

# Alpine County, Pop. 241, Takes Life Easy



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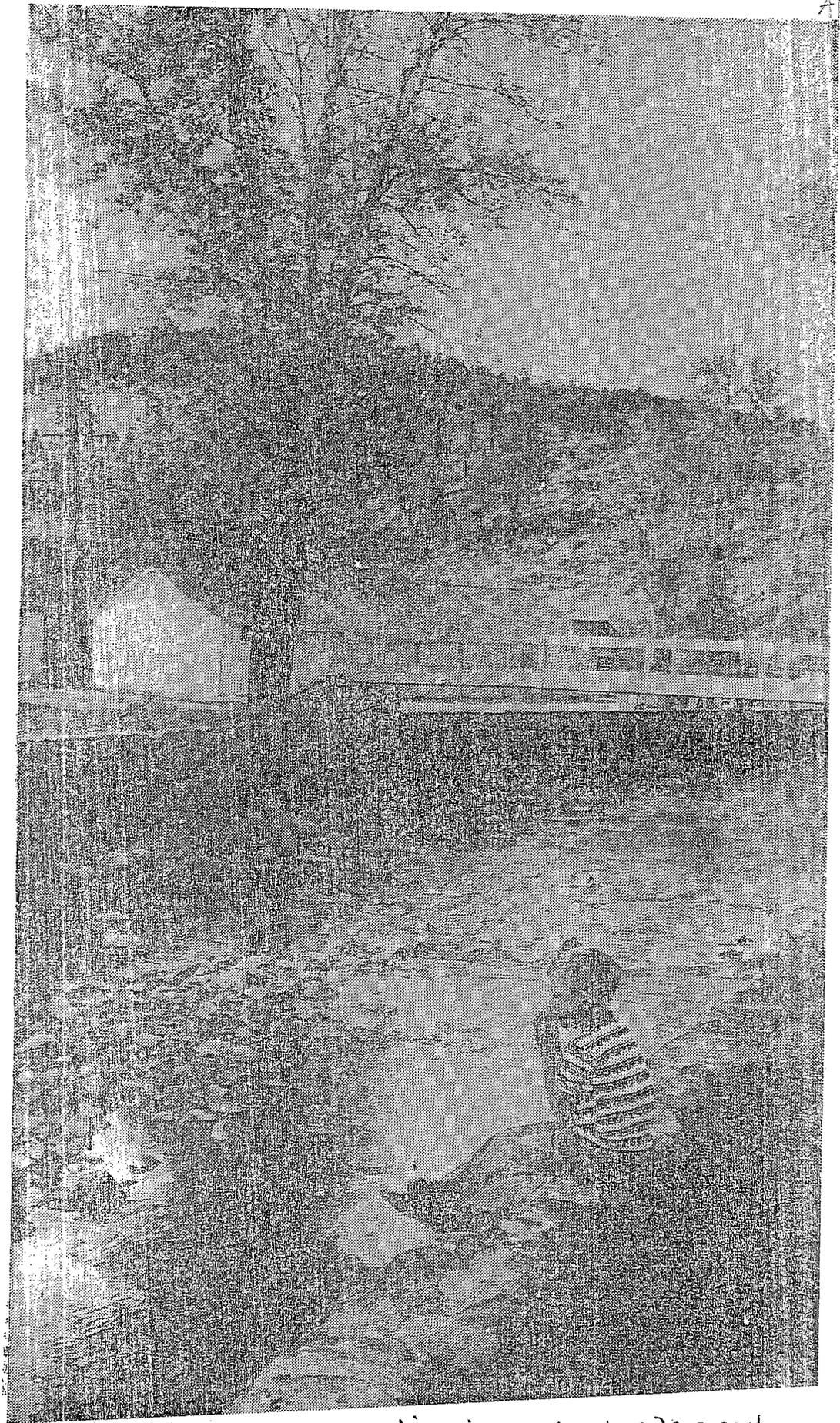
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LA Times Dec. 12, 1951



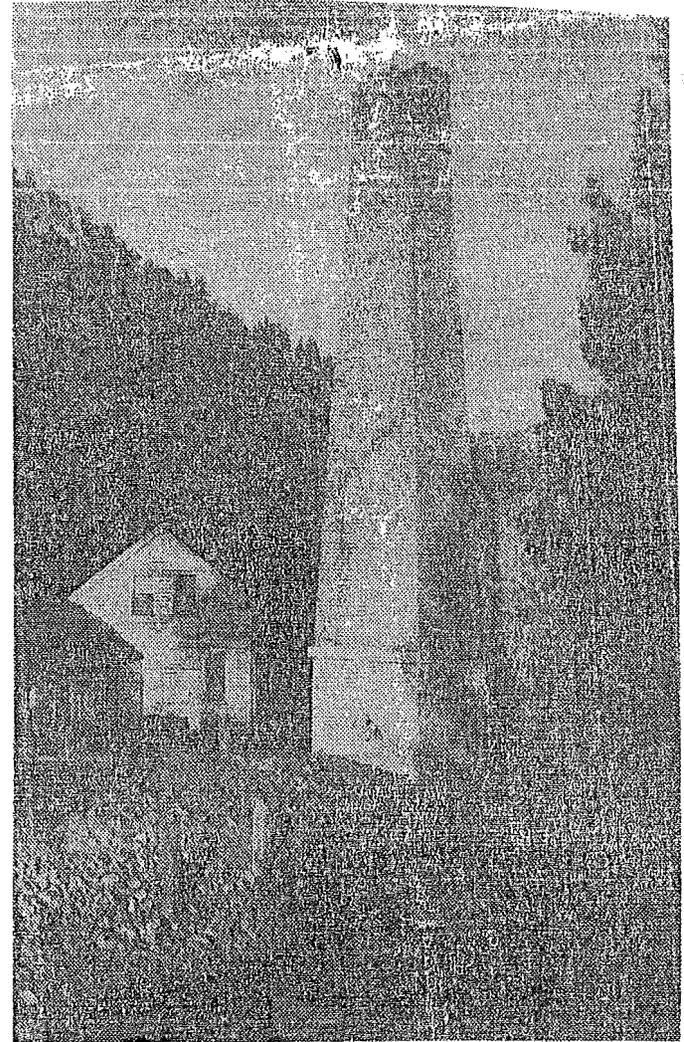
At right, pretty Harriet Hellwinkle, 20, native of Alpine County, takes mail to the Courthouse in Markleeville. Blessed with scenic grandeur, Alpine is on Nevada border in Lake Tahoe country. County had its first jury trial in 56 years this year. Story on Page 2, Part I. All Times photos by John Malmin

LA Times  
Dec. 17, 1951



TRANQUILITY—David Waite, 6, practices harmonica beside a pool

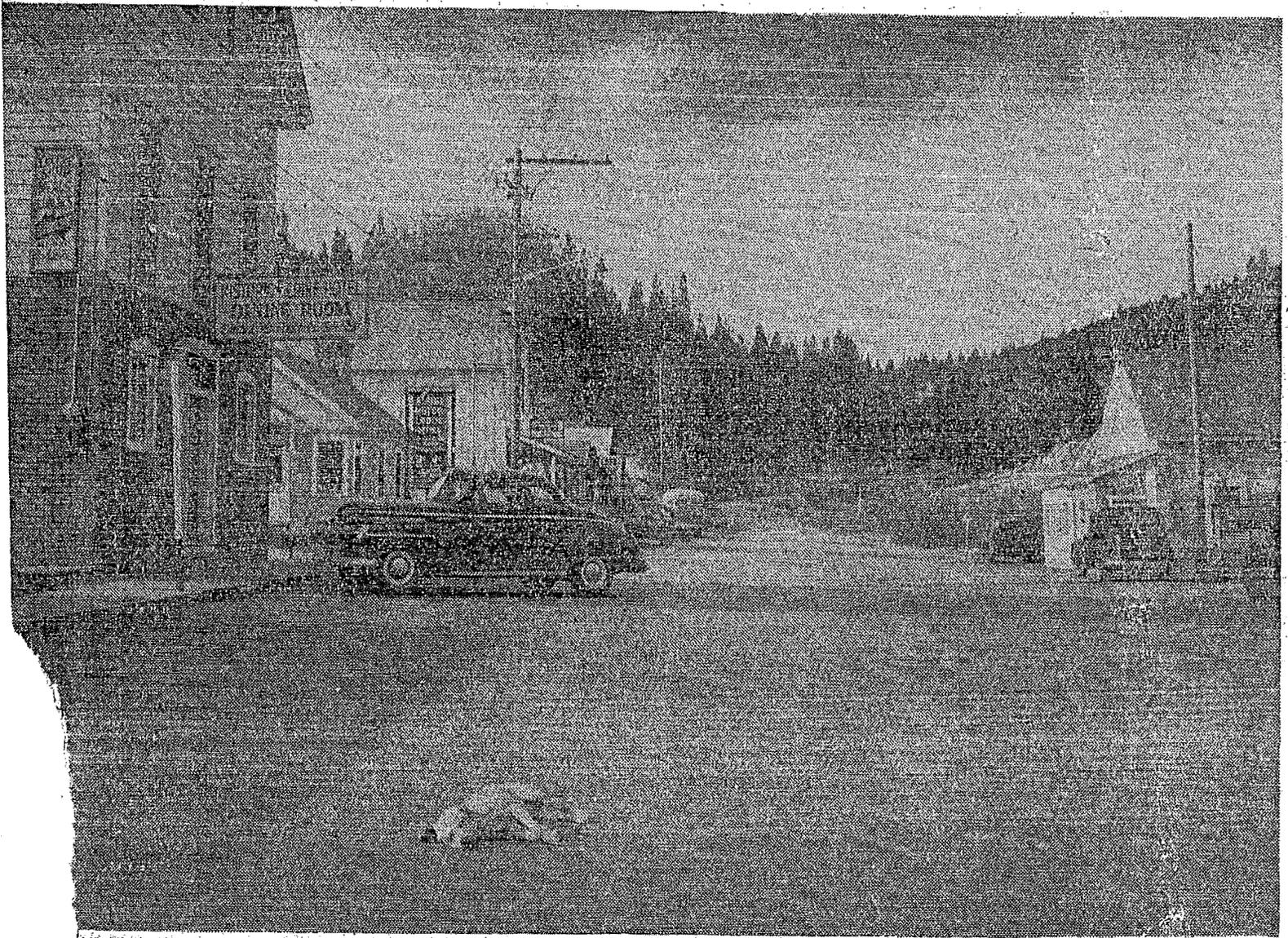
# There's No Overcrowding Here



**IS THAT ALL?** — Yes, almost. Here's the entire school enrollment of Alpine County except for one absent pupil. Teacher is Mrs. Louise Robinson. At right is the ruins of old smelter which dates back to Alpine's industrial age—the silver days. For the city-bred, the silence here sometimes sounds louder than Wilshire traffic.

Pg. 5

LA Times Dec. 17, 1951 AF



UN — Dog sleeping on the main thoroughfare of Markleeville emphasizes the leisurely tempo of State's smallest county.

Carson River Water

June 23-49

O O O O

For 24 years, residents of Alpine County in California, and Douglas, Storey, Ormsby, and Churchill Counties in Nevada, have been wrangling about the distribution of water from the Carson river.

It started back in 1925 and the controversy has raged continuously. Water allocations have been made by what appears to be a board without legal standing. Its official title is "Board of East Fork Water Users of East Fork of the Carson River, Located in Douglas County, Nev." which sounds legal enough.

But the board members finally have bowed to a temporary restraining order and Federal court action is now nearing completion. The court has appointed a water master, and it appears that after nearly a quarter of a century, the bitter fight over Carson River water is to be settled.

The foregoing is passed along by a former resident of the Nevada area involved, who maintains the principal question is not yet answered. From personal observance over a period of even more than 24 years, he says the big query is: "What water?"

Alpine County recently had its first jury trial in a civil case in 56 years. It ended in a mistrial.

**RECORD WANT ADS PAY.**

1-25-1952

7/10/1951

**SELECTIVE TRIMMING**

**Alpine Folks Prefer Trees, So Slot Machines Must Go**

The way the trees grow up in the mountains it's next to impossible to tell whether you are in Alpine, Amador or Eldorado County.

It got so, however, you couldn't see the trees for the slot machines and punchboards in Dave Piazza's tavern.

It is in a "no man's land," a roughly surveyed area at the intersection of the three mountain counties. Officials of each county couldn't decide which had jurisdiction—until Alpine County's

Dist. Atty. W. Coburn Cook and Sheriff Orrin Brown found an old statute giving the county jurisdiction 500 yards beyond its boundary.

They arrested Piazza and his bartender, Manley Ressler. Yesterday in the court of Justice of the Peace A. L. Love in Woodfords, Alpine County, Piazza paid a \$500 fine and Ressler one for \$200.

Alpine County also confiscated the machines. Now you can see the trees.

# Old Surveys Evidence in 3-County Boundary War <sup>10/22 1952</sup>

MARKLEEVILLE (Alpine County), Oct. 22.—An Oakland consulting engineer, John P. Ryan, of 5932 Ocean View Drive, supported the bid of this tiny mountain county for territorial expansion yesterday at the first of three hearings before the State Lands Commission.

The hearings will continue tomorrow and Friday in Sonora, Tuolumne County.

Ryan presented original notes of the 1863 State Geological Survey party, headed by J. D. Whitney, to substantiate Alpine County's claim to portions of Tuolumne County as well as Calaveras and Amador counties.

Alpine County was carved out

of these three counties by the state Legislature in 1864. Location of the Sonora trail at that time is at issue in the present dispute, because the trail was named in the act as a portion of the boundary between Alpine and Tuolumne counties.

Ryan also presented some 200 old maps, which he said were "buried" in the University of California geology building since 1889 when they were presented to the university. These, too, substantiate the Alpine County claim against Tuolumne County and indicate also that Alpine's western boundary should be farther west than it is at present located.

An array of Alpine County pioneer residents testified yes-

terday, including Sheriff Orrin Brown, Coroner George Coyan, Walter Thornburg, Grant Merrill and Harry Hawkins.

It was brought out also that Alpine County is at present collecting taxes on property lying west of where Calaveras County is taxing property. There is a six-mile belt where the boundary between these two counties is uncertain, Ryan stated.

Jurisdiction over some 30,000 acres of forest land is at issue in the dispute between Alpine and Tuolumne Counties. Alpine's District Attorney W. Coburn Cook said as much as 94,000 acres may be at issue in the claims against the three counties.

## COUNTIES GO BACK TO '63 <sup>10/23/49 57</sup>

# Boundary Row Is 'Rough'

SONORA, Oct. 23.—Spokesmen for Alpine and Tuolumne Counties wrangled today over the route of a State Geological Survey party in 1863 as the hearing of the inter-county boundary dispute resumed before the State Lands Commission.

Ross Carkeet, former Tuolumne County district attorney, challenged the testimony of John P. Ryan, Oakland consulting engineer, that the geological party headed by Prof. W. H. Brewer followed Deadman Creek. Ryan testified on Tuesday at Markleeville, Alpine County, that Professor Brewer's notes which he uncovered in the University of California geology department showed that the party followed this creek and said that he found

the remains of a bridge mentioned in the notes.

Under cross-questioning by Carkeet today, Ryan admitted that the bridge mentioned by Professor Brewer could have been at the intersection of the Clark and Middle Forks of the Stanislaus River.

Location of the route followed by this survey party is at issue in the dispute because the legislative enactment of 1864 which created Alpine County fixed its boundary with Tuolumne County on what was then known as the Sonora Trail. Several different routes had been traveled by pioneers crossing the Sierra crest in this region, which were known as the Sonora Trail.

Alpine County contends that the trail referred to in the act

was along Deadman Creek or earlier routes lying further south. Tuolumne County argues that the boundary should be along Clark Fork.

Jurisdiction over from 30,000 to 90,000 acres of forest land is at stake in the hearings being conducted by Col. Rufus Putnam, executive officer for the Lands Commission. The commission will decide the dispute on the basis of testimony and exhibits presented at the hearings.

The first witness for Tuolumne County was to be Carroll McTarnahan, nearing 90 years, who was county surveyor from 1890 to 1894. His home is now in San Francisco.

Included in the disputed territory are about 155 summer homes and several resorts.

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1957

# Alpine County Boundary Dispute Hearing Delayed

Special To The Tribune

SONORA, Oct. 24. — Further hearings on little Alpine County's bid for territorial and financial growth were postponed today because of the death in Turlock of the father of Ross Carkeet, who is representing Tuolumne County in the boundary dispute.

Col. Rufus W. Putnam, executive officer of the State Lands Commission taking testimony in the case, continued the hearing until November 20, when word reached here that Stephen Carkeet, 72, had died. A retired Turlock merchant, he suffered a heart attack on Thursday.

At yesterday's session two State officials supported the Alpine County contention that its boundary should be shifted south at the expense of Tuolumne County.

One of the witnesses was Tracy L. Atherton, topographer of the State Division of Water Resources, who said that he has studied many old maps but never found one that shows a continuous trail over Clark Fork.

This is the route which Tuolumne County contends was known as the Sonora Trail and should be the boundary between Alpine and Tuolumne County.

### QUESTION OF TAXES

Alpine County contends the Sonora trail was along Deadman

Creek or even farther south, the Sonora Emigrant trail. The legislature of 1864, which created Alpine County, designated the border simply as the Sonora Trail.

Depending on which version is accepted by the State Lands Commission, Alpine County could gain jurisdiction over 30,000 to 90,000 acres of forest land.

Property taxes and income from logging and grazing, which Tuolumne County has been collecting, would then go to Alpine County.

Atherton, called by Dist. Atty. W. Coburn Cook, of Alpine, conceded that Prof. W. H. Brewer, who headed a State Geological Survey party in 1863 went down Clark Fork and called it Sonora Trail in his notes, but said he was satisfied that the "Sonora Trail" referred to by the legislature of 1864, was not the Clark Fork route.

Under a blistering cross-examination by Attorney Ross Carkeet, of Tuolumne County, however, he admitted that he didn't know exactly what maps were available to the legislature when Alpine County was formed, nor did he know how many times the bill creating Alpine had been rewritten.

The other Alpine witness was L. D. Packard, senior engineer

with the Division of Highways, who said he does not think the Clark Fork route was the Sonora Trail of 1864.

### TELLS OF TRIP

Counter testimony came from F. F. Johnston, Tuolumne County game warden for the past 18 years, who told of a trip up the Clark Fork trail.

Johnston said trees were blazed and the trail good and well marked. He testified that old time cattlemen in the area told him of a wagon still on the Clark Fork seven or eight years ago near the Sonora Pass.

Yesterday's hearing was halted abruptly in mid-afternoon when Carkeet was called out because of the serious illness of his father in Turlock.

# Alpine County Fights For Tuolumne Strip

10/25  
1957

SONORA, Oct. 25 (AP).—Alpine County—population 327—is fighting with dusty history books and parchment maps for a 42,000-acre chunk of High Sierra claimed by adjoining Tuolumne County.

W. Coburn Cook, district attorney for California's least populous county, recently introduced 1,863 documents before a State Land Commission hearing on a Tuolumne-Alpine boundary feud.

Sessions began Tuesday in the village of Markleville, seat of Al-

pine County, then moved to the Tuolumne County courthouse at Sonora.

Alpine claims Tuolumne is drawing \$25,000 a year in property taxes and another \$10,000 from the federal government on land which actually is inside the southern boundary of Alpine.

The disputed strip, as wide as eight miles, contains 155 summer homes, and well known resorts such as Strawberry, Pinecrest, Dardanelles and Kennedy Meadows.

Alpine Chronicle Revived



Alpine County (pop. 250) may be California's smallest, but not the least vocal.

As of now Alpine County is fighting with its neighbors—Alpine, Tuolumne and Calaveras—in a red hot boundary dispute.

And it is challenging the Federal Government over water rights along the Carson River.

Comes the third, and possibly the most significant development. The Alpine Chronicle, dead for nearly 75 years, has been revived. It appeared at Markleeville last week, with W. Colburn Cook, district attorney of Alpine County, as its publisher.

The first issue reported on the two legal battles, under a boastful banner headline: "Little Alpine Is Bigger Than You Think."

The Chronicle claims to have been the first newspaper published on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. It was founded at Markleeville in 1864 by Robert Folger. Alpine County was booming, with silver mining and timbering.

Soon afterward, the county seat was moved to Silver Mountain City, and the paper moved with it. In the early 70's, when the silver ran out of the mountain and the city died, Markleeville got back both the county seat and the newspaper.

Another move came about 1878 when Bridgeport boomed with a silver strike, but it died and so did the paper.

—THE KNAVE.

# Tuolumne Asks State Ruling In Border Row

3/5/1953

MARKLEEVILLE, Alpine County, March 5.—Already embroiled in a boundary dispute with one of its neighboring counties, Tuolumne, little Alpine County today petitioned the State Land Commission to determine its frontier with Amador and Calaveras Counties.

The action was taken by the Board of Supervisors on the recommendation of Dist. Atty. W. Coburn Cook. He said the north end of the boundary is well established at Kirkwood's resort on State Highway 88, but the southern portion "is not known."

Involved in the new dispute are about 500 acres of assessable land. There is a variation of about 12 miles in the location of the boundary claimed by the various counties, according to Cook.

"Assessments in the area are all mixed up," he said.

# Alpine County With 235 Residents May Get 32,000 More Acres Soon

## Disputed Area North of Sonora Pass Involved

Tuolumne County Due  
To Cede Part of  
Its Area

By LEONARD BLAIKIE  
of the Oakland Tribune

Alpine County, once a bustling silver mining region in the heart of the Sierra, may soon gain about 32,000 acres of forest land from its southern neighbor, Tuolumne County.

The additional land would boost the county's total to more than the area of Alameda County. Alpine, California's least populous county with 235 permanent inhabitants, would have 494,720 acres compared with Alameda's 469,120.

Rebuffed in its first formal expansion move made in 1950, Alpine now stands to annex the disputed territory lying generally north of the Sonora Pass highway (State Route No. 108) under a proposed report to the State Lands Commission.

The report, prepared by the Commission's executive officer, Col. Rufus W. Putnam, would give Alpine County about one-half of its original claim against Tuolumne, but would deny its claims against Amador and Calaveras counties to the west.

### Forward Copies

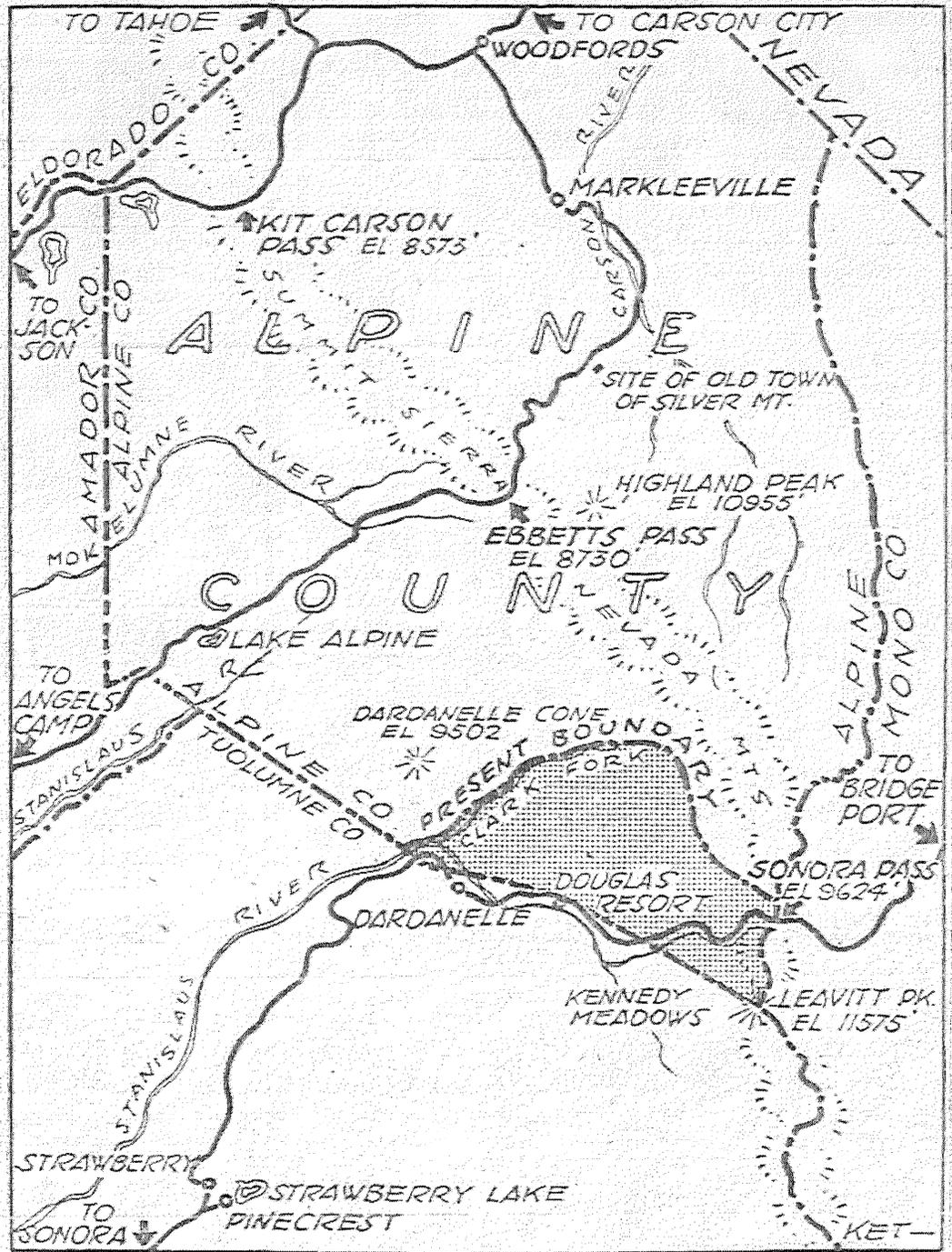
Copies of the report were forwarded to the boards of supervisors and district attorneys of the four counties involved in the border squabble.

Colonel Putnam asked that any briefs be submitted by December 1. He also assured the parties that at least 30-days notice will be given before any further hearings are held by the Lands Commission.

Under Colonel Putnam's settlement proposal, the new boundary would follow generally the Sonora Pass Highway and Deadman's Creek southeasterly from the Middle Fork of the Stanislaus River to Leavitt Peak on the crest of the Sierra about eight miles south of Sonora Pass.

Tuolumne County would retain the principal resorts in the area, including the Dardanelles and Douglas as well as the Pacific Gas and Electric Company Relief Reservoir which produces about \$50,000

ALPINE COUNTY'S boundaries may soon be enlarged to include shaded area shown above, now part of Tuolumne county. A proposed report of the state lands commission suggests ceding the area to Alpine county to end more than two years of dispute over boundary lines. (Map by Oakland Tribune)



who led Alpine County's expansion fight, the late W. Coburn Cook, died a little more than a month ago. He was a leader also in the county's battle with the Federal Government over right to the waters of Carson River which rises

subsequent recommendation was based upon testimony and other evidence produced since then.

In his recommendation, Colonel Putnam suggested that the two counties arrange for surveying and marking the actual lines on the

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Tuolumne County would retain the principal resorts in the area, including the Dardanelles and Douglas as well as the Pacific Gas and Electric Company Relief Reservoir which produces about \$50,000 annually in taxes.

If all of Alpine County's claims had been sustained, the county would have gained about 200,000 acres with taxes totaling almost \$100,000 yearly.

Colonel Putman prepared the report after two series of hearings held in Markleeville, Alpine County seat, and Sonora, Tuolumne capital, a year ago and at these two cities and San Andreas, Calaveras County seat, last July.

#### New Claims Aired

During the first hearings, only Alpine's petition for relocation of its boundary with Tuolumne County was considered. Additional claims to territory against Tuolumne and Calaveras and Amador counties, made last March, were aired at the July hearings.

The boundary dispute between Alpine and Tuolumne counties arose over the location of the Sonora Trail at the time Alpine was created by the State Legislature in 1864 out of portions of El Dorado, Amador, Calaveras and Mono counties.

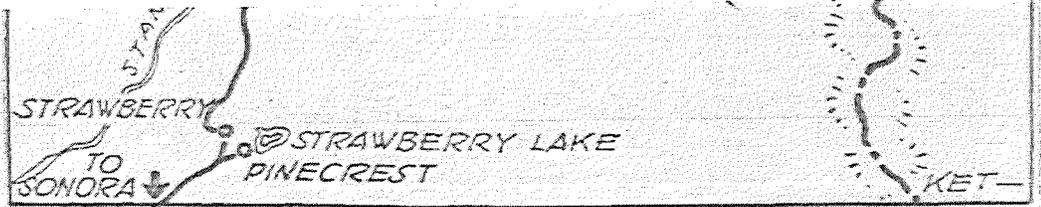
In the legislative act, part of the boundary was defined along the Sonora Trail. Tuolumne County contended that this trail followed the Clark Fork of the Stanislaus River, while Alpine claimed originally that it was along Deadman Creek and later, further to the south. At various times during the emigration of gold seekers the trail was shifted to more desirable routes.

Virtually every source of information on early California history was tapped during the hearings and subsequent investigations by the Lands Commission staff.

#### History Sources

These included the Bancroft Library at the University of California, Henry Huntington Library at San Marino, the Library of Congress, State Library, Sierra Club, the William Cavalier Museum at Columbia, U. S. Geological Survey, U. S. Bureau of Land Management, U. S. Cadastral Engineers Office at San Francisco, the Los Angeles Public Library and the county surveyor's and recorder's office of Alpine and Tuolumne counties.

Ironically, the district attorney



who led Alpine County's expansion fight, the late W. Coburn Cook, died a little more than a month ago. He was a leader also in the county's battle with the Federal Government over right to the waters of Carson River which rises in Alpine County and flows into Nevada.

He was assisted by John P. Ryan, Oakland consulting engineer; Loren E. Blakesley, Santa Ana consulting engineer; and Wade H. Coffill, Oakdale attorney.

#### County Delegates

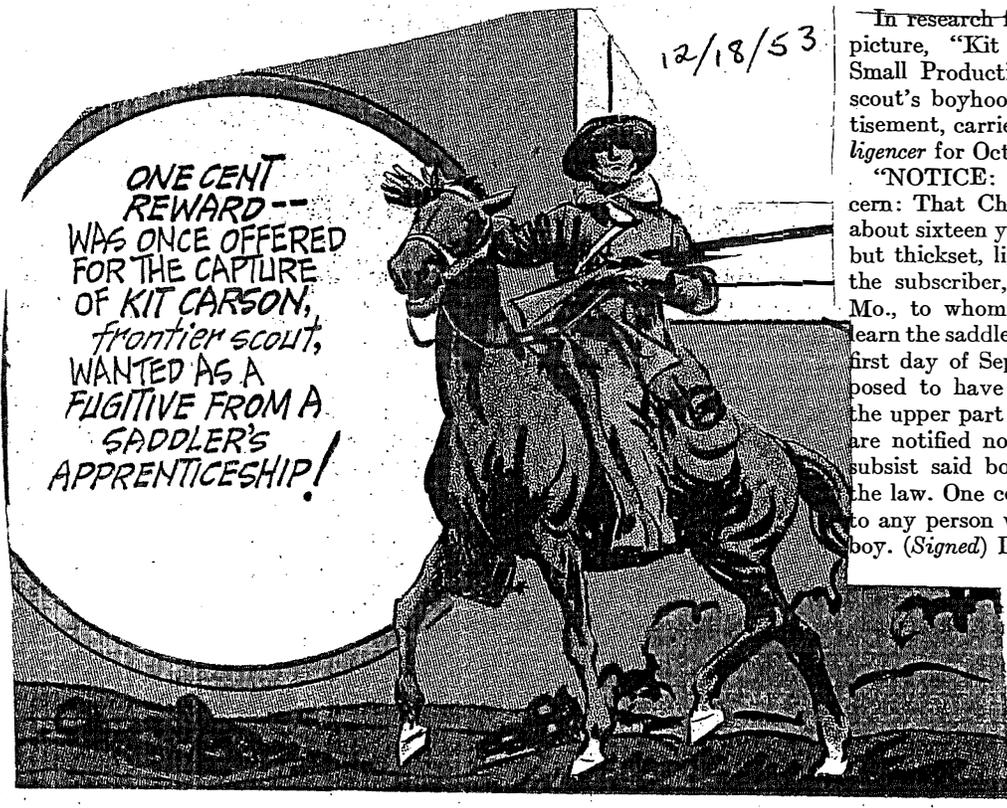
Tuolumne was represented at the hearings by Ross A. Carkcet, Sonora attorney; Amador, by Dist. Atty. Gard Chisholm; and Calaveras, by Dist. Atty. Joseph H. Huberty.

About a year ago the Commission made a preliminary conclusion upholding Tuolumne County's contention that the boundary should be on the Clark Fork of the Stanislaus River. Colonel Putnam's

subsequent recommendation was based upon testimony and other evidence produced since then.

In his recommendation, Colonel Putnam suggested that the two counties arrange for surveying and marking the actual lines on the ground so that future disputes may be avoided.

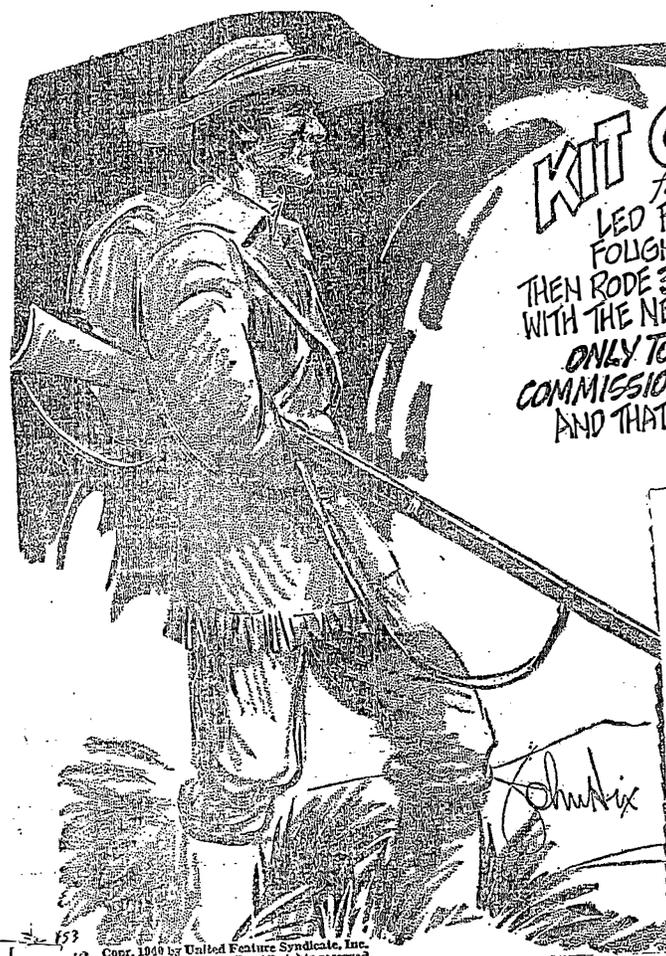
12/18/53



**ONE CENT  
REWARD --  
WAS ONCE OFFERED  
FOR THE CAPTURE  
OF KIT CARSON,  
frontier scout,  
WANTED AS A  
FUGITIVE FROM A  
SADDLER'S  
APPRENTICESHIP!**

In research for still another Western picture, "Kit Carson," the Edward Small Productions studied the famous scout's boyhood and found this advertisement, carried by the *Missouri Intelligencer* for October 6, 1826:

**"NOTICE:** To Whom it may concern: That Christopher Carson, a boy about sixteen years old, small of his age, but thickset, light hair, ran away from the subscriber, living in Howard Co., Mo., to whom he had been bound to learn the saddler's trade, on or about the first day of September last. He is supposed to have made his way towards the upper part of the state. All persons are notified not to harbor, support or assist said boy under the penalty of the law. One cent reward will be given to any person who will bring back said boy. (Signed) David Workman."



**KIT CARSON** □□  
*famous frontier scout,  
 LED FREMONT TO CALIFORNIA,  
 FOUGHT IN THE MEXICAN WAR,  
 THEN RODE 3000 MILES TO WASHINGTON  
 WITH THE NEWS OF CALIFORNIA'S ANNEXATION--  
 ONLY TO FIND THAT HIS ARMY  
 COMMISSION HAD NEVER BEEN CONFIRMED  
 AND THAT HE HAD NO PAY COMING!*

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 183  
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**KIT CARSON**  
 After leading Fremont into California, besides other hazardous experiences, Kit Carson found that his Army commission had never been confirmed. However, in the Civil

War he was commissioned brigadier general.

Q—I would like some information on Kit Carson. What was his real name? Where was he born? Where did he spend his boyhood?

A—Christopher Carson was born in Madison County, Ky., in 1809. When only one year old he was taken to Howard County, Mo. From the time that he was 15 to 17 he served as a saddler apprentice. In 1826 he started on his career as a hunter, trapper and scout, when he accompanied a party of hunters to Santa Fe, New Mexico.

**RADIO CHARACTERS**

## LONESOME ROAD

## A Land You Can't Forget

Colin Fletcher, who has been relating his experiences while walking the length of California, in this installment comes upon that lush and unforgettable area known as Alpine county.

By Colin Fletcher

"YOU'LL find some beautiful country up there," they'd told me at the Marine Corps camp beside the West Walker. And when, after two days, my knee was well enough for me to start up

## TRAVEL

into the hills again, I found they were right.

Soon I was beyond the last training camp and the last road and threading my way up through the first true forest of my trip. Aspen groves bordered the little creeks, and everywhere were firs and pines and tamaracks and, on the higher slopes, the massive

junipers known locally as "cedars."

I hit the first snowbanks just above 9200 feet, but they were only small patches in the deepest shade.

The 10,000-foot pass—still partly snow-covered and surrounded by crags, soaring cliffs, and hanging snowfields—commanded a magnificent view down Silver King creek and into the heart of aptly-named Alpine county. I camped that first night near the headwaters of the creek at about 9000 feet. The beauty of that secret, unspoiled country captured me immediately, and held me as such a willing captive that it was a week before I had covered the 15 miles downstream to where Silver King loses its identity in the East Carson river.

No one who has traveled down Silver King could forget the meadows. The cool, shady forest comes to a sudden halt, and a flat expanse of grassland opens out on either side of the creek. A group of black Angus cattle browses at the edge of the trees, and a white-faced Hereford meditates in the open sunlight, its legs almost hidden in the lush grass. A doe—or even a buck—is near sunrise or sunset—



Colin Fletcher looks at the distant waters of Lake Tahoe

ing insects. Then, at the foot of the meadow, where the trees draw in and the boulders start again, the creek gathers itself together before plunging headlong once more.

Inside the forest is a carpet of color. Among the trees grow blue and purple and white lupines, five-pointed, hanging-head yellow and red

no roads, either. The only way in is on foot or by pack horse.

I dragged myself away at last from the lush meadows of upper Silver King (also known as Fish valley), and went down past Llewellyn falls, past the old logging camps, past the steep canyon with the granite cliff weathered almost black,

does have the only sheriff in California

You might possibly think, though, from the rough, untouched country map, that today the Alpine depends on the tourist trade—largely on fishermen and hunters. When I ca

down Silver King could forget the meadows. The cool, shady forest comes to a sudden halt, and a flat expanse of grassland opens out on either side of the creek. A group of black Angus cattle browses at the edge of the trees, and a white-faced Hereford meditates in the open sunlight, its legs almost hidden in the lush grass. A doe—or even a buck, if it is near sunrise or sunset—grazes close by.

Here at the top of the meadow, the creek rushes white among granite boulders; but soon it meanders lazily and draws sweeping silver loops across the green landscape. The water is shallow now, and runs musically over a gravel bed. In the back eddies, trout suck down float-

ing insects. Then, at the foot of the meadow, where the trees draw in and the boulders start again, the creek gathers itself together before plunging headlong once more.

Inside the forest is a carpet of color. Among the trees grow blue and purple and white lupines, five-pointed, hanging-head yellow and red flowers, red and orange Indian paintbrush, three entirely different kinds of sunflowers, and a lily identical to the yellow and orange desert mariposa but with white petals and purple markings round the stamen.

### Map of Alpine

I'd been in Silver King valley for four days when I met Charlie Roberts and Sid Henderson, who ride up every few weeks to check the cattle. (Apart from two forest wardens, also on horseback, I saw no one else all week.)

Connell's Cow Camp—a single log cabin, where I stayed two days with Charlie and Sid before they went out—is the only building standing in the whole length of Silver King valley. There are

no roads, either. The only way in is on foot or by pack horse.

I dragged myself away at last from the lush meadows of upper Silver King (also known as Fish valley), and went down past Llewellyn falls, past the old logging camps, past the steep canyon with the granite cliff weathered almost black, and came out in the broad meadow where the creek meets the East Carson river.

You can learn a lot about Alpine county merely by looking at the names on the map: Silver and Silver King creeks, Silver peak, and Silver Mountain City tell you that there was once a mining boom in that broken, mountainous country. Jeff Davis peak, Pickett's peak, and Fredericksburg date the boom—for when the first silver discoveries raised false hopes of an extension of the Comstock Lode, the men who swarmed into Alpine were mostly Civil War veterans. The rough, tough outlook of the mining boom is reflected in such colorful names as Hangman's bridge, The Nipple, and Border Ruffian lake. And you'll find the necessary contrast in Faith, Hope and Charity valleys and Sunset lake.

But the map will not tell you that Alpine's permanent population of under 300 is the smallest of any county in the United States. It will not tell you that in all Alpine there is no church, no bank, no telephone exchange, no movie house, no parking meter—and only one year-round bar. Nor will it tell you that the county boasts no doctor, no lawyer, no policeman, no barber, no butcher, no candlestick-maker—but it

does have the only woman sheriff in California.

You might possibly guess, though, from the rivers and lakes and great expanses of untouched country on the map, that today the economy of Alpine depends mainly on the tourist trade—and very largely on fishermen and hunters. When I came down out of the Silver King country and hit roads, the first two establishments I saw were both dedicated to sportsmen. (I say "establishments" because neither boasted a permanent building). I arrived at Dave Roberts' Wolf creek pack station, soaked through from a hail and rainstorm that had swept down from the peaks, and was grateful to share his campfire and find a corner for my sleeping bag in his temporary tackroom.

### Sheriff in Skirts

Next day, in Markleeville, Mrs. Lucile M. Brown—sheriff of Alpine county—told me some fascinating history of the country from the time it was a bustling mining center, through resettlement as ranch land by German immigrants, up to the present day. She showed me the old county jail, with its massive window bars still in place, that is now one of the outbuildings of her motel.

Markleeville is the county seat of Alpine. The road signs outside town quote its population as 100, but I was told that an unofficial count late one night in the bar—the only bar—had failed to raise beyond 54.

Five miles beyond Markleeville, close below Hawkins' peak, I found Harry Hawkins in his weatherbeaten old

years—and I've seen seven of them. I can remember the last log-drive down river: Round '89, that 80,000 cords went down. When I saw Mr. Ha he was standing beside Model A coupe, leaning one of his treasures—

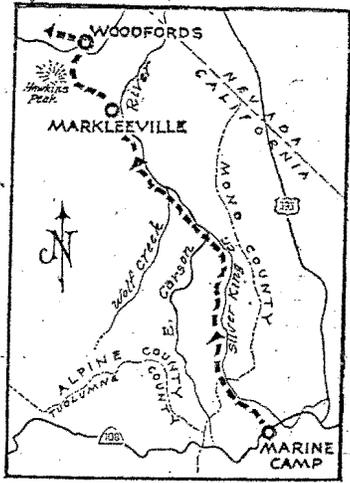
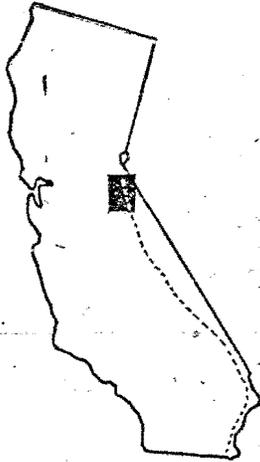
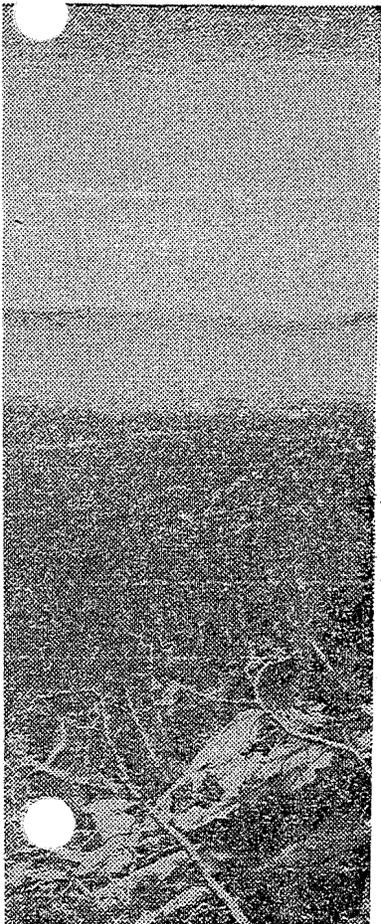
S.F. Chronicle

8/24/58

1958

8/24/58

SF Chronicle



The route of Fletcher's solitary trek

### rivers of Lake Tahoe

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You might possibly guess, though, from the rivers and lakes and great expanses of untouched country on the map, that today the economy of Alpine depends mainly on the tourist trade—and very largely on fishermen and hunters. When I came down out of the Silver King country and hit roads, the first two establishments I saw were both dedicated to sportsmen. (I say "establishments" because neither boasted a permanent building). I arrived at Dave Roberts' Wolf creek pack station, soaked through from a hail and rainstorm that had swept down from the peaks, and was grateful to share his campfire and find a corner for my sleeping bag in his temporary tackroom.

### Sheriff in Skirts

Next day, in Markleeville,

wooden house with its odd angles and gables—and TV antenna. "Yes," he said, stroking his carefully groomed beard, "the peak was named after my grandmother, one of Alpine's earliest settlers. And it was she who suggested naming Markleeville after hers and first man to take up land there.

"Alpine has quite a history, you know. Blew up like a bubble—and burst like one. It's all happened in a hundred years—and I've seen seventy-five of them. I can remember the last log-drive down the river. Round '89, that'd be 80,000 cords went down."

When I saw Mr. Hawkins he was standing beside his Model A coupe, leaning on one of his treasures—a long

flintlock rifle marked 'Harper's Ferry, 1839'.

I went on down the road, through the outskirts of Woodfords (the signboard said Pop. 67), struck up Willow creek, and climbed onto the ridge of the Carson Range near Freel peak. Before me, like a map, spread Lake Tahoe. Behind lay the 'cup' that is Alpine county, its rim the still-white Sierra peaks, its bowl a confused mass of lesser mountains, its lip pouring out eastwards down the Carson and into the Nevada desert.

In two weeks I had not even skimmed the surface of that wild county or its colorful history. But as I cut westward down through the timber, I knew I'd be coming back to Alpine someday.

# ny Graveyard Recalls Old Tale of Markleeville British 'Lord'

By Peggy Trego

MARKLEEVILLE, Alpine - Alongside the Ebbetts Highway, a few miles of the site of once roarer Mount Diablo and a few miles west of still bright Markleeville, is the rear of a strange story more than a century old. It is a graveyard with only one grave, one marked with a fully carved piece of stone, the other with only a wooden wedge.

A mile farther east from the town rises a gaunt brick chimney, and near it a once grand house stands beside what was once a neat garden. The events are part of the story, although only the old-timers in Markleeville can give you an idea of what part the events played in the history of long ago.

**Big Way**  
In the 1850s, the story goes when Lord Chalmers of Markleeville set up his dreams of a town in tangible form. A silver mine was the basis for the town and it was to be the silver mine west of the Black Lode. To complete his household, Chalmers married the gentle Mrs. Laughton, who with one son, Harry, had made a living in the widow's world of the day by cooking and caring for lonely families. She bore him a son, Lewis, and a daughter whose name has not been recorded in the memories of the town's elders.

A few years, it seems, after his death, Lord Chalmers bade his wife and



Markleeville, perched atop the Sierra Nevada, appears differently now than it did back in the 1850s. The residents. They recall also the story of the woman he married. smelter — and a tiny graveyard are the mementoes he left

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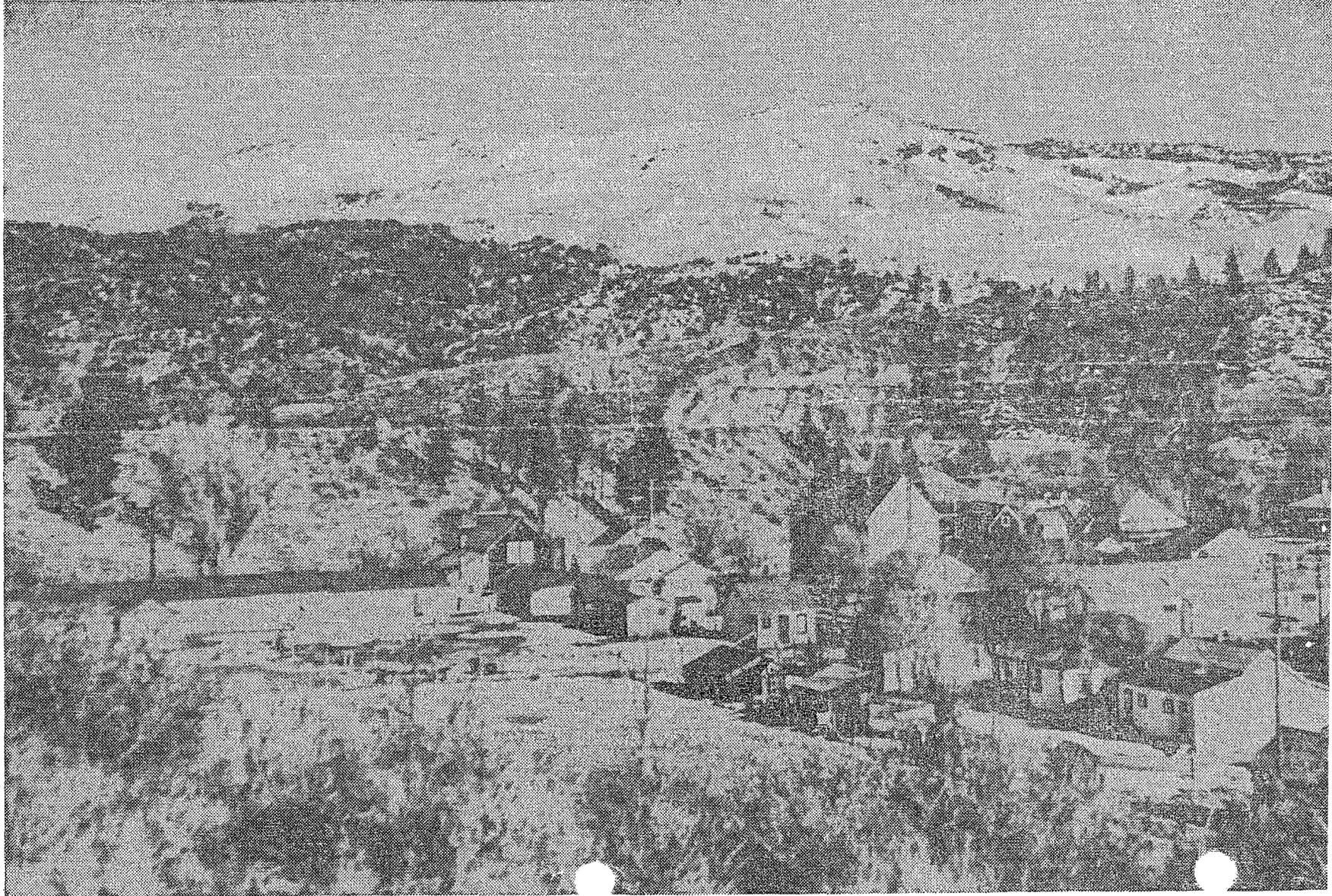
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A few years, it seems, passed in a happy life. And then Lord Chalmers bade his wife and



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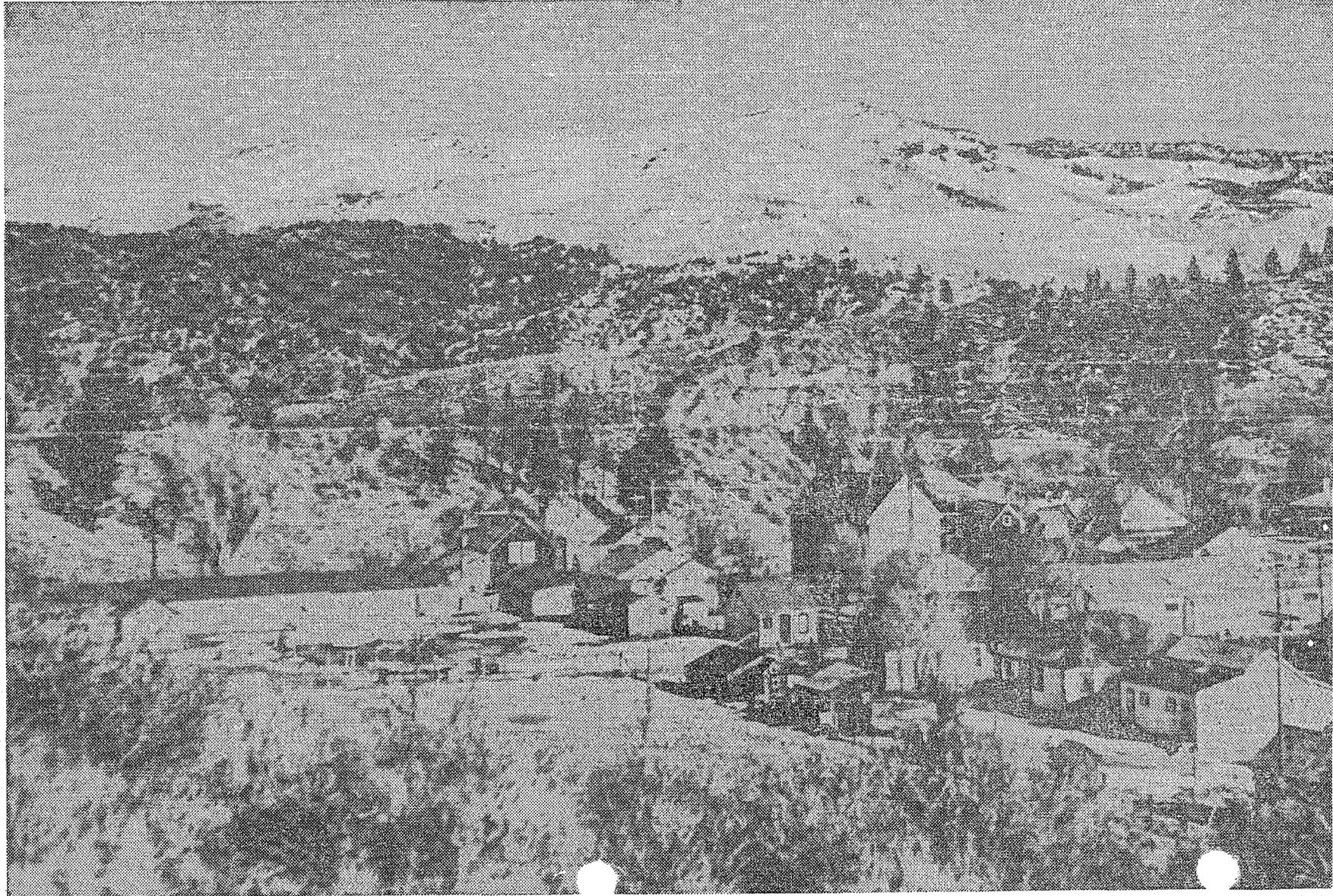
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# Recalls Old Tale British 'Lord'



ed atop the Sierra Nevada, appears dif- residents. They recall also the story of the woman he married, smelter — and a tiny graveyard are the mementoes he left

Strange Tale

Tiny Graveyard Recalls Old Tale Of Markleeville British 'Lord'

By Peggy Trego

MARKLEEVILLE, Alpine Co. — Alongside the Ebbetts Pass Highway, a few miles east of the site of once roaring Silver Mountain and a few more miles west of still bright-eyed Markleeville, is the reminder of a strange story more than a century old. It is a tiny graveyard with only two graves, one marked with a carefully carved piece of marble, the other with only a wooden wedge.

A mile farther east from the graves rises a gaunt brick chimney, and near it a once stately house stands beside what was once a neat garden. These are part of the story, too, although only the oldtimers in Markleeville can give you an idea of what part the fragments played in the sequence of long ago.

Big Way

Here, in the 1850s, the story begins when Lord Chalmers of ... and set up his dreams of glory in tangible form. A silver mine was the basis for the dream, and it was to be the finest silver mine west of the Comstock Lode.

To complete his household, Lord Chalmers married the stately, gentle Mrs. Laughton, a widow with one son, Harry, who had made a living in the hard widow's world of the 1850s by cooking and caring for various families. She bore Chalmers a son, Lewis, and a daughter whose name has not lingered in the memories of the oldtimers.

For a few years, it seemed a happy life. And then Lord Chalmers bade his wife and two small children farewell while he made a visit home, promising to return soon. It was, of course, a promise he never kept.

Did Not Mourn

Mrs. Laughton-Chalmers went back to her former life, using her income from housekeeper's chores to augment the occasional sums sent her from England, and she did not mourn openly.

Tragedy struck her first in May, 1872. Lewis, then 21, fell when he crossed the swollen Silver Creek behind the fine home and the roaring stream dashed him to death

He was buried not far from the Chalmers home, and the marble marker was placed on his grave.

Daughter Left

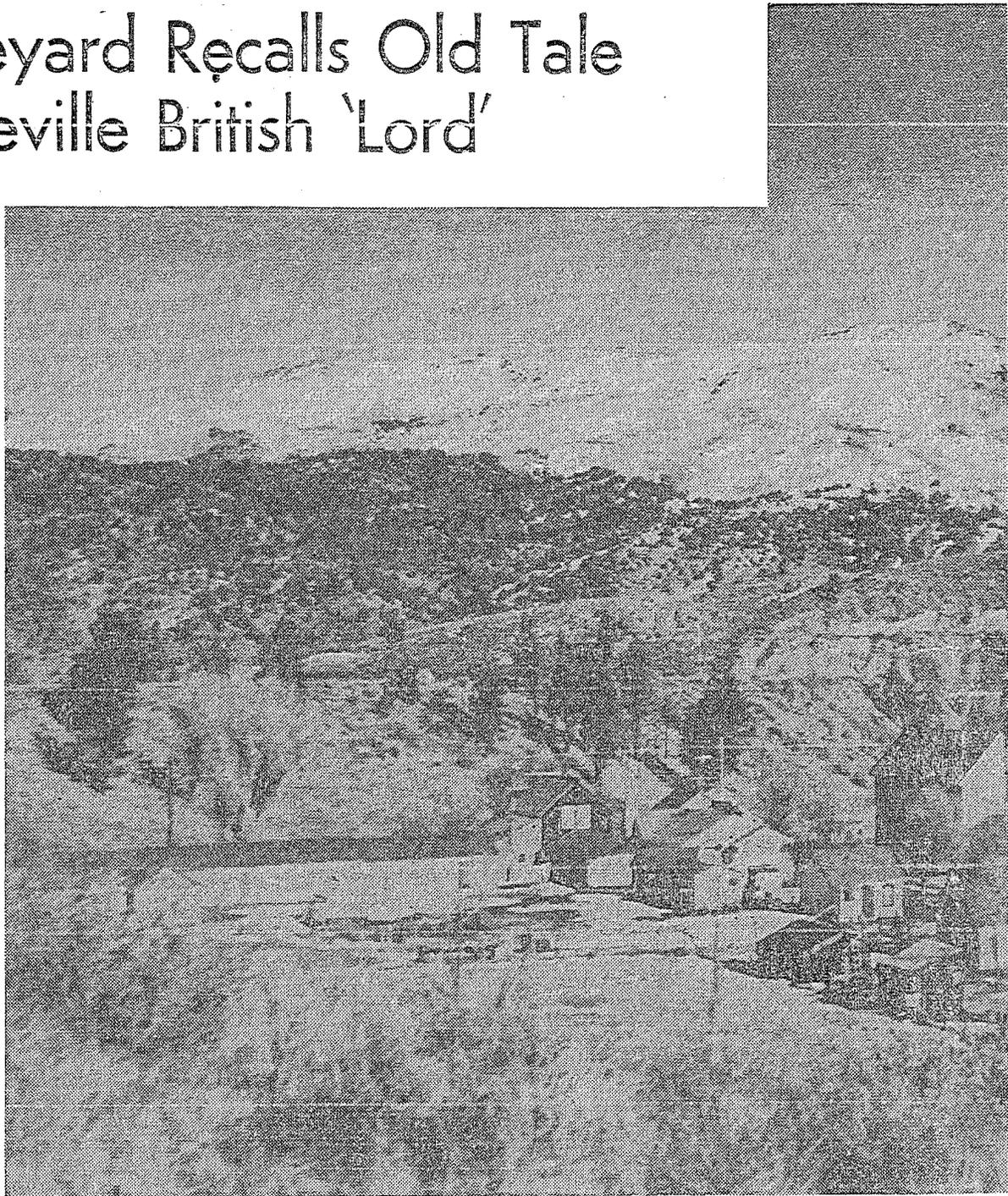
Soon afterward, they say, the Chalmers daughter ran away to see what excitement lay in the big cities beside San Francisco Bay and found work as a chambermaid. Youthfully selfish and strong willed, the daughter did not write her mother that she had a "position" and friends in Oakland, with whom she

made her home. The grieving mother set out to find her child, tramping miles of sidewalk in the strange, bustling world of San Francisco. And it was here, far away from the gentler wilderness of Silver Mountain and Markleeville that she finally succumbed to the three unbearable losses of her life, seeking and finding death in a dreary hotel room.

It was a long time later that the second grave was added to the tiny cemetery alongside Ebbetts Pass Road. Harry Laughton, the only one who

may have found out the true facts behind the surface story as it is remembered today, lived in Markleeville as an old man. Well liked, Harry had told friends that when he died he wanted to lie beside his half brother, Lewis, to whom he had been devoted during Lewis' brief life. And the friends honored Harry Laughton's request when he died, even though it was deep winter and took a bulldozer to clear a road to the little cemetery and dynamite to dig the grave.

Markleeville, perched atop the Sierra Nevada, appears differently now than it did back in the 1850s but the story of Lord Chalmers, as he was known, still is recalled by oldtime residents. They recall also the story and whom he deserted when he left his British style house, now in disrepair.



# Tiny Graveyard Recalls Old Tale Of Markleeville British 'Lord'

By Peggy Trego

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### Big Way

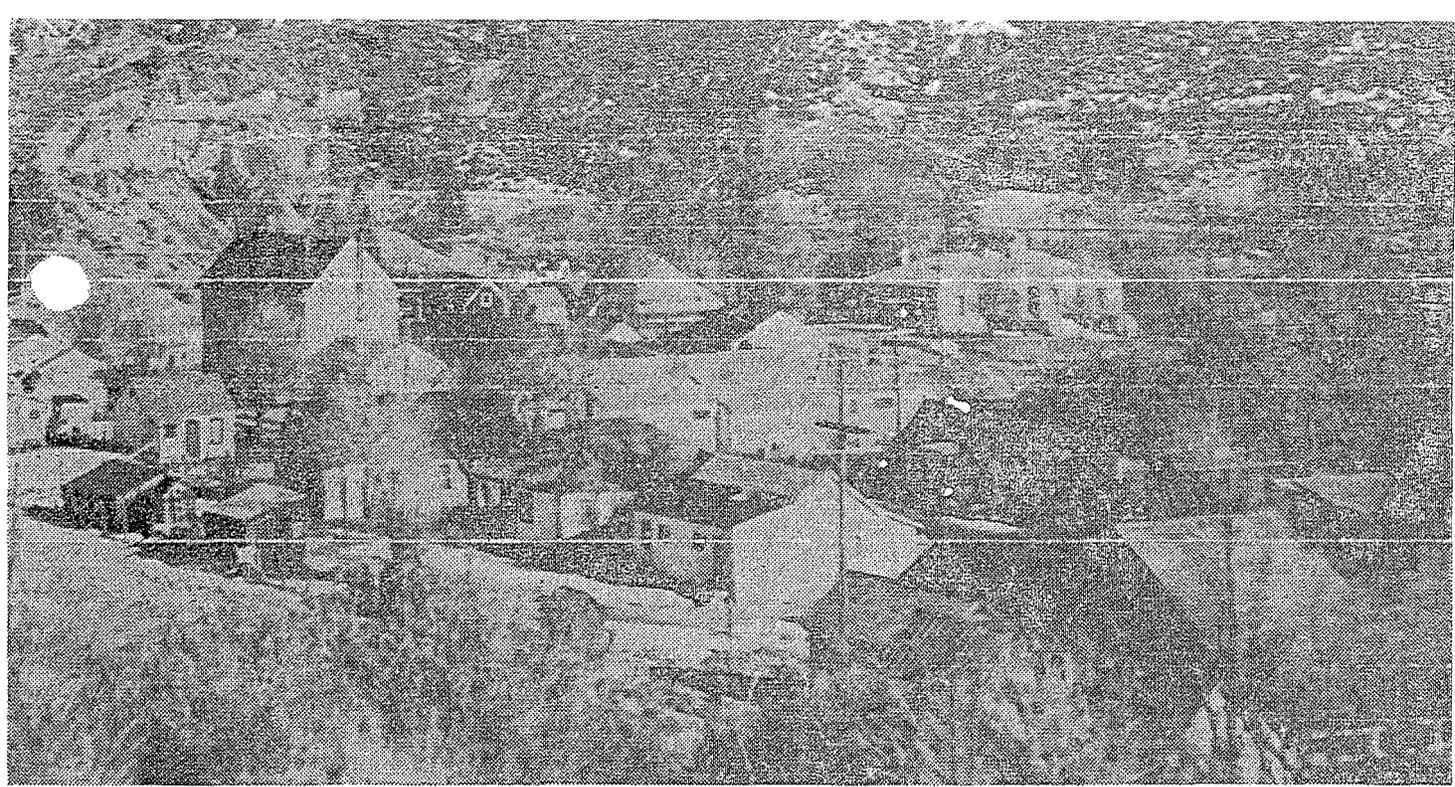
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Bee  
1-22-59

ents. They recall also the story of the woman he married, whom he deserted when he returned to England. His high style house, now in disrepair, and the chimney of his

smelter — and a tiny graveyard are the mementoes he left. The story goes that after his return to his homeland he married again and inherited a real title.

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When Lord Chalmers built his house he wanted it to remind him of England, so he followed the British

style with chimneys on each end and a porch across the front. The building is dying of neglect.

# Tiny Markleeville In Alpine County May Be

THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1960

## Awakening From 70-Year Sleep

By **DICK MADSEN**  
Tribune Staff Reporter

For seventy years a city has been asleep.

The county seat of California's smallest county, population-wise, it has not changed its size appreciably since before the turn of the century.

But today, Markleeville, in Alpine county, just south of Lake Tahoe, is on the threshold of a new birth of activity. Once with a population nearly 30 times its present citizenry, Markleeville today has a chance to start regaining its lost importance.

The city, now with only 120 year-round residents, is staking its hopes for future growth on five crucial developments.

First, the Luther Pass highway (State Highway 89) is being relocated and reconstructed. It should be completed in another year or so, according to county officials.

Second, an airstrip near Markleeville has been proposed, and the first steps taken towards construction.

Third, a dam will be built as part of the Washoe Project which will create a large lake not too far from the area.

Fourth, there is a distinct possibility the California Divisions of Beaches and Parks will develop a hot springs west of the town.

And fifth, there is a possibility that considerable public land may be opened for summer cabins.

The reason these items are

and of all Alpine county for that matter.

Residents are optimistic that the Luther Pass new highway will help their town drain off some of Lake Tahoe's growth and business. The airport will further make the city accessible to the outside world.

The dam's lake should attract boaters, water-skiers, and other persons interested in water recreation.

The hot springs recreation could be a big attraction to summer and winter tourists.

And the summer cabins will undoubtedly bring in more money to the county merchants.

Few persons in Markleeville think the growth will equal the rush of a century ago when gold and silver were discovered nearby, but with California continuing to expand, it would seem a pretty good bet that Markleeville will grow too.

Alpine county was originally a part of Utah Territory. The first men to actually see the Markleeville area were those of John Fremont's expedition. Pushing down from Oregon, Fremont — led by the scout Kit Carson — came through Nevada into Mono county, and then circled back into the Carson Valley.

In the middle of winter, 1844, they camped on a plateau known now as Grover's Hot Springs, west of Markleeville.

Three years later, Samuel Brannan, leader of a Mormon party, gathered a party at Placerville

a tree near the summit of the Carson Pass, and dropped down the West Fork of the Carson River. Eventually his party made his base at what is now the settlement of Woodfords, north of Markleeville. It was the first white settlement on the east side of the Sierra in this region. (For a short time it was a station for the Pony Express.)

The first permanent inhabitant of Markleeville however, did not settle until 1851. Jacob J. Marklee in September located a land claim of 110 acres and registered it in Douglas county, Nevada.

He built a cabin on the site of the present-day courthouse in Markleeville. It was made entirely of wood and shakes. Even the door hinges were made of wood, say old-timers.

Marklee made money out of the Comstock rush in 1859-1864, just by staying home. He operated a toll bridge across the Markleeville Creek, just below his cabin.

In 1861 the area had its own silver boom. A group of Scandinavians in 1858 had founded the town of Koenigsberg, south of Markleeville. They discovered a rich vein of silver, and the rush was on.

Prospectors settled there and in other mining camps around the vein. The town of Markleeville sprung up around Marklee's cabin.

Monitor, Summit City, Silver King, Hope Valley, Bullion, and Mogul took their place beside the other famed mining towns of the West.

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In 1863, Koenigsberg (its name had been changed to Silver Mountain) hit the 3000-population mark.

It had five large mines, numerous smaller operations, six hotels, uncounted saloons, a Wells Fargo station, telegraph to Markleeville hence to Genoa, two daily newspapers, and a jail with 18-inch-thick walls. It became the first seat of Alpine county in 1864, after Alpine was finally located in California instead of the Nevada

Territory.

Markleeville had a similar boom. A wagon road was completed over Ebbets Pass, bringing in supplies to the growing mining towns. Markleeville's population hit nearly 3000 also, and the total number of persons in Alpine county hit the 12,000 figure.

But Marklee did not live to see

the full "glory days" of his city, which had been incorporated in 1864. He was found on his doorstep one morning in 1864, murdered by an unknown party.

As the years went by, the great mines, the IXL and the Exchequer, began to peter out. The towns began to wither and blow away.

That was when Lewis Chalmers,

promoter of a British gold combine, came on the scene. He took assays of the area and bought up the two great mines and the mills. He had not gone far into the mines, however, when he hit water, the dreaded enemy of miners.

He thought he would beat the problem the same way Adolf Sut-

ro had done on the Virginia City mines, and hired Sutro's ex-foreman to build a tunnel under Silver Mountain to drain the mines and to get at the ore from the bottom.

But between the demonetization of silver in 1873 and his British gold mine folding up, he ran into difficulties. The sheriff seized his debt-ridden properties.

He returned to England, organized a new firm, and with the new capital, began to work. He envisioned a great boom, and built a new mill at the mouth of his tunnel.

But while Sutro's foreman had drilled 20,000 feet at Virginia City, he had only drilled 8000 at Silver Mountain when Chalmers' capital ran out again.

He was through, after having sunk \$2,000,000 more into the mines than he had gotten out. His miners passed the hat, and he managed to get to England, where he died penniless.

With Chalmers' end, it was the end of Markleeville's boom days. The last residents turned to cattle grazing and lumbering. For a while they made money by sending hundreds of thousands of cords of wood down the Carson River for use in the Virginia City mines. But when they died, little was left. In 1875 the county seat was transferred from Silver Mountain to Markleeville, but it was little consolation. Markleeville's population had dropped to a few hundred and the county's total population was only 1204, according to some reports.

In 1883, the Fisk Hotel, a mainstay in the Silver Mountain camp, was torn down and rebuilt in Markleeville. It still stands today, over a hundred years old, and is renamed the Alpine Hotel. The last family left Silver Mountain in 1890. From then until now most of Alpine county's population has centered around the Markleeville area.

Today the population of the county is 360. The 12 high school students are taken by bus to Douglas County High School in Nevada. There are only two elementary schools in the county, neither in Markleeville.

There are few young people. One boy, when asked what youths his age do during their summer vacation, fatalistically observed, "We wait for forest fires." (The young men often fight the fires.)

The land in the county is principally owned by various government agencies. In fact, 90 per cent of the land is public land, so land is difficult to obtain for private business or homes.

There is little lumbering. One observer, looking at the Carson River where so many logs had been floated down to the Virginia City mines, said "You couldn't float a toothpick there now."

Grazing industry is only of moderate size.

Recreation is the big income-producer for Markleeville and the entire county today. The summer population of the county, due to recreation, jumps to 5000-10,000 persons, according to Sheriff Stuart Merrill, a descendant of one of the early residents of the area.

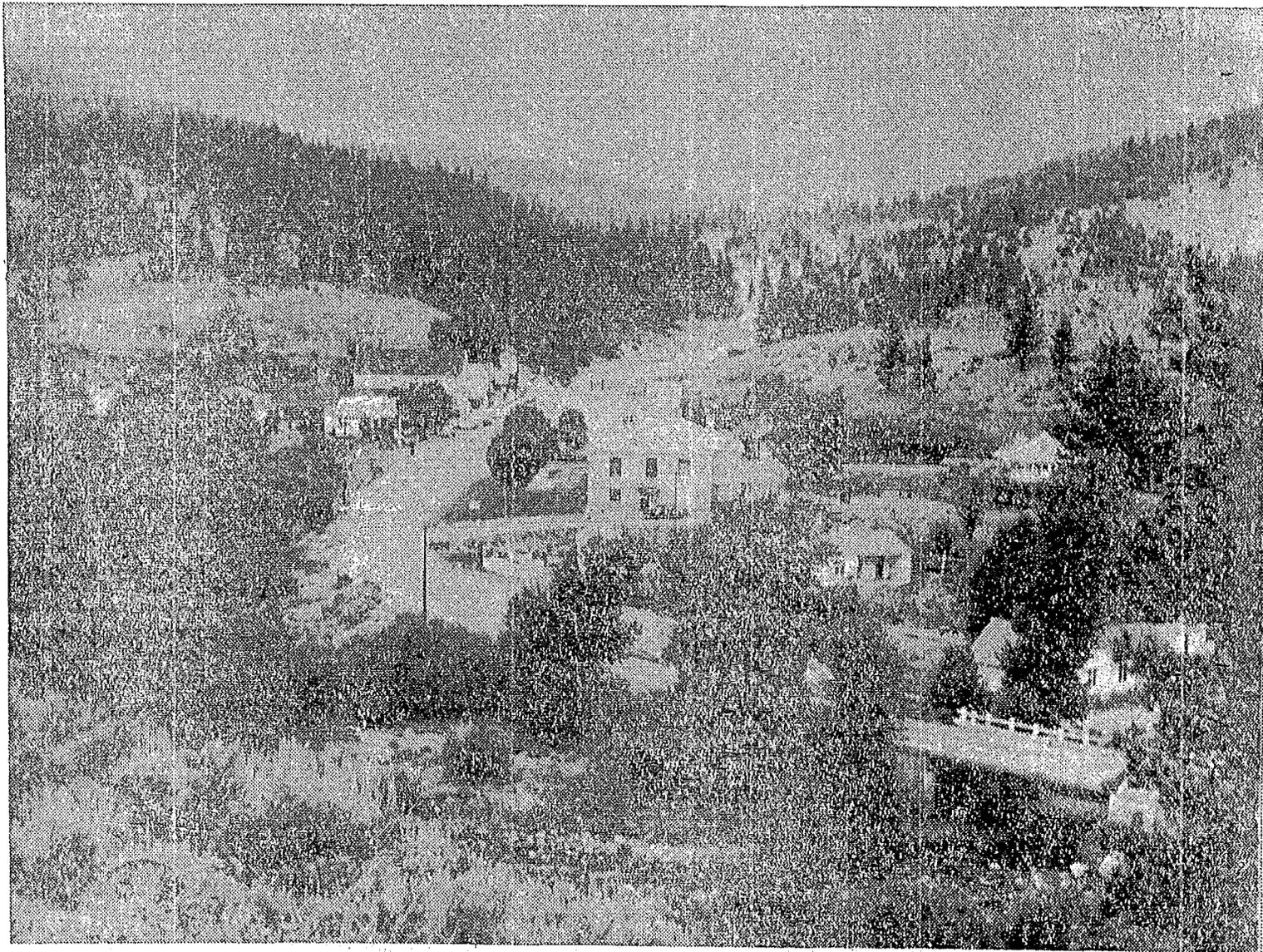
The situation from the turn of the century to recent years was "very static" says the sheriff. "One reason was the fact that so much of the land is government-owned," he continued. "Another is that the people who do have private land are livestock grazers, and aren't too interested in a lot of people here."

However, in the last decade, Markleeville's population has doubled, with much of the activity coming in the last three or four years. This may indeed be the beginning of a new importance for Markleeville, some observers feel.

When asked recently how things were around Markleeville, the sheriff replied, "Quiet, sleepy . . . normal."

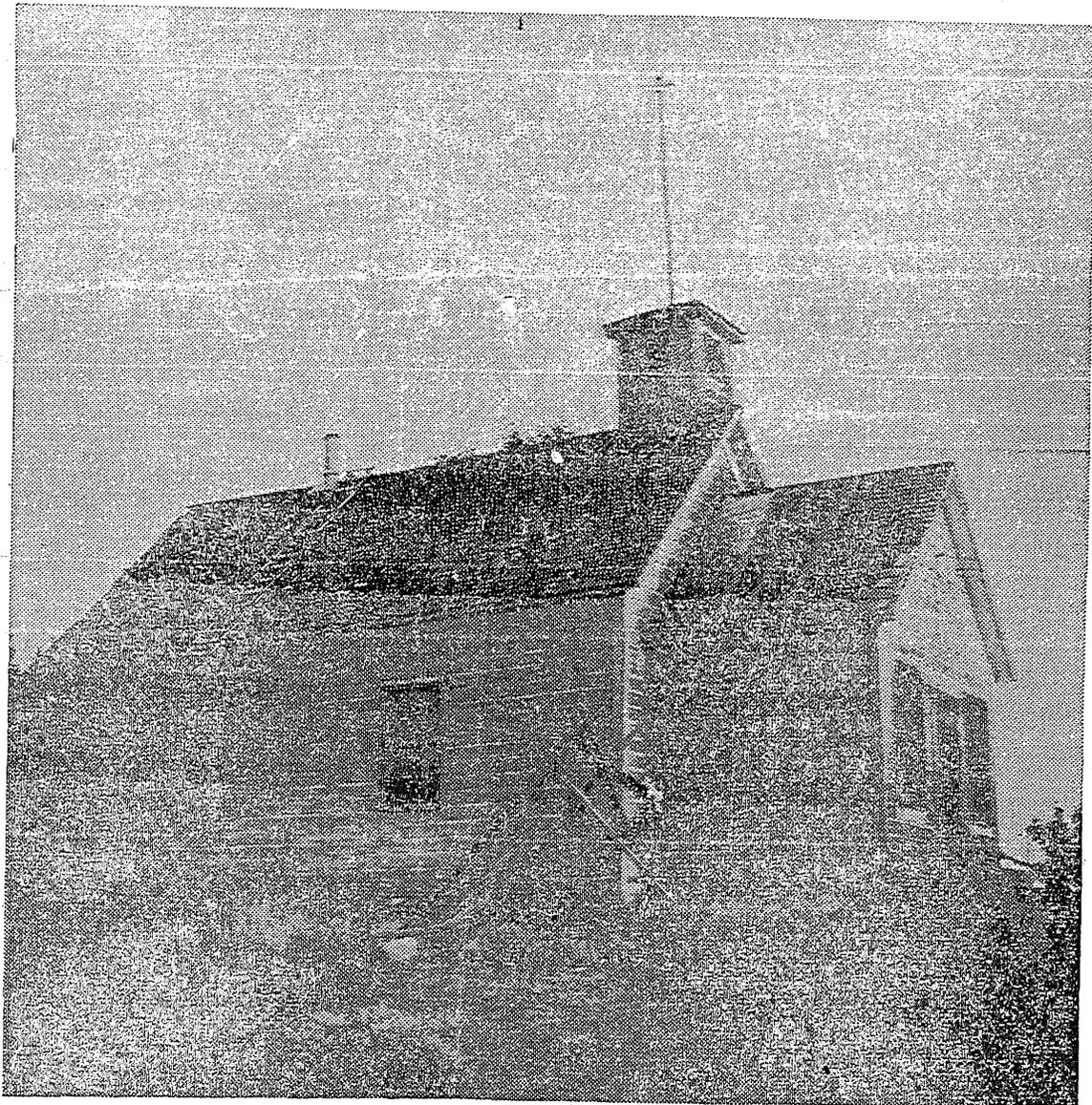
But with the possibilities of future growth, he may soon be wrong.

7-28-60  
Tahoe Sierra Tribune



**CITY SLEEPS**—The town of Markleeville has not changed much in seventy years, but future prospects are that it may start to regain some of its lost importance. It was once a part of a series of mining towns around Silver Mountain, and the total population of the

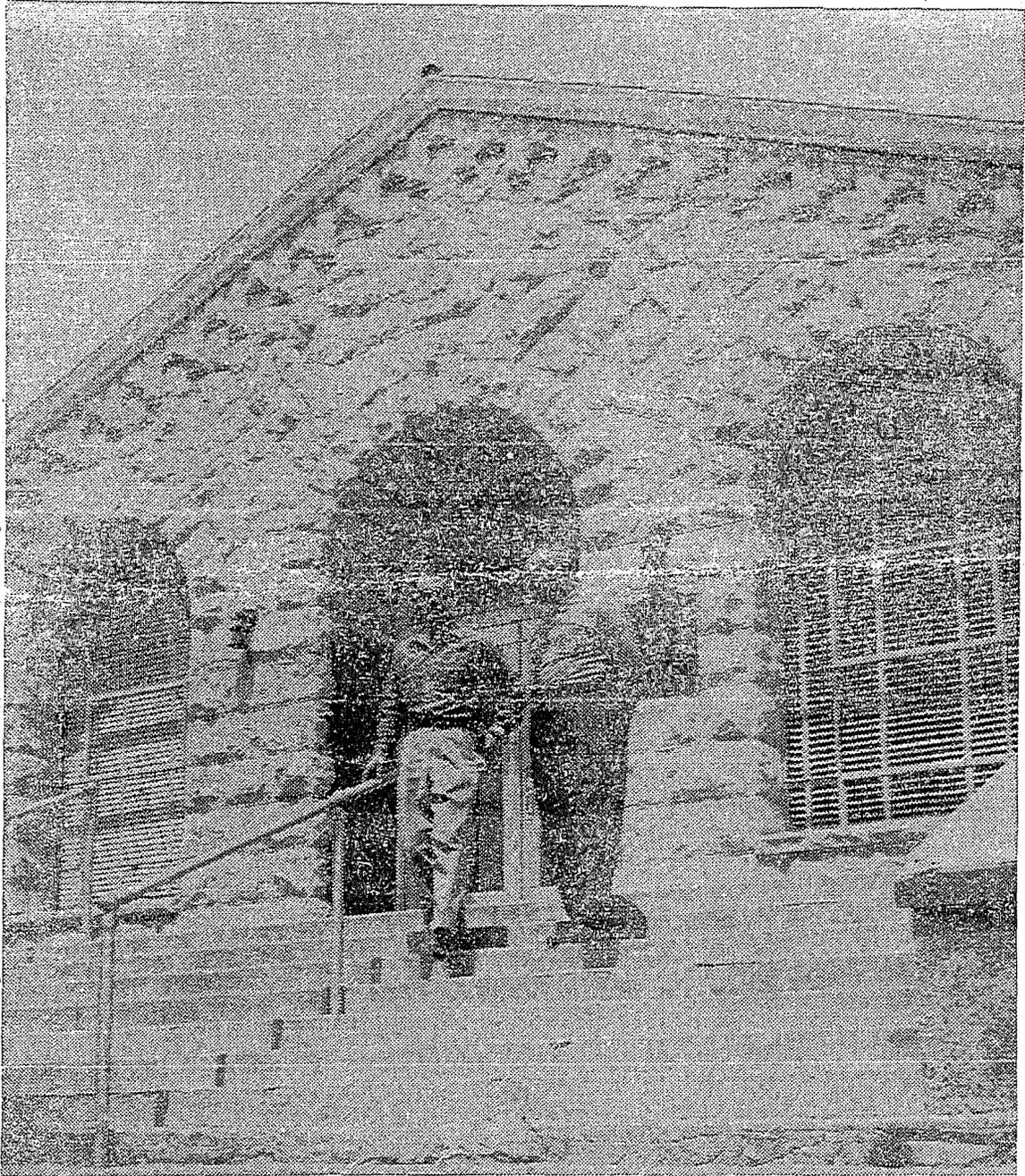
county was nearly 12,000. Today, Markleeville is the county seat, and the county's 360 persons are mostly centered around the Markleeville area.—Tribune Photo.



**OLD SCHOOLHOUSE**—This old schoolhouse is more than a hundred years old, said one authority in Markleeville. It stands on a hill overlooking the city from the west, and is today rented to a Platte family. It saw the area's "glory days," and may again see a rebirth of Markleeville.—Tribune Photo.

*Tahoe Sierra Tribune*

*7-28-60*



**ALPINE COURTHOUSE**—The Alpine county courthouse in Markleesville is a relative "newcomer" to the city . . . it was built in 1928. Two of the county's few officials are shown above. Stuart Merrill (left) is the sheriff of the county, and is a descendant of one of the earliest settlers. William Chris Mann is the county clerk, recorder, and auditor.—Tribune Photo.

*Tahoe Sierra Tribune*

*7-28-60*



**100 YEARS OLD**—The Alpine Hotel, shown above, is more than 100 years old. It was originally built in Silver Mountain, a silver camp of the 1860's south of Markleeville, and known then as the Fisk Hotel. In 1885 it was torn down, transported to Markleeville, and rebuilt.—Tribune Photo.

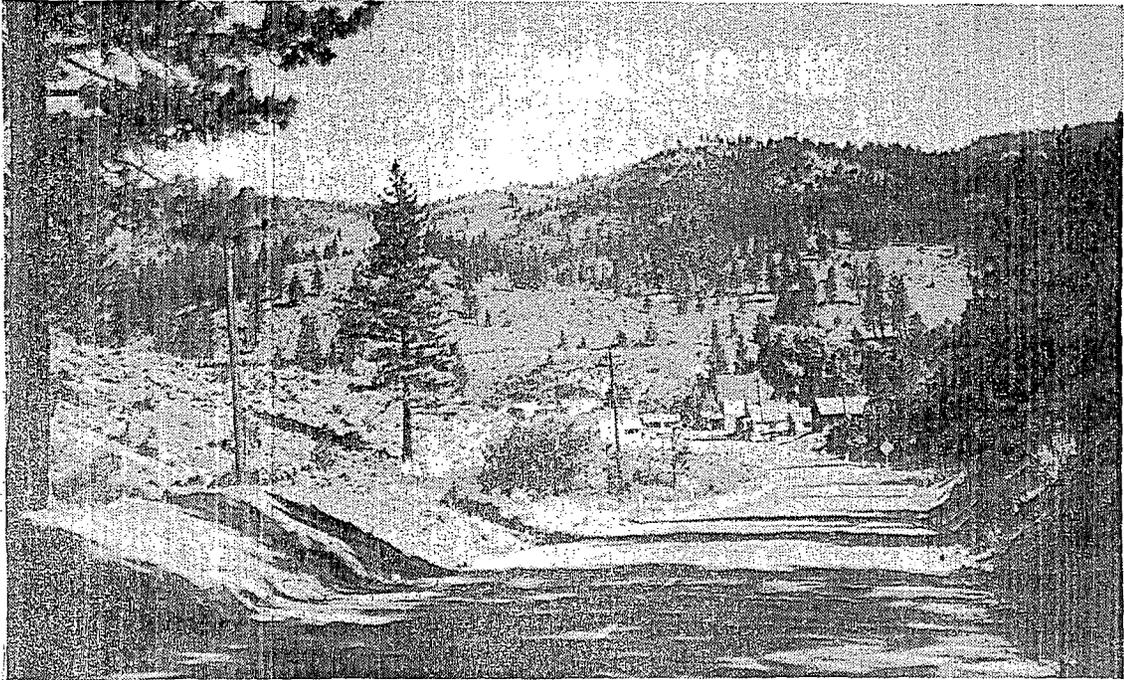
Tahoe Sierra Tribune

7-29-60

# Alpine County Looks Ahead

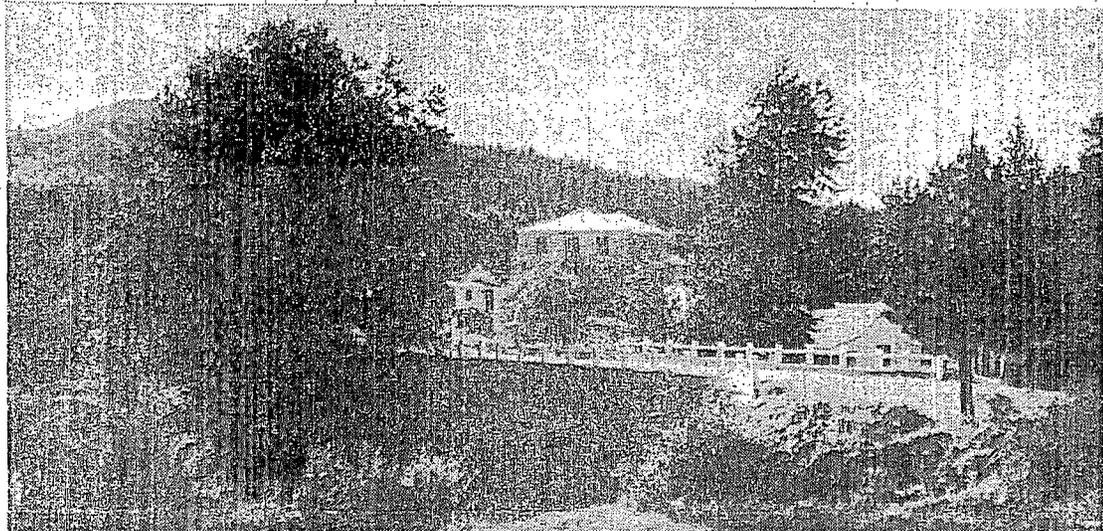
Tahoe Daily Tribune

7/7/61



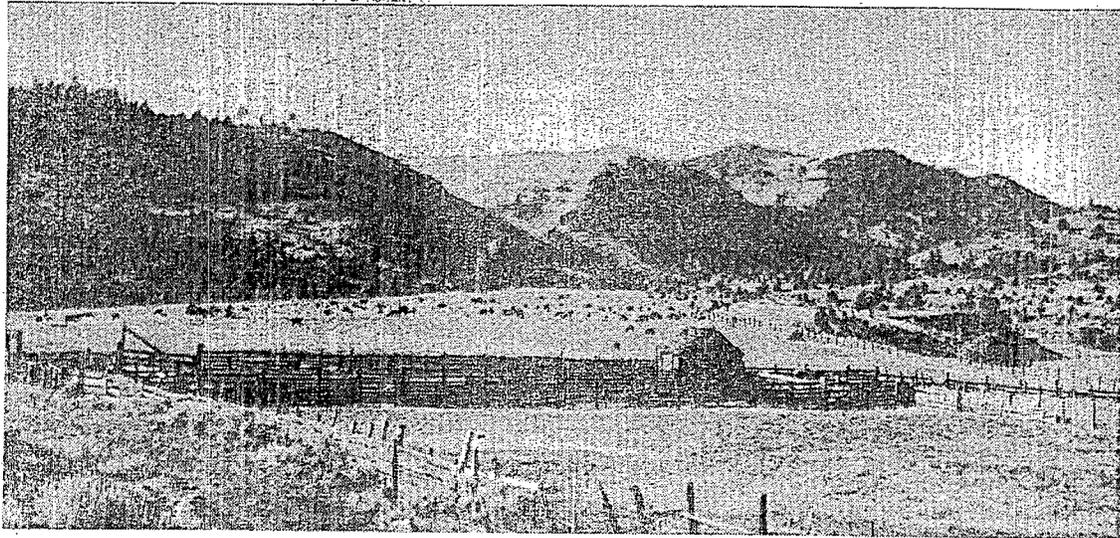
**COUNTY SEAT** — Embodying all the picturesque charm of an Alpine village, Markleeville is the largest community in Alpine county, as well as the county seat. It nestles on a

prominence just above the East fork of the Carson river. In 1875 the county seat was moved here from Silver Mountain.



**PROMINENT BRIDGE IS LANDMARK** — Crossing the east fork of the Carson river, which once carried more than 120,000 cords of logs annually to the Comstock silver mines,

is this modern bridge and State Route 89. The waters of the East fork of the Carson river are noted as a fisherman's paradise.

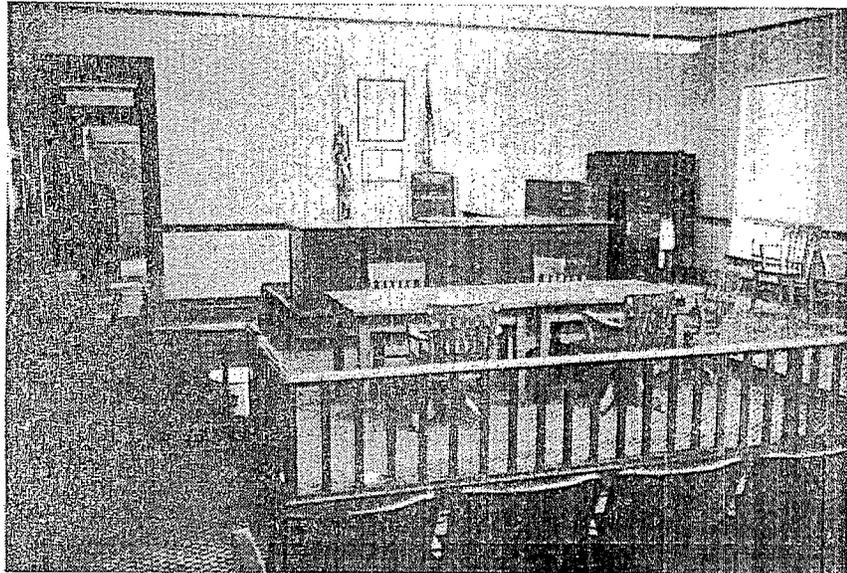


**GRAZING LAND IN ALPINE COUNTY** — Cattle, both dairy and beef, together with sheep are the principal sources of agricultural income in Alpine county. Much hay of excellent high grade is raised for winter feeding of livestock in the

county, and high areas of both US Forest Service and private lands in the higher portions furnish an abundance of inexpensive summer pasturage for sheep and cattle. The above photo was taken on the George Springmeyer ranch, where more than 100 head of Black Angus cattle are grazing. —Tribune photos



**DEPUTY COUNTY CLERK** — Rosella Jackson, who has lived the past 13 years in Alpine county, is deputy county clerk under William Chriss Mann. Miss Jackson is shown typing the minutes of the board of supervisors, a copy of which will be sent for publication to the Tahoe Daily Tribune, official newspaper of Alpine county.



**SUPERIOR COURT OF ALPINE COUNTY** — This well-lighted, modern courtroom is the superior court of Alpine county, California's smallest population-wise. Presiding over court when in session is Judge George Francis, who also sits on the bench in Los Angeles county.

# Markleeville Seat Of Growing Area

Story and Pictures by Dennis Stevens

About 32 miles southeast of Lake Tahoe lies the county seat of California's smallest county, population-wise, and it has not changed its size appreciably since before the turn of the century.

But today, Markleeville, in Alpine county, is on the threshold of a new birth of activity. Once with a population nearly 30 times its present citizenry, Markleeville has a chance to start regaining its lost importance.

The city, now with only 120 year-round residents, is staking its hopes on future developments.

First the Luther Pass highway (State Route 89) nears completion on its relocation and widening program. The first leg of the remodeling of this highway from its junction with US Highway 50, over Luther Pass to its junction with State Route 88, is complete.

Work is continuing at a rapid pace along the west fork of the Carson river toward Woodford's.

Second there is speculation that considerable public land may be opened for summer cabins.

Already the hot springs west of town have been developed. Third, an airstrip near Markleeville which has been proposed would have a tremendous effect on fishermen and hunters who could fly up to Alpine county for a week or weekend of recreation.

The reason these items are important to Markleeville is that recreation is the lifeblood of the city, and all of Alpine county for that matter.

Alpine county climate is especially pleasing to the vacationist—warm days and cool nights predominate throughout the summer. The autumn season brings crisp days and snappy evenings. Glorious color effects as the leaves change are among the striking features of the fall landscape.

Winter sports are rapidly gaining in popularity in the Alpine county recreational area where ski runs, snowshoe trails, and ice skating are found.

Cattle, both dairy and beef, together with sheep, are the principal sources of agricultural income for Alpine county. Approximately two miles west of Markleeville is the George Springmeyer ranch, where a herd of more than a hundred head of Black Angus cattle are peacefully grazing on the Alpine slopes.

Few persons in Markleeville think the growth will equal the rush of a century ago when gold and silver were discovered nearby, but with California continuing to expand, it is believed that Markleeville will grow as well.

One resident, perhaps a little pessimistic, said yesterday, "I can't see how the town can grow, all the property around the town is owned by rich ranchers, and they won't sell—no sir!"

What is now Alpine county was originally a part of the Territory of Utah; then a part of Nevada Territory. On completion of the Ives Survey of the California-Nevada boundary, it was found that the area was actually a part of California, though at that time it was included in Amador county.

The county of Alpine was organized in 1864, by action of the State Legislature on March 16, and a little more than a month later the town of Markleeville was incorporated.

In 1875, an election moved the county seat from Silver Mountain to Markleeville, where it has since remained.

Jacob J. Marklee was the first permanent inhabitant of this region, his homestead including most of the present township of

Markleeville. Perched above State Route 89, as it swings into the main business district of Markleeville, the quaint stone courthouse of Alpine county presents an unforgettable picture against the pine covered mountains. It is located on the site of a cabin once occupied by Marklee.

In 1858 a party of Scandinavians had founded the settlement of Koenigsberg in a heavily timbered canyon. They discovered a vein of silver ore and by 1861 the boom was on. Prospectors spread through the canyons. By 1863 Koenigsberg's population was estimated at 3,000, with newcomers pouring into Markleeville, Monitor, Bullion, Summit City, Silver King and many other camps. In 1863, the name Koenigsberg was changed to Silver Mountain and it became the seat of Alpine county.

By 1873, the mining activity in Alpine had all but ceased and the greater portion of the population had shifted elsewhere. When Markleeville became the county seat in 1875, principal operations now turned to lumbering. Timber for Virginia City mines was in great demand and as much as 250,000 cords of wood were sent in a single year.

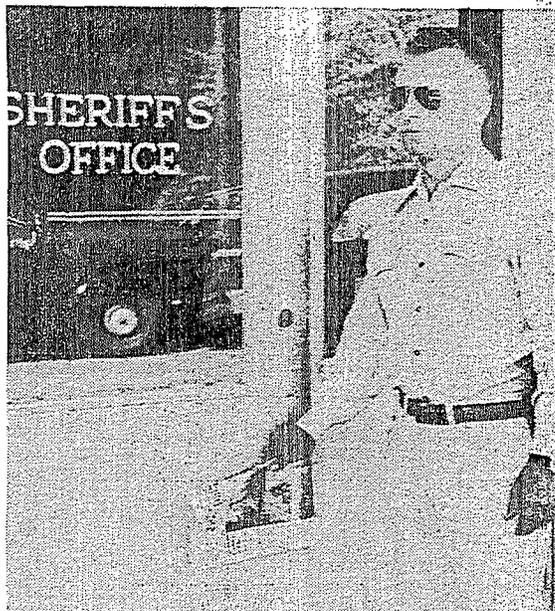
With the dropping off of silver production in the Virginia City area during the succeeding years, both Douglas and Alpine counties turned to farming, cattle and sheep raising, dairying and kindred pursuits.

In 1883, the Fisk hotel, a mainstay in the Silver Mountain camp, was torn down and rebuilt in Markleeville. It still stands today, more than 100 years old, and is renamed the Alpine hotel.

The situation from the turn of the century to recent years was "very static" said Stuart Merrill, sheriff, a descendant of one of the early residents of the area. "One reason was the fact that so much of the land is government-owned, and another is that the people who do have private land are livestock grazers, and aren't too interested in a lot of people here."

Recreation is the big income producer for Markleeville and the entire county today. The summer and fall population of the county, due to hunting, fishing and recreation, jumps to 5,000 - 10,000 persons.

## Dog Takes Wheel As Driver Spills



COUNTY SHERIFF — Holding the elective office of sheriff of Alpine county is Stuart (Stu) Merrill, who also holds down the jobs of tax collector and coroner. His office is in the basement of the county courthouse. It is radio equipped and also has a police teletype where messages can be transmitted to any law enforcement agency in the country.



VACATION TIME — Pretty Sheryl Parks, 14-year old niece of Ferrel Parks, owner of the Sportsman Cafe in Markleeville, spends her vacation at Alpine county's vacation paradise. Here she is riding one of her favorite mounts on the main street of Markleeville.

## Dog Takes Wheel As Driver Spills

IVERNESS (UPI) — Fred Hettrick, 54, sitting on his front porch yesterday, was shocked to see a pickup truck hurtling toward him.

He was even more shocked when he saw that behind the wheel was a German police dog.

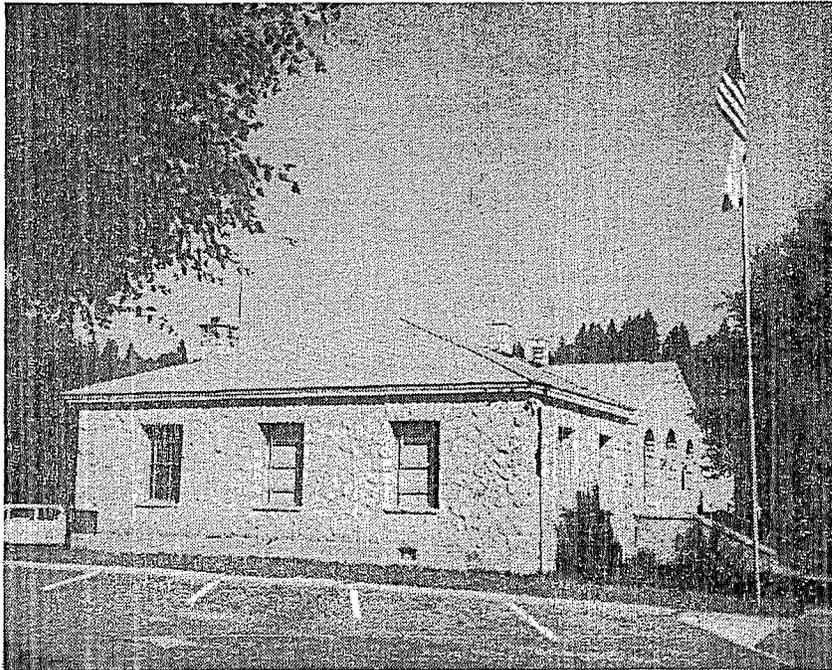
"I was so scared I just sat there," said Hettrick, an oyster opener. "I think the dog turned the wheel just enough to save me."

The truck grazed his front gate

and smashed into a tree alongside his house.

ness had toppled out of the truck as it made a sharp turn from Highway patrolman William P. Shoreline highway north of San Gregg investigated and discovered Francisco, leaving his dog alone that Stanley Bukowski, 43, of Iver-

in the seat.



MARKLEEVILLE COURT HOUSE — Perched above State Route 89 as it swings into the main business district of Markleeville, the quaint stone courthouse of Alpine county presents an unforgettable picture against the pine covered mountains. It is located on the site of a cabin once occupied by Jacob J. Marklee, first inhabitant of this community.



# EDITORIAL . . .

## Far From Maddening Crowd

On a just-ended vacation which may have been noted by the lack of Tribune editorials, we first headed for Markleeville.

The pressures of Lake Tahoe that we live under in the summer are tremendous.

Recommended cure: Markleeville.

It's more like visiting a family than visiting a town.

Everyone knows everyone else. The 1963 California roster of cities lists the population at 100. The 1963 handbook of the California Legislature lists the population of Alpine County at 397. Markleeville is the county seat.

It's only 24 miles from the bug station at Meyers, over Luther Pass.

But it's another world.

We registered in Brown's Motel late in the afternoon and quickly learned that the lobby of the neat establishment was formerly a saloon.

We hustled over to Doug and Billie Ford's Alpine Inn and ordered a cold beer to lay the dust of travel in our throats.

Doug whipped out two tickets to the annual fireman's ball faster than Wyatt Earp pulled his sixguns.

We reached and paid!

Memories of the past came surging through us as we climbed the stone steps to the one-room schoolhouse, handed our tickets to Fire Chief Chris Gansberg and had our wrists stamped.

Everyone in town was there. Supervisor Byron Clark was greeting his neighbors.

Mothers sat with babies in their laps. Young boys clustered around the Coke concession. Girls dressed in their Sunday best sat around the walls while a covey of wary teenage boys shot the breeze from a good vantage point, darting glances around the hall.

Three men blew soft music to the rhythmic beat skillfully set by a woman piano player.

Couples from six to sixty swung about on the floor.

A little boy slept soundly stretched out across two chairs.

Outside Sheriff Stu Merrill and his deputy Archie kept watchful eyes on parked cars and juveniles, personally greeting each new arrival.

No representative of the notorious Alpine Beacon, published by much-arrested but never convicted Dalegor Suchedki was in evidence.

"We're keeping our eye on that guy," Merrill said.

The paper, started last October, and its nondescript editor and staff are much discussed. They were featured in a two-part series in the San Francisco Examiner that was published Sunday and yesterday.

The picture of Markleeville as a sleepy, backward town is an illusion.

The inhabitants are friendly but by no means a naive bunch of country boys. Scratch the surface and you find well-educated, competent men who are living in this frontier town out of choice, not because they were born there and never moved.

The true flavor of the frontier is kept because the people love it. To them the hard, frugal existence is a seriously-chosen way of life. It is the genuine product of genuine people.

It's heaven.

The town has its characters, like Shorty Caldart, a grizzled miner who sports a jaunty golfing hat and Don Jardine whose magnificent handlebar mustache is a classic.

The center of all community activity is the Alpine Inn saloon, where Doug Ford pours with a sure hand while keeping his short wave radio tuned for two-way communication with the California Highway Patrol and Sheriff.

Somebody asked us the other day where you can go for a vacation if you live in the magnificent splendor of Lake Tahoe.

How about trying Markleeville, where the word neighbor still means something?

AMERICA  
FIRST

SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER  
MONARCH OF THE DAILIES

1-63

**WEATHER**

San Francisco, East Bay, Peninsula and Marin—Mostly cloudy this morning, but fair this afternoon. Little temperature change.

**YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES**

	Hi.	Lo.
San Fran.	65	57
Oakland	66	59
Fresno	89	58
Sacramento	81	58
Los Angeles	76	64
Chicago	75	61
New York	82	64



(For full details, see Page 8, Sec. 1)

Sutter 1-2424 EAST BAY—Templebar 2-7343 SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1963 5CH 154 PAGES Daily, 10c Sunday, 25c

# Alpine County's Press Lord

(The first of two articles)

By **GEORGE MURPHY**  
Examiner Staff Writer

**MARKLEEVILLE** (Alpine County)—Alpine County will be 100 years old next year—if it gets through the 99th.

This may be somewhat difficult, the visitor to California's smallest (in population) county learns, because of the furor caused by Alpine County's One and Only Press Lord.

He is a six-foot, five inch, 250-pound, wild-haired Polish-American named Dalegor W. Suchecki.

As Press Lord — that is, owner and publisher of the twice-a-month Alpine Beacon, circulation unknown—the 28-year-old Suchecki has caused as much talk around



**EDITOR DALEGOR W. SUCHECKI**

... "I have never been convicted"

here as did the silver boom of the 1860s.

After that boom, the residents retained the names of the silver towns—Silver Mountain, Silver King, Monitor—but there is little chance that anything will be named Sucheckiville at any time in the immediate future.

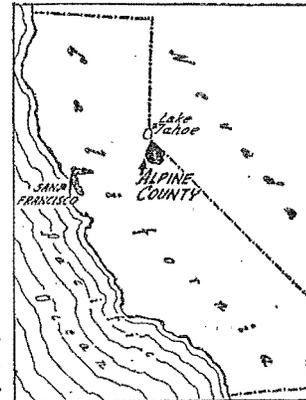
**OCT. 18, 1962**

The Alpine Beacon's first issue came hot off the press (it's printed in Oakland—there's no facility for such work here) with a dateline of Oct. 18, 1962.

In the ensuing issues, Press Lord Suchecki has managed to alienate just about everybody in the county except a few Indians, who are non-subscribers.

**STRONG CRITIC**

That, at least, is the feeling a visitor gets from what Suchecki himself calls "The



**SITE OF FEUD**

... map locates county

"Establishment" in the county.

One of the Press Lord's more vociferous critics is Christopher Mann, Alpine County Clerk.

In the courthouse here, Clerk Mann greets the visitor with mountain courtesy and friendliness. But hostility

creeps into Clerk Mann's voice when Suchecki's name comes up.

"He came in here one time and we were having a supervisors' meeting and he wanted to come inside the railing. But I said, no sir, nobody comes inside the railing except the supervisors and the clerk.

"Well, he didn't like that very much at all, but he had to stand outside and listen, leaning over the counter just the same.

"You know, one time we heard he wanted to start a Chamber of Commerce up here, and we figured if he did, he'd put himself right at the head of it, and we sure didn't want that.

"So we hurried up, and a bunch of residents (Alfred O. Chain, Douglas Ford, Melvin Jensen, Otis H. Byron, Jack Doyal, Hampton H. Young

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 3)

# Angry Press Lord Of Alpine County

(Continued from Page 1)

and George W. Coyan), got together and we talked to (Secretary of State) Frank Jordan, and he helped us get certified as the Chamber of Commerce for the county. That was about seven months ago. We beat him to the punch.

"Another time . . ."

Clerk Mann, the visitor can readily see, holds no large affection for the Press Lord.

But why?

"Because we don't want his kind up here!"

"We have a nice county up here. Little, but nice people, and along comes this fellow, and it seems all he wants to do is stir up trouble. He's got a police record, you know."

(This is not quite accurate. Suचेcki has been arrested seven times, on charges ranging from vagrancy to assault with intent to murder, but never convicted.)

## ADMITS ARRESTS

(In a column in his June 13 issue, Suचेcki wrote that "the wise boys" in the county, ". . . unable to snipe at the Beacon . . . decided to snipe at me personally. . . .")

(" . . . Well, let's get this record straight.

("I have been arrested. I have been arrested more than once. I have never been convicted. That can be a disadvantage. You never can be a repentant sinner if you're falsely accused of sinning. . . .")

Alpine County's sheriff, Stuart Merrill, another member of The Establishment, holds an opinion of the Press Lord about as high as Clerk Mann's, but somewhat less strongly worded.

## CHECKING ON HIM

"We're looking into Mr. Suचेcki," he says. "He asked, some time ago, for a permit to carry a gun, saying there had been threats made against him. I opposed it at the supervisors' meeting. I didn't think it was right, and he didn't get the gun."

The Sheriff says he also talked to the Press Lord about the disappearance of Alan Roy Silicani, still listed as the Beacon's Circulation Manager, who hasn't been seen around the county for about six months.

Merrill said Suचेcki told him, regarding Silicani: "You can't talk to a dead man."

(Suचेcki denies saying this. And on June 25, a man giving his name as Alan Roy Silicani was given a jaywalking citation in Los Angeles.)

Another member of the Sheriff's department, Deputy Ray Weeks, has had a run-in with the Press Lord. Suचेcki claims Weeks "kicked and threatened" him.

When, at a later supervisors' meeting, Weeks was quoted as saying "No one can prove that I struck him at all," the Beacon's next issue headlined:

"Sheriff's Deputy Fails To Deny Attack On Publisher."

Three weeks ago, two men followed Suचेcki as he drove about the county, and approached him at the pool at Grover Hot Springs.

They told him, according to both Suचेcki and Sheriff Merrill, that the Press Lord "better be out of this county by sundown."

That's mountain talk, podner.

Suचेcki was seen that night heading over Monitor Pass, the sheriff said.

But, Suचेcki says, he was back the next day, getting items for The Beacon.

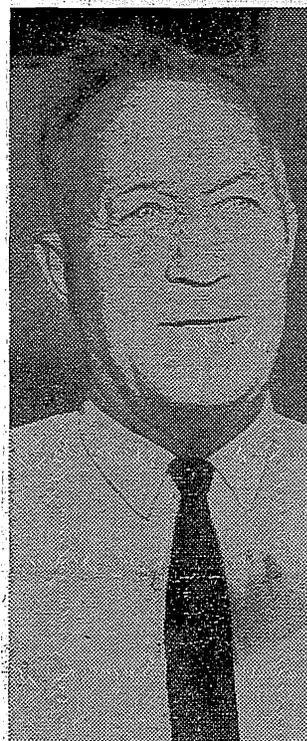
The items are not necessarily gauged to endear him with The Establishment, as witness this from a May 2 Beacon:

"Mrs. Phyllis Overstreet, secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Alpine County Unified School District, was unable to attend the last trustee meeting due to fatigue, the result of her recent return from a long vacation trip."

## PLENTY OF ROOM

There are 776 square miles in Alpine County, and population is something under 500, presently.

That's more than one square mile for each person,



CLERK MANN

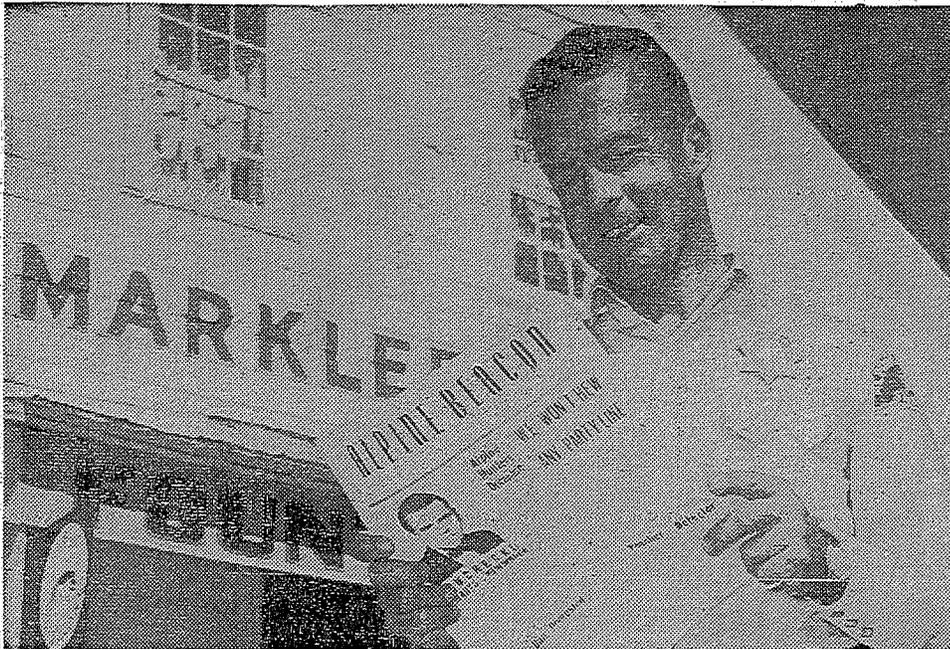
. . . "we don't want his kind"

which should be roomy enough.

But apparently there's not enough room in the county for the Press Lord and The Establishment.

(Tomorrow: Why Alpine County loves the Press Lord.)

# No. 2 - The Press Lord of Alpine County



**ALPINE'S SHERIFF STUART MERRILL READS A COPY OF THE BEACON**  
*... the sheriff now has Better Business Bureau files on the press lord*

By **GEORGE MURPHY**  
Examiner Staff Writer

**MARKLEEVILLE** (Alpine County)—Alpine County has no barbershop. For that matter it has no church, no high school, no theater.

But it does have a Press Lord.

He is Dalegor W. Suchecki, owner and operator of the Alpine Beacon, a twice-monthly, four-page publication devoted, apparently, to furthering the fortunes of Dalegor W. Suchecki.

proportion of the Board of Supervisors.

But the Press Lord won't mind at all.

His black hair tumbling freely over his forehead and his powerful hands gesturing freely ("I don't smoke, you see"), Suchecki sat in a captain's chair recently and expounded on his plans for Alpine County.

his publishing venture.

He was connected with the Polish Community Service Center, which has been refused a soliciting license in San Francisco, is the subject of a file in the San Francisco Better Business Bureau, and also the Fresno BBB. That file is now in the hands of Sheriff Stuart Merrill.

From Suchecki's column

"The Warbler" in the July 11 Beacon:

"I would have preferred to have been able to resolve all differences between the sheriff's office and me in a reasonable manner but Stuart P. Merrill has almost consistently in the past few weeks used his office for personal gain and pique."

So: Bang. There goes the sheriff.

District Attorney J. Hilary Cook?

### THEY MIGHT QUIT?

"He doesn't even LIVE in Alpine County," says the non-resident Press Lord. (No D.A. in the county's modern history has ever lived there.)

And the Beacon refers to Cook regularly as "Turlock-resident District Attorney J. Hilary Cook. . . ."

So: Bongg for the D. A. The teachers?

The March 21 Beacon: "It's hard enough to get teachers for the county anyhow," one official (unidentified) complained. "If we start evaluating them they might all quit."

Bop. The teachers.

### A CANDIDATE

"You know," says Suchecki, "the people of Alpine like me. They like my newspaper."

It is just The Establishment that resents me."

In 1962, Suchecki entered the Republican Party primary race against incumbent

Secretary of State Frank Jordan.

Jordan won the primary and later defeated Democrat Don Rose in the general elec-

tion.

In the primary, in Alpine County, the vote was:

Jordan—109  
Suchecki—6

Finding Judge Crater would be easier, these days, than finding six people in Alpine who'll admit they voted for Suchecki.

# Game Deer Slain; Alpine Folks Angry

MARKLEEVILLE (Alpine County)—Although Alpine County derives its revenue from deer hunters, folks here got upset when a hunter shot his town's pet deer just off the courthouse lawn Saturday.

Enraged Markleevillers surrounded Joseph P. Silveira, 21, of San Jose, who was arrested and held in lieu of \$100 bail.

"Actually you could say we jailed him for his own protection," explained Deputy Ray Weeks.

*Tahoe Daily Trib. 5-15-64*

## Alpine County Correspondent Joins Tribune

MARKLEEVILLE — Nancy Thornburg, Markleeville housewife and civic leader, has joined the staff of the Tribune as correspondent for Alpine County.

Mrs. Thornburg, originally from Oakland, is a graduate of the University of California at Davis.

Her husband, Fritz, is a native of Markleeville. He is a county road department employee.

The couple has two daughters, Rebecca, 8, and Jennifer, 12 months.

Mrs. Thornburg is secretary of the Alpine County Chamber of Commerce and the Historical Society of Alpine County. She taught for two years at Woodforks elementary school.

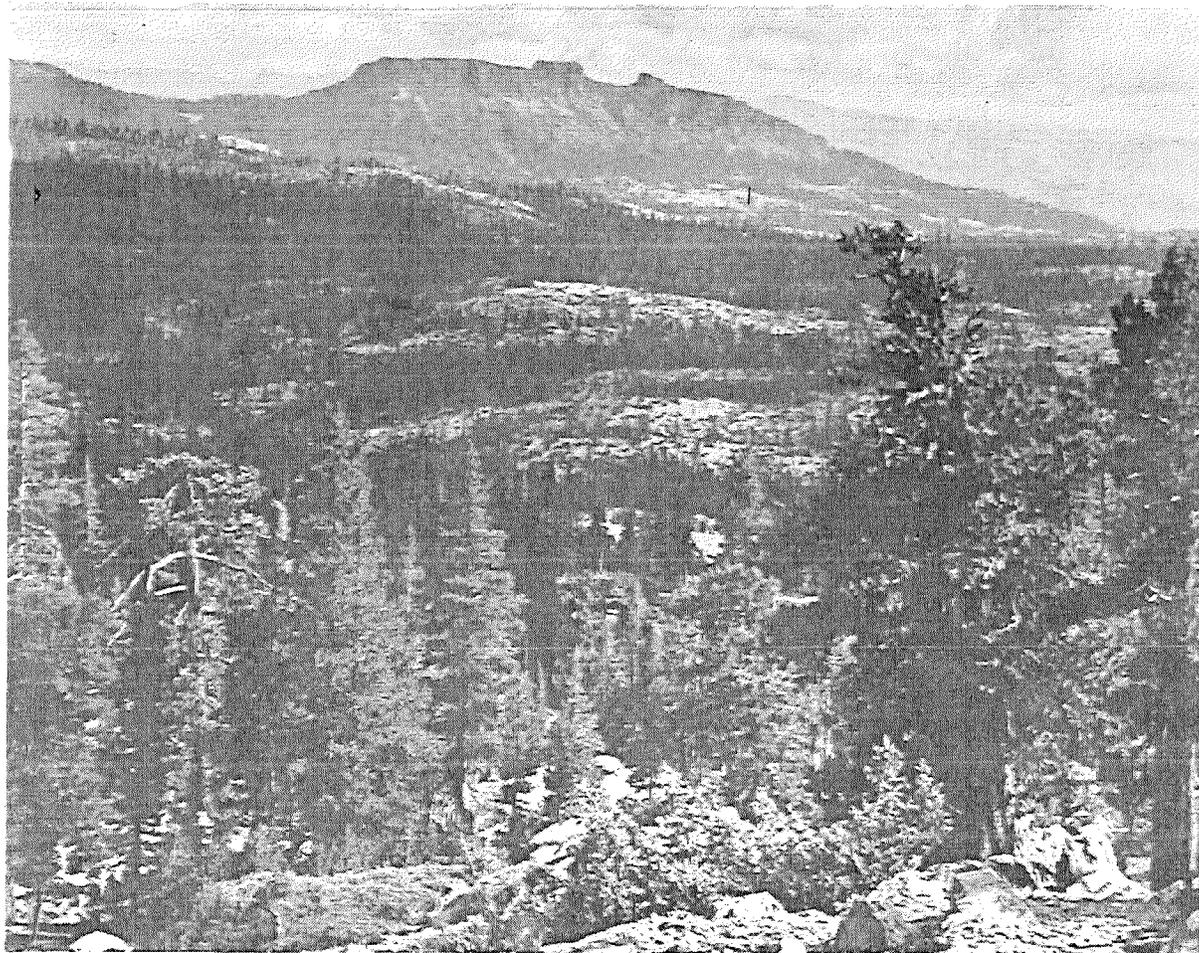
News items may be mailed to Mrs. Thornburg at Post Office, Box 121, Markleeville, or telephoned at OX-4294.

# People

## 1961: Alpine escape foiled

100 YEARS AGO } No  
Friday, Feb. 5, 1866 }  
Genoa Weekly Courier }

**RUNAWAY PIG.** Thirteen prizes were auctioned off last week at the Alpine County March of Dimes Benefit in Markleeville, but perhaps the highlight of the evening was when a pig, donated by Otis "Cotton" Byrom, and brought to the benefit by Undertaker Ber Thomas, made a break for freedom. It was quickly recaptured, however, and order restored.



CENTENNIAL

ALPINE COUNTY  
1964

# BEAR VALLEY

ALPINE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

## OPENING - - 1964

AN ALL-YEAR RESIDENTIAL & RECREATIONAL AREA THAT MEETS THE DEMANDING STANDARDS OF THE HIGH SIERRA.

★ Maintained access . . . Architectural restrictions to protect the natural setting . . . Future ski area development at adjacent MT. REBA.

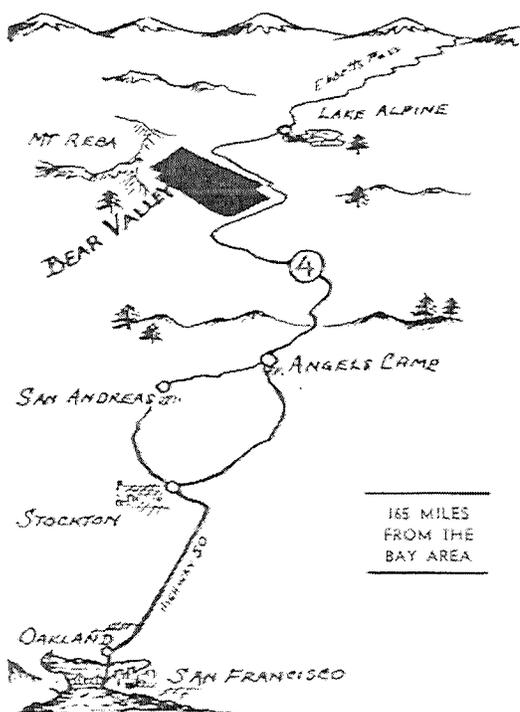
★ Swimming . . . Sailing . . . Hiking . . . Riding . . . Fishing  
Hunting . . . Winter Sports . . . Skiing and Ice Skating

*For further information, contact*

**BEAR VALLEY DEVELOPMENT COMPANY**

Bruce Orvis, Pres.

Farmington, California



## School - Hotel - People

### Alpine County - History

Mrs. Phyllis Grover Guerra of Oakland pleads that Alpine County old-timers should "come forth with a few yarns" for the Sunday Knave. After hearing her out, we're inclined to agree. "There have been several recent contributions to your columns that involved Alpine County merely by mentioning it," she says. "I best recall the recent memories recorded by Mrs. Fred Dunlap, president of the Calaveras County Historical Society. Miss Rhoda Early was my first teacher at Markleeville in Alpine County. The next year she married Fred Dunlap, brother of Mrs. Will Musser, whose husband owned and operated the general store there. My mother, Elizabeth Savage, of Carson City, Nevada, was another schoolteacher who came to Alpine County to teach, and stayed. She eventually became Superintendent of Schools for Alpine County, and Miss Early was a frequent visitor in our home. Later, when we left Alpine in 1913 to come to Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap purchased our home in Markleeville. The recent plaque at Silver Mountain put up by the Snowshoe Thomson Chapter of E Clampus Vitus reminds me that nothing is left at Silver Mountain but a pile of rocks that mark the site of the old jail. But bits of Silver Mountain are scattered all over Alpine County. Bud Scott tells us in his 'Saga of Lake Tahoe' that

milled lumber was more precious than gold up in 'them thar hills.' Our family moved two buildings from Silver Mountain: the old Fiske House, now the Alpine Hotel, and the schoolhouse, now occupied by County Recorder Lillian Thornburg. Both these buildings are almost 100 years old. They were built in the early 1860s. It was quite a feat for my grandfather to move the hotel. His daughter, Wilda Eubanks of Dixon, who was born at Grover's Hot Springs Ranch in 1877, well remembers the details.

### Rusticating Guests

"The roads at that time were in a most deplorable state and travel was extremely hazardous," Mrs. Guerra adds. "But in spite of this my grandfather, A. M. Grover, undertook to take a crew of men to Silver Mountain. Wilda went along to run errands, and her mother's sister, Della Bowler, did the cooking. The old hotel was torn down most carefully. Every board was marked. Even some of the nails were saved. Everything was hauled to Markleeville and put up, board for board, as it was in Silver Mountain. This was called the Hot Springs Hotel and served as the 'city place' for guests rustivating at Grover's Hot Springs. It was a precarious undertaking, according to Mrs. Eubanks, who points out that 'nevertheless, no one was afraid as long as Grover held the reins.' Grover, it seems, knew the road well. He had been driving it since 1860. The hotel is still standing, but along about 1900 its name was changed to the Alpine Hotel. An old register is there, and how I wish I could copy it! The second building moved from Silver Mountain was the schoolhouse which my father, Charles Alvin Grover, purchased for \$18. There's a notation in the Bancroft Library which says the school was built in 1863. It was in the late 1890s that my father tore this building down and moved the lumber to the site of our home in Markleeville. He used this lumber to build a good, sturdy house, but without benefit of any modern conveniences. The present owners have remodeled and modernized it, and I'm sure this old landmark will be standing another 100 years.

### Lake Audrain

"Every time I read about Snowshoe Thomson," continues Mrs. Guerra, "I'm reminded of my father telling us of his

in Markleeville. The recent plaque at Silver Mountain put up by the Snowshoe Thomson Chapter of E Clampus Vitus reminds me that nothing is left at Silver Mountain but a pile of rocks that mark the site of the old jail. But

of Silver Mountain are scattered all over Alpine County. Bud Scott tells us in his 'Saga of Lake Tahoe' that

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## Lake Audrain

"Every time I read about Snowshoe Thomson," continues Mrs. Guerra, "I'm reminded of my father telling us of his coming down the Border Ruffian Trail to Grover's Hot Springs with the mail. It was Snowshoe Thomson who made my father his first pair of snowshoes. Dad was but six years old then. We never heard of skis; they were called snowshoes by all the Alpine natives. The men and boys made their own and, believe me, they were works of art. Once the proper wood was procured the long work began of soaking it in water until the wood bent to proper shape. After that came the painstaking finishing. These homemade skis lasted for years and were passed down from one child to the other. Snowshoe Thomson ended his years in Diamond Valley and is buried in the Genoa graveyard beside his wife and son. A few steps away from his grave is that of my great-grandmother, Margaret Elizabeth Audrain. My grandmother, Mary McKillips, was her daughter by her first marriage to Charles McKillips of New York. She was a widow when she came West and married Thomas Hart Benton Audrain in Carson City. That was in July of 1860. They conducted a way-station at Echo Summit on the road to Washoe until 1865 when the station was burned to the ground. Thomas Audrain was a '49er, having come to California after fighting in the Mexican War. But he was a native of St. Charles County, Missouri, and was sympathetic to the southern cause. When word of Lincoln's assassination came over the telegraph Audrain couldn't restrain his rebel feelings. For a short time a hanging was threatened. Cooler heads prevailed, however, and for punishment his station was burned. That's the way Bud Scott tells it in 'Saga of Lake Tahoe.' The Audrain family moved to Markleeville, but subsequently lived in Fredericksburg and in nearby Nevada. Thomas Audrain died in 1894, and Margaret in 1898. Lake Audrain at Echo Summit is named for Thomas Audrain. . . ."

# U.S. Help Surprises Alpine Co.

MARKLEEVILLE--The federal government has discovered Alpine County and aid is on the way.

A Housing and Home Finance Agency "advanced planning" grant of \$4,000 will be coming around the county's beautiful mountains pretty soon, but the locals don't yet have an inkling of what the green stuff is to be spent for.

"It comes out of a clear, blue sky to me," said county clerk Chris Mann upon being informed of the grant.

"The board of supervisors didn't apply for it," added the pleasantly surprised chairman of the Alpine County board, Herbert Bruns. "We'll wait and see, but it sounds interesting."

The only other federal grant to the county government Bruns and others can recall is a two-thirds contribution for the salary of a planning consultant.

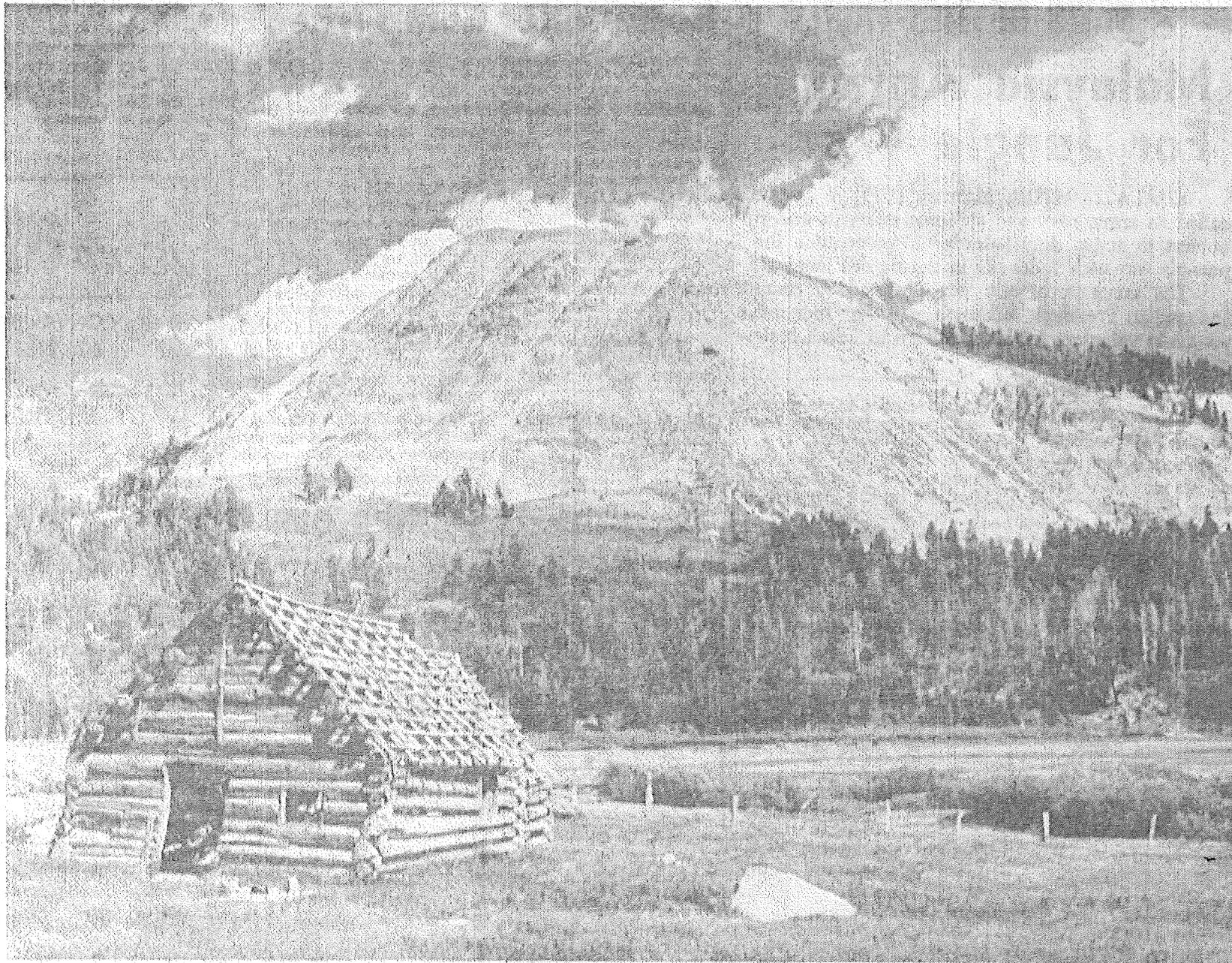
The Markleeville (the county seat) Water Agency and Public Utility District have been more blessed, but the funnel from Washington to the county itself has had about as much traffic as a pony express trail.

The grant will "assist the county in preparing long range plans for growth and development of the region," according to a release from Congressman Harold T. "Bizz" Johnson.

And, of course, plans are needed for a county whose population increased an estimated 25 per cent-plus between 1960 and 1963--from 397 to about 500. It's still the least populated county in California, but it seems there is no way to go but up.

Even with the influx of year-around humanity into this hunter's paradise, the grant will still amount to about \$8 a head.

But there's another side to these coins. A local contribution of \$2,000 is required.



On the road to the Blue Lakes fishing and hunting region of Alpine County is this picturesque pioneer homestead. The sagging, shingle-bear log cabin is surrounded by fields of flowers and lush uplands meadows.

(All Photos from Walt Mulcahy Collection)

# Alpine County, Calif., Nevada's Good Neighbor, Also Marking Centennial

By WALT MULCAHY

Alpine County, Calif., wasn't quite lucky enough to be included in the new state of Nevada in 1864, but the citizens of this beautiful little section of western Alpine scenery haven't allowed this unfortunate event to bother them much over the ensuing years. Relatives and friends visit back and forth across the state line as though it isn't there.

Staples, produce, and appliances are purchased nearly entirely in Nevada and their children are educated in Nevada schools.

Nevadans, in turn, have liberally patronized the recreational facilities of our little neighbor, in fact, to such an extent that some of us have come to feel that it belongs to us more than to California.

In the existence of such neighborly feelings it is not only appropriate, but quite satisfying that the Alpine County Centennial celebration also falls in 1964.

Although there were no convention hall sites or projected park areas in 1864 to slow down the natural economic development of the region, the new State of Nevada had already

lost all possibility of acquiring any of the rich timberland, farming areas, and recreational locations east of the Sierra.

Considered Nevada's

Most were lost in the original survey for the State of California, but what is now Alpine County had been considered a part of our future state by all early day advocates of statehood. It was first a part of Utah Territory and later considered in Nevada Territory, and it was not until completion of the Ives Survey that it was proven to lie within the California boundaries.

Alpine was first a part of Amador County, but as proper government was soon found to be impossible, due to the intervening Sierra, the citizens requested the establishment of a separate county which was allowed by the California Legislature on March 16, 1864.

Although now a part of California, the economic interests of Alpine County were wholly dependent upon the Comstock and the populated areas lying within the Carson, Eagle, Washoe, and Pleasant Valleys, and the Truckee Meadows. Hundreds of thousands of cords of firewood

were cut and transported by flume and wagon to the Carson River where it was floated on receding flood waters to Empire City, for use on the Comstock, and to the numerous mills further down the river toward Dayton. Hay and grain, reputed to have been some of the best east of the Sierra, found a ready sale and a small amount of vegetables and fruit was supplied to an eager market.

Fishing, hunting, and outdoor activity was, even then as now, one of the major attractions, and the early day Comstock nabobs and nimrods spent a great deal of time in the area.

The early history of the region can be said to have started with the land claim of Jacob J. Marklee for 160 acres on September 12, 1851, on the present site of Markleeville. Silver Mountain City, the remains of which can be found today at the foot of Ebbets Pass, was founded in the late 1850's and rose to considerable prominence in the 1860's with the expectation that the surrounding mining region was sure to become a second Comstock.



Grant Merrill of Woodfords, one of Alpine County's oldest residents, points to rocks worn by early emigrant wagons in Carson Canyon, now called Woodford's Canyon. The 49'ers and the first Pony Express used this route.

There was silver in the area, and in sufficient quantity to bring other hopeful communities into existence. These included Bullion, Monitor, Round Top, Silver King, Summit City, Raymond, Lower Summit City, Tamarack, Lake Alpine, Davidson's Mill, and Cary's Mill, now Woodfords. At the same time the farming and grazing sections of the area were responsible for Hope Valley and Fredericksburg.

Silver Mountain City was the population center of Alpine County for many years, and easily captured the county seat with a count of 824 votes on August 11, 1864. Several large mines and mills were in operation in the surrounding area even during the rugged winters of the time which necessitated that the mail deliveries be made by snowshoe. The postman became so adept in the use of this means of transportation that he became known as "Snowshoe" — and his last name was Thompson.

During this period several excellent toll-roads were constructed between the various communities in addition to the fine Big Trees and Ebbett's Pass roads, the latter constructed by the Scandinavian Road Company in 1853, which gave direct access to the gold regions

of California and the valleys of Nevada.

Silver Mountain City boasted of two newspapers, and Monitor had one, and the entire output of the Davidson and Beam's sawmills was going into construction of new buildings in the vicinity of Silver Mountain City and Markleeville.

#### Home Remains

English money came into the county in 1870 with the purchase of Davidson's combined ore and lumber mill by Lord Chalmers, who greatly enlarged the operation and re-named it the Exchequer Mill, for use in ore reduction only. He had first been placed in charge of the Imperial Silver Quarries Company by his English employers, but was so impressed with the future of the region that he prevailed upon them to financially assist him in the later operation. The old home, still profusely decorated with gingerbread designs, and the stone and brick remnants of the old mill are today a familiar sight at the side of Silver Creek between Markleeville and the remnants of Silver Mountain City.

The decline in the price of silver in 1874, which caused so many of the early silver camps to become ghost towns, was also the end of Silver Mountain City and the surrounding smaller silver camps.

The lusty town of Markleeville supported in growth by the lumber and farming industries, easily took the coveted county seat election on Oct. 20, 1875. The entire vote, however, was somewhat pathetic, as compared to the 1864 election, as the final returns gave Markleeville 129, Silver Mountain 35, and Monitor 8.

Markleeville then proceeded to eliminate future Silver Mountain competition by moving the iron cells of the jail, the leading hotel, and several of the more pretentious smaller buildings down from their lofty heights to her own snug little location on Markleeville Creek and the Carson River. The old buildings are still standing and in use to this day. The hotel is the pres-

ent Alpine Hotel in Markleeville, and the old jail is on the right rear as you enter the town from the north and is now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Al Chain, who have filled the structure with numerous old remnants of the early days and will be happy to show it to the visitor if courteously approached.

The Alpine County Commissioners composed of H. Bruns and B. Clark of the Fredericksburg area, Mrs. Bernice Danberg of the Woodfords area, and G. Egger and P. Brook of

the Markleeville area have appointed a committee to complete plans for the Alpine County Centennial. The membership includes Mrs. M. W. Long of Markleeville as chairman, and Mrs. Grant Merrill and Mrs. Lew Love of Woodfords as members.

Present plans include distribution of an interesting booklet on the history of Alpine County, including pictures and a map, and permanent displays of Alpine County history in various places throughout the county for the full year.

The main celebration will be held at Grover's Hot Springs, a beautiful little valley just west of Markleeville, on Aug. 1, at which time the new California State Park on the location will be dedicated by a California park official. Chairman of the event is Judge Edmond Moore.

This will then be followed by the barbecue under direction of Chris Gansberg. Other events will be a dance in the evening and possibly a color slide show throughout the day under direction of Mr. Lew Love.

Coincidental with the appointment of the centennial committee was the formation of the Alpine County Historical Society, which may prove of interest to Nevada historians.

Secretary of the new organization is Mrs. Nancy Thornburg of Markleeville, Lou Weise is president, Al Chain vice president, Mrs. Ada Currie treasurer, and Mrs. Zella N. Mann, Mrs. Lillian B. Thornburg, and L. A. Love are directors. Plans for a museum for the new organization are now being worked out.

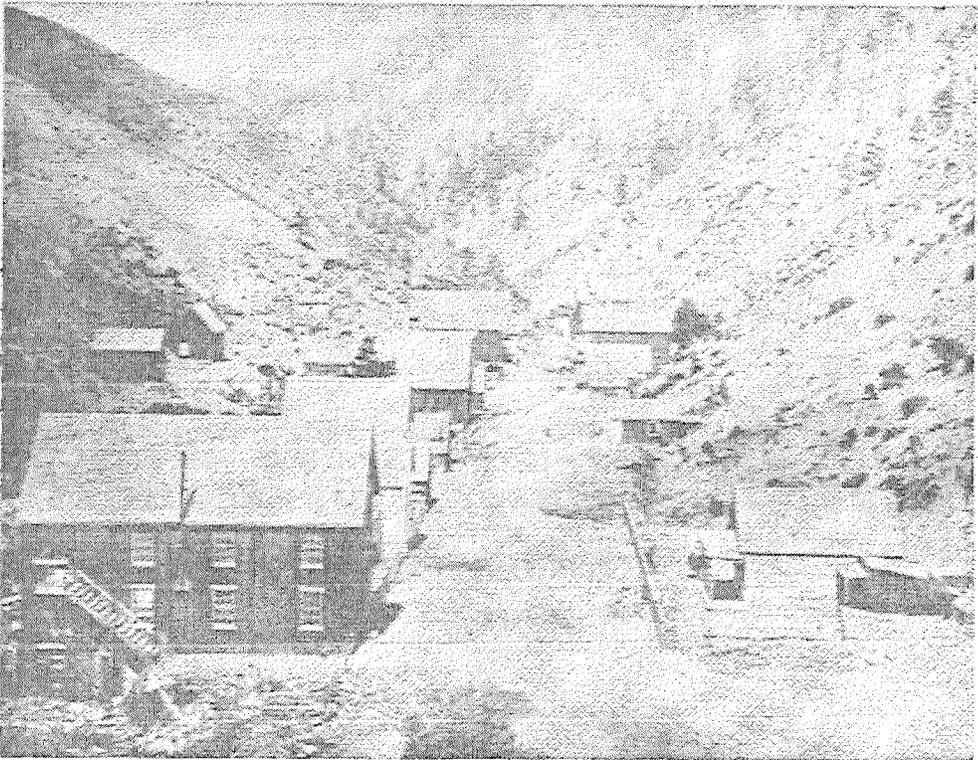
Alpine Centennial

NEV. STATE JOURNAL

9-22-64



Rare photograph shows laborers moving the cell blocks from the Silver Mountain jail to Markleesville in 1875.



The old mining community of Monitor in Alpine County as it appeared to a photographer in the 1850's. The site is now called Loop.

NEV.  
STATE  
JOURNAL  
9-22-64

# Alpine—100 Years After Kit

## State Park Dedication Saturday

MARKLEVILLE, Alpine County — (Special) — The shades of "Snowshoe" Thompson, Kit Carson and John C. Fremont, looking on from whatever vantage point they might have these days, will probably be happy about the whole thing.

This refers to the Centennial of Alpine County, which will be celebrated here Saturday with all sorts of events, such as Indian dances, beard-judging contests, and the formal dedication of a state park that's two years old, already.

Alpine, perhaps California's most scenic county, is comprised of 776 square miles of Alp-like territory on the crest and eastern slope of the Sierra.

Some of the ridges and crests reach 11,000 feet.

The resident population of



JOHN FREMONT



'SNOWSHOE' THOMPSON



KIT CARSON

Alpine is about 480 people, and Markleville is the county seat.

### 1875 ELECTION

(Markleville became the county seat in an election on Oct. 20, 1875, when Silver Mountain, the former county seat, was turning into a ghost town. The election results: Markleville, 129, Silver Mountain, 35, and Monitor, 8.)

While the county is 100 years old this year (the State Senate on April 13 proclaimed 1964 "Alpine County Centennial Year"), its history really begins in 1844.

It was then that the Great Pathfinder, John C. Fremont, and his scout, the redoubtable

Kit Carson, struggled through snowdrifts to the summit of the Sierra (over what is now Carson Pass). From nearby Stephens Peak, Fremont was the first to see and record the beautiful lake now called Tahoe.

### MORMON PARTY

Three years later, Samuel Brannan, leading a Mormon party from Hangtown (Placerville) crossed the Sierra and came down the West Fork of the Carson River. He established Brannan Springs, a supply post, where Woodfords now stands.

For five weeks the Pony Express route ran through

Woodfords, to Hope Valley, then near Tragedy Springs, along Stonebreaker Grade to Hangtown. But then Rollin Daggett offered free toll on his trail to the Pony Express, so the route was changed to go over Daggett Pass (now called Kingsbury Grade).

In the 1860's, a silver boom hit Alpine, and such communities as the aforementioned Silver Mountain, and Bullion, Summit City, Silver King and others sprung into being.

### ALPINE WINTERS

But the silver eventually played out, and the county concentrated on timbering, farming and recreational

## The Big Celebration

areas, much as it does today.

Alpine winters are just that — Alpine. And it was in the 19th century that John A. Thompson, a native of Norway and an expert skier, used to carry the mail from Woodfords Canyon to Hangtown by ski.

He became famous, of course, as "Snowshoe" Thompson.

Saturday's centennial celebration will recall many of these incidents in the colorful past of the county.

The schedule for the day:

9:30 a.m.—Registration of Alpine Pioneers at the Markleville Schoolhouse.

ALL DAY—Museum open in the basement of the Markleville Schoolhouse.  
10:30—Procession of pioneers from Markleville to Gorver Hot Springs State Park.

10:45-11:15—Indian dancers at the park.

ALL DAY—Demonstrations of Indian arts and crafts at the Park by the Washoe Indians of Alpine County.  
11:30—Arrival of honored guests at speakers' platform.

Welcome by Park Supervisor Renie Laret.  
Welcome by Hubert Bruns, chairman, Board of Supervisors.  
Introduction of Alpine Pioneers.  
Introduction of honored guests by Superior Judge Edmond M. Moor.

Park dedication ceremony. (The park became State property in 1962, but the dedication was postponed two years to coincide with the centennial.)

1 p.m.—Barbecue at park. \$1 for adults, 50 cents for children under 12.

1:30—Indian dances at Park.  
7:30—Indian dances outside Markleville Schoolhouse by the Washoe Indians of Alpine County.

9:00—Annual Fireman's Ball and Beard Judging Contest, Schoolhouse.

## Alpine Earns Top Employee Safety Award

For the fourth time, Alpine County has earned one of six top awards in the annual California County Employee Safety Contest, co-sponsored by the California County Supervisors Association and the State Compensation Insurance Fund.

Alpine County, with an injury-free record for the 1963-1964 competition year, won top honors in Group I, consisting of those counties with fewer than 200 employees.

R. A. Young, General Manager of the State Fund, presented a framed award to Hubert Bruns, Chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Alpine County, at the 54th annual meeting of the California County Supervisors Association at the Riviera Hotel in Palm Springs.

The county's safety activity is coordinated by Road Commissioner Howard Currie.

Forty-nine California counties participated in the contest. A new contest is now underway for the year ending June 30, 1965. All California counties have been invited to enter.

RC DEC. 31, 1964

DEC 31, 1964 RC



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#### Twenty Years Ago

Dominic Oxoby is home to spend Christmas From Vallejo.

#### Forty Years Ago

The Gardnerville Commercial Club, which has been inactive for the past several years, was revived last Friday night when representative business men and property holders met and organized what is to be known as the Gardnerville Chamber of Commerce.

—40—

Ten inches of snow fell in Carson Valley last Friday night.

—40—

Headline: Ten Percent Dividend Paid By Farmers Phone Company.

—40—

Carson Valley Post of the American Legion elected officers at their meeting last week as follows: Clarence Springmeyer, Commander; Jas. Gallagher, Vice Commander; L. A. McInnis, Adjutant; Charles Brown, Financial Officer; William Lampe, Chaplain.

—40—

But nine parcels of property within Douglas County were allowed to go delinquent by their owners for non-payment of the first installment of taxes. The total tax on the entire delinquent list is but a trifle in excess of \$100.

—40—

James Harvey Cole, a pioneer resident of Alpine County, died at Markleeville last Friday, at the age of 92 years, 8 months, and 25 days. He was born in Woodford County, Kentucky. While a very young man, he moved to the frontier of the Missouri, and at the age of 18, joined an emigrant train bound for the gold fields of California.

In the slow journey through the wilderness, the train met with the usual hardships and trying experiences of the pioneers that braved the dangers in crossing the plains. Reaching Fort Churchill, he sought release from his contract with the train, which was granted, and he cast his lot in the Nevada territory that was a part of Utah. He was active in the Paiute War. He volunteered to help recover the body of General Ormsby, who had been killed by the Indians. With two companions, Mr. Cole spent days searching for the body, and finally they were rewarded by the recovery of the body.

After leaving the vicinity of Carson City, he moved to Alpine County, which was then experiencing a mining boom. Late in the '60's he returned to Nevada and took charge of a camel train.

It is recorded that Harvey Cole, on one trip over the Sierras, had Mark Twain for his traveling companion, and was an intimate companion of the beloved humorist.

R-C  
Dec. 31, 1964

~~DEC 31 1964~~ =80=  
Peter Curtz shipped a fine bar of bullion to the mint in Carson City to be converted into coin. The bar weighed about 15½ pounds, avoirdupois, and is valued at about \$300. It is the result of a couple of months' work with an arastra on the Carson River.

# EDITORIAL . . .

## Far From Maddening Crowd

On a just-ended vacation, which may have been noted by the lack of Tribune editorials, we first headed for Markleeville.

The pressures at Lake Tahoe that we live under in the summer are tremendous.

Recommended cure: Markleeville.

It's more like visiting a family than visiting a town.

Everyone knows everyone else. The 1963 California roster of cities lists the population at 100. The 1963 handbook of the California Legislature lists the population of Alpine County at 397. Markleeville is the county seat.

It's only 24 miles from the bug station at Meyers, over Luther Pass.

But it's another world.

We registered in Brown's Motel late in the afternoon and quickly learned that the lobby of the neat establishment was formerly a saloon.

We hustled over to Doug and Billie Ford's Alpine Inn and ordered a cold beer to lay the dust of travel in our throats.

Doug whipped out two tickets to the annual fireman's ball faster than Wyatt Earp pulled his sixguns.

We reached . . . and paid!

Memories of the past came surging through us as we climbed the stone steps to the one-room schoolhouse, handed our tickets to Fire Chief Chris Gansberg and had our wrist stamped.

Everyone in town was there. Supervisor Byron Clark was greeting his neighbors.

Mothers sat with babies in their laps. Young boys clustered around the Coke concession. Girls, dressed in their Sunday best sat around the walls, while a covey of wary teenage boys shot the breeze from a good vantage point, darting glances around the hall.

Three men blew soft music to the rhythmic beat skillfully set by a woman piano player.

Couples from six to sixty swung about on the floor.

A little boy slept soundly, stretched out across two chairs.

Outside, Sheriff Stu Merrill and his deputy, A watchful eyes on parked cars and juveniles, personally greeting each new arrival.

No representative of the notorious Alpine Beacon, published by much arrested, but never convicted Dalegor Sucheckl was in evidence.

"We're keeping our eye on that guy," Merrill said.

The paper, started last October, and its nondescript editor and staff are much discussed. They were featured in a two-part series in the San Francisco Examiner that was published Sunday and yesterday.

The picture of Markleeville as a sleepy, backward town is an illusion.

The inhabitants are friendly but by no means a naive bunch of country boys. Scratch the surface and you find well-educated, competent men who are living in this frontier town out of choice, not because they were born there and never moved.

The true flavor of the frontier is kept because the people love it. To them the hard, frugal existence is a seriously chosen way of life. It is the genuine product of genuine people.

It's heaven.

The town has its character, like Shorty Caldwell, a grizzled miner who sports a jaunty golfing hat and Don Jardine, whose magnificent handlebar mustache is a classic.

The center of all community activity is the Alpine Inn saloon, where Doug Ford pours with a sure hand while

SF CHRONICLE  
1965

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The center of all community activity is the Alpine Inn saloon, where Doug Ford pours with a sure hand, while keeping his short wave radio tuned for two-way communication with the California Highway Patrol and Sheriff.

Somebody asked us the other day where you can go for a vacation if you live in the magnificent splendor of Lake Tahoe.

How about trying Markleeville, where the word neighbor still means something?

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# CASHMAN COURIER



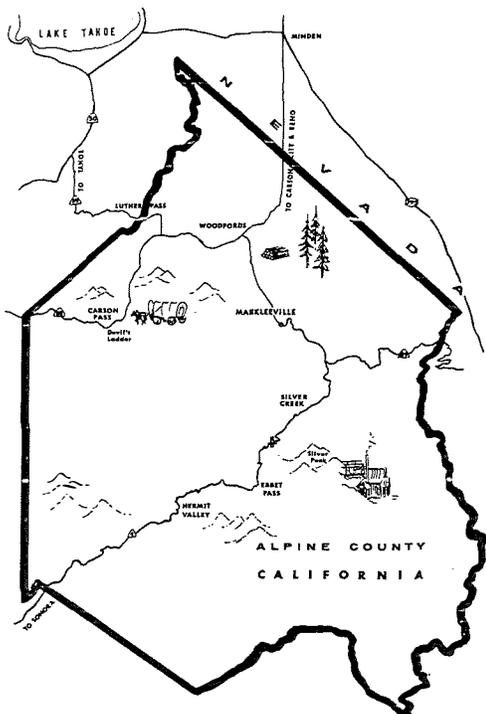
VOL. I, NO.1, JANUARY 1965



**Aladdin's Genie**

See story on page 20

ON THE COVER—A long reach and a huge 6½ yard bucket make the Caterpillar 988 Wheel Loader the special pet of Blue Diamond mine management. The machine does the work formerly occupying two power shovels and two trucks plus the part-time work of a bulldozing tractor.



## A Historic Past and a Soaring Future Promise Much for California's Little Switzerland

# ALPINE COUNTY

Across the great plains and through Nevada came the pioneers on their way to the promised land, the land of gold, discovered in California in 1848. The covered Conestoga wagons, drawn by mules, horses, or oxen, lumbered through winter snows and summer heat to cross the desert and Sierras to a new life on the coast.

These sturdy pioneers left traces of their journey throughout what is now Alpine County, California. Old wagon roads are still discernible in Woodfords Canyon, showing marks scraped on rocks as the wheels of the wagons creaked laboriously past

them. Names painted on huge granite boulders in 1848 still are visible on Kit Carson Pass. And even now, over one hundred years later, mementos such as oxen shoes or tailgate boards are picked up by hikers and hunters.

What is now Alpine County—also known affectionately as the 'Swiss Alps' of the Sierras—was originally a part of the Territory of Utah and then a part of Nevada Territory. In 1863 it was found that the area was actually part of California and in 1864 Alpine County was created from the adjoining counties of Amador, Tuolumne, El Dorado, Calaveras

and Mono. With an elevation that ranges from 5,500 feet to over 10,000 feet, Alpine County was named for its rugged mountain peaks and beautiful lakes.

Probably the earliest referral to this area is found in the memoirs of Jedediah Strong Smith, who traveled over some of this terrain as early as 1826 and 1827. Another legendary figure of American frontier history, Kit Carson, trapped and hunted in the area in 1839 and later accompanied Captain John C. Fremont's expedition to California. He traveled through the winter snows of 1844 over what is now Kit Carson Pass. A monument to this courageous scout surmounts the summit of the pass named for him. A tree which bore the scout's name and the date, 1844, is now at the Sutter's Fort Museum, Sacramento, California.

Upon reaching this area, some of the pioneers decided to remain on the eastern slope of the Sierra. Trading posts and hotels were established and settlements grew in population.

In the late fifties and early sixties, when valuable ore was discovered at Silver Mountain, there was a veritable rush to that new land of promise. This time the magic lure was silver. By 1863, a town of considerable size had sprung up at Silver Mountain and the need was felt for an organized county government. In 1864, the governor of California

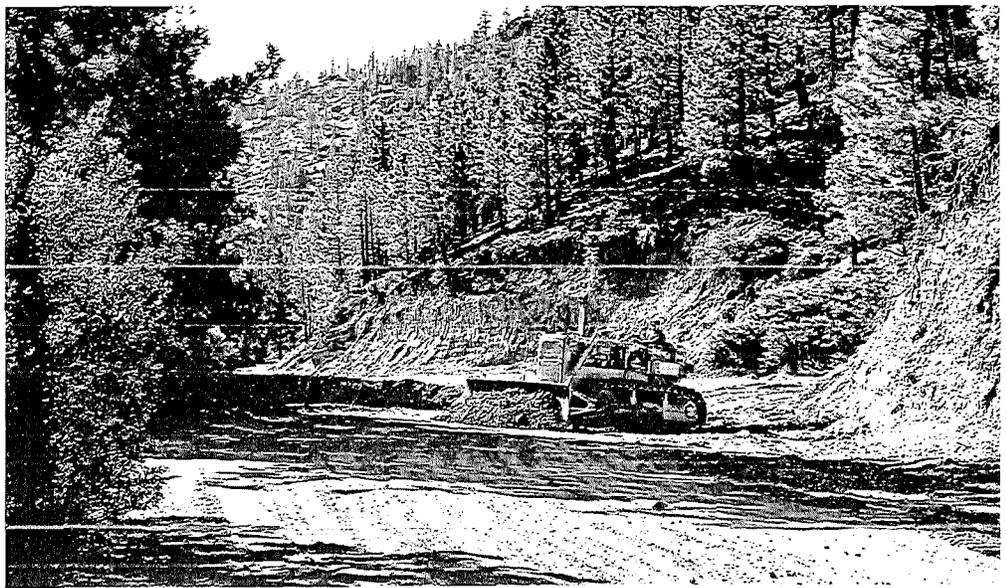
With a population of 165, the County seat of Markleeville lies quietly in a pastoral setting, surrounded by majestic mountain peaks.

Howard C. Currie, Alpine County Road Commissioner, has been in county road work since 1919. His road equipment was first powered by horses, then the Holt tractors, forerunners of the Caterpillar-built line. Now his road equipment includes a Cat. No. 12 Motor Grader, a D4 and their most recent acquisition, a Cat D6C Tractor with dozer.



make the  
bond mine  
two power

Road maintenance and snow removal are all taken in stride with the new D6 owned by the Alpine County road department. Taken late last fall, this scene was covered with several inches of snow one week after the photo was taken.



Some of the prices charged in 1868 were as follows: Markleeville to Woodfords - about seven miles - wagon and span - 50 cents; pack animals - 12½ cents; loose stock - 5 cents per head. Prices ranged higher or lower, according to the distance traveled.

A story is told that in 1850 a caravan of bulls passed through Carson Valley and followed the road into Woodfords Canyon. At a toll gate a few miles beyond Woodfords, an altercation took place between the gate-keeper and the drovers, who protested the high toll rates. One member of the party cut the pole gate with an axe and shot the keeper, who rolled into the brush, wounded.

On the other hand, halfway between Greens and Luther Pass was another Toll gate. The man in charge was known to leave the gate open many times so that travelers might go by free of toll.

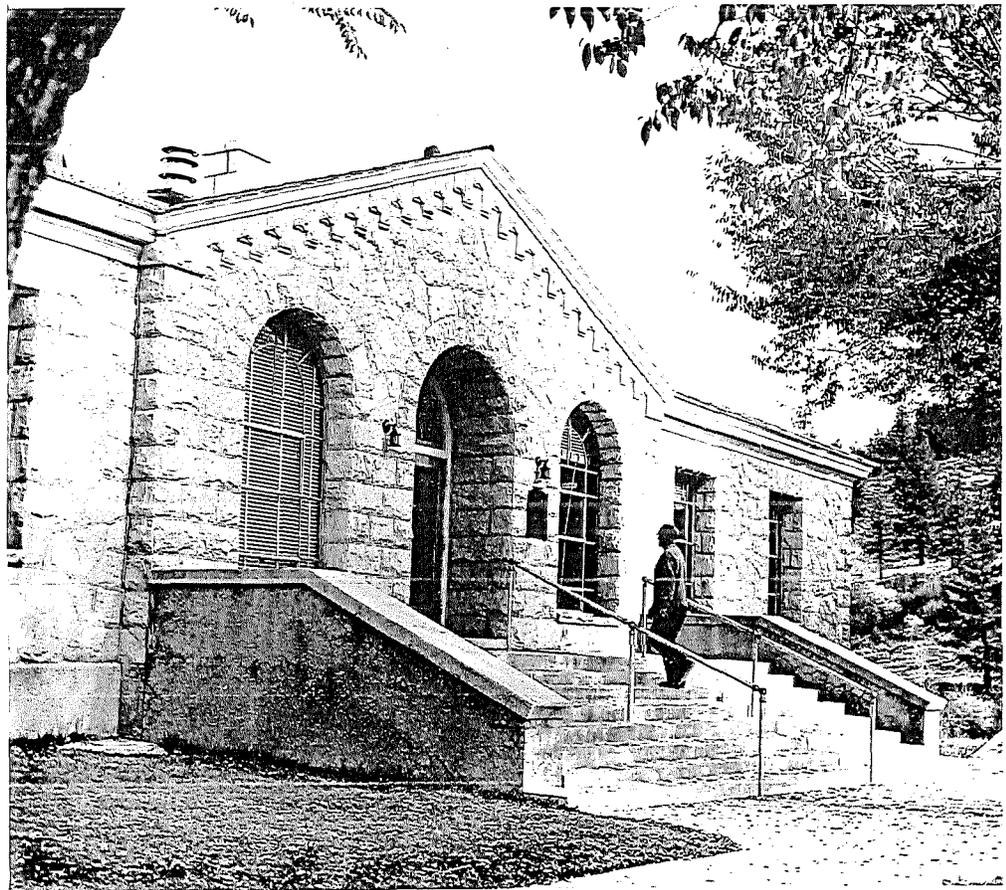
Today the roads are maintained by the State and the County. In addition to the State highways that traverse the County, there are about 110 miles of county roads that must be maintained the year around. This includes keeping them clear of snow in the winter. It is not uncommon for six or seven thousand vacationers to invade the county on a three day holiday for hunting, fishing or just relaxation.

Says County Road Commissioner Howard Currie, "With average seasonal snowfalls of eight to twelve feet in the higher elevations of the county, I'm glad we have Caterpillar-built equipment to keep these roads clear in the winter and to maintain forest trails in the summer. With a crew of only 14 men, we have to depend on our equipment for every job and emergency. We have found that Caterpillar-built equipment is the most dependable by far."

The Federal government owns 91% of the county land area with 8% owned by cattlemen for grazing. One per cent is being developed into sub-divisions for future population increases.

Alpine County is known for its mining, lumbering, ranching, grazing, hunting and fishing grounds, in addition to its camp sites.

The county government is especially proud of the fact that it is free of all bonded indebtedness. This pride of solvency dates back to the County's early days and the name of an



The cornerstone of the Alpine County courthouse was laid in 1928. Stone for the building was quarried above the site of Silver Mountain, which was the first County seat.

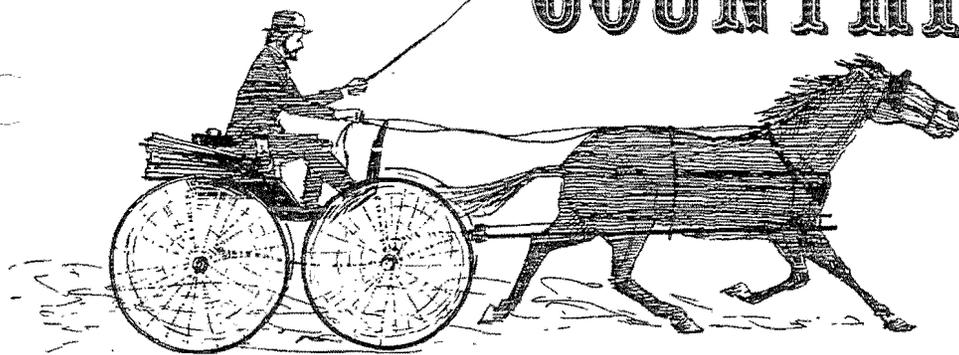
historical spot - Hangman's Bridge.

A murder was committed, and since an impartial jury could not be found, a change of venue to Mono County was ordered. At this time Alpine County was suffering from a shortage of money and a certain group in Mono County coveted eastern Alpine County. If Alpine County went deeper in debt, as a result of the expensive court trial, the County might disorganize and the Mono interests might then acquire control.

A local committee was formed to intercept the prisoner on his way to Mono. This was accomplished and the prisoner was forcibly taken from the officers and hanged from the bridge. Thus the solvency of the county treasury was perhaps maintained and the county's present territorial boundaries preserved.

This 'Little Switzerland' of the Sierras - with valleys named Faith, Hope and Charity - is indeed a California Heritage.

# COUNTRY DOCTOR.



## Cashman's Field Service Dept. Has Heavy Responsibilities in a Vast Territory

Covering nearly all of the state of Nevada plus the most rugged of the mountainous Eastern counties of California makes field service work a perpetual challenge to the Cashman Equipment Company's service personnel.

They face frigid arctic blizzards in the thin air of the high Sierras—they broil under the furnace of a merciless desert sun to get Caterpillar equipment rolling again for the contractors, loggers, miners and farmers of the silver and golden states.

Distance, temperature, accessibility, time and customer diagnosis frustrate these service personnel.

But despite it all, they do their job well and have earned the respect of the drivers, managers, owners and government supervisors for the amazing job they do and the obstacles they have overcome.

Any machine, even Caterpillar-built equipment, will break down or wear down eventually from hard use. The trick is to keep this from happen-

ing as long as possible, and to make intelligent use of Cashman's field service when the inevitable does occur. Field service is more expensive than shop service and so routine overhauls should be predicted and scheduled when equipment is available near one of Cashman's Shop Service Centers in Las Vegas or Reno.

Orrin Kitchin, Cashman's service manager at Reno, matter-of-factly sums it up this way:

"Field service work should be of an emergency nature only and should never be used for major repairs or overhauls."

He continues, "Although Cashman's is adequately equipped to service a customer anywhere and almost anytime, consideration should be made for our availability of labor and the distances involved. It is not unusual for a service truck and mechanic to have to travel 300 miles one way to take care of an immediate problem. When this is necessary,

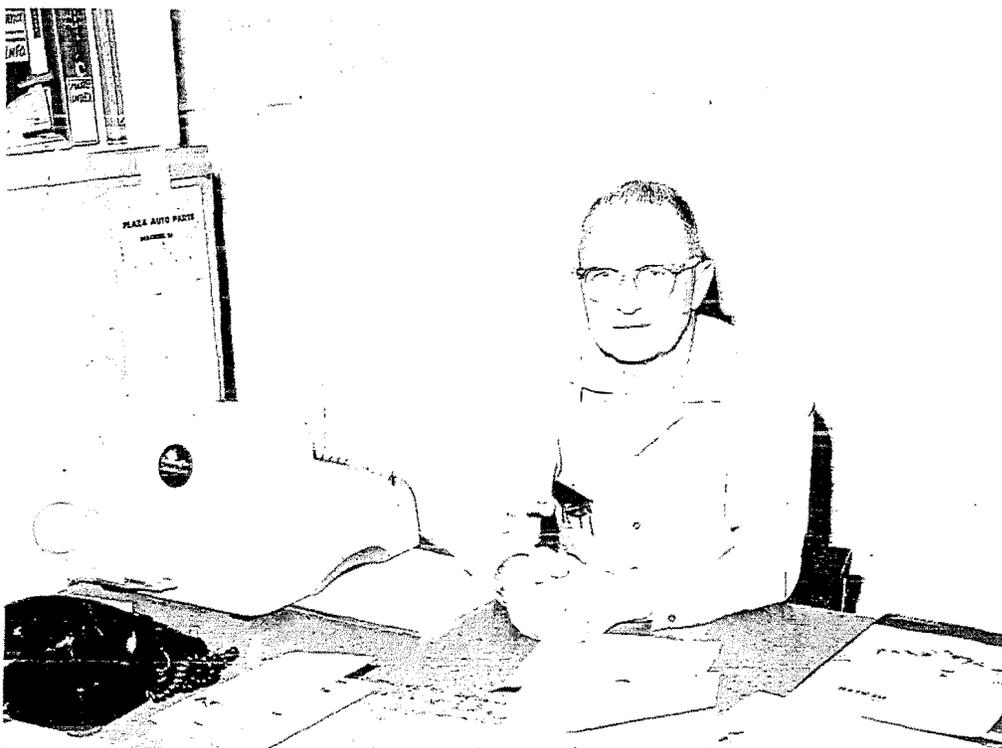
costs run up for everyone involved. Above immediate labor and travel costs, however, is the lost worktime if a job is halted due to an important machine being down. Field service work, because of travel time and lack of ideal working facilities, is naturally slower than shop work done in Cashman's Las Vegas or Reno plants. Slower repairs mean more dollars for service work as well as lost operating time."

For these good reasons, Orrin urges Caterpillar equipment owners to watch their machinery carefully so that field repairs can be skillfully avoided. When field service is necessary, however, Cashman's shop people go into high gear to provide immediate aid. A midnight call for help may take a truck and crew to a point 300 or more miles from their home base. Every conceivable part and tool must be carried with them to properly remedy the ailment described over the phone.

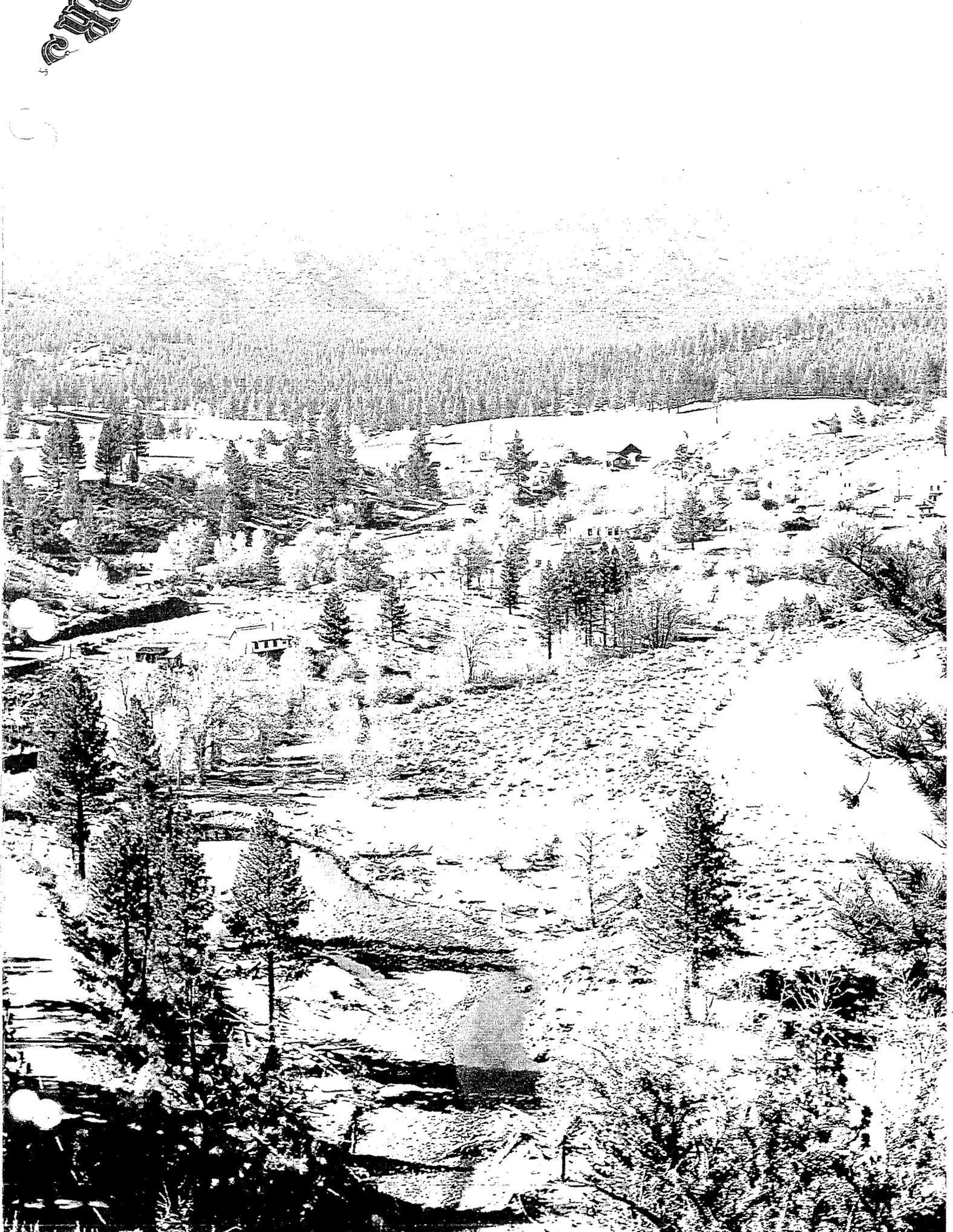
Here's where Kitchin asks for more help from his customers. Every detail, including the minutest squeak, rattle, grind or howl should be described to the Cashman person receiving the service order. Once on its way, the service crew has no source of parts or tools other than those that can be driven, bussed, flown or floated to the repair site.

Kitchin points out that every precaution has been taken to make each service truck as completely self-sufficient as possible. Besides a full complement of hand tools, these 'shops-on-wheels' are also equipped with telescoping booms, winches, cutting torches, air for power tools and auxiliary power for lights and electrical equipment.

Orrin Kitchin, Cashman's service manager at Reno, notes that although Cashman's is adequately equipped to service a customer anywhere and almost anytime, consideration should be made for availability of labor and the distances involved. Field service work should be of an emergency nature only and never used for major repairs or overhauls.



240



signed a bill creating Alpine County with the county seat at Silver Mountain.

For nearly a decade, this town high in the Sierras flourished and silver flowed from its mountain veins. Then came the demonization of silver in 1873. This sealed the doom of Silver Mountain. An election 12 years later caused the county seat to be moved to Markleeville, where it remains to this day.

Alpine is unique in that it has within its boundaries no high school, no doctor, no hospital, dentist, barber or theatre. It looks toward Nevada rather than California to supply its needs.

The county, which covers 776 square miles has a permanent population of about 400. The county seat of Markleeville has a population of only 165 and lies on the crest of the Sierra. Until very recent years, whenever winter snows piled up in the high mountain passes, Alpine was entirely cut off from California and turned to Nevada for all supplies. To this day, most of the population still shops at Minden or Reno.

Such was not always the case. In the days of the pioneers, when it took days rather than hours to traverse distances of 50 to 100 miles, Woodfords was the first trading station on the eastern side of the Sierras in this entire region.

Established as an outpost in 1847 by Samuel Brannan, Woodfords was the first white settlement in the area. Brannan, a Mormon on his way from the west coast to Salt Lake to meet with Brigham Young, left two men and a cache of supplies at the spring which is close to the present Woodfords store. The men stayed throughout the winter and built a log storage cabin. The following year, a stopping place for travelers was built and the settlement was called Brannan Springs.

In 1849, there was a heavy influx of people, among them a Daniel Woodford, who decided to locate nearby. A few years later, after the name Brannan Springs had been replaced by Carey's Mills, a post office was built and given the name of Woodfords. That name still stands today, although there is no longer a post office in the town.

Other early settlements, many of them now just names and memories, included Summit City, once the second largest voting center in Alpine area. Excerpts from a letter to the Daily Alta Californian of June 15, 1864, read as follows: "We have in Summit City about 600 inhabitants and the town is building up as fast as lumber can be obtained. The usual amount of stores, blacksmith shops, bakeries, saloons etc., are in

full blast and a church and school will follow in due time. In the matter of politics we are about a stand off between Union men and rebels."

Summit City was considered by some to have been the highest mining district on the North American continent.

As recorded in the Douglas County, Nevada records, Jacob J. Marklee located a land claim upon the 160 acre tract which is now the Townsite of Markleeville, on September 12, 1861. The Alpine County Courthouse, erected from locally quarried stone in 1928, today stands on the site of his cabin, which old timers say was constructed entirely of wood and shakes, even to the extent of wooden hinges on the doors.

The influx of people became so great that a town was started in the early part of 1863. By the next year, there were 168 houses and a population of 2,620. In 1864, it missed becoming the first county seat by 95 votes. This honor did finally come to Markleeville 11 years later and it is still the county seat. The town suffered a disastrous fire in 1886 and was never rebuilt in its entirety. Strangely, the rise and fall of Markleeville was never witnessed by the man who gave it its name; Jacob J. Marklee was killed in a gunfight in the spring of 1863 during a quarrel over the ranch on which the town now stands.

At the time of the gold rush to California in 1849, a need was felt to convert the various trails over the mountains into wagon roads. In time it became customary for a person or company to obtain a franchise to construct and maintain a road. In turn, they were permitted to charge a toll and erect a toll gate or toll house. This authority was first delegated as a territorial or state function, and later, in the early sixties, was given to local counties.

The toll road franchise stipulated the rates to be charged for the particular use made of it. For instance, a certain sum was charged for a wagon and team and another rate for saddle horses or loose stock. A local resident often maintained the road near him for a few miles and erected a gate at which he collected the toll. Another person had charge of maintenance from there on and so on.

Road grading and light snow removal keep this older model No. 12 busy.



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## Sierra Indians Plead for Part in Poverty Program

AK 7/2/53 2-26-65

The Washoe Indians of Alpine County have sent a telegram to President Johnson with a plea to make sure his anti-poverty program will not exclude them.

"The Bureau of Indian Affairs dictates the programs under the Economic Opportunity Act, virtually eliminating the Washoes from any existing program," said Richard McKenzie, spokesman for the Washoes and a representative of the American Indian Council Inc. in San Francisco.

The telegram to the president was signed by Earl James, president of the Washoe of Alpine County Inc., an organization representing some 200 men, women and children.

"We are accomplishing nothing and getting nowhere with local and state supervisors. It is now apparent they are willing to allow the economic aid act to die without finding any assistance for us," the telegram says.

McKenzie said the Bureau of Indian Affairs told the Washoes they must have land before the bureau can do anything.

"But the Division of Forestry took back land at Lake Tahoe where Washoes' old fishing, camping and burial grounds were located," McKenzie said.

The Washoes ask the President to grant them 50 acres of their old land for their working people to live and build a center for Indian artifacts.

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Carson Chronicle 3 Thursday, March 24, 1966

# Restoration Project Set!

Tiny Alpine County, the least populated county in California, has courageously set out on the difficult and expensive course of restoring its historic one-room school house high on the hill above the town of Markleeville.

This project has been undertaken by the Historical Society of Alpine County, a group which boasts a membership of over 120 in a county with a total population of under 500 people.

The Old Webster School, object of the restoration plans, was built in 1882 by the people of Markleeville. Work was done on a volunteer basis with donated materials. The school was in use until 1929 when the New Webster School was built. Since that time the building has fallen into a state of serious disrepair and is in danger of total collapse unless action is taken soon. It was for this reason that the Historical Society sought the help and advice of Orvel Johnson, President of the National Association of Restoration Specialists. The N.A.R.S. recently presented the Society with a Prospectus on the restoration project including an outline of work and a complete breakdown of estimated costs.

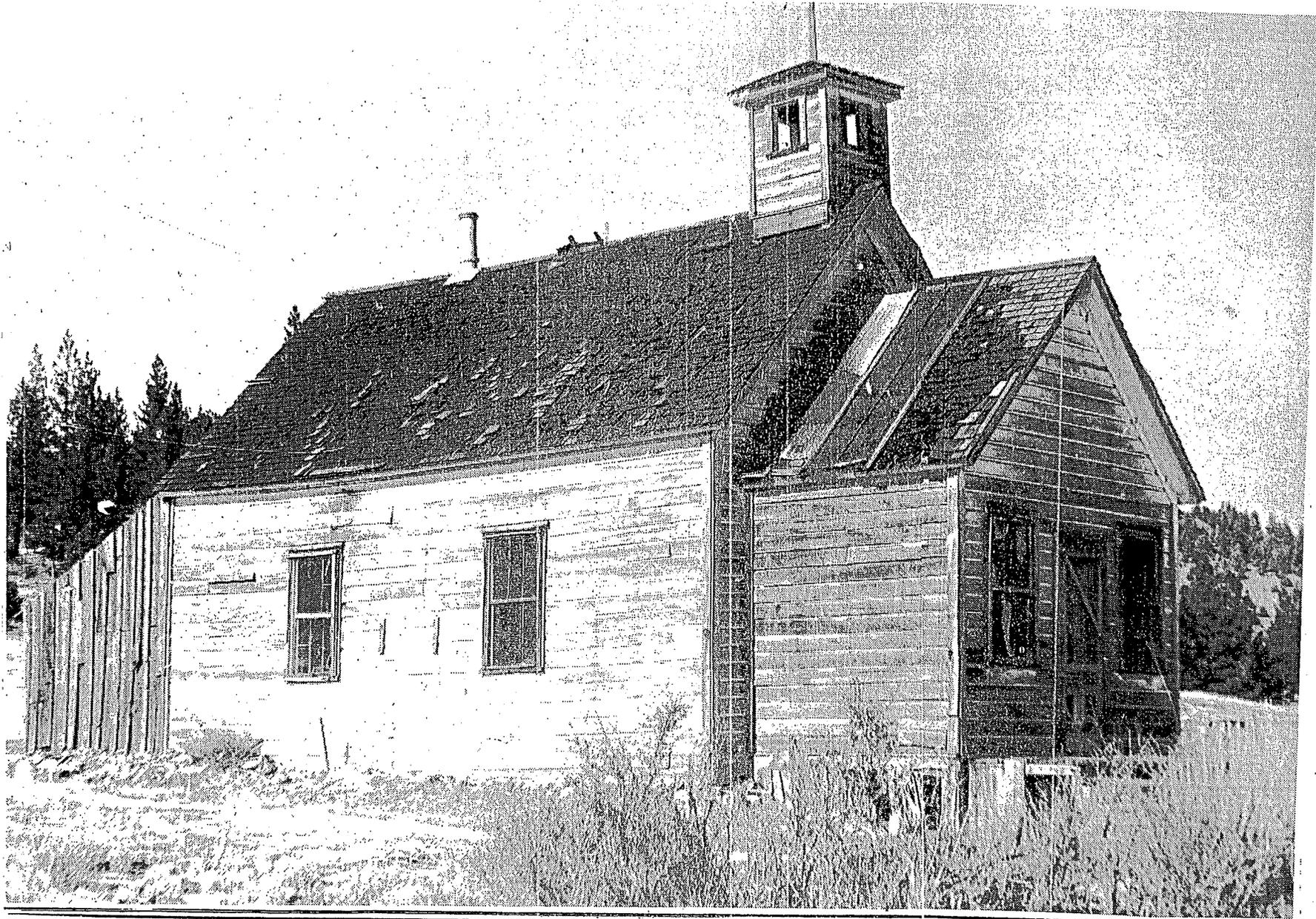
The total estimated cost of the project is \$3500 all of which must be raised by donations or pledges in the immediate future.

Johnson and his team of restoration specialists plan to be in Markleeville during the week of May 16-22 to begin actual restoration work. Their services are being donated free of charge. Some volunteer labor will be used, and there will be a need for donated materials. Alfred O. Chain, construction and materials coordinator, is in the process of working out these details.

The Historical Society is also asking for the return of historical items and artifacts which were associated with the old school, items such as desks, ink wells, slates, books, etc.

The biggest single problem facing the small group is that of raising \$3500 before the May 16 deadline. A sense of urgency is present for two reasons: the first is that the offer of expert technical assistance has been made for that week and cannot be utilized unless enough money has been raised to guarantee completion of the project; the second reason is the prevailing opinion that if the school is not restored in the immediate future it may be beyond the point where restoration is possible.

3-56



# Alpine County's Back After Nevada Winter

BY CHARLES HILLINGER

Times Staff Writer

MARKLEEVILLE—Alpine County, smallest county in population in the state, wants to be part of California again.

It happens every spring.

In the winter Alpine County belongs to Nevada.

With the arrival of the first heavy snows each fall, four of the five roads leading into Alpine County close for six to eight months.

The only link with the outside world is Highway 88 running from this unincorporated county seat to Gardnerville and Minden, Nev.

Alpine is one of the most peculiar counties in the country.

It has no barbers, beauticians, doctors, dentists, nurses, hospitals, high schools, traffic signals, theaters, movies, industries, daily or weekly newspapers or a number of other essentials found in every other county in the nation.

## But It Has People

It has people—397 at last count.

Alpine County, on the eastern crest of the Sierra Nevada lies 50 miles south of Reno.

It's the highest county in California with its lowest point over a mile up and a dozen peaks towering over two miles.

Alpine is a little Switzerland dotted with year-round, snow-capped mountains, with spectacular granite cliffs and crags, with dense stands of quaking aspen, birch and pine, with rushing streams and glacial lakes.

Half the residents are Washoe Indians. Most of the others are descendants of silver miners who came to make their fortunes in the 1840s, 50s and 60s.

The county had a population of 11,620 a century ago—during an era when Markleeville was a roaring camp of 2,620. But the demonetization of silver in the late 1860s ended the mining in short order. Markleeville, largest of 11 hamlets in the county, has fewer than 100 people.

Biggest employer in Alpine County now is the county. In some cases entire families work exclusively for the county.

Elizabeth P. Coyan, county treasurer and county tax collector, for example, is dean of county treasurers

in California. She's served as Alpine's since 1919.

Her husband, George Coyan, was county coroner from 1921 to his death last December. Mrs. Coyan's son, Gary, drives the Alpine County high school bus, is county sealer of weights and measures and a county fish and game commissioner.

There is no high school in Alpine County, so Gary Coyan drives the county's 34 high school students each day, weather permitting, to Douglas County High School in Gardnerville, Nev.

Mrs. Coyan's niece, Mrs. Rosella Jackson, is deputy county recorder and official census taker and her nephew, Rosella's husband, Robert, is the county's civil engineer for roads.

When Alpiners land a county job, even if it's an elective office, they generally make it a lifetime career.

## Supervisor 36 Years

Dean of California's 296 county supervisors is Bernice Dangberg, 78, a widow, who has been an Alpine County supervisor continuously since 1930. Her father held the same job for 13 years, from 1875 to 1898.

"Wonders never cease up here," said Mrs. Dangberg. "When I was first elected 36 years ago, members of the board met once every three months and were paid \$2 a month. Our pay jumped to \$12 a month in the late 30s, then to \$50 and a couple of years ago to \$100."

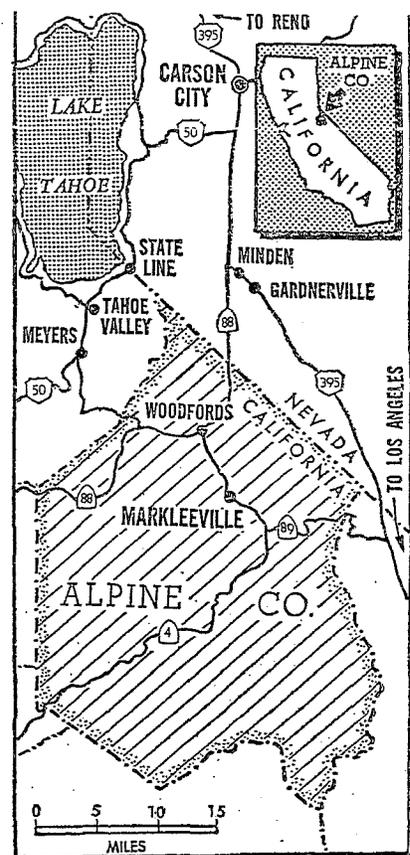
The board now meets once a month. It's one of few government agencies on record to unanimously vote against accepting a pay increase. Gus Egger, supervisor since 1948 and owner-operator of the Markleeville General Store, explains:

"The Legislature wanted us to boost our salary from \$100 to \$250 a month. We turned it down. Maybe we're worth \$100, but surely not \$250. We tried to set a precedent for the rest of the county officials."

Egger believes he's the only county supervisor in California earning a large share of his income from pumping gas. He runs one of the two gas stations in the county in conjunction with his general store.

To get here, you either hike in or drive up. There are no air strips and no public transportation—not even the Greyhound bus.

The one elementary school is split into three sections with 30 kindergarten, 1st and 2nd graders attend-



**NEVADA NEIGHBOR** — Alpine County adjoins Nevada, and cuddles closer in winter than summer.

Times map

ing classes in Diamond Valley, 14 youngsters attending 3rd and 4th grades at Fredericksburg, and 24 students enrolled in 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grades at Woodfords.

Paul Ghilarducci, only male schoolteacher in the county explains: "We used to have three school districts in the county, each with a one-room schoolhouse.

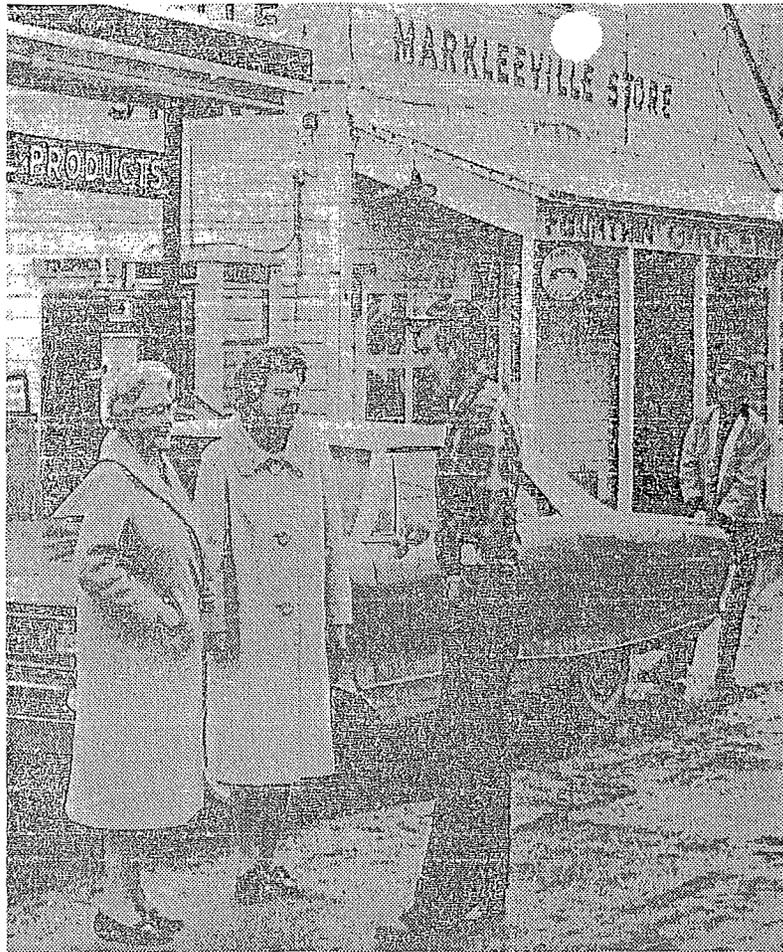
"We unified and now have one school with three sections. None of the buildings is big enough to house all the students. That's why we had to do it this way."

Only law enforcement officer in the county is Sheriff Stewart Merrill.

You can't even buy a cup of coffee in the county in the winter. In summer four cafes are open for "outsiders" who come up to fish, hunt, climb mountains, camp out and just relax. But there isn't a place to eat open from Sept. 1 to June 15.

Markleeville is progressing. It recently opened its first subdivision this century—six houses. It now has a bank—the only one-man bank in California. Phil Martell is the teller, bookkeeper, janitor and manager.

With the spring thaw, Luther Pass leading to Tahoe Valley will soon be open and Alpiners will become Californians again.



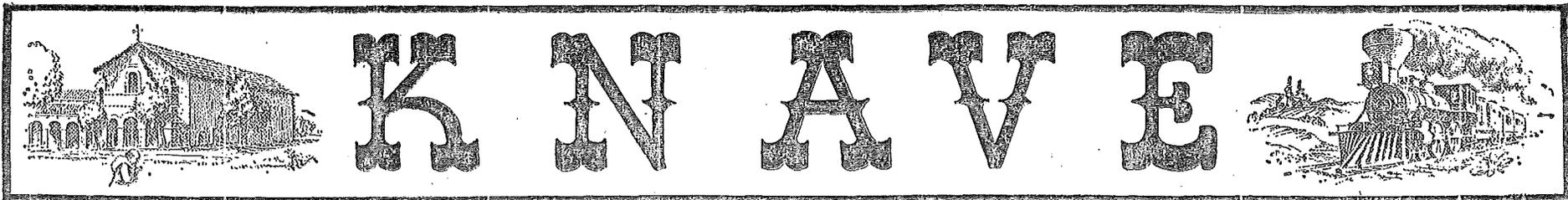
**OFFICIAL GROUP**—Markleeville general store is operated by County Supervisor Gus Egger, pumping gas. Others, from left, County Treasurer Elizabeth P. Coyan, her niece, Mrs. Rossella Jackson, deputy county recorder; Gary Coyan, who is employed on three county jobs.



**LOFTY SETTING**—On a hill overlooking Markleeville, Alpine County, Dale Robinson, 9, sits on steps of schoolhouse talking with Phil Martell, county's only banker. At rear, left, Gary Robinson, who is

county trapper, game warden and school bus driver, and Al Chain, head of county water company (44 users). Smallest county in California boast population of 397 and has few commercial establishments.

Times photos by Steve Fontanini <sup>pg 2</sup>



## Memoirs Revive Alpine Events

**D**EDICATION of a Pony Express monument today in the little Alpine County village of Woodfords on the eastern crest of the Sierra Nevada brings to mind that it was near Woodfords that Snowshoe Thompson made his home for 20 years or more.

Woodfords on the El Camino Sierra is the second community of importance in Alpine County. The county's No. 1 town is Markleeville, the county seat.

Woodfords, known in 1853-54 as Carey's Mill for John Carey who established a saw mill there, became better known as Woodfords in 1869 for Daniel Woodford who became owner of the old Carey Mill.

Today's unveiling of a Pony Express monument at Woodfords is being held under auspices of the Alpine County Historical Society. Speakers for the occasion are Col. Waddell Smith, president of the National Pony Express Centennial so prominent six years ago, and United States District Court Judge Sherrill Halbert.

William Harrah, the casino mogul at Stateline in Nevada, is sending the Joe Val Trio to Woodfords

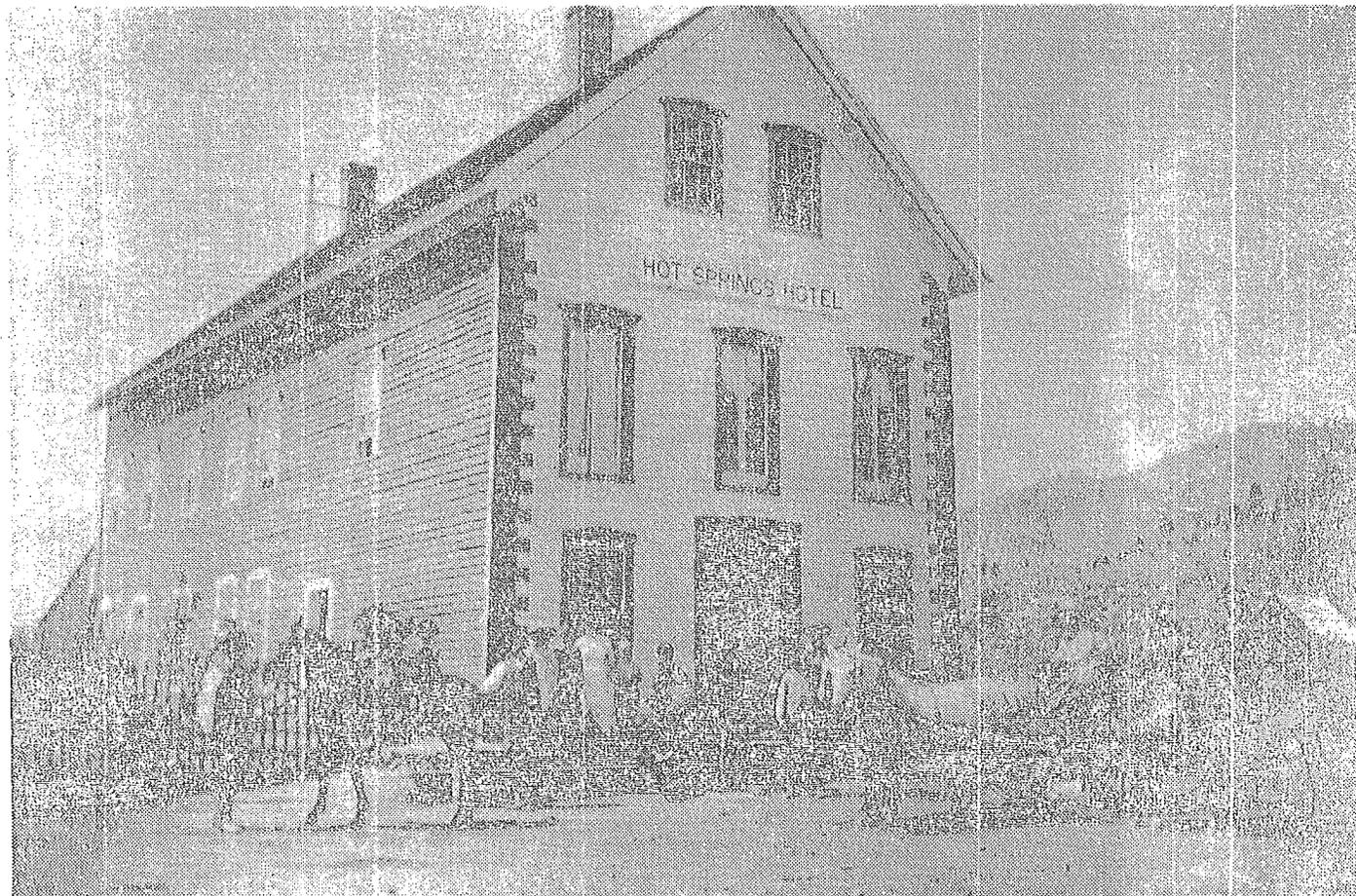


Photo from Bancroft Library, University of California

Photographed in the 1890s, the Hot Springs Hotel is the oldest building in Alpine County standing today

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William Harrah, the casino mogul at Stateline in Nevada, is sending the Joe Val Trio to Woodfords to provide music for the day, and Kenny Benson and Chris Gansberg Jr. are slated to do a re-enactment of the Pony Express run up the emigrant trail. Both of the riders are from nearby ranches in Alpine County, according to Mrs. Mabel C. Love, secretary of the Alpine Historical Society.

**H**ERE in Oakland we have Phyllis Grover Guerra as a source for Alpine County history, and with the Woodfords fete in full swing today we sought her out only to discover she had recently edited the historical notes and memoirs left behind by the late Wilda Grover Eubanks, a half sister of Mrs. Guerra's father, Charles A. Grover.

Wilda Grover was born at Grover's Hot Springs in the Markleeville-Woodfords neighborhood in 1877, spending most of her childhood there and in Markleeville. She taught at the old Webster School in Markleeville in the 1890s and early 1900s, later settling in Dixon with her husband, where they raised seven children before she returned to school-teaching at Gold Run. She died in Dixon a few years ago.

Her full memoirs are being presented to the Alpine Historical Society by Mrs. Guerra, but it is our privilege to divulge a few historical notes.

Wilda's mother also taught in Markleeville at one time, some of her pupils being Myron and Byron Chambers; Charley and Edith Gro-

ver, Frank and Will Musser. Wilda's father was also a native of Maine, but her parents didn't meet and marry until they were Alpine County residents.

Grover's Hot Springs, where Wilda was born, was but three and three-quarters miles west of Markleeville. When she put in her appearance there was also Charles Alvin Grover (father of Mrs. Phyllis Grover Guerra), Edith Adel Grover, Will and Frank Musser, and later her brother Merrill and a sister Mina.

"Grover's Hot Springs was a wonderful place to live," Wilda notes. "It was a good sized valley with springs up on the slope of a small hill. There were higher hills and mountains all around, and hot springs of varying temperatures below our home.

"My father had put barrels around the hot springs. I remember that visitors who drank from one of the springs liked to put salt and pepper in a cup of the water, insisting it then tasted just like chicken soup.

"There was a bath house where we bathed in a wooden tub, also a steam room where sick people could perspire to their heart's content. Best of all, though, was the pool. Here the water was so heavy you could fold yourself up into a small package, hold your breath and then take your feet off the bottom of the pool and come up bobbing like a cork."

**T**HERE was a wooden bridge that led from the Grover dwelling down below to the bathing pool, extending also to the

bath house with its tub and shower.

"The bridge was built out over the water and had to be replaced often as the hot water rotted the boards," Wilda recorded.

"Tests of the water indicated many minerals present. People would drive their teams in from the Sacramento Valley and Stockton tired almost to exhaustion and covered with dust but happy to be at the springs at last.

"Their horses would be as gaunt as their drivers and his friends. Papa never charged a cent for their bathing and using the water, but he did charge a small fee for pasturage for the horses.

"I remember papa packing one man down to the bath on his back. The poor man couldn't walk. A few days later he was walking down to the pool and bathhouse by himself.

"Our house had two fireplaces, and there was a large Buck stove in the kitchen and a smaller stove in the summer kitchen. Hot water from one of the springs was piped into the kitchen. Even though it was very hard water it took only a few minutes under this water to have the dishes clean and sanitary.

"One corner of the kitchen had a spring boxed in and covered that furnished bubbling water that was almost ice cold.

"There were three bedrooms upstairs and an attic where we tossed everything we didn't want to throw away.

"In addition to the kitchen on the downstairs floor there was a big dining room, a parlor, and a bedroom . . ."

Photographed in the 1890s, the Hot Springs Hotel is the oldest building in Alpine County standing today

**I**N those remote and isolated areas of the Sierra Nevada during the pioneer years, "papa" had to be the doctor, butcher, baker, merchant, and candlestick-maker — all in one. But there is plenty of evidence that "mama" was always around for the big assist.

"Papa was a good butcher and made that his trade," the school-teaching Wilda Grover Eubanks relates.

"He made many trips to Bodie and other places along the way, with four horses, sometimes being gone three or four days to deliver all his produce. He carried with him beef, homemade butter, pork, and in the summer a few vegetables. The route was up over the Kingsbury Grade, the same he had followed in earlier days.

"We would watch for his homecoming, usually spying him first through the trees at the half-way stake on his way from Markleeville. We'd be at the big gate that closed off the lane to our home to greet him — Edie, Mell and I. He was tired, covered with dust, as were his four horses; but he gave us a hand and up we went over the side of the thoroughbrace.

"Uncle Miles (Miles Bowler), mother's brother, was with us for a time. He had an operation on his ear and papa was dressing it. Papa asked mama for a hairpin and he used that to push a cotton swab into Miles' ear. I stood looking on for a few seconds, then fainted dead away . . ."

# The Knave

Continued from Page 21

**M**ARKLEEVILLE had a big fire in the 1880s. "We saw the smoke from Hot Springs, Della and papa going in to town in the cart to bring home the news," Wilda reports.

"The entire town was almost destroyed. There wasn't any water system and consequently very little water handy for fighting the flames. The Hansen Hotel was burned to the ground; Riley's house back of the hotel was burned; Weis' Grocery, a laundry, Arnot's dwelling, and the jail. I believe the old courthouse escaped the blaze.

"The Weis dwelling, a little brown house occupied at the time by a Mr. Brown; the John Musser home, the Griffith house and the old shaky brewery also survived the flames.

"The Chambers family lost everything they had."

At this point, recollections turn to early lessons and schooldays.

"At first, mama taught me at home," she recalls. "Then I rode old Charlie to school a few times, riding behind Edith. The school was in Markleeville. I couldn't stand the rides very well and urged Edith to walk our horse. Sometimes it was 10 a.m. before we reached school.

"My first teacher was Ella Davis of Genoa.

"Later the teacher was Timothy Patrick Larkin, a man who knew his business but to us kids he was a tyrant. The time came when no one wanted him to teach anymore

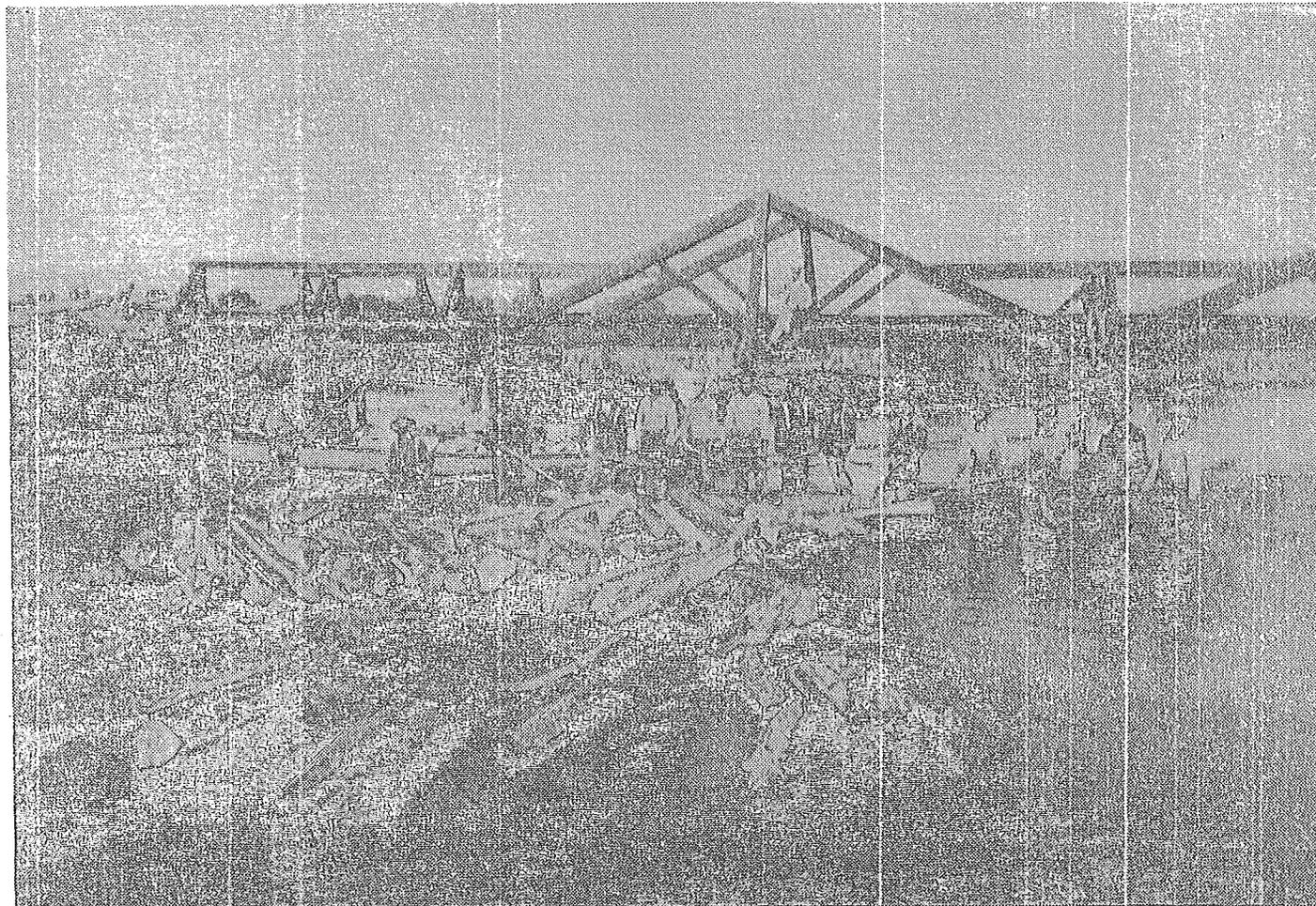


Photo from Bancroft Library, University of California

A log drive of the 1870s near Markleeville in Alpine County starts logs off to Virginia City mines and mills

bers until the blood showed on the back of her neck. He whipped Henry Champagne on the hands until the marks showed. He had given us a lesson to write, and I had drawn lines to help keep the words straight across the paper. Henry didn't use lines. It didn't look good to old T.P., so Henry got the whipping. I was scared.

"He whipped Mell severely and

piners, the men ate their meals in camp and slept in bunks arranged in tiers along the walls of the bunkhouse.

"We always set around the dining room fireplace in the evenings, listening to the men tell stories that were both entertaining and of great interest.

"There was no gas or electricity in those days. No lanterns, no

cided to move to Markleeville. It would be much closer to school, he pointed out.

"He bought the lot from Johnny Hansen where the old hotel once stood. Then he bought the old Fiske Hotel in Silver Mountain. Fred and Tom Murphy and some other men helped him pull the Fiske Hotel down board by board and pile it high on the dead side

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"My first teacher was Ella Davis of Genoa.

"Later the teacher was Timothy Patrick Larkin, a man who knew his business but to us kids he was a tyrant. The time came when no one wanted him to teach anymore. He was even hung in effigy.

"Larkin was well educated. In addition to teaching he was a very competent printer. But after his wife's death he became more hateful and cruel. If a child was caught misbehaving they had to stand on the stove in the schoolroom."

Wilda didn't note whether or not the stove had a fire in it, although she pointed out that most of the children were afraid they'd fall off.

"But the fear of falling wasn't near as great as the fear of Larkin's ire," she wrote.

"He whipped little Alma Cham-

A log drive of the 1870s near Markleeville in Alpine County starts logs off to Virginia City mines and mills

Photo from Bancroft Library, University of California

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"He whipped Mell severely one time, too."

**E**VEN though the region was isolated there was little opportunity to feel lonely at Grover Hot Springs. Charles A. Grover, proprietor, was also half owner of a wood cutting enterprise with one Andy Gray—the firm of Gray and Grover.

Their business was to cut wood and send it down Hot Springs River in the spring freshets. Wilda continues her memoirs:

"Across the river, among the

pinces, the men ate their meals in camp and slept in bunks arranged in tiers along the walls of the bunkhouse.

"We always set around the dining room fireplace in the evenings, listening to the men tell stories that were both entertaining and of great interest.

"There was no gas or electricity in those days. No labor saving devices. No telephone, no automobiles, no church, no doctor closer than 25 or 30 miles, no movies, no television, no radio. But we had coal oil lamps, and tallow candles.

"We rode sometimes in a cart pulled by a single horse, a buggy with centerpole for two horses, a two-horse spring wagon, a dead axle wagon for heavy hauling, or sometimes a buckboard. Then came the day when I was the proud owner of a second-hand phaeton.

"When the wood cutting slackened off due to lack of trees, papa de-

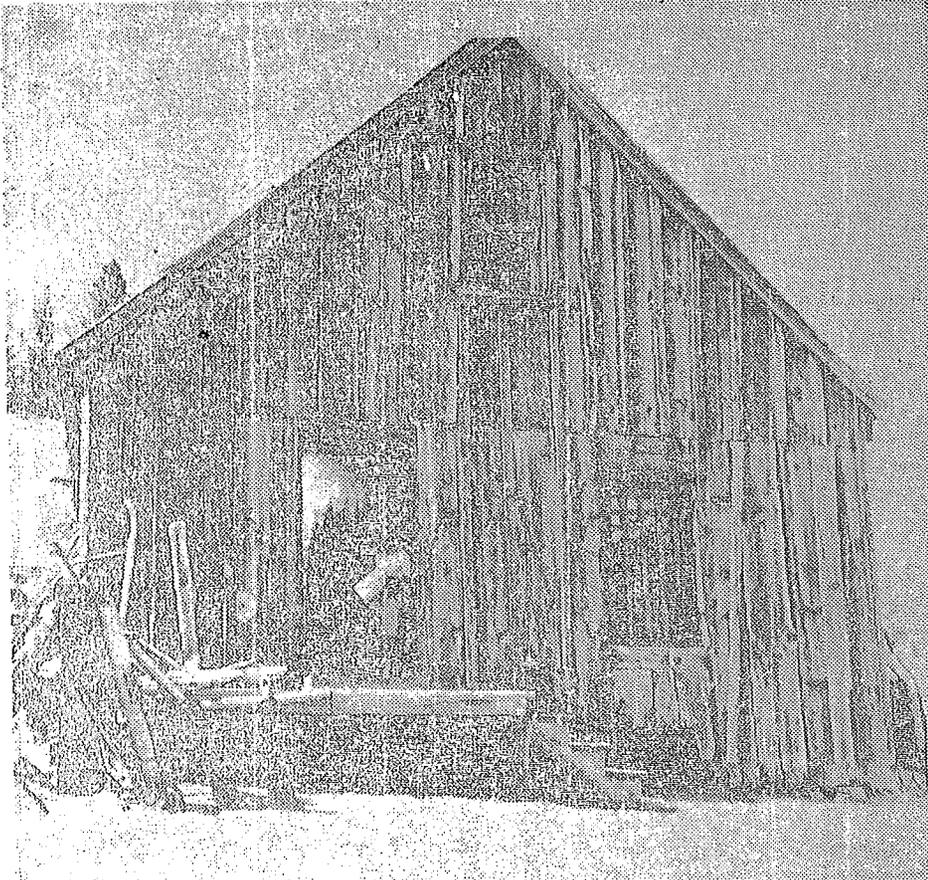
cidied to move to Markleeville. It would be much closer to school, he pointed out.

"He bought the lot from Johnny Hansen where the old hotel once stood. Then he bought the old Fiske Hotel in Silver Mountain. Fred and Tom Murphy and some other men helped him pull the Fiske Hotel down board by board and pile it high on the dead axle wagon and hauled it over the dangerous roads into Markleeville. There in the 1880s they put up the Hot Springs Hotel, or Grover House. It was the old Fiske Hotel in a different setting. They used the lumber, the windows, in fact everything but the old square nails.

"All this time mama kept the home fires burning at Hot Springs. Charlie and Edie helped her there, but I went to Silver Mountain with Aunt Della and papa and the workmen . . ."

--THE KNAVE

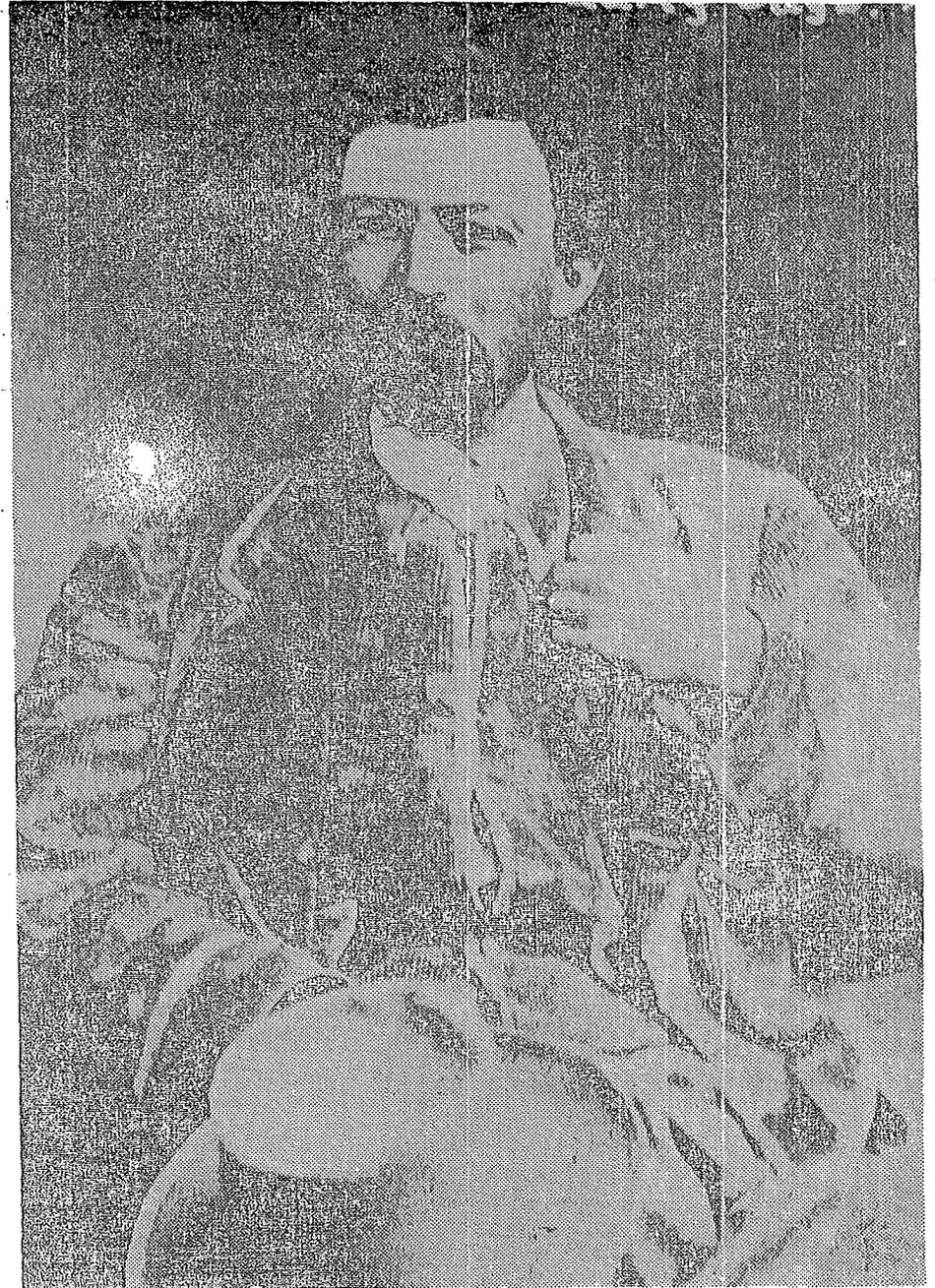
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Old Jail in Markleeville

*Historical*

*Society's*



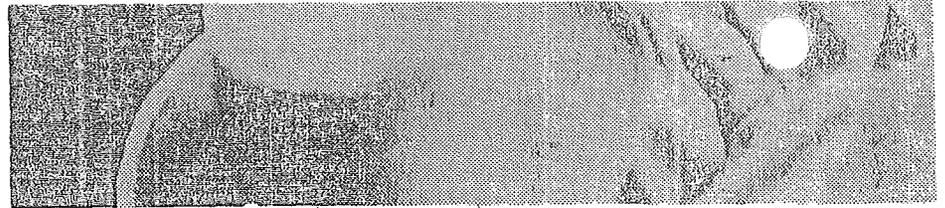
# Society's Markleeville Field Trip

By Doris Cerveri

Several hundred persons became part of a field trip sponsored by the Nevada Historical Society of Reno when they trekked down old roads from Carson City via Genoa to Markleeville one Sunday in September.

Leaving the Carson High School football field at 10 a.m. where the tour started, the large entourage traveled through historic Carson City, Nevada's pretty little capital. Named after the famous guide, Kit Carson, this quaint town occupies an important and unique niche in the state's history. It was at one time a division point on the Pony Express route, and also either a terminal or important division point for seven toll roads, five telegraph lines, and distributing point for cut lumber and timber from early saw mills. Being on the main route of the Overland Trail, it served, too, as the central supply line for various mining districts. The historic Virginia and Truckee Railroad claimed the town as its central terminal with routes running to Virginia City, Silver City, Reno and Minden.

Carson City is proud of its fine museum, many interesting old homes containing beautiful antique furniture, and exquisite cut glass and



Hank Monk Drove Stage in the '50's.

china and its stately old capitol building.

History buffs were guided out of town by control cars in the caravan onto a dirt road, which is a portion of the original emigrant road and the Pony Express trail, and only one - half mile from the tour's starting point.

Approximately another mile farther was once the center of the Carson-Tahoe Lumber and Fluming Company wood yard. Although this company at one time carried on extensive lumber operations, nothing remains today.

Several miles from this and across Clear Creek was the famous Clear Creek Station, and to the west was Rufus Walton's toll road, the first one up Clear Creek Canyon leading to Lake Bigler (Tahoe). Toll was paid here by weary emigrants, and a wagon yard and blacksmith shop serviced the Pony Express, as well as giving aid to freight teams and stage coaches. The Overland Telegraph Line passed through this point.

This same road winds through beautiful Jack's Valley all the way to Genoa. Located in the valley are several old dwellings surrounded by stately groups of Lombardi poplars and many venerable cottonwood trees planted by the Mormons wherever they located.

The most unique old place is the Rufus Adams home over 100 years old, owned today by a grandson of the original pioneer. This outstanding structure consisted of a 22 - room combination home and hotel constructed of brick fired on the property. It boasted, too, of a bar and large dining room, with a dance hall upstairs, and at the time was one of the most important stopping places on the early road. Mr. Adams has restored the building, and in the north wing which contains six small bedrooms, has installed a powerful amateur radio transmitter. This is a far cry from what the emigrant guests were accustomed to so long ago.

The caravan stopped in Genoa for approximately two hours, and after eating lunch in the picnic area of the old fort, members had ample opportunity to inspect the many historical attractions of this tiny settlement.

Of considerable interest to spectators were numerous authentic dances done in full regalia on a wooden platform inside the fort by two

small boys, sons of a Cheyenne Indian, who narrated the history of each dance.

One of Nevada's first dwellings, The Pink House, located directly across from the rebuilt Mormon Station, on the Old River Road, now known as Genoa Lane, attracted many persons. This house was the residence of a renowned Nevada Judge, D. W. Virgin, and it has recently been restored. It is believed that the main section of the house was moved to the site, and was the home of Col. John Reese. Reese with his brother, Enoch, and nephew, Stephen A. Kinsey, were the first Nevada settlers who arrived from Salt Lake City in 1851 and operated Mormon Station. The Pink House has eleven rooms each containing much of the original furnishings.

Mormon Station is now an historic state monument and many interesting relics pertaining to the early settlers are on display in the museum. Among these relics are bearskin driving gloves, worn by Hank Monk, colorful stage coach driver of the West; two telegraph insulators, and a sending key and receiver of the Overland Telegraph established in 1859. Of interest, also is a hand-carved cradle made by Snowshoe Thompson for his only son, Arthur, and Nevada's first grist mill stone, built in 1854 for the Mormons.

Reese's trading post provided the emigrants with food, clothing, and implements. Later he expanded his facilities to include a grist and sawmill, and blacksmith shop. It wasn't until 1856 that a colony of approximately 70 families was sent to Carson Valley. This group laid out streets, and renamed the town Genoa. The following year all Mormon settlers were called back to Salt Lake City to help defend it against the United States Army.

## Tours Create New Interest In State's Past



Mormon Station in Genoa Is a State Monument (Nevada Historical Society)

Although there was a way station, toll house, lumber mill, general store and several homes here, about the only thing left in Fredericksburg at the present time is a well-kept cemetery where many first settlers are buried.

Woodfords, five miles from Fredericksburg, was a resting place for emigrants coming through the area, and was a junction point for the toll road over Ebbett's Pass. Here, too, was located a Pony Express station, telegraph station, saloon, large hotel, blacksmith shop and wagon yard. Like Fredericksburg nothing much remains. It is, however, a supply point and gateway to excellent camping and fishing areas in the high Sierras.

Approximately seven miles from Fredericksburg the caravan reached the end of its field trip at Markleeville. Although in California, it was at one time considered Utah Territory, and later Nevada Territory. Its first settlers were members of the same emigrant trains that settled in Nevada valleys. When Nevada became a state in 1864, its citizens were disgruntled to discover they lived in California when Alpine

overlooking the town. On a recent visit to this area, Mr. Orval Johnson, President of the National Association of Restoration Specialists, was attracted by this school, and impressed with the desirability of saving it as a symbol of Alpine County's past. He was impressed, too, that a group of people known as the Alpine County Historical Society of the smallest county of California were determined to save the little one room school.

The Old Webster School was built in 1882 by the people of Markleeville who did all the work themselves. The school continued in use until the new Webster School opened in 1929.

The National Association of Restoration Specialists has restored historic buildings throughout the United States. They aid people interested in restoring relics by furnishing a prospectus including detailed plans and cost estimates. All work on the school house has been done on a volunteer basis, and to date has included a new foundation and flooring, re-shingled roof, repair of bell tower, siding replaced, window and door casing repaired and the wood

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The old brick courthouse across the street from the trading post also has a fine display of items pertaining to the past, as well as numerous beautiful paintings of the late Hans Meyer Kessel.

Members of the caravan were loath to leave such an interesting place, and it took considerable urging by Walter Mulcahy, narrator of historical sites, to get everyone on the road again.

Approximately two miles farther south the caravan passed Walley's Hot Springs, which was an elegant spa in the 1880's, featuring a luxurious 40-room hotel, swimming pool, and adjoining bath houses. Hundreds of people visited this place yearly to enjoy its medicinal waters. Still farther at the foot of Daggett Pass, it was a very popular route to Lake Tahoe and California after 1860. The present owner has completely restored this famous old station, and it is now one of the most attractive and authentic historical remnants of the past still standing in the entire Carson Valley. Henry Van Sickle made history by doing away with Nevada's bad man of the early 1860's, the notorious Sam Brown. Turning west at this station, the Pony Express went through Daggett Pass, up Hawley Grade to the summit.

Leaving this point, the caravan progressed to Mottsville named for Isaac Mott, who supposedly built his first house from wagon boards. He also carved a window sash out with a jack-knife, and paid 75 cents for 7x9 panes of glass to fill it. Mrs. Mott is reported to have been the first permanent lady settler in Carson Valley.

Close by Mottsville was Sheridan, then Fredericksburg, originally settled as a way station on the Reese-Mott toll road which runs west of the present highway. In the beginning, Fredericksburg was part of Carson County, Utah Territory, and later declared Nevada Territory. Following the Schmidt State Boundary Survey of 1873, however, it was found to be a little over 1.5 miles in the State of California.

The Reese - Mott charter was not recognized by the State of California after 1873. At this point the original emigrant trail and toll road, which the caravan paralleled and crossed from time to time on the field trip, ends, and runs closer to the foot of the mountains.

Approximately seven miles from Fredericksburg the caravan reached the end of its field trip at Marksville. Although in California, it was at one time considered Utah Territory, and later Nevada Territory. Its first settlers were members of the same emigrant trains that settled in Nevada valleys. When Nevada became a state in 1864, its citizens were disgruntled to discover they lived in California when Alpine County was formed.

Jacob Marklee took up a land claim of 160 acres on the present location of the town in September 1851. He established a trading post and toll station on the Markleeville creek, the present location of the Alpine County courthouse.

Members of the tour lingered in this lovely little town, visited the museum located in the basement of the school west of town, the old Alpine Hotel, and the dilapidated old jail. The Alpine County Historical Society is restoring several old buildings in the area, including a quaint little school house perched high on a hill

Specialists has restored historic buildings throughout the United States. They aid people interested in restoring relics by furnishing a prospectus including detailed plans and cost estimates. All work on the school house has been done on a volunteer basis, and to date has included a new foundation and flooring, re-shingled roof, repair of bell tower, siding replaced, window and door casing repaired and the wood treated with a preservative. The Association has presented the Alpine County Historical Society with 20 desks of the type used in the school in the early days. As soon as the school is completely restored it will be painted white with red trim, and will be open to the public as an example of school buildings of the past era.

Throughout the entire trip it was viewing old buildings and other relics of former glory that made the effort worth while. Beautiful scenery was also plentiful for camera bugs, and other people enjoyed visiting with old timers as they relived exciting events of the past.



Old Webster School Will Be Restored (Academy Press, Gardnerville)