

Brierly recalls history of Birdie Levy Yandell, now 98

by A.A. Brierly

(Editor's note: Birdie Levy Yandell, of Independence, was 98 last Friday, June 24. She is the sister of Mrs. A. (Edith) Brierly and it was an occasion that inspired Mr. Brierly to recount some of the colorful history of Owens Valley and how the people fared without today's so-called conveniences. Arlie Brierly, himself has played a part in the robust times spanning a career of 67 years in public life. His account follows.)

Birdie Levy Yandell, the daughter of Henry and Mary Joseph Levy, at 98, is still able to travel as well as most people 20 years younger. True, she has a cane for most of the time hooked over the lower forearm, where its only use is for appearances. She is alert, interested in all community events and never complains nor finds fault and has a philosophy of life that is most inspiring.

Some time in 1874 Henry Levy walked into Independence from Lone Pine, his sole business asset being a barber kit which he carried in his hand. There was a stage line running at that time up and down the valley and why he walked is a mystery, but walk he did and somewhere along the line met Frank Lawrence Sr. with a slow moving freight team. Lawrence needed a shave and Levy had the necessary equipment to do the job so a bargain was struck. With water from a canteen Lawrence's face was lathered and with a big rock as a barber's chair the shaving was done. It was a good job, too, for both men became the best of friends as they spent the rest of their lives in Independence.

Most of Levy's life is a mystery. We know he was born in Warsaw, came to New York as a small boy with his parents. He went to school there a little bit, but as he said:

"I learned not to tattle on the other boys.

Also he learned not to raid fruit stands. What he did in his early youth no one knows, but he was alert and observing and somewhere picked up the barber business. He also learned a lot about the hotel business and could cook, salads being his specialty. How old he was when he decided to come west nobody knows, nor is it known how he came, probably sailing around the horn.

He landed in San Francisco in 1861 and operated among other things a horse drawn furniture moving venture. He did the same in Woodland before coming to Independence in 1874.

By 1876 Levy's barber kit had grown to a small hotel on what was later to become Levy's Independence hotel and he had come to the conclusion that he needed, and could support a family. So he went to San Francisco and married Mary Joseph, the sister of the late Louis Joseph, founder of the Joseph stores in Owens Valley. Louis Joseph was the father of the late Irving and Douglas Joseph.

Mary Joseph was reared in San Francisco and we cannot wonder what her thoughts were as she traveled to her new home. The San Joaquin Valley at that time did show some life but most of it was not much above the desert. When they got to Bakersfield and changed from the train to a horse drawn stage, something that young Mary Joseph had probably never seen, her thoughts must have been beyond describing. Up through Walker basin and the South Fork country her wonder probably never ceased to grow. When the east side was reached and they took the long straight road north of Indian Wells her thoughts must have been most disheartening. (The road is still visible if you know where to look and for 20 miles not a break in the bleak desert.) They spent the night in Darwin for the road went that way. Darwin in 1876 was a wild and woolly mining town.

Next morning, bright and early, with new horses and driver, they were off for the last lap to Independence. The first place they changed horses was where not long before there was an attempted stage holdup and the robber was killed by the express messenger. No doubt Mary Levy heard reports of all this and we cannot help but wonder what dismay this young woman from San Francisco felt and if she hadn't made a mistake in coming to Owens Valley. The next stop was the combined freight and stage station south of where Keeler is now.

But there was no Keeler then nor any narrow gauge railroad, nothing by the alkaline waters of Owens Lake on the left and the barren desert hills to the right. Lone Pine was next, a town of life, anyway. A short stop was made there and then off for Independence.

Independence then was a spot in the desert. All the trees we see now had been planted. There had been a pine tree growing on the west side across from the courthouse, but it was gone now. A branch of the creek ran through the courthouse yard with a few willows along it. Outside the fact that it was the county seat



AT THE AGE OF 98 Birdie Levy Yandell and her son Ben, 70, who had come from Altadena with his wife, Barbara, for the birthday occasion.

Independence was a jumping off place. No railroad, nothing but a horse drawn stage line for transportation. No phone, no telegraph. A man on horseback was the fastest means of delivering news.

Mary Joseph Levy must have been a young woman of unusual fortitude to face such things after being accustomed to a much different life in San Francisco.

She and her husband, Henry, settled in the small hotel owned by them and Mary began a lifelong example of a loyal wife and after the children came a devoted mother though her heart was left in San Francisco.

In 1877, a boy Mark, was born and on June 24, 1879, a girl Birdie, with flaming red hair, was born. In all there were eight children, so Mary had plenty to do to keep her from being too homesick for San Francisco. Mark lived but a few years and died from whooping cough. Another brother, Joe, 17, was drowned in an attempt to cross the river on horseback. The rest lived their lives in Independence. After the children were older Mrs. Levy would return for a visit to San Francisco every summer.

Birdie was old enough to remember the fire of 1886 when the town of Independence was all but wiped out. The Levy family, including five children, one of them an infant, lost everything except the clothes they wore. There was no insurance; however, the wholesale houses in San Francisco that Henry Levy

was sent to San Francisco to go to school. While there she stayed with the Harris family. The Harrises were pioneer merchants of Independence.

Something in the years she spent in school in San Francisco worked wonders in Birdie. Maybe it was the Harris family, possibly San Francisco did it or maybe the school was responsible, or maybe all three combined did it. At school it was discovered she had an inclination for elocution and this trait was fully developed and today at 98 she can deliver most interesting recitations.

When she returned to Independence she was an accomplished young lady with a flaming head of beautiful red hair. She was a part of the social life of town. About this time the Yandell family of Tennessee arrived in Inyo. The Civil War had not been too kind to them. There were five brothers and four sisters and the mother. A superior family in every way and Wils, the oldest brother had his hands full helping the family get located. He was assessor in Inyo for over 20 years.

But the most respected, consulted by people in trouble, was Ben H. Yandell, the youngest of five brothers. He taught school, studied law, was admitted to the bar and was a successful lawyer. He was a self made man who never forgot his days of privation and was always behind a man in trouble. The Indians looked upon him as one of their own.

He and Birdie were married on May 3, 1903. She was the only bride in Independence at that time whose husband had a home

for them to move into. The house still stands on South Edwards street. (The house is on the corner opposite the Standard Chevron Station.)

In 1907 a boy was born to complete the Yandell family. Ben Alfred now lives in Southern California. In 1913 Ben H. Yandell contracted pneumonia and despite all that could be done died at the early age of 43.

Birdie devoted her young life to bringing up Ben Alfred and when he went to San Francisco to attend Lowell High and later the University of California at Berkeley she stayed with him until he was on his own. She then returned to Independence where her mother and a paralyzed brother needed her care. She and her sister, Lena, looked after both her mother and brother until they passed away.

Birdie now lives in her own home, which she enjoys immensely. She has a housekeeper, Bonnie Agnew, who maintains the place in tip top shape. A sister-in-law Mary Gillespie, lives nearby and is always ready to answer any of Birdie's needs.

Birdie's chief reliance is her devoted sister, Edith Brierly, none can cook for Birdie except her sister Edie, who is at all times prepared for whatever Birdie's need might be.

The Independence Hotel was in the Levy ownership for 70 years and was known as a "home away from home" by travelers from far and near. It was located in the area now occupied by the Austins General Store and was destroyed in a fire in the early 1960's.

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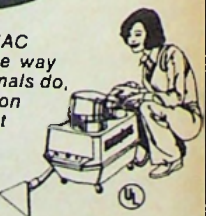
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Sport Topics

by HOWARD FROST

Benefit Game

Last Thursday's "Norman Bernard benefit softball game" turned out to be the artistic and financial success everyone had hoped for.

On the playing field, the clash between the Bishop Softball League All-Stars and the 1955 league champs, Jack's Waffle Shop Jokers, had everything. And I mean everything.

For instance, there was six frames of terrific pitching by the Jokers' Dick Dietz. Plus three innings of horrible flinging by the same party. There was plenty of long ball hitting over the nine inning route, five homers and five two-baggers. There was some wonderful fielding, the flagging of a hot liner by Joker first sacker Jim Webb standing out in particular. There was also some horribly sloppy play in the field. Twelve errors attest to that statement.

On yeh, the All-Stars won the game, 12-6.

Financially, it was reported that the affair accounted for better than \$327. This amount was turned over to "Norman Bernard fund" chairman, Harry Lennon and Rev. Ronald Smith.

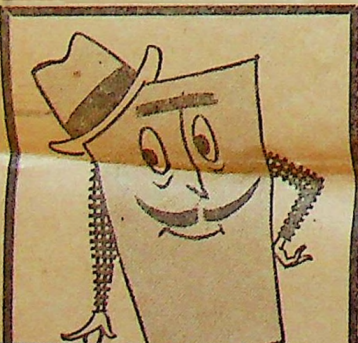
Some money on behalf of the fund was sent to me through the mail. That money was turned over to chairman Harry Lennon.

On behalf of everyone connected with the fund campaign I'd like to say a sincere "thank you" to all donors.

For the benefit of those who came in late, Norman Bernard is a local 14 year-old boy. Active in all youthful sports activities, he lost his left hand recently in a hunting accident. His friends immediately got together to put on a fund raising campaign to help the Bernard family defray medical expenses. Last week's softball struggle was a highlight of the drive.

Football Openers

Bishop high school football teams open their schedules during the coming week. Saturday afternoon, 2 p.m., the Bronco varsity takes on Gorman high school of Las Vegas, Nev. Next Wednesday,



Nolan Named President of Little League

Election of new officers for the Owens Valley Little League was held recently in Independence, to conclude the business for the 1955 season.

Lawrence Nolan, manager of the Independence Senators, was elected president to succeed Henry Schmidt.

Other new officers are Joe Martin, vice president, Bill Kester, secretary, and Jerry Hoover, treasurer. Hoover was re-elected to the position.

Coaches and managers who took the all-star team to Santa Maria were voted \$25 each to help defray the gasoline expenses incurred.

Because the report of the return to the league of its share of the gate receipts at the play-off games had not been received, no action was taken at this time.

The check for the American League share was received later, and was for \$24 (See Letters to Editor).

A new atomic clock can measure time in units as small as one six-trillionth of a second. With such a device it might be possible to clock a woman changing her mind.

2 p.m., the Bishop junior varsity meets Lone Pine. Both games take place on Bishop's John Schwab Field.

While Coach Ike Schiotz sends his Bronco varsity into action for the first time against Gorman, Saturday, he's not exactly unaware of what the Gaels have to offer. He just happened to be in the Las Vegas area last weekend when the Gaels took on the Las Vegas jayvees in a bit of a scrum. So at least he knows what he is up against.

I hadn't seen Schiotz when this was written earlier in the week, but I had seen a report from Vegas on the Gaels. Down there they think Gorman is "thin in the line."

We'll soon see what they call "thin."

Speaking of the line, reports from the Bishop practice field indicate that senior Bob Jones and sophomore Tommy Weaver have shown surprising strength in scrimmage sessions and have just about nailed down the guard positions. Same statement may be made of sophomore tackle Harry Andreas.

In the Bronco backfield, junior Harry Batchelder has returned and is pushing Jack Marwin for the starting fullback slot. Sophomore Bob Williams has shown plenty of talent calling savvy and is making a big play in the battle for the key quarterback position.

Incidentally, Schiotz becomes the fourth Bishop head grid coach in four years. John Schwab handled the coaching reins in 1952, Dick Jackson in 1953, Duane White in 1954, and now Schiotz takes a shot

High Sierra Business And Professional Women Pay Homage to Seven Outstanding Pioneer Leaders

By DOROTHY VELLOM

As this is National Business and Professional Women's Week, the local High Sierra chapter is paying homage to a group of pioneer women who laid the groundwork in their professions for the active business women of today in Bishop. Those who are still living in the community will be further honored at the next dinner meeting of High Sierra chapter.

Among those selected to represent the women pioneers in the business world are Dr. Helen Mac Knight Doyle, the first woman doctor to come into this valley; Jessie Miller, the first woman assessor in the State of California, and now a resident of Bishop; Mamie A. Clarke, who rendered 50 years of service in education; Ada Robinson, another educator; Mary E. Holeman, who has given so many years of her life to home service work in Red Cross; and two charter members of BPW in Bishop. Their personal stories follow:

Dr. Helen Doyle

Dr. Helen Mac Knight Doyle first came to Owens Valley about 1890 as a child. She attended the Inyo Academy in Bishop, graduated at 17 and was Valedictorian of her class. She had dreamed of a classical education and hoped to follow in the footsteps of those great minds that had revealed themselves to her through the written word. However, her father had other plans for her and gave her the choice of law or medicine.

The heartbreaking memories of her mother's death turned her desire for further training to medicine. Her father accompanied her to San Francisco where she enrolled at Toland Hall. In those days very few women had the courage to enter the field of medicine and Dr. Nellie, as she was affectionately called in later years, endured a great deal to secure her degree in medicine.

She served her internship at the Childrens Hospital in San Francisco. When she was 21 she secured her license and returned to Bishop where she hung out her "Shingle" and cared for the sick and ailing for miles around. Her conveyance was a two-wheeled cart with a jump seat and she harnessed and unharnessed the horse herself. She thought nothing of traveling to Silver Peak or Candelaria to care for a patient.

On one of these trips she met Dr. Guy Doyle who had come out from Chicago to look over the Old Mammoth Mine at Pine City for his father. They had a great deal in common and became fast friends, working together when it was necessary and sharing instruments and medicine when the need developed.

They were married in Bishop and their first home was on West Line Street, "where the poplars marched like soldiers out the country road that opened on a vista of

geles aqueduct, the railroad from Mojave to Owenyo and the Narrow Gauge from Owenyo to Laws brought the mail to Bishop. Mrs. Miller saw the first rural route established to the southeast part of Bishop and Warm Springs and later extended to Sunland. Round Valley had a regular postoffice in those days, and one of the first Star Routes served that area.

Mrs. Miller witnessed the first civil service tests conducted among postal employees and the start of parcel post. There was lots of farming in Northern Inyo in those days, and the volume of goods arriving by parcel post was tremendous for a woman to handle. Work hours were long and hard, the shifts being from 7:30 a.m. to 9 p.m., including Saturday, and her pay was \$75 per month as assistant and later \$100 as postmaster. Having been left a widow in 1907 with two small children to support, it was necessary for her to work.

In 1918 Mrs. Miller was elected assessor of Inyo county, third largest in area in the state, and assumed her duties as tax collector on Jan. 6, 1919, in the old Inyo county courthouse, as the first woman to enter Inyo county service. For 16 years she held that office, and in 1934 when the supervisors combined the office of tax collector and assessor, Mrs. Miller ran for office, defeating three men opponents. This was the only time in her 28 years of service in county work she was opposed for office.

It was soon, after she assumed her dual role in county life that the City of Los Angeles tried to get all the values of their properties reduced to a minimum value for assessment purposes. Mrs. Miller put in long hours getting the necessary materials together so that she would be in a position to sustain her values when called upon before the state board at Sacramento. Winning her points in this battle with Los Angeles attorneys, and in many others, she gained an enviable reputation among state officials, and was accorded the honor of being president of the Tax Collectors Association of California, only one other woman having been so honored.

In tribute to her fine work, she was recently voted a life membership in this association, and her scrapbook is filled with letters of tribute extended her by prominent officials in our state. The outstanding low tax delinquency rate of less than one per cent year after year in Inyo county was no accident, but mostly due to Mrs. Miller's persistence in keeping taxpayers constantly advised of their obligations. Her experiences in dealing with Inyo county miners and prospectors would fill a book.

Today's solvent condition of In-

Mrs. Mamie A. Clarke

Mrs. Mamie A. Clarke resigned in 1951 from the Inyo County Board of Education after more than 50 years of service. Mamie Clarke was "in the thick of things" education-wise in this Eastern California county since the days of wagon trains and board sidewalks. Born in Gold Hill, Nevada, on the Comstock Lode, Mrs. Clarke received her early education in Nevada schools. She was graduated from San Jose Normal school in San Jose in 1887 and taught in Alameda county elementary schools for a year before coming to Inyo county.

Elementary schools, like the Warm Springs school where Mamie Clarke began teaching in 1889 were scattered around each of the Owens Valley towns. A school every three or four miles was essential when most of the children rode horseback or walked the dusty country roads. There were 11 of these small district schools—most of them staffed by one or two teachers—in the area now served by the Bishop Union elementary and high school districts.

A roll of Mrs. Clarke's students in the early days at Warm Springs includes the names of some of Inyo's pioneer families: The Matlicks, Barlows, Partridges, Petersons, Blacks, Wattersons and Hortons, to name a few.

While Mrs. Clarke was teaching at Warm Springs she was appointed to the County Board of Education. Her term, interrupted only by her brief marriage, ended in 1951. After three years at Warm Springs, Mrs. Clarke moved to the intermediate school in the two-story frame building on Line street, now used as Bishop's City Hall.

Following the sudden death of her husband, Mrs. Clarke returned to teaching and in 1903 was elected county superintendent of schools. She served five consecutive terms as superintendent, retiring in 1923. Her keen interest and vivid personality touched the lives of countless young people during the 50 years of active service in education.

Ada Robinson

Another important woman who contributed greatly in the educational field is Ada Robinson. Born in Grundy County, Iowa, she first saw this valley when she visited in Big Pine during the years 1901 to 1903.

She returned to Iowa and attended Coe College in Cedar Rapids in 1903-1904, taught at Ames, Iowa, and then came to Bishop in 1904 to 1906; graduated from Cornell College of Iowa in 1907, then

yo tax records, certainly speak well for a most valued public servant.

taught high school in Iowa from 1908 to 1912. In 1912 Ada was married to Douglas Robinson who was then town marshal of Bishop.

In 1913 her husband returned to work with the forest service and for several years Ada's work in education was interrupted by their transfers in his line of work. In 1928 Douglas was transferred to the Mammoth ranger station and Ada picked up the threads of her own work and taught the Opportunity Room in the Bishop elementary school from 1928 to 1931.

She was elected county superintendent of schools and served from 1931 to 1939, then became secretary to the Board of Trustees of the Bishop Union elementary school where she served until her retirement in 1953. Always ready to lend a helping hand with our children, Ada has spent much of her life in quiet counsel to the young.

Mary E. Holeman

When we think of unselfish service to the community, we automatically think of Mary E. Holeman who has given so much of her time and energy through the home service section of Red Cross to help our service men and their families.

Mrs. Holeman came to Bishop in 1928 from the Santa Clara Valley where she had been active in Red Cross and food conservation work during the first World War and after. She immediately became active here in Red Cross home service, following appointment from the San Francisco office, and served all during the war years under the late Judge Dohy.

Mrs. Holeman was city clerk for Bishop from October 1939 to December 1945 when it was necessary to leave this area because of her husband's health. Following his death in 1951, Mrs. Holeman returned to Bishop to live and soon picked up the threads of home service work.

Her quiet, sympathetic understanding has smoothed out the tangled lives of many of our service men. As the work is confidential with only those involved knowing there is a problem to solve, little is known of the hours and hours of effort spent in this work of service without any thought of remuneration.

Lucy Abribat

The late Aurora Virginia Snow Boyer, charter member of BPW, was born in Mt. Clemens, Mich., May 5, 1879, and took her high school and business college training in Detroit. She began her business career working for General Motors in Detroit, and coming to California in 1910.

Her first business experience in

California was selling Gossard corsets from door to door in Los Angeles. This provided many varied and funny experiences. In 1914 through an employment service, she was offered a job as bookkeeper in a remote mountain town called Bishop. She accepted and worked for Watterson brothers in the hardware and farm implement store.

Her business career was interrupted for a time when she married Gaston Abribat in 1913, following which her daughter, Mary Esther, was born in 1921. About 1924 Mrs. Abribat started to work for Swallow and Richards, a law firm in Bishop. She continued to work for Mr. Richards about 10 years, often serving as court reporter in Bishop and Independence, and was a notary.

Following the death of her husband in 1937, Mrs. Abribat studied and passed state insurance examinations and became an agent, opening her own downtown office about 1943 which she kept until 1954.

During her business years she was active in the business matters of the Presbyterian church, serving as treasurer for many years and also as an ordained elder, and on the board of trustees. Insurance and church were her main interests.

Virginia Boyer

The late Aurora Virginia Snow Boyer, charter member of BPW, was born in Springfield, Mo., but moved to Texas when but a child and spent her growing years in that state. She attended Baylor University, Temple Texas, taking a business course. Mrs. Boyer came to Bishop in 1915.

Her working career included being depot agent for the Santa Fe Railroad at Kirbyville, Tex., Sul-

bee and Beaumont; telegraph operator and schoolteacher.

Following her marriage and her husband's appointment to the head of the Highway Department in Bishop she spent most of her time doing the clerical work involved in his work. This she did without any remuneration whatsoever and the old files are filled with her work. Those were the days when there wasn't any office other than the engineer's home and the work involved providing for the teams and camps along the job.

Later she worked for private industry as a bookkeeper, for interstate for 12 years, then ran the Express office until 1938, with general accounting. In public work she was city treasurer for the city of Bishop for 12 years.

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Incidentally, Schlotz becomes the fourth Bishop head grid coach in four years. John Schwab handled the coaching reins in 1952, Dick Jackson in 1953, Duane White in 1954, and now Schlotz takes a shot at the position.

The Broncos will be attempting to run a holdover winning streak to five in the opener against Gorman. After losing the first two '54 football starts to Trona and Barstow, Duane White's grid kids finished up with four straight wins, the victims reading from left to right, Burroughs, Victor Valley, Desert, and Lone Pine.

So if the Broncos win the '55 opener they will have put together a five game, two season, winning streak.

Everybody who can possibly get there is urged to attend the '55 season opener. That's Saturday afternoon, 2 p.m., at the Bishop high school's John Schwab Field.

Ike and the kids need your support.

son, another educator, Holleman, who has given so many years of her life to home service work in Red Cross; and two charter members of BPW in Bishop. Their personal stories follow:

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They were married in Bishop and their first home was on West Line Street, "where the poplars marched like soldiers out the country road that opened on a vista of Mt. Tom." They watched as the little town grew and at last became the only incorporated city in Eastern California.

When the dread spectre of war became a reality Dr. Guy answered the call and Dr. Nellie taught their children as she had been taught, that there was no country like our country, no flag like our flag. Later the family became united again, finally setting in the Berkeley Hills, across the Bay from the City where Dr. Nellie struggled so hard for her degree in medicine.

The vivid active life of Dr. Helen Mac Knight Doyle is an inspiration to all who have been fortunate enough to share her friendship, and, also, to those who have read her autobiography, "A Child Went Forth." This book tells the story of the early days in Owens Valley so vividly that one can easily imagine being present in those by-gone days. Her biography of Mary Austin covers many stories of local interest and the reader feels the urge to finish the book before laying it aside.

Dr. Nellie observed her 80th birthday last December and although confined to bed at St. Francis' hospital in San Francisco, she still keeps alive her interest in writing. Quite recently the Carmel newspaper printed a new poem from her pen. This remarkable woman has indeed served humanity in an outstanding manner... not only caring for sick bodies but also bringing faith and hope to those who pause to read her written word.

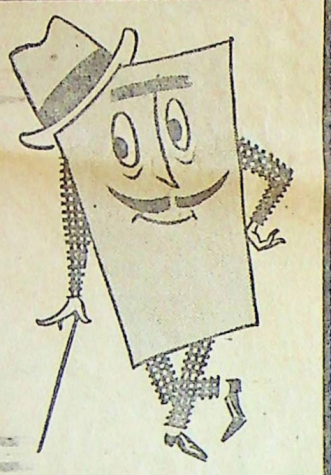
ing been with two small children it was necessary for her to be elected.

In 1918 Mrs. Miller was elected assessor of Inyo county, third largest in area in the state, and assumed her duties as tax collector on Jan. 6, 1919, in the old Inyo county courthouse, as the first woman to enter Inyo county service. For 16 years she held that office, and in 1934 when the supervisors combined the office of tax collector and assessor, Mrs. Miller ran for office, defeating three men opponents. This was the only time in her 28 years of service in county work she was opposed for office.

It was soon, after she assumed her dual role in county life that the City of Los Angeles tried to get all the values of their properties reduced to a minimum value for assessment purposes. Mrs. Miller put in long hours getting the necessary materials together so that she would be in a position to sustain her values when called upon before the state board at Sacramento. Winning her points in this battle with Los Angeles attorneys, and many others, she gained an enviable reputation among state officials, and was accorded the honor of being president of the Tax Collectors Association of California only one other woman having been so honored.

In tribute to her fine work, she was recently voted a life membership in this association, and her scrapbook is filled with letters tribute extended her by prominent officials in our state. The outstanding low tax delinquency rate, less than one per cent year after year in Inyo county was no accident, but mostly due to Mrs. Miller's persistence in keeping taxpayers constantly advised of their obligations. Her experiences dealing with Inyo county miners and prospectors would fill a book.

Today's solvent condition of



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711 NORTH FOWLER STREET . . . BISHOP

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First Sunday of Each Month

★

THIS SUNDAY:

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

And

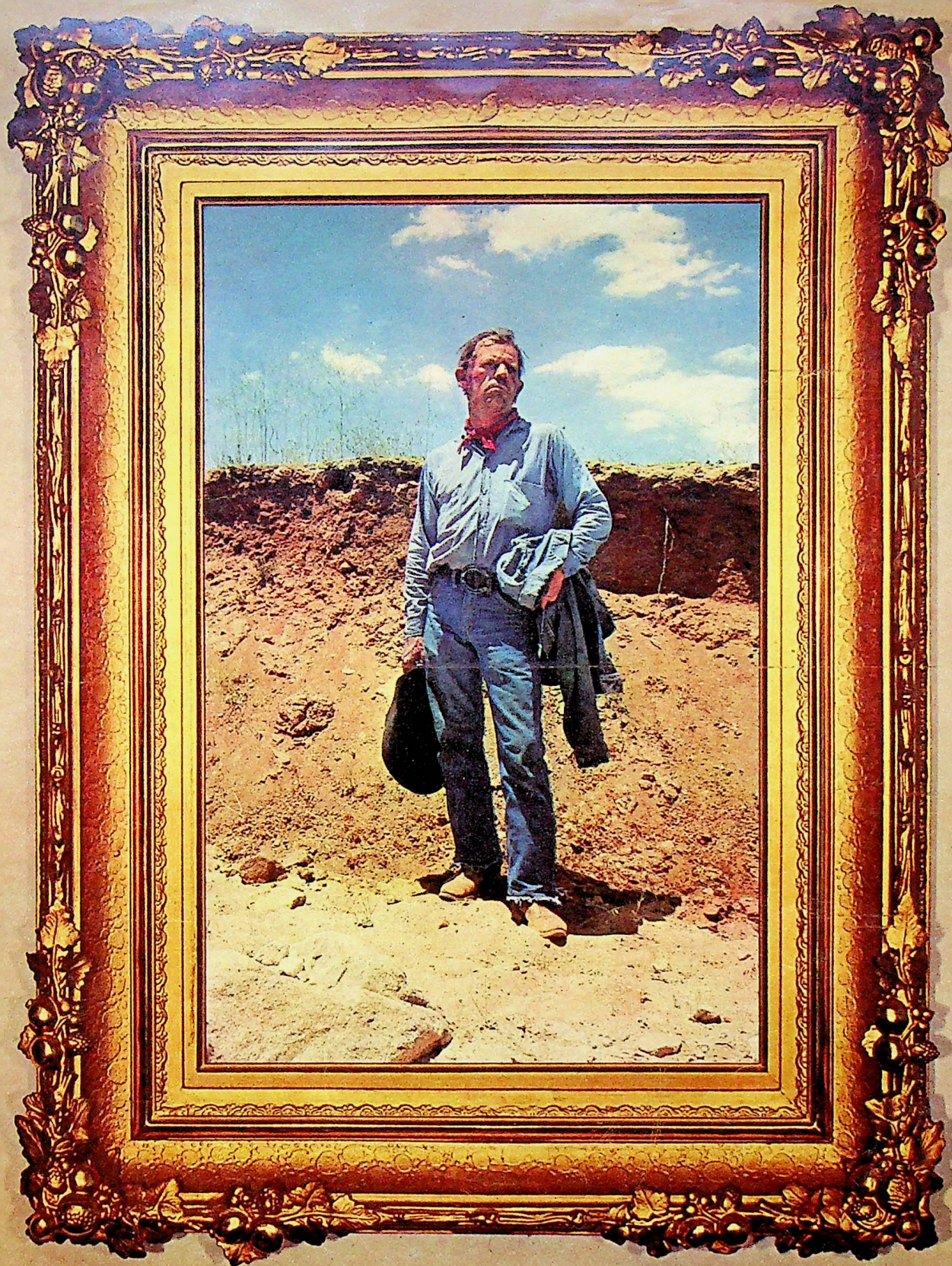
"The Cheat"

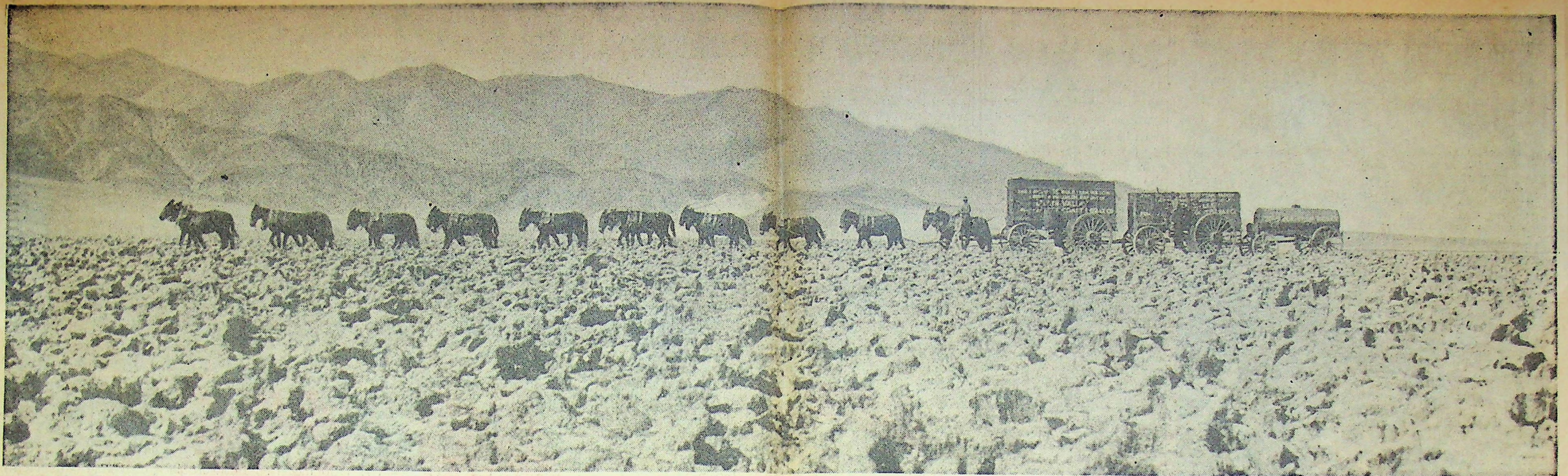
Jessie Miller

Living in our community is a spry little lady by the name of Jessie Miller who was the first woman assessor in the State of California. Mrs. Miller has been practically a lifetime resident of Inyo-Mono. She was born in Marshall, Minn. Feb. 23, 1878, and came to Mono Lake with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Charles Currie about 1885.

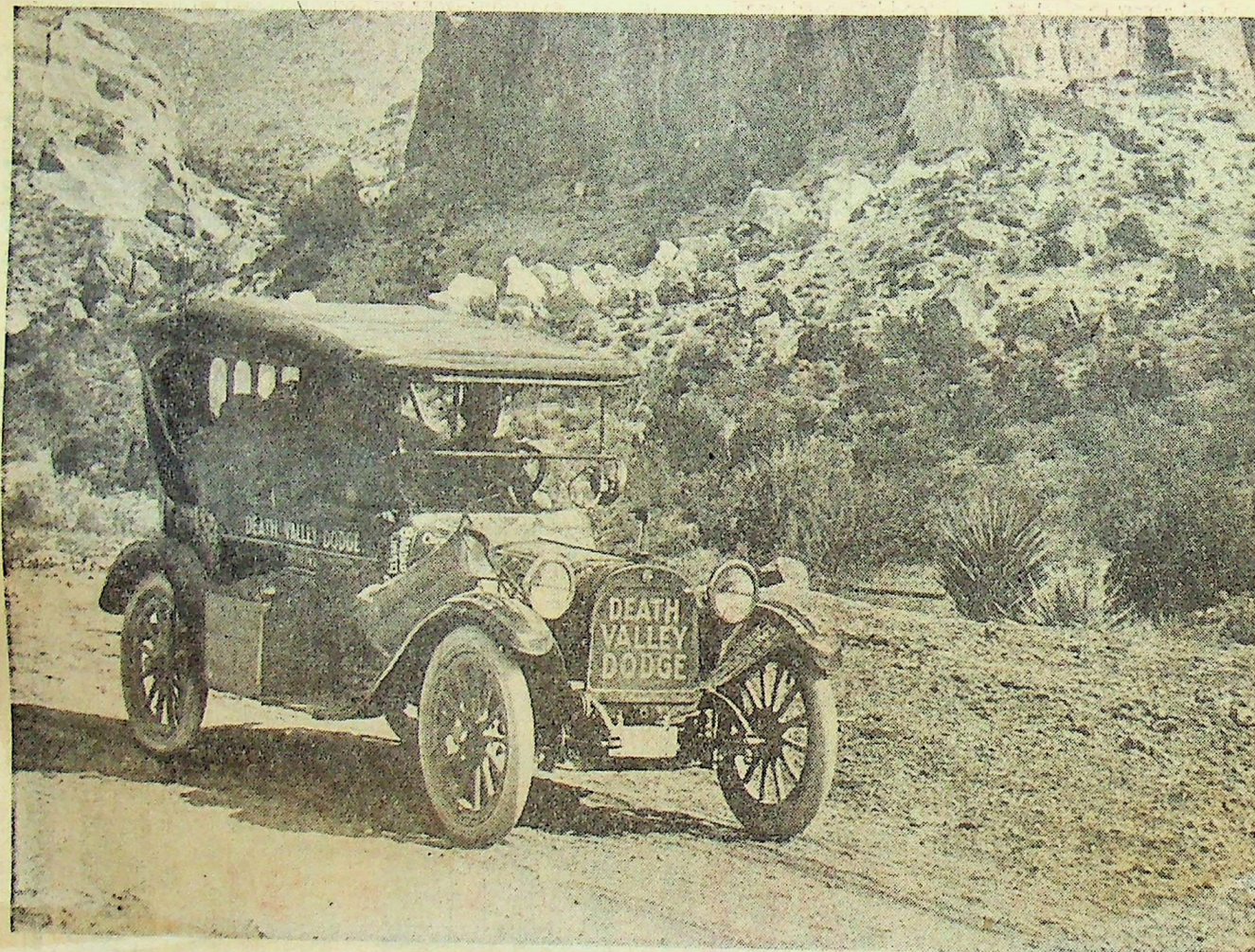
When she was 12 years of age her parents moved to Bishop, where she received her education. Included among her early vocations was the position of assistant postmaster in Bishop when the postoffice was located in the old George Watterson building. That office, Mrs. Miller recalls, had all the privacy of the prairies, and the postal force had to pull the curtain while mail was being distributed. Later she was appointed postmaster and served in this work for 11 years.

In the early days all the mail came from the north from Reno via Benton to as far south as Keeler along with the stage coach passenger route. Later about 1916 in the construction days of the Los An-

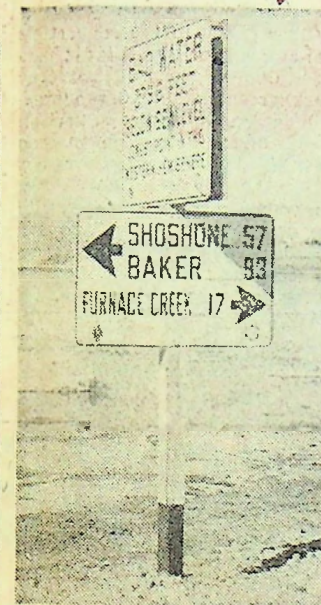




TWENTY MULE TEAM crossing the salt beds of Death Valley 13 years ago.



DEATH VALLEY DODGE traveling along the Amargosa Wash near Death Valley some 30 years ago.



MARKER and highway sign near Bad Water.

TODAY'S TOUR to Death Valley was logged by the Times scout party for those interested in visiting the area this coming week end to view the colorful Centennial Pageant, first such outdoor spectacle to be held in Southern California. The scout car used on the trip was a new Dodge Coronet sedan furnished by Smith-Golden, Glendale Dodge-Plymouth dealers, for the Los Angeles Dodge Dealers Association group.

Los Angeles Times

AUTOMOBILE NEWS SECTION

VOL. LXVIII

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 27, 1949

Part VI

DEATH VALLEY STAGE SET FOR COLORFUL PAGEANT

BY LYNN ROGERS, Automobile & Outdoor Editor

Death Valley—given its awesome name because it took the lives of so many members of an immigrant party just 100 years ago—will become a giant stage upon which men will re-enact the dramatic episodes of the pioneers, when the Death Valley Centennial celebration is held there next Saturday afternoon.

Within this great gash in the earth's crust, where the land drops to the lowest below-sea-level point in the United States, thousands of persons will foregather from all points in the Southwest to participate in a unique overnight encampment. Campfires will blaze under the stars, while men, women and children sleep in blankets on the ground, just as did the brave trail blazers a century ago.

Giant Amphitheater

Since such a vast number of persons already have registered to attend this encampment and witness the grand spectacle which will be staged in the valley in a manner and on a scale that would make any motion-picture producer envious, The Times today is presenting touring data as a public service to those who want to know how to get to Death Valley via any of the routes which may be followed from Los Angeles.

Death Valley is a gigantic, natural am-

phitheater, now contained in Death Valley National Monument, which was established in 1933. The monument covers 2981 square miles, of which about 500 are below sea level. The valley drops down sharply from steep mountains of raw rock. The mountain sides show great strata laid tier upon tier, some vividly alive with barbaric colors, others rainbow-hued.

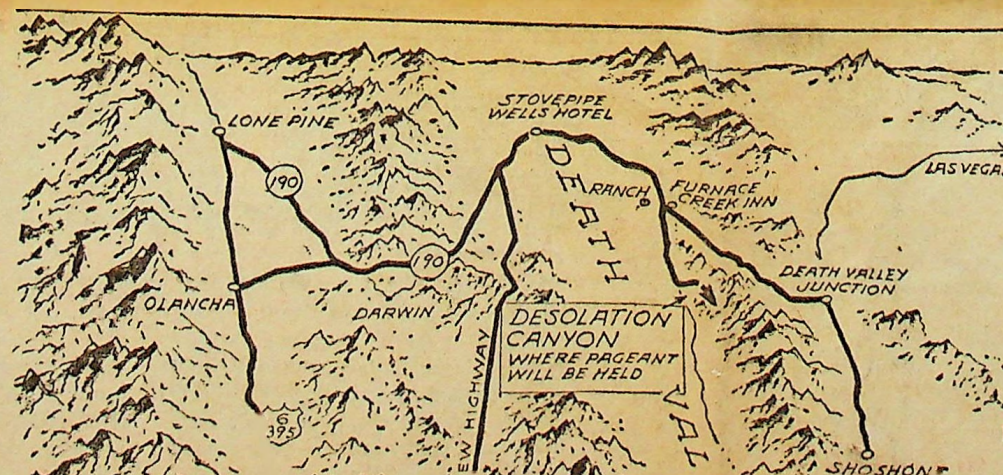
Range Forms Wall

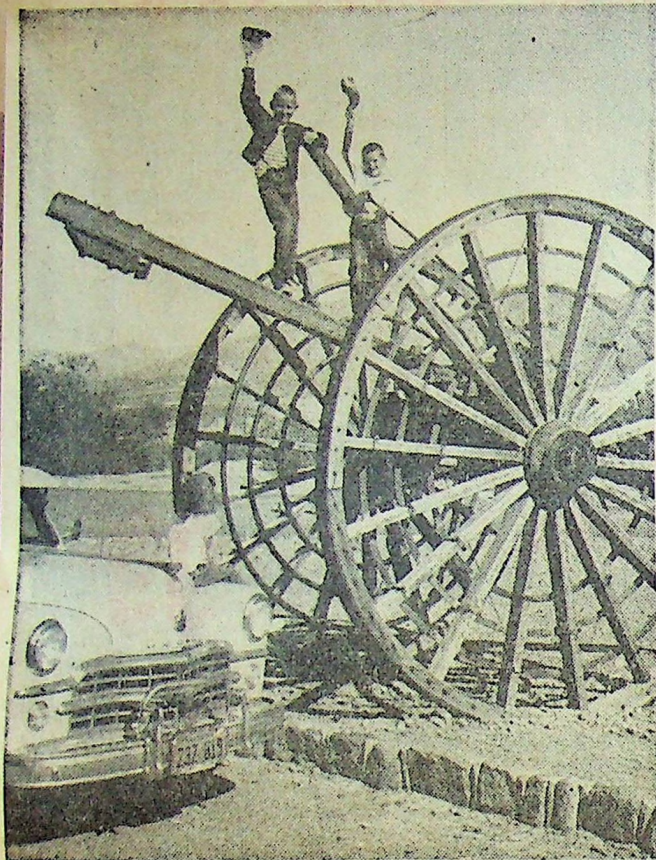
The western wall of the valley is formed by the Panamint Range, rising from 6000 to 11,000 feet above sea level. The Grapevine, Funeral and Black Mountains rise 4000 to 8000 feet to create its eastern wall. The valley curves for 140 miles between these ranges.

Geologists record that the bottom of the valley was once a great lake, now streaked with white salt, gray clay and yellow sands that have drifted up into golden dunes. Salt beds, with great hummocks that form miniature castles and weird designs, glimmer here under the sun at the lowest point—279.6 feet below sea level.

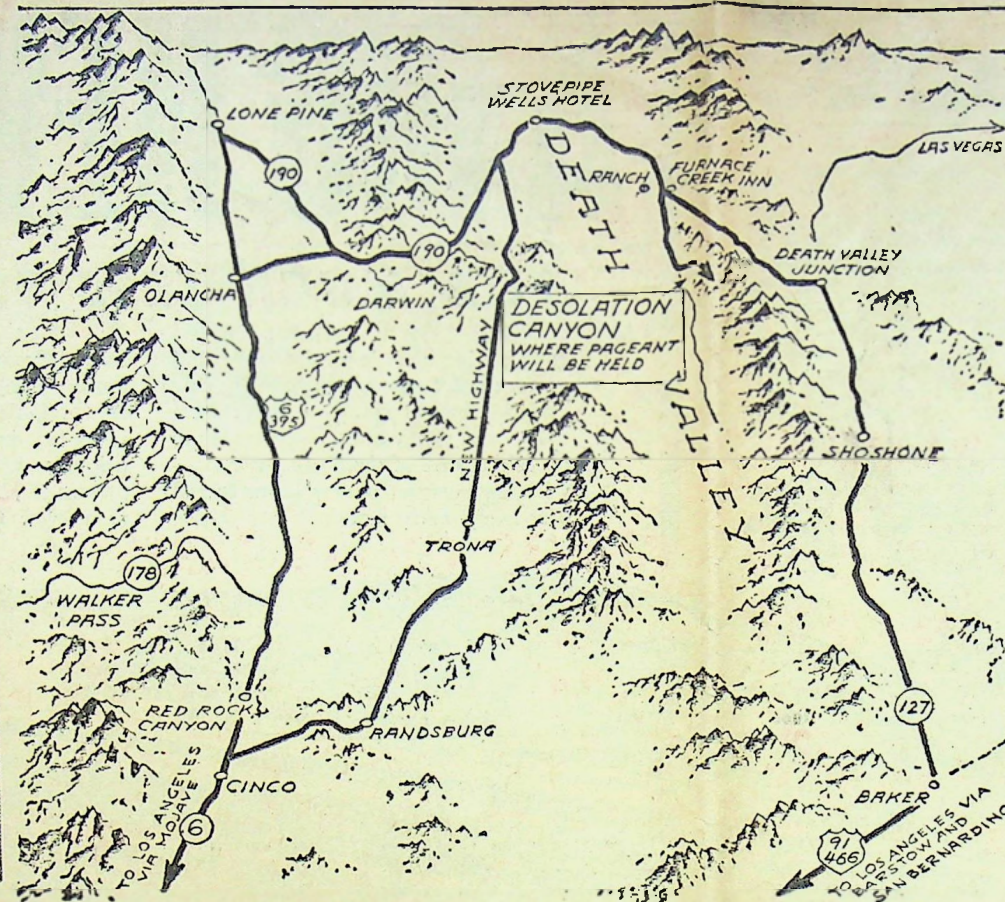
To the untrained eye, Death Valley is a land of utter desolation—a lifeless, worthless area that man should shun. Animal life is surprisingly abundant, though the visitor sees little evidence of this,

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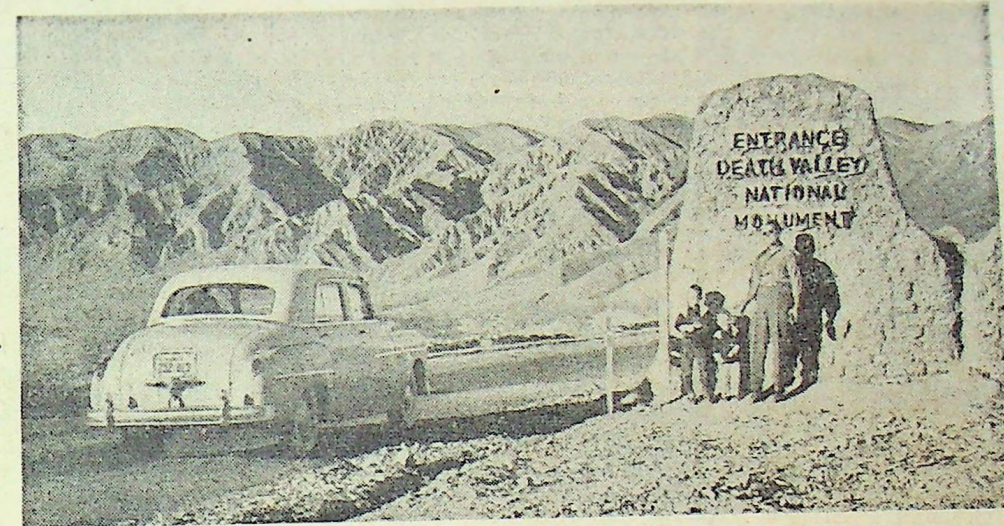




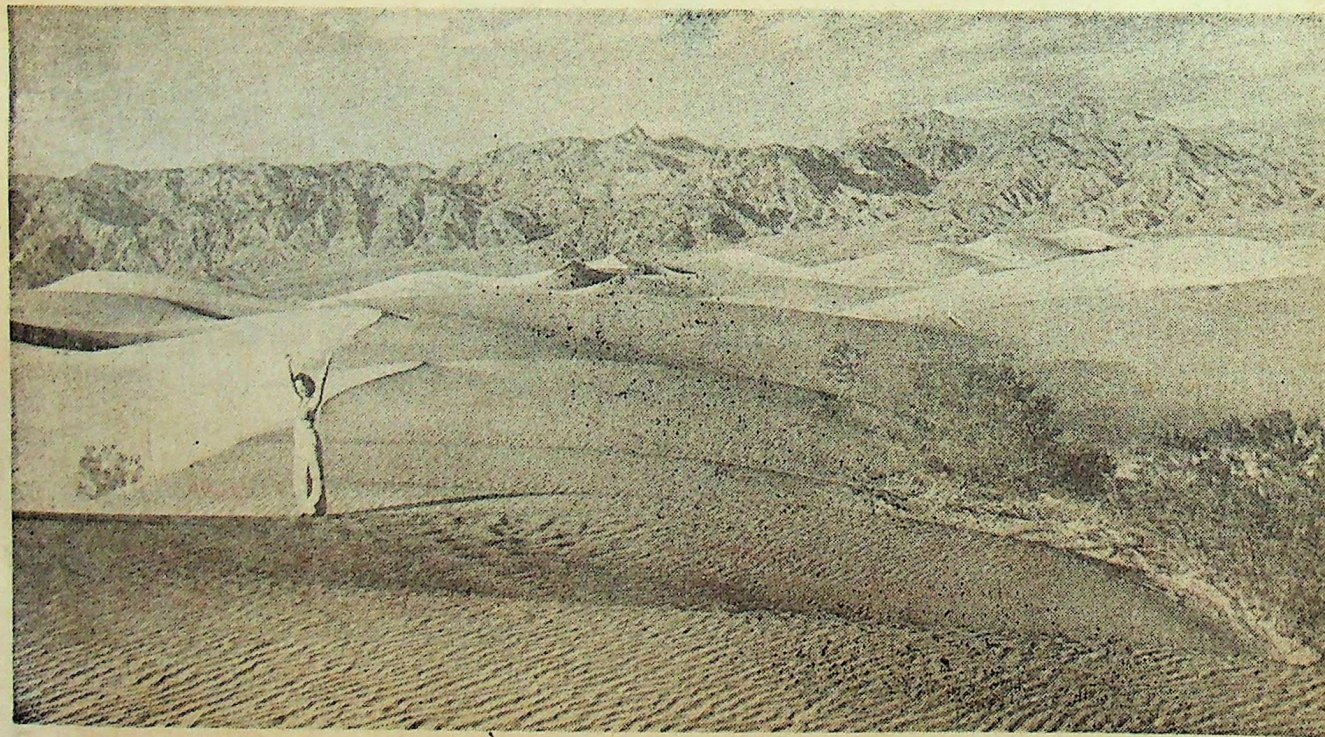
OLD LOGGING WHEEL at Furnace Creek Ranch.



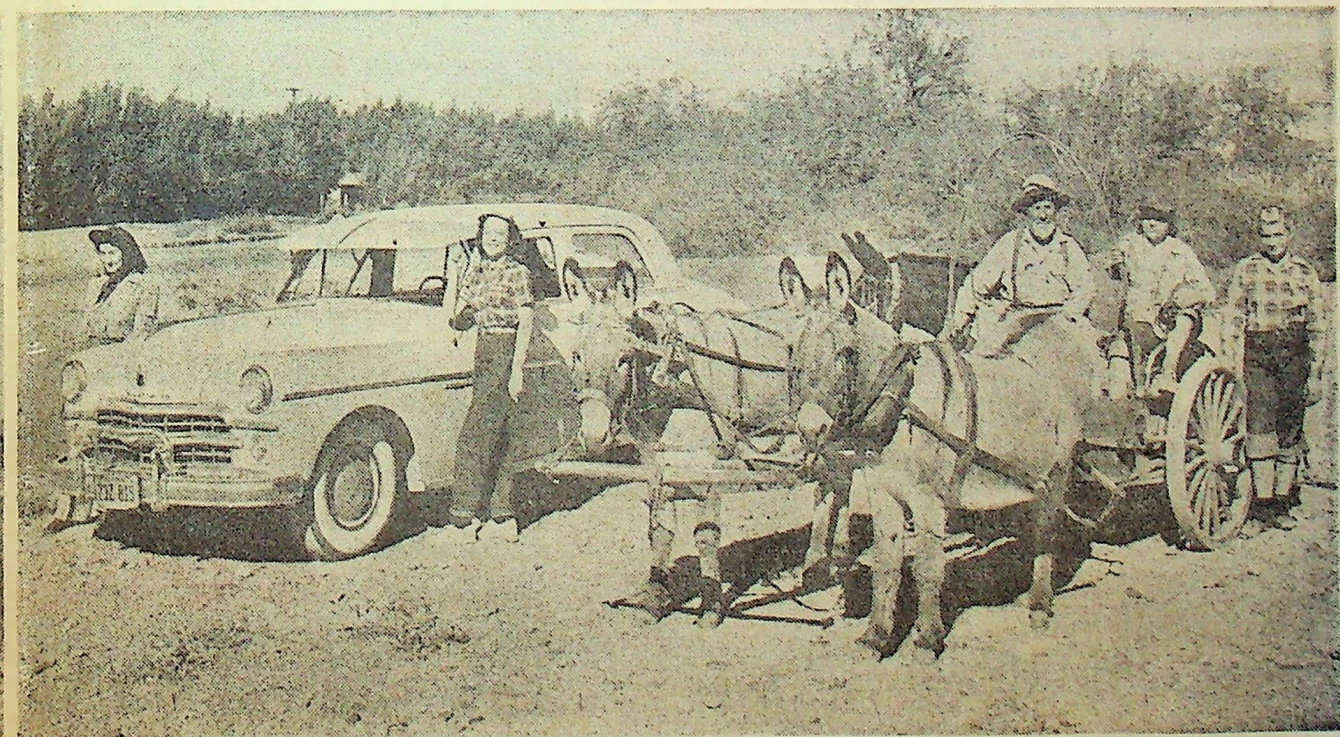
MAP OF ROUTES into Death Valley by Charles H. Owens.



PANAMINT VALLEY entrance to Death Valley National Monument.



SHIFTING SAND DUNES form interesting pattern in the area near Stove Pipe Wells.



OLD PROSPECTOR greets Dodge scout car and members of party near Furnace Creek Inn.

blazers a century ago.

Giant Amphitheater

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Turn to Page 2, Column 1

Early Owensville history recalled

(Ed. Note: Richard C. Datin, historian, and well-known in Inyo-Mono, writes from Reno some comments on Owensville, which was recently dedicated with a plaque by the Slim Princess chapter of E Clampus Vitus. His account follows:)

Perhaps the following historical notes would be of interest to those who attended the E. Clampus Vitus ceremony at Owensville on June 11.

Although information regarding the early Owens Valley camp is sketchy, to say the least, it is known that Owensville was the center of activity for the Keys Mining District during the early 1860's. In late 1863, the Alta California mentioned a town site, which I believe to be Owensville, opposite Bishop's Creek Valley, "across Owen's River, some 4 miles distant, and at the foot of the Keys District mines, is par excellence, the town, originally called 'Graham,' after D.S. Graham, the supt. of the San Francisco Company, and one of the early pioneers and prospectors of the range."

"The name will, however, probably be changed to 'Riverside' as there are too many conflicting interests to allow any one man to take all the honors. Although only surveyed some 2 or 3 months

since, already has it become a place. Several store houses have been erected, and from 'early morn till dewy eve' the sound of the masons' trowel and the carpenter's plane can be heard, mingled with the music of the prospector's pick in the adjacent hills."

Graham was acting mining recorder for the Keys District in addition to being the Deputy County Clerk and County Clerk for this section of Mono county. In my research of Owens Valley history, the name Owensville does not appear until February 25, 1864 (it had been referred to as Keysville) when it was used in regard to a legislative bill permitting the straightening

of Owens River.

In early 1864, there was a movement by a portion of the people of Mono county, which Owensville was a part of, to make the settlement the county seat but the majority of the county's population favored Bridgeport.

By May, Owensville was a scene of bustling activity with 30 or 40 men busy and 15 to 20 stone, adobe and frame buildings being constructed. The continued existence of Owensville lay in the fact that it was situated on the stage route which ran between Aurora and San Carlos—Bend City. Owensville offered the weary traveler a respite from the nearly 30 miles of dry, dusty roads from Hot Springs (Benton Hot Springs).

Throughout 1864, the northern Owens Valley settlement maintained an existence until October when it was threatened by Indians which necessitated the abandonment of the many farms in the area. "There are not 10 men left in Owensville," commented the Alta.

The settler's problems with the Indians is another story and too long to recite here. Suffice to say, Owensville soon became obscured by the passing years as did the southern Inyo towns of San Carlos and Bend City.

State board urges suspension of mine assessment work

As a result of drought conditions prevailing throughout the West, the State Mining and Geology Board is recommending that Congress and the Secretary of the Interior temporarily suspend assessment work on mines which is required by the 1872 Mining Law.

The law requires that the owner of a mining claim do a minimum amount of work each year to assure his continued interest in the claim. The board believes the need for miners to enter drought stricken, and often

THE EDITORS OF THIS EDITION ACKNOWLEDGE WITH THANKS THE WORK OF MILLIE CORNELL WHICH MADE THIS SECTION POSSIBLE.

TONOPAH TIMES-BONANZA
AND GOLDFIELD NEWS 9
FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1977

THE MANHATTAN SCHOOL OBSERVER

MANHATTAN SCHOOL REUNION--MEMORIAL DAY WEEK END

Manhattan school--its history, students, personalities

The first school in Manhattan was held in a small building on upper Main Street. This was in 1906. The picture taken in that year shows 16 children standing in front of the school house, plus one dog and one colt! Several adults are in the background, but only one person is identified, Adelaide, the small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Humphrey. The teacher was Laura Grace Dillon, and she gave each of her students a souvenir booklet in that year with the inscription on the inside page, "In memory of the days spent together in the school room, this token is presented with the compliments of your teacher." The following page states, "Manhattan Public School. First school in session, Manhattan, Nye Co., Nevada." Thirty three children are listed: Mary, Bella, John, Frank and James Bart, (their father ran the Merchant's Hotel); Madeline and Dorothy Burbridge; Theresa Conroy; Jessie and Daisy Cuddeback; Harry and Anna Gustafson; Raleigh King; Lola Lang; Cuba Mentz; Elbert O'Brien; Milburn Perchart; Leland Smith; Bernice Sibeck; Frank, Gladys and Jose Stevenson; Elva and Clara Tate; Edward Fulton; Joe and Tony Farrell; Frank Grady; Martin Galletto; Loucile Rodgers; Mabel Cowen; Albert Burbidge; and Ray Province. The school board members were J. L. Garner, F. L. Humphrey and W. J. Stock.

On the last page were printed these lines: "In cities and in villages, in country Districts scattered wide, Above the school house door it floats--A thing of beauty and of pride; The poorest child, the richest heir--Tis theirs in common to adore, For it is their flag that proudly floats--The flag above the schoolhouse door." The American flag is shown flying atop a belfry.

In 1908 the school was moved up Erie Street across the little gulley from the Presbyterian church. Miss Veronica Leehy was the teacher; she was a sister of Mrs. W.G. Merten and had come to Manhattan to be with her. In the picture taken along side of the school, there are 24 children, all appear to be quite small so it is possible the older students were using the first school, and Miss Dillon was their teacher. In 1909 Ida J. Fischer (North) accepting a teaching job and taught there until about 1924. She was a very fine teacher and is remembered by her former students with much love.

Effie Mona Mack was the principal during the year 1909-10, her first school after graduating from the University of Nevada. This beautiful lady went on to become one of Nevada's most distinguished people. She not only taught for more than 40 years in Reno schools but was an author and a foremost Nevada historian.



MANHATTAN SCHOOL

She was awarded the doctor of literature honorary degree by the U. of Nevada in 1948, her many accomplishments would fill a complete page. All this after she wrote a postcard to her mother in Reno, Sept. 14, 1909 from Manhattan, "Opened school with 13 pupils on the 13th of the month. I am settled temporarily, I do not like the place. No table, stove, or chair in my room! Will change as soon as possible. Love to the family & write often. E.M.M." Happily, she did find another place to live, with the W. C. Humphreys, and they remained close friends throughout their lifetime.

An item in the Manhattan Post Sept. 9, 1911 reported that the school opened with an enrollment of 65; "Both schools are being held in the old Palace Building, it being believed that better results can be obtained by conducting the two schools under one roof than in two separate buildings. Miss Ida Fisher is teaching the smaller children, higher grades by R.S. McGinnis, late of Goldfield."

In May, 1912, a Notice of School Election was printed in the Post. "Is hereby given to the electors and tax payers that a special election will be held in the Manhattan School district No. 1, Nye County, Nev., on Monday, June 2, 1912, for the purpose of voting School Bonds to build and equip a permanent three-room school house in the district."

The issue will be to the amount of \$5,000.00 (Five Thousand Dollars) registered bonds in the denomination of \$100.00 (One Hundred Dollars.) The bonds shall carry seven per cent interest

(Continued on page ten)

History of Manhattan is told

Recent archaeology diggings in Monitor Valley reveal that between 600 and 800 years ago, Indians from Owens Valley country and Las Vegas area, entered Central Nevada. Centuries earlier, ancient man may have known this land. All this was long before the first white man, Jedediah Smith, mountain man and his party of American Fur Company trappers crossed Nevada west to east in 1827.

Dr. Gloria Cline, "Exploring the Great Basin", traces Smith's route across Nevada, entering Smoky Valley on its southwest side and proceeding in a northeasterly direction from the San Antone Ranch at the southern extremity of the (Toiyabe) Range to the future site of the gold camp of Manhattan on the east continuing eastward over what we know as the Belmont summit on into Monitor Valley country. We can only wonder what their thoughts might have been of this vast, lonely land, with its long, brush covered valleys bordered on either side by high, mysterious, snow-capped mountains.

Eighteen years passed and as far as history records, no one but the few Shoshone living around Smoky Valley, set foot in any of this country. Then in 1845, Fremont and his party traveled down thru Smoky along its west side to Peavine Creek, which he named "Monis Creek", on their way to Walker Lake. They did not venture east into the mountains.

Around the 1860's, men began their push into Central Nevada on

the trail of that elusive dream, a gold or silver mine. In 1863 the man who was to be responsible for the name "Manhattan", arrived in Austin. George Nicholl was born in Ireland, and probably worked at his trade of assayer in Austin for the Manhattan Mining Company, who had come there in 1865 and bought the mining property and mill from the owners. The home offices were in the state of New York. In 1866, Nicholls was prospecting in the hills near what came to be called Manhattan Canyon, and discovered silver ore. (In Thompson and West, 1881, they state: the ore is base; containing copper and iron but no trace of gold.) A year later, in 1867, Nicholls named the area, "The Manhattan Mining District" and continued to keep the records through the years.

George Nicholls settled in Belmont and was elected County Clerk from 1872 until 1886 when he was defeated. After that he became county Supt. of schools and spent most of his time traveling around the county, visiting the scattered, remote schools. On his return, he kept the Belmont Courier informed on any news of interest in these outlying areas, Grantville, Ione, Globe, Ellsworth, Peavine. He took Mary Bradley to Duckwater to teach in the late 1880's. He never married, and upon his death he was buried in Belmont, leaving behind him a reputation of being a fine,

(Continued on page fourteen)



EFFIE MONA MACK
MANHATTAN SCHOOL PRINCIPAL
1909-1910

(Continued from page nine)

per annum and run for a period of eight years, one eighth of the issue to be redeemed each year.

The place of election will be the old School House on Erie St.

The polls will be open from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. on Monday, June 2, 1912. The inspectors of election will be H. D. Heywood, J. R. Harris, and Percy Train, of Manhattan, Nev. School Board: M.J. Kelly, Pres., Percy Train, Clerk, S. W. Steffner, Member.

On Sat. June 22, 1912, this announcement "School Election Unanimous!" went on to say that the voters on June 17th decided to have a new school house by a vote of 137 to nothing. "It was the most decisive election ever held in Nye County!" The bonds will be issued by the local directors.

The Post advertised the school bonds from mid-August until mid-Sept. 1912 when they were sold to the First National Bank of Plainville, Ohio for \$5,026.00

No further information concerning the contractor or builders is available but on reliable information, Joe Cook who ran a carpenter and Paint Shop in town and was responsible for much of the building in the area, was the builder, if he designed it is not known. It was erected in late 1912 and 1913, finished inside and out with patterned tin. On August 30, 1913, the Post reported, "The new school will open Tuesday, September 2, with a full attendance. Prof. Berryessa and Miss Ida Fischer will teach for the ensuing

term."

Shortly after the new school opened, there was a "Grand BENEFIT ENTERTAINMENT for Manhattan School". The program reads like one that had taken place in some famous city. Among the talented performers was Mrs. K. C. Irvine playing the violin, the two selections were "Scene de Ballet", De Beriot, and "To a Wild Rose", Macdowell. She had played for President Taft, probably at the White House. At the close of the program, the room was cleared for dancing. There was an extra charge of 50¢ for gents who desired to dance; ladies were free. The proceeds were donated to the school for equipment and furniture.

The towns people were always proud of the school and no matter how difficult the times were, would dig into their pockets to help on some project. The P.T.A. had a few stormy times, but worked hard for the school. In 1924 the Tonopah Times reported, "Successful Masquerade Given at Manhattan". Harry Goldbach and Elsie Pendrey won first prizes for their costumes, she was "Butterfly." A beautiful embroidered table cover donated to the P.T.A. by Mrs. Sinclair for the children's playground, was won by Mr. Albright, and brought in \$50.00 This dance closed the social activities for the year and the members felt their project had been very successful. "The school grounds have been leveled and

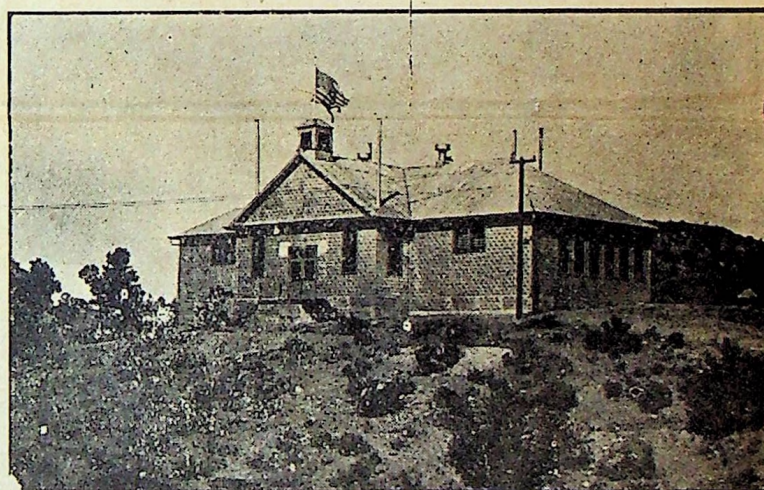
filled in where necessary, an outdoor basketball court has been equipped with goals, baskets, balls, etc. Four swings, three teeter-totters, with boxing gloves, medicine balls, etc., give the children plenty of sport during the play hours. All this has been done at a cost of less than \$200.00" The wall between the high school room and the grammar school room had been installed in such a way that it could be removed for large gatherings and this was always done for programs and dances before the Toiyabe Club renovated the Dexter building making the first floor into a large dance hall complete for school activities. "Basket Socials" were very popular during the years the school was used for dances, almost a full course meal came out of some of the baskets which made it all worth while for the price the high bidder had to pay.

There isn't enough that can be said about the Toiyabe Literary Club and the members who all through the years were the staunch supporters of all our school activities. The plays put on in their hall not only brought money into

our empty treasury, but enriched all our lives, students, teachers and townspeople alike. Principal Ernie A. Moeller, himself a talented actor, directed these performances and considering the exceedingly small number of high school students in those days, he performed miracles! Due to him the talent in this small school was brought out as demonstrated in 1931 when they entered the state contest in Reno. Of the four contests entered, they placed in three of them and Manhattan was the smallest school there. John Brackett took 2nd in Dramatic readings with "The Tell-Tale Heart", Robert Cornell 3rd in humorous readings and George Ferrick 2nd in Oratorical. The one-act play, "The Valiant", with John Brackett, Albino Boni and Ruby Goldbach was out-standing. When there wasn't enough students in highschool to fill the roles, the teachers of the lower grades took the parts and maybe one or two townspeople. The plays were taken to Austin, which helped add to the profits, but that wasn't nearly as important to the "actors"

(Continued on page eleven)

GRAND BENEFIT ENTERTAINMENT FOR MANHATTAN SCHOOL



Manhattan's New Public School Building.

PROGRAM

1. Overture—"Silver Bells".....Manhattan Orchestra
2. Manhattan Male Quartette.....Ryder Ray. R. G. Steele
S. N. Browning, Roy Ray
 - (a) "The Way of the World"
 - (b) "While I Have You"
3. Animated Song....."Comin' Thro' the Rye"
Posed by Miss Faith Maris
4. Violin Solo.....Mrs. K. C. Irvine
 - (a) "Scene de Ballet".....De Beriot
 - (b) "To a Wild Rose".....Macdowell
5. Animated Song....."I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls"
6. Overture.....Manhattan Orchestra
 - (a) "On the Mesa Grande"
 - (b) "Peppita"
7. Sketch....."Taming a Husband"
Mr. Honeyton.....Mr. R. G. Steele
Mrs. Honeyton—his wife.....Mrs. Jessie Atkinson
Scene—The breakfast room in the Honeyton home
8. "The Millionaire and the Tramp".....Messrs. Ryder and Roy Ray
9. Animated Song....."The Last Rose of Summer"
Posed by Miss Gladys Stevenson
10. "A Glimpse of High Society".....The Misses Tidwell
Introducing their clever singing and dancing
specialty entitled, "I'll Get You," and "Across Her Knee"
11. Animated Song....."Kathleen Mavourneen"
Posed by Mrs. C. B. Putman
12. Vocal Solo.....Mrs. D. R. Finlayson
 - (a) "Love's Sorrow".....Shelley
 - (b) "Night and Day".....Lloyd
13. Animated Song....."America"
Posed by Mrs. R. G. Steele
14. Overture—March "Thunderbolt".....Manhattan Orchestra

DANCING

At the close of the program, the room will be cleared for dancing. An extra charge of 50 cents will be asked of the gents who desire to dance; ladies, free.

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as the good times they had there. Our dances were all held at the Hall and those were the days! When we were snowed in, we danced every Sat. night to Jack Lashey's record player, for "big" dances, we had live music, provided by local musicians. Graduation exercises were also held there and were preceded by a beautifully arranged and delicious banquet given in honor of not only the seniors but the graduating eighth grade class and alumni, prepared and served by the members of the club.

The population of Manhattan decreased after the war until finally in 1955, there were only three children of Paul and Dorothy Wilson, Paulette, Robert and Neva. Paulette was to receive her graduation diploma from the eighth grade and true to tradition, graduation exercises were held one evening in late May. Everyone in town came, including three old-timers, "Wood-chopper John", Gus Albright and Bob Selig. The Jensen family came from Peavine. Mr. Nate Blake and Mr. Wilson led the singing, accompanied by Mrs. Jensen at the piano. Mrs. Ella Humphrey and Mrs. Progrossie, both members of the school board, regretfully, could not attend. The third member, Mrs. Wilson acted as master-of-ceremonies. Mr. Fred Swanson gave the address and presented the graduate with her certificate. The program was concluded with musical selections, all present joining the singing. Mrs. Wilson ended the evening with these words; "So to each and everyone, we say Thanks and Goodbye."

During those 42 years, many are the stories, many were the trials and tribulations of both students and teachers but how countless are the Happy Memories! As we look back, it seems remarkable, in such a little, isolated mining town, we

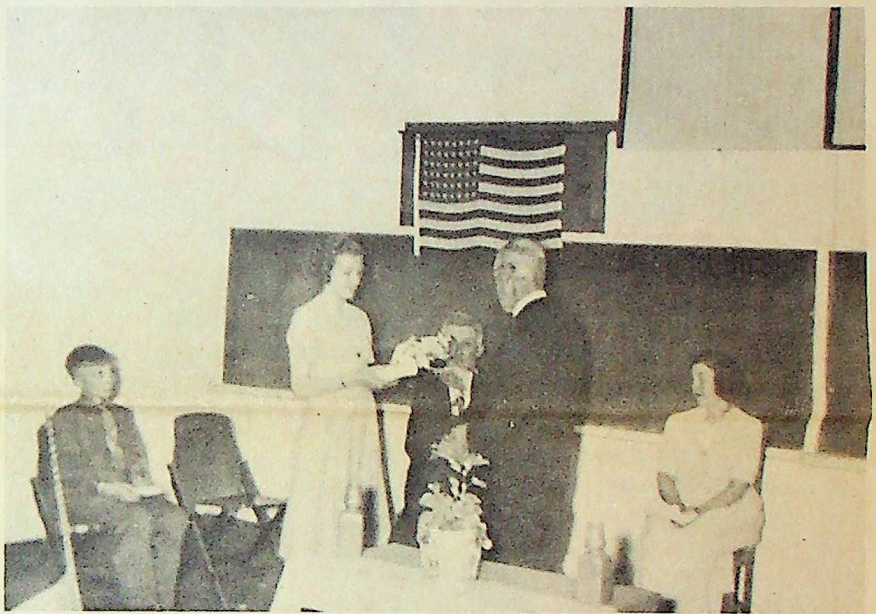
should have such good and dedicated teachers. Surely there were times when they must have despaired of ever getting one thing through our heads! We did reward them on occasion by accomplishing some endeavor we had set out to do, even bringing honor back to our school after competing with other schools. In this regard, every opportunity was taken to take us out of town, to Ely, Reno, to Las Vegas to see The Dam, so that we could know a little something of the world other than our small community. Our school picnics were great occasions, we all took our lunch in a paper bag and walked to Round Rock for the day! To look at that landmark today and think about 20 or 30 school kids romping over it, makes me think our teachers must have had nerves of steel! One thing is certain, they liked a good time as well as any kid in school, and school parties with Mothers' delicious cakes and cookies were regular events. We never had a dance without the school teachers there from beginning to end. Our parents made a point of "having the teacher to dinner", at least once a year, attended by nervous parents, scared kids and enjoyed by most grateful teachers!

Although it hasn't been possible to re-open the school since that time, the building has remained in pretty fair condition. The girls and boys whose homes are in Manhattan now, go by school bus to high school in Tonopah and grade school in Round Mountain. They are the Manhattan students of today and we are proud of them.

A complete list, (we hope!) of teachers and students is being prepared and will be ready by reunion time. We wish it had been possible to mention every name in the above little history with a few words to go with each one, maybe another time!



ATTENDING THE MANHATTAN high school in 1933-34 were (front row from the left) Edwin Dillard, Eugene Cornell, Mildred Humphrey, Olga Francisco, Helene Fox, Jack Cornell, Ermand Boni, (middle row) Blanche Brackett, Elmer Wood, Leo Kennedy, James Boni, Armando Francisco and Mary Manzini. Instructor for the group was Mr. Moeller, pictured at the rear.



FINAL SESSION HELD in the Manhattan school was in 1955 when Paulette Wilson was the eighth grade graduate and speaker for the evening was Fred Swanson.



MANHATTAN'S
FIRST SCHOOL ON
UPPER MAIN STREET
IN 1906



NEED SOME HANDS FOR A TOUGH JOB?
Harvey Humphrey, Charley Boy Humphrey, Charley Gilbert,
Charley Blaker and Alvin Humphrey are ready to sign on!



LINE UP KID
IT IS PICTURE T



THE LINDSAYS
ROMA, SADIE AND
BELLE

The Prospector

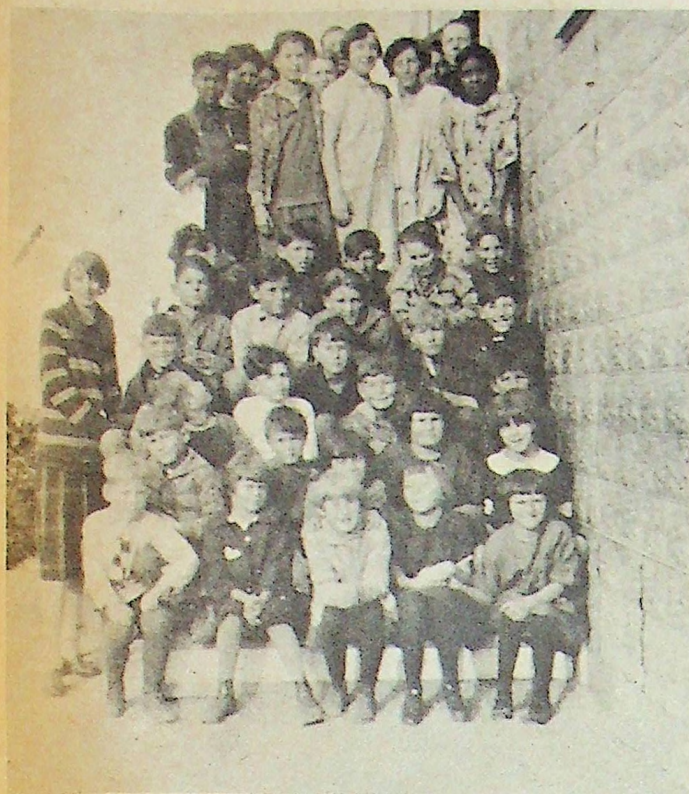
(From address Judge J. A. Saunders gave to the American Mining Congress in 1910.)

"Praise for a friend" One whose grubstakes I have furnished, whose disappointments I have shared, whose legal battles I have fought, whose booze I have drank and whose mulligans I have eaten. Endowed with slow but tireless energy and perserverence, imbued with an abiding faith in his possibilities, filled with dauntless hope and an undaunted courage, he stands alone on this desert as the pedestal of our greatest industry and as a discoverer of natures wealth.

Untutored in the science of mineralogy and geology, in his wanderings over these brown tinted peaks, he prefers the help of his burro to that of a graduate of a school of mines or a high-boot expert. He has blown in any wealth that was his from previous gold and silver strikes and is on his way, God only knows where,--to discover another mine.



SCHOOL PICTURE AT ROUND ROCK
ABOUT 1926



**LINE UP KIDS
IT IS PICTURE TIME**

Local Cemetery Now Enclosed

(June 1912 Mn. Mail)

The local cemetery which will in future be known as Mount Moriah cemetery, is now enclosed with substantial barbed-wire fence, due to the efforts of a number of the ladies of Manhattan, who worked untiringly on the project for a number of months. The fence represents the expenditure of a large sum of money and is so well constructed that it will last for years. A large archway, bearing the name Mount Moriah cemetery, marks the entrance and was made of iron by O. D. Smith. The sign can easily be discerned for a distance of half a mile.

The ladies are loud in their praise for the business men and others who made donations and assisted them in their good work, and to all who aided them they wish to express their heartfelt thanks.

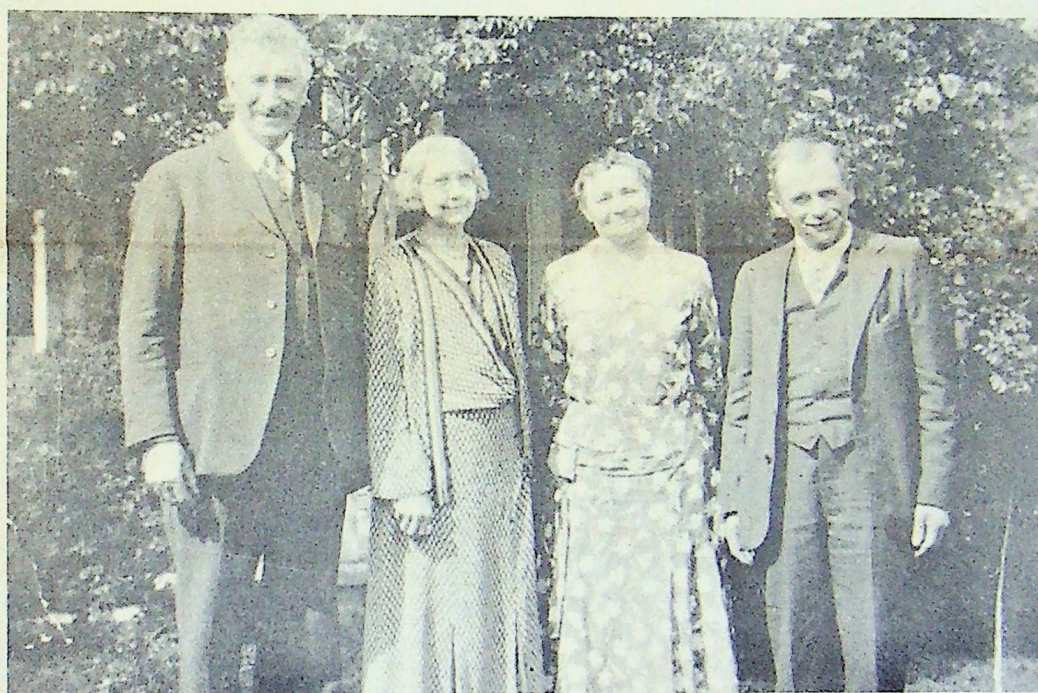
The name Mount Moriah was suggested by the late W. C. Humphrey, "daddy of the camp," who assisted in laying out the

cemetery during the boom days.

The committee in charge of the work consisted of the following ladies: Mrs. John Ecklund, Mrs. C. L. Logue, Mrs. Phillip Meyer, Mrs. T. J. Dron, Mrs. W. A. Watson, Mrs. Syl McAvoy, Mrs. O. D. Smith, Mrs. W. A. Ray.

After all bills had been paid and their work accomplished, the ladies found that they had a barbed-wire stretcher on their hands which they are willing to dispose of at a very reasonable price, the proceeds of the sale to be rendered the local fire dept. The outfit is practically new, having been used but a short time, and would come in handy on any ranch or place where fences are apt to be built. Any one interested should confer with some member of the committee named above for further particulars.

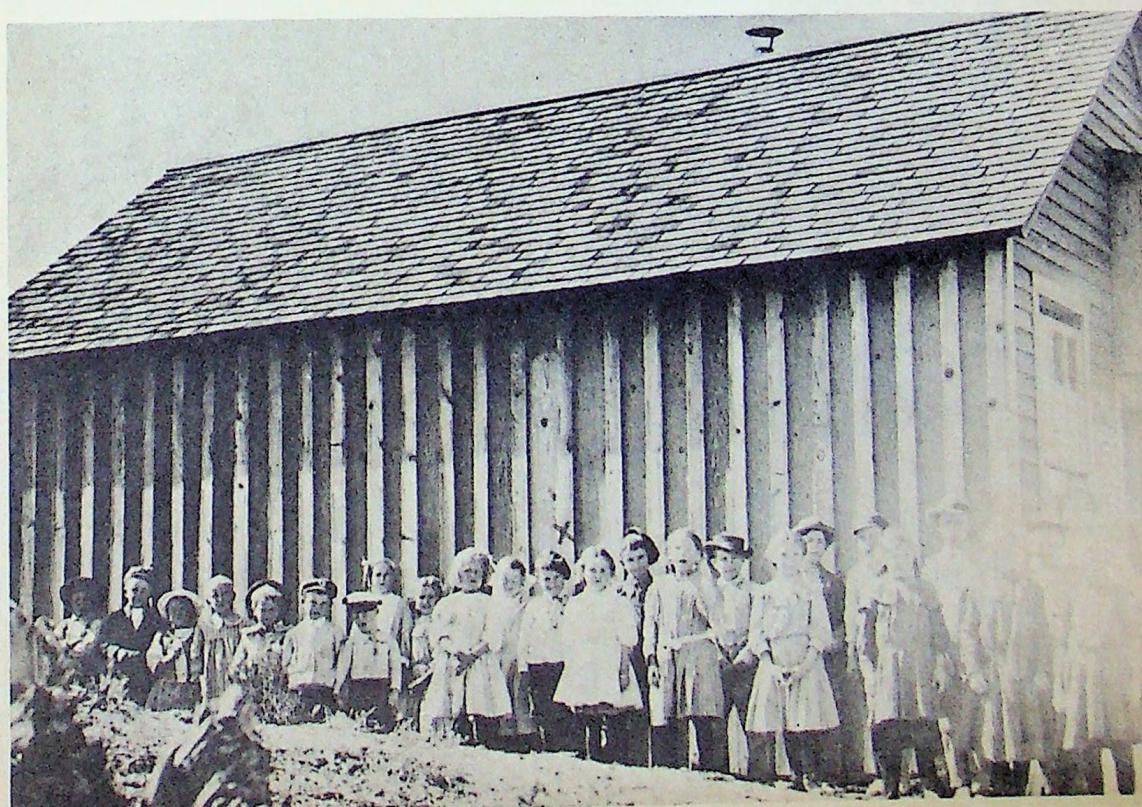
(The original map of the cemetery will be on display at the school reunion. The first person to be buried there was a man by the name of Bissell, who was a personal friend of W. C. Humphrey.)



**Mr. Francis, Mrs.
Kalkbrenner, Mrs. Francis
and Mr. Kalkbrenner
about 1920**



**POOL PICTURE AT ROUND ROCK
ABOUT 1926**



**ERIE STREET SCHOOL PICTURE, 1908
Miss Veronica Leehy, teacher**

(Continued from page 9)

honorable man.

San Antone had long been a stopping place for weary travelers since the days the Indians followed the long trail from Paranagut Valley into this area. After the discovery of Belmont in 1865, freight teams and stages traveling from Luning, Grantsville or some other place, to Belmont, stopped before continuing through Baxter Pass into Ralston Valley. A shorter route from Peavine to Belmont was up Manhattan Canyon and over the pass into the upper end of Ralston Valley. Signs of mineralized rock had not gone unnoticed by some of these more constant travelers and in the early spring of 1905, brothers John and Frank Humphrey, sons of an early day pioneer, William Carrol Humphrey, and a friend, George Maute, were camped at Palo Alto Springs, also known as Rabbit Springs, about 5 miles SW of what is now Manhattan, Nevada. They had been getting some good gold pannings and felt they were on the verge of a strike. One evening a lone rider, leading a pack horse, approached camp from the north. He was invited to share supper and spread his bedroll near the campfire. So began a life-long friendship between Cassias A. Cooper, thereafter, "Shorty" Cooper, and the Humphrey family. Shorty was of Indian descent, born in Oregon country and on his way to Los Angeles for reasons known only to him. He was an expert horseman, and after his death a beautiful pair of hand-tooled silver spurs became the proud possession of Carroll Humphrey.

After hearing the story of the prospecting in progress and being invited to join them and maybe get a chance to locate a good claim or two, he did just that. A short time later, April 1, 1905, a rich vein was uncovered and named by John Humphrey "The April Fool" and for the town sure to spring up, "Manhattan."

The rush that followed brought as many as 7000 people into the gold camp at the top of its population. A surge of building which had never been surpassed in any boom town developed. The Tonopah Daily Sun, Feb. 24, 1906, spread the headlines in huge type across the front page; "WON-

DERFUL MINES OF MANHATTAN!" The Sun described the town as being a mile in length with an altitude close to 8,000 feet, lying in a canyon running west and east, in the (Toiyabe) Range. "At least 1,500,000 feet of lumber has been shipped there, there are buildings on either side of the Main street, several two story and one three story!" Lawyers, geologists, surveyors, doctors, (at one time there were five doctors in town), restaurant and saloon people, mining men of all kinds, prospectors from the Klondike, all converged almost over night. And joining them in search of work or chance to get in on a strike of their own, were men who had left their homelands earlier and come to America hoping to find a better life for themselves and their families: from Italy, Scotland, England, Ireland, Denmark and other countries. From the beginning, there were some wives and children who came when their men did, one of the first families was the Tate family, which Myrtle T. Myles tells about in her story "First Christmas in Manhattan." (1905) The first store was built and opened in 1905 by Phillip Meyer and his partners,

IT IS COMMON for teams with freight or mail to arrive in the snow in Manhattan in the winter.

A. B. Millett and T. J. Dron. In the early spring of 1906, March 11, a little girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, Ila Cristina, the first child born in Manhattan. The house where she was born is still standing on Erie Street. The Wm. C. Humphreys loaded their house in Crow Springs on a couple of wagons and hauled it on up the canyon to the place they had picked out on upper Main Street where it remained occupied almost constantly until it was destroyed by fire two years ago.

The Manhattan rush was not a month old till the "magnetic" northern camp had a newspaper, the Manhattan Mail, published by Haworth, Anderson & Co. Through the years, five newspapers were published, besides the Mail; The Manhattan News, the Manhattan Post, the Manhattan Times and the Manhattan Magnet which was the last to terminate on Sept. 9, 1922. Frank Garside at one time was editor of the Mail, and published the Post from 1910 until 1914 when he moved to Tonopah.

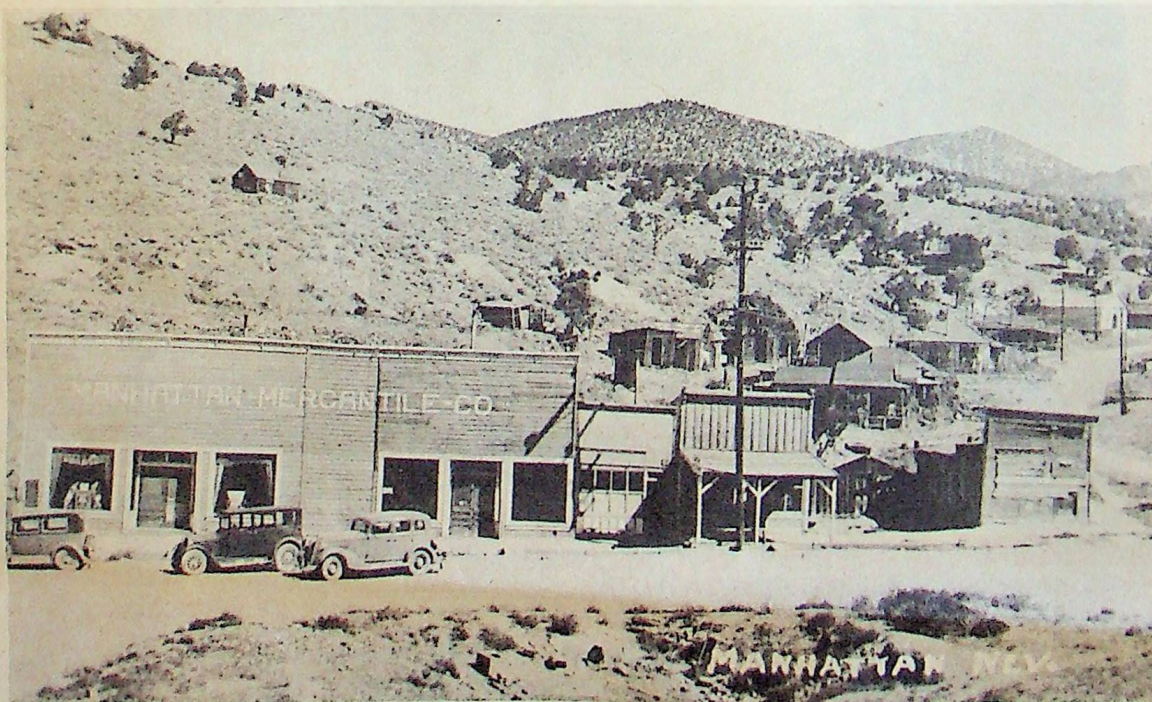
In 1907 Manhattan had three banks, a stock exchange, several good business houses, a school,

two hospitals, an electric light plant and a good water system. Telegraph and telephone connections with the outside. Ralph Steven was the postmaster, James W. Coop ran a blacksmith shop and a corral; Laura Dillon was the teacher. The two hospitals were the County hospital, Mrs. J. C. Mitchell, matron, and Alice Kennedy was matron of the Miners Union hospital. This building is still there, on upper Main and is the private residence of Thelma and Milton May of Hawthorne. "Nob Hill" was on the right side of the town, above the business district as you came into town, and some of the homes built then are still there.

Despite the crushing blow to the new camp that the San Francisco earthquake caused in April, 1906, the people who stayed on kept their faith in the mines and continued to build up the town. A new surge of prosperity developed in 1909 when placer mining down the canyon began in earnest when rich deposits were found. Also, the same year, the Nevada California Power company built the sub-station at the lower end of town and power was brought from Millers to Manhattan. I wonder if this wasn't about as far from the source of power as any sub-station built at that time, and later power was carried to Tybo from Manhattan. (Anybody who has ever had to do without power will never think a power pole is ugly!) Then, in 1912 the rich lode strike at the White Caps mine was the deciding factor which settled Manhattan into one of the best camps in Nevada.

"Year of 1912 Furnishes the Brightest Page in History of Entire Manhattan District" appeared on the front page of the Tonopah Bonanza on Jan. 4, 1913. "Of the total production of the camp for the year, the mines are credited with over \$428,000, and the placers with approximately \$200,000. The figures from the mines are official from the books of the various milling companies,"

(Continued on page fifteen)



ty treasury, but enriched lives, students, teachers people alike. Principal Moeller, himself a talent, directed these performances and considering the very small number of high students in those days, heed miracles! Due to him in this small school was out as demonstrated in they entered the state n Reno. Of the four conred, they placed in three and Manhattan was the school there. John took 2nd in Dramatic with "The Tell-Tale Robert Cornell 3rd in readings and George 2nd in Oratorical. The ay, "The Valiant", with cket, Albino Boni and dbach was out-standing. e wasn't enough studen-school to fill the roles, rs of the lower grades arts and maybe one or people. The plays were ustin, which helped add its, but that wasn't near-ortant to the "actors"

(Continued on page eleven)

AINMENT CHOOOL



Building.

.....Manhattan Orchestra
Ryder Ray, R. G. Steele
N. Browning, Roy Ray

....."Comin' Thro' the Rye"

.....Mrs. K. C. Irvine
De Beriot
Madowell

I Dwelt In Marble Halls"
.....Manhattan Orchestra

....."Taming a Husband"
G. Steele
ie Atkinson
oneyton home

Messrs. Ryder and Roy Ray
The Last Rose of Summer"

.....The Misses Tidwell
nd dancing
ross Her Koe"

....."Kathleen Mavoureen"

.....Mrs. D. R. Finlayson
Shelley
Lloyd

....."America"

.....Manhattan Orchestra

(Continued from page fourteen)

and the placer yield is approximated as closely as it is possible to procure figures on the output. There are three modernly equipped custom mills of 50-ton daily capacity apiece, (War Eagle, Associated, Lemon) and the Big Four mill will soon be completed. Placer mining along the main gulch was very active throughout the year, with from 25 to 30 outfits constantly in operation. Thomas (Dry-Wash) Wilson was the leading placer operator during the year as he has been for several years past, employing from 20 to 35 men at his various plants. Many ounce nuggets being of frequent occurrence and others running up to one and two ounces, a two-ounce nugget having been found a few weeks ago in the Butler & Co. lease on the September". The writer commented, "It is the leasers who have done the diligent prospecting and taken the initiative in the development that has placed Manhattan in the enviable poition it occupies among the most substantial mining camps of Nevada today. The success of leasers in developing ore, although few had the finances necessary to sustain them in development work on a large scale, has been one of the strong points that has made the camp interesting to the intelligent mining man, and has appealed sufficiently to induce larger capital and strong companies to follow the example set by the leasers and get into the mining game in earnest."

Among the most prominent of leases during 1912 were the White Caps Leasing company, controlled by the Associated Mill interests, the Peak-Steen-Cicala

lease on the Big Four; the Steffner lease on the Consolidated; the Mushett-Wittenberg and the Kendall-Douglass leases on the same property; the Bath lease on Litigation Hill Merger, later sold to the Pittman-Finlayson syndicate; the Shea, Putman and Kelliher lease on the Stray Dog and Union No. 9; the Mushett-Wittenberg lease on the Big Pine; the Lamb lease on the Jumping Jack, the Merten-Cantwell lease on the Crescent, the Plourd & Co. lease on the April Fool, the Nelson & Soc. lease on the Mustang main shaft; the Humphrey, Mott & Light lease and the Humphrey & Smiley lease on the Mustang.

Leasers were working many of the claims in 1905 and leasing continued to be very important to Manhattan's economy throughout the years. The White Caps was successfully mined in the manner for years and the Reliance Mine for a time prior to the Gold Dredge operation, 1938-1946. Other mines which were worked at times through the years were the Consolidated, the Gold Medals, the Keystone, Black Mammoth and Manhattan Gold. Only one windlass is to be seen down the canyon in the spring of 1977, pulling up gravel to be washed and searched for gold by Manhattan's one and only George Rong, one of the last of the real old-time prospectors.

Water wasn't always available for garden use, but in 1911 the Post carried a notice stating that there would be a charge of 15¢ per sq. yd. over reg. rates, for all lawns & gardens and flower beds. Percy Train evidently didn't mind the extra charge as an article carried about the same time, boasted that his yard was as beautiful as any found anyplace;

he had fifteen fruit trees, four kinds of berry bushes and 25 different varieties of flowers! The Train residence on Erie Street above the Presbyterian Church where Ella Humphrey faithfully went every single Sunday morning, even when the snow was two feet deep, to tell we children the Story of the Bible; until it was moved to Hawthorne in the 1940's. During the years the White Caps was being mined, the residents of upper Main ditched the water pumped from the mine around the tailings below the mine and along the north and south sides of the street to be shared for everybody's yard. The water pumped from the Amalgamated was used in the same way, and how beautiful was the way it wound its way along the sides of the hills into the big holding tank above our old barn, the willows below the dump still get green in summer time. (When I was very little, we had a barrel outside the kitched yard which as kept full of water for our gentle horse who grazed around the hills, coming in about evening time for a drink. My life time came very near to being shortened by more than fifty years, when I climbed on a box and leaned over to get a tobacco can of water for mud pies and went in headfirst! I managed to grab hold with one hand, and my feet were sticking straight up waving back and forth when my brother Harvey happened to drive up the street delivering groceries. He's never been quite sure he did the right thing pulling me out of there!)

In the early years, there were lots of burros, especially in Ralston Valley. So every kid in town had a burro, if they could catch one. In the summer, at

daybreak, a bunch of boys would leave town, (some of them with no burro to ride) for Ralston for the roundup. Many times it would be late evening, parents getting ready to go looking for them, when they would show up, their unwilling and obstinate captives in tow. Later on, as they grew older, the burros were abandoned in favor of the more exciting horse. What fun, when I was growing up and it was summer time, the horses would be all gathered in the corral and we would admire the new colts. Our old mare Puss never failed to have one every year, and we would be especially pleased when it would be a palomino. Some would be parted out, to race through the opened gate and up the canyon back to freedom! The two and three year olds were kept to begin their "breaking", and the gentle horses turned out, some hobbled, to keep them around in preparation for the annual trip in August to the top of Table Mountain for 3 or 4 weeks. My mother would always go along for the Table Mountain trip, by wagon to Barley Creek and then horseback up the mountain, the smallest child in front of her in the saddle. My father always took the Gilbert boys along with his own when they were growing up and would have about seven boys most of the time.

The women who were the homemakers through those early days in Manhattan must have been among the best ever to help pioneer a new camp. Winters there can be as severe as are known with deep snow and cold for months followed by mud everywhere in the spring. Electricity was the one convenience they had, yet the homes, however

(Continued on page sixteen)



CREWS OFTEN GATHERED around the headframe in mining camps for a picture and the crews in Manhattan were no exception. Pictured here from left to right are (Back row) G. Day, Monte Kidder, Bill Wood, (middle row) Burt Roberts, Gene Cornell, Lee Brotherton,

Harry Goldbach, John Roberts, Allen Roberts Odd Otteraeen, Jack Cornell, Ben Tweed, Slim Smith, (front row) Sam Spirto, Dan Sullivan, Carroll Humphrey, George Rong and Fred North.

(Continued from page fifteen)

humble, were warm and cheerful, always a hot meal at supper time. They shared each others misfortunes and in times of trouble, the neighbors were there to help out in any way they could. Some of them were well educated and talented as programs and entertainment put on by them, verifies. From the beginning, Manhattan had been a very social minded town, it's clubs and lodges very active. There never was a town, big or small, who liked to dance anymore than the people there. The very first dance held in 1905, Myrtle Myles tells about "a load of young people, including four girls, coming over from Belmont for the dance, and they danced until 3 a.m.!" From that time on, dances were held at "the drop of a hat."

Besides the historic Toiyabe Club, the town boasted an Elks Club, complete with a beautiful clubhouse, an Eagles Club, (Toquima Eagles), which hosted a New Year's Eve Masquerade Ball in 1912 held in the Athletic Club Hall, a gym located about where the Country Store is now. The midnight supper was provided by B.V. Tarash and included 18 turkeys, 150 gallons of Oyster soup, 5 gallons of cranberry sauce, 30 cakes and 100 gallons of champagne punch!

One of the first baseball teams called themselves, "The Manhattan Strays" and placed a notice in the paper challenging any team in the area to meet then "anytime, anywhere" and added, "Tonopah paper, Please print!" They were the forerunners of the boys who played baseball during the 30's. "The Pinetree Sluggers". Homer Sam was the pitcher and not many hitters ever reached base when he was throwing that ball. Some of the boys on the team were Ermand Boni, Gene Cornell, Scotty Dillard, Jack Cornell, Keith Rabier, Howard Wills, Willie Dyer, Don Walter, and Tony Brackett. Jack Lashley was the manager. Following them, with Roy Carico as manager, was Edward Sullivan, catcher, Jack Dillard and Roy Sam, pitchers, trading off on 1st, Archie Wood, 2nd base, Jack Swanson 3rd, Jim and Bruce Larson outfield, Edward Ferrick S.S. During this

time, two fine athletes were Lefty Mayer and Norman Wilson, also Leo Schill came along to teach and coach these boys. About 1939 the town put up a building for a gym, and Billy Walter, Frank Brotherton, Archie Wood, and the Larson brothers, Danny Sullivan and Bobby Uhlig were among the boys who played basketball for Manhattan and made us proud of them. These were the years when our towns fielded fine baseball and basketball teams, so to be a winner was some feather in your cap! It was about this time that the girls town team, softball, was a match for them all.

Several big fires swept through sections of the town over the years, burning most of the downtown business area. All the two story buildings except the Toiyabe Club house (the Dexter building), have been destroyed this way. Those of us who lived there any

length of time, will remember being awakened during the night by the sound of shots being fired and the tolling of the firebell, to find the sky glowing with the reflections of the awful flames. The hotels, the saloons, the business houses, all once the pride of Manhattan, all reduced to ashes. As mining declined, no effort was made to rebuild.

Summertime always brought the danger of cloudbursts and every few years, especially during August, a river of water would come roaring down the canyon gathering strength with every side canyon and draw draining into the main Manhattan canyon. One of the early ones found the guests of the Central Hotel just sitting down to dinner within a few minutes stoves and objects of every description were sailing down the street, every cellar in town was completely

filled. Another year during the height of the flood, an outhouse went floating past our house on down the street with a terrified rooster sitting on top, crowing for all he was worth! The last bad one was not too many years ago, it created havoc with the houses all along the street, filling them with mud and debris.

After 1955 when the school was closed, Manhattan was very quiet, some mining activity has occurred but nothing to bring prosperity back to the town. Some of the residents are employed at Round Mountain, others are semi-retired, enjoying the peace of the little town. There are some residence owned by people who enjoy coming to Manhattan for weekends and vacations. It's their "soul food"; the air, the sky, the backcountry and nearly always, a visit with an old friend or two, just passing through.

\$3,000 built church now in Manhattan

The little church standing on the side of the hill above the school house, was built in Belmont in 1874 at a cost of \$3,000.00. The church was built by Rev. William Moloney and the members of the Catholic parish. In 1901 the building, on East Belmont summit was abandoned, owing to the decline of the town, and was moved to Manhattan, in 1908, complete with belfry, bell and cross, where it was renamed the Sacred Heart Mission.

No services were held in it for many years, the pews and altar disappeared and in 1956 the bell was moved to Beatty. Lettering on the (brace) which had held the bell and is still in the belfry, "Meneelys-Troy New York" determine that it was made by the same company who made the bell in the historic Church in Virginia City, which was installed in 1868. The cross on top of the belfry is called a crosslet and when closely observed, has been carefully fashioned by hand carving.

In 1971, a small group of people interested in preserving this beautiful landmark, got together and with funds raised by donations and with volunteer labor, installed colored plexiglass in the windows, repaired the steps and handrails, cleaned out all the

trash and repaired and replaced the doors. Two ladies, Thelma May and Famee Parker, built an altar and placed it in the church. During the summer months, it is visited almost daily by tourists, and it has been the subject of numerous painting and camera shots, many receiving notable awards. During the bicentennial year, a camera shot of it was seen in European papers, representing early day churches.

In 1976, Catholic interest in the mission was relinquished to Nye

County with the understanding it will be restored and will be available to any religious denomination for services.

Nye County Parks and Recreation, Nye County and the Nevada American Revolution bicentennial commission have contributed funds toward the restoration. The contractor, Perchetti Roofing, finished phases one and two early in 1977. The results are most gratifying, the building solid and secure and so beautiful against the barren hill.

Manhattan fire history is reviewed

All through the years efforts were made to provide fire protection for Manhattan, although history records they met with dismal results. In April, 1909, the local paper carried an item "Fireman's Ball Was Success". "The first Grand Ball to be given by the Manhattan Volunteer Dept. took place Thurs night at the Athletic Hall and was a big success. The dept. is about \$100.00 the good as a result."

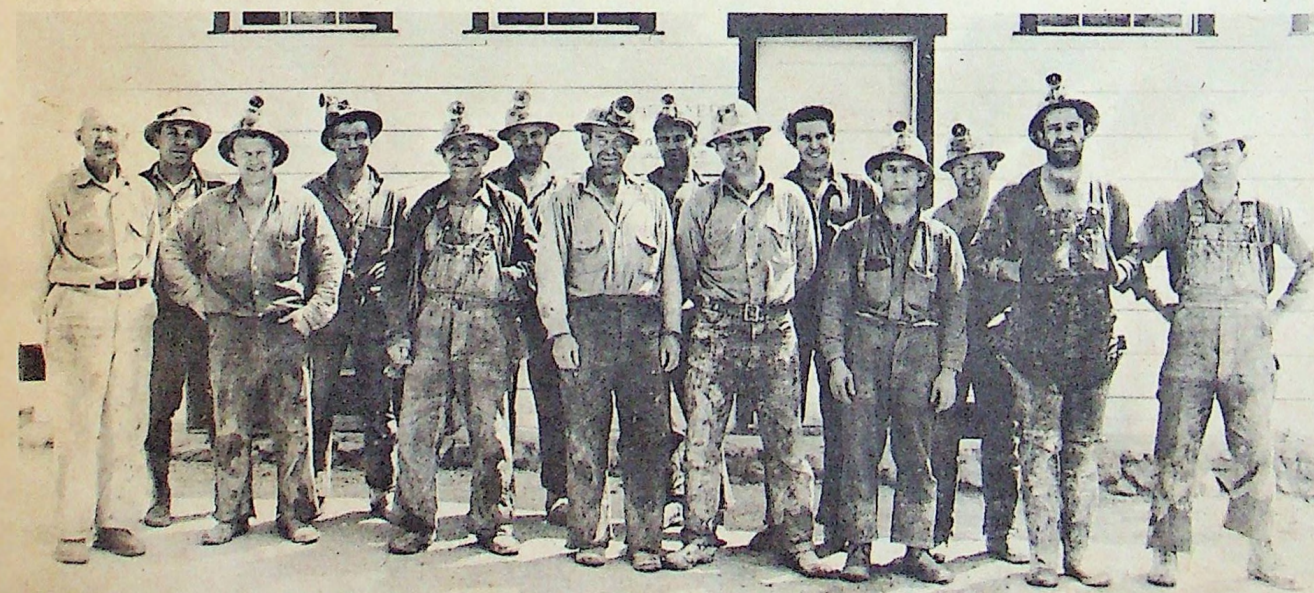
In 1912 this item appeared in the Post: "The large fire bell ordered sometime ago by the Man. Vo. Fire Dept. has arrived and is located at the temporary fire house at Erie and Main Streets.

The fire signal will be the steady ringing of the bell. On Monday nights, when the department meets, the bell will be rung, calling attention of the members to the meeting. The signal for the meetings will be three rings three times.

A Committee has been appointed to secure a suitable location for a permanent fire house.

In a test of the new twin-cylinder fire engine, Monday evening, a stream was thrown fully 100 feet high. The department is well pleased with the purchase and believe it will do wonderful work in case of a bad fire in camp."

On Dec. 10, 1976, a letter was received from the C. S. Bell Co, in answer to an inquiry concerning the bell mentioned above. This company has been in existence since 1858, and is now located at Tiffin, Ohio. The bells are made of cast iron and the number 26, denotes it as being one of the largest bells they make. The numbers 11-7-3 inscribed inside evidently mean it was cast Nov. 7, 1903. A special place in front of the new fire-house is being prepared for the bell. A plaque will be placed by it, with the corresponding dates.



THE CREW AT THE RELIANCE PUT IN PLENTY OF LONG HOURS. Pictured here are Jack Walter, George Ferrick, Bill Skogley, Bob Cornell, Johnny O'Dell's father-in-law, Bonner Bevan, Harvey Chapman, Guy Williams, Bob Cox, Johnny O'Dell, Danny Daniels and Jim McDonald.

FOR ADDITIONAL COPIES OF THIS
SPECIAL SECTION
SEE MILLIE CORNELL

ROTOGRAVURE SECTION

San Francisco Chronicle

THE CITY'S ONLY HOME-OWNED NEWSPAPER

MAY 23, 1937





Eastman Kodachrome Color Photo

THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE—An engineering triumph brings to realization next Thursday, May 27, San Francisco's dream for

decades, the bridging of its beautiful Golden Gate. Thursday the bridge opens and for a week the city will celebrate with a fiesta.

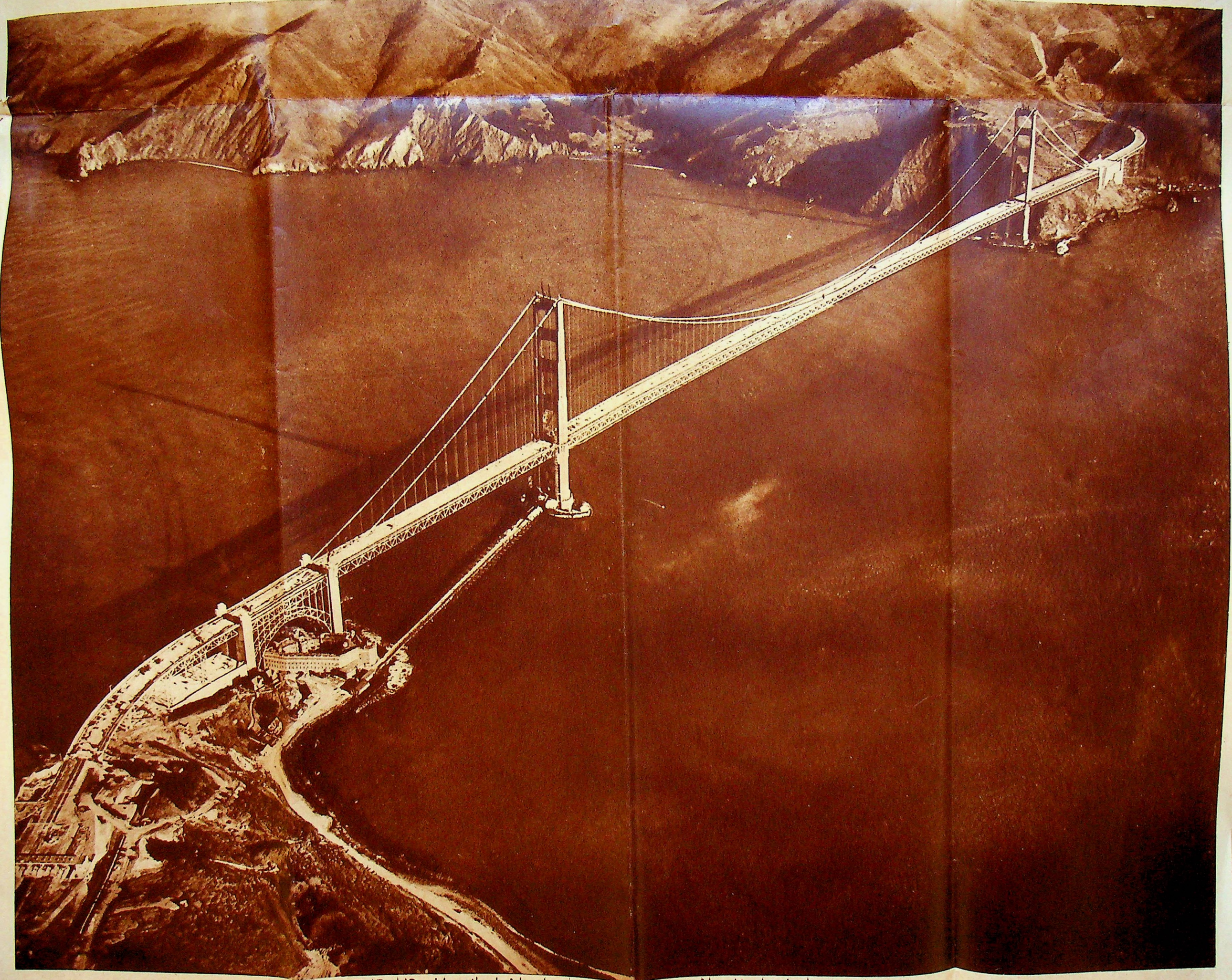
This special Kodachrome color photo was taken for the Chronicle by Ralph Young. The view is from Marin hills looking into the city.



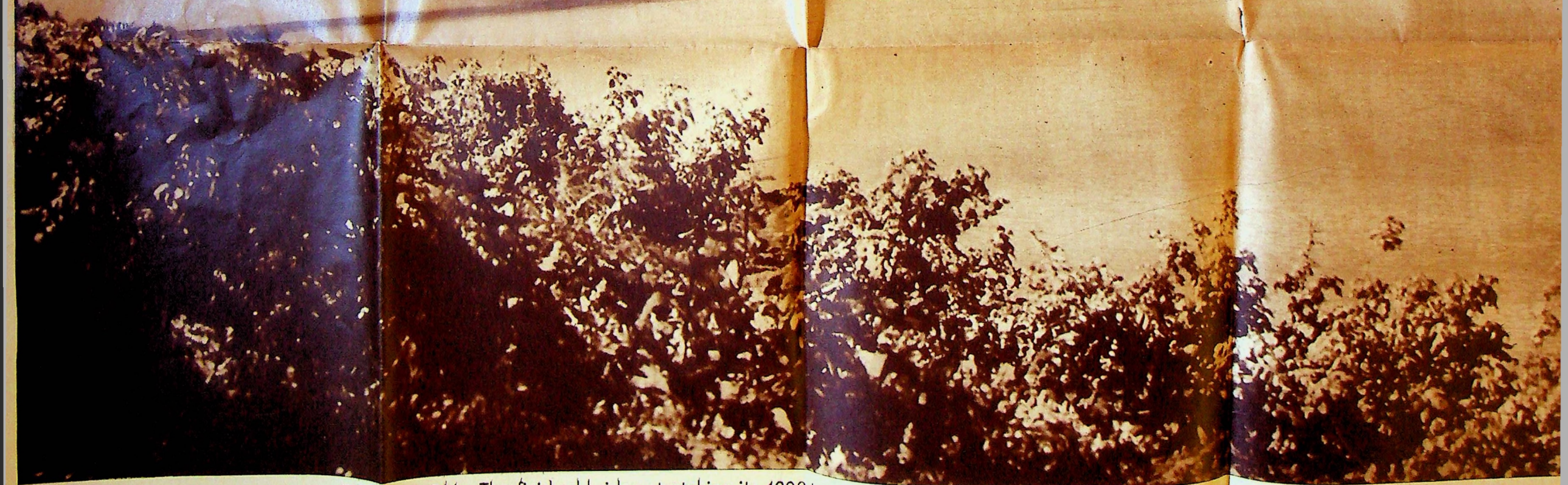
THE GOLDEN GATE—From a plane, the new Golden Gate looks like this with Land's End visible in the background.



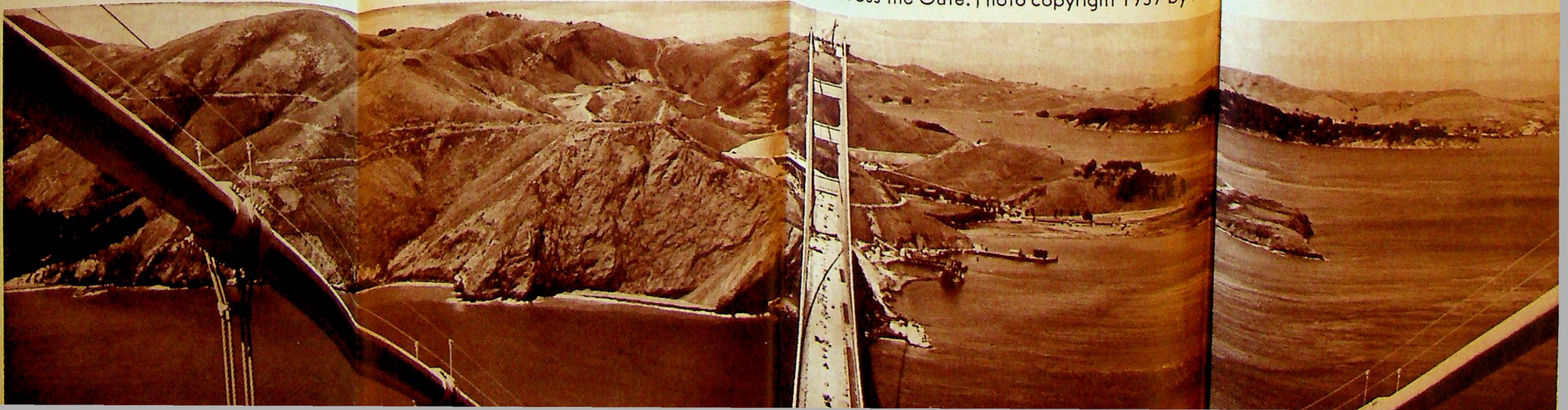
THE GOLDEN GATE—From a plane, the new Golden Gate looks like this with Land's End visible in the background.

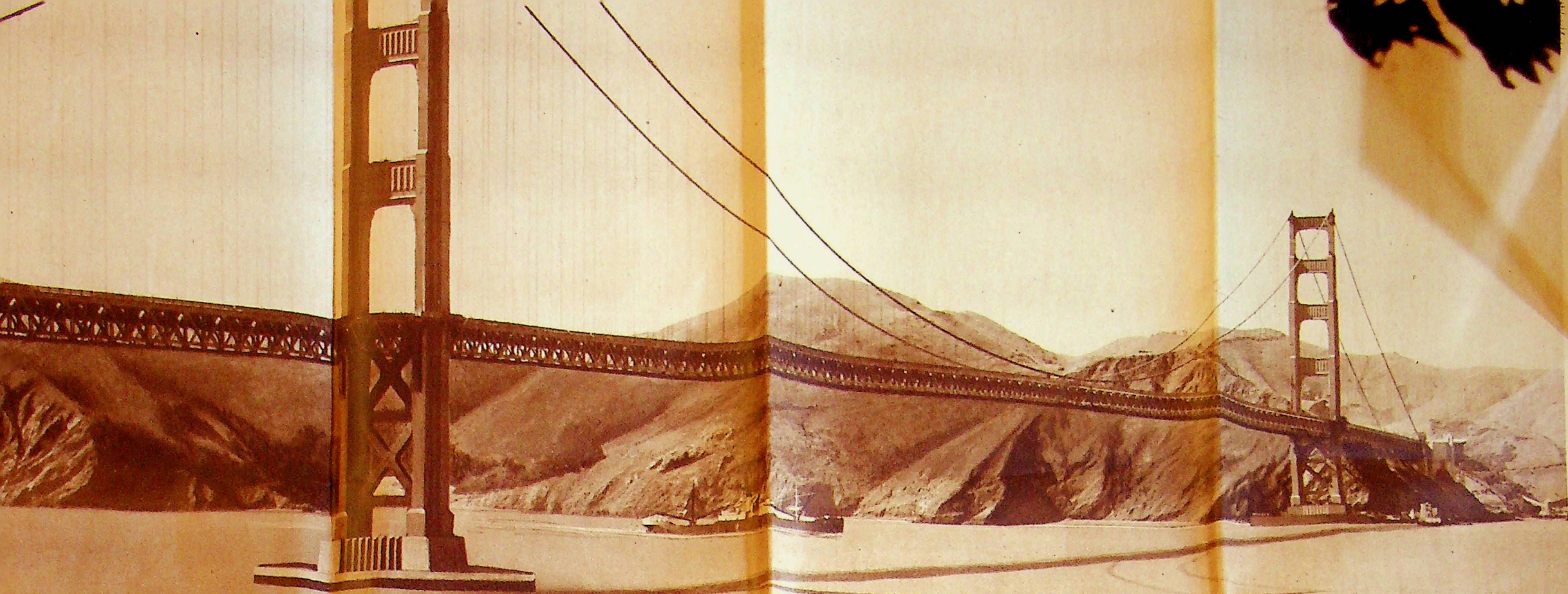


FROM THE AIR—How the bridge hooks on to two points of land is clearly shown in this picture.

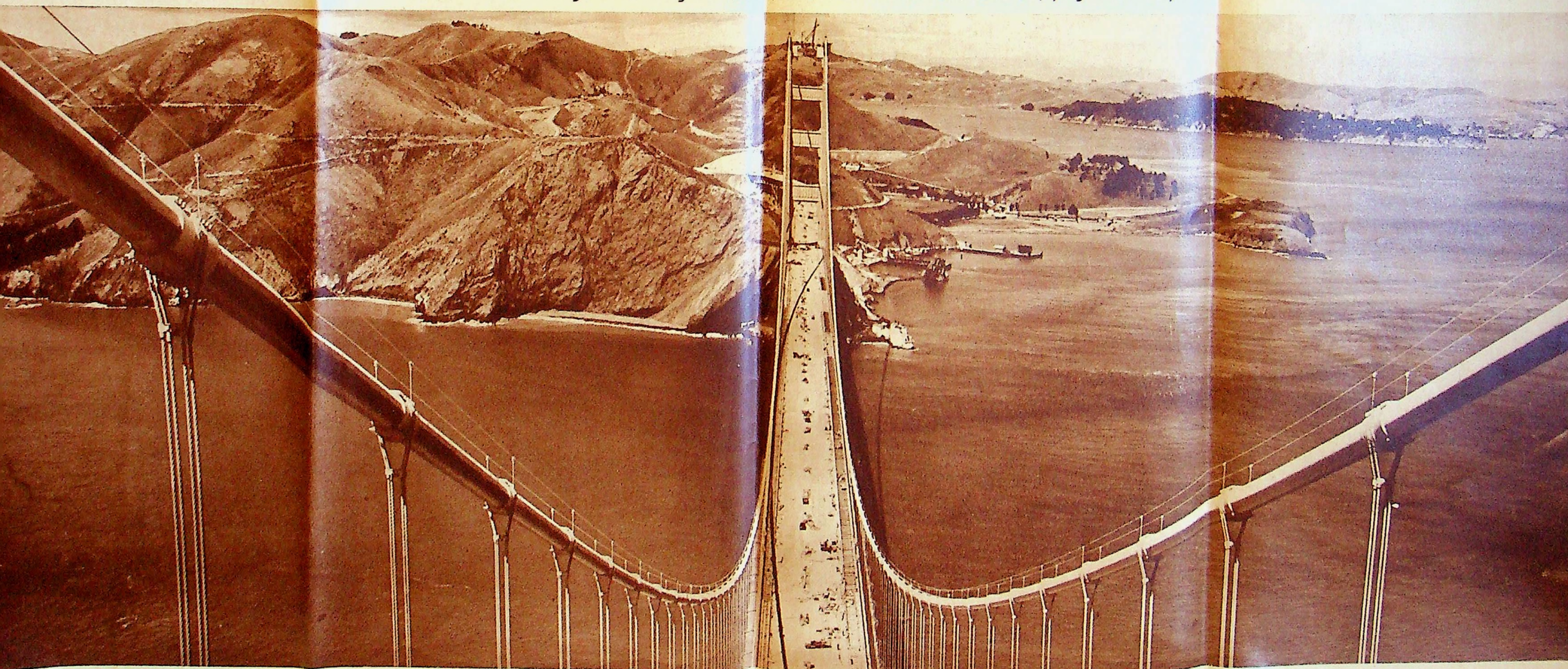


COMPLETION—The finished bridge stretching its 4200 feet across the Gate. Photo copyright 1937 by Moulin.



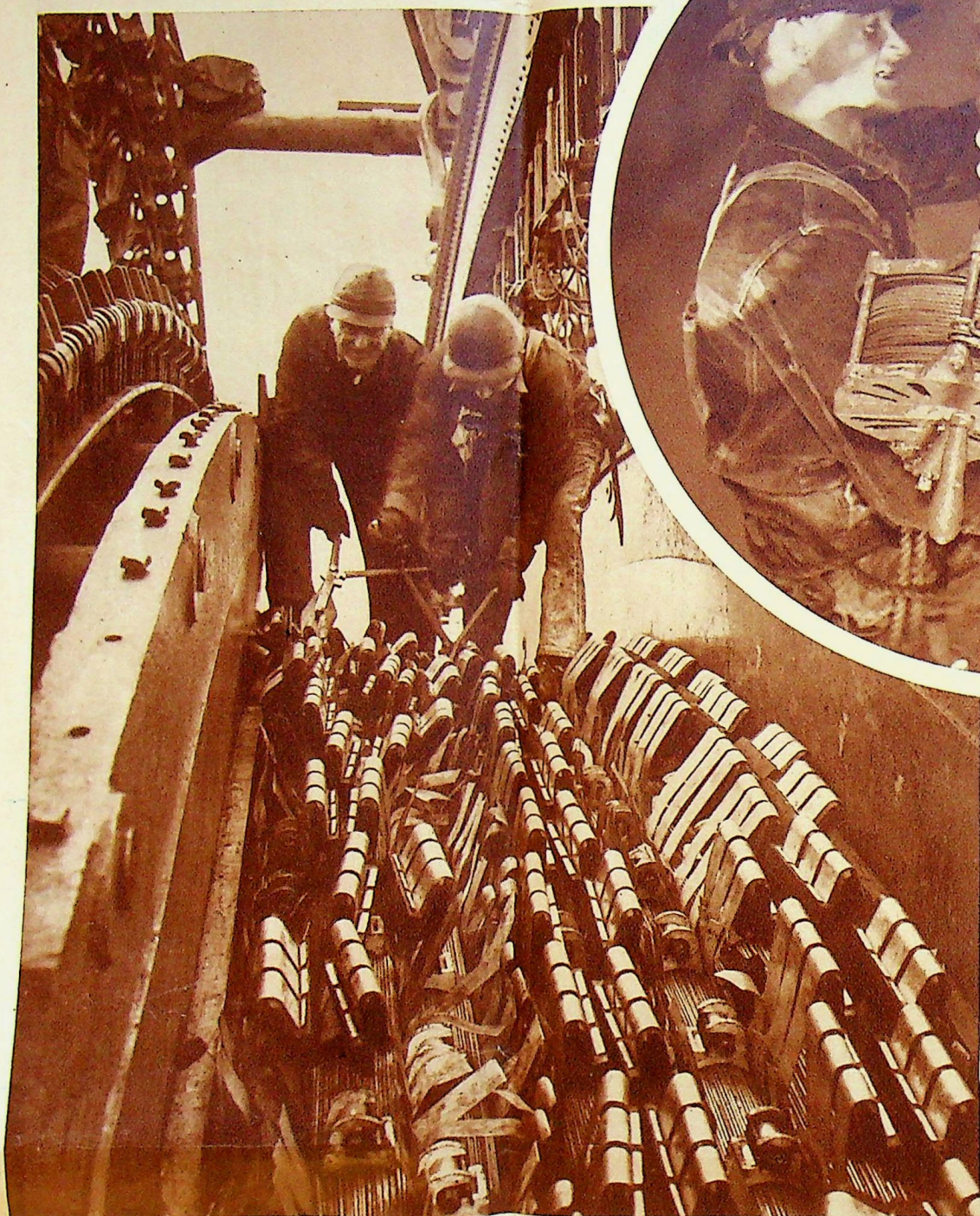


COMPLETION—The finished bridge stretching its 4200 feet across the Gate. Photo copyright 1937 by Moulin.

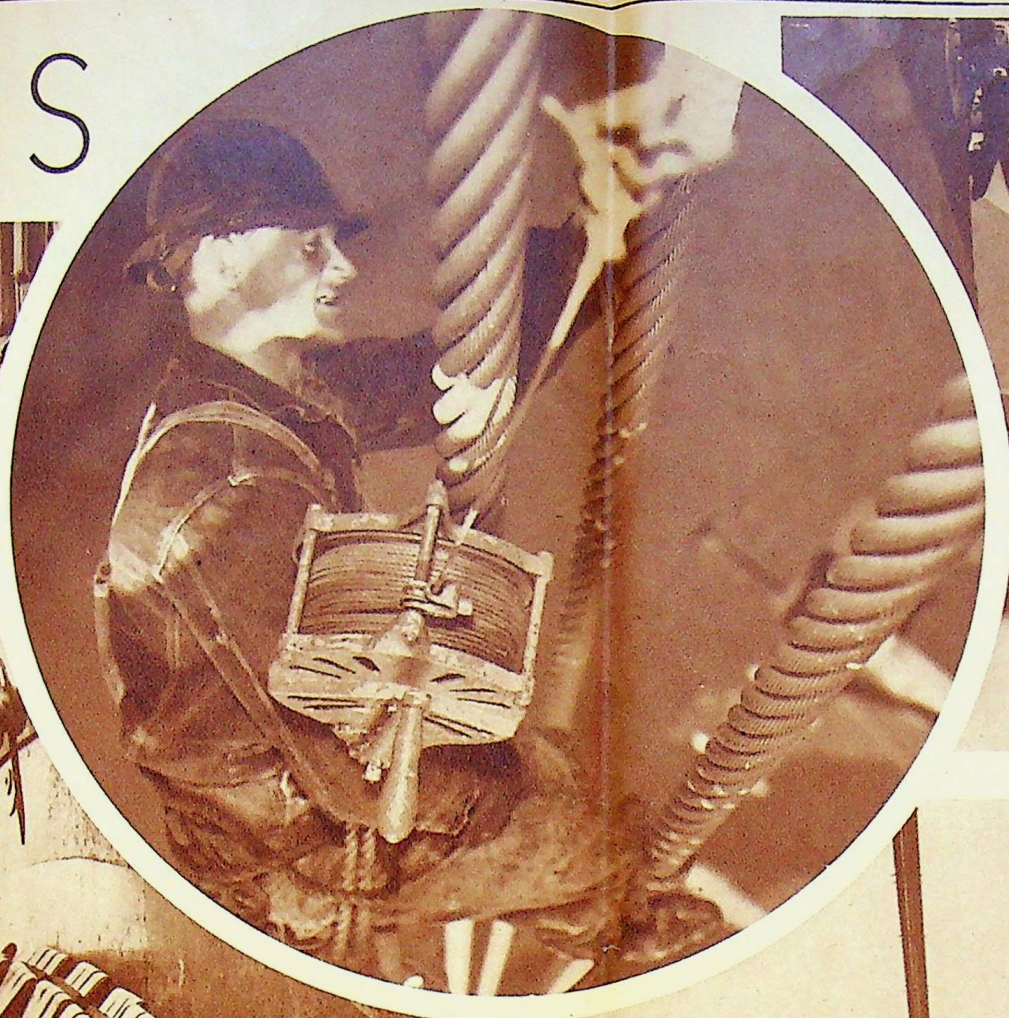


An unusual view taken from the south tower and looking toward the north shore as the bridge work drew to an end.

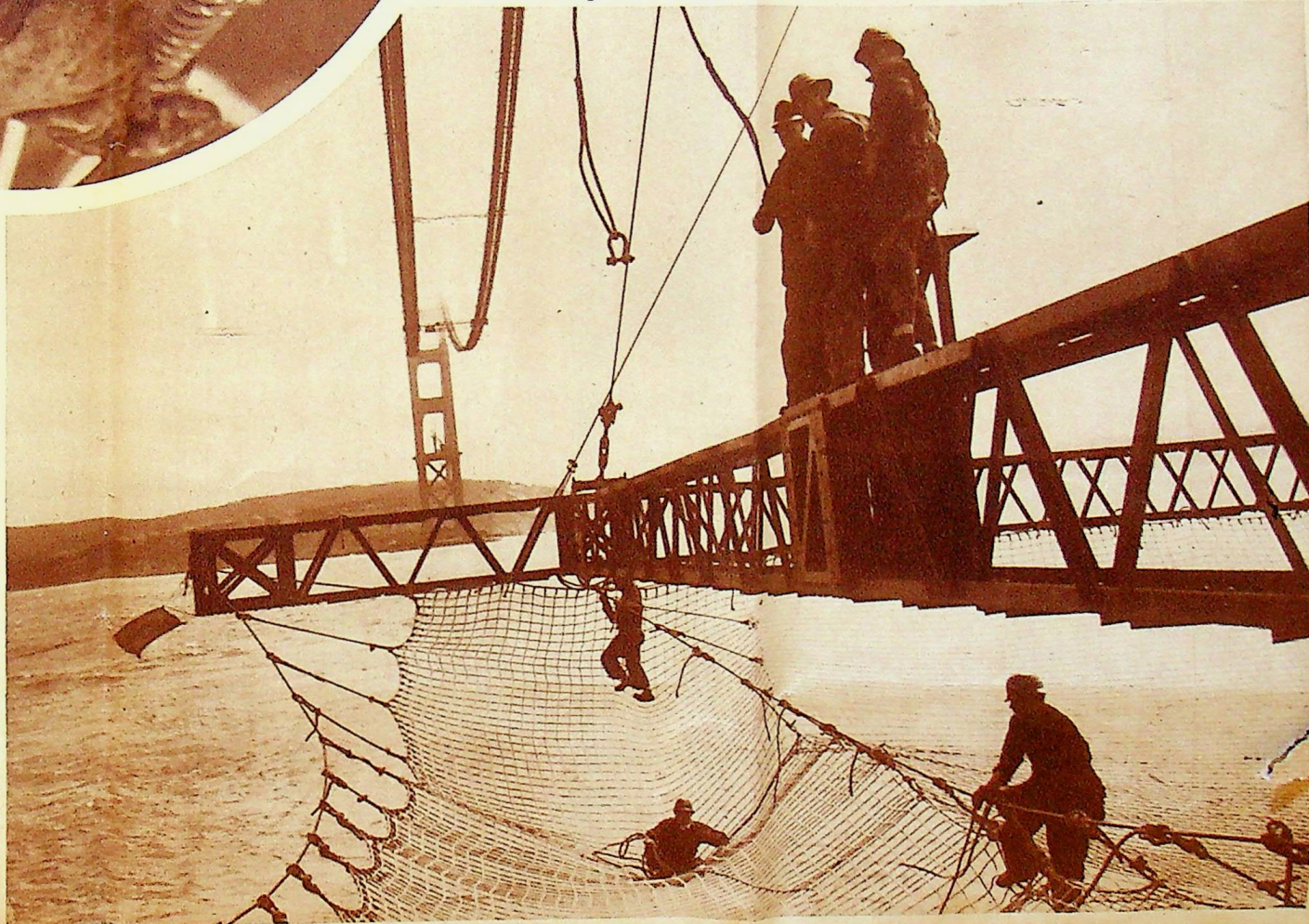
WORKERS



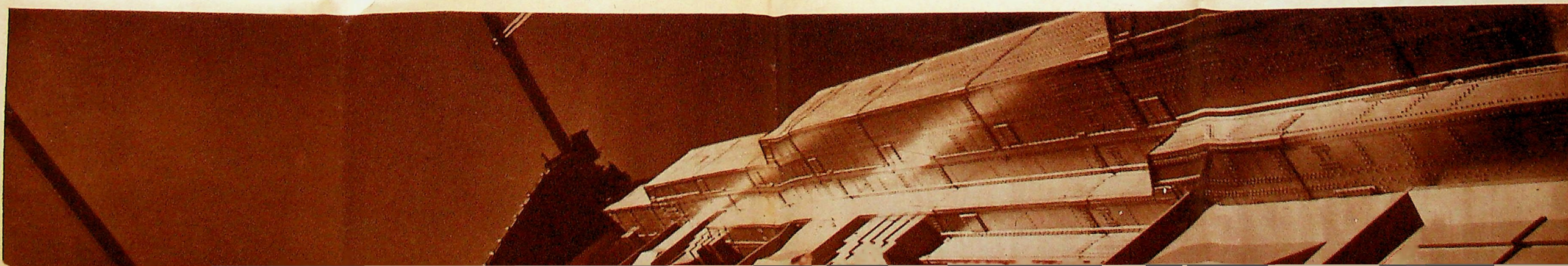
Above, a closeup of workers laying the cable strands in the saddle of the south tower. In the circle—a painter nonchalantly slides down a suspender cluster to the deck 400 feet below. Eleven workers lost their lives in the construction of the Gate Bridge, despite the most elaborate precautions to insure their safety.



Looking over a 169-ton cable saddle toward the north tower.



The life net as it was being pushed out under the bridge deck construction.

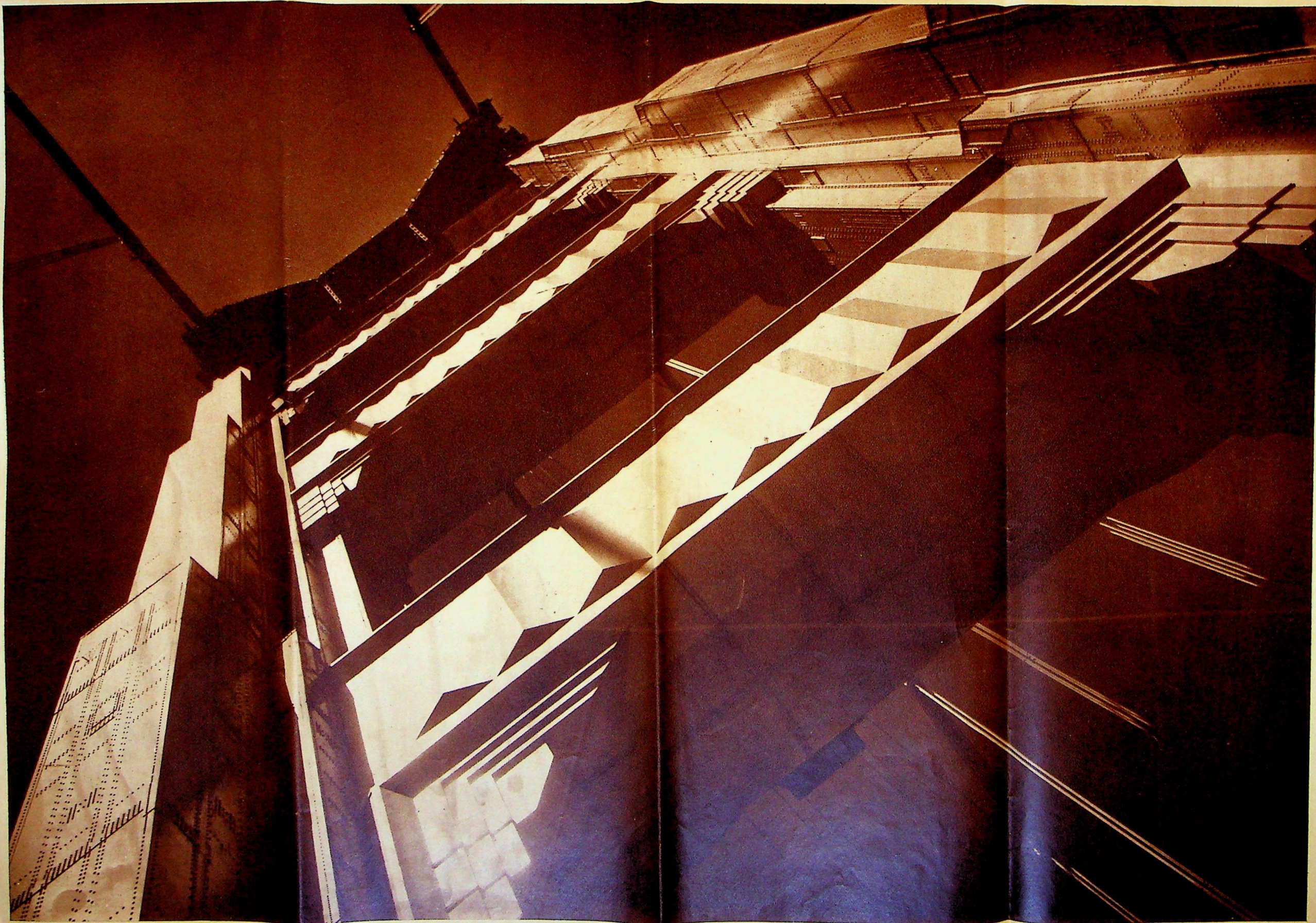




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The life net as it was being pushed out under the bridge deck construction.



This startling view of the tower gives a closeup view of the plates that ornament the two skyscrapers from which the bridge swings.

From the Files

Nov. 16, 1872

J.W. Smith, of the Black Rock sawmill, has had to decline orders for 60,000 feet of lumber, all that his mill can turn out this season being required for building Camp Independence.

A grand jury of five reported four indictments, for grand larceny, burglary, and assault with intent to commit robbery.

A culvert over the creek in town, extending entirely across Main street, is one of the greatest recent achievements we have to boast of.

Mail routes have been established between Big Pine and Lida Valley, weekly; Bakersfield to Cerro Gordo and another from Indian Wells to Wallapai, Arizona.

Nov. 19, 1896

Dr. G.P. Doyle arrived yesterday from Chicago.

A warrant is out for the arrest of an Indian called Frank, for stealing a horse from A.L. McGee.

Wheat is selling in San Francisco for \$1.50 per 100 pounds, which is bound to favorably affect local prices.

Married, in Bishop November 17th, W.W. Watterson to Miss Kate G. Matlack.

The Good Templars have installed the following officers: B.H. Taney P.C.T., Fred C. Scott, C. T., Miss Etta Shirley V.T., Miss Mabel Chalfant S., Jas Dehy A.S., J.E. Meroney F.S., Rev. W.F. McClure T., Mrs. S.W. Austin C., M.Q. Watterson M., Miss Janie Truscott D.M., Thos. Thomson, Jr. G., John Brockman S.

A meeting of members of the Knights of Pythias has been called with the idea of forming a lodge.

From the Files

Sept. 21, 1872:

Reports indicate that developments of importance are likely in Telescope mining district. (This soon afterward became the Panamint beam.—Register.)

Corn on I. W. Clanton's place at George's Creek stands 18 feet high.

Men were imprisoned in a mine at Fish Springs on the 15th. A car carrying a ton of dirt was being hauled out when the rope broke and the car began to run down at high speed. One of the men put a rock on the track ahead of it, and the car, smashing into the incline wall, broke down the walls and closed the incline. The miners were dug out unhurt.

Petition for a county seat election was rejected by the votes of Supervisors Bell and Hutchison, Simpson voting against the motion. Grounds of rejection were that it had already been rejected; that many of the added names on it were not placed there by the alleged signers, and that some of them were not citizens of the county.

John Alexander refused to give required bonds to build bridges under contract already awarded him; the award was rescinded and contract given to E. Chaquette, whose bid was: Lone Pine bridge, main span \$5000, approaches \$12.50 per lineal foot; Bend City bridge \$4000, and \$20; Big Pine bridge, \$2300, and \$14.

The grand jury was called by Judge Hannah. Its members are J. W. Inman, S. Pinchower, Geo. Collins, J. N. Newland, J. Shipley; A. P. Hitchcock, G. W. Norton, John Blair, A. M. Copeland, John Lucas, W. G. Squires, A. H. Johnson, T. F. A. Connelly, I. F. Rittgers.

F. Sepulveda was sentenced to three years in San Quentin for stealing a horse from M. S. Clark.

Mexican residents at Lone Pine celebrated September 16th.

Sept. 24, 1896:

Republican primaries on the Crawford plan were held last Saturday. The canvass by the Central Committee showed results as follows: W. A. Lamar received the nomination for Superior Judge, having 43 votes, as against 22 for P. W. Bennett; for Supervisors, J. H. Shannon in Second district, J. J. Stewart in Fourth district; Central Committee men: Round Valley—J. G. Birchim, W. W. Vaughn; Lincoln—N. J. Cooley, Wm. McLaren; Bishop—J. H. Stoutenborough, W. W. Watterson, W. A. Chalfant, M. A. George, Sol Foorman; Poleta—A. O. Collins; Big Pine—R. K. Love, L. A. McDonald; Independence—F. E. Densmore, J. D. Blair, W. T. Bunney, Geo. Naylor; George's Creek—F. MacIver; Lone Pine—R. S. Carrasco, E. H. Edwards.

The county tax rate has been set at \$1.73, with 42 cents to be added for State rate.

Bishop Montgomery, of the Los Angeles Catholic diocese, lectured in the Academy chapel Sunday evening on "Religion and Citizenship."

Sept. 28, 1872:

Harris & Rhine have finished their new store. The main store is 47 by 60 feet, with a 22-foot addition at the rear.

The Telegraph stage line, from Independence southerly, publishes rates of fare as follows: To San Francisco, \$46; Los Angeles, \$30; Havilah, \$20; Visalin, \$50. Fare from Cerro Gordo is the same. Stages leave Independence Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.

From the Files

July 13, 1872

A desperado named Ed White, recently of Cerro Gordo, rode into Benton on the Fourth with a horse which he wanted to put into the day's races. E. Mallory, of Bishop Creek, recognized the horse as one which had been stolen from him and laid claim to it. After a few words White pulled a gun, but failed to do any murdering, a bystander striking up his arm. Deputy Sheriff Hightower tried to arrest White, but being unarmed was driven off. White then tried to compel Dr. F.C. Smith to give up his saddle horse. About then Mallory and Hightower came up armed with shotguns, at which White surrendered. He was taken to Bridgeport, and is held on three charges of horse-stealing, assault to commit murder and attempted highway robbery.

Formal christening of the Owens Lake steamer Bessie Brady occurred July 4th, at Ferguson's Landing. The boat is 85 feet long, 16 feet beam, 6 feet depth of hold, a 20-horse power engine drives her propellor; speed 7 miles per hour, carrying capacity 100 to 150 tons. The boat will make the round trip from Swansea to the foot of the lake, carrying 70 tons, in a day, at less cost than involved in running a 12-horse team carrying six tons and taking five days for the trip. The boat took its load of passengers to the foot of the lake. The deck unshaded from the sun, and with the heat of the engine and boiler as an influence on temperature, was a torrid place, yet dancing went on. A picnic celebration occurred where a stream enters the lake below Cottonwood. The night program of dance and fireworks occurred at Lone Pine.

A Fourth of July ball at Bishop Creek was attended by about 60 couples.

A. Stecker's plans for a new courthouse have been accepted by the Supervisors.

I.W. Clanton, of George's Creek, leaves with us a bunch of oats 6 feet 5 inches high. (This Clanton family afterward figured in the noted Clanton-Earp feud in Arizona.)

July 16, 1896

The corner stone of the new Methodist Episcopal church now under construction at Big Pine will be laid August 4th.

Additional teachers elected: Big Pine, Mr. and Mrs. W.G. Dixon; George's Creek, Frank Moore; Taboose, Miss Mabel Doss; Lone Pine, S.W. Austin, Mrs. Belle McClure; Valley, Miss Lea Darrah; Independence, Mrs. M.E.T. Stevens; Round Valley, Mrs. P.H. Willis.

Bodie and Bridgeport baseball teams played ball at Bodie on the Fourth. Bridgeport made nine runs in the first inning, seven in the second and none in the next two. Bodie made four in the first, eighteen in the second, twenty-two in the third, and was just getting to going good when Bridgeport threw up the sponge. Ira and George Clarke played with Bodie, and Dan Smith with Bridgeport.

Henry Laselle, better known as Modock, died Tuesday. J.H. Shannon has been appointed Justice of the Peace here. Inyo property valuation, except railroad assessment, is \$1,472,183.

An event of the Fourth of July at Mammoth was a target shoot, in which Louis Munzinger won the prize, a watch.

CARD OF THANKS

Toll free calls offered in farm product purchases

For the second consecutive year, the State Dept. of Food and Agriculture and Consumer Affairs has opened a toll-free direct marketing "hot-line" in Sacramento for consumers interested in getting farm products directly from the farmer. Consumers can buy products directly from farmers at substantial savings.

The toll-free long distance number is 1-800-952-5537, and will be staffed Monday through Friday from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. until Sept. 20.

Many different types of produce will be available. In season now are apricots, cherries, peaches, and pears.

In the three-month period the toll-free line operated last summer, direct marketing personnel handled 28,057 calls (an average of 360 a day), listed 285 farmers throughout the state, and helped move more than 1200 tons of produce.

BROOKS

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"Oldest exclusive floor covering store in the valley"

Across from the Hi School
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MECHANIC WANTED

Automatic Transmission
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Apply in Person

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From the Files

Sept. 14, 1872:

School money has been apportioned to the county's six districts—Bishop Creek, Independence, Lone Pine, Milton, Round Valley and Union.

J. W. McMurry, of Fish Springs, is engaging in experimental trout raising. About two dozen small trout were taken from Kern river and transported to his place, where they were put into large resevoirs. There is no doubt of the ultimate success of the adventure.

Inyo's \$40,000 bond issue for building courthouse and bridges, was sold for 80 cents on the dollar, and certificates of deposit for the money, \$32,000, have reached Treasurer Henry Isaacs.

The rebuilding of Camp Independence is about to commence, under the supervision of the officers. The Black Rock mill is to furnish 400,000 feet of lumber for the purpose.

Steam hoisting works are being installed at the Union mine, Cerro Gordo.

D. Campbell, of Big Pine, is running a weekly stage across to Deep Spring.

Bids for rebuilding the courthouse were opened by the Supervisors, T. F. Hutchison, A. N. Bell and John Simpson, this week. Bidders made offers as follows: Firestine & Stecker, \$17,650; Maloon & Son, \$15,250; E. Chaquette, \$15,900. Hutchison and Bell voted to accept Chaquette's bid, Simpson voting for Maloon & Sons, and Chaquette received the contract. For building three bridges, John Alexander's bid was accepted, at \$2,400 for main span, approaches \$14 per foot. Lone Pine bridge, \$2,650, and \$18 per foot for approaches.

Another petition has been presented to the Supervisors asking for an election on county seat removal.

Rev. E. H. Orne has been reappointed Methodist minister here by the conference.

David Love, of Bishop Creek, has been employed to go over the county books, a work which he says will take two months.

New district laws have been adopted y the miners of Cerro Gordo. The district is hereafter to be called Cerro Gordo instead of Lone Pine district, as it has been known in the past.

Sept. 17, 1896:

Marks & Cohn are about to build a warehouse at the west end of West Line street.

We re told that a fossil fish was lately found in the phosphate beds east of Big Pine.

L. C. Gray, a native of Norway, aged 78 years, died at his place in the foothills west of Independence last Thursday. He was one of the earlier superintendents of the Kearsarge mine.

An Epworth League was established at Big Pine Sunday, a large contingent of young people from Bishop being present to assist. The President is W. G. Dixon, vice presidents Mrs. Dixon, Miss Maggie Peterson, Miss Ora Eldred and Mrs. E. A. Crocker.

Literature needed for two January sports shows

Two Inyo-Mono Eastern High Sierra Exhibits will be on display in January 1978 in two major sports shows.

The first one opens its doors at the Anaheim Convention Center in southern California, Jan. 7, for nine days.

The Inyo-Mono booth has 400 square feet of space to display an exhibit featuring a backdrop of mounts of deer, fish, and arrowheads; a tack room display of packing gear; and also, a floor scene of a back country camp. The show expects to have around 300,000 in attendance.

The Cow Palace show in San Francisco will open Jan. 13 for ten days. The Eastern High Sierra has 900 square feet of space for their exhibit, which will be the largest exhibit in Vacationland. Featuring forty 16 X 20 all-colored pictures on the backdrop of the beautiful Eastern High Sierra. Eastern High Sierra Packers Association will have their pack stock there for a packing demonstration. Last year there were 387,000 paid attendance at this show.

Anyone who has literature for either of the shows should have it at Blake Jones', 213 Academy Ave., Bishop CA., not later than Dec. 28, and it will be transferred to the shows.

Anyone who wishes to work with personnel in the booth is welcome to do so. Contact Blake Jones, 873-3257.

Plea issued for costumes & seamstress

Curtain Call Theatrical Company issued a plea for help with sewing and finding of costumes for their February production of the "Sound of Music".

They need people willing to rummage through their closets to find any old dresses, suits, army hats and uniforms, and nun's habits.

Do you remember "Fiddler on the Roof"? they query. Many of the items of clothi-



Oct. 12, 1872

From the 27th of June to the 30th of September inclusive, 22,402 bars of Cerro Gordo bullion, weighing 952 tons and valued at \$200 a ton, were put on teams for Los Angeles. At last accounts several thousand tons more were at the furnaces awaiting shipment.

The Lida Belle mine in Lida district has been sold by Sam Halsey and George Ayres to the Lida Valley M. & M. Co. for \$12,000.

The American Hotel in Cerro Gordo has been sold by James Brady to Jos. Seely for \$7,000.

October 15, 1896

Petitions for a local option election were presented to the Supervisors last Saturday by Rev. W.F. McClure, who has been active in securing signatures. The petitions contained 497 names, of whom 457 were found to be competent petitioners. An election was therefore ordered.

The county has 1016 registered votes this year, in precincts as follows: Round Valley 49, Lincoln 77, Laws 39, Bishop 238, Poleta 22, Big Pine 118, Fish Springs 34, Taboose 22, Independence, 139, Citrus 12, George's Creek, 53, Lone Pine 82, Cerro Gordo 13, Keeler 29, Olancha 13, Darwin 30, Modoc 13, Panamint 33.

Oct. 19, 1872

Sheriff Mulkey has brought in a two-year-old colt valued at \$1800.

Pulp from ten different Lida Valley mines range from \$265 up to \$1303 per ton. The Brown's Hope mine, of the same camp, has produced ore running still higher.

"More good news" is the heading over a report of the killing of seventeen Apaches.

J. H. Muller, living near Big Pine, has bought some pedigreed Durham cattle.

Oct. 22, 1896

Ben M. Leete and family arrived from Eagle Salt Works, Nevada, Friday.

The Republican County Committee has organized by electing J.H. Stoutenborough chairman, W. A. Chalfant secretary.

The mountains on both sides of the valley are capped with snow.

Chas. E. Johnson has purchased a frontage on Main street next to Dixon's drug store, and will put up a building.

Married, in Round Valley October 15th, W.R. Thorington to Miss Ettie B. Horton.

Oct. 26, 1872

Jimmy Sharp, the eccentric prospector, is exhibiting gold from decomposed dirt in a claim in the Alabamas. Sharp has probably more mines containing rich ore than any other man in the world, yet is as poor as any.

The steam hoist in the Union mine at Cerro Gordo is operating. Its engine is 175 feet underground.

T.D. Lewis has bought 30 head of unbroke work cattle from John Broder, at \$65 a head.

Goldsmith Maid out-trotted in a great race at Sacramento October 16th; best time 2:20 1/4.

Nov. 2, 1872

Lone Pine's new schoolhouse is under fair headway. A large two-story hotel is being erected by Louie Munzinger and F.P. Ball, on the corner adjoining Daneri's new store. Charley Meysan's new store room, which will be one of the largest in town, is nearly completed, while Mrs. Barry is about building a two-story addition to her hotel.

The steamer Bessie Brady will hereafter make regular trips between Cartago and Swansea.

The Blaney house will be reopened for business next Monday by V.G. Thompson.

The great register for this year contains 705 names, again-

st 590 in 1871. There are 492 native born voters.

Oct. 29, 1895

T.B. Rickey is said to be building about 35 miles of fencing on his lands north of Independence.

A.D. Schiveley is S.P. agent at Laws, his father, A.R. Schiveley, having been transferred to Keeler.

An importation of pheasants arrived from Oregon yesterday, seventeen of the birds coming through alive. Thirteen of them having been released on S.J. Newlan's ranch and four on Wm. Watterson's.

Died, in Bishop, October 25th, James N. Munn, aged 32 years, 10 months.

Nov. 5, 1896

Silver Monday 65 3-8.

No change was made in the Board of Supervisors, Freeman, Stewart and Fitzgerald all being re-elected.

Walter A. Lamar has been elected Superior Judge, by an almost unanimous vote.

T.A. Keables defeats Reese for Assemblyman from this district. A.R. Conklin has been defeated for re-election as Superior Judge of Kern county.

The Federal Energy Administration recommends that fireplace dampers be kept tightly closed during the heating season unless a fire's going. In moderate winter climates, an open damper in a 48-square inch fireplace can let up to eight percent of a house's heat escape up the chimney.

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GOOD OLD DAYS

Arlie Brierly recalls days of 'Gospel swamp'

(Editor's Note—A. A. Brierly, of Independence, who was born in Bishop, Jan. 20, 1884 and who spent more than 60 years in public life in Inyo county, again dips into his store of knowledge of Owens Valley history to vividly describe some early day events, the like of which will never be seen again.)

by A. A. Bierly

When my grandfather, Hugh S. Enloe, reached the vicinity of present day Bishop on May 25, 1876 he began to understand what he had been hearing since he entered Owens Valley and that was that the settlement on Bishop Creek was known as "Gospel Swamp."

At that time Bishop was largely a patch of tules, swamp grass with little ponds of more or less stagnant water and streams, the size of which depended on the time of the year.

He left a team standing out north of town at "Ol Man Norton's Place." Something startled the horses and away they went in a good old fashioned runaway. Horses seemed to think in a runaway that the wagon was trying to catch them and the main thing was to get away from the wagon with little regard for anything else. They ran south along what is now Main Street dashing through whatever happened to be in the way. They crossed the south fork over a bridge near where the present City Park is. The stream then was much more formidable then than it is now. And on south they went over a stream that then diagonally crossed Line Street. The Bishop Creek hotel then occupied the land where the Safeway store now is and as there was no water piped in that stream no doubt was its source of supply. The runaway continued south until a patch of tules was hit in a bog hole in front of where Hartshorn Bros., wedding shop now stands at 375 South Main. The bog hole stopped the team and held the horses until they recovered from their fright of the pursuing wagon and allowed themselves to be unhooked and led away.

So much for the "Swamp" part and now for the "Gospel."

At that time there was a church in Lone Pine, one in Independence, none in Big Pine and two in Bishop, a total of three in the entire county. The Bishop area with two thirds of all the churches in the county was entitled to the name "gospel" to give it a descriptive word to go with "swamp."

The Baptist church then stood on the west side of Main at its junction with Church Street about where the Joseph's store now is. Rev. Andrew Clark was the pastor. He has descendants in Bishop who can well be proud of their ancestor. He was not a flamboyant leader, but was behind every movement for the benefit of the community and donated land for the first school. He lived the life he preached. In a diary kept by a man who lived at Georges creek it is noted that the Baptist minister from "Owensville" had been in their community for religious service. That was a trip that must have taken two days down and another

two days back with a day or so on the job, using up the better part of a week. And nobody paid Andrew Clark. In about 1890 when he was holding Sunday afternoon meetings at the Warm Springs school house I as a boy attended them.

In 1876 when my people arrived in the Bishop area Leander Case was the Methodist pastor in charge, but I doubt that he had a church then for the first work my father, W. C. Brierly, did in Bishop when he arrived in 1880 was to be one of the men who shingled the Methodist church which then stood on the west side of Main Street at the northern limit of town where the Presbyterian church now stands.

Case was a man I wish I knew more about. I would surely make a book. He never married and had been in Independence before coming to Bishop. He had been in an Idaho mining camp and had been ordered out by the town's rougher element. He told them in language picturesque, if not polite, just when he would go. He arrived in Independence just after the county was formed in 1866. The town then was the center of mining activity.

In Independence Case had a "knock down drag out" fight with a town bully and whipped him. There was some more picturesque, if not elegant, language as to how the dogs of the town treated the bully after his losing the fight.

In 1881 he was the minister at my father and mother's marriage.

There were stories current, although I never knew one who attended such meetings, of church sessions being held in the open and in front of a saloon. Both Case and Clark must have supported themselves in part, anyway from the produce they sold from the farms on which they lived near town.

In 1872 Seth G. Sneden bought from John B. Clarke a tract of land in Bishop creek valley. Sneden had been district attorney in Mono County, where it took a man of rare courage to even think of being prosecutor there. He must have been a man of rare foresight for this land is now near the present center of Bishop.

The county had no subdivision ordinance and no maps were compiled but it was not long after his purchase that lots were being sold in "Snedenville on Bishop Creek." Why the name Snedenville never stuck is not known, maybe the area Sneden owned was not big enough. We still have Sneden Street marking the eastern boundary of his purchase. And besides to the rest of the valley "Gospel Swamp" was far more appropriate. Bishop at one time was known as Bishop Creek, the post office was even called that but eventually the "creek" was dropped.

Cattleman Samuel Bishop could well be proud of the prosperous, progressive city named after him.

NATIONAL FOREST TIMBER SALE

The date of bid opening of the Dry Creek Timber Sale, Inyo National Forest, originally published in this paper September 22, 1977, is hereby extended. The new date of bid opening will be November 15, 1977. No other changes are made.

(IR: Oct. 13, 1977-821c)

(MH-CU: Oct. 13, 1977-821c)

DAR honors valley pioneers

by Clifton Walker

Two distinguished valley men, Arlie A. Brierly of Independence and Gus Cashbaugh of Bishop, were Honored Oct. 2 by the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution when they were presented with the DAR Honor Medal by members of Palisade Glacier Chapter, Mrs. Enid Ashworth of Independence and Mrs. Elma Crosby of Bishop. The presentation was made at the annual meeting of the Bishop Museum and Historical Society held at Bulpitt Park.

Palisade Glacier Chapter nominated and recommended the recipients to their National Society for their many years of outstanding accomplishments of leadership, trustworthiness, patriotism and service to their community, state and nation.

Both men were born and raised and received their early education in Bishop and they both came from early pioneer settlers of this area. The two have been close friends for over 80 years.

Arlie Brierly's parents and grandparents, came to Bishop in the spring of 1876. After four years of high school Arlie took an examination in Inyo county for a teaching position. His first school was at Independence and opened in September 1905. His years of teaching and holding the office of Superintendent of schools is indicative of his ability as a leader. Besides teaching he held positions of under-sheriff, assessor and county surveyor. To qualify for the latter position he studied and in 1939 took a test and was licensed as a U.S. Land and Mineral Surveyor for California and Nevada, holding this position until his retirement in 1971. In all he served his county, state and nation in responsible positions for 66 years, many without pay and today does not receive any pensions or retirement fund as these became law after he retired from public service. With the exception of his early life in Bishop he has made his home in Independence.

He has been a successful cattle rancher from a very early age. Today he runs his herd on leased land just south of Bishop. His goal is to live to be 102 so he can say he has been in the cattle raising business for 100 years. His brand is the oldest brand in continuous use in the state, having originally been registered in Tulare County in 1858 by his grandfather, Hugh S. Brierly.

Mr. Brierly has been active all his life in community affairs. His advanced age today restricts many of his activities but he still retains membership in the following organizations: American National Cattlemen's Association, California Cattlemen's Association, at one time serving as their state director. He is a member and one of the organizers and charter members of Inyo County Cattlemen's Association. He has shared his knowledge in breeding and raising cattle with younger cattlemen so they could improve their herds. He holds membership in the Morgan Horse Association of America and the California Woolgrowers Association. He is a member of Independence Lions Club and Independence Civic Club.

He retains his membership in Cole County and Cass County Missouri Historical Societies; the Missouri Historical Society and the California Historical Society. He researched and compiled his family history and presented copies to the California State Library. He has been a member for over 50 years of the Oddsfellows Lodge.

He holds a life membership in the American Congress on Surveying and Mapping, and during his active life has spent many long hours straightening out boundary lines in Inyo county. He is an associate member of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers since 1940.

His willingness to serve on national, state and county committees shows his support and defense of our country. His many accomplishments while in public office is evidence of his interest in good government and his public and private life exemplify the principles upon which our country was founded.

He is known for his articles on local history. Hours have been spent giving interviews to students, professors, journalists and just anyone who is interested in the early history of this area.

Mr. Brierly celebrated his 93rd birthday Jan. 20, 1977.

The father of Gus Cashbaugh settled on a ranch in Owens Valley in 1865 and in 1875 purchased a herd of cattle which started the family in the cattle raising business which has continued to this day, 102 years.

In 1905 Gus graduated from Bishop high school in their first graduating class. He was admitted to Stanford University and graduated with a degree in mining engineering. After schooling he held jobs in the mines of Leadville, Colorado; Ione, California and was a mining surveyor in Nevada.

After the death of his father in 1912 he returned to Bishop to work with his brothers in the cattle business and has continued in the cattle business to this day, in an advisory capacity with his son and nephew managing the herd.

Today at the age of 94 Mr. Cashbaugh is still active in local affairs recording early history of the area. Over the past ten years he has put in manuscript form and placed them in the library of the Bishop Museum and Historical Society the following articles: Bishop churches and their ministers; Inyo cattlemen with maps showing early cattle trails; map showing early mines in Inyo and Mono counties; a map of the town of Laws giving names of residences and businesses and their locations; dairy farmers of Owens Valley; grist mill built by the Cashbaughs; old homes of Bishop with many pictures; early schools of Owens Valley with pictures; U.S. Forest service and Bureau of Land Management; cemeteries of Owens Valley.

He holds membership in the National Cattlemen's Association; California Cattlemen's Association; Inyo County Cattlemen's Association; a member of the Masonic Lodge for 60 years and a member of the Catholic Church.

He has served on boards of directors of Northern Inyo Cemetery District; member of advisory board of directors for Bank of America; trustee for Bishop high school; member board of directors Inyo Creamery. He is a patron member of the Bishop Museum and Historical Society.

Mr. Cashbaugh holds the trust and high esteem of the community and his knowledge of financial matters and the many years he has served on committees and board of directors pertaining to the growth of the area indicates his ability to lead. He is considered along with Mr. Brierly as one of the best historians of the early history of Inyo county. He

is always willing to pass on his knowledge of the area to those interested in learning about the early days.

The accomplishments of these two gentlemen qualified them to receive this high award given by the National Society DAR.

(Ed. note: Spearheading this program and the research was done by Clifton Walker, Americanism chairman for Palisade Glacier Chapter DAR of Bishop. To verify these qualifications letters of recommendations from their associates, a short biography of each man and news clippings were required).

MULES

It was enough to make an old-fashioned Missouri mule skinner give up and switch to training toy poodles.

When Bishop celebrated its annual Mule Days, women turned out to be the best mule handlers. They won the top three prizes in the varied racing, reining, and packing events.

Women, said one observer, rely on skill and kind words to control their balky charges, instead of muscle and a scorching vocabulary.

TEMPO

From Page 4

The Bishop celebration reflects a growing interest in riding and racing mules during the last five years, though they are largely gone from farms. In 1925 almost 6 million mules toiled on United States farms; within 30 years they were, as one breeder said, "tractored out."

The men — and women — who know mules best would like to see them make a comeback on the farm as well as race track. Even scarred and bruised mule skinnners say the animals really are quiet and gentle.

A Missouri mule breeder shrugged off a large bruise on the back of his thigh. "I just got too close when a bunch of them were playing," he said. "That wasn't a mean mule."

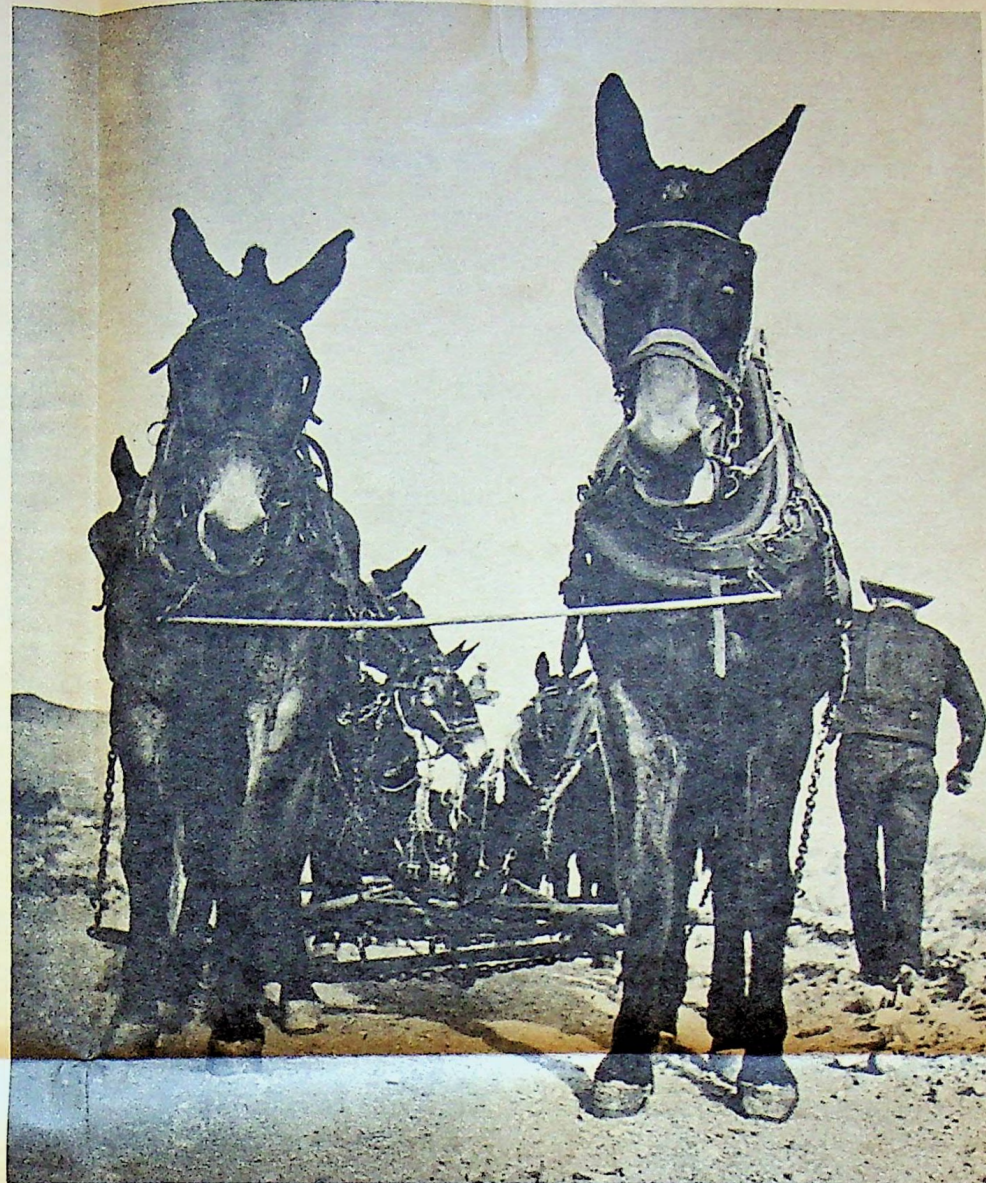
The operator of a Kansas mule farm, whose thumb was bitten off by a mule, claims it was his own fault. "I got a little careless," he explained.

"When those ears go down, watch out."

Mule fanciers generally agree that the animal's reputation for stubbornness is unjustified. It often amounts to self-preservation. Unlike the high-strung horse, the mule has an uncanny ability to look after itself — to the despair of the driver. When tired or overheated, a mule simply stops working.

The mule, particularly the breed once favored by the United States Army, also has a reputation for kicking. At the end of the Civil War, no less than 1000 Union soldiers qualified for disability pensions, because they got too close to the combat end of a mule.

One mule Skinner said he had known mules to behave for six months so as to get a chance to kick. Some experts say, however, that mules are no worse kickers than horses and respond to kind treatment.



Mules possess a well-earned reputation for kicking, but mule skinnners, though scarred and bruised, maintain the beasts are really quiet and gentle.

Meet the Master.

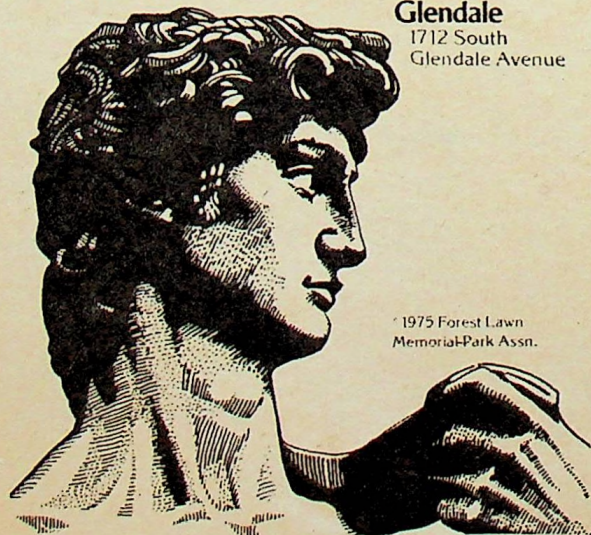
We invite you to see some of Michelangelo's most famous sculptures. David. La Pieta. Moses. The Medici Madonna. And more.

Each has been painstakingly recreated in exact detail. And each has been sculptured in Carrara marble mined from the very same area that Michelangelo used.

There is no charge for admission. But the rewards are priceless.

For information call 254-3131.

**Forest Lawn-
Glendale**
1712 South
Glendale Avenue



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Memorial Park Assn.

Bred since pre-Biblical times, the mule is a cross between a male donkey and a female horse, combining the best features of both parents. It has the intelligence, sobriety, endurance, and sure-footedness of the donkey; the strength and bulk of the horse. It thrives on poor food and withstands cold or blistering heat.

Mules probably first were bred in western Asia, where horse-using tribes met the donkey. Breeders learned that the hybrids are almost invariably sterile, giving rise to the saying, "A mule has neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity."

The late novelist William Faulkner, who knew mules

first-hand, saw an advantage to their origin: "... were he to vanish from the earth today, the same chanceful biological combination which produced him yesterday would produce him a thousand years hence, unaltered, unchanged, incorrigible still within the limitations which he himself had proved and tested; still free, still coping."

ACTOR

Warren Beatty's office is the penthouse of a Beverly Hills hotel, a cluttered apartment with sundeck, from which he can gaze down at the community that was portrayed in his movie *Shampoo*.

On a recent afternoon, Beatty stretched out in the smog-strained sunshine, anointed his freckled face with tanning cream, and talked about his latest assault on public complacency.

In his 15-year film career, Beatty has acted in 14 movies and produced two. The first of his productions was the 1967 *Bonnie and Clyde*, which aroused a storm of controversy and a bundle of money.

"I made the picture for \$1.9 million, and to date it has earned about \$35 million," said the producer-star.

"I'm hoping it will climb to \$40 million. Even though it has already been on television, it is still being played in theaters.

"In fact, it has had more play-dates than any Warner

Brothers film, including *My Fair Lady* and *The Exorcist*.

His second production is this year's *Shampoo*, which is drawing the same reaction in terms of talk and money.

"*Shampoo* cost \$2.5 million below-the-line," he said, referring to actual production expense; talent costs probably added \$1.5 million.

"The figures Columbia has been giving me are unbelievable. They're talking about maybe \$35 million domestic, and \$15 million foreign. I don't expect the foreign

If I Were Motoring in March

By MAX FULTON

IN MARCH California winds blow hot or cold—depending on where you happen to be. In the lowlands warm breezes ripple fields of wild flowers, while in the mountains icy blasts whip through snowy canyons. There's really no use in naming the good ski spots since, (1) the Auto Club's outing bureau can give you better and later dope on them and, (2) if there's only a little snow and not too many bare patches you skiers will hie away to your favorite slopes anyway.

Normally, wildflowers can be found in Kern County, around Bakersfield and Arvin. Other patches bloom near Beaumont and Banning while the desert each year around Palm Springs and Lancaster abounds with color. Frankly, I'm not going to stick my neck out too far and predict anything. Our normal heavy rainfall has been a little late in arriving this year and, since good wildflower displays are dependent upon it, their appearance may be tardy. So I'll just say that sometime during the month of March you'll get to see desert candle, coreopsis, dwarf lupine and all the other blossoms that yearly attract thousands of motorists.

Incidentally, if you don't know a baby-blue-eye from a wild clematis, drop in at a Richfield Oil Company station and get a free wildflower book. Each variety is described and pictured in color and they'll be available about March 15.

PALM SPRINGS does everything up brown—from its patrons to the Desert Circus they have planned, starting March 4. This affair is quite a mass of entertainment, starting with a Kangaroo Court, a square dance tournament and a Western Fashion Show at a luncheon in the front patio of the Desert Inn. Wednesday night brings the Village Vanities, a show put on by the local yokels, who enlist any talent which happens to pop into town—and plenty of it will. This is perhaps the best event of the week and is repeated on Thursday at the Plaza Theater.

On Friday at 11 A.M. they'll hold a typically Californian activity—a horse parade. Bands from civic organizations in Southern California, Sheriff's posses from all the surrounding counties, floats from local organizations and all the uniformed groups such as State Guard, Ambulance Corps, etc., will participate. The big show at the Field Club starts at 2 o'clock and lasts until 5 with regular rodeo acts and other entertainment.

ON MARCH 21-22 the Pasadena Junior League will hold their annual All-Breed Dog Show at the Southern California Golf and Country Club, formerly Midwick. Over a thousand entries in last year's show attest the prominence of the affair. Proceeds are given to charity.

Another event in the sporting scene scheduled for this month is the All-Western Surf Casting Tournament to be held Saturday and Sunday, March 7 and 8, between Rainbow and Silver Spray Piers in Long Beach. The contests will include accuracy casting for professionals and amateurs and a junior event for boys and girls up to 15 years of age. Entrance fee will be a Defense Stamp to be bought by each contestant and there will be trophies and prizes for winners in each event.

THIS MONTH finds two interesting exhibits at the Los Angeles County Museum. From March 2 to 31, there will be a one-man show of paintings by James Patrick, one of the foremost Southern Californian artists and recently elected president of the California Water Color Society.

WESTWAYS readers are familiar with Mr. Patrick's work in black and white since in the last few years he has done half-a-dozen covers for us and his beautiful illustrations have adorned many of the pages inside the magazine. Here's your chance to see examples of his superb color sense.

From March 14 to April 26 there will be on exhibit a collection of paintings by artists of Los Angeles and vicinity.

SHE WAS a vivid highlight of old Calico, and after Calico dried up and became a ghost, she carried its traditions to other desert towns. Tenderfeet bestowed on her a regal title. But those who collided with her elbows and hammerlike fists knew her as "Mother Preston."

Born in France of an old and respected family, she came to America by way of Australia. From San Francisco she was lured to the wasteland by tales of fabulous riches pouring out of a barren range in San Bernardino County. In those days she was a young woman of striking appearance. Calico knew her as a "boss" of its entertainers, and a generous host to down-and-out miners. Here it was that she married Tom Preston, a nondescript figure in blue denim who followed the fortunes of mining, and generally lost.

When silver was demonetized and Calico started its nose-dive toward oblivion the Prestons were "well-fixed." But the prospect of life in a moribund camp didn't appeal to Mother, so she went to Cripple Creek, Colorado, which was enjoying a hectic boom.

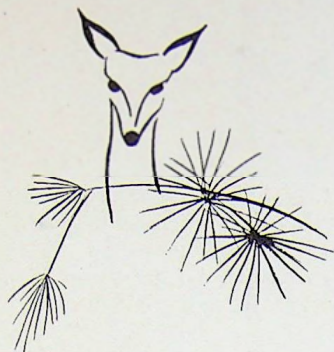
Within two years, distressing news came to Mother Preston. Tommy had sold the Calico property and bought a saloon in Daggett. Highly incensed, she boarded the first train out of Cripple Creek for California. What she saw was enough to confirm her suspicion that Tommy lacked the sagacity to continue as a business partner. So she went into court, sued for possession of their joint holdings, and had herself appointed Tommy's guardian.

Eventually, Mother Preston's place became a landmark known from Nevada to the Mexican border—a rendezvous for miners, prospectors, and cattlemen who called it "the Petticoat Jail." Presiding over its mahogany bar was Mother Preston, a stocky, powerfully-muscled woman of middle age. Her usual costume was a "Mother Hubbard" dress with overall pockets sewed to the hips, a cap perched rakishly over graying hair, and ponderous "brogans" designed for masculine wear in a country that was notoriously hard on shoes. Thoroughly schooled in all the fine points of bar-room combat, she was pacifier and official bouncer when such services were in order. And in the background hovered the mouselike Tommy!

Good fortune placed a watering trough in front of the Preston establishment. By day it slaked the thirst of horses, mules, and burros. By night it served as a cooler for would-be trouble-makers, propelled to its brink by the brawny hammerlocks, half-Nelsons and strangleholds of Mother Preston.

Discovery of the Bagdad-Chase Mine started a small boom in Ludlow. Alert

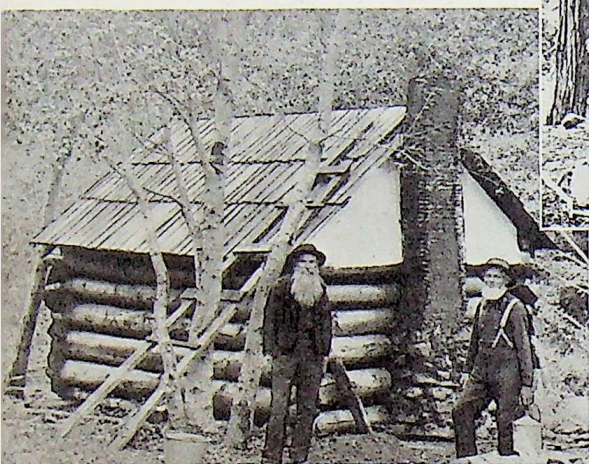
HISTORIC CABINS of the ANGELES



By WILL THRALL



Owen and Jason Brown, sons of John Brown the great anti-slavery crusader, came to Pasadena in the '80s, took up claims near Brown's Peak and built the cabin pictured at the left. The little log house above was built in Ice House Canyon by John Allison and his sons, who turned prospectors and tunneled for gold under the big Ice House Canyon slide



THE Angeles National Forest is a vast, magnificent and very handy back-yard playground for the two and a half million people living in the Los Angeles area and in the San Fernando and San Gabriel valleys.

Stretching over 1007 square miles of mountain slopes and heights, the Angeles contains every sort of scenery, from cactus-covered desert to snowy, pine-clad summits as high as 11,000 feet. As long as men have lived in Southern California this mountain area has been a blessing and a joy, and Southern Californians have made such good use of it that there is hardly a born-and-bred Southern Californian who has not at one time or another enjoyed hikes and camping trips into the Angeles forest.

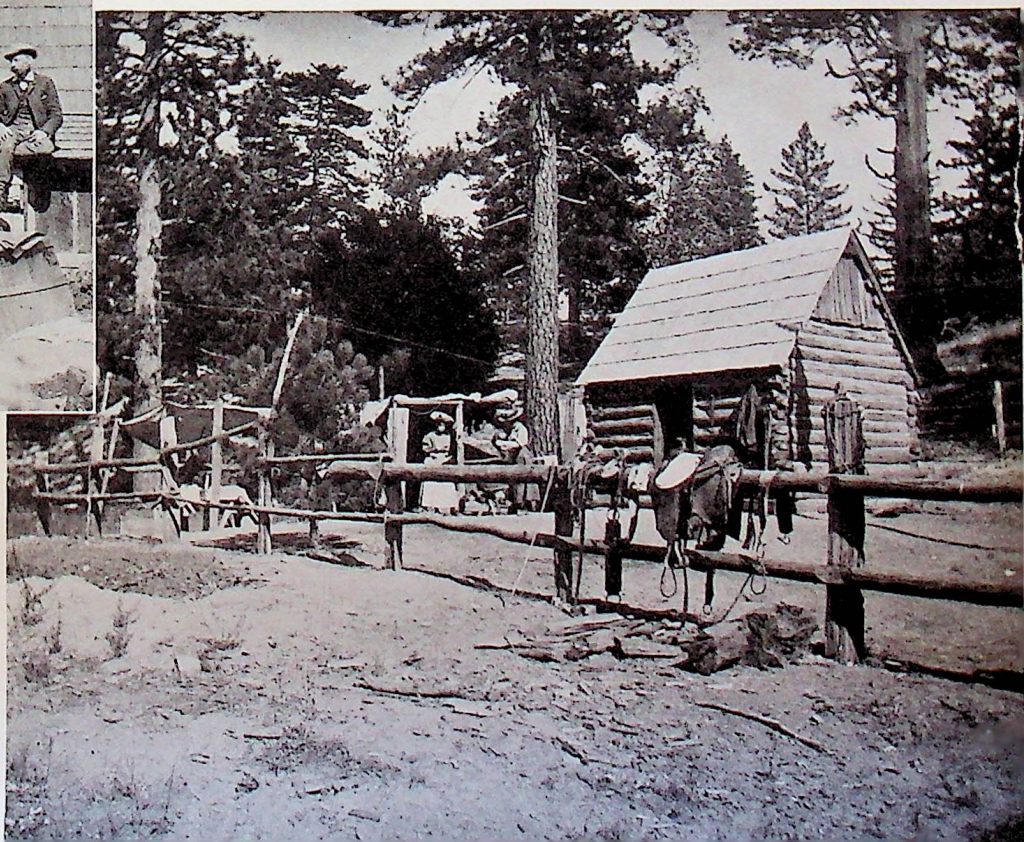
As concerns history, these sparsely-populated mountains were never the scene of any very momentous events. The Spaniards paid little heed to land so obviously unfit for farming; and the American pioneers soon found that neither mining nor lumbering yielded returns worth bothering about.

But the Angeles forest has certainly had an interesting past, if not a notorious one. Its fastnesses have been hide-outs for bandits and marauders; its annals are full of stories of painful injuries and heroic rescues; and history records many a brush with grizzly bears.

The cabins pictured here are among the few historical relics that stood up for very long against time, fire and floods. The men who built them were mountain men of various kinds: recluses, miners, surveyors and, of course, vacationers. For then as now, people went to the Angeles forest principally for pleasure—to get out in the open, hike, hunt, fish and enjoy themselves.



In the San Gabriel Canyon the Creel Club put up the trim fishing lodge seen above. The persons in the photo bear names well known to Angelenos. Sitting on the roof are Messrs. O'Melveny, Macneil, William Cardwell, Walton, Judge Wade and Cuzner. On the ground, J. Q. Tufts and Housekeeper Mary Persinger. Right, ranger cabin at Charlton Flat, erected in 1890 and still in use



was a hard job. Pleasant Canyon is a good case in point. It required six teams of good mules to pull a wagon through with a load of no more than two tons.

Gold ore in the Panamints is "spotty." Some veins have been uncovered that had more value for the beautiful specimens they yielded than for the gold they contained. A few bodies of lower grade ore were found, large enough to pay the owners handsome dividends on their investments, but not to be compared with the great lodes that enriched Goldfield, or the famous properties in the western foothills of the Sierra Nevada. Among the larger mines in this locality were the O B Joyful in Tuber Canyon with a production of about \$250,000; the Gem Mine in Jail Canyon that turned out close to \$150,000; and the Ratcliff and World Beater mines in Pleasant Canyon with records of around \$500,000 and \$200,000 respectively.

Enterprise and hard labor produced all this bullion from the Ballarat district; but of course the usual run of slick promoters made the best of their opportunity to unload wildcat stock on suckers all over the country. As a result, the town followed the pattern of most mining camps. Money was freely spent, and the principal sports were drinking and gambling. I believe that if all the bottles freighted over the Slate Range into this valley were laid end to end, they would completely encircle the Panamint Range. Three stores furnished the miners with provisions, and seven saloons kept their doors open day and night, and did a roaring business.

I never heard of a mining camp that

didn't have its share of "characters," and Ballarat was no exception to that rule. One of them was Shorty Harris, who became known in later years as the "Dean of Prospectors." He was a tiny chap not over five feet tall, and weighed about as much as a sack of sugar. I never saw a man who enjoyed himself as much as Shorty did. He could hold as much liquor as men with twice his bulk, and was never known to back away from a fight, even though his chance of winning it was about an even zero.

Then there was Stuttering Parker, who was a great favorite with the boys. When miners came down out of the hills to spend their dough and have a good time, they would gather around Parker and keep him talking so they could enjoy his butchery of the king's English. Then after a while, they'd take him to the bar and prime him with liquor. The results never failed to please everyone within earshot!

But the funniest chap in town was "Deefie" Shaw. Deefie couldn't hear a sound, no matter how loud a person might shout in his ear; but he was an expert lip-reader, especially when it came to cuss words. He never gambled for high stakes, but liked to sit in a little game for the drinks. When some stranger joined one of these games, the boys would take turns at cussing Deefie, and throw in all the fighting terms they could think of. But all the time they were doing it, they held their cards high enough to hide their lips. At last the stranger would decide to do his share of the honors, and cut loose with a string of profanity and abuse. Not being wise to Deefie's accomplishment, he left his cards down close to the table, and like an infuriated wildcat Deefie would leap from his chair and go right over that table after him, while the boys held their sides and howled with delight!

Gambling was such a popular pastime

that Ballarat, like all mining camps of those days, was a paradise for tin horns and crooked operators. I remember one outfit that came to town—four men and four women who carried on for three or four months and reaped a golden harvest. Then one morning, I met one of the ladies on the street. Her face was a perfect study of desperation and anger. With a great effort she got herself under control, and told me a sad story:

"When we planned to start business here," she said, "We got together, pooled all of our money, and bought a big and expensive lot of marked cards and loaded dice. We were doing a wonderful business until yesterday. Then last night, one of our men gathered up all those cards and dice and blew camp. Now we are all left flatter than a pancake! Can you imagine such a low down contemptible crook?"

Ballarat had only one killing in its history. It happened in 1904 when Constable Henry Pietsch and Justice of the Peace Richard Decker had a "chewing match" that started hard feelings between them. Some time afterward, the constable went to Decker's house and resumed the argument. We never learned what passed between them, but Pietsch claimed that Decker made a dash for a bureau drawer, and that he shot in self-defense. The bullet entered from the rear and severed Decker's spinal cord. That night he died in great agony. Pietsch was taken to Independence and tried, but the charge of murder was dismissed for lack of evidence. When he came back to Ballarat, a committee informed him that they didn't want any one in camp who would shoot another man in the back. He took the hint without demurring, and was never seen in these parts again.

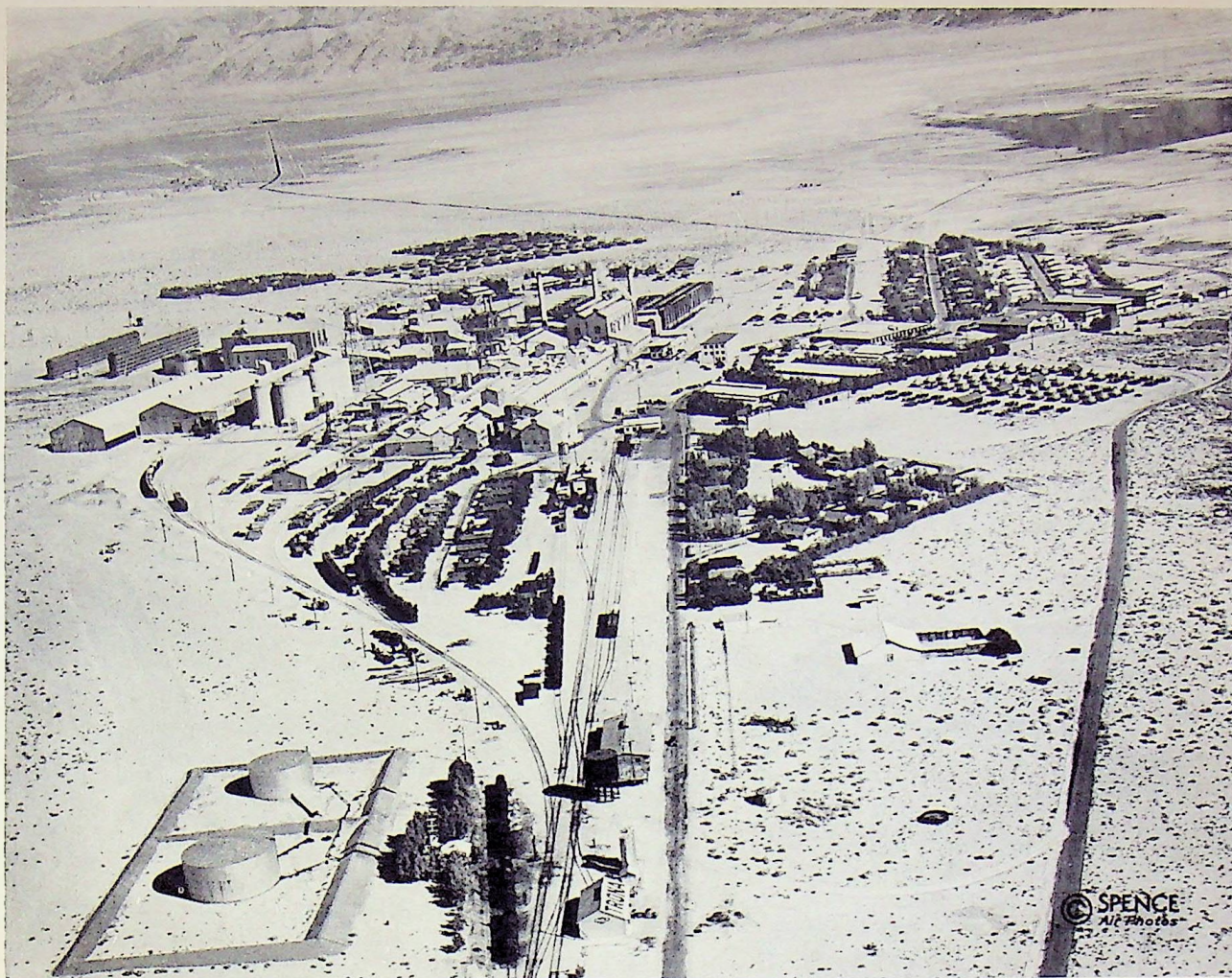
A few years later we had another shooting. Once more it was a justice of the peace and a constable who were involved. Both men had been drinking. The usual fighting words and uncomplimentary terms were exchanged. Then the law's arm drew a .32 calibre revolver. His Honor charged, a scuffle ensued, and the pistol changed hands. As the justice opened fire, the constable made a dash for the door. He outran the first four bullets, but the fifth one was too fast for him. He, too, was shot in the back, but in a less vulnerable spot; and for some time afterward he ate all of his meals standing up!

Yes, we had our share of fun in Ballarat, with an occasional dash of tragedy. But all this, you understand, is in the long past tense. Ballarat died—a slow death—a death without fanfare or romance. The simple fact is that nature did not put as much gold and silver into the Panamints as she lavished on Tonopah and Goldfield. And that, after all, is what makes or breaks a mining camp!



Upper left and directly above are two buildings associated with the rougher side of Ballarat's history: a saloon and the jail. The saloon now serves as a private residence and the old jail, too, is marked "Private Property". At left, another view of the main street





Business life in Trona centers around the operation of the big plant of the American Potash and Chemical Corporation. —Copyright Spence Air Photos.

fated Manly party which dragged its weary way through this valley after all but perishing in Death Valley in 1849. There are Chinese rice-whiskey flasks which formerly held the native drink of Chinese coolies employed by John Searles shortly after he discovered the lake in 1862. There are old pack saddles, gold pans, miners' picks, Indian baskets, and a papoose carrier.

We have an enviable collection of old iron kettles and cauldrons. One big old black fellow recently found by my husband while on a surveying trip in the mountains had been left as a marker at a section corner by the original government surveying party in 1859. For 78 years it stood guard over government records. There is also a hub of a wagon wheel used by Rimi Nadeau who first freighted ore through to San Pedro from Panamint City and Skidoo on 20-mule team wagons. Included also is our prize collection of purple bottles, bottles which have been lying out in the desert sun

and sand for so many years that they have taken on the deep violet rays of the sun. In fact, our little museum is fairly packed with the romance and tragedy of the early days on the desert.

As for potted plants and baskets, we found that certain succulents will thrive in pots, which, added to various species of our local cacti, give the entire place a cool green fresh appearance—a real oasis in the heart of the desert. With home-made rustic tables and benches, gay canvas chairs and swings, and colorful pottery purchased from roadside vendors in various parts of Southern California, the whole takes on a romantic glamour that only the desert can know.

To give color, as well as a more modern note, we wanted some dinner gongs, so we salvaged three old automobile brake drums, different sizes, from an ancient dump pile, removed the rust by sand-blasting, then painted them green and orange. Each drum has two distinct musical tones. We dissected a three-tier

wrought iron flower stand, purchased from a mail-order house, and hung each gong on a "leg," then topped each one with a gay colored pot of trailing ivy.

Building our patio has been great fun, but the greatest fun of all comes when we sound off on the gongs to summon kindly friends and neighbors for barbecued steaks. For our cocktail, while the steaks are sizzling, we'll drink in the beauty of the desert sunset—now painting the mountains with a wine-colored glow, now fading gradually into mauve. Then suddenly the myriads of stars, and the moon, like a giant Japanese lantern, spilling a shimmering light over the desert sands and the white "snow" of the lake bed. If you could drink in this picture with us you would indeed say with my husband, "Ain't that somethin'!"

That's my Desert Song and I'll challenge all readers to name a more hellish place to accomplish such a heavenly result.

for the main chance, Mother disposed of her Daggett saloon, and built a frame hotel and restaurant in Ludlow. Before the last nail was driven, a horde of patrons showed that her judgment had been excellent. Beds, cots, and "chow" were in demand night and day.

Here a stately crown was secured to Mother's shaggy head by outlanders who described her in awesome tones as the "Queen of the Desert." One subject who paid spontaneous homage was a man

asked in awed and tremulous tones:

"W-w-what sort of a country is this, anyhow?"

Ice was a precious commodity in the desert. Mother bought it in small quantities and placed a pitcher of iced tea on the table for her customers. Before long, she noted that the chunk of ice disappeared from the pitcher with monotonous regularity. After several days, she detected the culprit through a peep-hole in the partition. He was a brakeman who

reached into the pitcher, extracted the ice, and slipped it into his pocket. As the culprit emerged from the front door, Mother was there to greet him. A powerful arm encircled his neck; a hammer-like fist beat a tattoo on his face. Shortly afterward, a battered and thoroughly chastened brakeman went back to duty on his train.

But Mother had a soft spot in her heart for down-and-out miners, and no goldseeker who needed a grubstake ever departed from Ludlow empty-handed.

In the fullness of time, shrewdness mingled with hard labor built up for the Prestons a fortune that ran into six figures. And shortly after the Armistice, Mother found herself growing old and weary. Calico and its palmy days had become a legend. Overcome by a desire to see her native France once more, she disposed of her holdings and, taking Tommy in tow, set out for Paris.

A few years later word came to old-timers on the Mojave that Tommy and Mother had passed away, almost simultaneously. Rigors of the desert had been meat and drink for them — but the routine of life in France proved fatal!

Queen of the Desert

By PHILIP JOHNSTON



from the East who alighted at Ludlow to inspect a mining property. He went into the Preston Hotel to buy a cigar. Reaching under the counter, Mother brought out a box containing a brand that sold two for a nickel.

The customer eyed them coldly and said, "I want a better brand."

Again Mother reached under the counter, and brought out a second box exactly like the first one.

"I told you I wanted a better brand!" snapped the tenderfoot.

For a third time, Mother reached under the counter. When her hand came up it was grasping a .45 colt.

"Mister," she said very gently, "my cigars are good enough for anybody. You take one of them — now!"

The sale was made in record time. When the tenderfoot left the hotel, he

• Above is Mother Preston's old store at Ludlow which flourished under her management until she sold it and returned to France

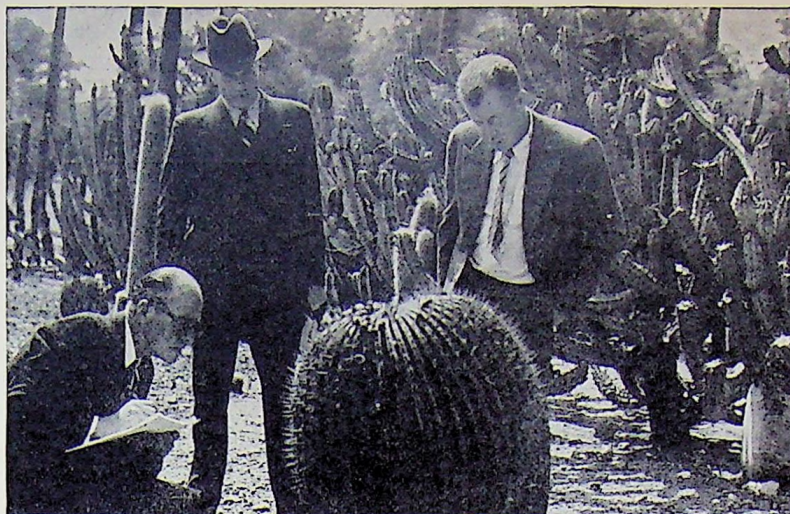
• Calico today is a forlorn and lonely town, as pictured at the right, but it was here that Mother Preston got her start on the desert

• The small town of Ludlow, below, was the domain of Mother Preston when miners gave her the title of the Queen of the Desert



Cacti Aren't Just Prickly!

Cactus collecting is fast becoming a popular Western hobby. And you don't need a desert in your garden in order to grow them. Some like it hot, some like it cold.



EXPERTS. W. T. Marshall, Cactus and Succulent Society's president; William Hertrich, Huntington Botanic Garden's curator; R. W. Poindexter, cactus explorer

COLLECTING CACTI isn't a new fad. As early as 1830 people in this country recognized their worth. It's just in the last decade, though, that cactus growing has really increased by leaps and bounds. The fact that today cactus colors and motifs are reproduced everywhere—on furniture, wallpaper, pottery, linen, glassware, and fabrics—furnishes proof enough of the popularity of this fascinating plant.

Until recently, probably one of the most ardent champions of the cactus clan was the late Dr. A. D. Houghton of Los Angeles. When anyone asked "why he bothered with the spiny brutes" his answer was "cacti are more adaptable than orchids, have larger flowers than the iris, and more beautiful colorings than the rose."

Today's champion of the cactus is the 10-year-old Cactus and Succulent Society of America. (Address of its head-

quarters: Box 101, Pasadena.) This world-wide organization works continuously to spread information on cacti and succulents. Dues are \$3 per year, which includes monthly copies of a *Journal*.

EVOLUTION

Thousands of years ago cacti had green leaves and flourished as do other plants that live in regions where there are no extremes of drought. During the earth's evolution certain areas became hotter and drier. To meet these new conditions the leaves of the plants changed their form and were modified into thickened bodies hardly recognizable as leaves.

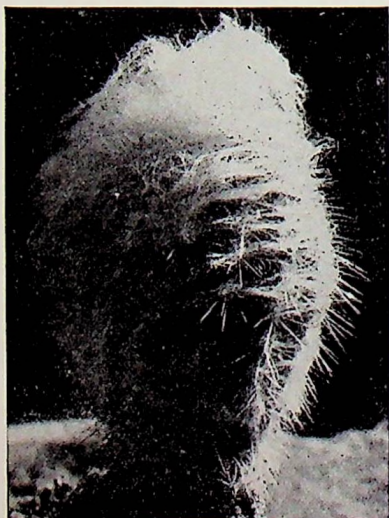
The structure of the plants slowly altered to enable them to conserve and store water within themselves. The skin hardened and the leaves shrank in size to avoid wasting moisture. Then the plants cultivated spines, hairs, and wool to

protect themselves from the hot sun and animals. The spines also served as distributors. Often they were caught in animals' fur and carried many miles away. Eventually the spines would be dropped—roots formed on them and new plants were born.

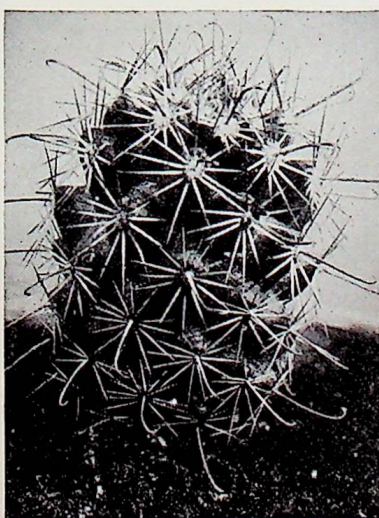
In the botanic world today cacti are members of that group of plants known as succulents, or juicy plants. They're recognized by fleshy stems or leaves, either or both being watery or swollen. All succulents aren't cacti, but all cacti are succulents.

Succulents are found in many plant families and grow all over the world, from steep mountain slopes to desert wastes. *Cacti* are native only to the Americas. There are delicate varieties from Central America and types hardy enough to stand the wintry blasts of Colorado winters.

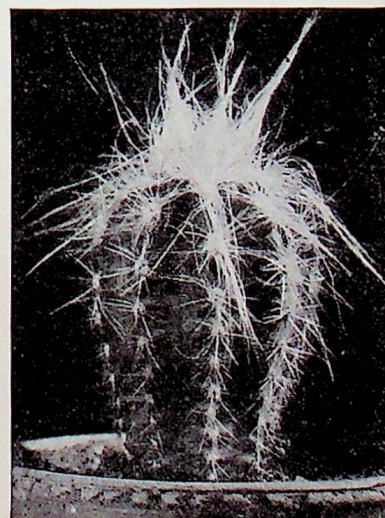
On first acquaintance, some people



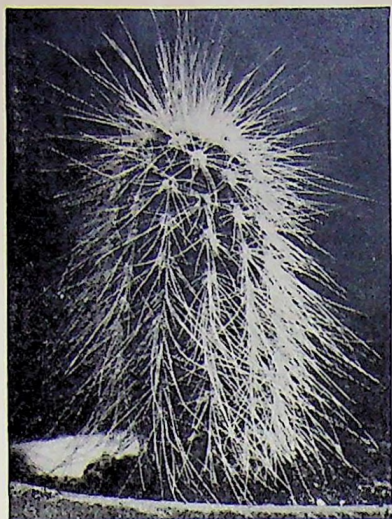
WOOL. *Espostia lanata*'s soft fleecy ball is intriguing. Fine for indoors



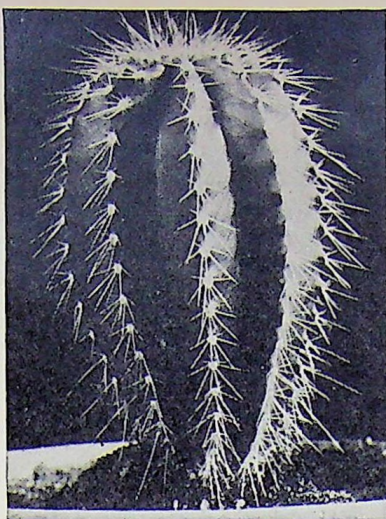
SPINES. *Cochemica poselgeri*'s fish-hook-like barbs are sharp as needles



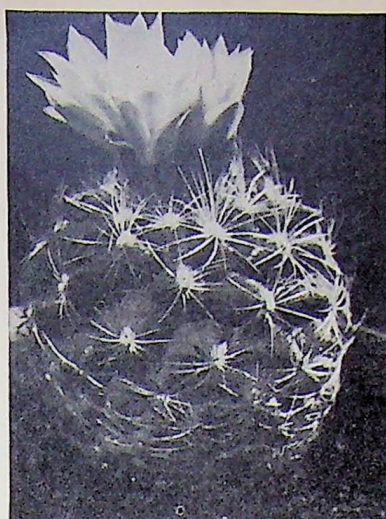
HAIR. *Oreocereus celsianus* has a hairy thatch flowing from the top



BRISTLES. This porcupine-like *Cephalocereus hoppenstedtii* is popular



MEXICAN CACTUS. *Cephalocereus euphorbioides* thrives on Pacific Coast



SURVIVES SNOW. *Coryphantha vivipara* flourishes in mountainous territory

think there's something forbidding about cacti bristling with hundreds of spines seemingly ready to repel the slightest demonstration of interest. Upon closer examination, this feeling soon vanishes and an avid interest develops in the unique forms and beautiful colors.

CULTIVATION

As cultivated plants, more cacti are grown indoors than in the open ground. They don't mind the dry air and can be left for days without water. Plants can be grown singly or in groups in pots or boxes. They should never touch a window. Turn them frequently so that all sides will receive sun.

Troubles to avoid in growing cacti are over-watering, frost, damp cold, excessive sun, and poor drainage. Seventy-five percent of the known cacti require partial shade. A sunburned cactus becomes yellow on top and develops scabs.

Cacti most desirable for indoor culture are (1) those with interesting forms and (2) those with interesting flowers.

Scott Haselton, author of the standard text for beginners, *Cacti for the Amateur*, and the newly published *Succulents for the Amateur*, recommends the following plants for interesting form:

Cephalocereus senilis (old man)
Pachycereus marginatus (organ-pipe)
Opuntia subulata
Cereus
Oreocereus celsianus
Euphorbia lanata
Echinocactus grusonii (golden ball)
Pereskia

Mr. Haselton recommends the following cacti for their lovely flowers:

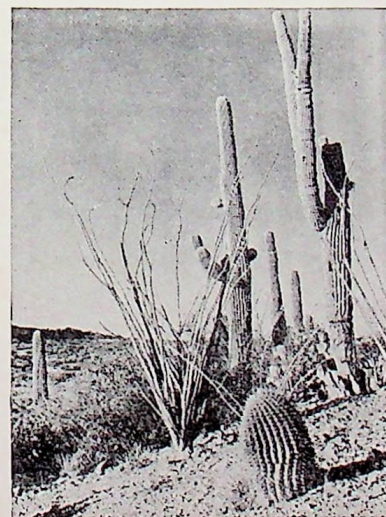
Aporocactus flagelliformis
Astrophytum myrtilloides
Cleistocactus baumanni
Coryphantha radiosa
Echinocereus papillosus

E. pentalophus
E. perbellus
Echinopsis eyriesii
E. multiplex
E. oxygona
E. polyancistra
Epiphyllum ackermannii
Eriocereus jusbertii
Gymnocalycium denudatum
G. mihanovichii
G. quehlianum
Hylocereus undatus
Lobelia binghamiana
Mammillaria albicans
Rhipsalis species
Selenicereus spinulosus
Zygocactus truncatus

The Cactus and Succulent Society maintains a garden on the east side of the Hall of Flowers at the Exposition. It was installed in February by W. T. Marshall, president of the organization, and Howard Gates, cactus explorer.



ARGENTINE IMMIGRANT. Long-named *Trichocereus schickendantzii*, a fine dwarf for any collection, grows only 6-10 inches high. The flowers are pure white



ARIZONA CACTI. Carnegiea ("Sage of the Desert"), Ocotillo, and Ferocactus

I Remember Randsburg When...

By **TOM GARRITY**

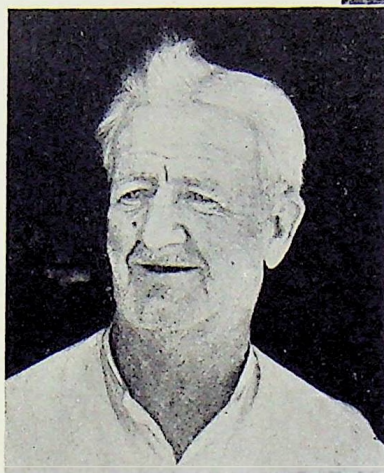
as told to PHILIP JOHNSTON

LIFE in a mining camp is like nothing else in the world. Once a man gets into the swing of it, any other existence becomes tame by comparison. That's the reason why I have been a citizen of Randsburg for the past 42 years. And in that time, I've seen enough story-book stuff to fill a volume as big as a dictionary!

It was back in the summer of 'ninety-seven that I got the fever—back in the days when Los Angeles papers were carrying big headlines about the “rich strike” in the desert east of Mojave. Men were talking about it on the streets. Every day, outfits were leaving town to prospect country that was hardly explored. A man can't be in that sort of atmosphere very long without getting restless. And so, one day, I boarded a train and started for Mojave, the jumping-off place where stages left for the new diggin's.

Three o'clock in the morning, a big Concord pulled out of Mojave for Randsburg. The minute I settled down in my seat, I realized that I was off on a big lark. All the other passengers were boomers on their way to the new camp, and every man jack of them was loaded with whiskey. Drinks were passed around every time we hit a sharp curve in the road. Several times, the driver was offered a slug, but he shook his head and kept his eyes on the teams.

Just before noon we pulled into Randsburg. All the passengers climbed out of the stage. Then the driver pulled his teams around and headed the stage back in the direction we had come. The street was so narrow that the front wheel cramped under the body and the stage turned over on its side. A whiskey drummer by the name of Gibbons was watching the show. When the driver finally got the mess all straightened out,



Tom Garrity is one of Randsburg's oldest old-timers. He has lived there 43 years

Gibbons yelled at him:

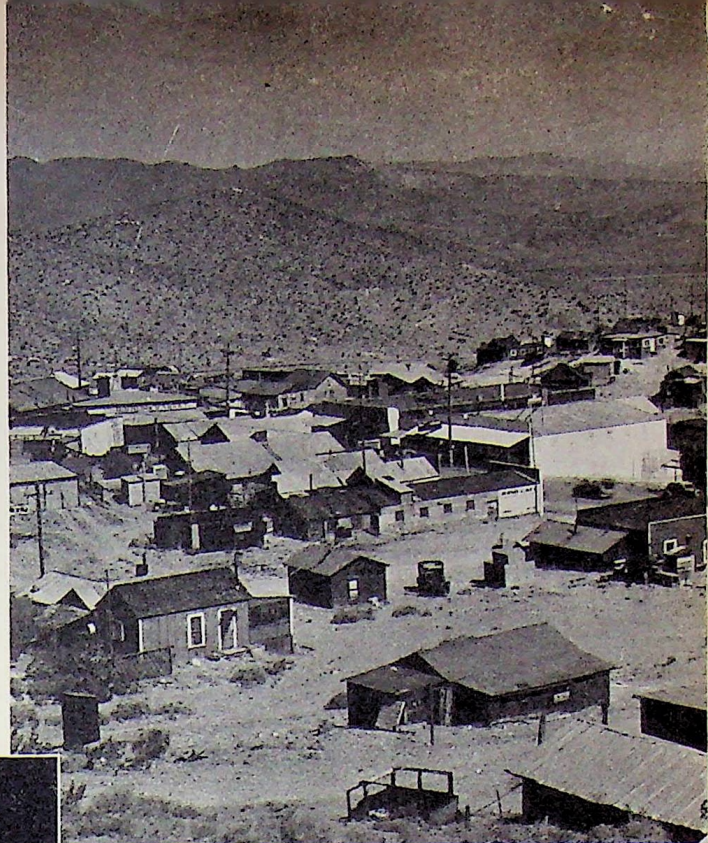
“I'll bet you the drinks you can't do that again!”

“And I'll go you,” the driver answered.

So he drove down the road, came up, and flopped her over again. The crowd let out a roar of joy, and then we walked into the saloon and filled up. When a whiskey drummer stepped up to the bar, every one in the house would drink!

Although the original discovery had been made less than a year before, Randsburg had got off to a good start by the time I arrived. Already there was a business district with several stores, restaurants, and, of course, plenty of saloons. Back from that street the town sprawled over the hills and into the gulches. Most of the people were living in tents. Lumber was scarce and hard to get, which meant that houses were only shells that let through plenty of heat in the summer and cold in the winter.

Already big money was being made in mining. The famous Yellow Aster was



producing, and so were a number of smaller properties. But newcomers like myself didn't have a chance to stake out a claim because every square foot of ground that looked the least bit promising had been located for miles around. Still, there was plenty of money to be made in business, so I decided to start a restaurant. Since that time I have owned seven restaurants. I sold a half interest in two, gave one away, and lost four others in our big fires.

Life in Randsburg was a rather tough proposition in those days, especially for tenderfeet who lived in tents. The first winter was cold, and snow often lay for days on the surrounding mountains. Coal was brought in from New Mexico, and when a strike tied up the mines there, half the people in camp nearly froze to death. Any lumber that was hauled in for building had to be guarded day and night. A couple of men went into partnership to build a dance-hall, and had sawed all the timbers for framing and underpinning the building. One night all of this lumber just seemed to evaporate.

The real, big-time high-grading was done by some of the miners who worked at the Yellow Aster. In shallow tunnels ore was found that ran into regular fairytale values. Plenty of this ore was never seen by the owners, and quite a few of the miners working for four dollars a day had side incomes of several hundred dollars a week. They just threw that money right and left on gambling, drink, and the girls. I never knew a single one of them to buy a new suit of clothes.

Dayton Dredging Operation a Big Enterprise

Buckets Handle Twelve Yards of Earth at a Load

One of the important mining operations now progressing in Nevada, though little is heard of it from the papers, is the dredging work now being carried on at Dayton by the Dayton Dredging Company. A visit was paid to it Sunday by Geo. W. Clarkson, Ed. J. Morrison, A. W. Hess and W. C. Baker, and the writer by kind invitation of Mr. Clarkson. What it is yielding in returns is known to the company only, as no information is given out. That it is worth while is indicated by the hugeness of the investment, the continuance of work and the statement that they expect to continue for two and one-half years longer.

The company secured a large area of ground in or rather adjoining the pioneer town of Dayton, in Nevada. The ground extends to the mouth of Gold Canyon, where gold was first discovered in the State. Tests made to a depth of 140 feet, and all over the purchased area, showed that gold is found all through it.

The plant started last January, after 23 carloads of material had been received from eastern manufacturers and set up on the ground. It is a massive affair, weighing 850 tons. Motors of 650 horsepower in the aggregate are required to handle the 180-foot boom which swings the buckets from their pick-up point over to where their contents are dumped upon the grizzlies at the floating mill. Each bucket weighs from 16½ to 17 tons, and its load is 12 cubic yards, estimated to weigh 17 to 18 tons. The buckets, swung and raised or lowered by huge cables, weigh loaded not far from 35 tons, so it will be seen that plenty of power and the sturdiest of construction are required to handle such loads.

The dredge eats its way into the hillside, moving by an ingenious plan difficult to understandingly describe. The operating machinery is supported on two immense bases. Operation of a great eccentric lifts the bases from the ground and moves them forward some seven feet. Then the eccentric drops the side bases, or runners, to terra firma, and lifts the central structure clear so that it swings forward as far as the runners have advanced. It is much the same idea as a person walking on crutches, who sets his crutches ahead and then swings his body to catch up with them.

The mill is on a boat in the lake which has been formed. It uses a gravity process, supplemented by amalgamation. The shoveled material goes through the grizzlies, and rocks passing them, if too large to handle, are dropped through a trap to the bottom of the lake, 15 feet below. Finer material goes over jigs and through other gravity machinery until the gold is separated. Resultant recovery in some of the machines includes more or less black sand; this mixture is treated by amalgamation.

The boat can be towed to whatever point is necessary to receive the loads from the buckets. With it travels a long conveyor which dumps the worked-out sand on the wide waste pile which grows as the mining progresses.

No larger plant of the kind is in existence in the United States. One other like it is used in this country; there is one in Brazil and two in Germany.

The visitors appreciated the genial courtesy extended to them by Superintendent Crocker and Master Mechanic Avery.

AN AMERICAN Shangri-La



Supai youngsters, such as this little girl, are typically round faced and stocky. Their simple diet and background result in excellent health

With papoose dolls as models, these young Supai ladies are learning how to care for babies, to keep them clean and healthy on a papoose board

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
WESTERN WAYS
PICTURE SERVICE



IN a tiny, isolated Arizona valley, the Supai Indians live in peace and contentment, tilling their fields, riding their horses and letting the rest of the world go by

By ROSS MADDEN

NESTLED deep in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, oblivious of the turmoil of the outside world, is the Land of the Supai. Here the Supai Indians live in untroubled peace and contentment—happy in their home that might well be called a Shangri-La.

This little known, yet probably one of the most beautiful parts of the canyon is south of Ashfork, Arizona. One can travel by car as far as Hilltop, about 79 miles south of Ashfork, but here the road ends and the re-

Service Agency. A telephone and two-way radio keeps the agency in touch with the outside. Modern furniture, plumbing and a light plant, all laboriously packed down over the winding trail, make the agency comfortable and modern.

There is a postoffice in Supai, too. Twice a week mail comes in, over the longest pack trail route in the U. S. Postal System. After being brought by truck to the Grand Canyon, it is packed 17 miles to Supai. Most of the mail is parcel post—groceries for the agency and the Indians have to be sent from Flagstaff, almost a hundred miles away, yet the nearest grocery store. The Indians like "store" clothes and occasionally orders for them swell the mail sacks.

The houses, or hogans as they are called, are simple and primitive. They are about six or seven feet in height, and usually without windows. A square or circular excavation some 10 feet across provides for the floor plan. They are made by using cottonwood poles for the framework, then filling with additional branches which still have the leaves. Over this, on the sides and part of the roof, earth is then banked. The hogans are used almost entirely for storage and sleeping quarters; cooking is done on a campfire outside.

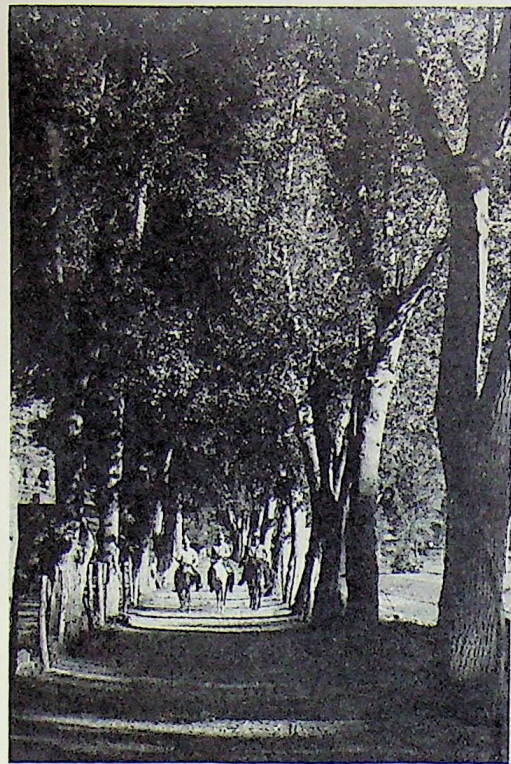
The Indians are excellent farmers, and raise most all of their own food. Men and women alike are up at dawn to work in their fields, which are connected to their hogans by cottonwood-lined lanes. Of the 516 acres of land in the entire reservation, only 200 acres are tillable. In order to prevent erosion of the precious soil, the Indians have devised an unusual method of irrigating. They divide the fields into rectangles of from 9 to 20 feet, marked off by ridges of dirt. The fields are then irrigated by flooding them one at a time.

Of the 200 acres of tillable land, a large part is kept in pasture for their beloved horses, which concern the Supai almost as much as their family and land. Often they will catch and saddle a horse to ride to a neighboring hogan only a city block away.

The stocky, round-faced children of the Supai learn to swim and ride almost as soon as they learn to walk. When they are old enough they attend the little two-room school house at the end of the shady main street. The classes are informal to encourage the children to talk. Since Supai is the only language spoken in the homes, their understanding of English depends on their use of it at school.

The afternoons are devoted to social activities, when the men and women get together to visit and play games. One of the

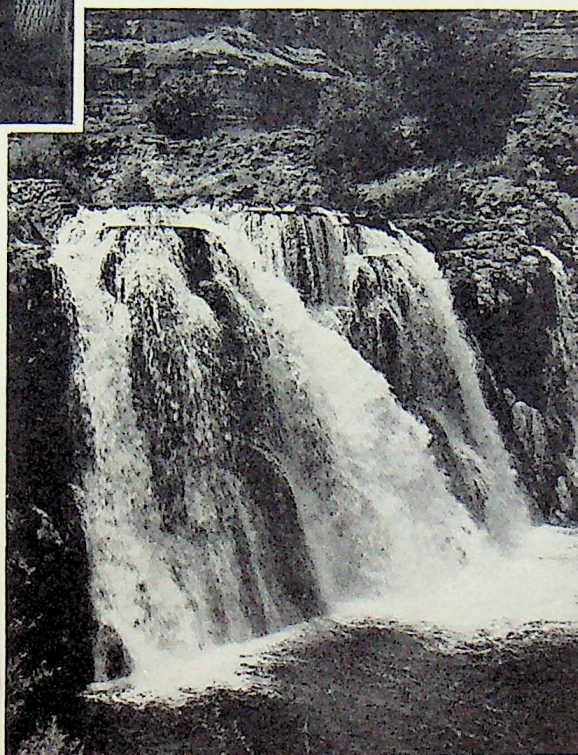
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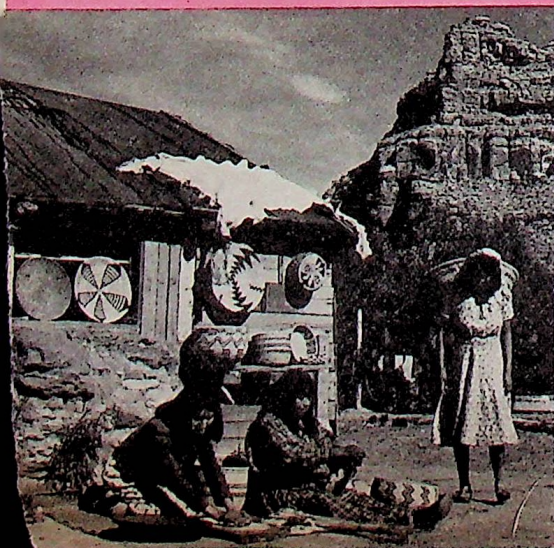
There are no automobiles in Supai. One either rides a horse or walks on the tree-lined main street. How tranquil this scene is compared to the traffic-filled canyons of the cities

Sheltered by the mile-high walls, life in the Havasupai Canyon is immune to the frenzy of the world. All the tillable land in the canyon is worked and irrigated and guarded by ingenious methods against soil erosion

Cataract Falls, tumbling down over a hundred feet of terraced rock, forms a deep blue pool at its base. Joining the Colorado at Supai, Cataract Creek originates high in the peaks to the south of the Havasupai Canyon



Corn is ground by hand on a stone metate in the ancient manner. A suitable metate takes arduous preparation and is highly prized by the Indians

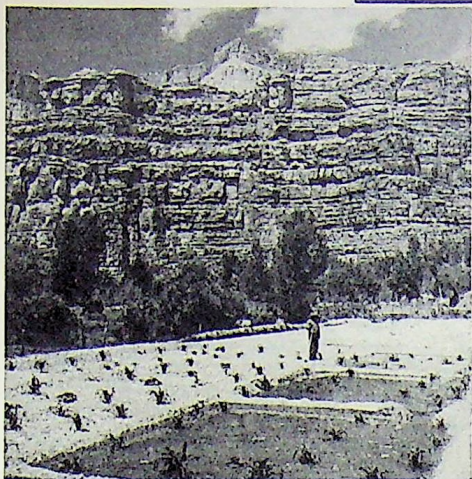
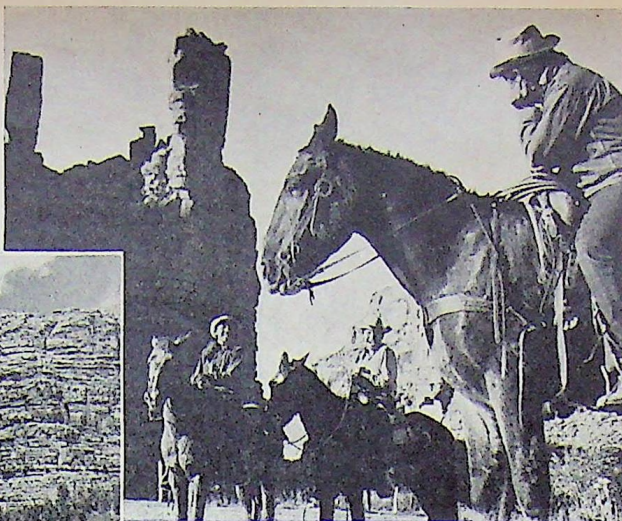


mainder of the trip to the canyon home of the Supai Indians must be made on horseback or on foot. Cut wide and safe, the trail follows the rim of the canyon, then drops abruptly over the face of the cliff. The trail continues to descend until it crosses the Havasu river, which rises in a series of springs after flowing for eighty miles underground. Then one comes to Supai itself.

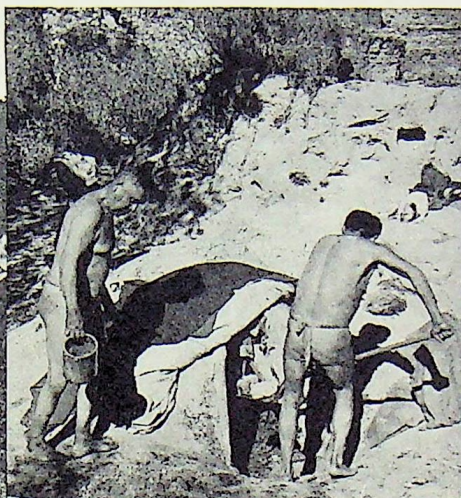
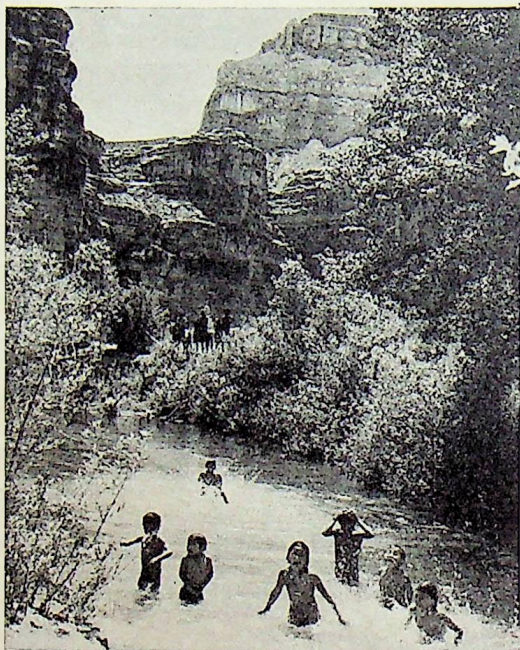
Here indeed is a tiny world of its own, with its green pastures and squares of cultivated lands, protected by the mile-high walls of the canyon. Silhouetted against the skyline are two giant monoliths, which are the gods of Supai. According to legend, as long as they stand Supai will prosper—should they fall, Supai will perish.

Now the trail widens to a wide, tree-lined lane, which is the main street. On either side are the fields and buildings of the Indian

The Supai are splendid horsemen and are devoted to their animals. The two monoliths in background are Wigali and Wiggali, the two Supai gods. While they stand, Supai will prosper; Supai will perish if they fall, so the legend tells



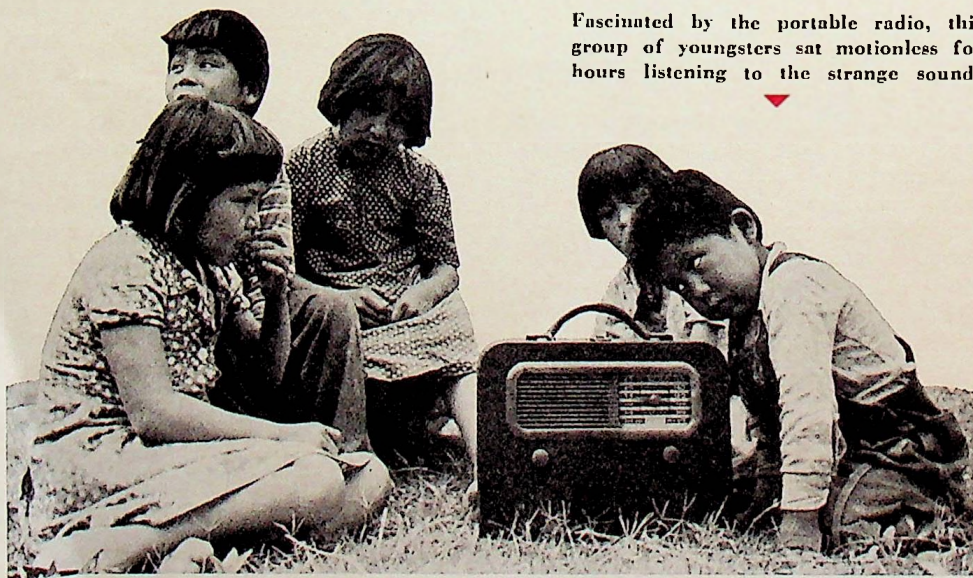
In their irrigation system, the Supai flood a diked-in area rather than watering it by rows. Main crops are beans, corn and melons



Sweat baths are a daily habit with the older tribesmen. Steam is produced by pouring cold water over fire baked rocks

Learning to swim about as soon as they learn to walk, the Supai children take several short swims daily in the river

Fascinated by the portable radio, this group of youngsters sat motionless for hours listening to the strange sounds



AN AMERICAN

Shangri-La

continued from page 5

favorite games of the Supai is a gambling game played by tossing four bones into the air and catching them in a shallow basket. Not until sundown do they return to their hogans for the evening meal by fire light.

Their occasionally-held dances are never planned, since the Supai tribe is little concerned with ceremonialism. However, one big dance is held each year, when the Hopi, Navajo and Hualpai tribes are invited to Supai land, for two or three days of festivities. This dance, known as the Peach dance, is held late in August or early September.

A daily custom for the older men is the sweat bath. The baths begin at noon, after they have finished work in the fields, and usually take over three hours. The sweat lodge is about six feet in diameter, and four feet high. The only opening is a door just large enough for one man to enter on hands and knees. Inside, there is room for four men at a time. A pile of heated rocks in the lodge is splashed with water until the temperature reaches 145 degrees. Four trips into the lodge are customary, the final trip being followed with a dip into the cool Havasu river.

The Supai Indians originally lived in the neighborhood of the San Francisco mountains. Centuries ago, not able to defend themselves from the Navajo and Apache braves, they found protection in Cataract Canyon. Here they could defend the narrow trail to their isolated home.

Padre Francisco Garcés, a Spanish missionary, left the first written record of a white man's visit to Supai. This was in 1776, and until 1845, when Ives made the trip, there is no other recorded visit.

Supai was made a reservation in 1890. In recent years the government has improved the trails, and tourists can find comfortable accommodations.

According to Padre Garcés, there were 34 families living in Supai at the time of his visit. Judging from the size of the families, and the 1940 census figures (227) there has been very little change in population in the last century and a half.

It is almost unknown for one of the tribe to leave his home permanently, so devoted are they to their homeland, and their families, and rarely do the Supai marry into other tribes. Their chiefs, chosen for leadership and good judgment, represent them at the frequent conferences with other tribes and with the agency.

Just as centuries ago this isolated bit of land protected them from plundering, savage enemies, so today it protects them from the turbulence and discontent of the world outside. They live serenely, without fear, free from harm.

able to cope with the sudden influx of automobile guests. Visitors were obliged to sleep in their cars, and to join long lines for meals and gasoline.

El Tovar at Grand Canyon also reports the handwriting on the wall. Although the Grand Canyon has never been considered a spot for tourists in the winter time, the hotel is doing near-capacity business every night and to quote the management, "It looks like a terrific summer."

From Sequoia National Park comes the same story—current travel is running heavier than pre-war with every indication that the numbers will keep on increasing.

So from every point of the compass comes the same story—business is booming and the walls are near bursting. That's why resort owners are unanimous in their advice to secure reservations in advance, and far in advance if you want to get the type of accommodations you desire. They will admit that they receive cancellations and that it is possible, sometimes, to pick up a last-minute reservation, but the odds are long and the wails of those who don't get a room more than drown out the chuckles of the fellow who luckily picked up a last minute cancellation. And here's a tip, for those who would like to get in the good graces of mine host. If you do decide to cancel out, let him know. Anyone thoughtful enough to cancel a reservation he is unable to fill is placed in excellent standing with the management.

There's still another woe facing the vacation motorist this year. That is the overnight stop. Just for example, let us say you live in Santa Barbara and plan to spend a week at Zion. You're a lucky individual and you receive word that your reservation has been held for the second week in July. You plan your itinerary to include a night's stop-over in Las Vegas. Just because you have your Zion reservation don't overlook the one night at Las Vegas. Get that one too, and when you're driving along and find you will pull in later than you expected, the wise thing to do is to phone ahead and advise

IF YOU GO, PLAN TO COME BACK

No story on the coming vacation season would be complete without a few words of caution. Like the story of the wanderings of Homer's hero, Odysseus, a motor trip this year will be beset by ever-present perils. Odysseus and his men were troubled by Circe, Cyclops and the Lotus Eaters—the 1946 motorist can substitute in their place Carelessness, Speed, and Worn Tires.

Much has been written on the statistics of the mounting American traffic death toll. Motorists have been warned that cold figures prove that our highways are more deadly than were the beach-heads at Tarawa or Iwo Jima. Yet the American motorist speeds on to his destruction—and his going takes others with him.

While touring the highways and byways this year let the Call of the Open Road have a pleasant echo by driving your own car carefully and by anticipating the carelessness of others. If your tires are worn, drive under your usual open highway speed. If they are good, drive slower anyway so that you will have control if the other fellow's tires blow out in your vicinity. Approach each curve or crest of a hill with caution. You know better than to pass when you can't see what's ahead. The other fellow may not, or may be willing to take a chance.

Statistics dolefully predict a 40,000 plus traffic accident death toll this year. Only your good judgment and caution will keep you and your loved ones off that roll. Drive Carefully!

the management that you will be delayed.

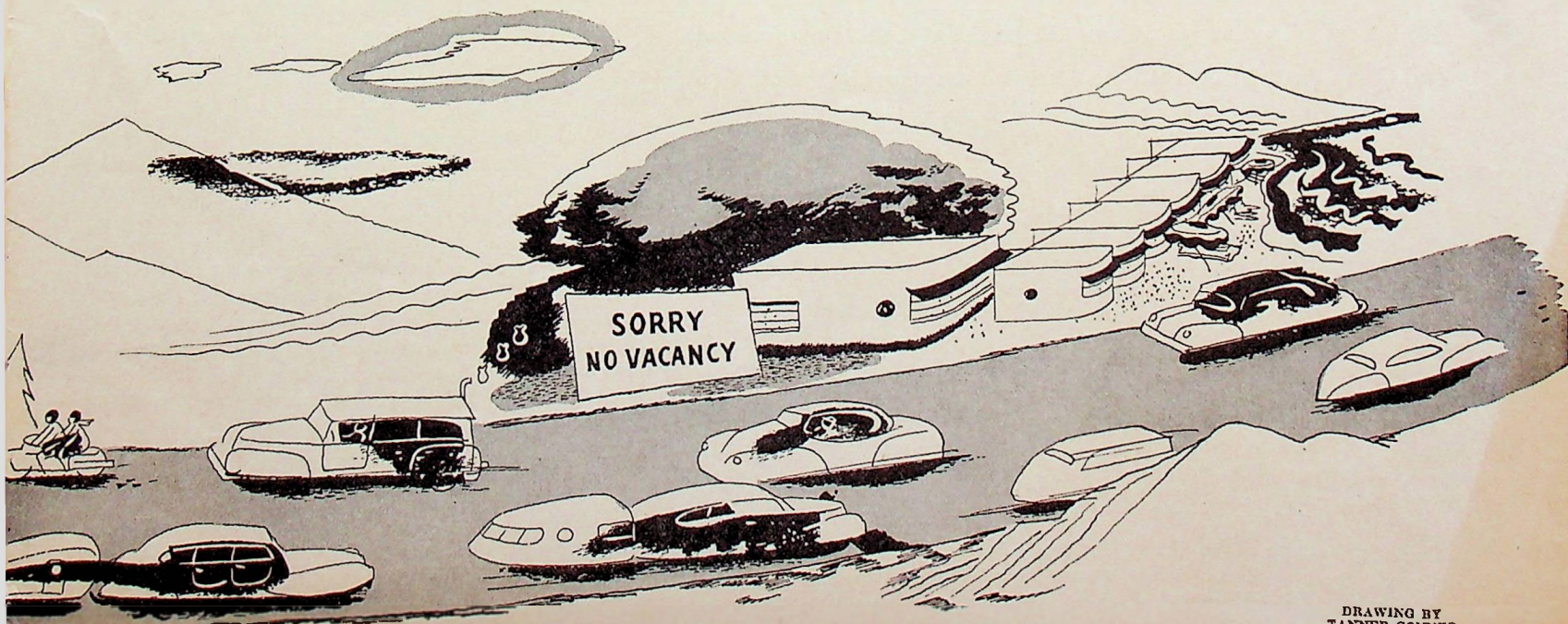
Even if you're planning to forego the comforts of home and pack into the wilderness areas of the High Sierra, reservations still are in order. Packers, too, are experiencing boom days and it will be the early bird who gets the horse this summer.

With all housing cares out of the way let's face another problem of the 1946 vacation—your car. If your family car is like the author's and 25,000,000 other Americans it is a problem. Your favorite car dealer hasn't been able to supply you with a new one. Since 1941 or before it has rolled along accumulating mileage until it has reached a condition where you wouldn't wish it on your mother-in-law. The wise vacationer will spend a little money and get it in shape before taking it beyond the city limits.

If your tires are worn to the point where you can tell if you have cotton or nylon threads in your tread, have them recapped if they will take it. A blowout in the hinterlands can be as disastrous as a, "Sorry we have no vacancies" from the resort desk clerk.

A breakdown on the road, from even a mechanical failure of a minor nature, may spoil your entire vacation. The mechanic in a strange town or city is just as busy if not busier than your friend down at the corner garage. And in addition to being just as busy, he doesn't know you. A mechanic is in business and it isn't good business to make his regular customers wait while he gives top priority to you, a transient. So to avoid an irritable wait of a day or even three, anticipate trouble by having your automobile thoroughly checked at home.

This is the year everyone has been waiting for. Western highways will carry a record amount of traffic to the mountains, to the beaches, and to the lakes and streams. You can have fun if you plan your vacation, and if you realize that others will share your favorite spot with you. Chances are that when you arrive at your destination the banker, Sally and G.I. Joe will be there ahead of you!



DRAWING BY
TANNER CONNER



In fishing small Sierra streams like Convict Creek for the first time in the season, the wise angler will carefully study changing conditions and govern his actions to fit

LOOK BEFORE YOU FISH

OLD timers will often tell you that fish are where you find them, but the secret is in knowing how and where to look

By JOE MEARS

EXPERT trout fishermen know how important it is to "case the joint" the first time they try their luck on a lake or stream.

Trout are pretty much the same anywhere you find them and fishermen who bring home fish instead of tales about how they were hitting, usually know the waters they're fishing. That means they study the lakes and streams before they fish, thoroughly, painstakingly. Here are a few things I've learned during the past 20 years which may serve as guideposts to better fishing and more fun.

1. Take it easy, study the lake or stream before you even cast a fly to see if any trout are working or if there's a hatch of flies.

2. Always use a smaller size fly than the natural fly the fish appear to be rising to. Catch a natural and study it, if possible. Size and pattern of a dry fly are more important than color. And remember that a sparsely-tied fly often will work better than one with bristling hackles. Size is a lot more important than pattern, for the trout, if he's hungry, doesn't stall around too much when he sees a bug that looks good to eat and is just about the size of the naturals on which he's been feeding.

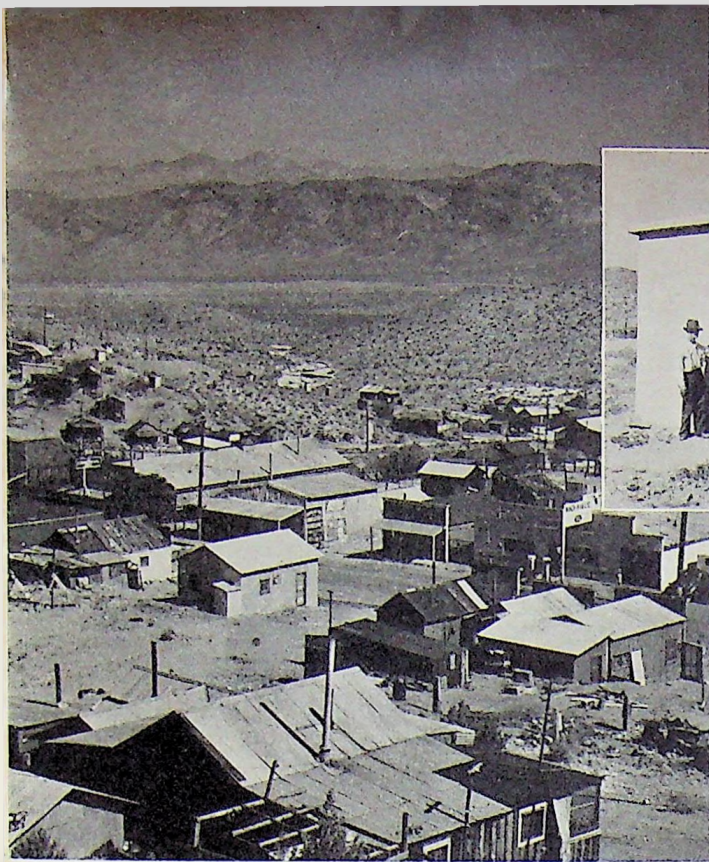
3. There's really not a great deal of difference between lakes and streams if you're using flies. Trout'll usually feed at about the same time. The higher the lakes and

streams, the later in the day they ordinarily start to feed on a hatch of flies. Bottom food, of course, they'll take any time and anywhere they find it. If you've got a pocket water thermometer it's helpful because trout seldom hit when the temperature's below 50 degrees Fahrenheit. For extremely high lakes and streams, that minimum will be lower because the trout are conditioned to lower temperatures.

4. Use as fine and as long a leader as you possibly can. Most of the trout at high lakes and streams are comparatively small and won't break a pound-test leader.

5. Sizing up high lakes is a more complicated job than "casing" streams. Usually your judgment will tell you trout are lying under a grassy bank of a stream or in a pool underneath a bush. Or you can see 'em darting away when you are studying the stream. If you see them it's a cinch they can see you, so you should walk farther away from the stream and try not to walk too heavily. In sizing up lakes for the first time, you've got to take more time and be more patient.

6. Remember that lake trout feed in cycles. They seem to swim around the lake in search of land bugs and beetles that fall off bushes when the wind blows. Or they look for hatches of flies, rising from the bottom of the lake. They also haunt the inlets and outlets of a lake questing tooth-



The town of Randsburg was established in 1895 when Abram Staley and his son Homer opened a blacksmith shop on the present townsite, occupying Randsburg's first wooden structure. The town has changed little in general appearance since it was built. Above, the Randsburg jail, which looks more efficient than comfortable. Fortunately it is rarely tenanted

I was surprised at the fact that little money was saved by men who made lots of it in Randsburg. I will cite a fair example. The Big Butte Mine was discovered by Brack Summers, Jim Rainey, and Bill Tate. They sold it, and got \$17,000 apiece. Brack Summers took off his overalls and said that he would never work another day as long as he lived. Three months later, he was back at the mine he had sold, working for \$3 a day. And the funny part of it was that he never left camp to blow in his stake. You could get rid of plenty of money that way in those days.

With lots of cash in circulation, life went on at a fast pace in Randsburg. But the camp was much more law abiding than many other western mining towns. In fact, I can remember only two killings

that have occurred here in the past 42 years. People simply made up their minds what they would stand for and what was on the blacklist—and then saw to it that the rules were carried out.

We always had plenty of fun in Randsburg, and some of it was a bit rough; but outright lawlessness was never permitted by the solid citizens. When a man came to camp and showed signs that he might be an undesirable character, the boys had a way of convincing him that he'd better move on. Their method was a pretty good one, and I've never known it to fail. Just north of town and beyond the bridge, there was a fork in the road. When the committee decided that the time had come for a certain man to make himself scarce around town, they would take him down to that point and give him his instructions. The spokesman always carried a bottle that contained a liquid far more necessary to life in this country than whiskey.

"You see those two roads?" he would ask the gentleman. "Well, the one to the right goes around the hill to the cemetery; the one to the left goes to Mojave. If you decide to take the left road you'll need this bottle of water!"

When some rowdy, tough customer, or undesirable character was missed from his familiar haunts, and somebody asked where he was, the answer was likely to be

Randsburg looks so much like a rip-snorting wild-west town that you look for horsemen to come galloping and shooting down the streets

one that got to be a sort of proverb in Randsburg:

"He has reached for the bottle of water."

There was a little fellow in camp who ran a lunch counter where he served pie and coffee at 15 cents. When the fire of June, 1898, wiped out the business district, only two places were left where a man could get a bite to eat. One was Dick Callahan's boarding house; the other was this lunch counter. As soon as the chap who ran it found out what the situation was, he boosted his price for pie and coffee to 50 cents. The next day, he didn't show up at his place of business. I asked several men if they had any idea what had become of him, but no one seemed to know. Finally I got this answer:

"Now Tom Garrity, you just mind your own business and quit asking questions about things that don't concern you!"

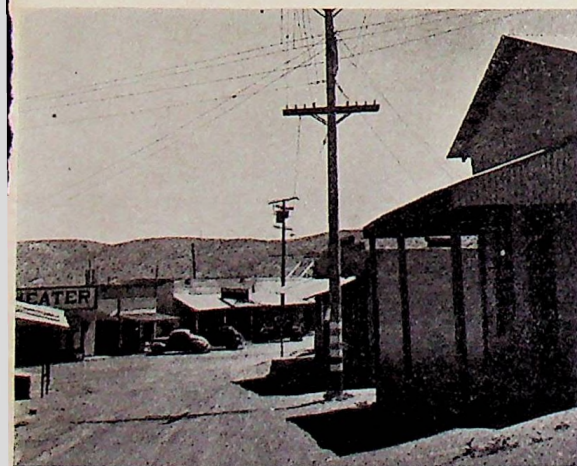
Before long, though, news leaked out



In Randsburg, a new "strike" never failed to stir up great excitement among the gentlemen of the town. Above, a group of enthusiasts poses with shovel, mortar and pestle

that this man had "reached for the bottle of water."

Forty years have made a few changes in these parts. Rich "strikes" are not made every little while as they were back in the old days. There is no more high-grade ore to be stolen by miners, and squandered in riotous living. Poker games are nothing like they used to be when gambling was wide open and stakes ran into large figures. The Committee disbanded a generation ago, and there is no need for one now. But Randsburg is still a mining town—one of the best in California—and I wouldn't be satisfied to live anywhere else!





• *Bob Brown, erstwhile advance scout for Southern California anglers, skiers and campers, in his new office at Manzanar*

HIGH SIERRA TROUBLE SHOOTER

THIS war is accomplishing one thing mightily effectively. In the short period of time since December 7 nearly every American family has experienced the swift upheavals and rapid changes brought about by the all-out war effort. Some have been sent to far-off "hush-hush" places scattered over the globe, others have been uprooted from their old and familiar jobs and have assumed new and responsible duties.

Bob Brown's case serves as a splendid example of what we mean. To the staff of *WESTWAYS* Bob served as its reliable harbinger of Spring. The East may have had its robin redbreast, but out here Bob was our able substitute. His business card in past years read "Executive Director of the Inyo-Mono Association," or in plain editorial parlance he was the "tom-tom beater" for the land of towering mountains and sparkling lakes and rushing trout streams.

But Bob was different from the usual breed of publicity men. He wasn't blasé. He'd breeze into the editorial sanctum come each April and with an evangelical enthusiasm start talking about his mountains and the trout waiting in that Sierra stream until he had us poor office shut-ins thoroughly prostrated with Spring fever. It wasn't an act with Bob. Like the late Father Crowley, he exuded sincerity—the mountains, the desert and the lakes and streams were part of his religion. Between the two of them Inyo-Mono's

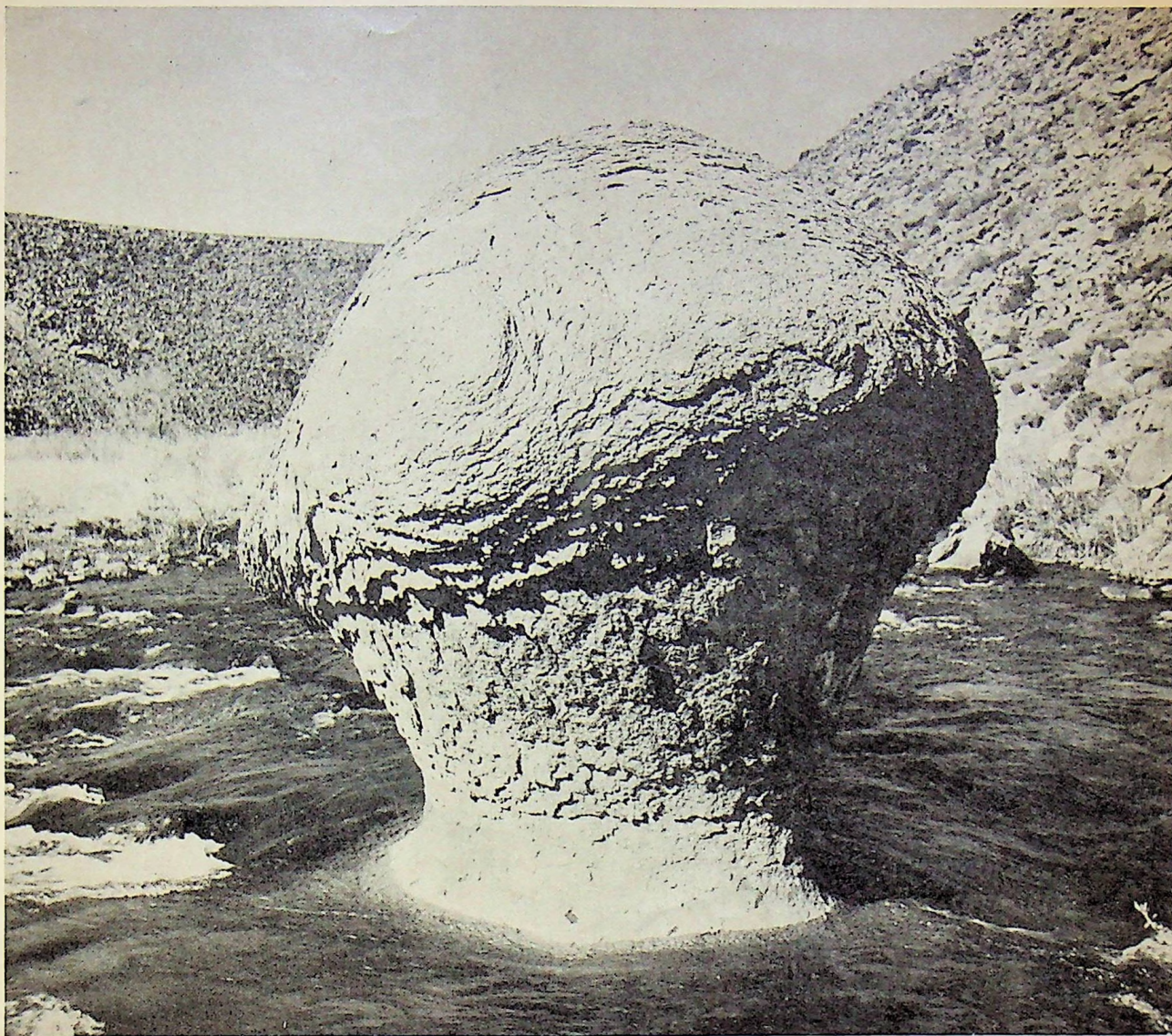
story was ably told to Southern California and the world.

This year we missed him. He's still in the High Sierra country but he has been assigned by the government to a more important job for the duration. He is now director of public relations at the Owens Valley Reception Center at Manzanar.

It's not an easy job. Whatever our individual opinion may be of the little men in Tokyo, thinking Westerners realize the serious social implications of the mass migrations of 120,000 West Coast Japanese. At Manzanar, for example, 80 per cent of the camp's population are American citizens. Among the Manzanar thousands are young high school and junior college boys and girls, some Phi Beta Kappas and a sprinkling of Ph. D's. In addition to telling the story of Manzanar to the outside world, Bob has a man-sized job of seeing that these people don't go sour on America while this world shin-dig is going on. It's a responsible task but with fellows like camp manager Clayton E. Triggs and Bob on the job the situation is in good hands.

But Manzanar has taken something out of Bob. Our operatives tell us he got away for a few moments on May 1st for a bit of fishing. In the past he was a pretty good fisherman. This year his nine-year-old son, Bobby, got a 14½ incher out of Bishop Creek. The best the old man could do was a 14 incher. He's slipping.

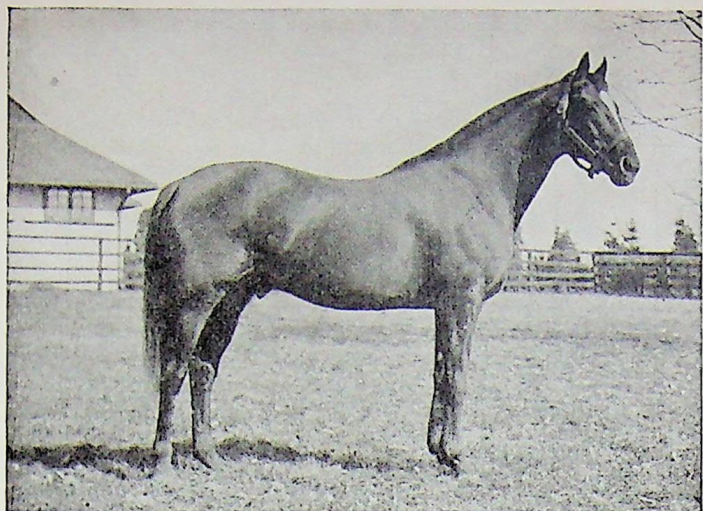
—W.K.B.



"NAUGHTY BABY ROCK"

*THAT IS THE PROVOCATIVE NAME GIVEN
TO THIS MUSHROOM SHAPED FORMATION
WHICH, ACCORDING TO INDIAN LEGEND,
WAS A PAPOOSE WHO RAN AWAY FROM
HIS MOTHER AND WAS TRANSFORMED TO
STONE BY ANGERED GODS. IT IS LOCATED
IN THE OWENS RIVER AT BIRCHIM CANYON,
NEAR ROCK CREEK, NORTH OF BISHOP.*

(Photo by George A. Lewis)



Fair Play and his descendants have won more money than any other tribe that ever existed. He sired Man o' War.

like his sire.

Sorcerer got Smolensko, which won the Derby of 1813 for Sir Charles Bunbury, also Soothsayer, the St. Leger winner of 1811. But his son best known to Turf history was Comus, a chestnut of the "big-little" type, 15-2 in height, but muscular and powerful in build. Although he was not placed in any of the classics, he won some \$25,000 in matches and stakes, and retired sound.

Comus sired Humphry Clinker, a big bay of 16 hands, which won a half-dozen races before turning roarer and being retired.

Melbourne, a long-backed, homely sort, was affected by bad knees in addition to turning roarer early in his career. But he proved a good stock horse, for besides the great Blink Bonny—winner of the Derby and the Oaks, and dam of Blair Athol—he sired The Peer, founder of a line in Australia from which came Emma C., dam of Commando.

The Super Horse

by
Lorraine Tardieu

MAN O' WAR'S recent 29th birthday party was probably the most widely noted of that of any racehorse in history.

Noble "Big Red" has outlived most of his first two crops of foals, and is still strong and healthy when even his faithful caretaker, Bill Harbut, is laid by the heels with the frailties of old age.

Not many realize it now, but after the old champion finally goes the way of all flesh and, as years pass, his peer fails to show up, they will come to know that the name some enthusiast once gave him—"The Champion of All Time"—was no misnomer.

Sam Riddle, just breaking into big time racing after his hunt meetings and cross-country racing, turned the most monumental bargain in Thoroughbred history when he bought the gangling yearling out of the Belmont consignment for \$5,000. Judges as good as Hildreth and Madden passed him up.

Man o' War's dam wasn't a good enough racemare to please them and the colt did not appeal to them. The mere fact that they had to top a \$5,000 bid would never have stopped them, even though, at that time, Thoroughbred stock was at its lowest ebb in our history.

Man o' War has often been held up as the best horse in the entire Matchem line. He would have to be that, as he was the best horse of all time in any line of the breed. But there have always been enough good ones in each generation of the Matchems—descended from the old Godolphin Barb—to keep the line alive.

Matchem was a bay, foaled in 1748, bred by John Holme of Carlisle and sold to William Fenwick of Northumberland. Sired by Cade, the horse was a grandson of the Godolphin and proved a first class racehorse. He lived to be 33, and was the sire of 354 winners of more than half a million dollars. As racehorse and sire, he earned some \$85,000 for his owner during his lifetime.

Conductor, a chestnut, was his best breeding son, bred by John Wastell of Yorkshire and sold to Lord Clermont, for whom he raced and did stud duty.

In 14 King's Plates and matches, Conductor was unbeaten until his last start at 6 years, in which race he was lamed. In the stud, he got many more colts than fillies, and his daughters were not of the highest class as racing or breeding stock.

Trumpator was the best of his sons. This horse really saved two male lines from dying out. Besides siring Penelope, dam of Whalebone, through whom trace nearly all Eclipse line horses living, he kept his own line alive with Sorcerer, a black

The greatest stud accomplishment of Melbourne was the siring of West Australian, first winner of the "Triple Crown" of Derby, Guineas and St. Leger.

West Australian was, beyond any argument, the greatest horse in the entire line from Matchem on down to our own time when it produced the incomparable Man o' War. West Australian was bred and owned by John Bowes, natural son of Lord Bowes of Streatlam, Earl of Strathmore. His father had neglected to have the marriage ceremony performed until he was on his deathbed, and his son was nine years of age. The English title was forfeited and the Scotch title went to Earl Strathmore's younger brother. Young Bowes, however, got the English estate by will, minus the title. He also inherited the stud and racehorses at Gibside in Northumberland in addition to a large sum in money which increased during the twelve years until he came of age.

Remembrancer, St. Leger winner in 1803, and the two famous broodmares, Queen Mab and Beatrice, were among the horses the elder Lord Bowes owned. Beatrice was the dam of the famous Emma, which bore Mowerina, she the dam of West Australian.

John Bowles won his first Derby in 1835 with Mundig, a son of Catton and Emma.

Eight years later Emma produced another Derby winner for him in Cothertstone, a son of Touchstone.

In 1852, Bowes won the Derby again, this time with Daniel O'Rourke. This was the race in which the famous Stockwell was beaten, and the repercussions of that one have not yet died down. English historians group that Derby with those of Surefoot's loss to Sainfoin in 1890, Paradox's beating by Melton in 1885, Robert the Devil's second to Bend Or in 1880, and Galliard's third to St. Blaise in 1883.

Those four go down in history as "booty" races, pure and simple. But there was no question as to the best horse in the 1853 Derby which was West Australian's, nor in any of the other nine races he won. He was only beaten once in his eleven starts, finishing second on that occasion after being left at the post because of his unruly behavior. That was in the Criterion Stakes at Newmarket, and furnishes a graphic parallel to the racing history of West Australian's lineal descendant, Man o' War. Each outclassed all the opposition of his time. Each lost but one race, and lost it because of unruliness at the start.

All (Please turn to page 51)

Man o' War celebrated his 29th birthday on March 29. This writer brands Big Red the greatest Thoroughbred in horse racing history.



and they will admit the best dentists you can find on a farm or a track are the "horse doctors" who never went to college.

If the field of dentistry has been neglected—and it hasn't been by the colleges but only by their graduates—the others have not. As a result of research done in the colleges and at clinics at Lexington and elsewhere, the Thoroughbred's health is better protected than at any time in the past and the courses which a

veterinary student must take are becoming increasingly expanded and increasingly severe in consequence, as are the qualifications he must have before admitted to them.

Unfortunately, the progress made in this direction has not been matched by the tracks, even the best of them, where there still is room for improvement in the facilities for the treatment of emergency cases, and horse hospitals, such as you will find on some of the big farms, virtually are unknown.

☞ The Super Horse ☜ *[from page 25]*

four of Bowes' Derby winners were trained by John Scott of Whitewall, still considered by most Englishmen as the greatest trainer in their Turf history.

Scott was a transplanted Yorkshireman who was born at Newmarket, in sight of the present yearling paddocks. He was the son of a trainer, and brother to the famous jockey, William Scott, who kidnapped Sir Tatton Sykes (the horse) to win the St. Leger of 1846.

John Scott trained for the Duke of Westminster, Lord Derby, Lord Chesterfield, and many other wealthy owners. His horses won the Derby 6 times, the St. Leger 16 times, the Oaks 9, the 1,000 Guineas 4, and the 2,000 Guineas 6 times. He had such horses as Touchstone, Hornsea, Glaucus, Epirus and Heiman Platoff in his care. And when Scott said that West Australian was the best horse that he had ever seen, the statement was backed with a lot of authority.

West Australian, like many another great racehorse—and most of the great racemares—was not as good a breeder as he was a racer, but he sired two sons who were destined to make Turf history—Solon and Millington. The latter sold as a suckling with his dam, Emilia, to A. Keene Richards and shipped to America. Here he won two races and finished in the money nine times in ten starts. He was sold to A. J. Alexander of Woodburn Stud in Kentucky and founded the Fair Play line by siring Spendthrift, the sire of Hastings. Alexander changed Millington's name to Australian and the horse is so termed in pedigrees.

West Australian's best son in Britain was Solon, a brown colt out of Darling's dam, Birdcatcher. He won nine races at 3 and 4 years of age—the last at 3 miles. He raced principally in Ireland, as did his son Barcaldine, which won three stakes in three days at the Curragh as a two-year-old, and then repeated the same stunt the next year at the same track. He laid off at four, but came back at five and raced in England, winning all four of his starts. Barcaldine raced 12 times altogether in his two-, three- and five-year-old form. All were stakes and he was never beaten, however, none of his races were classic events, and the best horse he beat was Tristram.

Solon's other branch-founder son was Arbitrator, which won four races as a two-year-old, and the Liverpool Cup and Lancashire Handicap at three. He did not race after that year. He sired a good colt in Kilwarlin who won two out of three starts at two, and three out of seven at three years against medium opposition. Kilwarlin raced once against the mighty Ormonde, had 25 pounds pull in the weights, and was beaten 10 lengths.

Kilwarlin is best known in this country through his son, Ogden, from Oriole by Bend Or, imported in utero by Marcus Daly back in the early nineties. Ogden won the Futurity for Daly, and after the copper magnate's death was sold to the late John E. Madden. He was one of the cornerstones in the impressive racing and breeding structure which "David Harum of Hamburg Place" built. Ogden's son, The Finn, sired crop after crop of yearlings which sold up into the twenty and thirty thousands every year. The Finn, himself, was sold to William R. Coe for a big price, when the marine insurance tycoon moved his embryo stud from Wyoming to Kentucky. The Finn died after a very short life as head of Mr. Coe's stud. His sons were very promising stud prospects, but one after the other failed as

stock horses, until there was only Flying Ebony left to carry on. The latter's son, Flying Heels, was a good racehorse and a prolific sire of winners, but his promising career was cut short by a fire at the Knight farm, which wiped out a half dozen stallions. Flying Ebony is still at stud in California, but is beyond the age when anything much can be hoped for him. His living sons hold little promise of continuing the line, so it may be safely assumed that the Arbitrator branch of Solon has about died out. The branch of Barcaldine, however, is still in existence in England and the Argentine, with the possibility of Haricot's transfer to this country after the war.

Marco was the best son of Barcaldine, as far as modern day breeding is concerned, although he was far from a champion racehorse. He won ten races during his four years of competition. Three wins in five starts at two were of small stakes, but they were won in England—not Ireland. At three he was at his best, winning five out of seven, the last four in succession including a Cambridgeshire Handicap against older horses, among them being Best Man and Count Schonburg. He trimmed as good a horse as the five-year-old Ravensbury in the Lewes Handicap the same year.

Out of six races at four years, he could account only for the Newmarket Triennial Produce Stakes, having only one competitor for the stakes.

At five he also won but a single race in five starts, an unimportant handicap at Nottingham, and after finishing far back for the Derby Cup in his last start, he was retired to the stud. He was a prolific sort, and got many winners, few of them of stakes class, however, until Marcovil forced himself into the limelight.

Marcovil wasn't too highly considered at first. In fact he ran unnamed as a two- and three-year-old, finishing second to Lally for the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, and fourth to Flair for the Middle Park Plate at Newmarket at two. At three he was fourth to Prince William for the Ormonde Stakes at Newbury, and won the Hanworth Park Plate at Kempton Park. Those races comprised his only four starts in these two seasons. He was out of Lady Villikins (by Hagioscope). His owner finally got around to naming him as a four-year-old. Marcovil responded by winning two of his three starts that year, and finishing second in the other. He won a welter handicap at Newmarket in his first start that year from a big field, including Ampelion to whom he gave 10 pounds. He was all but left in the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap, and was beaten only a half length at the finish by Polar Star. In the Alexandra Handicap at Gatwick, he beat a six-horse field at 2-to-7 for his last start of the year.

His only start at five was for the Cambridgeshire, which he won easily in a field of 22 horses at odds of 50-to-1. He was then retired.

Marco's best known son, as far as we in America are concerned, was *Omar Khayyam, the only imported colt ever to win a Kentucky Derby. Omar died a few years ago on the farm of J. P. Jones in Virginia, but left nothing behind him capable of carrying on the male line of his sire.

Marcovil, however, sired a son much better than himself in Hurry On. This one was bred

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by Wallace Murland and sold to Sir James Buchanan, the Scotch whiskey tycoon, at the Newmarket yearling sales for \$2,500. Hurry On did not race as a two-year-old, but won all his six starts at three, including the 1916 St. Leger and the Jockey Club Cup. Both races were held at Newmarket due to the war.

Hurry On was the "St. Simon" of the days of World War I, as he retired unbeaten, and began sending classic winners to the races from the beginning of his stud career. Six of his sons and daughters won more than three-quarters of a million among them. Three of them, Captain Cuttle, Coronach and Call Boy, winning Derbies in the space of six years. Another son, Hunter's Moon, from Selene (dam of Sickle), won three stakes as a three-year-old, and has been one of the most successful sires in the Argentine for several years. It is his son, Haricot, which Alfred Vanderbilt was dickering for before the present World War broke.

The Matchem male line through the Australian importation, Darebin, is dead. And the line through *Omar Khayyam is practically so, and that of Marcovil is sketchily questionable. But through the fortunate importation of the suckling colt, Millington, it is booming alive. It is the strongest factor in the blend of the blood of Bonnie Scotland, Glencoe, Leamington, Eclipse (son of Orlando), and Lexington, which together go to make up the American Thoroughbred.

Because the mighty Lexington had left no Woodburn-bred son worthy to carry on that line, A. J. Alexander bought Millington, renamed him *Australian and retired him to stud. *Australian never succeeded in breaking through Lexington's supremacy to get to the top of the sire list, and died in 1879, the year that Leamington first topped Lexington. However, he was always amongst the first four or five on the list, and his daughter, Maggie B. B., was the dam of Iroquois (by Leamington), the only American-bred colt ever to have won an English Derby. Iroquois led the sire list in this country in 1892. Another daughter of *Australian was Ivy Leaf, dam of Bramble. A third was Farfaletta, dam of Falsetto.

Australian's sons, Miser and Spendthrift, among them, were of the best in American racing.

Spendthrift was the one to carry on the line. Bred at Woodburn, he was foaled in 1876 and won all his five starts as a two-year-old.

A three, he won five races and was second in four. In the Travers at Saratoga he was beaten by the champion of the day, Falsetto. He did not race in his four-year-old form, and at 5 he started but twice, being second once and third once.

Standing at Kenney's stud near Lexington, Spendthrift began siring winners from the outset. One of his first was Bankrupt, the horse which laid the foundation for Colonel Milt Young's fortune. Spendthrift's best racing son was Kingston, which still holds the American record in percentage of races won—89 out of 138—in six years of competition.

Kingston was Hanover's greatest rival until the Dwyers bought him to get him out of their champion's way. It cannot be said that he was as good a racehorse as was Hanover, for in the Swift Stakes at Sheephead Bay, Hanover at 1-to-5 (Kingston 5-to-1) won by 10 lengths in a gallop. Three days later, in the Tidal Stakes at a mile, Hanover was 1-to-10 and Kingston 10-to-1, and Hanover won pulled up by 6 lengths. They did not meet again until the Omnibus Stakes at Monmouth Park when Hanover was beaten after 14 straight wins. He was third to Laggard and Firenze, but Kingston finished fifth and last at 12-to-1. Hanover had been held at 1-to-2. That year, Kingston won 13 races in 18 starts, and Hanover 20 in 27. Kingston was unplaced but 4 times in 138 starts and had a lifetime winning average of 60.45% and Hanover twice unplaced in 50 races was a fraction behind at 60.40%.

Bred by James R. Keene, Kingston was

WORD SQUARE

This is a word square for advanced students of the Turf. It includes the names of well known Racing Officials, and is a little tougher than those which merely listed horses, or stables, or tracks. Of course, only the last name of the official is in the square, though, in the solution on page 57, his initials are also given.

You start in the upper left-hand corner and move downward, to the right, or diagonally downward and to the right. Don't move to the left or upward.

There are eighteen names in the puzzle.

```

B U P A C S C H I S
H R T U R A M P L H
D E O Y N K S B L E
U N N D E S S E I A
M R A E R E I L L N
C Y N N V E D B R G
L E N N A R E Y O P
H A R Y N E R T W W
N V O S B U T T N N
U C K O L S R G H T

```

(Solution on page 57)

bought back by him from the Dwyers after his racing career was done, and stood at Castleton until he was 28 years old. He led the sire list in 1900 and again in 1910, but as his best sons were Dolly Spanker, a gelding, and Novelty, a colt which Sam Hildreth took to France and afterward sold to go to the Argentine, Kingston did not succeed in leaving a son in this country capable of carrying on his branch. Hanover proved to be one of the half-dozen greatest sires in American Turf history.

Spendthrift's best breeding son was the man-eating Hastings, which Dr. Neet bred from his great imported mare, Cinderella, which was also the dam of Plaudit. Hastings would probably have been a first-class racehorse, had he not been so vicious and unruly. A difficult horse to train or handle, he nevertheless won the Belmont and the Toboggan in his 3-year-old season, and finished second to Ben Brush in the First Special at Gravesend, to Margrave in the Tidal Stakes, and to Handspring in the Withers. He was retired to the Nursery Stud of August Belmont in Kentucky, and lived to be 24 years of age. His two best sons were probably the gelding Priscillian and the famous Fair Play. Both suffered the misfortune of having been foaled in the same year as the unbeatable Colin. Priscillian managed to dodge the James R. Keene champion, and won all of his seven starts as a three-year-old. Fair Play won only the Flash at two, and the Jerome, Dwyer and Lawrence Realization as a three-year-old. He met Colin again in the Withers and Belmont, and lost other stakes to King James and Master Robert. By winning 10 of 32 races during his career, Fair Play put away some \$87,000 and retired to the Nursery Stud of August Belmont where he began almost at once to sire stakes winners.

Leading the sire list in 1920, 1924 and 1927, Fair Play was near the top all through his 16 years in the stud. He and his descendants have won more on the Turf than any one tribe in any country on the globe.

Siring Man o' War, probably the greatest horse ever bred in any country at any time, was, of course, the highlight of his stud career, but Chatterton and Chance Play are others of his sons to have led the American sire list.

The longer one searches the records for the case histories of great racehorses of the past, the more conclusively one is forced to recognize the superlativeness of Man o' War. Many conscientious students discount the watch as a measure of greatness. But it was not so much the time records Man o' War set, nor was it the caliber of opposition he encountered which earned him his supremacy. There have been many crops of Thoroughbreds in this country better than those with which Man o' War had to contend. It was more the almost human "will to win" which the horse had—the all but vocal contempt in

which he held the horses opposing him. No matter what weight he was giving away, nor what the distance of the race, he would not be rated. He insisted upon dominating his field all the way in every race, and there is no knowing what indelible time records he might have set had he had such opposition as Colin or Sysonby, for instance.

That he set as many records as he did, was due entirely to the innate speed and perfect co-ordination he possessed, together with a long reach and sweeping stride and a smooth frictionless action. Those physical characteristics, plus a fighting heart, plus superlative class made Man o' War a champion the like of which we may never see again. This writer has watched great horses race for a long stretch of years—since Hanover and Kingston, in fact. But from Hanover to Whirlaway and the many good race-horses which have come between, none measures up to the pattern of Fair Play's son. Those three legendary Britishers—Ormonde, St. Simon and Isinglass—great though they undoubtedly were in their day and generation, would have needed a lot more native speed had they been foaled in the same year as Man o' War.

St. Simon won the Goodwood Cup, 2½ miles in 5:01. The record is 4:16¾ today. He won the Newcastle Gold Cup, 1 mile in 1:50 flat. Platers leg up faster than that nowadays. His Ascot Cup was won in 5:32 for the 2½ miles.

Ormonde beat Melton for the Hardwicke Stakes, 1½ miles in 2:43, and won his Derby, 15 feet more than 1½ miles in 2:45¾. Man o' War ran 1½ miles faster than that. Isinglass won his Derby in 2:43, and his Guineas in 1:42¾, 33 feet more than 1 mile.

One doesn't have to worship the stop-watch to realize that horses which made that sort of time would have no chance with one which raced a mile in better than 1:36, a mile and an eighth faster than 1:50, and a mile and a half better than 2:29.

Allow plenty for difference in tracks, and still there's a big gap. The identical courses over which those three famous English champions ran are in use today, and all races are run faster than the old champions ever ran them.

Ormonde's St. Leger is 3:21¾ and Isinglass' 3:13¾ for the same race seem slow beside Windsor Lad's 3:01¾. So it seems that we must look further than "fast modern tracks" for the answer. Admiral Rous was eminently correct in his assertion that Eclipse and High-flyer would have been hard put to win a selling plate in 1850. Horses have gone on improving for another century since. And all that makes Man o' War all the more of an all-time stand-out. It is 26 years now since "Big Red" called it a career, and his equal has not as yet shown up.



CURTIS PHILLIPS

The late Father Crowley and Dr. H. W. Deuker examining the famous gourd that played an important role in one of the novel publicity stunts staged for the benefit of Owens Valley.

DESERT PADRE

By IRVING STONE

IN THE late fall of 1934, an automobile drew up before a church in the desert town of Lone Pine, California, with three men in it. Two of them lifted the third from the car and carried him, half stumbling, into the church, where he lay down in one of the pews. Another man riding along the main street of Lone Pine had watched the scene and had thought he recognized the afflicted one. He parked his car and entered the simple wooden church.

"Hello, Father Crowley. What are you doing here?"

The stricken man looked up. "They told me I was going to die, so I asked for permission to die in Owens Valley. I hear they say you're going to die too?"

"I don't pay any attention to it any more."

Father John J. Crowley lifted himself to one elbow, then smiled slowly. He had a nice face, strong but plain, perhaps even a trifle homely, with large ears, a

How Father John Crowley came back to Owens Valley to die, then survived long enough to restore life to a doomed California desert, and hope to its disillusioned settlers.

high and broad forehead topped by a thick shock of black hair shot through with gray, and based by a stubborn Irish chin. His eyes were beautiful—light blue, with a piercing quality, yet kind—the kindest eyes, people said, they had ever known.

"I have an idea, Ralph," he said softly. "Let us both find some good fight. We'll forget the past and get well."

The condemned men shook hands on their bargain. Three days later, the friend saw Father Crowley again. He was able to walk a few steps unaided; there was a faint touch of color in his cheeks.

"You must have found a good one!"

"The best," replied Father Crowley with a quiet chuckle. "We are going to work for the rehabilitation of Owens Valley. With God's help, we're going to persuade the city of Los Angeles to let us buy back our property and use our water on it and own our valley once again."

He was not underestimating the enormity of the task, for he was no stranger to this 10,000 square miles of desert that lay east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains; it had been his first parish. He knew Owens Valley to be more fatally ill than he; that this once-abundant land, with its thousands of farms, ranches and homes, famous throughout the country as the producer of California's first-prize apples, grain and corn, would require a miracle to keep it from reverting to the rock, the sage and the sand of the desert.

By the end of a month he had gained sufficient strength to be driven slowly through the parish to which he had first come as a young man in 1919. Where before there had been alfalfa fields waving like a green canopy to the very base of the Sierras, now there were barren wastes. The home of the

This is the country that held the padre back from the edge of death. Ringed by the lofty Sierra Nevadas, the desert no longer threatens to revert to sage and sand, now blooms in the springtime.

farmer who had grown this alfalfa was now abandoned, the glass broken out of the windows, the doors groaning on one hinge in the wind. The schoolhouse that had burned down had never been rebuilt. The roads that had led him to outlying farms had reverted to nature. The railroad tracks that had carried the cars of Owens Valley produce to Los Angeles were rusty threads in a wilderness. The Owens River, once a robust stream, deep with the snow waters of the Sierras, was but a trickle in a dry stream bed, the cottonwoods dead along its bank.

Water, mused the priest, water was one of God's greatest gifts. With it, the pioneers had turned this strip of land between two gigantic ranges into a garden. Deprived of water, the valley and its people with it were perishing.

No people less deserved such a cruel fate, Father Crowley knew, than these pioneers who had trudged their resolute way across the plains and settled the valley in the same year that the Civil War had begun in the East. During the first year, the Indians attacked with arrows; nearly everything died—the fruit trees, the grain, the livestock. But they were indomitable; they shivered and starved through the winter, and when spring came they plowed and planted again. More families came; schools were built, irrigation ditches dug; little towns sprang up along the road; board houses replaced log cabins. The cattle multiplied; the children grew up and married and multiplied; Owens Valley grew in population and riches and strength.

Then the promoters of Los Angeles had decided that the Owens Valley watershed could supply enough water to make their own sun-baked town a great world metropolis; soon the melting snows of the Sierras were being diverted from Owens Valley to the desert of San Fernando Valley and Los Angeles, two hundred and twenty miles away. Owens Valley was abandoned to

its fate by the national and state governments, by the more tractable and faint-hearted of its residents, who sold out and abandoned the farms and homes they had created with their own hands.

Father Crowley, too, had abandoned the country a decade before, believing it to be doomed. He, too, had moved on to more fertile fields, leaving his first land and people to succumb to attrition. He had simply been doing his duty when, recognized for his work in building three churches in a section that had been attended only by visiting pastors, he had answered the call to become chancellor of the new Monterey-Fresno diocese. But, lying on his back in a hospital bed ten years later, he realized that he had been interested in his own people and not all the people of Owens Valley; that he had thrown his tremendous energies into building churches, and not communities; that he had carved out of the desert a career for himself rather than a career for Owens Valley which might have rendered it indestructible. He had traveled day and night in rough stagecoaches, without sleep or food or the simple refinements of life, in a Herculean effort to administer each week to every part of his 17,000 square miles of parish. He had lived an irreproachable life of austerity and devotion. Judged in the midst of his youth, he had thought he was doing well. Seen from the vantage point of a decade and of a world collapsed, Father Crowley believed that he had done only half enough.

As chancellor of a new diocese, he had helped build, at an amazing rate of speed, churches, a cathedral, hospitals and schools. He had been enormously successful. Then had come the stock-market crash in 1929, the impoverishment of his community, the inability to meet bank loans, his stepping down from the chancellorship, his intimacy with death. He was no longer a businessman desiring to create an empire in terms of wood and stone and steel; he wanted to build in terms of the spirit, of the happiness of human souls.

When the bishop had come to him in the hospital in Bakersfield and asked, "My son, what one last favor can the Church grant you?" he had replied, "Let me go back to Owens Valley to die." But in his heart was the determination not to die until he had enjoyed a reprieve sufficiently long to enable him to expiate his sins of omission. He intended to die in Owens Valley, but not quite yet.

He determined, standing again on the parched earth of the valley, with Mount Whitney towering fourteen thousand five hundred feet above him, that the water must be returned to Owens Valley, its land must be made green again, its people called home. He did not know how, yet the resolution made him strong. By the end of the second month he felt well enough to pitch into his work; each day brought added strength, and Father Crowley had no more thought of dying.

He became a familiar sight on the streets of Lone Pine, Independence and Bishop, and on the dirt roads of Inyo and Mono counties, in his Army shirt with khaki riding pants and puttees; a medium tall, huskily built man, a little bandy-legged, with his right arm held out from the body because it had been broken at the elbow in a baseball game when he was a child, and never properly set.

First he was a man of the cloth, and his first efforts belonged to the church. He said Mass at six o'clock on Sunday morning in the majesty of Death Valley, his vestments over his khaki. At seven, he rolled up the cassock neatly, jumped into his sand-colored flivver and began the 100-mile drive out of Death Valley, where he was below sea level, over the staggeringly bare Panamint Range, on which he had to climb up to five thousand feet, down again to sea level in the Panamint sink, then up once again to four thousand feet to get over the pass of the Inyo Mountain Range, before dropping into Lone Pine to say Mass at nine o'clock. He had exactly two hours between Masses to make

DESERT PADRE

(Continued from Page 11)

of his home or business in thirty days. Los Angeles was careful never to take pecuniary advantage of the Owens Valley folk; the prices paid were consistently generous; but the settlers stubbornly maintained that a man's home could mean more to him than a profitable sales price.

There had settled over the people of Owens Valley the pall of bitterness and hatred which Father Crowley now found lodged deep in every last inhabitant.

As he rode on horseback through Long Valley and the mountains above it, as he studied the water-flow charts, he saw that if the Long Valley dam had been built exactly where the settlers had judged that it should be built thirty years before, Los Angeles could have had enough water to take care of a population of 5,000,000 and Owens Valley could have grown until it would have been a beautiful and prosperous community. Several times it had seemed as though the plans were coming to fruition, but always something intervened: politics, land manipulation, seasons of short water. In the end, Owens Valley had been unable to convince the Los Angeles engineers that even with the Long Valley dam there would always be sufficient water for both Owens Valley and the ever-expanding metropolis below.

The padre knew that the Long Valley dam must be built. But he perceived that the people had to wage the fight themselves, to regain their strength, to forget their bitterness. It was not the country alone that needed rebirth; it was the people as well.

Father Crowley assigned to himself the task of becoming the friend of every last man, woman and child in his vast parish. His eyes, which had always been a little severe, now twinkled as he made little jokes at every opportunity, for he believed that if he could start these people laughing, they might laugh the hate virus out of their blood.

He worked constantly for religious tolerance, and slowly his work became successful. Protestants forgave him for being a Catholic, and the Catholics forgave him for having so many Protestant friends. Somewhere along the line, the padre became The Padre, an understanding father to whom the weary, the frightened and confused could come for comfort and help.

He rarely had a dollar in his pocket. When he was near friends, he could eat at their tables, but many times when he was out alone he went without food because he had no coin in his pocket with which to buy it. When he was not sleeping in his car or alongside the road in his blanket roll, he slept on a little cot under the eaves of his church in Lone Pine. His worldly possessions were a few extra garments hanging on nails in the rafters. His entire parish being poverty-stricken, there seemed no way to raise money for his church work.

But he set to work vigorously to put his church on a solvent basis. He staged a street carnival, with many booths for eating hot dogs and drinking soda pop and gambling a few nickels into the till. This netted him two hundred dollars. He cast The Drunkard from among the valley people; folks came for hundreds of miles around to see the show and help out the padre.

When a Mexican woman deeded the church a lot, he sold it and with the money renovated the Lone Pine church property, so that he was able to rent out the basement to an undertaker, offices on

the ground floor to a doctor and a dentist, two living apartments for families upstairs, and the corner to a gasoline company. He found that he would have a hundred and twenty dollars a month with which to carry on his work.

He had been back for more than a year when he called together representatives of every tiny outpost of the country. Thirty men assembled—the editors of the local newspapers, the superintendent of Death Valley National Monument, the merchants, the leading miners, resort owners, cattle and sheep men from the surrounding mountains. They agreed that all work must be accomplished through communal co-operation. The men would contribute of their time, their energy, but not one copper cent. Thus the Inyo Associates were formed one evening in the little sitting room of a pioneer home.

By the following morning, opposition had already arisen. The Inyo County supervisors came out against the Associates because they feared it was designed to take away their political power. Trained on intrigue, the people feared the organization. Certain of Father Crowley's own parishioners criticized him on the grounds that he ought not meddle in economics and politics; a few members of the powerful Masonic lodge objected to having a priest lead them, while other Protestants claimed he was doing all this to strengthen the influence of the Catholic Church.

He was not disheartened by the obstacles. For sixteen hours a day he was in his jalopy, explaining to the people the aims of the association, trying to quiet their fears and suspicions, putting his shoulder against the dead weight of their torpor, their defeatism.

This was as magnificent a country as could be found anywhere in the world, with breathtaking contrasts; the trout fishing, hunting and skiing were superb. The country could have been a tourists' paradise, yet when the people of Los Angeles had

tried to come up for vacations, they had met with biting hatred.

"Look, you good people," the padre now cried to his neighbors. "It's true that Los Angeles made you sell out. But all that is in the past. We have to set our faces to the future, to make a new life for ourselves."

And so the Inyo Associates inched their way into the confidence of the people they were trying to help.

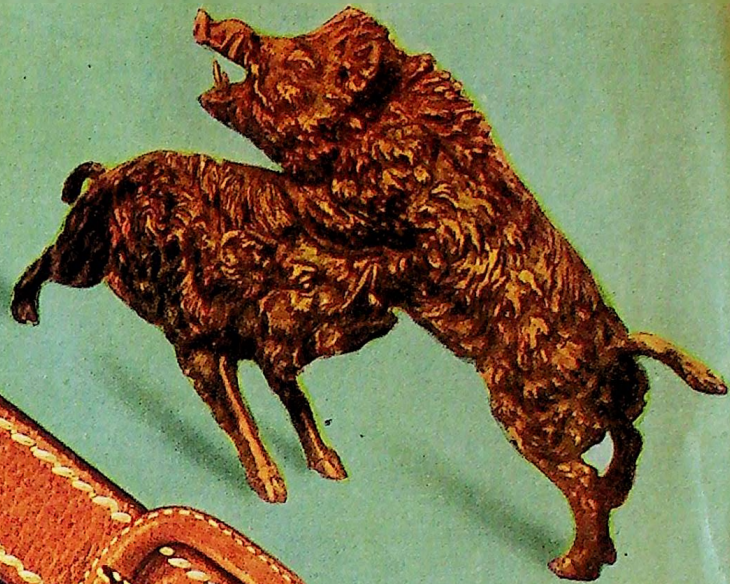
In spite of his continuous dashing about the country, he did not neglect any particle of his church work. But once his church work was attended to, his energies were canalized into the problems of reconstructing the valley. He began to write a column for the Catholic press, which was reproduced in other papers, called Sage and Tumbleweed, in which he brought to life for the outside world the beauty and drama of his region. He lectured often in Los Angeles to make people feel that they were wanted in Owens Valley. He said Mass at the top of Mount Whitney, the highest point in the United States on which Mass had ever been said, and took along photographers. The newspapers snapped up the pictures, largely because of their scenic beauty; people in Schenectady, in St. Paul, in Kansas City began to ask, "Say, where is this Mount Whitney?"

One evening he sat in a meeting in Bishop. The following day was May first, the opening of the fishing season.

Suddenly he leaned over to Bob Brown, who was writing publicity for the Associates, and murmured, "Do you think you can get a photographer to get up at three in the morning?"

"I guess so," replied Brown.

P I G S K I N



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"I have an idea. We ought to be able to crack a national wire with it." Addressing the group, he said, "I feel sorry for the Catholics on a day like tomorrow. The rest of you can get out on the streams at four and five in the morning, while my people have to wait to go to church at eight. But never let it be said that the Catholics are going to be beaten as fishermen. I'm going to hold a special fishermen's Mass tomorrow at three, and I want you all to come—Catholics, Protestants, Jews, pagans, everybody. It may do you some good; anyway, it can't do you any harm. Bring your worms—I'll bless 'em. We want to get some good pictures, so be sure to bring your waders and rods and baskets."

By three o'clock, the little wooden church was full of people, the aisles stacked with fishing rods and reels and baskets and boxes of bait. The flashlights went off while the photographers took pictures. Then, when the excitement had died down, Father Crowley preached a three-minute sermon on Jesus the fisherman.

He had a thousand strings out to promote Owens Valley and Death Valley. In the back of his mind was always the thought that he must make friends for Owens Valley all over the country. Every tourist dollar that could be attracted to Inyo-Mono would give them that much more strength with which to wage their fight.

Thousands of tourists poured into the region, leaving behind them an average of five dollars a day per person. Trade picked up in the stores; a few new hotels and auto courts were built, using Owens Valley labor and materials; the cattle of the valley were bought at rising prices to feed the vacationists; national grocery and oil companies opened branches; the people of the valley found their income increased, so they were able to buy some new clothes and tools in their stores. Every dollar left behind by a tourist passed through ten Inyo hands.

Even with this tangible success, the going was rough for the padre. Antagonisms had grown up among the Associates. Indefatigably, he worked to convince them that, united, they would stand and, divided, they would fall.

The Wedding of the Waters

He would never ask anyone to do anything he was not willing to do himself—that is, with one exception. He constantly warned the people, "Drive slow and watch out for cattle." He himself was the fastest driver in the parish because he had thousands of miles to cover each week to get his work done.

He was sought after as a master of ceremonies, staged shows, rallies and stunts; filled in, whenever he was asked for an impromptu talk, with the kind of simple, earthy and yet caustic humor that made Will Rogers so beloved.

"Laughter," said the padre, "is as important as food and drink and the shirt on your back. A people that can laugh can never be held down."

During their second year the padre's Associates attracted to their district a hundred thousand tourists who left behind them half a million dollars. They proved to the state and Federal agencies that they were not a moribund community, and appropriations were passed to extend their agricultural experimentation stations, their fish hatcheries, their roads. They secured an appropriation for a road to connect Mount Whitney with Bad Water in Death Valley, a project which the padre reasoned would attract millions of Americans because it connected the highest point in the United States with the lowest. To celebrate the opening of the road, he staged a show, The Wedding of the Waters.

Two Indian runners, in breechcloths and moccasins dipped a gourd into the icy lake just beneath the peak of Mount

Whitney, and ran down the steep mountain trail with it. Four miles below, they delivered the gourd to the pony express. While the crowds cheered and the newsreels ground, the gourds were carried on a prospector's burro, in a covered wagon, a twenty-mule team, a narrow-gauge railroad, a streamlined automobile, and lastly an airplane, which flew below sea level and sprinkled the water into Bad Water, joining the highest water in the country with the lowest.

The padre's Wedding of the Waters brought immediate results; by 1940 a million tourists a year were coming into the valley, leaving behind them five million dollars. Old-timers began drifting back; children and grandchildren of the original settlers returned. Young men, attracted by the prospect of growing up with a community rich in promise, brought fresh capital, fresh ideas.

But Father Crowley's greatest ambition was yet to be achieved. He was determined that the Long Valley dam should be built.

The Roof That Leaks

In 1937, a hearing was secured with the Los Angeles commissioners. The chairman brought his fist down on the conference table, exclaiming, "Father Crowley, we own Owens Valley. We propose to have no interference. There are no issues for discussion."

The padre laid his fist alongside of the chairman's and said, "You may own the land of Owens Valley, but you do not own the valley. Human rights are the most precious rights in the world. We grant you ownership of the land and the water rights. I'm here to fight for human rights. If you won't let me fight for those rights in this room, I'll take my fight to the street corners."

After a distinct pause, the chairman asked in a small voice, "What is it you want, Father Crowley?"

"The human equities of the people of Owens Valley have not been recognized; their right to live with all the freedom of American citizens is not satisfied by the conditions created by Los Angeles as landlord. When you gave us dollars for our lands and our homes, you did not leave us security. We cannot live without security."

It was an opening wedge, but it wasn't until 1938, when the Angelenos recalled their mayor and his ring, that a new era began for Owens Valley. The new mayor, Fletcher Bowron, agreed to visit Owens Valley with his commissioners.

One of the commissioners persisted, "Why is it so important that people own their own homes? When I look up at these majestic pines and the lofty eminence of Mount Whitney, when I look up at this great sky above us, with its myriads of gorgeous stars, I find myself forced to ask, 'What is the matter with this roof?'"

Just then a light sprinkle of rain began.

"It leaks," replied the padre. The laugh that went up dealt a death-blow to politics. Within a month, the city offered to sell back the homes, businesses and property in the towns, to restore the water rights. Within two months, appraisals were under way.

But another year went by, during which the padre was unsuccessful in getting Los Angeles to build the dam at Long Valley, even though the city had voted the money for it and the plans were drawn. Then, one evening, H. C. Van Norman, Los Angeles' chief water engineer, had to attend a meeting in Owens Valley, at which the padre and his Associates were also present. When they brought up the subject of the Long Valley dam, Van Norman excused himself. The padre motioned to a man at the back of the room and, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "Close the door and lock it, Bill, will you? We can't let Mr. Van Norman miss this interesting discussion."

the trip, one of the most awesome, difficult and nerve-racking rides in all the mountainous West.

The services over at ten o'clock, he would once again slip out of his robe, tuck it under his arm, jump into the car and dynamite the sixty miles to Bishop to hold his eleven-o'clock Mass. His rattling car, which he always wore out before he could complete the payments, became the most important part of his equipage; there was no limit to the number of miles he would drive through his vast parish to get his work done.

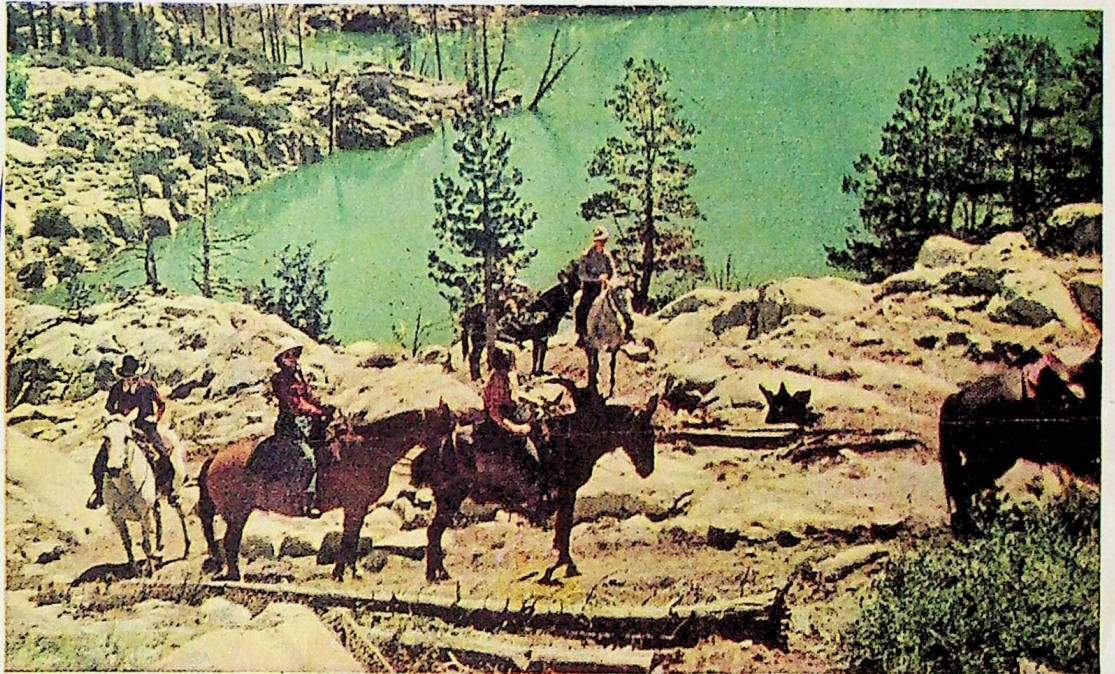
Owens Valley could be saved only by some heroic effort on its own part. Yet how was that effort to be achieved when many of its best men had moved away in despair, when the conflicting groups in Inyo and Mono counties were at one another's throats in trying to distribute blame for their plight?

As he sped across the star-studded desert in the deep night silence, he tried to evolve a strategy which would have its antecedents in the long struggle. Shortly after the turn of the century, the farmers of Owens Valley had seen that the excess flood waters wasted during the melting season ought to be preserved to furnish irrigation during the long dry autumn. They came to the conclusion that a dam built at the end of Long Valley, just above Owens Valley, could store their surplus water. However, Los Angeles set out to buy all the land along the Owens River, all the land along the creeks which fed into the river, all the canal systems the Owens Valley people had built. Los Angeles set out to absorb every acre of tillable land in Owens Valley.



Frosty Mount Williamson looked down on the struggles of Owens Valley and the miracles performed by Father Crowley.

RALPH A. BELL



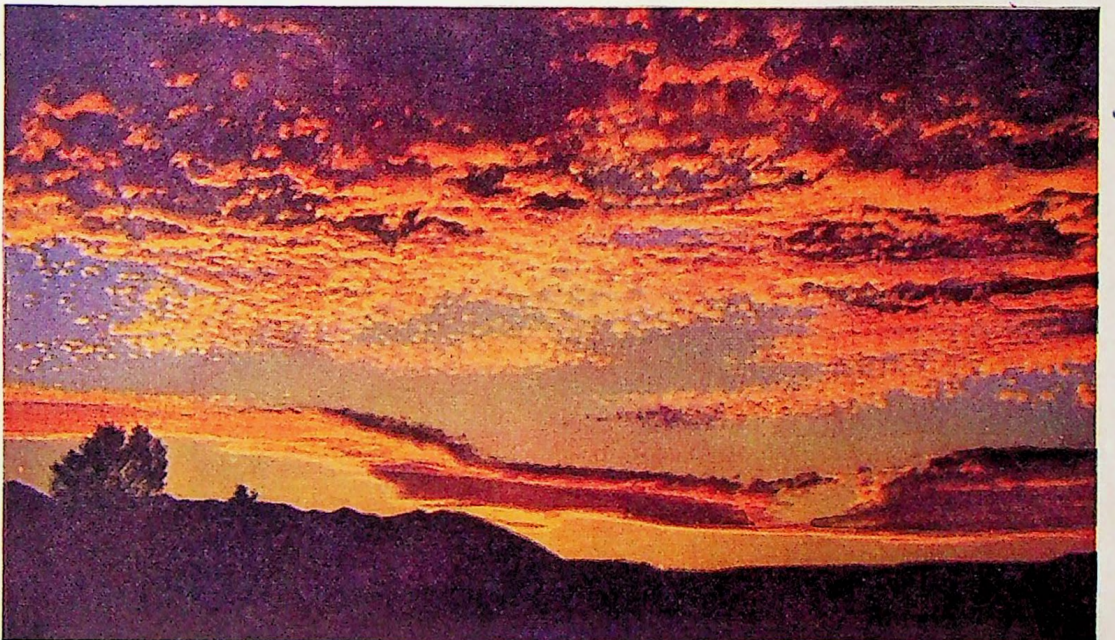
Visitors follow the trail to Palisade Glacier, most southerly glacier in the U. S. and great attraction for tourists.

PHILLIPS CAMERA HOUSE

The city's agents, with \$11,000,000 in their pockets, offered generous prices for the land. The more opportunistic had sold; those who had mortgages outstanding against their farms had difficulty in renewing their loans; others had their loans called in. Those farmers along a canal system who could neither be tempted by cash nor forced out by the banks found Los Angeles refusing to keep clear the canals along the property they had bought; the farmers who could spare neither the time nor the money to do the extra work were deprived of water for their crops. The little towns of Lone Pine, Independence and Bishop still had enough drinking water to keep alive, but not enough to sustain their gardens or lawns.

At last Los Angeles owned the 60,000 acres of tillable land in the valley. Ever thirsty for more water, the city now sank wells between Lone Pine and Bishop to draw off the underground water; the people of the towns saw that in a few years they would have no more water to drink. Los Angeles now bought up every piece of business property in the valley, and 90 per cent of the homes. Los Angeles alone determined who could rent property, and for how long. Any occupant could be forced out

(Continued on Page 105)



A Sierra sunset. It was beauty like this that Father Crowley talked about, wrote about, successfully publicized.

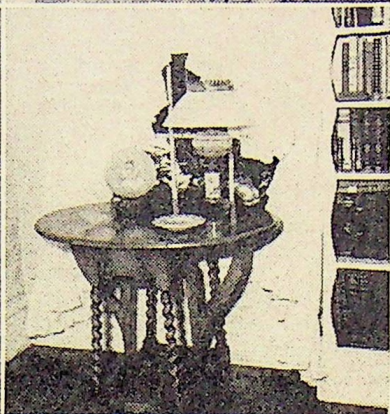
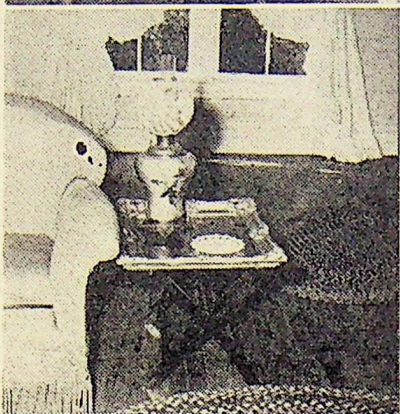
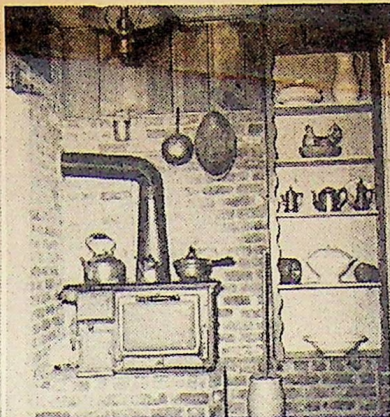
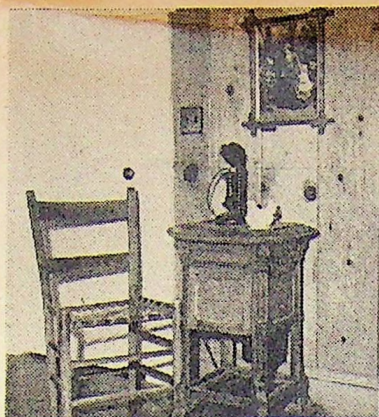
PHILLIPS CAMERA HOUSE

TINIEST MINING CAMP — Built on property of an unsuccessful talc company in Death Valley by an ingenious watchman with little else to do. He employed rocks, pebbles and mortar for the miniature structures, and planted cacti, yucca and wildflowers to make a typical setting. Headquarters building and bunk and cook house disclose particular skill, stones being set in mortar and window sashes and doors made of sheet metal. Grinding mill at left is a perfect little replica of the large one nearby and not shown here. Garages and cars and a windmill and tank are included. The location is in Galena Canyon but not accessible to tourists owing to bad road conditions.



She Transforms Antiques

By TANNISSE BROWN ROST



CAN YOU SPOT THE ANTIQUES in these photos of Mrs. Charles Hamilton's home? See story below for some help.

CREATING new and beautiful uses for antiques is the hobby of Mrs. Charles Hamilton, Sr., Placerville. And she does it with a flourish! We made that discovery after seeing some of her handiwork.

We visited Mrs. Hamilton not too long ago on a crisp blue sky morning. What interesting antiques we found within the four walls of the Hamilton home—one of Placerville's oldest. Set on a hillside overlooking one of the town's quaint, narrow streets, it makes an ideal setting for antiques.

Mrs. Hamilton told us the history behind some of her collector's items, for she found many of them right in the Placerville area. And, of course, that's where history was being made in California's gusty, gold rush days.

Many of you old timers should recognize that rawhide seat on the chair near the telephone stand in the kitchen (photo, upper left). The milk glass chicken near the telephone is another antique.

A favorite with antique collectors is the corner of Mrs. Hamilton's kitchen where she had an old cook stove installed on a used brick base (photo, upper right). She has a modern electric stove where she does most of her cooking, but when power goes off, she finds this a handy addition.

On the stove is a fine collection of antique copper cooking ware. On the wall above is a chopping bowl from Virginia City, Nevada. The light fixture hanging overhead is over 100 years old and came from the old Max Baer general store in Placerville. New addition is the metal shade Mrs. Hamilton had made for it.

If you will look closely at the open shelves built in next to the stove, you'll spot a fat, china chicken on the second shelf down. One of Mrs.

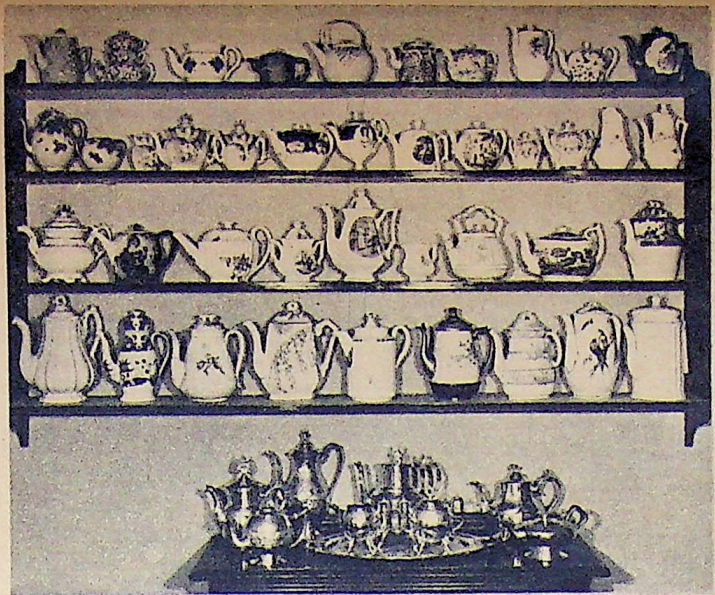
Hamilton's favorite antiques, it belonged to her grandmother. It was used for serving chicken fricassee. And, did you notice the ironstone china on some of the other shelves? There's a butter mold on the fourth shelf down. That old-fashioned butter churn on the floor is familiar to many of us.

If you have an antique picture frame, how about transforming it into an end table. Merely have glass set into the frame, using a luggage stand for the base (photo lower left). The lamp and milk glass plate on the table are two more of Mrs. Hamilton's treasured antiques.

Mrs. Hamilton knows antiques show off best in simple groupings, and that's why she displays her treasures sparingly. Note the delicately beautiful antique lamp on the table in front of the living room window, for example (photo, lower right). The only accessories are a blue, milk glass plate on the table and a translucent piece of velvety blue, Bristol ware on a plate rack. Light streaming through the plate from the window enhances its beauty.

Another one of Mrs. Hamilton's antique discoveries is that old clocks can be made into attractive shadow boxes. She then uses them for displaying figurines or flowers. An expert at flower arranging, she took \$53 in prizes for her arrangements at the 1952 Eldorado County Fair. That's another place where she finds a use for antiques.

Try arranging flowers in old teapots or pitchers, suggests Mrs. Hamilton. She also demonstrated how effective arrangements can be made in bases of old lamps or in canisters. She even made a dainty arrangement in a lovely, old-fashioned, beaded evening bag. She set a small glass container into the bag for holding the water.



Robert R. Jensen

A chance remark started friends adding to Mrs. Rayner's array of teapots old and new from this and other lands.

TEA, Anyone?

By Mary Markley

ONE DAY Mrs. Aza Rayner chanced to remark, "If I ever collect anything it will be teapots—they have so much individuality." The word spread among her friends and now she has dozens of teapots, each with a personality all its own.

She favors antique ones because of the interesting history linked to them. Among her treasures is her great-grandmother's betrothal gift. As an engagement token, it was customary for English girls of her town to select a souvenir from the annual Leeds Fair, a gala event that drew visitors from far and wide. The Leeds teapot has a derby hat of a lid, but its blue decorations are unmistakably Chinese.

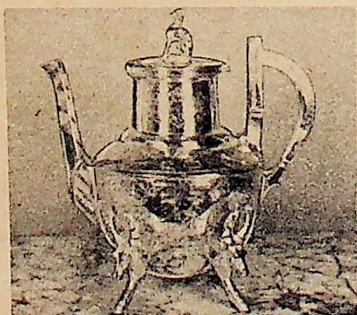
In size her teapots range from a Tom Thumb, barely an inch tall, to an ironstone giant that saw daily

service for a Philadelphia family of 15 members.

One of her sets commemorates the coming of the Pilgrims and pictures the plea of John Alden and the return of the Mayflower.

In contrast to heavy ironstone ware, some are feather light. Decoratively, they range from unadorned through lace pattern. Spode Wicker Lane, acorn and pheasant patterns to ornate Victorian pieces.

Mrs. Rayner has pewterware, too: a graceful old English Sheffield and an ebony-handled pewter stamped "Roswell Gleason," a Massachusetts firm dating from 1830. Another attractive one combines brass, pewter and painted china. A hand-hammered brass and copper pot from Belgium holds not tea but a charming arrangement of wood roses on the tea table.



English silver stag design.



Was great-grandmother's.



A utilitarian ironstone pot.



Ebony-handled pewter.

Antiques

"Surely in all America, here was the only livestock that dined from Chinese porcelains of circa 1800"



Howard K. Johnson

By Gregor Norman-Wilcox

YOU wouldn't believe it. But it really happened, to a widely known gentleman named John Scott Trotter.

Trotter likes a few antiques with his music. So one morning a dozen years ago, when he heard that some fine Early American furniture was to be found out in the middle of the Mojave Desert, he arose hastily and went forth. Collectors will believe anything.

Actually, the furniture was there—although disarranged and rather charred—in what was left of an adobe ranch house that had lately suffered a fire. It did not look so good.

But out in the yard what was this glint of blue? One's toe kicked out of the warm sand a half-buried porcelain plate, painted with a scene of hills and Chinese pavilions and bordered with blue latticework. For California, this was a strange and unrecorded mineral deposit—the dishware called "blue Canton," a favorite in New England china closets since the 1790s.

Here and there around the place almost 150 pieces more were soon gathered. The pigs were snuffling in a giant soup tureen. Chickens were nervously grouped around a great platter. Cats, too, were daintily taking their cream from leaf-shaped sweetmeat dishes. Surely, in all America, here was the only livestock that dined from Chinese porcelains of circa 1800.

A seafaring family in Boston had first brought the set from Canton, then the only port in China where foreign ships were permitted to trade. And about 60 years ago a descendant came to California bringing the family furniture and this "blue Canton." But alas, the Mojave Desert proved not so homelike as Boston—he presently returned to the Hub of the Universe, leaving everything behind.

Indescribably defiled, a whole tea and dinner service of the porcelains was finally rescued—sets of platters, tureens from sauce to soup sizes, double-walled hot wa-

ter plates that were ancestors of the thermos bottle, teapots and little covered custard cups, sets of plates and teacups.

In our picture one of the fruit bowls represents (said one lady writer) "an art now obsolete, because of the difficulty of piercing hard clay, as many as 50 attempts often being required before a perfect dish was produced." Which of course is nonsense, because the laborious pierced work was accomplished while the soft clay was being shaped up, not after it was completed and had hardened.

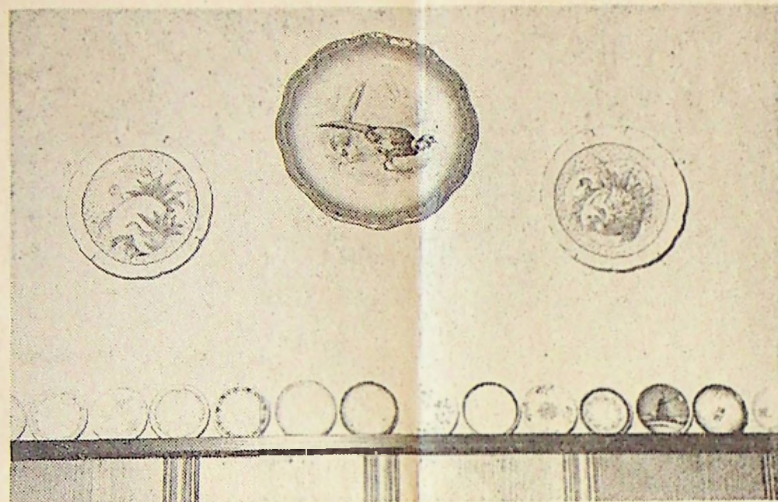
The flanged dessert plate is unusual, so too the tea caddy with its matching cover. The rare little "trencher" salt (a shape borrowed from silversmiths) is like one used by George Washington at Mt. Vernon, nowadays trimmed with silver and reverently displayed at the Old South Church in Boston.

A group of the Trotter pieces is to be seen this month and next in an exhibition at Los Angeles County Museum called "American Ships in the China Trade." This pretty china, which was parent to the "blue willow" pattern produced in England, here takes its place among the finest wares painted at Canton, to special order of the foreign traders—with eagles or coats of arms, with pictures of sailing ships, with Masonic symbols or personal monograms.

If it was not the most expensive of such export porcelains, "blue Canton" was among the best loved. It was made at Shao King, west of Canton, in recent days the same as 150 years ago. The remains of great services that were brought home by the early China traders still fill the pantry shelves of the Carrington house in Providence or such famous Salem mansions as the Ropes or Pingree houses.

As for Trotter's, it was first washed, then gently transferred to the shelves of a mahogany breakfront cabinet. What the livestock are using now we do not know.

Color Harmony With Originality



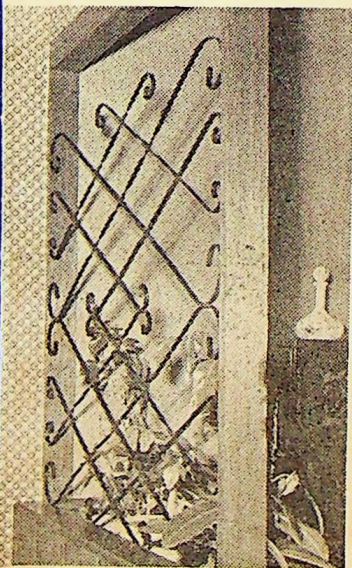
SHELF OF RARE OLD BUTTER CHIPS in the kitchen of Mrs. Lilian Divine of Romoland, Riverside County.

PUSHING aside the screen door—favorite climbing ladder of a tiny black kitten—and walking into

the kitchen of Lilian Divine is a rare treat. Seldom is a kitchen wall decorated with such a display of exquisite china as the one above her kitchen table.

For here is a row of prim little butter chips ranged on a narrow grooved shelf. Too bad you can't see the square ones on each end of the row . . . just beyond the scope of our picture. And these dainty chips—remnants of long ago—remind you of a doll's house. Could they be part of a tiny tea set belonging to little princesses of the past? I should say not! . . . They filled a practical need in a "grown up" table.

The Royal vitreous from England kindly enough held sweet butter from



LATTICEWORK PARTITION made from two screen door guards.

cornwall; while the Ironstone china traced the well-laden boards of old Germany. (German, too, is the large pheasant plate higher upon the wall, with "Three Crown China" stamped on its back.) Another little chip hails from Bavaria.

But the rare old pieces of china and glass—with which the house abounds—are not the only interest of Mrs. Divine. She will lead you into her bedroom to show you how the white curtains with purple violets

and dark green ruffles go with a braided rug of lavender and purple she has made. For artistic rug making is her pastime.

Her other bedroom—done in brown and blue-green, with brown dust ruffles on the bed—will have braided rugs of its own color, too.

Autumn shades prevail in her large braided dining room rug . . . red berries on the wallpaper, a ruffle at the top of the window in cranberry shade, and a gay little vase at the other window echoing its brighter hues.

Now your eye will be caught by a lovely bit of wrought-iron lattice-work that screens living room from hall . . . and yields tantalizing glimpses of rich plants, hardwood and bric-a-brac. Admiring this ornamental partition no one would guess it used to be part of a screen door and spent some of its life frustrating flies. But such is the case.

Two screen door guards have been fastened together to make the lattice-work . . . after being sandpapered and painted flat black to resemble wrought iron.

Wish I had space to tell you of the window in her living room which she made from a doorway, adding shelves for glassware and a scalloped edge inspired by some of her precious old dinner plates.

Also about the brick-patterned wallpaper she has pasted back of her kitchen stove.

But these things must wait for another occasion.



Tea-drinking England loved its teapots and made a fine art out of shaping and decorating them. The variety is infinite. Notice the exquisite curves in the handles and the balanced grace of the spouts. Made in England, all the above were household familiars in America. Teapots were favorites with our great-grandmothers and many have survived a hazardous century.

Finders Keepers

*old china you can find in villages
and towns throughout America*

By HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

IF you collect old china even in a small way, you know the thrill of discovering a charming old teapot or platter, cream jug or trinket box hiding out in a secondhand shop or country cupboard. All the pieces shown on these pages were found in just this way.

For a hundred years the beautiful wares of the English potters were as common in America as in England. Ships laden with dinnerware were always pulling into Eastern ports. American cupboards were stocked with big sets of "dishes" for company use and a variety of service pieces for every day. There were figurines for the mantel and trinket boxes for the dresser, flower vases and huge quantities of Staffordshire commemorative pieces showing American scenes.

Pioneers took these treasures westward with them. So, no matter where you live, your chances of finding these delightful old pieces is good. The quantity imported was vast. When American potteries added their output to this, our ancestors really had a great bounty from which to choose. Many of the old pieces were not marked, but there are many good books, well illustrated, which will help you identify your find.

HAROLD FOWLER

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MRS. EARL B. SMITH





Trinket boxes such as these were great favorites in the Victorian era. The designs were often whimsical, showing miniature dressers, birds in the nest, pet lambs and quaint children, as well as romantic figures, picturesquely posed. Some were Dresden; others, Worcester, Bristol, Staffordshire or Bow. Many were made for children and young girls and were gifts of sentiment. In the center are figurines of the period, some actually vases.

Rich luster combined with delicate bands of color, hand decorated, had great vogue in America.

Luster cream jugs and teapots were particular favorites. The luster is a metallic glaze and may be pink as well as silver, copper and even platinum. Shown here are good specimens of early luster together with a Rockingham jug in the second row center. The big jugs or "pitchers" were for milk on the family dining table.

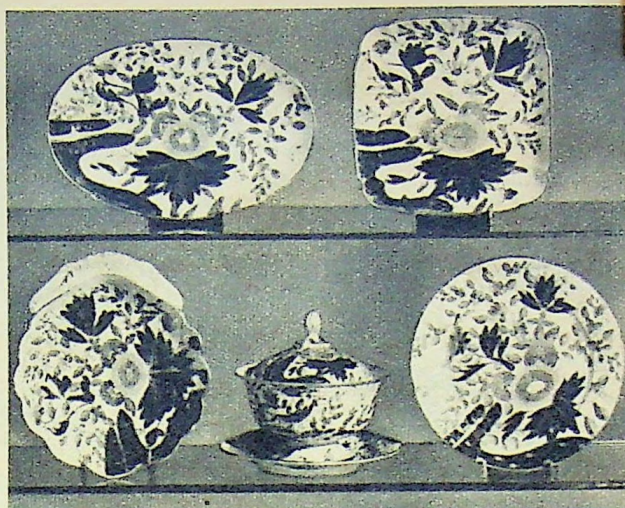
Celadon is the name given to the pale green Chinese type ware shown here. It is delicately decorated with raised designs, often in pink and darker green. At the left is a Sunderland teapot with a soft, spattered design, made about 1820. The nautilus pitcher, made by Enoch Wood, has happily survived since 1815. Felix Pratt made the handsome luster pitcher at the right of the grouping, probably about 1800. The figurines in the center are English Staffordshire of the type loved by Americans.



Antiques

"Gaudy dutch" came in rich cobalt blue with bright enamel colors—cheerful stuff that nonplused the writers of 30 years ago

Pieces shown are from a fine service of Worcester porcelain, complimented by imitation on the part of many firms of the era



By Gregor Norman-Wilcox

THERE'S no longer anything mysterious about "gaudy dutch" ware. Yet people still quote the writers of 30 years ago, who were nonplused by this cheerful stuff, as if it remained from some forgotten race of neolithic men. Wherever did it come from? Who made it, and when?

From its type of light earthenware body and the familiar shapes of its teapots and jugs, flat-rimmed plates or deep wash-bowls, one might rightly guess this was Staffordshire ware of perhaps 1800-25. More exactly, it appeared about 1812 (on expiration of the "Orders in Council" which from 1810-12 stopped English exports to this country) and lasted to around 1830.

Fifteen patterns, plus a few variations, were recorded by Sam Laidacker in 1949. Their family name "gaudy dutch" was invented about 40 years ago—it fitted this class of bright-colored dishware that was only "dutch" because it sold almost wholly among the "deutsch" or Pennsylvania Germans.

The same was true of spatterware, another Staffordshire product much loved in Eastern Pennsylvania. What nowadays is called by the odd name "gaudy Welsh" was a somewhat later ironstone china

splashed with flowers and copper luster—no way connected with Wales but chiefly found through Ohio.

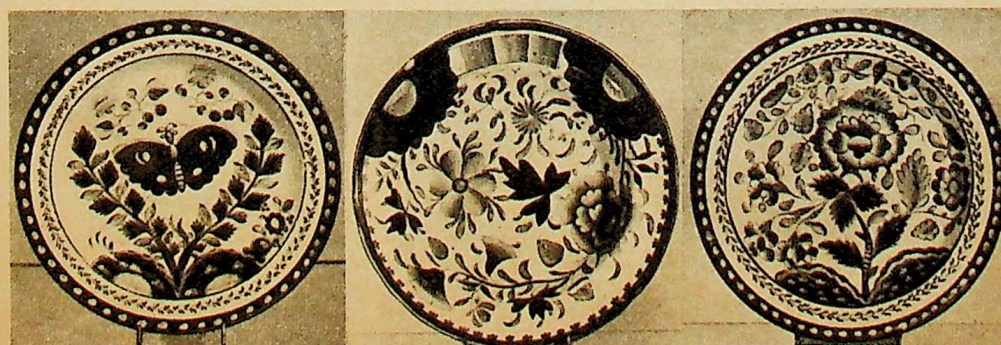
"Gaudy dutch" very seldom carries any maker's mark, but apparently was made by quite a list of rival potters. Marked pieces are stamped RILEY or the name WOOD or show the eagle with "Enoch Wood & Sons."

John & Richard Riley worked 1802-27 at Burslem, appearing as "J. & J. Riley" in the 1818 directory. Enoch Wood was also at Burslem, starting in 1783 and taking the name "Enoch Wood & Sons" in 1819, though the single word WOOD was stamped on his wares both before and after this year.

Very similar wares, indeed "gaudy" enough, if not in exactly the recognized patterns, show the marks ROGERS or DAVENPORT. These were two firms in Longport, John Rogers working from about 1780 and called "& Sons" for a half century after 1816, John Davenport established in 1794 and called "J. & J. Davenport" from 1818.

"Gaudy dutch" used a rich cobalt blue with bright enamel colors (apple-green and pink, strong yellow and rusty red) laid on thick and tending to flake off

Continued on Page Forty-seven



Taylor and Dull

Three "gaudy dutch" plates in the Butterfly, Double Rose, Carnation designs

Antiques *(Continued from Page Six)*

were fitted with scrollwork bases of ormolu or gilt bronze and sometimes sheetered by ormolu branches bearing porcelain flowers.

But soon these idle birds were given something to do. Meissen had introduced teapots in the shape of a bird and in mid-century French faience (especially Strasbourg) there were swan-sized tureens or pigeon-sized dishes for soups and sauces.

This idea, like so many others, was one the Chinese thought of long before. A London journal pictured (December *Antique Collector*, Page xlv) a typical pair of 18th century duck tureens in brilliantly colored Chinese porcelain.

Much more quietly dressed are the 11-inch Staffordshire ducks shown here, made about 1780 and painted sober brown with green and yellow, their dishes the soft blue of rippling water.

The smaller pair of doves (Whieldon type, about 1780) are mauve and dove color, upon a dish painted russet and buff, roughly modeled to look like a nest.

In their day these were called "confinement boxes" and pairs of them, filled with sweetmeats or jellied broth, were taken to such women as their name suggests. But if we were in that predicament and someone brought us the ungainly likeness of a nesting duck we might not think it a charming compliment.

Our 7-inch Staffordshire hen dishes of 1840, in gray and cheerful colors, nesting in coral red baskets, look well familiar. As dishes for colored Easter eggs or for serving hard-boiled eggs or in tiny sizes for children's playthings, these were popular the rest of the century.

After the Civil War such birdies were also made in American glass, milk-white or colored, to be given as premiums or sold filled with mustard. McKee Brothers (Pittsburgh) and Challinor, Taylor & Co. (Tarentum) offered chicken and ducks or such animal dishes as the cat and squirrel, rabbit and pig, the horse and lion. There was the famous duck dish (patented 1887) of the Atterbury Glass Co. in Pittsburgh. Other hen, duck and swan dishes were imported from the Vallerysthal Glassworks (Alsace) even until World War II.

Antiques

Continued from Page Eleven

shabbily with use and the passage of time.

No botanist would recognize its flower designs. Three of them pictured here are the Butterfly, Double Rose and Carnation. Others are given such names as Urn or Grape, War Bonnet or Zinnia, Dove or Strawflower. One called Oyster is sometimes found with a wide blue-transferred border of flower scrolls — a hint of what was to come, for hand-painted "gaudy dutch" could not compete with the cheap Blue Staffordshire printed ware so enormously popular in the 1820s.

It is easy enough to show where these gay designs came from. For instance, seen here are examples from a Worcester dessert service (about 1810) richly decorated in yellow and royal blue, green and old rose, with gilded borders, a service for fine tables of the era.

Such lavish "Imari" patterns (in supposed Japanese style) were used on fine Worcester, Derby and Spode porcelains of about 1785-1820. And similar Imari or so-called "India" designs were seen from 1815 to the 30s on Miles Mason's famous "ironstone" china, patented 1813. To satisfy a much cheaper market, "gaudy dutch" imitated these showy patterns but used bright yellow instead of expensive gold for accent and border on its pieces.

Ironically, the cheap imitation is now worth far more than the fine porcelains it copied.

The dutch-country was picked over long since, but 30 years ago we assembled a set of "gaudy dutch" piece by piece, enough for supper parties. We stopped when prices (we thought) got too high—our limit was \$4 for a plate, \$5 for a cup and saucer. Today the "best" patterns bring 10 or 20 times that much, sometimes more. All-time record was the nonsensical \$6100 paid for a 14-inch Butterfly bowl at the Ira Reed sale in 1948.



Theodosia R. Nordyke

Theodosia Roberts Nordyke died February 7 in San Dimas, CA., at the age of 84. Her funeral was held February 10, with Rev. Thomas Pendell of Wesley Methodist Church officiating at the service. Interment was at Crestlawn Cemetery in San Dimas.

Mrs. Nordyke was born in Round Valley February 28, 1893. Her parents were early pioneers of Owens Valley. She was the only daughter of William D. and Minnie Thompson Roberts. William D. Roberts and his widowed mother, Mary Roberts, and a sister (later, Mrs. Jack Shipley), and a brother (Robert Roberts) crossed the plains in 1858. Mary Roberts met and married John E. Jones in Salt Lake City who had also crossed the plains with a separate group.

T. E. Jones, brother of John and father of Independence resident, Gladys Jewett, had visited Round Valley in 1863. T. E. and John came to Round Valley in 1864 together and settled there. John Jones built a stone building, 12x12, which still stands in Round Valley while his wife waited in Aurora until he finished it. At one time a family of seven lived in this building. Mrs. Jones came to Round Valley in 1865. William married Minnie Thompson (whose own father was also a pioneer, coming to Owens Valley even earlier than the Jones brothers in the early 1860's), and Theodosia and three boys were born.

Theodosia was married in 1918 and later taught school in Independence and lived in Bishop, moving in later years to Riverside where she lived many years. Her husband, Milton Nordyke preceded her in death. Theodosia is survived by her daughter, Audrey Smith of San Dimas; a son, Robert Nordyke of Southern California; and three brothers, William Roberts and Llewellyn Roberts both of S. Calif. and Revan Roberts of Woodland and cousins, Bud Walters of Independence, Nellie Loundagin of Bishop, and Maria Hurlbut of Tecopa.

Round About The Museum

by Dorothy Cragen

While the opening of school has cut down to some extent on the number of visitors to the museum, it has not lessened the quality of those still coming. In fact we have had some very interesting people and a number of them joining the association. Among those visiting us and some joining too, were the Seminario families from Fish Lake Valley and Lancaster. The older Seminarios (enthusiasm of a younger generation) live in Fish Lake Valley while the younger family (son, wife and children) live in Lancaster. With them were two families from Lancaster who were no less enthusiastic about the country. They told us many things about Candelaria and vicinity, and the Seminarios in addition to having ranches in Fish Lake Valley own the old Candelaria Pipe Line, now known as the Esmeralda Water Co., furnishing water to a large mining project nearby. They promised that they would give us help, leadership and stories on the old pipe line the next time we wanted to go exploring over there.

• • •

Editor:

Growth of Inyo County can only mean increased taxes, increased pollution, and increased public services. Some seem to think that by encouraging industrial development we can solve a myriad of problems. I say our problems will just be multiplied.

First, industry brings pollution. Second, industry would create jobs and encourage people to move here to take those jobs. With increased population, then we need larger hospitals and schools, more law enforcement, more fire protection, more public services generally. Some take these services for granted, but they are financed with our taxes—and our taxes certainly do not need to be increased!

We moved to Bishop because it was a small, rural area. By developing industry in Owens Valley, we will ruin this environment.

Yours truly,
Lloyd W. Kehus

ALL ABOARD!

One of the pleasantest hobby groups we know is the Pacific Coast Chapter of the Railway and Locomotive Historical Society. It's a group of over 40 Westerners—grown-up and distinguished—who still get a boyhood thrill out of railroads and railroading.



The Pacific Coast Chapter was founded last year. The president is Gilbert H. Kneiss, radio executive, of Berkeley, Calif. Most of the members live in the San Francisco Bay area; but there's an enthusiastic southern contingent too, headed by Gerald M. Best, Hollywood movie official.

Members meet every month in the Assembly Room at the Oakland Mole, and have a high old time discussing railroads and railroad history. All of them are eager collectors of old railroad material—anything they can lay their hands on from tickets to headlights to signal towers.

Every so often members of the club, plus their families and friends, climb aboard a train and go off to inspect some famous old railroad line. Last fall they went, 300 strong, to San Luis Obispo, Calif. They went there in style in the Southern Pacific's crack streamliner, "The Daylight," and then they transferred to the old Pacific Coast Railway, a narrow-gauge line that winds for 20 miles through the hills to the ocean at Port San Luis. To handle the crowd, a *very* special train had been assembled, consisting of 4 old passenger cars, 2 flat cars, a caboose, and an old streetcar.

Last month the club took a similar excursion through the redwood country. Leaving the Northwestern Pacific's lines at Willits, Calif., they switched to the old California Western Railroad and rattled over the hills to Fort Bragg and back.

Several months ago, the club realized a great ambition: they got a locomotive of their own to fool with. It's the old "J. W. Bowker," the gay, red-and-gold engine pictured on our this month's cover. From 1875 to 1896 the Bowker had been a prize passenger puller for the Virginia & Truckee Railway, a 50-mile line which winds through the Comstock

Lode country from Reno to Virginia City in Nevada.

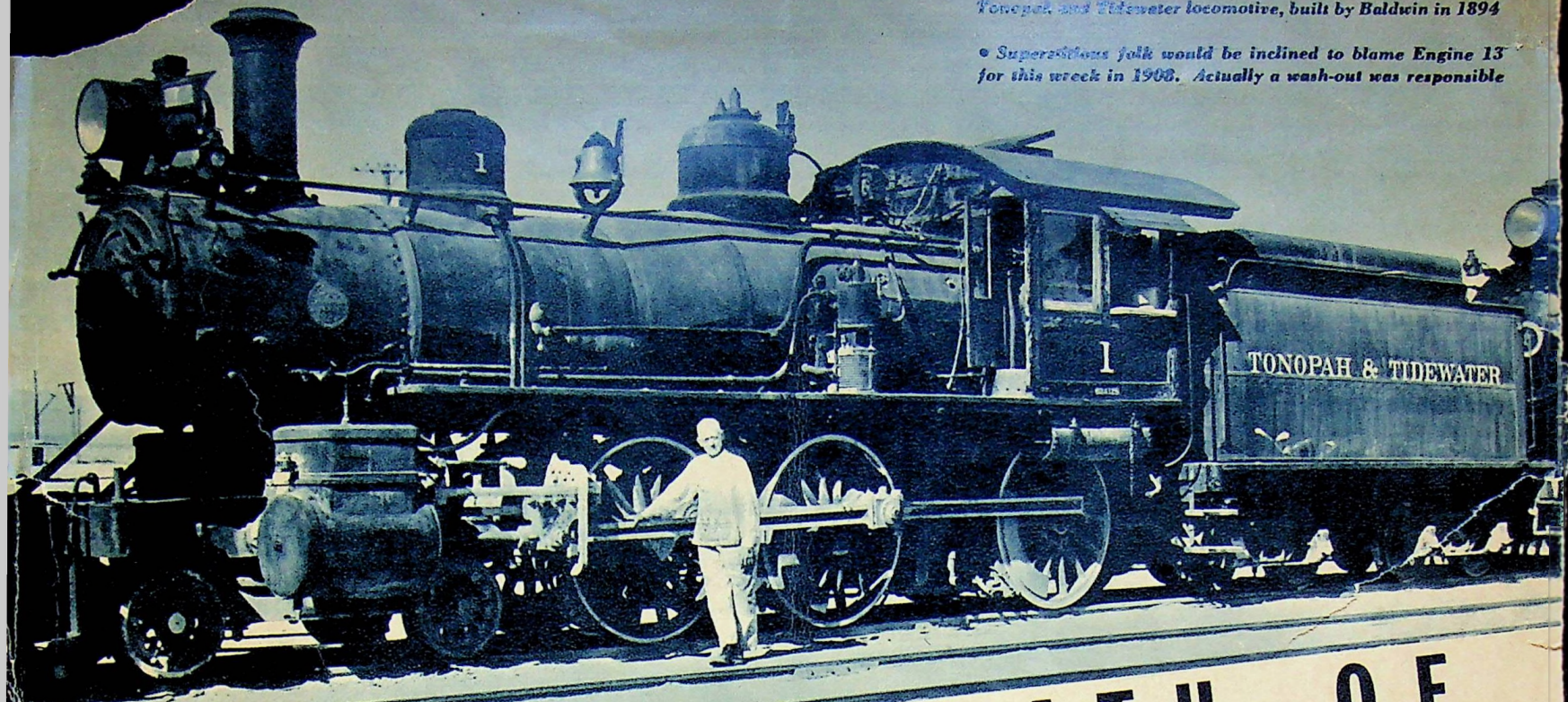
Finally the Bowker, past its prime, was sold to a lumber company near Truckee, and last year it seemed headed for the scrap heap. Then Mr. Kneiss heard about it and things happened fast. Before the enthusiasm of a railroad fan, obstacles disappeared like magic! The lumber people said they'd gladly give the rusty old engine to Mr. Kneiss for his society. The Southern Pacific loaded it on a flat car and hauled it to Oakland. The Key System in Oakland offered storage space.

For weeks members of the society gathered each weekend, and worked on their engine. Rust and tarnish gave way to bright red paint and polished brass, and now the Bowker's shining again in all its glory just as it did when it made its first run to Virginia City.

There's just one thing more to add to our story. Yes, you've guessed it—the club's still collecting. Last month they got a narrow gauge coach—the "Silver State"—from the old Nevada Central, and they're looking for more. Pretty soon, Mr. Kneiss says, the society's going to start a railroad museum. Has anybody got an old locomotive?

• Frank Tilton who drove a 20-mule team inspects the first Tonopah and Tidewater locomotive, built by Baldwin in 1894

• Superstitious folk would be inclined to blame Engine 13 for this wreck in 1908. Actually a wash-out was responsible



LIFE AND DEATH OF

By RUPERT L. LARSON

“GOODBYE, Tonopah & Tidewater!” Well may we paraphrase the famous “Goodbye, Death Valley!” of the Bennett-Arcane party of 1849. For the Tonopah & Tidewater Railroad, now being torn up, has been an integral part of Death Valley life since 1907. The last scheduled train—a farewell special—made a short run over the 47 miles of track from Death Valley Junction to Beatty, and return, on April 1, 1940.

The work train that now chugs up and down the line is just the reverse of the construction train of years ago. “The destruction train!” the old timers exclaim, with unashamed tears in their eyes as the rails are ripped up and loaded onto flat cars for salvage. Nevermore will a cinder cruncher (switchman) dash out to bend the iron (throw the switch) on the T & T. Never again will a hoghead (engineer) tootle merrily on the whistle, or the tallowpot (fireman) bend to his labors. For the last few lengths of rail just out of Ludlow are being taken up and soon the T & T will have gone to wherever good railroads go when their work is done.

The Tonopah & Tidewater—proudly calling itself “The Nevada Short Line”—originally extended from Ludlow on the main line of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, northward in a nearly direct line to Beatty, Nevada, a distance

of 168 rail miles, where connection was maintained with the Bullfrog-Goldfield Railroad for the 79 miles between Beatty and Goldfield, and with the Tonopah & Goldfield for the 25 miles between Goldfield and Tonopah. In 1917, however, when the Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad was torn up from Las Vegas to Goldfield, its rails being shipped to Russia, the Tonopah & Tidewater acquired the line of the Bullfrog-Goldfield from the Clark interests, thus giving the

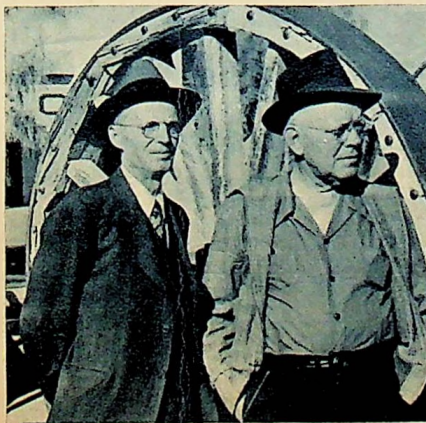
T & T a north-south mainline stretch of 247 miles.

Of course, the Tonopah & Tidewater never actually reached either tidewater or Tonopah, but it did have connections. And it did open up a treasure house of minerals—the great borax deposits of the Amargosa Range bordering Death Valley on the east—as well as a veritable treasure trove of desert scenery.

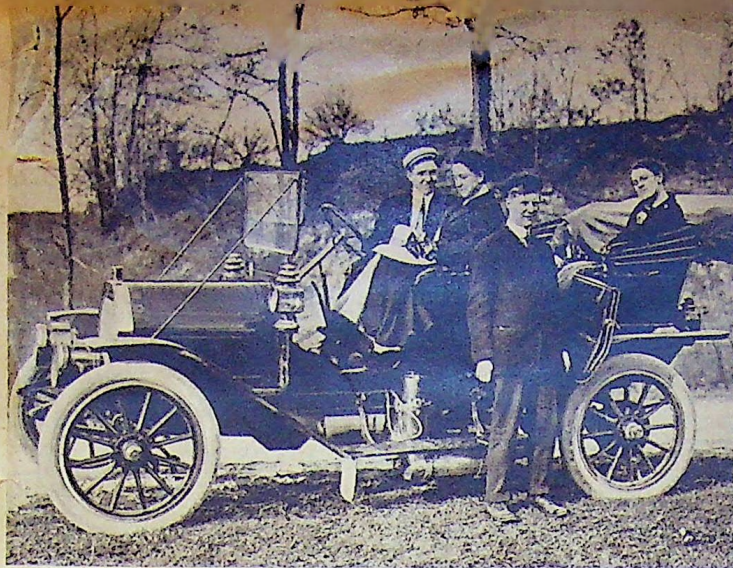
The most fascinating highlight of the passing of the T & T is the remarkable fact that C. M. Rasor, the chief engineer who laid out the line, and W. W. Cahill, the superintendent who operated it, are now chief engineer and superintendent, respectively, of its salvaging.

Clarence M. Rasor, first active as a surveyor at Searles Lake in 1901, arrived in Death Valley in 1904 as a deputy mineral surveyor of the Pacific Coast Borax properties, and when he reached the historic old Harmony Borax Works on the edge of the salt marsh just north of Furnace Creek he found a true ghost property, inoperative for years, yet seemingly left to its fate only the day before, with stationery neatly on hand in the adobe office building. The last of the famed Twenty Mule Teams that made the long haul to Mojave might have left only the day before!

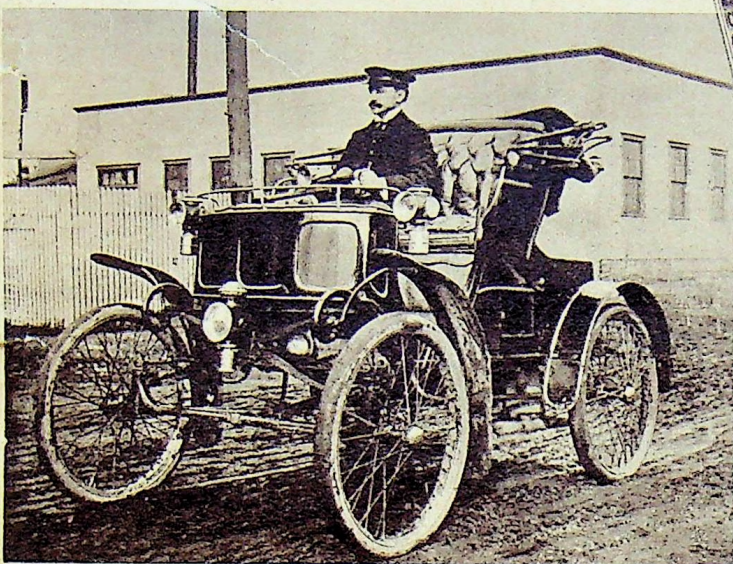
While Rasor was engaged in these sur-



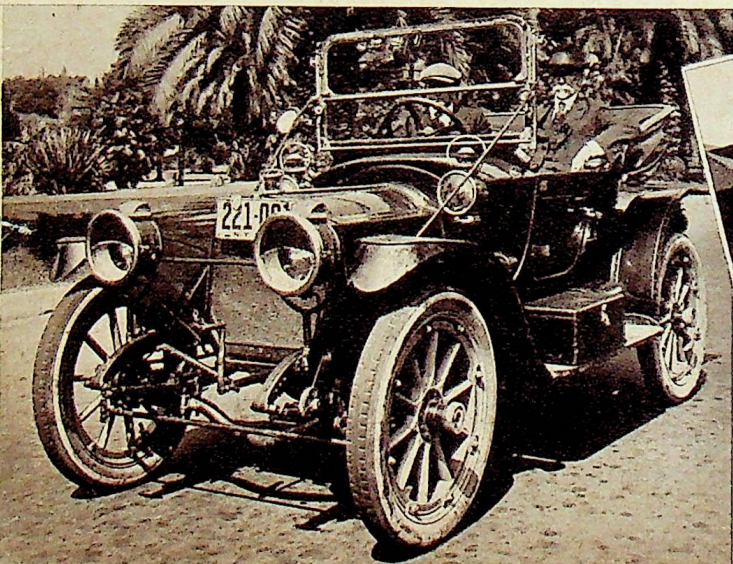
• C. M. Rasor, left, chief engineer, and W. W. Cahill, right, superintendent of the T & T, constructed the road and are now at work “laying the old line to rest”



• Owner George M. Studebaker, Jr., standing, took no chances on his E-M-F running out of light. Oil side lamps supplemented headlamps powered by a carbide generator above the running board and an acetylene tank, below

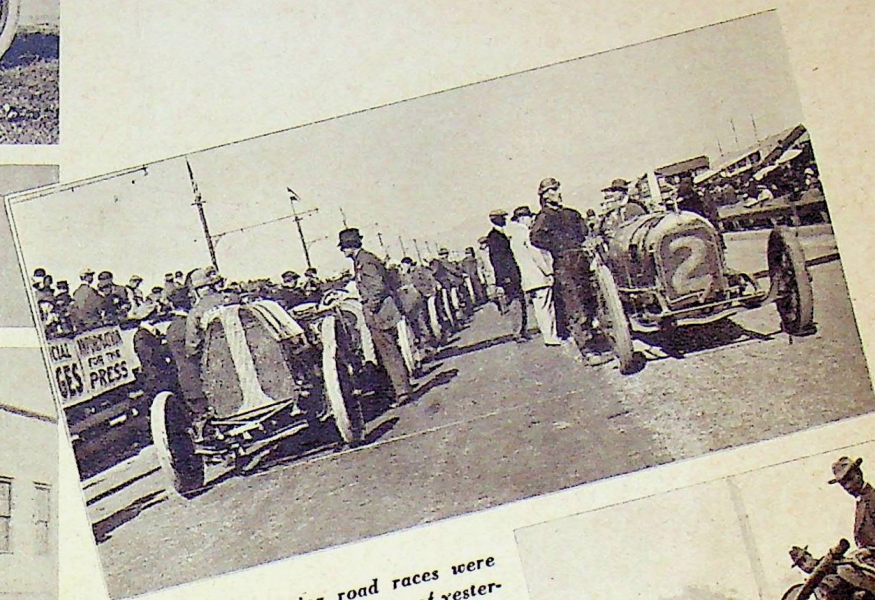


• Back in 1900 the horse influenced motor car design. W.D. Packard is at the pump-handle tiller of this one-cylinder Packard. Dashboard and sturdy platform springs smack of the horse-drawn buggy. Photo courtesy Packard Motor Car Co.

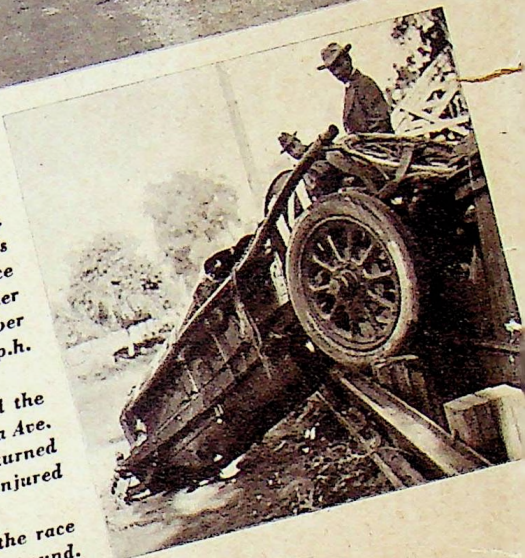


• Good enough to cross the United States was this snappy 1910 Packard "Eighteen" roadster, replete with right-hand drive, oil side lamps, acetylene headlights and the tubular front axle of that era. Photograph by the late George Fowler

THESE old car photographs collected by Hi Sibley should bring back many memories to old-time motorists. Moderns should not scoff—for all their faults these cars could be bought and driven

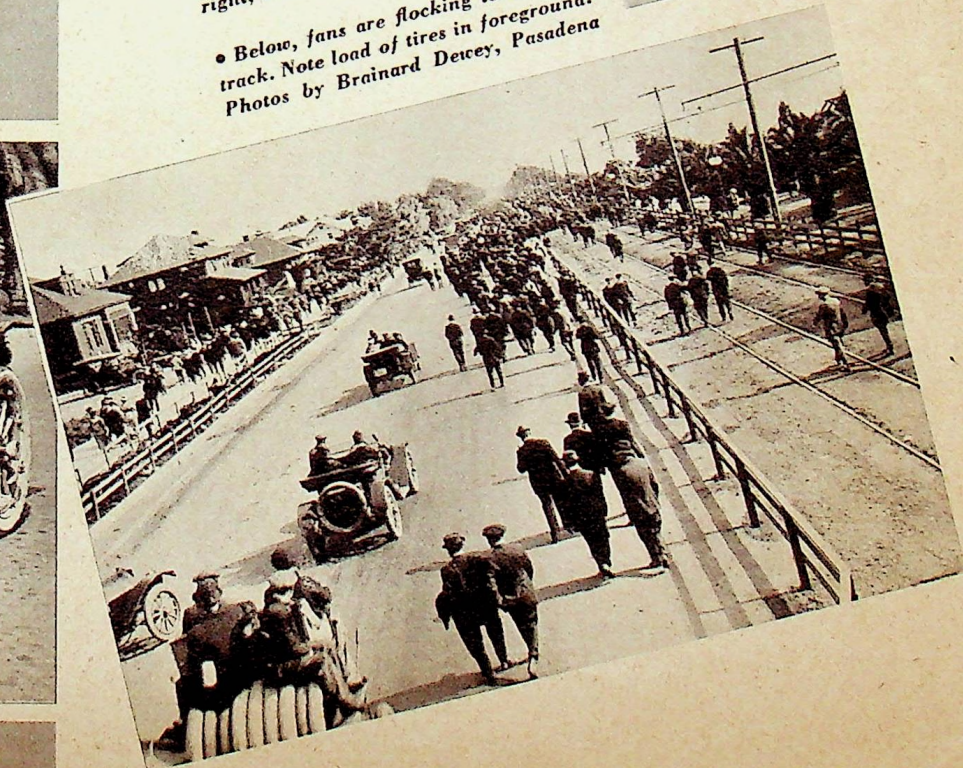


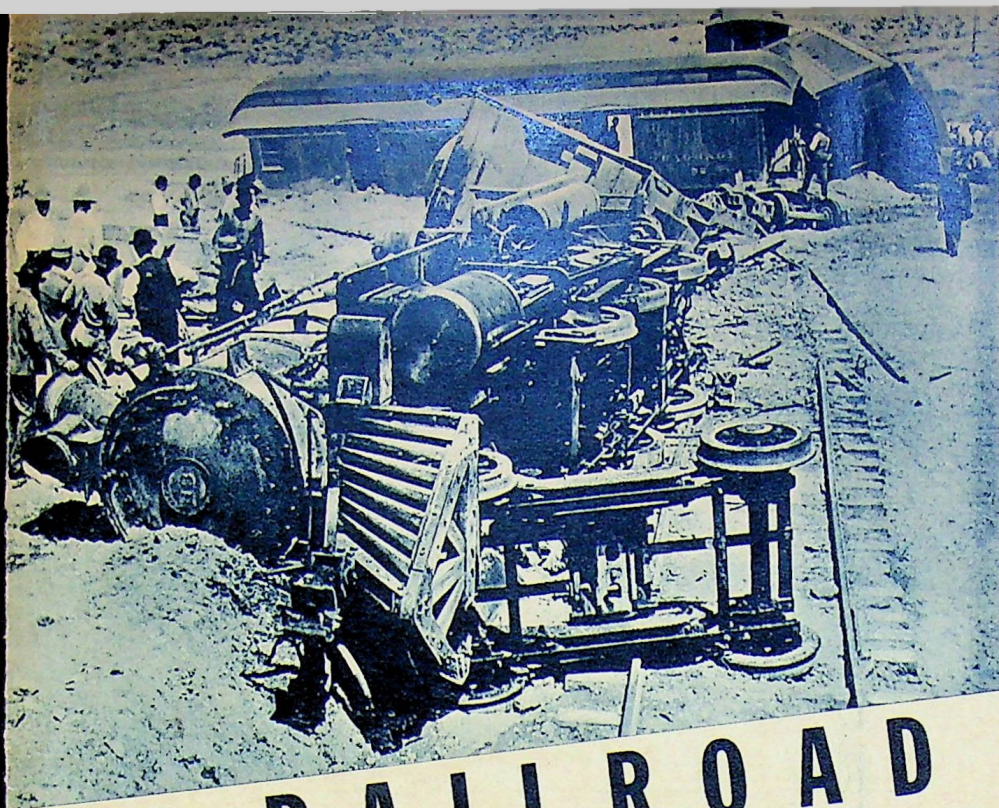
• The Santa Monica road races were among the top sporting events of yesteryear. Above, the cars are lined up for the start of the Grand Prize race on February 28, 1914. Teddy Tetzlaff's Fiat, left, was the favorite, but the race was won by Eddie Pullen driving Mercer Number 4, a car similar to the Number 2 at right. He averaged 77.2 m.p.h.



• J. B. Marquis in a Sunbeam led the race but he didn't make the Nevada Ave. turn on the 32nd lap. His car overturned right, but he was not seriously injured

• Below, fans are flocking to the race track. Note load of tires in foreground. Photos by Brainard Decey, Pasadena





A RAILROAD

THEY'RE tearing up the old Tonopah and Tidewater line and the two men who supervised construction back in 1905 today are in charge of removing the rails

veys in the valley, he found a number of section corners—one only two miles from the present Furnace Creek Ranch—where they were placed in the survey of 1852 under contract to Col. Washington during the running of the San Bernardino meridian (north and south). This disclosure by Rasor fills in an important gap in Death Valley history, as published accounts to date have not bridged any portion of the gap between February, 1850, and the Darwin French party of 1860, save for a few references not as yet authenticated. Brief reference has been made to "an engineer named Washington" who "probably" reached the central portion of Death Valley, but the finding of the stakes was proof of the pudding—not necessarily, of course, that Col. Washington himself was there, but at least that his contract surveyors were there in 1852. Further, Rasor revealed there had been surveys in Ash Meadows—just to the east of Death Valley Junction—in 1854.

In 1905 Rasor surveyed the line of the Tonopah & Tidewater, becoming chief engineer of the railroad-to-be, but it is

important to note that the original survey was from Crucero on the line of the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad (then building), and not from Ludlow on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe.

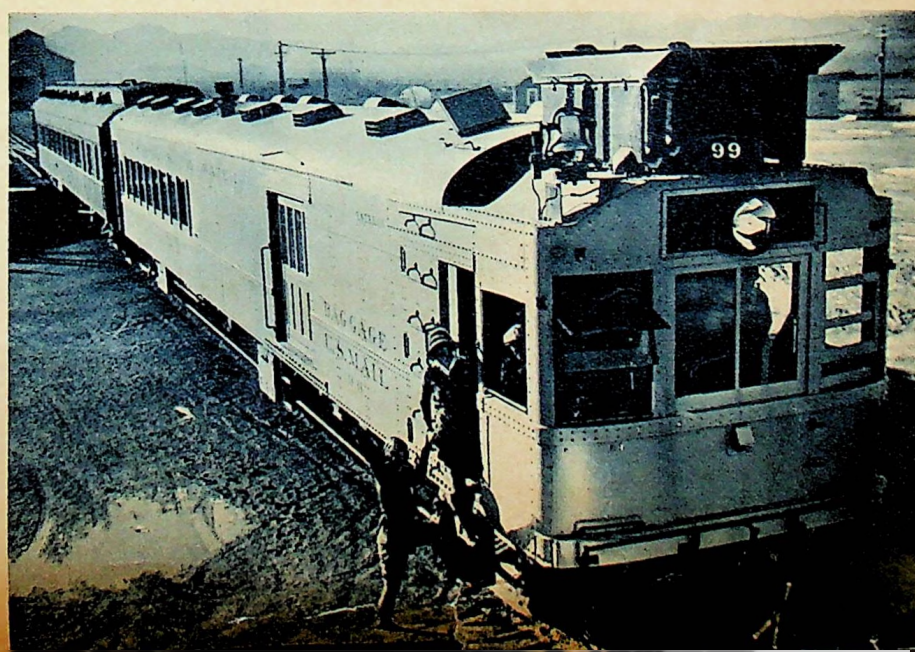
The reason for this was that after the initial survey, but before building the actual T & T line, the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake had reached Las Vegas, so Rasor surveyed a good route from Las Vegas, rounding the Charleston mountains and dropping down through the Amargosa Desert to the Lila C Borax Mine just a few miles from the present Death Valley Junction. Grading was

started and carried northwestward for some 11 miles out of Las Vegas, when Senator William A. Clark, the mining and railroad magnate, became conveniently unavailable and it was only too obvious that the Clark interests would not permit the Pacific Coast Borax Company's line to connect with the S.P., L.A. & S.L. at Las Vegas.

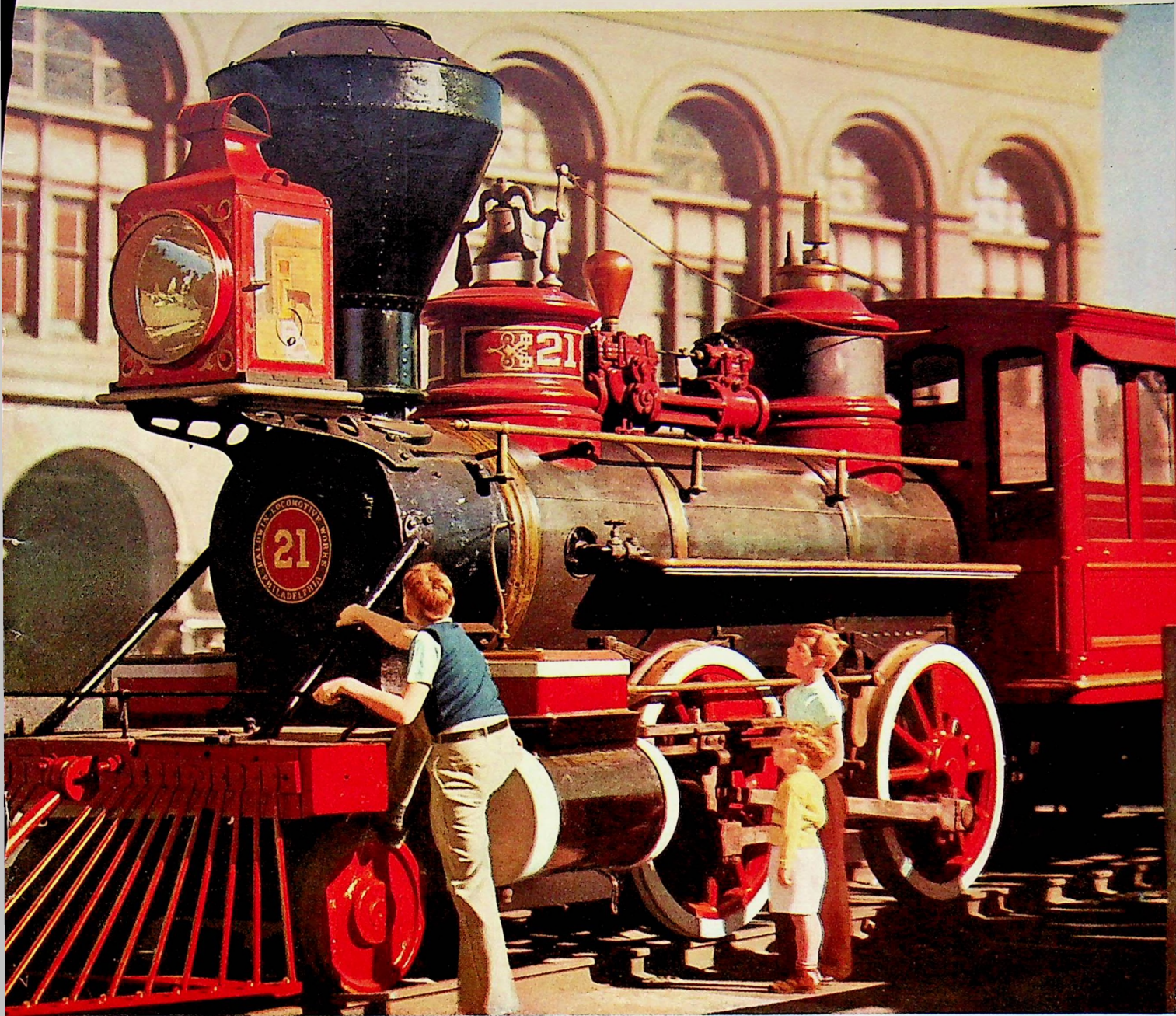
Checkmated in this manner, the borax company sought another tidewater connection, making it with the Santa Fe at Ludlow by extending the survey 26 miles southward from Crucero. Thus actual construction began at Ludlow, and by the close of 1905 the Tonopah & Tidewater had rails down as far as Silver Lake, and in 1907 reached Death Valley Junction, with a spur line to the Lila C colemanite mine, where the original town of Ryan was located. The later Ryan was located at the Biddy McCarthy mine on the mountain slopes overlooking Death Valley, and it was from the Biddy McCarthy that the narrow gauge Death Valley Railroad (1915-1928) carried the borax riches down to Death Valley Junction.

William Washington Cahill, assistant to the legendary John Ryan, who was the strong right arm of Francis Marion ("Borax") Smith, was without particular title when construction was started at Ludlow in 1905, but he was in reality superintendent of construction, even as John Ryan was general manager of the enterprise. It was not long before Cahill's name appeared officially as "Superintendent of the Tonopah & Tidewater Railroad," and there it has remained to this day, even though his is now the sad duty of winding up the affairs of the famous borax railroad.

Where the rails are going may be presumed to be a military secret, though the locomotives (and the gas-electric unit that carried all passengers and express within recent years) will be put to use by other railroads. Perhaps some of the older cars will be broken up for the scrap pile.

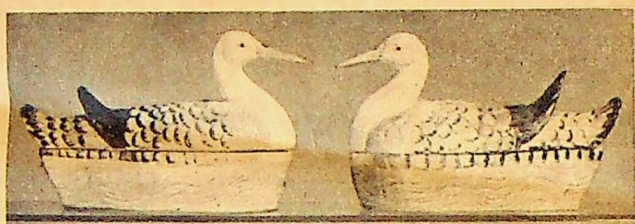


• Steam locomotives finally gave way to gas-electric trains on the Tonopah and Tidewater railroad. This photograph was taken by the author 14 years ago



Antiques

"In finest porcelains or worst earthenware, a flight of birds now came from everywhere"



Taylor and Dull

Eleven-inch Staffordshire ducks, c. 1780, are brown, green and yellow, the dishes soft blue.

By Gregor Norman-Wilcox

BIRDS were nothing sudden in the 18th century. The pretty little creatures had always been around—grabbing the best fruit off the trees, spoiling the civic statuary, chasing cats. Two thousand years ago in Athens letters to the editor of the Bugle & Advertiser must have been equally divided between bird lovers who detested cats and cat lovers who felt something should be done about the birds.

Primitive races had made pottery bird whistles or "blow birds" and grease lamps or ceremonial cups in the form of a bird. Bird-headed gods were seen in the temples of ancient Egypt. The pelican appeared in medieval art, the crane in Japan, the eagle in Rome.

But in the 18th century it became fashionable to show an interest in nature. Besides a London house, gentlemen now had a "country seat" where they pretended to be farmers though dressed in the velvets and brocades of city living.

They were tired of formal Renaissance gardens and the artificial grandeur of Versailles with its fountains and balustrades. "Capability" Brown now redesigned the English landscape in off-shaped swards and left-handed lakes, with carelessly placed clumps of trees that just happened to frame a picturesque vista.

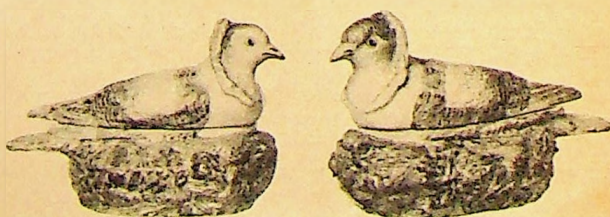
Of course, where there was nature there were birds. They sat on eggs, raided fishponds, sang when you wanted to sleep. They invaded folklore and literature—lovers listened to the nightingale, children were told about the stork, the swallows returned to Capistrano.

And they provided excellent subjects for ceramic sculpture. In the finest porcelains or the worst earthenware a flight of birds now came from everywhere.

From sparrows to giant eagles or vultures, Kaendler at the Meissen factory modeled birds of most beautiful and lifelike sort. In the English porcelains of Chelsea, Bristol and Bow there appeared from 1750-70 a swarm of parrots and owls, pheasants or small restless birds in bright enamel colors or else in plain white. More modest birds were of French faience, still lesser ones of Staffordshire pottery.

They perched on rocks or leafy branches or in bowers of foliage called "bocage." The finest French birds

(Continued on Page Twenty-five)



Whieldon type doves, c. 1780, in mauve and dove color sit on russet, buff nestlike dishes.

RATTLER LESSONS

By ALLAN WITTEK

I'LL NEVER FORGET the Sunday afternoon I was bitten by a rattlesnake. I was 13 years old. It was May 9, 1943, and a swell day for a hike. I got my camera and a large mirror for heliographing, and started off.

Finally I reached my destination. It was a high hill with a big sign at the top of it which read SHERMAN WOODS in big, white letters. The letters were about ten feet high and a foot thick. Some of them had been knocked down and I wanted to climb up there and investigate.

When I finally reached the top I walked over to the fallen M and climbed on it. It was slanting and I had to balance myself. I looked down at the city of Van Nuys in the distance and, forgetting to balance myself, I fell off. As I fell, something scratched me. I turned to see what it was and then I saw him. There he was, all coiled up and ready to strike at me again, and rattling loudly. A RATTLE-SNAKE! I dropped the mirror and camera and jumped back. Boy, did he scare me! Suddenly a thought came into my head—maybe he had already bitten me. I lifted up my pants leg and then I was sure of it. There, on my right leg, about half way between the ankle and knee were two little holes about half an inch apart and slightly bleeding.

I started to run, hopping on one foot, but then, I remembered not to run, because that makes the poison spread more quickly. I reached the bottom of the hill in a few minutes, and asked the first people I saw to help me. I was so frightened that I could hardly speak. They did not know anything about a rattlesnake bite. All my skin all over my body felt like it was being sucked in by a strong force and I was growing very weak. I hopped across the street and knocked at the door, hardly able to stand up. A kind lady opened the door. I asked her to help me, and then I fell down.

Every minute for the next 20 minutes seemed like an hour. My shoes were removed, a tourniquet was applied, but nobody knew what to do further than that. Finally an ambulance arrived and I was rushed to the Van Nuys Receiving Hospital. There the doctors made two incisions in my leg, right through the bites, but a vacuum cup for sucking the poison out of the leg was not available, so they just let it bleed. Then they gave me some serum to counteract the snake venom.

They took my temperature and blood pressure.

They must have been trying to get some more serum, for word came that there was no more in the Receiving Hospital, and none in any of the drug stores in Van Nuys. So I was immediately put into another ambulance and rushed to the Children's Hospital in Los Angeles.

There I was taken right to the operating room, where four doctors looked at my leg. They asked me a lot of questions, but by this time I was feeling too sick to answer them. The skin of my leg was sucking in more than ever, and I could hardly stand it. The doctors did something to my leg—I don't know what—then they put me to bed in a room by myself, but I wasn't really by myself much, because nurses were coming and going, and more doctors examined me. Every time I moved my leg, it felt like it was being crushed.

Finally, more serum arrived and I was given a shot of it in the leg near the wound, and another one in the hip. I managed to sit up for a moment and look at my leg, and I could hardly believe my eyes—it had swelled up to twice its normal size, if not more.

All that I know about the next five days is that I was very sick and unable to eat or drink. The swelling spread up over my back clear to the shoulders. My whole leg was big like a balloon and very blue. On the sixth day I began to feel stronger and managed to eat half of a meal. That day a photographer came and set up some bright lights and took pictures of my leg. The next day I ate two whole meals, and from then on I recovered rapidly.

Finally, after spending 16 days in the hospital, the morning came to leave. The doctors told me that I did not need any more special treatment and that I was out of danger and could go home and stay in bed there for a while.

If experience is the best teacher, I learned my lesson. In the first place, I should have had somebody with me on my hike. Second, I ought to have worn knee boots, because a rattlesnake never strikes above the knee, unless he is up on a ledge. I sincerely hope that others— young or old— doctors or anybody else, may gain some knowledge from having seen me, or from reading what I have written and will not make the same mistakes.

ALL DOLLED UP

ONE of the finest doll collections in the world fills a tiny house on a Santa Monica hill

By **KITTY BROWN PEELING**

• The author holds the Lillian Russell doll which was created by Mrs. Emma C. Clear of Manhattan Beach. Under the black lace gown is a flesh-colored satin slip and numerous ruffled lacy petticoats



GOLDEN FLOUR SACK

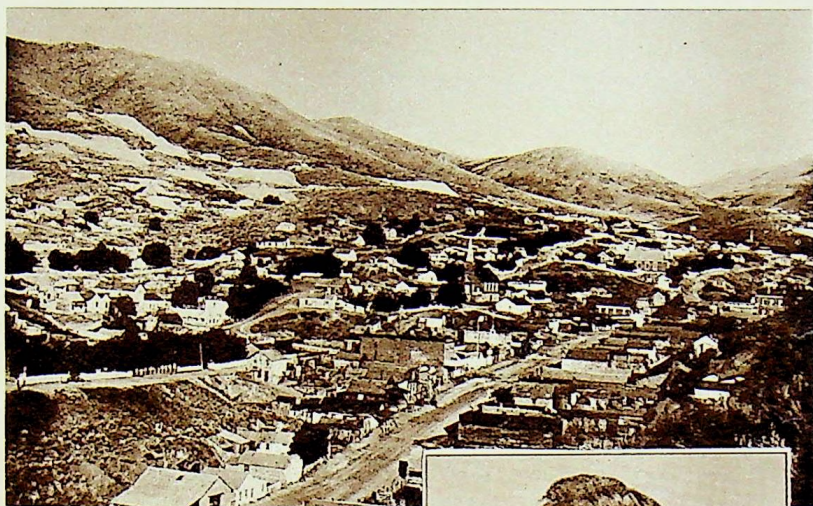
By Maude Lawin Taylor

FEELING ran high in Austin, Nevada, as election returns were tabulated that April day in 1864. Mr. Buel was defeated!

The community assembled in front of the general merchandise store of Reuel Colt Gridley awaiting the proprietor who soon appeared carrying a sack of flour

his party's candidate for mayor. He had made a wager with his friend Dr. Herrick, the loser to carry a 50-pound sack of flour through Main Street from First Ward Clifton to the Fourth Ward Upper Austin, a distance of about a mile and a quarter.

The spectators cheered, the mill



• Above is a view of Austin, Nevada, in its early days. It was here that bidding started on the sack of flour which ultimately brought in \$275,000

• Reuel Gridley, right, was responsible for the idea of auctioning the flour. He was a prosperous merchant in '64, but he died a pauper six years later



gaily trimmed with red, white and blue ribbons and flags. A procession was formed consisting of 36 men on horseback, headed by the city officials and followed by ten musicians on foot. Then came Dr. Herrick, carrying Mr. Gridley's hat and cane, followed by Mr. Gridley himself, carrying on his shoulder the sack of flour and accompanied by his 13-year-old son Amos, carrying a flag. Then came the Democratic City Central Committee, two of whom carried flags, one a huge sponge held aloft on a pole and another carried a new broom. A large number of citizens followed and a crowd of boys and Indians brought up the rear.

The parade was the outgrowth of a simple election bet. Gridley, a War Democrat, had favored the defeated Mr. Buel,

whistles were blown, the band played and the surrounding hills echoed back the strains of "Old John Brown." The march lasted for nearly half an hour. Then followed the ceremonies of defeat—the flag was surrendered, the sponge tossed in and the broom was given up in recognition of the fact that a political party in Austin had been swept away. The participants then adjourned to a nearby saloon, pre-

—Continued on page 16

sumably for the sole purpose of deciding the fate of the sack of flour. The Republicans suggested that it be made into griddle cakes to be distributed among themselves, none to be given to the Democrats.

Then Mr. Gridley got to his feet. "This crowd of people," he said, "has had its fun at my expense—now let us see who will do the most for our sick and wounded soldiers. We will put this flour up and auction it off, with the understanding that it belongs to the bidder only until such time as another bid is made for it. The proceeds will go to the United States Sanitary Commission."

The Sanitary Commission had been organized by the Secretary of War three years before to bring relief to our soldiers—relief in the form of food, clothing, medical supplies and lodging. Thus the Sanitary Commission was actually the Red Cross of that day.

The crowd showed great enthusiasm at Gridley's suggestion. Mr. T. B. Wade, a local auctioneer, took the stand. Mr. Gridley immediately bid \$300. The flour was sold again and again. Mr. Buel, the defeated candidate for mayor, offered a certificate of indebtedness of the United States Indian Department for \$1,115 but as this, when cashed, would be but paper still, the bid was ruthlessly rejected.

Merchants sought to outbid mill-owners, miners bid against land-owners. When ready coin had entirely disappeared, bids of town lots were made. These were accepted only because a real estate dealer, who happened to be present, offered to purchase the lots and produce the gold the next day. Bids of stock and script, not easily converted into money, were rejected. When the auction was over, more than \$4,000 in gold and silver had been collected.

Three weeks later the flour was taken to Gold Hill, Dayton, Silver City, Virginia City and other Nevada towns, then to Sacramento and San Francisco. The fund had grown to \$63,000.

Mr. Gridley, encouraged by his success, then took the famous sack of flour to the eastern states. When his tour was completed in 1865 he turned over to the Sanitary Commission \$275,000.

The illustrious and most expensive sack of flour was returned to the West, where it remained in possession of the Gridley family for 50 years. On October 29, 1914, at the time of the celebration of the Semi-Centennial of the admission of the State of Nevada to the Union, the Sanitary Sack of Flour was presented to the Nevada Historical Society by Mrs. Josephine Gridley Wood, daughter of Reuel Colt Gridley, who had carried it through the streets of Austin on that long-distant day in April, 1864.

Poor Mr. Gridley! In his enthusiasm for the famous sack of flour he neglected his business and expended his fortune. When he died in Stockton, California, on November 24, 1870, he was penniless—ruined by his love of humanity.



TAO YUEN's is a shadowy, up-and-down place in San Francisco, admirable then as now, and we were having a feast there one night of dishes that came in multiples of eight, and among them were lobsters cooked in brandy, and a Cho Low Yu, with its sweet-and-sour sauce in which was striped bass, no less. We were in the "high company" room, and the chef himself, a venerable man, came in to honor us by receiving with the bland totality of a Chinese smile our compliments. They were our best, but miserably inadequate, for never before nor after had we encountered such a lobster dish—a Lung-hah so aromatic and fiery that—But why go on?

A year later, and he was no longer there, having retired.

"Yes," said Tao Yuen, "he was very good. He cooked for Li Hung Chang."

"Not—not that chop suey, surely!"

Tao Yuen's smile was apologetic, as if to say, "Well, somebody had to cook that—thing."

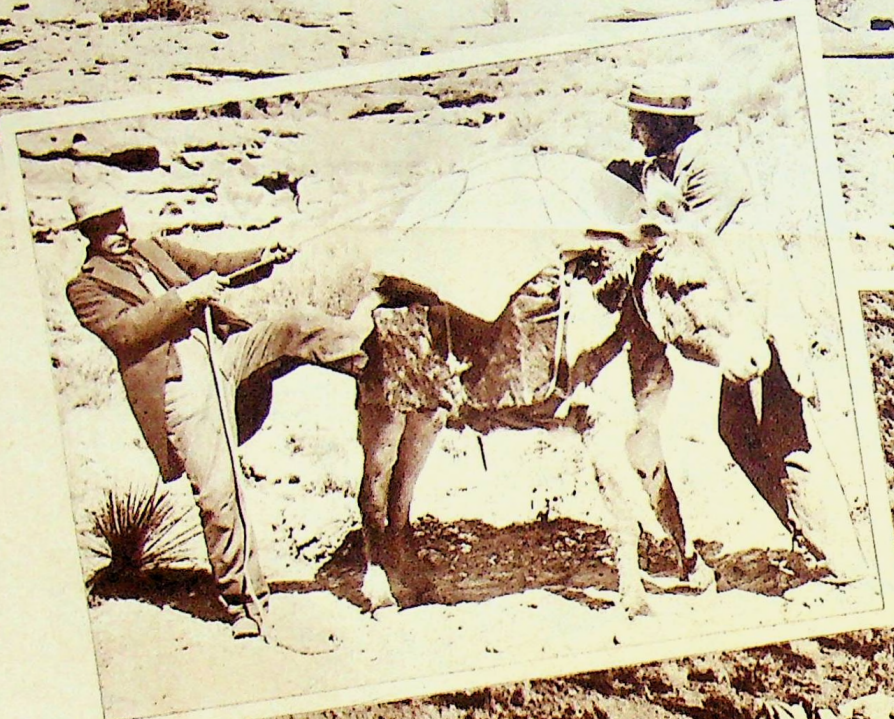
That was the nearest I ever came to pinning anybody down on the topic of chop suey. Perhaps that artist of the Lung-hah was really the improviser of it.

ALTHOUGH Chang, Viceroy of China, credit for starting the chop suey, restaurateurs deplore the method

We do know that when Chang, Viceroy of China, great statesman and soldier, came to San Francisco in 1896 he had in his entourage three chefs of eminence. He stayed at the Palace Hotel, which was all decked with flags, inside and out, and never touched foreign food, if he could help it. Joseph Herder, chef-de-cuisine at the Palace, gave the three cooks a large corner of the kitchen, and brought in two stewards from Chinatown to help them. The three Chinese prepared Chang's food themselves, and none but they carried it to his table, which was in his private suite.

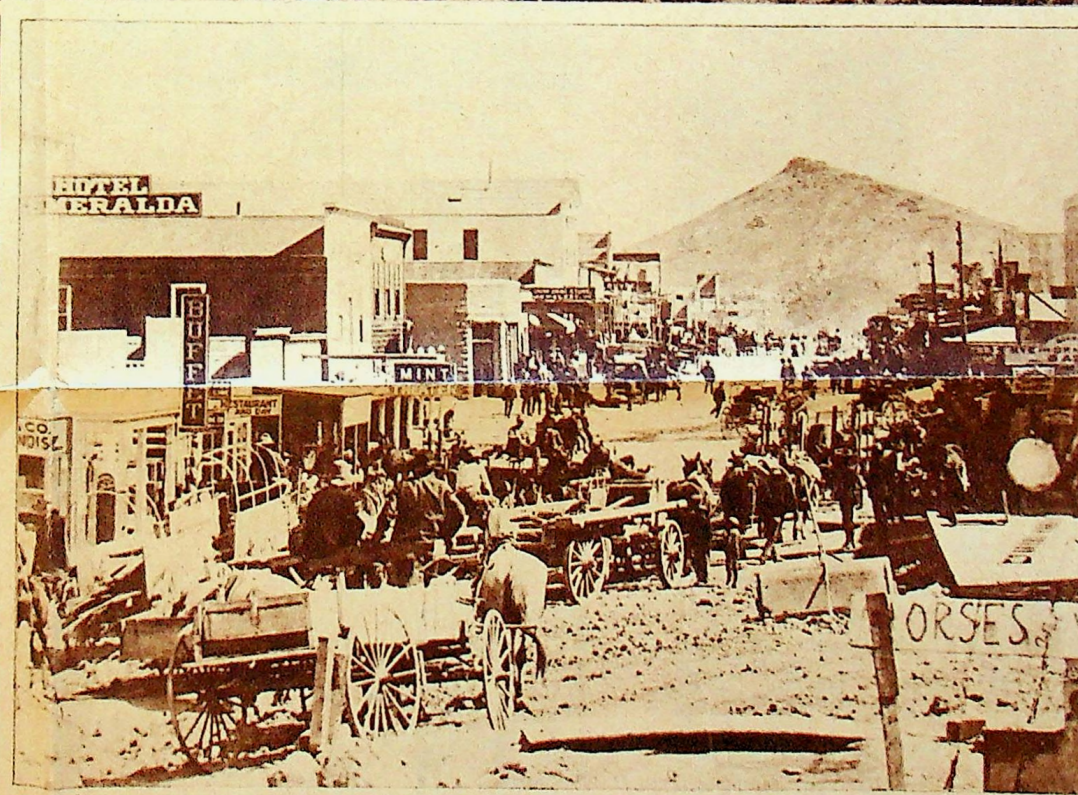
This was regarded as finickiness. It was merely caution. That first quality could have been observed in a parallel five years later, when the elder J. P. Morgan came to the Palace, with Louis

THAR'S STILL GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS!



THE LAST PULL
on a diamond hitch.
—C. C. Pierce Photo.

Top photo—
HEDGES, Imperial
Valley, where
\$10,000,000 in gold
was taken from
Tumco mine.
Forty years
ago it had 2500
inhabitants.
—Plummer Photo News
Service.



TWENTY-HORSE-
TEAM desert freighter
leaving Goldfield in 1905,
before railroad was built.
—C. C. Pierce Photo.

GOLDFIELD, NEV.,
thirty years ago.





DECLARED selves "in on" Weepah (Nev.) gold strike of some years ago. Left to right: "Pussyfoot, the Faro Dealer," "Malapai John"; "Seldom Seen Slim," "Hardrock Jack" O'Brien, and the "Tungsten Kid."



GOLDFIELD, NEV., thirty years ago.

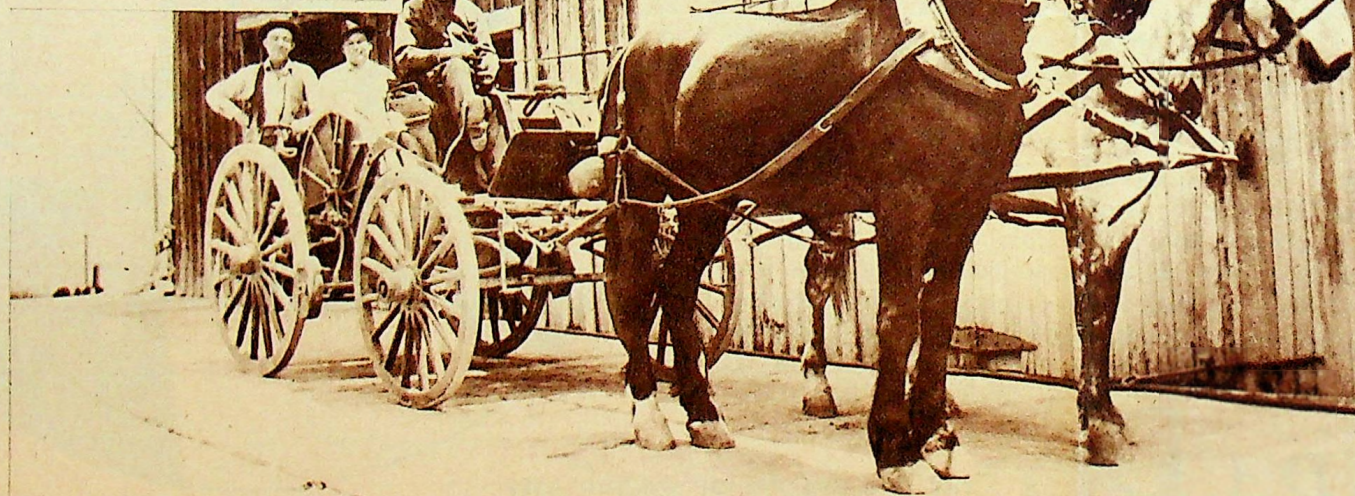
leaving Goldfield in 1905, before railroad was built.
—C. C. Pierce Photo.



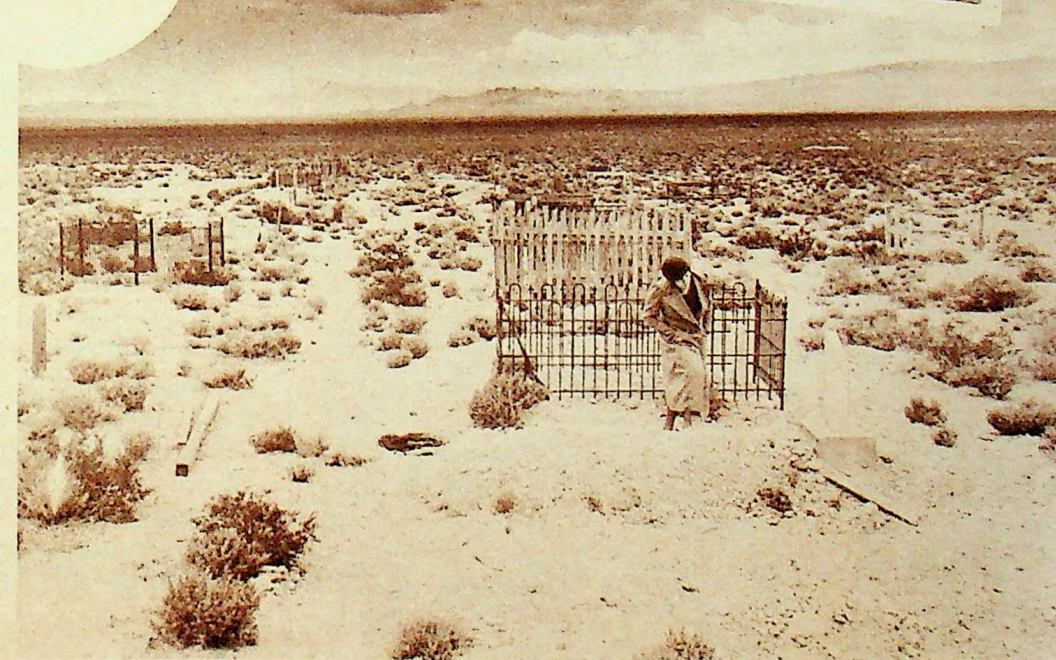
VOLCANO, once booming Mother Lode town.
—Courtesy, Sacramento Chamber of Commerce.



END of a desert undertaking.



FIRE CHIEF FRANK COLAN, with Russell Lean and Dave Twellie, Virginia City, Nev., in 1925.
—Albert Dressler Photo.



"BOOT HILL," where Bullfrog and Rhyolite pioneers were buried.

Grand Marshal "Slim" Tatum . . . One of a kind!

by Todd Watkins

Grand marshal for the 48th annual Bishop Homecoming and Labor Day Celebration Aug. 29-Sept. 1 is Slim Tatum, age 80, who has been head of the Homecoming rodeo committee and arena director the past 36 years.

Tatum has made the Bishop rodeo one of the best known in the West. He puts a lot of work into the project . . . year around.

He's dodged being named grand marshal for a lot of years, figuring he had enough work to do for the Homecoming, without "posing" on the horse, which he does almost every day.

L.L. (Leonard Laverne) "Slim" Tatum was born March 1, 1900 in Rock Springs, Texas, the son of James F. and Louise L. (McBee) Tatum. They were cattle ranchers. Slim's grandfather was a member of the Old Trail Drivers' Assn. that went on those celebrated drives from Texas to Abilene, Kansas, and other spots. The drives usually had about 3000 head of cattle, took many weeks agoing, and plenty of time returning.

Slim attended school in Del Rio, Texas. In January, 1911 the family, including a group of 12, conducted their own "loose-horse" drive to Arizona and finally settled in Imperial Valley of California. They came across Arizona when it was still a territory . . . across the Apache reservation, and had to ferry all their stock, including a herd of "loose" horses, across the Colorado River. Slim's dad was hopeful that Imperial Valley would be a fine place to make a killing selling horses . . . but it didn't quite work out that way.

Slim came to Bishop on the Slim Princess narrow-gauge railroad in March of 1923. Orville Meredith met him at the Laws station and hauled Slim and his saddle and bedroll to Bishop. Valley View Hotel had agreed to put him up for the night, but Slim got a job that afternoon at the Hillside Cattle Co., located on the old Abolour Ranch, northwest of Bishop, where the Millpond recreation area is now located. It was a headquarters ranch with stables, corrals, feed lot, bunkhouses and eating quarters. The same outfit had a 65-acre apple ranch known as part of the Red Hill Ranch, where Ed Powers Road crosses. That ranch cut from 500 to 600 tons of hay a

product distribution.

Other Tatum came to Owens Valley. Slim's brother Marion "Kingfish" Tatum was a livestock operator here for many years, and his son Don is carrying on in that tradition. Slim's brothers, Rupert and Alvin lived in Independence. Both eventually worked for the Dept. of Water and Power. Rupert pitched for the Independence baseball team, and Alvin attended Owens Valley high school at Independence.

In 1927 Slim started the Frontier Pack Station at Silver Lake and operated there until selling out to Elmer Jensen in 1945. In all those years of running a pack station, he had to crowd the season from early June to early November to make it pay. In the other months Slim was building up his cattle operation in Round Valley, and elsewhere.

"I was small scale at first . . . but all my life I had had my heart set on having a cattle spread, like my dad and granddad."

Slim credits much of his success in the livestock business to cooperation of the City of Los Angeles in leasing him land the past 56 years. He recalls Red Leahy, Leo Willett, Tom Silvius, Paul Rich, Bob Phillips and even Bob's dad . . . who gave Slim his first Dept. of Water and Power lease in 1926.

His success in the packing business he attributes to many things, including his cooperation with the media. Joe Mears and other old-time outdoor writers claim that Slim was the best "color" man in packing, because he always planned something interesting and Slim's fireside stories were classics. Mears in particular used Slim's stories in hundreds of newspaper and magazine spreads.

In the Frontier Pack Station operation, Slim became a favorite of the Hollywood set. The June Lake Loop was known as "Little Hollywood." Actor Wallace Berry had a home at Silver Lake, and Wally's brother, Noah, was there a great deal. Frank Capra, the noted producer-director, still lives at Silver Lake. Actor Raymond Hatton, and a flock of other Hollywood folks were June Loop regulars. Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, Hopalong Cassidy, Will Rogers and other movie folks were in the area on location. Russ Spainhower of Lone Pine leaned on Slim and other packers for use of their stock for wranglers.



Slim Tatum

helped along the way and by 1944 he was chairman of the rodeo committee, working with the Cline boys in putting on the rodeos. Rodeos in Bishop in those days were full-scale Cline productions. Wilfred of Lone Pine furnished the rodeo stock. Lawrence, Eddie and Les . . . plus Wilfred competed in many events, were pickup men, helped with the grand entry, and other chores. Charles Mummy, a cattle operator, and owner of the Golden State Cafe, donated his time as rodeo announcer. Many of Slim's Hollywood friends came to compete, view, and help . . . including Walt LaRue, a stunt man, singer, instrumentalist and artist. Actor Joel McCrea almost made Bishop his second home at Homecoming time . . . in old jeans, old straw hat, sitting with the locals in the sun-drenched bleachers. Slim got many of the biggies in rodeo to compete in the Bishop show, including many-time world champion cowboy Gene Rambo, now of Shandon. Slim hired a bull fighter and clown for \$75 for the entire show . . . name of Slim Pickens, who now makes huge sums in TV commercials. Pickens, also appeared in movies filmed in Inyo-Mono and was a buddy of Dr. Joe Hird, the local veterinarian.

In the 1940s Bishop Homecoming was a labor of love. Everyone donated lots of time. Dr. C.W. Anderson was the perennial secretary-treasurer, and Nick Mandich Sr. passed the hat among the business folks for a pot to underwrite the event. The City of Los Angeles furnished the site where the fairgrounds is now located, and drilled a well for the rodeo grounds at no cost to the Homecoming folks. In those days, Los Angeles Mayor Fletcher Bowron and others were regular visitors to the Homecoming and Inyo-Mono. Slim had a way of getting one and all to cooperate. Inyo-Mono was big in the political saddle in those days, thanks to the area's state senator, Chas. Brown, serving 24 consecutive years on the State Senate Rules Committee. Bishop was then the silent political power base of the state. Lots of governors and 11 governors visited, and the back country was the hideout for some of the world's dignitaries . . . including President Herbert Hoover, who headquartered every summer with his friend, Nate Milnor at Silver Lake. Nate was chairman of the State Fish and Game Commission and the father of the state "warm water fishery" program, putting up his own funds for the first warm water fishery at Black Rock Springs.

In all those years, Slim was the personality that drew many dignitaries. He was a buddy of the late Father John J. Crowley, who helped organize Inyo Associates (to negotiate with the City of Los Angeles) and Inyo-Mono Association to develop a tourist industry to create some cash flow to replace the agricultural downtrend that

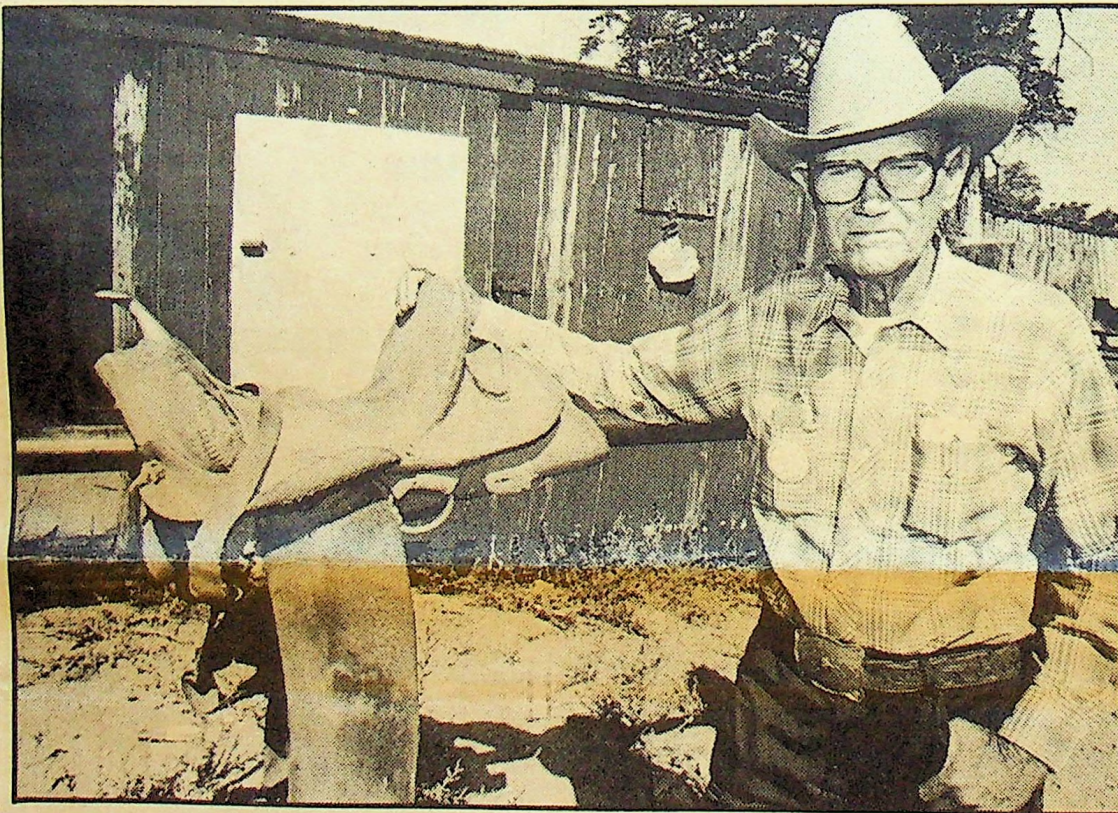
pheasant safari also provided limits of quail and ducks, and the participants stayed in Tatum's ranch house, and lived a rural ranch life for several days. Robert L. Brown, manager of the Inyo-Mono Assn. was a very close friend of Slim's. They sent out clever invitations: "You're invited to a pheasant hunt. We haven't tied them to a tree, but they're around if you can find 'em." Top honors for the pheasant shoot one year went to Jed Welsh, maker of flies for fastidious anglers and a writer of fishing lies. The invitees slept in upstairs lofts, and elsewhere in the old Tatum ranch house. They had boarding house meals . . . nothing fancy . . . but their write-ups were tremendous.

While Slim was running the station, and building up his cattle spread, he was working his way up the ladder in the cutting horse and quarter-horse field. He brought to Bishop Homecoming Celebration some of the top cutting horses in the nation. Later he was on the executive committee and board of directors of the Pacific Coast Cutting Horse Assn. and the Pacific Coast Quarter Horse Assn. He was founder-member of the Eastern Sierra Quarter Horse Assn.

Slim served five years as president of the Eastern Sierra Packers Assn., which teamed up with the Inyo-Mono Assn. in putting on exhibits at sportsmen's shows, going back to the time the outdoor shows were held at the Auto Club headquarters at Figueroa and Adams, Los Angeles. Some of the old-time packers in Slim's heyday were Barney Sears at Cartago, Ted Cook and Frank Chrysler at Lone Pine, Archie Dean and Allie Robinson at Independence; later Allie ended up at Leavitt Meadows; the Wallace Partridge family at Glacier Pack Station, Big Pine; Slim's brothers-in-law, Art, Walt, John and Harold Schober and their dad, Rudolph at Schober Pack Station, Bishop; Harry and Warren Halliday at Rainbow Pack Station, Parcher's Camp, Bishop; George Brown, Pine Creek; Harold and Wendell Gill, Rock Creek; Charley and Lloyd Summers at Mammoth; Arch Mahan at Reds Meadow and Agnew; Jack and Lou Bogard at Robinson Creek.

Through the years Slim and family picked up various bits of real estate . . . most of which they have developed. Their S.T. (Slim Tatum) Ranch Co. has three generations in the operating field: Slim, son Jack, and Jack's son Todd. Gives a man a good feeling to look back and see what has been accomplished since riding into Laws on the Slim Princess, dragging one's saddle and bedroll.

Tatum admits that at one time things looked mighty bleak. He and his wife went alooking for other spots to settle, then came back to Owens Valley, and observed that if so many folks were leaving, since the local economy was shot to hell . . . just maybe there would be a bit more room for two. "We settled in again at the right time, and have



SLIM TATUM with saddle he brought into the Sierra back-country 58 years ago. Saddle has been in his possession season.

That summer Slim was one of the crew to run the ranch's summer operation at Cain Ranch, south of Lee Vining. They made three cattle drives in the spring to take the livestock from Owens Valley to Cain Ranch, and reversed the procedure in late fall. The following year Slim went to work for Bill Symons Sr. of Laws, who ran cattle and sheep for what had been the old Shaw Land and Cattle Co. Slim spent the summer in Adobe Meadows . . . and didn't see a white man for two months. The spread used mostly Indian cowboys. He recalls Indians Joe McBride, Dave Jackson, Henry Chatovich, and old greyhaired Johnny . . . whom Slim termed as "one mean Indian."

since 1915. In background is one of original boxcars from Slim Princess railway —Photo by Marilyn Fisher

Later came John Wayne, Victor Jory, Charles Heston, Jimmy Stewart, and even Ronald Reagan to make movies in the area. Sometimes movie locations involved 500 persons . . . here for six months.

Slim had a big pack string because he had feed for the critters. Ed Seymour, who built June Lodge, and later Inyo-Mono Inn in Bishop (now a complex of shops on West Line St.) controlled much of the meadowland in the June Loop and he leased it to Slim for \$1 a year. Slim reciprocated with lots of cooperation for the June Lodge guests. Slim's Forest Service leases were the best . . . on Mono National Forest, which had its southern boundary at Sherwin Grade. Later the Inyo National Forest line was moved northward to Conway Summit to meet with



SLIM TATUM does some laundry at the Frontier Pack Station, June Lake Loop.

made a go of it," mused Slim. And all the while giving Inyo-Mono an image that has brought huge tourist dividends.



SLIM TATUM with saddle he brought into the Sierra back-country 58 years ago. Saddle has been in his possession

season.

That summer Slim was one of the crew to run the ranch's summer operation at Cain Ranch, south of Lee Vining. They made three cattle drives in the spring to take the livestock from Owens Valley to Cain Ranch, and reversed the procedure in late fall. The following year Slim went to work for Bill Symons Sr. of Laws, who ran cattle and sheep for what had been the old Shaw Land and Cattle Co. Slim spent the summer in Adobe Meadows . . . and didn't see a white man for two months. The spread used mostly Indian cowboys. He recalls Indians Joe McBride, Dave Jackson, Henry Chatovich, and old greyhaired Johnny . . . whom Slim termed as "one mean Indian."

The sheep tenders of the Symons spread were Dominic Laxalt, and his brother Pete. They lived in a tent under a pine tree. Dominic had been in the U.S. some years, and one of his Basque cohorts got sick, and sent for his sister. Dominic latched onto her, and she became the mother of U.S. Senator Paul Laxalt, former governor of Nevada. Slim recalls little Paul as a naked little guy. "I changed his diapers on a good many occasions," Slim recalls. Mrs. Laxalt spoke only a little English, but Dom and Pete were more fluent. To this day Slim speaks highly of the Laxalt family as "fine people."

Slim and Bill Symons Sr. didn't get along too well, and the next year Slim started working for Charley Roberts' pack station at Mammoth Lakes. The following year he went into a partnership with Frank Clark to purchase the old Broken Bar Pack Station at June Lake Loop from Art Frost.

The next year Slim and Hazel Schober got married and started Mono County's only dairy, in the Silver Lake area . . . the Pine Cone dairy . . . wholesale and retail. They worked with the Matley family in Lee Vining in dairy

since 1915. In background is one of original boxcars from Slim Princess railway —Photo by Marilyn Fisher

Later came John Wayne, Victor Jory, Charles Heston, Jimmy Stewart, and even Ronald Reagan to make movies in the area. Sometimes movie locations involved 500 persons . . . here for six months.

Slim had a big pack string because he had feed for the critters. Ed Seymour, who built June Lodge, and later Inyo-Mono Inn in Bishop (now a complex of shops on West Line St.) controlled much of the meadowland in the June Loop and he leased it to Slim for \$1 a year. Slim reciprocated with lots of cooperation for the June Lodge guests. Slim's Forest Service leases were the best . . . on Mono National Forest, which had its southern boundary at Sherwin Grade. Later the Inyo National Forest line was moved northward to Conway Summit to meet with Toiyabe National Forest.

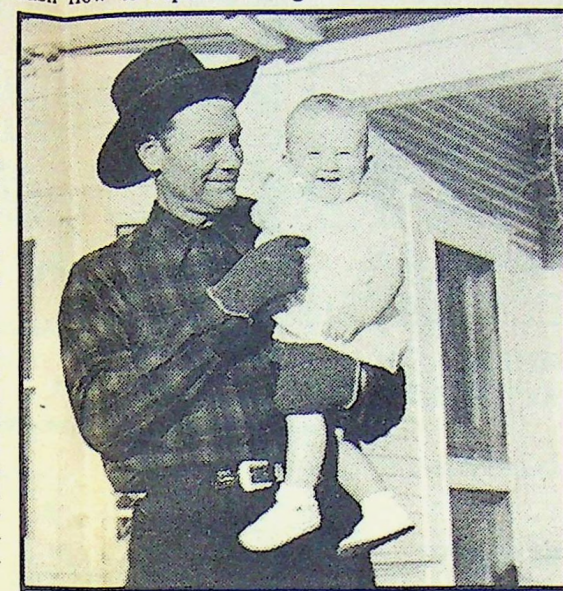
Slim tried a lot of new wrinkles in the packing business . . . day rides, hourly rides . . . and his once a week giant campfire entertainment that drew most of the citizens from miles around. Slim had a packer who was "a real good banjo picker . . . I'd put him on a white horse and he'd ride into the campfire circle plucking tunes and everyone would join in singing." Those campfires became "amateur night" for talent from Inyo-Mono and neighboring Nevada. Just a big campfire and lots of entertainment . . . no food or drink. And one of the big attractions around the campfire was Slim telling those impossible tales.

Said Slim, "It was great fun . . . we made our own entertainment. We had a lot of good singers, like the three Peterson girls of June Lake. We attracted lots of good looking girls . . . and they drove my packers wild . . . making biscuits until 2 a.m."

Slim was exceptionally busy over Labor Day weekend, so he didn't get to participate in the Bishop Homecoming events full-scale until he peddled the pack station. He

power base of the state. Lots of governors and Lt. governors visited, and the back country was the hideout for some of the world's dignitaries . . . including President Herbert Hoover, who headquartered every summer with his friend, Nate Milnor at Silver Lake. Nate was chairman of the State Fish and Game Commission and the father of the state "warm water fishery" program, putting up his own funds for the first warm water fishery at Black Rock Springs.

In all those years, Slim was the personality that drew many dignitaries. He was a buddy of the late Father John J. Crowley, who helped organize Inyo Associates (to negotiate with the City of Los Angeles) and Inyo-Mono Association to develop a tourist industry to create some cash flow to replace the agricultural downtrend that



SLIM TATUM is holding Susan Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Brown. Susan and Tatum shared the same birthday, March 1. Bob was manager of the Inyo-Mono Assn. of which Tatum was vice president.

followed when Los Angeles bought up most of the productive farms.

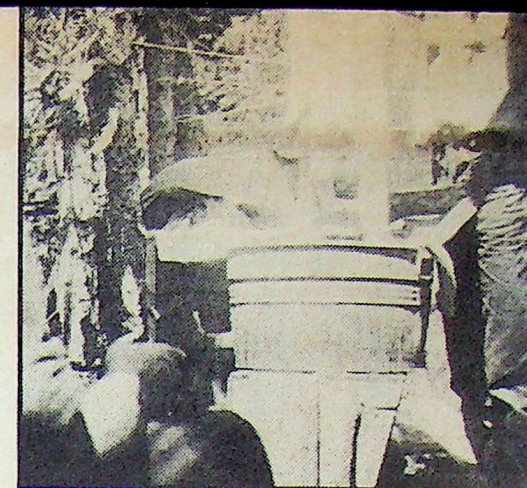
Slim claims he was lucky to hit Inyo-Mono when he did. Business folks coming out of the depression were eager to cooperate in improving their cash flow. When Father Crowley was president of the Inyo-Mono Assn., Slim was the vice president. Their trips from Topaz Lake to Death Valley were classics . . . never a dull moment conversationally. "Fine man, that Father Crowley," says Slim. "Guess I soaked up a little religion, too."

Father Crowley's parish took in all of Inyo-Mono. In fishing season he'd conduct special early morning masses . . . with angle worms blessed and rods and reels stacked in back of the church.

Slim recalls that Father Crowley and other Inyo-Mono Assn. presidents, had some top workers, like Bertha Hall (Horne) of Glacier Lodge, G. Walter Dow of Dow Hotel, M.A. "Slick" Bryant of Bridgeport, W.A. "Bob" Crosby, Alex Krater, Jack Hopkins, George Savage of Chalfant Press, Willard Wade of Bishop; Charley Scholl of Furnace Creek Inn and Ranch; Venita McPherson of Mono Inn; Ruby Cunningham of Tioga Lodge, Gene Crosby of Paradise Camp; Harry Blaver and Bill Banta of Lee Vining, and dozens of others. Got good cooperation, too from the Mono board of supervisors of Stanley Hunewill, Frank Bettencourt, Walter Dombrowski, George Silvester and Gene Crosby, and the Inyo board of John Lubken, Mark Lacey, Claud Ford, Wallace Partridge and Earl Hurlbut . . . and some of their predecessors.

Cooperation was good also in the June Lake Loop . . . from the Carson family, Red Hitchens, Glenn Colton, Harry Culver, Andy Downes (Boulder Lodge), Tuffy Conn . . . and dozens of others . . . including the old Southern Sierra Power Co. and later California Electric Power Co.

The Inyo-Mono Association was the only chamber of commerce group in Inyo-Mono and the cooperation was fantastic. Pack trains, resorts, and others entertained the press folks. Slim used his Round Valley ranch for an annual pheasant hunt attended by flocks of dignitaries. Full page photo and type spreads appeared in the state's papers, and the comments were tremendous. The



SLIM TATUM does some laundry at the Frontier Pack Station, June Lake Loop.

made a go of it," mused Slim. And all the while giving Inyo-Mono an image that has brought huge tourist dividends.

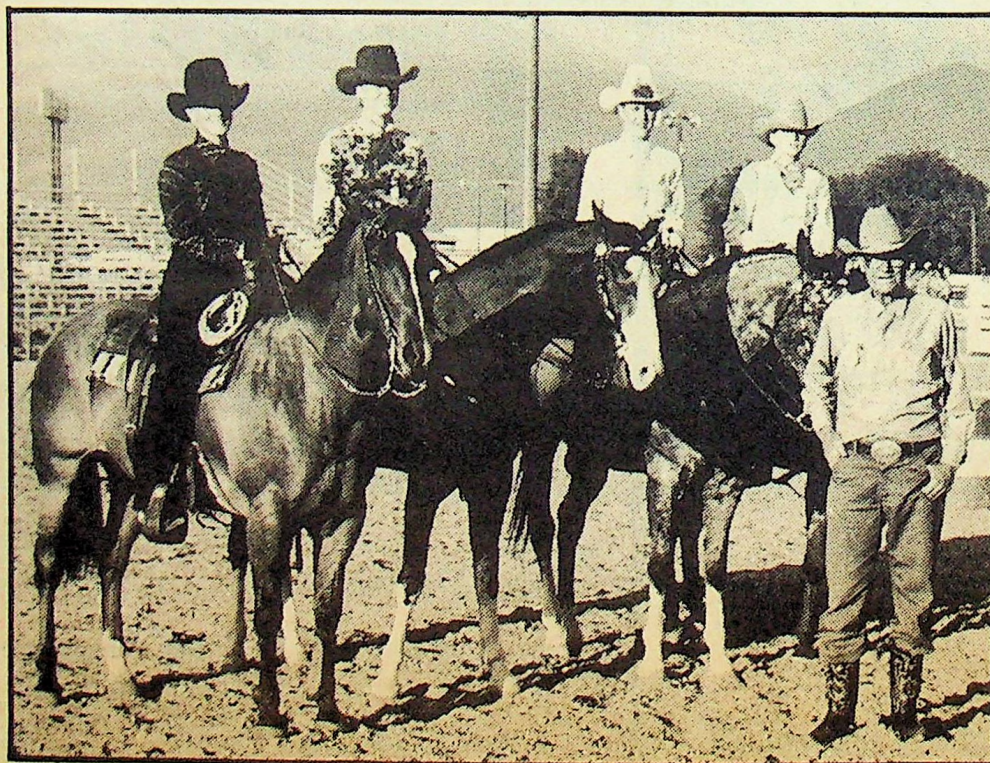
The Bishop Homecoming rodeos are highly rated . . . because of Slim Tatum. He keeps upgrading the show . . . with top stock and performers. In the old days, the rodeos were mostly "local" as far as stock and contestants were concerned. Now, the top point folks in rodeo try to make the Bishop show . . . and you can thank Slim for that. For this year's show he has a few surprises . . . like six of the best bucking mules in the nation . . . and the first girl bullfighter and rodeo clown.

This year's Homecoming parade and grand entry will be a bit different. Slim won't have to spend weeks "preparing" a grand marshal for the parade and grand entry. Slim will be wearing two or more hats as he appears in the parade, in the grand entry, as arena director . . . and teaching the young rodeo folks how to conduct themselves so that Bishop Homecoming rodeos have a good name.

When you add it all up . . . Slim Tatum is the personification of the Old West of the Eastern Sierra . . . and his contributions in many directions . . . including the tourist industry . . . have not been surpassed locally. All of us have a challenge to match that record . . . but we never will. There will never be but one Slim Tatum. He's left his mark good. And if you don't think so . . . just ask any of the 36 Homecoming presidents with whom he has been associated.



PILLARS of the Inyo-Mono Assn., at a Fern Creek barbecue in the late 1930s . . . left to right, Bob Brown, Assn. manager; Geo. Savage, Chalfant Press co-publisher; Father John J. Crowley, Assn. president; and Slim Tatum, vice president.



THE FOUR HOMECOMING queen candidates are shown with "Slim" Tatum, grand marshal for the Homecoming Celebration.



NEVADA ACROPOLIS. Rhyolite, Nevada, not actually in Death Valley, is often included in a tour of the region, for it is a most fascinating ghost town. Even stone buildings are not proof against the ravages of weather and the vandalism of humans



MONUMENT TO DEFEAT. The few forlorn traces of man's struggle for a livelihood on the desert serve as a ghastly warning to the newcomer who still has faith in his ability to reap a golden harvest from barren rocks

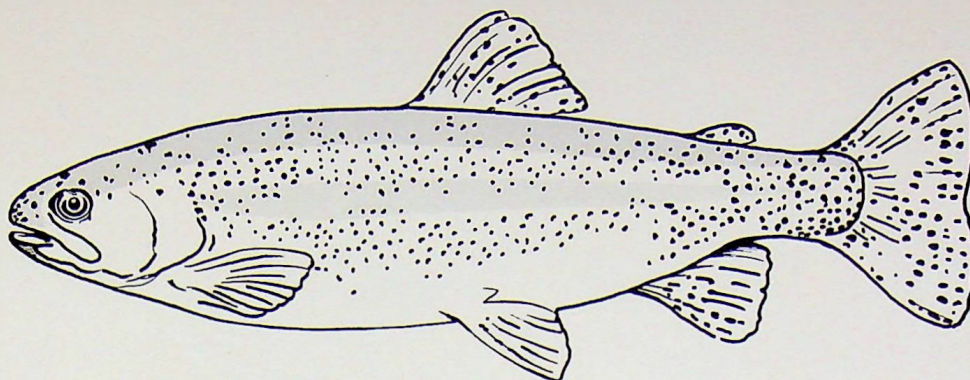


Up Mt. Whitney

The first recorded winter

ascent of Mt. Whitney on skis has been chalked up by three rock climbers from Hollywood, Chet Errett, Bill Rice and Dr. Clyde V. Nelson, members of Ski Mountaineers Section of the Sierra Club. Shown above are Errett and Rice, at an elevation of about 12,000 feet, nearing Whitney Pass. The party left Whitney Portal on March 15 and camped that night near the foot of Whitney Pass. The following day they skied up and over the pass and northward along Muir Crest to the top of Mt. Whitney.

SIERRA TROUT



RAINBOW TROUT
(*Salmo gairdnerii*)

Used May 1972

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS

The black spots vary in size from pin points up to about one-eighth inch in diameter, but are rarely large or perfectly round. They are usually found on the upper half of the head, on the upper half of the body, and on the dorsal and caudal fins.

The lateral band is usually conspicuous, reddish to violet, extending from the head to the caudal fin. The lower side of the head is commonly reddish.

There are no "cutthroat" dashes of red on the membrane beneath the jaw in typical rainbow, although some rainbow in some areas may show small orange marks similar to those of a cutthroat.

There are no small red spots on the sides, nor wavy marks or bars on the back or dorsal fin.

All trout vary somewhat in their coloration, but the rainbow are ex-

tremely variable. Rainbow in some lakes and reservoirs may be quite silvery except on the back; they may have very few spots and these may be indistinct, and the red on the head and sides may be completely lacking.

The rainbow trout illustrated herewith could be a yearling or a two year old fish and represents an average sized trout of this species. In older, larger rainbows the body proportions may be somewhat different, particularly in the older males, in which the lower jaw is much more prominent.

DISTRIBUTION IN CALIFORNIA

The rainbow trout is widely scattered over California. It originally occurred in a large part of the trout streams of the State and in a few lakes. Since this is the fish most commonly raised in the trout hatch-

eries of California, it has been planted in nearly every lake and stream which is suitable for trout. Therefore, it is by far the most widely distributed trout in California.

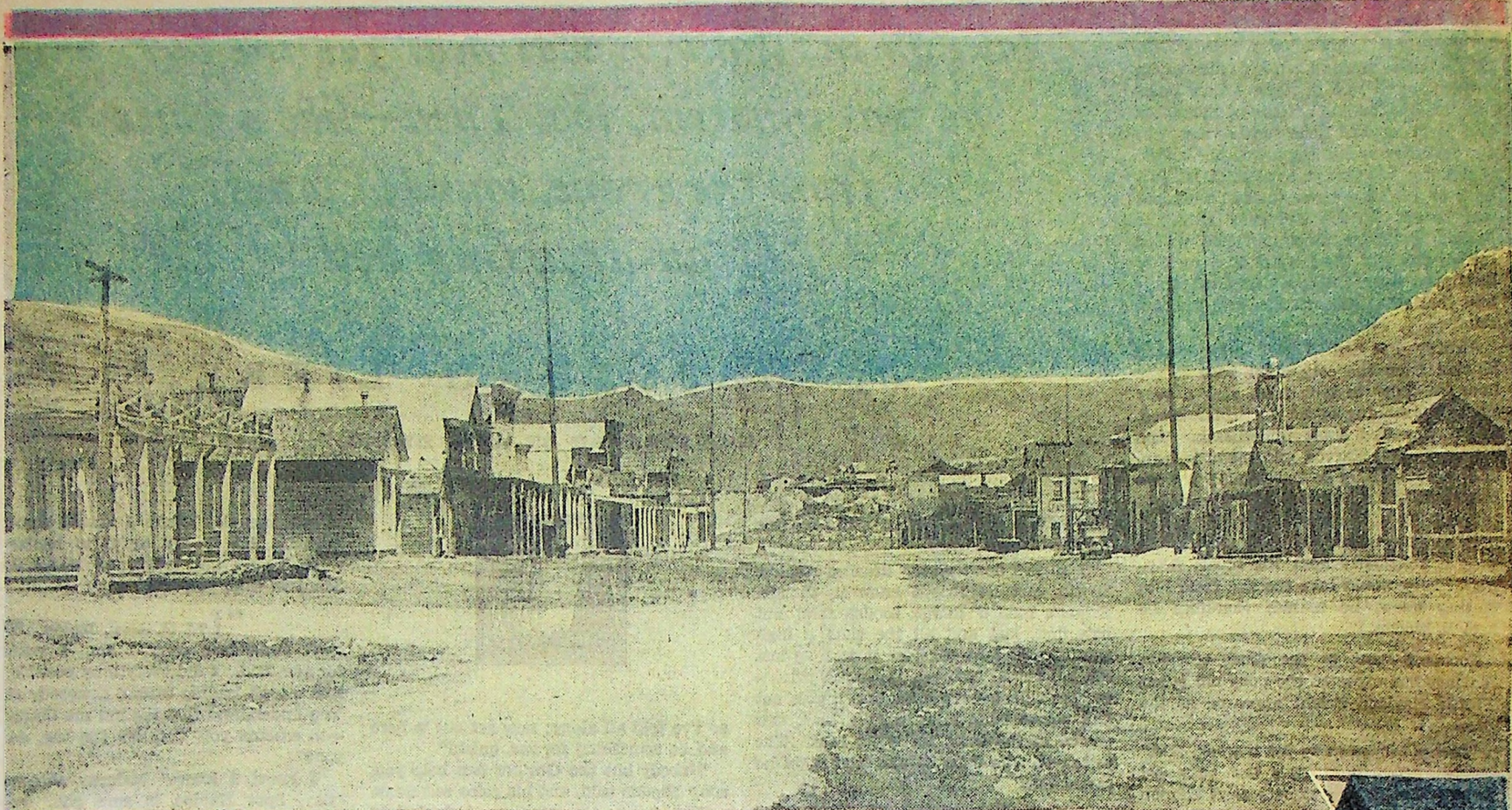
In many coastal streams this species is represented by the migratory steelhead in the lower portions and by resident fish in the headwaters. In some streams the ranges of the two overlap.

INTERESTING FACTS

Resident rainbow rarely attain a large size in California. Steelhead rainbow grow much larger because they migrate to the ocean and spend one or more years under conditions much more favorable to rapid growth than are found in fresh water. However, in a few of the larger reservoirs and lakes in California rainbow do grow rapidly and one weighing 18 pounds was recorded.●

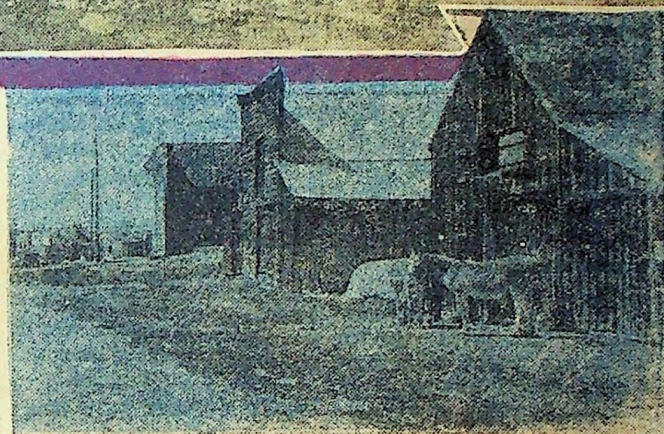
a S W E L L T o w n !

*This deserted spot
is the main street of
Bodie, once a rip-
roaring California
mining town.*



*A ghost it became, and now fire has
razed it — but its mellow
memories linger on*

By Henry G. Eaton



who found the town a living grave. My introduction to them was rather precipitous.

I had come to Bodie with two female relatives who claimed a previous acquaintanceship with old Jim Cain. They did not until later tell me how brief that acquaintanceship had been nor how long before. Going on the presumption that I was among friends, I began rummaging among the ruins for souvenirs. An old square brick structure with iron doors and no windows yielded some legal documents from an old bank vault.

Later I learned that my bank vault was where new shipments of champagne had been kept under lock and key to prevent the thirsty populace from raiding the saloons.

From the vault, I tracked into an old house where I discovered rooms stacked with every variety of articles. Old rosewood chairs piled about promiscuously, wire dress models, pictures of Queen Victoria, stills, mining implements, white porcelain precursors of plumbing, pots, kettles, dishes—everything and anything, practically intact from the mauve decade except for the dust and slight deterioration. Loaded down with as many articles as I could carry, I made my way to the car. Just as I was depositing the last article in the rear seat, two young fellows came by.

"Does Old Man Cain know what you are doing?" they asked.

"Oh, sure," I affirmed, then amended it slightly. "He will. My folks are friends of his. I know he won't care."

"Well, you better ask him."

"That's just what I'm going to do. Where is his house?"

This elicited very suspicious looks, but they were weak in comparison to my own look of surprise on learning that the Cains lived next door to the place I had been looting. Determined to carry on, now that I had begun, I maneuvered my women folk behind me and knocked at the Cain's door. A pleasant-faced woman answered. When I asked for Mr. Cain, she invited us inside.

In the living-room we were amazed at the sight of Indian baskets of all sizes and shapes tacked over every square inch of wall space from floor to ceiling. Not only the walls, but tables and what-nots were crowded with baskets. The lady who had invited us in smiled proudly at our exclamations of amazement. It was her lifetime collection she informed us. Then, introductions.

She, we learned, was the daughter-in-law of old Jim Cain. Her husband came in shortly and we sat down.

Cain's Pretty Grand-daughters

I began to explain why we had dropped in, when Mrs. Cain went to the hall and called some one from the back of the house. Through the bead portieres leading from the hall came two attractive girls, the sort one would expect to meet at the St. Francis or the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco. These were Ruth and Helen Cain. Helen was tall and dark. She was very beautiful. Ruth, the younger, was vivaciously pretty.

After more introductions we all settled down to what Seth Parker would call a "friendly githering." The Cains wanted to know about the world outside; we wanted to know about Bodie. Questions and answers flashed. The girls asked

about college, and I kept asking them what they were doing in a place like Bodie.

Because of old Jim Cain's interests, the Cain family had always lived in Bodie except for periodical visits to San Francisco. Helen had even gone to the University of California. After graduation she had come back as a schoolmarm. She was only 22. Ruth was looking forward anxiously to her turn to go out to college. When she went I felt she might never come back; she was too eager for life. Bodie would ever after seem too dull.

Even I who had desired so long to get to Bodie, after a few hours there, was going to be glad to go home again. It was a grand sight to see, that unspooled relic of another age, but as a permanent home it must be next to hell. The stores where the latest clothes had once been sold were closed. Dust by inches covered the ancient stock on the shelves. Only mine workers dwelt within the stylish precincts of the U. S. Hotel. All day long the only vista from the Cains house was that town in ruins. At night an unearthly silence settled upon the deserted streets. It was sixty miles over almost trackless roads to the nearest movie! Letters from the closest towns were two weeks in arriving. The only people who might offer any social intercourse came for a few hours to see the sights, then left. But the Cains had to stay on.

They Spurned It

Helen told me that during the first two weeks after her return from a visit outside, she was constantly near a state of hysteria. After that her tears dried and

she settled to a helpless apathy. But life was there burning with a fierce brightness. Some day some one would come who would take her away forever from that ghostly town. She was too beautiful, too attractive to languish in that quiet place of turbulent memories.

Before we left I enumerated the articles I had taken. The list only brought laughter from the Cains. Why in the world should anyone want any of the old junk that littered the houses of Bodie! As soon as they could make their strike they were clearing out, bag and baggage, and taking with them nothing of the town but memories.

As we said good-by I promised that unless the sky fell I would be on hand to go to the dance with the two girls the following Saturday night. I had quite a time getting my fellow-clerk, Jerome Waterson, to accompany me. He had lived several months in Bodie, working as a mine supervisor, and had had about all he could stand. He was unimaginative, but often confessed a feeling that the past was crowding all around him in his room at the old U. S. Hotel. It became so difficult for him to sleep at night that he finally had to leave and take a job in the store where we worked together. When I heard this I wondered what effect Bodie had had on Herbert Hoover, who in his youth had also worked there as a mine supervisor.

Bodie had been a difficult place to get to in the daytime when the roads could be seen. At night it was far worse. We made it only because Jerome had traveled the road so many times before.

A miner's family bearing the cheerful
Continued on Page Eighteen

BODIE

Was a Swell Town



Continued From Page Eleven

name of Happy chaperoned us to the dance. Everything in Bodie was done in the correct and proper manner. For over fifty years the Odd Fellows' Hall, sometimes known as the Miners' Union Temple, had witnessed the Saturday-night dances in Bodie. The floor, we were told, was built on wagon springs, considered in the old days a sensational achievement. The interior walls were decorated with huge framed mirrors ranging the width of both sides of the hall. The glass was turning yellow. Many dancers had been reflected during the four generations since those mirrors had been hung. On an up-raised platform at one end of the hall was the orchestra, an old square piano, several fiddles, and one lone saxophone.

The Dance Survives

In the mellow flickering light from the wall lamps, we forgot that Bodie's days of glory were long vanished. The orchestra, strive as it would to sound modern, gave us polka and schottische time to the tune of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and "Where, Oh, Where, Has My Little Dog Gone." The pianist, in high-heeled button shoes, had been playing for Bodie dances so long he could not see why dance rhythms must change. So we gave in, and did our best at improvising on the old-time steps.

The beau of the ball was Millionaire

Scotty, whose Prince Albert and baggy trousers were a familiar sight about the town. He bowed gallantly before every lady who happened to be unengaged, but none accepted him. Finally he encountered a stranger, a tourist, no doubt, who consented to try her luck with him. At first he tried to dance the new way, but as the music warmed up he felt the good old days welling up in him. To the amazement of his partner he began to swing her in the heel and toe polka, and then before she could catch her breath they were whirling in a schottische.

The High Hilarity

After this we all went in for the personal expression stuff in our dancing, causing quite a rumpus in the old hall. I, for one, hoped the wagon springs under the floor would bounce us up through the rafters to the roof. It would, to say the least, have been an appropriate wind-up to our merry shindig.

When we came in after the supper-ance I noticed that Old Jim Cain's son ad just arrived. He looked rather grave and somewhat overheated.

"What's happened to your dad?" I asked Ruth.

She blushed, but I insisted. Finally she admitted that the inhabitants of Bodie in preparation for a picnic on the morrow had utilized every drop of water in town to make beer. Ruth's father had been confident that he could locate a well somewhere, but after hours of tramping over the seven hills of Bodie had found all the wells bone dry. So now until the wells began to gush again, the citizens of Bodie would have to go dirty or bathe in beer!

With this dire predicament looming pleasantly in the future, Jerome and I said good-night to the Cain girls as the strains of "Home Sweet Home" wafted from the lamp-lit interior of the old Miners' Union Temple.

Gray dawn was streaking the faded star-lit sky. Black shadows slipped down from the haunted town and spread across the streets down which we were traveling home. The road led up a gulch and over a hill. Bodie was down in a hollow behind us. Before it vanished altogether, I looked back one more time. Helen and Ruth, especially Ruth, were down there; that made it hard to leave.

Ghosts or no ghosts, I still think Bodie was a swell town.

Bodie Was

"FOR the third time in its turbulent career," announced the news reporter of the air, "the mining town of Bodie, Cal., has been razed to the ground by fire. It is unlikely that this hell-roaring relic of the '80's will be rebuilt, as only the old Treadwell mine is being half-heartedly worked at present. The days of Bodie's glory vanished long ago."

My heart was in my mouth as I listened to this news. What a tough break for those who had never seen Bodie!

I saw it before any fires had touched it. I'll never forget those silent streets and staring windows, and that dance in the shaky Odd Fellows' Hall. Even as a ghost, Bodie had its lively moments. Gosh, it was a swell town!

Long before ever I saw Bodie, I heard things about it that made me determined I would not rest until I had walked its streets. At the time I was working in a little country store up in the eastern Sierra country just across the border from Nevada. Many of our customers were old-timers who had pioneered in the region and fought Indians with the same equanimity with which we today dodge traffic. Leaning across the counter during the long morning hours, these old-timers would regale me with stories of the days gone by. Of all the places and events they recalled there was one name in particular which recurred frequently. That name was Bodie.

An Old Lone Tragedy

One night after the store had closed a group of us were sitting around the mellow glow of the oil lamp talking about that strange, almost legendary character of the eastern Sierra, Malvern Hilyer. Some one remembered Malvern's reverence for his mother. It was often noted that he never spoke of God without mentioning his mother's name in the same breath.

Emma Hilyer, Malvern's mother, lay buried in Boot Hill in Bodie. It was said that none but those who had died violently were buried in that cemetery. How did Malvern's mother get there? No one was quite sure. She was married, but one day she ran away with the schoolmaster to Bodie. Her neighbors heard then that she became a queen of the dance halls when the schoolmaster deserted her. Yet even as men spoke of her painted lips, none ever failed to mention her sweet sad smile that haunted them whenever they thought of her.

In what tragic hour she died no one ever told, but when Malvern grew to manhood he found her grave there in Boot Hill Cemetery. It became a shrine for him, and until his mysterious death often he went there after periodical drunken revels to confess his shame and remorse. But no answering voice ever seemed to come from that pitiful grave, for he never gave up his unfortunate habits.

Yet tragedy was not always the keynote of these stories of Bodie. There were memories of gun fights that had taken away the spectators' breath with their swift action. One woman, whose merry blue eyes looked out of an ageless face that laughed at the years which had passed since her residence in Bodie, went into particular raptures.

Through her word pictures a whole panorama of the ginger-bread scrollwork town passed before my eyes. The crowded streets, the Paris gowns drawn tight across the bodice and flowing in magnificent bustles behind, the landaus and victorias drawn by blooded horses, and the men. She said she never would forget the handsome men of Bodie. When the shifts were changed at the mines they would dress in their best black broadcloth and silk hats and parade the streets. As they walked, enormous gold watch chains clanked in time with their steps.

"The men of Bodie? Humph!" grunted a grizzled old-timer sitting on a cracker box near by. "It was the women who

took the eye. Why, I seen sights on the streets of Bodie I never seen even in Washington, D. C."

That was the town that used to be. But at this time Bodie was still manufacturing stories. People talked as much and in the same glamorous way about old Jim Cain, Bodie's most prominent citizen, as they talked of the past. But of course old Jim Cain had come out of the past. He was as much Bodie of yesterday, as Bodie today. He had been there in 1879 when the Mother Lode had shown a tremendously rich outcropping for the third time since Bill Body had first discovered it in the '60's.

Body's Polished Bones

Jim Cain remembered the days when the bones of Bill Body, who had died in a snowstorm shortly after discovering the Mother Lode, were brought in honor to the booming town. Polished up and glistening like billiard balls, they were exhibited for days in one of the saloons. Then they were buried with great ceremony and a magnificent tombstone was ordered from over the mountains.

When the marble shaft at last arrived months had passed and in the meantime President Garfield had been assassinated. Bill Body was forgotten in the excitement of the national calamity, and his grave went unmarked while the shaft was set up as a monument to Garfield.

Shortly after this event, bad luck began to strike Bodie. Mine after mine closed because of litigation. The 10,000 people who had raised the crowded, thriving town among the gray sage-covered hills out at the end of nowhere, began to drift away. They closed their houses, which sudden wealth had furnished with all the rococo elegance of the '80's, including grand pianos, leaving everything intact. They expected to go back eventually when the lawsuits were settled and go to work in the mines again.

Years passed, times changed; silver was no longer the valuable metal it had been. Other mining towns absorbed Bodie's wandering population. Bodie's streets became all but deserted. Only a few people any longer had faith that the place would ever revive. One of these was Jim Cain. He believed with an almost fanatic zeal that the town would come back. As property values dropped he gradually bought up the town piece by piece. At last it was all his, as were the mines. With rich memories and bright hopes Jim Cain waited.

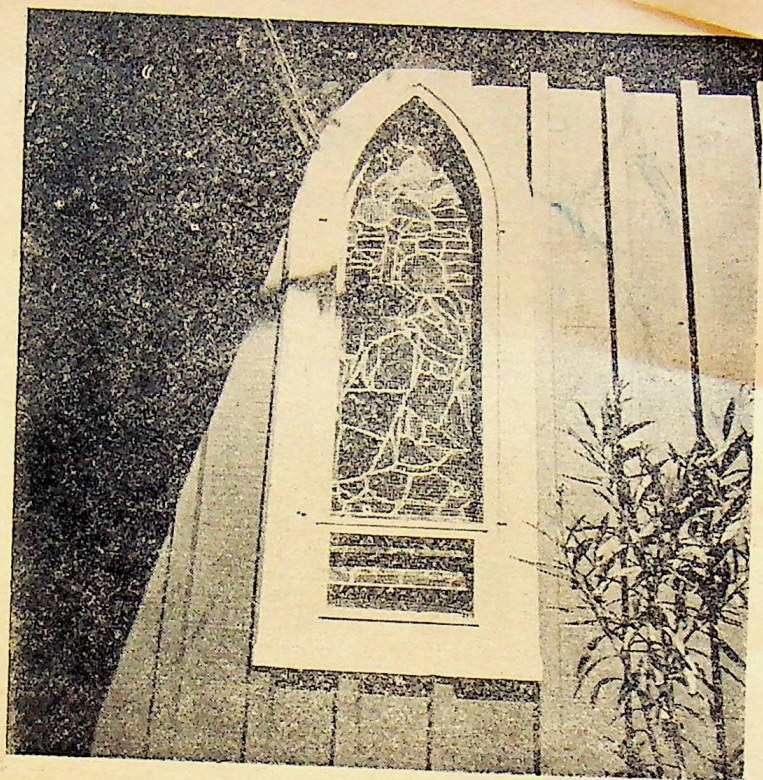
Before I got to Bodie the mines had opened again. People in broken-down autos were trekking over the rocky desert roads that had known the rattling wheels of Wells Fargo coaches and lumbering mule-drawn wagons. Bodie had come back, Jim Cain thought.

Jim Cain's Joy

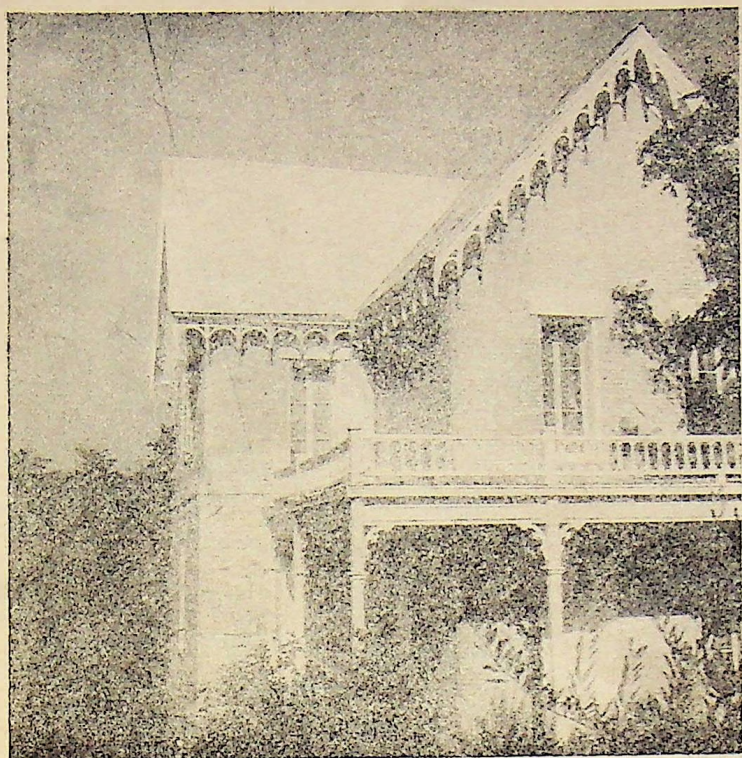
He became almost hysterical at this realization of his dream of years. Every tourist he could get hold of was treated to real beer in a real saloon and filled with tales of the Bodie that was. Then Jim Cain would take them down the street to the bank he had opened every day at 10 o'clock sharp during all the years of Bodie's desertion, and show them ore from the mines, and valuable relics he had preserved from the great days.

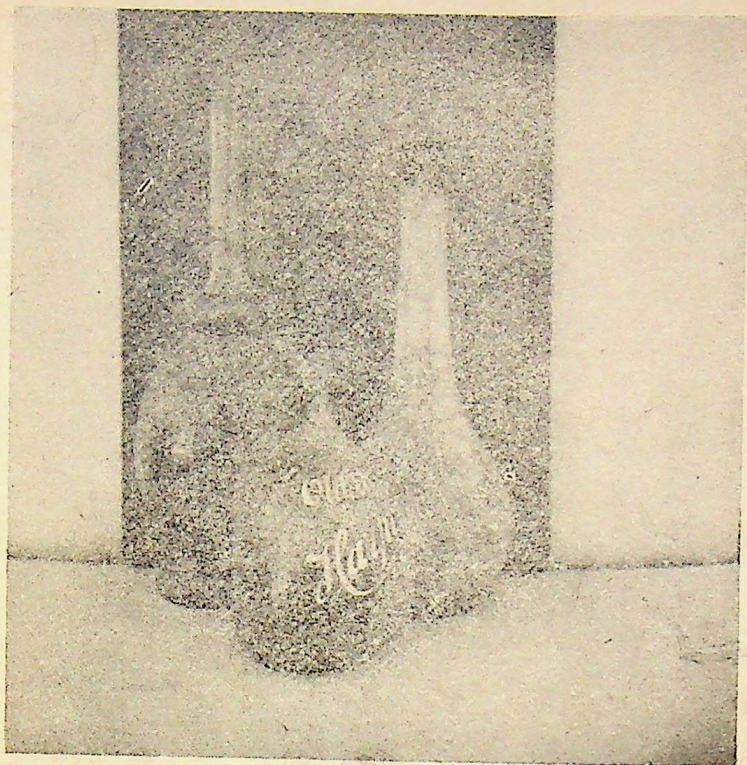
When I got to Bodie the excitement caused by the reopening of the mines had somewhat abated. Old Jim Cain had disappeared from the scene; I never saw him, though stories of his exploits were common enough. But I saw something perhaps even more interesting than Jim Cain, the second and third generation of Cains for whom Bodie had no glamour,



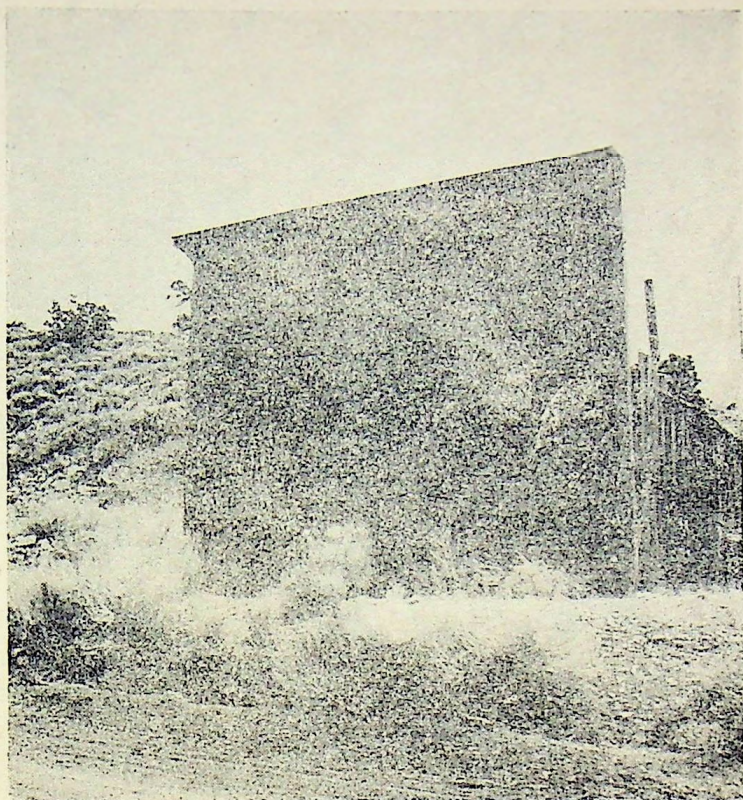


Front P.





36



*Housing an early day newspaper business, this Manhattan Standard Building is a good example of the false fronts then in use.
Seen in Manhattan, Nevada.*

copy?

67 65



*Famous and ornate Storey County courthouse
seen on a side street in Virginia City, Nevada*

Copy?

29 38

