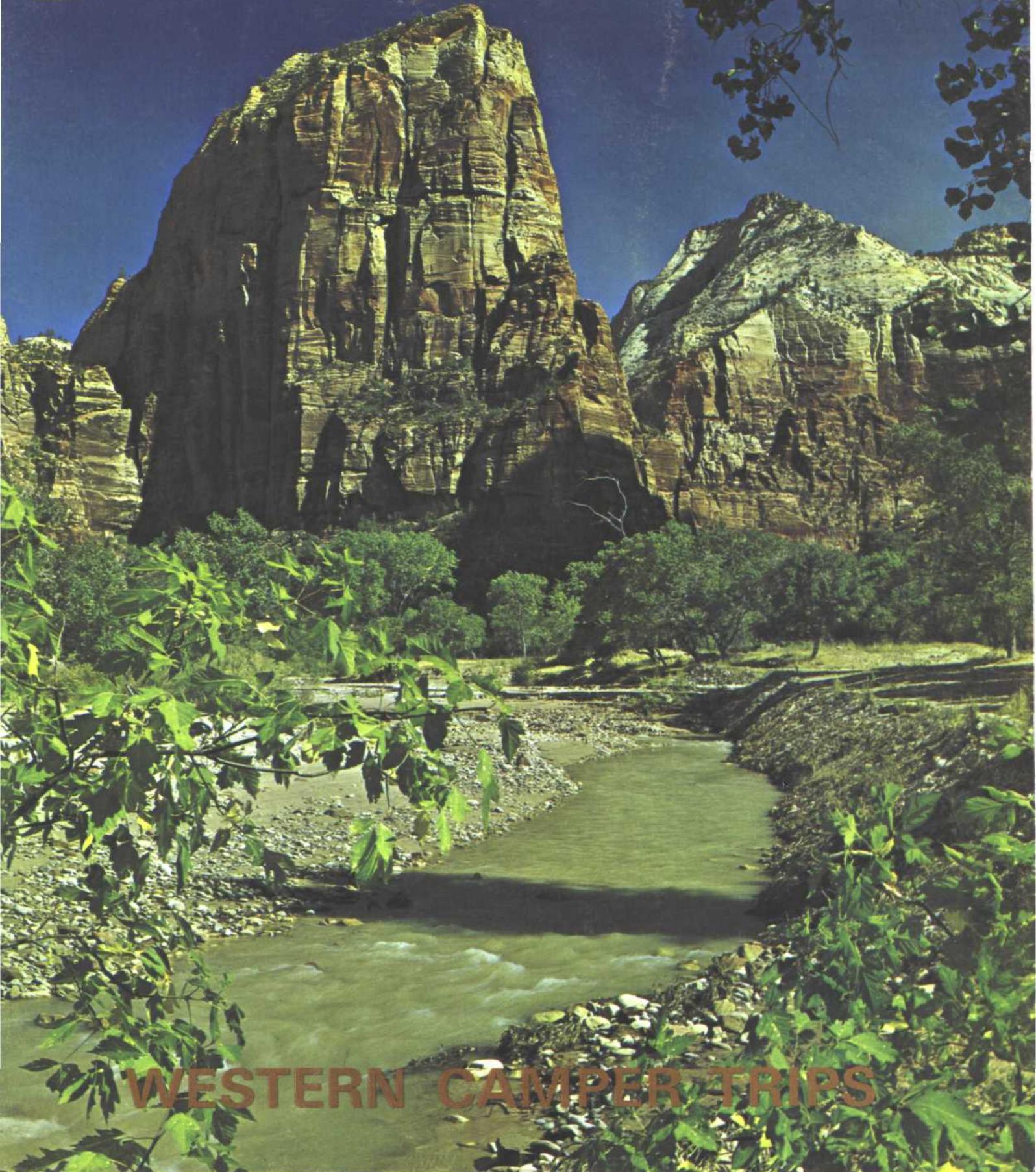


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AUGUST, 1969 50c



WESTERN CAMPER TRIPS

Desert Magazine Book Shop

ANZA-BORREGO DESERT GUIDE by Horace Parker. Third edition of this well-illustrated and documented book is enlarged considerably. Tops among guidebooks, it is equally recommended for research material in an area that was crossed by Anza, Kit Carson, the Mormon Battalion, '49ers, Railroad Survey parties, Pegleg Smith, the Jackass Mail, Butterfield Stage, and today's adventurous tourists. 139 pages, cardboard cover, \$3.50.

EXPLORING CALIFORNIA BYWAYS by Russ Leadabrand. There are two separate books under this title. Volume 1 covers the area from Kings Canyon National Park, near Bishop, to the Mexican Border. Volume 2 covers one or two-day trips around Los Angeles. Both books contain maps for each trip with photographs, historical information, recreational facilities, campsites, hiking trails, etc. Excellent travel guides. Both volumes are slick paperback, 180 pages, \$1.95 each. WHEN ORDERING BE CERTAIN TO STATE WHICH VOLUME NUMBER.

THE WEEKEND TREASURE HUNTER by A. H. Ryan. A companion book to his *Weekend Gold Miner*, this volume is also concise and packed with information on what to look for and what to do with your treasure after you have found it. Subjects range from Beach Combing to Sunk-en Treasures. Paperback, 76 pages, \$1.95.

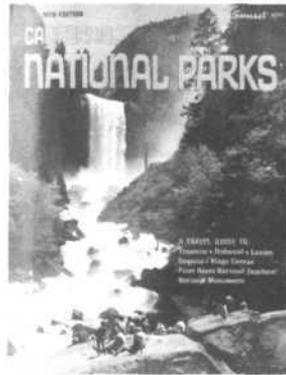
BEACHES OF BAJA by Walt Wheelock. The author has personally explored the beautiful beaches of Baja, which, unlike those of Upper California, are uncluttered and uncrowded. He tells how to reach the beaches and what type of transportation is needed. A companion book to Gerhard and Gulick's *Lower California Guide Book*. Paperback, illustrated, 72 pages, \$1.95.

DEATH VALLEY JEEP TRAILS by Roger Mitchell. Although a system of paved roads covers Death Valley National Monument, there is even a larger network of back country roads leading to old mining camps, stamp mills and other little-known areas of interest. The author has provided a guide to these places for explorers with back country vehicles. Paperback, illustrated, 36 pages, \$1.00.

JEEP TRAILS TO COLORADO GHOST TOWNS by Robert L. Brown. An illustrated, detailed, informal history of life in the mining camps deep in Colorado Rockies. Fifty-eight towns are included the almost inaccessible mountain fastness of the as examples of the vigorous struggle for existence in the mining camps of the West. 239 pages, illustrated, end sheet map. Hardcover, \$5.50.

A GUIDE FOR INSULATOR COLLECTORS by John C. Tibbitts. Long time collector and author of several bottle books, the author has written two volumes on insulators, covering 90 percent of the field. Insulators in Vol. 1 (127 pages) are different than those in Vol. 2 (119 pages). Paperbacks, well illustrated. \$3.00 each, ORDER BY VOLUME NUMBER.

MEXICAN COOK BOOK by the Editors of *Sunset Books*. Mexican recipes for American cooks, thoroughly tested and suited for products available in the United States. Includes comprehensive shopping guide, all cooking techniques and recipes from soups to desserts and drinks. Large slick paper format, well illustrated, 96 pages, \$1.95.



CALIFORNIA NATIONAL PARKS

BY THE EDITORS OF SUNSET BOOKS

Like other *Sunset Books*, this newly revised edition is beautifully illustrated and gives complete information, including history, description, campsites, availability of space, recreational facilities, etc., of the state and national parks in California. Ideal for vacationers. Large format, slick paperback, 80 pages.

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METAL DETECTOR HANDBOOK by Art Lassagne, 2nd edition. Includes history, operating techniques, interpretation of signals, and Directory of Manufacturers. One of the most complete handbooks of its kind. Paperback, 65 pages. \$3.00.

ROUGH RIDING by Dick Cepek and Walt Wheelock. Two veteran travelers have compiled an excellent book on how to drive and survive in the back country. Although based on driving through Baja California, the information is applicable to all areas of the West. Strongly recommended for both amateurs and veterans. Paperback, 36 pages, \$1.00.

REDWOOD COUNTRY by the Editors of *Sunset Books*. A comprehensive travel guide and history of the giant Redwood trees of Northern California, plus a complete description and guide to the newly published Redwood National Park. Accurate maps and more than 100 photographs. Large format slick paperback, 96 pages, \$1.95.

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WILD FLOWERS OF THE PACIFIC COAST by Leslie L. Haskin. A completely revised and enlarged edition, this guide gives a broad scientific basis for a definitive identification of wild flowers. With descriptions are more than 100 full-color photographs, plus black and white, describing 332 flowers and shrubs. Hardcover, 450 pages, \$5.95.

WESTERN CAMPSITE DIRECTORY by the Editors of *Sunset Books*. Just published, this book lists more than 5000 private and public campgrounds in the 11 western states and British Columbia and Western Alberta, including hundreds of new campsites to care for the ever increasing amount of people taking to the open road. Just right for planning a vacation. Large format, slick paperback, illustrated, 128 pages, \$1.95.

THE WEEKEND GOLD MINER by A. H. Ryan. An electronic physicist "bitten by the gold bug," the author has written a concise and informative book for amateur prospectors telling where and how gold is found and how it is separated and tested, all based on his own practical experience. Paperback, 40 pages, \$1.50.

HAPPY WANDERER TRIPS by Slim Barnard. Television travel personalities Henrietta and Slim Barnard have produced two separate volumes on the hundreds of trips shown on their popular television series. Volume 1 has 52 trips in Southern California, and Volume 2 lists 41 trips in Arizona, Nevada and Mexico. All of the trips are illustrated with excellent maps and give prices of lodging, etc. Highly recommended for family weekend excursions. Both are large slick paperback with 4-color cover. Price is \$2.95 each. WHEN ORDERING BE SURE AND STATE WHICH VOLUME NUMBER.

ROCK DRAWINGS OF THE COSO RANGE by Campbell Grant, James Baird and Kenneth Pringle. Authors use the petroglyphs found in California's Inyo County to piece together the habits and activities of prehistoric people. Although using the Coso Range carvings and paintings, the hieroglyphics are similar to those found throughout the Americas. Soft cover, slick paper, more than 100 photos, maps and drawings. 145 pages, \$3.95.

CAMPING AND CLIMBING IN BAJA by John W. Robinson. Contains excellent maps and photos. A guidebook to the Sierra San Pedro Martir and the Sierra Juarez of upper Baja Calif. Much of this land is unexplored and unmapped still. Car routes to famous ranches and camping spots in palm-studded canyons with trout streams tempt weekend tourists who aren't up to hiking. Paperback, 96 pages, \$2.95.

A GUIDEBOOK TO THE SOUTHERN SIERRA NEVADA by Russ Leadabrand. Illustrated with good photographs and maps, this volume covers the Sierra region south of the Sequoia National Park, including most of the Sequoia National Forest. Paperback, \$1.95.

EARTHQUAKE COUNTRY by Robert Jacopi. Published by *Sunset Books*, this well illustrated book separates fact from fiction and shows where faults are located, what to do in the event of an earthquake, past history and what to expect in the future. Highly recommended for all Californians. Large format, slick paperback, 160 pages, \$2.95.

WILLIAM KNYVETT, PUBLISHER

JACK PEPPER, EDITOR

JACK DELANEY, *Staff Writer*

BILL BRYAN, *Back Country Editor*

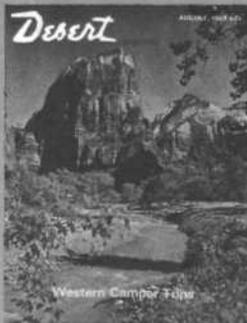
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THE COVER:

Sheer walls of Angel's Landing tower 1500 feet above the Virgin River — one of the many points of interest in Utah's Zion National Park. Photograph by David Muench, Santa Barbara, California.

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Book Reviews

by Jack Pepper

BOTTLES AND RELICS

By Marvin and Helen Davis

This is the fifth book by Marvin and Helen Davis, veteran bottle collectors and treasure hunters. Among the many outstanding features of their newest book is more than 30 pages of color illustrations of bottles. Instead of photographing the bottles against a plain background they used imagination and set the items in natural settings.

In addition to the color photographs there are dozens of pages of black and white photographs showing more than 500 bottles with descriptions and current prices.

The book also includes a special section on the collection and display of relics such as guns, horns, cooking utensils and other items found in the West which are considered collector's items.

Another interesting part of the book is on treasure hunting and the use of metal detectors. Slick paperback, 155 pages, four-color cover, \$4.50.

BOOK OF CACTI

By Harry C. Lawson

Written for the amateur, this book tells how to plant, care for and identify cactus found in the West. Whether you plan to plant just one cacti in a pot, or start a cactus garden, it will assure you of successful planting.

Using his own cactus collection, the author has included 409 photographs and descriptions of the plants. As the author states: "The person who starts a cactus garden will never cease to marvel how a dusty looking little blob of green, all bristles and defiance, can produce such unique and breath-takingly lovely blooms." Paperback, illustrated, 36 pages, \$2.00.

GHOST TOWNS OF NEW MEXICO

By Michael Jenkinson with Karl Kernberger

The history of New Mexico is reminiscent of the ancient sagas. The conquistadors, the gunmen, the miners and freighters, the merchants and the politicians—all these moved west and carved a home, a territory, and, finally, a state out of mountains and plains that were hostile and harsh.

These pioneers were men of honor as well as low, mean creatures, and a length of rope and a cottonwood limb often promptly solved what the quick flash of a barroom gun left unfinished.

Ghost Towns is not just a tourists' guide to exotic places. The book spans the history of New Mexico from the past to the present. Tales of Russian Bill and Billy the Kid are set off against the first atomic explosion; the unsolved murder of Colonel Albert Fountain and his son is recounted; and, coming to the present, the reader visits a deserted town in which a lone astronomer studies the sky for his own pleasure.

The book is exceptionally well written and Karl Kernberger's photographs could be hung in any gallery. Hardcover, high quality paper, large format, 153 pages. Makes an excellent gift. \$7.50.

TREASURE HUNTER'S GUIDE TO THE LAW

By Clair Martin Christensen

Whether you are an avid treasure hunter with a metal detector and other equipment or merely a casual explorer you may someday find a valuable "treasure trove." Would you be able to keep it? Are you in violation of Federal laws when you pick up an Indian arrowhead? What is lost property?

The Treasure Hunter's Guide to the Law answers these questions and dozens of others which vitally affect finders of valuables. The author also provides his interpretation of the controversial Federal Antiquities Act of 1906.

Among the many other subjects covered are Mining Claims, Income Tax Aspects, Gold Regulations, Trespass and Salvage, and Marking and Recording of Claims.

This concise and factual book should be carried by anyone who is exploring the West and who might someday be lucky enough to find a treasure trove—whether it be an Indian arrowhead or gold bullion. Paperback, 46 pages, \$2.75.

NEW MEXICO PLACE NAMES

Edited by T. M. Pearce

Published by the University of New Mexico, this book lists all of the places, towns, former sites, mountains, hills, mesas, rivers, lakes, arroyos etc. in New Mexico including those settled by the early Spaniards.

In addition to listing the places and locations it provides a concise history of the subjects. Persons traveling through or in New Mexico will find their trip is much more interesting if they know the history of the places they visit.

It is also a valuable guide for back country explorers, including treasure hunters, bottle collectors and those interested in seeing Indian settlements and artifacts.

Paperback, 187 pages with more than 5000 individual names, \$2.45.

NOTICE

Unless otherwise stated in the review, all books reviewed in **DESERT Magazine** are available through the **Desert Magazine Book Shop**. Please add **50 cents per order (not per book)** for handling and postage. **California residents must also add 5 percent sales tax for the total amount of books.**

A Peek in the Publisher's Poke

DURING THE course of a business day a volume of mail crosses my desk with requests, regrets and kudos from our family of readers. The degree of variety of these letters staggers the imagination. From the East coast will be a missive from an avid herpetologist inquiring where and when is the best time to organize a snake-gathering expedition. From a reader in the Midwest is a query as to the authenticity of a tribe of albino Indians that apparently inhabited an

area near San Bernardino. A subscriber from Northern California wrote in to say that somehow she had received *four* copies of DESERT Magazine and didn't know what to do. I had to admit on that one it was a clear-cut case of too much of a good thing. I will not attempt to infer that all the mail is congratulatory, either. Some border on being nasty. The policy of this magazine is to introduce people to the desert areas of the southwest and at the same time add historical facts to make a pleasing combination for all to enjoy. The tranquility of the desert has to be discovered first hand. Its calming influence is known to all of its lovers and the following letter is testimony enough for me that the policy is a good one.

Dear Desert Magazine:

I want you to know how very much I appreciate your magazine. It has actually restored my mother's good health. Your interesting articles have so fascinated her that she bought a dune buggy. She has spent days roaming and exploring. To her the desert is an intriguing and exciting place, a friendly enchanted place, full of golden sunshine.

The physical exercise and mental outlook was a therapy no doctor had ever recommended. She got so she could walk long distances in the soft sand; scramble up and down hills and even carry loads of rock.

An arthritic victim for years, she was partially resigned to her wheel-chair at the age of sixty years. Before the arthritis she had been a very active person who enjoyed walking and was an enthusiastic mountain climber.

Your magazine started her to thinking, wanting to be able to "go" again. Pictures and stories of old-timers gave her hope. If they did it, so could she. So she tried and won out!

The golden sunshine; the clean, clear air; walking in the soft sand, strengthened and straightened her bad leg. It also brought her a whole new interest in life. She is now due for surgery, but you can bet that after that she will be back out there following the Desert Magazine trails!

Thank you,
L. L. R.

Thank you, L. L. R. and it would be a banner day for me to meet your mother on one of our "golden sunshine" trails.

William Kuyfth

Publisher's Note: Due to a mechanical breakdown of the new wrapping machine last month's issue was *not wrapped* as specified. I was heartened by the amazingly few books that were reported damaged. All damaged copies have been replaced and my apologies for any inconvenience.

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BODIE'S GREAT BONANZA LEDGE

by Marian Harvey



HIGH ON THE eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada ridge in California lies the town of Bodie where chilling blasts drop the temperature to 20 degrees below zero during the winter which usually lasts nine months of the year.

The miners in those days were a robust lot, braving the chilling blasts of winter and the scorching sun of summer to follow the constant rumors of new "excitements" of the gold and silver country.

The first "excitement" in Bodie was played out early, or so the miners thought. But beneath their shallow mining, lay one of the history's most fabulous veins of gold ore. It would not be discovered for 14 more years, and then it would be discovered by accident.

The exodus from Bodie had begun. Some later worked their way over the top again looking still for new bonanzas, living the life of the one-blanket prospector or renting a bed used by one or two others in a regularly-scheduled 24-hour period. They slept in hastily built boarding

houses with one layer of wood and one sheet of wall paper between them and the gnashing winds that swept the mountaintops and the high plateaus.

During these years between 1860 and 1874, intermittent, hopeful mining continued on the 9000-foot Bodie bluffs.

California's Governor Leland Stanford, one of the "Big Four" of transcontinental railroad fame, came one day to look over the Bodie Bluff Consolidated Mining Company. He had just become its president. Since the consolidation had called for capital, the Governor was going to supply it to the tune of \$1,000,000. But his bombastic "expert" was so sure gold could not be found more than 200 feet below the ground, he pronounced, "If any gold were found deeper, they could hang him in the shaft."

The Governor and his party were standing at that moment within 10 feet of millions and millions in gold. Governor Stanford left in disdain. "I wouldn't give \$500 for the whole district," he said. Whereupon the

Governor left, presumably never to return.

The Bodie Bluff Consolidated Mining Company fell into the hands of four men. Out of the four, one became a state legislator, one died in a mining accident, and the remaining two later let the mine go by default to pay their \$950 food bill at O'Hara's boarding house. Food was not cheap during the gold rush days. A loaf of bread could be \$4 to \$6 and one egg, \$1.50. A pound of butter was \$14. The high cost of food certainly must have been passed on to the luckless boarders. Meat was scarce, so were fruit and vegetables. No one had much time to hunt or to grow food. They were too busy mining. All that was to come later.

When the two remaining owners, Essington and Lockberg, drifted on to other "excitements" thoroughly disgusted with their Consolidated Mine, O'Hara reluctantly took it over to pay their debt. Vainly, O'Hara offered to sell the mine. All he wanted was \$950 for it, but there were no takers.



In 1874, Essington and Lockberg returned to Bodie. They had found nothing more promising than the mine they had left behind, so they decided they might as well return to it. Making a deal with the relieved O'Hara, they worked out their \$950 debt and thereby rebought their mine.

Timber was scarce in those days. Bodie is above the timberline. Lumber was rolled down one side of the mountain and hauled up the other by mule and by pulley. The pulleys often broke under the strain, sending the timber crashing down the mountainside again. It often took as long as 16 hours to raise the lumber up one slope. Some lumber was hauled from the Mono Mill, across the brackish, lifeless Mono Lake on barges. From the northeastern corner of the lake, the timber was loaded onto waiting mule teams and taken the arduous sixteen miles into Bodie. Wood was not only scarce, it was expensive.

Because of this condition, not enough timber was used to buttress the diggings and the Bodie Bluff Consolidated Mining Company was supported no differently.

Essington and Lockberg had begun digging again. One day while they were down at the boarding house—presumably working off their debt—a great rumble set in. It could be heard throughout the bluffs. Some thought it was an earthquake. Each involved, thought it was his mine. Essington and Lockberg ran to theirs, as all the others did, in despair, afraid to look, knowing something devastating had happened. It had.

There in front of their eyes, was the Great Bonanza Ledge—a fortune in gold. The shattering collapse of of their shaft had unearthed this great deposit of gold.

It was said the gold was so pure, each pound was worth thousands of dollars. Though it is also said most of the gold in the Bodie Mining Dis-

Continued on Page 36



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CANADIAN PATENT NO. 637-547



MUCHO FUN ALONG THE BORDER OF

Tijuana has many smart shops with goods imported from throughout the world. Tourists should explore the side streets as well as the main Avenida Revolution. The Benito Juárez Monument (above) is typical of the many monuments along the highway.





Mexico today has many fine accommodations. This is the Motel Lucerna in Mexicali.

BAJA

by Jack Delaney



A TOURIST IN one of the Mexican border towns was happy because he had just purchased Pancho Villa's skull for only 100 pesos. Later, while browsing through other curio shops in search of bargains, he saw a smaller skull on display with a placard reading: "Pancho Villa's skull—only 100 pesos!" He approached the shopkeeper and informed him that there must be a mistake because he had just purchased the authentic item in another shop. The shopkeeper replied: "Oh, that's all right, señor, this is the skull of Pancho Villa when he was a boy!"

If this infers you are likely to be cheated in the Mexican border towns, the answer is that anyone who tries hard enough can be "taken" anywhere on earth—even in the United States! In recent years, town officials along the Baja California border have done a wonderful job of upgrading their communities in order to attract tourists. You can now visit Tijuana, Tecate, Mexicali, and numerous small settlements between these principal cities, with confidence you will be welcomed by our Latin friends and not be considered as "pigeons" for nefarious schemes.

In order to prove to ourselves that this is true we took the above-mentioned trip and had a safe, interesting, and thoroughly enjoyable experience. Mrs. Delaney and I had visited Tijuana, Tecate, and Mexicali before, but we had

never driven Mexican Highway 2 between these cities. Our trip lasted three days, with overnight stays in each major community, to enable us to snoop around behind the tourist curtain and absorb the thinking and attitudes of the local people.

After obtaining Mexican automobile insurance on the U.S. side of the border (a three-day policy cost us slightly over \$5.00) we entered Tijuana through the grand international gate around noon on Thursday. A right turn onto 2nd Street for about four blocks brought us to the main street, called *Avenida Revolucion*. The first half-dozen blocks of this thoroughfare are jumping "go-go" places, complete with sidewalk barkers who assure the passersby that they'll miss something if they pass by!

However, even along "go-go row" all is not sex. At 4th Street we visited the sidewalk Tourist Information Bureau and found the personnel to be courteous and helpful. Also, a variety of tourist attractions are available in this section. Several arcades display native handcrafts and imported items. One of the best is the Foreign Club Arcade, located near the Tourist Bureau booth. In this area visitors have an opportunity to be photographed astride, or beside, a striped burro! This animal is native only to Tijuana—no other place in the world has striped burros, according to local authorities.

Between 7th and 8th Streets is one of

the most interesting exhibits south of the border. This is the Inco Glass Factory. Here, while resting in comfortable seats on a visitor's grandstand, we watched master craftsmen form objects of glass. This is not a small glass blowing operation. There are a half-dozen large blast furnaces, using diesel fuel, which attain a temperature of 2500 degrees. Helpers draw globs of molten glass from the furnaces and pass them on to the craftsmen who form the finished product by cutting and shaping it like dough, with hand tools.

Tijuana has grown from a population of 500 in 1911 to its present size of close to 250,000 residents. It is the most visited city in the world—more than 12 million people cross the border each year! Most come for the city's spectacular attractions—horse racing, dog racing, bull fights, and Jai Alai games. The Caliente Race Track is famous, with its luxurious appointments, restaurant, cocktail lounge, and penthouse (Top O' The Grand). A special feature is the evening conversion from a horse track to a dog track for greyhound racing!

Two bullrings accommodate the man versus beast sports fans—the centrally located Torea de Tijuana, and the Plaza Monumental which is about five miles out of town near the Pacific Ocean. This is the second largest ring in the world—the only larger one is Plaza Monumental in Mexico City. Jai Alai is reported to be the fastest moving sport spectacle. It is presented in the colorful Fronton Palace—with pari-mutuel betting. Jai Alai has been played for years in Spain, Mexi-

co, and other countries. It is a version of the Basque sport called "pelota."

We stayed at the Motel Leon on 7th Street, near Avenida Revolucion, because of its central location and its typical Mexican design. A ground floor court used for parking guests' automobiles is surrounded by the motel units on the 2nd and 3rd floors, with balconies around the court. It was fun watching maids drop bed linens, etc., over the railings to the parking area below. When one emptied a jug of water over the railing and barely missed a man walking below, we realized how carefree life is here. The room was comfortable, the setting interesting, and the cost was only \$8.00 per night.

We enjoyed a delicious dinner at the motel's excellent eating place, the Coronet Restaurant. This establishment features many tempting dishes, including abalone steak, Guaymas shrimp, lobster, wild game (in season), and flaming desserts, at reasonable prices. Native specialties are also offered.

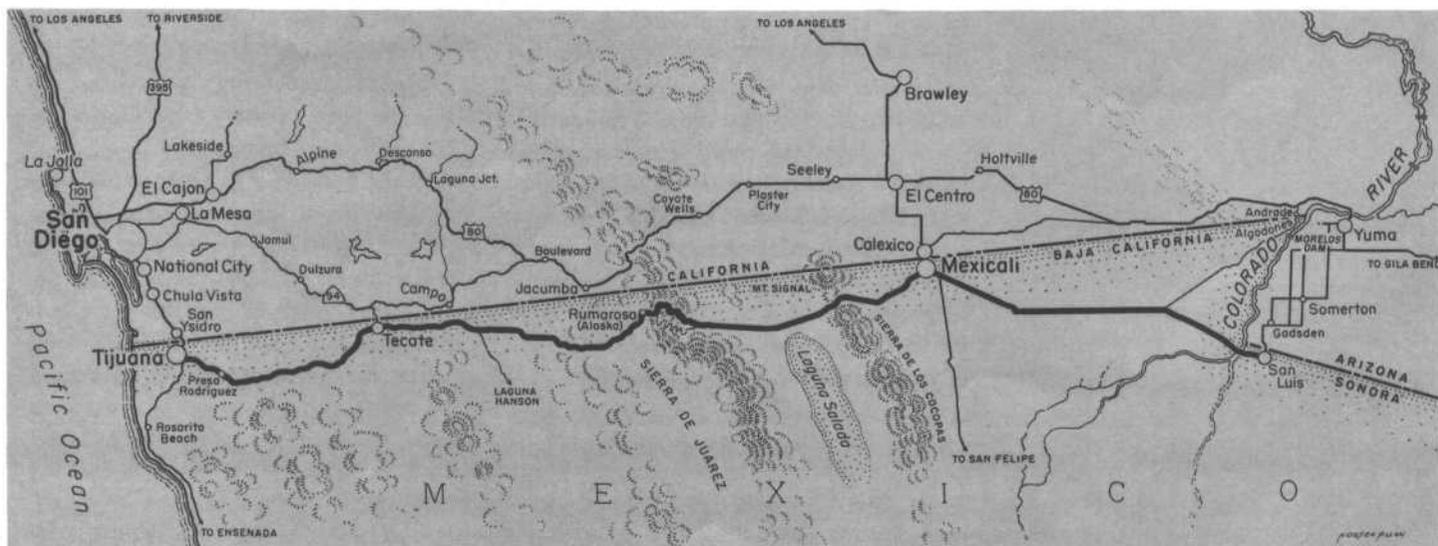
Another enjoyable dining experience occurred at the Hosteria Pollos del Castillo, the new establishment of Senor Ricardo Castillo. The building, which appears to be a castle, is the most artistic and impressive restaurant structure in the state of Baja California! It is located at number 130 Boulevard Agua Caliente, which is a continuation of Avenida Revolucion. This showplace is Senor Castillo's contribution to the new, greater Tijuana. The menu includes many tempting dishes: chiles rellenos, tacos, tamales, enchiladas, etc. We settled for a combina-

tion plate and enjoyed all of them. The price for this delicious spread was \$1.50 each.

On the way to Tecate the next morning we stopped at Rodriguez Dam, which was constructed in the early '30s. It was dedicated to General Abelardo Rodriguez, who was the governor of Baja California at the time. A few miles before Tecate we passed Rancho La Puerta, a well-known health resort that draws many clients from the United States. It has accommodations for 400 guests and offers a reducing program featuring exercise and a strict diet routine. Don't stop here for a juicy steak—you would probably be served a meat substitute covered with a delicious gravy substitute!

We found Tecate to be a quiet, pleasant, family town with an absence of night clubs, race tracks, etc. Although it is on the United States border, it has managed to retain its Mexican flavor. Downtown Tecate has several motels and restaurants, and a number of curio and souvenir shops. A feature here is the sparkling spring water that is safe to drink directly from the bathroom tap. Also, this is the home of an excellent beer that bears the town's name.

Our choice among the local motels was the El Dorado which is modern, has a swimming pool, and an adjacent restaurant (the Venecia Dorado). The rate for our twin-bed room was \$10.00. We dined at the Venecia Dorado where a delicious meal, including Margaritas, cost about \$5.00 for two. This restaurant offers an international cuisine — everything from tacos to pizzas!



While having dinner, we observed a group of 12 or 14 women seated at a large table next to ours. Their plates were overflowing with food and they were digging into the goodies with a vengeance. We asked the waiter if this was a local women's club, and received the answer: "No, these are guests of Rancho La Puerta where they are on strict diets!"

In the border cities of Baja, the U.S. dollar is used freely for purchases and return change. However, prices in shops are frequently shown in pesos (the Mexican dollar). A simple formula for converting pesos into U.S. dollars is to multiply the pesos by 8, and point off two places. (Example: 20 pesos times 8 equals 160; pointed off this is \$1.60 in U.S. money.)

Since speed limits along highways are posted in kilometers, a simple conversion formula came in handy while we were driving. Just multiply the kilometers by 6, and point off one place for an approximate figure. (Example: 100 Km. times 6 equals 600; pointed off this is 60 miles per hour.)

Throughout our entire trip we found everyone friendly and helpful. It was early March when we planned to drive over the mountain from Tecate to Mexicali, and were concerned about road conditions, the possibility of heavy snows, etc. A quick check at the tourist bureau and the police station, both located at the city hall across from the town plaza, brought assurances that no difficulties would be encountered. These offices are notified within an hour when dangerous weather conditions develop around the mountain summit.

After leaving Tecate, Mexican Highway 2 took us through miles of beautiful scenery; more rolling hills and more olive groves. We saw many farms, and cows everywhere—even on the highway. Suddenly we realized why the setting was so enjoyable mile after mile—there were no billboards marring the landscape! At the summit we stopped at the town called La Rumorosa for a rest period, then proceeded along a stretch of downgrade offering tremendous vistas of the desert about 5000 feet below. Upon reaching the desert, the road continues to the Mexicali Valley, with its green fields and farms spread out for many miles.

Just before entering Mexicali we saw a long stretch of shacks along the highway, built of scrap wood, cardboard, and any other material that could hold them together. This might be called "poverty row," the counterpart of which can be found in any country in the world. Two points that attracted our interest were the apparent happiness of the children who were frolics around their meager abodes, and the fact that many of the residents had flowers growing in front of their places! Even in poverty, the Mexican people's love of beauty is evident.

We continued on Highway 2 to its junction with Highway 5 (the San Felipe road.) At this point we turned left for about a mile to a highway circle where the choice is a left turn to the industrial section, or straight ahead on a divided highway, labelled "Aeropuerto." This is Benito Juarez Boulevard, and is the best route into the Mexicali business district. After a couple of miles we passed Juarez Monument where the street name changes to Justo Sierra Boulevard. Another mile or two brought us to Reforma Boulevard. A left turn here led us to the center of Mexicali.

This city has a population of more than 300,000, including the Valley, and is the center of a vast cotton producing area. Mexicali Valley has been called: "The cotton ginning capital of the world"—because of its large concentration of cotton gins. You will find the city to be a wholesome and hospitable community. There are no horse or dog racing tracks here—participation sports are favored. Boxing, wrestling, basketball and football are popular, with buildings and outdoor parks provided for them. Swimming and tennis are offered at the swank Casino de Mexicali, and golfing at the beautiful Club Campestre.

The central business section of town is slanted toward the tourist trade, with curio stores featuring native items and imports. Here, we were fascinated with the colorful pottery, pinatas, Mexican dresses, silver, jewelry, leather goods, and a wide array of other handcrafted merchandise. Also, there are numerous fine restaurants, an assortment of motels, and an adequate number of nightclubs for a bit of evening celebrating. The Mexicali Turf Club, on the main street,

Continued on Page 37

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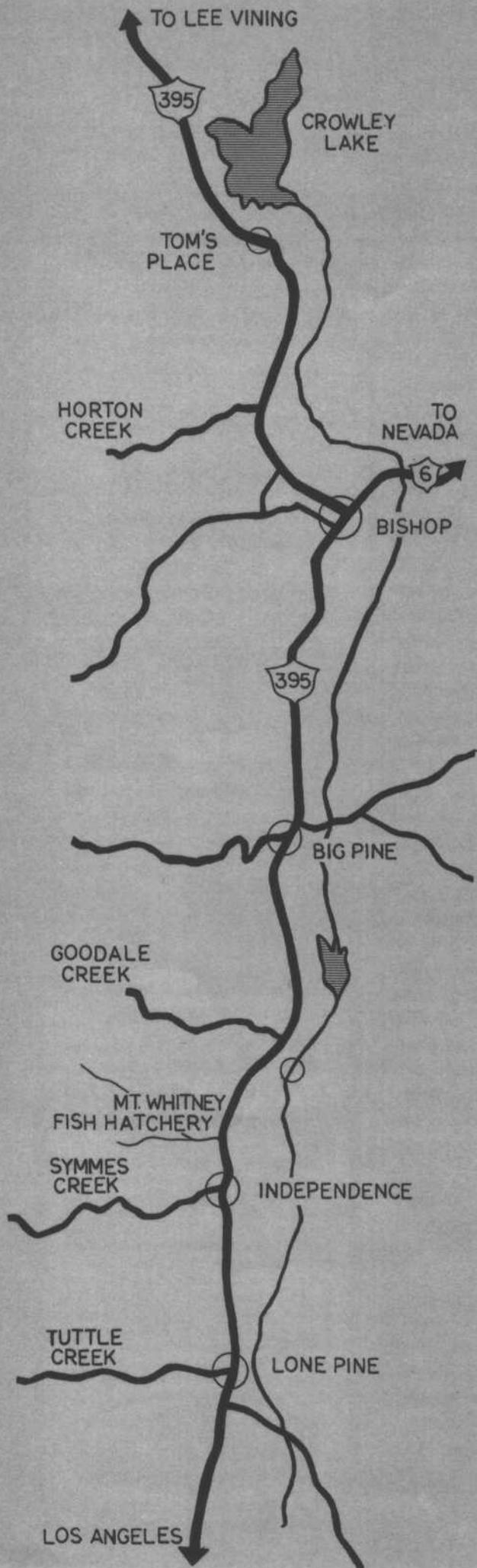
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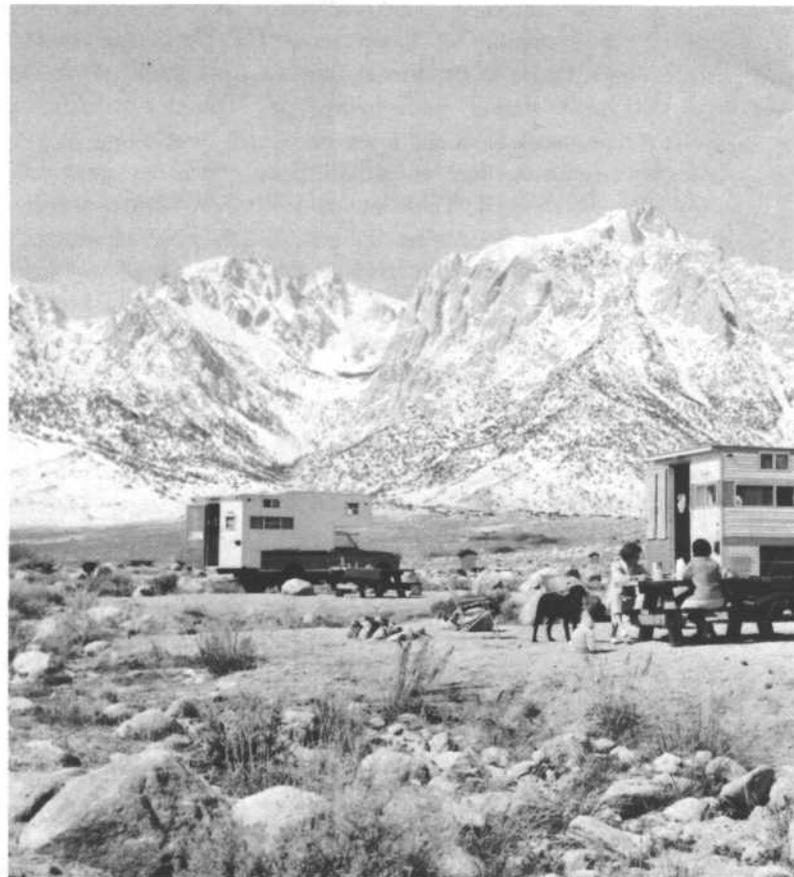
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New HIGH

by Elizabeth Beeb



California Sierra Campsites

DURING THE winter the snow-covered Eastern Sierra Nevadas, towering thousands of feet into the sky, are in sharp contrast to the desert floor below. As spring turns into summer the melting snows cascade down the mountains, forming hundreds of creeks and filling the lakes for the enjoyment of fishermen and vacationers.

To accommodate the ever increasing number of people seeking solace in these

mountain retreats, the Bureau of Land Management has established five new campsites along U.S. 395 from Lone Pine to Crowley Lake which are now ready for summer use.

Driving north on U.S. 395, the most southerly of the five new sites is Tuttle Creek Recreation Area. In Lone Pine take the Whitney Portal Road for three miles and follow the signs to the campground. There are 85 family units and the camp can accommodate 496 people. At an elevation of 5200 feet you are in the shadow of Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in the United States, rising 14,496 feet above sea level.

Campsites in the latest Bureau of Land Management areas offer ample space for privacy. Many are near fishing streams and lakes.

This campground is so scenic one vacationer remarked from the depths of her camp chair, "I could just sit here all day and do nothing but look at the mountains." However, the young fry were exploring nearby trails while father was fishing in Tuttle Creek and pulling in some rainbow and brown trout for dinner.

Mountaineers will be interested in driving back to the turnoff and following the paved road to Whitney Portal. Park your car there, for hiking now takes over if you want to climb to the top of Mt. Whitney and sign the register in the hut on the mountain's peak. Many people accomplish this during the summer months. The round trip may be made in a day.

Tuttle Camp adjoins the Alabama Hills; gigantic and fantastically eroded outcroppings of granite. A great place to hike and take pictures, this site has been used many times as a locale for the movies. There is a natural amphitheatre here called the Deepest Valley Theatre, situated in a spot which was found to possess naturally fine acoustics. Outdoor concerts featuring nationally known artists are held here usually late in the summer.

Fifteen miles north of Lone Pine on U.S. 395 is the town of Independence. Here you will see the dark redwood sign used by the Bureau of Land Management to designate all the campsites, this one by the curb near the post office says Symmes Creek. Follow the road leading through Onion Valley westward



a few miles to a designated turnoff and a little over two miles farther.

Four hundred and forty people can be accommodated here as the camp contains 55 family units. It is situated in rather open country so that great expanses of the Sierra Nevadas are breathtaking. Underfoot, wild flowers bloom undisturbed creating a colorful carpet over the entire area. And this enjoyment will be enhanced by trout limits from well stocked Symmes Creek.

While in Independence visit the Eastern California Museum, a treasure house of Indian artifacts, pictures and relics of early life in the Owens Valley. Near the Museum is the house of the famous author, Mary Austin. This house, containing much olden time memorabilia of the area, will be open for visitors this summer. On a prominent corner on Main Street stands the Commander House. It was brought here from Fort Independence where it had been occupied by several of the commanders of forces during Indian uprisings in this area. Relics of operations carried on at the Fort can be viewed on the grounds back of the house.

Driving north from Independence to a point about 13 miles, the distinctive sign appears again to announce Goodale Creek Recreation Area. At first the west-

ward road leading through a rather desolate lava-strewn area does not look too attractive. The campsite however, like the other new areas, is inviting with its plantings of poplar trees and the High Sierras for a background. There are 62 family units here with accommodations for 496 camp vacationers.

Goodale Creek, like the others, is well stocked with rainbow trout and has the unique feature of winding right through the center of the campground. One visitor there experimented by dipping his bait into the stream in the midst of camp activities and to his delight pulled out a twelve-inch rainbow. Flushed with success he tried again and this time landed a thirteen-incher. This is a true story, although a repetition of such a happening is not guaranteed.

Besides such reports of good fishing, the country toward the Sierra is wild enough and unpopulated enough you may see various types of wild life. You may have to chase away Tule Elk who love to browse on the poplar's new growth or graze along the roadside.

As an added convenience to campers here the Aberdeen Resort is close by offering a store and facilities for storing trailers.

For an interesting side trip drive back south a few miles along U.S. 395 where

Night concerts are held under the summer skies in the natural amphitheater in the Tuttle Creek area.

there are two fish hatcheries, the Black Rock and Mr. Whitney. Good roads go to both hatcheries and visitors are always welcome to go through them.

Still farther northward is the Horton Creek Recreation Area. To reach it stay on the highway through the town of Bishop. About seven miles north of the Tonopah Junction there is the familiar red sign along with one reading Inyo Mono Conservation Camp. Follow this paved road for three miles passing the Conservation Camp entrance. A short distance further, another sign reads Horton Creek Recreation Area and driving toward the mountains eight-tenths of a mile you'll come to the entrance to the area.

This campsite, located almost at the base of the High Sierras, affords a magnificent view of the great slopes of mountainside and an uninterrupted view of the wide valley below, clear across to the long range of the White Mountains.

There are 55 campsites here accommodating 424 people. Lombardy poplars are growing briskly while Horton Creek babbles merrily by. Some of the campsites are as near as 80 feet. The creek is well stocked and while fishing is good here, it is possible for ardent fishermen to follow the creek to a higher level.

An exciting aspect of Horton, aside from the fishing, is the fact this area was once the home and hunting grounds for the Paiute Indians. A bit of scrounging around will probably yield an arrowhead or two.

Farthest north of the five campsites is the Crowley Lake Recreation Area. Follow U.S. 395 northward as it climbs up the long Sherwin grade. Once on to



A creek runs by the campsite in the Tuttle Creek area. Scenic Sierra Nevadas are in the background.



you'll see an old landmark on your right, Tom's Place. About five miles past this the big redwood B.L.M. sign directs you to the camp one-half mile from the highway.

This campsite contains 47 camping units and some features not to be found in the other camps such as pull-through trailer spaces, a group trailer parking area and fire pits. The elevation is 7000 feet.

While this site is one of tremendous beauty, the emphasis is on fish. A mile

before you reach the recreation area, you pass the wide entrance to the Crowley Lake parking area and boat docking facility. The Lake is so large that even though there may be thousands of fishing boats on it, you can, in all likelihood, catch the limit from some promising shoreline spot.

Although there are many other campsites, both public and private along U.S. 395, these are the newest, so take your pick and forget the cares of the world as you fish and relax in the Sierra Nevadas. □

INFORMATION ON FIVE CAMPS

One dollar per day car fee is charged. The purchase of a Golden Eagle Passport is recommended. This costs \$7.00 and permits entrance into any Federal recreation area, at no additional charge.

An official will visit the camp daily to collect fees as well as perform necessary camp chores. He will also be happy to answer pertinent questions of visitors.

The normal season is from May 1st to October 31st. At present no reservations are necessary.

All sites are designed to accommodate campers, pickup campers and small trailers.

Each family unit is equipped with redwood table and benches. Some have a charcoal stove. The Tuttle Creek Area has nine sanitary cinderblock toilets. The other camps have five. Running water is available at all sites during the season.

In case you wish for more information of any kind write to Robert Springer, District Manager, Bureau of Land Management, 800 Truxtun Ave., Room 311, Bakersfield, California 93301.

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Although less than an inch long,
the Missouri Brown Spider
is as deadly as a rattlesnake.
Photo by Buckey Reeves
shows enlarged spider
and pebbles.

HITCH HIKING SPIDERS

by Dennis L. Bostic



IN THE United States, the black widow spider is considered by most people to be the only species of spider dangerously venomous to man. Yet, for over a decade the Missouri brown spider, *Loxosceles reclusa*, a small, innocuous looking spider, known also as the violin-backed spider, or simply brown spider, has shared this dubious distinction.

The Missouri brown spider is one of the more than 20 species of six-eyed, brown spiders occurring in the United States, but only the Missouri brown spider is known with certainty to be dangerous to man.

Potentially the venom of the Missouri brown spider is more lethal than that of the black widow, the femme fatale of the spider world, which claims seven to nine percent of its untreated victims. In fact, volume for volume, the brown spider's venom is more virulent than that of the rattlesnake. The black widow's venom is neurotoxic; that is, a poison which affects the nervous system and may cause respiratory paralysis in small children. In

contrast, the poison of the Missouri brown spider is cytotoxic, causing cell degeneration and death of healthy tissue. Frequently, an ugly ulcer appears at the site of the bite, and if not treated may become gangrenous.

The bite of the brown spider is followed by moderate to intense pain depending on the length of time the fangs remain in the skin and their depth of penetration. After penetration of the fangs, a blister-like reaction generally occurs.

To date, the Missouri brown spider has not been positively linked, in a cause-and-effect relationship, with the symptoms of spider-bite victims in Los Angeles and San Diego. However, the ulcers which resulted from bites were typical of those recorded in Missouri and adjoining states, following bites of the Missouri brown spider.

In 1957, the first reported case of *Loxosceles* bite was from Missouri; by 1962 cases were reported from Kansas, Texas, and Oklahoma; in 1964 from In-

diana; and in 1966 from Southern California. Is the Missouri brown spider "hitchhiking" west via the household effects of westward travelers?

Southern California medical men, however, have not ruled out the possibility that many of the serious "insect bites" may have been caused by other species of brown spiders that occur naturally in California.

Brown spiders are rather secretive and non-aggressive, seldom venturing out during the daytime. They spin small, irregular webs in undisturbed places as storage closets, garages, and other household sites commonly used for storage. They hunt at night, and as one might expect many reported bites have occurred in bed.

The Missouri brown spider is small, less than three-eighths of an inch long. The female is slightly larger than the male. The entire body, yellow-brown in color, is covered with hair. They are characterized by having six eyes and simple, external reproductive organs. A further distinguishing feature is a purple-



brown, violin-shaped mark on the top of the cephalothorax (the fused head and mid-body segments).

Most spiders, although venomous by nature, are considered harmless since only the bite of a few produce symptoms considered dangerous enough for man to seek medical attention. However, if more victims of "insect bites" would consult a doctor, and bring along the creature for identification, perhaps the list would grow. In fact, recently added to the list of potentially dangerous spiders in the United States, the widows and brown spiders, were the familiar black-and-yellow garden spider and the running spider.

So next time you are rummaging around old deserted buildings, sifting through the rubbish of a past era, or just spending some leisure time in the wide open spaces, exercise a little caution. And remember, any animal bite treatment is more effective if the culprit in question can be positively identified, so spend a little extra time and effort in rounding up the critter. □



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LOCAL RESIDENTS refer to them as "The Caves" and the official National Park Service name is the "Oregon Caves National Monument." Poet Joaquin Miller was so inspired he called them "The Marble Hills of Oregon." Those who have visited this phenomenon of natural beauty agree in calling it one of Nature's true works of art.

The city of Grants Pass, Oregon, located on Interstate 5 is the gateway to the caves and everything in the city informs the visitor that the local citizenry is proud of this monument. The sign of the "Caveman" is everywhere, from the "Caveman Bridge" which crosses the Rogue River in the downtown section, leading the traveler onto U.S. 199 and to the caves, to the major industry of the town, Caveman Campers, Inc.

To reach the monument from Grants Pass, U.S. 199 leads to Cave Junction, then the last 20 miles are by State 46 for a total of just under 50 miles. For those traveling the coast route, the same U.S. 199 leaves U.S. 101 at Crescent City, California, providing a scenic drive through tall timber. Cave Junction is just 12 miles from the California-Oregon border. Easy driving conditions prevail from either highway.

The monument is located at the 4000 foot level of 6400 foot Mount Elijah. The last eight miles of State 46 climb with continuous curves, although the road is good, to the entrance of the caves and the Chateau.

The mountain is named for Elijah Davidson, who discovered the caves in 1874, while pursuing a bear. When his dog chased the bear into the entrance, Elijah made torches of pine splinters and followed. I have not been able to learn whether or not he got his bear.

Elijah told his friends of his find and during the next few years the more adventuresome of the local inhabitants explored the caves, opening additional passages. In 1887, Frank Nickerson, of Kerby, Oregon, discovered four distinct levels of floors and opened several rooms and galleries which had been blocked by stalactites.



OREGON'S

by Jim Woodard

A young couple (above) kneel before the altar of stalactites and stalagmites in the underground Joaquin Miller Chapel. The Chateau (right) provides lodging and dining for overnight visitors. Camping facilities are available eight miles from the caves.





It was not until Joaquin Miller, after his visit in 1907, wrote of the caves they became well known. On July 12, 1909 the National Monument was established and now nearly 80,000 visitors a year tour the two miles of caverns and corridors.

Guided tours are conducted all year, although during the off season only one noon tour is conducted daily. During the season, April 1 to October 30, tours are conducted hourly, from 8:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. for groups of 12 to 16 persons. The fee is \$1.10 for adults and 75¢ for children, ages 6 to 12. No children under the age of six are permitted to make the tour. A baby-sitting service and nursery are provided at a cost of 75¢ per child.

The tour takes about one and a half hours and your guide will point out the many points of interest. He will also

the process was reversed. Where a slow dripping of water from the ceiling occurred and clung to the rock, some of the water was lost to the air and the minute deposit of carbonate remaining was added to the stalactite. The water falling to the floor also evaporated, in part, and the deposit left here formed a stalagmite. This process is still going on, and as you leave the exit tunnel your guide will point out a fledgling stalactite less than a quarter of an inch in length, which the Service has been watching for over 30 years.

There are many interesting hiking trails throughout the Monument which the student of botany will find most interesting. All the plants, shrubs and trees have identification markers. These trails range in length from an easy one hour walk to a two-day camping trip.

For those traveling by automobile, accommodations are available at the Monument. There is the Chateau near the entrance to the cave, as well as cottages located on the mountain nearby. The Chateau is open from approximately the last week in May until September 10. It operates on the European style and rates are as would be expected at any popular resort. The cottages do not provide for housekeeping as there is the dining room and also a coffee shop. No pets are allowed.

For those who decide to spend a few days, evening campfire programs are provided. These programs include brief talks by members of the National Park Service.

Although there is a picnic area, camping is not permitted in the Monument. However, Greyback Campground is just eight miles from the entrance on State 46, in the Siskiyou National Forest. For those camper and trailer enthusiasts who carry trail bikes, I would suggest making base camp here and using the bikes for the trip to the caves. There are also private campgrounds located in and around Cave Junction, for those who desire full hook-ups. Whether you come by automobile or camper, you'll find the Oregon Caves one of Nature's true works of art. □

give you historical and geological data concerning the caves. The pathways are lighted by electrical lights and the stairways and many of the galleries have hand rails.

The geological history of the caves goes back an estimated 150 to 180 million years. It is believed that an ancient ocean covered the area, containing a thick deposit of calcium carbonate which hardened into limestone. As the mountains thrust upward, the heat and pressure generated turned the limestone into marble. The marble, in turn was fractured by the uplifting, allowing the passage of water. Rainwater, charged with carbonic and other acids derived from decaying vegetation passed through the fractures dissolving the marble.

When the water level dropped, allowing air to enter the now formed caves, evaporation began. Wherever water droplets formed, the evaporation process left deposits of calcium carbonate, so that now



CAVES

FORT ROSS...

a russian stronghold

by Pat Holmes

ON A ROCKY headland in northern California where the fog sifts through the hills and the ocean thunders on the beach below, there is a fort called Ross.

More than a 150 years ago a Russian sentry stood guard in the blockhouse watching for any hostile move from the natives. In the year the Company had been here, there had been none. The Indians were friendly enough and so were the Spaniards — not that the Spanish really wanted the Russians — with their small garrison there wasn't much they could do about it.

The light fog drifting in covered everything with a fine mist. The sentry shivered. The dampness penetrated a man's very bones. But living was better here than up North where hunger gnawed at your belly all the time. If he never ate another devil fish or crow again, it would be fine with him.

A shout rang out and an answering voice bawled an order. Below the sentry, heavily loaded figures appeared out of the mist. The Aleuts were back with many fur pelts. With catches like this, it looked like the Company would be here a long time.

The Company was the Russian-American Fur Company organized many years before to exploit the sea otter and fur seal in Alaska. As the furs of these animals were avidly sought for markets from China to Europe, the harvest ran into thousands of pelts a year.

A major problem in the Alaska settlement was the lack of food. Very little was grown because of climate and land

conditions. Perhaps one supply ship a year arrived, and then, maybe none for three years. When Count Rezanov, the court chamberlain, visited the colony in 1806, he found the people starving so he sailed to San Francisco for food.

Spain had banned trade with foreigners in California. Although Rezanov's party was politely received, Governor Arrillaga said it would be an act of disloyalty to Spain to furnish the Russians with supplies. However, the Count and Maria de la Concepcion Arguello, the Comandante's daughter, had fallen in love. The differences in their church and country didn't matter. After the betrothal was announced, the governor relented—for an Arguello relative to be—he would allow trade.



Russian sentries with cannons once stood guard in this blockhouse.

As Rezanov sailed north, he decided Russian power should be extended to the south, and California could be the answer to both a steady food supply for Alaska and new hunting grounds for sea otters and fur seals which were disappearing in the north. Off the coast were thousands of the animals, they knew this from the years of partnership with the American Captain O'Cain.

To explore this new territory along with hunting sea otters and fur seals, Ivan Kuskov led an expedition in 1808. Returning to Alaska seven months later with over two thousand pelts, he confirmed that the land was indeed unoccupied. On his third trip he found, 30 miles north of Bodega Bay, a site impregnable to attack. It was several miles long and a half mile wide with the coastal mountains on one side and the ocean a hundred feet below on the other.

The Russians began the felling of timber, all redwood, in the summer of 1812. Soon a stockade 250 by 300 feet was erected. The walls, almost a foot thick, were 12 feet high and topped with sharpened stakes. Double doors called "sally ports" were in each of the four walls.

In the north corner, they built a seven-sided two-story blockhouse with portholes for cannon and in the corner opposite, an eight-sided one with 16 portholes. These portholes could be closed by a wooden block that when shut was flush with the wall and could be fastened on the inside with an iron bar. At first there were only 12 cannon, but through the years the number increased to forty.

Near the stockade, the Russians con-

structed houses for the Aleutians; shops for the blacksmith, carpenter, and cooper; a tannery, bakery, and flour mill. On the beach at the bottom of the cliff, they built a pier, blacksmith shops and sheds to be used in boat building and storing the baidarkas (skin boats) and lumber.

In August of 1812, "Colony Ross" was dedicated and Ivan Kuskov became the first company manager. A party of 95 Russians and 80 Aleutians settled down to the business of hunting furs and raising wheat.

While the native Indians worked as servants and laborers, the Aleutians did the hunting. And hunting was good the first few years. In their baidarkas, they sailed hundreds of miles in good weather or bad. A baidarka was made of seal or sea lion skins sewed together and stretched over a light wood frame; then oiled to make it waterproof. The Aleuts attached their skin clothing to the boat to keep out of the water. They hunted off the coast from Cape Mendocino to the Farallones Islands; then as far south as Baja. Thousands of animals were killed and the pelts stored at Ross until shipped to markets in China and Europe.

In an effort to discourage the hunters, the Spaniards sent out armed patrols who would wait for them to land for water and dry and oil their boats; then they would shoot and either frighten the

hunters off—wounding and killing some—or capture them—to languish in a prison for months. Later, the Mexican government tried to control the slaughter by granting seasonal hunting permits.

Trade was important to Fort Ross. They sold articles of leather, wood, and iron they made and goods they imported, such as silks, tools, and utensils, to the Californians who needed them because of the foreign trade ban and slow supply ships. Food was also supplied to ships that stopped at Bodega.

No formal permission to trade had been given to the Russians. It was all unofficial. And whether a governor blew warm or cool toward the "trespassers," trading continued.

And so it went. The Spaniards kept asking them to leave; the Russians kept stating they were waiting to hear from their superior. But both of them knew—that in spite of the Viceroy's order—the Spanish garrison was too small to force them to go. Uninvited and unwanted they stayed.

By the 1830s, only a few hundred pelts were being taken where years before thousands were. The hunters had done their job too well. The farming had problems too. The yield from the crops was not enough; there was a lack of trained farm workers; and more land was needed. However, most of the land had been

settled and no one wanted to sell. The Mexican government would though—for a price. Czar Nicholas would have to recognize the independence of Mexico. The price was too high.

Because Ross was neither producing enough furs or food for Alaska now, the Russian-American Company considered selling the outpost. But Alaska needed the food. An agreement with the Hudson Bay Company to regularly supply food to the northern colony solved the problem. The fort was ordered sold.

The Californians viewed the sale quite differently. No formal permission had been given the Russians to settle the land and since the buildings were made from trees that grew on the land, the Company owned neither the land nor the buildings. The property would revert to the Spaniards when the Russians left.

The Company's answer was the Indians ceded the land and it could be sold. Ross was offered to the Hudson Bay Company, headed by General Vallejo of Sonoma, and Captain John Sutter of New Helvetia. The price was \$30,000; one half in drafts on the Hudson Bay Company and the rest in produce of the country. The discussions went on and on.

Finally, Sutter bought the Ross and Bodega properties including livestock, arms, equipment and buildings. After 30 years in California, the Russians left.

The property changed hands several times and in 1906 the California Historical Landmarks Committee of San Francisco bought the fort and presented it to the state. Today, the state historic park consists of 356 acres with the fort sitting squarely across Highway 1 in Sonoma County with the road passing through two openings in the stockade.

The buildings — the chapel, block-houses, and manager's house have been authentically restored and furnished. The manager's house is a museum where among articles on display is a silver Samovar. Russian folk music (recordings) are heard. There is a small fee. The buildings are open 8 to 5 daily (the museum 10 to 5 weekdays.) Summer hours are 8 to 6.

If you visit Fort Ross and the fog lies thick upon the hills and it is quiet except for the roar of the surf, it's not hard to imagine heavily loaded figures appearing out of the mist, the shouting of orders in Russian, and the answering cry. □



Built about 1825, the chapel at Fort Ross was called Trinity Church. The former Russian stronghold is now a historical monument on U.S. 1 in Sonoma County.

The beauty of Canyon de Chelly is shown (opposite page) in the panoramic view of the valley and cliffs. All photos by Herb and Dorothy McLaughlin.

Arizona's Enchanted Canyon

by Ruth Molthan

LEGEND SAYS on the first night of the full moon, you can stand on the rim of Arizona's Canyon de Chelly and peer into its depths and see the Anasazi, or Ancient Ones as the Navajos call their ancestors, leave their cliff dwellings. Fitting hands and feet into grooves chipped in the sandstone, they follow the hand and toe trails down to the bottom, clinging like spiders to the sheer walls before dropping onto the canyon floor. Some say you can also hear old tribal chants, and, if the moon is just right, glimpse shadowy figures clustered around a campfire as the Indians feast and dance until sunrise.

Visit here and you will believe the legend. Many canyons fringe the mesas of Arizona's high country, but de Chelly (pronounced de Shay) is the loveliest. It is a geologic marvel, cut and carved by ancient rivers that broke from the Chuska

Mountains to the north. Monoliths and towering cliffs that strike a thousand feet skyward form a rock maze where Navajos and their ancestors have lived for more than ten centuries.

But it is also something else. Something indescribable. In this great silent slot, centuries hang lightly on its pinnacles and time has lost all meaning. Yet its ghosts speak as plainly as the hawk overhead.

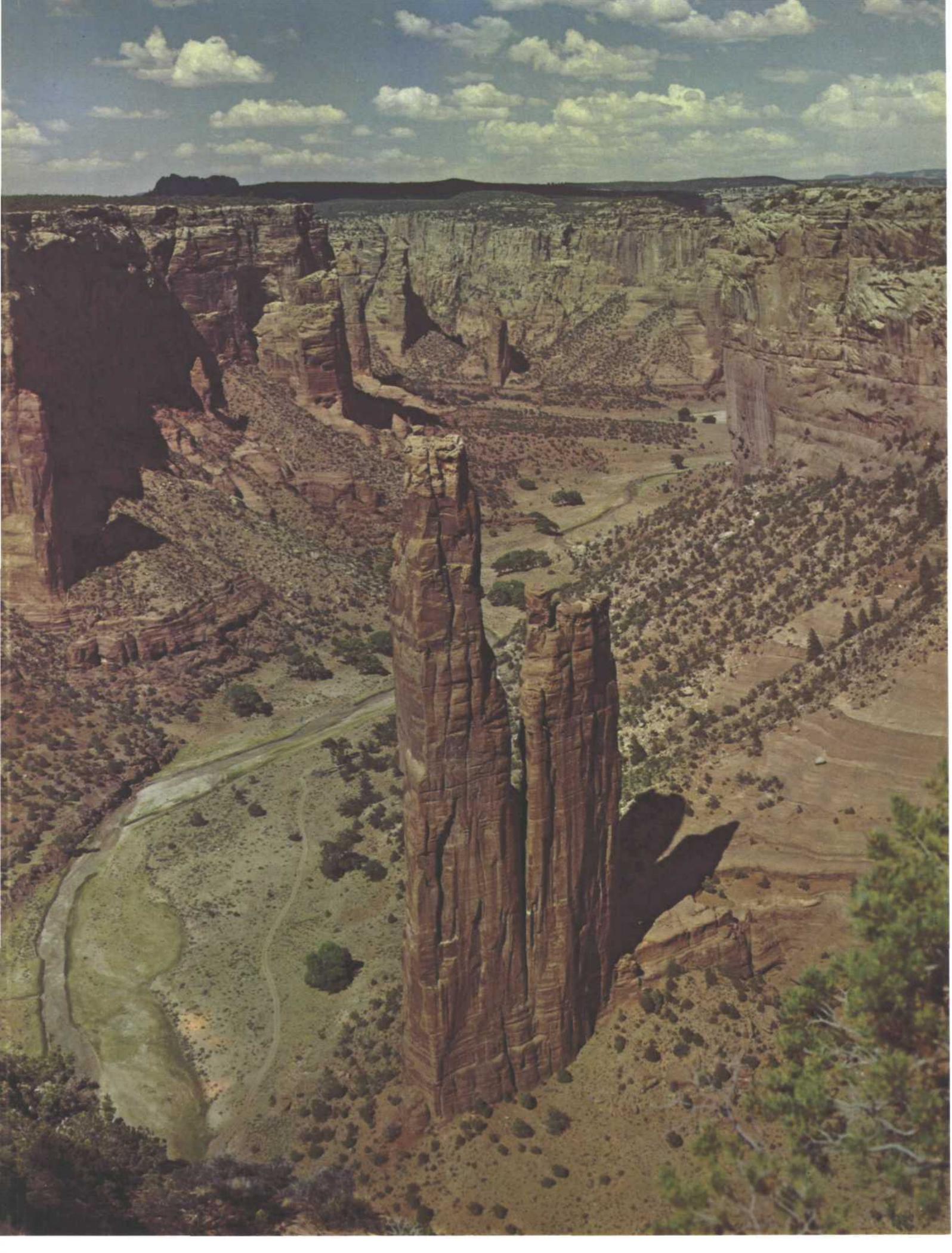
It all began nearly 2000 years ago. Into this world of sun and silence came the Anasazi. They made baskets and raised squash and corn, and by the time of the great drought in the 13th century, their primitive pithouses had evolved into the storied ruins seen today and their pottery into an exquisite polychrome of black on white. But the canyon was no protection against the drought so they moved on, leaving behind their paintings of animals,

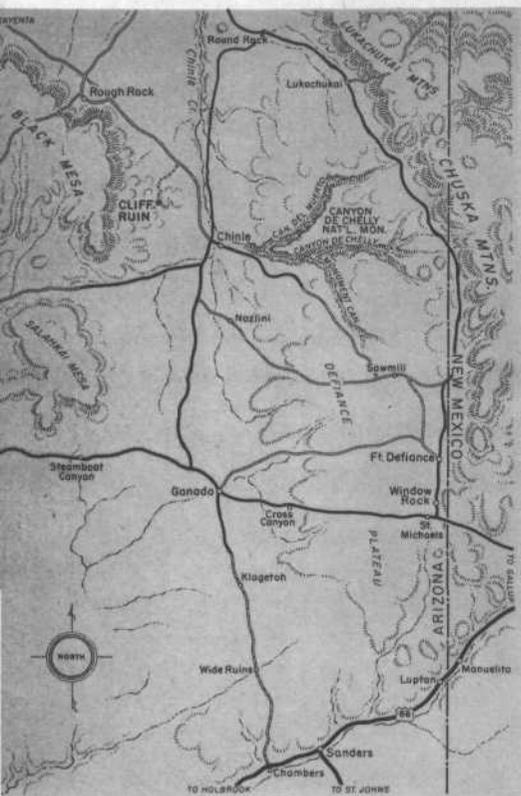
birds, human figures and the inevitable small handprints splashed on sandstone walls.

The canyon's silence was broken intermittently during the next few hundred years by small bands of Hopis. They planted the first peach orchards and reclaimed the long-abandoned fields, but their occupation was short lived. Around 1700 a party of Navajos, searching for a new place to settle, stumbled onto the canyon and the Hopis fled.

Thus began the Navajo domination. The area is now a national monument and is actually three canyons, Canyon del Muerto, Monument Canyon and Canyon de Chelly.

An unknown artist, responsible for the Indian pictographs in Canyon del Muerto showing Spanish soldiers on the march, may have been a witness to the massacre that gave the canyon its name.





One version is a party of Spanish horsemen entered the canyon in the winter of 1804, possibly on a slave raid, which would not have been inconsistent with past practices. The Navajos had been warned of their approach, and after hiding their women, children and aged in a cave high on the walls of del Muerto, scattered for parts unknown. The cave was well fortified and had been used many times in fending off Ute raids. As the column of cavalry wound its way up the canyon, an old woman, who had been mistreated as a Spanish captive in the past, was unable to control her hatred. Her insulting screams disclosed the Indians' position. The soldiers fired into the cave and destroyed the entire group. It is still possible to see the bullet marks on the roof of the cave and the bones of the victims scattered on the floor.

Today only Navajos live in the canyon. Thunderbird Lodge arranges tours and travel is limited to four-wheel-drive vehicles, but only when accompanied by an authorized guide. Regulations are for your own safety. The canyon floor is a dry river bed and hazardous, filled with fine, water-borne sand which reaches depths of 40 feet and turns "quick" when saturated. Occasional flash floods have taken more than one vehicle, and in the spring the Rio de Chelly brims up to the walls, hemming the canyon in on both

sides and leaving no foothold available.

The visitor is unprepared for his first glimpse of the canyon. Its entrance is both casual yet dramatic. A weapons carrier, the official tour vehicle, passes through a nondescript neck of land, rounds a corner, and a beautiful valley opens up, bordered by cliffs with walls as unbroken as if sliced by a mighty sword. This is Canyon del Muerto. The driver shifts into low gear and the carrier tackles the heavy sand.

Many small, isolated ruins are visible. As far as archeologists can determine, the canyon reflects a cultural backwater of sorts which has never supported a population greater than today's. From all evidence it appears to have served primarily as a sanctuary for the weaker tribes.

Its architecture reflects this. Cliff houses cluster near the top of walls that dip from the plateau in dizzy plunges. It is neckbreaking merely to stare up and search them out and impossible not to experience a feeling of awe or admiration from the courage of the craftsmen who hung far out in space and daubed

mud and bricks into a home that remains intact 700 years later.

Some of the ruins do not look abandoned at all. When the sun picks out the windows in the walls, amid the shadows, you brush your eyes to make sure you do not see a half-naked man climbing up a ladder or a sleek-haired woman glide gracefully through a doorway, balancing a basket on her head.

The drive continues up the beautiful canyon, past Antelope House, with the color of its prehistoric paintings still bright, past Standing Cow Ruins, where high, fragrant bee balm begins to crowd the road. Now and again the driver stops to hand candy to Navajo children, who, invisible a moment before, wait gravely beside the road.

Clumps of cottonwood extend mile after mile. Rocks, like cathedrals, stand guard at every turn, so close together at times that the sky is held prisoner in a wedge of blue. A few acres of corn with beans and melons between the hills, planted in the Navajo manner, lie at the base of the cliffs. These are the same little farms that supported the Hopis in



the 16th century. While the driver points out the wattled huts of willow, which are the summer hogans of the Navajo, few Indians are seen. It is as if they have politely withdrawn for the day, after turning over the beauty and solitude of their canyon to you.

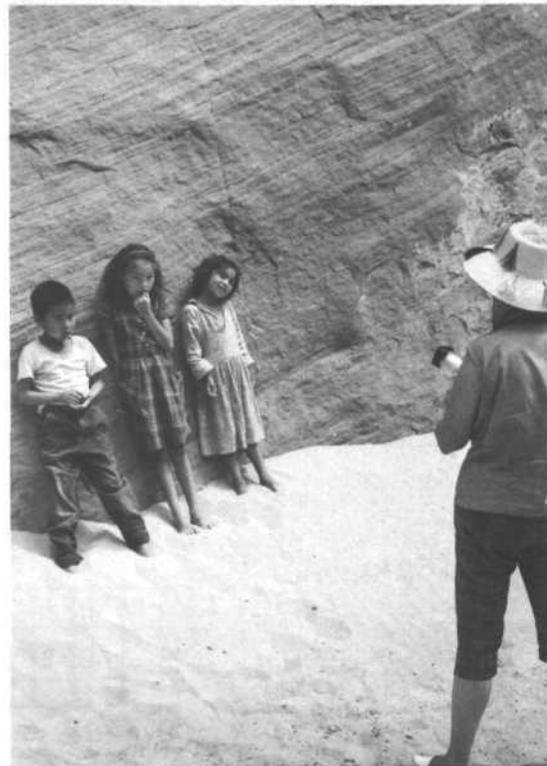
After lunch at Mummy Cave, a splendid ruin which has seen 10 centuries of desert sunsets, the driver wheels back for Canyon de Chelly, passing Spider Rock, the legendary lair of a great spider that carried bad Navajo children to the top and ate them.

Not far from the impressive White House ruins, the weapon carrier halts before a red monolith large enough to bury a city under. It is a shrine. A handful of Navajos refused to surrender to Kit Carson and fled to the sanctuary of this rock and died here. In the driver's low tones, you sense something of their nameless valor while they waited through a freezing night for the next bloody day.

Proud, independent, unloved by other Indians and feared by Mexicans, the Navajo had few friends and lived to themselves. In the spring of 1860, they at-

tacked Ft. Defiance and nearly captured it. For the next three years, they had things very much their own way and defied any attempts to pursue them back into their strongholds, which centered around the fabulous Canyon de Chelly. In 1863 Kit Carson was given a free hand to bring them in. Orders were sent out to all Navajos to report for transfer to Ft. Sumner or be treated as hostiles. Few responded.

By mid-October, cold and hunger aided the campaign against them. It was not a war. Carson's men saw few Navajos. Whole bands fled in every direction, joining other tribes or hiding in some remote vastness to the north. Behind them, the soldiers systematically burned their houses, killed their sheep and destroyed their fields. In a snowstorm on January 6, 1864, with a force of 375 men, Carson moved against Canyon de Chelly. The Navajos were in a complete state of starvation. Many of their women and children died. Canyon de Chelly, which they had considered impregnable, was unable to guarantee security from Carson. Hopelessly outnumbered, a handful climbed



to the top of the great rock and leaped to their death. The war with the Navajo was over.

In the spring of 1864, they began the journey they will never forget. The Navajo call it the "Long Walk" for only the old, sick and babies rode the 400 miles. Old people still tell their age by saying they were born so many years after the Long Walk. Near Ft. Sumner, New Mexico, the army tried to settle 8000 of them, and the Indians spent four heartbreaking years in a treeless, flat land to which they could not adjust. The experiment did not work and on June 1, 1868, a peace treaty was signed and the Navajo started home. They fought no more.

The weapons carrier pulls away and you pay a silent tribute to the Navajos who died here long ago. It is growing dark and time to leave the canyon whose walls have echoed to the tread of so much history. You glance back for the last time. The shadows are deeper. The cliffs, blood red in the sun, have turned purple in the twilight. It is then you realize that they are eternal and nothing has changed. It is as it always has been throughout the centuries, from the first Anasazi down through the Spanish conquistadores, Kit Carson and the Long Walk. Just the same as when it all happened—just the day before yesterday. □



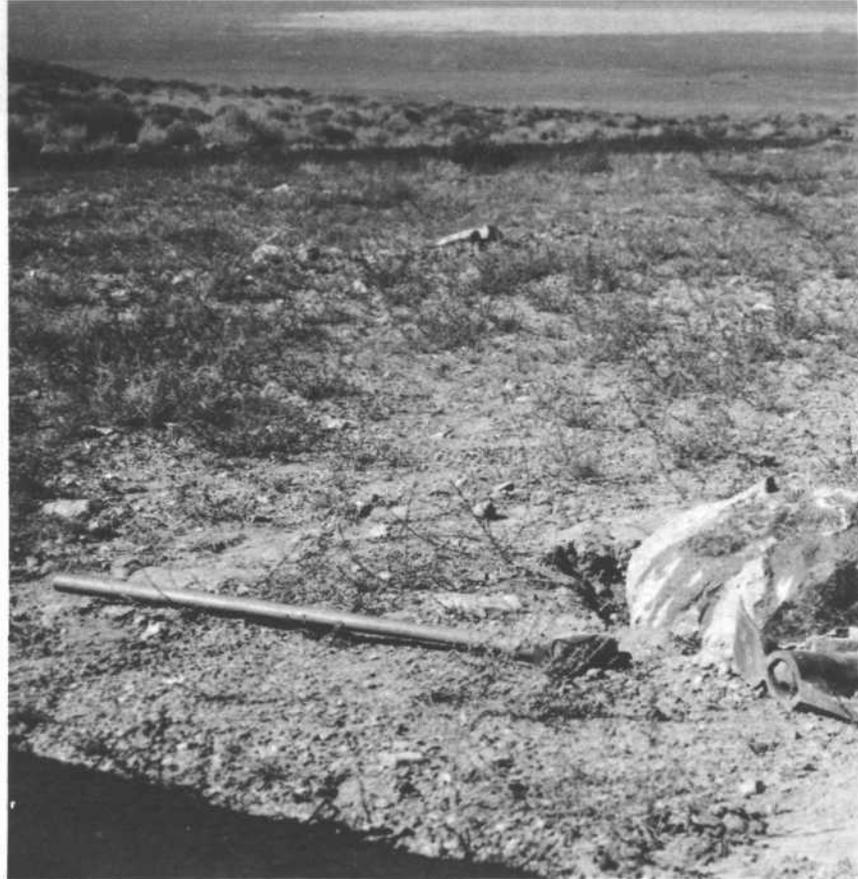
Antelope House Ruins (left) is one of the many cliff dwellings where the Anasazi—The Ancient Ones—lived in pre-historic times. Little Navajo children who live in Canyon de Chelly (above) shyly pose for photographer. Always ask permission before taking photographs of Indians.

GHOSTS OF TEMPIUTE MOUNTAINS

by Roberta M. Starry

THE PLACE and the name have undergone a number of changes since 1868, only the pronunciation has remained the same. Present day Indians of southeastern Nevada say it meant "sick Indian," but to prospectors 100 years ago it meant lead and silver—and later it stood for a booming tungsten camp.

For off-the-highway explorers this once busy mining camp, high in the Tempiute Mountains, offers an ideal camping spot with scenery and comfortable temperatures from May through October. Most of the buildings have been removed, but parts of picket fences, streets leading nowhere, wooden steps without a house and



Jade-type gemstones (above) can be found along the road to the Tempiute mining area.

There are also Indian arrowheads along the edge of the dry lake in the valley.

Well-built roads, flumes, hoppers, narrow gauge tracks and trestles (below) have withstood years of abandonment and appear to be waiting for another boom.

crumbling walls spark the imagination. Untrimmed fruit trees, garden flowers gone wild, a once fancy slipper now curled and green, and remains of a rag doll sinking into a long unused path, lend atmosphere.

Tempiute, north of Las Vegas or east of Tonopah is just five miles off Nevada State 25. From the south a good road used by hunters has no identification for the first-time visitor. From the west U.S. 6 to Warm Springs then State 25 southeast is marked. At Warm Springs a sign reads "Next Gas 140 Miles." It means exactly that. The road winds through





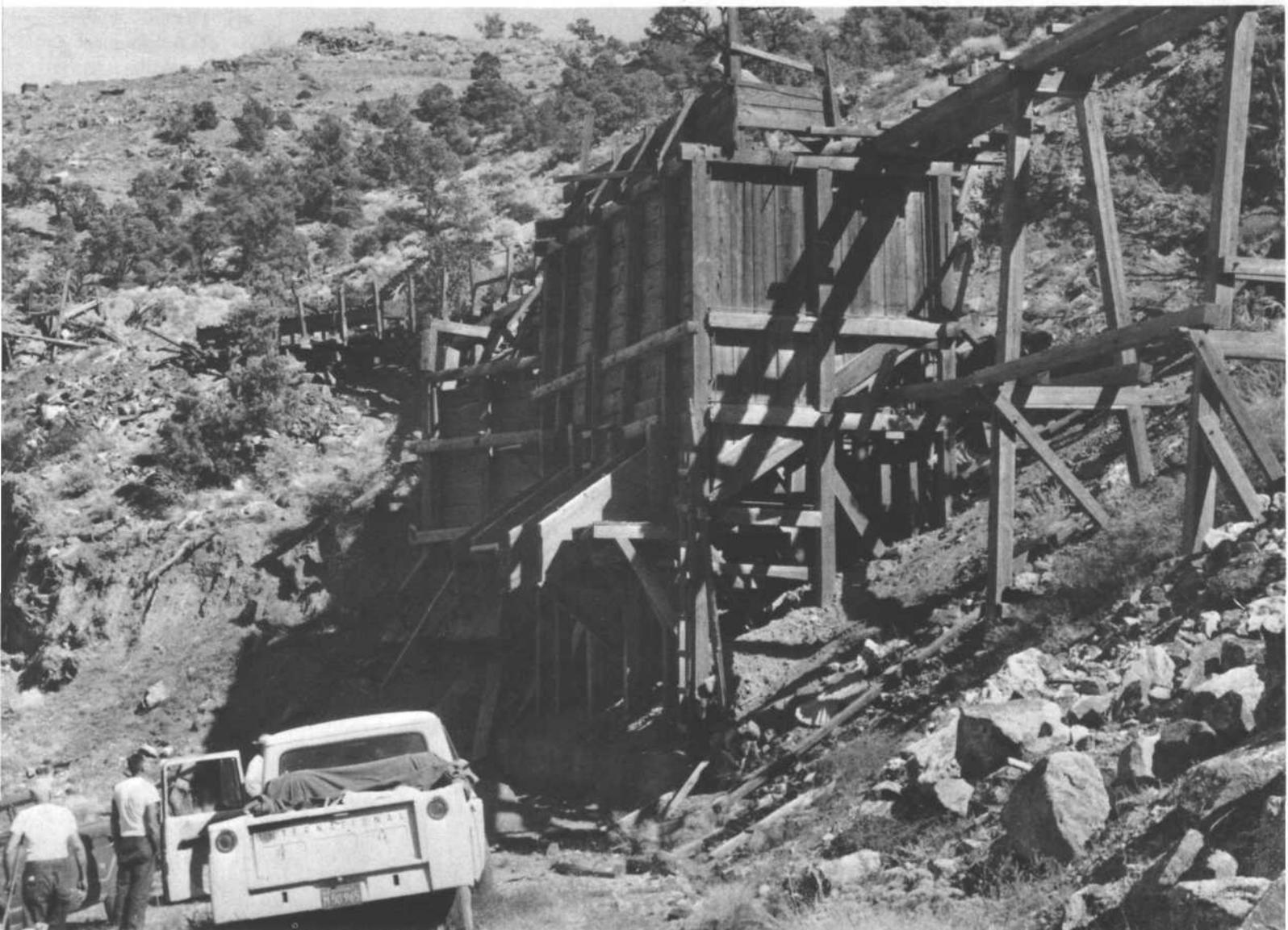
changing desert and mountain scenery without noticeable habitation, but there are ranches far back in the mountains at the end of narrow dirt roads. Now a smooth and well maintained road, this once was a dusty and rutted trail used by ore freighters and covered wagons.

Forty miles from Warm Springs Junction the road climbs out of a long valley, through foothills looking like the wrinkled hide of an elephant. Queen City Summit, at an altitude of 5960 feet is usually windy and cool. For the hardy there is a point of interest just off the highway to the east; a dim dirt road right at the summit drops down to the ruin of a one-room house and a dump and cinnabar retort. About 30 years ago, partners mining here quarreled over the fortune they expected. One shot the other and was sent to prison. The mine operation ceased and the elements wiped out the scars created by man.

Fifty-eight miles from Warm Springs there is a good graded road where a

small sign points east to Tempiute. A newly developed ranch is to the left as the road heads for a clump of buildings on the rim of a dry lake. One mile from the highway a narrow and less used road turns south to the mountains and the old Tempiute diggings. Although no longer maintained it is not steep or winding; the climb is gradual and can be negotiated by car, camper or vehicle with a small trailer. The road ends in a scenic basin where remains of the tungsten mining and milling operation assures the explorer that here is Tempiute. Parking and camping areas range from wide open spaces, shelter under pine trees, or near roofless buildings that provide wind-breaks.

Day hours are warm. From the camp the colors and view of the dry lake and distant mountain range changes with the angle of the sun. Nights are cool and the stars seem very close. Sunrise is slow in coming, climbing the mountain peaks before warming the sheltered camp. Sun-



sets linger in undisturbed peace and beauty.

Recorded history has a way of overrating some places and leaving others virtually unsung; Tempiute received little recognition. Earliest references call it Tem Pah Ute Mountain where three white men were attacked by an Indian party belonging to Tem Pah Ute Bill's tribe.

Peter Dawson and Charles Olsen were killed, William Hannan was wounded but managed to escape and report the ambush. The settlers at Hiko, a few miles east, formed a scouting party and chased the Indians who disappeared into the mountains. The mountains were named after the elusive Indians.

The range received additional attention in 1868 when W. Plush and D. Service discovered silver. The 10 to 12 inches thick vein appeared on the surface at several places and was rich enough to warrant hauling it 15 miles to Crescent for milling. A brief item in Nevada's Lincoln County records of 1871 reads: "William McMurry killed by F. D. Chase and Alex Fraser at Tem Piute. Dispute over mining claims; acquitted." Others were finding profitable ore and staking claims where silver, copper and lead was assaying \$874 per ton at the going price.

The mountain had a mild boom with over 150 mines located and 50 miners seeking a bonanza that would put them on easy street. But before prosperity really got a foothold on Tem Pah Ute the stamp mill at Crescent moved away, and the nearest mill was 180 miles north at Tybo. Only 20 miners hung on, hauling their ore by long-teams over the dirt road. They produced thousands of dollars in silver despite the hardships, milling problems and low prices.

In 1916, two brothers discovered tungsten where others had searched only for silver, but the development costs at that time were too great, so it wasn't until the 1930s that activity really started. Wesley Koyen and his wife, in an effort to escape the depression, came to prospect with hand tools, an old one-ton truck and credit for food extended by a merchant in Caliente. From local timber they fashioned a crude mill to process the tungsten. Stockpiled concentrates brought them \$3200 in 1936 and the attention of large mining concerns which leased and developed adequate milling equipment. Tem Pah Ute now became Tem Piute on the records. Company homes were built, housing for single men developed, tunnels and shafts were blocked out and a 75 ton mill ran full time.

After World War II there was a slump

in activities but 1950 prices brought the camp back to life. The Wah Chang Trading Co., largest tungsten buyers in the United States, negotiated for the property and the settlement became Tempiute. Modern five-room family houses lined the streets and along the narrow canyon toward the diggings. A post office, store and school served the growing community where a 100 men worked underground, 60 men on topside jobs and 1000 tons of ore a day was processed.

In this modern mining camp there was only the lack of telephone service. The Wah Chang Company took care of that by radio service through their base office in Bishop, California. Messages to and from the residents were relayed all over Nevada and California and proved one means of communication.

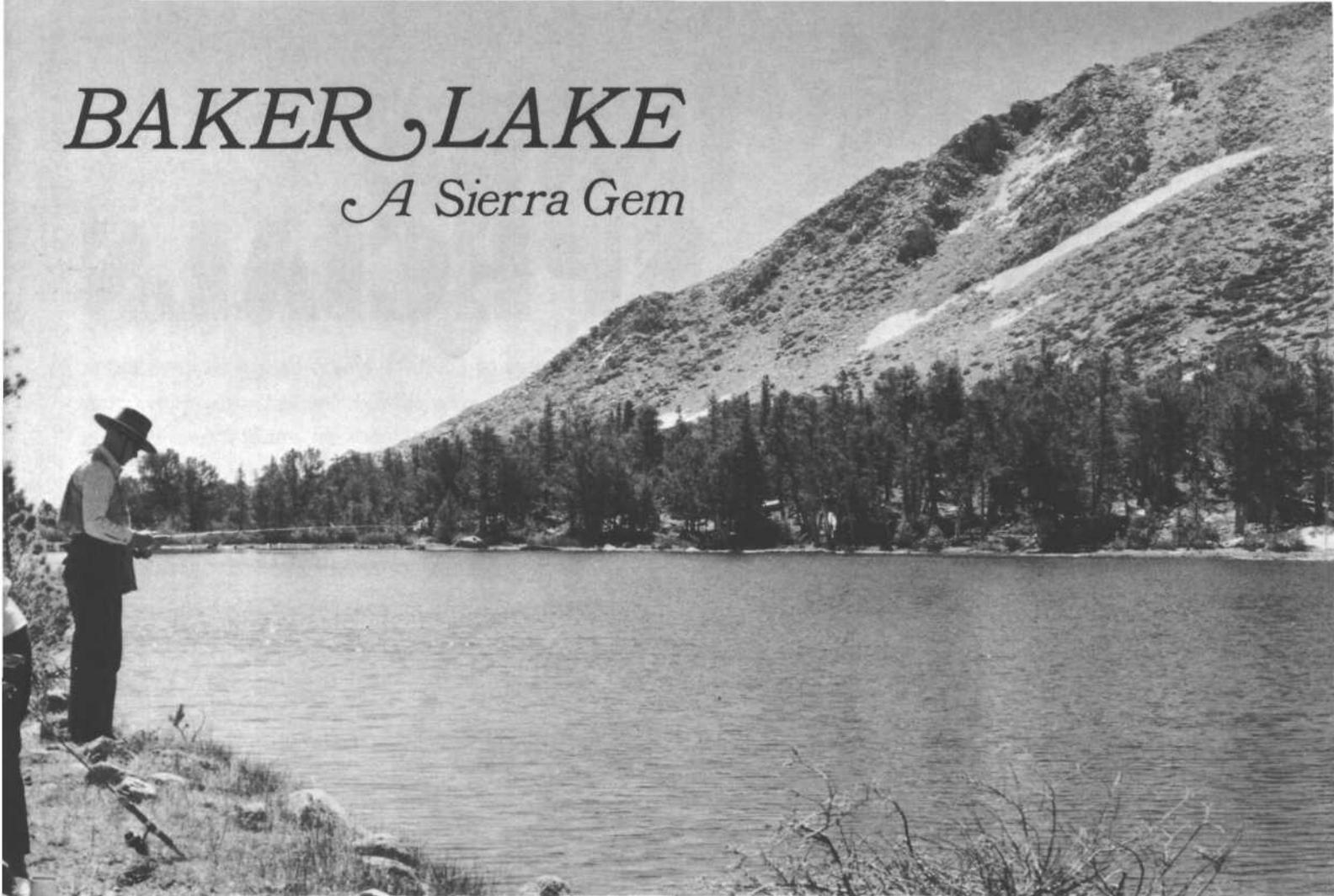
Tempiute today offers the explorer and collector a challenge; Indian artifacts along the dry lake shore in the valley, pink and gray jade for the gem collector, and a road winding up the mountain to diggings that date back to the late 1800s. Construction and materials still at the mine date the period of development. Newer methods are evident at the 1950 workings which came to a halt 12 years ago when Tem Pah Ute, Tem Piute and Tempiute was not only a sick Indian but turned into a ghost. □

Picturesque rock and tree forms follow the good dirt road up the mountain to the Tempiute mining area.



BAKER LAKE

A Sierra Gem



by Dorothy Robertson

WOULD YOU like to find a quiet campsite high in a mountain meadow, or in some cool alpine valley where you have limitless outdoors all to yourself and where the fishing is superb in little-fished waters and where you do not have to fight for camp space? Then look to Baker Lake country in the High Sierras.

In the Baker Lake highlands you are in the shadow of the glaciers where sparkling waterways lace each lovely alpine meadow to its neighbor, and where the shimmering lakes stair-step into climbing country.

Baker Lake is an early-July-to-early-September region. Here you will find snowbanks along the trails, and the winds will be deliciously cool after low country heat. Access into this isolated area is over a cattlemen's road into the sky-country and is for four-wheel-drive vehicles only.

The switchbacks are steep and narrow and the first mountain grade is a one-way road. There are several wide

turnouts on the way up so you won't have to worry about immovable confrontations!

When we visited the Baker Lake area the first time, our party of two campers and one pickup took the road south of Bishop heading westward through the outskirts of a fairly new housing development, then followed the power line past the town dump to wind in a southwesterly direction through some low, rounded brown hills that appeared to pile up against the steep access road to the mountain top. The Standard Station in Bishop willingly gave directions.

Looking up toward the mountainside, the road seemed like a burro-trail. This hardpan road is on the north side of the eastern Sierra that lies south and west of Bishop.

Our first two vehicles, both with four-wheel-drive, made the ascent like lumbering elephants. The third vehicle, a regulation drive pickup without much weight in the back, had to be loaded with rocks, then gunned up the grade. We

all made it to the top without meeting another driver.

From the top-country we discovered we were on a tableland with a fantastic panorama spreading away on all sides. Owens Valley was a golden haze far below; northward and eastward White Mountain Peak humped above the White Mountains, and southward glistened the Inyos, a soft, golden pink. The magnificent pinnacles of the Sierra south and westward spired into the blue heavens, the nearer peaks unfolding in blue-hazed valleys and ridges silhouetting themselves against the deep azure backdrop in magnificent splendor.

The chilly winds were delicious after the heat below; aromatic sun-heated whiffs of pinyons and sage engulfed us. Our road was rocky and bumpy, arrowing ahead only to turn sharply around a mountain side, then climb steeply to wind up and down over the meadows. We stayed on this road all the way, splashing across the spring-fed source of Rawson Creek, and bouncing over Coy-

ote Flat, a long grassy area where 11,188-foot Round Mountain dominates the flat. The meadows were cattle-free for the grass and flowers were only just beginning to appear. Snows were melting and running off everywhere, for it was late July. A warning: DON'T try to take a short-cut across the meadows! They're boggy, so stay on the road. Occasionally you'll come across a few side-roads, but the Baker Lake road goes due south until you're about parallel with Big Pine.

When we came to a fork in the road that turned east, we kept right on the main road, still going south. From this juncture we saw 11,026-foot Sugarloaf Peak east and south of us. Then we crossed Sanger Meadow where fat golden-brown marmots were sitting on sun-warmed rocks like sleek little bears inquisitively eyeing us as we rattled by. Aspens, bright green with young leaves, stood in gossipy clumps. As we rounded a slope, Owens Valley blazed through a deep canyon down which flowed sparkling Baker Creek. At the bottom of the canyon is Big Pine and Tinnemaha Reservoir, overlooked by the scenic Inyos. Ahead of us rose the ramparts of the Palisades, austere in icy aloofness.

Our trail ended at Baker Creek. It had taken us several hours to drive the 20-odd miles from Bishop to Baker Creek. We could drive no farther, so we camped under the towering pines. Beyond the short grade that climbed over the slope from our camp was a beautiful meadow crisscrossed by little creeks, with tumbling water falling down the hill-slopes. No other campers were here.

It was late afternoon by now and the ice-peaks across the canyons glittered ruby and gold in the late sunlight. Deep purple-blue shadows darkened the glaciers and snowy-folds of the fissures that knifed between the pinnacles and joining-ridges of the magnificent Sierran canvas. When Tommy built a campfire for venison steaks, the mouthwatering combination of pitch-pine and dripping fat reminded us we were starving.

The night winds blew down from the high peaks, rustling the pine needles, whooshing across the meadows. The campfire twinkled and flickered, while above us the stars pulsated red, green, flaring gold and huge, like lamps in the velvet sky.

By dawn the fishermen were gone. We



The author and her friends found a beautiful and uncrowded camping area in the valley below the glaciers. They used trail bikes for exploring. Uncrowded Baker Lake (opposite page) is called the "Sapphire Gem of the Sierra."

would join them later in the morning at Baker Lake, several miles due west of the camp. Our camp spot was quiet and beautiful; the only sounds were the wind in the pines and the songs of birds and running water.

On our way over the slopes and ridges to Baker Lake we came across a patch of obsidian chips. I found a perfect two-and-one-half inch deer-point. What else could it be up here in deer-country? The Indians, a century ago, used to come up to this high country during the summer months, spending their time hunting and fishing; the women and children harvesting pinyon nuts on the lower slopes.

Each time we hiked over a ridge and saw sparkling water we thought it was Baker Lake, but each body of water proved the wrong lake. There are a number of these small lakes. We did not mind the long hike—in fact it was fun, for the country is so beautiful and peaceful. Finally we rounded a ridge and looked down on a shimmering sheet of sun-flecked waves, the shoreline edged with emerald pines, the towering, dazzling white of snow-shadows mirrored in the water from the peaks above.

Unspoiled by human clutter, wind-carved pine trunks were etched against the landscape — this was how a lake should look. And no boats were on the lake; what Hercules would portage his boat along that long, rocky hike! The water sparkled and trout were playing on the surface, for the lake was ice-free and full-flowing.

These snow-fed lakes are strung throughout this top-country. And the rainbows in these water are large and very delicious. The fishermen had caught their limits and were just lazing, waiting for us to arrive.

We camped up there by the springs of Baker Creek for three wonderful days, and saw only two other campers. We did not mind that rough cattlemen's road bounced over to reach this heavenly place. We welcomed it, for it was truly a crowd eliminator.

If this is the kind of country you've been hoping to find—a blend of magnificent scenery, snow and pines—a region of crystal clear pure air and sunshine where the only sounds are those of rushing water and rustling pine trees, then head for Baker Lake—and heaven. □

BOULEVARD

by Ken Marquiss

During his 50-odd years Ken Marquiss has packed into his life most of the adventures we dream about—and he is still going strong! He will soon leave for a gold project in Ecuador. He spent his childhood in India where his father was a missionary; led hunting parties in Africa; searched for hidden fortunes in South America, and prospected throughout the western United States—and he still found time to obtain a degree from the University of Redlands and raise a family. A former contributor to DESERT Magazine, he has once again resumed writing about his adventures.

A VIRULENT infection of the lost mine fever is particularly hard on anyone of a scientific or analytical bend, because there is no logic, rhyme or reason to the course of events in the mining game.

Any prospector who woos Lady Luck (or tries "hanky panky with Miss Fortune" as my practical minded wife flip-pantly refers to it) had better be prepared for *anything*; for Fate seems in her most capricious mood when dealing the cards that cover the gold bets.

The richest, most luscious gold ore I ever saw in my whole life was found "within spitting distance" — and just above the present smog line — of what is now one of the major traffic arteries out of California's San Bernardino valley.

It was a big, heavy hunk of rock—so it didn't drop out of some prospector's pocket—and it was found in thick manzanita near a mountain top by an old Kansas wheat farmer out hunting deer. I got cut into the deal because of fig jam. If that isn't whimsical, fatalistic hanky panky, I don't know what is.

The sequence of events started about the time of the birth of the "alphabet" syndrome of bureaucracy — C. C. C., N. R. A., T. V. A., W. P. A. ad nauseum. A couple of years prior to that we had moved to Redlands, California, and Dad had bought a big old white square house with plenty of shade and conveniently located to schools and stores. It also had another prerequisite demanded by my mother—" a nice chicken yard"—for which we were mighty grateful when the misery fog of the depression later settled over us.

In this chicken yard grew a great big Mission fig tree. In season it bore literally buckets of big, black-skinned, sweet, luscious fruit. Out of this fruit my little Irish mother—who didn't take her apron off to anyone when it came to cooking—used to concoct great quantities of an ambrosia she called "figgy jam." This nec-

BONANZA!

tar contained various tasty spicy components; but its prime ingredient was stirring (to keep it from scorching) as it bubbled in the big flat cauldron she used. Being the oldest of the offspring I invariably got stuck with the job—since my younger sisters always developed “sore hands” from peeling the fruit!

From a slab of clear white pine Dad had carved out a wide stirring paddle with a short handle, sort of like an elongated hoe, and I had to work that contraption until I used to think my arms would fall off before the batch was done to my mom’s satisfaction. It was really worth the work, however, because when it was done that mouth-watering goody enhanced anything from breakfast hot cakes to Sunday supper ice cream.

Just prior to the midwest tribulations of the Dust Bowl, new neighbors moved in across the back fence. My mother watched from the kitchen window and

promptly sized them up as “nice people”—so I was immediately dispatched over there carrying a jar of her jam in each hand as welcome to the neighborhood gifts.

The head of the house was a wiry, sunbrowned crusty individual well past middle age whom I’ll call Old Man Dunnaway. We soon became very good friends—helped no doubt by his frank fondness for fig jam! He had been a lifelong Kansas wheat farmer, and sensing that “something was wrong with the weather” he had sold out just ahead of the drought for enough to retire in modest comfort in California.

He told me that all his life he had had to work in the flat lands of Kansas—and all his life he had dreamed of hunting deer in forested mountains. So as soon as the family was settled and deer season opened, he went hunting with zest, zeal and total disregard of boot leather.

He wasn’t spectacularly successful as a hunter—his idea of stalking was to go look in the next canyon—but he sure covered a lot of ground and spooked a lot of deer. So the per pound ratio of venison was about par with fig jam.

One bright Saturday afternoon in late fall I was in the back yard working on what was then known in adolescent vernacular as my “woo-wagon”—a rig of which I was vastly proud.

It was a Model T roadster, modified with a Ruxtle axle, and with the turtle back and rear frame cut off. The drive shaft was shortened so that the rear wheels were up under the front seat. It required extensive maintenance—but it could turn on a dime, go almost anywhere, and made impressive inroads into the campus date hunting grounds supposedly reserved for the rich undergrads who had shiny Franklins, Packards, and Willys Knights.



Back in the 1930s the author made the forerunner of the modern dune buggy. Used for dates, he called it his “woo-wagon.”

Some people go to any lengths looking for gold. Author describes this San Bernardino mountain road as "not exactly a highway." Search area was in mountain in background.

Right in the middle of the ticklish problem of trying to anchor the ears of the reverse clutch band, I heard old man Dunnaway calling me. I wiped my hands and went over to the fence to see what he wanted. He came right to the point. "I hear you're learning mining in school."

I admitted to a marginal struggle with an advanced geology course, but confessed I was still pretty green as to my practical experience.

Apparently satisfied, he related that on a hunting trip several weeks prior he had found something he thought was gold ore. Being unable to find any more he had a proposition for me. If I could help him find it, would I "go halvers" with him?

Since I was head over heels in debt for books, tuition and laboratory fees, and school boy jobs were like hen's teeth, it was an unnecessary question. So I casually agreed, as I figured he probably had found an outcropping containing pyrite, marcasite, or yellowish mica occurring occasionally in the local mountains.

He said, "I know darn well it ain't fool's gold; it's either soft gold or brass in that rock!" and I twitched my ears.

Not wishing to embarrass the old man I didn't quote him the current annual production figures of the California "brass mines"—but it was a good illustration of what he knew about mining. So I suggested we look at his sample. He went to his car, and by the time he was back within ten feet of the fence my eyes began to pop.

The spear head shaped slab of rock he handed me was about 15 inches long, a full hand-span wide, about three inches thick and very heavy. It was a dirty, blue-gray quartz, slightly granular in texture (but not as fine grained as quartzite).



You could not put the end of your thumb on it anywhere without touching a little curlicue, a thin wire, or tiny button of raw yellow gold!

Neither of the flat sides showed any trace of the striated gloss of a slickenside, so by rule of thumb the sample had come from a treasure ledge at least three times its own thickness—perhaps even a full foot wide!

It was like being handed the key to the U.S. Mint. I didn't see Dunnaway, the ore, the fence, anything—because I was already mentally ordering the red Morocco leather upholstery for a shiny black, sparkling new, Auburn Straight-8 coupe; and the tweed plus-fours and Bobby Jones type golf socks befitting the driver of such a rig.

Faintly from far away I heard the old man angrily say, "For the last time, I'm asking you, is it any good?"

I told him, "We're rich, we're rich," and I must have been shouting because he dragged me half across the fence and told me to quiet down.

After I had gained some measure of control he said, "O.K., it's good, but just how good is it?"

"It's bonanza rock; we would have to assay it to know exactly how much it will run—but I can tell you right now it will go thousands of dollars to the ton!"

He paused. "How much do those assay things cost?"

"I can do it for free in the lab at school—but we would have to grind up the rock to assay it; and you can't break up a specimen like that!" Up to that time I didn't even know such rock existed; it was a veritable museum piece; and the idea of smashing it to powder appalled me as unnecessary sacrilege when any fool could see it was spectacular bonanza ore.

The old man remained adamant. If there was one hunk of rock up on the mountain, there had to be more around somewhere; and he wasn't taking a step until he knew for sure it was worth hunting.

We finally compromised by breaking off the pointed end to save as a small comparison sample; and I sacked the rest to assay the next Tuesday when we made the first of the bi-weekly furnace firings in the lab.

Since I was half owner of the ore, nothing was left to chance, and I ran four assays, as getting a truly accurate report on really rich ore is never easy. When the first white-hot button "blinked" on the cupel, I was sure I had somehow salted myself—but the three buttons that followed blinked out even bigger!

After they were "parted" with acid, I weighed out the buttons on the delicate beam balance in the lab office. I couldn't believe what I read, so I called in my geology prof to check my figures. He thought I was tinkering with a bullion assay, was unimpressed, and gave me heck because he had found I was \$17.50 under. The average of the four assays was \$81,747 per ton!

At daylight the next Saturday (like the dozens of weekends that followed) the cockpit of the Model T was loaded to over-flowing with tools, grub, canteens, coats and blankets; with only room for Dunnaway's head to protrude so he could give directions.

We headed out through Cajon Pass, and turned right off the highway about opposite where the Forest Service's Cajon Campground is now located. We pro-

ceeded up the barely passable track in the bottom of Cleghorn canyon to where a San Bernardino man had a summer cabin called (according to a sign over the door) "The Hideout."

We parked there, and loading our pack sacks, headed straight up the south side of Cleghorn. It was so steep in places we had to crawl, and after about an hour of puffing and sweat, my respect for Mr. Dunnaway's physical prowess increased vastly, even if not for his choice of hunting ground.

About 200 yards directly down hill from the peak of the ridge—where a fire lookout station now stands — he stopped in a little gully masked in manzanita. "Here we are," he said. To clinch it, he pointed at the east bank of the gully to his "monument"—four head size rocks piled teeteringly one atop the other. On the other rim of the gully, above a little wash basin-like excavation in the bank, and tied to a bush with a shoe string, was an empty sardine can gently swaying in the breeze. There was no doubt we had come back to the right place.

He related that he had stopped there

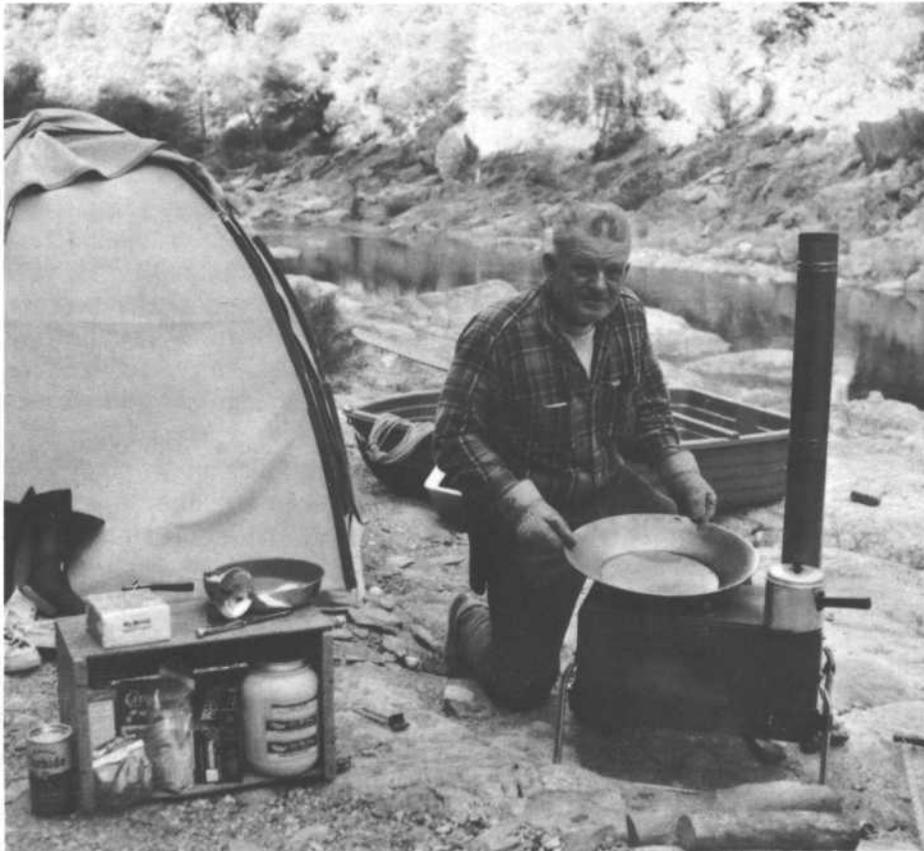
to eat lunch, and in kicking out a place to sit down, had uncovered the piece of treasure rock.

Looking back, it is still painful to consider the sweat, blisters, dreams and wasted work marked by that lousy sardine can! We trenched, dug and crawled for seeming circular miles around that place, but never could we find one other piece of the ore.

Years later, when I bought my first metal detector I spent six weekends up there. The angle was so steep I could not walk with it, so I snaked a 50-foot line around my waist, hooked to the nearest tree trunk and—like a shingler on a roof—bugged the area in decreasing arcs. I found a narrow ledge of greenish serpentine-like ore, that ran about \$12.50 per ton, but no bonanza.

And now the years have passed me by. I am blessed with more wisdom, weight and width; and I wouldn't fight that vertical hillside again for a jeep load of the ore! So the information is all yours.

As for me, I'll spend my time sniping on a Mother Lode river—the "take" is less, but the odds are a whale of a lot better! □



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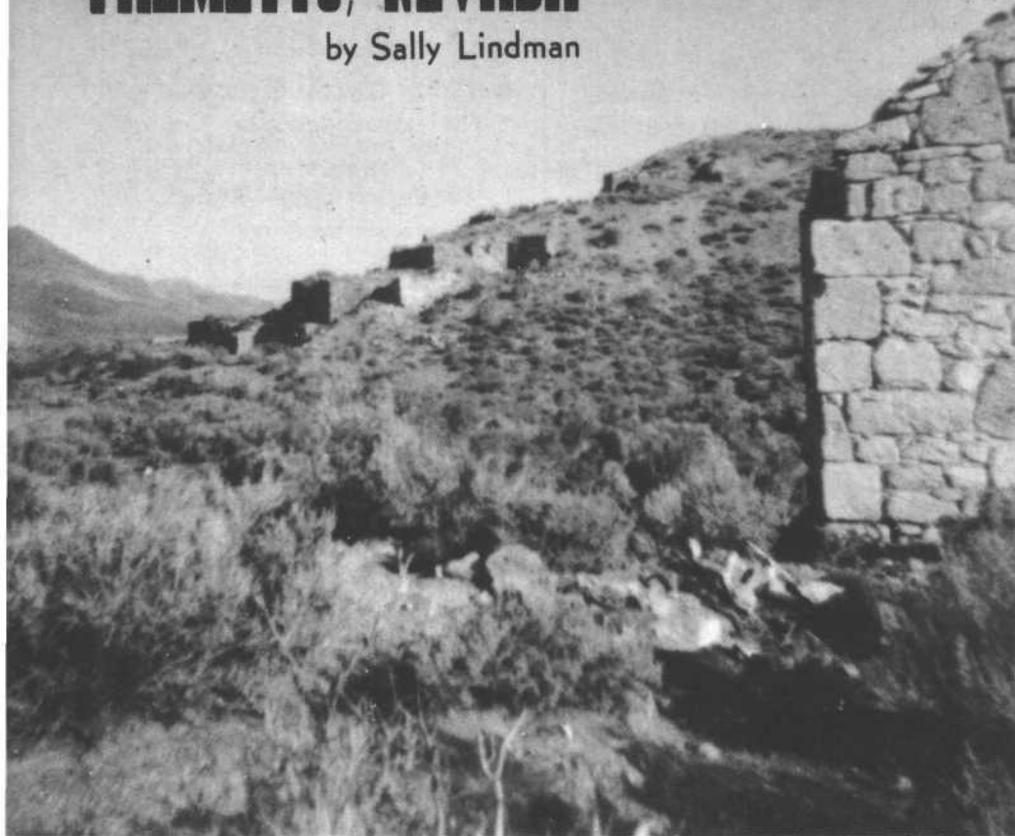
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PALMETTO, NEVADA

by Sally Lindman



PALMETTO SPORTED a business district a mile long during its thriving boom. Now only the stone ruins of the 12 stamp mill, a toll station and a unique two story boarding house are all that remain amidst various "dugout" houses which are scattered along the stubby hillsides of Nevada.

The original town was located on the south side of Highway 3A, established in the 1860s. The mining district was discovered in 1866 by H. W. Bunyard, Thomas Israel and T. W. McNutt for its rich vein of silver ore which played out after two months.

The miners moved on and Palmetto prepared herself for years of sleep. It wasn't until the early 1900s that Palmetto again awakened to life. Before she knew it, 200 tents were pitched, a townsite surveyed and 40-foot lots sold up to \$500 each.

However, Palmetto was plagued with bad luck. The chips were against her. Fate dealt her a doomed hand and the town's complete existence became hidden from the face of earth, as it still is today.

A gigantic flash flood erased every trace of the town. According to a few local veterans, there were stories of busi-

ness district vaults still laden with monies and the days receipts, which as yet remain to be found.

From Big Pine go east via Westgard Pass, through the ancient Bristlecone Forest and continue to the fork near the California-Nevada border taking the right branch, indicating Lida, Nevada as the next town. The ruins are along the paved road before Lida, on your left side.

Part of the route follows an old toll road built in the 1870s by Sam Piper of Fish Lake Valley, Nevada. When coming through Westgard Pass you eventually pass the burned remains of the old Piper Toll Station, which caught fire in 1966 due to careless campers.

The route was also established earlier by an emigrant wagon train and then used by freight teams coming from Goldfield, Lida, and Silver Peak, Nevada on their way to the Owens Valley. The toll road connected the busy mining centers of Gold Mountain, Tule Canyon and Palmetto. Fresh vegetables and honey were brought to Gold Mountain and Oriental from Owens Valley ranches.

One word of caution. This is a well paved road, yet sometimes narrow, so be sure to use your horn at the blind curves. There are approximately 10 of these. □

BODIE'S BONANZA LEDGE

Continued from Page 7

tract was heavily alloyed with silver and was rarely worth more than \$12 an ounce, or \$144 a pound.

The Bodie rush was on. News of the Great Bonanza Ledge traveled fast. People came in stage coaches, dead-ax wagons, buggies, lumber teams, any way they could get there. Prospectors came on foot, walking beside their laden burros. Governor Leland Stanford came too, declaring he had lost a fortune by listening to his confounded "expert." But, no doubt, remembering his foolhardy statement, the "expert" was far on his way to other diggings.

The town was wide open. Life went on around the clock. The sky was the limit and Bodie became the wickedest as well as one of the richest and one of the most spectacular bonanza towns in the West.

Twelve thousand people came to Bodie; miners, speculators, gamblers, wild women—they all came. Later, "good" women came, judges, doctors, and even preachers. A large Chinatown grew with tales of opium and slavery, lorded over by the high-binder tongs, whose sinister word was law.

Bodie didn't have much time to settle down—only a few years. Then it dwindled again. Its remaining 150 or so weathered buildings and hundreds of abandoned shafts became lonely sentries on the high, windy bluffs, guarded by a protective State Park Monument to wild and wicked days gone by.

Resting still, on more gold than ever was taken out, the remains of Bodie stand. It is estimated that \$100,000,000 was taken out of the Bodie mines after the Great Bonanza and that \$150,000,000 remains. But it is too expensive to get it out.

Perhaps the ghosts of the "expert" O'Hara, and Governor Leland Stanford linger still, bewailing their loss as the wind groans through the deserted town. At the Bodie Bluff Consolidated Mining Company, Essington and Lockberg were the two who came out ahead. □

THERE'S MUCHO FUN ALONG THE BORDER OF BAJA

Continued from Page 11

provides an opportunity for placing bets on any horse, or dog, racing in the United States or Mexico — all tracks are covered!

In order not to miss seeing some of the outstanding new buildings and attractions in this city, the visitor should drop in at the Tourist Bureau (on Alfabetizacion, near Reforma) and seek information from Senor Eliseo Garcia Araujo. He'll gladly provide directions to the Social Security Building (with its own theater within the structure); the Casa de la Juventud (House of Youth), where Mexican young people learn trades and enjoy YMCA type activity; the exclusive Casino de Mexicali; the beautiful new Cetys College, an excellent institution of learning; and several other impressive points of interest of which Mexicali is justifiably proud.

Our decision to select Mexicali's newest and finest motel for the last night of our trip was a wise choice. Motel Lucerna, at 2151 Benito Juarez Boulevard, is excellent in every respect. The luxury and elegance of its bungalow units, the beautiful grounds, the large swimming pool with a waterfall, and the courteous

service, cannot be matched anywhere. Rates are reasonable by U.S. standards—our spacious twin-bed unit cost only \$14.00.

We enjoyed dinner in El Acueducto Restaurant, overlooking the pool and waterfall. It started with a large bowl of steamed clams with lemon and melted butter (compliments of the house). Cost of the meal, including cocktails, was only \$8.50 for two. Another fine restaurant, with music for listening or dancing, is Los Candiles. These two eating places, plus an attractive coffee shop with indoor and outdoor tables around an artistic fountain, provide facilities for the various desires of the guests.

If you decide to follow our footsteps, and tire tracks, through northern Baja, here is a tip that might be helpful. Although most of the people you'll meet speak English, you'll find that it's fun to use whatever Spanish you know. Even if you have only a smattering of the language, which is our situation, the natives will appreciate your efforts and help you to learn more. So enjoy your trip and while in Mexico do as the Mexicans do—relax, have fun and take a siesta! □

Scenic vista along Hwy. 2 east of La Rumorosa with desert floor in background.



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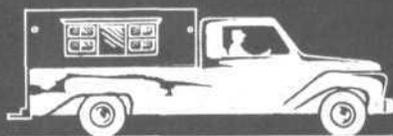
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Back Country

Travel
by Bill Bryan



The big family event of the past month was the California Association of Four Wheel Drive Club's Randsburg Roundup. The four-wheel-drive rally and campout in the Randsburg, California area was attended by about 1400 people on a 20-acre site provided by Mrs. Pearl Kelly of Randsburg.

The weather was ideal and with so many planned events to keep you busy all day, including games and activities for the kids, when night fell you were almost too tired to attend the dance.

The campsite was laid out by the Four Wheelers of Orange County. They were justly complimented, as they laid out streets and lots which made it easy for late arrivals to find other members of their clubs.

Chairman Jim Bond asked me to express his sincere gratitude to the Randsburg Museum, Constable John Turner, Mrs. Williams, the building attendant where the dance was held, and to all of the people of Randsburg and Red Mountain for their warm reception afforded our members.

There are still some commemorative Randsburg plaques available. If you did not get one send \$1.00 to Jim Bond, 8111 E. Garvey Blvd., Rosemead, Calif. 91770—and tell him you got the word from DESERT Magazine.

Hill Billy Jeep Club Wins DESERT's Conservation Award



Hill Billy Jeep Club of Manhattan Beach, California, as a result of a conference with the ranger station at Fawnskin in the San Bernardino Mountains, scheduled a run to clean up a hunter's camp before the opening of deer season.

The ranger station at Big Pine Flats Campground provided the trash barrels, and we provided the 4-wheel-drive pickup to carry out the trash, along with elbow-grease and 12 vehicles. A special merit badge went to Mrs. Dotty Stevens who drove her Jeepster for the first time over a hairy jeep trail to reach the camp, because her better half was attending the state association meeting and couldn't be present.

We filled the back of the truck with litter in disposable paper sleeping bags, commonly used by fire-fighters, forest rangers and hunters, and carried them all back to the ranger station at Big Pine Flat since the fire danger prohibited any burning.



The successful Randsburg Roundup of the California Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs wasn't just for the adults. There were many children's activities, such as this boys' sack race, to keep the kids busy.

Little Litter is Less Bitter

A new prescription for hardening of the muscles and reducing the waistline is offered by Keep America Beautiful. The proposal is that you can keep America beautiful by taking walks to pick up litter.

"Medical authorities agree that walking is one of the best exercises there is, and every calisthenics routine includes some form of bending down from the waist," Allen H. Seed Jr., executive vice president said. "So why not combine the two in a daily walk to pick up litter?"

America's highways and byways would be a lot cleaner if "litter walking" became half the fad that jogging is today, he concluded.

Hell will be a clean place to live this summer.

A spring litter campaign in Hell, Michigan is producing great results, according to Judge Mel Reinhard, president of the local chamber of commerce and a litter-fighter. And to give the campaign an added incentive Judge Reinhard is giving litterbags as wedding presents to couples getting married in Hell. The bags are inscribed: "Don't throw your trash all over Hell."

The most rewarding litter package we have heard about for some time is that of a California state ranger. He found a heap of trash left by ungrateful park visitors. Among the debris was an envelope with the names of the litterbugs. He carefully collected all the trash, put it in a cardboard box and mailed it back to the owners. It's too bad he couldn't have mailed it collect!

News and Views From Other Publications

A recent article in the Lancaster Ledger-Gazette by Larry Grooms was illustrated by candid photographs showing adults and children picking California golden poppies and then dashing madly toward their cars so they could take them back home.

Evidently the adults condoned the actions of the children. We ask: Is this any way to raise children? In the first place, the poppies will not survive the trip back to Los Angeles, and, in the second place, anyone picking wildflowers in the State of California is subject to a \$500 fine and/or six months in jail.

Maybe the parents didn't have enough guts to pick the poppies on their own so they sent their unsuspecting kids to do the criminal act. Or, and we think this is the case, they were merely ignorant of the law. But when you get before the judge, he says ignorance is no defense.

So remember in California and most of the other western states it is against the law to pick wildflowers. Admire them, take photographs of the plants, but leave them so others may enjoy the beauty of nature.

If you have your sleeping bag cleaned be sure and give it a good airing before using it again. The Good Outdoors Manner Association (GOMA) sounded the alarm and stated a 16-year-old boy died after sleeping in a bag that had been cleaned in perchloroethylene in a coin-operated unit. You should also guard against chemical burns due to home-applied water-proofing compound. Several cases of severe rash from such burns have been reported. — *The Treasure Hunter*.

For two years Ensenada officials have adopted a policy of arresting misbehaviors, cutting their hair, charging them two dollars, giving them the hair in a paper sack and pointing the way to the border. — Reporter Almon Lockaby in an article on the Newport to Ensenada Boat Race in the *Riverside Daily Enterprise*.

A great leader is one who never permits his followers to discover he is as dumb as they are. — *The Treasure Chest*, official publication of the Treasure Hunting Club.

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Woman's Viewpoint

It would be quite difficult to improve on your wonderful magazine and Woman's Viewpoint is a real life saver. With the help of this new section women in the desert won't find all their time on camping trips being wasted by cooking complicated meals and having messy clean-up jobs. I think it could also be improved by a few handy hints like:

1. Storage tips for desert rats.
2. Packing tips.
3. Any helpful ideas which would give more time to the wife and mother on camping trips.

Also, being a new subscriber, I have missed out on many rockhound articles. I would like to see some articles of this type, especially in Imperial and San Diego counties, and maybe a monthly column on rockhounding.

MRS. CHERYL L. GRAND,
Alpine, California.

Editor's Note: We have several good rockhound articles on the above areas, but will hold them until the weather cools in the deserts. We also are starting a monthly rockhound column this fall.

I appreciate all the Skillet Bread recipes and many thanks. Here's one of my favorite "quickies" that leaves time for exploring and digging. It can be prepared ahead of time and heated up quickly.

BEANS & FRANKS

- 1 large can New England style beans
- 1/2 onion minced
- 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1/4 cup of chili sauce (optional—catsup is good)
- 1 pound frankfurters

Mix the first four ingredients and put layer in skillet. Fry the franks in butter and put a layer of franks on beans—then continue until beans and franks are used up. Simmer on top of stove about 30 minutes or heat in oven. Serve with grated cheddar if desired.

A YUCAIPA READER

Calendar of Western Events

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

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

AUGUST 2 & 3, TREASURES OF THE EARTH, sponsored by the Santa Cruz Mineral and Gem Society, Civic Auditorium, Santa Cruz, Calif. Admission free.

AUGUST 9 & 10, THIRD ANNUAL NORTHERN SIERRA TREK of the California Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs. For information write to Robert Gemignani, Grass Valley 4-Wheelers, Mtr. Box 78, Nevada City, Calif. 95959.

AUGUST 14-17, INTER-TRIBAL INDIAN CEREMONIAL, Gallup, New Mexico. A showcase of traditional Indian Culture including crafts, rituals, dances, rodeo and a myriad of other entertainment. For brochure write to Ceremonial Association, Box 1029, Gallup, New Mexico 87301.

AUGUST 16 & 17, ANNUAL TEHACHAPI MOUNTAIN FESTIVAL, Tehachapi, California. Family fun, mountain style with parades, rodeo, airshow, dances, etc. Camping and trailer parking.

AUGUST 16-17, SIXTH ANNUAL JEEP ROAD-EO sponsored by the Sierra Ground Rescue, Carson City, Nevada. Competition and a historical tour of the area. Write to Sierra Ground Rescue, Box 1192, Carson City Nevada 89701.

AUGUST 30, CENTENIAL 4WD SAFARI, Ely, Nevada. Tour of ghost towns. Write to Mrs. Lloyd Phillips, P. O. Box 571, Ely, Nevada 89301.

SEPTEMBER 13 & 14, SANTA YNEZ VALLEY ROCK CLUB SHOW in connection with Solvang Danish Days, Solvang, Calif. Admission free.

SEPTEMBER 27, ANNUAL ROCK SWAP sponsored by the Fresno Gem and Mineral Society, Kearney Park, Fresno, California.

SEPTEMBER 27 & 28, GAMBLERS RODEO sponsored by the Lake Tahoe Hi/Lo's 4-Wheel Drive Club, Tahoe Valley, California. Excellent spectator event. Participants and public invited. Write to Hi/Lo Club, South Lake Tahoe, Calif. 95705.

SEPTEMBER 27 & 28, GEM AND MINERAL SHOW sponsored by Motherlode Mineralites of Auburn, Calif. Admission free.

A Tick-lish Situation . . .

Where in the world is Tick Canyon? I am referring to the article in the June issue *Trip to Tick Canyon*. It states it is a "mere 45 minutes by freeway from downtown Los Angeles." Have you looked at a freeway map of Los Angeles lately. There are dozens of freeways going in all directions. Which one do you take? It states "Tick Canyon lies off the Mint Canyon Freeway." Why that's easy! But where is Mint Canyon Freeway? Why it's "just a few miles west of the historic pile of fascinating rocks known as the Vasquez Rocks." Where are the rocks? "From the freeway take the Escondido Canyon Road to where Davenport Road cuts in." That's just peachy dandy—but how does one go about finding these roads? Oh, well, San Diego County has more to see anyway, so I'll just stay here.

AUDREY JUSTICE,
San Diego, California.

Editor's Note: We certainly did Desert readers and Mr. Justice an injustice by not printing a map of Tick Canyon. As we said in the reply to Mr. Grey's letter on this page we have been invaded by Map Termites. However, I would like to point out that Desert Magazine takes its readers to unusual and interesting places not covered by other magazines of the West. Space prohibits printing detailed maps of many of the trips.

There are many excellent county maps which show off-roads for both passenger cars and four-wheel-drive vehicles. These maps are much larger than could be printed in Desert and show more detailed roads, all of which would lead to interesting places and new adventures—and the majority of these roads are easily traveled in passenger cars. For instance, the Los Angeles County map of the Automobile Club of Southern California shows the exact location of Tick Canyon. This is not an excuse for leaving out the map of Tick Canyon, but rather a suggestion for those who like to explore so they can have greater adventures while following the trips printed in Desert. Who knows, you may discover a new canyon, lost mine or some other interesting place and write an article for our readers—but be sure to enclose a detailed map with your adventure story!

Respect Private Property . . .

We are happy to find that the town of Cerro Gordo is open to the public, thanks to Richard Smith's information in the June issue.

We wrote the letter he referred to (Feb. '69) at which time we enclosed the picture showing the "Closed to the Public" sign. Sorry we didn't know at the time that we could have gone up to the town, but we'll try and get back in the near future.

Vandalism and littering the mining towns by the public is a sad thing and if it keeps up, we are going to find that many more of these towns will be closed to the public.

MR. & MRS. HARRY LIVESAY,
San Jacinto, California.

Letters to the Editor

Letters requesting answers must include
stamped self-addressed envelope.

Hard Cash Saloon . . .

Regarding your letter of April 1, I am the author and owner of the Hard Cash Saloon (Feb. '68).

We are in the process of moving the entire collection to a more satisfactory location in Nevada. Upon completion of the move, I will give you a followup and advise you of visitor accommodations. I am grateful to you for your interest and happy to know that people do want to come and share the collection with us.

H. C. HENDERSON,
Canoga Park, California.

Where's El Golfo . . .

Having been to El Golfo, I enjoyed reading Erle Stanley Gardner's adventures in the charming Mexican village. But other readers may not be familiar with how to get there. Why not let them know?

HARVEY GRAY,
Palm Desert, California.

Editors' Note: Desert Magazine seems to have been invaded by Map Termites. In the June issue a map for the article on Trip to Tick Canyon was left out and in the July issue the map showing how to drive to El Golfo fell by the wayside.



Kokoweef Mountains . . .

My friends and I enjoy reading Desert Magazine very much—a job well done.

I have explored the Kokoweef Mountains south of Mexican Wells and have found some very interesting diggings in what seems to be natural caves. I am sure there is more than what meets the unfamiliar desert explorer in this area and I am really interested in the history of what went on in these caves.

RONALD GONSCH,
Whittier, California.

Editor's Note: Kokoweef Peak is located in the Ivanpah Mountains in California's San Bernardino County. According to some stories (as related by Walter Ford in An Old Fort Road, Nov. '68) two men in 1927 allegedly found an underground river with gold bearing black sand and the cave was later blasted shut. Today the caves could be dangerous and some of the land is private property, so be careful when exploring the area.

An Author Replies . . .

I read Richard S. Smith's letter in the June issue. I would like to know his source of information. He stated that my botanical name for Smoke Tree was not correct. He said that it should be Dalea spinosa, I said it was Rhus cotinus.

I obtained my information from Webster's Dictionary. That is a correct source to go by isn't it? Well anyhow, he did say that my description was excellent, that's nice.

I just thought that you should know that I always try to be correct in my factual manuscripts.

DOROTHY W. DIAL,
Yucca Valley, California.

Editors' Note: Dorothy Dial is not only a good writer, but she is known for her accuracy. Like most of us in the business, she used Webster's Dictionary for her source for the botanical name of the Smoke Tree. In an attempt to determine the true definition of the Smoke Tree—and its family—I spent two hours going through our library. After trying to associate Rhus, Cotinus, Dalea, Spinosa and other Latin and Greek names, plus those named after plain people who discovered various species of plants, and then putting the Latin and Greek names together (and trying to remember what my Latin professor told me 25 years ago) I decided the best name for the beautiful desert plant as so ably described by Dorothy Dial is just plain Smoke Tree. After all, the tree doesn't care what it is called as long as people enjoy its beauty.

Back Cover: Utah is a land of spectacular scenery and changing moods. Typical of the contrasts is this photograph by Frank Jensen taken on the flank of the Markagunt Plateau.

