3-25-38. H.T. 1

Monterey

Chas. J. Smeaton.
California Coast Trails
New York, 1913.

Point Sur.

pp 202-~~200~~ 212. Now and then a rift in the vapor showed for a moment the dull gray gleam of the combers as they plunged shoreward, or the dark fringe of rocks, forever pushing back the wash of the sea. In the cañons the fog made a stranger white gloom, dense but luminous, through which great stems of trees stood up like pillars in some Dantean temple of shades.

Sometimes a group of wind-twisted trees showed weirdly through the mist, as if peering up from under their matted thatches of foliage in dread of some portentous stroke. Every cañon had its stream, filling the air with a monotone that would have been ghastly but for the cheerful notes of the ouzels. The presence of that gay little water-sprite is as genial as August sunshine.

About midday the fog broke away, revealing

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far up the coast a prominent headland which I set down as Point Sur. It moral also my trail, stretching like a pleated ribbon along the mountain, high above the sea, on and on to a vanishing point. At the head of one the cañons I found a snug little place kept by two old bachelors who have carved out a narrow strip of ground on the roof-like slope above the creek. I stopped for a rest and a chat, and gained a little sidelight on the conditions of life along this coast from three piles of magazines, each reaching from floor to ceiling of their living room, or about two hundred feet, board measure, of compressed literature, which they keep for reading-matter in winter, when for weeks together the trails may be impassable.

At the mouth of this cañon the creek makes a spectular drop direct into the ocean, like some Norwegian stream falling into a fiord.

In the next larger cañon there was a huddle of decayed buildings with the remains of an orchard. As there was fair pasturage I resolved to camp, a

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special attraction being the fine redwoods that grew along the creek. I had never until then found an opportunity of making camp among these trees, though at one time or another I have hobnobbed with almost all the other members of the California conifers from tide-water to timberline. I was addled at the foot of a genial-looking monster, picketed Anton in knee-high wild oats, and ate my supper under the eyes of a covey of quail that perched on an old rail fence near by and discussed me in almost human tones. The occasion justified a camp-fire of the best, and I passed a long evening cheerful with reminiscences of bygone nights among the forests of greater California Sierra.

The squirrels and jays were aroused at first daylight by the smoke of my breakfast fire. But when we were ready to start, it seemed to me that I had hardly done due honor to my first redwood camp, so I took off Anton's saddle and smoked a couple of leisurely pipes. Then in peaceful mood we set out. The ocean lay under the usual shroud of fog, but on our high path

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pp 202-12 but the sun shone warm and bright, and the morning was gay with birds and butterflies. A rattlesnake that was out for an early breakfast, and crossed the trail in front of us, left his body to the buzzards as a sarcastic commentary on the adage of the bird and the worm. Tracks of deer were numerous about every creek and spring, and once, when we had just crossed the trail of a mountain, Anton became so excited that I had no doubt he scented the animal at close hand. The redwood cañons were finer than any I had yet seen, some of them quite wonderful in their stately symmetry. The older branches of the largest trees were reversed, and hung for thirty or forty feet close about the stem. In places the sun's rays could hardly pass through the roof of foliage, and I moved through the gray and purple pillars subdued to "a green thought in a green shade," as some one has put it. Anton's sensations apparently took the same hue. His pasturage the past night had not been over-luxurious, and he neglected no mouthful of verdure that came his way. I wished I could introduce him to one of here mountain meadows

Pain Pur.

3-25-38. JP. ⑥

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The change from sidehill ~~to~~ trail to graded road, agreeable enough to Anton, gave me some regrets as implying a tamer country. For the first time for some days I got into the saddle and rode.

The morning and the road were both delicious. A cool air came from the sea, which we now left out of sight, and the scents from bay, redwood, and underbrush were spicy and stimulating. The road wound downward between the wooded ridge that shut the ocean from sight and high steep hills of yellowed grass, slashed, as ever, with timbered cañons. Unwelcome signs of what I suppose we must call civilization, began to occur in the guise of warnings against "hunting, fishing, or camping on this ranch."

From time to time I caught the sound of a large stream running in the cañon below, and before long we dropped into the valley of the Big Sur River and came upon a little Noah's Ark affair, with "Post Office" painted upon it. This place has long been known as "Post's," after an early settler but

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Lately some person with a craving for a change has persuaded the authorities to rename it "Arbolado," a monstrosity of mongrel Spanish of which the department should not have been guilty. From here a stage runs on alternate days to Big from Monterey twenty-five miles to the northward.

For five charming miles the road accompanies the stream under grateful shade of redwoods mottled with golden green of filtered sunlight. Then climbing in long curves, it opened a fine view of the valley of the Sur, lying open, as on a map, the stream itself hidden in deep forest almost to where a bar of surf marked its meeting with the ocean. A strong wind was blowing from the water, and as the fog broke away from time to time the warring white-clawed waves could be seen far out at sea. Near by, and on my left, stood the lonely rock of Point Sur, its summit hidden in mists; and on the other side rose a striking white mountain called Pico Blanco, the second highest point of the range. It looked strangely white, almost as though it were snow-covered, against the deep

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pp 202-12 of the eastern sky. From North and West masses of gray Sea-Wrack came driving every moment in imposing volumes, and encountering some opposing air current, maintained a sullen battle among the hills. Descending the steep grade we entered the beautiful cañon of the Little Sur, where to my surprise I found a Mountain Hotel and a "resort" of tents on the banks of the river. The place was deserted by the summer visitors for September had now begun; but hay was there, and I judged it best to stay for the night, for fodder was now the matter of first importance in my calculations. I devoted the rest of the day to a visit to the Light House at the Point, five miles away. The afternoon was delightful with a clear sun and a Kiplingesque sort of wind; and Anton, relieved for once of impedimenta, bethought himself of his Arizona youth, and was bent on rounding up all the cattle he saw on the hillsides. The ocean was of a splendid, windy purple, though far to seaward the fog bay furled along the horizon in a band of pearly gray. Quail whistled in the brushy gullies, and overhead the gulls strained and screamed against the wind.

3-25-38. M. (9)

Monterey

Point Sur

A little black steamer was shouldering her way doggedly up coast, the white water churning by her sides and the smoke tearing away from her funnels as she fought her way along. I suppose that Ruskin, in his quaint dogmatisms, would not have included the smoky little bull-dog in his eulogy of the Sea-Boat but it seemed to me to show all the dutiful hardihood that roused his admiration, "baring its breast moment after moment, against the unwearied enmity of ocean; the subtle, fitful, implacable, smiting of black waves, provoking each other on endlessly, --- still striking them back into a wreath of smoke and futile foam, and winning its way against them and keeping its charge of life from them."

The Point is an abrupt rock connected with the shore by an isthmus of sand. A narrow path cut in the rock leads up to the light-house buildings. Anton was excited when he saw the surf crashing below him, and gazed from it to me with an "I say, you know!" kind of expression that was comically human.

I was kindly received by the light-house folk, and

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shown over their spick-and-span domain. The light, which is a powerful one of the first order, stands two hundred and forty feet above the water, — rather too high, I was told, since at that height the fog is more frequent and denser than nearer the surface.

In the course of a walk up the stream the next morning, I came upon an original who for many years has lived a Robinson Crusoe life in a coign high up on a cañon wall. His ramshackle dwelling was more shed than house, and I found the ancient himself seated beside it, in a rather alarming state of nudeness under the shelter of an umbrella which he had hung obliquely from the roof to intercept the morning sun. With his bright blue eyes skin originally ruddy but now tanned to an Indian hue, and a shock of long white hair, he made a most odd appearance. - - -

The wind blew more strongly after sundown and tassels of foliage from the redwoods overhead came thumping all night on the tent in which I slept. It was blowing half a gale when in the morning we

3-25-38. H (11)

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took the road, which after crossing the Little Sur River, climbed a long rise that brought us again into company with the sea.

The birds had collected in the sheltered cañons, and their unusual numbers made those parts of the way specially attractive. So steep were the sides of some of the cañons that where the road ran high up on the face, I could look down upon the tops of the redwoods close below me as if I were an aviator; and the scent that came up from the forest was such as (to speak it humbly) I hope to find in heaven. In one cañon I found a school-house the first I had passed for a week, and a post-office named Sur. The batter gave no token of its use, for mail-boxes and sign-board had gone out to sea together during the winter rains. When I learned that the stream was Mill Creek, I wondered how many more of that name I was to meet. I think Mill Creeks in California could be numbered by the score.

All day long the road wound along a rocky shore, inside a bright sea broken by surf-ringed, islets

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Point Sur.

and the glistening fringe of kelp that lies leagues on leagues unbroken along this coast. To landward still rose the monotonous drab hills sprinkled with gray sage-bushes or grayer outcroppings of rock. At long intervals, stark-looking ranch-houses appeared, but there was little travel on the road, and the human voice was a rarity to the ear. Wraths of fog came drifting in raw and thin from the sea, and the faint coughing of the syren at Point Sur, miles in the rear, seemed to add loneliness to the scene.

On rounding a bend I saw the hills before me crested darkly with pines. Even at three miles' distance their vigorous manner of growth marked them as of the radiata species, and I knew by that token that we were coming to the neighborhood of Monterey, where, almost alone, the tree is native.

1/7/38 BEB.

Monterey
"Point Lobos"
(Indians, tribe, Esselen)

Jordan, David Starr
"Helping the Indians"
in Sunset Magazine.
vol. XXII, no 1. (Jan.), 1909.
690 pp. illus, index.

2 pp. mss.

p 57.

A conference of people interested in the welfare of the Indians in California was held at the Glenwood Mission Inn at Riverside, California, not long ago, that deserves and demands more than passing comment.

This meeting was suggested by the conference held each year on Lake Mohonk, New York, at the invitation of Albert K. Smiley, and the presence of this veteran friend of the Indians added much to the interest of the meeting. Besides the various people from all parts of the state who are interested in Indian affairs and represented the Northern California

Indian Association, and the Sequoia League, there were present from the different parts of the state, representing twenty district tribes.

Many of these Indians took part in the exercises and the speeches of some of them were particularly forceful.

p58 A tract which bordered on the coast and included the bays of San Francisco and Monterey was inhabited by a tribe known as the Costanoan Indians, the little corner about Point Sur being occupied by a small tribe called the Esselen Indians.

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7/28/38

Monterey
Point Sur
Pfeiffer Point.

Eldredge, Zoeth Skinner
History of Calif.
Vol. 1-2

p.245.

~~Foot note~~

p245 A high white rock jutting out from the coast, and a headland in the shape of a trumpet, which looks like a rocky islet.
Foot note.

This, according to Professor Davidson, was "The Sur" 358 feet high, and thirteen and a half miles below Point Carmelo; and "the high white rock" was the conical rock 134 feet high just north of Cape Martini. In ~~[illegible]~~ this party reached Pfeiffer Point, six and a half miles south of the sur, from which he says, this rock can probably be seen.

The mountains here almost overhang the ocean, and the United States topographers found it impracticable to reach the shore line directly. Cone Peak rises to a height of 5000 feet only two and three-quarters miles from the sea.