

Oct 5th 1965

Dear "Polly" and you call me Elizabeth!

Who figured to get "Polly" out of Katherine! I'm in the midst of getting ready to leave for Altadena in the morning and of course 101 things left to do at the last moment. Your letter and "Freeman's Stage Stop" came yesterday - how good of you to send it and I can't thank you enough. The pictures of "Old Man Freeman" and his wife - 2nd - look just as I remember them - I can't think who the other lady is, but remember one being with Mrs. Raymond - and they told me of two robberies Vasquez did to them and the first Mrs. Raymond had her family sterling silver in her apron trying to hide it and did succeed in dropping the money unnoticed - The rocks were called "Vasquez Rocks" - the "Robbers Roost" a name hung on by "strays" as we called late comers - down through the years folks were digging all around the rocks

and crevices hunting for buried treasure
but we always doubted he hid anything
as the small amounts he robbed told
of. the gang blew in at the first saloon.
and the silver bullion was too heavy
for them to handle on horse back or
cack in. I remember the dog and the
coyote and in 1904 they gave me a
puppy that I took home and raised -
called her "Mona" after Raymond -
Ramón in Spanish & her grandmother
was the coyote - she was a dandy
little dog & one of her puppies we called
"Moby" - and the cloud burst was a
shock to all of us - that such a terrible
thing could happen to our friends and
lovely Coyote holes. Raymond was car-
ried 7 miles down the wash, beyond
where the little bridge crosses the wash
on 6 - he received a broken hip and
recovered - getting around with crutches
& later a cane - we were all tough people
in those days & Drs. & hospitals few and
far between, the last time I saw him
was in 1909 shortly before his death, we

3) Stopped over there - Mrs. Raymond ran it for awhile and then sold and left & the last time we stayed there was in the fall of 1912 and shortly after it burned down - never the same place without the Raymonds. I remember 2 little boys there one time and they may be Ritger brothers - but I did not "impress" them on my mind at the time - we all used caves in the banks of washes to keep food in - always keep an even temperature no matter how hot. Coyote holes was not seen from the road on either side approaching and what an oasis it was when we reached the edge of the wash and there was those great cotton wood trees & garden & always a friendly welcome - and what chicken dinners - I can taste them yet. It was 55 miles from Mojave & 55 miles on to our Millsbaugh - 2 day trip with a buggy team and 4 to 5 with freight team 4 or 6 mules, depending on the load, better time made to Mojave when empty - the road went up & over the brow of the wash and a

last glimpse of Boyote Holes as we went
on 3 miles and then struck out across
Indian Wells Valley - it was from this
point Nadeau's road went straight
across to the foot of the Malapai north
by east of the Mt. Spring Canyon road -
this grade up over the Malapai was a
fine piece of road building - rocked
up on the outer edge & was Nadeau's
road but called by most "the Hamilton"
road for Nadeau's man who built it
also the one up to Modoc - I think I
wrote of this before - so I'll answer
your letter & questions in more detail
when I get down to my room and the
birthday celebrating is over for he and
his daughter on Oct 9th - I read the book
last night and being a poor sleeper
any way - I went back in memory and
it was 4.30 before I finally dropped off!
also Pope Paul's long long day gave room
for admiration for him! he must have
been so very tired - thanks again for
the book - it is cherished - and enclosing
this with the pictures - Spratt was a "pretty
boy" I remember Mary O. but did not know
her - Best to you in your writing - I have to be in the
mood. Addie Elizabeth.