

#7 Halliday Park Station

Nov. 5, 1981
Oct 29, 1981

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Captions--Halliday Camp---Several Northern Mines

1. Headed for Bishop Pass, a two week pack trip. Warren Halliday, Adele Reed, Nedra Hawkins, Bill Reed.

Harry Haliday Photo

2. The first night camp was at Palisade Meadow on Fish Creek. Warren, Adele and Nedra.

Bill Reed photo

3. The Casa Diablo Mine produced solid gold bars. Weight $14\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. value \$2813.77

Ray McMurry collection

4. Spray Kinney and Torrez at the pack camp that served the Spark Plug Mine high in the White Mountains. Note pack trail at right.

Ernest Kinney collection

5. The ore and supply wagons from Casa Diablo Mine left their mark in the Tufa rock road to and from the Laws Depot.

Adele Reed photo

Sept 2

Bottom 1 st p. producing acres? Yes

Cowboys - Ben Mc Murry, Chas Sum & Schabell
worked for Riskey Cat. Co. when Allie Mc Lee was
foreman. Pic title

Pg. 35 Irish L Road & to pasture

" 36 and rode to ranch

done
pic title

Little Mono L & Gulls Jones pic.

seeing can
ride baby gull hatchling

The Negit Island Calif. Gull Roostery
at Mono L. is the largest in the state
& ~~comes~~ that to be the 2nd largest
in the world.

Pic title in Benton
notes
Pre-emp book

In 14 & 15 Sam & Ellsworth Taylor hauled
wood from black Can, Mono co, driving
a 14 animal team. 8 cords w. a trail wagon of
about 4 cords. The Taylor fam. owned the
old Mc Keener Ranch 40. of Benton where they

raised alfalfa & cattle and for about 20 yrs.

Bibliog used

Used, Story of Dist Nine by
Ingo Reg, issues

Grandsons of Clark, a pio clergyman

Used 100 yrs of Real Living Bird Cal

" Ingo Ann Dominio

Pic Harry Halliday?

L. Fine

Covered wagon driven by Sidney Doty, descendant of the
of the Jayhawkers Party accom by
Josephine Breen, a descendant
of the Donner Party
Use turntable w saws
Wooden tank (a team
to power it?)
Pic title
See pic in album

There were numerous pack camps along the eastern edge of the "Range of Recreation" as the Sierra were once called. From the San Louis Pack Station west of Haiwee through Inyo to northern Mono and the Little Antelope Pack Camp near Coleville there were horses, mules and guides available in season.

People were taken by trail into little-known wilderness areas, usually across the summits. This way of recreation travel became very popular in the early twenties. A wrangler-packer, who acted as both camp cook and first aid man, lead his string of mules packed with supplies and bedrolls and followed by guests on well trained trail mounts.

Usually a week or two of camping and fishing in the primitive charm of the back country meant a super vacation, a complete change of pace for city folk. Sometimes the guests were left with their gear and food at a desirable spot; the packer to return with his mules at a certain date to transport them to civilization. One day trips were popular. The mule trains often carried planter trout in cans, to the high lakes and streams. Now the fish are dropped from airplanes.

Harry Halliday and his wife, Etta, arrived in Bishop in early 1900. He went to work for his brother, Ernest, and his partner, Bedford, in their blacksmith shop. After learning the trade Henry went into business for himself. Halliday began his pack station in 1924 in a picturesque spot near the south fork of Bishop Creek just below the Parcher's Camp and Store. A little stream of cold, sweet

'Range of recreation' . . .

the Sierra

water meandered through the meadow, surrounded by pines and tall mountains. The usual corrals, barn, tack shed, several little bunk houses and a handsome log cabin were built. Guests were transported into the beauty of the Kings River county, the Amphitheater and many places of interest.

Harry became noted for the promotion of good fishing in those areas. His pack string often carried trout for the Forest Service to Ladder, Barret and Rambeau Lakes. A daughter, Phyllis (Skaggs) of Bishop recalls; "My father worked very hard, he sometimes carried the fish cans on his back up the rough, steep trail to Ladder Lake, in order to keep it stocked!" There were four Halliday children, the late Ellen (Banta), Ruth (Sanford), Phyllis and a son Warren who joined his father in the pack business.

As most Pack Camps were alike, except for location, we use the Halliday Camp as an example. Also because it was from there we were initiated into the great lure of forest trails. Warren invited us to accompany and chaperon he and his bride-to-be, Nedra Hawkins, on a two-week pack trip. What an exciting time were the days of planning and choosing the needed foods and supplies and learning how to pack eggs, for example, or other fragile supplies.

It was a chilly, early morn with no sun peeking over the tall mountain as we left Camp on September 24, 1933 with Warren leading the three mules. What a thrill it was to ride over Bishop Pass, seemingly the top of the world. The tumbling falls of Dusy Creek, seen now and then from the down trail, were a wondrous sight. Camp in Palisade Meadow was most welcome that night, at least one of us wished a pillow had been included with that hard saddle. Walking part of the time downhill, did help

PIONEER DAYS

Halliday's Rainbow Pack Station

by Adele Reed



HEADED FOR BISHOP Pass, a two week pack trip. Warren Halliday, Adele Reed, Nedra Hawkins, Bill Reid. Harry Halliday Photo

campfires each evening took away the chill, fall was in the air. Vacations do come to an end so after several splendid days we headed down river and across a swinging bridge on Piute Creek. From there the trail lead uphill to Pilot Knob and Hutchison Meadows where we camped. It was cold and snowed in the night. Next day we crossed Piute Pass down to North Lake and all the way to the Pack Camp where Harry had a flavorful chicken dinner on the stove.

From our log book the daily mileage was roughly eight

Harry had a flavorful

chicken dinner on

the stove.

to seventeen miles a day and the last day, about twenty five miles. The total trip as about 115 miles as calculated by Warren.

Not one person was seen along our trail. We traveled at leisurely rate enjoying each day do the full. It was a relaxing and different two weeks vacation in superb back country, long remembered.

were seen, always something different. On the way up that mountain . . . with hot sun bearing down . . . Warren's 'Sadie' horse lay down on the trail. While 'Sadie' rested, so did every one. When 'Sadie' was persuaded to get up and go, we soon topped the summit and found a pretty camp in the pines of Crown Valley. There were meadows and good fishing so we lingered. One of the days we saddled up and rode to a cowcamp run by people named Johnson. Sugar was bought, the one thing that was short, and we mailed postcards to our family from high in the Sierral

From Crown Valley the route was over Scepter Pass to a camp in Maxon Meadows. Breakfast was over very

There were meadows
and good fishing,
so we lingered.

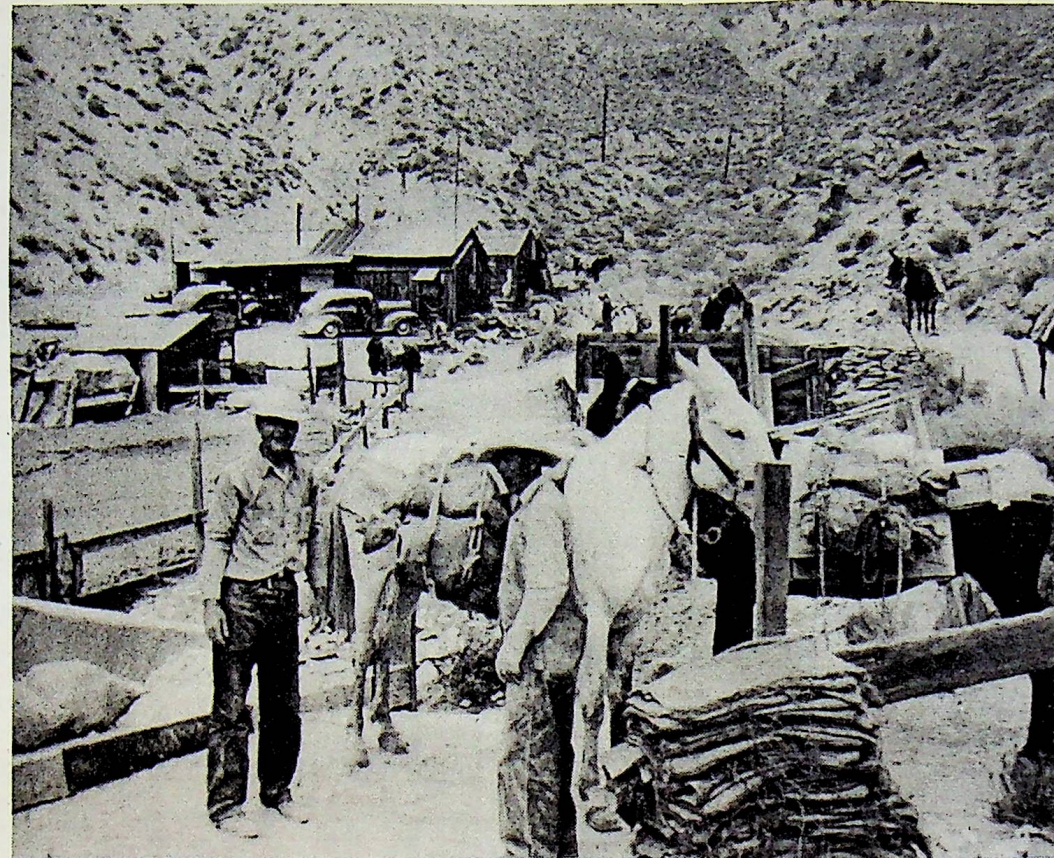


some. During the two weeks we crossed four high passes of great scenic value, Bishop, Scepter, Hell-for-sure and Piute Camp was made in several splendid meadows but none to compare with Simpson Meadow on the middle fork of the Kings River. It was named for early cattlemen on the west side whose cattle grazed there in summer. The Simpson family owned land, wide meadows, at Dinkey Creek and wintered on the home ranch near Academy, Calif.

After two days at Palisade we rode a trail to Simpson Meadow that put us on the edge of a churning cauldron called the Devil's Wash Bowl. The deep water had claimed several mules and a horse or two and our order was, walk and lead your mount. It was a bit terrifying to greenhorns to hear their horses slithering and sliding

early the next day and everything packed for an early start but no animals could be seen. They had strayed to a greener meadow and it was noon as we began the long ride over Hell-for-sure Pass. It was especially rough from that summit down to camp on the south fork of the San Joaquin River.

It was pitch dark as we arrived which meant a cold snack and to our bedrolls. Of all the pretty spots we had camped in this seemed to be the one enjoyed the most . . . perhaps because we knew it was about time to head for home.



SPRAY KINNEY AND Torrez at the pack camp that served the Spark Plug Mine high in the White Mountains. Note pack trail at right. Ernest Kinney collection

along back of them on slick granite. We are told the trail now by-passes the Wash Bowl. Leaving Simpson after two days of fishing and exploring our trail was down the deep Valley of Tehipiti. There was a struggle getting the pack mules across a swinging bridge below the Meadow. Two big rattlers caused excitement until Warren shot them. Another hazard was a large hornets nest hanging on a tree limb near our trail. We rode quietly by, the only sound the creaking of saddle leather.

Our camp that night was near the famed Tehipiti Dome that rose high and mighty in the narrow valley that was quite warm for September. There was no horse feed so it was a one night stop and the next morning we faced a steep trail out of the Valley. Fresh bear tracks in the trail

The sound of the river, leisurely hours hiking and exploring, fishing was super and we even baked a cake in the big Dutch oven. Down wood was plentiful and big

Baked a cake in a big

Dutch oven.

THE FIRST NIGHT camp was at Palisade Meadow on Fish Creek. Warren, Adele and Nedra.
Bill Reed photo


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