

Prepare Yourself!

Nov 18" 1979.

Dear Mr. Irwin - About names and initials - I've always use "L" in my signature - was my Grandmother's maiden name "Leonard." before I was married my initials were E.L.F. "elf" - so I like the "L" to be included. You over looked enclosing the photo in your letter of Nov 9". as for Oliver Roberts - I find him to be a brag-gart of the worse kind - and miss-spelled so many names. he supposedly came up through my home country - afoot from Indian Wells - when ever I read his book. I did so with "tongue in cheek" - Wallace Campbell & I would deques the book from beginning to end when we read it - and a few of the old timers of the '70's and '80's were still alive when we were kids and the original buildings still standing. He miss-spelled Mrs Arambula name - she was a "good Samaritan" and did much for others - and raised her grand children strictly - and her son Hilario "Larry" Arambula was a tall handsome Mexican - in 1900's came often to Darwin to visit his daughter, Catalina Poughrey - when I lived with her & her family when I went to school in Darwin and I would ride his horse and he would entertain we kids with stories of Darwin's old days - Roberts handled the truth & put himself. Darwin did have a labor trouble and some "holed up" by the smelter - in the wack - the "Lucky Jim" smelter - which was steel intact as last used when we kids played there & climbed around & the pig slag pile was still as when the last slag-

A wheeled cart dumped its last load & left to sit for years where the worker left it - the same up at the Defiance smelter & its large slag pile - later all carted away by an outfit who bought the dumps and shipped to San Francisco in the early '40's to get every ounce possible squeezed out. A clond burst in early '40's carried a lot of the Jim slag down the wash - chunks scattered for miles - I had a couple of the cone shaped pieces in my yard that were in good condition; This is our usual decimal Sunday. rained early and we've had quite a lot the past week, bringing us up to 12" - far above normal 7.43" for this date and so far a mild fall and leaves still clinging to the trees - but Dec 21st is usually a rough day - earth quakes - floods and what ever nature hands out - all of which we can do without. My Panamint Indians were not tattooed. some of the Cozo ones were - dot on fore head or chin and the Palm Springs Valley girls had them, but not after the 1900's - they all wanted to dress and live as we did and the younger girls went to school at Sherman and so came in contact with other tribes - Navajo - Hopi - Apache - as I've said Addie Hanson's husband was an Apache. well educated & fine looking man and good to Addie - was a long way from his home country and people - who are a fine tribe - we knew many when we lived in Holbrook Ariz. and often went up to Fort Apache. a prosperous and industrious people and their White Mt. homes ideal - hunting & fishing and meadows for their cattle to grow fat on. Do you want to know what

named it "Mt. Goxe" or "Gyoxe" - What the Chinese endured from our "white" people in early days is a disgrace - even when I was little we kids made fun of them and called them names and few races are as decent and industrious as the Chinese people - at least the old time ones were. Kids can be so very cruel. I hope the fore going makes sense - my thoughts rush ahead of my pen. ... Years ago "Panamint George" Hanson and "Panamint Tom" and George Gregory wore their hair in a "dutch" bob as the picture of George shows with thick branding the collar. Later years Gregory wore his short also Pete Ram. As for burning their dead - Paiute-Shoshones did in old days - in secret places - our last burning was attempted in Darwin when Rusie Carberry died in 1917. but the "town" rushed in and so she is buried in our cemetery "across the wash" beside her husband Frank, who died 2 weeks before Rusie. and so she had "nothing left to live for" & of course could not live in the home where she & Frank lived so many years - but all "civilized" now and the old ways are no longer. Roberts tells of trying to find a burial some where around Wild Rose Canyon, as for marriage customs - old times they picked a wife & took her to his "wick-up" and their tribal ceremonies - private - now they "get" married like the rest of us - but may still have their own ceremony and at deaths many still have the old "cups" we used to ask George if the Indians understood the "rock" writings - they did not - but "maybe" the lines stood for trails & George would say "we no read-em". "people long before not like us" - and those who left their "marks" around Junction Flat country were unknown to them of course before the 1900's - my part of the country was out of their territory - lines were strictly drawn as George

3). "tap her light" means - when the miners loaded their holes, the sticks of dynamite went in first - then a small amount of dirt on top of the last stick which had the fuse & cap in and so the dirt was "gently" tapped over the stick with the fuse & cap. dynamite caps were handled with care - cold mornings the miners would lay the number of sticks they planned to use on top of a box with a candle under - to show out - glycerin soaked sticks were extremely dangerous and handled carefully - the old time miners were careless - carefully! often would crimp the dynamite cap on to the fuse with their teeth - "hard rock miners": decent hard working men - some worked 6 months or so - collect their wages go to town & a glorious bender - often "rolled" for what they had left, in their over all pockets, broke and "kiddashed" by the bar-tender - sober up and go back to work and some thing to look forward to! in another 6 months! honest, decent hard working men. and no girl or woman need fear them. As the miners loaded the holes and "tapped her light" lit the fuses and ran a safe distance away - counted the shots - in case of a miss fire - which had to be dug out with extreme care. Back to Roberts - he talks about Pearl - Mrs Arambula's girl - but if such a person - Mrs. A's granddaughter would have known about her & neither Catalina or half sister Manuella ever spoke of her and * Hilario "Larry" Arambula was their father. Mrs. A. spent some time in Darwin when it was booming & Mrs "L" - (Catalina) went to school in our old school house. and one of the class mates was a Chinese girl named "Foxie" and the kids would chase her across our "Burro Alley" wash & up the side of the hill - so later we kids

5) We'd tell us, he was a remarkable man - kind and so were his sons - women of course were kept out of things just the same they "ruled the roost." George's 2 sons Bill - who died of TB in 1900's secretly - a fine man and our friend as was Mike and Isabelle - their old customs were cruel no getting away from it - she old put out of camp away, with a little water & food & left to die. which they seemed able to do when ever they decided too, some times they put "old ones" in small pens to grovel in the dirt - no shade - I saw that once and the memory still lingers. The "dances" & celebrations were generally off from anyone & their death "cries" and as I said the "rock writings" were unknown to them as were the people who wrote them - if you have seen the fine writings in Sand Canyon - one can entertain themselves "reading" them - "soldiers" or warriors lined up - with bows and arrows - trails & water holes - some evidently of the sun & moon - very important to the "ancient" ones. tho the circles with markings inside not so clear as to their meaning. Malapai seemed to be the rock they liked as the lines would be light in the dark rock, (red) quite a lot of "writings" are around the Junction on the Malapai on the west side - a long flow there and further down the flat, south, is a fine cinder cone, sitting by itself. and an old broken up crater up from Indian Wells Valley by the old Nadeau road and another broken crater off the road down to Panamint Springs - Rainbow Canyon. In 1910 a friend, living at that time in Mt. Spring Canon came across a cave in the Malapai off Nadeau's old road - now used to get to Renegade Canyon - who ever hung that name on Sand Canyon - a "stray" back in the '20's. who visited the writings - hieroglyphics! a 2-bit wood-Pana-

Tom was called that by old timers and Death Valley travelers and later his daughter's husband George was given the name. Tom was considered a "bad Indian" in 1880's & 90's and credited with killing eleven white men - but when we knew him in 1900's was very peaceful - Uncle Sam had threatened him with imprisonment if he didn't mend his ways - a small man with snow white hair and didn't "mind" talking about his "bad days". They all used to come to our camp - Millsbaugh and we welcomed them as our friends - Panamint George was a sort of chief - as was Tom before him - tho not the kind of chief of other tribes - feather bonnets & all - some of the men wore a band around their fore heads - mostly to keep their hair back. They liked big black hats. When ever George ate with us he carefully placed his black hat under his chair - if there is such a thing as a really "good" man - George & his "Panamint George" was one and "my wife - he said" he was devoted too - tho she spoke no english - was always glad to see me when ever I rode to their camp and would want me to eat. Their rules & laws which they no doubt had were their own and probably enforced in early days - but when we first knew them they said nothing about them - and had no "gatherings" when up at our part of the country - "up home" - no doubt did at Warm Springs in Panamint Valley - but only a few left and at no time - even in early days were there many in Death Valley or else where - no communities - a half dozen or so lived at springs & various places in the Valley & Panamint Mts. & valley. and as George used to tell us of seeing his

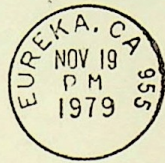
27- first white man as he & his father watched from
a hill side - probably in Townsend canyon below the Pass
as it enters Panamint Valley and watched those strange
looking people and unknown animals straggling
past. Word had come ahead, via grape-stems - of these
men robbing camps as they came in to Death Valley and
before and so the Indians were afraid to offer help and
hid out, those "nice white men" would probably killed
them any way. greedy bunch - one thought in their heads -
gold & to get to the promised land, many of our pioneers
we can't be too proud of. Hope this "holds" you for the
time being - come again - and you and yours have
a "Happy Thanksgiving". Sincerely

Elizabeth L. Necham

"Elm"

This "goes as she looks"
I'm certainly not going
to read it over! You'll
have a "taxi a day off" but
it's nice "talking" to you!
I've always been "Bess"
to old friends - object as
I try - so will have to
live with it!

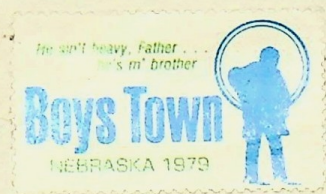
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