

CHAPTER 23

The Adit and Shaft

Jack on one of his ceremonial excursions to the Cable Claims, decides for some reason to take the EM-16 into the partially timbered adit in the Percha Shale on Cable #3. To his astonishment, the readings are not only OFF-SCALE suggesting something close and HUGE, but the instrument goes parallel or flat. In other words it's like being right in front of the Seattle Federal Sending Station. The gestimate of +500%, is not only incredibly bizarre it resembles taking a afternoon stroll on the moon.

Due to his tremendous efforts and exciting results, he makes the decision that a shaft needs to be sank to locate the tip-top portion of the Huge Anomaly. So, 1989 sets the stage for the beginning of yet another grueling physical quest.

I try and talk Jack out of the whole idea, saying that we'd be better off letting someone else do this kind of back breaking work. Besides, it is far too dangerous to do any blasting in the adit without adequately timbering the side walls and ceiling. Jack, being who he is, is not deterred by my objections. I've come to the conclusion long ago, once an idea has taken root in Jack's mind it's best to forget about trying to talk him out of it.

Jack locates a bunch of used railroad timbers, and enlists Mr. Remmington (a man I got to know and like) to help haul them up the mountain on his stake bed truck. We finally get them loaded onto all of our trucks and drive up the mountain from the East side. And, because Ms. Conner had come to visit, she luckily gets caught up in this, potentially frightful ordeal.

We get to the top of the mountain and just before the Taggart's Claims, Mr. Remington's truck breaks down, which was making my nightmares come true. We unload the timbers and Jack and I make multiple trips in my pick-up back and forth hauling the timbers to the drop off point. No big deal, the timbers only have to be taken another 1000 feet along the crest before having to go down the mountain side another 1000 feet. Of course I'm being flippant, because it was going to be a monstrous job.

The immediate chore was to get Mr. Remington's truck out of the mountain before it got dark. We chain his truck to mine and away we go, with me grumbling under my breath about this fool hardy cockamamie idea of Jack's. All the time worrying that I'm going to break my truck pulling the broken truck out of the Mountains. Everyone who's been to area knows that just getting back and forth is an extremely jolting, and a treacherous journey for the best of vehicles, but to be pulling someone is just asking for multiple dilemmas. I could just see my worst fears about to happen; stranded on the mountain, just about in financial ruin, and saddled with a broken truck that I desperately needed to make another get-a-way in. But, Lady Luck was smiling because we made it without mishap, much to my surprise and silent pleasure.

A few days later Diane and I head back to Texas, leaving Jack to somehow get the RR Timbers down the mountain. As much as I hated the prospect of the work involved to get these timbers to the adit, I would have done it. Only I was broke again, and had no choice but to head back to Houston or starve in TorC.

While in Houston, I received the first ever written assay report, from an unsolicited source, confirming that the Cable Claims had appreciable amounts of Gold and Platinum. Naturally, to say the least, I was exhilarated. At last, I had the next best thing to proof other than metal in-hand.

Several months earlier I sent data and samples to this Canadian Company who had expressed a mild interest. This company had said they were interested in PGM ores, but their chief business was scraping and reclaiming automobile converters. However, the report wasn't 100% wonderful, for they couldn't find any PGMs in the Galena, but they did find silver and a trace of gold. They had found the goodies in the Gabbroic Dike samples, which I have long said, and had semi-proved, that this dike had mineable precious metals. The bad news was that they were not interested in Galena, due to the hostile political climate of this type of ore. But, as far as I was concerned, and to this day that was a glowing report, regardless of the drawbacks it contained. They wanted me to provide them with a lot more development data, but that request was not able to be complied with. Later, if this company is still in business I'll contact them if and when we have completed our main objective.

As time passed I looked into the Gabbroic Dike matter a bit more and have concluded that a multi-year mining operation could well be made on these intrusive dikes. But, how many years, cannot be stated until a concerted core drilling program can be initiated. I've traced these dikes for thousands of feet, and it appears quite evident that their roots extend deep into the Earth's basement.

These dikes in Cable and Indian Canyons are greenish in the limestone formations, but when traced into the precambrian they are greenish to dark reddish brown. It is my contention that these dikes are the probable carriers of the precious metals and were the instruments of PGM distribution. Furthermore, I suspect that these dikes carry pockets of gold and as they erode the gold is washed eventually down into the lower canyons. It is also quite likely that these dikes are part of the the source of the Shandon's placer gold deposits.

By September Jack had cross-timbered the Adit, and the only real help he had was in the getting the RR timbers down the mountain. Now it was time to determine exactly where he should start a shaft. Before and after getting the timbers in place he had cleaned the floor of all the rubble, boulders and dirt down to the hard jasperoid fasselman bed rock. Several times he used his ground profiling and penetrating radar instruments in 6 inch increments of left to right and front to back all through the 70 some feet of this old adit to give him as many clues as possible to determine exactly where to begin.

His instruments clearly indicated that it appeared that at about the 60 to 70 foot level there was a large void. Plus, it appeared that someone had already dug a shaft but it was back-filled. So, and based upon his diligent physical research he started sinking the shaft where there seemed to be evidence of a prior shaft. Being the gorilla he is and of the lack of funds he decided to start single jacking. Over many months he had dug, by hand in this solid rock which seemed to be cemented together with dirt to a depth of 6 to 10 feet. Obviously, this process was taking way too long and he would die an old man before he got to the place he was seeking. So, in 1990 he borrowed or rented a gasoline powered drill instead of continuing the laborious single-jacking. It did not take him long to realize this portable 100 pound hammer drill made digging a lot easier, but that the gas fumes would kill him before he made any depth.

Occasionally, Jack would call and tell me how much progress he was making, but I thought he had lost his mind when he told what he had to endure. His modus operandi while drilling was to try to breath fresh air through a 1 1/2" diameter black plastic pipe 100 feet long, that would be in his mouth, and exhaling through his nose. He said that the air got so bad that he couldn't see and the drill would often stop working due to lack of oxygen. He even tried hooking a 4" flexible steel pipe to the engines exhaust to vent the fumes. However, he couldn't keep the engine from dying due to the back pressure.

I really couldn't criticize Jack for what I considered to be a bit tetchd, due my continuing mad scientist escapades. This only goes to show who ever may be reading this the extent we'd go to capture the prize. Sure we were foolish and in many respect stupid. But, when the resources are unavailable we all will use alternatives to complete any task deemed important or necessary.

Before winter was over Jack was down 20 feet with the hole being about 6 feet square. However, the cost was about 20 pounds of his flesh doing this hellish work. Every now'n then he'd call saying that he just couldn't do much more, it was too physically demanding. Heavens, just getting to the adit is a major job for most people. I never thought I'd hear Jack say that physical work was more than he could endure. The truth is Jack was going to where no man had been before. And, he simply could not help himself, for like me he was being pushed by unseen and unknown forces to see what he might discover.

To make matters worse, once Jack got down past 6 feet, he'd have to load the bucket and climb up the ladder, hoist the bucket, climb back down the ladder and load another bucket. This sequence of events had to be done over and over and over. That job would have drove me completely bonkers long before I ever got 20 feet deep.

Before Jack got to the 20 foot level he had given-up on the gas drill hammer and started "single jacking" again. Just try to imagine pounding with a 5 or 10 pound sledge hammer on a piece of steel, that had to be kept sharp, into solid rock all day long! Worse yet, how did he manage to keep his fingers intact? For without doubt he'd once in a while miss the steel and mashed his hand. If I've said it once I've said it thousands of times; Jack is not

only Godzilla, and Hercules Unchained, but Sampson all rolled up into one. Of course he always countered by saying that he's only "Simpson not Sampson".

While Jack slaved away I continued to correspond with as many people as I could. Always hoping that I'd finally make the right connection.

CHAPTER 24

Now Which Way?

By the end of 1991 Jack had reached a depth of about 30 feet, and I was beginning to get a business plan more presentable. I started this Plan a couple years earlier, and never having made one before it looked like an insurmountable task. So, I started by looking at all the sales brochures and prospectuses to establish a basic criteria. Then I went to libraries and read as many books as could be found as to what constituted a good business plan. No matter what I read, the plans presented were as different as to who was writing them. It became clear that I had to develop one that realistically matched my goals. The problems soon became apparent, because my first completed draft was over 500 pages, which was simply too much detail. But -- what to scrap and what to keep, and in what kind of order? Above all, how to say everything in professional and interesting manner without compromising my sincerity and integrity?

I had heard that a Business Plan is like a road map. Although, even this simplicity presented insurmountable hurdles. There are lots of ways to get to a desired spot on a map. I had to figure the best and most logical way to accomplish the goal, and not necessarily the shortest route. However, taking the long way around meant unbearable waiting, so compromises were forever cropping-up. I had to somehow, manage to slim it down to 150 pages, and even that was still too lengthy.

Different types of investors required differing formats that fit their ideologies and/or philosophies. Brokers want one thing, investment capitalists and singular investors, want another. Above all, the plan required something that pleases everyone and yet managed to let me gauge whether or not I'm on the right course, as well as having reasonable flexibility.

Another daunting problem with a plan resembling a road map is how one and all can see all the different roads leading to a desired spot, especially if there are no current or visible roads to the site? Consequently, I'm constantly re-defining the parameters of the Plan, as well as the over all format. I've about come to the conclusion that I will have to have different formats for different people. Trouble is, there's a rub with this type thinking, because it smacks of inconsistency, or smells of possible lack of forethought, or worse, a scam. So, at best, a business plan is an exceedingly difficult task to begin, little alone finish.

A major problem of the Business Plan is trying to accurately, honestly and intelligently tell the reader about the problems seemingly connected to the exploitation of the sought minerals (Pb, Ag, Au & the PGMs). There is no-doubt, in my mind, that the PGMs are indeed present in various mineralized structures in the Caballo Mts. The question is how to discuss the Platinum Group Metals relating to the Cartel(s)? Trying to sell the idea of exploiting the PGMs becomes very difficult in a business plan, yet, the subject must be broached if honor is to remain in any such plan.

There are articles written that indicate the West has lots of places where the PGMs are located. The history books, describe many past mines that had rich deposits of these metals. Although today's so-called experts will pooh-pooh any attempt to rationally discuss the probable merits of such deposits. There are reports that in the late 1800's the Carson City Mint re-smelted silver dollars because they contained sometimes up to half their weight in Platinum. Due to my examination of what the Cartel(s) seem to do I've been forced to say and admit that I doubt any PGM mining company will wish me well in bringing to market more PGMs.

It would seem from the public's perspective, that an abundance of PGMs on the available market would allow more utilization of these metals for the benefit of mankind. Yet, the present producers would also see their profits plummet by more mines producing these so-called rare metals. Any eighth grade student can read in a common chemistry book that Platinum and Palladium are more plentiful in the Earth's crust than is Gold. So why all the disgusting hush hush secrecy and outright propaganda? In my opinion it's the same ideology as diamonds.

Women have been sold on the idea that diamonds are her best friend and valuable to boot. One day she's likely to get the boot alright when it becomes common knowledge that a gem quality one carat stone isn't really worth more than a dozen roses. I wonder how many women realize that her best friend is really a lump of pretty coal that burns quite brilliantly.

While reading an April 91 newspaper I noticed a serious threat that continues to this day. Arkansas's Democratic Senator Dale Bumpers started a crusade by introducing Federal legislation to shut down mining in this Country. So, I started contacting as many people as I could. As well as, drafted an opposing petition with as many signatures as possible and sent it to many federal legislator's. Now, how in the world to put this political wrinkle in a business plan, and not scare off any investor savvy people? Furthermore, to not make allocations for such future nightmares, would also be inexcusable. While on this particular subject, in my non-expert opinion Elected Representatives like Bumpers are parasitic predators masquerading as humans. We "The People" have been led astray because why should a Arkansas representative be allowed to legislate what we "The People" do in New Mexico? Previous to Bumpers and others like Rahall I never took the time to ponder the realities of what we "The People" are really harnessed with. For instance - how many of you have ever considered the true impact of what a legislator that you did not have the opportunity to vote for nor elect will affect your personal life? I would call what is going on in Washington a gross fraud on we "The People". If I or you have no say as to what an elected representative in a neighboring state does to me or you in our state then we really do not have honest representation. Thus, we are taxed and regulated without representation which flies in the face of what we have all been fooled into believing about our National Constitution.

By summer Jack was still hammering away with his steel and sledge, approaching 33 feet and finding very thin seams of galena. However, Jack was developing a constant cough, and I could tell that his health was deteriorating. I tried tactfully to warn him to

protect himself by wearing a face mask. If he didn't avoid inhaling the dust it could cause him to contract silicosis of the lungs, which killed many a miner in the 1800's. I've read of several accounts that the life expectancy of a hard rock miner without adequate ventilation was sometimes only 6 months before they would start coughing up blood and either die soon afterwards or become invalids.

Near late summer Grande River Mines of TorC, was expressing interest in acquiring our J&J mining claims in Longbottom Canyon. Apparently, they needed an inexpensive natural flux for smelting their ore. At Jack's request I started preliminary negotiations with them. These discussions continued well into next year, but like always, became mute due to their future financial dilemma.

By early Fall I had started buying expensive reagent grade metals, metallic salts and liquid standards. I never had the money to do so before. But, now that I had been employed for awhile and accumulated a few extra shekels I could see the cost ratio benefits; and as a direct result I learned enough to really appreciate what I was seeing in the microscope.

Late in the year I accidentally met with Mr. George Chedsey, and elderly mining engineer, and was invited to spend the day at his Houston home. I briefly told him what I was trying to get accomplished and he told me about his past and present adventures.

While Mr. Chedsey's mining adventures were interesting, there were two items that captivated my complete attention. The first was that he had been commissioned to look into the prospects of developing an old mine that was on top of Turtle Back (Caballo Mts.). He said that when he got to the spot in the 1950's the timbered shaft had caved and was too dangerous to investigate. Plus, it was infested with rattlesnakes, so he declined to work on the project. For years, there have been rumors that bars of copper and lead were taken from a mine tunnel near the top of Turtleback. I've never been on top of Turtleback, but I intend to, some day, when Cable is completed.

Due to Mr. Chedsey's age, I suspected that he may have confused Turtleback with Mud Mountain just a little North and East of TorC. During the 1940's a rich pocket of silver chloride was discovered and mined on Mud Mountain. The pocket according to historical accounts was worth \$40,000 at roughly a dollar an ounce. The second attention getting item was that he was currently promoting a mine in Old Mexico that was worked off and on by the Spanish Conquistadores. He showed me a detailed map of the 500 year old underground workings, that he said is now in the family hands of Congressman Henry Gonzales. What really captivated my attention was when he told me that the old Spaniards always looked for Mantos (Silicified Limestone, or Jasperoids), because in these Mantos, also sometimes known as Iron Hats (the top or cap of mineral deposits) would be caverns, which they could search for minerals without having to excavate, and plenty of fresh air to breath. This same scenario is exactly what I believe the Cable Claims offer.

It is an historical fact that the Spaniards and early American miners would find metallic goodies via caves. Thus saving the terrible labor costs of exploration, as well as, they could mine and smelt underground, which provided year-round working conditions including security.

I've always said, that if treasure really existed in the Caballo's it was due primarily to underground mining. Many people look for Spanish tailing piles, but I doubt that many, if any, will ever be found. History clearly indicates the Spanish worked the ore underground and they had a natural depository for the waste without having to haul the ore to the surface. I have noticed two possible small tailings at the extreme South end of the Caballo's. I've looked them over, from a distance, and it appears that over the years the entrances have caved or then again what looks like tailings is the initial debris caused when a tunnel is just begun. These places should be investigated, but time is a luxury and lots of work will be required.

Many modern day underground mines try, as much as possible to put or leave the wastes in the abandoned portions of tunnels and exploratory shafts. By doing so, considerable cost savings, as well as reduced surface reclamation is realized. However, back in the days of the Spanish they were not looking at the reclamation, but only the most expedient way to mine and remain out of sight.

There are a few interesting stories I've heard once in a while about the Spaniards making fires and sending smoke signals to the miners in the Black Range Mountains from the Caballo's. Apparently these smoke signals told when the miners could send their ores to the Caballo's for smelting. Being 30 to 40 miles away this was indeed an efficient way of communicating. If this story is true then it lends further credence to the myth of the Caballo Mountains underground smelting.

CHAPTER 25

Hope

The Spring of 1992 ushered in a new wave of hope, although also sprinkled with a dab of terror.

Oh, how exhilarating it felt to be back home (NM), practically 10 years to the date after starting this quest. Even though I had previously said I wouldn't return till I had enough money to complete the job, maybe this time, if Lady Luck was still at my side I might just be able to pull-off the impossible.

My job in Houston had petered out, and Jack called saying he could use my help. Having saved most of what I had made during the year, I said what the heck, maybe I could do something constructive. Still and all, I really wasn't looking forward to the agonizing physical labor I knew was patiently and silently waiting.

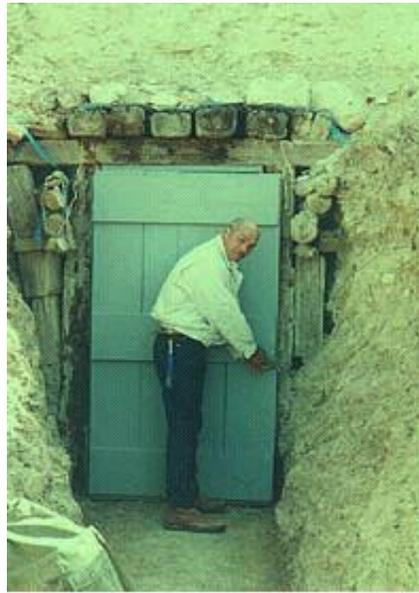
Since starting this adventure, I've learned many lessons, yet two cliches stand head and shoulder above the rest: Never say Never, because sooner or later, once having uttered this statement it is bound to come back and bite me on the butt. The other is: be careful of what I ask for, because I might just get it.

The first order of business was to get-up to the adit/shaft and see first-hand what Jack had accomplished.

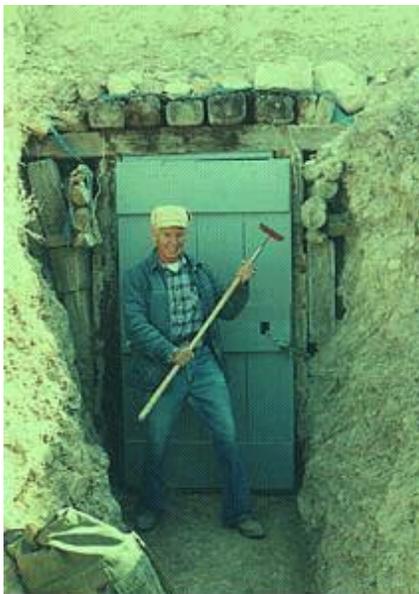
As usual the climb was difficult, although delightfully inspiring. Arriving at the adit I marveled at what Jack had done. The entrance was excavated neatly. And the door constructed in such a manner that no one was going to break-in without a great deal of effort. Upon unlocking and opening the door I was astonished by his cross timbering, it was a work of art given the circumstances Jack faced. He saved and used the old original Pinon timbers, in such a manner as to retain some of the history. But the Shaft, truly a sight of well engineered construction. He used part of the RR timbered ceiling as a boom for the hoist, and collard the shaft as expertly as anyone could have done. Needless to say, the shaft was not only safe, but made me proud.



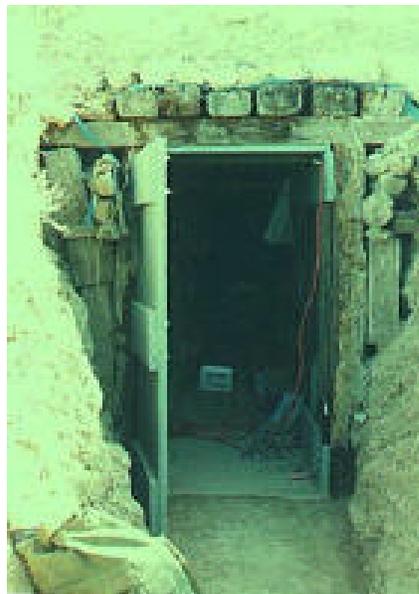
Adit portal



Myself



Jack Crandall



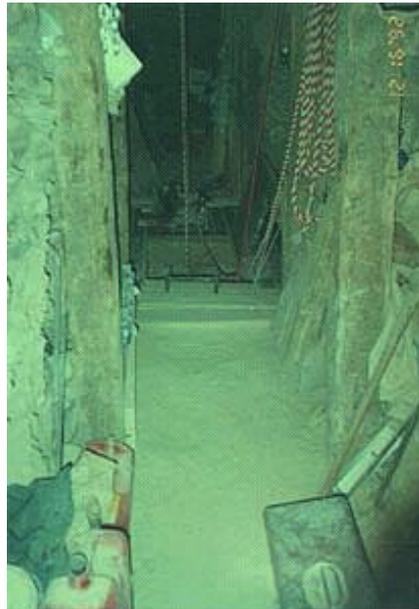
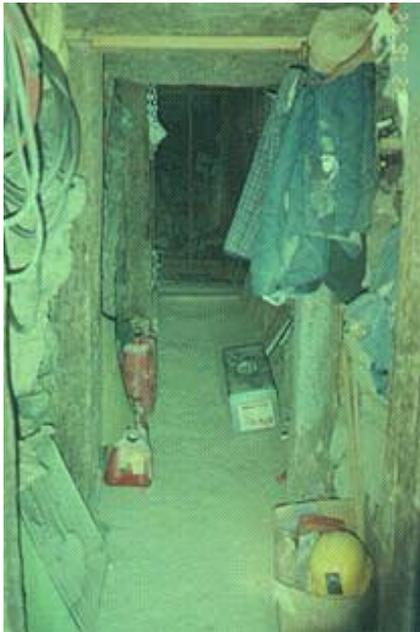
As I climbed down the sectional steel ladder, I noticed that the Fusselman formation was indeed vuggy. Holes of various sizes dominated the formation, no wonder a core drilling program would be difficult to accomplish.

It soon became apparent as to why Jack complained about being red when he would finish single-jacking each day. This reddish powder is almost pure Iron oxide, which not only stained his skin, but permanently dyed his clothes.

The Fusselman, was not only a re-silicified dolomite, and jasperoidal, but was a LEACHED IRON HAT that was commonly looked-for by the old-timers. So, when I coupled this extremely important data, with all the mineral surface signatures, the favorability of the formations to host a mineral deposit, the similarities to past profitable mining operations in the same formations in other parts of the County and State, the hundreds of paid assays, the hundreds of personally conducted assays, the thousands of microscopic studies, and the spectacular geophysics, then there simply can be no reasonable doubt that Jack and I are extremely close to discovering a BONANZA unparalleled in American History.

Even though I have always believed that the Cable Claims is exceptionally favorable for hosting a new and much bigger Bridal Chamber, getting mining companies to recognize what we see as obvious is darn right difficult. I sometimes think these big boys have tunnel vision, because they certainly are not entrepreneurial or inquisitive.

As I continued the decent, the vugs and jasperoid marked a well defined horizontal zone between the Fusselman and the Cutter dolomite. At the bottom there was nothing spectacular, just more of the same, making me very conscience that there was plenty of work ahead.



Approaching shaft & steel ladder



Jack at shaft



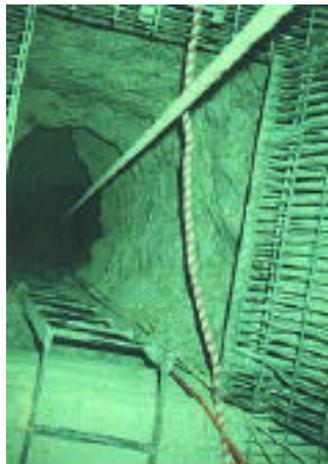
Bar grating with folding security hatch covering shaft and hoist



Looking down shaft



Looking down shaft with steel ladder



Looking down shaft



In the 15 ft well looking at bottom of shaft

Our next chore was getting more supplies monotonously muled on our backs up the mountain. While reading this - it's probably impossible for the reader to comprehend the enormity with which we forced ourselves to accomplish. Try carting the needed daily supplies, as well as another 50 to 100 pounds on your back each and every day up the mountain. Normally, it takes about an hour, but with this kind of load the norm became two plus hours. And, after dumping the burden it would take me another hour to physically recuperate.

Fortunately, just before I arrived Jack had purchased a small generator to power an electric drill hammer, which turned out to be a godsend. It really worked astonishingly well, because we could drill a 1 inch diameter hole 18 inches deep in about 20 minutes, versus all day long for Jack to single-jack a single hole. Normally, we'd drill about 6 to 20 such holes, then when we had any explosives we'd load each of these holes. Usually we did not have any dynamite and we had to resort to prying, chipping and breaking rock by hand. When we had dynamite the process was to tear apart the dynamite sticks and pour the powder down each hole. Normally, the dynamite fits the diameter of the drilled holes. But, our drill was small and so we couldn't load the holes fast. Of course handling the raw dynamite gave me a tremendous headache.

After the hole was partially filled with dynamite we'd then have to place a dynamite cap attached to a fuse in each hole then continue filling and tamping each hole with dynamite. The next event would be to tie all the fuses together in the order we wanted the blasts to occur with a very fast burning thermalite fuse. Of course, before this was done we'd have to hoist everything back to the surface, and only one of us would stay to start the fuses. After making sure each fuse lit properly a hasty climb back to the surface began even though we always gave ourselves plenty of time to get out of the hole. Then we'd go outside and wait for the charges to detonate, making sure we heard each round go off.

Occasionally, we'd have a mis-fire, which was usually the result of the adjacent blasted rock tearing loose the fuse from an adjoining round. I always hated this to happen because it meant the next day one of us would have to carefully remove the muck (blasted rock), that held a live cap within undetonated dynamite, which could be accidentally set off. Dynamite can be very unforgiving, and mistakes are not normally tolerated, so we always made safety our #1 priority.

The ritual is endless, climb the mountain, muck in the morning, drill and blast in the afternoon, trek downhill to the vehicles, being careful not to slip on small roller bearing rocks that litter the mule trail. Then drive back to town that takes about an hour, clean-up, eat, and sleep. Due to the exhaustive nature of the work we would only work every other day, and allow time for the adit to have cleared-out the noxious dynamite fumes that gave me roaring headaches.

Normally we would go outside and sit down as we waited for the dynamite rounds to go off. But, because it was sometimes difficult to clearly differentiate between the blasts I chose one day to stand at the adit entrance. When the first blast went, the cigarette in my

mouth simply took wings and flew away and the force darn near knocked me down. Needless to say, I've never done that again.

While having a nightly conversation with a few guys, and me telling them about this stupid gesture of standing in the door way, John Vance told me of one of his daring episodes. Apparently, if my memory is correct, he and Don Fingado were excavating a long tunnel somewhere in the Black Range. As they were getting ready to blast they made the fuses short because they were running low on stock. Consequently, due to the short escape time they decided to stay just around a bend inside the tunnel. As John told the story I could not help from busting a gut, because he said that the blast literally picked them up and hurled them against the opposite wall. I can only imagine what that experience was like, and I'm glad John was telling the story instead of me.

We'd take turns as to who worked in the shaft and who hoisted. During one of my turns to hoist the buckets I kept hearing what sounded like a Rattler. But dismissed this because they just didn't come into the adit. So, I kept hoisting and wheelbarrowing, but the noise seemed so close that I just had to find out where this rascal was. The noise sounded like it was somewhere in the wall timbers and way too close for comfort. Look as I would, I just couldn't spot it, and I was beginning to go nuts. The noise would come and go every time I bent over to inspect the timbers. Eventually, I walked outside to get away from what I couldn't find and have a smoke. When I pulled my lighter out of pants pocket I found the dubious snake, for my previously full lighter was now empty. I know it sounds stupid, to think that a bic lighter could sound like a rattler, but when you're in an adit that's full of noise, and you think there's a rattler around, something has to give.

After I'd been in the area awhile, we'd stop work at the site because it was simply too demanding -- the Sanders Brothers (Grubstake Mining Company) invited me to see their new mining operation, located near Granite Peak. These brothers had accomplished an impressive feat for the Caballo's. They apparently found marketable precious metal ore and had built a milling operation to recover the goodies. I wanted to be the first to start such a venture, however I was proud that they had found a way to do what I'd only been dreaming of. Besides, when they became successful and rolling in the dough, maybe, there might be a few crumbs left over for me.

While visiting the Brother's operation, I met one of the men who worked there, Ron Blevins, who drove the road grader. He was constantly blading the main dirt road from Caballo Dam to their operation on Bob Grantham's patented property. Anyway, Mr. Blevins told me this incredible tale, to which I listened intently, because like all the other stories, they are fascinating. He said that one night he got up out of bed to alleviate himself of excess water, and noticed that there was a light shining from under the bed. By the way, Ron and his wife were living in a travel trailer next to the Milling site. He thought that this was odd because he knew his flash light wasn't working, because he had removed the bulb. As he looks under the bed, sure enough the flash light was burning brightly, he grabs it, looks at curiously, then shuts it off thinking that his wife must have replaced the bulb and went back to bed. The next morning he gets the flash light -- to his surprise there's no bulb. Thinking his wife was playing a joke on him he asks her about

the flash light and she says that she hasn't touched it. There is no explanation except that it is just another one of the confounding dilemmas people experience if they spend much time in the Caballo's.

There's another similar and little known myth, which can be found being mentioned in historical accounts. The Spaniards during the winter solstice would stay up at night, and wait to see a blue green light, similar to flickering flames dancing atop the ground. This event is supposed to signal that metallic gold was directly underneath, and was one of the methods the Spaniards had in locating the prized metal. I realize that this sounds a bit odd, but who knows for sure? Likewise, and just as odd sounding I started trying to train a shepherd pup to find via his keen smelling apparatus one ounce .9999 Maple Leaf gold coins. Although I did not finish this training cause there were too many other pressing items to finish I strongly believe that this is a real possibility that someone should do who's sincerely looking for one of the metals.

While on the subject of unusual occurrences, I heard that Gary Sanders had one of these close encounters while staying in his travel trailer next to the Milling operation. Apparently, he and his wife were sleeping when their trailer was subjected to a tornadic shaking and banging. Obviously, this would get anyone's attention, so when the ruckus stopped Gary get's his gun and goes outside to investigate, but could find nothing or anyone. What would you do? Would you go outside to find the culprit or go back to bed as though nothing had happened?

The Brother's mentioned to me a couple times that, while they used their equipment for excavation, and seemingly on level ground the tractors had a habit of tipping over. Having been a tractor operator I'm sure that I would become quite concerned for my safety. Furthermore, I'd be constantly wondering when I was going to get squashed? I don't pretend to understand how this physically could take place, but I do know that these brothers can all operate dozers and loaders. Plus and besides being hardworking great guys they are not known to be prone to wildly exaggerate. In fact they are very quiet professional men whom I don't always agree with but do command my genuine respect.

Somewhere in the Granite Peak area where there's the famed and mythical entrance(s) to the treasures is supposed to be the body of the Reynolds boy that Mrs. Peron nursed back to health after wandering into town from god knows where. After he recovered from pneumonia Mrs. Peron decided that she liked the boy and either told or showed him where an entrance was. He then was to get as much gold as he needed, and to bring her back what she had requested. Apparently, this young spindly man finds plenty of the gold bars and brings several back to her. The tales go on to say that she had gold stashed everywhere around her home in TorC.

Mrs. Peron, was many things, but, being a benevolent mid-wife is what most people say she was known for. Several parables circulate about how she would go to the mountains and duck out of sight, and always have abundant cash for the things she needed. Many people who are alive that knew her also say that Doc Noss and her were good friends. The epic extends by indicating that the Renoyld's boy was killed and dumped in a tunnel

by Willie Doughtit after being caught going into Willies private hole. Conjecturally this is one of the reasons why Willie doesn't want anyone to find the tunnel entrance, because he then could be prosecuted for the murder. Personally I find this part of the story a bit ludicrous, because who in the world could prove that Willie killed anyone 60 or 70 years ago?

Presumably, during the early 1980's Mr. Gunning was invited to show a few people where the Spanish mine entrance, into the base of Granite Peak was that he discovered back in the 1930's. As is usually the case, this 80 plus year old gentleman just couldn't find it after making the trip from Texas. What gives this situation credibility, in my way of thinking, is that Mr. Gunning asked for nothing, and all he got for his efforts was silent ridicule. Forgetfulness is a problem we all share to some degree, and this certainly includes me.

I've looked several times, without success for two graves I found back in the early 1980's that are just off the dirt road in the vicinity of Granite Peak, that some people believe are the graves of two old Spanish Nuns. Hence, if Mr. Gunnison really did at one time find a mine entrance I can appreciate his predicament of knowing what he saw, but unable to re-locate it again.

Years earlier, in the reefer rocks, South of Granite Peak, Jimmy Smith said that Willie Strom's initials were scratched on the back wall of a narrow horizontal slit. Naturally, to check out the statement I crawled into the narrow crack, but weighing 200 pounds I just couldn't get all the way to the back. Nonetheless, it did look like there were the initials WS, and I was later told that the initials are really there. Strom, was supposedly about 4 feet tall, skinny as a bean pole, and could snake into places no normal person could get to. And, from all accounts this was his entrance to the subterranean Spanish tunnel system. Since this time many people have visited this place and have excavated it extensively. Naturally, without any verifiable results that could possibly take anyone anywhere except down more unknown roads.

On Bee's place, just over the hill from the Sander's I was shown a row of backward 7's made of small rocks laying just barely out of the dirt. In the early 1980's Rex showed me a carved backward 7 on a big rock on the side of Granite Peak. I even found one of these backward 7's carved in a large flat rock while walking around in the flats West of Cable Canyon, but I've never been able to find it again. Rumor has it that these types of symbols are supposed to mean gold or a mine close by. I've often wondered if these present curiosities were not originally put there to drive future hunters of treasure into corners where others could enjoy the ridiculous paths they were on.

Back in 1982, a local prospector/miner (B. Harding) was supposed to have found and shown people a glass snake, from his mine shaft at wooded hill, a stones throw from Granite Peak.. The description I was given is that it was so clear all the bones in its body could be seen, including its fangs. At another time this same person, was reported to have been working on extracting dissolved Palladium from a beaker filled with an acidic solution that had just dissolved a rock sample. When all of a sudden a red worm-like

thing materialized from the solution and crawled up the side of beaker and disappeared on the ground. The only part of this story that I know has merit is that Palladium chloride is reddish, so at least part of the story could be true. Furthermore, the person who told me the story, although human and subject to all the frailties of being such has never lied to me that I know of.

I remember, during the early days while prospecting near Granite Peak and the old rock house, of finding a tong with my metal detector. Supposedly, Willie would use a “tong” to pry up the rock that covered the entrance hole to what everyone has looked for in this immediate area. Was this Willie's old iron tong or just an old abandoned ice hook?

The area around Granite Peak is considered by many geologists to very unusual because of the multiple mineralized structures that are usually only found in single occurrences. I've even seen and know where there is a huge piece of limestone, completely surrounded by pre-Cambrian Granite. How did this happen? Some say these rare occurrences are limestone plugs, but to me that's a bit simplistic. I suspect that when the mountain was being uplifted and in movement huge pieces of the mountain broke apart. As the pieces of the mountain tumbled to the low places under the ocean, they filled in huge semi-molten or plastic precambrian granite holes. And as time passed these limestone and granite places eroded making them look as though the limestone was pushed up through the precambrian. Such an occurrence is readily visible in Longbottom Canyon where there is significant copper mineralization.

Not far from Granite Peak John Vance said during one of our many conversations, that during the 1970's he stopped his car along side the dirt road, got out and just started walking up and down arroyo after arroyo. When at the top of one these small narrow canyons he stumbled, and while grabbing onto branches to slow his fall he saw a mine opening with a wooden portal. At the time he wasn't interested in old mines, but in 1993 he felt he might be able to show some friends where this place was. Unfortunately, and as seems to be most often the case he wasn't able to find it. It is undoubtedly a rude shock to one's mental stability to have to admit that the past is also a place where, like the future we don't seem to belong. The distinct advantage to the future is that we know it's coming. The past however, is something hellishly taboo, even though we know we were there, we really can't seem to prove it.

Many people believe that the now is in a constant sea of flux. In other words change is inevitable. If destiny is a reality then change is meaningless, because it's just a simple process of experiencing or remembering the future moment. I also think that there is no such thing as change, by the very definition of change. To change means to alter and how can change be altered? It's sort'a like a double negative, it simply cannot happen. This logic can obviously be countered by saying that today is not the same as yesterday. True, but that still does not mean that change occurred, it could also mean that we entered the moment now that is forever static and unyielding. That's why the socialists and like minded environmentalists will ultimately fail, because, they just don't understand that they cannot change events. What they can do is make us experience torment and allow those that come into contact with them a view of what Hell looks like. So, with this

revealing thought process all I have to do is wait for the inevitable to occur. The trouble is, when and how many lifetimes will it take? So, in my ignorance, and haste I plod on and on, hoping that destiny will arrive soon.

A couple other odd occurrences that I should state so that they won't be forgotten are: 1) while Richard Carter was still alive he and a few friends were excavation deep in a small cavern near Bat Cave. They had to crawl on their bellies and transfer the muck in a very awkward and terribly narrow hole. I wouldn't go down this place due to the rotten rock that I thought could cave in at a moments notice. But that didn't stop these adventurous guys. Richard told me that while he was deep in black he heard a roar beside him and could smell the breath of some kind of creature. Needless to say the crew came out and didn't go back. What they found as odd was that there was no place for an animal to be, yet they all heard it and Richard smelled it. 2) Near this same place, the Northern mouth of Cable Canyon, another crew was excavating several small holes to see if they led anywhere, when all of a sudden the guys stood in awe as a creature that looked like Pan, complete with cloven feet, ran from sight. They all saw this mythical God of the fields, forests and animals, but were loath to discuss it, I guess because to do so would make them sound like fools.

CHAPTER 26

Sheep Cheat

Late May 1992, I was in Grande River Mines talking to Mr. B.J. Gardner about the J&J Lead ore his company was interested in. Before long he proceeded to tell me about the BLM and the New Mexico Department of Game & Fish (NMDG&F) meeting with local Ranchers. He went on to say that these agencies were talking about putting State endangered desert bighorn sheep on the Caballo's.

Smelling trouble brewing, I asked BJ to excuse me while I went and called the BLM about this matter. After calling them I became infuriated with the potential threat. The wildlife biologist I talked to said that they were going to have sheep on the mountain by this coming October, as though it was a done deal. I came back to BJ's office and Bob Grantham was there and he told me more of the story of how the BLM contacted them and what the BLM & NMDG&F were proposing to do.

These two agencies were going to limit the ranchers and miners access, shut down all roads leading to the Caballo's, and deny the public access. A year earlier Jack noticed a note on his windshield after coming down from the mountain. This note from Bill Dunn a Bighorn Sheep biologist for NMDG&F said that he was in the mountains surveying the area for possible sheep introduction and to see how many people were using the mountain. Jack apparently just blew it off thinking no more about it. However, as it turned out we should have done something right then. However, and In contrast, if we had made the Game & Fish officials aware of our concerns at that moment maybe the NMDG&F would have been able to stave-off our subsequent attacks.

Right after leaving BJ's office I started contacting everyone I could to advise them of the impending doom. After letting as many people as possible in Sierra County know about the circumstances - the NMDG&F and BLM representatives recognizing that the jig was up, held a meeting for us concerned miners in the offices of Grande River Mines. Needless to say, tempers were at the boiling point, and I began getting my first real illustration of what the bureau-rats think of common ordinary folk.

From my viewpoint these bureaucrats looked upon us as so much vermin, who were causing them discomfort. These agents tried to convince us that they were doing us a favor, and that TorC would benefit by tourists coming into the area to see these wonderful sheep. I didn't think people gave a crap about these sheep and the only benefit would be for the BLM and NMDG&F.

During this meeting a NM Department of Game & Fish employee said that these sheep were very valuable. That they expected sometime in the future foreigners would pay as much as \$60,000 for the privilege of shooting one of the Rams. Obviously, what was on the wildlife officials mind was how they were going to make money if they could just get rid of us. What they didn't say was while the rich were hunting on their new found

exclusive playground we miners, ranchers and the public were in the departments plan for extermination.

I kept hearing State officials saying that they want tourist dollars. But I've always suspected that tourists indicate a breed of archaeologists that come only to pick-over the few remaining bones of ghost towns. Ask yourself as to what makes towns die. Almost always it is because of the loss of meaningful employment. Then I began to see how these bureaucrats were fixing to exterminate mining and ranching as the area's chief means of revenue. After the meeting ended, a few of us miners decided to fight this Govt ploy of trying to steal the mountains. We started by getting petitions signed and the public informed.

I asked myself, what do I do next? Logically the only way to create a fire under the people was to get the news media involved. So, I started by working with Mr. Bill Johnson the editor of the Sierra County Sentinel, who proved to be a real friend of the Sierra County people.

By the end of May, with the help of many local people petitions were signed and full page art ads were run in all three weekly papers. The ads were a cartoon drawn by a local artist, Mr. James Pearson, that graphically denounced the proposal of destroying peoples Rights by putting sheep on the mountain.

In the first part of June we were creating a local organization of Miners, Ranchers, Residents, and Merchants, which became known as PCM, Inc. (Preservation of Caballo Mountains). I became the first president, not by virtue of being smarter, wiser, a better talker, or had more money, because none of these qualities applied to me. In contrast, I simply had the most available time, even though I still had to pursue the shaft excavation.

Rex West had come back to TorC, and helped Jack and I fabricate and carry a 1" bar grating deck up to the mine site to cover the shaft entrance for added safety. Even though Jack and I essentially worked alone, and didn't hire help, we still felt it best to provide safety in the event we were visited by anyone, whether friend or foe.

One day in June I had to go to BLM in Las Cruces regarding what I called and dubbed "The Sheep Cheat". This was my synonym of the sneaky way the Govt was trying to steal the Caballo's. I knew that I needed credible assistance, so I managed to persuade Bill Johnson to accompany me. Lucky that I had him along, for a couple of the BLM personnel really showed their butts, and of course Bill not only made notes, but printed some of it. I was a bit different because I did not have excellent recall nor could I do shorthand note making, so I discreetly used a pocket tape recorder which I had running each and every time I visited the BLM.

There were several informal meetings with personnel from both Govt agencies. The result was that these agencies had never been confronted by angry citizens before. I was told by Amey Fisher of the NMDG&F that she was threatened. I can certainly understand why, and I'd heard of other reports of a similar nature. I wonder why people would

consider violence towards of public servants? Could it be that they didn't like being raped or robbed?

During the first town meeting hosted by Ms. Linda Rundell, the top person at the local BLM office - she started her song and dance of justifying these sheep by describing her encounters with a possum in Washington DC. Needless to say her yarn of sympathy for these critters made her in most people's eyes look like a damn fool. But worse, she must have actually felt we'd fall for this line of bull.

While the meetings were being prepared for, the Caballo's started seeing the weirdest folks. Occasionally, we'd stop and ask these obvious Govt bureaucrats what they were doing. One time a couple BOR agents said they were looking for evidence that the area was poisoned by mercury from the numerous small old mines. Look as they could they apparently never found anything in which to justify their tyrannical methods of wanting us out and their sheep in. I was amazed at how all the public servants from all over the state and universities banded together to drive us out. There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that the majority of government officials are not friends of the people. In fact, I strongly believe just the opposite – BureauRats are the enemies of The People.

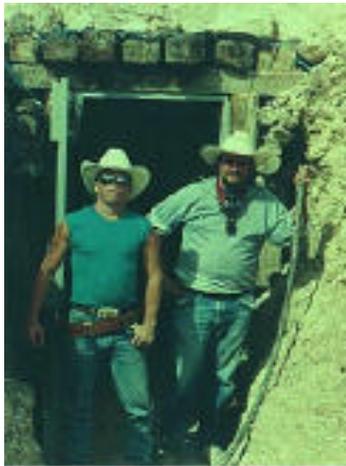
Some miner friends were constantly visited (harassed) by Govt officials at their mine sites under the pretense of inspection. These same friends just happened to ask the officials if they were aware of the endangered "stick lizard" that was known to be in the whereabouts. The officials said sure they knew it was here. My friends go on to say that they've actually seen one of these reptiles live up to its name by carrying sticks to its burrow. Naturally, the feds concurred that this was the way of the stick lizard. Of course, my friends never told these characters that no such critter exists. I wonder what kind of conclusions would you draw from stick lizards?

When we started looking into the past performance of the NM department of Fish and Game, we discovered that they were going to old Mexico, catching these sheep, and bringing them into the USA to be placed all over the western mountain ranges with the BLM actively assisting in the plot. Furthermore, we discovered that the Sheep that were planted into the San Andreas and the Organs's were infested with scabies mites. When we asked these officials about the risks of contaminating the Caballo's with mites they said that these tiny beasts posed no danger to man or livestock. Well, I didn't take their word for that bit of nonsense, so I started looking into what scabies actually is. It turns out, and contrary to what the NMDG&F said, and to make a long story short, scabies or mange are caused by these monstrous little mites and will infest any warm blooded creature. Similarly, these wise Fish and Game officials said they didn't know how the scabies infected the sheep, suggesting that these hooligans don't know their ass from a hole in the ground.

One of the sheep biologists said that they were doing everything they could to eradicate the terrible blight caused by these mites, which are also known as "the seven year itch". I responded by saying, so you're going to cause another endangered species huh? This wise biologist just looked dumb-founded at me without making any further comments.

When I attended the final Town Hall meeting in Las Cruces, I met a couple of people that said they lived in the Caballo's. Although, for the life of me I don't know where. However, these mountains contain a lot of secrets, and no doubt people could live their entire lives there without ever being noticed. These same people told me that if the Feds or the Fish & Game poked around too much they might come up missing, and it didn't take a brain surgeon to figure out what they were driving at.

With the Sheep Cheat in full swing Mike McCoy pays me a welcome visit. Even though I didn't have the precious time, up we go to the adit and shaft. I was amazed at how good Mike was able to get around, because his back had been broken and his legs were numb, and to top it off he had a metal brace imbedded in his back.



Mike McCoy on the right with a friend of his



Dianne Conner

Soon after Mike left, Ms. Conner visits for a week. Unfortunately, I was going in ten different directions at once and couldn't find the time for us both to really enjoy these mountains as she would have liked. Due to our friendship and her patient assistance I stole the time to go to the adit and shaft. It took awhile, because she wasn't used to the altitude, plus, she just wanted to enjoy the climb and scenery. Just like any trooper, down the shaft she went without a hitch, which was amazing. Most people have a serious mind set against climbing down into a deep dark hole. But not her. I guess I should have expected her nimbleness and interest due to her ability to spend months on the open sea with just hard decks, ladders and men, all made of steel. When reaching the bottom she looked around, and with not a lot to see except solid rock and a bunch of boulders she was ready to get up the ladder. On the way up she had to rest a couple times, but she made it without a catch. One day I hope that she gets a chance to roam around the mountains as I have, because when it's just you and the mountain all other problems seem to vanish.

During one of the County Commissioners meetings and right after the BLM & NMDG&F agencies decided it would be best to cancel all plans of putting sheep on the Caballo's, the Commissioners appointed me to chair the Custom & Culture Committee with Mr. Rick Carr. Rick, a local Rancher and merchant and a heck of a swell guy. I was also on the mining committee with Pat Freeman who was the Geologist and general manager of St. Cloud Mining Company. Consequently, my time schedule was becoming exhausting. Trying to work in the shaft, conduct PCM meetings, write newspaper articles, write articles for PCM monthly news letter, help organize the Custom and Culture committee, write a definitive mining report, call legislator's about impending federal legislative actions, as well as continue meeting with friends and associates was straining my abilities.

Because PCM had won the Sheep Cheat battle with the Govt agencies, Mrs. Brenda Thompson called and asked that I help her fight a battle she and her friends were waging near Silver City. I didn't have the time, but there was just no-way that I could refuse her. She had come to our aid without being asked, and actually worked harder than most of us in PCM to win our local sheep battle. Her battle with Senator Jeff Bingaman who was sponsoring Federal legislation to put in a archaeological center was threatening local Private Property Rights. All she basically wanted from me was to be a representative of PCM to talk a little bit, because it would help solidify the peoples resolve. Her theory was if PCM could win a battle against the Govt then so could they. Eventually, they did win, but only after a great deal of effort and personal financial sacrifice.

The first part of August, while Jack and I were having dinner, we had our first real tiff. Both of our emotions were at the ragged limits due to the mounting pressures. Jack hadn't been away from the mine for what must have seemed like an eternity, and his health was beginning to wane due to his perseverance in the shaft. So, without much ado he left for LA for a few weeks of much needed R&R, and away from all these troubles. I was glad, because I knew Jack was reaching the end of his rope. Christ, who wouldn't have frayed nerves by doing what he had?

Sometimes, while at the adit, which is about half way up the mountain I could see the mud trails in the Rio Grande River, that were only noticeable after a summer rain. To me, these suggested water was being dumped into the river that originated from the hidden mountain caverns. Of course there are several stories of cave entrances being found near the river bank when the Rio Grande is not flowing. It is often said that the Spaniards would bring their gold ore from the mountain via these cave tunnels to the river to separate the gold from the gangue. Supposedly, before the Caballo Dam was constructed there could be seen ancient smelters along the river, giving a degree of truth to the myth of Spanish mining.

Recently, there's been the drum beat by the military wanting to expand their missile range clear to the Rio Grande River. Evidently they want all this area for their Star Wars program or the proposed 21st century Space Port, or more likely - just being pigs. Obviously, I consider the military to be a very real threat to future mining in the

Caballo's, based upon their actions when they took the land from the Ranchers they now occupy. Plus, and by reading pamphlets put out by the NMDG&F, it says that White Sands may at times suspend hunting activities in their area which stops at the Rio Grande River. Therefore, whether I or anyone likes it, the White Sands Military Base seems to have limited authority over the Caballo's. There are many reports of prospectors being buzzed by jet pilots. I myself have witnessed this tactic of a pilot having fun, while on-top the mountain. In addition I've seen these jets swoop down from out of no-where as though they were practicing bombing runs on the Caballo Dam site.

The Sanders Brothers and a few others have said that strange, solid black helicopters with no visible markings have buzzed their operations. And, one even hovered a few hundred feet off the ground, just outside the property line for about half an hour. When this data is coupled with what the BLM and NMDG&F tried to do, it does give me pause for concern. Several people intermittently send me various reports of what the different Govt agencies are constantly up to. One of these documents indicated that these black helicopters belong to the army's supposedly ultra secret military organization.

While talking to a person that works for the forestry department, he said that there are motion detectors that activate video cameras in various areas of the Black Range. Supposedly these detectors are to monitor the activity of marihuana growing or Indian pot hunters. From what I can gather, when the TV cameras are triggered, the signal is beamed up to a spy in the sky, then sent to Albuquerque. The Feds then move in supposedly with a great deal of violence. And now, a year after the sheep cheat the NMDG&F wants to put the damn sheep on the Fra Cristobals, and I hear that the BLM wants motion detectors on the Caballo's.

This Armendaris Spanish Land Grant (Fra Cristobals Mts.), owned by the bankrupt Oppenheimer's, connects to the Caballo's. As a result of the recent Game & Fish shenanigans I just have to wonder what the State and Federal Govt agencies are up to. Do they want the area for some Nobel cause, or do they know that the area contains mineral wealth and are trying by whatever devious means they can to drive the people out? With the spy in the sky technology, can the big-wigs see what this area really contains?

Are these bureaucrats our friends, or are they hooligans dressed up as benefactor's? I've long heard it said "give a bureaucrat a badge, gun and uniform and he'll do any despicable act." Sound unrealistic? Well, ask yourself - what happened in Germany when the Nazi's were in control? I often wonder why the NM State police dressed in their uniforms look so much like the SS? Could this be intentional intimidation by the State?

Due to the amount of driving I find myself doing, I'm constantly going through the Texas and New Mexico Border Patrol check points. On one such occasion I watched as these goons rummaged through a family's vehicle and then let their damn dog get in car and sniff around. If this isn't intimidation then I don't know the meaning of the word.

Just as egregious are the random highway stops conducted by the NM State police. Why do we let them make us feel like criminals in order to catch a few drunks or

druggies? Who's really breaking the law by invading our personal privacy? Now, a few years later, what started in the welfare police state of New Mexico has spread like the plague all over America. Road blocks are not only common, but seemingly acceptable to the motoring public in order to monitor drinking and driving, seat belts, and proper identification papers. God help us, because we don't seem capable of helping ourselves. It's as though we want "Big Brother" to shoulder our personal morality and responsibilities.

I think that we started relinquishing our rights when we allowed the State to tax our private property. Think about it. How can there be private property when it's taxed? Everyone knows darn good and well that if the taxes aren't paid the State takes the land. I even heard Gov. Bush, who's running for president say (6-19-2000) that he's proposing, if elected to give a property tax break if the private property owners will set aside x amount of their land for conservation efforts. What fools "We The People" are to have ever let the govt start dictating to us.

The next set of circumstances of demolishing American Rights occurred when the people allowed the police to enter a home with or without a search warrant. Sure people will say, what if the little wife or the kids are being abused by the big mean man of the house? Shouldn't the police be allowed to protect the innocent by entering the house? The simple, straight forward answer is a flat out – NO! Yes, some people need protection from the bad guys. However, once the right of privacy has been invaded there is no more right of privacy for anyone, anywhere or anytime. Remember, once the camel is in the tent there is simply no room for anyone else, someone has to go. Finally, on this particular subject – we so-called Free Citizens of America are no-longer Free if there is no place where we can place our feet, this includes our home or castle that is free from any Govt intrusion.

Back in 1963 I bought my first corvette, and like any proud young guy I showed it off. Naturally, one of the first events I was destined to experience was meeting up with the police. This time I got a taste of what the future might have in store, for the gestapo agent, a Long Beach traffic cop who pulled me over said, why could a punk kid have such a car, and he couldn't? Since that time and other events I've concluded that most police, but not all, are legal thugs with the mentality of ferocious knats.

No one alive can remember when the Govt sanctioned the mass slaughter of the buffalo to force the hostile Redmen to leave their hunting grounds and settle upon reservations. Now the Govt is once again using the same type tactics to drive us off our lands into welfare zones called cities. As in the past the people in power want what the land holds, namely the Rights of the Individual and the natural resources it contains.

There's many a rumor that the environmental community wants to turn a multiple hundred mile wide swath from Texas to Montana into where the Buffalo roam. I know it sounds far fetched, but why does Ted Turner have buffalo in Montana, and now here (Sierra County) on the ladder ranch? To give this scenario just a tad of credibility, there is

a book published called Buffalo Commons, which suggests that our wise bureaucrats are actively engaged in such a pursuit.

Ask yourself -- Why is the Govt turning so much of Public Land into Wilderness? What's the real story behind the Spotted owl land grab? Did you know that the Fish and Game Departments of most western States and the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) have been acting in unison by planting Desert and Rocky Mountain Big Horn Sheep all over the West in so-called wilderness habitats? To me it smells like a gigantic plot of herding and driving people into corrals called cities and letting their pets roam what we once called our land. When I started looking into what the various State and Federal agencies are doing it is darn right scary that we have given our servants the power to tell us what to do.

I have asked myself many times, who are these people called bureaucrats, and why are they behaving in such a treasonous manner? The only conclusion that I've been able to arrive at it is that these elitist academician's who have been graduating from the ivory tower universities believe that they know what's best for us commoner's. Their behavior sure looks amazingly similar to the religious crusades, and we all know what happened then. Even my flea-bitten brain can recognize the old adage "oh what webs we weave when we seek to deceive" that I believe our friendly Govt is and has been orchestrating.

Why do we let murderers, rapists and thieves out of jail after serving a mere pittance of incarceration? Why do we let Wall Street burglars off scott-free, or if they were especially stupid send them to cushy camps? Why are white collar crimes easier to tolerate than common thieves? Why do we let the politicians, judges, lawyers and bureaucrats off the hook or pardon them when they commit crimes against the people they swore to protect? Why do we let treasonous acts by our elected officials go unpublicized, and unpunished? The only answer to these injustices that I can fathom is that we are letting them do it to us because most of us are too scared to speak up or stand up.

As you know one fox in the chicken house (Capital buildings) would be discovered and caught, if for no other reason than the other greedy predators won't allow just one to have all the fun. So, what has happened? The fox opened the doors for all desperado's to come in and eat till their stomach's content. So who's watching the store? You guessed it, all the ugly green malignant creeping things imaginable.

Let's look at a few facts, regarding the Caballo's: 1) placer gold in Polomas, Longbottom, and Apache Canyons, as well as the Shandon; 2) mysterious tales of hidden hoards of gold; 3) peculiar military activities; 4) odd behavior by the NM Bureau of Mines; 5) a new State law and rules being constructed that are detrimental to the little guy's chances of ever mining again; 6) endangered species taking precedence over people; 7) proposed motion detectors by the BLM; 8) history of base metal/mineral mining; 9) known caverns and hints of a huge subterranean complex of interconnecting passageways; 10) geologically capable of supporting vast accumulations of minerals; 11) bizarre geophysics; 12) Volcanic and hot spring activity; 13) indications that there

could well be PGM wealth, and PGM producing Countries are unstable that supply approximately 95% of America's needs; 14) State and Federal agencies on a feeding frenzy. What do you think is going on? Could it all be just innocent coincidence?

Does the Cable Claims host the Worlds next major base and precious metal discovery? Are the strategic PGMs present in commercial quantities? Obviously, I have a strong belief that such a scenario is probable, or I would have quit years ago, in spite of the fact that the closer I seem to get to the prize the tighter the rope around my neck is sized.

Add up all the atrocities done to American Rights during the past thirty plus years, as well as the carefully placed coffin nails, and what's left? Just the doom, gloom and thump of the hammer. What's going to happen when the miner is extinct? Death, if you're lucky or starvation and slavery if you survive.

You say it can't happen here in the good ole USA. Let me let you in on a little secret. The mere fact that we've become a Nation of Laws instead of staying – "The Land of the Free" has made us a police state whether we like it or not. To see how an empire implodes read up on the Roman Empire.

Early into this adventure, I made the terribly foolish statement that I'd not die for the Claims. Even though at the time I meant that I didn't want to wait forever to get the rewards for the discovery. Every day now it looks as though the last laugh is going to be on me. Everyday I'm confronted with - What can just one little would-miner do? Every now and then, life seems to call upon one and all to stand tall or forever hold their peace. I choose to stand. The trouble is, the tallest nail get's pounded first.

CHAPTER 27

The Anomaly & Objectives

My basic perspective on life has never allowed me to dilly dally around too long in any one endeavor. Generally five years at any one thing was all I could tolerate, before the urge to move on became overpowering. In my wildest nightmares I never imagined staying on this quest for 12 years. However, I do believe that I have paid the dues and earned the right to classify myself as a legitimate prospector and wanna-be miner.

Over the years I've tried to visualize the geological sequence of events to better grasp why and what could be hosted within the Cable Claims terrain. Fortunately, by reading the latest geological books and watching a variety of TV science series I began to achieve a much better perception of the cataclysmic events that shaped these enchanting Caballo Mountains. In addition, I've come to the simple conclusion that what-ever this bending, weaving, bobbing Anomaly is, it can only be one of three things, which are: 1) a mile long cavern filled or lined with high-grade metallic salts, or 2) a bedded deposit that has replaced parts of the Cutter, Aleman and maybe the Fusselman dolomites, or 3) a phenomenon that is worthless economically, but certainly of geophysical and scientific curiosity.

Whether I like it or not this last possible rationalization (#3) is fortified by the maker of the EM-16. Late in 1994 I wrote the manufacturer asking them why the big boys in the mining arena paid scant attention to the EM-16 data. They wrote back saying that this interesting property and anomalies are probably was due to the Percha Shale contact with the Fusselman and associated Fault. I cannot quarrel with this logic, except that I have seen no similar data supporting this hypothesis. I recognize that downward percolating waters through the Percha are carrying large amounts of metallic ions. And that the first foot of the Fusselman has decayed. Thus, with high moisture and abundant metallic ions unusually high EM numbers could be generated. But, this logic does not explain the In-Phase to Quadrature ratios. Nor does it explain why other areas on the Cable Claims, and associated areas where the Percha is in contact with the Fusselman that only insignificant numbers are generated.

Naturally, like any other prospector I do not like hearing anything negative about the prospects of the Cable Claims being anything other than a massive precious or base metal discovery. However, I have spent hundreds of hours trying to dismantle my desirous concepts, and I've come to the conclusion that I'm not in some kind of denial state of mind. Besides, why don't the big boys want to find out more about the Cable Claims potential, assuming of course that they are interested in USA mining opportunities? Could it be that they already know that something is there and are simply waiting for me to give-up? Oddly, about this same period of time I received a report from PD indicating that they too know the area I'm referring to has an unusual EM anomaly, which can be found by aerial reconnaissance. Then later when I resubmitted practically the same info to PD I was told coincidentally that the EM signature must be due to some kind of interaction between the Perhcha Shale and the Fusselman dolomite. Obviously I find

PD's last communiqué to be odd at best to something else not worth trying to describe herein.

The Cable Claims lie in an area that was once below the sea millions of years ago. As eons of time passed, stratified layers of sediment formed upon the sea floor (foundation rock) which is normally referred to as precambrian granite.

As sedimentation continued, the present day Caballo Mountains grew in height, and were much higher than at present. No-doubt, these formations, while under the sea, were somewhat plastic due to intense pressure and heat, thus able to move with relative ease, which they have obviously done several times.

It is well recognized today that there are currently deep under-water oceanic RIFTS (divisions of continental shelves/plates), which are very active to the extent that molten magma (volcanos), and steam vents (hot springs) are enriching the sea floor with sulfidic minerals. Some of these Rift related deposits below the sea are being considered for exploitation. However, and until technology improves most of these underwater treasures will most likely continue waiting for man to harvest. This same type event, RIO GRANDE RIFT, is intimately associated with the uplifted Caballo Mountains. Furthermore, it is still quite active, and may be introducing minerals into the area via a vapor state.

This Rift related seismic activity produced the major and minor Fault blocks, including the Shear Zones in/on the Cable Claims. Deep seated sulfide metals/minerals obviously made their way up these fault paths and spread out through the fractures and shear zones. As this mineralization pulsed upwards it appears that the minerals were stopped by the Percha Shale formation. This Shale is not hard and brittle like the surrounding formations, instead it is considered 'incompetent' or semi-plastic and will absorb seismic shocks that normally break apart hard rock. So for all intent and explanation purposes, this shale acted like a plug, stopping the ascending mineral solutions from reaching the then surface.

Because this shale acted like a lid on a cookie jar, and prevented the loss of sulfides to a wide, large underwater surface area, the minerals apparently have accumulated near and below the Percha Shale formation. Thus creating what is commonly referred to as an Ore Body. The VLF EM-16 Mineral Surveyor also supports this geological theme, as well as being of a high metallic content. This upper enrichment, normally called "super-gene" can be considered as a natural occurring geological event, that all prospectors dream of finding. Unfortunately, most prospectors don't have sophisticated instruments to aid them in their search, consequently only about one in 10,000 claim owners ever reap any of the bounty inhabiting their dreams.

As I have said earlier, the EM-16 produced astronomical readings, that as far as I know have never been known to occur anywhere in the world. The only time we experienced OFF-SCALE EM-16 readings other than the Cable area, was when we came upon multiple mile steel pipe lines or multiple mile barb wire fences, and this was ONLY when

the instrument was within a few feet of the metal conductors. In order to substantiate our findings we ran comparative studies utilizing the EM-16 over several past/present mining sites, different and similar terrains and never produced anomalous readings of even close to a third the magnitude as experienced upon the Cable Claims.

The geologist I hired and who issued his written report verbally stated that the area of the Cable Claims could well host the Platinum Group Metals (PGMs), and that the area is quite similar to some of the Nevada Gold MODEL deposits.

Obviously I cannot see into the ground and know what may be there any better than anyone else, so the logical question is: WHAT COULD THIS ANOMALY BE? Did Hercules drive a mile long, solid, and huge metal bar into the Mountain? Or did Mother Nature create an immense mineral Treasure just waiting for some industrious or lucky person to Find?

Based upon accumulated data, there is no-doubt in my mind that the HUGE Geophysical Anomaly is a World Class Discovery of at least one of the following: 1) Concentrated metallic Silver or an Ag salt, 2) Concentrated Lead-Silver in a matrix of varying salts, or at the minimum, a Lead Sulfide deposit with enough Precious metal contaminates to cause the EM-16 to react so amazingly. There is one other likely probability, which is that this anomaly is a massive copper deposit.

Naturally, over the years I've tried to expose the EM-16 as being a fraud, 'black box' or some kind of divining rod in as many ways as I could think of, so as to not fool myself or anyone else. However, try as I might I - to this day I find the EM-16 to be a reliable instrument that does not mislead or fool anyone. The mere fact that something huge is making this instrument behave in an bewildering manner should be in and of itself enough to cause serious mining companies to want to investigate this remarkable phenomenon.

I have witnessed several times the costs of not doing adequate homework, and because I have no wish to repeat the mistakes of past mining failures, a strong emphasis has been placed upon research from the very beginning.

Due to the thousands of hours utilized in the field and laboratories attempting to understand the geological chemical matrix make-up of the PbSbCaF₂ (lead/antimony sulfide and calcium fluorspar & contaminated with some copper) surface stringer veins we were able to learn that what appears to be simple galena is in actuality Sulfo-salts with several base/precious metal contaminates.

Fortunately, through our research efforts, although fraught with surprises, frustrations and mysteries, we were constantly fortified with the realization that the CABLE CLAIMS is a Discovery that rarely occurs in an entire lifetime.

When conducting historical research it became clear that several base/Precious metal mining operations in Southern New Mexico had very similar mineral depositions, and

were located in the very same formations. The major differences are: 1) The Cable Claims are immediately on the East side of the Rio Grande Rift. 2) The Cable Claims have been up-lifted, exposing all the various formations, not down-thrown, thereby not being prone to flooding, which caused the abandonment of several profitable Black Range mines. 3) The Cable Claims appear to be more closely associated with the Rift system, which may explain why the PGMs are present in the complex sulfides of the Dolomite formations. 4) Due to the western scarp-face we can see mineralization that is normally hidden.

The Cable Claims meet all the basic requirements for potential mining except ore exposure and known reserves. Therefore, the objective is to make contact with the largest and closest Anomaly. This is the main reason Jack picked the site to sink the shaft. Plus, the adit/shaft is very difficult to be seen except by air, thus our activities are basically out of sight to all except those who can make the climb. So far, no State or Federal agency personnel apparently has the appetite to make the climb, and that's just fine by me.

Those people that are ingrained with the desire to Prospect, Mine and Harvest Nature's Metals will most assuredly encounter a multitude of obstacles, which will seem like insurmountable PROBLEMS. However, OPPORTUNITIES abound for those astute individuals that are innovative, patient, dedicated and above all, Lucky.

To become successful at exploiting any of the metals, specifically, Lead, Silver, Gold and the Platinum Group Metals (PGMs), the following should be prudently examined; 1) Locate a source sufficient in Quantity & Quality; 2) Determine suitable technologies to accurately analyze for any/all the metals/minerals, and 3) Create prudent techniques of retrieving.

It might be wise to keep in mind that all potential metal sources are in essentially two categories, which are: 1) Scrap, and 2) Ores. The least likely sources to be easily located are the Minerals, wherefore, this area is the most fertile ground for significant opportunity.

Don't make the mistake of kidding yourself into believing that above ground metals offer unimaginable rewards, because there are several individuals and giant companies actively engaged in the collection and extraction of the Metals from scrap products, so these sources offer little incentive. Similarly, the minerals are also being sought, but for the moment abundant opportunities still await the persistent. However, the metals are NOT huddled into HUGE free nuggets just waiting for the savvy week-end warrior to stumble over. Never the less, Mother Nature still has plenty of surprises simply begging to be located by any serious prospector. Keep in mind, and regardless of what the greenies constantly preach - our natural resources are infinite. No matter how many humans populate the surface - the bowels of Nature will always offer abundance.

The Initiate setting out to discover a mineral source will most assuredly encounter seemingly impassable obstacles as several prospectors and mining companies can attest to. For millions of dollars have gone into many a "dry hole". Faced with these adversities,

it is certainly incumbent for the would-be miner to garner all the available data before setting-out seeking adventure in the Mineral Kingdom. Plus, it would appear practical for the prospector to re-examine known or forgotten mineralized areas.

Past and present miners being subject to human frailties have no-doubt left behind numerous bonanzas. A few of the possible reasons why some mineralized areas, including the Cable Claims, have not been previously exploited are: 1) The Minerals were not the prize they are today; 2) Mineralized areas were too far from adequate roadways; 3) No smelters close by. This certainly is true for the PGMs, and to this day there are still no commercial USA PGM ore smelters; 4) Although the “Old Timers” weren’t stupid they just were not as equipped with the knowledge and technology as is available today, and 5) Most Prospectors of yester-year looked for silver and gold, sometimes copper, but seldom Lead, and rarely ever for the PGM’s. Consequently, complex mineralization was often abandoned/discarded as being too much of a problem.

The old adage “...if you want to find Gold, go where it has been found before.” is as true today as in the 1800’s, plus this rule applies to any metal. The PGMs are reported to have been found in Sierra County at the turn of this century. So, the modern day prospector armed with a battery of instruments and a reasonably sound understanding of geology should be able to locate these mysterious and obscure deposits.

Because the terrain and Labs didn’t kill me off I’m left with no choice except to complete the following tasks: 1) determine the extent of mineralization; 2) establish a practical way of underground extraction, as well as, the most the efficient methods of chemical metal separation and purification, or 3) market the various metals, or 4) sell the mining claims.

It eventually becomes apparent to the surviving wanna-be miner that most if not all the chasms, pits, cliffs and barricades are simply designed to eliminate the un-fit or non-serious prospector. So, in due course, in-order to realize any degree of success, the would-be miner at some point in the adventure will have to acquire Partners, which are often referred to as investors.

The Investor, I believe, is not all that different than the prospector/miner. Careful observation indicates that investors also are prospectors seeking adventure(s) and a place that will allow their accumulated Capital to grow. Of course they to have be wary of the myriad of pitfalls lurking in the inconspicuous shadows, which often beguile the hasty into believing the darkness is safe.

Investors know that capital continuously has to be active and placed strategically for appreciation to occur. Capital left in the bank, although relatively safe and liquid is not safe from the ravages of inflation or devaluation. Mining ventures are often considered to be risky at best; but any serious long-term investor instinctively comprehends that all goods originate from the Earth. So, their investment choices are naturally based upon what game or field of chance they want to play in.

The price of a ticket into the mining arena is simple even to the untrained. It is basically only a matter of what degree of risk the player wants to participate in. The choices are: 1) Grubstaking, seldom done anymore, 2) Provide Seed Capital for a project that has considerable amounts of supporting evidence that unusual and massive mineral anomalies are present, 3) Place capital in a operation that is about to produce metals in the near future, and that has reserves clearly established. This position doesn't have significant risk, hence a large capital out-lay is normally required for a small percentage of profits, 4) a producing Mining Company with or without a long-term track record of performance. Obviously there is little risk except for amount of remaining reserves. This investment vehicle usually only provides dividends, or 5) Metal in hand (Bullion) which has zero risk, although the rate of return is subject to short and long term market conditions. I personally believe this is a great long term form of insurance or stability, as well as, being a liquid asset anywhere in the World. I often suggest to friends to have at least a little gold and silver stashed away for possible terrible economic times.

Assuming that the wise Investor has located a target to channel some of his/her discretionary funds and comprehends the playing arena, all that is required to be ascertained is: 1) Size of Investment, 2) The rewards to risks ratio, and 3) Time involved before a suitable rate of return can be realized.

Once the Prospector/Mineral Owner and Investor(s) have met they can negotiate a mutually advantageous contract, that will hopefully culminate in achievement and prosperity.

In order to complete the major objectives, I have to finish a bunch of intermediate steps, with the thought in mind that each is designed to limit all known risks and yet maximize all opportunities.

On the premise that I've met a qualified and sophisticated monetary angel the following is a step by step approach aimed at completing my long awaited objective of Phase-I: 1) Verify and better delineate the EM-16 results; 2) Be prepared to sink the current shaft an additional 100 feet to maximize the probability of encountering at least a portion of the geophysical Anomaly. Although it is quite likely that contact will be made within a few more feet; 3) Occasionally drive a drift or adit in an East or West direction while sinking the shaft, if deemed necessary. I fully expect to encounter a cavernous area as the shaft is sank, which could preclude any further need of shaft excavation; 4) Once the Anomaly is contacted a limited underground core drilling will be undertaken, as well as limited amounts of ore will be removed. All cores and bulk ore will be utilized for research analysis and for the Mini-Pilot-Plant extraction process during Phase-II; 5) After completing the above primary steps the process of securing all necessary State and Federal permits will start. At present, permits for disturbing less than 5 acres is a relatively simple process. However, due to the new undefined and potentially ugly HB 556 regulations careful documentation of surface and sub-surface disturbance is warranted, as well as plans for any/all reclamation that the wise pseudo-scientists say is required; 6) It may well be wise to start securing a political and legal base to guard against the up-coming destructive environmental hurricane season; 7) Finally, a decision

will have to be made regarding marketing the claims to a major player or prepare for Phase-II.

My first priority is and has been to SELL these mining claims to a foreign or domestic mining company. The thought of selling to a foreign entity is offensive. But most large mining companies are international, and don't appear to be interested in preserving the traditional "America First" proposition. I suspect that since the application of the corporate mentality, that the virtues of American Ideals went the same way as the dinosaurs did. The Second Choice is to Joint-Venture with a reputable mining firm that will essentially run the show, with me and Jack relaxing a little. The third alternative is to initiate Phase-II, which will essentially be to explore the ore body, and establish ore reserves. Phase-II will also concentrate on establishing practical methodologies of winning and producing significant amounts of all the various metal(s).

Many junior mining companies fail during the Phase-I stage, because they will not take the time to adequately prepare for the many pit-falls that seem to arise out of no-where. Most of the remaining mining companies that do survive the first onslaughts also seemed doomed to fail, because they did not learn how to efficiently extract the goodies. That's why I've spent so much time learning as much as I could about assaying and chemical extraction and not be as dependent upon those who make their living upon the ignorant.

Once the Ore is contacted a mini-pilot-plant that can handle from 1-10 pounds of concentrated ore will be constructed and operated. As soon as reliable results are consistently produced, then and only then will a semi-commercial plant be built. This small batch operating plant will be capable of handling from 100 pounds to one ton of concentrated ore on a daily basis. By following this format terrible surprises can be avoided, thus ensuring a higher probability of financial success.

Upon completion of several successful trial runs decisions can then be intelligently made as to how to proceed. And, if mining companies do not come a running, or try to break down our door, I can opt to continue operating on a small scale or expand to possibly several tons a day. The ore, whether one ton or many tons per day will be Crushed, Screened, Separated, Concentrated, Beneficiated, Smelted, Refined, and sold. Naturally, this all sounds simple and straight forward, but it isn't. Therefor, a constant look-out will have to be posted to watch for Murphy that is lying coiled and ready to strike the foolish and unprepared.

I might add, here, that the Cable Claims area, and for that matter, the southern half of the Caballo Mountains holds either the biggest ore discovery since the 1849 gold rush or a colossal fool's paradise, it's one or the other!

CHAPTER 28

Dancing with the Gods

Since I started this quest there have been several times that my back was against the wall, and similarly I didn't know where my next meal was coming from. So, naturally, I've done what any person does in dire predicaments, I asked and continue to my Creator for help.

I've never questioned why I'm trying to find this metal deposit. I've always kind'a known that I have little or no choice, sort'a like being driven or simply instinctive. Of course, to some people this type of mind set could be considered as being weird or mad.

When I try to imagine what a woman's feelings/emotions are regarding wanting to or actually having a baby it is just beyond my comprehension. However, I am convinced that my URGE to prospect and be a miner is no-less important, nor am I able to hold back the compelling desire. So, I do feel justified in saying that the two passions are of the same importance and of equal stature. However, I doubt that many women can or will ever share a similar understanding.

I've never considered myself anything special, nor have I ever set myself up as being better than any other human. But, somehow, I know deep down in my bones that prospecting is a just and Nobel cause. However, the trouble with prospecting is that it's a precarious life. Just as in the days of old, the modern prospector has similar battles to wage, for there seems to be those that have a hellish rage for prospector's trying to find the golden sage in the land of beige. Now, instead of ducking an Indian's arrow we would-be miners have to be on guard for the legislative green muck, or the regulatory agencies venomous eco-pen.

Having said the above I should also further describe similar claims laid by women who go prospecting for a suitable mate to fertilize their instinctive desires of making babies. Obviously through out history making babies has always been fraught with making bad choices in their men. Likewise, many women have perilous times on this endeavor including dying, before, at, or immediately after childbirth. Yet, women continue to be driven in what I consider to be an insane act of wanting to create a new human and usually changing their bodies to usually something less desirable to men. So, it would seem rational that women who seem to be the biggest supporters of the green rage at miners should use their gray matter in an attempt to understand that men have similar instinctive desires. Therefore, if they continue to demand that men's activities of prospecting for and the mining of the metals must be regulated I feel the very same type of regulations should be placed upon the women who create unneeded babies simply because they want them. I've broached this subject several times to women whom I truly like and respect. But, as I expected they could see no similarity between men's mining activities to create abundant metals and the all important act of creating new human life.

Regardless of the final outcome, no one told me to enter the Kingdom of Metals. So, whatever happens, I brought it on myself. One thing for sure, I at least have an inkling of what a philosopher might have felt when he entered his desert quest. To me, being a prospector, is similar to a prophet, for to embrace the metals is touching God.

Over the years several people have asked me, what was I doing on the mountain? I'd always say, trying to develop our mining Claims. Occasionally, I'd get feed-back indicating that I'm not seen with women, and that I keep to myself. This was true, till the sheep-cheat. Then more people began to ask me strange and leading questions, that could be construed to suggest that I might be gay. Finally, something had to be said, even though I knew it would sound, at best, eccentric.

Several times, standing outside my motel room, I'd point to the mountains and say to these people, there's my Mistress, my Desire, my Jewel, and my Dream. Likewise, She like most ladies, will not tolerate anything other than Her. A few people would say, you don't really mean that? I'd reply, just as calmly as I could, yes, I mean every word, with no reservations, for I truly worship that ground I walk upon.

When the Puritans, some astronauts, immigrants and the Pope have touched our land they've got down on their knees and often kissed the ground. Is it possible that they too worship the ground they walk upon?

I have never professed to be of any organized religious persuasion, preferring instead to find my own way to truth. Fortunately, my early formative years were not marred with parental indiscretion of mind control by polluting this gray organ with dogma of questionable value. Oh yes, I was forced to attend the traditional Sunday School like all "good" young Christians. But, within a short period of time, and after I told my parents that I didn't like what was being taught as truth they no longer forced me to frequent these enigmatic places.

Since early childhood I've been suspicious of institutionalized religions. Although I don't dispute nor find fault with those who choose to believe in any of the ritualized or sociably acceptable faiths, I nonetheless, cannot in good conscience follow any persuasion that has burned witches, believed that the world was flat, point accusing fingers, imprisoned or oppressed free thinkers, or cleverly crafted their books with versus that regulate the instinctive or natural urges of man. Yet, and in contrast to the foregoing it seems that all religions have common threads, which bind humanities spirit.

I do not support the thesis of religious ignorance, which is often based upon unfounded, unquestioned faith. While faith is obviously an integral part of any religious belief I find it amazing that all religions teach and demand total ignorance or knowledge of alternative religious concepts. From my limited perspective I am forced to ask the question – how can any rational human formulate a concept that only their brand of faith is correct if they have not examined the alternatives?

After many years of trying to comprehend the variety of religious faith based concepts I do find Christianity to be of prophetic truth. For instance: the Christian Bible says in Genesis, Chapter 1 verses 6 and 7: “And God said, let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.” “And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so.” Therefore “firmament” I have come to suspect means the geo-magnetic (electromagnetic) force that controls all living tissue.

Based upon what some Biblical scholars theorize, approximately 100 miles above the Earth, 6000 years ago, or maybe 6, 60, 600 million, or also, maybe billions of years ago there was a firmament which held water vapor so thick that it was actually a vast sea.. Furthermore, if this theory holds water, then the whole concept of carbon 14 testing is suspect and/or in error. Why? Well, if there was this curtain of suspended water over the earth, prior to Noah’s Flood, held by the geo-magnetic force (firmament) then the Sun’s ultra violet rays could not have converted carbon 12 into carbon 14, because these waters would have filtered out the UV rays. Therefore, all life including mankind and the fossils are much younger than academia presents today as “scientific truth”. On the other hand, the carbon 14 data we have could be 3 to 5 times older than our scientific comprehension will allow. In 1996 a paleontologist discovered a petrified human finger intermixed with petrified dinosaur bones. And, human footprints have been found with dinosaur footprints. Consequently, it seems reasonable that humans and ancient reptilian animals coexisted. Heck, even the Bible suggests that man and these beasts co-existed. Therefore, is the world as old as academia suggests? Or is the Biblical accounts the reality we should be trying to comprehend? Furthermore, it’s becoming a known fact that traditional carbon 14 testing is flawed. For example: recently carbon 14 tests were conducted upon Woolly Mammoth remains. And the results differed by thousands of years between each sample taken from same animal.

Another example of academia’s possible Carbon 14 test error is regarding the Shroud of Turin dating. The analytical experts said their tests showed that the cloth was no older than the 14 th or the 15 th century. What they apparently failed to take into account was that that the dust particles, human tears and particles from people touching this garment and applied to this cloth over the centuries could well have influenced the test’s outcome. Like any and all schemes to test anything one should search diligently before making statements of validity. Otherwise, they, including me, make themselves vulnerable to being completely wrong sometime in the future about what they originally stated as truth or correctness.

Over the years I’ve found it entertaining as to how religious and/or intolerant people refer to others as infidels, heathens or pagans. Just as peculiar is how idols eventually become statues, and how the socially unacceptable faiths become cults or mythology. So, and based upon the past performances of so-called wise humans I’ve concluded that any faith or institution that would regulate the Freeman, or would try to stop or control the mining of metals is as nothing more than a simple abomination of truth. This last ideological statement can be illustrated with the intolerance of modern Darwinianism.

The Darwinian's reflected by Gaia's brood of tree hugging, beast loving, two legged creatures openingly embrace a State sponsored, State or Corporate tithed concept that makes the Crusades pale in comparison.

After becoming acquainted with the Caballo's I began to accept some of the Apaches beliefs about Mother Nature. I've known since coming to the Caballo's that I had truly found a mystical sense of awe, and a fulfilling peace. In addition, I learned for the first time what the U.S. Constitution means by the words "in pursuit of happiness."

This part of Mother Nature (Caballo's) is the most alluring, captivating and exciting expression of Life that I have ever known. And, when I'm with Her I have the distinct feeling of sanctity and security, sort of like being held in Her embrace. As a result of these gifts She demands nothing less than sacrifice, hard work, and commitment in-order to receive Her generous pleasures. So far, even though chasing Her promises is rough, I cannot ask of anything more fulfilling than Her company, except, of course being with and knowing GOD the Father of all Creation.

In spite of Her abundance, I often find myself asking for more and more, which clearly makes me Her willing servant. Not only does She pledge great wealth if I treat Her courteously, but will allow me to dwell close to Her forever. Wherefore, what more could any mere mortal ask for?

Mother Nature seems to be allowing me to fathom what HOPE and TRUST really mean by permitting me to touch HER essence of Life. In the physical dimension what appears to mortals as solidified metallic veins flowing through Her Majestic Skin, is in reality the purity and sustenance of life made manifest. Ask yourself what's the difference between Nature's metallic veins that have solidified at or near Her surface and the oxidized Iron rich fluid transported throughout our bodies that solidifies (oxidizes) when exposed to the air?

Even though this kind of analogy may seem a bit ridiculous or paganistic, what came first, metals or man; and who really seeks who? Does Man unequivocally seek the metals to be fashioned into useful objects (tools), or do the Metals use man, so the Metals can express Themselves through man the tool? Of course most people's ego will not begin to permit them to contemplate such an outlandish thesis, but that's their burden, not mine.

The Biblical expression "from dust to dust" can obviously be correspondingly said - we come from dirt and we return to dirt. So, in my non-expert opinion, that makes us walking, talking and thinking dirt. Likewise, Occultist's believe that from "ether" have come all things, and in time so will they return. If Truth is the unnamed, unspeakable and unseeable supreme deity, then Thought must be the Father of all Gods. Thus, and then when "Thought" acted it became creation, or the Father of all lesser Gods. Some might call my line of thinking/reasoning to be like a dipstick. I can only respond by saying - yep. I could very well be mired in the oil of blasphemy or some other misguided belief that has absolutely no basis in fact. Furthermore, my manner of thinking could well be the yellow brick road to Hell. But, till I KNOW differently I seem destined to continue

making the same errors or hopefully getting closer to Truth. History (His Story) has long indicated that experimental, socially or politically correct ideologies have been fraught with considerable error. Galileo was imprisoned for criticizing the Flat Earther's.

No one seems to dispute that man or life as we conceive it could exist in this physical dimension without all the metals. And, just as obviously, the metals have been evolving into various states of purity. For instance: Uranium eventually becomes other metals such as lead, yet uranium is the end product of radioactive decay of an unknown element, probably formed at or near the moment of creation. Another example is technetium-99 (a fission product of nuclear reactors), which has a half life of 250,000 years, which can be trans-mutated into technetium-100 by simply adding one neutron, that has a half life of only a few seconds. Then, this Technetium decays (evolves) into the non-radioactive Ruthenium-100. More verifiable and natural occurring proof would be - the element potassium, vital to human health, is constantly in a evolutionary state of transmutation to the Nobel gas Argon. In addition, I feel compelled to say - is it possible that our current science has not, as yet, detected the one or more elements (metals) that are required before any life can begin? This last statement can be verified by examining the varieties of, or the evolving so-called scientific "periodic charts/tables".

The so-called Nobel metals are the only ones, normally, that exist in Nature as a true metal, yet they too are the end, or near end product of decay (change/evolvment). Almost always the remaining, including the rare and Noble elements coexist as minerals, which man seeks out and usually attempts to use after they have been processed into various states of purity. To carry this thought process forward a bit - what will gold be in another 15 billion years? And, for that matter, assuming that Christ does not visit Earth anytime soon, what will humans be like in another 1000, 10,000 or million years?

To me, it is a simple truth that all the elements are none other than metals when they are in their purest forms! This concept includes Oxygen, and Hydrogen, etc. However, I've never met the person who shares this concept, but my form of common sense seems to indicate such.

The Occultists allude to and say that the elements were, are and will be life. Take for example the commonly known metal Mercury, it is a hard solid when subjected to below zero temperatures. Yet, it's a liquid at room temperature, and readily evaporates to a gaseous state at elevated temperatures. Most people say that oxygen could not possibly be a metal, but under the right circumstances, why not? Most people don't recognize Sodium or Potassium as being a metal, but they are, although always combined with something else, unless man intervenes. Others will say that Carbon cannot be a metal; I ask why not? After all, Carbon has many facets, such as the black greasy stuff generated when burning petroleum products, or as found in Nature as coal, graphite, and the diamond. What would the next stage in Carbon's evolution be given the right set of conditions?

Modern day scientists say that the universe was created with the Big Bang theory, while the Bible says spontaneously, and the Hindu's say that Brahma breathed out. Regardless

of what the truth is, they all share the philosophy that matter was at one moment in time so tightly compressed that a reaction (nuclear, breath or “The Word”) took place and is continuing to do so. Similarly, carrying this speculation forward a tiny degree, it is inferred that the lightest elements have long since vanished from this world, just as minor amounts of Hydrogen constantly continues to do.

Another thought, scientists and governments are able to equip man with being able to take care of all his needs and comforts, except three, which are: the need of similarities, the companionship of Earth and the Creator.

Can it really be happen-chance that humans are merely the result of all the elements constructed in an infinite variety of combinations made manifest? Is it not possible that the metals which evolve on a geological (theological) scale of time, are using us to manipulate their future, the same as we do our children? Could we be the metals creation, to tend to and too serve Them in and towards Their final quest? One glaring fact of this hypothesis can be illustrated by – if a human becomes deficient of any element sickness or death results. I also strongly suspect that when a child is born – if it is not endowed with all the metals then it is at best handicapped throughout life or dies a “still birth” or in the very early years of existence.

Even though books and scientists say there is the organic and inorganic, life and no life -- there is no evidence of where life begins or ends. Take for example the single celled amoebae - scientist's say that it is alive for it moves and serves a purpose, just like the any one of the trillions single cells in our bodies. At any given moment there are thousands or millions of human cells dying, yet we live. Obviously, our single cells live and work for the benefit of the whole to accomplish the bigger task. Of course the question has always alluded mortal man as to what the bigger goal is. Yet, all we need to do to find part of the truth is to look to our collective past, and we will find that men are, were and will always be diggers and users of the mineral landscape.

Of course, many if not most people will say only humans have souls or a hereafter life. I do not dispute that wisdom. However, the Bible does say in Revelation: 16:3: “And the second angel poured out his vial upon the sea; and it became as the blood of a dead man: and every living soul died in the sea.” Therefore, I am forced to conclude that if the creatures of the sea have souls then land dwelling animals have souls. And, because metals (dirt, dust or clay) are the physical components that make up all life as we understand life then I also must suspect that the metals have souls, or at an minimum our unborn/unmanifested or incomplete evolved souls.

Obviously it is quite apparent that the metals stick around a lot longer than us humans. Correspondingly, I suspect that the Metals have a vast array of energy states that are not recognizable to humans, such as the invisible hand of God. Could this energy be the forces of life that permeate creation? In other words: what were the metals (elements) before they were manifested, and what are they to become? To me, at this juncture of life, the Metals are IMMORTAL. Is it possible that GOD (the Source) manifested from some unknown energy state all the known elements (metals) to become immortal lords who's

future is not known to us the diggers and planters of today's seeds of tomorrows flowers?

Picture a Cube, or Circle in your mind - is not force and matter simply two sides of the same substance? Does not life (reality) as humans currently understand the concept have three functional and fundamental forms, which are the triangle, the cube and the circle, all of which emanate from the same source, and are manifested in all the known elements?

Recently, it has been discovered while viewed through a scanning electron microscope that Gold seems to heal itself when its flesh (surface) has been microscopically torn. Previous to this discovery, the mere thought of such would have caused a calamitous scientific and clergy uproar. But, how else does one explain that when a tear or hole occurs in gold, that the wound is atom by atom filled. Likewise, the new atoms of gold that repaired itself are no longer identical in composition as the surrounding gold. Doesn't this sound like normal scar tissue of 'living' flesh?

It appears that all religions share fundamental concepts, which says that God (Allah, Brahma, Shiva, Jehovah, Gaia, and the thousands of others not mentioned here.) created ALL things! And since there was nothing before God simple logic suggests that all things are of God and therefore must be alive, because God is alive, and there is nothing else. For someone to say that metals cannot be alive, would seem to indicate that their intellect knows what God is or is not. Or, that God can create something from something that is not God. Perhaps there is something, which is not living, or something else besides God. From what I have read, studied and concluded all faiths share the aforesaid statements, although not said the way I have. Therefore, when the EcoElites drafted the nomenclature in HB 556 saying that the minerals are non-living -- the soul-less State agencies (personnel) are in direct conflict with traditional religious (Christian/Jewish) beliefs.

According to the Christian Bible, in the book of Genesis, the Metals (life, or the All) were created spontaneously. Therefore the Metals are the manifestation of God. Just as obvious to me, anyone who condemns the metals or mining and prospecting is condemning God and the truth seekers.

Doesn't it say in the Bible something like cursed be those that don't honor thy Father and thy Mother? To me, my Father is That which I can sense and feel His Warmth, but remains distant and unfathomable. My Mother is That (Earth) which is known by all the physical senses, although little understood. Who or what created the celestial bodies in the Fabric of space, which is not the void it is thought to be is a mystery to me and is light years beyond my ability to perceive. However, I do suspect that this black silky garment is like an Arab Ladies veil carefully concealing Creation's Face. For what it's worth, outer space is not a void, nor a vacuum. Instead it is something tangible that we with our sophisticated technology have not as yet understood what this substance is. Simple logic indicates that Space cannot be nothing, for in our four dimensional reality (length, width, depth and time) the concept of NOTHING is simply incomprehensible.

If there is something that resides near or outside Creation's Fabric (Outer-Space) it is so concealed that the human intellect has never been known to describe it in uttered or written words.

The Occult teachings seem to hint at Its essence, which seems to me to be the precursor of the manifested metals. Modern scientists are searching for neurons or what could be considered the "glue" that holds our sense of reality (four dimensions) together.

Scientists, operating deep underground, say that what we call gravity cannot account for the way that everything in stellar space hangs together. Obviously, these seekers of TRUTH may have to hunt throughout eternity, for no sooner than they get an answer -- that more questions arise. Actually, our science indicates that many more dimensions exist beyond our barely understood four dimensions, which seem not to be governed by our laws of physics. However, physics, as we understand the concept does not yet explain much of the phenomena that which (metals) exists in, on and around our land.

There are those throughout recorded history that have said Gold is evil or it should remain in the ground hidden from man's greedy prying eyes. These same types of people also started the Crusades and placed gold on their alters, roof tops, candle stick holders, as well as on their hands and heads. It's ironic that these same people conveniently manage to forget that the Book of Genesis says in the beginning that the land has gold and it is good. Plus, when Moses led his people to the Promise Land, God said that all the metals, including gold, necessary for prosperity was waiting to be mined. Furthermore, any student of history (His Story), should readily recognize that when the elements are not mined the people languish, even though and for awhile Govt's prosper. A modern day example of this last sentence is none other than most of the current world. Yes, mining is going on, but not by the little guy. He has been or is being driven out of the game, leaving only the soul-less multi-nationals corporations to dominate. Taken together these international mining companies are abominable monopolies, which fly in the face of the Sherman anti-trust law.

Lately, I'm forced to ask - why would a thinking person believe theories, such as environmentalism, when alternative proof is abundantly available? Could it be that the darker (self-serving ego's) forces don't want people to discover truth? Have you ever heard the saying "and the truth will set you free"? To me, the metals are the elemental manifestation of TRUTH and will set me free. Of course this last statement will only occur if our public servants start doing what they were hired to do.

To me, this Earth is radiantly and dynamically alive, and gave me all that I am in my knowable universe. I recognize that there are other worlds and/or dimensions, and THAT something (GOD thy Father) has and is making manifest the physical, but I am still the prodigy of this World (GOD thy Mother), sort'a like being the child of human parents.

Like women, I suspect that Earth is similar to a flower, but on a vastly different scale. When I look at life there seems to be complete cycles. The flower sprouts after germination (manifesting), matures, blooms, wilts and dies. But, before death it sends its

seeds outward for rebirth. Therefore, I sort'a suspect that man is the instrument to carry Her fertilized seeds into what we call space, which may be simply a huge wondrous Garden of Eden. What are these seeds and of what is the tree or flower of life? They are the Metals, and man is the gardener as it says in the Bible. No doubt there are those that will say such statements are blasphemous. However, does not the Bible, and all other religions teach tolerance and not to judge? On the other hand I realize that the State does not believe in a Christian, Hebrew, Hindu or Islamic GOD - so it is not restricted and can impose intolerance in the form of laws and hideous rules.

Ever since man found a way to enter space -- satellite's have been entering this strange domain. Recently, October 1994, NASA sent the satellite Magellan into Venus's sulfuric acid atmosphere to gather the last bits of information before the batteries quit producing power. Is this satellite not a metallic seed from Earth? I wonder what this action will have on the future of Venus? Another example - what about the Mariner probe sent to the surface of Mars? When the Mars probe landed it found no life. However, does that mean this crimson Lady is a barren old maid? I doubt it. Just because our instruments failed to detect some recognizable life sign, that certainly does not mean She's barren. I have a strong suspicion that "life" is far more mysterious than our collective imagination is currently capable of grasping.

There are the all-wise who say that gold corrupts the innocent and trust worthy. I simply say that nothing will corrupt an honest man. For where did the expression "to thine own self be true" come from? To me, the prospecting for and the mining of Metals, is simply becoming aware, and of discovering the answers to the age old questions of "who and what I am and why I'm here". Therefor digging holes is fundamental to my existence, just as is the prospecting the mysterious depths of womankind in order to create life. For me to get a glimpse of thy Father and Mother, I have to try and imagine, that if EVERYTHING was condensed into a singular form, would It not be the summation of the ALL? And is not the ALL the known energies within each and every element? So, I prospect for truth in order to be true to myself, because I truly believe that if I don't seek I will not find. Therefor - any law or regulation that binds me from finding or seeking truth is not only God awful, but is the work of darkness.

Astronomers realize that for life, as we comprehend it, to exist it takes all the universe with its hundred billion trillion stars in order to sustain a constant catalyzing fusion of hydrogen helium, which makes more neutrons and protons, which in turn evolve to become the heavier elements and maintain an equilibrium.

By the summer of 2000 scientists are saying that the light metals such as lithium and boron are the result of "spallation," which means that cosmic rays in space split larger atomic elements into smaller ones. Here again is scientific proof that creation comes from sources not previously considered. Here's another interesting concept posed by Jeff Kanipe for Space.com, which says: "The seeds of life on Earth could have been carbon-based molecules from stars, rather than simple inorganic molecules lacking that life-linked element..."

“Life did not have to begin with simple inorganic molecules,” said Sun Kwok, of the University of Calgary, referring to a previously accepted theory from the 1950s that inorganic molecules of hydrogen, methane, and ammonia in a primordial muck was energized by lightning to become the building blocks for more complex organic molecules.” I could cite many more similar articles, but at the moment I see no point.

Quite likely, most people don’t realize that this Earth rotates on a 24 hour cycle to maintain life. If the Earth rotated just half or twice as fast as it does the climate would not support life for most creatures, including man. Or, if the Earth rotated half as fast it would become unimaginably cold, as well as intolerably hot. However, if Earth rotated twice as fast as it does the storms and earthquakes would devastate the planet’s surface. Therefore, it seems logical that each creature of Earth has an assigned task to be accomplished within the current, yet in a state of becoming environment. This task is most likely preprogrammed or hardwired into all living creatures, and is what we humans refer to as “instinct”. Take for example the spermatozoa that seeks culmination of creation. And, if these mindless life-forms instinctively know how and what to do, then it seems reasonable to assume that man instinctively knows what he’s to do by the orgasmic expression of prospecting, which consummates by bringing forth life by way of mining in all its forms.

To prospect and mine is a Nobel cause, and to not do so, would be missing the mark (Sinning) regarding my purpose on Earth. Even though this may sound preposterous, look at the bacteria mining in our bowels. If it were not for these critters doing what they were designed to do, we could not live. So, in order for the Metals to live, man is doing what he was designed to do. Think on the following: A grain of sand knows, minds think and bodies act while ego’s react. Oh we influence each other, but the aged questions remain in a stasis without form in the void embroiled with lofty lust in peril of rust. Answers all around, just out of reach, caught in the sea of secrecy whipped by envy bordering rage deep within the sages page.

I am not trying to win converts to this philosophy, but merely attempting to explain why it is so important for me to be engaged in the artistic preprogrammed act of mining via prospecting. Likewise, and just as obvious, Mother Nature will not yield Her mysterious Metals to any disciple, until he has proven himself worthy of the bounty. I travel, like everyone else in this sea of uncertainty. Each of us has a path to follow, which seems to be like the rays of the sun. In other words from the source to the deep.

My simplified religious beliefs are expressed in this chapter due to the threats I face regarding the State and Federal Government’s attempts to destroy the Right of Free Men to prospect and mine. Whereas, my faith may not be politically correct, but the fundamentals I’ve expressed predate man’s recorded history of worship. Furthermore, the Constitutions of New Mexico and the United States clearly state that everyone has the Right to worship any faith.

The following is New Mexico’s Constitutional views of religion:

ARTICLE II, Section 1:

The state of New Mexico is an inseparable part of the federal union, and the constitution of the United States is the supreme law of the land.

ARTICLE II, Section 11:

Every man shall be free to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and no person shall ever be molested or denied any civil or political right or privilege on account of his religious opinion or mode of religious worship. No person shall be required to attend any place of worship or support any religious sect or denomination, nor shall any preference be given by law to any religious denomination or mode of worship.

ARTICLE XXI, Section 1:

Perfect toleration of religious sentiment shall be secured, and no inhabitant of this state shall ever be molested in person or property on account of his or her mode of religious worship.

Wherefore, and without redress, I believe that Prospectors are the Saviors of Man. And if we are destroyed by the EcoElites or the legislator's pen then all mankind will sink into the dismal depths of stagnating oblivion. Consequently, it is my contention that the outrageous HB 556, is the Miners Coffin. And the current/subsequent #3809 regulations, including those proposed by the BLM are the nails to make sure none of us escape from their proposed tomb.

Based upon what seems obvious, that all things evolve, it would seem reasonable to expect that man and metal are merging. When this world was forming the Metals were combining in an infinite variety of minerals, and gave rise to the first forms of what humans call life. Obviously, these various life forms were made of nothing but metals via a multitude of chemical combinations. Thus, as the Metals evolved all life forms emerged. Accordingly, it is self-evident that the metals are the foundation of all life, at least as humans currently comprehend the enigma.

History (His Story) clearly shows that Metals are man's best friend, for he goes nowhere without them. So, if man is to continue being successful he seems destined to continue alloying a metallic substrate who's intellect will surpass the wildest imagination of any present or proposed synthetic intelligence.

If my personal beliefs happen to be only partially correct then woe unto those that forestall the natural progression and destiny of the Mineral Kingdom. And, perhaps, in time we will again treasure all those who seek, locate, extract, refine, and mold that which we place so much reverence upon by stamping the inscription of "In God We Trust" upon.

Humans are especially adept at perceiving themselves as the center of the universe. This egoistic mind set is without doubt understandable in light of our limited life span. When I gaze upon the heavens I sense an incomprehensible vastness, and when I peer through a microscope I'm also struck by what seems to be limitless space. To give some

semblance of what I'm alluding to, try to imagine, if you can, that the Earth is a mere atom within a square inch of gold. Now, you can, to some degree, appreciate the vast relative distances we call either the macro or nano universe. In our youth we tend to think we are indestructible and will live forever. But, as the years fly by faster than we imagined, I can appreciate the pleasurable touch of immortality the metals possess.

CHAPTER 29

A Breath of Fresh Air

Fortunately, Curt, Jack's brother moved to TorC and provided much needed and greatly appreciated assistance in getting the shaft to a depth of 50 feet. He also, helped me drive a new 15 foot adit at the bottom of shaft, because we wanted to be sure that we had not inadvertently missed anything.

In addition, we felt that perhaps we ought to construct this new adit in the event that we would decide to create another opening/portal. In other words, instead of the anomaly and cavernous structure being only 75 feet down it could be 100 to 150 feet. So, another portal would provide easier access as well as muck removal.

Even though Jack and I wrestled with the idea as to where the probability of encountering the ore body would be, no matter how we debated the data it always indicated 75 feet. Of course, and so as to not mis-lead our combined thinking I constantly challenged Jack's hypothesis - to which he always came back with sound and reasonable explanations as to why we should make contact at the designated depth.

By the end of August, 1992 we were back 7 feet in the new adit. As great as the electric hammer drill was it still was difficult to drill horizontally without a Jack-leg. During September I'm drilling and mucking and Curt's hoisting the buckets and wheelbarrowing out the muck. When all of a sudden as I lift a bucket I know that I have just managed to screw-up my back, bigtime. I'm barely able to climb the ladder, get outside and sit down, while Curt puts up the equipment. It takes me more than two hours to descend the mountain, and for a week I'm confined to the bed. Thank God, Jack got back from California and brings me food. For about 10 days I'm on crutches, and it's another 10 days before I attempted to walk very far unaided.

During my convalescing, John Vance visits, and we have lengthy discussions about the mountains. He tells me many a strange tale that he's personally had while out in the mountains. He said that there were many times during the 1960's he tried to explore the Cable Canyon area, but the treasure hunters were too threatening. One of the more interesting narratives that seems to have verification possibilities, was when his twin brother conducted historical research on the mountains. John's brother discovered that when the Ft. Seldon Calvary chased the Apaches into Cable Canyon they would always disappear and were never able to discover where they went. It is surmised that the Apaches knew of a tunnel that could be easily opened and closed. Another story he told me about was when he and his wife were investigating Cable Canyon they heard Indian Tom Toms. But search as they would, they couldn't find the source except that the sound was very close and seemed to be emanating from the wall of a sheer cliff. Incidentally, this particular wall is the same immediate area where the squawking crow went into the hole.

When I was able to get out and about a little without the crutches John and I decided to take his metal detector and investigate the Clato Springs area. John knew of a couple interesting areas that he felt deserved being searched, so off we went. John told me that someone had seen a hole partially open and in the back was a steel riveted door with a big lock. Maybe with his fancy, state of the art metal detector we'd get lucky and find it. I felt that the odds of finding this was a zillion to one if the story was even true. Still and all, the main thing was that I just wanted out of the motel room, and into the mountains.

After traipsing around for quite awhile, we went to Clato Springs and did find a spot that sent the metal detector just a singing. We cleaned the area a little and eventually discovered a rotted rusted top of a steel barrel. We didn't finish digging it up, because, my back was saying ouch. And maybe, some old rancher put the barrel there to collect water for his stock. Then again maybe Clato put it there to collect water for his goats. It is also possible that someone hid something in the barrel, to return one day and get the goodies. It's also possible that someone placed it there to collect gold placer that washes through the area. Who knows, maybe someday I'll go back and see if I can put to rest this puzzle, if someone doesn't beat me to it.

Several years prior to writing this doc-u-drama --- when Rex was in the Clato Springs area he found a rock that had a cross carved into it and had "entero 1860" written on it. Similarly, while I was walking on the Shandon Patented Gold Placer properties in 1983 I found a rock with a cross carved in it with 1820 also carved on it. Months after finding the rock, and snooping around in the Sierra County Court House Tax department I stumbled upon the Shandon tax records. The papers showed a surveyors mark of 1820, so obviously the rock I found was merely a surveyor's rock marker. What Rex found appears to be totally different for I know of no land needing a surveyors mark thereabouts.

Another interesting story I was told while letting my back heal was by Robert Tapia a relative of Juan Tapia. Many people suspected Juan of knowing where the tunnels to the piles of gold were. Jack and I had interviewed Jaun on a couple of occasions, because we had heard that Juan knew a great deal about the Mountains. Juan during the interviews was certainly nice and gentlemanly enough, but I just felt that he would never tell us anything of value. Why should he? Besides, we were Gringo's! Anyway, while driving my pickup along with Robert, he tells me that Juan was able to pan an ounce of free gold from a spot near Apache Gap per day during the 1930's depression. Apparently Juan never would divulge the gold's whereabouts and he took that knowledge to grave. Robert also made another comment that most people adhere to, which is, that panning for gold is back-breaking work. And, if he's going to work that hard he wants to be paid for it, and everyone knows that panning for gold usually doesn't pay much, if anything.

Naturally, these stories would not be complete without the rumors of Caves somewhere between Burbank and Indian Canyons, which are filled with water, making extensive lakes that have fish with no eyes. This may seem like a scatter brain lie, but such underground lakes have been found in Tennessee and in SE New Mexico.

There is another story worth mentioning, which is supposed to be somewhere at the South end of the Caballo's. Seemingly, a local man who lived in the area, while walking discovered an opening, and being curious went in. However, he couldn't go very far due to a rushing torrent of water. On the other side of this river, he could see stacks of old saddles, flintlock rifles, bundles of buffalo hides and stacks of saddlebags. Naturally, if I had found such I would have managed somehow to forge the river, and perhaps this person did just that, because I've never heard what happened to this guy.

While excavating our shaft, many times we would see the blind white crickets, indicating a cave close by. And a couple of times I've even seen the freakish looking daddy long-leg spiders that I've only seen in big caves. These spiders are not the normal ones most people have seen. These have white spots on their legs and they do a rhythmic dance when light is played over them.

In November, Jack, Curt and I finished the short 15 foot adit. We did find from time to time exceedingly thin sporadic PbS mineralization, and the wall rock was becoming altered, but no sign of the anomaly. Consequently, we decided to stop and start excavating a small 2 to 3 inch hole to the East of the shaft that constantly emanated fresh air.

If it wasn't for this air supply I doubt that we could have gotten as far as we have. We'd notice from time to time that when a round of dynamite would go off that instead of the thick noxious fumes being forced to come up the shaft and out the adit door, the fumes, smoke and dust would be sucked back down the shaft. Obviously, the dust and fumes were being sucked through the air hole and into a breathing cave system. From early on we wanted to excavate this hole to see where it led, but first we had to finish the short 15 foot adit.

Fortunately, we were much faster in excavating the air hole, on account of we didn't have to drill any lifters, due to the small already present air hole, which allowed what few sticks of dynamite we had to break the rock much more efficiently.

While we were starting to excavate the air hole it looked like the end was near for all involved in the Grande River Mines project. They appeared to have fallen into the same trap that so-many other well intentioned miners had. No matter why these terrible events take place I really dislike witnessing these circumstances, because it promotes bad publicity for all mining.

Sure mining is risky, yet even so-called legitimate operations fail due to the lack of practical knowledge and homework, or to unforeseen circumstances. Although, as I've said before, I feel that most beginners fail because they depend upon people that appear to be knowledgeable, but are really charlatan's or nitwits's that incorrectly advise the owners as to the real value of the ore.

A few people asked me to assay selected samples of Grande River Mines ore from time to time, which I did, but was never able to find any values. Nonetheless, that should not

be construed to mean that goodies were not present. Likewise, it should be also stated that I did not conduct exhaustive investigations into what their “ore” really contained. And, before anyone states categorically that a sample doesn’t contain goodies, all reasonable attempts should be made to prove such a statement. During my microscopic examinations of their pulverized rock I did notice an abundance of crystals about 1 to 40 microns, that sure resembled the appearance of diamonds. But, I wouldn’t want to make the statement as to what these crystals are without a lot more examination. Whatever these tiny crystals are they do deserve further testing, by those willing to spend the bucks, and time.

Just before we started drilling and blasting on the air hole, there was the foul odor being emitted like something had been dead for a very long time. Seemingly, only I could smell it with clarity. I had smelt this type of odor before, and it was in the cave with the goat skeletons. Then one day, like it had come it vanished. Could the smell be the decomposed bodies of Spanish Miners slumped over stacks of Gold Bars guarding them even in death? Or is it only decaying bats in an associated cave? If I ever needed proof that we were exceedingly close to a large cave this was it. The trouble is how far away from it are we?



A friend examining crawl space in air hole with huge boulders

By February 1993 we had finished excavating the air hole as much as possible. The hole, as expected kept getting bigger and bigger, and eventually opened-up into a couple of small rooms that several of us could stand in. We found large cracks in the floor suggesting that a major cavern is close at hand. In addition, it was apparent that significant leaching had occurred, for even some of the limestone had turned to chalk, and there was flow stone on some of the sides of the cavern walls. Could this be the top of the cavern that people have been seeking these many years? Or does it lead to a cavern that is lined with gold or silver, making the Bridal Chamber pale in comparison? One

thing for sure, we touched a place of Mother Nature never seen by human eyes that is coupled with the promise of pleasure yet to come.

Jack thinks, due to the instrument readings, that we are within 25 feet of the objective. I on the other hand am a bit more skeptical of too much optimism, and prefer to think we are well within a hundred feet of making contact. The main reason for this pragmatic thinking is to not let myself or others down by being wrong. Of course that could be considered as being pessimistic, but it's really not. Instead it's sort'a like being cautiously optimistic. The trouble is, an inch in mining is often the same as a mile. The real question is when will the spirits of the Caballo's or Mother Nature permit us to taste and touch the fruits of our labor?

Could it be that anyone who seeks the Caballo treasure, whether mineral or gold bars are destined to futility? Are we, and more specifically, am I, here to work out or pay a bunch of Karmic dues for my past life's deeds? If there is such a thing as Karma, which certainly seems to have merit, was I a murdering marauding bandit or one of the ruthless Conquistadores? God I hope not!

Just about the time we were wrapping up the shaft excavation, and on another nearby surface mineral reconnaissance we accidentally stumbled upon what looked like a cave opening. Sure enough, after we crawled through the opening it was part of a much larger structure. Like most cave openings, pack rats and squirrels also inhabited this place. And as always, they have the nasty habit of leaving cholla and prickly pear thorns lying everywhere. This opening was no exception, and when we got out we spent more time removing the cactus thorns than exploring. These damnable thorns have the ugly habit of breaking off in the skin, especially in the butt, where they can fester for weeks. Anyway, there is a old newspaper article regarding a particular cave's location, that I had found during my historical research activities in the Albuquerque library archives. In my opinion, because of all the written details it fits this cave's location to a tee. I really do believe that we have stumbled upon a major discovery, and I'll not go into location details for obvious reasons. I will say this though, when we investigated the crawl spaces we were disappointed, because it didn't go to what I wanted it to. Despite my displeasure, I cannot get-over how the entrance was obviously blasted shut, and the amount of air gushing out of the opening was strong enough to blow my hat off. In contrast, and once inside the opening the gushing air wasn't noticeable, suggesting that we were right beside the real entrance. The air didn't blow all the time and when it did there was no air blowing outside. Which means an obvious breathing subterranean structure. Is this cave, and I've seen some mighty big ones, the entrance to all the goodies? Maybe, and one day I'll be back to see if this is one of Father La Rue's mythical sealed doors.

CHAPTER 30

The Devils Brigade

By keeping our eyes and ears open we began to hear the distant rumbling of battle drums. And on the northern horizon there was a thick boiling menacing green fog. Sure enough, the traitorous bureaucrats and the GangGreens had amalgamated and were preparing war on all that would dare use the land. Even though this menace was over a hundred miles away their bolts of lightening struck terror in us all.

Why would the State be doing this, especially when there are so many existing punitive rules and laws on the books now? There can be only one explanation, they wanted to exterminate any and all remaining Freemen.

All during 1992 I kept hearing the slogan “Mine and Cattle free by 93”, chanted by environmentalists. Even the U.S. Legislative bodies were ballyhooing for reforms to restrict mining Nationally. It was becoming painfully clear that someone was out to do away with the little prospectors and miners, as well as ranchers. This became especially true when George Bush signed HR 5503, which will cost all people who have mining claims on public land \$100.00 per claim, to be paid directly to the BLM. According to a few written accounts I’ve seen, the Govt feels that it needs the money worse than the ground needs holes, and now we must rent the right to claim.

When I started doing more research into recent history on local public lands, I found that mining claims in Sierra County had decreased 50% from 1991 to 1992. And without any doubt there will likely be at least another 50% drop in the number of claims after August 1993 due to the extortion of 5503.

I’ve had many discussions with individuals and mining companies, and all said that they are dropping all their marginal Claims, keeping only the best. One thing for sure, there will be fewer discoveries and few, if any, prospectors.

The little guy simply cannot afford to absorb these new scandalous rental fees, and in the long run all commodity prices will go sky high. The average person may doubt this, but the spotted owl drove lumber prices through the roof.

The Federal department of Office Management and Budget (OMB) wrote in the federal register that HR 5503 will bring in an additional 100 million dollars of revenue, and not cause any significant damage to the mining industry. Well, people can believe what they want, but 5503 spells death to the little guy, and eventually to the rest of the West.

Attempting to tackle the Eco-SS, Mr. Ritch (County Mgr.), Mr. Gooding (County Commissioner), both honorable men, and myself made a jaunt to the Capital (Santa Fe) to speak out against the state’s HB 556. Frankly speaking, we sure got a lesson as to how the ecoist’s treat the voting Public. Basically, we were the banquet being served-up to the cannibalistic nature of the politicians.

After getting our bearings straight in these chambers of legislative nightmares, it became transparently clear that the radical environmentalists meant nothing short of eradication of prospectors, small miners, and community sovereignty.

While I was having lunch on this freezing 1993 February day, and waiting for our turn to speak against the proposed legislative craziness I noticed that the greenies had groups of school kids who were being coaxed as to what to say. As I listened to the garbage being spoon fed to the kids directly behind me I couldn't resist turning around and saying, remember kids, don't believe everything adults tell you. And that there are always two sides to every issue, and that miners are not the bad people some grown-ups would have you believe. Naturally, the greenie in-charge of these couple of kids gave me a go-to-hell look.

Back in the legislative chambers (house floor) Mr. Gooding, Mr. Ritch and I waited as one after another environmentalist was allowed to make his or her case. No opposition was yet allowed. Then the grade school kids, one by one, were given preference to talk to the legislative body, but not us three.

Maybe after the kids get through we can have our say. Nope, that was not to be. More environmentalists are allowed to talk and drag the clock till late evening. Then the female ring leader is allowed to do her song and dance. The Chairman of the house committee says to this female creature that he's going to close the floor at 5 PM sharp and told her to keep her remarks to a minimum so that the opposition could be heard. Well, this female thing continues motoring her mouth till 5 PM. Graciously, the Chairman allows 4 dissents, which lasted a total 30 minutes in contrast to the environmentalist's all day episode.

I just couldn't understand how our Govt would allow such a farce to continue like they did. For one thing, why were grade school kids allowed to talk before dissenting adults? Later I was to learn that these kids were hi-jacked from school near Silver City, and bussed across the State without their Parents consent or knowledge. For a few weeks there was a lot of scuttle-butt about the kidnapping of the school kids. But, naturally the whole died into oblivion without any of the greenies being so much as slapped on the wrists for such an unthinkable act.

There is without doubt that some people and industries do cause limited pollution to the air, water and land. I can understand people's concern for a desirable life style reasonably free of contaminates that foul the fundamentals of life. However, even though a few rotten apples can spoil the barrel, that is not justification for ruining the lives of everyone else.

On another one of my initial trips to the Roundhouse with the Sanders Brothers, Mr. Rivera and Mrs. Brenda Thompson we were informed by our Senator John Smith that the proposed NM mining law HB 556 was a tragedy, and Representative Robert Light said it

was insane. Of course these statements were said in private not able to be heard by the greenies nor any other representative.

By this time my financial resources were depleted to the point of chaos, yet I dared not quit in the middle of this fight. With help from very special people and what little money I had left I tried to fight the new proposed mining law and the implied heinous regulations in any manner I legally could.

Unfortunately, I was terribly naive, and didn't know how to navigate these perilous tunnels of laws. Consequently, I was relegated to just trying to speak out against the impending doom during legislative committee hearings.

During one of the early hearings, the environmentalists were actually trying to have all the mines closed. And, because the miners therefor would need employment, the radical EcoElites suggested the miner's be employed to fill in the mined holes. When my moment came to speak, I suggested that the holes in the ground they wanted to cover over were often homes to bats, snakes and other critters, so the wise greenies shut up about possibly destroying the habitats of bats.

The greenies are always saying that the tailings cause pollution, because the rain leaches out the so-called toxic minerals. But, I find it strange that both plant and critter has made these piles into homes. Furthermore, these piles are not killing off any of the surrounding area, in-fact, it looks as though the leached minerals, are actually helping the soil. I have visited hundreds of old mine tailings or muck piles, and without exception all manner of plant has taken root.

It seems to stand out adamantly clear that the multi-national corporations are feeding these green female vipers. And, as an added bonus, they gave them permission to excavate the testicle fortitude of the few remaining prospectors and would-be miners. One of these green female fiends had the audacity to say that all mines should be closed, and that we have all the gold we need. What an absurd statement. The more gold or any metal in circulation makes the prices of all commodities go down, and ultimately raises the standard of living even for these female beasts, who I'll bet have some gold stashed away. By the way – all these green women looked like they just stepped out of a jungle combat operation. Their hair looked as though rats had found a new home, while the toe sacks they camouflaged their bodies in failed to cover their storm troopers boots. You simply would not believe what green can do to a woman's mental stability. Of course, I have my doubts that these creatures are really women, cause Dante's Inferno would not even want these beastly looking feminist's.

When I was allowed to speak, which was seldom, I was extremely self-conscience, afraid that I'd make a fool of myself and concerned that I'd say the wrong thing. There were so many issues to speak about and try to refute that it was simply overwhelming. Often, I felt intimidated and so furious my legs would tremble and my voice would crack. And I came to realize what a squealing pig must feel like when its just been stuck.

Ever since childhood I've heard the phrase "tongue tied", well I finally became privy to exactly what that adage meant. While attempting to plead my case to the representatives with an injured back, and from moment to moment wondering if I was going to fall down, my tongue actually froze to my gums, and I had to pry it off the inside bottom of my mouth to continue speaking. Talk about an embarrassing minute, my self-esteem just went through the floor.

Even though I had previously attended several of these hearings, this time I had the distinct feeling that I was on trial for my life. I often heard my self quietly asking myself why were these politicians acting so grossly to the very people they are suppose to serve. Didn't they care for or have any respect for the Constitution?

Without exception, when it came time for a vote I watched in abject horror and rage as they voted in favor of this monstrous bill. To heap insult upon injury I never saw one of these elected servants ever read the bill slapped down before them just prior to casting their yea votes. How could our elected representatives justify doing this to the people they are sworn to protect? There is a saying in the halls of congress, "while the legislature convenes no man is safe." This statement is apparently a truth, but has the stench of a sewer.

During one of the final committee hearings, and on another issue, I waited to hear what a BLM representative had to say. This wise BLM bureaucrat proposed that it become a crime for people to leave behind on public or private property the residue of burnt copper wires. This benevolent BLM'r further wanted stiff fines to be placed upon the property owner for failure to clean-up someone's else's mess. When this character got through I asked to be heard and I was granted time to speak on this issue. I told the representatives about how the BLM had known of copper wire being burned upon BLM managed (public) land. And that the BLM knew who had done this deed and who was subsequently arrested. I further explained to the representatives that it was BLM's responsibility according to this BLM'ers own words to clean up the mess, and that the BLM had roped off the area in question weeks earlier. I went on to say that the BLM in their infinite wisdom covered over with dirt the contaminated area and allowed rain to wash the so-called toxic residue away. The committee chairman said to the BLM agent that perhaps the committee should punish the BLM, and the Agent turned red in the face. When the committee adjourned the BLM agent said to me "why didn't I mind my own business?" I just smiled, and said quietly to myself at least I exposed this rat to the light of day and stalled their regulatory zest a little.

The environmental community obviously was able to somehow convince all the politicians to vote in favor of HB 556. It seems reasonable to ask what kind of persuasion did the slimy green thugs use? As a result of watching first hand their insidious behavior I really believe that the politicians voted the way they did in order to get some kind of pet project funded or funds put into their political war chests, or they did what is politically correct by compromising their souls by going along to get along. In other words, I believe they sold-out to the radical special interest's. Furthermore, it is evident to me that they did not consider the devastating consequences of their despicable and treasonous actions.

Or, could it be that they didn't care one way or the other, they got their goodies, and to hell with everyone else?

Not one of the elected representatives wanted to, or would talk about how this mining bill was going to effect the Constitutional Rights of the individual. Nor, how it was going to affect the Rights of Private Property Owners. Nor, what was likely to happen to local economies. No one wanted to discuss how this bill was preempting each County's authority and thereby destroying not only the living standards of the individuals, but creating a future fiscal nightmare for the local municipalities.

By regulating through a permitting process what was once guaranteed Rights has now become a licensed Privilege. But a far worse deed is on the socialist's agenda. That being to set a precedence of regulating what a person can and cannot do on privately owned property. In all Dictatorships and Socialist Countries, the State owns the Land and only Permits the individual to toil in the soil, then Takes most of the goods produced.

When Land, Public or Private, ceases to belong to the people, due to State control, there can be NO legitimate Ownership of anything, and thus no sovereignty. This type of irresponsible behavior sets the stage for the total abandonment of any and all personal Rights and the creation of tyrannical rule.

There is no-doubt many Americans would think that this could never happen here in America. I can only say look at what happened in Waco or to Randy Weaver's family, and many other citizens across this once proud Land. And, if these incidents don't make sense, look at Russia or China. Furthermore, after these two tragic incidents were practically forgotten the sharpshooters who killed U.S. citizens were only verbally reprimanded, and are still employed. What does this say about the FBI, DEA and the entire Judicial system?

The environmentalist's are very clever. They exempted the sand, gravel, dirt, and quarry operations from the abhorrent HB 556. The reason, as one environmentalist told me in one of the after hours meetings in which Gary King was present and could hear what this individual ecoist said, which was –"these sand and gravel companies had the votes, and miners didn't." The truth, in my opinion, was that if the construction industries had to fall under the same rules it would stop all building activities and the people would get wise as to what's really happening behind the green mask.

When I confronted Rep. Gary King, the sponsor of this treasonous 556, about the unfairness and out-right discrimination by exempting sand, and gravel operations which are mining in any sense of reality, my ears heard him say in front of everyone that they'd get them next year.

Rats as you know cannot stand the purifying rays of daylight. Instead they scurry around in darkness, and thrive on secrecy, and any kind of scrutiny is a curse to them. Unfortunately for Americans, our political system seems to be dominated and entrenched with packs of political hacks and rats.

Probably the most troubling aspect of HB 556 is that a mining commission is to be formed to protect the habitat of all kinds of rats. The new mining commission slated to control all lands within the state boundaries, will be the very ones that have shown utter contempt for the people. To enforce their will they even went to the state treasury and appropriated (stole) the money to bury us all.

The environmentalist's know the only way to accomplish their goals is to attack the fundamentals from as many directions as possible. So, if they loose on one front, most of the others will win. In other words, the divide and conquer rule really works. Isn't it interesting that Kruschew said "we'll destroy you from within." It's also rather ironic that while we were trying to prepare a fight with the Feds, the eco-terrorists attacked from the rear. Who would have expected so many turn-coats in our own back yard? Obviously, a bitter pill to swallow, but a needed lesson as to what is really going on. For me, I no longer have any doubts that our entire legislative and judicial system is corrupt and morally bankrupt.

By making regulations so punitive and costly to conform to the radical pseudo-scientific environmentalist's theories they have not only managed to demolish individual initiative by destroying the incentives, they knowingly are making this Country dependent upon foreign mineral sources.

It does not take an astro-physicist to recognize that our politicians for decades have been systematically reducing our collective ability to compete. And, have slaughtered the American Standard of Living we have long enjoyed. Of course, the real tragedy is that the politicians would not stand up against these monsters. I guess it's possible they acted as they did out of fear; but much more likely, they are the devils brigade and doing only what comes natural to their kind.

Probably the most outrageous thing about HB 556 is that the People were not informed as to how the politicians were going about destroying their dreams and ideals. There can be little doubt to anyone who has, at least, the brain of flea that the State is forming a State sanctioned and controlled mining monopoly. How could I come to this conclusion? Several years ago there were a few books published about the future wars between the Corporate Giants acting in collusion with the various world wide Govt's. Ask yourself as to what's the difference of any public corporate entity and any Govt? Neither has a responsible head, nor soul, and both have an abundance of face-less bureaucrats (managers) who are constantly pointing fingers.

I still hear people say that this is still the best place to live in the whole world. This is true. But for how much longer, and compared to what?

It seems self-evident to anyone who is not wearing blinders or ear plugs that HB 556 and similar Acts are encouraging the de-industrialization of this great Nation. As well as, reducing the people to sub-human existence and serfdom. Oh sure, our elected so-called leaders say that we have to become better educated in order to compete in the New World

Order. So, bone crushing, body trashing corporate downsizing called restructuring is the new name of the game. Yet, they don't cut bureaucratic fat. In addition, they conveniently forget to say that if everyone was educated to work in whatever these new fields of employment are that the sheer weight of the competition would create low paying jobs. Furthermore, if everyone had PhD's, they'd still have to be trained for the job in-order to fulfill the expectations of employment. So, in other words, all the politicians are really saying is gobblegook and double talk.

Look at computers, when these wonderful new picks and shovels were introduced those that knew how make them work commanded high incomes and prestige. But look at them now, they're no longer viewed as special nor paid as a privileged class.

The radical special interest groups know full well that in this day and age the pen is mightier than the sword. And when HB 556 came up for a final vote, it passed one hundred percent. No wonder the American people are turned-off to the political system, because they know we really haven't had a say in politics for a very long time.

Lot's of people say that the American people are apathetic, that's just bullhockey, the American people are 10 times smarter than any pseudo-intellectual says they are. American's have known and are learning every day that the game is rigged. Besides, we could vote the rascals out every election and it wouldn't solve a thing.

The problem isn't the idiot politician's who have come to think that their shit doesn't stink, it's the appointed parasitic bureaucrats that suck on the public teat or dine at the public trough. As these ecomobsters steal your money they have the audacity to call themselves professionals. Maybe, these eco-gangsters consider themselves as professionals because they have found a way to legally TAKE your gold via permits and taxes. Occasionally, I'd call their hand on the use of the word "professional" when they are describing their jobs. So far, not one politician or bureaucrat has challenged me when I remind them that they are only public servants, nothing more, and certainly not professionals; for that term is exclusively reserved for business people who risk their financial necks in the economic jungle. Other than back-stabbing I wonder what risks the ecocrats take in their ivory towers?

I have to say categorically, and without remiss that the radical Environmental, Archaeological, Paleontological, Ecological and Conservational communities have declared total war upon All-American Ideals. And, the very existence of what America is supposed to stand for is at stake.

The federal legislated ACTS listed in Part II of this doc-u-drama, and the other abominable actions by elitists will eventually have dire consequences on us all. The only consolation that I can find is that the scythe of the Grim Reaper swings eventually in both directions. And, what the radical socialistic environmentalist's sow they will eventually reap. The trouble is we're all going to get to enjoy their hell fire and brimstone for years to come. Unfortunately, we humans seem to have the amazing ability to disregard the

errors or lessons of yesterday and thus enjoy repeating them. I wonder if we will ever learn?

I've contemplated many detestable actions of revenge to somehow equalize the pain these ecoterrorists have caused me. The trouble with that kind of logic is that I will have succumbed to the same level as the common criminal, or become just like the sleazy bureaucrats and the greenies. Besides, I've never believed that two wrongs make a right. So, the only logical alternative is to expose the ecorats, and take whatever pleasure I can watching them scurry to their hell holes.

As in anything, there are always two sides of a door. And what I found out about myself is that I went willingly to the wall, in spite of the risks, fighting the tyrannical green goo. As a result, I gained an inner knowledge that I at least stood up and was counted. As a result of my feeble protest efforts I got a glimpse of what our founding Fathers must have felt when they were all alone, and yet had to risk everything to fight for what they believed. The only difference, so-far, is that I haven't had to put my life on the line. But, as an attorney in Sierra County said to me, "before this is over, a lot of you are going to die."

When white-man first arrived in this Country they took by force what was needed from the land, often at the expense of the American Indian. As you know the Govt would make treaties with the Indians, yet, when it became profitable to break these lawful contracts the Govt did so with greased ease and impunity, often under the guises of peace and friendship.

Now, the Govt is treating the White Man with the same utter contempt. Our Govt made a sacred treaty with the people calling it the Constitution(s). But look what's been happening: the politicians have amended, taxed and permitted away our fundamental Freedoms and the faceless bureaucrats are relentlessly regulating away all remaining Rights in the name of public welfare and ecological order. So, based upon what has happened to the Indians, there seems to be truth to the old saying "what goes around comes around." Maybe we deserve these consequences, because we didn't act when we had the chance.

Finally with a mashed nose from the green blows and just barely enough money to feed my gas guzzling steed, I loaded up what few belongings I had and headed back to Texas, where I could at least eat in respected company.

By the end of September 1993 I had written and sent many lengthy letters to the New Mexico Energy, Minerals & Natural Resources Department (NM EM&NR). These long letters contained my personal feelings and comments regarding the proposed HB 556 regulations. Do I have much hope that the State will allow the little guy to survive and be able to continue his historical heritage of digging in the Earth? All I can say is that it doesn't look good.

As a result of the politician's dastardly deeds, and total lack of finances I've put the Cable Claims on hold till I know to what extent the damaging regulations are going to cost in both time and money. And of course, the question I'm always asking myself is: when is Mother Nature going to allow the Cable Claims to bear fruit? And why is Mother Nature allowing the EcoHags to take away all that I've worked for? Jack has always said that "great deeds require great effort." Well I know we've put out the effort, but it may not have been great enough. Of course, destiny may be playing a part, and when the time is right it will happen. Therefore, and until my ship comes in I will continue to enjoy the one thing that money can't buy, which is - abundant poverty.

The only advantage I have in order to keep my sanity is that I know we have found something monumental. And, that I have not compromised my belief that a person does not have to resort to fraudulent activities in order to be successful. Nor, have I succumbed to becoming a red green socialist. What's the famous American saying "give me liberty or give me death", well I personally would rather be dead than lying in a traitorous bed.

After arriving in Houston I thought I was leaving the New Mexico storm clouds behind, but the green slime is doing a number on Texan's with their psychotic Wet Lands, Storm Drainage, Clean Air and Water Acts. And, as I watch the news, read the newspapers and a variety of magazines this Plague seems to be encircling the globe.

During the last days of October while watching Houston PBS channel, low and behold, there's the Texas Parks and Wildlife talking about endangered species. And what's the focus? You guessed it the desert bighorn sheep. What was really offensive was the new program of making the State Parks into commercial operations with each game warden the new entrepreneur. Now, it's clear as to what's in store for the rest of the West.

Late in December, 1993, I received a set of proposed rules for HB 556. The previous frightful rules the ecologists proposed were tame in comparison to these new EM&NR (NM Energy Mining & Mineral Resources) department regulations.

I thought this agency would have at least considered what the opposition had to say; but, no way, for these bureaucrats have clearly designed the oven in which to burn all the opposition. I had said almost a year earlier that I thought that the State had already drafted a set of rules, and would spring them on us at the last minute. Judging from the contents, there's absolutely no doubt in my mind that the State was merely going through the formalities, and had already crafted most of the nails of all New Mexico's miner's coffins.

In March of 1994 I received the latest set of revised proposed HB 556 regulations, drafted by the NM EM&NR. They cleverly changed some of the hideous rules, but the end result is death to all who would dare dig in Eco-rule country.

It is possible that I deserve the events coming my way, because I did not stand and fight when I saw the same thing happening to other industries. I once heard it said that "they came and drug the man down the street away, and I looked the other way, then they came

and took my neighbor, and I turned away, now they've come for me, and who's left to help me?"

Who is and has been nourishing these environmental monsters? I can only make speculative guesses. Nonetheless, I do suspect it was and is the international (multi-national) corporations that have no sense of patriotism. Who else could have funded them so expertly all these years? Oh sure the greenies have bewitched and beguiled ordinary folks with their preposterous lies, thereby extracting donations and neatly intermingling as though they are one of the common folks. In contrast, that doesn't explain why they are tolerated in the halls of congress. I wonder, if the saying "birds of a feather flock together" and "the beltway bandits" are synonymous?

Fortunately, it's much easier to spot these disguised eco-degenerates than just a couple of years ago. If you'll look closely, the green women all seem to have the jaws of the female creature in the movie "Alien". The only difference is these imposters of human females aren't as good looking as the "alien" who are dressed in their sacks, boots, and kinky rats nest hair.

My first warning of impending doom, although I didn't recognize the threat, was in 1965, while preparing a homesite in Alabama. As I and my father-in-law were chopping trees on a hot, quiet afternoon I noticed a single dark cloud on the horizon. I said to Troy, look at that, and we both stood in awe as this ominous black shape silently raced towards us as fast as any jet. When it was directly overhead I could see that it was boiling and churning, as if seething in anger, and I said to myself I'm sure glad that I'm not on the receiving end of that evil seething brew. I asked Troy what he thought it was, and he just looked at me for the longest time, and then picked up his axe and started chopping again without a saying a single word. I don't know who or what was stirring this pot of stew as it flew from East to West, but one thing for sure, someone was in for a frightful night of wrath of a witches might.

Looking back in time, it now seems obvious—these savage females emerged upon the American landscape in the 1960's by fortifying their positions under the banner of women's lib. By blaming men for all their tales of woe they enlisted the aid of naive women and set about infiltrating the sanctity of Freeman's domain. Once in position of judicial, governmental and corporate power these haters of men created all kinds of camouflaged, guilt laced and deceptive snares to ambush and confine the very men that had given them what they said they needed and wanted. However, and unfortunately for the majority of real women they too are loosing their possessions to the feminists seeking domination. Take for example, the latest craze of child abuse. First of all, so-called "abuse" has been a fact of human existence and will not be regulated nor lawed away. As a matter of fact, governments are the biggest abuser's of social behavior by legitimizing or criminalizing peoples actions on a moment to moment basis, without regard to the realities of human nature. Govt cannot exist without problems, so it behooves them to create as many fires as possible, which are really disguised takings and thereby perpetrating more misery.

My second warning came in 1989 while trying to assist and care for a lady friend, who's garment was riddled with cancer. One evening while trying to catch up on a little rest a ghastly green distorted face appeared upon the wall at the foot of the bed. I watched this amazing phenomenon for several minutes as it appeared to be laughing at me. Finally, a huge green slimy tongue came out of its grotesque mouth, and it amazingly and simply swallowed itself. At the time I presumed it was my mind conjuring up the pictorial drama that was consuming my friend, but now, I'm pretty sure it was a manifestation of green ecogoop running amuck and coming my way. If my vision has any validity, then the EcoRats will consume themselves. Yet, I can't help suspecting that I also will be consumed long before this menace self-destructs.

By the way, just before leaving New Mexico for Houston I saw another sight that made my skin crawl. About midnight I was dropping off some papers at a TorC motel for a friend. As I drove into the parking lot, low and behold there on the other side of the street was one of those menacing black vehicles I had heard so much about. Naturally, and previously to actually seeing one for myself I was always a little skeptical. Nonetheless, here was a quite but creepy looking solid black suburban. Even the windows were jet black and practically blended into the shadows. I still didn't think a whole lot about the vehicle till I noticed that it resembled a porcupine with all the aerials sticking out of the roof and windows. I was tempted to walk across the street and knock on the door; but chickened out. So now I'll never know for sure if this was one of those "men in black" incidents.

I next find myself asking what about the men who subscribe to the green socialist agenda? Well, there's just not much worth saying, except that they remind me of wimpy suck-face scum bellied pekkerwoods, who have sold their souls to the green malignancy. While in the New Mexico Capital one of these fraudulent men said to me, thinking I'd succumb to his ploy, that we should not tolerate foreigners coming into New Mexico and exploiting the metals. These same hypocrites also chant about Global economy and how we are One World. So, it appears they talk out of both sides of their mouths at the same time.

While the EcoElites stomp on our Rights, these same ruby eyed, golden throated, silver tongued Greens watch the genocide in urban America. I ask myself why don't these wise ecocrats try to clean up the polluted inner cities, instead of creating a miners holocaust. Obviously, the inner city's problems are the result of past wise bureau-ratic nightmares, and anyone able to peek into the future can see the ruin of tomorrows western frontier.

It certainly appears that somehow and soon that the Cable Claims must get opened. Ask yourself what's anything going to be worth other than hard tangible assets when the New World Order fulfills its quest of domination? When I look around all I see is a 1930's spectra ravaging the once fertile valleys of hope. With the yoke of HB 556 around our necks we've somehow have to find a hand hold and hang on. I know I can't quit my dream because the Ecoists will have won. Likewise and most probably they will still kill me with their insidious reclamation regulations.

As I look forward into the immediate future there's not much doubt they will make an example out of someone, and I or another prospector/miner will do just fine. Now that I can't dig much without encouraging their wrath, I am resigned to bide my time. Somehow and soon I sure wish Lady Luck would send another partner to help finish this task.

Perhaps my destiny is not to enjoy the metallic fruits of the Caballo's, even though the fire is still as bright as when I first started this journey. Maybe, the call of the wild was merely to hone my pick into a pen and expose the predatory green beasts for what they are. Conceivably, it's time to "Remember the Alamo". As in the movie, there's a line being drawn in the sand, there is no place to run and hide, you're either on one side or the other. So stand and fight for Right, or take flight.

Prospectors, Miners, Rockhounds, Treasure Hunters, Sierra County Residents, your greatest asset is in your back yard. Somehow you must take charge of the land. And, inhabitants of TorC you better secure the Sierra Caballo Mountains because like it or not, believe it or not your future survival lies in the mountain's mysterious depths. Ask yourself's: why does the various Govt agencies want this area so badly? And, if these agencies would go to such great and dastardly lengths to steal these mountains then perhaps you too ought to fight to keep them.

All of Sierra County is priceless, and everyone should stand shoulder to shoulder to fight off the hoards of masquerading EcoRats. TorC'ers, you know that your city is a wreck and definitely becoming a landfill. It will take massive amounts of funds to revitalize your infrastructure, as well as make you proud to say you live in exciting Truth or Consequences. How are you going to get these funds? You know the Govt is not going rebuild for you. In fact, they are plotting to dismantle what decay is left. The only logical answer is to - encourage the discovery of commercial minerals, lost mines, lost hoards of treasure, and the Caballo's underground network of tunnels. Think about it. TorC could again be on the map as THE place to be. Adventure movies will be made, romantic novels written, and at the very least your self-respect will ride high on the contours of the desert Southwest.

Although this story surrounds me it's really about you, your desires, your children and the place you call home.

CHAPTER 31

Let There Be Light

1994 witnessed me occasionally writing herein as well in newspapers trying to express my concerns about the future of the mineral industry. And, at the same time, driving a truck cross country to satisfy my bodily needs.

Being a long haul truck driver was never on my wish list. But, it costs a great deal of money just to exist, and I had to do something to keep the wolves away. Even though truck drivers are often considered stupid and scum, at least it is an honorable profession. I am not forced to compromise my sense of moral values, although many a trucking company will try to make the drivers drive illegally. Just to give you an idea of what I mean, many small or fly-by-night companies say to their drivers to be creative with their logs. What they are saying without actually becoming legally liable is for the drivers to lie on their logs to show that they drove or worked less hours than they really did. The reason is because D.O.T. regulations require that drivers drive not more than ten hours per day. But, trucker's pay is almost always based upon the amount of miles driven, so it behooves the trucker and company to fudge. The downside to being creative with the log is that there are terrible fines and possible loss of driver's license. So, in my way of looking at driving for a living is to stay in compliance and not compromise my future. Therefore, because I've now got over a years experience and feeling that I could get a job with a reputable company I refused to continue putting my neck on the chopping block.

While driving a big rig carries considerable responsibility and risk, at least I don't have to compete in today's sales arena. Even though I enjoy and would like to be back in sales, today it seems that everyone is selling the same thing to only a few customers. Consequently, and due to severe competition, most, if not all sales rely upon some kind of deceit, like bait and switch. Thus, I simply cannot stand to knowingly lie or participate in the current game to get a sale regardless of how bad I need the money.

By August 1995 I had managed to save a couple of dimes, but due to BLM's annual "Maintenance Fees" I had to pay many of these thin tokens to the Fed's in order to stay in rental compliance. Unfortunately, I didn't have enough money stored away and was only able to keep 12 of our original 27 Cable Claims, and when I can afford to I'll re-claim the area temporarily lost.

The first part of October saw me loose my cool, and I quit my driving job. I just couldn't stand the circumstances I found myself in. Accordingly, I decided that I would go to the Caballo's before I tried to get another driving job. But, before I went I spent the next 10 days getting this book as prepared as possible for presentation to PCM and the Sierra County Commissioners. My intention in writing this book has always been to advise Sierra County residents as to the importance of mining, and not let the EcoElites get away scot-free with the terrible harm they are doing to freemen.

Boy, did it feel good to be back in the Land of Enchantment. And for the next three weeks I felt like the guy I used to be. My first climb was back to the Adit/Shaft with Jack and Kirt. This wonderful ordeal took us about two hours. Brother, was I out of shape due to sitting on my butt driving. Even though I had a lame excuse, I was astonished at both Jack and Kirt who made it up the mountain in the same time it took me. Jack was still recovering from open-heart surgery, and Kirt had just completed eye surgery, and here I was huffing and puffing like some 80 year old.

After sitting around for about an hour reminiscing as to how great it was to be back Jack and I went down the shaft. We collected samples, looked around, and as usual Jack proceeded to break a few rocks with his side-kick sledge hammer. Due to Jack's excavation it became quite noticeable that when our current shaft is extended a few more feet we will no-doubt break into the upper reaches of some kind of extensive cavernous system. But this adventure will, as usual have to wait till financially better times.

The next several days Norman Chatfield and I traipsed all over the associated terrain. My objectives were to put to rest as many mysteries as I could before my funds vanished.

We went to the area where tremendous volumes of air was emanating from that fascinating hole in the ground. This time there was no rush of air. Furthermore, after respectable prospecting I had to conclude that as interesting as I thought this hole was, it no-longer captivated me. I now realized that this hole would require formidable amounts of time and money, neither of which I had. Consequently, I had to once again store this hole in the pile of things to when there's nothing else worth pursuing.

Again, like the many times before I climbed the mountain in search of what looked like a possible Spanish sealed entrance that I had inadvertently discovered years earlier. Seek, I did, but to no avail. I re-found all the associated places. But, somehow, for some unbeknownst reason I could not locate even the hole where the rattlesnake had intently watched me. Thus, this mystery remains just that, an enticing memory.

By now, while prospecting many of the items I always meant to examine I was in the process of becoming a total cripple. I could barely walk, little alone climb, due to excruciating pain. My new pigskin boots were making my toe nails turn black and blue. So, I became relegated to terrain that was not as precipitous. Norman and I walked many a-mile atop the mountain looking for jasperoid outcrops, to provide me with clues as to why the Caballo's should hold a King's treasure. We found and examined several of these outcrops. We broke many a rock looking for metallic mineralization, but found none.

The obvious question that any legitimate prospector should ask when discovering one of these jasperoidal outcrops on the top of mountain is why and how did they get here. These belt like seams, resembling veins or dikes obviously have roots extending down deep. They're huge clues, but as yet, I've not been able to decipher the speech of Mother Nature.

As the days crept by I was beginning to wonder if my feet would ever heal. As a result of my discomfort I took a couple days off from the field and started making calls upon friends not seen in a couple years. Rex West heard I was in town and came by. He wanted me to go into the mountains to help him locate mineralization associated with the latest geophysical studies on a group of mining claims. Naturally, I agreed, whether my feet could hold up to the challenging terrain or not. Rex was my friend, and anything I could do to assist him I would. Besides, I have always enjoyed being in the mountains with him. Plus, who knows, perhaps he/we might get lucky and discover something new.

On our way to the mountains we stopped at the KOA campgrounds to get some drinks, and to our amazement there across the blacktop was a grizzly old-timer unhooking his burros from his wagon. Luckily, Rex had his camera and took a picture of this covered wagon. This old looking man, with beard to his belly always alluded Rex's attempts to get his picture standing next to his earthly rather ancient, but precious possessions. This picture can be viewed by going to my web site and clicking on the RV page.

Fortunately, the climbing Rex took me to was not those terrible steep cliffs, and we found several rich copper structures related to the geophysical anomaly. I must say that while we found these mineralized structures the old timers in the 1800's had found them too. Previously, Rex had used Jack's EM-16 to discover an unusually high anomaly in these Caballo foothills. To verify the EM-16 readings, Rex and his associates hired a professional Geophysicist who used his EM-83 to corroborate the EM-16. Much to my delight, the EM-83, a much more sophisticated instrument has thus, indirectly, verified our EM-16 Cable Claims results.

During this prospecting escapade, North of Longbottom, in the metamorphosed granitic foothills Rex led me to an area of a symbol carved in a flat rock, which to my knowledge no-one knew existed till Rex's discovery. The story related to this windmill looking stone carving indicates where Doc Noss used a Spanish mine entrance to collect smelted gold bars. I had to admit that when I added up all the geological evidence, obvious mineralization, combined with the EM-16 readings coupled to the hidden carving the tale could indeed be true.

Rex asked me what I'd do if I wanted to find this illusive entrance. I said, that by using the EM data, tracing known mineral structures and utilizing the directions indicated by the carving a group of people walking tight grids should be able to find enough evidence to discover a logical place to start digging. But this type of endeavor would most likely take weeks to perhaps months. I further suggested that before a walked pattern began I would hire the Geophysicist to conduct a tight grid to better define the anomaly. Then and only then get about 5-10 trusted associates to carefully walk the entire area, leaving no stones unturned. The downside to this activity would be that I could see at least \$30,000 being spent before a through systematic search could begin.

Just as we were winding down our mineral search, and heading back to the pick-up Rex found a mangled, decomposed skeleton of what looked like the remains of a baby desert big horn sheep, but I suppose it could also have been a goat or deer. I twisted off part of

the rotten smelling leg with hoof, and put it in a plastic bag. Upon returning to TorC I showed this fur covered bone to various people, but none could verify what it was. That same night I attended a PCM meeting where I asked the members what they thought it was. Most didn't know. However, one member said he was sure it was a fawn. Interestingly, he never thoroughly examined it, but perhaps he's an expert in such bones. Coincidentally, this same member later said he was previously employed to manage the Fra Cristobals, before Ted Turner and Jane Fonda bought the Mountain Range, who just allowed with welcome wide open arms these so-called state endangered sheep to be placed upon them. Could it be that a "ringer" is now influencing PCM members? I hope not. During the first part of 1996 I was told by people I trust that I was wrong in the foregoing statement. However, till I personally hear different I'm going to let the last few sentences stand. However, I must add, that I do indeed often hear things incorrectly. And, if this is indeed the case then I apologize and retract the "ringer" insinuation.

For the next several days Norman and I walked the Cable Claims terrain gathering mineralized samples, which I would examine when I returned to Houston. Before heading out to the mountains I always got breakfast at the same restaurant. While there, I would meet people not seen in years. Thus, it was inevitable that Mr. Druze and I would meet again. We had several conversations and he continued to emphasize that I should locate Rasmensen's hidden trap door. This time I got a large picture from Jack, and Mr. Druze showed me about where to look. Unfortunately, I could not get-up the courage to withstand the pain to hunt for this hidden mine entrance.

Due to all the clues I wanted to explore I forced myself to buy a new pair of boots even though I had not budgeted for this expense. As seems to be my luck, there was only one pair of boots in town that would fit. Although these boots were better, they weren't wide enough and still hurt like hell. Because I couldn't endure the pain I didn't tighten them. Thus, I managed to sprain my ankle jumping from boulder to boulder, which now left me completely relegated to the lowlands.

The last week in the mountains Norman and I scoured the granitic foothills just West of Cable Canyon looking for anomalies as to why mineral deposition occurred in/on Cable Claims. We found several gabbroic dikes intimate with the Gordon and Caballo Faults. One of these dikes in the red up-thrusted and altered granite hills contained the exact same appearance as the dikes in Cable and Indian Canyons. This was an important discovery, because it proved once and for all that gabbroic dikes did not change mineral consistency, in the different stratas of granite or limestone, as I had thought. Plus, it further demonstrated that the dikes are not only extensive, but did not get the iron content from the Bliss. And, far more importantly their origins appear to emanate from the Rift itself.

In the process of prospecting and collecting samples near the mouth of Cable Canyon we stumbled upon two important clues. The first discovery came when we were in Cleto Springs. We went there to dig up the barrel John Vance and I had discovered in the early part of 1993. When we arrived at the sight it became apparent that we would have to dig extensively due to huge boulders now covering this hidden rusted barrel.

Because time was becoming a precious commodity I decided to not excavate the barrel, instead we examined the area trying to better understand why the barrel was there to begin with. In the process, we noticed that someone many years ago went to the trouble of building some sort of encampment. As we scrutinized this built-up area we noted a sunken place suggesting a mine shaft. We started to dig, but our shovel broke. So, this discovery, if it is such, will as usual, have to wait. Our examination indicated this area was up-thrusted at about a 45 degree angle, with one side slickened, indicating movement deformation where there now resided a three foot wide seam of fault gouge (clay). To top it off the granite on the west side of fault was decomposing, suggesting possible mineralization.

When granite decomposes it's really easy to dig, and suspecting the possibility of gold we collected dozens of samples. When we got back to Norman's home and started panning started immediately.

When the bulk of the gravel was washed away we could see a minute trail of yellow suggesting a bonanza. In order to better see these tiny yellow glints we borrowed Jack's microscope. I could barely believe my eyes peering through the lens at these beautiful golden spheres. Not trusting my eyes I ran a couple chemical tests, and sure enough there was no doubt, we had struck it rich.

Now everything was beginning to make sense as to why the barrel was in this spring. Furthermore, it supported my theory that there must be a mine shaft. But, why wasn't this monumental gold deposit discovered in recent times? The only logical reason we could ascertain at the moment was that this gold was actually microscopic, and being balls would never easily concentrate. We too had found it terribly difficult to keep the balls gathered due to the fact they rolled like ball bearings.

With my money supply approaching zero, all I had time to do was collect representative samples for later analysis. However, I was secretly thinking to myself - here's my chance to stay in the mountains and not have go back to driving trucks, as well as a way of acquiring the money necessary to fund the Cable Claims.

The next most important item was to secure this discovery. So, before Norman and I claimed this area I had to make sure the area was not currently owned. Even though we scoured the area and found no mining claim monuments I still had to go to BLM and abstract it.

I couldn't remember how to get to BLM in Las Cruces, so I called Rex, who was temporarily living there to take me to BLM. Plus, this was a chance to meet with him before going back to Houston. After completing the abstracting, Rex told me that he and the Noss Family was considering claiming this same area. Apparently, he had just been to the area a couple days prior with one of the Noss partners, who said that when she was a little girl Doc took her to this place, where Doc had showed her a carved stone was that

pointed to a Spanish mine entrance. Incidentally, this same stone was found years earlier and is now in Rex's possession.

This Noss story continues, indicating that Doc used to camp where Cleto had his shack. By the way, not much of this dug-out and shack remains today. If you will remember, I said that back in 1982 I carted off an old set of antique steel head and foot boards to California from this same place. Anyway, the newest epic in this drama says that Doc often slept here, while getting gold bars. The entrance is supposed to be easily seen if you know where to look. I'm told he used a knife to pry up a flat rock that sealed the entrance.

Needless to say Norman and I claimed this place. Then, stories about Cleto started to emerge. I always was under the assumption that Cleto was a simple sheep herder. This was partly true, but he had also discovered a few profitable mines near Gold Dust, and he was noted for paying for his supplies with gold nuggets.

By now the puzzle was beginning to fit together. After visiting BLM Rex invited me to visit others who were pursuing the Doc Noss story. I told them about the gold balls, and the next day they saw these precious little ball bearings for themselves. In addition, Rex took a sample from the Cleto Springs discovery to see if they could collect these tiny beauties. Unbeknownst to me, at the time they could not find any of these tiny yellow balls, so they sent the sample off for assay.

With time and money nearly exhausted I headed back to Houston. This non-stop 15 hour trip allowed me plenty of time to reflect and to corral my thoughts and plan how I would proceed with testing and looking for a job.

The very first item was to figure out how, and why these gold balls were in this decomposing granite. Then I would have to figure out a way of collecting them, but that meant locating where these precious beads actually resided in the rock.

Out from storage came my plastic gold pan, and in went the first sample originating from the miraculous Cleto "X" spot. It took three washings to concentrate the first ten pound bag of large and small gravel. Then I began the tedious and careful act of washing out the light material creating a high grade concentrate. My anxiety level was in fast forward as I dumped this concentrate into a glass dish to view under the microscope.

Something was dreadfully wrong! I couldn't find a single bead of gold, and for that matter nothing remotely resembling the precious yellow metal. I knew it was difficult to separate the black sands from the roller bearings, but I should have, at least, found one. No such luck. No matter how many times I would re-concentrate this concentrate there were no gold balls.

For the next several days I washed at least 200 pounds of gravel, and never found a glint of yellow. Something was definitely amiss. What could I be doing to loose these beautiful beads? Another four days passed and still not a sign of the yellow metal. By

now it had become clear that once again I managed to deceive myself. But how? So I started back-tracking to see what could have gone awry. I was doing nothing different than when at Norman's. So, somehow, I must have contaminated the original samples. But where did the contamination come from?

Before Norman and I began panning we thoroughly rinsed his large rusted gold pan. I've always known that in order to have some degree of accuracy I must reproduce results at least three times. And, before we panned samples we washed his gold pan. We even went to the extent of pouring concentrated HCl in the pan to remove rust, and even filled the pan with larger gravel and swilled them around the pan to somewhat scour it clean.

However, no matter how meticulous I was, there just wasn't a bead to be found. After considerable thought, I had to conclude that Norman's gold pan was the source of contamination. But how? After many hours of hypothesizing, there could only be one answer. So I called Norman, and sure enough - at sometime in the past, Norman had been using mercury in his pan to collect gold. And, even though he cleaned his pan after use, the rusted pits must have collected minute particles of gold laden mercury.

As you know mercury will eventually vaporize, especially during the New Mexico summers. So, this mercury must have volatilized leaving balls of gold trapped in the rusted pits of Norman's pan. Even though we cleaned this pan it was not sufficient to get rid of these microscopic balls. So, in due course, as we panned the gravel it must have dislodged some of these balls each time we started a new sample. Therefore, much to my chagrin, I managed to once again momentarily live in a fool's paradise, wasting more precious time and money.

Just about the time I was completing all the collected Cleato tests Rex calls and informs me that the assay was back. I told Rex that none of my tests produced even a glimmer of gold, and that the Cleato Springs mining claim was worthless. But, Rex said he was told that the assay indicated the sample held one ounce of gold. So, again, I was perplexed. How could I have missed this amount with my acid digestions? Naturally, this cause me to suspect that I was somehow in error, and that I would have to re-examine all the work I just completed. However, I made the decision that this would have to wait, because I still had about one hundred pounds of Cable rocks to examine.

I cut and polished several Cable rocks and examined them microscopically. All I can say, after weeks of assays, I found no credible amount of gold. Naturally this was disappointing to say the least. However, I did find what looked like minute particles of PbS from the adit/shaft jasperoids. Obviously, there is mineralization beginning to infiltrate into the cavernous area. Plus, my micro-chem studies indicated that silver, bismuth and antimony was present.

Just before Christmas, and running a fire assay I got a telephone call from Rex. He was on his way home and stuck at the Houston airport because of bad weather in the North. Naturally, I picked him up and we spent the afternoon together discussing many topics near and dear to our hearts.

The first item he brought up was presenting me with the assay on Cleato Springs. I quickly noticed that the amount of gold was not an ounce, but .001 oz of Au to the ton, which meant zero. Obviously, the assay was misread. Thank goodness that I wasn't wrong in my analysis.

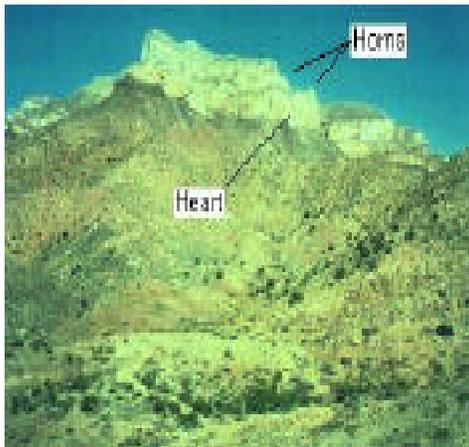
Next, he started briefing me on the latest enchanting events. It appears that a still living Apache who with Doc Noss did indeed transport gold bars from the Caballo's to Victorio Peak where the Noss family partnership is currently excavating. Furthermore, as the story goes - a couple Apache's and Doc sealed most of the known Caballo Spanish mine entrances. And to add a bit of flavor to this incredible tale it appears that Doc's clothes are still present on the Apache Reservation along with numerous maps, which are being held by Doc's offspring. But wait, the story is about to get better.

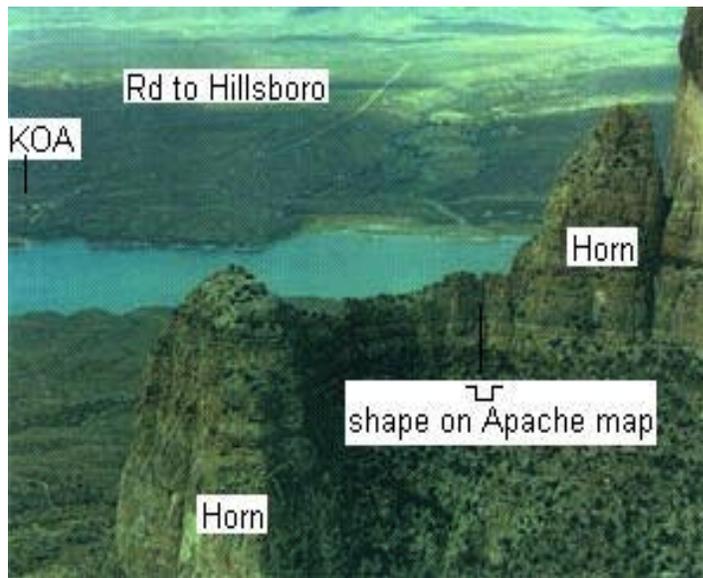
After a few more hours of discussion I was shown a 35 mm picture of an ancient Apache map. Now, I've seen many a map, waybill and written documents describing where to go to get into the old Spanish mines containing smelted bullion, but none like this one.

This map was completely different. It had a lot of pictorials that at first glance made no sense. Just looking at this map one would say it's pure crap. But I was shown on the photograph where in the Caballo's this mine actually exists. Anyway, what I saw was extremely important for it proved once and for all that there is at least a little credible truth to the myriad of stories of lost mines and treasures.

On this map there is a Heart with Horns and a U shaped notch just above the Heart with dotted lines and arrows showing where to look and go. Although this 1646 map depicts the Caballo's by name, no one would recognize the hand drawn mountains without knowing the Caballo's and being able to recognize where the Heart, Horns and Notch actually are in the Caballo's.

Thanks to Rex, now I too know the secret lost to White Man for hundreds of years. Furthermore, as I have mentioned earlier - before I had met Jack Crandall, he had produced OFF-SCALE EM-16 Readings in this same area above where the Heart, Notch and Horn area is.





You who have this doc-u-drama would naturally ask: is the EM-16 Readings bigger or smaller than what Jack and I found on the Cable Claims? The answer is: The Cable Claims is much, much more impressive. But, off-scale reading were found in isolated areas quite near where this map indicated one should look.

Another interesting part of this Map is that it shows a Serpent, and that the path to the goodies from the Serpent is via Polomas Gap. Could this Serpent be a much bigger version of the creature Rex and I saw in the Polomas Gap pond? From what I have recently heard, it has some chance of being at least partially true.

According to a man who is currently working inside a cave near the Heart, he was told a legend that the Indians used to feed huge white subterranean snakes, which would become their food supply while working underground. Obviously, this account stretches the limits of credibility. But, until we get in, who can say what's true or not? Anyone who wants more information regarding this Heart let me know and I'll put you in touch with Rex.

Adding to the foregoing, recent research indicates that the rulers of Spain during the latter days of the Spanish Inquisition were planning on constituting a "New Spain" in present day New Mexico. Plus, the Caballo Mountains not only contained bonanzas of lead, copper, silver and gold, the Caballo's was also a secret depository of Spain's wealth. Both the Church and Nobility were contravening to leave Spain secretly thereby creating a new headquarters in which to rule the world, and had been secretly smuggling much of the loot from the Incas, Aztecs and Spain's treasury into the Caballo's. And, anyone doing a little research, it becomes apparent that New Mexico was indeed to be New Spain.

As I am privileged to hear the story, the Caballo Mountains wealth has only been known to Spain's past Nobility. No records of such an adventure are known except by a few Apaches who have passed the information down through the ages. Yet, in light of all the foregoing, I try to keep a level head, by remembering what has been written about the historic Apaches. Many a modern romantic succumbs to the myth that Apaches always told the truth. Well, nothing could be further from the truth. The Apache, like White Man, when convenient found it wiser to lie or at least stretch the truth to its elastic limits, especially when the Indian dealt with white eyes who were invading his domain. Consequently, no matter how many marvelous things I see and hear about Apache data, I keep in mind that these Indians will most likely tell white man whatever he feels will serve the Indians interest. And to try and figure out what an Indian's interest might possibly be, is without doubt not possible, unless of course you are an Apache!

The question again surfaces - will I live long enough to enjoy some of the fruits that seem to be ripening? Or, will the Govt take the Caballo's before we complete the adventure? Now, I don't pretend to know the answers, so all I can do is continue hanging on, and proceed in the research arena. I do know that my friends and participants in the Cable Claims quest are as anxious as I am to see a rewarding conclusion. But, whatever the rewards may or may not be, I am growing weary of the burden of trust that my friends and partners have extended me throughout these years. Somehow, someday and someday, I hope that the Cable Claims will be opened, exposing once and for all that my ideas and dreams are not based upon delusions of grandeur.

While making coffee, new years day, I noticed a trail of piss ants. Because I'm not particularly fond of bugs I started squashing all I could find, thinking that if I got rid of these prospectors they would not be interested in staying around. After mashing several of these scouts I began to get a picture of what is happening in America. The green socialist bureaucrats view all mineral prospectors as similar vermin, and are doing everything in their power to squash us as being similar nuisances.

Apparently the cold weather forced these sugar ants to search for sustenance in hostile human territory. After a few days it became apparent that I was not winning, so I started setting out poison to get at the queen and stop this invasion. A couple weeks later the ants are still present, even though thousands must have been wiped out. The ants learned to discriminate between the goodies and death traps. Obviously, I was not going to win, so it soon became logical to give the ants what they wanted, but outside, away from me.

Based upon the ants, and watching others, the socialists parading around as green priests will destroy thousands of people, perhaps even me, but they won't win the war. Why can I make such a statement? Because, the natural instinct to prospect is in all creatures and is beyond the capacity of even the devil to completely destroy.

Now, with not a whole lot else to do it seems appropriate to give you what I believe to be the most fundamental clue as to why the Caballo Gold placers are where they are. First, let's take the multiple mile area surrounding Copper Flats, where many hard rock

mines, as well as rich Gold Placers existed, and where placer can still be panned by the most inexperienced person.

Copper Flats, the old Quintana mining operation is merely the remains of an extinct volcano, called a caldera. Most prospectors know that the molten roots of any volcano carry the metals suspended within the matrix of magma. Therefore, any prospector worth his salt begins his detective work as close to a volcano as practical. He then begins to trace the fissures and faults, which are usually representative by old diggin's. After plotting out on a topo map where these surface expressions head, he lays in a course of search coordinates. These search sites are the probable or possible areas favorable for metallic deposition. Of course, this seeker has to not only have a nose for metals, he has to comprehend what the terrain once was in order to intelligently apply his skills in the here and now.

Based upon the aforementioned I believe the gold placer that exists in the mouth of Polomas Gap is that which has been washed away from some undiscovered vein or rich pocket originating from the volcano North East of the Gap which lies in the Jorando foothills. Likewise, the gold placer in Longbottom Canyon, or sometimes referred to as Granite Wash is intimate with the almost hidden volcanic neck North West of the mouth of this canyon.

Now, regarding the Gold placers near the Southern end of the Sierra Caballo's. Over the course of several years, and seemingly endless, foot weary excursions around these particular hot spots, there is always found the dark green to brownish magmatic dikes, fissure veins and localized faults. These dikes are obviously associated with a volcano that I have not, yet, been able to find. However, I suspect that this illusive volcano is under the Caballos and never broke through to the surface. And, if this theory has validity it would explain not only the presence of the known metals, but also the tales of underground Spanish Mines and Treasures.

By August, tired of the hum-drum act of driving a tractor trailer rig, I decide to take a week off and head back to the Caballo's. I know I can't accomplish much in a week. But, the call of the wild stirs my imagination to the point that I just have see and feel the Caballo's.

Jack, also feeling the call agrees to take me into the mountains, even though he's still recovering from his By-Pass Heart surgery. I traipsed all over the Cable terrain collecting samples and re-examining forgotten mineralized places. Even though Jack can't make the climb he too senses the affinity with the mountains when this close.

The unimaginable happens in September. Jack dies of a heart attack. I find myself wrestling as to why Jack would leave this world without finishing the Quest? But, more to the point - what did Jack accomplish with all his hard work, only to die a few feet away from the prize. Is this what's in store for me too? Am I, like Jack, only helping to pave the way for someone else? Regardless of what is in store for me - it's my honest

opinion, and I stress opinion, because I cannot prove otherwise that Jack could no longer handle the stress. With all the horrendous rules, regulations and laws, especially after the State passed HB556, and a very bleak outlook that things will not get better Jack's heart could not stand it, and simply quit. As I sit here typing this, I am as sure that the sun will come up in the morning as that the actions of the BLM, NM G&F, new NM mining laws collaborating with environmentalists killed Jack with their poison legislative and bureaucratic ink. Surely -- there must be justice? I only hope that the bureaucrats will eventually see their errors, and realize that the little guy is not the enemy.

Chapter 32

Evolution

It's summer 1997 and rumors say that a bunch of unknowns are claim jumping. Naturally, I respond to the threat by taking time off from driving OTR and head to New Mexico. Almost immediately I hike up the mountain. Fortunately, there is not the slightest bit of evidence that any disturbance of any kind has taken place. In fact, Nature is reclaiming what I have tried to alter to fit my needs.

For about a month Rex and I stomp all over the mountains. We are constantly looking for something we might have missed. But, as usual what ever wanted to remain hidden did so. We did however put to rest a few items like the barrel in Cleato Springs. As Rex, Jon Vance and I dug we wondered if this was a gold trap when the heavy rains came? Or, was it place where some bandito hid his stash, like the tales say, always in a spring? Well, I can safely say that whatever the reason the barrel was put here it was not to gather or collect gold, for not a hint of color was found. As I told Rex & Jon, we could get better color off any Houston, Texas street gravel than from this place.



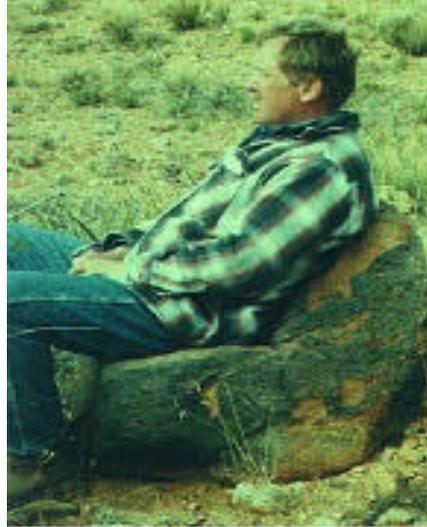
I collected gravel from the Indian Canyon area, and found no color. We collected samples from the Spar Prospect between Indian and Cable. Again no color. We examined the area in the Base of Indian Canyon that had a 100+ reading on the EM-16 at the Bliss and Precambrian. But, found no surface mineralization. No hint of a mine, nothing, except some white rocks perched in the black oolitic Bliss, indicating that this area has a history and that someone knew something a long time ago, thus marking this site.

Even though most of our efforts do not result in what we desire, we are however, almost always granted a few more tantalizing clues which keep boot tread in the wear lane. Because of Rex's bulldog nature of following-up on heresay he managed to come upon many important documents. As if by design, Granite Peak is still calling him. So, we again examine the Granite Peak area. While I'm looking for tell-tale pieces of smelted rocks in the washes Rex discovers a very odd stone chair.

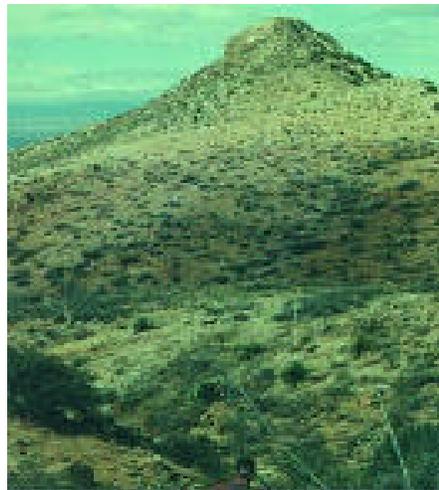
This chair is forces the person who is comfortably seated to look West directly at Granite Peak. Because of the ancient symbol obviously chiseled into the back of chair we conclude that this chair must have been a Spanish Lookout or Sentry Post.



Amazingly comfortable rock chair



Rex in Rock Chair



sitting in rock seat looking West at Granite Peak

Nearby, we find a large white rock, which we conclude is a marker rock that has obviously been hauled into this particular spot. Upon closer examination we notice that the rock is riddled with red garnets. Now, this is of serious interest to me for it suggests high heat and obvious mineralization. But where could it have come from. Naturally, we go looking. I had heard tales of rubies being found in Burbank Canyon's lowland wash. But, after making a few walk-a-thons up and down Burbank lowland wash in 1982 I

dismissed this as another tall tale. But, now, I am forced to reconsider the distinct possibilities, especially because when I worked in Bee's hole the white rock was amazingly similar to the rock at the emerald mines in Ashville, North Carolina. Plus, not far from Ashville in Cowee Valley many a Ruby has been found. Fortunately, we found a few scattered outcrops of thin seams of this white rock with a few red garnets. Obviously, these surface exposed outcrops is not where this big rock came from, suggesting that somewhere deeper down somewhere near is a find worth beholding.



White rock with red garnets

As is always the case, and always way too soon it's time again to head back to Houston. Even though I am again driving cross country in the 18 wheelers my mind rambles to towards the Caballo's. About every month, I was dispatched to run a sleeper team from Houston to California. Sometimes, actually every time when I'd be driving into El Paso I'd get this home sick feeling that tugged on me to swing by the Caballo's 100 miles from downtown El Paso. Naturally, I never did this because it would have thrown our schedule into chaos. Nevertheless, you just can't imagine the feeling I'd get when so close, yet so far from all that I truly care about.

On the 4th of July, 1997 I decided that at least for awhile I'd had enough over the road driving. The stress was building and it became simply too much to endure. So, even though I was driving for who I considered to be the very best carrier in the entire industry I nevertheless felt it best to take a needed rest.

Before beginning this mining quest I owned and operated my own rigs. After a few years of trying to scratch out a living with trucks I discovered that all I was really doing was working for the gas, telephone and repair companies. Even though I did most of my own mechanical repair I was not making any progress on the money front. So, I got rid of these devilish toys that seem to have a constant appetite for all the spare change I carried.

One of the real pains of running my own trucks was the abundance of flat tires. It seemed that I enjoyed repairing flats each day while driving on the oil patch flint rock

roads I helped to build near Austin, Texas. Consequently, from that moment on I realized that I needed to find a way to better conduct preventive tire maintenance. At the time, I did what all drivers seemed to know best, which was and continues to be - from nothing to kicking. Of course this brilliant tire management strategy always resulted in a kick to my back pockets.

Due to not wanting to drive commercially and wanting another way to fund my living expenses and my mining venture I simply had to do something radically different if I was ever going to accomplish both. So, and almost naturally I was struck with a moment of insight - I'd make a tire thumper to help all drivers as well as my future.

Well, over the course of a few months and visiting Don Velzy's machine shop in New Mexico a new designed tire thumper emerged. Creating this thumper was not easy. Many trial models were made and I'd go out and test them on as many trucks as I could find. Finally, after considerable time, effort and expense Accu-Thump was created. After I was convinced that it was truly revolutionary I applied for A US Patent. Then I set about giving away a few hundred of these so that I could test market it. All the results were extremely favorable regarding acceptance by Drivers. But, and there always seems to be a but, the cost of manufacturing these thumpers makes Accu-Thump to be the most expensive truck tire thumper ever made. However, it works and there is absolutely nothing remotely similar to it. So, eventually, I truly believe that after a lot more marketing Accu-Thump will provide at least part of the means to conclude the Cable Claims adventure.

Chapter 33

Bomb Shells

On my last trip to New Mexico to pick up a load of tire thumpers from Velzy I met with Charles Washman, George Remington and Bill Miller. It was decided that we'd all go up to the adit and shaft cause none of them had seen what we accomplished and I was curious to see it again too.

Well, when we get there September 5th 1999 the rains had washed a huge amount of dirt all around the door. So, we had to dig an area wide enough to barely open the door and go in. We all, except Bill went down the steel ladder. George and Charles investigate the area where the small cavern is. They both see and understand what I have previously described and can see the opportunities just begging to be completed.

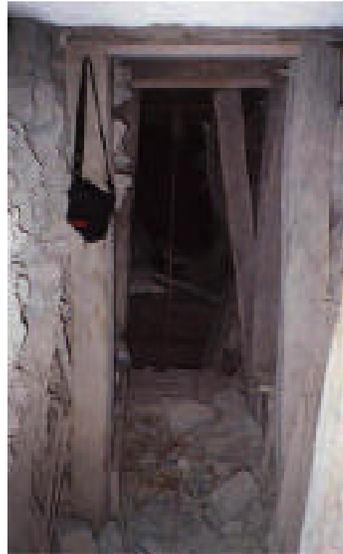
When we get back to town and before I leave for Houston Charles says he wants to investigate the possibilities and I agree that he can go back and move boulders around to try and get into what we strongly suspect is there. Well, Charles does not go up or do anything in the shaft for months. But, one day around March 2000 Charles calls and says he's found something. From what I can gather he had been able to move several of the huge rocks enough to actually get part way into what appears to be a big dark hole that his flashlight would not completely penetrate. Needless to say I'm all fired up wishing I could be there to see for myself. Then he proceeds to tell me he found a Galena vein that appears to be getting wider the deeper he goes.

It's May 2000 and I get a call from Rex who's been in exploring the Caballo's for the last month. He proceeds to tell me that when he and Charles arrive at the adit/shaft lo-and-behold they find the locked door to be ajar. Someone had managed to cut through the locked high alloy chain that was securing the adit.

As they cautiously stepped inside the adit they can smell the fumes of dynamite. They immediately discover that someone has paid us a visit by bombing the adit and shaft. Apparently, someone does not appreciate prospectors, nor respect the efforts of trying to fulfill the American dream. The blast was so large that the force actually bent the 5 foot x 5 foot x 1 inch bar grating laying over the entrance to the shaft and sent the steel ladders to the bottom of shaft.

Then, as if this was not enough he proceeds to tell me about his encounter with a Desert Big Horn Ram in Longbottom canyon. Upon hearing all this it seemed just too coincidental. In the past, we have always suspected that the NM dept. of Game and Fish were secretly planting their pets on the Caballos, but could never prove it. Fortunately, this time Rex has his video camera in hand as he walks up on one of these sheep that are not supposed to be in the mountains. Without a lot of hesitation Rex has the presence of mind to video this trophy size Ram as it casually walks away. This time the Game & Fish cannot deny or lie, they've been caught red handed.

Naturally, we discussed the ramifications and decided that it would be best to contact the County Commissioner Mr. Leonardo Rivera & then the sheriff. Then I contact Annie McMannus who is President of PCM as well as Bill Johnson of the Desert Journal Newspaper. Bill Johnson writes a rather large account of what has been discovered. He finds out that that the Game & Fish personnel say that the sheep may have wandered in from the Fra Cristobals (Ted Turners land) or from the San Andreas. I maintain this is pure hogwash. Then, later, the Game and Fish admit that someone saw a Ram walking across the highway into the Caballo's a couple weeks earlier. Of course this begs the question - why didn't they come and retrieve it?



Here are a few other tantalizing bits of odd info. Recently, the BureauRats have been yelling that the protected Mountain Lions are eating their sheep. They say - the Lions must be killed. In addition they scream that their sheep cannot be exposed to domesticated sheep or goats because these creatures of man have diseases that kill their protected sheep. Conversely, I can only wonder what kind of infectious bacteria their Mexican Sheep harbor that will become a new plague to both man and livestock? Of course the wise bureauRats say that their darlings can't or won't hurt anything. But, how do they know what the long-term consequences will be once these sheep are allowed to roam anywhere and everywhere? Heck, the bureauRats reluctantly admit they don't know why the sheep left New Mexico? So, because they don't know they blame man's presence as the reason why the sheep beat a hasty retreat. Thus, with this reasoning in mind it is not too hard to realize what the Servants have in mind for us. If you doubt this then why do the Game & Fish biologists say in their printed booklets and on their web site - www.fw.vt.edu/fishex/nmex_main/species/050681.htm - that: (1) camping & picnicking, (2) roads, (3) livestock grazing, (4) mining, livestock fences, (6) human habitation, (7) hiking, hunting, fishing, & sight seeing are detrimental to the mental stability of their sheep? In addition, the biologists howl and bark that predacious Mountain Lions, Wolves, domestic dogs and Bald Eagles kill their prized sheep. And, that their other green friends: (1) scabies, (2) bot flies, (3) tapeworms, (4) nematodes, (5) ticks, (6) fleas, (7) Pasteurella (8) Staphylococcus, (9) Corynebacterium, (10) bluetongue and (11) contagious ecthyma cause their sheep to succumb to all sorts of parasitic infestations.

I find it interesting that the scabies mite will probably kill off the remaining sheep in the San Andreas without further Game & Fish expert disease intervention. By the way they have not been able to control these mites for the past 20 or so years, so what possible reason could anyone have to believe they know how now? Furthermore, the San Andreas and Organ Mts are the only places these mites are known to exist say experts. If this is the case, then, is it correct green thinking to eradicate these poor iddy-biddy mites created by Mother Nature? Don't the government experts always say that only the strong should survive, and to intervene is fouling the plans of Nature? Of course, no matter what these wildlife agencies do it will always mean more money taken from all people's pockets whether they wish to contribute or not.

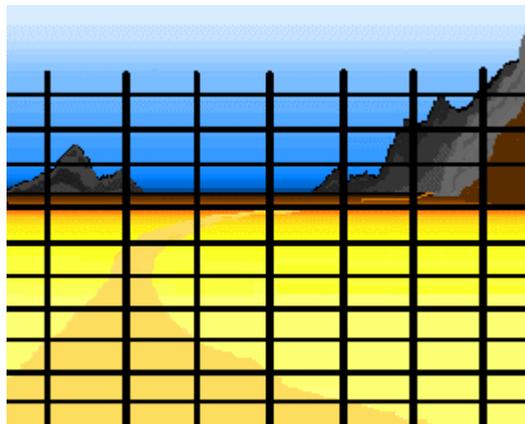
Apparently, the Lions have fallen in grace with their Green God, seeing how mountain lions must be killed to protect the sheep,. I wonder when the newly introduced Wolves will be shot because they are eating or harassing their newest pets? For that matter - how long will it be before the goons decide we are also unwanted creatures?

Most sane people now realize that the pinko jackbooted greenie stooges have driven to destruction many western communities with their terrorist tactics. Likewise and just as obvious they have and are applying their RED socialistic ways upon Sierra County. And in their own words say: "An active program of habitat acquisition should be established for habitat surrounding present populations and in potential habitat for desert bighorn reintroduction." Naturally, any rational being recognizes this to mean based upon the past ways of these goons to be - humans out & beasts in.

If these wise experts truly believed that Mother Nature knows best - then why do they insist on planting all manner of beast where Mother Nature shed herself of the critters?



NMF&G Prospector BLM



No Humans Allowed

I don't know what you may think about the green fanaticism raging throughout this once proud land; but, I, after considerable effort to try and comprehend their point of view have come to a variety of conclusions, none of which allow me to support their agenda. Fortunately, a dim light is beginning to dawn on the silent majority who are starting to see what this radical minority are creating. When Clinton said: "it's the economy stupid" little did he realize at the time how it would eventually come back to haunt the unscrupulous politicians. The summer of 2000 is witnessing skyrocketing gas and diesel prices. Of course, politicians are pointing their crooked accusing fingers at refiner price gouging. Yet, when the subject of how much the EPA regulations have and are contributing to costs everyone, including the oil companies start doing some mighty fancy footwork trying to avoid the awful truth. What has happened to Ranchers, Miners, Farmers and Independent Owner Operators (18 wheelers) is now being felt by the general

public. It may take a few more years, but the Greens will become recognized as the Red Socialists they always were, in spite of all their colorful camouflaging.

Currently, and in spite of all their hideous green laws I continue refusing begging them to allow me to continue prospecting, exploring and excavating my dreams. Do we really want history to repeat that which clearly shows that if the commoners did not lick the boots of Stalin, Mao and Hitler – it's off to jail or the guillotine because we The People are enemies of the State?

To me the whole thing smells to high heaven. During the early 1980's it was common to hear how the greenies or govt personnel bombed, burned or tore down miners places in Arizona, but never in Sierra County. So, and because we seem to be a little closer to the prize it sure is coincidental that the Dark Forces against gold, are seemingly staging another assault, and not just in New Mexico, but everywhere at once. I guess the Greens are beginning to realize that they'd better get as much as possible before the majority of us start to take these hideous beast and put them where they belong, where they can never cause harm to Free Individuals again.

Here are some statements, comments, ideas that should provide food for thought and cause for pause.

1. Anyone who works for any govt agency is always a public servant and never ever a professional, unless they are mercenaries.
2. It is too our peril if we continue allowing those inhabiting the prestigious corridors of Ivory towers to evolve into rulers and tyrants.
3. Govt power always becomes corrupted.
4. Who in government is so smart as to be a King or Queen or a would-be-God?
5. Does govt solve or create the problems?
6. When someone in govt says they are only doing their job didn't the Gestapo, SS and the KGB say they were only doing their jobs when they exterminated millions?
7. The "corporate State" does not believe in God - instead just the opposite - everything evolved from the green goo. What could be more blasphemous?
8. If the greenies are right then obviously Christians are wrong.
9. We all have been deceived. The best indication of this horrid truth is to ask: Where did I get my wages? Was it from a publicly traded State Chartered Corporation, which is considered by the state to be an entity that can live forever? Or, did you work for some State or Federal Agency, which is also a Corporation? If so, like it or not, your income came from a soul-less entity and not from a human whom God created. If one really seriously considers the ramifications of what I just said - it becomes recognizable that we all have been deceived. But, that is no reason to continue down the same Yellow Brick Road to Hell.
10. Who is actually doing the polluting? Is it not Govt. and the big multi-national corporations who are both giving money to the very environmentalist's who are destroying our rights?
11. The politicians claim America is a democracy. Yet, why won't the politicians let the people vote on the laws or rules they and their incestuous agencies create?

12. Don't you find it a bit curious that you have nothing to say as to how politicians give your money to the green-wizards?
13. Since the beginning of the Great Deceit how have you benefited by all the gimmicks of the various eco-wise legislation?
14. They said jobs would be created, more tourists would arrive, and we'd all prosper. But, what's the truth or consequences of the green speak? Is your life better or worse than 10 years ago?
15. Is it not a pleasant experience to watch every cherished freedom you once had being polluted or destroyed with regs/laws?
16. Is it not a bit odd that the greens don't tell the whole truth regarding the consequences of their actions? And, don't you find it curious that your good-buddy greens seldom or won't disclose their names? But, I guess if I were a parasitic predator I would not want my food source to know me either.
17. Is it not a bit strange that when govt bureaucrats mess up, like starting the destructive Los Alamos fire that none of these so-called servants are fired, jailed or fined into Hell. But, if I or you were to do something similar what would be our fate?
18. Is it not a bit odd that when the BLM personnel have been caught selling our so-called natural resources like the wild Burro's and or Mustangs to slaughter houses they are not jailed for breaking their own mandated laws?
19. Have you not wondered what the real motives of govt agencies are when they implement Gun laws?

Several years ago it began to dawn on me that we in America have been living in a fool's paradise. We are not only not free individuals, but we don't even elect the representatives who will legislate how we live, work, play or behave. On first glance of the previous statement many may well disagree. Well then, perhaps I ought to explain why and how I've come to this conclusion. There's an old saying that is just as true today as it was 100 years ago, which is: "when the legislature convenes no man is safe."

Each of us elects a person to represent us in the House of Representatives as well as the Senate. Therefore we assume we are being represented, and if we don't like what the representative is doing we can vote this person out of office. Sorry, but wrong, nothing could be further from the truth. What's really happening is essentially 2 things of dire consequences. First and foremost, an elected representative of any other state can and does introduce legislation that can/will affect what you or I do in all the other states. Therefore, like what they do or not - we have no say, way or means to kick out a representative of another state.

As a direct result of this non-discussed political gimmick we rely upon our elected individual state representatives to block/stop or undue legislation introduced by someone else we don't even know. What a farce we find ourselves in. If we truly want equal representation then each of us should be allowed to vote for each other state's representative that will be going to Washington D.C. If we cannot vote for those who will be legislating us then how can we possibly claim we are living in a representative form of govt.? Obviously we can't and are not. This has got to change if we "The People" are ever going to have any degree of freedom, which incidentally is non-existent now-a-days.

Not only are we not free to choose or kick-out our representatives—we have been living under the despicable tyranny of un-elected bureaucrats who write or implement rules and regulations that have the force of law without The People having any say.

It seems exceedingly odd to me why The People cannot see what's been happening to them for the past 100 years. Why do The People allow govt to dictate the terms of their existence in this supposedly free land? Why can't The People realize that if they don't own the bulk of the gold that the tyrant banks and govt will? And, why can't The People understand that if The People don't own the gold and silver then freedom is only an illusion? Govt's don't subscribe to the Golden Rule ("do unto others as you would have them do unto you"). Instead, all govts practice the perverted Golden Rule ("he who owns the gold rules").

Not only have we been deceived, but we can't seem to recognize the elemental reality that when God created Gold it was good. Unfortunately, we The People have allowed Gold to fall from grace. Consequently, we no longer recognize the concept of truth, which is founded upon and represented by/in Gold.

My concept of government was and is that it is to be of benefit and protect each sovereign individual citizen. I, like others I know prefer to believe that our Republic is benign and not malevolent. Therefore, I harbor the hopeful thoughts that our govt and agencies will stop the mind set of being punitive and adversarial and return to being servants. I realize this may well be utopian thinking, but we do all share the same common ground. If it is possible to take these steps we could re-forged the bonds into a golden future.

Because Government and The People have always held a distrust of one another I guess the real question will be - by what standard will the "Touch Stone" test our combined purity?

I am forced to conclude my writing by leaving you with the following thoughts to consider.

- A. When America printed funny money without being backed by time honored, time tested Gold we allowed for the creation of the current monster that threatens to devour us all.
- B. When Americans allowed their coins to become bastardized and not remain 90% precious metal we started down the road to ruin which is upon us now, whether we want to believe it or not.
- C. When in the name of convenience we chose to use plastic, often called gold or platinum cards in lieu of real money, we have not only succumbed to debt, but have unleashed the Beast.
- D. When we no longer want real gold or silver as our money, preferring instead to use fools-gold we have built the tower of Babel (inflation), whether we can see it or not.
- E. Believe it or not, we have entered into a modern form of savage cave dwelling life style, where it's eat or be eaten. Yes, we currently have creature comforts that either did not exist or were denied to those who lived in the past. So, what's the difference

between millennia ago and today? Just because we have not been sent to the jungle or forest to grub out an existence, does not mean that the beasts are not in charge.

- F. In the final analysis what's really important – a solid foundation to build upon or an illusion?
- G. We are all interconnected. So, and regardless of what we do to earn a living, be it mining, plumbing, ditch digging, carpentry, making laws, or a truck driver, without the fundamentals in place the house of cards falls. So, if your particular method of earning a living is not doing as well as it once did perhaps you are seeing the early signs of something much bigger coming.

The final bomb that got my attention was the knowledge that the BLM is about to change the rules again. I hear that the BLM intends to implement these absurd reg's sometime in September, 2000. It's become painfully obvious that the public servants are not our servants, but, instead are marching to the tune of their green masters. God help us all.

In conclusion I leave knowing that I am not a good writer and have only touched upon many subjects near and dear to me. Also, I realize I have excluded a huge amount of relevant information I have either forgotten or cannot divulge. Perhaps, later and in conjunction with Rex we will write about the many items I felt best to leave undisclosed. Please forgive me if I did not mention many of you who could well, and perhaps should have been included herein. I did try to add a lot more information including several people who are very important to me, but I had to whack a huge amount out to get to this burdensome size which might well take a long time to load.

Hopefully my Creator will see fit to allow me to find others that will finish this quest.

It will be quite awhile, if ever, that I include herein the hundreds of pages of Part II. Those who are interested in knowing more about what I have tried to write about, or would like to read Part II, assuming I have it sufficiently finished and its able to be sent as an attachment just email me: jcummins@tds.net

Below is a list of web sites, which ought to raise eyebrows.

desert bighorn sheep:

www.bighorninstitute.org/

www.fw.vt.edu/fishex/nmex_main/species/050681.htm

www.fw.vt.edu/fishex/nmex_main/species/050682.htm

www.desertusa.com/magjan98/abbighorn/jan_bighorn1.html

www.nm.blm.gov/www/lcfo/lcfo_home.html

www.publiclands.org/html/explore/frame_recsearch.asp

<http://huntmexico.com/sheep.htm>

www.gf.state.az.us/frames/regs/co7sheep.htm

www.sdc.org/nmwa/hatchets.html

www.oldwestcountry.com/lordsburg.html

<http://raysweb.net/wildlife/pages/bighornlinks.html>

<http://biggame.org/news20.html>

wilderness

<http://funoutdoors.com/news/feesmony2.html>

<http://wildwilderness.org/docs/feb4.htm>

www.southwest-usa.com/facts.html

www.wildernessreform.com/index.html

www.wildernessreform.com/warctest.htm

www.wildernessreform.com/communic.htm

www.wilderness.org/wild/

wildlife

www.wildlife.state.nh.us/rest.html

<http://fa.r9.fws.gov/pw/partwld.html>

laws

<http://laws.fws.gov/>

<http://laws.fws.gov/track.html>

private property & multiple use

www.landrights.org/

cow/people free

www.rangebiome.org/cowfree/wolfrestore.phtml

eco-org-sites

www.oingo.com/topic/52/52534.html

<http://wilderness.org/>

www.wildrockies.org/awr/

www.ahrinfo.org/

www.earthforce.org/

<http://wilderness.org/newsroom/15most/>

www.stopextinction.org/

www.efn.org/~lkuntz/

www.hrc.wmin.ac.uk/campaigns/ef/earthfirst.html

terror

<http://geocities.com/RainForest/7094/>

www.cafeunderground.com/Cafesite/Rooms/Ozymandia/handbook_1.html

www.cafeunderground.com/Cafesite/Rooms/Ozymandia/sabotage_index.html

money

www.lbbs.org/zmag/articles/apr97tokar.html

where some monopolized zoo money originates

www.wcs.org/action/

wolves

www.geocities.com/~wolfjustice/

www.wolfpark.org/

Govt

www.blm.gov/nhp/index.htm

www.blm.gov/nhp/text/news/index.htm

www.blm.gov/nhp/news/releases/2000.htm

www.lm0005.blm.gov/nhp/Commercial/SolidMineral/3809/811draft3809.html

www.fs.fed.us/

www.epa.gov/

GOLD

www.gata.org/