

Memories of Elizabeth L. Mecham

She spent long evenings sitting at her little dining table in Darwin and in Bayside jotting down memories as they came to her. She also made notes of things she heard on the television, the radio, from friends, and things she read. She was an avid baseball fan and kept track of scores, especially the Giants and the Dodgers, for years. And every little thing she picked up about the history of the country, especially her beloved desert she kept jotted down someplace so she wouldn't forget names, places and dates. There are innumerable scrapbooks of news clippings from the Owens Valley and the people therein.

She was a bit picky and choosy about almost everything, friends, places, ideas. But she remained true to all those she believed in and especially all her friends from Darwin, Lone Pine, and all in between. And over the years she often, even though grudgingly sometimes, forgave them for imagined slights, injustices or because they "didn't see it her way". Like all of us, she learned to forgive and forget.

Her son, Richard, (Dick to most of you) and I inherited the notes, the stenographic tablets, the envelopes with notes scribbled on them, the address book with its continuous change of addresses over the years; the years of births, marriages, divorces and deaths of all those she knew and loved in the Owens Valley. I began to put them together and started with this little book of history of her life and those in the desert. She always wrote in one continuous story with little or no paragraphs, and just as the thoughts came to her...seldom went back to "re-read" it; she always told us "it goes as it is"...didn't have time to edit it, nor did she want to. There were many people in the journalism world from Chalfont Press to Los Angeles Times to Pasadena Star News and some individual authors whom she corresponded with to add to their stories, maybe even to "correct" their misconceptions of something they had written about. There are many more jotted notes and scraps of news I haven't sifted through yet, but if I get them together I will add them to this history. To many they may seem like just another old-timers prejudiced memories, but to those who really knew her it may be interesting, perhaps even revealing. I only wish I had delved into them much sooner, or talked to her about a lot of her history...but then I was young and didn't understand!

Take a little time too read and look at this history, it may surprise you, it may even teach you, it may even make you think about the past history of our country and its' people. Something we could all pay attention to.

Valeria Mecham

1914.221

THINGS SINCE THE GAY NINETIES

PROLOGUE

This story of Grandma Bess' life is taken from the many notes she left in many notebooks. It is written just as she wrote, and those of you who remember, knew how she kept on without paragraphs! The editor only added a comma, or started a new sentence or paragraph for the sake of clarity. And I can hear her now..."that's not the way I wrote it!" An occasional word spelling was corrected, but very little of that. This is how we remember her, and for all of her stubborn ways and opinionated thoughts, I'm sure that the more you get into her tales of her life and the desert and mountain people, you will begin to get a much clearer picture of Bess Mecham, the person.

There is a lot of repitition, but one story leads to another and, as she says, she gets carried away! As she also said, "she kept things close to herself"...as we know, but I am so sorry I never had these notes much earlier, because I have gotten to know Bess a hundred times better than I did before. The stories themselves weave in and around each other, and after you get into them you can start to put the picture together. I did meet many of the people she tells about, and of course Dad knew most, but not all of them. (Why, Dick, you remember....!) She tells it as she remembers it, leaving out any personal prejudice, and putting in all the wonderful memories they became for her.

Also, many of the things she remembers of early life in L.A. is very familiar to me, because some of the things were still around when I was little. And many of the families were known to us in Pasadena. It is a revelation!

Enjoy!

THINGS SINCE THE GAY NINETY'S

The horse cars on Fort St. (Broadway).....

Mildred Ridsen playing with our dolls on the corner of 4th and Fort.

The high wheel bicycles with the Dandy in derby and mustache and being run over by one on 4th St.

Falling down the flight of stairs with the cream pitcher in my hand —didn't break— to get cream in the grocery store below Grandma Marshall's Claremont Hotel.

St. Luke's Episcopal church next door, east, being moved around the corner on Fort and set in a big yard —stood there into the 1900's. Grandma and Mama used to go and one evening forgot me, —sound asleep— “discovered” their loss when they got home and had to wake up the church warden to let them in and get me — still fast asleep.....

Standing on a chair while Grandma combed and curled around her finger my blond hair and me wanting a fresh orange and she saying “when you eat this half” — which was dry and I didn't want it.....

Before we moved to L.A. and the Claremont Hotel, which she bought in 1894 after the disastrous 1893 depression and the San Diego boom burst, she had bought a square block in Coronado Island and city property. I remember playing in front of the house with a little girl and telling her my name was Elizabeth, and hers was Mary.....

Then when we moved to Los Angeles Papa worked in the Drug Store — he was a Pharmacist— on the corner of 3rd St. and Fort and the first soda fountain in L.A. was there and we would go and have ice cream sodas. Then Papa went to San Francisco and Ukiah to see his mother and a business trip to Portland by boat. Mama went to Chicago World's Fair — Columbia— the first one in the U.S.

I spent part of the summer with Mrs. Chaney at her beach house in Long Beach. A long wharf in front and only a few buildings up in town. She made the most delicious donuts and always a boy and girl ones for me. I built sand castles and once walked out on the wharf bare foot and got them full of slivers and Mrs. Chaney got them all out. She was a wonderful person and Grandma's friend all the long years and with Grandma when she died in L.A. July 4th, 1907. The little gold bar pin with the tiny turquoise at each end she gave me when I was 8 years old. And the lady who rented a room above ours, the square bay windows in front, gave me the blue pitcher with “the molasses handle” 1894 —now 79 years old.

Mildred Ridsen had a pony and cart and her father or a brother, Will, would take us driving and one day they were to come after me and I was all dressed in white lace trimmed dress and blue satin ribbon sash and they didn't come.....I can still feel that terrible disappointment, maybe that is why I never have wanted to plan and to be disappointed.

So many memories have stayed wiith me all my life, since a little child. Mildred and I stayed close for so many years. She married before I did and had a daughter, Evelyn. Last time we were together was in 1914. Her brothers, Will and Art, opened a bicycle shop on 7th St. between Hill and Olive in 1896; the first repair shop for bicycles in L.A. We would cut rubber bands from old bicycle tubes.

In 1895 a brick building was put up on the corner of 4th and Hill next to the Claremont and so cut out the light on that side. Grandma sold the hotel; it stood for years and in the 20's sold for a million dollars! While we lived at the Claremont I went to kindergarten on Hill St. between 5th and 6th, across from Central Park. I was 3 and still have some of my work. Across the street were homes and "rooms to let" and high board fence around the corner at 4th and Broadway (Fort St. renamed in '94) with a fine home and yard. Later the Broadway Dept. store was built there by Arthur Letts, so Grandma rented a house on Olive street between 8th and 9th, with a big yard and a copper bath tub and copper sink in the kitchen. There I came down with whooping cough, six weeks of agony, coughing blood up and "whooping" night and day.

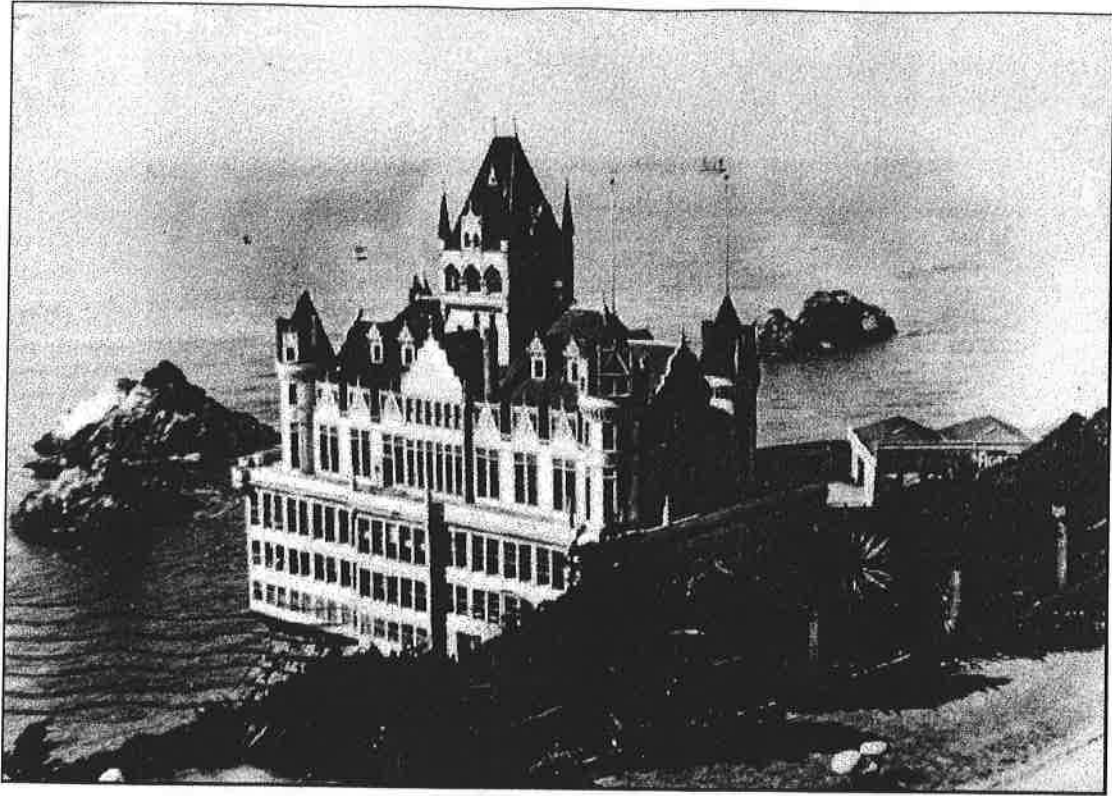
St. Luke's Sunday School had a picnic on a Saturday at Santa Monica. The only way there was on the train, once a day there and back, so the mothers hired a street car with wagon wheels and team of horses and away we went the 20 miles to the beach, and didn't get home until 2 A.M. the next morning!

Papa had opened a Drug Store in San Francisco near his brother's photograph shop; Uncle Jake, Aunt Mary and Roy and Hazel — the oldest boy cousin, George, was away at college, 10 years older than Roy; Hazel and I at age 5 then.

So in 1895 we took the boat to San Francisco from the mile long wharf just north of Santa Monica. The trains ran out to the end where the ships tied up. Grandma went to see us off and Mama was so sick the two days going up. I can still see Papa waiting for us at the dock — in a brown suit and brown derby — mustache — he was tall and thin. He waited on the pier at the Ferry Building where the piers were in a row in the Bay.

I started school in the 1st grade at the Denman St. school - have a picture of the class and me. The yard was all boards up off the ground a foot. It was a big wooden building. We lived in a "flat" on a hill. One evening Papa came home with a St. Bernard puppy in his pocket - my "Lucky" and when later he became so jealous of me if they even touched me, we took him to Ukiah and left him with Grandma and he waited to greet us on our trips there.

Often went to Ukiah to see Grandma Fowzer and the fine old home - still there - where Papa grew up; built in 1865-66. A long grape arbor from the front door porch to the gate on which side were rose bushes planted by Uncle Jake and Papa. Beautiful mahogany furniture, marble topped tables, and Grandma's bed was a four poster with a canopy; high from the floor so the trundle bed could roll under when children not in it, and a three step stool to climb into bed from.



The Cliff House, San Francisco

The way it looked when Milo and I were there for a lovely dinner. I had gone there with Mama and Grandma when we were in San Francisco while I was growing up. It was lovely, and a landmark.

Ukiah Cemetary — 109 years later!



This picture of the Fowzer burial plot in the Ukiah Cemetary on Low Gap Road was taken August 30, 1996 by us when we stopped on the way north to Eureka for Chris Carlotti's wedding — Peggy Mecham and Mike Carlotti's son. Dick Mecham, Valeria, and their daughter Joan Jackson and husband Charles. Dick 's great-grandfather and great-grandmother....Bess' grandfather and grandmother.

Oh, those feather beds and how I loved to sleep with Grandma! Mama and Papa's room was downstairs and it's beautiful furniture, with outside door into the side yard.

The violet bed on the north side of the house and the horse radish plants and helping Grandma Fowzer grate it and tears rolling down our faces. And Papa's favorite dinner - a huge platter with roast chicken and all around roast squabs, the peppermint candies she always had in her white apron pocket. And my St. Bernard "Lucky", who knew where to look for them. He hated blacks, (candy) He and I would go up the road and turn up the street to the grocery store on the corner of Main street. "Lucky" carried the little basket in his mouth, which wore a hole in a corner and one day coming back a pound of butter fell out and we didn't know it until we got home and then went back looking in the tall grass, and Lucky found it and was happy....wagging his tail.

The long drives in the horse and buggy seeing all the places where Papa grew up in, played and hunted. Going over to "The Geysers" in a horse drawn stage—four of them. Once to a resort on the Russian river and the hotel built of redwood on a hill over-looking the river in a canyon and redwoods and trees on the hills.

In 1866 Grandpa and Grandma Fowzer bought or took up a 160 acre homestead; built the home, brought all the beautiful furniture that had come around the Horn from New Orleans. In 1853 when Grandma and Lizzie (Elizabeth), Jake and Carrie sailed from there and around the Horn to San Francisco to join Grandpa, it took over three months to make the trip with all the hazards. Grandpa had lost a leg when a lad. He left home, Germantown, Pennsylvania, since he could not get along with his step-mother. So he ran away and went down the Mississippi on a river boat. He was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, March 15, 1815 and left home when he was 16, in 1831, working on river boats, eventually arriving in New Orleans. He was on a river boat, the Robert E. Lee, when about 18 that blew up and he lost a leg just below the hip, so used crutches the rest of his life, but it did not deter him; he became a successful cotton broker in New Orleans. He met the daughter of another cotton broker who had brought his family from London, England in the 1830's or thereabouts.

Elizabeth E. Lovejoy was born March 21st, 1823 in London, England and she and James Fowzer were married in New Orleans in 1842. Elizabeth, "Lizzie", was born 1843, Carrie in 1845 and Jacob, "Jake," in 1847. In 1849 when the Gold Rush to California began, James decided to come to San Francisco and arrived by river boat to St. Louis, Missouri, and from there rode horseback, his crutch strapped under the stirrup leather, arriving in San Francisco in the fall of 1850, not to "mine gold" but to open a business. He bought a lot and returned to New Orleans and saw his family and household goods settled aboard a ship-sailing vessel in 1852 and returned overland to San Francisco and was settled in a home for them when they arrived in 1853. He opened a Cigar Store and Fine Tobaccos, I have his business card still, 138 Battery St. opposite the Custom House and Post Office.

The children grew and married and on June 29th, 1863, Stonewall Jackson was born (and later died, January 29th, 1897, a block from where he was born). After they settled in Ukiah Grandpa became a Justice of Peace.

They brought with them from San Francisco a Chinese house boy who was with them 35 years and "ran the place" and looked after Grandma after Grandpa died October 14, 1887 in Ukiah. He was buried in the family plot in Low Gap Road cemetery; the brick wall around the plot still stands. The bricks were kilned in the 1870's. Originally there were two wrought iron gates, one in front and one on the right (east) side. The fine monument still stands and a large tree shades all, planted in the '70's.

I can't recall the Chinese cook's name- it could be Hop Sing, a Cantonese. In the late '60's he sent for his nephew to come from China. He was the same age as Papa and they grew up together, learning each other's language. Later he had a large importing business in San Francisco and we visited him often in 1895 - 97. He had a huge warehouse and I can see his little room, white walls and a round clock on one wall, an iron cot, a wash stand and china bowl set and a table. So clean and plain; he used to bring or send Mama Chinese ginger in lovely blue jars, also candy and other Chinese goodies. His place was destroyed in 1906; it was on California street at the foot of the hill. One can "see" those two lads growing up in Ukiah, the round black cap and the "pigtail". The Chinese were wonderful people. Tong wars and Hatchet men too, but were fine business people and when they liked one they were faithful.

Los Angeles had a fine Chinatown when I was little, on Los Angeles St. near the Plaza. They made fine wicker furniture and fine laundries. Their vegetable wagons, kept the best for favorite customers and Grandma Marshall was one. In the 1900's they still drove their fine horse and wagon load of fruits and vegetables, and she had the same one for years.

It was a great trip in the 1890's to Ukiah - took the ferry boat at the Ferry Building—the tower and clock that faced four ways—arrive at Sausalito and get on the train and sleep sitting up on the red plush seats, arriving at the end of the line in Ukiah at 2 A.M. and walking the short distance to Grandma's home. The railroad ran on their land that they owned in the 60's--70's. They had never farmed the back "40" but had an orchard at the house, and grapes and garden. An arbor ran from the front porch to the front gate and purple and green grapes grew all over it, with a bench inside to rest on and eat grapes—fine big muscat. I can see it all so clear. The big trees still in the yard and picket fence along the front and over the front door is a porch - or was - and a door opening onto it from the upstairs hall to a balcony. But it and the arbor are now gone

Our last visit there was in early February 1897 after Papa died January 27th, 1897 in San Francisco and we took Grandma Fowzer home and stayed awhile, then returned to San Francisco and took the boat, Santa Rosa, for Port Los Angeles. The

mile long wharf that ran out in the ocean with Southern Pacific railroad to meet the boats that tied up at the end of the wharf. This time the sea was rough and breakers high so a gang plank could not be used and we passengers were loaded in the square cage used to unload cattle and freight and hoisted up and over and down to the wharf. Grandma Marshall was waiting for us and a cold wind was blowing.

How many people experienced the odd and wonderful things I did when little and to remain so clear with me all these 80 years! I remember so well when Papa died—ill for several months—Grandma Fowzer was with us in our apartment—called housekeeping rooms in those days. I was so upset when a neighbor came in and touched him. Another lady covered the mirrors with sheets -how weird people were in those days! He died of what was then called quick consumption -(T.B.) in the morning and then I was sent down to Uncle Jake's and Aunt Mary's where they lived at 337 Hayes St. above their photo shop.

Our home was just below where the Mark Hopkins is now, high up and just below the street where the beautiful homes of Flood, Crocker and the other rich — who made their fortunes in Comstock Load Nevada — were, and built of red sandstone. Only Flood's home survived the 1906 earthquake and fire and is a club now.

I used to dress up in long skirts and Mama's hats and walk up and down in front of the homes, alone even in those days. So I walked by myself down the steep hill to Uncle Jake's and stayed with them during the funeral. Then Grandma and Mama and Leonard came and we stayed there a few days and then took Grandma home to Ukiah. He is buried in the Odd Fellows cemetery. January 30, 1897. That is what he wished, instead of the family plot in Ukiah.

When we got to Los Angeles, Grandma Marshall had a big house on Grand Ave. and rented out apartments. It was across the street from the Normal School. Now the Public Library is built on the grounds.

Mama was not well. The close confinement caring for Papa and the Dr., (name will come!), the family doctor, advised her to go to a dry climate, so she went to Clifton, Arizona copper mines and kept books for the company. A complete change for her from anything she knew. She had seven years at St. Mary's school in Oakland, and joined Grandma in San Diego; met Papa and married at 18.

So her health improved as it had when a girl in New Mexico and Arizona after her father died in St. Louis in December, 1871. At that time they returned to Nova Scotia for a year and she did not improve and they came west again, to Las Vegas, New Mexico, Tucson and up to Prescott and then on to San Francisco and school where she met her life-long friend, Minnie Smith. They roller skated on the sidewalk in front of the school on Lake Merritt shore.

In L.A. I went to the Spring St. School, girls on the Broadway side, boys on the Spring St. Side, with a high board fence between yards. A well built wooden two story school, high off the ground and long wide steps leading up and which we marched up and into the hall and class rooms, after forming in grade groups, first to

Jessie Norris Fowzer 1890
Los Angeles, California



The Height of Fashion of the Gay 90's !

eighth, saluting the flag and singing America. In the 1910's the Arcade building was built on the sight and through to Spring St. from Broadway, between 5th and 6th streets.

Going back a bit.....

After Grandma sold the Claremont we moved for a short time to a flat on Main St. and 7th. Mama returned from the World's Fair—Columbian Exposition in Chicago, Illinois. I can remember she and Papa going to Maskquerade Balls, dressed in fancy costumes and masks on. They would kiss me good bye at the foot of the stairs. Maskquesrade (also spelled Masquerade!) Balls and La Fiestas were the popular thing in the gay 90's. Mama loved to dance. In 1900 Los Angeles held their La Fiesta de la Floresta Parade; carriages decorated with flowers, fine saddle horses with silver trimmed saddles and bridles. Mama rode Jerry and how grand he looked, buckskin with heavy wavy black mane and tail, perfect Spanish broke...more about him in another story. After Papa went to San Francisco we moved to the Olive Street house.

When we lived on Grand Ave. a bakery was just around the corner on 7th, and each evening the fresh bread was baked and we would get a loaf. Five cents, and real butter, sold from big wooden tubs, scooped up with paddles and put in cardboard "boats". The wonderful spicy smell in the Tea and Coffee shops; tea in glass sections under the counter and one bought the blends they wished. Grandma had her favorite, Pekoe, Chawan, Bohea, Oolong, etc., a bit of each. Tea was the refreshing drink—tea for breakfast, coffee had not come into its own then.

I remember the Van Nuys' Victoria carriage and matched team of roans arriving up to school on Broadway side with the Van Nuys girls. Also the Hellman girls and Hollenbecks in their beautiful carriages with coachman. On the corner of Hill and 5th Sts. stood the Hazard Pavilion—a huge wooden building with long steps across the front high above the sidewalk. It was on them I saw President Theodore "Teddy" Roosevelt speak. Can still "see" him - a solidly built man, iron grey head when he visited by train in Los Angeles when he became President.

And the junk man with horse and wagon calling out "Any rags, any bones, any bottles today?" The Chinese in Los Angeles with yoke on their shoulders and baskets at the end of the rope on each end, a foot above the street, with their wares—wicker baskets, chairs, tables, etc. Always had lots of fire crackers on Chinese New Years. Their houses on Los Angeles St. and old China town painted bright colors, flower boxes in front of windows. Their Tong Wars and Hatchet Men; the women's tiny feet still bound. Lovely black silk embroidered slippers on clogs; black silk dresses and men in black pajama-suits of silk and round skull caps and always a queue—"pig tails"—hanging down their backs.

All the secret underground tunnels and rooms—opium dens. The Tong Wars continued on into the 1920's, but after the new China Town was built seem to have stopped; at least we didn't hear so much of them. Would hurt the Tourist Trade they now depend upon. San Francisco China Town a different story!

When we lived on Hill St. and 7th in 1898 Grandma got her first telephone. Few in homes then..."hot dog!" a wall phone with a crank on the side. Was in our kitchen and the fine big wood and coal cookstove she liked. When we got a new gas stove she said,"now where can I sharpen my knives?" First automobile in Los Angeles was 1897-8 and a Doctor on Hill St. just below us between 7th and 8th Sts. got one, a Run-About. He would take several of "us kids" for a ride. Hill wasn't paved then - dust in summer and mud in winter— street car tracks. His "horse-less carriage" had a stick steering handle, no windshield. Fun, - we were the envy of other kids who didn't get to ride.

Gas lights and signs in hotel rooms "do not blow out the light, turn handle," even up to 1910's. Horse cars still ran in parts of town into 1910's, at Hollenbeck Park, east L.A. Electric cars started in 1900 but street lights were later at street corners. Carbon lights in center of streets and they would come together making a blue light and sparks flying, then turn white, even into early 1900;s.

The Pacific Electric Red Cars started in 1900's. They were great...2 and 3 together rocking and rolling along to the beaches and other towns.

A huge whale washed ashore at Santa Monica - 90 feet long and people flocked to see it - we did. It laid there for months with its huge skeleton of bones which kids would walk through.

The huge covered plunge at Santa Monica—take a dip in the surf and then run inside and jump in the fresh water; warm, noisy and steamy, but fun.

At Christmas 1897 a girl chum received a bicycle and we would go up on Olive St. between 5th and 6th by Central Park and learn how to ride. The block was just paved and closed off at each end, so no teams to bother us. We were doing fine, and somehow I fell off and my finger on right hand—ring finger—got caught in the chain. No guard on bicycles then, and it pulled my nail out—roots dangling—but I could ride! We went home and Grandma Marshall wrapped my hand in a bandage and put me on the street car to go out to Dr. (the name still won't come to me—but will) office on 16th and Union Ave. I did not cry—brave me! He was such a nice Dr. and old friend of the family. Fixed my finger up and I went home. The new nail came in perfect; took 3 months.

That winter Los Angeles had rain —and rain — in January 1898. It came down Hill St. two feet deep and gathering things along the way! Part of the hill at The Fort, at Sunset was not then through and 1st St. caved off. Later the Los Angeles High School was built on the old Fort site, high above Hill and Broadway. The first elevators in L.A. were in a new three story building on northeast corner of 2nd and Broadway. The town was beginning to grow south from the old Plaza. On Spring St. was the huge People's Store—grey-white—later in 1906 moved to a new store at 8th and Broadway and Hill, and became Hamburgers....later May Company.

So gradually the fine old homes in big yards behind picket fences began to disappear. South of 1st St. on Broadway and Spring Sts. three and four story office and store buildings were built. The beautiful old red sandstone Court House that set

high on the hill in large grounds at 1st, Spring and Broadway—part of old Bunker Hill. It was built of Coconino, sandstone from Flagstaff Arizona country. Also on Broadway between 2nd and 3rd Sts. on east side was the red sandstone City Hall with a bell tower and long wide steps leading up. On the 3rd floor was the Chamber of Commerce and all the displays of vegetables, etc. grown in L.A. County. Also the County Library on the 2nd floor.

It was a sad day when those fine old landmarks were torn down. By 1910 tall buildings were down as far as 8th street and the lovely simple little Pueblo was disappearing. I'm glad I can "see" it as it was in the 1890 and 1900's. When the street cars turned the corners the wheels made a lot of noise, squeeling and sparks would fly from the trolley wire as the conductor leaned out the back end and guided the trolley with the long rope and then tied it to the end of the car at window level. "Cow Catchers" were on each end of the cars, fare 5 cts, and 25 cts on the Red Cars to the beach. Even in 1910's a few horse cars were left in out-lying parts of town. Many wealthy Jews settled in Boyle Heights and built fine homes by Hollenbeck Park (now Lincoln Park). Central Park was re-named for General Pershing after WW I, and West Lake Park for Gen. McArthur after WWII, but I stand by the old original names!

On 3rd and Broadway was the fine big wooden Hollenbeck Hotel, popular with mining men and the news people; had a dining room with fine food. On 2nd and Spring stood the Nadeau Hotel, not so elaborate, and on 1st and Spring the Nattick House, which was cheaper. The Nadeau was built in the early 1880's when Remi Nadeau made his money with freight teams to Cerro Gordo and other boom camps in Inyo Co. A fine French family who settled in Los Angeles in the 1850's. Now Remi Nadeau III is an author and writes of early days of his Grandfather and Los Angeles and now lives in Palo Verdes Estates; we have corresponded.

Old Court House, Los Angeles, 1900



Beautiful old red sandstone Court House in Los Angeles that set high on a hill in large grounds at 1st, Spring and Broadway.. ... part of old Bunker Hill. The City Hall was also built of this same coconino sandstone from Flagstaff.

The County Library, the Chamber of Commerce, and displays of fruits and vegetables grown in L.A. County were all in the City Hall.

RANCHES and HORSES

The great Newhall Ranch - 48,000 acres at Newhall on by Saugus and into San Francisquito Canyon and Bouquet Canyon and on the north side of the Mountains. It was summer range for his horses; that's where our Jerry, Yaqui and Mustache were born and raised. Jerry was too beautiful to be branded and was Spanish broke by Andre Jockings, who bought him when 3, and many La Fiesta de La Floras parades he was in. Would "waltz" in perfect time to the bands. My beautiful buckskin with heavy, wavy mane and tail; nine years old when we bought him in 1900. He loved Mama and I, but hated men. When he was young and first broke Andrew was riding him one night when another Mexican jumped out with a knife to attack him, but Jerry threw up his head and received a knife slash on his upper lip—a scar he bore all his life. He was Standard and Thoroughbred and Spanish mare.

Our beloved Yaqui carried "A" on his left hip. A blood bay with black mane and tail; half Morgan and Standard and Thoroughbred. His sweet disposition from his Morgan Mother.

Then dear old Mustache - big bay, black mane and tail; perfectly broke cowhorse, half Morgan, Standard Bred. To shoot from him - he stood still, not even blinking an eye. On his left jaw was '98, the year he was born. The Newhall brand was always for the year a colt was foaled. These three loved us as we did them, the finest horses ever to live, perfectly Spanish broke. Yaqui was a "quarter horse"; would not let any horse get ahead of him, walked 5 miles an hour - that's fast for a horse. Usual 4 miles, and slower lazy ones 3 miles an hour.

The Newhall Ranch was laid out in 1878 by H.M. Newhall of San Francisco. A beautiful place - big home - barns and corrals - miles of green fields - many horses and mules and cattle. First called San Francisquito Ranch and then "Newhall Ranch", 48,000 acres. To find a way out and to inland country, other than the coast to Santa Barbara, and to reach Ft. Tejon, and for Gen. Fremont to reach Los Angeles Pueblo, a cut was made through the low steep hills by army Capt. Beale, first called the Beale cut, and later the Fremont cut, then more commonly called Newhall Pass.

The road was very steep on the southwest side up from the creek, more gradual on the north east side and down through oats to Newhall. With a wagon loaded, we walked up to lighten the load for the team; the cut was so narrow that later the movies jumped horses across the top on their cowboy chase scenes. The sides were about 30 feet high; should be protected as an historic land mark.

In the 1910's autos made it up and over on the road races to Bakersfield by the great auto racers, Barney Oldfield etc. On July 4th, 1912, Bill Salter, Milo, Florence and I sat on the hill above the road and watched the road racers go by. Florence was visiting us and we four had a wonderful week-end holiday. After the races came back and on to San Dimas Canyon and camped by the rushing creek. All new to Florence—always remembered as less than three years later we lost her. Maxine was one year old.

Bess and Yaqui



Taken in 1913 at Gran's Chicken ranch in Azusa, California. "Yaqui" about 18 years old, still fire in the old darling. One of the best horses that ever lived, in every way....a blood bay, blocky built, 1200 pds. and thoroughly Spanish broke in the true way. Half Standard bred and half Morgan.

MORE MEMORIES OF LOS ANGELES

In Los Angeles up to the 1st World War from the 1880 's on Spring St. was the old Tanforan German beer hall, just below street level, sawdust on the floor, red checked table cloths on round Grandma Marshall and I used to go to the Rosslyn Hotel at 7th and Spring for fine Sunday dinners - family style at long tables. Whenever my Guardian, Frank Loobeer, came for weekends from Newhall or Santa Barbara - his job for many years with the oil companies as line rider - in his two wheel cart and fast mare, we would go to the Parks or out to the Ostrich Farm near Pasadena, or to Santa Monica on the train and drive up and down the beach with the surf rolling in and his fast mare trotting. What a thrill—then we would have Sunday dinner at the very high tone Van Nuys Hotel on 4th and Main. There I saw my first coffee and brandy served—the waiter lit the brandy in the cup.

Those wonderful days with Frank even up to 1911 when Milo and I were in Oakland and Frank was stationed at the Richmond Plant. How good he was to the "little girl" he loved so much. Saw him last in Oakland, November, 1911 when he came to have dinner with us. Mama was there on her way by boat to Aberdeen, Washington to see Minnie and Gene Smith - also so dear and close friends, together since 1880's. When Frank came to see us in Oakland we would go to Idora Park, ride the merry-go-round, shoot the chutes, and once on the Roller Coaster, and once was enough! Or we'd go over to Golden Gate Park and The Cliff House, somewhere, for Sunday dinner. Grandma, Frank, Jack, Jessie, Minnie, Ella Baldwin, all so close in San Diego and Los Angeles and those "Gay 90 Days".....memories!

In November, 1910, just after Milo and I arrived in Oakland, Frank came to see us Sunday with a bouquet of roses and box of candy. We went to Idora Park and then dinner. He was plant manager then at Richmond. I'd grown up from the little girl of 1890's and 1900. Then I went up home and we kept in touch by letters. One morning in Oakland, 1911, I was cleaning the lamp chimneys when everything began to rock and shake. We lived on 26th Street between San Pablo and Telegraph in an apartment rented from Mrs. Barker. Milo drove a taxi, a snub nosed Renault, for him and the big nine passenger touring cars of Acme were the first to have front doors used on trips for hire. Everybody did not have cars then and hired them and the drivers for trips.

That's how Milo and I met Bill Salter—he and his sisters were up visiting and hired one of the Acmes for a trip to the redwoods and Santa Cruz and Milo took them for a week, and it developed into a deep friendship—but back to the quake. I ran downstairs and out to the middle of the street, still shining the lamp chimney! All the neighbors were also in the street.

While we lived in Oakland then we used to have wonderful times with Louis Rapp, 6'4", and his tiny wife, 4'10" Winnie. Louis had come up home with Milo in January 1910 to work, but couldn't stand the loneliness, he was a San Francisco boy! We would go on the ferry across the bay and to their "flat" in San Francisco, have dinner and then "do the town". China Town, and I'll never forget the Barbary Coast! I'd never seen such places—masses of people,—blacks, foreigners, Chinese. No

Japanese in those days; they arrived in the 1920's. Could hardly make one's way across the street - jammed with people - in one of the restaurants I saw my first white woman with a Negro; that shocked me - but we had fun and the Barbary Coast was wild. We would go through China Town and stop at one beautiful shop owned by Helen Gould and her Chinese husband—I can't recall his name. The Gould's disenherited her when she married him—the great New York Gould family! She wore Chinese clothes and her long blond hair in a “pig tail” down her back. Her husband had recently cut his, as did most of the Chinese after 1910 when the Emperors of China ended and the republic was formed by Sun Yat Sen and he ordered hair cuts. So another old custom went by the wayside - the beginning of many others.



Gentle photograph of pre-earthquake Chinatown when queues were worn. San Francisco's Chinatown was the largest concentration of Chinese outside the Orient. It housed clothing and cigar factories as well as gambling resorts and the infamous opium dens. The entire quarter was destroyed in the 1906 fire.

CHANGES OF THE NEW CENTURY

Changes began when the 20th Century came in. Oh, those days - so many wonderful times, people and places to remember. Golden Gate Park, The Cliff House and dinners by the big windows looking out over the pounding surf and the seals on the rocks close by; breakfasts on the ferries, rides on the cable cars, over to Sausalito on the ferry and ride up to Mt. Tamalpais on the "cam" rail cars up to the top. Sunday rides on the street cars to end of the line in Oakland with "Alex" Alexander whose mother made the finest tamales..big, 5 cents each. The three of us would take "Fred", — our wonderful English setter that we got May 1st, 1911, a month old and named for his champion father, "Fred",--the conductor would let us take him on the car and at the end of the line we would walk over the hills. When cherries were ripe in San Leandro we would go down there and have dinner somewhere to end a happy day. All the family gathered at Milo's folks for big dinners. Much fun and laughter - all so new to me, alone so much of my growing up days. Just my horses and dogs and miles of wonderful hills to climb and country to ride over. Horses to hunt and bring in on the run.

Then in late 1911 Mr. Salter writing and urging us to come to Los Angeles and Milo to work with him at the Blinn Lumber Co. So the last of 1911 we took passage on the beautiful big "boat", "The Harvard", brought from the east coast in 1911 with sister ship, "The Yale." We bought a ticket for Fred and watched a steward lead him down deep in the hold, and the poor little dog was so sea sick; we'd go down and see him. We'd made a last minute wild taxi ride to the wharf and they put the gang plank down for us and crowds lining the rail cheering us up with our "Fred". What a wonderful dog and companion he was for the 9 years of his happy life. A member of the family—later jealous of Dick because Milo's mother kept him outdoors all day; he was used to being in and out of his own accord. She did not understand dogs or care for them, so soon as Milo came home from The Jim, in the house came Fred and would lay his muzzle on the edge of the bed and look at me with his beautiful brown eyes. He knew that the baby had some connection with his not being let in the house. Later he always watched over Dick, but never close to him. But he took to Bob from the first, and we always let him know he was still one of the family. I can never forget him. He went everywhere we did all the years we had him. We picked him out the day he was born next door on 26th St. and brought him over to our apartment when he was one month old. He worshiped us - beloved faithful friend; we never found another who could take his place. After more than 50 years have passed tears come to my eyes when I think of him and of my beautiful "Queen", short coat St. Bernard, which are taller and not so heavy as the long coat ones are. Like my "Lucky" in San Francisco that Papa brought home in his pocket to me in 1895.

I can remember when the Call building was built in 1896-7; so tall, San Francisco's first skyscraper - gutted in the Fire, but still standing. I remember the headlines in the newspapers of the terrible murder of the two young girls in the church loft by young Dreyfus—same name as the Frenchman, Alfred Dreyfus—army officer, convicted and sentenced to prison in 1895, retried in 1899 - acquitted in 1906. That

William G. Salter — Newhall, Calif. 1913



We went up to see the horses in pasture. We all enjoyed so many Sunday trips to the back country and picnics. Milo met the Salters when they were north on a trip from Los Angeles; he was a manager of the Blinn Lumber Co. and in Oakland they hired Milo and car for a trip to the redwood country and so developed a deep and sincere friendship and later in Nov. 1911 when we went to Los Angeles Milo went to work with Bill in the office.

was news also. This lad with the same name induced the girls into the Church, killed them and hid the bodies in the loft. Some time later he was captured, tried, convicted and hung in the yard by the Call Building - public invited. I've always remembered that, just before Papa died January 29, 1897. We lived just below where the Mark Hopkins Hotel is now at the top of the hill—California and Mason. The beautiful old red sandstone homes on California St. and how steep - straight down, it looked to me when little. Only one of the homes, the Flood, withstood the earthquake and fire.

I spent a day in 1957 walking all over and seeing the places I remembered and the high stone wall, still standing, just in back of the big house where we lived when Papa died. I did all of China Town and most of San Francisco those three days. I stayed over so I could see it all again as I remembered it—Mason St. is steep up there.

In the winter of 1896-7 I almost died with Scarlet fever and pneumonia. The Dr. held a mirror in front of my mouth to see if I was breathing. I was a long time getting over that. Left me with a bad throat for years. In 1900 my health was the reason the Dr. decided I should go up home where it was dry, as each winter I had pneumonia and bad attacks of dyptheria. The last time very bad in Pomona, 1901, the winter Grandma Marshall and I lived there and she took care of the Fleming boys, twins, Harold and Gerald; 12 years old, and the other boy, 16, Edward (Ned). That was a happy winter for me; the daughter, Mary, was in the Convent. Mr. Fleming owned the lumber yard and did not stay home. The house is still there on the corner south east, of 4th and Palamares St. That winter I got my first bicycle —happy, but had to leave it the summer I went up home, the first in 1900, 1902 the second.

On July 7th, Grandma put me on the train at the huge old Southern Pacific Department at 5th and Alameda Sts. and I rode alone to Mojave. Mama drove Jerry and Yaqui with the new buggy to Mojave, July 5-6 and met us there. Also on the train were the Brice's, brother and sister going to camp—she to cook, and he to drive team, haul wood and all the other jobs to do. Nice young folks—I did not know they were on the train until we got to Mojave. They were Southerners and their speech delighted us. He said once "there is a right smart heap of lath down yonder"—she rubbed bacon rind all over the cook tent floor — Mama asked in amazement "why?"..."to keep it clean and shine!" Miss Brice and her brother Frank.

We arrived in Mojave early evening and started out with 4 mules and Yaqui and Jerry tied behind wagon, which was piled high with hay, grain and groceries covered with canvas and on top was a miner hired in Mojave, and while we loaded the wagon with supplies he visited the many saloons along Mojave's main street and was well loaded when time to leave at dark. It was cooler then to drive, had the white mules Beck and Jack, so on top of the high load the miner lay, and we all watched and waited for him to fall off as he rolled from side to side, but he never did. "The Lord watches over drunks and fools" tis said.

It was a beautiful night—could reach up and touch the stars! Yaqui was following behind and I rode him up Red Rock Canyon - what a thrill for a little girl! Mama, the Brices and I got to Coyote Holes in time for breakfast and stayed all day. That eve headed out for camp, 55 miles away across Indian Wells Valley, up Mt. Spring Canyon, stopping to visit and water the team at Juan Androdes' place. Wonderful Mexican. Then on up, around and down to Junction Flat; across and up the little short, wide canyon to the summit. Around the New Grade and there at daylight was Camp and the beginning of a new life, and never a finer country to grow up in. "Home". We had a big black mule, "Jumbo" and on him I learned to ride, and on Beck and Jack, our white "wheel" mules and then on my Jerry and Yaqui. Domingo had a grey bell mare for his pack-mules, so he sold Belle to me when he quit packing. She was Spanish broke. I used to keep her in Darwin sometimes in 1906-7 when I went to school and our teacher, Kate Bigelow, from Bishop, and I would go riding on Saturdays. She rode a bay of Frank Carthery's....

In September, 1900 I went down to Los Angeles and that winter Grandma Marshall and I lived in Pomona and June 1901 I went up home—we had Yaqui and Jerry in the livery stable in L.A. and one of the stable boys gave me a fox terrier pup and the dog catcher picked him up. We went down to the "Pound" but he had not been turned in, later learned the catcher had sold him for \$5.00 off the wagon. But free and friendly wandering around was this beautiful short haired St. Bernard. They are larger than the longer haired, heavier breed that carries the Keg around it's neck and rescues snow bound Mt. climbers! We made friends right off and I named her "Queen" and paid \$2.00 for her and she was mine, beloved companion. She took up all the buggy floor, feet and tail hanging over edge. When we left for Mojave we drove up to New High St. ("Bunker Hill") to get a new buggy whip and while waiting she kept looking up at the second story and wagging her tail. Two ladies were looking out and we heard them say "it is she, I'm sure". But Queen did not want to get out, so we drove on. She had been picked up near there, but preferred the buggy and team! I "broke" her to drive to a wagon I built; how she hated it and would hide out, but did enjoy the pack saddle I made and we would go off on long all day trips all over the hills; she carrying our lunch and canteen.

The first snow storm she disappeared for hours. we decided "out to rescue someone". On one trip and stopover at Coyote Holes, 1903, "Old Man Raymond" gave me a puppy we called "Mona", her grandmother was a coyote and she also went with Queen and I. In 1904 on a trip to Lone Pine to get hay and apples, Jim Holland - we always stayed at the Holland ranch at the southern end of town - gave me a baby pig we called "Nubbins" and the first thing she did when we got to camp was to take over Queen's fine dog house and every morning Nubbins brought out the barley sack bedding, shook them, and laid them in the sun, pulling them back in at night. She loved to stick her nose in a pan of soapy water and blow! Nothing dirty about that pig — would follow us down the road when we rode, squeeling because we wouldn't wait for her, then she would turn back.

In later years years I always stayed with Mrs. Greene in her little home and garden and sleep in her wonderful feather beds as I used to when little with Grandma Fowzer in Ukiah. Mrs. Greene and her husband built the Junction in 1876 when Darwin boomed and in 1875 when Shepherd finished his toll road down Shepherd Canyon just as Panamint City died. More on this in other stories!



Front original Junction house - "way station" 1876, built by Greene's of Lone Pine — who set up and ran the Station. Planted the locust trees, piped water 2 miles from spring at base of Little Matarango, 1/2" iron pipe. Later used in fences and corrals. A pond was filled for ducks in back —garden— fruit trees— this is as it was 1912-13. It had been abandoned in the 1870's. Falling to ruin. Domingo Etcharrin took up the 160 acres homestead 1888, kept it up for years as home with John Carricart; who joined him from France, both were French Basques — St. Etienne De Baigon. Any way-farer welcome to stay. Prospecters, etc., spent summers here to get out of Ballarat heat. After he and Jack Keane discovered the Keane Wonder — Death Valley, 1905— he came and went, sold to Frank Howard, had to take it back and by 1912 became deserted, no one left around and mines closed. 1913-14 he sold to Summers and Butler cow outfit from Bishop and Mammoth. Later they tore the old house down, bought all our houses at camp Millspaugh and hauled over, put up our boarding house, stacked the store lumber in front and cowboys burned it for wood. Set our assay office for line camp above Cole Springs on old road to Coso Hot Springs — there it sat for years.

BACK IN TIME A BIT...

Thinking back to the Fleming boys, Harold was thin and delicate. Baseball was his love and I used to sew up his baseball as I knew how the stitches went from learning to sew harness and saddles. Gerald was big and husky and full of fun. They use to tease Grandma and call her "Mrs. Parshality". Edward looked down his nose from the important age of 16 to "you kids". The miles I rode my bicycle on Saturdays and all dressed up on Sundays and off to Sunday school. Coming home from school we kids would stop at the Packing House and load up on oranges and climb through the freight trains. Pomona was a lovely little town then and my dear pal Bertha Getche, a German family. Father a carpenter and mother with beautiful red hair and a crippled son, Henry. Eight years a humpback, mean and spoiled and made Bertha a regular slave. Everything was for the boy, injured when a baby and could not walk—mean! Bertha and I used to write notes in German and hide them in a big hedge—our secret place.

That was a happy winter....always was to be with Grandma Marshall. Our summers alone together at camp — those wonderful dried apple pies with the lattice tops, How the miners enjoyed them. A beautiful person in every way, and the cookies she made. When I was little she taught me to make pie crust and biscuits, in Nova Scotia they used butter, but out west she learned to use lard —flaky crust. Then Cottalene came on the market, the first vegetable lard.

My birthday comes right on the Zodiac change, August 22, so I have the "signs" of both Leo and Virgo, consequently I'm "fussy with details".....always a Perfectionist. Overly critical about neatness...not so much now I'm old, slipping a bit! Am a compulsive straightener—ash tray emptier, etc., wind my watch at the same time, always prepare things ahead of time to be all ready. House work done in order, etc., and all the things that upset others who do not "do as I do"—Never could stand disappointment, so seldom plan ahead, and criticism hurts and I try not "to do to others what I don't want done to me." I dislike arguments; we are all entitled to our opinions. All my life I've like to do for others; wait on them and to help out. I've always disliked anyone whose word I can't depend on. Seldom promise, unless I know I can keep them. And on time, early, for meeting someone or appointments. I learned young and am "set in my ways"—and what's wrong with being oneself?

I keep my griefs close inside me always, and my thoughts. I've a deep affection for old friends and often wonder if they care and are as sincere for me. I've had many wonderful and beautiful friends who really cared and whose memories are with me always. My beloved Milo, my Grandma Marshall, early memories of Grandma Fowzer in Ukiah, with us when Papa died.

I've always had "hunches" and ESP—Extra Sensitive Perception—now called, and have had some odd experiences after deaths strongly entrenched in my memory. After we came back from San Francisco in 1897 Grandma sold the Grand Ave. property and wanted a larger rooming house, so they rented a flat on 5th St. and Maple Ave. and we had just moved in and not settled. Mama and I were in a back bed-room off the kitchen, and looking to the back door that opened on the porch and stairs leading down to the yard. We were on the top, second floor, always the best in flats. I woke and sat up in bed to see a man standing in the back door. I said something and woke Mama, who said, "What is it?" and I said "It's Papa" and laid down. She got up and woke Grandma and they looked all through the rooms. Mama had a big monkey wrench in her hand. Found no one, and said I was dreaming, but I wasn't. Can still see Papa in the door way, holding out his arms.

Then we moved across the street to a larger place above several stores. I can still hear the street cars squeeling as they turned the corner on to Maple Ave. and the sparks flashing off the trolley wire. Mrs. Ida Rosenstock rented two rooms on the 5th St. side. She was a Spiritualist Medium and held Seances in her parlour. Big table, lights out and everyone sitting around holding hands. A big trumpet floated around above heads and voices coming through it asking for certain ones, and it was all fun for me. She had a large following and liked to have me there. Once the trumpet hit my head and a voice said in my ear "it's me, Papa" Mama scoffed, and Grandma laughed, but they did like Mrs. Rosenstock, she was a very popular medium and held forth at all the big town hall meetings.

Spiritualism was the popular thing for several years at the turn of the century and large crowds filled halls to listen and see the demonstrations. Grandma and I went, little me, 7 years old!

Frank Lorbeer had come to visit and have dinner—he was stationed then at Santa Monica and Newhall—and he told of a dream he had of standing on our back porch and of the water rising up to the second floor to his feet. We had been having one of Los Angeles' rare rains, —days of downpours. Folks in those days believed in premonitions and warnings of things to come. Mrs Rosenstock said "that means death", and who to say it didn't. A few days later she died suddenly. The "Spirits" simply wore Mrs. Rosenstock out. She was a lovely lady and firmly dedicated to her belief, and also that she would be "taken soon, as they demanded too much" and so she soon died.

And premonitions have always been close to me, and hunches we would do well to follow. Who's to prove that folks do not come back after death on certain occasions and especially to some who are more susceptible. I've had some convincing experiences and strong hunches which I try to obey! I remember Mrs. Rosenstock as a lovely person, and when Frank told her of his dream, she believed it.

Then in 1898 we moved to 5th and Broadway to a larger "rooming house". "Gentile ladies" who had to support themselves had rooming houses; sometimes boarders were "seamstresses",—dressmakers. Few jobs were open to women. Mama worked at the Van Nuys Hotel—lovely place at 4th and Main, in the office and so learned book-keeping. Up on top of the hotel—two story—was the wagon that Van Nuys started his business with. Horse drawn and parked at nights by theatres and took customers for donuts and coffee, tamales etc. for the after-show. Many started businesses that way and went on to become wealthy and holding high office in Los Angeles society. So his wagon remained up on the front corner of his Van Nuys Hotel and may still be there.

And the Saddle Rock Restaurant on Main St. between 1st and 2nd was one of the best. Steaks cooked in front at one side; wonderful salads one mixed themselves and dressings. Tables in front and at rear for those who wanted privacy. Booths with green curtains - still popular in the 1910's. Milo and I used to go there for dinner often.

And then our old friends the Brydon Brothers, John and Ned, and their fine saddle and harness shop. We bought from them for years. On Main St. between 2nd and 3rd, a big grey "horse" stood in front to display harnesses. Looked life-like—one wanted to pet him. They were still there doing business in 1930's when I went to see them and took Bob and Dick to see their fine work.

Back to San Francisco, the Palace Hotel built in 1885 with carriages driven into the lobby. The floor in the bar entrance and top bar covered with silver dollars. It was destroyed in the 1906 earthquake and fire - rebuilt in 1907 with silver dollars on the floor of the lobby. Reported to have been sold to the Japanese in 1973.

The trips out to Golden Gate Park on the cable cars, two and three attached. The huge Buffalo in the enclosed field. South of Market St. was spoken of as "south of the slot", the "low" side of San Francisco with business warehouses and factories.

On June 13th, 1973 on our way to Inyo County, "up home", Milo II and I stopped in Ukiah to see the old home, but all gone. Only the old trees standing. No doubt was condemned—old places are not sacred in some towns—so we leaned on the fence and talked. He crawled over and got a couple pieces of the old brick. The fine old home may be gone, but the memories will be with me always and as it was when I was little, and "beautiful" Grandma Fowzer with her white hair in marcell waves - parted in the middle and waved naturally with a "bun" at the back her fresh starched apron and the peppermint candy in the pocket.

And, as I said before, the horse radish plants on the north side of the house—helping her grate it with the tears rolliing down our faces. The lovely violets; the grapes hanging in the arber that had a bench on one side and ran from the front door steps to the front gate. The cabbage rose bushes on each side that Jake and Jack planted on their 5th birthdays. The railroad tracks at the back of the yard and big grain fields beyond - the right of way went through their original property and was built in the 1870's from Tiburon and Sausalito and end of the line was in Ukiah in the 1890's. Then was extended on later to Eureka, finally. Quite a feat in those days through

rugged country, across rivers and through tunnels. So for years, since 1946, I've stopped each time to see the old home - Bob and I did in 1946.

Rambling thoughts! On one trip in 1904 we got to Mojave too late to catch the passenger train, so with a "little pull" we climbed aboard a freight and I rode up in the look-out in the caboose, and when we got into Mint Canyon where the "Wye" is (Y), we backed into it to wait for the North bound to pass...exciting for a kid. We arrived at River Station at 4 A.M. Took a cab — white horse — colored driver - up to the Hollenbeck Hotel. I went to Pomona and spent a week with my school chum, Bertha Goesche, (Getche?) and she gave a party for me.

Then I came back to Los Angeles - on the train, those days—and had work done on the scars on my face, my picture "took" and then up home and to Darwin and my beloved Loughreys and school. But who is interested in these days of 1970's of those good old days in the 1900's, when life was simple and we were content with what we had ,--- because we didn't know any better!

And I remember the Expressman with his horse and light wagon who would pick up a trunk and haul it to the depot for 50 cents. No one traveled without a trunk, locked and roped for the "Baggage smashers", as the train crew was called, loading them into the baggage car from the depot trucks loaded with luggage and moved by hand. A buggy with rubber tires (hard) on wheels was "class", and a fast trotter or high stepper—and the beautiful matched pairs, and the "Victorias" for ladies with their fancy small sun shade umbrellas. The cabs with one horse - sometimes a team on larger cabs -the driver high on the seat in front. On the fancy carriages a footman rode on a high narrow seat in back and the driver with high hat and long whip in front.

The Tally-Ho and six—crowded with happy people—ladies with their big hats and fancy sunshades, men in high collars, derby hats, mustaches and gold chains and emblems. Gold tooth picks and "hunting case" watches with loved ones' pictures in the closed covers in the vest pocket, sometimes the chain across from one vest pocket to the other one, and most all carried a cane - "walking stick" - gracefully. And stiff high collars, 2 to 3 inches high; wide cravats, "four in hands", or string tie and wing collar. The dudes of the gay 90's with tight fitting pants, no broadening with shoulder pads. And on the trains the "Butcher Boys" coming through crying their wares, carrying the large tray in front hung with a strap around their neck—peanuts, candy in bulk — no bars — fruit, sandwiches, chewing gum—Wrigley's peppermint—and also newspapers collected at a station along the way. Brakemen coming through to close the high windows with a long rod and other windows closed , unless passengers brave enough to have them open and risk cinders in the eye. Turning on the lights when approaching a tunnel then reversing order. The soothing clickity clack - clickity clack of the wheels and the mile posts flashing by. Catching mail bags hung on trip holders as the train rolled by and orders on yellow paper held up by station master and the conductor catching it. The conductor coming through collecting tickets punching them and sticking the stub in a hat band. The drinking water at end of the car - no paper cups. The Mens and Ladies room locking when train stopped at stations. The kind colored porter in white, coming to make up the berths and nice to little folks.

The little square step the brakeman put down at train steps and strong arm to help the ladies. Men running along the train and grabbing the hand rail and swinging aboard.

The Power House at 7th and Hope and fine machinery below the side walk level with hand rail around so people could stand on the side walk and look down on the huge wheels, so clean and shiny, as the wheels turned. The first "Macadam" street (1896) was on South Main and Spring where they meet, paved by Almon N. Millspaugh Asphalt Paving Co. Los Angeles streets were cobbled stoned up to the early 1900's as were main streets until paved. Other streets—mud in rain and dust when dry! The squeel of the street car wheels as they turned the corners and the conductor hanging out the back end of the car to keep the trolley on the wires -electric power.

And the scissors Grinder who called at houses..."any knives to sharpen, any scissors to grind?" with his little hand cart and all his tools. Five cents for knives, ten cents for scissors. He talked as he pumped the grind stone with his foot; maybe a little gossip, or of Teddy Roosevelt, our hero from San Juan Hill—only it was really Kettle Hill—they, he and his Rough Riders, stormed up.

And Los Angeles China Town on Alameda St., and the neighborhood east of the Plaza. The Chinese women with their bound feet and little clog shoes with wooden cleats across the sole a couple inches high. The men delivering their wares, wicker, etc., hanging down from the end of their shoulder yokes of thin wood. Generally dressed in black silk pajama-like clothes. Quilted coats and hands in sleeves. Their long black queues hanging down in back or coiled around their heads and kids chanting "ching chong Chinamen hanging by their tails"...white kids tormenting them. Sometimes they would chase the kids. And in Chinese laundries they ironed and sprayed the clothes to dampen them with water in their mouths. Beautiful ironing. Their houses generally were dark red with balconies with many flowers. Underground passages all over and their very secret meetings. Some bad Tong fights and killings - the original "hatchet men". And still no one could be kinder than the Chinese, so persecuted from the time they arrived in California, and no one worked harder. They mined, they built our railroads, and they made beautiful things.

Oh the great changes in the coming years and terrible wars and Communists! Attempts on the lives of each of our Presidents; 1901 McKinley assassinated; two attempts on Pres. Teddy Roosevelt. No doubt at all President Harding was poisoned. Attacks on Pres. Truman, F.D.R. before him, after being elected. President Kennedy killed and Pres. Johnson in constant fear and now President Nixon in great danger. What progress has wrought. I think of God, who gave us our beautiful world and brains, and now sits back and laughs as He sees what man has done and continues to do to destroy it all. And as long as man is man, there will be wars; greed, hatred and killing, and the future? ...I'm glad I have lived from the Gay 90's and seen things impossible, but done. Inventions - what more - men have walked on the moon and now three are living in space 270 Miles above the earth!

COSO-KEYES-GOLD MINING CO.

THE MECHAM SAGA

In 1906-07-08 James G Mecham came down to San Francisco from Tacoma where he was in the Copper-Tin business, having been in Alaska during the 1890 Gold Rush Days and installed there the first Acetylene Light Plant in several boom towns. (Later in 1905 Silas Reynolds established one in the Darwin Store—Charlie Anthony's—a set up not to be tampered with which gave a bright white light.) Returning to Tacoma, James G. opened a Tin and Copper shop and did a lot of work on navel vessels; pipes and cooking equipment, mostly copper in those days.

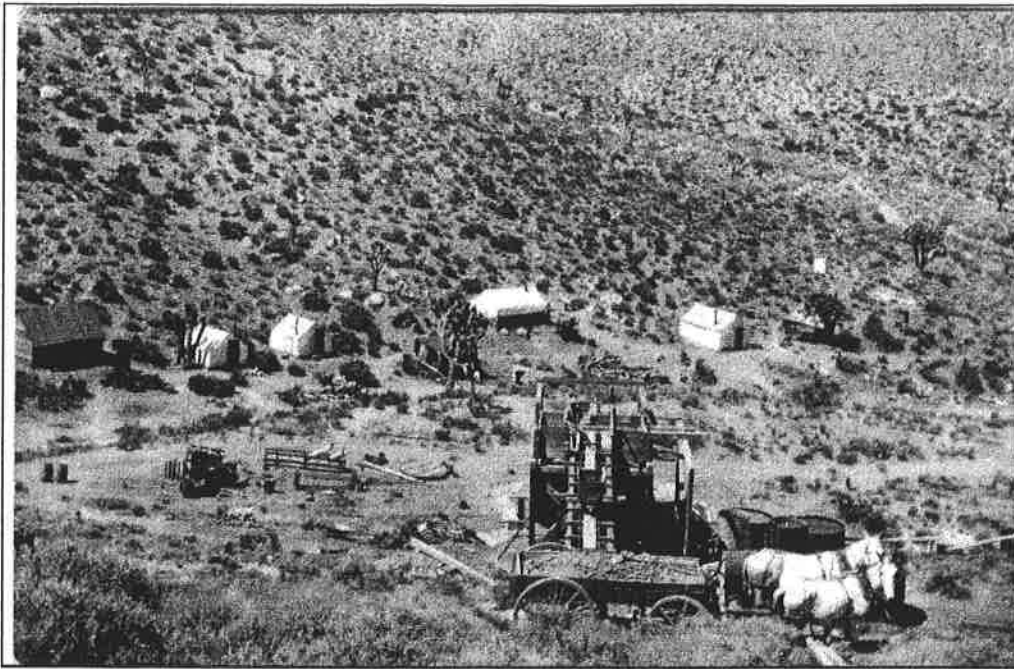
In San Francisco he set up a wrecking business, donkey engines, etc. and a crew to clean up the wreckage left from the April 18, 1906 earthquake and fire. Milo joined him in 1908 and Uncle Charlie Messick, husband of Milo's mother's sister, Trudie, also came down.

By 1908 most of the work was done and the family had moved to Oakland after 18 years in Tacoma. They rented a flat on 12th St., #913, Oakland and lived there until 1912 when Clara moved to Los Angeles and Elsinore to be with Olive and Charles Collins and care for our baby Maxine after Florence's death June 24, 1915, when Maxine was 14 months old. Maxine born April 7, 1915 in San Diego. Nina moved down from Tacoma in 1912; she and Samuel Asa were divorced—were married May 25th, 1906. Jessie and Bill Harrison married in Seattle, October 15, 1903 and living there when Richard was born Jan. 1905.

Nevada boom was still on and 1908-09 winter Dad decided to have a look and try his hand at prospecting; ran into Bill Keyes, off and on pardner of Scotty. A big man, half Indian and rather "wild"; good company, then in his 40's and had "been around" Wild West shows and any life with Scotty would be "suspicious". They prospected around Death Valley and Bill said he had some claims near Old Coso and could be what J.G. wanted.

They got to Millspaugh and stayed with us a few days. Had a buckboard and team of mules, it was early spring; the claims were a mile south of old Coso road, half-way between Junction Flat and Cole Springs at back of Louisana Peak and about 3 miles from Sand Canyon in the Malapai south east, where the fine Indian Writings are. Mustang Group of 5 claims, or 100 acres. (See the Coso-Keyes book, assay reports, etc.) The deal was made and recorded at Independence, California. Dad returned to Oakland and the Company was formed. Bill gravitated to 29 Palms Country and settled; see "The Beckoning Desert" by Ed Ainsworth, long years with Los Angeles Times; chapter 16, pg. 159, "Sweat of Freedom." I had correspondance with Ed about Bill.

In summer of 1909 Dad, Milo and Uncle Charlie came down, drove the International Harvester truck pick-up - 2 cylinder engine under the seat, hard rubber wagon wheels, chain drive, dash board, even a whipsocket! Exactly like a wagon without the tongue. They set up camp, big tent, cooking, eating and sleeping, and



Inyo Coso Mining Co. Mill. 7 miles west of Coso Keyes Mining Co. which is 5 miles from home, Millspaugh. Lonnie Lee worked for Dad and Milo there. The first thing done as soon as a "mine" was started was to set up a mill. Many were scattered around my country when I was growing up. None ever lasted or built as fine as ours was. Some never "dropped a stamp. Frank Chrysler sitting on ore bin. Pete and Jack, (mules) sizing Gus (Haelzig) up

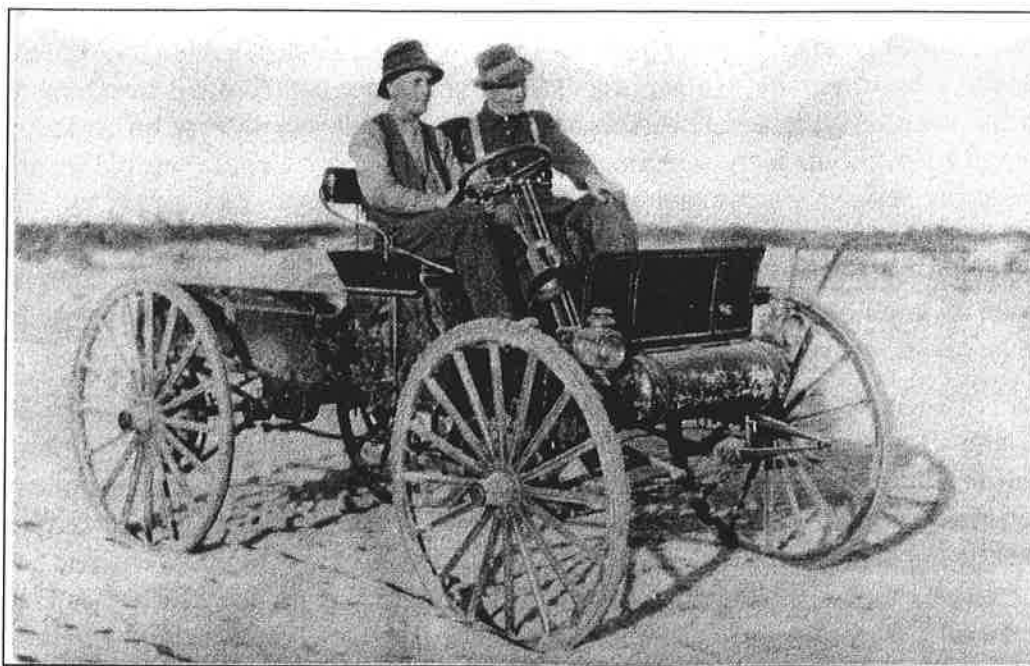
Madeliene and Chauncey Lally are in this some where. Mrs. Lally was cooking here; she and "Shorty" Lonnie Lee were married later in Jan. 1911 in Nevada; they went with us when we were married and we 4 spent the summer in the Mts. Chauncey and Madeliene stayed with friends in Olancho

Cook tent is above mill, tent to left Mrs. Lally's and children. Miners tents at left, and house for the "Boss".

Note: Madeliene was her old friend, Madeliene Kirby, who corresponded with Bess for years.

!

International Harvester — 2 cylinder car — 1908



The first automobile in Inyo County driven down from Oakland, California in 1908. We had great fun in this 2 cylinder engine under the seat and everything had to be unloaded to get at it! Gas tank in front and gear shift, low and high, is the rod by Milo's knee. Chain drive and hard rubber tires and which wore off, so no traction on hills and it was get out and push! We could drive it anywhere!

Milo with Louis Rapp, a friend from Oakland — the fellow who sat down to pick and shovel at camp! He was a city man!

sunk a shaft, a gasoline engine for hoisting, a shed roof over all. They came to camp, Millspaugh, to get water in 5 gal. coal oil cans and their mail.

I was in Los Angeles learning Millinery which I thought I would like and staying with Ray and Ida Carrothers and their little girls, Agnes and Angelina. Ida taught school in Darwin 2 years, 1900 -02 and met Ray there and married 1901 and Agnes born 1902. Myrtle Smith was also at Collins, then the best Millinery Store in Los Angeles. We had fun, apprenticed for 6 months and then paid the sum of \$3.00 per week! I enjoyed it and learned how to make hats and trim them, but I wasn't used to confinement and of course homesick for my desert, so came home in June. Mama had written about the Mechams and what nice folks they were, so the first time I saw Milo was on the trail to the Junction. I was on Chenette and he was walking up from Frank Howards to camp to get their mail. I said "hello" and rode on. He always said "you certainly weren't very sociable"! Later during the summer when they came after water and mail we would sit on the porch, admire the view down the canyon and talk of horses and desert, both of which he liked.

In September I went back to Los Angeles and stayed with Myrtle and her family, 2 brothers, Gar and Millard. Mrs. Smith had a couple other boarders, friends of the boys. Myrtle and I worked at a wholesale millinery factory on Broadway. I thought I'd like to learn tailoring so went to work for Greene, an old established Tailoring business - mens, and had just opened a ladies dept. Two sisters had charge - last name May - youngest was Phoebe, but I've forgotten the other's name. She was the boss - both "old maids" in their 40's; nice and I liked them. So I learned how to make tailored clothes, but sitting all day was too hard on my side and back, injured when I was hurt in 1904 but we did not realize it then.

So when Mama wrote the last of December 1909 about us taking the last six months of the mail contract which Howard had quit on after the water spout took out Shepherds Canyon in September and could no longer get through to Ballarat even on horseback, I said I'd come and so on January 10, 1910 made my first trip carrying the mail on horseback to Brown from Millspaugh, leaving camp Mon., Wed., and Fri. and spent those nights in Brown with Hailzigs, who had the store and Post Office and back home on Tues., Thurs, Sat., 40 miles each way, 10 hours. About 3 times a month took the buckboard and team to bring supplies back.

Brown consisted of Saloon (Smith's), box car depot, restaurant run by George Brown, who named the town and wanted Indian Wells Valley also named for him, he had a good cook, Mrs. Standard, Hailzigs little grocery store, the corrals, barns and Commissary for Aqueduct crews. The railroad from Mojave had reached Brown in 1908 and now as far as Haiwee, and would join the narrow guage from Keeler north at what would become Owengo.

The last weekend of 1909 the girls at Collins, their boy friends, Myrtle, Bess Malin, me, Gar and Millard and others, 20 in all including Mrs. Malin as Chaparone, had rented 2 houses, the boys one and the girls one, facing the ocean beach and the lagoon in back on Balboa Island. All went down on the red cars. Fun, went boating on the Lagoon, bon fires.

A New Year's Eve Party, 1910



Balboa Beach Island.. The girls from Collins and some of their boy friends rented 2 houses here, the boys in one and the girls in another. Mrs. Malin was the chaperone.

In front, Gar — Myrtle Smith's brother— Myrtle, Bess Malin and others. Mrs. Malin in 3rd row in front of me.

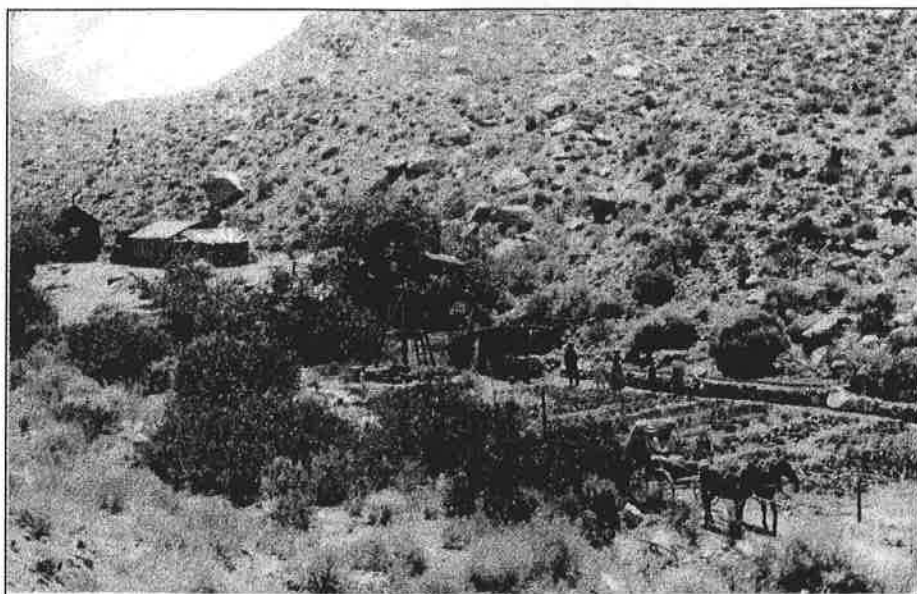
Mrs. Malin and Bess had interested me in Christian Science and I went with them Wed. evenings to Testimonial meetings and church on Sundays and it was through them that I was healed of the violent attacks of appendicitis, when I would have to sit on the curb of the side walk and after a bad one Bess called their Practitioner whose name I've forgotten. Lived on 18th St. and Union. Bess put me on the street car and I wondered if I could walk the 2 blocks from 16th St. Began to feel relief and from then had no more attacks and I was a good Scientist. Milo did not believe in it, but never interfered nor did I use it on him. Very hard to work against negative and I've never influenced anyone to believe as I do.

I'll never forget that happy New Year, 1910. Night of the 3rd I took the train to Mojave and transferred to the one to Brown, which consisted of freight cars and one passenger, red plush seats and a pot bellied stove at one end, kept red hot...cold in Jan. All aqueduct workers and one other woman on board. Al met the train in Brown at 2 PM and took my trunk and valise and loaded my saddle and outfit on and the train staggered on and at 6 PM we got to the end of the line, dark and cold, where Haiwee is now and the stage was to meet us—big 9 passenger touring cars with folding tops—but no stage arrived, the brakeman was very nice and went over to the huge tent commissary and I smiled nice at the cook and he made big roast beef sandwiches and apple pie. I divided with the other lady, the brakeman dug up some blankets from somewhere and kept the stove hot and we passed the night and at 6 AM the stage arrived, and we had breakfast in Lone Pine and I said goodbye to the lady - can't remember her name or where she was going — on up the valley somewhere.

After breakfast I went to the livery barn and rented a black horse and rode up to Shepherds Ranch, where Manzanar later was, where I had left Chenette and Dixie the fall before as there had been too much raiding of our stock and the Indians' at home — Bev Hunter was busy! We went out to the pasture — boggy in places, and ran them into the the corral and I came back to Lone Pine and put them up and stayed all night with Mrs. Greene, who with her husband were the original ones to build the Junction in 1876. I always stayed with her and learned so much of early days. Got to Darwin that eve and stayed with Loughreys and next day home.

Early Jan 10th, 1910 rode Chenette and the mail pouch tied on my saddle to Brown. Chryslers were living in Mt. Spring Canyon in the old stone house at the mouth of the canyon and kept the fine garden and fruit trees and grapes at Jaun Andrades old home just up aways where the spring ran down the road and where we often stayed with Jaun on trips to and from Mojave, so I had short visits each day with the family. Frank was driving team for Inyo-Coso and making trips to "Joburg". Got to Brown at 4 P.M. Hailzigs had fixed a little corral and manger for my horses and I stayed with them. Nice folks—he was a photographer and took good pictures for post cards. Spent several days with us and took pictures of camp. Halley's Comet was going over that May, 1910 and we had fine views of it several nights. Supposed to return in 75 years, so look for it in 1985!

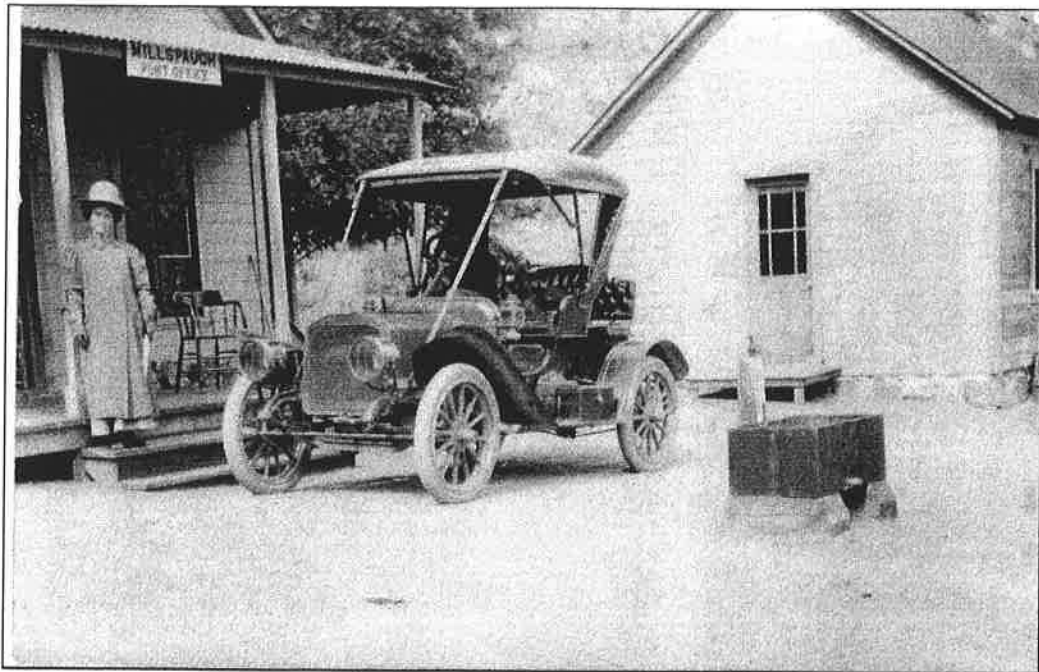
Mt Spring Canyon June 1910



Juan Andrades old place. "Old" George Styles, Mrs. Chrystler and her girls, Freida, Neva and son Joe. Heading for Brown — this is halfway. Juan was a fine Mexican "gentleman" and we often stayed over with him on our way to or from Mojave.

"Old man Stiles" laugh was exactly like a hen's cackle just after she lays an egg!

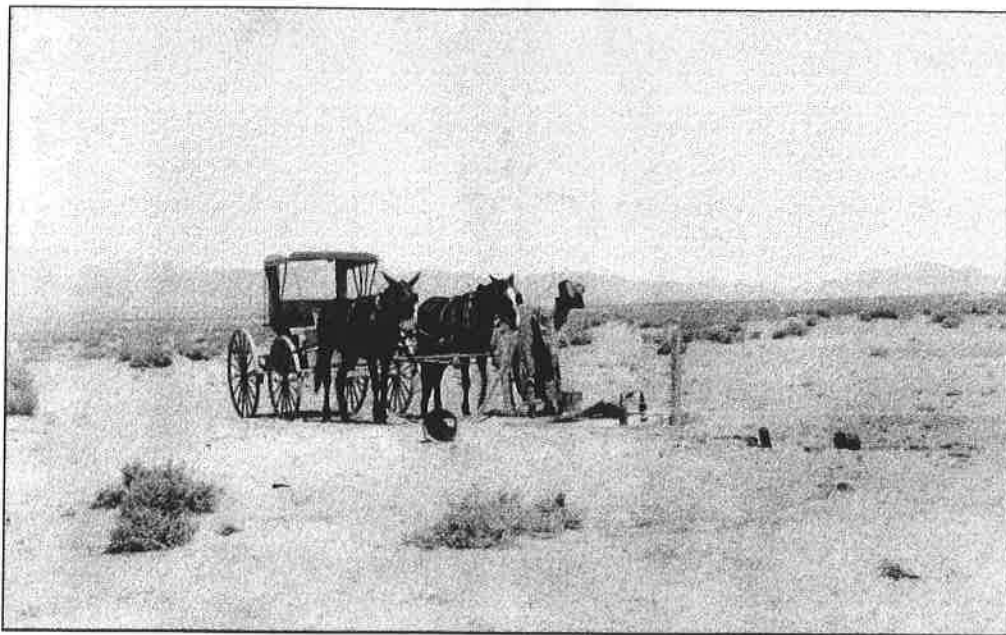
Touring in 1910



This is how folks got themselves up for touring in 1910! Gran and the Mitchell Automobile! Van the Irish setter in the front seat with Al Millspaugh.

I was to drive this with mail to Brown! Ha! I stick to my team and saddle horses. Driving this would require too much walking. Cost \$800 — first car I learned to drive. Millspaugh store, P.O. and living quarters; Assay Office in back of car.

Desert Wells, May, 1910



On road to Brown, in middle of Salt Wells Valley, or Indian Wells Valley. (Original name was Salt Wells). Me watering the team, windy as usual. Belle, the mule, and Dan. A mule and horse as a team was called a "hobo team".

Gus Haelsing took these on a trip to camp Millsbaugh to take pictures. He made postcards of the pictures he took like this.

Haley's Comet was sailing over head about this time.....a fine sight, day and night.

Carrying the Mail to Brown



Chennette had a heavy coat.

Bess and Chenette, Feb. 1910. What a trek that was — carrying the mail from Darwin to Brown; 40 miles one way, 110 in the shade, and no shade! And snow in the winter. I stayed with the Haelzigs overnight at their store-rooming house, then back to Darwin the next day. First trip Jan. 4th, 1910 and last one July 1st. Contract ended and Mama did not renew, not enough people to call for mail at camp, Millspaugh.

When I arrived from L.A., Jan 4th, 1910, to start, I had had my stock in pasture at Shepherds Ranch, between Lone Pine and Independance and went up to get them. Al brought my outfit to Brown and took my luggage home and I stayed on the train to end of line, Haiway, where the stage was to meet the train. There all night, stove red hot, 25 F outside. I rustled some thick sandwiches and apple pie from the cook at the RR commissary. Stage came at 6:00 A.M. Breakfast in Lone Pine, next, Darwin, next, home, next Brown with the mail.

THE STORY CONTINUES

July 1, 1910 -- July 1, 1966

Fifty-six years today (Friday) I made my last trip to Brown with the mail and to bring home my things in my room at Hailzigs. Took the team and buckboard and Milo had gone down for grub, returned on Saturday. Ate sardines and crackers at the mouth of Mt. Spring Canyon and visited awhile with Chryslers. On the 4th Lonnie Lee, Mrs. Lalley, Milo and I went on a picnic in the International Harvester, what a lot of fun we did have in that car that looked like a spring wagon without the tongue, even to the whip socket on the leather dash board and the rubber worn off the rear wheels so the 3 of us got out to push on the "pitches" in the road and Milo at the wheel. One sharp pitch in the little canyon on the old Coso road, built in 1874, just below The Inyo Coso Mining and Milling camp, took some huffing and puffing to get to the top!

Milo's mother and Dad were at their camp, Coso-Keyes, 6 miles further on. Lonnie was working there with Milo and Margaret Lally still cooking at Inyo-Coso, but both camps were closing down, so we planned our summer in the mountains after our wedding. Mama would stay at camp for the summer as we still had the Post Office and Dad and Mother Mecham would stay at their camp. How she hated the place, camping, snakes, loneliness had no attraction for her.

Sunday, July 10, 1910.

Milo rode over on horseback for breakfast with Mama and I, then we saddled up his horse "Maud" and Chenette and put the pack on Dixie. We had been riding her but hadn't let her buck much, which is always a mistake with a range horse. Anyway, she seemed to be proud to carry a light pack, my suit case, bedroll and some grain, and we set off. Mama was to come on later on Yaqui to have lunch with all of us at Inyo-Coso.

I was leading Dixie and we were coming down the road on to Junction Flat when she brushed by a thorn bush and the noise on the tarp frightened her and you never saw a prettier job of bucking, suit case flying high one way and bedding draped over the sage brush, everything off but the pack saddle. We finally rounded her up and settled down — I think Chenette was enjoying her first colts' display! We gathered everything up and repacked her and continued on our way, Dixie was very docile.

Arrived at Inyo-Coso where Lonnie was waiting, several miners, soon to hunt other jobs, also Frank Chrysler. Margaret Lally had a good lunch ready and a layer cake with white frosting. Mama made the mistake of comparing it to cement—that described it well—we all laughed, but it sort of got under Marge's skin. She had cooked for us for months before coming over to Inyo-Coso when we shut down camp for awhile. That is when she met Shorty Lee (Lonnie) as he was working for us at the time she and Chauncey and Madeline came up from Los Angeles in answer to our ad for a cook—Chauncey 8 and Madeline 6.

After lunch we packed the stock and saddled up. Frank wanted to pack Dixie and I told him not to frighten her with any false moves, but as we were tying the hitch, he startled her and things began to fly again and she got away from Frank and took off down the road bucking and kicking. I said "let her go, she is ruined now". So we said "Adios" and headed for Old Coso where we arrived about 5 and spent the night with Lou Owen -- 4 bed rolls made up in front of the old stone cabin.

I'll always remember that evening. Lou was so filled with happiness that "The Girl", Josephine Bolar, would arrive soon from the east and they would be married that fall. We pictured Jo as a dainty little blonde so when we met her later on it was quite a shock! But Lou was so happy, he could talk of little else and is a memorable evening and Jo remained his idol. A good woman, and always ready to assist any way she could and life was not easy. She carried the load down through the years, Lou and work did not appeal to each other! He was a good man and friend as was Jo.

On the way over Milo and I cut across to Coso-Keyes to say "hello and goodbye" to his Dad and Mother and we'd be back in a month or so. They would stay in camp all summer, even though Clara hated it. So then we caught up with Marge and Lonnie at Cole Springs and continued on the 4 miles to Old Coso. On Mama's way home she passed Dixie, standing dejectedly by the side of the road. Nickered to Yaqui and Mama caught her and took her on to camp. She had the pack saddle on; we should have taken her with us and finished breaking her, but later when we got home she would have nothing to do with packs or riders, but later on made a fine driving horse and seemed to enjoy pulling a wagon!

Early this morning Al and Sweeny—our good old miner, left for Los Angeles, driving Rock and Roudy and the wagon; Al to go on east, Omaha, and Sweeny to Florida where he had bought some land "sight unseen" on a land boom there. (He stayed and liked it.) Mama heard from him off and on until his death in the 20's. We got interesting news about Florida and Mama thought she might invest, and if she had, how different all our lives would have been, so far from God's country!

July 11th.

We got away from Coso late—Mrs. Lally not understanding the necessity of early departure on the desert especially in summer. Took the old 1874 original road across Centennial Flat and down the wash to the old Mojave-Keeler road. Mrs. Lally drank all the water and gave out, so we had to stop, about where Dirty Sock is now, and decided Milo would ride on into Olancha on Chenette and fill the canteens and come back, which he did and got back about 5 and she made it on in. We unloaded the stock in the big old barn of Walker and Brown across the road from the store and Post Office. You never saw such a mess in your life -- "Web" Walker was P.O., fat dirty old bum!. We made our beds in the barn on a pile of hay and Milo and Lonnie made theirs in the sheep corral. Went over to Mrs. Browns' and had supper. She wanted us to sleep there, but no one who knew better would do that—bed bugs, so wise folks slept out under the fine old cottonwoods trees at the barn. So ended the second day!

July 12, 1910.

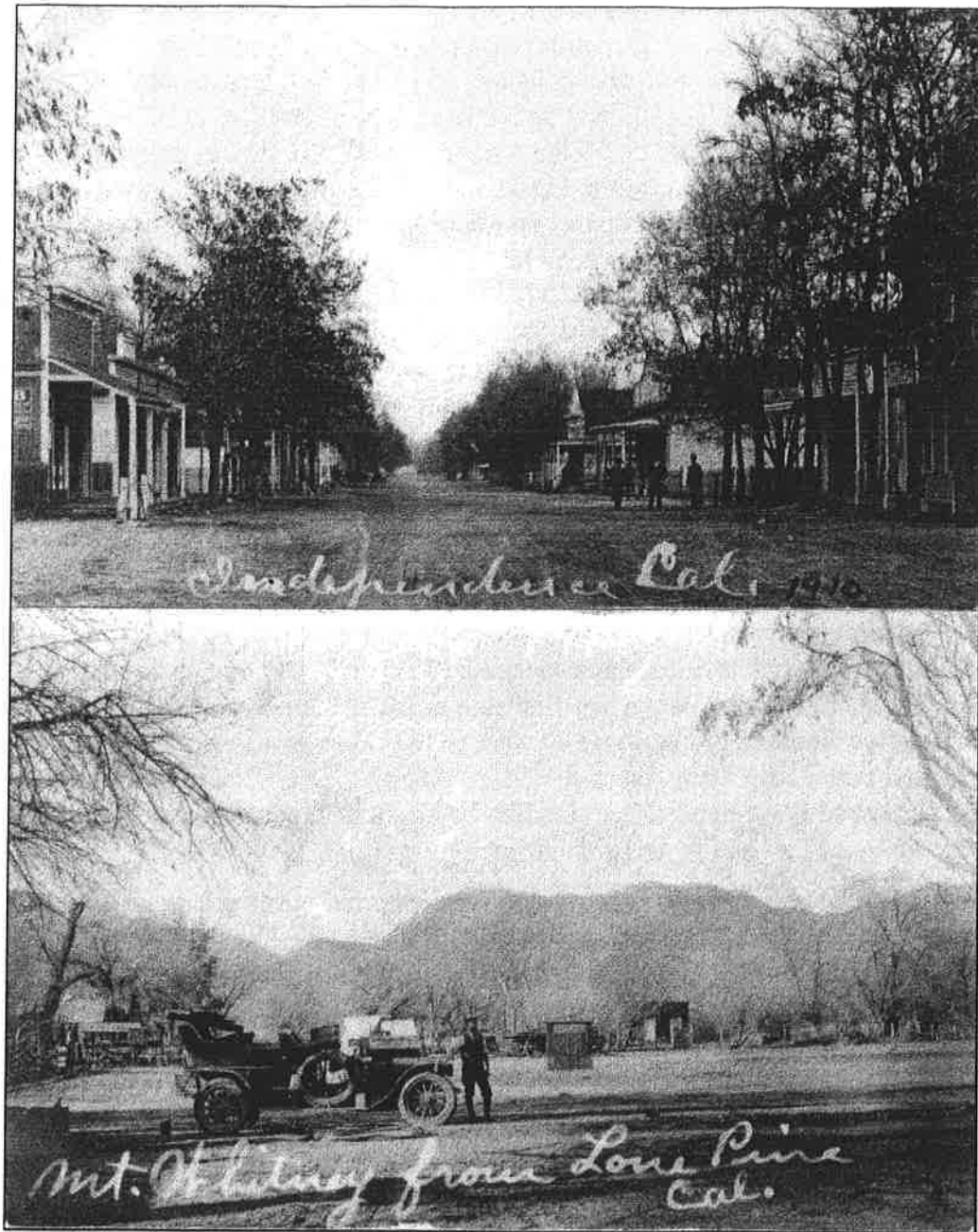
Hot and we sat around under the cottonwoods eating watermelon at noon and we hurried over across the road to the store and luckily Jones—of MacConnough and Jones of Mojave whom I'd known for years, had a wagon yard in Mojave and owned the stage line to Bishop—he was delighted to pile us in the automobile, an Auburn 9 passenger, no top and luggage tied on the back. Claire and Jullian Eibershutz were on (Silas Reynolds sister, next to Nellie - Irene (Rena) was the youngest, and an older brother Jim). We were packed in like sardines and sailing along, bouncing out of one hole into another, deep ruts where thousands of mules and horses had plodded their weary way for 50 years. High at centers and at times cars had to straddle the ruts as the differential would drag. Those were the days, as the car plunged along at 25-30 miles an hour and a stream of dust trailing along behind for miles! Just out of Lone Pine the engine caught fire. We piled out and stood far back waiting for the thing to blow sky high, but Milo and Jones threw sand on it and we climbed back in. From Mojave out in many places roads lay parallel, as teamsters would pull out and make roads of their own, until they too would become full of chuck holes, then another made, so we had an old saying, "if you take one, you'd wish you'd wish you'd taken the other"!

We'd left Olancha at 1 P.M. and reached Independence at 5. Got a room in Levi's Hotel (Independence) so Marge and I could clean up for the big event! Then had supper, visited in Eibershutz General Merchandise store—everything one could possibly want—oh yes, when we first got in town hunted up Will Hunter, County Clerk, (Bev Hunter's brother) and all went to the Court House and got the licence and arranged with Judge Dehy for an 8 P.M. ceremony. He had married a short time ago and she asked if we minded her standing by as she had never seen a wedding except her own — neither had I! So we said sure.

I remember her as a lovely person and who did not live long -- 9 years. Later Judge Dehy married Jack Hopkins' mother, who also died soon after, so Judge gave up and remained single till his death in Nov. 3, 1949. A grand man and became Judge of our Superior Court. 79 years old; his first wife was Mrs. Clara Waters, married Feb. 22, 1910 and died in 1919 and Nov. 27, 1926 he married Mrs. Berniece Burrows Schofield Hopkins and she died Dec. 15, 1926, 2 weeks later. Judge looked after Jack, 16, and later set him up in business in Lone Pine in the hardware store and which he and Mary still own.

We were married in the Judge's chambers on the second floor front, south west corner room in the Court House (3rd) and which was torn down when the new fine one was built in the 20's. It was a nice wedding—Lonnie Lee and Margaret Lally "stood up" with us. Visited with Judge and Mrs. Dehy. Will Hunter looked in—he was one of the first to die in our terrible Flu epidemic in 1918-1919, as did so many others of our friends and the valley's old timers. A great sadness to all of us. Then we went over to Eibershutz's. Old Johnnie Morris was clerking for them—later to open his own store in Lone Pine and marry Belle Callaway—while we waited for the down stage. Jullien and Claire entertained us and Johnnie and others went outside and fixed up 5 gallon coal oil cans and various other things to tie behind the stage, which arrived

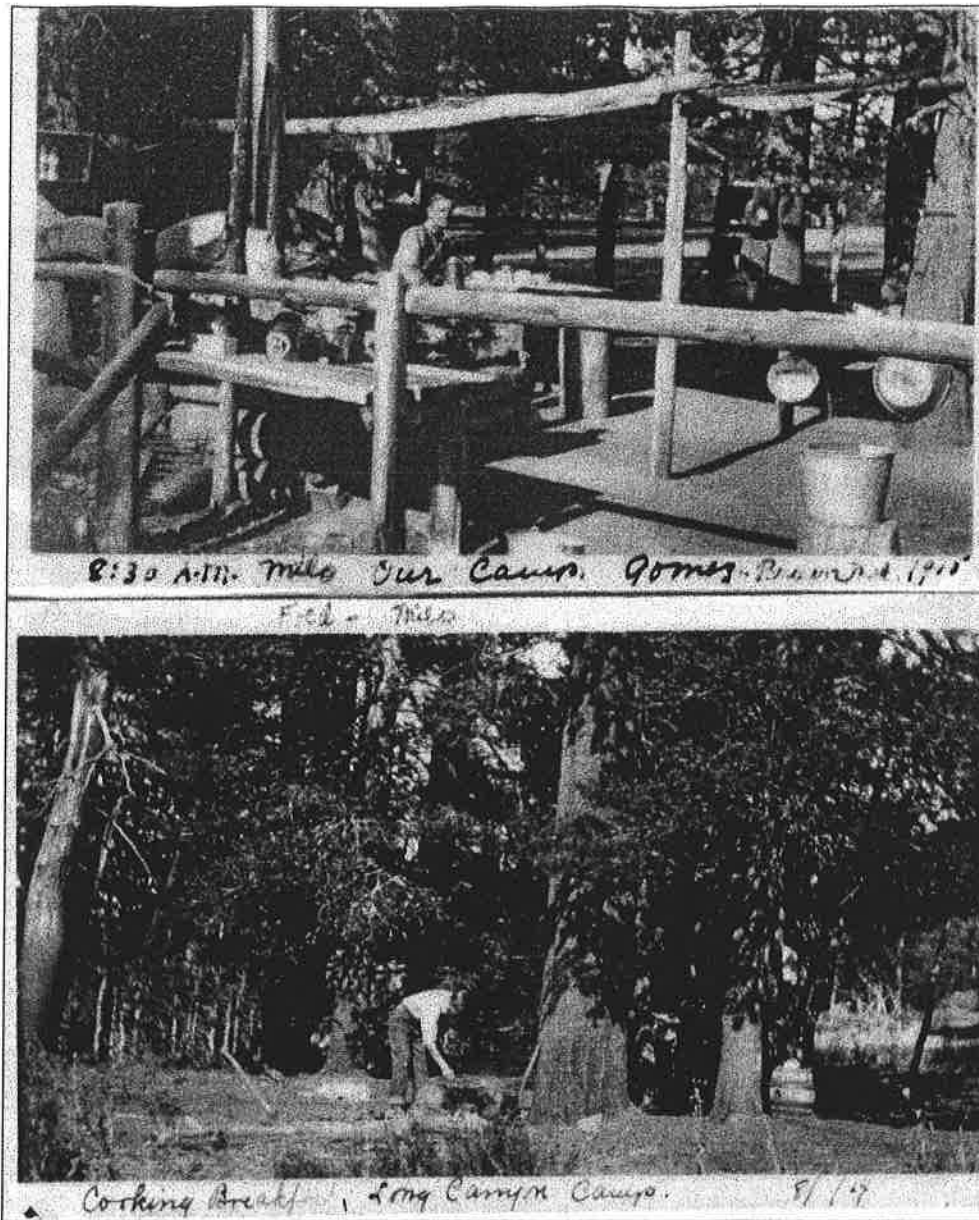
Independance, California, 1910



Independance as it looked in 1910 when we were married. The Levi Hotel is at the right front. The Court House is up the street on right beyond the last House. Eiberschut General Merchandise Store is on the left where the buggy teams are.

Lower photo: Mojave to Bishop Range. MacConahay and Jones, props. Like the car we rode in when we were married, July 12, 1910. When we went up it was full —we packed in like sardines—Mrs. Lally, Lonnie Lee, Milo and I and Clara and Julius Eibershutz (Silas Reynold's sister) were in or on it plus others. Outside of Lone Pine it caught fire and we didn't lose time getting out—threw sand on the stage—got in out and piled in and on our way!

Long Meadow at Long's Canyon 1910. Upper end of Long Canyon which goes down to Jordan Hot Springs and empties into Kern River.



Upper photo: Just finished breakfast and the sun had come up over the north shoulder of the "Sleeping Beauty", Olancha Peak, and Silas' (Reynolds) camp was at the base on the north side. A cold windy meadow, lovely place but the wind came through the gap at the east, above the valley, Olancha, and it always seemed cold. Mamie hated it and so they built their cabin in Brown Meadow — 3 miles west — a fine spot, in July 1915. Domingo built the stove and was a fore runner of the ones the Forest Service designed later on in their camp grounds.

Lower photo: This is where we camped with Lonnie and Margaret (Lally) when on our honeymoon. Kept our butter by the creek and a cloud burst came along and took it down the canyon... no more butter! All our 12 packs of film were spoiled... Charles didn't send the holder when he sent the camera so we went back in 1914 and got the pictures of the places we'd been in 1910, or most of them.

at midnight. Jones driving and away we went, Milo and Jones firing 6 shooters at rabbits in the road and the tin cans bouncing along behind 'till we finally lost them. Had the road all to ourselves, stopped in Lone Pine for mail and then went roaring away; got to Olancha at 3 A.M. and decided to get an early start up the Mountain, and sat around in the barn on bales of hay waiting for daylight and admiring 8 baby kittens in their nest above Marge's and my bed where we'd slept the night before.

July 13th.

Routed Mrs. Brown out for an early breakfast and many congratulations and then at head of our "string of Jacks" we went up to the foot of Olancha trail - to summit meadows, let the stock feed on that luscious green grass, the like of which none of our stock had ever seen, and all that water in the creeks. The first one we crossed Chenette wouldn't step into, but it didn't take long for her to get used to it all. She was always flighty and one kept on their guard all the time—she would shy quick as a flash and be going the other way—but I loved her and all her crazy ways! Stopped at the cow camp at Monache, Lubkin's cabin (Summers' and Butler's later) and got our directions for Long Canyon. Trails had different blazes on trees in those days and one had to know how to read them. Got to Long Canyon Meadow at 5 and set up a nice camp by the creek and a month of fun and riding, fishing and visiting cow camps and friends at Jordan Hot Springs and down the creek 4 miles, but 10 or more around by trail. Our first summer in our wonderful high country!

When Jones got to Mojave he took the train to Los Angeles and ran into Al at the Hollenbeck Hotel and "broke the great news", that he'd taken us to Independence to be married. Al was absolutely "floored" as I'd told Mama not to tell him —we'd had a row before he'd left, over selling our stock, and I knew that was a good way to get even with him. When we saw him that fall in Los Angeles he told us.

Camp was being closed for good. Mama had to stay that summer to look after the Post Office as a few still came, and what little mail there was we took to Brown when we went down for grub and when she, Milo and I left in November for Los Angeles with the stock and buck-board. We bade our beloved camp good-bye, Mama for the last time, but Milo and I returned to do assessment work for several years after 1912. Our Indian friends, George and Mike, sort of kept an eye on things, but little travel and the Shepherd's Canyon road was completely washed out, so no one bothered things.

In the meantime Charlie Long was working in Randsburg, sending fat letters with money to Mattie, and the summers of 1907, 08 part of 09 I took care of her home in Darwin while she was in the mountains with the cows and Domingo. Those were happy summers for me; the Loughrey's, Jenny, and my friend Mary O'Connell Browne stayed awhile with me in 1908. She and her husband were camped at Old Coso. Also Bill drove the stage to Keeler for awhile for Carthery, as I've written elsewhere.

Mattie finally divorced Charlie Long in 1914 and he moved across the wash on their pipe line and raised chickens. In Nov. 1912 she came to Los Angeles and visited Mama. Stayed at the Hollenbeck Hotel and Chris was going to school in L.A. and I stayed all night with her. She went to Oklahoma and while there adopted a baby, Theodore "Ted", born December 12, 1912 to a niece of hers. She came home and in June 1913 a nurse and Ted arrived, she called him Theodore Long. In 1915 she and Domingo were married.

Charlie later married a woman in Cartago, 1918 where he was working at the soda works. He was a good man and Mattie made his life hell for him. Much as I loved her all the long years from 1905 to 1942 when she died. They were almost as bad for Domingo, who turned a "deaf ear". She was a good woman, kind, but a tarter, not red-headed for nothing.

Hard of hearing runs in the Washum family and when Mattie was a child she lost hers completely. Could read lips and we would speak plain and slowly to her and she understood if looking at us. Sometimes to tease her we would say something behind her and she would turn and say "I heard that". She suffered from violent attacks of neuralgia in their first years in Darwin, and "hard to live with". Nevertheless a good kind woman and fun at times; a fine horseman and when they first came she rode side saddle in a beautiful long black riding habit and tall silk hat. Dear Mattie; all the years she depended on me and I tried never to fail her.

Ted's first wife, Mildred, was good to her, but the second, Lillian, made her very unhappy -- cruel to her and the cause of her death of a broken heart. She was taken away from her home to the County Home in Big Pine and two weeks later she fell when getting out of bed and died - broke her hip and gave up. Ted had gone into the services, World War II, and called home. He brought her "home" and she is at peace beside Domingo in our Cemetary and among the old timers she knew so many years, almost 40. In 1941 she and I went to Bishop and picked out the headstone for Domingo.

Domingo and Mattie Etcharren



Taken September, 1932 on the steps of their home in Darwin, California. Domingo was born in France May 7, 1860, a Basque, in St. Etienne De Basgorn. He was a bachelor until Martha "Mattie" Jane Long finally "got" him after nine years and they married in 1915. A good man and well known all over the valley as a generous, kind man ready to help anyone. He was a sheepherder, a miner, a real-estate business man — though he was too honest to make money in this field!

After Ted got rid of Lillian (1945) --"Bess, I'm a free man once more", on April 12, 1952, he and Bernice Volkers were married in Santa Ana at Bert and Mary Washum's home..Ted's cousin. Bea was a nurse in Lone Pine and the best thing that ever happened to Ted. A fine person and they are content in Mattie's home. They moved in the '50's from Darwin and later my old home which Ted bought, and that made me happy as it is kept up and is between Leon and Emma Julien's old home and Julia Gash's on Brewery St. Ted's hearing is bad, but he hasn't changed a bit in all the years - 59 -and has been with the Talc Mine since graduating from high school when 18 in 1930, and Agnes Reid said "it will probably be a steady job." He'd worked summers while going to High in Lone Pine, so we get together when I'm "up home" and reminisce of our dear old days when he was little and I "helped raise him".

Mattie's father, Mathias Washum, mustered into service September 7, 1863, Company B, 11th Tennessee Cavalry; commissioned 4th Sargeant of Company B; in 1865 commissioned Quarter Master Sargeant by James H.Johnson, Major commanding regiment Co H, 9th Tennessee Cavalry. He was born Feb. 27th, 1840; 85 years at time of his death in 1925. He lived in Oklahoma 44 years and a resident of Pryor 19 years. Father of 14 children; burried in Fairview Cemetary. Daughter Sally Dyer born in Keating, 1865; husband Rufus Dyer. Martha Jane Washum born Kentucky, Jan. 22nd, 1870; died Big Pine California, September 2nd, 1942, 72 years old. Earl Washun, Bert and Clyde, nephews living as of 1971. Earl in Santa Ana, wife Mary; Ted's cousins.

RALPH WILLIAMS

Ralph had been a western "Bad Man" and had eleven bullet holes in his body to prove it, but by the time he arrived in Darwin in 1912 he no longer wore his six-shooter and had tamed down a lot. Very good companion when sober, but wild when drunk. He and his partner Bill Williams, no relation, had a lease on the Minnietta in 1913 and Ralph came into Darwin one spring day with their team of mules and wagon for a load of hay and grub and this time he did not go on a spree and in the evening we were sitting in Mrs. Loughrey's dining room talking when he asked my husband and I if we wouldn't like to go over to the Minnietta for a week and for Ada Loughrey and a Welch girl Meriam, never could say her last name, let alone spell it. She was up from Los Angeles and waiting on table for "Mrs. L". Was 4 ft high and 4 ft across the rear - a "peck handle and a half" as Mickey Summers would say and weighed a hundred and fifty at least. A good kid tho, and full of fun.

So early one morning with the wagon loaded with hay and groceries covered with a tarp and tied down, my husband, Milo, and Ada setting high on top and Ralph driving, Meriam in the middle taking up three-fourths of the seat and me on the end edge, off we went, up to the top of Lane Hill, down the canyon and by Land Mill and across the flat to Darwin wash all at a nice trot. Up out of the wash to the top of Skidoo grade and then Ralph yelled at the mules and we were off, down that narrow grade on the dead run, wheels not touching bottom on the pitches and skidding around the turns, all five of us hanging on for dear life and laughing and hollaring our heads off! It's about a mile and a half down the grade and into the lower end of Darwin wash below the Falls, three miles down the canyon and up a sharp pitch into Panamint Valley. Mules and all ready to slow down by then and continue at a trot along the base of the Argus Mts. to the Minnietta. One of the wildest rides I've ever had and only the fine driving and mule sense kept us from going over the grade and down into the canyon which is quite deep. Arrived at Minnietta and Bill had supper ready.

We spent the evenings telling yarns, playing cards and catching mice of which there were many. They had rigged up a 5 gallon coal oil can, cut the top out and nailed a stick across the center for a handle -- in common use in those days to carry water in. On this handle they melted candle grease and a stick leading up from the floor with crumbs of cheese scattered along and at the top in the middle of the handle a larger piece. When the mouse reached that he lost his footing on the wax and fell into the water in the can. We must have caught 50 the week we were there!

One day we climbed the steep hill trail above Minnietta to the old Modock which Robert calls "Look Out" in his "The Great Understander" and what treasures were there, but then we did not realize their future historical value. The big ware house office had Time Books with names of miners and others who worked and amount paid. Records, letters, old newspapers, we read and looked at them, then over to Jack Gunn's former home. Well built house with "ginger bread" trimmings and an L porch. Up to the mine and the machinery used in early days and hauled from San

Milo Mecham 1913

Bess Mecham 1913



Another Happy Sunday

We used to go to San Pedro on the red cars and spend the day, roaming around, then dinner and home.

I made this outfit and the hat was a beauty with a large ostrich plume. The dress was toupe shade.

July 12, 1925 McNary, Arizona



15th Anniversary with Mama and the boys in Arizona. Note the hat! The latest thing! Milo clutches the bouquet and decides things can't be too bad after all.

On the left he looks "dejected"....15 years and most of them very happy ones for 4 people and all the "ups and downs" thrown in for good measure. Dick is full of dinner and I am admiring the bouquet the boys picked for me.



A LITTLE BIT OF HISTORY

PETE HARMON

A small squarely built Dutchman, mild of manner, hard working, singlejack miner. Came to Ballarat early in 1900's prospecting and working in the mines. Came up to our camp, Millspaugh Post Office, and worked. Later located some claims "over the hill" from us on east side of Argus range and lived alone. Would walk from this box canyon facing Panamint Valley, to Shepherd's Canyon mouth about 4 miles and ride up on the stage. Driver always glad of company. Came to "get his mail" and few supplies, then would go up to the "saddle" and slip and slide down the steep canyon that entered into his place; not bad to go down, but straight up.

Once in 1902 Christina and I slid down and walked the old Nadeau road at base of Argus range, built 1870's, to Shepherd's Canyon mouth and rode back to camp with her stepfather, Bill Loughrey, who was driving stage from Darwin to Ballarat -- 40 miles. Our camp was half way and that summer "Mrs. L" was staying at camp with me and taking care of the P.O.....how happy I was. My "companera", Chris, Ada and Mabel Loughrey and year old Esther. Bill would have lunch and go on to Darwin, 20 miles, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday; down to Ballarat on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

To get back to Pete -- he began coming up to Camp every couple of days "expecting" a registered letter. In the summer of 1904, "The Sun and the Moon and the Stars" told him the letter was coming. This day he arrived about 1:00 P.M. Mama fixed him some lunch and then went to the Assay office to make a run -- when the furnace was on it made a loud noise. The mail came, but no registered letter for Pete. He kept babbling on...Mama came back to the cook tent. Our boarding house was being built, --Lou Smith was doing the work -- so our cook and dining space was in a large tent by the store building aways, and the Assay Office was a couple hundred feet from the cook tent. She left Al to watch the furnace. I was playing outside with my St Bernard, "Queen". Pete went into the cook tent and dragged Mama out the door to the wood pile, picked up the ax, all the time saying she would not give him his letter. Queen jumped up on him and broke his hold. I ran over to the Assay Office and yelled at Al...he couldn't hear me so I ran in and said "Pete is killing Mama". Al ran out, by then Lou had heard me and came running up the road and they grabbed Pete. It was like holding a wild animal, but they got him tied up and he calmed down and seemed alright.

"Grandpa" Tapman was hauling wood with our 4 mule team and arrived in the afternoon. At 5 o'clock the men came off shift; were "runng" the tunnel in at that time to tap the bottom of the yellow metal shaft up the hill for an air shaft into the tunnel -- in then over 1000', eventually 1900',-- to the face.

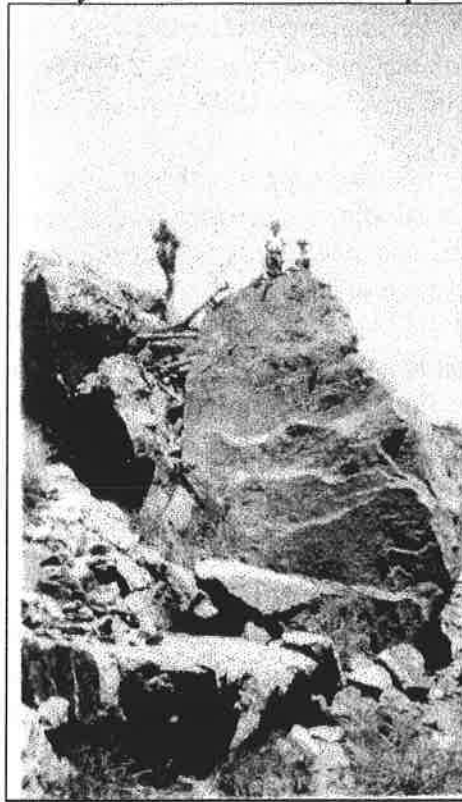
Pete seemed calm and ate supper with the men. Tapman was also the cook. Pete's clothes were in rags so after supper they took him over to the store to put clean overalls and shirt on him, and new shoes - "Buckingham and Hecks" miners shoes with steel clasp closing instead of shoe laces.

We had just gotten in a ton of flour and the 50 lb. sacks were piled on the store floor. The men sat Pete on them and proceeded to change his torn clothes. He sat quietly and Lou Smith started to put his clean Levi's on. Suddenly Pete let go with both feet, knocking Lou across the room and Pete took off, pulling on his overalls, down the road past the corrals and below the steep pitch, with the men after him.

I climbed on my big look-out rock - up from camp - and kept an eye on Pete in the canyon near the forks of the road open space (old original road Shepherd built in 1875-6 was a steep drop from the summit down to the floor of the canyon). The men finally caught Pete and brought him back. I harnessed the team - Yaqui and Jerry - to the buggy and Al and Lou, with Pete in between them on the seat, headed down the canyon for Ballarat and jail at the mouth of the canyon.

Pete took off for his camp, 4 miles on old Nadeau road along the west side of Panamint Valley at the base of Argus range. They finally caught him in the pitch dark and got to Ballarat. Judge Decker sent word on the stage to the Sheriff at Independance -- Charles A. Collins -- who came by stage and took Pete to Independance for trial. He got away and disappeared. Later was caught and ended up at Patten. Just one of the characters in those days "up home."

My Look-Out Rock at Camp



My hide-out when I was a kid.....this is where I went to see where Pete Harmon was going when he broke away from the men after they stopped him when he was trying to hit Mama.....see story.

It was under here that Milo and I cached the Mt. Sheep horns in 1913 and when we got them out were just as perfect as the day we put them there. Our old dog "Bill", Mama's pet water spaniel is burried under this rock — he died in his sleep along-side the boiler in 1905, about 13 yrs, old.

THE RANDSBURG MINER

January 30, 1904

Little Bess Mecham was the victim of a sad accident last Sunday, when her saddle turned on her horse while racing with her uncle. She was thrown a long distance, striking on a pile of rocks dislocating her arm at the elbow and cutting herself badly, one cut being several inches long and clear to the bone. She is a fearless rider and exhibited great courage after being hurt. Mr. Millspaugh brought her home on his horse where in the absence of a physician her injuries were dressed by her mother and others and she is now recovering very fast. She insists she was gaining when she fell off and is going to try it again as soon as she is well.

HOW IT HAPPENED!

On Sunday January 24, 1904, I was home from Darwin for that week-end. Al and I rode down Shepherd's Canyon to see "Old Man" Davis who had moved down 3 miles to a fine spring and built a small cabin - took care of the mules on the Darwin-Ballarat stage when the driver changed to a fresh team as it gave Davis an income. Sometimes we kept the mules at camp for Charlie Anthony. While Al and Davis visited I roamed around; had ridden Jerry, my pet, and Al rode Yaqui. I found a saddle blanket and Davis said I could have it, so I unsaddled Jerry and put it on his back and Al loosened the cinch (forever after I rode with a tight cinch). At 4:00 P.M. we left. Shepherds Canyon had some sharp turns in the road, also several sharp pitches. We had gone a mile when Al said "let's race" and we were off. Of course Yaqui never let any horse get ahead of him and he was a couple lengths ahead when we came to a turn and my saddle turned and I can remember sailing through the air and about 20 ft. a big pile of rocks. I blacked out when I hit my head and face into them. Still out when somehow I crawled back the 20 ft. to the road and was kneeling in the middle of it and the blood pouring down and I couldn't move my right arm. In the meantime, Jerry shot by Al with my saddle under his belly. Yaqui excited at his mate for so many years; raised together on Newhall Ranch.

Al got him turned and back to me and managed to calm him enough to get me in the saddle and he got on behind. I was conscious and kept saying to myself I must stay awake! Al holding me with his left arm but his right holding the reins kept hitting my arm, dangling and hurting. Where the canyon widens into a small flat and the old original road forks on up to the summit and ours on to camp a quarter of a mile, I could see Jerry standing aways to the left, the saddle under him and nickering as we rode on. We rode up to the Boarding House porch, the men were just coming into supper - 5 P.M. They called Mama and as she came out, John was lifting me down and carried me inside and on to a cot and I passed out again - but had not all those long 2 miles!

Al told John to ride down and get Jerry as they would have to take me to Johannesburg - 105 miles. John brought Jerry back and harnessed them, and came up to the house. Mama was trying to stop the bleeding. He looked at my arm and said it was dislocated at the elbow - called a couple of men in to hold me while he pulled and got it back in place and examined my wounds and said "she will never make it to Joburg", so he picked out the gravel and pieces of bone in the long break from my hair line down the middle of my forehead to my nose bridge, which was broken; cuts in the top of my head, upper lip cut through and across my chin. Mama got a darning needle and darning cotton, also a porous plaster, used in those days to stick on one's aching back -- no such thing as tape then. John took 17 stitches in the forehead and put on the strips of porous plaster to hold together. I was still out, they had used some chloroform to keep me still and at 9:00 P.M. I "woke" up as they were carrying me up the road on a cot to the store and Mama's and my room. I heard John say "I didn't know Bess was so heavy!"

What a good man he was and saved my life. I never could have stood the long trip in the buggy down Mt. Spring Canyon and to Cow Wells and across China Borax dry lake - where Navy Ordinance Training Station, NOTS, is located now (name changed to Naval Weapons Center, NWC, in 1960's), on by Lander's old well and up the rise to Garden Station - now Searls, no railroad then - and so into Johannesburg.

The next day I was black and blue and purple and green and stayed in bed a few days. The kids in Darwin so worried when they heard and Wallace cried so hard. My friends I've had all my life, and so few left. When I went down to the corral to see the horses, Jerry was so sorry, nickered and nuzzled me with his lips. What a wonderful horse he was, 16 hands, perfect buckskin with heavy, wavey mane and tail; perfect "Spanish broke" and would waltz down the street in a Parade to the band playing. Andrew Jackson broke him, born in 1896, Yaqui in 1898. Also Moustache that we got later, branded '98 on the right jaw. Jerry and Yaqui on the left hip, "N".

One night when Andrew was riding him in Los Angeles, some Mexican attacked Andrew and Jerry threw up his head and the Mexican's knife cut across his upper lip, which scar he carried the rest of his life. He loved Mama and I, but hated men; had been abused, especially by Lou Smith, who bought him from Andrew in 1899 and Jerry backed him off in our corral on the big rock there and hurt Lou's back and we were not a bit sorry and bought Jerry. How I loved him, and he me.

So I've carried the scars "with distinction" and ever after rode with a tight cinch since I was 12. All so clear in my memory, mind, and I've worn the scars ever since on my face.

JOHN JAY MARSHALL

1755-1835

John J. Marshall became Secretary of State in 1800 and was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States on January 31, 1801 by President John Adams. He served until his death in 1835.

He was born in 1755 in what is now Midland Fauquier Co., Virginia, of English parents and served as officer in the Revolutionary War. He settled in Richmond and was in the Virginia Assembly in 1782. He was related to the Lees, Randolphs, and Thomas Jefferson through his mother. He declined George Washington's offer of post of Attorney General and later the post as Minister of France, but accepted short diplomatic missions to France and on return the post of Secretary of State under Adams. 1800-1801. While Secretary became Chief Justice. He had ten children; one was Grandpa Marshall. (CK!)

(No, John Marshall was a great-uncle.)

Huguenots (hu'ge nots), 16th Century.

First church was established 1538 at Strasbourg with Calvin as Minister. In 1559 the Council of Huguenot clergy was called in Paris and declared themselves loyal subjects in an Issue of Manifests at Orleans in 1562, but were forced to take up arms in defence of religious liberty which ended in 1569 when they were defeated at Jarnac. They kept their freedom of religion until 1685 when most of them were driven abroad. The expulsion meaning a lost to France of some 400,000 population, high in culture and character possessed by the Huguenots. They settled in England and Prussia and some new settlements in America and in France where they were actively persecuted up to the second half of the 18th Century.

Grandma Marshall, maiden name Leonard, was descended from the Huguenots and her father's ancestors settled in Nova Scotia in the late 1700's near Clarence, Nova Scotia. They had first settled in Virginia and interned in New York during the Revolutionary War as they remained loyal to England. For this, King George III gave them land grants in Nova Scotia. This was also the history of James Marshall's family.

*A LITTLE HISTORY
OF THE TIMES*

Notes from letters ---

Memories from the past...in a 1978 letter to us:

In 1917 Nov. we went to Topock and then on down to San Diego. Soldiers and sailors everywhere and demand for big passenger cars for stages to Tia Juana. We had the big Chalmers touring car and a stage company wanted it, so sold it. Looked around for a little car to get us home and we could have fun with running around. So for 50 dollars got a Run A Bout; a seat on 4 wheels, no fenders. Put my trunk on back and Fred on top and took off. Milo's mother had her doubts. So it began to rain and the mud and stuff flew off the wheels. I kept you covered up and it finally quit - think we went up through San Juan Capistrano; old narrow roads then and somewhere in Riverside County amongst huge orange groves - we never could find the place again - midnight and ran out of gas. Pitch dark and miles from anywhere. Cars passed - even in those days were afraid to stop - finally I stood by the side of the road holding you, and a man stopped, said his home was just up the *road and he had gas, so Milo* got several gallons. We blessed the man and took off; got to Los Angeles and a hotel on Grand Ave. at 2 A.M. The clerk looked at us and said "sure had a room" and Fred could stay in the basement. We decided we'd had enough of the roadster, so Milo went up the street to a car lot and made a deal. He and the fellow got in the car and went around the block and the rear end fell out! Took the 25 dollars the fellow offered, got an express man to take my trunk down to the S.P. Depot at foot of 5th street, that huge old wooden building. We got on a street car and took the sleeping car for Mojave and arrived in Lone Pine at 6 A.M. Took all night those days...looked up old Gus Marsh, who drove the stage to Lone Pine Depot to meet the train and he drove us to Darwin, all for \$10.00, trunk, etc. Fred, you, Milo and I.

Home looked good and we'd had our usual various experiences. At least we got rid of the Chalmers, which was a lemon from beginning to end. Often wondered how many trips it finished to Tia Juana; got it from Pete Agnir. The lights never worked. Milo and Jack Markham and the garage in Needles spent hours trying to find out why all those miles of wires simply would not connect. Going to Needles in the middle of no-where, sandy roads side by side, "if you take one you wish you'd taken the other" - a car came along, got by and we followed his lights into Needles. "Touring" in those days was interesting. That trip we went down Panamint Valley to Trona, which was just building up. No paved roads, and now the idiots in B.L.M. say there is no such thing as a road...how did we get around without roads!

GRAN'S LETTERS TO BESS

Hollywood, Cal.

April 13, 1906

My dear Bess:

Arrived home Monday about ten and found your letters together with some business mail. So glad to hear your feeling O.K. and the boys too. Mrs. A is to be home Friday afternoon and so we are to have the Big Easter breakfast which I had rather hoped I would get out of; Anyway, I hope it warms up some for the past 3 days have been so cold and stormy; thunder and lightening and heavy rain showers and Sunday it hailed and lawns at Pasadena on Orange Grove Ave. were white at 5:30 when we came through.

Well, I sure spent a strenuous "vacation?" week at Fallbrook, but got a good start on my plantings. Set 19: 8 different varieties so far of Avacados all I could get that were ready to take out of the nursery, but have one hundred and 20 ordered to be delivered as soon as they are ready. They're awfully scarce as so much new acreage is being set, but set 29 other fruits and a few ornamentals -- a Deodor, 2 cypress each side of my driveway; 1 pepper, 2 strawberry guavas, 1 pineapple, 1 Natal plum, 2 roses, etc. When I have more time I'll make a sketch of how it is set. Put the family walnut where it will shade the big west window of my house when I get one. Bess, it is going to be a lovely place and I am sure you would say so too as it is on a hill and as far as one can see is rolling hills and the Palomar and San Jacinto Mountains in the distance.

Spent a lot of time running around trying to get some more avacados but could not find but a few of the kinds I want. It costs about \$5.00 a tree to set -- trees \$3.00 to \$4.00 digging holes, making basins for water, 3 stakes of 1/2 cent each, saks 5 cents each to shade and bean straw for mulch. Al, and a man who works for him, a preacher, dug the holes and put the trees in. They are balled in sacks and weigh about 45 pounds, and I filled in and cut the sacks loose from the stock, they drove the stakes and I tacked on the sacks. Planted my deciduous trees myself and also the first avacado, It's a lot of fussy work to stake off a new place, especially the terraces, and all have to be watered! But how I enjoyed it and building my air "castle". I set apples, pears, peaches, apricot, cherry, plum, fig, walnut, lemon, orange, tangerine, grapefruit, loquat, guava, and Agnes Walker has 40 grape vines set for me and I'll move them next fall; set of each except walnut, grapefruit, tangerine, lemon and loquat. 6 yrs set a Natal Plum, some- thing new - looks like a big cranberry, as big as an egg and the leaves and blossom are lovely.

We worked long and hard to get through so we could make a trip to Del Mar and the Santa Fe Ranch, but Lil got conveniently sick "I was in bed 3 day, just worn out with the work", so Jessie had to do what little cooking was done, wait on the invalid and do darn little house work, cook our dinner at the cafe. We left Sunday at two and ran into a heavy rain at Corona which kept up all the way in, so by the time

we reached Glendale were glad to stop at Min's as we were half frozen and it was raining and hailing so could not see. Old Baldy was white all the way down and they snowballed Tajunga and places in the valley. Foothills back of Sierra Madre and Ontario were white all the way down. Crossed two rivers, the Santa Marguerita near Temecula and the Santa Maria east of El Monte, on pontoon floating bridges, just testles held by big cables and laying on the water. Had a pleasant evening though at Mins, as Will and Inetta were stormbound too, so listened to Aimee speak over the radio and visited until 10, when it let up enough for them to go home and we to bed.

I sent you a box for Easter and some eggs which I hope you will all enjoy, also three things, but you may balk at the white dress, but they can be boiled and don't need starch and iron easy so I hope its O.K., feel sure you will like the style and it will look good on you. The apple seed one has gotten too small for me, so will probably fit you and will make a change for a few times anyway.

Sent Bob a wagon for his birthday as I sent back the trapeze set for his, and hope they will both get many happy hours out of it. Tell Bob he can bring it down to the ranch in a year or so to haul avacados home in!

Wish I could be over to help celebrate and eat a piece of cake.

I'll have to wait to answer all your questions until I have a little more time. I will try to get you a map of the country.

Am too sleepy to write more and it is after eleven, so night night and a happy Easter.

Lots of love and 8 big spanks for Bob. Try and keep his wagon from him until his birthday morning.

Mama.

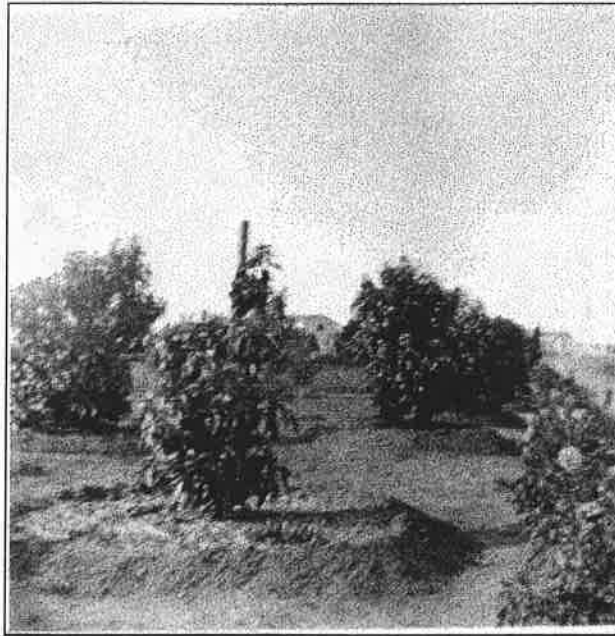
April 18, 1927

My dear Bess:

Your card about the pattern came this morning - we do not have a Saturday after-noon delivery-- so I enclose it herewith. Didn't you find the pattern I sent Christmas that I made the boys flannel ones from; it could be used for any style neck, etc. I am also enclosing a couple of vests to be cut down for "cowboy" affairs and some ties Mr. A won't use, likes the little bow ones best; some of these he did not wear but once to please her, but ditched them while she was away and I thought the boys or Milo might find use for them for everyday. Also the Christmas tree lights for next year - they don't like them any longer.

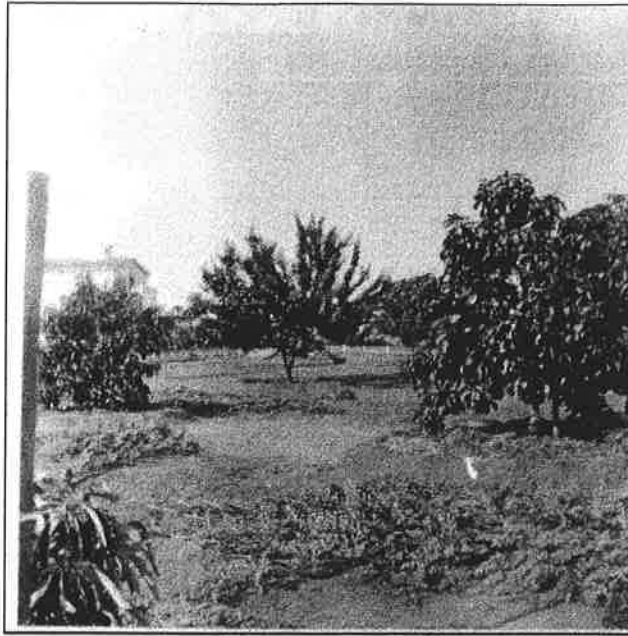
Mrs. Anderson got home Friday afternoon, hurried back for Easter and they left this morning at 6 with Millers for Tucson and warmer country. It's been so cold here; Saturday I was sure it would rain before night, so black and threatening, but at nine-thirty the moon came out and yesterday morning was the first clear sunrise for

Gran's Avacado Grove at Winterwarm
1927



The Avacado Grove with the house in the background. Gran set these trees out with the help of Al Millspaugh — he dug the holes and planted, and she filled in the dirt and put sacks around them. She watered them all by hand and bucket. They had been budded by Carl Leutz from Germany. He did farm work around there.

Gran's Avacado Orchard at Winterwarm
1927



Gran's Orchard: It cost about \$5.00 a tree to set — trees \$3.00 to \$4.00 — digging holes, making banks around them; 3 stakes of 1/2 cent each, sacks 5 cents each to shade and bean straw for mulch. They weigh about 45 pounds. Gran filled in and cut the sacks loose from the stock, then tied sacks around them to the stake for shade when they were first planted.

She planted the deciduous trees herself, and the first avacado. And she enjoyed it as well as building her "air castle". She set apples, pears, peaches, apricot, cherry, plum, fig, walnut, lemon, tangerine, grapefruit, loquat, guava.

two weeks. Today is cold, dark and windy. Min came over Saturday night at seven thirty but I did not go to the Boulevard -- too busy-- so she walked up. Mrs. A and I humped ourselves to get things ready for the usual Easter Breakfast -- 10 this year. The table was lovely and we had grapefruit peeled and served in sections in brandy (?) flat green stemmed glasses on the black plates with a basting of 3 oranges -- yellow and rose nasturtiums. A little rolled oats, thin platters of ham, bacon, sausage and eggs. Hot cross buns and lastly my famous calla lily cakes - sponge batter baked in cakes as big as a saucer and very thin; rolled and tied in the shape of lily while warm, then just before serving filled with whipped cream with the yolk of an egg made stiff with powdered sugar and rolled to make the stamen and served on a real calla lily leaf.

Mr. and Mrs. Gamble stayed all night and I got up at 3; made coffee, called the folks at 4. We all had a cup of coffee and a hot roll, then at 4:30 left for the bowl, Miss Tyson went with us too. The sun tipped the big cross with a golden beam at 5:19 and the four Heralds blew the sun rise call, then everyone, about 20,000, sang "Holy, Holy". Fine musical program, too. I came on home ahead of Minna and Finir (?) and had things well along when the folks came. Had breakfast at 8, but I was tired and sleepy when the work was done, so Min and I went to bed at 11:30 and slept and rested until 3, then dressed and at 5 Minna came and we all went into L.A. on the bus, window shopped a while then to the St. Pauls Cathedral at 6th and Figueroa; that's the one that used to be on Olive near sixth where I was married and where Mama used to go. Aimee is a member. For three hrs Organ recital and the Easter Service; both were good and it's years since I have seen such a lavish display of Calla Lily. The service was over at nine and then we went to a belated dinner and got the 10:30 car for home; Min for Glendale, we for Hollywood, so it was midnight before I hit the feathers and found a note from Mrs. A. for breakfast at 6 -- so there ended a "quiet"? Easter Sunday. After I finished my work took, what I intended to be a nap, but which lapped over into a snooze of 3 hours and then I felt like 30 cents. Mended and did a few odd jobs; had my strawberry and bread supper and now it's after eight again.

Now for some Darwin stuff; I don't think I could ever get homesick for that country again and I wondered how I ever stood 13 years of it. That new road and tourist travel may help, but most of it will go right through, although Mrs. Etcharron has all her beds full almost every night and if someone builds a modern hotel, it would help, but all those people looked so sunburnt and leather necked. Domingo and Jack Cress are burnt as black as Indians. Wallace is cooking for the new company. Peterson was out of town and I did not see Clark or think to ask about him. Why don't you write to Mrs. Campbell ? She will give you all the local news and she would be so pleased to have you. I don't know who is P.M. or who has the stage house, stranger to us. Yes, the route is still over the cut off from Olancha to Darwin. The grocery and restaurant is in a new building between Nickey's house and the Miner Hall, the bldg. is boarded up. The little house you lived in and the one Dick was born in is gone, (Note by Bess: burned in Aug. 17, 1917 fire) don't know what's in the old saloon building, no business, but it looked as though some one lived in it. Those trees Chriss and Henry planted are great big ones. Silas' old barn still stands, but the corral

has gone. Two new small houses next where Amiee Etcheverry lived, nothing on the store lot or where the old hotel stood. Mrs. Jamie and Marilyn O'Mallery live in Mamie's house. Yes, first time I have been there since the fires. Taylor's mine is working a few men now, they said. Jens Ness still looks after the Reynolds cattle. Summers lost the Junction and cattle to Watterson of Bishop; the Mammoth project broke him and the slump in cattle. The bank had a man there the very day I was there to take possession, so Mrs. Long said. Well, Summers beat Domingo out of the range so now he loses it. Thorndyke is at the Gib, Domingo's old mine.

Am glad you like the P.T.A. It's a good thing to keep in touch with what the boys are doing. Sorry to hear Dick has such a bad cough, that will keep him thin.

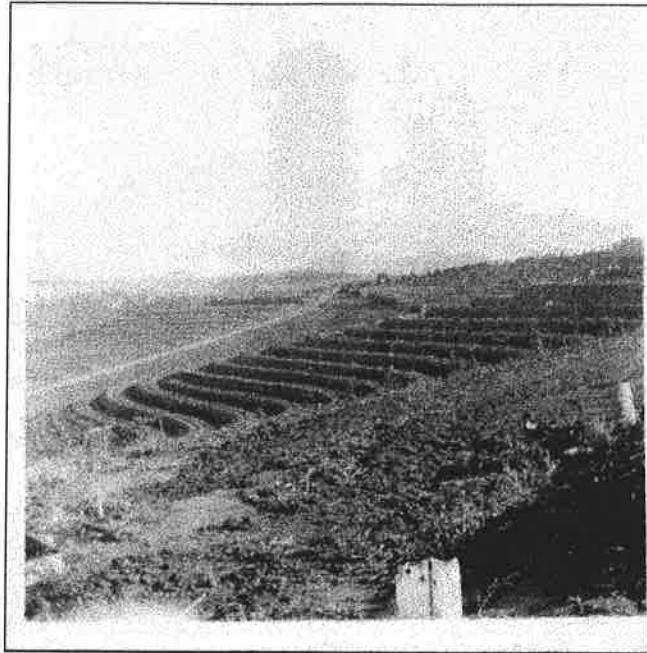
My last piece of paper and that has a hole in it. No, did not see Scotty and we could see Mt. Whitney and Telescope Peak fine, an awfull lot of snow all round this year. O, yes, "he my wife" died two years ago. Don't know who Theodore will play with. Domingo is proud of him all right and he is a fine boy. I'll have to go see Mrs. Laughry now and tell her the news.

Bryon Bro's offered me a job keeping books and working a press if I want it, but I think I'll stick it out here one more year. It's going to cost me more than I planned, always does -- to get my farm in running order and bringing in a little, and I plainly see my vacation going down a tree pole. 4 years in setting means a lot to me at my time of life; however, things usually work around so I am going to keep on planning anyway.

Glad you have found some pleasant acquaintances, it helps grease the skids of living and you have always kept too much to yourself. Al said the Robinsons were nice folks, don't you remember that verse-- Now wouldn't it jar you that folks that annoy you are hanging around every day, But folks that you like just get up and hike and live a hundred miles away. He writes my trees are leafing out and look fine. Mrs. A came in through Holbrook and said it was blowing awfully Thursday P.M. and snow from Winslow to Ashfork. Yes, Al told me Light was paying up. He had some Government bonds that were only drawing 4 percent and Al's paper draws 8, so they save a good deal. I don't know how long it will be before I can build my real house and what I want will cost \$3000 and there is furniture to get -- a car -- and a lot of other things, but I will have to go out to live in a year in order to take care of the place. Plan on going next April 1. Yes, chickens do well and lots of ranches around, but I don't want them; rather raise berries, etc.

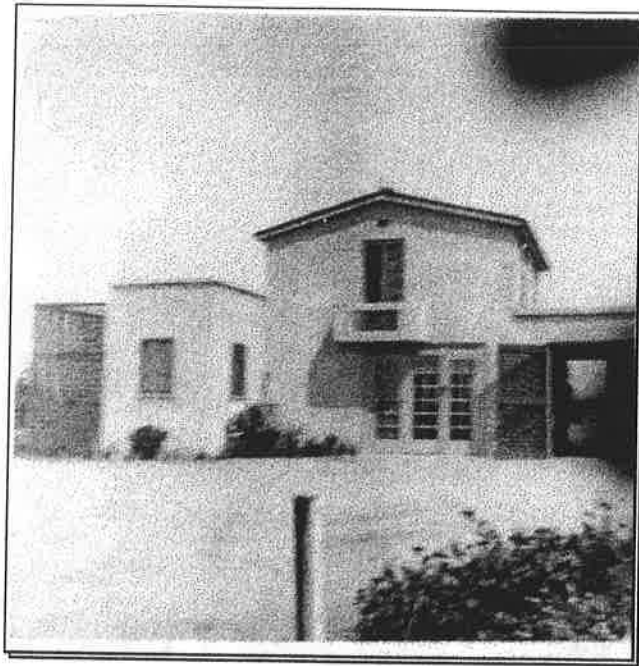
It is certainly a beautiful country and I love it at my place, "El Rancho Cichitta", I guess I'll have to learn to spell little in Spanish. (Chiquita). "The Little Ranch". Yes I think Al intends making a permanent home around there. He likes it, but is as thin as a rail and feels fine outside his rheumatic arm which balks at that hard shoveling, his land looks fine, all the terraces are smooth as rock and all even. Lays like this...is at least 100 ft. high (Triangular with creek on one side coming into the

Gran's Terraced Berries at Winterwarm
1927



Gran's terraced young berries in back of house, and across to far vistas!
She didn't want to raise chickens...would rather have berries, etc.

Grans's House at Winterwarm
1927



"El Rancho Chiquita" at Winterwarm.

This is a view of Gran's house at the ranch....she had a lot of dreams for this place, and worked hard to make what she wanted. Al Millspaugh had a ranch next to hers and helped her get the grove started. She travelled back and forth from Hollywood, working there to get the money to start her dream "El Rancho Chiquita" Planted a big walnut tree to shade the west window of the house.

county road, which meets another; land is terraced from top to point of the triangle.) The San Diego Union took pictures of it for their Sunday paper. Nubby has decided she is my dog and won't sleep upstairs at all, but insists on sleeping in my bay window.

Walkers can't build until they get their soldier's loan which they expect to go through at any time.

Your father died Jan 29, 1897, and was 35 and six months old to the day. Born June 29th, 1863. Buried Feby 1st at Odd Fellows Cemetary in his fathers plot.

Must go to bed now as I have been up so much lately am all in and have "a number of things" to do. I hope this finds Dickie better and Bob a happy boy at being 8 years old almost. Does he like his wagon?

Love and best wishes, Mother.

Min sent them an air mail letter.

Another page with this letter, as follows:

Glad you are getting the Matinee habit. I always enjoyed it. Yes, I got Dick's letter and enjoyed it too. He says he likes the beautiful country back there. Well one thing I never expected. Bob would be ringing a Harvest bell in Michigan. Wonder what they will be anyway? Think you should make a lawyer out of Dick, what say? I got some chestnuts from Carlsbad, only one growing out here that is known about. Mrs. Thysmyer planted it 3 years ago from a seed and it's 10 or 12 feet high now. I have the nut in a carton now. Gosh what fun I used to have going after Beech nuts with my Father and Aunt Julia's boys! I am going to send you the 3 walnuts that grew on my 18 months old Placentia Walnut tree. Mr. Daw has a 4 year old tree that has a pail full on and he thinks that is great so it rather took the wind out of him when he saw my tree.

Carl who did my budding is Carl Leutz from Henry Heitman's part of Germany and he lost his wife and two little girls in the S.F. fire. They were killed by a falling building and their bodies burnt up. He does farm work around here and goes on frequent Jamaica Ginger drunks, but is a good looking and thoroughly German; nuff sed? Me for the feathers now. Good night and happy dreams!

Lots of love and best wishes to you all.

Mama. (1929, Winterwarm, near Fallbrook.)

Try this Pineapple Cake; I baked it in my cooker. It's good.
1/3 c shortning; 1 cup sugar; 1 1/2 cups Flour; 1 cup crushed Pineapple; 2 teaspoons B.P.; 1/3 T Soda. Cream sugar and shortning, add two egg yolks and beat well. Mix dry ingredients together and add to above alternately with pineapple and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Frost if you like.

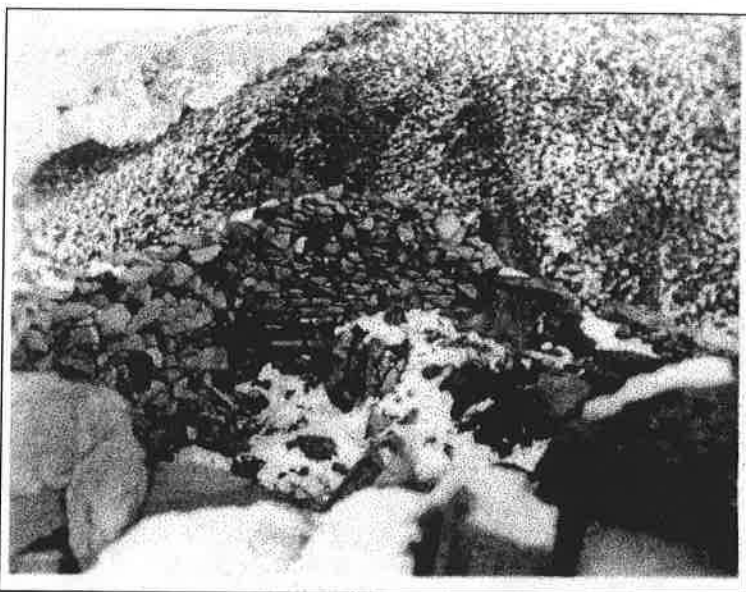
BESS' NOTES OF ODDS AND ENDS

In 1860 Negro soldiers were stationed at Old Coso. Built this fort on brow of hill over-looking canyon where stone cabins were built. Soldiers probably came over from Ft. Independence in the 1860's. Arastras of rock and later round iron ones were hauled in 1870's. The canyon had fine springs, willows and lower down in the Darwin spring. This wash was called Santa Rosa. Built on point of hill commanding entire canyon below, remains of stone canyons still in the wash in 1930's. Nadeau hauled in the iron arastras in 1876-7.

Joburg, Ballarat stage had 4 horses. Cheesebrough had hotel in Ballarat in 1900's and had Joburg stage line. When contract ended in 1910 the stage was given to Indian George, who had it in Warm Springs.

Early 1873 Southern Pacific began work northerly to San Fernando, just the old Mission then. Work on the tunnels from Saugus began July, 1875, Mint Canyon was the longest; the first 6,964 ft., nearly 1 1/4 miles. September 6, 1876 Los Angeles was linked by rail with San Francisco at Soledad and a big celebration was had. Then later went to Mojave, which was just settled. Los Angeles and San Pedro R.R., (now Wilmington) came November 10, 1869. In 1872 the road was transferred to Southern Pacific. Harper and Co. had a stage line from Los Angeles to Owens river in 1868.

Old Fort near Old Coso



Remains of old Fort at head of Canyon (Wash) 2 miles out of Old Coso (east). built in early 1860's to defend the Mexican and American miners working at Old Coso and also their Arastras in this wash below. Remains of old stone cabins were still in the camps at this time and old stone arastras . Picture taken in July 1931.

Quite a lot of Indian trouble during the 1860's and some soldiers were quartered at Old Coso. Platoon had colored soldiers...we kids used to find old uniform buttons, parts of guns, etc. at Old Coso and the fort. Darwin springs is further down the wash.

Old Ballarat to Johannesburg Stage



The old stage used 4 and 6 horses — canvas sides rolled down. When stage line abandoned in 1908 or '10, Cheesebrough, who had the mail contract gave the stage to George Hanson, "Panamint George", and he kept it at the winter home, Warm Springs, (Indian Ranch), Panamint Valley. I took this picture there June 2nd, 1931 with sons Dick inside and Bob up on the drivers seat. Part of George's house in background. Cheesebrough also had the Ballarat Hotel and saloon and Hotel in "Joburg", after Callaway's sold and left Ballarat.

DARWIN HISTORY
THE DARWIN CALABOOSE

From the Coso News, 1875, Nov. 13th.

T.S. Harris, Editor. Mining News.

Darwin is soon to have a strong box in which to cage any malfactors that may come within its' limits. A short time since a subscription was started and a sum of \$607.00 was raised for the purpose of building a jail (Calaboose) and the contract has been let to Mr. P.P. Gerrish to build it. It's size is to be 14 x 18 ft., one story in height and is to be finished off with 2 cells and a guard room (entrance). It is to be built of heavy timbers 4" x 6" in size, laid one on top of the other and all firmly bolted together, which will make the walls 6" in thickness and strong enough for all ordinary uses. The location is not yet selected, but it will be central and convenient. The building will begin as soon as the material is all on the ground and hastened to completion.

It was built in the wash just east of town, in block 7, later known as "Burro Alley", and dumping grounds of tin cans! One very small barred window high in the back cell and a solid iron entrance door and barred door into cells...like an oven in the summer. In later years the iron door sagged and drunks used to "sleep it off" on the floor. It survived water spouts rushing down the wash for years, carrying cans on down to Darwin Wash, but in 1920 burned down, and the present jail, as is, was built later and was not occupied except for drunks of their own doing. It is built of corrugated iron and larger than the old one. We kids used to play cops and robbers, cowboys and Indians on stick horses around and in it in 1900's..(Block 7, or back of 20)

The Gin Mill

Tucker had the Gin Mill in the old store after Thorson's bought the Out Post from Hilda and Charlie King in 1938 and moved to it. It burned down early on the morning of August 1945, so ended another land mark. It was brought from Skidoo in 1917 after the first fire burned 2 blocks and the old Black Metal saloon built in 1876. Murray Clay and John Niske had it and the Co. was dry and they had soda, card games, etc. in the old building and continue in the one from Skidoo. After the July 7, 1918 fire burned the 2 blocks on the other side of the street, store etc., in the fall Lonnie Lee opened a store and butcher shop in it. In 1924 Bland came and bought it from Lee and in 1928 sold it to Bob and Jean Thorson, who had the Post Office, etc.

OLD DARWIN SCHOOLHOUSE

Built in 1876 as a restaurant, then sat empty or used as a dwelling. Is built on the back end of Block 25 on the alley facing Market, now road into town. (Tellus owned the lot in 1900's.) In 1897 Mr. and Mrs. Bill Loughrey lived in it when first married, until 1898-99 when it became the school house after the original was burned. Loughreys moved out to edge of town on Market Street across from Simon and Kate Campbell's home and lived there until 1902-4 when they moved down to Anthony's Hotel to run it for him. My first year at Darwin I lived with Loughreys in the house out of town, 1902-3, then at the Hotel and later when they bought property in Block 26, lots 3-4, the original saloon and restaurant. (See Loughrey story).

The Monument Marker was/is in the center of Main and Fulton Sts., the survey in 1912 (about) located it there. In December 20th, 1907, the town site was surveyed from Monument Marker of Main and Fulton Sts. by E.M. Wardell, being duly sworn that he is the surveyor who made the survey of the townsite of Darwin this 20th day of Dec. 1907, A.D. before Ben H. Yandell, Supervisor.

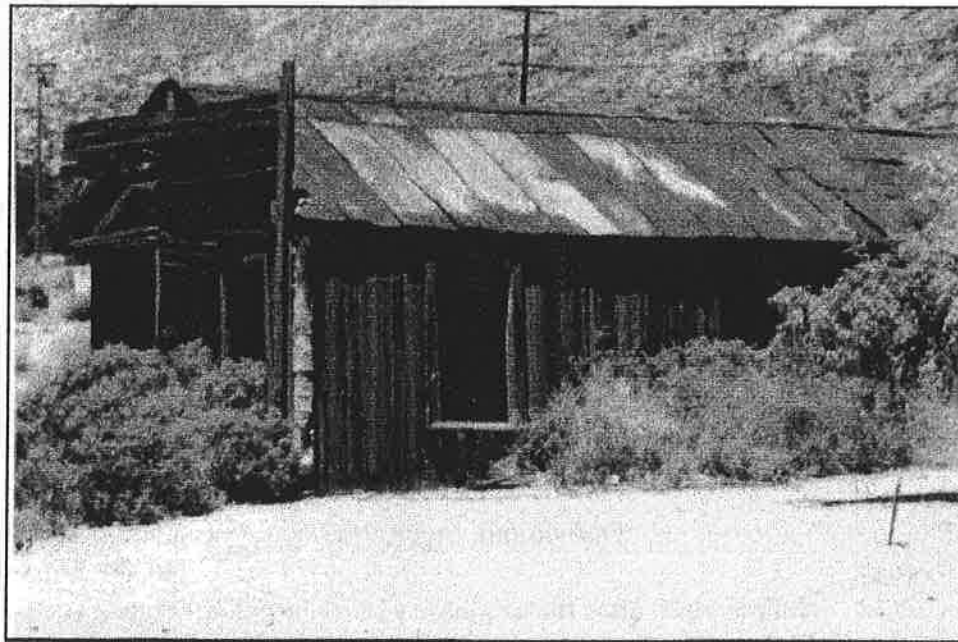
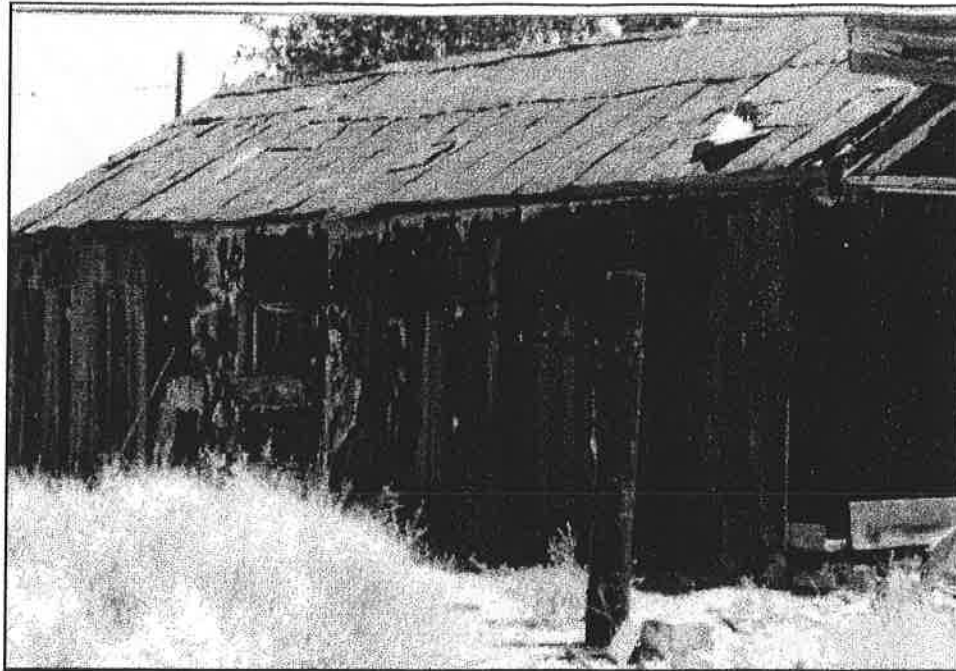
I was at school and staying with Loughreys and Wardell roomed and boarded with them during the survey. So our old schoolhouse is almost 100 years old, and looks it. The museum would like to move it to Independence and preserve it with other old historic County buildings. Marguerite (Rite) Thorson Jenkins owns it and is willing as am I and Bob and Jean Thorson. Henry Raub, Museum administrator, asked me about it in June, 1971 and I wrote Rite. The "citizens" of Darwin want to keep it as a tourist attraction and promised to clean it up and repair, but keep as original. Up to the spring of 1972 nothing has been done except pick up trash around it.

In 1899 Ella Deneen and the McKenzie kids went to school there, but gone by 1901, so it was Wallace Campbell, Christina "Chris" Silva, (Mrs. Loughery's daughter by first husband Frank Silva), Elizabeth "Bess" Fowzer, Eugenie "Jenny" Carthery (now O'Malley), Ada "Addie" Loughrey, Jess McElroy, (stayed with Campbells 2 yrs, 1902-4); Mabel, Ada Jo and Esther Loughery and a little later Jimmie Carthery, an orphan Frank and Susie took in who was Indian. The Indian children didn't start going to school until 1910 and on. Madeleine and Chancey Lee (Lally) went several years (1913-18) so our old school continued until 1914 when the "fine" new school house was torn down in 1970 for no sensible reason as now realized..."not safe"!



Darwin Jail, April, 1967

Built in 1920 after the original of 1876 burned on same site.
Under Mt. "Iyoke", named after a little Chinese girl who
was chased up the mountain by the other school children.



Schoolhouse in Darwin.....1996

Two views of the old schoolhouse built in 1876 as a restaurant. The Loughery's lived in it when first married, then became a schoolhouse when the original burned. I went to school here when staying with the Loughery's. Museum would like to move it to Independance, but so far nothing has been done except pick up the trash although "citizens" promised to keep in good repair.

STORIES FROM MINES, DESERT COUNTRY

Inyo-Coso Gold Mining and Milling Co. 1908-10

"The Bryan" mine was located in 1896-7 during McKinley and Bryan campaign for President by Domingo Etcharron and John Carricart (good Democrats, both). It's in a short canyon branching off southwest of the Coso road up from Junction Flat. They sunk a 90' incline shaft and John worked in it at various times. Domingo was no minor - prospected but did not like to work underground. He had a string of fine pack mules and grey bell mare. Mules love mares and especially white ones and will stay with them. They packed ore, hay, wood and whatever was needed, mostly in the panamints and Domingo owned the "Gibraltar" in the southern Panamints near Anvil Springs up Goler Canyon or wash. His 2 pet mules were fine sorrels, "Josephine" and "Napoleon". The Emperor was the Frenchman's hero. John and John McMahon worked together, ran some of this ore in the old stamp mill at Old Coso; hauled the ore the 20 miles in the early 1900's. Also placer mined in all the washes with "dry washers" and did well; course gold from head-of-pin size to half inch long chunks with very little quartz, beautiful.

John also located The North Star at the base of Little Matarango and sunk a shaft; this was gold in white quartz. When he and Domingo sold the Junction to Frank Howard in 1905, John went to Johannesburg to open a blacksmith shop and do very well shoeing horses and setting tires for the big teams hauling the 22 miles of 4" pipe to Skidoo for the water line from Telescope Pk.

Domingo and Jack Keane (Kane) went prospecting in Death Valley country and found and located the Kane Wonder. Frank Howard re-located the Bryan Mine and made a deal with Millspaugh to find a buyer, which Al did - some ex-Alaska mining men in Portland, Oregon were interested and bought the property in 1907, sending several down to prepare the camp, Phillip O'Connell and "Uncle Willie" Washburn and a couple of miners. Floored and walled tents were put up; 14' x 16' for cooking and eating; 8' x 10' and 10' x 12' for the cook and bunk tents for the men. A Swedish woman, Mrs. Herman, came down to cook and things were busy. A four mile 4" pipe line laid from a spring north of the Junction Spring, just south of Tennessee Spring on base of Matarangos on top of the ground and of course froze up and broke. Later in 1914 when Summers and Butler bought the Junction and a few cows from Domingo, they repaired it and brought the water to the Junction.

Frank Howard had failed in his payments, and in 1906 Domingo took the Junction back and the few cows Howard had brought in and Howard went down the flat a mile and built part of a stone house and called it Howard's Ranch. Never anything did it amount to; he had no water and had to haul it in barrels. He didn't amount to much and no credit to anyone, finally left the country in 1910 and last heard of in Arizona.

Domingo , Summers and Butler were at the Hollenbeck Hotel in Los Angeles in 1914 to make the deal for the sale of the property at Junction, cows, hotel and half of the barns (which had been Domingo's half of sale when he and Silas dissolved partnership,) Summers and Butler were prepared to pay \$70,000. When Domingo asked \$30,000 and the sale was made, Charlie Summers remarked "we made \$40,000 to-day"...Domingo Etcharren was no business man!

The Inyo-Coso put up a little stamp mill, 5 light stamps and consinrating tables, all out in the open, no roof. A team drove to the top and dumped the ore and an ore car on the track hauled it to the ore bin above the crusher. In 1909 Mrs. Margaret Lally, Madeleine and Chauncey went over to cook; they had come up to our camp, Millspaugh to cook in 1908 and stayed a year. Mrs. Herman left.

When the mine shut down for awhile and started up in 1909 and worked a few men until the first of July 1910 when they shut down for good. Frank Chrysler drove the team 1909-1910, hauling ore, wood and to Johannesburg for supplies, so that was the end of that outfit, and no assessment work done.

A few have camped there and gophered around; a house was built, one room, by some locator and in 1930 Jack Byrne spent several months there prospecting around. The boys and I were camping at my beloved old home, the mill machinery was still there and later we, Al and I, sold it to a fellow in Olancha and for several years he did custom work.... forgotten his name.

Bob and Jack were good pals; Bob, Dick and I would bring water up to him and supplies when we went to Darwin. Jack was a good man, a packer in the Spanish American War; had a crippled foot from a mule that stepped on him. He was a friend for many years and died a sad death of face cancer in Darwin, Sept. 13, 1935, 72 years. He was born in Dublin, Ireland and fought with Theodore Roosevelt up "San Juan Hill" (Kettle Hill) and later a deputy United States Marshal when Oklahoma was Indian Territory. He knew Martha Jane "Mattie" Washum Long Etcherren when she was a girl in Oklahoma after her father had brought his family from Kentucky.

So ends the "saga" of the old Bryan Mine, part of my growing up days - the original shaft and later workings there to show the dreams and money sunk with so little to show for it all and the "characters" of those wonderful days looking down from some far off planet at the unbelievable things man has done since their day of "simple" living.

Later; June 1971. The Navy seems to have filled in many of the old shafts and tunnels at old mines now in the bombing range. Our 1900' tunnel Portal is filled in and only the big dump shows that mining was done there. Also the K.P. Co. shaft is filled. The bombing holes are also filled and graded over.

JOHN CARRICART

To go back a little...after opening the blacksmith shop in Johannesburg, 1905, John went to France to visit his sisters, 1906. There he met Marie (I've forgotten her maiden name) and they were married. He returned to Johannesburg and Marie followed soon after, and in Oct. 1907, Clete (Clay) was born. Later, two daughters, Beulah and Lucille, and in 1910's, Jean, named for his father. John made \$12,000 while the Skidoo freighting boom was on hauling the 22 miles of 4" pipe for Skidoo water line from Telescope Peak. In 1909 moved to Los Angeles and opened a machine shop on Aliso Street just east of Los Angeles St. Invested his money with others in a rotary motor for cars, and it did not succeed and he lost heavily. In 1915 moved to Santa Barbara and lived there until 1937. Marie lost brothers in W.W. I and had a break down and spent 10 years in Patton and John raised his family alone. Went to work at the Santa Barbara Hotel as boiler and maintainece man and during the eathquake of 1924 saved lives and property for which he recived an award -- he was proud of that. Marie finally came home and had their son, Jean, 1925.

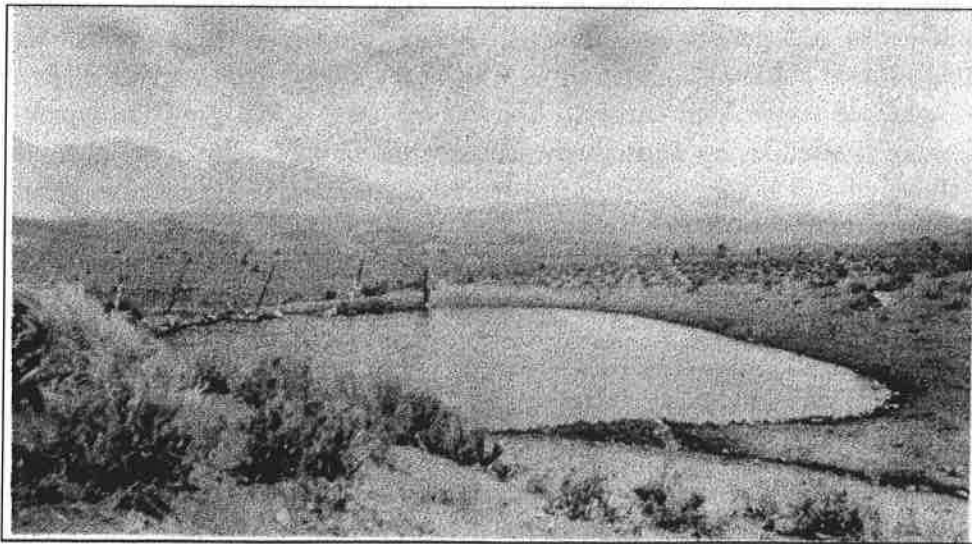
Clete, Beulah and Lucille finished High School; the girls married. John had a garage after the earthquake and in the middle '30's when Marie was home again they would make short trips "up home" (like me, he loved it) and finally they came back to stay. First at Coso Hot Springs resort as "man of all work" and in 1938 finally back to his old home, Junction, where he kept the water and etc., for the cows. Mark Lacey had his there and Cole Springs in winter. They repaired our old boarding house, planted trees and garden and flowers...Marie loved it and they were happy and content. Raised chickens and rabbits of which they always sent me with vegetables and finest peaches when John came to Darwin for mail in his grey Ford pick-up with canvas cover and the rear flaps always blowing out in back. When the Navy took over and closed all our home country for a bombing range in 1943, John was made guard and showed Navy Ordinance Training Station at China Borax Lake near Inyokern — the old Hamilton Road which Nadeau built in 1870's, up from Indian Wells Valley qver the Malpai— could be used and be shorter to the Junction than up Mt. Springs Canyon (later washed out).

In May, 1945, Mother's Day, Vie Wilson (Belin) and I went over to Shepherd's Canyon to see Camp (Millsbaugh) once more. The Jews had been all over the country before W.W.II and picked up every piece of iron they could find. Not a horse shoe left! and had been to camp trying desparately to get our boiler out, but failed and it is still there in it's stone walls as of June 17, 1971. But they got the pumps and our Fairbanks-Morse chimney. That was my last trip to my beloved old home until June 17th, 1971 with Silas and Frances Ness, I saw my old country again! Vie and I came back to the Junction and had chicken dinner with John and Marie and our old friend Jack Allen came over from Mt. Spring Canyon to join us and we had a good time talking of old days for the last time.

Coso Hot Springs 1910



Tank at Cole Springs, June 1916



This tank was made by Summers and Butler — before the water ran into a trough and on down the ground, from a pipe to the fine spring. This looks towards the Matarangos — big, middle and little — and towards Millspaugh, home, 20 miles south by east from here. This is the old Cole homestead, Dave, Mary and 6 kids, all from the south fork. Dave froze to death 2 miles from here — half way to Old Coso, on the wagon seat — drunk — coming from Darwin with grub in Nov. 1899. Later, Edward, the oldest boy, died here of typhoid fever and he and his father are burried on a small hill in back of where the old house stood — 1 room and dirt floor and Mary nor the boys ever had shoes. Nice kids but wild.

On July 15th John stopped to leave me a dressed rabbit, peaches and tomatoes and to tell me he was on his way to Glendale to get fruit to bring home to can and to see the girls and Clete - Jean was stationed in Hawaii. That was the last time I saw my beloved old friend, who saved my life in Jan. 24th, 1904. He went to Glendale, got fruit and was on his way home July 19th, 1945 at 9 A.M. and at San Fernando road and Sepulveda was hit by a Navy weapons carrier truck. How, why, we do not know. His pick-up completely smashed and John killed instantly. Not until 3 P.M. could they locate Clete. At 3 A.M. July 20th, a car stopping woke me and a knock at front door. I went to meet Clete (Clay) and Bertha to tell me the shocking news, then they went on to the Junction to tell Marie and later that morning all stopped to tell me goodbye. John was the really last hold on our old days, Domingo having died June 25th, 1940 and it was then I made up my mind to leave Darwin as soon as I could get out of the Post Office, which took a year, almost.

Jean was stationed in Hawaii, Master Sergeant Army Air Force, and flew home for the funeral, 19 years old. Clete was born Johannesburg, 1907; Bertha in Los Angeles, married name Lloyd and Lucille born in Los Angeles, married name Peterson, now living in Glendale and Hollywood, and (with) Marie. Dick and Valeria attended the Mass and the Services at the Cathedral. Marie was a devout Catholic, of course John was born one but not "a good one." His name was Jean but called John; French, born March 26th 1871, in the same Basque French town just on French side of Pyrenees Mts. St. Etienne de Baigorn, also Marie's home town. They were children together and families were neighbors and friends. John was 74 when he died.

Junction, 1944



Dick and Joan in Marie Carricart's beautiful garden at the Junction, July 9, 1944

SILAS HENRY REYNOLDS

Silas Reynolds was born in Landsend, England, November 25, 1868 and died December 31, 1917 at 49 yrs, 1 month, 6 days in New York City. He was burried in Rosedale cemetary, Los Angeles, California January 8, 1918 (where Grandma Marshall rests). He had a brother, Jim, sisters Nellie, Claire and Irene (Rina).

When he was two years old he came with his family to Canada and later to Kernville on the South Fork of the Kern River California. Later Owens Valley and ranched by the river south of Independence, raising cattle which they wintered at Coso Hot Springs, where James Reynolds, father, died suddenly in spring of 1904.

Silas served as Deputy Sheriff in early 1900's and then elected supervisor of 5th district, Inyo Co., southern end...1906(?). In 1905 he went in partnership with Domingo Etcharren and they bought out Charlie Anthony's Darwin store, hotel and barns, and Silas brought his cows over to Domingo's Junction and they improved and increased the herd. They ran their cows at Coso Hot Springs on winter range and at Gomez in the high country in summer. Went up the Olancha trail to Summit Meadows, down to Manache and on over through Brown to Gomez. Later, 1914, moved to Brown and built a cabin, Jens, Milo and I helped.

In 1908 they dissolved partnership, Silas keeping the store and half of the barns and Domingo the Junction and cattle, half the barns and the hotel (original, 1876). Silas held a morgage on the cows, Domingo being a poor business man—too honest... and Silas was ambitious. Fred Burnhardt of Lone Pine and Tom Wilson, half Indian and Mexican stayed at the Junction and took care of the cows.

Silas married Mamie Ellen Hession February 16, 1910 in Independance. She was born March 17, 1884, and died in Bishop, November 4, 1962. After Silas' death she became County Recorder in Independance, which she held for many years.

Silas Reynold's Camp at Gomez



Tents are in the trees — corrals at edge of the meadow. The pass looks down to Olancha and valley and a wind funneled through here constantly , making the camp cold . After Silas and Mamie were married, Feb 16th , 1910 and she came up to the mountains for the first time it was too cold for her so in 1913 they moved over to Brown Meadow, a pleasant spot, and Jens started the cabin —with our help— in the summer of 1914.

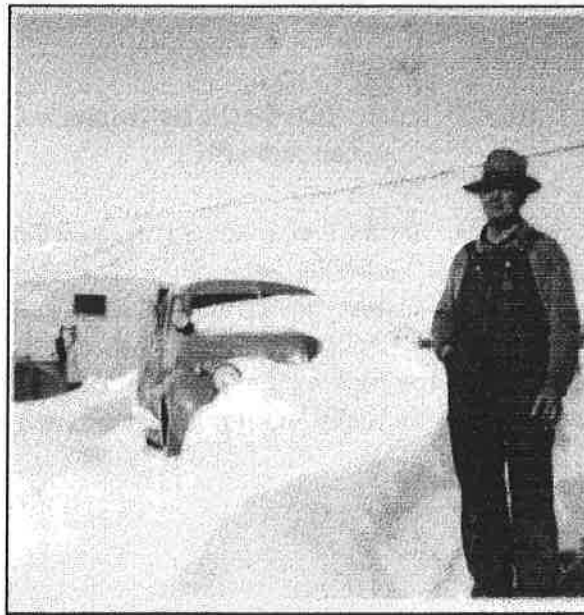


Hunter Ranch, Silas Reynolds' winter camp.
October, 1915

Jens Ness' cabin....Milo and I had a wonderful ten days over here riding every day and seeing the country and gathering what cows we could find. Jens was still in the Mts. bringing cows out that were missed in the Sept. gathering. This is pretty country and Milo called me the "Scenery Kid" as I was always riding to the top of a hill to "view the scenery from the top" as the Virginian says of his stock in that book. I wish I could live it all over again really and not just in my memory book.

CHRISTIAN THEODORE PETERSEN

"Pete" to all but "Theo" to me. He arrived in Darwin 1904, young sandy haired and reddish mustache. Born in Denmark December 7, 1880; arrived in New York 1900 and later came across to Los Angeles with a train load of sheep. Drifted to Nevada and prospected and eventually to Darwin to spend the rest of his life mining. Developed The Silver Spoon from early day sinking; also the property "The Argus" at the base of the reddish pink Mts. next to Materango Peak, north. Later opened his garage where the old house by the horse trough used to be and the locust trees. Bought a floored, walled tent from Milo and I when he worked at Coso-Keyes with us and set it up in Darwin and it was his home, later built of lumber. A good man and a good friend all the long years until he died July 29, 1957. Was ill for some time, just 2 weeks before we had talked of the old days when I was on a trip to Darwin. He wanted to be burried in Darwin by his old pals, but I was not "up home" to tell his niece that and she did not understand. She thought it "too terrible a place" as she wrote me and so burried him in Lone Pine Cemetary - still desert - far from his pals and old friends from 1905. So I stop and say "Hello Theo" when I'm in Lone Pine.



Theo in Our Blizzard
Feb. 21st, 1944 in Darwin

THE ARAMBULAS AND MRS. LOUGHREY

Mrs. Loughery was born in Old Coso, Inyo County, California on December 24, 1869 and during the Indian uprising among a few, her mother was shot and killed as she held the baby in her arms.

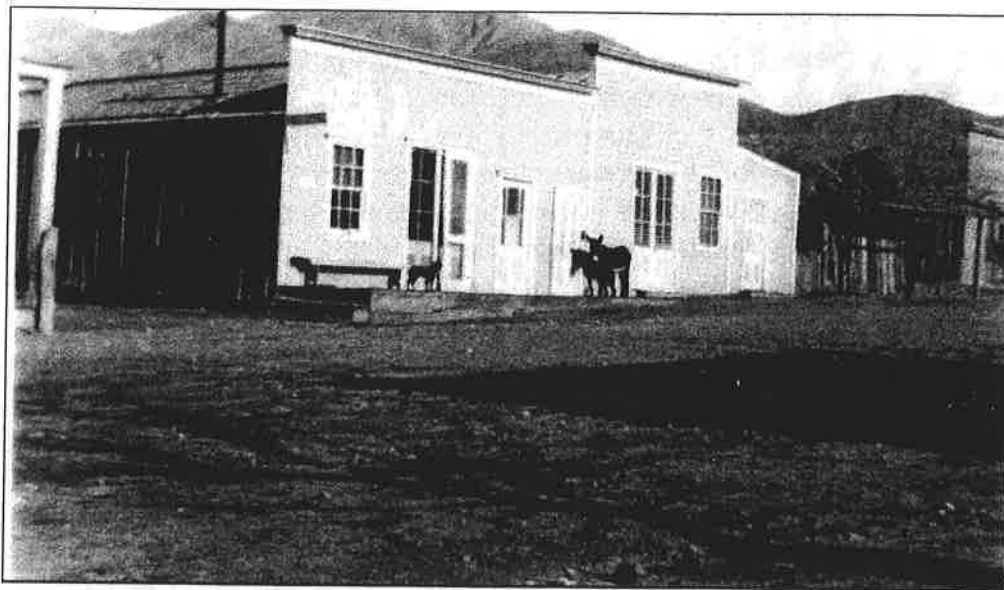
A few years before in 1865 her Grandmother, Mrs. Manuella Arambula and son Hilario "Larry" Arambula came from Sonora, Mexico to Lone Pine and settled there. She was a wonderful woman and did much good for any who needed help. Hilario acquired a wife and a daughter Annie was born in Lone Pine July 26, 1865 and in '67 Felicita Mendez was born. "Larry" went out to Old Coso to work in the gold mines and on the arastras that other Mexicans had located or taken over after the original American miners had left for other fields. Coso ledges were first discovered by Dr. Darwin French and his men in March 1858 when they were searching for the "lost" Gunsight — which still remains lost!

Larry took his baby, Catalina, to his mother in Lone Pine and she raised the three girls, who were given a good education and taught Castilian. Years later she would tell her girls and I of those happy days when they were growing up and the pranks they played. Lone Pine was a lovely oasis in the desert, hay fields, orchards and wonderful grapes, plenty of water, Lone Pine creek running through town on its way to Owen's river 5 miles away near where the lone pine tree grew that gave the town its name. Locust trees were planted to line the wide road through town.

Annie married Ezekiel DuPea, a Fench Canadian and they settled on the east side of Los Angeles, 1888, and for many years had a grocery store there, raised six children. I visited them several times when I was little and Florence and I were chums. DuPea died in 1917 and Annie got a job with the Movies, one of her first pictures was Rider Haggards "She" and in which Catalina had a small part. Annie continued in pictures, was in "Greed" made in Death Valley 1923, and which Eric Von Stronheim directed. She was given the name "Tatzumba" and is still called that by reporters, whom she "fills up" with great delight and they add years to her real age - at this writing, Feb. 1966 she is still active in spite of breaking her hip in a fall 2 years ago. Lives alone in her home in Los Angeles on west 12th, 1630. Her family are gone but she has grand children. Mrs. Loughery and her children visit her occasionally.

Felicita Arambula Mendez married Bob Carrasco and they lived all their lives in Lone Pine. Raised a large family, Robert, Tonia, my chum and whose death in 1906 shocked us all; Rellias (pronounced Rayes), Lenore, Ted, Mercy, who burned to death when 5 years old -clothes caught fire at a bon fire, a tragedy to all of us. Cecilia in 1900, Estella "Stella", 1896 --died Dec. 30th, 1959. Ruperto "Bob" Carrasco and Felicita died within 12 hours of each other in 1937; she first, both of natural causes. Young Robert lost a leg at the railroad crossing on Keeler road when a train hit the grader ore tractor he was driving. He died in 1920, had a son, also Bob, lived most of his life with his mother in San Joaquin Valley, now about 50. Cristobal "Chris"

Mrs. Loughery's Restaurent and Rooms



Left corner of original Hotel, 1876. Next Mrs. Loughrey's restaurent and rooms — was a saloon in early days. Big blood stain on floor when we were kids before she moved in and fixed up. Jo Loughery's pet burro colt on porch. Next is Jenny Carthery's (O'Malley) room and Mexican cypress tree in front, planted in 1876. She had beautiful marble topped mahogany bedroom set from Defiance, 1876. Next the original restaurant was, then Frank Carthery and wife Susie's home, big room.

Frank Carthery was caretaker for years of all Defiance property, which included their home, on the corner, and across the street, which was main road into town, the old school house on corner lot and on next on the road was corrals and big barn. He took care of it from 1890 to his death Oct. 17th, 1917. Also on road into town across from barns was a huge blacksmith shop; on out road was Campbells home. Hill in back is Defiance property and grade around in back to old camp and 90 ft incline shaft, original claims.

Carrasco, old Bob's brother, was coronor for years; his wife still lives in Lone Pine. The Carrascos are too numerous to count, each and all fine people, a credit to their race. Delphine, "Del" Carrasco Hewitt was born Nov. 29th 1910, died June 12th 1949, last child, Richard, "Dick" Carrasco in 1912.

Catalina Arambula at 19 married Frank Silva, 44, on Dec 1st, 1888 in Lone Pine. They had two daughters, Christina Maurice Silva, Sept. 21st, 1889 and "Frankie" in 1891, who died in 1895. Also in 1895 Frank died of miners' consumption, a common illness among lead miners. In 1896 she married William "Bill" Loughrey. They had four daughters, Adelaide "Ada", Jan 6, 1897, Mabel, June 6, 1900, Esther, April 6th, 1902, whom Mama named because she was born at Easter in Los Angeles. Josephine Ann born July 4th, 1908 in Los Angeles.

When Bill Laughrey and Catalina Arambula Silva were married in 1896, they "set up housekeeping" in a former restaurant of 1876 days and lived there until 1899 when they moved out the road to a house across from Campbell's and where I lived with them 1902-3, and the school was moved into the old restaurant. Kids went to school there until 1914 when the new school was built by Ted Cook, above town, and for no good reason was torn down in 1969 by the newcomers in Darwin. Now our old school is one of 2 original buildings left in the old town.

Bill contracted lead poisoning, when working in the mine with open cut on his hand and they brought him to Los Angeles where he died May 1909 and is buried in EverGreen cemetery, east L.A., only 43 years old. The Great Register, 1896, Darwin Precinct, lists William Loughery, miner, April 7, 1865 born, age 32, 5'11". Florid complexion, blue eyes, hair auburn, scar left thumb; born Minnesota, 1865. Date registered, July 3, 1896, Darwin, California, Inyo County. Was "able to read English, able to write name, able to mark ballot".

When I first lived with them in Darwin and went to school in 1902 we lived in a little house at the edge of town on main road and across from Simon and Kate Campbells' and their son Wallace, born Dec 22, 1894 in Lone Pine, died there Oct. 10, 1958; school pals and friends all those long years. In 1904 they moved into Charley Anthony's hotel to run it and continued to until 1907 after Anthony sold it and the store and barns (another story) to Domingo Etcharren and Silas Reynolds in 1905, when the Loughery's bought 2 of the original 1875 buildings next door and made them into dining room and kitchen and rooms to rent.

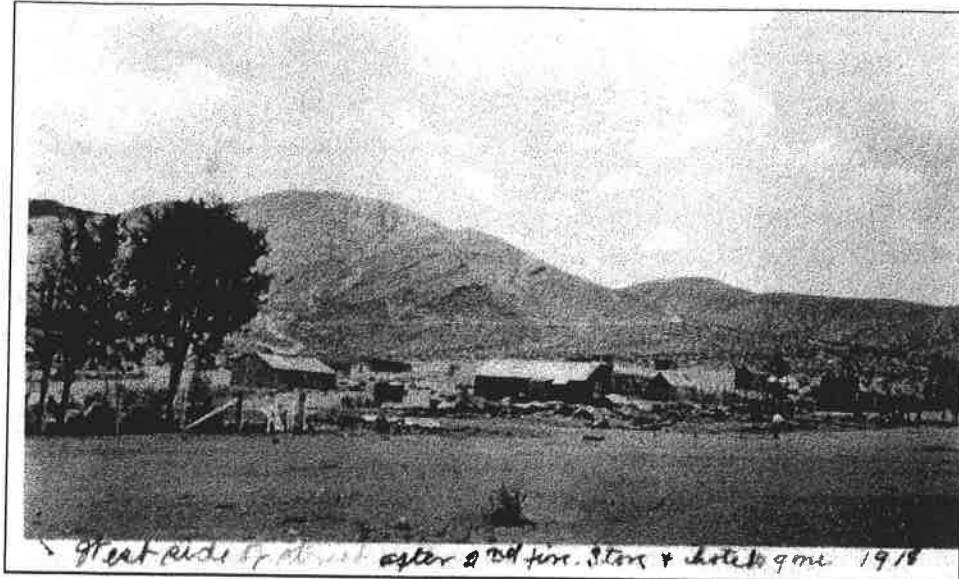
"Mrs. L." was a wonderful cook, I can still taste her tortillas, made in the real old manner, small piece of dough--flour, salt and water--and patted out into a large round thin cake, dropped on the top of the stove, quickly turned and then frijoles put on, rolled up and a feast with real old Mexican style chili sauce! The big hotel was idle at times or leased out to 2 Chinamen who had it when the second fire occurred July 7th, 1918 and 2 blocks were destroyed including Mrs. Laughery's place, and Frank



Chris Silva, 1908

In front of Mrs. Carrothers house, 1537 Bridge St., L.A., Sept., 1908 Were we dressed up! The height of fashion! Picture taken same time as mine ..(on "A Little Bit of History" Title page). I was in millinery school and Chris was in a business school. Our hats were the very latest of Collins' Millinery.

Fire in Darwin, July 7, 1918



West side of street after 2nd fire. Store & hotel gone. 1918



Site of Mrs. Etcharren's home, where fire started.

Top photo—west side of street. Hotels and store gone. Fire started with a loud explosion Sunday afternoon at 2:00 P.M. I heard Mattie scream and when I got outside and up to her house it was a mass of flames. Neither she nor Domingo or anyone else could get inside. She was screaming at Ted, 5 ½, who was playing outside by the barn. I could do nothing, but went to Mamie's (Reynolds) in the store and we started getting her things and the Post Office stuff. I carried all I could down to my house to see how Dick was...sleeping peacefully...so back to the store, but never got inside again and most of her things burned in the street where they were carried. That's how a fire in Darwin goes—no wonder I'm so careful! Only a handful of people in town this time. Steel water tank on cement foundation and her barn didn't burn. Vie's house in back.

Milo and Al at the Jim and a teamster coming down from the summit saw the flames and smoke and made the best he could up to the line and told them "Darwin is on fire"...Milo, Al and all the miners made it in town fast by 4 o'clock, but everything was gone.

Carthery's fire started down the street in Etcharren's home, taking the store next door, jumping across the wide street to the hotel.

"Mrs. L." had her place leased out and was living in Tuba Canyon in the Panamints, just south of Wild Rose Canyon on property owned by Frank Kennedy. They were married in Darwin by Theo Petersen, Justice of the Peace, August 9, 1915.

Those three years were happy, they had Josephine, "Jo" with them and after all the years of hard work, life was easy for her. The terrible Flu epidemic struck Darwin and isolated mines and Frank was one of the first to go in 1918. She came back to Darwin for awhile and then to Lone Pine, finally moving to Los Angeles and vicinity and now at 96 last Dec 24, 1965, she lives in Alhambra with Mabel, Esther and Jo, whose husbands died in the past few years. Ada lives across the street with her 2nd husband, Fay Malone, and her 3 girls and their children live close by.

Wonderful grand people and some of my childhood days were the happiest when I was with the Laughreys. She is always "Mrs. L" to me, I cannot think of her in any other way. I've kept close with all my Darwin school mates, some gone up the long trail and waiting for us.

As of this writing, 1966, "Mrs. Laughrey" will always be that to me. The happiness I had as a child and girl when I lived with them and went to school in Darwin. Now at 96 she is fairly well and as mentally alert as always. Wonderful sense of humor and her girls with her, Mabel, Esther and "Joe" and the fine care and love they give her, and Ada lives just across the street .

On May 9, 1966 the girls took her to St. Lukes Hospital in Pasadena, for Ex-Rays. She had a lump on her throat and the Dr's. found a deep rooted cancer which had begun in the back of her throat and entwined around the wind-pipe. Operating was out of the question -no pain, but some discomfort. Jo, Mabel and Esther are with her around the clock and she is receiving 14 X-Ray Therapy treatments and is a good patient and nurses and Drs. love her — come to see her during all the day and is enduring the treatments with great calmness, as she would, and amazing all the staff. Only a mild stomach upset and no reactions. Jo brought her home Sunday, May 29th and happy to be home. Will continue to take treatments. The nurses and Drs. call her "Grandma".

She did so well all summer and celebrated her 97th birthday Dec. 24, 1966, and Christmas and her large family in and out to see her. Greeted the New Year, and suddenly on Saturday, 14th, she "left" for 3 days, knew no one, could not talk or take food. Tuesday A.M. Father gave her the last Sacrament and the Dr. said he could do no more for her. Suddenly Tuesday night as they were making her comfortable, she opened her eyes and in a clear voice said "hello Jo" and "I'm hungry". They gave her some broth and water and she went to sleep and slept soundly all night and woke

Wednesday morning with a smile, that strong will to live in her frail little body. The family were in and out all day; the grand and great-grand children --she was a great-great.

Thursday morning, Jan. 19th, 1967 she woke early which was unusual and wanted to sit up. They fixed her pillows and she had her coffee and said "I'll have breakfast later, now I want to take a nap", turned her little head on the pillow and went to sleep with a smile on her lips, and she was gone, our beloved "Mrs. L". Jo called me that night, raining cats and dogs, and I called her Thursday morning. She had no pain, no fear, and was burried Saturday 9 A.M. after services at the Catholic church where she used to like to go until a couple of years ago when it was hard for her to walk. An awful emptiness in that little home she loved and in all our hearts. I would have liked to have Dick and Val attend the funeral, but Sat. is always a busy day for them, so I did not call them. Funerals tear me to pieces and at Mattie Etcharrens, September 4, 1942, I said never again. So I will always "see" my "Mrs.L" as she was when I kissed her goodbye Oct. 4, 1965. So ends the long full life of a remarkable lady, with love in her heart always for all, never malice.

Jo called Ed Dupea to tell his mother. Aunt Annie had recently fallen and broken her hip again and not too well -- is in a Rest Home and well cared for, but we think "Tatzumbe" will soon take the long trail of no return and join the other Arambula's waiting. Their kind can never be replaced; "Unforgettable Characters", and I'm glad I grew up in their time and knew them all my life.

"Mrs. L's" children were devoted to their mother, and took good care of her.

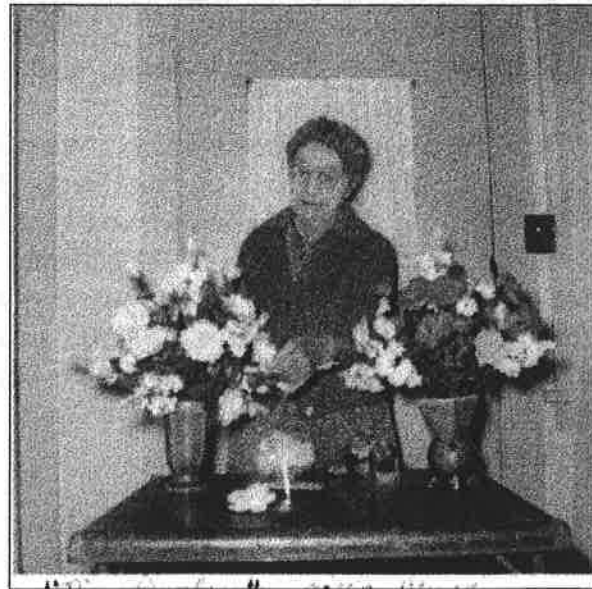
Christina (Chris, my chum) Maurice Silva was born in Lone Pine Sept. 21, 1889 and has been gone since May 29, 1954. She and Henry Hutman of Darwin days were married May 18, 1913; one daughter Mamie (named for Mamie Reynolds) born May 12, 1916 in Lone Pine. They divorced in 1928 and Henry died in 1952; had lost his left arm when a car turned over on him in 1932. He was born in Hamburg, Germany, March 26, 1875 and came to Darwin in 1903 as a miner. Later, 1905, opened the Black Metal Saloon, a popular place for "the boys" solo games and at times a poker game lasting several days and nights! Those growing up days are unforgettable in happy memory.

Adalaide, "Ada", born 1897, married Murray Clay in Darwin, Feb 16, 1915. Eloise born Jan. 12, 1916, Josephine Nov. 24, 1918, Dorothy, "Dinty", Dec 23 1920; many grand-children and several great grands. Ada and Murray were divorced in 1930. She later married to Fay Malone and they live in Alhambra - no children. "Malone" works for Laura Scudders Potato Chip people. Ada died Sept. 29, 1967 in Alhambra, aged 70.

Mabel, born June 6, 1900, married Asa Best in 1917. They eloped, but marriage was annulled. Later she married George Ellinger; he died in Los Angeles, 1963; no children.

She died in Alhambra, May 29, 1977, 77 years old.

Esther, born April 6, 1902 in Los Angeles; married Mike Sianz in Lone Pine, 1923. Son Billy born August 9, 1924. Divorced; married Sabin in 1920's, several children. Then married Harry Kincaid; several children, now grown and have children of their own in northern California. Youngest son Tommy, 22, lives in Pasadena. (1966)



Catalina Arambula Silva Loughery Kennedy — always Mrs. Loughery to me. My beloved old friend since 1901. Born Dec 24, 1869, died Jan. 19, 1967. My heart is full of happy loving memories of this good woman. This picture taken on Mother's Day 1960.

THE ETCHARRENS

Domingo was a French Basque, born in St. Etienne De Basgorn, France, May 7, 1860 and died in Darwin June 25th, 1940. A good and fine man and a bachelor all his life until Martha "Mattie" Jane Long got her noose over him and finally after 9 years of trying they married in 1915.

Like so many young men in Europe, to avoid the army in the 1800's, Domingo came to America when 18, and to Los Angeles where he worked in vineyards and in 1880 with another Basque (Frank Carthery), started for San Francisco with a band of sheep, 800, camp wagon and dogs, up through Newhall Pass and San Francisquito Canyon to where Willow Springs is, on over Tehachapi and into San Joaquin Valley. The trip took six months and the flock increased. They cut across to the end of the bay and up to San Francisco and drove their flock up Market Street in 1884 and delivered to the owners. They got jobs as herders and took flocks into the Sierra Nevada to summer range.

Frank and Domingo in 1887-8 conceived the idea of becoming sheep owners, so instead of returning in the fall they drove the sheep over into Mono County, down Inyo and into the Hunter Ranch Mt. and settled in an isolated region. Later Jens Ness and Silas Reynolds built their cabin and winter range there, so they hid out over a year. Meanwhile the owners began looking when they did not return in November to the home ranch. In 1889 Domingo and Frank got word their whereabouts was known so they "took French leave" and in 1890 turned up in Darwin. Frank settled down and became watchman for the Defiance property and pipe-line;

Frank Carthery, a Frenchman, later married a Piaute and settled in Darwin and to them was born Eugenie Carthery, named for the French Queen, Empress Eugenie...wife of Napoleon III (1853-71), May 26, 1894. She was called Jenny by all of us, now Jean. Her mother, Susie, was Shoshone, from Death Valley Indians.

Domingo went on to the Junction and took up 160 acres, house, barn, blacksmith shop and pipe line that Greenes of Lone Pine had located and built in 1876 when Panamint City was booming — more about it in another article.

The sheep owners got their sheep back and never found the herders! But when we were kids Frank would never let us take his picture, always turned his back!

Frank was born in France April 8, 1853, died in Darwin February 16, 1917, only 64 years old. Susie could not live without him, he had been her life, and as our Indians could do, decided to die in spite of all our efforts to help her and Jennie. Susie could not live in the home for so many years where Frank died and the other Indians, Maggie Stofel especially, would not take her in to die in her house, so Jennie moved with her into Harry Floyd's old house in the wash and two weeks later Susie died.

Domingo Etcharren, 1935



Domingo was born May 9th 1860 in St. Etienne De Baigorri, France and died June 25th, 1940 in Darwin. Came to America when he was 18 to avoid the army. With Frank Carthery, another Basque, became a sheepherder. He ended in Darwin and was a well known part of Darwin history, prospecting and dealing in real estate.

(Note: the marble-topped table was rescued by Bess, when Susie began throwing out all the possessions.) Later this house became Mickey Summer's home until he died February 3, 1953.

Jennie stayed with Mattie and Domingo until March 1st, 1917 when she married Martin O'Malley. (She died May 24, 1954 in Los Angeles, had 7 children, 4 living.) Jennie ordered white marble headstones for "Father", "Mother" and they arrived in June and were on Etcharrons porch in their crates, the old house, when fire broke out July 7, 1918 and in falling pieces were broken off and burned brown, as they are today in our cemetery on the graves.

I digress — Back to Domingo who made the Junction home and open to all, a night or summer months. In 1890 John Carricart, 19, joined him from the old country, also to escape the army. They prospected; worked the old Bryan Mine, later had a few cows and butchered and took meat in a 2 wheel cart and mule down to Ballarat, which was a busy little town; mines working and drifters in and out. Domingo had a saloon with Clare Tyler and his brother Chris. Also Domingo had a fine pack train of mules, Napoleon and Josephine his favorite sorrels. Eight mules and the bell mare Belle, which he rode and the mules would not leave. She was light gray and the mules love white horses, for reasons of their own - also love colts. Domingo packed ore, hay and grub to the miners, located the Anvil Mine in the Southern Panamint at Anvil Springs. "The Gibraltar", as he called it. Packed ore out and hay in to Modoc and Minnietta - a beautiful sight to see those fine mules with 2 bales of hay on either side of the aparejo, tied head and tail.

In 1904 he and Jack "Kane" Keane were prospecting in Nevada, Bullfrog and Rhyolite booming; found nothing and were heading for Ballaret and camped at Daylight Springs and the old tale; lost stock, found rich ore is very true. The morning they decided to break camp the mules were gone, so they started tracking them and coming into Death Valley at the base of the Funeral Mountains lost the tracks, so Domingo walked one way and Jack another and came across float; forgot mules, caught up with Domingo and they prospected and located the ledge and put up their monuments. Then found the mules and back to Rhyolite with rich samples. Found a prospective buyer in Rhyolite — many there, Wingfield and others, and the deal was closed; \$25,000 divided gave \$12,500 each. Jack went his way; the Keane Wonder was developed; camp, mill, and produced a short while. Domingo came back to the Junction and to Los Angeles and later he and Al Millspaugh went prospecting in Nevada -- by automobile this time.

He sold the Junction to Frank Howard (another article). John went to Johannesburg (see Carricart) and with all that money everyone was Domingo's friend. He went into partnership with Silas Reynolds in 1905, buying Anthony property of the 1876 days. (See other article on this) When Howard failed in his payments, Domingo took back the Junction and few cows. Then when he and Silas dissolved partnership he kept the cows on winter range at Junction and Sierras in summers.

Domingo Etcharren, 1935



Out at "Longs Well", repairing his pipe line with old inner tubes and bailing wire, standard repair job for his line and the Darwin Pipe line. "Save your old inner tubes and bailing wire is getting scarce"!

He made his home and property available to all who came by for as long as they wanted.

Pedro by Remi Nadeau -- over to Boot Hill and I think enjoyed best of all the magnificent view down into Panamint Valley and all the Panamint Mts., Telescope and as far south as Ballarat.

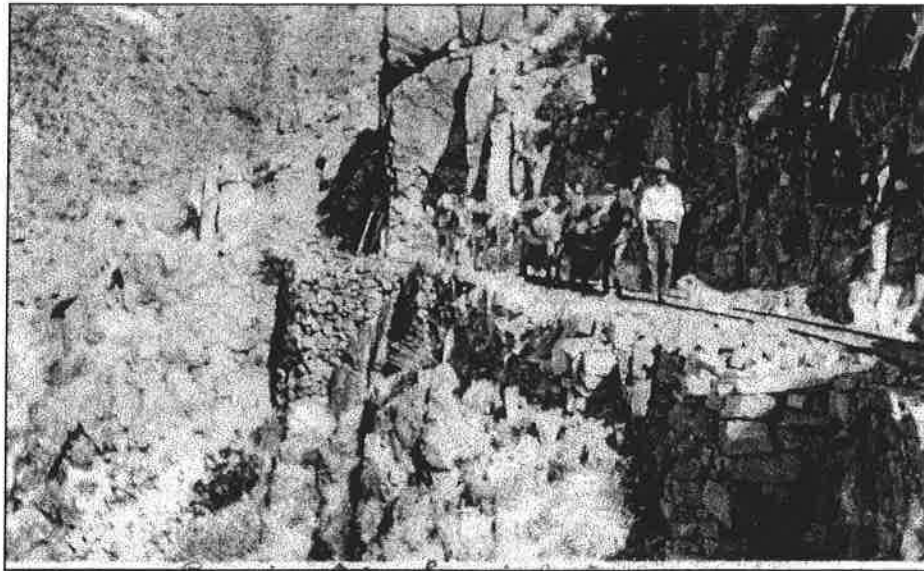
Modoc is situated on the top of a flat malapai mountain with a high hill at the north and lower ones on three sides. Coming out of Modock to the west, Nadeau had built a fine wide grade, rocked walled with malapai over which the road was built. This lead to a steep box canyon down and across uper Darwin wash and into Darwin. Nadeau's road continued on south along the base of the west side of the Argus Range to Stone Corral, which he had built as an over night camp and then on to the Junction and south west into Indian Wells Valley, another fine piece of road work. Both grades built by his engineer, Hamilton, and the one down to Indian Wells Valley we always called The Hamilton Road.

After our Modock trip we walked over to Snow's Canyon 5 miles to spend the day with Jack Cress -- chicken dinner and wonderfull rice pudding, 12 eggs! Jack had chickens, these old timers were always glad to see people and went out of their way to show it, no matter how short they might be on grub, there was enough to share. Jack had a fine camp, well built house for himself, bunk house and cook house for miners and a 5 stamp mill. He was alone then, Mrs. Cress wouldn't stay at Snow's Canyon, lived in the city. Later that spring Milo and I went over and spent part of the summer packing ore down and he and Milo making the Mill runs. We camped 2 miles above at the upper end of the can-yon, which also is a box canyon as are all except Shepherds Canyon, 20 miles south. Each Sunday we walked down and spent the day with Jack. He and Milo would make a mill run, and how he could fry chicken and mash potatoes and gravey, vegetables from his garden and that wonderful rice pudding. He was a very fine man, a real "Old Timer".

We really had a wonderful time and experience that week with Ralph and Bill and when the week was up, slowly made the up-hill all the way trip back to Darwin. No wild rides and the wagon empty except for our bed rolls and on one of them we parked Meriam!

Ralph and Bill leased for quite awhile, then Bill left for other prospects. In 1915 Ralph returned, everyone came back to Darwin in those days! Late one night he climbed on Frank Carthery's roof, which was tin and when it creaked he "meowed" like a cat! and shoved barley sacks down the stove pipe. Next morning we heard loud cussing and smoke pouring out Frank's doors while he climbed up on the roof and pulled the sacks out, threatening vengeance to Ralph, who was standing in the street. Frank knew he did it, up to his old tricks! The rest of the town was taking it all in as the men were on their way to work. Late one fall night in 1916 we heard screams and running feet down the street, we went up the street and called Al Belin, who was constable at that time, and by the time he and Milo got down to the old store, Ralph had this Mexican down on the floor of the porch behind a big old iron safe that stood

Packing Out — Snow's Canyon, June 1914



Milo with the pack train with ore — 2 sacks on each burro. Jack Cress loved his stock and never overloaded them. Each sack of ore weighed about 80 pds, gold ore. We had a grand time here — worked 6 days a week and Sunday spent with Jack. Our camp was 2 miles up the trail, about 1500 ft. rise from Snow's Canyon. Jacks were prospectors best friends and many a mine was found when hunting for them!

Prospected for 40 years and spent 25 hunting for them!

there for years and with his big pocket knife was carving the poor Mexican's face, who was yelling bloody murder and scared to death.

They pulled Ralph off and tied him up and Al called the sheriff, who arrived from Independence at 7 A.M. Those days it took 5 or 6 hours by Model T! Charley Collins was Sheriff then. Took him up to the County jail, from where he "walked away" and that was the last Inyo Co. ever saw of Ralph. A year or so later we heard he was shot to death in a gun fight in Arizona and probably burried in Boot Hill! Hasta Luego, Ralph!

*FREEMAN S. RAYMOND AND VASQUEZ
TALL TALES OF HIDDEN TREASURE*

Freeman S. Raymond died August 24, 1909 at his place, Coyote Holes, which was on Walker Pass road. An old time stage station and Post Office; fine meals, an oasis in the desert on the long haul from Mojave to Owen's Valley and to Millspaugh.

"Old Man Freeman" was 85; had been Post Master at Coyote Holes more than 25 years. In 1907 a summer "Water Spout", or cloud burst came down the wash through Coyote Holes, doing much damage and carrying Raymond down the wash 7 miles and all he received besides cuts and bruises was a broken leg.

He and his wife, who was from Boston, were held up several times and robbed of her family silver by Vasquez when he was rampaging through the country from Newhall with his gang. They would come riding in, seat themselves at a table and demanding service in loud and frightening manner, while waiting for the stage to come through from Mojave and Cerro Gordo. Lined up the passengers and took all — quite often the haul was high from mining men going to Cerro Gordo. He also held up the south bound freight wagons with their loads of bullion, but the bars were too heavy to carry many on horse back and many discarded along the way. When I was a child I saw several at Indian Wells used as door stops. Mrs. Raymond was a lovely person and it was a delight to stay over at Coyote Holes and hear the stories of early days and Vasquez and his band on their raiding trips. She closed Coyote Hole in 1912 and made one trip back in 1913 with her sister.

To continue with the stories and tall tales told by old timers of Vasquez and others hiding their treasure and gold nuggets in high caves in the Cosos; of \$60,000 in the malpais south of Little Lake and around Coso Hot springs; a lot hunted for that at various times. Old Coso Country was gone over with a fine tooth comb years ago. At Old Coso there was a little 5 stamp mill in the open, no covering and any could use it to make a "mill run". John Carricart and John McMahan made several in 1904-5 when they prospected all that country and old mines, also every wash. They built a "dry washer" and cleaned up days wages, \$5.00, then. They kept the nuggets and fine gold in little bottles, beautiful stuff, just hanging together in very little quartz, course gold. John gave me a beautiful specimen in a pin, which some one stole later.

I seem to have gotten off the hidden treasure - but none was ever found and like the story of the bandit on the white horse who rode fast at night by old desert wells, if one put their mind to it when camping there could hear the running horse and the misty figure on moon light nights.

DEATH VALLEY SCOTTIE

Much has been written about Walter Scott --Death Valley Scottie-- but he kept folks guessing for years and enjoyed every bit of it. But we old timers knew all the truth about Scotty. His wealth consisted of some fine specimens of "picture rock" which he higraded from Nevada mines in the early boom days of Rhyolite, Goldfield, Tonapah, where he worked and was common practice of the miner's to bring out a fine one, a piece at end of each shift, till owners put a stop to that. So read all about the stunts he pulled from the 1900's until he and Johnson built the Castle in Grape-vine Canyon at extreme northern end of Death Valley. He never had a "gold mine" of any richness, did some prospecting, but used his head and lived "high, wide and handsome". The best stunt he pulled is in my little pamphlet "Chasing Rainbows in Death Valley" by Sidney Norman, -a classic- all true and probably not a half dozen issues left. Should be in the Independence Museum with other old books, pamphlets of mine of mining days and the stories of truth I've written of those days and places. So all our old timers gather round up in the sky at the end of the Trail and "swap tales" of the good old days, rough at times in a wonderful country and life was good.



"Scotty and the Chinaman" Fraser Post Card Photo

Post card from Agnes Reid – no dates. Taken in front of Rhyolite Bank Building. Just as he looked in those days when he used to stop at camp and tell me his "yarns" with back against corral fence, legs straight out and hat down over his eyes.

Coyote Holes in the old days — 1910



Freeman Post Office — stage station between Indian Wells and Mojave and Kern River road over Walker's Pass. We rode in this same kind of car when we went from Olancha to Independence to be married and back to Olancha July 12, 1910.

Freeman S. Raymond was carried down the wash named for him and which the highway crosses, seven miles in a cloud burst that hit just above Coyote Holes and he came through it with just a broken leg. A fine hardy old man, then 75 — 1908. Much damage to lovely resting place — Coyote Holes.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond were here when Vasquez used to hold up the stage and freight teams from Cerro Gordo and Owens Valley. Held them up twice and took her family silver she had brought from the east. She was Freeman Raymond's second wife — he came to Coyote Holes in the late 1860's.

Letter to Russ Leadabrand — our friend, columnist for the Pasadena Star News and author of many travel books.

Sun, March 25th, 1978

Hi Russ Leadabrand — why those chin whiskers! You look terrible! The little girl was wrong when she told Lincoln he should grow a beard! Dick sent me your Stove Pipe Wells and Death Valley thoughts — it does wrench my heart to see my beautiful home country overrun by strangers, but it is you and other writers who opened the door for “the maddening crowd” to rush in. No longer can we old timers unroll our beds by the side of the road, watch the brilliant stars and fall asleep in utter peace and quiet.

Christmas Eve, 1937, Bob (Dick's brother) and I camped at old Harmony Borax Works snug in our sleeping bags after supper by the camp fire when a sound woke me, and there was Kit Fox tugging at my mince pie we hadn't put in the grub box. I poked Bob's sleeping bag and said “hush, look,” but the kit left, we waited and he came back with reinforcements and the 2 pulled at the pie — dragging it away — I didn't want to lose my glass pie dish, so we finally rescued it.

From the time we left Furnace Creek we did not see a soul till we got to Searles (old Garden Station) except at Cave Springs at extreme end of valley we filled up with gas and back to Owl Springs and camped. Then followed the old 22 Mule Team Borax road — traces were still plain — Wingate Wash and Pass and Searles. Bumped over the rail- road tracks and on to Indian Wells Valley and Lone Pine. Took in the old Ashford Mill ruins and old Confidence Mill, machinery still there then.

As for Scotty's Castle — the peace and quiet there is ruined. I was rather shocked to see lunch counters and curio's installed — 3 years ago. I've been through it so many times, guest of Scottys' years ago. Johnson loved his tall tales — a tall white haired quiet man. A few tried to make something of his wife's death coming down Townsend Pass in the car accident. The winter I worked at Stove Pipe Wells, 1946-1947, I took several of the girls over at different times to see his “castle”, the road was rough then. Easter time in late 30's and early 40's some of we/us Darwin folks would go over the hill for the services, then on down to Furnace Creek Ranch and breakfast and spend the day with Mary Thorndike, who taught several winters there; John held down the Mahogany Flats home, also worked in Trona. Then head for home in the gorgeous sunset — stop at Panamint Springs to visit with Reids. Maybe in all that time we saw a couple hundred people.

My mother was one of the first in 32 cars over the Toll Road and to Tent City of Eichenbaum's Stove Pipe Wells, 1926. “Bungalette City now open, beginning November 1st, 1926” Spring 1947 “Monte” Montgomery and his daughter “Dude”,

(Frances), sold Stove Pipe to Rudy Henderson and Major George Palmer Putnam Jr. and Margaret — then Georges' sudden death 1949. All the fancy new buildings now has spoiled it for me. One thing about the Ranch and Inn they haven't changed too much. At least Ubehebe hasn't changed yet — if the road just isn't improved!

If you dug down deep to the 1900's in Los Angeles Times Morgue you would get an idea what Scotty was like just before and after the record breaking train trip to Chicago. The fellows around the Times and the Hollenbeck Hotel who fell for his "Gold Mine" in Death Valley and the beautiful picture rock he displayed — hi-graded from the Nevada boom camp where he worked before Death Valley knew him. A.D. Myers, "Al" of famous Mohawk Mine in Goldfield, first met Scotty at Rhyolite. Myers was known as "The Father of Goldfield" — dubbed "The Millionaire" — finally arrived in Los Angeles and the Hollenbeck Hotel and Rob King, and Sidney Norman of the Times decided to see for themselves — not one time, but a second. Rob was proprietor of the Hollenbeck Bar — they were all friends of ours.

June 1st, 1908, they were met at Barstow, Myers in his silk shirt and \$23.⁰⁰ Panama hat, by Scotty, brother Bill and wife "Jack" — who not too long after, had all she could take and left for comfort and civilization and raise their son, Walter, — never to return. Scotty and Norman in lead buckboard, Myers and King next and bringing up the rear with supply wagon and Bill and "Jack". Scotty and Norman in lead buckboard, Myers and King next and bringing up the rear with supply wagon and Bill and "Jack".

Second day to Hidden Springs in Wingate Pass, where the mules mysteriously disappeared. There they met "Johnny Behind The Gun" Cite — maybe in on the deal. They finally made it to Eagle Borax Works and camped in the Mesquite and then the mules left — all pre-arranged and Bill Keyes was in on it. Scotty took off to find them and for "7 days in Hades" they waited, horse flies all day, "misquitos" all night and amusing themselves all day by ordering imaginary iced drinks and then their tobacco ran out on the second day and Myers spent his time looking for "snipes" on his hands and knees. To while away the time they made catapults from strips of packing boxes and rubber bands and waged bloody warfare on the horse flies — "big as bats". In 5 days the count reached 1000 slain! King was sick, so on the 7th day Norman and Myers walked to Furnace Creek for help, 25 miles. Norman had been at Greenwater during its' short boom; they started out at night, crossed the salt flats and at 7 A.M. got to Furnace Creek, having slept an hour or so on the way. Myers took off his shoes, then tried to put them on and walk once more — "like a cat on hot bricks" or walking on eggs. They sent an Indian back for King and "Jack" and then they arrived with the news Scotty had come back with the mules that morning and sure enough he drove in with a flourish and story of having to follow the mules back to Barstow, full of apologies and anxiety to go on with the trip — but weakened when Myers and Norman wanted to, so they knew the "jig" was up and

they might as well fade away with as much dignity as possible and so left the "jaws of hell" for the Paradise of Los Angeles. They hired a team and took up the road in Furnace Creek Canyon to Death Valley Junction and the Tonapah & Tidewater railroad and the delights of a Pullman.

"Jack" was Josephine Millius and married Scott in 1900. Norman's opinion was it was "high time state officials took some drastic action towards ridding the valley of Scott and his band and if they won't then the Federal authorities should be called upon" Scotty laughed and kept on his merry way — 1908-09.

He dressed in a big black hat, red neck-tie, "biled" shirt and cut-away coat and hung out on Broadway in front of the Hollenbeck — becoming a well known site for passers-by sight! He got in with the Movie Stars in the 30's and early '40's and would roll into Darwin in the 30's with big autographed pictures of them and show them to me and we'd talk and laugh about the old days. The Franklin car people gave him a new one each year — the snub nosed model. One was still at Scotty's Castle in the 1940's and may still be in the barn.

During the Nevada boom days a Wells Fargo shipment was held up — 1905 about. A few days later Scotty arrived in our part of the country for the first time. Always had a fine pair of mules, rode one and packed the other, and arrived in Ballarat. Domingo Etharren had his saloon then — soon after he (Domingo) and Jack Keane "Kane" discovered the Keane wonder while hunting their mules. Every time Scotty bought a drink he paid for it with a 20 dollar gold piece. Hung around a couple of days and left in the night and arrived at our place, Millspaugh, in the morning. Stayed over a day and took off during the night and in a round about way through Hunter Ranch Country and to Grapevine Canyon and located that fine water. Domingo was always sure the 20 dollar gold pieces came from the robbery and for 40 odd years he filled the gullible public and they loved it. One couldn't help but like him, even we old timers who knew him well. Now they are all gone — me and a couple of others left.

I'm having some delightful corresponding with Roberta Starry — Randsburg. She is interested in my old Indian friends, also when I carried the mail on horse back in 1910 from Brown to Millspaugh 6 days a week — down one day and up the next, 40 miles. And George Pipkin is keeping busy, we write when something of interest comes up. Dorothy Cragen is fairly well. Oh yes, I voted for you for another term of Trustee -at-Large. Maybe you are not interested in the foregoing, but it's nice to share true facts of old days and our characters. Never no more like them and God's Country as it was.

Elizabeth L. Mecham

DICK KENNEDY

Dick Kennedy was a hard-working "hard rock miner" in and out of Darwin in the 1900's-1910's for several years. Leased the Minnietta Mine, east slope of the Argus Range, Panamint Valley, from Jack Gunn. He shipped his ore out by mule pack train, by trail over the Mt. by old Modoc and down the old Nadeau road from there and into Darwin and on to Keeler or unpacked and loaded on a freight team -- 10-12 mule jerk line team -- From Keeler it went north on "The Slim Princess" narrow gauge to Mina, Nevada, transferred to Carson and Colorado Railroad, finally arriving at Shelby Smelter, San Francisco, California, where Dick would arrive later to receive the beautiful 10 and 20 dollar gold pieces, always reported to be anywhere from 10-20 thousand dollars; whatever it was, it was worth it after the hard work for months at a time, generally by himself.

The saloons received a real spender and their bars, but even gold money did not last forever, even in those days, much help was given to separate a man from his money. Dick would take the "Keeler Cure" and arrived back in Keeler with empty pockets; maybe a few dollars to help the boys celebrate, then back to Minnietta to do the whole thing over again. Old timers claimed he took the "Keeler Cure" 8 or 10 times down through those prosperous years. He used to cut some high old capers when in Darwin. He and a pal, (Ralph Williams), would sleep in the barn, wring necks of chickens roosting there and eat them - so t'was said - anyhow the chickens would disappear and the coyotes could not get them all. They were also great egg-suckers. He worked for us one time at Millspaugh and we caught him in the act, so the eggs were locked up in the "root cellar".

Harry Floyd, an Englishman from London, a "remittance man", received money regularly to stay away from a home and family! He came to the desert for his health — and if to be healthy is to be dirty, he ranked the highest. When he arrived in Darwin he brought with him fine suits of clothes, wool knickers, belted jackets, full dress and tuxedo suits with high silk hat and fine shoes, all from London. He lived in a small tent with dirt floor and slept on the ground. One of Darwin's many characters, before and since! On one of Dick Kennedy's many visits to town and being duly "siwashed" refused any more drinks and tossed out of the saloon, he raided Harry's tent and dressed himself in the Tuxedo and after parading up and down the street would change again until all of Harry's clothes were ruined after Dick rolled down the street in them. One night he lay in the street in front of Carthery's and called Silas Reynolds every name he could think of, then rolled down the street and in front of the store of Reynolds, called Carthery all the same names! The folks paid little attention to this sort of thing. Dick was drunk but harmless!

....Haelsig's Store at Brown, Jan 1910



Mrs. Haelsig in front of store, Milo in car with dog, Louis Rapp at rear wheel and Mr. Turk, Mrs. Haelsig's father, on seat with Milo Mecham. Barney Sears is the big man in door, as he looked when he first came to Inyo County. Barney was an old timer who ran a "poor man" pack train into the mountains from Cottonwood Canyon..

One time we did, when he was in the long room in the hotel where several cots were rented out at "4 bits" a night and he emptied his 6 shooter through the wall facing the street and everyone ran for cover. Those holes were still there when the hotel burned down July 7, 1918 in the second fire which wiped out our business houses. The one before was in August 17, 1917 which burned the two blocks across the street and which also took the Saloon and barns.

One night in Independence on a cold night the saloon was full and the stove red-hot. As usual Dick had been "si-washed" so he went outside returning shortly with his hand in his coat front, walked over to the stove, opened the door and threw in a stick of dynamite, saying "all who are going with me keep their seats". Of course everyone stampeded out the door and the bartender along with them. Nothing happened and one brave soul crept up to the door and looked in and there was Dick behind the bar, a bottle of whiskey in each hand and probably a pint inside of him. Everyone joined in the joke and it was drinks on the house -- just another one of Dick's tricks! He was really a very nice man; quiet when sober, little to say, but what a different man when drinking, tho he never harmed anyone and always a gentleman around the ladies. In the early '30's he became ill and would no longer work and entered the County Hospital in Big Pine where he died, September 1, 1933. His trick with the dynamite was to empty a stick of powder, close the paper ends and that is what he threw into the stove!

In 1910 when I was carrying the mail from Millspaugh to Brown, he was in town and late that night we heard yelling - "head him off --there he goes" with proper profanity, of course. Thought he was seeing the "white horse and rider" who rode on a run across Indian Wells Valley on noon-light nights; the ghost rider from the days when Vasquez and his gang made periodical trips into the valley holding up stages and stage stations, Coyote Holes and Indian Wells.

The nights I was in Brown I stayed with Hailzig's, who had the store and Post Office and rooms. We went out to see what was going on and a bunch of the Aqueduct fellows, as drunk as Dick, were trying to catch him. That "white horse" could be heard in the stillness of the night as he flashed by at Desert Wells by anyone camping there - I remember seeing him one night! On my next trip down Dick was sober and wanted to get back to Darwin, broke of course, but never failed to pay all bills. Thought I would be down with the buckboard, but not that week, so he eventually hitched a ride to Keeler. A true old-timer character!.

EDWARD BRUCE WHALEN

Born in New York June 17th 1871 and met a tragic death July 11th 1943 on the Yellow Grade below old Cerro Gordo. When two years old his father was killed while working on the building of the Brooklyn Bridge, leaving his wife and family. His mother took them back to Ireland and left Ed with his grandparents, where he grew up, returning several times to New York, and stayed in 1889. There he met his "Molly" and they were married in 1890 when he was 19 and she 17. They settled in a tenement in a New York "walk up". The baby was to arrive in 1891 and shortly before when he was leaving for work one morning she leaned over the railing at head of stairs for a last good-bye, losing her balance and falling to the bottom of the stairs, dying, and the baby also.

Ed never got over the loss of Molly all down the years of adventure over the world. He joined the Merchant Marine, 1891-92 and was stationed in China ports and knew Shanghai, up the Yangtse, Hwang - "Yellow River", Hong Kong, Canton, saw the Great Wall and inland China.

Returning home he enlisted in the Navy and saw service in the Spanish-American War. His papers "Fireman 1st class, U.S. Navy, enlisted Dec. 8th, 1896, discharged Dec. 8th 1899 with Honorable Discharge at expiration of enlistment."

In 1900 he came west to prospect in Nevada gold boom days. He had read a great deal, attended school in Ireland near Dublin and when in New York. In the west he spent much time in and around Sweetwater, Bridgeport, and some placering at old "Dog Town" and into Inyo Co. and Darwin in 1910's with his "Jacks", back to Nevada and returned to Darwin in 1920's. He bought Cash Clark's house at north end of town (across from Simon Campbell's) at a Sherriff's sale.

Aided in the search for Simon Campbell when he disappeared completely May 17th, 1924, no trace or word has ever been known. Simon left his watch and lunch bucket beside the trail from Lone Canyon where he was working and which Wallace found when he went to look for him.

Later Ed bought John Henning's lots and little cabin in the wash, Burro Alley, just east of town. (Block 7, lots 5-6-7, Harry Floyds 8-9, later Micky Summers.) He made the little house comfortable and painted green; built a garage and painted it red. In the late 1910's spent summers in the high country and at Leavett Meadows out of Bridgeport. In 1920 he met Mr. Knapp at his camp on Bubbs Creek west of Independence and Kearsarge Pass. They became friends and for the next 14 years Ed stayed at Knapps camp in summer. Several good cabins here to be ready for guests who came in from west side so some winters he stayed at Dunlap and Selma, etc., meeting folks who became close friends for years and each June left for the high country from Dunlap with pack outfit and his pet horses, Prince and Charlie, and dog

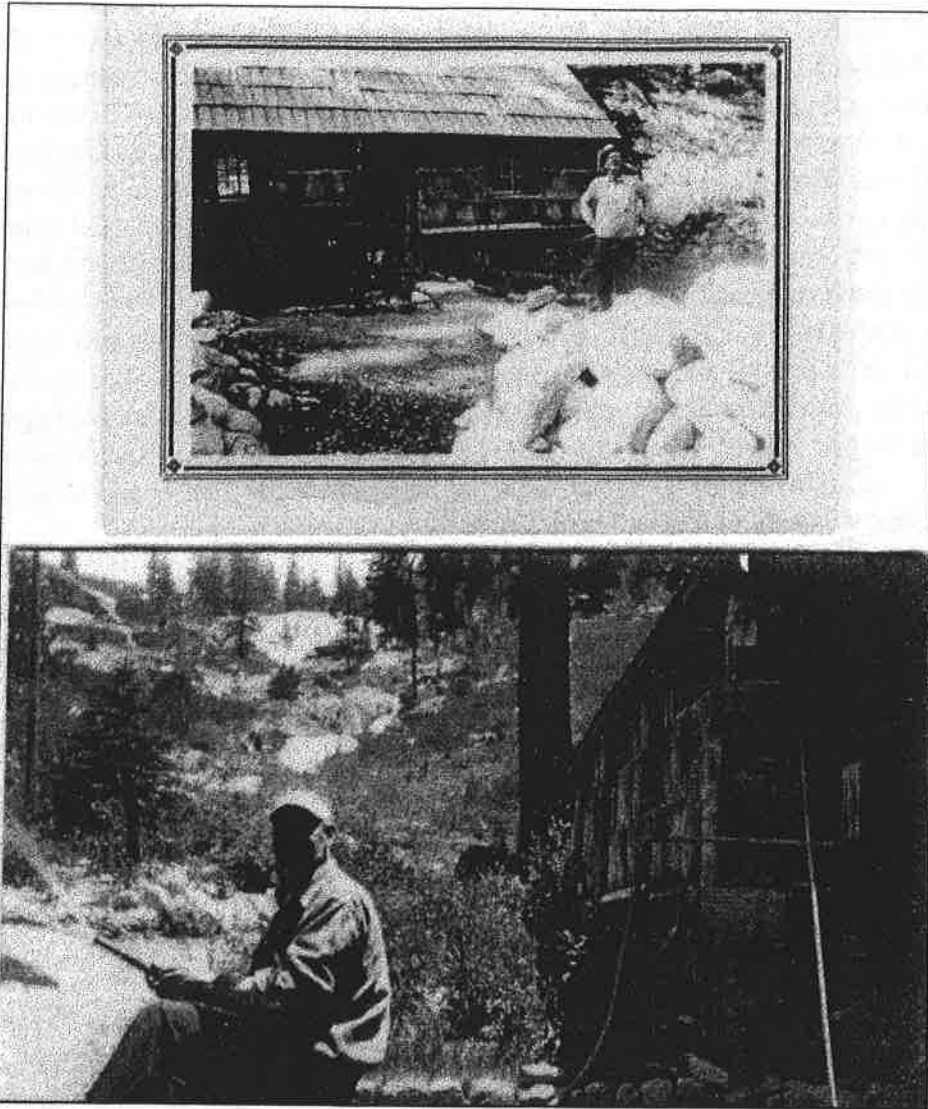
"Duke". Up through Zumalt Meadows and Kings river to Bubbs Creek. Each day he raised the stars and stripes over camp. Knapp and his friends came in and out during the summers and in the fall Ed packed out.

So 14 happy years passed and then during the winter of 1933-34 the camp was wiped out by heavy snow and Ed found it gone when he went in in June. He spent his winters in Darwin and left when fishing season opened May 1st in his car to camp on Walker River and later at Leavett Meadows. The first of each month driving to Darwin to pick up his Navy pension and supplies on the way back. He and Lou Owen were great friends and "Jo" (Owen) took care of Ed always if ill. She was very good to him and so were the girls, Jo Jr. and Katherine and he helped them all when they needed aid.

In the late '30's - 1936-7 - Ed had a mild stroke and left him lame in right foot which he sort of dragged as he walked - could always hear him coming! He thought a lot of Dick and Bob and always visited Bob and Pinky when in Lone Pine. During World War II he wanted to help and a watchman was needed at Cerro Gordo which Anaconda was leasing, or rather, Arthur Theis of Shell and Socono people, who had bought the Defiance property from the Lord people who had it from 1920's after Kirby and Co. took over in 1916. Kirby worked The Lucky Jim, and built the big house, smaller ones and mill and machine shop and worked during 1920's, running the "radar" tunnel through to tap the Defiance. Big enough to run a truck in; tracks and ore cars later.

So on Sept. 22nd 1942, Ed went up to Cerro Gordo to stay and do his bit for the war effort. He came home on the first of each month to pick up his pension check and mail and on to Lone Pine for grub and stay awhile with Lou and Jo then back up "the hill" -- a trip he dreaded, had his 1937 green Ford Coupe -- below Cerro Gordo a couple miles is the old Estrellita mine and cabin and old George Clapp was staying there as watchman and came up often to see Ed and get whatever he brought from town. I sent magazines and wrote Ed any news or "gossip". July 1st he came home for mail and check and said he didn't feel very well and I told him to tell Henning and then go on to the Mts. to camp and fish and he thought he would. He "dreaded that grade up the hill". Went on to Lone Pine but did not stop in Keeler as he generally did, several saw him go through in the afternoon. He had left his little dog at camp in the house and worried about him, he told Owens and so would not stay all night with them. Jo had gone to their new home in El Cerrito and Lou was to follow in a few days. They had bought a nice place on the hill above town -- "fine view, can see Bay and San Francisco and the bridges", Lou said (and he had 7 years there, dying March 10th, 1950, 79 yrs. old -born Dec 8th 1871, a year older to the day than Mama. Jo Sr. now 87 on Oct 5, 1972. Josie 55, Oct. 13, 1972 - she teaches and she and Neva live together. Jo Jr. has never married).

Ed Whalen at Bub's Creek 1930



Ed spent 14 summers at this summer camp as caretaker for owner Mr. Knapp of L.A. and San Joaquin Valley country and for 10 years packed in from Dunlap —the last 4 from Independence. The winter of 1933-34 the camp was wiped out by a snow slide. Ed spent that summer '34 rescuing camp equipment and etc., but cabins were gone and Mr. Knapp said he was "too old" to rebuild. It was a lovely camp, Ed says, and he felt very bad over it—had spent many happy summers there.

So the following could be right out of the old west where so many met the same tragedy. Wallace and Edna were in Lone Pine and met Lou who asked if Ed had been home as he hadn't been to Lone Pine on his usual Sat. trip and to spend a few hours with Lou. Ed had also told Lou his "ticker" bothered him and he dreaded the "yellow grade". Julia gave him a big bag of fresh apricots from her tree and he started for Cerro Gordo about 5 P.M., did not stop in Keeler. Somewhere on the grade he must have been stricken, if motor had died he would have backed into the bank, in spite of Dr. Shultz. Pete and I always believed he had a heart attack or a stroke, the car rolled back and over the edge of the road and turned over several times and on the last turn the door came open throwing him out and the car rolled over on him. Instant death, if he was not already dead. The car stayed on its wheels on the last roll, the hillside was fairly steep. This was on July 1st, and a week or so later George Clapp went up the short cut trail to get groceries Ed had bought for him. Ed wasn't there, his little dog was in the house, so George started back to the Estrella and saw the car, so went down the road and found Ed lying in the blazing sun. Took his wallet and change and went back to Cerro Gordo, got into the cabin to get his bed tarp — went through his "war bag" and took his revolver, why he left the dog locked up he couldn't remember. Went back down and covered Ed with the canvas, rocks holding it down. All this we got out of him at the inquest, Did not go down to Keeler to notify the sheriff — couldn't tell why. A harmless old man with a good heart and a twisted mind — not crazy exactly — but not quite "right".

Wallace and Edna came down to the house next morning (July 25th) to see if I'd heard from Ed — Lou was worried. We decided to do something, so I called the Sheriff and Sam Spear, deputy, and asked Sam if he would go up to Cerro Gordo and see if something had happened. He left right away and drove to the mine. — saw nothing— looked all around, went down to the end of the grade and back to the mine and down again and saw the car. The sun had shone on the windows and attracted him; as he got out of his car he found on the edge of the road a quarter, dime and nickle. Went on down to Ed, as George had left him. George had tried to get the car off the hill and run the gas tank dry - all the oil had run out of the crank case as it rolled over and over. Sam came on down to Keeler and phoned me to come in Monday and what was to be done would be.

Bob Thorson took me to Lone Pine Sunday P.M. and I stayed with Pinky. We talked about it and that we had a "feeling" for several days and she dreamed of Ed and "saw his blue eyes". Monday morning, July 26th, Sam picked me up and we met Sheriff Cline, Dr. Shultz, district attorney Francis, Chris Carrasco, the Co. Coroner, Harry Mack, Constable, John Hemming of "The Hill", Sam and I. We started for Cerro Gordo. The car was plain on the hill and Sam could not figure out why he hadn't seen it at once on his first trip up. We stopped on the grade and walked down —I couldn't look, so hunted around in the sage brush for his watch. Found the chain on a bush, but no watch so it was decided George had taken it. They found Ed mummified, but the coyotes had not gotten at him. I'd talked to Pete and Wallace and

we decided he should be buried in Darwin with his old pals, but Dr. Shultz and Carrasco advised leaving him until cool weather. They had brought a box and Shultz promised we would get the permit and bring him to Darwin later. Sam thought it best, so we looked around and found a short drift; they rolled the bed canvas around him and laid him in the box and carried him to the tunnel, closing the entrance with dirt and marking so we could find it —several drifts on the hillside, prospect holes.

Then we went up to his house; Mr. Henning of Darwin Mine had joined us, having hired Ed as watchman on Sept. 22, 1942. Ed felt proud that he was contributing to the war effort in a small way. It was decided at the inquest that Ed had died July 11th and laid in the sun and heat 2 weeks. On the kitchen table was an envelope addressed to me containing his will. In gathering his things and bed roll, I told Sam "his 38 revolver is not here". Henning put the things in his car to take home and we all went down to Estrallita to George Clapps cabin -he was watchman for that property of Cerro Gordo, (2nd), all leased to the Arthur Theis and Sacona Oil Co. lease of all Defiance Mines, Darwin. George may have been "slightly off", but he was clean and a good man. So we gathered in the room and Judge Francis, District Attorney, sat at the small table and the rest on boxes and couple of chairs and Sam and I sat on the cot. As George stood in front of us leaning over the table telling Francis how he found Ed, I nudged Sam and pointed at George's hip pocket where the handle of the 32 revolver stuck out. Sam said "George, what is in your hip pocket?" and George reached around and pulled the gun out and gave it to Sam and said he found it in the cabin at the bottom of Ed's "war bag". Earlier we had looked all around the spot for Ed's watch and I had found a piece of the chain on a bush, but no watch. So Sam asked George if he had found it and he insisted he had not, but did have Ed's wallet and money intact, but couldn't explain the quarter and nickle we had found on the edge of the road where the car went off. He had probably dropped it as he climbed up to the road....unsolved mystery!

After the inquest we all left. Sam took me to Lone Pine and we stopped at Ellis' garage and I asked them to go up and bring the car down. Take gas and oil and it could be driven off the Mt. and to town. The top was mashed down, but otherwise O.K. They ordered a new top and straightened out the dents --war time and of course other priorities, but by Nov. it was all repaired and painted and I took it home and drove to Altadena for Thanksgiving. Before repairing, I drove it to Independence and stayed with Mamie when the will was probated..

In Sept. 1943 I began driving school bus from Darwin to Keeler, Lone Pine, Owenyo and back at 9 o'clock. At 3 P.M. took Owenyo and back to Lone Pine and picked up the Keeler kids and on to Darwin, we got in at 5:30 usually.

Early in April, 1944 I drove to Keeler one Sunday and up the canyon to Cerro Gordo, left the car and climbed the hill and looked around so we would know the best way to bring Ed down and suddenly the sun hit something shining under a bush and there was Ed's watch - all the heat of the summer before and the snow during the



In Darwin Cemetery

Headstones for Bess Mecham and Ed Whalen.
Bess born August 22, 1891 and died December 11, 1981
Ed born June 17, 1871 and died July 11, 1943

winter and a lot of people up there to rummage around, and there it was! I picked it up and wound it and set it and it kept time from then on. Ed had said he wanted Bob to have his watch. So on a Sunday, April 10th, Theo Petersen, "Pete", Ed's old friend and I went up in the "little Green Ford" and Bob Perry and Jack Harrington in Tucker's pick-up and parked at the foot of the hill and climbed up, located the drift and the coffin. I'd received permission to move the body from the County, and with a lot of struggle we got him down to the truck. Stopped in Keeler so the boys could have a beer. Didn't stop in Darwin but right on over to the cemetery, George Cinnamon had dug the grave. Pete and I felt Ed would not want anyone to see him, but Dick Wallace and Micky Summers followed us over. I had a couple of Ed's keepsakes, his Mollie's ring and other small things in a small jar which we slipped into the coffin and laid him to rest at long last by his old pals. It was odd, but still not under the circumstances, his uncomfortable position in that short drift on that steep Mt. side — I could feel his presence and "see" him sitting at the dining room table in the straight backed chair where he always sat when he came down to get books - he was a great reader - and we would talk of everyday doings around the town. After we brought him "home" and buried him I never felt his presence again. Wallace and I talked of it and decided he was content at last. He would cook corned beef and cabbage often on Sunday and have Micky and I in to eat dinner with him. A good man and a good friend - to meet such a tragic death.

I wrote to the Veterans Administration and sent his Navy papers for his head stone - a simple beautiful granite block with his name, dates and we had George Cinnamon cement it on the grave and a low cement wall around the grave.

So many across the wash - Domingo and Mattie, Al and Vie Belin Wilson and Harry, Micky Summers, Dick Wallace, Jim Burns and Johnnie McDonald, half brothers and together all their lives. All the others and my Indian friends. I wanted to be buried there, but not now. I want to be cremated and my ashes to blow across the cemetery on the wind. Please do this for me, Dick and Bob. I want to be that close to beloved old friends and the country I love so much.

Note: And her wishes were unknowingly granted, except that her ashes are buried next to Ed Whalen, with a malapai stone for her headstone, August 22, 1891 - December 11, 1981. We had always thought she wanted her ashes scattered over Millspaugh, but could not do it because of NOTS. So things have a way of working out for the best.

"MICKIE" SUMMERS

Michael J. Summers came to Darwin in 1912, a wild Irishman, hard rock miner, and spent the rest of his life in Darwin. Hard drinker, hard worker - a good man, all things considered. Certainly harmed no one and a good friend, spent 20 odd years sinking the shaft on his mine above town by himself. Climb down, put in his rounds, climb out, after shots climbed down, filled the bucket, climb up and hoist the "ore" up and dump with thoughts of millions in his mind, but never made a sale. With his other claims that one was his "pet"... "Shenandoah". He was born in Chicago Dec. 28th 1872 and died in Lone Pine Feb 3rd, 1953. I'd talked to him at the Dow Christmas time 1952 and he said "Bess, I'm on the wagon for good now and he was so proud, preserved in alcohol most of his life! He danced the Irish jig and how he could dance it! In the saloons in Chicago when a kid and gathered the pennies tossed at him.

Left home when a kid and bummed his way around the country, learned mining and finally ended up in Darwin when 40 years old and lived there until his death at 81. When Harry and Lucille Floyd left their house in "Burro Alley" on edge of town to go to England and lick the Kaiser in 1914, Mickie moved into their house and lived there all the rest of his life. Very clean, all the old miners and prospecters were - few exceptions. Had a big bed and a huge black bear-skin coat. He and Dick were good friends when Dick was a lad. Lived in the place, an old wobbly high fence had been built with door gate way back in early days and dug cellar cave at back end under the edge of the wash in the hard pan. Was on one of Ed's lots, so Ed paid the taxes for years and didn't realize it. His 5 lots in a row on east side of the wash - we kids called it "tin can alley"; deep in old cans and an occasional water spout came down the wash and carried them all down to the big Darwin wash and burried. So lived another of our Darwin "characters" - men sufficient unto themselves and whose like will never again be seen. Lived hard lives, hard drinkers, and good men. So long Amigos!

SIMON AND KATE CAMPBELL

The Campbells were Canadians who came to Keeler in late 1880's and worked at Cerro Gordo. Daughter Elizabeth "Lizzie" born in Canada 1875 and in her teens then. She met and married a Keeler man and whose name I have forgotten! Simon never forgave her and when we were kids in Darwin would not allow her name to be mentioned, "her picture was turned towards the wall". Kate grieved, of course, but in those days man ruled - "you do as I say or else". Simon was a good, kind man and we all liked him - used to work for us at camp. Kate spent a happy week with Mama, first time she had been out of Darwin since Wallace was born in Lone Pine 10 years before, Dec 22nd 1894. He used to come over often and stay a week and we rode stick horses all over the hills and shot our 22's. I got mine first, then Wallace got his and then Chris got hers. I could "shoot the eye out of the face on a tomato can"--Wallace thought I was wonderful because I could shoot and ride and he loved coming over to stay and to be with his dad. And he was the "apple of his mother's eye" as she grieved for Lizzie, who by then had moved to Canada and made one trip home in 30's --a lovely lady.

When Wallace went to High School his first year in Bishop he lived with the Bigelows --Kate Bigelow taught us in Darwin in 1907-8. When he was 18 in 1912, the next three years in High School he went to Winnipeg, Canada, and lived with his sister Lizzie, whom he had not seen since a baby. By then Simon had "softened" --Lizzie was 19 yrs. old when Wallace was born.

Simon was a real "hard rock miner"; good company always and we cared a great deal for him the years he worked at camp. A "Scotchman" with a lot of humor, drank at times as did all those fine old time miners, and who also met a still unsolved disappearance. The tragedies of those early days. Simon loved to play Cribbage and in 1900's so did Theo Petersen (Pete) after he came to Darwin in 1904 and the two would spend many evenings "15-2, 15-4". I can still hear them - also Milo's Mother and Dad at Coso-Keyes Camp 1910. Some evenings Chris and I would walk up to Campbell's with Pete and she, Wallace and I would play cards at their old round table, drop leaf, and would tip if we leaned on it. I have that old table -- on my porch, 100 years old. Wallace gave it to me in 1938 after his Mother died at the County Hospital, Big Pine, Oct. 1937.

When Jess McElroy lived with Campbells 2 years while going to school, Domingo paid the expences so Jess could get out of Ballarat and saloon environment. Domingo and Clair Tyler had a saloon and took an interest in the boy, 12 years old in 1904.

That summer Domingo and John Carricart took him to the mts. and climbed Mt. Whitney on the west side up from Crabtree Meadows - wonderful summer for the lad and them. So Domingo had him go to school in Darwin 1904--1906. He was a

good boy. In summer of 1906 he and his Mother, Maude, came through camp with pack burros on their way to Nevada - Tonapah booming. He would write and tell me about the gold fields.

But I'm getting away from Campbell's and Wallace's return at Christmas, 1916, and did he think he was hot stuff! He met our school teacher that year, Evelyn Boyer, and they were married in 1917 and moved to San Bernardino where she taught several years and then were divorced. (She was from Farebault, Minnesota, and was a fluttering type. Hated Darwin and we didn't much care for her! She taught two years in Darwin and then they left for San Berdoo.) After coming back to Darwin in 1922 — he never really got over her— she came on a visit with other teachers in 1934, but they never got back together, tho he tried.

He bummed around Nevada a long time -no money, no work, and came home and worked at the Lane. Simon was prospecting in Lane Canyon and on May 17, 1924 on his way home left his lunch bucket, watch on the side of the road, where Wallace found it and simply disappeared and never seen again, except that on the evening early Frank Chrysler was riding into Lone Pine and a Ford touring car passed him and Simon was in the back seat and Frank called "hello" as the car passed and Simon waved. Days were spent in hunting every foot of the country — all the mines, holes, even into Panamint Valley — not a trace of Simon was ever found, or bones. So? Maybe the two men in the car were friends and he just got in the car and shook the dust of the years in Darwin off his "Buckingham and Heck" miners shoes. He was too old to have walked far and would have been found, tho no tracks to follow. A Mystery. He was 74 years old, born 1850.

On June 9th 1939, Wallace and Edna Baker were married in Garberville, Nevada. She came to Darwin in July, 1936 to work for old friends Leanard and Polly Hartsock, in their restaurant. A lovely person, 33 years old. Her sister, Mary was married to Leanard's brother, George, so they were in-laws. After 19 years Wallace, very ill for a long time, died in Lone Pine, Calif. Oct 10th, 1958 and burried in Masonic part of Independence Cemetary.

They had a lovely trailer in Lone Pine. On July 14, 1960 Edna (Baker Campbell) and Felix Castro were married in Carson City. His first wife, Stella Carrasco - whom I knew since we were little- had died soon after Wallace, Dec 30th 1958. They were friends and lonely and after caring for Wallace she deserves contentment and they are happy and celebrated 12 years. so far in 1972. Stella was ill a long time. Mary (Hartsook) lives next door; George died in Lone Pine April 11, 1970 -- 78 years.

THE REIDS AND ART PIVAR

William Allen Reid, son of George and Florence (Jones) Reid of Macon Co, North Carolina, was born June 8, 1885. He was a Franklin Co. North Carolina mining engineer, belonged to the Masonic and Odd Fellows Lodges. He came to Oregon when 18, mined, moved to Yerrington, Nevada and boom camps. In 1918 went to Sierra Talc and was Superintendant there for 25 years.

Agnes Cody, born March 22, 1893 in Republican Nebraska, came to Nevada in 1900. Her father was a cousin of "Buffalo Bill" Cody. She met and married Bill at Lucky Boy, Nevada, July 14, 1909, the first couple to be married there. First child, Dixie, was born June 22, 1911 and died November 4, 1911. Second child, Florence was born July 13, 1913 in Goldfield Nevada. They came to Talc Mine in 1918 and stayed where they started to build Panamint Springs Resort. In January, 1945 Bill died of a heart attack and in April the cafe and service station was destroyed by fire. But the Cody in Agnes Reid persisted and she carried on business in a small cabin while a new fireproof building was erected.

(For more on Agnes Reid, see George Pipkins story in Desert Sands, sent to Bess by Agnes in 1964.)

This story is of Florence Reid and Art Pivar who moved to San Francisco and in 1943 were stationed at Air Force Base in Ajo, Arizona. They later settled in Mill Valley, California, permanently. They had two daughters, Nancy, born March 17th, 1943 and Dixie, August 10th, 1947.

In the '50's Art built the first Trimoran on San Francisco Bay, first in their yard, later at a building by the waterfront in Sausalito. Business boomed, he made several trips across the Atlantic and Pacific in different models. Wrote several good books about those trips with pardners. Exhibited at Boat Shows in U.S. and England. Also managed his Underwriters Insurance Business -- Advertising and Shipping Magazine in San Francisco. In everything assisted by Florence except the voyages!

In 1968 he developed a steering set-up to use at night so he could sleep. In March, 1968, a boat Show was to be held in San Pedro-Long Beach and he was to show his latest trimoran and demonstrate the night steering invention. So on Nancy's birthday, March 17th, he set sail alone; Florence and her mother, Agnes, stood at the bridge approach and watched him come under the bridge and sail on out through the Golden Gate, happy in doing what he loved, to disappear forever without a trace.

Massive search was set up by foot, air and boat, everywhere along the coast and miles out at sea. Islands searched and as far south to the Archipelagos off Baja and beyond, and up the north coast. No wreckage of any kind has ever been found. So the final conclusion is, during the night, somewhere offshore 25 miles in the shipping lane where he would probably be, a large vessel whose look-out failed to see his riding lights struck and completely destroyed his boat and Art, and unknowing continued on their way.

A sad loss of a fine man, mourned by his family and friends, just past 58 years old. Florence continues to carry on the business and life by keeping busy. "Time heals all wounds," but there always our Memories. He and his family were happy people. Agnes lives close by in Mill Valley and her days are filled doing for others.



Agnes Reid at Mill Valley 1978

MECHAM COSO KEYES CAMP

1908-1912

20 miles South of Darwin, and
40 miles from Railroad, S.P. Southwest
at Brown, Kern County, California

West 12 miles from Millspaugh Post Office, Inyo County, California.

1 mile South of old Coso road, halfway between Junction Flat and Cold Springs near Base of Louisiana Peak.

December 7, 1910, from California State Mining Bureau. received from J.G. Mecham, 965 14th St, Oakland, Alameda County, a specimen from Coso, Inyo County, which is 16 miles in a Southerly direction from Darwin, which is quartz with limonite, pyrite, and good gold values.

I knew Bill Keyes when a girl. He and Scotty were prospecting together in the Death Valley region. In 1908, James Mecham, who later became my father-in-law, and Bill were prospecting in and around Death Valley and camped at our place, Millspaugh, in Shepherds Canyon in the Argus Mts. Later Bill sold Dad some gold claims and Dad named them for Bill, The Coso-Keyes Gold Mining Co. A shaft was sunk and work done off and on for several years and finally shut down for good. My husband and I ran the camp for awhile, but gold is where you find it, and that was not the place.

You are no doubt familiar with the Scotty Tales and Sidney Norman of the Times who with Rob King made a couple of exciting trips with Scott to see his "Mines". They were all friends of ours and of my uncle's. We heard later that Bill had settled near Coachella Valley. I've often wondered about him, now know. It was said by others in our country he was part Indian; he scratched his name on Malapai rock near where old Indian writings are in a canyon, up from Junction Flat on the old Coso Road when he and Dad made the trip.

SKIDOO

James Arnold was original locator of Skidoo, 1905. Bob Montgomery sold the Montgomery-Shoshone Mine in Rhyolite and moved west across Death Valley to Tucki Mt. There he bought holdings of Ramsey-Mason and the town of Skidoo was born. "23 Skidoo" being the popular expression of that time, early 1900's. Ramsey and Thompson named the camp, in 1905.

The Gold and silver ore was rich enough to overcome Skidoo's isolated situation up on the rim of Death Valley of Panamint Range. The Tucki Consolidated Telephone and Telegraph Co. of Rhyolite strung wires across Death Valley over Daylight Pass to Skidoo up Telephone Canyon to link Skidoo with Rhyolite and the stock exchange, 1908. For years the old poles still stood in a straight line across the valley, up over Day Light Pass--gradually hauled away for firewood and fence posts.

The mill was built just below the rim in Telephone Canyon on the steep hillside with 20 stamps (if memory serves me)> Part of the mill was still there in 1931. Water was piped in from a spring high up on Telescope Peak, 22 miles. 8" galvanized pipe hauled in from Johannesburg by 12-14-16 animal freight teams; fine big horses and mules from the "rail head" at "Joberg" ..end of line of the branch line from Barstow. During World War I the pipe was hauled away for the war effort.

Skidoo News, 10 cents per copy, came out on Saturdays. Water piped from springs on Telescope Peak 22 miles in 8" galvanized pipe; hauled in from Johannesburg, end of the railroad by 16 -20 mule and horse teams. During World War I most of the pipe was hauled away for the war effort.

Saloons were "The Gold Seal", later owned by Fred Oaks and Joe "Hooch" Simpson, the "Bad Man" of hanging fame, also "The Club" and "The Palace". Trouble started April 19, 1908 when Simpson held up the bank cashier, Ralph Dobb, for \$20.00. Simpson was overpowered and hand-cuffed to a telephone pole. Judge Thisse (?) was sent for and Simpson put to bed under guard, but he found his gun and went across the street and shot James Arnold, whom he had picked a quarrel with after the robbery. Deputy Sheriff was Harry Sillars. Later masked men took Simpson and hung him to a cross arm on a telephone pole.

When news reached Los Angeles and San Francisco, reporters flocked in by stage from Joberg and they took him out and hung him up again for their benefit and pictures taken for post cards. I have one, or Bob has it(?). Thus the story went. It was always taken with a "grain of salt"...a tale enlarged with each telling, but there was a killing and created great excitement. I can remember when we heard of it and read the papers. Simpson and Arnold are buried at Skidoo. Quite a few Simpsons left town! Darwin had first hand news!

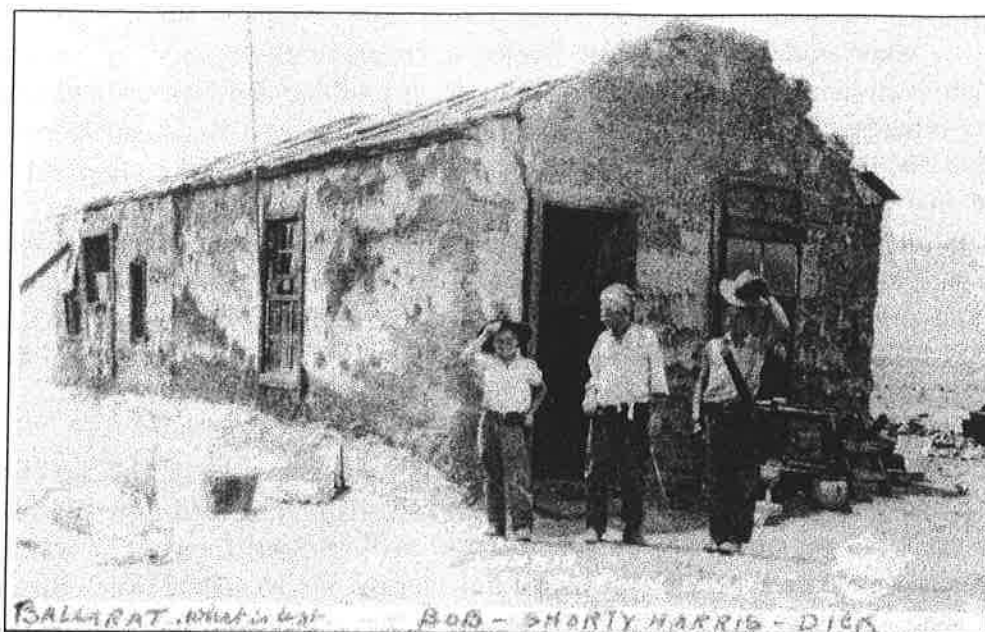
Population of Skidoo numbered around 700 at the camp's maximum. A bank and a newspaper. One of the original saloon buildings was hauled to Darwin in 1917 to replace "The Black Metal" Saloon, built 1876 and destroyed in our big fire Aug. 17, 1917 that burned 2 blocks of original. In 1918 the 2 blocks on west side burned, so only 2 original buildings of 1876-77 in Darwin remain.

When Skidoo was booming farmers in Owens Valley figured now was the time to get in on some of the gravey --selling fresh produce and hay, as everything was being frieghted in from Johannesburg over Slate Range into Panamint Valley. There was a ride down Slate Range on 6 horse stage one did not forget, horses on the run. The only way to Skidoo from Owen's Valley was to Darwin, over to the Junction and up to Shepherds Canyon and down into Panamint Valley and up it to Wild Rose Canyon and Harrisburg Flats to Skidoo. Silas H. Reynolds was supervisor of 5th district at that time and in business in Darwin with Domingo Etherren, who used part of his \$12,500 received when he and Jack "Kane" (Keane) of the "Keane Wonder" claims were sold. and their stories are told elsewhere.

So the Skidoo road was built in Darwin wash below Lane Mill, up out of the wash and graded down the side of the Mt., had sharp turns and dips and back into Darwin Wash and out across Panamint Valley to Wild Rose Canyon. It was a joy to watch those old mule skimmers hauling a freighter put his 16 animal team down and up that road. Later in 1912 when Al Miller set up his zink mine camp on Zink Hill, the road became known as Zink Hill,-a misnomer which I refuse to accept! It is "The Skidoo Road". By the rime it was finished in spring of 1906 Skidoo was fading and Owen Valley ranchers got little out of the deal. There never has been much written about Skidoo, just a "flash in the pan" in those days of big gold strikes. The location date should be on record at Independence, I think in the spring of 1905, as it was late in June when Shorty Harris and Pete Aguerberry were heading for Ballarat for the 4th of July and came across the "float" and Harrisburg discovery, and their big argument.

It is sad that we did not realize in those days the future value of newspapers, pictures and such and tales were enlarged upon as they passed from one teller to another, but there was truth in the yarns of rich strikes when prospectors were hunting their burros. They hung around camp until the prospector decided to move on and the next day the stock was gone...sixth sense! And so the float was stumbled on while hunting them (the burros). That's how it was with Domingo Etcharren and Jack "Kane"...camped at Hole In The Rock Spring below Daylight Pass, west side they decided to head for Ballarat where Domingo had a saloon with Clare Tyler. So Jack went one way and Domingo the other hunting the mules and Jack picked up the pieces of float, brought it in for assay, and so "The Keane Wonder" was discovered and if they had held out they could have sold for much more, but \$25,000 split in half looked big in 1904. This story is also told elsewhere...When I write of old days memory rushes in and I get side-tracked so one has to "winnow" out what they want. But as I say, so little was written about Skidoo and I have to dig into the few notes I have on it and memory....I hope the '49'ers continue on to 2049.

Shorty Harris at Ballarat's old Schoolhouse 1931



Dick and Bob with Shorty Harris in 1931. This building was the old school house when I was little.. Shorty Harris was a well known old miner who found many mines in the whole area. He made money, but like most of them, spent it!

His name was Frank Harris, born in Rhode Island, July 21, 1857. Both parents died when he was seven and he was cared for by an aunt and a kindly priest. When he was 14 he struck out for the West, doing everything to make a dollar; selling papers, shining shoes. He was in Yuma when General Grant's special train came through and he strolled up and down the platform with Fred Grant, obtaining 7 dollars to help pay his way. From L.A. he went to Leadville where he learned how to gamble, or how not to. He tried Cour d'Alene, Tombstone, and landed in Silver Peak, Nevada, broke. Here he found a claim and the \$7000 gave him another "good time".

Next stop was Panamint Valley where he made camp near Ballarat, which rose, flourished and decayed. At this time Shorty took possession of the unused schoolhouse and it was his domicile during his remaining years.

(See Chalfont's Gold, Guns and Ghost Towns)

EICHBAUM TOLL ROAD BUILDING AT STOVE PIPE RESORT

In 1926 Herman W. "Bob" Eichbaum, an electrical engineer, visited Death Valley, little known since the boom days of the 1900's. Plans were to build his "Bungalow City" on the original Stove Pipe Wells, dug and 2 lengths of stove pipe sunk to the water, a few feet for a watering and camping spot for prospectors. It was on the old wagon road across the valley and on which the celebrated car road race was held in 1905, up Wild Rose and Emigrant Springs, across the valley and up over Daylight Pass to Rhyolite. But when his loaded trucks broke down he unloaded and so the tent city was built on the present site of Stove Pipe Wells. Large eating tent and a row of 8 x 10 tents, floored and walled half way up, then screened and striped awnings to roll up and down over screen. Cots, wash bowl and pitcher, etc. in each at beginning. He planted a row of single stem yucca trees along the path in front.

On March 26th, 1927 he held the first Easter Sun Rise Services on the sand dunes and cross set on brow of hill above the bowl. Address given by Judge F. Bledsoe. My mother attended a party of seven cars from Los Angeles when the Toll Road was opened over Towne's Pass, miscalled Townsend! Toll was \$1.00 per car. Big passenger car busses, called "De Lux Motor" stages operated by way of Mojave, Little Lake, along the High Sierras to Lone Pine, at base of Mt. Whitney, to Darwin and down the "Skidoo Road" across the Panamint Valley to Toll Road up canyon to Townes Pass and down to Stove Pipe Wells, Bungalette City, beginning November 1, 1926, now open. "All conveniences of modern travel are available en route. Bungalette City at Stove Pipe Wells offers all modern accommodations of high class resort, cozy "rooms", baths, running water, comfortable beds," (plus the frequent sand storms not mentioned). "Bungalette City is operated on the American plan with cuisine par excellence. Fresh products are brought in daily. Only the best the markets afford. Pack animals are available with famous old time prospectors as guides. Thrills of the long ago minus the dangers and discomforts. Death Valley - the most talked of and least known region in America made safe for man(!) Limited accommodations! Make reservations at your hotel or write H.W. Eichbaum, Stove Pipe Wells, Death Valley, Inyo Co. California.

Most of the road work was done by hand, scrapers and blasting with black powder in long deep drill holes and mule power. And what a road! Narrow and winding up the canyon, and down again to meet the lower end of Darwin Wash. The west end Toll House was at the mouth of the canyon, built of tents, a gate across.

The old county road left the mouth of Darwin Wash and cut across the dry lake in Panamint Valley and up Wild Rose Canyon and over and down by Emigrant Springs, (a cave was there and prospectors camped in it). down from there and across Death Valley.

Eichbaum Toll Road



Road built by "Bob" Eichbaum, an electrical engineer. It went over Townes Pass and down to Stove Pipe Wells, Most of the road work done by hand — narrow and winding up the canyon and down again to meet the lower end of Darwin Wash. The west end Toll House was at the mouth of the canyon, built of tents, a gate across.

The new Toll Road crossed the county road, down east from the new Townes Pass and straight to Stove Pipe Wells resort, while the county road wound around rocks and brush following more or less the old wagon road. Few old timers used the toll road, the \$1.00 per car plus they objected to, it was longer around by Wild Rose, but who was in a hurry, except the tourists? When Skidoo was booming in early 1900's it was a long way around from Owens Valley and down Shepherds Canyon, then up Panamint Valley, and ranchers thought they could supply produce if a shorter way was found. Eichbaum can be given praise worthy courage to build his road and Bungalow City in awesome Death Valley! Yes, the tolls were collected at each end, mouth of the canyon and the resort. A man was stationed day and night at the gate, an Eichbaum employee.

Darwin was feeling good as the tourists brought business and on the holidays the cars went through by the hundreds. But building and opening of the new State road in 1937 put an end to travel through Darwin. After Eichbaum sold during summer months a caretaker was at Stove Pipe Wells resort and no collector at Toll gate, so folks skipped through and just out of Stove Pipe, cut over to the County road.

I forget just what year Montgomery "Monte" bought the resort, will be on records at Court House; he was a brother of Bob Montgomery of Tonapah boom days. Also a brother Frank, who worked at Lucky Jim mine when we did in 1918-19. All freight was hauled over the new road after it was opened to the resort, little other was as Furnace Creek Ranch brought their freight in from the east, Death Valley Junction, Tonapah and Tide Water railroad. Monte may have hauled from there also. Most of the travel was tourists, local interest not as great as later. Most prospectors still used their "Jacks" (burros), a few had model T's.

Eichbaum died a few years back, but I can't find my notes on that —should take a week off and gather all my notes and bits of data and put all in one place, and it would take a week! No doubt you know about good intentions.

OLD COSO

(This written Jan 3, 1964, at Rites' in Long Beach)

Old Coso believed first located in 1860 by a party headed by Capt. A.H. Clarke, in company with Searles Brothers and Beard, Keating and a couple others from Visalia. They located some mines, not much success.

Later, Joe Summer, a prospector, and party came and made discoveries on The Josephine; built arastra, with some profit. Then mine purchased by Holcomb and others of San Francisco. James Wadleigh came as manager, In 1862 they erected a small mill in Old Coso, then called Granite Springs. Then James Hutchings put up a mill at Willow Springs, 3 miles distant. In 1864 the mill was sold to Joe Thomas, who moved it to Clear Creek Mines near Kern River. Several parties ran the Josephine mine with some success for 3 years.

In 1866 during the Indian War troubles this mill was burned by the Indians and the district abandoned. In the winter of 1867-68, the Mexicans came in and permanently located themselves and in late 1868 had about 20 arastras worked by mule power. About 100 Mexicans in camp, the entire population about 150. The ledges are small, mostly lying flat, but very rich. The greatest abundance of ore found in the Mina Grande; the "Great Mine", formerly the Josephine. The gold bullion produced is worth \$15.00 per ounce and between April and October estimated between \$30,000 and \$40,000 taken out. In later years was renamed The Josephine, as it still is. (Read Chalfant's Story of Inyo).

Silver Mt., (named by M.H. Farley, of Alta, California news, July 24th, 1860-61), near old Coso is now called Silver Peak.

In January, 1875, the following springs were claimed:

Willow; Willow Spring Canyon, 2 miles west of Coso, on old Mill site
known as Willow Spring Mill and Mining Co.

Ceyala, 3 miles from Coso.

Margarita, 2 miles east of Cuervo Springs.

Granite Wells, in mountain range about half mile east, bearing north of Coso town.

Willow Mill, Brown (?), 5 miles from Old Coso. A natural corral (sic), 2 & 1/2 miles from Brown Bros camp west.

Emigrant, four miles north of Coso and about one mile from Brown's spring.

Arana, about 2 & 1/2 miles west of Brown Bros. camp. In addition, Quail, Stella, Fountain, Matarango, Chester and Canon were claimed.

Coso Hot Springs, Inyo Co., 1910



The way it was when I first saw it in 1902. Then there was a cold spring near the boiling ones, all of many colors. But later the cold ones disappeared and only the hot ones were there when Milo and I watered our stock in August, 1910. We had to wait for it to cool.

Mexican Arastra 1937



Old Mexican Arastra in Panamint Valley on road up to Surprise Canyon and Panamint City, taken in 1937. This is looking south to Slate Range and Argus Peak on the right side of the picture. Dry lake across the valley in distance and mouth of Shepherd's Canyon on right edge of picture. Ballarat to left beyond flat top hill.

MILLSPAUGH
THE BEGINNING AND THE END

MILLSPAUGH
THE BEGINNING AND THE END

In the "Gay Nineties", called so with fond memories of those who are no longer with us, Almon Nathaniel Millspaugh, born in Plainswell Michigan, January 2nd, 1860, had an Asphalt Mine east of Santa Maria, California, where he worked for several years, some of the product being used on the first paving of Main Street in Los Angeles with the steam roller and paving equipment which he owned. When Randsburg boomed in 1895 he established a freight line from Mojave to there using 10 and 12 horse teams and supervising the work and overnight camps on the 55 mile trip. On these he drove a fast buggy team. In 1897 he sold out and went over to the little town of Onyx on the south fork of the Kern River, known to all old timers as just "The South Fork", taking along an old friend, Lou Smith. They camped at Onyx, a "town" consisting of stove, barn and corrals and a few homes. Taking in tow Frank Pettipool, a native, and his wife Jessie, they prospected and spent the summer in the high country camping.

In the fall of 1898 the three men, leaving Jessie home, took off with a pack outfit and wagon for Mt. Spring Canyon, across the Indian Wells Valley, also known then as Salt Wells Valley. Nothing there to excite them, except to meet a fine old time Mexican, Juan Andrado, who had a cabin, plenty of water and garden and worked his silver and gold mine, "Bonanza". He was our friend until his death in 1904. So they went up Mt. Spring Canyon and across Junction Flat and to the east side of the Argus Range at the head of Shepherds Canyon where they found George Davis, "Old Man Davis", camping in a nice spot with small spring, which later disappeared as springs do at times. He was a plasterer by trade, now devoting his time to prospecting and keeping himself in beans and bacon and an occasional trip on foot to Ballarat, 20 miles down the canyon and across Panamint Valley, to restock the grub box and a bottle or so of Old Crow or Old Taylor (\$1.50 ea), the favorite and most common brands of "fire water". He invited the "boys" to pitch camp, the rare pleasure of companionship pleased him mightily - he was a good man. So they did linger and indulge in some prospecting of their own.

Davis had a little sheet iron cook stove and in it he put his samples of ore, gathered here and there and with the ordinary dry yucca wood he would add a few small pieces of "petrified" yucca, of which a great deal could be found then scattered around on the hills in small quantities, a very good hard wood of the yucca tree of which we had many beautiful and queer shaped ones. Late comers who know no better persist in calling them "Joshua", but to old timers they are "Yuccas". These same late comers misscall "greasewood" "Creasote", the former was named because of the brisk hot fire and drops of "grease" that dripped into the fire with a spluttering sound as one cooked over the open campfire. This "petrified" yucca made a slow even fire and any gold in the samples of ore dropped or melted out and days later he would shovel the ashes out and sift through them gathering nuggets if any and

depositing them in an empty whiskey bottle, which he "cached" in some hidden place, so he never was quite sure just where he had found the gold bearing samples of rock.

One time a young man came through, word having gotten on the "grape-vine" of "Old Man Davis'" bottle of nuggets. He was invited to stay over and "just happened to have a bottle" with him of which they partook during the evening and when Davis woke up next morning with a thirst, the young man was gone and also his bottle of nuggets with a value of a couple hundred dollars! But these three visitors were not of that brand. He interested them in the claims he had located and recorded and they took samples and then moved camp over to what was called "Devils Canyon", a deep inaccessible box canyon on the east side of the Argus range looking down into Panamint Valley but high falls preventing entrance from that side, only the one way in. The Indians sometimes kept a few head of horses to winter there and with a tree laid across the trail they would not get out—a fine spring there.

They made camp and spent several weeks prospecting, also experienced an unusual snow storm of 6 inches. So they packed out to Shepherds Canyon again and bought several claims from Davis, one called "The Yellow Metal" high up the hill above what later became Millspaugh (Camp) and another just over the "saddle" at the top of a small box canyon, this running east of camp and looking down into Panamint Valley and across to where a green spot called Ballarat, 20 miles away, glimmered in the sun at the foot of a rough mesa extending out from the mouth of Pleasant Canyon. The mines around there were working and prospectors in the hills, it was a busy place. Two saloons and a hotel and store, Judge Decker presiding over court when necessary, which was quite often, the jail usually occupied. Ballarat was the end of the stage line from Johannesburg, 75 miles south, 6 horse coaches in 3 times a week and out 3 days a week. The high light of the day was when the stage rolled in with the mail and maybe someone was aboard with money to invest in mining property or to just spend it in the saloon and a brisk game of "solo" which games often ran several days and nights, till the lucky one had all the money.

To get back to the claim over-looking the valley, it was called "The K.P.C.". Later a shaft was sunk 90 ft. but prospects did not materialize and no further work was done on it. The main mine remained "The Yellow Metal". Arrangements made, the men returned to the South Fork, aquired teams and wagons and material for setting up camp was hauled over. Millspaugh made a trip east to Omaha, Nebraska to arrange with Oliver J. Bailey, his brother-in-law, to finance the undertaking — it was never a stock Company — but a family business, consisting of Bailey, Millspaugh and Jessie N. Fowzer, and her daughter, the writer. Mrs. Fowzer was Bookkeeper and Assayer and later Post Master when the Post office was established in 1901. A stage line from Darwin to Ballarat was contracted by Charles Anthony, who arrived from Panamint City in 1876 and established the Store, Hotel and barns in Darwin. The stage came through at noon six times a week, down to Ballarat Mon., Wed., Friday, returning Tues., Thurs., and Saturdays.

Early in 1900 a crew was hired, spots graded and leveled, all with pick and shovel, and walled and floored tents set up. Lumber from Oregon for buildings arrived in Keeler on the narrow guage and at the same time a cloud burst hit the town and track, cars, lumber and all was washed out to Owens Lake - at that time a real lake. Work came to a halt until the lumber was rescued and cleaned after a fashion, loaded on freight wagons with 12 horse teams and hauled to camp 44 miles south east, a 3 to 4 day trip. That was my first summer at camp (1900) and when I wasn't riding my big black mule, "Jumbo", my feet sticking out from his broad back - I was a little girl of 7 and not more than 4' tall - I was "earning" nickles by scraping the packed soda out of the tongue and groove of the flooring and siding with a screw driver. It was hard as cement and every piece of lumber had to be washed before it could be used, the railroad gang not having done much of a job in the way of cleaning, so we all helped.

We had a cook, Miss Brice, and her brother Frank. They were from the South and amused us greatly with their soft southern drawl and odd expressions --"a right smart heap of lath over yonder." He drove team - hauling wood and everything else, a very handy young man. There was also Grandpa Millsbaugh, who came out from Plainwell, Michigan to spend the summer and do mason work, at which he was an expert as the stone walls he and Uncle Al built still stand and the boiler stone work -- all that is left of a beautiful camp. We have been called Perfectionists, and I suppose we were, things done must be done the right way and a little better than others do. Many deride perfection, but our camp was perfect in lay-out, buildings and cleanliness, a truly beautiful setting. The buildings were lath and plaster, tongue and groove floors and siding and dark red corrugated iron roofs. The main building had a fire place in the living room; bath room with tub and wash stand. The large entrance room was shelved for groceries and behind a dividing rail was the office with roll top desk and Post Office. The assay office was equiped with the finest material, furnace grinders and etc., a dark room for developing pictures from glass plates. Quick silver was used on plate for "clean-ups." My mother was an expert assayer and did a great deal of work for other mines and the many prospectors in the hills. Then planted slips from locust trees brought from Lone Pine were tenderly cared for by my mother and they grew large.

The first mill was built of wood and corrugated iron roof. It had two 1200 lb. stamps and concentrating tables, 3 copper plates for separating, a large ore bin at top of mill and rock crusher, a Fairbanks Morse Steam engine and steam water pumps. A deep well was dug and later a 50' tunnel or drift run from the 50' level, thus assuring a plentiful water supply. Ten feet below the surface level was another steam pump that brought the water to the boiler. Just north of the mill was a well equiped Blacksmith Shop and cupboards for carpenter tools, forge and large bellows, picks and drills, which were sharpened in the stock shed. A large water tank was up on the hill above the mill. 50 feet in front of the mill to the west was a very large pile of dry yucca wood used for fuel in the fire box under the boiler. I used to fire that boiler when a child and took great pride in keeping the steam up.

A root cellar was built of stone in the side of the hill. Floored and walled tents with stoves supplied the miners with comfortable bunk houses and until the boarding house was built, a large tent was the cook and dining room. At the foot of camp, south, were the corral and horse barns, the hay and grain barn and the saddle and harness and buggy room. Those who assisted at the first building of camp were Frank Pattipool and his wife Jessie from the South Fork, Grandpa Millspaugh, Dominique Estabarn, "Old Man Davis" who did all the plastering, Lou Smith and Uncle Al Millspaugh, who did the carpenter work and "bossing the job". Mrs. Fowzer did the ordering of supplies and materials, the bookkeeping, and she was also very handy with a saw and hammer, and I was all over the place with the dog "Cap" and "Jumbo", the gentle old mule. 12 and 14 head horse and mule teams hauled everything in from Mojave, after the fiasco in Keeler and the trainload of lumber, all the hauling was done from Mojave by George Coffee, some by Callaway. In later years from Johannesburg via Mt. Spring Canyon, which was also the way to Mojave. Indian Wells and Coyote Holes were well known stopping places and stage stations, also Hagens in Red Rock Canyon. When the railroad reached Brown in 1909 we hauled what we needed from there. All the fine people who helped to make Camp the wonderful place and home it was are now gone, except me.

The first Mill Man was Jim Banks in 1901-2. Later John Carricart became Mill Man. There was the man who could do anything, and he worked for us off and on when he had the time. He and Domingo Etcharren owned the Junction on Junction Flat, 6 miles west and north of camp on the road to Darwin.

When John Shepherd built the road down Shepherd's Canyon in 1876 to bring produce from Owens Valley to Panamint City a freight and stage station was built at the forks of the road to there and to the "Hamilton Road" which was built by Remi Nadeau up out of Indian Wells Valley and on north on Junction Flat to Modoc on the west side of the Argus Range crossing Old Coso road in the center of Junction Flat. Water was brought down from a spring at the base of Little Matarango, 2 miles, half-inch iron pipe was used. Mr. and Mrs. Green of Lone Pine came out to run the place. She brought slips of locust trees and planted them in 1874, almost 90 years ago, and they still live, suffering years of drought and neglect, then in 1940 to be brought back to their full beauty by the loving care of John Carricart and his wife Marie, who had returned to his old home as caretaker for the Navy after they closed all my old home country for a bombing range.

But back to our Camp. The mill made a few runs with ore from the Yellow Metal, now a shaft to the 50' level. In the spring of 1902, 3 miners were working, John Carricart for one, with a mule on the whim. Brices had returned to Alabama and "Grandpa" Tapman was cooking and hauling wood. Uncle Al was east on business, I was away at school and Mama looking after things. Davis was still camping there.

Original Junction House



Front original Junction house - "way station" 1876, built by Greene's of Lone Pine, who set and ran the Station. Planted the locust trees, piped water 2 miles from spring at base of Little Matarango, 1/2 inch iron pipe; later used in fences and 9 corrals. A pond was filled for ducks in back -- garden, fruit trees. This is as it was 1912-13. Falling to ruin. Domingo Etcharren took up the 160 acres homestead 1888, kept it up for years as home with John Carricart, who joined him from France. Any wayfarer welcome to stay. Prospectors, etc., spent summers here to get out of Ballarat heat. After he and Jack Keane discovered the Keane Wonder, Death Valley, 1905, he came and went. Sold to Frank Howard— had to take it back and by 1912 became deserted. No one left around — mines closed down. 1913-14 he sold to Summers and Butler cow out-fit from Bishop and Mammoth. Later they tore the house down, bought all our houses at camp Millspaugh and hauled over. Put up our boarding house, stacked the store lumber in front and cowboys burned it for wood. Set our assay office for line camp above the Springs on old road to Coso Hot Springs..... there it sat for years.

To divert again--. One evening when the building was going on, the men made a bet they would strike water at 25' with a well in the middle of the canyon below the mill. So after work and on their own time, they dug the well by hand, pick and shovel, 4' x 4', and at 24' the water came in, the finest, purist and coldest water anyone could wish for and it never lowered its level and we have watered 45 head of stock at one time using a hand "pitcher" pump. A half barrel was the horse trough, the boys framed it up and put a platform on and a square raised box on which the pump set.

Beside the well is a large flat rock on which the Geological Survey, U.S. placed a bench mark in 1906, elevation 6157' They stayed with us while they were surveying and placing Bench Marks, one of which they put on top of Matarango Peak, 8850'.

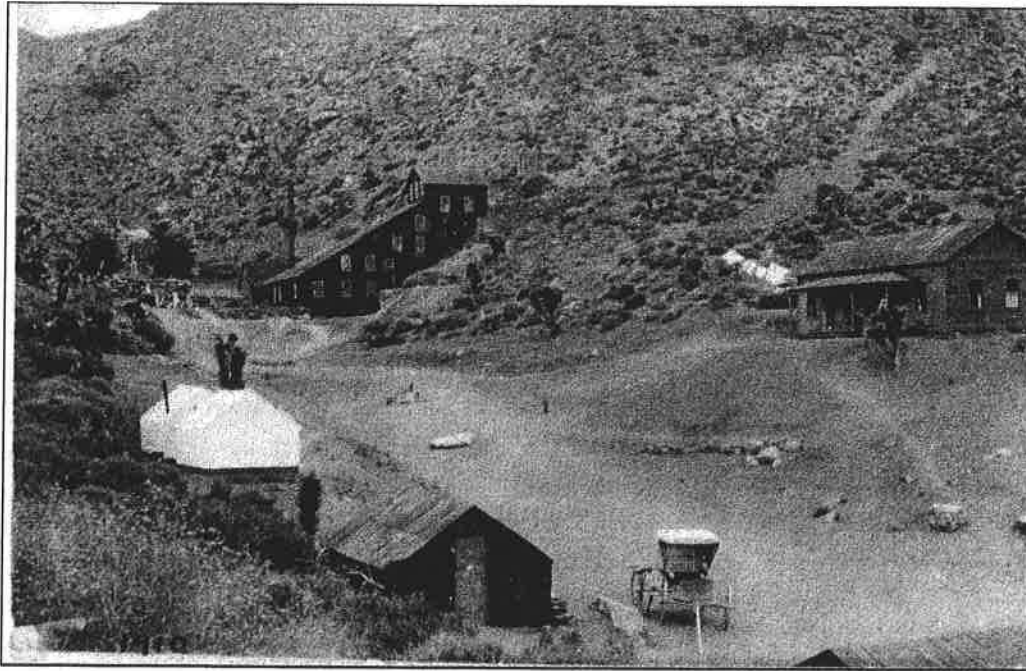
We made trips in the spring to Lone Pine for hay and fresh vegetables with our 4 mule team, "Beck" and "Jack", the white ones on the wheel and "Pat" and "Mike" on the lead; and in fall for hay and apples.

Back to the spring of 1902; Tapman was away this day for a load of wood, the men were in the mine and Mama and "Bill", the water spaniel, alone in camp and Davis at his place. That morning the men had opened a case of dynamite and left it setting on the work bench in the blacksmith shop. At 2 P.M. Mama noticed smoke rising from the big wood pile and from the mill. Running to investigate she found the interior a mass of flames. She did what she could with the hose until the fire cut off the water supply from the tank on the hill, and of course with the mill not running, the pumps were not. The open case of dynamite flashed through her mind and she went in the shop and carried it out and up the hill. By now everything in the mill and the wood pile was burning fiercely and up the hill came Davis, panting, and said "Mrs. Fowzer, I brought 2 buckets of water, what shall I do with them?" ! By then it was too late to do anything.

John Carricart came to the surface of the Yellow Metal shaft to get the powder and load the days round of holes drilled. Seeing the smoke he called down to the boys to come and took off down the hill. Of course, none of our horses were up, so John walked over to the Junction to get one of his, but the only stock he could find was an old mare with the string halt that belonged to Panamint George, so he caught her and rode back to camp, ate and saddled up and at 8 P.M. left for Indian Wells, 55 miles to the west, arriving there at 6 A.M., a long but fast ride, considering the mare wasn't the fastest horse but a good steady one.

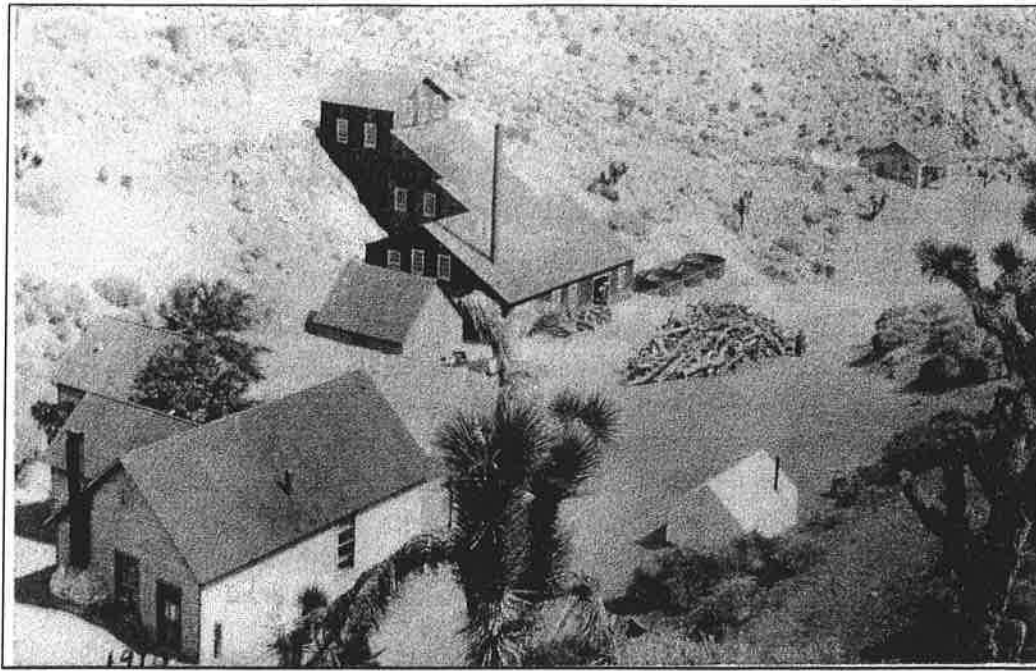
When the down stage from Keeler to Mojave came through John gave a wire to the driver to telegraph to Millspaugh in Los Angeles, who had just arrived at the Hollenbeck Hotel a day or so before. John started back that evening for camp, night being the best time to travel on the desert in spring or summer with stock. Upon receipt of the wire Al Millspaugh came by train to Mojave where our buggy team was

Millspaugh, California June, 1910



The second Mill built 1903-04 after the first one of bat and boards burned down in 1902. This one of corrugated iron —dark maroon red. The stamps were not damaged in the fire. There were cyanide tanks in the 2nd mill, doing away with the concentration tanks. We had a deep well at the Mill with pumps run by steam engine —Fairbanks Morse. Can't see store — upper part front. Assay office, blacksmith shop, Mill and tailing pond, and Boarding House. Wood pile is dried yucca's for boiler. Locust trees we brought from Lone Pine, just slips.

Millspaugh Camp June, 1910



This is 2nd Mill at Camp; 1st burned 1902, was bat and board. After a flood in 1908 sand washed in back of store building 3' deep. We dug out the back door.

Back of Store and living quarters and guest tent at right. Assay office at left and we brought these locust trees —little twigs from Lone Pine and how they grew and so beautiful. Mama coming up hill by large wood pile—yucca. Al in the Mill door.

Taken by Gus Haelzig of Brown; he had the store and was Post Master.

stabled at Mrs. Catlin's wagon yard and he left immediately for Coyote Holes. Ten miles out of Mojave one of the horses became ill, Jerry, so he had to turn back. The only horse he could get was a fine black, but a notorious run away. They started out again, that made 20 extra miles for Yaqui, 55 miles to Coyote Holes where they laid over a few hours and then started on the remaining 55 miles across Indian Wells Valley and up Mt. Spring Canyon, then down a winding grade to Junction Flat. "Nig", the black had behaved himself, but when they hit the down grade he started to run and as no horse could get ahead of Yaqui, it was a fast ride. On the curves the buggy whipped around and on the pitches, gulleys, never touched the bottom. Al had a box of apples on the seat beside him and it served as a balance and so kept the outfit from turning over. When they hit the flat they gathered speed and for the next 12 miles to camp and around our grade and up the hill to the store was done in a "Grand Stand" finish. They unhooked the team there and led them down to the corral, otherwise "Nig" would have kept on down the canyon.

Millspaugh and the men immediately set to work cleaning up the debris and the machinery was found undamaged, taken apart, engines, pumps and etc., and well cleaned and oiled. The stamps were not hurt, the plates would have to be replaced. The concentrating table had burned. Lumber and corrugated iron was ordered and rebuilding begun at once -- this time the sides and roof all of dark red corrugated iron and new plates were put in. The fine film of gold, silver and other metals pass over the plates from the bottom of the stamps in water and adhere to them. When a "clean-up" was made with mercury and amalgamation and chamois skin, the gold was collected and my mother smelted it down in the assay office into a gold brick, which was quite a thrilling sight when finished and sent to the mint.

A cyanide plant was installed in the new mill and a 50 ft. drift run on the water vein, thus insuring unlimited water supply. "Grandpa" Tapman was busy hauling yucca wood and the ore bins filled and the first mill run made that winter with Carricart as Mill Man. In 1904-5 a tunnel was run to connect with the bottom of the Yellow Metal shaft and it was the air shaft as the tunnel was driven on the ore vein, over 1900 ft. from mouth to face. The mill continued to run when ore was on hand and the boarding house built where Davis had his camp, he in the meantime had moved down Shepherds Canyon 3 miles and set up a camp by a fine spring and cared for the stage horses where they were changed.

Charley Anthony had the mail contract and passenger business was good; a fine man. He also owned the Darwin Store, Hotels and barns - all destroyed by fire, the barns Aug. 17, 1917. He also owned the Black Metal Saloon, 2 houses, and Jack Gunn's old saloon of 1876 days, and on July 7th, 1918, the store, hotel, Etcharren home, Loughrey's hotel and Frank Carthery home all burned. In Gunn's old saloon building was the beautiful mahogany billard table with its slate top covered with green (bias) felt, which came around The Horn and hauled by Remi Nadeau's freight teams from San Pedro, California to Darwin when The Defiance Mine and others were booming the town. Anthony sold out to Domingo Etcharren and Silas H. Reynolds in

Millspaugh June 1910



Mill well 50' deep and drift in 25' is between mill and Blacksmith shop . One pump in well 10' below surface. Cyanide tanks in tailing pond. Road at upper back of mill goes around to the deep tunnel and on to the K.P.C. mine — tunnel connect to bottom of Yellow Metal Shaft 100' deep.

Picture by Gus Haelzig.

1904. Silas was then Supervisor of our district No. 5. In 1905 when Skidoo was booming, Silas as Supervisor had the Skidoo Road built down Darwin wash and over the Mts. and down the lower end of the wash into Panamint Valley. The grade was quite an engineering feat, built by hand, Fresno scrapers, black powder and a large crew of men. It was later called "Zinc Hill". but should always be known as "Skidoo Road" that it was named in the beginning. Old place names should never be changed! The house where Dick was born was also burned; it stood next to the Black Metal, a lot between and next a little house of ours, then Gunn's old saloon building.

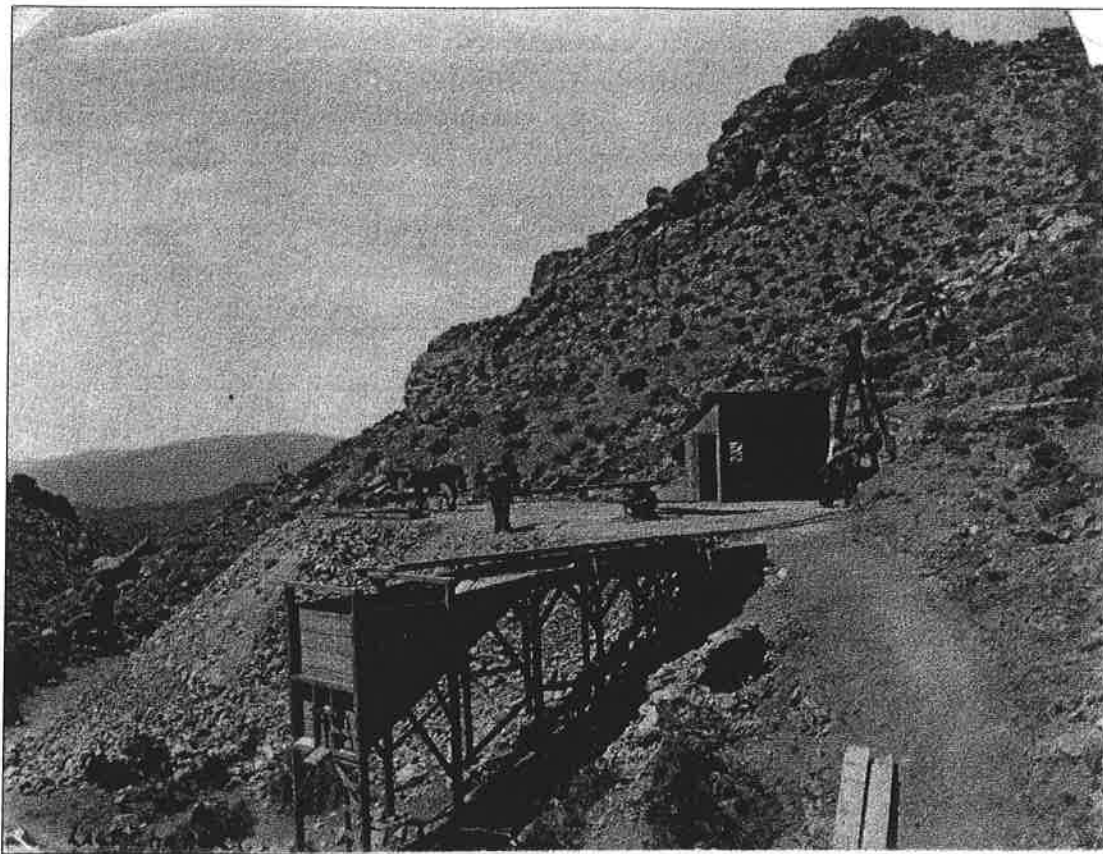
(Digression here was on another "page 5" which was to be added later on, but seemed apropos to tie into the story of Darwin, as well as Millspaugh.)

The following years camp had its ups and downs; other prospects opened up but the ore was not in abundance to pay a profit. Several other camps with mills were meeting the same difficulties.

Our last effort was made on a prospect and a shaft sunk in 1908 a mile up the canyon in back of store and P.O. building north of camp. Appropriately enough it was called "The Last Chance", and work continued off and on until 1910. That summer saw the end and except for assessment work and our living there off and on (my husband and I) until 1914 when all the buildings were sold to Summers and Butler, who had recently bought The Junction from Domingo Etharren and brought cattle down from Mono Co. and made The Junction head quarters with Line Camps at Cole Springs for 4 miles south of Old Coso. The cowboys proceeded to dismantle the buildings and hauling away on hay wagons. The Boarding house they sawed in half and with super-human effort loaded the halves on the wagons and now it is set up at the Junction replacing the old house built by the Greens in 1876 in the Bombing Range. They hauled the assay office to a spring on the old Coso Hot Springs road a couple miles west of Cole Springs, dumped it off on the hillside and there it set on an angle for years, known as Lost Cabin. In 1930 Mark Lacey of Olancho moved it down to Cole Springs and set it up as a Line Camp and built a big pond, having taken over the range and brought his cows in. Later he aquired the Junction and Range as Summers and Butler had left in 1920's and moved their stock back to Bishop as we were having an extended drought — even the sage brush died.

The store building was taken down and hauled to the Junction and lumber piled up. It was a cold winter and the Bishop cowboys burned piece by piece in the cook stove instead of hauling in pinon— lazy! Saved hauling wood! Ofland Kinney and Little Charlie Summers. The Blacksmith shop was set up and is still at the Junction. Piece by piece the mill was hauled away, some to Darwin, and so ended the finest most beautiful camp and home one could desire.

"Last Chance" Mine — 1908



2 miles up the Canyon, in back of store building at head of Shepherds Canyon. Ida and Yaqui on the whim, Bastion Barndroff on hoist, Al "holding up" shop.

Last effort made on a prospect — work continued off and on until 1910. Along with many others, the ore was not in abundance enough to pay off.

So the building in a wonderful country, engines, pumps and smoke stack with every piece of iron that could be found was scavenged in the years just before World War II when Japan was buying all the scrap metal she could from us, to return it later in the form of "bullets". Now all that is left at Camp is the big boiler, still setting in the stone wall around it, in spite of repeated efforts by the iron scavengers to dislodge it, they could not do so. Other stone walls are still standing in spite of cloud bursts of which several have done great damage to Shepherds Canyon, closing it to all travel except by foot or horse back, if the horse was a good scrambler up or down over the falls.

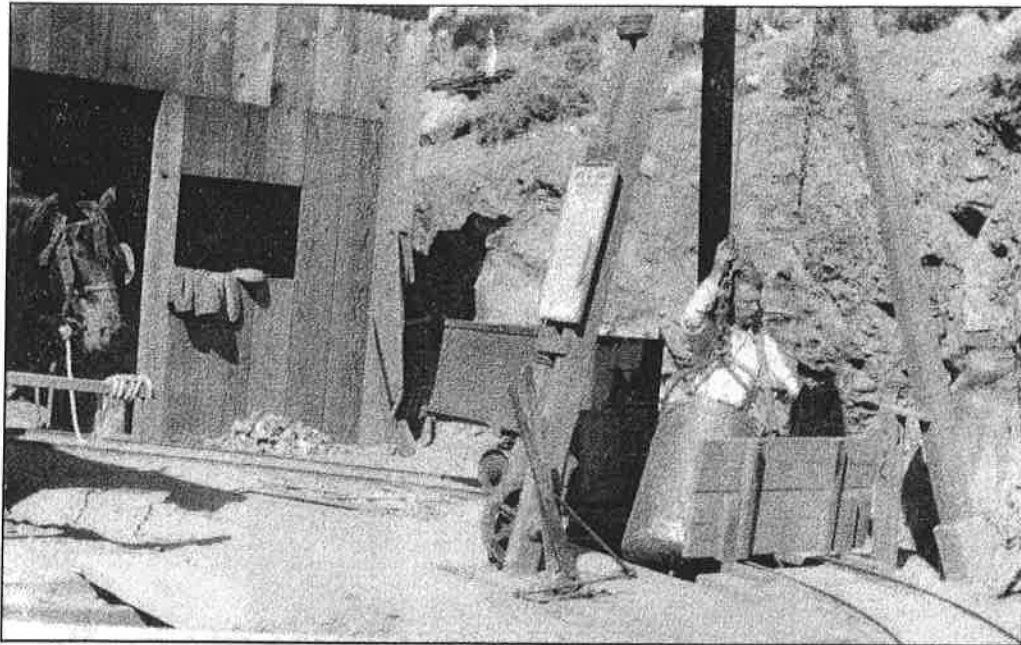
In September of 1909 a cloud burst hit Shepherd's Canyon below camp a mile, taking out the road beyond repair. Frank Howard had the mail contract from Darwin to Ballarat and quit after the wash out. His contract did not end until July 1, 1910, so we had the contract changed from Millspaugh to Brown on January 1, 1910 and I carried the mail on horse back the 6 months. Down on Monday to Brown, back on Tuesday, 6 days a week and we closed the Post Office at Millspaugh in November, 1910.

Our grade still stands from the summit to camp, a quarter of a mile of fine road building. And memories still linger on of those who were there during the years of building and living and now all are gone, but the Memory and me.

Elizabeth L. Mecham

NOTE: This was written for the Eastern California Museum in Independence, and was published in its' monthly publication. We (Dick and I) have a copy of the publication and I have taken the foregoing from her original notes. It ties together many of the separate stories about the desert country, and is an amazing story of the hardships and life Dad's "Gran" and Mother and Dad led with their friends and all the people who helped to build the "Desert Country". And took it in stride! We could all learn a lot from these small but not inconsequential stories. They were a tough and hardy people who deserve their place in history, no matter how small.

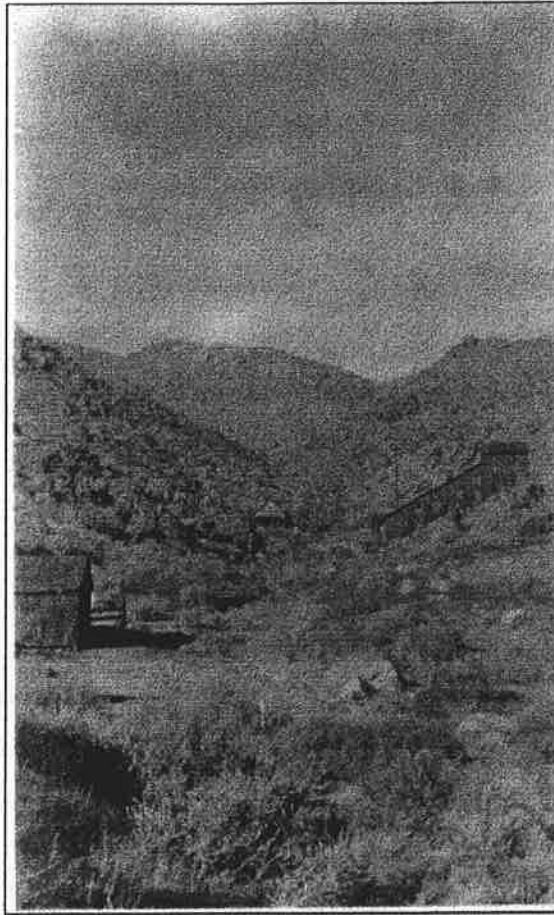
Last Chance Mine, May 1910



Gus Haelsig in bucket. Ida on the whim. Mr. Haelsig came up to camp one trip with me when I had gone in the buckboard and stayed several days taking pictures and making postcards.

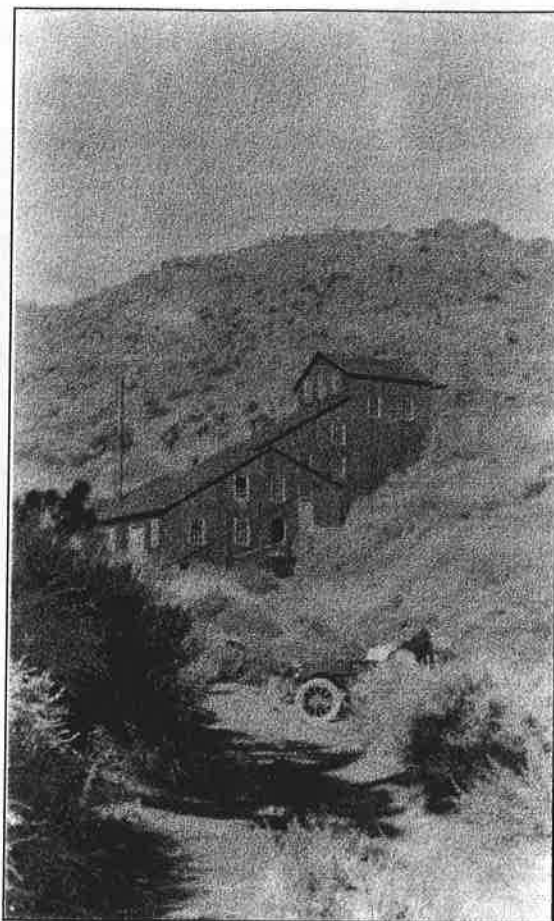
This is a mile up the canyon in back of the store.

Millspaugh, 1912-13-14

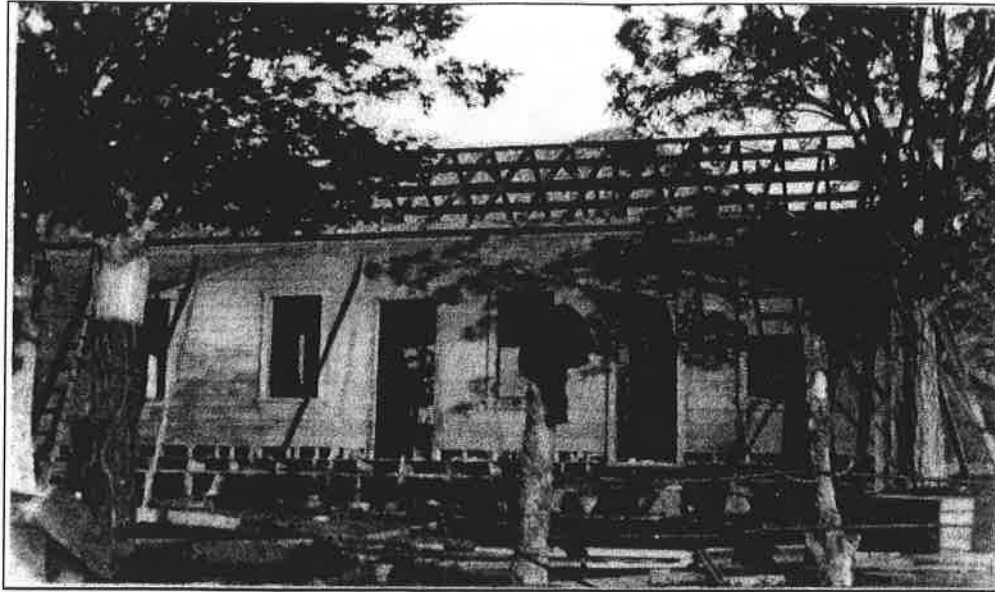


Feed barn, corrals are gone. Boarding house on right side; Mill and store and P.O. building, assay office on left. Large granite rock in front was in corral by our water trough. My last picture of my beloved old home country at head of Shepherds Canyon, 1900-1911., shut down for last time. Milo and I came up to do assessment work several years, 1916 the last time. We hauled corrugated iron from mill in back of Buick to build the garage in Darwin. Business was good, gas 35 cents/gal. Hand pump in 50 gal. drums.

Mill at Camp Millspaugh.



1914. Popehartford roadster in front. Bush growing up already...as we began tearing the mill down and to use the red corrugated siding and roof to build a garage in Darwin, this after camp was sold to Summers and Butler cow outfit from Bishop. All buildings moved to Junction.



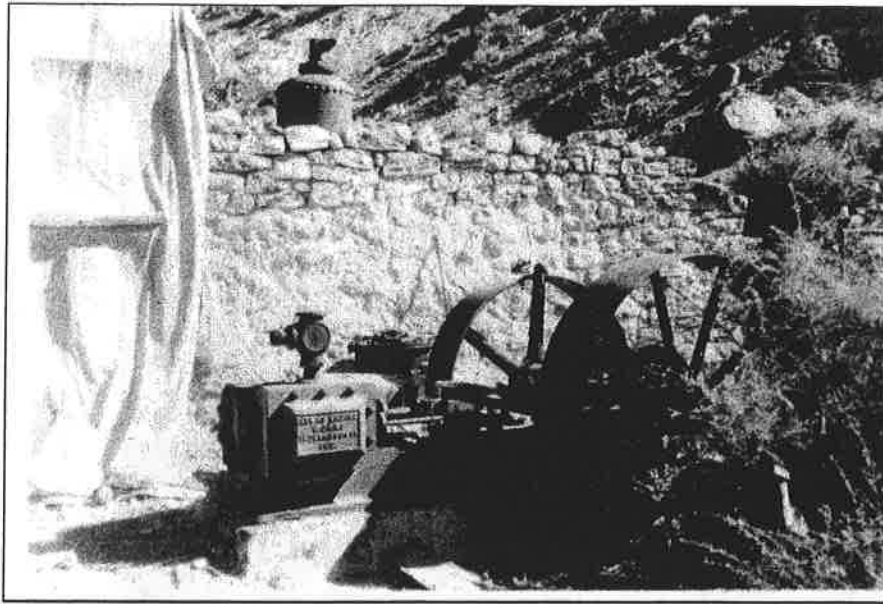
1914 Our boarding house being put back together at Junction. Cut in half and hauled from out camp Millspaugh, head of Shepherd Canyon 5 miles away. Boys hauled on hay wagon — around our narrow grade when we sold all buildings to Summers and Butler of Bishop and Mammoth, Mono Co., after they bought Domingo Etcharren's cows and Junction, 1913-14. Our store building they tore down and piled in front of Junction and the cowboys used it for wood that winter. Our assay office they hauled over above Cole Springs for Line Camp. We tore the mill down and hauled the corrugated iron to Darwin in back of the Buick, so only machinery left — that we sold in 1933 to a man in Olancho for a custom mill; 2 stamps, etc., 1200 pd each.

Boarding House Moved to site of Junction House, 1930-32



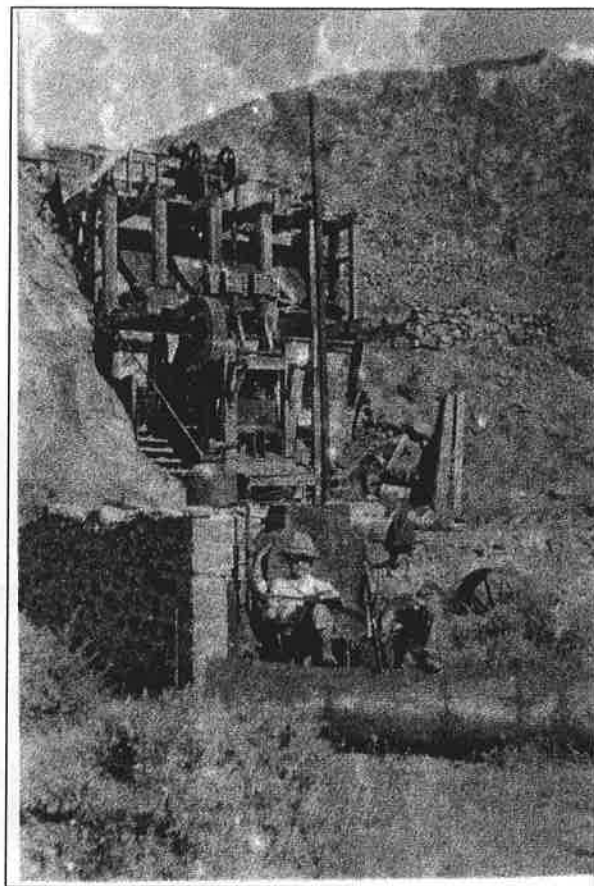
Dick and Bob on porch. We spent summer here. Jack Byon at Inyo Coso, prospecting. We took water up to him and got his groceries when we went to Darwin. Bev Hunter, old friend from 1900 days, came to round up wild horses. We went along to La Motte springs where his trap corrals were down the flat and to the east — fine springs— on into Water Canyon which empties into Panamint Valley and he took his tock out that way and on to Barstow and shipped east. He didnt care whose horses it was — wild, Indians, and 3 of ours — but could not head them off and they went on down Mt. Spring Canyon and on to Mojave where Mrs. Catlin put them in her corral and wrote us they were there, Jerry, Yaqui and one of Indian George's mules.

Millspaugh, 1930 Boiler, Pump and Engine



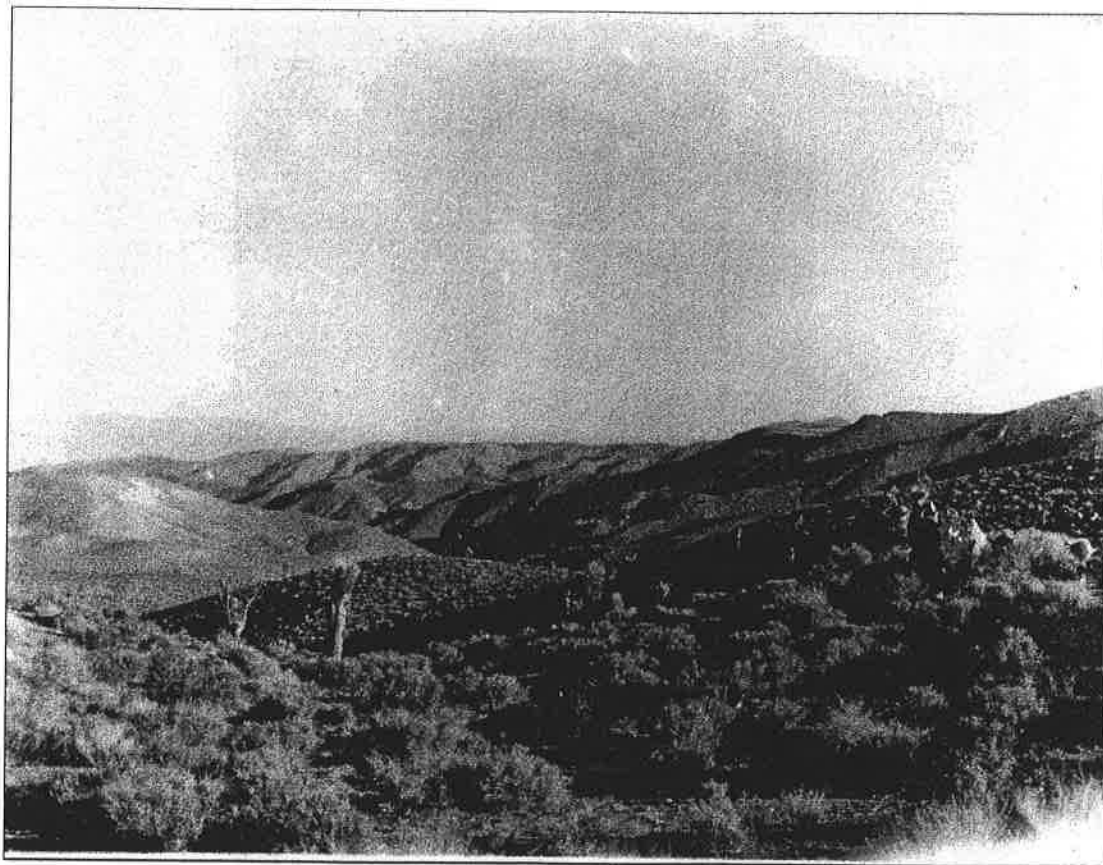
Dick, Bob at our camp there that summer. The junk men could not get the boiler out after working for days. "Grandpa" Millspaugh and Al were expert stone masons and built all our stone walls, etc. in 1901

Boiler and Stamps, 1930



Dick and Bob in front of our boiler and "stamps" — 2— 1200 pds each. 2 stamp mill after the cowboys and Milo tore the building down in 1916-17 and we hauled the red corrugated iron to Darwin in our Buick and built our big garage building that Silas Reynolds and Milo were partners in. Gas 35 cents a gal in 50 gal drums and hand pump. Business good and Milo busy making cars run! The tall "stack" in front of boys and the flywheel of the engine in back. I "fired" the boiler when a girl — yucca wood, huge pile in front of mill. 1900's mill built 1901, first one of wood which burned down 1902, and second mill of corrugated red iron siding and roof built 1903. Ore bin at top, road grade, from tunnel in back. Tunnel around the grade half mile to tunnel portal.

"Recompense Flat" 1905
Taken by Lou Smith with Glass Plate
An incline mine shaft sunk 90' in early 1890's — where shade is dark.



Looking across Recompense Flat towards Searles (Trona) south. The canyon in front, deep, is Shepherds — the old road from Millspaugh to Ballarat. This view is taken from top of hill east of camp. Slate Range on extreme left, the highest peak to the right above the flat malapic is Argus Peak and Trona is at the foot where the old Searles Borax Lake Co. used to be — this is a very large dry lake. On the far side of the left is where we found the tin deposit and on the other side of this, not in view, is the Golden Gate Claim — but they all fizzled out. So dreams must come to an end.