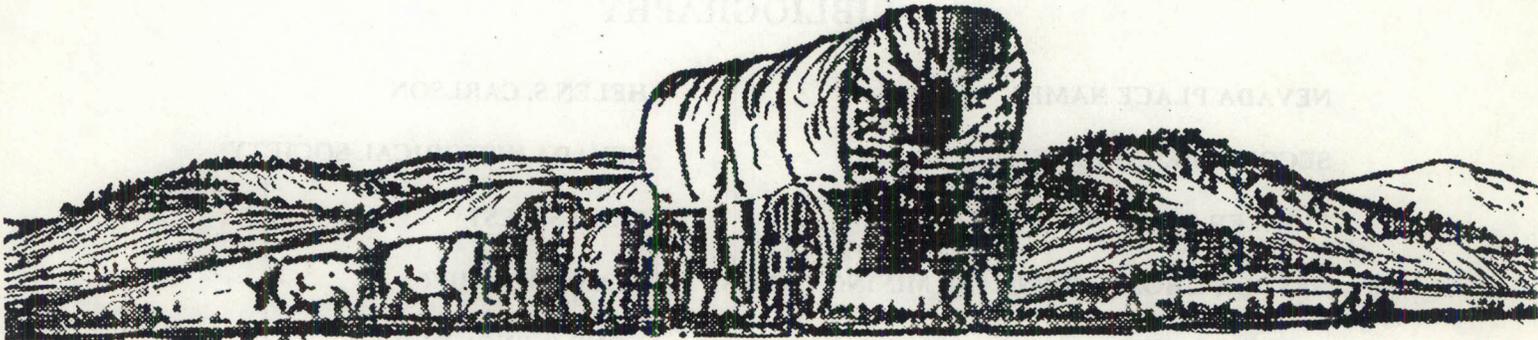


JULIA'S ENDOUROCAL NEVADA KLAARBOIT

JUNK TRIP 95

NO. 16

6000



PETER J. VAN ALSTINE

JULIA C. BULETTE HISTORIAN

DANIEL LEE BOWERS

COMPILER, EDITOR

CHAIRMAN OF THE MOST IMPORTANT COMMITTEE AND BOUNDING (2000) H.M.F.C. DANIEL LEE BOWERS

AND SO RECORDED
E. CAMPUS MTUS

HIGH ROCK CANYON

JULIA'S UNEQUIVOCAL NEVADA KLAMPOUT

NO.	YEAR	LEADER	LOCATION
1	1980	GENO OLIVER (CHARTER)	STAR CITY-UNIONVILLE
2	1981	SKIP PENNINGTON	MANHATTEN
3	1982	BILL KENNEDY	KENNEDY
4	1983	JIM CRONN*	PINEGROVE
5	1984	GEORGE COURSON	LEADVILLE
6	1985	DOUG WALLING	BERLIN
7	1986	DAVID WOOD	ROCHESTER
8	1987	JOE LEPORI*	AURORA
9	1988	BILL SAWYER	SULPHUR
10	1989	MIKE MILLER	MILLER'S STATION
11	1990	RED BEACH	SHAMROCK
12	1991	BOB RODGERS	COMO
13	1992	RON WALSH	SEVEN TROUGHS
14	1993	DANNY COSTELLA	NATIONAL
15	1994	JIM GROWS	DESERT WELLS STATION
16	1995	DANIEL BOWERS	HIGH ROCK CANYON

* GONE TO THE SILVER HILLS

BIBLIOGRAPHY

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NEVADA GHOST TOWNS AND MINING CAMPS	STANLEY PAHER
PHOTOGRAPHS	GENO (VENO) OLIVER
JULIA C. BULETTE HISTORIAN	PETER J. VAN ALSTYNE
COMPILER, EDITOR	DANIEL LEE BOWERS
CHAIRMAN OF THE MOST IMPORTANT COMMITTEE AND HUMBUG 1995 (6000) H.M.F.I.C.	DANIEL LEE BOWERS

**E CLAMPUS VITUS
AND SO RECORDED**

WELCOME TO HIGH ROCK CANYON Area of Critical Environmental Concern

This canyon complex contains many unique prehistoric, historic, scenic, and wildlife values.

These fragile resources are a part of our national heritage.

Enjoy - but do not destroy



Four-wheel-drive vehicle recommended

Please stay on designated roads



HIGH ROCK. HIGH ROCK CANYON

(Washoe) was so named from its being an imposing cleft with narrow high rock walls. Petroglyphs on the walls, as well as rock-shelters and campsites in the area, prove the presence of man from as early as 3000 B. C."Northern Paiute Indians roamed these lands when John C. Fremont first journeyed through High Rock Canyon in 1843. The Applegate brothers blazed their trail from Oregon through the canyon to the Humboldt in 1846. Peter Lassen partially followed this route in 1848, and gold seekers crowded the trail in 1849". The name of the canyon appears on an 1849 manuscript map included in the Diaries of J. Goldsborough Bruff. The last attack by Indians on white men in Nevada took place here. In 1911, four sheepmen passing through LITTLE HIGH ROCK CANYON on their way to their camp in the Black Rock Desert were killed by Indians, who were, in turn, hunted down and killed east of Golconda. HIGH ROCK CREEK, with its tributaries, LITTLE HIGH ROCK and EAST FORK HIGH ROCK, rises in the Calico Mountains in Washoe County and flows into HIGH ROCK LAKE, in western Humboldt County. In years of very heavy precipitation, the lake overflows into Fly Creek which discharges into the Black Rock Desert.

Copied from NEVADA PLACE NAMES -A Geographical Dictionary- HELEN S. GARLSON

JOHN C. FREMONT'S EXPEDITION IN NEVADA, 1843-1844 with notes by James U. Smith
High Rock Creek

"29" Dec. The morning mild, and at four o'clock it commenced snowing, We took our way across a plain, thickly covered with snow, towards a range of hills in the southeast. The sky soon became so dark with snow that little could be seen of the surrounding country; and we reached the summit of the hills in a heavy snow-storm. On the side we had approached, this led appeared to be only a ridge of low hills; and we were surprised to find ourselves on the summit of a bed of broken mountains, which, as far as the weather would permit us to see, declined rapidly to some low country ahead, presenting a dreary and savage character; and for a moment I looked around in doubt on the wild and inhospitable prospect, scarcely knowing what road to take which might conduct us to some place of shelter for the night. Noticing among the hills the head of a grassy hollow, I determined to follow it, in the hope that it would conduct us to a stream. We followed a winding descent for several miles, the hollow gradually broadening into little meadows, and becoming the bed of a stream as we advanced [The headwaters of High Rock Canyon].; and towards night we were agreeably surprised by the appearance of a willow grove, where we found a sheltered camp, with water and excellent and abundant grass [on the stream above High Rock Canyon]. The grass, which was covered by snow on the bottom, was long and green, and the face of the mountain had a more favorable character in its vegetation, being smoother, and covered with good bunch-grass. The snow was deep, and the night very cold. A broad trail had entered the valley from the right, and a short distance below the camp were tracks where a considerable party of Indians had passed on horseback, who had turned out to the left, apparently with the view of crossing the mountains to the eastward."

"The day had been pleasant, but about two o'clock it began to blow; and crossing a slight dividing ground, we encamped on the sheltered side of a hill, where there was good bunch-grass, having made a day's journey of twenty-four miles. [This is a solitary hill standing out in the valley about three-fourths the way from the northern end, and rising 300 or 400 above the valley.] The night closed in, threatening snow; but the large sagerushes made bright fires."

High rock canyon

"30th. After following the stream for a few hours in a southeasterly direction, it entered a canyon where we could not follow [High Rock Canyon. The walls in places rise 800 feet above the creek in this canyon]; but determined not to leave the stream, we searched a passage below, where we could regain it, and entered a regular narrow valley. The water had now the appearance of a flowing creek; several times we passed groves of willows, and we began to feel ourselves out of all difficulty. From our position, it was reasonable to conclude that this stream would find its outlet in Mary's Lake, and conduct us into a better country. We had descended rapidly, and here we found very little snow. On both sides, the mountains showed often stupendous and curious-looking rocks. Which at several places so narrowed the valley that scarcely a pass was left for the camp. It was a singular place to travel through--shut up in the earth, a sort of chasm, the little strip of grass under our feet, the rough walls of bare rock on either hand, and the narrow strip of sky above. The grass tonight was abundant, and we camped in high spirits."

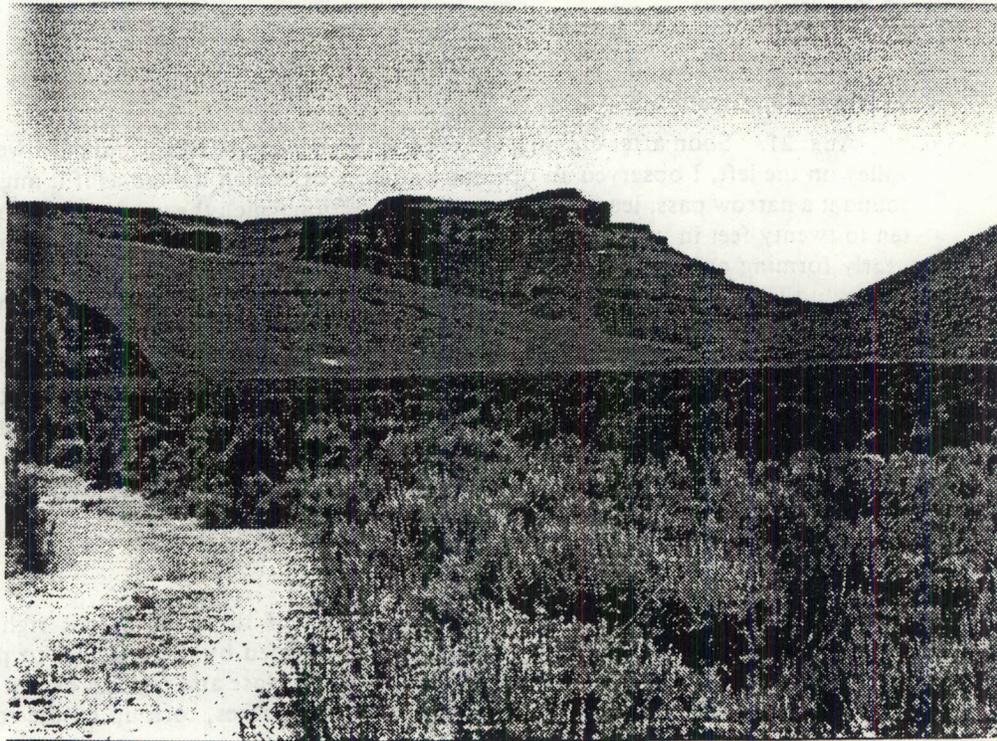
"After an hour's ride this morning, our hopes were once more destroyed. The valley opened out, and before us lay one of the dry basins. [This is a basin, into which Little High Rock Canyon opens. It is about three and one-half miles wide.] "After some search we discovered a high-water outlet [a rather sharp canyon opening out in the northeast, not easily noticed until one is nearly in line with it]., which brought us in a few miles, and by a descent of several hundred feet, into a long, broad basin [Soldier Meadows], in which we found the bed of the stream, and obtained sufficient water by cutting the ice. The grass on the bottoms was salt and unpalatable."

MUD MEADOWS.

Approximate Location: Center of Section 5,
T.39N., R.25E. (This section is un-
numbered on the topo map, but it is
located directly below Section 32,
T.40N., R.25E.)

Marker Inscription:

MUD MEADOW
APPLEGATE TRAIL, 1846
LASSEN TRAIL, 1848
FREMONT EXPEDITION ROUTE, 1844
A-16



Historical References:

Aug. 19. . . . At about noon we arrived at a kind of wet valley, containing several hundred acres of excellent grass and plenty of good water, which was a matter of rejoicing to all . . .

Nearly all the trains which had preceded us were encamped on the beautiful oasis, recruiting their worn-out animals, and cursing the hour in which they were tempted to leave the old trail. The first agreeable news we heard on getting in, was, that the Indians were very bold and troublesome, having succeeded the night before in killing a horse and mule in the camp, and driving off several head of cattle. The horse lay near the road, and the gentlemen Digger Epicures had cut off his head, and taken a large steak from a hind quarter—generously leaving the remainder of the poor, raw-boned carcass for the maws of the white devils who had brought it so far to grace and Indian board. I well know that the air of the salt plain over which we had just passed, is rather peculiar in producing good appetites, and I should hardly have had much choice between a turtle soup and a horse-head stew; but never mind: the bacon was not all gone yet, though it was fast disappearing.

Delano, 1849.

Sept. 9. We found good grass and water here there being several Springs some two or more of them cold and all the others warm. Some about blood warm and other almost scalding hot. The springs boiled up in the center of a valley which seemed to be entirely surrounded by mountains or low hills. It is level and in an oblong shape being 5 or 6 long and 3 or 4 wide. There are several hundred acres around the spring above mentioned covered with grass of several species mostly coarse swamp grass which does not appear very nutritious but there is much better grass found near the margin of this spot. There seems to be a heavy sod formed wherever there is any grass under which the earth seems to be pliant and the weight of a horse or man when walking will shake the sod in many place for a distance of 50 yards and when a wagon and team travel over it it is depressed in many places and seems to rise in others and I am of opinion that if a horse or wagon would break through the sod that it would be swallowed up instantly as in two or three places where the road crossed a branch running from one of these warm springs I noticed that if a mule or horse put his foot in the branch he was to help out for there seemed to be no bottom though it was scarcely two feet wide.

Castleman, 1849.

Sept. 28. Camped in a small valley some eight miles in diameter, in the middle of which is a marsh and the edges sage land, all surrounded by very high and picturesque mountains.

This morn we had a rare opportunity to have a warm bath, and Mr. Hutchinson and I improved it by having a swim in a small lake of hot water laying just by the camp. The bath was very pleasant to the feeling, making the veins extend and increasing the circulation; but the effect was not so beneficial as that of cold baths, for I experienced an languid feeling in the muscles during the day. I have spent some hours sleeping today. Had the soundest sleep I have had in the daytime on the route.

Our teams are growing weak very fast. The men are all becoming more or less weak and unwell . . .

Sept. 29. Our folks are getting discouraged and begin to talk of divisions of the provisions, divisions of the Company, and also of leaving some of the wagons. I hope and believe we can get through with nearly all our property. But if some must be left, why, let it.

Swain, 1849.

Leaving Mud Meadows:

Aug. 21. Soon after crossing the oasis where we had been encamped, I went a little off the road; through a small lateral valley on the left, I observed an opening in the rocks, which looked as if it might be a cave, or chasm, and, on descending, I found it a narrow pass, leading in the general direction which the wagons were taking, and therefore followed it. It varied from ten to twenty feet in width, with perpendicular walls of trap-rock, towering up to a height of sixty or eighty feet, sometimes nearly forming an arch overhead. My progress, in a few instances, was impeded by perpendicular falls, six or eight feet in depth, but I clambered over these, resolving to see the end, if time allowed. In this manner, I followed the rent a mile and half, without seeing the end, when, fearing the train would get too far ahead, I took advantage of a small open space, and climbed out by clinging to jutting fragments of rock . . . On coming out of the chasm, I found myself near the road, and where there was an Indian snare for catching hares. This was sage bushes, set about four feet apart, propped up with stones, and extending in a line at least a mile and a half over the hill . . . The hares, when alarmed, fled to the cover of these bushes when the Indians shot them with their arrows. Pursuing my way a little more than half a mile, I came to a steep hill, down which the wagons were let with ropes into the canon; and what was my surprise, on descending, to find myself at the mouth of that very chasm which I had been following. [Fly Canyon]

Delano, 1849.

Sept. 25. From the elevated and rugged part of the hills on our right 1/4 mile, and extending down in a slight curve—crossing the road—was a singular barrier, formed by the Indians, to pen in, probably, large hares when they hunt them. (For there is no other game here). This fence was close and regular, except where travel on the road had prostrated it and scattered it—was composed of sage and grease-wood bushes, torn up by the roots, and placed close together, roots up.

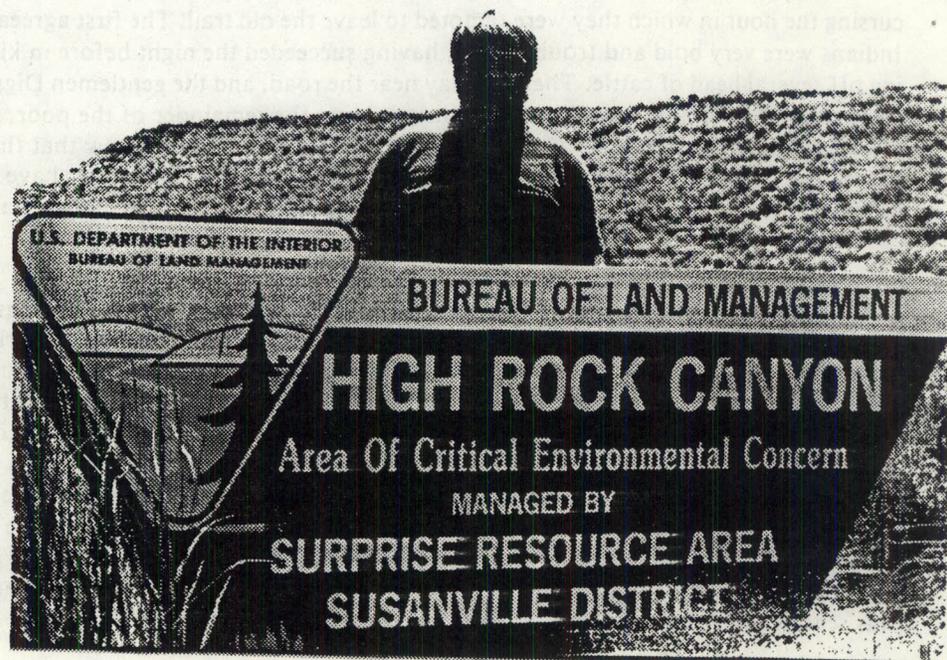
Bruff, 1849.

FLY CREEK.

Approximate Location: NE 1/4 of NW 1/4, Section 4, T.39N., R.24E. (This section is unnumbered on this topo map, but it is located next to BM 4927, just below Section 33, T.40N., R.24E.)

Marker Inscription:

FLY CREEK
APPLEGATE TRAIL, 1846
LASSEN TRAIL, 1848
FREMONT EXPEDITION ROUTE, 1843
A-17



Historical References:

Sept. 11. Here we found the most difficult and dangerous descent on the road, very steep and rocky. The wagons had to be let down by a rope. Our road now for 1 1/4 miles was through a narrow canyon . . .

Doyle, 1849.

Sept. 25. The road terminated, as it were, at the edge of the very apex of this hill, and from a big rock on the left of trail at crest, I looked down, and for a while thought it must be "the jumping-off place"! Here, down this very steep descent must our wagons roll! (I observed to friend Barker, that I thought it a very descent, road.) Well, it was only about 200 yards, very deep sand, and loose stones. We double locked the wheels, and teamsters and assistants carefully lead the mules, and one after the other, slowly, and successfully, was the entire train taken down on the plateau below. On looking back; it seemed amazing that wagons and teams could descend in safety.

Bruff, 1849.

Sept. 25. After going about 5 miles from our noon halt we came to a very precipitous rocky descent of about one hundred feet deep—Here we entered a canyon at the mouth of another to the left running directly east—This taking a westerly course. The rocks on both sides of this very remarkable ravine are of a volcanic character and present every appearance of being once in a fused condition—They are high and precipitous ascending several hundred feet from the road presenting every conceivable form to the eye and almost insurmountable barriers to the ramblings of the curious.

Austin, 1849.

Oct. 11. At the entrance to the gorge, there is a small descent of 40 or 50 yards so steep in a part of the upper end that it would seem as if it would be difficult to prevent the hind wheels from turning a somerset over the fore ones. After getting down it is then smooth sailing down the bottom of the ravine to the west. On the north side of the road in the ravine two ragged chrysalized red burnt strata of rock run E.&W. on the S. side the road dips down to the bottom of the ravine. On the east end of the ravine there is a high bold breast of precipitous overhanging rock of various strata a great part of the base is white granite discoloured mostly by fire. Through the center of this big breast of rock is a large chasm to the east as if removed by some unknown cause, having the rugged perpendicular walls on each side it seems as if a stream had passed through . . .

Middleton, 1849.

High Rock Lake Basin:

Sept. 12. . . . soon after which we were in a round valley the bottom of which was perfectly level but was a dreary waste covered with naught but sage and grease wood. This continued for several miles when we began to approach a tall and sterile mountain which looked as if it would be a matter of impossibility to find a passage by which we might be able to pass through them but however we traveled on with a heavy heart for we were well aware that if the roads got much worse than those we had traveled over we would be compelled to leave our wagons and all we had and try to make our escape on foot and without the aid of an animal as they had failed very much since we had struck the desert and seemed to be no better notwithstanding we had lay by 3 days at Mudd Lake to recruit them.

Castleman, 1849.

Sept. 25. . . . the road turned left, a short distance in a sort of gorge, then W. across a broad low level basin; near us on right, semicircular head of this basin, immense piles of rocks.—The greatest extent of this basin appeared to be to the S.—in which direction there seemed to be much green grass and water,—2 or 3 miles distant. The upper part of this basin is thickly filled with tall dry grass, rushes, willow and weeds. A mile or so over the head of the basin, bro't us to the entrance of the grand canyon—"High Rock Canyon" . . .

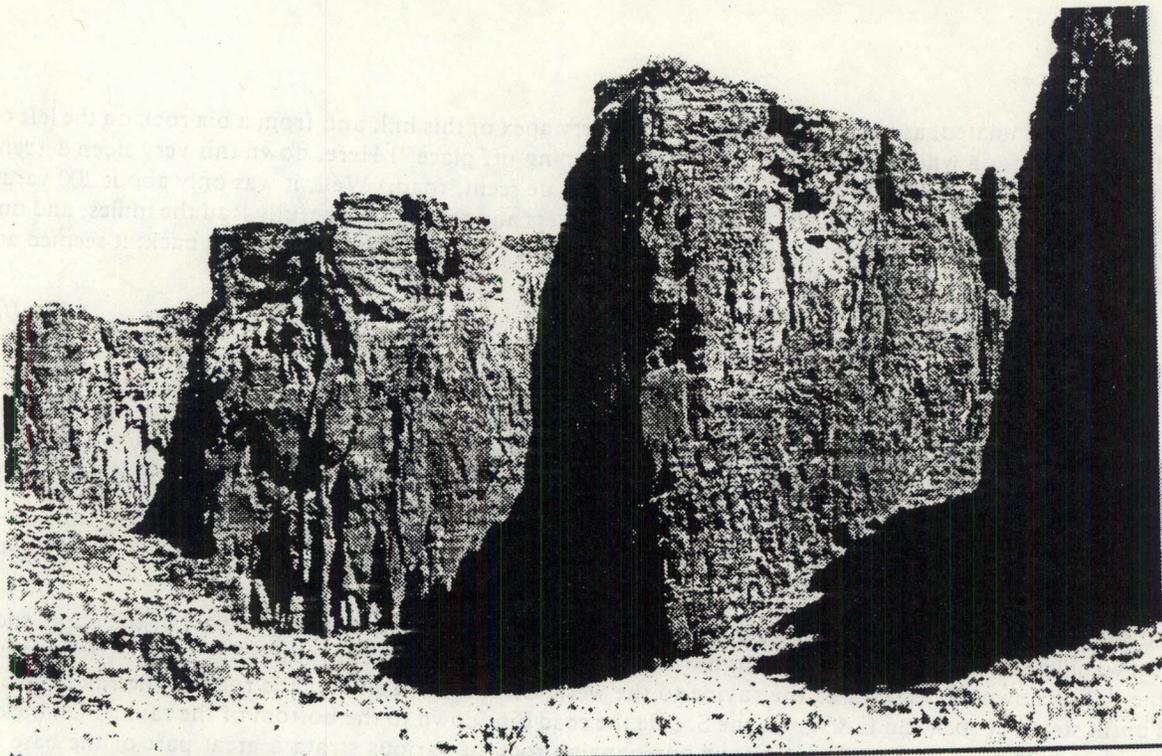
Bruff, 1849.

LOWER HIGH ROCK CANYON.

Approximate Location: NE 1/4 of SW 1/4, Section 1, T.39N., R.23E.

Marker Inscription:

LOWER HIGH ROCK CANYON
APPLEGATE TRAIL, 1846 LASSEN TRAIL, 1848
FREMONT EXPEDITION ROUTE, 1843



Historical References:

The road turned due west, over a sand hill and sage plain, and after traveling four miles, we came to the entrance of one of the most remarkable curiosities among the mountains. It was a canyon, or narrow, rocky pass through the mountains, just wide enough for a smooth, level road, with intervals of space occasionally, to afford grass and water. On each side were walls of perpendicular rock, four or five hundred feet high, or mountains so steep that the ascent was either impossible or extremely difficult. From this main avenue lateral canyons frequently diverged, and upon ascending a mountain, with much labor, the traveler reached a desert mountain plain above, where his progress was likely to be suddenly impeded by finding himself on the brink of a narrow chasm, one hundred or more feet deep, having its own branches and ramifications, sometimes extending quite through the hill to a basin, or open space among the high hills. Without this singular avenue, a passage across the mountains in this vicinity would have been impossible, and it seemed as if providence, foreseeing the wants of his creatures, had in mercy opened this strange path, by which they could extricate themselves from destruction and death.

Delano, 1849

Oct. 1. This ravine has a valley of more than 200 yards wide at its east entrance and there is a large dry bed for a stream to run in the rainy season, I suppose. Fine porous honey comb cinders polished and plenty just like the cellular parts of the end of large fractured bones, are to be seen in the bed of this dry creek. There is some bunch grass (nearly as coarse as rushes) a little further on in this narrow valley which soon contracts. The face of the rock on the south side is covered with a yellowish thing like spots or mildew, except in some small places where the rock has recently split off. The north side always exposed to the sun is of a pure deep dirty red . . . A Feather bed has been emptied in this pass.—about 1 mile into this pass or ravine it becomes wider and there is more coarse bunch grass; there are also two small wells dug in a deep hollow or hole in the bed of the dry creek. The wells are not above 18 inches deep and stand about half full of water.

Middleton, 1849.

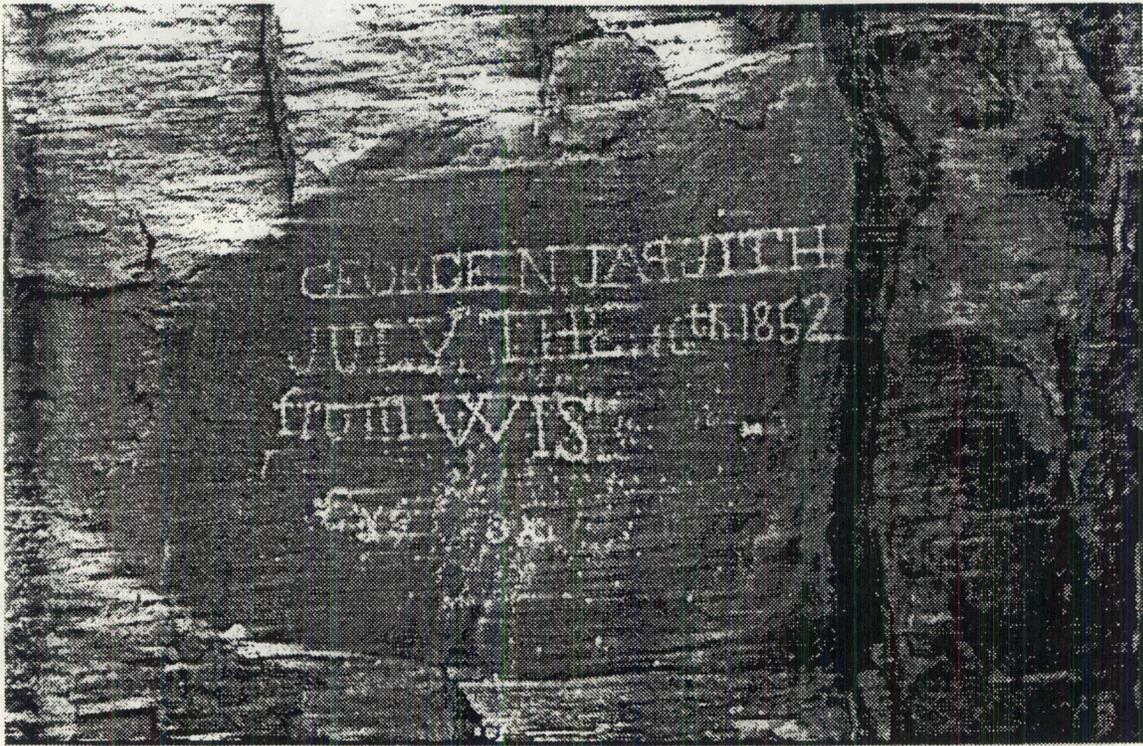
Register Rock and Cave Area:

Dec. 30. We had descended rapidly, and here we found very little snow. On both sides the mountains showed often stupendous and curious rocks, which at several places so narrowed the valley, that scarcely a pass was left for the camp. It was a singular place to travel through—shut up in the earth, a sort of chasm, the little strip of grass under our feet, the rough walls of bare rock on either hand, and the narrow strip of sky above. The grass tonight was abundant and we encamped in high spirits.

Fremont, 1843.

Sept. 26. In the face of the perpendicular wall of the right side, at base, is a singular cave, just where the road quirks right and then left—in a short bend. The entrance is a low flat arch, 4 ft. high, in the center, about 25 ft. spring; the chamber oval, and vaulted ceiling: 12 ft. high, (deepest) 35 ft. long, and 18 ft. broad. Much smoked inside. Level earth floor, much covered with fragments from the ceiling. Names and dates scratched all over the outer wall around the mouth of the cave, and numbers within. I wrote the name of the company and date of passing, signed it, and pinned it up in the roof of this grotto. The part of the wall in which this cave is, gave name to the cañon: (High Rock) as over the cave it rises in a vast spire, I judge to be 400 feet high . . .

Bruff, 1849.



Mahogany Canyon:

Sept. 26. 2 3/4 miles brought us out into the grassy area I had previously inspected. From cañon, across a grassy level, with pretty rill on left,—(sinks in the earth close by) probably 200 yards, and we reached a tall gateway of volcanic rock.—Road sweeping around to the right, entering a continuation of High Rock Cañon, where it expands to a large gorge; and a slight trail, turning left, led us into the rocky gateway, passing which, the plain spread out into a beautiful grass plot, of probably 3/4 mile circuit.—An irregular oval, and surrounded by immense walls and masses of dark volcanic rocks. In the center of this beautiful nook, was a small circular spring, about 2 ft. deep, and with white sand bottom; the water clear and cool as ice.—It fed a rill which spread out into a marsh and considerable brook, and then, in about 3/4 mile was lost amongst rocks and sand.

Sept. 27. Held a meeting to inflict penalties for guard and other delinquencies, and to consider an application from 2 members of the Company, and of a mess, who produced much disturbance in the company, and were disposed to do any thing but right. This application, respectfully written, from 2 of the most obnoxious men in the company, prayed that we would grant them the 2 lead mules of their wagon, (mediocre animals) 6 days rations of bread, and a full discharge from the company. Some members were opposed to it at first, as a bad precedent, but when I told them how cheaply we should thus rid ourselves of these troublesome fellows, and that it must be a peculiar case, expressly for that, and no other occasion, it unanimously passed, with 3 cheers.—Such was the company's opinion of the men, and such their joy at the riddance . . .

At night the disaffected gang, or 5 of them, stole the wine, reserved for medical purposes, and a conceited ass of a fellow, who aspired to command, told them that the company was too large, and it should be divided in 2 separate commands.—2 of these men were the fellows we got rid of with cheers. They turned the bung of the keg down and swore the wine leaked out, though I noticed great laughter and hilarity in their wagons at night.

Bruff, 1849.



Devil's Gate and Forks of High Rock Canyon:

On the morning of July 11, we again entered the gorge and traveled ten or twelve miles to a place where the stream formed quite a pool, and nooned. At this season, the stream ran no further than the pool. Here another canyon comes in from the north, and at the junction there is quite an area of level ground—perhaps two acres—mostly meadow, forming an excellent camping place . . . In many places, the cliffs on either side towered to a height of several hundred feet, and, in some places actually overhung the chasm. Those overhanging cliffs afforded excellent sheltering places for the Indians, and the signs betokened that it was a great place of resort for them. Sage hens and rabbits were plentiful, also mountain sheep, but the latter were so wild that we did not succeed in killing any of them.

Lindsay Applegate, 1846.

Oct. 1. This forenoon the camp is still and all are resting as are the teams, which are feeding on tall, coarse grass which grows thick and some of it very high, say six feet. It is perfectly ripe and dry, but standing upright. From the fact of there being no rain during the summer months in this region, the grass retains considerable of its nutriment, though bleached very badly by the sun. The teams look poorly. They have got rid of the bloat caused by the alkali, but are very weak.

The sides of the canyon are here very high and rise from the level canyon floor eight hundred to twelve hundred feet. They appear to have been tumbled together in one great confused mass when in a half-liquid state, for many of the rocks seem composed of thin layers which are bent in every way and would be well represented by a mass of molasses candy, laid in layers and bent and twisted when warm and allowed to cool in that form.

Our water here is excellent, and I am growing better fast.

Swain, 1849.

Oct. 2. This [rift] is long, high and very magnificent, with the dry bed of a goodly creek through it. We soon ascend over some fallen rubbish of rock, many of which are large blocks and quickly descend to the same level into a small expanded valley or oasis, as if once a circular Crater. Make a semicircle to the west thru this oasis and enter the jaws of a rent hill of black red rock which seems to have opened as if to swallow one up. In the process of roasting or the upheaving of the rock, in places it is twisted like pliable deigh; very much like enormous knots in mahogany wood in some places—in slatey rock it is like twisted or wrinkled paper. The rock in the inside of the jaws is very high (the walls) and perpendicular; overhang a little on the north side. Room for a broad road, the creek, and a little more. The voice ahead, calling on the cattle, sounds as in a grand sounding church, whilst I am in the jaws and he is out of them ahead.

Middleton, 1849.

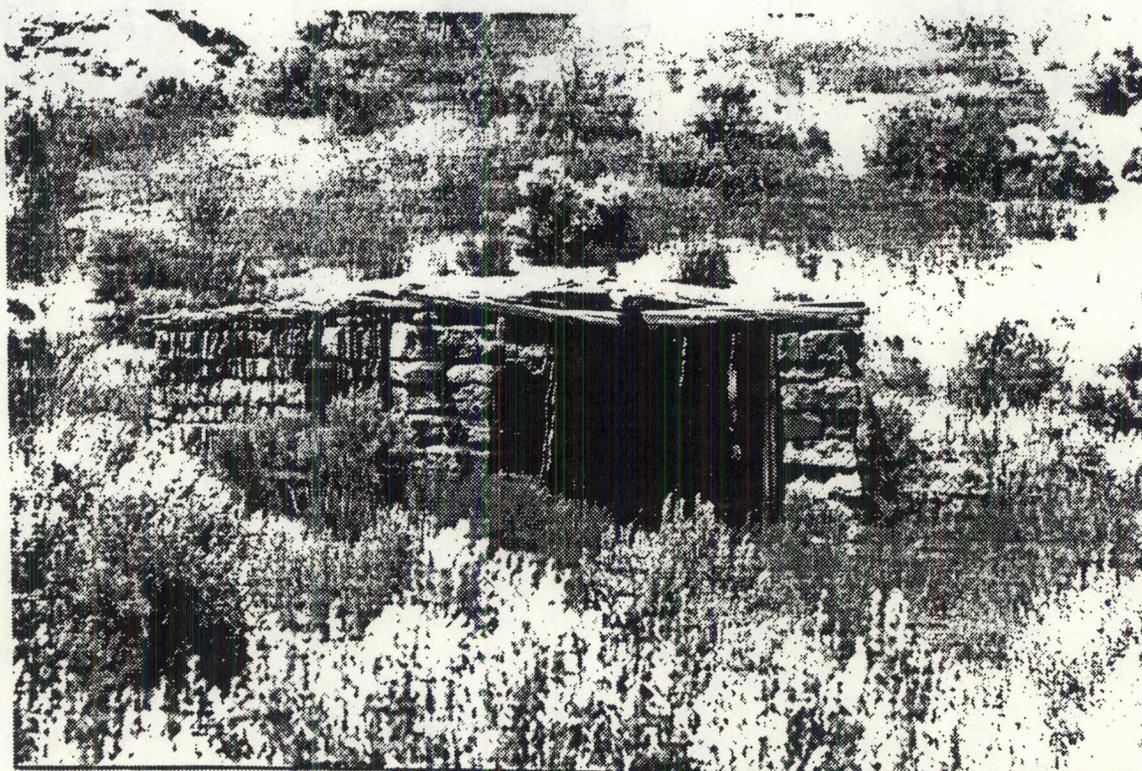
Yellow Rock Canyon Area:

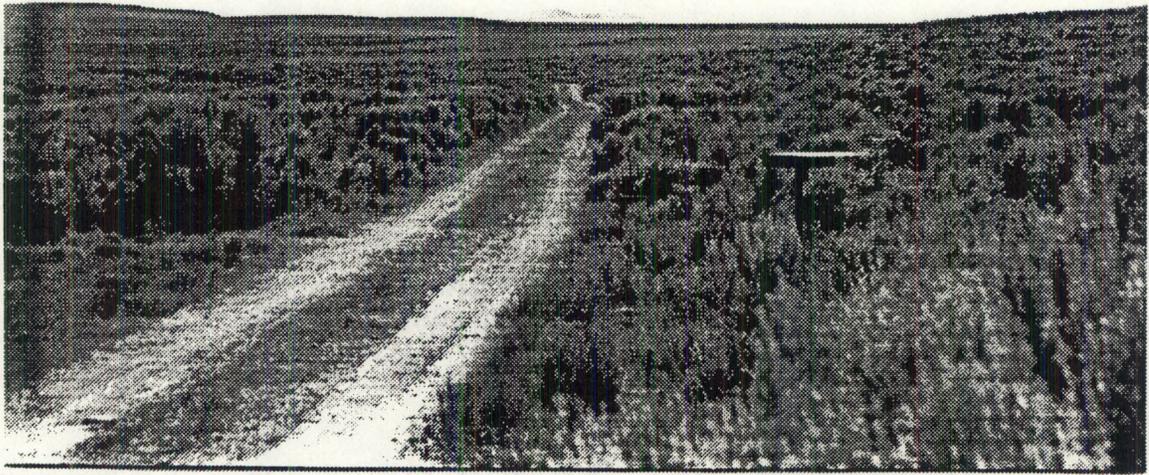
Sept. 28. Left camp in canyon at 7 1/2 A.M. and through another very remarkable canyon ten miles long hemmed in by perpendicular walls of several hundred feet high of every form size and colour—Sometime the passage would not exceed 50 feet from rock to rock, then again widening to some 2 or 3 hundred—Some of these mountains were covered with yellow ore; others with a greenish earth others looked as if they were just out of a furnace perfectly black showing conclusively their volcanic origins. Some presented several shades of colour indicating the different stratum of stone of which they were composed. I recognized lime sandstone and marble.

Austin, 1849.

Oct. 2. Poor looking currant bushes are seen straggling and growing among the willows. Several pools of water for cattle opposite the yellow clay bank. All along the strath there is grass and pools of water in the dry creek for cattle. There is a bank or stratum of yellow on the S. side also, some of which has been burnt and at this distance seems to make good chrysaline columns of light red rock—a large one is disjointed, and has slid down a piece. It does not seem to have been effectually burnt to the bottom; nor does any of it seem to have undergone the intensive heat which has generally prevailed.

Middleton, 1849.





Historical References:

Stevens Spring:

Sept. 13. Two miles brought us to the head of the small Marshy Valley in which we encamped. Here is one of the finest Springs on the road. Situated 250 yards to the north on the side of the mountain a stream of pure cold water gushes out sufficient in size to run a mill. The water spread over the valley.

Doyle, 1849.

Sept. 28. I walked up to examine the spring,—following its meandering streamlet up. The ascent was considerable, and about 400 yards from the road. Tall grass and willows, with small cotton-wood, marked the line of this rill; and granitic [granitic] blocks were picturesquely piled about. When I reached the Mountain Spring I was delighted:—A pool, at the base of a large rock, circular margin of pebble-stones, pebbly bottom, and the clearest, coolest, and sweetest water I ever drank. The beautiful reservoir was supplied by a large fountain, gushing from a fissure in the large block above it, and delightfully shaded by a surrounding grove of willows and poplars . . . After slaking my thirst in this limpid and romantic fountain, I clambered higher up, following hollows, filled with grass and wild rose bushes, till I gained the highest part,—on the edge of the deep narrow canyon, through which we had yet to wend our rugged and devious way; and looked down with astonishment,—that such a pass could be practicable for wagons.

Bruff, 1849.

Oct. 3. The Wolverines threw away here 1 pr. Blacksmith's bellows, large anvil, large viel and some other blacksmith tools, a bar of cast steel, 5 ft. long and 1 inch square, 7 large iron bound casks, 1 iron bound 10 gal. keg, large rake, some log chains, old saddle and perhaps some other things. My Co. took the bar of cast steel, and threw away a 10 gal. keg as we had two, having picked up one to carry water over the desert. We are out of bacon for some days, and now live on bread and boiled beans and charred coffee without sugar. We have dried apples and peaches in good quantity but seldom boil or stew any.

Middleton, 1849.

Upper High Rock Canyon:

Sept. 13. At this point we entered a narrow rocky Canyon 2 miles in length which is the worst and most dangerous piece of road yet passed. In some places barely wide enough for a wagon to pass, and over rock from 1 to 3 feet through. Two wagons were broken in passing through it which caused considerable delay. The broken axles were supplied from wagons otherwise damaged and left. 2 wheels were also supplied in like manner.

Doyle, 1849.

Sept. 29. Started early. When we reached the entrance to the cañon,—turning short to the right, we found that generally the bed of the stream was unavoidably the line of travel through this very rugged mountain pass. This pass, trail there was none—was filled with stum[p]s of cotton-wood trees, large, fallen trees, stones and rocks of every size, dead cattle, broken wagons and carts, wheels, axles, tires, yokes, chains, &c &c.—testimonials of its difficult character. Occasionally, a small grassy bottom, or a level earth ledge, on either side, gave the poor animals some chance—to rest and blow. Trees—principally cotton-wood, and quaken Aspen, grew closely in the cañon, where not cut away for the travel, and those cut layed where they fell, the tops still green; the grass where the trail ran was barely broke down, so recent has this route been—Thank Jupiter! This incomparable (road) route, was only about 2 miles through!

Bruff, 1849.

UPPER HIGH ROCK CANYON.

Approximate Location: SE 1/4 of NE 1/4, Section 13, T.41N., R.22E.

Marker Inscription:

UPPER HIGH ROCK CANYON
APPLEGATE TRAIL, 1846 LASSEN TRAIL, 1848
FREMONT EXPEDITION ROUTE, 1843

Historical References:

Sept. 13. The canyon seem to widen out and its sublime bluffs which had been so beautiful until now seemed to be converted into low sand hills. We left one horse to day as he had become so weak that it was almost impossible to get him along as he would fall every time he past over a rough place in the road and then have to be lifted up again so we left him to perish which we feared would be the case with all in a short time . . . Sept. 14. . . . we again harnessed our skeletons of horses as they might be called for they began to look like the last end of hard times and drove on some two miles when we came to number of wells and found some tolerably good grass as the canyon here widened out to the distance of 1/4 of a mile or more. The bluffs also seemed to be converted into low hills which were covered with sage and grease wood which answered in the place of wood . . . we knew that we much either loose a great deal of our property now by throwing it away or loose all our teams soon with provisions clothing and every thing else if we did not do something to help our horses so we all agreed to throw away everything that we did not actually stand in need of and there were several who waited to throw away all the tools but this was opposed by C. C-&H. Buckner both of who had now begun to show dispositions to rule. So we overhauled our wagons and threw away a great many things that we thought might be disposed of but was still compeled to hall 2 or 300 lbs. of tools which never was worth having even when they were first made.

Castleman, 1849.

Sept. 16. This morning we had a flare up. One of my messmates, a whimsicle old man who has been complaining all the time about hardships of the journey and being deprived of the comforts of home, and about having so much to do—if he did one chore a day he thought he did all, his judgement being like glass that magnifies one way, while it diminishes the other, everything he does is magnified while the work of his messmates is viewed from the other way. There are some persons in the company who like to see a fuss and will do anything to get others in one. They found in this man a fine subject and continually tried to exasperate him.

This morning I asked him if he would do a little chore that needed to be done and I had as much to do as it was possible for me to attend to. He flatly gave me to understand that if I did want it done to do it myself and then he went on with a long story of what he had done. I plainly told him what he had not done. He continued to rage, working up to a fury to the highest pitch, brandishing his fists in a manner that seemed to threaten me with instant annihilation, but when his anger was at his highest pitch, I coolly drew a pistol from by belt and let him look into the hollow end, which had the same effect on the worthy hero that throwing water does on a frightened dog.

Jewett, 1849.

STEVENS CAMP—UPPER HIGH ROCK CANYON

Approximate Location: NW 1/4 of NW 1/4, Section 10, T.41N., R.22E.

Marker Inscription:

STEVENS CAMP—UPPER HIGH ROCK CANYON
APPLEGATE TRAIL TO OREGON 1846
LASSEN TRAIL TO CALIFORNIA 1848

Sept. 17. . . . the valley seemed to close in on us and we traveled some four miles and most impassable canyon many places being blockaded with horses and cattle that had either perished in the mire or fallen over some stone and was unable to get up again. I think we passed more than fifty dead beast here in less than two miles. Some had been left harnessed or yoked as there owners would become disheartened and would walk off and leave them.

Castleman, 1849.

Oct. 3. . . . in 1/4 mile enter what I suppose is little mountain pass. Trees of the cottonwood kind as thick as the leg or thigh seen here for the first time trees for many weeks. A stream (brook) runs through this to the east. Dead mare in the entrance of the pass. This is another volcanic rift—perpendicular vitrified walls of dark coloured rock. This is a rough narrow road up the bed of this stream which is stoney and muddy—not a shadow of a valley—the debris down from the perpendicular walls meet at the bottom. Trees and willows growing in the pass on the edge of the brook . . . The walls are very high in most of the pass and the debris does not always come down to entirely destroy all the bottom, but then it is encumbered with enormous stones. The general appearance of the face of the walls shew a coarse basaltic appearance, but in some places, very fine basaltic columns. The wind blows cold in the floor in this pass.

Middleton, 1849.

Gerlach - Empire
Regul Park

Appx 5mi N. of Gerlach
Group Camping ?

Gerlach to Vya	81 m
Vya to Stevens	23 m
(gas) Vya to Cedarville	19 m
Wadsworth to Gerlach	75 m
Gerlach to Stevens	104 m
total - Wadsworth to Stevens	179 m

The valley seemed to close in on us and we traveled until our feet were tired and our spirits were low. The valley was so narrow and the hills so high that it seemed as if we were in a trap. We were unable to go any further and had to turn back. The valley was so narrow and the hills so high that it seemed as if we were in a trap. We were unable to go any further and had to turn back.

Castroville, 1849

On the 14th of the month, I started on a mountain pass. The pass was very high and the hills were very steep. The wind was very high and the hills were very steep. The wind was very high and the hills were very steep. The wind was very high and the hills were very steep. The wind was very high and the hills were very steep.

Mission, 1849

Carlock - Empire
Royal Fork

Appx 2 mi. N. of Carlock
Great Canyon

Carlock to Lya - 81 m
Lya to Stevens - 23 m
(pos) Lya to Coburnville - 19 m
Coburnville to Carlock - 75 m
Carlock to Stevens - 104 m
Total - Coburnville to Stevens - 129 m