

THE BODIE MINER

(Resurrected)

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THE BODIE MINER
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OLD MINING TOWN AWAKENS

By Fibbing F. "as in floozy"
Flapper

(August 11, BODIE, CALIFORNIA)

The old gold mining town perched in the Bodie Hills of California north of Mono Lake, temporarily woke from it's state of arrested decay for a short while on August 11, 2007. Lively citizens from the 1900's to the 1930's walked the streets still dressed in appropriate fashion, providing a colorful backdrop for tourists from all over the world who happened upon the place this peculiar day. Descendants of the original residents hung out in the old Red Barn with photographs and stories to share.

Horses and mules strutted down the unpaved streets once again, pulling various buggies and wagons as more modern motorized carriages zoomed past them. The 1927 Dodge Grantham stake bed truck, long dormant beside early gas pumps, woke from it's slumber and took

to the streets also. Music provided by Wild Mountain Tyme, Michael Edward O'Connel, and Fur Dixon & Steve Werner permeated the air throughout the day.

Women's Christian Temperance Town Hall Meeting

The doors of the Bodie United Methodist Church were opened at 10 a.m., 11:30 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. for a town hall meeting called to order by the good ladies of the local Women's Christian Temperance Union. As all manner of citizens, sober and otherwise, filled the dusty pews, the women "strove to drive liquor traffic, horse, foot and dragoons" out of Bodie, much as Sarah K. Bolton described in an earlier day. Ms. Terri "May" Geissing, a descendant of the infamous prostitute, Rosa, led her band of loose women and bootleggers in lively shouts of "Repeal prohibition", as they passed around flask and jug during each of the meetings. Though the gavel was pounded often, the revelry continued throughout the entire affair, until adjournment under the watchful eye of local law enforcement.

Though the W.C.T.U. made a good faith effort in Bodie this author has it on good authority that Ms. Geissing and

her band, won the majority vote in the manner in the years that followed, and a celebratory drink was had by all.

Feds Raid Local Ice Cream Parlor

On the afternoon of August 11, 2007, during a rousing game of cards and drinking at one of the more popular ice cream parlors of Bodie, as local muleskinner Holloway arrived with more barrels of fun, a young lad tore down the street hollering and a motorcycle complete with sirens soon followed. A car full of shotgun clad Federal agents arrived behind the dust of Holloway's wagon, just as the parlor girls brought out chocolate ice cream sundaes for everyone. An eyewitness to the event reported that Holloway and the barrels returned as soon as the ice cream melted.

Labor Agitator Comes To Town

A man known only as "Dexter" wandered into the streets of Bodie on Saturday, welcoming all workers, regardless of ethnicity, race or gender to the Industrial Workers of the World



The good ladies from Bodie's W.C.T.U. preach the evils of "demon rum" to rowdy congregation of townsfolk in the Methodist Church.

ATTENTION! SINNERS!

Hot Stuff Coffins

Asbestos! Asbestos!

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BUILD

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BELLANS
FOR INDIGESTION
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6 BELLANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELLANS
FOR INDIGESTION

Pompeian
Beauty Powder

Adds a pearly clearness.
Stays on unusually long.

DRINK A BITE TO EAT

Dr. Pepper

GOOD FOR LIFE!

AT 10, 2 & 4 O'CLOCK

in hopes of uniting all working class into one big Union. Following his invigorative oration, he broke into a bold acapella version of "Solidarity Forever". A loud chorus of "Go home we don't need you here!" drowned him out.

Friendly BBQ In The Old Red Barn

Promptly at 4:30 in the afternoon, various friends of the town of Bodie representing an assortment of decades, lined up at the Old Red Barn for their annual bbq. A 21st century woman with a strong resemblance to the leader of the local W.C.T.U. checked tickets at the door. Chicken, steak, and vegetarian, with traditional side dishes was enjoyed by everyone, but no booze was allowed. Three sheet cakes in various flavors, minus the rum, were served for the desert minded.

Lively Spirits In The Bodie Cemetery

As the sunlight dimmed and the tourists were run out, the avant-garde Friends of Bodie broke into groups that were led one by one up the hill to the old cemetery. Before making the grave ascend, the preacher stood at the steps of the church and made a little speech which his wife concluded with a solemn hymn. At the gates of the eternal yard, the undertaker awaited. The local hearse driver pulled



Local law dogs stage a surprise raid on a Bodie "ice cream parlor in a futile attempt to seize hooch.

up with a rather sprightly casket complete with thirsty pop-up inhabitant that refused to die.

The tour of the cemetery provided further enlightenment to the old mining town's past, as the good or bad souls as the case may be, stood before



A "widders" grief. Perhaps the Clamper boys can cheer her up.

their immortal tombstones and told their tales. At the grave of one Annie Fouke, not only stood the spirit of Annie herself, but her currently living descendant. A few grieving patrons were scattered here and there, where spirits refused to rise, and a group of children played games oblivious to their deathly state.

Amidst the ethereal apparitions on this August night in Bodie's Boot hill, two overalled men skirted through the sagebrush. At select metal headstones, they screwed off the plates and stored bottles of evil spirits for future use, perhaps at the Bodie Ice Cream Parlor, where the Feds would be none the wiser.

Life in the cemetery died down with the final setting of the sun. The more fortunate Friends of Bodie who made it out of the old bone yard alive were bid a final farewell, by the lonely soul of Rosa May, who was denied to lay to rest amongst the heavenly society because of her earthly profession as a prostitute. The following weekend, Rosa would be seen as a park ranger working in the Bodie museum selling books about her life and the lives of those who shunned her.

Bodie State Historic park

For more about Bodie and the Friends of Bodie:

www.bodie.com
www.friendsofbodie.org

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