

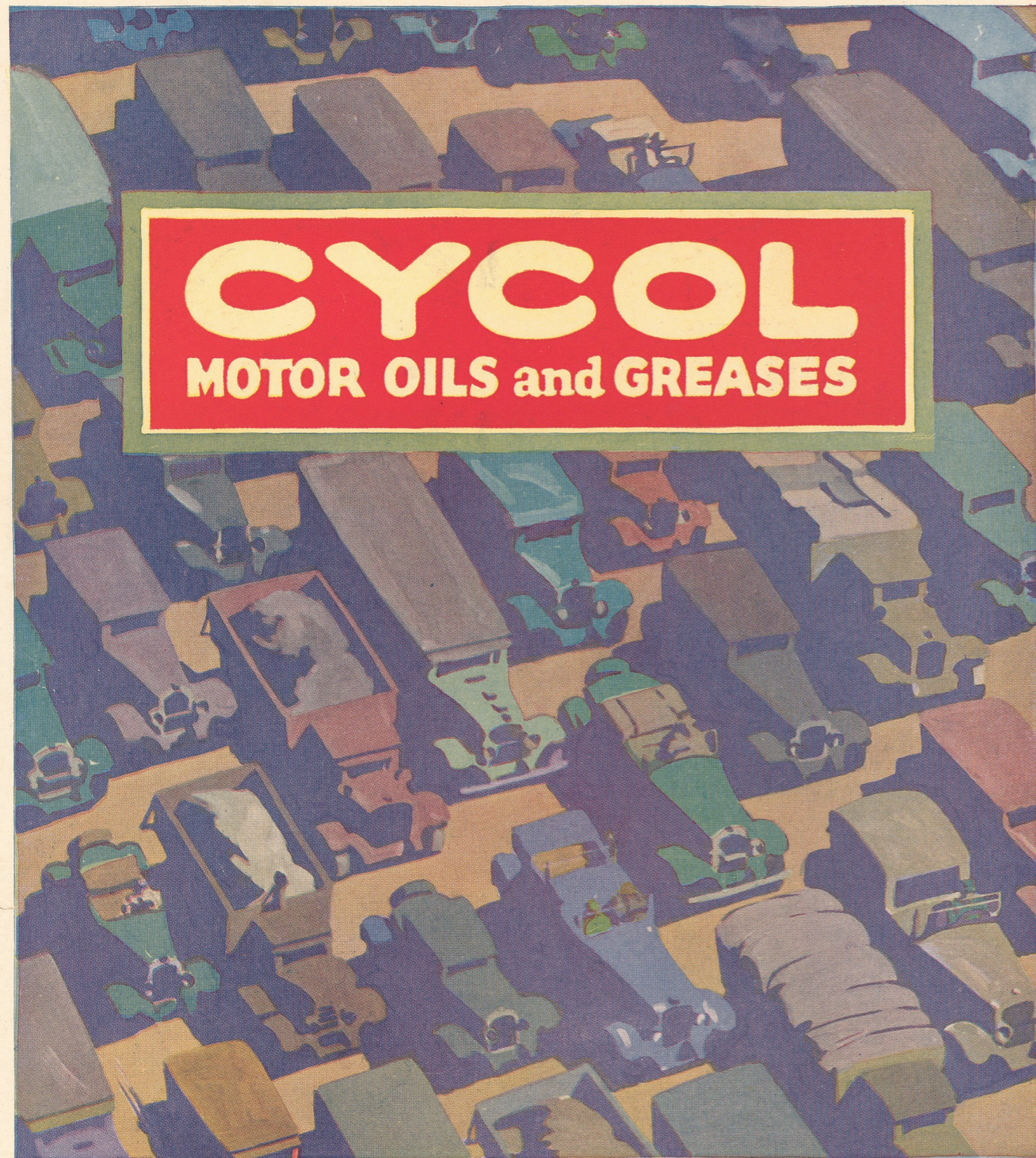
# TOURING TOPICS.

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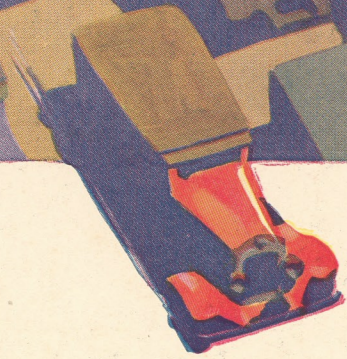


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April, 1927



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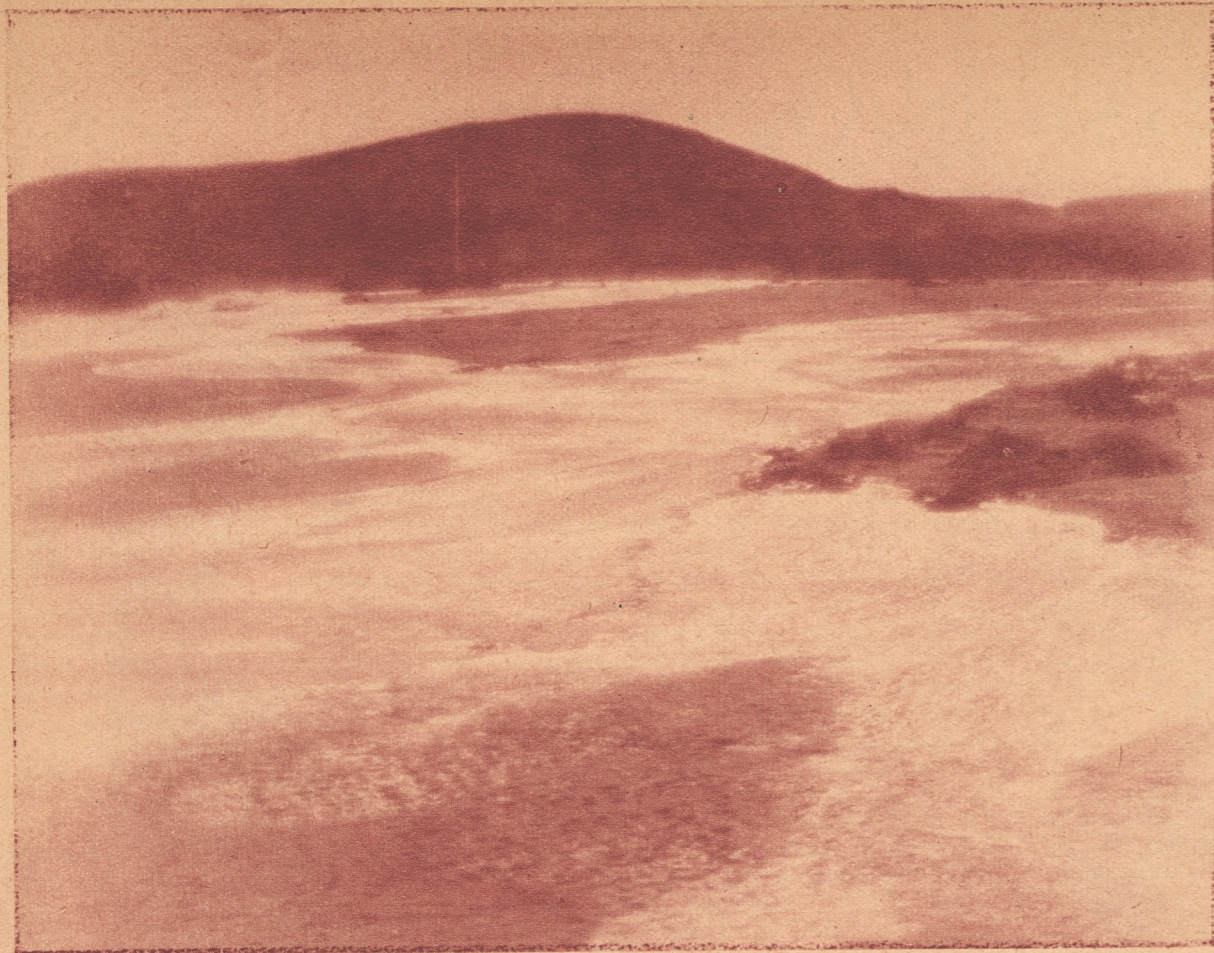


# TOURING TOPICS

*A Magazine for Automobile Owners*

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**ON THE BANKS OF  
THE MOJAVE**

A welcome sight even now to desert travelers, the Mojave River, to the early explorers and emigrant parties, was an important landmark. Along its banks passed the Old Santa Fe Trail, a route now partially followed by one of the major transcontinental highways.—Photograph by Fred R. Archer.

**BIG ROCK CREEK**

In the vicinity of Big Rock Creek, on the northern slope of the San Gabriel Mountains, soon will be found fields of charming desert flowers and blooming cactus. Due to the law prohibiting the cutting of yuccas which has been enforced for some little time, these gorgeous plants will doubtless be found in great plenty this year. Photograph by David J. Sheahan.



**A SAN GABRIEL SIESTA**

The air of yesterday still lingers about San Gabriel Mission, tempting one to indulge in a midday siesta, as the young man reclining in the angle of its bastion here is doing. Not even the stairs that lead to the mysteries of Angkor, or our own White House, are better known than this flight.—Photograph by Will Connell.

# THE DIEGUENO INDIANS OF TODAY



Gathering acorns for the feast. An old Campo woman ready for a journey up the mountain with her net on her head, and an olla to carry the nuts.



Old Yellow Sky, chief of the Campos. Even at an advanced age he still displays great vigor, occasionally aiding his sons who no longer range the hills for deer, but till the soil and raise corn.



Monica Ardillo, once a beauty among the Indians of San Diego County, has been withered by time and hard work, hovering about her domicile while the young generation provide the necessaries of life.



With the passing of time has gone, likewise, much of the wild life of the San Diego Mountains, but this aged Campo has not forgotten his archery.



An Inaja woman, separating wheat grains from the chaff—a primitive but highly successful operation. The Inajas, unlike most of the Diegueño tribes which take their name from a geographical point, derive their title from the Indian word, "Inaja," which means "my water."



A Campo Indian curing pulque for food on the desert in Coyote Valley, San Diego County.

**T**HE DIEGUENO family of Indians, living chiefly in San Diego County, and so named because of their erstwhile allegiance to the San Diego Mission, have been one of the few groups of California Indians that have met our civilization and survived. That they have not entirely perished may be explained by the fact that they have been slow to adopt modern modes and manners, living much the same now as they did a century and a half ago.

At one time, the Diegueños numbered between 3,000 and 4,000. Now



Volcan, a Piapa child, at play on the Campo Indian Reservation. The extraordinary comeliness of the young Diegueños is readily apparent from this portrait.

they have been reduced to 700 or 800. Among the tribes, which are of Yuman stock and belong to the Hokan linguistic group, are the Campos, the Mesa Grandes and the Lagunas, who take their tribal names from the names of their home communities.

Despite the fact that they resented the invasion of the Spaniards and never were completely submissive to the authority of the missionary fathers, they have come to be in later years a peaceful and interesting people.



Not much more than a toddler, this youth already is learning to handle a bow and arrow. His name is Angelo Quilp, he is third of his line, and he lives on the Campo reservation.



White men's tobacco delights this aged Campo, who puffs continually at a home-made cigarette, while he basks in the balmy sunshine of the San Diego mountains.



Maria Antonio, a Mesa Grande, is the most expert basket maker of her tribe. Here she is starting one, later to be sold in San Diego or Los Angeles.



An Inaja woman grinding acorns for the family larder. The hollowed stone is called a metate.



Maria Larsario Altó, olla maker of the Laguna mountains, displaying some of her wares, which are widely sold to curio seekers and collectors of Indian craftsmanship.

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cause of the stampede—a big bull camel which ambled into the corral enclosing the water supply.

"Leave him to me," said Harry Wharton, as his puzzled townsmen clashed around the corral gate. "I know all about the brutes. This is one of the bunch Hi Jolly brought across the desert."

"Entering the corral he gently smote the camel across the knees. Although it must have been years since man bestrode him, the docile creature, responsive to early training, dropped to his knees. Wharton mounted, rode him two or three times around the corral and then steered him out and to a ravine about 300 yards distant. There he dismounted, and as the camel knelt, put a bullet through the creature's brain. Thus perished the last of the American camels, after 34 years' residence in the country and many years of service in the army."

Perhaps under other conditions the camel might have proved worthy of his keep as a beast of burden in the arid regions of this country. There was certainly an unreasonable prejudice against them among the soldiers and drivers of our army. It is hinted, too, that the "Missouri mule trust" of that day may have had something to do with their failure to give satisfaction.

In many countries the camel is admittedly an almost indispensable animal; his ability to store his own water and food; his strength and speed; his adaptation to intense heat or extreme cold, are all valued. His meat is said to be tender and juicy; his hair is utilized in textiles. And his intelligence and docility make him beloved of his owners and drivers. Within recent years the camel has been successfully introduced into South Africa and Australia, proving especially a most valuable factor in transportation in the great sparsely settled regions of the African continent. Mexico is said to have considered seriously the possibility of using camels in Lower California and other arid districts. Even our government has discussed giving the beasts another trial. Possibly we may yet find these burden bearers competing with the motor truck and the electric road in the desert regions of our own country. Certainly they could not stampede the automobiles—although they might upset some of their drivers, particularly those who had taken contraband aboard.

But no matter how scientifically and efficiently and successfully a camel herd might be developed under modern methods and conditions, never again will it be possible to create such an interesting and romantic camel corps as Jefferson Davis and Ned Beale dreamed of and brought into being.

## Virginia City

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

leader. Rough miners held their flannel sides to ease the pangs of merriment, gasped, whooped anew and sat down, rolled over in the dust, roared and volleyed forth into new peals of laughter under the impact of the jest. Sleek newcomers from over the mountains rubbed their smooth jaws to stop the ache of continued hilarity that this old-timer, this hill-billy, this wealthy nobody in a rum-stained shirt and greasy trousers should steal a march on all the self-appointed vortaries of progress and name the town for them, all by turning an accident to humorous account.

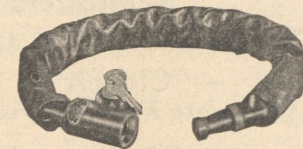
By morning the joke was all over camp. By noon it had spread throughout the district. In a week it was a classic, told by the impecunious in saloons to get free whisky in the inevitable merriment and round of drinks that followed the telling. When the solid citizens met a little later to choose a name for the community every proposal was howled down by the laughing miners except one—the name Fenimore had bestowed. In self-defense they named the place "Vir-

ginia City." What else could they do?

And now the wealth of metal drawn from the mines was attracting nationwide attention. The region whence it came was cut off from Utah, organized as a territory, named Nevada, nobody quite knew how. A little time and politics became exigent. Two senatorial votes, in the words of Lincoln, were worth a million men in the war between the States. The territory was admitted to Statehood. Lincoln got the votes. After the conflict ended the lode to which Comstock, by adroit self-advertising, had managed to attach his name provided the silver on which the nation resumed specie payment. But the lean, drawing Virginia joker was not there to see all these indirect results of his activities.

He was killed at Dayton in 1861, trying to make good a drunken boast by riding an unbroken horse. He had sold his claims and spent the price. As his sole monument and estate he left the name bestowed in jest on the greatest mining camp the world has ever known.

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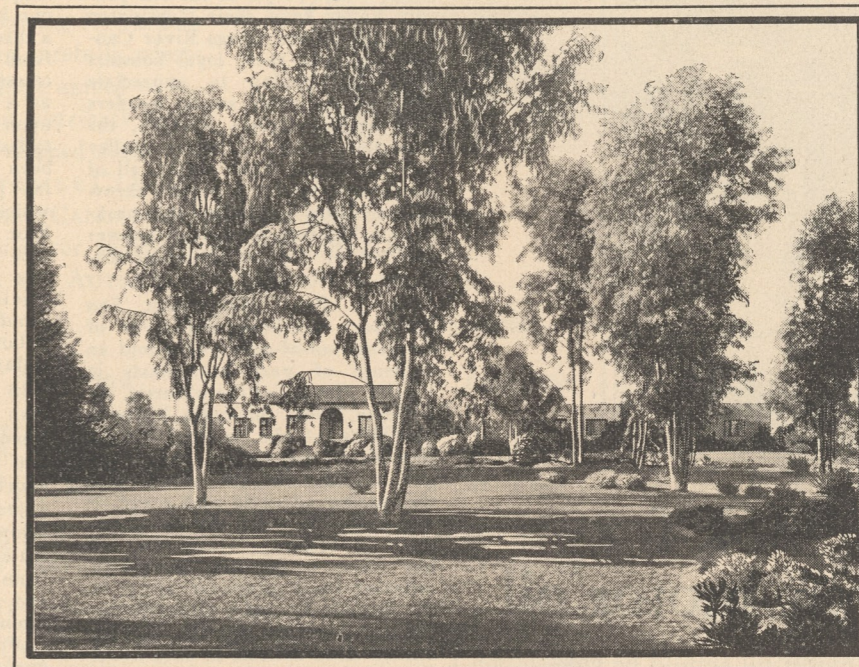
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