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Unpublished Miscellaneous Material

on

Native Americans

Compiled by

Burrell C. Dawson, Lone Pine, California

1977-81

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Subject to checking & revision when cooler weather is here

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I

Excerpted from personal communication of 12-6-1977 from Elizabeth L. Mecham, Rt 1 Box 416, Bayside CA 95524.

George Pipkin writes of Joe Peterson and his ranch in the Argus Range - east side . He and his sister Mabel had a beautiful place there. Joe died 1905 T.B. I knew them both as a child. Joe Copperstain would come over the 20 odd miles to our camp Millspaugh for groceries and mail - if he had any and news of his cousins - Panamint George. Indian George Hanson and family who always came up in the summers and camped at different places, springs or on Junction Flat. In the 40's when George and his son Mike Hanson died at different times - Some of the family left and came to Darwin to tell me. Panamint George would tell me how he and his father sat on a hillside and watched the 49ers struggle through - afraid to help these strange looking people , as word had come on ahead of their robbing camps along the way. George was born 1844, died Sept 18, 1943, buried somewhere in Panamint Valley with others of his family. Warm Springs was their winter home. Warm Springs in Panamint Valley, now miscalled the Indian Ranch, is a small reservation. Little sparkling creek - Mollies goats - if we needed extra mules we got them from George.

The Petersons lived in Wilson Canyon about 5 miles north of Tona. They were Kawaiisu, also spoke Shoshoni, + intermarried with Panamint Valley Shoshoni, the Hanson family.

KO50

For explanatory notes on this material
see page (31) & (32)

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Personal communication from Henry Olivas, Lone Pine, 1-6-78.

Mollie Hanson herded goats.

Panamint Tom and George Hanson worked around mines as well as ranches.

Chappo Diaz was a cowboy. Sometimes worked for Lubken. Never married. Took name from Diaz family who lived near Diaz Lake. Frank Bellas did some riding but was mostly a ranch hand, Manuel Bellas the same. These three lived mostly around Lone Pine in the summer and Keeler in the winter. Frank Bellas was a good hay stacker. Indians camped out then. They did not live in houses. When some one died they burned every thing and moved. They usually camped out alongside the ~~ex~~ aqueduct.

Coso Hot Springs was not a permanent settlement but Indians were always coming and going there on account of the baths.

Indians were at Haiwee Spring most of the time.

In summer time the Panamint Valley Indians camped with their goats at a spring 5 or 6 miles north of the Junction.

Bellas family are Kukuwiji Shoshoni from Coso Hot Springs.

Excerpts from letter from Elizabeth L. Mecham of 1-6-78.

We had horse theives at various times, who rounded up stock running loose on Junction Flat and surrounding country - the Indians and a couple times some of ours. They were run down Water Canyon and across Panamint Valley south end - either over the Slate Range or thru Wingate Pass and on to Barstow and loaded on trains for the East with other stock held there from other parts of the county. I mention no names, tho we knew who they were.

Joe Peterson and sister Mabel had their fine garden and fruit trees originally planted when Searles brothers located the lake and settled there - used the garden spot as a summer retreat - and when Trona established after Joe died 1905 about - Mabel lived on there alone for years and sold the water - it really was a garden spot. I used to ride there to see them and hunt our horses who ranged all over with the Indian stock and the wild horses, which were many when I was growing up.

Tennessee Springs was a fine spring at base of Maturango - west side up from the Junction about 4 miles to the north. Our Indians camped there often in summer up from their winter home in Panamint Valley at Warm Springs miscalled Indian Ranch - is a very small reservation - a winter home long before the white man showed up - "strange looking people" who robbed the Indian camps as they made their way into Death Valley. I often rode over to visit my Indian friends when ever they came up home and camped at various places around Junction Flat. Early day Indians had territories of their own - an invisible boundary over which they did not enter other ~~tribes~~ tribes spots of country. Death Valley Indians and Panamint Indians were close - but our Coso Indians were different and had their own territory and Saline Valley Indians - after 1900 they began to mingle

from ELM 1-6-78

and intermarry.

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In the 1930's one of the old stages was at Warm Springs - Indian Georges winter home and given to him by the owners - Cheesebrough - I believe when the stage line was discontinued.

from ELM 2-22-78

In 1910's Indians camped at China Garden Spring and Indian Garden Spring in sections 14 and 10, T 20 S, R 40 E, MDM.

*Junction or Junction Flat is now
called Etcheon Valley, T 21, 22 S,
R 41, 42 E, M & M*

From Beveridge Ross Spear 1-26-78

Frank Bellas had a camp below Haiwee Reservoir in Wild Rose Canyon near Wild Rose Springs, now called Rose Spring.

Ben Hunter's father worked for William Lyle Hunter and took the Hunter name. Ben was blind.

There are twin peaks northerly of the Race Track. These are the Ubehebe Peaks. Ubehebe means a woman's breasts.

~~(This is Dry Mountain?)~~

Ned Bellas has a son Leonard.

Chappo Diaz Bellas could not speak much English. He loved horse racing. He was always at all races trying to make a buck, riding, working, betting.

John Glen was from Mono Lake. He was called Mono John. His father's name was Willie and he had a brother Andrew. John's wife Nellie was laundress for B.R. Spear. Mono John claimed 160 acres at the mouth of Tuttle Creek next to McCall and Miller ranches. (See map page 38 Saga of Inyo County) Mrs. Edwards tried to run Mono off and claim it for herself but Ranger Parkinson stopped it.

The Indian cemetery on the east side of the Alabamas was started before 1900.

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~~INFORMATION FROM HENRY XX OLIVER XX IN XX~~

Info from Louis Arcularius 1-11-78

In 1921 there was some sort of medicine man, a big tall Indian, come up from Death Valley with an old man and woman. I was going to Cole Springs from Darwin and there was three feet of snow on the ground. I was a week late because of ptomaine I got at the Junction. I was riding the ridges because the snow was less deep there and when I come out on the flat near the cabin at Cole I saw this guy out there in the snow in the middle of nowhere going through some sort of ceremony and beating the snow with a stick.

When I got to the cabin I found these old people inside, no food, no fuel for a fire. Just sort of a nest in the middle of the floor of shredded bark and stuff.

I had plenty of food in the cabin in a mouse proof tin lined box and I asked the old woman why they didn't eat it. She said they couldn't. It didn't belong to them. It belonged to Summers and Butler. I told her it belonged to me and go ahead and eat it up.

Then I went on to Coso Hot Springs where I was to meet the boss. I told him I had to go to Cowens (now Dunmovin) and notify the sheriff about these old people in trouble which next day I did. I never did know what the outcome was.

The name of the big tall guy was Big Mouth George.

Mike Hanson and George Gregory had a ranch half way between Darwin and Cole Springs.

Frank and Joe Bellas lived at Keeler in 1906.

Hunter is the name of some Saline Valley Indians.

George Gregory and Mike Hanson were cowboys. In the spring and fall worked for Summers and Butler. Also Jens Ness at Hunter

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Mountain.

In 1916 they built ~~axwixedxxxxxxx~~ a winged corral three or miles south of the Junction on Nadeau Road. Here they rounded up 50 or 60 wild horses to break and sell locally after they branded them. After they got these wild ones in the wings the women would come out at the wide mouth of the wings and whoop and yell and wave pieces of cloth and help herd the wild ones into the corral.

*With the exception of the Petersons who
were Kawaiisu these Indians ~~are~~ are
Shoshoni.*

VI

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Letter from EIM 5-9-78

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I have known Silas Ness since he was born in Darwin 1910 a fine man. The Panamint Valley and Coso assumed the white mans way of life sooner than others have. Their dress patterned after us in Darwin - without patterns they copied ours with calico perfectly. Their houses in Darwin were so clean - could eat off the floor and they cooked as we did. Years ago - 1900s before they moved into Darwin - a couple of the women would walk in from Indian Gardens and Coso - do big washings - iron - clean house - have noon meal and at days end - walk home - all for \$1.00. Later when they moved into Darwin - Mamie Gregory liked to wash for me and she washed ironed and cleaned for ~~other~~ others.

Her baskets were of the best.

Her daughter Annie and Mike Hanson - Georges son - were married in late 1890s or early 1900s. Annie died during our 1918 flu. In those days their lives were much more secret than later on when they settled in Darwin and the children went to school. I've always been pleased that I could call them friends especially Panamint George and his family.

It was a custom - cruel of course in our eyes - to take an old one out aways with a few days water and food and leave them to die - the last time in 1913 or so - we of the town rescued Mary - a mile from town. But when they made up their minds to die - they died and of course could not in their houses. If they did the houses etc would have to be burned. Later years they got over that idea - would move the sick ones outside. Old days they burned their dead and where was very hard to find. Now those who have gone rest in peace in our cemetery and the graves taken better care of than ours.

We used to talk with Indian George about them - the petro-

EIM 5-9-78

glyphs - but he had no handed down history of who "the people" were or if his ancestors - his were Death Valley - understood some of the meaning of what "the people" as he called them were saying and that the country in their time was different than now. Their camps were along the base of the Malapai on west side of Junction Flat (Etcherson Valley) and some fine old ~~mx~~ metates and manos were still found when I was little - we just left them there. In 1930 my two sons and I found one out on the flat - metate - and buried it.

The Owens Valley tribes are and were different from ours. The Owens Lake was a boundary line in ancient times and still so not too long ago.

1-11-79

plural of
Yowlumne

Yowlumne is name of
of tribe.
individual Indians

Joe Peppers of Linn Valley was a Yauelmani Yokuts. His Indian name was Milet (mih'-let) which means mountain.

Obtained from Mrs. Jim Wallace of Dyer Calif who is a mixed blood relative of Joe Peppers.

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From Silas Ness 2-8-78

Mike Hanson and his father-in-law George Gregory ran horses in the Junction Flat area. George Hanson known as Panamint George saw 49ers as small boy. He was probably on Rogers Peak at the time.

Hanson family ran as high as 700 goats at one time. Raised for mohair. Hanson territory from Telescope Peak to Tennessee Spring and adjoining areas. Tennessee Spring in summer time.

C 1929 a concrete flume was built on the Indian Ranch reservation. It has since been almost all covered by cloud bursts

A dividing line was set up between the Darwin Indians and the Hanson family.

Rosie Sam was the maiden name of the mother of Silas Ness. Her mother was a Saline Valley Hunter. John and Sarah Hunter were relatives.

Patterson Creek in Fish Lake Valley named for Indian who lived there.

Silas Ness had a permit for grazing 10 horses. Botini the BIM man ~~rexx~~ cancelled it on him every year. A big scrap every time to get it renewed. Silas felt it was cancelled in favor of big ranchers.

The Lone Pine Paiute-Shoshoni council won't grant land to Indians from "over the hill". There is vacant land on the reservation but they have marked it reserved on the map and are holding it for their grand children.

Silas is
Shoshoni
probably
Sage

VIII

(11)

When we would talk to Indian George - Mike or others - they knew nothing of petroglyphs or of ancestors - just "old people".

George Gregory - his mother Mary and a couple "old viejos" as we called the old ones when I was growing up - and Mamie ~~Gregory~~ Gregory were at Indian Gardens in 1900s and a few others of that clan or tribe. In middle late 1900s moved into Darwin and set their camp up in the little wash that runs east side along the edge of town and on into old Lucky Jim Wash which further on down east runs into the main Darwin Wash. In 1910s they moved up and down to their present location. Built nice homes. No connection with the few who lived at Coso Hot Springs that I know of - so few left by the turn of the century.

George and Mamie's daughter Annie married Mike Hanson of Panamint Valley clan and their children grew up in Darwin.

Dugan Hanson and Silas Ness have permission to run horses on the bombing range - prior rights - especially Dugan's from his families rights in the Junction country. I saw a few head there in 1971 and now they run a few head out of Black Rock Springs at the western end of the Malapai south of Centennial Flat.

As far as I know there were very few Death Valley Indians and they were scattered all thru that big country - and into ~~to~~ Panamint Valley in 49 days. All isolated and did not mingle from what George Hanson used to tell us. And there were boundary lines.

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Joe and Mabel Peterson's are all gone - no children of either so far as we knew when they lived at Mabel's spring.

Panamint George's (Hanson) Indian name - "Boy who ran away" - "Bah-vanda-savs-kee" - and his wife's was "Jai-hi'-alai-he-ali" - but we called her "your wife he" - as he called her "my wife he". Easier than her Indian name. He did not know or did not want to tell what her name meant. He got his from hiding out setting up on a hillside when the 49ers came by.

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Letter from EIM 6-2-78

I'm sorry Silas is not cooperating. Maybe he never was interested in family history. Always took good care of his mother - a fine woman - first came to Darwin in 1908-09 and spent the rest of her life there. Made delicious hotcakes. Our Darwin Indians had a nice little community down at the end of Main St.

Birchams camp cabin was on the road just off the summit of Mountain Springs Canyon a couple miles. The mine further south. We used to camp in the cabin in 1915-16 with Mike and George - and others of our friends while rounding up horses - Logan - George Hanson - Mike - Happy Jack George Gregory - Milo and I. Last roundup 1916 May we gathered and held there 40 head - then headed them out for the Junction - running the 15 miles to corral at the Junction - later brand and cut out a few to break. Happy Jack was one of Panamint Valley cousins of George.

Leland Hanson corporal 32 Infantry 7th Division. Korea - killed in action Jan 18, 1952. Born June 14, 1927. Military funeral at Darwin cemetery.

Panamint Tom - Shoshoni Paiute - Death Valley and Panamint Valley - was father-in-law of Indian George Hanson - who when Tom died in 1900s - hard to know in those days just when any of our Indians died in Panamint Valley country - all were burned at a secret place - when Tom died George became Panamint George sort of succession title. In early 1900s Tom used to come once in a while to our place, Millspaugh - with George and his two sons Eb and Bill Johnson - both died about 1907 - Joe Peterson was a cousin

During Tom's younger days he was a "bad Indian" said to have killed 11 white men. Uncle Sam finally stepped in and threatened to put him in prison if he didn't behave. So by 1900 when we first knew him he was a slight built - snow white hair, probably in his

90s - very pleasant - but of course no one wanted to rile him - knowing his past reputation. His younger brother Charlie - also white hair and heavier built - small and obtained no notoriety as a "bad Indian" - he just tagged along with Tom and the others. They were always welcome and had the freedom of our place - use the blacksmith shop and shoe their horses - also shod ours - did a beautiful job. We always carried groceries - canned, coffee, flour etc and they paid cash - but always one thing at a time - that way they kept count - canned tomatoes and peaches - both favorites.

Hungry Bill was also a Panamint Valley-Death Valley part of that small band of Indians - came once in a while to Darwin and camped up at the end of Main St - 49 kids - stay a while and gone. Do a few odd jobs if any - home was on east side of Panamint Mts, garden etc.

Bill Boland - from Keeler - worked in the old soda works - took his name from Tom Boland who with his wife Blanche had the Keeler store and saloon 90s and 1900s. Bill Boland was probably a Saline Valley.

Addie Hanson - Indian George Hanson (Panamint) grand-daughter born 1900 in Darwin - died Jan 3, 1969.

Mike Hanson - George's son married Annie Gregory - George and Mamie's daughter- born 1876 - died 1929-30. First child Logan born Darwin - Feb 5, 1897. Addie 1900. Chrissie 1902 - died in our 1918 flu epidemic. Addie had 2 sons Leland June 14, 1927 - Buster was first Aug 29, 1923 - then Dugan Nov 5, 1925 - then Leland. Ivan March 6, 1929 in Olancho - killed in car accident Caspar Wyoming Oct 19, 1975 - buried in Bishop Oct 25 - 46 years old. Survived by wife Mary in Billings Montana, 3 sons Walter Hanson of Billings - Warren Pueblo of Bishop - Michael Hanson of Ridgecrest

- 2 daughters Gayle Johnson of Yerington Nevada and JoAnn Hanson of Billings - one brother Buster Hanson Yerington and 2 grand children as of 1975.

Logan Hanson - Mike's oldest - died May 1954 about 57 years. Mike died Warm Springs - Panamint Valley - now called Indian Ranch Reservation Feb 23, 1947.

George Gregory died July 20, 1955 Darwin - over 80 years old.

Buster Hanson served two years in WW 2 - medical discharge - frozen feet.

In early 40s Addie married an Apache - Santos - they lived in Darwin and Lone Pine. He died in late 40s or early 50s. A pleasant man and good to Addie. A long way from his White Mtns home in Arizona.

Dugan was in Bakersfield. Vonburgs Camp.

Hungry Bill ranch was on east side of Panamints in Johnson Canyon - an orchard and garden - long gone - once supposed to furnish Panamint City with fruit and vegetables in 1870s - family home for generations.

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From tape by Arlie Brierly 5-78

I never heard the Paiutes say or have a word for God. I asked this Indian Lee Warlie and he said the only thing he could think of was the man who made these pictures on the rocks , Kuh-put-tuh-gich. They got a name for the chief evil spirit, Hai-nuh-no. Lee told me he saw him up in Coyote Valley one time. He said he could see right thru him.

Lee Warlie went to Indian school for a while and something went wrong and he run away and went and lived with some Indians at Fish Springs.

They had a story they told to scare kids with. They said a witch lived in that cone up there. *a volcano, Crater Mtn* Someone would build a fire in it so the smoke would come out.

One old Indian woman told my mother that on the march to Fort Tejon when the Indians got tired the soldiers whipped them.

Pot-suh-gee-duh, White Mountain Peak. I think it means Hawk.

The first Indian I ever knew who could talk good English was Lee Yandell.

How Coso got its Name.

Pete Yandell told me this. Long, long time ago, so long ago nobody knows when, there was a contest every year between the people and birds and animals and sun and moon and planets. The contest was they made a little mound of earth and put a ball on it and knocked it with a stick. There wasn't any prize for the winner but the loser got dumped in a pit. Bear saw he was going to lose once so he took to the tall timber and has been hiding out ever since. Sun lost and got dumped in the pit and that is what burned all that country. They got *Coso Hot Springs* hot water down there yet. The mole helped Sun get out of that hole and lost his eyesight. Coso is the name for country like that.

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Why the Paiutes got a Short Penis.

He told me this one too. One time a man came up from the south with a bag on his back, a great big bag. He said all their things come from the south, their language and everything else. The man with the bag on his back wouldn't tell what was in it. They were around a camp fire one night and a woman felt something under her dress where it had no business being and so she grabbed it. It was this man's tah-wil (Paiute for penis). It was a great long one and they hung onto it and chopped it into pieces. The long pieces they threw a long way off but the short pieces ~~would~~ wouldn't go very far but fell here and there and that is the reason a Paiute has a short tah-wil.

*Lee Warlie & Pete Yandell are
Owens Valley Paiute.*

I decided to go trapping small varmints such as ~~small~~ four foot bearing animals, the secret of making the trap was showed me by an old man. The trap is what you call the figure 4. trap now, instead of using board we use two flat rocks when the trap is sprung the top flat rock falls on the ~~varmint~~ ^{crus} and traps the varmint, and that's the way I trapped small four bearing animals. There are certain species of mice that's edible and any other animals I trap I bring home to ~~boil~~ or barbecue we cooked all of our meat in the manner of barbecue or broil, we ~~didn't~~ have no pots or pans then, to boil or cook our meals.

As it is done now,

as I got older and stronger as time went on I was allowed to go along with the folks whenever they went into the mountains to pick pine nuts the season is ~~during~~ the early fall all the people young and old to pick pine nuts to the hardest task the first trip I made getting and cutting the poles which are to be used to knock the pine nuts of the trees. The poles are cut here in the valley the wood being birch and are cut anywhere from ten to sixteen feet in length these poles has to be taken up to the mountains. It was my first big task to help drag the poles to the mts.

It was during these days I was in my teens when the Indians were driven to San Joaquin Valley by the Soldiers close as I remember I was 12 years old then we were driven from into the place called Jule over in Tulare Co I stayed at Jule for ten years then in my twenties and old enough I decide to come back to Owens valley and I did. after I got here in the valley I came to work Independence at the time was called Camp Independence it was still an army camps everything was in peace here in the valley the Indians settlers and soldiers were friends all happy and friendly towards one another I stayed with

July 15, 1935 Jaboose Ranch Autobiography of Hank Hunter

XI

I was born at Jaboose Ranch near Aberdeen as I remember

at the age of three, the trouble ^{was} still brewing between the settlers and the Indians. A fight here and there, my mother died of illness during my infant years. her death came during a season when the Indians were picking pine nuts in the mountains, the burial of my mother was performed east side of the dryo ranges, the location of the burial which I do not know up to today.

My father and grandmother brought me over the range into the valley, which was their native haunts, they took turn in packing me over the mountains. we came into ^{Jaboose Ranch} after the seasons trip to my grandmothers home, then I was raised until I reached the age of three. ^{then} I remember the trouble between the sett and Indians as I mentioned before. My father was a native of a place near Fort. formerly called the Thibaut creek. ^{settlement} The place was settled by many Indians during his time, my mother was a native of Jaboose Ranch. my father was staying at the Thibaut settlement when he left me at my grandmother's place at Jaboose. there after I got ^{older} in my teens my father sent for me to come and stay with him at the Thibaut settlement, which I stayed for three years and again my other grandmother at Jaboose sent for me. I again went to stay with her then from there I was old enough to go out, they bring home the different games and fish for the family larder, my first weapon was bow and arrow. This weapon I used in killing small birds such as

July 15, 1930

Tuboose Ranch Autobiography of Hank Hunter

I was born at Tuboose Ranch near Aberdeen as I remember at the age of three, the trouble ^{was} still brewing between the settlers and the Indians. A fight here and there, my mother died of illness during my infant years. her death came during a season when the Indians were picking pine nuts in the mountains, the burial of my mother was performed east side of the dnyo range, the location of the burial which I do not know up to today.

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I decided to go trapping small varmints such as ~~small~~ ^{small} four fur bearing animals, the secret of making the trap was ^{showed} me by an old man. trap is what you call the figure 4. trap now instead of using board we use two flat rocks when the trap is sprung the top flat rock falls on the varmint, ^{crushed} and traps the varmint, and thats the way I trapped small fur bearing animals. There are certain species ^{of} mice that's edible and any other animals I trap I bring home to broil or barbecue we cooked all of our meals in the manner of barbecue or broil, we ~~did not~~ have no pots or pans then, to boil or cook our meals.

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some friends or near relatives who were staying around the camp
& went from place to place working wherever I can I was
and orphan I had no home no one to go to.

The settlers who bought the Indians when they arrived in the
Valley were farm owners and each farm hired ten or twelve Indian to labor &
as laborers to one of the ranches and called that my home I went
from ranch to ranch as time went by finally I got steady employment
from a rancher called Hunter my employer wanted me

to keep on staying at the ranch and be a foreman of his Indian laborers
after years on the ranch finally came the day I must leave my
employer and go out into the world and make a living After I
left the ranch my Indian name was dropped of then my name

became Hank Hunter being my employers name
Indians that worked for certain ranchers inherited their employers
names and up until today they all have names in English
when I went out to shift for myself my father kept

to be alive and I had his home at Georges Creek I went there to live with
him as he was getting old I spent four years there with him until his
death after his death I came back to Fort Independence staying at
a friends place I stayed two or three years after three years the

soldiers were ordered to disband after they disbanded the old
soldiers reservation was surveyed and cut into lots which became
Indian reservation as it is now that was 25 years ago Today

I am still living on the same lot that I received when the soldiers
disbanded the camp this lot has helped me to keep alive until

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Auto 2

names
was up until today they all have names on engraver
when I went out to shift for myself my father kept
to be alive and I had his home at George's Creek I went there to live with him as he was getting old I spent four years there with him until his death after his death I came back to Fort Independence staying at a friend's place I stayed two or three years after three years the soldiers were ordered to disband after they disbanded the old soldiers reservation was surveyed and cut into lots which became Indian reservation so it is now that was 25 years ago Today I am still living on the same lot that I received when the soldiers distinguished the camp this lot has helped me to keep alive until today and this ends my story
Thank Hunter

ready for the battle to come the Indians decided then go on and meet
 the soldiers and it was done from the lava beds they marched on towards
 Division (?) Creek then decided that Division Creek being covered with
 willows and trees they should conceal themselves and ambush the soldiers
 as they came on. -the Indians-settled-down-among-the-willews as they
 were settling down to conceal themselves some of the Indians ^{scouts} -seeing
 were seen by accident. ^{calvary} the soldiers after seeing the scouts knew the
 battle was near at hand they dismounted from their horses and made
 a decision that they should march towards the creek and battle the
 Indians after the soldiers dismounted they lined up in formation
 to march against the Indians as they marched towards the Indians they
 laid down-a-barrage after barrage ~~te-re-sail~~ as they neared the
 creek ^{no} ~~Indians-the-~~ Indian was to be seen ^{being} ~~as-they~~ were well concealed among the
 shrubs. the Indians let the soldiers get in with arrow shooting
 shooting distance and they with a yell and war whoop started from their
 hiding places shooting at the soldiers. the soldiers seeing the were
 outnumbered by the Indians turn and ran from the flying arrows. the
 arrows ^{did} ~~done~~ no damage to the soldiers one of the soldiers bullets
 seriously wounded ^{one of the} ~~and~~ Indians ^{that being} ~~that-was~~ the only one
 casualty in that short battle. the soldiers ran for their horses
 with the Indians ^{chasing} ~~still-~~ after them. after mounting their horses the
 soldiers galloped hard as they could for the camp. Indians never
 gave up their chase ev n chasing on foot did handicap them. the
 Indians came within three miles from the camp and gave up the chase
 after a quick bow wow the Indians ^{decide to go back} ~~went-back~~ to Taboose and peace
 reigned once more a short time afterwards another trouble started
 at Big Pine, again the soldiers were called. this battle was a short
 battle no casualty the Indians still mad kept raiding the settlers
 driving the horses away and killing their cattle while this raiding

(21)

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was in progress a battle started in Bishop again the soldiers and
werent it
Indians a- few Indians were killed at this battle only two soldiers
killed. this battle was up in the hills so the Indian had every
advantage over the soldiers, but the bow and arrow could not do much
damage beyond ~~a-certain~~^{er-ever} 50 yards for this reason the Indians always
picked a rocky place to fight in. after the battle in Bishop the Indians
moved into Round Valley. when they arrived there it was nearly ~~snow-time~~
time for the winter snow to fall any day after the Indians arrived at
Round Valley ~~it-was-two-days-stay~~^{they were there two days} when the snow began to fall. after the
snow the Indians could not get out of R Valley but they manage to thrive
through the winter. early in the spring after the snow thawed out a
conference was held between settler and soldiers again at this conference
it was decided that a peace was to be made with the Indians. with peace
in mind the soldiers again journeyed to Round Valley the ~~army~~^{soldiers} took
along their field kitchen and rations ~~is~~ to be used to help make peace
with the Indians after two days of travel the soldiers reached
their destination ~~they~~^{and then} made camp near the Ablom(?) ranch. after a brief
rest a detail of 8 men field kitchen and a cook was sent on to Round
Valley as representatives for the settlers and the soldiers to make
peace. the fidd kitchen and the cook to be used ~~to make peace~~
(page 1 of 2)

to feed the Indians during the peace making eating mentioned to an
Indian is a god send in these days. the cook and the field kitchen
halted with in
stepped three miles from the Indian camp. the eight men detailed
to make peace went on to the Indian camp, as they ~~approached~~^{hunting for} neared
the camp they were seen by some Indians who were ~~near~~^{near} the rabbits on
the hills near the rock quarry, the eight men were following a trail

made by the Indians which ran close to the hill hills. the Indian hunters after asking each other what they should do decided to ambush the soldiers from behind the rocks. after a short visit a scout was sent to get more Indians at the camp ~~indians-were-sent-for~~. after the additional Indians arrived they settled behind the rocks. the detail of soldiers unaware of danger followed the trail until they came to the danger spot ~~as-the-made-the-danger-spot~~ when the soldiers came near the rocky spot a shot rang out. one of the Indians owned a rifle which was stolen from settlers the shot came from this gun this rifle the only gun in the whole tribe of Indians. as the shot rang out a soldier fell wounded. he was hit in the side critically wounded. his mates drug him quite a ways but could not drag him any further then abandoned (?) him. the Indians came out of their hiding place and gave chase The soldiers knowing their lives were behind in danger they left their wounded ~~lay~~ and ran back to their horses and field kitchen it was nearing dark the Indians chased the soldiers into a canyon surrounded the seven men by some miracle during the night the soldiers slipped out of the canyon. and evaded their surrounders. this attempt took the Indians by surprise after this happening the Indians all wondered how they ever escaped. after the soldiers made their escape they went directly to their horses, mounted, and left the cook and field kitchen behind without warning or saying a word to the cook. the cook stood in amazement that right away he knew something was up. he too got on his horse and left as fast as he could go, the reason the soldiers left the cook back without warning him was that they had a disagreement over some matters during their escape. the soldier that was critically wounded and left behind ~~was~~ ^{had already} ~~badly~~ died as he was shot on his side. the Indians buried him after stripping him of his uniform, the rifle and revolver he carried was taken

by his fellow soldiers when he decided to leave him lay where he exhausted. the Indian never ^{possessed} ~~get-held~~ a gun of any kind they really want to strip the wounded soldier of his weapons but was beaten to this wish by one of the soldiers. a possession of a gun was a great honor to the Indian in those days. an incident happened while the seven soldiers were surrounded in the canyon, the soldiers had plenty rounds of ammunition. they shot every time they saw an Indian moving behind a rock, the soldiers also behind rocks could not be hit by an arrow. finally as hours went by one of the Indians stuck his head out little too far over one of the rocks. one of the soldiers see this took a good aim, shot, and the Indian being hit ~~right~~ on the nose died instantly ~~se-~~ ^{and} being that ~~was~~ the only casualty of the Indian side at the Round Valley battle also one ^{was} soldier killed. after the soldiers came back to Independence the Indians decided to disband which they did and went here and there to different parts of the valley once again peace ^{ill feeling} reigned-~~grudge~~ forgotten.

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XIII A
(24)

Koso Alphabet and Phonetics

Adapted from Kroeber "Handbook of the Indians of California"

Vol II page 940.

a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, k, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, y, z.

a as in father - ah
a as in what - uh
b as in boy
c used only with ch
d as in done
e as in met
f as in fool
g as in go
h as in hit
i as in feet - ee
i as in fit - ih
k as in kick, but with something of German ch.
m as in mamma
n as in none
o as in note
p as in puppy
r much as in Spanish
s as in sole
t as in too, sometimes approaches k in sound
u as in rule - u
u as in foot - oo
u two dots above it, an umlaut - eu
v as in vim
w as in wonder
y as in yonder
z used only as zh

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ai like in I, eye

ay as in hay

ch as in church

dh like th in the, that, a soft Spanish d.

ng as in singing does not occur, where found each letter belongs to a separate syllable.

sh as in shush

zh like z in azure

In nasals spelling is arbitrary, sometimes spelled, sometimes not. Single vowels tend to be clipped as in Spanish, not diphthonged as in English.

For a truer picture of pronunciation listen to the tapes.

Paiute is much the same except --

ng - occurs as in singing

z - as in zap

ts - as in German

dipthongs do occur

au - as in ouch

aw - as in awful

a - as in and - a

h - final sound in a word - a harsh h

oi - as in boy

a & l - only in borrowed words

final a(-uh) is often very faint

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1. cow - baka bāh-kah
2. horse - kavayu kuh-vāh-yu
3. bird - tuichi tuēe-chee
4. cold - izhuina ih-zhēe-nuh
5. cool - izhikina ih-zhēe-kih-muh
6. warm - yuwaina yu-wāi-muh
7. hot - udhuina u-dhēe-muh
8. one - suwuta su-wōo-tuh
9. two - wata wāh-tuh
10. three - paite pāi-tuh
11. four - watsui wuht-sūee
12. five - maniki mah-nēe-kee
13. six - nafai nāh-fai
14. seven - tatsui tāht-suee
15. eight - wasuidha wāh-suēe-dhuh
16. nine - waniki wāh-nih-kee
17. ten - suwuno sū-woo-no
18. dog - ishevungu ih-she-vān-gu
19. meat - karnay kāhr-nay
20. cat - katu kah-tu
21. there - sava suh-vāh
22. boy - tuiupa tuēe-ā-puh
23. girl - nawichivi nah-wee-chih-vih
24. tomorrow - ewa e-wāh
25. yesterday - kundu kūn-du
26. mother - niambia nēe-ahm-bēe-uh
27. father - ninapu nee-nāh-pu
28. sister - nunami nā-nuh-mēe
29. brother - nedawi ne-dāh-wee
30. grandmother - kagu kāh-gu

31. grandfather - doo dō-o
32. sleep - epui e-pāee
33. food - tekambay te-kāhm-bay
34. I am eating - nu tekana nu te-kāh-nah
35. he is eating - dangamay tekana dahn-gāh-may te-kāh-nah
36. she is eating - waip tekana waip te-kāh-nah
37. you are eating - u tekana eu te-kāh-nah
38. we are eating - dam tekana duhm te-kāh-nah
39. they are eating - seram tekana sēr-uhm te-kāh-nah
40. the dog is eating - ishevungu tekana ih-she-vān-gu te-kāh-nah
41. what are you eating ? hina u tekana ? hēe-muh eu te-kāh-nah
42. I ate - nu tekamano nu te-kuh-māh-no
43. he ate - dangamu tekamano duhn-gāh-mu te-kuh-māh-no
44. she ate - nawichivi tekamano nah-wee-chih-vih te-kuh-māh-no
- see #23.
45. you ate - u tekamano eu te-kuh-māh-no
46. we ate - numu tekamano nā-mu te-kuh-māh-no
47. they ate - semar tekamano se-māhr te-kuh-māh-no
48. the dog ate - ishevungu tekamano ih-she-vān-gu te-kuh-māh-no
49. what did you eat ? - hina u tekana ? hēe-muh eu te-kāh-nah
- see #41.
50. I will eat - nu tekaruī nu te-kahr-tee
51. he will eat - dangamu tekaruī duhn-gāh-mu te-kahr-tee
52. she will eat - nawichivi tekaruī nah-wee-chih-vih te-kahr-tee
- see #23
53. I walk - nu miaruī nu meeuh-rāee
54. I talk - nu nagawaydha nu nah-guh-wāy-dhuh
55. I work - nu wiakaiudu nu weeuh-kāi-u-du
56. I sleep - nu apuidui nu uh-pāee-dāee
57. I go - nu miakaindui nu meeuh-kāin-duee
58. mine - munimba nu-nēem-buh

59. I cook - nu tawapaina nu tuh-wáh-pai-muh
60. I cut - nu maguta nu mah-góo-tuh
61. I dance - nu nikana nu nih-káh-muh
62. I die - nu tiaydhai nu teeáy-dhai
63. I dream - nu nuvushami nu nu-vu-sháh-mee
64. I find - nu uranu nu u-ráh-nu
65. I hear - nu tinagana nu tee-nah-gáh-mah
66. I help - nu tuvuruana nu tu-vú-roouh-muh
67. I kill - nu tevakana nu te-vuh-káh-nuh
68. I laugh -nu ayaina nu ay-ái-nuh
69. I learn - nu tuvashikwa nu tu-vuh-sáihk-wah
70. I leave - nu mistai nu meeuh-tái
71. I like - nu musazhmaina nu moo-suh-zhmai-nuh
72. I listen - nu tanakatsa nu tuh-náh-kuht-sáh
73. I make - nu tawapai nu tuh-wáh-pai
74. I close - nu motawa nu mó-tuh-wah

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[illegible]

[illegible]

the Indians always picked a rocky place to fight in. After the battle in
Bishop the Indians moved into Round Valley. When they arrived there
it was nearly ~~from the~~ ^{the} winter snow so fall any day after the Indians
arrived at Round Valley ^{they were there two days} ~~the snow~~ ^{the snow} ~~fell~~ ^{fell}. After the
snow the Indians could not go ^{out of KDH} but they manage to thrive through
the winter, early in the spring after the snow thawed out, a conference
was held between settlers and soldiers ^{again} at this conference it was decided that a
peace was to be made with the Indians. With peace in mind the soldiers
again journeyed to Round Valley the ^{soldiers} ~~army~~ took along their field kitchen
and rations. The rations is to be used to help make peace with the Indians.
After two days of travel the soldiers reached their destination ^{and then} ~~they~~ made camp
at the Ablom ranch. After a ^{brief} rest a detail of 8 men, field kitchen and a
was sent on to Round Valley as representatives for the settlers and
soldiers to make peace. The field kitchen and the cook to be used

War I

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29

The Indians during the morning
continued to see Indians to a great extent. The old band
of 1200 returned ~~about~~ ^{about} in three miles from the Indian camp.

Eight men detached to make provisions went on to the Indian camp, as they were
near the camp they were seen by some Indians who were hunting for rabbits.
The men took 8 young the night men were followed by a trail made by
the Indians which ran close to ~~the~~ ^{the} hills. The Indian hunters often asking each other what they should do then
contact the soldiers from behind the rocks. After a short time a small war went to get more Indians at the camp
~~which was a day after the detachment of Indians arrived they settled~~
behind the rocks, the trail of soldiers increased. The danger followed the
trail until they came to the changes spot ~~where the danger was~~ out, one of the
soldiers the soldiers commenced firing at a short distance. The soldiers
Indians turned a rifle which was taken from a soldier who was wounded.
In the whole tribe of Indians as the shot were out a soldier fell wounded.
He was hit in the side and fell wounded. Two soldiers were taken from the
a group that could not shoot their cartridges. The Indians came on
the Indian soldiers and gave chase. The Indians showing their lines were
in danger and left their wounded behind and ran back to their
hills and fired at the Indians increasing their fire. The Indians chased the
soldiers into a canyon surrounded the seven men by some missile
during the night the soldiers slipped out of the canyon and started
down the mountain. This attempt to get the Indians for supplies after the

BURRELL C. DAWSON

Notes

page 1. Mrs. Mecham and her family owned the mining camp of Millspaugh in the canyon east of Carricut Lake in Etcheron Valley. This is in the Argus Range. She spent most of her life here and in the camp of Darwin. Mollie, George, Mike are Shoshoni.

page 2. Chappo Diaz and Frank Bellas are full brothers but they took their names from different families they worked for. Henry is wrong. Koso Hot Springs was a permanent village.

page 4. Shoshoni camped at China Garden Spring and Indian Garden Spring.

page 5. Spear now lives in Calimesa. John Glen was Paiute.

page 6. Louis Arcularius lives in Bishop. Summers and Butler was a cow ranch outfit that ran cattle around Cole Springs and Junction Ranch. Saline Valley Indians are Shoshoni.

page 10. Silas Ness is Shoshoni. Lives at Olancho.

page 16. Arlie Brierly lives in Independence. Lee Yandell and Lee Warlie are Paiute.

page 18. Hank Hunter was a Paiute. This account was ~~xx~~ obtained by Truman Buff of Fort Independence Indian Reservation. Hank Hunter told it in Paiute and Truman translated it as he spoke and wrote it down in English. It was written on the back of a ballot to repeal the 18th Amendment and is very faded. This copy was brightened up by B.C.Dawson of Lone Pine.

page 20. somebody made a typewritten copy of the Indian War account given on page 29. The first third of this history is missing, lost over the years. Original recorded by Truman Buff in 1935 from Hank Hunter. Hank Hunter was a small boy in the 1860s when this war was fought. This is his remembrance of what his grandfather told him, who took part in the war.

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This fight probably took place near Taboose Creek.

page 24. This Koso Shoshoni alphabet was devised for use on a standard English language typewriter.

page 26. This Koso dialect is the Kihwiji spoken at Koso Hot Springs. Obtained by B.C.Dawson of Lone Pine from two sisters. They stopped communicating because of pressure from their aunts who object to tribal taboos being broken by giving information to whites. In twenty years this dialect will be gone. This is written in 1979. The first part of Tape VII has this recording.

WORDS OF THE SOUTHERN PAIUTE

abalone shell	pohegida
acorn	we (way)
acorn soup	wia
✓ ant	
✓ ant eggs	
antelope	quahada
? arrow	havaga
baby	medotse
baby, small	medotsetse
baby boy	natsi
baby basket	kono
? badger	hona
ball	paana
ball game	wichemo
basket, baby	kono
basket, cone shaped	wanu
basket, finely woven	tuma
basket, food carrying	wano
basket, shovel like	sigo
✓ basket, water	
bat	
bead money	bohodu
✓ bear	
bear, black	unua
bear, brown	pahavichi
? bee martin	wovopa
big sister	huma

This vocabulary is in the dialect spoken at Fort Independence.
Collected & compiled by Margaret Herleman. Some of this
vocabulary is original, collected by her.

✓ & English teacher, Margaret Herleman,

This vocabulary was collected by a domestic science
teacher at the Independence High School.
Mrs Starr Hays taught Indian Day School, Fort Independence.
Mrs Hays is the one who changed Truman Buff's name to
Truman when his mother died, thus observing Paiute
Custom.

✓bird, black	
bird, blue	tapechada
bird, blue jay	tomeyava
✓bird, butcher	
✓bird, cormorant	
bird, crow	chapeza
✓bird, curlew	
black	totsawage
black fox	wahe
black oak	weha
Black Rock	eyava
blanket	pizho
blasing star seeds	cuha
blue bird	tapechada
blue jay	tomeyava.
✓bottle, water	
bow	
boy	natsi
bread	cunaza
✓buckwheat (sulfur flowered)	nukadonup
bullrush	siva
bunch grass	hocki
bunch grass seeds	whuha
✓bush hawk, small	
✓butcher bird	
butterfly	monutsi
buzzard	weho
✓cactus, beavertail	
cactus, cholla	wehatap

camp	wipe nada
cane (walking stick)	nasitono
cane rattle	oharuya
car	atomui
carrying basket	odusi
cattail	toiba
cave	teitani
cedar flat	pawamuhu
✓chia (salvia)	
chipmunk	toyayaa
cholla cactus	wehatap
circle dance	weginika
clams, fresh water	quoata
✓clay owl	
clover	posida
✓coffee berry (buckthorn)	
cold, very	ejenh'
cook house	newatuni
✓cotton-batting plant	
cottontail	tapozu
cottonwood	pacovi
coyote	isha
coyote, large	ishaheda
✓crane	
crane, sandhill	koadoto
creek	paya
✓creosote bush	

cricket	thunuguti
crow	chapapeza
✓curlew	
dance	nuga
dance, circle	weganika
dance, ring	wagenega
✓dawn	
deep valley	kao
deer	tehina
deer brush	huhuvia
✓desert mariposa root	
desert turtle	ana
digging stick	chovemi
doctor	pohaga
dog	ishavuko
dove	hewi (haiwee)
✓dove hunter	
✓dragon fly	
dress	topona
drink	waga
duck	puya
duck, canvas back	waiaga
✓duck, fish	
duck, teal	kivana
eagle	kini
eagle feather	hawevi
ear	naca
earth	tuvup

AWAM-A (EARLY MORNING)

earthquake	tuvup yitsigut
east	sivi
eat	maduka
egg	noya
eight	wasuwi
elderberry	
✓enough	
? evil spirits	soavuk
eye	pusi
father	nawa
filaree	atsa
fish	pangwi - <i>fā qui</i> -
fish duck	pawugawi
✓fish, small	
five	manigi
✓flowers in bloom	
fly (Mono Lake, Owens Lake)	cuchave
food container	apa
four	watsingwa
fox, black	wahe
fox, grey	yewaa
garlic weed	aigu
geese	negata
✓ghost	
girl	tsua
give me	aguiya
? give me a drink of water	egiga vaya
✓golden trout	
gopher	maya

gopher snake	scheta
grandfather on father's side	cunu
grandfather on mother's side	muha
grandmother on father's side	hutsi
grandmother on mother's side	
grapes, wild	
grasshopper	
greasewood	tonavi
grey fox	yevaa
grey squirrel	awea
grinding hole	paha
ground cherries	
ground hog	tokovich
ground nut	tupusi
ground owl	kewequi
grunt of self-satisfaction, conceit	eheha
hail	
hand game	noyagina
hare, Sierra	tosa
hat	chita
hawk	kini toyavi
hawk, bullet (dark)	tohokini
hawk, bullet (grey)	tosavana
? hawk, bush	tovachi wia
hawk, bush, middle size	chiyasa
hawk, small bush	payanena
hawk, grasshopper	wuchana
hawk, mouse	pachayaa
hawk, night	

hawk, white tail

hawk, red tail

helldiver

honey

hoop game

hope sage

hornet

horn toad

house

house, large

house, small

hummingbird

I am going

Independence

Indian

Inyos (East mountains)

jack snipe

jackrabbit

Jerusalem cricket

Joshua tree

Joshua tree bloom

Joshua tree center (edible)

July (harvest)

juniper

kangaroo rat

kangaroo rat, large

kangaroo rat, small

killdeer

pehave

wichanove

conu

pina

novi

pava novi

toni

mia we nu

numa

sivi toiyavi

cano

keahono

pawapi

piye

koachi

pathi

tegetodo

kingfisher	pawemiha
knife	wihi
lake	pawona
land tuwup	tuwup
lava rock	ayava
? let us eat	tika wika
licorice, wild	wecheve
lily, blue (bushes for food)	tupusi
little boy	natsisi
little caves	tubagi
little meadows	
little star	hoaus
lizard	tapocha, mogija
lizard, black	moqueta
lizard, grey	
lizard, leopard	
lizard, little	
lizard, mountain	
lizard, scaly	
lizard, small	
lizard, swift	
Lone Pine	pahonovi
maggie	quadauoyo
mahogany	tunup
mallard	oudevaa
man	nawa
man, white	nana nini
Mansanar	

manzanilla	koa
martin	
meadow lark	wigegunu
medicine man	pohaga
mesquite	ocnup
mesquite beans	
mica	
milkwed, narrow leaf	oom'p
milkwed, showy	
mink	pechocho
mint	
? minnows	choneta
moccasins	papa tsa
mockingbird	
mole, meadow	
moon	mua
morning	— A. WAM-A
mountain	toiyavi
mountain home	wagani
mountain mahogany	tunop
mountain quail	tiketa
mountain rice	wye
mountain sheep	coipa
mouse	pongagi
mouse hawk	pachayea
mouse trap	pongagi. punazi.th
mud hen	saya
mustard	po'ya
necklace	
nephew	enahagua

night hawk	monopera
nine	quaniki
no	cado oo
north	oumd
oak	wcha
oak for bow	wlap
obsidian	tacapi
obsidian mountain	topaki
ocean	payekewa ve
Olancha Pass	otagawi
old man	sugushi
old woman	hymuchi
one	sutu
onion, wild	padiso
Onion Valley	teatr.
onion seed	padise
oriole	chevechewa
owl	winu
owl, ground	kesequi
owl, little clay	tejamuhu
owl, screech	wayazetch
pack rat	kawa
pants	kusa
parching basket	tewca
parsley, wild	
"peculiar water" (alkali)	moate paya
people	numa
people who live beyond	
perch (fish)	anapo

pestle

petroglyphs

pine

pine nuts

pine nuts in cone

pine nut mush

piton, single leaf

pine rat, big

pine rat, little

pipe

platform of poles

porcupine

porcupine grass

Pot Hole Lake

prairie dog

pussy willow

quail

rabbit

rabbit brush

rabbit skin blanket

rain

rainbow trout

rat

rat, big pine

rat, large kangaroo

rat, little pine

rat, pack

rat, small kangaroo

pahake

nawosets

wagovi

tuva

cida

tuba

kongu

pichinu

pohiquea

cani

huki

kini patsi. ata

pawagepa

weaki

teraka

kamu

segoba

kamuwa

pawa

aka pangai

yaha

kongu

koushi

wodagegi

kawa

patni

rat, trade
rattlesnake
raven
red headed bird
rice grass
ring
ring dance
river
river weed
road runner
robin
rock
rosebuds
rose, wild
Round Valley
sack
sage
sage brush
sage brush seed
sage, chia
sage, hop
salt
salt brush
sandhill crane
screech owl
seed
seed, blazing star
seed beaters
September (pinons ripe)

tekawa
todogca
panach dapiza
wewechi
wai
gowa
wageneguta
pata
siutab
hunipi
sueko
toopi
seabuya
teaweha
sugawiti
magoho
saiwa
scwaba
sauavuha
paseda
cunu
ongnavi
tonavi
koadoto
wayazotch
utina
cuha
tonugu
yavani

seven
 shadscale
 shirt
 shoes
 silver fox
 Sierra (West mountains)
 sister
 sister, little
 six
 skeleton
 skunk
 small
 slip
 snake
 snake, gopher
 snake, king
 snake, rattle
 snake, red racer
 snake, sidewinder
 snake, water
 snake plant (medicine)
 snow
 socks
 south
 spoonbill
 spring (season)
 spring (water)
 squaw berries

tautauwi
 tonova
 nodoa
 sogi
 waha
 pami toiyavi

 nafui
 akasava
 ponina
 toochi
 tohapora
 togowa
 sohete
 togowate nuphe
 todogoa

 pozewa

 nevavi
 topazona
 pita
 masigiva
 tawano
 wivapa
 hupya

(46)

squaw tea	tutup
squawthorn	hopena
squirrel	ankwa
star	tazenupa
storage place for nuts	hokiva
stork	koda
sulfur flower (buckwheat)	nakadonup
sun	tivitu wadu
sunflower	pohi
? sunflower (cotton batting)	tabeba
sunflower (rabbit brush)	sagoba
sunflower (yarrow)	wida
swallow	wajogopena
sweathouse	musa
sweet potato (wild)	xogsha
teal	kivana
teeth	tawa
teepee	tegoni
ten	kinano
thatched house	tau
thorn apple (narcotic)	tanunika
three	pahu
tiger lily	masaldo
tobacco	pamu
tobacco, wild	
tomcat clover	porida
tongue	ago
trap	
tree	nasovi

tree chipmunk
 trout, golden
 tule, flat leaf
 ? tule roots
 two
 two-pointed mountain
 ? unicorn plant
 valley chipmunk
 valley quail
 war paint
 water
 water bottle
 water grass
 water snake
 weasel
 weatherman
 ? weeds
 west
 wheat, wild
 wheat grass
 where are you going?
 whippoorwill
 white man
 wild cat
 willows, black
 willows narrow leaf
 wind
 windy peak
 winnowing basket

woachi
 chiwavi
 toyva, saive
 wahi
 wadoza
 ognipe
 kenipa
 takita
 pisha
 paya
 howob
 pozewa
 tecega
 tuma
 chiva
 pari
 pakapi
 sunu
 huata mi awe
 toavago
 nana nini
 tukuvichi
 pasita
 seheuba
 hinguadu
 huniva kai
 patsa

trout -
 - a - quig -

pyramil lock
 salmon

qu ai

(47)

aliter (four moons)

aliter

aliter

aliter

aliter

aliter

aliter

aliter

aliter

aliter

aliter

aliter

aliter

aliter

aliter

aliter

aliter

white people - milkiness - what is, long o, it is in there
from Tom Jefferson, a Virginia Writer
or Kentucky Schoolman

Paiute Vocabulary

(49)

abalone shell	pohegída TB
acorn	we (way)
acorn soup	wíá TB
antelope	queháda S (kwayháda)
arrow	havúga TB
baby	medótse TB
baby basket	kóno TB
badger	hóna S
ball	paana
ball game	wíchemo TB
basket, cone shaped	wamú TB
basket, finely woven	túma TB
basket, food carrying	wáno TB
basket, shovel like	sígo TB
bead money	bohódu TB
bear, black	unúa S
bear, brown	páhavichi S
bee martin	wovópa TB
big sister	humá TB
bird, blue	tapecháda TB
bird, blue jay	tomeyáva TB
bird, crow	chapeza TB
black	tótsawage S
black fox	wahé TB
black oak	wéha TB
Black Rock	eyáva TB
blanket	pízhó TB
blazing star seeds	cúha TB
boy	nátsi TB
bread	cumaza TB
buckwheat, (sulfur flowered)	nukadonup

*This is
 & with some account made added of the
 Stewart & also Truman Buff 1978,
 S*

bullrush	síva TB
bunch grass	hócki TB
bunch grass seeds	
butterfly	monútsi TB
buzzard	wého TB
cactus, cholla	wehatap TB
camp	tupe mada
cane (walking stick)	nasitóno TB
cane rattle	chavuya
car	atamui
carrying basket	cudúsi TB
cattail	teiba
cave	tekáni TB
cedar flat	páwamuhu TB
chipmunk	tovayaa
circle dance	weginika
clams, fresh water	quoata
clover	posída TB
cold, very	éjeuh S
cook house	navatuni
cottontail	tápozu TB
cottonwood	pacóvi TB
coyote	isha S
coyote, large	ishakeda
crane, sandhill	koaodato
creek	paya TB
cricket	thunugúti TB
dance	núga TB
dance, circle	wagenega weganika TB
dance, ring	wagenega
dawn, early morning	awama

deep valley	kao	
deer	tehína	S
deer brush	huhuvia	
desert turtle	ána	TB
digging stick	chovemí	TB
doctor	pohéga	TB
dog	ishavúko	TB
dove	hewí	(haiwee) TB
dress	topóna	TB
drink	waga	
duck	púya	TB
duck, canvas back	waiage	
duck, teal	kivana	
eagle	kini	S
eagle feather	hawavi	
ear	naca	S
earth	tuvúp	TB
earth quake	tuvup yitsigut	
east	sívi	S
eat	madúka	TB
egg	nóya	TB
eight	wasuwi	S
evil spirits	soavuk	
eye	púsi	S
father	nawa	
filaree	atsa	
fish	pángwi	TB (paqui)
fish duck	pawugawi	
five	manígi	S
fly (Mono Lake, Owens Lake)	cucháve	TB
food container	ápa	TB

four	watsingwa S	
fox, black	wahe	
fox, grey	yewaa	
garlic weed	aigu	
geese	negata	
girl	tsua	
give me	aguiya	
give me a drink of water		egiga vaya
gopher	meya S	
gopher snake	sohete	
grand father on father's side		cunu
grand father on mother(s side		muha
grandmother on father's side		hutsi
greasewood	tonavi	
grey squirrel	awea	
grinding hole	paha	
ground hog	tokovich	
ground nut	tupusi	
ground owl	kewequi	
grunt of self satisfaction, conceit		eheha
hand game	noyagina	
hare, Sierra	tosa	
hat	chita	
hawk	kini toyavi	
hawk, bullet (dark)	tohokini	
hawk, bullet (grey)	tosavana	
hawk, bush	tovachi wia	
hawk, small bush	payanena	
hawk, grasshopper	wuchama	
hawk, mouse	pachayaa	
honey	pehave	

hoop game	wichanove
hop sage	comu
hornet	pina
house	nóvi S
house, large	pava novi
house, small	toni
I am going	mia we nu
Indian	numa
Inyos (East Mountains)	sivi toiyavi
jackrabbit	camo
Jerusalem cricket	keahono
juniper	pawapi
kangaroo rat	piye
kangaroo rat, large	koachi
kangaroo rat, small	pathi
killdeer	tegedodo
kingfisher	pawemiha
knife	wihi
lake	pawona
land	tuvup
lava rock	ayava
let us eat	tika wika
licorice, wild	weoheve
lily, blue (bulbs for food)	tupusi
little boy	natsisi
little caves	tubagi
little star	honus
lizard	tapocha, mogija
lizard, black	moqueta
Lone Pine	pahonovi
magpie	quadawoyo

mahagony	tunup
mallard	cudavaa
man	náwa S
man, white ^{white}	nana nini
manzanilla	koa
meadow lark	wigegumu
medicine man	pohaga
mesquite	conup
mink	pachocho
minnows	choneta
moccasins	tapa tsa
moon	múa S
mountain	toiýávi S
mountain home	wagani
mountain mahagony	tunop
mountain quail	tiketa
mountain rice	wye
mountain sheep	cóipa S
mouse	pongagi
mouse trap	pongagi punazith
mud hen	saya
mustard	poyea
nephew	enahaqua
night hawk	monopewa
nine	quaniki S
no	cadó oo S
north	quíwi S
oak	weha
oak for bow	wiap
obsidian	tacapi
obsidian mountain	topaki

ocean	payekewive
Olancha Pass	otagawi
old man	sugushi
old woman	hupuchi
one	sumú S
onion, wild	padise
Onion Valley	teata
onion seed	padise
orior oriole	chevechava
owl	muhu
owl, ground	kewequi
owl, little clay	tejamuhu
owl, screech	wayazetch
pack rat	kawa
pants	kusa
parching basket	tewoa
"peculiar water" (alkali)	moata paya
people	numa
perch (fish)	anapo
pestle	pahake
petroglyphs	nawoseta
pine	wagovi
pine nuts	túva S
pine nuts in cone	okia
pinon, single leaf	tuba
pine rat, big	kowyu
pipe	pichimu S
platform of poles	pohiquea
porcupine	camí
porcupine grass	huki
Pot Hole Lake	kini patsi ata

prairie dog	pawagepa
pussy willow	weakl
quail	tanaka
rabbit	kamu
rabbit brush	segoba
rabbit skin blanket	kamuwea
rain	pewa
rainbow trout	aka pangwi
rat	yaha
rat, little pine	wodagegi
rat, trade	tekawa
rattlesnake	todogoa
raven	panach dapiza
red headed bird	wewechi
rice grass	wai
ring	gowa
ring dance	wageneguta
river	pata
river weed	siutab
road runner	hunipi
robin	sueko
rock	tóopi S
rosebuds	seabuya
rose, wild	teaweha
Round Valley	sugawiti
sack	magoho
sage	saiwa
sage brush	sowaba
sage brush seed	sawavuha
sage, chia	paseda
salt	ongnávi S

salt brush	tonavi	
sandhill crane	koadoto	
seed	utina	
seed beaters	tonugu	
September (pinons ripe)	yavani	
seven	táutsuwi	S
shadscale	tonova	
shirt	nodoa	
shoes	sogi	
silver fox	waha	
Sierra (west mountains)	pami toiyavi	
six	náfui	S
skeleton	akasava	
skunk	ponína	S
small	tóochi	S
slip	tohapona	
snake	togowa	
snake, king	togowate nuphe	
snake, water	pozewa	
snow	nevaví	S
socks	topazona	
south	píta	S
spoonbill	mosigiva	
spring (season)	tawano	
spring (water)	wivapa	
squaw berries	hupuya	
squaw tea	tutup	
squawthorn	hopewa	
squirrel	ankwa	
star	tazenúpa	S
storage place for nuts	hokiva	

stork	koda	
sun	tívitú wadu	S
sunflower	póhi	S
sunflower (cotton batting)		tabeba
sunflower (yarrow)		wuida
swallow	wajogopena	
sweathouse	musa	
sweet potato (wild)	cogeha	
teeth	táwa	S
teepee	tegoni	
ten		
thatched house	tani	
three	pahú	S
tiger lily	masaído	
tobacco	pámu	S
tomcat clover	posida	
tongue	ágo	S
tree	pasovi	
tree chipmunk	woachi	
tule, flat leaf	chiwavi	
tule roots	toyva, seíve	S
two	wahí	S
two-pointed mountain	wadoza	
unicorn plant	ognipe	
valley chipmunk	kenipa	
valley quail	takita	
war paint	pisha	
water	páya	S
water grass	howob	
weasel	tecega	
weatherman	tuwa	

11.

weeds	chiva
west	pami S
wheat, wild	pakapi
wheat grass	sumu
where are you going ?	huata mi awe
whippoorwill	toavago
white man	nana nini
wild cat	tukuvichi
willows, black	pasita
willows, narrow leaf	seheuba
wind	hingwedu S
windy peak	huniva kai
winnowing basket	patse
winter	towano
wire rush	sinava
wolf	unup S
wolverine	yahatekaa
woman	hupi S
woodpecker	asevana
yarrow	wiuda
yerba mansa	chawaniba

Vowels continental?
gu = kw

red account Steward S
pencil account Truman Buff TB

Notes from Philip Buff made in 1978. Philip Buff is a Black Rock Paiute, brother of Truman Buff. Philip is blind. He lives at the Fish Rest Home, 1459 Elmwood St., Stockton Calif. Mr. Fish is a Creek.

As a small boy I lived with my Grandmother Maggie and my father Cleveland Buff. It was Truman who lived with my other grandmother. This was at the Fort.

Cleveland worked on the ranches around the Fort, the Shabbell, Vroman and Walters ranches. I worked on them too as a boy. My uncle John Symmes raised lots of corn and I helped him.

Before the war I was a wanderer, working around. In 1943 I joined the Army. I was in five years. In the 32nd Division I think it was. It was called the Arrow Division and later overseas the Thunderbird. It was an Indian outfit. We were on the Anzio beach fight.

After my mother died we moved to the Indian Camp at Georges Creek. There we had the cry dance. Just before they took her to the cemetery they had Truman and me jump over the coffin. I don't know why we did that but I would guess it was to confuse the spirits. My grandmothers are buried in the Indian cemetery north of Oak Creek.

Herbert Bellas, son of Frank Bellas burned to death in a hospital bed at Lone Pine from trying to light a cigarette. They were Kuhwiji Shoshoni.

Two Stick Sally lived across the street south of Trumans. I used to chop wood for her. I liked that lady. She always had a little potato soup or something for me when I was a little fellow.

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She was my grandfathers sister. She lived in a grass and willow wikiup. She was warm in there. She built a fire right on the ground and cooked there.

When we were boys at the Fort in the winter when we were outside and got cold someone would build a fire. We would tell them to build a big fire, a white man's fire and not a little Indian fire.

I used to help my grandmother Maggie make pihavi (sugar made from Phragmites communis). We would cut the cane with a hand sickle and lay the cane on the grass to dry. When they were dry we put them on a canvas and beat them out. They were fairly dry to begin as we cut them in the fall when they were drying out. There are little sugar bugs and ^{pieces} ~~pieces~~ of leaves mixed in with the sugar after we beat the cane with sticks.

I used to help the old ladies gather acorns, not the bitter kind that grows farther up the mountain but the sort that grows there at the Fort. They shelled them and then pounded them up in those two big rocks near the mill. My grandmother used one rock. then she took it over to the creek and made a little pond in a sandy place and lined it with sacks. They put the acorn meal in there until the bitterness was gone. Then they were ready to cook. They liked the long narrow acorns better then the short round ones.

We used to get a bug something like a grasshopper down along the aqueduct in the dry salt grass. They stick to the salt grass and make a lot of noise. We would pick them off and dry them. These bugs were reddish in color. We pulled the legs off.

We also ate piagha when we could get it. I liked it. It makes good soup. They make it out of dried piagha.

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I had a bunch of distant relations I called uncles, George Shepherd, Pete Thomas, John Shepherd. They all come out of Georges Creek.

I went to school at Sherman for six years. After finishing the seventh grade in the day school at the Fort they sent us to Sherman. I liked Sherman. It was the best part of my life. All tribes were friendly. I played slide trombone in the band. My father bought a slide trombone when I was in the seventh grade and when he gave it up he gave the horn to me. I took it to Sherman with me. I didn't know a thing about playing it. The bandmaster put me right on it and I finally caught on and did alright. We also had an Indian band at the Fort. We played white music at the celebrations. We had a white guy Montgomery as our director. When Governor Stevenson dedicated something at the Randsburg Mine we played there. Some white boys played with us.

I went to the last fandango ever held in the Owens Valley. It was held in the sand hills on the west side of the river between Laws and Bishop. It was called Sand Hill or Church Hill. The Indians had a church there. Across the canal they built their willow fence for dancing. They stopped having fandangos because of too much civilization and drinking going on.

When I was a real small boy I saw them playing the spear and hoop game (chunkey?). The hoop was made of willow about six inches across.

My playmate pal and I packed in sticks when they built a sweathouse. We were always helping the men when they made stuff.

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The last one they built was in the sage brush above the Fort. It had two pillars in the center to hold of the rafters. They dig a pit and roof it. They used mud for part of the roof. The smoke hole was over the door. In cold weather the house man would go there early and build a fire to warm the place up. People would play cards in there. A whole gang of us kids would go in with the fire man and lay around. It got hot in there and we would sweat. Then they would make us go jump in the creek. The door to the sweat house was always on the east side, why I don't know.

I got married to Hilda Meredith at Bishop. We had three boys, Donald, Raymond Buff, the oldest, Roland Roy Buff, then Richard Buff, the youngest. His wife killed him in Reno. They had been drinking.

Just before I got married I went to Taboose Creek to visit my grandfather. While I was there I saw my old boyhood friend Arthur Patent. He had a little house on George Ramshaw's place. That was the last time I saw him alive. He claimed to be a medecine man and he used to chant. His father Alex was also a doctor and he was killed at the Sand Hills fandango.

My grandmother came from Black Rock and she was called Black Rock Maggie.

People said that old John Lopez, the crippled fellow that hung around the Fort was one of the guys that killed Alex Patent. They say he mumbled that on his death bed.

Gildersleeve got thrown out of a boxcar bumming a ride from Hawthorne to Schurz.

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When pihavi gets a little damp it hardens up like rock candy. After beating the cane the pieces of leaves are gotten out by winnowing.

George Symmes had some property up on Symmes Creek and sold it to the City of Los Angeles.

My grandmother Maggie's last husband was a cow puncher named Moreno (Marino?). He punched cattle for Meredith ^{and} for Shabbell.

Barlow of Big Pine had part in the killing of Alex Patent. He got drunk and talked about it.

McKinley Stewart, also of Big Pine reservation, went on a drinking spree one time with Truman Buff and admitted helping kill Alex.

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Miscellaneous Notes from Truman Buff 1979

My middle name is Lowell. My brother Philip's middle name is Gorge. Named after George Symmes.

Goose Lake, southeast of Black Rock fish hatchery, was around twenty feet deep. Sand bottom. It is now dry since the DWP. In the old days it was never dry, even in drought years. We used to go fishing and duck hunting there. There were more lakes near there. They are dry now too.

After we harvested pihavi in the fall we would burn off what was left to make room for next years crop. We would light the fields at the Black Rock Fish Hatchery and they would burn to Owens Lake. In the fall the swamps would be dry enough to burn.

My grandmother told me and I have seen this for myself that in the spring Owens River would overflow its banks and would be as much as three miles wide.

The tules my daughter gets for their muza (religious sweat house) they get down along the river in swampy places. These tules are not cattails or pihavi. The Indians used these tules for food. Pull them up and eat the bottom of the stalks. (Probably a species of bulrush - Scirpus).

In the muza they only burn cottonwood or black willow. It has some religious significance, what I don't know. This Indian doctor (shaman) is from Arbuckle, Calif. I don't know what tribe he is. (This was formerly Patwin territory).

They only use Bull Durham tobacco in the muza or in case they don't have Bull Durham they use wild tobacco. They built the muza in my back yard to the doctor's specifications. No pit was dug. It is built flat on the ground.

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A circle of willow poles is made and they are tied together with birch. Only birch can be used. No roof. The door is on the east side.

Hank Hunter told me that in the old days they tied the dead people up in the foetal position and buried them sitting up facing east. Phyllis Hunter has the book Hank and I made of the old times.

My wife's sister is the one that wrote the book "Indians of Goo-yu-ee Pah (Pyramid Lake)", author Nellie Shaw Harnar, 1974, Western Printing and Publishing Co., Box 601, Sparks, Nevada 89431. (She has had a serious stroke 8-16-79).

Her father told me the Indians at Pyramid Lake had a big cave they would stay in when they were making war on the wagon trains.

The Fish and Game gave my daughter last week around 40 of these little deer they have along the coast. The Fish and Game killed them around San Luis Obispo where they were bothering the farmers. She started up at Coleville giving them away to Indians and gave them away all along down to Lone Pine.

Shoshoni words recalled by Myrtle Tate Myles in October 1979, assisted by her sister Mrs. Clarice Uhlmeier of Lone Pine, California. This dialect of Shoshoni was spoken in Big Smoky Valley, Nye and Lander Counties, Nevada. Mrs. Myles is 93 years old. The parents of these two ladies, Thomas and Esther Tate, ran a stage station in the 1890's in Big Smoky Valley.

These words are written in the Kuhwiji ^{KOSO}~~Shoshoni~~ alphabet.

1. woman -- naiebi nai'-uh-bee
2. horse -- bango buhn'-go
3. cow -- kucho ku'-cho
4. water -- paw
5. drink of water -- pawibashuen paw'-ee-buh-shu'-en
6. I don't understand -- kaynengashembana
kay'-nuhn-gah-shem-bah'-nuh
7. no good -- awzait aw'-zait
8. where are you going ? -- hakatamia hahk'-uh-tuh-mee'-uh
9. great grandmother or old woman -- hupetichi
hu-puh-tih'-chee
10. silver or money -- napias nah-pee-ahs'
11. dance or fandango -- negakin ne-guh-kihn'
12. hurry up -- guta gu'-tah
13. ~~come here -- kuma ku'-mah~~
14. food -- tikap tih'-kuhp
15. squaw -- sikawaw seek'-uh-waw
16. come here -- kima kee'-muh

This vocabulary was recorded at my request March 1980 by Mr. Angel Lara, Resident Director and also manager of the campus of the University of Oklahoma at Hacienda El Cóbano, situated 5 miles from Colima, Colima, Mexico. The informant is a shy, bashful Indian of supposed Nahuatl stock named Apolinar Marcos. He lives in the state of Guerrero about 50 miles east of Acapulco. He was temporarily at the village of El Cóbano working in the sugar cane harvest as a cane cutter. The recording was made during a fiesta at the conclusion of a short course by Milford Zornes of Mt. Carmel, Utah, artist and art instructor.

1. one, uno -- set short e
2. two, dos -- pomet
3. three, tres -- yei
4. moon, luna -- méthlic
5. how are you, como estas -- kenitekéstinome
6. I'm fine, Thank you, Estoy bien, gracias -- escláuwí
7. where do you live, donde vives -- cárlomuchang
8. I live in El Cóbano, vivo en El Cóbano -- clácomochang Cóbano
9. my name is Apolinar, me llamo Apolinar -- notocá póling
10. head, cabeza -- técom
11. arm, brazo -- máwa
12. leg, pierna -- musewáng
13. hand, mano -- máwang
14. finger, dedo -- mapílwang

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15. hair, pelo -- mutso
16. eye, ojo -- mistáwan
17. mouth, boca -- mucámat
18. nose, nariz -- meligátsoz z as in zip
19. chest, pecho -- miyátspam
20. stomach, estomago -- pálsa
21. knee, rodilla -- mustatépum
22. water, agua -- ats
23. white, blanco -- istác
24. shirt, camisa -- lacántlic second a as in and
25. moon, luna -- tonáthli
26. sun, sol -- tonáthli
27. star, estrella -- métsthli
28. chicken, gallina -- píyu
29. dog, perro -- chíchi i as in hit
30. tortilla -- lascale
31. bean, frijol -- yet
32. corn, maiz -- saíble
33. boy, muchacho -- saputshli a as in and, hl is one letter
34. son, hijo -- diconé
35. tree, arbol -- ótle
36. sun, sol -- etayúa

Mr. Apolinar Marcos speaks no English so the vocabulary is Spanish - Nahuatl. The English is given first for those who know no Spanish.

Spanish pronunciation is used for the Nahuatl with the addition of w. Exceptions are noted. Thl and hl are surds as in Polish and Muskoki.

I have no explanation for 4, 25, 26, 36.

Truman, Clara Buff have 50th anniversary



Truman Buff of Fort Independence first met Clara Shaw of Wadsworth, Nev. at the Carson City Indian School in Nevada. Since then the school's name has been changed to Stewart Indian School and Clara Shaw also had a name change when on April 22, 1930 she became Mrs. Truman Buff in Reno, a marriage for which they were recently honored with a golden wedding anniversary party.

Buff, at the time he met his future bride, was music instructor at the school and she was a high school student. Clara Shaw was not at all interested in learning to play a musical instrument under the tutelage of Truman, but they found other mutual interests that sparked a romance and a married life of half a century.

They had planned to let the 50th anniversary slip quietly into the annals of time but family members and friends thought otherwise and Truman and Clara Buff were inveigled, as it were, into a party at the home of William and Ida Mae Cooney, Ft. Independence, that placed the stamp of approval on a half century of married life. Neighbors, relatives and friends from near and far were there to wish the Buffs the best as they continue

along the marriage trail.

There were recollections of happy times of other days as Truman recalled he was inspired by the spirit of music as he used to listen to his father, Cleveland Buff direct an all-Indian band of 10 members at concerts at the Fort on weekends. It was an attraction that drew audiences in goodly numbers.

Truman has continued his music playing over the years. He is a regular with the Twilighters, a group that plays at senior citizen functions. His instruments are the violin, all the reeds and the drums. In 1927 he was with a combo based in Elko, Nev., that played around Nevada in Austin, Ely, Reno, Lovelock and Fallon or any other place where dance music was wanting. He played the violin and banjo.

Another of his talents was baseball and that spurred a lot of reminiscing. He had a good glove and a good bat and played the outfield. He was with an Independence town team. Lone Pine, Big Pine, Bishop, Trona, Laws and Randsburg were among the opponents.

The late Harry Miller was a top pitcher and although Buff was quite young, he learned much from him on how to swing a bat. Back in the days of the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) in the early 1930's, Truman was at a camp in Oregon where he played on the baseball team.

Later, he worked for the Los Angeles Dept. of Water and Power on the Mono tunnel job. There was a ten year period with the state road department, now known as Caltrans. Then it was back to DWP from which he retired on Dec. 4, 1974 after having put in 32 years of service with the department.

Clara Buff went on to graduate from Sherman Institute in Riverside and in 1957 became a nurse's aid at Southern Inyo Hospital. She retired after 14 years. Truman also attended Sherman Institute for a time. The Buffs now reside at their home on the Ft. Independence reservation. They have three children; Harold, Dolores, and Dorothy Buff Davis. There are three grandchildren and one great grandchild.

*Clipped from Inyo Independent, Lone Pine
Calif of May 29, 1980*

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BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

May 4, 1980 An account by Ben B. Baker of Lone Pine who has been a resident of Owens Valley for 45 years.

John Symmes used to come in to our drugstore in Independence. He was a happy man. Always had a smile on his face. In later years he would come into our drugstore in Lone Pine, set down at a booth, eat some ice cream and reminisce about old times, about how swampy Lone Pine was then and what a lush growth there was, grass so tall you could hardly see the horses. The Indians went up on the Alabama Hills where there was a breeze to sleep because there were so many mosquitos and bugs.

John said the Indians used nets to catch ducks. John was chief of the Fort Independence band of Paiutes.

I was well acquainted with Andrew Glen who lived at the mouth of Tuttle Creek. Sometimes I helped him irrigate. He only had one leg. I understand he lost one as a bout with a bootlegger.

He had a half-brother Fred Glen who lived at Independence. We had a drugstore at both towns and Fred would come in to bum a ride back home. Fred had a wife Florence Gregory who was a friend of our family and took care of our laundry. She did all our laundry for \$5.00 a week. There was only one trouble, you had to have lots of laundry because you never knew when you would get it back. When I first came to Independence (c 1935) It was \$5.00 a week which she said was enough. When Margaret

15

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LONE PINE, CA 93545

and I got married and had a son there was lots more laundry but she would only take \$5.00 a week. It was beautifully done when you did get it. This went on for years and then one day she refused to do it any more. We couldn't figure out why. Later we heard she had said that her work wasn't good enough for Mr. Baker. We figured out what was wrong. I had been to Mexico at a time in WW II when there was no white linen for sale in the U.S. I had bought some white shirts in Mexico and in order to avoid paying duty on them I had them laundered down there. These shirts with a laundry mark on them broke Florence's heart and for a couple years she wouldn't even come in the store.

Finally Florence heard from a friend that the trip to Mexico was where the laundry mark came from so she came in the store, threw her arms around Margaret and said "Now I know who my friends are." From then on she was a member of the family again.

She would come to our home and stay a while. She would take over the television and stay as long as she liked. We ate at the restaurant, Florence too, and I paid the bill.

When she became terminally ill at the hospital and about to die she asked the hospital to come to our place. They told her no, she was too sick to go any place. Florence told them to ask Mrs. Baker. She was moved to our house and died there. She said she wanted to be with friends.

Florence had been married 4 or 5 times. People who knew her said she was a very beautiful girl. That is probably true as she was a nice looking woman.

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She had a little place out at Fort Independence with running water. She would build a fire to heat the water and do the laundry there.

She was close to 70 when she died.

I knew Harry Miller very well. He was a fine man. One of his boys was in Spain in the war, married a Spanish girl and lives there. Harry died recently. His wife was white.

Truman Buff was a real good baseball player. He was a better than average hitter. He would stand up to the plate like he was half asleep but to try to put a fast ball by him was a mistake. He had to hit them a long ways because he couldn't run very fast. He played on the Independence town team for years.

The Dondero brothers who played on the Lee Vining team were very good ball players. They were friends of Harry Miller.

My wife Margaret was at the house sick for three days once when Florence came. She asked me if I cared if she said a prayer for Margaret. I told her to go ahead. She said "You got a god and we got a god. I want to say a prayer to our god." I was at the store when she did. Our 7 year old son came home and heard this commotion and went and got a cleaver to protect his mother and then found she was not being harmed. It was a long prayer. The next day Margaret was well.

BURRELL C. DAWSON
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I was out hunting one time with one of Harry Miller's boys and when lunch time came he threw a little piece of food in the four directions. When we left he put a cigarette in the fork of a pinyon tree. I asked him how come and he said that was for Big Foot. I don't know if he was kidding.

He told me that in the old days the various trees in the pinyon groves were owned by various people. If someone took nuts from someone else's tree the one who owned the tree would put snake venom under the bark of a tree of the thief

INY-272
SWANSEA
7-10-80

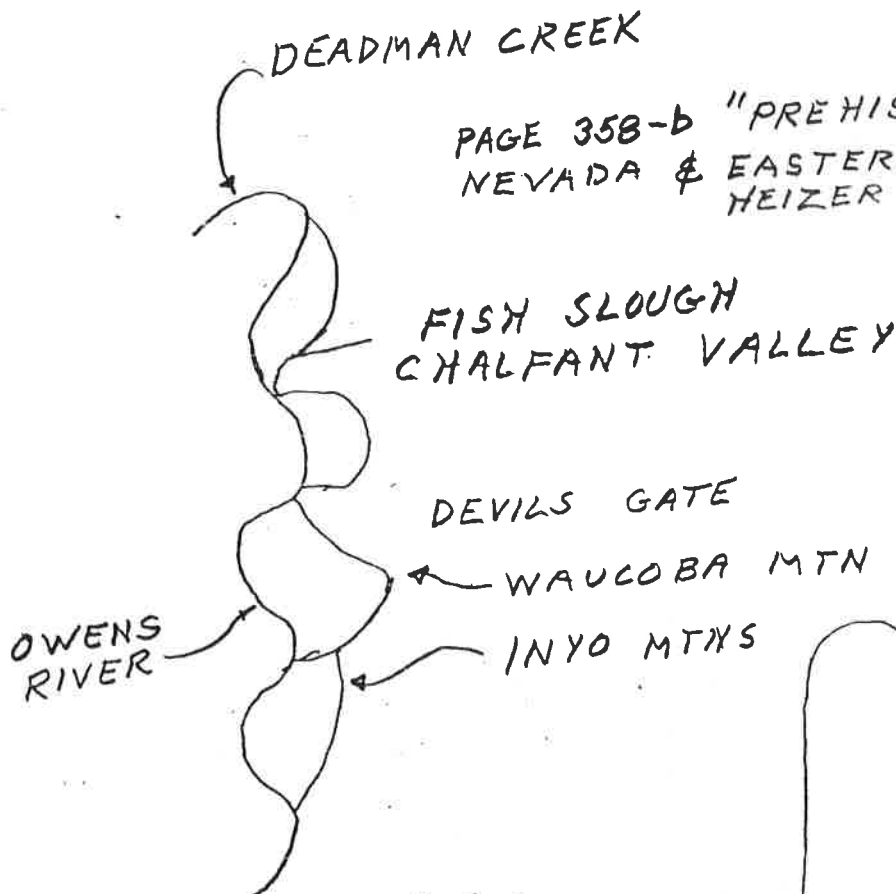
100

(41)

BCD
MSD

Interpretation of petroglyphs follows
"The Rocks Begin to Speak" by La Van Martineau
RC Publications, Las Vegas, Nevada, 1973.

BURRELL C. DAWSON
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LONE PINE, CA 93545



STEWART
1929 41 FT.

QUAD NEW YORK BUTT
CALIF 1950

SEC 24 T16S R37E,
UNSURVEYED

petroglyphs marked Swansea
are also shown pages 358-360
(INY 272), "Prehistoric Rock Art
of Nevada & Eastern California"
by Robert F. Heizer & Martin
A. Baumhoff, 1962, University
of Calif Press, Berkeley, Calif

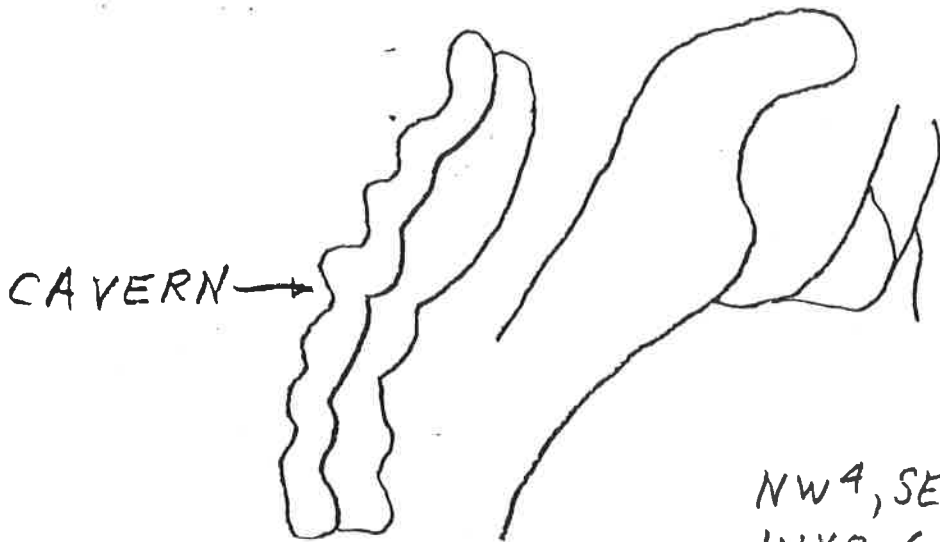
Between 1962 & 1971 the cliff was blown down by
a mining company for crushed rock material. the page
marked Swansea are all that are left.

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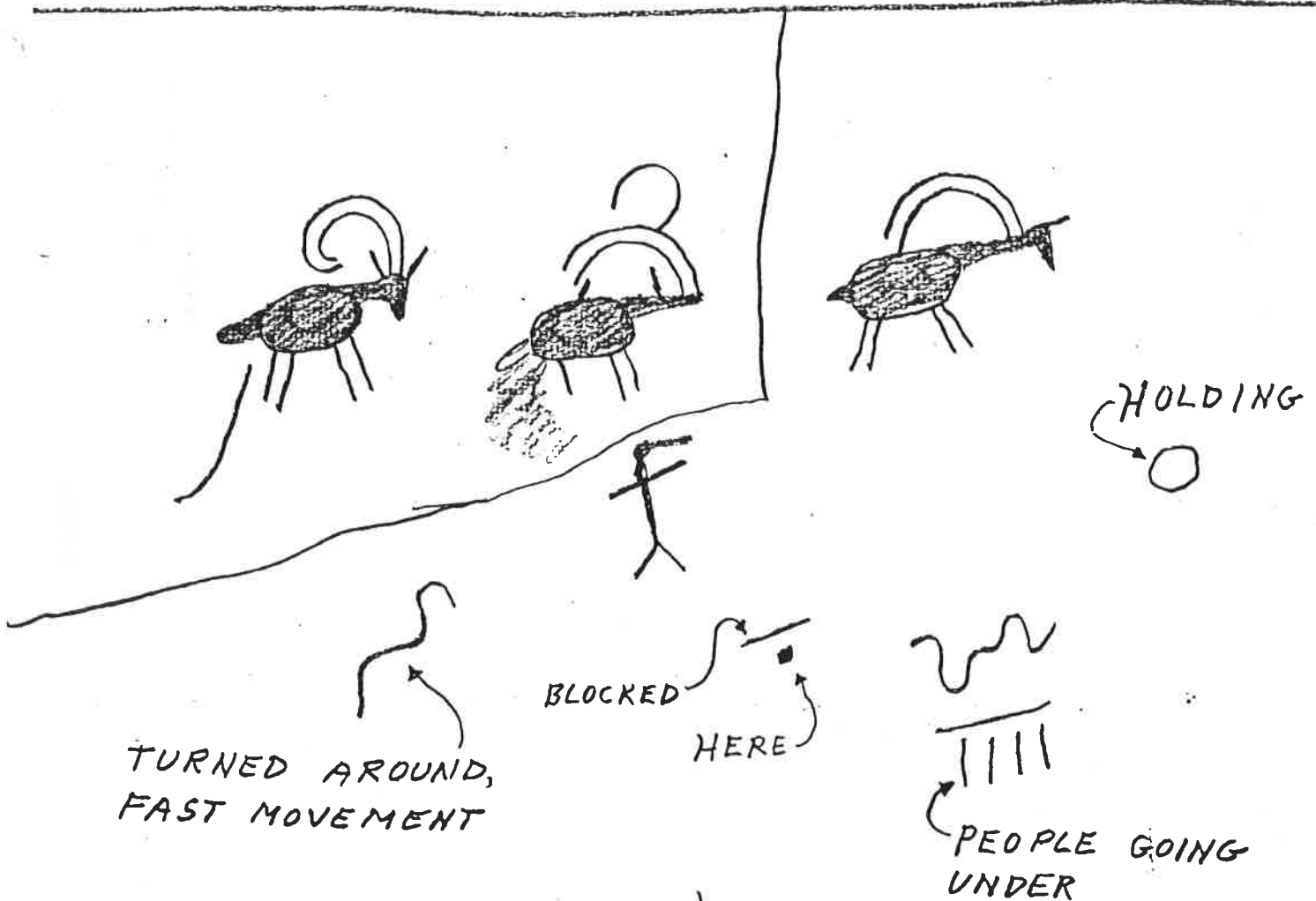
~~42~~
SWANSEA 7-10-80

101

BCD
MSD



NW 4, SEC 24, T16S, R37E, MDM
INYO COUNTY, CALIF
QUAD - NEW YORK BUTTE, CA 1950



SWANSEA

7-10-80

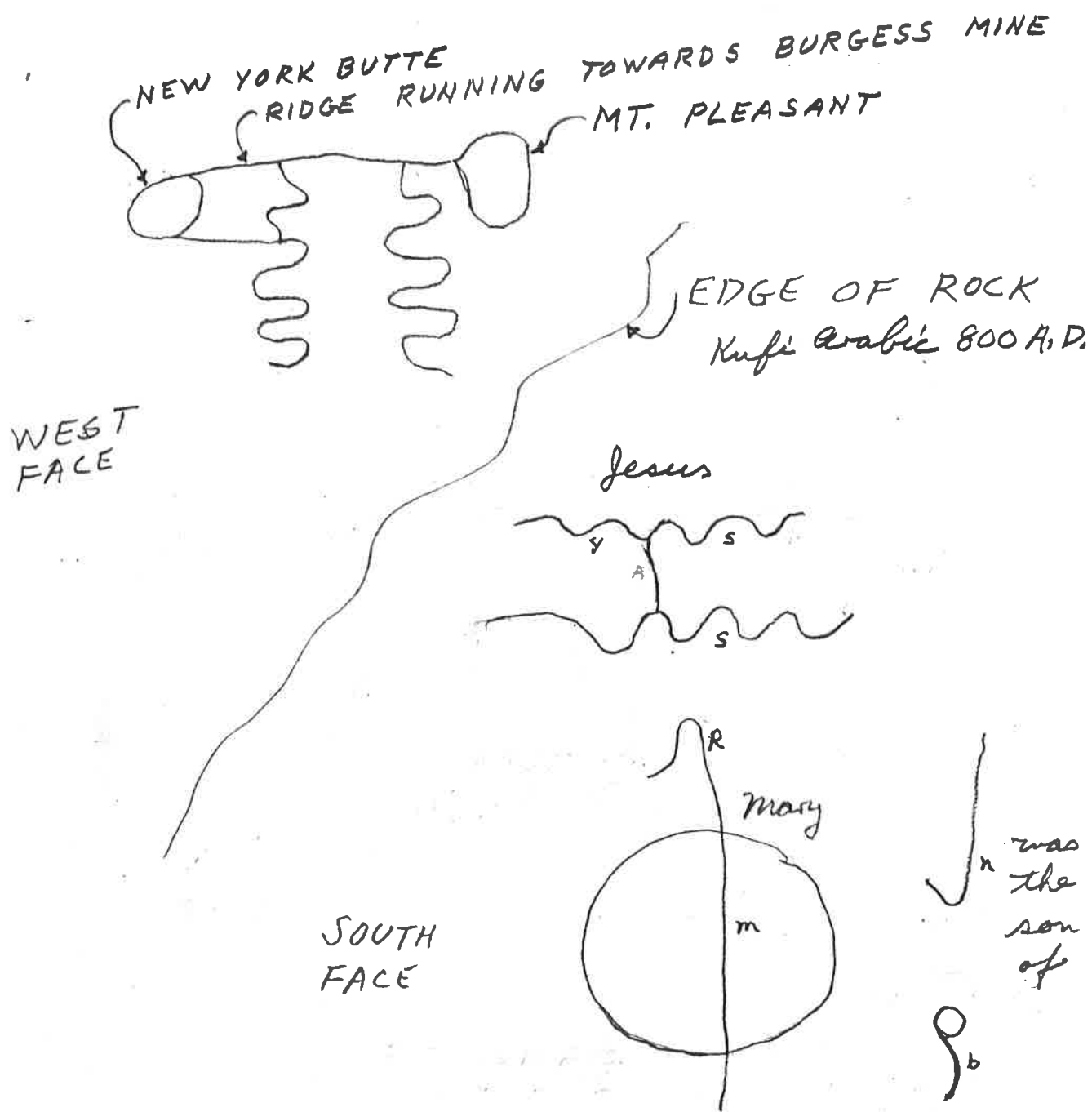
102

BCD

MSD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

A CLOUDBURST WITH RUNOFF DOWN 2 CANYONS

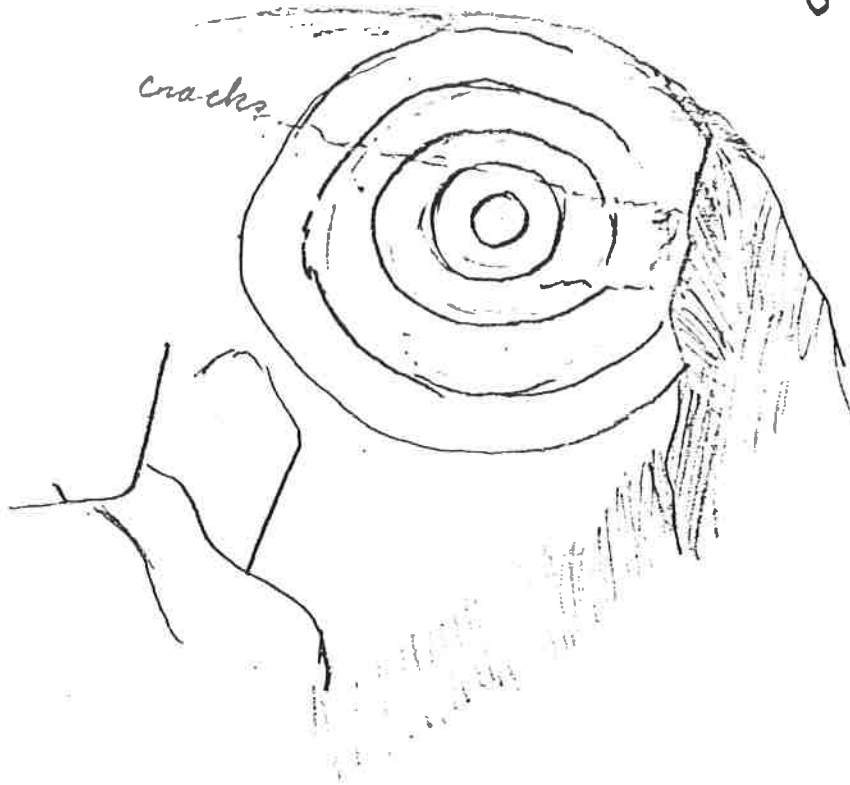


SWANSEA 7-10-80

103

MSD

BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

SWANSEA
7-10-80

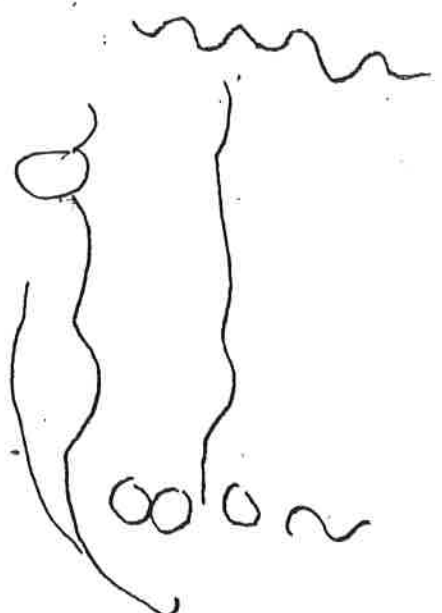
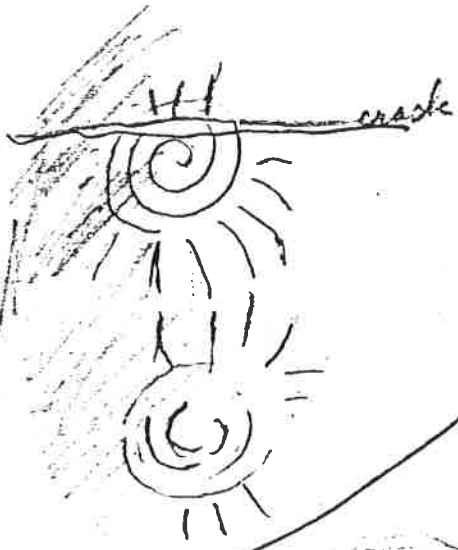
104

(45)

MSD

BCD

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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



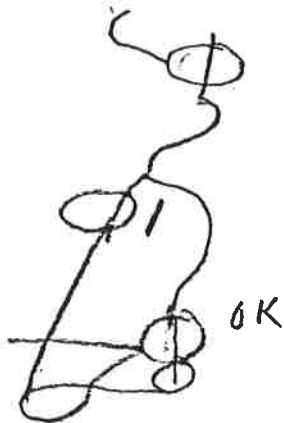
SWANSEA 7-10-80

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 734
LONE PINE, CA 93545

105
MSP
BCD



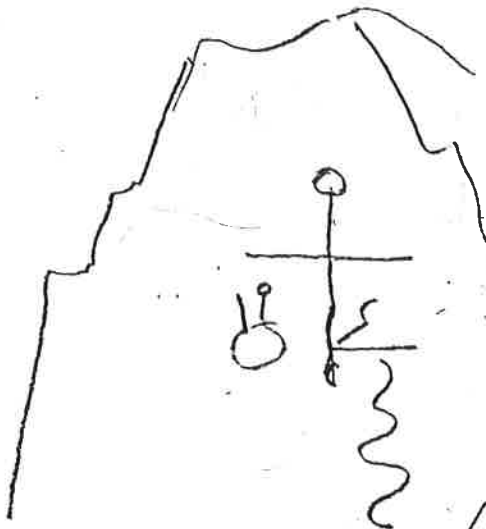
OK



OK

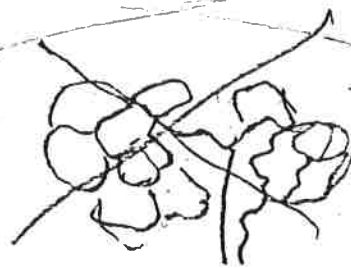


OK



rock faces S. S.W.

OK



all in small
rock marks



DEEP CANYON,
STEEP WALLS

OK

see # 26.

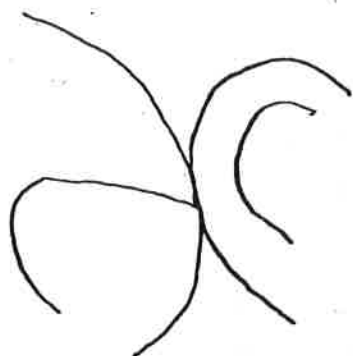
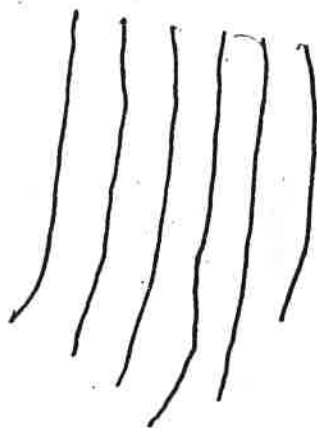
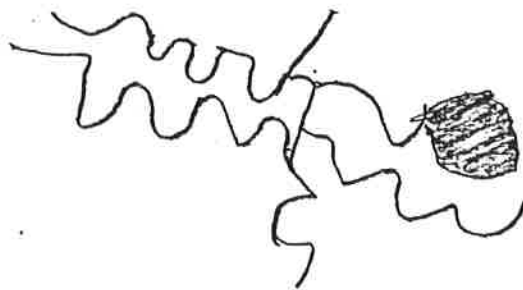
SWANSEA 7-10-80

48

106

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 754
LONE PINE, CA 93545

BCD
MSD



SWANSEA

~~49~~

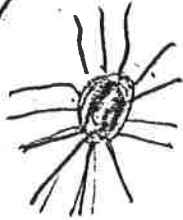
7-13-80

107

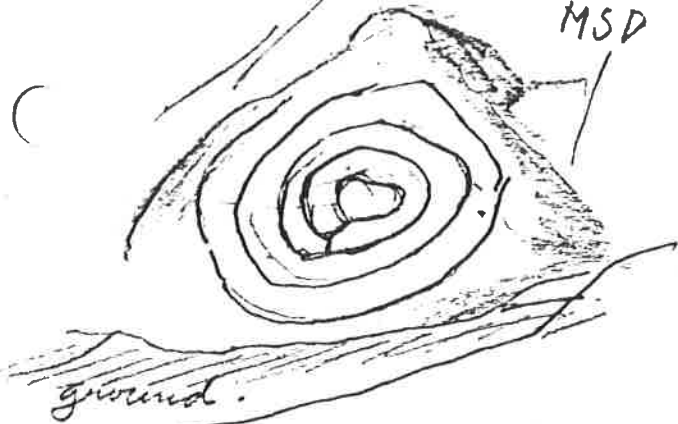
MSD
BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

crack



7-13-80
MSD



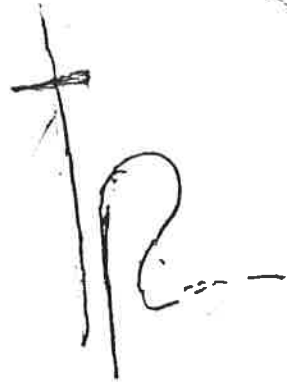
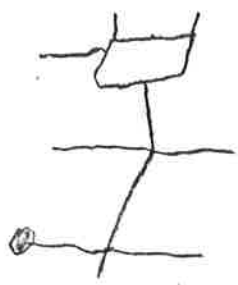
7-13-80 (46)
SWANSEA

drawn on previous sheet
108

MSD
BCD.

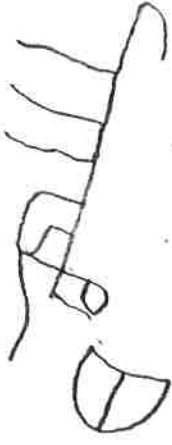
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

2-13-82 BCD
MSD
VSY

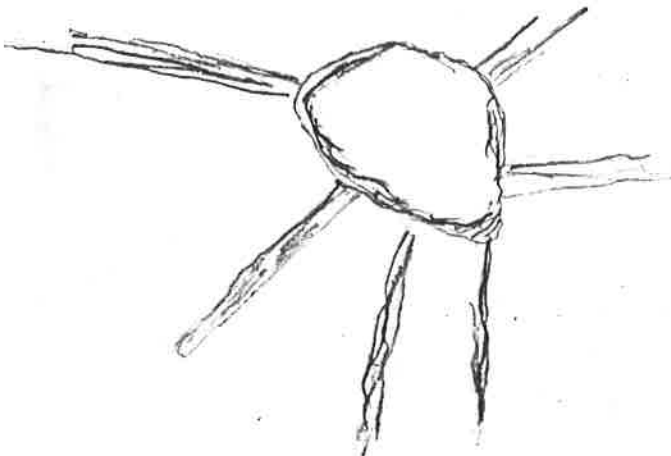


2-6

2-13-82
- MSD



2-13-82
BCD
MSD



SWANSEA

HUNTER CANYON
SALINE VALLEY

4-80

(50)

109

BCD
MSD
VSY



GO DOWNHILL & GO BEHIND A
BIG ROCK



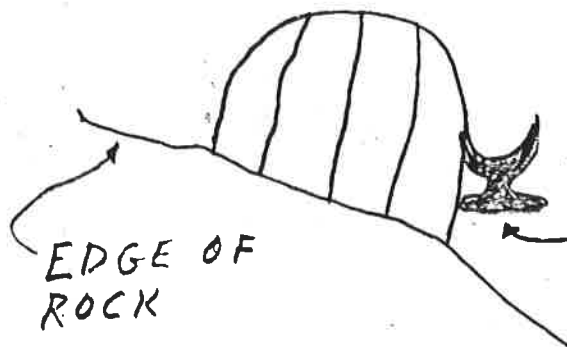
A TALL ROCK IN
FRONT ON THE EDGE
OF A CANYON



A LITTLE WAY IN THIS
DIRECTION TO THE ROCK



HOLDING FIRM



EDGE OF
ROCK



GOOD
BIG ROCK ON THE
EDGE OF A CANYON



LOOK THIS
DIRECTION

STRONG FORTIFICATION ON
THE
EDGE OF A CANYON

NW 4, SEC 27, T14S, R38E, MDM
SALINE VALLEY, INYO COUNTY, CALIF
QUAD - NEW YORK BUTTE CA 1950

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

OWENYO

BCD

(71)

MSD

110

10-80

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 734
LONE PINE, CA 93545

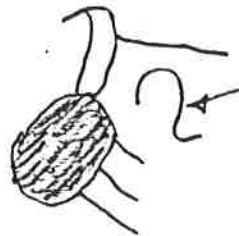
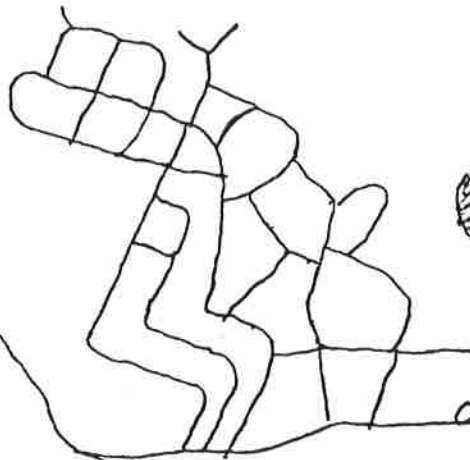


FAST

FAST GONE AROUND
WATER

SW 4, SEC. 36, T14S,
R 36E, MDM
INYO COUNTY, CALIF

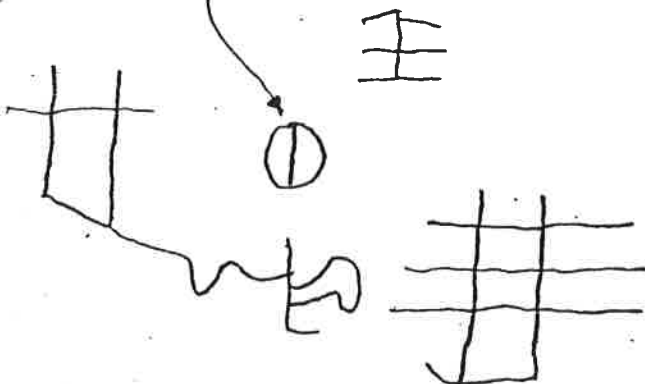
QUAD LONE PINE.
CALIF 1958



TURN
AROUND

CRACK

IN FRONT



EAST FACE
OF ROCK

A NOTHING PERSON,
STOPPED, COVERED,
TURNED AROUND,
A LONG TIME, SIDE.

8 PEOPLE
DESTROYED

GONE



NORTH FACE
OF ROCK

TINNEMAH ROCK SHELTER

10-1981

BCD

MSD

4-28-82

BCD

VSY

72

111

GRANARY?

TOP FACE

EAST FACE

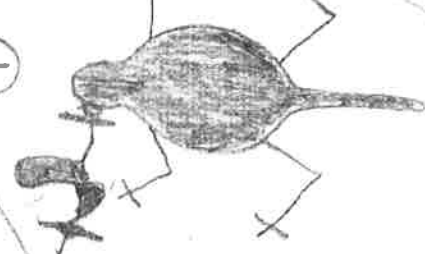
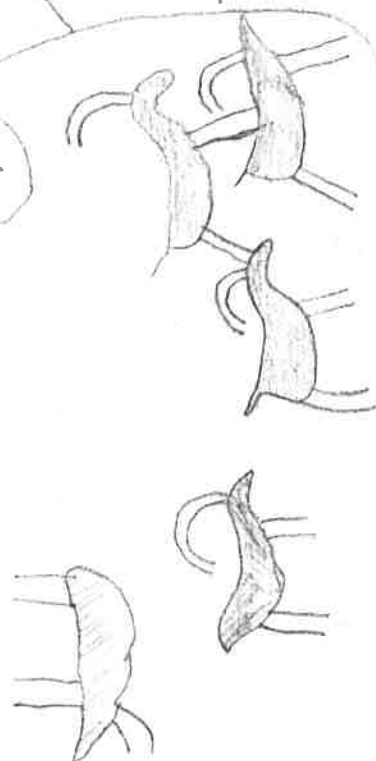
SEPARATE ROCKS

ROCK
SHELTER?
OPENING

? UNDECIPHERABLE



170'



73

1-81

112

BCD

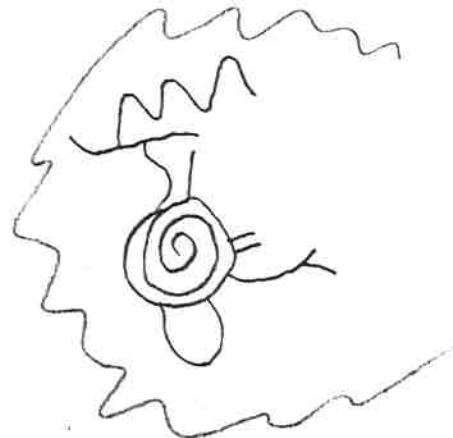
MSD

TWICE AS MANY
HERE
UNDECIPHERABLE



SAME AREA AS #179

LOCATION 26 ES 393



1-81

113

~~74~~

~~74~~

BCD

MSD

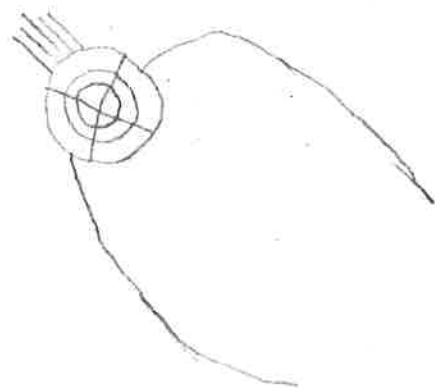
VSY

□ # # # + □

18 □ 6

MCB J 2 E +

OH L J L



SR 266 ES 5

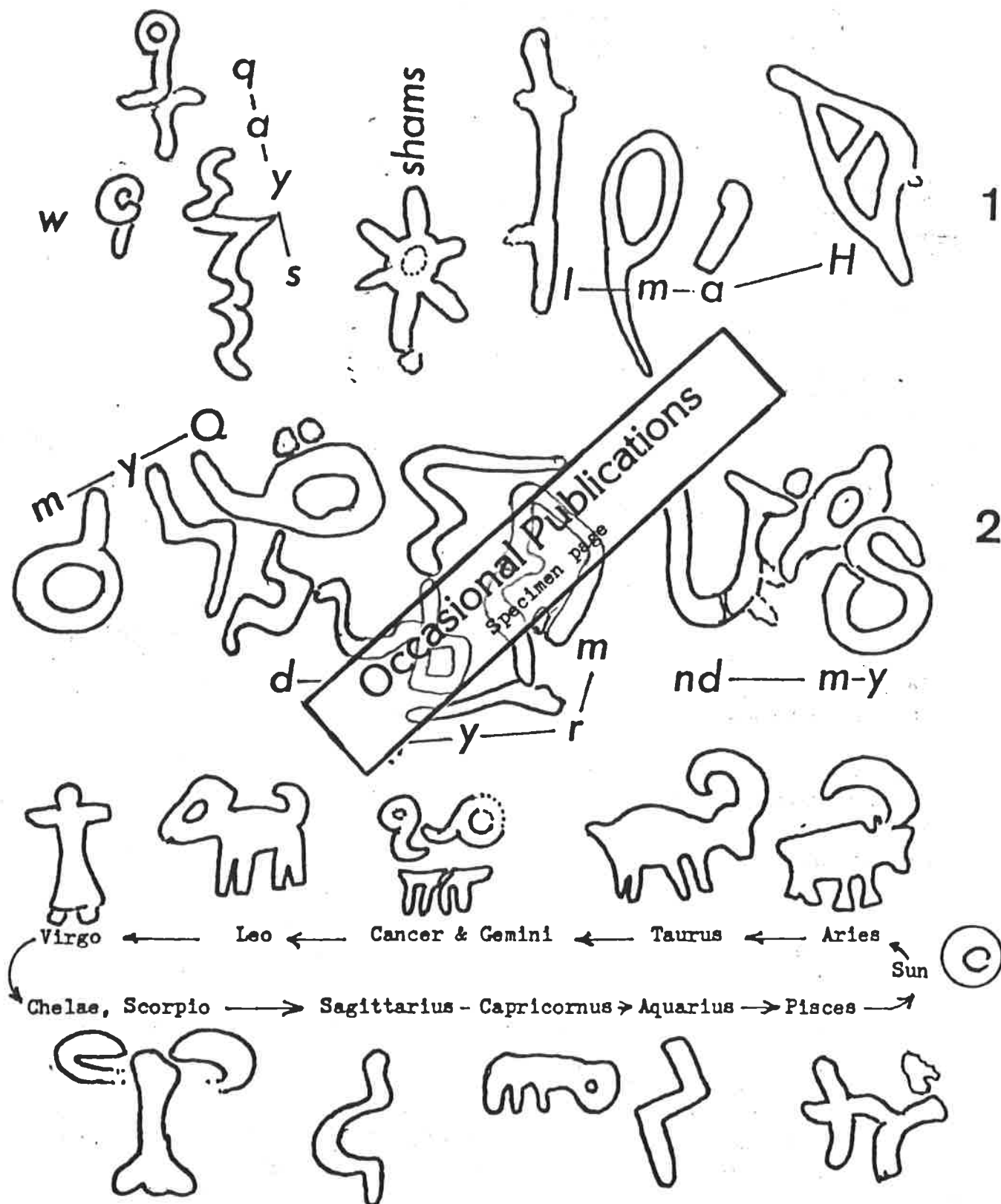


Figure 1. Identification of zodiac signs, and transliteration of the kufi text of Zodiac inscription #1, Southern California, originally recorded by camera and line drawings, but without identification as to subject, by Steward, Heizer and Baumhoff. Translation on next page.

3-19-81

For the past couple years Margaret and I have been recording unrecorded petroglyphs and pictographs before they are lost thru theft, vandalism etc.

Five miles across the state line in Nevada we found a canyon cut in a soft rock, tuff, that had many intaglio petroglyphs, all badly eroded except the one on the bottom of the sheet.

The one on the top was copied because of the unusual spelling GEROLD. Names of whites and dates are inscribed in this tuff.

The date 1806 was on a block that had fallen from the canyon wall. Ten feet away and facing the date was the inscription that looks to be in the Cyrillic alphabet.

The date and the Cyrillic may or may not be connected.

Burrell C Dawson

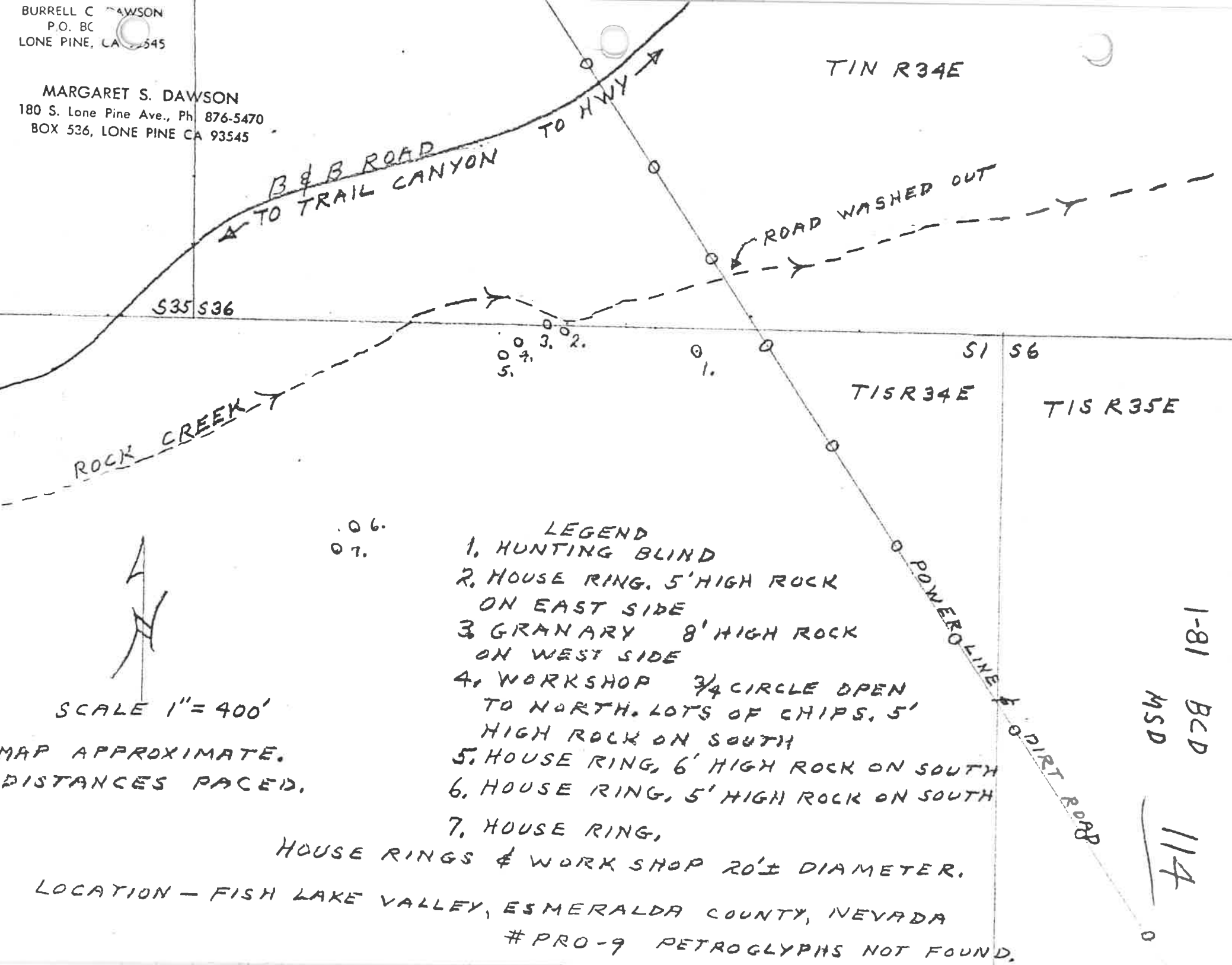
7-23-81

If this is Cyrillic it is a modified form of it. Vowels seem to be lacking or they may be those characters I find that are not in a Russian dictionary. In this town of 2,000 and county of 17,000 (with area the size of Vermont) further research facilities on this seem to be missing.

Burrell C Dawson

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P.O. BC
LONE PINE, CA 93545

MARGARET S. DAWSON
180 S. Lone Pine Ave., Ph 876-5470
BOX 536, LONE PINE CA 93545



The Life History of Philip G. Buff

by

Philip G. Buff

as told to

Burrell C. Dawson

I was born August 31, 1909, probably at an Indian camp near Fort Independence, Inyo County, California. I am a full-blood Paiute. My folks named me George but they changed my name when my mother died. It was our custom. I was two or three years old.

I don't remember much about my mother. I remember her being bed ridden in an Indian camp just west of Lone Pine near what is now Portugee Joe campground. She called me and some of my little playmates over and gave us each a piece of coconut cake bought at the store.

The next remembrance is of living in an Indian camp north of the Alabama Hills, probably on Hogback Creek. When my mother died they had the cry-dance there. It was at night. My dad and my uncle took me and my brother Truman by the arms and had us jump over the coffin. When they took

her away to the graveyard they had another Indian custom. They took me and Truman and some of our little cousins and shut us up in a tent so we could not look towards the graveyard.

Then they took me to live with my grandmother on my father's side. I can't remember much of these early days. When my grandmother went to town to work for people she took me along. I would play with the little white boys. There was Yandells, Mairs', Shueys. We would play baseball on the diamond they had in town.

I remember the first day I went to school at the Indian day school at the reservation at Fort Independence. I had a pocket full of biscuits and dropped crumbs all over the floor. I really don't remember much of these early days.

I finished the seventh grade here at the day school and from here they sent us either to Stewart Indian School at Carson City, Nevada or Sherman Indian School at Riverside, California. I chose to go to Riverside.

All this time I lived with my grandmother. I didn't live with my brother Truman. He lived with our grandmother Emma on our father's side. The grandmother I lived with was Maggie, Maggie Marino was her name at that time. The Shabbell boys called her Black Rock Maggie because she was from the black rocks north of here.

My grandmother was born and raised at the Indian settlement at Black Rock. This was near the intersection of Highway 395 and Taboose Creek.

The first place me and my grandmother lived was near the old mill on the west edge of the reservation. Then we lived east of there just north of the old highway. We lived there when I went to school at Riverside and when my step-grandfather died. That was Charlie Marino. That was my grandmother's second husband. We lived in a one room house. We still had Indian police at that time. That was when the Spanish influenza hit. We were not allowed to go visiting around. We had to stay in the house except to get wood for the fire or water.

My grandmother and my father were both down sick. My step-grandfather had died before this. I was sick too but not as bad as them. So I cooked, chopped the wood, got the water and took care of them.

Everybody lived in one room houses. They were built out of whatever lumber people could get. Just a place to sleep and to cook. Charlie Marino used to herd and cattle drive for the Shabbells and the Mairs up to the high mountains and get money for a little lumber that way. He would stay there with the cattle until fall and then drive them back to the valley. When he wasn't doing that he would get ahold of a piece of ground from the Shabbell brothers a little north of here and plant a whole field of beans, pink beans, Mexican beans we called them.

When it come harvest time Charlie would hire a couple ladies and they and grandmother and me would go out with baskets and canvas and thresh them. We would lay the canvas down and pile the bushes on them and then hit them with long sticks. This would knock the beans out. Then the ladies would take their baskets and winnow them to clean the trash out.

For corn we had one of those hand crank corn shellers. I used to operate that.

At Riverside school I played in the band and in the orchestra. Truman and some cousins from the reservation at Big Pine went there before I did. I first went in 1923. I was there six years. I played slide trombone in the band and violin in the orchestra.

I suppose we got our musical ability, me and Truman, from our father and uncle. When we were little they had an all Indian band here at the Fort. They used to practice a couple times a week at the schoolhouse. My father had a little house built alongside ours and had several instruments there where he lived. When he was gone we would sneak in through the window and play them. Of course we didn't know how to play but we liked it.

When our father and uncle saw we were interested in music they started teaching us. Our band leader was the Indian policeman at the Fort. He played the cornet and was good at it. He was also a drummer. He used to march us around that schoolhouse beating that drum for us. Then when I went to Sherman I already knew something about music and

it didn't take long for me to be one of the top trombone players there.

I don't remember ever seeing a fandango here at the Fort but I do know we had what they called rabbit feasts. The men would go out and kill lots of jackrabbits and dress them and the women would bring pies and cakes and cook them. Everybody would come to the gathering ground we had just west of the reservation. There was a table there with all the dressed rabbits on it and when the women would come with their stuff and set it on the table they would get a rabbit in return. I remember one when I was about seven.

The men all had shotguns, the old fashion ones with the triggers outside. John Westerville even had a single barrel 10-gauge, a powerful weapon. He was a heavy set man and needed to be to handle that gun. The word for rabbit is ka'-ma (a as in what), I don't remember the word for rabbit feast.

When I was four and five years old we gathered in the sweat house in the winter time and that was the time they told the legends. They didn't tell them in the summer. The legends were long. It would take two or three nights to complete one legend. Songs went with the stories. They told the story for a while and then they would sing. They stopped using the sweat house about the time of the Spanish influenza epidemic. That killed lots of Indians here.

In the summer time along about one or two o'clock the people would start towards the gathering ground. After the

epidemic they stopped doing that because there weren't many people left.

The gathering ground was at the west edge of the reservation north of the north fork of Oak Creek. There was a tree grew up there. The sweat house was north of there in the rocks and sage brush.

There used to be another one down below there but it was torn down and the one built north and west of the north fork. That was the last one built.

The other one was torn down because the Indians at that time believed in ghosts and they thought it was haunted by the ghosts of dead people.

The tree at the gathering ground was a Black Willow. It gave good shade for the old timers to play cards under. Indians came there socially from Lone Pine, Manzanar and up north. There was big doings there Thanksgiving and Christmas. We also had big dinners under a tree across the lane right here. There used to be lots of snow. I remember going to the Christmas tree at the schoolhouse through the snow.

The switch from the Paiute language to English started when they started sending us to school. They wanted us to talk nothing but English. If they caught us talking Paiute they would punish us.

After school we would talk Paiute and play the games our grandfathers taught us. We played the handgame with those little sticks about two or three inches long, one with

a black string tied around it. For tally sticks we cut willow sticks about twelve inches long.

The old ladies had a game with split sticks they colored red and some blue on the flat side. They tossed them in the air and then counted offspaces with short sticks in spaces between long sticks. The colored sticks were about eighteen inches long. When I was in rompers I used to see my grand mother play it. It was a ladies game.

Paiish (pai'-ish ai as in I, i as in hit) was the name of a game played by the men. It was played on a cleared area over near the sweat house. A man would roll a wheel or hoop made of wood along the ground and another man would throw long sticks at it. I don't know how they kept score. (This would be one of the western varieties of chunky or the hoop-and-pole game.)

When I got out of Sherman I came home and went to work on a construction job for the State Highway. It was black topping the road. When we got to Fish Springs the job was over.

Next I went to work on the job putting in the sewer line at Independence, connecting all the buildings to it. We put the line underneath the aqueduct where we crossed it.

Next we got a job building that big warehouse for the City of Los Angeles, Dept of Water and Power, at Independence. We had the same boss we had on the sewer job.

I was married and had been living in Bishop but we moved

down here to the Fort and rented a little cottage from my uncle John Symmes. When the warehouse job was done we moved back to Bishop in a little house we rented from Los Angeles and I started working around town.

After a while I got a job on the extra gang working on the State Highway from Bishop to Benton. That winter we worked on dynamiting the snow drifts above Benton towards Montgomery Pass. The bulldozers and snow plows can't cut the drifts when they pack deep and freeze. That was the only way we could keep the highway open.

I got married in the latter part of 1929. My wife's name was Hilda Meredith. We had three little kids and I had to take any job offered me to keep things going. Hilda was born and raised in Bishop. She was part Paiute and part Colored. The oldest boy is named Donald Raymond Buff. He now lives at Lone Pine (1981). He is married. The second is named Rawlin Leroy Buff. He lives in Susanville (1981). The youngest was Richard Eugene Buff. His wife killed him in a fight over money matters.

Donald's wife is named Ruth. They live on the reservation at Lone Pine. Ruth's father is Shoshone and her grandmother is Paiute from the Fort. Ruth is a Bellas.

(The following is from Clara Buff, wife of Philip's brother Truman.) I am a Pyramid Lake Paiute. The Indians here at the Fort talk a little bit different from those at Bishop. My girl friend is Chemehuevi. They talk something like us at Pyramid Lake. The Bridgeport and Mono Lake Indians talk like the Nevada Paiutes. I can understand them when

they talk. The Mono at North Fork talk like they do at the Fork. Some of the words in the Pyramid Paiute are the same as they are here at the Fort but when they talk I can't understand them. Philip's grandmother lived here and she talked a lot. I got so I could understand her. The Indians at Fort Hall, Idaho, talk like we do at Pyramid. In the spring of 1980 my daughter Dorothy and I went to Fort Hall for the Sundance. I could understand everything they said. It is a religious dance. They don't like too many outsiders. The dance goes on for days. The last day, usually on a Sunday, they get out there in a row with blankets over their heads and kneel and pray to their God. They don't call him God. They call him Grandfather. They do this just as the sun is coming up. Then the singer sings.

The Indians here at the Fort believe the same. When the Indian doctor comes over from Davis and holds a ceremony they pray to Grandfather. Then they hold a sweat. They ask for healing. Lots of our boys here drink too much and they ask for them. They try to get the younger generation to come in on account of the drinking. My daughter Dorothy had a sweat house built right here at the Fort and people came from all over on Sundays, van loads. They took turns in the sweat house. Then they would feed the boys and take them to Independence to a place for Alcoholics, Snow Caps.

(Philip Buff resumes). Hilda and I spent thirteen years together. Then I left home. It was not entirely all my fault or her fault. Hilda had awful headaches.

Hilda was put in the hospital and checked up. The doctors performed a hysterectomy. Then she begin to feel better.

Then things started going from bad to worse. To skip the details Hilda started stepping out and I started to hit the bottle. We quarreled a lot. I stayed out lots of nights. Hilda had me thrown in jail. Les Horton arrested me and I appeared before Justice Smith. He ordered me not to go home and to stay away from her. So I went up to West Bishop and lived with my cousin John Barlow. He used to live in Big Pine. We worked around Bishop and Round Valley.

After I left home Hilda put the oldest boys in Carson Indian School at Stewart and the youngest in a boarding school at North Fork. When Richard was older he went to Stewart with his brothers.

In the war the first action I saw was against Rommel in North Africa. I was in an ammunition ordnance unit then. That was near Casa Blanca.

At Anzio Beach I was in Company B, 145th Division, the Thunderbird Division. Company B was all Indian from Oklahoma except me, mostly Pawnee and Shawnee. We fought through Italy, Southern France and when we got to the Black Forest in Germany only me and one other Indian was left. We served at Monte Cassino, Rapido River, Volturno River, and others. The other guy was a Pawnee. He was a sargeant in charge of a platoon.

By the time we got to the Black Forest he had piled up

Info from Army discharge paper.

Phillip Buff 39 160 545 Private 179 Infantry Regiment
Honorably Discharged at Camp Beale Calif Dec 25, 1945.
Born Aug 31, 1909, at Independence Calif. Inducted
June 25, 1941.

Rifleman, Combat Infantryman Badge. Battles and Cam-
paigns -- Rhineland, Central Europe, Rome, Arno, Southern
France.

Decorations and Citations -- American Campaign Medal,
World War II Victory Medal, European African Middle Eastern
Campaign Medal, American Defense Service Medal, Purple Heart
with 2 Oak Leaf Clusters.

Filed in County Records Office in Independence Calif
in Military Discharges Book Vol 1, page 416.

enough points for a discharge. He came over to the section we were guarding to look me up and say goodbye. That left me in an outfit of all replacements, all white boys.

When the Thunderbird Division got to Rome they set a camp for what was left of us a couple miles outside the city. We spent a couple weeks there just fooling around and seeing the sights.

Then they sent us to Naples and inland to a little town called Paestum. Here we stayed a month, hid away from the enemy. The enemy had it in for us because we raised so much hell with them. At Rome another division took our place in the front line.

I think we had got a little careless with the enemy. We put patrols out behind their lines wrecking Tiger tanks, we had bazooka teams blowing off their treads. This was at Anzio Beach and it was things like this that caused us to lose a lot of men.

When we left our camp near Naples they put Italian prisoners in it. From there they took us to Southern France. We landed at La Croix on the Riviera. There was no enemy opposition. The idea of our landing was to draw troops away from the Normandy landing and thus weaken enemy resistance. We were at St. Tropez and St. Raphael but the enemy never come.

Next we loaded up on box cars and went to Grenoble but no enemy there. Our next ride was by French Pullman cars farther inland and then we got opposition. The Germans occupied small towns along and pulled dirty tricks on us.

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

The Germans knew we would not fire on women and kids so they would send the women out in the streets to get water from the community well and the kids to play. This set up an ambush. And we wouldn't open up our artillery on them.

In one village we had a twelve men patrol to reconnoiter, I took one side of the street and my partner took the other. The rest of us stayed back in the hills waiting. When we got in the village far enough they opened fire on us. They killed us all except me and another fellow. We got away. I saw some Germans at the back of houses trying to get away. I opened fire on them and they on me. I got hit in the leg and fell in the street. I managed to get behind a wall and make it back to our outfit. One of the guys across the street hollered to me to help him, but I couldn't. I had been hit to hard.

Outside of Limbeck we were ordered to attack a rocky hill the Germans were dug in on. When we attacked they threw everything they had at us, 88's, machine gun and automatic weapons fire, but we took the hill anyway. Half way up the hill I couldn't go any farther. I had just got out of the hospital and my leg give out. I got behind a rock for quite a while and then managed to get to the top where our outfit was. Here we were ordered to hold the hill at all costs. Two ammo carriers had helped me up the hill as far as the rock, and then left me.

I was very tired, like I had been in the lines for a month. I laid down to rest and begin to hallucinate.

There was Hawaiian hula dancers all around me, even up in the tree they were dancing. Then I saw my dead grandmother on the edge of the trench, dressed the way she did when she went to work, with her sun bonnet and apron on. I told our guard what was going on and he sent for the first sargeant. I told him what was going on and he sent me back to the captain.

At the captain's dugout back behind the lines he asked me what they gave me at the hospital and if I had been drinking. I told him only penicillin at the hospital and no booze. He gave me a shot of whiskey and I went to sleep and stayed there all night. Next morning I told him I didn't want to go to a hospital and he gave me permission to rejoin my ammo carriers on the hill.

There was a railroad at the bottom of the hill and we could hear the trains going to our rear. At midnight we got orders to retreat. Trucks picked us up at the bottom of the hill and took us to our old position near Limbeck. The Germans were breaking through our lines with tanks. In a little bit we got back on the trucks and took off for the rear, 40 miles or more. It was cold, snow on the ground and no tops to the trucks.

We got ahead of the enemy tanks and found a fierce artillery battle going on. We took up positions in a little valley in concrete German big gun positions. Then we started working back behind the German lines. After four or five miles we got orders to dig in. Early next

morning the Germans attacked us. They came at us with tanks and we only had small arms to fight them with. Suddenly the tanks withdrew and left four guys behind to hold us down. They had these burp guns that spit bullets so fast it was like a whole company.. We advanced on them. This was in a forest of big trees and we advanced from tree to tree until we could see them. They were laying flat on their stomachs shooting at us. We opened fire on them and got three. One got away. I fired on him but couldn't hit him.

This made it a little safer to hold our position. We had orders to hold it at all costs. We had nothing to eat and no water. We stayed there six days. The Germans had got behind us and captured our headquarters and our kitchen. We tried on our walkie-talkies to contact somebody but no luck.

There was a little French settlement near us and we would sneak down there at night and fill canteens. It was held by Germans but we didn't know that. They stayed hid.

We were setting on the edge of our trenches one morning wondering when we would get in touch with our rear and we saw a German patrol coming our way through a clearing in the woods. It was a dangerous thing to do, advancing in the open that way. We let them get way out in the open and then the lieutenant told us to open fire. Only one of this twelve man patrol got away. The rest were rolling around on the hard snow and as we watched it turned red.

What happened next I never will understand. Two men came out of the woods, one was the survivor of the patrol and the

other was dressed in an American first aid uniform. They started picking up the German weapons. We fired and they ran back in the woods.

After this we were more cautious and stayed closer to our trenches.

Late that night we heard a good sized force approaching from our rear. We felt sure we was goners. We thought sure they were Germans. We either had to surrender or fight. We made up our minds to fight. But when they got close enough we hollered at them and they answered us in American. We sure were glad. Six days in that position and only what little we could get to eat from the French.

We joined up with this outfit. They gave each one of us a K-ration to eat. They were young soldiers just over from the States.

We went with them to a little patch of woods. I don't know how they did it but every move we made the Germans had us figured out. It was awful cold in that little patch of woods and then the Germans opened up on us. We fired back but the Germans almost wiped us out there. We fought for almost an hour and then the Germans stopped shooting.

What was left of us went across the valley and dug in for a rest. Next morning we looked for any surviving wounded but there wasn't any. They had frozen to death. Men with their arms up we would go and shake but we found nobody alive.

We went back to where we had had the fight and checked up on the German positions. We found lots of blood there so

we knew we had hurt the Germans bad. We found sacks of black bread and a big sack of Norwegian sardines. They might have been poisoned but we were hungry and figured it made no difference whether we died by poison or a bullet so we ate them. They were good.

We rejoined our company and started out again, fighting through forests all the time. We were now way into Germany and we had been killing off their regular troops so fast that now they were throwing those young kids against us. Some were little fuzzy faces 13 and 14 years old. One place in a planting of young trees these kids were dug in there. I was on reconnaissance with the first platoon. When we got near they opened fire and downed us all. I got hit again, right under the knee cap. Our whole platoon got wiped out.

They took what was wounded of us back to the hospital. We went by jeep back to a big airplane and by it to the hospital in France. That was near Paris. I was around there three months. Then I was sent to the same replacement center I was at the first time I was wounded and got out of the hospital.

I didn't have to wait there very long and they sent me back to the front. When I got to my company there was an awful battle at the Rhine River crossing. Then we got on little boats and went across the river. This was eleven o'clock at night and the Germans had artillery coming in at us. They sunk some of our boats. That Rhine River is about a mile wide.

When we got to the east bank we started into Germany. We came to a place where there was a pond enclosed by levees. There were about fifty Germans laying in there. Some were women. We captured them without a fight and sent them to our rear under guard.

Next we came to a German village. We had no trouble. The people had white flags hanging out the windows.

We heard on our walkie-talkies the war was coming to an end. This made us feel good. We resumed our march to Munich.

We ran across some opposition and I was hit again. On the ankle in a scrap in the forest. This time they shipped me to a hospital in Mainz, Germany. Shrapnel from artillery fire had done a good job on me.

They shipped me to another hospital in Germany and I was there when the war ended. I was now on crutches and able to get around so they shipped me to a rest area where I got more treatment. While I was there my company came through on there way home. I tried to get in with them but no luck. I was in what is called an orphan outfit.

I hobbled around on my crutches there quite a while and then I was sent to Paris, France. In the hospital there I was checked again and then instead of sending me home I was sent back to Germany. There I waited a long time and orders came ~~xx~~ I was to be sent to Nuremburg. After two weeks there we went to Antwerp, Belgium. There they kept us in 4-man tents. It was cold and it was raining. We were there a long time.

Then they told us we were to be shipped back to the States. That was sure good news. Next they gave us back our American money.

It was sure a pretty sight when we left Antwerp to come home. We travelled down a canal to the English Channel. Dikes held back the Channel. The land was lower than the ocean. Nice houses and pretty flowers. Women in wooden shoes and no men around. We passed places where the Germans had broken the dikes and let the ocean in. Church steeples sticking out of the water was the only way you could tell there was a village there.

At 4:00 o'clock we passed the white cliffs of Dover and entered the Atlantic. It didn't take long before we hit a bad storm. The waves lifted us high and let us down with an awful bang. I was scared. I didn't think our boat could last in that kind of storm.

Three days later in a calm sea a big French liner caught up and passed us. It was full of women, soldiers brides going to the U.S. They hollered and yelled at us as they passed our little Liberty ship.

December 7 we pulled into the Hudson River. The big buildings of New York were all lit up with big signs on them "Welcome Home". Tug boats met us with their horns going full blast. A boat pulled up to ours with a womens dance band playing. After docking they wouldn't let us get off the boat that night.

Next morning they piled us into Army trucks and took us

to Camp Kilmer. We stayed here two weeks and did nothing but eat and sleep. Then they took us to a big airport in New Jersey and loaded us on an airplane. At Dallas, Texas, we unloaded and stayed over night. Next day we had lunch stops at Tucson, Arizona, and Palm Springs.

They told us we would have to fly high to get over the Tehachapis. They had no deicing for the wings and ice would break off and hit our cabin. It was scary. Our plane started dropping from the ice. They finally got the deicer going.

It was raining. At 7:00 o'clock we hit McClellan Field at Sacramento. Trucks took us to an Army base near Marysville.

Christmas we went to the chapel where they gave us our honorable discharges. They had a big fancy feed all set up for us at the mess hall but nobody stopped for it. Everybody ran to the barracks, grabbed their stuff and went to the bus station. I got a bus to Sacramento and from there I went to Fort Independence and stayed with my brother Truman. My home at Bishop had been busted up.

After being in the Army for about five years I was lost. I wandered up and down Owens Valley for some time. I don't know what I was looking for. I was just lost. In the Army I always had something to do. Now I had nothing. So I started to roam.

My boys were all grown. I ran into Richard at Reno and next Roland. Finally I got a job. It was working for the Southern Pacific Railroad. They were working on the tracks in front of the station at Reno. They had a kitchen set up alongside the station where they fed us. At night they hauled

us to a canyon east of town where they had a gandy camp set up. I learned the track work quick. We were putting in new ballast.

After a week we went to Sparks where we did more track work. There I got ruptured. It took fourteen of us to handle the big switch rails, seven on each side with rail tongs. My partner dropped his side and when that thing hit the ground it jarred me all over. It made a hot pain in my side. I worked a week like that. Then I quit, got my pay and hung around town.

I wandered around for several years like that. Finally I couldn't stand it any more. It was bulging out my stomache. So I checked into the hospital at Sacramento where they operated on me and fixed me up.

The first hard job I got after getting out of the hospital was bailing hay. The operation didn't bother me at all. They had done a good job on me. So now I knew I could work again.

I wandered around for several years, working here and there.

Then I went blind. The doctors told me it was because I had lived such a rough life. In the war I got hit on the head with shrapnel. It tore my helmet all to pieces and jarred me real good. And then one time I was hiding behind a tree and a German 88 hit the tree. It knocked a heavy branch down, hit my head and knocked me out.

It was in Stockton where I went blind. I was walking down the street one evening and colored lights started dropping in front of me shaped like icebergs. When the lights disappeared I couldn't see anything more. I stopped a guy passing and he

took me to the hotel where I had a room. The desk clerk phoned the social service office to get someone to take me to the hospital but there was nobody there. They took me to my room and I stayed awake all that night. Next morning a social worker took me to the general hospital in Stockton.

There a doctor, a Greek, examined me and told me I had cataracts in both eyes. They took me to the operating room and removed one. A week later they removed the other cataract. Two weeks later when they removed the patches I still could not see.

I was taken back to the eye doctor and examined again. He said the optic nerve was damaged from too many blows to the head and that I was blind for as long as I lived. That was hard to take.

The Army never would give me a pension for the shrapnel and the tree limb blows to my head, only for the wound to my knee where I still carry the metal in my leg.

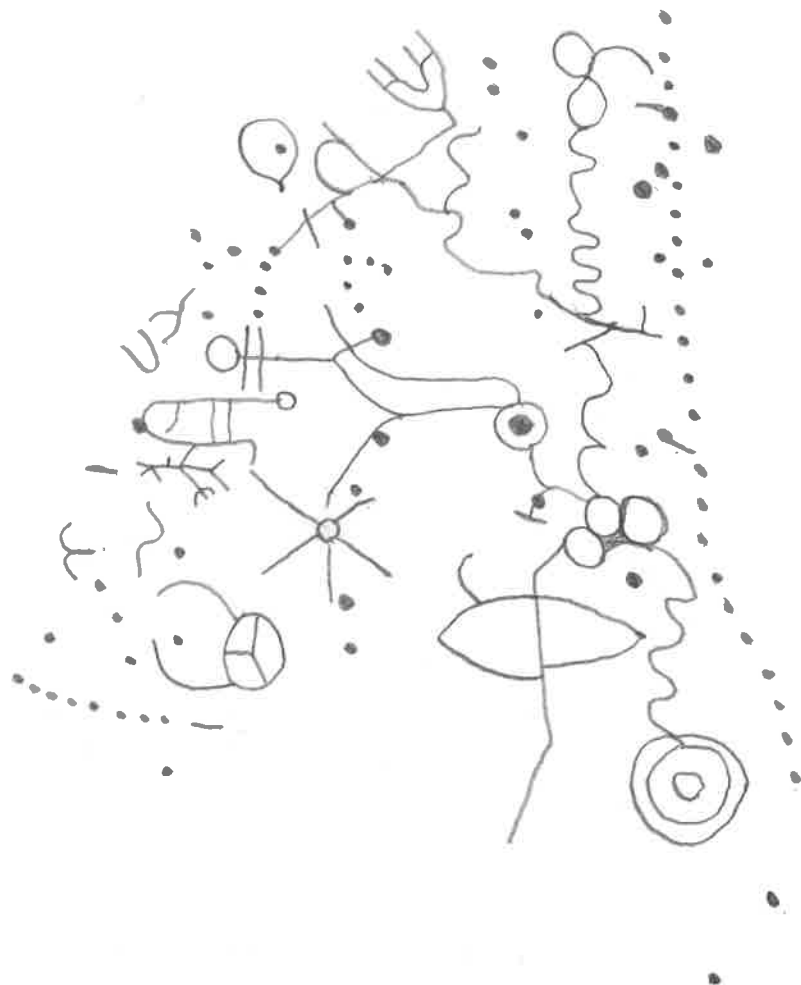
I was transferred to the single man's home near the hospital and stayed there two months. The lady there fixed up my social security and blind pension papers and I left for a rest home run by a Creek Indian named Fish. I was there nine years.

My brother Truman tried to get me out but the doctor wouldn't let me go as I was under treatment. Some Filipinos bought the place and about a year ago my nieces got me out and I went to Davis to live with them. They were going to school at the University there.

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KP
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SOUTHEASTERN OREGON,
STAN HENRY RANCH,
AROCK, OREGON

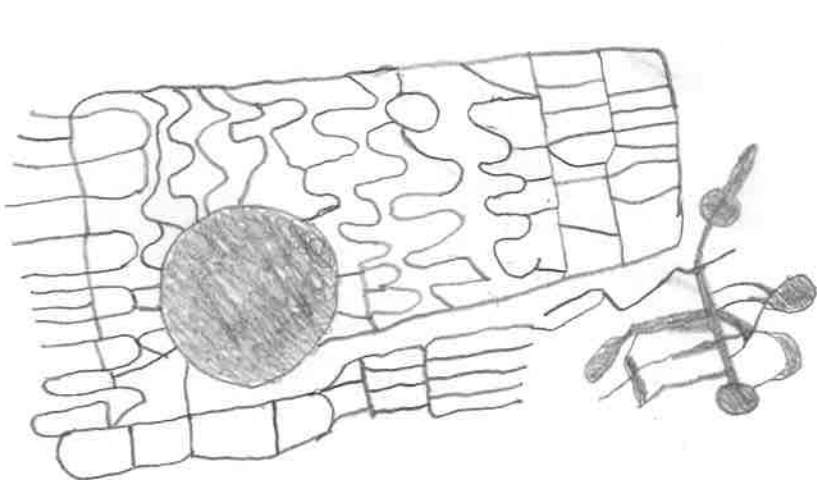
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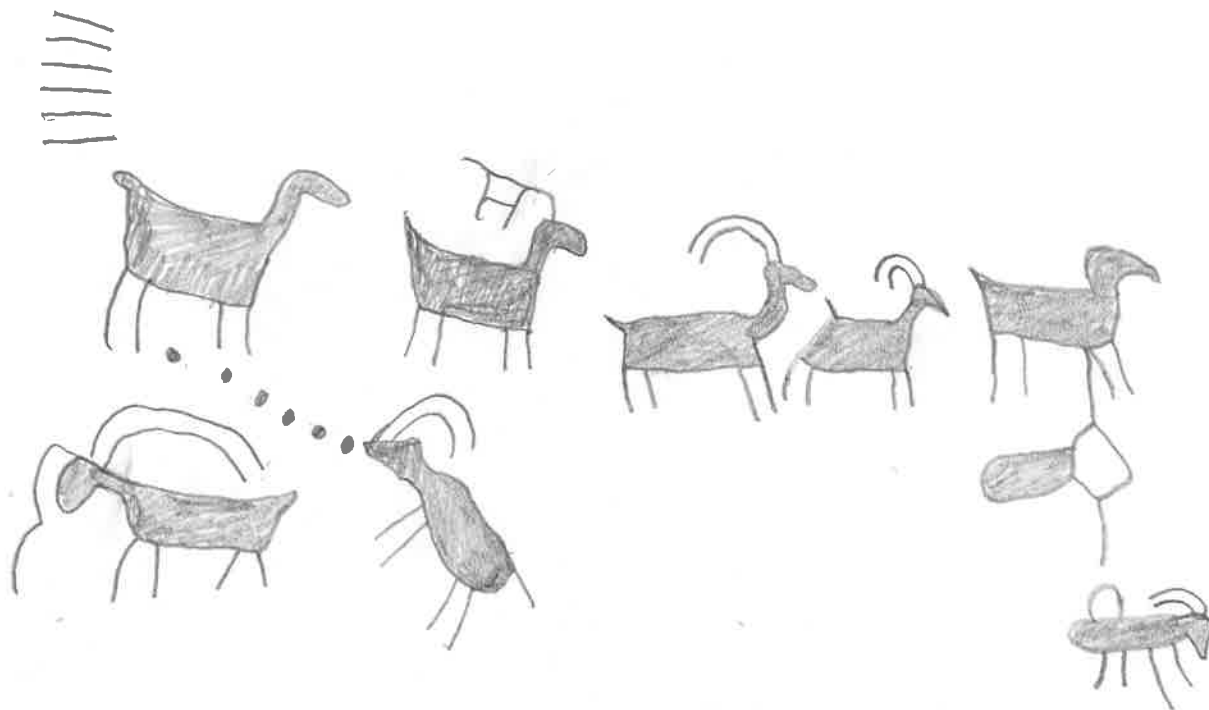
CANYON AT BLACK ROCK WELL



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CANYON OF BLACK ROCK WELL



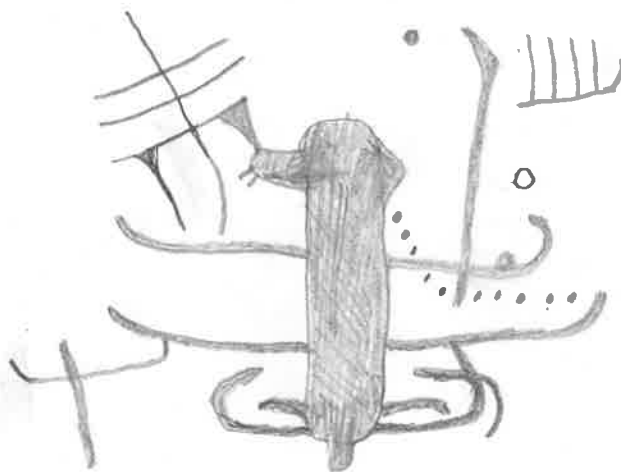
139
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140

~~78~~

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TOP OF HILL SOUTH OF ENTRANCE TO HUNTER
CANYON, SALINE VALLEY.



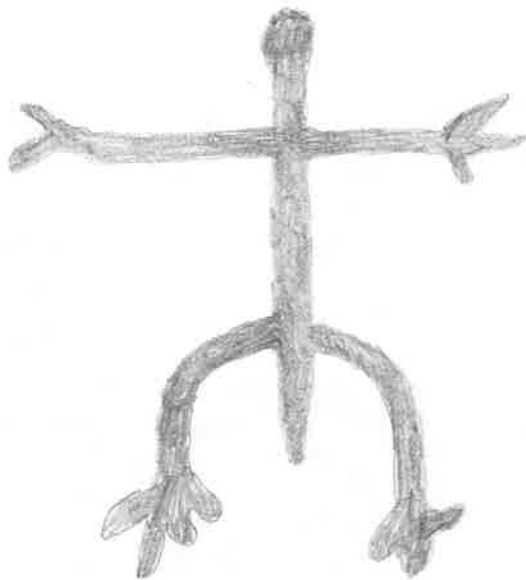
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TOP OF HILL SOUTH OF ENTRANCE TO HUNTER
CANYON, SALINE VALLEY



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(142)

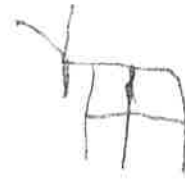
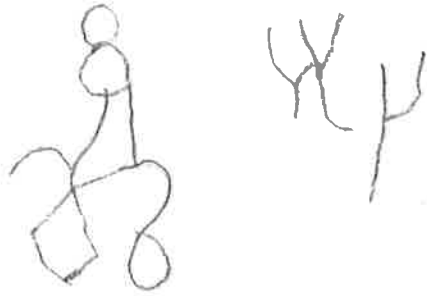
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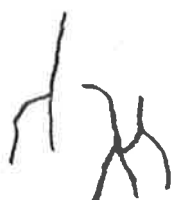
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CHARLIE'S BUTTE



CHARLIE'S BUTTE
1981



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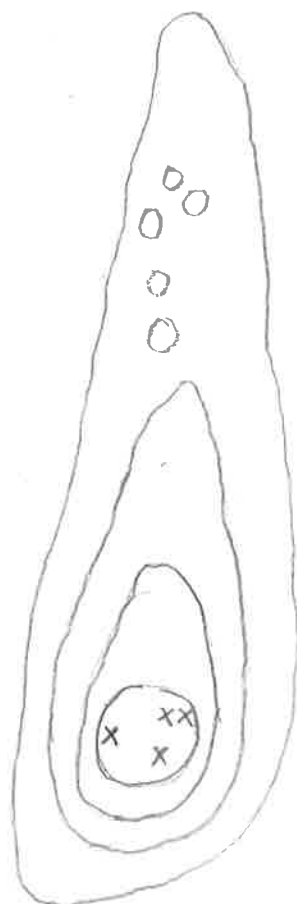
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3-11-81 BCD



SKETCH MAP OF
CHARLIE'S BUTTE

5 HOUSE PITS? ON LAVA
RIDGE



16+ PANELS OF PETROGLYPHS

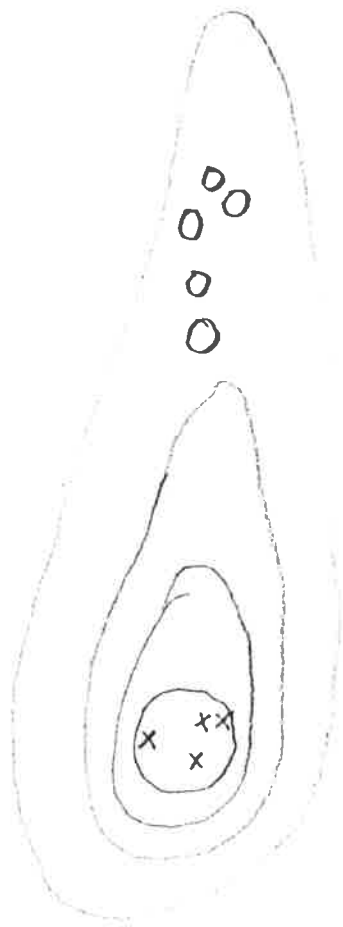
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SKETCH MAP OF
CHARLIE'S BUTTE

5 HOUSE PITS? ON LAVA
RIDGE

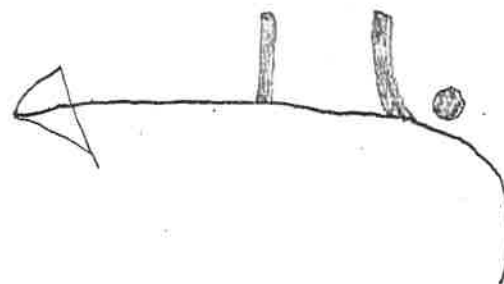


16+ PANELS OF PETROGLYPHS

NOTE - 200 FEET WESTERLY
OF THIS PANEL UNDER A ROCK
OVERHANG IS A POSSIBLE
ROCK SHELTER

COLORS - REDDISH TO REDDISH BROWN.

1P/D



RUIZ HILL PICTOGRAPH

7-1981

BCD

MSD

144



NOTE — 200 FEET WESTERLY OF
THIS PANEL & UNDER A ROCK
OVERHANG IS A POSSIBLE
ROCK SHELTER

COLORS-REDDISH TO REDDISH BROWN



RUIZ HILL PICTOGRAPH

7-81

BCD
MSD

144

4-22-81

HUNTER CANYON, SALINE VALLEY

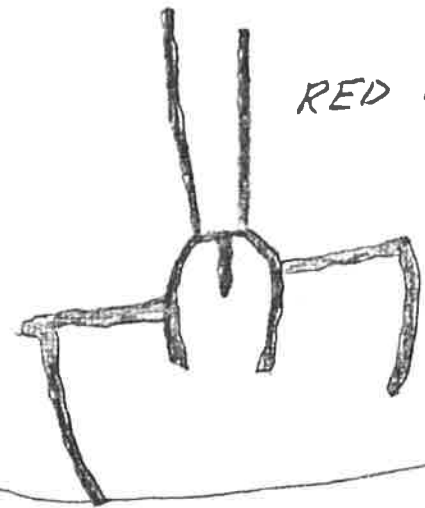
VILLAGE #1

BCD
VSY

PICTOGRAPHS



ONE POSSIBLE BURIAL



RED COLOR



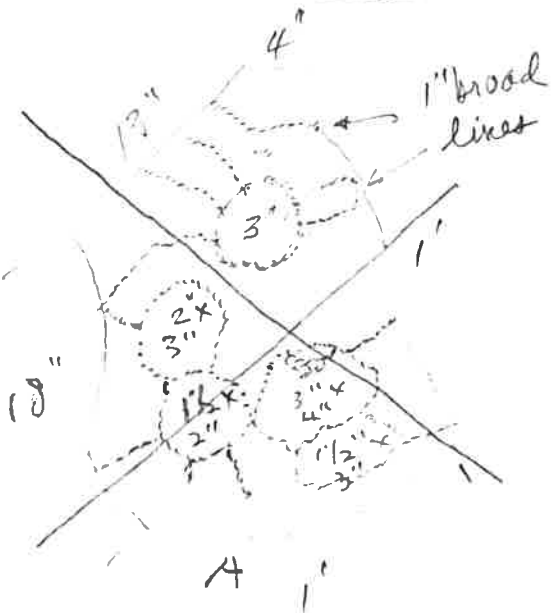
MANY SMALL HOLES &
7 BIG HOLES
GOSSIP ROCK,
11 HOUSE RINGS NEARBY.

PICTOGRAPH



VILLAGE #2

PETROGLYPHS RECORDED
BY VINCENT YODER, LONE PINE
A, B, C, D, E, F



facing E

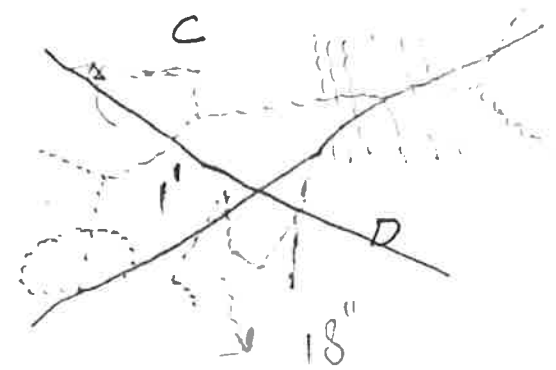


FACING WEST

B



FACING NORTH

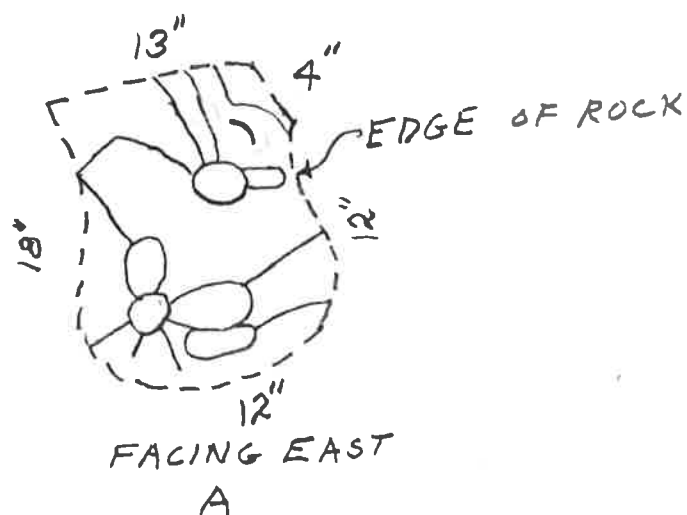
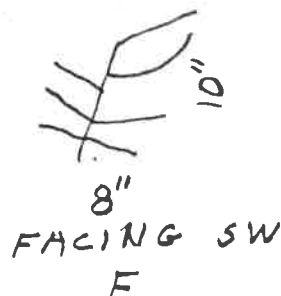
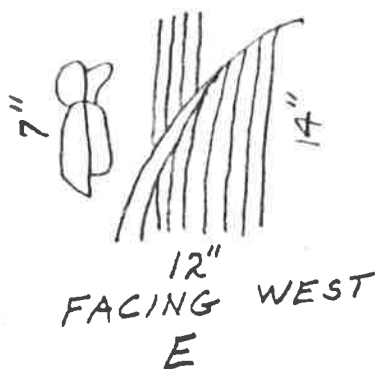


facing E

HUNTER CANYON, SALINE VALLEY

VILLAGE #2

BCD
VSY



7+ HOUSE RINGS 12' DIAMETER.

LOW ROCK PILES SCATTERED AROUND.

IT IS REPORTED BY BEN BAKER OF LONE PINE
THAT THERE ARE PETROGLYPHS IN RELIEF
ON THE CLIFFS EAST OF MARBLE BATH

WALKER CREEK PICTOGRAPH

147
5-1-81

BCD

MSD

VSY

6-22-82

 BCD

MSD

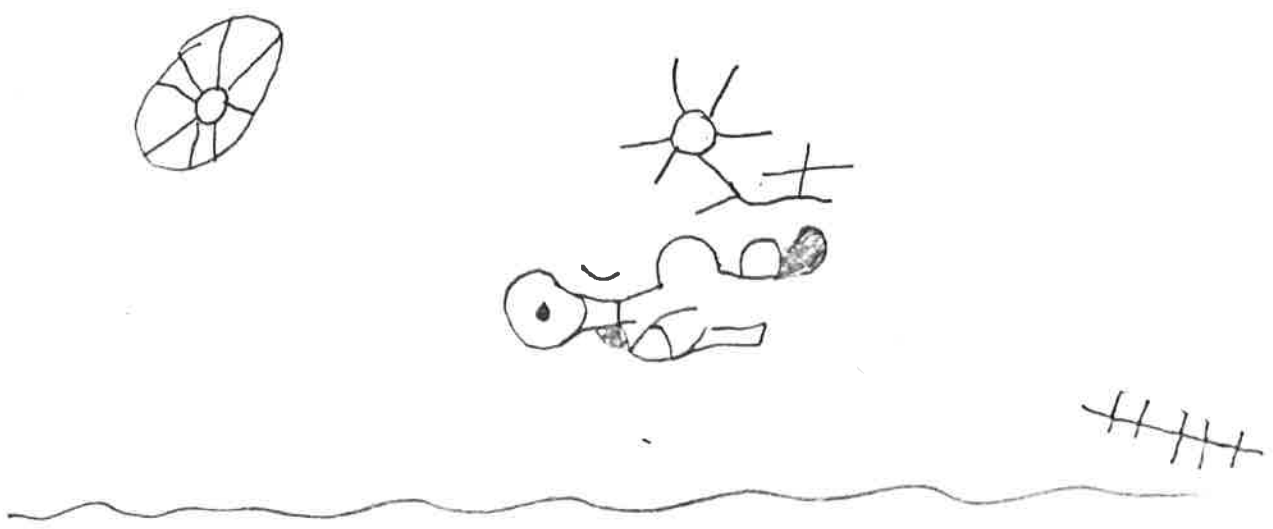
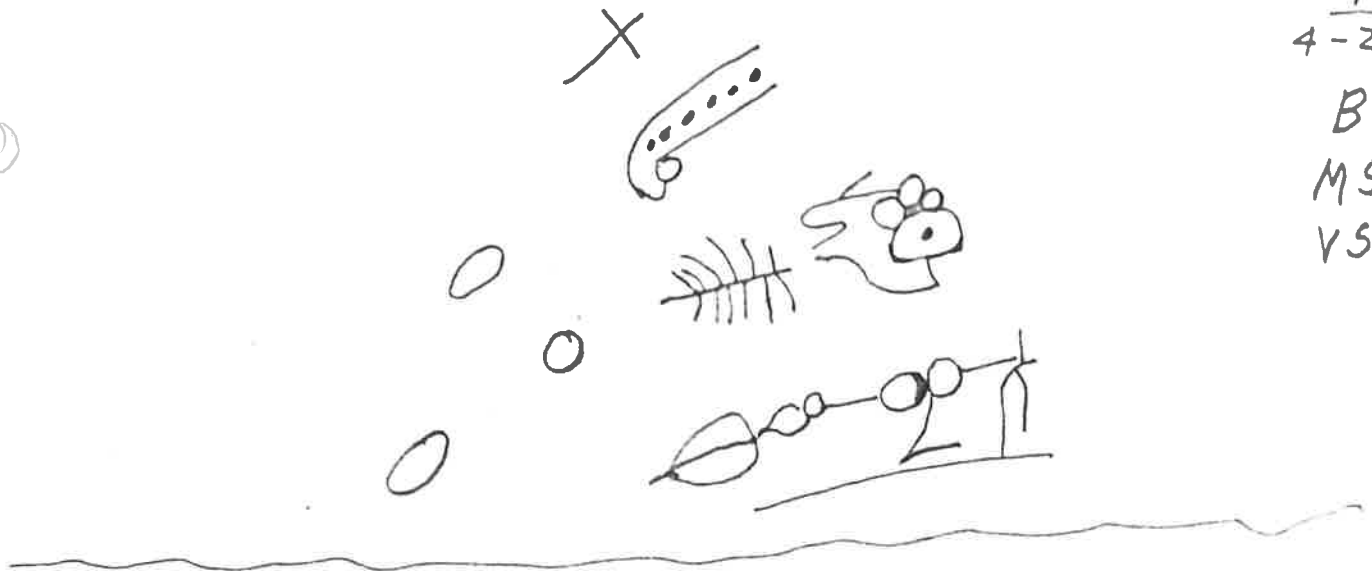


FADED RED PAINT, SOME MORE NOT CLEAR.
HIGHEST BOULDER 80' ± ON NORTH SIDE ROAD,

HUNTER CANYON, SALINE VALLEY

148
4-22-81

BCD
MSD
VSY



HUNTER CANYON

149

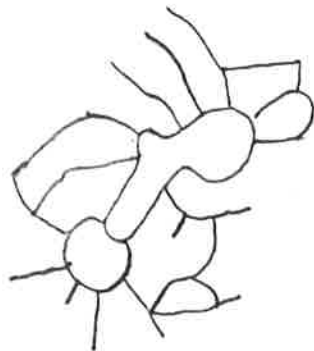
4-22-81

BCD

MSD

VSX

JC



HUNTER CANYON

150

4-22-81

BCD

MSD



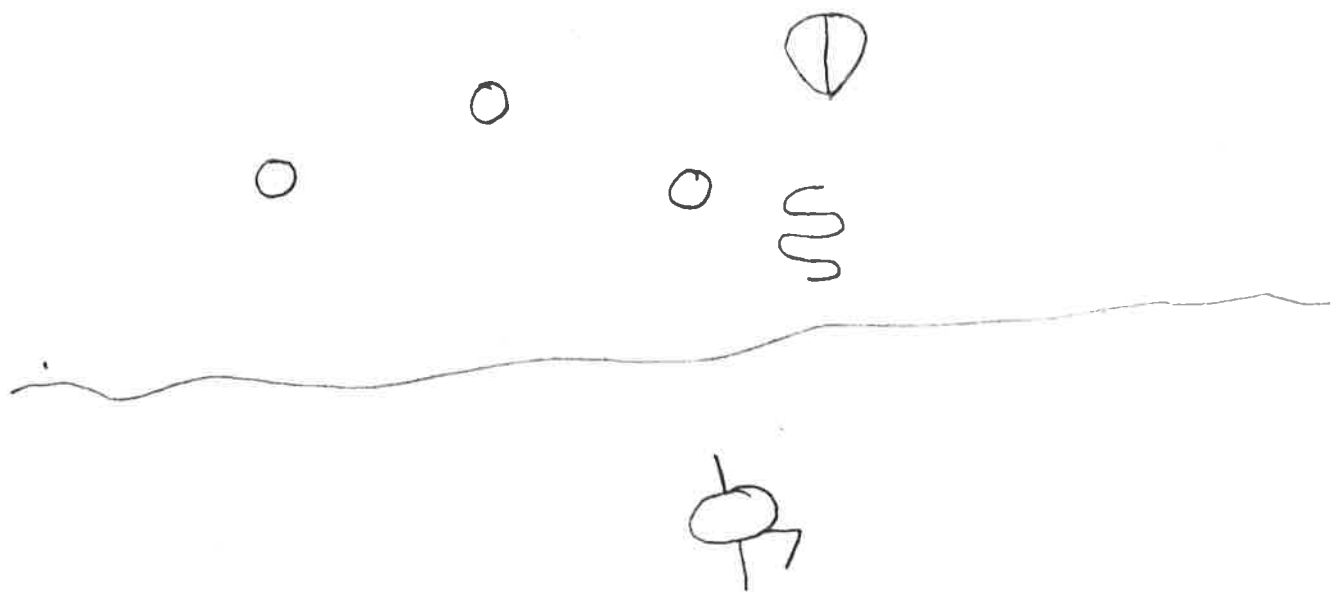
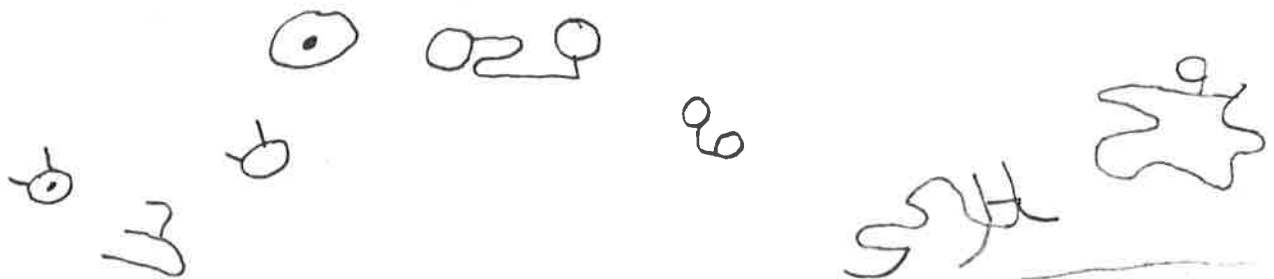
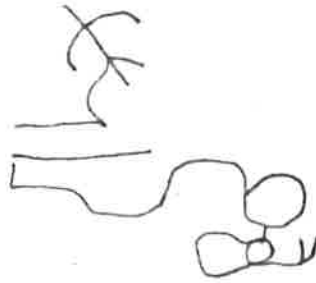
HUNTER CANYON

151

4-22-81

BCD

MSD



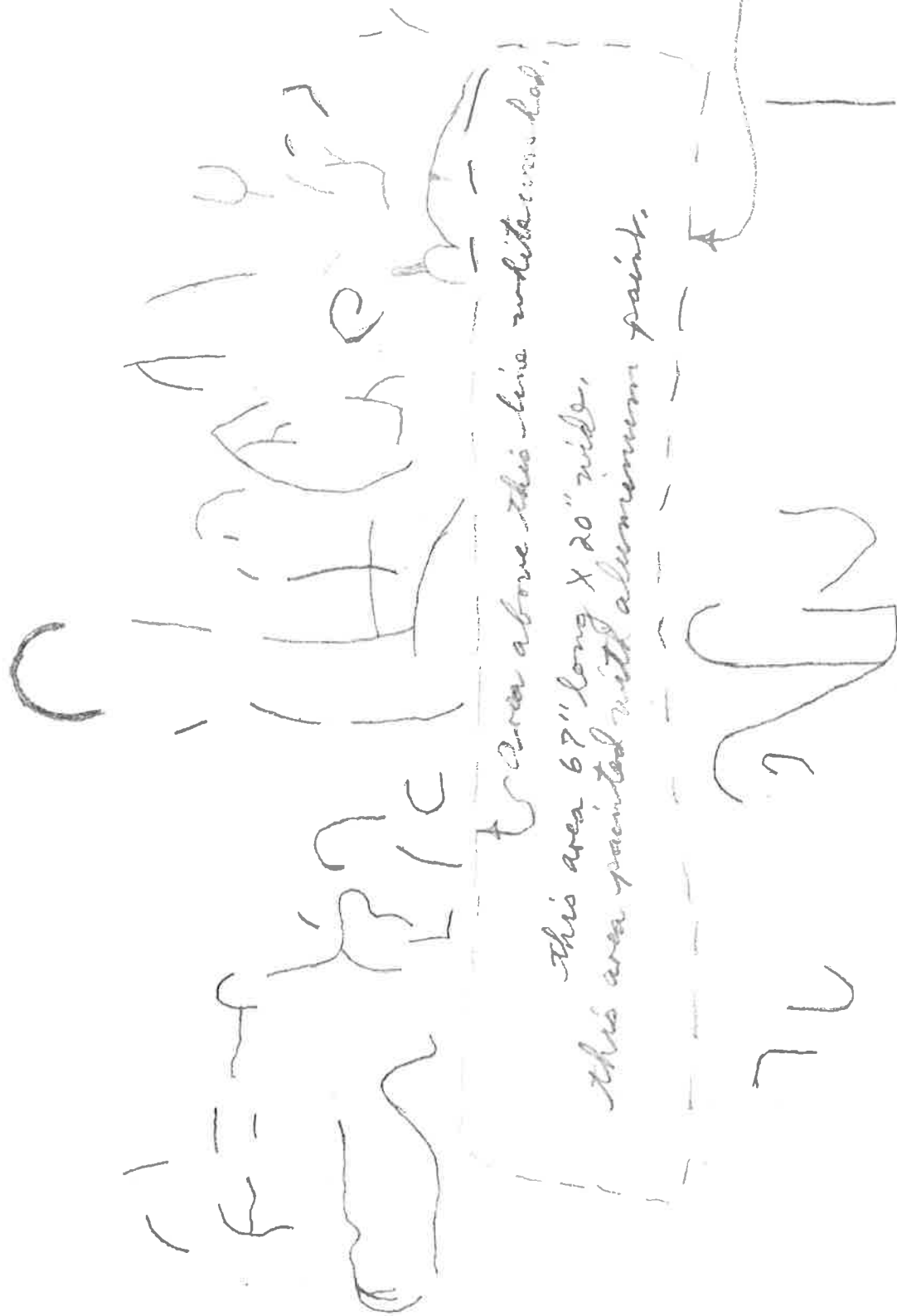
Green colored pictographs vandalized.

Pictographs are from montezuma.

This panel discovered by Vincent Zoder,
naturalist, Lone Pines.

BCD
MSD
VSY

Below this
line
unpainted.



153

11-3-81
BCD
VSY



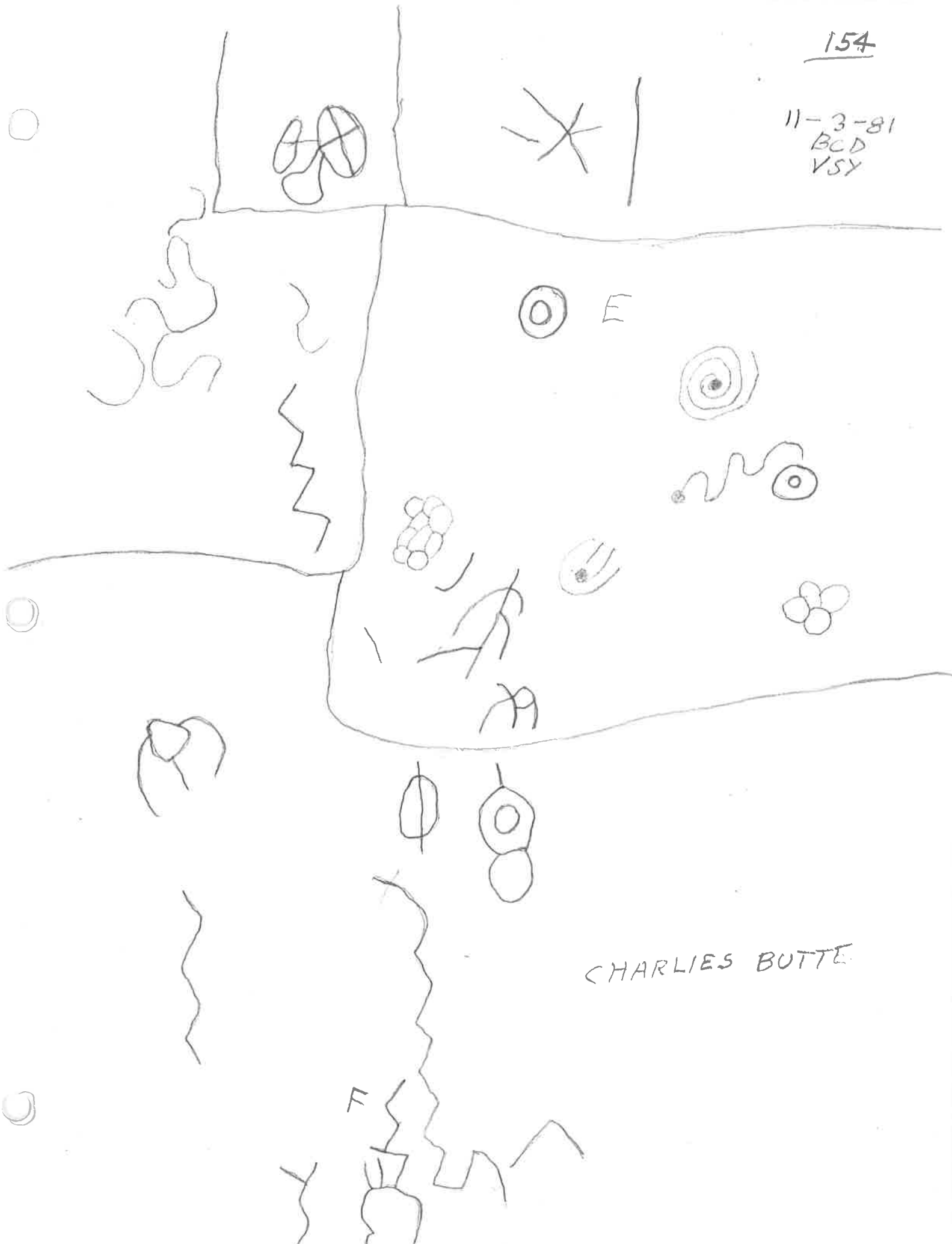
CHARLIES BUTTE

4 4 0 1
2 0 2 2
B C

108 4

154

11-3-81
BCD
VSY



155

11-12-81

BCD

MSD

VSX

AY



156

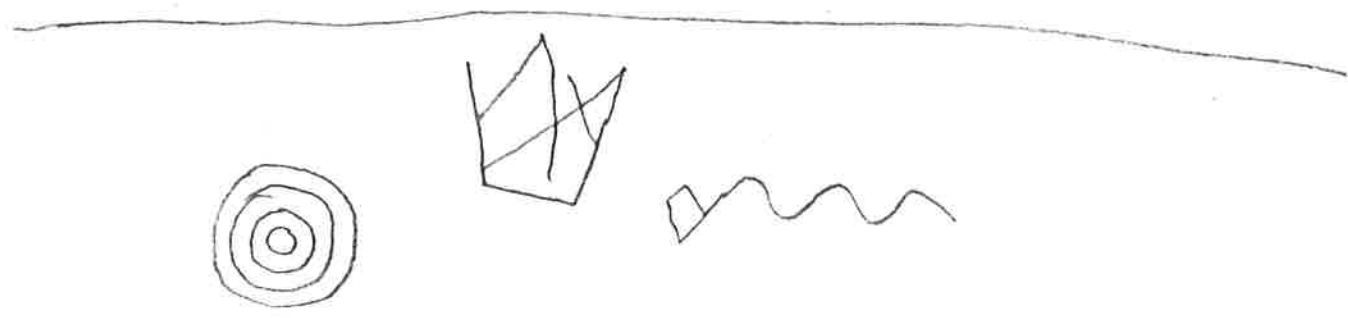
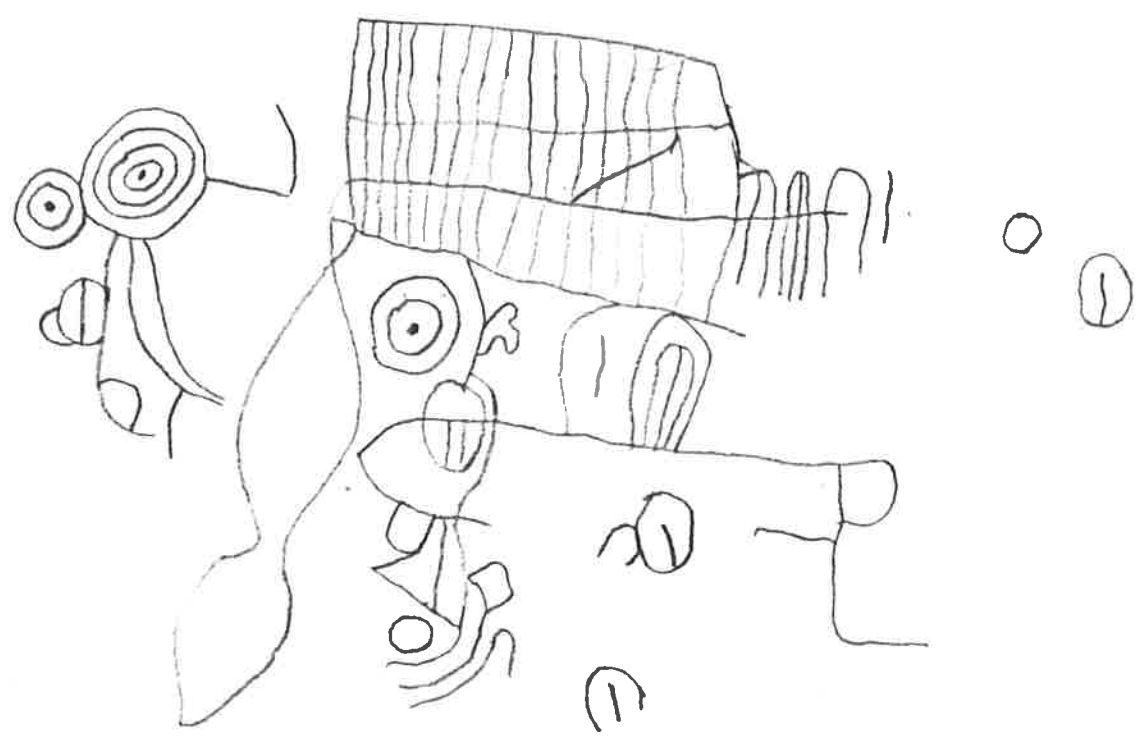
11-12-81

BCD

MSD

VSY

AY



156

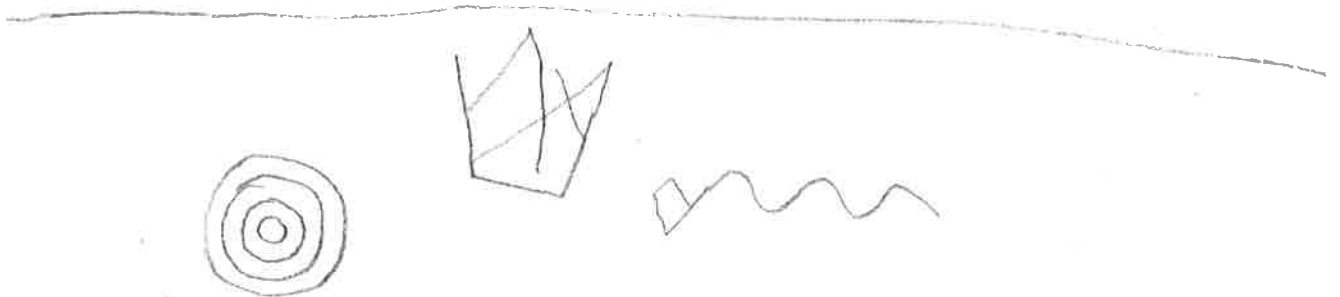
11-12-81

BCD

MSD

VSX

AY



SR266 ES5

157

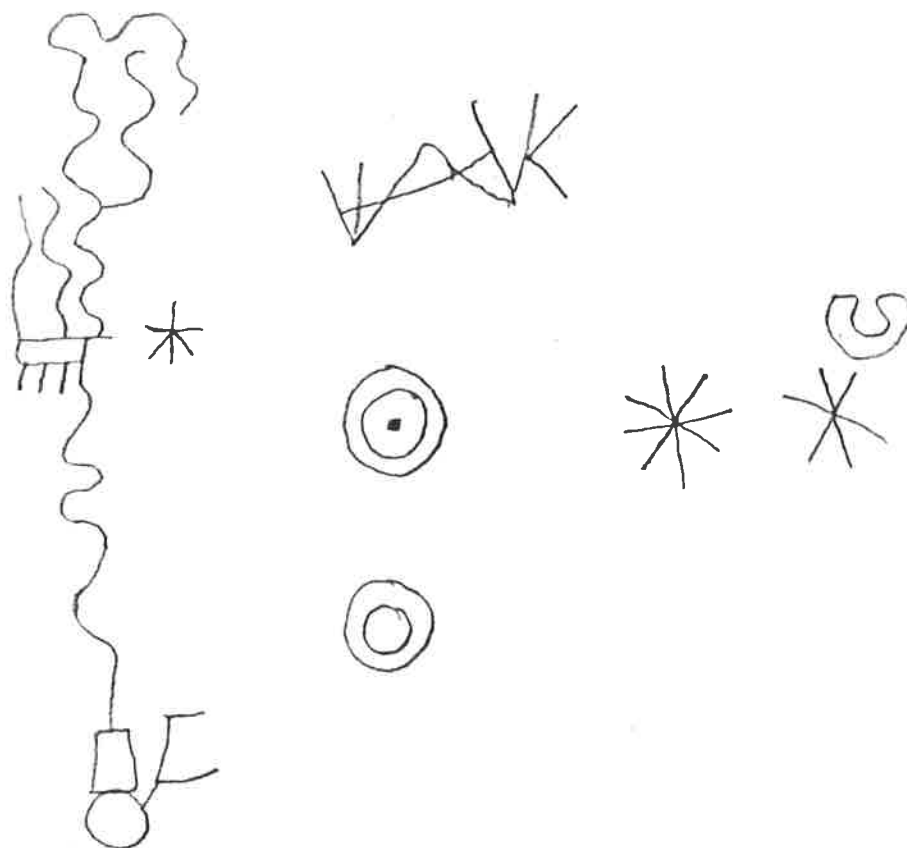
11-12-81

BCD

MSD

VSY

AY



SR 266 ES5

157

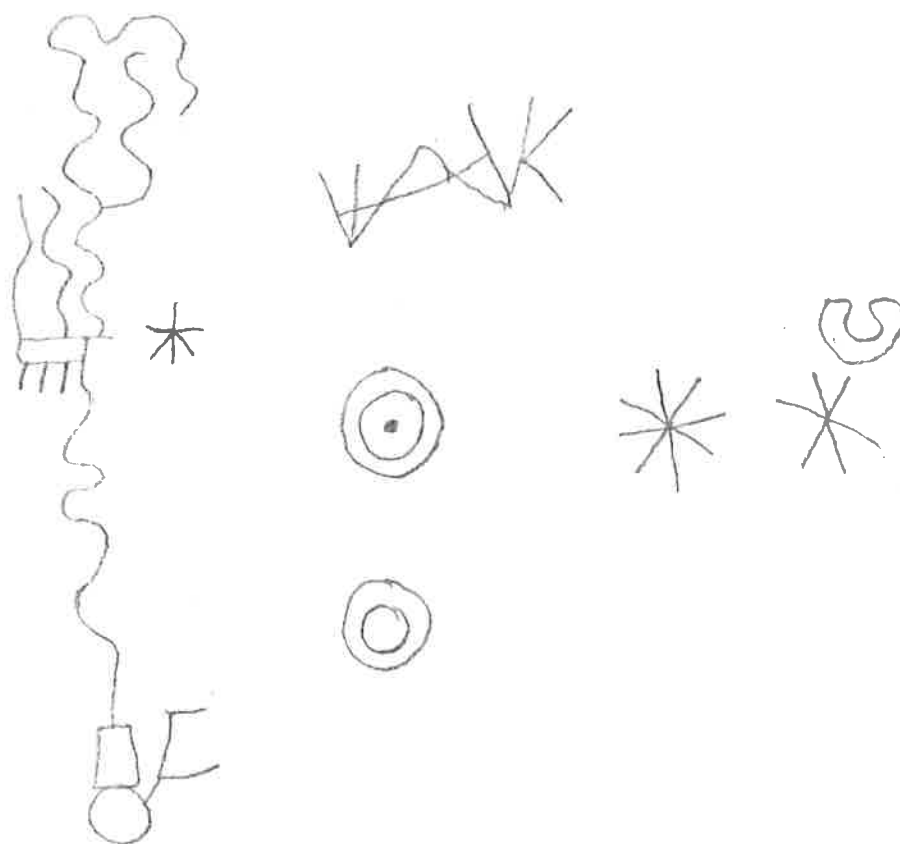
11-12-81

BCD

MSD

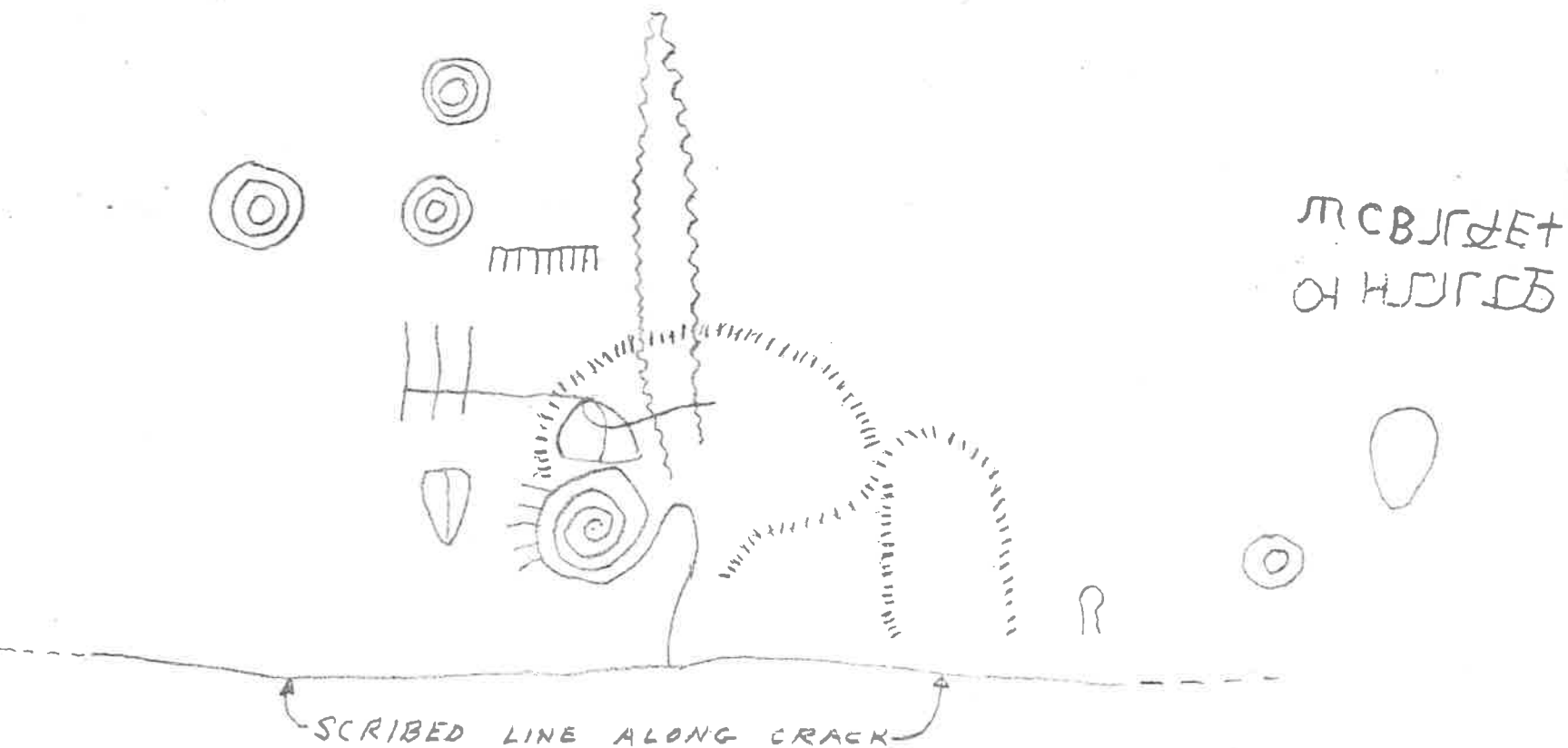
VSY

AY



SR 266 ES5

158



MCBJGZET
HJGGB

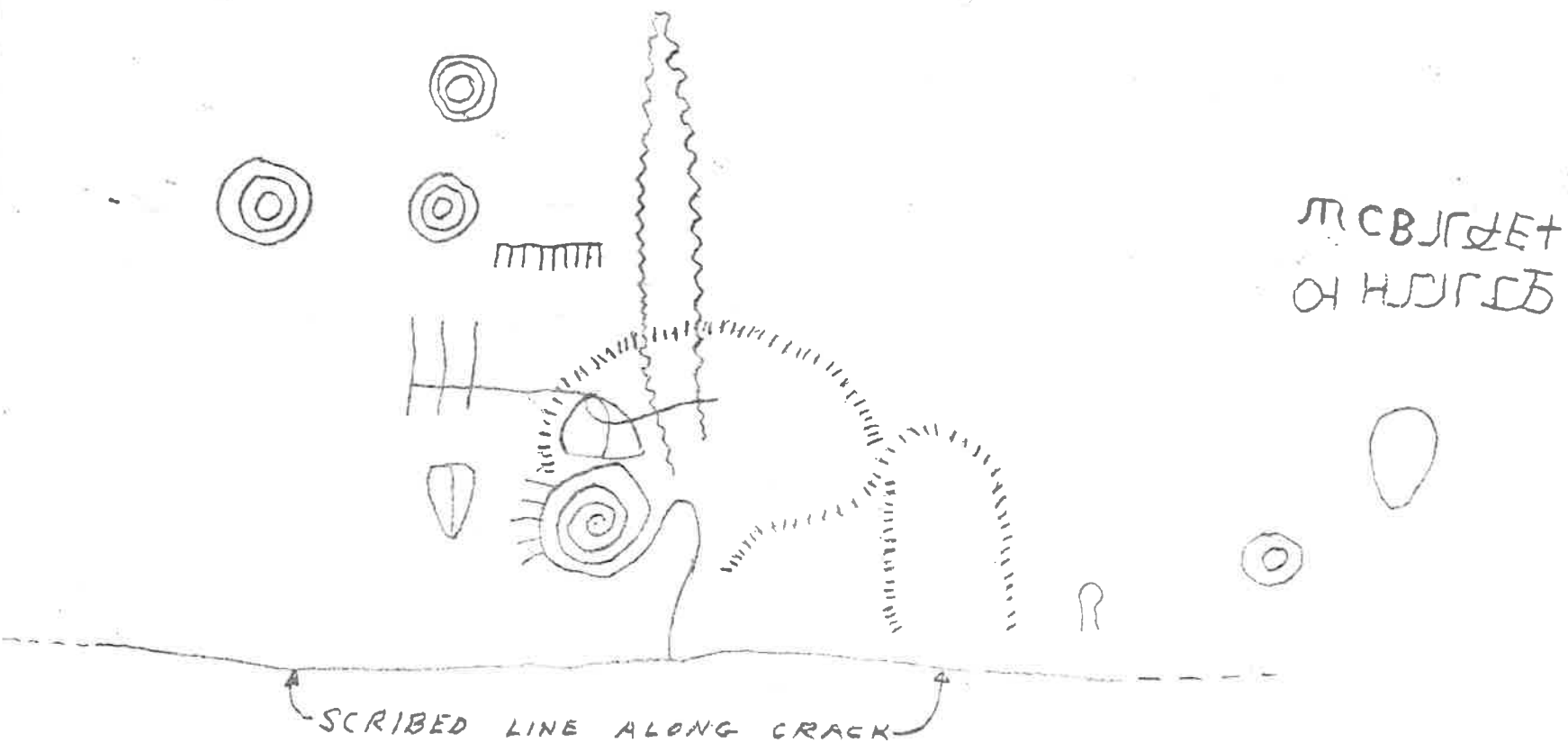
SCRIBED LINE ALONG CRACK

11-12-81

BCD
MSD
YSY
AY

SR 266 ES5

158



SCRIBED LINE ALONG CRACK

MCBJGZET
OH HJGJLB

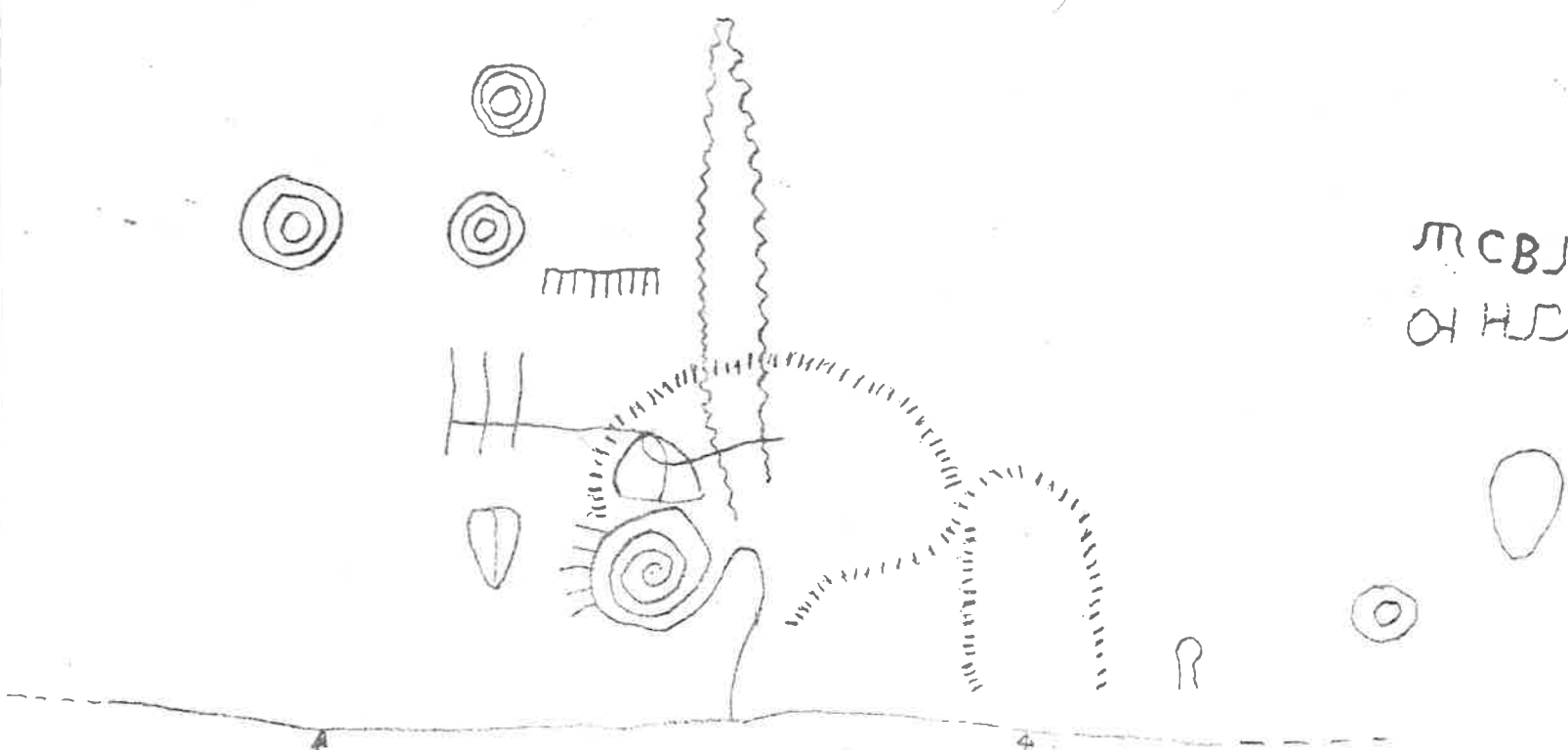
11-12-81

BCD
MSD
VSY
AY

SR 266 ES5

158

MCBJGZET
OHJGGB



SCRIBED LINE ALONG CRACK

11-12-91
BCD
MSD
YSY
AY

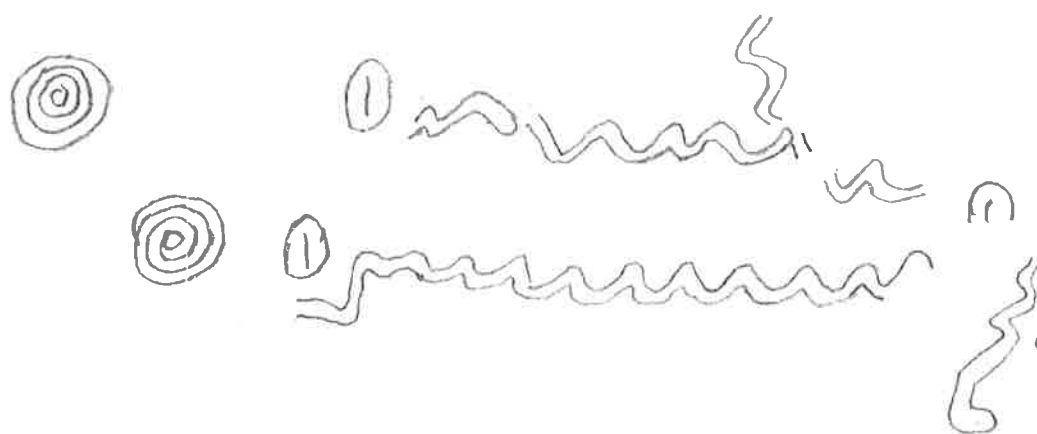
SR 266 ES5

159

11-12-81

MSD

BCD



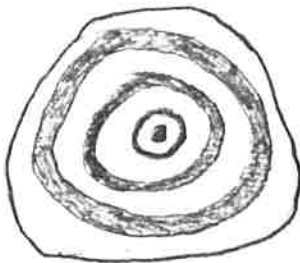
UNDECIPHERABLE

2-12-72

FP
BCD

160

BLACK PICTOGRAPH



8" DIAMETER CLEAVAGE PLANE IN GRANITE
BOULDER. FOUND BY FRANCIS PEDNEAU OF
LONE PINE. BURIED 3' TO 4' DEEP. DUG UP IN 1976
WHILE WORKING ON CAMPGROUND AT FORT
INDEPENDENCE INDIAN RESERVATION.

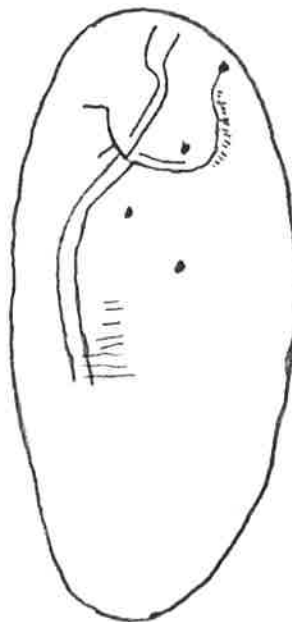
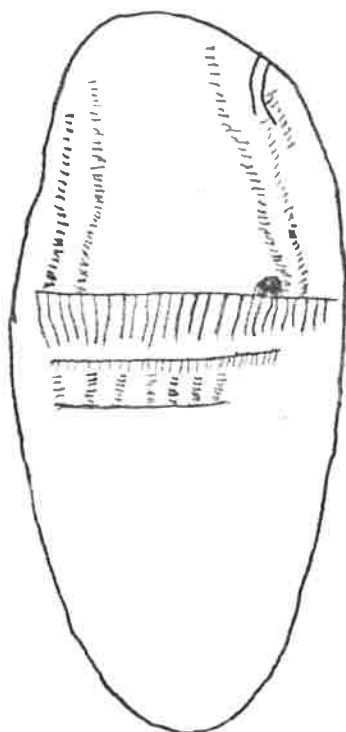
2-12-82

FP

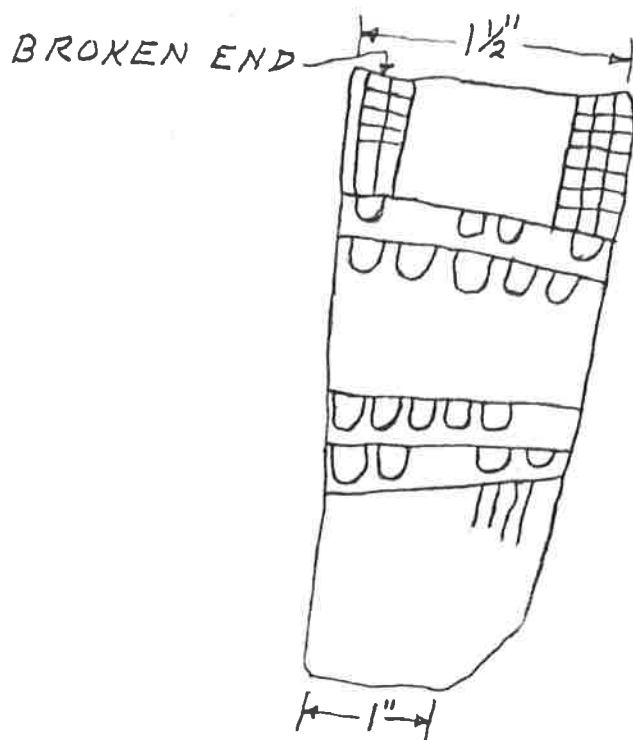
BCD

$2\frac{3}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ LAKE BEACH
SILTSTONE PEBBLE,

FOUND 1978 BY FRANCIS
PEDNEAU OF LONE PINE



DISKS ARE
MINIATURE
CUPULES?



$3\frac{1}{8} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ MAX $\times \frac{1}{8}$ SHALE
FRAGMENT FOUND IN 1979
BY FRANCIS PEDNEAU

162
2-13-82
BCD
MSD

a

o
w /

||||

↑
H
K

///

SWANSEA

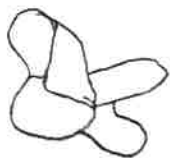
COPIED FROM FOTO BY PEGGY BLACK OF
NAMMOTH LAKES

7EKVBHXTΓIDTH21
T
M



PANEL #7

FOR PANEL #6 SEE PAGE 176
& FOR #8 SEE PAGE 177



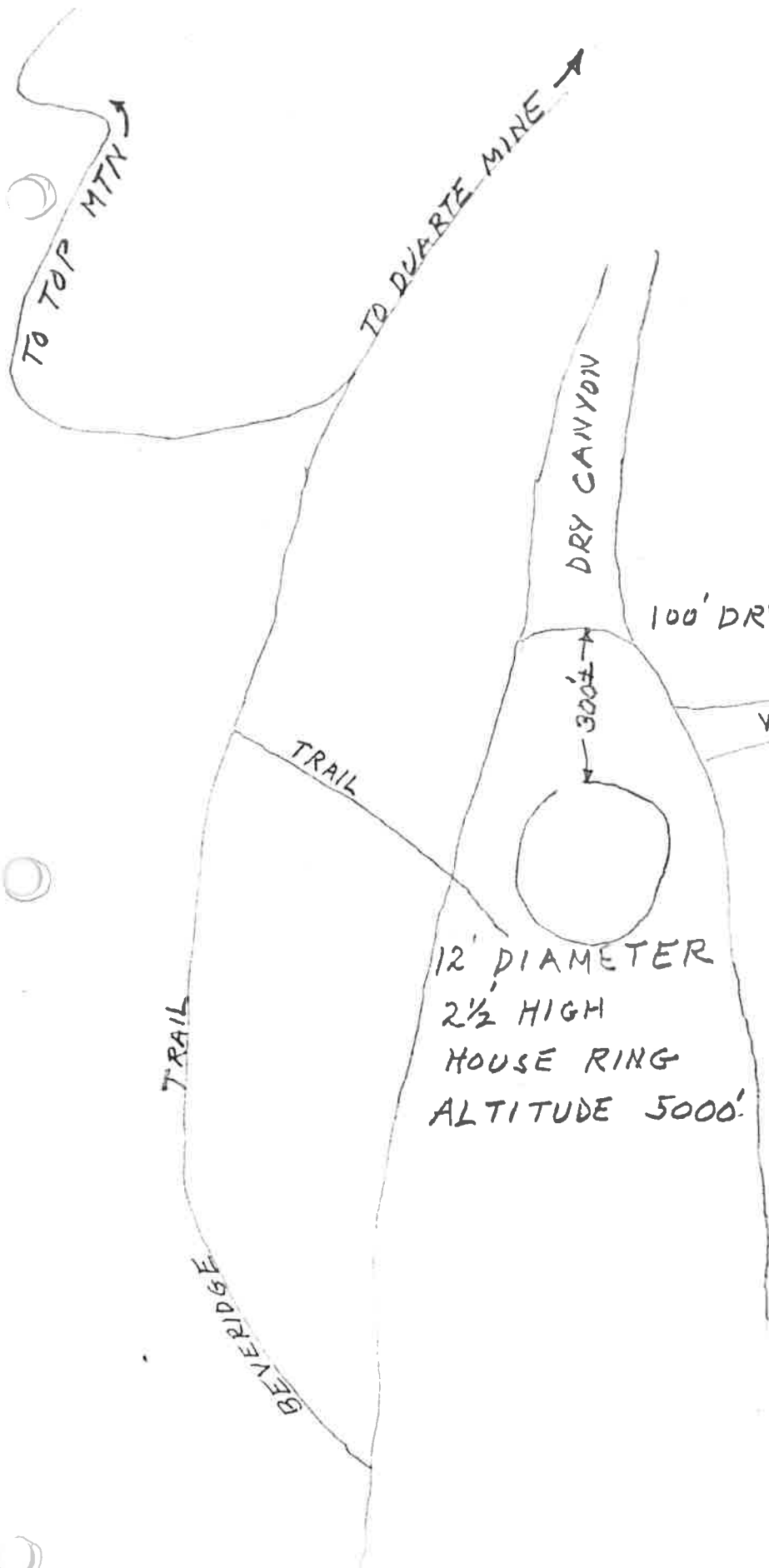
PAULINE

163
2-14-82
PB
BCD

164

2-16-82

BCD
VSY
MSD
AY



FRENCH CANYON

165

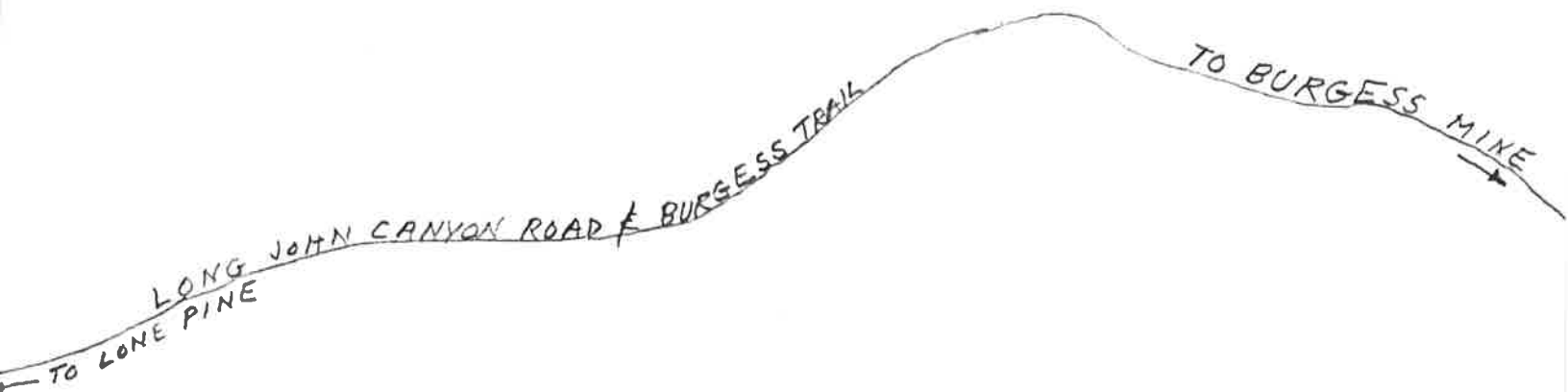
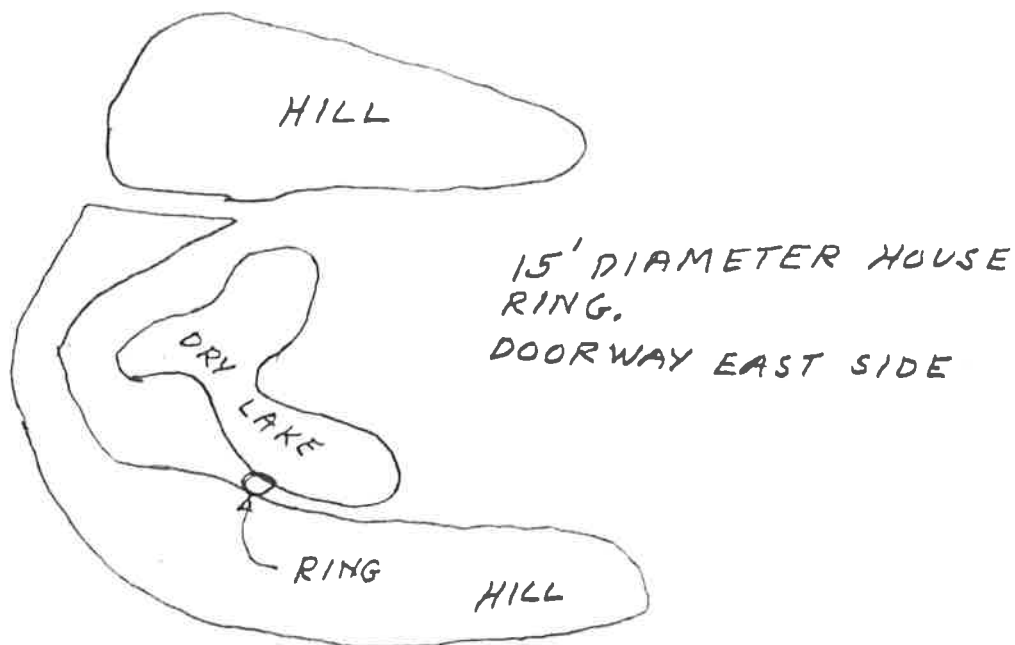
2-19-82

FB

MSD

YSY

BCD



BURGESS TRAIL

165

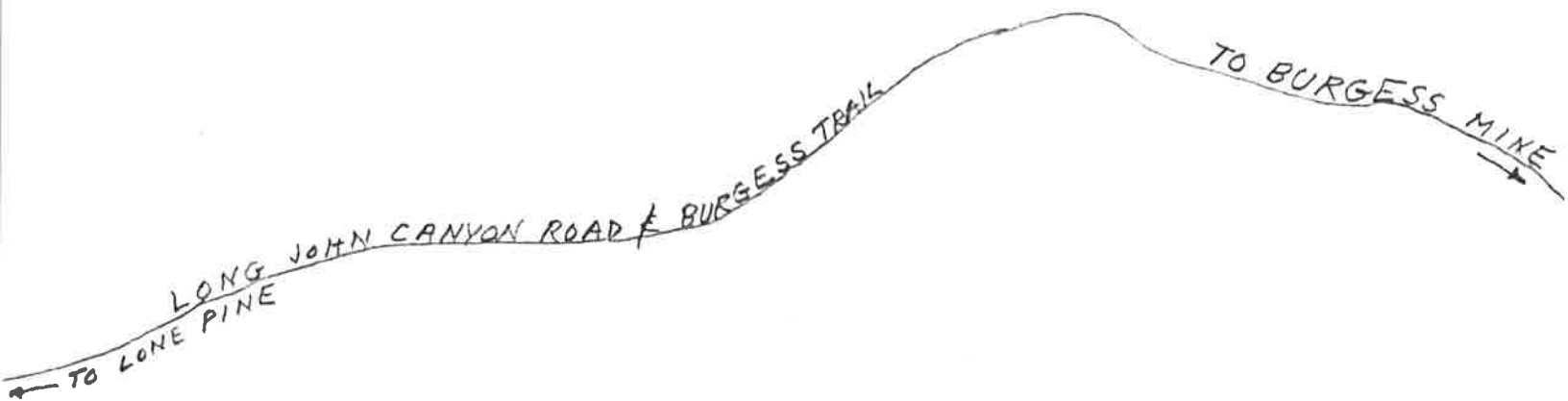
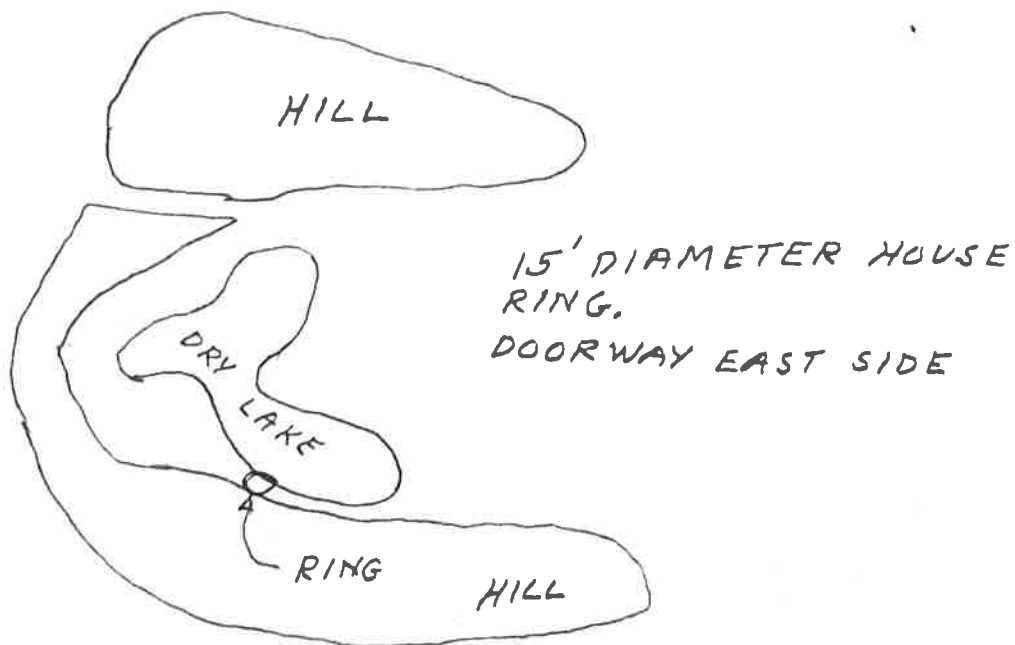
2-19-82

FB

MSD

YSY

BCD



BURGESS TRAIL



PETROGLYPHS
 COPIED FROM FOTO BY CHARLES J. WALL JR.

WHITE MTN. CITY

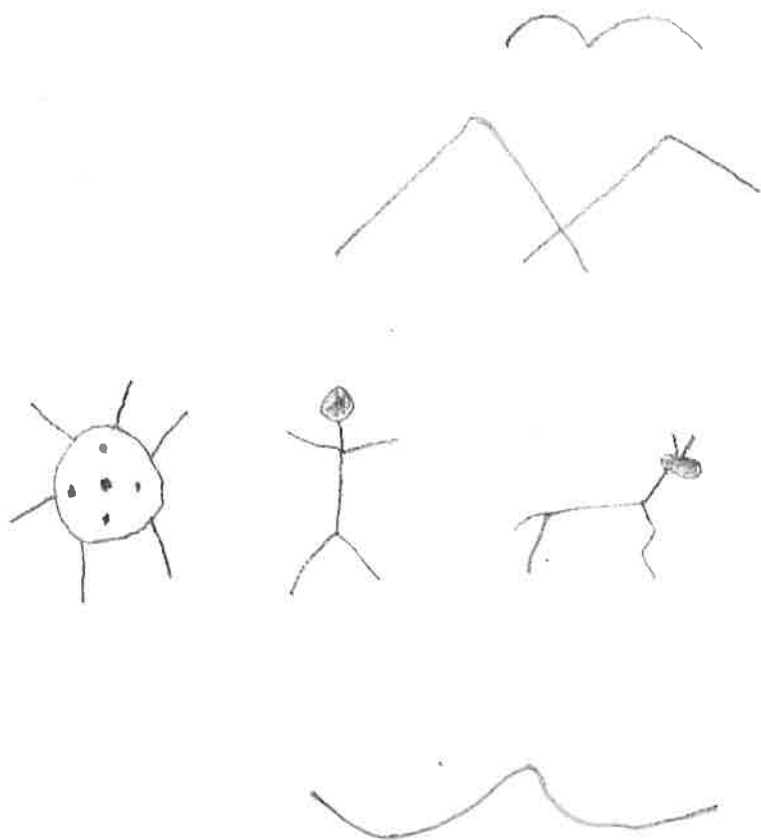
166
 3-82
 C J W, JR
 BCD

167

BCD

MSD

5-7-82



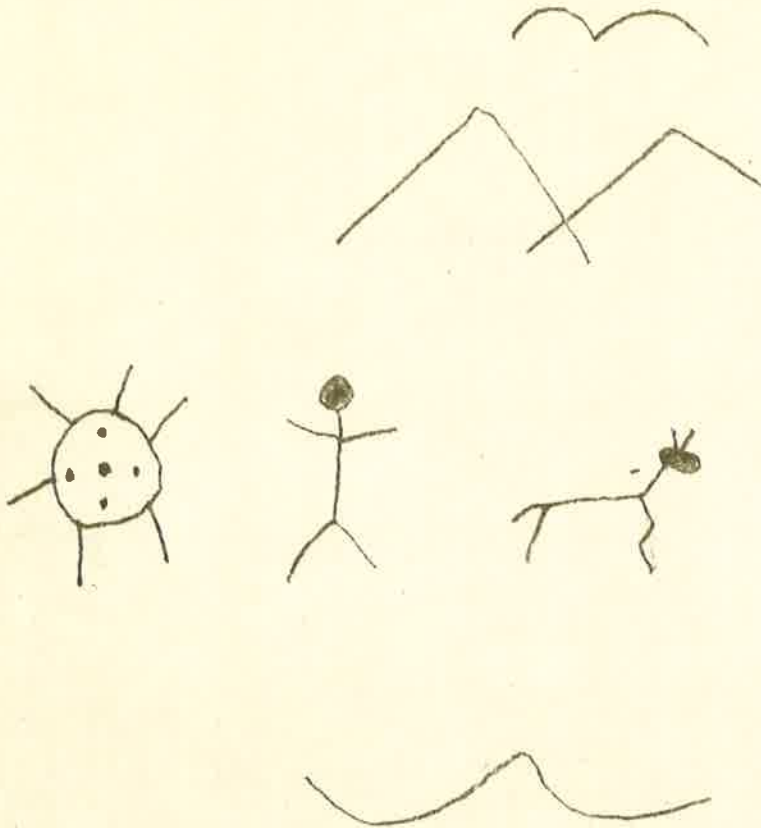
GOLF COURSE WEST

167

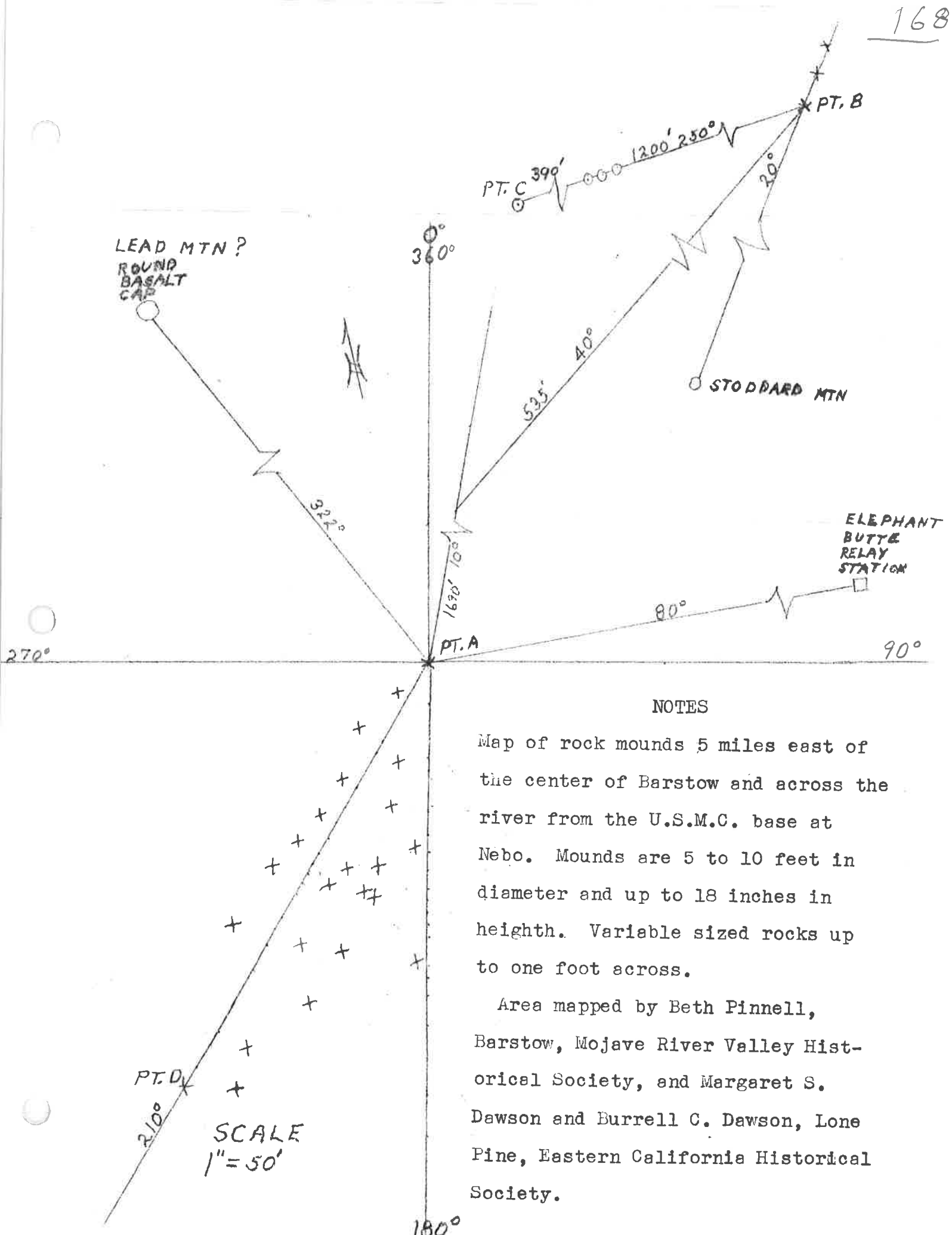
BCD

MSD

5-7-82



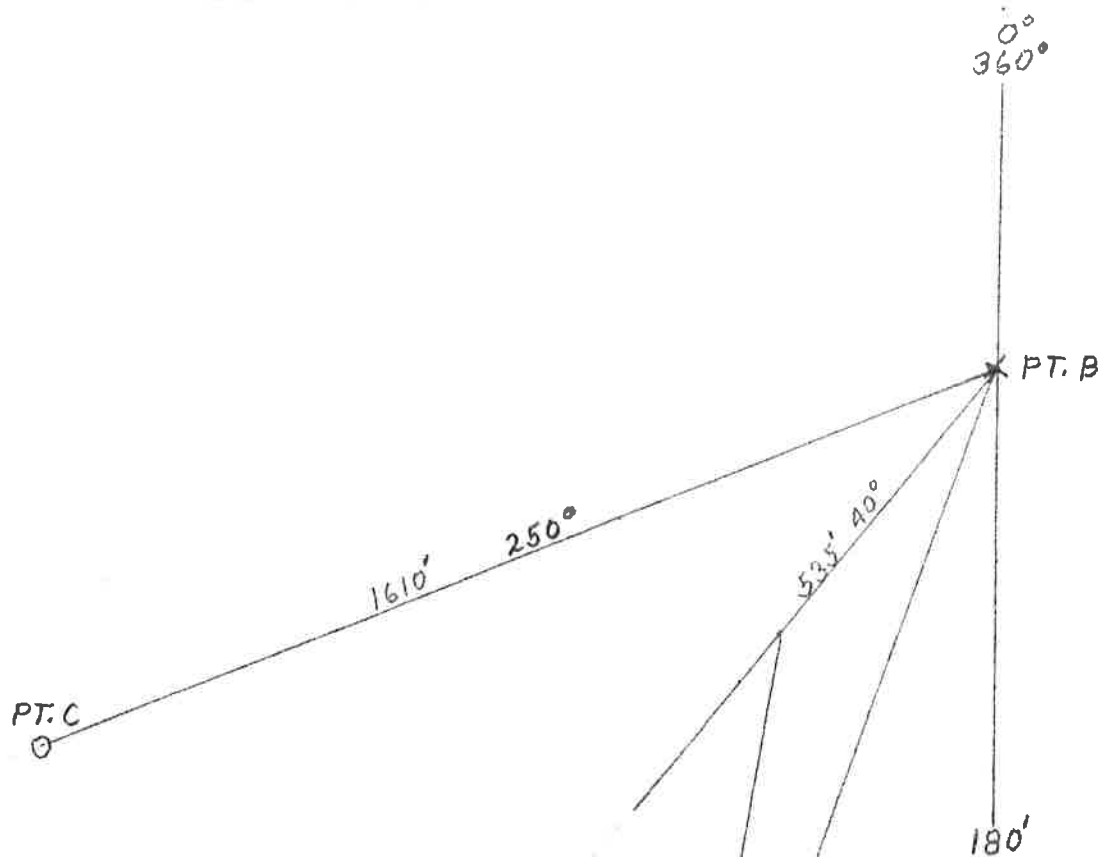
GOLF COURSE WEST



NOTES

Map of rock mounds 5 miles east of the center of Barstow and across the river from the U.S.M.C. base at Nebo. Mounds are 5 to 10 feet in diameter and up to 18 inches in height. Variable sized rocks up to one foot across.

Area mapped by Beth Pinnell,
Barstow, Mojave River Valley Hist-
orical Society, and Margaret S.
Dawson and Burrell C. Dawson, Lone
Pine, Eastern California Historical
Society.



NOTES

Distances are paced and bearings are by hand held compass.

Considering the looseness of the survey, the three rock piles at Pt. B point directly to the main body of the piles.

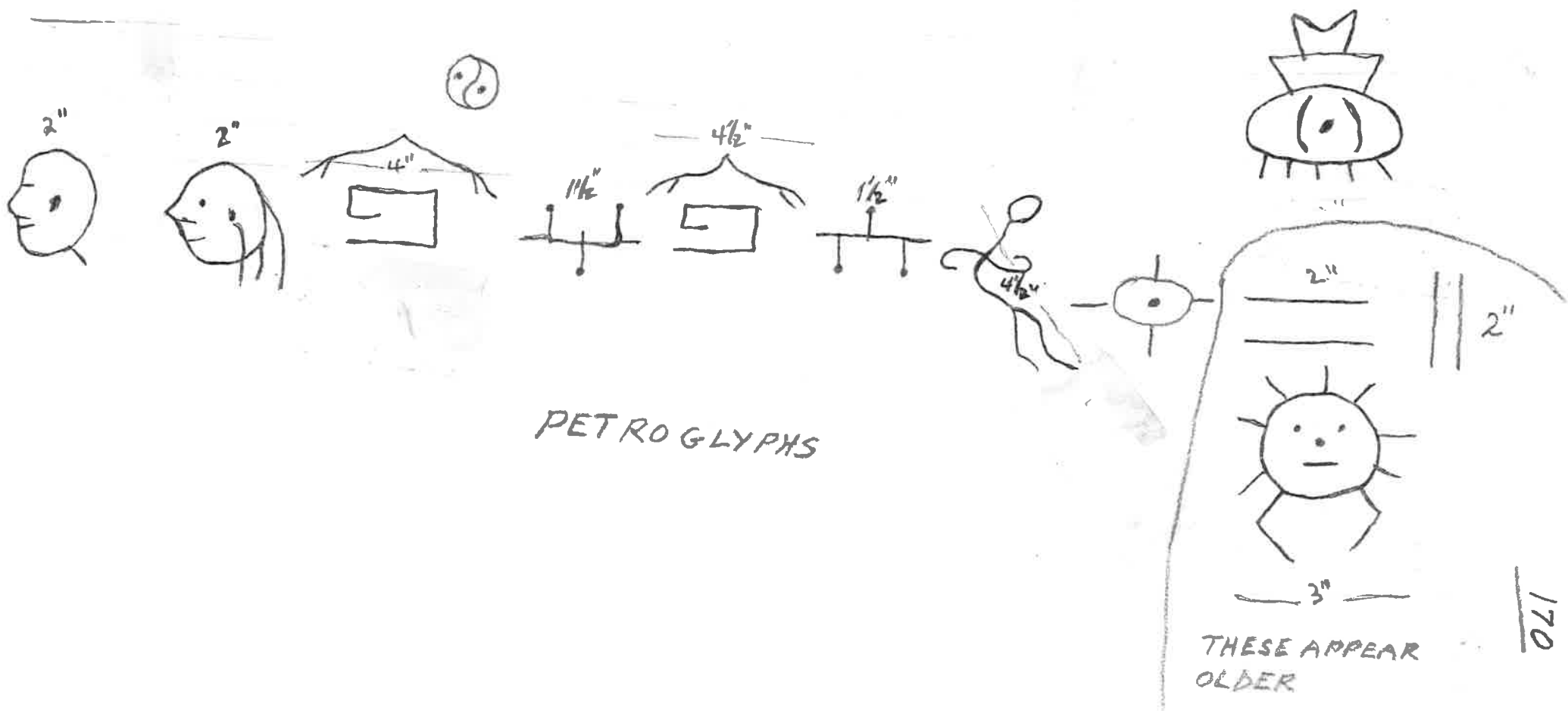
At Pt. C is a 6 foot diameter rock circle. 390 feet easterly are three rock circles 5 foot diameter and ten feet apart.

Survey made May 12, 1982.

SCALE
1" = 300'

STODDARD MTN

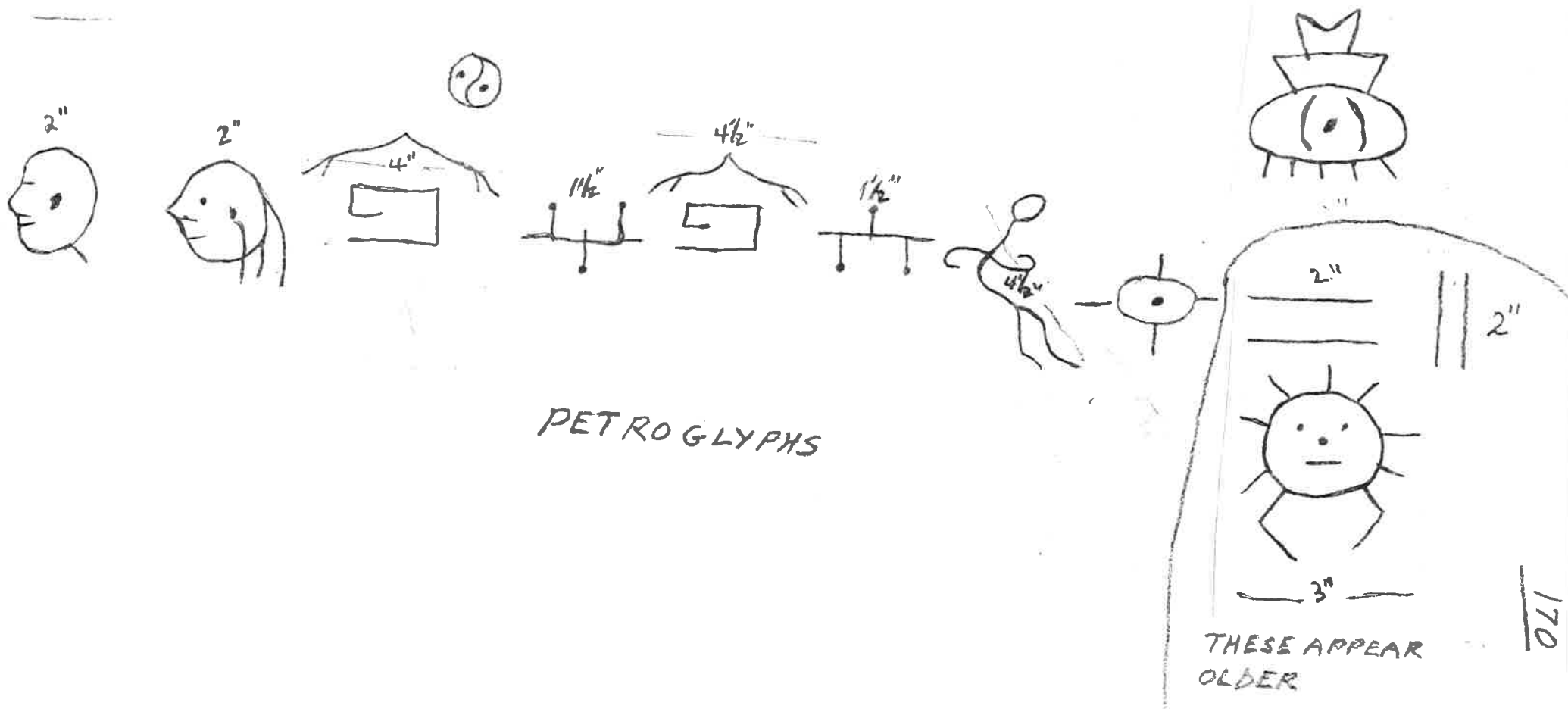
4-19-82
VSY
AY
BCD
MSD



SHOSHONI CEMETERY

170

4-19-82
 VSY
 AY
 BCD
 MSD



THESE APPEAR
 OLDER

SHOSHONI CEMETERY

4-19-82

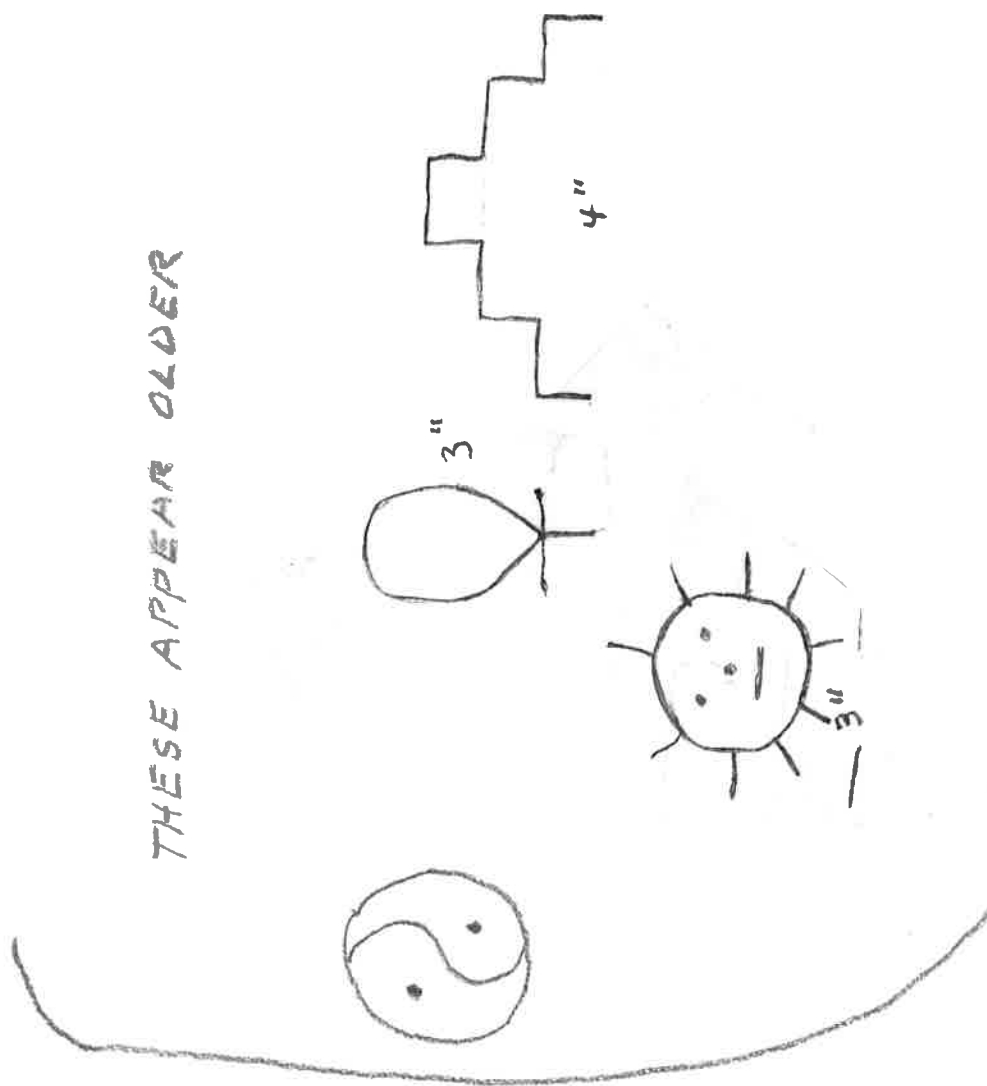
VSY

AY

BCD

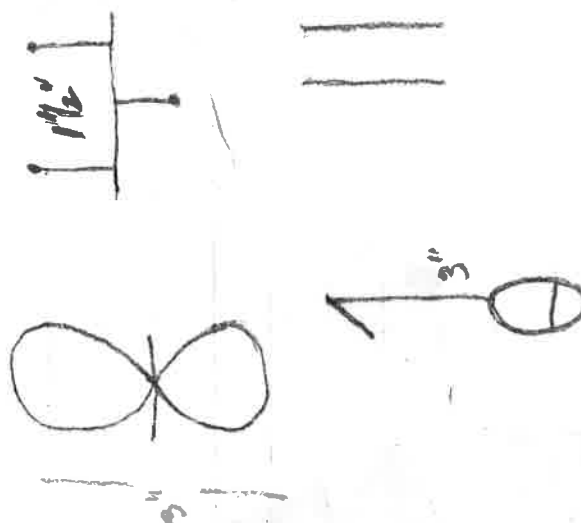
MSD

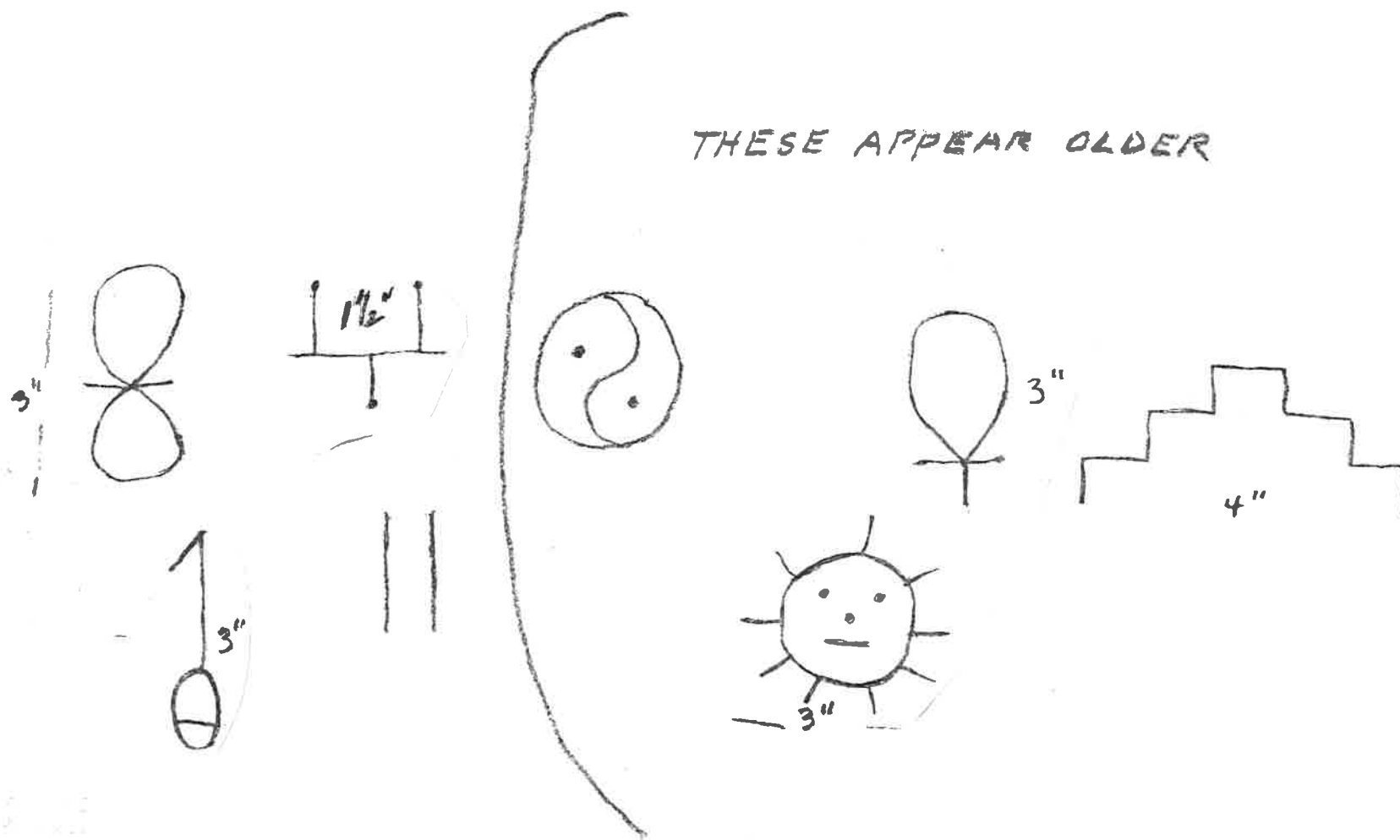
THESE APPEAR OLDER



PETROGLYPHS

SHOSHONI CEMETERY





THESE APPEAR OLDER

PETROGLYPHS

SHOSHONI CEMETERY

4-19-82
 VSY
 AY
 BCD
 MSD
 171

PAULINE

6-5-82

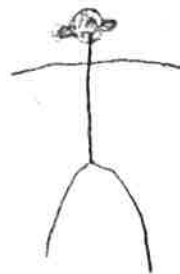
172

MSD
BCD
PB

PANEL #1

THIS ROCK HAS A FLAT GRINDING
SURFACE ON TOP.

PANEL NUMBERS INCREASE FROM WEST
TO EAST.



COPIED FROM FOTO BY
MARGARET DAWSON

PAULINE

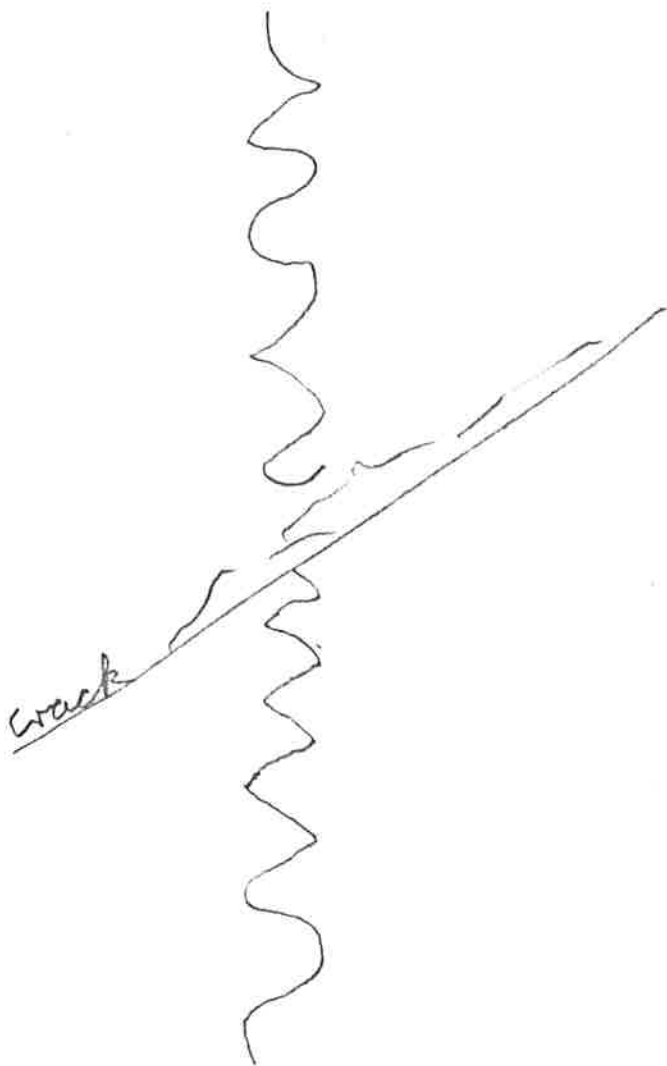
6-5-82

173
MSD
BCD
PB

PANEL #2

PAINTED ON
CLIFF ABOVE
THIS PANEL

PAULINE



PAULINE

6-5-82

174
BCD
MSD
PB

PANEL #3

9

X

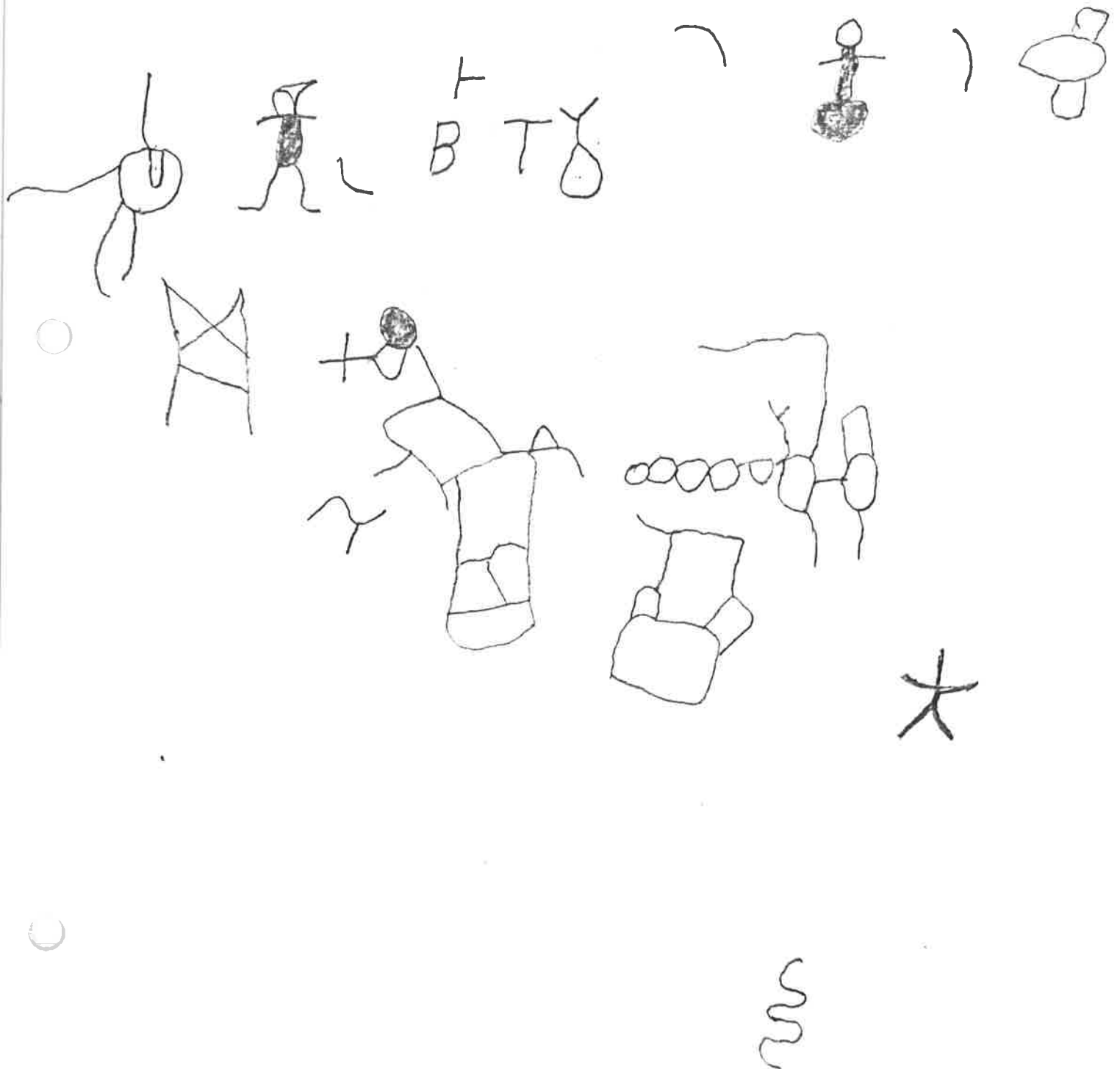
X

PAULINE

. 6-5-82

175
BCD
MSD
PB

PANEL #4



PAULINE

6-5-82

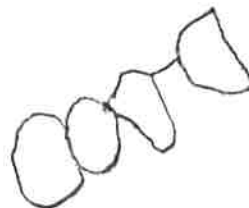
176

BCD
MSP
PB

PANEL #6

FOR PANEL #7 SEE PAGE 163.

THE ROCKS OF PANELS #6 & #7 WERE
ORIGINALLY ONE ROCK.



7

WOK

PANEL #5



PAULINE

6-5-82

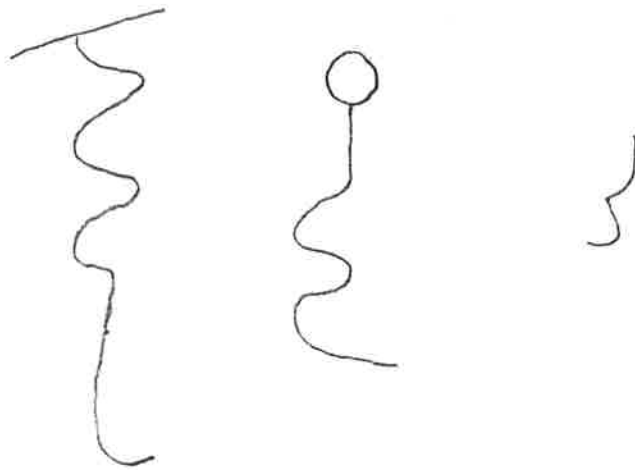
177

BCD

MSD

PB

PANEL #8



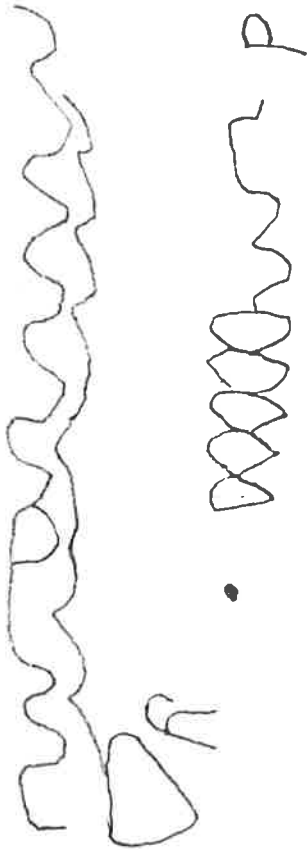
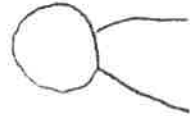
PAULINE

BCD
MSD
PB

6-5-82

178

*



PANEL #9



MORE NOT CLEAR,
PARTLY COPIED FROM FOTOS
BY FLEATA PENNEBAKER

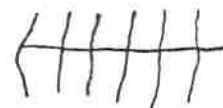
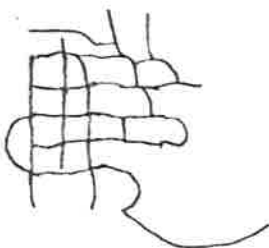
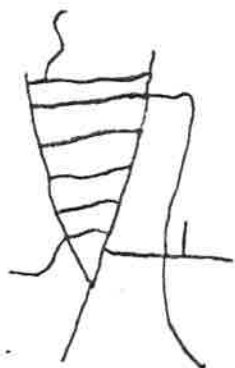
CONT.
NEXT
SHEET →

SAME AREA AS #112

179
BCD
MSD
6-11-82

PANEL #1
LOCATION 26 ES 393

CONT.
PREVIOUS
SHEET

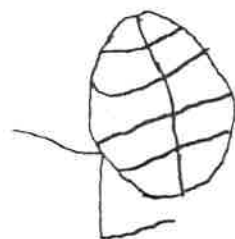


MORE NOT CLEAR

PARTLY COPIED FROM FOTOS BY FLEATA PENNEBAKER

PANEL #1
LOCATION 26 ES 393

180
BCD
MSD
6-11-82



MORE NOT CLEAR

THIS AREA NEXT POINT OF BLACK
ROCKS 700'± EAST OF PANEL #1

PANEL #2
LOCATION 26 ES 393

181
MSD
BCD
6-11-82

THIS ROCK FOUND BY BOB & FLEATA PENNEBAKER

7-9-82

BCD

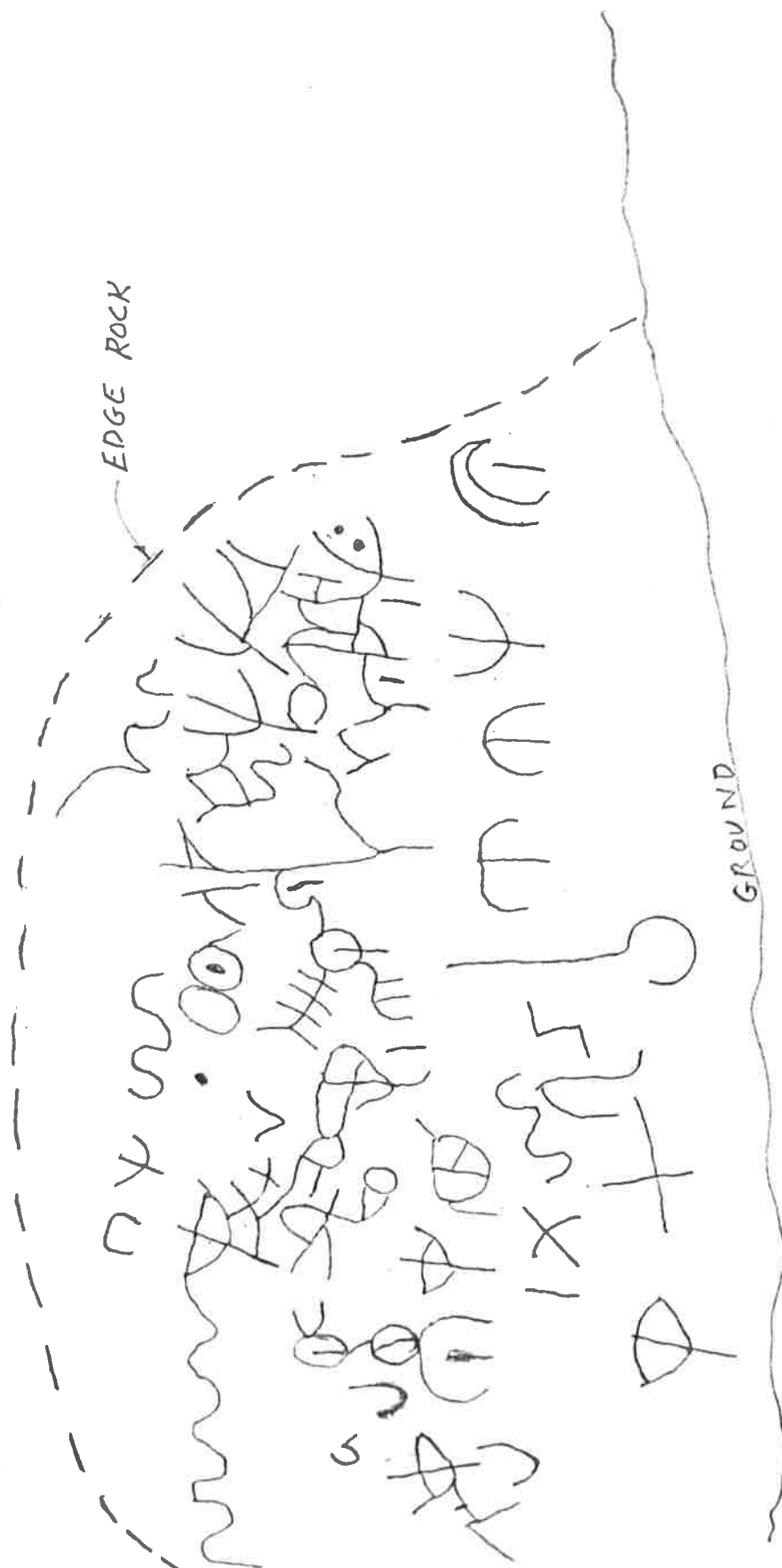
VSY

FP

RCP

AY

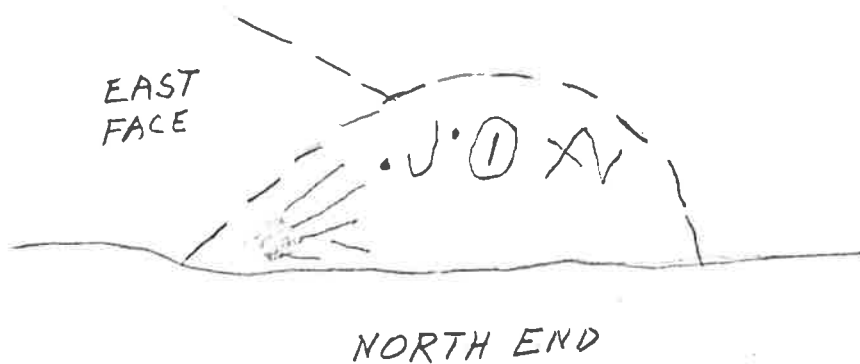
EAST FACE 4'x5'



EAST FACE

PINYON NUT CAMP

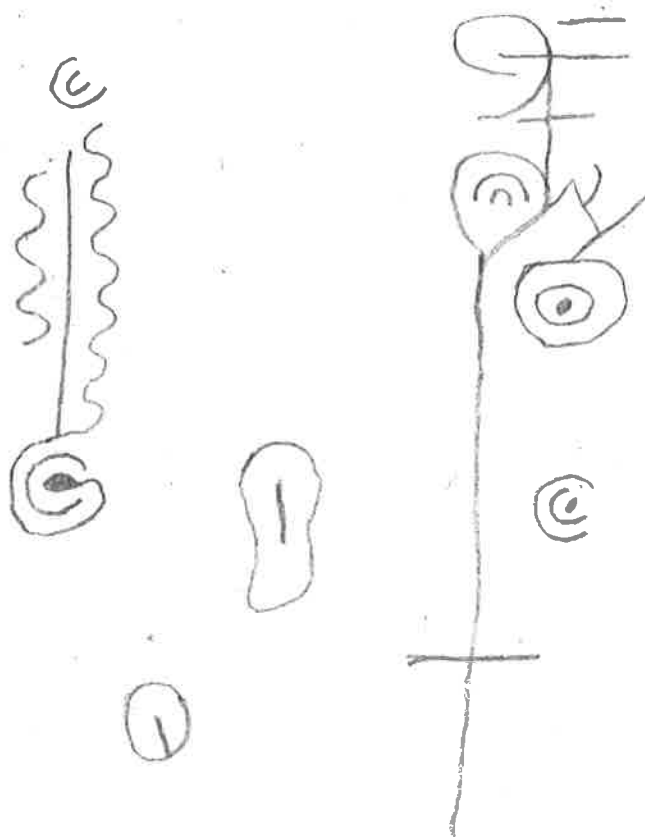
187
7-9-82
VSY
AY
RCP
FP
BCD



188

11-12-81

MSP
BCD



SR266 ES5

144

8-26-82

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

LC

JC

BCD

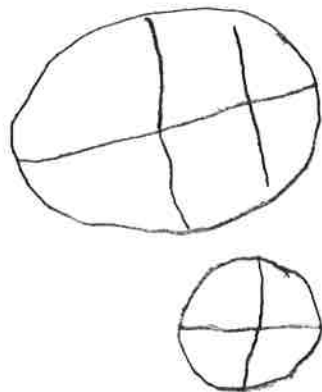
IN 1981 LARRY CHINBERG FOUND THIS
ROCK IN TWO PIECES BY A ROAD IN
LEE FLAT. ORIGIN UNKNOWN.
INYO COUNTY, CA



LEE FLAT

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

195
MSD
JC
BCD
8-28-82

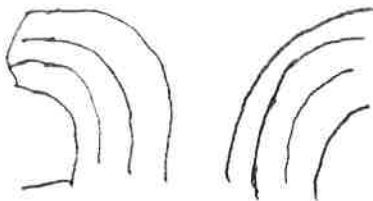


THIS ROCK FOUND BY MARGARET DAWSON
200'± NORTH OF SHEET 182.

ESMERALDA PRO-10

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

196
8-28-82
FP
MSD
BCD

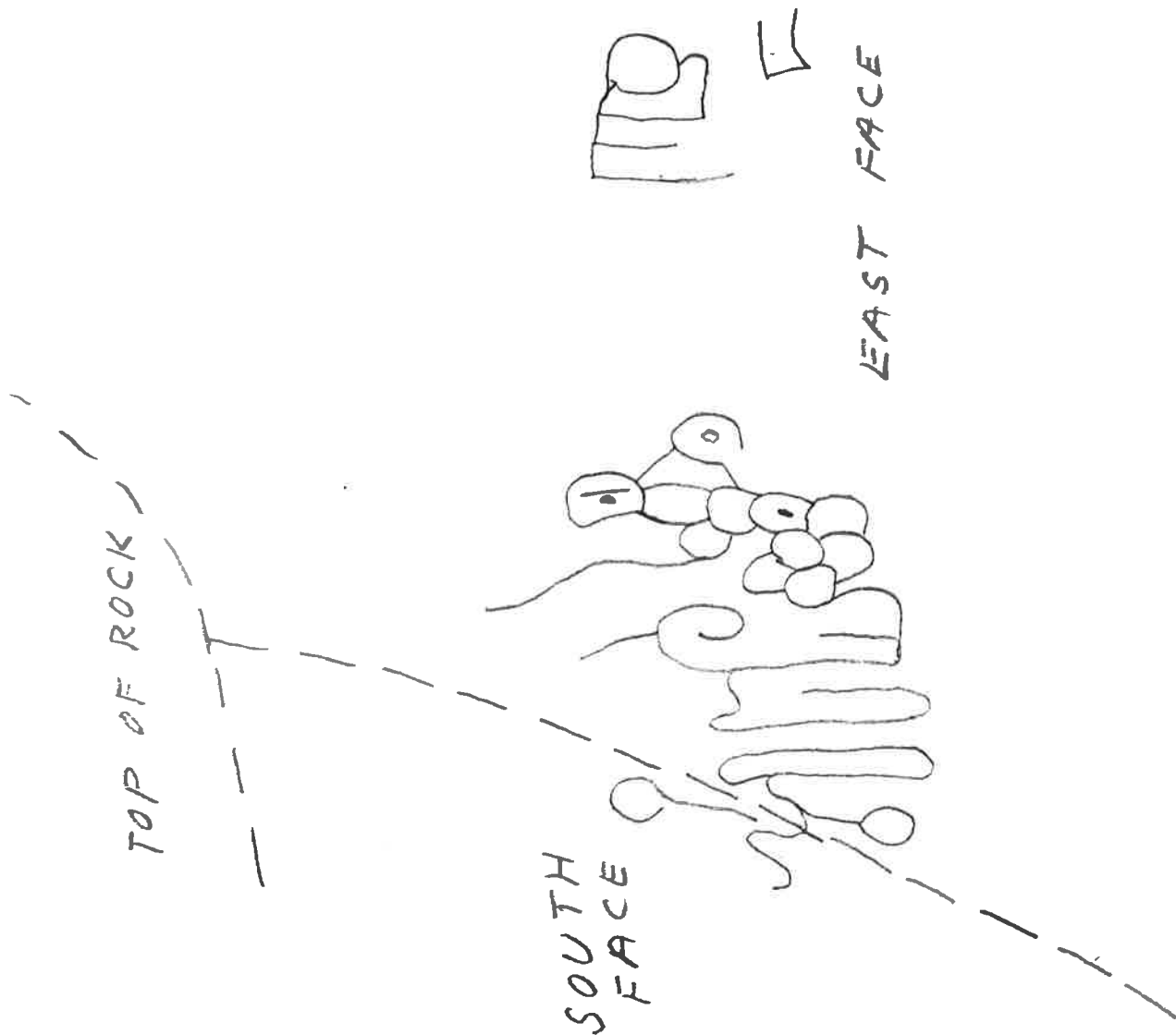


THIS ROCK IS 10' EAST OF SHEET 182

ESMERALDA PRO-10

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

197
8-28-82
FP
JC
MSD
BCD



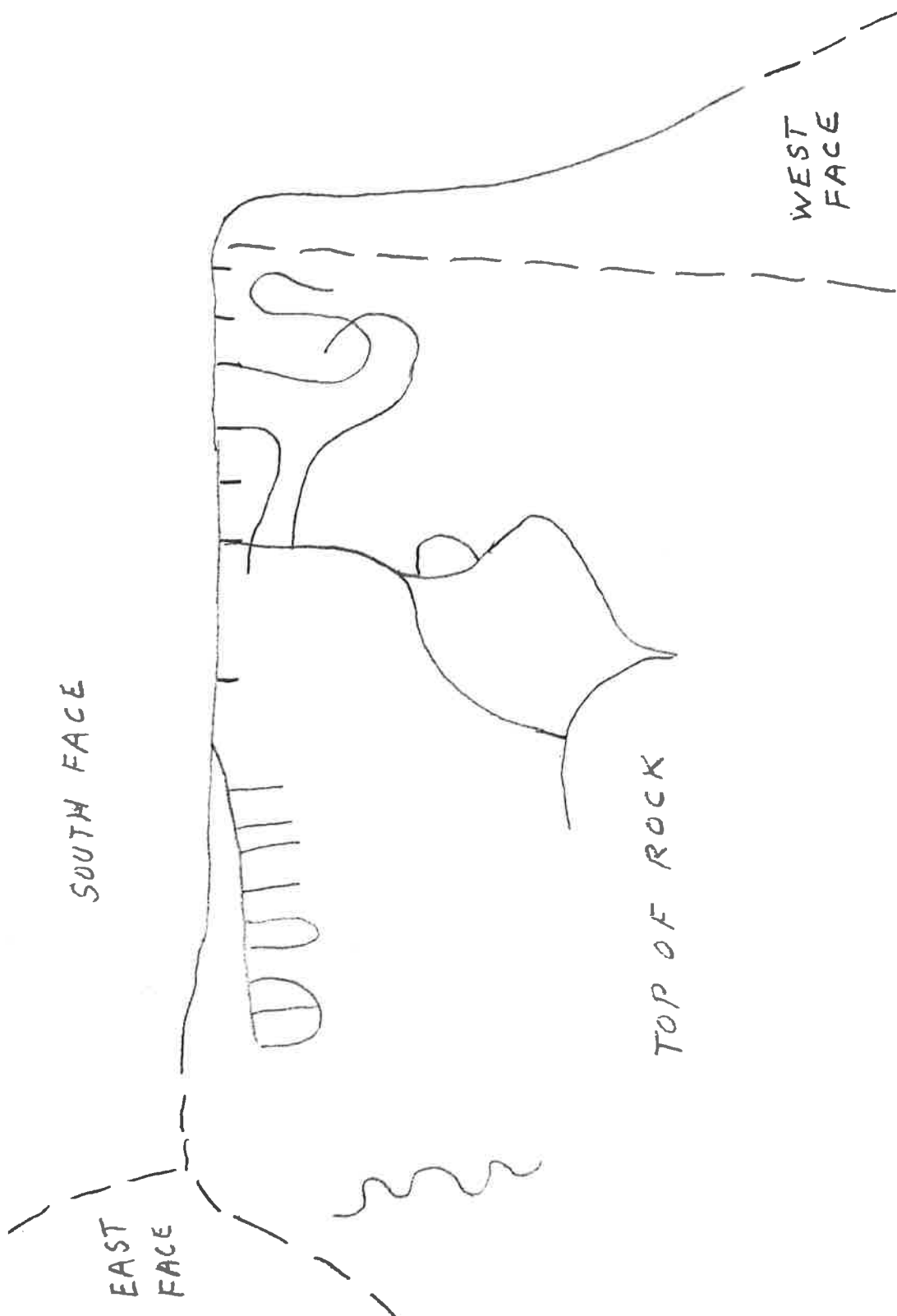
EAST FACE OF ROCK ON SHEET 183

ESMERALDA PRO-10

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93548

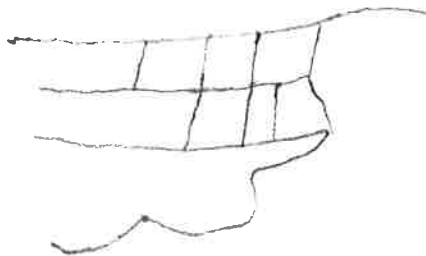
198
8-28-82
FP
JC
RCP
MSD
BCD

TOP OF ROCK ON SHEET 183
ESMERALDA PRO-10



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

199
8-28-82
MSD
JC



0.4 MILES WEST OF POND
ESMERALDA PRO-10

200

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 754
LONE PINE, CA 93545

10-04-82

BCD
AY
VSY



QUAD NEW YORK BUTTE
CALIF 1950
SEC 24 T16S R37E
UNSURVEYED

SWANSEA

201

10-09-82

AY

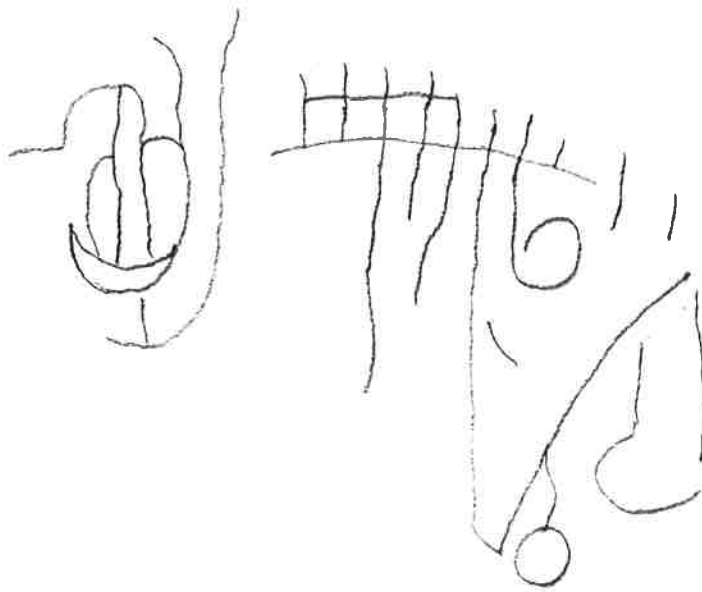
VSY

BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 734
LONE PINE, CA 93545

and

in



SWANSEA

202

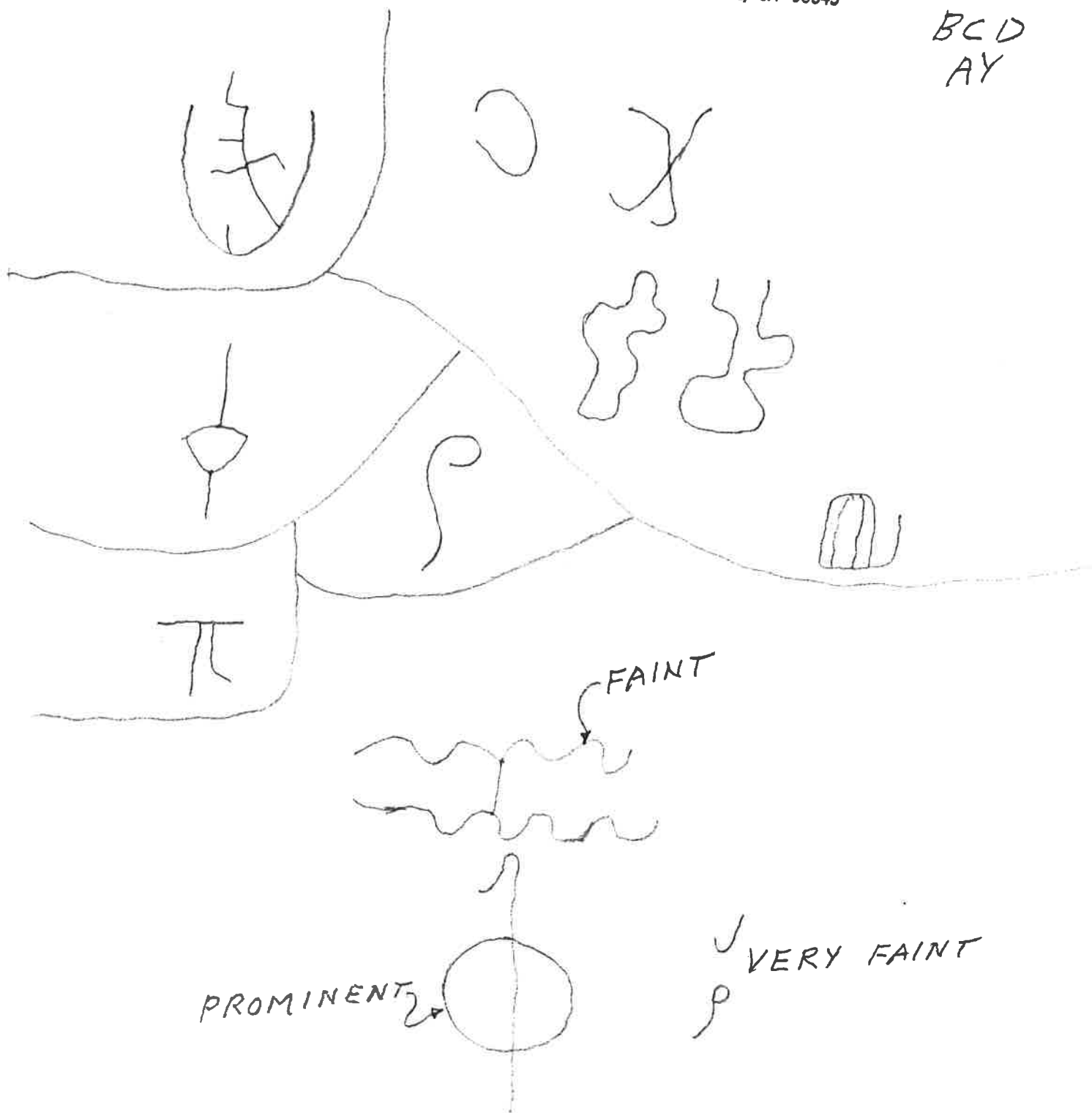
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 734
LONE PINE, CA 93545

10-04-82

VSY

BCD

AY



SWANSEA

203

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 754
LONE PINE, CA 93545

9-24-82

MSD

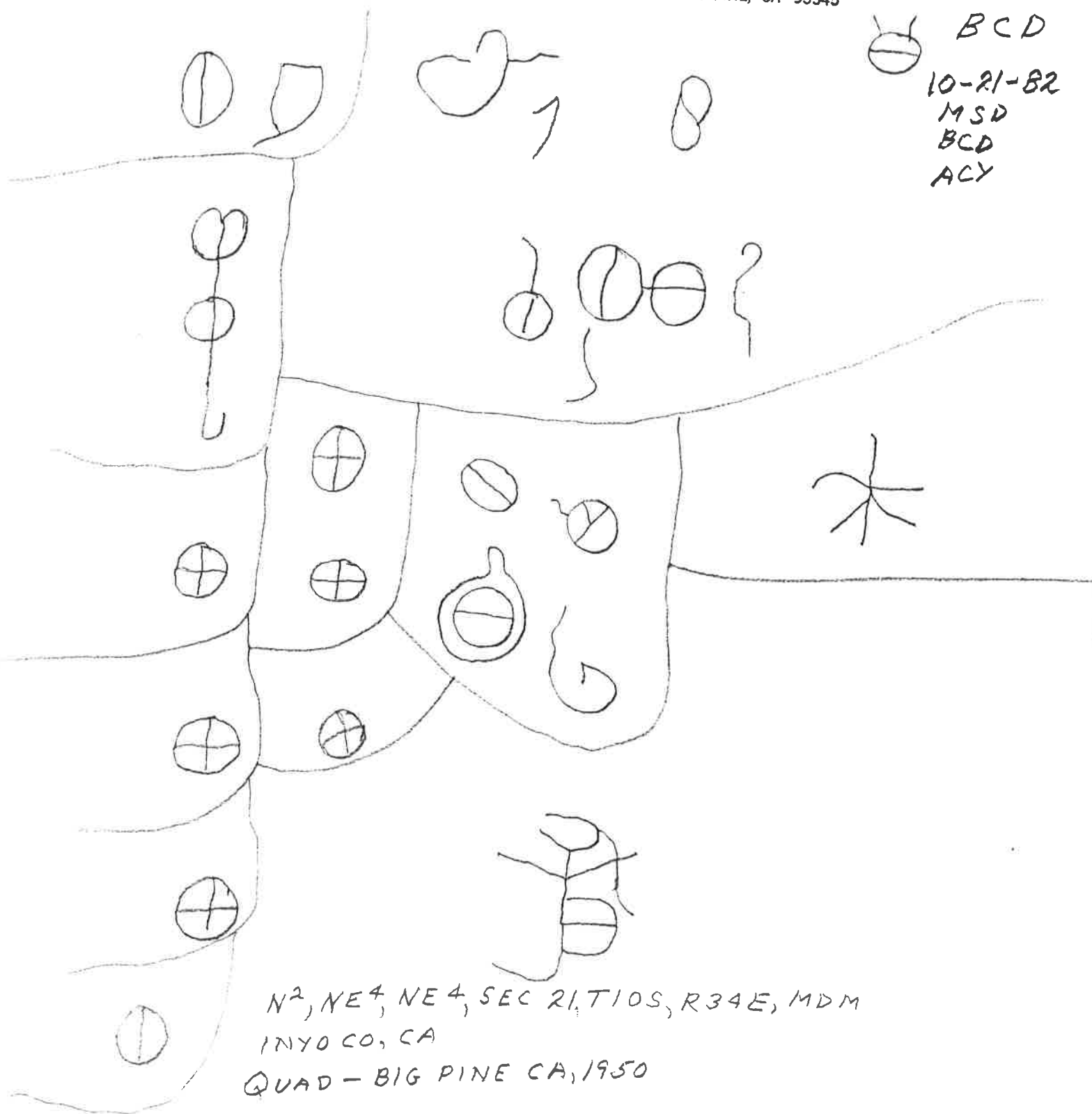
BCD

10-21-82

MSD

BCD

ACY



N², NE⁴, NE⁴, SEC 21, T10S, R34E, MDM
INYO CO, CA
QUAD - BIG PINE CA, 1950

INY-269

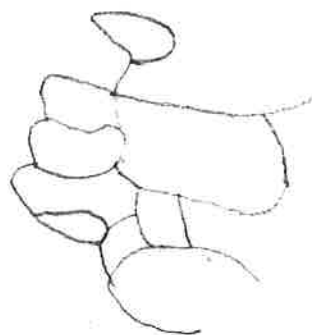
SUMMER RESORT

204

10-21-82

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

MSD
BCD
ACY



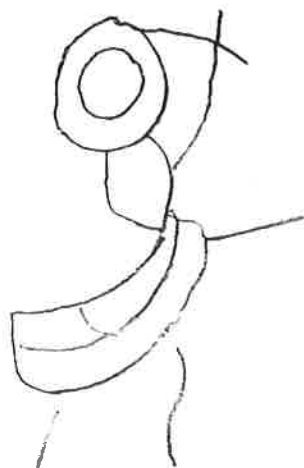
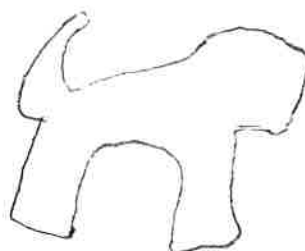
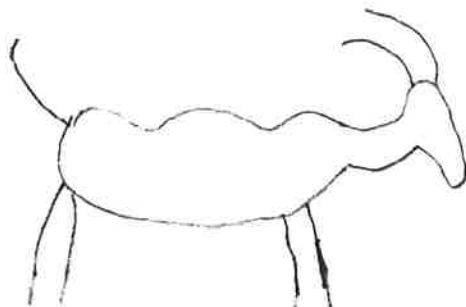
SUMMER RESORT

205

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

10-82
KP

10-25-82
BCD



COPIED FROM RUBBINGS BY KERRY POWELL

MIDWAY BETWEEN LEE FLAT & HUNTER MTN.
UBEHEBE PEAK CA 1950 QUAD.

$\frac{1}{2}$ M. S. ON DIRT ROAD

MILL CANYON

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

10-25-82

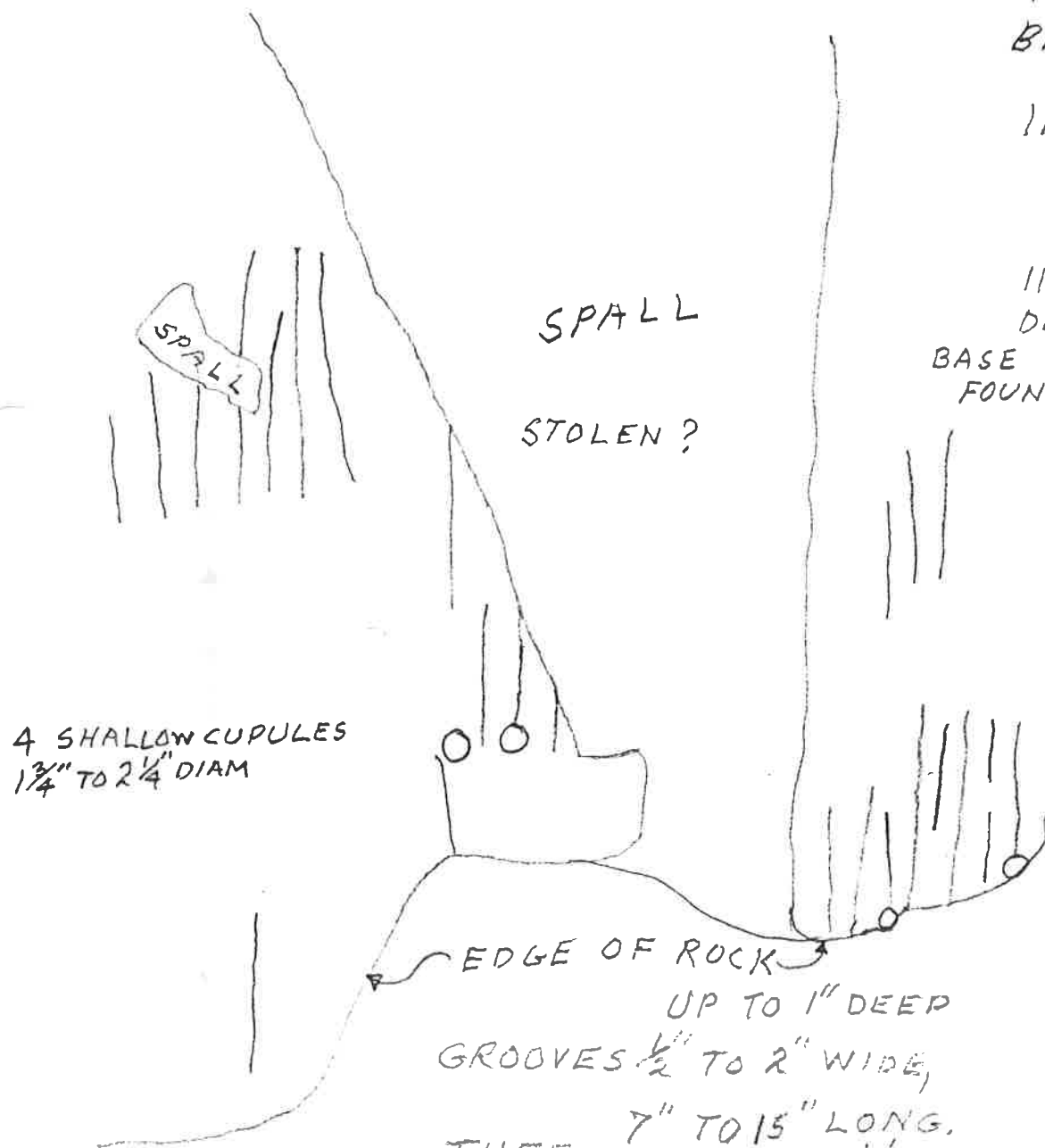
BCD
MSD
BPES

11-5-82

VSY
BCD
MSD

11-21-82

DUG 4' NEAR
BASE OF SPALL.
FOUND NOTHING.



SPALL

STOLEN ?

4 SHALLOW CUPULES
1 3/4" TO 2 1/4" DIAM

EDGE OF ROCK

UP TO 1" DEEP

GROOVES 1/2" TO 2" WIDE,

7" TO 15" LONG.

TUFF BOULDER, 6 1/2' HIGH BY 7' WIDE.

BY 7' LONG AT BASE OF 125' CLIFF.

GROOVES HAVE BEEN PUT IN WITH A METAL TOOL
FOUND BY B.C. DAWSON

YEAR 23/24, T6S, R31E, MDM INYO CO, CA
26/25

QUAD - MT. TOM. CA 1949

INY-278

HORTON CREEK

This may be
the same as fig.
20b, page 70, "Rock
Art of Owens Valley" 1965
by von Wertz

Locality: up near 1015400 (C.D.)
 Reported by: Burrell C. Dawson
 Date: Nov 1 1982

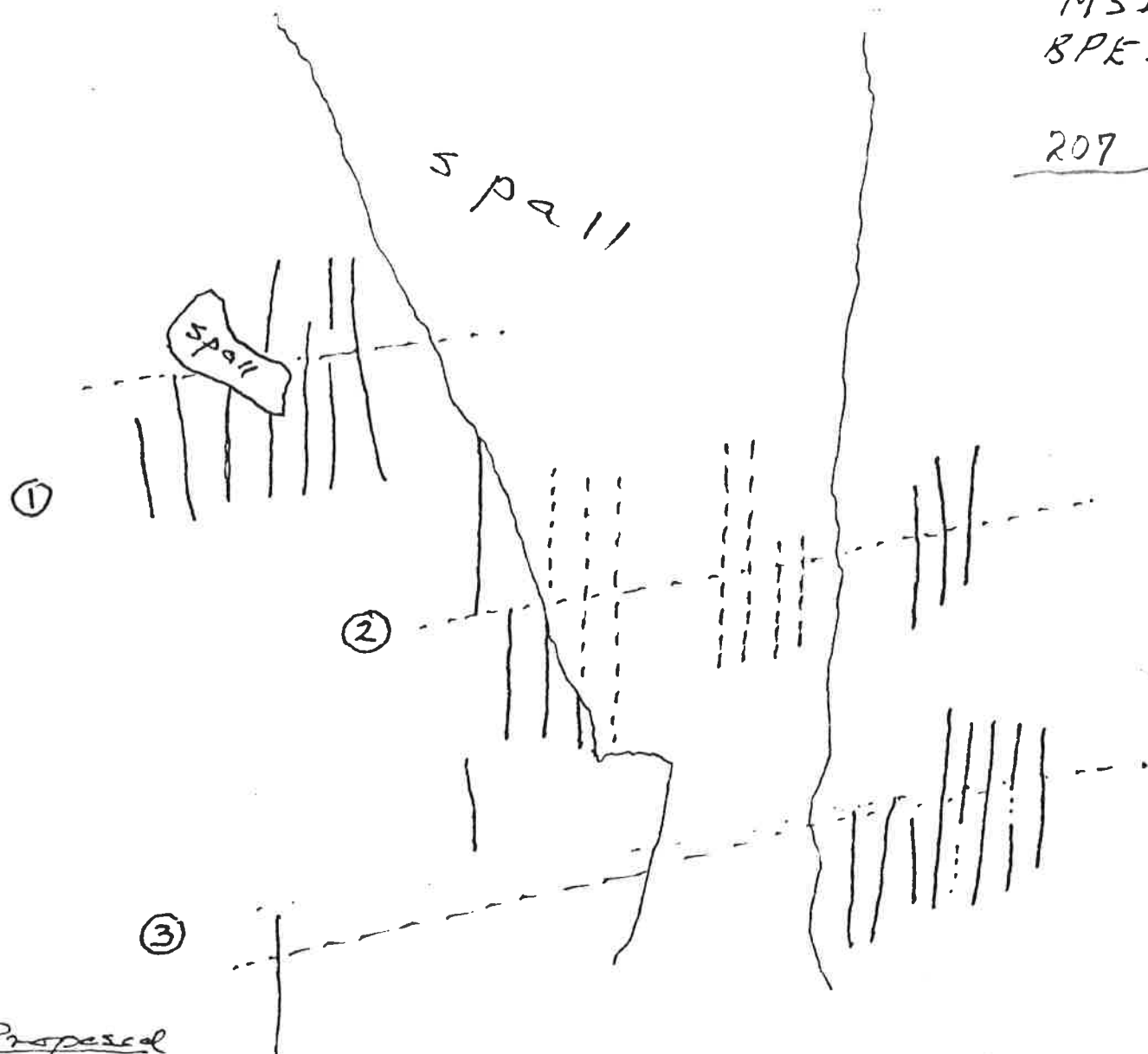
10-25-82

BCD

MSD

BPEs

207



Proposed
Restoration

① F-S

② (h)-b-ñ q-l-ñ

③ m-(h)-f-r

Transliteration

① Fás

② (h)aíb'ñe gléñ ② Valley by the river

③ m(h)-fúor ③ is less cold.

(h)aíb'ñe assumed to be in dative case (abainn is modern Gaelic)

Translation

① Desolate.

Modern Scots Gaelic words
 fas, abainn,
 gleann, mi-fuar.
 is closer to Gaelic

The above is my suggestion,
 the language Old Gaelic or
 Gaelic Nov 5 '82 B.C.D.

I see an ogam dictionary is now needed.
to assist field explorers. 208
This seems to be a very

promising hint that you
may have located an
area frequented by Celtic
traders, & where, therefore,
other way-signs may be
expected to occur.

Words you might find include :-

||||| or $\text{C} \text{|||||}$ (uisge = water)
s-g ui-s-g

$\text{f} \text{|||}$ = mat or math = good
m-t : & $\text{C} \text{|||}$ or $\text{C} \text{|||||}$ = oic = bad
oi-l-g oi-l-c

$\text{|||} \text{|||}$ = teine = fire
t-n

$\text{C} \text{T}$ = uib or uibhe = cave
ui-b

$\text{X} \text{|||}$ = iogam (ogam) = ogam

$\text{|||} \text{X} \text{|||}$ or $\text{|||} \text{|||}$ feid = deer, game
f-la-d f(ei)-d

$\text{X} \text{|||}$ or ||| bidh, bid' = food

THESE HOLES ARE CHIPPED OUT & ARE ROUGH
& IRREGULAR INSIDE. THEY ARE NOT
GRINDING HOLES. BIG ONES
ARE 5" TO 6" DEEP. SMALLER
ONES LESS.

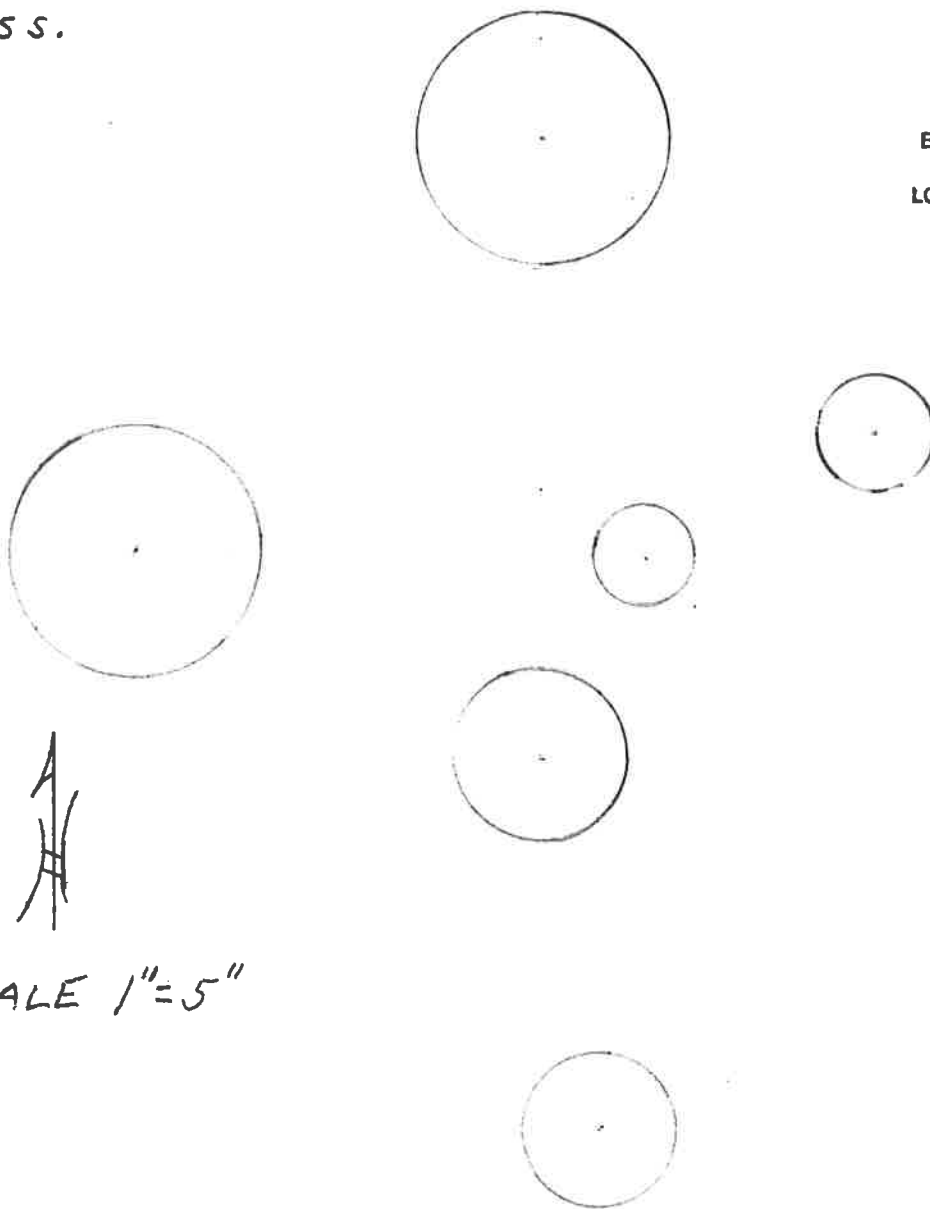
209

11-5-82

VSY

11-21-82

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



TOP OF TUFF BOULDER SHOWN ON SHEET 210

HORTON CREEK

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 724
LONE PINE, CA 93545

11-5-82
BCD
VSY
MSD
11-21-82



PETROGLYPHS PAINTED RED
SHEETS 210, 211, 212, 230, 234, 235.

BOULDER 11' HIGH BY 13' WIDE BY 20' LONG.
TUFF BOULDER 100' ± S OF SHEET 206. NORTHEAST FACE.

HORTON CREEK

211

11-5-82

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

MSD

VSX

BCD

11-21-82



NOT PAINTED

PECKED AND
136 ± PAINTED DOTS

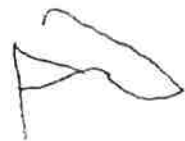
COMMON
POINT



NOT
PAINTED



PETROGLYPHS PAINTED RED



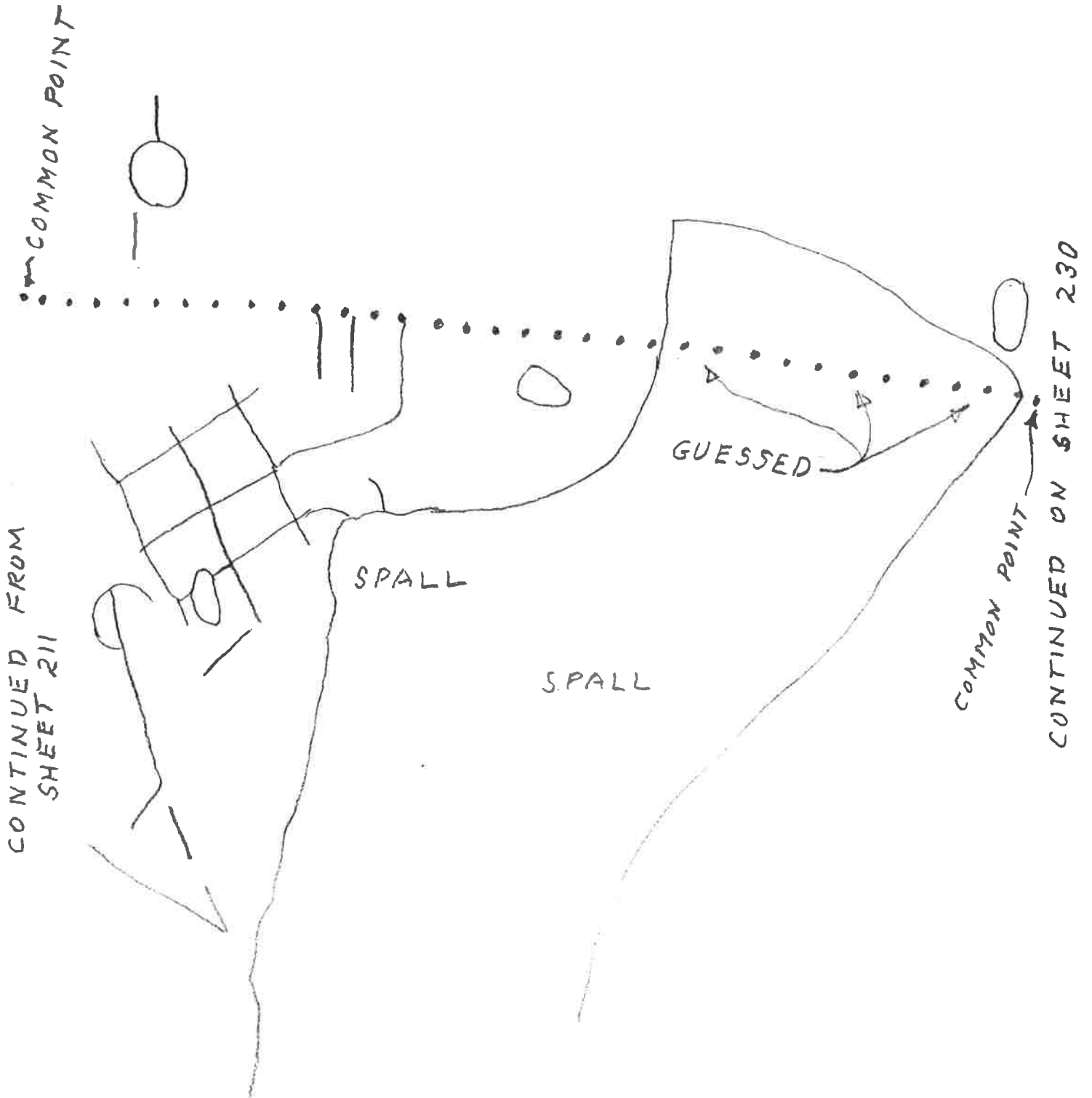
NORTH FACE OF BOULDER ON SHEET 210

HORTON CREEK

CONTINUED ON SHEET 212

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 734
LONE PINE, CA 93545

11-5-82
VSX
MSD
BCD



NORTH FACE
HORTON CREEK

226

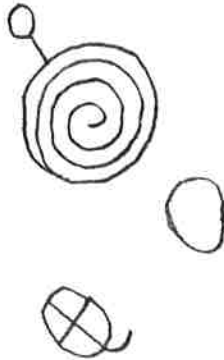
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

12-78

KP

11-9-82

BCD



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FOTO BY KERRY POWELL



nr

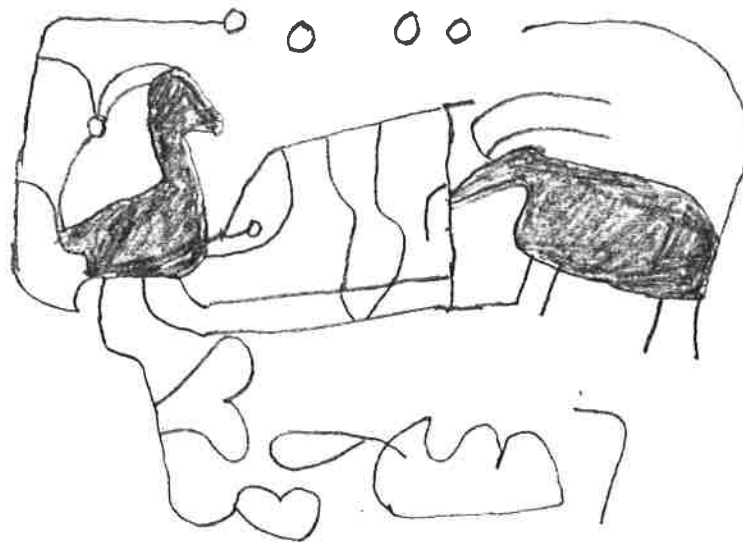
MILLER RANCH

AROCK, OREGON

227

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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

12-78
KP
11-9-82
BCD



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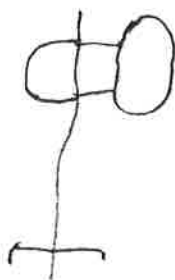
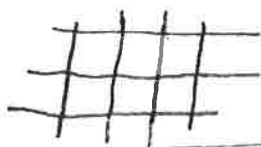
MILLER RANCH

AROCK, OREGON

228

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

KP
1-67
BCD
11-9-82



COPIED FROM FOTOS BY
KERRY POWELL

SEC 27 T14S R38E
QUAD NEW YORK BUTTE CALIF 1950
HUNTER CANYON

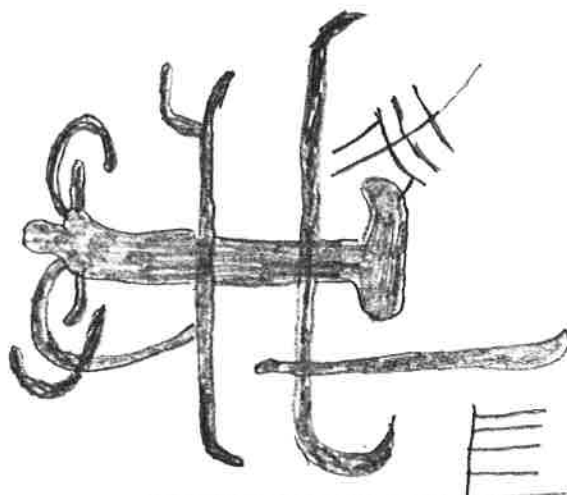
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

1-67

XP

11-18-82

BCD



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HUNTER CANYON

↓ - - 9' ± ABOVE
GROUND

11-21-83
VSY
BCD

OUTLINE OF HEAD
& HAIR WIDELY
INCISED & PAINTED
RED.

FACE LIGHTLY
INCISED & NOT
PAINTED.

*This face does not show on
page 70, figure 20a of von Wierhof.*

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

COMMON POINT

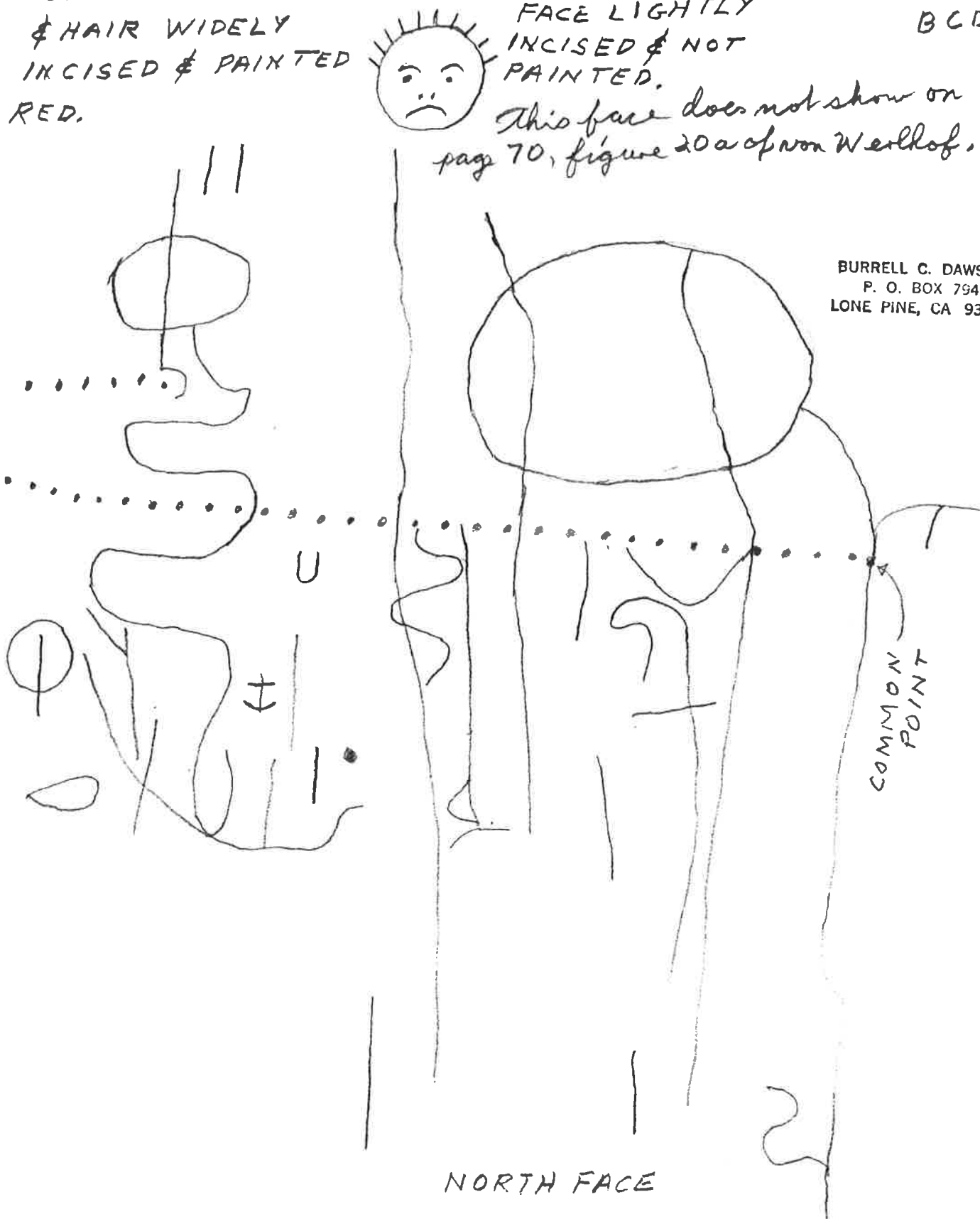
CONTINUED
FROM SHEET 212

COMMON
POINT

CONTINUED ON SHEET 234

NORTH FACE

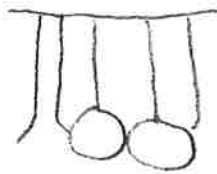
HORTON CREEK



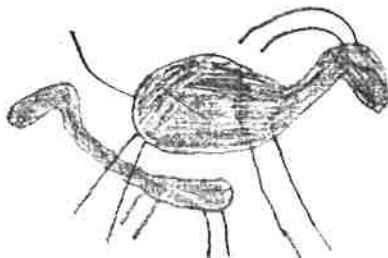
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231

2-68
KIP
11-25-82
BCD



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BY KERRY POWELL



1 1/2" N OF S EDGE OF QUAD IN NELSON RANGE

QUAD UBEHEBE PEAK CALIF 1950

BLACK ROCK WELL

beg. = little

bog = bog

bog bock (i.e., goat)

also, if R-L direction,

-b = gaba (danger)

ab(r) = goat

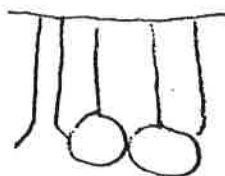


EDGE
OF
ROCK

If this is the 231
whole enscripted
I would guess
it means 2-68
"goats" X17

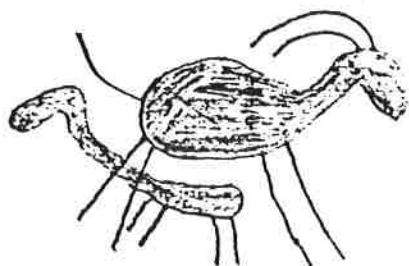
& as the 11-25-82

BCD
Mt. Sheep has
a hair cut, it re-
sembles a goat, it
might also refer to
that animal



can't figure this
out.

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BY KERRY POWELL



usual again to
this would be

||| (ged)

= kid or
goat

Same word used
in Gaelic &
Old Norse

The San Diego members at the
Museum think that I was wrong
in calling these pictographs &
petroglyphs Sheep, in B.A.A.A.
They think they are goats. In Scot-
land we called
them "sheeps".

BLACK ROCK WELL

232

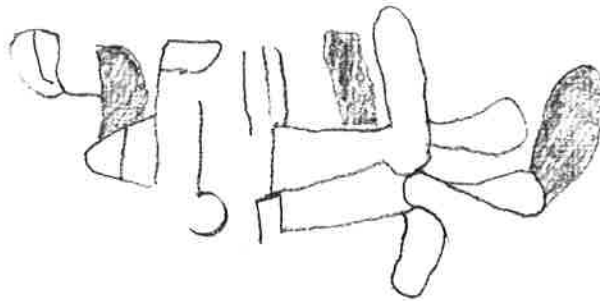
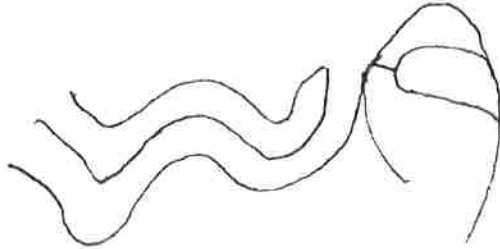
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

2-68

KP

11-25-82

BCD



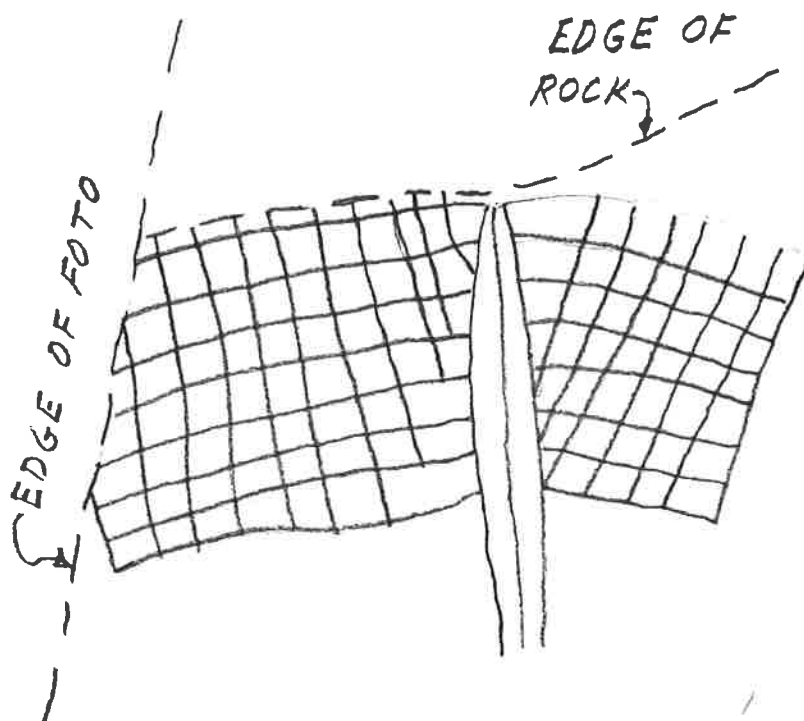
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BLACK ROCK WELL

233

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LONE PINE, CA 93545

2-68
KP
11-25-82
BCD



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BLACK ROCK WELL

234

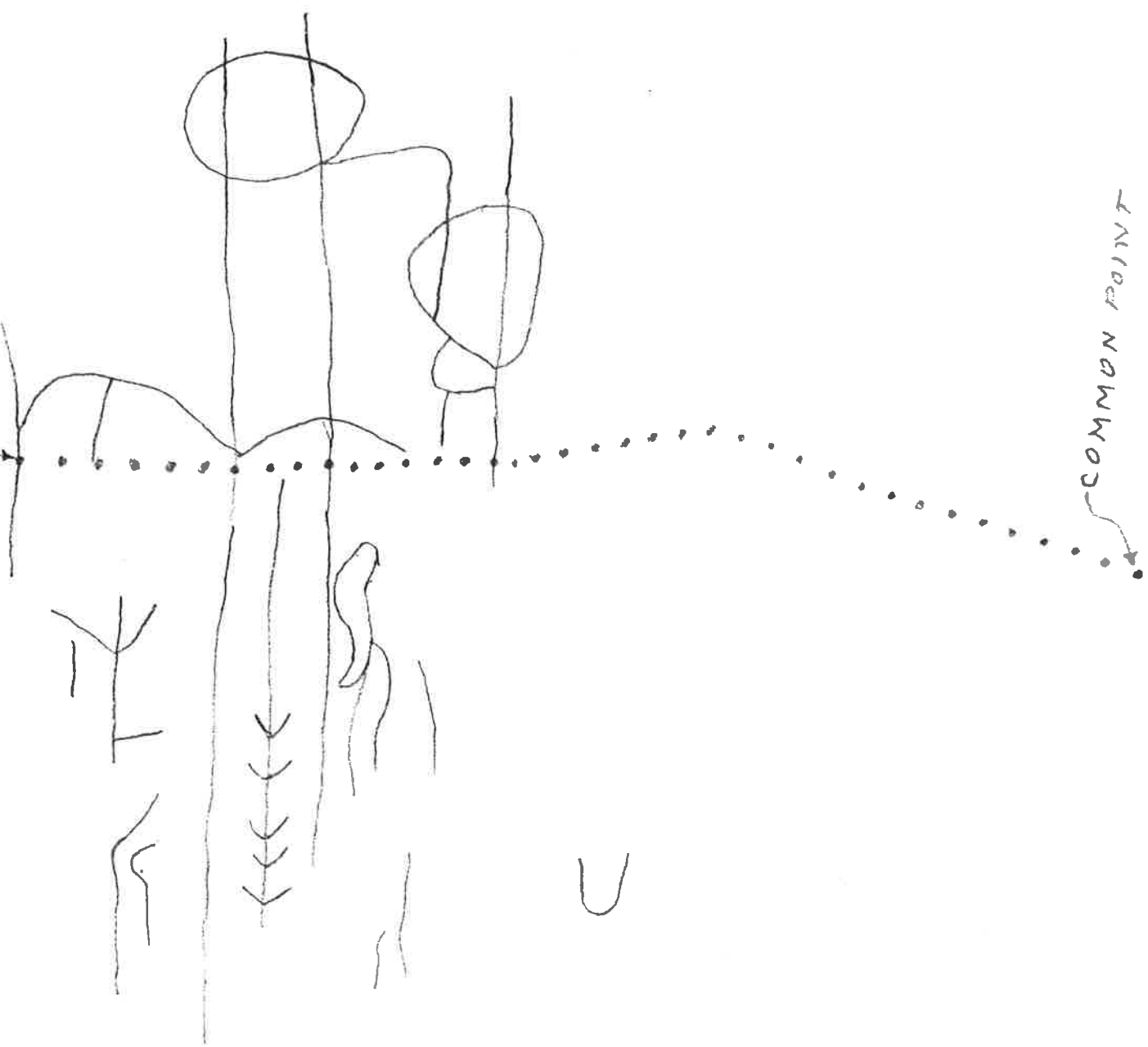
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

11-29-82
BCD
MSD

CONTINUED FROM SHEET 230

COMMON POINT

COMMON POINT



NORTH FACE
HORTON CREEK

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LONE PINE, CA 93545

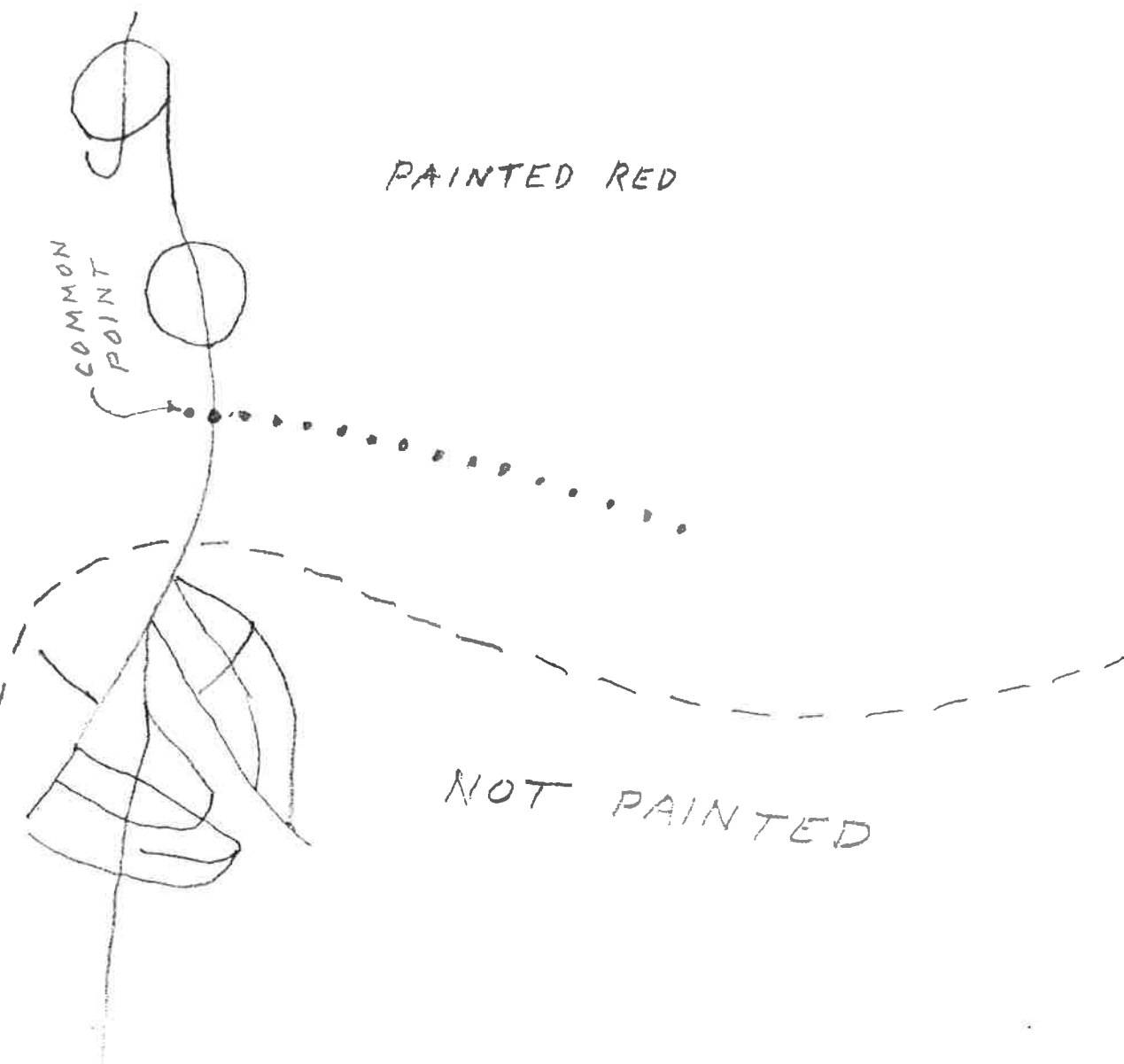
11-29-82

BCD

MSD

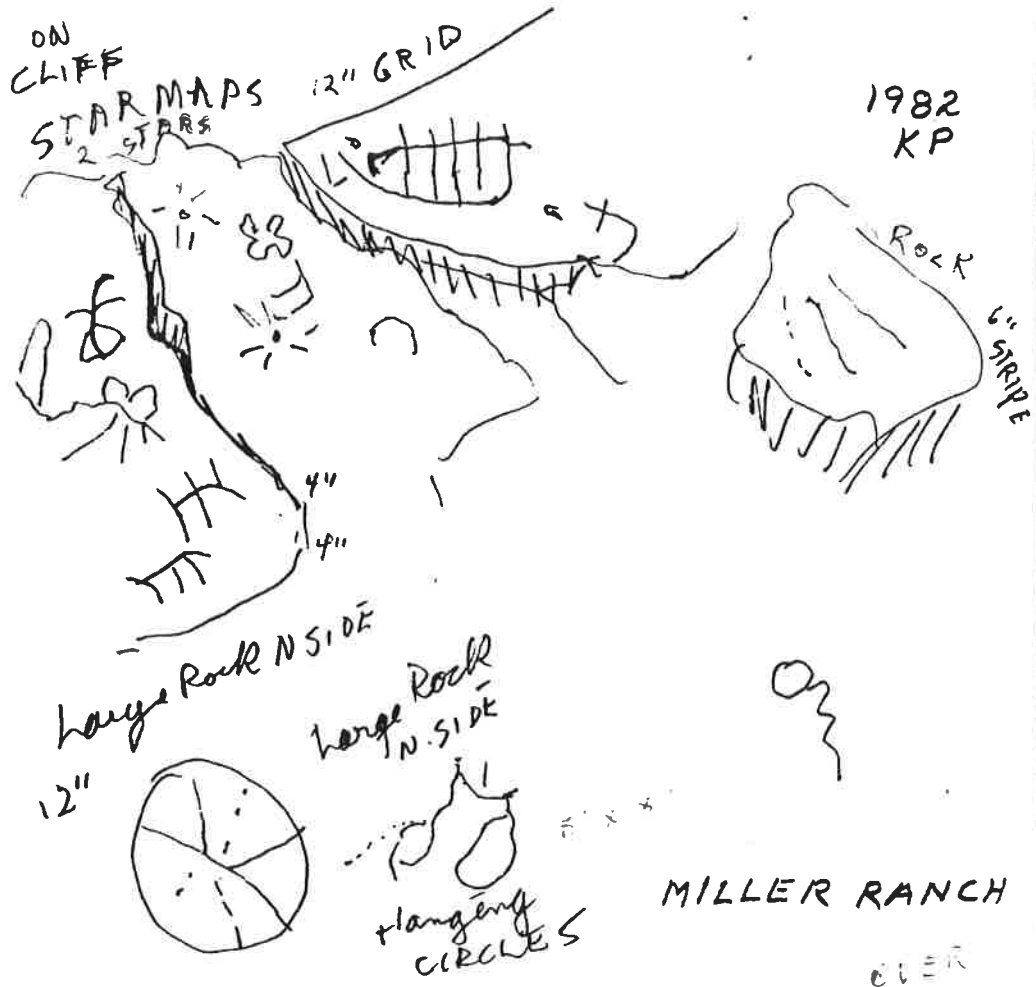
12-15-82

CONTINUED FROM SHEET 234



HORTON CREEK

1978
KP



MILLER RANCH



1982
KP

1978
KP



ANCHOR
FAINT



Le Rock
N lower side
SNAKE

14\"/>

OLD SPRING JORDAN VALLEY
 ABLE OLD MILLER RANCH
 ADRE RANCH - ARCK, CREEK S.E. CREEK

SW⁴, NE⁴, SEC 21, T.10S, R.34E, MDM

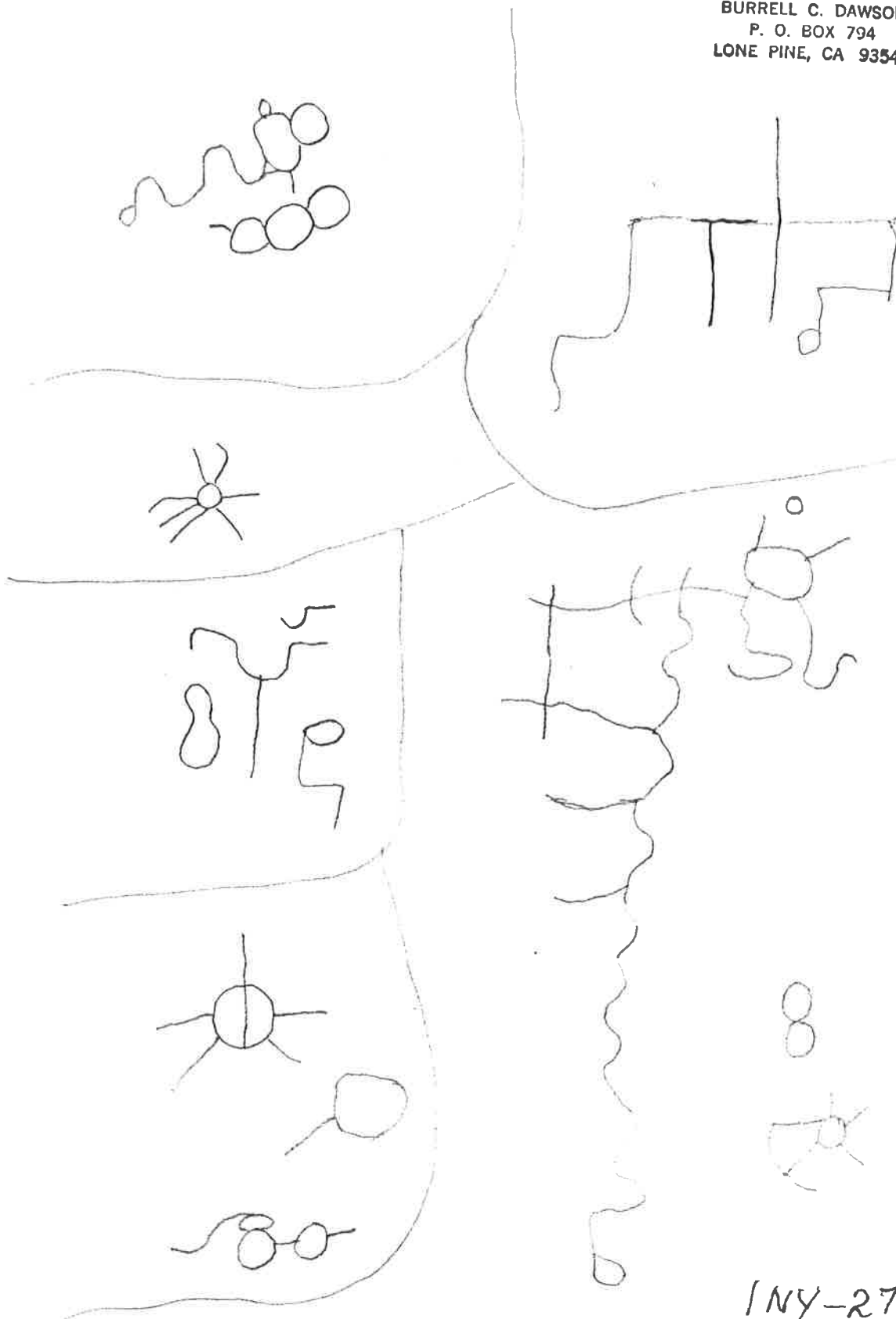
238

12-18-82

MSD

BCD

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INY-270

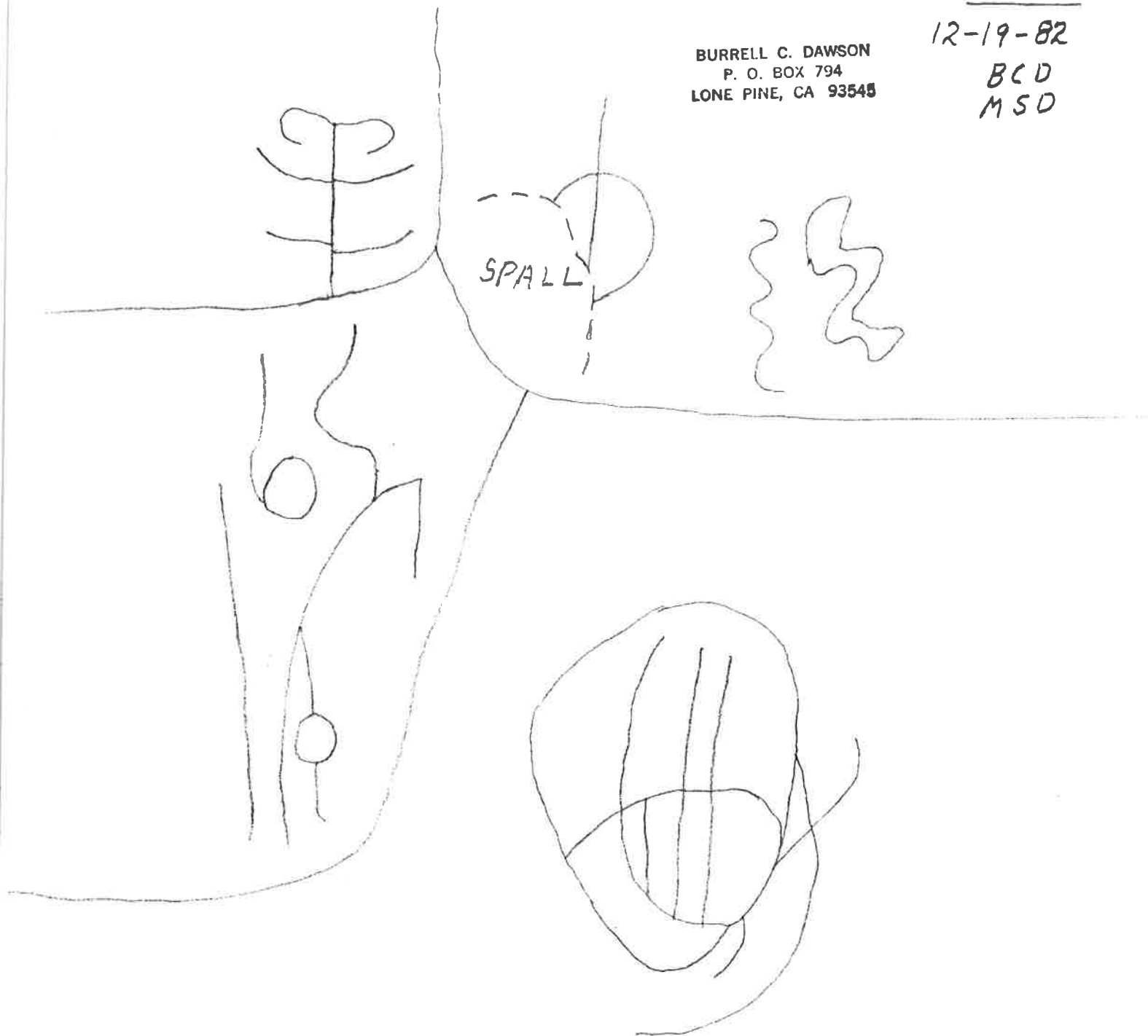
BIRCH CREEK

239

12-19-82

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LONE PINE, CA 93545

BCD
MSD



SWANSEA

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P. O. BOX 734
LONE PINE, CA 93545

240

12-27-82

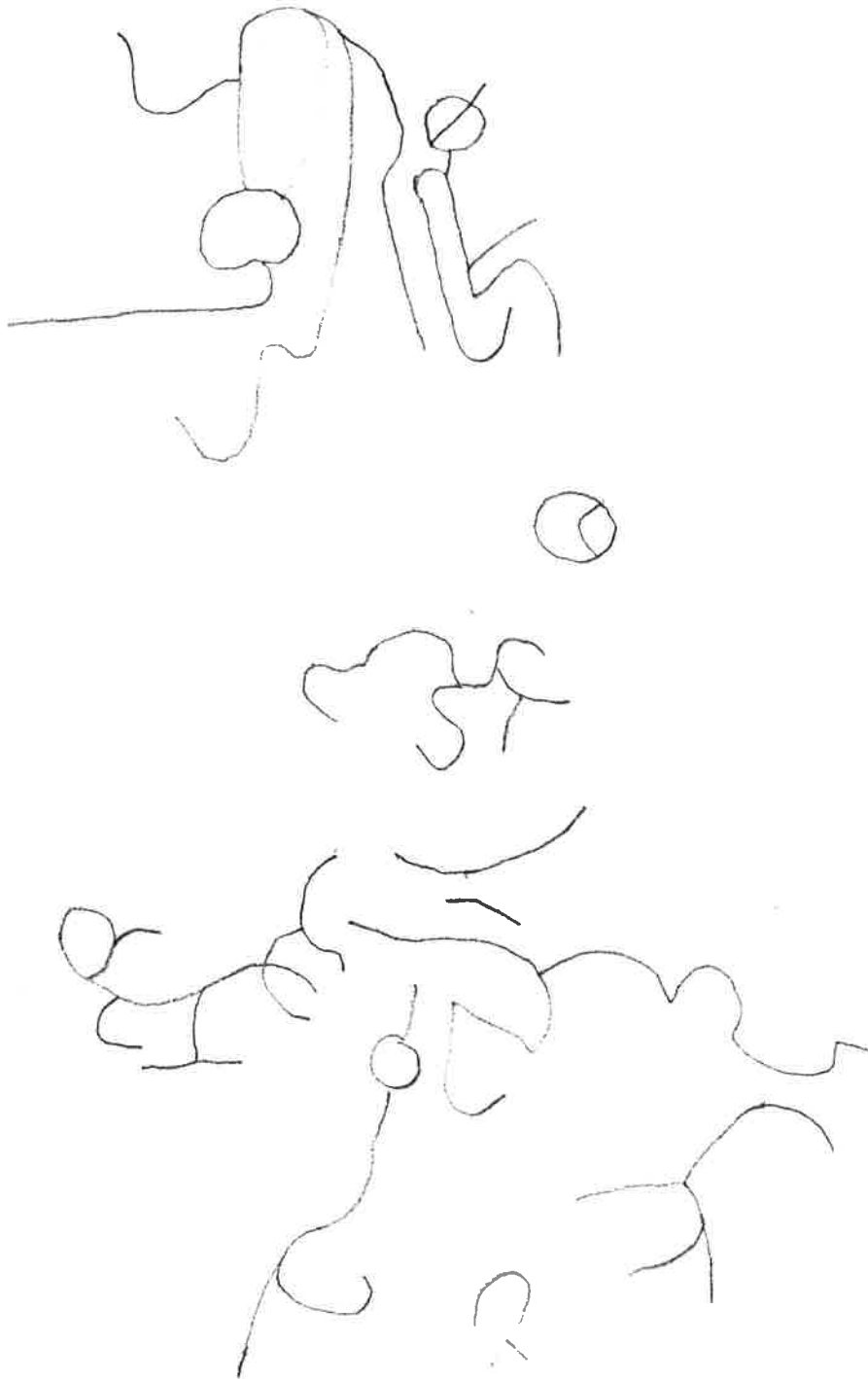
BCD
MSD



SWANSEA

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

241
12-28-82
MSD
BCD



SWANSEA

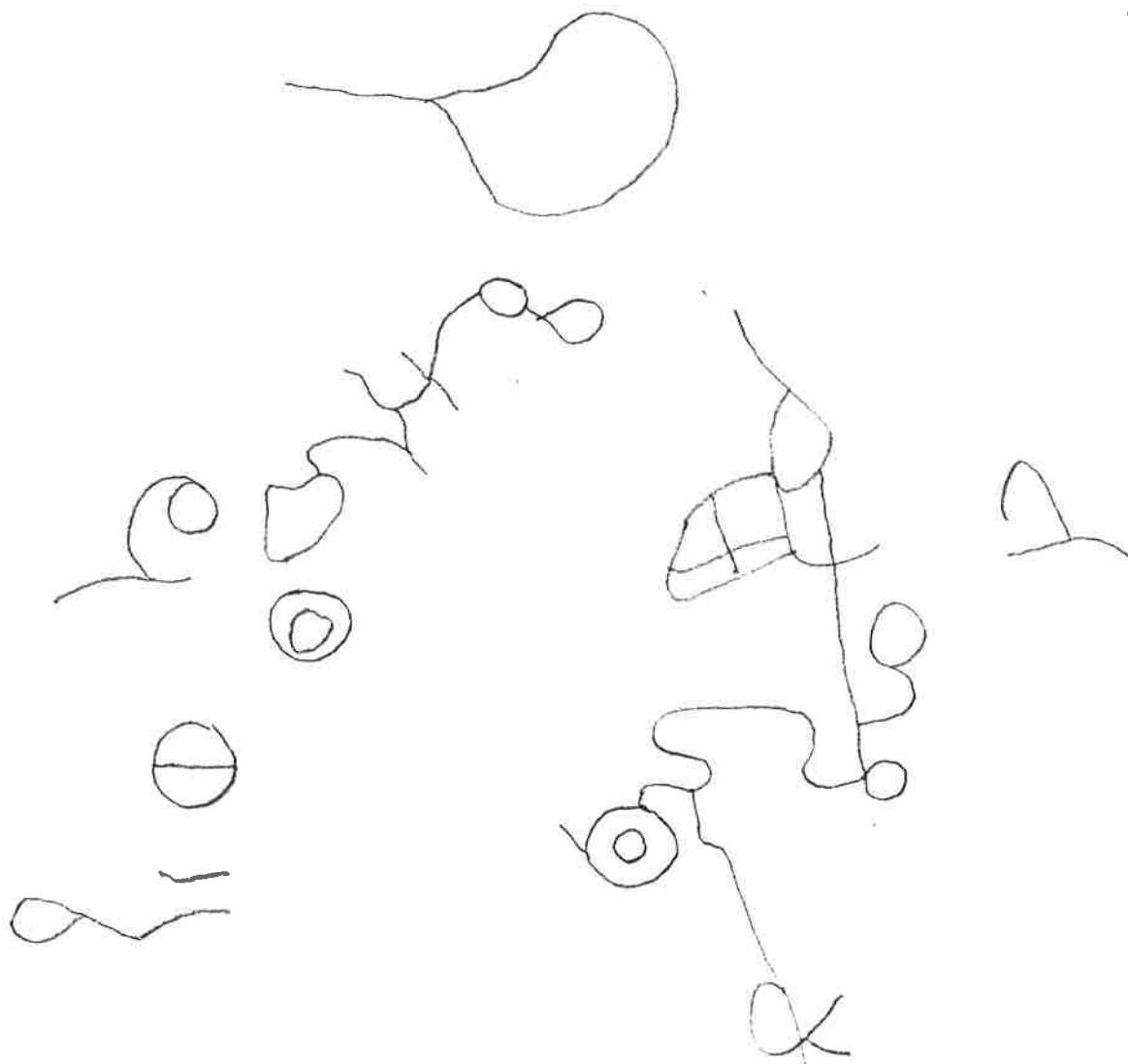
242

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LONE PINE, CA 93545

12-28-82

MSD

BCD



SWANSEA

book about rock art symbols that were developing in the direction of standardization and therefore of ideographic writing. This is both intriguing and reasonable. Everyone else took that direction sooner or later.

During numerous surveys at Little Lake and the lower gorge of Owens River (Davis, 1978c:25 and Fig. 18) I saw two glyphs with messages as clear as writing. One, at Little Lake, was an ellipse with a diagonal bar through it, beside the only natural stairway up a cliff. The message reads: "right here there is an access hole where you can climb up." I did.

The other one-to-one symbol is near Lower Fossil Falls. It is the figure of a man, upside down. This meant "he is dead" or "was killed," a representation that was also used, with the same meaning, in Mexico and Central America where cultures had advanced more rapidly in both the technologies and arts of civilization.

*Comments by Dr. E. L. Davis on La Van
Martineau's book La Van - "Evaluation
of Early Human Activities & Remains in the
Inferred Period"*

Neotoma

Copied from "Indian Country of the
Neotoma" by G. F. Powers.
Neotoma Press, 1981, Tucson, Arizona

pp 63-65.

footprints on a path, dam walking
or travelling
0000 confirmation of time, days, months,
or years.
000 usually means years.

* a star

⊙ eye of the Big Horn

| or || indicate not

of direction of travel

Colors
Red - danger, royalty, love, creative power & heat,
war and hate.
Red & black - love, vivacious & wisdom,
Black - death, mourning, wickedness,
Black & white - knowledge, mourning, peering of life.
White - vivacious, peace
Yellow - disease or epidemics, way have been
mean marriage & friendship
Blue - love, truth, courtesy, fidelity
Green - hope, victory

BURRELL C. DAWSON

P. O. BOX 794

Notes

LONE PINE, CA 93545 12-29-82

Shortly after reading La Van Martineau's book "The Rocks Begin to Speak" a friend, Kerry Powell, showed a photo of a petroglyph she had taken at the mouth of Hunter Canyon, Saline Valley, Inyo County, California. Recognizing a couple glyphs we had just seen in La Van Martineau's book an attempt was made to interpret the panel. It interpreted as on sheet 109.

Hunter Canyon

Two months later we went to ~~Saline Valley~~ for the first time, found the petroglyph, and to my considerable delight the terrain fit. Previously I had viewed Martineau's work with some scepticism.

Down the canyon wall from the petroglyph and on the canyon floor a short ways to the west was a big tall rock next to the canyon wall. Behind the rock was a cave in the canyon wall. Two men could easily hold off an army.

An item of interest is that anthropologists have lately come to the conclusion that the supposed non-warlike nature of the Basin and Range Indians is a myth. They had their petty wars.

After viewing dozens and dozens of petroglyphs and pictographs the writer has come to the conclusion that they can probably be classified as 1. messages 2. maps 3. hunting magic 4. shaman's squiggles. Possibly other categories exist.

Class #1. At present Martieau's vocabulary of ideograms is very limited. An attempt was made to decipher more petro-

glyphs but only partial success was obtained. An archeoastronomer, Dr. E.C. Krupp, Director of the Griffith Observatory, Los Angeles, and a historian, Bob Powers, of the Kern River Valley, in his book "Indian Country of the Tubatulabal" have each added more meanings.

Partial success was had with sheets 101,102,110.

Class 2. In Owens Valley the Owens River runs northerly from Owens Lake primarily on the east side of the valley near the foot of the Inyo Mountains and the White Mountains. Sheet 100 is an example of what we interpret as a map.

Class 3. The work of the Maturango Museum on the reservation of the Naval Weapons Center at China Lake, Ridgecrest, California, is a very good example of the use of petroglyphs as hunting magic. See "Rock Drawings of the Coso Range" by Campbell Grant, James W. Baird, J. Kenneth Fringle.

Class 4. The shaman's squiggles probably are of meaning only to the shaman who made them. A possible example is the pictograph at Walker Creek, Inyo County, sheet 147.



possible sun glyphs



possible moon



possible eclipse

Taken from 8-hour short course by
Dr. E.C. Krupp at UCR in 1981

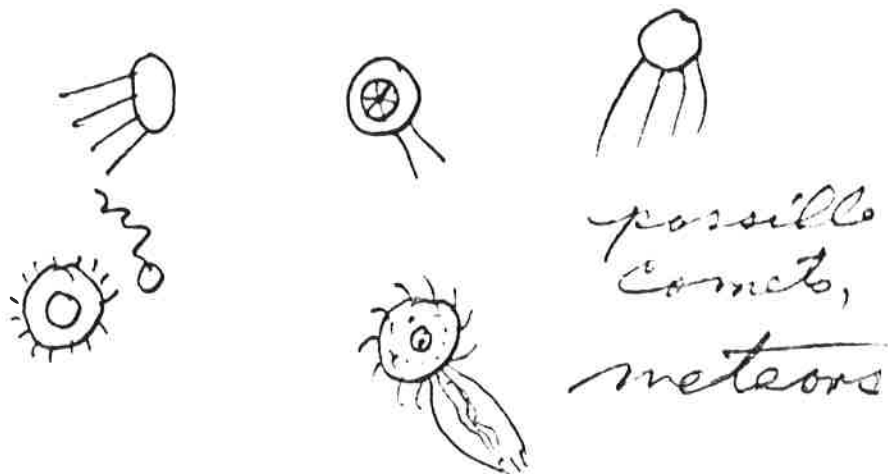
7



dpai

?

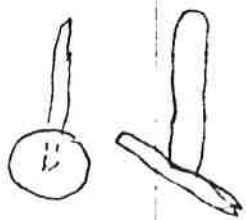
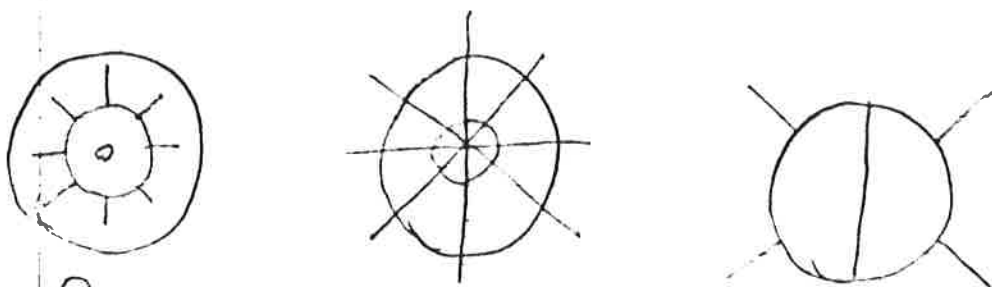
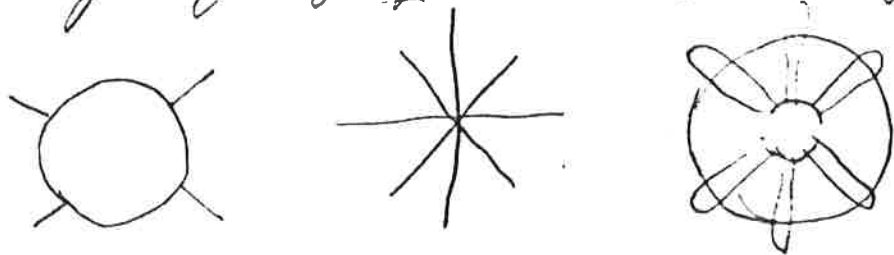
Polaris



• • • • •
Leo or Scorpius
(Kania) (Chiyuk)

• • • • •
Dyri Chumush
Altai
Dyguen

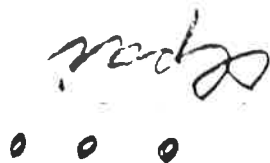
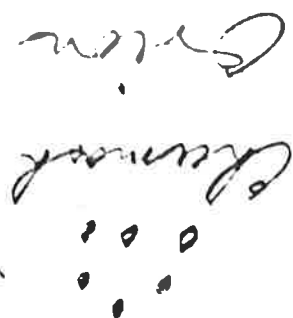
Chumak amniti glyphs



Pisides
Chumak
Apai



Green
Chumak
Kamuk



258

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LONE PINE, CA 93545

1-6-83

MSD
BCD



SWANSEA

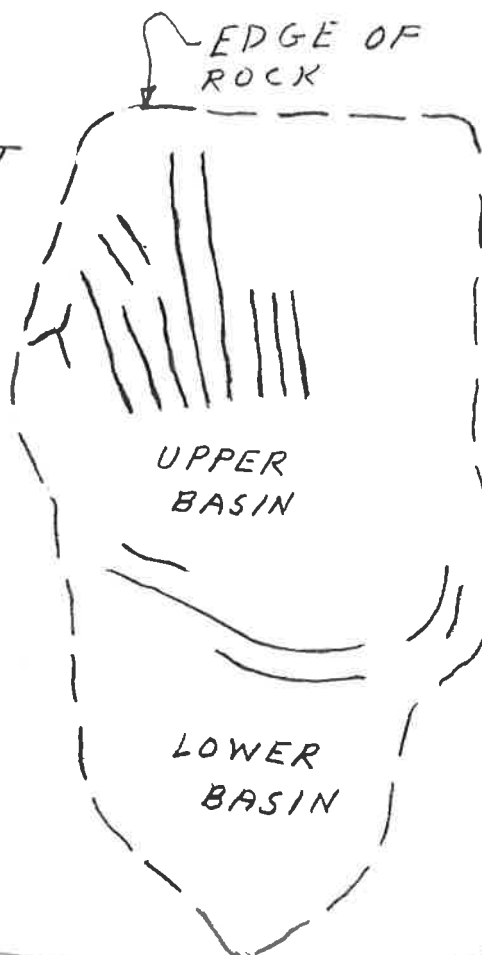
259

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1-7-83
MSD
VSY
BCD

FOUND BY
MARGARET
DAWSON

EDGE OF
ROCK



UPPER
BASIN

LOWER
BASIN



FOUND BY VINCE YODER

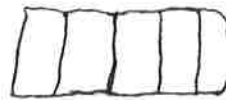
SWANSEA

260

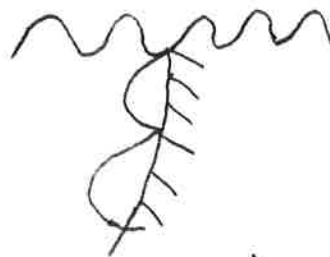
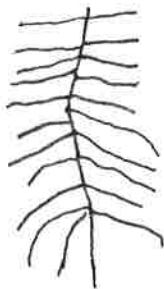
BCD

1-10-82

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LONE PINE, CA 93545



CORNER
OF ROCK



COPIED FROM FOTOS BY MARGARET DAWSON

INY-270
BIRCH CREEK

1-11-82

BPES
MSD
ACY
BCD



SE⁴, NW⁴, SEC 26, T4S, R32E, MDM
QUAD, WHITE MTN PEAK, CA, 1962.

FISH SLOUGH III R

263

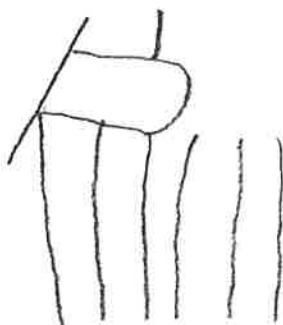
1-19-83

ACY

BCD

MSD

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LONE PINE, CA 93545



SWANSEA

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P.O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

264

1-26-83

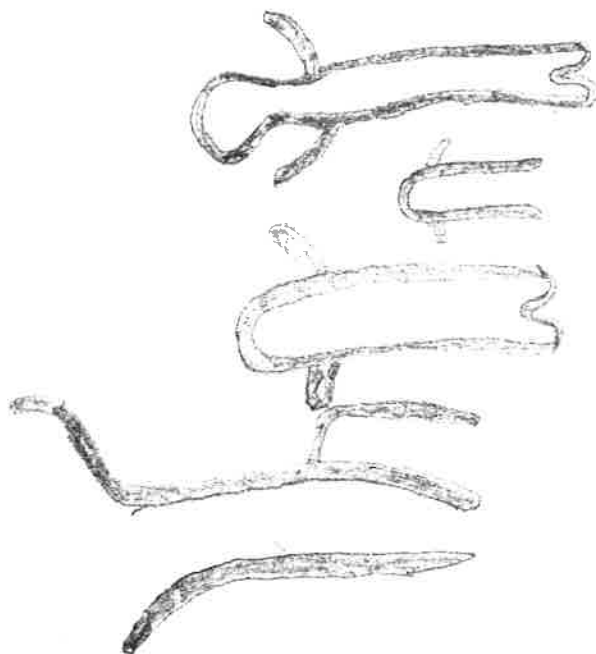
BCD

MSD

1B



RED



NEAR CENTER-EAST SIXTEENTH CORNER SEC 14, T21S, R38E, MDM
QUAD HAIWEE RESERVOIR, CA, 1951

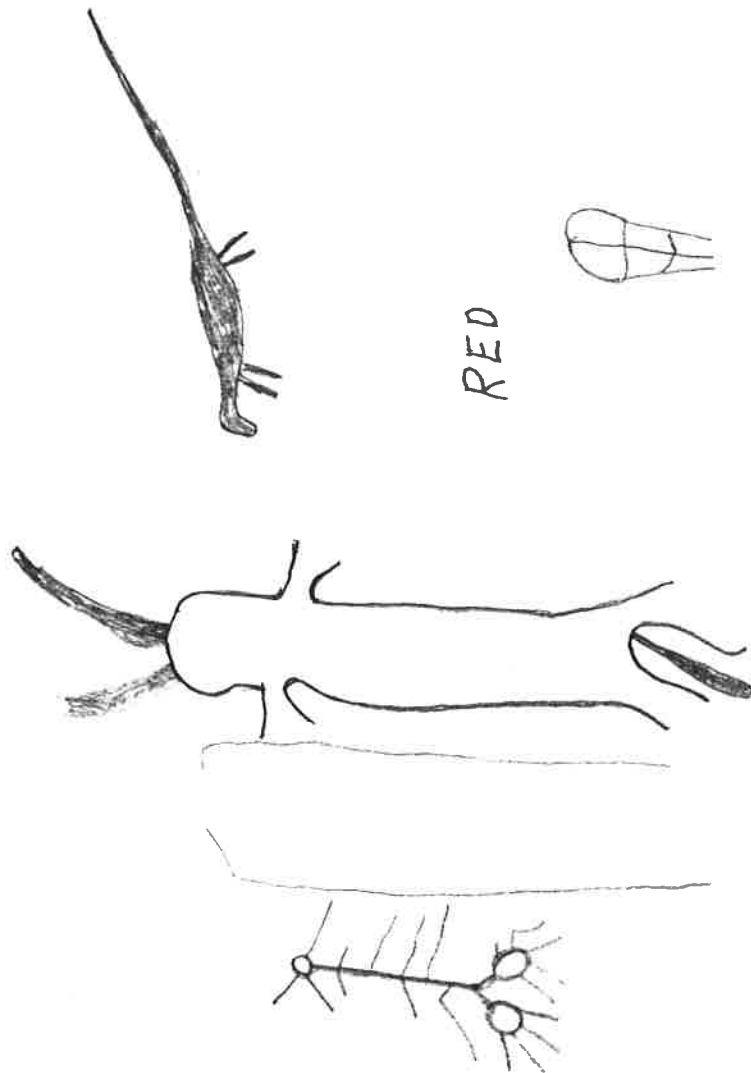
PUMICE MINE PICTOGRAPH (AYRES ROCK?)

265

1-31-83

BCD

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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



RED

PUMICE MINE PICTOGRAPH

COPIED FROM FOTO BY ITALIA
BIRKINSHA 5-11-74 & 12-25-72

266

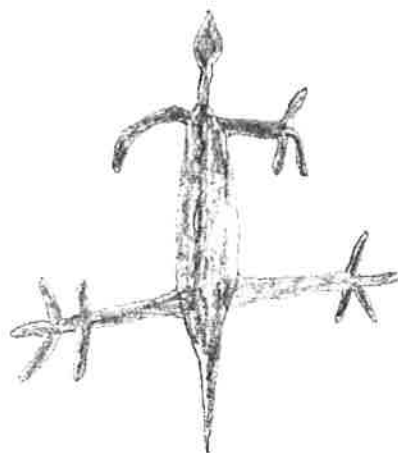
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

1-26-83

BCD

MSD

IFB



BLACK



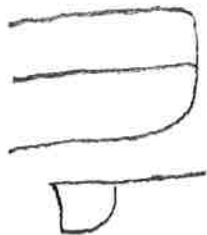
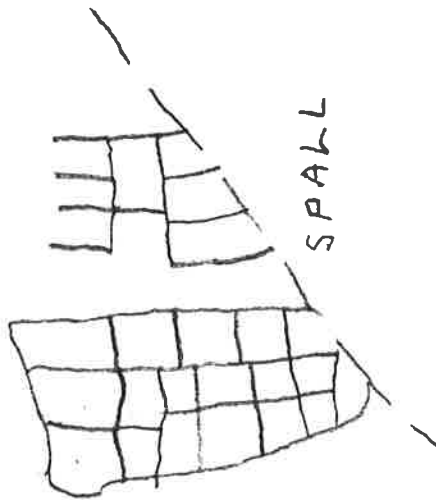
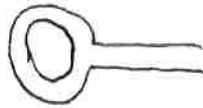
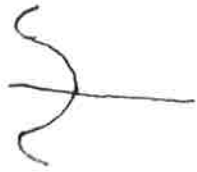
PUMICE MINE PICTOGRAPHS

1-21-83

VSY

BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



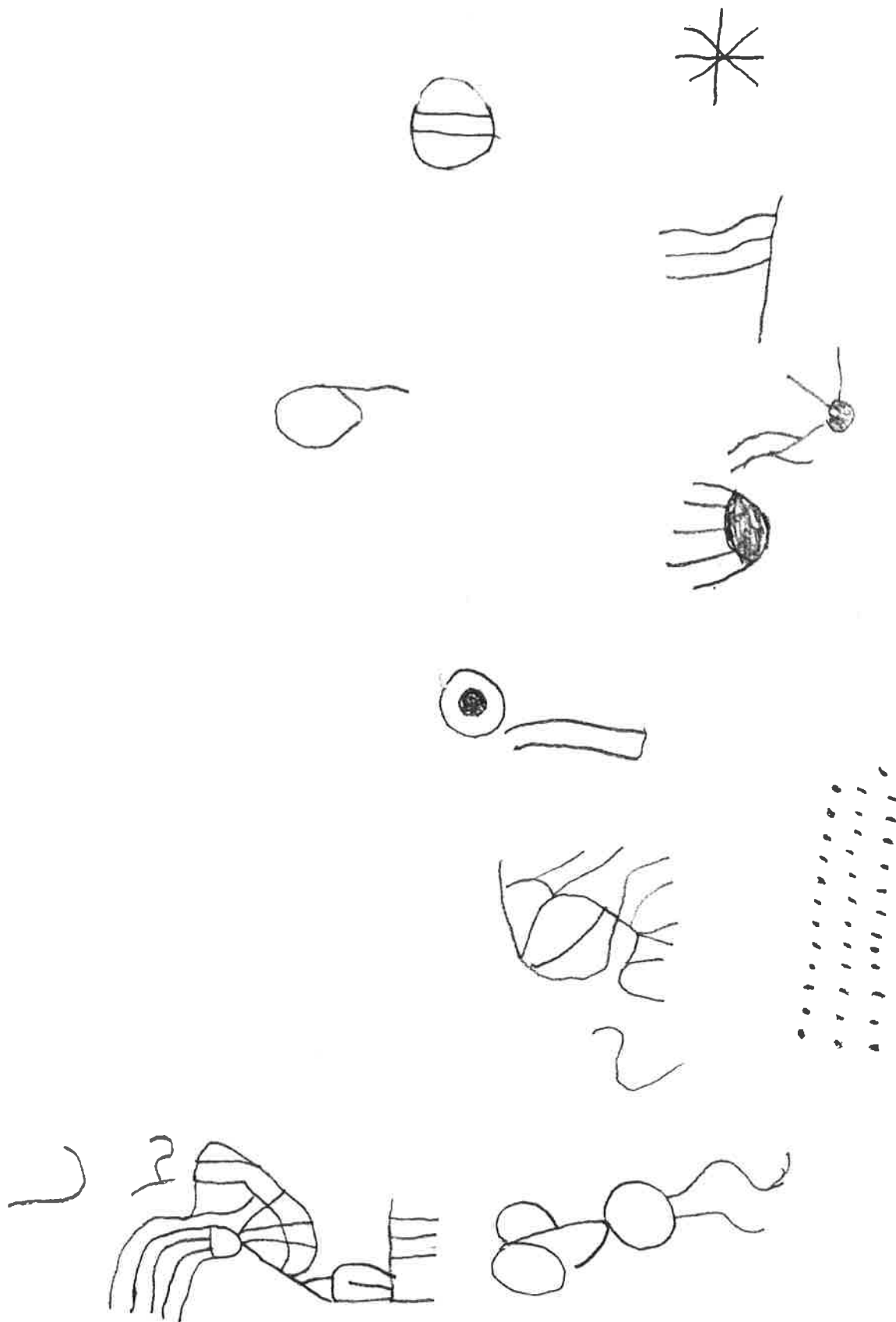
QUAD WHITE MTN PEAK, CALIF 1962
NEAR CENTER SECTION 34, T3S, R32E, MDM

FOUND BY VINCE YODER
MNO-66? MNO-550?

FISH SLOUGH 161R

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 754
LONE PINE, CA 93545

VSY
BCD

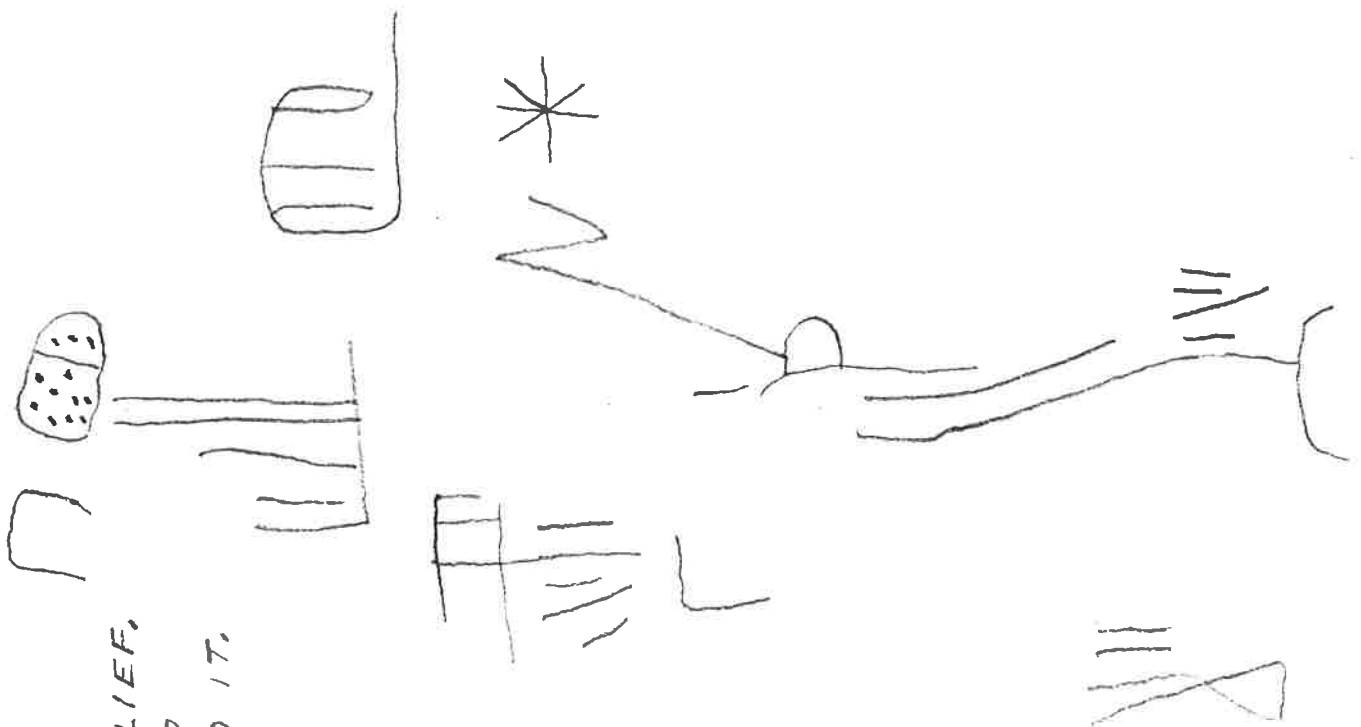


FISH SLOUGH 161R

V52

 $B \subset D$

The image shows two hand-drawn Feynman diagrams. The left diagram represents the decay of a Z boson into a quark-antiquark pair ($q\bar{q}$). It features a vertical line on the left representing the incoming Z boson, which splits into two horizontal lines representing the outgoing quark and antiquark. The right diagram represents the decay of a Z boson into a gluon-gluon pair (gg). It shows a vertical line on the left representing the incoming Z boson, which splits into two horizontal lines representing the outgoing gluons. These horizontal lines are connected by a loop structure, indicating a higher-order process involving a quark loop.



THIS FIGURE IS IN RELIEF.
PATINA IS CHIPPED
AWAY FROM AROUND IT.



✓ 191 H 5075 H 51 F

271

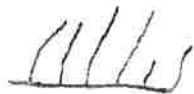
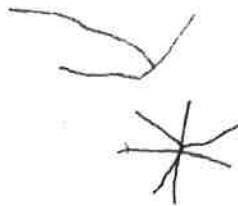
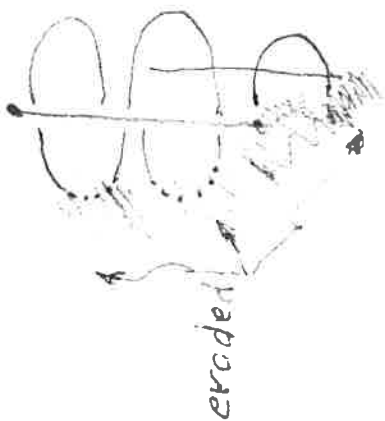
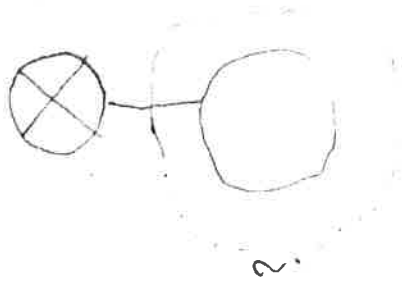
BURRELL C. DAWSON
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LONE PINE, CA 93545

1-21-83

VSY

BCD

2-10-83

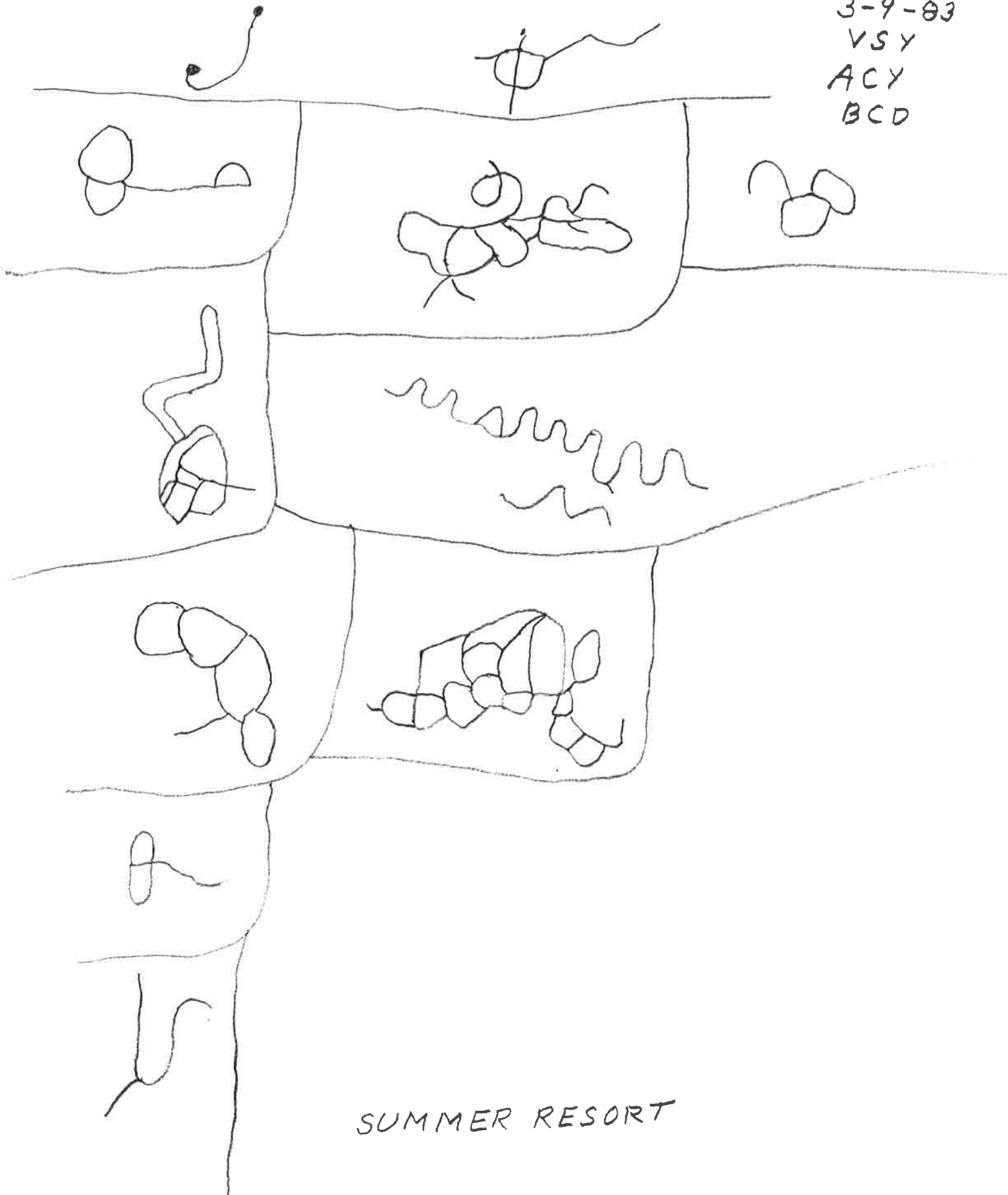


FISH SLOUGH 161R

272

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

3-9-83
VSY
ACY
BCD



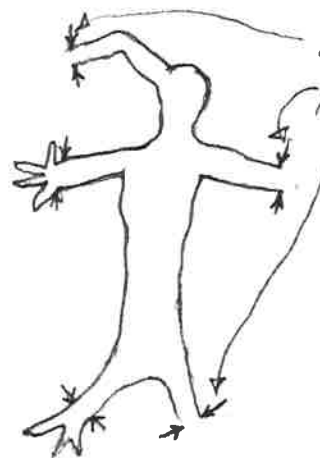
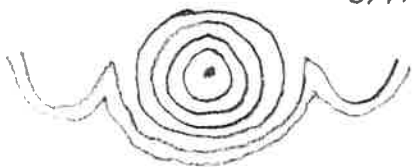
SUMMER RESORT

University of California

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE SURVEY RECORD

1. Site _____ 2. Map New York Butte Quad map 3. County Inyo, Calif
4. Twp. 15 S Range 37 E MDM 1/4 of _____ 1/4 of Sec. 18
5. Location vicinity of Center East Sixteenth Corner projected
on small north trending shoulder about $\frac{1}{2}$ contour above bajada
3920
6. On contour elevation _____
7. Previous designations for site (SBCM-3821)
8. Owner BIM 9. Address _____
10. Previous owners, dates _____
11. Present tenant _____
12. Attitude toward excavation _____
13. Description of site xx small house ring, 80" inside diameter
14. Area _____ 15. Depth _____ 16. Height _____
17. Vegetation _____ 18. Nearest water 2.2 miles
19. Soil of site _____ 20. Surrounding soil type DG
21. Previous excavation _____
22. Cultivation _____ 23. Erosion _____
24. Buildings, roads, etc. ungraded dirt road 0.4 miles northerly
25. Possibility of destruction _____
26. House pits _____
27. Other features _____
28. Burials _____
29. Artifacts none observed on surface
30. Remarks _____
31. Published references _____
32. Accession No. 5-17-79 33. Sketch map _____
34. Date _____ 35. Recorded by _____ 36. Photos _____
- B.C. Dawson, P.O. Box 536,
Lone Pine, CA 93545 phone 714-876-5470

UNPAINTED RIDGES IN
SANDSTONE



RED BORDER TO
HERE ETC →

SOLID BLACK
INSIDE



RED



RED

JE0 III
BCD
MSD

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3-19-83

274

SOUTH SIDE OF ROUTE 41, SUNFLOWER VALLEY, CALIF
ORCHARD RANCH

275

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3-5-83

MSD

BCD



COPIED FROM PHOTOS BY MARGARET DAWSON & VINCE
W²NE⁴, & W²SE⁴ SEC 24, & W²NE⁴, & NW⁴SE⁴ SEC 25
T4S, R32E, MDM. QUAD=WHITE MTN PEAK, CA, 1962
MNO-7
CHALFAIT MNO-7

276

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

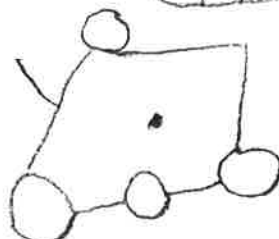
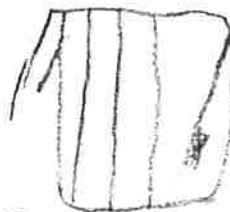
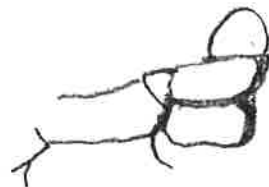
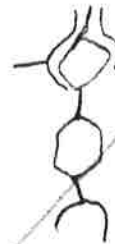
3-23-83

MSD
VSY
BCD

SEE P. 302



SEE
P. 317



SW⁴ OF THE SW⁴ OF
SEC 8, T 23 S, R 38 E, MDM

SOUTH END OF LITTLE LAKE

277

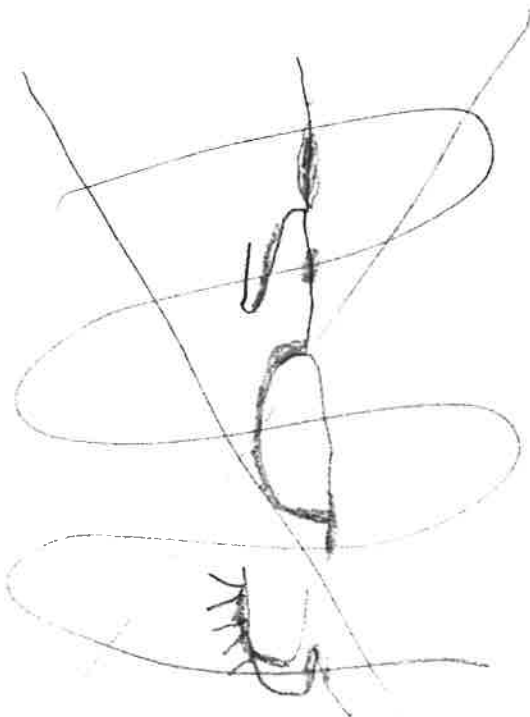
3-23-83

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LONE PINE, CA 93545

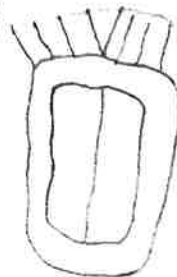
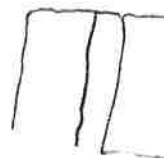
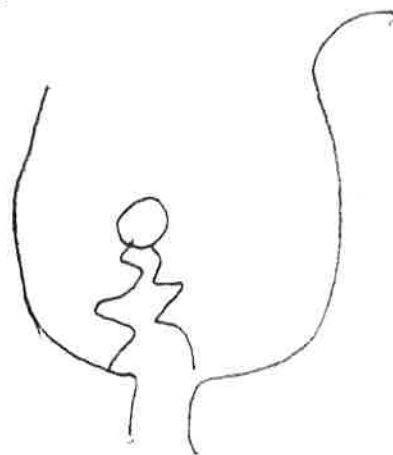
MSD
VSY
BCD



RED PICTOGRAPH



SEE
P. 302



SOUTH END OF LITTLE LAKE

CAVE WITH PICTOGRAPHS FOUND
BY VINCE YODER IN NW 4 SEC 13
T6S, R32E, MDM

298

VSY

ACY

MSD

ECY

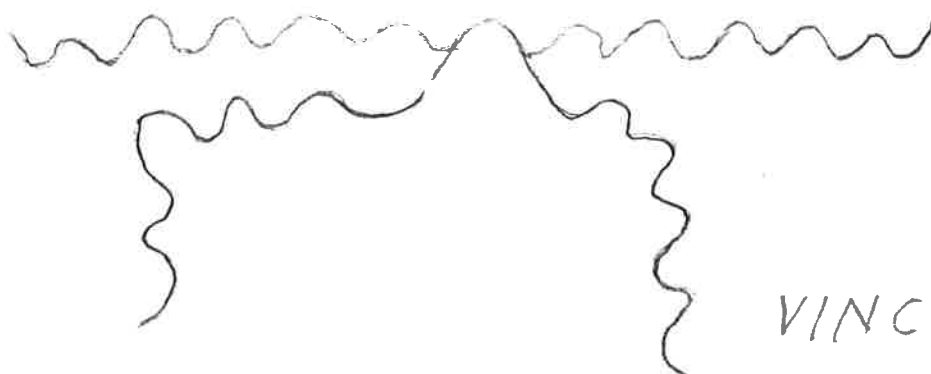
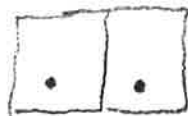
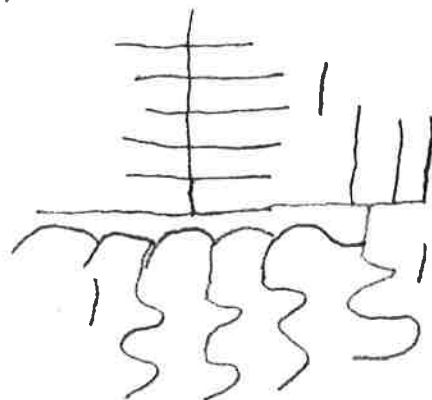
JW

BCD

5-12-83

QUAD BISHOP CA 1949
COLOR-A FADED RED

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P. O. BOX 734
LONE PINE, CA 93545



VINCE'S CAVE

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

299

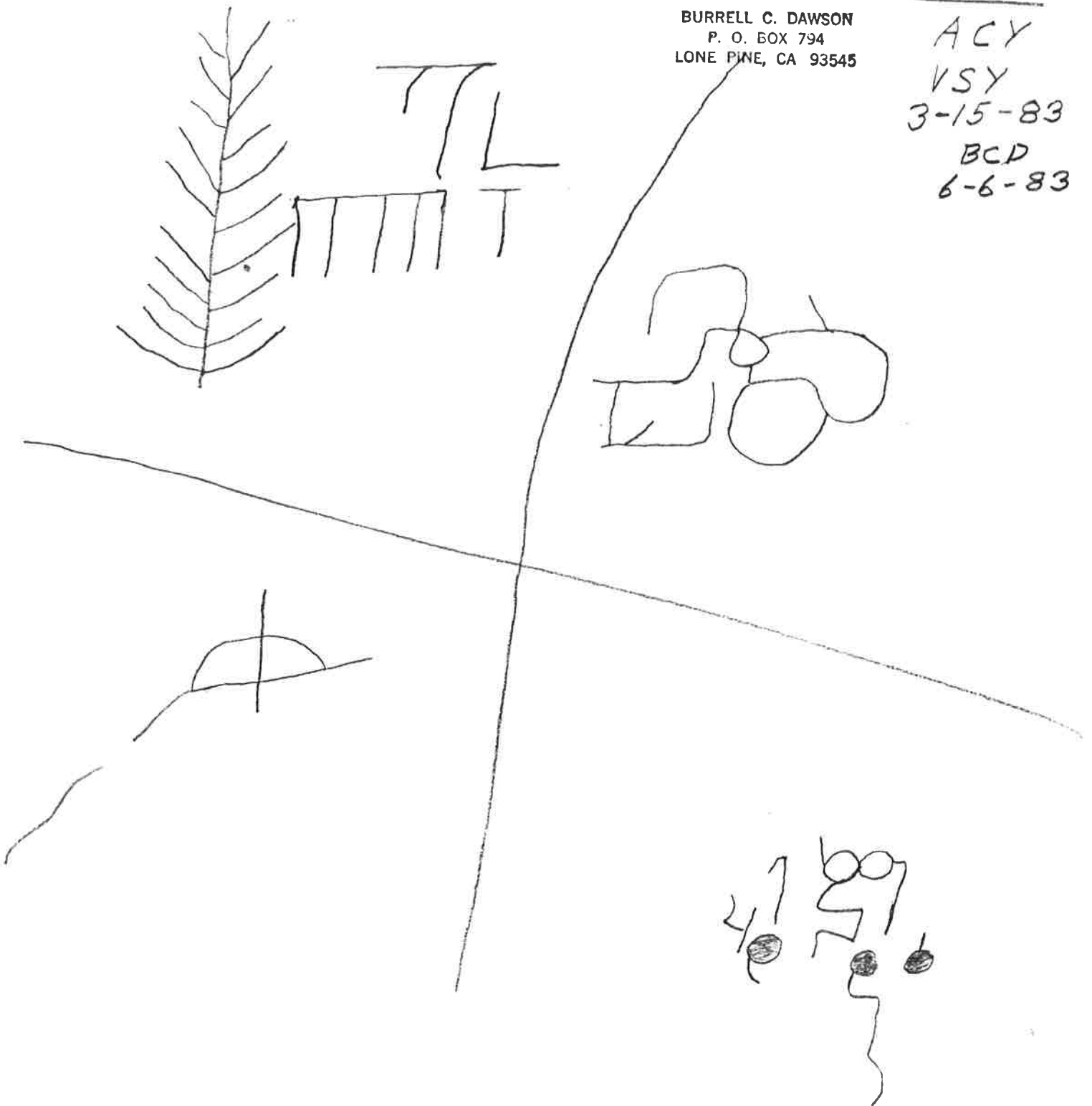
ACY

VSY

3-15-83

BCD

6-6-83



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GREENWATER VALLEY-EAST OF DANTE'S VIEW,
DEATH VALLEY AREA

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

300

MSD

ACY

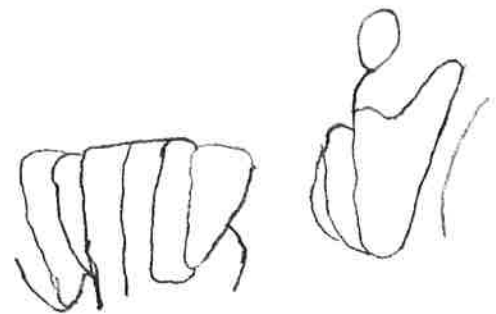
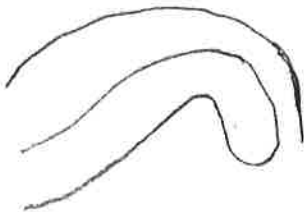
VSX

BCD

4-22-83

BCD

6-6-83



SE⁴ SEC 14, T6S, R32E, MDM

QUAD BISHOP CA 1949

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MARGARET DAWSON

INY-400 ON VOLCANIC TABLELAND

301

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LONE PINE, CA 93545

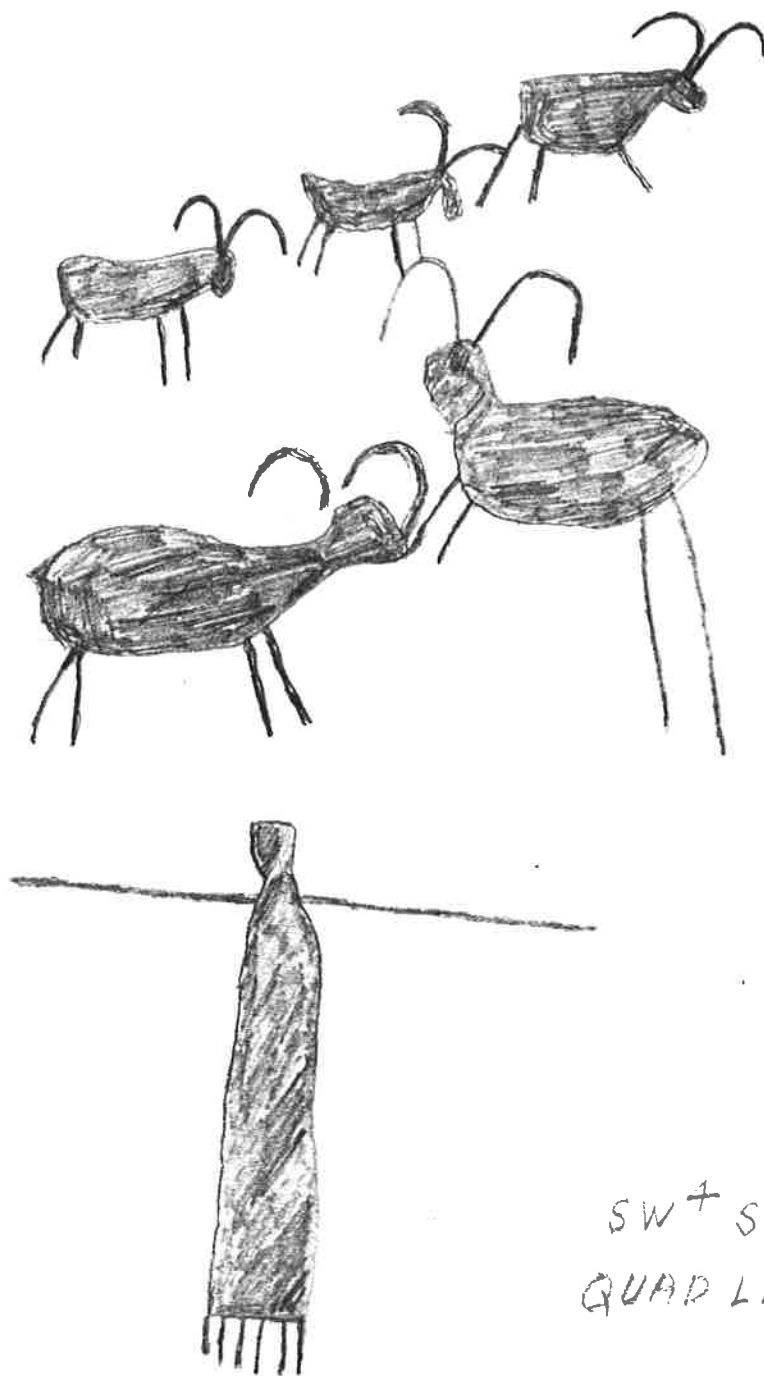
6-9-83

VSY

ACY

MSD

BCD



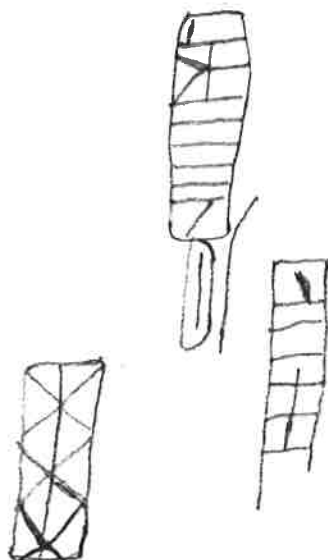
SW⁺ SEC 32, T22S, R38E, MDM
QUAD LITTLE LAKE CA 1954

FOUND BY VINCE YODER

FOSSIL RIVER

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

302
3-23-83
MSD
VSY
BCD



PHOTOS BY MARGARET DAWSON & ANN & VINCE YODER

QUAD LITTLE LAKE, CALIF 1954

SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SEC 8 T23S R38E

SOUTH END OF LITTLE LAKE

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

303

ACY

VSY

3-15-83

BCD

7-3-83

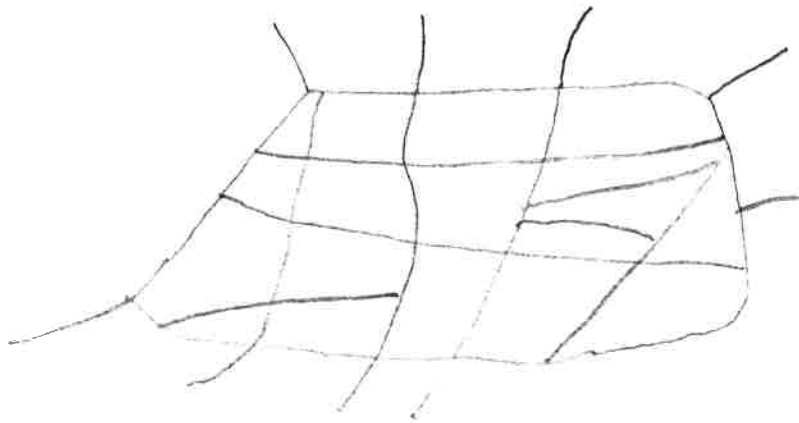


PHOTO BY ANN YODER

EAST OF BLACK MOUNTAINS, DEATH VALLEY

GREEN WATER VALLEY

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

304

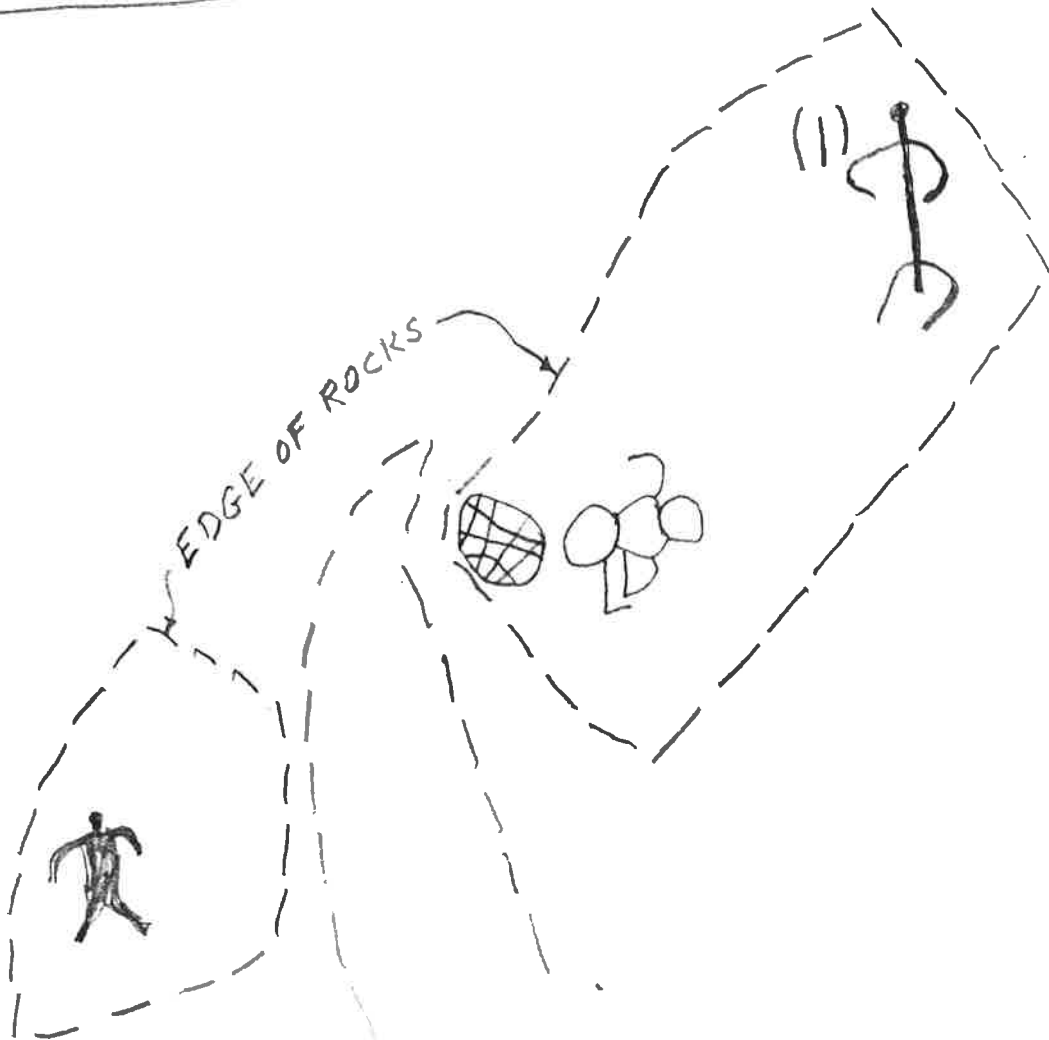
3-23-83

MSD

VSY

BCD

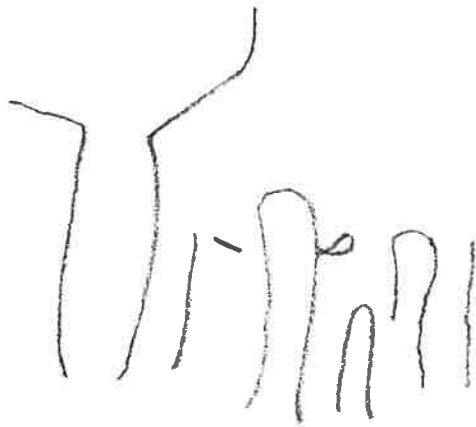
SEE PAGE 319



SOUTH END OF LITTLE LAKE

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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

305
7-21-83
BCD



RED

CENTER EAST $\frac{1}{16}$ CORNER SEC 14 T21S R38E
QUAD HAIWEE RESERVOIR, CALIF 1951

COPIED FROM PHOTOS BY ITALIA BIRKINSHAW 11-12-72

PUMICE MINE PICTOGRAPH

306
7-22-83
BCD

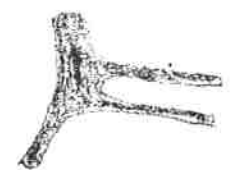
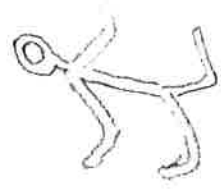
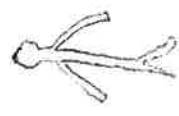
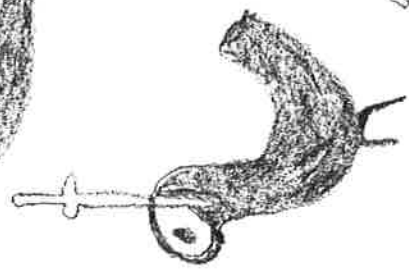
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

TWO MEN & SWORD PETROGLYPHS SHOW WHITE ON GRANITE BOULDER
COPIED FROM PHOTOS BY ITALIA BIRKINSHA 11-12-72

PUMICE MINE PICTOGRAPHS



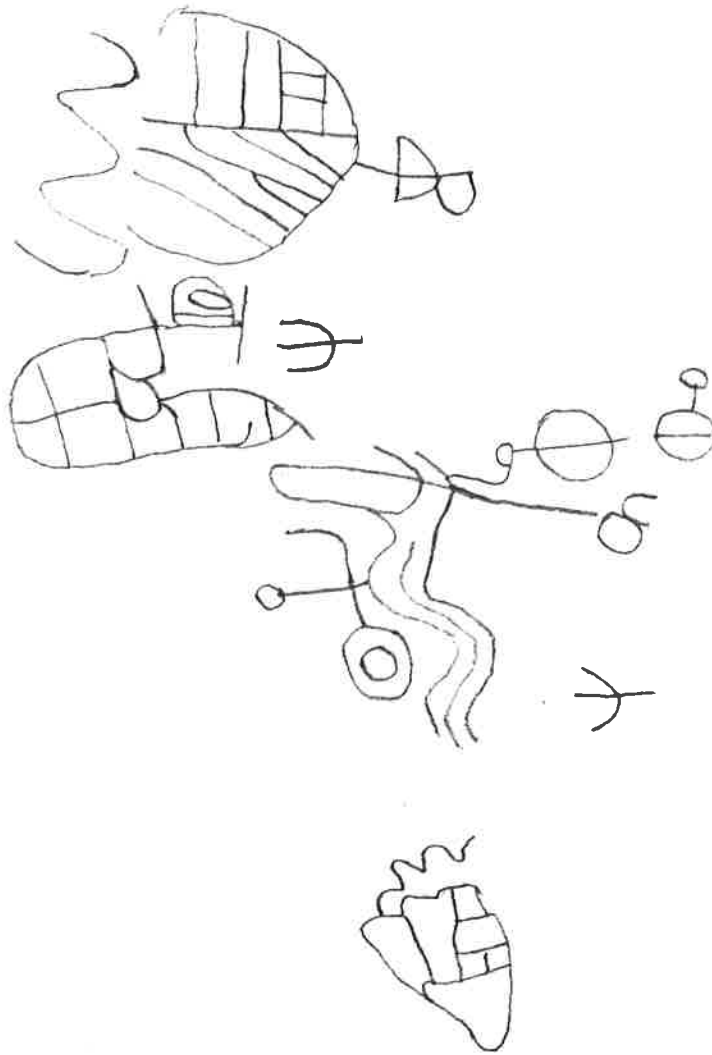
RED



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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

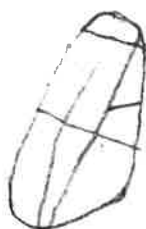
307
6-16-83

MSD
BCD

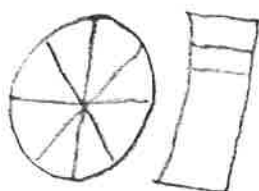
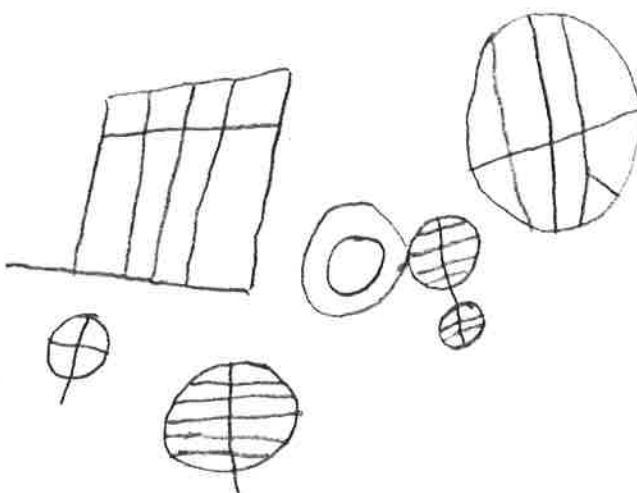


N² SEC 34, T3S, R32E, MDM
QUAD WHITE MTN PEAR CA 1962
RED CANYON MNO-8

308
4-22-83
MSD
ACY
VSY
BCD



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LONE PINE, CA 93545



SE4 SEC 14, T6S, R32E, MDM
QUAD BISHOP CA 1949

1NY-267

309

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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

5-12-83

ACY
VSY
MSD
ECY
JW
BCD

7-6-83

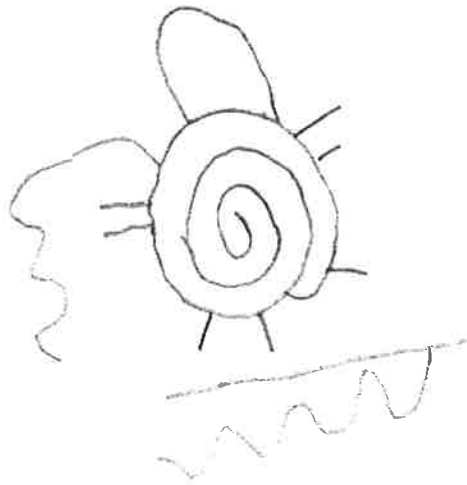
MSD
VSY
BCD
ACY

7-6-83

SW 4 SEC 12, T6S, R32E, MD1M
QUAD BISHOP CA 1949
FOUND BY ANN YODER
ANN'S ROCK

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 704
LONE PINE, CA 93545

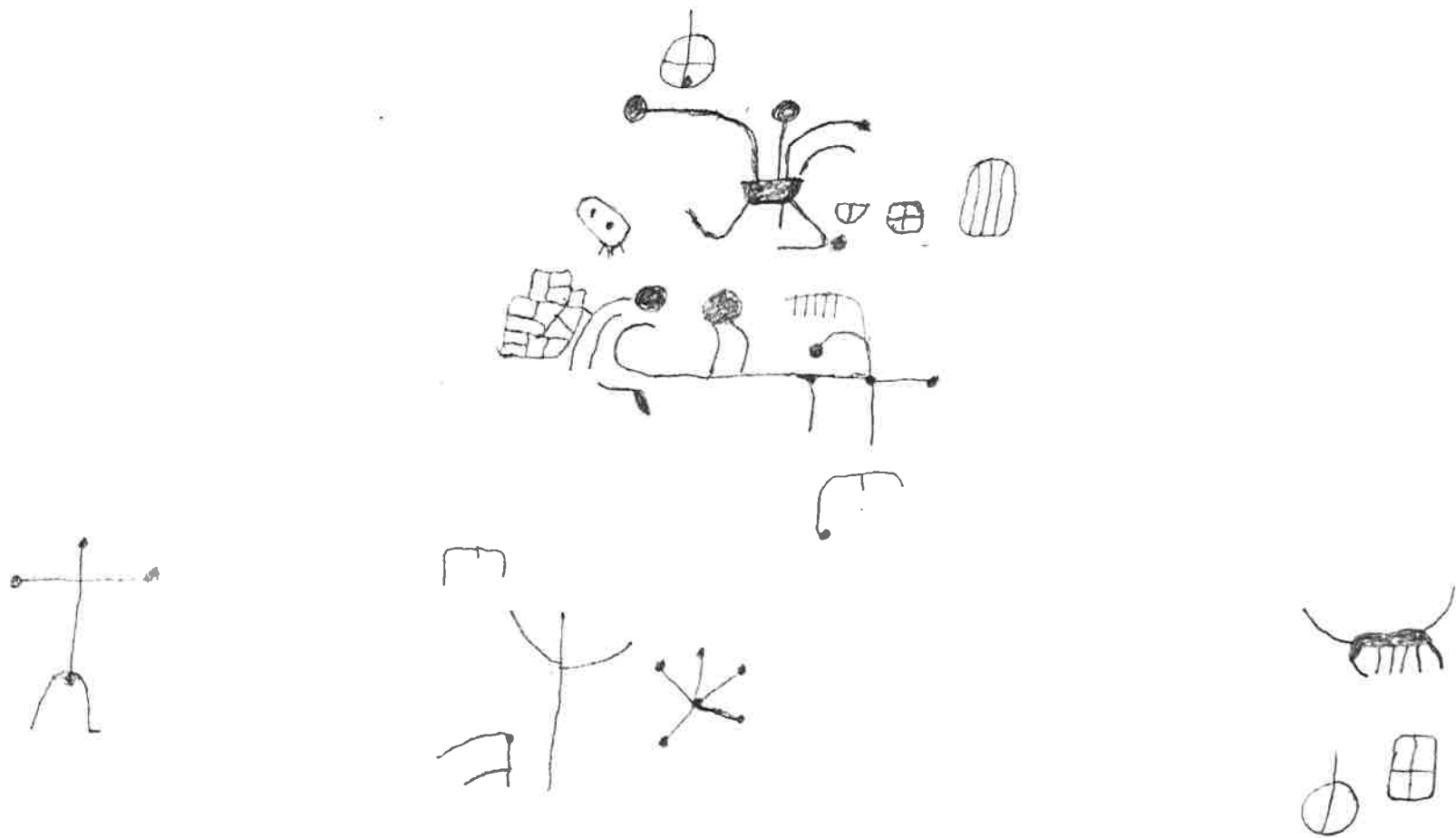
310
6-16-83
MSD
BCD
WMEG
ACY



SEC 30 T1N R35E UNSURVEYED

QUAD DAVIS MOUNTAIN, NEV-CALIF 1963

26 ES 393



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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

PHOTOS BY ANN YODER & MARGARET DAWSON

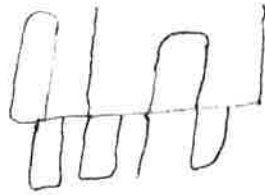
N² SEC 32, T3S, R32E, MDM
QUAD WHITE MTN PEAK 1962
MAGGIE'S ROCK

311
6-16-83
MSD
VSY
ACY
HNM
FP
RGP
WM=6
BCD

5 7

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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

3/2
6-16-83
MSD
BCD
ACV



+

+4

ΣCQ

++

||||



MAGGIE'S ROCK

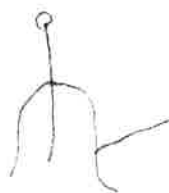
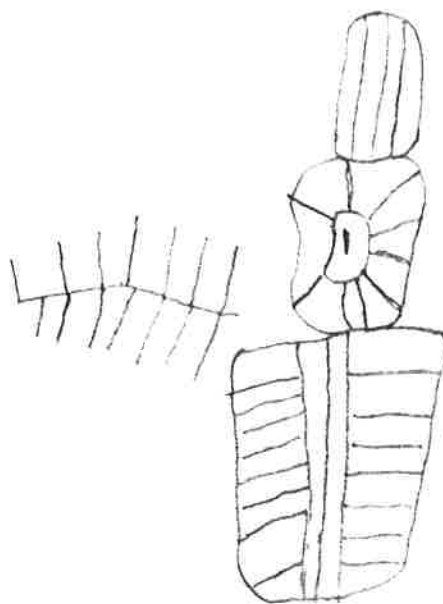
313

6-16-33

MSC

BCD

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MAGGIE'S ROCK

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LONE PINE, CA 93545

3/4
6-16-83

MSD
BCD
ACY



MAGGIE'S ROCK

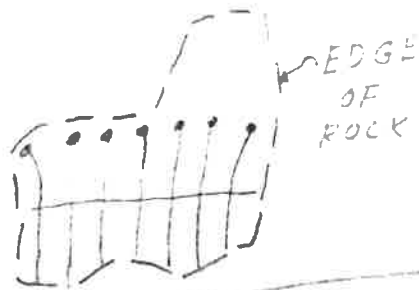
315

3-23-55

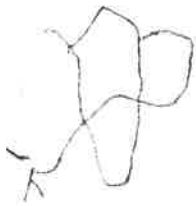
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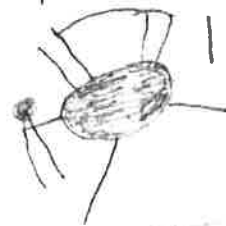
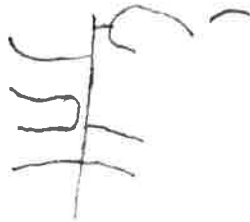
BCD



ALSO THIS ONE



THIS ONE IS UPSIDE DOWN



SW 1/4 SEC 8 T23S R38E

QUAD LITTLE LAKE, CALIF 1954

SOUTH END OF LITTLE LAKE

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

316

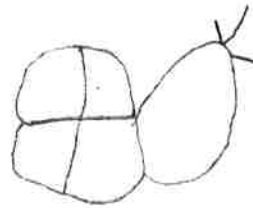
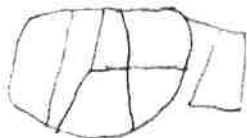
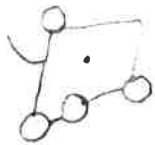
3-23-33

MSD

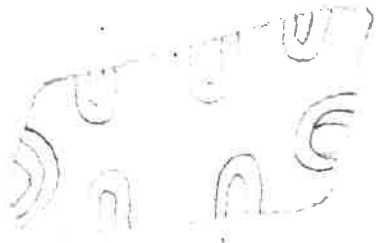
VSY

BCD

SEE PAGE 276



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P. O. BOX 724
LONE PINE, CA 93546



TOP

SOUTH END OF LITTLE LAKE

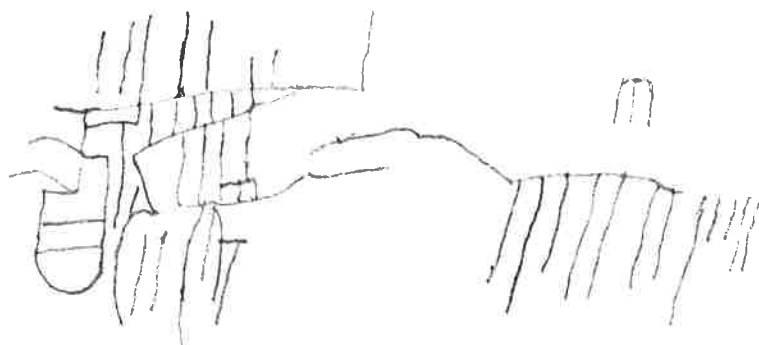
317

3-23-83

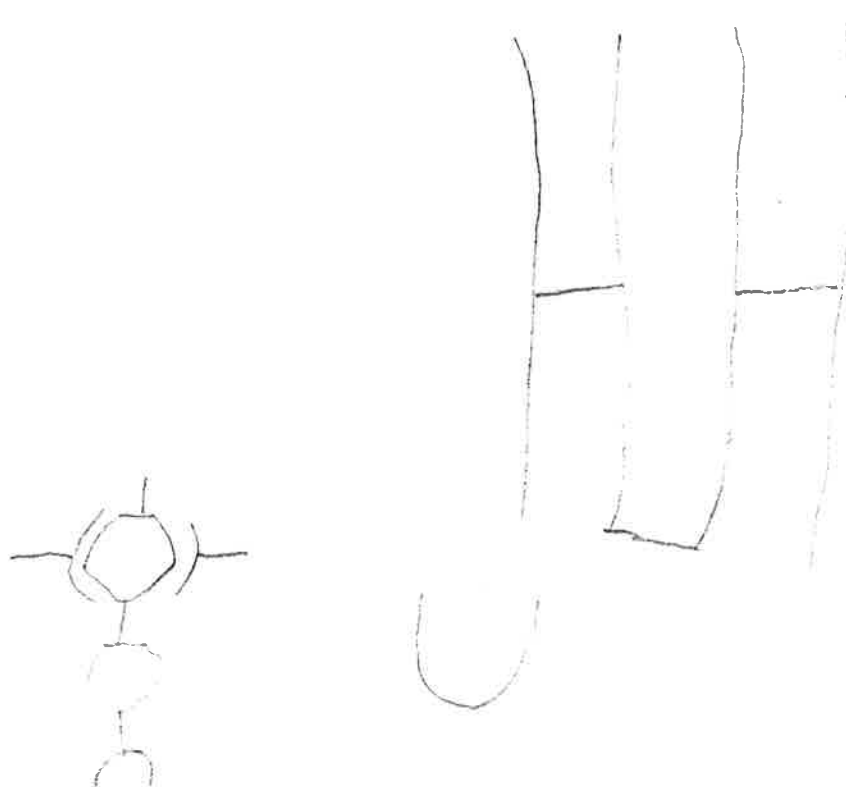
MSD

VSX

BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



SOUTH END OF LITTLE LAKE

318

3-23-83

MSD

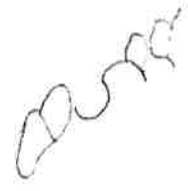
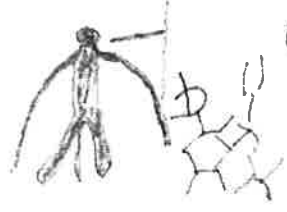
USY

BCD

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LONE PINE, CA 93545

SOUTH END OF LITTLE LAKE

320
3-23-88
MSD
VSV
BCD



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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



SOUTH END OF LITTLE LAKE

319

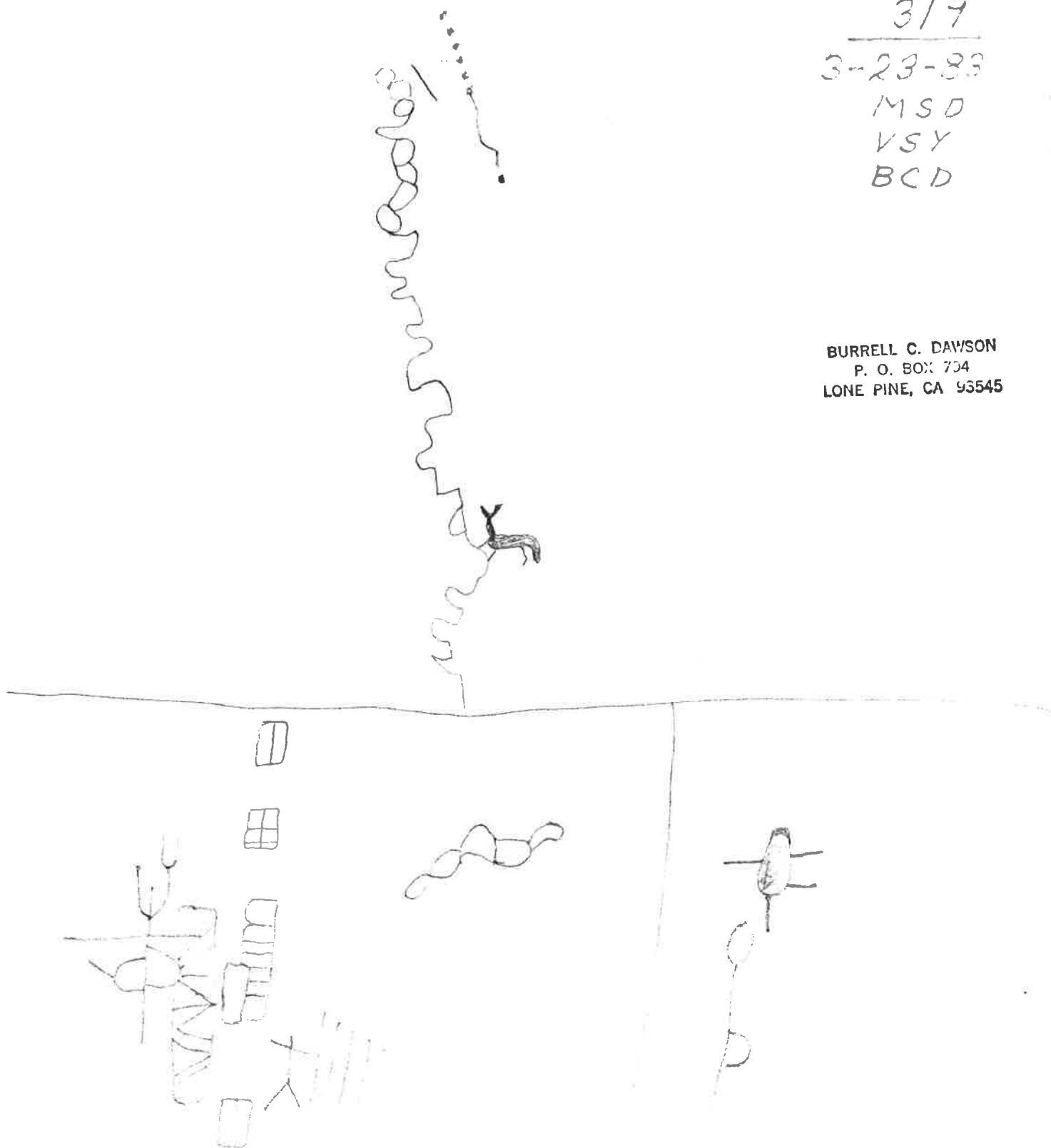
3-23-83

MSD

VSX

BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 704
LONE PINE, CA 93545



SOUTH END OF LITTLE LAKE

321

MSD

VSY

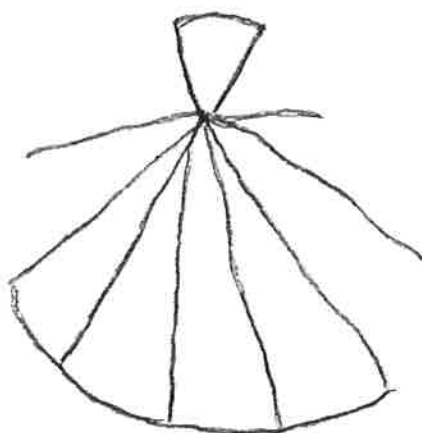
BCD

3-23-83

BURRELL C. DAWSON

P. O. BOX 794

LONE PINE, CA 93545



SOUTH END OF LITTLE LAKE

322

CONT. ON 323

7-6-83

MSD

VSY

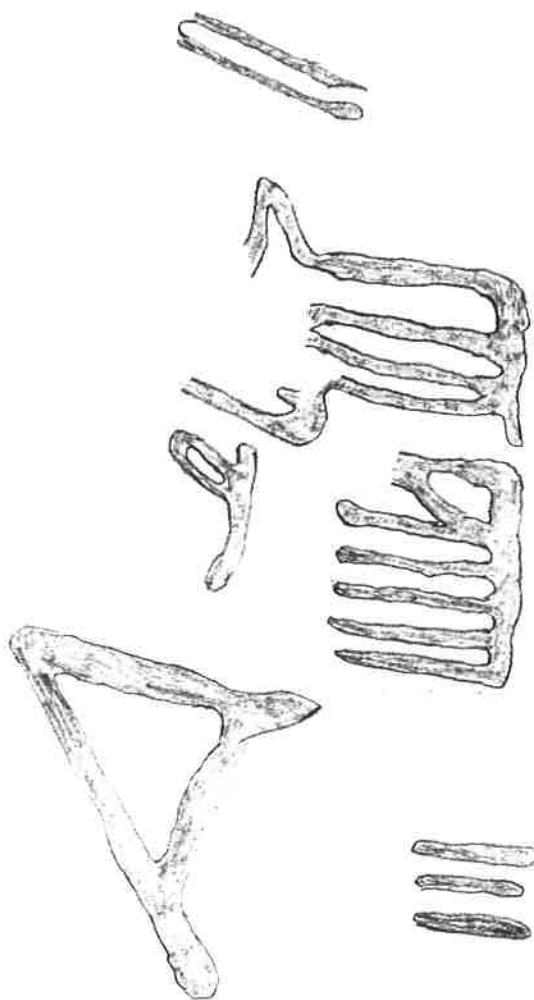
ACY

ECY

BCD

JOIN LINE

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LONE PINE, CA 93545



NW 4, SEC 13, T6S, R32E, MDM
QUAD - BISHOP, CA, 1949

ELAINE'S CAVE RED PICTOGRAPHS

323

7-6-83

MSD

VSY

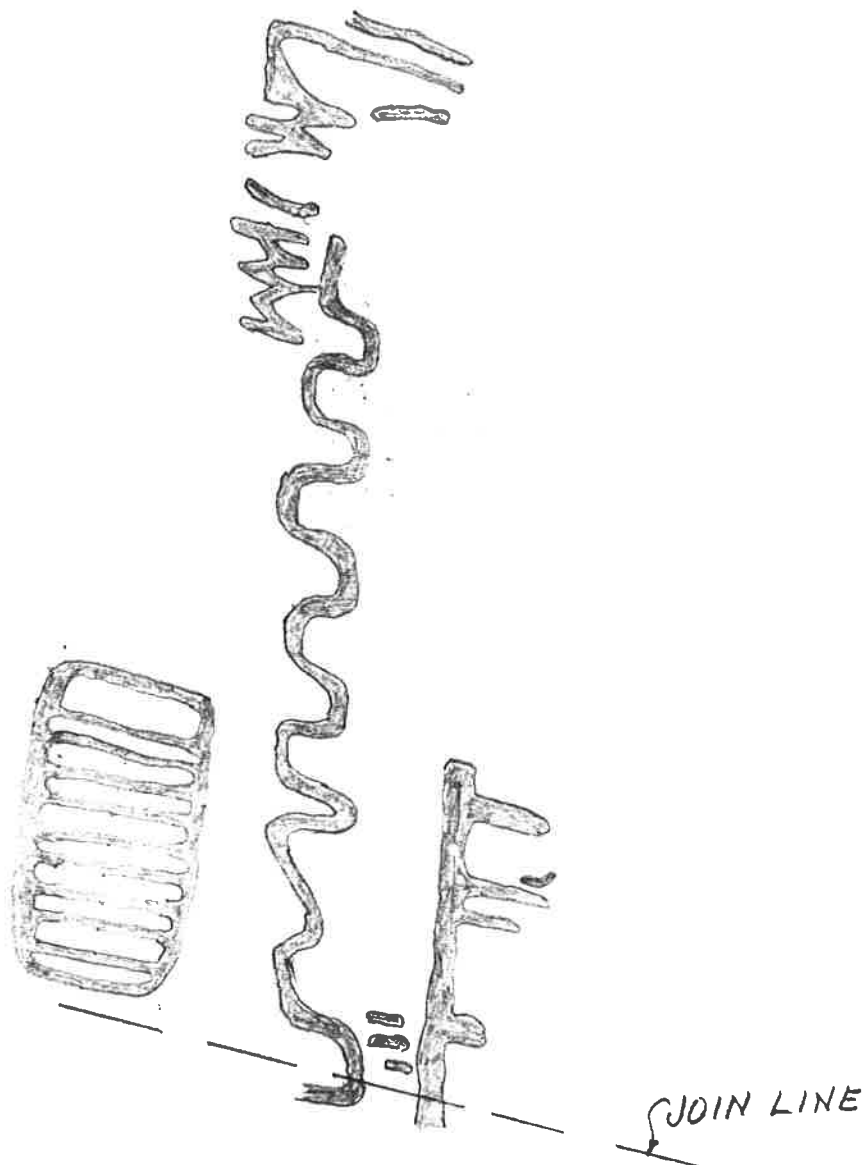
ACY

ECY

BCD

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LONE PINE, CA 93545

ELAINE'S CAVE



CONT. FROM 322

324
11-8-83
BCD
MSD

MUDRA ON STATUES OF GODS &
DEMONS AT SANUR BEACH HOTEL,
DENPASAR, BALI, INDONESIA



RIGHT HAND



LEFT
HAND

TITRITAEMPUL
HOLY SPRING WATER TEMPLE
BALI
BUILT 962 A.D.

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325

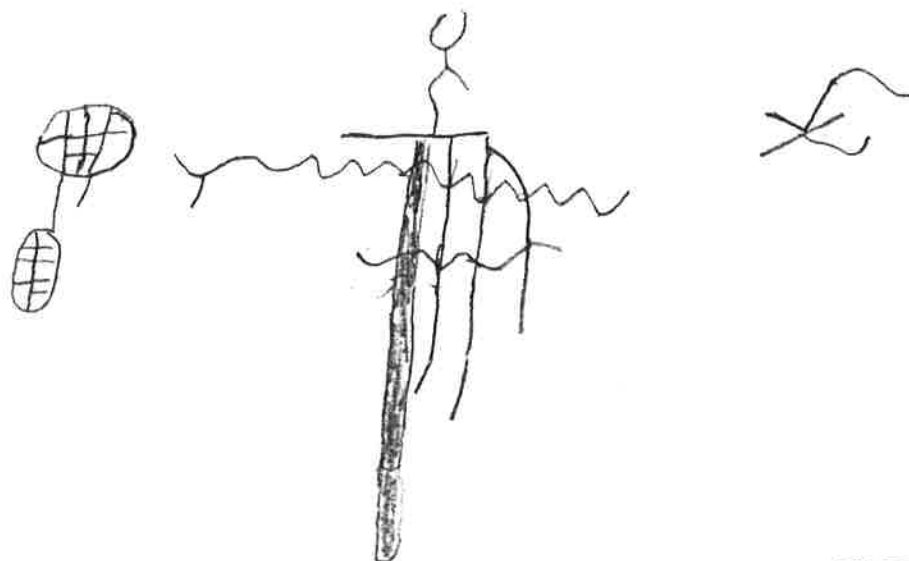
3-5-83

VSY

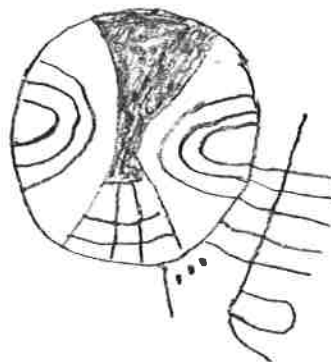
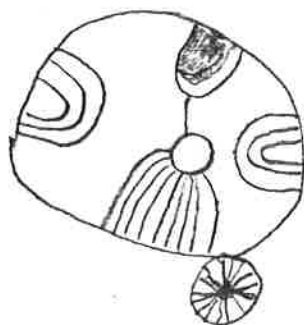
MSD

ACY

BCD



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PHOTOS BY ANN YODER & MARGARET DAWSON

SECS 24 & 25, T4S, R32E

QUAD WHITE MTN. PEAK, CALIF 1962

CHALFANT

MNO-7

326

3-5-83

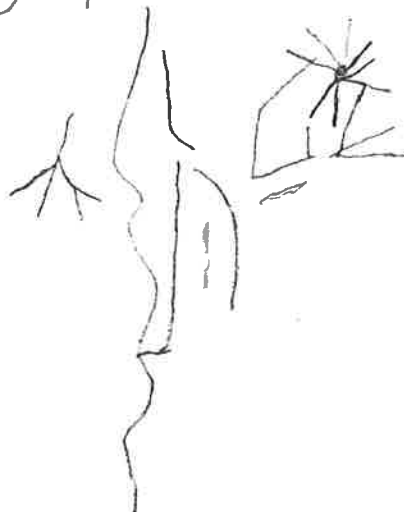
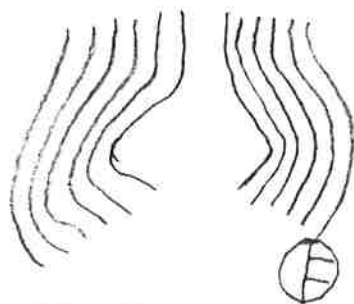
VSY

MSD

ACY

BCD

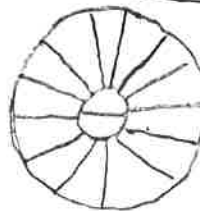
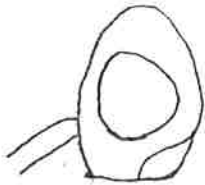
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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



CHALFANT

327
3-5-83
VSY
MSD
ACY
BCD

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CHALFANT

328

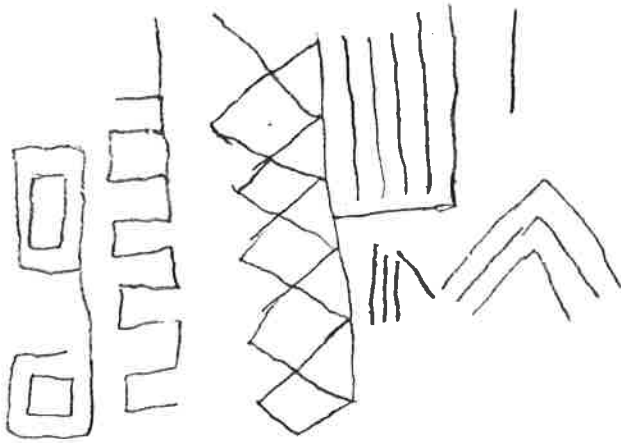
3-5-83

VSY

MSD

ACY

BCD



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LONE PINE, CA 93545

6-16-83

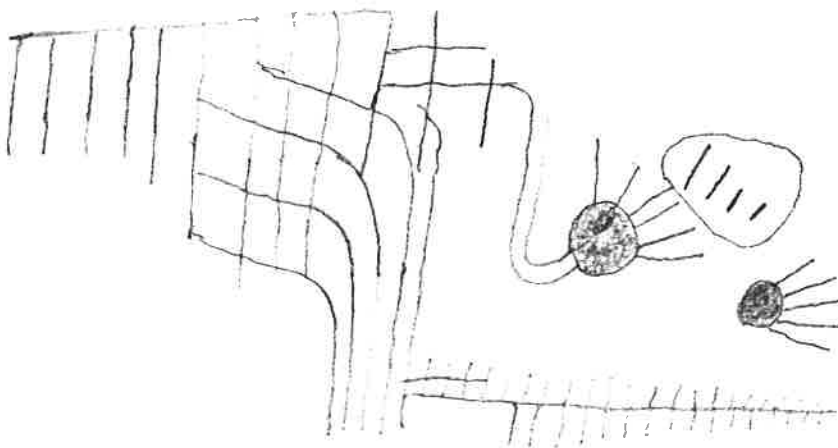
WRMSG

VSY

ACY

MSD

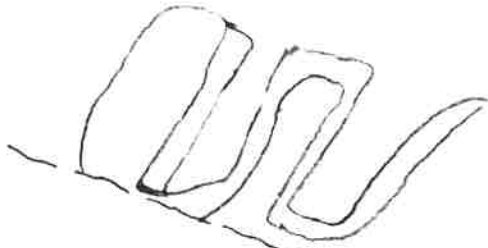
BCD



CHALFANT MNO-7

6-16-83

329



2-25-83
VSY
MSD
BCD



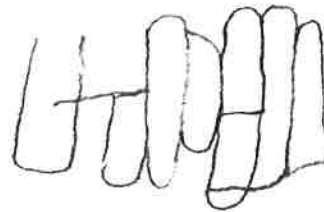
6-16-83



1



2-25-83

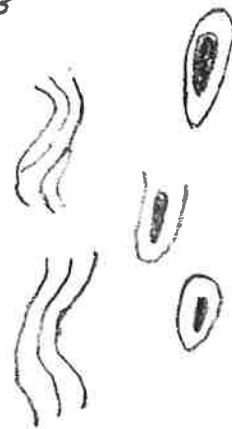


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2-25-83



2-25-83



QUAD WHITE MTN PEAK, CALIF 1962

SEC 32 T3S R32E

MAGGIE'S ROCK

330

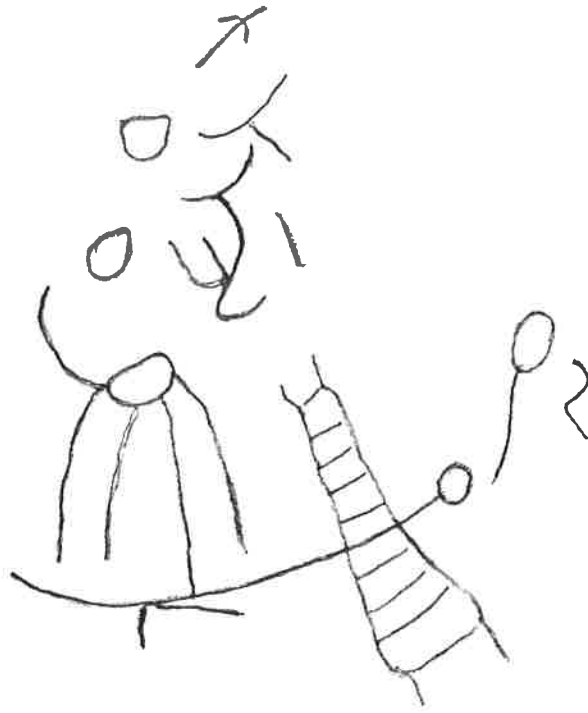
6-16-83

VSY

MSD

BCD

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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



MAGGIE'S ROCK

331

2-25-83

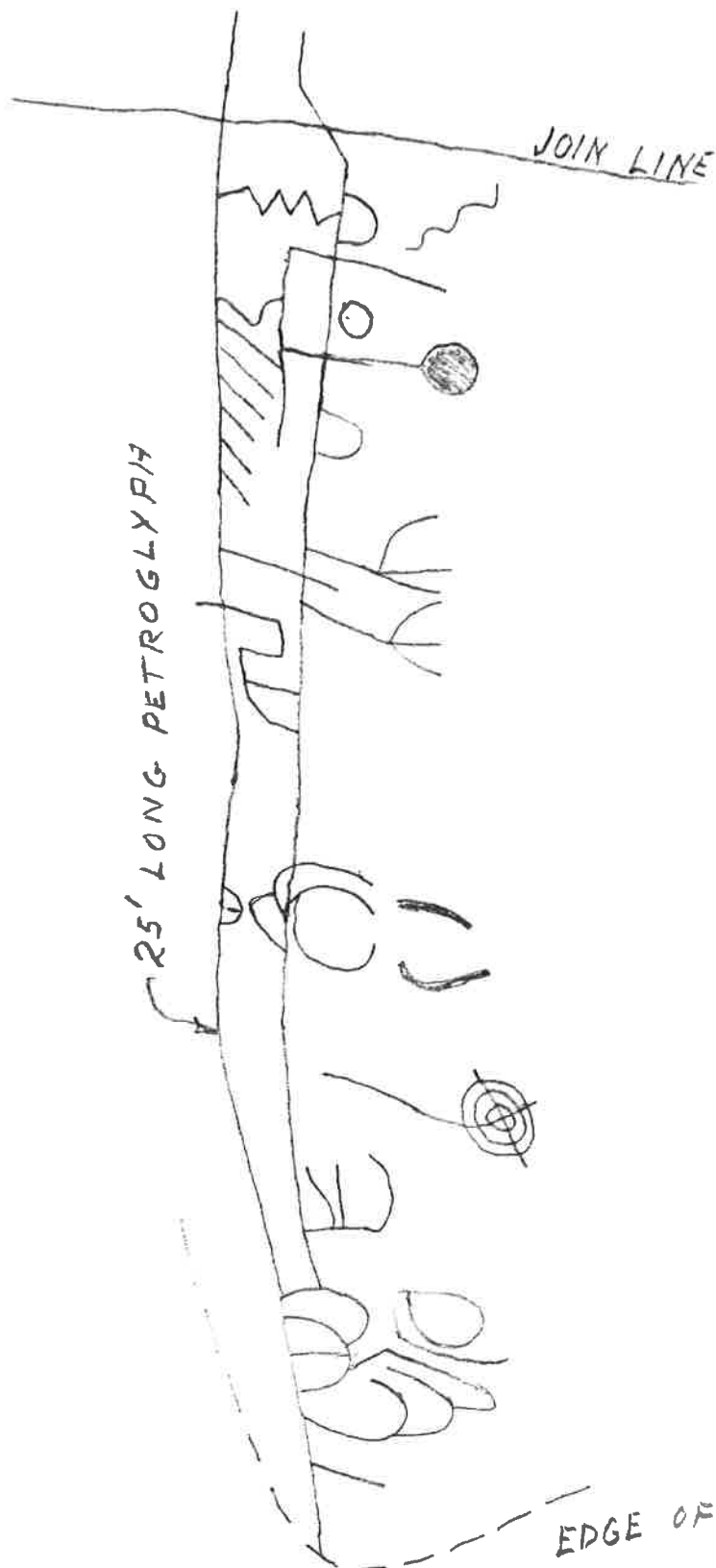
Y5Y

MSD

BCD

ACY

CONT ON SHEET 332



25' LONG PETROGLYPH

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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

MAGGIE'S ROCK

CONT ON SHEET 333

332

VSY

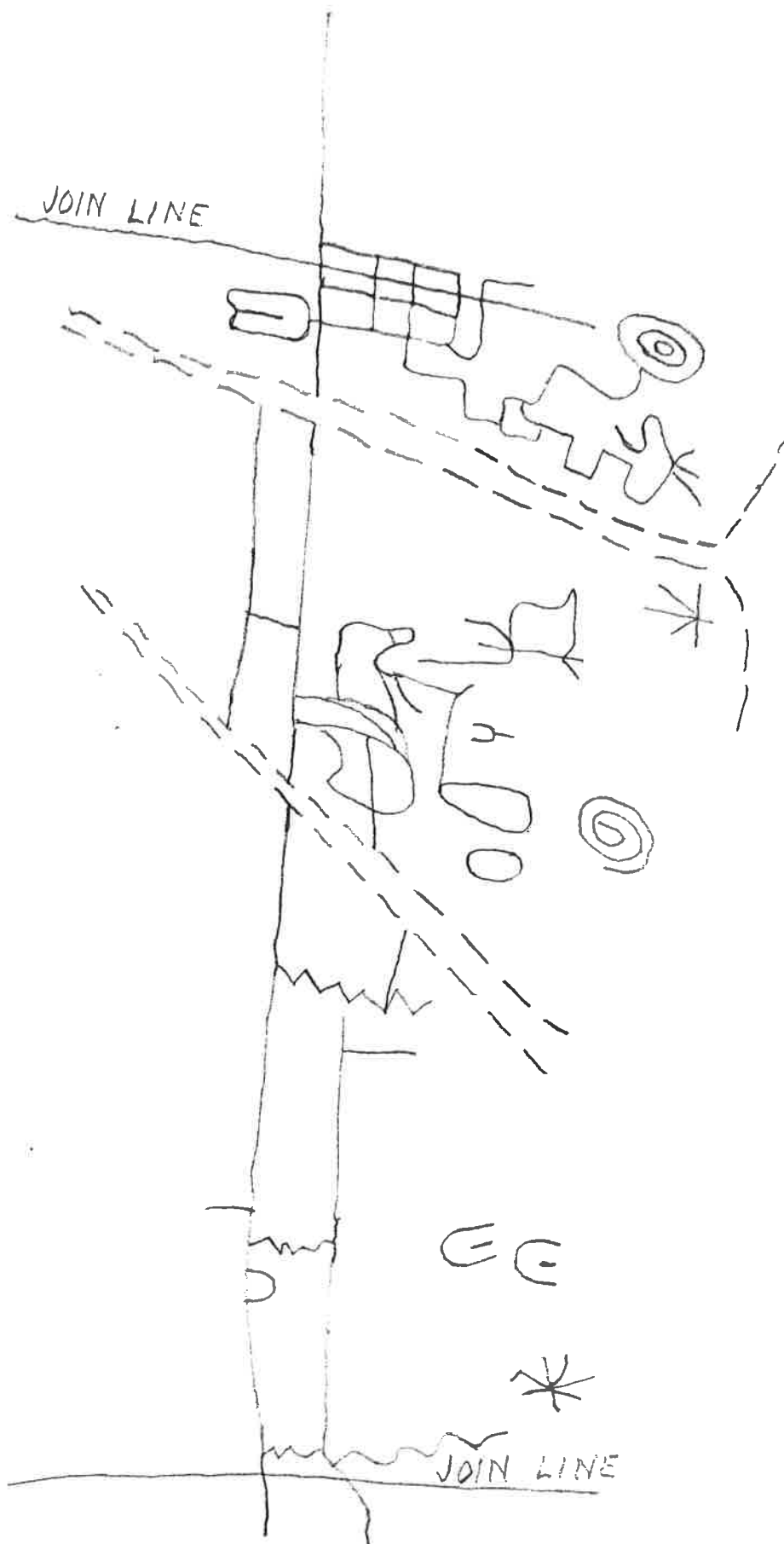
MSD

ACY

BCD

2-25-83

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LONE PINE, CA 93545



MAGGIE'S ROCK

CONT FROM SHEET 331

333

2-25-83

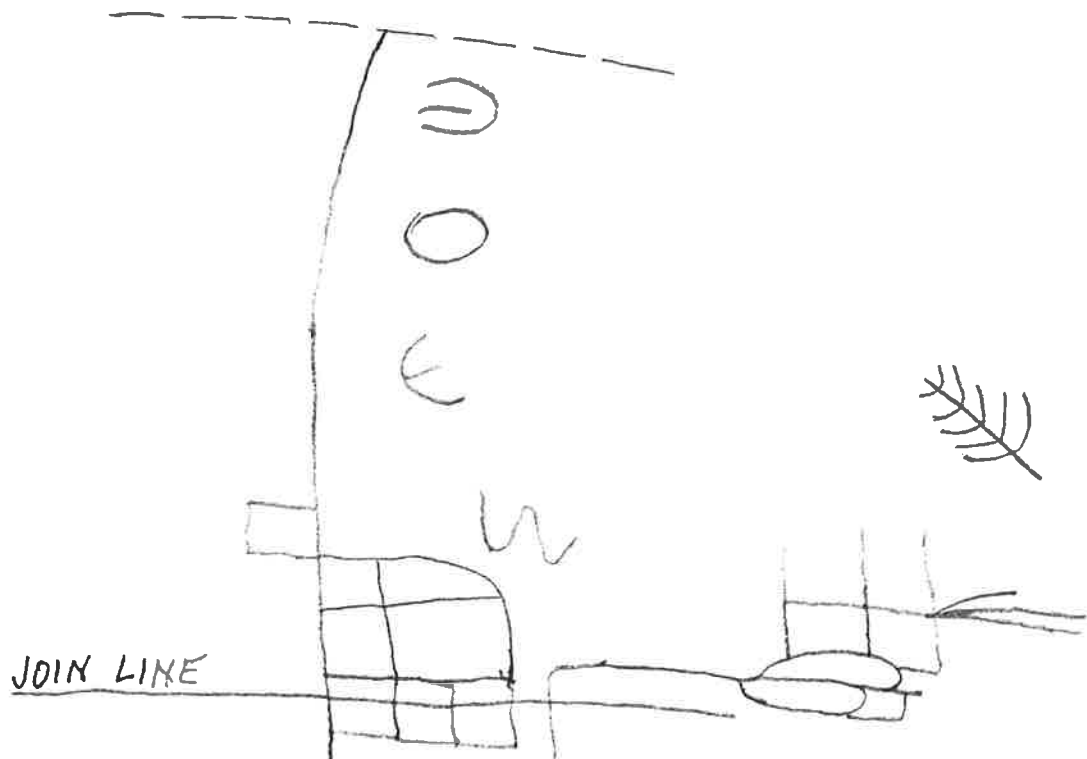
VSY

BCD

ACY

MSD

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LONE PINE, CA 93545



MAGGIE'S ROCK

CONT FROM SHEET 332

334

3-5-83

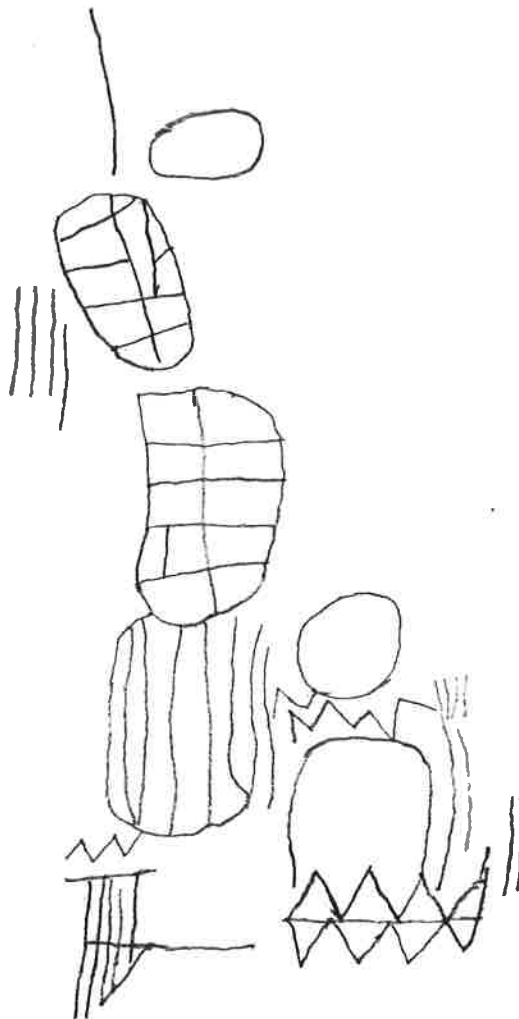
VSY

MSD

ACY

BCD

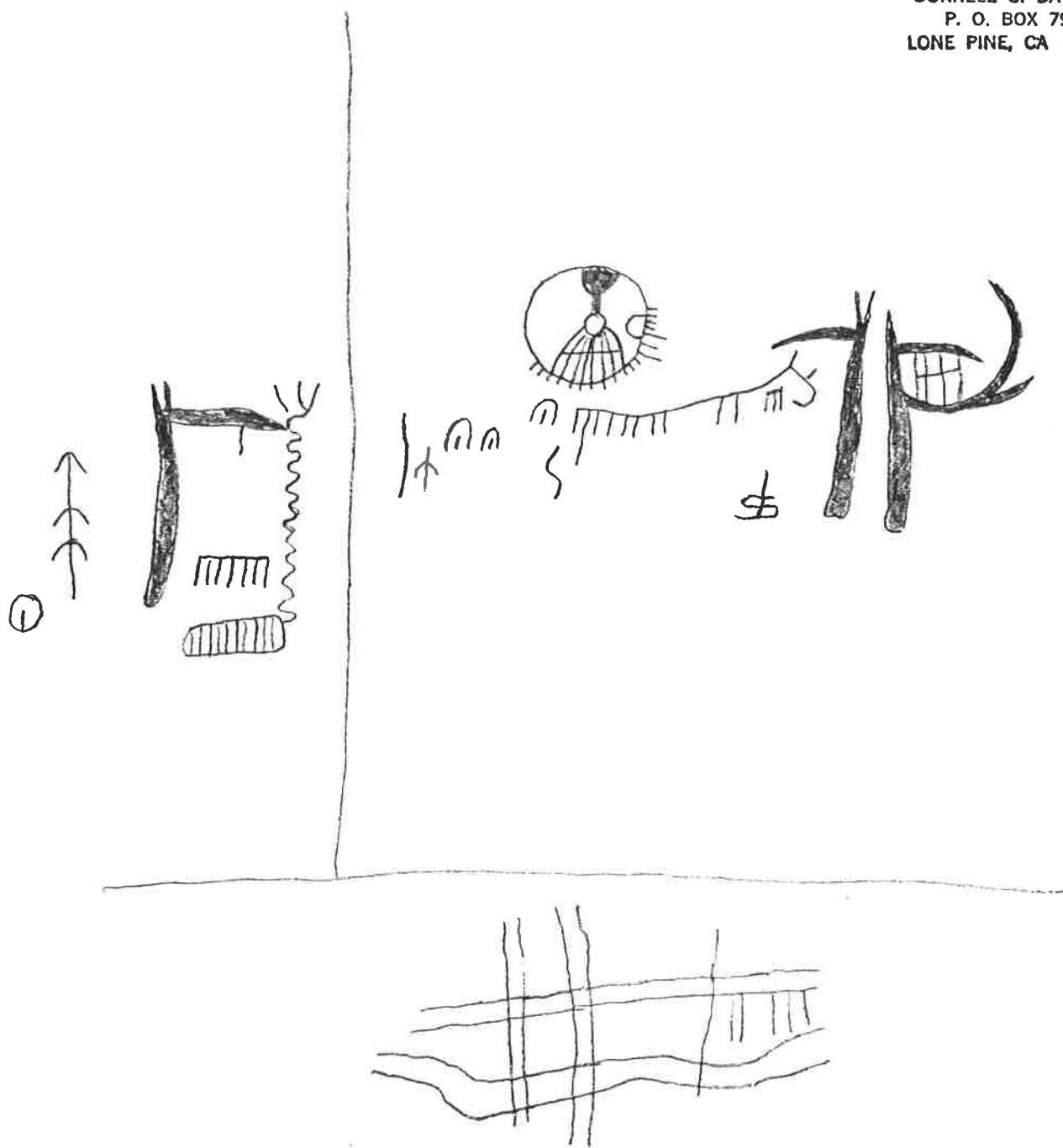
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



CHALFANT MNO-7

335
3-5-83
VSY
MSD
ACY
BCD

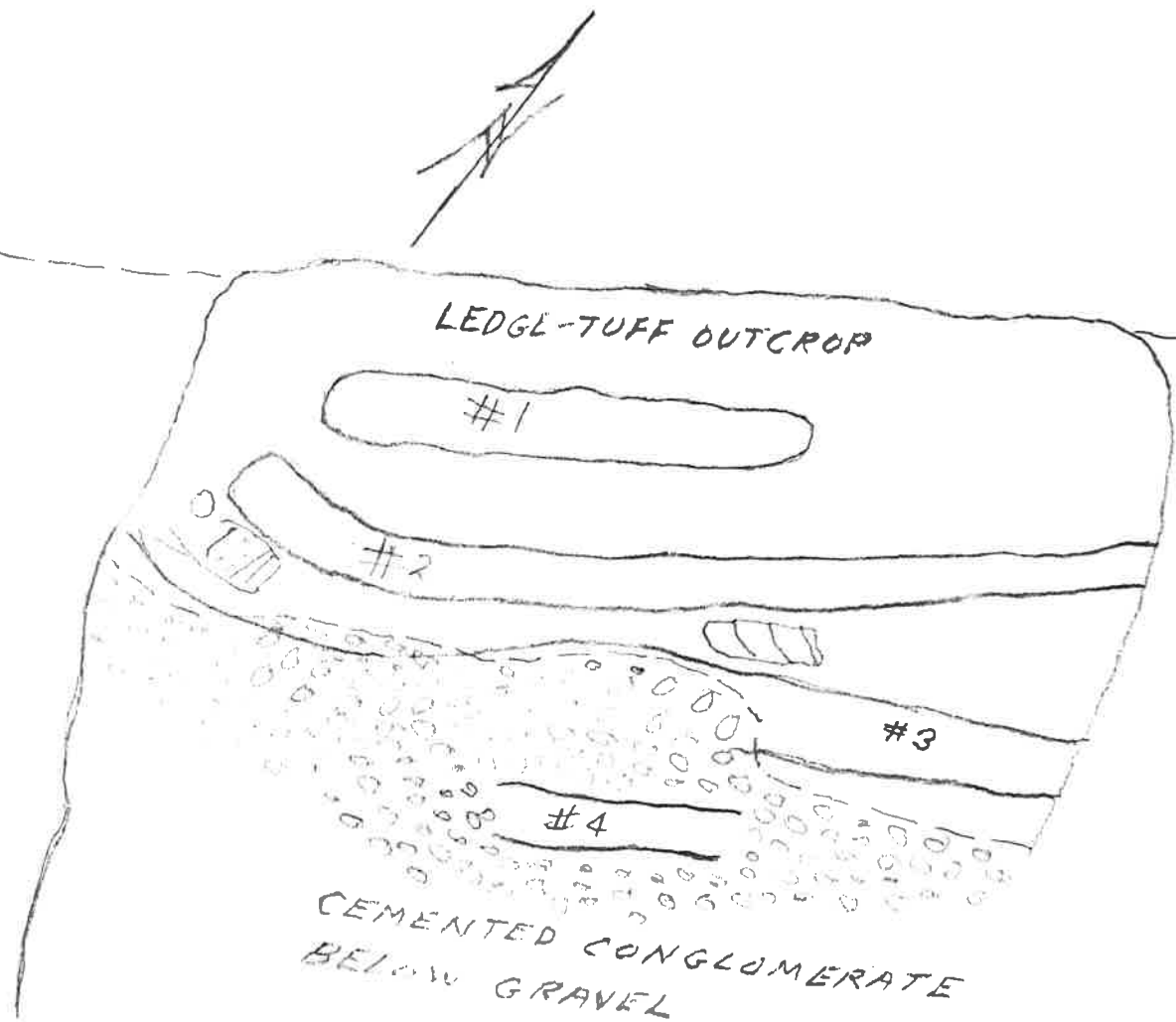
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



CHALFANT MNO-7

PLEASANT VALLEY HILL

NE 4, SEC 30, T6S, R32E, MDM



LEDGE-TUFF OUTCROP

#1

#2

#3

#4

CEMENTED CONGLOMERATE
BELOW GRAVEL

EDGE OF CLIFF
80'± ABOVE FLOOD
PLAIN

OUTCROP HAS FOUR
SMOOTH WATER WORN
DEPRESSIONS 6" TO 8"
WIDE & 2" TO 3" DEEP

LOCATION REPORTED BY LEE ROSS AND BRYAN SMALLEY

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P. O. BOX 794
LOVE PINE, CA 93545

339
1-10-84
VSY
ACY
BCD
MSD

3-3-84
MSD
BCD

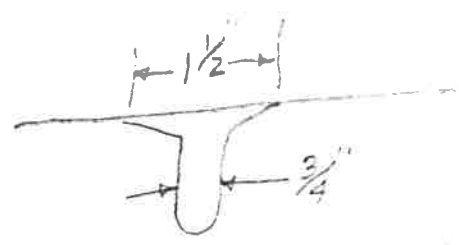
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

HOLES DRILLED
IN TUFF BOULDER

3" DIAM
X 3 1/2" DEEP

1 3/4" DIAM
X 1 3/4" DEEP

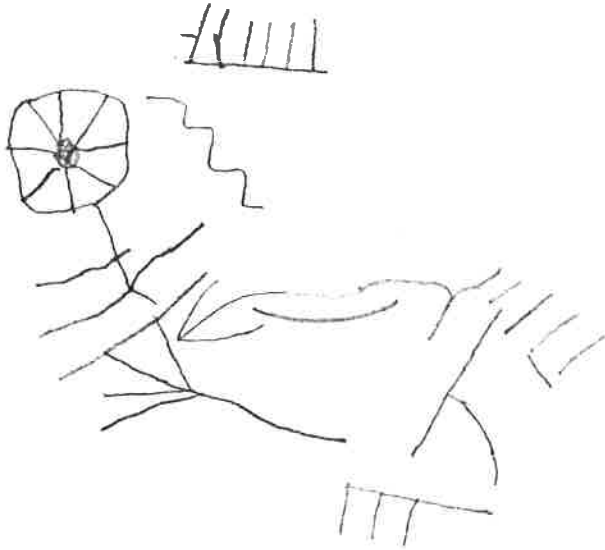
TUFF ROCK



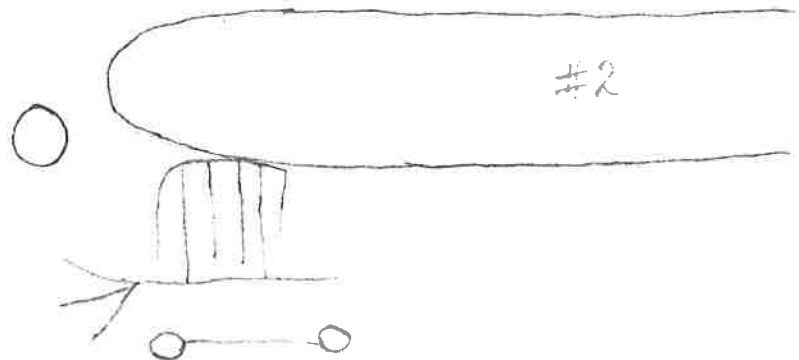
TYPICAL X-SECTION

PLEASANT VALLEY HILL

341
12-1-83
VSY
MSD
BCD
ACY



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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



PLEASANT VALLEY HILL

342

12-1-83

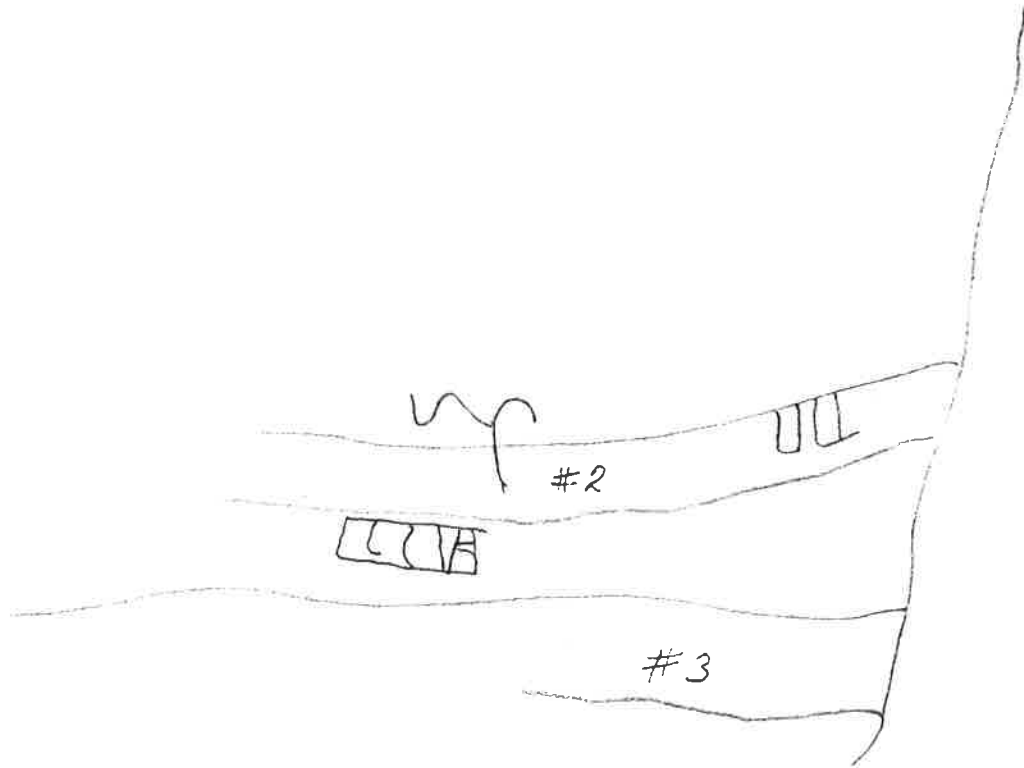
VSY

MSD

ACY

BCD

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LONE PINE, CA 93545



PLEASANT VALLEY HILL

347

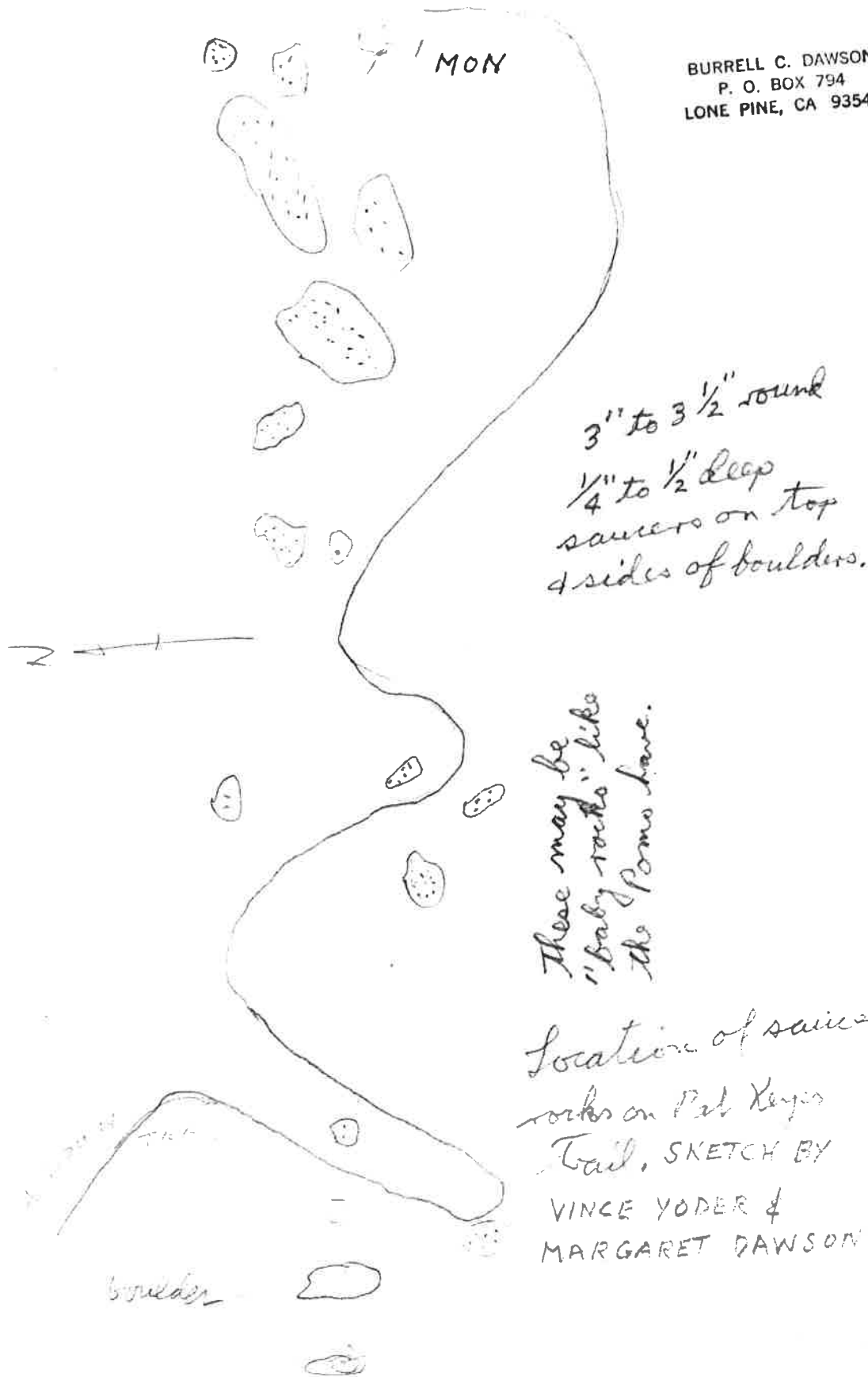
VSY
ACY
MSD

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LONE PINE, CA 93545

3-28-84

PAT KEYES TRAIL

SW 4 SEC 34, T 13 S, R 36 E, MDM 1951 ELEV 4650' ±
QUAD INDEPENDENCE, CALIF



SAUCER ROCKS - PAT KEYES TRAIL

348

6-9-84

MSD

BCD

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LONE PINE, CA 93545



NEAR SILVER PEAK, NEVADA

THIS ROCK FOUND BY BRYAN SMALLEY, BENTON, CALIF, ABOUT
 $\frac{1}{2}$ MILE EAST OF SOUTHEAST CORNER OF SECTION 1,
T3S, R38E, QUAD LIDA WASH, NEVADA 1963

PHOTO BY MARGARET DAWSON

PASS BY QUICKLY

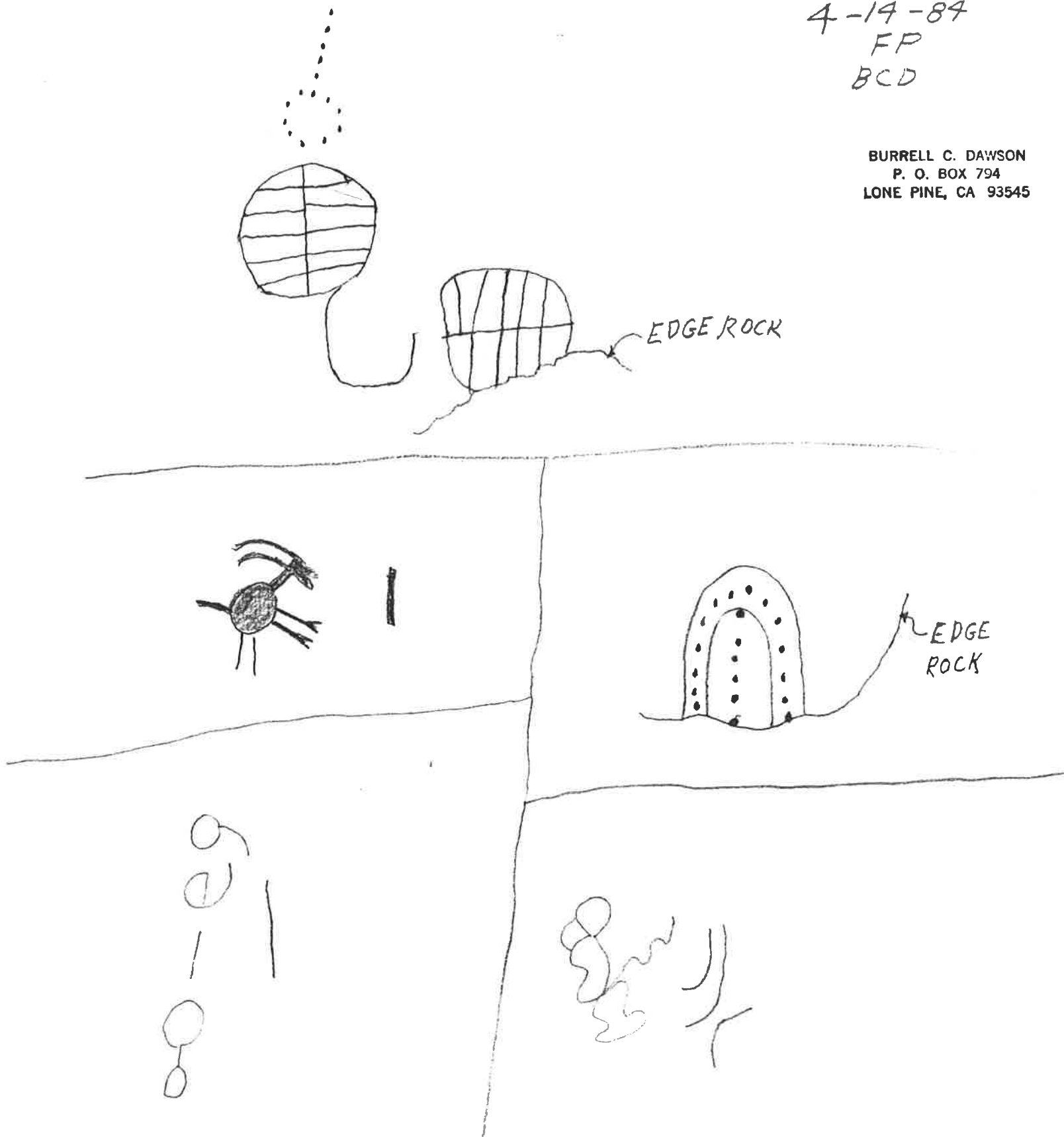
349

4-19-84

FP

BCD

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LONE PINE, CA 93545



HAIWEE RESERVOIR QUAD 1951 INYO CO.
PHOTOS BY FRANCIS PEDNEAU
UPPER CENTENNIAL FLAT

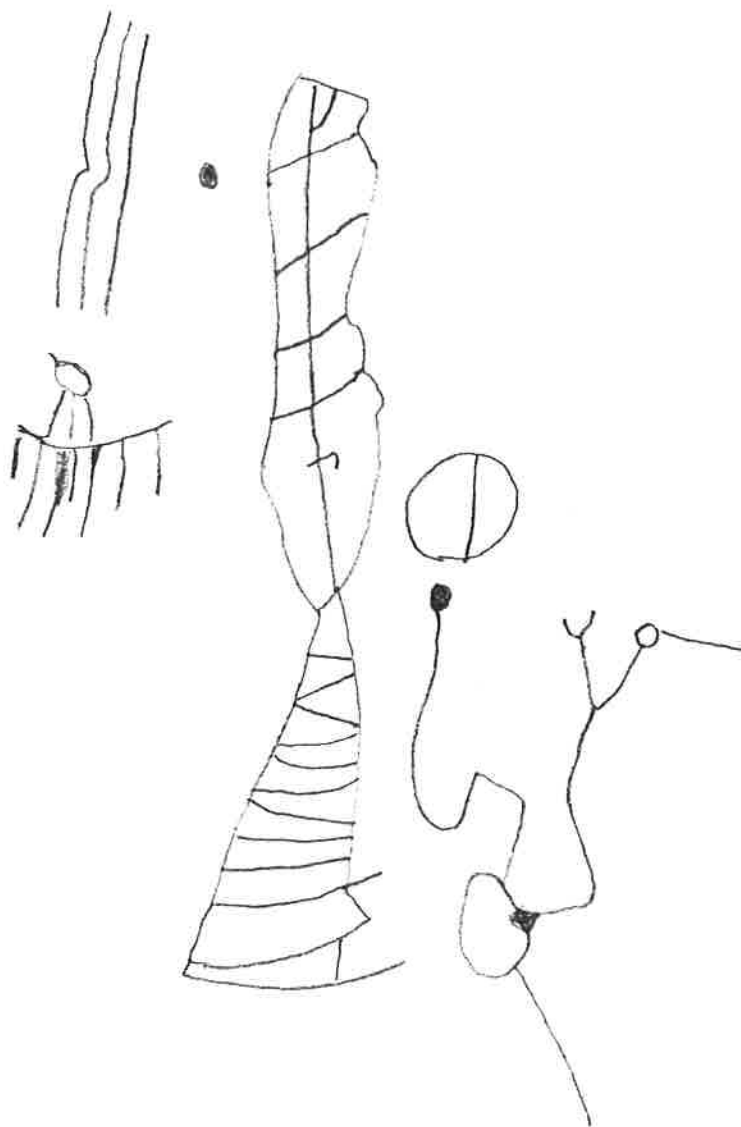
350

4-14-87

FP

BCD

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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



UPPER CENTENNIAL FLAT

351

4-14-84

FP

BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



UPPER CENTENNIAL FLAT

352

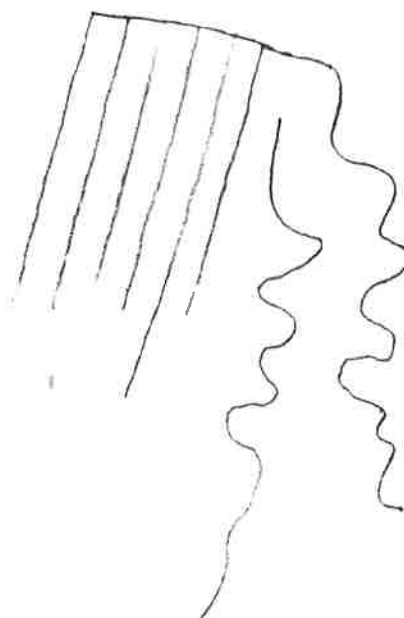
5-11-84

VSY

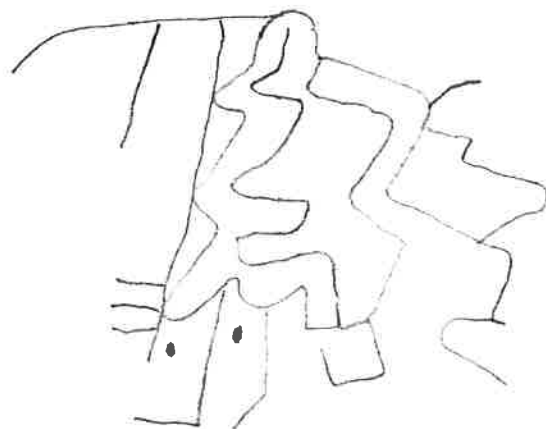
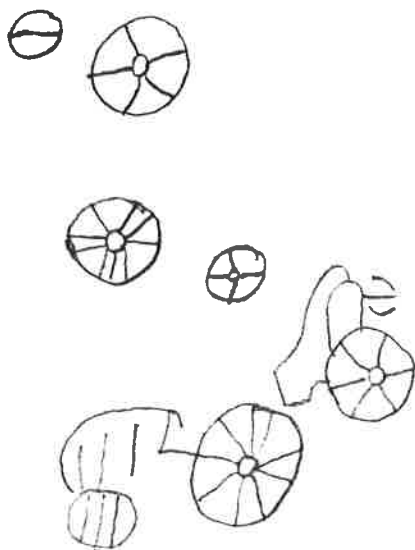
ACY

MSD

BCD



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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



QUAD BIG PINE, CALIF 1950

INYO 396

353

5-11-84

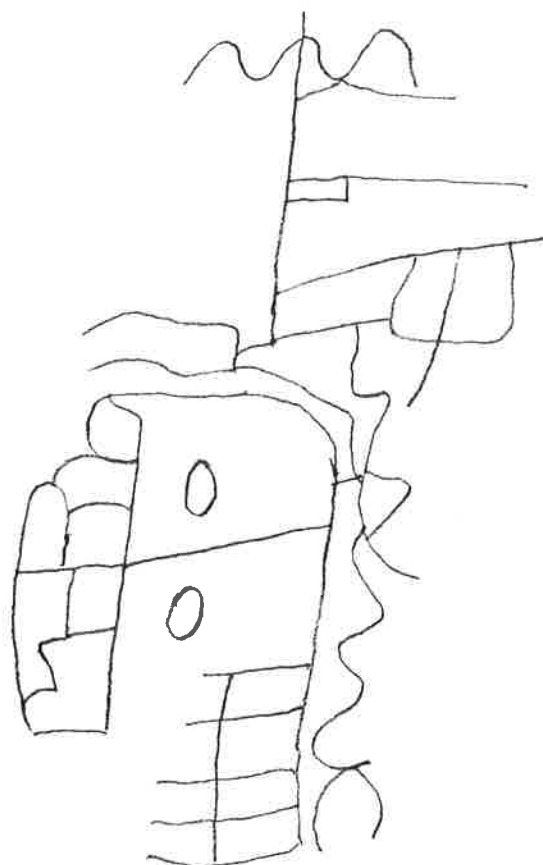
VSY

ACY

MSD

BCD

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LONE PINE, CA 93545



SEE SHEET 352
FOR COMPLETE FIGURE

INYO 396

354

5-11-84

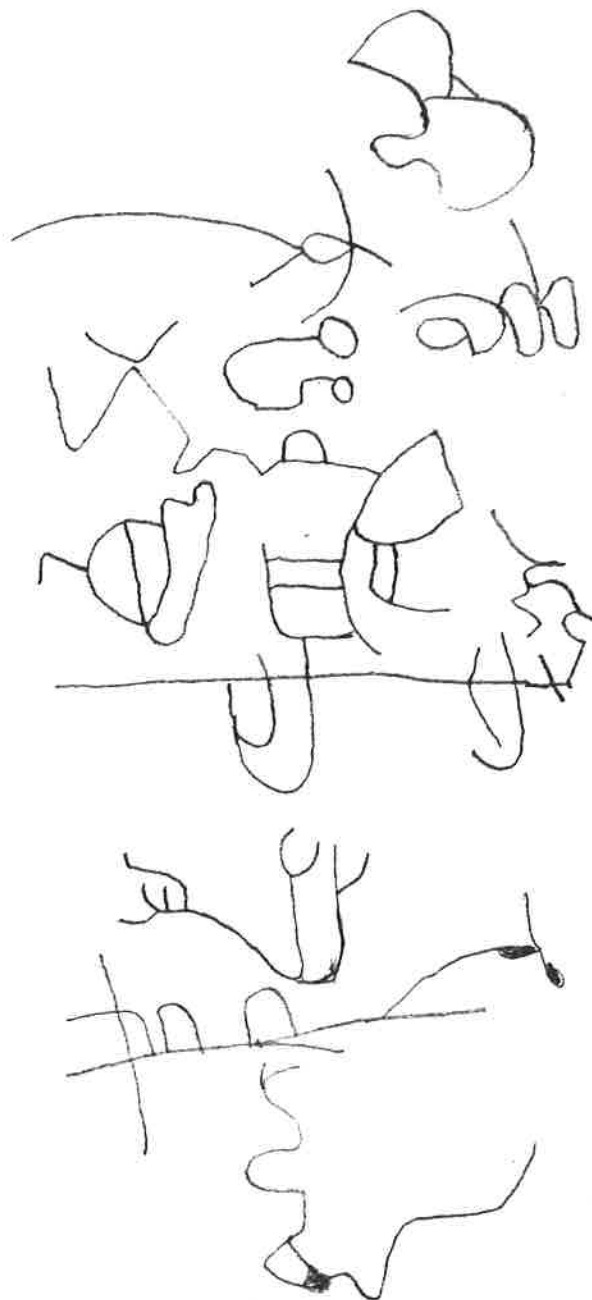
VSY

ACY

MSD

BCD

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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



1NYO 396

355

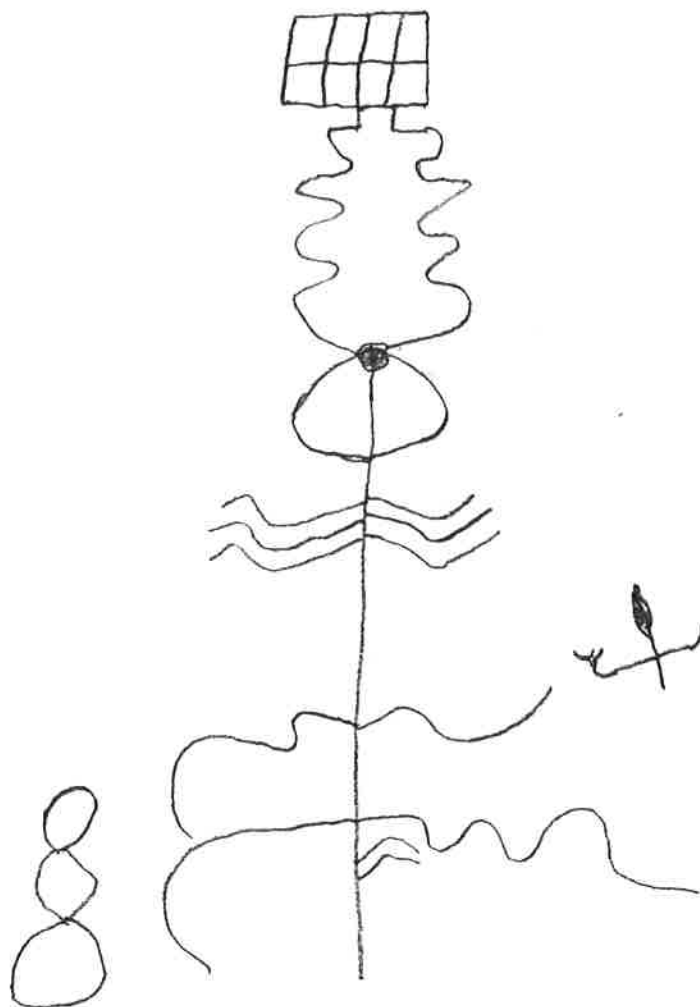
5-11-84

VSY

ACY

MSD

BCD



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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

QUAD BIG PINE, CALIF 1950

INYO 393

356

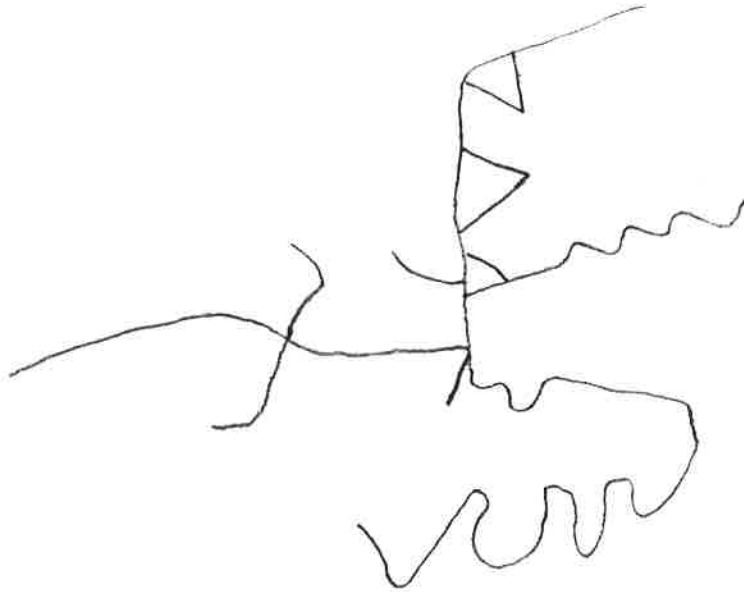
5-11-84

VSY

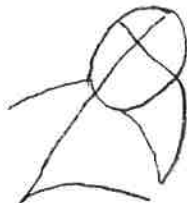
ACY

MSD

BCD



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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



1NYO 393

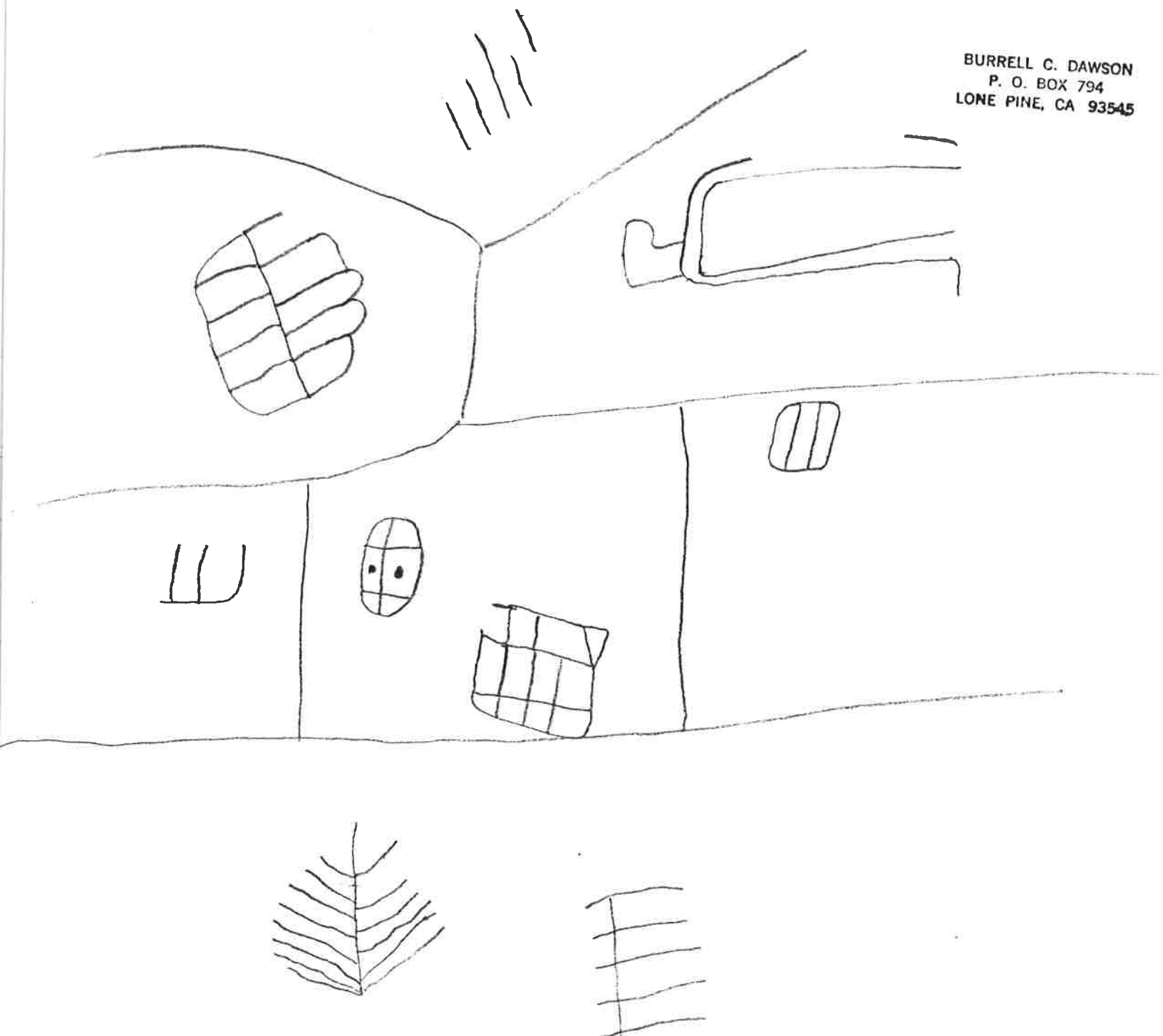
357

3-10-84

ACY

BCD

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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



T18N, R5E, S6M

PHOTOS BY ANN YODER
SARATOGA SPRINGS-DEATH VALLEY

358

1-25-84

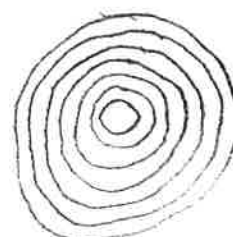
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ACY

MSD

BCD

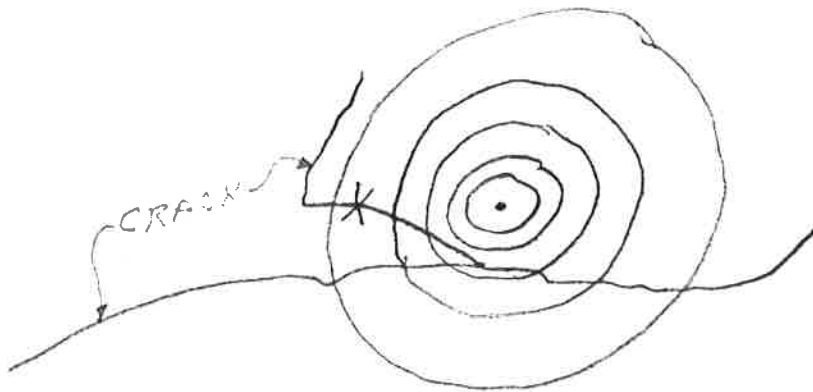
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P. O. BOX 734
LONE PINE, CA 93545



QUAD BISHOP, CALIF 1949

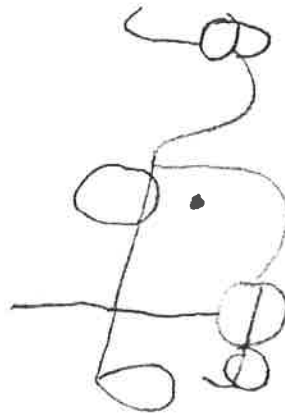
INYO 334

359
7-13-84
DS
MSD
BCD



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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

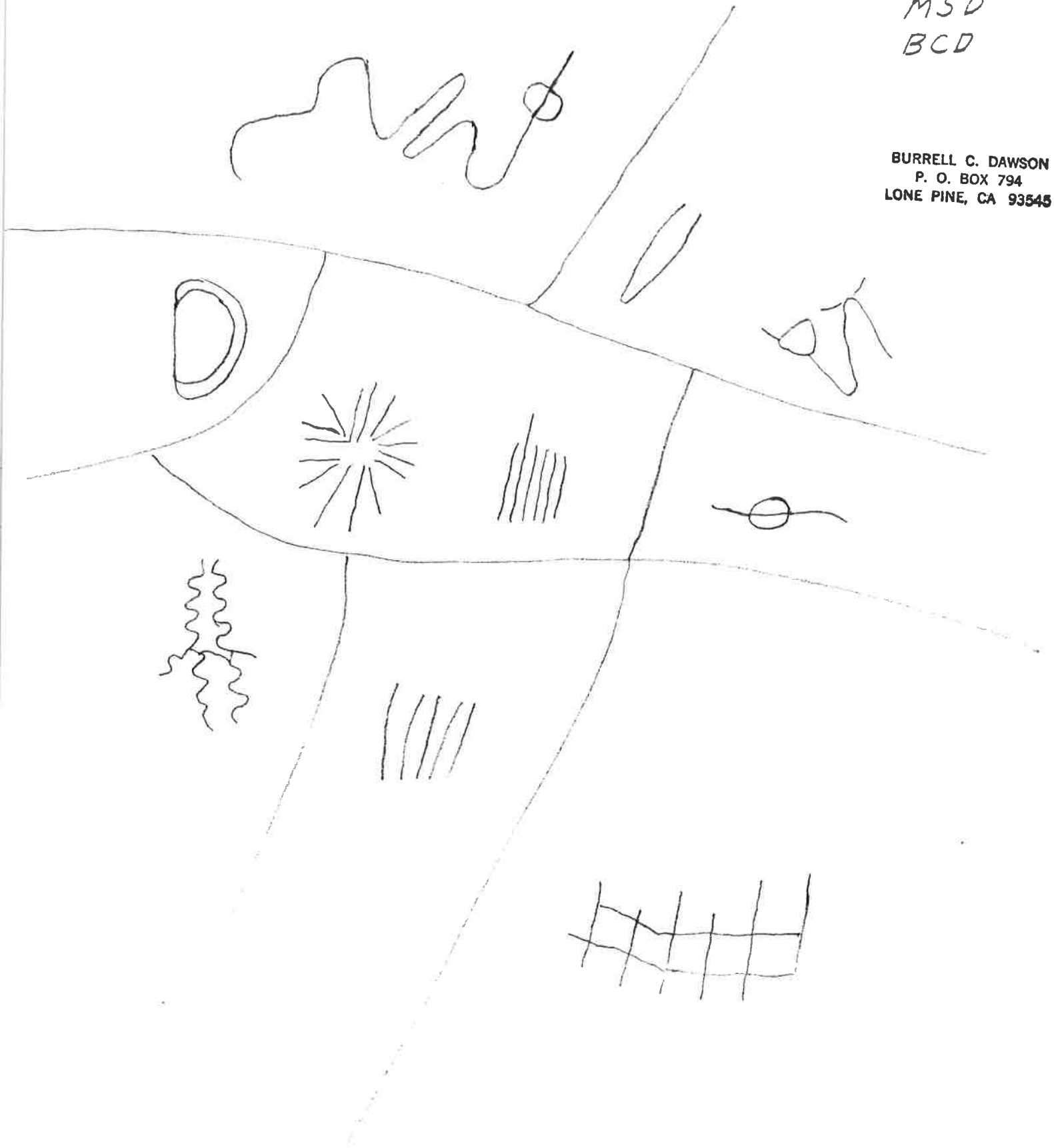
at sundown on the summer solstice the
crack at X throws a tiny spear of light on the
target. This shortens to a dot of light on
the target just before the sun disappears.



QUAD NEW YORK BUTTE, CALIF 1950
SEC 24 T16S R37E UNSURVEYED
SWANSEA

361
7-18-84
JP
MSD
BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



SWANSEA

362

5-5-34

RLS

GS

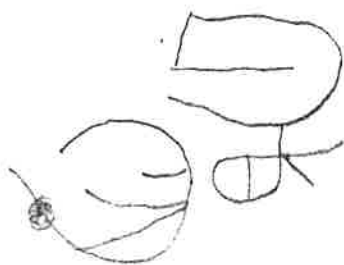
MSD

BCD

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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



III



PHOTOS BY MARGARET DAWSON

QUAD CASA DIABLO MTN, CALIF 1953
SEC 29, T2S, R31E, MDM

WATTERSON MEADOW

363

4-12-84

FP

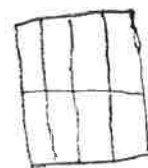
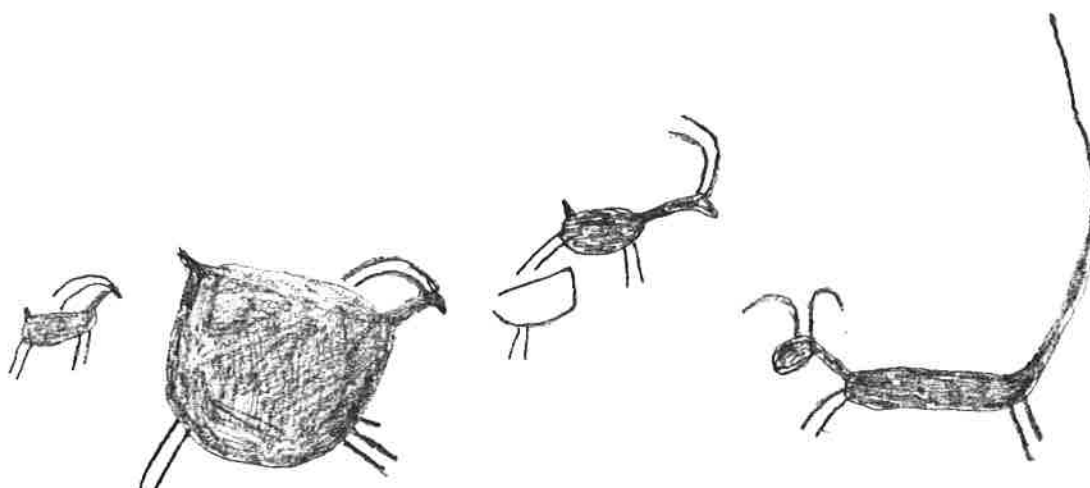
RP

KP

BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



HAIWEE RESERVOIR QUAD 1951
INYO COUNTY. 1951

Photos by Ray & Kerry Powell

UPPER CENTENNIAL FLAT

364

7-22-84

WSH

HH

BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93546

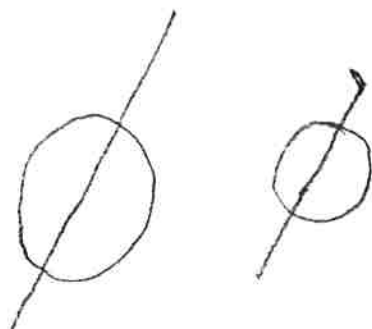


Photo by Helen Hoffman
QUAD NEW YORK BUTTE, CALIF 1950

BURGESS WELL

365
2-7-85
BCD

The following possible Ogam were copied by Burrell C.

Dawson at the library of Na Bolom, San Cristobal de Las Casas, Chiapas, Mexico in February 1985.

Copied from -- Petroglyphen Der Finca Las Palmas

(Chiapas, Mexico). G. Weber/ M. Strecker. Akademische

Druck u. Verlagsanstalt. Graz-Austria 1980

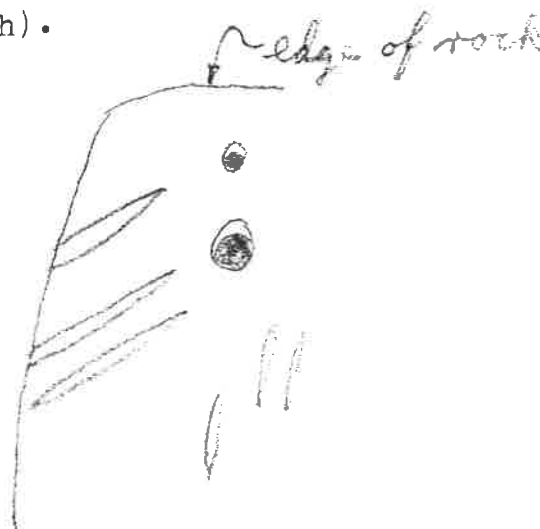
page 22. Abb.3: Stein 57. Glattekantige Linien und runde Mulde.



1 1/5 m.

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LOVE PINE, CA 93546

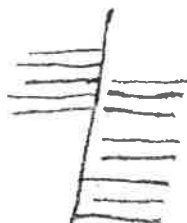
Part only, page 24. Abb.5: Stein 36. Punzlinien Scharfen, verschiedene Mulden. Teil eines labyrinths, Seitlich Flachrelief eines Gesichts und Glyphe (vermutlich zapotekisch).



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LOVE PINE, CA 93546

366
2-7-85
BCD

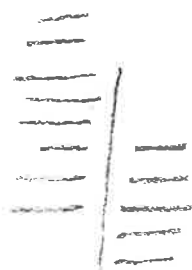
Part only, page 38.



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

Part only, page 49.

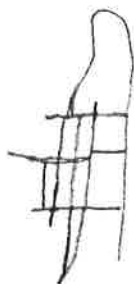
Abb.22: Stein 58. Verschiedene Leiter- und V-zeichen
auf komplizierter Steinform.



367

2-24-85

BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 704
LONE PINE, CA 93546

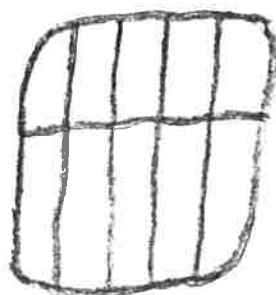
COPIED FROM FOTO BY ROBERT BLAIR, LONE PINE,
CALIF, JUNE 1984.

IN WHISKY CANYON OFF BEECHER CANYON NORTH
OF ESSEX, CALIF

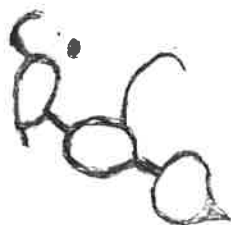
368

3-10-84

BCD

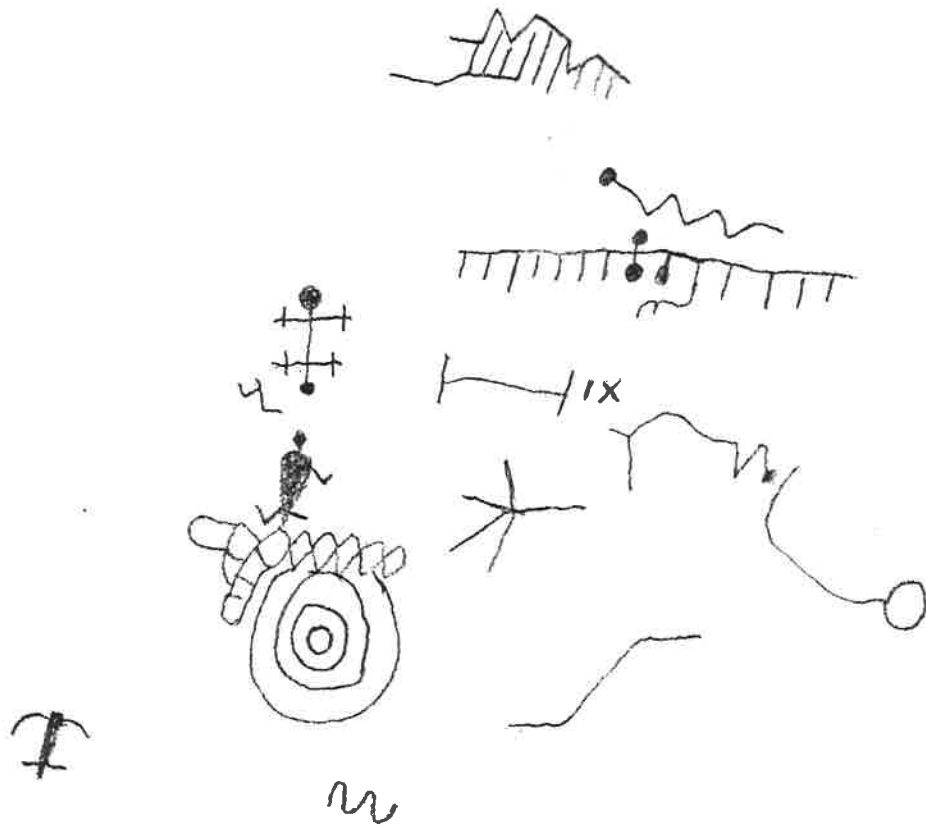


BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 704
LONE PINE, CA 93545



FOTOS BY MARY DEDECKER, INDEPENDENCE, CALIF
3-10-84

SARATOGA SPRINGS — DEATH VALLEY



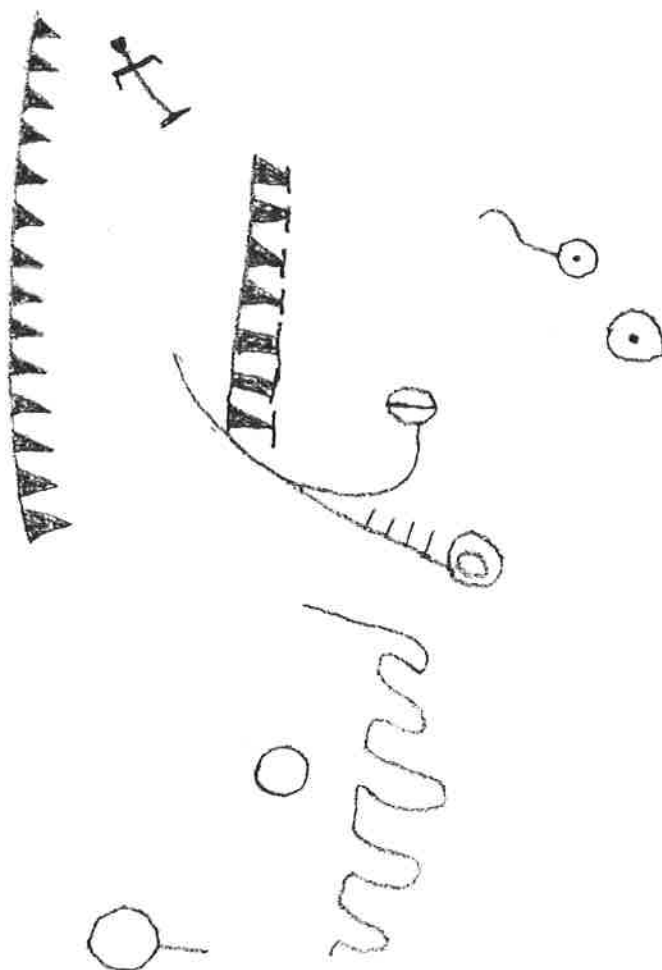
369
2-28-85
BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 724
LONE PINE, CA 93545

PHOTOS BY ROBERT BLAIR, LONE PINE, CALIF. NOV. 1969
NEAR MINA, NEVADA

370
NOV. 1969
BCD
1985

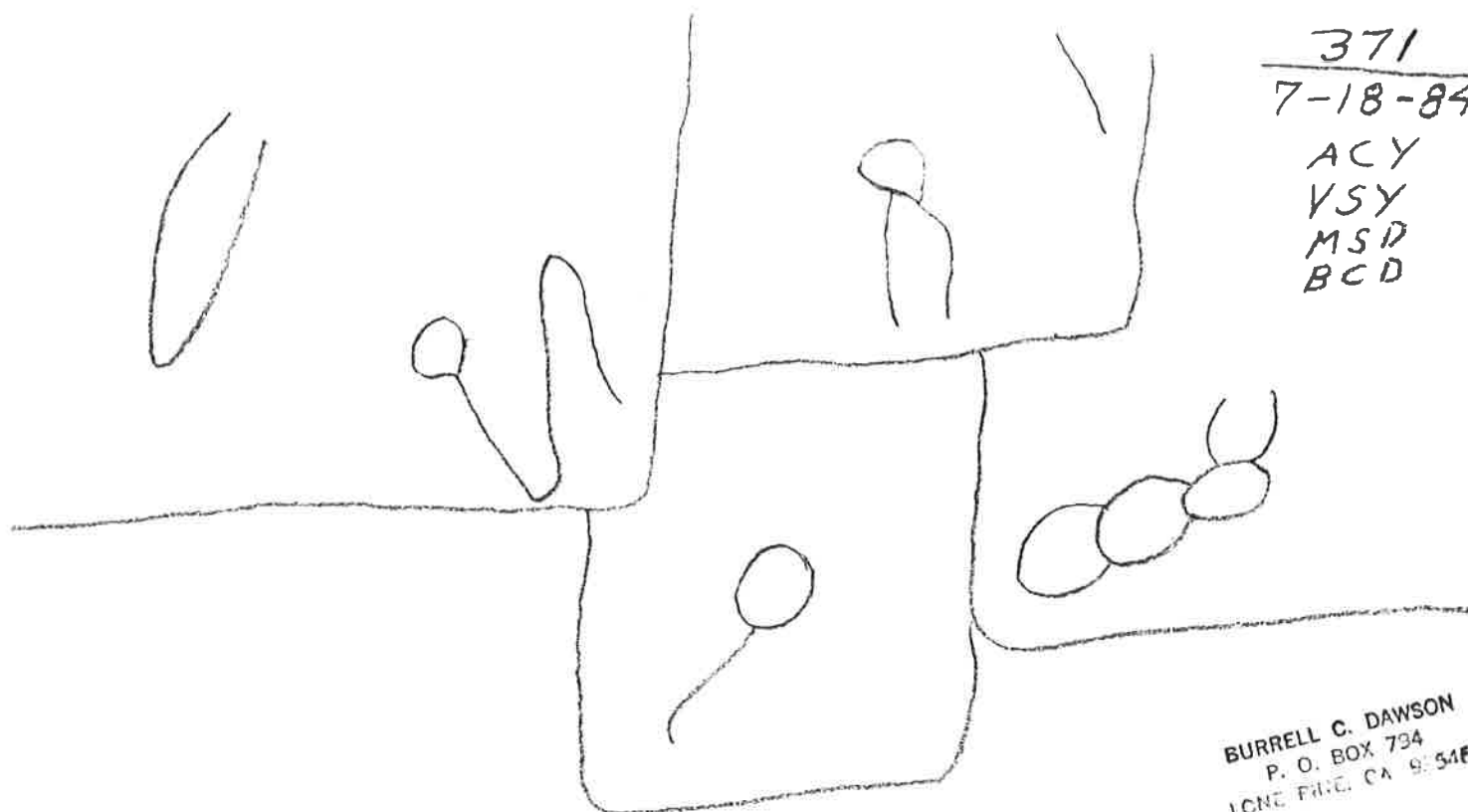
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



NEAR MINA, NEVADA

371
7-18-84

ACY
VSY
MSD
BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 734
LONG BEACH, CA 90801



PHOTOS BY ANN YODER
SWANSEA

372

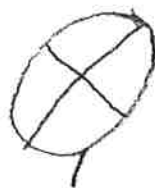
JULY 1984

BCD

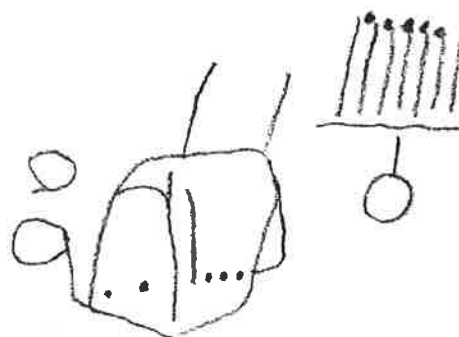
1985



6' FISH VERTICAL



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93548

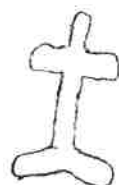
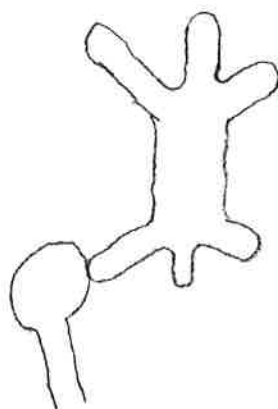


PHOTOS BY RUTH TIFTON, WINNEMUCCA, NEVADA, JULY 1984
MASSACRE LAKE NEVADA

373

1985

BCD



ALL RED

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

NORTHWEST SIDE OF KERN RIVER & 4-LANE
PART OF ROUTE 178 NEAR TOWN OF LAKE ISABELLA

PHOTOS BY REV. CHRISTOPHER P. KELLEY,
SHAFTER, CALIF.

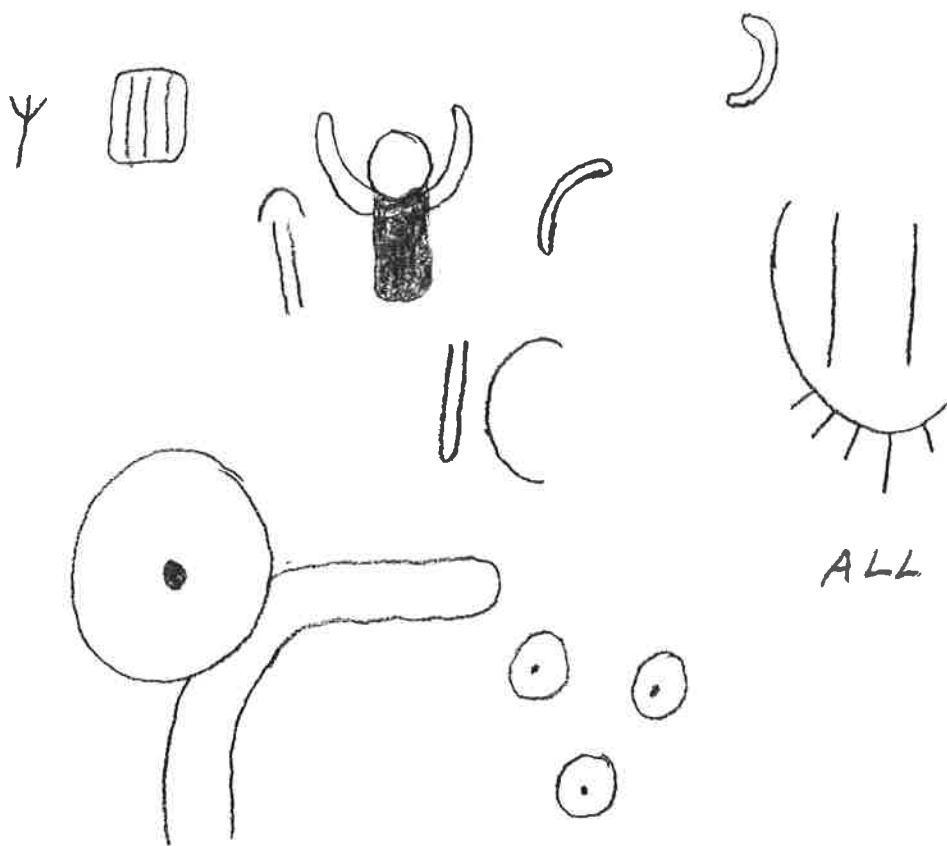
ISABELLA PICTOGRAPHS

374

1985

BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93546



ALL RED

ISABELLA PICTOGRAPHS

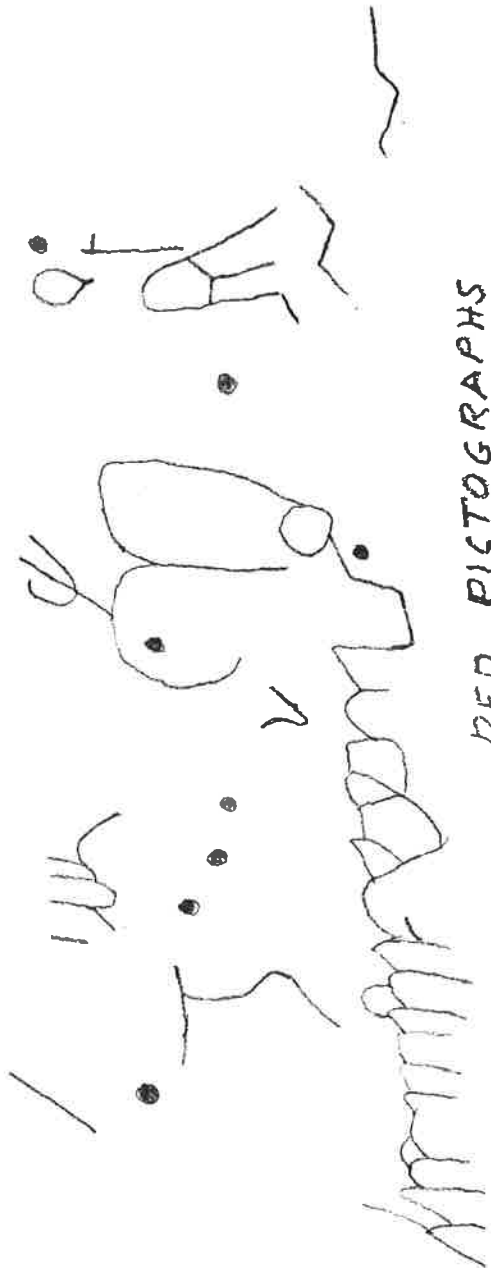
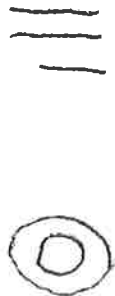
QUAD CASH DIABLO MTN, CALIF 1953

SEC 32 T2S R31E

PHOTOS BY MARGARET DAWSON, ANN YODER

& REV. C. P. KELLEY

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



RED PICTOGRAPHS

UPPER CAVE
WILD ROSE CAVE

375
6-9-84 & 10-29-84
BCD
MSD
VSY
ACY
BS
CPK

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

376

VSY

ACY

MSD

BCD

10-29-84

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93548

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7

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3

16

2

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1

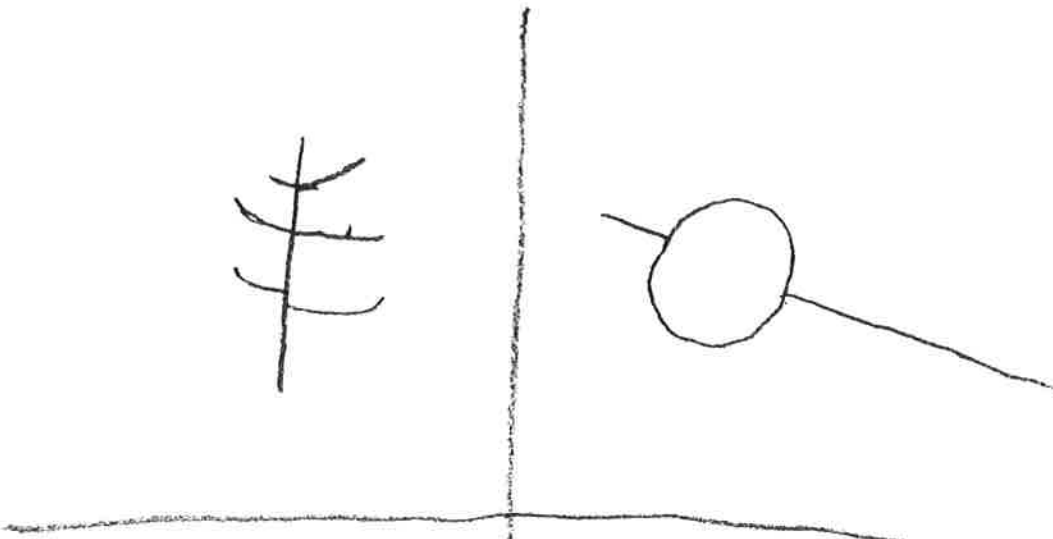
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BRICK RED PICTOGRAPHS

LOWER CAVE

WILD ROSE CAVE

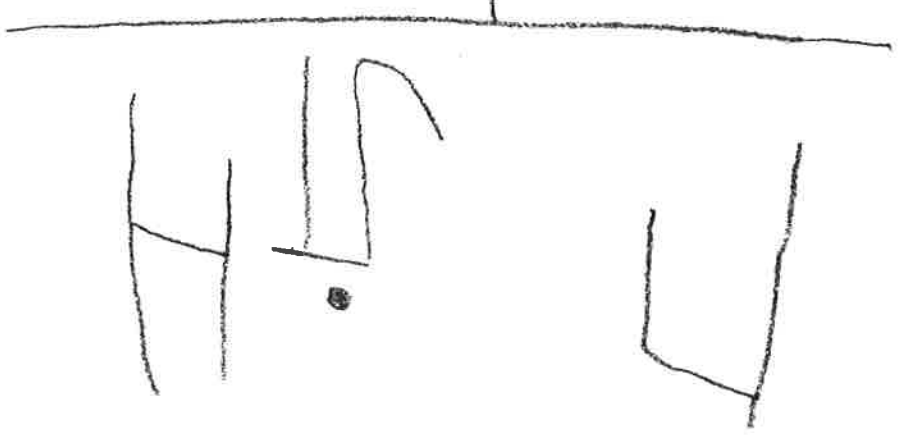
377
VSY
ACY
MSD
BCD
1-7-85



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



SHAMS



FOTOS BY ANN YODER

SWANSEA

378

VSY

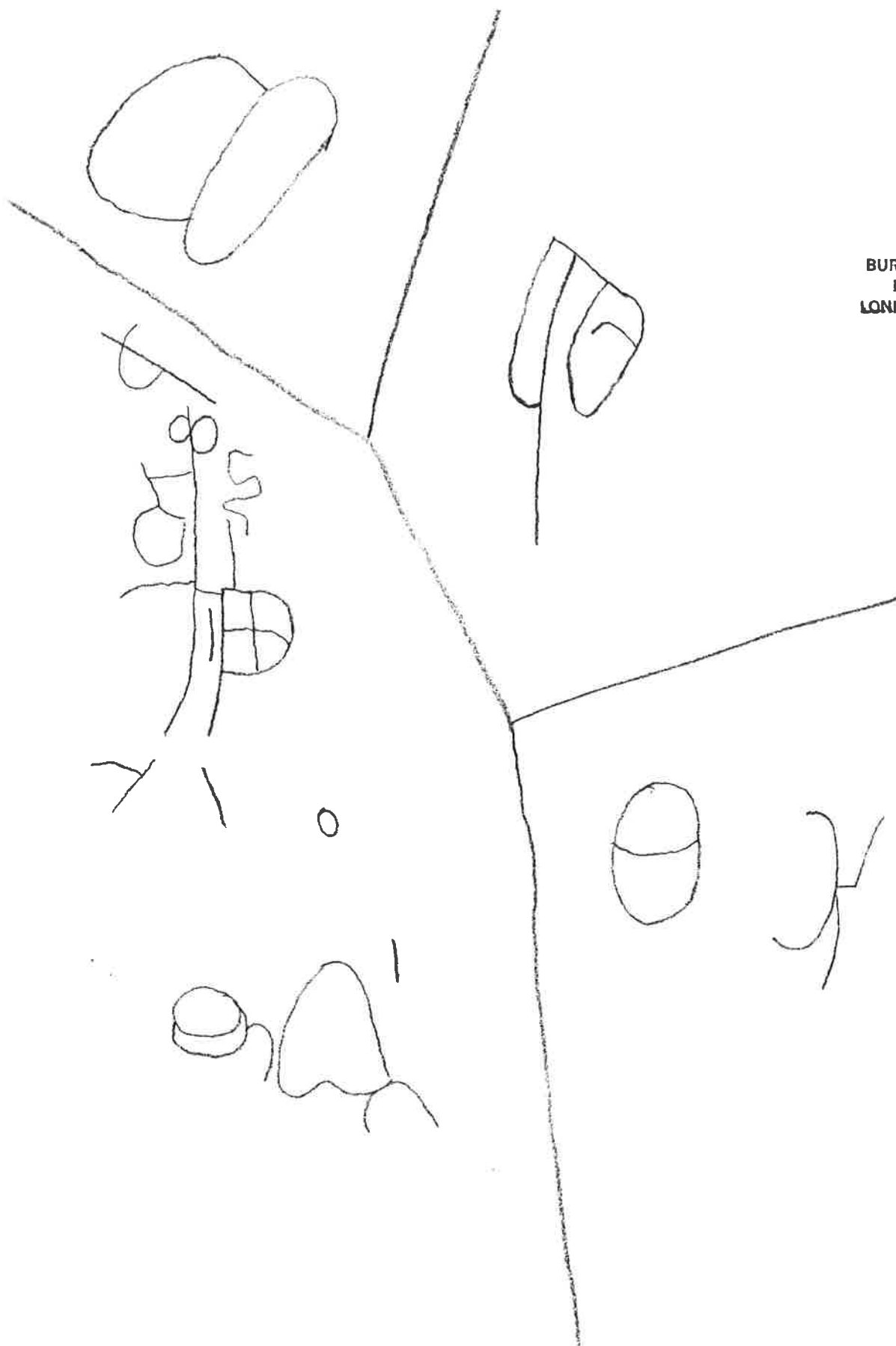
ACY

MSD

BCD

1-7-85

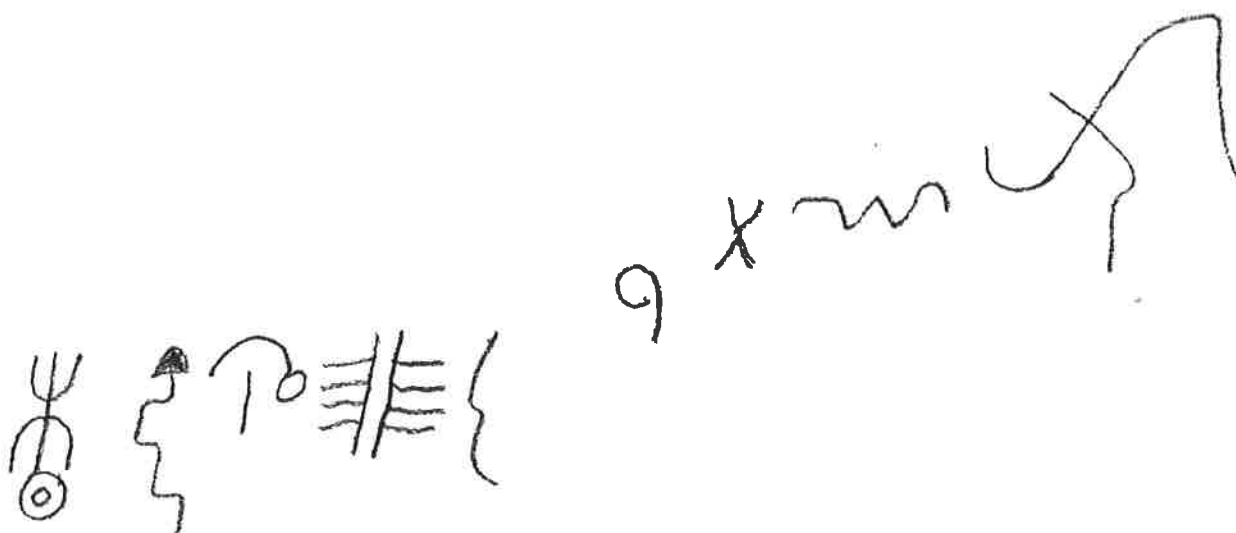
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



SWANSEA

379
4-4-85
MSD
BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



ATLATL ROCK SITE - VALLEY OF FIRE NEVADA
STATE PARK - CLARK COUNTY

380

REV. CK

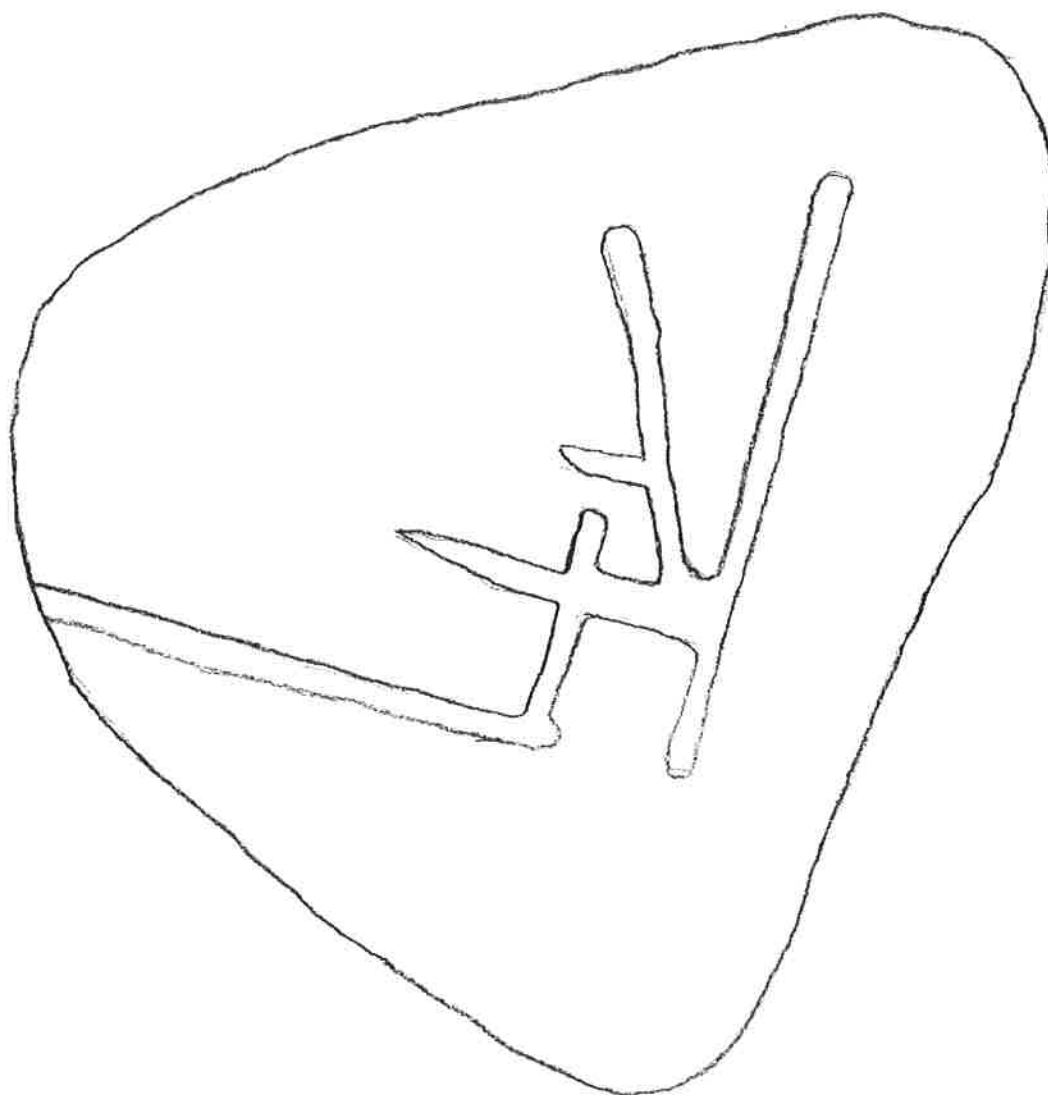
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MSD

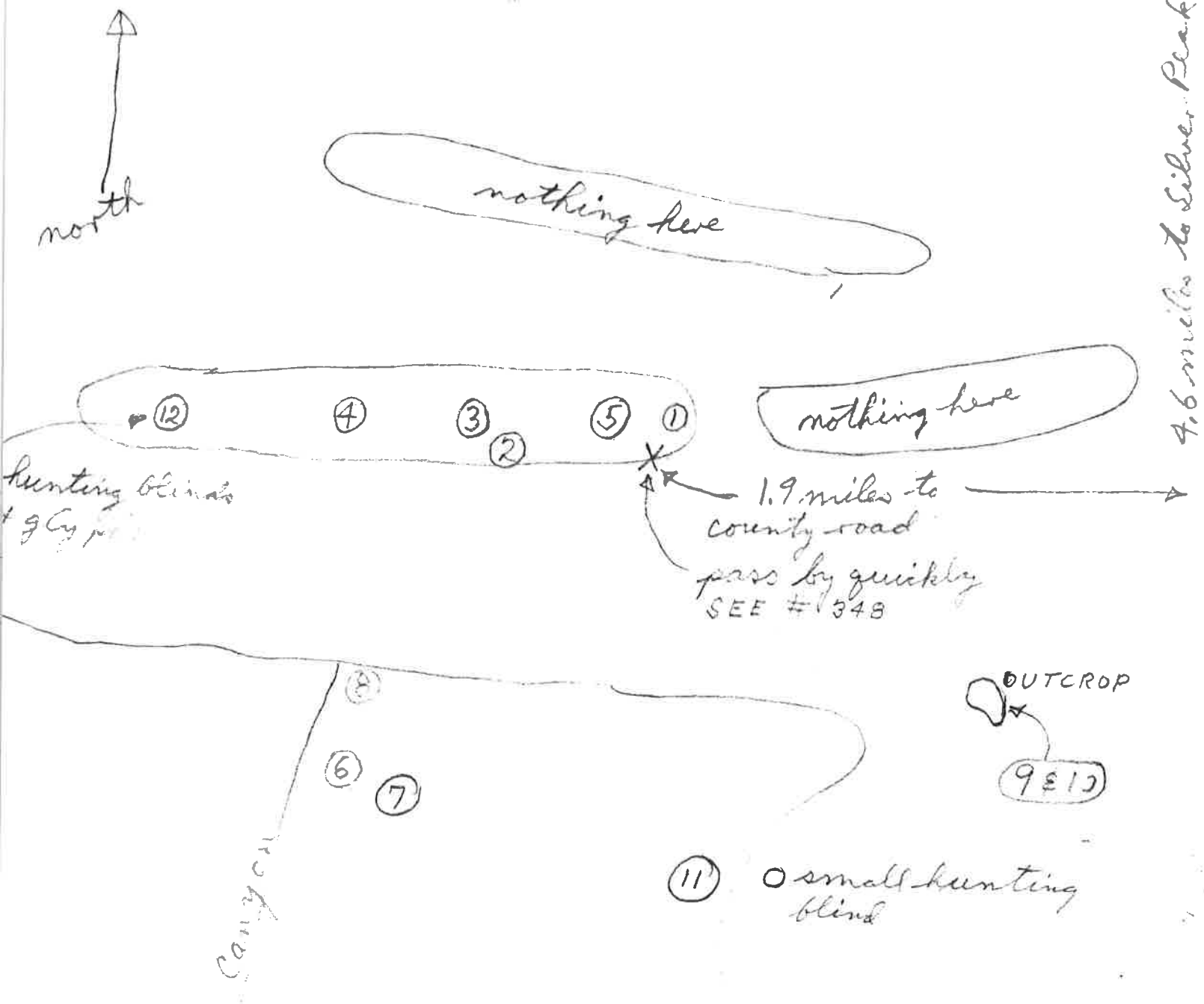
BCD

6-9-84

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



WILDROSE CAVE



THIS LOCATION REPORTED BY LEE ROSS &
BRYAN SMALLEY

PHOTOS BY ANN YODER & MARGARET DAWSON

LIDA WASH, QUAD

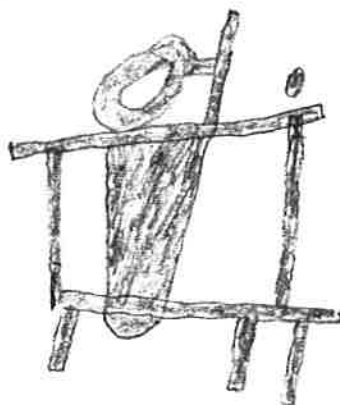
SILVER PEAK, NEVADA

382
4-15-85

VSY
ACY
MSD
BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



LOCATION ①

SILVER PEAK

383

4-15-85

VSY

ACY

MSD

BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

2

✓

①

FA

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LOCATION ②

SILVER PEAK

384

4-15-85

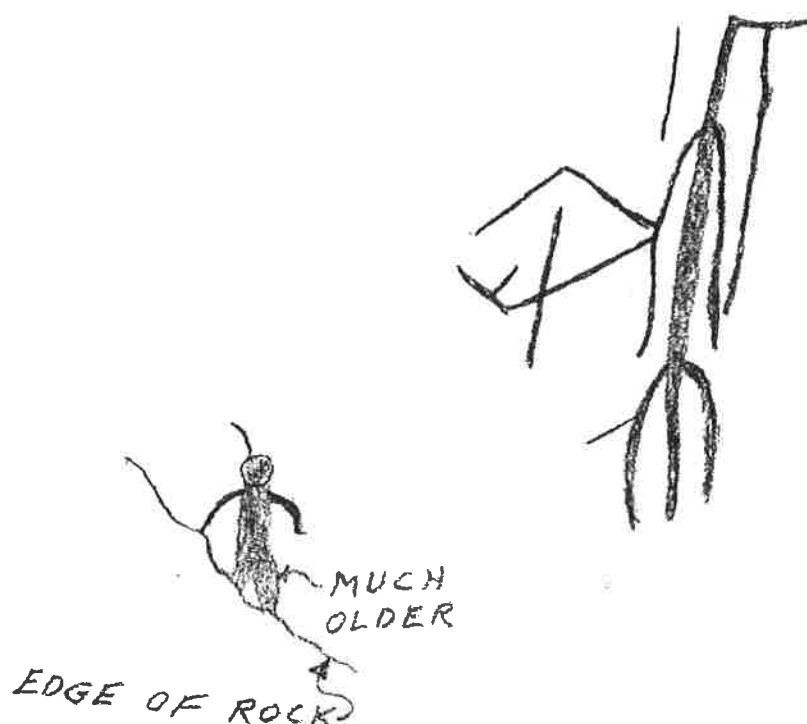
VSY

ACY

MSP

BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

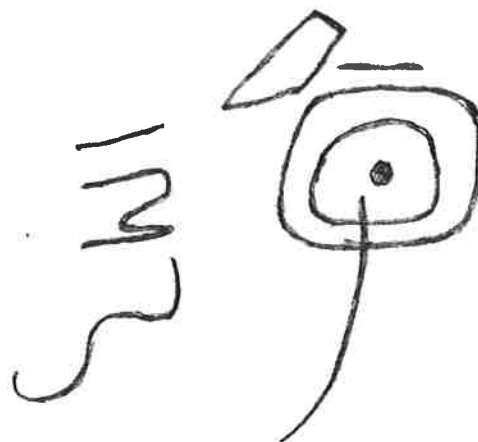
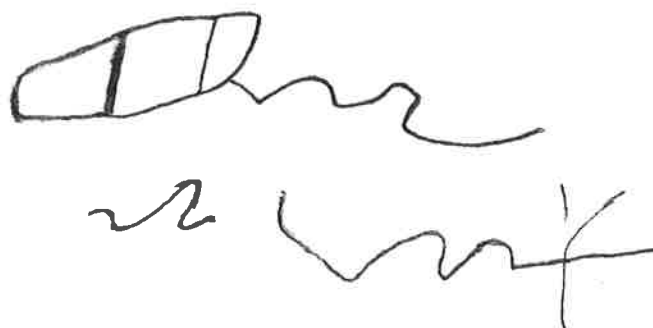


LOCATION ②

SILVER PEAK

383
4-15-85
VSY
ACY
MSD
BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



LOCATION ②

SILVER PEAK

386

4-15-85

VSY

ACY

MSD

BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



LOCATION ③

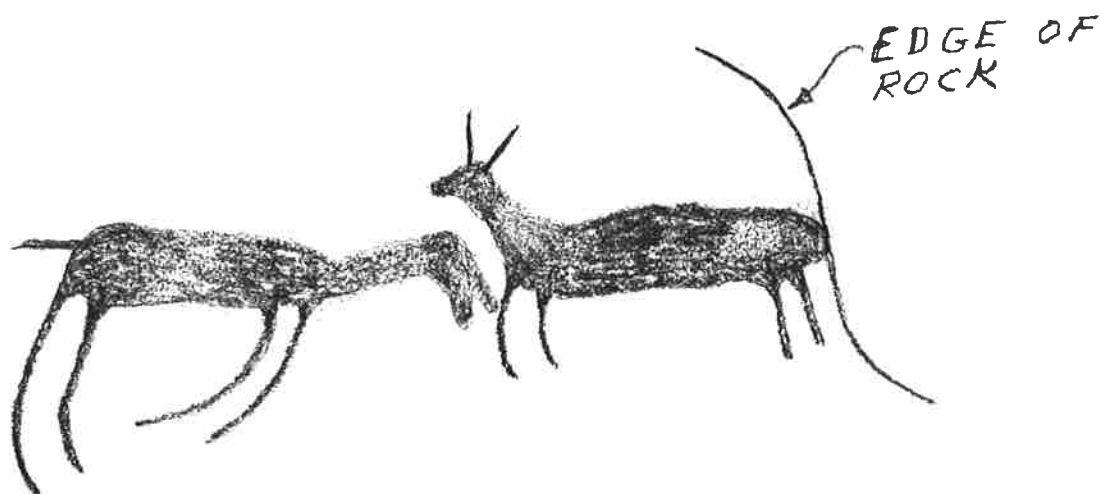
SILVER PEAK

387

4-15-85

VSY
ACY
MSD
BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



LOCATION ⑤

SILVER PEAK

388
4-15-85
VSY
ACY
MSD
BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

4708

LOCATION ⑥

SILVER PEAK

389

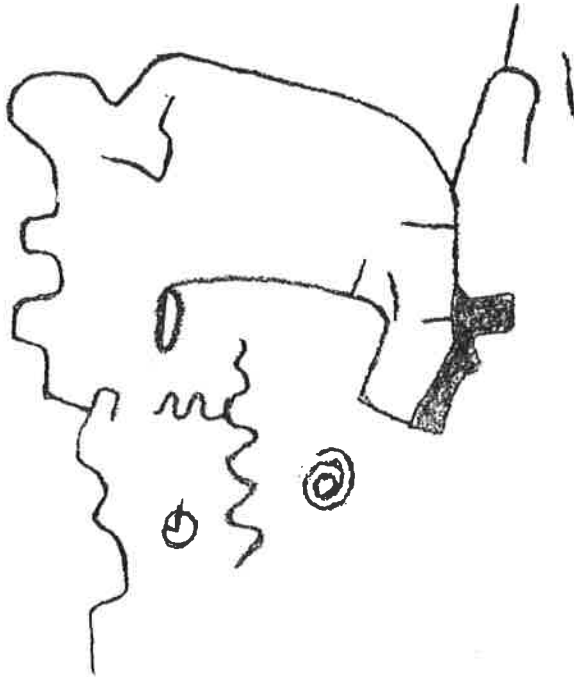
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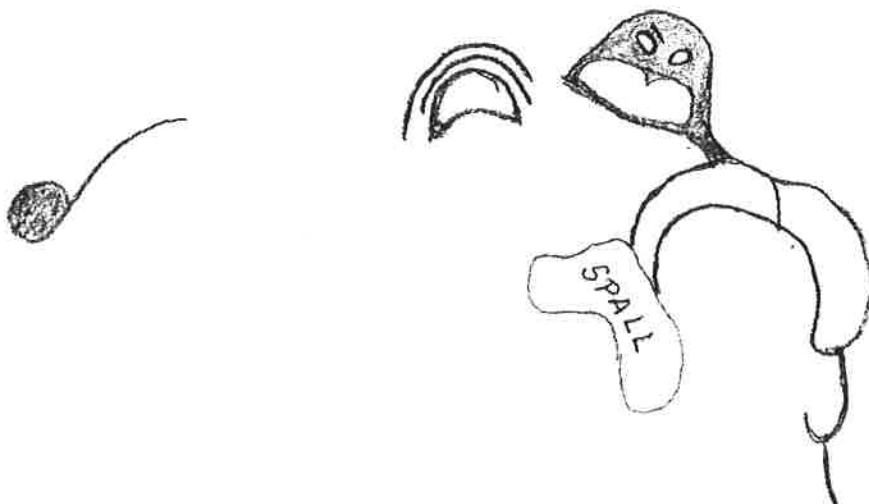
ACY

MSD

BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

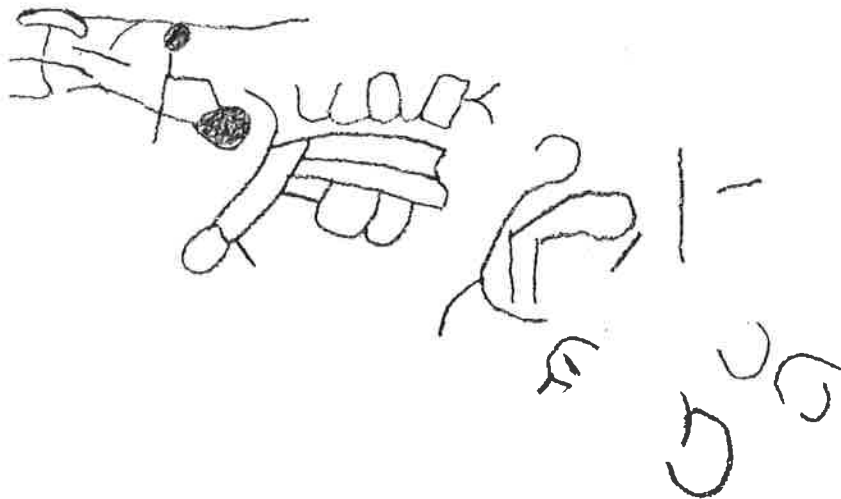


LOCATION ⑦

SILVER PEAK

390
4-15-85
VSY
ACY
MSD
BCD

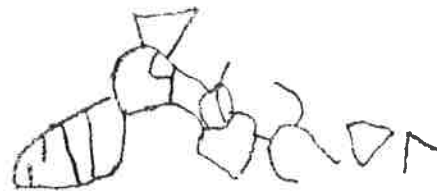
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93548



LOCATION ⑧

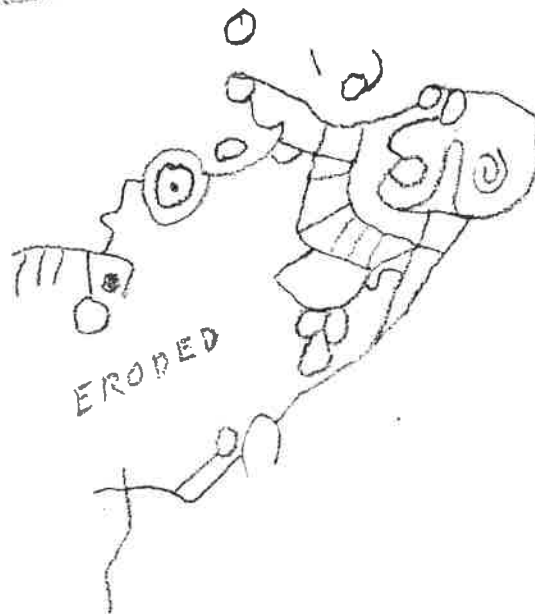
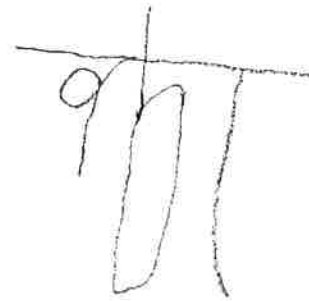
SILVER PEAK

391
4-15-85
VSY
ACY
MSD
BCD



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BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



LOCATION ⑨

SILVER PEAK

392

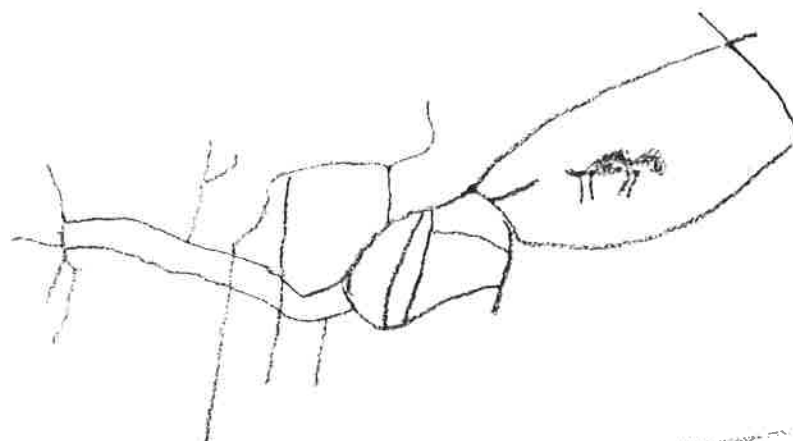
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VSY

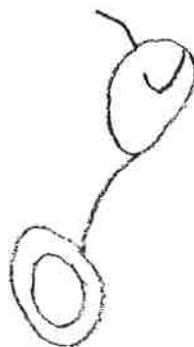
ACY

MSD

BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



LOCATION (9)

SILVER PEAK

SILVER PEAK

LOCATION ⑩



393
4-15-85
VSY
ACY
MSD
BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

394

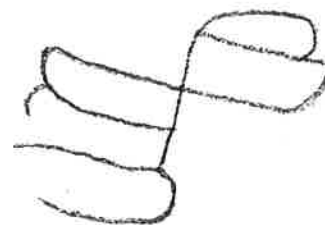
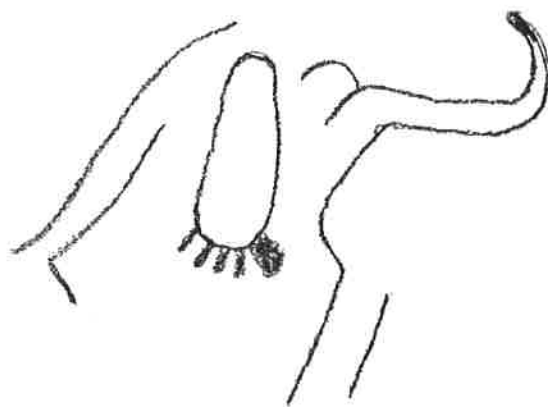
4-15-85

VSY

ACY

MSD

BCD

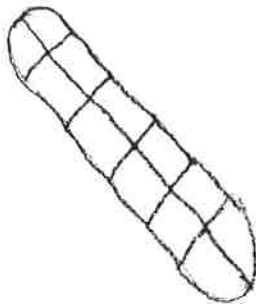


LOCATION (10)

SILVER PEAK

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

395
4-15-85
VSY
ACY
MSD
BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



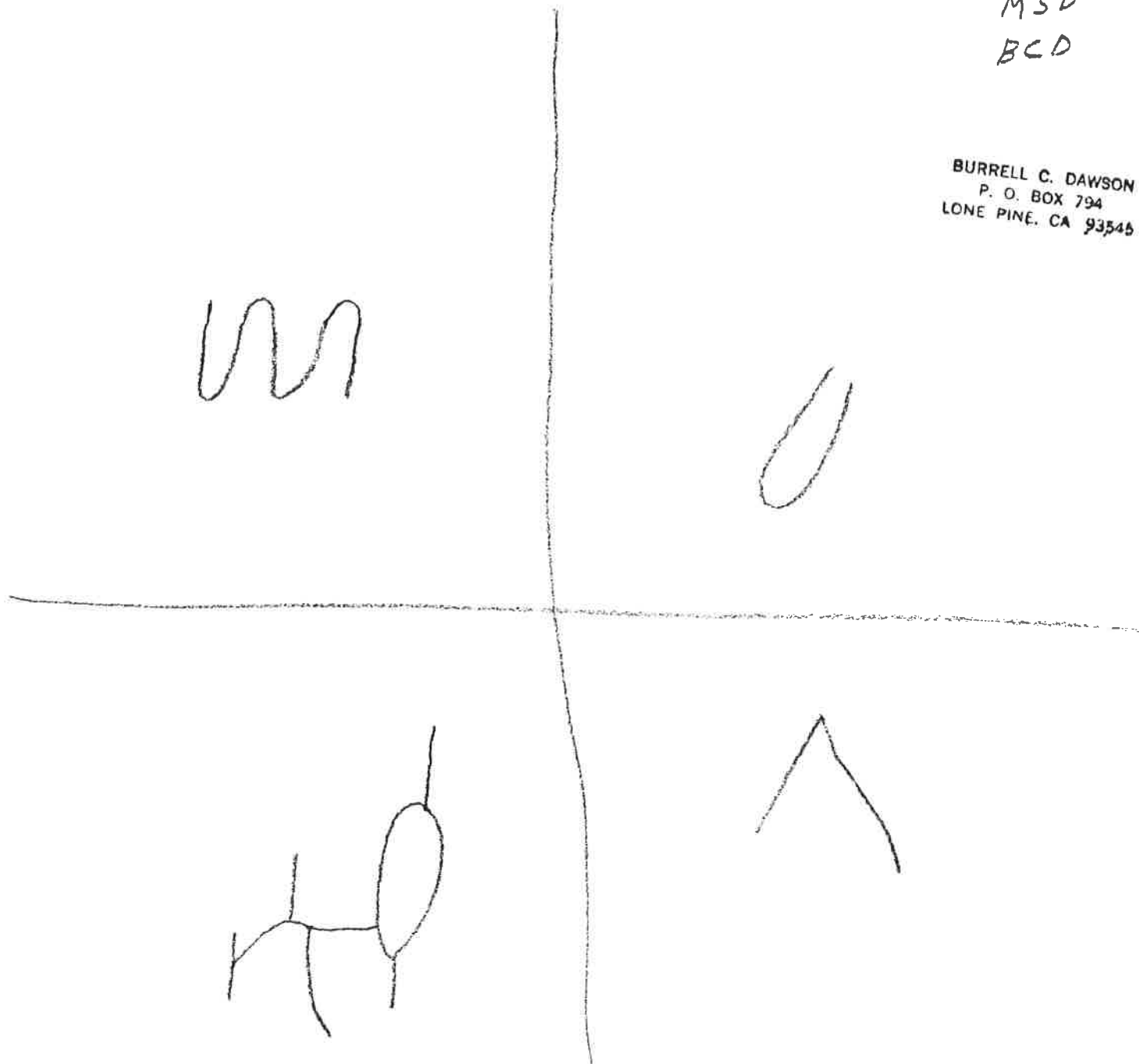
LOCATION (11)

SILVER PEAK

396
4-15-85

VSY
ACX
MSD
BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93546



LOCATION (12)

SILVER PEAK

397

3-20-85

VSV

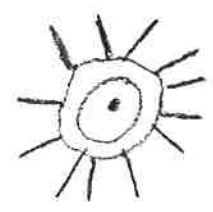
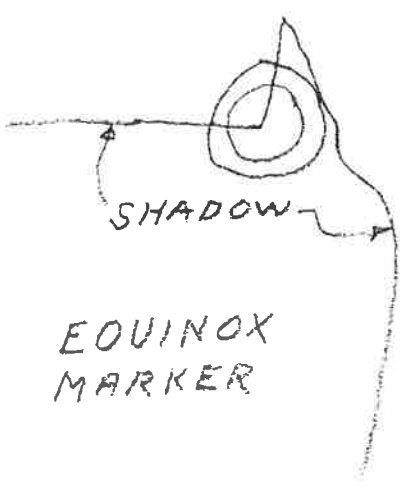
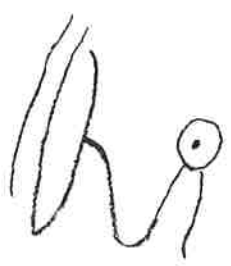
ACV

MSD

BCD

AG

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



SWANSEA

398

6-5-85

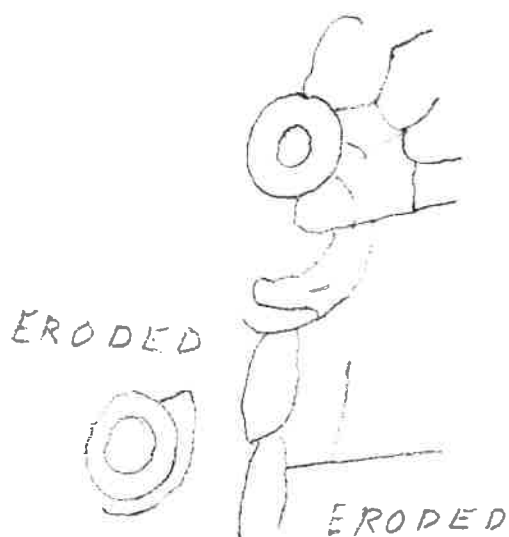
VSY

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MSD

BCD

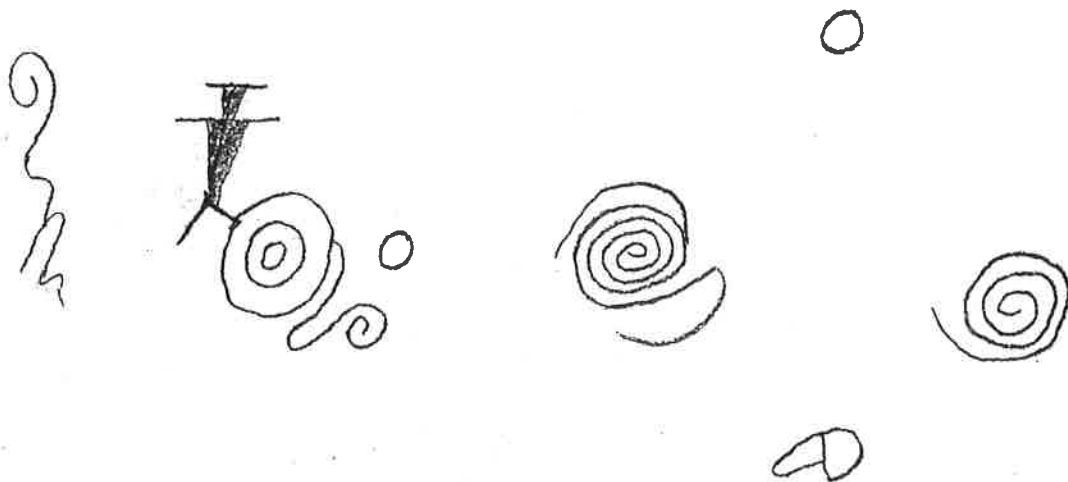
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



REPORTED BY KERRY POWELL
0.2" N & 3.75" W ON

UBEHEBE PEAK CA 1950 ELEV 6060
MILL CANYON RIMROCK

399
4-4-85
MSD
BCD

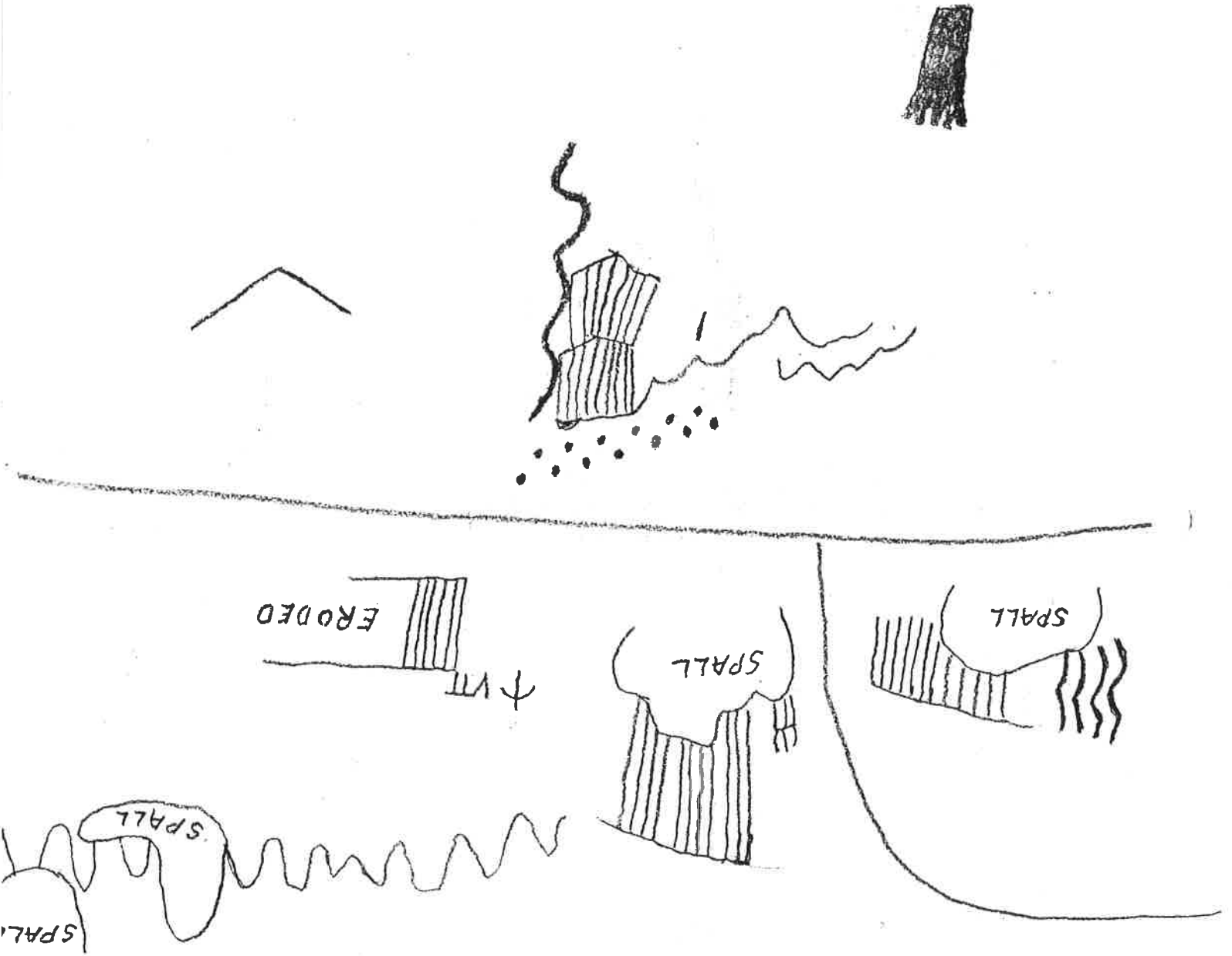


PHOTOS BY MARGARET DAWSON

THE CABINS
VALLEY OF FIRE NEVADA STATE PARK
CLARK COUNTY

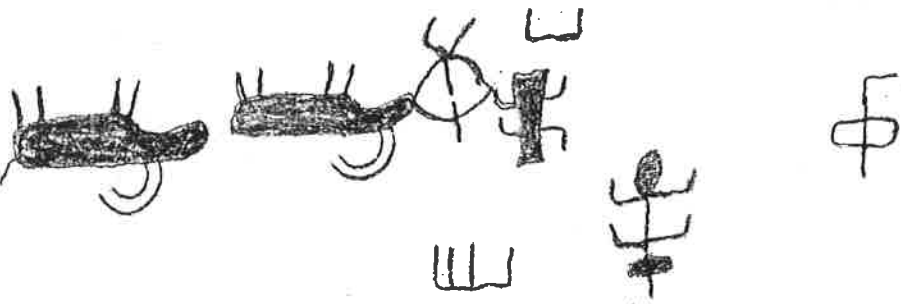
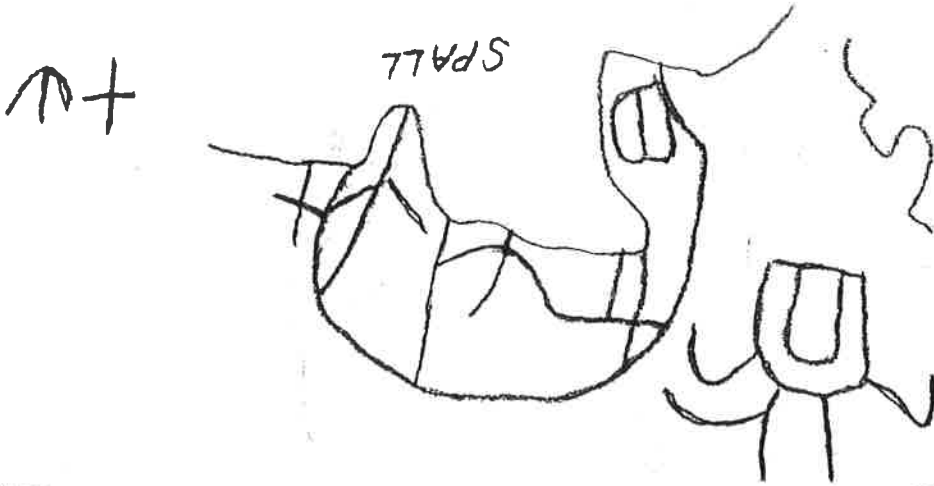
VALLEY OF FIRE

ATLATL ROCK



400
4-4-85
MSD
BCD

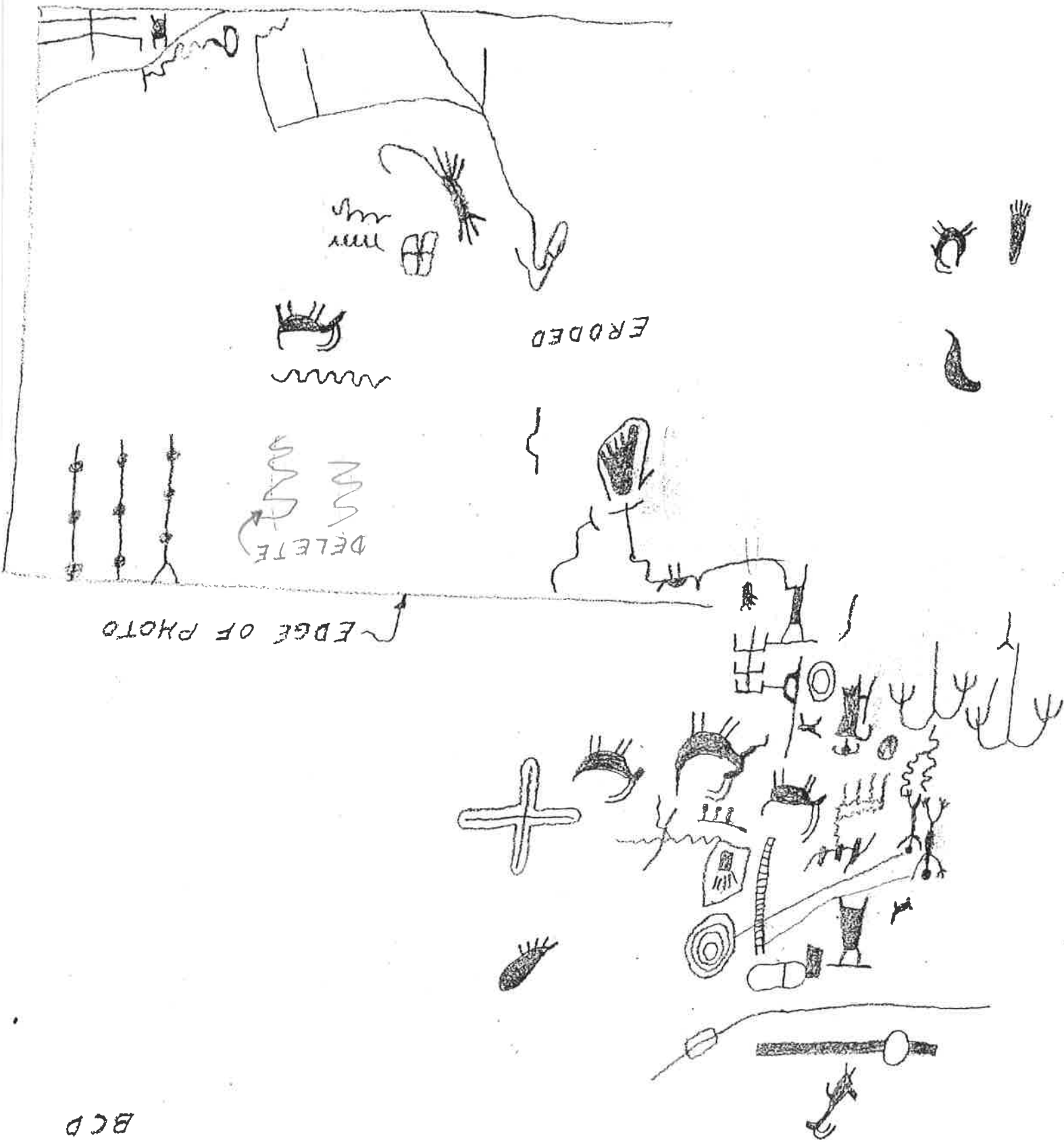
ATLATL ROCK VALLEY OF FIRE



401
4-4-85
MSD
BCD

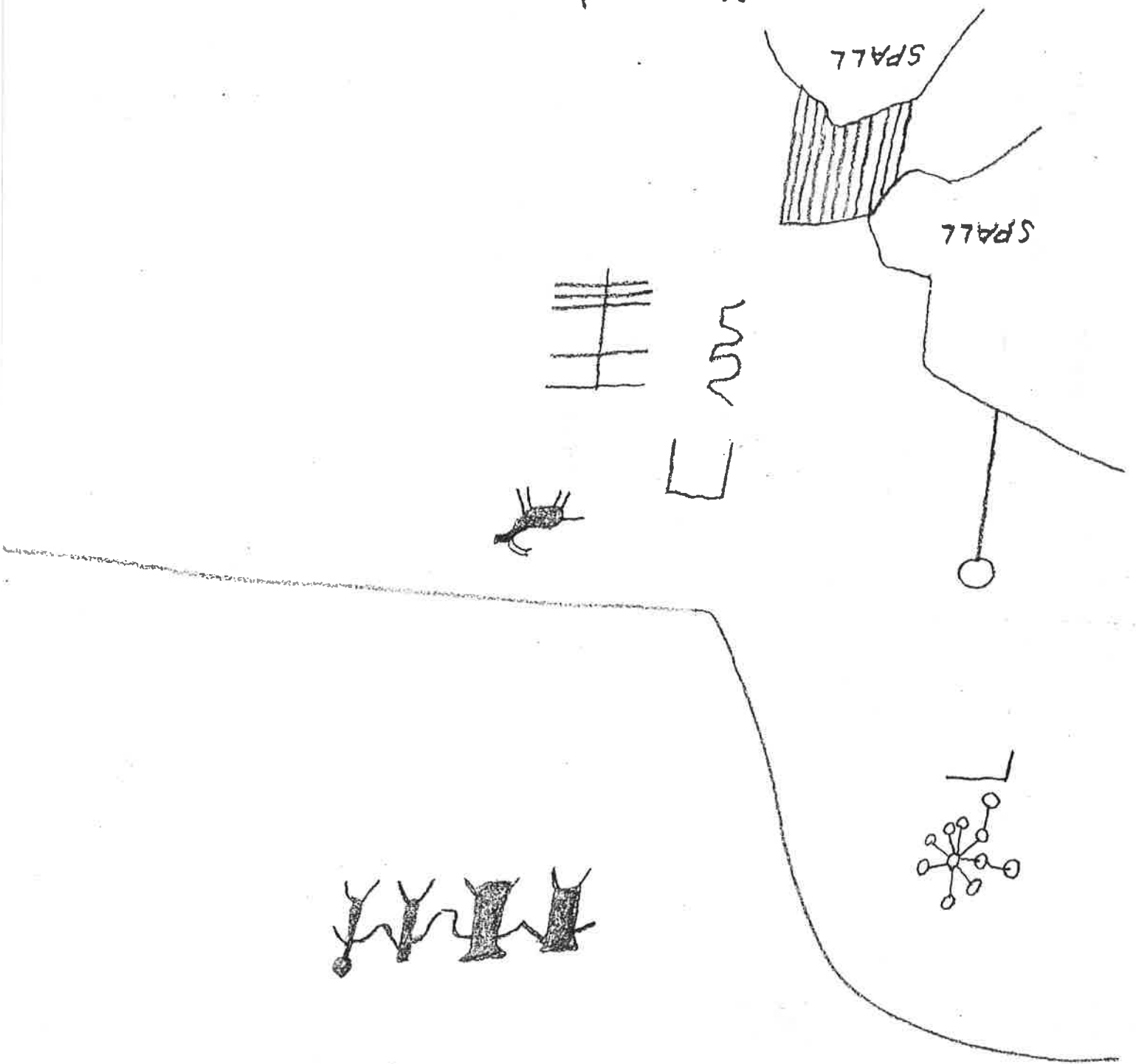
VALLEY OF FIRE

ATLANTIC ROCK



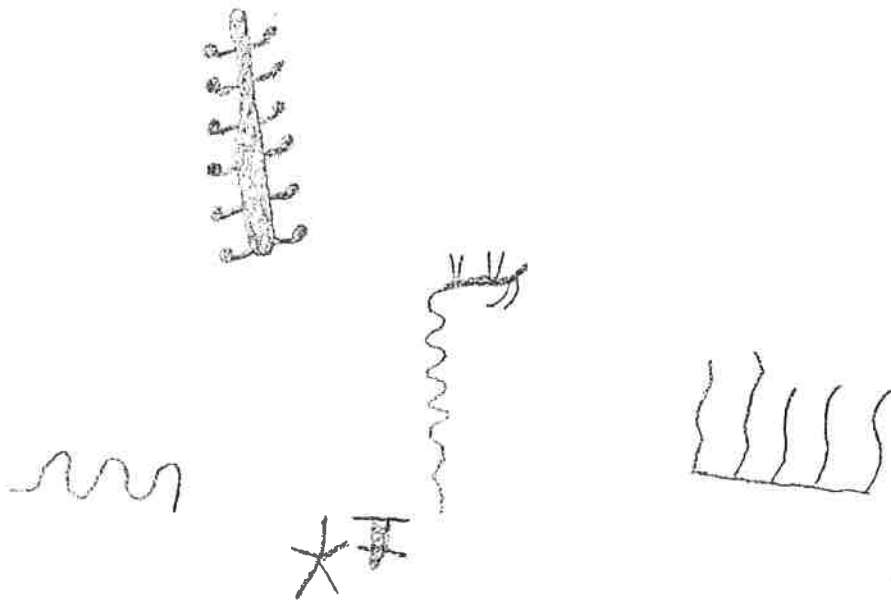
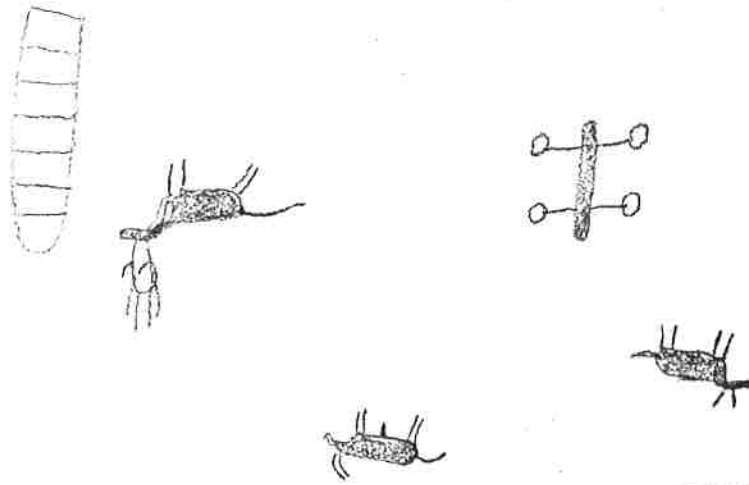
402
4-4-85
MSD
BCD

MOUSE'S TANK VALLEY OF FIRE



403
4-4-85
MSD
BCD

MOUSE'S TANK VALLEY OF FIRE



404
4-4-85
MSD
BCD

405

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INDIANS

of Sequoia and Kings Canyon



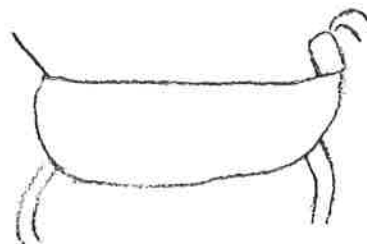
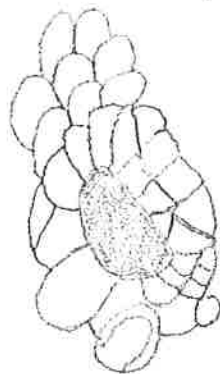
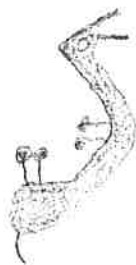
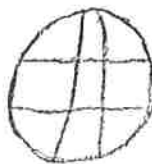
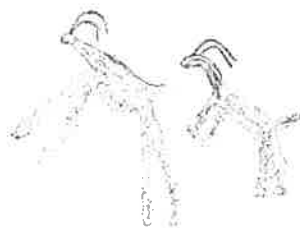
XEROXED FROM COVER OF REPORT BY A. B.
ELSASSER. RED PICTOGRAPHS ON GRANITE.

HOSPITAL ROCK
SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK

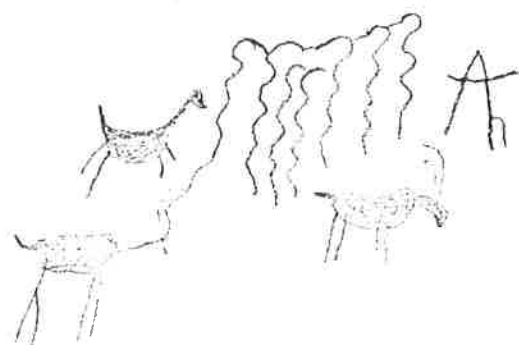
406

ACY

BCD

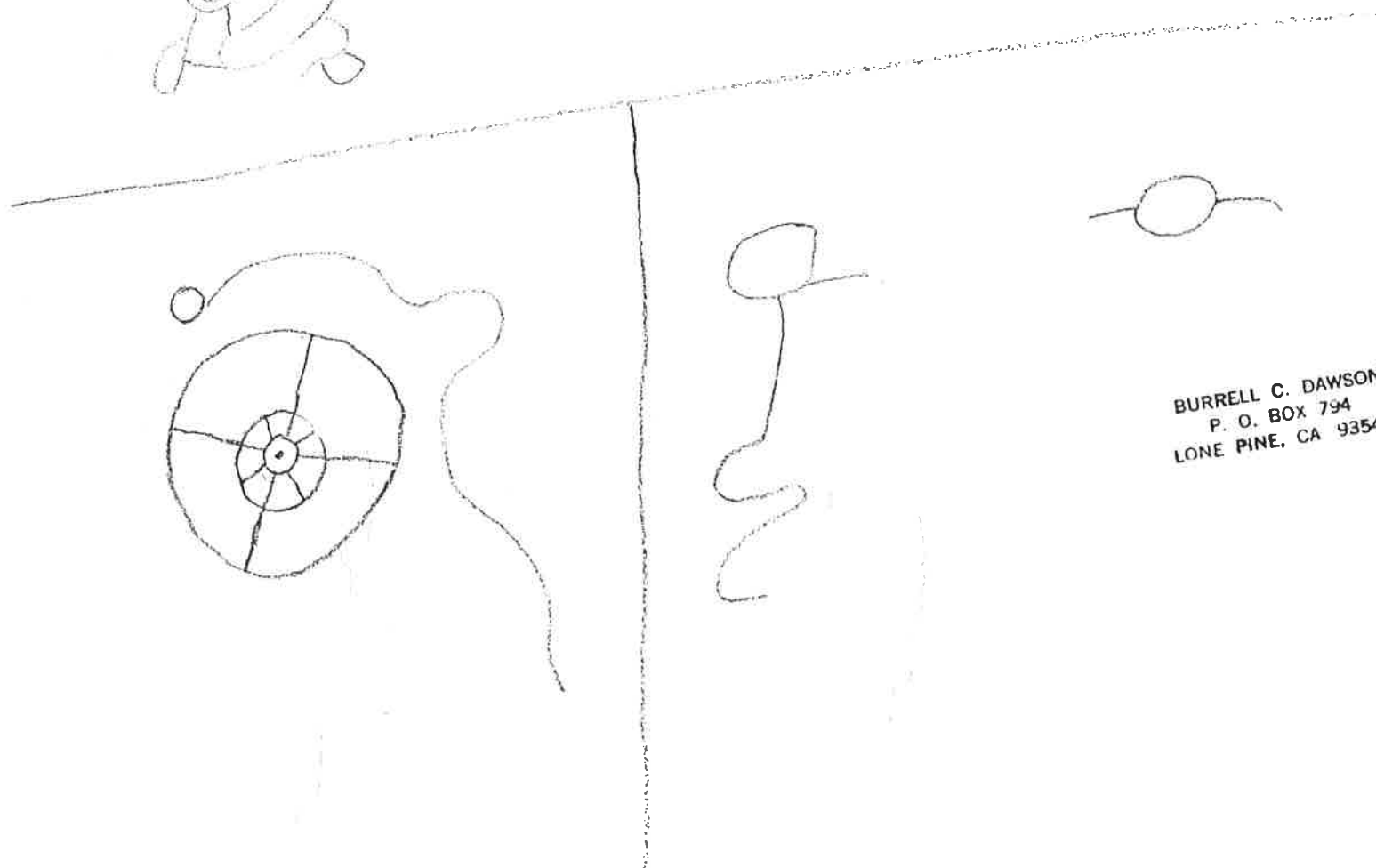
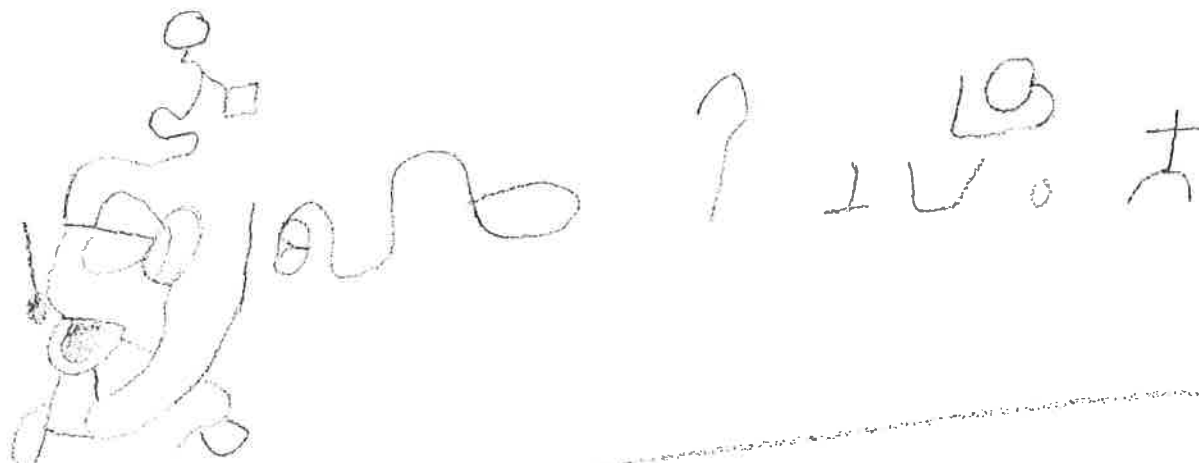


MURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 734
LONE PINE, CA 93545



PH. US BY ANN YODEN 9-28-85
LITTLE PETROGLYPH CANYON
NAVAL WEAPONS CENTER --- CHINA LAKE

407
5-22-85
VSY
AGY
MSD
BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

SEC 23 T65 R36E QUAD SOLDIER PASS CO-NEV 1958
PHOTOS BY MARGARET DAWSON & ANN YODER
WHITE MOUNTAIN CITY

408

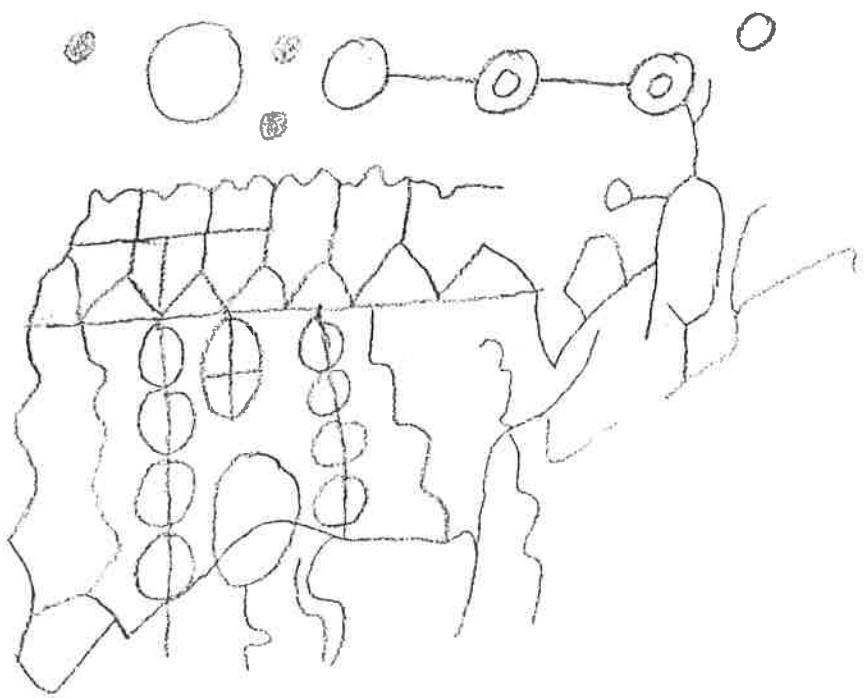
5-22-85

VSY

ACY

MSD

BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93546

WHITE MOUNTAIN CITY

museum. Leonard Sluyter set up two telescopes which projected the sun and moon's shadows onto visible backgrounds. Sun spots were also visible.

Phil Walker

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Walker visited the museum on October 12. Phil Walker was the first County appointed museum director (1968-69). Walker moved the collections from the courthouse to the new building on Grant Street, designed several new display cases and built the "Assayers Office" the first building in the Early Town west of the museum.

Cleanup

Thanks to the California Conservation Corps the museum grounds are rid of Russian Thistle and thorn bearing plants. They also repaired the barbed wire fence lining the museum's property on Onion Valley road.

ORIGIN OF THE FAMILY NAME BELLAS

BURRELL C. DAWSON

P. O. BOX 794

LONE PINE, CA 93545

On April 28, 1882 Horace Bellows, a sheep rancher, bought land from the estate of Henry C. Badger, now flooded by Haiwee Reservoir. Bellows ran sheep from Olancha to Little Lake in the lower Owens Valley, in Rose Valley and in the Coso Mountains. He was evidently a successful rancher as he received praise in the Inyo Independent for his fine showing of Angora goats in the 1887 County Fair. On November 23, 1891 he received a patent from President Benjamin Harrison for a homestead of 160 acres on mile north of Dunsmuir. In 1900 he sold the land to Mira E. Orr of Kern County for \$1,000.00.

Dorothy Robertson wrote about Horace Bellows in True West magazine. He is reputed to have killed a "Big Foot", blamed for the attack on the Ida Camp east of Manzanar in which his brother Curtis Bellows was killed.

The country south and east of Sage Flat (South of Olancha) is the territory of the Coso Shoshoni. Their Paiute neighbors to the north call it Tsiyavu Witu or Wildrose Place. Horace Bellows ran his sheep on this land. He hired members of this tribal group to help in his ranching.

October 15, 1871 a son was born to Ce-be-pur-ge and his wife Ne-va-dum-ba, both Shoshonis. When this little boy was old enough, like his older brother Me-we-ga, he went to work for a "Mithikano" or white man. This was the little boy whites named Frank.

Frank was considered by the Shoshoni to be something of a leader, the Coso Mountains to be his territory and the wild horses in them to be his horses. From time to time some of Frank's horses would be rounded up to be broken and sold to local ranchers, the last roundup occurring in 1922.

On this occasion the plan was to drive the wild herd to Coso Hot Springs where a holding corral had been built. Three signal fires were to be lit, each one closer so that those at the corral could judge progress and act accordingly. The plan worked well until the third fire was seen. No sooner was this smoke visible than the horses stampeded wildly down the mountain side, the riders hard put to herd them towards the corral. The little children had already been put in a barricaded shelter for safety the older children and grownups scattered, climbing anything in sight or getting behind any possible barricade so as to see in safety what went on. When the rumpus was over only ten horses had been corraled, the

October 1977

414

rest eluding capture.

But what has all this got to do with the Bellas family name? Among the Paiutes and Shoshonis of this time it became the custom to adopt as one's family name the name of the white man for whom he worked. Frank worked for Horace Bellows and adopted the name Bellows; Frank's family spelled the name Bellas, the way it was pronounced.

However, Me-we-ga, Frank's older brother, went to work for a man named Diaz. He became known as Chappo Diaz and his descendants have the family name Diaz. Another Shoshoni, name of De-en (no relation to Frank) also worked for Horace Bellows. His name became Manuel Bellas, so today there are two Bellas families.

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

THREE PLACE NAMES

These three place names do not seem to be in common use except among the older generation. They are being presented here to preserve a memory of them before they fall into complete disuse and are forgotten.

Rattlesnake Mountain - - This small mountain is located at the southwest corner of Whitney Portal Road and Horseshoe Meadows Road. The hill is correctly named, as I met one of the inhabitants, a rattlesnake, there last year. Carefully, I stepped to one side and let this fellow go on his way.

Beveridge River Bridge - - This bridge is a half mile east of the Lone Pine railroad station at the Owens River. Here there are the remains of an old wooden bridge a few feet south of the present double culvert. From the way the term was used it appears this name was used by the old time packers and derives its name from its location on the pack trail to the Beveridge Mining District.

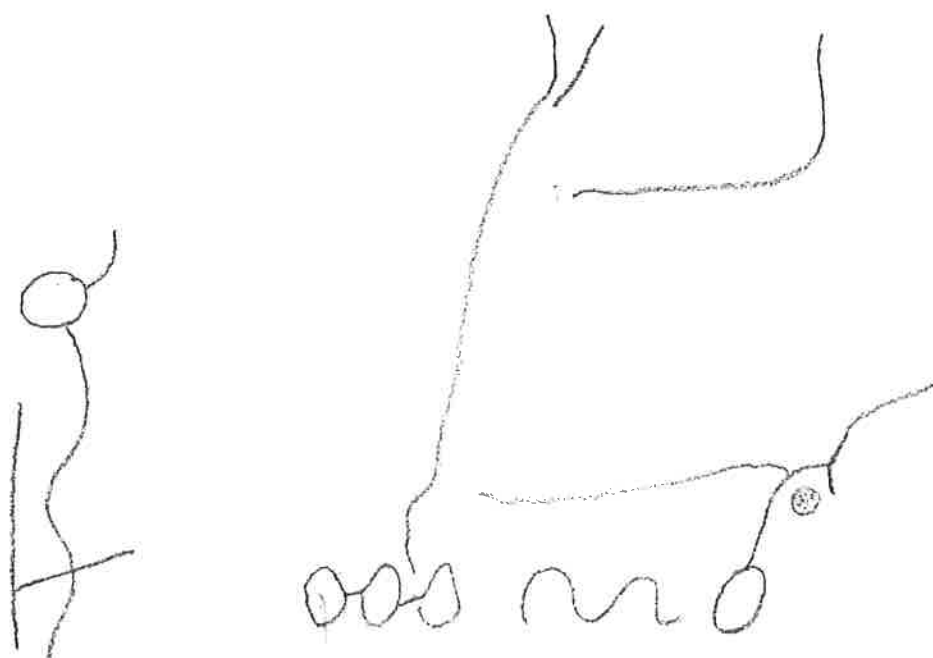
Ruiz Hill - - This highway grade is about one and a quarter miles west of Lone Pine on the Whitney Portal Road. It takes its name from Ygnacio C. Ruiz, a prospector who had a home near there.

The first notice of Ygnacio in the grantor-grantee County records is 1876. Here he and Ramon Ochoa sold the San Ramon Ledge to the New Coso Mining Co. The records contain no reference to Ruiz for 24 years until 1900 when he sold the Liberty Quartz Claim to Fue Yum Sang. For the next 25 years his name appears quite regularly, four notations being of some importance. In 1911 Ygnacio, Max Diaz and Sam F. Yuensang sold a quarter interest in the Santa Rosa Mine to Presiranio Guzman of Keeler and later another quarter interest to H. C. Brougher of Oakland. This mine had the reputation of being worthwhile. On March 1, 1920 a patent was granted to Ygnacio by President Woodrow Wilson for homesteading.

I have called him Ygnacio. However, the records refer to him with varying names. Things got so confused with Ygnacio switching signatures it was necessary to file affidavits of identity on this gentleman certifying that Y. Ruiz, Y. C. Ruiz, Ygnacio Ruiz, Ignacio Ruiz, Ygnacio C. Ruiz and Ignacio C. Ruiz were all one and the same person.

Two more items of interest were found. In 1930 Y. C. Ruiz, R. E. Ruiz and C. D. Ruiz sold the Talc City mine to Archibald W. Clapp of Pasadena for around \$10,000.00. As for the homestead at Ruiz Hill obtained under the 1862 Homestead Act, the city acquired it in 1932.

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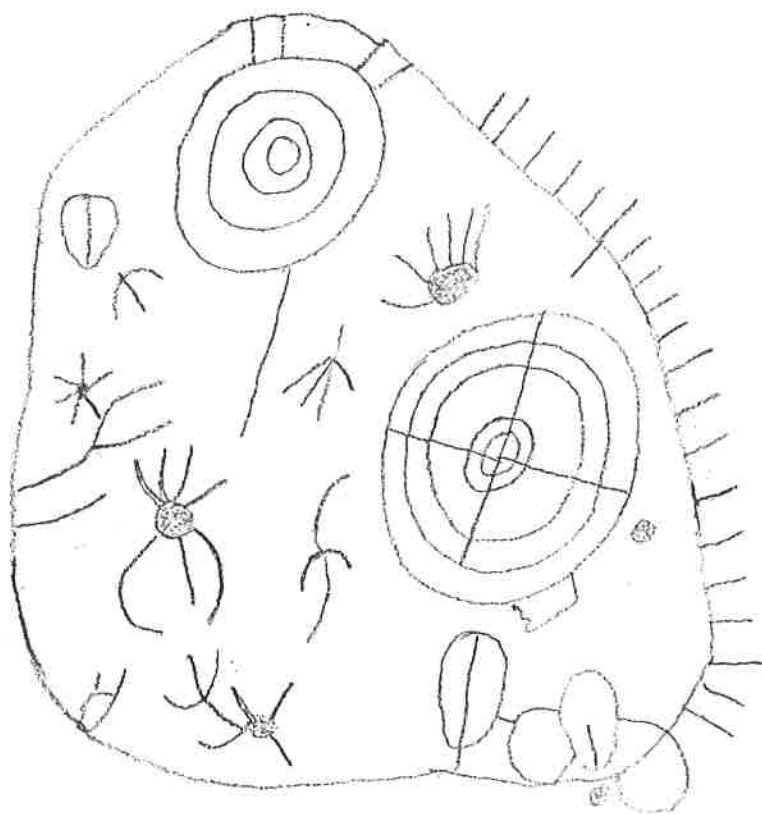


BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

PHOTO BY PEGGY STREETER 1971

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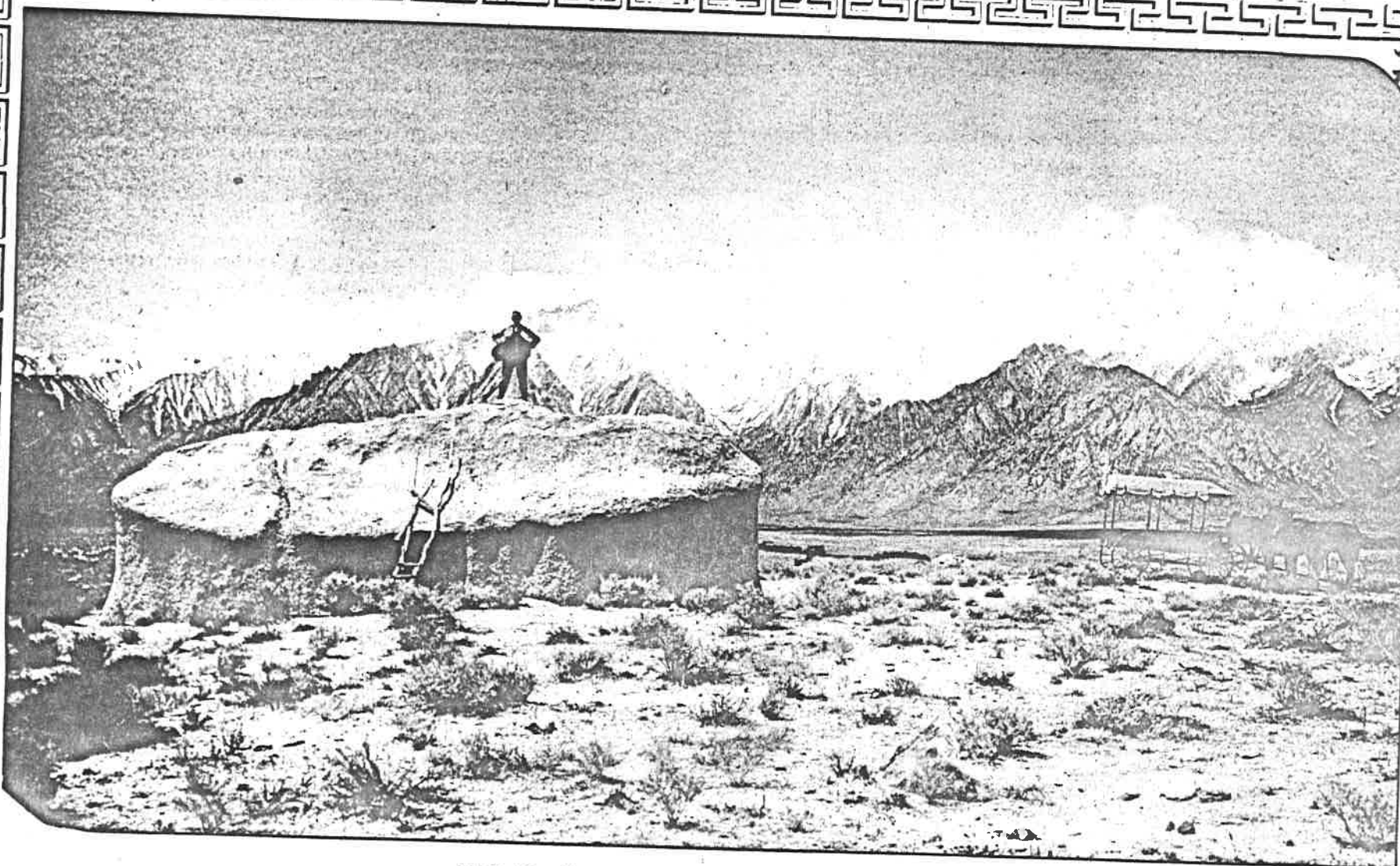


BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

PHOTOS BY REV. C. F. KELLEY SHIPSTER CALIF
1984

SEC 9 T6S R31E QUAD MT. TOM CALIF 1949

BIRCHM CANYON



Moffet Boulder, out of Lone Pine, was photographed by W.D. Johnson who was with the U. S. Geological Survey in 1907.

417

Lone Pine Agenda

by Margaret Kelly

To submit news items, please call 876-5753



LONE PINE—Members of Top 20 got the new year

their children Shari and Robert; Linda and John Treacy

Plaque for hospital



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The Moffet Boulder is not a boulder but a granite outcrop near what was once the Moffet Ranch.

On the sides are highly eroded remains of saucer shapes like on sheet 347 on the Pat Keyes Trail.

Sheet 417 is dropped from the Jan 25, 1984 edition of the Dwyer Register Independent.

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

E $\frac{1}{2}$ SEC 3, T15S, R35E

QUAD LONE PINE CALIF 1958

MOFFET BOULDER

419

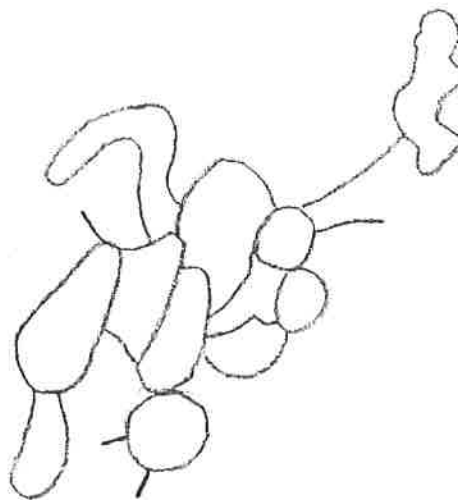
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BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93546

WHITE MOUNTAIN CITY

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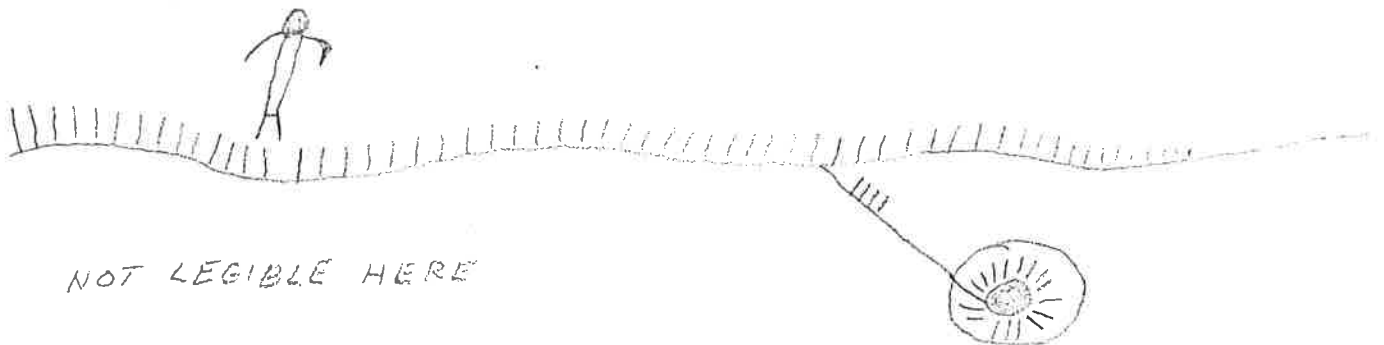
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RED PICTOGRAPH

RURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LAKE ARROWHEAD, CA 93545

PHOTO BY ANN YODER

2± MILES ON ROAD TO CHIMNEY PEAK FIRE STATION FROM
STATE ROUTE 178, KERN COUNTY, CALIF

BIRTHING ROCK

clipped from days independent
August 10, 1978

by
Todd
Watkins

Madina sisters return from "Longest Walk"

by Ed Rosendorf

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On February 11 "The Longest Walk" began from Sacramento and was completed in Washington, D.C. on July 15 as Indians from 94 tribes joined in seeking to call the American public's attention to legislation being proposed in the Congress.

Two Fort Independence girls took part in the walk and for them it was a memorable experience in a democratic process as people across the nation were made aware of the Indian cause. It was also, as it were, a college extension course in American Native Studies in which they are majoring at the University of California, Berkeley. They will write term papers about the trek.

They are Nancy and Nel Madina, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Madina, longtime residents of the Independence area. They are graduates of Owens Valley High School. Nancy continued her studies at San Diego State and Nel at the University of Oregon before both went to UC Berkeley.

The walk, they say, was of a spiritual nature with revered Indian traditions being observed. A sacred pipe was carried at the head of the walk and on stops at various camps, ceremonies were held. An altar was set up and during longer stays, of four or five days, sweat

lodges were erected. Security on a 24-hour basis was arranged for the camps and the walk.

Preceding the start of the walk from Sacramento there were prayers and ceremonies on Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay. About 300 started the walk and the number varied along the way. They usually got under way at 8 a.m. and called a halt about 3 p.m. The average was about three miles an hour although at times the pace was stepped up a bit when those carrying the sacred pipe at the head of the procession would break into a run. Twenty of the starters made the entire distance of some 3,000 miles.

There were vehicles for supplies and one for medical care.

The walkers were well received with people coming out to greet them and wish them well. There were donations and various churches were ready to assist.

On such a long march there are occasions when a situation requires immediate action. Such was the case of a birth of a daughter to Canadian parents at Baltimore. Fortunately, a midwife, who was a clan mother of the Iroquois nation, was at hand and there was no problem. The baby was named "The Longest Walk," a name

which in the Indian language must sound more lyrical.

Another incident at Delaware, Ohio, was when Indian tradition and park regulation clashed. Because guns, alcohol and drugs were not allowed in the Indians' camp, a park ranger was asked to take off his gun out of respect for the Sacred Pipe. Since it is an emblem of peace, Indians believe

given by Vice President Walter Mondale.

The Longest Walk came to an end on July 23 when a manifesto was presented to Congress.



Nancy Madina



Nel Madina

**Public hearing
Aug. 15 on special
districts funding**

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there should not be a gun around. The ranger declined to remove the gun and after some discussion the matter was settled when he removed, not only the gun, but himself from the premises.

The Madina sisters were on the walk for the first ten says from Sacramento to Austin, Nev., when they had to return to Berkeley to resume studies. They rejoined the walk at St. Louis on May 11.

They recall some very cold weather crossing the Sierra Nevadas and how over Donner Pass the Sacred Pipe was carried by warriors in relays.

The route after Austin was to Ely, Nev., Grand Junction, Colo., Terre Haute, Ind., Indianapolis, Columbus, Ohio, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Baltimore and Washington, D.C.

At York, Penn., Mohammed Ali, former world boxing champion, visited the camp and urged the Indians to continue the fight to preserve their rights.

He later appeared in a boxing exhibition at a benefit to raise funds to send the walkers home. Others on the program were Buffy Sainte-Marie, Stevie Wonder, Floyd Westerman and Richie Havens.

Among those who greeted the walkers on arrival in Washington were: Ronald V. Dellums (D-Calif.), Dick Gregory and Marlon Brando.

An Elders' Council was formed with members from the Iroquois Nation; Sioux, Navajo, other U.S. tribes and Canadian Indians. Twenty-five elders attended a dinner at the white House

In it the Indian people stressed "the need for their own self determination of economic and political autonomy. They no longer want federal government or the multi-national corps to have the ultimate authority or power to decide for the Indian people what is best for them. This autonomy would allow the practice of native religion and culture to the fullest and insure Indian control over Indian land and Indian concerns."

Among the proposed bills the Indians oppose are those they claim would abrogate treaties, tax reservations and take away finishing rights. Other concerns are the protection of burial sites and sacred ceremonial grounds.

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indigenous species on the Grounds. Frank Madina brought taboose plants; also Dean Smith, County Farm Advisor, has given two Four-Wing Salt bushes and two bunches of Indian Sacaton.

Capitol Exhibit

Dorcas Birchim will complete Inyo County's exhibit for the State Capitol Building this month. The exhibit will be installed in September. The display unit includes carved reliefs and sculptures in sugar pine and redwood. The figures symbolize themes representing Inyo such as the Big Horn sheep, mules, the raven, magpie, ranching, mining, Mt. Whitney, Death Valley's sand dunes, gliding, the Paiute-Shoshone Indians and narrow gauge nostalgia. The word "Inyo" and the year "1866" will be routed on wood panels.

Seismology Lecture

The Seismology lecture by Dr. Chris Buckley of California State University, Fullerton, was well received; over sixty people attended. Dr. Buckley discussed earthquake faults in Owens Valley and other areas in Inyo. He also pointed out that the Chinese have been the most successful in earthquake prediction. Various geological signs indicate that inland California may have a major quake. Further, the fact that Owens Valley has had no serious quake since 1862 portends a quake here because the area is overdue.

Vicki Coombs and Peggy Irwin provided refreshments.

THE LONGEST WALK

As told to Charles Irwin by Nell and Nancey Madina

Nell and Nancey Madina of Fort Independence participated in the recent Longest Walk from Sacramento to Washington D. C. The girls took turns wearing the buckskin dress which is on exhibit at the Eastern California Museum. George Brown and Dean Turner of Bishop, Indian Elders from Owens Valley, participated in the Walk as well as some young people. The following article is based on an oral interview with the Madina sisters who gave details of the Longest Walk to the Director.

Native Americans of the United States organized the Longest Walk to protest a number of controversial bills before the U. S. Congress. These bills are opposed by American Indians because they would abrogate existing treaty rights. The Indians spelled out their opposition to the bills as well as proclaiming their insistence that the government honor fishing rights, burial sites and sacred places such as Coso Hot Springs (Paiute-Shoshone), Black Mesa (Navajo) and the Black Hills (Sioux).

A Manifesto contained the objectives of the Walk including: a prayer for all creation; the need for Indian peoples' self-determination or regional autonomy; they no longer want the Federal Government to decide the ultimate destiny of the tribes, rather, they want the determination over their own native religion and culture and to insure Indian control over Indian land and Indian concerns; a promise of the young generation to the Elders, they would carry on the tribal traditions, "We the young give thanks for and honor the dedication of the Elders, for without their strength we would never be where we are today."

August 1978

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The Longest Walk, a spiritual walk which took place this Spring and Summer, began in San Francisco; from there the groups caravanned to Sacramento where the actual Walk began. Several hundred Indian participants joined the group at various parts of the route to Washington D. C. where a final demonstration of Indian solidarity took place. In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Iroquois tribal members joined the group for the last stretch of the journey to the Capital.

The majority of the participants were Native Americans representing 80 tribes. Some non-Indians participated among whom were Whites, Blacks and Buddhist Monks from Japan. In all, there were 3,000 Black and White supporters.

Ernie Peters, of Paiute and Sioux descent, was the Chief. He and other men carried the Calumet or Sacred Pipe as well as a Sacred Lance before the participants as they marched toward Washington. Other leaders were Wallace BlackElk, Philip Deer, Russel Means, Clyde Belcourt and Vernon Belcourt.

The Walk was well organized. No alcohol, drugs or guns were permitted. The latter prohibition bore testimony to the non-violent or pacifist orientation of the pilgrimage. FBI agents found nothing of a subversive or illegal nature. Different committees functioned as gate security, pipe security, camp security and walk security. Several took turns cooking. Everyone had a role in the procession. At certain points the group camped for three or four days during which members fasted and participated in Sweatlodge ceremonies.

A number of organizations supported the Longest Walk including the United Methodist Church, who helped with money; jewelers donated turquoise ornaments which the group raffled off to help cover expenses; the National Guard provided tents, portable showers and cooked for the group at times. At some places the National Guard made armories available for night shelter. There were many Indian Tribes, centers and organizations who supported the Walk all the way.

As well as a spiritual walk, it served as an educational walk in which participants sponsored workshops and talks in local schools along the way to inform the American public regarding the rights and objectives of the First Americans. The talks were well received.

Opposition occurred at two locations. The governor of Missouri forbade the Walk to follow Route 70. Public pressure caused him to relent. In Delaware, Ohio, law enforcement officers wanted to bring guns into the camp but because of the clash between the Sacred Pipe and fire arms they finally acceded and apologized. Compared to the support for the Walk, the opposition appeared to be minimal and sporadic. While foreign countries monitored the Walk closely and lauded the efforts of the Indians, the news media in our country tended to ignore or give scant coverage of the Walk.

The Elders, most of whom joined the Walk as it neared Washington, were the spokesmen for the group, as it was in the traditional American Indian political systems. In traditional times younger members of Indian tribes respected and deferred to the Elders.

Vice-President Mondale and several Congressmen acted as spokesmen for

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August 1978

the Government when the group, dressed in tribal regalia staged the final Pow-wow in Washington D. C.

The Walk had support from all parts of the political and social spectrum. Supporters included Tom Hayden and several politicians including a number of U. S. Senators, movie actors and other known Indian and non-Indian singers.

The Madina sisters are of the opinion the Walk will have a positive effect on the U. S. Government and public opinion and will influence lawmakers in decision-making where it affects American Indian tribes.

JOE TOSCANO
Frank Madina

Who was Joe Toscano? Joe Toscano was an old Italian miner that worked in many mines in Owens Valley. He worked in the old Casa Diablo mine many years ago; the Casa Diablo mine was a very rich gold mine. It also had a big gold mill. They used to run the water from the Gorge Creek. They had a six inch pipe that ran to the mill. Finally for some reason they shut it down when the Inyo Bank went bankrupt. Joe Toscano lost all his savings in the bank; all these years that he worked in different mines he put his money in the Inyo Bank in Bishop and he lost it all. He lived in a little cabin one mile from town. Joe Toscano was never himself again. How he made his living no one knows but he always managed to smoke Toscano cigars; that's where he got his name.

During the depression in 1930 Joe Toscano used to walk up and down the main street with his hands in his back pockets and talked to himself, cursed the world and called every one a crook. At that time there was no work any place. There were a few men that went and cut piñon wood and sold it in town any way to make a dollar. So Joe went to Jim Hidick who used to haul wood and sell it for whatever he could get for it, and told him, "Jim, if you take me to Casa Diablo I will give you half of the lost vein of gold that they lost years ago, I know where it is. I was working there when they lost it, I covered it up." Jim knew that Joe Toscano was crazy and turned him down. Then Joe went to the Horn brothers. They also had an old truck and were hauling wood to town. They also turned him down. I had an old beat up truck and also hauled a little wood and sold it. I was sorry for poor old Joe but the little gas I had, I needed to haul a little wood. The gas was only nine cents a gallon but nine cents was a lot of money in those days, so I turned him down.

Jack Black had a big grocery store in Bishop. So he went to Jack and asked him if he could trust him with a few groceries. He was going to find the lost gold vein and when he came back he would pay him. Jack felt sorry for Joe, so he let him have a big piece of bacon, some dry beans, potatoes and flour and many other things. How Joe managed to carry all that stuff to the Casa Diablo mine no one knows. But he made many trips to take his stuff to the mine. The mine was about thirty-five miles from town and no water in between but Joe made it.

Joe disappeared for a long time, maybe six months. He lived on Jack rabbits and rattlesnakes I guess. But one day he came back. On his back he carried a little sack of three thousand dollar ore. You could see the

Civic Club hears report on Ft. Independence concerns

by Ed Rosendorf 2-7-80

The Ft. Independence community would prefer fewer Bureau of Indian Affairs regulations and is suspicious of anything seemingly offered for nothing, Pearl Williams, long-active in tribal affairs there, told a meeting of the Independence Civic Club Monday night.

It was a well-attended meeting that heard her recount the many disagreements and delays before a tribal association was formed.

Mrs. Williams was born at Ft. Independence and attended school in Independence, later going to Big Pine to finish high school. She recalled that her father, John Simms, was the first Indian allowed to go to public school in this area. After high school she went east to Haskell, an Indian school and later worked in Illinois before returning to Ft. Independence.

She became interested in improving life at the fort and in keeping up with modern times. Mrs. Williams noted that while her father did not go beyond the third grade, he had wisdom that aided in working for the good of his people. He had a part in the rejection by the Fort residents of a land exchange proposal by the DWP. The Big Pine and Bishop reservations agreed to an exchange.

Mrs. Williamson says there are 340 acres at the Fort, with around 80 residents. Land allotments were made in 1910. Today, assignments from the allotments are made to the younger people, but these cannot be sold.

She said that from the outside things may appear peaceful at the Fort but there are still many problems, and working for closer relations with the town of Independence is a goal.

his death, the Solvay Company paid Indian George for the Peterson Creek water.

The writer has a collection of letters and a bill that was found by Barney Foley at Indian Joe's place after they moved away in 1915. It seems that the Indians never wrote a letter unless there was death or sickness or someone owed them money. These Indian letters are as they were actually written: From Charlie Hansen - Skidoo, Calif. to Joe Peterson "Indian Joe" - Borax, (Trona) Calif. Skidoo - 6/14/11
Joe Peterson - Borax

Charlie's little boy died yesterday. Charlie and wife feel bad. Daughter die, Little boy die. Nobody help him now. White man help bury boy make box for little boy.

Charlie say, want to burn them everything Warm Spring, Skidoo too. You will come. You no will come send your sister. Charlie wife no feel good. Write me how your folks. I am going to burn them everything. I want you see me. Come first Harrisburg. You no come here Harrisburg, I make you trouble. You no come when Ap sick. You no come sister. You no come little boy. You come now Harrisburg or I make you trouble. Hungry Bill and Panamint Tom.

You come sure Harrisburg. We talk with you when you come.
Charlie Hansen.

Ballarat, April 6, 1914. Joe Peterson

Indian George asked me to write you and to tell you that Bill Bolens wife is dead and that Panamint Tom's wife is dead and that Johny Scott's mother is dead.

Indian Leo's wife pretty sick, can't walk anymore. Mike is going to Darwin, but will be back in about a week and then he and Isabell are going out after pine nuts. Unsigned.

Ballarat, California, February 1915. F. E. Bruary: Sir: You must pay me my 73 dollars about a horse hire and all will be even or OK. Manage and American Trona Corporation.

Mr. Peterson he sent me 30 dollars for Charlie, his place. Dennis Marchion, July 4, 1914.

Note: This letter was written on F. W. "Fred" Gray's stationery. "F. W. Gray Mines and Mining Mines in Death Valley."

GLADYS JONES JEWETT

Gladys Jewett is retiring from weekend service at the museum. Gladys has been a staunch museum supporter and history enthusiast. Her informative and cheerful presence will be missed by staff and patrons alike.

Also, Mrs. Jewett gave valuable assistance in the recent office re-organization at the museum. The museum and County thanks Mrs. Jewett for her dedicated years of service.

Dr. Austin raised the possibility of jobs for Indians on a geothermal project should one materialize. However, the nearest Paiute-Shoshone Indians of a working age reside in Lone Pine, which is well over forty miles from the proposed site for geothermal development. Residents of Inyokern and Ridgecrest are actually closer to the site.

The Indian people have two key objections: the possibility of damage to the Coso Hot Springs by a geothermal development and the Navy-imposed restrictions on visits to the Springs. The Navy has permitted day visits whereas the Indians want overnight visiting and visits lasting several days for curing by hot mud bathing.

Curiously, neither of the two researchers who represent Iroquois Institute appeared at the meeting. Early this year the two researchers carried out a detailed study of the cultural dimensions of Coso Hot Springs including early Indian uses of the Springs. They were working under a contract with the U. S. Navy. As far as the Director knows the report has not been published or circulated.

A New Image

A crew from the Building Maintenance Department filled cracks in the exterior museum walls, sealed the block walls and applied a desert-like tan coat to the main building. The project has greatly improved the museum esthetically as well as safeguarding the interior from water damage and heat loss in winter. The crew also repaired the water damage in the rest-rooms and repainted them. The crew included Brenda Yother, Tim Copeland and Robert Daugherty. Mr. Richard Ogden supervised the project.

Acquisitions

Mr. N. A. Wunder of Trona, California has donated a pair of original Inyo County Notary Public seals to the museum's collection. The lead half measures two inches in diameter by one-quarter inch thick; the bronze half measures two inches by three-sixteenths inch thick. The inner side of the bronze half bears the name of the engraver: T. C. Dougherty, Engraver, 208 West 1st St. Los Angeles, Ca. The outside surfaces of both seals bear the seal of the State of California and the word "Eureka." The lead half has a raised design and raised letters, "Notary Public Inyo Co. California" whereas the same design and words on the bronze half are depressed and reversed.

JOHNNY JACK Frank Madina

Johnny Jack was a Paiute Indian from Virginia City Nevada. He came to Owens Valley and worked as a cow hand for the cattle ranches in Owens Valley. Jack knew the mountains from the State of Nevada to the State of California. He knew the high Sierras very good, the White Mountains, the Coso Range, the Inyos and the Pinto Mountains. He drove cattle all over. When he did not feel good he used to go to Coso Hot Springs, lay in the mud and rest a few days. Around 1930 I got pretty well acquainted with him. I guess he was one of the oldest Indians in the Valley.

Johnny Jack was a man that never associated with many people; not even

his own people. He always kept pretty well by himself. He used to own Moran Springs in Casa Diablo. He knew all that Chidago country. He had a little house not far from the Spring. He also had a little meadow where he used to raise horses. When he figured he had too many horses he used to kill a few, so they would not accumulate too much. He used to live in his little cabin and come down to Bishop on horseback about thirty-five miles every two weeks. He got his groceries and went back.

He told me one time two White men came and stayed by the Spring and every morning they went out to prospect for gold. One day he saw them coming back. They were carrying a powder box full of dirt. They took it to the Spring and panned it. They discovered placer gold some place. He watched which way they went and he followed them. There they started to dig until they hit bedrock and with a spoon they filled the box full of dirt. Then they carried the box to the Spring. There they panned it and got the gold out of it. They made many trips. How much gold they took with them it's hard to tell. One day they disappeared; where they went no one ever knew. But Johnny told me that a few years later he met an old Indian from Lovelock, Nevada. He got to talking to him and the old Indian told Jack that two old White prospectors came into town with lots of money and lots of gold nuggets and got on a big drunk; somebody killed them and stole all their money. Maybe they were the ones because they never came back to Casa Diablo.

After the prospectors left Johnny went to the hole that the White men dug; they had covered it all up very good and put sage brush on top. Johnny dug up the hole and found the box and two gold pans and the spoon. So he filled the box with dirt from the bedrock and carried it to the Spring. In that box he found many gold nuggets; some were pretty good size. So from then on he made many trips until one day he had a small bottle full of gold. Then he covered the hole good and put some sage brush over it and came to Bishop. He went to the bank and bought cash for his gold. He bought his groceries and went back to Casa Diablo. So one day he left Casa Diablo, came back to Bishop and rented a little house by the canal near the Kelso flour mill.

One day he went to town; he left a pot of beans he was cooking and put a little wood in the stove before he left. Some way he did not close the stove door good and a piece of wood fell on the floor and the house caught on fire. By the time Johnny got back the house was burning; many people were around. There was no water near by. He used to carry his drinking water from the canal. He wanted to get in the fire to get his money out; they had to hold him back. He had his money under the wood box by the stove. After the fire was over he went and got a five pound lard can; it was almost full of gold pieces and nuggets. How many gold certificates burned no one knew. The gold pieces and nuggets were all melted from the heat.

From there he moved over to another cabin on the other side of town. There is where I met him and got to know him very good. I used to get wine for him from the old Gerkin ranch. They used to make homemade wine at four dollars a gallon. I used to ride Johnny's horse; it was quite a ways. Johnny always gave me a ten dollar bill and gave me the change. I used to go every one or two weeks and he always gave me a glass of wine. It was very good wine.

Johnny Jack had a daughter, named Lena from Mono Lake. Johnny never stayed with her until he got very old. She married a little Spanish guy by the name of Joe Castro but the old man never did like him. One day after I came back from the Gerkin ranch he told me sit down. He said, "I'm going to tell you a story and also I'm going to give you a map. I want you to look at it and keep it in your mind and then destroy it." That's when he told me what I'm writing here. He gave me the map written on a piece of buckskin with Indian Ink. I studied it and then I destroyed it. He told me "Do not show it to no one, and if you ever go to get gold do not take no one with you." Later he moved with his daughter Lena. Not very long after he died. His daughter and Joe sold Moran Springs. A few years later Joe died of a heart attack. The County had to bury him. What he did with all that money no one knows. Lena came over to me one day and told me that she wanted a map that her father gave me. I told her I did not know anything about a map. I guess she knew about the map but the map was destroyed by my hand. Some day some one might find the gold mine but not me, I'm too old to be looking for lost mines.

© 1978 Frank Madina

EARLY MANZANAR, LAND OF THE BIG RED APPLES 1910-1935 - Continued
Ruth Gladys Wilder Hall

In the first few years only one room of the Manzanar schoolhouse was used for school. The other room held community meetings, Sunday School and church services. In the school year 1919-20 there were enough pupils that two teachers were hired and both rooms were used for school.

The Owens Valley Union High School District had been formed in 1916 with two teachers and an average attendance of twelve. This included the elementary districts of Independence, Manzanar, Milton and Owenyo. In 1916-17 Viola Cornelius was the only student from Manzanar attending the Union High School in Independence. In the school year 1918-19 there were eighteen students at Owens Valley Union High, six of whom came from Manzanar.

A Ford pick-up was purchased that same year as a school bus. James G. Wilder was hired to convert it to a bus. Seats were built around the sides of it and curtains were put up over the top and sides. These curtains could be rolled down if the weather made it necessary. In the school year 1919-20 Mrs. Mabel Wilder was hired to drive the school bus. There were nine students from Manzanar. The following year the same Mrs. Wilder of Manzanar started teaching at the Union High School in Independence. She continued there until the 1930's.

Track and Field meets were a big event in the lives of the Grammar School children of Inyo County. Competition was keen. These events included the following activities: playground ball games, drawing, penmanship, dashes, jumps, potato races, relay races, teachers' dash and first aid contests. The events were quite different from today's track events, although a forerunner of today's strictly athletic prowess competitions.

As early as 1924 the exodus from Manzanar was affecting the schools. Enrollment was dropping and continued to drop. In 1931-32 the enrollment in Manzanar Grammar School was down to 14. Jim Wilder Jr. recalls that he attended Manzanar school until it closed; in the last year it had seven pupils in the eight grades. At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors,

Mr. Pipkin's generosity and foresight are welcome; it is the attribute of giving which builds a great museum. Hopefully, Pipkin's community spirit will inspire Inyo's citizenry.

INDIAN JOE'S PLACE
George Pipkin

This is a reprint of a article appearing in the Trona Argonaut, Wednesday, April 18, 1973 with permission of George Pipkin.

For three generations, Indian Joe's Place on Peterson Creek, three miles north of Trona in the Argus Mountains, was a favorite picnicing spot for Searles Valleyites. It was an oasis, a cool shady retreat, where one could go to escape the summer heat, especially before air conditioning.

The place has now gone down the drain, destroyed by vandals and the elements. Actually, the vandals did most of the damage as they burned the buildings where the Indians had lived, the bridge on the road in the canyon and the beautiful orchard where we used to gather fruit in season; apples, pears, peaches, plums, figs, grapes and blackberries. There was also wild celery, mint and black walnuts. The elements washed away the road and the terraced gardens.

Before the coming of John Searles in 1862, the oasis was the home of a family of Shoshone Indians, who later became known locally as the Searles Lake Indians. When Searles arrived in the valley, the family consisted of four people; a father, mother, son and daughter. The son, being the most active, was soon given the name "Copperstain Joe" by the white men. Later he was to take the name of a white man "Joe Peterson" who he worked for and liked. That was a custom of the Indians. Indian Joe, as we will call him, was a cousin of Indian George Hansen who lived at another oasis, Warm Springs in the Panamint Valley.

In 1873, when Searles learned there was a market for Borax, he formed the San Bernardino Borax Mining Company and built a crude refining plant on the east side of the dry lake. He also built a large rock home for his family. The ruins of the home may still be seen at what was once Slate Range City.

One of Searles' many early day problems was the lack of fresh vegetables and fruit for his family and employees. So when he found the little family of Indians living at an oasis with plenty of water in a nearby canyon, he ran them off and took over. Using Chinese labor, he terraced the place, planted gardens and put in an orchard. It was a shabby way to treat the Indians, worse than wounding them in the knee.

Indian Joe and his family didn't take it laying down. They got even, so to speak, by recruiting their relatives in Death Valley and Panamint Valley to help them stage a raid. The indians waited until Searles and his men were away hauling Borax to the coast, to strike. There were only two people in the camp at the time, a Chinese cook and Searles' ten-year old son, Dennis III. They saved themselves by hiding in a cave. The indians burned the camp and the plant and took all the horses and mules that were left in the corral.

When Searles returned a few days later, he took his best men and rode hard after the Indians. They were found in the Panamint Valley.

Firing a few shots at them, the Indians scattered and Searles recovered his stock. A bloody battle only took place in the imagination of some writers.

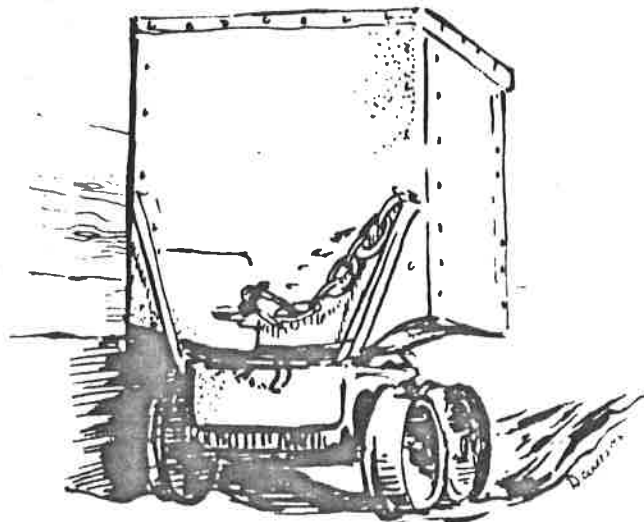
Although some of the older Indians later worked for Searles, a few of them were afraid of him, including Indian Joe and his sister and his father, Pete, who did not return to their home on Peterson Creek until they were sure of Searles' death in 1897.

What the family found when they returned was a far cry from what Searles had taken away from them. There was a fine orchard, gardens, Searles' summer home, a few lesser buildings, also a workable irrigating system and nobody was ever going to take this away from them. It was all theirs, thanks to the help of the Indian Service.

The family kept the place up and lived well from the sale of fruit and vegetables to prospectors, miners, the Trona Store and the merchants at Ballarat. The latter received the produce via the Johannesburg-Ballarat Stage Line, which Indian Joe put on the stage at "The Tanks" near Valley Wells.

At the start of World War I, the Solvay Process Company built a borate plant on Searles Lake at Borosolvay. They had to have potable water, which they bought from Indian Joe. The water was piped to Borosolvay. He was paid \$100 a month for the water, in cash, a crisp \$100 bill, as that was the way he wanted it.

To the kids of the valley, Indian Joe was the Pied Piper. When he came for the water money, he always treated them generously with goodies from the company store. But they had to follow him out of town to get the goodies. TO BE CONTINUED.





Curtis Bellows
Photos Courtesy Author

By DOROTHY ROBERTSON

IN SOME of the sleepy little hamlets out in the West you can still dig up surprising stories of a century ago that have only been partially told. Such a one is the bitter feud beginning in 1863 between Horace "Bart" Bellows and sub-chief Big Foot of the Paiutes.

W. A. Chalfant, late historian, newspaper editor and son of pioneers of the region, recounts in his *Story of Inyo*, many of the events connected with Bart Bellows.

The feud itself and its consequences are known today to less than a handful of people. George Brown of Olancha, California, a village at the southern end of Owens Lake, told me he had known old Bart when he (George) was a hero-worshipping youngster and had been given the historic muzzle loader and powder flask. George lent me some old photographs of the principals, and told me where to find Curtis Bellows' grave in the Soldiers' Cemetery. Curtis was the innocent instrument of the trouble, and his death was one of the causes of the massacre at Owens Lake.

On July 4, 1862, in answer to the settlers' request for soldiers, Camp Independence was established at Little Pine. Little Pine then became known as Independence.

By the spring of 1863 the Paiutes were sullenly resentful and becoming hungrier despite the doling out of rations by the military. Homesteaders were swarming in, as were prospectors and miners. The Indians' best seedlands, game ranges, and fishing streams had been preempted. Worse, the miners were decimating the piñon trees, source of the Indians' precious winter staple. These pinenuts were particularly rich in nutritious oils, and up to the coming of the whites, had been jealously guarded from other tribes. Each tribe claimed certain sections of mountain country and established boundaries.

Curtis and Bart Bellows, together with an old boyhood chum named Henry Badger, had come to California to try their luck in mineral-rich Inyo County. That

BOWS and ARROWS Versus



Horace "Bart" Bellows

spring the Bellows brothers, Henry Badger, Milton Lambert and two men named Crohn and Walker, were mining at the Ida Mine east of Manzanar in Owens Valley. The men worked in groups or pairs, for too many lone prospectors were being picked off by the Indians.

On March 1, Camp Independence authorities noticed that wily old Chief George had quietly slipped away from camp after receiving his rations. On March 2, a band of several hundred Indians composed of men, women and children, were observed across the river, leaving the valley.

At dusk of March 2, Hiram McDonald up at Big Pine Creek some fifteen to twenty miles to the north, was killed by Indians while his partners, the three Ayres brothers, were upstream and out of sight.

Not long before, some Indians who had come into possession of white men's guns but were without bullets, had conceived the bright notion of stealing the lead pipe which supplied the Ida Camp with water from a distant spring. This theft necessitated the fetching and carrying of water to the camp, which was a half-mile away. The morning of March 6 had been cold and clear when Curtis Bellows and Milt Lambert went to fill their water buckets at the spring.

Lambert had filled his pails and had started back when a piercing yell whirled him around. He was just in time to see his friend and partner fall, mortally wounded and bristling with arrows. Lambert raced for the cabin, the redskins in hot pursuit. As he neared the cabin, Lambert shouted commands as though he

were telling his comrades inside of the danger. He succeeded in fooling the Indians who suddenly hesitated, then scattered for the safety of the rocky hills.

Lambert raced back to the spring, but Curtis was dead. He lost no time heading for Camp Independence and help; then he sent word to Bart Bellows.

MEANWHILE the Alney L. McGee party, en route to Visalia from Aurora with a herd of horses, arrived at Big Pine Creek. They were horrified to find McDonald's body on the creek bank. When many signal smokes were discovered rising from Fish Springs to the south, they began to put distance between themselves and the Indians, but they were not to escape. A body of redskins was advancing up the trail.

Hoping to find safety across the river the party attempted a crossing but found the river at low ebb. Their wagons mired in the mud and the team had to be cut loose. The two women and little girl of the party were put on horses, the men splashing alongside holding to the manes. Soon a running fight developed.

Poor Charley Tyler, a Negro, was unable to catch a mount, and was overtaken and killed. The low mound just south of the Los Angeles aqueduct intake near Aberdeen is named Charley's Butte in his honor, for that was where he met his death. The McGees reached the fort by late afternoon. Bart Bellows had hastened there also, to ride with the avenging troopers.

At the Ida Camp, Bart knelt by his brother's dead body and wept. "An eye for an eye!" he vowed, and promised Curtis he'd get every last one of the bushwhacking redskins. The Indians, naturally, were gone. Bart scouted carefully for tracks and noticed over a dozen barefoot prints. One set in particular caught his eye because of its great size and one missing toe. When he discovered the prints behind a large bush near the spring, and in direct line with Curtis' body, he knew this Big Foot was the killer. His arrows had entered Curtis' heart.

Lieutenant Doughty led his detail north to the Black Rocks stronghold of the Indians on March 12, and Bart Bellows again went along. But the Indians, over 300 strong and well entrenched, were difficult to dislodge. The prudent and outnumbered whites withdrew.

Early on March 19 some thirty-seven warriors were observed heading south single file from Chief George's ranch on George's Creek, between Independence and Lone Pine. Captain Ropes, in command of the fort, guessed they might be going to intercept James White, mail rider from Visalia. He sent Lieutenant Doughty with twenty soldiers to follow them. Many armed civilians joined the

'deadly duel that wouldn't end 'til the quiver was empty, the shot pouch was empty—and one or both men were dead . . .

MUZZLE LOADER

small force and trailed the Indians through the Alabama Hills, catching up with them in the afternoon at a ravine near Cottonwood Creek, five miles south of the head of Owens Lake. A fight lasting some four hours ensued, after which the Indians were driven into the icy waters.

The escaping swimmers, hampered by a strong wind and revealed by a full moon, were easily picked off as they bobbed about on the surface. The whites established a cordon along the shore, then settled down to wait for morning.

Thirty-three bodies washed ashore that grisly dawn, but one Indian was seen racing west for the mountains, making derisive gestures at the furious whites who had discovered his escape too late.

Later Bart found a pair of water-logged moccasins by bare footprints along the southern shore. Furiously, he noted tell-tale missing toe. Big Foot!

Friendly Indians later told Bart the renegade sub-chief had boasted to "tame" Indians how he had escaped the whites. He had submerged beneath the waters, breathing through a hollow tule stalk, and so made his way safely to a hidden place by the shore.

ON APRIL 13, 1863, Big Foot and his men killed three miners and a woman, burned the cabin of the Combination Camp over in the Panamint Mountains, then fled.

Various hit and run outbreaks occurred at scattered outposts, but on the whole the Indian population had, as one old-timer put it, "seed the light and settled down."

Almost two years later, January 1, 1865, the renegades sneaked back into Owens Valley and attacked the lonely way station at Haiwai Meadows. Mrs. McGuire and her little son, Johnny, were killed. Mr. McGuire had gone to Lone Pine for materials.

Now the entire Valley was up in arms. A punitive force rode to Haiwai, tracked the footprints, and found the trail split. One set of tracks had gone southwest toward the Kern River Trail; the other, showing some ten Indian footprints, went north and east toward a large Indian camp on the northeast shore of Owens Lake.

Late on the night of January 5, approximately thirty-two incensed civilians, determined to end these ambushes for good, rode to the Indian camp. Snow muffled the horsemen's approach so that the entire camp was caught asleep and cut down as they rushed from their wickiups.

For the crimes of the ten who had sneaked into camp, over three-fourths of the innocent Indians there were killed. For years thereafter the tribe remained cowed and defiant.

In 1870, Bart Bellows filed a preemption claim on Haiwai Meadows. Stages and freighters stopped at his way station, for Owens Valley was booming. Later Bart imported around 8,000 Angora goats and Haiwai became known as the Goat Ranch.

As for Big Foot, the Valley knew him no more.

ONE day while Bart was out hunting along the Sierra foothills west of the present Dunsmuir, he became aware of fresh, barefoot prints going up a canyon toward timberline. Something about the outsize prints caused him to bend closer, examining them. Suddenly his heart began to pound. There was one missing toe! His brother's killer, Big Foot, was near at hand!

For hours Bart trailed the Indian, gun ready. He was a good hunter and tracker,

Curtis Bellows lies in the Old Soldiers Cemetery at Independence, California. The date on the tombstone (below) is in error; it should be March 6, 1863. George Brown (right) of Olancho, California, with the muzzle loader given him sixty years ago by Bart Bellows.

Courtesy of Harry Greenman



and he was sure he had not alerted his quarry. He knew too, his first shot must tell. And then he saw his enemy, face to face!

One startled glance, and the Indian was off. Bart had not been quick enough. It was a deadly game of hide and seek. The Indian was short, powerful, with enormous splayed feet. He carried a bow and a quiver of arrows. The men zig-zagged through the piñon pines, dodging behind the trunks for cover. Several times arrows slammed into the protecting tree trunks, pinning Bart's clothing to the bark.

Then Big Foot raced for the dubious safety of a lone pine near the center of a small flat. There was no place else to go.

Bart was in a better position, but Big Foot kept him pinned behind a tree. Cautiously he turned sideways, to minimize his bulk, holding the muzzle loader at the ready. At the first chance, he must shoot. Time had run out.

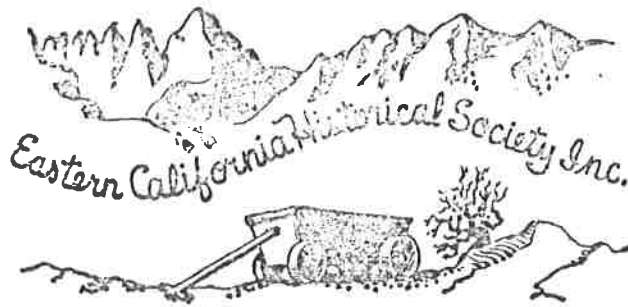
And then Big Foot, impatient, leaned out to see why the white man was so quiet. It was now or never. Deliberately, Bart aimed and fired. Curtis' murder was finally avenged.

For forty years Bart Bellows ranched at Haiwai, employing Indian labor. Then, in the early 1900s, Bart sold out. He moved to Long Beach where he died at age eighty-two.

In pioneer times, Indians who worked for white ranchers and lived on their property more often than not took their employers' names. In Lone Pine today, there are still a number of Indian families who bear the unlikely name of Bellas—a derivative of Bellows.

Courtesy Author





2-2-82

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

One of the undersigned (VSY) discovered numerous rock piles in the Alabama Hills while making a botanical survey. These are a couple miles west of Lone Pine in the Owens Valley, Inyo County, California. These piles lay on a gentle east sloping small alluvial fan at the east base of the Hills a little north of Hoodlem Peak.

The piles vary in size from two to six feet in length and width and about a foot or so in height. Shapes vary from elongated or oval to nearly round. Some have a depression in the center and some seem to have other peculiarities. Sizes shown on the attached map are more or less averaged.

It is obvious that the piles are not the result of natural geologic action, but are man made. The overall area throughout their occurrence is considerable, about



2-2-82

1000' by 1200' in the southerly area and 900' by 1500' in the northerly, or 27 acres and 31 acres respectively.

Although there appears no pattern when viewed on the ground, we surveyed the location of each pile and produced the attached map from the data. Still no pattern is apparent to us.

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

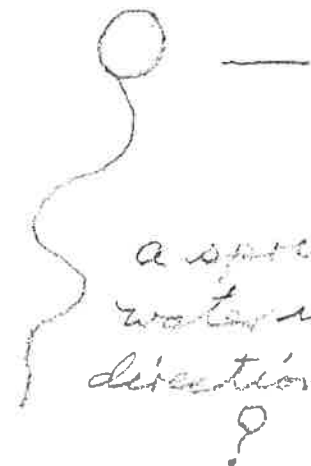
It is not known whether the labor to produce these piles is aboriginal or modern, and no reason for their existence is evident. An older local resident thought they might have something to do with the Los Angeles Aqueduct construction. We investigated two other areas suggested by the local resident, the area between the north end of the Alabama Hills and Hogback Creek, and also Joe White Canyon. No piles were found.

In order to arrive at knowledgeable based opinions we are sending copies of this letter and map to researchers in archeology and related fields. We would particularly like to determine if this site is aboriginal or modern.

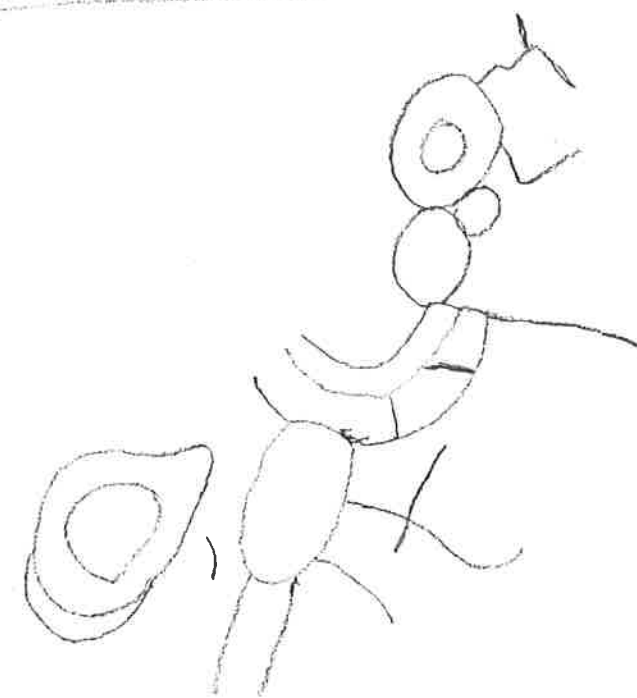
Copies to ---

1. Dr. E. I. Davis, Great Basin Foundation.
2. Nancy Peterson Walter.

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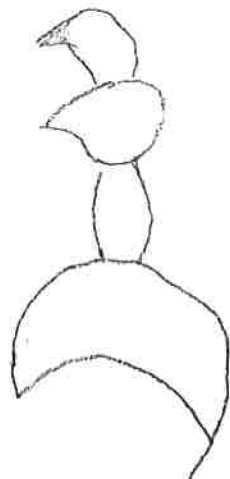


BURRELL C. DAWSON
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 LONE PINE, CA 93545

3.7" WEST & 0.2" NORTH ON QUAD UBEHEBE PEAK
 CALIF 1950

PHOTOS BY ANN YODER & MARGARET DAWSON
 MILL CANYON RIMROCK

437
6-5-85
VSY
ACY
MSD
BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



MILL CANYON RIMROCK

438

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VSY

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MCR



LITTLE LAKE
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BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



MILL CANYON RIMROCK

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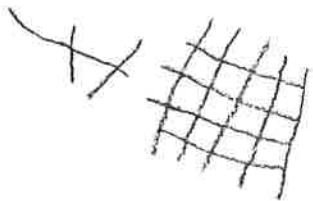
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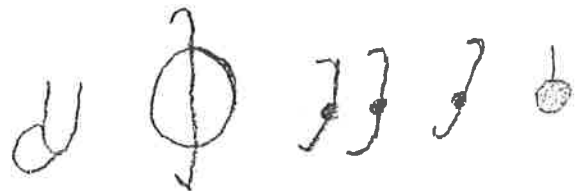
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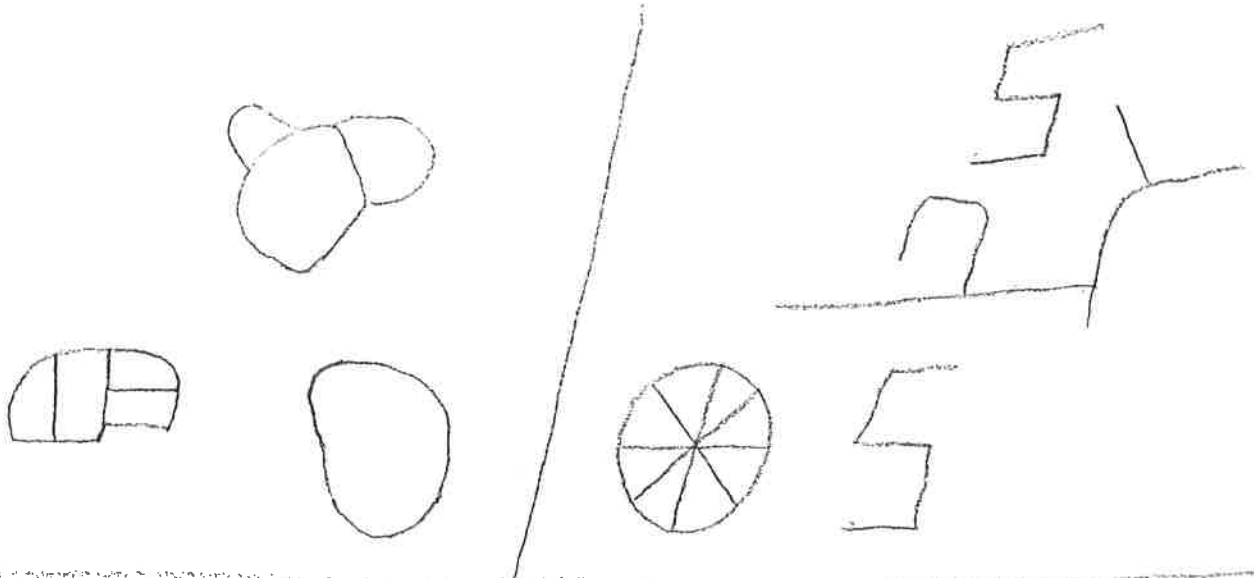


BURRELL C. DAWSON
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QUAD LITTLE LAKE CALIF 1954
PHOTOS BY ANN YODER & MARGARET DAWSON
LITTLE LAKE

LITTLE LAKE



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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

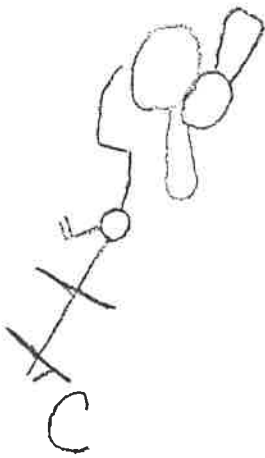
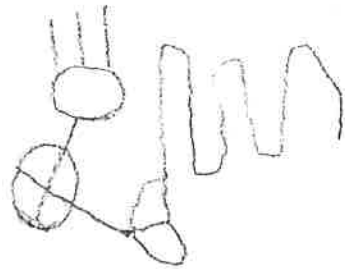


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LITTLE LAKE



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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



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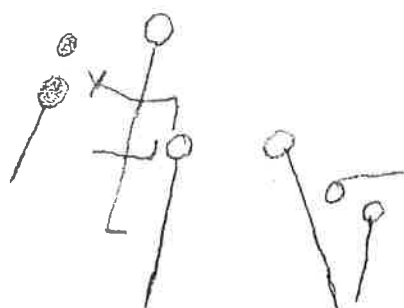
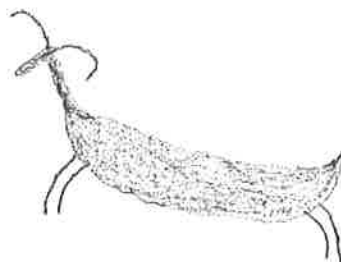
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LITTLE LAKE

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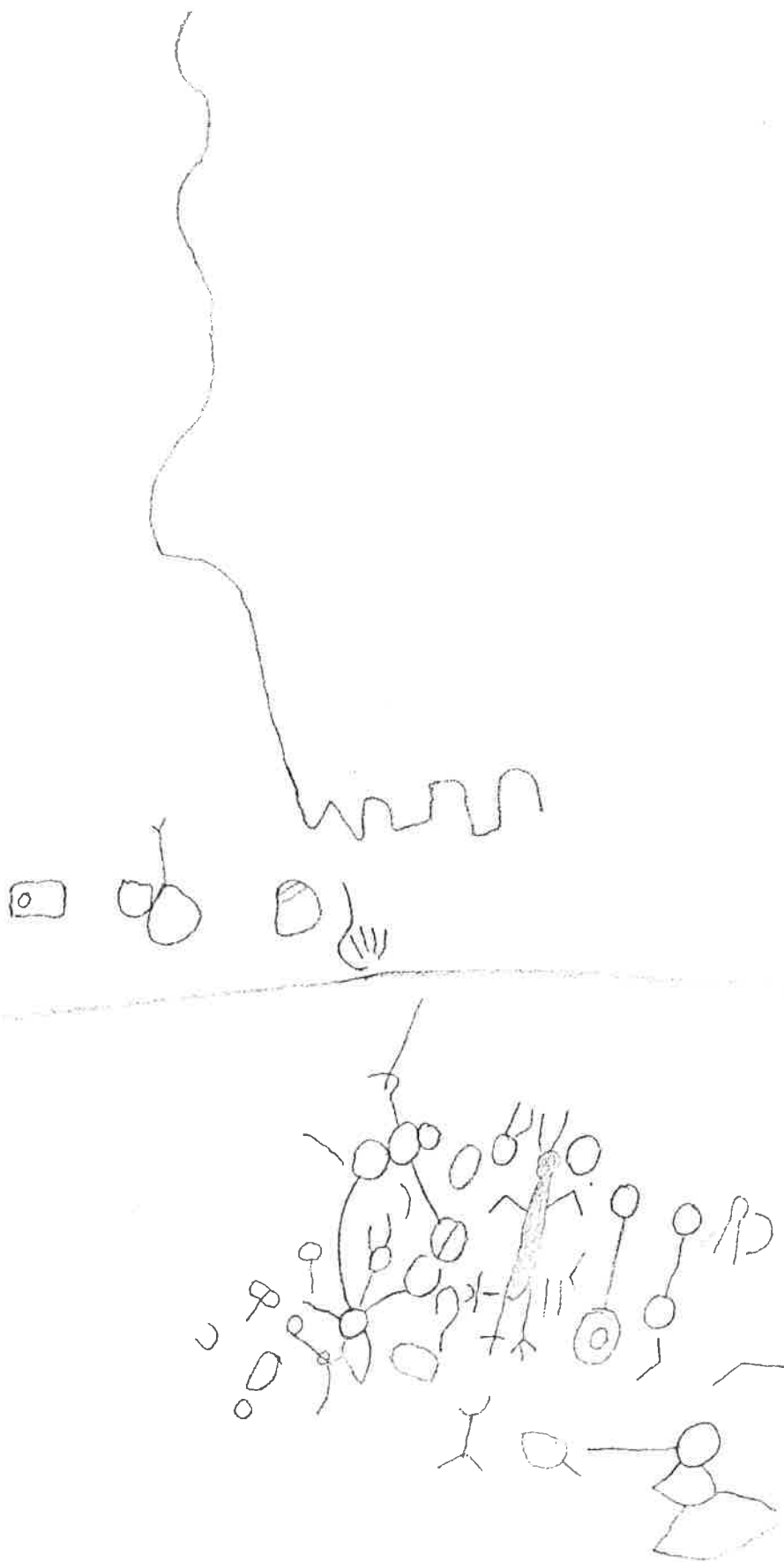
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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



LITTLE LAKE

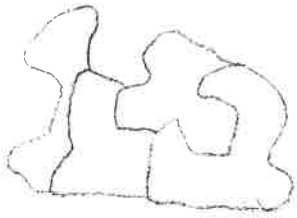
SOLSTICE ROCK

ON WEST SIDE OF ROAD

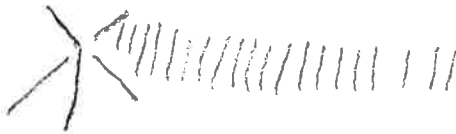
600' SOUTH OF BIRTHING ROCK SHEET 479. BUT

WINTER SOLSTICE

BAKERS FIELD COLLEGE SAYS THIS MARKS THE



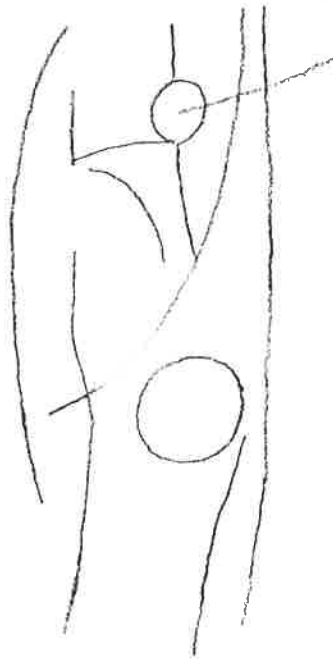
MURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



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VSY
ACV
BCD

SWANSEA

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



445
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xeroxed from "Report on the Mound Explorations of the
Bureau of Ethnology" Smithsonian Institution 1894

Loudon County, State of Tennessee

THE BAT CREEK MOUNDS.

Two miles below Morganton, on the west side of the Little Tennessee river, Bat creek joins this stream. Both above and below the mouth of this creek there is a pretty level valley, extending back from the river at some points half a mile to the base of the steep hills which border it. Immediately in the angle where the creek joins the river is a comparatively large mound, and on the opposite or west side of the creek are two other mounds (Nos. 2 and 3). The first is on the bottom land, the others on a level terrace some 20 or 30 feet higher than the first bottom or lowest valley level; the latter are about 100 feet distant from one another, measuring from center to center.

These (No. 14 on Pl. XXV) are on land owned by Mr. M. M. Tipton, but are different from those previously mentioned, which are about 2 miles farther up the river.

Mound 1, measuring 108 feet in diameter and 8 feet in height, was composed wholly of very dark soil, containing a great many small shells; these were in fact so abundant in places as to present the appearance of a shell heap. This condition continued to the depth of $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet to a layer of hard yellow sand; under this the remainder of the mound to the original surface, except a central, circular area 2 feet in diameter,

392

consisted of dark earth similar to that of the top layer. The central, circular core consisted of a series of burned clay beds or hearths, alternating with layers of coals and ashes. These extended downward from the layer of yellow sand to the bottom of the mound. A few charred animal bones occurred in some of the layers of ashes; nothing else of interest was observed.

On the east side of the river, directly opposite this mound, is an ancient village site where the soil is very dark and has scattered through it in abundance specimens of broken pottery, flint chips, and other evidences of occupancy. In several places little circles of burnt stones may be seen lying on beds of ashes.

On mound 2, 44 feet in diameter and 10 feet high, stood a black-oak tree 3 feet in diameter. It was composed throughout of hard red clay. At the depth of $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet was the skeleton of an adult in a horizontal position, with the head east and the arms close by the sides. The earth immediately about the bones was of a dark greenish color and about the breast were two metal buckles, one of them having a fragment of leather or hide still adhering to it. On the leg bones were still to be seen fragments of buckskin and a metal button, the latter sticking fast to the bone.

Whether or not this was an intrusive burial could not be determined, though the uniform composition of the mound and the size of the oak growing above seems to be against this supposition; nevertheless, the further discoveries made show that it was subsequent to the original burials and not in accordance with the original plan.

At a depth of a little over 4 feet, and immediately under this skeleton, the top of a stone wall was reached; this was found by further excavation to be a vault 8 feet square, built up of rough, flat limestone rocks to the height of 5 feet above the original soil on which it rested. On the inside, about half way down, were seven skeletons, numbered, for convenience, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8. No. 2 was the skeleton of a child, horizontal, with the head to the east; Nos. 3 and 4 lying together with the head north, one of which was a child's skeleton, with small beads about the head; Nos. 5 and 6 were in a sitting posture in the northeast corner, and around the neck of one were many small shells and large shell beads; Nos. 7 and 8 were lying in the center with the heads close together and crushed by large flat stones which lay on them. Nothing more was found in this vault until the bottom was reached, where nine more skeletons were discovered, much decayed, and lying in all directions, seemingly thrown in without any care.

Mound 3 was of small size, measuring but 28 feet in diameter and 5 feet in height. Some large sassafras trees were standing on it, and the owner, Mr. Tipton, stated that he had cut trees from it forty years ago, and that it had been covered by a cluster of trees and grapevines as long ago as the oldest settler in the locality could recollect. At the time the excavation was made there was an old rotten stump yet on

393

the top, the roots of which ran down to the skeletons. It was composed throughout, except about the skeletons at the bottom, of hard red clay, without any indications of stratification. Nothing of interest was discovered until the bottom was reached, where nine skeletons were found lying on the original surface of the ground, surrounded by dark colored earth. These were disposed as shown in Fig. 272. No. 1 lying at full length with the head south, and close by, parallel with it, but with the head north, was No. 2. On the same level were seven others, all lying close side by side, with heads north and in a line. All were badly decayed. No relics were found with any but No. 1, immediately under the skull and jaw bones of which were two copper beads.

lets, an engraved stone, a small drilled fossil, a copper bead, a bone implement, and some small pieces of polished wood. The earth about the skeletons was wet and the pieces of wood soft and colored green by contact with the copper bracelets. The bracelets had been rolled in something, probably bark, which crumbled away when they were taken out. The engraved stone lay partially under the back part of the skull and was struck by the steel prod used in prob-

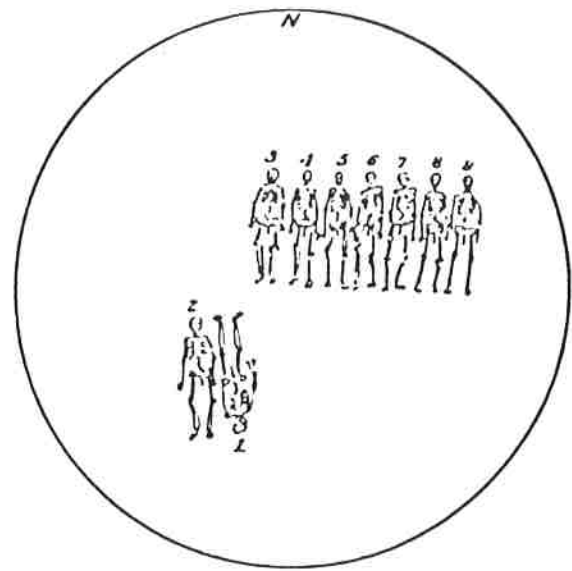


FIG. 272.—Horizontal section, Bat creek mound, No. 3, Loudon county, Tennessee.

ing. This stone is shown in Fig. 273. The engraved characters on it are beyond question letters of the Cherokee alphabet said to have been invented by George Guess (or Sequoyah), a half-breed Cherokee, about 1821.

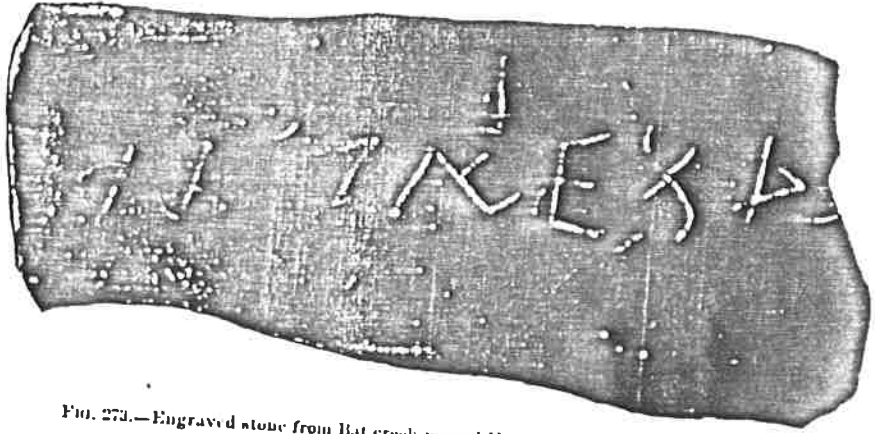


FIG. 273.—Engraved stone from Bat creek mound No. 3, Loudon county, Tennessee.

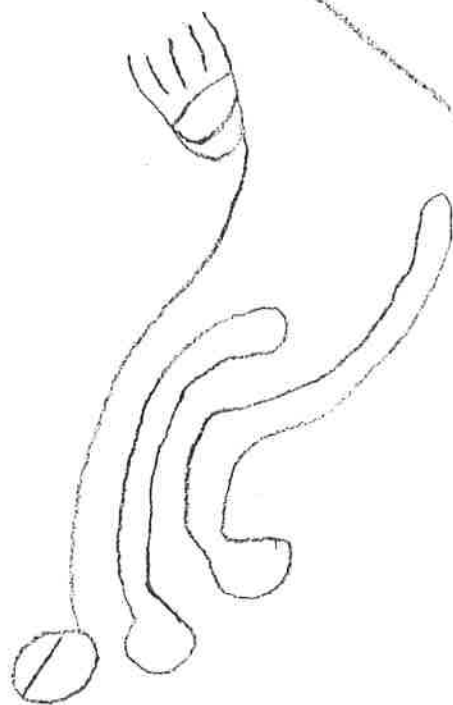
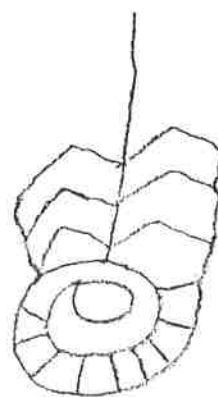
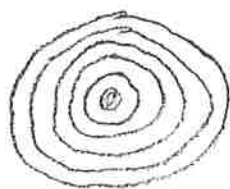
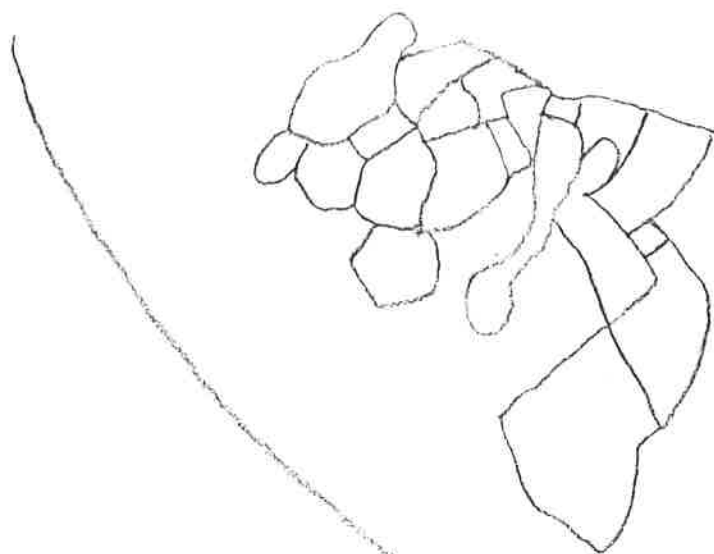


These are not the Cherokee alphabet. The illustration in the book is a little different. This much, however, can be made out of the



2¼ WEST OF DONNER LAKE ON OLD DONNER PASS RD.
PHOTOS FROM MRS. HARDING CLEGG

DONNER PASS



DONNER PASS

June 16, 1985

Dear Mr. Martin,

Thank-you for your prompt reply. My mother, who is presently staying with my sister in Sebastopol, was really quite pleased to hear from you and asked me to at least send you these snapshots.

The site is hazily described on the first page of "Truckee -- an illustrated history of the town and its surroundings" by Joanne Meschery. It's a book, 1978.

Our experience is that you go along the shore road of Donner Lake until you get to the western end from which rises the old Donner Pass road. You take it about 2 1/4 miles until there is a place where often rock climbers test their skills so on a summer week-end you will see them practising on the rocks. Also off to the left up the slope a bit you see a train trestle and snow-shed. And you see remnants of the even older than old car road over Donner Pass. Park along old Donner Pass road and at first you will have to climb down to the left and then up about 45 feet and on the slightly sloping granite, there, you will see petroglyphs. My mother, never too great on her feet, but at 73 was able to manage the walk so it is definitely do-able. We finally had to call the author of Truckee to find the site the first time because her description in the book is rather vague. But the above directions are ones we find work for us.

Mother has taken her children when they were young and then when they were ~~not~~ not so young on many a petroglyph hunt. I'd hate to say how many times I've been up and down Martis Valley looking for "the petroglyph site". If I'm not mistaken, my mother has taken me to see the petroglyphs at Meadow Lake. She first read about these on page 233 of Sierra-Nevada Lakes by George and Bliss Hinkle. And we have been to the Verdi rock. I can tell from your letter that you, your wife, and my mother are definitely fellow travelers. I must admit I'm not but appreciate those who are.

Do keep in touch,



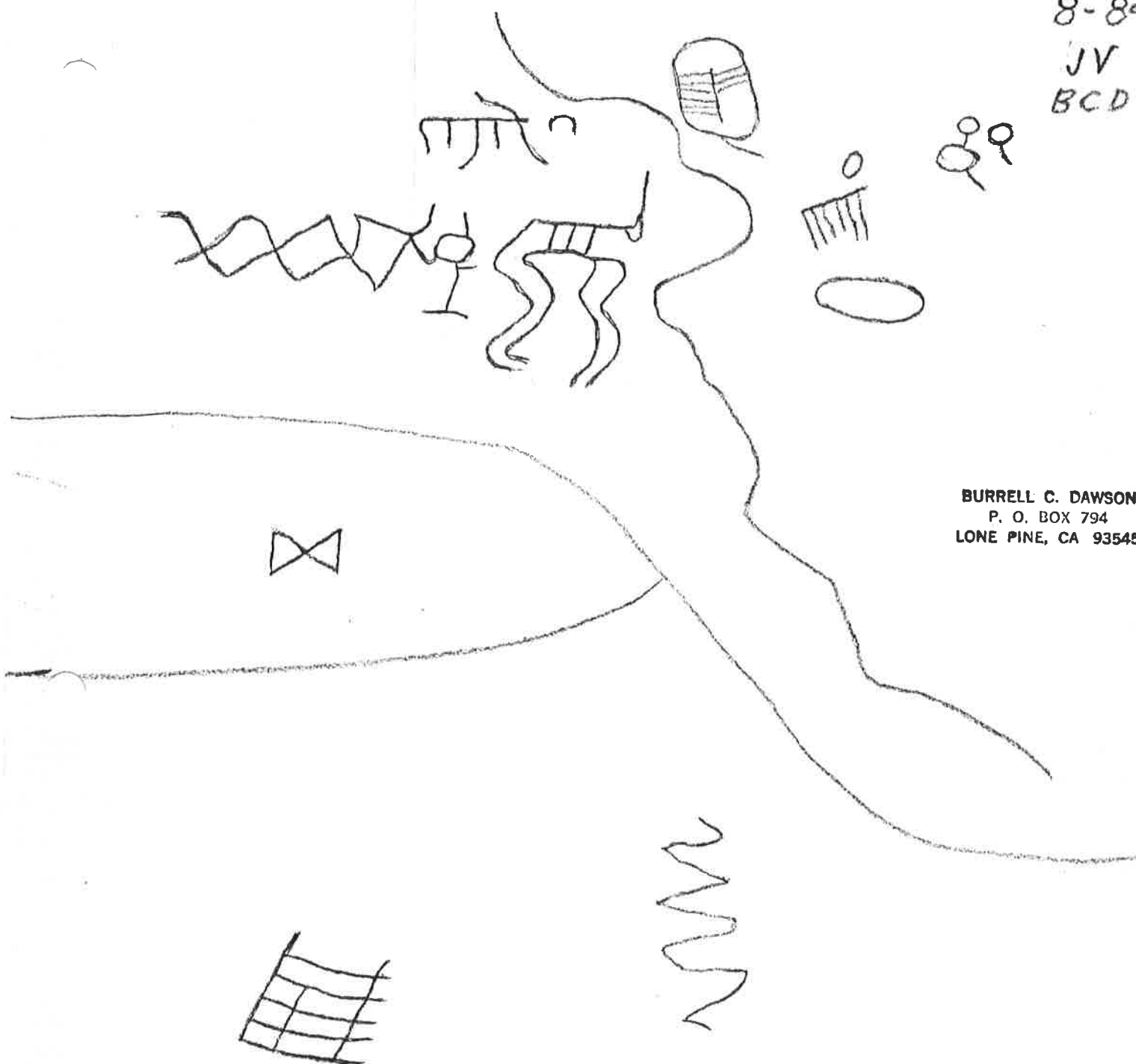
Kay Clegg for Mrs. Harding Clegg
1808 Morley Way
Santa D

453

8-84

JV

BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

2 1/4 MILES

WEST OF DONNER LAKE ON OLD DONNER PASS
PHOTOS FROM MRS. HARDING CLEGG

DONNER PASS, NEVADA COUNTY, CALIF

June 16, 1985

Dear Mr. Martin,

Thank-you for your prompt reply. My mother, who is presently staying with my sister in Sebastopol, was really quite pleased to hear from you and asked me to at least send you these snapshots.

The site is hazily described on the first page of "Truckee -- an illustrated history of the town and its surroundings" by Joanne Meschery. It's a book, 1971

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Mother has taken her children when they were young and then when they were ~~of~~ not so young on many a petroglyph hunt. I'd hate to say how many times I've been up and down Martis Valley looking for "the petroglyph site". If I'm not mistaken, my mother has taken me to see the petroglyphs at Meadow Lake. She first read about these on page 233 of Sierra-Nevada Lakes by George and Bliss Hinkle. And we have been to the Verdi rock. I can tell from your letter that you, your wife, and my mother are definitely fellow travelers. I must admit I'm not but appreciate those who are.

Do keep in touch,



Kay Clegg for Mrs. Harding Clegg

1808 Morley Way

Santa Rosa, Ca.

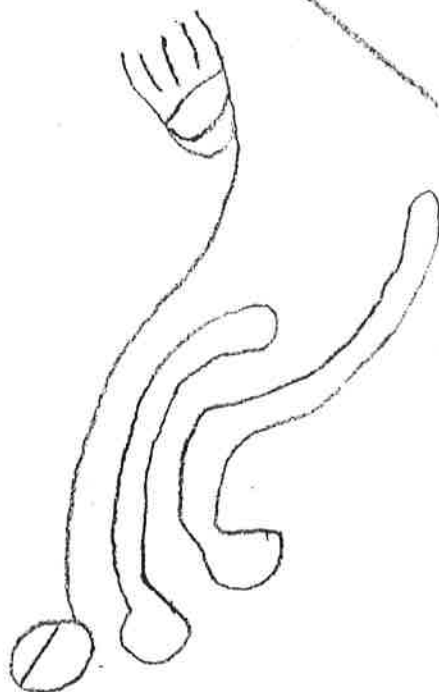
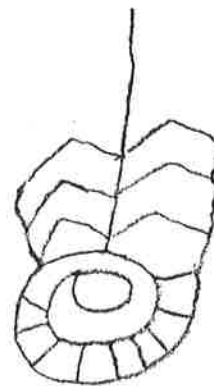
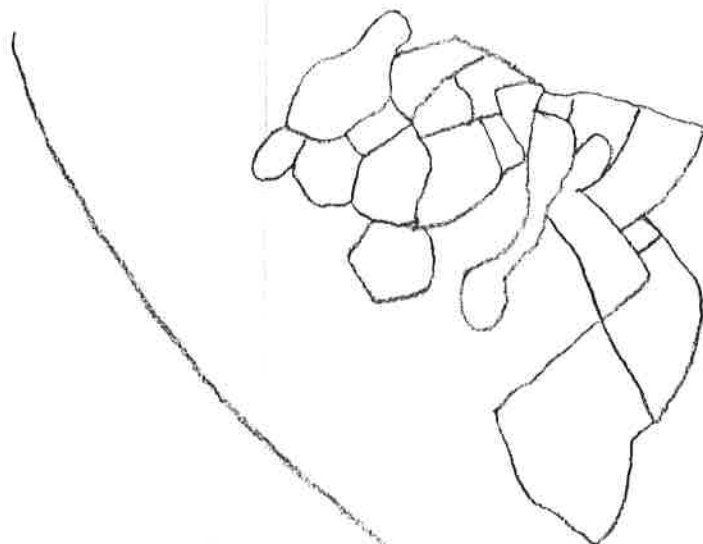
454

8-84

JV

BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



DONNER PASS

455

8-28-85

MSD

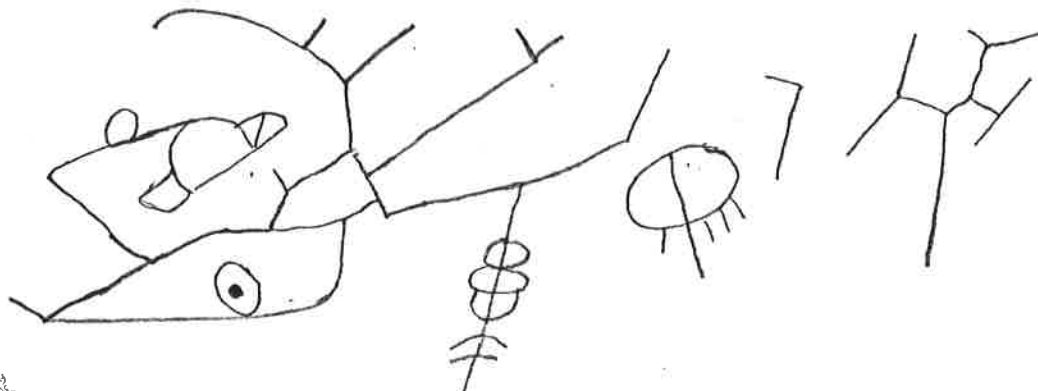
HNM

NM

BCD

LOCATION #1

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



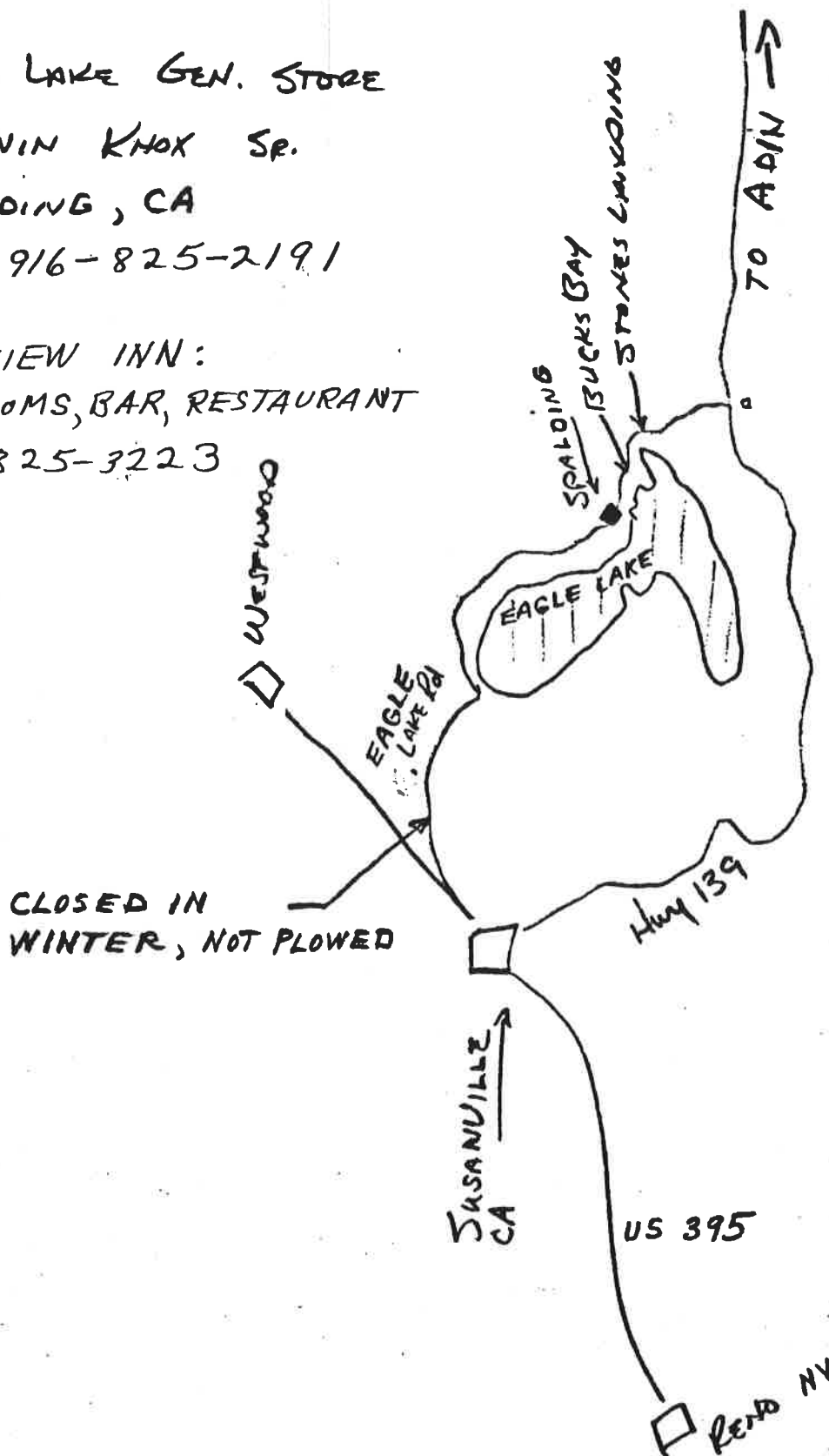
LOCATION #2

PHOTOS BY HARRY MARTIN AND MARGARET
DAWSON

EAGLE LAKE, LASSEN COUNTY, CALIF

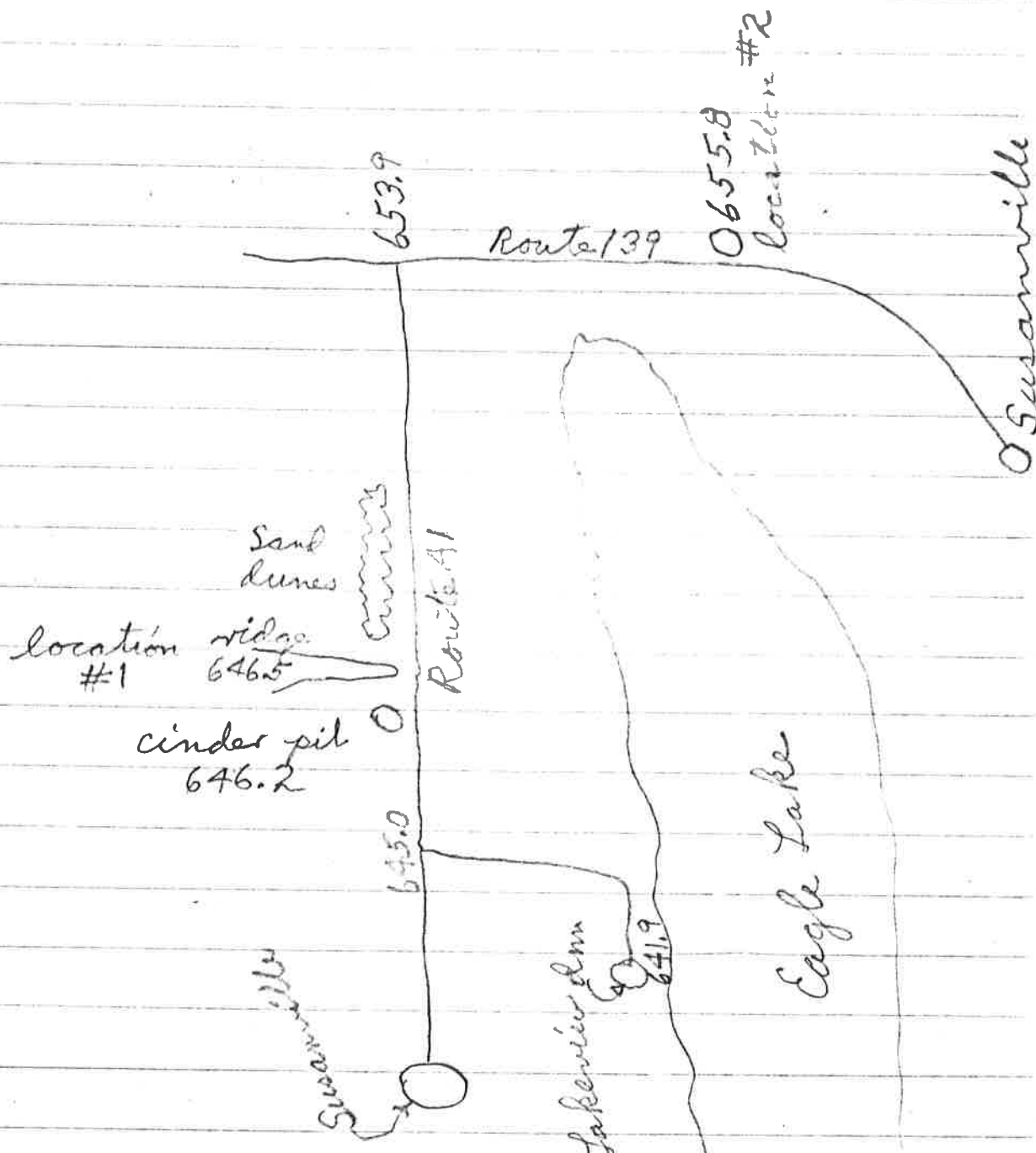
EAGLE LAKE GEN. STORE
MARVIN KNOX SR.
SPALDING, CA
1-916-825-2191

LAKEVIEW INN:
HAS ROOMS, BAR, RESTAURANT
1-916-825-3223



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93546



456



PHOTO #2

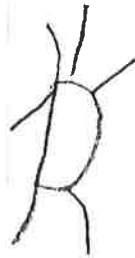
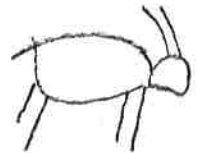


PHOTO #3



RED PICTOGRAPHS
PHOTO #7

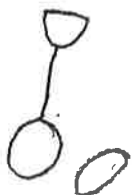
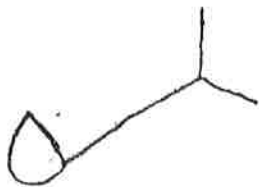
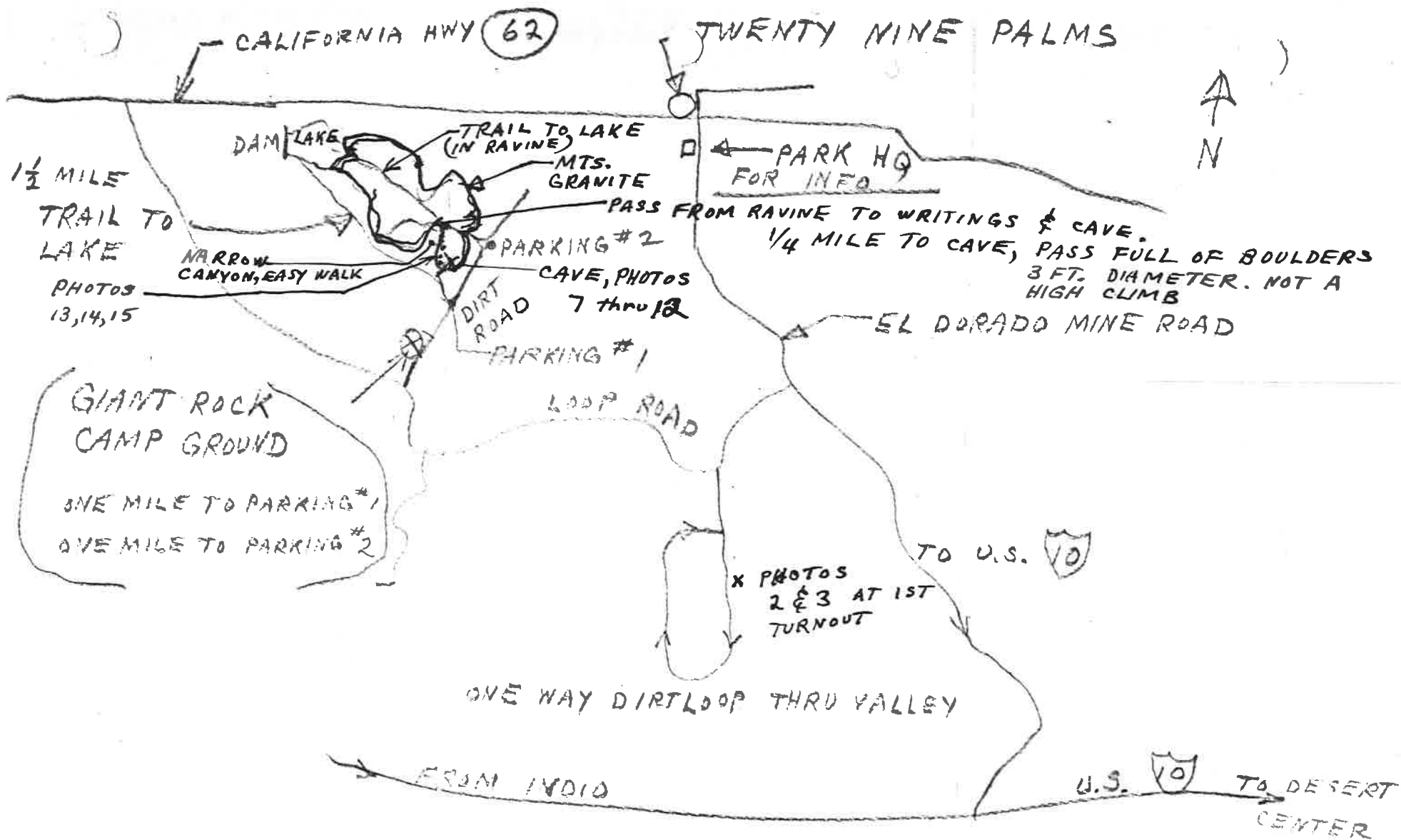


PHOTO #8

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93546

PHOTOS BY HARRY MARTIN
JOSHUA TREE NATL MONUMENT
CALIF



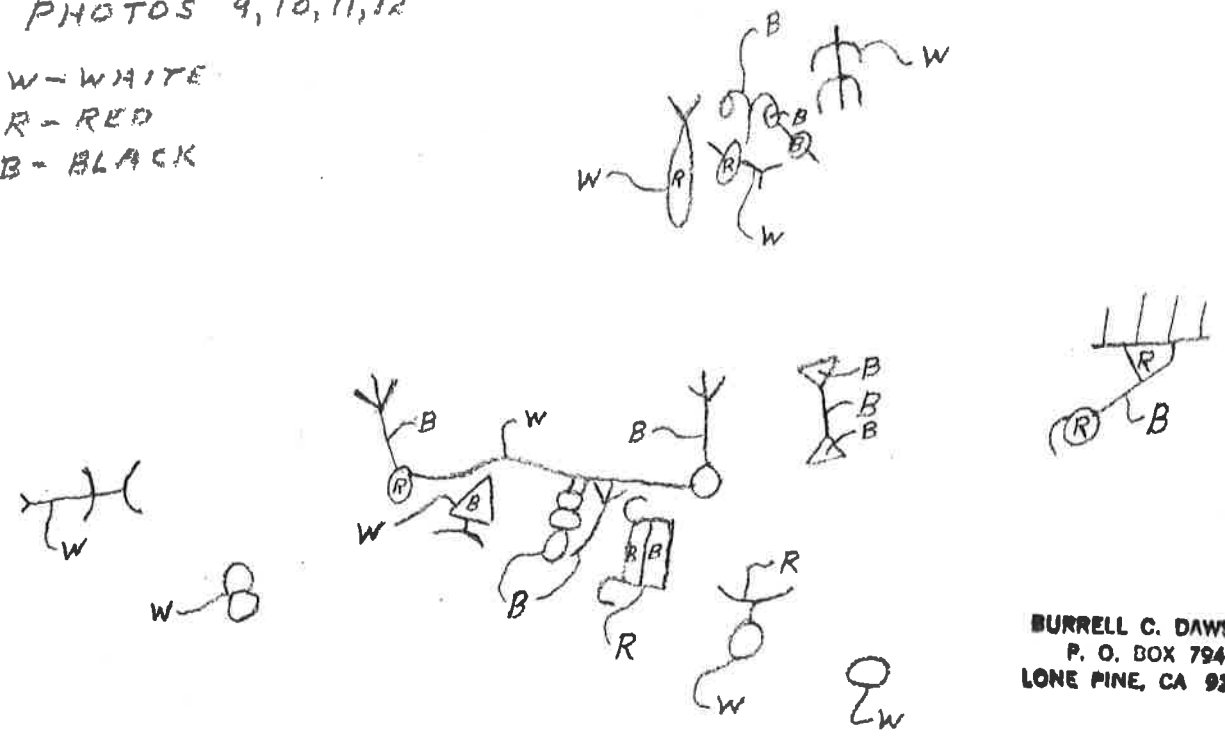
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 754
LONE PINE, CA 93546

Joshua Tree NATL. MONUMENT

PICTOGRAPHS

PHOTOS #9, 10, 11, 12

W - WHITE
R - RED
B - BLACK



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93541

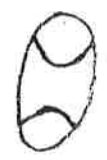


PHOTO #13

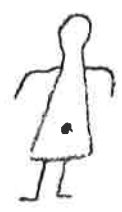


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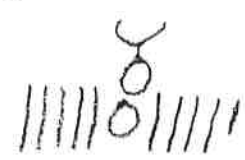
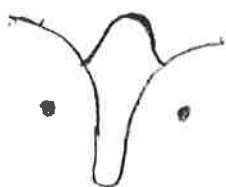
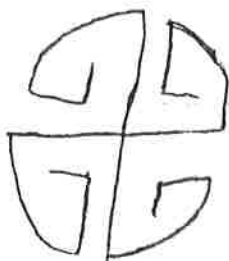
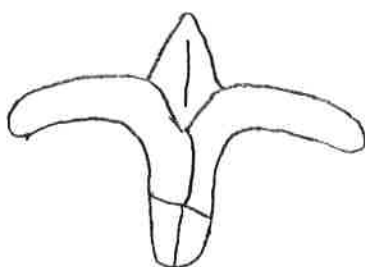


PHOTO #15

458
10-85



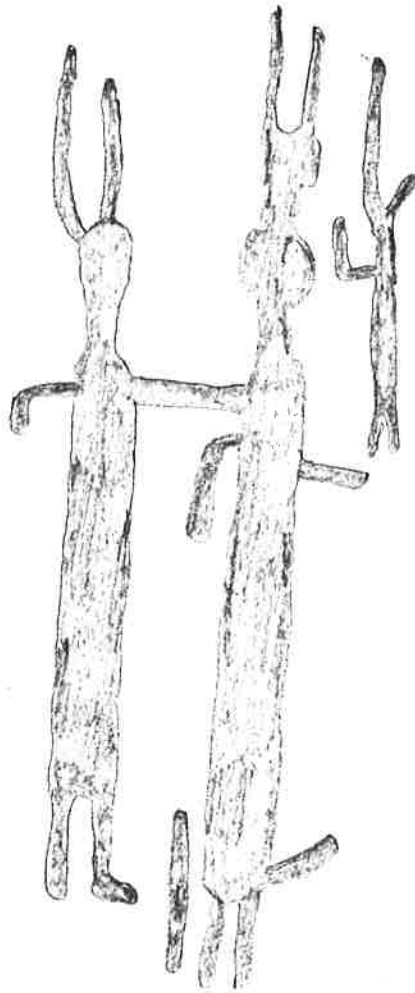
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



PHOTOS FROM RUSSELL SWANSON

CLAIRMONT CANYON, BERKELEY CALIF

459
10-19-85
VSY
ACY
MSD
BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

LOCATION ④

NEAR SECS 1 & 12, T3S, R38E, ESMEERALDA COUNTY

SILVER PEAK, NEVADA

460

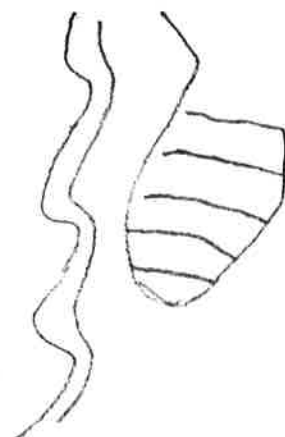
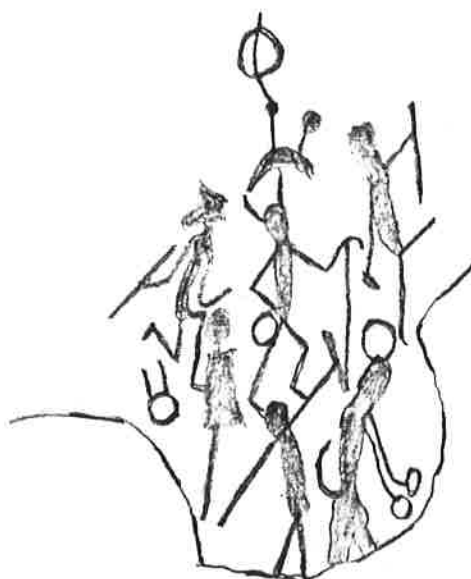
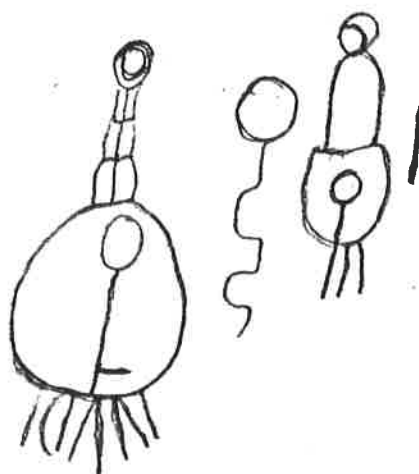
10-19-85

VSY

ACY

MSD

BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

LOCATION (13)
SILVER PEAK

461

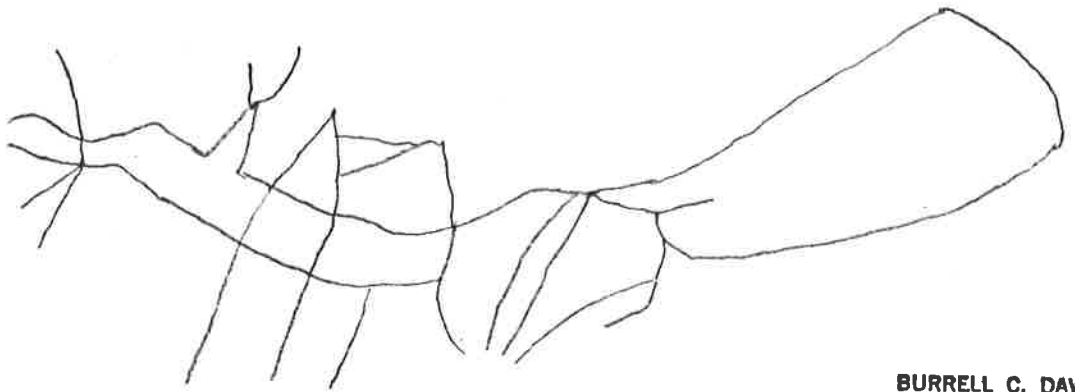
10-19-85

VSY

ACY

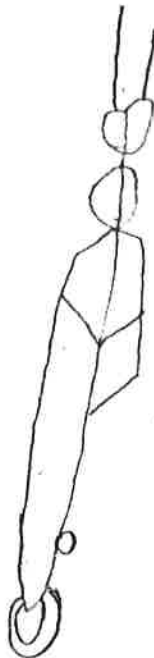
MSD

BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

LOCATION ⑩



LOCATION ⑬

SILVER PEAK

462

10-19-85

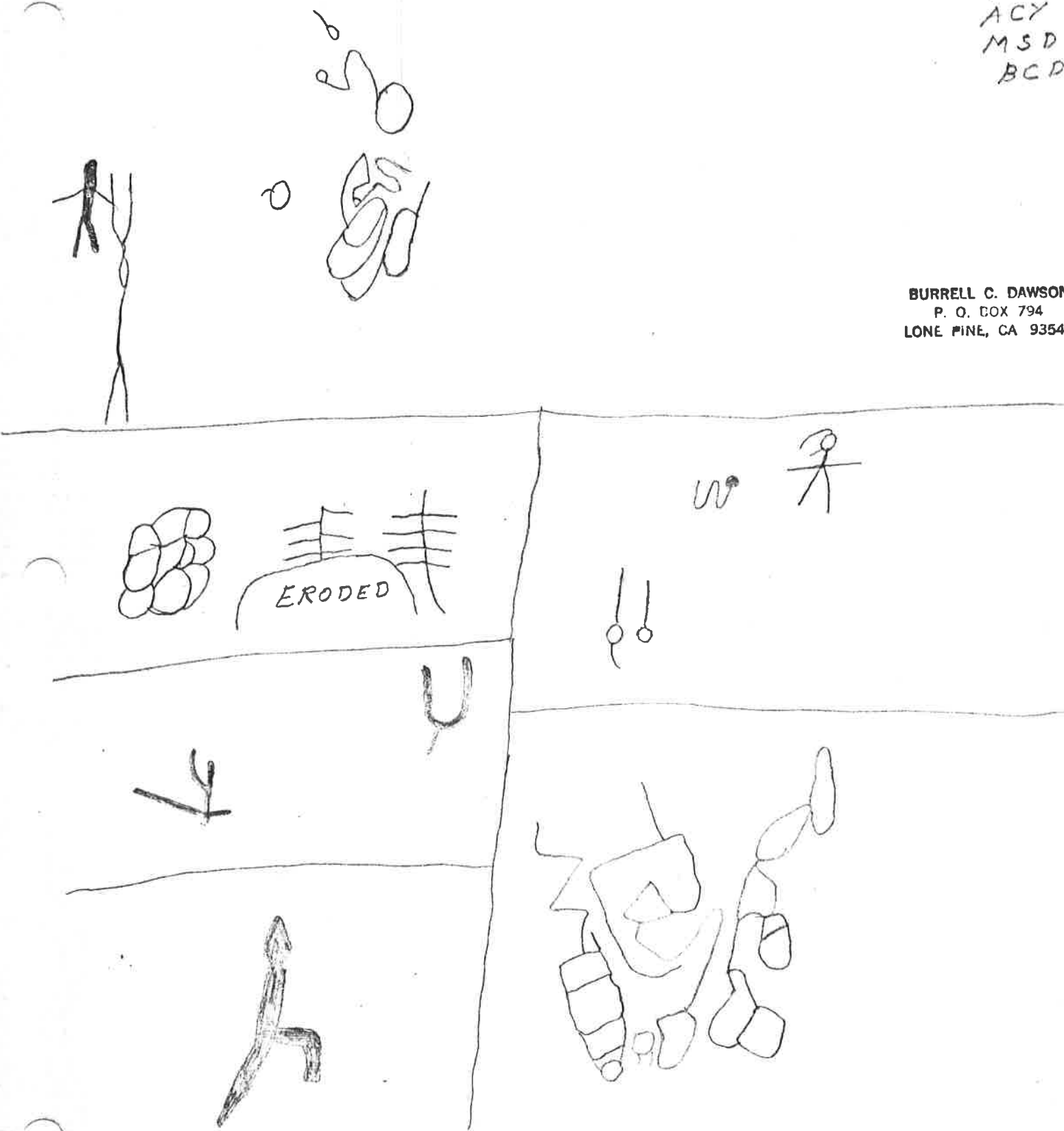
VSY

ACY

MSD

BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



LOCATION (13)

SILVER PEAK

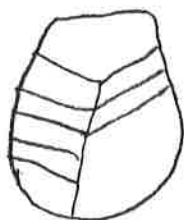
463
10-19-85
VSY
ACY
MSD
BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

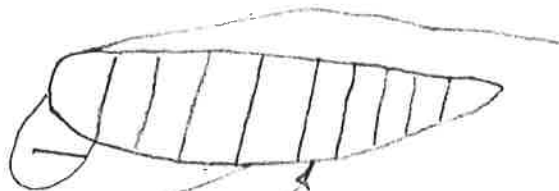
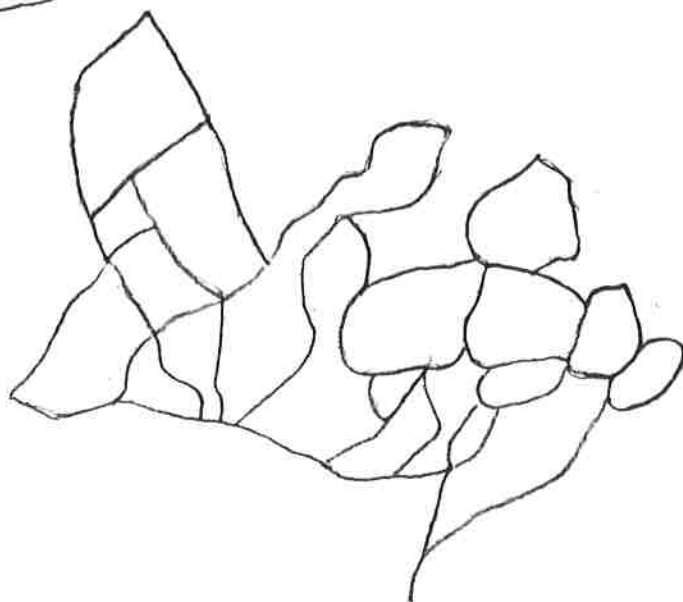
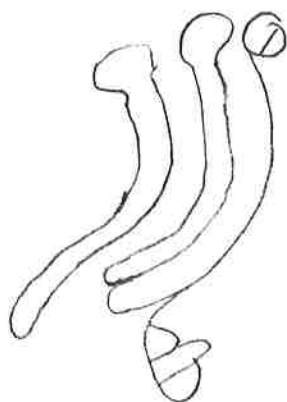


SILVER PEAK

464
8-84
JV
BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93546

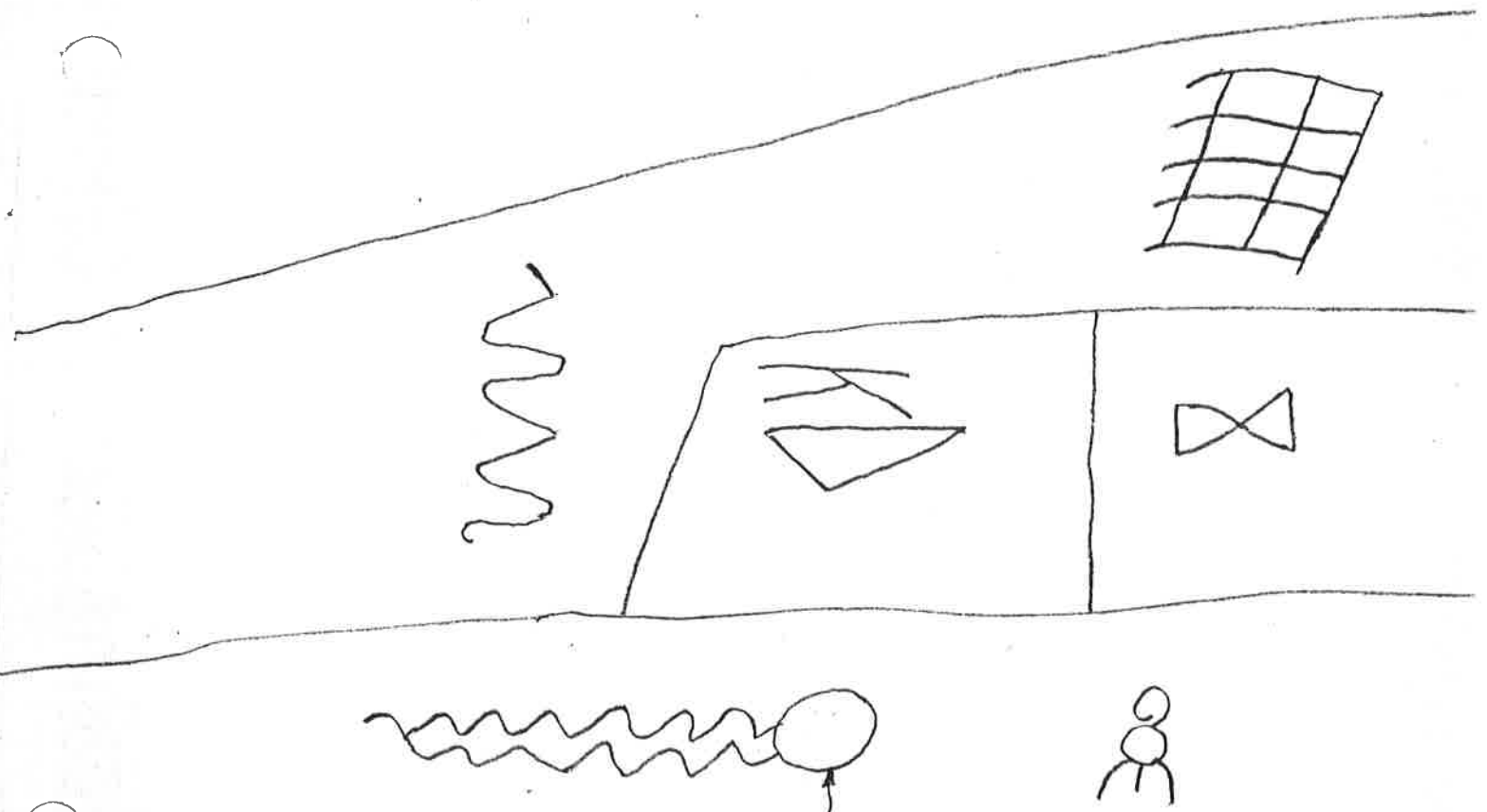
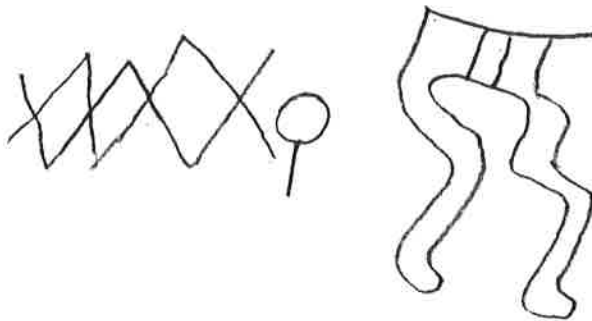


XENOLITH

DONNER PASS

465
8-89
JV
BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



XENOLITH

DONNER PASS

466

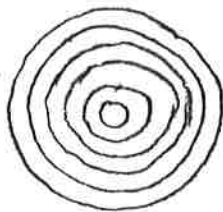
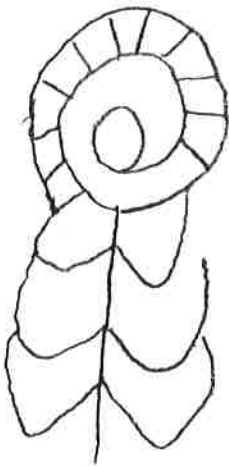
8-84

JV

BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



DONNER PASS

467
8-11-85
MSD
BCD
RLS

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

9803

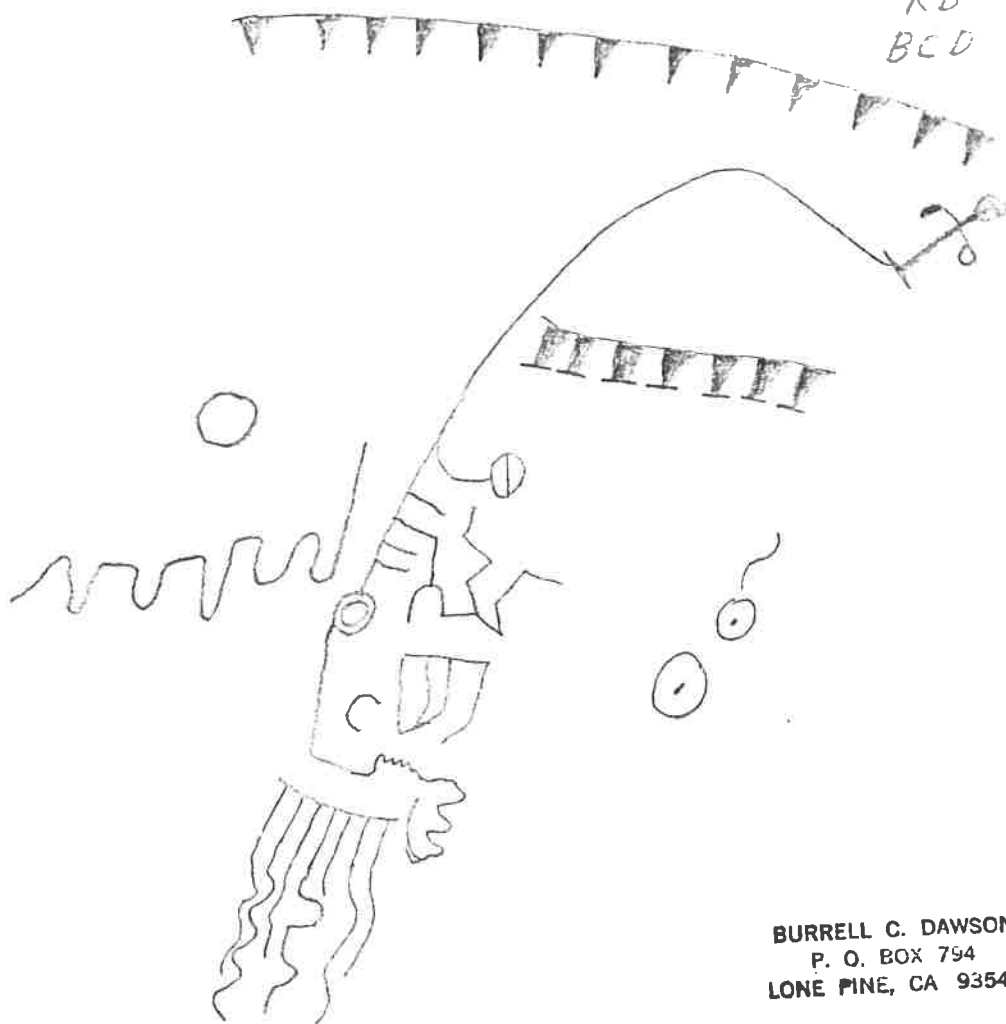
TILDEN REGIONAL PARK
BERKELEY HILLS, CALIF

468

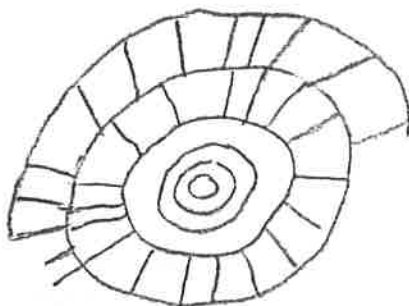
1969

RB

BCD

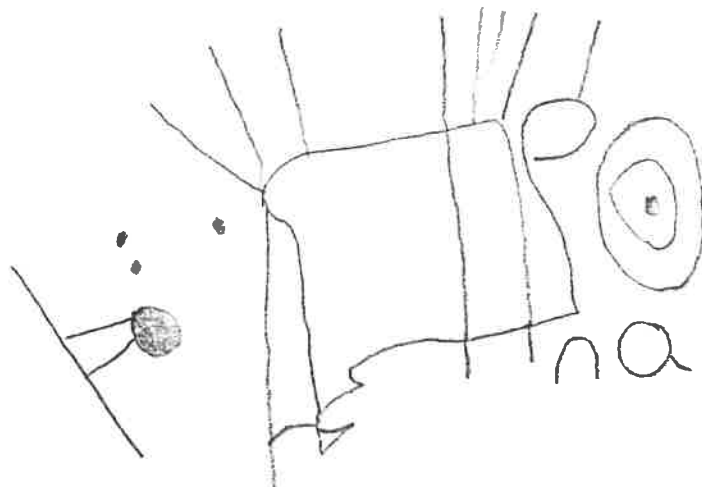


BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



PHOTOS BY ~~ROBERT BLAIR~~ OF LONE PINE
~~DON GOLDSMITH~~
MINERAL COUNTY, NEVADA
SOUTH OF POLE LINE ROAD & NEAR
RATTLESNAKE RANCH

469
10-85
BH
LH
BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

20



SMITH VALLEY, NEVADA

470
HM
MSD
BCD
2-27-85

♀ M ♂ W

♂

BURRELL C. DEWSON
P. O. BOX 775
LONE PINE, CA 92645

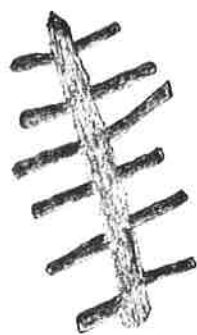
o (face) / 3 ♂ ||

+ ○ + ○

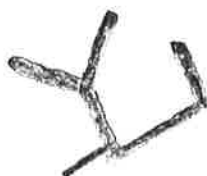
2½ MILES SOUTH OF GENOA

GENOA, NEVADA

471
CB
AG
MSD
BCD
4-30-83



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

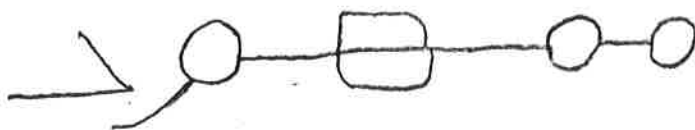
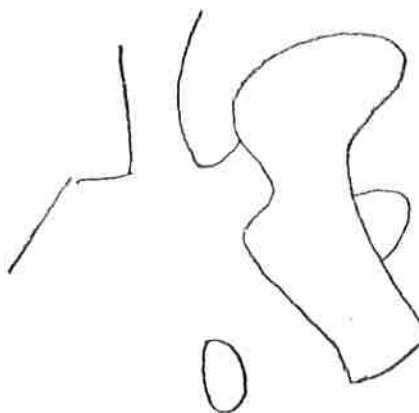
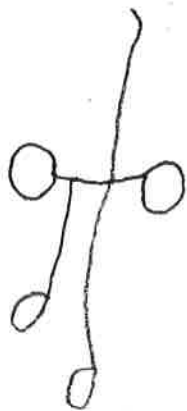
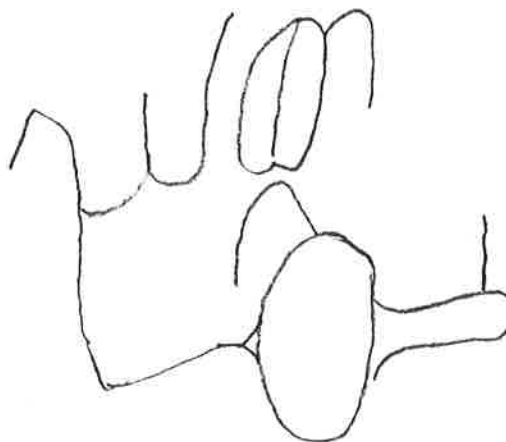


RED PICTOGRAPHS

HOSPITAL ROCK, SEQUOIA NATL PARK

472
7-25-85
MSD
BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



SWANSEA

473

9-22-85

ACY

VSY

MSD

BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

EDGE OF ROCK

EDGE OF
SHADOW

SHADOW AT
EQUINOX

EDGE OF SHADOW

SHADOW AT EQUINOX

SWANSEA

474

10-8-83

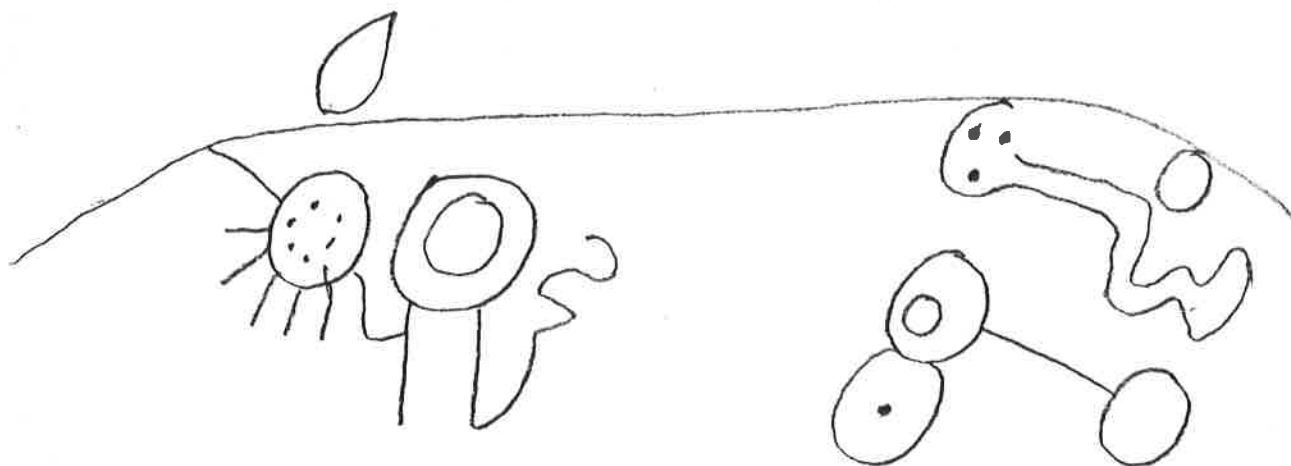
CW

ACY

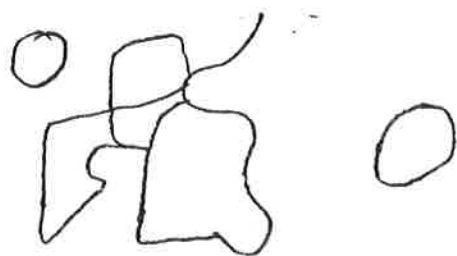
VSY

MSD

BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93546



WHITE MTN CITY

475

3-86

LB

BCD



BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

PENDANT FOUND BY LILA BAUTER OF
PARADISE. UNFINISHED. PENDANT
HOLE NOT DRILLED CLEAR THROUGH.
PENDANT IS INDURATED FINE GRAIN
TUFF $\frac{1}{8}$ " THICK. EDGES AND FACE HAVE
BEEN POLISHED.

TABLELAND PENDANT, INYO COUNTY, CALIF

477

8-27-55

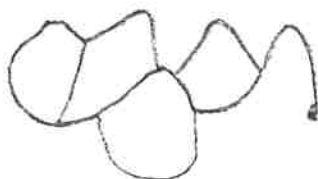
HM

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LONE PINE, CA 93545



Desert Creek, Nevada

478

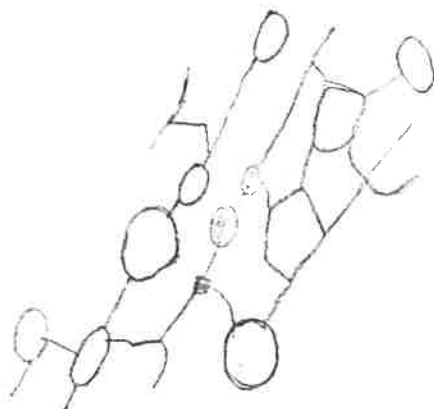
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MSD

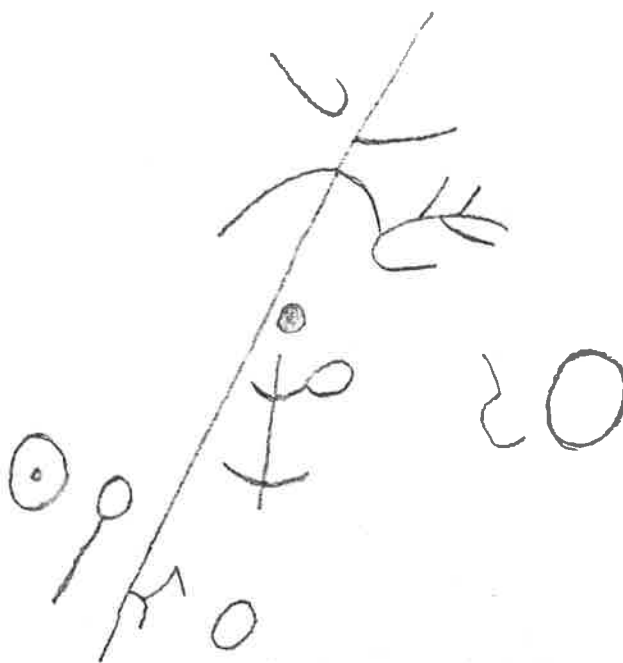
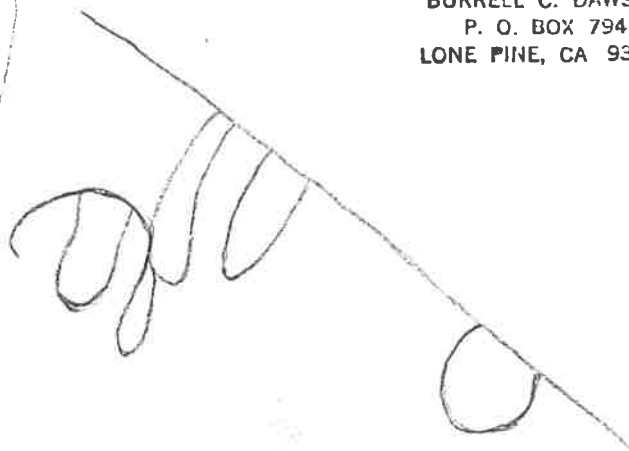
PCL

9-27-81

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LONE PINE, CA 93545



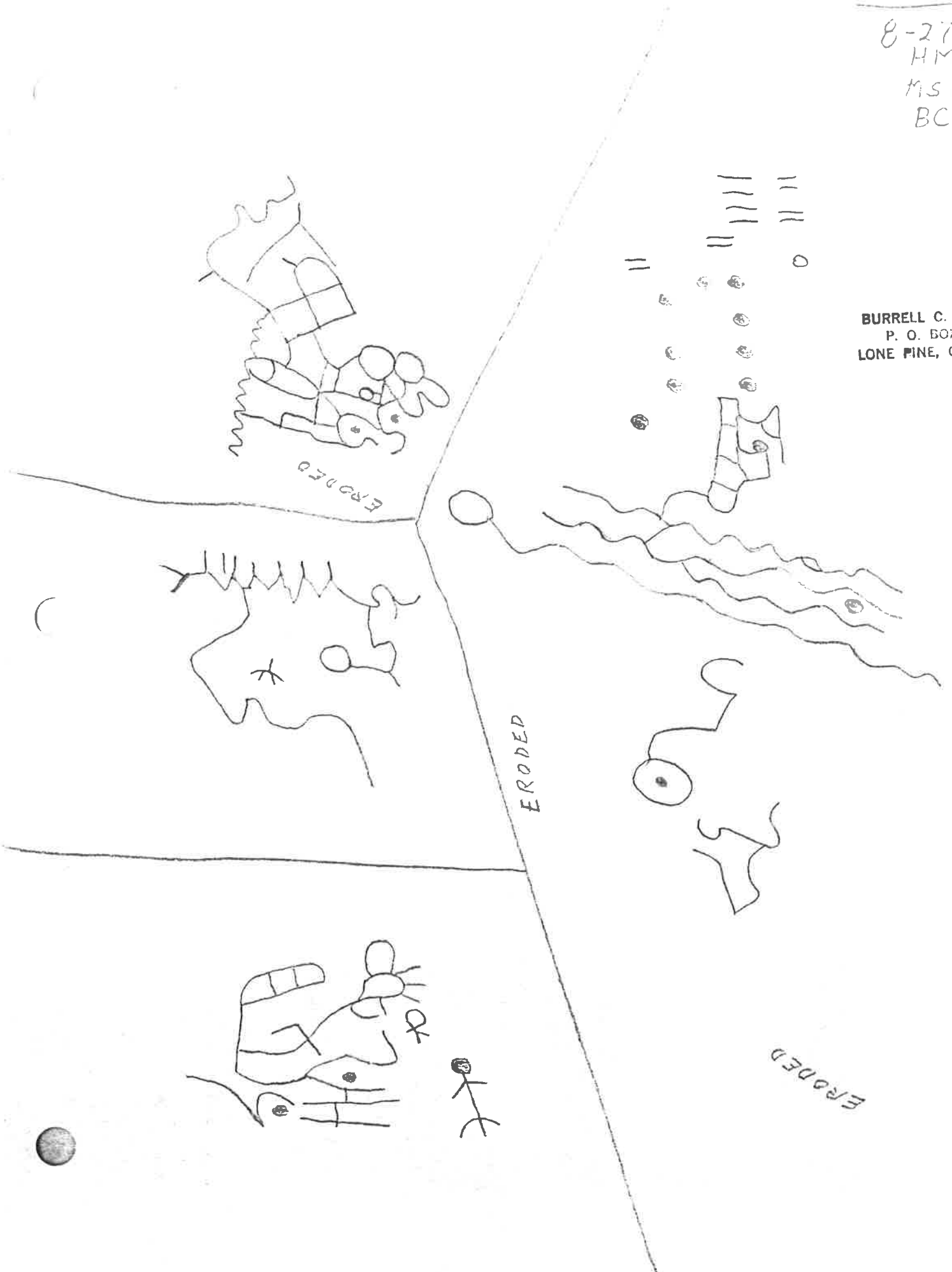
DESERT CREEK

479

8-27-85
HM
MSD
BCD

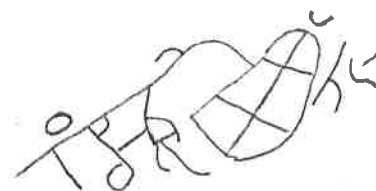
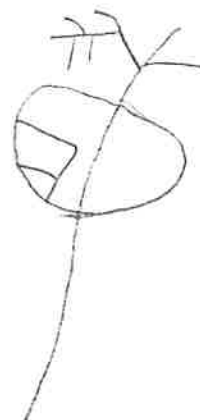
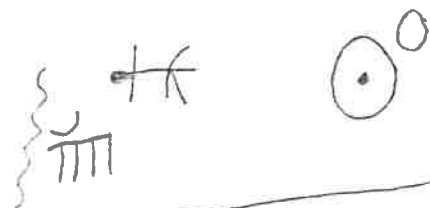
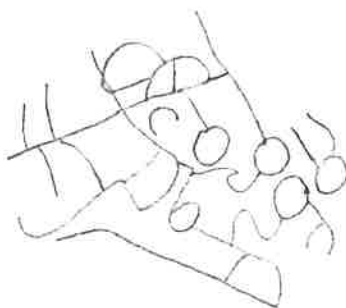
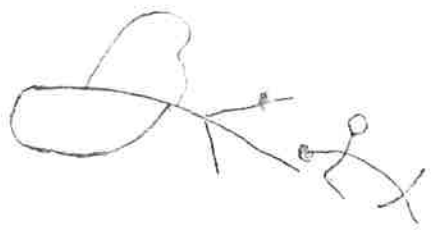
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 7-4
LONE PINE, CA 93545

DESERT CREEK



700
8-27-55
NM
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BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 754
LONE PINE, CA 93546



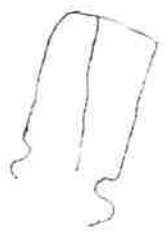
DESERT CREEK

481

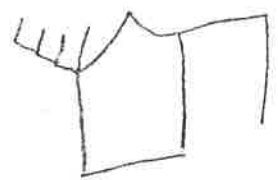
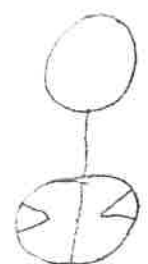
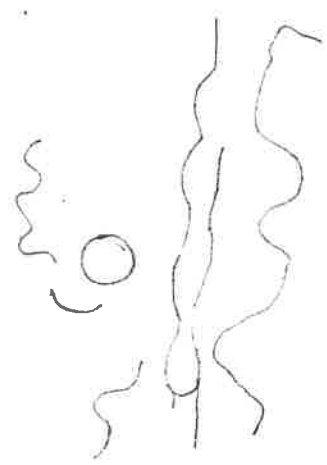
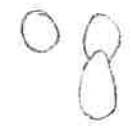
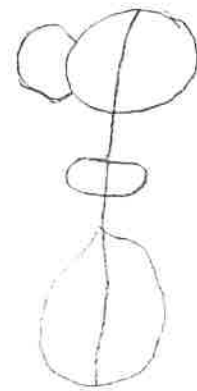
8-29-55

MSD

BCD



C



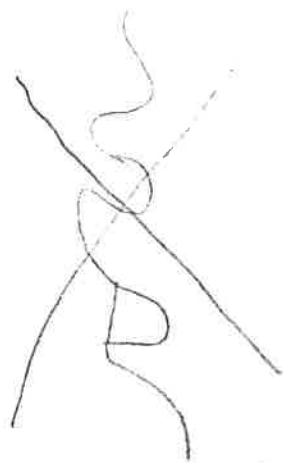
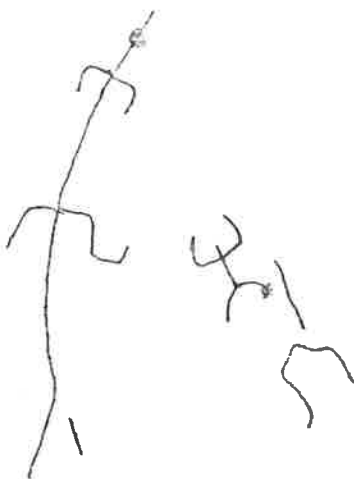
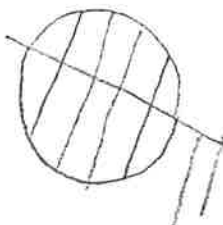
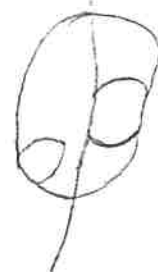
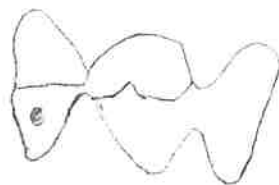
GRIMES POINT, NEVADA

482

8-29-83

MSD

BCD



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LONE PINE, CA 93548

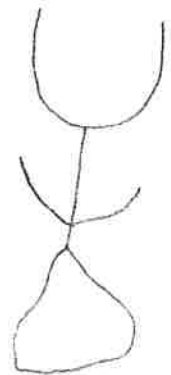
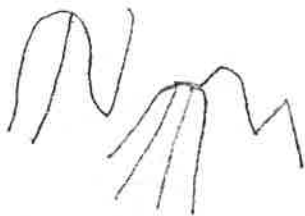
GRIMES POINT

483
8-29-85
MSD
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BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

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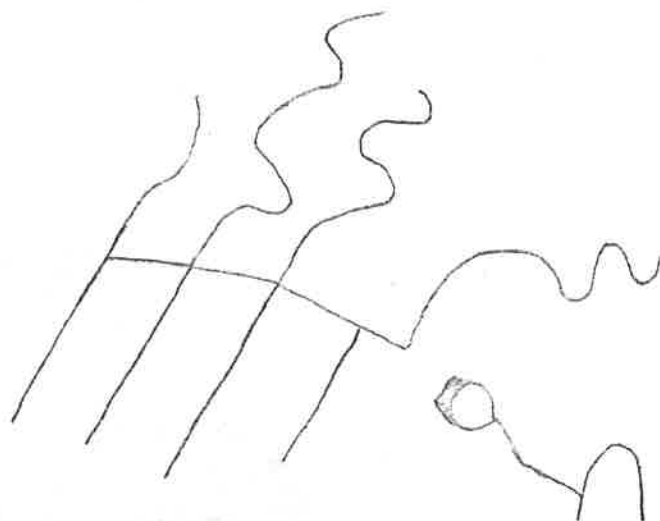
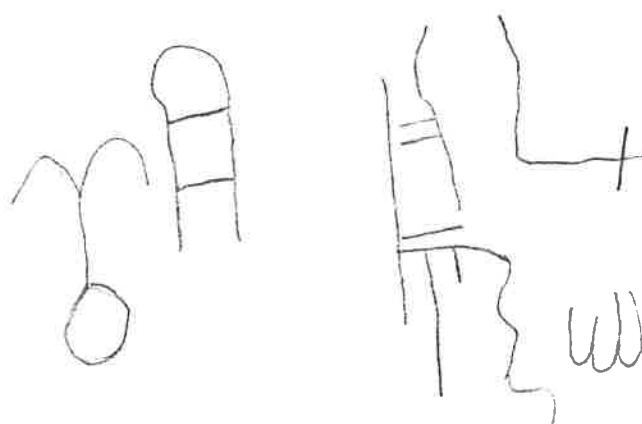
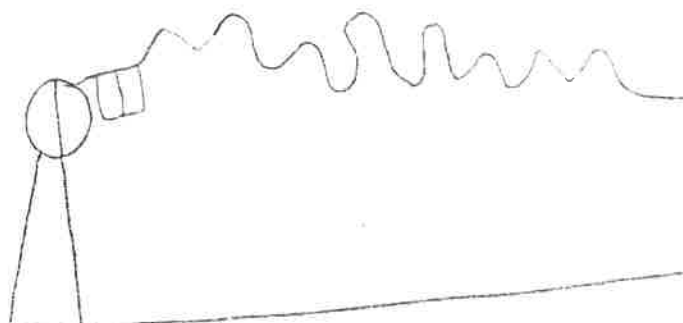
GRIMES POINT

484

8-29-35

M & D
BCD

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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

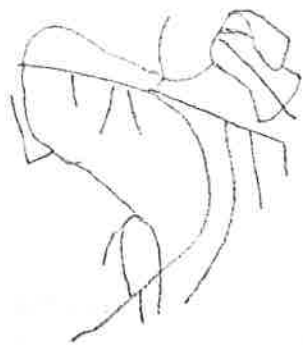
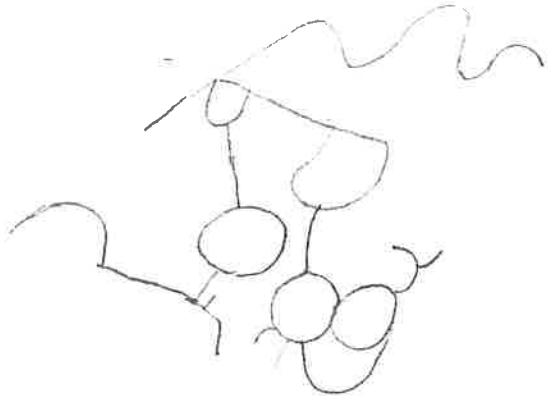


GRIMES POINT

4 3
8-8-05
MSD
BCD



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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



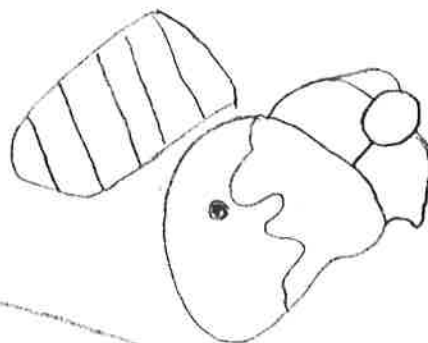
GRIMES POINT

486

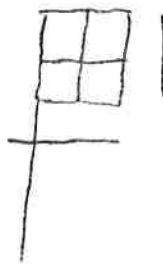
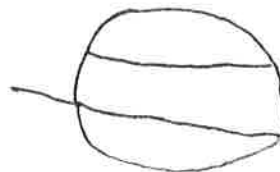
10-24-85

MSD

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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



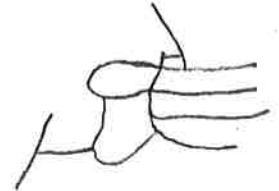
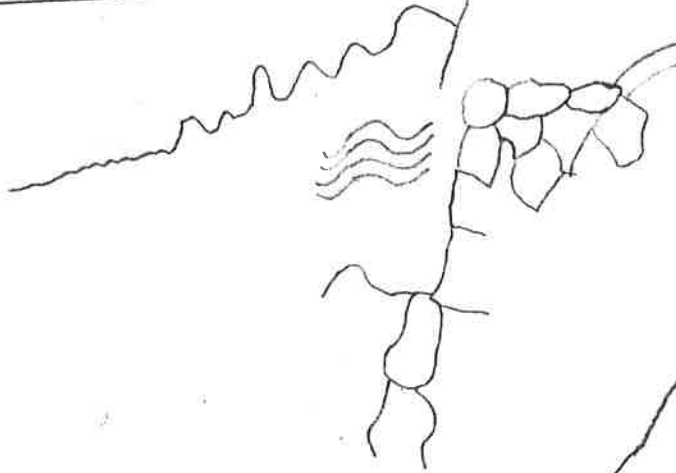
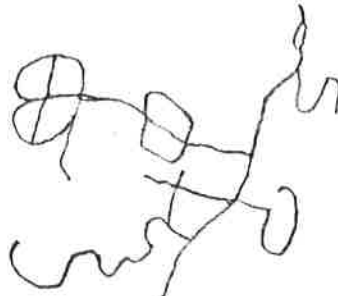
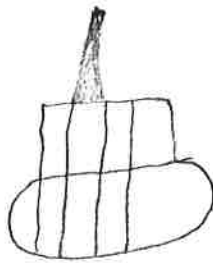
SEC 8, T3S, R32E

MONO COUNTY, CALIF
RED CANYON

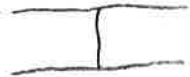
487

ACY
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1-3-8

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



Q

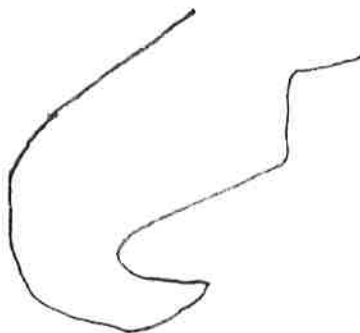
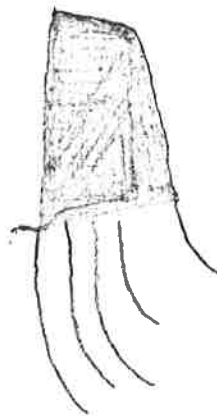
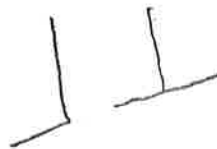
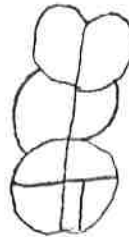
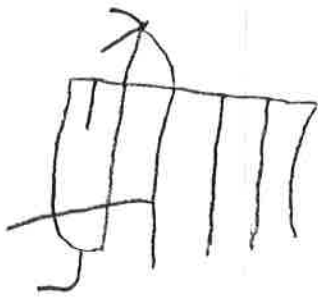


RED CANYON

488

ACY
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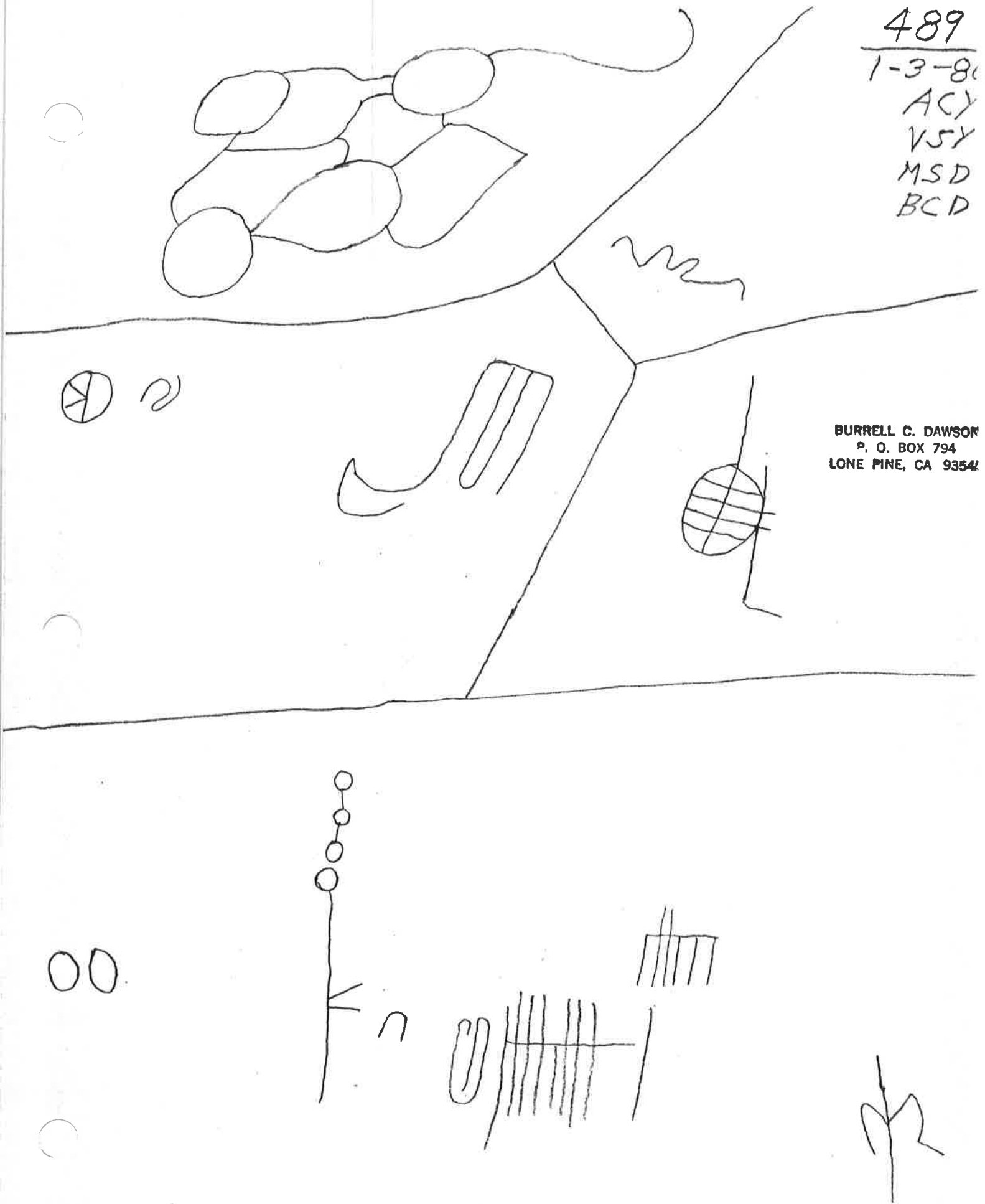
BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93541



RED CANYON

489
1-3-80
ACV
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BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93546



RED CANYON

490

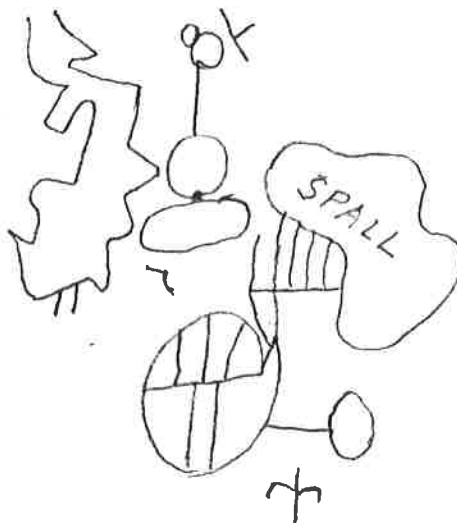
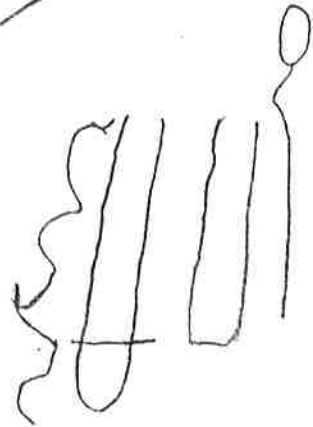
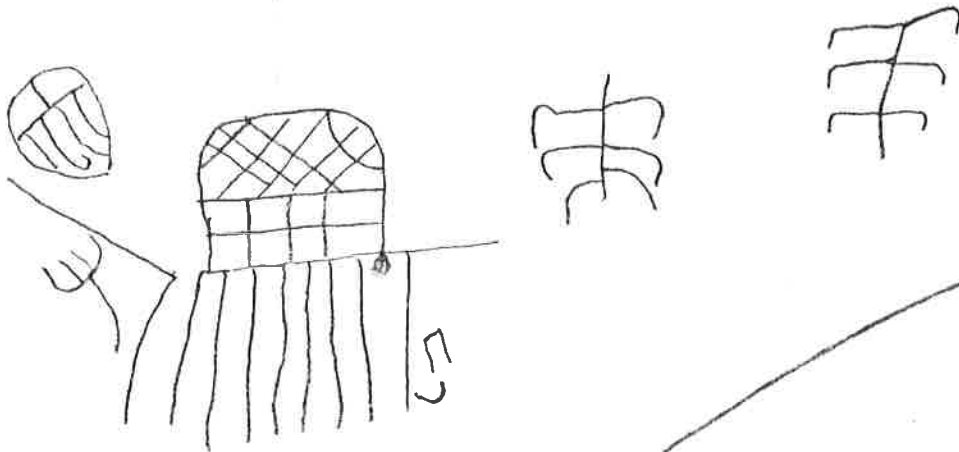
1-3-86

ACY

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BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE MINE, CA 93545

RED CANYON

491

1-3-86

ACY

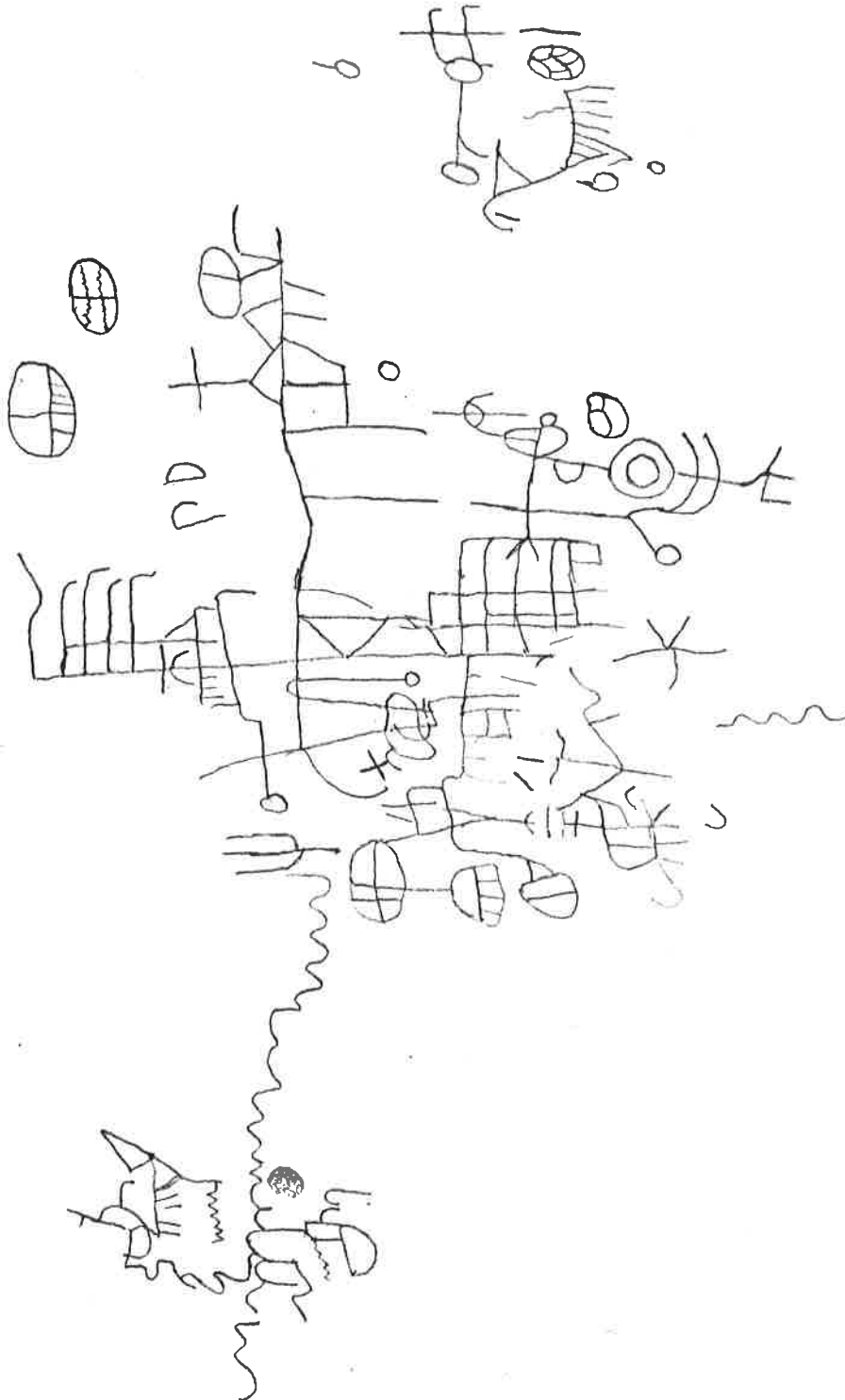
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BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

RED CANYON



492

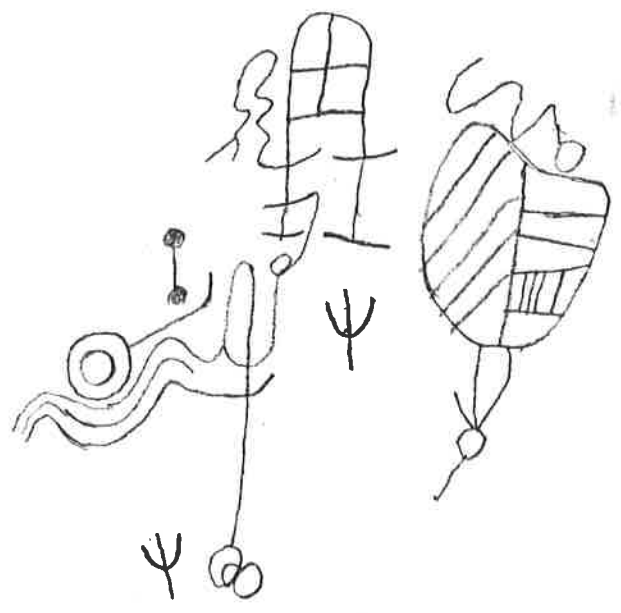
1-3-86

ACY

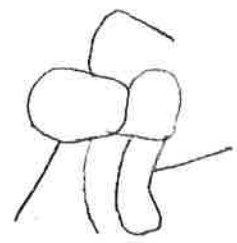
VSY

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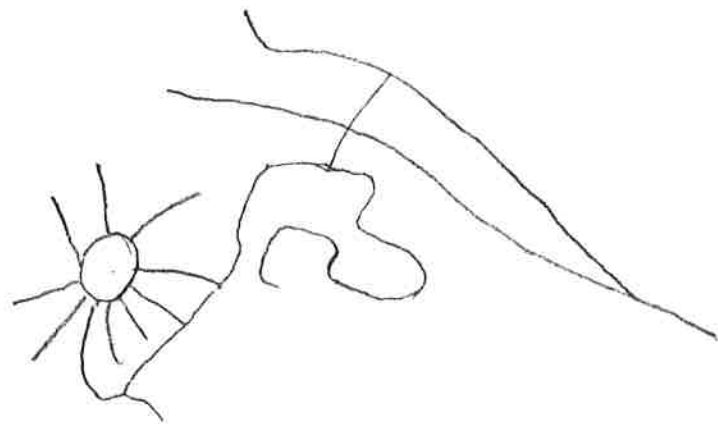


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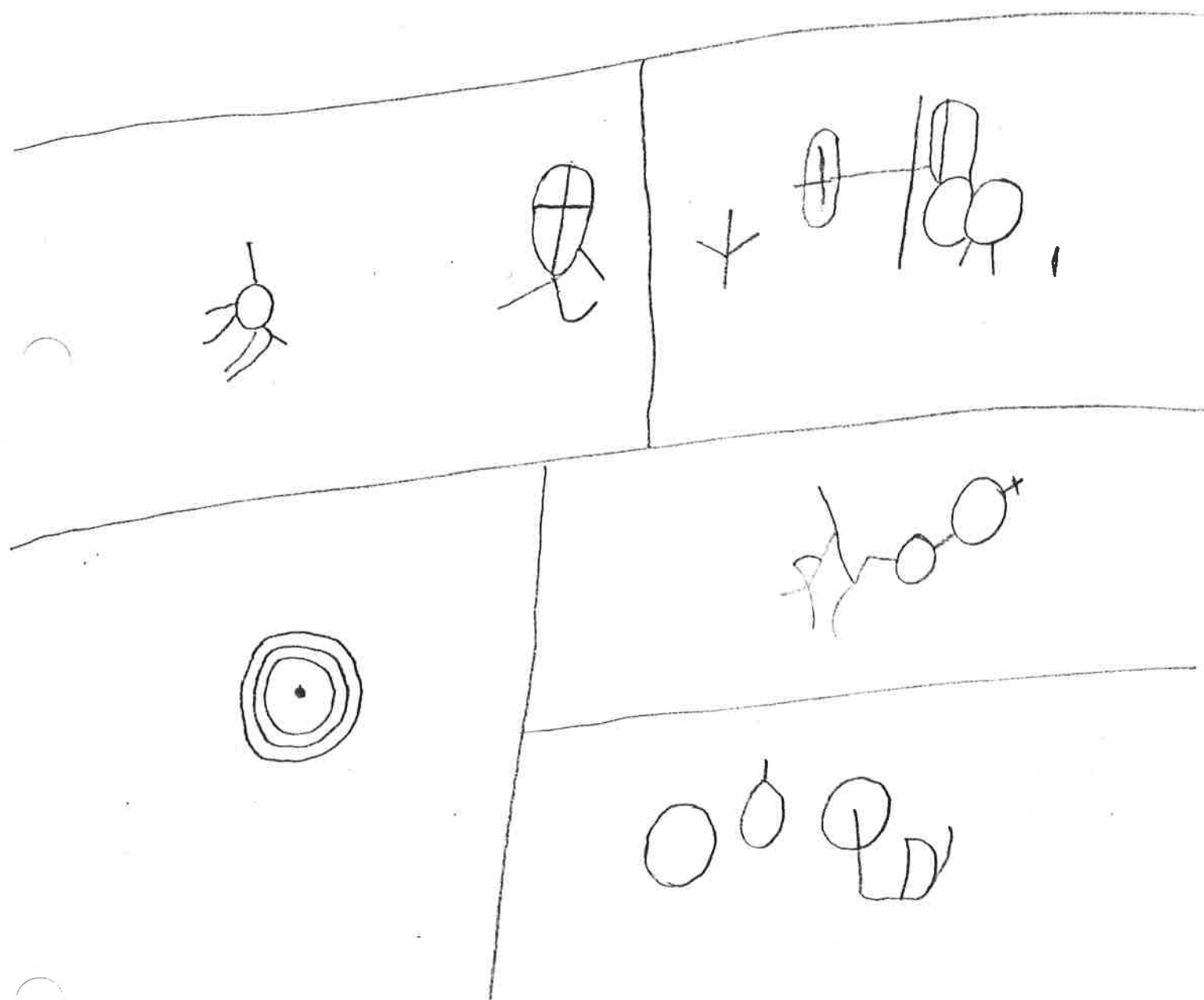


RED CANYON

493
 ACY
 VSY
 BCD
 2-8-86



BURRELL C. DAWSON
 P. O. BOX 794
 LONE MINE, CA 935



EL PASO MTNS, KERN COUNTY CALIF

SHEEP SPRINGS

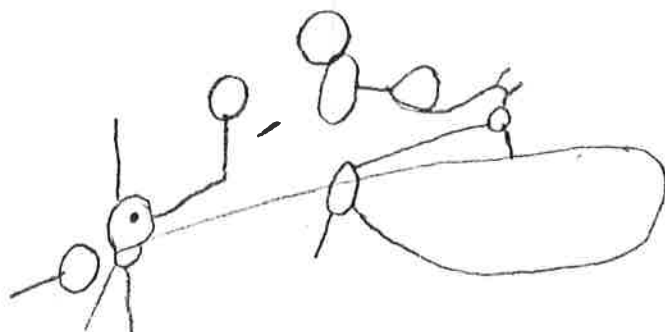
494

2-8-86

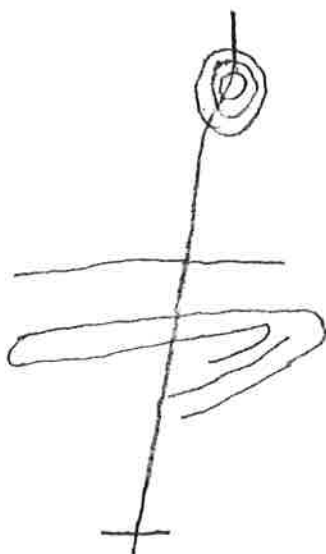
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BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



SHEEP SPRINGS

495

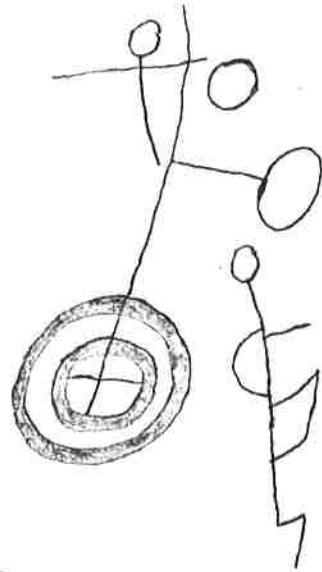
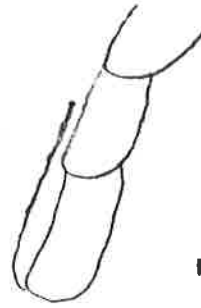
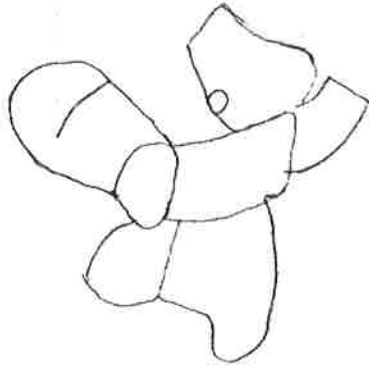
2-8-86

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BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



SHEEP SPRINGS

21

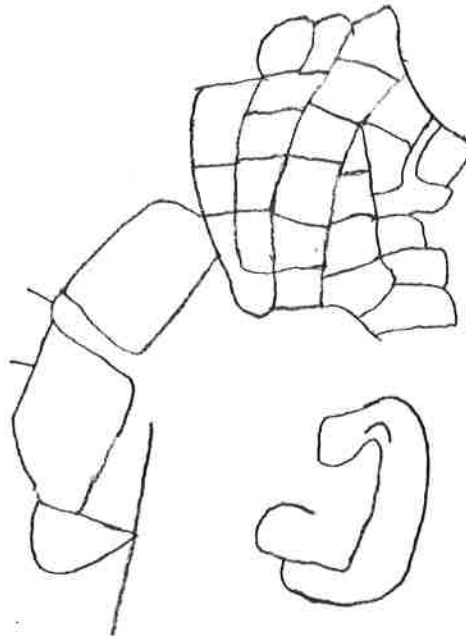
496

2-8-86

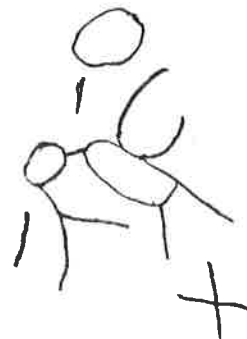
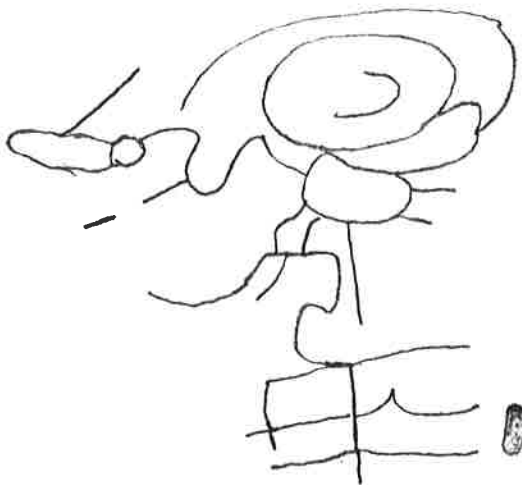
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BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545



SHEEP SPRINGS

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Photo courtesy of Peggy Barr

Hyroglyphics near Rock Creek reveal ancient messages. This photo was taken in 1884 and is part of the E.A.N. collection.

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

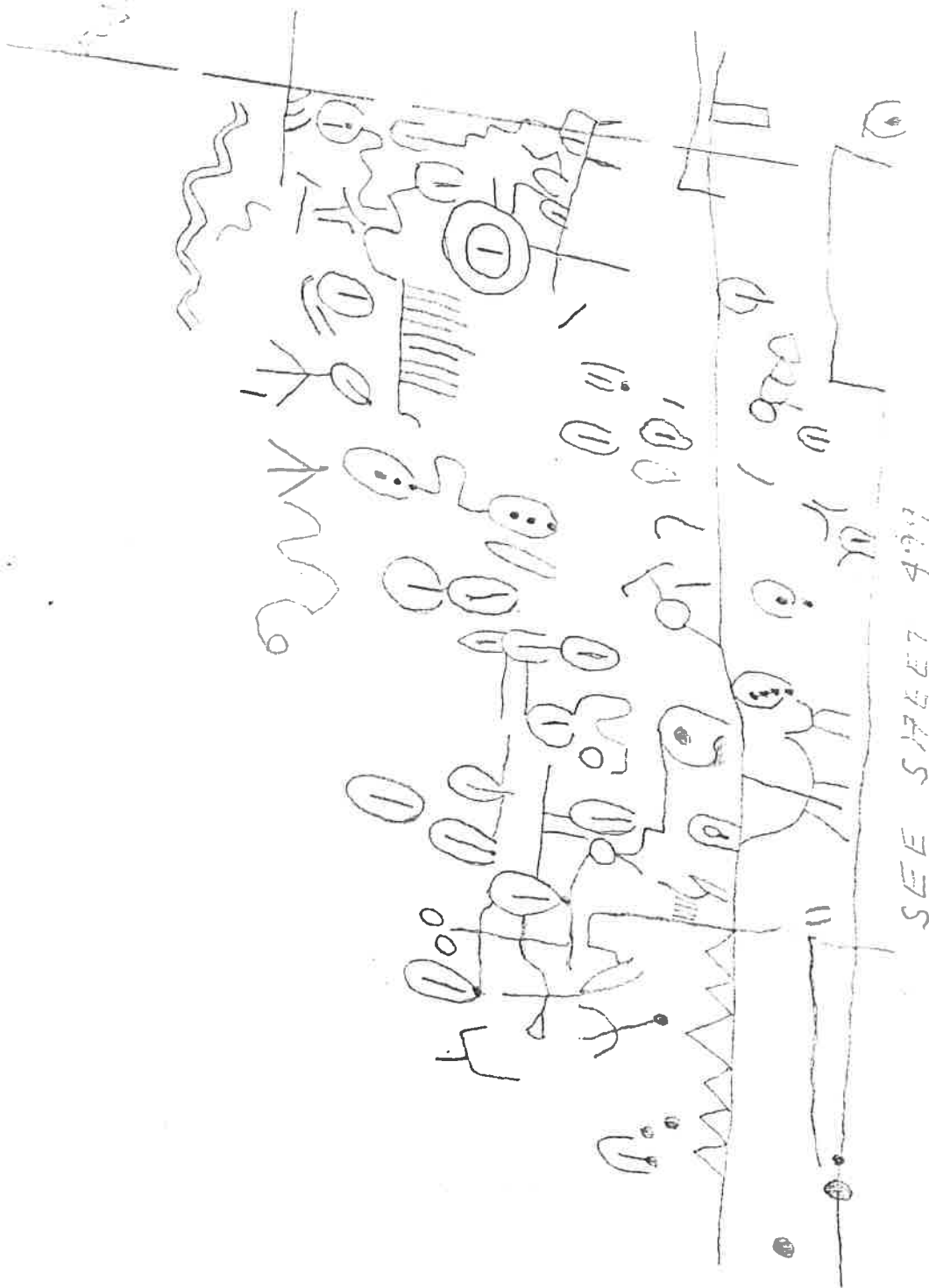
Monte Vista, Rio Grande County, Colorado from Vera
Jones

498
10-85
FP
RGP
BCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

ESMERALDA COUNTY, NEVADA
FROM PHOTOS BY FLEATA PENNIE BAKER
MC A FEE CANYON

SEE SHEET 500



SEE SHEET 499

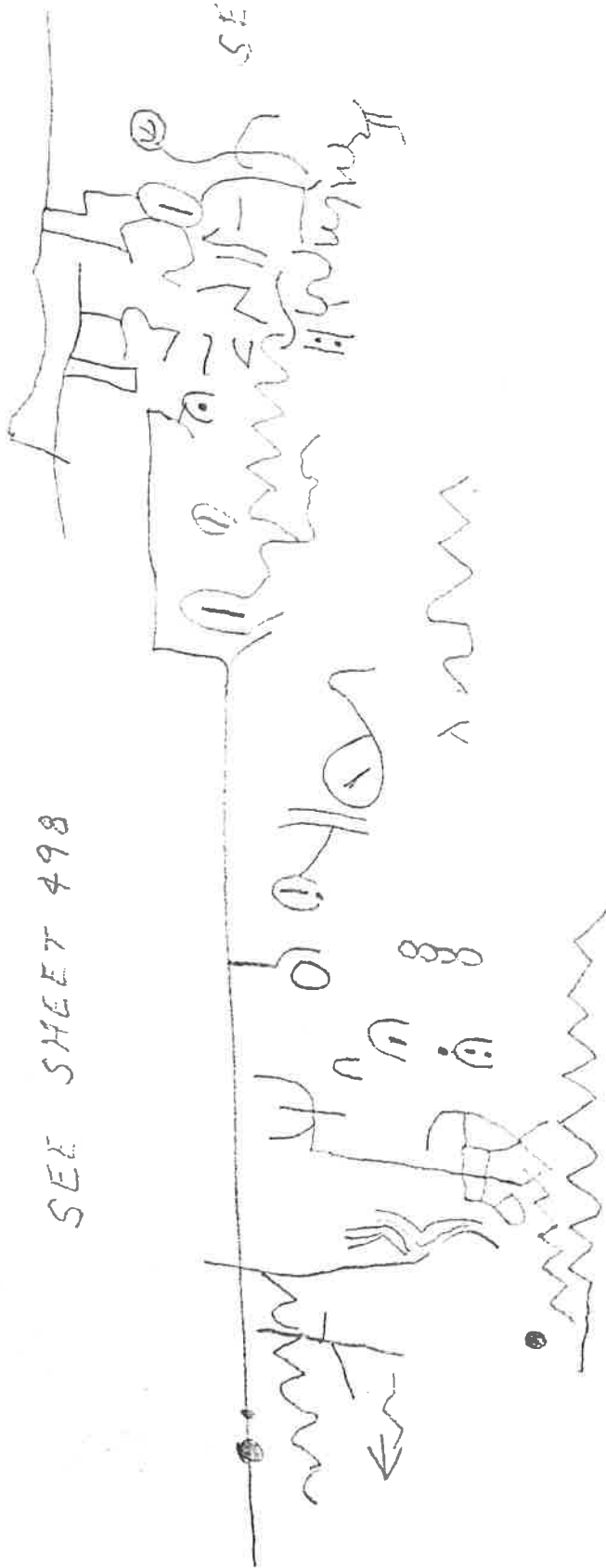
499
10-83
FP
RGP
RCD

BURRELL C. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

MSAFEE CANYON

SEE SHEET 500

SEE SHEET 498



500
10-95
FP
RGP
BCD

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P. O. BOX 794
LONE PINE, CA 93545

MESA FEE CANYON

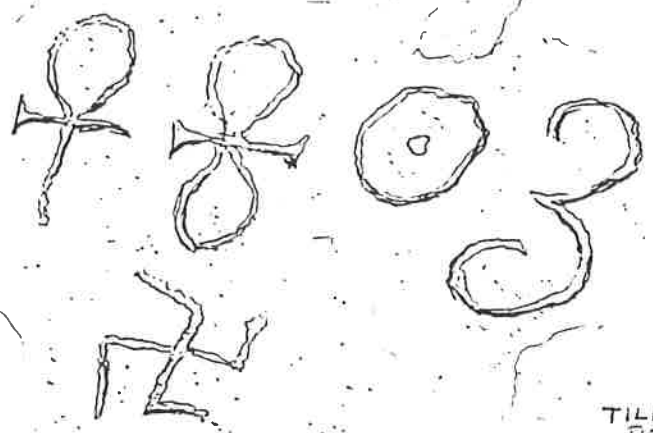


SEE SHEET 499

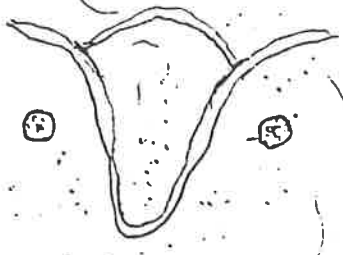
SHOES



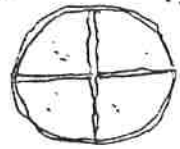
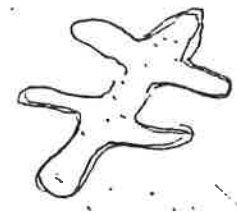
FREMONT CA.
RS 86



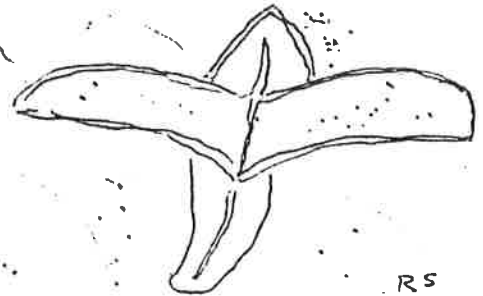
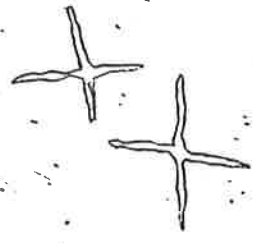
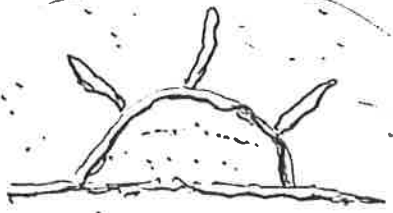
TILDEN PARK
BERKELEY CA.
RS 85



RS 86
BERKELEY CA
RS 86



FREMONT CA
RS 86



RS
86
BERKELEY CA

May 11, 86

Dear Burrell,

Inclosed is a copy of the local Rock art news and my article on the walls. Am doing a article on our Petroglyphs for Western Epigraphic newsletter. Inclosed in other side is Berkeley + Fremont petroglyphs.

We are moving in July up north to Oroville to fix up a property there so can't come over your way this may. Maybe we could set up a informal gathering in Bishop late in September as this won't be any Bay Area Conference this year maybe next. So thought of getting a few people together for a fall visit and using a motel in Bishop as headquarters for day trips like we did the last time

yours
Russell