

"I REMEMBER..."

by
Robert E. Ames

"I REMEMBER . . ."

Fond Memories of Robert E. Ames

*Dedicated to my dear wife
Frances L. Ames (Mimi) who
passed away November 17, 1968.
May God rest her soul.*

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TIMES I WILL NEVER FORGET

For a number of years, I have been asked to put in writing the stories of my young life.

My father was a brick and stone mason. He was an expert and very fast. He was always paid one dollar per day more than other brick layers.

Father would work at his trade for a few months. He would then lay in a supply of provisions for my mother, sisters and brother, then he would go prospecting. All our friends and neighbors would say when Dad went prospecting and left the family for a few weeks, "That Earl Ames has gone on another wild goose chase."

In about the year of 1900, he and a man named Biglow went prospecting north of San Gabriel in the Baldy Mountain area. They found a good gold-bearing ledge of quartz, that assayed about \$8.00 per ton. It was base ore. This type of ore takes cyanide process to extract the gold and silver from low grade ore.

He sold his one-half interest the next year to a banker in Pasadena whose name was E. L. Wayland. I still have some papers regarding the Native Son Mining Deal. They paid my Father \$12,500.00 for his half interest, plus \$500.00 to stay on one month and get the mill located and the tunnels started. In all, he received \$13,000.00 The wild goose finally laid the Golden Egg.

Mr. Biglow was offered \$25,000.00 the next year for his half interest, but would not sell.

The mine was doing well, until a few years later, the City of Los Angeles purchased all the water rights in the San Gabriel Canyon. They purchased water rights in all the mountain areas to be developed, and to be used in the growing city of Los Angeles and surrounding suburbs.

The large cyanide tanks located near the stamp mill leaked at times, and the water saturated with cyanide entered the stream in the upper San Gabriel river, killing the fish for several miles below the mill.

The mining operation had to discontinue as water was more valuable than gold, so the whole operation stopped. The mill was moved out and the old foundations and tunnels are still there. If they could ever find a new process to mill this ore, a fortune could be made, as millions of tons of ore are still there.

TRUE STORY OF EARLY SAN BERNARDINO

After my father received the money from the Native Son Mining Company, he made several investments. One of these was the purchase of about six acres at Base Line and 'H' Street. He owned the whole block from 'G' St. to 'H' St., Base Line to 13th St., except the Riley School property at Base Line and 'G' St.

The school at that time had six grades and we children went to this school until we were promoted to higher grades. My older sisters went to the 'F' St. school and I went to Central school, located on the corner of Waterman Avenue and Base Line, the northwest corner. It was a two-story red brick building and had eight grades. The teachers I well remember were Miss Crow and Miss Livingood.

I rode a burro to school from our home at 784 Base Line to Central school.

I was hurt by this burro. I was late getting started to school one morning. I put on the saddle and my spurs (I still have one of my spurs) and spurred him and he started bucking and stepped in a steel barrel hoop that we kids were rolling in the yard the night before. He went down and I fell under him.

When he got up off me, my left knee hurt. I went on to school and in a few days I went onto crutches. Those days we had very few doctors and our doctor said I had muscular rheumatism, as I was growing too fast. If we had X-rays in those days, it would have shown up that my left hip was out of place.

I was on crutches about two years. My mother took me to a Chinese doctor in Los Angeles. He made a drawing of the hip joint and told us it had been out too long and nature was repairing the damage. My left leg is about one inch shorter than the right leg. In two weeks after taking Chinese herb tea and other herbs I did not need the crutches any more.

I could not ride in the saddle anymore as it hurt my knee. My folks bought me a cart and I drove the burro to school. This burro weighed seven to eight hundred pounds and was a fast animal, and was called a Mexican Maltise jack.

This is a true story and told to me by my father and other men who were at the hanging. This happened when my father was a boy. His name was Earl L. Ames and was born in San Bernardino in 1857.

On the southwest corner of 'B' St., now Mountain View Ave. and 4th St., there was a flour mill driven by a large water wheel, set in a mill race and turned by a good stream of water from Town Creek. This mill was owned and operated by a man named Suman and was known as Suman's Mill. This mill ground corn, wheat and other grains raised in our valley.

I was born in the year of 1894. In about the year of 1900 to 1903, many of us boys fished in the mill pond near the water wheel. We also caught water turtles and took them to Chinatown and sold them to Wong Nim, who was the so-called King of Chinatown at that time. Wong Nim would pay us ten cents for each turtle we took to him. Chinatown was quite a place and was on east Third St., where the county buildings are now located.

When my father was a boy, on this corner of 'B' St., Mt. View and 4th St., there was a large cottonwood tree with large, spreading limbs. One of these limbs was used by the local lawmen and was known as the Hangman's Tree. All hangings were done at this tree. In those days, the hangman would throw a rope over the limb, and several men would pull the man up and leave him until he was dead.

There were several Indian tribes in our valley and mountains at this time. There was very little law during these early days, and many bad white men and Indians.

Many times, when our lawmen would capture a bad Indian, the Chief would capture a bad white man and make a trade with the sheriff, one bad Indian for one bad white man.

This story is about a bad Indian. This Indian had murdered a man, his wife and two children. He burned their cabin, and their barn and ran off their stock. This happened in the Etiwanda area. He was captured by our lawmen and sentenced to hang.

On the day of the hanging, the Indian Chief came into town and tried to make a trade with the sheriff for a bad white man they had caught. No trade was made, as the Indian's crime was too great and he had to be hung. There was a large crowd there, both Indians and white people.

The Indian Chief asked the sheriff if he could have the Indian's body after his death and the sheriff said he could.

As the bad Indian was placed under the cottonwood tree limb, he was asked if he wanted anything and he said a cigarette. One of the hangmen rolled him a cigarette and lit it for him. He was then asked if he had anything to say. He grunted a few times, and said, "I die like I live — a son of a bitch."

When he was pulled up ten or fifteen feet his tongue stuck out and the cigarette stuck to the end of his tongue.

When he was dead they let him down and the Indians brought in a wild mustang. They threw the horse, and lashed the dead Indian to the horse. They cut the horse loose, he bucked and screamed, but could not rid himself of the Indian's body. He then headed out of town for the hills, and was never seen again.

FOND MEMORIES OF EARLY 1900

On the northeast corner of Fifth St. and Sierra Way, then called 'A' St., my father rented ten acres, with an adobe house in good condition. There was also a small adobe room near the house, where we kept milk, vegetables, potatoes and other produce.

My mother and I would do the milking. She and my sisters would strain the milk and put it in milk pans. After a couple of days it would sour. She would skim off the cream and churn it into butter. I still have the churn with the wooden top and dasher. Mother would mold the butter in a hinged butter mold and sell some of it to the neighbors who had no cows. I still have the butter mold.

The acreage we used for pasture as we had a few cows, hogs and took horses and other stock for pasture at one dollar per month. The east side of the property was a slue, or swamp. In this swamp were a number of small pools and it was covered with willow trees which made a small forest.

We fished for carp, chubs, bass and turtles. The swamp extended up to 7th St. and this end was known as Garner's Swamp. Just north of 7th St., east of the cemetery was also a swamp, and was owned by the Beam family, who also had hogs and stock.

One day, a local wood yard operator from town came to see my father about willow wood. They looked over the willow trees in the swamp. The woodyard operator told my father he wanted one hundred cords of this willow wood. He would pay two dollars per cord, cut up in stove lengths and stacked in the field next to the swamp.

My father got in touch with our landlord and he said okay, and wanted one dollar per cord for himself. My father got in touch with Wong Nim. A few days later Wong Nim and another well-dressed Chinaman came and looked over the swamp willows. The Chinaman with Wong Nim asked my father what he would pay per cord cut in stove lengths and stacked at the side of the swamp in our field. Father told him he would pay one dollar per cord. The Chinaman said to my father, "One hundred cords. One hundred dollars. I take him."

In a few days, about twenty or thirty Chinamen showed up with axes. They all had their pigtailed on top of their heads and wore only a britch clout on their bodies tied with a string.

The cutters would start at the edge of the swamp and they would pass trees and limbs to each other forming an endless chain to the cutters in the swamp. In a matter of a few days they had the 100 cords

stacked and they were gone. All the debris was stacked and burned during the time the wood was cut and stacked in neat cords. These workers were strong and tough. They had a small container of rice and soup for lunch. They worked from sunup to sundown, with only a few minutes for lunch.

Another thing that happened when we lived there, was the first motorized fire truck. Purchased by the City, it caused a lot of interest in the city. The two large horses that pulled the fire wagon were brought to our pasture. The first time the fire bell rang, it was heard by these two horses. They started up through the pasture side by side, and jumped the barbwire fence and went up Fifth St. side by side at a dead run. We watched them go and it was a beautiful sight. My father stood with tears in his eyes. The horses had to be moved to a new pasture further out in the country so they could not hear the fire bell ring.

Most of this area is now covered with a beautiful park and lake named Seccombe Lake, in memory of Ormond Seccombe. A life-long friend starting when we were kids from the old swimming hole, Ormond was a blacksmith apprentice with the Allan and Son Iron Works in 1911. He got me a job with the Allans as an apprentice blacksmith. I worked for them about five years, learning to be a blacksmith, welder and machinist.

OLD CHARLEY

In 1904, the city of San Bernardino was a tough and rugged town. My father, Earl Lyons Ames, was a brick layer and built many of the fireplaces and laid brick on many of the brick buildings being built in our town at that time. I do not remember the year the Sunset Hotel was built, but he laid brick for this building.

I drove the horse on the elevator on this building, which was a crude affair. The hod carrier would walk to the elevator, whistle to me and the horse. Up he would go, deposit his load of brick or mortar to the board for the brick layer, then whistle, and the horse and I would turn and down would come the elevator with the hod carrier. Up and down would go the elevator for ten hours each day.

This horse was named "Charley" and he was a dirty looking bay with bowed rear legs. At home, a good-sized hog could walk through his rear legs and not touch him. He was some animal. All the youngsters in our neighborhood would ride him around the field. Charley was very smart.

When working on the Sunset Hotel building, located at the corner of 3rd and 'F' Sts., I became ill with a cold and could not work. "Old Charley" took over my job at once. All the hod carrier had to do was whistle and Charley would go up and down with the elevator, without me on anyone driving him.

At that time, a brick layer received five to six dollars for the day's work. The hod carriers and most of the laborers were Indians, big, strong fellows and willing to work at most any jobs they could handle. They very seldom would show up for work Monday, as they were getting over the big drunk of Saturday and Sunday nights. Otherwise, they were very good workers and dependable.

THE HOT CREEKERS

During the early years in our valley, when I was a boy, people living east of Waterman Avenue were called Hot Creekers. Meadowbrook was a good-sized stream of water, and was known as Warm Creek.

Many ranches were in the area east of Waterman Avenue; dairy cattle and hogs were raised. Every morning you could see the garbage wagons coming and going from town back to the hog ranches.

Just east of Waterman Avenue from about Third St. to Sixth St. was a large vegetable garden farmed by a Chinaman. These men were tall and all had a so-called pigtail, hanging to their waists or rolled on top of their heads. They were hard working men, and worked many hours a day. They raised all kinds of vegetables, melons, and corn.

During the melon season, we boys would go upstream from Third St. and Waterman Ave., starting from a small dam and water control known to everyone as the Flood Box. We would go to the Chinaman's garden unseen as the stream was covered on both sides by a heavy growth of willow trees. We would crawl to the melon patch and stretch out in tandem, so each boy could roll a melon to the next boy and finally the melon would end up in Warm Creek. Sometimes as many as twelve to eighteen boys would be stretched out on their bellies rolling melons to the creek.

When we had a half-dozen or more in the creek we would retreat backwards and then float the melons to our swimming hole near the Flood Box. We would then have a melon feed and a watermelon rind fight in the pool. In those days we wore nature's swim suits. Several times the "Chinks" would discover us and we would clear out of the garden patch pronto, but we were never caught.

The Chinamen would operate vegetable wagons all over our town and sell their produce. Every day after school we would see the Chinamen going back to the gardens driving one horse hitched to a good-sized covered wagon. Generally he had sold all his produce. He would be sleeping, sitting there holding the reins, and the horse would take him back to the gardens.

Wong Nim was the King of Chinatown. Many buildings were on each side of Third St. from Arrowhead Ave., then called 'C' St., to about Sierra Way, then called 'A' St.

THE STORY OF TIPP CLENON

Around the year 1906 in our town, there were many small ranches. In our valley, mountains and desert there were large cattle and horse ranches.

My parents owned a small ranch about six acres, in the northwest part of town. We had a few cows and hogs. We raised corn, hay and garden vegetables, chickens and turkeys.

Near our place was a large ranch home, barns and corrals. This place was used by the family who owned large cattle ranches in the mountains and desert. They had quarters for the cowboys and ranch hands when in town after the roundup.

One of the cowboys who was very popular with everyone took a liking to me. He taught me how to throw a rope, saddle a horse, and ride the gentler horses. Their corral always had a few horses and mules in it.

This cowboy was named Tipp Clenon. About twice each month, the supply wagon, pulled by two or four mules, would come in from the ranches for supplies. Tipp would always ride a fine cow horse either in front or rear of the wagon.

Tipp married a fine looking girl and they had two children, a boy and a girl. Several years passed. During roundups Tipp would be gone for several weeks at a time.

Gossip got around about Tipp's wife and another man. Tipp caught this man at his home, and a terrible fight took place. Tipp thought he had killed the man. He mounted his horse, rode out, and hid in the Lytle Creek wash for several days. In the meantime, the sheriff's department was looking for Tipp.

A sheriff deputy would check the corrals twice a day for Tipp's horse. The third day, the horse was in the corral, as Tipp had come in around midnight. The deputy went to the house and could raise no one, and the doors were locked tight.

He went to his office to get a search warrant, so he could get into the house to arrest Tipp. He knew Tipp was there. I was watching, and when the deputy left I went over and tossed a rock at the rear of the house. Tipp looked out of the second floor window and saw me. I told him to get to the barn and crawl through the hay, which was growing at that time, and was about two or three feet tall. I told him to get into

our barn, which was about four hundred feet from their barn and corrals, before the deputy returned with his search warrant. Tipp lost no time getting into our barn. He told us his story and said if the man died, he would give himself up. The man was in the hospital three or four weeks and finally recovered.

When Tipp told us his story, he and I moved many bales of hay in our barn and made a small room for him to hide in. He would stay in this room all day, he would come out at night to exercise. I always had plenty of food for him. He did not shave and soon had a lot of whiskers. As time passed, his employer and the sheriff, who were good friends kept in touch with one another.

After about three months, his employer got in touch with friends and sent word for Tipp to make his way to one of the mountain ranches, where he could hide out and his employer could look after him or get him out of the country.

We dressed Tipp in old clothes, gave him blankets and food. He left our barn one night at midnight. He would travel at night and hide out in the daytime. It took him three weeks to get to the ranch, which was about forty miles from our home.

After he arrived at his hideout ranch, he was well fed. He hid out in the various canyons near the ranch. He would hide during the day, and at night he would hide at the ranch. Very few people knew he was hiding out, most everyone thought he had left the country.

His wife divorced him and in time, married the man of her desires.

One day Tipp was hiding out in a small canyon near the ranch. This canyon had a small stream of water running through it, a pool about twenty feet in diameter. This pool was about one hundred feet from his hiding place. Shortly, two trail workers arrived and were using the pool to bathe in and wash their clothes. A large black diamond rattlesnake crawled up on Tipp. He pulled his 44 pistol and shot the snake to save his own life. The shot was heard by the two trail workers who investigated the source and found Tipp.

He pulled his 44 pistol and leveled it on them. He told them if they reported him, he or his friends would kill them. He scared the hell out of them, and they never reported him to the sheriff.

A few months passed by and the man whom Tipp had beaten half to death contacted the sheriff. He told him that if he could contact Tipp, he would drop all charges if Tipp agreed to pay the hospital and doctor bills. Tipp agreed to this arrangement and his employer paid all the bills, and Tipp was a free man.

A few weeks after this happened the supply wagon arrived at the ranch next to ours. Who was riding the horse in front of the mules? — Tipp. He had long black whiskers and looked like an old man of the mountains. He was a changed man, and looked twenty years older than when he left. He walked with a slight stoop in his shoulders.

He worked a few months and finally left the area and I did not see him again. This happened about sixty years ago in our town.

The name is fictitious, but the facts are true. We had a rough and ready town in those days.

THE WAY ONE MAN HANDLED A CROOK

After my father received his \$13,000.00 from the sale of the Native Son Mine in upper San Gabriel, he bought the six acres and home at 784 Base Line for about \$4,000 in the year 1904. He made other investments – some turned out good and others were bad.

I was about ten years old when this happened. He had invested \$1600 in a local Home Gas Company stock, as many local businessmen did, to start the company. It did well, although none of the investors received any dividends at all. The man at the head of the company would take up all the profits for himself. He sold the Gas Company and none of the stockholders received a penny for their stock. This man had a fine office and job, with the new owners of the Gas Company.

After a few months passed, my father investigated the dealings of this man and became convinced he was a crook.

My father went to town most every day on his bicycle. One morning my mother kept me home from school and said she was very worried as to what dad was going to do about the money he had invested in the Gas Company, and what he would do to the man who was a crook. That morning my dad had taken his 38 Smith and Wesson Police Special Six-Shooter with him when he went to town, as my mother said it was missing from under his pillow in his bed.

Mother and us kids were all in the dining room sitting at the table; she was crying, as she was sure that dad was going to kill this crook. About eleven o'clock, my dad came up to the house on his bicycle with a big smile on his face and placed sixteen \$100 bills on the table in front of my mother. He told her that he had collected the \$1600 from the crook and given him the Gas Company stock he had purchased a few years before.

After a few years, dad told me the story of how he had collected. He went to town early that morning with the thought in his mind to either collect from this man or kill him. He watched from across the street and saw him go into his office. In a few minutes, he went up to the office and asked the girl in front to see this man. She told my dad he was not in and was out of town. My dad went past her and stepped

into his office and locked the door behind him. The man was sitting behind his desk and was very much surprised to see my dad. Dad has his six-shooter pointed at his heart. My dad placed the Gas Company stock in front of him on the desk and told him to get the cash or he would kill him. The man turned white and told dad he would give him a check. Dad told him no checks, only cash. The man, knowing my dad meant what he said, turned to his safe and got the \$1600 out in \$100 bills and gave it to my dad. Dad told him if he made any trouble for him he would look him up and kill him.

My dad was of the old school – if he owed anybody a penny, he would look them up and pay them. Also, if anyone owed my dad money, he would look them up and collect – one way or another.

THE MINES AT BANKS' GULCH

My father, Earl L. Ames, was born in San Bernardino on February of 1857. When he was about fifteen years old, a big Placer Gold Strike was made on Baldy Mountain. It was discovered by a man named Banks. The mines were located near the east side near the top of Old Baldy. The main gravel banks were on the south of the ridge.

There was a great rush of prospectors and miners to the area. Labor was hard to get, so my dad and his older brothers went to work for Mr. Banks. My father, being the youngest worker in the camp, was put to work with a millwright. The first job was to dig a deep hole to sink a timber to be used as a so-called "deadman." This was to hold a cable to be stretched across a small canyon to help hold a sluice box. When the hole they were digging was about five or six feet deep, the millwright brought up a shovel full of rocks and sand.

In this shovel he discovered a two-pound gold nugget. The excitement was very great. The whole camp went to work on this site and dug the whole side of the canyon out, but no more large nuggets were found. This two-pound nugget was the largest ever to be found in all the diggings in the area.

The mining company built many large cabins and developed water for a hydraulic operation. They soon worked out the area.

On many trips to the Banks' Gulch area in my youth with my father, he would show me the spot where the nugget was found. We stayed in one of the cabins left after the gold rush, which was still in liveable condition.

To get to this area, we would drive up the north fork of Lytle Creek as far as possible. We would leave the wagon and pack our gear on the mules, then up the trail which was an old road built by the mining company many years before. It was very steep, but they freighted on this road during the gold rush.

On one of my trips to the Banks' Gulch cabin, the government was building a fire trail, and had about twenty-five Indians working. One Sunday, several Indians from the government camp came to our camp. They asked my dad if he knew of any bee trees or caves. He took them down the trail about one mile. On the side of the canyon, about sixty feet up from the stream, stood a large dead pine tree. The tree was heavy with pitch and the body of the tree was hollow, with a hole about five feet up from the ground about three inches in diameter. It was the entrance for a very large hive of wild mountain bees, going in and out.

One Indian went to the tree and looked in the hole. He shouted to us that it was full of comb and honey. He was excited and came down to us. He took an old barley sack and an axe and went back up to the tree. He lit the sack and when ready, put out the flame and started the smoke. He put the smoldering sack at the bottom of the tree on a large rock.

He started to chop the hole larger and in about five minutes, the bees by the hundreds swarmed all over him. They stung him through his shirt and pants. He came down on the run and rolled in the stream. In a few minutes the bees left him and we left in a hurry.

The Indian groaned and hollered and said "I think I die." One of the other Indians broke off some lime rock, ground it to a powder, wet it and smeared it over his body. He swelled up and his arms and legs were really covered with stings. The other Indians helped him up the trail and picked out the stingers.

Then the sack he had used as a smoke screen started to blaze. My father covered my arms and legs with canvas and sacks. I went up to the tree with a shovel and put out the fire. It could have started a forest fire and done a lot of damage. I did not get stung, but I was sure scared. This ended the Indians' search for honey.

Another time, a friend of mine about my age took a trip to the area, as my father and several other men were there dry washing. They were making about eight dollars a day, working their dry washers on the gravel beds.

We packed in and brought them several watermelons. We stayed in one of the cabins. As all the bunks were in use, we made our beds outside the cabin.

As we were going hunting the next day, I cleaned my rifle and went outside to go to bed. My friend then started to clean his rifle. It went off, and the bullet went through the cabin wall and drove splinters into my scalp. I let out a yell, as I thought I had been shot. They all ran out and brought me inside to the light. My dad picked out the splinters, and put vasoline on the spots that were bleeding. We did not go hunting, as my Dad would not let my friend go with me since he did not know how to handle a fire arm.

We did target shooting only, and came back to town after a few days. These were the great days of my young life.

TRIPS TO COW AND CATTLE CANYON

My father discovered a large, low-grade gold ledge in the cow and cattle canyon area. To get to this area we would drive to Upland, go up San Antonio Canyon a long way — all uphill and in places, very steep. After we passed a place called "A Hogsback" we would leave the wagon, and put the packs on the mules.

We would walk up a fairly good trail all day to get to our camp in Cow Canyon. You will find these canyons on the maps of this area. On arrival at our camp, we would pitch our tent and make a fire in a rock fireplace Dad had built. A nice spring ran within about twenty feet from our camp. There was lots of green feed close by for the mules. We always had a large pot of beans on the fire.

One day, an Englishman showed up leading a small jackass with an enormous pack on his back. It seemed larger than the animal itself. He asked to camp with us for a few days, as he was prospecting for gold. He told us he was just over from England, a fortune teller had told him to go prospecting, as he would make a gold strike and would become a millionaire.

The first night we heard a mountain lion scream and it scared the hell out of him. He moved his bed as near to us as possible and never slept the rest of the night. In a few days he asked my dad if he knew of any bee trees or caves nearby. Dad showed him a bee cave about a mile from our camp. The next morning we all went to the cave. The Englishman took an old barley sack and started a smudge. He opened the small opening in the side of the cave. The smoke did the job. During the time, the bees swarmed all over the place but did not sting him.

We were behind a large pine tree about one hundred feet away from the cave. One bee found my dad where we were hiding and stung him. He sure hated bees. We had two or three quarts of honey in the comb and it was sure good.

This man stayed with us several days, and helped us in our tunnel, which was about thirty feet long. One day dad made a large pancake and told me to flop it over when ready, as he went to our tunnel. He wanted to show the Englishman a vein of quartz he had discovered in the end of our tunnel. The pancake was ready to flop over, and I took hold of the handle of the frying pan and tried to flop it over. It landed in the bean pot. I hollered to dad and he said leave it alone, and we had mountain dumplings for supper, bean style.

The Englishman stayed very close to us at night as he was afraid of mountain lions and most any other wildlife.

When he left, he asked my dad the shortest way out. He left very early in the morning, as he wanted none of our mountains and he quit prospecting.

This area contained many black diamond rattlers, and we killed lots of them. I would stretch the skins and salt them on a board, and use the cured skins for hat bands and belt coverings. About ten miles from our camp was an outpost called Webber's Camp, where we could get food and grain for our mules.

On one of these trips, which took two days, I shot a large rattler under a large flat rock, near the bend in the trail. It got away under the rock. When we came back the next day, the snake was on top of the rock. It was still alive although it had a large hole in it. I killed it and at the bottom of the rock in some dry grass were several baby rattlers about four or five inches long. They were coiled and ready to strike. They were cute little snakes, but I killed all of them. I think they came out of the hole in the large rattler I had shot the day before and just killed.

This area was rather wild in those days as we could hear mountain lions scream at night and see their tracks on the trail most every day. We also found deer bones and several times got fresh-killed deer, mostly fawns.

Dad finally sold the property and went on prospecting in other places. I spent many summers with him and learned many things. I got to be an expert on flapjacks and mulligan stew.

THE DESERT KING MINE

My father prospected and dealt in mines and mining property after he sold his interest in the Native Son mining company for \$13,000.00.

During the next few years, he discovered a number of quartz and placer mines. The best one he named "The Desert King Mine." This mine was located about three miles east of the Emerson mine in the Coffin Mountains about twenty-five miles south of the railroad station called Lavic. This station is on the Barstow - Needles AT & SFRR about 68 miles easterly from Victorville by way of Old Woman Springs.

The Emerson Mine is shown on the High Joshua Desert Map. Copies available from Colonel E. B. Moore, P.O. Box 100, Easterly Drive, Joshua Tree, California.

Also on the map of the Emerson mine, you will find Ames Well. The story of Ames Well is as follows.

This area was covered by many acres of desert vegetation, which was bunch grass, Guyetti, greasewood, and mesquite. At times, after a desert storm, this part of the desert would be covered with wildflowers and birds by the hundreds. No cattle had ever been in this area, and some of the bunch grass was three feet high or more.

My father told the cattlemen in Lucerne Valley about this desert feed. Junie Gobar came out from Box S Ranch to pick a sight for a well. My dad showed him a spot to drill. He told him he would get water at fifty feet. Junie drilled the well and got a good flow at fifty-one feet. He set up a windmill and dug a small reservoir for watering the cattle.

In about two weeks they brought in about two hundred head. I will never forget the bullfight that took place between two hornless bulls. They would lift one another off the ground and bellow so loud you could hear them for a mile. No blood was shed, as they had no horns, but it was some fight, and it lasted over an hour. The cattlemen used this area for a winter range and we got our water from this well.

Before the well was put in, we hauled our water three or four miles from the Emerson mine. This mine was closed down but had a good well, and a good hand pump. I would go twice each week and haul twelve five-gallon cans of water to our camp.

There were many jackrabbits, cottontails, and quail in this area. I killed a number of cottontails for our table. Dad made mulligan stew quite often. I would kill sidewinders and had several skins stretched, salted and dried. We also had many chipmunks and a large chucha walla lived on top of the stone cabin dad built. It was a one-room cabin with two bunks, a table, a wood stove, and wood boxes for our shelves.

After the cattlemen had dug the well, many coyotes came to the area at night, and we would have a desert serenade.

One morning when hauling water from Ames well, I shot a lynx cat. I had a fine skin which we hung in the cabin after it dried. You will find Ames well on the map.

When the Emerson mine shut down, the owner told my dad that if he ran short of dynamite to go down to the main shaft at a certain level. The shaft had a good ladder down several hundred feet. He had left several twenty-five pound boxes of dynamite at the level, which had a tunnel off the main shaft.

We ran short of dynamite so we drove over to the mine. My father went down the ladder to the level he was told to go to. He had no flashlight, so used matches and candle, with some light from the top of the shaft to help him find the tunnel. When he got there, he hollered to me that he was going in. In about two minutes I heard a muffled sound coming up the shaft and a small black cloud of bats came up to the top and spread out all over the place. My dad hollered to me that he was okay and he came up the ladder with a box of dynamite on his shoulders.

When we arrived back at our cabin, Dad opened the box very carefully. The sticks of dynamite were covered with crystals. He used it and it was okay. In preparing the dynamite for the hole, he would cut the sticks in small pieces and drop it in the hole. He would press it down with a wooden broom stick. He usually used two sticks of dynamite to each hole. When he put in one stick, he would then put a dynamite cap on the end of a fuse, which was about ¼ inch in diameter. He would lower it in the hole and gently put in the other stick. He would then fill the rest of the hole with powdered rock from our drillings.

If he had more than one hole to shoot, he would cut the fuse in different lengths so they would not go off at the same time. This also gave him plenty of time to get to safety before they went off.

The ledge of gold bearing ore was called Silvernite and averaged \$1,600.00 per ton. When he would come home he would always bring in several hundred pounds of the high grade ore. He would ship it to the mill, and would always get a check back in a few weeks for several

hundred dollars. Gold at that time was worth twenty dollars an ounce.

We had a shaft about thirty feet deep. The vein of ore was small and was less valuable the deeper we dug. It was in a granite and porphary formation and very hard. I would crank the windless and bring up the rock; father would sort out the high grade ore, sack it and bring it in on his return home. The shaft was about one hundred yards from our cabin between two small peaks.

I will never forget the day of my fifteenth birthday. This was September 21, 1909. The day before my birthday, Dad and I drilled four holes in the bottom of the shaft. We put in the dynamite caps, fuse ready to light. Dad told me he would shoot them on my birthday.

The next morning I hitched up the mules to go to the Emerson mine for water. When I arrived at the well, there were two young men from Rialto there, with their wagon and two large mules. They were camping and prospecting. They were very nice young men, and helped me pump the water and fill my twelve five-gallon cans.

They told me they would come to our camp and visit us. We had not seen anyone for three weeks, and we sure enjoyed their company. They arrived at our camp about noon and had beans and mulligan stew with us. After lunch we had a good chat, Dad knew their fathers as they had large citrus groves in Rialto.

In the middle of the afternoon, my Dad told me to stay with the men and he would go up and shoot the four holes in the shaft. I had a feeling I should go with him. I watched him go up the trail, as soon as he was out of sight, I could wait no longer. I ran up the trail to be with him.

When I got to the shaft, I hollered to him that I was there. He told me to steady the ladder, as we had dug the shaft about six feet below the bottom of the ladder. We had the ladder roped to the windless base. The ladder was a crude affair made with old timbers and cross rounds, it was very heavy.

I heard him light numbers one, two, three and four fuses. He shouted to me that he was coming up. I grabbed the top round of the ladder with one hand and put the other over the windless base.

The rope parted when Dad swung up from the bottom of the shaft. He felt it give, and shouted "Hold it, kid!" I held with all my strength, holding the ladder and my dad with one hand. He made it to the top and we ran about fifteen feet to a small tunnel we had for that purpose of getting into when shooting in the shaft. As the blast went off, the ladder was blown up in pieces and went high into the air completely demolished. My father put his arm around me, and said "The Lord was with us today, son." I possibly had saved his life.

Many things happened at the mine. One thing we had a small tent we set up near the cabin for storage. At night I would open both ends and put a candle near the center. I had a board three-feet long and three or four inches wide. I would stand near one end of the tent at night and bats would fly through the tent. I would swing at them and once in a while, as they would fly through, I would hit one. I did not hit many, as they flew fast — "like a bat out of hell" — but it was great sport.

Nearly every morning I would take a long walk with a long stick and hunt sidewinders. Many times when we got up in the mornings, we would always shake out our shoes and out would come a scorpion or other bugs.

As the time went by, I made many trips with my father to this mine and other places on the desert and the mountains.

OLD TOM WASHINGTON

Near the mouth of Lytle Creek Canyon are large deposits of placer gravel on the south side. When I was a boy there was an old colored man with snow white hair who worked this gravel deposit.

My dad and I camped with him many times when we went to my uncle's place and Bank's Gulch. This old Negro was a fine man and lived in a small cabin near where he mined for placer gold. He had many small tunnels cut in the gravel bank. These tunnels were what we called cayote holes. They were only about three feet in diameter. He would crawl in these holes on his hands and knees and pull out the sand on a small sled affair with a wire handle and back out with the load. When he got about a square yard of sand and rocks out of the tunnel he would screen it and take the screenings to the creek and wash it out in a large gold pan. He told us he made about two or three dollars per day and was very happy. He told us of the slavery days as he was a slave when he was a young man. As the years passed, he also passed away.

On a recent trip to Lytle Creek, I looked at the spot and there is still a few traces left where Tom Washington worked.

FIRST BLOOD FOR THE WHISKEY

This story was told to me by my father and other old timers when I was a youngster. The time was about 1877 to 1880.

Many bare knuckle fights, as well as fights with boxing gloves, were held in the rear of the numerous saloons in our town. Most fights were fought for first blood, for whiskey for all present. The fighters were about half drunk at the time. They would square off and come together fighting, and the first man who shed blood would buy the drinks for the crowd.

One day an ex-prize fighter came to town and that evening started on the rounds of the saloons. When he had visited four bars and fought four fights for the whiskey and won all four, he was getting drunker all the time and was talking very loud and boasting of his many fights in the prize ring. He, while doing this, made a mistake in challenging a group of local natives.

There were four young men in the saloon, enjoying a few beers, and one of these young men was my father, who had never been whipped.

Dad, at that time, was very agile and good with his fists. The prize fighter called him to fight for the whiskey drinks. After an exchange of harsh words, my dad took him on, and they put on the boxing gloves. After they squared off, the prize fighter rolled himself a bull Durham cigarette and lit it. My dad made a long jump and hit the man in the face, knocking the cigarette all over his face. The blood gushed from his nose and mouth. It was several minutes before this man came to. When he had been cleaned up and had recovered, he shook hands with my father and bought the drinks for the crowd.

The next day a woman's body was found about two miles south of San Bernardino. She had been a beautiful woman and had been beaten to death. The sheriff made the investigation and found that she was the prize fighter's woman.

He was arrested and convicted of murder. He made a confession of guilt and was hanged in front of the old jail and court house on a permanent scaffold. I was told that the sheriff kept this for many years and many men were hanged on it. We had a tough town in those days.

BURIED TREASURE

About the year of 1900 the property near my old home at 784 Base Line, San Bernardino, California, was owned by some people whose name was Ables. The property consisted of about six acres and had a seven room good house on it along with a large barn, a chicken and hog pen, a small fruit orchard, and a garden spot. It also had a six inch pipe artesian well which had a small flow of water.

The Ables owned other property in the area and both were elderly and each wanted to handle the business end of their holdings. They sold a piece of their property and received about \$2,000.00 all in gold pieces. They kept the gold for some time at home and fought over it many times. Mr. Able insisted on handling the money as he was afraid she would take it. One evening, after dark, he took the gold and a shovel. He was gone from the house about two hours. When he returned he had the shovel and no gold. He would not tell his wife where he had buried the can with the gold. A few days later he died very suddenly without telling anyone about where the gold was or how deep he had buried it. Many friends dug for the gold and it was never found.

When I was ten or twelve years old, a group of my boy friends and I dug a well shaft in the northwest corner of the property which is now 'H' Street and 13th Street. We dug it about forty feet deep and about 4'6" square, using a windless and a small ore bucket. It was a big project for us kids who were supervised by my father. We hit water at forty feet so had to quit digging.

As the years passed, we used this well for dumping debris, old iron, etc., until it was filled up to about four feet of the surface. We then filled it up with dirt.

About 25 years ago, the electric gold finders were being used, and a man by the name of Fred Dewar made a gold finder. Being a friend and knowing about the gold being buried on the property, he asked me to let him try out his machine on the property. Fred went over every foot with his gadget, and it worked at the old well location. I told him about the old iron, etc., but he claimed his machine would only work on gold. He was very much excited and asked me how we would split the gold. I told him we would split 50-50, and he went to work digging. About five feet down, he found an old wagon spring and other pieces of iron. He was disappointed, as he thought his machine would only detect gold.

This gold has never been found, as far as I know and perhaps never will be. The school system is now building the new Riley school, and who knows, they may find it during some of their excavations.

OLD SOX, THE PIT BULLDOG

When I was a boy, a cousin of mine whose name was Bert Mee, a native son of San Bernardino, California, raised a bulldog and named him Sox, as he was spotted on his legs and other parts of his body. Bert had his ears trimmed when he was a puppy, and in those days, dogfights were held each Saturday night.

Most always, one of the fighting dogs was killed, and many of hundreds of dollars were bet. The fights would attract many gamblers and sportsmen. The fights would be held in the rear of one of the many saloons which our town had at the time.

One evening, a prizefighter came to town with a real fighting bulldog and offered to have his dog fight and kill any dog in town with a bet of \$100.00 or more. Sox was a real fighter and had killed all of his opponents or won every fight he had been in.

This prizefighter sent word to Bert and his friends raised the \$100.00, and the battle was on. The dogs were well matched as to weight and strength. There was over \$1,000.00 bet on Sox. The dogs fought for over an hour, and Sox got the other dog by the throat and killed him. All bets were paid and Bert had to carry Sox home as one of his front legs was broken at the first joint.

Sox got well in about one month and was as good as ever. Sox was a very kind dog with us kids but was a killer in the fighting ring. We would take him swimming with us. He would go in the water with us and seemed to enjoy the swim as well as we did. He would jump off the spring board the same as we did. We had to have him on a leash as he would run any dog or cat he could find.

One day four or five of us boys were teasing a Chinese vegetable peddler on his wagon when the Chink jumped off the wagon with a corn knife in his hand and started for us. We ran home, and Sox was loose on the front yard.

Sox made for the Chink and the Chink beat all records for getting back and onto his wagon with Sox at his back. The funny part about the run back to the wagon was the Chinaman's pigtail which was straight out in the back as he was sure breaking the speed limit. Sox won many fights before he got old and crippled. Bert used him as stud for a number of years.

A PROSPECTOR'S FIGHT

My father was a prospector for most all the years of his life. He worked in placer mining mostly and some quartz mining. There are many places on our mountains and desert areas where he would dry wash as well as wash out on the streams. He would make about \$5.00 per day, and he loved it.

He went on a trip with another man and found placer gold about twenty miles out of Barstow. They located four claims and were partners on the property. It cost \$1.00 per claim to record them, and Dad having confidence in the partner gave him \$2.00 for his half of the cost of recording. This man rewrote the location notices and recorded them in his name only.

About two months later my dad took another trip to the location and found two young men working the claims. He asked them by what authority they were working the claims and they showed him a deed for the claims from this other man. It showed they had paid \$500.00 for the claims.

This man had done what the men of those days considered a crime, and it meant a fist fight between them and possibly a shoot out. As my father was the smaller of the two men and a lot older, he had to do a lot of thinking to be sure he would win the fight when it happened.

This man told around town that he and Earl Ames were at odds and that he would beat up my dad when they got together. My father was never whipped in his life and thought out what he would do when the time arrived for the fight.

It happened in front of the Hott and Winkleman's Tobacco and Pool Hall on the south side of Third Street just west of 'D' Street and the A.M. Ham's Grocery Store. At the old Opera House operated by Mrs. Kiplinger, they were showing the fight pictures of the prize fight between Joe Gans, a Negro, and Battling Nelson, a Swede, for the lightweight championship. The Sun paper came out the next morning stating that Earl Ames and this other man fought a preliminary to the Gans and Nelson fight on Third and 'D' Streets.

The fight was short and decisive, and only one round was fought. My dad had his Smith and Wesson 38 caliber police special six-shooter in his belt in front. This man was standing with a group of men with their backs to the street when my dad came down the sidewalk. My father knew that he must get in the first punch and knock him backwards, as the curb was high at this point, and he knew he would have to fall. When my dad called him he put up his fists, but he was too late.

Dad made his lunge and hit him on the jaw and he fell back in the street. He no more hit the street when Dad made his jump and was on top of him in a few seconds. Dad's six shooter slid out of his belt and skidded out on Third Street as dad was on top of him beating his head. Bert Mee, who was a nephew of dad's came running from across the street from Town Allison Drug Store and picked up dad's gun and put it in his pocket. He said nothing about it to his chief who at that time was Fred Seccombe.

By this time the man was unconscious, and Bert pulled dad off him and took both to the police station. Both were fined \$25.00 for the fighting, and as stated it was in the morning paper about the preliminary bout fought in the street before the Gans and Nelson fight pictures.

The man was scared of my dad from then on as he knew he had aroused a real pioneer and knew he had done the wrong thing to a partner. He was shunned by all the old timers from then on, as none of them would trust him.

ONE OF MY TRIPS

In the year of about 1913, I was learning to be a blacksmith and gas welder and rough machinist with the Allen Iron Works on the north side of Third Street between 'C' St., now Arrowhead Avenue, and 'D' St., here in San Bernardino.

During the winter our work slacked off and I was laid off as I was the newest employee in the shop. I had saved some money and decided to look for work in the Imperial Valley and San Diego. I stopped in the Coachella Valley for a few days and found no work in my line. I took the bus to El Centro and found a hotel where a friend of mine was staying. He was also looking for work in the construction line. Work was very hard to find because there were hundreds of Mexicans being used in the valley and working for about \$1.00 per ten-hour day and food. We sure tried hard, but did not get any work.

At the hotel, there were many men also looking for work. One young man who was tall and very muscular seemed to always be looking for someone or something and was very nervous at all times. He very seldom would talk to any of us and seemed scared all the time. My friend and I had a room together and he told me he was going to scare this young man after dinner that night. He took a sheet off his bed and went downstairs and out the rear of the hotel and came up the walk at the side of the hotel. This scary young man always took a walk after dinner each evening around the block. When he passed the corner of the hotel my friend jumped out and yelled with the sheet over his head and shoulders. The young man did not scare and whipped out a razor and made a swipe at him. My friend got the hell out of there pronto and finally came to our room. The sheet was cut and his coat was cut from his wrist to his shoulder but his body was not cut at all. My friend was lucky and did not try to pull any more tricks on that boy.

I tried many times to get work in any mechanical line but found nothing. Every few days I would go to Calexico as I had a friend in the drug business and spent some time with him. I crossed the line to Mexicali and would go to a small stand and drink root beer sitting on the bench near the stand. After a few stops at this stand, one day a fine

looking and well dressed young Mexican talked to me. He asked my name and all about me, where I was from and the work I've done. We talked of many things and he told me about Mexico City and the great ranches in Mexico. Everytime in the next week I was at this beer stand, he would show up and talk. He asked me when and where I was going next to find work and I told him I was leaving the next day for San Diego. He asked me if I would like to make \$50.00 the easy way. All I had to do was to take a small package, "wallet size," to San Diego with me and deliver it to an address in San Diego.

I told him I was not interested in anything like that, and he tried to talk me into it. He said there was not any risk as I looked young and innocent, and it would be doing him a great favor. I flatly refused and he asked me not to say anything about it to anybody.

As I went back across the tracks that was the line, I noticed a man look me over very closely, and when I took the bus back to El Centro, he did also. That night he was at the hotel. He took the bus the next morning also. At that time, the road to San Diego crossed a small portion of Mexico and where the United States and Mexico had inspection stations almost side by side. They inspected all suitcases and especially mine. They even hit the sides of my suitcase after they looked at my dirty linens and other stuff. The man following me watched every move I made and looked over all my stuff when my suitcase was open and my things exposed for inspection.

When the bus arrived in San Diego, he followed me to my hotel and registered in also. He never at any time talked to me at all. I took many trips in and around San Diego looking for work and found nothing in my line of work. After about a week, I took the bus to Los Angeles, and he was there. Finally I went back to San Bernardino, and he was on the bus.

I found work with the city Water Department digging a ditch for a new water main from 'E' Street to 'C' Street. When business picked up I was called back to Allen's Blacksmith shop and worked for them about four and a half years in all and received my papers as a blacksmith.

There is no doubt in my mind that this man was an agent looking for dope smugglers and he sure watched me.

MY DOG, BRUNO

Every boy has his dog, and the memories stay with him through his life.

Bruno was some dog. He was a cross between a fox hound, mother, and bulldog (traveling man). He grew up and was owned by a mean man. He was taught to be a vicious watch dog on a large hog and cattle ranch. He weighed approximately forty pounds and was spotted black and brown with a white background. On his left side he had a brown spot in the shape of a heart over his heart. He had a bulldog's head and jaws and was a vicious fighter.

The people to whom the dog was given after the rancher sold out were scared of Bruno, but kept him on a leash in a dog house. There was a long heavy wire stretched in the backyard and his chain was attached to this wire that give him about a forty foot run. One evening a neighbor came to see them, and he came into the yard the back way. Bruno attacked him and bit him on the hip before the owners could get to him. It was decided they should kill him the next day. Our homes were very near to each other and the next morning I saw them digging a hole in the rear of their property to bury Bruno. My dad and I told them we would like to have the dog and would take good care of him if they would give him to us. After a long talk they gave him to us and we took him home. My dad and I trained him and finally tamed him. He lost his viciousness after about one year of training.

He was my dog, and we grew to love each other very much. We took him off the leash and, as my father was gone prospecting and mining for weeks at a time, he was our protector at home night and day. When strangers came to our house he would bark only to let us know that someone was there. I taught him to bring in the cows and mules from our field. He also helped me herd turkeys and chickens at times.

In our playing, we would put him in the woodshed and close the door. I would climb a ladder to the top of the barn and hide behind the cupola on top. He would follow my scent and would circle the barn a few times and then climb the ladder and find me on top of the barn.

In haying time we would always have a large stack of oat hay at the end of the barn. My brothers and sisters would put him in the woodshed and I would climb the haystack and dig out a space on top and cover my head with a sack. Sometimes my head would be four or five feet down in the hay and my brother would pitch the hay over my head. When I was buried in the hay, they would turn Bruno out of the shed and he would circle the stack a few times and then climb on top. He would listen and smell for me with one front leg raised, and then he would bark and start digging, throwing the hay with all four feet and he would soon find me. When he found me he would bark and wail and run all around me on top of the stack.

After a time the people who had given Bruno to us wanted him back, as we had made a real dog out of him. My father and I talked it over and it was decided that their oldest boy and I would stand back to back in the middle of our field. We would have Bruno with us and we were to walk about one hundred feet and not look back or call the dog. The one whom the dog followed would own him. We were about fifty feet apart and Bruno was following me. The other boy, knowing this, turned and called to Bruno, who promptly ran to him. As this was not what we had agreed on, I turned and called to him and he ran to me. I took him by the collar and he was my dog from then on.

Another time I went with my dad on a ten-day trip, and as Bruno was our watchdog for mother and the rest of the family, we left him home. After we had been gone for a few hours, Mother let him out and he put on quite a show. First he found the wagon and mules were gone and he ran out to the street and back. She let him in the house and he ran to my bedroom and jumped on my bed and barked and howled, then grabbed on to one of my neck ties and they could not get it away from him all day long. It was completely ruined by nightfall.

When we returned home, he was on the front porch watching the driveway, as he had done every day since we left. When he spotted us he came on the dead run and jumped up on the wagon and threw himself on me and barked and howled for some time. That night he would not let me out of his sight, and he slept on the foot of my bed.

As my father did brick laying and cement work and made concrete blocks, I did a lot of hauling of sand and gravel from the Lytle Creek wash to our home at 784 Base Line. On several of these trips I would keep Bruno on the wagon with me, as he loved to fight or chase cats. One set of boys at Base Line and Mt. Vernon Ave. had a large collie dog who was the champion fighter in his area and weighed about seventy or eighty pounds. He was the larger of the collie dog species. He

was a vicious fighter and had killed several dogs. These boys would try very hard to get me to let Bruno fight their dog, but I would always keep him on the wagon with me. The fight had to take place though, and one afternoon I was coming past their home and four of the boys stopped my team and would not let me by. They had their dog, holding him, and Bruno growled and was itching for the fight. I finally unhooked his leash, and he made one jump and lit on top of the big collie and the fight was on. We all stood around them and it was vicious to see. The collie had a hold on Bruno's ear and the blood was flying. Bruno, being part bulldog, got a hold of the collie's throat and soon the dog was down and gasping for breath. The father of two of the boys and the owner of the collie was watching the battle from the front porch of his home. When he saw the collie would soon be dead, he came out and asked me to take my dog off the collie. I talked to and pulled on Bruno, but he would not let go, so I had to hit him on the head and knock him unconscious with the butt of my blacksnake whip. I picked him up and put him in the wagon seat beside me, and he came to very soon but was still full of fight. They picked up their dog and had to take him to a vet and have him sewed up. The father of the boys told me he was sorry the fight had to happen and his boys had their dog whipped by a dog half his size. He told his boys never to molest me or my Bruno again. Every time I drove past their house, Bruno would tense his body and growl. He watched for the collie, who never came out to do battle again.

One of my sisters and her husband lived in Colton, and about every two weeks I would drive to Colton to see her. Many times I would let Bruno run ahead of the team, but I always tried to get him on the wagon before we would go through the Mexican part of town because they had some real mean dogs down there. One in particular was a large hound type dog who had a very mean disposition and his ears had been trimmed for fighting. I had my dog on the wagon always, until this time when this happened.

Bruno was a block or two ahead of me when I saw this dog and him come together in the middle of the road. It seemed they were fighting standing on their hind legs which was a good thing for Bruno as this dog was much taller than Bruno. Bruno soon had him by the throat. When I arrived at the battleground, Bruno had torn out his throat and he was dead. Here again I had to knock him unconscious before I could pick him up and put him on the wagon.

Another time I nearly lost him at the mouth of Lytle Creek canyon as the stream was a big one and entered the weir through a four-foot concrete pipe about 80 to 100 feet long. It then entered an

open ditch called a water raceway and went about seven miles to another wier box near north Rialto where it was run into separate pipes and delivered to orange groves and used for domestic and irrigation purposes. Bruno was pulled into this big pipe by the swiftness of the water and came out in a concrete pond before it hit the raceway. I was waiting for him and he shot out in the distributing pond and was just about done for. He came up and gasped for breath two or three times before I was able to reach out and grab his collar and pull him up to the ground. He had quite a time getting the water out of his lungs and stomach. He was very grateful to me for saving his life as he would bark and wail and run around me many times before I could get him on the wagon.

It was told to me a number of times that a Chinaman stepped in the raceway and could not get out on account of the swiftness of the water. His body was found in the North Rialto wier box badly beaten and his clothes were all gone from his body.

Every time I go to Lytle Creek Canyon I think of Bruno. The water system is all changed now.

Bruno was some dog, and his memory still lingers with me. He was poisoned and died after I had him for about five years.

WILLIE BOY

Many tales have been told of the renegade Indian in the past, but I got this story direct from Charley Richie, who was deputized by the sheriff and was on the hunt for Willie Boy.

Willie Boy shot and killed Mike Bonaface, the chief of his tribe at that time, and kidnapped his daughter. Willie Boy was a college educated Indian, tall, very athletic, and strong. When his schooling was finished he returned to the Morongo reservation. He wanted Mike Bonaface's daughter, but she would have nothing to do with him, as she was in love with another Indian.

As stated, he killed Mike, and stole the girl who was reported to be a very beautiful Indian maiden. He forced her to go with him under the threat of death. He beat and abused her the first few hours he had her, forcing her to travel at a very fast pace. The first night the officers could hear her cry out and beg to be let go. He stopped for the night on a brushy mountain side. In the night the officers heard a shot and her scream and then silence. They knew she had been killed.

As Willie Boy had also stolen Mike's rifle, and it contained six shells, the officers kept count of the shots and they knew he had five shells left.

The next morning they found the girl's body. It was a terrible sight and every man who saw the body made a solemn vow that they would never quit until Willie Boy was captured and killed. Her breasts had been chewed practically off, her body badly beaten, and he shot her between her legs.

The chase started, and they chased him many miles back and forth to the desert and the mountains. They heard another shot and they knew he had four shots left. They found a dead coyote with part of his carcass eaten. Willie Boy would eat lizards and chucawallas raw and vomit up their bodies. One time they measured his steps while running, and they were approximately fifteen feet apart. He finally made a stand on a small rocky hilltop, which had large granite boulders on top, which gave him protection.

The officers who were with Charley Richie were on horses with one mustang as a pack horse which they had to muzzle each time they packed him, as he was mean and wild. They were riding around this hill where Willie Boy was hiding when a shot rang out and one horse was dead. The next shot hit Richie in the buttocks, and he and the other two officers took refuge behind the dead horse. When darkness came they unpacked the pack horse and he let out a scream and left. During the night they made Richie as comfortable as possible. Willie Boy would call to them and tell them he wanted to kill Indians and not white men. They asked him to turn himself in and he shot at them again. They counted his shots and knew he had only one shot left. Near daybreak they heard another shot and knew that Willie Boy had killed himself.

When the sun came up the wild mustang came back to them and he stood between the dead horse and the others quivering and whimpering. They packed him without any trouble at all and put Richie on one horse and started out slowly, as Richie was in bad shape from loss of blood, and they had very little water.

They reported the shot and told others they knew Willie Boy was dead. It was several days before anyone would venture up the hills. They finally found the body and sure enough Willie Boy had shot himself in the guts and died. Coyotes had torn his body and eaten some of him.

Charley Richie was in the hospital for many months as gangrene had set in and he nearly lost his life. A few years later, he and my father and I went prospecting near Old Woman Springs and stayed in a desert cabin which belonged to Richie. I have a snapshot picture of the cabin. We dry washed gravel and I personally found a small gold nugget that at that time weighed and was worth \$6.00 at \$20.00 per ounce. I had a stick pin made of it and still have it.

Charley Richie was a fine man.

As the years passed, a small cafe and filling station on the road to Twenty-nine Palms had an Indian skull on display under glass and claimed it was Willie Boy's skull.

ANOTHER DESERT TRIP I WILL NEVER FORGET

Walt Shay, one of our early day sheriffs, was of the old school of lawmen, and a very good friend of my father.

One day he contacted my dad and told him about a young man who had been drunk and in trouble for several months and was in jail. This young man was a native of our town and when sober, was a good worker and a very strong man. (It took three policemen to take him to jail).

The sheriff asked my dad if he would take him on a trip and sober him up. My dad was about ready to leave for the Desert King Mine to do assessment work and would be gone three or four weeks. Walt Shay got him out of jail and he went with us on the trip. As it was summertime, I went with them.

Driving the team of large burros hitched to our desert wagon which had four inch tired wheels, we were heavily loaded with picks, shovels, hammers and drills. We would average about twenty miles each day. The first day we camped at Crouder's Station which was about one mile east of the summit of Cajon Pass. The second day we camped at Victorville, the third day near Old Woman Springs, and the fourth day we arrived at the Desert King Mine.

We worked several days cutting trails to other claims in the Desert King Mining group. A few days later I brought in two large desert turtles. My dad dug a hole about three feet or four feet long and about two feet wide and a foot deep. He built a fire of greasewood and mesquite over the hole. When it had burnt down to about charcoal he killed the turtles Indian-style, by cutting off their heads. He took out about one-half of the hot coals and placed the turtles in the hole on the coals. He then put the rest of the coals on the turtles and covered the whole mass with sand. The next morning he dug them out and washed the shells clean. He then hit the shells on the sides and they broke open very easily. He scraped out the rear and it seemed like they had a straight gut from their mouths to the rear and a very small amount of guts. The meat was both light and dark, and after washing it out we ate it. It was like chicken and very good.

My father always had a large pot of beans cooking (red beans average). They were cooked with bacon or salt pork. Many times he would mix up sour dough and drop a number of spoonfuls in the bean pot, put on the lid, and we would have bean dumplings, which were real good. He would also bake bread in a Dutch oven. He would dig a hole in the sand, build a fire over the hole, and when it burned down to

coals he would remove about half of the coals and place the Dutch oven on the coals, cover it with the rest of the coals, then cover it all with sand. In about two hours he would dig it up and we would have hot bread and black strap molasses. He would always have a gallon or two of molasses with him on each trip.

Another way he would bake bread was to mix up a stiff batch of dough, grease the pan with bacon grease (I still have the frying pan), press the dough in the pan, put it on the camp fire until it was browned on the bottom, then he would tip the pan on edge (angle) and let the fire bake the top from heat reflection. It would brown very quickly, and it sure was good eating.

Many times when we would kill young jack rabbits or cottontails he would roast them on long sticks over the low fire of coals, turning them slowly while well greased with bacon drippings.

We worked for about three weeks and then started for home. On the second day we arrived at a small lake (normally dry). I think it was called Coes Lake. It was between Old Woman Springs and Rabbit Springs. Rabbit Springs is a few miles north of Box S Ranch, and it has running springs with a forest of cottonwood trees.

About one mile before we got to Coes Lake we saw hundreds of sandhill cranes flying back and forth over the lake, as it had about a foot of water on it caused by a recent storm. When we got to the shore a flock of cranes flew out of the mesquite brush which surrounded the lake. The young man with us got out the shotgun and I took the 44-40 Winchester rifle (I still have them). I was to go up the shore and try to flush the cranes back to him so he could get a shot at them for meat. When he got about 25 feet from the brush a large lynx cat stood up on top of a brush pile, so he shot the cat, shooting four times before he killed it. At the sound of the shots, all the cranes took off in formation, headed north.

We picked up the lynx cat and took it to Rabbit Springs where we camped for the night. I started to skin the cat. It was very fat and the hind legs were nice looking meat. The young man with us cut off several steaks from the hind quarters about one inch thick. He put some bacon in the flying pan and fried the steaks to a nice brown and had cat steaks. They smelled very good, but Dad and I would not eat any. I salted the cat skin and took it home. I stretched it and tacked it on some boards to dry. When it was dried out I scraped it of all fat and rubbed it with neat's foot oil, and we had a nice rug for a number of years.

My Dad turned the young man over to the sheriff, who got him a job out of town and we did not see him again for about a year.

THE SALT OF SALTON SEA — Believe It or Not

Many years before the Salton Sea became the Salton Sea — which the records tell happened when the Colorado River at high water flood time, cut a new channel to this below sea level area — there was a salt works going with small separators doing a fine salt business and selling their output in 100-pound sacks — mostly to cattlemen who used the salt for cattle licks and hide curing.

When the river cut the new channel and the water started to rise, it came so fast that the man operating the plant got out very fast and did not have time to shut off the machine. So the story goes that the machine is still operating, pulverizing salt and making the Salton Sea saltier than ever.

Believe it or not!

THE LARGEST RATTLER I EVER KILLED

In the year of about 1916, I went to work for a sawmill operating near Big Bear Lake. It was owned by two men named Joe Slauser and Hiram Bohm.

My job was to make repairs to the boiler and keep the steam engine running. I would put in a new boiler tube when needed. I also worked repairing cant hooks, logging chains, grinding axes, doing blacksmith work, and some gas welding.

I also set screws on the log carriage. The sawyer would change teeth in the large circular saw which had insert teeth. Many times I would go to the timber and help fell trees and cut and trim logs with the logging crew. I learned to scale logs for estimating the amount of lumber the log would produce.

We did not work on Sunday, and as there were about 20 people in camp who lived in a number of good cabins, the kids would have a great time playing cowboy on several burrows "Jack asses" we had in camp. Also they would play run-sheep-run and follow the leader over the log piles and lumber.

The main truck operator drove a "White" truck and sure knew his stuff. His name was Ed Greable. He would bring in a load of four logs from 16 feet to 20 feet long, back the truck along side of the log pile, release the chains and roll the logs off the truck to the log pile.

Most every Sunday I would roam the back country hunting for rattlesnakes and had a number of skins stretched and salted on boards with the rattles still attached.

One Sunday when hunting for snakes I found a large snake track in a clump of oak trees. I made a snake stick about six feet long with a copper wire loop and wanted to catch this one and bring him to camp.

I always took my 22 caliber Winchester repeating rifle (I still have it) with me and would kill a tree squirrel or two for stew and it sure was good.

I hunted for this large snake for three Sundays before I found him. He was a male and was coiled in layers, three or four layers high. I played with him for some time just to hear his music, and he would strike very hard at my snake stick. He was so large I was afraid to catch him with my stick and decided to shoot him instead. I shot at his head just as he struck at me again and the bullet did not hit his head but broke his back about two feet from his head. He flailed around for several minutes and then sunk his fangs in his broken back and held on for sometime before he died.

I did not even skin him because I thought perhaps his poison was distributed through his body, and I did not want to be poisoned, After he quit moving I took my snake stick and laid it out on his body and notched the stick for measurement at camp. I stretched his carcass around a large rock and went to camp. He was five feet and one inch long and had fourteen rattles.

The people at camp wanted to see it, and I took them to the area which was about a mile from our camp. They were scared of him although he was dead. This was the largest Black Diamond rattler I ever killed in my life, and I have killed many of them.

THE STORY OF THE INDIAN SKULL

When I was a traveling sales engineer, I covered a large area including Southern Nevada, Utah, Arizona, etc. It took me about six weeks to make the territory leaving my office either Monday or Tuesday and getting home to my family on Saturday or Sunday each week. I was the weekend husband and father. My wife raised our girls and did a wonderful job. At one time during the construction of the Boulder Dam I was gone for three weeks and sold a lot of equipment but missed my family very much.

On one of my trips I left Las Vegas, Nevada early for Utah. I arrived at Glendale, Nevada, about 60 miles east by north of Las Vegas. I always stopped at Guy Doties' station to fill up with gas before going on to Utah. Another salesman was also filling up his car and the gas station attendant serving us was called "Red". This other salesman told Red to get him another Indian Skull. I heard this conversation and when he left I asked Red what it was all about. He told me that many years before the soldiers stationed at Glendale had a battle with the Indians at Glendale and many Indians were killed. After the battle was over they did not bury the Indians but took their bodies and put them in a sunken cave up the hill about a mile from Glendale. He told me that some of the skulls still had hair on them. He had picked up a few skulls for various people. I told him I would like to have one too when he got one for this salesman and that I would be back from Utah in about three days.

When I returned he had a skull for me and I insisted that he write me a note telling about the Indian fight and all about the skull so I would have the information to show in case the law would check up on how I acquired this skull. It had a bullet hole in the forehead and the jaws still had some teeth in them. I brought it to town and polished it up and the jaws worked okay. I had it at my home — not in my house, but in my hobby shop at the rear of my home where we lived on Sepulveda here in San Bernardino.

My brother, Dr. D.D. Ames who lived in San Francisco had many businesses including Ames Pharmacy on Divisadero Avenue. He asked me to loan him the skull, and he made a window display of the skull at his drug store. It attracted many people and brought him alot of new business. After awhile he put it in a glass case and had it on display in one of his back storage rooms. The law contacted him and he showed them the note which cleared him. The law checked him with Nevada and found the information to be correct.

I left the skull with him about a year after I let him have it. His store was once broken into and believe it or not, all that was taken was the Indian skull and the note attached to it.

This was the last we ever knew of this Indian skull. This is a true story in all details.

THE STORY OF THE BULL'S HEAD AND HORNS

In my travels in engineering and selling refrigeration, market equipment, dairy and creamery industrial and commercial supply, I had sold and installed an additional ammonia machine at the packing house in Las Vegas, Nevada. I was checking the installation when a Morman dairyman brought in a load of cattle. In this load was one of the biggest Holstein bulls I had ever seen. This bull had the largest horns I had ever seen on a Holstein animal.

The plant was killing that day, and when they ran this bull up the ramp to the knocking chute the killer asked me to hit him with the ten pound sledge hammer. I took the hammer and looked down at his head and just then he looked up at me and bellowed a terrific blast. I could not hit him, so I gave the hammer back to the killer. He did the job, but he had to hit him twice. I asked for the horns and they told me they would keep them for me so I could pick them up on one of my future trips to the Las Vegas territory.

In about 6 weeks I called on them and was told the horns were not ready for pick-up yet. About 6 weeks later I stopped to see them again and was told to go out in the field about 100 yards from the packing plant and get the horns which were in a clump of brush which contained a large nest of ants. The horns were picked clean of all meat, hide, etc. They were almost polished. They had very little odor.

I brought them to my home and polished them and hung them on a board in my hobby work shop. They were very heavy and beautiful.

A few years later a boy about 12 years old came to see me about the horns and told me the teacher at his school wanted to know if I would loan them to her as they were studying cattle at that time and would use the horns in study.

I loaned the horns to the school and finally gave them to the school. They had them mounted and were very glad to receive them as a gift. Remember this, that in the old days when anyone wanted a set of horns from any animal or a desert turtle cleaned, they would use the ants to do the job, as it was the easy Indian way of doing the cleaning job.

MY STORY OF WHISKEY PETE AND DEATH VALLEY JACK

This story is about Whiskey Pete and Death Valley Jack. They were tough characters in Southern Nevada in prohibition times and during the construction of Boulder Dam. They operated a few whiskey stills and as far as I know were never caught. They made very good bootleg and sold it for \$10.00 per gallon. They could never catch up in their orders.

They finally quit the partnership as they suspected each other of chisling. They each had a large still, so went into competition with each other. Bad blood soon existed. Whiskey Pete drank very little, but Death Valley Jack seemed to be drunk all the time. Large loads of sugar and corn were unloaded at "Windmill Service Station" on the California side a few miles west of the Nevada line where it was picked up by them and hauled to their stills.

As time went on Whiskey Pete Built a service station just inside the Nevada line and named it "State Line Service". He made a deal with a woman from Las Vegas to operate the cafe end of the station, and she did a good business. Water was hauled about 30 miles for domestic and car service so he put up a sign "No free water unless you purchase something from the station."

Pete always had a 30-30 rifle just behind the door in the front of the cafe and also a bed next to the glass window so he could see all comers. He was a sick man himself as he had miner's consumption caused from working in the mines and not waiting for the dynamite fumes to clear out before going to work again.

One late afternoon he was alone in the station as the woman was shopping for supplies in Las Vegas. Two Chicago tough hoodlums drove into the station. Pete came out to see what they wanted. They told him all they wanted was water in their radiator, and he told them to read the sign. Both of them pulled out six shooters and pointed them at him and told him to fill the radiator. Pete filled the radiator and they told him to dump the barrel of water out and made him dance in the water and they shot their guns off near his feet as he danced.

They soon left and headed south for Barstow. Pete got his 30-30 rifle and shot at them several times but did not know if he had hit them or not as he shot at their backs and the back of their car which was going fast and was some distance from the station when Pete started shooting. Pete shot to kill.

These men arrived in Barstow several hours later. They went to the doctor as one was shot through the shoulder. The doctor called the local law who arrested them at once. They told the lawmen someone shot at them near the Nevada state line but they did not tell the whole story. The sheriff took the one who was not injured to see Pete at the state line the next morning and Pete identified him as one of the two men who made him dance in his own water from the barrel. They made him turn over. Pete was not arrested and he was very happy with himself and told everybody about his shooting ability at long range at a moving target. The two hoodlums were sent back to Chicago, as they were wanted criminals.

As stated in starting this story Pete and Death Valley Jack were competitors in the booze business and hated each other. One day Jack got overly drunk with a tough truck driver and they decided to to to Pete's station and give him a beating. Pete saw them coming. When they staggered up to his door Pete opened the door and hit each one in the guts with the barrel of his 30-30 knocking them out cold. Both layed out in front of the door on their backs. Pete pissed in their faces then finally threw water on them to bring them to their senses. He then kicked both of their butts and sent them on their way.

As time went on Pete's lung trouble got worse so he was taken to a Banning T.B. sanitarium. I called on him several times at Banning and the last time I saw him he was very weak and only skin and bones, but he knew me and we talked some and he told me, "It won't be long now, Ames". He died soon after and his body was taken back to state line for burial.

Pete had made all arrangements for his burial, and it was told to me as follows. First two of his worst enemies, one being Death Valley Jack and the other I don't know, were to attend an all night party with others and drink at least 5 gallons of Pete's whiskey.

The next day they were to dig a grave on a small raise in the rear of the station where the coyotes howled at night. They started digging and found it a hard rock formation with a soft center about 3 feet wide. They did their best but digging was very difficult and they could not make a hole large enough for the casket to lay flat in the bottom of the grave so they buried him standing up with about three feet of sand and gravel on top. On Pete's instructions they planted a large barrel cactus on top of the mound.

Whiskey Pete's name was Pete McIntire and in his younger life he followed the sea and was a captain of a sea going vessel.

Some of these stories were told to me and some were actual happenings that I saw happen myself.

A LONG TIME AGO

In about the year of 1930 my father was doing a lot of prospecting for gold and silver. Nearly all his friends both young and old wanted to go with him on some of his trips to the desert and mountains. This trip was made to do assessment work on the Desert King mine and group of claims around the mine. To do the assessment work on claims you were required to do and show proof of labor of a total of \$100.00 per claim and have it recorded. A mining claim was 600 feet by 1500 feet generally starting on one end in the center marked by a stone monument with a can or jar containing the location notice, thence running north, east, south, or west 300 feet to the corner of a stone, thence running 1500 feet to the corner of a stone, thence 600 feet to the corner of a stone, thence 1500 feet to the corner of a stone, thence 300 feet to the place of the beginning. This covered approximately 20 acres.

I helped him locate many claims and wrote out the location notices. He would then have them recorded at the court house at a cost of \$1.00 per location.

One of my cousins who owned a one ton truck was hired by my father to go with him to the Desert King mine for 2 weeks to help on the assessment work. They were about ready to leave on the trip when an old friend of the family decided to go with them. This man had a bad heart and could do no work at all by orders from his doctor. He was allowed to go on the trip with the understanding that he would do no work.

They did the work on the claims and started on the return trip. About 10 miles from Old Woman Springs a desert storm came up, and it rained in torrents. The road was soon washed out or covered with sand and mud. The truck got stuck so they covered it with a large canvas and stayed until the storm was over. My father and cousin would dig out the wheels and go a few feet and then do it again and were slowly getting out. The sick man with them was very anxious to help, but they would not let him do any work. They were about out when the man grabbed a shovel and started to dig. My father tried to stop him, but after he had dug only about six shovels he collapsed and died instantly. My father put a canvas under the truck and sent my cousin on foot to Old Woman Springs for help. He dragged the body under the truck and layed it on quilts and canvases. He stayed with the body the rest of the day and all night.

My cousin got to Old Woman Springs, and they notified the sheriff at San Bernardino. The sheriff, Emmit Shay, called me, and we left San Bernardino the next morning. We had bad roads on account of the storm, but got to Old Woman Springs okay. We picked up my cousin and went to the truck. When we got there my Dad crawled out from under the truck looking very haggard with about two weeks whiskers on his face. An ambulance arrived in a few hours and picked up the body.

We all helped and got the truck going on good ground. The sheriff wanted my dad to come in with us, but he would not. He stayed with my cousin and the truck and they got home okay.

My father was of the old school of pioneers and would not leave a dead body even if it meant his own life was in danger until the body was taken care of.

This friend was a fine man and a life long friend, and he had company even in death.

I did not mention his name in this true story, but if you want his name I will give it to you.

THE CLUB FOOT GRIZZLY BEAR

Many stories were told about this large grizzly bear which was finally killed in Southern California. This bear ranged from Canada to Mexico in the mountains and desert, and was never known to have hibernated as he was busy in winter and summer.

He was first caught in a bear trap attached to a log by a chain. The trap caught one of his hind feet — mostly by his toes. He dragged the log to a canyon and proceeded to chew off his toes. In a few weeks his foot healed and his tracks showed his club foot.

True to his grizzly instinct he hated all living or moving things. He killed 60 sheep in one night and only ate their livers. He would kill cattle and liked hogs the best to eat. He would kill several range cattle and wait a few days for their carcasses to ripen, and then he would have a real feed.

He went through many camps at night and would kill oxen and horses and seemed to have no fear of men. He was shot several times, but would always recover. One story was about his attack on a wagon train coming down through Cajon Pass. The train had camped for the night near Keenbrook. About midnight he let out a roar and went through the oxen first and killed six, then he killed four horses before he left. The people had to send men on foot to San Bernardino to buy new animals to finish out their trip to town.

Indians were hired to track him down, but the bear was headed for Mexico and going fast so they did not find him.

It was never reported that he ever killed a human being. He was killed in Southern California, and his hide showed many scars.

THE DIAMOND HITCH PACKING FROM LITTLE MOJAVE AND DEVIL'S CANYON

When I was about 15 years old, I was driving my dad's desert wagon and the large burros in town one day in the summer during school vacation, picking up grain and other things for the family, when a man stopped me and asked if we had pack saddles for the burros. I told him my dad was a prospector and mining man and had all kinds of packing gear for the mountains and desert. He wanted to know if I would like a packing job for about a month. I told him to see my dad and gave him our address. The next day he came to our home at 784 Base Line and talked to my father.

This man was an engineer for the old Southern Sierras Power Company. He was getting ready to set up steel towers in Devil's Canyon to bring in electric power from Owens Valley to San Bernardino. He had a packer already bringing in the steel with large pack mules. He wanted me to use our animals and several others to pack in the cement to anchor the towers during erection.

My dad talked over the details and made a deal with him. He was to furnish hay and grain for the animals and food for me.

I was large for my age and could pack an animal as good as anyone and could put on the diamond hitch almost as good as my Dad who had taught me. Dad was an expert.

In a few days I loaded up the wagon with the packing equipment, bedding, etc., and drove to Devil's Canyon to the second crossing. The power company had a large camp set up there. They had about 40 laborers in camp and they were a motley bunch of men. The camp also had six or eight engineers, bookkeepers, and foremen. These men had tents with floors and were well lighted. There were about four or five Chinese cooks and a number of waiters. The engineers had a separate tent to have their meals in, and it was very clean with table cloths and napkins. The cooking tent was equipped with wood stoves, and water was piped in from the creek.

I set up my bed next to my wagon and stretched a canvas from the wagon to a tree with ropes and had a nice cover.

My burros were put in a separate corral with four other small burros. When they were turned into the corral with the others there was a fight immediately, and my burro named Ted, who weighed over 800 pounds and was "cut" proud, was the boss of the rest of them in about ten minutes. It was a good fight while it lasted, but Ted was the master.

My boss, the chief engineer, took me to the chow tent and informed the Chink cook and waiter that I was to set at the end of the

long table for my meals. About six o'clock the Chink rang the bell for chow. I had never seen anything like this happen before. The laborers ran to the chow tent from all directions, shouting and yelling like wild men. They sat down around the table and started to scoop the food out of the large dishes and kettles with their hands to their plates. They would grab large pieces of meat, bread, and potatoes with their dirty hands and gobble the food like hogs. Sometimes they would shout to one another to throw bread and other food to them almost the full length of the table which was about 20 feet long. It was a sickening sight, and my guts started to turn.

I left the table after about two or three minutes, madder than hell and ready to fight. I walked over to the engineers' tent, and they were all sitting around a nice table with a tablecloth and napkins, and a Chink waiter serving them. As I stepped in their tent they all looked up at me and asked what I wanted. I told them I was not an animal and would not eat with the animals they had set me in with, and told them I was leaving at once and to hell with them and their job. My boss was very upset, and told me if I would stay he would set a place for me to eat with them. I agreed to this arrangement, and I sat down with them and ate my meals like a civilized man should. He was very nice to me at all times.

The next morning he gave me two helpers and four more burros. My helpers put the pack saddles on the mules as I showed them how, and we went up the trail and over and down to a place then called Little Mojave. There was a big pile of cement in bags hauled in by wagon and four large mules from Victorville. We put two 100-pound sacks on each of our small mules and three 100-pound sacks on my animals. We covered each pack with canvas, put on the diamond hitch, and started up the hill. I led old Ted and Ginger followed, the rest of the animals bringing up the rear, with my two helpers keeping them in line and moving. We would go up the trail to a marked sign and would take off to the spot where other men were digging and drilling the holes to anchor the steel for the towers to be erected. We made two trips for cement each day for about a week and then only one trip as the distance got longer. The Chinese cook would put up my lunch every day and he sure would make a good lunch, with meat sandwiches, pie, cake, and fruit.

When I returned home after the job was done, in about four weeks, my father told me they paid us \$2.00 per day for each of the burros and \$2.50 per day for me. It was a great experience for me, and Dad gave me the \$2.50 per day and kept the jackass money for himself.

Those old towers are still in operation and doing their job yet.

EARLY TIMES IN LAS VEGAS AND SEARCHLIGHT, NEVADA

In covering the Nevada territory before booze became legal, I had a number of experiences with the old time businessmen who never paid their bills by check, always in cash. They all had a jug or two of good White Mule or bootleg whiskey on hand.

One place in Searchlight ran a small eating house on the east side of the main road which ran between Las Vegas and Needles. This eating house furnished a good meal, and if you were known to them you could also get a good drink of hootch.

One day I left Needles in a storm for Las Vegas, and it started to snow before I arrived in Searchlight. It was very cold. I pulled in to this eating house for a meal and drink. I was wearing a heavy brown overcoat and hat pulled down all around to ward off the snow. As I entered the place I heard a glass jug hit the sink and shatter, and the booze went down the drain. I was the only customer there at that time. When I walked up to the service window the owner said to me, "By God, Ames, I thought you were a prohibition officer because of your heavy coat and hat, and I got rid of my whiskey in the sink. Just wait about 15 minutes and I will get another gallon." When he returned he told me the officers had been after him. He served me a good steak from local beef slaughtered at one of the cattle ranches and a good drink of Searchlight whiskey — my cost \$1.00.

NEVADA TWO-GUN GALS

On one of my trips to Nevada, I had occasion to be in the courthouse at Las Vegas on or about June 25th as I knew the county recorder at that time. He and I were talking, and he told me he expected trouble on July first with prospectors and miners jumping mining claims. All claims had to be recorded in his office, and he had been very busy recording claims. A mining claim was 600 feet wide and 1500 feet long, and some claims overlapped each other. As Searchlight was a mining town, he expected trouble there.

As it happened, I was in Searchlight on July first. Several sheriff cars were there and there was quite a crowd. The bootleggers were busy, and some miners were very drunk.

The most important people were two women. Each owned a business on opposite sides of the street. They had many claims in the district and had men out checking the claims to see if anyone had jumped their claims.

These gals were really something to look at. Both had gun belts on and a six gun on each side, and they were walking up and down the plank sidewalks in front of their stores. They were waiting for their men to return to report to them if any claim jumping had taken place. About every 30 minutes they would go in their stores and have a drink of bootleg whiskey. Their men returned about 3 o'clock and reported no claims had been jumped, and the crowds left.

One of the sheriff deputies told me they expected gun play between these gals if their claims had been jumped, and I would not have been surprised to have seen it. They were real hard desert gals.

DESERT WHISKEY STILLS

Another time in Las Vegas one evening I was asked to take a ride with one of the "Big Bootleggers." I got in the car with him. It was a big black sedan which was bullet-proof and very fast. The windshield and all glass on this car was at least ½-inch thick, and the windows cranked up and down very hard.

We headed Northeast, and he told me to put a large bandana over my eyes and face as he did not want me to see where we were going. We traveled for about an hour, and the last mile or two was very rough. When we stopped he told me to take off the blindfold, and we were in darkness except for one small light at the entrance of an old mine tunnel.

We went in the tunnel about 20 yards to a large room about 30 feet square. Three men were running a large whiskey still which was all copper. A number of vats were full, and the odor of mash was very strong. Also there were many sacks of sugar, corn, and other stuff used for making Desert Bootleg Whiskey.

He told me they were producing more than 50 gallons each day. We had a sample and it was the best I had ever tasted. This was the largest still I had ever seen, and in those days there were lots of them — both large and small.

This man was a local Vegas businessman and a straight man to do business with. We were there about one hour, and when we came out and got in the car he had me put on the mask again and I didn't take it off till we got back to Las Vegas. He asked me to say nothing about the trip to the stills. It was an exciting experience.

CANADIAN WHISKEY

Another time this same man took me for a ride in the same car at about eight o'clock in the evening. We went east on Fremont Avenue and traveled about half way to Mountain Pass on the road to Boulder City. He turned out his lights and took a dirt road to the left in total darkness. He drove very slowly for a mile or two and stopped. He flashed on his dome light three times and about eight or ten small lights flashed around an area of about one acre or so. He would check his watch with a small flashlight he had in the car in a box. In about 15 minutes we heard a plane coming in from the northeast. It blinked its lights, and the whole field in front of us lit up and the plane made a good landing. Ten or twelve men unloaded the plane in three or four minutes and it took off again and headed out. The plane was loaded with many cases of Canadian Whiskey. It was loaded into cars and pick-up trucks, and as soon as they were loaded all lights went out and they drove out in total darkness in a number of directions.

The bars and honky-tonks served you anything you wanted in drinks from bootleg to the best of Canadian Whiskey. No matter what you asked for you got it and it was good stuff.

The owner of the still and other businessmen always told the truth, but never in dealing with these men on refrigerating equipment did they pay me by check — always in cash and mostly in silver. I kept a canvas sack in my car at all times for this purpose.

I was offered many times \$100.00 to bring in to San Bernardino ten 1-gallon jugs of bootleg whiskey. I was never a bootlegger and did not want that kind of money. Other salesmen did, and a number were caught and convicted and paid stiff fines. The way they were caught was when they stopped for plant and fruit inspection at Yermo inspection station coming from Nevada, and the Daggett inspection station coming from Needles, the inspectors would look for fruit and plants, and if they saw jugs of whiskey they would phone the Barstow deputy sheriff station, and they would pick them up in Barstow. I was told that in the Barstow area the law enforcement officers always had good whiskey to drink.

THE COWBOY WHO WAS NOT

One of my trips to the desert I stayed at Baker, California in a good motel overnight. At dinner that night I was confronted by a young man dressed in full cowboy garb — shirt, pants, large 10-gallon Texas hat, chaps, boots, heavy gun belt, and a red bandana around his neck. He was really something to look at. He told everyone and bragged about his exploits as a cowboy in the circuses, shows, and at Texas cattle ranches. He claimed he had won many rodeo events, etc.

He was trying to get a ride to a large cattle ranch near Searchlight, Nevada so he could ride in a cattle round-up which was about to start at this ranch. As I was going through Searchlight the next morning, I agreed to take him along. The owner of the place at Baker was very anxious to be rid of him, as he had been there several days and they were fed up on his stories and bragging as to what he had done, his big talk as a real cowboy.

We left the next morning, and he had a lot of cowboy stuff, such as two 45 six shooters, extra chaps, "leather chaparajos," quirt and black leather gloves. He told me many stories of his feats as an expert cowboy, and I was glad to be rid of him too.

I took him to the cattle ranch office, and the owner whom I knew very well was not pleased with me, but after he told the cattle boss a few stories and what a real cowboy he was the boss agreed to give him a chance as the cattle round-up and drive was to start the next morning, and he needed more cowboys to help him.

Six weeks later when I was in Searchlight, I called on the cattle ranch boss and talked to him to find out about the self-rated cowboy I had brought to him. He told me this story.

The first day they gave him a good gentle horse to ride and they started to a remote water hole secluded in a canyon where they knew some wild and mean steers were, as they had not been able to get them out for two or three years, and they were very wild and fierce. The so-called cowboy was with two other real cowboys. They started up the canyon and saw three steers that they were after. They were really wild and mean. The largest steer had long horns which had grown nearly straight out in front of his head. They tried to drive them down the canyon. This long-horned steer got fighting mad and charged the

horsemen. The two real cowboys got out of his way, but the green cowboy could not avoid the rush and was knocked off the horse, which was gored and had to be shot. The green cowboy ran and the steer made for him. They had to shoot the steer to save his life. This took all of the guts out of him and scared the hell out of him. They gave him another mount and sent him back to the ranch at once. He packed his gear and left the ranch on foot as soon as he could.

This young man had all the cow punching he wanted, and was never seen anymore in the Searchlight area. The ranch boss told me never to bring in anymore cowboys, ever, if I wanted to keep his friendship!

If this so-called cowboy had been killed by that wild steer, I would have felt that I had been the cause of his death. Thank God, he was not hurt.

CROSSING THE COLORADO A Day I Will Never Forget

In the year of 1928, I was on the road for a refrigeration company covering Southern Nevada and Western Arizona. Before the Boulder Dam was completed the only way to cross the Colorado River was on a cable ferry near Searchlight, Nevada and Blythe, California.

I covered the Southern Nevada territory and was due for Kingman, Arizona. One day I left Las Vegas and arrived at Searchlight, Nevada about noon. I called on the main business house which was run by a real desert woman. You could purchase most anything at her store, as Searchlight was a thriving mining and cattle town. I had lunch and was about ready to leave for the ferry, when the lady who owned and operated the store asked me if I was going to Arizona. I told her I was, and she asked me to give the operator of the ferry a telegram she had received that morning. I took the telegram which was in a sealed envelope, and arrived at the ferry after about an eight or ten mile trip. I was the only passenger, and as I drove my car on the boat I gave him the telegram.

We started across and were about 100 feet out when he opened the telegram. He was very excited and told me to look up the river. About a mile upstream there was about a fivefoot wall of water coming, and it was terrifying as trees and brush and also a dead steer or two were rolling with the flood. He tipped the ferry to a greater angle as the force of the water drove the boat ahead on the cable. As we neared the Arizona dock he took the blocks from the front of all four wheels and told me to hit the dock with all the speed I could make. I set my gears in second and I hit the dock with all speed possible. The flood of water was only about 100 feet from the ferry when we made the dock. The operator cut the rear cable on the boat and it swung around. The flood hit the boat and swamped it, but the front cable held, and saved the boat from being lost completely. The operator was sure scared and sat down and really shook all over. He said we were sure lucky to have made it. If the flood had caught us, we nor the ferry boat would ever have been seen again.

The telegram I gave the operator contained the warning of the flood coming down the Colorado River at that time.

Another experience I will never forget!

THE EXCITEMENT OF RAW GOLD

While in Blythe on one of my sales trips, I had sold and installed a large meat and produce walk-in box in one of the older general stores. This store was owned and operated by a man who had been in Blythe for many years, and bought and sold anything and everything. He also bought and sold gold to the government and private citizens. He bought most of the gold from prospectors and miners using dry washers from all over the mountains and desert, including Arizona.

A few months later when I was in Blythe, the owner of the store asked me to see him that evening after he had closed the store, as he had some gold he wanted to show me. I called on him about 8 p.m. He closed the store and we went to his office in the rear of the store. He unwrapped a piece of quartz which weighed about three pounds, and was laced with gold. He estimated it was worth at least \$400.00. He had bought the specimen the day before from two placer miners from across the Colorado River in Arizona.

Their story was that they had been digging a shaft in good gravel and were getting about \$10.00 per day for their work. The shaft was about 20 feet deep. As they had their camp set up next to the diggin's, one of the miners went to their cook tent and started supper. He called to his partner when he had the meal ready, but the man in the shaft yelled up that he wanted to dig some more before he came up to eat. He took one more shovel full of gravel and there was the piece of quartz laced with gold. Their excitement was great, and they left at once for Blythe and were there when the store opened in the morning. The store owner bought the specimen from them for \$350.00, and showed it to local businessmen that day.

A friend of mine who operated a trucking business from L. A. to Blythe bought the specimen, and as he lived in San Bernardino and I was coming home the next day, he came with me to be with his family over the weekend.

My father who was a prospector and mining man was home, and I took the truck operator with his gold rock to my father and showed him the specimen. You should have seen the look of gold fever on my old dad's face when he saw it. He took his magnifying glass and looked at every part of the rock and was sure glad to see such a piece of raw gold.