

Owens Valley

# JOURNAL *of the* WEST

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Vol. I, No. 2

OCTOBER, 1962

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*A comprehensive, illustrated quarterly magazine devoted to*  
Western History and Geography

BEGINNING OUR FIRST SERIAL:

THE STORY OF LOS ANGELES

FEATURING:

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## THE DESERT STEAMERS

By Richard E. Lingenfelter

THE SILVER MINING BOOMS of the eighteen-seventies brought to the desert country of eastern California a curious maritime history. A history that embraced a decade of steamboating on the saline waters that were once Owens Lake.

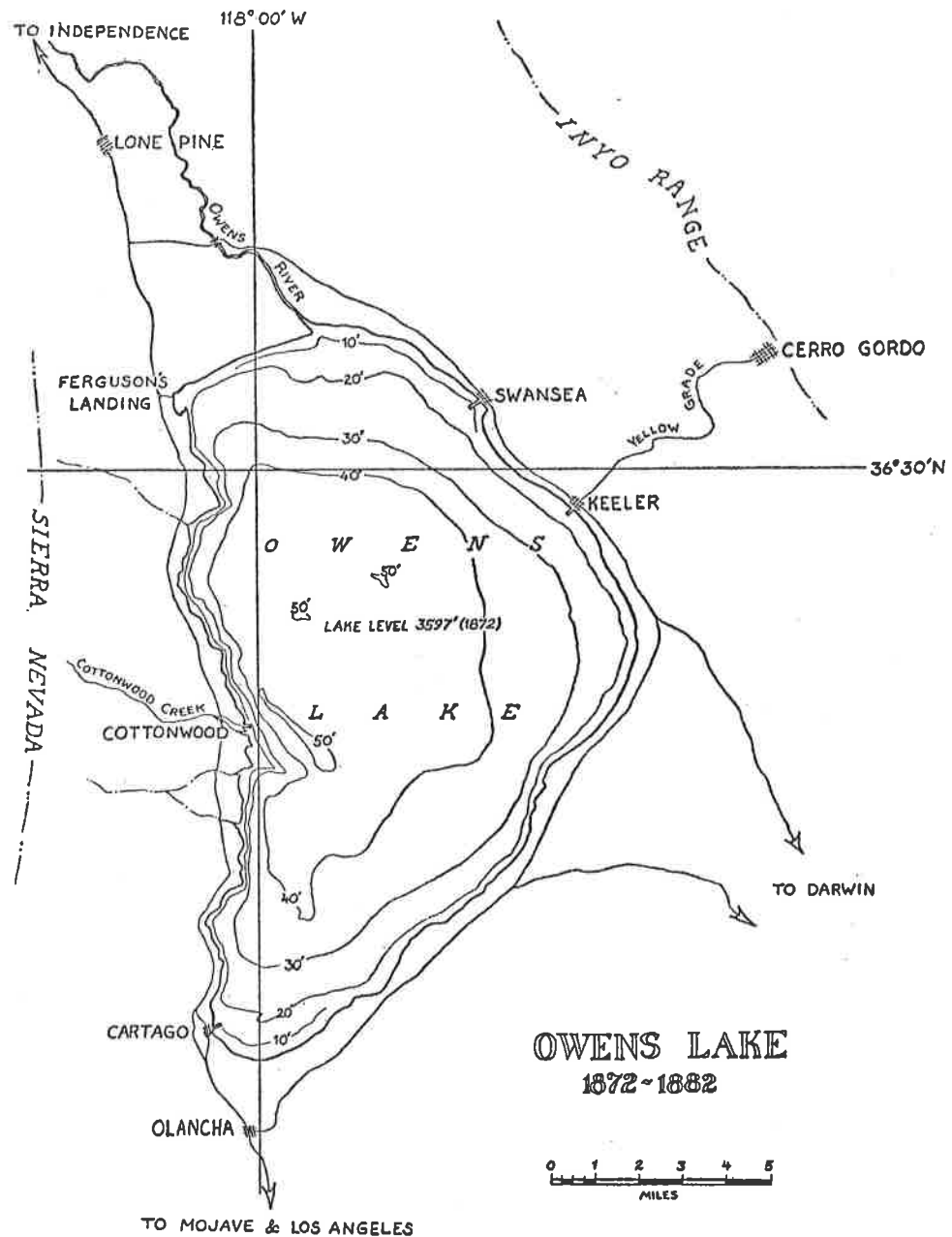
The decade opened at the shore of Owens Lake on the sultry Fourth of July morning in 1872, with the christening of the first of the desert steamers — the screw *Bessie Brady*. Her champions and later her eulogizers wished many laurels for the little steamer, proudly proclaiming her to be "the Pioneer inland steamer of the Pacific Coast — being the first to run on interior waters for strictly commercial purposes." This unfortunately was not true. Even excepting Great Salt Lake whose first steamer, the *Kate Connor*, was launched only four years earlier, the Pacific Coast already had a robust legacy of inland steamboating, commencing with the maiden voyage of the lumber steamer, *Gov. Blaisdel*, upon the pristine waters of Lake Tahoe in 1864 and spreading to such an unlikely spot as the man-made reservoir of Meadow Lake in 1866 and to nearby Donner Lake a few years later.

Nonetheless, the *Bessie Brady* was a unique pioneer, the first of a handful of curious craft which in the years to follow were destined to churn a foamy wake on all of the desert lakes of eastern California and western Nevada — from Owens, Mono and Walker Lakes on the south to Klamath, Pyramid and Honey Lakes on the north.

On the morning of July 4, 1872, Pleasant Chalfant, editor of the *Inyo Independent*, rose before dawn and joined the crowd hurrying to the shore of Owens Lake to celebrate the ninety-sixth anniversary of American Independence on a grand excursion aboard the first steamboat in the desert country. The following week he wrote:

The procession which was formed to convey the fast augmenting crowds to the lake, consisted of about twenty wagons and carriages, each loaded to the guards with expectant excursionists and all displaying flags and gay trappings. On the leading wagon, containing the band, was thrown to the breeze the flags of America, France, Spain, Mexico and Chili, and along the line were others not comprehended within our knowledge of heraldry. Following the whole came a cavalcade of horsemen, amongst whom our reporter chose to place himself, thanks to the courtesy of a rustling member of the committee of Arrangements.

A ride of five miles brings the party to the lake, at Ferguson's Landing, on the upper or northwestern shore of the lake, where we'll stop awhile



— Map by Richard E. Lingenfelter

and note a little useless information, as the company are consuming the bountiful beverages and watching the boat, as she slowly steams across from Swansea. Owens Lake, vested with a new interest since having been navigated, is situated at the southern extremity of the valley, and occupies a basin 23 miles long by 14 miles wide. In the early morning its blue, mineral waters are shaded by the Inyo range of mountains, rising to a

### *The Desert Steamers*

height of 7,000 feet. On the summit of these is situated Cerro Gordo and her mines, at the base, Swansea and her furnaces. The evening shadows fall from some of the loftiest peaks of the Sierras, rising abruptly from 11,000 to 15,000 feet; on *their* summits and in the canyons are the timbered regions, and at their base is situate Cottonwood with its magnificent water power — the future mart of lumbermen and smelters. Back of this point towers the hoary head of old Mount Whitney, the loftiest peak in Uncle Sam's dominions, from whose dizzy height on *this* day SHOULD have floated "*Old Glory!*"

The low Coso range forms the center background of the southern view, on the right being the pass through which runs the Los Angeles road; to the left a pass opens to the Telescope and Granite districts, to Death Valley and the Colorado. To the north, by west, stretches away Owens Valley proper, with the 300,000 acres of tillable land along the river, extending back to and surrounding Lone Pine, George's Creek, Independence, Fish Springs, Big Pine, Bishop Creek and Round Valley. The pent-up, brackish lake is fed by the river, the pure Hesperian waters of which form perhaps the only stream in the State yet undefiled by the delving gold-hunter. A somewhat (!) exaggerated tad pole would be a fair representation of the general contour of the lake, with the tortuous river illustrating the immensely elongated tail. To complete the simile, make our tad pole a hirsute monster, and then the scores of fine mountain streams flowing into the river would appear to be the hairs, which, by the way, make good crops of unflinching certainty for the Owens River rancher.

About a quarter past 10, amid cheers and the booming of anvil salutes, the steamer, having on board the Cerro Gordo and Swansea delegations, arrived at the shore, with a barge in tow for use as a temporary wharf. Soon the ladies and gentlemen were safely on board, and now occurred the ceremony of naming the craft. Mr. and Mrs. James Brady, with their little daughter Bessie, then stepped forward to the bows, where little Bessie falteringly broke a bottle of wine over the bow and pronounced the name, '*Bessie Brady*,' amid the warm applause of the surrounding coterie of friends. As is well known, the steamer is named after the eldest daughter of the principal owner of the boat, as suggested in an article in the *Independent* of April 20, which said:

"Give us the honor of naming your boat, gentlemen, and then christen her the *Bessie Brady*."

Mr. W. H. Creighton, the Poet of the Day, then arose and with a fine intonation, read the following,

#### *ODE TO THE BESSIE BRADY*

*Go forth! and be our valley's pride,  
Born as thou art of Enterprise and Skill—  
Buoyant and swan-like o'er the water ride,  
And, silver laden, do thine owners' will.  
O'er Owen's tide thy steam-blown whistle sound,  
And as thy sturdy voice along her shores shall break,  
The ceaseless echoes from rock to craig will bound  
And hail the 'Pioneer' prime navigator of the Lake.  
The rolling echoes shall the grand Sierras climb,  
To where Mount Whitney rears his noble crest,  
And echoing back from his great height sublime,  
Will challenge Inyo's metal range to call thee blest.*

*A noble work before thee lies,  
The opening of a country rich beyond compute,  
Removal of the stigma "want of enterprise,"  
Which hither to we've born in shame and mute.  
Go forth! And may thy bright future be  
An emblem of the life of her whose tiny hand  
Has this day named thee; may Bessie live to see  
Her namesake prosper and herself happy in the land.*

Presently the captain is heard ordering the shoremen to "let go," or in words to that effect, and soon the *Bessie Brady*, amid the wildest cheers, is slowly steaming out into the lake with 130 excursionists on board — ladies and gentlemen.

We will now take a look around to see what the boat is, on which many are taking their first ride on interior California waters, and which we believe, excepting that on Salt Lake, is the first craft to float on any inland lake west of the Mississippi for purely *commercial* purposes. The dimensions are briefly given thus: Length of keel over all, 85 feet; breadth of beam, 16 feet; depth of hold, six feet. Although the lake is almost (we do not know but quite) unfathomable in the middle, her light draft admirably calculates her for service in the shallow water near the shore. Her engine is of 20-horse power, 10 by 10-inch, oscillating cylinder, built at the Pacific Foundry, San Francisco. The propeller, with its crank shaft geared directly on to the piston, is of ordinary construction, 52 inches in diameter — which is altogether too large, since it is not all under water. She was built by William Tiernan, for her present owners and original projectors, James Brady and D. H. Ferguson (who have been supported and aided by the Owens Lake Silver-Lead Company), at a total cost of \$10,000. She is in a somewhat unfinished state, with the cabin and engine room to be built, with some probable changes in the machinery and the addition of strengthening "hog chains," extending from stem to stern, to be made. Her speed is seven miles per hour, and her carrying capacity can be safely put at 100 tons, although her builder claims for her strength to transport 150 tons; but in addition she can certainly tow one or two barges loaded with from 15 to 25 tons each.

Now in respect to the former method of shipping merchandise around the lake by teams, her business operations will amount to about this — when wharfage and loading facilities are perfected: In one day she will make a round trip from Swansea to the foot of the lake, carrying passengers and 70 tons of freight, including shipping and unshippings, at a cost of a *little less* than that required to run a 12-animal team the necessary *five* days to convey *six* tons of freight. Los Angeles teams with freight for Cerro Gordo are saved nine days of the heaviest work, and those loaded for Lone Pine and the upper country will find trans-shipping to be comparatively advantageous. Wood-flumes must go in at Cottonwood, and a tramway from Cerro Gordo to the lake is one of the future probabilities, when the timber, wood, coal and ore business will call for more than one steamer.

The work now being carried on, and shortly to be commenced, by Messrs. Brady & Ferguson comprises every requisite for the easy and rapid prosecution of the transportation business — such as erecting wharves at the foot of the lake, Cottonwood and Ferguson's Landing, building barges and the putting in of water-pipes. The latter are rendered necessary from the fact that the lake water is unfit for use in steam boilers, as has been

### *The Desert Steamers*

proven by experiment. Near Swansea a spring within the lake has been boxed and the good water raised several feet above the surrounding expanse of villainous stuff. At this point the O.L.S.-L. Co. have constructed a wharf 360 feet in length — an extra 150 feet being required since the vicious earthquake caused the water to recede that far from its original shore. On and from this dock is laid a tramroad, extending to the furnace, fitted with cars for propulsion by horse power. As soon as practicable, the trips of the *Bessie Brady* will be regularly arranged, with due reference to the accommodation of the passengers of the stages which ply around the lake.

Captain W. R. Low is the able 'skipper' in command — the right man in the right place. Mr. Wagner, the present carpenter in charge, acted as our pilot, and the engine was manipulated on the occasion by Mr. Gray.

To a party less determined upon enjoying themselves the downward trip would have been anything but pleasant. The almost intolerable heat of the sun glowered unobstructed upon the deck, and the atmosphere was not made cooler by the added pulsations of heat from the boiler and furnace. But "the ball went on," ladies joining in the dance regardless of the sun and heat, during which time men would fain strive for the honor of holding the diminutive, portable awnings — otherwise known as parasols — carried by the ladies. Liquids were in demand and liberally dealt out, until distance wore away and the boat landed at the embryo town situated at the foot of the lake, a local habitation which should have a name.

This is a fertile spot, the mouth of a beautiful stream flowing from the mountains, and the location of the Franklin ranch, somewhat celebrated as the scene of the Rogers murder and cannibalistic orgies several years ago. Ross Browne is our authority for saying that at or near this place in 1862, a town was laid off and called Lake City, but having but few inhabitants at that time. Here all hands disembarked, hieing away in squads to patronize the inviting shade and cool, delicious water. Then came the war of fingers and teeth vs. elegant edibles generally. Our free-booting reporter has such a distinct recollection of assisting at so many splendid "lay-outs" that it would be invidious to attempt to designate the finest. The main portion of the crowd mosied off to some point, where the *Declaration of Independence* was read, in due form and ceremony.

The rugged mountains were assuming the gray garb of evening when the whistle of the steamer called for her passengers and the trip up in the cool evening, proved one of unalloyed enjoyment, the time speeding swiftly with music, dancing, general joking and chatting. Passing Cottonwood a half mile from the shore, the boat's whistle gave a shrill salute to a small party assembled on the beach, probably consisting of Colonel Stevens and family. Intently listening, we fancied to hear the incorrigible 'Sher' incoherently murmur something about eternally having a Cottonwood (or springs), whereon he could ever recline and watch the busy steamer passing to and fro, unawed by the fear of Alabamas or aught else to molest or make her afraid. At half past 9 o'clock all landed at the upper shore of the lake, and with cheers for the vessel, her Captain and crew, the first excursion in Inyo waters was ended.<sup>1</sup>

The idea of putting a steamer on Owens Lake was first conceived by James Brady, superintendent of the Owens Lake Silver-Lead Company's smelting furnaces at Swansea on the eastern shore of the lake. Brady was a newcomer to the valley and he had quickly earned a repu-



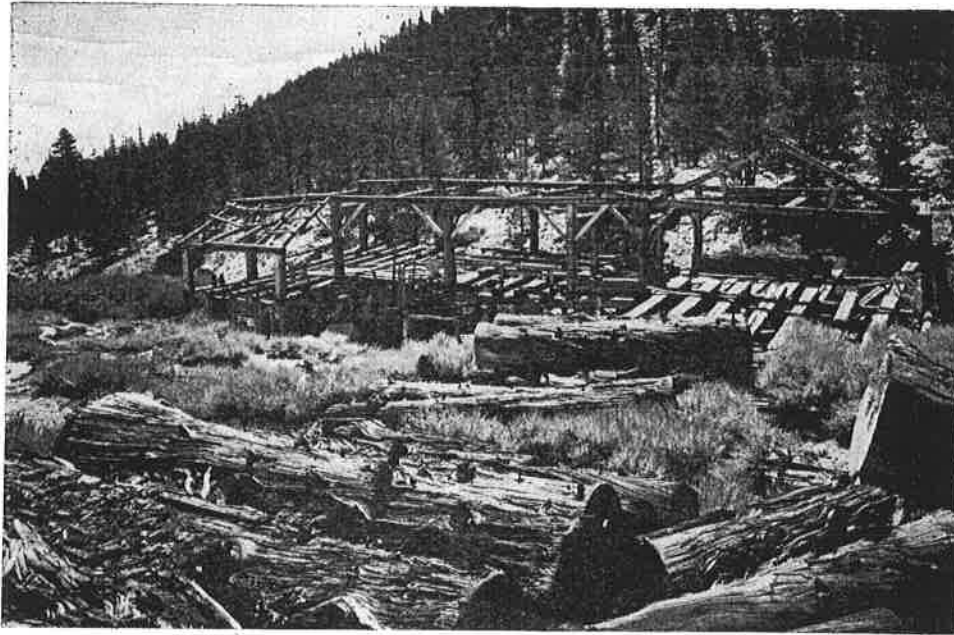
tation among the old-timers as being somewhat of a dandy. His first official act as superintendent was to hire a coachman with a carriage-and-four for the sole purpose of driving him about the countryside. Soon afterward he built a large and commodious adobe house for himself near the lake shore — complete in every detail including a cool “wine room” stocked with hogsheads of Basses’ ale and bitter beer.<sup>2</sup> Such elegance, mostly at company expense, rankled many of the practical miners and when he decided to build a \$10,000 steamboat, supported by company funds, there was strong speculation that it was solely intended to be Brady’s private yacht. Nonetheless, the introduction of a steamer was to prove a sound financial investment for several years, although Brady sold out before he had a full opportunity to enjoy its success.

The keel of the *Bessie Brady* was apparently laid in late February or early March by William Tiernan on the bank of the Owens River, a few miles above the lake. The hull was finally completed in late May, after many trying delays, the greater part of which resulted from the terrible havoc wrought by the great Owens Valley earthquake on March 26. The craft was then floated down to the lake and moored at the new wharf at Swansea. There the boiler and engines were mounted and on June 27 the *Bessie Brady* made her maiden voyage across the lake. On this trip she carried 700 bars or about thirty ton of silver bullion from the Swansea furnaces to the waiting wagon teams at the foot of the lake.<sup>3</sup> The following week she was christened and served as the center of attraction at the Fourth of July celebration. She still lacked deck houses and other minor work, however, and it was not until the end of July that she was completely fitted and ready for service.

While the hull was still being built on the river, the Owens Lake Silver-Lead Company started its wharf at Swansea and land speculation began at the other would-be lake ports. D. H. Ferguson, the co-projector of the steamer, staked out a plot of land at the northwest corner of the lake where he planned to build a wharf to carry all of the trans-shipping north into Owens Valley. Even before the wharf was built he christened the site Ferguson’s Landing. John Baptiste Daneri, a native of Sardinia and a successful merchant at Lone Pine, was the first out-sider to take advantage of the new project. In June he commenced a large warehouse and store at the southwest shore of the lake at the head of the road to Los Angeles. Before the end of the month the first bullion was unloaded at his landing and it was soon conceded that this was to be the major port on the lake — controlling as it did all bullion shipments out of the valley to the south and nearly all in-bound freight shipments. Despite its increasing importance this port was without a name for nearly six months, during which time Pleasant Chalfant referred to it variously as “that embryotic town at the foot of Big Lake,” “Lakeville” and Danerisburg.” Finally on the first of November, Daneri wistfully hoping that his new

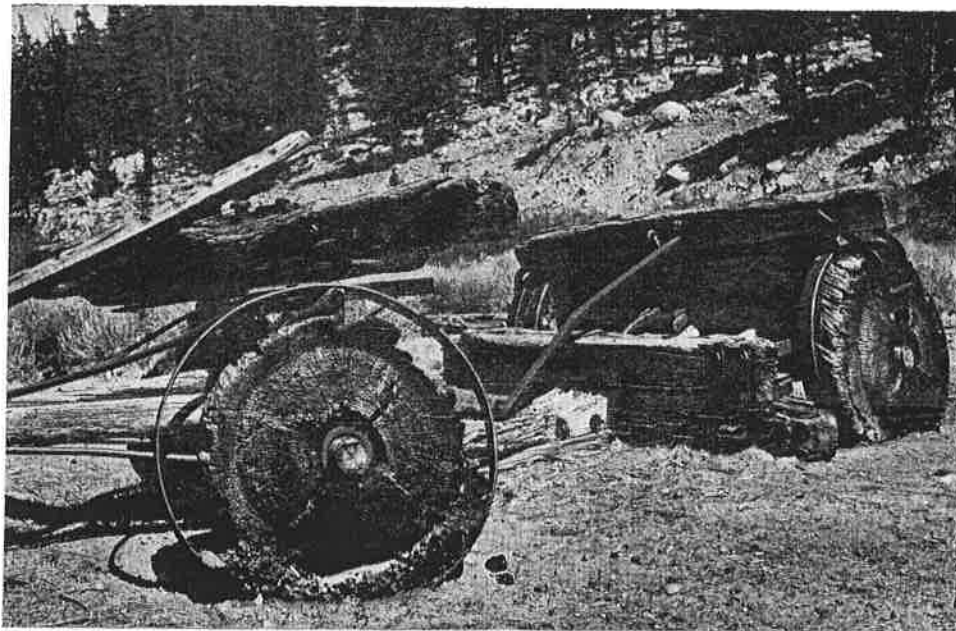


### *The Desert Steamers*



#### COTTONWOOD CREEK SAWMILL AND LOGGING TRUCK

Colonel Sherman Stevens built this sawmill on Cottonwood Creek nine miles above Owens Lake. A flume was constructed along the creek bed down which logs were floated for use as fuel by the "Bessie Brady." Lower photograph shows one of the old logging trucks which was used to bring timber down the mountainside to the mill. Photographs on this page were made recently by Bob Forester, a professional Los Angeles photographer and photo finisher.





-- Courtesy Eastern California Museum Association

CAPTAIN CASPER TITCHWORTH

*Captain Titchworth purchased an interest in the "Bessie Brady" and became her master in 1875.*

warehouse and its neighboring shanties might someday become the mighty Carthage of Owens Lake, christened the dusty ensemble Cartago, and the nameless town was named.<sup>4</sup>

The only other landing was at the mouth of Cottonwood Creek on the west side of the lake. On the upper reaches of this stream Col. Sherman Vanderventer Stevens had his sawmill and from the landing at Cottonwood he proposed to ship lumber and charcoal to the mines and furnaces of Cerro Gordo and Swansea. Ultimately as new mines were developed east of the lake, Stevens built his own steamer to handle the lumber business.

By early August of 1872 the wharf was completed at Cartago and the *Bessie Brady* was plying the lake with regular shipments of bullion from Swansea. The bullion teams which once plodded through the deep sand around the lake had been discontinued and the new steamer was quickly "corralling" all of the freighting both north and south. But in

### *The Desert Steamers*

early October, while the enterprise was still getting started, James Brady turned his attention to the newly discovered mines at Waucoba east of the Inyos, and sold out his interest in the steamer to John Daneri. Ferguson and Daneri incorporated as the Owens Lake Steam Navigation Company, and retained William R. Low, a Maryland gunwright, as captain.<sup>5</sup> The company was well supplied with business — the *Bessie Brady* whisking away the bullion ingots from the dock at Swansea as fast as the combined furnaces of Swansea and Cerro Gordo could produce them. But here the irony lay, for the steamer was too efficient at shipping the bullion across the lake and the teamsters hauling it south over muddy winter roads could not begin to keep up. As a result the silver bullion began to pile up on the wharf at Cartago. By the first of January, 1873, a crisis was reached when 18,000 bars of bullion were being held up awaiting shipment south. Of these 12,000 bars were stacked on the wharf and in the street at Cartago.<sup>6</sup> Since this bullion represented a total of \$600,000 lying idle, the mining companies were forced to cut back their production until the bullion could be hauled away to be sold. By March 15, however, the situation had not improved, and there were still 17,000 bars awaiting shipment — nearly all at Cartago where some had been stacked to make shelters by unemployed miners.<sup>7</sup> Even before this time the smelting furnaces had been forced to close down altogether and bullion shipments across the lake had stopped. Since freighting too had dwindled from lack of business the *Bessie Brady* could no longer afford to cross the lake and she was taken up the river to mooring. Within weeks the Owens Lake Steam Navigation Company had folded.

At this time M. W. Belshaw, one of the principal mine owners at Cerro Gordo, and Remi Nadeau, a teamster on the Los Angeles road, started a new venture, the Cerro Gordo Freighting Company, to improve the bullion shipment. This firm bought out all of the former freighting contractors and ultimately placed fifty-six teams on the road, hauling out the bullion. The company quickly became the dominant power in transportation throughout Inyo County and remained so for nearly a decade until the railroad from the north broke the monopoly.

In connection with this enterprise Belshaw purchased Daneri's interest in the *Bessie Brady* and in September he built a new wharf six miles south of Swansea at the foot of the "yellow grade" leading up to Cerro Gordo. By early fall the company had forty-six teams on the road, each carrying an average of 170 bars or about seven and one-half ton of bullion. The bullion stacks were soon hauled away from Cartago, the furnaces started up, and the *Bessie Brady* again was making regular trips across the lake with bullion while six teams a day loaded at Cartago to carry it south. But with the coming of the rains again early the following year, many portions of the road to Los Angeles were again deeply flooded and almost impassable. In one instance, part of a team was drowned try-

ing to ford a swollen arroyo. Only two teams a day left Cartago carrying away only a fraction of the bullion brought over each day by the steamer. Once again the bullion collected at Cartago and by March of 1874 it was reported that between fifteen and twenty thousand bars were once more awaiting shipment south.<sup>8</sup> Again the production of bullion was curtailed and the steamer trips became intermittent. Thus the situation remained for two more years. Finally in 1876, when the Southern Pacific Railroad was completed through to Mojave, that point became the southern terminus of the freight lines and the freighting distance was reduced by over one hundred miles. This speeded the freighting to such an extent that the bullion never again collected on the wharf at Cartago.

Some time about 1875, Casper Titchworth, a steamboater from Michigan, purchased Ferguson's interest in the *Bessie Brady* and became the captain of the boat. Titchworth remained in partnership with Belshaw until at least 1877 about which time Remi Nadeau may have purchased his interest.

During all of its years of service the *Bessie Brady* apparently led a very uneventful career. The closest she ever came to any excitement was in November of 1875 when a cargo of hay caught on fire by sparks from her stack. The fire was quickly extinguished, however, at a total loss amounting to only seventeen bales of hay.<sup>9</sup> One further incident, supported only by hearsay, however, was the alleged loss of a wagon load of bullion. W. G. Dixon heard the story from Ned Smith who claimed to have been the captain of the boat at the time. Smith told of "one night crossing with two wagons loaded with bullion, one of which was not sufficiently chained to the deck and a high wind from the northwest lurched so that the wagon loaded with bullion slipped off into the lake, some of which he said was recovered with the wagon but a number of bars still remained."<sup>10</sup> Dixon referred to Smith as a "verbal novelist" and this story is probably no more than pure fiction, since there appears to be neither record of nor reason for ferrying the heavy freight wagon back and forth across the lake — particularly at night!

With the continued prosperity attending the development of the mines at Cerro Gordo, Panamint, Darwin and the other districts in the mid-1870's, Sherman Stevens' sawmill on Cottonwood Creek did a thriving business. In April of 1876 he incorporated his property as the Inyo Lumber and Coal Company with a capital of \$500,000, supported by James Bond and other San Francisco capitalists. The company extended the lumber flume from the sawmill to the lake shore, a distance of nine miles, and the following year they started construction of a new steamer. Pebbles P. Gerrish, a carpenter from Independence, laid the keel at Cottonwood about March of 1877. The craft was somewhat smaller than the *Bessie Brady*, but she had a more powerful engine — one previously used on the U. S. steamer *Pensacola*.<sup>11</sup> The construction

### *The Desert Steamers*

of the hull progressed without incident and she was launched about the middle of May. Only a night or two after launching, however, a heavy wind storm whipped the lake into a lather and the new steamer, which had not yet been decked over, was swamped and sank.<sup>12</sup> Stevens called for help and with the aid of the *Bessie Brady* the boat was raised, but not without a good many chuckles from Captain Titchworth.

Pleasant Chalfant again took the initiative in suggesting a name for the craft — proposing that she be christened in honor of Stevens' daughter Mollie. His suggestion was heartily accepted and, as the *Mollie Stevens*, the new steamer made her first voyage across the lake in early June. That same month Stevens contracted to furnish 30,000 feet of mining timber to Belshaw's Union Consolidated Company at Cerro Gordo and the new steamer was kept busy for some time.

Mining activity around the lake was on the decline, however, and the utility of the *Mollie Stevens* proved to be much shorter-lived than that of her predecessor. Within a year the *Mollie Stevens* was making only occasional trips across the lake and by the end of 1878 she spent almost all of her time idly moored at Cottonwood. The *Bessie Brady* continued only about a year longer, before she too was hauled ashore at Ferguson's Landing and her machinery removed. The day of the steamers on Owens Lake was fast fading and only one brief and abortive revival remained before their extinction.

In the winter of 1879, Captain Julius M. Keeler arrived in Owens Valley as agent for David N. Hawley and several eastern capitalists, who later incorporated as the Owens Lake Mining and Milling Company. Keeler purchased a number of valuable mining properties at Cerro Gordo, including Belshaw's Union Consolidated mine, and made plans to construct a ten-stamp mill on the shore of Owens Lake. On March 1, 1880, the town and mill sites were laid out, near the Cerro Gordo Landing at the foot of the "yellow grade." Within the month the ground was broken for the mill and the site was christened Keeler. To obtain construction materials more economically, the company purchased Stevens' Cottonwood sawmill property, including the *Mollie Stevens*. The sawmill and flume were put in operation and in October the *Mollie Stevens* commenced hauling 150,000 feet of lumber to the mill site at Keeler. Her arrival at the new lake port on March 26, marked its coming of age, and her crew, consisting of First Officer George L. Fiehl, Chief Engineer William Hedge and Second Engineer Webster, were all royally welcomed.<sup>13</sup>

The mill was completed about March of 1881 and the following month the heavy stamps commenced working ore from the company's mines. Unlike the product of the previous smelting furnaces, the bullion turned out by the new mill was highly refined. A typical week's run, representing about \$6,000 worth of bullion, would be cast into only

five bars of roughly ninety pounds each. These could be easily shipped by stage and the great bullion wagons of former days were no longer required. The *Mollie Stevens*, however, was kept in fairly regular service hauling wood for the mill's steam driven stamps.

But apparently the steamer was not quite as efficient as Captain Keeler had hoped for, and in the spring of 1882 the *Bessie Brady* was pulled off the beach at Ferguson's Landing and towed down to Keeler to be refitted. There she was completely overhauled, caulked, cemented and coated with coal tar, while the *Mollie Stevens* was being dismantled and her engines removed to be placed in the *Bessie Brady*. The work was nearly completed, when at about 5:30 in the warmth of late afternoon on May 11, the oakum, oil, paint and tar spontaneously ignited and the *Bessie Brady* was instantly a blazing inferno. Only one man was working on her at the time and he barely escaped as the steamer was quickly consumed before the fire could be extinguished. With sadness Keeler wrote:

The boat was sound, and I had spared no pains to put her in nice trim; really, I was proud of her, as being just what we needed. But she has been launched in fire and not in water.<sup>14</sup>

The era of the steamboat on Owens Lake had ended. Less than five months before, the Cerro Gordo Freight Company had withdrawn its teams from Owens Valley, because of the coming of the Carson and Colorado Railroad, which was then nearing Belleville, some two hundred miles to the north. Later that same year the tracks entered the north end of the valley and within a year the first cars were running into Keeler. A new era of steam had opened in the desert country of eastern California. Today only a few weathered pilings around the margin of the sterile white basin that was Owens Lake, recall the memory of the miles of blue water that once lapped against its shores and the two steamers that churned a foamy wake upon its glassy surface.

#### NOTES

1. *Inyo Independent*, July 13, 1872, p3, c2-4, "The Fourth at Lone Pine."
2. *Ibid.*, October 24, 1885, p3, c3, Letter from a Pioneer, No. 2, (reminiscences of Sherman Stevens).
3. *Ibid.*, June 29, 1872, p3, c2.
4. *Ibid.*, November 2, 1872, p3, c1.
5. *Ibid.*, November 2, 1872, p2, c6, and *The Great Register of Inyo County for the year 1873*.
6. *Ibid.*, January 4, 1873, p3, c1.
7. Chalfant, W. A., *The Story of Inyo*, Chalfant, 1922, p. 280, and *Inyo Independent*, March 15, 1873, p3, c1.
8. *Inyo Independent*, March 7, 1874, p3, c1.
9. *Ibid.*, November 6, 1875, p3, c3.
10. *Story of W. G. and Martha Dixon*, Manuscript, courtesy of John W. Dixon and the Eastern California Museum Association.
11. *Inyo Independent*, May 5, 1877, p3, c1, and May 26, 1877, p3, c2.
12. *Ibid.*, June 30, 1877, p3, c1.
13. *Ibid.*, October 30, 1880, p3, c2.
14. *Ibid.*, May 13, 1882, p3, c1.