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Desert

MAGAZINE

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JUNE, 1969 50c



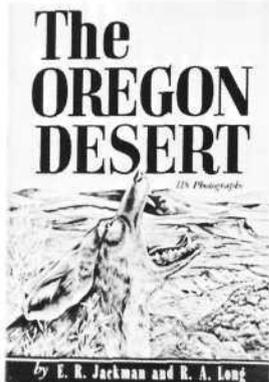
DIGGING FOR GEODES • UTAH'S BACK COUNTRY

Desert Magazine Book Shop

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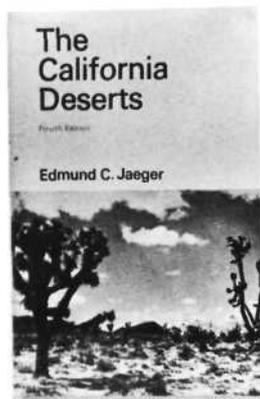
By E. R. JACKMAN
and
R.A. LONG

Filled with both facts and anecdotes, this is the only book on the fascinating but little known deserts of Oregon. Anyone who reads this book will want to visit the area—or wish they could. Hardcover, illustrated, 407 pages.

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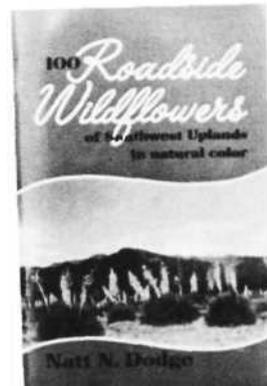
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By NATT N. DODGE

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Volume 32, Number 6

JUNE, 1969

CONTENTS



THE COVER:

Spring is popping up all over—and so are the wild flowers. Darwin Van Campen captures the spirit of spring in his cover photograph at the Tonto National Monument taken from the Apache Trail overlooking Arizona's Roosevelt Lake.

FEATURES

- DIG THOSE CRAZY GEODES 6 *by Jack Pepper*
PLAYING IT BY EAR 10 *by K. L. Boynton*
HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER 12 *by Jack Delaney*
SOURDOUGH IS THE YEAST OF MY WORRIES 14 *by Richard W. Brooks*
FIFTY MILES OF FURY 18 *by Al Pearce*
BILLY THE KID 20 *by Phyllis Heald*
WHEN A FORTUNE WAS A DROP IN THE BUCKET 22 *by Bill Knyvett*
DOWN UTAH'S SAN JUAN RIVER 26 *by Walter Ford*
COLORFUL CLARAVILLE 31 *by Mike Engle*
TRIP TO TICK CANYON 34 *by Dorothy Robertson*

DEPARTMENTS

- BOOK REVIEWS 4 *by Jack Pepper*
A PEEK IN THE PUBLISHER'S POKE 5 *by Bill Knyvett*
BACK COUNTRY TRAVEL 38 *by Bill Bryan*
CALENDAR OF WESTERN EVENTS 39 *Club Activities*
WOMAN'S VIEW POINT 42 *Feminine Facts*
LETTERS 43 *Readers' Comments*

ELTA SHIVELY, *Executive Secretary*

LLOYD SHIVELY, *Circulation*

MARVEL BARRETT, *Business*

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Book Reviews

ROCK DRAWINGS OF THE COSO RANGE

By Campbell Grant, James W. Baird and J. Kenneth Pringle

Of the many mysteries of the West one of the oldest and still unsolved is that of prehistoric carvings and paintings on rocks and caves which have been found from the far northwest to the tip of Baja California and into Mexico and Central America.

The carvings which are gouged into the rock surfaces are called petroglyphs, whereas the paintings on the surface of the rocks are called pictographs. Since there is no Indian-type Rosetta stone to help unravel the mystery of these hieroglyphics, their exact meaning is still a matter of interpretation.

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DEALER INQUIRES INVITED

Finding and photographing these inscriptions is fast becoming a hobby of outdoor enthusiasts, along with gem and bottle collecting. One of the outstanding leaders in the field of discovering and interpreting these ancient writings is Campbell Grant, whose two previous published books, *The Rock Art of the Chumash* and *The Rock Art of the American Indian* are probably the most authoritative books on the subject.

With his co-authors, Grant has produced a fascinating book in which he uses the petroglyphs found in the Coso Range in California's Inyo County to piece together the habits and activities of the prehistoric people who roamed the continent during the pluvial period at the end of the last Ice Age.

The study of petroglyphs and pictographs as a key to the history of ancient man is a comparatively new science—a science that combines mystery with imagination and today is a challenge for all outdoor enthusiasts. For a new reason to get out into the back country and for fascinating reading, Campbell Grant's latest book is highly recommended. Once the petroglyph bug bites you, you are an incurable addict—I know I have been an addict for years. More than a hundred photographs, maps and drawings, 145 pages, soft cover, \$3.95.

WILD FLOWERS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

By Leslie L. Haskin

A completely revised and enlarged edition, this guide to western wildflowers gives a broad scientific basis for understanding plant families as well as definitive identification of the specimens. Plants are grouped according to natural relationship and clear-cut descriptions simplify recognition.

All of the nomenclature has been brought up to date in this new edition, which also contains more than 60 original, full-color photographs of species described in the text.

The book's 450 pages describe 332 flowers and shrubs of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Alaska and California. Special features include 182 full page, black-and-white photographs, a glossary, and an index to scientific as well as common names. Hardcover, \$5.95.

EARTHQUAKE COUNTRY

By Robert Iacopi

Although the catastrophic earthquake which mystics predicted would dump California into the Pacific Ocean did not materialize, earthquake authorities say we are long overdue for a good-sized tremor.

Since rumor and unfounded predictions seem to capture the attention of people more readily than facts, it is about time to face reality and refute the predictions of those who capitalize on the fears of people for their own material and mystic gains. *Earthquake Country*, published by Sunset Books, does just this and is recommended reading for anyone who thinks an earthquake is going to end the world—or destroy their home or the office building in which they work.

Mr. Iacopi has written a factually sober—and sobering—book. Those looking for exciting and sensational material will be disappointed—the serious-minded citizen of California will not. The section on *Prospects For The Future* includes a chapter on *What To Do When the Next One Hits*.

Even if we do not have an earthquake for another 100 years, the book is interesting reading in that it shows through the text and aerial photographs just where the main faults are located, what causes an earthquake, and describes the geological formations of the Pacific Coast. It also has graphic photographs of buildings destroyed during previous tremors, and why newer construction is more earthquake proof.

I recently saw a sign, on the marquee of a supermarket, which read: "Earthquake Predictors Are Just Fault Finders." It's fine to have a sense of humor, but it is also necessary to know what to do in case we have an earthquake—in other words don't get shook by listening to rumors—get the facts. Large 8 x 11 format, slick paperback, profusely illustrated, 160 pages, \$2.95.

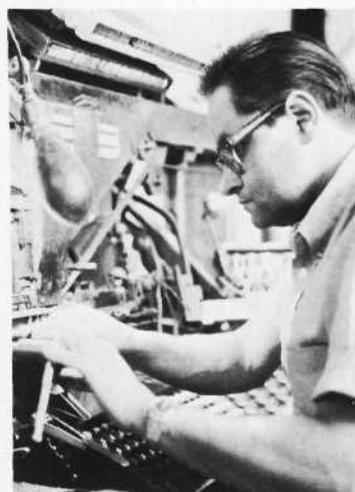
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A Peek in the Publisher's Poke

my good fortune to have Lurt Knee, of Sleeping Rainbow Guest Ranch and Tours, as my guide and companion. It was he who inspired the story of the old uranium mining area (See story page 23) and provided me with much color for the article. Lurt is a story in himself, but is modest and unassuming. Back in 1939 he had the vision to foresee that one day Utah, and in particular Capitol Reef National Monument, would some day be one of the West's most scenic attractions. With this in mind he made what I consider to be a little "heaven on earth." On a huge mound overlooking Pleasant Creek in the middle of the Reef, he built his home. This mound was the site of prehistoric Indians dating to Basket Weavers I, as is evidenced by artifacts discovered by Lurt while excavating for footings and a large cistern for the water supply. Sprawled beneath the ranch are the vegetable gardens and lush pasture lands where Lurt and his wife, Alice, raise fine Arabian horses. Three of these Arabians were sold to finance an 11-mile power line. Lurt, with a twinkle in his eye, said: "I guess we are the only folks in these parts with a 3-horsepower system."



Lurt Knee



Publisher at "typewriter"

Saturdays and Sundays for the summer months.

In closing, remember that effective May 24th the DESERT Magazine Book Shop will be closed

William H. Hays

UPON REVIEWING back volumes of DESERT Magazine it became apparent to me that since the very first issue of November, 1937 each and every publisher had contributed articles to the magazine and were in fact the backbone of its existence and editorial concept. If I was to follow in the footsteps of Randall Henderson, Charles Shelton and Jack Pepper then I too would have to pen stories about the desert. For my first orbit into the literary world it was

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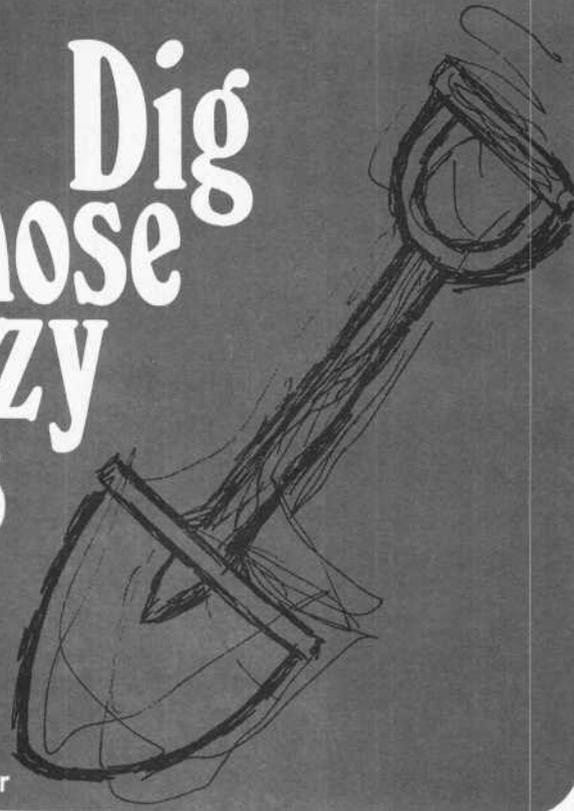


Digging for geodes and nodules in the Hauser Beds (above) near Wiley Well is not easy, but it has its rewards as shown by Fred and Marian Wheeler, Fontana, California (right) who display the results of their morning dig. While their husbands were geode hunting, the ladies (opposite page) collected agate, found among the volcanic rock.



Dig Those Crazy Geodeses

by Jack Pepper



MILLIONS OF years ago the southeast corner of California's Riverside County was a volcanic furnace with heat twisting the earth into rugged mountains and covering the landscape with boiling lava. When Mother Nature blew her top she created a hotbed for rockhounds who today dig into the now quiet and cool earth for semi-precious stones and collect volcanic rock for gardens and patios.

I recently visited the area with a group of outdoor enthusiasts who gather every month in some part of Southern California or Mexico for a weekend of fun and relaxation. Although they have been taking trips together for years, the group does not have a club name, officers or written rules.

When I arrived at the camping location I found their vehicles—which included campers, trailers, passenger cars and four-wheel-drives—parked in a large circle inside of which was a communal bonfire. Gathered around the fire, the families were singing and toasting marshmallows.

Al Pearce, a member of the group and a frequent contributor to *Desert Magazine*, explained that although the families share vehicles and exchange food and beverages, members are free to do what interests them most. Their mutual bond is a love of the outdoors and a hatred of regimentation, he said.

Located near Blythe, California, the Wiley Well area where we camped is a triangular valley surrounded by the Chuckwalla, Palo Verde and Mule mountains and the Black Hills. The broad, hard surface between the mountains makes excellent camping grounds and there is ample firewood from the washes for firewood. Passenger cars can easily travel over the well graded roads, with the exception of the last leg of the road to the Hauser Beds. It can be negotiated by passenger car, but with caution.

At the apex of the triangular valley is Wiley Well. The well was dug in 1908 by A. P. Wiley, owner of a little outpost store and postmaster of Palo Verde when homesteaders were trekking into the mesquite jungles of the Palo Verde to file claims. Later abandoned, the water became brackish and today there is no drinking water in the area.

However, within a few months, thanks to a project by the Bureau of Land Management, there will be ample water. The

Continued

B.L.M., which supervises this United States public domain land, is constructing campsites at Wiley Well, Coon Hollow and Corn Springs. Since wells are not feasible, underground water tanks will be installed at the campsites which will also include toilets, fire pits and tables. Present plans do not include electricity.

Wiley Well is located on the old Bradshaw Trail over which prospectors from Los Angeles and San Bernardino traveled a century ago en route to Yuma during the short lived gold boom along that section of the Colorado River. The trail, which followed water holes from Yuma to Mecca, was named after the man who had the United States mail franchise before the railroads were built.

Unfortunately the water level at the foot of the Chuckwalla and Palo Verde mountains is extremely low today. Not only are the springs dry but the once

flourishing Washingtonia palms are gradually dying due to lack of underground water. These springs many years ago were also the campsites for nomadic Indians and today you can still find potsherds and an occasional arrowhead.

We found traces of old Indian and wild burro trails as we drove to the Hauser Beds the morning after keeping the coyotes awake and howling during our first-night campfire serenade. We all agreed it was the cooytes and not us who were off key.

Although people have been collecting geodes in the area for years the blistered round rocks can still be found—you just have to dig for them a little deeper. Jerry Jenkins, Outdoor Editor of the Escondido Times-Advocate and a rockhound authority, explained as we headed for the site in my dune buggy that geodes and nodules range in size from golf balls to canteloupes.

The large ones are usually hollow and filled with hundreds of diamond-like crystals, some of which are amethyst. These should not be broken with a hammer, but cut with lapidary equipment. The smaller ones are usually solid and make excellent cutting material for bolo ties and jewelry. They are called nodules.

While some of the group were digging for geodes at the Hauser Beds others had gone to Coon Hollow in search of agate. Jerry said that in the Wiley Well area you can find fire agate, opalized agate and brown and white agate.

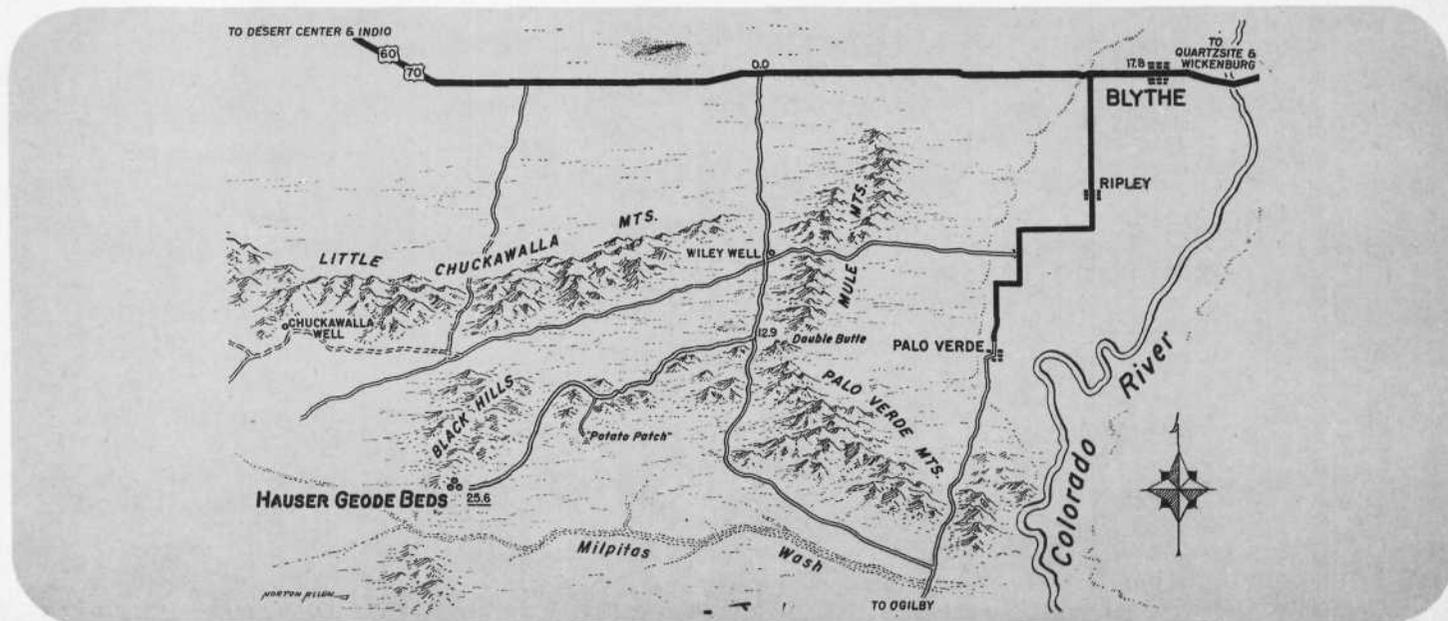
Located in the Mule Mountains, Coon Hollow was formerly called the Williams' claim and is a good source for fire agate. The area is being reworked and the owners of the claim charge \$3.00 a day for digging. You can keep anything you find. Veteran rockhounds are always happy to show neophytes what to look for and



A collection of volcanic rocks for gardens and patios makes an ideal playground for little Jeffrey Jenkins. The public domain land in California's Riverside County is excellent for camping, rock collecting, exploring—and just loafing.



Although many desert ironwoods are more than 100 years old they eventually succumb to a parasitical growth which strangles the majestic trees.



how to identify the rocks. This is the only site where there is a charge for digging.

On the return to camp from the Hauser Beds several of us driving dune buggies, four-wheel-drives and trail bikes left the gravel road and explored the dry river beds. Along the sides were green palo verde trees and the majestic ironwoods. A member of the pea family, ironwoods have orchid-white and lavender white blossoms, but there seems to be no set time when they bloom. It usually is during April and May, depending upon the rain and wind.

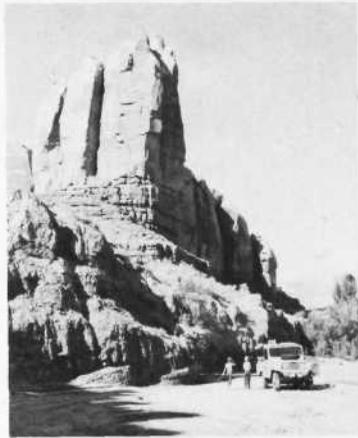
Although they live to be hundreds of years old, the desert ironwoods eventually are killed by a parasite growth which literally strangles them to death. An article on these fascinating trees will be in next month's issue.

By the time we reached camp the majority of the members of the group had returned from their various explorations and were busily laying out their "treasures" for others to see, comparing notes, and making plans for a morning trip before returning home the next day.

Since it was still daylight I drove over to the lava beds on the slope of the Palo Verde Mountains, returning with several wierd-shaped pieces of volcanic rock, which makes excellent decorations for patios and rock gardens. These made an instant hit with the women, so Al and Jerry and I made several trips to the lava beds, bringing back additional volcanic rocks which today are undoubtedly surrounded by flowers and cactus in gardens and patios.

By the time the sun was setting behind the mountains we had the communal fire going and food was being prepared in the various campers and trailers. After the exchange-supper we gathered around the bonfire and once again competed with the coyotes—who were still howling off-key as compared to our melodious voices. Gradually the songs gave way to quiet conversation and to silence and individual meditation.

Instead of retiring to the inside of our campers and trailers we spread our sleeping bags around the slowly diminishing fire and watched the stars gradually come to life. The coyotes howled their last notes of the night and quietness invaded our camp—leaving our minds and bodies peaceful as we fell asleep under the stellar serenity of the universe. □



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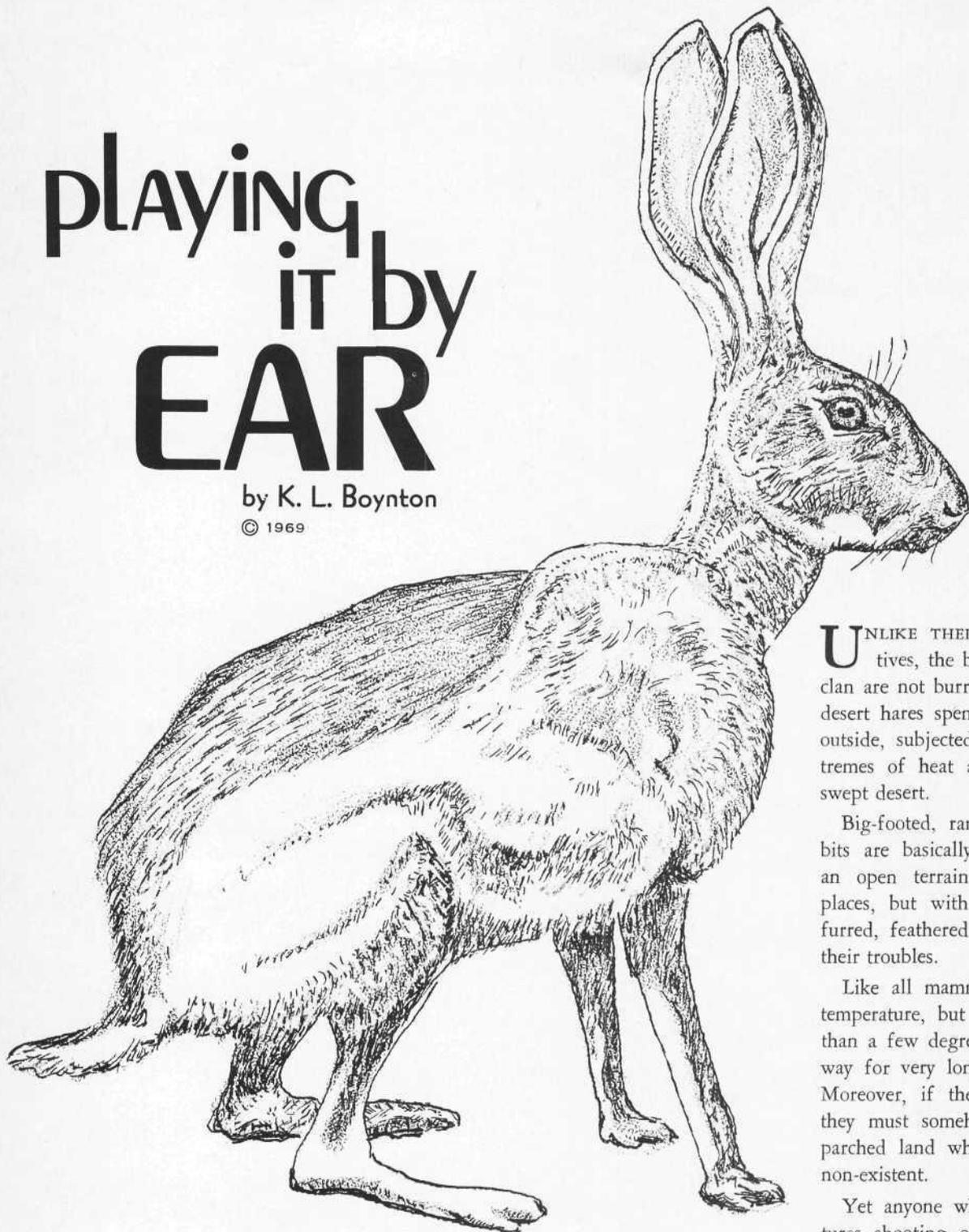
Pick-up and Camper Combinations



PLAYING it by EAR

by K. L. Boynton

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UNLIKE THEIR small cottontail relatives, the big members of the hare clan are not burrowers. This means that desert hares spend 24 hours of the day outside, subjected year-round to the extremes of heat and cold of the wind-swept desert.

Big-footed, rangy creatures, jack rabbits are basically defenseless, living in an open terrain without good hiding places, but with enemies everywhere—furred, feathered and scaled—to add to their troubles.

Like all mammals, they have a high temperature, but this cannot vary more than a few degrees from its normal leeway for very long without fatal results. Moreover, if the hares are to survive, they must somehow secure liquid in a parched land where water is practically non-existent.

Yet anyone who has seen these creatures shooting off by the scores in all directions knows desert hares have not only solved their environmental problems, but are flourishing in the process.

Salad days for the hares are sadly limited, since desert plants are green and full of moisture only a very small part of the year. In answer to this short season of plenty, they have evolved both a remarkable tolerance for all kinds of vegetable food, and an ability to select what is safest yet has the greatest water content.

Hare teeth equipment is well designed

for handling tough desert fare. The big chisels right in front gnaw off chunks to be passed along to the back teeth for shredding. Hare molars have sharp edges instead of rodent-style crushing surfaces and they work like scissors. In chewing action, the upper ones slice down outside the lowers to achieve fast efficient cutting, good-sized jaw muscles furnishing the power.

What with such good eating tools and digestive machinery geared to process tough and untasty food, the hares are all set in the grocery line, exploiting to the fullest the desert's sparse and uncertain vegetation throughout the entire year.

Desert hares know how to make the most of what little shade is available. Stamping out a shallow depression or "form" under a bush or rock or cactus, they crouch in the deep shadows during the hottest period of the day.

Temperamentally calm and collected, they sit quietly, accepting a hot environment without becoming restless. This is most important, for they do not add activity-generated heat to the heavy load already aboard their bodies from the hot air and ground surface. While the hare is behaving in the proper fashion, parts of his body are also at work to cool him.

His fur coat, for example, serves as a barrier, slowing down the transfer of heat from the environment. From time to time, the fur itself can be lifted by special muscles to allow a cooling circulation of air.

His ears, however, are the real champions in the anti-heat department. Decorative, handsome, they are indeed towering pillars of strength—the jackrabbit's answer to the mighty desert, the main factors in tribal success.

Marvelously constructed, they first act as reflectors, their great surfaces turning light aside before it is absorbed as heat. They also become depots from which shipments of heat from deep inside the body can be unloaded into the atmosphere. Laced throughout their generous expanse are hundreds of tiny blood vessels lying just beneath the skin. When the heat of the day is upon the desert, these vessels increase greatly in size, allowing more blood to be brought up into them. The extra heat carried by the blood is lost through the surface of the big ears, and the blood itself cooled. And, as it circulates throughout the body,

the cooler blood in turn lowers the animal's temperature.

This built-in air conditioning system continues to operate as the hare sits quietly in the shade, thus performing the double-barreled function of unloading heat from the body, and preventing excessive heat of the environment from entering. The desert hare's rangy form, his long legs and long neck provide still more surfaces for heat radiation, and since the animal is lean, there is little subcutaneous fat that might add body warmth.

The desert hare and his cousin, the Arctic hare or Snowshoe rabbit, are a scientifically famous team. They illustrate beautifully two principles concerning animals and their environment set forth by a couple of zoologists who did a lot of thinking.

Bergmann pointed out that heat is manufactured inside an animal but is lost at its surface. So, he said, the less surface an animal has compared to its inside volume, the less heat it is going to lose. A big animal has much more volume inside compared to its surface area than a small animal, and therefore loses less heat. Hence, he said, those individuals living in cold regions tend to be bigger, the increased size helping to conserve heat.

Allen picked it up from here, stating that surfaces where heat could be lost are reduced in mammals living in cold climates by making the body more compact. This is achieved by cutting down on the size of ears and tail, shortening legs, noses and necks. This is exactly what happened in the case of the Arctic hare—a heavy and compact animal, whose stubby ears, nose and legs are very much shorter in proportion to his other body measurements than those of the southern hares.

Hot climate animals of the same species, particularly desert dwellers, have increased their heat-losing surfaces by lengthening ears, legs, nose, neck and by stringing out the form. And here indeed, the desert hare, with his enormous ears, takes the grand bow as prize example.

Besides serving as a cooling device, his marvelous ears handle another survival job. When the jack rabbit is doing his eating in the cool of the evening and at night, the hungry hunters are out—coy-

otes, owls, snakes, wildcats—and the tall ears, turning like funnels, scoop up the slightest of sounds, warning him in time for a fast departure.

If a race horse can do a mile at around 40 mph, the jack rabbit's 28 mph is pretty good going. The only dog that can catch him is the greyhound.

True, coyotes dine on jack rabbit frequently but mainly because they work in pairs, running easily, turning the hare back and forth between them, making it do about four times the running they do. But for the most part, the hare can outrun enemies.

Alarm and escape are the desert hare's quick reactions to danger. His big ears, on the job every minute, are assisted by a pair of large round eyes, placed well around to the sides. Their overlapping fields of vision give the animal a fine view of enemies approach, even from behind.

Just what ears and feet mean in the life of the desert jacks is underscored by figures turned up by Goodwin and Currie in their study of a batch of youngsters. Unlike their cottontail cousins who are born naked, blind and helpless, baby jack rabbits arrive in the world well-furred, bright-eyed and ready to hop away almost at once, if need be. Apparently they are nursed for about 3 weeks—and then are shoved out on their own. So they have to be well equipped and early so to face the desert alone.

Young jack rabbits begin practicing early the family's behavior tricks of how to watch for danger, sitting up looking around, turning big ears this way and that. And how to make that famous jack rabbit start with a sitting broad-leap into a speedy exit, bounding away with extra high leaps now and then for high overall views.

Species survival is assured by bouncing families of from two to four, presented to the world by the does with surprising frequency, only some 38 to 40 days apart during the time when green vegetation is growing and the desert a fine place for jack rabbits, young and old.

The first hare-like creature put in appearance about 60 million years ago and tribal records have continued consistently ever since, which goes to show that if a fellow knows how, playing it by ear is one sure way of success. □

HANDS



Gates at the Algodones border station (left) are now open eight hours longer as a result of a joint effort by Mexican and United States officials. The charming little Mexican community of Algodones offers a variety of services and stores.

FOR MANY years when United States officials locked the gate and turned off the lights at 6 p.m. daily at a small but important port of entry near Yuma, Arizona they were imposing a curfew on the citizens of a foreign nation.

After the gates were shut at that early evening hour the border remained closed until 8 a.m. each morning. During the closing hours residents of Algodones, Mexico and travelers from the United States had to travel an extra 60 miles to the 24-hour port of entry south of Yuma.

To the average observer this schedule, administered for economic reasons by the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service, appeared to be an unfriendly gesture—a sort of good neighbor policy in reverse!

Because of Desert Magazine's concern for the well-being of our Mexican neighbors, I was requested to go to the Andrade-Algodones port of entry and investigate the effect of the restricted schedule upon the good people on the

other side of the fence. Editor Jack Pepper had heard the policy was causing hardships to the residents of Algodones and United States turistas headed for the east coast of Baja and the mainland of Mexico.

After interviewing Mr. O. T. Miller, Port Director in charge of Customs, who operates the Algodones border station with Mr. Carlos Sears, Officer in charge of Immigration, I departed with the definite opinion the international gate should be open longer hours.

Others evidently agreed for, by coincidence, at the same time I was having my conference at Algodones another conference was being held at Yuma after which Senator Barry Goldwater announced that, starting April 1, the Algodones port of entry would be open from 6 a.m. to midnight daily—eight hours longer than the previous schedule.

The Yuma meeting at which Senator Goldwater and his teammate, Senator Paul J. Fannin, met with the United States Commissioner of Immigration, Ray-

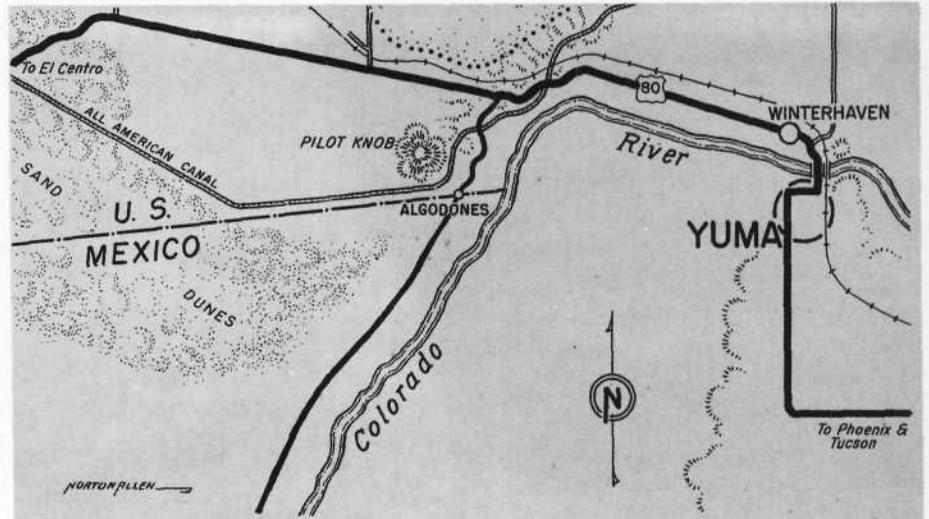
mond F. Farrell, and a group of civic-minded business men in the Yuma area, produced results. All were convinced the excellent over-the-border relations between Mexico and the United States should be encouraged. The decision to expand the border crossing hours was based upon the needs of the area and the desire to improve the economic, social, and cultural relationships between border communities.

I learned from Mr. Miller that traffic through this gate has increased 58% since 1962. Also, in discussing the problem of emergency incidents when the gate was closed at 6 p.m., I was told that a small Mexican hospital is located only 12 miles from Algodones at Ciudad Morelos, and that several clinics are available in the town and surrounding area to serve the residents. The roads leading out of community are paved, so out-of-town travel in cases of illness or accidental injury has not been difficult.

The procedure followed, in cases of extreme emergencies during the night

ACROSS THE BORDER

by Jack Delaney



when the gate is closed, is interesting. A Mexican official in Algodones runs to the gate and fires a gun into the air; the number of shots provide a clue to the difficulty. Mr. Miller, who lives near the border, responds to the shots by dispatching a summons for any emergency service that was needed. In cases of fire, equipment comes from Winterhaven or Yuma, but is not permitted to cross the border. The fire engines approach the gate and firemen hand hoses through to the Mexican officials who, it is hoped, put out the fire.

Algodones provides an opportunity for a look into the hometown of many Mexican citizens who are doing very well in their farming activities. You'll enjoy the pleasant sensation of being in a foreign land, if only for a short coffee break, or for a visit of several hours. Drive along U.S. 80 (Interstate 8) east from El Centro, California or west from Yuma, Arizona. A paved road about five miles from Yuma is clearly marked by a highway sign. Two miles along this road will take you to the international line.

This community is not listed in the popular travel brochures, mainly because it does not feature bright lights and tinsel to attract the tourists. You won't find an elaborate spread of curio and souvenir shops. What you will find is hundreds of friendly neighbors who have a sincere appreciation of, and affection for, visitors from the United States and no desire to put on an artificial show for them.

The town has several clean motels and a hotel featuring steam baths that are popular with tourists; a number of eating places serving good native food; and more than a dozen beauty shops that attract customers from the Yuma area because of the fine work and low prices. Many tourists from the United States find in this village a real interior Mexico atmosphere. You'll enjoy its typical old frontier buildings and the friendly acceptance you'll receive from the residents.

There are four entry cities along the international line of California and Baja California. Algodones is one of them—

in fact it was the only one for many years during the 1800s. The town site was founded in 1887 by pioneers who came from Sonora and other states of old Mexico, to the south. Today, it is a small but prosperous town with a population of around 8000, in an important Mexican agricultural center (Mexicali Valley) which supports more than 60,000 people. Most of the area's residents are farmers, and the main crop is cotton. The town's name, Algodones, means "cotton" in the Spanish language.

Soon after Senator Barry Goldwater announced the news about the extended opening hours at this historic port of entry, a grand fiesta was being planned to celebrate the occasion. Both Yuma and the Mexican community had reason to rejoice over this achievement. An immediate announcement was that a new Mexican-American Border Athletic League will be formed in the area soon. It is evident that everyone is happy with the new 6 a.m. *Buenos Dias* and the midnight *Buenos Noches!* □

Sourdough is the Yeast of My Worries

by Richard Weymouth Brooks



I AM a photographer of the desert and open country. My work depends on light, which generally is more to my liking toward the end of the day or early mornings. During the slack period of flat and uninteresting light I relax, take a siesta, or experiment with my camp cookery.

One day, while relaxing in a cool cave of Arizona's Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument, I thought of the old-timers who wandered throughout the West. What was their life and method of sustenance—the everyday things that we all do, but are not revealed in history books? This train of thought brought up visions of sourdough, pancakes, panbread and bannock.

Back home I looked for information on sourdough. Since I could find very little, I decided there was nothing to lose except a couple of cups of flour and some water.

Mixing flour and water together to make a heavy batter, I set the mixture over a heater which was built into a counter so the temperature was indirect and averaged about 80

degrees. The crock had been on the counter a couple of days when a friend told me about the *Sunset Book of Breads*. They had a recipe to make a starter which called for a cup of milk and a cup of flour set in a warm place to start fermenting. Now there were two crocks decorating the side counter.

Things haven't been quite the same around our house since. Six different brews have passed through our kitchen, and I have learned a little about leavening with fermented batter.

The milk starter turned out to be my least favorite. It doesn't keep well without refrigeration. It must be the lactic acid in the milk, as it developed quite a bitter, unpleasant flavor. The water starters seemed to be the most durable of all. My plan was to have a sourdough starter to carry with me on my desert photography jaunts, and I take no refrigerator with me.

Here is one starter formula that has worked well for me. A cup of water and a cup of flour, a small handful (closed) of sugar mixed to-



gether and set aside to ferment. There are several others around—Choral and Jack Pepper have collected one that works well, it's in their book **Cooking and Camping on the Desert**.

Since everything depends on the strain of wild yeast that takes over your particular pot, each will vary from time to time and place to place. The individual starter itself will change character, too, as time goes on. It generally takes from four to six days for the flour-water mixture to ferment. If the mixture is spooned out after about six days, the interior is filled with many bubbles or looks similar to a sponge, if thick. In fact, some recipes read "add your sponge" rather than "add a cup of starter."

Various starters will have different odors. There are some that are definitely sweet, and others—well, they all work if the yeast spores are active. Many times after the action has ceased, a clear liquid will rise to the surface of the mix. This is normal and is related to booze. Just stir the fluid back into the total mix-

ture and carry on as per recipe or previous experience.

There is another phenomenon that occurs if the starter is left at room temperature for a long time without replenishing. The spores will rise to the surface when all the action has stopped and will appear as a red or yellow to orange powder-like substance. Some cooks skim this off and discard. This is a mistake. Stir it all back into the main mix and pour off about half the total volume. Then add water to bring it halfway to the original mark. Next add flour to bring it to the original volume or until the consistency is that of fairly thick cake batter. Finally set aside so it will replenish its action. Generally over night will do it.

Don't throw your starter out because it looks strange—you'll know when it is really bad. Generally it turns green or dark grey and the smell is out of this world—and you'll wish it were. If this happens, throw the entire mess away. I have never been able to get the odor out of the pot.

There are several approaches to

Continued

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making pancakes, the thick cake type or the small dollar size. I've tried everything from straight starter, to adding the lug wrench; from immediate use, to letting it wait from one hour to a full day for aging. Some of the concoctions have been quite good and others—anyone for a tireboot?

For dollar size pancakes, use the starter as it comes from the crock after it has smoothed from the digestive action of the yeast buds. Put about a cup and a half of the starter-batter into a bowl, add two eggs and mix. Then take about a quarter of a teaspoon of salt, a teaspoon of baking soda, and about a teaspoon of sugar. Mix these together dry and then sprinkle over the batter and stir gently. Now the fun part — watch, wait and listen. If your batter is good it will begin to hiss (very gently) and froth and rise, about doubling its original volume. Be sure you use a large enough bowl. Bake quickly on a lightly greased griddle or frying pan about 400 degrees. Serve immediately, straight, with butter, or your favorite syrup or jam. Makes about fifty.

To make thicker and more bready pancakes, you have to start the night before. Into a non-metallic bowl, combine a cup of starter with two to three cups of flour, add water to make a very thick batter. It will be quite lumpy but don't worry as the lumps will disappear during the process of the multiplying yeast buds. Put the bowl in a warm place (about 80 degrees) overnight. The following morning, add your eggs, soda, salt, and sugar as before with a little more of the dry ingredients due to the increased volume of batter. This recipe makes larger pancakes, about four to five inches in diameter. Cook these a little more slowly than the dollar size ones.

Sourdough pancakes are the easiest thing in the world to make. Your batter is always ready, just add eggs, and the dry ingredients and bake.

Be sure you replenish your starter after you take out what is used. Always remove the starter from the crock to another vessel for use. Never add anything to the starter ex-



cept more flour and water, as necessary. If the starter is not used for awhile, when out in the field, pour out part and replenish as previously discussed—this will keep it working.

In the field I have found that a two-pint plastic container with a snap-over lid, similar to Tupperware, works very well and is easy to keep clean. In the desert flour dries almost as you think about it, but flakes off the plastic container as soon as it is totally dry. Two containers are recommended—the second one to mix the batter of the meal in. Six-inch plastic bowls with sealing lids work very well for preparing bread mixture or allowing it to work while driving to the next area of exploration.

Now for bread or bannock, drop

biscuits, or you name it. Basically it is the same method as with the thick pancakes, only the batter is stiffer and toward the dry side, then set aside to let the yeast buds multiply. This takes about 12 hours if warm and up to two days if the weather is cold. I sometimes put the plastic container next to my sleeping bag during the night so it will stay warm enough to work, but not in it, as some of the legends have said of the "old sourdoughs." There are many ways to solve this temperature problem, each to his own imagination and equipment. A note on temperature—the action increases with the rise of temperature, (to a point) and slows down with the lack of warmth. So if you want to plan on some form of sourdough bread for dinner, it's

A photographer-journalist, the author spends two weeks of every month exploring the West. His vehicle is completely equipped for comfort and emergencies.

best to give it a bit of advanced thought. Starter can also be stored in the refrigerator indefinitely, or frozen and then warmed up again for further use. Allow about eight hours.

About noon the day you are planning to have the bread, mix in the salt, soda, and sugar, about a 1:2:4 ratio is how I have it worked out so I don't have to bother with measuring devices. A little oil may be added if desired or bacon fat if one wants that flavor. Knead in flour until a velvety texture is obtained. The dough is again set aside to rise. It should about double in size, which takes three to five hours. If this is done while driving over rough country roads the jouncing around will slow the rising down by breaking the gas bubbles as they form. This is all right if you are not too fussy about light bread; it will still rise when it is baked, but not as much.

The bread may be baked slowly in a skillet over a stove (I have a small alcohol one), in a dutch oven, or over the coals. For this latter method, a "keyhole" fire pit works well in the desert. This is a shallow depression scraped in the soil the shape of an old fashioned keyhole, the round part for the main fire and the straight part is where the coals are raked to be cooked over. The fire is built up again to make more coals to be used when needed. This arrangement can keep an even heat, and the utensils don't get sooty over the coals.

The old sourdoughs of yesteryear are not wandering the desert any longer, but we, who today explore the desert can carry on some of the tradition of those days when the wind blew clear and clean and smelled just faintly of that sweetish-sour vessel bubbling away as it joggled along on the back of some little grey burro. □

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fifty miles of fury

by Al Pearce

AS I STOOD on the top of the mountain and gazed across miles of desert, it was hard to believe that this land had once been so violent. It was now beautiful. A slow setting sun cast long purple shadows across the sand. The brilliant red of the sky reflected from the boulder covered mountains, and seemed to magnify the blooming color of the ocotillo.

It was, for a fleeting second, like standing before a great masterpiece of art. The color seemed painstakingly planned; each blending easily with the other. Here, nature was putting forth her best. Perhaps she was boasting.

But as the sun sank lower and lower, the land became sinister. The bright reds and yellows turned to grays and black; and, suddenly, it was no longer hard to believe. The shadows became long and dark; the sky was opaque.

This was the way it must have been millions of years ago when nature turned loose its fury. The land boiled and trembled. It formed mountains, suddenly and violently. It opened valleys and tossed about giant boulders the size of a house as though they were mere playthings. Then the anger ceased.

Perhaps it was not really anger that caused this violence. Mother Nature, possibly, was thinking ahead. Maybe she knew that in 1969, thousands of enthusiastic recreation seekers would flood this area, eager to be surprised and amazed at the marvels of her handiwork.

With this in mind, she started tossing about bonuses. "I'll give them something

extra," she must have said. "I'll give them a land that will keep them so busy, they will never tire of coming here." If this was her promise, she kept it.

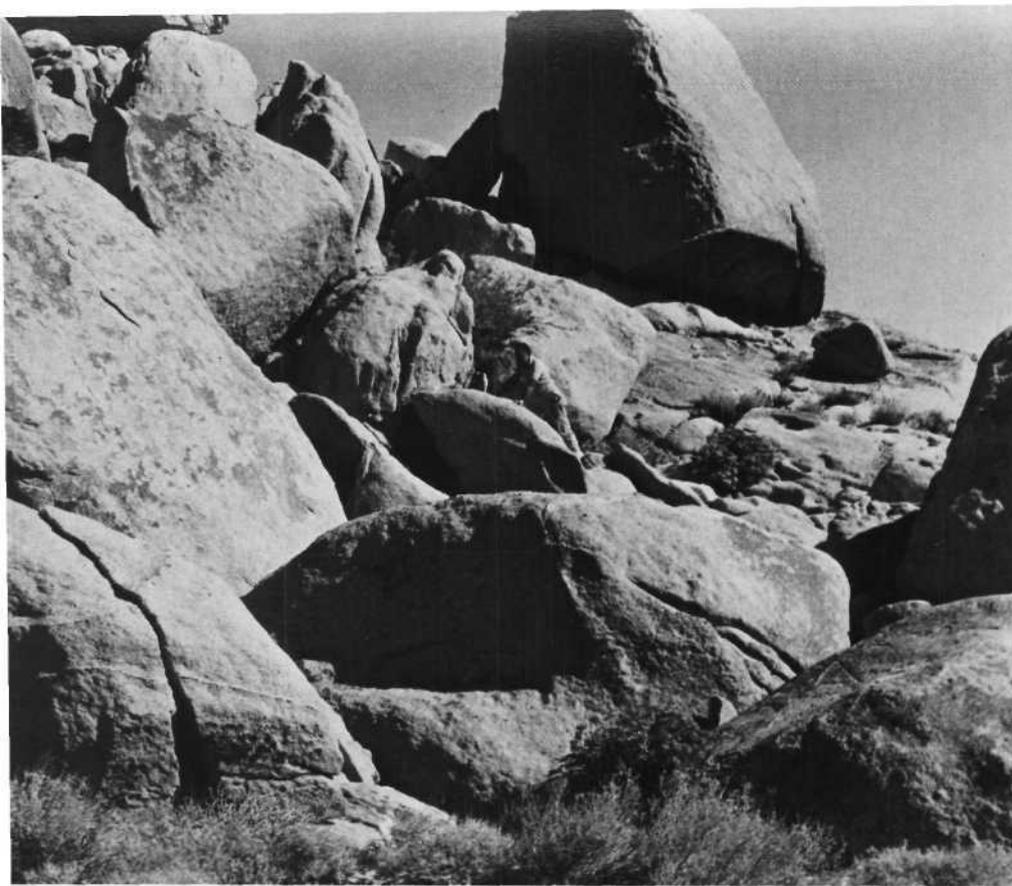
And, after all these years, a generous Mother Nature put an invisible marker in the middle of this land and said, "within 50-miles of here, things will happen." And they did.

For 500,000 years, this land raced headlong through geological changes, Indians, Spaniards, pioneers, cavalry massacres to become a modern day haven for rockhounds, desert lovers, historians, amateur archeologists, and people who are merely "trying to get away from it all."

I was standing at the Desert View Towers, a few miles east of Jacumba in Southern California on U.S. Highway 80, out of San Diego. Before the sun had disappeared, I could see the Salton Sea far to the northeast. The desert unfolded below me like a topographical map. To the southeast was Signal Mountain, a "guidepost" for the first settlers to California. Just under my nose was In-Ko-Pah Gorge. Beyond was Dos Cabezas Springs, long ago buried by a great ocean.

I've often referred to this area as "My 50-miles." I've been coming here for years; always drawn back by the knowledge that there is more to see and a lot more to do. The eastern edge of "My 50-miles" is Painted Gorge, just a few miles east of Coyote Wells on U.S. Highway 80. With a little publicity, this gorge could easily become more popular than the famous Painted Desert in





Millions of years ago when nature turned loose its fury giant boulders were tossed around like paper cups in the wind. Erosion later created the formations which today are in sharp contrast to the surrounding desert.

The desert of California's Imperial and San Diego counties (below) is dotted with wild flowers, blooming ocotillo and cholla cactus. It is also rich in historical lore and Indian legends. The author's wife, Iola Pearce (opposite page) examines a hill for possible fossils—or traces of the Pegleg gold bonanza.



New Mexico. Its fantastic spectrum of colors change hourly as the sun creeps overhead.

Traveling west from Coyote Wells, evidence that this land was once an ocean floor becomes more and more visible. A few miles north of Ocotillo, beyond the end of Fossil Bed Road (local service stations can give directions), thousands of rockhounds and amateur archeologists have uncovered fossilized remains of ancient sea life. The ocean evaporated 500,000 years ago. But evidence lingers on. The shells, some as big as pie pans, are as plentiful as fruit flies in an orchard.

Fossil Bed Road actually ends near a sand and gravel pit, but an easily navigable dirt road continues into a unique canyon. About two miles beyond the end of the pavement, a number of foot trails can be seen going over the western ridge of the canyon. Follow these trails a scant 150 yards and you'll find yourself in the middle of one of Southern California's largest fossil beds.

Highway S-2, northwest out of Ocotillo, follows the old Butterfield Stage Line, passing through country that must have been formed when Mother Nature was the angriest. It's as beautiful as it is violent. Its colors and shadows change quickly as the sun travels across the usually blue sky above.

Just a few miles out of Ocotillo, the highway enters Anza-Borrego State Park where there are several campgrounds. At the edge of this park is the old Vallecito Stage stop. A few years ago it was little more than crumbling ruins, its four-foot thick adobe walls beaten by time, weather

Continued on Page 36

BILLY

THE

KID

by Phyllis Heald



CURIOSITY KILLED more than a cat. It killed one of the most famous, legendary, ruthless and youthful outlaws the West ever produced. If Billy the Kid had shot first, then asked, "Who's that?" he might have lived beyond his 21 years and 21 murders—not counting Indians and Mexicans—and made southwestern history even bloodier.

Born in New York in 1860 and baptised Henry McCarty, he came to New Mexico in 1872 with his widowed mother and younger brother. Mrs. McCarty married William Antrim and the boys took their step-father's name.

Affection ran strong in the Antrim family and Billy's first step from the straight-and-narrow was in his mother's defense. Mrs. Antrim was insulted while at a bar. There are two versions of the story; one that 13-year-old Billy stabbed the man to death; the other claims he grabbed a gun and shot the offender. Whatever the facts, the outcome was the same—Billy committed his first murder. Against his mother's urging to let youth and parental devotion plead his case, Billy skipped the country.

Eventually reaching Arizona Territory he swaggered through three years of mayhem. Tombstone, Galeyville and Tucson knew his trouble-making presence. He gambled, made love, fought and always shot—then asked questions.

Young, fast and fearless, his record was impressive even in the lawless West. Soon the "good men" started hunting the "bad boy." So Billy headed for Mexico. There he terrorized the countryside, finally moving into Texas where cattle-stealing became a lucrative business.



But Billy hadn't forgotten New Mexico. Although his mother had died and his stepfather and brother faded from sight, he returned. He quickly discovered he wasn't forgotten. Large posters were everywhere offering a reward for the capture of Billy the Kid—dead or alive.

Billy, now 18, got himself embroiled in the famous Lincoln County Cattle War and added Sheriff Brady to his list of killings. Even in those days it was unwise to shoot law officers and Brady's replacement, Pat Garrett, dedicated himself to catching The Kid. Sheriff Garrett had known Billy as a youngster and sent word he wanted to take him alive. Billy just laughed.

About this time national politics entered the picture. President Hayes learned of the Lincoln County War and of Billy the Kid. Someone convinced the President that Samuel Axtell, Governor of New Mexico Territory, could not cope with the situation so a request came from Washington for his resignation. Lew Wallace was appointed in his place.

Wallace, busily writing *Ben Hur*, desired peace. He offered Billy and the



The Lincoln County courthouse and jail from which Billy the Kid escaped just before he was to be hung is now an Arizona State Monument. The marker (left) is seen from the window where Billy shot and killed one of his many victims.

entire Lincoln County faction pardons if Billy would give himself up, stand trial and thus clear the records. Billy just laughed.

So Sheriff Garrett took over once more. He trailed Billy to La Mesilla and there managed to capture him. Billy was tried and sentenced to death. Some technicality required the prisoner be returned to Lincoln for execution. Under heavy escort Billy was delivered to the Lincoln County jail, 150 miles from La Mesilla. Time was running out for The Kid, but he still had a couple of tricks up his sleeve.

On April 28th, while eating supper—with handcuffs removed for convenience—he knocked the guard down, grabbed his gun and shot him. As he hobbled in leg-irons past the window he spotted Deputy Bob Ollinger running toward the building. Billy took aim and dropped Ollinger on the first shot. He got a horse, forcing a blacksmith to file him free and laughing rode out of town.

Although Garrett was away at the time, to clear his own reputation, the officer started his famous man-hunt.

It took seven weeks to track down The Kid. Garrett knew Billy was in the area but the country was rough and big and Billy's outlaw friends kept him informed of the sheriff's moves.

On the night of July 14, Garrett camped near the ranch-house of Peter Maxwell. About midnight he went to talk to the cowman who was in bed. During a whispered conversation Pete admitted The Kid had been there. Just then, from the doorway, came a softly spoken "Quien es?" Garrett recognized Billy's voice and quickly fired two shots. Luckily, as he was aiming in the dark, he hit The Kid above the heart, killing him instantly.

Billy the Kid was buried in the military cemetery at Fort Sumner, New Mexico on July 15, 1881. He was 21 years, 7 months and 21 days old. And thus it was New Mexico's famous juvenile delinquent played the star role in a southwest saga that included a president of the United States, a territorial governor, an author of international reputation and turned a local cattle feud into an historical bloody range war. □



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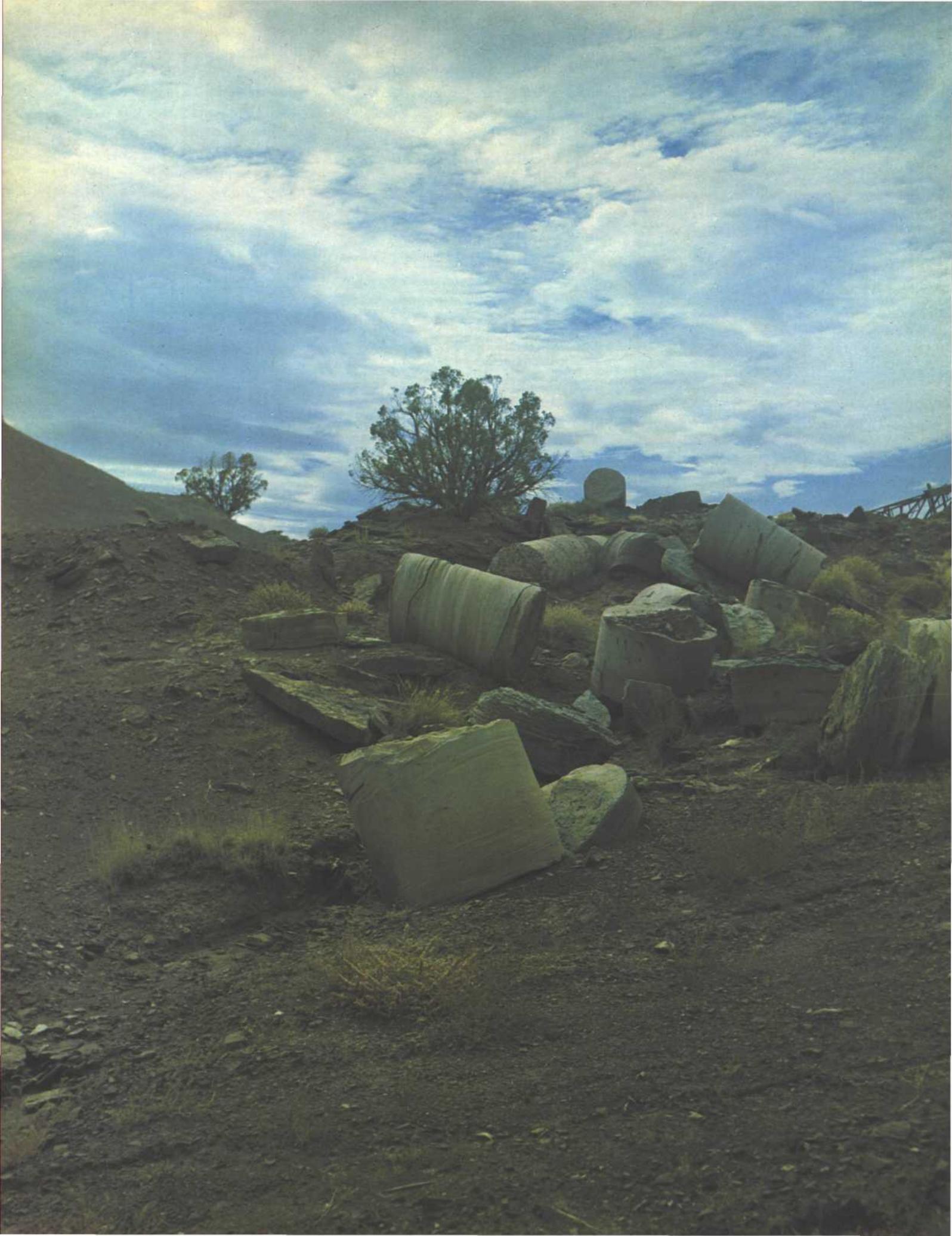
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U. S. PATENT NO. 2879103

CANADIAN PATENT NO. 637,541



When a fortune was a drop in the



bucket

by Bill Knyvett

A CHANCE REMARK in the course of a dinner conversation led me into an interesting area of southeastern Utah's now rejuvenated uranium fields.

We had spent a delightful day in Capitol Reef National Monument photographing the breathtaking red-rock country that has to be seen to be fully appreciated and had returned to the Sleeping Rainbow Guest Ranch, right in the middle of Capitol Reef. After a hearty meal with our hosts, Lurt and Alice Knee, we adjourned to the comforts of a log fire and soft chairs. It was then that Lurt mentioned an old mining operation where the miners were lowered to the tunnel area more than 200 feet below the surface through a vertical shaft only 36 inches wide! On hearing this I had only two words:

"Show me!"

The next morning our small party consisting of my wife Joy, Edward Porter of Fairview, South Carolina, an excellent black-and-white photographer who vacations each year at Sleeping Rainbow, Lurt and myself left for a day-long tour of the old mining area.

Driving the 11 miles of dirt road from the ranch to the main highway our guide gave us a lesson in geology, explaining the different stratas and colorations and described the changes that had taken place in eons passed to cause all these different formations.

As we reached the Capitol Reef Visitor Center and park headquarters the pavement began and we turned east on U-24 which follows the Fremont River for many miles. We passed through the little community of Hanksville which was settled by the Mormons in 1883 and named after Ebenezer Hanks, one of the founders of the village. It is a rustic little town as yet untouched by the commercialization of modern day.

Past Hanksville the road turns north and enters the Green River Desert area. Approximately 12 miles north Lurt put the big eight-passenger station wagon into low gear and took off across the pink-colored entrada dunes. The trail was barely visible and the drifting sands had piled up in the center of the ruts, making passage difficult. The area on either side of us was sweeping fields of wildflowers. Lurt told us this was a grazing area for a herd of approximately 30 antelope.

Continued



A wagon that once carried equipment through the Utah deserts is now covered with sand — mute testimony to our early day pioneers. Giant cores (opposite page) were discarded by the uranium engineers as they drilled the 200-foot deep shaft. Photo by author.



We kept our cameras ready but the herd must have been elsewhere.

We came to Molly's Castle, a sandstone butte rising some 175 feet above the desert floor, and on past Wild Horse Butte where a gravel road makes a short six-mile detour to Goblin Valley (DESERT, Oct. '67). The valley defies description and everyone interprets the naturally formed "goblins" to his own liking. Lurt pointed out this was one area devoid of artifacts, not even an arrowhead or point, which leads many to believe the

Indians of years gone by gave this area a wide berth—being superstitious perhaps they thought it was a valley of goblins. Retracing our trail north again we passed Wild Horse Butte and Buckskin Springs where small outcroppings of coal are visible along the banks of the road.

The gravel gave way to pavement as we picked up the Temple Wash Road and turned west. Only a short distance up this road we came upon some prehistoric Indian pictographs. The elements have worn many of the figures away, but what remains are very vivid having been dated as old as 1200 to 1400 years.

A mile up the road from the pictographs Lurt made a right turn and we came upon evidence of the old mining operations. It was at this point I got my first lesson in the advantage of a fluid transmission in a 4-wheel-drive vehicle. The road leading up to the mesa above had been subjected to heavy rains and was in very bad shape. We literally inched up this road. Although Lurt stopped several times to point out various features, there was no roll-back at all. Joy ordinarily would have been extremely

aware of the sharp drop-off but she came through smiling.

As we topped the hill the reason for the whole trip was apparent. When uranium was first mined the conventional use of a tunnel directly into the side of a mountain was used and various lateral tunnels were dug as the veins were followed. In drilling the sample cores from the surface it was decided that a large vertical shaft could be drilled to the desired level and the uranium ore mined from this shaft. As the drill cores were normally 4 inches in diameter, something much larger was required to facilitate the removal of both workmen and ore.

A special 36-inch core drill was made and the drilling begun. The cores were brought to the surface in 12-foot sections and lay scattered around the area like pieces of jelly roll with the different colorations appearing as multi-colored bands. At a depth of 200 feet a good grade of ore was discovered and the mining operation began. A crew of Navajo Indians was brought in and lowered down in ore buckets. These same buckets were then loaded with ore and



Lurt Knee examines the 36-inch cores which look like jelly rolls. Old mine entrance (right) shows ore-loading chute.

taken to the surface to be dumped into waiting trucks. A system was arranged where two bells meant ore was in the bucket and three bells signaled a bucket-full of miners!

After the working area was enlarged it became evident that more mechanization was necessary. This was solved very simply! A small bulldozer was taken apart and all the pieces were lowered to the cavern below. A crew of mechanics was then sent down the shaft and the dozer completely reassembled—and as far as I could determine is still down there!

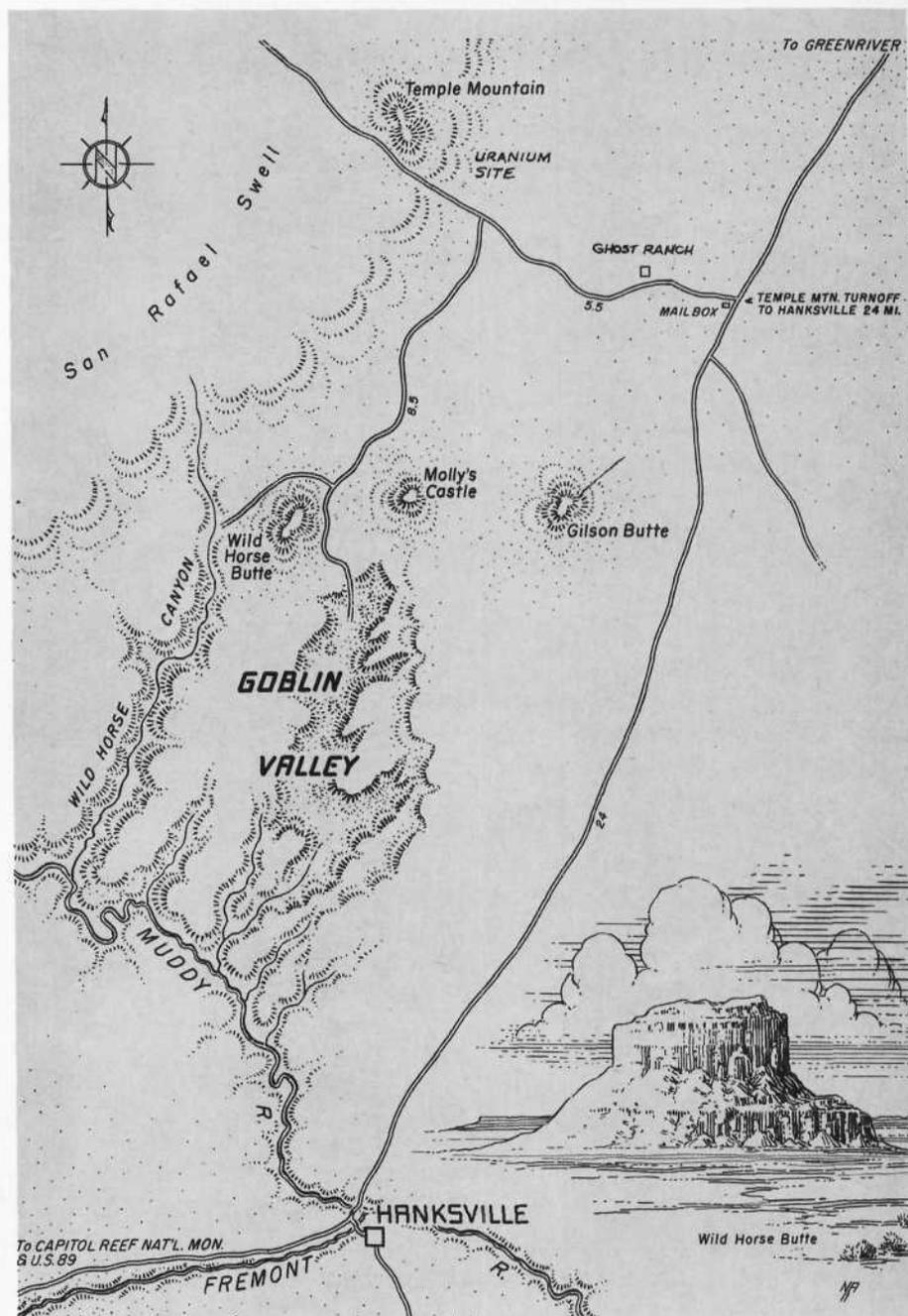
Lurt told of a funny incident that happened while the bucket operation was going full blast. He had taken a tour of shutter bugs to the area and they all assembled around the shaft head, poised to photograph the ore being dumped into the trucks. Their expressions were hilarious when up popped several smiling Indians! Someone had forgotten to tell the group that the little ore cars served a dual purpose.

That the uranium search is being reborn is evident everywhere in this area.

Continued on Page 39

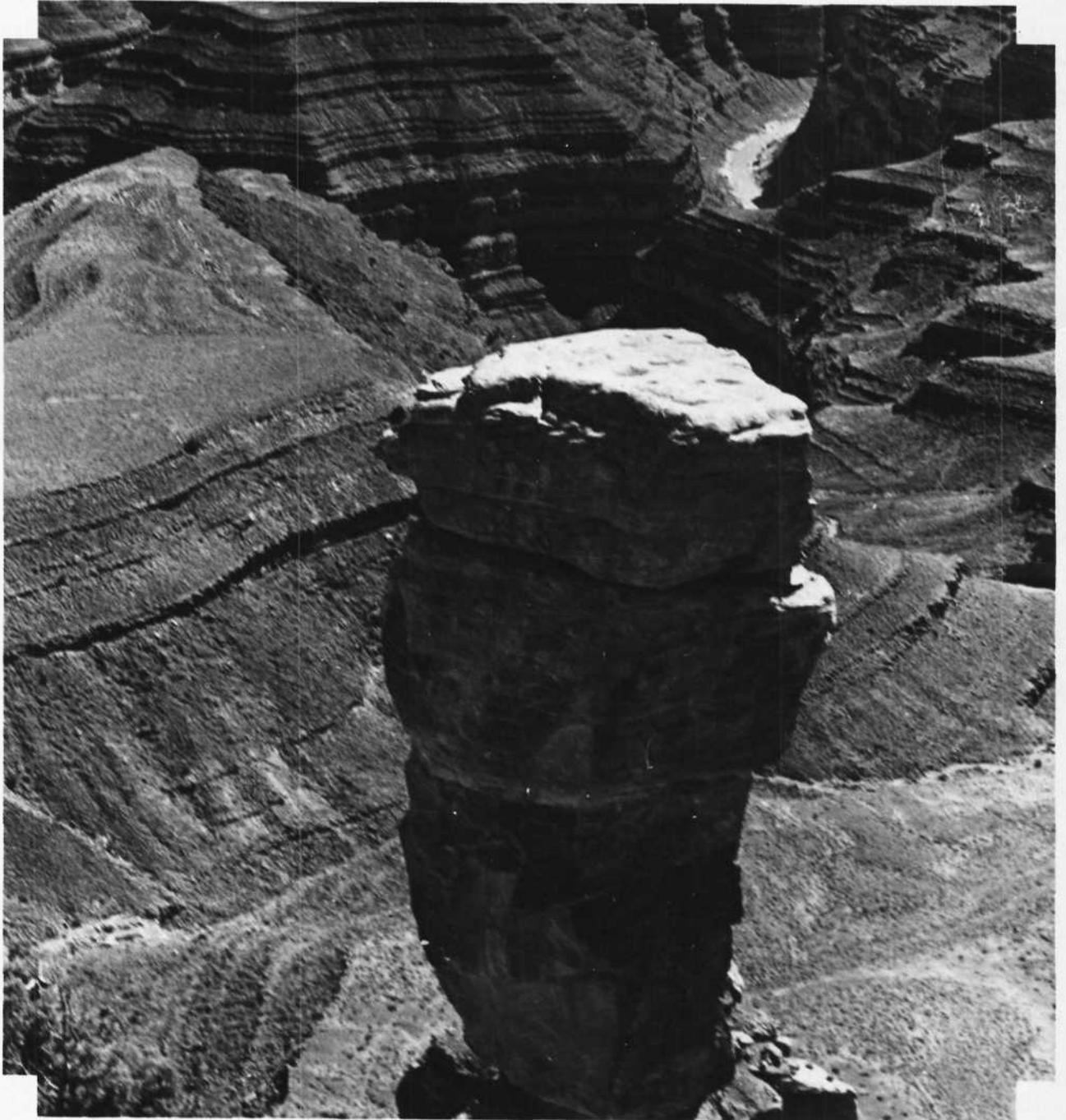


En route to the uranium site the author and party stopped to photograph prehistoric Indian pictographs painted on a canyon wall. There are many in Utah.



DOWN UTAH'S

SAN JUAN



From Muley Point (left) the San Juan River is seen below as it winds through The Goosenecks.

JUAN RIVER

by Walter Ford

IF A RIVER voyage where you examine ancient petroglyphs, visit prehistoric Indian ruins, gather quarter billion year old fossils, and shoot exciting rapids appeals to your spirit of adventure, this trip is made to order for you.

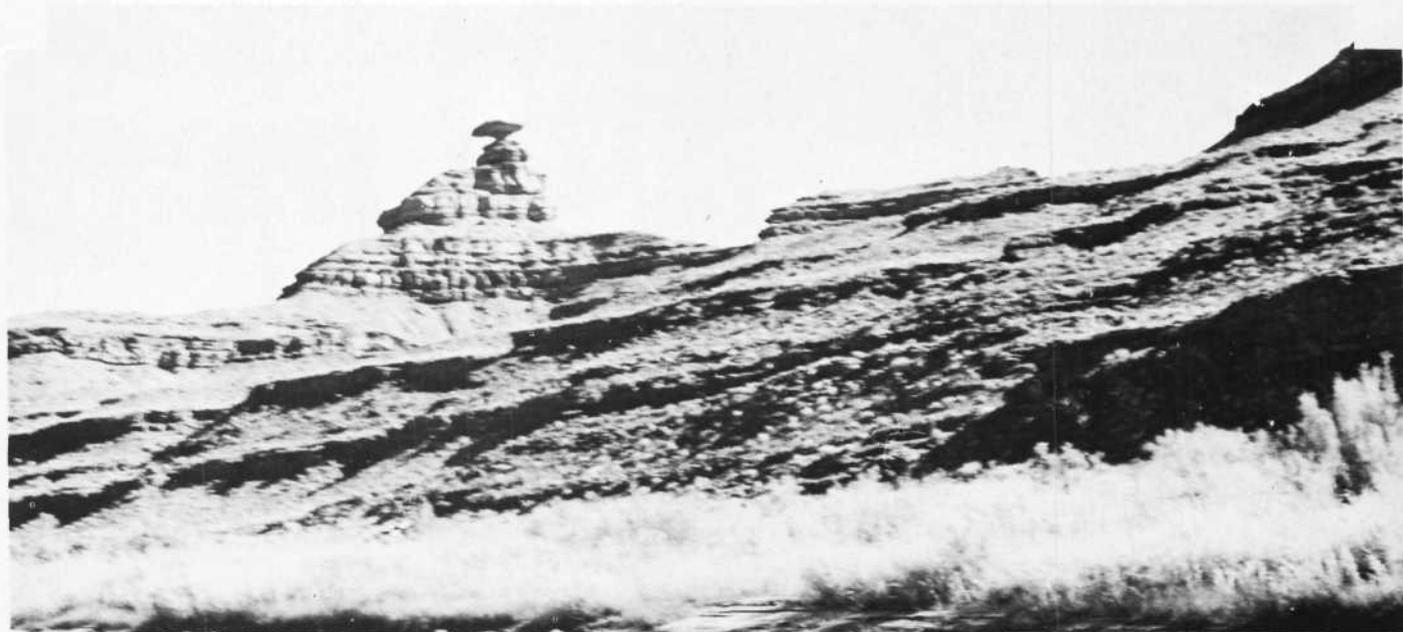
Over the years, when passing through Utah, I often thought about traveling down the San Juan River, but it never got beyond that stage. Then I read an advertisement in Desert Magazine which read: "One day river trips with Ken Ross—tranquil San Juan River valley." Two days later, along with two companions, I was on my way to Bluff, Utah.

Ken uses inflatable rubber rafts on his river expeditions which meet the rigid requirements of the Utah State Park and Recreation Commission. His river experience dates back to the early 30s when he served with archeological reconnaissance parties on the Yukon and San Juan Rivers. Later he became director of Southwest Explorations and set up geological river trips as part of their summer program. In 1957 he started running on his own and has been at it ever since.

In 1959 Ken was engaged to handle the boating locations for filming of Major Powell's 1869 expedition on the Colorado River. At the start of the production the director noted that Ken bore such a strong resemblance to John Beale, who starred as Major Powell, that he was asked to double for Beale in all of the boating scenes. The film was shown under the title, "Ten Who Dared," during the early 60s and released for television on Easter Sunday, 1968, under, "Wonderful World of Color."

The morning after our arrival Ken met us at our Recapture Lodge diggings and took us to the take-off point a short distance west of town. Fifteen minutes later the rafts were launched and ready to go. My party included Baylor Brooks, geologist, and Charlie Crytser, a retired mechanical engineer. Charlie had passed his eighty-second year and we wondered about his being able to make the river journey. Our concern was unnecessary as he came through in excellent shape. Ac-

Continued



The community of Mexican Hat is named after the rock formation (above) carved over thousands of years.

SAN JUAN RIVER

companying us in a smaller raft was Orson Anderson, geologist, and his teen-age son, who was helping Ken during the summer.

During the early part of our journey we floated smoothly downstream on tranquil water. At our first stop we examined a large display of petroglyphs on a sheer cliff near the river. There were numerous designs representing reptiles, birds, and animals, but what was most interesting were several nearly full-size human figures with exaggerated shoulders which look like a modern football player in full regalia. I had seen a few similar figures in the Salt Creek area of Utah's Canyonlands and wondered about their significance. Do they represent a race of supermen whose culture predates the Cliff Dwellers or perhaps some armored Spanish invaders?

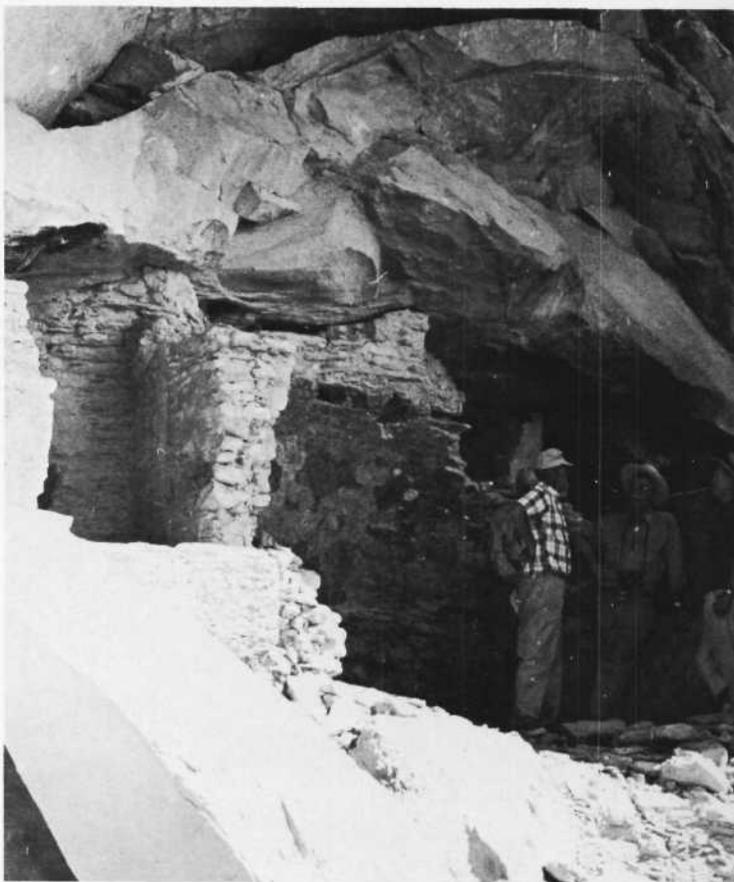
Farther along the river we stopped to explore ancient Indian cliff dwellings, easily accessible—only 30 or so feet above the river. Since most of the cliff dwellings in the canyons along the Colorado Plateau were built high above ground level—which archeologists say was done to forestall hostile attacks—the most formidable enemy the low-level dwellers along the San Juan had to fear may have been the flood-water of the river.

We stopped for lunch where a student of paleontology would have had a field day. We found fossilized remains, imbedded in the canyon walls, of creatures which are considered to have lived around two hundred and fifty million years ago. Gastropods, which looked like the common garden snail, and Brachiopods, which resembled small clam shells, were the most numerous, but there were many other varieties available to anyone with the patience to dig them out.

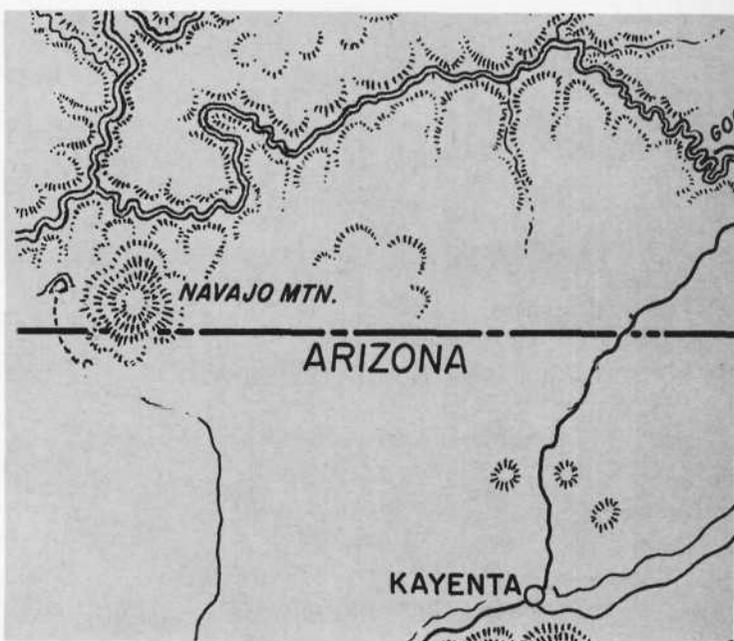
A short distance beyond our lunch stop the river entered the gorge and there we traded the tranquility of the first stage of our journey for the excitement of riding the rapids. With complete confidence in our guide's boatmanship, all we did was hold on and enjoy the thrills and fun. In the other raft, Ken's young protege handled his craft like a professional river runner.

The flow of the San Juan River may vary widely from season to season. In 1927 the maximum flow was around 70,000 cubic feet per second. Dead tree trunks still visible along the gorge indicate the river reached a record height of 40 feet at that time. In 1934, the river ceased to flow. This fluctuating water level caused a tragedy that has become a legend in the San Juan country.

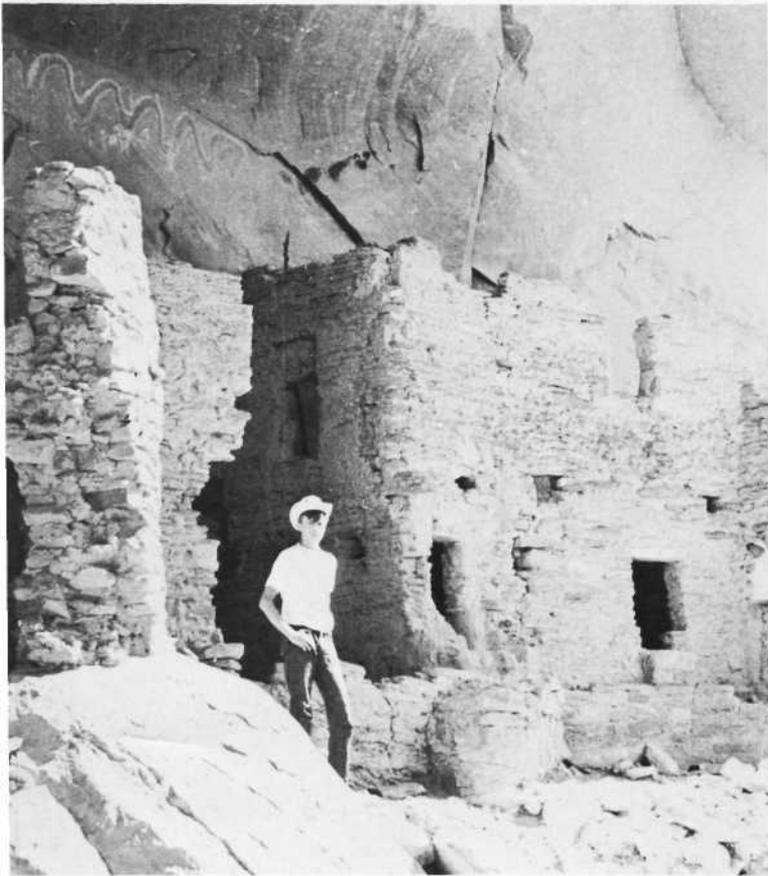
Around 1910 James Douglas, who had earlier gone broke prospecting for oil near Mexican Hat, found a bonanza of gold in a San Juan River sand bar. Before he could recover it the river rose and covered the bar. He waited patiently, year after year, for his bonanza to reappear but the river remained



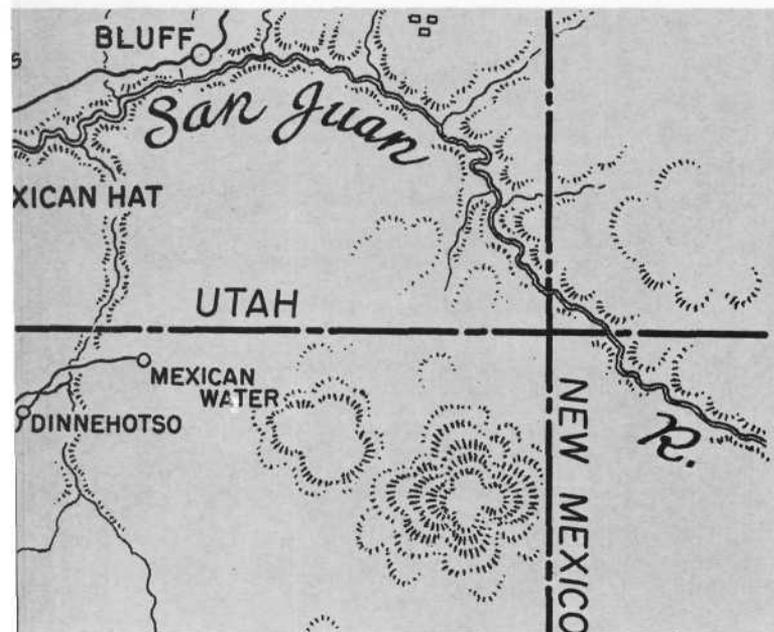
During their trip down the San Juan River the river-runners stopped to explore ancient Indian cliff dwellings. Why the prehis-



SAN JUAN RIVER



toric communities were abandoned is a mystery. Snake-like drawings above column may represent the nearby river gorge.



high. He kept up his vigil for 18 years, then, old and his patience exhausted, he jumped off the Mexican Hat bridge. He left this note:

"When this you see, my old body in the river will be.
There is no one else to blame for this, only me."

A few years later the river went dry. Out of respect to his memory dwellers in the area named nearby Douglas Mesa for him, but it never gained official recognition from map-makers.

As you travel down the gorge you become so engrossed in the profusion of scenic shots you may exhaust your supply of film before you reach the two most outstanding formations of the trip near the end of the journey. These are Mexican Hat Rock and the Raplee Anticline.

Mexican Hat Rock resembles a 65-foot-wide inverted Mexican sombrero with its crown resting on a 400-foot mound of red shale. Although it may be photographed from Highway 47, the setting is drab compared with the blend of colors provided by water, vegetation, and sky from the river side of the monument.

The Raplee Anticline consists of a number of vari-colored layers of sediment that have been arched upward through the ages by side pressure to form what geologists term "anticlines." A simple demonstration of how they were formed may be made by placing a sheet of paper on a flat surface and applying pressure toward the center from the ends of the sheet. The top of the loop thus formed may be considered to be somewhat comparable to a geological "anticline." The Raplee Anticline has gained much prominence for its unusual symmetry and photographs of it are frequently used for illustrations in geology textbooks.

About a mile downstream from the anticline formations, our river adventure came to an end. Two of Ken's assistants were waiting on shore to take the voyagers and rafts back to Bluff.

Before returning to Southern California we decided to visit the Valley of the Gods and Muley Point, just north of Mexican Hat. We followed Highway 47 westward from Bluff to its intersection with Highway 261, four miles north of Mexican Hat bridge, where we turned right and continued to the base of Cedar Mesa. The road to the Valley of the Gods leads off to the right here, but we decided to proceed up the grade and visit Muley Point first. A short distance beyond the top of the grade a road branches left to Muley Point, five miles away.

Old-timers say that Muley Point takes its name from the fact that it is shy of vegetation, like a Muley cow is shy of horns. Almost directly below, you glimpse a section of the river as it winds through the Goosenecks, while far in the distance you see the formations of Monument Valley rising above

Continued

SAN JUAN RIVER



the horizon to form a captivating background for your camera shots.

The first you see when you enter the Valley of the Gods is the abandoned X-Bar-L Guest Ranch. Built by Bill and Clarence Lee, grandsons of John D. Lee, who operated the first ferry across the Colorado River, it was operated as a guest ranch from 1929 to 1943. Constructed with native sandstone and huge beams, the lodge contained guest rooms with fireplaces, a shower and tub, and a living room with large picture windows that provided breathtaking views of the valley below it. Today it stands silent and deserted, visited only by infrequent travelers and wandering tumbleweeds.

Although the setting is somewhat similar, it is not easy to compare the Valley of the Gods with neighboring Monument Valley. The structures in the latter run mostly to pinnacles and buttes, but in the Valley of the Gods, Nature worked with a freer hand to produce a variety of figures, which in some cases defy description. Most of them carry local titles that in some instances might require imagination to interpret. However, you are free to describe them as you see them. They don't mind.

A 17-mile graded road winds through the valley and passes within camera range of nearly every photogenic structure. We spent nearly five hours traveling the course during

which we did not see another car.

Before heading homeward we stopped at the Mexican Hat Trading Post so Baylor could examine a Navajo rug he had seen earlier when we were on our way to Bluff. Over a leisurely cup of coffee with Jim Hunt, Baylor learned the rug's history and acquired it for his collection.

Jim and his brother Emery grew up in the Valley of the Gods area and are thoroughly acquainted with its archeological, geological, and botanical features. They are happy to supply information to travelers through the region by mail which should be addressed: San Juan Trading Post, Box 155, Mexican Hat, Utah 84531.

For those interested in the San Juan River trip these are the rates for the 1969 season: one day trip for two persons, \$35; for three or more, up to ten, \$15 each; ten or more, \$13 each. He also features a two-day trip this season, which he states will more than double the enjoyment of the one day trip. The charge for a minimum of three on the two-day trip, with food furnished will be \$40 each. Further information may be obtained by writing to Ken Ross, Box 110, Bluff, Utah 84512.

Not only are the river ride and junkets to nearby places of interest well worth the time, the trip to Bluff takes you through some of the most colorful country of the "Wonderful World of Utah."

WE PASSED the site of Claraville, once a beautiful village, but now totally deserted — over a dozen houses, neat and comfortable in appearance without a solitary tenant." This was the way a correspondent for the Havilah Weekly Courier described a town in California's Kern County in 1869, nearly 100 years ago.

Today, even these dozen houses have disappeared. For the casual passerby, all that remains of Claraville today are a few scars of placer workings along Kelso Creek. Hidden among the tall pines and beneath the duff of years, the careful searcher will discover the remains of Claraville's past.

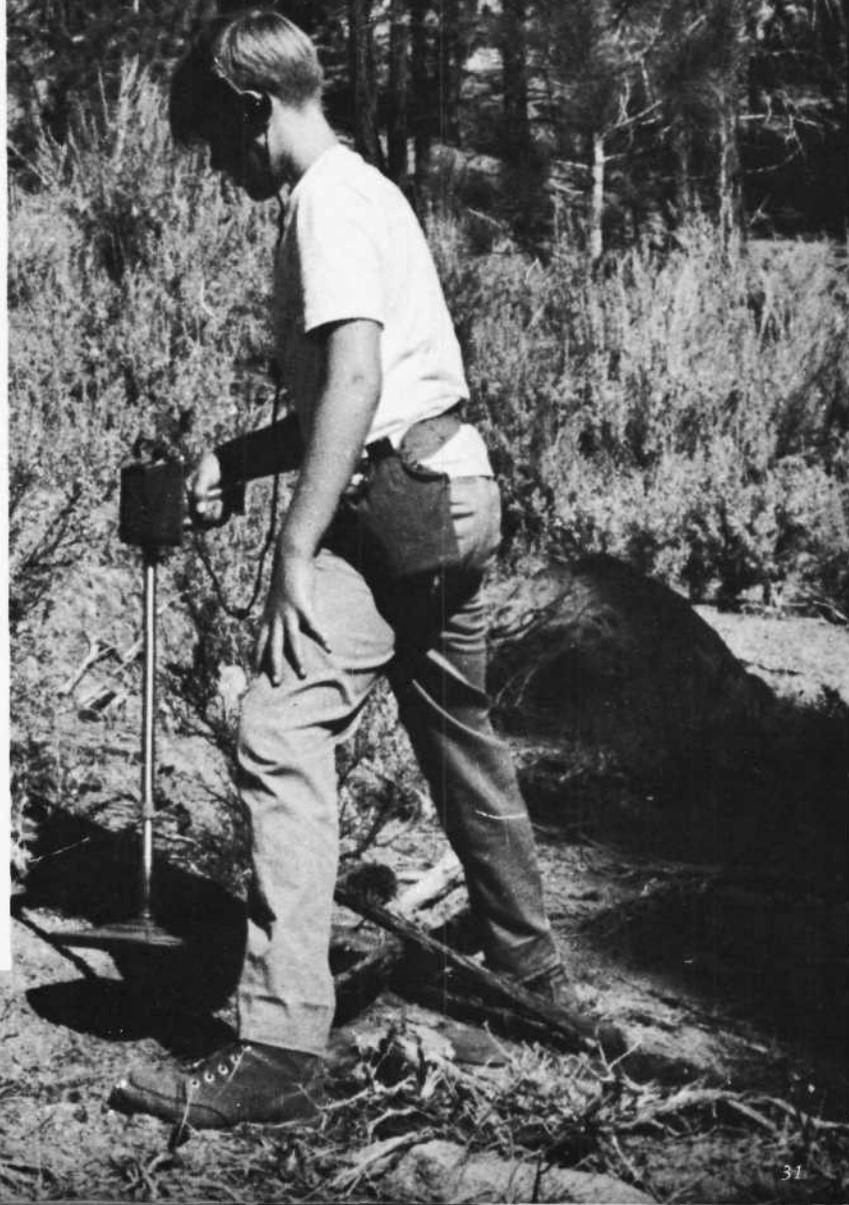
Recently, weekend campers from San Pedro picked up a sun-colored bottle in a sandy creek bed. A metal detector located an ancient coin. An old-timer, working from memory of 50 years past, rediscovered a rich vein. Hidden beneath a boulder many years ago, an ancient miner's pick was found intact. Who can say what other treasures may still lie hidden at Claraville?

In 1861, gold was discovered at an altitude of more than 6000 feet on the eastern slope of Kern County's Piute Mountains. A party of prospectors from Whiskey Flat on the Kern River worked their way up the dry slopes into Tichnor's Basin where they made the first discoveries. In June of the same year, the Mount Sinai mining district was formed.

As miners and prospectors followed the dry washes and climbed the sage-covered slopes to the cool pines above, a camp grew on the flat. Clara Munckton, whose parents were Daniel and Sarah Munckton of Ohio, was the first white child born in this camp. It was in her honor that the growing town received the name of Claraville. *Continued*

Colorful Claraville

by Mike Engle



Claraville grew and prospered. In 1868 it was described as one of the centers of mining in the Piute Mountains. During the 1860s, it was said to be second in population only to Havilah, the county seat. Today, residents and summer cabin owners will tell you that the population of Claraville at one time reached 3000 with many more in the surrounding hills. These estimates seem to have grown with the years and appear to be considerably exaggerated. Accurate population figures are lost in the unwritten history of the town. The miners of the 1860s were busy. They prospected, panned the streams, dug the quartz, ground the ore, and then moved on to more golden fields.

The first quartz mine located in the district was the Hamp Williams, named in honor of its discoverer. At the beginning, the ore was worked with arrastras. According to reports, it was worth \$200 per ton. By 1866, many more claims had been filed and some were producing successfully. Many of the original claims, including the Hamp Williams, had been sold to eastern capital. Stamp mills had replaced the arrastras. Large mining companies had taken over many of the individually owned mines.

In September 1866, the Havilah Weekly Courier reported: "The amount of work done in this district is not sufficient to prove the extent of the lodes,

but as to their richness, there can be no doubt."

In the same year, the Pettus G and S Mining Company of Providence, Rhode Island, bought several lodes. According to a report in the Havilah Weekly Courier, after taking over their holdings, the company "shipped out from the eastern state a new fangled 'four-ball quartz crusher' at an expense of over \$40,000 which, when put into operation, proved a complete failure." Later, some of the miners suggested that the 'four-ball quartz crusher' be kept as an example of the credulity of eastern capital.

The Pettus G and S Company soon made arrangements for a ten-stamp mill.



All of the relics (above) were found underground with a metal detector in a 20-foot square area, leading the author to believe it was once the site of a blacksmith's shop. Ric Dumont and Bob Engle (opposite page) screen the soil looking for whatever young explorers think they may find. Remains of a cabin site (opposite page) found along Kelso Creek.

By February of 1867 several hundred tons of rock were ready for crushing. At the Hamp Williams mine alone, it is reported that they had taken \$2400 in bullion from 11 tons of rock.

The Bright Star mine, located six or seven miles north of town, was claimed to be the richest in the area. In 1867 the owners, William Rains and Henry G. Grafton, reported crushing out \$500 from only 500 pounds of rock on their arrastras. This amounted to \$1.00 per pound or \$2000 per ton!

As the mines produced, Claraville grew and prospered. By 1866, there was a stream sawmill in operation. Along with several comfortable homes, there was at least one hotel and a general store.

Like many other remote mining camps and towns of this period, Claraville was not without incident. When Preston Dean returned to his cabin he discovered it had been entered during the day. Missing from a box in the kitchen were a bottle of whiskey, some tobacco and \$200 in retorted amalgam. An examination of the ground outside the cabin revealed the tracks of an Indian.

According to one eye witness, a committee of citizens was formed. They quickly took the matter in hand and arrested six Indians, among whom was the notorious Coho Jim. When informed of the charges against them the Indians, as a group, claimed innocence. They all blamed Coho Jim.

Coho Jim refused to tell where the stolen goods were hidden. The citizens then "procured a rope and swung him by the neck, and when pretty well choked, let him down." He quickly agreed to tell them where the goods were hidden. In a few minutes, though, when "recovering somewhat from his choking, he refused to do so, when he was again swung up by the neck." For the second time, Coho Jim agreed to show them his hiding place. As it was growing dark, the citizens decided to wait until morning. During the night, though securely tied and guarded by three "armed and husky men," Coho Jim managed to make good his escape.

Successful mining continued within the district for several months but Claraville's peak of prosperity had been reached. By the spring of 1866, many of the miners departed. A few returned to the barren desert wilderness to try their luck



eight miles below Claraville. When the town of Sageland rose at the center of the newly formed El Dorado mining district, more miners abandoned Claraville. By early summer of 1869, the Havilah Weekly Courier reported the town deserted.

Today, though little more than a sage-covered flat surrounded by tall pines, Claraville appears on most road maps of Kern County. The best way to get there is from California State Highway 178 which runs east and west past Lake Isabella. At Weldon, turn south onto Kelso Valley Road. Follow this paved road south for 17.4 miles to the old townsite of Sageland. All that now remains of what was once the hub of the El Dorado mining district is "Shorty's Place," a rapidly deteriorating building that was once a general store and gasoline station.

At Shorty's Place, turn right or west onto Piute Mountain Road. This dirt

road is rough in spots and winding. It is passable for modern passenger cars and small campers. Follow this road for 9.5 miles where you will come to the intersection with Jawbone Canyon Road. Continue on Piute Mountain Road a short distance further and you will find yourself in the center of a grassy meadow stretching out on both sides of the road. This meadow and the surrounding pine forest is the site of Claraville. Do not expect to find a sign or marker; there are none.

A careful searcher will discover the dim wagon trails winding beneath the cool pines. Today, the relic hunter needs only follow these dim trails and many creek beds in order to discover several old building sites, many long-abandoned mine shafts and tunnels, ancient arrastras, and an intricate system of water ditches. Nearly every trail and creek bed will lead to some hidden treasure of Claraville's past. □

LOOKING FOR a fun-spot that's not too far out? If you live within the Los Angeles perimeter try Tick Canyon, a mere forty-five minutes by freeway from downtown Los Angeles.

We first heard about Tick Canyon when we joined a party of rockhound friends heading for a particular rock-collecting site. But you don't have to be a rockhound to have an interesting outing at this place. Tick Canyon offers superb panoramic opportunities to the camera buff, besides exploring possibilities to the adventure-minded.

If you haven't discovered the thrills of rockhounding by the time you've poked around Tick Canyon and, with the usual time-honored beginner's luck, found some really exciting "rocks" or crystals, you just might want to start collecting. Then you're hooked for life!

Tick Canyon lies off the Mint Canyon freeway. It is just a few miles west of the historic pile of fascinating, queer-shaped rocks known as Vasquez Rocks—named for California's legendary highwayman of a century ago, Tiburcio Vasquez, who used them to hide out. These rocks are now a public park and campgrounds, with facilities.

From the freeway take the Escondido Canyon road to where Davenport Road cuts in. Take the right hand turn onto Davenport, and it is only a couple of miles to the huge borax dumps in Tick Canyon. (Road signs designate Tick Canyon.) There you will see some large tailings dumps spread out to your left. This wide spot is a good place to park your vehicle, for the road itself is a narrow one. Any type of vehicle can come here.

Tick Canyon is across the road from the wide car-parking. This narrow canyon is where the "goodies" are found, for this is where, back in the early 1900s, the U. S. Borax Company once mined borax, many hundreds of miles from the then only known large deposit at Death Valley.

And this is the Tick Canyon borax dumps where rockhounds from everywhere hunt for minerals- rock-specimens and crystals. Tick Canyon is famous for its howlite, a fine cutting-rock which is prized for its superior lustre after polishing, and for the delicate "spider-web" that burrows throughout a good specimen. The stone itself is a

creamy-white. Spider-webbing may be black, brown or gray, and very distinctive.

Viewed in the rough, you wouldn't believe such a beautiful gem material would emerge from such rough, really ugly stone. Howlite looks like so much greyish-white stone "cauliflowers." But beautiful jewelry is made from howlite: men's bolas to be worn with western clothing, cabochons set into rings, pendants, pen-sets, inkstands and book-ends. One enterprising couple, George and Dorothy Telford, use howlite slabs as a "canvas" and paint fascinating scenes directly onto the stone which is porous enough to take water-colors. They display these unique paintings at gem and mineral shows.

Although Tick Canyon has been a collecting ground for rockhounds for many decades, people still continue to find excellent material there. You just have to hunt a bit harder, and, if digging for materials, dig a lot deeper!

There are other materials in Tick Canyon. The hillsides hide beautiful red-brown and dark green jasper, some prize sagenite, plume agate, seam and nodular agate, ulexite (a lovely silky, moonstone-like material) colemanite crystals and fine, needle-like crystals of natrolite.

But, you say, you're not a rockhound! And you wouldn't know what to collect. Well, let's go over to the old dump and look things over. See that whitish, wide

TRIP TO TICK CANYON

by Dorothy Robertson



sort of "beach" above the canyon bottom where a skim of water is still actually flowing along the rocky bed? That's the old dump, and people still find good specimens here.

See that chunk of stone "cauliflower head?" Looks like one, doesn't it? Knock off an edge and see what's inside. Those little veins of black tracery all over the surface are a prize! You can take it over to your local rockshop and have them cut a slab for you. Then you can get a quick polish on the surface by painting it with liquid plastic.

You'd like to see some natrolite? It's quite a climb up the hill. See that volcanic outcrop up there? That brown knobby, holey looking stuff? That's

where it is. You find natrolite in vesicular basalt outcroppings. When you break off chunks of this volcanic rock you sometimes find these delicate little crystals inside.

You find agate on both sides of the canyon slopes. Nodular masses of agate and jasper were once plentiful. Now you have to hunt harder. When we were here before, we did find a greenish jasper outcrop up there on the side of the hill. We were lucky. But don't worry, rockhounds always miss some, and buried stuff weathers out eventually.

Borax was discovered in Tick Canyon in 1906 by two gold prospectors, Henry Shepherd and Louis Ebbenger. They had trudged up the canyon from Lang Sta-

tion down on the railroad, to the old Spanish gold mines pocking the hill-sides, (which are still there) day in and day out. Regularly they crossed, on their way, a peculiar, limey, light-hued formation that ran in an east-to-west trend. One day, out of simple curiosity, one of the men sank his pick into the formation. To their amazement, they found colemanite crystals—the richest borax ore then known to the mineral market. The friends realized that gold was not the only pathway to riches. Nosing around, they finally sold out to a Thomas Thorkildson for around \$80,000.

Thomas Thorkildson had once been an employee of the Pacific Coast Borax Company. He recognized the value of the discovery, and quickly organized the Sterling Borax Company and developed the property. He introduced shafts and tunnels, added a calcining and screening plant, and five steep miles of three-foot gauge railroad that angled down the canyon to Lang Station. Almost immediately a little mining community sprang up. It wasn't long before Thorkildson had earned himself the title of "Borax King," and it wasn't too long before the Pacific Coast Borax Company bought into the burgeoning borax recovery operation. The plant continued to run until 1922 when it was shut down. The mill and mining equipment were dismantled and hauled north to the company's Death Valley Borax mines—then the world's largest borax output site.

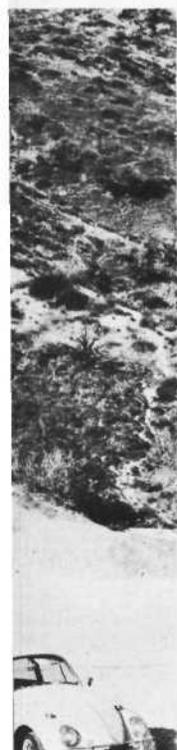
The great open shafts and mine tunnels at Tick Canyon were safely secured, and the general public have since been permitted to come in and look for rock specimens at the old works. Today the U. S. Borax Company owns the 500-plus acres of mineral lands around the ghost-settlement of Lang, the town which some 300 miners once called "home."

Through the U. S. Borax Company's continued generosity in the matter of public access to their property, scenic Tick Canyon continues to offer its wares: beautiful cutting and polishing materials, mineral specimens, and extra fun-dividends along its length and breadth.

So the very next time you wonder just where you and your family could go for a picnic day out under the clear, wide blue sky, try Tick Canyon and be pleasantly surprised. You will be glad you did. □



Entrance to Tick Canyon (opposite page) is seen from the parking area. Author examines a green jasper outcropping (above) on hill overlooking the highway. Huge borax dumps (below) are a favorite area for rock hounds.



FIFTY MILES OF FURY

Continued from Page 19

and neglect. Now, however, it has been completely restored and turned into a park complete with campground.

Old-timers used to tell a story about a huge lost treasure. They insisted that in the rocks somewhere around the Vallecito Stage Station, hundreds of \$20.00 gold pieces lie hidden in old money bags.

It seems that sometime after the station had been abandoned, a wounded bandit, his wife and an Indian woman were fleeing from the law up north, trying to escape across the border. They stopped here to rest; the bandit was bleeding to death. Fearing that he may be captured, he crawled out of the building and stashed his stolen loot in the nearby rocks. He then died before he could tell his wife where it was hidden.

His wife and the Indian woman searched for years, often enlisting the aid of anyone who would help. But ac-

ording to the legend, the cache was never recovered. The wife and Indian woman eventually left the area as broke as they were while searching for the treasure.

Due east of Ocotillo, on U.S. Highway 80, at the base of the mountains, a dirt road turns northwest from the highway and meanders across the desert to the crumbling railroad town of Dos Cabezas. This road winds through ancient Indian country. Huge boulders, the size of houses, are marked by petroglyphs. When I first visited this area, there were numerous Indian fire rings still visible, but apparently there are those who cannot leave things the way they find them. All evidence of these fire rings which survived a couple of centuries of weather, has disappeared behind the path of modern man.

There are several primitive campgrounds in this area nestled against the boulder covered mountains. I've been in these campgrounds on the busiest holiday weekends and have found them deserted.



At Dos Cabezas Springs, there used to be a grave stone, but someone has apparently taken it. It marked the grave of a youth from New York who was killed here by a deputy sheriff from Los Angeles. It seems the boy and a friend had worked several months for a rancher in Arizona. The rancher refused to pay them, so the youths took a couple of horses.

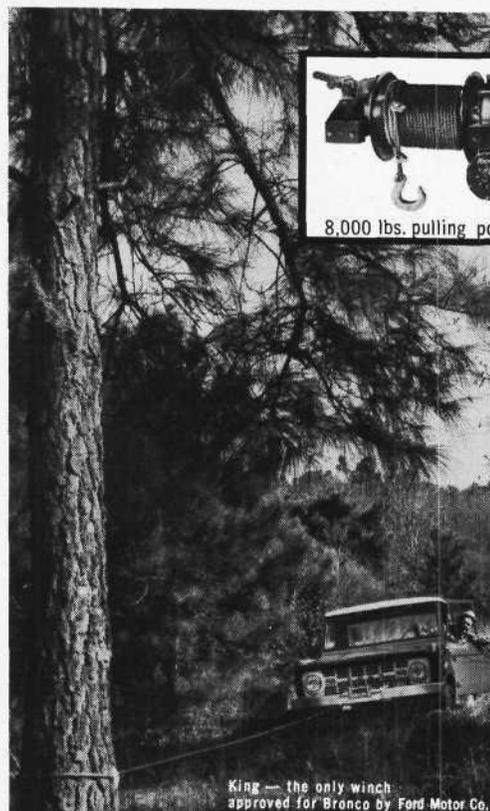
The deputy from Los Angeles learned the pair was living near Dos Cabezas Springs and came after them. Someone reminded him that he may have a hard time getting both of the boys back to Los Angeles. "You're right," he said, and pulled his six-gun and shot one of the youths.

This story is often told around Jacumba; as is the story about a rancher who stumbled through this area late one evening and discovered a rich outcropping of gold. He rushed home for help, but was never able to find his way back. There is little evidence to support this latter story. Several persons have developed mining operations in this area, but all failed.

It was near here that the first immigrants traveled to San Diego. One now can only imagine the pain and suffering endured by these hearty settlers as they blistered a trail to the top of these mountains. Today, a four-lane freeway zooms to the top, but then it was a long, miser-

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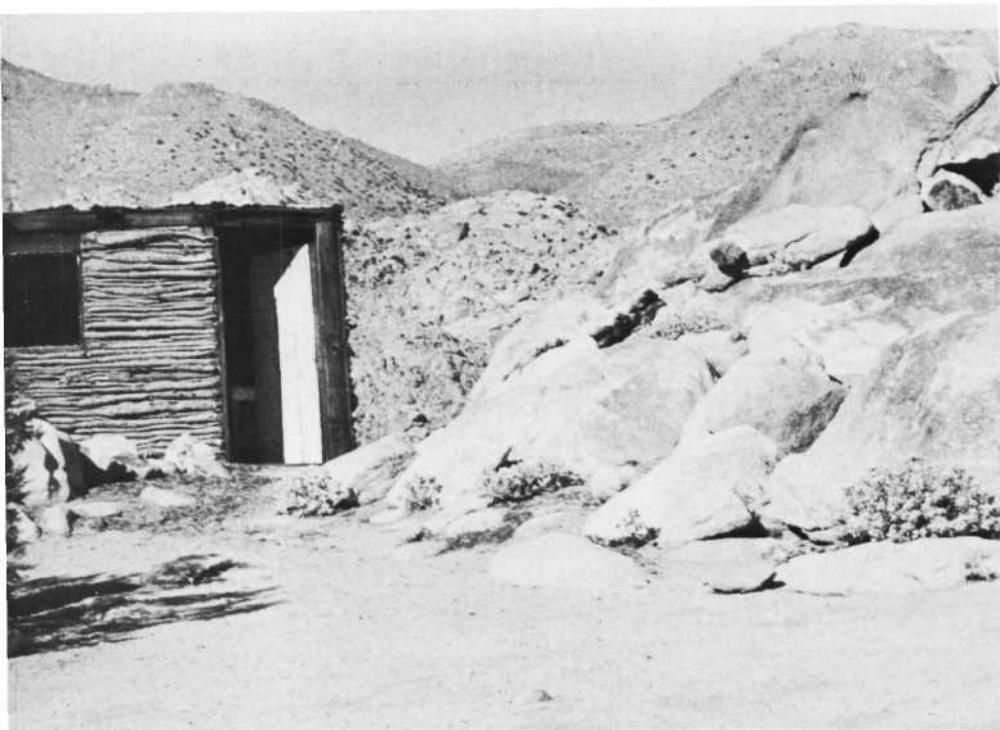
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Hidden among the rock formations are abandoned cabins once used by prospectors in search of gold. Many of the cabins were occupied later by people who just wanted to "get away from it all."

able struggle. Sections of the old immigrant trail can still be seen from the highway.

At the top of the mountains, just off the highway, the Desert View Towers is another famous tourist attraction. It is a curio store, a early California museum, and a marvelous place from which to view "My 50 Miles." From on top the tower, you can see Salton Sea on a clear day. Behind the tower, there are caves with carvings of numerous animals. Although primitive in form, they were actually carved during the 1930s, by a desert lover who also built the tower.

From here it is only a few miles to Jacumba and the end of my 50-mile stretch. It was near Jacumba that a troop of Cavalry was massacred by Indians. Nearly all of the old-timers in town know the story and can show you numerous items that have been found on the battlefield.

The amazing part about my 50-miles is that it can keep a visitor occupied for two days or two weeks. That is, the area can be skimmed in two days; or thoroughly explored in two weeks.

The areas of interest are just a jump apart, and, yet, they span a period of 500,000 years. The visitor becomes trapped in this time span, caught for a fleeting moment by a breath of excitement that history has purposely created, seemingly for today's recreation seekers. □

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40



by Bill Bryan

I RECENTLY represented the California Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs at a hearing before the United States Bureau of Land Management in Indio, California.

The hearing was one of several during which B.L.M. people are hearing proposals as to what to do with approximately 450,000 acres of public domain land in California's Riverside and Imperial counties.

Several of the proposals include retention of the land by the B.L.M., public sale, private exchange or transfer to other public agencies. However, this hearing was mostly centered on ending the so-called "checkerboard" which exists within the public domain land.

Some of the land within the public

domain land is privately owned and the owners cannot get to their parcels as they are "landlocked" and the idea is to either sell or trade land thus eliminating the "checkerboard" hardships.

We of the four-wheel-drive fraternity fully support the B.L.M. in their classification of lands under the multiple use concept. We do, however, strongly oppose the sale of any public domain lands now being used for family recreation to private individuals for profit or exploitation.



Doug Hunt, co-driver of the A-1 Rents entry, waits for the Mint 400 competition to begin at Las Vegas, Nevada.

At present I have quite a bit of confidence in the B.L.M. people, but we should express our opinions. Send your comments and suggestions to the Bureau of Land Management, 1414 University Avenue, Riverside, California 92502.

At the hearing Randall Henderson, founder and former owner of *Desert Magazine*, proposed the government reserve 10 per cent of the land to be held in trusteeship by the county for future use as school sites and parks. His proposal has a great deal of merit and was greeted with applause at the meeting.

The Mint 400 competition held in Las Vegas, Nevada is now history. However, the aftermath is not since there will be a lot of comment and criticism regarding the race—especially charges that the rules were changed during the competition and that the Mint overruled certain decisions made by the I.D.R.A., and the distribution of the prize money.

The class winners were:

FOUR WHEEL DRIVE

1. Rod Hall - Spike Cooper, Hemet. 1969 Jeepster, 13.41.18.

2. Donnie Beyers - Don Richardson, L. Cruses, N. M. CJ-5 V-6 Jeep, 13.41.4
3. Al Unser - Parnelli Jones. 1969 Ford Bronco, 14.01.
4. Ray Harvick - Marvin Carroll, Hemet. 1969 Ford Bronco, 14.23.
5. Larry Minor - Jack Bayer, Hemet. 1969 Ford Bronco, 15.12.

DUNE BUGGIES

1. Andy DeVercelly Jr. - Tom McClain Jr., Coronado. VW Buggy, 13.0
2. Vic Wilson - Drino Miller, Corona Mesa. Myers Towd VW4 Ford, 13.3
3. Jack Schlaman - Erick Moberg, Riverside. VW, 14.05.
4. Burl York - Buzzy York, Corona Park. VW, 15.00.
5. Howard James, Las Vegas. VW, 15.08.

PRODUCTION

1. Doug Ellsworth - Sheldon Ellsworth, Mtn. View. VW, 1500.
2. Dwight Meierheney - Barry Ford, Las Vegas, Nev.
3. Carl Jackson - Kent Horning, Hemet. 1969 6 cyl, Jeep Waganeer.
4. Bob Swander - John Bearden, Boulder, Colorado.
5. Jim Taylor, Fullerton, Calif. 1969 DJ-6, V-6 Jeep.

EXPERIMENTAL

1. Johnny and Linda Johnson, Spring Valley. Corvair-VW Buggy, 12.19.
2. Dave Donnan - Chris Donnan, Walnut. VW Buggy, 14.51.
3. Bud Ekins - Bill Howes, Sherman Oaks. Baja Boot.
4. Chuck Coye - Guy Jones, Ventura. Baja Boot.
5. Bill Haddad, ConFerr Cougar.

MOTORCYCLES

1. Mike Patrick - Philip Bowers, Pomona. Yamaha 250, 10.09.
2. Max Switzer - Dick Dean, Las Vegas. Greeves 360, 10.18.
3. Al Baker - Rick Thorwaldson, Sherman Oaks. Yamaha 150, 11.19.
4. Keith Nerseth - Charles Standeford, Eugene, Ore. Yahama, 11.29.
5. Dub Smith - Steve Hurd, San Bernardino. Kawasaki, 11.38

Best overall fastest time for a four-wheel vehicle: Johnny and Linda Johnson, Spring Valley. VW Corvair, 12.19.

DROP IN THE BUCKET

Continued from Page 25

The numerous claims all appear to have been restaked and new roads are being made in all directions. We continued up the mesa and stopped at the base of Temple Mountain for our lunch. What a sight! The sun broke through an overcast day and we could see for miles across the San Rafael Reef. Turning, we gazed out across the Green River Desert where the Gilson Buttes stood out in relief against the skyline.

On our return trip we visited a "ghost ranch" which lay to the north of the Temple Wash Road and a half mile or less from where it junctions with Utah 24. The ranch had apparently been of fair size at one time but the main ranch house was completely gone except for the fireplace. Several outbuildings are standing, one in particular was interesting. It had been papered with newspapers dating back to 1925. Ed had a particularly good time shooting some of the old automobile and fashion ads.

The corral area still shows sign of use but the whole scene is desolate with a huge wagon that at one time held some kind of machinery buried to the hubs in drifting sand. This area could provide some interesting finds for anyone with a metal detector. It appears relatively clear of any signs of recent activity.

We stopped at the junction store for a cool drink and were fascinated by the old cash register being used. The proprietor said that it had come from the old Crystal Palace in Greenriver which had been a favorite hangout of the famous outlaw Butch Cassidy.

Traveling south on U-24 we passed the entrance gate to a military base and it made us all wonder at the things we had seen in one day. The ancient rock formations, the pictographs, the uranium mines, now being rekindled, the ghost ranch and the advanced technology of our defense system. Where will the next century find us!

We arrived back at the ranch in the late afternoon healthily weary and when Lurt asked what I thought now of that part of Utah that he loves so well, I replied: "Good Reef!"

Calendar of Western Events

Information on Western Events must be received at DESERT two months prior to their scheduled date.

MAY 24, ALABAMA HILLS RECREATION LANDS PARK DEDICATION, just north of the Whitney Portal Road leading out of Lone Pine, California. Public invited to barbecue, Old West events, Indian dancing and other entertainment.

MAY 25, TURTLE AND TORTOISE RACE sponsored by the California Turtle and Tortoise Club, Brookside Park, Pasadena, Calif. Public invited to enter their turtles and tortoises in competition. Free entries. Trophies and ribbon awards.

MAY THROUGH NOVEMBER, MEXICAN ARTISANS DEMONSTRATE skills in silver-making, leather, woodcarving, jewelry, weaving and glass blowing, Old Town, San Diego, Calif. Artisans work and sell their products daily in connection with "Fiesta 200" the celebration of the 200th birthday of San Diego.

MAY 24 & 25, AMERICAN RIVER GEM AND MINERAL SOCIETY'S FIESTA OF GEMS, Rancho Cordova Community Center, 2197 Chase Drive, Rancho Cordova, (Sacramento) Calif. Non-competitive, free admission and parking. Complete rockhound and lapidary show.

MAY 25, FLEA MARKET sponsored by the Fresno Gem and Mineral Society, Fresno County Fairgrounds, Fresno, Calif. Parking and admission free.

MAY 30 MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND, THE RANDBURG ROUNDUP sponsored by the Southern Area of the California Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs, Randburg, Calif. All types of events for all members of family.

MAY 30-JUNE 1, GOLD COUNTRY 4WD CLASSIC sponsored by Sacramento Jeeps. Family event for 4WD vehicles held at Georgetown, California.

MAY 31 & JUNE 1, WESTERN GEMBOR-EE, sponsored by the Riverside Gem and Mineral Society, Alessandro Junior High School, Sunnymead, Calif. Complete show, free admission.

JUNE 7 & 8, ANNUAL ROCK SHOW sponsored by the South Bay Lapidary and Mineral Society, Torrance Recreation Center, 3341 Torrance Blvd., Torrance, Calif. Complete show, free parking and admission.

JUNE 21 & 22, THIRD ANNUAL COLOMA STAMPEDE, Coloma, Calif. 4WDSA sanctioned. For further information write Camellia City Broncos, P. O. Box 15685, Sacramento, Calif. 15813.

JUNE 22-28, ALASKAN CAMPER CLUB'S Second Annual International Encampment, Flying W Ranch, Colorado Springs, Colorado. All Alaskan Camper owners are welcome. Write P. O. Box 926, Arleta, Calif. 91331.

JULY 25-27, SAN DIEGO CABRILLO JUBILEE OF GEMS sponsored by the California Federation of Mineralogical Society, San Diego Community Concourse, San Diego, Calif. Admission \$1.25, children under 12. free.

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39

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Woman's Viewpoint

In answer to recent requests the following recipes for skillet bread and cactus jelly have been submitted by readers for others to share. Happy cooking!

NAVAJO FRIED BREAD

Mix two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, half teaspoon salt and half cup of powdered milk. Add a little warm water to form dough. Knead dough until soft but not sticky. Let stand for two hours covered with cloth, then shape or pat into 2-inch balls, flatten into circle about 8 inches in diameter.

Use large black skillet to fry in. Have around an inch of hot shortening in it. To test degree of temperature of shortening, drop a pinch of dough into hot skillet; if dough browns it is ready. Fry dough until brown, then turn over and brown on other side. For very crisp bread make dough very thin. Happy Navajo cooking.

SHARON J. HARRIS,
Van Nuys, Calif.

PRICKLY PEAR JELLY

After gathering the fruit with tongs or a long handle barbecue fork, wash in very hot water—this helps remove those tiny stickers that look so innocent but hurt so much. Cook the fruit until tender in just enough water to cover. Drain off juice and dispose of the fruit. Strain the juice through a cloth that will hold back all the stickers.

To 3½ cups of juice add a half cup of lemon juice—fresh or frozen—7 cups of sugar and 2 packages of pectin. Follow the instructions on the pectin package as for apple jelly. The juice will be very pale so a few drops of red food coloring may be used. It's beautiful jelly and quite good.

We enjoy ALL of Desert Magazine. I'm all for "Mr. Pegleg" and hopes he keeps the status quo. Will be looking forward to hearing from the Woodards. Keep the Woman's Viewpoint, book reviews—everything—going strong.

MAURINE KNIGHT,
Black Canyon, Arizona.

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Letters to the Editor

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope.

A Needed Project . . .

I would like to take this opportunity to bring to the attention of interested persons the benefits the forming of a local chapter of the California Native Plant Society could bring to the desert area. As a member of this organization, formed and directed largely by botanists of the San Francisco Bay area, I can speak with some knowledge of this organization.

This organization has the goals of trying to conserve and protect endangered species of native plants in California, creating interest in native plants for use as landscape plants to help in this above mentioned goal, educating the concerned about native plants, and generally contributing to the cause for being concerned about our inheritance before it is irreparably destroyed.

If anyone is interested in this Society, please contact me or the offices of the California Native Plant Society, Room 202, 2490 Channing Way, Berkeley, Calif. 94704 for further details. I am trying to form a chapter in the Hi-desert area now, initial chapter membership requiring at least fifteen persons or couples. Membership is \$6.00 a year for individuals and \$8.00 per couple, student being \$4.50 yearly.

PATRICK A. HOLDEN,
P. O. Box 545
Joshua Tree, Calif. 92252.

Gold vs Petroglyphs . . .

I prospected the Rimrock country above Rabbit Creek as described by Choral Pepper in her article (Sept. '67) on the search for the Lost Blue Bucket Gold. As soon as I saw the basalt formation I knew I wouldn't find gold in that area, despite optimistic predictions to the contrary.

At the very top of the gulch cut by the creek, up high on the rimrock, I discovered a group of petroglyphs which I photographed in color. Dr. Robert Stephenson, of the Nevada Archeological Survey, said they were the first ones discovered in Lake County, Oregon. This made the trip worthwhile.

DONALD FREI,
Lemoore, Calif.

Any Baders? . . .

I have information regarding a "Bader" mine at Kagalia, California and am interested in finding if this branch of the Bader family could be a distant relation to the writer.

I am told this mine was in operation from approximately 1852 until 1923 and the original owners were from Prussia. As I understand they operated several mines and hotels in the Magalia area. The Bader names I have are Nathan and John Bader who came directly from Germany and the name Mattaias, who I believe to be the father of the above mentioned.

Any information that you can give me regarding the Baders will be greatly appreciated as I am trying to trace my family tree.

ROBERT L. BADER,
15 S. Second St. (Mezz)
Memphis, Tenn. 38103.

Desert Lily Sanctuary . . .

Would you please send me more explicit directions as to how to get to the Desert Lily Sanctuary as described in the April issue.

JESSE PIERCE,
Yucaipa, Calif.

Editor's Note: The sanctuary is located off the Parker Dam Highway a few miles outside of Desert Center on the way to Rice. From the freeway take the Desert Center off ramp to Desert Center. Since it is confusing, the best thing to do is stop at the Texaco station and ask directions.

Believe It Or Not . . .

The story of the moving rocks at the Death Valley Race Track in the November, 1968 issue—is it some kind of a joke? I was there some time ago and some people seemed to believe it. When they found I didn't they looked at me like I was some kind of a nut.

Believing those rocks move around is about as silly as looking for the Pegleg gold in the San Felipe Hills. According to the clues given by the man who found the black gold this could not be the place even though "Salty" Jack Pepper did find a rock cairn there.

WILBUR HILL,
San Jacinto, Calif.

Salty Editor's Note: According to the authoritative book on Death Valley, Exploring Death Valley by Ruth Kirk, wife of a ranger, the rocks do move. Desert Magazine did not claim the Pegleg gold was in the Superstitions, merely printed the article as another theory. Has reader Hill ever heard the expression "truth is stranger than fiction" or read Ripley's Believe It Or Not?

A Baa to Desert . . .

Upon arrival of the March issue of Desert Magazine, I immediately sat down to enjoy it. Your publication consistently contains articles and items which are both interesting and informative. This issue is no exception.

I was especially intrigued by the animals, shown in the illustration on Page 6, and described as "baying," presumably on the track of an unnamed quarry. Could this have been

a jack rabbit, coyote or perhaps a field of alfalfa? In any case, with a "pack" of this size, the object pursued would be either scared or trampled to death before it could be rescued!

Surely you must be trying to pull the wool over our eyes, unless the whole thing is "shear" fantasy, in which case I don't think you can "ram" it across. Will "ewe" please be a "lamb" and clear up the confusion.

HUGH B. MILLER,
Hemet, California.

Editor's Note: DESERT was barking up the wrong tree and feels very sheepish about baying instead of baaing. We certainly did not want to pull the wool over the eyes of our readers. When I asked the printer how the y was substituted for an a, he replied, "frankly, it bleats me."

Added Information . . .

In the excellent description of Smoke Trees by Dorothy Dial (May, 1969), the botanical name should have been *Dalea spinosa*. The author is right in saying it is a relative of the Sweet Pea since they are both members of the same family—the large Leguminosae (Pea) family. Two close relatives of the Smoke Tree are the Blue and Yellow Palo-verdes.

The letter to the editor (February, 1969) concerning Cerro Gordo was not correct in saying the town is no longer open to the public. This town, and the other fourteen described in my January 1968 article, "Death Valley Ghost Town Guide" are still open to the public.

Because of increasing vandalism and wanton souvenir collecting, the caretakers have removed the highway sign identifying the road to their town and have posted large signs stating "Cerro Gordo Mines Closed To Public." While currently the mines are off-limits, the scenic road rising from Keeler to Cerro Gordo and dropping down into the Saline Valley is open and the town can be visited. For people who make the effort to say hello to the caretakers and explain they are not going to destroy property, it is currently possible to enjoy this marvelous area.

RICHARD S. SMITH,
Tucson, Arizona.

Lost Mine Found? . . .

I would like to know if you have any information on the Lost Dutch Oven Mine of Tom Schofield being found about six years ago.

BRIAN LEACH,
Garden Grove, Calif.

Editor's Note: I was recently informed by a person whose word is reliable that he had heard on fairly good authority the Lost Dutch Oven was found, but anything of value had been removed. My informant said it was three years ago, not six. Since this is second hand, it cannot be verified.

Back cover: Nevada's Walker Lake is seen from rock formations. Photo by Russ Eckerstrom.

