

San Juanico, Jan. 8 and 9



We spent these days mostly reading, napping and walking along the beach. I did a bit of hiking and exploring the first day and on the last day Alice and I decided to hike north through some low hills to look at a north facing cove, La Ramada. We had stayed at this cove during our trip in the summer of 2005. During that season the winds are out of the south and so we never stayed in Caleta San Juanico. The more protected La Ramada to the north. Except for the wind it turned out to have changed not at all.

After a short scramble up a washed-out trail, we joined with a sand road that connected the big mansion via several rough 4 wheel





drive paths to Mexican Highway One and the town of Loreto. We soon began finding small pea size pieces of obsidian along the path. These are what are called "Apache Tears" https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Apache_tears.

As we approached the bay several hundred yards away I noticed a midden of shells at the base of a small hill and had to investigate. This was obviously a camp site for the early Native Americans. Soon I began seeing many different stone tools. These were mostly large scrapers/hand axes and a lot of smaller stone hide-scraping tools scattered in among all the different shells. When I would pick one up it naturally fit perfectly in the palm of my hand with the still sharp working edge outward, I guess it would be called "ergonomic" today. Meanwhile, Alice continued walking to the beach.

Leaving the tools behind, I joined Alice on to the beach and we were treated with a broad vista north 8 miles to Punta Pulpito with a nice north wind working up a short chop that splashed on the deserted beach. Punta Pulpito was to be our destination the next day so it held a bit of fascination for us. We were planning on staying for one peaceful day and moving on; little did we know it wouldn't turn out quite like that. The wind was around 12-15 knots, not a whole lot but it was fun to stand there and let it flow over us.



https://drive.google.com/file/d/0BxSfC27Ri0Z_cUFQSm dGRjFIQms/view?usp=sharing

After a drink and some snacks I started to move on and look at some of the rocks further along the road. Alice stayed behind to absorb the beach and take a video. She was watching a Zopilote flying around and decided to try to catch it on camera flying by. https://drive.google.com/file/d/0BxSfC27Ri0Z_dW5Hal9CczZacmM/view?usp=sharing Oh, what is a Zopilote? Sounds cool, I really like that word. Ok, it is the ubiquitous turkey vulture. The bird was really showing off and since she was so friendly and cooperative Alice was able to get the bird on video.



We followed the jeep trail from the beach back through some low hills and found a rugged landscape crisscrossed with steep arroyos and populated with strange human shaped cactus. There were more middens and artifacts along the way as we hiked back to the beach at San Juanico. We came out on the beach and then walked back along it for a half mile or so to our dinghy. A short row back and we were "home". We had a quiet meal, played some cards and went to sleep listening to the song of wind through the rocks, the sea providing the rhythm.

