

Mount San Jacinto is located in the Eastern part of Riverside County. It is over 2 miles in perpendicular height and one of the most remarkable mountains in our coast range. The San Geronio pass, through which run the trans-continental Southern Pacific trains - East and West, separate the San Bernardino Range from the San Jacinto. This pass is about 3000 feet in elevation and is the entrance portal into the garden of the Hesperides, after crossing hundreds of miles of deserts.

From here, this magnificent mass of granite rears its crest, without a foot-hill at a very steep angle over 7000 feet. The face of the mountain on this side seamed and gashed by great cañons and gorges, deep, somber and impenetrable. Several streams flowing toward the desert and toward the coast owe their birth to the deep snows which crown its summit from several months.

It is one of the deep gorges, called Snow Cañon, on the north side of the mountain with which this narrative deals.

In the first part of September, some years ago, I was organizing a horseback party to make a camping trip to San Jacinto Peak about 100 miles distant from our ranch. One by one our prospective members dropped out, until only three of us were left, myself, my son Stanley, and niece Marion.

Known as Silent Stan, a young man of few words but of quick action and decision, he was recognized throughout the mountains as one of the best riders in a cow country where all are good riders. Standing 6 ft. 1", spare but broad, muscular tough and sinewy; he was strong as a young giant and agile as a mountain goat. His greatest joy was climbing practically inaccessible places in the bad lands of the desert.

Marion, about 19 years of age, although only a few years in California, was a daring and fearless rider, afraid of nothing and a splendid camper. No matter what the hardships, no matter what personal discomfort, no matter how weary and tired, no word of complaint ever passed her lips. She was always ready to do her full share of our rough camp housekeeping.

As for myself, 30 years in the saddle camping in all sorts of places and under all conditions, I was at home in any situation.

We rode three horses and led a pack mule. I rode my favorite horse SARCO, a high strung, nervous animal and so quick and swift, he could show heels to any other horse in the locality. His thin nostrils, quick intelligent eye, slender legs and shapely body, showed good breeding.

Stan rode SWASTIKA, a light gray mare of wonderful endurance and rare intelli-

igence. She was tough and wiry and a splendid cow-pony.

Marion rode a brown pony known as TWO-BITS, also a splendid cow-pony, well reined and easy motion.

We all used western saddles and Stan carried a rifle in a scabbard fastened to the side of his saddle.

Our pack mule's name was DAM\_FI\_DOG was shortened to DAMFIE. He was an indispensable addition to our family and uttered no complaint when we loaded on all our camp equipment - blankets, utensils, grub, a shovel and tarpaulins. We used the diamond hitch in lashing down our pack and had little trouble once the load was well balanced and the lash rope pulled taut.

We took no tent and carried only things absolutely necessary for comparative comfort, as our trail led us over rough country.

Our conception of an ideal camping trip was to get away from roads and people and hit for the old Indian trails through the mountains. This would take us into some pretty rough country, often with dim trails or no trails at all, high brush, and steep rocky hills, cut up with many arroyos and dry washes.

We followed out this plan to a dot and on the second day got into a wild country, free of roads, people or civilization and we were content.

Every night when we made camp, we had to have three essentials, wood, water, and grass. At the end of a dry summer, when little or no rain falls, water and feed are difficult to find. Half wild cattle ranging the brushy mountains usually clean up what little grass there is and an almost tropical sun beating down for months, dries up most of the water sources. We always carried canteens of water, either in the pack or hooked over our saddle horns.

At the end of the fourth day we were encamped at Hidden Lake, a small shallow pool of snow water, at an elevation of 9000 ft. Hidden Lake was in a small cove containing about 3 or 4 acres, surrounded by ridges and pinnacles of granite except in one place only about 50 ft. wide which formed the edge of a deep precipice.

This spot commanded the most magnificent spectacle of the vast Colorado desert and purple mountains beyond, that the eye of man ever beheld.

We stood spellbound by this vast panorama spread almost at our feet, but we still had a climb of nearly 2000 ft. to reach the peak.

A few miles further on we made camp in a beautiful alpine meadow with abundance of grass, a pure cold stream of water flowing through with wonderful groves of fir and tamarack. At this elevation with winter 9 months of the year, we were free of ants and houseflies, snakes, and bugs.

This being the first long camping trip for Marion, I gave her a little advice, which should be heeded by every person not familiar with wild country. I said, "A person is easily lost in this region and difficult to find, as it is a hard country to track in. There are many little valleys and canons and all look alike. Do not stray far from camp, but if, after all, you should get lost, take these matches with you, hide them in your underclothes and only use them in an emergency to make a fire with or make a smoke signal so we can locate you." I handed her a bunch of matches which she concealed on her person and the sequel showed she made good use of them.

The next day we went to the peak, a climb of 1300 ft. up a steep rocky trail. We took one saddle horse and the mule carrying a light load of blankets, some provisions and cooking utensils, sufficient for one night.

As we approached the summit, the timber growth grew more and more stunted. The scant shrubbery hugged the ground and our trail wound in and out among great slabs and blocks of granite. All the sturdy little firs on the exposed ridges, 6 or 8 ft. high, grew branches and needles on one side only. The strong steady wind from the west, frequently of hurricane violence, prohibits all foliage except on the leeward side of the tree and at a distance, they look like small fleets of triangular sails. The struggle is fierce, so much so, it takes 100 years to make an inch of growth.

At the summit, composed of great masses of granite, we tied our horses in the shelter of a big rock and were fortunate to find a dead fir to make a fire. We hunted our various little coves, sheltered from the wind, unrolled our blankets and were soon lost to the world.

The next morning for hours it seemed, we watched the miracle of sunrise over desert and mountain, and while marvellously beautiful it lacked the soft loveliness of sunset.

As the morning light touched the Salton Sea it turned to molten gold. A cloud like fluffy down, rested on the Chuckawalla range to the East and one fleecy cloudlet detached itself and drifted over the Salton Sea. While it was far below us, it was probably 3000 ft. above the water, it presented a beautiful effect.

At about 6:30 Marion said, "I think I will go to the desert." We laughed and joked her about it, and paid no further attention. At 10 o'clock we rounded up our stock, packed our mule and then looked for Marion. Not finding her readily, we called but got no response. We then figured she had taken the trail ahead of us and hit out for our base camp, three miles distant and below us 1300 ft. Marion was always independent, self sufficient, able to look after

herself and impatient of restraint, so we did not think it strange that she should strike out alone.

On the way down, we hunted for but failed to find her tracks. That gave us some uneasiness but still we thought we would find her at Camp. She was not in Camp. A neighboring camper had not seen her.

We then recalled her remark about going to the desert and I said, "Do you suppose that crazy girl meant anything when she said she was going to the desert"? Stan said, "You can't tell what notion that girl might take. The desert is miles distant over impossible cliffs and rocks, but one thing is certain, she is not in camp and I am going back to hunt for her. I will shoot twice if I want horses."

After a short lunch, with rifle and canteen of water he left camp for the peak. Sometime after dark he returned, all in, completely exhausted.

To my anxious inquiries he said, "No, I haven't found her, but, if alive she is in Snow Canyon. When I reached the peak, I went to the place where we had last seen her on the rocks overlooking the desert. From there I climbed around looking for tracks. The great rocks, thrown up every which way, crowd each other so closely, there is little chance for soil to lodge. However, I found a faint heel track in between some great boulders, down the slope and following down, I found another faint track. Keeping on, wherever there was a little soil I could find her tracks and they led down the steep face of the mountain to Snow Canyon. How she ever got down is a mystery to me. Some places she must have slid. I finally slid down a sheer wall and reached the bed of the Canyon. As seen from above the bed of the Canyon is bare and slick, no water and no soil and it was hard for me to keep my footing. As there was no soil, of course I could find no tracks, but once in awhile an overturned pebble, kicked up by her foot, or a stone moved out of place, told me I was on the right track. Further down, rounding a bend in the Canyon, I came to a bank of snow about 15 feet high clinging to the side wall from here on there was a stream of water. The further down I went, the higher the cliffs became and the closer they crowded together leaving just a ribbon of sky and at four o'clock the Canyon became so dark, I could see the stars overhead. I lost her tracks a little below here, where there was a great barrier of rocks, and realizing the futility of trying to hunt her in the dark in such a man trap and where a slip meant death, I decided to return and make a fresh start."

"The climb out of the Canyon was not easy hampered as I was with my rifle and night came on before I got to the peak, but I found the trail and here I am."

The next morning at 5 o'clock Stan wound two small lash ropes about his waist

with a small canteen and a pocket full of biscuits, started out with Mr. Taylor (a neighboring camper) to scour the depths of Snow Canyon for the lost girl. I was left with the stock to be in readiness to go where needed.

They reached the peak before sunrise and by 7 o'clock were in Snow Canyon and followed down the bed passed the bank of snow, where the tracks showed Marion had lingered to eat some snow, and then on to the spot where the tracks disappeared and were lost.

They searched around the great slabs of granite and finally found where she had climbed out on a bench and then down in the creek bed again following the Canyon Water falls began to appear. The region got steeper and more precipitous. They followed down for an hour and climbing became more and more risky and dangerous and footing more precarious. Falls in the creek bed made things worse. The slight traces indicated they were on the right track. Sticking their toes in narrow ledges, holding onto rough places in the rocks, lowering themselves carefully down steep smooth rocks, following the creek bed, they finally heard a faint call above the noise of the creek. Just before them was a sheer drop of 30 ft. where the creek made a lovely waterfall, confined on both sides by vertical granite walls, and here Marion was calling on the chance that Stan might hear. There she was standing one hand against her prison wall, looking up, uninjured, but how she managed to descend into this man trap without breaking any bones, is a mystery even to her. Behind her a sheer waterfall, before her another deep waterfall and vertical cliffs. A more appalling situation would be difficult to imagine. There was absolutely no chance of escape by herself.

Here is what Marion told me about her experience after leaving camp:

When I left Camp on Thursday morning, I fully expected to be back by 10 o'clock and go to our old Camp at Hidden Lake. I wanted to go down Snow Canyon and return. It did not look far, so I started climbing over rocks and immense slabs of granite that form the steep sides of the Canyon.

From where we looked down in the gorge; there was no snow visible, only a bare groove gouged out of solid granite, that didn't look very wide or deep. This I found out later was very different from what it appeared from the peak. The air was so clear and distances so immense we could not comprehend or realize as there was no standard of comparison.

Well, I clambered down and down and yet down the great slabs of white granite until I finally reached the upper end of Snow Canyon.

I wiggled and slid into the gorge which was worn smooth by the action of snow water, so smooth, that it was impossible to climb out. I tried it several times only to slide back again and again into the bed of the canyon. Then I

thought by walking down the bed, I would soon find a way up the side, but the further down I got, the steeper became the walls of the Canyon and the more impossible seemed the way out.

The day wore on till afternoon and the sun passed behind the Canyon wall and it became twilight. The canyon had grown very narrow and in order to see the sky I had to look straight up. I think it must have been about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when I came to the snow. There was some snow in the bottom of the Canyon, but most of it was clinging to one side of the cliff about 15 ft. high.

A great deal had broken loose, causing snow slides, and as it was melting, I lost no time in getting away from it. This was the beginning of a stream and others leading into it, it grew constantly larger as I went on.

I soon realized I would have waterfalls to contend with and I decided to go back and try to get out again, but the rocks had worn so smooth by action of snow water, that it was impossible.

After falling back time after time, I decided it was better to go to the desert.

I could look down on the desert and it looked so near, that at the beginning, I thought I could reach the desert, walk around the foot of the mountain to Palm Springs and back up the trail in a day - a distance I later found to be 40 to 50 miles, not taking into consideration the descent of over 10,000 ft. and a later climb of at least 7000 ft.

I felt like a trapped animal, always trying to climb out, always baffled and sliding back. My tennis shoes became ragged, one rubber heel I lost, my fingers and nails were worn down by the rough granite till the blood almost came through from clutching the rocks and my trousers were worn badly from slipping and sliding. To add to my troubles, waterfalls began to appear. The first few were small but it taxed all my nerve and ingenuity to get around and below them. To fall meant to be crippled or worse, so I tried not to get rattled or dizzy.

Night was coming on and there was no chance of getting out of the Canyon. I called every few minutes hoping Stan would be hunting for me and hear my call, but the noise of the falls in the canyon frowned my voice.

It so happened that Stan was actually in the Canyon searching for me and shot off his rifle not more than a quarter mile distant, but the sound never reached me.

At last I came to my first real difficulty. It was a fall about 25 ft. deep. Though not perpendicular, it was very steep and slippery with green slime and moss. I lost nearly an hour trying to find away around it but finally decided it was useless, as the side walls were perpendicular and the rocks at the side

of the waterfall, dropped so abruptly, I did not dare risk sliding down them. I decided to toboggan down the falls, so I worked my way to the edge, sat down in the icy water and gave myself a push. I needed no encouragement to go, as it was all I could do to keep from going headlong. The water boiled around and over me and as it poured down the back of my neck, it certainly felt cold and shivery. It was all I could do to keep from tumbling head over heels on the rocks below. I clutched at the rocks as I slid by and in that way slowed up a little and broke my fall. It was only a matter of a few seconds and I landed safely on the bottom, but bruised my knee on a sharp rock, which made me lame.

When I picked myself up and found I wasn't badly hurt, I began to see how ridiculous I must look. I was soaked through with water dripping from my hair and cloths. I had worn holes in the seat of my pants, I was ragged and disheveled and my laugh was ended in shivers from the snow water down my back.

I did not linger, but started down again to keep warm. By this time the sun was setting and the Canyon was narrow and gloomy. I yelled several times on the chance that Stan might hear me. I knew that he would come after me but I also knew that tracking me in the Canyon would be almost impossible as there was no soil or sand to take my foot prints.

About 5 o'clock, I came to my waterloc. Here was a sheer drop of 30 ft. A rock as big as a house had fallen and wedged in the Canyon. The water went down behind it, but I could climb over and look down and it did not look pleasant. I went to the left, I went to the right and in the middle and I could see no way to get down. Finally I gave it up and prepared to spend the night which was now almost upon me. In the narrow ribbon of sky, the stars shone brightly. I was not afraid of the dark or of being alone. I saw no evidence of mountain lions or any animals or even birds.

I gathered some drift wood, sticks that had fallen from the cliff above, got on a flat rock above the creek and searched for my matches. They had been so well concealed, they had kept perfectly dry, so I soon had a little fire going and in that deep, dark lonesome gorge, I nursed that fire and gradually dried my clothing and some warmth penetrated my chilled body.

I had gathered quite a pile of drift wood, enough to keep me all night, and I had found a sort of fire place and shelter for my back.

I began to take stock. The soles of my shoes were worn through; one of my heels was missing; my trousers were worn through from sliding; my finger nails were worn down from holding onto rocks and the ends of my fingers and palms were almost bleeding. I tried to figure some way to get out but all ways seemed

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blocked, so I sat in front of my camp fire to consider the situation until I dozed off.

I don't know how long I slept, but I awoke in a fright. Thinking I was falling off a cliff. Three times I had that night-mare, so then I determined to stay awake which was hard, as I was very sleepy.

The only sound in the deep gorge was the roar of the water fall, except once, when I got really frightened. For some reason, a great slab of granite became dislodged or over balanced and rumbled and roared down the slope of the canon and came to rest not far from where I sat. The rumble echoed and reechoed down the canon for some seconds and then died out.

I was extremely worried for the rest of the night and I could readily see that avalanches were not unusual in the canyon. Many of the rocks were loose and just balanced and in coming down, I had to be ready to leap off a rock as soon as I got on it, for fear it would topple down.

By looking up, I could see a few stars, otherwise, it was absolutely dark. I was not afraid of the dark and under other conditions, I might have enjoyed it. As soon as it got light, I put out my fire, and having turned my breeches hind-side before and so fortified myself against more holes, I started out,

I climbed a ridge of rocks and then came to a place that looked impossible. I found myself looking down a perpendicular cliff with the choice of a waterfall about 40 ft. deep dropping on a pile of rocks at the bottom or attempting to descend the cliff. There were some little irregular ledges and a shallow steep crack leading down. I chose this route.

After I started I certainly thought this would be the end, but it was impossible to go back. I don't know how deep it was but it looked like a thousand feet. I flattened out against the face of the cliff as much as possible, holding on to any projection or irregularity I could find, and in this way, slowly feeling for toe holes in the crack, edging along carefully, inch by inch, until I had reached nearly half way down, when my feet slipped and I began to slide. In desperation I clawed at the rock and as I slid, my hand came in contact with a little weed growing out of a crack, and like a drowning man grasping at a straw, I hung on to that little weed and luckily it held my weight until I could get my toes in the crack again. I had to jump the last 5 or 6 feet, but I was unimjured.

My plight was now worse than it had been before, as I was completely trapped and at the mercy of the mountain. Behind me was a dark cave, formed by a gigantic boulder that had fallen from the cliff above and wedged between the walls of the canyon on either side, like a cork in a bottle. The rock was as big as a house.

Far in the back, twin waterfalls came down on either side and the entire floor was carpeted with delicate maidenhair ferns. The first growth I had seen in the Canyon. It was marvellously beautiful and as I look back, I think it was the loveliest as well as most awesome spot I was ever in. However, at the time my mind was bent on seeking to escape.

After resting and examining my quarters, I followed the stream a very short distance and looked over the edge to see how deep that fall was and to see how I was to get down without breaking my neck. It was a sheer drop of 50 or 60 feet, with nothing to break the fall. On either side were sheer cliffs - not a chance: the back was a cavern whose ceiling was 20 feet high- no show there. I considered tearing up my clothes for ropes to lower myself over the edge with, but I seemed to know that sometime soon, Stan would find me and I would need my clothes.

MY situation was desperate. I had had no food for over 24 hours, my shoes were nearly played out, my trousers were worn through, my shirt was torn, I had no hat. As all ways were blocked, I was forced to wait. I had been calling for 3 hours and was quite hoarse, but suddenly I heard a voice above me and looking up, I saw Stan smiling down at me. He asked if I was all right and why didn't I come up?

Stan unwound the small rope he had around his waist and Mr. Taylor did the same with his rope. These were tied together and one end looped over a projecting rock, Mr. Taylor had to hold this on the rock while Stan lowered himself. He dare not trust his full weight on the rope, so took advantage of every little irregularity in the walls and hand under hand, he soon worked himself down to the bottom. Even then the rope was 6 ft. short.

Stan wished to get me out as soon as possible so he lifted me up until I could grasp the rope and held my feet against the side wall, so I could go up the rope a little. The feeling was awful, as I was afraid of letting go and falling back on those hard rocks. But, Stan was holding onto the rope under me and boosting me with one hand, encouraging me all the time with his talk. Two of us were on that slender rope, expecting it to part any minute, but we stuck our toes in and went up little by little. I thought we would never reach the top, but I made up my mind I would stick it out or die. As soon as I would take a fresh hand hold, Stan would follow me up, boost me to a new hold and be right behind to catch me if I faltered. Sticking our toes into any irregularity as we mounted we gradually worked ourselves up to comparative safety where the rope was no longer necessary.

The men had brought along some camp biscuits and Stan had a pocket full of dried apples. After eating a little my appetite returned and I ate voraciously, not having tasted food for nearly 30 hours. This put new strength and courage in me to face the difficulties still to come, for our deliverance was only partly accomplished. One thing, we had plenty of water, which was a great blessing.

As my knee was still paining me, it was decided to try to get down to the sesert if we could find a way out of the canyon, rather than make that awful climb of several thousand feet back to camp.

As soon as my hunger was satisfied we started. At first we had to climb up the face of the cliff by narrow ledges and foot holds for a couple of hundred feet, then through a narrow passage parallel to the canyon, between sheer walls of granite. Stan, sure footed as a mountain sheep, led the way. He would go ahead and look for the most feasible route. Many times we had to go back and try a new way to detour around waterfalls or avoid impossible places. We edged our way down within 50 ft. of the bottom, then along a series of very narrow cracks and ledges. At several of these places, hundreds of feet above the roaring waterfalls, where the cliff was almost vertical, it was necessary to flatten out against the granite wall like limpets with arms out spread and toes sticking into slight ledges or cracks.

Stan would go ahead, arms outspread, I would come next and Mr. Taylor last. Both the men would press my out stretched hands flat against the cliff and Stan at the most hazardous spots, would hold on with one foot while he would press my foot firmly against the wall by his other foot.

At these places there was nothing to hold to, only the flat surface of the canyon wall against which we pressed the palms of our hands and inched our way along, almost holding our breath for fear of a false move. I never dared look down as I might have become dizzy and lost my nerve, but I kept my courage, knowing Stan thought I could make it.

One breath of relief at our safe delivery was only followed by other hazardous passages. At one place on a narrow ledge, I had to stand on Stan's knee, to reach a higher more feasible ledge. We crept along dizzy places, we had to retrace our way several times to get around impossible boulders.

We had to descend by a tortuous way, cross the creek far below where I was trapped, follow up a side canyon, finally getting out of the canyon on a rocky ridge. Up to this time, the canyon and side walls were totally devoid of trees or vegetation, but now we had to contend with a dense growth of brush as well as rocks.

This brush was principally manzanita, a low dense growth with branches and twigs as stiff as bone, and at nearly every step we would break through as we had to walk over the top of it. This almost put the finishing touch on us, after the dangers of the canyon.

For five hours we struggled over and through the brush and rocks, until we came to a different formation. Here the rocks were brown and we were on a comparatively flat mesa. Fortunately we found a trail, which led us to a little cabin in the broad sandy wash of Snow Creek.

Mr. Taylor left us at the edge of the mesa and returned to the peak by a rocky ridge to inform my uncle I was safe and to meet us with the horses on the Palm Springs trail.

From the peak we could see this little cabin with its tiny patch of alfalfa and it looked only a few hundred yards from the mouth of the creek, but it proved to be three long tired miles through soft sand.

It was from this place water was supplied to the S.P. engines at White Water, a desert station. A young man by the name of Cavanaugh kept the place as water tender for the R.R.

He was very hospitable and we surely worked it to the limit as we almost ate him out of house and home.

It was 6 o'clock when we reached there and we found a searching party just starting out to find me. Another party was being assembled of mountain men by the Forest Ranger at Strawberry Valley - Idlewild - to search the top of the mountain, as word had reached the people that I was missing.

Mr. Cavanaugh was very glad to accommodate us and gave me his bed to sleep on, for which I was very grateful. He and Stan slept outside on the sand. This was very brave of Mr. Cavanaugh as I later found out, he has a horror of sleeping out on account of rattlesnakes. That didn't bother Stan.

We did full justice to his food and I feel sure the poor man didn't have much left in his pantry when we finally said good bye in the morning. I borrowed a thread and needle before retiring and put some nondescript patches on my trousers.

He loaned me his burro, his only means of transportation, to go to White Water some miles distant, through the sand. He had no saddle, so I was compelled to ride bare back, and the back was hard and uncompromising. Besides he was balky and refused to go, so Stan had to poke him with a sharp stick from the rear. I felt like the Queen of Sheba in all her glory.

We finally reached the whitewater station and here I was stared at and interviewed and as the last straw, someone snapped our pictures. As a passenger train stopped, we were stared out of countenance, the passengers in their luxurious pullmans, craning their necks and making remarks.

I couldn't blame them much for we certainly did look like freaks, Stan's overalls were cut off halfway to his knees, and they were torn and ripped, his shirt was in rags and sleeves torn off to the shoulders and his face was gaunt and unshaven. As for me, I was a sight. My trousers were torn and patched, my toes were almost protruding from my shoes. I had no hat and my silk shirt was almost in rags with sleeves torn to my elbows. We certainly did look forlorn.

At last the stage came that took us to Palm Springs and here we finally secured accommodations at one of the cottages at the Desert Inn.

Stan immediately started out to find saddle horses and a guide to take us up the trail on the desert slope, to the top of the mountain.

We anticipated no trouble in finding horses and a guide as there was an Indian Reservation adjoining the desert resort of Palm Springs, and the Indians had horses, but every Indian Stan talked to was too busy, the horses were out, some were lame, the owner was away - all had some excuse for not renting horses and Stan came back at night unsuccessful and disappointed.

To add to our perplexities, we could find no one who knew where the trail was. We knew where it ended on the mountain 3000 ft. above, but we had never been up it from the floor of the desert. The only person who was at all interested in our predicament was the store keeper, Jack Bartlett, and he did not know where the trail started up, but he knew the locality.

We left Palm Springs at 4:30 in the morning in the direction of Palm Canyon, 6 miles distant. Mr. Bartlett came along, picked us up and drove us several miles and then we all got out and hunted for the trail. After half an hour we discovered the trail at the foot of a great boulder and near by we found the most precious thing the desert has to offer, a pool of clear cool water.

We leaned over and drank from the pool, as even at the early hour, the desert was sending up heat waves and we were thirsty.

Stan filled his canteen which held two quarts. There was probably no more water to be found short of the top, 12 to 15 miles up an 3000 ft. climb.

It was hot! The brazen sun beat down on us without mercy. The temperature was probably 110 to 115 and no shade. I had procured some new shoes and a cap to protect my head, but, although I carried nothing, my clothing was a burden to me. I tore off the sleeves of my shirt to my shoulders and opened my shirt at my throat to give me some relief.

The trail was steep and the rocks under foot and on all sides radiated waves of heat. We had to stop frequently to rest and catch our breath. Our throats became dry and our lips parched and Stan would make me take a few swallows of our precious water. Then Stan would go through the motions of drinking, but I feel sure he hardly swallowed a drop, although he never would admit it.

Five minutes after I drank, it all came out in profuse perspiration and in 10 minutes more it was all dried up and I was thirsty as ever.

And so we plugged on up this rocky crooked trail for miles, almost devoid of vegetation except the wicked cholla cactus. The strain was telling on me. Always climbing, the awful heat, I was becoming exhausted. I had to rest at shorter intervals. My clothes light as they were, were a burden I want to be free of.

The water got low in the canteen. To hear it slopping around in the canteen and know there was still a little left, was a comfort but even that soon left us. I drained the last drop and held it to my lips for awhile hoping more would come from it, but it was perfectly dry and we were miles from the top.

Stan was almost in from thirst and exertion but when I drained the canteen, he said, "You can stay here or plug along and I will go on up and find water and bring it to you." So he started off taking long strides and he was soon out of sight,

I could see the pines and firs a long distance up and knew there must be water near where they grew. Stan couldn't have gone more than a mile when he met his father leading two saddle horses with a gallon canteen full of cool mountain water slung over the horn of the saddle."

Stan sipped sparingly of the water then lay under the shade of a bush utterly exhausted. They had come ten miles up that steep trail, under a blazing desert sun. I left him a horse and then continued down the trail to look for Marion.

When I found her, a mile further down she was all played out and panting. Her face and arms were red as a beet, but she was not as dry as Stan. She mounted the horse and after awhile we got in the timber where there was some shade and the music of running water. In two hours we were at my temporary camp on the mountain where I had cached my supplies and we had a fine camp dinner.

In the afternoon we packed "Dawfi" and started down a rocky trail from Jarquitz Valley along a ridge which commanded a magnificent view of valley, mountain, and Sea for over 100 miles. The horses knew we were headed for home and travelled briskly.

On the afternoon of the third day, only a few miles from the ranch, we stopped

at a high point on the grade called "Cape Horn" to take a last view of the rugged country we had crossed. Marion and Stan, with horses together on the edge of a perpendicular drop were gazing at the great valley of San Jose, with its grazing cattle, and beyond to San Jacinto.

Suddenly Marion called out "Look Stan, there has been a snow storm since we left - Old San Jack's peak is covered with snow. That beautiful, terrible old mountain might have been my tomb, but for you Stan. You saved my life, how can I ever repay you?"

She turned to gaze fondly up at him. He placed his hand over hers on the saddle horn and leaned over to whisper in her ear.

I couldn't hear what was said, but DAMFI suddenly started toward the, threw both his long ears forward and as they started off, holding hands, the mule turned his head around, threw an ear toward me, half closed his starboard eye and gave a playful kick with his hind leg.

What he heard, I never knew, as I can't talk mule language but what I do know is that in less than a month they eloped.