

REPORT OF TRIP MADE BY C. B. SALISBURY  
AND J. E. McLEAN OF *THE AUTOMOBILE  
CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA* FROM  
LOS ANGELES INTO LOWER CALIFORNIA  
FOR THE PURPOSE OF ASCERTAINING  
ROAD CONDITIONS AS WELL AS OUTING  
AND HUNTING POSSIBILITIES, AND TO  
TAKE THE NECESSARY NOTES AND DATA  
WITH WHICH TO COMPILE A GENERAL  
MAP, PARTICULARLY OF THE WEST COAST  
PORTION



**Automobile Club of Southern California**  
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## Report of Lower California

In first making our plans, we endeavored to secure maps of Lower California which might prove of assistance to us. The best map we were able to find was one drawn by a Mr. Goldbaum of Ensenada, but this proved to be of very little service, as it was incorrect in a great many ways. Luckily before leaving Los Angeles we secured from the Hydrographic Office of the United States Navy the hydrographic charts of the West Coast of Lower California, one of which shows the entire coast line from San Diego to San Quentin Bay, and the other from San Quentin Bay to Lagoon Head, a short distance beyond Santa Rosalia Bay. These charts we found to be absolutely accurate in so far as the coast line was concerned, and in addition they were of material assistance to us in showing a considerable portion of the country back from the shore line.

A journey into this portion of Mexico should not in our opinion be attempted below Ensenada without two cars, or better still, three cars, if one desires to go as far as they can by automobile. The only use for the third car would be to carry an extra supply of gasoline, as that liquid is very, very scarce, and it is uncertain as to just where and what amounts can be obtained. With two or three cars a breakdown would be of little consequence, as the others could be of assistance.

Before beginning our journey into Lower California we secured from Governor Rodrigues, who is located at Mexicali, a letter giving us permission to make the trip and instructing all officials along the line to assist us in any way possible. His letter also granted us permission to take our guns and ammunition thru without duty, and this alone saved us considerable trouble and delay in getting across the border. Motorists generally making the trip south to Ensenada or points beyond do not have but very little difficulty or delay unless they are carrying guns and ammunition. Persons going into Lower California to hunt must secure from the Mexican officials a hunting permit, which costs \$10.00 gold.

In addition to the permit, duty must be paid, and this will range from \$3.00 to \$6.00 on a gun, the duty being based on so much per kilo. A hunter is allowed on this permit to take in 200 shotgun shells free of duty, but for all shells over that amount duty of five cents gold per cartridge must be paid. The average cost to a hunter to get across the line, including the permit, duty on gun and case, etc., is around \$17.00.

In order to get as early a start as possible, so that figuring on some loss of time at the border we could make it below Ensenada the first day, we left Los Angeles at 6:45 P. M., Friday, November 28th, making the journey that evening to San Diego. Getting an early start the following morning from San Diego, we made the sixteen miles to the border, stopping there at the United States Customs Office. At the Customs Office we declared our cars, giving license number, engine numbers, etc., also the numbers and makes of the guns we carried. After this we received from the United States Customs officials a yellow ticket which was to be returned to them on our return to the States. This yellow ticket is a very important document in so far as the return trip is concerned, as it must be surrendered to the Customs officials when again coming into the States. Failure to surrender the yellow slip makes one subject to fine of \$100.00, or the car can be confiscated. After getting thru at the United States Customs Office we then crossed the line to the Mexican Customs. Here an inspection is necessary by the Mexican Customs officials. After this we proceeded to Tia Juana, making our next stop at the Mexican Customs House. Here our letter from Governor Rodrigues was shown the authorities in charge, and they in turn gave us another letter addressed to all Government officials under their jurisdiction, asking that they be of any service possible to us. Mr. Frank La Madrid of our San Diego Office was of a great deal of assistance in getting us properly cleared out of Tia Juana.

Our suggestion to motorists making this trip would be that on arrival at the border they go to a regular Customs House broker, having this broker do the necessary in getting them across the line. The broker's charge for this service is usually about \$3.00, but inasmuch as they are entirely familiar with just what is required, and as one can save a great deal of time, it is well worth paying that fee. Approximately two miles south of Tia Juana, or where one encounters the junction of the roads leading to Tecate and Rosario Ranch, on the Ensenada Road, is a Customs official. Here it is again necessary to stop and show this official one's clearance papers, after which, provided everything is O. K., the trip may be continued.

The first four miles from Tia Juana was found to be generally rough, but from there, over the grades of the ocean front and as far as Descanso Ranch, road conditions were fair, dusty in places, and slightly rough in others. From the Descanso Ranch the remaining 38 miles into Ensenada was found to be fair, altho the last few miles entering town along the coast was very rough and rocky. The road south

from Tia Juana for 45 miles was built by the Cantu Government, but owing to Cantu being removed from office the road was never finished on into Ensenada.

On our journey south the road was found very dusty in a great many places, but on our return trip, due to the rainstorm which had just preceded us, the entire road was in poor condition, principally caused by the truck travel.

Accommodations, gas, oil, water and refreshments may be had at Rosarito Beach Resort, 16.5 miles south of the line, also at what is known as the Halfway House, a short distance beyond. From Rosario Ranch the road follows a beautiful rugged coast line south for approximately 30 miles, then winds its way over the hills for 23 miles, following the coast again for the last six miles into Ensenada. Four miles before reaching Ensenada a guard looks over the car and demands the necessary papers. If everything is O. K. he permits continuing the journey into Ensenada.

Ensenada is located on a very beautiful bay and is 70 miles south of the International Line. There are three what we might say poor hotels in the town, none of which serve meals. Fair meals, however, may be obtained at the Green Mill Cafe, which is run by an American. There are several garages and filling stations in Ensenada, two general stores, two drug stores, and a butcher shop. Prices for American goods are about twice as high as in the States, due necessarily to the duty which has to be paid on goods purchased at San Diego. Mexican staples are far below the American goods in quality. The City Government of Ensenada keeps things in fairly good order and the town is well policed.

Inasmuch as there is but one store below Ensenada, that being at Santo Tomas, it is advisable before leaving Ensenada to check up on one's supplies and see that they have omitted nothing. Gasoline is the most essential item and it is advisable to purchase case gas, or a 20 or 30 gallon drum, at the garage located in Ensenada.

We arrived in Ensenada about 2:30 P. M., and as we had broken a brake-rod on the journey from Tia Juana, had to take the necessary time to have it repaired. After getting this work done and repairing several tires which we punctured en route, and after taking on all the gas we could carry with the rest of our load, we started south. The road is very slow for a distance of approximately six miles, and in addition the heavy dust usually adds to the difficulties. At a point 7.7 miles out of Ensenada two roads will be encountered, one leading straight ahead thru what is known as Matadero Valley, the other leading off to the right across the Valley toward the ocean. This latter road, or the one leading to the ocean, is what is known as the summer or dry weather route to the La Grulla Gun Club. It is impassable during or after storms. We continued on from this junction thru Matadero Valley, which was found generally rough, dusty and slow. After passing several ranch houses and a small schoolhouse on the right we again came to another road junction at 12.6, likewise one of our "White Angels," which read as follows:

Right Arrow, La Grulla Gun Club.....	4 miles
Left Arrow, Ensenada.....	13 miles
La Grulla Upper Club.....	10 miles
Santo Tomas.....	17 miles
San Quentin.....	

THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HAVE  
SIGNED THE ROAD FROM TIA JUANA AS FAR SOUTH AS  
THIS SIGN.

Taking the left road, or the one leading to Santo Tomas, we continued on thru Las Animas Canyon for four miles, where we made camp for the night. The road thru this canyon is very winding and brushy and there are quite a number of dry creek crossings as well as several stream crossings. The water in these, however, is not sufficiently deep to cause any trouble. Where we made camp we found plenty of firewood and excellent water a few steps away.

Breaking camp Sunday morning, the 30th, we continued on thru Las Animas Canyon to the junction of the road leading to the Upper La Grulla Gun Club. The road thru the canyon was found sandy in places, with many dry crossings and considerable brush. It all had to be taken slowly. In the first few miles we spotted many coveys of quail, but due to the high brush and steep hillsides it was found a very poor place to hunt. At a point 4.9 miles beyond where we camped we found an ideal camp site in a grove of live oaks and alongside of a running stream. Quail were found plentiful in the immediate vicinity of these oaks. In shooting quail in this canyon, persons should be very careful, as there are several small ranches just off the road and these are hardly discernible until getting right up to them, due to the high brush.

At 23.9 is a gate thru which the road leads to the Upper La Grulla Gun Club. The clubhouse is located about one mile from the main road and is plainly visible from the gate. Two and two-tenths miles

beyond this gate one reaches the summit of the Santo Tomas Grade, from where a wonderful panorama view of the Santo Tomas Valley is obtained. For the next .8 of a mile the road winds down a 15 to 20 per cent grade to the valley floor. At 27.0 the road forks, the right hand road, or the one which looks like it might be the main traveled road, leading straight ahead for a short distance, then to the right, and taking one to several ranches in the lower end of the valley. In order to get into Santo Tomas proper, motorists should take the left hand road, which leads past an old adobe ruin and a small reservoir toward quite a number of white buildings off to the left. Before approaching these white buildings one passes a rather extensive vineyard. This entire ranch is operated as a winery by a Mexican, and excellent wines may be obtained there. The main road continues along this ranch property, then goes directly south across the valley into the town of Santo Tomas. The entire road from where we made camp the previous night into Santo Tomas can be considered as poor, due to the many grades, ruts, cut-up condition, sandy stretches, and occasional high centers. Santo Tomas is 29.5 miles from Ensenada. The settlement is made up of several adobe ranch houses, the officials' headquarters, a small school, and a still smaller store operated by a Chinaman. The stock of goods in the store is very, very limited. The Chinaman endeavors to keep on hand at all times approximately 100 gallons of gasoline, but this is an uncertainty at the best. His charge is 60c per gallon. In certain portions of the Santo Tomas Valley quail shooting was reported to be excellent, and according to the party in charge of the Upper La Grulla Gun Club, many of their members go into this valley for their hunting.

Leaving Santo Tomas, we immediately encountered a rather stiff grade out of the Valley up into the mountain country. This grade was anywhere from eight to twenty per cent and was very rough and rocky. The summit of the grade is reached 1.8 miles from Santo Tomas. From the summit of this grade to the old mission of San Vicente at 53.7 the road is full of twists, turns, wash-outs, and whatnots which will twist and strain a car terribly.

At 39.7 a road leads to the right to the Refugio Ranch, which lies about one-half mile off the main road. A camp-site may be found here and water is available. Beyond this point approximately five miles, or at the foot of the grade is another available camp-site, but as no water is to be found there it is not advisable. For a camp-site we would suggest either the Refugio Ranch or continuing on to San Vicente.

At 51.00 there is a road leading to the left to Las Cruces, but one should take the road straight ahead if he wishes to reach San Vicente. The road continues on down a wash to 53.1, where a small ranch house is passed, then a little farther on three more houses. After passing the old adobe houses one soon encounters a road leading to the right across the wash, but this should be avoided as the sand is very heavy. Continuing on toward the old San Vicente Mission, take the second right hand road. This, while a little sandy, is not at all difficult. After crossing the wash one will come to a group of adobe ranch houses at 53.7, and back of these ranch houses is the ruins of the old San Vicente Mission.

No supplies of any kind are obtainable at San Vicente, altho good water may be had. The territory between Santo Tomas and San Vicente offers excellent quail shooting, as the country is more open and the brush is comparatively low and scattered. A short distance south of Santo Tomas the hunter will frequently run into coveys of quail with from 100 to 1000 birds in each bunch.

After leaving the ranch houses at San Vicente we continue south across the San Isidro River, now dry, and followed the right hand road up a break in the hills. This road comes out in a rather extensive level valley. At 62.3 is a group of pepper and eucalyptus trees, and a windmill, at one time evidently some ranch headquarters. The road from this windmill winds its way slightly down grade thru San Antonio Canyon to Johnson's Ranch, which is known as San Antonio Del Mar, and is 70.1 miles from Ensenada. The road from San Vicente to the windmill at 62.3 can be considered fair, but from there high centers, weeds and scrub brush will be found thru San Antonio Canyon.

There are several very rocky stretches in this Canyon and one must take it very slowly. The Johnson Ranch is operated by a Mr. and Mrs. Christman, and they have what can be classed as fair accommodations. Meals there are fair. Mr. Christman endeavors at all times to keep a supply of gasoline on hand, and we were able to secure from him enough to fill our tanks. The gas was 60c per gallon.

On the ranch property a Canadian company is drilling for oil, and they have the casing down about 1800 feet. They have had oil indications but the work is very, very slow. In addition to the cultivating of the soil the Christmans operate a whiskey distillery of about 1000 gallon capacity. This product is hauled by truck to Ensenada and is marketed there as Johnson's Bourbon. The water available at Johnson's Ranch is rather brackish. The country to the south of Johnson's Ranch contains thousands upon thousands of mescal plants. The concern drilling the oil well at Johnson's, as well as the distillery, use these mescal plants for firing their boilers. Three teams are constantly hauling these plants

into the ranch, and as a result there are several roads south from Johnson's which can be mistaken for the main road. The majority of these wind around the hills ending nowhere. There are two roads between Johnson's Ranch and Hattie Hamilton's Ranch in the San Ramon Valley. One of these follows the coast by way of Colnett Bay, San Jacinto Point, Camalu Point, and San Ramon Bay; the other, known as the Inland Route, following the telephone line and going into San Telmo. Inasmuch as the Coast Road was, according to the advice received, the best to travel, we decided on using it. Leaving Johnson's we passed thru a ranch gate and followed it down the fence  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile where the main road turned to the left. The straight road ahead at this point leads down to the beach approximately two miles and ends there. Turning to the left at the end of this fence we kept to the main traveled road for .6 of a mile. At this point there is a road bearing to the left, which must be disregarded. Continuing straight ahead to the point 2.4 miles south of Johnson's one finds the junction of the Inland and Coast roads. Here take the righthand fork leaving the telephone line and follow up over the hill. This road leads to the coast. Between Johnson's Ranch and this junction, a distance of 2.4 miles, there are two mescal roads leading off to the right, and care should be taken not to get off onto them. From the ranch the road we followed was found to be in good condition the entire distance to Colnett Bay. Here we made camp for the night, our mileage being 81.9 from Ensenada. A good camp-site will be found here alongside of a lighter, which is named Commodore Chip. There is no fresh water available. This camp-site is just below Cape Colnett and at the mouth of the Colnett Wash.

After breaking camp the next morning, we continued along the coast for a short distance to the mouth of the San Telmo River, 83.4, where there are two small lakes. In the Fall and Winter ducks are plentiful in these lakes, but only a few shots may be had as the ducks take to the ocean immediately upon being shot at. For the best results hunters should walk along the beach opposite the larger lake and hide in the weeds, or behind a sand bank and shoot at the birds as they come out of the lakes on their way to the ocean.

Proceeding around these lakes over some rather slippery and wet road in places we came to a road junction at 85.2. The left fork follows up the river a distance of about 15 miles to San Telmo. We took the road to the right, crossing the river bed, which was a little wet in places, and passed a small ranch house on the left, to San Telmo Point. The coast is then followed over a fairly good road, somewhat sandy in places and with a number of rather deep arroyos, to 100.3, where it joins the inland road previously referred to. A few yards beyond this junction, or at the bottom of the wash, another road junction will be found. The road leading to the left is a new road and not yet completed. Continuing on the main road to the right, out of this wash, we followed the coast over what can be termed a fair road to 107.9. The road from this point, which bears to the right, goes around the hill to a ranch house and then joins the main road farther on, but the left road is the one that should be taken. This road is followed in an easterly direction across the Santo Domingo River wash to 109.3, where it swings right and crosses the river bed which is somewhat sandy. The road which continues to the left leads to the old Mission of Santo Domingo. After crossing the river the south bank is followed around what is known as Red Rock to the Hattie Hamilton Ranch at 109.9.

The Hattie Hamilton Ranch is the one bright spot we found on our trip down the Lower California Coast. Here we found hot and cold water and a bath tub, flush toilet, excellent meals well served, and delightful beds with clean linen and bedding, and a hospitality that you seldom find any place. Miss Hamilton, the owner of the ranch, is of English parentage and has been a resident of the San Ramon Valley for many years. The ranch was owned by her uncle, a Mr. Young, who died four years ago, and who willed the ranch to her. Almost everything used on the table is grown there on the ranch with the exception of their sugar, coffee, and flour. Around the ranch house will be found oranges, grapefruit, lemons, bananas, and other fruits in addition to a variety of vegetables. They cure their own hams and bacon, and grind their own corn. They have droves of chickens, turkeys, and hogs, and have their own cows.

This ranch is the center of a hunter's Paradise. It is a common sight to see hundreds of quail come into the barnyard and feed with the chickens. White winged dove and quail may be found up and down the Santo Domingo wash which runs thru a portion of the ranch. Excellent duck and brant shooting may be had five miles from the ranch, or at the lagoons at the mouth of the Santo Domingo River, and can be reached by automobile. Deer, antelope, and mountain sheep may be found by making a two or three day pack trip back into the Sierra Mountains, 30 miles by trail. The brant and duck shooting on San Quentin Bay, 20 miles by automobile, is the finest on the Pacific Coast, and six miles beyond San Quentin are located the lagoons where some 2000 ducks were shot by a party of San Pedro men a week before we arrived there. These men chartered a Purse Seiner, filled her hold with ice, and her deck with provisions and ammunition, and made their way to San Quentin Bay, where they killed quail, duck and brant by the hundreds. It is a crime that such slaughter is permitted in this land of plentiful game. What we are wondering, is how did those "Game Hogs" land

that much game at San Pedro without being arrested. Your conscience is the limit to the game you can kill in this district. Clams, mussels, abalones, and lobster are gathered from the seashore at low tide. It is an easy matter to catch a sackful of lobsters in the rocks along the shore at low tide with your hands. The entire journey from Ensenada to Hamilton's Ranch, 109.9 miles, can be made in a day, altho to do so one must get an early start. If parties plan on stopping for quail shooting en route it of course would be more or less difficult to make it during daylight.

Leaving the Hamilton Ranch on the morning of the 3rd, we headed for San Quentin, where we were advised there was exceptionally good brant shooting. We continued almost due south over a typical desert type of road to 128.7, where we crossed an old railroad grade. At 116.7 we found a branch road to the left, at 119.0 a branch to the right, and at 119.5 and 120.3 branch roads to the left. The branch to the right leads to an old abandoned salt works near the ocean, the ones to the left to Rancho Seco and the foothills. On reaching the railroad grade, we crossed it and turned to the right, following what was supposed to be a passable road to the old Flour Mill. This road was followed for a short distance, but we did not want to take a chance on crossing a swamp which looked very bad. We then retraced back to the main road and followed it a short distance south, or to 129.1. Turning to the right here we followed a fairly good but rough road to the old Flour Mill, which was 1.2 miles off the main road.

After looking over the location and where the brant shooting was to be had, we started for San Quentin, which was but approximately .7 of a mile from the Mill. We followed a road which skirted the Bay and soon become stuck in the sand. After getting out of this we continued to plow thru the sand the balance of the way into San Quentin (mileage at San Quentin 130.6).

We found San Quentin to be a desolate looking place, scattered along some sand hills. It is made up of about a dozen dilapidated looking spacks, and an old two-story hotel building, all of which were built about thirty years ago by an English Syndicate, who attempted to organize a colony there. The Flour Mill, previously referred to, was also one of their projects. The enterprise fell flat after their having spent several hundred thousand dollars, and since that time the only inhabitants there are the natives, most of whom are half-breeds. They do no work to speak of, simply living from day to day.

On arrival at the town, we were met by a Mr. Green, the Mayor, by the Commander of the Port, several Customs Officers, and the rest of the inhabitants. After showing them our papers, the letters from the Governor, etc., we seemed to be welcome. We rented a rowboat from them and made inquiry as to whether or not it was permissible to make camp over at the mill. We were informed that it would be O. K. We had previously been advised at Hamilton's Ranch not to stop in the town of San Quentin, unless we were prepared to be eaten up with fleas. After reaching the mill and making a tour thru the buildings that were open, we found them to be clean. We used the kitchen of one of the buildings for our kitchen and dining room and found it very comfortable. The balance of our camp we pitched adjacent to a large warehouse building. After making camp and getting things arranged, we rowed across a narrow passage-way to an old railroad fill, which was built by the English Syndicate at the time the mill was put up. This fill extended across the Bay almost to the mill, a small gap being found between that and the mill proper. This was bridged at one time, but due to the swift current the bridge washed away. The brant fly up the Bay in the early evening, and down in the morning, passing over this railroad embankment, which is about 12 feet above the water. The Bay runs for about 12 miles up beyond this point, and all of the water must pass thru this narrow opening when the tide goes in or out with the result that the current is like a roaring river thru this narrow passage, on the outgoing tide. While we got but very little shooting that evening we learned considerable about the flight of the geese, which was used to good advantage the next morning.

As soon as the sun went down, a dew almost as heavy as rain settled, and this continued thruout the night. We were up at 4:30 the next morning, and after a good breakfast, loaded our guns and ammunition in the boat and rowed over to the railroad embankment. Three of us spread out at equal distance and waited for daylight, and the flight of the brant to start. We heard the whiz of wings as flocks of ducks passed over, but it was still too dark to see them. Just after daylight we heard a great commotion, it sounded like all of the brant in the Bay were talking it over before starting out on their day's work. Just about that time things began to happen. Peering over the embankment we could see thousands of brant upon the water about 300 yards up the Bay. We had several exciting minutes lying in behind the bank waiting for the flight to begin. It was only about 10 minutes, but it seemed like an hour, before the first flock rose and headed down the Bay. They came directly over us, about 60 yards high, and we opened up on them with No. 2, Chilled. We got two out of the first bunch, and two out of the second, and so on until we had 20 in the boat and seven cripples down that we could not get near enough to retrieve. We were back in camp at 8:30 with 20 brant and 11 ducks. It surely was a wonderful shoot.

We were advised by the Officials at San Quentin that duck shooting was very good on the lagoons

south of there, so decided, after our early morning brant shoot, that we would try the ducks. We left camp at the mill about noon and instead of again trying the sand road we took a more round-about route back toward the old railroad grade until we struck the main road, then followed this road, which was likewise sandy, but not as difficult, into San Quentin. Continuing on, we drove a distance of about six miles to the lagoons. We saw great flocks of ducks on both ponds. After spending about two hours there, and doing a little shooting, we returned to camp.

On Friday morning, the 5th, we broke camp and went into San Quentin. Our principal purpose that morning was to obtain, if possible, enough gasoline to continue our journey south. We had heard previously that Juan Green, the Mayor, had part of a drum of gas, so decided to work on him. We figured that the first move which would gain favor with him would be to distribute the brant we got that morning. After dividing the brant among the Officials and distributing candy to their wives and children, we inquired about gasoline. We showed Green the various letters we had from the Governor and other Officials of Tia Juana, and he then condescended to let us have enough gas to fill our tanks. This supply would enable us to make the journey as far as Rosário and return to Johnson's Ranch, where, in the event that we could not obtain any there, the gas we were carrying in the cases would be sufficient to take us back to Ensenada. This gas, which we obtained from Green, cost 60c a gallon.

As we were filling our tanks, a light mist began to fall, and we inquired of the natives if they thought it was going to rain. They said "No," that the wind was from the north and it never rained while the wind was from that direction. With this prediction we decided that it would be O. K. to make the journey to Rosario.

After filling our tanks with gas, the Officials got real chummy and wanted to see us shoot. One of the Mexicans who brot the boat over to us at the mill had seen one of our party bring down a crow the first shot with an automatic pistol, and on his return to the village had told the rest of the Officials about it. This was the reason why they wanted to see us shoot, so we had target practice on the main street of the town. We as well as the Officials, shot at bottles with our pistols and rifles. Our gang smashed the bottles pretty regularly, but the Mexicans failed to make a hit. It was very amusing to see some of them shoot; for example, one of the Officials, in shooting a 38 Colt's, would hold the gun with both hands, take aim with the gun close to his face as if he were shooting a rifle. Judging from the amount of glass which we found through the village, it is evident that there have been others indulging in the same pastime along this main street.

It is our suggestion to anyone going to San Quentin, and wishing any favors, to go to the Mayor, Juan Green, and endeavor to make friends with him, as he is Lord and Master of the Community, and you will find him with an extended mit, ready to receive anything you care to give him for a present. We might suggest to persons making this trip, to take plenty of cheap, mixed candy along for presents to the women and children, as this will help in making friends. Our supply consisted of about forty 10-cent bags, purchased at a five and ten cent store in San Diego. These bags are easily handed out, and contain enough for a taste for the whole family. Candy is very seldom ever had in that country and is greatly appreciated.

We left San Quentin about 10:00 a. m. for Rosario, which is 46 miles south. The road, if you get the right one, is very good for the first ten miles. One must be sure and keep to the lefthand road out of San Quentin until reaching the point of the mountains at 136.7. Here a road branches to the left and follows up the dry wash of the Santa Maria River. Keeping to the right road, follow the row of eucalyptus and cypress trees down past a couple of old ranch houses. These ranches, we were informed, were experimental farms of the English Colonists thirty years ago. They were said to have been ideal farms at that time, but have since gone back to sage brush. From the Santa Maria River to these ranch houses the road can be classed as fair, altho it is somewhat sandy in crossing the wash and the brush is rather thick. After passing the last house on the right, which is surrounded by cypress trees, and has a windmill, the road forks. Taking the left fork at 139.8 the road leads up a dry canyon and over the ridge, dropping down a rough canyon on the other side to the coast at 152.7, where one passes two houses on the right side of the road near the ocean. This road is very slow in places on account of its washed condition, and at intervals it is found very rocky. From these houses the road follows south along the coast. There are a number of very deep gulches or arroyos which must be crossed, and the road leading down into and up out of these is very steep.

At a point about three miles before reaching Rosario one of the steepest pitches on the entire trip will be found. The road drops down a canyon, starting from the top at about 27% and tapering off to about 14%. The road bed is mostly loose rock with many cross washes, that twist and strain a car terribly. Getting up this grade is a sticker for many cars due to it being very hard to get traction.

At 175.3, the mouth of the canyon, one passes an old adobe ranch house from where a road leads to the left up the Rosario River and on to San Fernando, the Onyx Mine, and Santa Catarina.

Keep straight ahead to the second adobe house, then turn to the left and follow the road which crosses the river to the south side. At this ranch house one can see in the distance, across the river, the white buildings of Rosario.

Rosario, which is 176.7 miles from Ensenada, is a village of about 200 persons. The buildings are mostly of adobe plastered on the outside and painted white. On arrival there we looked up the Mayor, Senor Pacheco, and presented our letters. After reading them he stated that he would be glad to do anything he could for us. He offered us a house and meals, but we explained that we had our own camp equipment and desired to camp. He told us of a good camp-site and sent his boy along with us to show us its location. When we arrived there we found an ideal camp spot, a small running stream nearby, willow trees, and grass carpeted. It was dry when we arrived, but to our sorrow, it rained that night and the whole place was a skating rink in the morning. We broke camp in the rain, and hoped that we would get on higher and drier ground before we were totally swamped. After much effort and a good soaking we finally did get out with the aid of skid chains, a span of mules, and several Mexicans.

The next day, Sunday, December 7th, was to be election day, the various Pueblos voting for a Mayor of Ensenada. This office has jurisdiction over all the Pueblos in the northern district of Lower California. We met one of the candidates Saturday morning at Rosario and were invited to stay over for the baile (dance) which was to be held that night. We were tipped off that a rather large quantity of tequila, and other firewater had just been received in town and that the baile would probably end as usual in a knife and gun affair. We decided they would evidently enjoy themselves a whole lot better without us, so after making apologies and explaining that we could not spare the time, etc., we were on our way. It was still raining when we pulled out of Rosario and the streams which we had previously crossed were getting a little high. Before getting out of the valley we encountered a small grade which was very slick, and after getting about half way up this grade slid off into the brush. Getting back down to the foot of the grade again we decided it would be better to shovel a lot of dry sand over the slippery surface and to pile brush in the roadway. After doing this we finally made it to the top and continued to San Quentin and on to the Hamilton Ranch, getting in there after dark.

The rain of the previous night and that day made road conditions very bad and in places it was very difficult to get traction. At Rosario one will find the ruins of an old Mission, 1730 is the date stamped on the old Mission Bells. We were told that these bells were buried for a number of years to keep them from being carried away by the Revolutionists. No gasoline is available here and supplies are very limited. Up until a year ago the village supported a store, run by a Chinaman, but he was murdered and since then no one has had the nerve to start another one. Lack of gasoline terminated our trip south at Rosario, altho it was our original intention to go to San Fernando, the Onyx Mine, and Santa Catarina Landing.

The town of San Fernando is 40 miles from Rosario and it is 25 miles from San Fernando to the Onyx Mine. From the Onyx Mine to Santa Catarina Landing is another 50 miles. The road to these various points, according to information we received from parties who have traveled them, is passable for automobiles, altho that is about all.

Arriving Saturday night at the Hamilton Ranch was like getting back home. We were extended a very cordial welcome and given a royal feast. The trip from Rosario to Hamilton's during the rain had a telling effect on the cars, as it loosened them up generally on account of sliding off the road, hitting holes, etc. Sunday morning we spent our time tightening bolts, oiling, greasing, etc, and in repacking. In the afternoon we went down to the lagoons at the mouth of the Santo Domingo River and came back to the Ranch just after dark with 25 ducks.

Monday morning, the 8th, we broke camp early and had our cars packed before breakfast. Before we had finished breakfast it began to rain again, and we decided it would be foolish to attempt starting out in this rain, so drove the cars under shelter and prepared to make the best of it. Due to our limited supply of gasoline we secured a team from Mr. Harkness, Superintendent of the Ranch, loaded all the folks in and set off in the rain for the lagoons, where we spent the day shooting, returning to the ranch house just before dark. The sky was clear and we set out on our return journey home the following morning, Tuesday. We found a great many soft and muddy spots but navigated them without much trouble. We stopped for lunch at the Johnson Ranch and made camp that night just north of San Vicente. The following day, Wednesday, the 10th, we continued our return journey, arriving in Ensenada about noon, in San Diego at 5:00 p. m. and home at 11:30 p. m.

Evidences of the rain storm were general from San Vicente north, one bad muddy hole being encountered just below Ensenada where one of the cars became mired. Between Ensenada and Tia Juana the road had been very much cut up by trucks and as a result it was in generally poor condition. Between these two points we encountered a very heavy wind which bordered on a gale, in fact, it tore the top off of one of our cars.

Photographs taken while on the trip are on file in the Outing Bureau at Headquarters.



## GENERAL INFORMATION ROAD CONDITIONS

Los Angeles to San Diego via Coast Route paved with exception of two small detours, one four miles north of Oceanside, and the other at Pacific Beach. San Diego to Tia Juana paved.

The first four miles from Tia Juana south is generally rough, but can be considered fair from there over the grades to Rosario Ranch on the ocean front and along the ocean as far as Descanso Ranch. It is generally poor from this point south to within approximately six miles of Ensenada, then poor and considerably rocky in places the balance of the distance into Ensenada. Fair conditions will be found from Ensenada for thirteen miles, or to the junction of the road leading to the Lower La Grulla Gun Club. In dry weather a great deal of dust and ruts would be encountered, and in wet weather the road, particularly that portion of it thru Matadero Valley would be very bad.

From this junction thru Los Animas Canyon can be classed as generally poor, narrow, crooked, cross-washed, and with a great deal of brush. Beyond Los Animas Canyon, or from where the main road is left going to the Upper La Grulla Gun Club to the summit of the Santo Tomas Grade and down into Santo Tomas Valley can be classed as fair, altho the road is badly washed in places, and as a result is very slow. The road across Santo Tomas Valley, while a little sandy in places, is good to the village. Immediately after leaving the village there are some very steep grades and due to the roadbed itself they must be taken slowly. After getting over this grade it continues generally poor to the Refugio Ranch and on to San Vicente.

Leaving San Vicente there are a few slight rolling hills thru which the road winds, and after reaching the mesa a fair type of road will be followed to what is known as Upper San Antonio. From this point the road leads down grade thru San Antonio Canyon and will be found rocky and generally rough. High centers are also found here with the result that great care must be used. Johnson's Ranch is reached at the mouth of this canyon. Continuing on from Johnson's a good road is traversed to Colnett Bay.

From Colnett Bay to the San Telmo Lakes is good, altho the road around the lakes to San Telmo Point on account of the water overflow and stream crossings is generally poor. From San Telmo Point the road south to San Vicente Point and Camalu, and to the junction of the Inland Road is usually good with the exception of the different arroyos which must be crossed. The road in a great many places is made up of a sandy formation, but as this is fairly well packed causes no difficulty. From the junction of the coast and inland roads just below Camalu the road can be classed as fair to the Santo Domingo River, and to Hamilton's Ranch, altho where the road crosses the river bed it is very sandy. A fair type of road will be found from Hamilton's past the Guerrero Colony and over the grades to the Santa Maria Plains, then fair as far as to the old railroad grade. Portions of this road during dry weather are very, very dusty, and in the event of rains prove troublesome. Between the old railroad grade and San Quentin there are several sections of alkali formation and about one mile of sand which necessitates second gear work. South of San Quentin a very good road will be found to Santa Maria Point unless one gets off the main road and takes one of the lower ones where difficulties might be encountered due to the alkali formation.

From Santa Maria Point a fair type of mountain road, altho badly washed in places and very slow, will be found to where the road again comes out on the ocean front. From this point fairly good road is followed the remainder of the distance to Rosario Valley, with the exception of a number of deep arroyos and a 27% loose gravel grade going down a canyon into the valley. From the north side of Rosario Valley across to the south side is a little sandy and it is necessary to ford a number of irrigation ditches. These, however, are not deep unless in the event of heavy rains. After reaching the south side a fairly good road is then followed on into Rosario.

Considering the route as a whole the general conditions below Ensenada can be considered none too good, as the road receives no maintenance whatever and is affected greatly by weather conditions. There are very few sections that can be classed as good road and even those sections would be subject to change.

### SUPPLIES

Almost any kind of supplies may be obtained at Tia Juana, and at Ensenada. At Santo Tomas there is a small store operated by a Chinaman. He keeps on hand a small supply of canned goods, etc. Beyond this there are no stores of any kind, altho very limited supplies may be obtained at Rosario.

### GASOLINE AND OIL

These commodities can be obtained at Tia Juana, Rosarito Beach, The Halfway House, and at Ensenada. Gasoline below Ensenada is an uncertainty, altho the Chinaman at Santo Tomas endeavors to keep a drum on hand at all times, and Johnson's Ranch, Hamilton's Ranch, and Mr. Green at

San Quentin try to keep it, but do not have much success as such gas as they receive must be trucked in from Ensenada.

### WATER

Water is obtainable at Tia Juana, Rosarito Beach, Halfway House, Descanso, Ensenada, at a creek in Los Animas Canyon 16.6 miles below Ensenada, at a camp-site 21.5 miles from Ensenada, Santo Tomas, Refugio Ranch, San Vicente, Johnson's Ranch, Hamilton's Ranch, San Quentin, and Rosario.

### HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS

Tia Juana, Rosarito Beach Resort, Halfway House, Ensenada, Johnson's Ranch, and Hattie Hamilton's Ranch.

### CAMP SITES

On creek 16.6 miles below Ensenada, also at 21.5, Refugio Ranch at 39.7, at 45.7 (no water), at San Vicente 53.7, at Johnson's Ranch 70.1, at Colnett Bay 81.9 (no water), at Hamilton's Ranch 109.9, at the Old Mill at San Quentin 130.6, and at Rosario 176.7.

### TOPOGRAPHY

Leaving Tia Juana a broad valley is traversed for several miles, then rolling hills with four to six per cent grades to Rosario Ranch on the ocean front. From here the road follows the coast along a low plateau extending from the ocean front back for from one to three miles to the foothills. At a point nine miles south of Descanso Ranch this plateau is left and the mountains entered. This mountain country where the highest elevation attained is approximately 1400 feet, extends to within six miles of Ensenada, where the Sausal Valley is crossed. This valley comprises approximately 800 acres of fairly level farming land. After crossing the valley one follows the base of the mountains along the coast into Ensenada. A flat mesa extends south of Ensenada for approximately seven miles to the San Antonio River. This mesa extends back to the foothills for about five miles. Beyond is the Matadero Valley, approximately five miles wide by seven miles long, most of it being farming land.

Leaving this valley mountainous country is traversed with elevations up to 2000 feet. The road used leading thru Los Animas Canyon. This canyon is very narrow and contains rather steep hillsides. At the upper end is the La Grulla Gun Club with 5000 acres, about half of which is level bottom land suitable for farming, and the balance low, rolling brush covered hills. Beyond this is more or less hilly or mountainous country until one reaches the Santo Tomas Valley. This valley, set as it is in the heart of the mountains, is about three miles wide and eight miles long and contains several small farms. Beyond this the country is more or less mountainous until one reaches San Vicente. Here is encountered the San Vicente Valley thru which flows the San Isidro River. About 200 acres in this valley will be found under cultivation.

Leaving the valley, small, rolling hills extend south for about three miles then a mesa three miles in width and about seven miles long. Dropping down off this mesa San Antonio Canyon is next followed to Johnson's Ranch. This is a box canyon with perpendicular walls and is about eight miles in length. Emerging from the canyon one enters the San Antonio Del Mar Valley, which comprises about 300 acres of level land cultivated by the Johnson Ranch. Leaving this small valley, rolling hills will be found for about two miles, then a low mesa three to four hundred feet above sea level to the Colnett Valley bordering on Colnett Bay. Here the road drops down and crosses the valley, which is about three miles wide. No farming of any kind is done here.

Leaving Colnett Bay the San Rafael Plateau is crossed to the San Telmo River where one finds a level stretch of land extending on average of about two miles from the ocean to the foothills. A small valley is crossed at the mouth of the San Telmo River. Beyond this the San Telmo and San Vicente Plateaus are followed to the junction of the inland and coast roads at Camalu Point. These plateaus are but a few miles wide, bordering on the ocean. From Camalu Point south is a wide level valley running back from the ocean for ten or fifteen miles. This valley extends as far south as the Santo Domingo River, which river flows westward thru San Ramon Valley, which is about three miles wide. The Santo Domingo River is now dry but it usually flows about nine months out of the year. In the upper end of this San Ramon Valley is located the Hamilton Ranch of about 300 acres, most of which is under cultivation. Water from the Santo Domingo River is used for irrigation. Below the Hamilton Ranch are approximately twenty small ranches farmed very little by Mexican settlers. These ranches are known as the Guerrero Colony, which was established by the Cantu Government. These ranchers work but little and are on the verge of starvation.

Going south from the Santo Domingo River one crosses a range of low hills, then traverses the Santa Maria plains to a point seven miles south of San Quentin. These plains are approximately 25 miles in length by from seven to ten miles in width, practically level but with a general slope to the ocean. Several small farms will be found here. Along the coast will be found low alkali flats, tide-lands and

salt beds. The lagoons of San Quentin Bay extend almost parallel with the coast. Leaving the plains at a point seven miles below San Quentin a range of low hills is crossed, followed by a low plateau along the coast line to within a short distance of Rosario. The plateau is a narrow strip of level land between the mountains and the ocean, and is cut by deep arroyos. At the lower end of this strip the road drops down off the mesa thru a very steep canyon terminating in Rosario Valley. This valley is about two miles wide and about five miles in length and contains three or four main irrigation ditches fed by springs supplying the water for irrigating a number of small Mexican ranches thruout the valley.

### MAIL, TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE LINES

A Mexican Government Telegraph Line extends south from Tia Juana to Ensenada, and this is connected at the border with the Western Union lines. From Ensenada south to San Quentin there is a government one-wire telephone line with five stations, the first at Santo Tomas, the second at San Vicente, the third at San Antonio Del Mar (Johnson's Ranch), the fourth at Guerrero Colony, Santo Domingo, and the fifth at San Quentin.

The mail is delivered twice monthly as far south as Rosario, unless in the event of rains, when the last southern stop is San Quentin. To reach the Johnson Ranch mail, the address is San Antonio Del Mar, Baja California, Mexico via Ensenada.

To reach the Hattie Hamilton Ranch, the address is Santo Domingo, Baja California, Mexico via Ensenada. To reach the Hattie Hamilton Ranch by telegram it should be addressed Hattie Hamilton Ranch, Santo Domingo, Baja California, Mexico. Such a message would be sent to Ensenada and relayed from there by telephone.

## MILEAGE SCHEDULE

Mileage from Rosario	Mileage from Ensenada	
176.7	0.0	Ensenada
169.0	7.7	Jct. Summer road from foot of Mesa Grade to Lower La Grulla Gun Club
164.1	12.6	Jct. of roads to Lower La Grulla Gun Club and down the Peninsula
161.4	15.3	Creek Crossing (Water)
160.1	16.6	Good Camp Site (Water)
155.2	21.5	Excellent Camp Site (Water in Creek), Big Oak Trees
152.8	23.9	Gate to Upper La Grulla Gun Club. Club House 1 mile
150.6	26.1	Summit Santo Tomas Grade
148.8	27.9	Winery, Santo Tomas Valley
147.2	29.5	Santo Tomas (Store)
145.4	31.3	Summit South Santo Tomas Grade
143.4	33.3	Adobe House
137.0	39.7	Refugio Ranch
131.0	45.7	Good Camp Site (No Water)
125.7	51.0	Jct. of road to Las Cruces
123.0	53.7	San Vicente (Ranch Houses and Ruins Old Mission)
114.4	62.3	Upper San Antonio (Wind Mill, Pepper and Eucalyptus Trees)
106.6	70.1	San Antonio Del Mar (Johnson's Ranch) Distillery and Oil Well
106.4	70.3	End of fence, turn left
105.8	70.9	Jct. of San Telmo Road
104.2	72.5	Jct. of Inland and Coast Roads. Take right leaving telephone line
94.8	81.9	Colnett Beach (Commodore Chip Lighter) Campsite, no water
93.3	83.4	San Telmo Lagoons
91.5	85.2	Forks San Telmo and Coast, take right fork across river
90.6	86.1	San Telmo Point
85.5	91.2	San Jacinto Point
77.2	99.5	Camalu Point
76.4	100.3	Camalu Wash Jct. of Inland and Coast Roads, also new road south not completed, keep main road to right
75.2	101.5	Cross Road
70.1	106.6	Telephone Line Crossing and Jct. of New Road
68.8	107.9	Forks of Road, Keep Left Fork—Right Forks leads around hill to ranch house
67.4	109.3	Wash Santo Domingo River. Left Fork to Old Santo Domingo Mission right fork to Hattie Hamilton's Ranch
66.8	109.9	Hattie Hamilton's Ranch
65.8	110.9	Guerrero Colony
64.0	112.7	Jct. of Road leading to Abandoned Salt Works. Keep straight ahead
63.5	113.2	Jct. left road to Rancho Seco and Rosario, eliminating San Quentin
63.1	113.6	Jct. left road to Rancho Seco and Rosario, eliminating San Quentin
60.6	116.1	Branch road to right to San Quentin. Keep straight ahead
60.0	116.7	Branch road to left to Ranch House. Keep straight ahead
57.7	119.0	Branch road to left to Ranch House. Keep straight ahead
57.2	119.5	Branch road to left to Ranch House. Keep straight ahead
56.4	120.3	Branch road to left to Ranch House. Keep straight ahead
50.1	126.6	Branch road to left to Ranch House. Keep straight ahead
49.2	127.5	Branch road to left via Wind Mill. Keep straight ahead
48.0	128.7	Old Railroad Grade. Keep straight ahead
47.6	129.1	Branch to right to Old Flour Mill
46.7	130.0	Branch to right to Old Flour Mill
46.1	130.6	San Quentin
40.8	135.9	Jct. of Foothill Road and Lower Road from San Quentin
40.0	136.7	Santa Maria Point. Keep road to right across wash and follow trees
36.9	139.8	Road Jct., take left fork
24.0	152.7	Old adobe houses at Ocean Front
1.4	175.3	Old adobe house foot of Rosario Grade
0.0	176.7	Rosario