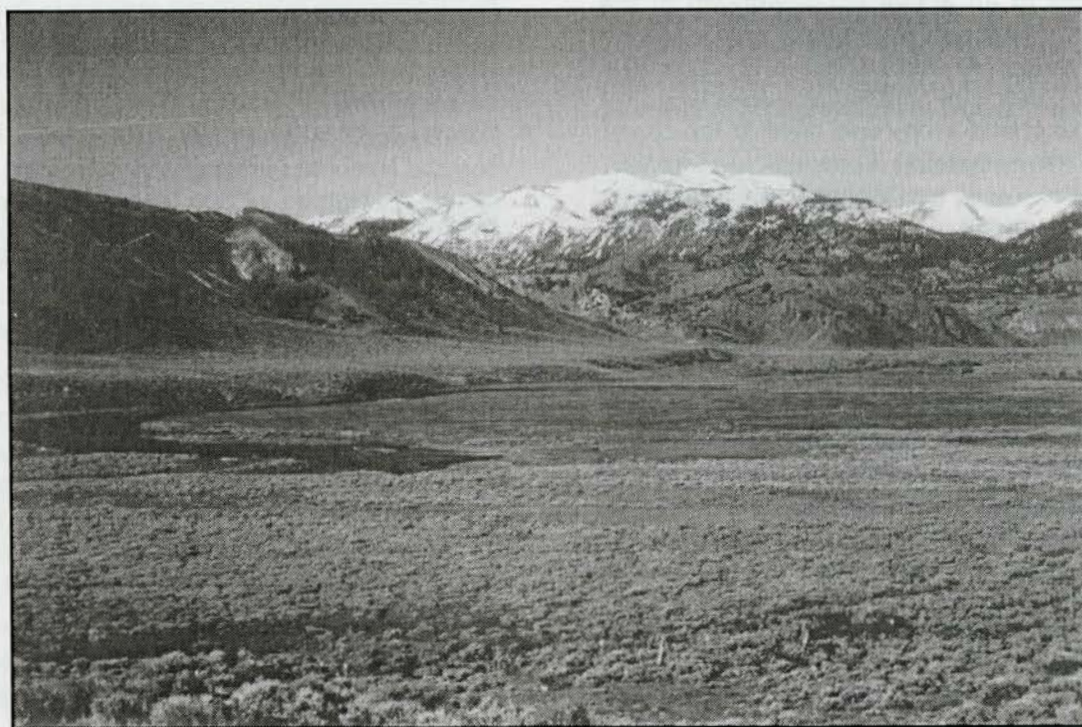
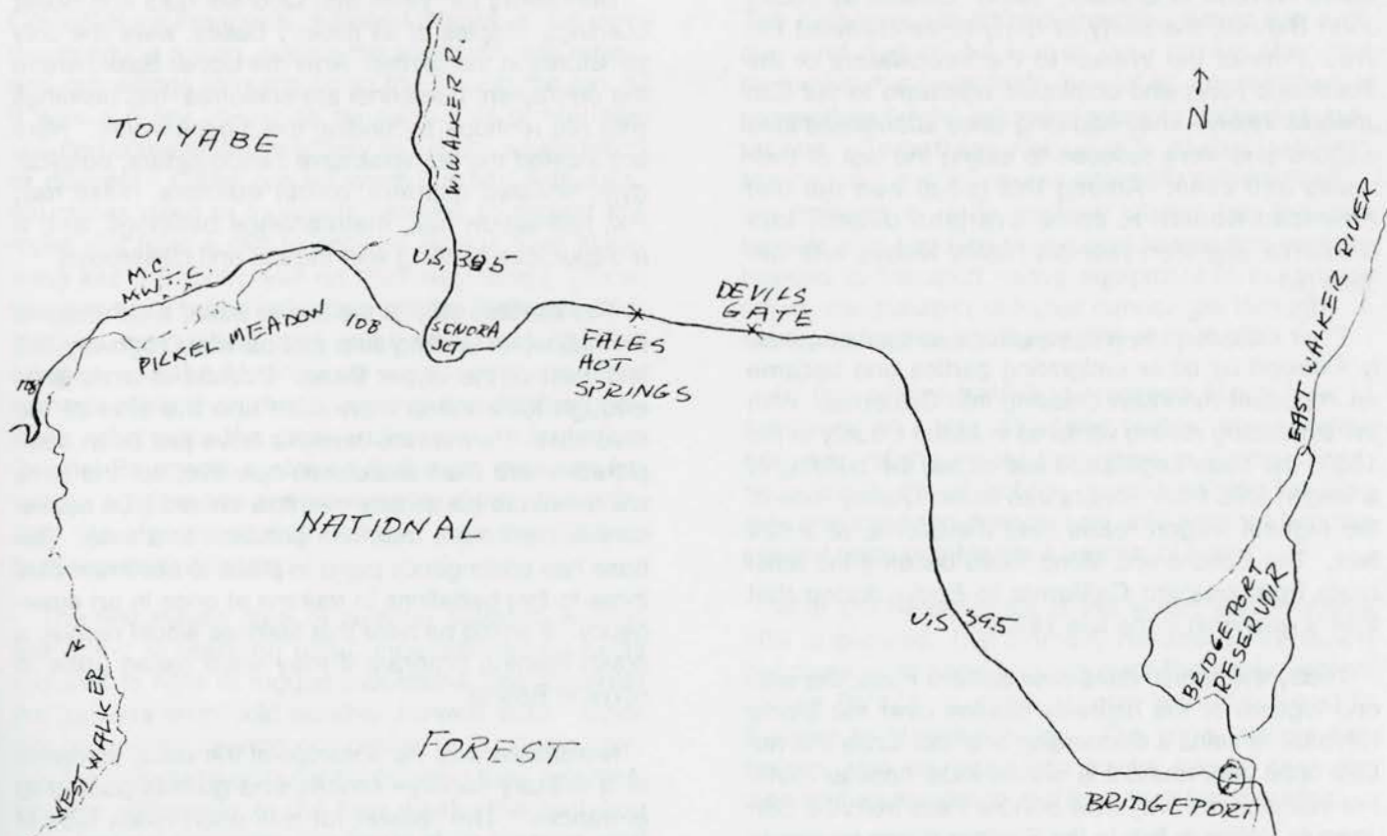
The Commanding Officer of the Marine Corps Mountain Warfare Training Center, Colonel R. L. Polak, shared this incredible information with us, an Epicurean adventure we have yet to take, as he recounted visiting a group of Marines taking a survival course. These men were spending two weeks deep in the rugged Toiyabe National Forest in California's Eastern Sierra learning how to live alone in a hostile environment. He reported that they were making tea out of pine needles and had found plenty of ant larvae but no wild onion bulbs. He was confident, however, that they would find enough food to complete their training successfully. He was basing this judgment on the experience of thousands of Marine and Naval air crews who had undergone the training through the years.

Though the course emphasizes problems encountered in enemy territory by downed air crews, many Marine infantrymen have also participated in this demanding training program. The survival training stresses the importance of maintaining a positive mental attitude while also teaching basic skills in

building fires, preparing shelter, finding food and water, making and using signal devices, and navigating in unfriendly country with very little equipment. Given seven times a year with thirty students per class, this course lasts twelve days in the summer and eleven days in the winter. (This training for Naval and Marine flyers and infantry Marines is in almost all aspects identical to that received by Captain Scott O'Grady at Fairchild Air Force Base in Spokane, Washington, training that prepared him to endure his six-day ordeal when he was shot down in Bosnia in June, 1995.)

Preparing Marines in survival skills is only one phase of the work at the Mountain Warfare Training Center, the newest Marine base in the country and the only one of its kind. Four miles west of U.S. 395 on the Sonora-Mono Highway (California Highway 108) the headquarters of the training center overlooks tranquil Pickel Meadow and the meandering West Fork of the Walker River, surrounded by the snow-clad Sierra Nevada.

Although the base's beginning goes back only forty-four years, it is located in a part of California rich in the state's history. It was over this pass that the Bidwell-Bartleson party, the first overland group of American settlers to come to California, crossed the



Pickel Meadow and the West Walker River.

Sierra Nevada in October, 1841. Guided by young John Bidwell, the party of thirty-three followed the West Fork of the Walker to the headwaters of the Stanislaus River and continued westward to the San Joaquin Valley. They had long since abandoned their wagons and were reduced to eating the last of their mules and oxen. Among this group was the first American woman to come overland directly into California, eighteen-year-old Nancy Kelsey with her baby girl.

Their difficult route with variations was subsequently followed by other emigrating parties and became an important mountain crossing into California. With the expanding mining ventures in Mono County in the 1860s the State Legislature authorized the building of a wagon road from Sonora into Mono County, one of the highest wagon roads over the Sierra, at 9,624 feet. The Sonora and Mono Road became the main route from western California to Bodie during that town's gold rush in the late 1870s.

Today the scenic drive over Sonora Pass, the second highest of the highway passes over the Sierra Nevada, remains a demanding one, but since it is not kept open year-round it is not the most popular route. For years on our way over Sonora Pass from the San Joaquin Valley to fish in the Eastern Sierra we would see, along Highway 108 not far from its junction with U.S. Highway 395, military personnel in combat fatigues scaling cliffs, and tents, helicopters, and other facilities of an active establishment of the armed forces. Although we knew it was a Marine base of some kind, we had wondered about its purpose. Our curiosity was satisfied this June when we were invited to spend a day and night at the center and through the hospitality, openness, and professional competence of the Marines serving as our guides we were able to learn about the base's history and observe training firsthand.

One might ask why the Mountain Warfare Training Center is located in this remote area of Mono County where in the summer fishing the West Walker, camping, and hiking are favorite pastimes and in the winter the road is closed. The answer goes back to 1951 when troops in Korea were discovering they lacked the training necessary to fight in that country's mountainous, cold-weather environment. Since this particular location in the Eastern Sierra had terrain and weather conditions similar to those found in the overseas fighting arena, the Marine Corps established the Cold Weather Battalion here to train replacement troops. At the end of the Korean Conflict the name was changed to the Marine Corps Cold Weather Training Center and in 1963 to its present name. In 1967 it was fully reactivated. Because of its uniqueness and flexibility chances are that the base will not be affected by military cutbacks.

Until about ten years ago Quonset huts and Butler buildings, staples of all military bases, were the only structures at the center. Now the Upper Base, where the permanent personnel are stationed, has buildings with red rooftops ascending the mountainside. Here are located the administrative headquarters, hospital, gym, enlisted quarters, officer quarters, mess hall, PX, recreation hall, maintenance buildings, and a multipurpose building with theater and classrooms.

The trainees stay at the Lower Base, which adjoins the helicopter landing strip that parallels Highway 108 just west of the Upper Base. Dozens of tents large enough for sixteen men each line the side of the mountain. Permanent barracks have just been completed where the trainees will now live, but the tents will remain to house any overflow should it be necessary to train more than one battalion at a time. The base has contingency plans in place to accommodate three to five battalions in training at once in an emergency. It would be here that Marines would receive a crash training program if they were called upon to serve in Bosnia.

Noticeable was the absence of the usual elements of a military facility—fences and guards posted at entrances. The reason for this unorthodox lack of restrictions is that the Mountain Warfare Training Center is on land owned by the United States Forestry Service, and the Marine Corps and the Forestry Service have entered into agreements to ensure that the environment is minimally disturbed and that the land is open to the public.

The Marine Corps has access to 46,000 acres of Forest Service land north of the base in the wild Toiyabe National Forest where elevations for training can be as high as 12,000 feet. The base itself is at 6,762 feet. Due to a Forestry Service restriction on building height on Forestry land, married housing had to be built 25 miles north in Antelope Valley on property owned by the Bureau of Land Management.

About 200 permanent military personnel are stationed at the training center including 18 officers. Among the 20 civilians working on the base are a fire department and a Forest Service liaison person. We heard that many of the personnel sent to the Eastern Sierra for their three years of duty become quite attached to the area and find it difficult to leave, and for good reason.

When we visited the base summer training was in full swing. At Leavitt Training Area, about four miles beyond the main base, 300 infantrymen of the 2nd Battalion 7th Marines from Twenty-nine Palms were in the ninth day of their 28 days of training. Another 277 Marines from the battalion were out on mountain hikes and learning medical evacuation procedures.

The Battalion Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Buck Bourgeois, watched intently as the men practiced top roping, scaling the sheer cliff with ropes, and rappelling, swinging down the cliff on the ropes. It was a noisy operation as each pair of Marines shouted commands necessary to ensure a safe climb or descent. Other groups were building A-frames, structures used in mountain rescues to project the ropes out from a cliff to prevent victims from slamming into the rocky wall on their way down. Some trainees were being instructed in other techniques for medical evacuation, and some were making rope bridges. All the Marines we were observing were trainees other than those wearing red climbing helmets, who were the base instructors. Lieutenant Colonel Bourgeois explained that each man has his buddy, and the two are inseparable during the training. He also noted that enlisted men and officers train together as teams.

The first eleven days of summer battalion training are spent in learning basic mountaineering skills required to fight in rugged mountains, and in winter the trainees learn cold weather survival skills. Since this group was nearing completion of the basic training, the men seemed quite confident in their activities. For the remainder of the four weeks the battalion uses in field exercises the basic skills learned, and testing and evaluation of progress are essential elements at all stages. Lieutenant Colonel Bourgeois emphasized how the mountaineering training brings out leadership abilities in people who ordinarily might not have a leadership role and provides team-building opportunities for all. In observing the afternoon's training, we got the feeling that the Commanding Officer really knew at a personal level each of his men.

The battalion trains seven days a week, and each day starts with a four-mile hike from the base to the training site in full pack, including weapons, and ends with a hike back to the base. Night practice is a major part of the training since, as we were told by one of the Marines, they would prefer to fight at night.

As we were driving to the training site we met an ambulance coming down twisting Highway 108 with siren on and lights flashing. When we reached the training area we learned from our guide, Captain Jeffrey Koffel, that one of the young trainees had fallen, and medical evacuation skills had been quickly put into practice. The base has a hospital run by Navy personnel since the rate of injury during training is about ten percent, but since this accident was believed to be more serious than the typical sprained ankles and broken legs the young Marine was flown by helicopter to Carson City, Nevada, for treatment. We found out the next day, however, that he was expected to be back on duty in a couple of days.

Over 10,000 men go through the center each year. Ten battalions are trained annually, five in the summer and five in the winter, and during May and November the permanent instructors are retrained in preparation for the incoming summer and winter battalions. Something not usually associated with Marines is a special course offered to selected battalion trainees in mule packing where they become familiar with handling mules and horses that may be needed to transport heavy equipment in mountains where mechanized vehicles cannot get through. A Marine on foot and a mule can go anywhere.

In the winter battalion trainees learn how to maneuver on snow, defensive tactics, and survival. For many of the young men snow is a new experience, but by the end of the month's training handling skis and surviving in snow and cold weather become integral parts of a Marine's arsenal of skills.

With the heavy snow in the winter and Highway 108 unplowed, the primary means of transport becomes a strange looking over-the-snow vehicle called BV206, a snow tractor manufactured in Sweden by Hagglunds, Inc. The snow tractors with trailers, also equipped with tractor treads, carry the men and equipment to and from their training sites.

One of our guides, Captain Tracy King, talked about the whiteouts that can occur during the winter months in the area. He and his group had a real test of their winter survival skills when they became immobilized for five days in a snow storm. Fortunately, the base is always in communication with each unit in training, and the men had the basic equipment and knowledge to handle the situation.

A special six-week course entitled Mountain Leaders is given four times a year, twice in the summer and twice in the winter with forty students per class. Its purpose is to train personnel from the Marines, Navy, and Army to return to their own units as leaders and instructors in operating in mountains and in cold weather.

From January to April there are five courses of twelve days each on Cold Weather Medicine. The forty students in each class are Navy medical personnel who receive special training in cold weather/high altitude injuries, cold weather procedures and survival, skiing, and night medevac procedures.

One of the interesting missions of the training center is to test skiing, cold-weather, and mountain-climbing equipment and technology. Base personnel test name-brand, off-the-rack clothing and equipment in order to outfit Marines throughout the service in the latest and best gear possible at the best price.

Although the Mountain Warfare Training Center's



Top photo: Marines grouping for training.

Bottom photo: Marine infantrymen practicing mountain climbing.

The Marine Corps is a highly organized and disciplined organization. It is a profession of arms, and its members are trained to the highest standards. The Marine Corps is a proud and distinguished branch of the United States Armed Forces.



Top photo: Marine infantrymen practicing mountain climbing at Leavitt Training Area.

Bottom photo: Bill Webster; Lieutenant Colonel Buck Bourgeois, Commanding Officer of the 2nd Battalion 7th Marines; Captain Jeffrey Koffel of the MWTC.



Top photo: Making A-frames.

Bottom photo: BV206, over-the-snow vehicle.

Opposite page, top photo: Helicopter landing strip and tents at Lower Base.

Bottom photo: Headquarters MWTIC.

mission is basically military, it serves the surrounding communities well. There is close cooperation between the base and local law enforcement offices, and the Marines often work with young people, giving mountain climbing instruction to Junior ROTC, Four-H, and Boy Scout groups. Probably the center's greatest contributions to the civilian community are its search and rescue efforts that cover the region from Lake Tahoe to Bishop. Skiers, hikers, flood victims, air crash survivors, to mention a few, have all benefited from the services of the Marines from the base.

In the Upper Base's multipurpose building a wall covered with photographs tells the training center's history. This fascinating illustrated story has been made possible by donations of personal photographs from Marines and ex-Marines who have gone through training at the center since its beginning.

The training of the lean, well-conditioned young men is truly a character-building experience, expressed by Colonel Polak who said the most satis-

fying parts of his job are "seeing the trainees gain personal self-confidence and seeing the cohesion and bonding of the people who come through." If the Marine infantrymen we observed practicing their mountaineering skills are any indication of what can be mastered in only nine days, the total four weeks of training would prepare them for most any eventuality, both physically and mentally.

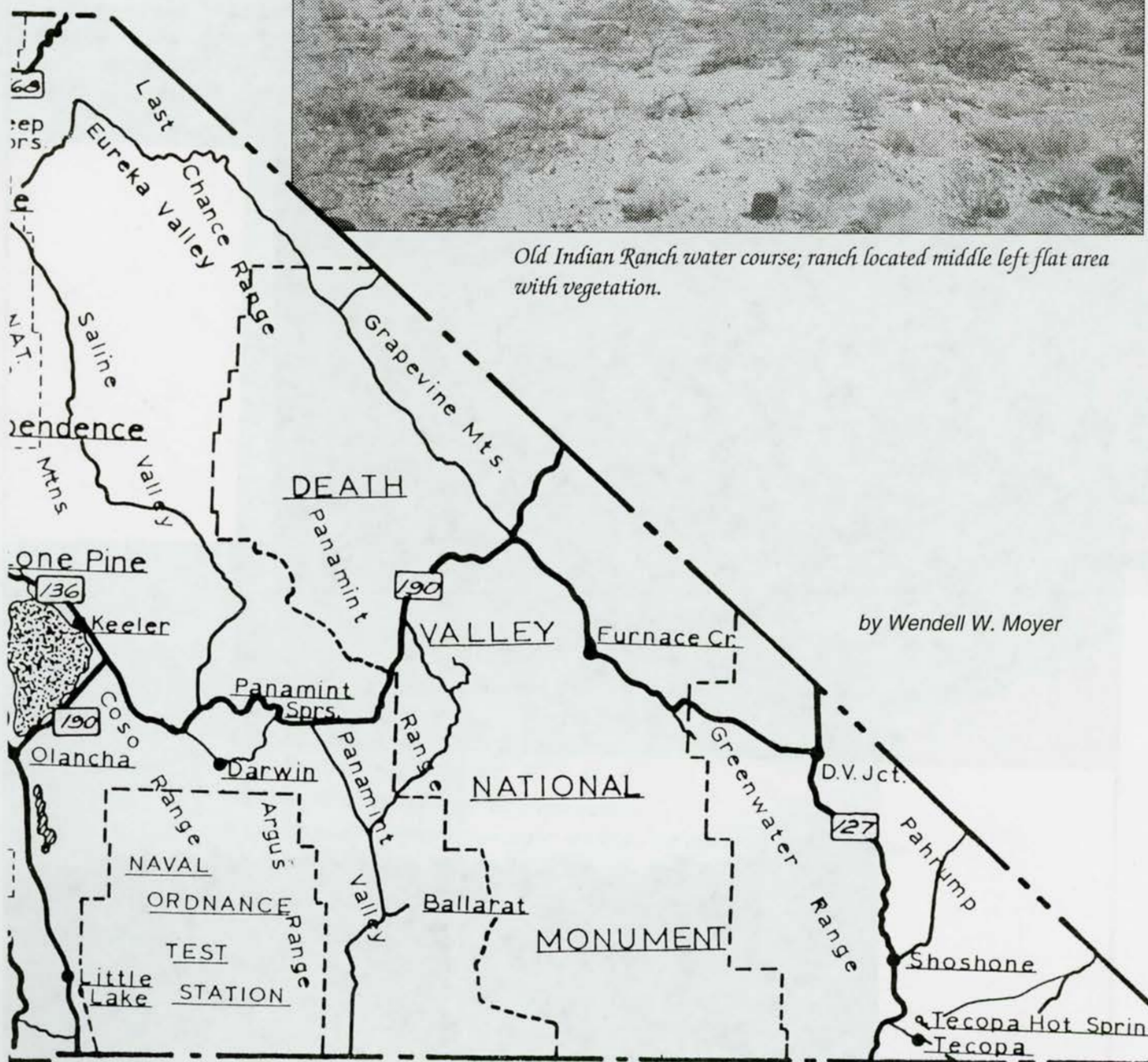
Tucked away in the mountains of Mono County eighteen miles northeast of Bridgeport, this unique military installation not only provides life-saving training to thousands of Marine, Navy, and Army personnel annually but it represents a true example of the symbiotic relationships that can exist among branches of the Federal government and between Federal government and civilian populations. Everybody benefits. With the construction of permanent buildings it is apparent that the Marine Corps Mountain Warfare Training Center has become a permanent fixture in Mono County. *



The Rise and Fall of the SALINE VALLEY INDIAN RANCH



Old Indian Ranch water course; ranch located middle left flat area with vegetation.



Introduction

Native Americans have resided in the Saline Valley area for a very long time. Evidence of their presence can be found in a multitude of locations scattered about the valley proper and in the surrounding mountains. Habitation sites ("Indian rings"), stone tools and implements, obsidian chips scattered about in great profusion, occasional arrowheads, rock structures and formations, petroglyphs and pictographs, beads, baskets and home making articles of many types have all been found and in a number of different locations.

A general survey of the area indicates that there were probably three principal habitation sites in the valley proper: one located in the northeast corridor approximately two miles above the warm springs adjacent a hillock referred to as Arrow Makers Knoll; another about one and one-half miles southwest of the warm springs in an area of natural water seeps known as the Seven Sisters; and the third and certainly largest of the three located in the zone between the salt lake marsh and the mouth of Hunter Canyon.

The indigenous people would be described as semi-nomadic; i.e., they regularly migrated from the valley to the surrounding mountains and back, depending on the season and the changing food sources. The valley habitation sites were generally occupied during the cooler period of September through May. The hot summer months were spent in the nearby mountains, primarily in the vicinity of Hunter Mountain to the south or Whippoorwill Flats on the east flank of Waucoba Peak to the north. Ample evidence of Indian presence in both mountain locales abound. A good description of the lives of the native people during their summer, mountain period has been published by Dutcher' in 1893. The technique used by the Panamint Shoshone for the gathering of Pinion pine nuts is described in detail.

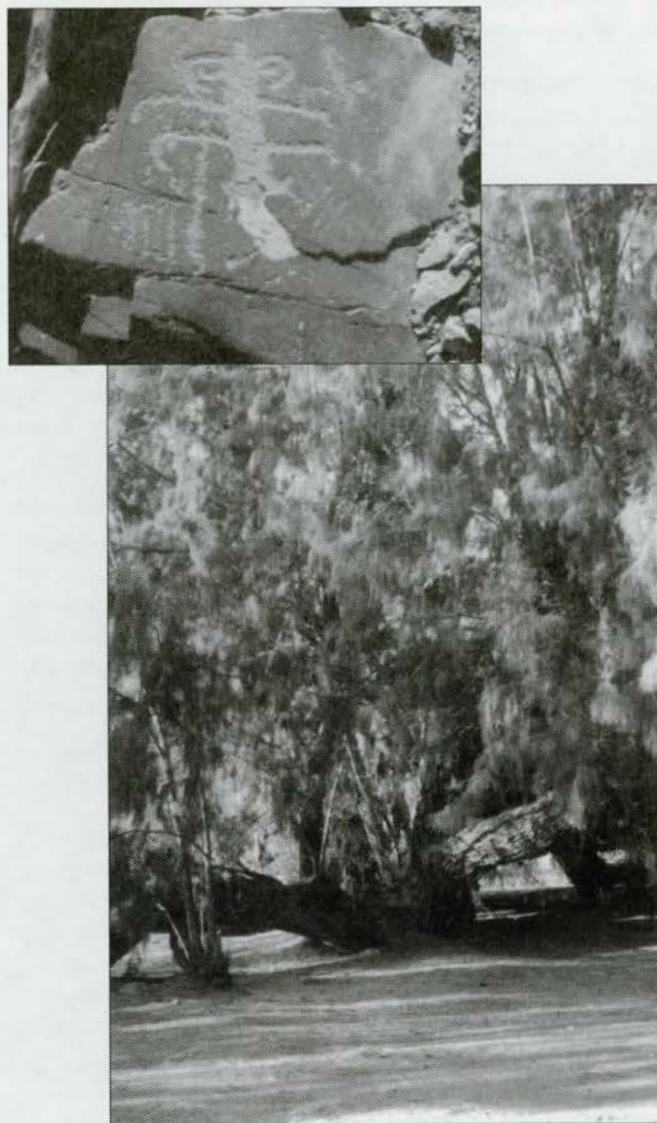
Just how far back in antiquity the Saline Valley Indian presence extends only archaeologists can estimate with any credibility. It is certainly safe to say that it has been a very long time, probably at least several thousand years. There are, of course, no written or accurate records of the early period – only the physical evidence from artifacts and habitation sites.

Of the more recent period, however – that is from about the 1860s to the present – there is a vast amount of reliable information in the form of physical evidence, written descriptions and documents, and especially word of mouth accounts from local "old timers" and from the descendants and relatives of the actual former inhabitants themselves.

On the basis of this mass of data it may safely be stated that the Saline Valley enclave of the Panamint Shoshone was, during its heyday extending from the 1870s up until about 1940, one of the largest, best organized, and most prosperous Shoshone communities

within their entire southwestern territorial range which included Death Valley, Panamint Valley and even the Owens Valley ... truly an exemplary Indian community by white man standards. Considering the size and extent of their farming and ranching activities, the accomplishments of the Saline Valley Shoshone were certainly remarkable in view of the locale and times.

Even more remarkable, perhaps, is the fact that this prosperous, successful community in the period of only about 10 short years dwindled and eventually died completely (circa 1952) – the Indian residents disbanding and vacating the valley – never to return again. And in the intervening 40 odd years since, even the memories of the once renowned Saline Valley Indian Ranch have faded into oblivion in the minds of the public at large. This historic site has now virtually disappeared from existence.



Tamarisk tree at the main habitation site.

The Inyo Indian Wars

When Jedediah Smith and his band of mountain men (the first white explorers) passed through the Mojave in 1826, they found the local Indian people to be generally peaceful and friendly. But that situation evidently didn't last long. As more settlers, miners and opportunists flooded the area, conflicting cultures, motives and attitudes led inevitably to disputes and bloodshed.

The Army was brought in (early 1860s). The Army's solution was standard for the times: use any provocation as a justification for eliminating the problem. "Good Indians were dead Indians." At least two Indian massacres occurred on the shores of Owens Lake during the 1860s and there were uncounted numbers of skirmishes in the broader area.

During this period there was also a concerted effort on the part of the Army to round up and translocate all of the indigenous people to the Tule River and Ft. Tejon reservations. Army contingents were dispatched to both the Hunter Mountain and Waucoba Flats areas to carry out this mission.

Even today the local Indians speak of the terror of those times ... of hiding out ... of being hunted down and killed like animals – men, women and children. During this period there were innumerable minor confrontations in the area and at least one significant battle was said to have taken place at Willow Creek. Civil War era artifacts have been uncovered there.

The local Shoshone also speak of occasional successes for their side during this "war" ... Such as the time on Hunter Mountain when the pursued "Shoshone boys" gained the high ground in Quail Canyon and routed a vastly superior Army column.

Despite their efforts, the Army evidently wasn't very successful with its Indian roundup – at least with regard to the Saline Valley Shoshone. Many escaped due, no doubt, to the ruggedness and remoteness of the area. And as more peaceful times returned, they reestablished their traditional valley settlements and lifestyle (circa early 1870s).

Saline Valley Indian Ranch: Founding and Early Years

Prior to the coming of the white man, the indigenous people throughout this area lived in a simple, traditional manner primarily as hunter/gatherers. A good description of the early people, their customs and lifestyle has been published by Steward². According to Steward, the early people occupying the Saline Valley Indian Ranch area were called the Ko'onzi. Another good description of the life of the early Saline Valley people is given by Brook³. Brook's technical article deals primarily with the hunting techniques of the early Saline Valley Indians.

Among the early people there is no evidence of any

significant organized agriculture. As a consequence, the settlements of these people were found in the immediate vicinity of springs, water courses and marshlands. In the case of Saline Valley the largest settlement was logically located in the area of the main valley water course which flows from the Hunter Canyons (little and big) down to the salt marsh at the low spot in the valley (a distance of about one mile). The vast numbers of old habitation sites and artifacts in the vicinity attest to this fact.

With the coming of the white man and newly acquired knowledge about the techniques of organized, modern agriculture the indigenous people readily adopted the new ways and, as a consequence, moved their main valley settlement a mile or so to the north and west to the area where the good, fertile, tillable land is located. A simple but effective diversion dam and canal system redirected the Hunter Canyon waters away from its historic channel across the alluvial fan and back into a wash that then carried the water down to the new farm fields and settlement. The water, once arrived at the Indian Ranch, was collected and distributed by means of a clever system of catch basins, reservoirs and channels to irrigate their various agricultural fields and orchards – all of this accomplished by simple gravity flow.

A secondary channel system was also constructed to tap into the nearby Beveridge Canyon water course. The water flow from Beveridge Canyon, however, was more variable and thus only an intermittent water source for the Ranch according to the "old timers."

Exactly when the original water diversion occurred and organized farming activities commenced in Saline Valley is not known with certainty. A good estimate would be somewhere in the neighborhood of the early 1870s ... coinciding with the huge influx of people (miners, adventurers, and opportunists) flocking to the area as a result of the Cerro Gordo silver boom.

Certainly the Indian Ranch water system was well established prior to any of the other valley projects such as the well-known Conn and Trudo Borax Works, circa 1870s⁴ or the now famous Salt Works and Tramway (early 1900s).

The Saline Valley Indians were clearly recognized as the owners of the Hunter Canyon water and obviously took advantage of their proprietary rights by making a business of selling their water to the local mining operations (borax and salt). According to Roy Hunter⁵ the local Indians were receiving an estimated \$100/month or more through the sale of their water during this period – a princely sum at the time, no doubt. And, according to Si Ness⁶ payments for use of the Indians' water continued all the way up to about 1950. By that time the payments were said to be only \$50/month (from the Salt Company alone).



The tamarisk tree (main habitation site) from the county road.



Remains of the water reservoir retaining wall.



Looking north at water distribution structure, tamarisk tree in background.



Right: 10 inch gate valve at main water reservoir.

Above: water distribution structure about 1/4 mile upslope from the main habitation site.

The Privatization of the Saline Valley Indian Ranch

During the 1800s Indians were considered to be wards of the government and were not allowed to own property. As unbelievable as that may seem today, it was true then – a regrettable historical fact. No matter that an Indian tribal community had been settled in a particular area since time immemorial; legally they were considered only as mere squatters. Such was the case with the Saline Valley Indian enclave as well as with all of the other established Indian communities in the area at the time.

William Lyle Hunter, a near legendary figure in the history of Inyo County⁷, was, among other things, considered to be a friend of the Indians. In those times befriending the local Indians was not a common practice. And in particular W.L. Hunter early on established a special personal relationship with the Saline Valley Shoshone – a relationship which, in fact, continues even today through succeeding generations.⁸

The federal law prohibiting Indian land ownership was finally rescinded in the late 1800s. Thereafter, Indians were permitted to obtain legal title to land by the usual means, such as by outright purchase, as well as by now being eligible for Federal Land Grants under the Indian Allotment Homestead Act. However, in order to obtain a Homestead Land Grant it was necessary for them to make a formal written request.

Not surprisingly the area Indians at that time were illiterate and uneducated. They spoke almost no English. The intricacies of the white man's written system for conducting business was totally beyond their comprehension. They may have been legally entitled to Homestead Land Grants but no one was there officially to apprise them of their rights or to help them prepare and file the required forms. The local white settlers certainly were not so motivated.

The Saline Shoshone were more fortunate, however. Their friend, W.L. Hunter, recognizing the importance of the Saline Valley ranch site to the valley people, initiated action on their behalf for obtaining a Homestead Land Grant. It was he who obtained the required legal forms, saw to it that they were properly completed, and personally filed them with the Federal Government in Washington. In due time the application was approved. The Saline Valley Indian Ranch Homestead Land Grant was issued on June 30, 1892 by the authority of President Benjamin Harrison.

The 160 acre land grant actually consisted of two separate 80 acre grants: one 80 acre parcel deeded to Tom Hunter, head of the (Indian) Hunter⁹ family and clan, and the other 80 acre parcel deeded to Caesar¹⁰ head of his family and clan.

The combined 160 acre property was laid out as two

offset (by 40 acres) 80 acre tracts (instead of as a square) in order to encompass the principal areas of cultivation, habitation and use. The land area that the ranch and its inhabitants actually occupied was considerably larger, all things considered. Thus even though the legally titled area of the ranch comprised only a portion of the actual ranching operation, the Saline Shoshone were certainly far better off than their landless counterparts in Death Valley and elsewhere.

Indian Ranch – The Good Years

Accounts of the extent and nature of the ranch operation during its heyday period¹¹ are impressive – almost unbelievable as you view what remains of the ranch today. According to an article in the Inyo Independent dated 1882¹², "These ranches are in a superior state of cultivation being largely devoted to the production of onions, pumpkins, cabbage and all such." Nelson's description of the ranch in 1891 is even more detailed¹³. He describes the ranch as having roughly 100 irrigated acres with the principal crops being alfalfa, barley, wheat, melons, squashes, corn, and beans. According to Nelson the Indians had four American plows, and seven scythes and were planning to buy a mowing machine the next year. Obviously even in 1891 the Indians were employing entirely modern (for the times) farming techniques. They also were said to have had an orchard with several different types of fruit trees. The remains of about a dozen fig tree stumps are still quite evident on the property today, some still clinging tenuously to life.

All of this agricultural activity was, of course, in addition to their horse and mule breeding operation which was said to have been an equally important function on the ranch. The Indians by this time had become quite accomplished horsemen. Prior to the coming of the white man the local Indians had no knowledge or experience with these animals.

Some time after the turn of the century the ranch also acquired Angora goats according to accounts. Johnny Hunter, son of Tom, married one of the Panamint Valley Hanson clan women who owned the goats – which she brought with her when she moved over across the ridge into Saline Valley. The union was not a successful one, however. Very uncharacteristic of the Shoshone, and Indians in general, Johnny and the Hanson woman "divorced;" she taking her entire herd of goats and returning to Panamint Valley once again.

The probable reason for the success and prosperity of the Saline Valley Indians compared to their counterparts in Panamint Valley, Death Valley, and elsewhere had to do with the nature of their soil. In the immediate vicinity of the ranch was a large expanse of excellent agricultural land – good consistency, fertile, level and with no rocks. All they had to do was to clear the native vegetation from the land and take a plow to it – after somehow getting water to the site, of course.

In comparison, according to Wallace¹⁴, the amount of arable land available to the Indian people living in other nearby areas (Death Valley, Panamint Valley, etc.) was very limited and severely restricted their agricultural activities. They may have had plenty of water in some of these other locations, but their soil just didn't compare to that which was found in Saline Valley.

During the hot summer months all of the animals and most of the people moved up to their traditional Hunter Mountain encampment area. Only an intermittent or token presence remained at the ranch in order to maintain their irrigation systems. This migration ordinarily required a couple of days. In the fall, after the heat of the valley had abated, they would all return by the same route. The remains of their old layover corral may still be seen in lower Grapevine Canyon. In later years they also made use of the (white) Hunter family corral located in upper Grapevine Canyon (visible from the county road) during their semiannual migrations.

The Saline Indians were always friendly (at least after the 1870s) with the white newcomers and visitors. They welcomed the area mines, borax and salt works, as they provided employment for the men and a local market for their farm and ranch products. Also as previously stated the borax and salt operations were agreeable to a lucrative deal at the time for the purchase of the Indian's water.

At its height the Saline Valley Indian Ranch and environs was estimated to have as many as 125 residents – maybe more. No accurate records of population are available. In fact, there are no records – just the word of mouth from “old timers.”

Even though the Saline Indians readily adopted the white man's farming and ranching techniques they nevertheless maintained their traditional culture and manner of living. No permanent white man type structures were ever constructed such as conventional houses, barns or sheds. The traditional wikiup was used for shelter. Evidence of recent wikiup sites dot the hillsides overlooking the area of the cultivated fields and corrals. And likewise they held to their semi-nomadic lifestyle.

The organization of the ranch centered around the extended Tom Hunter and Caesar families. This Shoshone enclave as well as those in neighboring Cottonwood Canyon, Panamint Valley, Death Valley, etc. were best described as extended families rather than tribes. Originally Tom and Caesar, as family heads, also functioned essentially as dual chiefs of the enclave although it was said that they had no official status nor formal role as such.

Upon the death of Tom Hunter his son Johnny assumed the ranch leadership role. Caesar's heirs and succession within his family are unknown.

There was always close contact, cooperation and free

exchange between the several Shoshone settlements in the area. As the local Shoshone will tell you today, they feel that they are all interrelated – in fact one big extended family.

With the bountiful productivity of the ranch, revenues from the sale of their water to the Borax and Salt Works and jobs for the men in the local mills and mines, the Saline Valley Indians were prosperous indeed by the standards of the time. Truly a model Indian community; self sufficient, self governing and secure. Surely they must have been the envy of other Shoshone settlements in the region at the time.

As a matter of historical record, one of the more interesting events in the history of the ranch was Caesar's capturing of a notorious fugitive: an Indian man who had murdered five people. The year was 1892. It seems that this Indian man in Kernville became involved in a dispute with his boss regarding a deduction in pay for an accidental spillage of lubricating oil. In the subsequent fracas the Indian killed the boss and four other people, evaded capture, and high-tailed it off over the Sierras to the northeast.

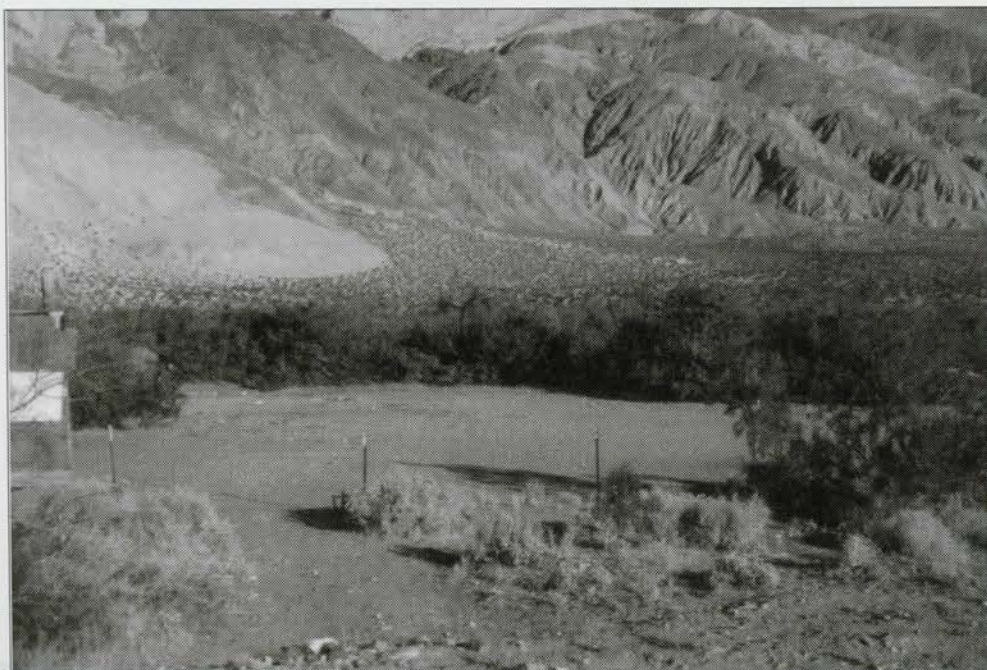
Word of the dastardly deeds and of the escaped fugitive spread rapidly throughout the region. As it happened, a man named McDonough and a young (aged only 10) Bev (Beveridge) Hunter (third son of W.L. and father of Roy) were traveling through Saline Valley at the time. Upon arriving at the Saline Valley Indian Ranch they found to their surprise that Caesar and his men had actually already captured the murderer. There he was neatly tied, spread eagle on a wagon wheel.

The next day Caesar, McDonough and young Bev strapped the fugitive on a horse for the ride over the Inyos via the Paiute Monument trail to Independence, the county seat. And even in this there was some drama when, during a rest stop, the prisoner attempted to escape on foot. According to reliable accounts the escape was thwarted when young Bev lassoed the fleeing man from his horse, at full gallop.

A large reward had been expected but somehow never materialized. Nevertheless, Caesar was considered to be quite a celebrity as a result and received much notoriety. He was even invited to San Francisco for an award banquet in his honor. As is typical of banquets, there was a choice of entrees. A local society matron latched onto Caesar and strongly recommended the chicken. Caesar adamantly rejected her choice. The matron persisted. The answer was still a firm “No!” Finally she asked “Well, why not?” And Caesar is said to have replied loudly for everyone to hear, “Indian no eat chicken; chicken eat shit!”

Another interesting story from the early '30s but still the heyday period of the ranch, told by Roy Hunter, involves Johnny Hunter, son of Tom. Even though Johnny didn't have license and didn't know how to drive,

he decided that he should have a car. So he bought himself a Town Car (one of those long, open numbers) and hired a chauffeur. The car was brought into the valley via the old San Lucas Canyon Road – the only road into the valley from the south at that time. Needless to say, the length of roadway in the valley useful for motor vehicle operation was quite limited. According to Roy, it was truly a grand sight to see Johnny, his chauffeur and about eight other Indians in the car driving up and down this short valley road on a Sunday afternoon.



Indian Ranch corral area viewed from the tamarisk tree westward toward the Inyo Mountains and Beveridge Canyon.



Viewing the main habitation site from the east side.



Indian Rings





*Oven in the Indian Ranch area –
decorated by a pack rat.*

Arrastra



The Decline of the Indian Ranch

With so many things in its favor and its prosperity seemingly assured, the question is, "What happened to cause this model, exemplary Indian community to just dry up and disappear?" And the answer is that the decline wasn't due to anything in particular – just changing times and circumstances – except, of course, for the final dramatic and tragic chapter which sealed its fate.

From a high point in population of about 125 people in the late 1800s the number of inhabitants steadily declined, due first to the terrible toll from the white man's diseases (T.B., influenza, and venereal diseases among others), and later due just to changing times.

Before the time of improved roads, Saline Valley was on the map just as surely as all the other settlements or mine sites in the area – and probably no more difficult to get to. When travel is by horseback and transport by pack animals, the nature of the terrain isn't all that important.

The first real road of any sort into the valley from the south was the San Lucas Canyon road put in by the Salt Company with funds provided by Inyo County in 1924. This road was always difficult at best and not suitable for large vehicles. An imposing dry waterfall in the heart of the canyon presented the major obstacle.

From the north there was a much earlier road into the valley, constructed originally by the Borax Works and the placer miners in Marble Canyon, c. 1875. However, this route was a particularly arduous one requiring two full days travel with no water stops in between. It was not a preferred route.

But it was the completion of the paved Highway 190 (late '20s) running from Lone Pine/Olancha to Panamint Valley and on through to Death Valley and the east that essentially cut off Saline Valley from the mainstream. The situation was comparable to what happens when the railroad or the Interstate by-passes a town. Saline Valley was no longer easy to get to, in comparison.

It required World War II to provide the impetus for Inyo County to put in the first decent, improved road from the south – the present Grapevine Canyon road. Talc was a strategic material needed for the war effort and Saline Valley had much talc.

Another significant factor in the decline of the Indian Ranch was the general decline of mining activities in the area. The major area mines played out; the Salt Tramway was closed down (1929). Mine-related jobs for the local people were no longer extant.

The big spurt in the area's mining activities which occurred in the '30s was driven by the Great Depression: many small operations or individuals seeking their pot-of-gold in tough times. But such endeavors didn't create jobs for the locals.

The lack of local schooling was still another important factor in the decline. The nearest public school was in Darwin, some 50 plus miles distant. The valley children had to be boarded out in Darwin in order to get any formal education. This caused disruption of the close-knit Indian families. A number of families moved to Darwin and elsewhere as a result.

Other factors were more subtle. The valley, of course, had no modern amenities because of its isolation – no electricity, no phones,¹⁵ no postal service, no convenient source of supplies, no entertainment (movies), etc. Also, two world wars lured the people away for city jobs and service in the armed forces.

Thus, by the time of the mid '40s the population of the Indian Ranch had dwindled to only a handful of people – maybe three or four families. And the area under cultivation had diminished to less than 40 acres.

The Final Chapter: Loss of Water Rights and the Hunter Canyon Shooting

Sometime during the late '40s ownership of the Hunter Canyon Mill Site Claim (the area of land at the mouths of the Hunter Canyons, through which all of the ranch water flowed) changed hands. Taking advantage of our liberal mining laws, a Colonel A.E. Montieth from the Los Angeles area bought the claim – and in the process acquired virtual ownership of the land (probably the most beautiful, lush green area in the entire valley).

It was said of the Colonel that he was not a real miner although he did own several mining claims. More properly, Montieth was described as a "gold bug" (mining enthusiast) who just happened to be fond of that particular area.

Colonel Montieth built two or three cottages on the property for use by himself and his Los Angeles friends. Weekend and holiday parties by the Colonel and his buddies were said to be common. A full time caretaker was employed to look after the place.

As previously mentioned, the Hunter Canyon Mill Site was a beautiful spot in its natural state but it didn't take the Colonel long to conclude that the ambience of his desert paradise could be further enhanced by the addition of some ponds and pools. To do this, of course, required damming up the flow of water to the Indian Ranch, located a mile or so down the hill. And, of course, in the process cutting the Indians off from their sole source of water. It goes without saying, in a desert environment crops don't last long without a continuous supply of water.

In the Colonel's mind, according to accounts, he felt perfectly justified in doing what he did. Some time earlier he had obtained a Domestic Use Water Rights Claim from the State of California for use of Hunter Canyon water – which, of course, legally entitled him to only 200

gallons/day. He didn't quite see it that way. He had a water rights claim and therefore, defacto, all of the water was his, by his way of looking at things.

In actuality the Indians did, quite properly and legally own the bulk of the Hunter Canyon water by virtue of the California State Water Rights Grandfather Clause (i.e., proven ownership and use prior to 1914). But needless to say, they had no formal documentation or written proof to substantiate their claim.

So the Colonel went ahead and built his pools and the Indian Ranch lost its water. So what! "They're only Indians. It's my water and I'll do with it as I wish." Yes, according to Si Ness this is in effect exactly what Montieth said – and did! It may be a little difficult for us today to believe that someone would do a thing like that but such attitudes and behavior were common at the time according to area "old timers."

Johnny and Sarah Hunter (his wife) and the other Indian residents of the ranch at the time were intimidated by the big Colonel up on the hill. Walking up and talking with him about the problem wasn't really an option in their minds. So in this time of trouble they sought help from their traditional friend and benefactor – the (W.L.) Hunter family. Bev Hunter and his family were living at the time at their Hunter Mountain ranch – an easy half day horse ride away.

On learning of their plight, Bev Hunter immediately rode down into the valley and personally opened Montieth's sluice gates, reestablishing the water flow to the Indian Ranch. Montieth was not present at the time but upon returning closed off the sluice gates once again.

This opening and closing of the water flow drama occurred at least three separate times by Roy Hunter's recollection. Roy claims that he himself opened the sluice gates at least once. All to no avail. The Indian Ranch remained effectively cut off from their vital water supply.

In the meantime the Indians down below were rightfully upset. According to Roy they had very hard feelings about their ill treatment and didn't hesitate to express them. And by the recollection of Si Ness there was even some talk at the ranch about "hurting" Montieth – meaning in the vernacular of the time to "waste" or kill.

The situation festered for some period of time. Finally on January 26, 1952, two young Indian boys, Phillip Hunter, at age 15, and his friend, Irving Miller, age 13, took guns and walked up the hill to Montieth's compound. Only the caretaker, Johnny Chavez, 22, was there at the time. Exactly what transpired and why, may never be known. But what is known for sure is that Phillip Hunter shot Chavez. The shooting didn't actually kill Chavez but after the wounded man retreated to his cabin and the boys set fire to it – that did!

According to the Inyo Register account¹⁶ the killing of Chavez was "the most heinous crime in the annals of Inyo County." No mention was made in the article about the real underlying provocation for the crime – the stealing and loss of the Indians' water rights.

Phillip and Irving were subsequently arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to jail. Their jail terms were relatively brief because of their ages. Philip was paroled after about five years and as a condition of his parole was banished from Inyo County forever. The word is that he married a non-Indian woman, lived in the Bakersfield area and died at an early age from some rare ailment.

The Saline Valley Indians never got their water back. They all moved off the property and out of the valley after the shooting incident – never again to return.

Eighty acres, the Caesar family portion of the 160 acres that made up the legally titled area of the Indian Ranch, were sold for the first time on September 19, 1952¹⁷. The buyer was Fred Rosser, a local lawyer, who was well known for his many land transactions in the region. Distressed properties were said to be his specialty.

The remaining 80 acres continue to be owned by the descendants of the Tom Hunter family. According to Inyo County records, title to those 80 acres was transferred from Sarah Hunter to her son Phillip on January 4, 1961¹⁸. Whether or not the current owners (heirs of Phillip Hunter) are now even aware of their ownership of this land is a question. There is no evidence of Indian people or their representatives visiting the property during at least the last 15 years.

No Indians currently live in or near Saline Valley.

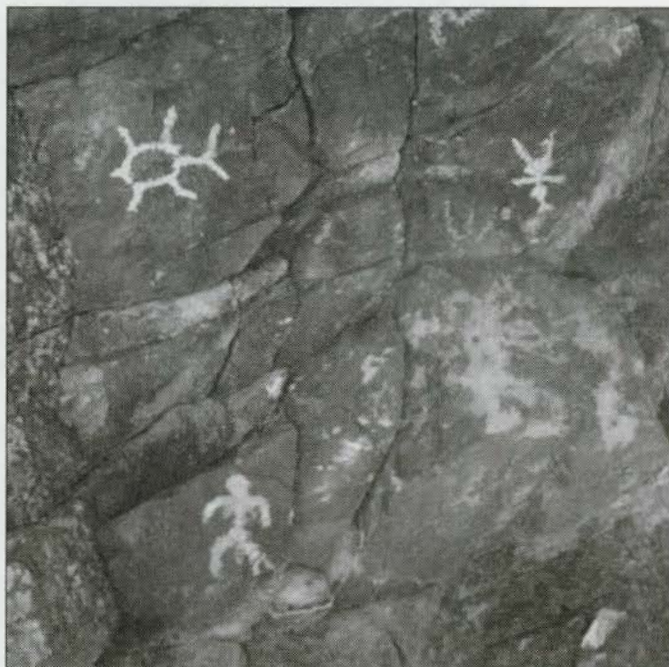




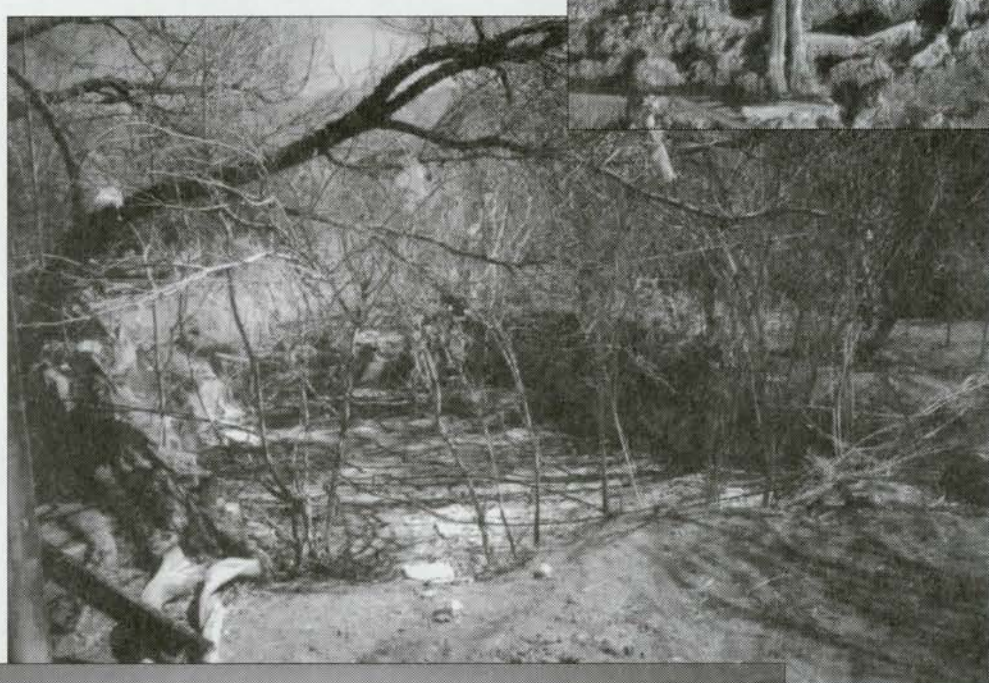
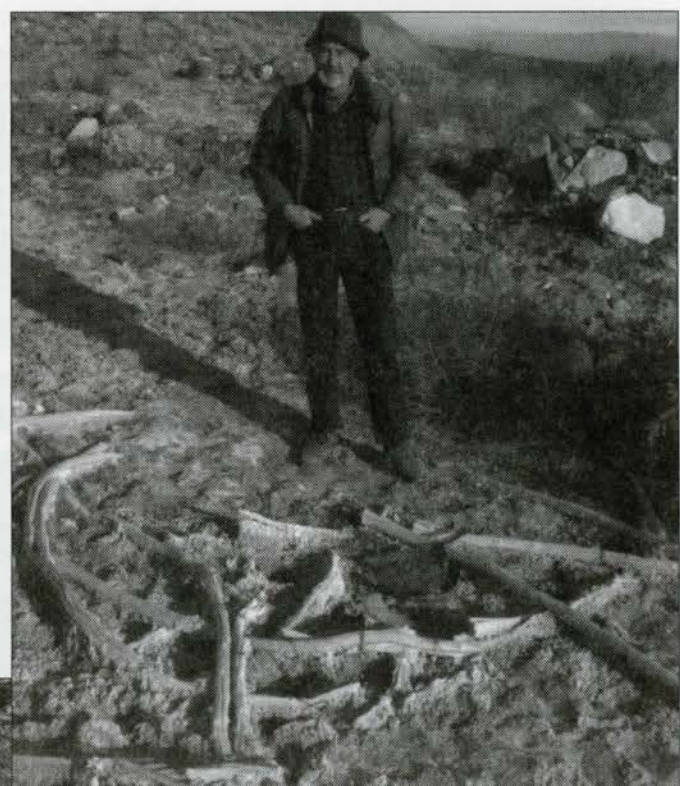
Fig tree stump



Wickiup remains



RED'S MEADOW



Above: dried up pond, Hunter Canyon Millsite

Left: Water reservoir, Borax Works, Indian Ranch is on the flats above.

Epilogue

Today the Saline Valley Indian Ranch is all but forgotten or at best only a vague memory in the minds of the public. Driving through the valley today there is little obvious evidence of its past prominence – the proud and impressive good years. A stone wall by the roadside (actually the remaining portion of an old water reservoir) and a great tamarisk tree are the most visible signs of its former existence. Numerous other ruins and artifacts lie concealed by the vegetation and desert landscape.

The desert is a harsh environment. The ravages of time and weather have obliterated most of the clever constructions and handiwork of the former inhabitants. On first inspection it is difficult to even believe that so many and so much once lived and prospered at this unique, special place.

In published accounts and descriptions of Saline Valley much has been written about the Salt Works and the remarkable Tramway constructed to transport the sale over the Inyos. Likewise the Borax Works and the wildlife preserve at the Salt Marsh have received attention. And, of course, the famous Saline Valley Warm Springs have been the subject of countless articles and publications. Almost totally ignored and forgotten in these various valley travelogues and descriptions is the old Saline Valley Indian Ranch – which, of course, pre-dates by a good margin all of these artifacts of the white man.

Viewed from the perspective of history, the Saline Valley Indian Ranch was an accomplishment of remarkable proportions and is a site of historical and cultural significance to the Panamint Shoshone. In many respects what the indigenous people accomplished at this location far eclipses that of the other better known local attractions. I hope that in making the story of the Saline Valley Indian Ranch known again we can reverse this gross oversight of history.

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3. Brook, R.A., *Inferences Regarding Aboriginal Hunting Behavior in the Saline Valley, Inyo County, California*, Journal of California and Great Basin Anthropology, Vol. 2, No. 1 (1980).
4. Berg, F.C. and Crowley, M.S., *Notes on Selected Historical Sites in the Saline Valley*. Paper presented at the Annual Meeting of the Society for California Archaeology, San Luis Obispo, CA, April 6, 1979. It is noteworthy that the Saline Valley Borax Works was, in fact, the first such operation in Inyo County and both predated and out-produced the much better known Death Valley Harmony Borax operation.
5. Roy Hunter, Olancho, CA, verbal communication. Mr. Hunter is the grandson of William Lyle Hunter.
6. Silas Ness, Lone Pine, CA, verbal communication. Mr. Ness is of Panamint Shoshone extraction. His mother, Rosie Sam, was born on the Saline Valley Indian Ranch property.
7. Read, L., *the Hunter Family of Inyo, Old Times of Southeastern California*, 1965. William Lyle Hunter Obituary, Inyo Independent, March 14, 1902. For whom

Hunter Mountain, Hunter Springs, Hunter Canyon, Hunter big Horn Mine, etc. were all named. W.L. Hunter was a Civil War veteran having served as an officer for the Southern cause under the somewhat infamous Colonel John Mosby. From the time of his arrival in Inyo County until his death at age 60 in 1902 he made quite a mark on the early history of the county – first as a carter to the famous Cerro Gordo silver mines and later as a rancher (on Hunter Mountain), mule breeder, mine operator (Hunter big Horn Mine) and finally even as Inyo County Supervisor.

8. W.L. Hunter was the one who introduced the Saline Shoshone to horses and the mule breeding business. The Hunter Mountain grazing range was mutually shared by the Hunters and the Saline Shoshone to the exclusion of others. He advised them in matters of business and in many other ways. In times of trouble the Saline Shoshone have traditionally looked to the Hunters for help and guidance.
9. As was common at the time, Indians assumed the white man's names. Tom Hunter (the Indian) and his family took the Hunter name no doubt out of respect for their friend and benefactor, W.L. Hunter.
10. Homestead Certificate No. 273, Application 463 signed by President Benjamin Harrison, June 30, 1892.
11. The so-called "hey day period" may be described as the period of time extending from the last quarter of the 19th Century through the first half of the 20th Century – a period of almost 75 years.
12. Inyo Independent, May 20, 1882.
13. Nelson, E.W., *the Panamint and Saline Valley (Col.) Indians*, the American Anthropologist, Vol. IV, Oct. 1891.
14. Wallace, W.J., *Death Valley Indian Farming*, Journal of California and Great Basin Anthropology, Vol. 2, No. 3, (1980).
15. Actually both electricity and phone service were available in the valley during the period of the Salt Tramway operation, circa 1913-1930. In fact the phone line extended all the way to the upper Beveridge Canyon mining camp. The Indian Ranch was not connected to the grid, however.
16. Inyo Register, Feb. 22, 1952.
17. United States of America Patent Number 1136465 Sept. 19, 1952; 80 acres, Caesar to Fred Rosser.
18. Grant Deed, 80 Acres; Sarah Hunter to Phillip Hunter, Inyo County, CA No. 144, page 303, Jan. 4, 1961.

Editor's Note: Petroglyphs, in the Saline Valley area and surrounding mountains and canyons, are unidentified to prevent vandalism.

Wendell Moyer

Chemist, mountaineer

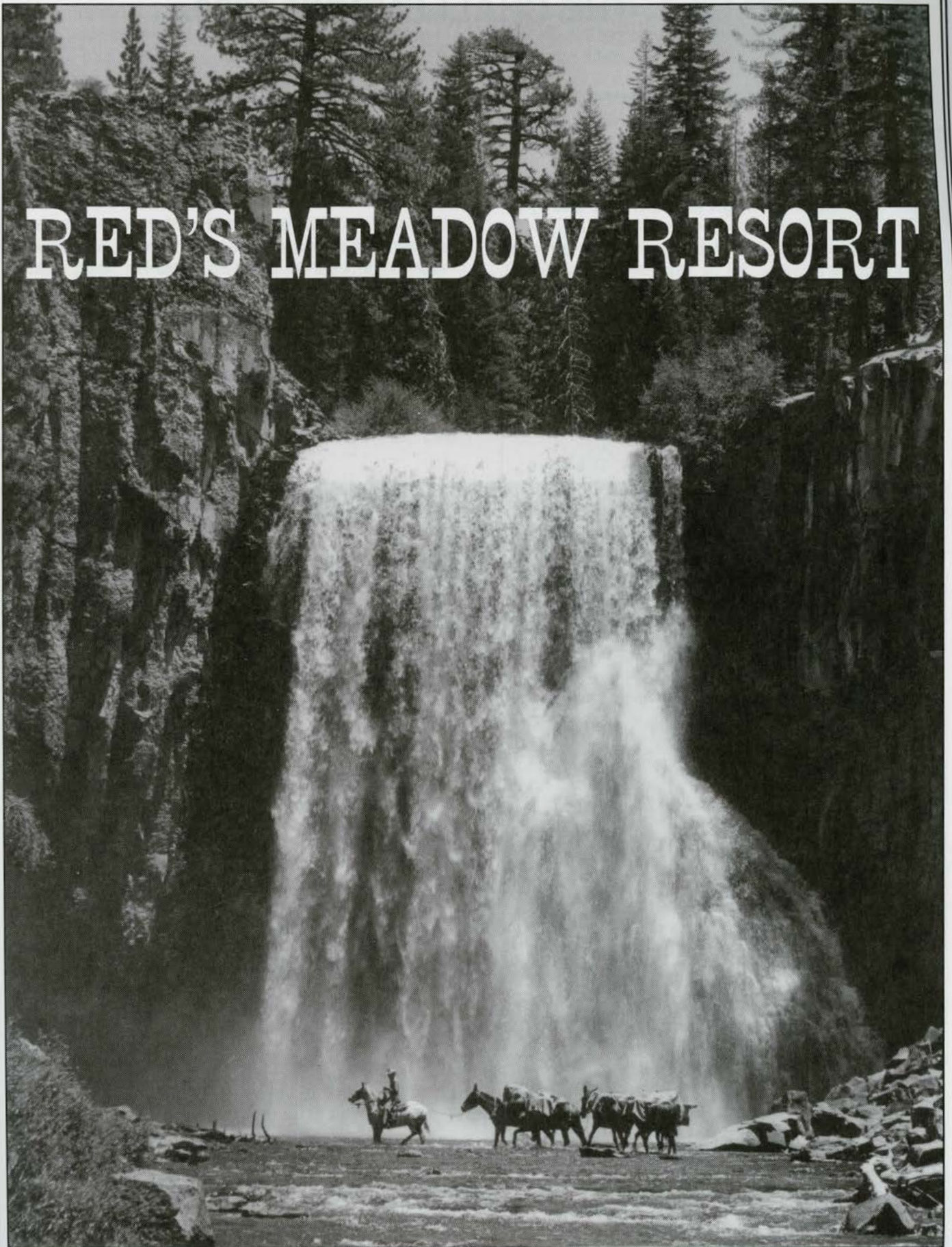
Wendell W. Moyer of Atherton, who worked as a chemist at Raychem Corp. until retiring in 1993, died Dec. 13 of altitude sickness after climbing the 22,600-foot volcano Ojos del Salado in Chile. He was 64.

A native of Illinois, Mr. Moyer earned his doctorate in polymer chemistry at the University of Illinois in Champaign-Urbana.

He was director of research at Daubert Chemical of Chicago until relocating to Menlo Park to work for Raychem. Working in research and development for most of his years at Raychem, Mr. Moyer was among the most prolific inventors, and is listed as inventor or co-inventor on 14 of Raychem's patents, according to his wife, Marilyn.

The move west "fired" Mr. Moyer's adventurous nature, according to a close friend. In addition to Washington's Mt. Rainier, Yosemite's El Capitan, and all of California's 14,000-foot peaks, Mr. Moyer ascended a triad of 22,000-foot Andean peaks towering over Peru, Argentina and Chile.

RED'S MEADOW RESORT



PART 1: THE CHALLENGING 1960s

by Jean Riggs Tanner

"Summer's lease hath all too short a date."

-Shakespeare

1960. It was a dark, but not stormy, night. As I rode horseback down the High Sierra trail, I snuggled deeper into my pile-lined brown suede jacket. Although it was August, the lonely chill of fall was already in the air.

The only sounds came from the creaking leather of my saddle and the muffled clip-clop of the 25 loose horses and 30 mules ahead. Other packers rode behind me.

I trusted that my leopard Appaloosa, Spider K, would not scrape me under the branch of a lodgepole pine, causing me to bite the dust.

Spider K and I shared a history. As a foundation Appaloosa, he would later be immortalized in *Appaloosa Journal* as a "Builder of the Breed." Today, registered Appaloosas number in the hundreds of thousands. Spider K, foaled in 1949, was F-(foundation) #1219. He would later carry me and the sterling silver saddle I owned to my first parade, the Lone Pine Stampede, in the early 1960s. We would later appear in other parades in the Owens Valley, Mammoth Lakes, Southern California and Nevada.

Bobby, Jean, Bob and Suzanne, 1966, photo by Steve Evans; page 45 Rainbow Falls, photo by Russ Johnson. all photos are from the author's collection.



Our crowning glory would be the 1974, 1975 and 1976 Tournament of Roses Parade in Pasadena. Spider had belonged to my mother, an expert equestrienne, before Bob Tanner and I married. Spider was extremely versatile and earned his keep. He was more than just a pretty face, and was my favorite horse. Spider K appears in several photos which accompany this story.

Now, on this moonless night, our destination lay nine miles ahead down the High Trail from Thousand Island Lake, headwaters of the Middle Fork of the San Joaquin River. That morning we had packed some of our best customers, the Downey Boy Scouts and their leaders, up to the lake. My husband Bob and I had bought Red's Meadow Resort and Pack Station, and Agnew Meadows Pack Station, from Arch and Gladys Mahan in this very summer of 1960.

Ahead, I could just see our white bell mare, Ghosty. The rosy alpenglow had long since faded behind the Minarets.

At Agnew Meadows, I helped tie up and grain the animals. Bob had offered to care for our two small children, Suzanne and Bobby, at our Red's Meadow Pack Station. This was my version of "lady's night out."

Steering our red Ford station wagon down the last five miles of unpaved road to its end at Red's Meadow, I turned on the radio. The L.A. Dodger's game was over. (They had moved to Los Angeles from Brooklyn in 1958.) I was rewarded only with the sound of static in this narrow valley. I switched off the radio and, trying to stay awake, rolled the window down. At this late hour, I could do that. In the daytime, when I had to follow another car, the dust it kicked up was enough to choke a horse; this was before cars were air-conditioned.

ANOTHER WORLD

With limited access to radio and newspapers, I often was unaware of political and social changes. Suzanne was beginning to ski at Mammoth Mountain, so we had heard of the upcoming 1960 Winter Olympics to be held in Squaw Valley. On July 21, Neil Armstrong walked on the moon, John F. Kennedy and Richard Nixon debated on television, James Michener's novel about our recently-added 50th state, *Hawaii*, was published and Kennedy became our 25th (and youngest) President. He was assassinated in 1963; his brother Robert and the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. both were assassinated in 1968. In the 1960s, the Vietnam War escalated. The U.S. had two more presidents in that decade: Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon. Closer to home, the Watts riots broke out in Los Angeles.

There were other changes. In 1964, my favorite lyricist, Cole Porter, died. I joined Bishop's Athena Club for some intellectual stimulation. As a result of studying Mexico in Athena, Suzanne and I travelled throughout that country on our Easter vacation.

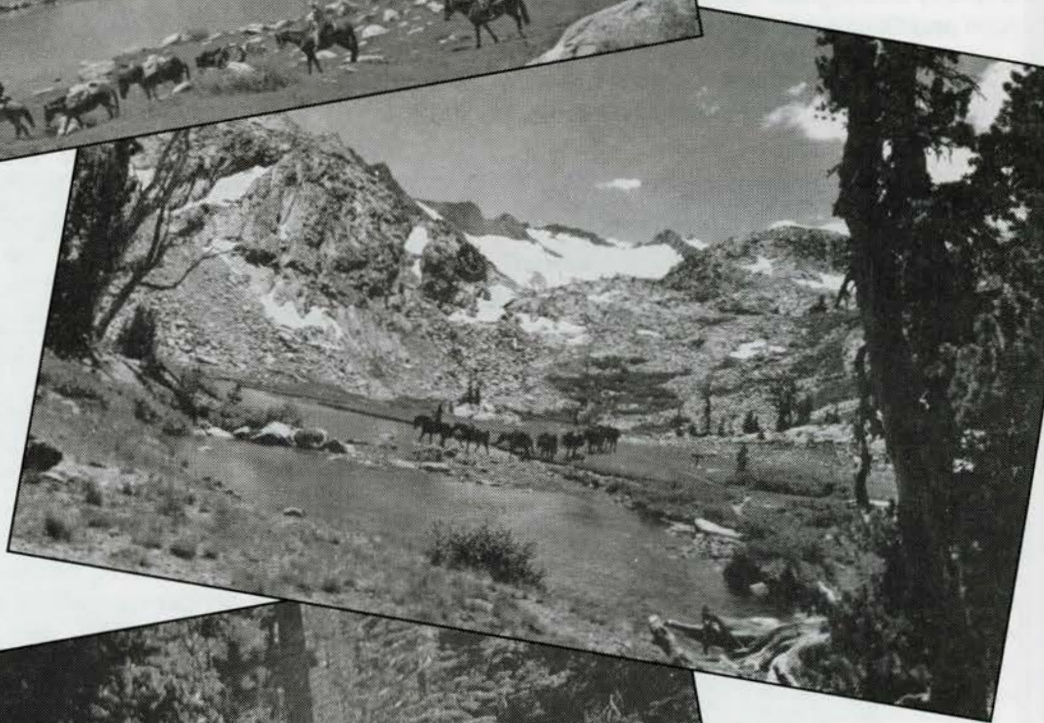
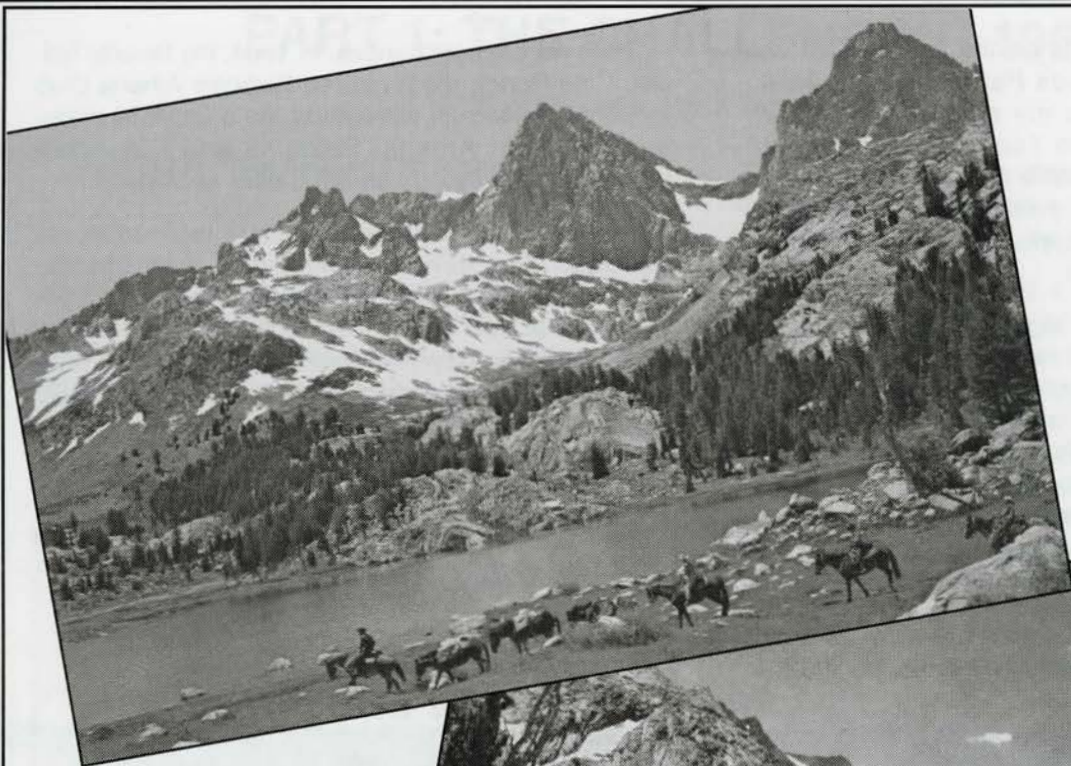
In other parts of America, people listened to the Beatles. They danced "The Twist" with Chubby Checker. In 1967, 12 billion cans of beer and 5.3 billion cans of soft drinks were consumed during the year. On a hot day, the Red's Meadow Store contributed to those statistics, with customer lines stretching to the back of the store. We sold ours, though, in returnable bottles.

*The only sounds came from
the creaking leather of my
saddle and the muffled clop-
clop of the 25 loose horses
and 30 mules ahead.*

My thoughts wandered back to the last two summers, when Bob and I had worked for Arch and Gladys, at Agnew Meadows. Surely this summer was an improvement. At Agnew, we'd had electricity only when Bob returned in the evenings from pack trips, making it possible for me to do the laundry in the outdoor wringer-type washing machine.

At first, there had been no indoor shower. To his credit, Bob built one, just outside the back door because there wasn't room within the cabin. The challenge was to access and exit the shower when there were no tourists about.

During our second summer at Agnew, I had one foot in a cast, the result of stepping into a hole on the uneven ground. Hopping about on crutches over the patchwork linoleum of our cabin, I had sprained the other ankle. A wheelchair was impractical; it took up too much space. To compound matters, Suzanne was a small child; and I was pregnant with Bobby, who would be born in October. Getting to the outhouse was a major problem so Bob, like a gallant knight, carried me. Somehow, though, he couldn't seem to get past the outside metal butane tank without hitting at least one of my feet. I have no reason to believe this was done deliberately. Nevertheless, I put off each trip as long as possible. This was summertime and the livin' wasn't easy.



Before Agnew, I had worked two summers at Camp High Sierra in Mammoth Lakes. Bob, also from the city, had grown up in Atwater, near Glendale in Southern California. He came to Mammoth Lakes at the age of nineteen; working for room and board at Russ and Anne Johnson's McGee Creek Pack Station, he learned the ropes of how to ride a horse and how to pack mules. He developed what my artist friend, Esther Brunk, called "packing fever." Who could have known he would devote his adult life to it?

THE PACK STATIONS

Unique among Eastern High Sierra Pack Stations, Red's Meadow lies at a relatively gentle 7,600-foot elevation. Fish Creek, even lower, is among the earliest-opening fishing areas in the Sierra. With the other pack station at Agnew Meadows five miles distant, Red's Meadow provides dozens of trails to scenic lakes and streams.

Red's Meadow operates on a Forest Service lease, which means that the government is its landlord. Decisions today on land use and backcountry management tend to be made by committee. In the 1960s, Mammoth Lakes Ranger Bill Murphy provided more autonomous guidance. His daughter, Pam, now serves as head of marketing for the Mammoth Mountain Ski Area.

Technically on the Western side of the Sierra, Red's Meadow actually lies in Madera County, although it conducts business with Mono and Inyo counties. Most visitors come from the Los Angeles area, driving up Highway 395.

THE RESORT

The operative word in this summer business we bought is *resort*. It further distinguishes Red's Meadow from other pack stations in the Eastern High Sierra.

As the only resort along the John Muir-Pacific Crest Trail, Red's Meadow continues to store caches for backpackers. It provides supplies, services and food in the general store, cabins and Mule House Cafe. At best, it is a 4-month summer operation.

Opposite: The resort's most popular post card, a pack-train skirting the shore of Lake Ediza, by Kelsey; Joseph Wampler photograph of Mt. Lyell and Lyell Glacier; Bobby Tanner with a matched string of pack mules, loaded and ready to travel; Right: Suzanne on Spider K, 1959, John Stephens photo

In the 1960s, Bob's duties included operating the two pack stations and helping with the shoeing. At the resort he supervised purchase of the opening orders of supplies and food for the store, cafe, and pack trips, prepared the Forest Service use and fee reports, computed the sales tax we owed the Franchise Tax Board at the end of every season, assisted in planning our brochure at Chalfant Press, composed much of the correspondence, and looked after the stock in winter pasture.

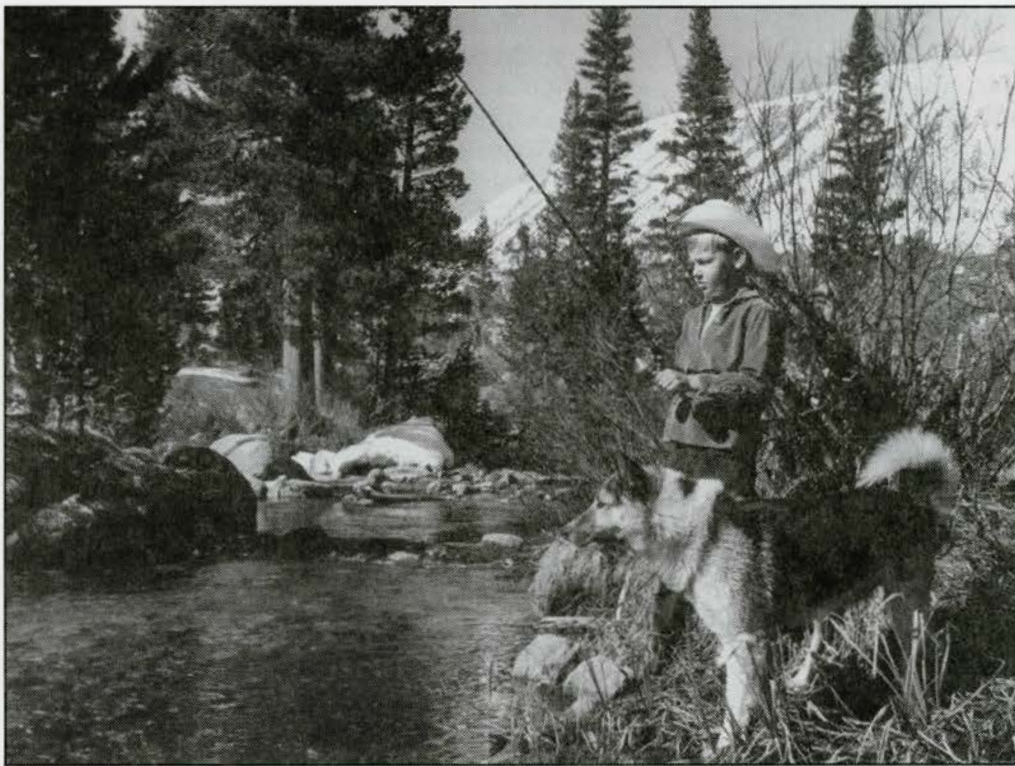
We both taught school in Bishop during the winters. Bob also coached football in the high school. Like a good double-play team, our skills complemented each other. Bob had a flair for promotion; I had a way with numbers, finances, and detail. We both had, and have, great stores of energy.

CURIOS, CHEERIOS, MARSHMALLOWS AND B.T.

Glen Banks, about whom I'll write more in Part II: The 1970s, recalls: "When I first worked in the Red's Meadow Store, Bob suggested that I order plenty of curios. I had never heard the term 'curios' which I later found out means 'souvenirs.' I thought he said 'Cheerios!'"

I had sometimes wondered why we had so many boxes of Cheerios left at the end of the season.





Bobby with Tuffy, 1968 Los Angeles times photo by Don Cormier

There was one item we were never supposed to run out of in the store: cases of marshmallows. For some reason, Bob developed a strong emotional attachment to them. I believe the term for this malady is "fixation." Except that he never noticed them until we ran out. I think I can understand why, though. Marshmallows are 80 percent air. Selling air has a great potential for profit.

In 1961, Bob built our A-frame cabin, then known as "The Tanner Cabin." Today, it has become a rental unit going by the catchy name of "Cabin D."

In that same year, we were connected for the first time to the outside world by telephone. Previously, we used the crank-style wall phone intercom with its wires strung on trees, to connect our cabin, the store, cafe, corral, and Agnew Meadows. Before that, we drove to Mammoth to make telephone calls. Our new telephone number was WEbster 4-2345, which I thought was neat. Area Code 714, and then 619, would come later.

Bob hit his stride with the telephone. It seemed to become an extension of his arm. He even welcomed midnight calls to our cabin bedroom where a telephone was located. I could be sure that my attempts at family "togetherness" in a volleyball game after dinner would be interrupted by Bob running for a ringing telephone.

A "LAUNDRY LIST"

Because I was at home with the children anyway, the resort became my domain. Beginning with our Agnew days, I had typed Arch's correspondence, using the manual Smith-Corona which Bob had sent to me when we were engaged. I was earning my M.A. degree at Long Beach State College; Bob was a young naval officer in Memphis. I used the typewriter to type my thesis. At Red's, we had no "ditto" machine at our disposal; I made carbon copies on onionskin paper.

Gladys Mahan had washed sheets and towels for the rental cabins. Bob and I built more cabins, and I sent the sheets to the Bishop Laundry. I contin-

ued to wash the towels, however. Storage space and money were at a premium.

The cabin reservation chart which Arch used still proves effective today, both at Red's Meadow and The 1849 Condominiums in Mammoth, for which Bob serves as the homeowners' agent.

Not only did the typing skills I used as a Bishop Union High School typing teacher come in handy, but also the double-entry bookkeeping which I taught. Nightly, I totaled the cash register tapes from the store and cafe, reconciled them with employees when necessary, and posted the books. That, coupled with writing the checks, provided me with a balanced feel for how all segments of the business were doing. This system differed somewhat from Arch's. I later learned that he holed himself up in the office in the fall to add and post those miles of cash register tapes.

The bank deposits, which I took weekly to the Bank of America in Bishop (there was no bank in Mammoth) were works of art. Still in my twenties, I took to heart the direction of the teller, Mrs. Berry: "Always face the bills in the same direction and smooth out the corners." I typed information from the checks to add to the mailing list I started.

A source of quarters for change was our public washing machines. In the cash registers it was not

unusual to find "wheatback" pennies for Bobby's collection. Travellers from the casinos of Reno, to the north on Highway 395, spent silver dollars and two-dollar bills. Often the registers contained the now rarely-seen silver certificate bills in \$1, \$2 and \$5 denominations with blue seals, not issued since 1957.

My other duties included supervising the resort employees, and handling all the work schedules and payroll, including quarterly state and federal reports. I helped Bob maintain an up-to-date list of the horses and mules he bought and sold. We shared the duty of keeping reservation books current for the two pack stations; I do not recall a time when we ever left a party in the back country by mistake. I took pride in answering letters and telephone calls the day they came in, as well as paying the bills just as promptly. Only in later years would Bob begin to understand why I looked forward to Sundays, when there was no mail.

Breakfast was at 6:30, seven days a week, and we were able to keep our prices reasonable despite high overhead and remoteness. We picked up most of the food and supplies in Bishop ourselves in our own pickups. Cliff Banta did deliver the Standard Oil gasoline; Gillespie Distributing and Eastern Sierra Wholesalers, the soda pop and beer.

With the divorce rate beginning to increase in America, it seemed to me that single parents and their children deserved some fun, too. I came up with the idea of Parent-Child group pack trips, still successful today.

For the benefit of our employees, as well as an attempt to preserve our family's energies, and a semblance of normalcy, I shortened Arch's store and cafe hours to 7 a.m. to 7 p.m.

COFFEE BREAKS AND THE FOREST OF NO RETURN

A scene that comes to mind as a particularly happy part of the day was the midmorning coffee break. Bob would telephone me at the office on the corral intercom. "Meet you in the cafe for a cup of coffee?" he would ask.

Now, I don't especially like coffee, so I would drink iced sun tea. Our meetings weren't

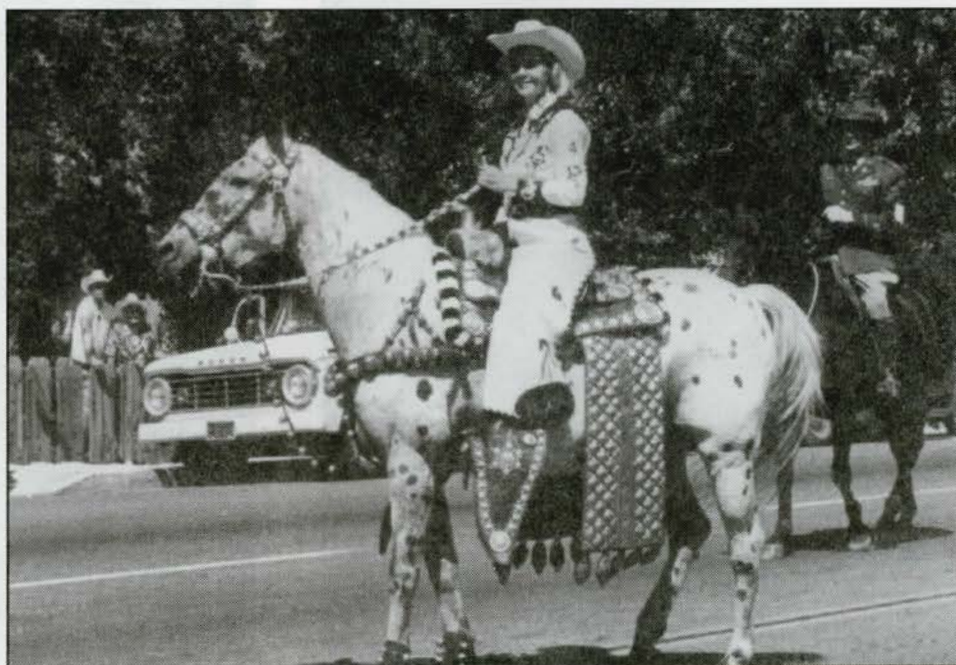
even particularly recreational. Bob would spread out little slips of paper on which he had written notes to himself and telephone numbers of people to call. We would organize those and enter dates in the reservation books when we were to pack parties out of the back country. We discussed which bills to pay, what supplies to order, how to answer questions in a letter. I don't remember one time that we were not interrupted by a telephone call, or a guest or employee problem. Yet those were a few minutes of sharing the burden, of getting through the day, of planning for the future.

Another happy time was that set aside to give Bobby and Suzanne my undivided attention and to exercise. After I asked a trusted employee to take telephone messages for perhaps an hour, the three of us set out for the campground and Sotcher Lake. As the children grew older, we obviously moved at a faster clip. Down the trail, through the woods of Jeffrey pines and ferns we went. We wobbled across the tippy wooden bridge over the icy creek with its nearby yellow monkey flowers.

Beyond the Red's Meadow Campground, with its happy campers and the hot springs bathhouse, we lingered at the grotto. There, water curtains over a concave rock large enough for a person to sit inside.

Soon, we crept into what I called "The Forest of No Return." The overhanging trees which formed a canopy seemed to crook their clawlike branches, the better with which to snare us. Surface roots of lodgepole pines snaked across the trail, the better to trip us. We stopped and listened. Faint rustlings of things

Jean on Spider K, 1960 Kelsey photo



unseen forced our imaginations into overtime.

"Why don't we run?" I'd ask, to break the tension. We'd quicken our pace to a trot out into the clearing. At the end of Sotcher Lake, the beavers in their pond taught us all sorts of lessons about tenacity, about survival, about goals.

As the summers passed, Suzanne and Bobby became increasingly adept at their work. Bobby gravitated to the corral; Suzanne, to management of the resort.

In the fall, when we returned to school in Bishop, Monday mornings were especially rushed. We hurriedly ate breakfast, hoping to keep it down as we drove out the eight-mile dirt road to Mammoth, and then on to Bishop. Sometimes we drove down the old Sherwin Grade road, especially if nature specimens were needed for a school project.

I was juggling roles of mother, wife, business partner and teacher; I dared not drop any of them. In 1960, I had empathized with Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy, pregnant as she campaigned with her husband. In 1994, "Jackie," as she was called in the now more casual times, said, "If you bungle raising your children, I don't think whatever else you do matters." Her words have stayed with me.

Bobby later graduated from Cal Poly, San Luis

A pause in the day's work.



Obispo. He recently purchased and improved Rock Creek Lodge, a year-round cross-country skiing resort with lodge, cabins and restaurant. He operates his own hay-hauling business, and also assists Bob at Red's Meadow. Suzanne is married, has a one-year-old daughter, Maria, and serves as a sports medicine physician at the University of Colorado in Denver.

THE RESORT WITH A HEART

From 1963 to 1969, out there in the world, pioneers in heart transplants were Dr. Michael DeBakey, an American, and Dr. Christian Barnard of Cape Town, South Africa. I've always felt that the heart of Red's Meadow is in the kitchen. The cook prepares those nutritious meals which I appreciated most of all.

Breakfast, as I've said, was at 6:30. Lunch was at noon for those of us at the resort. In the case of the packers, they ate sack lunches of sandwiches, fruit and cookies on the trail. The dinner bell summoned us at 6:00. The packers made every effort to get back to the pack station by dinnertime. On my trips to Bishop, I knew I must leave no later than 4:30 to be on time. The routine could be depended upon; it gave structure to our days.

We sat on benches or chairs pulled up to the rectangular table covered with oilcloth. Hats were

An 11 lb. 8 oz. German Brown from Sotcher Lake, 1964



removed. The male-dominated conversation centered around horses and mules. "Seldom was heard a discouraging word."

Several cooks stand out. Our backcountry cook, Anne Collins, taught high school biology in the winters. She was loyal, and never complained. She was the most genuinely good person I ever met.

Jessie Helmerichs was one of our best kitchen cooks. She had worked at the Beacon Tavern in Bishop until it closed. As our most versatile and economical cook, her motto was: "The profit is in the rubber or plastic spatula." I leave that for you to figure out.

Jessie taught Suzanne to bake pies: apple (Bob's favorite); berry; pumpkin (Bobby's favorite); and pecan (my favorite). She made her own Thousand Island and French dressings, smoky cheese sauce, and date-nut muffins. I begged for, and she gave me, her recipes. Bob was not above pitching in and cooking, especially pies and hotcakes.

Some cooks never mastered Jell-o, usually because they used hot water directly from the tap instead of boiling it. The result resembled flavored water encased in glue.

One cook couldn't get the knack of cooking a turkey, our traditional Sunday night dinner. She up and quit us over a busy 4th of July Weekend. You might say she quit cold turkey.

Another cook, whom Bob described as "a crazy old guy," took after Suzanne with a knife. Fortunately, she outran him. We let him go.

A couple we hired to run Agnew kept a pet bobcat. They left us with a \$100 grocery charge on their bill in the store.

Sometimes, otherwise perfectly good buckets became sieves when a cook allowed the lethal combination of a strong young dishwasher, ice to chop, and an icepick.

Late one hot evening in the kitchen I discovered some warm meat loaf left out overnight. It was tightly covered with foil in the metal tin in which it had been cooked. The cook responsible for that came to us highly recommended by her employer, a local elementary school; she worked in the school cafeteria. I knew some of those children. Whenever I saw any of them after that, I was delighted to see they looked healthy, survivors unaware.

Another cook often took Bobby and Suzy fishing at Sotcher Lake. That touched me, and I appreciated her loving heart.

When Rose, the cook, needed a permanent wave, I offered to do it. After I applied the solution, we discovered we had no curlers. I quickly rounded up some short pencils and rubber bands to use instead. Because her hair was short and on the thinnish side, the perm worked fine.

One flame-haired young cook's claim to fame was that she had hosted at a Southern California Love's Restaurant. She tried to disguise her burned chili with hot peppers. The packers didn't mind, though, it was more than just her breakfast hotcakes that were stacked.

Currently, the cook, Sy, hails from the State of Michoacán in Mexico. I'm happy to report that he serves turkey on Sunday nights.

IMAGES

Over the years, Gene Rose of the *Fresno Bee* newspaper has provided us with some fine publicity, as did the late Editor Todd Watkins of Chalfant Press. Russ Johnson and Bill and Louise Kelsey supplied me with photos to illustrate the articles I began to write.

The spectacular scenery of the Owens Valley and the Eastern High Sierra has attracted movie-makers for many years. Portions of "How the West Was Won" were filmed in Lone Pine's Alabama Hills in 1962. Our most colorful horses were selected as "extras." Their manes could not be roached (bobbed); the Indians didn't do that. Spider K was ridden by the Chief.

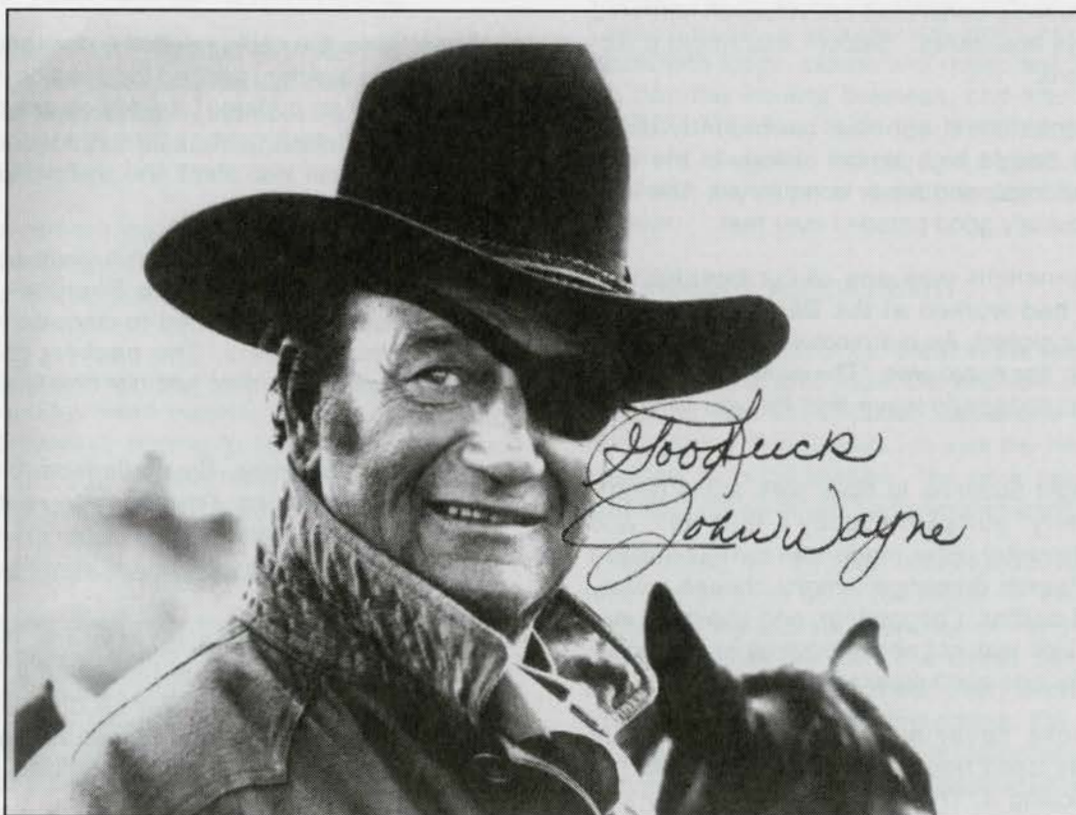
DROPPING NAMES

When Arch Mahan owned Red's Meadow, actor Robert Cummings and friend Art Linkletter and families often took pack trips. In 1966, we packed the Linkletter family into the backcountry. Early in the trip, Linkletter developed an ailment which required that he be airlifted by helicopter back to Red's Meadow nearby. At the store, awaiting his son, Jack, to transport him to medical care, I admired his generosity in signing an autograph for a fan, although he did so in pain.

In 1969, a helicopter would again create a dramatic situation. I'll tell about that in Part II.

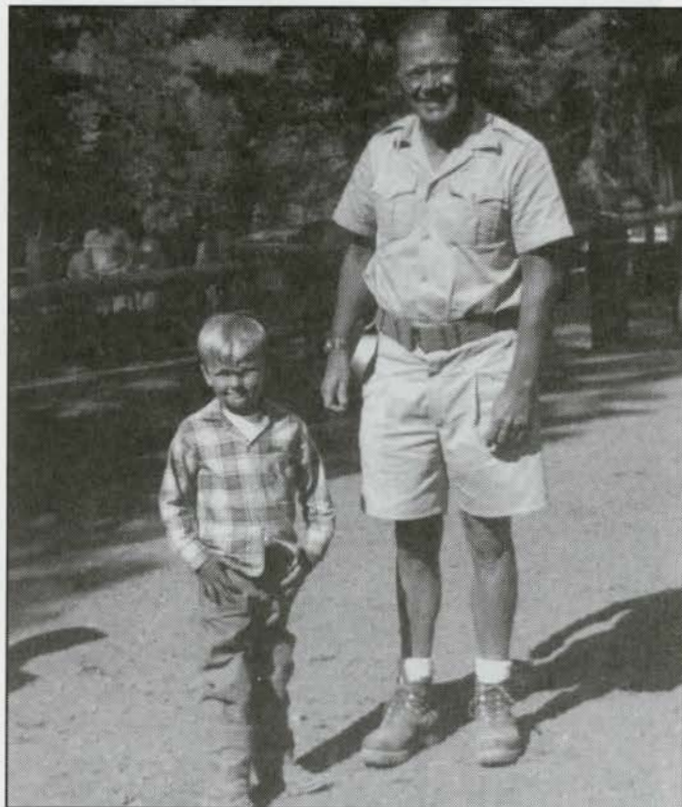
Western star John Wayne's first leading role was in the movie "The Trail Beyond." It was filmed at Rainbow Falls in 1935, about the time Arch and Gladys started the business.

History repeated itself in 1960 when John Wayne came to Red's Meadow while filming "North to

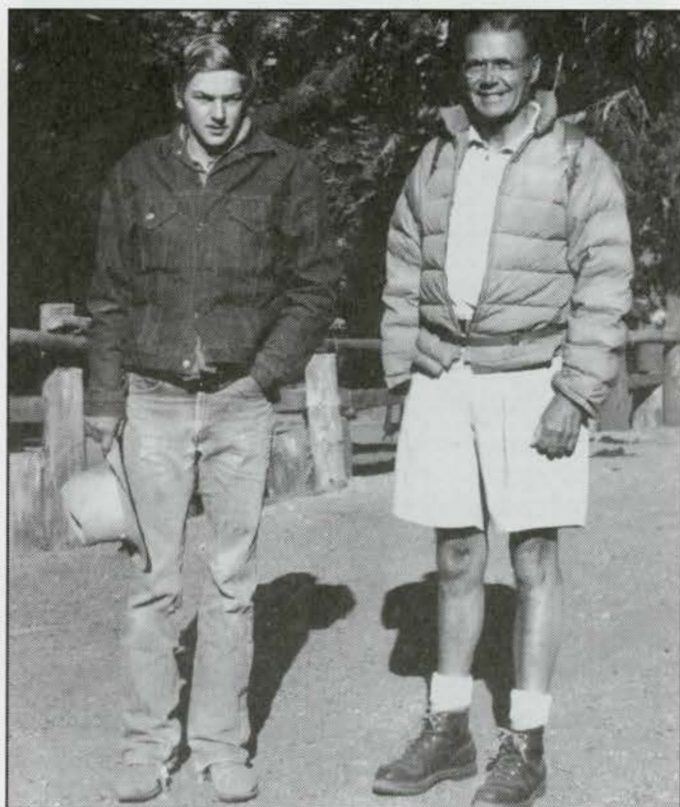


Above: John Wayne visited Red's Meadow in 1960 while filming "North to Alaska."

Bobby and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, 1965



Bobby and World Bank President Robert McNamara, 1978



Alaska" at Hot Creek. I remember how his massive hand engulfed mine when we shook hands. (I remember the same thing about Gunsmoke's James Arness when later we met.) Wayne was accompanied by his son, Patrick; Director Henry Hathaway; and French film star Capucine.

In 1964, Robert S. McNamara, then U.S. Secretary of Defense, completed a nine-day pack trip from Agnew Meadows. The families consisted of 10 adults and 12 teenagers. The group included Bill Janss of the Sun Valley, Idaho ski resort, and Walter Haas, Chairman of the Board of Levi Strauss & Co. (He took sizes of all of us connected with the trip and later sent us Levis.) They climbed in the Mt. Ritter and Mt. Banner areas. McNamara and his group continue to pack in from Red's Meadow and Agnew Meadows.

McNamara had left a lucrative job with the Ford Motor Company to become a public servant. I found him humble (he didn't object to staying in the only cabin we had available, a rustic one with cold water and no indoor bathroom), intelligent, and devoted to his wife, Margie. She had been a physical education teacher. In 1966 she founded the Reading is FUNDamental program for under-privileged children. I felt an affinity for her because we had both been members of Alpha Phi Sorority. She was awarded the 1981 Medal of Freedom, the nation's highest civilian honor. She died later that year of cancer.

Finally, let us not forget that local celebrity, Bob Tanner. He is sometimes mistakenly called "Red," as in Red Sotcher, the sheepherder who raised vegetables in Red's Meadow.

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE . . .

The basalt columns of the Devils Postpile National Monument are gradually being destroyed by the prying effect of freezing water. It is highly unlikely, however, that they will disappear in our lifetime. A poet might liken the mosaic at the top to the human drama which continues to unfold in Red's Meadow.

The Minarets Wilderness area has become the Ansel Adams Wilderness, after the famous photographer in Yosemite Valley.

When the employees gather around the dining table, I see more girls, unlike the experienced male packers/shoers of the past. When I observe the compassion the females exhibit toward the guests, the horses, and the pack mules, I consider that a positive change. According to Bob Tanner, his pack station employees "are not as experienced around livestock; they have to be trained." I like to kid him, though, about his "harem."

Henry David Thoreau wrote, "Things do not change, we do." When I see employees and visitors alike drive, rather than walk, the approximate 150 yards between the resort and the corral, it seems inconsistent with America's emphasis on physical fitness.

A positive change I see is that, according to Glen Banks, the store no longer sells so much tobacco or cigarettes. Deer hunting has declined.

THE MORE THEY STAY THE SAME.

The San Joaquin River still plunges 101 feet over a volcanic cliff, creating Rainbow Falls. Walter Starr, Jr., the famous mountaineer, pronounced Rainbow Falls "the most beautiful in the Sierra outside of Yosemite." If you watched the 1947 Cecil B. DeMille epic, "Unconquered," you'd have seen Rainbow Falls.

A packer's "string" is still five mules. "Each mule will carry approximately 150 pounds of your gear, depending on the bulk," as I typed so often on the correspondence.

"Sun tea" still steeps in glass gallon jars on a wooden picnic table near the kitchen.

In 1960, at the beginning of the decade about which I've just written, there were 85 million TV sets in the U.S. Ten years later in 1970, TV sets in use throughout the world were estimated at 231 million. Winter caretaker Bob Sollima lives in Cabin 4 (Barney's Barn) which Arch and Gladys built. Although Bob watches video cassettes, there is no television reception via antenna in the valley to this day. I consider that a positive sign.

The decade of the 1960s seems light-years away. I've tried to describe this unique time and place, so far removed from the soon-to-be 21st century.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Jean Riggs Tanner, former owner and operator of Red's Meadow Resort and Pack Stations, now lives in Marina Del Rey, California. Her articles and poetry have appeared in such diverse publications as *Western Horseman*, *Horse and Rider*, *Appaloosa Journal*, *Bride's*, *Cats*, *Skiing*, *The Pen Woman*, and *The Society of Children's Book Writers and Illustrators Bulletin*.

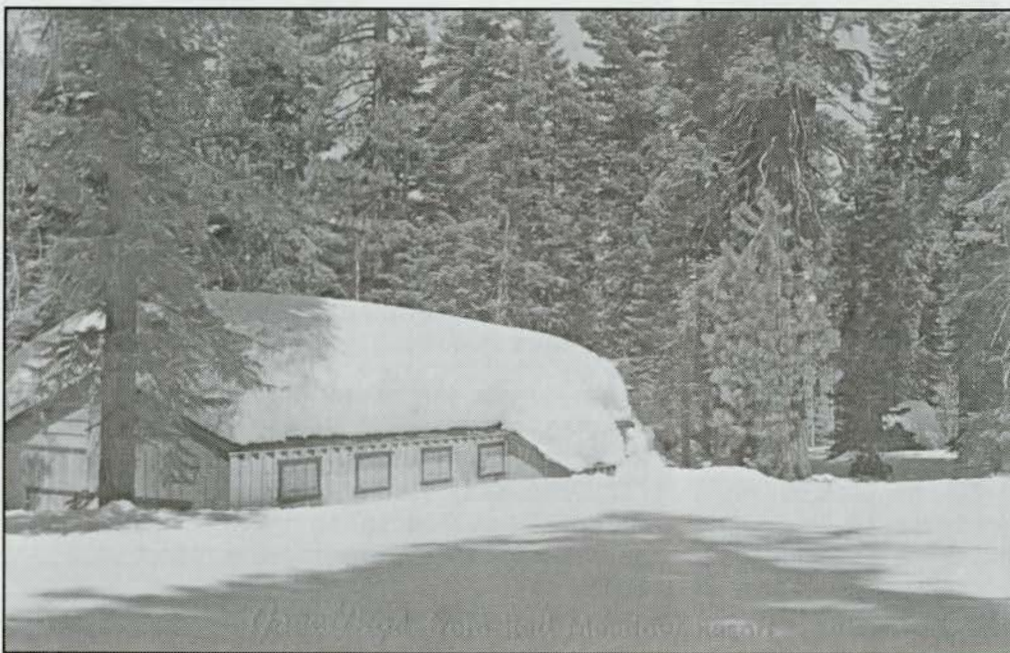
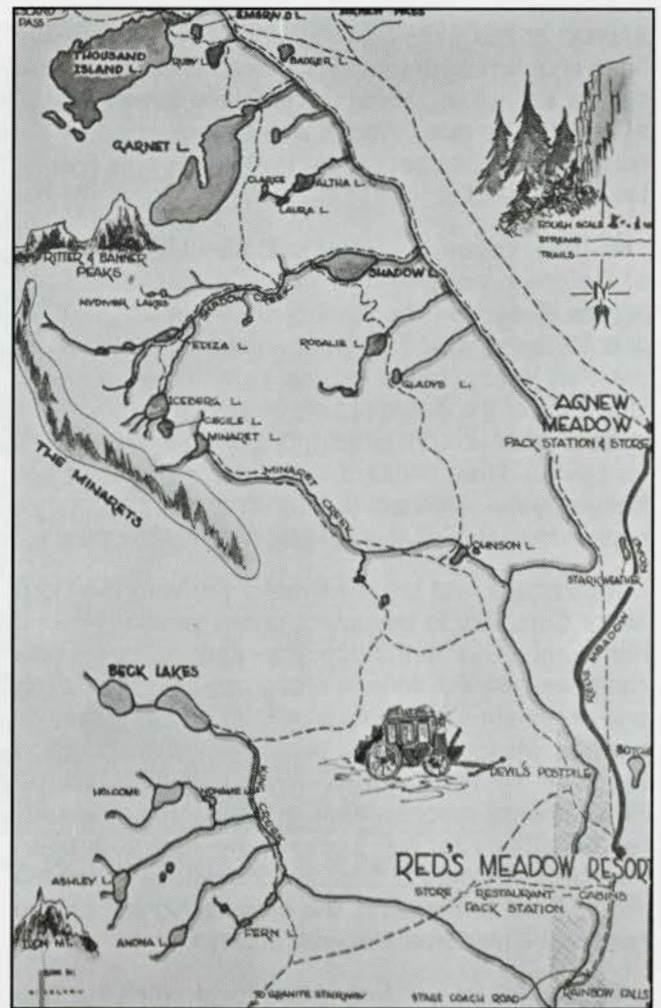
Ms. Tanner shares the following excerpt from the diary of Dorothy C. Verret, which was sent to her in 1981 with a letter from the wife of former nineteen-year Red's Meadow Campground Ranger, Lee Verret, telling of the tribulations and exhilarations of getting into the resort valley in 1938.

*Log of Trip Over the Old Road to Red's Meadow,
June 29, 1938*

Here we are in our lovely mountain home, all settled at last for the next two months. We had quite a time getting here; Old Man Winter put many obstacles in the way and seemed loathe to leave the High Sierra this year. The road over Minaret Summit was blocked by drifts of snow ten feet deep, and down the other side completely washed out in places. Everywhere are evidences of a very severe winter; I never before saw so many trees blown down, some smack across the road.

We had an easy trip up from Santa Barbara even with a horse among our baggage. Arrived at Shady Rest Campground at Mammoth about 7 p.m., June 25, 360 mi. from Santa Barbara. We made a temporary camp sans tent, as we heard that the road to Red's Meadow would open soon. Had no trouble finding Archie (Arch) Mahan next morning, just in time for Lee to join a horseback party going over, taking the Mahan's ten horses in with them. His adventures on that 3-day trip are a story in themselves, best left for him to do the telling.

While waiting at Shady Rest for the road to open and Lee was away, the children and I took short trips around Mammoth. Up at Twin Lakes the camp was still snowbound, and where there were not deep drifts, was a rush of melting snow waters that made the camp practically a lake. Crystal Falls was about twice its normal width and volume. Of course, the road from Twin Lakes to Lakes Mary and George was still closed with snow, so we hiked to L. George and from there to T.J. Lake, going up a steep snow-



Sketch of Red's Meadow area and winter photo, post cards by Kelsey.

choked canyon. Of course the lakes were still frozen over, and what a marvelous sight it was! We had always wanted a glimpse of a Sierra lake in its winter glory, and now we know just how it looks. The high ridge rising from the lake for 2000 ft. was one vast snowfield, only the sheerest rock walls showing.

On Fri., June 30 we got word that the road to Red's would be open that afternoon, so we broke camp and started about 8 a.m. to go over. Lee was to drive the car and trailer over, and Barbara, Pat and I would take the horse over on foot. The trail over Mammoth Pass was under deep snow, of course, so we had to follow the road. The children took turns riding and sometimes rode double, and I walked the fifteen miles. It was cold and rough and cloudy, and as we approached the summit, rain began falling. We put on jackets and slogged along in the cold push of melting snow. Mammoth Mountain just overhead was shrouded in a dense cloud cap, with evidence of a snow storm in progress.

Up on Minaret Summit we walked through a lane of solid snow where the bulldozer had made a cut ten feet deep. A cold, biting wind was blowing. We looked over to the Ritter Range and The Minarets wreathed in storm clouds, gray, bleak, forbidding.

The road down the other side was better, most of the snow already melted. We were alone in a forest of great, majestic red fir trees. Everywhere were streams and streamlets gushing from snow banks. On the last day of June we were in the midst of earliest spring, alders and willows just putting forth tenderest leaf, and from under melting snow patches, little plants were already sprouting. Rush of melting snows underfoot, rush of mighty storm winds through giant trees, all mingled into one grand mountain song. It was one of those occasions when cold and wet feet, fatigue, and uncertainties ahead, were forgotten in the thrill of being audience to mountain majesty. It seemed that nature were forbidding entrance into her loveliest of kingdoms.

The funny part was how we ate our lunch. Lee had told us he would park the car and trailer at the Agnew Meadow junction, as he was to ride horseback to

Agnew Meadow and help the pack outfit there to put up their tent frame. We got to the car just as a heavy shower came down, so we crawled into the trailer and crouched on the baggage under the heavy canvas cover, and did what we could in our cramped positions to make sandwiches and pour fresh milk. And my, how the rain and the hail pattered down! We were glad for any kind of shelter!

At Malcolm (Starkweather) Lake we came to the end of the opened road. The bulldozer was hard at it in a tough spot - a narrow gulch where the road was washed away, with three huge fir trees criss-cross of each other and the road, big boulders and deep erosion. We stayed there about an hour, watching that powerful machine wrestle with obstructions, not knowing whether to wait for Lee and the car, or push on and take a chance of his being able to follow. There were quite a few people around, Archie and

two of his crew with their horses, and three cars of campers waiting to get through. They were a forlorn sight, with just the barest of shelters thrown together, perched on the small spots to the side of the road. They were huddled around smoky fires and looked damp and miserable.

Our horse was getting restless with the noise of the machine, so we moved on down, detouring up a high bank above the wash-out, and stopped about

a half mile or so down, in a small green meadow. We were near Pumice Flat and about three miles from Red's Meadow, out of the snow. There was no use going back, and I saw from the condition of the road there was no chance of getting cars through that day, so we pushed on and reached the Lodge about 4:30. Mrs. Mahan (Gladys), the three children, and a young girl helper were there. It surely was good to have friends, food, and shelter. They were woefully short of food, but Gladys rummaged around in the store and found a package of Bisquit and a miscellaneous collection of canned foods that fortunately "matched" in flavor, so we soon had biscuits in the oven and a stew in the frying pan - and coffee!

In the midst of all this comfort I could not but help thinking of Lee and the rest of the crew out there in



Bobby in his pre-cowboy days, at the hot sulphur springs bathhouse in Red's Meadow Campground.

the storm and growing dark, and wonder where Lee, the car and trailer were. We felt like refugees, clothes and belongings five miles away on the far side of a washed-out road, with only what we had on our backs. But the men folks arrived about 8 p.m. on horseback, bringing with them food, sleeping bags, and pajamas. The Mahans made us welcome and comfortable, so we spent the restful night in a bed with a roof over our heads, after all.

Next morning we were glad to see clear skies and sunshine once more. We roamed around the empty campground and a few of our favorite spots. Around 2 o'clock we heard the bulldozer approaching, and stood at the entrance to the camp to watch it. A huge lodgepole pine was across the road. The bulldozer operator hitched a chain around it, backed that tree and laid it neatly along side the road! With the last obstacle removed, the Grand Opening was accomplished, and in marched a parade of about fifteen cars! In a few moments the scene changed from silence and solitude to a population of cars, people, tents and dogs - it was most amazing!

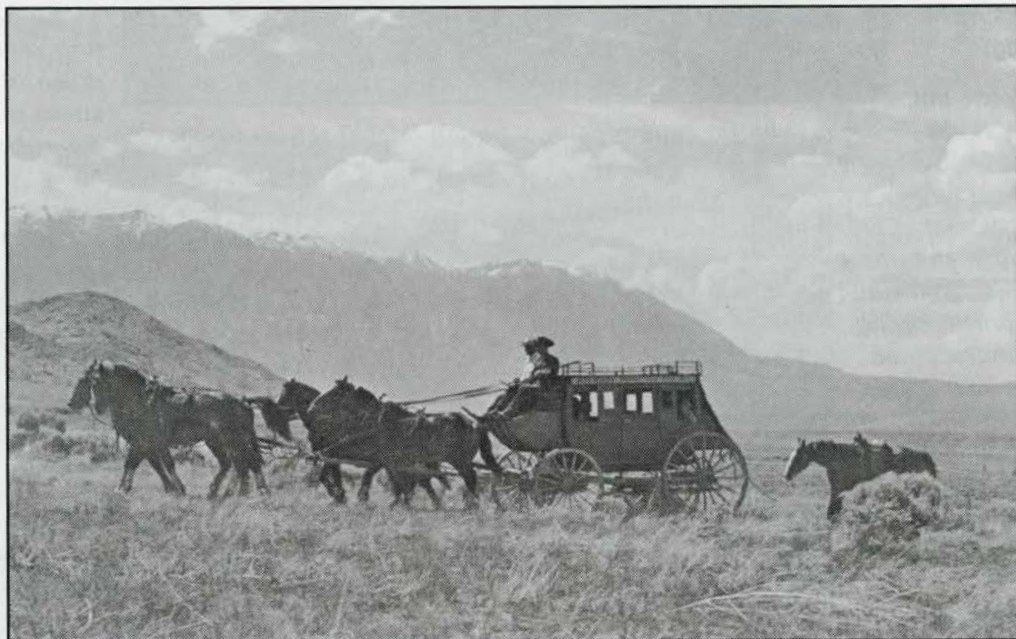
We chose our campsite next to the one we had last year, braving a broken-down bridge to do so. We were distressed to notice that the best places to put 2 tents, fireplace, etc. were right in the middle of a beautiful wildflower garden with the daintiest wild violets in bloom. So, the children took shovels and carefully transplanted them out of danger, and we made

camp in a happy frame of mind. While we were putting up the tent, two frisky weasels came chasing close by.

So now we are all settled in our Eden of Nature, enjoying our verdant surroundings and finest summer weather. It is a real experience to be here while the growth of plants and shrubs is still in the beginning. The birds are in their nesting plumage, the tanagers and pileated warblers being especially brilliant. The white crowned sparrows are the most numerous and tamest. They hop all about camp and are the first in the morning and last in evening to be heard. The only sounds we hear are the ripple of the creek nearby, songs of birds and murmur of soft winds in the pine trees. There is no camp near us and few in the main campground. The condition of the road has kept many people out, but a Forest Service crew is working on it, and it will soon be in as good condition as it ever is - passable, and that is all the fishermen need!

So this tale ends as it did in the beginning - the condition of the Red's Meadow Road. No matter what else happened down there, and plenty did, "The Road" was our chief concern in the 19 summers we were there. No accidents, but those who braved its dust, chuckholes, and six sharp zig-zags, felt that they had really earned their entrance into one of the loveliest places in all the Grand Sierra Nevada - Red's Meadow! Beloved land!

Dorothy C. Verret *



"The Red's Meadow - Rainbow Falls Stage Line" pictured in front of the Tanner's Rocking K home in Bishop, California, from a Kelsey post card.



*Patrick Reddy
(Original photo in Eastern California
Museum, Independence, CA)*

THE FIGHTING REDDY BROTHERS OF THE EASTERN SIERRA

by Robert Palazzo



INTRODUCTION

Though they are not the most publicized set of brothers in the Old West, the Reddy brothers, Patrick and Edward "Ned" were just as deadly, yet more instrumental in the settling of the West and promoting law and order. There was a third brother, John, about whom little is known.

As Joseph Rosa states in this book *The Taming of the West, Age of the Gunfighter*, "... historians have tended to ignore the fact that California, Nevada and Montana were as violent and had their share of 'bad men' who were the equal of their better known mid-Western counterparts. The reason, of course, was a lack of publicity ... little recent attention has been given to the subject."¹

The recent spate of movies and books once again have drawn the attention of a new generation to the Earp brothers of Tombstone. Much has previously been written about the Earp brothers. The start of the media hype was in 1928 with the anti-Earp book *Helldorado* by ex-Tombstone Deputy Sheriff Billy Breakenridge.² As will be remembered, Breakenridge was an ally of his Sheriff, John Behan, and a life long foe of the Earps. Although Wyatt had earlier attempted to publish a book length autobiography himself, his efforts failed despite the intercession of popular western motion picture actor William S. Hart on his behalf.³

After the publication of *Helldorado*, Wyatt collaborated with Stuart Lake on the book *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal*. Unfortunately, Wyatt did not live to see it published. Lake's biography was published in 1931, but Wyatt died of old age in Los Angeles on January 19, 1929.⁴ Lake's book has spawned three generations of writers producing hundreds, if not thousands of books, newspaper and magazine articles, motion pictures, television series, etc. about the life and times of the Earp brothers.

The Reddy brothers did not lack for publicity during their lifetimes; however, the publicity they did receive was more local in nature, and did not capture the fancy of the rest of the nation. Timing has much to do with this. Born in Woonsocket, Rhode Island to Irish parents, Pat and Ned permanently moved to the West in 1861 thereby predating the Earps by many years. John would later join his brothers in Independence, California in 1874.

Of course, at this time the nation's eyes were focused in the East, toward the Civil War, its battles and its leaders. Reputations of gunmen in small mining camps thousands of miles away were given scant, if any attention, nor did they warrant any.

After the Civil War ended, the nation's interest gradually turned West and to the Indian troubles, the transcontinental railroad and Western expansion. The

Earp brothers served in the Civil War and then headed West.

I THE EARLY YEARS

Pat Reddy was conceived in Ireland and born February 15, 1839 in Woonsocket, Rhode Island (although some sources erroneously list his birth as Woonsocket Falls, New York).⁵ Ned was born in Rhode Island about 1844 and John also was born in Rhode Island about 1846.⁶

In February 1861 (two months before the start of the Civil War) Pat came to California. He worked as a miner in Placer County and also worked as a laborer in Contra Costa County.⁷

Pat Reddy (along with Old Doc Wooden) is given credit by Randsburg pioneer Ed E. Teagle for the discovery of China Bora Lake in the early 1860s. Teagle stated that they leased it to the Chinese. (Teagle himself located the China Lake Basin in 1907 and held it for 9 years.)⁸

Pat came to Aurora in the Eastern Sierras in 1863.⁹ Aurora, as may be remembered, had the distinction of being the county seat in two different counties in two different states at the same time. Aurora was the county seat of Mono County, California as well as Esmeralda County, Nevada. This situation persisted from 1861 until 1864 when the boundary dispute between California and Nevada was settled. Aurora was ultimately determined to be in Nevada and the Mono county seat was removed to Bridgeport.¹⁰

Never one to let an opportunity pass, Pat later tried to make the most of this situation. The Mono county taxes for 1861-1862 were collected in Aurora, however, those for 1863 were not. When the county seat was removed to Bridgeport, Mono County refused payment on all previously issued warrants. The rationale was that since the expenses were incurred in Aurora, Esmeralda county should pay them.

Pat bought up as many of the unpaid outstanding warrants as he could for a few cents on the dollar. He amassed about \$16,000 of the \$20,000 total outstanding. Pat then brought a lawsuit against Mono County and its treasurer, Z.B. Tinkum for payment on the warrants at full face value, plus accrued interest of about another \$50,000.

The county and Tinkum's defense was to deny the official existence of any county government of Mono before 1864, and to allege that since Aurora was actually in Nevada, the county auditor R.M. Wilson and the previous county treasurer Wm. Feast were therefore residents of Nevada and not residents of California and thereby ineligible to hold office or to legally bind Mono County. This argument was upheld and Pat lost the case despite his cleverness.¹¹ A curious footnote,

Tinkum was judged insane by the Superior Court of Mono County in 1892.¹²

It seems that Ned was the "inside man" of the two Reddy brothers and that Pat was the "outside man." Ned was the one who would physically check out the new mining camps for the various economic opportunities - gambling and a saloon for Ned, and the presence of a criminal element in a wide open, lawless town that could avail themselves of Pat's unique expertise. Pat also was extremely adept at acquiring, promoting and developing mining properties. If he and Pat felt the situation warranted it, Ned would move to the new camp and immerse himself in its life and protect the brothers' various interests. He did this in Virginia City, Cerro Gordo, Columbus, Panamint, Darwin and Bodie. Pat used this technique with his cousin Jimmy McDonald in

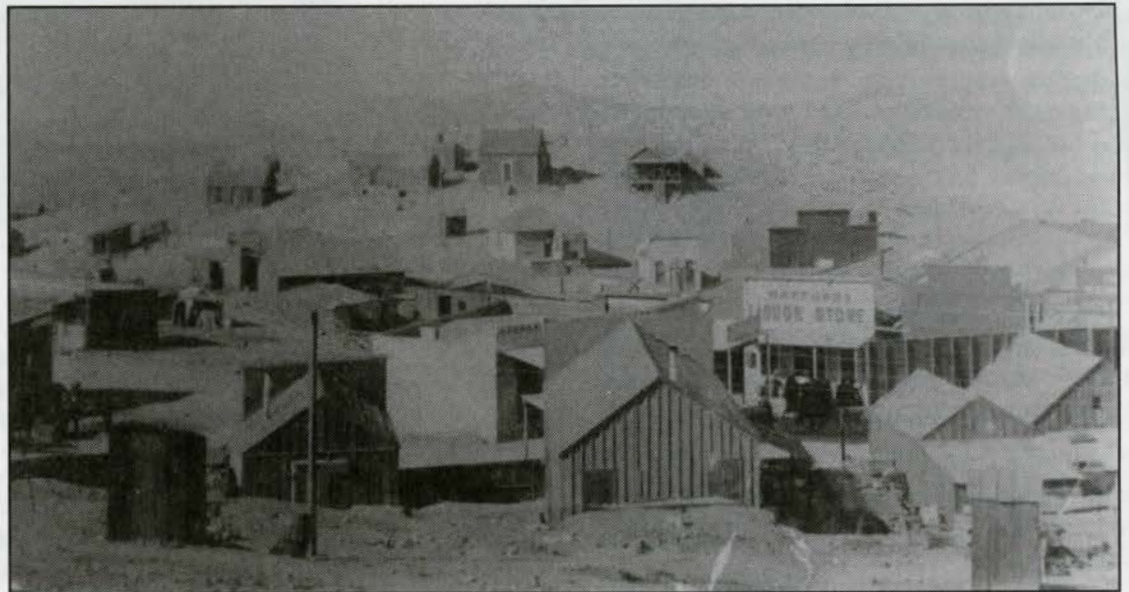
Lundy, as well.

During his tenure in Aurora, Pat was establishing his reputation as a "tough guy" and a gunman of note. In fact, Sam Davis in his noted *History of Nevada* stated that Reddy was "the terror of Aurora in 1863."¹³ Again, this was during the Civil War and this reputation did not capture the fancy of the nation.

About this time (1863), Ned was in Virginia City although it is not known when he first came out West.¹⁴

In his book *Knights of the Green Cloth*, Robert DeArment states that brothers Pat and Ned started out their careers as professional gamblers and that Pat had his right arm shot off in a dispute over a card game. John Southworth in his article "Pat Reddy Frontier Lawyer" said "...in 1864 on B Street in Virginia City

Randsburg



Aurora

[Nevada] a lead slug from the waiting gun of one Jack Mannix destroyed his right arm and his career as a miner with it."¹⁵

A more accurate version was recounted in the March 11, 1937 issue of the *Inyo Register*.

... [Pat] stopped to see his brother Edward (later known in Inyo as Ned) in Virginia City . . . Pat happened to open his money belt in the presence of our Jack Mannix, a saloon keeper. Thereupon Mannix determined to get the gold he saw. He said he knew Ned well, and would show Pat where he lived. Mannix stationed a man known as 'Soap' McAlpine in an alley that they would pass. As the two came to the place, Mannix stepped ahead, and as he did McAlpine shot at Reddy. Believing the shot had been fired at Mannix, Pat drew his gun. Before he could shoot at McAlpine, the treacherous Mannix turned around and opened fire on Reddy. His first shot shattered Reddy's elbow, ...¹⁶



Pat went back to Aurora to convalesce and married his nurse, Emily "Emma" M. Page on February 8, 1864.¹⁷ Mannix was indicted for the shooting but he escaped on a boat to Australia before he was tried.¹⁸

As a result of the loss of his arm, Reddy determined that his effectiveness as a gunfighter was sharply reduced and upon the urging of his new wife, began the study of law.

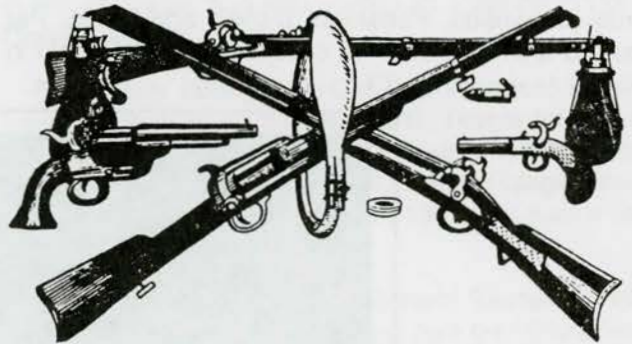


From Aurora, Pat moved to Montgomery in 1864. This is the first instance in which there is evidence of Pat's activity in local politics. Pat ran for Recorder of the Montgomery Mining District and won, defeating J.W. Fitzhugh 61 to 36, with H. Stevens polling 2 votes as well.¹⁹ In Montgomery, Pat was active in the buying and selling of mining claims as well as real estate.²⁰

During 1865, Pat moved to Independence and was subsequently appointed a Notary Public. He was admitted to practice law as a member of the California bar in 1867. At first, Pat maintained his practice as a sole practitioner, then took a number of different men as his law partners, among them Major Henry L. Egbert, Paul W. Bennett, A.R. Conklin, Wm. Metson and J.C. Campbell.²¹ See Appendix A for a complete list:

II NED'S GUNFIGHTS

Robert DeArment states in *Knights of the Green Cloth* "The owner and top gambler of Panamint's Independent Saloon was Ned Reddy, another veteran of the Nevada camps. Reddy also had proven himself in several six-shooter battles. In 1871, at his gambling house in Cerro Gordo, he had shot and killed a man named Tom Dunn, and at Columbus in 1873, Bulger Rains had gone down before his smoking iron. In all, it was said, there were six notches on that gun when Reddy arrived in Panamint."²²



Although DeArment does not give his sources for this statement, it is probable that the source was Neil Wilson's *Silver Stampede*, which DeArment does include in his bibliography. Let us examine Wilson's florid prose on this subject:

... Ned Reddy, who was declared to be entitled to six notches in his well-polished gun handle but who deprecated the distinction. Once in Aurora a townwide cleanup had left several men dangling on a vigilante gibbet. If Ned Reddy and his brother Pat reached the next camp, Mount Montgomery, a little out of breath, it could be attributed to the high altitude. While Pat was getting an arm shot off in Virginia City, Ned had drifted to Cerro Gordo where he opened a gambling house. In '71 he had bagged one Tom Dunn at Cerro Gordo but the inquest had adjudged it self-defense. In '73, it was affirmed, he had shot Bulger Rains at Columbus just to see him squirm. But he had been slightly confuscated at the moment and, anyway, the Rains in question was of little value to the community. That made the total notches, two, and six was plain exaggeration.²³





E.A. "Ned" Reddy

Ned Reddy did shoot and kill Tom Dunn in Cerro Gordo.²⁴ However, the killing took place on Christmas Day 1870, not in January 1871. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when Mart Sullivan (not to be confused with Cornelius Sullivan who testified at Ned's inquest) and James Cock got into a fight at John Hughes' saloon. Some of the crowd, Cock's friends, were trying to encourage the fight, while others, including Ned Reddy, were trying to make peace. During the fracas, Ned got into a clinch with Tom Dunn, knocked Dunn to the ground near the billiard table, turned his back and walked to the water barrel. Dunn pulled a gun and shouted "Clear the road! Fair play!" Someone in the crowd yelled out "Look out Reddy!" whereupon Ned turned and shot Dunn through the right breast.²⁵

After the shooting, Ned promptly surrendered to Deputy Sheriff Joseph Duignan. An inquest was held and Justice Moore discharged (i.e. acquitted) Reddy.²⁶

Ned did have a gunfight with Bulger Rains but it did not take place in Columbus, Nevada. Rather, it happened in Lone Pine on October 11, 1873. The reason for the reports of the shooting taking place in Columbus was that the *Borax Miner* of October 25, 1873 ran a story "purporting to be a true version of the above affair, the sum of which is that E.A. Reddy committed a cold-blooded murder in killing George Watson, whose true name was Bulger Rains."²⁷ The *Borax Miner* article is also the source for the statement "that this was the sixth man Reddy killed."²⁸

The true facts of the gunfight are clouded by which newspaper account is to be believed. The *Borax Miner* (also referred to as the *Columbus Miner*), *Inyo Independent* and *Carson Appeal* all had their own versions of the shooting affair.

The first account was reported in the *Inyo Independent* on October 18, 1873. In it, George Watson and Lindsay Lewis "both well known bad characters, had just returned from Lone Pine after several month's absence – made necessary by a former shooting affair – and announced their determination of running the town for a while themselves. During the day they conducted themselves most outrageously, using the most obscene language in the streets, and violently abusing everybody, without regard to age, sex or condition.

"Among other operations was a combined attack on George, an inoffensive, English-speaking Indian, whom they kicked and beat in the most brutal manner for no earthly cause. Constable Henry Stevens arrested them once during the day at the point of the pistol, compelling them to give up their arms, but he gave these back and released them after receiving a solemn pledge that they would behave themselves. For this and a former arrest Watson manifested a special animosity towards Stevens, seeking every opportunity to draw him into a difficulty. Lewis, in his cowardly manner, assisting – taking occasion to shoot holes in the floor of Patterson's saloon, a trick he had performed on a previous occasion.

"About 10 o'clock at night an altercation took place between them and Constable Stevens, in the saloon mentioned [Peterson's], where there were a large number of persons, each and all of whom came in for a share of the violent abuse at the hands of the pair. Watson, while daring Stevens to come out in the street to fight, drew his revolver, cocked and presented it at the crowd, and swore he could 'shoot any son of a ---- in the house,' and would do it if any man made a move.

"At the instant of this insane demonstration the report of a pistol was heard and Watson dropped dead, his revolver falling to the floor at his side. Lewis broke and run [sic] at once, and has not been heard of since. Coroner Lank held an inquest on the following day, the jury rendering a verdict to the effect that deceased came to his death by a gun shot wound, inflicted by some person to them unknown, the ball entering the left temple."²⁹

The November 1, 1873 issue of the *Carson Appeal* relates the disparate stories. "The recent homicide at Lone Pine seems to have afforded two quite widely different stories. The *Inyo Independent* having made a statement to the effect that Watson, the man killed, had, with a companion named Lewis, attempted to bully the town, another statement finds its way to the *Borax Miner*, which paper after quoting the account as given by the *Independent* says:



In the above item, it appears from facts gleaned from parties recently arrived from Lone Pine, there is not one correct statement made . . . nor did he [Watson] or Lewis strike or hurt the Indian [George] at all. Constable Henry Stevens is known to be a silly, simple minded man, who is usually called Russian Steve, and it was through Watson "joshing" and tantalizing Steve that the quarrel commenced. We are informed by parties whose statements we credit entirely that the story about Watson and Lewis attempting to run the town are entirely untrue. The quarrel was with Russian Steven alone, and when Steve wanted to fight, Watson told him to "come into the street where no one else would get hurt," Watson then, but not at any other time exposed a weapon. When Watson stepped out of the door of the saloon E.A. Reddy shot him. There was no quarrel between Watson and Reddy, and from all accounts, it seems that the only motive Reddy had in shooting was the fun of seeing his victim squirm, and a longing desire for blood-letting. It is stated that this is the sixth man that Reddy has killed. This article . . . makes many believe that a screw is loose somewhere in the management of the Inyo Independent.³⁰



As far as the contention that Ned Reddy killed six men, it appears that Wilson's assessment is more accurate than DeArment. The two confirmed kills were Tom Dunn and Bulger Rains. Ned was involved in another gunfight in Sonora, California (Tuolumne County) sometime in the 1860s when "he was beset by three men, each of whom he wounded, but none mortally."³¹ Thus, these three confirmed gunfights consisting of two killings and three woundings are the total documented gunfights of Ned Reddy. Although it is quite probable there could have been more, there have been no records of them uncovered to date.

In the book *Encyclopedia of Western Gunfighters*, Bill O'Neal includes a table of the documented gunfights and confirmed kills of the gunfighters. Thus, Ned Reddy's prowess with a gun can be compared to the renowned "shootists" of the Wild West during the last half of the nineteenth century. As expected, Ned's exploits pale in comparison to John Wesley Hardin, Wild Bill Hickock, Billy the Kid, Ben Thompson and Cole

Younger. However, it is surprising to note that Ned would rank on the same levels as Doc Holliday, Pat Garret, and Luke Short and ahead of Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, Jesse James, John Ringo, and the Sundance Kid.³²

The conclusion to be drawn from this is that while Ned Reddy may not be as famous as many other Western gunmen of the late 1800s, his reputation as a gunman of note was, and is, well deserved.

HORRORS!!
 Appalling Times!
EARTHQUAKES
 Awful Loss of Life!
 25 Persons Killed!
Earth Opens!
HOUSES PROSTRATED
LONE PINE!
ITS TERRIBLE CONDITION
MOST HEART-RENDING SCENES!
Miraculous Escapes!
Individual Heroism!
A Demoralized Printing Office.

III INYO COUNTY (1871-1875)

The *Inyo Independent* reported that Pat was admitted to the bar in Nevada in 1871.³³

On March 26, 1872 a violent earthquake rocked the Owens Valley. Called the Inyo Earthquake it is estimated to have been 8.3 on the Richter scale.³⁴ The greatest loss of life and destruction of buildings was in Lone Pine. Mrs. E.A. Reddy was listed as being severely hurt and one of the sixty killed and wounded in Lone Pine. The March 30, 1872 *Inyo Independent* described the damage at Lone pine "every store and adobe building comprising about three-fourths of that unfortunate place, was leveled to the earth."³⁵ In Independence "All other adobe-lined buildings in the place were wrecked and rendered unsafe to inhabit, including P. Reddy's handsome house north of town." The following week the losses suffered by Mrs. Ned Reddy were estimated at \$800 and by P. Reddy at \$500.³⁶

An article entitled "Incidents and Curiosities of the Earthquake" in the same April 6, 1872 issue contained the following excerpt "In P. Reddy's law office all the books and fixtures against the north wall of the front room were thrown down, while not a book was displaced in the library reaching to the ceiling which stood against the south wall of the same room. In the adjoining room (west), this order was exactly reversed. Nothing was disturbed on the north wall, while everything, desks and bookcases, were thrown down from the opposite wall." The Inyo Earthquake was felt as far away as Mexico City and at Paducah, Kentucky.³⁷

In October 1873 Pat formed a law partnership with Major H.C. Egbert. The *Inyo Independent* noted on October 11, 1873 that "we won't recommend them for the simple reason that we think they don't need any."³⁸

During this period Egbert, a Civil War hero, took a leave of absence from the Army to pursue various business interests. These included the Waucoba mines, the Independence/Los Angeles railroad, etc. During much of 1874, Egbert travelled up and down California raising money for these various ventures. Evidently this schedule put a strain on the Reddy-Egbert law partnership since Egbert seemed to communicate more with Dr. White, the Camp Independence doctor, than with Reddy. In fact, on several occasions Egbert would direct White to tell Reddy that Egbert would be writing to Reddy soon. On February 8, 1874 Egbert felt compelled to write Dr. White "Reddy & I are on very good terms and well, I suppose always remain so. I know nothing of the contrary..."³⁹

This partnership lasted about one year. In the October 17, 1874 issue of the *Independent*, Pat Reddy's ad lists only himself and not Egbert. Late in 1874 Major Egbert assumed command of Fort Yuma, California and continued his illustrious military career in the Nez Perce campaign, the Indian wars and ultimately was killed in action in the Spanish American war. Fort Egbert, a military post at Eagle on the Upper Yukon was named in his honor.⁴⁰

Pat was a major owner of properties in the Waucoba mining district (near Camp Independence) at this time, probably as a result of his association with Egbert.⁴¹ Also at this time, Pat acquired some mining properties in Panamint from Senator Stewart.⁴²

John joined his brother, arriving in Independence in 1874. John came west for his health since he was dying from consumption (tuberculosis). He was described as "emaciated, suffering [and] scarcely expected to survive the year out."⁴³

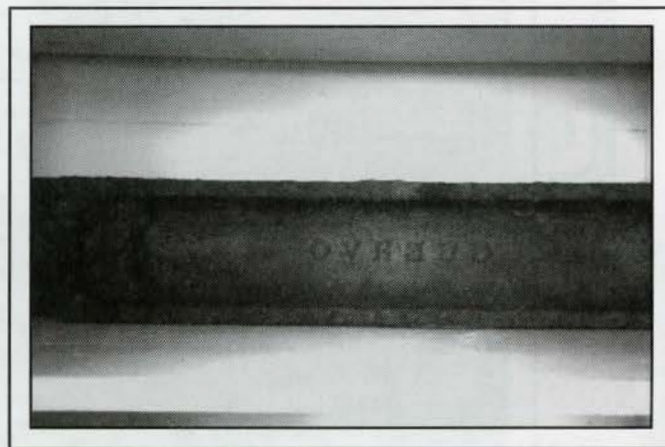
Pleasant Chalfant, the editor of the newspaper *Inyo Independent*, must have been taken to task by Pat since a lengthy article appeared in the October 10, 1874 issue wherein Chalfant took great pains to assure the readers that when it was reported that Pat was absent in San

Francisco and was before the Police Court while there, he appeared as a *lawyer* and not under arraignment for a crime.⁴⁴

There is no record that Ned killed anyone in Panamint but DeArment also has Ned participating in a \$10,000 poker game there. In Panamint, Ned owned and operated the Independent Saloon with his partner McAllister until Ned left for Darwin at the end of 1874. Ned sold his interest in the saloon to William Kelly in December 1874.⁴⁵

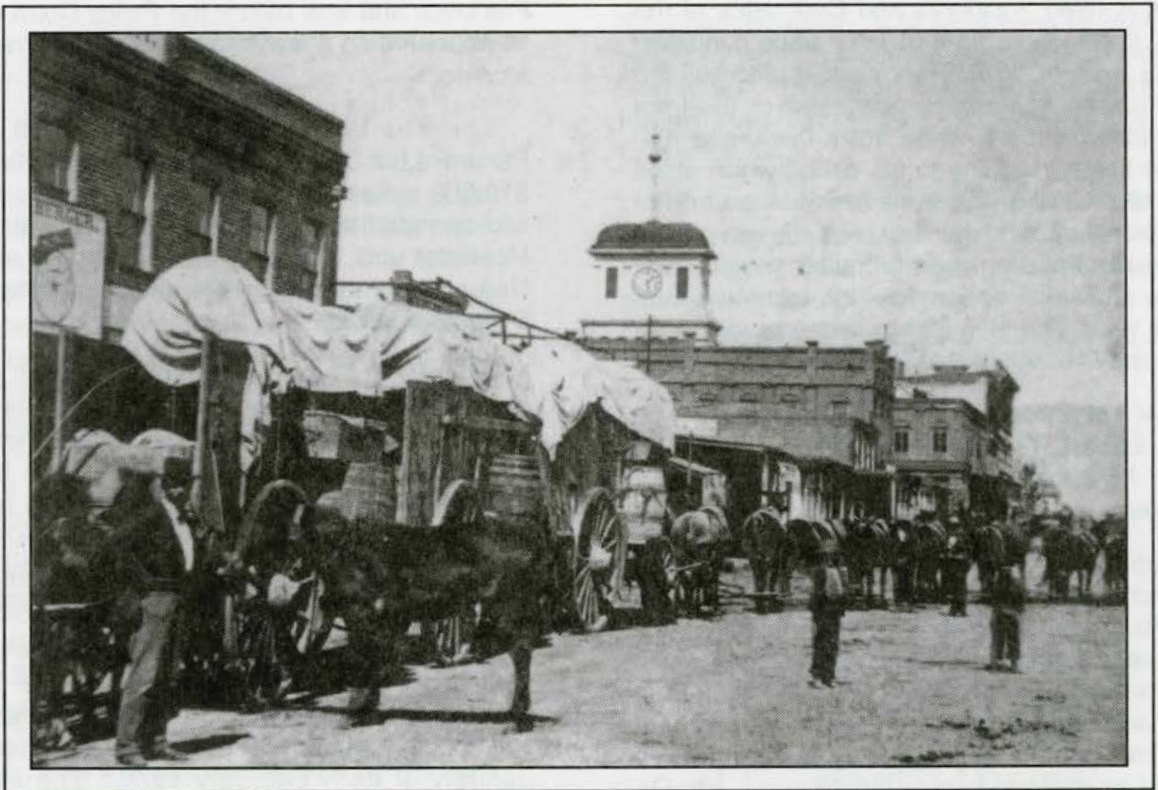
When D.P. Tarpey and Thomas Carroll jumped the claim of Raphael Cuervo on Darwin's first mine, the Promontorio, Pat was retained to defend them.⁴⁶ As was typical for Pat, he obtained an interest in the mine as payment for his legal services. Pat also obtained an interest in Darwin's greatest mine, the Defiance, so named because of the legal fights put up by the original Mexican owners whose claims were also jumped.

Early in 1875, Ned was one of the first residents in the new boom town of Darwin, California. There, Ned built the Capitol Saloon, with his new partners Jack Wilson and James W. Rennie which opened in late January or early February 1875.⁴⁷ The *Kern County Courier* reported that Darwin's saloons were characteristic of flourishing mining camps. "Superb chandeliers shed their soft radiance through ground glass globes; gorgeous mirrors reflect the motley crew that drift in and out; Bohemian glass, gilding . . . Reddy & Wilsons' Saloon at the upper end of Main Street is also elegant and popular."⁴⁸

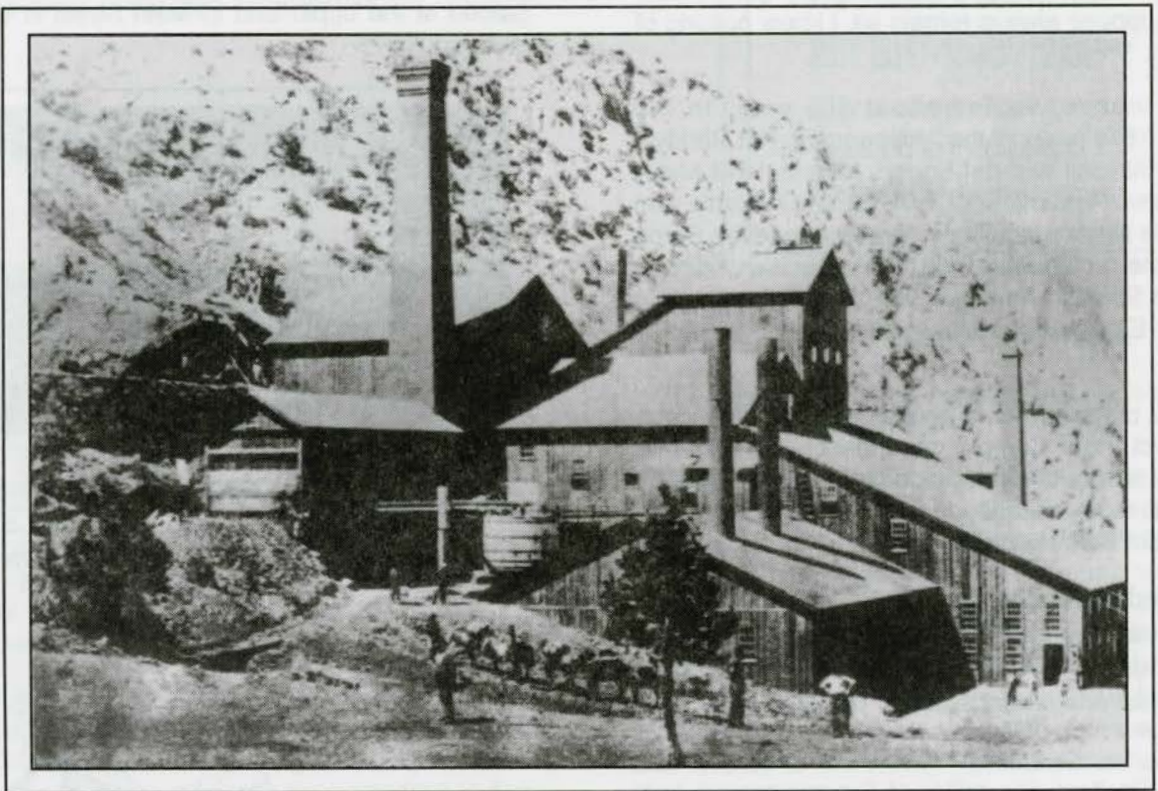


Cuervo Mine silver ingot mold, Darwin.





Freight to Panamint



Panamint

IV

THE DEFIANCE MINE AND DARWIN

The Defiance mine, which was to become Pat's pride and joy as well as a source of considerable wealth for the rest of his life, was located on December 16, 1874 by Ned's Capitol Saloon partner Jack Wilson. In reality, Wilson relocated (which is the nice way of legally saying "jumped") the Buena Ventura claim which was originally located by Ventura Beltran on November 16, 1874.⁷⁴⁹

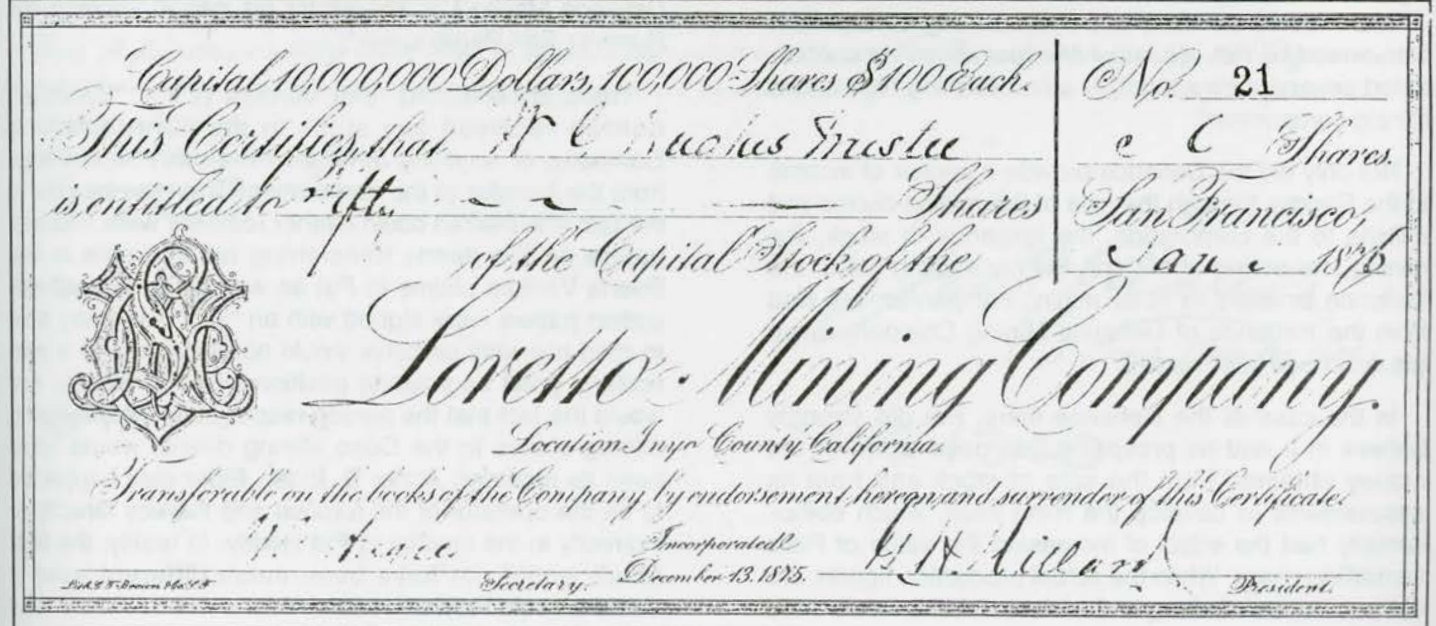
Also located on December 16, 1874 was the Loretto mine which was located by Ned's other Capitol Saloon partner, James W. Rennie. Rennie obtained his claim by jumping the San Pedro mine claim which was originally located by Pedro Ruperez, also on November 16, 1874. The fact that Ned Reddy had already established himself as a gunman and killer of note in earlier California and Nevada mining camps before coming to Darwin certainly had to be a factor in the Reddys' ultimate success

in establishing their rights to these claims.

On December 16, 1874, John Wilson deeded to Beltran 250 feet of the Defiance lode in return for all of Beltran's interest in the Buena Ventura lode. Wilson and Beltran then sold the Defiance to Pat Reddy for a reported \$10,000. It is unknown how they split the proceeds. The next day, Beltran sold his interest in the San Pedro claim to Pat Reddy for \$1,000.

Two days later, on December 19, 1874, Pedro Ruperez sold all his rights to the Buena Ventura and all title to the San Pedro to Pat Reddy for \$20,000. It is not clear whether this was an all cash deal or whether all or part of the \$20,000 was in stock in one of Reddy's mining corporations.

Both the Defiance and Loretto mines were actually being controlled by Pat. Pat sold the Loretto claim to the Loretto Mining Company on January 3, 1876, which he



had incorporated on December 10, 1875.⁵⁰ The Defiance was incorporated by Pat on August 13, 1875.⁵¹ Both were incorporated in San Francisco, both were capitalized at \$10,000,000, both had W.G. Hughes as corporate secretary, both had G.H. Willard as President, both had five directors, and both claims were jumped by Ned's partners from the original Mexican owners.⁵²

The only substantive difference in the corporate format between the two companies was the composition of the board of directors. The Loretto's board consisted of Pat Reddy, G.H. Willard, W.G. Hughes, John Wilson and John A. Freaner. The Defiance board also included Reddy, Willard and Hughes, but had S. Jewett of Kern County and a John Wilson of Santa Clara County on the board.

After the transfer of the mines to the corporations, Pat listed the stocks for sale on the various mining exchanges (having retained a controlling interest for himself in part payment for the transfer of the mining claim to the corporation). The Defiance was originally a "close corporation" with the majority of its stock owned by Willard and Reddy. "The mine is not for sale, neither is the stock, and we are informed the mine will not be listed until it is on a dividend paying basis."⁵³ Evidently it started paying dividends since it was listed in February 1876. Pat was then able to use the money raised from the sale of the stock to the public to repay himself for the balance of the sale of the claim to the corporation. He could also pay himself a salary, dividends, consulting fees, legal fees, etc., however, there is no indication how the money was used.

Although the stated value of the Defiance and Loretto stock was \$10 per share, the Loretto shares never appeared to trade on the San Francisco stock markets, and the Defiance shares traded irregularly. The trading price for the Defiance shares never exceeded \$3 per share.⁵⁴

The Providence mine in Darwin among others were also owned by Pat. He may have "packaged" or consolidated several mines together when forming his various mining companies.⁵⁵

Not only did the Defiance provide a source of income to the Reddys through the sale of the mining claims and millsite to the corporation, the issuance of stock, the mining and selling of the ore, the contracting out of the Defiance smelters to other mining companies, but also from the issuance of Defiance Mining Company Scrip (as described later herein).

In the case of the Defiance mine, Pat did strongly believe in it and its prospects. He used some of the money obtained from the sale of stock and from its assessments to develop the mine itself, which coincidentally had the effect of increasing the value of Pat's controlling share. While the actual production figures are not known, the California Division of Mines estimated

the Defiance group of mines (including the Independent and New Coso) produced 1,571,000 ounces of silver from 1875 to 1883.⁵⁶

A more accurate figure is contained in the *Report of the Director of the Mint Upon the Production of Precious Metals in the United States During the Calendar Year 1883*, where Horatio C. Burchard stated "The Defiance and Independent owned mines by Reddy & Gorman, have been extensively worked for many years, and have taken out bullion to the amount of \$1,280,000. The plant consists of two 30-ton furnaces. The company is in a prosperous condition and paying dividends."⁵⁷

One final benefit was obtained by the Reddys utilizing the procedure of the incorporation and capitalization of the Defiance Mining Co. Stock in the corporation was given to Pedro Ruperez in settlement for any legal claims that he might have had against the Reddys and/or their partners for having (legally or otherwise) taken title to the mining claims originally discovered by Ruperez. Periodically, the owners of a mining corporation would make an assessment against the shares of stock whereby the stockholders would have to pay into the corporate treasury a certain amount of money per share to provide working capital, for expansion, to build a smelter, etc. The Defiance made an assessment on February 9, 1877 in the amount of 25 cents per share.⁵⁸

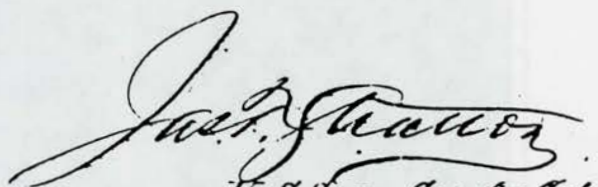
Pedro Ruperez was issued 3,600 shares in the Defiance Mining Co. and therefore was assessed \$900. He failed to pay the assessment (as did many other stockholders) and their shares were sold at public auction. Of course the auction was held at the corporate offices in San Francisco and the notice was given in the *Coso Mining News* in Darwin.⁵⁹ This effectively weeded out the unwanted and public stockholders which increased the ownership and control of the Reddys and their favored partners. John Wilson, Ned and Pat all paid their assessments.⁶⁰ John Wilson was issued 7,300 Defiance Mining Co. shares for his part in jumping the Ruperez San Pedro claim.⁶¹

There is no record that Ventura (a.k.a. "Bentura") Beltran received any stock in the Loretto Mining Company, or anything other than the cash he obtained from the transfer to the corporation. This may be due to the fact that Beltran could neither read nor write. His signature on the deeds transferring his interests in the Buena Ventura claims to Pat as well as on his naturalization papers were signed with an "X."⁶² Not being able to read nor write certainly would not leave one in a particularly good negotiating position with Pat Reddy, nor would the fact that the person responsible for untangling mining claims in the Coso Mining district would have been its recorder, Abner B. Elder. Elder also happened to be the operator of the furnace and thereby directly or indirectly in the employ of Pat Reddy. In reality, the final result would not have been much different even if Ventura could read and write.

PLAT
 of the
Buena Ventura & the Defiance S&L Mine
 Situated in
Inyo County California
 Claimed by
Patrick Reddy
 Surveyed by
Joseph Seely Dep. Surv.
 March 1875
 Containing 20.64 Acres
 Scale 5 chs. to 1 inch
 Var. 15° 30' E

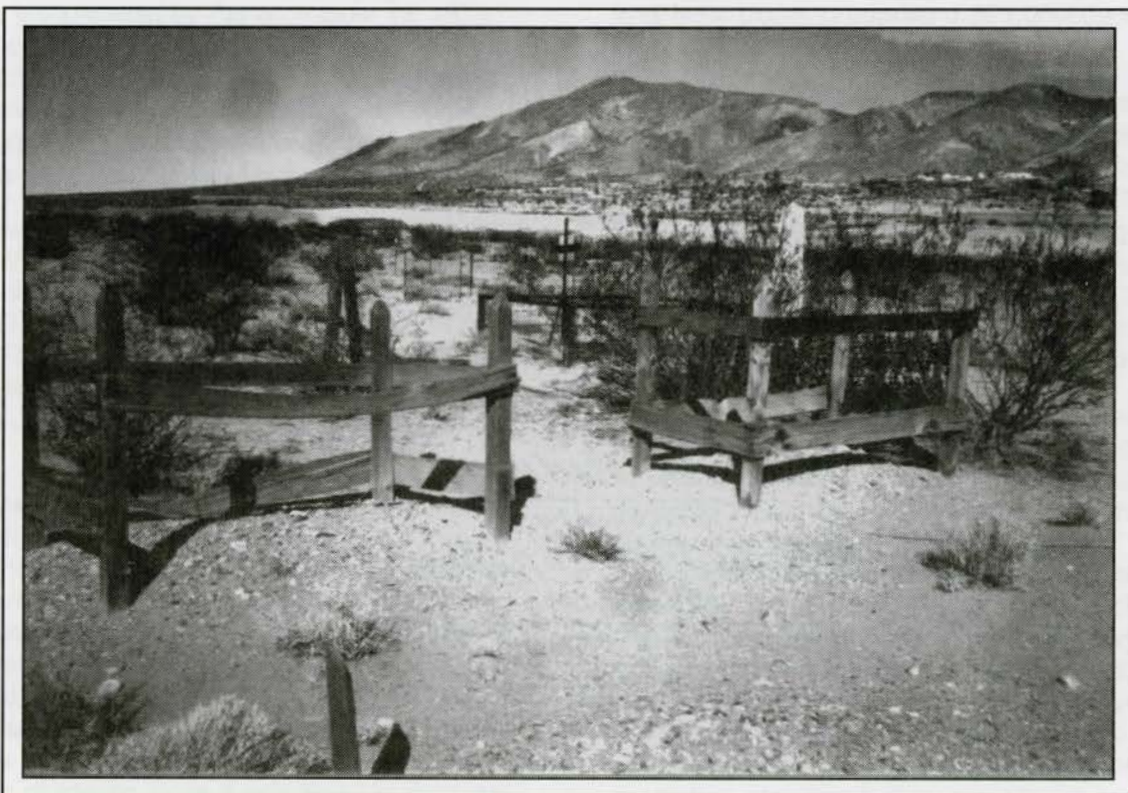
The original field-notes of the survey of the Buena Ventura & the Defiance Silver & Lead
 mine from which this plat has been made, have been examined and approved and are
 on file in this Office, and I hereby certify that they furnish such an accurate description
 of said Buena Ventura & the Defiance Silver & Lead Mining Claim as will if incorporated
 in a patent serve fully to identify the premises; and that such reference is made therein
 to natural objects and permanent monuments as will perpetuate and fix the locus thereof.
 I further certify that the value of the labor and improvements upon the said Mining
 claim placed thereon by the applicant and his grantors is not less than Five Hundred Dollars.
 And I further certify that this is a correct plat of the said Buena Ventura & the Defiance
 Silver & Lead Mining Claim or premises made in conformity with said original field notes
 and survey thereof.

Surveyor General's Office,
 Francisco California,
 March 30th 1875


 U. S. Surv. Gen. for Cal.

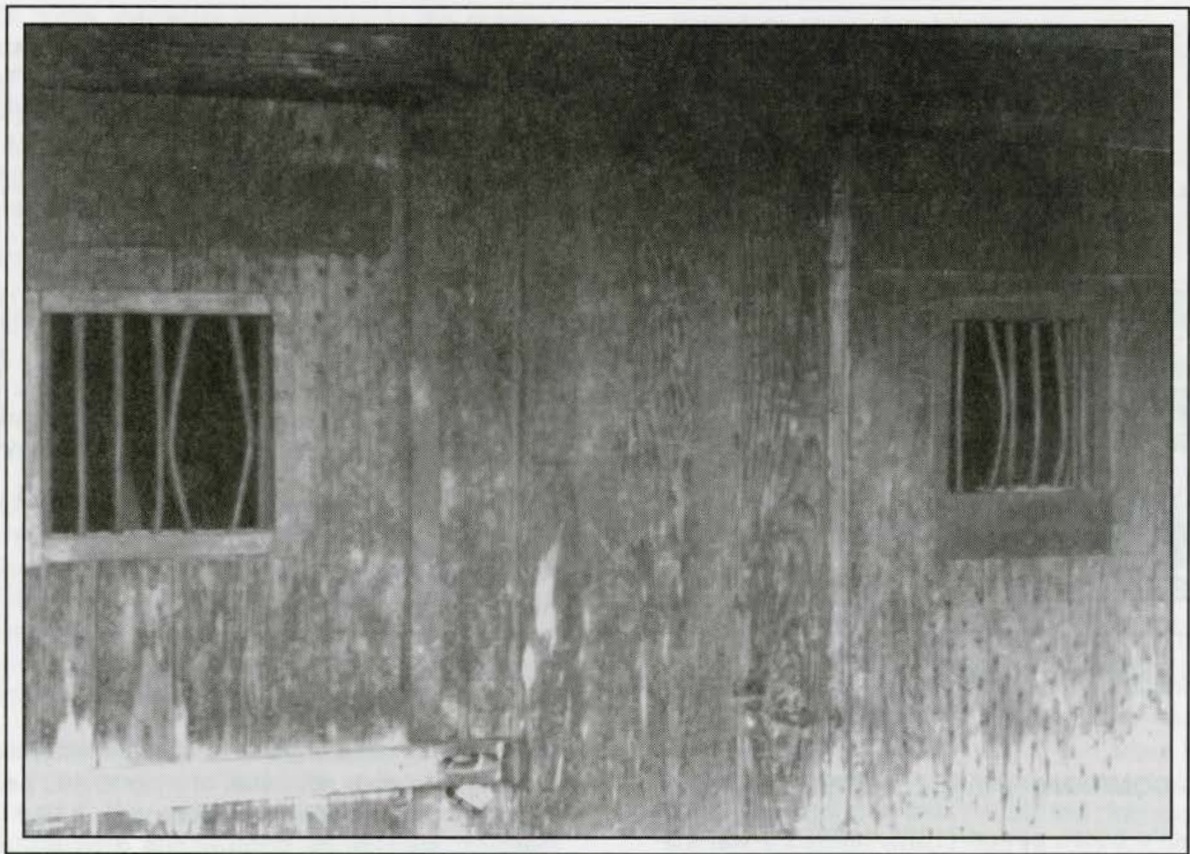
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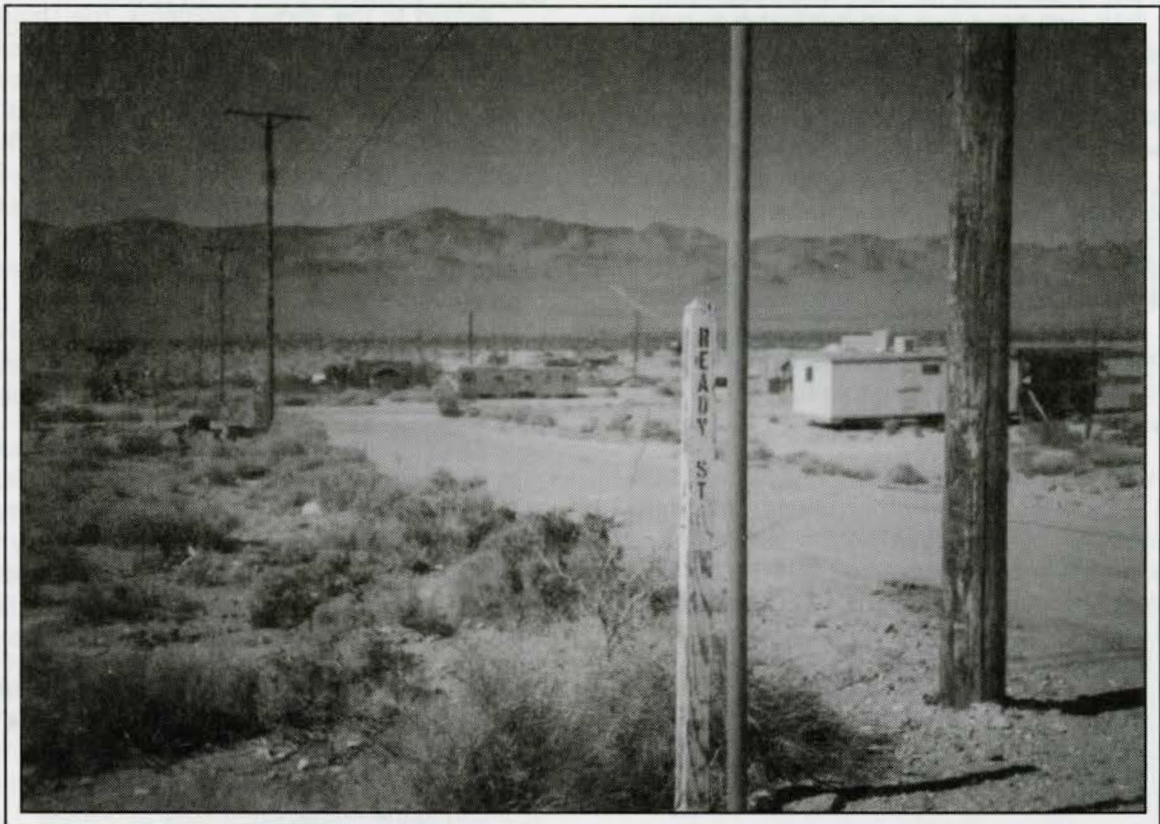
Remnants of glory - Darwin

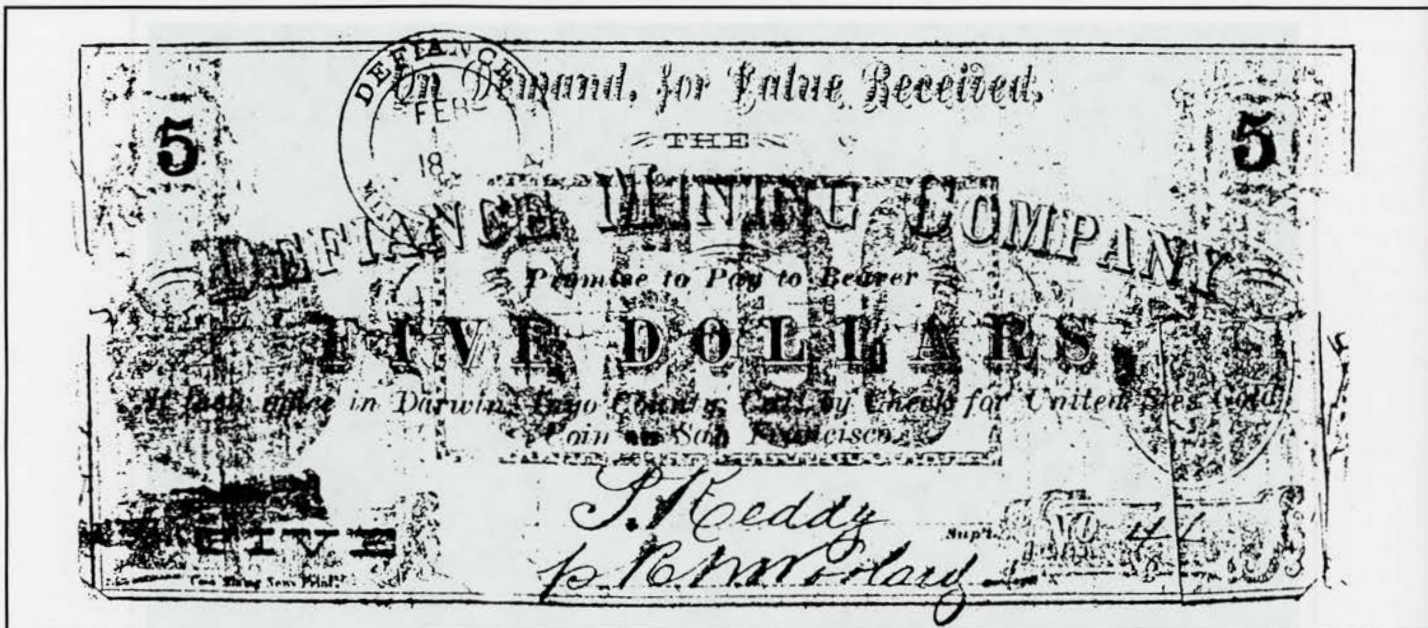




Darwin Jail

"Reddy" Street (slightly misspelled)





Defiance Mining Co. scrip; Proxy signatures of Pat Reddy. Eastern California Museum Collection.

V

MINING COMPANY FINANCES - MINING SCRIP

In Darwin's boom period (1875-1878) Darwin suffered from the same economic woes as other boom mining camps in the West. News of a mining strike spreads fast and down and out miners from all over the western states (and even farther) would rush to the new mining district to make their fortunes. These miners would spend their last dollars to get to the camp and would trust their own good luck and hard work to make their fortune. Unfortunately, this practice led to a shortage of money (hard currency - the actual paper dollar bills and metal coins) since few people brought currency into the district. Even "wealthy" merchants would be bringing in goods rather than cash, which they had to spend elsewhere in order to purchase the goods brought in.

Business transactions were usually consummated by merchants accepting a percentage interest in mines, mining claims, gold dust, mining company stock certificates, promissory notes, etc. In general, a barter type economy was common.

Some towns were lucky and big enough to attract the stability of a bank or two. In other towns, the Wells Fargo agent acted as the bank and in still others, a leading merchant or business acted in the unofficial capacity as banker and bank. Darwin fits into the last two categories. In Darwin, there was no bank as in Panamint, but Wells Fargo did establish an agency in Darwin with a prominent merchant as its agents. C.F. Sharp of the Sharp Brothers store and later C.F. O'Brien of the Waterman & O'Brien store acted as Wells Fargo agent.

It should be remembered that the only reason for the

existence of most of these towns, Darwin included, was mining. But even rich silver ore (up to \$80 per ton) was not and could not be used as money. It had to be converted into money through the process of mining, milling, refining and then finally payment. Payment to the mining company would be for its account or payment could also take the form of sight drafts. In either event, there would still be no hard currency coming into town for long periods of time.

Added to the above problems, the United States at this time (1873-1877) was in a deep recession/depression and money was tight. The U.S. Mint was producing less coinage and there were no silver dollars at all produced for domestic circulation from 1874 until 1878 when the Bland-Allison Act was passed. By this Act, Congress tried to jump start the mining industry by ordering the purchase of large quantities of domestic silver, thereby creating an artificial demand and keeping prices up. The silver thus purchased was used to coin silver dollars again in 1878. This policy, however, did not come in time to help Darwin. What was the mine owner to do? How could a mine meet its obligations?

The solution that the mine owners came up with was to issue "scrip," also known as "money orders" and "furnace orders." This was basically a promise to pay a fixed amount of money and was backed by the financial resources of the individual mining properties of the issuer. The *Inyo Independent* of October 16, 1875 had an article entitled "Money Orders" which states:

"The several heavy mining incorporations beginning business at Darwin have adopted the money or furnace order system, the orders being paid off in gold coin or San Francisco checks on presentation at the respective offices in Darwin. The system is most convenient for the companies and, within

certain limits, perfectly satisfactory to the public. But it should be understood by the parties desiring to pay bills at points not in easy communication with the check offices, that these orders do not pass as currency. The only exception for this place, are the Belshaw and Beaudry orders, which, now as heretofore, are taken the same as coin...."⁶³

Physically, this scrip was made to look like "official" currency, e.g. same size, shape, denomination, etc., and it was hoped that it would circulate the same as well, although as the above article states, not all did. At the time the article was written, Darwin was still just establishing the system so it would be a while before these orders started to generally circulate.

The advantages to the issuing company were great. Not everyone would cash in the scrip all at the same time. It is the same principle as the travellers check of today. There is a "float" (basically a loan without interest until the scrip was cashed in) and this enable the issuing company to go about its business without having to have the full amount of gold coin on hand at all times.

The acceptability of the mining companies' scrip was generally in proportion to the faith of the town and/or merchants as to the underlying financial strength of the issuer. Some were readily accepted all over the State, some were not even accepted in the town of issuance. In Darwin, in addition to the above mentioned Belshaw and Beaudry orders, scrip was issued by the Defiance Mine, the Union Smelting and Mining Company (known as the "Tyler" orders), the New Coso, the Modoc Mining Company and doubtless there were others of which we have no record today.

The only known examples of Darwin's scrip seen today are those of the Defiance Mining Company which have a stamped date on them of June 27, 1876. It is not known if this date is the issue date or the date that these notes were redeemed. These examples are signed by Robert W. Woolard, the company's bookkeeper, as proxy for Pat Reddy, the Defiance Company superintendent.

The February 12, 1876 *Inyo Independent* had a scathing article quoting from the *San Francisco Chronicle* wherein it had a specimen of a New Coso mining order claiming that this kind of money is "not only objectionable, but their issuance a misdemeanor." The *Independent* took the *Chronicle* to task and informed the reader that the legality of the furnace orders had been brought to the Inyo County Grand Jury two years before with no trials for wrongdoing.⁶⁴

The *Independent* states that the *Chronicle* did note that the New Coso order did not have a signature to which the *Independent* responded "In that particular it differs from others we have seen, among which we may instance the Defiance Company's orders. These are worded and signed as any other due bill, and in that

important particular, obviates the *Chronicle's* leading objections. . ." The article further explains the reason for the issuance of these orders.

The reason is that all these companies have monthly pay days, and as a rule, incur all their obligations with that understanding. If the holder of an order chooses, he can, in accordance with the printed promises, demand coin checks . . . Unless creditors chose to permit it, a month's debt and no more is jeopardized, however irresponsible the company. As the orders are issued at all times, the merchants and others receive them during the month, and by such means, greatly lessen the risk of loss through doubtful customers, many of whom are not allowed a month's credit . . . this money order system has certainly proved advantageous to this section. . .⁶⁵

Darwin scrip did circulate freely for a short period of time as is evidenced by an article written by Darwin's editor T.S. Harris that was picked up by the July 29, 1876 *Inyo Independent*. This article describes a trip to Independence that Harris was forced to take in order to be a witness at a trial. He states that when he arrived at Lone Pine, he stopped at Mrs. Eames' hotel, ate supper, spent the night and paid the bill the next morning with a Defiance order, "which was readily accepted." Harris went on to note that "Cluggage's Stage Line, however, running from Lone Pine north, and which is kept alive to a great degree by the patronage of miners and others in and around Darwin, would not take the Darwin orders..." The stage agent did give Harris credit, however, and "this made some amends for the indignant refusal of our



favorite Darwin currency."⁶⁶

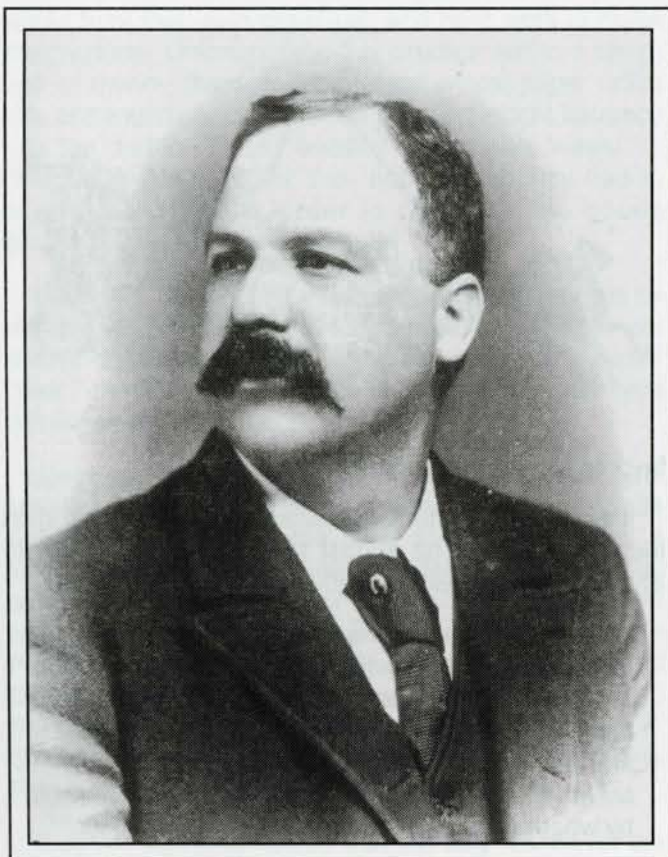
It was not long after this episode that the roof fell in on the Darwin scrip. The August 19, 1876 issue had another article entitled "Money Orders." This article states:

This class of money has come to be in very bad repute in Darwin. Neither the "Tyler" or any other order will go there any more . . . a formal resolution, [was] signed by forty-five of the business firms and men of the place, wherein they pledge themselves "not to take scrip of any kind or description, by whomever issued, for any purpose whatever."⁶⁷

This action seems to have effectively put an end to the issuance and circulation of any mining scrip in Darwin. However, when Nancy Williams was murdered in Darwin, among her possessions was a Defiance Mining Co. check and Defiance "boletas" which was the company scrip.⁶⁸ For the full story of this murder see the author's article "The Murder of Nancy Williams" in the Winter/Spring 1994 *Album*. There is no subsequent mention of Defiance (or any other) scrip again. Oliver Roberts does tell of his experience with the "script" from the Furnace and Modoc Mining Co. although it is not clear if the events related by Roberts took place before or after the formal Darwin resolution on the subject.

Roberts relates that after the Sheriff put an attachment on the Modoc Mining Company the sellers of coal to the company received only supplies, provisions and "checks" in payment. (Checks being used in this context as scrip by Hamlin, one of Roberts' editors). Roberts speculated in the Furnace and Modoc Mining Company's checks by buying them for between 1 and 5 cents on the dollar, fully expecting the company to be responsible for its debts. The company was not so responsible and the charcoal camp was abandoned.⁶⁹

All of the known examples of the Defiance Company scrip are in the Eastern California Museum in Independence. They are in the denominations of \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10 and \$20. An examination of these notes and their serial numbers indicates that at the very least \$35,000 worth of scrip was issued. To the extent that any were not redeemed by the company, pure profit results.



VI INYO - MONO COUNTIES 1876-1882

Throughout his life, Pat Reddy (and to a lesser extent Ned) was able to acquire interests in mining ventures by several different methods. He would physically go into a mining district and stake a mining claim, then he would register it with the County Recorder and would provide for the required annual assessment work (typically \$100 worth of work per year). Pat did this in Montgomery, Aurora and elsewhere.⁷⁰

Pat would buy claims that others had staked. Pat would buy claims that were patented (a process that required the claims be worked as producing mines, papers filed with the land office in Washington and if the patent was granted, the applicant had the opportunity to purchase the title to the mining acreage from the United States government.) Pat and Ned would buy shares of stock in mines and mining properties that were incorporated. Pat and Ned would "jump" claims, as with the Defiance in Darwin. Pat would receive an interest in a mine or mining company in exchange for legal services performed (as with the Yellow Aster Mine in Randsburg) or for legal services to be performed (as with the South End Cyanide Plant in Bodie.)⁷¹

Another method to obtain these interests was to arrange to be present, possibly as the only person present, at a tax sale. If an owner was delinquent in paying the tax on a mine or a mining interest, the County could arrange to sell the property at a tax sale. Pat would attend the tax sale and buy the property, many times only for the back taxes owed to the County. He did this on September 2, 1875 when he probably was the only person present at the tax sale (which took place at the Courthouse) and bought significant interests in the following mines in Cerro Gordo: the San Felipe for \$9.05, the Guadalupe for \$14.31, the Belmont for \$6.63 and the Union for \$20.14 among others.⁷²

On the Centennial of our nation's birth, Inyo County's leading citizen Pat Reddy was chosen President of the "Grand Centennial Fourth of July Celebration" that was held July 4, 1876 in Lone Pine. The event featured fireworks and a Grand Ball. (In 1880, Ned was to serve in this same capacity for the election parade and Ball held in Bodie.)⁷³

One of the few references to brother John Reddy appears about this time. The *Coso Mining News* of April 29, 1876 states "P. Reddy, Esq. and John Reddy, his brother, went over to Independence last Thursday." John A. Reddy from Rhode Island is also listed in the Great Register for Inyo County in 1875 and 1877 as a contractor in Independence.⁷⁴

In May 1877 there was a grass roots movement to draft Pat Reddy for District Attorney of Inyo County. It was thought that the lawlessness in the County might be due, at least in part, to the fact that every person accused of murder in Inyo County was acquitted through the defense efforts of Pat Reddy (except for E. Welch who, while in jail, picked up his ball and chain and escaped). The *Inyo Independent* estimated that this cost the county over fifty thousand dollars. The proposal was that if Reddy could be encouraged to take the District Attorney position at a huge salary, Reddy would be ahead, the county would still save a great deal of money and criminals would be punished. The *Independent* later reported that "As was fully anticipated, Mr. Reddy has, by a profound silence upon the subject, declined to take the position of District Attorney .."⁷⁵

John Reddy died from tuberculosis in Independence on November 30, 1877. He left a wife and daughter (Sarah Jane Reddy) in Rhode Island. His daughter Sarah was his sole heir while brother Pat was his executor. Pat was also named as guardian for Sarah, however, there is no evidence that Sarah came to Inyo county to be cared for by Pat. Rather, it seems reasonable to assume that Sarah (having been described as an "infant") stayed in the East with her mother.⁷⁶

California held its second constitutional convention in 1878 and well respected and politically connected Pat represented Inyo and Mono counties. He was a member of three standing committees at the convention. To wit: the standing committee on state and municipal indebtedness, the standing committee on city, county and township organization and the standing committee on corporations other than municipal.⁷⁷

Coincidentally, during the convention, Pat lived at the Arcade Hotel in Sacramento where David S. Terry (also a member of the constitutional convention) was staying. Terry was killed several years later by Reddy's friend from Panamint, Darwin, and Bodie, Dave Neagle. See the author's article "The Darwin-Tombstone Connection" in the 1993 *Album* for further information on this killing.⁷⁸

In April 1879 Pat Reddy opened law offices in Bodie.⁷⁹ Pat's law clerk was William H. Metson, who later became Reddy's partner in the San Francisco law firm of Reddy, Campbell & Metson. When Metson was performing legal services for the firm while in Alaska during the Alaska Gold Rush, he became acquainted with the author Rex Beach. Metson was the basis for attorney William Wheaton in the popular book and motion picture *the Spoilers* written by Beach. Coincidentally, another Beach novel set in Alaska, *The Barrier*, had Wyatt Earp as the basis for the character Ben Stark.⁸⁰

Bodie was a very good locale to have a thriving criminal law practice, especially if one had the enormous legal talent of Pat Reddy.

The Opera House Dance Hall on January 3, 1880

was the scene of Bodie's only recorded homicide by use of a knife. Thomas Dillon, an opium addict, stabbed Thomas Travis who then shot Dillon.⁸¹

Dillon retained Pat to defend him on the murder charge. The prosecution relied on two witnesses, John Mulligan who was with Travis at the time of the attack and Police Officer Samuel Black, who was at the scene, immediately arrested and pulled Dillon off Travis (and who was leading Dillon away when Travis sat up and shot Dillon).⁸²



During the trial, Pat's every move was well documented (much as the attorneys in the O.J. Simpson case). The newspaper reports of February 25, 1880 carried the following item:

"Hon. Pat Reddy, slipped and fell on the sidewalk in front of the Senate Saloon last evening and sustained quite a severe injury. During the afternoon he had been conducting a case in court, and was starting to go to his office when he lost his balance and fell."⁸³

Mulligan was the first to testify on March 18, 1880. Pat cross-examined him and made a strong effort to break down John Mulligan's testimony by showing to the court his character as a case-keeper of a faro game "the sagacious lawyer cornered him on several occasions."⁸⁴

Officer (actually by now ex-officer) Black. "During the afternoon a large crowd was present in the courtroom. Black was on the 'rack' [being cross-examined by Reddy] and was worried for several hours. The attorney for the defense [Pat] gave him such a game as he never experienced before, and he must have lost considerable flesh while going through the trying ordeal. His memory was defective, and Mr. Reddy was repaid by catching 'him out' several times. He is making a strenuous effort to clear his client, and outsiders are of the opinion that he will do it." He did. His "very able argument in defense of the acts of Thomas Dillon . . . occupied some time in its delivery, and was closely listened to by a large audience. His plea for the discharge of Dillon was strong and eloquent."⁸⁵

Pat was able to showcase his criminal defense skills in June 1880 when he defended Peter Savage. Savage had shot "Frenchy Mace" who was arguing with Savage's wife. Once again, Pat secured an acquittal.⁸⁶



Sam Chung had been involved in several shooting scrapes in Bodie by the time (July 9, 1880) Prudencia Encinos was driving his mules by Chung's cabin when some of them "strayed into Chung's vegetable garden. Chung flew into a rage, grabbed a double-barrel shotgun, and blasted Encinos." Encinos died later that night. Chung retained Pat Reddy to defend him. "He appeared to have no chance of acquittal. 'There is no doubt in the mind of any person at all familiar with the circumstances of the killing . . . that Sam Chung committed an unprovoked, cold-blooded and barbarous murder.'"⁸⁷ Through his usual brilliance, Pat obtained a hung jury. Since this result was unacceptable to the prosecution, Chung was retried. Pat delayed this second trial again and again. This had the desired result of another hung jury (one witness having died and another having left the state). Chung was tried a third time and Pat was able to obtain a unanimous verdict of not guilty.⁸⁸

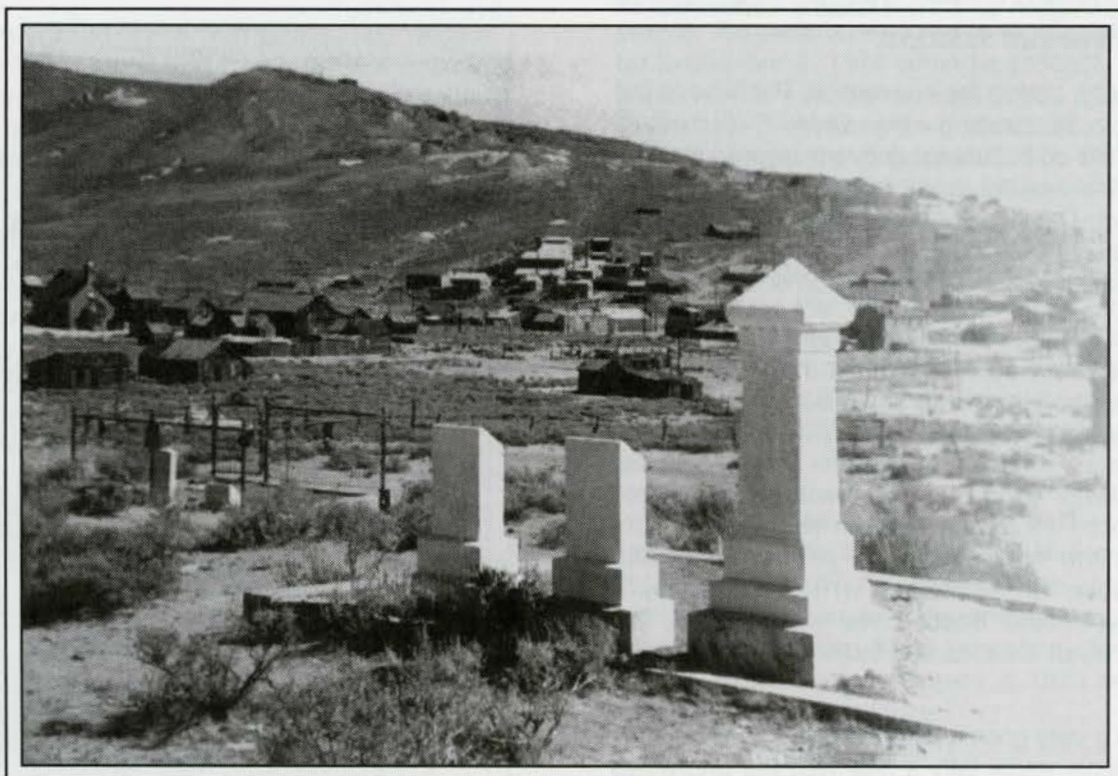
On July 4, 1880 James Kennedy was standing on Bodie's Main Street in front of Patrick Fahey's Mono Brewery. Bill Baker, with whom Kennedy had earlier had words, walked by and Kennedy tipped Baker's hat. Baker promptly shot him without uttering a word. Kennedy died so Baker hired Pat. Despite witnesses to the contrary, Kennedys' defense was to claim that Kennedy went for his gun first. Pat's strategy was to try to induce doubt in the jurors, which he was able to do successfully. Even though Pat did not obtain a mistrial (because one juror was drunk), he did secure Baker's acquittal.⁸⁹

Pat obtained the same result when he defended James Stockdale for killing David "Tex" Hitchell in Ah Kip's opium den on June 7, 1881.⁹⁰

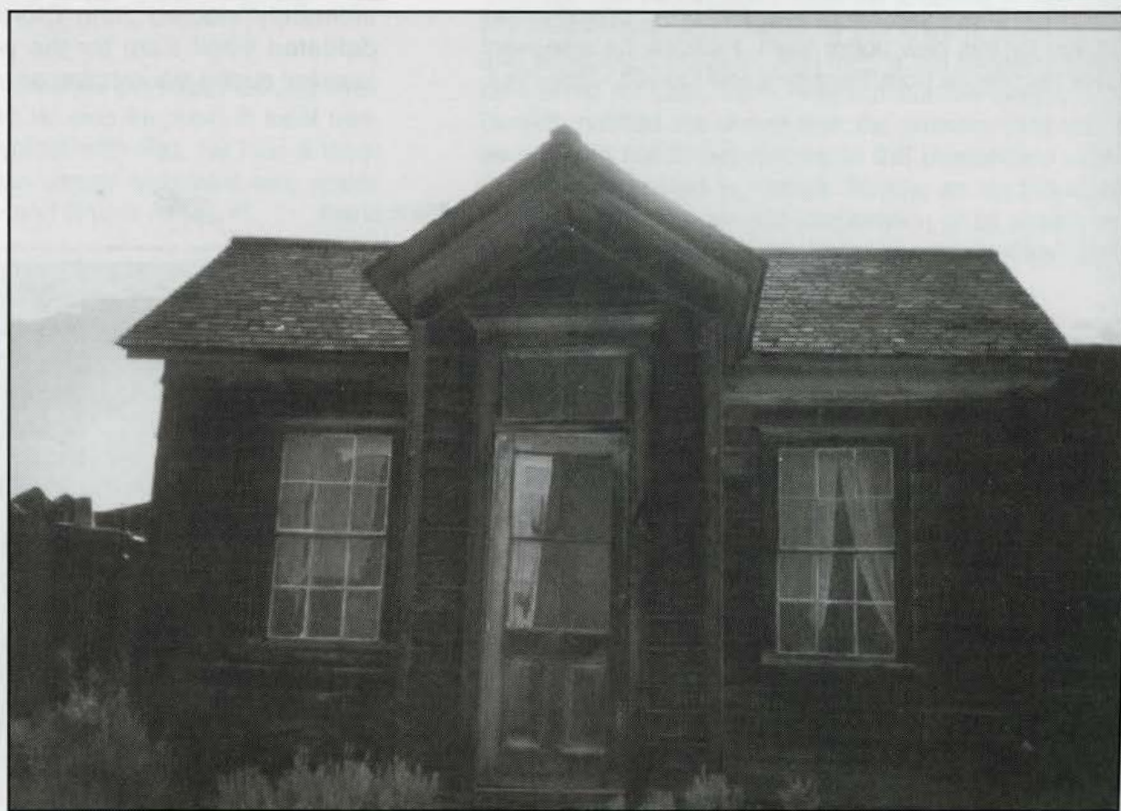
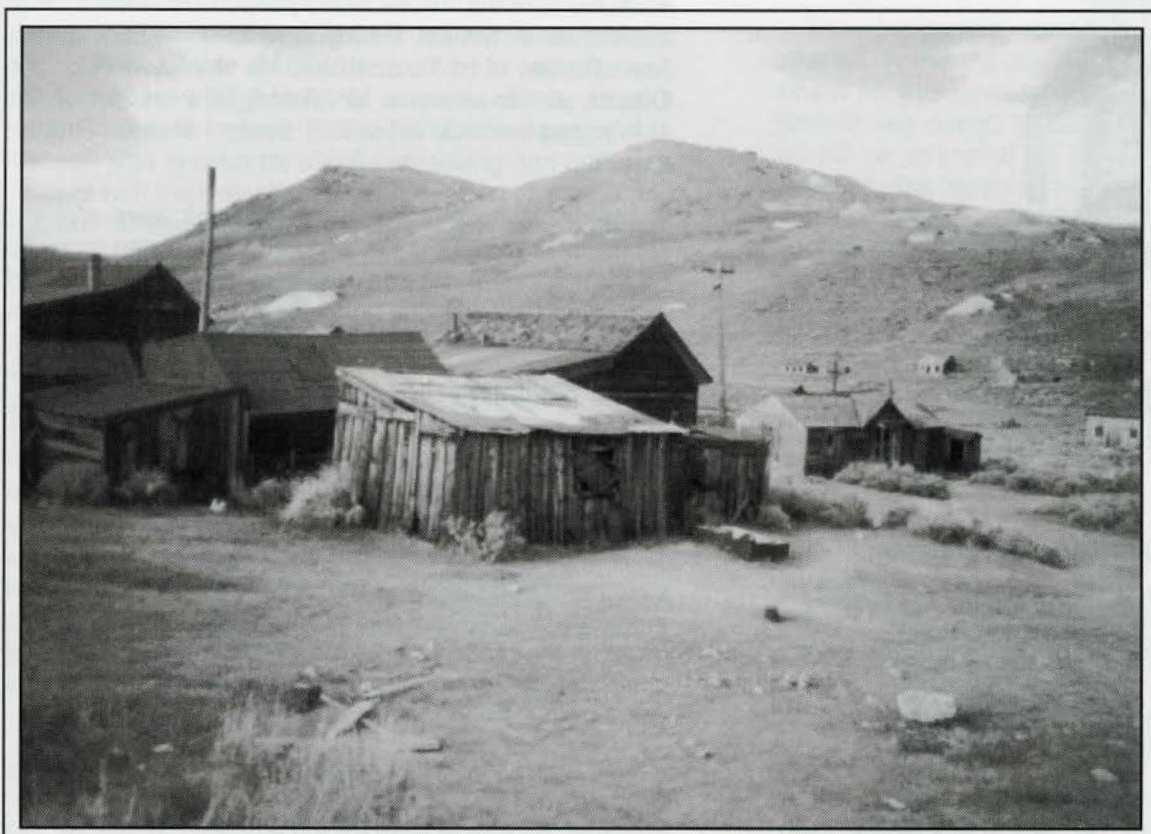
During the summer of 1880, early in the morning of September 2, George Watkins brutally murdered Robert Whitaker, the special officer for Bodie's Comstock saloon.⁹¹ Watkins did the prudent thing and promptly hired Pat to defend him. Unfortunately for both, Pat never got the chance. Watkins died before his trial either from a cerebral hemorrhage as a result of the head injuries he received from Whitaker (the official view as given in *The Daily Free Press*) or from an overdose of chloral hydrate (the version given by the *Bodie Standard*).

Wells Fargo & Co. must have taken note of Reddy's successes and in September 1880 retained him to prosecute highwayman Lincoln Anthony Sharp for the Sulphur Springs stage robbery. Sharp was defended by John R. Kittrell (who had been Attorney General for the state of Nevada from 1875 to 1878). Pat won a conviction. Unfortunately for Wells Fargo, Sharp escaped from his jail cell in Aurora before he could be sentenced. However, Sharp was subsequently captured and was then sentenced to twenty years in prison.⁹²

Evidently these cases paid well because in September 1880 Reddy opened his new offices which occupied the entire top floor of the Molinari Building at Main and Mill streets in Bodie.⁹³



Bodie, from Boot Hill



The ghost town of Bodie today, Pat Reddy's house (back, above). Below, the remains of Pat Reddy's house.



During this period of Bodie's lawlessness, Ned announced himself as a Democratic candidate for Sheriff of Mono county in July 1880. The July 17, 1880 *Homer Mining Index* described him as having "all the necessary requirements to properly fill the office. He has plenty of physical force, and is thoroughly capable."⁹⁴ Ned did not get the nomination.

Having failed in his political bid, Ned went to Tombstone in the Arizona Territory in November 1880. He went to check out the mining and other opportunities afforded by this new boom town. Perhaps he also went to visit his friends from Panamint and Darwin - Bob Paul,

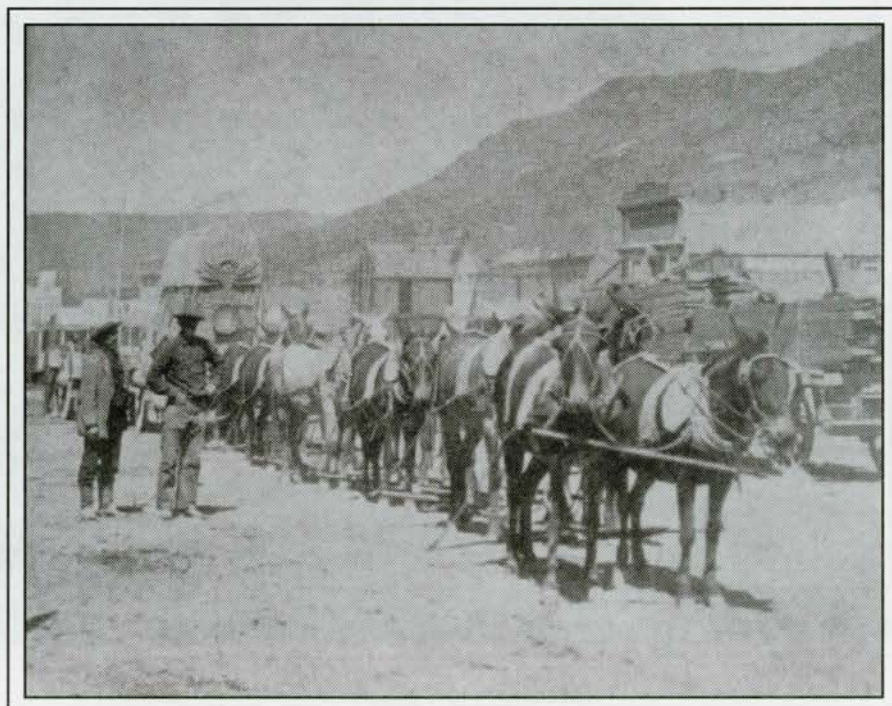
Bob Hatch, Dave Neagle, and M.E. Joyce among others who were in Tombstone at that time. The November 23, 1880 issue of the *Tombstone Epitaph* contained an article that read: "Mr. Ed. Reddy, a well known mining man from Bodie, is in Tombstone. He thinks well of the District, as far as seen. Mr. Reddy is a brother of the celebrated criminal lawyer of Bodie - Patrick Reddy, Esq."⁹⁵

Also at that time, the Earp brothers were already established in Tombstone and had sold mining property to Inyo's Remi Nadeau and to the Cerro Gordo Freighting Company in November 1880. Ned stayed in the Tombstone vicinity for about a month.⁹⁶

The month Ned was in Tombstone was relatively slow. Ned missed the killing of Marshal White by Curly Bill in October 1880. Bat Masterson and Luke Short arrived in Tombstone about this time as well, but Ned missed Short's killing of Charley Storm in February 1881. Ned's friend Bob Paul had become an ally of the Earps and had his stage robbed and a passenger killed in March 1881. When Ned was in Tombstone, Paul was awaiting the recount of the November 1880 election that finally resulted in his election of Sheriff of Pima County confirmed in January 1881.⁹⁷

Ned may have left Tombstone just before the first city election in Tombstone's history on January 4, 1881, however, he was in town for the election campaigns that ultimately elected John Clum as Mayor. Ben Sippy defeated Virgil Earp for the position of Tombstone's marshal during this election as well.⁹⁸

Bodie's Main Street



Many times throughout his life, Pat would take opposite sides of the same issue. (Viz. his part in the Darwin Labor War as the owner of the Defiance mine versus his defense of the Miners Unions in Idaho; his defense of Chinese murderer Sam Chung and his anti-Chinese talks in Carson City). Another example of this, albeit a minor one, was in April 1881 when Bodie druggist A.B. Stewart was in court for a civil proceeding and got into a fistfight with the defendant's attorney John R. Kittrell (not altogether becoming behavior for the past Attorney General of Nevada). Kittrell, as may be remembered, was Lincoln Sharp's defense attorney when Pat was hired by Wells Fargo to prosecute the case. The court cited Kittrell for contempt but remitted the \$250 fine after Pat stood up and gave "an eloquent speech on his behalf."⁹⁹

Pat opened up a law office in San Francisco in 1881. He still maintained offices in Independence in partnership with A.R. Conklin, and he kept his Bodie practice as well as is evidenced by the ads he ran in various local newspapers.¹⁰⁰ Although Pat's ads listed him as a sole practitioner in Bodie at that time, he may have had a partner, Charles R. Barry. Barry's name appears with Reddy's as attorneys for J.W. Smith in his case against the Gipsy Queen Gold Mining Company in March 1881 in Bodie. Of course, Barry could have been just co-counsel with Pat and not necessarily a partner.¹⁰¹ However, if Barry was not yet a partner with Pat, he ultimately did become one, if for a short while. See Appendix A.

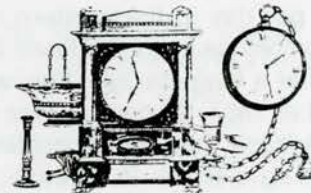
In September 1881 Pat visited the Mono County mining camp of Lundy where he was involved in local mining activities. As was typical with Pat, he had a local partner, namely his cousin Jimmy McDonald with whom he owned the Lake View and Bryant mines.¹⁰²

Pat added to his mining interests in 1882 when he (along with his law partner Bennett) obtained a one-fifth interest in the Kentuck, the leading mine of the Patterson Mining District in Mono County. Once again Reddy obtained his interest in payment for his legal services in connection with litigation. This time the fight was between the discoverers of the mine who sued the Summers brothers who had grubstaked them.¹⁰³

Another view of Pat's legal ability can be obtained in the case where Pat defended Hank Rogers on the charge of robbing the Belleville stage in November 1881 (his partner Jesse Pierce had already pled guilty to the charge and was sentenced to six years in Prison). Pat pled Rogers innocent and successfully challenged every potential juror. McGrath notes that Reddy contended that the sheriff was prejudiced by being a party to the prosecution because if Rogers were convicted, the sheriff would receive a reward from Wells Fargo. Finally, a jury was empaneled and Pat got a hung jury by implanting some doubt in the minds of three of the jurors. Rogers remained in jail until his second trial in October 1882 when Reddy obtained yet another hung jury. This

time the prosecution gave up and Rogers was released.¹⁰⁴

The newspapers reported that Ned bought a one-half interest in the Parole saloon in Bodie in April 1882, where he was already working. The ads for the Parole when it was owned by John Morales stated that the bar would be attended by the "prince of caterers" E.A. Reddy.¹⁰⁵ The reality of the situation was, however, that Pat was the actual purchaser of the one-half interest in the Parole for \$2,850 on April 24, 1882.¹⁰⁶



VII
1885-1891

Further augmenting Pat's mine holdings, in January 1885 he purchased the Independence mine near Darwin from Inyo Sheriff S.G. Gregg (at a Sheriff's sale) for \$256. In the Darwin area, Pat still owned a two story building and a house as well as his extensive mining properties.¹⁰⁷

Additional insight into the mechanics of Pat's mine dealings can be obtained from an analysis of the sheriff's sale for property owned by the Owens River Mining and Smelting Company. Just before the property was to be offered for sale, Pat's then current law partner A.R. Conklin notified the sheriff that the property that was to be sold did not in fact belong to the corporation, rather its title was vested in Patrick Reddy, as an individual. Evidently, Pat stripped the corporation of its assets and left the empty corporate shell (and its stockholders) hanging in the wind.¹⁰⁸

Pat travelled extensively between his various offices which probably helped his name recognition when he ran for elective office. Always active in politics and a life-long Democrat, Pat Reddy was elected to the California State Senate in the November 1882 elections and served as State Senator from Inyo, Mono, Kern, Tulare and Fresno counties in the 25th and 26th Sessions from 1883 to 1887. In 1885 he was a candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination (which he did not receive).¹⁰⁹

The wit and intellect of Pat were of enough note to merit occasional references in the newspapers of the day including those in the state capitol of Nevada, Carson City. The *Morning Appeal* of September 10, 1885 has the following story under the caption "Reddy Wit.":

One morning Pat Reddy, the attorney, was walking along Carson Street in this city, when he encountered the notorious Julia Beals, a woman particularly demented.

"Mr. Reddy," she said with a smirk, "will you be after takin' a cocktail with me this morning."

"I cannot, I am not *ready*, was the attorney's smiling answer."¹¹⁰

As was alluded earlier, Pat Reddy had a lifelong interest in miners and mining. Although he was a mine owner of major mines (the Defiance in Darwin, the South End Cyanide plant in Bodie and the Yellow Aster in Randsburg to name but a few) he still was a champion for the miner and for miners' unions. In 1884 miners were earning \$4 per day in the western mines. The mine owners in Tombstone sought to lower this wage to \$3 per day and after a long struggle, they were able to do so. By the end of 1884, \$3 per day was the prevailing wage in the Arizona Territory. Accordingly, miners emigrated to mining districts in Nevada and Idaho where the \$4 wage was still extant.

As might be expected, the mine owners in those locales were also trying to lower the pay for miners. In the Wood River, Idaho area, they were trying for a \$3.50 rate. In July 1884 the British-owned Minnie Moore mine at Bradford cut wages to \$3.50. The Bradford Miners Union went on strike. The mine owners temporarily capitulated, but in mid-January 1885 the owners fired all the miners who were making \$4. Scabs were hired, tensions mounted, threats were made, conspiracy indictments were handed down and arrests were forthcoming. The Bradford miners received financial support from their own union and from the Virginia City and Bodie miner's unions as well. The Virginia City and Bodie unions were also instrumental in retaining Pat Reddy to defend the striking union miners who were charged with conspiracy.

The Bradford strike ultimately failed and there is no record of how Pat Reddy and his clients fared in this affair. However, at about this same time, for the same reasons, the Ruby Hill Miners Union in Eureka, Nevada went on strike. Scabs were hired, tensions mounted, threats were made and the Eureka Citizens Protective Association had the union officers arrested for conspiracy. The union hired Pat Reddy. In this case, Pat was able to drag the proceedings on until he had all of the prospective jurors disqualified. The case was then transferred to Elko County where the miners were ultimately acquitted in May 1885.¹¹¹

After this victory, Pat headed back to Inyo County. It was reported that in August 1885, Pat visited his Defiance mine in Darwin and that he was confident in the future of the mine and "believes ore is there and will work to find it."¹¹²

Pat appeared in Carson City, Nevada in April 1886 in order to give "an anti-chinese talk."¹¹³ This is of particular note in light of Pat's experiences in Bodie where he obtained acquittals for known Chinese murderers as described in detail above.

There is another example of Pat's courtroom demeanor given in 1889. As was reported in the November 8, 1889 issue of the *Carson City Morning Appeal*:

An exciting scene occurred in the District Courtroom last Tuesday evening Judge Curler [the Defendant in the case, not the sitting judge] was being cross-examined by Hon. P. Reddy in the case of Bowler vs. Curler. In answer to Mr. Reddy's questions the witness said he had always treated Mr. Bowler well, had not only instructed and advised him, but had given him money and material aid at different times. Mr. Reddy said: "Yes, you were like the reptile who covers his unlucky victim with slime and then swallows him."

District Attorney B.F. Curler, son of the witness, angered at the innuendo addressed to his father, said to Reddy, "You are a liar!" in a low voice, audible only to Reddy and those sitting near, but unheard by the Judge.

Mr. Reddy became livid, but restrained himself from violence. He addressed the Court:

"Your honor, this young man has called me a liar. Shall I knock him down?"

Judge Rising [his name was Rising] - "No. Mr. Curler, did you call Mr. Reddy a liar?"

Mr. Curler nodded affirmatively.

Judge Rising then lectured the hot tempered young man and fined him \$50 for contempt.¹¹⁴

This is an interesting account for several reasons. It shows that Pat was not afraid to take on a Judge and a District Attorney on a personal basis with no regard to possible adverse consequences. Also, it shows that even at age 50, Pat was tough and not above "duking it out" even though he had only one arm.

Pat was appointed Prison Director of California in 1890. He served in that capacity in 1890 and 1891.¹¹⁵ Since Pat was firmly established in San Francisco society and politics he undoubtedly exerted enough influence to secure for Ned the position of Captain of the guard in the State penitentiary at San Quentin in 1890. It probably also did not hurt Ned's chances in that Pat was the Prison Director of California.¹¹⁶ Pat's position as Director did not prohibit him from attending to his various other interests, although the pressing nature of those interests probably did lead to his resignation from the position. However, during his term he did find time to purchase additional commercial properties in Darwin, and visit Oliver Roberts in Carson City, Nevada.¹¹⁷

Pat made headlines again in January 1890 when he was retained to defend a man named Percy Douglass, charged with committing an assault with intent to mur-

der a train brakeman named Anson who was shot while trying to remove Douglass from a train.¹¹⁸ What made this case more interesting than most was the fact that the headlines were due to Pat getting into a fight with the Deputy District Attorney. Pat and Deputy District Attorney Welsh had some harsh words in court. Judge Harris then ordered a recess for tempers to cool. The action picks up:

"Mr. Welsh and Mr. Reddy met in the corridor of the courthouse when Mr. Reddy told Mr. Welsh he would like to see him privately. Both gentlemen walked out of the eastern entrance of the courthouse and stopped to converse, presumably about the matter which had just transpired in court.

"Mr. Welsh had his overcoat on his arm and was just in the act of putting it on when Mr. Reddy delivered a stinging blow which landed on Mr. Welsh's face.

"This act was witnessed by Deputy Sheriff Pickett who was just coming down the Courthouse steps.

"Mr. Welsh laid his overcoat down and prepared to do battle with his antagonist. He landed a right-hander safely on the jaw of Mr. Reddy, who struck and kicked Mr. Welsh at the same time.

"Deputy Sheriff McCardle and his prisoner, Percy Douglass, had reached the office jail and McCardle was just getting the key when the fight occurred. Douglass was an eye witness and must have seen the first blow when it was delivered, for he was out of the office as quick as a cat and went directly to the assistance of his attorney [Pat]. He [Douglass, the prisoner] struck Mr. Welsh a blow in the face which completely felled that gentleman. The blow was struck while Douglass was running like a deer . . .

"Mr. Reddy regrets the fact that his client, Douglass, should have assisted him in the fight. He stated that he was able to do his own fighting.

"Mr. Reddy has but one arm, which, it is said, he has used to good advantage on more than one occasion in fistic encounters."¹¹⁹

VIII IDAHO

In 1892 Pat fought famed Pinkerton detective Charles A. Siringo. Though both Reddy and Siringo were gunmen of note (Siringo was considered to be the best of the Pinkerton detectives, trailed the Wild Bunch, was friends with Billy the Kid, etc.) this fight took place in a courtroom with words and not guns, as the weapons.¹²⁰

Reddy and Siringo found themselves on opposite sides in the Coeur d'Alene mining War. Siringo had acted undercover on behalf of the mine owners while Reddy was retained once again by the Miners Unions. Siringo tells the tale in his 1912 book (written 12 years after Reddy's death):

REDDY'S RAGE.

Warm Word's Exchanged in Court.

Percy Douglass Gets In His Brutal Work.

He Strikes Down Deputy District Attorney Welsh in a Cowardly Manner.

For a time this morning in Judge Harris' court the monotony was broken in the dull and uninteresting proceedings of the trial of Percy Douglass, charged with assault to murder Brakeman Anson.

"I think, if your Honor please, that is a sneaking method of introducing evidence which is calculated to cast aspersions upon my client."

Hon. Pat Reddy made that remark, or words to that effect.

This comment was made in one of Mr. Reddy's objections to a question propounded a witness by Mr. Welsh, which sought to show that Percy Douglass was a tramp and not a gentleman.

"I am surprised that an insinuation of that character should come from such a source, and I want to pronounce that statement false, and the gentleman who made it a falsifier."

Mr. Welsh was the author of the last remark, or words substantially to that effect.

The Court ordered both gentlemen seated and the trial proceeded.

*Fresno Daily Evening Exposition,
Jan. 15, 1890*

The Butte City, Montana, and Coeur d'Alene unions had employed one-armed Pat Reddy from California and Nevada, to protect their side. He was a noted criminal lawyer, and he and I had some hot tilts while I was on the witness stand, both at Coeur d'Alene City and at Boise. The "Barbarian" newspaper and others, came out with big headlines of how Siringo-Allison paralyzed Reddy and had him fighting mad. In Boise, Reddy frothed at the mouth and shook his fist in my face, but I only smiled. Judge Beatty upheld me. Attorney James Hawley, of Boise, a nice fellow, was employed to assist Reddy. The unions also had two other lawyers of smaller caliber.¹²¹

Richard Lingelfelter in *the Hardrock Miners* stated that "Siringo's inflammatory tales at least partly convinced the jury . . . Reddy immediately appealed the case to the U.S. Supreme Court and the other conspiracy cases were delayed, pending the outcome of the appeal."¹²²

In late November 1892, Pat was again in the Idaho

courts with a union related case. This time Pat was hired to defend Web Leasure for killing Ivery Bean. The trial took place in Rathdrum, Idaho and lasted a month. The ultimate result was not surprising. Pat obtained an acquittal for Leasure.¹²³

After this case, Pat left Eastern Nevada and passed through Carson City on his way to Darwin. In Darwin he checked on the new strike that was made at the Defiance mine, and probably also visited Ned who had taken up residence in Darwin once again.¹²⁴

Ned Reddy appears once again in the Inyo County Great Register in 1892 and 1894 with his legal residence listed as being in Darwin. Ned was appointed Postmaster for Darwin in 1893, but he subsequently declined the appointment with no reason given.¹²⁵ He may have declined the Postmaster appointment because he was with his brother Pat in San Francisco.

IX

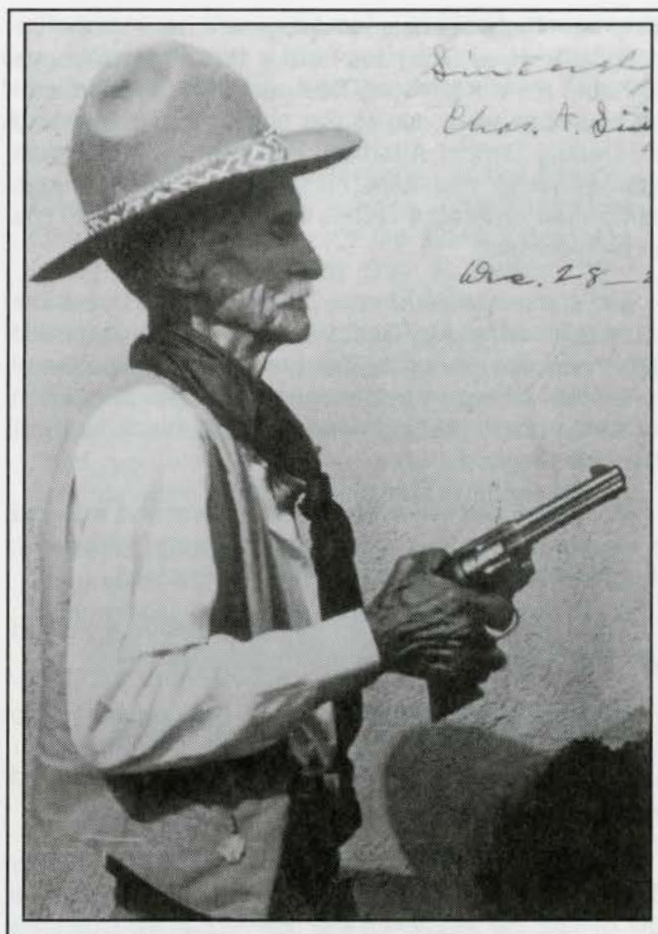
1895 - BODIE, RANDSBURG

The year of 1895 was very good to Pat with respect to his activities in the mining world. A revolutionary new cyanide process for economically processing mine tailings in order to get the remaining gold out that was missed during the inefficient milling process, was brought to Bodie by A.J. McCone in that year. He persuaded J.S. Cain to purchase almost all of the tons of tailings lying around Bodie. McCone and Cain became partners and then secretly built the South End Cyanide plant, which was the biggest such plant in the United States at that time.¹²⁶



While the plant was still being built, the partners shrewdly retained the law firm of Reddy, Campbell and Metson to be available to defend any title or other legal problems that may have resulted by virtue of this transaction.¹²⁷ No doubt their concern was due, at least in part, to the immense amounts of money that was to be made and the extremely low prices paid for the seemingly worthless tailings. The Reddy firm received 10 percent of this very profitable enterprise just to make themselves available (and to prevent anyone else from retaining their services) in case there was trouble.

The last major mining transaction of Pat's life had its genesis in a simple event. As had happened many times before in Pat's career, there was a dispute between mine owners and Pat was retained to represent one of the parties. As a part of his fee, Pat would negotiate a percentage of the mine or the right to buy a percentage of the mine for a fixed sum of money.



Charles Siringo

Frequently, the money Pat would have to pay was actually a receivable due him for his legal services. See Appendix B which reproduces the contract in this case and which is somewhat typical of how Pat operated.

In this case, the mine was the Yellow Aster which was located in the newly formed Randsburg district in Southern California.

Gold was discovered in Randsburg in 1895 which set off the last of the Southern California gold rushes. The original locators of the mine (and subsequently the founders of the town of Randsburg) were Charles Austin Burcham, a San Bernadino, California merchant, John Singleton, a carpenter and millright, and Frederic M. Mooers, a journalist. They were grubstaked by Burcham's wife Rose, who was a lady physician.¹²⁸

In the spring of 1895, these three men prospected in an area where Mooers had found traces of placer gold the previous year. The search was successful when Singleton discovered the ledge that was the source for the placer gold. They staked their original claims on April 25, 1895 and filed them in the Summit Mining District (later the Rand Mining District was formed and named after the famous gold district in South Africa).¹²⁹



Attorney Patrick Reddy Makes a Plea for the Discharge of Notary Cooney.

San Francisco Chronicle, Thursday, Feb. 11, 1897

In the middle of June 1895 when Burcham went to San Bernardino to get supplies, O.B. Stanton approached Mooers and Singleton with a proposition whereby Stanton would spend \$10,000 to build a ten stamp mill in order to further develop the mine. In addition, Stanton was to be given a six month option to be able to purchase outright the trio's claims for \$500,000. By this time, the men had staked eleven claims: the

Rand, Trilby, Olympus, Singleton, Tennessee, Maraposa, Mooers, Big Horse, Nancy Hanks, Brooklyn, Desert View, Johanseburg and El Rico.¹³⁰

An agreement was drawn up and was signed by Singleton, Mooers and Stanton on June 22, 1895. All that was left in order to effectuate the contract was for Burcham to execute it upon his return from San

Bernardino. Burcham however, unbeknownst to his other partners, had assigned one-half of his one-third interest to his wife Rose, as consideration for her having provided the initial grubstake.¹³¹

Rose Burcham, as may be inferred from the fact that she was a physician, was not an ordinary frontier miner's wife. (In fact, she was the only woman to be recognized in *Men of Achievement in the Great Southwest* which was published by the Los Angeles Times in 1904.) Dr. Burcham instructed her husband not to enter into any agreements with respect to these claims before their true worth could be determined. So when Charles returned from San Bernardino, being a mindful and dutiful husband, he refused to sign the agreement negotiated by his partners.¹³²

As might be expected, this gave rise to a lawsuit by Stanton. Of course the partners wanted to be defended by the best, so they secured the services of Pat Reddy, the most able mining attorney in the West. The most common account of Reddy's involvement in this legal action is that the partners were not able to finance the lawsuit and still keep the mine operating, so they turned to Reddy who had been trying "to buy or bargain from some of the Yellow Aster holdings. But when he arrived the doctor turned down all his propositions with a mighty firm 'No.'"¹³³

The more likely scenario, and one that would have been unknown to both of the major chroniclers of Randsburg (i.e. Marcia Wynn author of *Desert Bonanza* and Roberta Starry author of *Gold Gamble*) is that John Singleton probably knew Pat Reddy from the gold rush in Mammoth City / Lundy in the late 1870s. Both Wynn and Starry recognized that Singleton was a carpenter and millwright but did not know that he plied his trade in Lundy when Pat Reddy was there. In fact, the *Homer Mining Index* of February 8, 1881 has advertisements for both John Singleton, carpenter and Pat Reddy, attorney at law.¹³⁴

Whatever the source of Pat's involvement, he did agree to defend the partners in their lawsuit by Stanton in exchange for an interest (option) in the mine. Actually it was Pat's law firm of Reddy, Campbell and Metson that was the legal owner but Pat was the man who executed the representation agreement on behalf of his firm and was the signatory to it. Ultimately, Pat and the original partners prevailed in the Stanton lawsuit.¹³⁵

Next were the disputes between Pat and the Yellow Aster partners. The original fee agreement was for the law firm to take an option on the mine for \$150,000. However, the option money was never paid and the option was not exercised. Rather, after the option period expired (March 1897) Pat filed a lawsuit against the partners for \$50,000 and thereby hoped to take possession of the mine by having them turn their interests over to him.¹³⁶

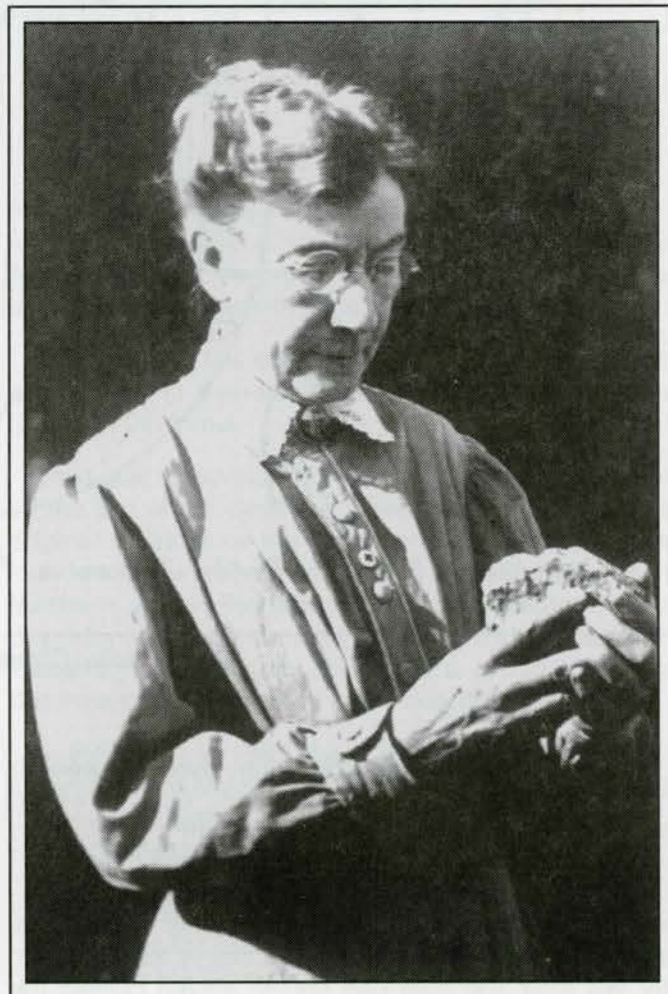
Unfortunately for Pat, the Yellow Aster partners did

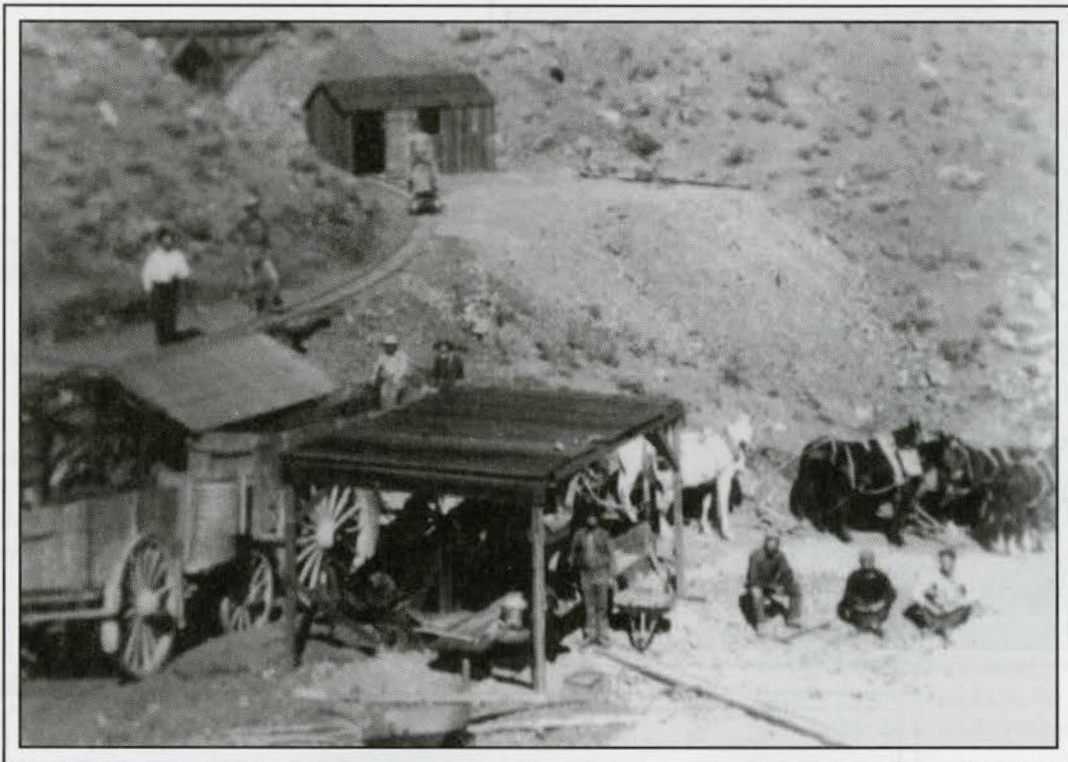
not give in so easily and by virtue of their still holding a majority interest in the mine (a 13/20ths interest) they put the mine back into operation and froze out Reddy from the mines management. In November 1897 they all settled their differences and Reddy relinquished his rights (whatever they may have been) in the Yellow Aster for \$35,000.¹³⁷

After the settlement, the Yellow Aster mine was incorporated in Nevada as a close corporation with a stated capital of \$1,000,000. By this time, it had already paid out dividends of \$30,000, of which Pat Reddy had received \$10,000.

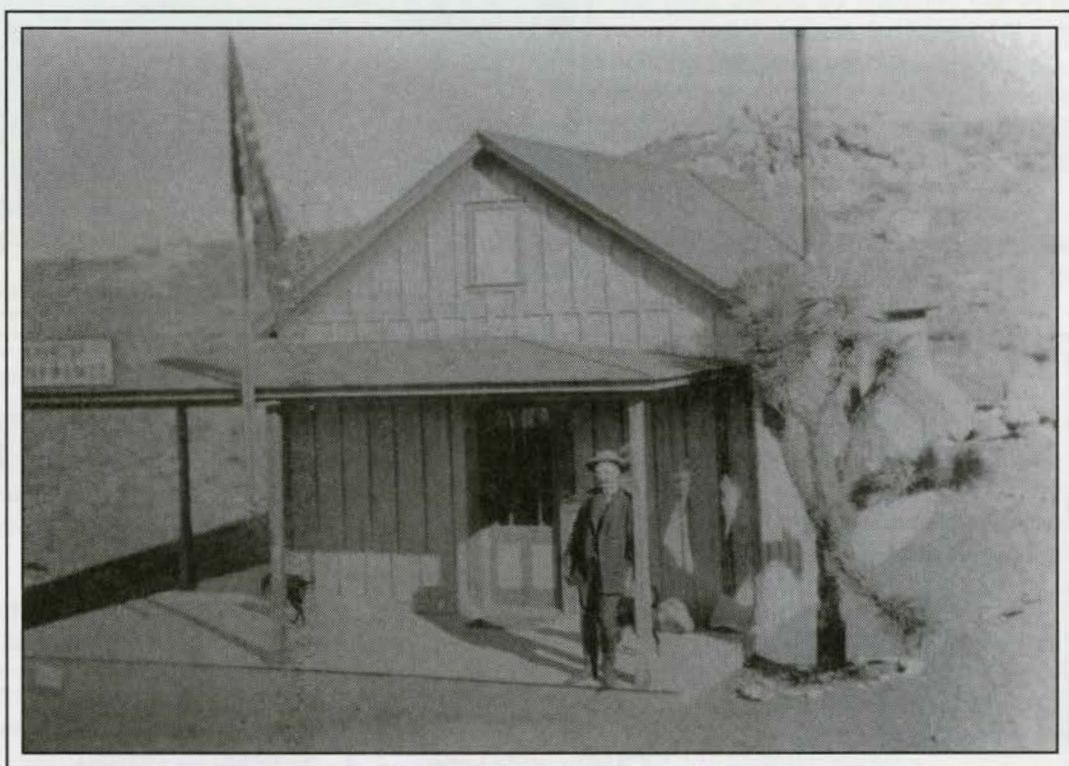
Thus another of Reddy's attempts at "greenmail" paid off handsomely once again, although subsequently the Yellow Aster mine did make Singleton, Mooers and the Burchams quite wealthy.

Dr. Rose Burcham





Midway Tunnel, Yellow Aster Mine, Randsburg, CA



John Singleton, in front of the general office of the Yellow Aster Mining & Milling Co.

X THE FINAL YEARS

Ned resigned his position as Captain of the guard at San Quentin in order to accept the appointment as superintendent of the Almshouse for the City and County of San Francisco in May of 1896. This appointment was not without controversy. The Board of Health voted to remove the current superintendent, Philip L. Weaver, over the objections of acting Mayor Taylor.¹³⁸

When Ned went to the Almshouse to start his new job, the old superintendent claimed he was removed from office illegally and refused to leave. This turn of events was not altogether unexpected since Ned did have the foresight to have Pat accompany him along with the stenographer from Pat's law firm. Weaver had his son with him who was an attorney as well. The newspapers had a field day with what transpired next, and it serves well to illustrate how well Pat spoke and how he handled a difficult situation with diplomacy due to the paucity of actual recorded speeches of Pat and Ned.

"Receiving his cue from his brother, the newly appointed superintendent said to Weaver: 'I suppose you are aware that I have been appointed superintendent of this institution?'

"I read something of the sort in the newspaper,' replied Weaver.

"[Ned] Reddy handed to Weaver the certificate of his appointment. The latter read it and gave expression to a meditative 'Well?'

"It will be necessary for us to ask you when it will be convenient for you to vacate,' said Senator [Pat] Reddy.

"I'll vacate when the Court orders me to,' said Mr. Weaver, with a smile that outwardly bespoke all sorts of kind regard for the man he was addressing.

"Not otherwise?' asked Senator Reddy.

"No sir,' rejoined Weaver. 'You understand, though, there's nothing personal about this?'

"Certainly, certainly,' said Senator Reddy. 'We want to behave like good Christian people all around. You want to remain here of course, but the Captain, my brother, has his papers, and he will proceed to take charge.'

"We'll have no fight other than a legal one,' said the smiling superintendent to the beaming attorney.

"Under your refusal to recognize him it's useless to ask you to show my brother around,' said Senator Reddy, 'so he'll assume the responsibility of doing so himself. In order to place the matter on a proper footing for a contest we'll proceed to take possession. We would not ask you to vacate immediately save for your declination to recognize my brother.'

"I now formally order you to vacate,' said Edward Reddy.

"And I will still maintain possession,' declared Weaver.

"The two men looked with expressions of good will on each other. Their joy was evidently great at being brought together. So high was their apparent regard for each other that it appeared remarkable that they should dispute for a moment over the superintendency.

"We now look on you as a person who is here without authority and who will have to be ejected,' said Senator Reddy. 'If we allow you to stay it will put you in a position where you can hold the place just as long as you can hold the courts. We propose to give you the outside of this and take the inside ourselves.'

"As he said this Senator Reddy beamed brighter than ever as if sure that his joke would arouse mirth in Superintendent Weaver. It must have been appreciated by the Superintendent, for his smile grew proportionately with Senator Reddy's beam.

"Edward Reddy then said jovially that as he held the certificate of appointment from the Board of Health he would have to put Mr. Weaver out and to do so by force if necessary.

"There was a consultation between Weaver and his son, and then it was agreed by all hands that the deposed Superintendent should be marched out of the building and grounds, under protest, by Edward Reddy, who should do nothing but keep his hand on Weaver's shoulder. With his son on one side and his supposed successor on the other Weaver marched down through the grounds and out the gate. Then he marched straight back to the Almshouse.

"Superintendent Weaver had placed a large padlock on the storeroom and he retained the key to this, the main door, and the safe containing the books. A demand was made on him for them, and he refused to yield them.

"Chief Clerk McClung said he would recognize the new Superintendent. Arrayed with McClung against Weaver are P.F. Kearney, the cook; Jeremiah Cuddy, ambulance driver; Dr. W.E. Conlan, resident physician; Farmer Julian; B. Crowley, baker, and C.H. Lane, laundryman . . .

"Weaver's lock on the storehouse door was not strong enough to resist the attacks made on it by Reddy. He broke it and gained access to the room." (Weaver was allowed to retain possession of the cottage temporarily.)¹³⁹

Ned accepted the superintendency of the Almshouse in San Francisco, a position he held until his death, (although not without some difficulty).¹⁴¹

WEAVER DEPOSED, REDDY APPOINTED.

The Almshouse Fight Is Ended.

TAYLOR SCORES THE BOARD.

CALLS GOVERNOR BUDD A TRICKY POLITICIAN.

**Says the Removal Is Unjust, Unpre-
cedented and Undignified—
Weaver Will Appeal.**

By four votes, those of Drs. Hart, Morse, Fitzgibbon and Williamson, P. L. Weaver was removed from the superintendency of the Almshouse at a meeting of the Board of Health held at 11 o'clock yesterday. Captain Edward Reddy was elected to the vacancy to take charge on the 15th inst. Mrs. Weaver announced her determination to resign also, if her husband was compelled to go, feeling her duty to be with him, but the superintendent does not feel that he will be compelled to go. Said he:

"I consider the whole proceedings illegal and will appeal to the courts for redress. No court in the world will sustain the action of the star chamber investigation and I have secured the very best lawyers, who advise me that the action of the Board is illegal."

The Board did not act without opposition, Acting Mayor Taylor proving a warm and enthusiastic supporter of Superintendent Weaver and a caustic critic of the members of the Board who proposed and supported the removal. Dr. Williamson, who, after much wavering, finally voted with the majority, made an explanation of his vote, in which he repudiated the findings against Weaver, reasserted his belief in his honor and integrity, and said that he voted for removal simply to restore harmony and promote discipline in the Health Department.

On June 19, 1899 the law firm of Reddy, Campbell and Metson wrote to Alex J. McCone of Virginia City, Nevada (with whom they had dealings in the South End Cyanide plant in Bodie) asking him to ask Senator William M. Stewart to wire Mr. Herrin (who was related to Senator Stewart) so Herrin could use his influence with one of the doctors on the Board of Health so Ned could keep his job as Superintendent of the Almshouse. This Machiavellian scheme turned out not to be necessary since Herrin wrote to Stewart on June 12, 1899 stating Ned had already spoken with him directly and Herrin would do what he could but "pressure is strong to have his place filled by a Republican."¹⁴²

Pat Reddy made the newspaper headlines again in January 1897 when he intervened between Peter Hulsman who was holding a revolver over, and threatened to kill, a woman. Reddy rushed Hulsman and grabbed for his gun. Hulsman cocked, pointed and was in the process of firing his gun at Reddy when Reddy quickly inserted his (only) thumb between the hammer and cartridge thereby preventing the discharge of the gun.¹⁴⁰

This behavior was characteristic of other famous gun-fighter/lawmen, Virgil Earp and Texas Ranger Captain John R. Hughes, both of whom had the use of only one arm.

LIFE SAVED BY A ONE-ARMED LAWYER.

Patrick Reddy Prevents a Mur-
der in the Postoffice at
Sacramento.

Grappled With a Young Man Who
Was Trying to Shoot a
Woman.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE CORRIDOR

Once the Man With the Pistol Broke Away
From the Attorney, but Was
Soon Secured.

*San Francisco Chronicle,
May 9, 1896*

*San Francisco Examiner,
January 6, 1897*

Pat Reddy died of Bright's disease in San Francisco on June 26, 1900. At the time of his death, Pat still owned property in the town of Darwin as well as the Defiance mine, which historian Roger McGrath called "his favorite mine."¹⁴³

When Pat died, an announcement was made to that effect in the United States Circuit Court and Judge Morrow adjourned the court out of respect to Pat's memory.

Obituaries state that Pat was survived by his wife Emily and by his only brother Captain E.A. Reddy who was superintendent of the Almshouse in San Francisco at that time. Pat and Emily had no children.¹⁴⁴

Pat's will named his law partner William Metson as the executor of his estate. Billy was unable to perform in this capacity since he was in Nome, Alaska on law firm business when Pat died and when the will was probated. Perhaps he was in Alaska at the request of Dave Neagle (who got in at least one shooting scrape) or Wyatt Earp, both of whom were in Nome at the time. Pat probably would have gone himself but was too sick with Bright's disease. Anyway, he usually had someone else on the scene first to check things out.¹⁴⁵

The Probate court appointed brother Ned and Pat's widow Emily to serve as co-administrators of the estate, which was initially valued at \$250,000. Pat's will left half of his estate to Emily and the other half to Ned.¹⁴⁶ When the estate was officially inventoried and appraised, its value was placed at \$150,472.55. The most valuable asset was "a group of mines known as the Darwin [Defiance] mines, in Inyo county, valued at \$100,000." The other assets were: money in the bank - \$1,272.55; real estate in Tulare and Inyo counties known as the Monache property - \$20,000; homestead in the city on Pacific avenue near Scott street [2717 Pacific Ave.] - \$16,000; a promissory note of J.F. Millner - \$1,600; partnership interest in the law firm of Reddy, Campbell & Metson - \$4,000; law library - \$2,000; and "minor holdings of real estate and personal property" [presumably including city lots in Darwin with little apparent value].¹⁴⁷

During the period of the estate's administration, Ned died of diabetes on April 10, 1901. Emily lived until May 1904; however, the estate still was not settled. The court then appointed Billy Metson as executor on June 8, 1904.¹⁴⁸

During this period, there appeared an interesting article in the *Tonopah Bonanza* on February 6, 1904 entitled "Pat Reddy's Fight with Wells Fargo/For Years He Was Their Bete Noir/Till the Day of His Death the Eminent Attorney Was the Foe of the Corporation."¹⁴⁹

The *Tonopah Bonanza* article relates (inaccurately) part of the episode in September 1880 (the article implies the year as 1882) when Wells Fargo & Co. took note of Pat Reddy's many successes in defending murderers and other criminals and hired him to prosecute

highwayman Lincoln Anthony Sharp for the Sulphur Springs stage robbery.¹⁵⁰ The article does not mention that Sharp was defended by John R. Kittrell who had been the Attorney General for the state of Nevada from 1875-1878), yet Pat still obtained a conviction and Sharp was sentenced to 20 years in prison.

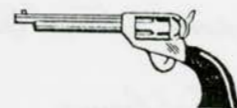
Reddy billed Wells Fargo for \$5,000 for his legal services, a handsome sum in those times. Wells Fargo balked at paying such a large amount of money and offered to compromise his claim for \$2,500. Reddy insisted on the full amount and when it was not forthcoming, offered to defend the rancher whom Wells Fargo was suing for return of money taken in the robbery. Reddy then proceeded to become a major annoyance to Wells Fargo.

"In all, it is said he beat the company [Wells Fargo] in at least twenty of their cases, and though the expense was enormous, for he often received no pay for his work, and attendance on the courts required his journeying to all parts of the coast, he never murmured, but went about his task gaily and energetically. Till almost the day of his death [June 26, 1900] he kept up the fight and it was probably with feelings of relief and exultancy (sic) that the officials of Wells, Fargo & Co. received the news that Reddy was dead and that the long fight against them had ceased."¹⁵¹

As might be expected after a lifetime of sophisticated financial transactions, Pat's estate was complex. As late as 1919 there was still activity in the estate, a transfer of property to the Hawley Investment Co. Of course, Billy Metson who was a brilliant attorney himself and a protégé of Pat Reddy besides, may have kept the estate open for 15 years longer than might have been necessary in order to generate fees for himself. After all, there was no wife, sibling or children to complain.¹⁵²

Ned's wife Carolyn died on December 9, 1902. The Ned Reddy's were survived by two sons J.H. Reddy and Michael George Reddy, and a daughter, no name given.¹⁵³

In conclusion, to track the course of the Reddy brothers' lives throughout the West is almost to track the history of the Western mining booms and its accompanying miners' migration. Virtually all of the major booms (with the possible exception of the Colorado - Cripple Creek, Leadville area boom) were graced with the appearance of one or more of the Reddy brothers, who made their presence known with a gun, a deck of cards, a deed to a mine or a silver tongue.



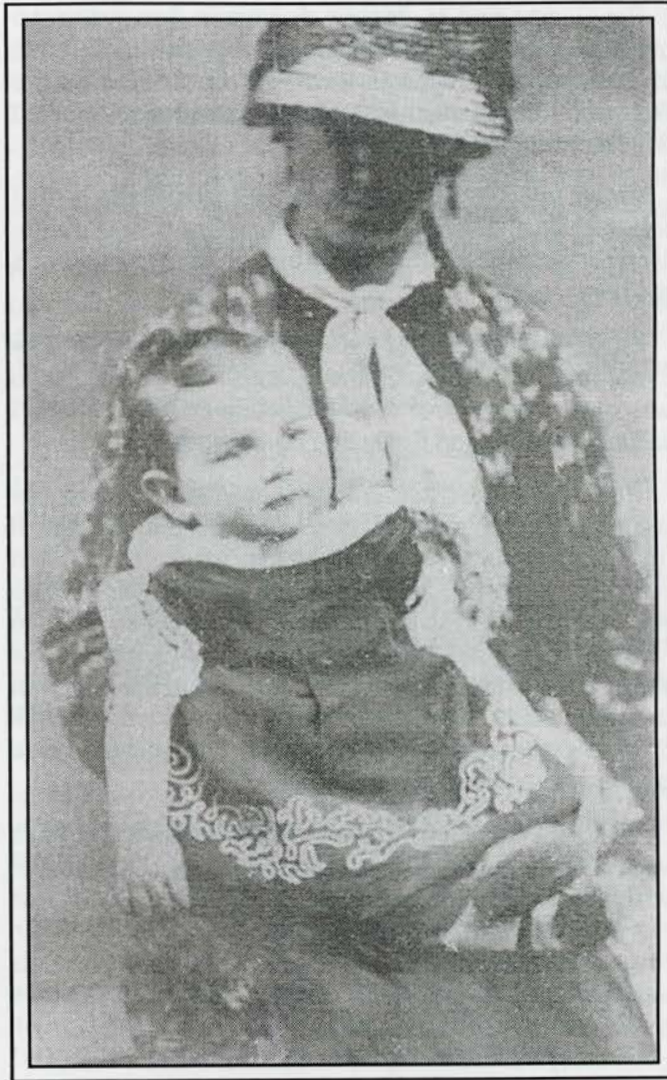
CAPTAIN REDDY DEAD.

Superintendent of the Almshouse Passes
Away After a Long Illness.

Captain Edward A. Reddy, superintendent of the City and County Almshouse, died yesterday afternoon shortly before 4 o'clock of diabetes. He had been sick for nearly eight months, although the disease did not take its fatal turn until about two weeks ago. He fell unconscious early yesterday morning and never rallied.

Captain Reddy was born of Irish stock in Woonsocket, R. I. He came to California with his family in 1861 and engaged in mining, which he followed for over twenty years. His first official position was that of captain of the guard at San Quentin, where he served for seven years, leaving there when appointed superintendent of the Almshouse in May, 1896. His administration was without flaw or scandal, and he introduced many improvements. He leaves a wife, two sons—J. H. and M. G. Reddy—and a daughter. He was a brother of Patrick Reddy, who died last year.

San Francisco Chronicle
April 11, 1901



Mrs. "Ned" Reddy and son
Eastern California Museum Collection

Patrick Reddy Parker:

Emma Grace Stewart.

. Married.

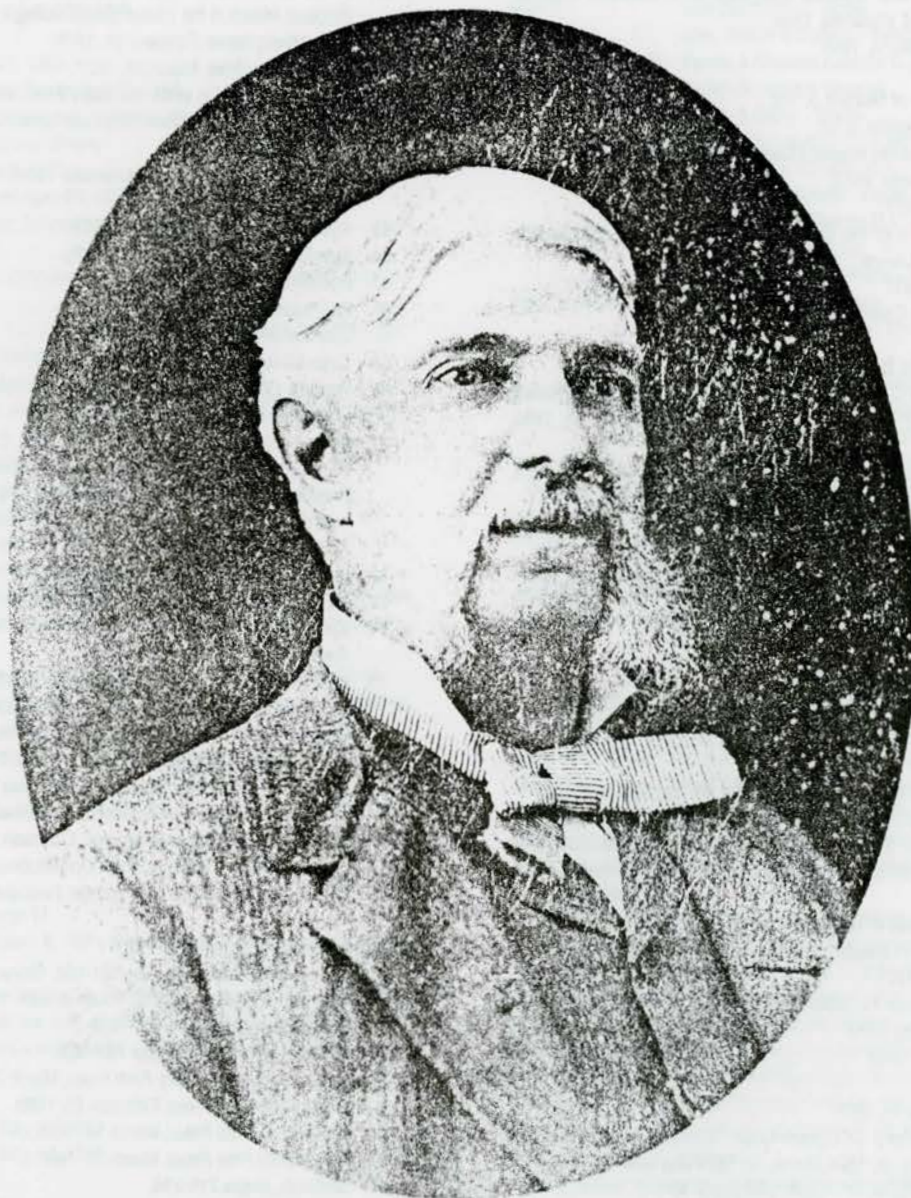
Thursday, the first of January.

one thousand nine hundred and three.

Bridgeport, Mono County.

California.

Noted attorney William Parker named his
son after his famous adversary.



Patrick Reddy dominated the courtroom in Bodie and Bridgeport. He is seen here in his latter years in San Francisco. (California Historical Society photo)

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- A similar situation occurred in the newspaper reports for the "Gunfight at the OK Corral" in Tombstone, eight years later. The *Tombstone Epitaph* was a pro-Earp paper and lauded the Earp brothers as heroes and lawmen doing their duty. Conversely, the *Tombstone Nugget* portrayed the Earps as lawless, cold-blooded murderers.
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 85. *Bodie Daily Free Press*, March 24, 1880.
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APPENDIX A

Pat Reddy's law firms and law partners

- | | |
|-------------------|--|
| 1867 | admitted to the California bar |
| 1867 | sole practitioner - Independence |
| 1873, October 11 | Reddy & Egbert (Henry Lawrence) - Independence |
| 1874, October 17 | sole practitioner - Independence |
| 1875, November 13 | Reddy & Conklin (Alvah R.) - Independence |
| 1879 | sole practitioner - Bodie |
| | also, Reddy & Conklin - Independence |
| 1879, December 29 | Reddy & Gorham (George C., Jr.) - Bodie |
| 1880 | Reddy & Gorham dissolve |
| | Reddy & Barry - Bodie |
| 1881 | Reddy, Campbell (J.C.) & Metson (Wm.) - SF |
| | also, Reddy & Conklin (A.R.) - Independence |
| | also, sole practitioner - Bodie |
| | Reddy & Barry (Charles R.) - Bodie |
| | Reddy & Barry dissolve |
| | Bennett (Paul W.) & Reddy - Bodie |
| 1883, August 9 | Bennet & Reddy dissolve |
| | Pat of counsel to Paul W. Bennett |
| | also, sole practice, Bodie |
| | also, Reddy, Campbell & Metson - SF |
| | (Reddy, Campbell & Metson continues until Reddy's death) |
| | also, Reddy & Conklin - Independence |
| 1885, July 18 | Reddy & Conklin dissolve, Pat leaves Independence. |

By 1909 the firm of Reddy, Campbell & Metson had dropped Pat's name and had become Campbell, Metson & Brown. Hugh Brown had joined the firm in San Francisco and later moved to Tonopah to open an office at the start of its mining boom. In 1909 Campbell, Metson & Brown had offices in San Francisco, Tonopah (NV), Goldfield (NV), and Rhyolite (NV). Some years later, Billy Metson started his own firm of Metson, Drew & Mackenzie in San Francisco.

APPENDIX B

THIS AGREEMENT, made and entered into this 8th day of November, A.D. 1895, by and between John Singleton and Frederick M. Mooers, of the County of Kern, State of California, and C.A. Burcham and Rose L. Burcham, wife of the said C.A. Burcham, of the City of San Bernardino, County of San Bernardino, State of California, the parties of the first part, and P. Reddy, J.C. Campbell and W.H. Metson, comprising the law firm of Reddy, Campbell & Metson, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the parties of the second part:

WITNESSETH:

That the said parties of the first part are desirous of engaging and retaining the services of the said parties of the second part for the purpose of defending an action now pending in the Superior Court of the County of Kern, State of California, entitled O.B. Stanton, plaintiff vs. John Singleton, Frederick M. Mooers and C.A. Burcham, defendants, and to retain and secure the services of the parties of the second part in any litigation which may arise concerning the right of title of the said parties of the first part to the following described mining claims situated in the Summit Mining District.

1. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "Rand" Quartz Claim, [legal description follows], located April 25, 1895, by John Singleton, Frederick M. Mooers and C.A. Burcham.
2. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "Trilby" Quartz Claim, [legal description follows], located April 25, 1895, by John Singleton, Frederick M. Mooers and C.A. Burcham.
3. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "Olympus" [legal description follows], located April 25, 1895, by John Singleton, F.M. Mooers and C.A. Burcham.
4. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "Singleton," [legal description follows], located in the month of April, 1895 by John Singleton.
5. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "Tennessee" [legal description follows], located by Frederick M. Mooers on the 15th of June, 1895.
6. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "Maraposa," [legal description follows], located in the month of June 1895 by C.A. Burcham.
7. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "Mooers," [legal description follows], located in the month of May 1895 by Frederick M. Mooers.
8. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "Nancy Hanks," [legal description], located in the month of May 1895 by John Singleton.
9. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "Yellow Aster," [legal description], located by John Singleton, F.M. Mooers and C.A. Burcham on the 14th of June, 1895.

10. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "Wedge," [legal description], located by John Singleton, F.M. Mooers and C.A. Burcham.
11. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "Big Horse," [legal description], located by C.A. Burcham.
12. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "California," [legal description], located in the month of July, 1895 by John Singleton, F.M. Mooers and C.A. Burcham.
13. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "Chimmie Faddan," [legal description], located in the month of October, 1895 by John Singleton, F.M. Mooers and C.A. Burcham.
14. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "Brooklyn," [legal description], located by John Singleton, F.M. Mooers and C.A. Burcham.
15. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "El Rico," [legal description], located by C.A. Burcham.
16. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "Johanesburg," Placer Claim located by John Singleton.
17. That certain mining claim commonly known and designated as the "Desert View," Placer Claim located by F.M. Mooers.

Together with any and all mining claims owned or claimed by the said parties of the first part, and any and all water rights owned or claimed by said parties of the first part, situated in said Summit Mining District, County of Kern, State of California, during the time said parties of the first part may remain the owners of claimants of said mining claims above described except the "Burcham," the "Burcham No. 2," the "Lamont" and the "Zaphyr" mining claims.

In order to retain the services of the parties of the second part for the purposes aforesaid, the parties of the first part have this day conveyed by quitclaim deed, all of the right, title and interest of the parties of the first part, of, in and to an undivided one quarter interest in each and all of said mining claims and water rights.

Said parties of the first part have also sold and assigned to said parties of the second part, an undivided one-fourth of all the ore now in their possession or under their control, which has been extracted from any of the mines above described, subject to all liens now existing thereon, and to the payment of one-fourth of the cost of extracting the same.

NOW THEREFORE, in consideration of the promises and the conveyance and assignment above mentioned, the said parties of the second part agree to render their professional services in the suite above described, and in any other litigation which may arise in defending the title to said mining properties, or of or concerning the title of the parties of the first part to said mining properties.

Said parties of the second part agree to advance sufficient moneys to pay the costs in defending the action now pending and hereinbefore referred to, entitled O.B.

Stanton, plaintiff, vs. John Singleton, Frederick M. Mooers and C.A. Burcham, defendants.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties hereto have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written.

Witnesses

/s/ L.W. Grigg
/s/ Thos. A. Krogh

/s/ John Singleton
/s/ Frederick M. Mooers
/s/ C.A. Burcham
/s/ Rose L. Burcham
/s/ P. Reddy
J.C. Campbell by
P. Reddy his agent
W.H. Metson
By his agent P. Reddy

APPENDIX C

Unlike the large number of guns claimed to have been used by the Earp brothers (or by the James brothers for that matter) and their allies, there are only two guns with attributions to the Reddys. Both of these guns are somewhat unusual since they are not the ubiquitous Colt Single Action Army revolver nor the Winchester Model 1873 rifle that most people associate with the "Winning of the West." See McGrath *Gunfighters* and Robert P. Palazzo, "More on Bull Dog Pistols," *The Gun Report*, November 1993, page 12.

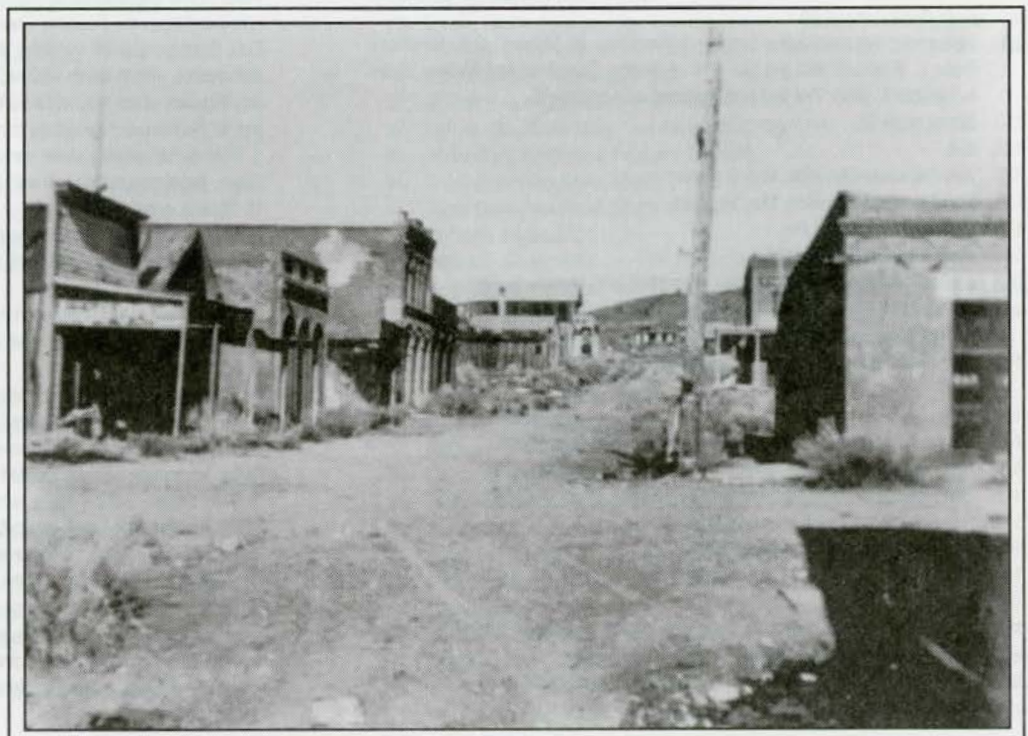
The first Reddy gun is a Marlin Model 1881 rifle, serial #554 and 45-70 caliber. This gun is in the collection of the Eastern California Museum in Independence. It is the first lever action Marlin rifle and bears a strong resemblance to the Winchester lever action rifles produced at the same time. The Reddy gun was manufactured in 1881, its first year of production. The rifle bears no markings other than the early Marlin markings: "J.M. MARLIN NEW HAVEN, CONN. U.S.A., PAT'D. FEB. 7 '65. JAN. 7 '73, SEP. 14 '75. NOV. 19 & 26 '78. JUNE 3 '79. DEC. 9 '79. NOV. 9 '80" all on one line.

The museum files note that the rifle was given to J.S. Gorman by Pat Reddy when the Reddy-Gorman (mining) partnership dissolved. J.S. Gorman was Pat's partner for many years in the Defiance mine in Darwin. J.S. Gorman gave the rifle to his son Val who in turn gave it to Harold "Skinny" Gates. Glen Gates presented the Marlin to the Museum in 1975. This oral tradition has now been substantiated and documented by the author by the discovery of the original bill of sale for the rifle by Reddy to Gorman on December 6, 1883.

The second weapon is a Model 1890 Spencer pump shotgun, 12 gauge, serial #4611. It has engraved on the left side of the receiver "Yellow Aster Mining and Milling Co."



*The late city
of Aurora*



SHORT SUBJECTS

Since THE ALBUM is not being produced quarterly, it has been hard to share with our readers the tidbits of history and interesting comments that come in response to the stories. Adding a few pages of short subjects gives you a chance to share them, even though they may not have pictures or be long enough for an article.



WHERE IN CALIFORNIA IS VERNON?

This is from Al Blythe, numismatist and author:

"I made a copy of a sight draft payable to James Showers for thirty-two dollars and dated at Vernon, Mono County, California, November 25th, 1882. The sight draft was purchased as a piece of history of the area by my friend, Bill Elwell, Bishop Coins. In checking around the local area, Bill was unable to find anyone who knew where Vernon might have been. As you know, I initially checked with you, and at your suggestion I decided to check with the Assessor's office in Bridgeport the next time on my way through to Reno.

"The Tax Assessor's office referred me to the Mono County Library, and there I hit pay dirt. Adele, the Librarian, and I take it, also the historian of the area, was very helpful.

"1. Vernon was in the Bodie area and based on information in the Frank S. Wedertz Book, *Mono Diggings*, 1978, must have been located at the base of Copper Mountain. This mountain is near Conway Summit and his visible switchbacks on it as noted on page 203. A small cemetery remains near the base of the mountain.

"2. James Showers, the payee noted on the sight draft, was the Sheriff of Bodie, elected in 1879. His picture is shown on page 94 of Wedertz's book *Bodie 1859-1900* and also on page 122 of the *Mono Diggings* book.

"Subsequent owners of the land around Vernon, Adele told me, were the Segerstrom (not sure of spelling) family. The land has since been deeded to the U.S. Forest Service. She told me a son, or grandson, is currently an attorney in Sonora."



SNOWED IN, 1933

from Neill Olds, Big Pine

"In 1932 my parents, Mannie and Fay Olds, sold our home on Elm Street (Bishop) for a little over \$4,000. I was eight and my brother Herb was six. Dad purchased the Poleta Mine, eight miles due east of Bishop, and went into partnership with Arch Beauregard who had an old mill at the Blackrock Mine.

"We moved to that barren canyon and started out on nine years of extremely hard and rugged living. No electricity, gas, phone, bathroom, etc. We had two wood stoves, kerosene lamps, and an outdoor toilet. Dad was working daylight 'til dark assembling the mill with the Beauregard brothers.

"Our water supply came from Redding Canyon and we had a 3800 foot gravity pipeline to the mill. Dad ran a pipe to our kitchen. It was our only convenience and all water had to be heated by pans on a wood stove.

"Herb and I stayed with our grandmother, going to grammar school, and at the mine on weekends. Herb didn't go that weekend of January 1933. It started snowing and snowing and freezing, finally stopping at four feet, six inches. Bishop reported nearly five feet. The mill didn't have a roof and was buried, with broken pipes and other things ruined. The 3800 foot pipeline froze before Dad could get it drained. (He walked the pipeline every evening pulling wooden plugs to drain it.) Most of the joints had splits. This snowfall put the mine in the red and it never really recovered.

"We were totally unprepared, with only a few days food supply. If we hadn't had a good woodpile, we would have been in deep trouble. After a few days, six men from the Olds and Beauregard families left on snowshoes very early and brought us food. They were worn out, but rested and left, getting back to Bishop very late. A SIXTEEN MILE jaunt! They made this trip three or four times!

"After 32 days, Dad and I hiked out to Laws to get me back in school. We walked straight down to the valley and walked the railroad track to Laws. It was a sunny day; we were wet and sunburned, but made the eight and a half mile trip.

"Mom stayed alone that night and everyone was thinking about her. Dad went back the next day. After 53 days in the kitchen, Dad drove our Buick out, and Mom saw Bishop again.

"My strongest memories are the daily chores of cutting wood in that frozen woodpile, all lengths and sizes, and putting it in the kitchen by the stove to dry. Next, walking the 500 feet (one way) to the redwood tank by the mill, breaking the ice and carrying the buckets full of water to the house, stepping in the same tracks in the deep snow.

"The Lord was with us through this ordeal. What if one or all of us had become bedridden? No choppers, snow-cats, penicillin, etc. Nothing. Pneumonia as a killer in those days, and it claimed the life of my beloved brother Herb in 1941 at age 15."

AN INDEPENDENCE HAPPENING

from the memoirs of the late Myron "Mike" Hesse,
once the Principal of Owens Valley High School.

"Sometime in 1940 I was sitting in Dr. Cliff ("Doc") Baxter's dental chair in the back of Baker's Drugstore in Independence. We chatted, for Doc was a friendly, warm person who had graduated in dentistry about 1905 from the University of California, Berkeley, and loved the High Sierra country - Baxter Pass especially.

"Doc told me of a dental procedure he performed on Death Valley Scotty in earlier days, namely, gold inlays for his two front teeth that would identify him if he should die out in the lonely desert he prowled with his mule. These consisted of a star in the front of one tooth and a crescent moon for the other.

"I saw Scotty after that, but never thought to verify Doc Baxter's interesting yarn. Was Doc pulling my leg? I never bumped into this anecdote from any other source."

ON STRIKE IN 1905

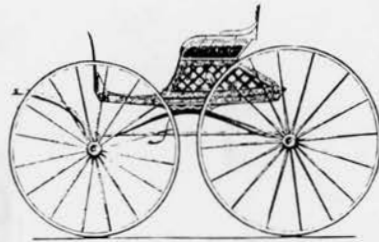
from Deric English, Boron, CA, collector of mining relics.

I came across this letter describing a strike by the Bishop Labor Union No. 544 of the American Labor Union against the Nevada Power Company.

Bishop Cal. March 8th '05.
To the Officers & members of the Miners' Union
Mojave Cal.
Dear Sirs & Bros.
Keep all men away from Bishop
Cal. as there is a strike on here against the
"Nevada Power Company" a Citizens Alliance
outfit from Colorado. We are asking \$2.00 a
day & board & the company is only paying
\$1.00 & board. This is in direct violation of the
customary wage scale which has prevailed
here for the past 4 years or longer. Hoping
you will give this matter your attention & with
best wishes for your success I remain
Fraturnally Yours Joe Moore
State Organizer
American Labor Union.
P.S. This strike is endorsed by Bishop Labor Union
No. 544 of A.L.U.
Our steel has not yet arrived, that accounts for
its absence in this letter.

To the Secretary of the
Mojave Miners' Union
Mojave
Cal.





THE ALBUM
Times and Tales of Inyo-Mono