

## Amargosa Valley Coop. Start Electrification with Surveys

The days of the diesel engine as the prime power source on the Amargosa Desert and in Pahrump and Death Valleys are numbered according to E. S. Bowman, president of the Amargosa Valley Cooperative, Inc.

The farmer-owned power system will bring central station electric service to unserved rural areas of western Clark county, southern Nye county and southeastern Inyo county before the end of 1962, drawing power from Colorado River dams. The cooperative will build a 110-mile 138,000-volt transmission line into its service areas and to an AEC substation at Jackass Flats. Survey crews began work Monday, June 18, in preparation for actual construction of the system. A temporary office has been opened at 1818 Industrial Road in Las Vegas.

Release of funds from the \$3,940,000 REA loan June 1 capped a long struggle by ranchers in the Pahrump-Amargosa areas to get highline service. Turned down by the Nevada Power Co. when they sought service, separate groups in Pahrump and Amargosa applied for construction loans from the Rural Electrification Administration. Loan negotiations led to merger of the two membership corporations and a single loan request. The REA loan, approved March 2, 1962, included funds to serve the Death Valley area in California.

This action apparently stirred two commercial power companies located outside the immediate area to take steps to kill the young cooperative off, Bowman said. The Nevada Power Co. of Las Vegas moved crews into Amargosa to erect several poles before a meeting with Amargosa residents late in April. More recently the Los Angeles-based Southern California Edison Co. notified Death Valley area residents that it would hop-skip 55 miles into the area past its nearest service point.

"The timing and the areas picked for these spite-line actions show that the commercial power companies want to take our most promising areas away from us in order to cripple or kill the cooperative." Bowman said. "In both cases the power companies plan to serve only the heart of the territory which the cooperative has mapped out for complete area coverage.

"This would mean that many residents in the more remote rural areas would never get electric service, if the power companies prevailed. In justice to all who have placed their faith in us to give them modern electric service, we shall fight to win." Bowman declared.

At stake is a new irrigated farm areas now developing in the Amargosa Desert west of Lathrop Wells. This long-barren arm of Nevada's Great Basin is dotted with alfalfa, wheat and oat field irrigated from 300 to 400-foot wells tapping the underground Amargosa River. Diesels drive the pumps, which bring the high-purity water to the surface for sprinkler irrigation. Some diesels also drive electric generators for lighting and small motors.

Area residents are anxious to get free of the noise, trouble and expense of their present pumping systems and the inadequate power generators. Availability of lower cost, dependable power from the Amargosa Cooperative will bring a new era of expansion and living in the entire area.

Families now based anywhere from Las Vegas to Los Angeles will be able to live on ranches the year around. Bowman stated further. Present settlers look forward to having many electrical conveniences missing under today's rugged living conditions. Food freezers, for example, are impractical with present generators, as are electric water heaters, ranges and television sets.

Other officers and directors of the Amargosa Cooperative are H.H. Records, Lathrop Wells,

chairman of the board of directors; Walter Williams, Las Vegas, vice-president: Edwin Mankinen, Lathrop Wells, secretary-treasurer; and Gene Esterbrook, Lathrop Wells, director. A representative from California is to be added to the board.

The Inyo Register  
Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Thursday July 5, 1962 - Page 5

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, September 15, 2004

## A Score of Arrests

### Carelessness About Masks Costs Citizens Five Dollars per Each

Dr. John S. McQueen and Louis H. Bodle were appointed special officers to assist in enforcing the influenza mask ordinance. They worked well and deserve the thanks of the community for their efficiency.

Twenty-two arrests were made, without discrimination or favoritism as to the recipients of the invitation to see Justice Yaney, presiding over the town court during Records Carlson's illness. In 21 cases a \$5.00 fine was levied; in the other, an insolent offender was fined and given five days in jail besides. In most cases the offense was inadvertent. But the officers wisely admitted no excuses. The general disposition is to obey the ordinance fully, in letter and spirit. From reports, the regulation has been better enforced here than in some other localities, including the county seat.

The Inyo Register

Bishop, Inyo County, California

Thursday, November 14, 1918

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, August 29, 2004

BILL

W.A. Chalfant Memoriam

Here passed a man who was a staunch contender  
For all that he believed was just and right;  
Within him beat a heart for man most tender  
And fortune of his friends was his delight.

His voice was seldom raised in anger ever  
His mildness was a charm he always bore,  
Yet from his purpose one could turn him never  
His fairness was a pride forever more.

His thoughts toward his fellowmen were kindly,  
And never word of his could cause one pain;  
He was not one who followed others blindly,  
But studied always, "what shall mankind gain."

His life shall stand a monument to virtue  
In all this desert land that was his home  
His ways shall be a goal for us to strive to  
And though he's gone he left us not alone.

Because the memory of him shall guide us  
Along the path of kindly justice still;  
We need not fear whatever may betide us  
If we can just walk in the steps of Bill.

-- D.S. Bromley

The Inyo Register

Bishop, Inyo County, California

Friday, November 12, 1943 - Page 2

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, August 28, 2004

## Civil Air Patrol in Search for Downed Aircraft

Pilots and observers of the Bishop Squadron Civil Air Patrol joined the search Wednesday morning for Louis Giroux, a wealthy Reno sportsman who was thought for a time to have crashed his airplane on Mt. Ritter, near Mammoth Lakes.

The search was cancelled at 12:30 p.m. after wreckage of the Cessna 210 was spotted by another CAP Squadron in the desert near Lancaster.

Local CAP crews were called into the effort after a column of smoke was reported rising from the slopes of Mt. Ritter by another flyer. The smoke was spotted not long after Giroux had radioed the Bishop airport, saying he was approaching the area.

Giroux, 37, was en route to a funeral in Rialto. Passengers were his wife, Marlene, and his mother, Nora M. Giroux.

Giroux an official of Byars Construction Co. in Reno was a member of a pioneer Nevada family.

His grandfather, J. L. Giroux, was one of the early developers of copper properties in White Pine County. His interests were sold to Consolidated Copper Mines, and are now in part of Kennecott Copper Corp.

Giroux was a prominent skeet shooter, and had competed on the national level.

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California

August 3, 1967 – Front Page, continued on page two

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, July 14, 2005

## Crowley Memorial Fund

Contribution to the Father Crowley Memorial Fund are still being accepted and may be turned in to G. W. Dow, chairman of the fund committee to receive contribution for the proposed memorial.

At the last Inyo Associates meeting C. S. McArthur and H. R. Ellis of Lone Pine were named with Mr. Dow on the committee to receive contributions for the proposed memorial.

All funds received are being deposited in the Lone Pine bank, together with the names of donors. Associates plan to select a site and erect a suitable memorial to the beloved padre who served the Inyo-Mono district.

The Inyo Register  
Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Friday, January 1, 1943 - Page 1

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, September 1, 2004

## Death Calls W.A. Chalfant

### Funeral Services Held Monday

Closing a career that had brought him many honors and the deep love and affection of the community he had served so faithfully for more than 50 years, W. A. "Bill" Chalfant, 75, editor, author and historian, passed away at the family home in Bishop at 12:30 a.m. last Friday.

He had been failing in health for some time, having been stricken last Labor Day, and had been practically bedfast since that time. Last February he had suffered an illness, but had recovered considerably and had continued his writing and weekly contribution for the Inyo Register, which he edited and published for more than a half-century.

### Pay Last Tribute

Representatives of newspaperdom, state and county officials, and hundreds of friends paid tribute to his passing at funeral rites held Monday afternoon at Albright Memorial Chapel, Bishop. The ceremony was preceded by Masonic rites conducted by Winnedumah Lodge, No. 287, F. & A.M., of which he had been secretary for more than 40 years. Part of the Masonic rites were continued at the regular service, followed by Christian Science services conducted by Mrs. Bessie Patterson, reader. The chapel was banked with scores of floral tributes, many of them from official bodies of county and state, lodges, and business firms of the valley.

Simple graveside rites were recited by the Christian Science reader Mrs. Bessie Patterson, at the Masonic cemetery where interment was made in the family plot, near the graves of his parents.

Pallbearers included W. C. Parcher, Ken Irons, Doug Joseph, Art Hess, Bob Crosby and Wallace Partridge.

### Came to Valley

Willie Arthur Chalfant was born in Virginia City, Nev., Jan. 10, 1868, the son of Pleasant Arthur Chalfant and Adeline Chalfant. His parents had come west with an emigrant train during the California gold rush, crossing the mountains through the Beckwourth pass. After a few years in the mining districts of the Feather river, they moved to Virginia City, where the senior Chalfant was a printer for the Enterprise.

Two years later the family moved to Owens Valley, still a wilderness where Indians fought against the encroaching whites. July 9, 1870, the elder Chalfant and James E. Parker established the Inyo Independent at Independence, buying a Washington hand press from the Esmeralda Union which had been published at Aurora. This hand press, said to be the third press in California, is now in Henry Ford's Museum at Dearborn, Mich., having been later sold to Ford's representative by Wm. C. Parcher and son, subsequent owners.

### Career Began in Inyo

The Independent chronicled events of the great Cerro Gordo and other booming camps of southern Inyo in language easily understood by the bearded gentry of that romantic era, and it was in the Independent office that young W. A. Chalfant got his first smell of printer's ink and received his first training in newspaper work.

When he was only eight years old, Willie Chalfant first learned to set type and operate a tiny press given him by his father. His first attempt at newspaper publishing was his Juvenile Weekly and a little later, at the age of 13, he published the Owens Valley Newsletter for a period of three months.

In 1891, P. A. Chalfant sold the Inyo Independent to his partner, but Bill continued to work there for a time, until he failed to receive compensation due him and went on to Bishop, where his parents moved in the meantime.

#### Took Over Register

April 4, 1885 P. A. Chalfant and Son started publication of the Inyo Register at Bishop. During 1887 the publishers were W. A. Chalfant and B.H. Yaney, the senior partner having been elected county assessor. With the coming of 1889 W. A. Chalfant became the sole publisher, and continued as such until January, 1842 when the property was purchased by Geo. W. Savage and Roy L. French, who named their publishing firm the Chalfant Press, in deference to the father and son who had founded the two leading newspapers of Eastern California.

September 21, 1892 he was married to Flora Mallory, a Nevada schoolteacher, who had attended Inyo academy in Bishop with Willie Chalfant. They have always resided in Bishop, living the past 49 years in the home they own.

#### Paid Tribute to Home

His home, Bill Chalfant always admitted was the epitome of happy Christian life, and largely responsible for the success he achieved. The P. A. Chalfant home, where Bill and the other children were reared, reflected the thorough Methodist teachings of love that was dominant in the late editor's life. Of his own home life, he spoke most highly, best portrayed in his inscription in the front of one of his books he presented to his wife, "It has been earths nearest touch of heaven above."

Files of the Inyo Register reflect the progressive spirit of W. A. Chalfant, editor and publisher. His career in Owens Valley newspaper circles was climaxed with the fight with the City of Los Angeles over the purchase of Owens Valley water rights. He fought tirelessly for the rights of the people of Inyo in their water battles, yet when hotheads began dynamiting the Los Angeles aqueduct, he opposed this action as bad judgment on their part.

#### Best Known for Books

He was possibly best known throughout the nation for his books on Eastern California, Nevada and Death Valley, including "The Story of Inyo," "Outposts of Civilization," "Death Valley, the Facts," and "Tales of the Pioneers," the last published recently by Stanford Press, and containing many stories of early day life in Nevada and California. His literary efforts had brought him many honors, including memberships in national historical societies such as the life membership recently granted him by the Mark Twain Society.

He had been chairman of the advisory board of the Bank of America and member of Automobile Club of Southern California; yet he had never driven a car in his life, and the only auto he ever owned, he said, was one he gave away in a subscription contest years ago when automobiles were a curiosity.

A charter member of the Inyo Associates, he also had been a charter member of the Knights of Pythias Lodge and secretary of the Winnedumah Lodge F. & A. M. for 42 years. He was also a member of Islam Shrine, San Francisco for more than 30 years. His 100 per cent attendance record at Rotary club meetings since he joined as a charter member 15 years ago



had attracted nationwide attention in service club circles. On several occasions in later years Rotary members had met in his bedroom to assure his perfect attendance record. In 1842 he and Mrs. Chalfant were honored by the Rotary club and other citizens of Inyo-Mono on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary.

#### Honored Professionally

May 26, 1939, the American Institute of Journalists, alumni organization of Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalism fraternity, met in Los Angeles to pay tribute to W. A. Chalfant, dean of Western editors. When Bill arose to speak the assembled newspapermen stood and greeted him with a prolonged round of applause. That night this writer for the first time met W. A. Chalfant, and heard him relate his interesting experiences of early-day newspaper work.

More than a hundred members of Bishop Rotary and Lone Pine Lions club met in a special joint meeting in Lone Pine in March 1939 to pay tribute to Bill Chalfant for publishing the history of Inyo county for more than 50 years. On this occasion he was presented by the late Father J.J. Crowley with a commemorative gift in the form of desk set and bookends made of Death Valley travertine. These were presented with an engraved plate thereon reading: "To W. A. Chalfant, after 50 years of Living, Writing and Publishing Inyo's Story. Bishop Rotarians - 1939-Lone Pine Lions."

In addition to his wife, he is survived by three sisters, Mrs. W. D. Nelligan of Riverside, Mrs. George A. Clarke of LeGrande, Calif. And Mrs. D. N. Wheeler of San Jose, all of whom were here the past week for funeral services.

Attending the funeral services were John Long, general manager of the California Newspaper Publishers Association, and J. D. Funk, secretary-treasurer of the same organization, who represented daily and weekly newspaper of California in paying tribute to their First Citizen of the Fourth Estate.

Representing the Automobile Club of Southern California was Carl E. McStay, field secretary, who was born in Mr. Chalfant's birthplace, Virginia City. They had known each other for a good many years.

#### The Inyo Register

Bishop, Inyo County, California

Friday, November 12, 1943 - Page 2

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, August 28, 2004

"Down and Out"

Having leased a one-half interest in the Inyo Register to B. H. Yaney, I now "step-down and out," for a time, as editor and publisher of the same. Beginning with this issue, my son Willis A. Chalfant, heretofore associated with me, and Mr. Yaney, take full control as editors and publishers of the Register, and together with the business management of the paper and job department, assume all responsibilities connected therewith.

I most warmly commend these young men in the work they have undertaken, as worthy of the most liberal patronage this community can possibly afford.

In conclusion, and while acknowledging my obligations for the patronage and good wishes received in connection with this paper, I must take this occasion to express my sincere thanks for the honor and material favor conferred upon me at the recent election by the voters of this county.

Respectfully,  
P.A. Chalfant

The Inyo Register  
Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Thursday, January 6, 1887 - Page 2

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, August 29, 2004

## Epidemic Situation is Much Improved

### Prevalence and Severity Both Diminishing throughout the Community

The influenza situation locally shows a marked improvement. We still have the deplorable duty of recording some deaths, and there are still cases that cause anxiety; but some whose condition was desperate are progressing toward recovery, and new cases are few. Twenty-two cases are yet in the hospitals, but favorable progress is reported. They are being discharged almost daily. Such new cases as appear are being sent to the West Line street hospital, and the high school will be cleared as rapidly as circumstances permit. The general feeling is much better.

Reports from the south are that the influenza has claimed nine victims at Cartago, and there have been a number of deaths at Keeler. Most prominent among those who have been lost is E. A. Frissell of Keeler. Mr. Frissell came to this county from Plumas county about two years ago, accompanied by his wife and young son. He has been in the automobile business at Keeler, and has also been employed as a mechanic for the Natural Soda Products Company. He was a man held in high esteem by every acquaintance.

The Inyo Register

Bishop, Inyo County, California

Thursday, November 14, 1918

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, August 29, 2004

## Inyo, Mono, Alpine Included in Fallout Shelter Survey Program

Congressman Harold T. (Bizz) Johnson announced this week the award of three contracts for detailed fallout shelter surveys in the 19 counties of the 2nd district, including Inyo, Mono, and Alpine.

The contracts were awarded by the Army Corps of Engineers which has been given the responsibility of making the surveys in California.

The surveys will determine capacities and degree of protection afforded in existing buildings and recommend what needs to be done to improve on protection afforded. It is hoped, Army officials told Congressman Johnson, that the surveys will be completed in August.

The results will be turned over to local state and federal civil defense officials for use in overall civil defense planning. The contracts awarded were to:

Porter & O'Brien of Sacramento, a \$77,940 contract to conduct surveys in 11 counties including Alpine, Amador, Calaveras, El Dorado, Mariposa, Mono, and Tuolumne.

Leo A. Daly, San Francisco, a \$41,249 contract to conduct surveys in nine counties including Inyo.

DeLeuw Cather, San Francisco, a \$29,250 contract to conduct surveys in 20 counties including Butte, Lassen, Modoc, Nevada, Placer, Pluman, Shasta, Sierra, Siskiyou, Tehama, and Trinity.

The Inyo Register  
Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Thursday, July 5, 1962 - Page 1

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, August 30, 2004

## From Our Men With the Colors

The following is from a letter by Wallace J. Forbes to his mother, Mrs. P. W. Forbes:  
October 28, 1918

"They tell me we will get a fifteen day furlough before we go across, and believe me, I am coming home no matter where I am.

"By the time you get this I will be on my way to Fort Sam Houston, Texas. My address will be Motor Truck Co. 400. We got orders to pack today. We have turned in our guns already. I am not sure just when we are to move, but I think we will leave tomorrow sometime.

"I got an extra good card from this camp. They rated me as a journeyman I everything they had me down for. In all the examinations I got good marks; in four of them I got the highest possible; in the rest of them I got the next best, which is considered very good, so I am pretty well satisfied.

"They say Fort Sam Houston is a fine camp. It is in the city of San Antonio, Texas.

"There were only three of the men died here. One of them died about one thirty a.m. He was right at the foot of my bed, and about noon the next day the man next to me on my left died, and believe me, it made me feel pretty shaky. They both passed away without a struggle. If they had shown any signs of passing away it would have been different. They seemed in pretty good spirits up to the last half hours, so I didn't know but maybe I might be next. But my angel was good to me, and I am feeling fine now. I was taken sick on my birthday and was in the hospital just one week.

"I got so poor my ring wouldn't stay on my finger and I had to put it on the next one. I only weigh 115 pounds, so you see I was pretty skinny. I am picking up fast now. I feel how as strong as ever.

"All but one of my friends are going to the same camp, so we will not be as lonesome as when we came here. The other is going to Indianapolis, Indiana.

"When we get to the next camp we can get a pass from Saturday noon until Monday morning; that will give us a chance to take in the sights.

"We have been in quarantine ever since we came here, with the exception of ten days. That is just like being in jail."

The Bureau of War Risks at Washington receives thousands of letters every day regarding allotments, pays and kindred other matters relating to war insurance. Here are some excerpts from missives gathered by an employee with a sense of humor:

"My bill has been put in charge of a spittoon (evidently referring to platoon.) Will I get more pay?"

"Please send my allotment, I have a little baby and knead it every day."

"My husband gone away. He got a few days' furlo and has been away on the mind sweepers."

"We have your letter. I am his grandfather and grandmother. He was born and brought

up on this house according to letter."

"Will you please send my money as soon as possible, as I am walking about Boston like a bloody pauper."

"I am writing to ask you why I never received my elopment (allotment). His money has been kept form his pay for the elopment which I never received."

"I ain't received no pay since my husband gone away from nowhere."

"You have changed my little boy to a little girl. Will it make any difference?"

The Inyo Register  
Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Thursday, November 14, 1918 - Page four

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb August 31, 2004

## "Have Gun, Will Travel" Busy Shooting Three Films Here

Bishop became "Booneville" this week as a crew of some 60 experts hit this area to begin shooting films for a series of "Have Gun, Will Travel" television productions starring Richard Boone as Paladin. The series is a favorite in this area, seen locally over CBS outlets.

Main headquarters for the cast and crew have been at the Town House Motel and Hacienda Motel.

Shooting conditions have been excellent, as far as locations, sunlight and weather are considered, Howard Joslin, associate producer for the CBS series, stated.

"It's the best sunlight we've had all year." Joslin beamed, "and this is important when you're on a tight budget to produce films."

Boone is being supported in the major acting roles by Patrick Knowles and Peter Whitney. In the third film to be made in the present stay in the Bishop area, young Ivan Dixon, a star of the recent "Raisin in the Sun" New York stage show, will be featured.

Andrew V. McLaglen is directing the first two films of the current series, and Boone, who has directed many of his own series, will direct the third. Shooting will continue into next week.

McLaglen is the son of the famous actor, the late Victor McLaglen.

Most of the crew was flown to Bishop airport from southern California, and some of the executives have been commuting through the week.

Joslin had high praise for outstanding cooperation from motels, cafes, and various other businesses and services in Bishop.

"We couldn't have asked for better cooperation." He stated, "Everyone has been wonderful, and we certainly appreciate it."

Joslin had high praise, too, for his hard-working crew, which is now in its fourth-year as a working unit. They arise at 5 a.m. and work feverishly through the day, changing locations often, and working as much as possible to take advantage of the sunlight conditions.

There are many choice locations in this area, Joslin stated, that the company has been having a bit of difficulty which spots to use in the series of three shows, and which to save for other series they expect to do in this area.

Our setup here is ideal, Joslin admitted, as everything is so close and handy. This is important when time can be saved from extensive traveling, and having the cast and crew scattered over a wide area.

The major local fly in the ointment has been the avid curiosity of local residents who have visited the location sites, disturbing the crews, ruining sound tracks, and otherwise delaying the shooting schedules, by creating conditions incompatible with the script the camera work.

Tentative plans call for Boone to address an assembly at Bishop Union high school, possibly Tuesday of next week. Other appearances may be made locally, and it is hoped that folks will confine their curiosity to these occasions, and no on location.

Main credit for bringing the company to Bishop for the series goes to Carl and Clare Andre of Pioneer Hardware, Bishop. The Andres both have working in films for many years, and have cooperated in making necessary arrangements for the local locations, and services.

In one scene this week, horses were to swim the Owens River, East of Bishop. When preliminary arrangements were made, the water level was too low, and requests for more water were discouraging. But, when it came time to shoot the scene, days later, so much water was running down the river that the current was almost too swift for the horses.

Joslin stated that tentative plans call for returning to this area next year to shoot considerable more of the "Have Gun Will Travel" series.

"We may be able to shoot 10 separate shows here," he commented. "We've seen numerous top locations."

Joslin stated that when the Have Gun series shot in this area to appear on television this paper will be notified weeks in advance so that local residents can see the completed product.

Typical of the local cooperation was the Golden State Café. The crew's caterers from southern California arrived to find they had forgotten dishes and silverware. The Golden State came to the rescue to solve that little problem forthwith.

The Inyo Register  
Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Thursday, September 15, 1960 - Page 1

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, September 13, 2004



## History of Eastern California Museum Association Recalled

Changes made recently in the officers and governing board of the Eastern California Museum Association, recall something of the origin and history of this organization. For the first time in its 15 years' life, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Parcher are not among its leaders. To Mrs. Parcher is due its existence, many of its policies and its accomplishments, while Mr. Parcher has always been one of its leaders, also. Early in 1928 rapid changes occurring in Owens Valley forced a realization that much historical data and material concerning Inyo County would soon be lost unless means of preserving them were found. At the same time, a group of young men were interested in collecting the remains of Indian culture, locating and photographing their petroglyphs, and in any way possible recreating the history of a partly vanished way of life.

### Lead in Effort

Among these young men were Frank Parcher, Charles Forbes, and William Sanford. Frank's mother, Mrs. W. C. Parcher, shared their interest, and was also very desirous of keeping the records of pioneer life in this region. Wild flowers and other plants, she felt, should be collected and exhibited, while no resident of the county could be blind to the local enthusiasm for all sorts of mineral collections. It was her plan that a museum be made of these varied exhibits, and this resulted in the formation of the Eastern California Museum Association in May 1928, with Mrs. Parcher as the first president, a position which she has held several times since.

### Collections Made

She strove from the first to develop a broadly comprehensive collection, with departments of history, Indian anthropology, botany, geology, and mineralogy. How well she succeeded may be seen by even a casual visit to the museum. She interested many local persons in this work; W. A. Chalfant and John Dixon, with others, in bringing in articles, books and family records of local history; Douglas Robinson in geology and mineralogy, etc. In the early years of the association, annual dinners were a feature, with learned or witty papers presented to large crowds. On one occasion the Garden Club cooperated by serving afternoon tea, where guests might choose between orange pekoe and "Indian Tea," and between commonplace sandwiches and acorn board. Another feature of early days were the field trips, often in conjunction with the California Historical Association or the Southwest Museum.

Besides the casual visitors who frequent the museum, the occasional writers, scientists, and collectors attest its value, always finding many things of genuine worth to examine. Lately the crowded conditions have precluded any active promotion of adding to the collections, with the exception of the typed histories of pioneer families, and other materials which take up little space. But even with this handicap, the place is of great interest to the classes which come annually from schools from Bishop to Olancho, and to every one who cares for local history, minerals, wild flowers, or Indian artifacts.

### Historical sites

An activity in which the association has always been interested especially during the presidency of W. C. Parcher, and which can be continued whether or not conditions are favorable for other developments in the museum, is the signing of historical sites, of which the marker recently placed at Fort Independence is an example. Another is the tracing of old trails, such as those Fremont and Joe Walker, which Douglas Robinson has located throughout the length of the valley.

While missing the help of several of the group who originated and developed the museum, the Eastern California Museum Association hopes to continue as usefully in the future, under the leadership of its new president, Judge Wm. D. Dehy, who has always been one of the leading members, and his loyal officers. Many things cannot be attempted in war time, but others can be carried out, and a fuller programs be planned to be taken up later on.

The Inyo Register  
Bishop, Inyo County, California  
May 28, 1943

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, August 30, 2004

## Influenza Claims Many As Victims

### Ravages of Epidemic in This Community Continue. – All Persons Must Wear Masks

An emergency ordinance requiring the wearing of influenza masks, after Tuesday noon, was adopted by the Trustees Monday afternoon. Such masks must have at least four thicknesses of gauze or other suitable material, not less than 5 inches by 8 inches in size, and must be kept clean.

Dr. I. J. Woodin, County Health officer, issued an order Monday night requiring all persons in the county to wear influenza masks.

A Los Angeles official says the most potent agent in spreading influenza is the convalescent. He – or she – has been housed up for a week or more, and wants to get out and see people. The ten days after apparent recovery is said to be as dangerous a period for spreading “flu” as the days of being bedridden. The wise convalescent should flock by himself for a while, and should not be cultivated as a visitor.

A San Francisco physician says that influenza convalescent should wear masks for ten days after recovery, and they are as liable to communicate the disease during that period as at any time during their illness.

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Thursday, November 7, 1918 – Front Page

Transcribed by Denise S. Flynn

## A War-Time Friend of the White Man

Joe Bowers, Piute, did enough for the white people in troubled times to win honorable mention in Inyo history. Record of his activities would make an interesting story, and a longer one than we can now give. After the war, a man whose life he had saved proved so ungrateful as to "jump" Joe's campground. Indignant white settlers drove the interloper away, and also paid Joe a sum quarterly thereafter. He was enrolled as an army scout, and later was granted a pension which was paid until his death some years ago.

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Thursday, December 28, 1911 – Page one

Transcribed by Denise S. Flynn

## Letters From The Front

Lorenz Hitzroth and Karl Hartshorn write from France

The friends of Lorenz Hitzroth will be glad to learn, through a letter to his mother dated June 18th, that he appears to be in good physical condition, and has escaped the serious casualties reported by press dispatches.

Following are extracts from his letter:

For the past two months I have, for the most part, been living underground, and the first three weeks we were in a place where one hardly dared to stick his head out in the open. We were in a town at the front then living in old cellars or dugouts. They were not much better than the open, but were protected against shrapnel and possibly a small three-inch shell, a size, which Fritz very seldom dropped in the town. I was certainly glad to get out of that place.

The first week we were there I was on an observation post, and we had to go through the town to get to the post. There were two dreaded spots, known as Death o' Corner, and the other between a large chateau and a church, (both completely demolished), known as Hell's Corner. This post was finally taken off, and I was quite relieved. An operator was needed on the telephone switchboard at regimental and I was put on there. About two days later Fritz gave us an awful gassing -- I guess maybe you read about it. I was on duty at the time and had my mask on for over twelve hours. The other two operators were gassed, and the shifts all fell on me until the following evening when we received some replacements. I was slightly gassed, but not bad enough to go to the hospital. I had a little in my eyes and lungs, but it did not bother me much. Fritz dropped a shell one afternoon right in the mouth of our dugout and cut out every line we had. The concussion blew out our candles, and dirt and boards came flying down the steps. We had no communication for about two hours. That town is certainly a wreck. Houses are torn down, walls smashed in, and it looks like a hurricane hit the place.

One morning, however, about 4:30 we threw a barrage, and such a barrage it was. Old Fritz I guess thought that every big gun on our side was in action. It was a continuous rumble for two hours, and then our troops went "over the top" in the first real American attack. They took the town ahead of them, captured several hundred prisoners, and withstood about eight counter-attacks. I suppose you read about that attack also. Little was said of it - little is said about anything that our division does - although one hears plenty about the Rainbow division and the Marines. Ours was the first over here though I was not with them. They were the first in the line, first to take over a sector under their own officers, first to go over the top in a prearranged attack to gain ground - yet nothing was said about them. We now have a fine location, a natural park around us. The entrance to the dugout is perfectly camouflaged and openings in the trees around us are also camouflaged. We can go outside and sun ourselves during the day, which is quite a relief.

We have a French switchboard, a portable one, and is quite a neat arrangement. The colonel and his staff are at this station, and at times we are quite busy at the board.

I have received about fifty letters in five batches dating as far back as December 27th. The letter wrote on receiving my card of arrival, I received a few days ago. Your package I have not received, and it is now overdue. I received Mrs. Barton's package of cookies and candy a few weeks ago, but one of your letters says that you think she will be down by June so I have not written her. If you see her, tell her, and when I find out where she is I will write to her. Miss Denny's package has not arrived either. I understood that a large box of glace fruit and prunes went to M. Company for me, and was readdressed and sent back to me, but I never got it, and I suppose some one along the line got the benefit of it. I received your letter of March 4th containing a money order, which came in very handy. I have not been paid since last January, and the prospects of a very near payday are not very bright. It seems that my service record was lost in my moving around, and it is necessary to start a new one, and I daresay it will have to be traced to Washington and back before I ever get any money.

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California

Thursday, July 25, 1918 - Page 6

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, March 2, 2005

## Loss of Padre Crowley's Cabin Recalls Memories of Early Days

To many who visit the Whitney Portal, the ruins of a cabin destroyed by fire are just the remains of a misfortune, of the futile defense against the elements and today are nothing more than the blackened embers of the blaze.

"Wasn't that the Putnam cabin?" is the oft repeated question.

"Yes, she lived in it. But Padre Crowley built it and with his own hands in great part."

And those thoughts of Father Crowley bring back others of the old timers here in the Valley.

We are carried back on the wings of imagery to the days of the one-blanket-single jack prospector of the ilk of Shorty Harris, Jimmy Dayton and Johnney Mills - back to the days when Doc Baxter of Independence sneaked away between "pullings" to stake a claim or sift a pan. It brings back via some wagging tongues the Gunsight, Skidoo, Modock and Minietta and of Pete Osdick at Randsburg and Pete Aguerberry in Death Valley.

Men like Wash Cahill hover on the horizon and Holiday Murphy, Joe Sheerin and the boys at Darwin and Ballarat. Goller, Greenwater, Harrisbury Falt, Leadville, Joeburg loom into view.

Not to mention our own Cerro Gordo and the Swansea smelter and the "Swansea Queen" that furrowed the waters of the now disappeared Owens Lake.

Did someone mention Rhyolite, Tonopah and Goldfield?

The connection is Carmen Olivas and his brother Joe, and the fire at the Olivas place on July 4 and Padre Crowley and the Putnam cabin, which burned on July 5.

Carmen Olivas, his brother Joe, and all those good Mexican people to the third, fourth, fifth and sixth generations who make up a good portion of the population of Lone Pine came here "muy" early - so early in fact that many of them remembered the "Lone Pine" and lived in adobe houses so that they are buried on the wrong side of the road as you leave town to the north. The earthquake of 1872 did that to them. They came to mine the silver which they accomplished with their crude methods of the mill wheels and "Senior, the Donkey" going round and round until the ore was crushed.

Carmen and Joe, the old Mexican gentlemen, found horses and pack animals more profitable than the hunt for gold. They soon became an institution. So when Padre Crowley wanted to go to Whitney what was more natural than that he should go to Carmen and Joe. They accompanied the Padre to Hunter's Flat. Thence the Padre made the hazardous ascent of Whitney over the old trail in 1923.

It was Carmen and Joe who supplied the stubborn mule some years later in 1935 when the Los Angeles Times made the Padre's Mass on Whitney the rotogravure pictures of the month.

And it was Father Crowley who buried Shorty Harris and most of those old timers. It was he who publicized them in his column "Sage and Tumbleweed." It was he who delved into this phase of California and resurrected and rehabilitated the exploits of the hardy successors of the pioneers until they stood forth in 3 dimensions.

"But the cabin? What has all of this to do with the cabin?"

Out of Death Valley there came a stonemason. There was only one. There will never be another. If you don't believe the writer take a look at the Catholic Church in Lone Pine, which the Desert Padre built. Look at those steps. And then go to Furnace Creek Inn and take a look there. And you

will agree there was only one stonemason.

Not only that - he had a name for every stone - a cuss name. And the Padre pushed him.

"Dobie, get me that blankety blank stone over there."

And Dobie is Dobie Gunnerson.

And Steve is gone. And the Padre is gone. And Carmen and Joe are gone.

You will find monuments along the highway to the Padre. Some are tokens from his friends and some are tributes from his enemies. The Putnam cabin is gone. Let it remain under the name for the Padre built for eternity. Ask Steve Esteves or his spirit.

It was Steve and Dodie who laid the foundation for the Putnam cabin at Whitney Portal. And the stonework was completed in 1935.

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California

Thursday, July 16, 1953

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, Sunday, April 8, 2005



## Lost on the Desert

The entire male population of the camps of Greenwater and Death Valley Junction are searching the desert tonight for Dave Eldredge, son of a well-known eastern sewing machine manufacturer, who started from his mining property in the Panamint range on August 24 for Greenwater, and has not been seen since. It is supposed that he perished of thirst on the desert.

Every able-bodied man in the camp has joined in the search for the body. Horses, burros, wagons, carts and automobiles have been pressed into service, and no portion of the desert between Greenwater and the Panamint Range will be left unexplored.

Young Eldridge had extensive interests in mining claims along the ridge of Death Valley.

Tonopah telegram, Sept. 11.

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California

Thursday, September 16, 1909

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, December 31, 2004

Horrors!

--

Appalling Times!

--

EARTHQUAKES

--

25 Persons Killed!

--

Awful Loss of Life!

--

Earth Opens!

--

Houses Prostrated

--

Lone Pine!

--

Its Terrible Condition

--

Most Heart-Rending Scenes!

--

Miraculous Escapes

--

Individual Heroism!

--

A Demoralized Printing Office.

--

(Sunday, March 26, will mark the centennial of the great Owens Valley earthquake which flattened Lone Pine and part of Independence, and killed a large number of persons. In commemoration, we reprint excerpts from the March 30, 1872 issue of the Inyo Independent--The editors.)

Between 2 and 3 o'clock Tuesday morning last (March 26), the inhabitants of this region experienced one of the most terror striking, awe inspiring sensations that ever falls to the lot of mortal man - an earthquake - an earthquake in all its mighty power!

The solid earth was loosened from its very foundations, and heaved and tossed as if in the throes of a terrible agony.

The Mighty Power beneath threw it up and down, hither and yon as a strong man might toss a helpless babe. No words of ours can begin to portray the terrors of that dread moment, nor the great horror that fell upon every living thing!

It was a terrible scene when all were so rudely awakened from deep slumber to face death in its most terrifying form.

Men whose cheeks would never blanch in ordinary dangers cried out in a very agony of terror, women screamed as they clasped their crying little ones, cattle lowed, horses broke from their fastenings and huddled together, dogs howled, chickens left their roosts and staggered about in the darkness in their wild efforts to escape a danger that came

they knew not whence.

Strong wooden houses bounded up and down and rolled to and fro like ships in a heavy seaway, crockery smashed and furniture danced about the floors, chimneys dropped instantly to the ground, stone and adobe houses crumbled and went to earth like piles of sand, burying the miserable occupants in the ruins, and the whole world was in its last convulsions!

It would fill volumes to detail all the wonders of those few seconds of time - the wondrous phenomena of nature, the dire calamities, the personal experiences, miraculous escapes and interesting incidents, but for the present we are forced to forego the greater part of these things, and give some main facts, the most of which at the time or subsequently came under our own observation.

All who were not caught in the falling ruins were soon in the streets and soon began to hunt out the extent of the damage.

#### Henry Tregallas Killed

Henry Tregallas was killed in the ruins of his house. When found by the terrified employees his arms were locked around the almost inanimate form of his wife, both buried in the debris, she badly injured, nearly suffocated and he quite dead. Every building on the ground, save the frame mill, is razed to the earth, and it is absolutely wonderful that none but Mr. Tregallas fell victims. At the mine no one suffered injury.

#### The Destruction of Lone Pine

The greatest loss of life and destruction of buildings occurred in the town of Lone Pine, 18 miles south of this place [Independence]. Every stone and adobe building, comprising about three-fourth of that unfortunate place, was leveled to the earth.

Owing, probably to the soft springy nature of the ground upon which it stands, the destruction of even the class of buildings above mentioned, was more complete than elsewhere.

Many of the dwellings and with but one or two exceptions, every business house in the town was built of adobe and hence the great loss of life.

#### Dead of Heroism

There were over sixty persons killed and wounded in that place alone. The large store of Loomis Bros., crowded with goods, fell and buried Rockwell Loomis. The debris caught fire close by where he was lying and near to a large quantity of powder in kegs [kegs].

He owes his life, as do many others, to a deed of Heroism performed by Wm. Covington, who, in the midst of the quakings and terrors of the scene, and at the imminent risk of his life, refused to abandon his helpless friend, and never ceased his efforts until he extinguished the fire, then lapping the powder kegs, and got the wounded man out.

It was a noble act. The worst hurt, though not the only one, sustained by Mr. Loomis was in having one ear and a large portion of his scalp torn away.

Mrs. C. M. Joslyn

Mrs. C. M. Joslyn and her three children were buried under masses of adobes and broken timbers. She and her only son, the pride of her heart, little George, occupied a bed on the opposite side of a heavy partition from the bed where her two little daughters were sleeping.

The partition fell across Mrs. Joslyn and little George, killing the latter instantly, and severely injuring her, while the two girls remained unhurt. When finally rescued the wounded and almost insane mother, forgetful of self and all else save her little darling, clung to his dead body until made to relinquish it by almost sheer force.

The large and strongly built brewery, belonging to Munzinger and Lubken, crushed in partially, but all escaped without injury, save one, Munzinger's innocent babe whose little life was crushed out by the fell blow.

A Mexican woman, her two daughters and one son all died together, the sole survivor of this family being a boy about ten years of age, who escaped with his nose and one foot badly crushed. Two well-known women of the town, Lucy and Antonia, occupying different houses, were crushed to death in their beds.

Juan Ybeseta, a native of Chili, and a prominent man had his skull split wide open when his house fell in. Others were mangled most fearfully and many placidly slept the sleep of death, with nothing visible to show the cause. We saw many other dead bodies laid out in a blacksmith shop and other places when we arrived on the ground a few hours after the great visitation, but we now must take note of the wounded, and a few remarkable escapes.

Col. Whipple was asleep in the second story of his residence when the crash came. Feeling that escape was impossible, and with a thought of his absent family, he exclaimed, "This is Death!"

At Camp Independence all the buildings (adobe) are partially destroyed, though a few were thrown down, but among the latter was Jacob Vagt's which buried up himself and only child. The latter, we grieve to add suffocated before it could be rescued, a fate the parents barely escaped. Mrs. Vagt and a few others about the Post were somewhat injured, but none seriously. With the pitiable loss of this babe our death list closes, though we are

apprehensive

of bad news from Deep Spring Valley, where most of the miners lived in rickety stone houses which could not withstand the shock a moment.

At Big Pine the shock was very severe, at Bishop Creek somewhat less so; some buildings down in both localities but

no one hurt. At Aurora brick buildings were cracked, and at Benton, this side, the same things occurred, but except

the fright, no damage done. We heard nothing from any point north of Aurora.

South, at the lower end of the Lake [Owens Lake], the shock was light. From Coso, 70 miles south-east, a report

comes that 30 Mexicans were killed, but this needs confirmation.

Strange to say, Cerro Gordo sustained no loss of life or injury, other than the crumbling of a few dry stone walls.

Belshaw's furnace stopped for a few hours, but resumed operations in the morning. The grade down the mountain was

in places so filled with rock and earth as to be impassable for vehicles. At Belmont, a few stone cabins were

thrown down, but without injury to the occupants.

Fissures in the Earth are numerous and extend all over the valley; no hurried description can possibly do justice to

the wonderful effects everywhere visible. Vast crevasses have been opened, new lakes formed, sinks of from ten

inches to twenty feet and covering acre after acre, cracks extending miles, the river partially dammed and turned,

and the foot-hills are in places rent with wide cracks!

Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California

Thursday, March 23, 1972 - Pages 1 and 5

Transcribed by Denise S. Flynn

## The Lone Pine Earthquake

Considering the space affected, the number of inhabitants injured, and the amount of pecuniary destruction, the earthquake at the town of Lone Pine, Inyo County, California, on the 26th of last March, was the most remarkable convulsion of nature the country has ever known. There were three hundred and sixty distinct kinds of shocks.

The effect of one is described as if an enormous monster, situated exactly beneath the town, had been exploded, and came up almost to the feet with a dull thud, and as it reached the surface produced a terrific vibration; another was a quick, violent oscillation of the earth, without any noise or sign but its motion; the third was

preceded by a sound like the long roll which drums beat before battle. Then the noise died out and the chill came on. The fourth was like a 200-pounder Parrott fired from a mountain to their base, and when this passed over, a terrific trembling commenced.

The changed condition of the lakes since the earthquake is quite remarkable. Big Owens Lake, a formidable stream, twenty miles long and sixteen wide, has risen from three to five feet; while Little Lake, some four fathoms in depth; has dried up, indeed, totally disappeared. Owens River, formerly between three and four rods wide at Independence, and several fathoms deep, besides being a swift and turbulent stream, is so shallow that teams experienced no difficulty in fording it. The bridges at Lone Pine and Independence were both destroyed by the swift-running and disturbed current, and carried away like wisps of straw.

The earth swayed and rolled like the swell of the sea, turning hollows into eminences and converting hills into hollows. At each shock this terrible earth-swell repeated itself, wriggling like some vast serpent uncoiling itself for a spring, and cracking like the report of a cannon before each quiver. People who stood in the streets trembled in their limbs as each shock coursed its serpentine way. It seemed as though the earth surged under their feet as the sea, while uprooted slumps of brush danced wildly through the air, timbers and adobes clashed, horses neighed with fear, dogs barked furiously, pigs ran about the streets squeaking wildly, chickens cackled in furious discordance, and through all the din and confusion the cries of helpless beings imprisoned in the ruins rang out upon the voice of the wild winds in that piteous, hopeless cry, "Save me, save me! O God, save me!" Fifty-two houses were thrown down, and fifty-four persons, or more than one-sixth of the population of the town, were buried beneath the ruins.

A horrible and melancholy incident occurred on Wednesday, when an attempt was made to bury the killed of the disaster. A grave was dug by the citizens some forty-two feet long and eight feet wide, in which the bodies of fourteen of the killed were buried, in rude square-cornered coffins. Five other bodies were being buried in another grave on the same day, when a severe shock suddenly occurred. And the ground all about the graves sank from six to twelve inches, and the earth cracked in various directions. The attendants at the sad rites fell back in dismay; but apprehending no danger, again rallied about the grave and finished the performance of their sad duties.

Colonel Whipple, an aged, intelligent resident, the most prominent survivor, was sleeping in a two-story adobe-house, up-stairs, when the earthquake occurred. He spring out of bed, caught his pants, and had proceeded about ten feet into the hall, when he was thrown upon his back, the walls and the roof coming right down upon him, and he was knocked momentarily insensible. As soon as he came to and was able to dig out from the ruins, he went down the street to the center of the town, where the most appalling spectacles awaited him.

The first terror of the great shock over, the citizens of all classes and nationality - each class and nationality having its representative in the immense pile of corpses - united immediately in making suitable arrangements for the burial of the dead.

The few frame houses which the shock left standing were immediately converted into impromptu hospitals, and those who were uninjured volunteered to act as nurses for those who were less fortunate. The three physicians of the town - Dr. Gelcich, Dr. Colombo, and Dr. Colean, truly human gentlemen - stepped into the breach without waiting for invitation, and gratuitously gave their ser vices wherever they were needed. The families which escaped unscathed took in as many of the wounded as they could possibly find room for, gave food to those who had none, and raiment to those who had lost theirs in the ruins.

Deneri & Stewart are acknowledged to be the heaviest losers by the earthquake. Theirs was an adobe building, one story high, sixty by forty feet in size, and filled to repletion with assorted goods. Adjoining their store was a large frame outbuilding, used for storing gunpowder and grain. Their cellar was well supplied, and an immense shed projected over the main building, reaching clear out to the sidewalk. All of this is now a heterogeneous mass of adobes, timbers, broken crockery, damaged dry goods, etc.

Munzinger & Lubken, who owned the brewery in the town, a large, commodious establishment, well equipped with machinery, had invested \$16,000 cash in their business, which now, with the exception of a vat and a few barrels, is a mass of ruins, nothing remaining standing but upright or supporting timbers. Besides this, Munzinger loses his dwelling house and a quantity of grain. The grand total of the losses entailed upon the people of this county in a few seconds of time amounts to not less than \$237,000.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper  
New York, May 11, 1872 No. 867 - Vol. XXXIV  
Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, March 8, 2005

Baked, Rattled -- and Now in a Tourist Role  
By Jocelyn Y. Stewart, Times Staff Writer

LONE PINE, Calif. — Calamity offers this guarantee: After the earthquake, after the fire, some things will be left standing and some will earn eternity.

Such is the history of a chunk of wall that sits behind the local floral and gift shop in this town of 1,655 in the eastern Sierra foothills.

The "Old Adobe Wall" survived the earthquake that leveled the town in 1872, and since then has won fame as Lone Pine's only example of pre-earthquake adobe architecture.

To the untrained eye, it is more baffling than awe-inspiring, a buff-colored hulk locked behind a chain-link fence. But generations of townsfolk have ensured its preservation, passing down the responsibility as if it were a family heirloom.

The wall is an example of grass-roots preservation, of local people deciding what matters, what to save, what to let fade away.

"I don't think I would dare tear down a historical site," said the aptly named Beverly Vander Wall, a Lone Pine resident who owns the La Florista shop and the Old Adobe Wall behind it. "It's in my way in some ways, but it's also a draw to my business. It's kind of neat to have something so old."

The wall is not near the top of the list of Lone Pine attractions. Backpackers come through here to tackle Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in the lower 48 states. Filmmakers come for the beauty of the Alabama Hills, a perfect backdrop for scores of classic movies. Humphrey Bogart's "High Sierra" was filmed here, as were "How the West Was Won" and episodes of the TV series "Star Trek."

Last week the town was packed with people attending the 16th annual Lone Pine Film Festival. But the wall too has its visitors and its place — albeit in an alley, just south of Jake's Saloon.

The Old Adobe Wall is actually a piece of a wall. It is 148 inches long and 80 inches high, made of adobe brick and rubble held together with mortar. The bottom layer consists of 3 feet of heavy stone.

The real-life drama that earned the wall its spot in history took place at 2:30 a.m. on March 26, 1872.

"Since the quake happened ... in the morning, many people were killed when the adobe walls fell on them and trapped them in their homes," said Beth Porter, a museum specialist with the Eastern California Museum in nearby Independence. "Inyo County was a young county.... [The quake] rattled it right down to the ground."

Charles and Madeleine Meysan's general store, which included living quarters for their 10 children, was among the many buildings that collapsed. Their daughter Alice was killed, according to the town history on the Chamber of Commerce website. About 300 people lived in Lone Pine at the time, and 27 died in the quake. They were buried in a mass grave.



The Meysans rebuilt on the site but never tore down the section of wall left standing after the disaster. No other adobe structures would be built again in Lone Pine, Porter said.

"You could say adobe was virtually outlawed as building material," Porter said. "It basically was deemed unsuitable building material. I think that stands in the ordinance today. I don't think you can use adobe."

The quake introduced the era of wood-frame buildings. It also changed the landscape, creating Diaz Lake, just south of Lone Pine, and causing the western side of Owens Lake, now dry, to drop 15 feet, Porter said. And it made Lone Pine a destination for seismologists. Modern estimates put the 1872 quake's magnitude as high as 8.0.

"It's a real hot topic," Porter said. "They come to study the quake activity. It was such a huge event. There have not been many modern earthquakes at that magnitude."

The Meysan family held on to the new building and the wall remnant for decades before finally selling the property to a private buyer.

By the 1930s the city of Los Angeles owned the site. In the 1960s, according to Department of Water and Power records, efforts were made to repair the wall, said Chris Plakos, a Bishop-based DWP spokesman.

In the early 1970s, according to the town history, someone called the Meysans' granddaughter, Elodie Drew, and discussed bulldozing the wall. Drew was horrified, and DWP workers built the enclosure that now protects the wall.

"I guess I sounded pretty mad, because they went and put up a fence around the wall," Drew, now deceased, once told an interviewer.

Vander Wall said she purchased the property at auction in 1978. She too decided the wall would remain.

On June 17, 2000, the wall was officially dedicated by the local chapter of E Clampus Vitus, a California fraternal order with a tongue-in-cheek name (it's not real Latin) and roots that extend to the Gold Rush era. On the sidewalk near the entrance to La Florista, an impressive plaque explains the wall's past.

Since 2002, the state Office of Historic Preservation has listed the property as a "state point of historical interest," the lowest designation on the scale of recognition, well below "historic monument" status. That happens often when local residents nominate a site, a spokesman said.

La Florista operates in the same structure the Meysans built after the earthquake; two rooms have been added. Vander Wall, who bids farewell to her customers with "come more often and bring more money" and "happy trails," is happy to have people visit her shop and the wall.

She proudly pointed out where a stovepipe once passed through the wall and how the heat turned the clay a beautiful chocolate brown.

When visitors look closely, Vander Wall said, they can see the "sticks, little stones, other kinds of rocks, junk stuff" that pioneers used to build the town.

The visitors leave impressed, she said.

Los Angeles Times, Los Angeles, California

Tuesday, October 11, 2005 – California Section

Retrieved from: <http://www.latimes.com/news/local/la-me-wall11oct11,1,1747545.story>

## Origin of Pioneer Cemetery Told in Mrs. Matlick's Family History

Stories of the origin of the Pioneer cemetery, the name of Buttermilk Country, and the first schoolteacher in the Bishop area, are found in the family ancestry of Mrs. Harry Matlick of north Bishop.

Mrs. Matlick has presented these stories in a report to the genealogical records committee of the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Bessie Stevens is head of the committee.

The D.A.R. gathers these histories of California families and keeps them on file in Sacramento.

Mrs. Matlick's grandparents, Lovina and Joel H. Smith, and Lovina's sister and brother-in-law, Alzina and Alden Burdick, were two of the pioneer families in Owens Valley.

The Burdicks lived on what we all know as the Will Powers ranch. When she died there was no regular cemetery and her husband gave the plot for the Pioneer Cemetery and hers was the first grave in it." Mrs. Matlick reports.

"If I remember, it was just 80 years later (in May 1949) that we buried our mother there."

One of the Burdick daughters married Will Powers, Mrs. Matlick related.

Following is Mrs. Matlick's story of Joel and Lovina Smith:

"Grandfather Smith came to California during the gold rush and was around Sacramento in 1849. Returning to Iowa he started with his family and a large company of people across the plains soon after that. Their first stop was in Utah where they stayed for a time.

"Then they came to Carson Valley, where they lived for a while. They came to Bishop about 1860 I think, as Mary M. (born Jan. 9, 1867) was one of the first white children born in the valley.

Mary, and aunt of Mrs. Matlick was married to Robert Wimberly in 1888 and later to Sherman Waterbury in 1897.

She died in Los Angeles in 1945.)

"Somewhere on the road, Eva C. (one month old), died and was buried out on the plains, and grandmother always felt badly that she did not even know what state she was buried in.

The Indians were still very hostile when they arrived and when grandfather was compelled to go to the old fort at Owensville for mail and supplies he took the family along lest the Indians know he was away and attack them.

(W. A. Chalfant, in "The Story of Inyo," wrote, Owensville was on the East bank of Owens River, near the present Laws.")

"They lived for some time and milked cows at what is now known as Buttermilk or Buttermilk Meadows, hence the

name. They were there at the time of the earthquake in 1872.

"I think grandma began teaching her own children, and as there were other children and no teacher they started the subscription school."

Mrs. Matlick's father was Horance M. Smith, son of Joel and Lovina, who was born in Iowa in 1848. He married Sarah Jane Wheaton in Bishop, Dec. 24, 1882.

The dates of birth, marriage and death of the Smith family are from a Bible now in the possession of a sister of Mrs. Matlick, Mrs. Eva C. Brown Van Ness, now living in Cedarville, Calif.

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California

Thursday, July 9, 1953

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, Sunday, April 8, 2005

Outposts of Civilization  
Sketches of Early-day Camps, People and Happenings

How Inyo was Reached - At Bishop Creek - Chased and Shot by Piutes

The next few chapters of this series are from the pen of Dr. Hugh K. McClelland, now of 323 Geary Street, San Francisco.

He is writing a book of life in the West in early days, and dedicates it to Co. W.F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), in appreciation of long continued friendship. His articles have been published in the Ukiah Times, of Mendocino County.

By permission of the author we reprint those chapters of principal local interest, beginning the story with Dr.

McClelland at Sweetwater, Nevada.

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Mr. Hightower came to Sweetwater in a buggy and told me he was operating a mine called the Hightower & Mack mine at Benton and would be pleased to have me go along with him as I had informed Mr. Hightower that I was on my way to Inyo County, California. I accepted the invitation and went with him to Benton. I told him much about my travels and early life in Virginia and Kentucky, and my experience as a raider with General John Morgan was captured at Beaver creek, Ohio, and taken to Salineville on Yellow Creek and placed on the train and conveyed to the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio.

When I arrived at Benton I was shown through the mine by Mr. Hightower, which was a revelation to me, as I had never been in a deep gold and silver mine before. My next stop was at Bishop Creek, Inyo County, California. I rested up for a time at the hotel kept by Mr. John Bourland and his charming wife. Bishop Creek was a veritable oasis in the desert. The town was small and situated at the head of the Owens River Valley. The White Mountains and the Sierra, standing on either side presented to the eye a picture of enchantment and beauty. Farming was carried on to a limited extent at Bishop Creek by early settlers. The work was mostly done by Indians, who chose to be come domestic rather than continue their warfare against the whites. The invigorating air on these mountains, capped in many places with snow and glaciers, and the speckled mountain trout and honey, provided by Mrs. Bourland, soon imported a vigor. I never experience before or since. I just felt too contented and comfortable to take an active interest in the outside world. Later in life, while reading memories of Robert Louis Stevenson, telling of Pineapple Cottage in the Samoan Islands, a place where the palm shades cool and the trade winds fan until you die," I was vividly reminded of the climate at Bishop Creek, California. I have read many accounts in magazines of Inyo County, California, and the climate, but the accounts were tame compared with my personal experience. Life here takes on a greater

broader uplift  
to the soul than ever pictured by the brush of pen of man.

While seated at the breakfast table partaking of a meal of many good things, notably speckled mountain trout, homemade ham, hot biscuits and Inyo County Honey, a messenger came in post haste into the hotel and announced that a cattle man had been shot by an Indian and he was on his way to Fort Independence to summon Dr. McMillan, then surgeon at the military fort, to go and attend the injured man. Mr. Bourland suggested if the wound was a serious one I had better answer the summons, as the fort was quite a distance away, and I go at once to the injured cattleman, which I did. The horse furnished me was a large cream colored one with what was called a glass eye, broad-chested and well suited to make a hurried ride through sand and foothills I had to travel. I prided myself on being a good horseback rider, being accustomed to riding the Morgan breed of horses in the state of Virginia. The distance fifteen miles was soon covered and I found the cattleman suffering great pain from a bullet lodged in his neck. I immediately extracted the bullet, dressed the wound, and left instructions as to the care and dressing of the wound, received my fee, rested the horse for a couple of hours and mounted for the return to Bishop Creek.

The man who accompanied me asked if I wished him to return with me, as the road was a new one to me and I might get lost. I told him I had taken careful bearings on my way out and would have no difficulty in finding my way back. Having traveled about five miles on my return I heard shooting and the clattering of horses' feet, and looked back and saw five Piute Indians in close pursuit. I divined at once that their purpose was robbery and murder if need be. No doubt one of the Indians had witnessed my receiving pay from the cattleman and had informed the others. The Indians seemed to be gaining ground on me as the bullets seemed to be singing louder, and I could hear their yells more distinctly. I was unarmed, and had I been, would not have cared to try conclusions as the odds were against me. I brought the quirt into play, and mount seemed to sense the danger and got down to the best speed that was in him. I did not realize I had been shot until I felt a stinging under my left shoulder. My horse outdistanced the Indians, which probably saved my life. I was taken to Fort Independence and had the bullet, which was imbedded under the skin, extracted by Dr. McMillan, who was surgeon at the fort. I reported the attempted robbery and murder to Captain Macgowan, who had charge of the fort containing about ninety soldiers, and he sent ten soldiers in quest of the Indians, but they never got any track of them. The soldiers, I was later informed, stole several chickens from an isolated farmhouse and returned to the fort minus Indians, but full of chicken.

Dr. Hugh K. McClelland. (to be continued)

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Thursday, January 27, 1916 - Front Page  
Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, March 2, 2005

## Outposts of Civilization

### Sketches of Early-Day Camps, People, and Happenings

#### The Big Bonanza

The designation heading this article has sometimes been applied to the whole great Comstock lode. More properly, however, it was originally used to designate one huge find of under-ground unlimited wealth, as set forth in the following:

James G. Fair was superintendent of the Hale and Norcross and Savage mines, while Mr. Mackey had charge of other mines on Gold Hill. The Hale and Norcross and Savage mines had a vast amount of undeveloped ground. Mr. Fair, like the wise and far-seeing manager he was, ran lateral drifts and crosscuts all about him searching for the hidden ore bodies he believed to exist there. Incidentally by a long and confusing circuitous route he drove a drift to the undeveloped territory lying north of him.

He encountered ore - he expected it or he probably would not have driven there for it. He had a splendid boss in this part of the mine, a man who held the highest admiration for his superintendent and his phenomenal "nose for ore." He also attended strictly to his own business and never allowed the secrets of the underground world within his charge to escape him. One morning when the drift had a full face of seemingly good ore Mr. Fair entered the drift and said: "Well, Steve, how is she looking?" "Fine," responded Steve. "Well, my son," said Fair, "It's a pity such fine-looking ore is no good. We'll quit this place and go to work where there is something. Pull the timbers, Steve, we can use them some other place.

The timbers were pulled, the work stopped and a cave soon thereafter rendered the long drift inaccessible.

During the following two years Fair and his associates quietly bought up any stock offered in any of the mines comprising the group they were so desirous of owning. It cost them \$50,000 to secure control - about three fourths of all the stock.

Immediately upon securing control they began the sinking of a large shaft, while at the same time by arrangement with the Gould and Curry and Best and Belcher, they drove a level through these mines into Consolidated Virginia ground, several hundred feet below the crooked drift previously run from the Savage mine and again encountered ore. In driving this shaft a clay seam was cut and followed, which eventually led to the ore body on this level. It was small at first but it rapidly widened. This was at a dept of 1,167 feet from the surface - Meantime the shaft was sinking nearly 160 feet a month.

It is scarcely likely this shaft would have been sunk at the same time that the long and expensive drift was being run under ordinary circumstances, for the firm had only a short time previously met with serious losses in the Bullion mine, and was not over flush with money. The knowledge gained by the crooked drift, however, seemed a sufficient incentive to do this development work as quickly as possible.

The strike in Consolidated Virginia at first attracted no unusual attention. Far better things apparently had been discovered on the Comstock time and again. It was generally admitted that they had a good showing for a paying mine. Month after month the development preceded under Fair's competent direction and day by day the known extent of the ore body became greater.

It was larger at 1,300 feet than at 1,200. Still larger and richer at 1,400 and greater still at 1,500, continuing vast mass of gold-silver ore in one place measured over 360 feet in width. Nearly 100 feet of this was ore worth several hundred dollars per ton. Some of it ran into the thousands.



Never before had great masses of ore of such richness been displayed in a mine.

The people not only of Virginia City, but of the whole Pacific Coast went wild, and the fever of speculation cast into the shade the excitement of a few years previous which resulted from the discovery of bonanzas which produced only \$20,000,000 or some such matter.

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Probably there never was a wilder era of mining stock speculation than during those years. How fortunes were made almost overnight is apparent from this short review of variations of market prices of some of the principal stocks:

Sierra Nevada stock sold in 1877 at 75 cents, in 1878, \$261.

Union sold for \$3 in the summer of 1878, a few months later for \$193.

Ophir sold for \$8.87 in 1874, in 1875 the same stock sold for \$315.

Con. Virginia - 17 cents in 1871, for \$160 in 1872 and for \$7.80 in 1875.

Gould and Curry jumped for 50 cents to \$1000 in less than six months.

Savage went from a couple of dollars to \$800 in a few months.

Crown Point from \$2 in 1870 to \$1825 in 1872.

Yellow Jacket from \$24 in 1870 to \$325 in 1872.

Belcher from \$1 in 1870 to \$1525 in 1872.

Con. Virginia sold for 5 cents in 1885 and the next year for \$55.

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California

Thursday, March 15, 1917

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, February 27, 2005

## Outposts of Civilization

### Sketches of Early-Day Camps, People, and Happenings

#### Comstock Gambling

A Comstock veteran wrote this of the sporting days of the great camp:

"The biggest gambling I ever saw was Virginia City, Nev., at the time the bonanza ledges on the Comstock were being developed. That was along in 1872 and 1878. There are a multitude of gamblers nowadays who are incredulous of the truthful stories of the games played every night in the week for about a year from June 1872 to July 1878. I confess that I sometimes wonder whether I was really a participant in those golden days of gambling, or whether I have dreamed all that I recollect about them.

"You remember that for months the output from seven mines on the Comstock yielded together \$50,000 clear profit every day. John W. Mackay, James G. Fair and James Flood became multi-millionaires in fourteen months, while Sharon, Hobart, Ralston, Cobb, O'Brien and a dozen other men leaped from poverty to millions in the same time. Common laborers and camp cooks of a few years before had incomes from mining stocks of \$150 to \$300 a day for two years. Lots of mining laborers who could not read or write had bank deposits in Virginia City in those wonderful days of \$10,000 to \$15,000. I have seen hundreds of men in cheap red shirts and grimy overalls haul out a buckskin bag of \$2,000 or so with no more heed to its value than when one produced \$2 nowadays. So you see what an extraordinary field there was in the town for gambling. There were forty or fifty gambling games running there day and night. Roulette and faro were most popular.

"The most superbly appointed gambling place I have ever seen outside of France and Austria was there. It was owned by Hiram Gentry and Dan E. Crittenden. They were both men of education, and they planned to establish a Monte Carlo there. Crittenden was a nephew of United States Senator Crittenden of Kentucky. They were backed by Senators Sharon and Nye, William O. Ralston and one or two other multi-millionaires had credit at the California Bank in San Francisco for \$200,000. For about a year their daily deposits averaged \$8,000. The building was frame - like all others in Virginia City. Downstairs there were four large rooms and upstairs there were three. One room was especially devoted to Nevada and California State Officials, senators, and congressmen. Another room was for miner and stockmen. Still another and larger room was a general gambling room for men of small stakes who played a \$50 limit every night. There were poker, roulette and faro rooms and connecting all these was a most elaborate barroom. The tables and chairs were of mahogany; the carpets were the finest that money could buy in New York. I have seen cowboys and miners in great rough muddy boots, with pistols flapping at their hips and spurs at their heels, come stalking across velvet carpets there that cost \$10 a yard in those days, and throw their feet on polished tables worth \$100 dollars each. The windows were of the finest French stained glass and represented Bacchanalian and Roman scenes. The bar was of solid onyx, and the floor of Italian colored marble. The lamps were solid silver, set off by gold. Mirrors of heavy plate glass reached from floor to ceiling, and they were held in place by hooks of solid silver. There were goblets of solid silver and delicate drinking vessels of glass and gold. The pyramids of cut-glass decanters and bottles at the back of the bar cost \$4,000 in Paris. Then the expensive manner of running the house was probably never equaled. In the exclusive poker rooms' bottles of champagne were opened at the expense of Gentry and Crittenden whenever a jackpot was opened. I have seen a dozen bottles of champagne that cost in that mining camp \$6 a bottle served free to an assemblage, because some one told a new funny story or because a rich vein had been struck down in the mines. The house used to reserve \$3,500 a month from its profits for the entertainment of its guests. On the occasion of the visit of the Duke of Sutherland to Virginia City the bonanza firm of Mackay, Fair, Flood and O'Brien must have paid for 500 bottles of champagne drunk and poured on the carpets in one day and night at Gentry & Crittenden's house.

"I have sat in games of poker in the house many times when the cheapest chip was \$20. I once played for a few hours when the chips ranged from \$50 upwards. Perhaps twenty or thirty times I have known

men to get up from an all-night poker game with \$20,000 winnings. Winnings of \$10,000 in a night or an afternoon were not uncommon at Gentry & Crittenden's.

"The biggest game I ever saw was at Gentry & Crittenden's in the summer of 1872. Lucky Baldwin now dead;' Henry M. Vance, who made a fortune with Meigs in the Andean railroad; Senator Bill Sharon and a man from St. Louis sat in a game. I withdrew when the game got too big for me. Well, the game began about 7 o'clock one evening. The chips were from \$100 upward. It lasted till 3 in the morning. There were jack pots started at \$900 and \$1,000. One pot contained \$12,000 when it opened. Not a word was spoken, and the silence was oppressive. These millionaires handled thousands as common, cheap gamblers do halves and quarters. A raise of \$500 was common, and once I saw the men raise each other \$2,500. There was \$18,000 in that one pot. Talk about quick thinking and concentration of the mind. Talk about lightening calculation of chances, and one's inmost thoughts. Once I saw Senator Bill Sharon raise Lucky Baldwin \$4,000 and scoop in a tidy sum of \$6,000.

"Take it," was all Baldwin said to break the stillness of the room.

"Boys, I'd like to stay here hours longer. But I've got to get some sleep tonight because tomorrow we're going to have directors' meeting at the Crown Point office,' said Senator Sharon.

"He was then \$35,000 winner. I don't doubt that Sharon went home and slept as easy as if he had won a [unknown] change."

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Thursday, March 22, 1917

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, February 27, 2005

## Outposts of Civilization

### Sketches of Early-day Camps, People and Happenings

#### Marietta, Another of the Camps of the wild and woolly sort

A camp that contributed considerably to the stir of western Nevada for a while was Marietta, a neighbor of Candelaria and Belleville, and near Teel's Marsh. Its year of greatest energy was about 1880, when in the principal mine over 160 men were employed. Thirteen saloons, institutions which rose and fell with mining camp fortunes so accurately as to be a dependable gauge of activity, where in its business field. The six-horse stage which daily carried passengers in and out was robbed no less than thirty times in all; in one particularly brisk week of the road agents it was held up four times.

A visitor in 1892 wrote: "It is a ghostly experience to visit such a camp as Marietta. The place is seen four miles away, from the road that winds down the canyon in the valley. The old red quartz mill with its tall black smokestack, the rows of wooden and adobe houses, even the little rock huts which the miners built for bachelor halls, stand out in the pure air so clear cut and distinct that they seem but a step away. The mountains with their copper stains of green rise in rugged beauty beyond. Everything seems so complete and in such order that the mind cannot resist the impression that a thriving community lives here. Scarce does this impression fade away on nearer approach, in spite of certain tumble-down adobe walls for numbers of the houses stand with doors closed and glazed windows intact; the handle of the town pump still projects invitingly, while the wooden walls of some of the houses show only trifling weather stains. But once the traveler gets within the limits of the settlement, the smokeless chimneys, the vacant houses, the empty shelves in the stores, and the utter silence - it is as though one had unexpectedly found himself in the midst of a collection of skeletons and graves. There are indeed graves to be seen close at hand, while a closer inspection of the buildings shows traces of plenty of deeds of blood - an awning post pierced and splintered by a heavy bullet, a hole in an adobe wall where another bullet had entered, traces of a splash of lead on a stone wall where still another projectile had flattened. Nor is the feeling that this is but a ghost of a town much dispelled by the coming of a white haired, white bearded old man, in faded attire, from one of the smaller wooden buildings, the sole inhabitant of the town, the man who is left as watchman over the mill and mining machinery. But if ghostly now, there was a degree of life here in the year 1880 that would have startled a peace-loving tourist as much as its weird aspects awe him...The town of Marietta was as full of mountain life as a Furnace creek den is of rattlesnakes, and no one can sketch the pictures of the scene there with more graphic pencil than the white-haired watchman."

The bullet marks, the old watchman told the correspondent, were made in a battle between McLaughlin and Brophy -

"one of the greatest fights the camp ever saw, the men were good friends, too. Mac was working twenty-five men in a mine, and, running the saloon with two shifts of faro dealers over there, where the awning post is shot through, and he bought two head of beef from Brophy, who was a butcher, every week. But their women quarreled, and the men got mixed up in it and agreed to fight it out. And each side knew the other was game, so they called on their friends to help them, and bet the call was answered.

"That night Brophy's party, four of them, slept here and McLaughlin and his three friends over there next to the saloon. Everybody knew it was to come, and the women and children were hustled off there among the rocks, out of range, except John Brophy's. He took his down to the slaughterhouse, and while he was there his friends, led by his brother Hank, opened the fight. They'd got their breakfasts and were waiting - Hank Brophy, Dick Gillespie and Hank Hankins - for Tom McLaughlin to come out.

"They didn't have long to wait. Tom only waited for a bit of smoke after breakfast, and then, after laying plans with Tom Taylor, George Martin and Fred Schoffeld, he walked out of the front door of the saloon, revolver in hand.

"With that Hank Brophy opened fire and the rest joined in. John Brophy went down; the first in the

fire and the rest joined in. John shot Hank Brophy in the shoulder and then fell dead himself - Dick Gillespie did it, I guess. Then Schoffeld got dick, while it was Hankins, maybe, who dropped Taylor. They were all shooting so fast that no one knew, exactly how it was, but four of them were killed.

"What became of Hank Brophy's wound? He got well fast enough, and went to Arizona. There he got into trouble about some cattle, and when McLaughlin's friends here heard he was in custody they went over there and hanged him."

The aged watchman had many other reminiscences of the days of bullets and bullion. One was "the case of Corbett and Rogers." Those enterprising individuals went broke in Columbus, and asked a man going to Candelaria for a ride, and got it. In the hills they murdered and robbed him, and eventually reached Marietta on foot, with the Sheriff a few miles behind in a carriage. The fugitives went on toward Carson, and on hearing the Sheriff driving up the canyon behind them they hid in the rocks and let him pass. They followed along until the officer stopped at a stage station, leaving a man with his team. They slipped up, held up the guard, got into the buggy and drove off. The Sheriff had to walk to Marietta and borrow money to get to Candelaria. "They joshed him terribly about it." Said the old man.

Corbett and Rogers got to Eureka, after robbing a freighter met on the way. There their luck deserted them for the Sheriff of Eureka too the trail prepared for war, killed Corbett and wounded Rogers. "Rogers got well and was sent to the pen for ten years," said the narrator. "What, ten years for murdering a man for money?" he was asked; and replied, "That's all."

It sounds like a page or two out of a penny shocker. We have no reason to dispute the sober printed record from which these cold-blooded tales are taken.

(To be continued.)

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Thursday, September 2, 1915 - Front Page  
Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, February 26, 2005

## Outposts of Civilization

### Sketches of Early-day Camps, People and Happenings

#### Coffee's Mill - Hard Winter for Aurorans - mining experts of old

A miner by the name of Coffee erected a mill in Aurora in 1863. He later added a small quartz mill, which while but a miniature was perfect in its equipment, it had two four stamp batteries; weight of stamps 200 pounds each; four amalgamating pans, two eight feet in diameter, two five feet - usual proportion. It was a most company facilities much in excess of the plete mill, capable of reducing three tons of ore each twenty-four hours. In 1866 the writer was employed by Coffee to run the mill, work in the pattern shop of the foundry, and attend to his books. Surely the job looked good after my experience in feeding on the husks of the fag end of the lumber business. From that date until 1876 the mill figured much in the history of Aurora. Wells Fargo's books from 1869 to 1876 showed shipments of bullion of \$40,000 to \$70,000 per annum. Besides, much to my knowledge was taken out by individuals. Some small amounts of the ore came from Bodie, and some of the bullion from ore from the Bunker Hill, Bodie, reduced in arrastras on Rough creek by Mooney, Walker, Lockburn and Essington.

The winter following the closing of the Winters mill was in my judgment the worst and most trying time in the history of the early days of the camp. One can hardly conceive the condition; absolutely no employment for anyone, snow on the ground, weather boisterous. No one could hardly conceive the condition; absolutely no employment for any one, snow on the ground, weather boisterous. No one could sort over the old dumps, as many had been so employed; but very few "coasting" in the old workings; credit denied by most of the merchants - surely the wolf stood gazing at more than one's door.

Prior to this period Montgomery, Benton, Columbus ad Silver Peak had been discovered and were attracting some attention. Many with no families migrated to those localities. Owens Valley attracted others. Bishop and Round Valley absorbed some few of the families. The population became reduced in consequence to two hundred voters, sometimes less, until the county seat was removed.

In the spring of '68 the snow disappeared. Those who were left woke up and took stock of the conditions by which they were surrounded. It being the county seat the county officials sand the bar were an asset. Sessions of the court brought many to the town. All machinery for the camps east and south was shipped from Folsom to Aurora on mule teams, then transshipped to its destination on ox teams. A mail contract had been let for a service each week to Independence. All this brought business to the town. The post office was a distributing office. The postmaster did a flourishing business forwarding the newspapers and periodicals to the outside localities south.

Many buildings were dismantled and sent to those places. A large number of brick was forwarded to Silver Peak for the erection of roasting furnaces, all of which assisted in retaining Aurora on the map.

During that winter an incident happened that put heart in what few miners remained. A man by the name of Arnold, a peculiar and somewhat eccentric man, went into the Johnson chamber, so called of the Wide West mine during the stormy weather. In scratching around the walls he discovered a stringer of ore an inch or so in thickness. He proceeded to investigate the possibilities. It opened out to three or four inches, and he continued operations all by himself until he had a few tons of ore. One day in the early spring he came to the little mill and reported that he had some ore he wished to have reduced, ten or twelve tons. One day in the early spring he came to the little mill and reported that he had some ore he wished to have reduced, ten or twelve tons. At that date the mill was leased by the day, Coffee furnishing one man to run the engine and feed the batteries, the customer attending to the pans, breaking up the ore, and so on. Arnold considered himself capable of attending to that part of it, including the amalgamation.

In those days, during all my connection with the milling business, ore was never assayed, either by

sample or after passing through the batteries, to determine its value. The usual method of ascertaining value was to put a certain number of cups of quicksilver, weighed, into each amalgamating pan. After running one charge, a cup of quicksilver was drawn and weighed, and from the amalgam it produced the value was determined. Quicksilver was also introduced into the batteries.

On obtaining the usual amount of quicksilver from the first charge the result frightened Arnold, who concluded he had made an error in his dope and ruined his prospects. He rushed up town for John Neidy, who was the one expert supposed to know any and all things pertaining to the art of amalgamation. Neidy came down and inspected amalgam. After looking very spitting on the ore to determine its value, as was the custom those days, he pronounced everything correct. The amount of ore was less than thirteen tons; the amount of bullion produced was fourteen thousand dollars. As quicksilver had been introduced into the batteries in working this ore, the mill men were forced to hang the stamps up to remove amalgam from the batteries every twelve hours. No doubt some may consider this a fairy tale. Turn back to Meredith's report of the early workings of the Green mill on ore from the Johnson chamber of the Wide West mine.

Arnold procured three or four small amounts of ore from stringers during the summer, and made his exit from the old town with something over \$20,000. To San Jose he hied, and later became a banker in that city.

In the early days of silver mining in Nevada there was no authority to guide one but a treatise on reduction of ore based on conditions as found in the Hartz mountains, German. Have studied them when I should have been sleeping. Might as well have studied the Talmud, as far as any practical information was obtained. It authorized the introduction of sulphate of copper sulphite of iron, sulphuric acid and other acids, so many ounces per ton of ore; salt was also recommended. The result of those instructions was many failures to save the precious metals, consequently many men called themselves amalgamators. When someone by chance would happen to let the ore work itself by not getting much of anything in the pans, he came an expert. Some very peculiar combinations were invented; have observed large kettles of sagebrush steeping to furnish broth to introduce into the pans. In all that period in and about Aurora I never met an educated mining engineer, but many who claimed to be experts frequently made us believe they were. Will mention a couple of examples that came under my observation. A case was on trial in the U.S. Court in Carson City. A man passing as an expert was on the stand. The opposing attorney commended his cross-examination by propounding the following: "Do you know what is considered a mining expert?" His answer was prompt: "A mining expert is a man who wears glasses, looks wise, and talks Dutch." Another instance: A man who drove an ox team on the Big Meadows in the early days went to White Pine county and later became a man of some note. He was put on the stand in the U.S. court. As an expert he was asked to please tell the jury the constituent parts of quartz. After some moments consideration he replied: "Well, it is just quartz - any fool would know that!"

H. Marden  
2507 Pine Street, San Francisco.

(Mr. Marden writes that the year of his leaving Aurora was 1889, instead of 1879, as appearing in his first article.)

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Thursday, November 11, 1915 - Front Page  
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J. Y. Ashmore is one of the pioneers of Inyo County, California. He was born in Clark County, Illinois, July 20, 1826, and when he was quite young removed with his parents to Coles County, same State, where he was reared to agricultural pursuits, his father being a farmer. In their family were five sons and two daughters. At the age of thirty, the subject of our sketch came West and engaged in teaming, which has since that time been his chief occupation. He now own a handsome piece of property in Inyo County, his post office address being Big Pine.

Mr. Ashmore is unmarried.



Portraits of Pioneers  
William B. Daugherty

One of the popular men of old Panamint, in its palmy days, was "Billy" Daugherty. The political weight of that section of Inyo sufficed to make him the Republican nominee from Clerk in 1874. He was elected to serve two years, when John Crough succeeded him.

Mr. Daugherty was - and is, for he is now living across the Sierras - a man who exemplified the meaning of "gentleman." In manner courteous and agreeable, and upright in personal conduct, he deserved his many friends. His last visit to Inyo was in 1905, when he experted the books of the county officers.

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California

Thursday, September 30, 1909 - Front Page

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, December 31, 2004

Portraits of Pioneers  
Judge John A. Hannah

Born in Kentucky, 1819; died at Independence, August 1891.

Soldier in Seminole war; captain in Mexican war.

Pioneer of Cerro Gordo; mining recorder; partner of C.F.R. Hahn and Chris Crohn in Crowing Glory Mine, now owned by Four Metals Co.; partner of John Hughes, Jas. E. Parker, Dan Williams and others, in various mining properties in Cerro Gordo.

Was serving as Justice of the Peace there when elected County Judge, in 1871.

Served as County Judge, through re-elections, until 1880, when he became Superior Judge. Re-elected Superior Judge, 1884 and served until 1890.

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California

Thursday, September 2, 1909 - Front Page

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, December 30, 2004

## Portraits of Pioneers

William L. Moore

"Dad" Moore was one of the founders of the town of Lone Pine, as well as one of the most respected of the old guard of Inyo pioneers. His residence in Inyo dated from some time in the early '60's. A man of personal bravery, he took an active part in the Indian warfare. He and Tom Passmore led the party which trailed the Indian murderers of Mrs. McGuire at Haiwai, after the camp of the murderers was found he led the company which all but exterminated that band.

At the second Inyo county election, in 1867, Moore was elected Sheriff over Thos. May. In the election of 1869 he was defeated by A. B. Elder by three votes. He served as Under Sheriff for several terms.

When Tom Passmore was murdered in the discharge of his duty, February 1878, leaving the office of Sheriff vacant, "Dad" Moore, his Under Sheriff, was appointed to succeed him. A year and half later he too fell from a fatal bullet. Two men named Tessier and Welch were engaged in a row in a saloon in Independence. Welch had a pistol drawn, and Moore stepped in between the men to separate them. As he did so, the pistol in Welch's hands was discharged. The ball passed through the Sheriff's watch, and through his body, severing the aorta and causing death in a few minutes. Welch used the insanity dodge as a defense, and escaped with a ten-year sentence.

"Dad" Moore was a brother of J. J. Moore, also one of the pioneers of the county.

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California

Thursday, September 9, 1909 - Front Page

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, December 31, 2004

Portraits of Pioneers  
Abraham Parker

"Uncle Abe" advertised himself as "the pioneer blacksmith of Owens Valley" in the early '70's; his claim was undisputed, so may be accepted as valid.

In Tuolumne County, where he lived before coming to Inyo, he was popular to a degree that was remembered long after. When he cast his lot with Inyo is indefinite, but in the record of Republican convention held in Ben City (where Citrus now is), in May 1864, we find that he was nominated for Treasurer. At that time the creation of Coso County was in view. The legislative authority had been obtained. For some reason no election was held, and the proposed county went by default.

Uncle Abe continued blacksmithing at Independence until his death.

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Thursday, October 7, 1909 - Front Page  
Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, December 31, 2004

Portraits of Pioneers  
Judge Theron Reed

Under the original constitution of California, the chief tribunals in the different counties were the district courts. The county courts had but a part of the jurisdiction now held by the Superior Courts.

When Inyo was created it became part of the judicial district containing also Alpine, Mono and Kern counties. Judge Theron Reed resident of Bakersfield, was the judge; was re-elected in 1867, and again in 1873. The adoption of the new constitution abolished the office he held, beginning with 1880, the end of his elective term.

He was highly educated in the law, and ranked among the ablest magistrates in the State. His Journeys to this part of the bailiwick were arduous, involving some hundreds of miles Of staging by the time he visited all his county seats.

At the end of his term of office he moved to San Francisco, where he remained for three years, then to Amador, then back to San Francisco. He left the city in 1896, going to Yreka, where he abandoned practice and conducted an assay office until shortly before his death. He died last March aged 77 years.

The Inyo Register  
Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Thursday, August 26, 1909 - Front Page

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, December 30, 2004

## Portraits of Pioneers

Samuel A. Bishop

After whom Bishop Creek and the town of Bishop were named.

He was a Virginian, born 1825; a California Forty-Niner; judge at Fort Tejon; partner of Gen. Beale in the cattle business.

His residence in Inyo was in 1861, in midsummer of which year he arrived after a 51-day trip from Tejon. Camp was made and a house built at that was named the San Francis ranch, near John Dugan's present home in West Bishop. The immediate neighborhood had a share in local history, as the first Indian treaty was made there, and battles were fought within view of the house.

Mr. Bishop's closing years was spent in San Jose, where he was largely interested in the street railway system.

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California

Thursday, October 14, 1909

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, March 10, 2005

## Rewarding Life of Former Lone Pine Resident Told

An article in a Los Angeles paper last week gave an interesting account of the rich, rewarding life of Mrs. Anna Grancell of 531 N. Rossmore Avenue, Los Angeles who came to California from Philadelphia sixty years ago for health reasons.

Mrs. Grancell and her late husband, Izaac H. Grancell, were residents of Lone Pine in the early 1900's, possibly around 1913, when they opened a restaurant and later a small hotel, now known as the Lone Pine Hotel. During their years in Lone Pine they also homesteaded 160 acres south and east of Diaz Lake, adjoining the old Dearborn ranch property.

Several Lone Piners remember having attended school with one of the Grancell sons. After seven years in Lone Pine they moved back to Los Angeles and after several business ventures Mrs. Grancell's husband, working in his backyard garage, invented a lubricant for metals, which is used throughout the world today, and from which he made his fortune.

Last week Mrs. Grancell, now 81, received public recognition for her years of quiet philanthropies in behalf of several Southern California institutions. She was guest of honor on Sunday in the Hollywood Palladium at the annual Gold Plate dinner for the California Home for the Aged at Reseda.

The Inyo Register  
Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Thursday, March 5, 1964 - Page 3

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, August 29, 2004

RESPONSIBLE - Not only those who attend the historical ceremonies on Sun., Sept. 4 of the marking of the site of the Bishop Creek Battleground, an important engagement of the Owens Valley Indian War, but for countless number the marker will be viewed, photographed and remembered. All of this is assured because Louis Serventi erected the monument, which is the background for the bronze plaque that tells the story of the event - and beside colorful stones that make its beauty is the cement and steel reinforcement that provides a deep and sturdy base. The labor, the stones and the beauty are contributed by a Bishop "Oldtimer." This isn't the only contribution Louie and his brother Joe have made in stones. For many years past their labor has saved the recognition of pioneer graves where crosses and wooden headstones have been demolished by the elements. There are many of such marked in Mammoth, Cerro Gordo, Belleville, Marietta, Fish Slough and others of camps and towns now a legend in activities of our past and Louie and his brother are men who saw fit to mark the grave of a prostitute whose grave was placed apart in the cemetery of Bodie. May history mark the contribution of these men.

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California

Thursday, August 25, 1966 - Page Eighteen

Transcribed by Denise S. Flynn



## The Flu Is With Us – Many Cases Reported in the Community and Valley

The former Bishop Sanitarium, used as a quarantine hospital, is full, and the high school building was put to hospital use, as is being done with school buildings in many places.

More nurses are needed. No special training, but ordinary nursing ability, is essential. All services will be paid for.

The supply of available cots and bedding in town was exhausted. An order telegraphed for more brought no results up to yesterday, and those who have either cots or bedding that they are willing to sell are requested to notify F. K. Andrews or B. E. Johnson. Nurses may volunteer (to serve for pay) to either of them or to any of the physicians.

In several families all in the house are ill. This gives an idea of the ardence of the disease.

No one seems to know how many cases there are. Opportunity has chanced for interviewing but one local physician, Dr. Doyle, who reports attending 70 influenza cases Tuesday. He said that all the 70 were influenza, not merely colds. As every doctor in town is busy to his limit, this give a rough basis for guessing.

Dr. C. E. Turner, interviewed since the above was written, reports having about 70 cases, and estimates the total number at 200 or more.

The most critical case to-day is said to be that of H. O. Wangelin, who has pneumonia affecting both lungs. Many friends are hoping for favorable reports.

To avoid influenza, the State Board of Health advises workers to walk to work, if possible; avoid the person who coughs or sneezes; wash your hands before eating; make . . . . use of all available sunshine. Do not use a common drinkingcup or a common towel; they both spread disease. Should you cough or sneeze, cover your nose and mouth with a handkerchief. Keep out of crowded places; walk in the open air rather than go to crowded places of amusement. Keep away from houses where there are cases of influenza. If sick, no matter how slightly, see a physician. If you had influenza, stay in bed until your doctor says you can safely get up. Sleep is necessary for well being. Avoid over-exertion. Eat good clean food.

To householders: The Board advises keeping out of the sick room unless attendance is necessary. Do not handle articles coming from the sick room until they are boiled. Allow no visitors, and do not go visiting. Call a doctor for all inmates who show signs of beginning sickness. The usual symptoms are: . . . . . and watery eyes, discharging nose, backache, headache, muscular pain, and fever. Keep away from crowded places, such as "movies", theatres, street cars. See to it that your children are kept warm and dry, both night and day. Have sufficient fire in your home to disperse dampness. Open your windows at night. If cool weather prevails, add extra bed clothing.

If you feel a sudden chill, followed by muscular pain, headache, backache, unusual tiredness and fever, go to bed at once. See that there is enough bed clothing to keep you warm. Open all windows in your bedroom and keep them open at all times, except in rainy weather. Take medicine to open the bowels freely. Take some nourishing food such as milk, egg-and-milk or both every four hours. Stay in bed until a physician tells you that it is safe to get up.

Gauze masks are to be worn by the people of San Francisco while . . . their employment or on the streets. This is a request made by the State and local health boards, but is to be made an order.

F. K. Andrews, of Bishop health service, and Dr. G. P. Doyle both expressed themselves as

believing that such a measure should be observed here.

A physician of Likely, Cal., believes that he has an influenza preventative within the reach of all. The remedy, which he says has cured thousands of cases of asthma, is to evaporate spirits of turpentine in the sleeping room. In an effort to dispel the rapidly spreading epidemic of Spanish influenza the doctor has asked that an investigation and wide publicity be given to his remedy.

"During the last twenty years," said the doctor, "I have cured without charge upwards of a thousand cases of asthma and have had remarkable success curing severe colds by the simple process of evaporating spirits of turpentine in the sleeping room. I am firmly convinced, that by liberally evaporating spirits of turpentine in public places and apartments Spanish influenza can be prevented; for germs of this disease could not exist in an atmosphere commingled with turpentine vapor.

"I wish this matter could be thoroughly investigated and given widest publicity, for I feel that his knowledge should be given to the public by me as an act due humanity."

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Thursday, October 24, 1918 – Page one

Transcribed by Denise S. Flynn

## Suicidal Attempt

Out of work, with but a trifle of money, and hopelessly despondent, Tom Hill, a recent comer, attempted suicide in Bishop Creek canyon Monday. A razor was the instrument used. Hill made a desperate slash at his throat, but had thrown his head back so that its keen blade cut deeply without inflicting a fatal wound.

He came here from Mojave, where he has been for three years. After staying in town a few days he went to South Lake, but failed to get employment. Monday he started back to town, carrying his blankets. At Albars' Meadows he concluded to end it all, and made the attempt intended to be fatal. The trachea was severed, and other harm done, but important arteries and veins were not reached. This occurred about 7 o'clock in the morning. Passers-by saw him, but evidentially did not understand the trouble, until Arthur Wines, of the forest service, came along, relieved him as best he could, and stayed until help came. Acting Coroner Shannon went up, and Dr. Dorrance was then called, reaching the place about 11 o'clock. Hill was brought to town, and was at last an account getting along favorably. His recovery is expected, if pneumonia or other complicating factor does not interfere.

Mr. Hill is a man of 50 years or over. During his stay in town he said that ten men desired to kill him because of mining trouble, so temporary dementia may account for his desperate act.

The Inyo Register, Bishop, Inyo County, California

Thursday, September 2, 1909

Transcribed by Pat Houser for Inyo County GenWeb, December 30, 2004

Former Resident

Tsatsume Dupea, 111, Visits Indian Fair at Bishop

Tsatsume Dupea, born in the Alabama Hills almost 112 years ago, returned to the Owens Valley after many years absence, to be present at the Bishop Paiute Indian Fair during the past weekend.

Tsatsume, whose name means "Beautiful Star" lived in Lone Pine for many years and was a resident there during the earthquake of 1872, which killed so many Indians. She married Ezek Dupea and spent 25 years in Death Valley and then moved to Los Angeles where she spent 36 years as a practical nurse at the Littlee Hospital.

For many years now she has been playing character parts in motion pictures and made the trip to Tibet for the picture "Lost Horizons" with Ronald Coleman. At the present time Tsatsume is appearing in an all Indian motion picture "Indian Trails" which, it is estimated, will take three years to complete.

At present, Tsatsume lives with her son in Los Angeles. She also has one daughter who is still living. At the present time, in additions to her picture work, she is writing the story of her people the Paiutes. She also teaches basketry and beadwork at schools in Los Angeles.

Tsatsume made the costume, which she wore at the Indian Fair and it was a beautiful beaded outfit with thousands of beads on it. The costume is insured for \$1,000. About one month ago she made her first flight in a helicopter and pictures of the event were published all over the country.

Tsatsume made appearances Saturday night at the fairgrounds and then again Sunday at Bulpitt Park for the Indian dances and barbecue.

She was accompanied to Bishop by Mrs. Kelly of Los Angeles and they stayed with the Bethel family who are old friends of Mrs. Kelly.

Tsatsume Dupea, who will be 112 years old in July.

The Inyo Register

Bishop, Inyo County, California

Thursday, June 29, 1961

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County GenWeb, September 13, 2004







## Warning

All persons are hereby warned against spreading false reports relative to health conditions or deaths from influenza.

Within the last few days a number of deaths have been reported that were untrue. These things needlessly alarm people and do as much harm as if it were done with malicious intent, and those guilty of such acts will be promptly called to account for it in the future.

Before reporting, phoning or writing reports of bad conditions, and particularly of a death, get your information from some reliable source.

Prosecution for malicious mischief will certainly be made unless this warning is observed.

W. W. Watterson  
President Board of Trustees

The Inyo Register  
Bishop, Inyo County, California  
Thursday, October 31, 1918 - Front Page

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