

1.  
\* *Monache Tour ... '1925.'* ..

~ *Our camp was in Manache Meadows* ~

*Rena..*

*...my horse, Billy.*



*'1925'.. by: Rena Beth Moore*

*Beautiful Monache, surrounded by timbered slopes and granite peaks; a green mountain meadow, 9,410 feet above sea level, where cattle grazed and drank from snow-fed streams. A picturesque scene from any point.*

*We rode in from the north trail, and edged the meadow toward a log cabin along tall pines. As we approached the corral a young cowboy came to meet us, to take care of the horses and pack mules.*

*George Brown, owner of the cabin, and the cattle, dismounted and introduced us to this smiling young man. Catherine Baily, daughter of the superintendent of the Cartago Chemical Corporation, and her fiance, Joe Parker, and myself, chaperone! It was '1925,' and we were all on a week's ..>>>*

*\*with .. \*Brown, \*Bailey & \*Parker.*



*\*Catherine...*

*and*

*Rena Moore..>*



*cont..>>....horseback tour of the southern high country of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.*

*George Brown was our host and guide, as he had known that section of the Sierra's since boyhood. He knew the trails and the most interesting places to show us.*

*Catherine and Joe were college students home to Cartago for the summer. Cartago was a 'plant town' three miles north of Olancho, where George Brown had his ranch. The next nearest town to Cartago was Lone Pine, twenty-three miles north. Situated on the western shores of Owen's Lake ..Cartago was not a place of much interest to young people, so, Catherine's Dad had suggested this..>>>*

3.

>>'Manache Tour' ... Living the  
Life ...!



~~~~~  
'1925'.

~~~~~

..>>>Mountain tour...

Just about everyone in Inyo County knew how I enjoyed the mountains, so I was asked to join the tour as a chaperone! .. And I was delighted!

My mother was visiting in Cartago, as I had two younger brothers working there, so she offered to look after my two baby boys, which solved my only problem.

George Brown occasionally rode in to Manache during the summer to check on the cattle and the two young men who stayed there, often giving them a few days to ride out for a visit home, while he enjoyed a high country rest. He was a thoughtful and friendly man and a perfect host. And a fantastic cook! He enjoyed cooking, and insisted on preparing every meal, and they were all delicious! Not only did he insist on doing all the cooking, he wished to preform his magic...>>>

..>> alone in the kitchen, and encouraged us to relax in the hammocks under the pines until the meal was ready. So, we did .. without any coaxing !

One of the two packed mules , George brought in with us was loaded with food, fresh vegetables and fruit from his ranch, and two homemade cherry pies ! One the other mule was our luggage, and a few things the boys boys folks had sent up. If you are wondering how he carried two pies up into the mountains on a mule, it's simple. He covered each pie with an empty pie tin, upside down, wrapped it in a dishtowel, and placed it in a shallow cardboard box ....and they arrived in perfect condition.

The cabin was definitely a man's retreat, comfortable with no frills, just gun racks and deer horns adorned the walls; Indian rugs and blankets were the only colorful things except the bright patchwork quilt on the bed in the guest room, inwhich Catherine and I shared.

Our first all day ride was to Jordan Hot Springs. We traveled through patches of unspoiled wilderness, over wooded ridges..>>>

..... cont.. \*Monache Tour .....

.....>> and through fragrant, piny forests, under a blue, cloudless sky .. stopping at a picturesque point along Snake Creek for lunch. Jordan Hot Springs is a perfect vacation spot in a wooded cove among giant cedar and pine trees, at an elevation of 6,680 feet. Nine Mile Creek meanders through the camp, and Kern River is near by.

We enjoyed natural hot mineral baths, and tasted some pure water from a soda spring (ugh) which is supposed to be very healthful.

We were late leaving there, but, arrived back at George's cabin before summer darkness set in, tired and hungry. It only took minutes for George to get a meal together, as the boys had a big fire going in the kitchen range, and and a large teakettle of water boiling.

The next day we hiked around the surrounding countryside ..and down to the south fork of Kern River, where Joe and George fished awhile. Catherine and I did some exploring, and went wading in a shallow place in the curve of a tiny side stream. We frightened a bobcat from his sunning rock, to eat our lunch on it! He did'nt seem to ...>>>



....>>mind too much, and probably had enough spying on us anyhow.

Touring around the high country is most rewarding, on foot or horseback, and the days slipped by too quickly. The day we rode to Templeton Meadows was unforgettable. We found the day crammed full of exciting scenery, and had several glimpses of wildlife along the way. We met two packtrains and another group of horseback riders just plugging along like we were.

The solitude and serenity of the day was was not disturbed all the way back to Monache and we truly enjoyed it. Dinner was climaxed with the most delicious slice of cake I ever ate! George baked it and completely smothered it with whipped cream between the layers and all over it!

We had fresh milk every meal because the boys kept a milk cow in a pasture near the cabin, and they even churned butter! One day while George was out checking on the cattle, Joe dozed in the hammock and Catherine shampooed her hair, I wandered off down an interesting trail, and .....>>>





*\*Monache Tour.....' 1925.'*

*...>>walked farther than I realized  
until the sun was almost setting.*

*when I scampered across the meadow  
and into the cabin .. everyone was about to sit down  
to dinner. Their glances were more or less questioning,  
until Joe remarked, ' Some chaperone you are !' ..  
then everyone laughed,  
and I explained how it was.*

*Our week was over all too soon. But, it certainly  
was not soon forgotten, by me at least. After some  
forty-eight years, I can still remember almost every  
incident, and many other high-country adventures  
that- I enjoyed in the  
marvelous and primitive world know as the*

*\*Sierra Nevada Mountains !*

*\*Monache...*

*Rena Moore,*



*Catherine Baily, 1925.*



*Rena B. Moore, 1925.  
\*Monache, Geo. Brown's Cabin.*

*\*Catherine Baily & \*Rena Moore, \*Geo. Brown's, cabin.*