IDAHO ADVENTURE MOTORCYCLE CLUB NEWSLETTER

August 2012 "Discover Adventure Together" Issue #4

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Fishing off your Bike

by Heath Hiatt

Prior to picking up Adventure Riding as a hobby, my favorite extracurricular activity was fishing. Growing up I fished almost every day at a pond near my house and more remotely with friends and family almost every weekend. Moving out to Idaho from Indiana when I was 17 really expanded my fishing horizons, opening up several new methods of fishing and a whole new array of fish to catch… but the distances involved made it tougher for me to get out. When I started getting involved in riding, it seemed like a great way to get where I was going, but the complexity of the tackle I was used to packing made it difficult. Eventually I just gave up fishing all together to focus on riding.

Tenkara fly rods.

The problem is, the time we spend on motorcycles takes us by so many great fishing waters, it seems a shame to miss the opportunity. The problem was that I was riding to fish – just using the bike as transportation, which doesn't work particularly well when you're hauling a 9'6" fly rod that breaks down into two sections, waders, boots, a float tube, vest, fins, and everything you need to camp. It's simply not practical to pack that way. I eventually broke down and bought a Stowaway fly rod from Cabela's and carried that on several rides. I only used it sporadically, but I always had a great time getting out on the stream for a few minutes after a ride. My move over time toward lighter and faster riding virtually eliminated my chance to fish.

I recently discovered Tenkara fishing while browsing an online shop, and it instantly struck me how well it would work with motorcycling. Tenkara is a form of Japanese fly fishing which uses a telescoping rod, level fishing rod, short tippet and no reel, which tends to be the heaviest and most complex piece of fishing equipment in anyone's fishing arsenal. I picked up a Diawa Kiyose from www.tenkarabum.com for around $130 . The rod collapses to 15.5", weighs 2.3oz and is 11' long. Coupled with a 12' line and a 4' tippet, I have

an effective casting range of about 25' – plenty to pick up most pockets and holes in the mountain streams of Idaho. Because there is no reel, it only takes a few seconds to set up and get ready to throw out a line.

My first outing with the rod lasted about ten minutes, but in that time I landed two nice fish out of the South Fork of the Boise. I carry a small fly box with a few patterns and one extra line, so my "tackle" is about the size of a digital camera. Everything fits in my hydration pack and is there if I ever want to use it. There's quite a bit of nonsense out on the internet about what "Tenkara" is and isn't, with some people advocating for strict adherence to a set of rules, but frankly this rod is an amazing fishing tool regardless of what line you cast.

The collapsed Daiwa Kiyose is short enough to fit inside a modest backpack.[1]

Cabela's Stowaway 6/Prestige Plus Fly Combo. [2]

I'm pretty impressed with Tenkara fishing, but it's not the end-all, be-all of fishing off a bike. I still have my Cabela's Stowaway fly rod, and it's a great option for fishing off the bike that is quite a bit more flexible than my Tenkara outfit in terms of casting range. This, coupled with a few small flies, could keep you entertained for quite a while on a long evening. They pack down to about 20" with the included carrying case and only weigh a couple of pounds with everything you'd need. I found this rod didn't cast as cleanly as my two piece handmade rod, but it was still very serviceable and did everything I asked of it. There are other options for pack-down fly rods out there, but I don't think any match the price to quality ratio as well as this setup does.

Spin fisherman have it even better! There are several pack down spinning rods on the market that can be had for under $40. I've used these in the past and found the quality to be questionable, but for a brief diversion after dinner and before dark, they could be very entertaining. Both Eagle Claw and Shakespeare make telescoping rods that are very affordable although you tend to get what you pay for. L. L. Bean and Okuma build higher-end pack down rods that can be had for $60-$200, depending on the model. Again, a few spinners, spoons, hooks and split shot are all that would be necessary to catch a few fish for fun or dinner.

I decided to write this article to spread a little bit of information about what's out there and to get people thinking about the possibilities we have to fish while riding. In the small amount of time I've spent on the bike this summer I've been around some absolutely world-class fishing water and I can remember literally hundreds of missed opportunities to wet a line over the last few years. I think the biggest and most important thing is having the proper mindset: Packing a huge tackle box with half a dozen rods and waders isn't practical to do from a motorcycle, but with one rod and a few basic lures or flies, you can open up many evenings of fun and can bring new life into the sport. And maybe save a little weight on packing food too.

Shakespeare Collapsible Spinning Rod and Reel.

Notes:

1. Diawa Kiyose fishing pole. http://www.tenkarabum.com/daiwa-kiyose.html

2. Cabela's Stowaway 6/Prestige Plus Fly Combo.
http://www.cabelas.com/product/Fishing/Rod-Reel-Combos/Fly-Fishing-Rod-Reel-Combos%7C/pc/104793480/c/104762880/sc/105571980/Cabelas-Stowaway-6Prestige-Plus-Fly-Combo/711859.uts?destination=%2Fcatalog%2Fbrowse%2Ffishing-rod-reel-combos-fly-fishing-rod-reel-combos%2F_%2FN-1104843%2FNs-CATEGORY_SEQ_105571980%3FWTz_l%3DSBC%253Bcat104793480%253Bcat104762880&WTz_l=SBC%3Bcat104793480%3Bcat104762880%3Bcat105571980

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Sept 2011-January 2012

THE VOYAGE

MY THREE MONTHS SOUTH OF THE BORDER ON TWO WHEELS...

BY: Samuel Stone

Part III

OK, so I flew back into Oaxaca after a wonderful wedding and now let's get this ride on with.

Radioman, was real happy to see me as he has truly was immersed in the spanish language; not to mention I brought back several electronic devices for him. We spent another day touring around the next day to the Ruins of Monte Albon Which was indeed impressive but paled in comparison to what was to come. We Packed up and after being off the bike for about ten days I was truly recharged and ready to hit the road again, so was Mark.

Before I move on I would like to give a great shout out to the good folks at the "Maela Hotel" in downtown Oaxaca. They let me park my bike on the premises and stored all my baggage and riding equipment at no charge.

If you ever find yourself in the area I can highly recommend These Folks.

Maela Hotel
www.mexonline.com/maela.htm

ZIPOLITE, MX

What can I say, something one must experience.

As we rode out of the city I could feel the pulse of the traffic, even in it's appearance of chaos , I embraced it; just utilize your horn for Hi, move over, coming through, you wait just a danged minute, etc, etc.

We started heading back down into the tropical coastal and humid climates.... let the sweating begin! We traveled MX 175 for around 130 miles depositing us on the outskirts of Puerto Angel, it was somewhere around here we had heard of the famed Playa Zipolite. You see it's not really on the maps as it's not a true pueblo, but a place (beach) of about 2 kilometers long famed for clothes optional.

After a couple of missed turns and stopping to ask "Donde esta Zipolite" all got were that devilish quirky smile from the locals... Humm

We found a really nice hidden away almost lost in the sixties place of which the name just seems to slip me. We had nets over our beds and only cold running water but trust me it's all you needed, as it hovered in the 90's with humidity in the 90's, but oh my what a beautiful place; the sights I witnessed well enough said. I know what your thinking.... "when in Rome", well no! Beside I think had I gone native there would have been screaming and running from the beach and eye gouging . Us poor old PNW boys couldn't take it so we moved on towards higher and cooler ground, and so it was off to San Christobal De las Casas.

We arrived the next afternoon and the ride was wonderful with exception of a section of a place known as the windy place, with thousands of wind driven power generators; boy they picked the right place for it.

What a marvelous city! A friendly place and very trendy with a mix of old and new, well blended Know for jazz, and the influence of indigenous peoples of mayan decent; very pronounced features, alas they are treated as second class citizens, oh but the handiwork is of the highest quality.

It seems the farther south we go the more open are and much less reserved. I can say with some amount of certianty that the States of Oaxaca and Chiapas are the best! We spent three days here touring around and taking it all in, time and time again we interacted with Mexicans wanting to engage in practicing their english.

Another notable observation is rather large influx of emigrants from Europe and southwest Asia. There is a potpourri of culture here as ate in a Palestinian Restaurant OMG good, Found a French coffee cafe, etc. Many Expatriates here. We stayed in a Hostel that seemed to be a hub of interesting travelers, young and old alike, married couples and single. We would sit around and converse about life with perspectives from France, Italy, Germany, Australia, UK, Russia, Denmark.

SAN CHRISTOBAL

It's Happening here

One thing I can say is the night life here makes us North of the Border whimps, as they party and eat all night long.....

PALENQUE

... A very moving OMG place

As much as I'd like to, I just can't seem to put in works how this place impacted me. As the history unfolds by the excellent narrative of our guide..... well..... I just moved. There demise is also interesting about 700 years ago.

We spent... as memory serves me, three days here and to leave was a bit of bitter sweet, alas, we must keep moving on. I very much enjoyed the cooler weather and relatively low humidity and friendly people.

It was so cool the morning of departure we had to break out our jackets and put liners in the riding pants..... Well, that didn't last long. We had some 130 ish miles to our new destination, which everyone said is a must see.

It funny because just before writing this last segment I had read on CNN (online) a little blurb about the 27 places in the world that are a must see, I had to chuckle, as Palenque was on the list and having been there, I concur wholeheartedly.

Palenque is nestled in the hot steamy tropical forest relativity close to Guatemala. I have no words except that it should be experienced this one and Tikal.

We joined a group of internationals where we would split out the fee for a guide; luck would have it he spoke good english and was well worth the money (about 8USD) Only 14 percent of the place is excavated what looks like mountains or large hills are actually building that the jungle has reclaimed. While walking around the rainforest listening to the Howler Monkeys wailing away I couldn't help but think of Kipling's "Jungle Book" Brought a mile to my face.

This is a magical Place.

PLAYA DE CARMEN, QUINTANA ROO

Yes he is really wearing the hat

After a two day lay over in the steamy tropically encrusted Palenque, it was time to move on.

One thing I sort of regret is we met up with the Ozzies and Dougie from Canterbury again but I didn't think to get any pictures, especially of the evening entertainment of fire dancers working the audience.

As many of you are aware Mark "Radioman" is heading south on a RTW ride, which so many jump on the Pan-American making the run south, but I managed to convince him to jump off and come with me to Playa De Carmen. The intent was to spend a couple days..... we left 6 days later!

I can't say enough about this place, and while it is touristy and catered by mostly Europeans, it is the most expensive of our journey thus far. That said, it affordable in comparison to when I lived in Hawaii.

I think I love the state of Quintana Roo.

It's a dirty job, someone's gotta do it

INTO BELIZE

Belize, you may or may not be aware that this is a former British holding, formally known as British Honduras. It was nice to cross the border and see signs in english not to mention the english language being spoken. I would like to note Belizeans are bilingual.

A beautiful country, with a diversity of ethnicity as the Brit's brought folks from all over the world to work the fields, they've assimilated into a unique culture. Wonderfully friendly people.

It was at this time I Mark and I decided to go our separate ways He on south and me to start the journey north.

It has been a life experience.

REFLECTION

I have been attempting to consolidate my thoughts..... easier said than done, I assure you. I can say for certain how much the road/ travel sets your soul free, and how much all your material collections seem to fade in a mist of memories, as I soon found I can live quite well without. I felt much like a modern day cowboy, only my steed was made out of steel, aluminum, plastic and rubber with my saddle of vinyl. At first I embarked with giddiness and wonderment only to be followed with a bit of apprehension to be accompanied with a slight case of tribulation, only because of the negativity of the wrought dangers awaiting me. This too soon passed as I settled into a rhythm while passing through the many miles of emptiness and uncountable nameless towns and Pueblos. As I passed through, I had come to realize I have been force fed a media of misinformation... what I witnessed was a wonderful world of people sharing the same dreams as I.

For lack of any better works I'd like to just share some quotes:

"However well organized the foundations of life may be, life must always be full of risks."
- Havelock Ellis

"All life is a chance. So take it! The person who goes furthest is the one who is willing to do and dare."
- Dale Carnegie

"The journey is the reward."
- Tao saying

"It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive."
- Robert Louis Stevenson"

Just Do It !

My entire ride report/blog loaded with hundreds of pictures and narratives can be viewed here:

http://www.advrider.com/forums/showthread.php?t=727235

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2012 Southern Challenge Sites

by Craig O. Olsen

July 18, 2012: Well, I am off to my usual late start of visiting the 2012 IAMC Challenge Sites. On a bike trip to St. George, Utah, for my niece's wedding, I visited my first one.

About 10 miles northwest of Wells, Nevada, as the crow flies, is the historical ghost town of **Metropolis (Site #-22)**. Harry L. Pierce, an eastern businessman of Leominster, Massachusetts, created Metropolis, a planned town site intended to be the center of a huge farming district. With the backing of Pierce's Pacific Reclamation Company and investors from Massachusetts and Salt Lake City, 40,000 acres of desert land were purchased in 1910, and P. J. Morgan, a respected Salt Lake City contractor, was hired to build a hundred foot high dam on Bishop Creek about 8 miles east of the planned city. The bulk of the dam comprised 6.5 million broken bricks left over from the San Francisco earthquake of 1906.

Signage on memorial at site of Metropolis.

Dam on Bishop Creek forming the reservoir.

Irrigation canals for the farms and a water distribution system for the town were built. The Southern Pacific Railroad constructed an eight-mile spur from its main line to a newly constructed, elaborate depot. In addition to the depot, the Pacific Reclamation Company built an amusement hall that featured a stage and served as the town's social center, a post office, a school, and a three story, fifty-room elaborate brick hotel complete with an electric generator, central heating and hot and cold running water in every room. The hotel cost $100,000 to construct and was extremely ornate. It had Douglas Fir paneling and a floor made of imported tile. The hotel's first floor housed a bank, barbershop, drugstore and a general store. A gala grand opening took place on December 29, 1911, and dignitaries from all over the west visited Metropolis. The town plot and streets were laid out for an anticipated population of 7,500.

Elaborate three-story brick hotel with modern features for its day.

The ornate Lincoln school opened in 1914.

By the end of 1911 the population had grown to 700. Dry farm land sold at $10 to $15 an acre while irrigated farmland sold at $75 per acre. Town lots sold between $100 and $300.

Unfortunately, Pierce had failed to obtain water rights to Bishop Creek, and the community of Lovelock located some 200 miles down stream on the Humbolt River, sued the Pacific Reclamation Company from using certain creeks in the headwaters of the Humbolt River, thus preventing the impoundment of water behind Bishop Creek Dam, and the reservoir behind it was never filled completely with water. The court only allowed enough water to the farmers of Metropolis to irrigate 4,000 acres. The Pacific Reclamation Company was forced into receivership by 1913 and declared bankruptcy in 1920.

Without sufficient irrigation water, dry farming was tried and was successful at first due to unusually high precipitation that lasted only a few years. 1914 was an exceptionally dry year and the draught continued through 1918. In addition, the settlers killed off marauding coyotes that allowed the jackrabbit population to rise dramatically, and the rabbits systematically ate the wheat. The farmers responded with guns, poison and organized drives, killing thousands of jackrabbits. Infestations of crickets as devastated their crops.

If that wasn't enough, a typhoid epidemic in February 1916 killed many of those who stayed.

Remains of the hotel after it burned in 1936.

All that remains of Lincoln School today.

In 1922 the railroad discontinued service to Metropolis, and by 1924 only 200 people remained. The famed hotel burned down in 1936, the post office closed in 1942, and the school closed in 1947 when the last residents moved out of Metropolis. Many buildings were moved to other locations. The ruins of the hotel and school and a cemetery are all that remain today. [1-5]

Tuscarora (Site #-28) is located about 41 miles northwest of Elko and 39 miles southwest of Mountain City, Nevada. While Metropolis in large part perished from lack of water, Tuscarora had an abundance of water that few Nevada mining towns had. This site traces its origins to July 1867 when a prospecting party that set out from Austin in central Nevada found gold placer deposits along McCann Creek. Charles Benson, a member of that party, suggested naming the new mining district Tuscarora after the United States gunboat of the same name on which he had served during the Civil War. His suggestion was unanimously approved.

Tuscarora as it appears today at the foot of Mount Blitzen.

Welcome sign as you enter Tuscarora. Note the large cricket.

Also among that initial prospecting party, the Beard brothers built an adobe fort for protection against feared Indian attacks that never materialized. A small camp of prospectors formed around the Beard's fort forming the nucleus of Tuscarora.

An old mill site just north of town.

Cemetery below town with old and new graves.

Following completion of the transcontinental railroad, many Chinese workers were attracted to the placer mining during 1869, and they formed a Chinatown adjacent to the camp of Tuscarora. The Chinese were much more efficient at placer mining than their White contemporaries. By 1870 Tuscarora had a population of 119 of which 104 were Chinese and 15 were White.

The frustrated White miners branched out from the placer sites and began prospecting the surrounding hills. In 1871, W. O. Weed discovered silver ore on the slopes of Mount Blitzen, located about two miles north of the original camp. The new and present townsite of Tuscarora was relocated nearby, and by July of that year a post office was established. It closed briefly in October 1872 and was then reopened again in April 1873.

The initial growth of Tuscarora was slowed by the discovery of bigger ore deposits at Cornucopia located about 16 miles to the north that drained off many of the miners. With the discovery of a rich silver vein on Mount Blitzen that became the Grand Deposit Mine in August 1875, miners began flocking to the new Tuscarora town site, and by the summer of 1877 the population had reached 3,000, rivaling Elko as the biggest town in the county.

New businesses, many saloons, a hotel, lodging houses, several stage lines and two news papers sprang up. A jail was built in 1877 though it was not used much. Any serious criminals were always taken to Elko. By 1880 Tuscarora was well established with a school of 140 students and two teachers. In January of that year the Tuscarora Polytechnic Institute opened under the leadership of Professor J. F. Burner. The Tuscarora Jockey Club was organized with admission to the racetrack, located just below town, set at 15 cents. Two brewing companies were built and additional mines were opened in the area.

By the mid 1880s the big mines began to play out and close. Tuscarora's population slipped to less than 1,000 by 1883. Many of the businesses closed, and only the Elko to Tuscarora stage line was left. Tuscarora's population was 669 in 1900 with many leaving during the next few years. The final wooden coach of the Tuscarora to Elko stage line was retired in August 1913.

Since the 1920s, the town's population has remained below 50. Today, Tuscarora is classified as a ghost town even though there are still about 20 people living there. Some of the old buildings are occupied. There are other empty buildings amid newer ones and trailers. The post office is still in operation.

Locked gate on private property, the only way into Cornucopia Mine located about 16 miles north of Tuscarora.

In its heyday from 1870 to 1880 Tuscarora's mines produced about $40,000,000 in silver. [6-8]

Charleston (Site #-24) is next on the list. Charleston is located about 15 miles south-southwest of Jarbidge, Nevada. It was originally named Mardis after George Washington Mardis who discovered placer gold on 76 Creek in 1876.

Mardis's appearance was intimidating, having suffered an accidental mining explosion at Mountain City that took one of his eyes and scarred and blackened one side of his face. Following the accident, he became a bible-quoting preacher. Once while drunk, he got in a fight rendering his opponent unconscious. The crowd convinced him that he had killed the other man, and panicking, he disappeared for a couple weeks. When he learned of the ruse, he never drank again. He had a reputation for honesty, and other miners trusted him to carry their gold to the banks in Elko as he hauled ore from many northern Elko County mines to Deeth.

There were already several other mines in the district that had been active since the early 1870's. The town of Mardis grew quickly and soon contained a number of stores, a hotel, an icehouse and a school. It also had a widespread reputation for lawlessness.

In September 1880 George Washington Mardis was robbed and killed by a Chinese miner while making a trip to Elko carrying miners' gold to deposit as well as $250 to buy supplies for Gold Creek's Chinatown. The town of Mardis faded quickly after his death, and by 1883 only a handful of people remained there. By 1890 the population had grown to 41, and it was renamed Charleston after Tom Charles, a local miner. Again, a number of businesses sprang up in the town. In 1897 a stage line from Deeth, Nevada started up. The fare to Charleston was $3.50.

The old town site of Charleston behind a locked gate.

Current Charleston town site ~ 1/4 mile from the old site.

In 1900 a school opened when the large Pinkard Prunty family with 12 children came to town. Prunty family descendants still occupy the region today. The economy in the region has switched from mining to cattle ranching. Today, the town of Charleston has completely disappeared. Some of the buildings were moved to nearby ranches while others have succumbed to the elements. The once bustling town site is marked only by a couple of foundations, now behind a locked gate on private property approximately a quarter mile south of the currently designated town site. There is considerable evidence of past mining activities in the area, especially north of Charleston along 76 Creek. [9-10]

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One of the few buildings at the current Charleston town site.

Jarbidge (Site #-23) is nestled high (elevation 6,200 feet) in a narrow canyon along the Jarbidge River between the Copper and Jarbidge Mountain ranges about 8 miles south of the Idaho-Nevada border. An unincorporated community in Elko County, Nevada, Jarbidge gets its name from the Shoshone word "Jahabich," which means "devil" - the Shoshone name for the nearby mountains. For the Shoshone, the canyon was the forbidden home of Tasu-hau-bitts, a man-eating giant that roamed the mountains snatching up helpless Shoshones and returning to the canyon to eat them.

Prospectors unsuccessfully explored the canyon in the 1860s and spent a month panning the river for gold but found nothing promising. In the 1880s another prospecting party gave rise to one of Jarbidge's most enduring legends, the legend of the lost gold mine. The story was born when a man named Ross found a rich gold-bearing gloat somewhere in the heart of the Jarbidge Mountains, but was forced to leave the mountains by a snowstorm. On his way out, Ross met a local sheepherder named Russ Ishman and told him about the discovery. Ross's plan was to return the next spring and stake his claim. When Ishman returned to the Jarbidge mountains the following year with his herd of sheep, he decided to search for the location described by Ross. Legend has it that Ishman found it. He also found something else. Next to the rich gold-bearing float was a human skeleton. Undeterred, Ishman traced the float uphill to a ledge of quartz literally "shot through with gold." He gathered a few of the richest samples and eventually returned to the ranch with his sheep herd. Here he showed the gold samples to his boss, John Pence. Unfortunately, Ishman was never able to return to the gold ledge. He died soon after his discovery from a cerebral hemorrhage. John Pence had actually seen and held Ishman's samples and therefore knew that a rich gold deposit existed somewhere in the Jarbidge Mountains. He searched for the ledge many times but never found it.

A gold strike on August 19, 1909, prompted a rush of some 1,500 miners into the deep canyon to stake claims on snow drifts as deep as 18 feet. When the snow melted, it exposed the exaggeration of the newspaper reports, and most of the claims melted away with the snow. Further discoveries were made in 1910, and by the end of that year, Jarbidge was a long narrow community of several hundred residents connected by stagecoach with its nearest neighbor, Rogerson, Idaho, some 65 miles away to the northeast. Its population swelled to about 2,000 by 1911.

One of the earliest scenes of Jarbidge, probably in 1909.

Jarbidge celebrating its centennial in 2009.

The last stagecoach robbery in the West took place at the outskirts of Jarbidge during a December blizzard in 1916. The robber killed the stagecoach driver and made off with $3,000 cash and the mail. After capture, the robber was convicted of his crime on the basis of bloody finger and palm prints he left on mail envelopes he carelessly threw away. This was the first time such evidence was admissible in court.

In 1918 the Elkoro Mining Company built a large mill in Jarbidge and brought electricity to town. This company dominated mining and employment in Jarbidge until the Depression. As it turned out, Jarbidge was the last big boomtown in Nevada mining history. It lasted until 1932 bringing in an estimated $10,000,000 in gold and silver.

Today, the population of Jarbidge is somewhere between 20 and 50 people, increasing during the summer and early fall and decreasing during the harsh winter months. Many old buildings are still standing, some currently being used, and there are newer structures as well. [11-14]

Jarbidge school today.

North Star Mine gas and gifts (available all year round).

About 14 miles west-northwest of Jarbidge is the ranching community of **Rowland, Nevada (Site #-21)**. While there were a number of smaller ranches were homesteaded in the Rowland area during the 1980s, the small ranching community did not form until the 1890s. Initially it was named Bueasta, a conglomeration of the names of three local ranchers - Frank *Bu*schaizzo, Lou *Ea*stman, and Joe *Ta*ylor.

Decaying mine site at new Rowland.

Remains of the mill site at new Rowland.

The Mountain Home to Gold Creek stage ran through Joe Taylor's Ranch, thus servicing the area. Taylor was the first settler in the area, and the first post office in the area was opened at his homestead in November 1896. This post office closed in February 1898. John Scott bought the Taylor ranch shortly thereafter, and a new rancher, Rowland Gill, settled in the area. When the new post office opened in March 1900 at the Scott home, it was called Rowland in Gill's honor. Scott added a store that supplied groceries, clothing and farm supplies for the area. An assay office, saloon and school were also added. A sawmill was also active during this time. By 1920 John Scott owned most of the Rowland area.

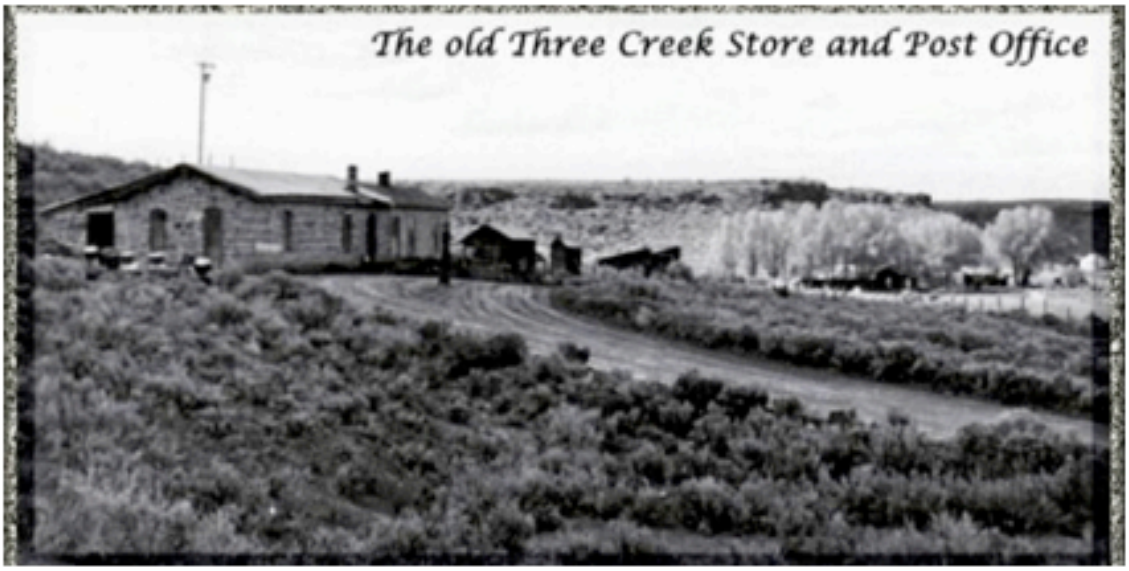
Mining started to have an impact on Rowland in 1924, and by September 1925 construction on a stamp mill was started along with a bunkhouse for mill workers, cookhouse, power plant, dam and a flume system. The mines and mill did not produce significant profit, and by August 1927 they closed.

Scott died in February 1930 and soon after his wife sold his holdings. The Scott store closed, and the development at the mine and mill became the new town of Rowland. The post office and school also moved to this location situated about a mile south of the original town. The mine and mill were reopened but only operated intermittently until 1939 when they were closed for good and all mining operations in the area ceased.

Chauncey Olson built a new store near the mill in August 1930. It survived a fire in 1936, but finally closed in 1942. The post office also closed in November of that year. Over the years many of the small ranches that made up the Rowland area have been sold and consolidated to make larger ones. A few of the original buildings of the old Rowland remain intact on the old Scott Ranch including the stone store, now used as a storage shed. Only the remains located at the new Rowland are the ruins of the mill. [15-17]

Last on the list is **Three Creek (Site #-17)** located about 20 miles northeast of Jarbidge, Nevada, and 31 miles west of Rogerson, Idaho. Three Creek is a ranching area in southeast Owyhee County. Joe Scott of Miles City, Montana, established the first ranch in the area in the 1870s. The Sparks, Harrell Co. of Visalia, California was the principal ranch in the Three Creek area in 1898.

Prior to 1910, for census purposes the Three Creek area was known as the Big Flat Precinct, and the 1890 census showed a population of 63. That increased to a high of 191 in 1910, but by 1950 the population was back down to 63. The town of Three Creek consisted of a general store built from rocks quarried from nearby creeks, a hotel, a post office and a school. The stone store is the only building still standing, and it is located on the Three Creek road that runs from Rogerson to Murphy Hot Springs about 7 miles west of the GPS coordinates listed on the IAMC Challenge Forum for this site (obtained from iTouchMap.com). The correct coordinates are: N42.07113 W115.16042



Old photo of the Three Creek general store and post office.

Present day picture of the stone building that served as the Three Creek general store.

It is not clear when the stone general store was built, but it was owned by Jim and Lizzie Duncan in 1900. An interesting legend this store and its owner is told that sometime around mid September 1900, Butch Cassidy, the Sundance Kid and Will Carver traveled from their hideout at Power Springs on the Wyoming-Colorado border, passing through Three Creek on their way to rob the First National Bank in Winnemucca, Nevada, which took place on September 19, 1900.

According to Sundance, the robbers got Jim out of bed, and at gunpoint, had him fill their order for grub, which Jim then loaded on two packhorses. The grub and horses were then cached somewhere along the 200 plus miles to Winnemucca and used in the robber's escape after the bank robbery.

Butch Cassidy had promised to pay Jim Duncan for the grub, and as the robbers passed back through Three Creek late one night on their return trip, they figured up the bill for the grub, and doubling it, they left it in a sack by the store.

What is the problem with this legend There is no proof that Butch Cassidy or the Sundance Kid participated in the September 19, 1900 robbery of the First National Bank in Winnemucca. Quite to the contrary, there is compelling evidence that they were not involved at all, which begs the question of who robbed the Three Creek store if it was robbed at all. Anyway, it makes for a good adventure. [18-21]

The Wild Bunch, 1900,
Left to Right: Standing, Bill Carver and Harvey Logan ("Kid Curry")
Seated, Harry Longbough ("the Sundance Kid"), Ben Kilpatrick ("the Tall Texan"), Robert Leroy Parker ("Butch Cassidy")
(Photo by John Swartz, 705 1/2 Main Street, Ft. Worth, Texas)

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