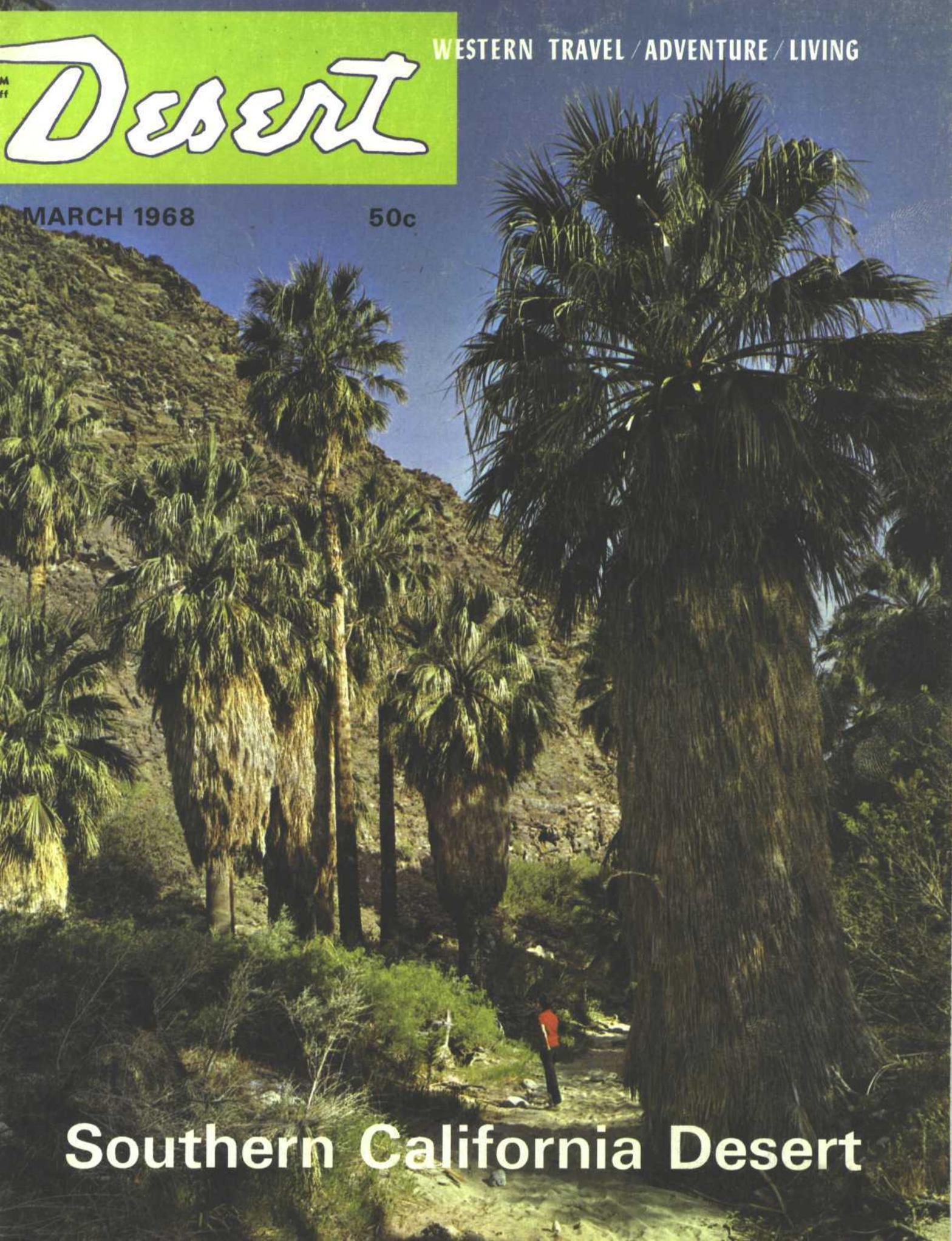


# Desert

WESTERN TRAVEL / ADVENTURE / LIVING

MARCH 1968

50c



Southern California Desert

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# DESERT

Volume 31

Number 3

**MARCH, 1968**

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## MARCH COLOR PHOTOS

One of the many scenic areas in Southern California's Coachella Valley is Palm Canyon, near Palm Desert, home of DESERT MAGAZINE. Photo by Robert F. Campbell, Concord, Calif. Color photo on page 23 of one of the many old mines in the Virginia Dale District near Joshua Tree National Monument is by Gary R. Moore.

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# BOOK REVIEWS

## HIGH TRAILS WEST

By Robert F. Leslie

This book is about camping along the little known Western trails from the Canadian border to Mexico. Along with his collection of personal experiences and the interesting persons he has met along these trails, the author provides information about the most important trail systems with itineraries, maps, trail tips and what to do in case of danger. He even explains how to make a rough assay of silver ore, should you stumble upon a promising deposit. Some of the trails covered include areas of the Sierra Nevada, the Cascade Wildernesses of California and Oregon, a float trip through Utah's Desolation Canyon, Navajo Trails in Utah and Arizona, the Bridger-Absaroka ranges of Wyoming, and many others. The book is illustrated with black and white photos and is highly recommended to the back-pack brigade who are always looking for new trails to conquer. Hardcover, 277 pages, \$4.95.

## ROCK ART OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

By Campbell Grant

Here is the first reliable, well-illustrated book to be written about American Indian pictographs and petroglyphs. The author has done something no one else has dared to undertake—tally all of the different types of North American rock art and refrain from attempting to make the results fit a preconceived theory. One theory that did develop, however, is that often this early rock art was executed to depict dreams or visions visited upon their artists during puberty rites and other ceremonies in which the subjects were required to go into a period of seclusion and fasting in order to obtain a supernatural vision important to his future hopes. By studying the illustrated examples from all sections of North America it is evident that the motives behind the rock art were as varied as were the tribes who executed it. Some sites recorded important events, some were a means of hunting magic, others represented fertility rites, clan symbols, or even idle doodling.

The book contains an interesting chapter on dating techniques. Although it is

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impossible to tie anything down definitely, the evidence suggests that rock art examples in the Southwest were made from several thousand years past, continuing up until very recent times. Certain motifs and types of designs are older than others and this is discussed in detail.

One of the greatest mysteries to arise from this study is that of the Minoan maze. This is a maze so distinctive that it seems impossible two different continents could have arrived at it independently—yet it occurs in three areas in Arizona, on a silver coin from Knossos in Crete, and the earliest example is on an Etruscan vase dating from the 7th century B.C. Later it turned up in the Italian Alps and in Ireland.

DESERT readers will be familiar with the writings of this author from his past articles on rock art near Santa Barbara and in Sonora, Mexico. This is a fascinating book written by a most capable writer and extraordinarily well illustrated. The text is interesting and adds greatly to our knowledge of this mysterious subject. All back country wanderers will find much of interest here. Hard cover, 178 pages, \$12.95.

## FOLK PRACTICES IN NORTH MEXICO

By Isabel Kelly

The Mexican folkways described in this book are directed toward anthropologists, but will fascinate laymen. The writing is easy to follow and not a sentence is wasted in non-essential trivia. Dr. Kelly, a remarkably witty and curious woman, has managed to win the confidence of Mexicans of economically poor rural areas who have a long history of folk practices related to health, healing and magic. She has observed first hand the esoteric cults of various sorcerers who practice both black and white magic

and whose services are required to negate the effects of evil eyes, to arrange amorous meetings, to return wandering husbands and to cure all manner of ills. To insure the return of a wandering spouse, for instance, a housewife might keep a frog encased in an eggshell with only its head emerging or tie a live lizard to the bedstead and maintain it for life by feeding it flies. Some of the prophylaxis, of course, are more simple. A coral necklace will protect the heart from failing and other amulets, such as "male" and "female" stones tied into little packages with dried hummingbird and certain herbs will accomplish other miracles.

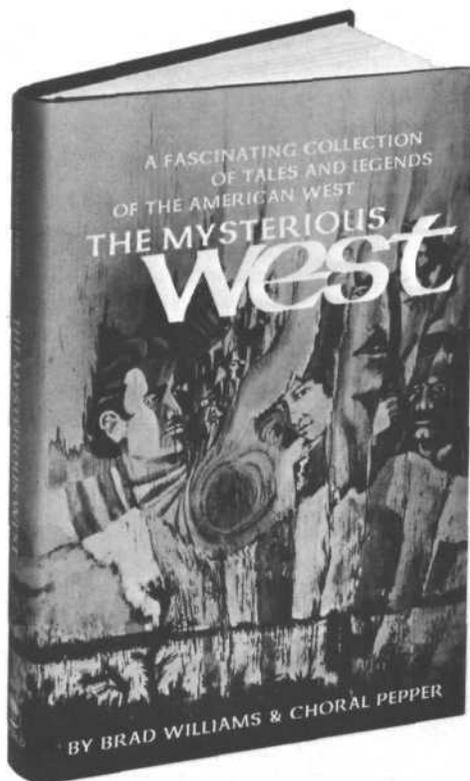
A great number of plants that grow wild on the northern Mexican deserts—as well as those of our own Southwest—do effect certain cures, however, and are used in recognized drugs. Both those associated with superstition and those approved by scientific experiment are discussed in this book, although certainly none are recommended by the author for curing anything. Latin and popular names are used for plants. Hard cover, 166 pages, \$4.50.

## RETIRE TO ADVENTURE

By Harrison M. Karr

To quote the author, "Other adventurers no doubt have faced greater hardships and dangers . . . , but not one of them, I feel sure, has derived more downright fun from searching for and finding lively adventure." In his book, he suggests a mode for adventuring that is available to almost any retired person of reasonably good health and a modicum of financial independence — adventure by travel trailer. In their search for a Shangri-la the author and his wife trailered over Canada, the United States and Mexico. They found that they could live on the best beaches, fish the best streams, and see the most thrilling sights all on a low budget with most of the comforts of home. In his book, Karr discusses trailer living problems that had to be solved and the advantages of trailer clubs for fun and sociability. Those readers in rehearsal for retirement will get a lot from this 121-page, paperback book. \$1.95.

# Here's a book with new factual evidence on the legends of the West.



## THE MYSTERIOUS WEST.

by Brad Williams and  
Choral Pepper \$5.95

This book examines many little-known stories and legends that have emerged from the western regions of North America. Two unsolved mysteries, unearthed in this century and detailed in this absorbing book, furnish evidence that the earliest European navigators to set foot on American soil date back to ancient times. Old Roman artifacts buried near Tucson, Arizona, and Phoenician hieroglyphics inscribed on a rock uncovered some miles southwest of Albuquerque, New Mexico, raise startling questions about America's past. Are these genuine archeological finds or elaborately conceived and executed hoaxes? These unusual discoveries form but a small part of the intriguing history, legend, and folklore that make up

### THE MYSTERIOUS WEST.

Included are such phenomena as the discovery of a Spanish galleon in the middle of the desert; the strange curse that rules over San Miguel Island; the unexplained beheading of at least 13 victims in the Nahanni Valley; and many other equally bewildering happenings. Elaborate confidence schemes and fantastically imagined hoaxes are documented, along with new factual evidence that seems to corroborate what were formerly assumed to be tall tales.

Illustrated with photographs, this fascinating survey of Western Americana will be welcomed by all readers interested in the folklore and history of the United States.

About the authors:

**BRAD WILLIAMS** has worked for various newspapers ranging in location from Oregon and California, to Mexico and India. He has published several mystery novels and nonfiction works; his books include *Flight 967* and *Due Process*.

**CHORAL PEPPER** hails from the mysterious west — Palm Desert, California. She is the editor of *Desert Magazine* and she has been a columnist, free-lance writer, and author. Her most recent book is *Zodiac Parties*.

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# The Desert Unicorn

by Eleanore McCowan



HE desert is always coming up with the unexpected. Some time ago I was asked by the director of an herbarium to be on the lookout for *Martynia Probovidea altheaefolia*, a species of the *Martynia* family commonly known as the Unicorn plant or Devil's Claw, which grows "somewhere" on the Southern California Colorado desert. Because the pods of this plant are attractive in dried arrangements, I already had some growing in my Imperial Valley garden, the seeds for which I had ac-

quired from a mail order house, but it was a surprise to me to learn that the plant grew native in my own area.

My plants are comparatively large annuals with coarse hairs on both stems and leaves and trumpet-shaped flowers which vary in coloring from lavender to purple and have yellow markings in their throats. Unfortunately, they also have a disagreeable odor. The seed pods are large and while green have a long curved beak that gives the plant its Unicorn label. Later, as the pods ripen and shed their outer fleshy coats, the beaks split into two curved prongs with very

sharp points. This is what gives it the common name of Devil's Claw. The plants in my garden thrived in July and August, when they were green and colorful. In the lower Mississippi basin, where this species is native, it is considered a nuisance in meadows because it catches unwary ankles and cattle hooves. For this same reason, in Mexico, it is called *El Toro*.

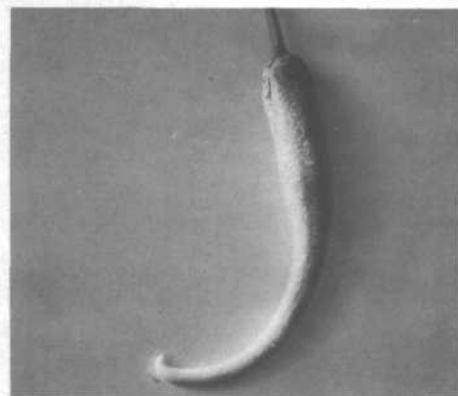
To determine the species native environment on the Colorado desert, I consulted Jaeger's *Desert Wild Flowers*. He described the flower as being vivid yellow with smaller leaves than the species



*Unicorn plant in bloom.*



*The leaves are like felt and the pod is green.*



growing in my garden. He had still another common name for the plant, "Elephant Tusk," and said it could be located in the Vallecito and Chocolate Mountains. Indian Basket weavers once used the tough covering of the fruit to make black patterns in their baskets.

The Chocolate Mountains and the area around them is one of our favorite picnic areas. Whenever we were in that area, I was on the lookout for the Unicorn plant. Only once on the east side of the Algodones Sand Dunes did I find a pod. It was quite battered and no sign of a plant could be found. Since the dunes make a natural dam for runoff water from the Chocolate Mountains, there are always a few primrose and verbena plants to be found here in the spring even in dry years. It was quite possible that the Unicorn plant had also grown here, but the pod could just as well have been carried here in the fetlocks of a burro or steer.

Then came the unexpected. We were traveling north in early September on the Glamis to Blythe road when a splash of bright yellow on the floor of the wash caught my eye. Jumping out of the car, I went over to see what could possibly be in bloom at this time of the year. One glance and I knew I had finally found the Desert Unicorn plant. Who would think of looking for it in August and September? Green pods with their unmistakable long hooked beak had already formed. Since it was going to be a long hot drive that day, I broke off a couple of specimens to press and noted that the wash was the last big one before the road dropped down into the Palo Verde Valley. As we drove on, I recalled that this area had received some good gully washers in July and August and since the plant grew along the banks of the wash, it had obviously adapted itself to these conditions and only came up with a combination of heat and ample water.

When we returned to the area in late October, the plants were still blooming, but some had begun to die back. A liberal supply of ripened pods lay around the plants, waiting to catch a ride on some animal. With a walk up and down the wash, we located other colonies growing on the sides and islands. Since the pods were more graceful in form than my garden species, I gathered a few for decorations and also for seed.

Growing desert natives in the garden in the Imperial Valley presents several problems. The only feature that the garden has in common with the surrounding desert is the weather. Our soil is heavy

loam with poor drainage and is watered by irrigation. In order to grow cacti and other succulents, I had built a raised bed filled with coarse sand and a little leaf mold and compost.

Early the summer after I had found the Desert Unicorn plant, I soaked some of the seeds overnight and planted them in the raised bed, watering it down well. Only a few germinated, but these grew rapidly in the summer heat. When the first blooms appeared, I decided to cross them with the two species now growing in the garden with the idea that it might produce a variety with lovely coloring and fragrance along with the Louisiana species ability to grow in heavy soil. Taking a stamen from one species, I brushed the pollen against the stigma of the other. This is when I received my second surprise. The stigma of the *Martynia* family is of a very slender style topped by two flat lobes that make up the stigma. The second that I touched the stigma, the two lobes folded together like a clam shell and in seconds had closed tightly together. In his manual, Jepson had said the stigma was sensitive, but this was fascinating. I went about playing bee to every flower in sight just to see the stigma fold shut. Here was another adaptation of a plant to insure good pollination. Unfortunately, my hybridizing proved a failure, but a few pods of the desert species did mature before dying prematurely from over-watering.

In checking back through the various manuals on my shelf, I found that although all other members of the *Martynia* family were annuals, this one was listed as a perennial. I knew they must be right, but I wondered how these plants could live from year to year in an area that might go for a long time without water.

The following summer, I again planted seeds in the bed and this time succeeded in maintaining them until late November, when they died naturally in the cold weather. Not until this summer when, after a good soaking, shoots came up where the plants had grown the summer before, was I convinced that they were at least short-lived perennials. They must have the ability of the "Coyote Melon" gourd which stores life in its roots over the long dry spells.

For desert residents who stay in the desert through the long hot summer, this can be a welcome addition to your garden. It must have sandy soil and sharp drainage, of course. When fully grown, the plant will spread over a four or five foot circle and is at its best in the hottest sun. □

## "Let's Go To Baja!"



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Are you dreaming of Baja down Mexico way? Baja California in Old Mexico has me in its spell and I must go back again. Maybe you have always wanted to see this fascinating peninsula that time forgot. If so then now is your chance. Come with me in 4-wheel drive air conditioned station wagons for a wonderful trip. We leave San Diego area Jan. 10 and go all the way down to La Paz and the cape on a leisurely trip lasting 30 days. Or you may take the return trip leaving La Paz Feb. 11. I am taking a limited group so make your reservations soon. Write to me for details.

### MITCH WILLIAMS

156 North First West Moab, Utah 84532  
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# WESTERN GATEWAYS

## Magazine of the Golden Circle

WESTERN GATEWAYS IS A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE FEATURING TRAVEL INFORMATION, MAPS, ARTICLES, AND PICTURES OF THE INDIAN COUNTRY, UTAH'S CANYONLANDS, LAKE POWELL, AND THE FOUR CORNERS AREA.

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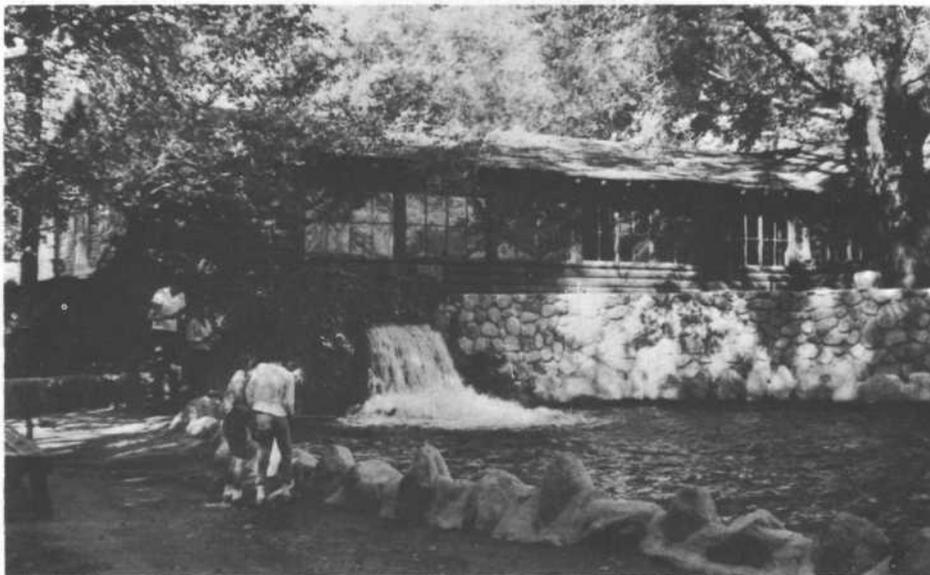
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*There is a shady picnic area near White-water Trout Ranch (right.) Below: in addition to the large pond, there is a small pond, where large lunkers lurk.*



## A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH

by Jack Delaney



WOULD you rather be a big fish in a little pond or a little fish in a big pond? If reference is made to the Whitewater Trout Ranch it makes no difference. In either case you'd have to await your turn at the worm! The pond population here is so dense that fishermen, in baiting their hooks, turn their backs to keep the trout from meeting them halfway. It just isn't sporting to catch a fish in mid-air!

A mountain setting with lakes, meadows, and babbling brooks is projected here in capsule size. You'll enjoy a brook, even though it may not babble, two fishing pools, enclosed and outdoor grills, a shaded picnic area, and a store with groceries, soft drinks, beer, etc. The pools contain fully stocked schools of trout with students eager to "drop out" at the wiggle of a worm. In facing this captive audience, any fisherman who fails to catch a batch of fish would do well to throw away his

bent pins and take up lawn bowling.

Whitewater Trout Ranch is located only a few miles northwest of Palm Springs, California. From the freeway (Interstate 10) take the Whitewater offramp and drive north about five miles on a paved road. You'll find an adequate parking area with lots of shade for your car, and a liberal attitude toward your dog (provided he is kept on leash in the recreation areas).

This resort is open the year around, every day except Monday; and the peak season is during the summer months when the temperature is at least 10° cooler than it is on the lower desert. The hours vary from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. in winter, to 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. in summer. You may picnic here all day for 25¢ per person, with a minimum charge of \$1.00 for your group.

As a fisherman, you may enjoy your sport for \$1.00 per pole, which includes rental of the equipment, a bucket, a supply of bait, and the cleaning and packaging of your catch. There is a charge of 40¢ each for the small trout you catch (11 inches or smaller), and \$1.50 per pound for the whoppers (11½ inches and over). No license is required and you may cook and feast on your fish here, or take them home.

Whitewater Trout Ranch produces about 600,000 trout per year. Their commercial activity includes the supplying of fish to many other trout farms in Southern California. While enjoying the 15 or 20 acres of recreation area (fishing, picnicking, or drinking cokes) it is suggested that you stroll up to the "working section" above the parking lot—you will be welcome, and you'll find it very interesting.

Here you will see the rearing facilities, with trout from kindergarten age up through the adult stage. There are about 20 ponds containing pure spring water which is changed continuously, 24 hours per day. The water is not re-used—after circulation, it is directed out into the Whitewater wash.

It would be a good idea to mark Whitewater Trout Ranch on your calendar as a place to go when Old Sol starts pointing his finger at the desert region in late spring and during the summer months—you'll enjoy the cool shade and quiet outdoor atmosphere. Whether your interest is in patronizing the piscatorial pools or just picnicking and relaxing, you'll find relief from the heat in this happy home of our finny friends.

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# Hunting Fossils in Providence

by Max Ferguson



*Weathered cave formations (speleothems) such as these can be found along the side of the wash.*

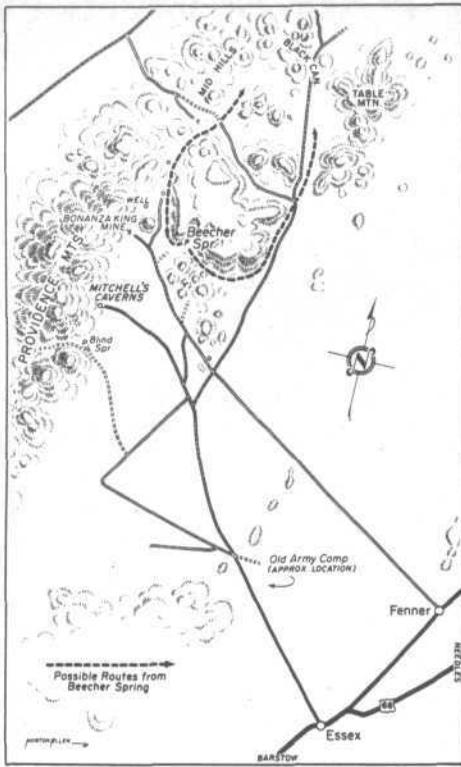


EACH time I return to the Providence Mountains, I am amazed at the overwhelming quietness that hammers at my ears when I turn off the ignition, letting the last chug of civilization die away. Then slowly, very slowly, the ringing stops, and the delicate, desert sounds come out of hiding. The whirl of office machines, the meeting of deadlines—are but a memory. Here in the desert, one of the few remaining remote areas of our country, you are faced with nature as it has been for thousands of years.

To reach the town of Providence and the fossil area, travel east from Barstow on Route 66 to Essex, and turn left on an asphalt road. This road, within about 11 miles, will become a well-graded dirt road which you follow to the 7IL ranch sign. Turn right, and travel for about six miles to the forks of the road bearing the old Providence Town sign. Bear left and follow the most used road to the few remaining buildings of Providence. Drive up to the lone wooden frame house and park. The fossils are in the canyon behind it.

On your left, as you hike up the canyon, is Fountain Peak; on your right is Silver Hill. In the float material at your feet you will notice pieces of the gray Permian Birdspring limestone. Any one of these may have an abundance of fusulinids, appearing as dark grains of wheat in slight relief against the lighter gray limestone. The fusulinids are Wolfcampian in age, occurring at the bottom of the approximately 2,000-foot thick limestone. The Permian here is theorized to correlate with the Nevada Birdspring formation, thus the name.

Fusulinids are interesting little creatures (now extinct) that swarmed the seas of the Pennsylvanian Period, culminated in the Permian, and had completely vanished by the beginning of the Triassic. Predominantly salt water creatures, they usually built their shell out of a carbona-



growth lines and patterns. Then, under magnification, compare them with plates or drawings from a reliable reference. Among the genera you find will probably be the *Schwagerina*, *Triticites*, and the *Pseudoschwagerina*.

Crinoid stems are in abundance here, but the coiled cephalopod (coiled laterally as a watch spring) is hard to find. The cephalopods began their rise during the Permian, and during the next period (Triassic), they were in command of the invertebrates. Of course, the collector's piece de resistance is the honeycombed coral—as rare now as they were in the Permian.

Located at some recent "diggings" about 100 yards up the canyon, is some beautiful white and chocolate calcite for the rockhound. If you plan to spend the night, as I did, bring your black light for the fluorescents. Pieces of cave "coral" helectites, stalagmites, and other speleothems may be found by the side of the wash. It is quite possible that another cavern, such as Mitchell Cavern, may be



Exploring the old Providence ruins can be exciting, as well as educational.

ceous material. Because of their small size, they are invaluable in the correlation of strata beneath the surface. For example, as an oil well is being drilled and the drill brings the fusulinids to the surface, the micropaleontologist studies these minute forms of ancient life and can tell by correlation from which formation they came.

Identifying your fusulinids may be a problem. It is necessary to make an axial cross-section of the fossil and study the

found in this area, for in the cracks and crevices of the Birdspring limestone are many miniature caves and grottoes filled with speleothems, to entice cave hunters.

Returning to the ruins of Providence with your load of fossils and rocks, take time to explore the old town. (*DESERT*, April '65) With a little imagination you can hear the dumping of the ore cars and echoes of yesterday's loud, eager voices. I wonder if any of those people were fossil hunters? □

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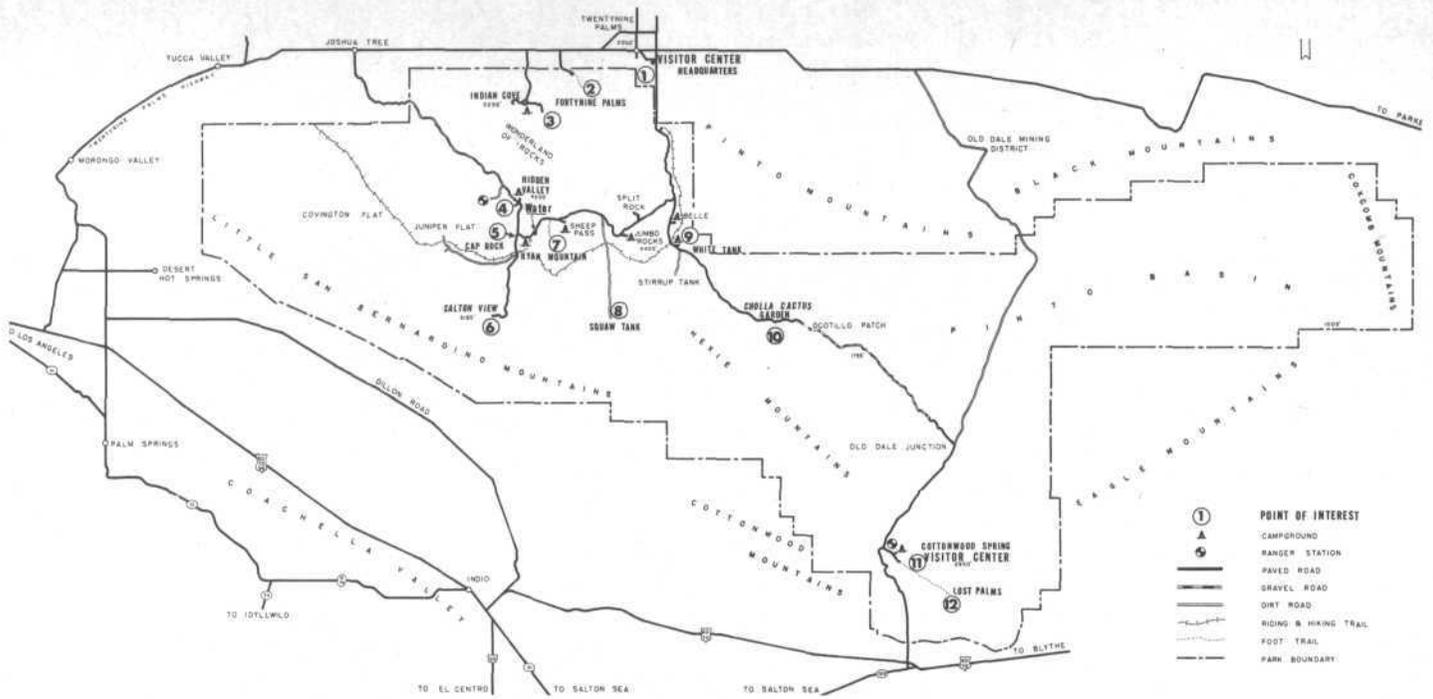
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# Elusive Neighbors of Joshua Tree

by Edna Nichols



Desert Bighorn sheep at the spring. Below: Rocks for climbing contribute to the fun of Joshua Tree National Monument campsites.



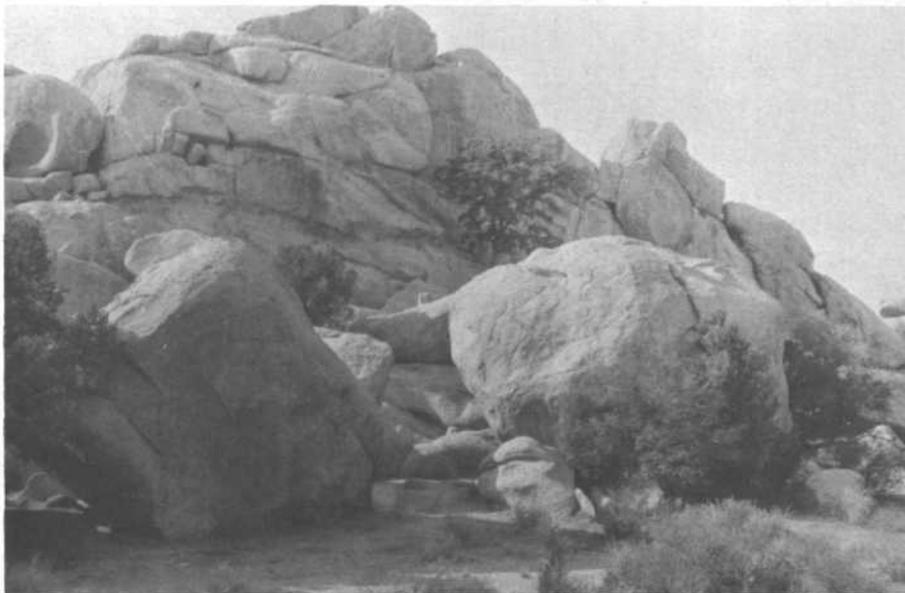
OUT on the desert in Southern California, not far from the towns of Joshua Tree and Twenty-Nine Palms, lies the area of the Joshua Tree National Monument. Good camp grounds and picnic spots are scattered through the confines of the monument, with settings in the natural beauty of the high desert country and the added interest of huge boulder formations. Visiting children, and their elders too, have a heyday climbing the big rocks.

A highlight in camping here is the opportunity to sit in on a Campfire Circle

in which a Ranger talks about the plants and animals of the Monument. From him you will learn the difference between a "Monument" and a "Park." In a Monument *all* plants and animals must be kept in their natural state. No firewood may be gathered, no plants picked. This conservation program is instituted in order to keep the desert as it was before the white man came. Fallen Joshua trees, dead leaves or grass, help to enrich the soil from which they grew; even rattlesnakes have a place, as they eliminate small rodents. As the Ranger talks, you will gain respect for the small chipmunks who live on seeds of the plants and get their water from the plant juices. Water holes have been constructed at some locations to catch scarce rain run-off, but even then many of the little animals have to go long months without real water.

There are wildcats and coyotes and a few deer in the Monument, and also a band of Desert Bighorn Sheep. Visitors who ask about rattlesnakes are told to watch out before they put their hands over a rock when climbing, and to walk on the marked trails.

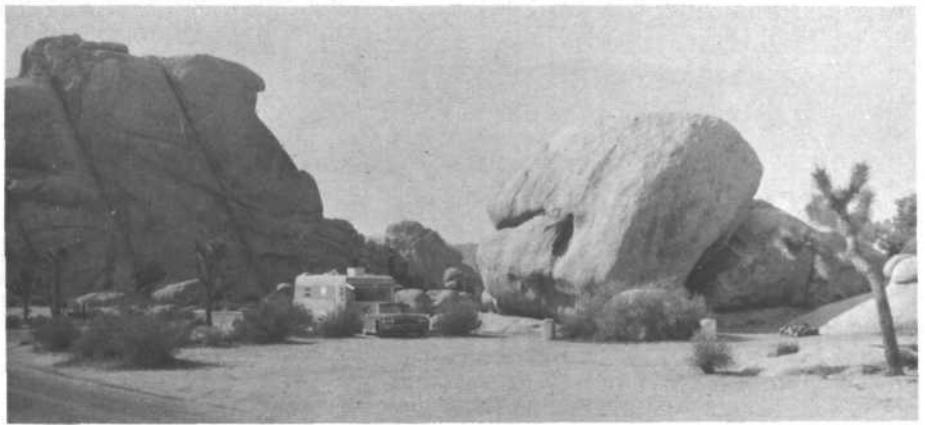
If you wish to see the Bighorn Sheep, it is necessary to get a permit from the Ranger station, where you will also be given directions as to which road to follow and how far you can drive your car before making the mile-long hike to a view point overlooking the Bighorn watering spot. Do not wear any white



clothing, as white means danger to the Bighorns.

We found the hike an interesting one. There were birds, odd rock formations and shrubs, and myriad tracks of small animals on the sandy trail. The path is steep and winding, and we would have appreciated some encouraging sign posts along the trail, such as, "Don't give up when the path is steep," or "You are now just one-slope-and-a-dip from the observation point."

Just as we thought we had missed the spot, one of our party said, "Look, there they are now!" Sure enough, there they were, two big rams, both with huge horns. Excited as we were we kept our voices normal and slowly went to the top of the hill. Across a narrow wash, the sheep advanced cautiously as they watched us. At the spring, one of them bent his forelegs to kneel for a drink while the other, coveting his spot, clashed his horns sharply against his rival's, producing a noise like that of two colliding blocks of wood. The first sheep moved over at once, letting the bossy one have the preferred drinking place. With their backs to us, they drank deeply, their rumps showing creamy white, until they had drunk their fill and turned to bound up the hill.



*Campsites are strategically placed among the boulders for privacy.*

After returning home, we consulted a reference book and learned that mountain sheep live in many different parts of the world. American Rocky Mountain Sheep (*Ovis Canadensis*), or Bighorns, inhabit areas from northern Mexico to northern British Columbia. In the north these sheep are usually grayish-brown in color, though in Alaska another species is entirely white. In our Southwest, the Bighorns (*O. Nelsoni*) are a paler version of the grayish-brown and the massive horns, particularly those of the rams, curl toward the front of the head. Desert sheep live on plants and shrubs

such as mesquite, catsclaw, paloverde and cactus. Though this might seem to be rather rough fare, the rams we saw at the spring looked sleek and well-fed.

To see these shy, elusive Bighorns, as they cautiously file down a rocky hillside to a trickling spring, or to some desert water-hole where there is still a small supply of precious rain water left, is to feel a wonderful thrill. To realize that these wild sheep forage for themselves in the inhospitable, often cruel, almost waterless, land of our Southwest desert, is to be filled with an overwhelming respect for the magnificent animals. □



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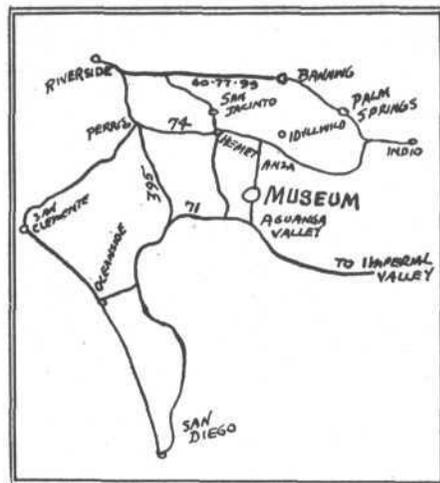
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# MUSEUM BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

by Harrison Karr



**L**N one of Southern California's broad mountain valleys, beside a quiet country road, stands a museum of natural history that is not as well known as it deserves to be. One feature alone makes it worthy of attention. That is the spirit of the man, Harry Bergman, who owns and operates it.

The museum lies in an extraordinary location. Indeed, finding it may give you something of a start. Here you are, driving through the isolation of rolling hills and quiet valleys with little human

habitations, when suddenly you come upon a modern stucco building of a size to make you sit up in surprise. Contributing to your astonishment is a weird figure atop the building which resembles something straight out of Alice in Wonderland. It is a huge caricature of a dinosaur balanced on one foot atop a great round ball. A prominent sign over the museum's door announces, Bergman's Museum of Natural History, followed by the surprising word *Free*.

No matter what unhappy experiences you may have had in the past trying to get something for nothing, have no fear

here. The sign means what it says. The only things commercial about the place are a gift shop and lunch counter. The gift shop presents an attractive display of Mexican and Guatemalan arts and crafts and the snack bar provides a pleasant, inexpensive place to eat.

This museum also stands apart in its open-handed friendliness. At its far end you will find a large fireplace, comfortable chairs, and a printed invitation to sit down and relax. Very likely it is here that you will meet the owner. Harry Bergman loves to sit in one of those big comfortable chairs and gaze through the window upon the rolling hills and spring-watered meadows he has roamed for 70 years. Visiting with him—and he loves to visit, especially if you display a knowledgeable interest in his exhibits—is a rich experience.

Many of the relics come from the museum's vicinity. Bergman began collecting them while he was still a boy on a ranch close to where the museum now stands. It all started, he states, when he was setting a trap to catch a quail for lunch. He came upon a green arrow point which he thinks was made from an early Spanish wine bottle. Now he has a collection of over 10,000 arrow points assembled from expeditions that have carried him from Arctic glaciers to Guatemala's tropics. Bergman can tell you of the origin of each arrow in his collection and of the Indian tribes who made them. One set is over 30,000 years old, made by prehistoric Folsom men.

On these collecting excursions Harry travels by trailer. He claims that he has hauled a trailer the farthest north any trailer has ever been—northwest of the dead gold town Circle.

Mexico also holds a warm spot in his collector's heart. He has taken 27 trips into Mexico, exploring its every state and territory with the single ex-



Harry Bergman (right) is always ready to visit with guests who come to browse among the relics at his museum, (below).



ception of one small area between Yucatan and British Honduras.

Large and impressive in stature, his ruddy complexion and lively eyes belie his 86 years. Bergman comes from rugged stock. His grandfather, Jacob Bergman, known as 'The Dutchman', drove one of the old Butterfield stages and later owned and operated the stage station at Aguanga. In 1896 Harry Bergman's father took over the station and the ranch surrounding it. Although Harry didn't ever operate the station nor the home ranch, he and his bride, Alice, bought a neighboring ranch in 1922 and starting raising Hereford cattle. Recently Harry and Alice sold 1500 acres of this ranch, retaining, however, a 26-acre plot upon which their home and the museum stand.

Of his wife, Bergman says, "She has accompanied all of my explorations. Without her cooperation I couldn't have accomplished this," and he looks with justifiable pride on what they together have achieved.

Among items of special interest is the collection of gems and semi-precious stones. Harry cuts and polishes them for display himself. In other cabinets are shells. Of these, Harry says, "They come from waters far and wide, but they would set a scientific man frantic. They are completely unclassified, displayed solely for their beauty." A collection of butterflies and moths is equally extensive, equally beautiful, and apparently equally unclassified.

When it comes to guns and knives, though, Harry speaks with authority. One gun came from Harper's Ferry and presumably was used in John Brown's raid. A knife, a handsome creation of amethyst-obsidian 30-inches long, is a rarity which Bergman identifies as an early Indian beheading knife. Baskets, pottery, stuffed animals and fish, fossils and mastodons, dinosaurs and pre-glacial buffalo horns (these from beneath Arctic ice) are included in the collection.

To reach the museum from U.S. Highway 395 between San Diego and Riverside, turn east onto State 71 about a half-mile south of Temecula. At Aguanga, turn toward Anza. The museum is 18 miles east of Temecula.

From Highway 74, the "Palms to Pines" highway that leads from Palm Desert to Hemet or Idyllwild, turn west on 71 and go through Anza. The museum lies in the open country between the peaceful hamlets of Anza and Aguanga. □

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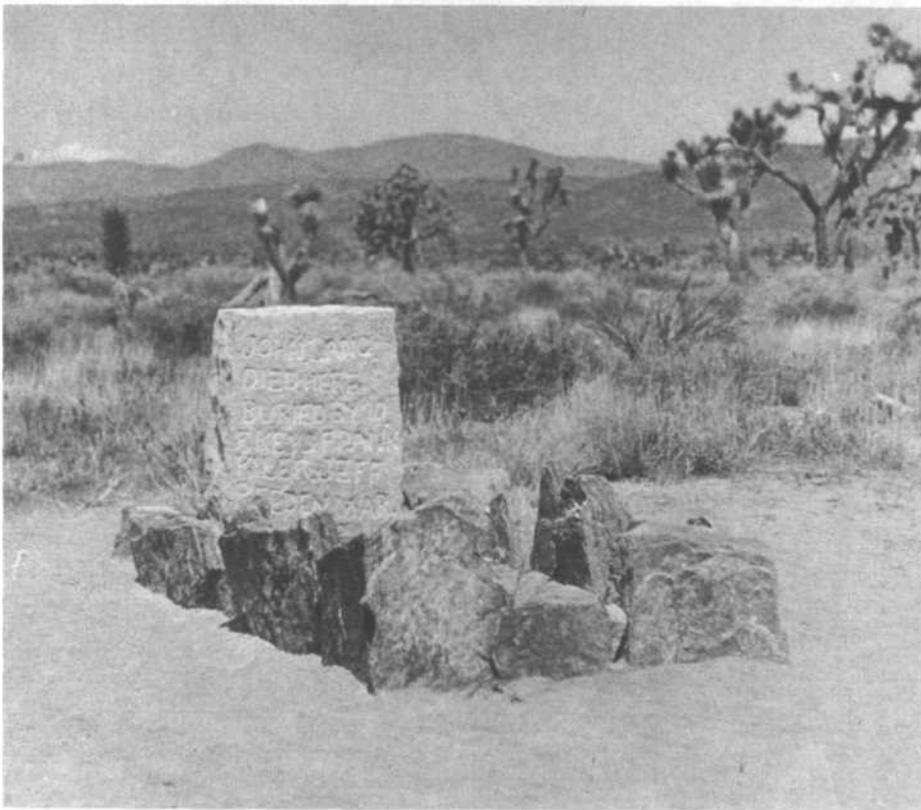
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*Above: Johnny Lang, the last man alive to know the exact location of a secret treasure died with his boots on in the traditional Western ending, but in a snow storm not a gun fight. His grave is located next to the Salton View-Cap Rock Road in Joshua Tree National Monument.*

*Below: Bill Keys, the last survivor of mining days in the Joshua Tree area remembers Johnny Lang and his buried cache of stolen gold. He can give plenty of facts relating to it, but not the exact location. Lang took that information to the grave with him in 1926.*



# The Lost Treasure of Lost Horse Mine

by Frank Taylor



HE treasure of Johnny Lang and his death in a desert snow storm is a fading legend of Joshua Tree National Monument's mining era. Except for Bill Keys, who still remembers Lang and his gold, the story would have been lost. Keys, now in his 80s, is the last survivor of mining in the monument who still resides there. Closely associated with the historical characters who once roamed the high desert, Keys himself was a successful miner and prospector.

Although Johnny Lang carried the exact location of his gold cache to his grave, Keys remembers enough of Lang's activities to piece together an approximate location. If Lang's gold ever is found, it will become the property of the United States government, as it is buried on Monument land.

Lang himself was a strange man. The son of wealthy parents, he was educated in St. Louis and could have led a cultured life there. Instead, he came west

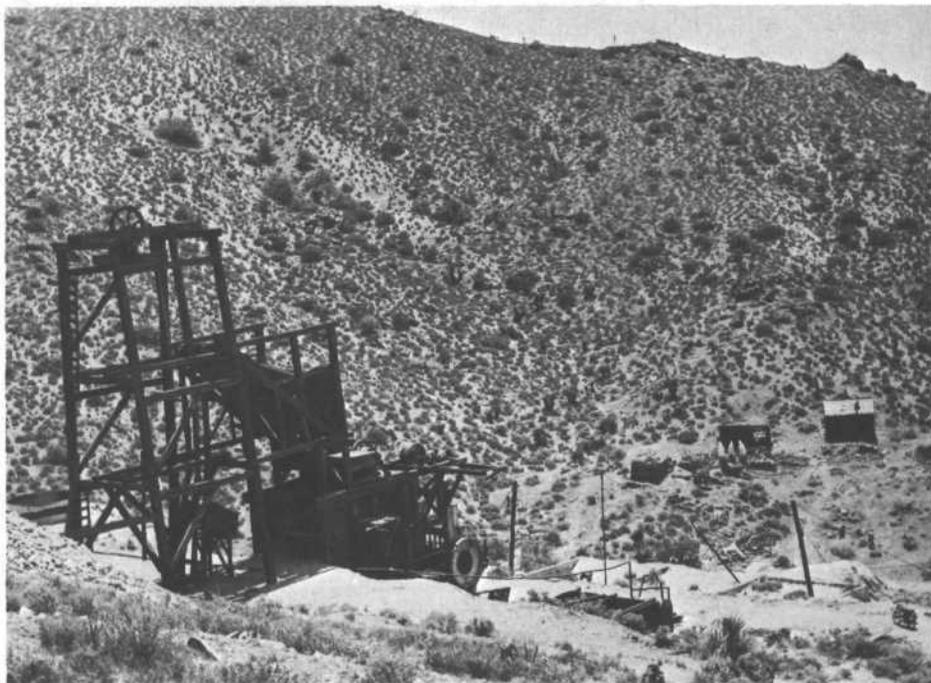
and adopted the rough habits of a desert miner. During the 1890s, Lang bought out a miner named Dutch Frank Diebolt who had a rich claim south of the present Ryan Mountain. After talking it over with another partner named Ryan, the pair named the mine The Lost Horse. Immediately they established a small headquarters with a crude mill to process ore. The adobe building still stands near Ryan campgrounds on the west side of Ryan Mountain. It is on private property.

As the partners prospered, they bought a giant 10-stamp mill from a Chicago foundry and had it hauled to the main mine site and erected over the shaft. It was this mill and the increased gold production it made possible that brought Lang to grief with his partner. The pair decided to operate two shifts at the mill. Lang took the night shift and Ryan's brother took the day crew. Gradually it became apparent that the day shift was turning out more raw amalgam than Lang's crew. At first it was explained by the difficulty of working at night, but as each day the production differences between the two crews increased, Ryan decided it was a matter of theft and the only solution was to get rid of Lang. This he accomplished by buying out Lang and ordering him off the property.

Several years later the mine ceased operation and Lang returned to the shuttered buildings to collect his stolen amalgam. Subsequent attempts to find another bonanza had met with little success, but now this didn't worry him. He had enough raw gold in secret caches at the Lost Horse Mine to support himself for the rest of his life.

Treks to recover portions of this horde began in 1917. Disposing of the melted bullion presented a problem at first, but that was solved by Bill Keys, who operated his own mine at the time and was always in the market for raw bullion. Lang started taking bullion to Keys twice a year; the same amount each time—about \$980 worth. Keys estimates that Lang sold him close to \$18,000 worth of gold between 1917 and 1926.

It was during this latter year that greed finally got the best of Lang. During January, a particularly cold month that year, Lang decided to pay a visit to his cache, even though at the time he was suffering with a cold. On his return home, a violent storm forced him to camp in the open desert. Weakened by his sickness and the cold weather, he



*Only two cabins are left of the dozens that once dotted the hillside opposite the Lost Horse Mine shaft and tower. One of them belonged to Johnny Lang and near it lies a horde of gold buried in clay crucibles that he hid from his partner.*

fought death for several days before falling prey to it in his bed roll.

When Lang didn't reappear, three of his friends organized a search and found his body beside the trail. They dug a grave on the spot and buried the old prospector as they had found him, wrapped in his canvas sleeping bag. The men, Frank Riler, Jeff Peeden and Keys, were certain that Lang had several hundred dollars worth of amalgam in his pockets, but didn't disturb it.

Lang's death strangely paralleled that of his father, who also died in a snow storm, but in Alaska. Both men had money in their pockets at the time of death and both had been warned against making the trip because of weather conditions.

As a tribute to his old friend, and to prevent the grave from becoming lost, Keys returned a few years ago and carved a stone monument with the date of Lang's death and the names of the men who discovered him. The spot is about three miles south of Cap Rock, on the right side of the road going to Salton View.

No one is sure how much of Lang's gold still lies hidden at the Lost Horse Mine, but Keys has a few clues that might help someone locate it some day. Lang buried his amalgam at night near the cabin in which he lived. He placed a lump of amalgam in a clay crucible, put a rock over the mouth of the crucible, then buried it within sight of his

cabin. The contents of each crucible would be worth about \$1500 on today's market.

The cabins used at the mine around the turn of the century have long since disappeared and only the main stamp mill with one hammer poised in mid-motion and a few donkey engines are left. Below the main shaft and tower, only two clapboard buildings remain, so it is now impossible to determine where Lang had his cabin. A metal detector could narrow the search, but it would still be difficult to locate Johnny Lang's amalgam horde.

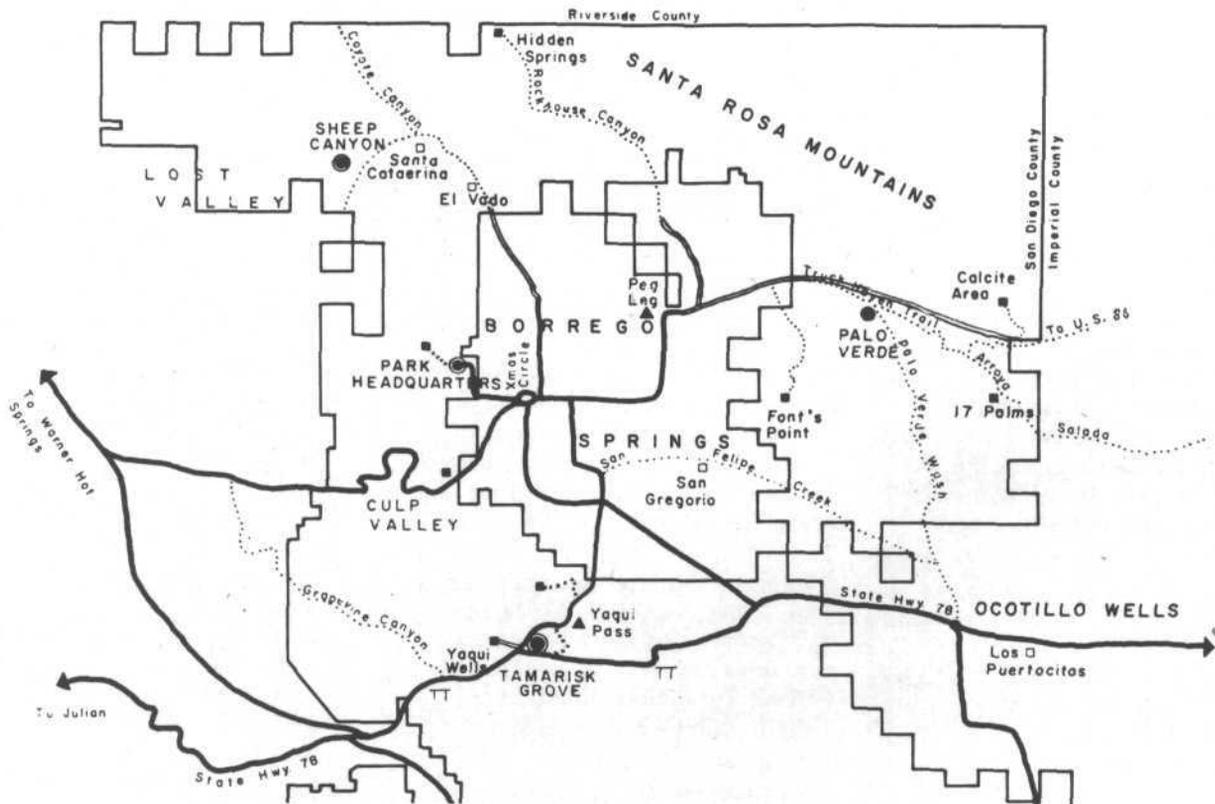
The road leading to the Lost Horse is about 100 feet south of Lang's grave. It cuts to the left and is easy to follow in an ordinary passenger car for the first mile. After that, only pickups with heavy duty tires, 4-wheelers, or hikers should try to reach the mine. From the Salton View road, the mine is about seven miles.

Because of its relatively high altitude, it is generally cooler at the Lost Horse, which makes it a pleasant place to visit even in hot weather. The view is magnificent. From the hill opposite the main shaft, San Geronio can be seen and on a clear day you should be able to see San Jacinto, over 40 miles distant.

While Johnny Lang's treasure may never be found, its story is an exciting part of the mining adventures of the high desert and looking for it can make part of that adventure yours. □

# Anza's Living Fence

by Ernie Cowan



IT WAS late December, 1775 and a band of Spanish colonists were being led into California by Juan Bautista de Anza. This was the second trip Anza had made through the desert area. Only a year before he had traveled nearly the same route to open the first inland trail to Alta California.

This trip was to bring the first group of colonists into Alta California over the newly discovered inland route. The weary band had been traveling for weeks and were entering what today is known as Coyote Canyon, about seven miles northwest of Borrego Springs.

Hard luck and bad weather had been

the fate of the expedition. It was bitter cold, according to Anza's diary, and water was scarce. A number of days had passed since the party last camped at good water and spirits dipped low.

When the band arrived at Coyote Canyon they made camp and constructed a corral for their more than 300 head of livestock. Anza's diary is not clear at this point, but he wrote that the corral was made from "native vegetation."

Today, near the lower willows in Coyote Canyon, there is a "living fence" made of ocotillo. The growing plants form a huge square that measures several hundred feet along each side. Many feel the living fence was planted by the Anza expedition. Ocotillo is about the only "native vegeta-

tion" that would serve this purpose. The soldiers of the expedition probably cut the stalks of the spiny desert tree, placed them in the ground and then strung rope around the stalks to form a corral for the animals. Since that time the stalks have grown into full-grown ocotillo plants to form a "living fence."

The diaries of Padre Pedro Font, who served as astronomer and cartographer on the expedition, and Anza indicate that the travelers decided to spend several days at their camp in Coyote Canyon. An abundance of water here and the canyon's shelter offered a haven for the weary band. This would be another good reason for the permanent nature of the corral.

The expedition of colonists consisted of 240 with 38 soldiers, all under the command of Anza. The emigrant party had set out from Sinaloa, Mexico. The finding of water and the birth of a child in Coyote Canyon on Christmas Eve was marked by the travelers as a good sign and gave them the strength to push on and complete their journey. The 25-mile length of Coyote Canyon still offers desert travelers beauty and adventure.

At the south end near Borrego Springs is the ford, or El Vado. This spot is marked with a bronze plaque which tells of the Anza expedition and explains that this was the point where the party forded the flowing creek. About a mile above this point on the left, just after crossing the creek again, is the living fence. It lies a few feet from the dirt road and is easy to see if you watch for it.

Further up the canyon are dense stands of willow that form a beautiful

oasis in the arid desert. In some places the willows grow so thick that the road tunnels through them. About midway through Coyote Canyon is Sheep Canyon, which takes off to the west. Here the state park maintains a ranger outpost and visitors can enjoy hikes into three side canyons that offer views of desert palms and scenic areas.

At the upper end of Coyote Canyon, across the Riverside County line, is the White Child Monument. This marker was erected as a memorial to the child born to the Anza Expedition of Christmas Eve, 1775. For a number of years this was believed to be the first white child born in Alta California, but later research showed that the first white child was actually born in the pueblo of San Diego.

After emerging from the canyon, you can continue on to State Highway 71 at Anza, California. The entire trip through the canyon makes a delightful day's trip. □



*Anza's Living Fence of Octotillo.*



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# There Are Those Who Look Back

by William E. Stone



WHILE visiting the territorial prison in Yuma, I was standing on the platform over the old water tank, enjoying the panoramic view. It was in the spring and the air was cool and exceptionally clear, allowing the desert to stand out majestically, but somewhat isolated compared to the hustle and bustle of the modern day world.

As I stood there I couldn't help hearing the people in a group next to me. They, too, must have caught the atmosphere of the morning because they looked out at the Colorado River dividing California and Arizona and followed its twists and turns into the distance. One of the group mentioned how peaceful and uncomplicated life must have been in the days of the Old West. As the others nodded in agreement, I was reminded of an old timer I had recently visited. I had asked him what life on the desert had really been in the early days of Yuma and the Imperial Valley. The old gentleman sat erect in his chair, took the pipe from his mouth, and stared at me from over his glasses. "The desert of today and of that which I came to know over 60 years ago are two different things altogether," he said.

His name is William F. Knapke and he was born July 17, 1870, in East St. Louis, Illinois, where he started railroading at the age of 16. This career spanned a period of 50 years, until he retired in 1936 and started a new career. He became a writer whose successes included over 200 published stories and two books.

"Take the run from Indio, California, to Yuma, Arizona, for instance," he continued. "When I started working for the Southern Pacific, in 1903, Indio consisted of two short blocks, on one was a store and on the other a meat market. I would say there weren't more than 15 houses in all. The main road for getting out of town was on parallel bars which appeared from the western horizon and disappeared into the east.

"In those days it was a vast loneliness, inhabited for the most part by tarantulas, scorpions, snakes, and varmints. The only humans around worked in the telegraph offices scattered along the line. A

description of one of these was written to me by Harry Bedwell (a famous railroad writer), and it couldn't have better fitted. The letter read: 'Yes, there it was, a lone yellow telegraphic office set on the sand, with the rails, and semaphore before it and the dun colored desert sloping down behind. The trains slammed by, seldom stopping, then the silence would come back. And the sun shined furiously or the stars winked impudently. Nothing else, except if you waited long enough, there did seem to be something, something that came in out of the silence that you could almost touch, only those who touched it, they sent away and didn't let them come back.' "

Thinking back on his own days, Knapke said, "Yes, the desert was rough and the telegraph operators in those days were the least best dressed men in the country. A pair of staggled off overalls and a pair of shoes was usually the extent of their dress. And some had the wild-eyed look that loneliness brings.

"By comparison, the desert seems domesticated now. Almost everywhere you look, it's criss-crossed with wires, buildings or highways. I once wrote a story called, *The Silent Land*. In it, I said, *Go one short mile from this artery of trade and you'll find a place untouched by the foot of man since the dawn of history. Go one eighth of that distance today and you'll be tramping in some Bo's backyard. That's one of the big differences between then and now. Another is the weather. We didn't have coolers nor refrigeration—all we could do was grin and bear it. And the heat in the desert at that time was far greater than it is today, due to the later irrigation and the growing of crops—and particularly, the formation of the Salton Sea. Prior to that, 125° to 135° was normal summer temperature. A trainman could not work without wearing leather gloves; otherwise, he would get his hands blistered. Once, in Grape, California, which was a blind siding between Brawley and Imperial, I saw a government thermometer in a white louvered box register 144°. That was the hottest I've seen it, although it registered 124° in the caboose shed in Yuma at midnight on two separate occasions.*

"When we started across the desert from Indio on my first trip, the engineer called my attention to a piece of pipe at Salton Station. I walked up to examine it and noted it had been driven into the ground and had a brass head on it which read: United States Geodetical Survey, 264 feet minus, which was the depth below sea level. About a mile south of the tracks, there was what looked like a bank of dirty snow. It was salt, left by the evaporation of the former Gulf of California which had been shut off by subseismic disturbances ages ago. The salt had been mined by the New Liverpool Salt Company.

"After leaving Salton, the next stop was a place called Volcano, later named Lano. I no sooner got there and stepped off the train than the ground trembled like an earthquake. After talking to the operator, I found that they had 15 or 20 of those tremors a day. He said that if I went around to the other side of the train I could see the cause. I walked



*Mud pots pose a mystery to early explorers near Niland before Salton Sea was formed.*

around and found a pool of liquid mud about 40 feet across and three feet below the level of the tracks, with a narrow beach around it. This mud was boiling furiously in spots, stopping at one place and starting again at another. My brakeman partner suggested we turn a bucket upside down over one of the boils and light a match. I did, and the gas lighted up just like a burner on a kitchen stove.

That, of course, was before the Salton Sea had formed. I might add that the Salton Sea started as a man made accident.

"It seems that in order to widen a water heading between the Colorado River and a main canal in Imperial Valley, a temporary ditch was dug as a bypass. However, an unexpected rise in the river caused an uncontrollable amount of water to rush through the opening and it melted the soft soil as if it were sugar. Before long the whole Colorado River was coming through. It started in 1904 and by 1906 the railroad had spent millions of dollars and called upon some of the greatest engineers of that time to try and stop it. All effort failed and the project was about to be given up as hopeless when a friend of mine, a piledriver foreman named Tom Hines, suggested they give him 10 days to see if it could be done. It only took him seven to do the job. How he did it, I don't know.

"A man named Epes Randolph, one of the leading engineers of the world, got all the credit for the job. He was at that time head of the S.P. lines in Mexico. Anyway, as a reward he took Tom down there as an official; however, Tom didn't like officialdom and resigned to come back to the United States."

The old man paused to relight his pipe. After a few puffs, he laughed and said, "Now to get back on the track. After we left the boiling mud at Volcano, we came to the next station, which had once been called Imperial Junction. A telegraph operator, Dick Hobgood, had homesteaded the land around there to establish the town which is now Niland, but he spread out too much and ended up losing all of it.

"Continuing east, we came to Flowing Wells which was a blind siding near a well of arsenic water. From there we went up a steep grade to Iris. Flowing Wells had been 29 feet below sea level and now we were 179 feet above. The next station was Tortuga and then across the desert until we came to Ogilby, which was at the edge of what we called the flats. Almost flat, the ground was covered with rocks the size of your fist. The tops of those rocks were as black as tar from sunburn. I think they call it desert glaze now. Down the hill from Pilot Knob, we soon came to the Colorado River, across the drawbridge that was there at that time, and then into Yuma.

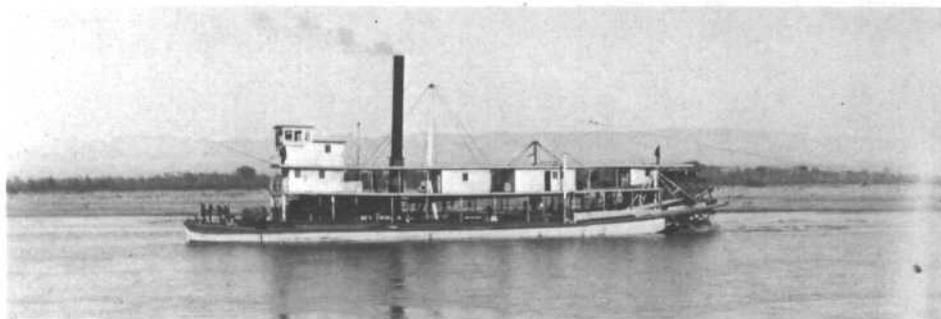
"The Colorado was navigable. There were steamboats on it that came up from Mexico and could go as high as Needles, California—until Laguna dam was put in 12 miles above Yuma.

"The Yuma draw bridge was a novel-

ty. A riverboat's arrival had to be known 24 hours in advance so the railroad could have one of their section foremen waiting on the Arizona side with a big 'T' wrench. There were two bolt heads sticking out above the bridge. When the wrench was placed on one of these heads, it took six men walking around in a circle to lift that end of the bridge off its solid foundation. Then the wrench was placed on the other stud head and turned in the same manner to allow that part of the bridge to swing around and let the boat go through.

"At that time the town of Yuma consisted of about three blocks which began at the river. The penitentiary up on the hill, above the present railroad station was still in full operation, but about every other building was a saloon, or worse. No decent woman walked into the street after 6:00 P.M. In fact, things got so bad that a vigilante committee was formed to herd the bad element out of town."

The old man thought silently for a moment. "In answer to your question, my boy," he finally admitted, "it was good in the old days and I have many pleasant memories, but life was tough, hard and bitter. All in all, I think if you knew them as I did you'd agree that the 'good old days' are really right now!" □



*The steamer Cochran that ran on the Colorado River in 1890.*



*Niland railroad siding in 1903.*



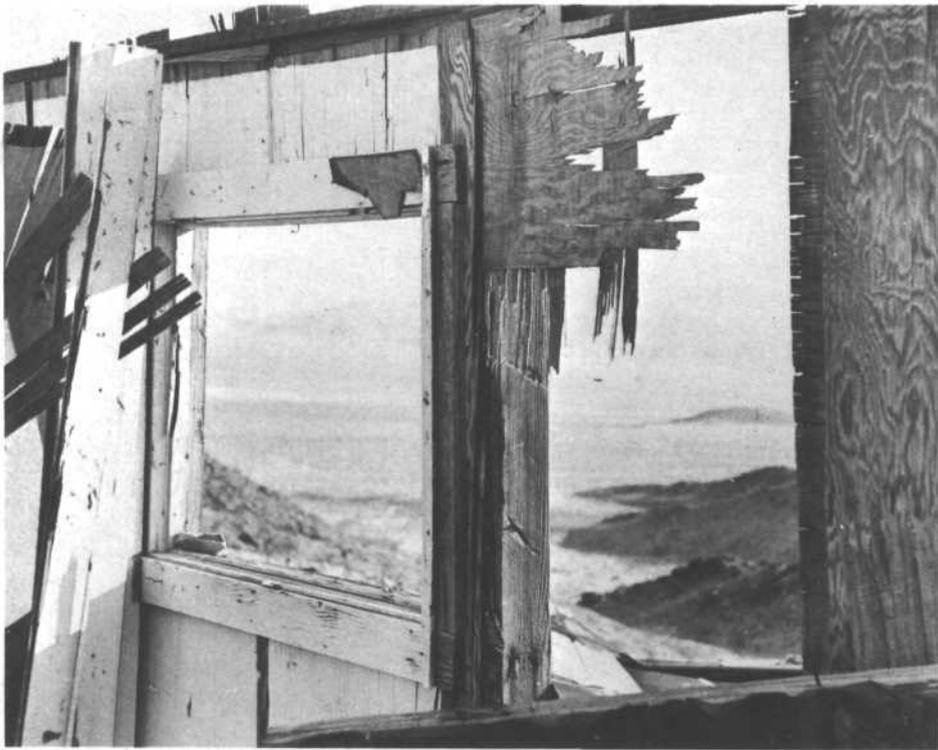
*Stopping the break of the Colorado River in 1907.*



*Early Yuma boasted of three blocks of bars.*

# Exploring Dale Mine District

by George Service and Kent Werges



If you approach the area in a passenger vehicle on the western road, stop when you reach the yellow gate at the mouth of the canyon and examine the road ahead before you drop down into the wash. As you advance up the canyon the Gold Coin Mine will be on your left, the Rose of Peru Mine directly across from it. Just beyond these mines are buildings that served as living quarters for the miners. These structures are more recent than most in the area, possibly dating back to the '20s. Dug into the hillside behind the northernmost of the three buildings is a small room used for cool storage of foodstuffs. Caves similar to this near the mine shafts were intended for safe storage of explosives.

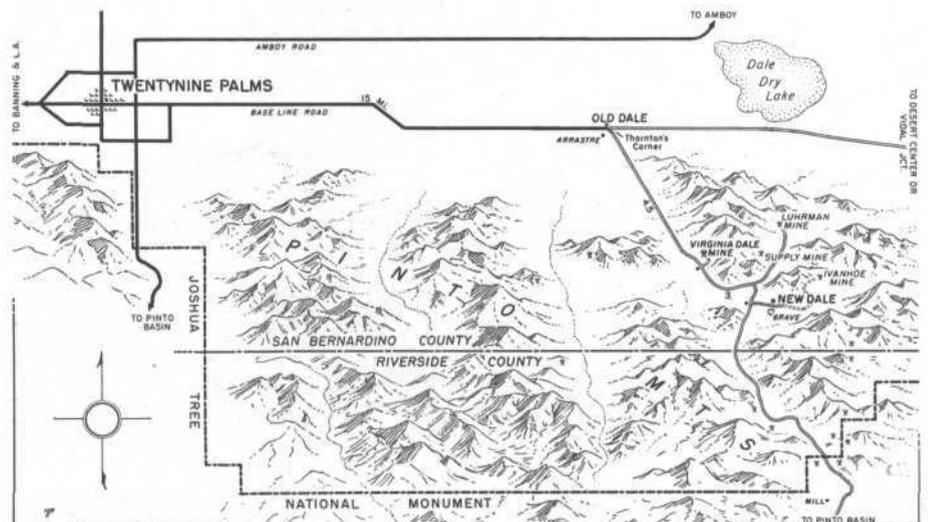
Beyond this point, the road climbs up to the Brooklyn Mine. The stampmill here is intact and is one of the most interesting structures in the district. This probably is the mill that was erected in 1906; the three stamps, complete with cast iron base and automatic feed orchutes, are still in place. The cam-shaft and wooden flywheel that drove the stamps is still in excellent condition.

The original claim at the Brooklyn Mine was filed in 1890, although mining operations were not begun in earnest until 1899 when financial backing was found. The Brooklyn Mining Company

**B**ECAUSE it is relatively unknown, the Dale Mining District on the Southern California desert is often overlooked by those who pursue history in more famous ghost towns and mining camps. The Dale Mining District didn't develop into a large town or city, but the area still contains a wealth of interesting buildings and machinery, much of it dating back to the turn of the century.

Split into two parts by the Pinto Mountains, I have grouped the mines roughly into a north and a south group because to drive from the northern to the southern mines you must either cross the mountains or go around them. The southern group is the most remote, but it is worth the extra time it takes to reach it. Of the two roads leading into this group, the eastern road is best suited for passenger vehicles. The western road requires a high clearance along the base of the mountains where it passes close to

the Goldenrod and Moose Mines. The Goldenrod is identified by two bunk shacks on the desert floor below the headframe of the inclined shaft. The Moose is noteworthy because the old hoisting engine that hauled ore out of the inclined shaft is still in place.





ran the mine until 1916, extracting \$145,000 in gold. After that operations were sporadic. In 1931 the Brooklyn and Los Angeles Mines were still active, employing 15 men. At that time it was calculated that almost half a million dollars more could be recovered from that particular body of ore.

In 1906 the main shaft at the Brooklyn was 270 feet deep with tunnels running off of it each 50 feet. The mine had been in operation so long that the superintendent had to send wagons 15 miles away to gather firewood. From the mill you can see the Cottonwood Mountains to the south and pick out the dip that marks Cottonwood Springs—23 miles away. During its first few years water was hauled here from Cottonwood Springs at a cost of 5¢ a gallon. As it required approximately 200 gallons to process each ton of ore run through the stamp mill, it is not hard to imagine the expense and effort it took to keep the business going! It proved so impractical that the miners dug a well 180 feet deep at Dale Dry Lake, put in a 10 horsepower gasoline pump, and ran a pipeline seven and a half miles over the mountains to the mine. The plant had a capacity of 7000 gallons a day and the Brooklyn eventually shared the supply with another mine nearby.

Beyond the Brooklyn the road drops into another canyon where the Los Angeles mine is located. The buildings here, all of stone, are still in fair condition, although their roofs are liable to blow off in a few years. Better built than most mining camp structures, the largest house has good window and door frames, a false ceiling, and a screened-in porch. Of special interest here are the acid tanks which were used to dissolve gold from crushed ore. These wooden tanks had false, slatted bottoms that held the crushed ore eight to ten inches above the actual base of the tanks. A layer of canvas was spread over the bottom of the tank to prevent the firmly crushed ore from falling through. Cyanide was poured over the ore and allowed to filter down through. When it came out the bottom it brought with it the gold. The solution was then run off to a settling tank where the gold was precipitated out. The cyanide could be drawn off and re-used.

This process was widely used in the treating of gold, silver, and copper. The pink mounds of dried mud around the acid tanks at the Los Angeles Mine are characteristic of the process; similar run-offs will be noticed, particularly at

the O.K. and Supply Mines later on.

If you double back from the Los Angeles Mine and go down the canyon rather than up and over the ridge, you will pass the Gold Standard Mine before joining the original canyon near the Gold Rose. The mine building at the Gold Standard is in good condition and is a fine place to spend a night if you like a roof for shelter better than stars.

Nearby to the east are Zulu Queen and the Outlaw mines, but the roads to them are poor and the going is slow. There is little left at the Zulu Queen to make the trip worthwhile, although the headframe of the vertical shaft is intact. It is the only one which includes an elevator used to haul up loaded ore cars. At the Outlaw Mine are only two shacks and an assortment of disintegrating machinery. Its headframe has fallen into the shaft.

The town of New Dale forms a focal point for the mines on the northern side of the Pinto Mountains, but unless you watch carefully, you may drive over the site and not realize it. The town, which housed some 70 people in 1916, has disappeared completely, leaving behind a few bedsteads and the usual mounds of rusty cans. The town moved



*The Brooklyn Mine was established in 1906*

twice as the Dale Mining District expanded to the east before it settled at the mouth of the canyon below Ivanhoe Mountain. The Supply Mine, a mile to the north, was one of the richest producers in the district. Total value is uncertain, but it probably was over a mil-

lion dollars. The headframe here stands over an inclined shaft 1200 feet deep. The ore was processed in a six-stamp mill and in cyanide tanks with a capacity of 300 tons. The run-off from the tanks filled a good portion of the canyon below the mine before operations ceased in 1917. The mine was large enough to support a small community, most of which still stands in a delapidated condition. The final grade up to the Supply is suitable only for jeeps and pick-ups; passenger cars able to cross the sandy wash at the bottom of the grade may be brought to a point within a quarter mile of the mine.

Behind the Supply Mine the road drops into an area of many smaller mines and prospects. Another road runs from the mine up the side of Ivanhoe Mountain to three mines at the summit.

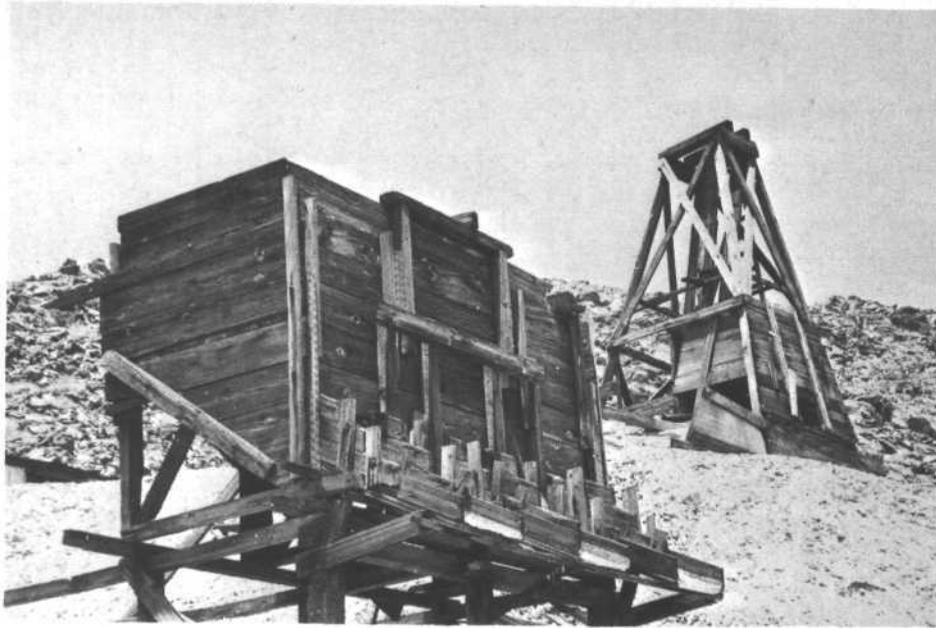


*A four-wheel-drive vehicle is a must for most of the way—and watch for washed-out roads!*

This road is not for the weak-hearted; at times the drop-off over the edge is almost 1000 feet. It is not a bad road for jeeps, though, and from the top the view to the west stretches beyond Twentynine Palms to Mt. San Gorgonio, 60 miles away.

One of the most interesting mine structures in the region is the aerial buckets system east of New Dale. The lower terminus of the tramway can be reached by a short, steep road from New Dale. Steel cables still stretch between the loading dock and the mine tunnel and an ore bucket hangs over the loading dock in position for dumping.

The Ivanhoe Mine is situated near the summit of the mountain at an elevation of 3000 feet. The road from New Dale is in fair condition and affords a spectacular view of the deserts and mountain ranges to the north and east. Two or three sheet-metal buildings still stand, but the headframe and loading ramps are gone. Just before you reach the Ivanhoe, a side road branches to the left. This leads to another mine



*Relics are everywhere, but beware of unmarked shafts.*

overlooking the aerial tramway, the O.K. mine, and the Pinto Basin.

The O.K. Mine may be reached by several routes, the most direct of which heads south from a point directly below the aerial tramway. The enormous tailings at the mine indicate clearly the magnitude of the workings here. The shaft at the O.K. was 600-feet deep and fed ore to a large 10-stamp mill. The one building still standing is missing most of its siding but the exposed 2 x 4 framing indicates a prior use as a ladder. Wood is valuable in an area where it must be brought in by freighter.

Most of the mines in the northern part of the district received supplies from Amboy, 40 miles to the north. The southern mines ran their freight wagons to Mecca, and later through Cottonwood Canyon and Box Canyon to the Coachella Valley, a distance of 45 miles. The connecting road between the northern and southern mines is passable only by 4-wheelers.

There are two ways to reach this region. The quicker of the two is from the north on the Gold Crown Road. This is a graded dirt road that leaves California State Highway 62 at a point 15 miles east of Twentynine Palms and heads south towards Humbug Mountain in the Pinto Range. The junction at Highway 62 marks the site of the original town of Dale, although there are no signposts to indicate it. Six miles along this road will carry you past the Virginia Dale Mine and into the vicinity of the Supply Mine and the site of New Dale.

The approach from the south is long-

er, but the route runs through Joshua Tree National Monument and provides a better sampling of the desert country in this region. Seven miles north of the Cottonwood Ranger Station in the Monument is a three-way fork in the road. The middle fork is the Old Dale Road and leads straight across the Pinto Basin to the mining district; this is the same

road that was used by the miners to bring in supplies from the railroad at Mecca. The road today is in good condition although there are stretches of soft sand where washes cross the route. It should pose no problem to a driver reasonably experienced in desert driving.

The road leading to the mines in the Dale Mining District have seen little or no maintenance since the mines were abandoned. Pick-up trucks and 4-wheelers should be able to cover 90% of the roads without difficulty. Drivers of low-slung passenger cars who exercise caution and don't mind walking a bit should be able to reach almost every working discussed here.

The Dale mining district is almost entirely outside the northern boundary of Joshua Tree National Monument and there are no restrictions on camping. Bring your own firewood and plenty of water; there is little fuel in the mountains and no water at all.

If you take children or pets, keep them all on leashes. The shafts and tunnels are not marked, they are not sealed, and they are not safe. Often there will be more than one shaft at each mine; they may be 20 or 200 feet deep. There is plenty to see without falling down a mine shaft! □

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# THE HOME OF THE IGUANA

by Choral Pepper

Editor, Desert Magazine



THE night was full of sounds. Softly they wove through my dreams—guitars serenading the moon and stars, tamborinos beating in hypnotic rhythm with the surf. A grid of starlight seeped through the jalousie of my hotel window, casting its shadow against the thick adobe wall. This was Mexico, but more than that, it was Puerto Vallarta.

With dawn came the crow of roosters and a clatter of horse hooves against cobblestone streets. Salt-scented air stimulated my hunger for fresh papaya spiked with lime juice, for coffee and a hard-crusted Mexican roll. Soon they appeared before me on a linen-shrouded table of the Oceano Hotel—sophisticated fare for a primitive land. Puerto Vallarta may be a Mexican village, but there is no other village in Mexico remotely like it.

"It's like the South seas ought to be, but isn't," a visitor at the next table commented.

His remark provoked thoughts of a seductive hand snaking through a beaded portiere, of Methodist missionaries haranguing naive sinners. It is all here, too, but with a difference. The South Seas had Sadie Thompson; Puerto Vallarta had Elizabeth Taylor. But the missionaries here wore the robes of Franciscans and Jesuits and the native sins they discouraged are the artifacts prized by archaeologists today. Still, there are strong similarities, if one is to take seriously the writings of Somerset Maugham when he described grass-roofed huts clustered among banana groves and endless idle days watching native maidens glide along jungle trails bearing trays of tropical fruit on their heads.

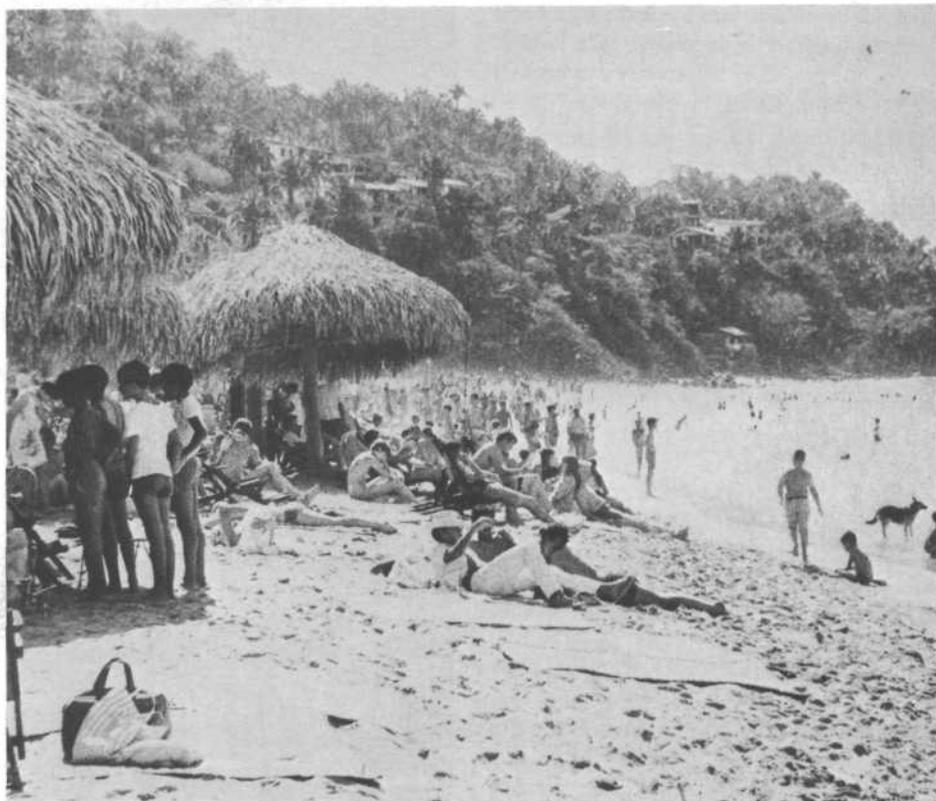
But you can't fly directly to the South Seas from Tijuana with our good friend

Captain Francisco Munoz on the Baja Airlines, and this you *can* do when you fly to Puerto Vallarta, which is the reason I chose this romantic spot for a five-day vacation from the desert.

Accessible only by air, unless you wish to hazard a new route over which bridges may or may not be built and which in part requires a 4-wheel vehicle, this charming fishing village climbs roughly up the tilted sides of a tropical mountain overlooking the 40-mile sweep of Banderas Bay. Its cobblestone streets, tiers of red-tiled rooftops and layer upon layer of white adobe reflect the wedding cake

theme of its plaza's filigree-crowned church.

There is scenic variety, too. Toward the beach on the far side of Gringo Gulch, a name given the banks of a river along which "rich Americans" have built picturesque casas, the land flattens broadly to hold a village of thatched-roof huts where the Mexicans live who do menial chores for the rich Gringos. Without these Gringos there would be no industry, no monied population to buy fish and lush tropical fruit, no building construction to provide wages for artisans; nor would there be tourists to purchase the



*The swimming beach of Puerto Vallarta is a happy rollicksome place where everyone goes. Photos by Trent Lowe.*

smartly designed dresses appliqued and embroidered by clever Mexican hands. For these reasons the Gringos and natives live happily together, both giving and taking from the other.

On holidays everyone goes to the beach. Summer or winter, the water is warm, the air balmy, and there is no question of segregation, even though the historic name of the best swimming beach, Playa los Muertos, is now tagged "Gringo Beach." This refers to the owners of the split-level hillside villas framing the beach rather than to the sun bathers who loll on it. Everyone is there, drinking green coconut milk straight from the shell, eating crisp tuna smoked on sticks right before their eyes, or racing in and out of the surf. It is a joyous, rollicksome beach, not a fashionable one. If it is privacy you want, you will have to rent a boat or jeep and travel to one of the glorious beaches south of town.

Of these beaches, Mismaloya is the best known, where the movie *Night of the Iguana* was filmed and where film stars Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton launched their illustrious romance. When the film is forgotten, it will probably be known as the "Ghost Town of the Iguana." White plastered houses with red tile roofs climb the hillsides, but bats, racoons and perhaps a tiger or two now occupy them. These abandoned structures were built originally to house equipment and members of the film company. After the shooting was over someone tried to convert them into a hotel complex, but the venture failed. Except for a replica of an old castle which is used for a winery, the other buildings stand empty. Soon red tile, plumbing fixtures and adobe bricks will be embraced in a strangle-hold of roots and vines—a puzzle for future ghost-town chasers.

Because of its isolated jungle location, there are few automobiles on the streets of Puerto Vallarta, which is just as well, for they were designed to accommodate horse-drawn carts, pedestrians, or maybe a chicken, sow, burro or runaway steer, but not passenger cars. Consequently, everyone walks or climbs or travels by boat. The town is compact and easy to cover by foot and the shops and buildings are so interesting to visit or peer into that you would probably choose to walk even if you didn't have to.

The most interesting boat trip is a day-long jungle excursion to Yalapa, a primitive native village that caters to a colony of American artists and semi-recluses. Boats sail close to the shore on the first lap of the trip so you can photograph the

jungle and the coastline. Here the ocean floor drops away sharply and deeply. Underwater ridges cast occasional slashes of luminous green across the dark palette of the sea, but elsewhere it is a fathomless study in black and white. Intensifying the moody scene are Los Arcos, a cluster of eroded rocks rising mistily above the water's surface, more like sculptures than islands. Some have eroded away entirely through their lower regions to form arches under which a boat can pass. Pelicans nest in the ancient fig trees, whose roots clasp the knotty black rocks above sea level, while the heavy-billed silhouettes of their mates returning from fishing expeditions darken the sky.

Near this landmark at the southern end of Banderas Bay lies Cape Corrientes, once the landfall of China ships as they crossed from the toe of Baja California en route to Acapulco. In the year 1586 more than 12 million pesos worth of silver left Acapulco on China-bound vessels—silver to pay for the treasures the galleons would bring back to New Spain. Yet there was not a single cannon nor military post on the Mexican coast to protect these ships. Consequently, English, Dutch and French pirates hid out in these coves, too, collecting Spanish bounty both coming and going. The only record of a skirmish occurred when

the famous buccaneers, Swan and Townely, sent a landing party ashore to look for provisions and the men surprised some Spaniards who were camped there. The battle resulted in the loss of four buccaneers and 18 Spanish soldiers. Townely and his entire fleet then joined the landing party and spent six days killing and salting beef for jerky in plain sight of the intimidated Spaniards!

Probably no one will think to tell you to take your bathing suit to Yalapa, but this you will want to do. The beach and surf is perfect, the water clear. If you skin dive, bring your snorkle and mask. Dugout canoes carved in one piece from the great trunks of native *guanacaste* trees carry you ashore from the excursion boat at Yalapa and are also available—with the oarsman—to take you to a rocky point where tropical sea life and clear water will tempt you to give up the battle and become a savage. It is doubtful that you will recover an underwater galleon off this shore, but it isn't impossible. On his explorations of the Mexican coast Cortes sent two ships this way. One was driven ashore during a storm and landed near the present Puerto Vallarta; the other sank out of sight.

You might be tempted to sit under the Hotel Lagunita ramada with a beer and a taco, imagining yourself meeting an iguana on a moonlight night, but you



The filigree-crowned church above the plaza is as fancy as a wedding cake.



*Trees embrace trees in jungle melee.*

will miss one of the best adventures of the entire trip if you fail to take the hike to Yalapa Falls. Children spurt from the ground like mushrooms with offers to guide you there, and a guide you will need, but establish a fee in advance. The hike to the falls winds along a path through a village of grass huts where the status symbol in pets seems to be a pig. How the natives can turn them into bacon after having known them as piglets with little corkscrew tails is more than I can imagine, but such is the custom.

As you reach further and further into the jungle, it becomes a melee of coconut palms, bread nut trees, oak, pine and higueras with growth so thick that trees embrace trees like giant strands of dripping wax. It is beautiful, but frightening and you are glad you have the ten little guides. Macaws of wild color shriek across your path, but you don't see any animals, although you sense them in their lairs eating the nuts of the bread nut

tree. Enormous boulders block the way and you wonder how they managed to tumble from the peaks above and break through the vegetation.

I was reminded of the climb from Lake Powell to Rainbow Bridge—you force yourself to continue the jungle climb, thinking that if the falls isn't around the next turn you'll forget the whole thing. Then suddenly there it is! Falling from several hundred feet overhead, foamy water gushes down the side of a granite cliff to collect in a pool surrounded by water-worn boulders which rise like limpid sculptures from the vine-covered banks of the grotto. It is very quiet. No matter how many are in your party, you feel alone and there are hidden niches in which you can sit to dangle your feet in the water while your guides collect the nuts of the nut palm and crack the shells between rocks. These resemble in appearance and taste a miniature coconut. It is from them that co-

coanut oil is extracted and it is their 20-foot long, spineless leaves that are used to roof the grass huts of the native villages.

You may wish you had come prepared to stay the night at Yalapa so you could rent a horse and explore further into the jungle. Accommodations here are intriguing—separate, round grass huts, each with bath, which rent for \$16.80 in season, as compared to \$12.00 for two at the Oceano Hotel in Puerto Vallarta.

We were told that Puerto Vallarta lost its native charm with the publicity engendered during the filming of *Iguana*. Possibly this is true, but there are compensations. The restaurants, as a result, are excellent and cater to U.S. ideas of sanitation and there is a choice of modern hotel accommodations in which the plumbing works. As for native atmosphere, laundry is still washed in the Arroyo Caule stream where Gringo Gulch shrieks with the colors of vivid blouses, skirts and blinding white underwear hanging on bushes to dry. Church bells continue to ring with abandon, if for no logical time nor reason, and pretty girls still exchange shy looks with slick-haired boys strolling along the esplanade. Everyone talks to everyone else. You might be a Gringo or a native, but you are never a stranger.

You can fly directly to Puerto Vallarta in a 47-passenger, pressurized plane on the Baja Airlines for \$117 a round trip, or from the U.S. you can fly to Mazatlan or Guadalajara and transfer to a Puerto Vallarta plane from there. If you go the Tijuana route, it is safe to store your car at the airport while you are gone, where it will be guarded for a maximum fee of \$3.00 for your entire stay. At Puerto Vallarta you can purchase dresses, shirts or wrought iron, glass and ceramic objects of great originality for prices far below their market value at home and you can have a perfectly marvelous vacation with more luxury for less money than in any other spot I know. You can rent a jeep for a jungle safari onto roads where jaguar, ocelot and coati roam; you can go deep sea fishing and bring up a sailfish, dolphin or marlin; you can cruise to various beaches in Bahia de Banderas where pirates stalked their masted prey long ago; you can boogaloo with the mini-mods at a discotheque or you can revel in the guitar music and serenades of a troubadour at La Bota while you devour a superb steak.

Whatever you want — relaxation or action — it's at Puerto Vallarta. Even if you can only stay for five days, as I did, you'll be glad you did it! □

# INDIAN REMINDERS OF THE PAST

by Marie Valore



ALTHOUGH San Jacinto Valley gives birth to numerous golf courses and health spas where tourists come to bask in Southern California sunshine, it differs in one significant way from most resort communities. It is steeped in a traditional and colorful past.

This picturesque valley in Riverside County lies in the azure shadows of



*Author holds Indian basket and stone pestle found at site.*

Mount San Jacinto. At one time the region was under the dominance of Mission San Luis Rel de Francia, one of the 21 missions founded by Father Junipero Serra. Indian vaqueros rode herd over the sprawling cattle and sheep ranges.

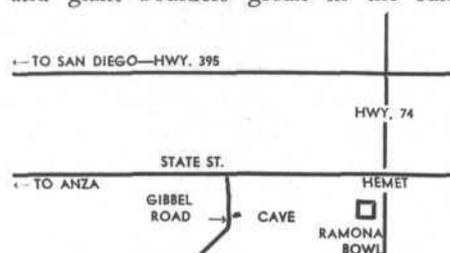
Yet long before the padres or Juan Bautista de Anza and Pedro Fages claimed it for Spain, it was home to countless Indian wanderers who left their indelible mark on the region in the form of pictographs, petroglyphs and mortar-filled caves. Even today stone artifacts and Indian arrowheads are found.

Our own wanderings led us three miles south of Hemet, on Highway 79, to a rocky area studded with evidences of the past. We turned off the country lane onto Gibble Road, where we found hollowed-out mortar holes embedded in rock among the hills. About a mile and a half further down the road is a cave called the Eagle's Nest, located behind the home of Clyde Robbins, a man who

has set out to preserve the ancient cave. Robbins believes that the history of the cave is mostly hearsay, although an archaeologist who once visited the area judged it to be 14,000 years old. A legend claims that little people once lived there; another account refers to Mayans who came perhaps 4000 years ago.

The roof of the shallow cave is smoke-encrusted and its granite floor is covered with mortar holes. The holes were ground into the floor over the years by Indian women using stone pestles to grind meal. A little stream once ran through the cave and was diverted into a tiny pond, which served as a reservoir. Behind the cave on a high boulder, a carved eagle's head juts toward the smogless blue sky. Some believe that Mayans, using obsidian stone as a tool, carved the intricate eye, beak and wings, but whoever the patient artisans might be, they were master craftsmen.

In this area rich with aesthetic beauty, wind whistles over the rock-strewn hills and giant boulders groan in the sun.



Local Indian bands believe the Cahuilla and Cascadians once made it their home. Visitors are welcome to visit the site on weekends when Clyde Robbins displays artifacts uncovered in the area. He showed us plant life that was used as food by the Indians. The blue-flowering chia plant near the mouth of the cave was once a main staple of the Cahuillas. To the left of the parking lot is a large live oak tree estimated to be 550 years old. Lithograph paintings have also been found here. Directly south of the cave is a small, but spectacular sunburst petroglyph and to the southwest of it is a carved turtle nearly a yard long. The

paintings and carvings probably had a religious significance, but they are shrouded in mystery.

We found another landmark in Reinhardt Canyon, off Highway 74, seven miles west of Hemet. It is another memento that connects the past with the present. Painted on a huge boulder, the maze or swastika-like design is estimated to be 15,000 years old. One theory is that it, too, was the work of Mayan emissaries, although it is only one of many. Some think it was drawn to confuse evil spirits.

The Maze Stone was registered by the California State Landmarks Association in 1957 as an outstanding example of prehistoric recording. Nearby is Medicine Man's Cave, which resembles two hooded monks. Inside the cave the walls are stained reddish-brown and mortar holes pock the floor.

There are other pictographs and petroglyphs in the valley. Near the Ramona Bowl, in the brown hills southeast of Hemet, we saw more mortar holes where Indian women spent endless hours grinding acorns and other seeds into meal.

In truth, California did not begin with the Spanish period, as has been said, but began long before when brown-skinned people tread softly over the mountains and valleys. Today, their reminders are here to wet our curiosity. □



*Entrance to Eagles Nest Cave with Eagle head in background.*



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WITH

**ROVER**



by Jack Delaney



WHEN a dog accepts a strange motel "for better or for worse" that's not news, but when a motel operator accepts a dog on the same terms, that is! Until a short time ago, if your idea of pleasant traveling through Southern California's desert areas consisted of rolling along the highway with Rover by your side, serving as a sort of co-pilot, you faced a problem at motel time. Instead of selecting the cubicle of your choice for a good night's rest, you had to settle for a kennel-type accommodation in an ancient auto court.

Through the years, discrimination against our loyal pets has existed in most public places. City, county, and state parks frown on domestic animals because they might disturb the orderly living habits of the wild animals (whose habits are not as orderly as those of our pets); and zoological gardens, dedicated to the care and display of animals, express their attitude toward Rover by posting signs at the entrance gates reading No Animals Allowed.

Motels usually have a definite for or against policy regarding pets but, in our travels, one was encountered that allowed the pooch with the provision that \$10.00 be left as a sort of fidelity bond, returnable if our pet behaved himself. At checkout time next morning we stood at attention while the manager inspected every inch of the unit. After receiving clearance, our deposit was returned. During inspection, little Munchie, who has been everywhere including Mexico, where

he was received with appreciation and affection, looked up as if to say, "What the hell!"

About 100-million Americans take to the highways for vacations or other trips each year. The canine population of the United States is approximately 20 million. On the basis that about half of the pooches probably love to travel, it is possible that one of every 10 motorists traveling through the Southwest is accompanied by his pet. If this estimate is reasonably accurate it would appear that the motel operator who frowns on hounds is a poor businessman. He accepts a 10% vacancy in unit beds in order to protect a few petunia beds.

Dogs, serving as companions to humans, have been on this earth for thousands of years. They were the first animals to be domesticated—in 15,000 B.C. During the Neolithic Period (the New Stone Age) various pets, especially dogs, were a part of every cavehold. It is interesting to note that no new important species of animal has been added to those domesticated in this period. Fido led a carefree life when the first concern of man and animal was the finding of food, and the second was the eating of it.

Compared with the presence of dogs, motels and hotels have been in existence only a short time. Their forerunner, the inn, which served as a home away from home for ancient travelers, originated in Lydia in the third or fourth century B.C. It was in this country that the first recorded coins were minted, which might have influenced the innkeepers to start keeping inns. However, the time and

place of origin may be subject to question—there is evidence that the counterpart of modern day motels existed as early as the sixth century B.C. in Greece where early literature refers to them as "All-receiving Houses."

Early-day jaunters were usually traders, government officials snooping around other countries, or religious pilgrims. It is likely their wives did not accompany them, but evidently their animals did for the description of *inns* as "All-receiving Houses" would appear to indicate that the pet as well as the sojourner was welcomed. The traveling dog-lover of today should be happy to note a slight trend toward the adoption of this "all-receiving" policy—at least in more motels and hotels than heretofore.

An increasing number of managers have become convinced after years of observation, with a prejudiced viewpoint in some cases, that the burned spots on furniture, bed-spreads, and carpets were not caused by cigarette smoking pooches and that dogs rarely steal towels or turn on the television late at night. This new attitude toward recognition of man's best friend is gratifying to those who enjoy canine companionship on their travels.

It's up to us to reinforce the current tolerant thinking of some motel managements by seeing that Rover is a good boy. We should keep him from disturbing others and be considerate of his needs by walking him at frequent intervals. After all, he is not like a camel who can go for days without watering. Also, we should always carry his own bed with us for overnight trips and make the fact known when registering. This will eliminate any suspicion that he will be allowed to stretch out on people beds.

While driving along the fine highways of Southern California's Coachella and Imperial Valleys, you'll enjoy the dry, warm desert air through most of the year. However, during the summer months, it is likely to become too dry and too warm—in fact, it is no secret that summer temperatures are downright hot! If you do not enjoy the luxury of air-conditioning in your car, here is a tip that will ensure the comfort of your pet. Wet two towels, spread one on the car floor for him to lie on and use the other to cover, or partially cover him. Regardless of the thermometer reading, he will be quietly comfortable. You'll be tempted to crawl in with him.

Another tip is to carry two thermos bottles on trips. One should be a standard model for water and the other a wide-mouthed type for the dog's food. It is

not necessary to have a large supply of food on hand when traveling because Bowser Bags are available at most restaurants. There is a recent trend toward calling them People Bags, but the pooch doesn't go along with this; he knows that when you leave an eating place carrying a goodie bag, the booty is his—and dogs love to eat out!

A point to consider when including your pet on your jaunts is whether or not he is qualified to travel. Some are not. In order to avoid difficulties and embarrassment, he should be well-trained in his personal habits, obedient, quiet by nature, and non-destructive. If he can meet these requirements, he'll probably follow the ground rules of good behavior with flying colors and give you a feeling of pride wherever you take him.

Whether your canine chum is a sleek specimen with a pedigree a mile long and credentials superior to your own, or is just a shaggy mutt with nothing to offer but love matters not to the desert motel operator. His concern is that a spoiled animal can spoil his property in an overnight stay. In our zeal to make certain that Rover measures up to expectations, perhaps we should also examine ourselves. After all, this new trend could lead to a Bowser backlash! □

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# An Industry Was Born

Although Indio, California, claims the honor for having founded the commercial date industry in California, there is evidence that the honor could be claimed by Mecca, 11 miles to the south. Here are excerpts from the diary of the late Arnold V. Stubenrauch who was associated with the United States Department of Agriculture in 1904 when he planted the first commercial date palms at Mecca. Shortly afterward, when the Colorado River jumped its banks and began to fill the Salton Sea, the grove was abandoned and the operation transferred to Indio. These pages of the diary were sent to DESERT Magazine by subscriber Arnold V. Stubenrauch, Jr. of Wallingford, Pennsylvania, the son of the writer. They tell the story of the launching of a major agricultural industry—a feat accomplished within a time span of five days time! This could never happen today.



**M**AY 25TH: Arrived at Mecca last night on time and found that the date palm suckers were arriving. A number—64, had arrived the night before

and about 60 came on the same train that brought me. They were sent by franked mail, so arrived from the East in good season. They were immediately hauled out to the garden site. They were packed first in moss wrapped in paper and then in mail sacks.

I found things advancing in Mecca. The store and "hotel" buildings are well along, but the look of desolation is still much in evidence.

Today, I worked with Johnson and one man all day at the date palm garden. It took nearly all morning to unpack the suckers, which had arrived, and get them into the fumigating. I found that the adobe building which we erected for the purpose was fairly air-tight. The cracks between the bricks were plastered tight with wet mud. The roof was covered with "elaterite" and I think the whole thing ought to be satisfactory. The palms were piled loosely and subjected for five and a half hours to a gas made by the use of 6 ozs cyanide, 6 ozs H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub> and 12 ozs H<sub>2</sub>O.

In the afternoon Johnson and I staked out the tract for the planting of the palms. Hougham, the other man, irrigated a portion of the tract which had been leveled. Late in the afternoon a high wind sprang up and it was difficult to keep at work owing to the way the sand was blown about. In going over the land staking out, I noticed that several high places had been left, and it at once be-

came evident to me that some work would have to be done if the irrigation of the tract was to be properly done. Before leaving "the garden" I had Johnson and Hougham remove the suckers from the fumigating house and place them in water to soak over night.

When I returned "to town" in the evening, I spoke very forcibly to Mr. Rogers about the grading. He offered to provide his driver, Burns, and four horses to go to work tomorrow, so that the high places may be taken down.

Mills arrived tonight in response to my telegram sent last night. So did another small lot of palms.

**MAY 26th:** We went to work bright and early this morning. Mills and Hougham unpacked the new lot of palms and got them ready for fumigating. Johnson and I made a list of the numbers of the palms received. After the list was made, we spent the rest of the morning placing the different numbers in rotation; determined that the palms had better be planted with the numbers running consecutively. It seemed advisable to do this in the absence of the names of the varieties. In going over the numbers, we found that they did not run through. Some were missing to make the series complete. In order to find out which ones were received, we opened the fumigating house before the full time had elapsed. When we closed the house to finish the dosage, we used double the quantity of material, or 12 ozs. cyanide, etc. The palms were allowed to remain in this for two hours.

In the afternoon we began planting. Four of us worked at the job together. Mills and Johnson dug the holes, while I sighted them and took the record of

the numbers and noted its position on the the numbers and noted their positions on the chart. The work did not progress very rapidly. It seemed to me that we were too many at the job. Hougham had the team and handed out the palms to Johnson and Mills.

Burns worked all day grading. It took most of his time to work down the high place where the sand hummock stood at the S.W. corner of the 5-acre piece upon which we were to work.

Before we stopped work for the day, we began irrigating the palms which we had set. I soon found how difficult it was to handle the water to advantage in the long (660 foot) furrows which it was necessary to use in the absence of the pipelines and hydrants. The necessity of these became doubly apparent.

**MAY 27th:** When I arrived at the date garden I found that Johnson had irrigated all the palms which had thus far been planted. An examination showed, however, that those at the lower end had not gotten as much water, proportionately, as those at the upper. More reason for the pipelines and hydrants!

I determined to make a change in the planting. I came to the conclusion that three men ought to handle the planting without trouble. I therefore set Johnson to work wrapping the palms planted. We used burlap and excelsior. The growing tip was first well covered with excelsior and then the whole wrapped with burlap and tied with twine to keep it in place. I think this wrapping might remain on all summer and even through the winter in order to protect the young growth (if any) from cold weather. Nearly all the suckers arrived in good condition. I

think only two or three were decidedly "dead."

We had some trouble with the number labels, however. The copper wire used was brittle and some of the labels broke off. We were able to find where they belonged in most cases; but with three of them it was doubtful whether we properly replaced them. In one instance no label was found except a small circular zinc label bearing a number stamped on it (No. 18). The three palms doubtfully labeled were planted in the first row of female palms, i.e. the second row of the plantation beginning at the north.

Mills, Hougham and I worked at the

planting and I found that the three of us could handle the job to better advantage than four. Hougham handled the team and got out the suckers and assisted Mills also in the digging and setting. I sighted them and took notes. We tried to finish the planting by noon, but found it impossible to do so. We finished soon after lunch, planting in all 161 offsets, then irrigated while Mills and Johnson worked the wrapping.

MAY 28th: This morning we expected the male palms from Pomona, but after waiting long past train time, we found that the freight train would not reach Mecca until noon. We therefore decided

to go out of the garden and work on the setting of the stakes for the pipelines and irrigating the places where the lines are to go. For the latter work, I loaned the company's two horse team, harrow and "V". We used the harrow to drag off the brush and the "V" to open out the trench for the water to run through. John used his team and plows and plowed the strip deeply. The middle strip gave us little trouble, the strip along the east boundary, however, required some digging in order to get the water through the hummocks.

In the afternoon we sent Johnson to town after the suckers; and Mills, Hougham and I set the grade stakes. We worked hard and until nearly half past six, but could finish only the east line.

I let Burns go yesterday, thinking that the rest of the grading could be attended to by Johnson, as he had spare time. I also instructed Johnson to go ahead with the clearing of the rest of the land including three mesquite clumps. I also instructed him to work on the grading down of the large sand hummock, as time allowed, so that the work would proceed gradually and thus not have the entire expense come at once.

Tonight I learned that T. H. Kearney of the U.S.D.A. is coming tomorrow morning; so I determined to wait over another day in order to be with him and to plant the male suckers which arrived from Pomona this afternoon. Mills proposes to go out and finish the laying of the grade stakes tomorrow morning before train-time.

MAY 29th: Mills did go out and set the center line of stakes as he proposed. He went out about 4 o'clock A.M. and finished before train-time. As the grade was almost even all the way he had very little trouble. I did not go with him. I waited for Kearney and we went out together. Johnson and I worked at planting the male offsets and Kearney assisted us. They arrived in a very dry condition. John wrapped them and I irrigated as we planted. We finished the job by noon, having set 36, making the total number 197. After giving Johnson instructions to irrigate copiously every day, we returned to town, having reserved the afternoon for a drive with Kearney to examine alkali lands. All the plans examined were south and west of the Southern Pacific track.

In the evening I spent the time figuring with Johnson and Rogers the expenses of grading, etc. to date.

MAY 30th: I left Mecca for San Francisco and home. □



*One of the earliest date palms planted on the Southern California desert.*

A monthly feature by  
the author of  
Ghost Town Album,  
Ghost Town Trails,  
Ghost Town Shadows,  
Ghost Town Treasures  
and Boot Hill

# Garlock, California

BY LAMBERT FLORIN



OR some, the Gay Nineties weren't so cheerful. The decade took off with a jolly start, but 1893 brought a financial disaster. Many of

those whose established ways of earning a living had been wiped out turned to prospecting, hoping they would luck out with a bonanza of gold or silver. W. J. Langdon was one who headed for the wilderness with pick, shovel and pan.

It is unexplained why Langdon should have selected an area lacking in water. It could have been that he loved the desert scenery of Red Rock Canyon on the fringe of the El Paso Mountains, but the important thing is that he found what he was searching for—gold. Langdon is generally credited with being the first in that part of the Mojave to discover gold. Less celebrated is the fact that his first gold was found in a black whiskey bottle beside an old fireplace nearly buried in drifting sand. Near it

was a pair of rusted gold scales. Further search uncovered a location notice with a barely legible signature, that of Hiram Johnson. The date, 1853, was clear. Not so clear was what happened to Johnson.

Langdon satisfied himself by picking up the larger nuggets that lay exposed on the surface since lack of water for panning, let alone drinking, discouraged him. Not long afterward he joined forces with several Los Angeles men, including one F. M. Mooers, who made history by later discovering and developing the fabulous mines in the neighboring Rand district.

After Langdon gave up in Red Rock Canyon, others more persistent took over. A group from Bakersfield set up camp in a side gulch originating in Red Rock Canyon where one of them had picked up some nuggets. The eight men comprising this party took out \$1000 a week for a time. In Bonanza Gulch, a mile or so away, each pan of sand yielded anywhere from 30¢ to several dollars.

Presumably this was during the winter when a small creek wasn't dry. Near Goler, 15 miles distant, about a thousand men had flocked in to recover \$50,000 in gold before the supply was exhausted.

No settlement of consequence resulted from any of these flurries, although one substantial town did arise on the desert there. This was Garlock. Its existence wasn't due so much to local gold discoveries as it was to a good supply of water. Randsburg had burgeoned on the mountain to the east where tons of ore had to be crushed. This necessitated mills and water to wash out contained gold, an operation requiring manpower. Since men needed eating, sleeping and drinking places, a collection of bunk and boarding houses and saloons arose. This was Garlock. All buildings at first were of native rock and adobe, later of boards and battens hauled down from Randsburg after a sawmill was built. Originally called Cow Wells, the name was changed to Garlock to dignify its address when a postoffice was established on April 10, 1896. Gene Garlock, the biggest man in town, owned the cyanide plant and the stamp mill, the communities only industries.

The water from Cow Wells was of poor quality so a domestic supply had to be hauled from Goler. With a monopoly on this lucrative business, Dan Williams created the most torrid vocabulary in the Mojave Desert when he urged on his mule team which carried the water. After arriving at Garlock, he peddled his load at \$1.00 per 50-gallon barrel. Most housewives made this last the family a week.

Soon the community formed a group to provide a more ample supply. The Garlock Water Company dug another well and built a low tower surmounted by a holding tank. The new operation was put into effect with a force consisting of one man and one sleepy old mule. The pump over the well was worked by a contraption that had to be rotated in a 20-foot circle. Filling the tank was sim-

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*Last of Garlock*

ple. The mule walked around the perimeter pulling the shaft while the man poked the mule with a stick to prevent the animal from falling asleep in its tracks. When the man judged there was enough water in the tank to last a while, both workers took a nap.

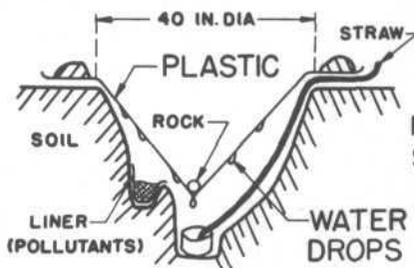
Water thus produced had its uses in the home, but was consumed mostly by housewives and children, the men preferring the liquid dispensed at Cheney's Thirst Emporium. Mr. Cheney always said that his liquor was especially effective against snakebite. You never could be absolutely certain you hadn't been struck during the day.

Also prominent in town was the Doty Hotel. Historian Paul Hubbard says this

structure was a skyscraper for Garlock. "It had two stories and from the upstairs windows you could look farther and see less than from any other point around." Although once painted, the coating soon had disappeared in repeated onslaughts of the desert "sroccos that sand-blasted everything" exposed.

Garlock, the town that owed its birth and prosperity to the grinding of ores from waterless Randsburg, died when the big town on the hill got its own water and consequent mills. The village today is a scattered collection of lonely board shacks with only one fairly solid structure, this pictured here. An interesting relic in the place is an arrastra that was powered by steam rather than the customary burro. □

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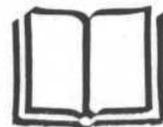
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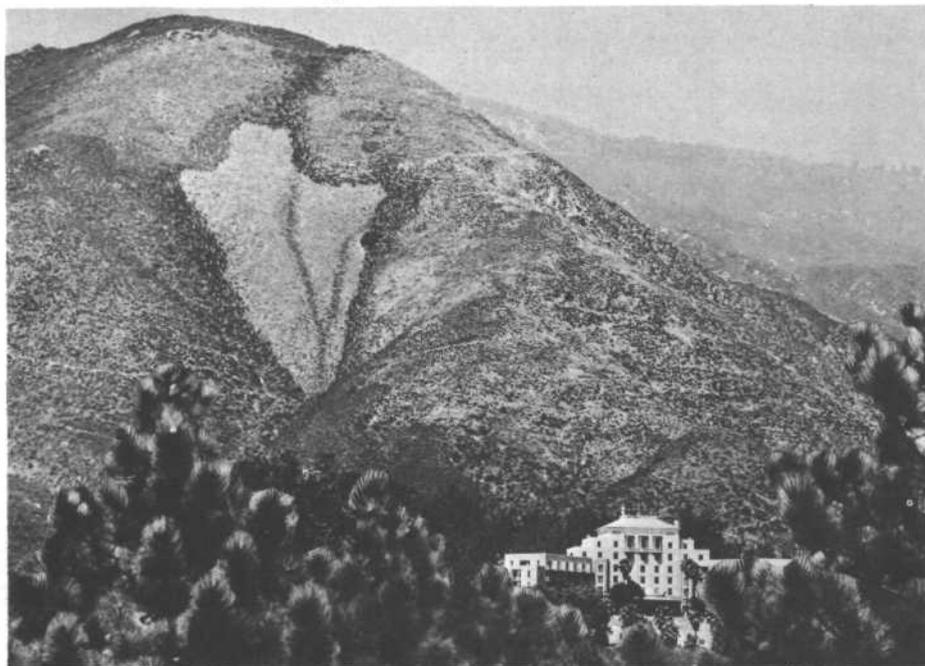
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ACCESSORIES

# The Mystery of the Arrow

by Retta Ewers



HE Indians had a name for it — Arrowhead *agua caliente*. A few miles north of San Bernardino, California, lying against the rugged hillside near the Arrowhead Hotel, are found these ancient springs. The Arrowhead, for which the hotel and springs were named, is some seven acres in extent and is believed to be a natural phenomenon. The freak mark on the mountain reminded the first white men who frequented the springs more of the Ace of Spades than it did an arrowhead, however, and for awhile the area was known by that name.

Legends related to the mark's inception are legion. Some say it was made by Mormons who settled the valley; others say Indians removed earth from the mountain side in the design of their own emblem, the arrowhead. The Mormon version is that their leader, Brigham Young, saw an arrowhead against a mountain in a revelation and sent a flock of his followers to search for it and establish a settlement at its base. This they did in 1851.

The surface of the huge arrowhead has been burned over a number of times, but when bare, the design shows up to even greater advantage, especially during winter months when surrounding areas are covered with snow. Neither fire, flood, wind, nor landslide has effected it, although frantic work by civic organizations recently has been instituted to halt erosion. Wire posts and iron pipes have been installed on the mountain side to reinforce the gravelly rock. This has produced gratifying results.

Except from the north, where it is hidden by the mountain, the big, white arrowhead is visible for miles in all directions and often is used as an establishing landmark for pilots flying through the vast valley. An Indian legend says that the arrowhead points toward the hot springs that lie at its base. Some 56 have been discovered to date, all highly mineralized with temperatures ranging from 160 to 202 degrees. The Spa at the resort hotel includes several natural steam caves, in addition to the mineral and salt baths and has catered to health-seekers for 90 years. Located

on a triangular plateau six miles north of San Bernardino, it is surrounded by an amphitheatre of rugged, pine clad mountains. On either side of the plateau are dark, deep canyons. Through one a crystal clear stream of snow water bounds among clumps of live oak, mountain laurel and springtime wild flowers until it meets the boiling water that flows from the hot springs in the second canyon. Where the two streams meet, steam and vapor fill the air.

Arrowhead Spring water is believed to be most beneficial when taken internally, cleansing the system while it imparts minerals. Today it is bottled and sold under the Arrowhead label. Ownership of the famed hotel and spa was transferred in recent years to the University of Redlands. During summer months guests may avail themselves of the hotel's facilities and programs are inaugurated with special emphasis placed upon the arts. Well-known speakers lecture on a number of subjects. Trailer space is available for those who desire to bring their living accommodations with them and rejuvenate their bodies while they activate their minds! □

# NEW IDEAS by V. LEE OERTLE

New ideas about travel, motor-ing, desert camping and general desert living are welcome. So if you have a new and useful idea—something that hasn't been published before—please send it on to: Desert Product Report, Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, Calif. 92260.

☆ ☆

## VAPOR LOCK

It's always a pleasure to run a reader letter, and here's one from reader K. R. Boughton.

Gentlemen:

We have a 1959 Ford Ranch Wagon—in good shape—which we use in the desert frequently. At 100,000 miles we had the engine overhauled (a complete job). We regained lost power, but now the carburetor "vapor locks" on every trip during the summer months. Neither the Ford garage nor the radiator shop has found the problem. We plan to retire into the desert soon, and want to correct the problem before then. Any suggestions?

K. R. Boughton,  
451-L Anderwood Ct.,  
Pomona, Calif.

Author's explanation: The condition known as vapor lock is the result of gasoline vaporizing **before** it reaches the carburetor—letting the engine starve and die. As soon as things cool down a little, the fuel will reach the carburetor and the engine starts again. The cause is excessive heat around the fuel pump or near the fuel line. When an old engine block is overhauled, the garage quite often boils the block out to remove rust and sludge that has accumulated. It sometimes happens that scale lodges in the water passages inside the block . . . somehow they aren't flushed out. Thus, after the engine has been reassembled, and put back into service, there are hidden deposits of sludge remaining. These allow the block to become much hotter than normal, while the water through the radiator may not show much higher readings than normal. The hotter block super-heats the fuel lines and fuel pump, which then "vapor-locks." This is only one possible cause, but

I'd suspect it first. Try this solution: remove the freeze plugs from block, flush out scaly deposits with water under high pressure. Replace plugs, and fill the system with at least a 50% anti-freeze solution. (It raises the boiling point of coolant fluids.) Wrapping the fuel lines with insulative tape should help, too. Or tape a small section of asbestos over the fuel line, between it and the hot block. If the fuel pump is bolted directly to the block, you can't very well insulate it. You can, however, bypass the fuel pump and install an electric fuel pump on the firewall which should end the problem.

Note: if other DESERT readers have encountered this chronic problem, they may contact Mr. Boughton directly.

## BACK-UP MIRROR

Here's a practical new idea: a clamp-on mirror that attaches to the jack-post of a travel trailer (or horse trailer or boat trailer). The driver looks back through the rear window and gets a **direct view** of the hitch-ball down below. Purpose: to make it easier for the driver to hitch-up by himself, unaided. He can see if the coupler and the hitch-ball are lined up without getting out of the front seat. The trailer hook-up mirror is \$9.90 complete, from Velvac, Inc., Recreational Division, 7357 Route 43, Twin Lakes, Kent, Ohio 44240.

## CONVERT TO BUTANE

Now they've done it—developed a small attachment for Coleman gasoline stoves that converts them to butane operation in just a minute, without special tools. You can buy this handy little butane converter attachment for \$7.50 from camping and sporting goods stores. Why convert to butane? For one thing, the LP-gases (butane and propane) require no pumping. Just turn on the valve and get instant pressurization with continuous gas flow. If you've ever tried to pump up a gasoline cylinder on a morning when temperatures hovered at 17 degrees—you know why! Cold fingers bruise easily.

## WIND-UP SHAVER?

I thought it was a joke when I first heard about an ingenious little spring-loaded shaver. Called the Riviera, this imported shaver has a three-bladed head that produces 72,000 cutting strokes a minute. The most amazing part is that it's designed to shave normally right up until the spring tension relaxes. The surgical-steel blades are self-sharpening, which is an excellent combination for these rugged trips. Ordinary shaver batteries can run down when no source of recharging is handy. Great for boat owners, too, or back packers, explorers or prospectors. (They can shave the burro's ears so he can listen more carefully!) Seriously, the Riviera looks like a high-quality piece of merchandise, and certainly it's a practical and unusual gift idea. Priced at \$19.50, which includes \$1 for mailing cost to your home. From: Haverhills, 526 Washington, San Francisco, Calif.

## SMOKE FLARES

It's the best "emergency" idea I've seen in years. How do you attract the attention of an airplane at 5000 feet elevation—from ground level in the center of a rocky canyon? You can do it easily with colored smoke flares. MINI SMOKE SIGNALS were designed for just this purpose. They're small enough to carry in your pocket. Just pull it apart and it automatically ignites, belching clouds of colored smoke. It even continues to emit smoke on or under water. The manufacturer claims that MINI SMOKE SIGNALS will operate for 30 seconds, that they won't ignite accidentally, and that they're safe and reliable. Personally, I think no desert traveler should be without them if he ever heads into wilderness country. If you were stranded just once a cluster of smoke flares would sure seem a bargain! One dollar each, from Gene Goble & Associates, 14540 Haynes Street, Van Nuys, Calif. 91401.



# BACK COUNTRY

## FOUR WHEEL CHATTER

by Bill Bryan

We had the opportunity to join about 200 other people to view the unedited color film of the NORRA 1000 Rally held recently in Baja California. The film showed not only the rugged trip but also the enthusiastic reception and cooperation of the people of Baja, both government officials and residents. The race will be held again this year. For details write to the National Off Road Racing Association, 19730 Ventura Blvd., Suite 6, Woodland Hills, California 91364.

In January, while en route to Burbank to attend the Southern Area Meeting of the California Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs, Inc., I stopped by the Con-Ferr Four Wheel Drive Center where owner Pete Condos and NORRA representative Ed Pearlman informed me NORRA will sponsor a Las Vegas 7-11 race June 11, 12 and 13. Although plans are in preliminary stage there will be six or seven classes with a \$250.00 entry fee and \$25,000 guaranteed purse. The race course will be 355½ miles, starting from and returning to Las Vegas.

At the CA4WD meeting officers re-elected are Dick Meyers, vice-president of Southern Area, Jaye Zavits, secretary, and Bob Parker, membership chairman. A lengthy discussion was held on ways to educate the non-affiliated 4WD and dune buggy owners on cleaning up and hauling their trash home, and not burying it since animals will dig up the refuse; of not throwing cans out of vehicles and not destroying old buildings and plank roads.

We feel most people who use the back country and sand dunes are good honest people and if they were told why they should not start trash dumps they would understand and want to protect their rights to use the back country. If these people cannot be made to understand this then we are all in trouble. The association will attempt to have signs erected in the area of the old plank road through the Imperial Sand Hills, as more than a dozen people were observed taking wood from this road over New Years and

*Continued on page 41*



One of the West's most popular back country events is the annual Phoenix Jeep Club's Four Wheel Drive Jamboree which will be held this year April 7 through 14 near Wittman, Arizona. This will be the ninth year with approximately 1500 people from throughout the nation expected with 400 4WD registered vehicles. One of its family attractions is that in addition to the regular competition three days are spent visiting ghost towns, Indian ruins and rock collecting. Restricted to 4WD vehicles only. Write to Phoenix Jeep Club, Inc., P. O. Box 168, Phoenix, Ariz. 85001 for information.

## Results of Imperial Valley Dune Buggy Competition

### FOUR WHEEL DRIVE HILL CLIMBS

STOCK—(A) Glenn Whitt, Vista; (B) Tom Gardner, Phoenix; (C) Clarence Shook, Long Beach; (D) and (E) Harry Wilson; (G) Larry Madearis; Bakersfield; (H) Jim Priest, San Jacinto.

TRAIL & STREET—(A) & (B) Craig Kimble; Bakersfield; (C) Jim Wright, Hemet; (D) Bob Lewis, Vista; (E) John Ruffoni, Santa Maria; (G) Norman Miller, Pomona.

MODIFIEDS—(A) Larry Minor, Hemet; (B) Jim Loomis, Hemet; (C) C. Y. Nye, La Crescenta; (D) Ken Rogers, Oceanside; (E) Bob Null, Los Angeles.

### FOUR WHEEL DRIVE SAND DRAGS

STOCK—(A) Steve Skidmore, Palm Springs; (B) Tom Gardner, Phoenix; (C) Glen Canada, Carlsbad; (D) Dan Talbot, Mesa; (E) Harry Wilson, Anaheim.

MODIFIED—(A) Jack Kamon, Altadena; (B) Jim Loomis, Hemet; (C) C. Y. Nye, La Crescenta; (D) Ken Rodgers, Oceanside; (E) Ray Haruick, Hemet.

T AND S—(A) Gene Hightower, Blythe; (B) Sid Dotinga, Hemet; (C) Don Simpson, Hemet; (D) Bob Lewis, Vista; (E) Ken Rodgers, Oceanside; (G) Norman Miller, Pomona; (H) Allen Bashaw, Hemet.

### DUNE BUGGY SAND DRAGS

AAA, Francis Prock, Holtville; F-BUG, Allen

Morris, Carlsbad; I-BUG, Lonnie Woods, National City; IF-BUG, Bob Bordelon, El Cajon; J-BUG, Bill Hall, Spring Valley; K-BUG, W. E. Gillespie, Upland; T&D, A BUG, Tom Brown, Fountain Valley; T&D, B BUG, John Deuries, Riverside; T&D, C BUG, Joe Jackson, San Diego; T&D, MXX BUG, Bob Sager, El Centro; T&D, MXX BUG, Denise Cripe.

MODIFIED BUGS—(B) Vernon Roberts, Rialto; (D) Johnny Johnson, Spring Valley; (E) David Cox, Lakewood; (AA) Wayne Minor, Hemet; (GG) Mike Tacoma, Spring Valley; (MX) Jim Casebolt, Spring Valley. SPECIAL BUGS—(GG) Roger Lewis, Santee; (T&D,A) Toby LeBorgne, Hemet.

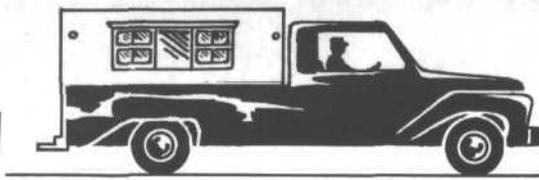
### DUNE BUGGY HILL CLIMBS

AAA—Bill Sterling, El Centro; SPECIAL GG, Ralph Pipkin, El Centro; T&D,B, Larry Leigh, Coos Bay, Oregon; MODIFIED B, Vernon Roberts, Rialto.

REGULAR—(F) Bud Garcia, Guadalupe; (G) Mike Tacoma, Spring Valley; (H) Hugh Rogers, Encinitas; (I) Fred Davies, Imperial Beach; (J) Cliff Vose, Santa Maria; (K) W. E. Gillespie, Upland; (FF) Bob Bordelon, El Cajon; (GG) Jerry Lindo, Spring Valley.

TRAIL AND DUNE—(A) Leonard Pipkin, El Centro; (B) Frank Noriega, El Centro; (C) Joe Barry; (MX) Tommy Schacht, Spring Valley; (MXX) Jack Woods, Phoenix, Ariz.

# TRAVEL



# Calendar of Western Events

## Grass Valley 4-Wheelers Active In Conservation

For four major projects completed during the past year Desert Magazine's Conservation and Preservation Award will be presented to members of the Grass Valley (Calif.) 4-Wheelers. May their activities inspire other organizations to adopt similar beautification projects. More important, we hope it will make thoughtless litter bugs and vandals realize the effects of their criminal acts.

The Grass Valley 4-Wheelers projects took countless man hours and would take pages to describe. Here they are in capsule form:

1. Cleaning up a five mile stretch of a secondary road over a weekend using six 4WD, one pickup and three dump trailers. (Activities Chairman Bill Mills

notes people are already littering the clean area.)

2. At Island Lake during two weekends they collected 70 gunny sacks of litter in addition to using chain saws to clear up old logs. Later they built camp tables and placed them in the area.

3. Members cleared and mapped roads for the U. S. Forest Service in the Tahoe National Forest.

4. Using material supplied by the U. S. Forest Service 85 percent of the members spent 155 man hours clearing the area and rebuilding the Big Tunnel Spring in Tahoe National Forest. Where before there was nothing, now the spring is being used as a fire tanker fill, water for stock and wildlife and, incidentally, people.

### EDITORIAL

## ARE YOU A CAMPER CRIMINAL?

If you park your camper in front of a restaurant after dark to have supper before continuing your journey you can be cited under section 22518 of the California Vehicle Code. If you park your camper in front of a friends home to spend the evening, you can be cited under the same code.

Although CHP Commissioner Harold Sullivan has declared a 120-day moratorium on the discriminatory law it is still on the books and will remain until repealed during the current session of the State legislature.

You can park a truck in front of the restaurant or in front of your friend's home, but not a camper as the law states "no person shall park any trailer, coach, housecar or vehicle equipped with a camper upon any highway during the hours of darkness except in an area designated to permit such parking or when necessary to make repairs."

State Senator Randolph Collier (D-Yreka) who authored the bill states "regulation of irresponsible camper and trailer operators is needed" and adds he wants to prevent camper owners from establishing themselves along highways for days at a time cluttering the area with litter and garbage.

The Senator may have good intentions but he doesn't know what he is talking about. Any person who owns a camper appreciates the outdoors and certainly is not a litterbug. On the contrary I have seen camper owners on hundreds of occasions clean up litter that has been left by passenger car owners. The Senator should check his facts before going off the deep end.

Section 22518 of the California Vehicle Code is not only discriminatory but is a black eye on California and if left on the books will discourage out of state campers and recreational vehicles from coming to California.

Let's repeal this law now. Write or call your state representatives and let them know how you feel. If we do not, after March 8 you might become a camper criminal just because you want to enjoy your rightful freedom.

Jack Pepper  
Publisher  
Desert Magazine

*Information on Western Events must be received at DESERT six weeks prior to scheduled date.*

**NATIONAL DATE FESTIVAL**, Feb. 16 through 25, Indio, Calif. World famous fair with camel and ostrich races, Arabian Nights Pageant and variety of exhibits, including excellent gem show.

**CALIFORNIA MID-WINTER FAIR**, Feb. 23-Mar. 3, Imperial, Calif. Rodeo, car races, horse show, etc.

**SAN DIEGO'S TIERRA DEL SOL 4WD CLUB'S** 6th annual Desert Safari, Feb. 24 & 25, Borrego Desert Badlands. Family cross country event, all four wheelers welcome. For information write Tierra Del Sol 4WD, 5083 Conrad Ave., San Diego, Calif. 92117.

**PHOENIX GEM & MINERAL SHOW**, March 1 through 3, Arizona State Fair Grounds, Phoenix, Ariz. Rockhounds and all persons interested in the outdoors are invited.

**MONROVIA ROCKHOUNDS** 9th annual Gem & Mineral Show, March 9 & 10, Masonic Temple, 204 Foothill, Monrovia, Calif.

**LOS ANGELES LAPIDARY SOCIETY'S** 28th annual St. Patrick's Gemoree, March 16 & 17, Cheviot Hills Playground Center, 2551 Motor Avenue, Los Angeles. Public invited.

**CONVAIR ROCKHOUND CLUB SHOW**, April 6 & 7, Convaire Auditorium, 5001 Kearney Villa Rd., San Diego, Calif. Free parking, admission, door prizes.

**SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY GEM AND MINERAL SHOW**, April 6 & 7, Fairgrounds, Stockton, Calif.

**FOURTH ANNUAL NATIONAL FOUR WHEEL DRIVE GRAND PRIX**, April 7 through 10, Riverside, Calif. Open to 4-wheel drives, dune buggies, motorcycles. For entries write Vic Wilson, P. O. Box 301, Fullerton, Calif. Event held on Santa Ana River bottom at the Van Buren Street crossing. Public invited.

**ANNUAL PHOENIX JEEP CLUB** 4-wheel drive outing, April 7-14. Write Phoenix Jeep Club, P. O. Box 168, Phoenix, Ariz. for details.

**KERN COUNTY MINERAL SOCIETY'S** 10th Annual Gem and Mineral Show, April 20 & 21, Fairgrounds, Bakersfield, Calif. Free admission. Write Hank Clason, 1614 Richard St., Bakersfield.

**BERKELEY GEM & MINERAL SOCIETY SHOW**, April 20 & 21, Contra Costa College, San Pablo, Calif. Write P. O. Box 755, Berkeley, Calif. for details.

**TOURMALINE GEM AND MINERAL SOCIETY SHOW**, May 4 & 5, Helix High School, 7323 University Ave., La Mesa, Calif. No dealers. Write H. S. Peterson, 264 Blanchard Rd., El Cajon, Calif.

**14TH ANNUAL SAREEA AL JAMEL** Four Wheel Drive Club Cruise, May 4 & 5. A family outing and fun event. For details write P. O. Box 526, Indio, Calif. 92201.

**NORRA CROSS COUNTRY** 7-11 RACE, June 11-13, Las Vegas, Nevada. Write NORRA, 19730 Ventura Blvd., Suite 6, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364. See Bill Bryan's column this issue.

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GUIDE TO MEXICO'S gems and minerals: localities, mines, maps, directions, contacts. English-Spanish glossary, too. \$2.00 postpaid. Gemac, Mentone, Calif. 92359.

FREE 128 page catalog on detectors, books and maps. General Electronic Detection Co., 16238 Lakewood Blvd., Bellflower, Calif. 90706.

"ASSAULT ON BAJA," E. Washburn, 3934 Cortland, Lynwood, Calif. \$2.00 tax included, "zest of discovery" writes Belden; "wide-eyed experience" says Powell USC.

"THE OLD BOTTLE EXCHANGE,"—Bottle collectors own monthly publication. Subscribe today, \$4 year, receive free 50 word ad credit. Sample 25c. OBX, Box 243, Bend, Oregon 97701.

POCKET HANDBOOK for Rockhounds, 40 pages, with 20 mounted minerals, four for \$1.00. Excellent 8X magnifier \$1.50. Sturm and Smith, Publishers, Box 4063 University Station, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

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"GEMS & MINERALS," the monthly guide to gems, minerals, and rock hobby fun. \$4.50 year. Sample 25c. Gems & Minerals, Mentone, Calif. 92359.

"OLD MINES and Ghost Camps of California," (statewide for 1899), by Ekman, Parker, Storms, Penniman, Dittmar; 148 pages, \$3.50. "Old Arizona Treasures," by Rascoe, from the old archives, \$3.00. "Old Mines and Ghost Camps of New Mexico," by Jones. reprint of 1904, 214 pages, \$4.00. Postpaid. Frontier Books, Fort Davis, Texas 79734.

BOOK FINDING is our business. Service is our product. No charge for search. Satisfaction guaranteed. D-J Book Search, Box 3352, San Bernardino, Calif. 92404.

COMPLETELY NEW — Excitingly different! "101 Ghost Town Relics"—Beautiful color cover, lists over 140 relics, over 100 relic photos. Article on restoring, utilization of relics. A price guide included. \$3 ppd. Wes Bressie, Rt. 1, Box 582, Eagle Point, Oregon 97524.

DESERT MAGAZINES from 1940 to 1967 complete. Will sell all at 15c each. W. H. Murphy, 2187 Glenrose Ave., Altadena, Calif. 91001.

FRANK FISH—Treasure Hunter—said Gold is where you find it. His book "Buried Treasure & Lost Mines" tells how and where to look, 93 locations, photos and maps. 19x24 colored map pinpointing book locations. Book \$1.50. Map \$1.50. Special: both \$2.50 postpaid. Publisher, Erie Schaefer, 14728 Peyton Drive, Chino, Calif. 91710.

"THE AHWAHNEECHES" — 46 pages, and "Guardians of Yosemite" — 118 pages. Illustrated paperbacks by retired district Park Ranger; \$2.50 each. John Bingaman, 240 Pocahontas St., Palm Springs, Calif. 92262.

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## Chatter

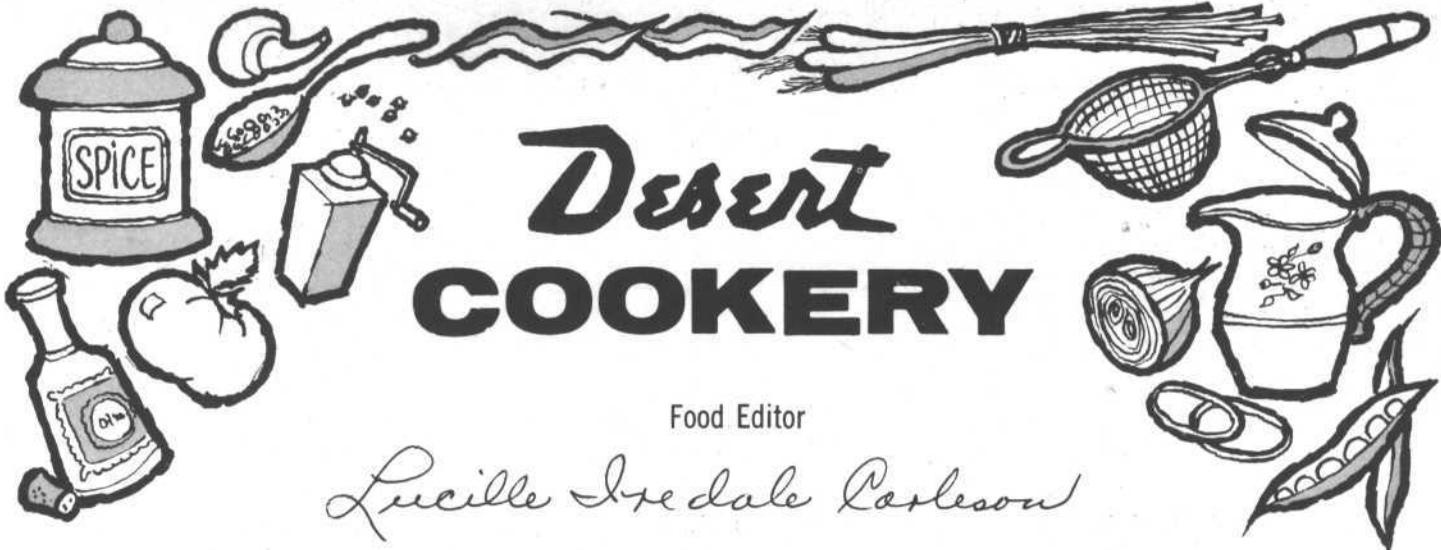
*Continued from page 38*

asked to return it, which they did when the reason was explained to them. At the meeting Jim Whitehead of District 6 Beaches and Parks gave his views on co-operation between their organization and the State Association. Of 40 clubs in the southern area, 26 were represented by delegates at this meeting. We feel this meeting was well run and organized. The host club for this meeting was the S. F. Valley Vagabonds lead by President Bill Whitstone.

How many of you made it to the Imperial Sand Hills over New Years? A few of your friends enjoying the camp fires and good cheer: from the Orange County Four Wheelers were Cap and Helen Randel; Jeepin' Jeepers had a big crowd with Siddell and Clarence Shook, and Bob and Fevie Morrison; the Chuckwallas were represented by Merrit and Ruth Ladberry in their new house on wheels, our old pal A. V. Neely was in the hospital for a back operation. At the Phoenix Jeep Club we chatted with Doc and Joan Ahlene; from Kingman came Harold and Dot Hawthorne, Dave and Lovey Munday, Charlotte and Morris Hodgkins; members of the Sareea Al Jamel Club included Carol and Doug Hunt, Gary and Judy Adams, Ham and Shirley Hamilton, Harold Huffman, Jim Teague, Vern Slankard and sons, Dick and Donna Orson, Ron James, Dick and Joan Dennis, Lee and Toni Edge, Bill and Marie Miller and two potential jeepers, Jim and Chris Tubbs from Corona.

Bill Trimmer of Alhambra, Calif. sent us some dune buggy magazines that really upset us with their editorial content. I asked their permission to reprint some of their statements in this column so I could answer them, but to date no answer.

Miss A. McAusland, of Palm Desert, Calif. says since she can't go out in the hills when the clubs do so please give more details as to where we go. We'll do so next time.



# Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

*Lucille Iredale Carlsson*

## GLAZED WALNUT BARS

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup soft butter or margarine  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups brown sugar, firmly packed  
 3 eggs  
 2 teaspoons vanilla  
 2 cups sifted flour  
 2 teaspoons baking powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
 2 tablespoons granulated sugar  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups chopped walnuts  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped candied cherries  
 Cream butter and sugar. Beat in 2 whole eggs and 1 yolk, reserving white for topping. Add vanilla. Sift flour with salt and baking powder and stir into butter mixture. Fold in cherries and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the walnuts. Spread mixture in 13x9x2 pan lined with plain paper. Combine remaining egg white with the 2 tablespoons sugar, stir in the rest of the walnuts and spoon evenly over batter. Bake at 375 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Cool for 10 minutes, then cut into bars.

## TEA TIME CAKES

$\frac{1}{4}$  lb. butter or margarine  
 1 cup graham cracker crumbs  
 1 cup cocoanut  
 1 cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces or 1 cup butterscotch pieces  
 1 cup chopped pecans  
 1 15 oz. can sweetened condensed milk  
 Melt butter in a 9x9x2 inch pan. Sprinkle in layers graham cracker crumbs, cocoanut, chocolate or butterscotch morsels and nuts. Pour condensed milk over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Cool in pan. Cut into small squares.

## MINCEMEAT MUFFINS

2 cups sifted flour  
 1 tablespoon baking powder  
 1 teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped walnuts  
 1 egg, beaten  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk  
 3 tablespoons melted shortening  
 1 cup ready-to-use mincemeat  
 Grease muffin pans. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt, stir in walnuts. Blend together egg, milk and shortening, add mincemeat. Add liquid all at once to flour mixture, stirring only until flour is moistened. Fill muffin cups two-thirds full. Bake 20 to 25 minutes at 25 degrees. Serve warm. Makes 12 large muffins.

## RAISIN MOLASSES COOKIES

$2\frac{1}{4}$  cups sifted flour  
 1 teaspoon ginger and one of cinnamon  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup molasses  
 1 egg  
 6 tablespoons cold coffee or water  
 2 teaspoons baking soda  
 2 tablespoons hot water  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cups seedless raisins  
 Sift together flour, spices and salt. Blend shortening and sugar. Mix in molasses and egg. Add flour mixture alternately with coffee. Add soda dissolved in the two tablespoons of hot water. Stir in raisins. Drop by teaspoon 2 inches apart on greased baking sheet. Bake in 400 degree oven for 12 to 15 minutes. 2 dozen. Icing: Mix 1 tablespoon hot water to a cup of powdered sugar, and add flavoring.

## ALMOND TEA BREAD

$\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter  
 1 cup sugar  
 1 egg  
 2 cups flour  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon each, baking powder, soda and salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon almond extract  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup slivered, toasted almonds  
 Cream butter and sugar until light, blend in egg. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and soda together. Add the flour alternately with the milk to the butter and sugar mixture. Blend well and stir in almond extract and almonds. Pour into well greased loaf pan (about 5 x 9 inches), Bake at 325 degrees for 60 to 70 minutes, or until straw tester comes out clean. Cool in pan a few minutes, then turn out on rack to finish cooling. This can be served as a tea bread, buttered, or toasted or even served as a cake with dessert.

## STRAWBERRY PIE

1 baked pastry shell  
 1 package strawberry gelatin  
 1 cup boiling water  
 1 cup cold water  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups strawberries  
 1 tablespoon sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  pt. whipping cream  
 Dissolve gelatin in boiling water and add cold water. Chill until very thick. Slice strawberries, keeping a few out for garnish, and spread berries over pie shell. Sprinkle sugar over berries. Pour gelatin over top. Set in refrigerator until well set. Spread whipped cream over top before serving, garnishing with whole strawberries which you have reserved. For a different topping, use 1 cup whipped cream with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sour cream folded into it.

# Letters and Answers

Letters requesting answers must include stamped, self-addressed envelope.

## Conservation Award . . .

On 13 January 1968, I attended the Southern Regional District meeting of the California Association of 4-Wheel Drive Clubs in Burbank and I was pleased to note the award of a conservation and preservation certificate to one of the clubs for conservation activities contributing to the protection and enhancement of outdoor resources. I am taking this opportunity to express to you my appreciation for this effort, which I am sure will be effective and rewarding to you as well as to the people to whom you will make the award in the future.

JAMES WHITEHEAD,

Superintendent  
District 6, California Dept. of  
Parks and Recreation.

*Editors Note: See Back Country Travel section in this issue for Desert's second award.*

## Detection Miracle . . .

Please inform me as to what makes of metal detectors you have on display at your store. Will any one of them locate a 5 gallon tin can of moonshine or home made booze at the depth of five feet?

LEWIS ALLEN,  
Barstow, California.

*Editor's Comment: Although we do not sell them, we have several metal detectors to show visiting readers how they operate. They do not react to moonshine. I would suggest you get in the same condition you were when you buried the loot, get a shovel and start digging.*

## Live Subject . . .

Regarding the letter in your February issue from a lady who claims to be able to hear "stories" told by inanimate objects, she may have a talent, but she has the wrong name for it. She called this "psychometry." That is a term used by psychologists to refer to tests of mental attributes of human beings (I.Q. tests, etc.).

MRS. L. J. ESCH,  
Long Beach, Calif.

## Coin Company . . .

Re James Riley's letter in the January issue, having been raised in DeLamar, Nevada I know the DeLamar Gold Mining Co. issued a great many coins, even going so far as to issue payroll coins, but the Federal government soon stepped in and put a stop to it.

MRS. J. B. HOMES,  
Los Angeles, California.

## Ruby is Still All Alone . . .

Re your December, 1967, article about Ruby, Arizona: I'm not sure about the "armed caretaker," but I do know that the only way around the locked gate is impregnated with various tire-deflating devices. Recently a bunch of beer-drinking idiots dynamited the lake and killed all the fish. Needless to say, the owners are far from open-armed toward visitors.

DANIEL SPENCER,  
Indio, California.

## Rest at an Arrastra . . .

The article in November, 1967, about arrastras was interesting. Your readers may be interested to know that one of the better preserved ones can be seen at Garlock, Calif., off route 395 near Randsburg.

STUART JONES,  
San Diego, California.

## Any Takers? . . .

A friend recently asked me to check out a lost gold mine story printed in your Jan. '68 issue. I am a radiesthetist and specialize in distant-prospection procedures (teleprospection techniques). Reading Mr. Caldwell's article "Missouri's Lost Gold" was very interesting. However, I believe that this alleged rich au (gold) deposit in the Cady Mts. is non-existent. I've secured geol. quadrangle and planimetric maps of that area and have tested the Cady, Cave, and the Bristol Mtn. areas . . . regarding au placer and/or matrix, there was no exceptional reactions whatsoever. Any au deposit on the surface that would assay \$350,000 per ton would be an easy target for a radiesthetist. Ask any competent metaphysician!

There were some au readings that were favorable . . . one deposit is situated about three miles south of Afton (T.11N —R6E—Sec. 31) and is about 15 feet deep. There is a shaft about 1/3 mile NE of it and another prospect (diggings?) about 1/3 mile SW of it. Perhaps this site has been claimed. I conclude that Missouri Williams willingly or unwillingly deceived author Caldwell and others about the gold in the Cady Mtns. It is possible, of course, that the placer gold deposits were removed, hence the resulting negative readings.

Strangely, I detected a gold deposit in an area east of Cady Mtns., north of the town of Ludlow (situated on U.S. Highways 40 & 66). This au mass could be a rich one. It is approx. 20 feet deep (or more) and is within easy access. I do not claim to be infallible. However, I feel that this deposit does exist. If any of your readers would be interested I will reveal the exact location (lat. & long. bearings) on one condition: That the person or persons who will investigate this site, develop and excavate same, will agree to donate 10% of the net proceeds to any charitable organization suggested or recommended by the owners of Desert Magazine. I am currently involved in several projects in the Midwest and do not have the time nor opportunity to consider any prospecting and mining ventures. You have a fine magazine.

ROBERT S. PLEXUS,  
Illinois.

## What's In A Name? . . .

I would like to make a comment in reference to my October '67 article, *Treasure of Owens Valley*. When I was a young man I asked several of the oldtimers about the pronunciation of Mazuka canyon's name and whether it was named for the Polish dance mazurka, for that was the way newcomers to the valley pronounced it. They told me it was an Indian name and pronounced it Mazuka or Mazukie. In this canyon was the trail which connected the Saline Valley Indians with the Paiutes of Independence. It was over this trail that the maurading Indians raided the Independence area. An old Indian also collaborated this statement.

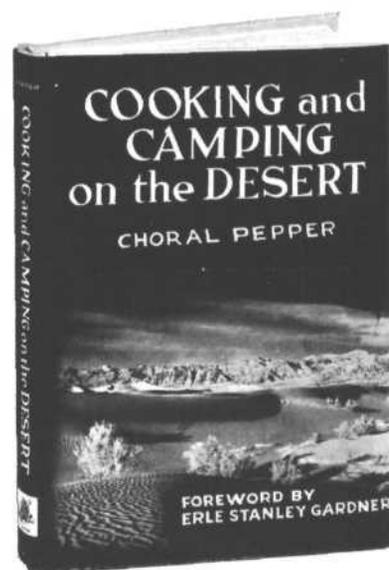
In my article where it mentioned the bul lion and wagon slipping off the boat in Owens Lake, it was written north-east corner of the lake when it should have been the northwest corner.

I wish to thank John Gorman for his comments in the letters and answers page.

JOHN WARDLE DIXON,  
Fresno, California.

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