

DECEMBER, 1968 50c

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DESERT

MAGAZINE

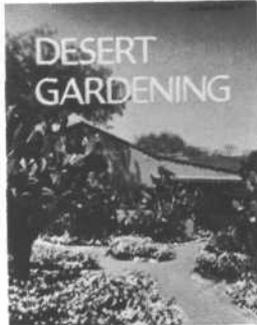


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By EDITORS of SUNSET BOOKS

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By SPENCER MURRAY

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\$6.75

THE LIFE OF THE DESERT by Ann and Myron Sutton. Covers desert creatures, perennial water problems and how animals and plants survive. Beautiful color photos. 231 pages, \$4.95.

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Desert

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DECEMBER COLOR PHOTOS

A White Christmas seldom comes to the high desert areas, but when it does the fleeting snow turns the desert plants and Joshua Trees into a winter wonderland as illustrated in the cover photograph by David Muench, Santa Barbara, California. Giant saguaros and ocotillo dot the landscape of Arizona's Blue Jean Country. Riding through the scenic mountains and deserts is a favorite sport of residents and visitors. Photo on page 23 by Robert Blair, Los Angeles.

BOOK REVIEWS

SUN, SAND AND SOLITUDE

By Randall Henderson

If I were asked to name one man living today who has had more experience, has the deepest understanding and the greatest appreciation of the desert areas of the West I would immediately say Randall Henderson.

I say this not because he founded Desert Magazine 31 years ago at an age when most men think of retiring, not because he is a militant conservationist and member of the Desert Protective Council among many other outdoor groups, and not because he has lived on the desert nearly all of his seventy-odd years. Many people have been desert dwellers all of their lives, but still have little knowledge of their environment.

I would name Randall because in the five years I have known him I have been greatly influenced by the man whose personality, character and compassion are the direct result of having lived, loved and fought for our wilderness areas. Randall Henderson is not part of the desert, he is the desert.

In an editorial in the first issue of Desert Magazine, November, 1937, en-

titled *There Are Two Deserts*, Randall stated:

"To those who come to the desert with friendliness, it gives friendship; to those who come with courage, it gives new strength of character. Those seeking relaxation find release from the world of man-made troubles. For those seeking beauty, the desert offers nature's rarest artistry. This is the desert that men and women learn to love."

This same philosophy of 31 years ago is stated in his new book, *Sun, Sand and Solitude*, a sequel to his popular *On Desert Trails*, published in 1961 and still going strong.

His new book is a collection of his experiences, observations and philosophy. It is concerned with the deep and poignant wonder of desert living, which he has seen grow from a few hardy devotees, to the present widespread and fascinating way of life so peculiar to the American West.

You may not agree with *all* of his observations—I do not—but you will have a greater understanding and a broader view of our changing desert, both past and present, after reading this provocative book.

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By the Editors of *Sunset Books*

An illustrated travel guide to Southern California, this is another in the series of *Sunset Travel Books*. It presents in capsule form most of the interesting places to visit and things to see in Southern California.

Sections include San Diego, Trips from San Diego, Los Angeles, Trips from Los Angeles, Catalina Island, Palm Springs, Santa Barbara, Trips from Santa Barbara, The San Luis Obispo Area, The Central Valley (Fresno and Bakersfield), Sequoia and Kings Canyon, The Mojave Desert, Death Valley and East of the Sierra.

Heavy paperback, large 8 x 11 format, 128 pages, \$1.95.

Books reviewed may be ordered from the DESERT Magazine Book Order Department, Palm Desert, California 92260. Please include 50c for handling. California residents must add 5% sales tax. Enclose payment with order.

THE ROSE AND THE ROBE

Painted and Written by Ted De Grazia

This interpretation of Father Junipero Serra's 15 years among the first of the California Missions brings into full flower the unique art talents of the famous Southwestern artist, Ettore (Ted) De Grazia.

The artist and author uses notes from early Franciscan letters and diaries to furnish the material for his oil paintings and line drawings. The text is short and his written interpretation of some of the incidents that occurred in the Spanish mission days compliment the excellent reproductions of his oil paintings. The Arizona artist has created his best book to date. It is an ideal Christmas present.

Printed on high-quality 80-pound Patina the 80-page book is a large 9 x 12 format with 25 full pages of color plates and dozens of sketches. Hard cover, 4-color jacket. \$11.75.

BLACK ROBES IN LOWER CALIFORNIA

By Peter Masten Dunne, S.J.

Long out of print this remarkable account of the settlement of Baja by the Jesuit missionaries is once again available. The Spanish crown had made six unsuccessful attempts to colonize Lower California at a cost of a half million pesos. It remained for the Jesuits to raise the needed money on their own so they could go into the barren country and face the hostile Indians. They improved (in some ways) the condition of the Indians and introduced farming and cattle raising. Then, after establishing 20 missions during a century of struggle, they were suddenly banished from their adopted land. Although the author is a Jesuit, he has told the fascinating story objectively. Hardcover, illustrated, 537 pages, \$11.50.

Buried Treasure.

Could be "there's gold in them thar hills." In the Superstition Mountains of Arizona, there are certainly lots of human bones. The most recent attempt to explore the famed Lost Dutchman Mine was successful in at least one respect—the explorer, Glenn Magill, got back alive. What happened to him—and to others before him—is reported in an exciting new book, *THE KILLER MOUNTAINS*, by Curt Gentry. "Final words in the book include hints for those anxious, or crazy enough, to continue the search. This is a very readable account about a subject always in demand by fans of Western adventure."

—*Library Journal*.

Whether or not you plan a treasure hunt to the Lost Dutchman yourself, there is enough here to satisfy the most adventurous readers—including all those vicarious prospectors on your Christmas list. \$5.50 at bookstores, or from WORLD PUBLISHING, Dept. DD, 2231 W. 110th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Killer Mountains

by Curt Gentry



EDITORIAL

Coyote Canyon

Coyote Canyon is located in the northwest corner of California's Anza-Borrego State Park in San Diego County. In 1774 Juan Bautista de Anza traveled through Coyote Canyon en route to San Francisco from Yuma, Arizona. His same route was later followed by hundreds of wagon trains. Today the area is only accessible by hiking, horseback riding or in back country vehicles.

The Borrego Springs Chamber of Commerce has petitioned the California State Department of Parks and Recreation to construct a paved road from their area through Coyote Canyon to connect with State Highway 71 near Anza in Riverside County. They maintain a paved road would help their economy by providing a faster route from Riverside and Los Angeles and provide quicker shipment of perishable produce to markets.

Borrego Springs is located in the heart of the Anza-Borrego State Park and is headquarters for many thousands of people who visit the park every month during the winter season. It is a delightful community with excellent tourist facilities. A new paved highway has just recently been completed from Borrego Springs to State Highway 86 at the Salton Sea. Route 86 connects with the San Bernardino Freeway 30 miles north.

The proposed highway is opposed by such organizations as the Desert Protective Council and the California Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs, which, incidentally, do not always agree. Desert Magazine joins these organizations in opposing the proposal for the following reasons:

1. Although a paved road would shorten the driving distance by some 20 or 30 miles, it would not shorten the *driving time*. The paved road would connect with State Route 74. From this point to reach either the San Bernardino Freeway or U.S. 395 you would have many miles of mountain driving. This would be slower than taking the San Bernardino Freeway to Indio, south 30 miles to the new paved Truckhaven road and into Borrego. So we feel the proposed highway would not accomplish its alleged purpose.

2. Every week anywhere from 100 to 500 people visit the Coyote Canyon wilderness area which is rich in fauna and flora and has an important historical background. The Santa Caterina Springs provide water the year around. As a result the area has an abundance of wildlife, including bighorn sheep. The highway would destroy three of their water holes and result in the destruction of at least 70 of these majestic creatures. Coyote Canyon's unique vegetation with its special groups of bird and animal inhabitants provides one of the few remaining wilderness areas in Southern California. It should be kept inviolate for the peace of both man and its native inhabitants.

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Perris Valley

by Rosemary Evans

PERRIS VALLEY is the proposed site of the Perris Dam and Reservoir Southern Terminus of the California Feather River Water System. This vast land of solitude was once inhabited by Indians. By 1972 the area is expected to double in population, but for now it is on the primitive side. In some places only a lone sheepherder with his flock breaks the silence.

In the heart of the valley is the city of Perris, one of the last pioneering towns of Southern California. It is located on U.S. 395 and State 74, seventy miles east of Los Angeles, and fifteen miles south of Riverside. West of the city are the gold-bearing hills of Gavilan.

Perris was built in 1881 when the California Southern Railroad laid track through the area. The first town site was called Pinacate, a Spanish word meaning Stinkbug. The town grew quickly as settlers took out homesteads and bought railroad land.

Pinacate had a short life of less than

five years. The building of a depot, one and a half miles north, was an inducement to build a new town. The town was called Perris in honor of the railroad's chief surveyor, F. T. Perris. It wasn't long before the surrounding desert plains became known as Perris Valley. The valley is a land of sunshine and fresh air where petroglyph boulders and other Indian relics can still be found.

If you come to Perris from the north, leave U.S. 395 at the Perris, Elsinore exit. As you enter the city look for the Rock Castle on your right. This fortress is a private residence. Its tile roof is visible from any part of the valley. It was erected in 1928 by the Ragsdale family. Each rock was carefully selected from desert washes, loaded aboard a Model-T truck and hauled to the Perris hilltop. The base of the walls are six feet thick.

Below the castle and across the street is the old Union High School campus,



This historic building constructed in 1884 is in sharp contrast to the newer buildings in the bustling community of Perris.

built in 1910. This property now serves as City Hall and Civic Center. Each June during the Perris Valley Art Festival, the yard exhibits a model of the Eiffel Tower, giving Perris, U.S.A. that Paris air of gayety.

There are no signal lights in Perris, but at Fourth and D Streets, a four-way stop, you can get a good view of the town. On the left, halfway between Fourth and Fifth Streets, is the two-story hotel of the Bernasconi family. Tilly Bernasconi still resides in the old building. It was built in 1884 by her father. Plans are being made to restore the building.

At the end of D Street, follow the Trolley Museum signs to the former town-site of Pinacate. The museum is a junkyard of collapsed and rejuvenated old trolleys. Street car enthusiasts spend money, weekends, and vacations restoring these relics. A ten by twelve dug-out, used as a supply store, is the only remaining evidence of Pinacate.

The Orange Trolley Museum is a non-profit hobbyist club. Its members invite folks to climb aboard one of the trolleys. Everyone becomes a child at the museum,



Two of the many old trains at the Trolley Museum, a favorite spot for children and adult train buffs.

so go ahead, ring the bell. The grounds are open to the public every day without charge. There is, however, a small charge to ride the one-mile of finished track leading toward town. Eventually there will be six miles of track into Railroad Canyon.

The scene east of Perris is rural. Sheep pasture on open range. Fenced spreads are large cattle and chicken ranches. Where there are now great fields of potatoes, grain and alfalfa, the Perris Dam and Reservoir will be built. Present construction schedule provides for completion of the 2080-acre lake in 1972.

Six hundred acres of the surrounding land will be a camper's paradise. There will be a 65-acre island picnic area for boaters. An 80-acre boat launching area will bring water sport enthusiasts to the lake. For swimmers there will be an 80-acre beach of imported sand. Campers will have ample space at a 75-acre trailer camp.

At the present time, campers, boaters and water skiers enjoy nearby Ski Land's 90-acre lake. Ski Land is located on San Jacinto Avenue, three miles east of Perris, and three miles south of the proposed Perris Lake. □



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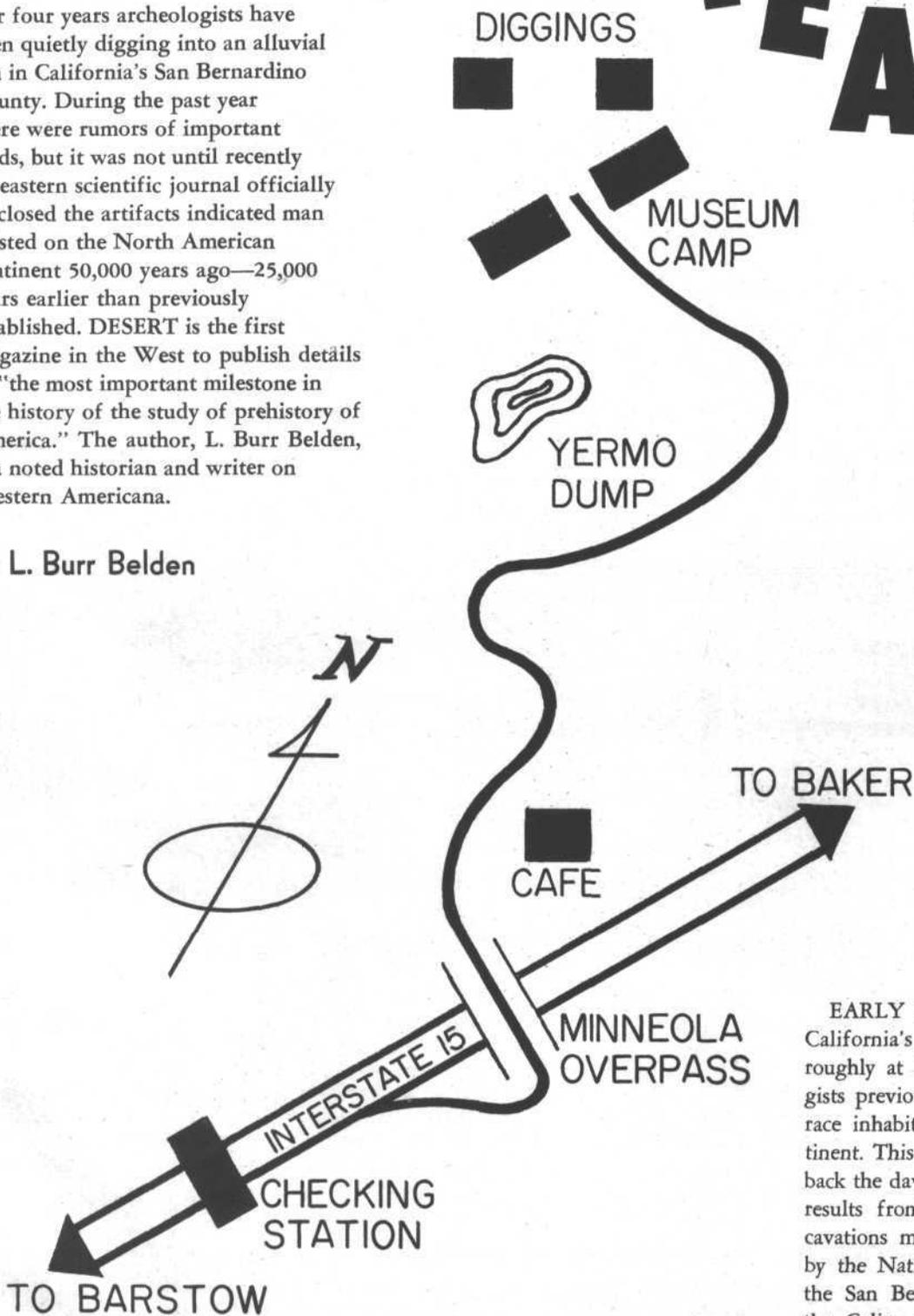
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50,000 YEARS AGO

For four years archeologists have been quietly digging into an alluvial fan in California's San Bernardino County. During the past year there were rumors of important finds, but it was not until recently an eastern scientific journal officially disclosed the artifacts indicated man existed on the North American continent 50,000 years ago—25,000 years earlier than previously established. **DESERT** is the first magazine in the West to publish details of "the most important milestone in the history of the study of prehistory of America." The author, L. Burr Belden, is a noted historian and writer on Western Americana.

by L. Burr Belden



EARLY MAN lived and hunted on California's Mojave Desert. This is roughly at least *twice* the time archeologists previously have believed the human race inhabited the North American continent. This major discovery, which "rolls back the dawn" for 25,000 or more years, results from scientifically controlled excavations made over the past four years by the National Geographic Society and the San Bernardino County Museum in the Calico Hills northeast of Yermo.

The excavation and study, which has attracted international attention in the

scientific world, started in the fall of 1964 following study of the area since 1939 and of the general region as early as 1898.

The detailed exploration is continuing in two major excavations with the view that artifacts found will be critically examined by archeologists and geologists late this fall at a symposium which is expected to draw international attendance.

For four years crews of trained workers have excavated two pit sites on an alluvial fan with tiny picks and trowels—some so small they made an ordinary teaspoon seem giant-size by comparison. Imagine removing, sifting, and examining over 20,000 cubic feet of earth, rock, and debris with tools smaller than a baby's sand shovel! To do so even in a four-year span has left little time for siestas.

It is a bit ironic that knowledge of this major inquiry into man's past has become public property in the summer and early fall months this year due to its threatened disruption by a man who claims ownership to certain unpatented mining claims. Glenn S. Gunn ordered eviction of the museum field workers on two occasions and once even moved a bulldozer uncomfortably close. Then, when the Department of Interior's Bureau of Land Management indicated it considers the scientists hold a better occupancy right, which stems from the Federal Antiquities Act, Mr. Gunn granted a series of temporary postponements. While the issue was in suspense, Secretary of the Interior Stuart Udall announced he had found the Gunn claims invalid as they lacked substantiating proof of value. Gunn retained an attorney and threatened court action. There the matter currently rests in a somewhat uneasy "cease fire."

While actual excavation started at the Calico Hills site a mere four years ago, the general area was observed and written about as early as 1939 by Dr. Malcolm Rogers, director of the Museum of Man in San Diego, who, in that museum's journal, noted a "quarry site exists three miles west of Manix Station on the Union Pacific which is of great magnitude."

In the 1940s, Dr. Gerald A. Smith, then president of the San Bernardino County Historical Society, Stuart Peck, Ruth Simpson, and Ritner Sayles made numerous study trips to the Manix area and collected numerous surface stone

implements which had been exposed by the wind.

During the early 1950s, the then fledgling San Bernardino County Museum Association, of which Dr. Smith was president, turned its attention to a somewhat later chapter in the Mojave's prehistory by excavating two mountain caves just south of Newberry Springs. There, in what have been named the Smith and Schuiling Caves, were the remains of a hunting culture that existed thousands of years before Columbus reached the shore of Watling Island. The caves yielded bones of extinct animals and birds, carbon, split-twig figurines, and sinew-bound jointed dart throwers. On walls of the "big cave," named for Dr. Smith, were found fragments of crude paintings, or pictographs.

The county museum was assisted by the Los Angeles County Museum in the Newberry exploration.

After Newberry there were brief explorations around Troy Dry Lake but before much work was done, Calico called. In the 1950s Miss Ruth D. Simpson, then with Southwest Museum in Highland Park, had studied the prehistoric artifacts found in the low hills west of Manix basin. She was convinced the area offered great opportunity for further study. Miss Simpson and Mr. Peck were also engaged in a survey of the Manix Basin beginning in 1954.

Miss Simpson went to England in 1958 where she showed Calico Mountains surface artifacts to Dr. L. S. B. Leakey and obtained his promise of an early visit. Fitting into the emerging pattern was a visit by Dr. Leakey to the University of California at Riverside in 1963 for a series of lectures. Miss Simpson again contacted this world-renowned archeologist. The scientist was on a semester's leave from his major early man studies in Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa.

Dr. Leakey accompanied Miss Simpson on a reconnaissance of the Calico Mountains area in May, 1963. He immediately pronounced the surface material to be representative of an early workshop area, as there were spots literally paved

Workers use brushes and trowels sometimes smaller than teaspoons in their meticulous search for artifacts from Pleistocene Age.



Field workers stand by pit on the alluvial fan in Calico Mountains. Geologists estimate age of fan at between 50,000 and 80,000 years.



Miss Ruth Simpson (white hat) watches as crew enlarges original pit. Principal excavation is 25 feet square with depth of 13 feet.





Six specimens found in the diggings which site archeologists say were handmade 50,000 years ago or longer. To date more than 170 artifacts have been recovered during the four-year excavation. Notice the flaked sides of the Pleistocene specimens.

with crude stone implements and chip-pings which gave evidence that prehistoric people had either occupied or frequently visited the area in considerable numbers. The workshops were on the surface of an ancient alluvial fan. The fan intrigued the noted visitor.

In an old road-cut were exposed stone tools, or artifacts, in place at considerable depth. Here were both flaked stones fashioned into crude scrapers, knives and hammerstones, and the flakes removed in fashioning these primitive tools. Dr. Leakey proposed that an excavation in depth be made to ascertain the time span and characteristics of man's occupancy of the fan.

Having seen the evidence of man's tools in place in the Pleistocene alluvial fan, Dr. Leakey headed back to his study center in Africa via Washington, D.C. The Calico Mountains early man project as envisioned in 1963 was a far bigger bite than the young San Bernardino County Museum could masticate with its limited financial resources. Both Dr. Leakey and Dr. Smith had discussed the possibility of interesting the National Geographic Society in the project. In his briefcase, Dr. Leakey now carried a formal application asking the National Geographic Society to become a full partner in the project. The application, signed by the two scientists, proposed that they super-

vised the undertaking with Miss Simpson, the county archeologist, directing the fieldwork.

The first step toward more extensive study was then taken in 1964 when Dr. Smith and Miss Simpson obtained an excavation and study permit from the Department of the Interior, a formal filing executed in conformity with the Federal Antiquities Act. Dr. Smith's signature appears on the museum's copy as president of the association.

Things moved rapidly. National Geographic Society suggested that the County Museum make certain changes in the original application. These were made, and on May 14, 1964, the San Bernar-

dino County Museum and the National Geographic Society formally joined scientific hands in agreeing on the Calico Mountains Archeological Project. In November, 1964, work was begun on what has now proven to be the most significant study of early man in North America.

In 1964 there was a small shack near the exploration site. It was owned by Mr. Gunn. The museum obtained it at a nominal monthly rental, enlarged and installed an electric power plant. Then a second building was obtained and moved to the property. The original structure was converted into the cook house. The second structure became a field office and tool house. The "tools" stored there are the rock ones used by prehistoric man. A few are kept on exhibition but most are numbered and identified with the exact location where found and then shipped to the museum.

From the start four years ago there has been a permanent crew of workers. These

Interested persons may visit the Calico Hills archeological site during daylight hours, seven days a week, according to Dr. Gerald Smith, director of the San Bernardino County Museum. Dr. Smith requests visitors stay within the designated areas and children not be allowed to stray from parents.

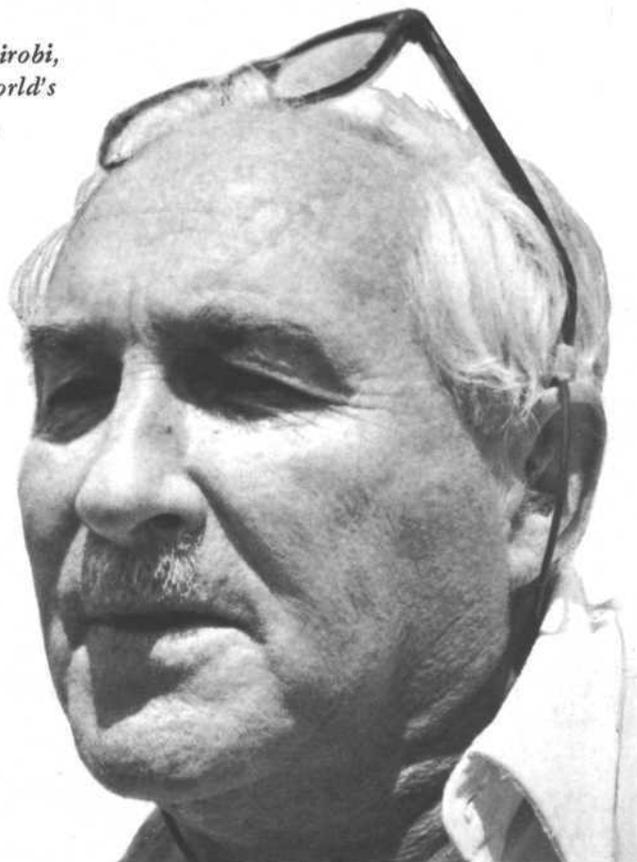
"regulars" live in house trailers parked at the camp. On the average there will be 10 regulars plus probably an equal number of temporary volunteers. Devoted museum association members, members of the Archaeological Survey Association, graduate students, teachers, professional men, retirees, housewives—all make up the crews. More than 100 persons are listed as regular and seasonal volunteers.

Miss Simpson has been the resident director from the start. Dr. Leakey has made more than two visits a year. Archeologists frequently come from leading universities and research institutions, many from other countries.

Dr. Smith estimated that \$250,000 has been expended to date on the project, with the National Geographic Society supplying around \$100,000 of the total in grants of cash.

Geological correlation of the "dig" has

Dr. L. S. B. Leakey, of Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa, the world's most famous archeologist, helped start the Calico project and is active participant.



been directed by Dr. Thomas Clements, for many years head of the Department of Geology at the University of Southern California. Coincidentally, it was Dr. Clements who did the geological coordination for the museum's earlier study in the Newberry caves.

Dr. Clements, and his knowledgeable wife, Lydia, have long been students of the prehistory of the region. In the early 1950s, while he was serving as geological consultant for the National Park Service, the Clements discovered some crudely chipped hand tools of stone on the terrace of the Pleistocene Lake Manly in Death Valley. This find, which pushed back man's life in California over 50,000 years, was reported in the quarterly journal of the Geological Society of America. Some scientists were not ready to accept the find. The crude, single-faced graters had been found on the surface. Skeptics even contended they were simple rocks fractured by the elements.

Now, stone tools have been found in the Calico Mountains in undisturbed condition, and at depths which give added support to the Clements' discovery in Death Valley.

The unwillingness of some scientists to believe that man has been in America any where near as long as the Calico

Mountains project suggests has been the basis of decades-long disagreement. At the Inter-California Symposium held in San Bernardino last April, Miss Simpson read the opening paper entitled "Early Man in the Southwest" in which she briefly scanned this fruitful field of past disagreement.

In summation of what has been found at Calico, Dr. Leakey has written Dr. Smith:

"While the exact age of the deposition on the fan is still a matter of discussion, I think there is no real doubt in the mind of any serious geologist that the age is well over 50,000 years.

"The site is the first at which positive proof has been obtained of the really early movement into America of early man, and is likely to represent the most important milestone in the whole history of the study of the prehistory of America.

"While I have little doubt that older sites will be found, as well as younger ones intermediate between Calico Hills and later cultures, this excavation at Calico Hills will always be pointed out as (1) the turning point in our studies in America, and (2) the demonstration of how sites in a geological context can be dug in an extremely scientific manner."

□



NO WATER IN GREENWATER

by Richard S. Smith

GREENWATER VALLEY, in the southeast corner of Death Valley National Monument, may not have been the most treacherous, but it was certainly the most desolate spot in California back in the 1890s.

A lonely prospector, H. G. Betts, trekking through a high valley on the east side of the Black Mountains, ventured near such alluring place names as Coffin Canyon and Funeral Peak. Where the valley narrows to make its descent toward Shoshone, and from a spring where green water erupted, Betts discovered copper. It was 1898.

Betts had foresight enough to see a town to be, and dubbed it Ramsey. The name didn't stick as the town was later renamed Greenwater after its namesake meager water supply.

Arthur Kunze came to the valley in 1904 to stake claims. While Kunze and Betts were filing, they found that they weren't the first. Locations had been staked as early as 1884, but like Doctor Trotter, who filed a gold and silver claim here in 1894, the area was too inaccessible so the claims were abandoned.

At the turn of the century, Greenwater began taking the shape of a boom town. More than 2500 claims had been staked in a 20-mile area. The ore assayed as

high as 18% in copper. With the influx of large investors from the East, who journeyed to Greenwater by way of Rhyolite, over \$4,125,000 changed hands in the purchase of claims.

Greenwater was by far the most distant of the desert outposts, so transportation came at a premium. The quickest route was via the Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad which deposited its passengers 46 miles from Greenwater. The Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad was available also but made their delivery 70 miles away.

Where the Tonopah and Tidewater stopped, an enterprising gentleman made his car available. He chartered passengers for the two-day trip to Greenwater at \$200 per head. In 1906 one hundred people a day tramped into Greenwater. This influx prompted plans for a railroad, but the brain stage was as far as the railroad went.

Greenwater boasted a prominent list of investors: Charles Schaub, of Carnagie Steel, John Hays Hammond, John Brock, of the Tonopah Mining Company and part owner of the Tonopah and Goldfield Railroad, Augustus Heinze, T. L. Oddie, Borax Smith, and Patsy Clark, who bought out Fred Birney and Phil Creaser's Copper Blue Ledge holdings.

All the prominent citizens weren't investors in mining. There were Lil Lang, Mother Agnes, and Tiger Lil from Rhyolite, who owned the three main saloons

in the town. Tiger Lil was highly thought of among the business people.

There were the infamous also. Bad Man Madison came in from the Owens Valley. He was so feared the deputy in town took leave of the area. South of town, at the base of a mound of dirt and rock, are three graves. They are marked only by three paper-thin and weather-battered markers.

One of the graves is that of a man named Kelly who fell 1300 feet to the bottom of a shaft. The second is a man named Chisholm. It seems Chisholm went into a bar tended by Bill Waters. He drank up, turned and walked out. Waters called to him for payment. Chisholm refused and lost his head by a shot from Water's gun. There was no such thing as a debtor in Greenwater.

Billy the printer rests in the third grave. Billy worked for the *Greenwater Times*, and was extremely well liked by the townsfolk. He had two vices though, drink and cards. His death was the result of the d.t.s.

Everyone was shaken at the loss. Billy was first taken to a vacant house and laid on a tarp. A coffin was built from the customary pine and lined with black cloth. On the sides were placed dresser handles.

Something was missing still when Billy was rested in the box. Tiger Lil provided the finishing touch. Placing his hands over his chest, Lil slipped a fan of five aces between his fingers. Billy was then laid to rest.

The population never grew to the anticipated 75,000; it barely reached its peak at 5000. However, in foresight of a thriving



Three defiant but lonely graves epitomize Greenwater.

This crude rock house is the only building still standing.

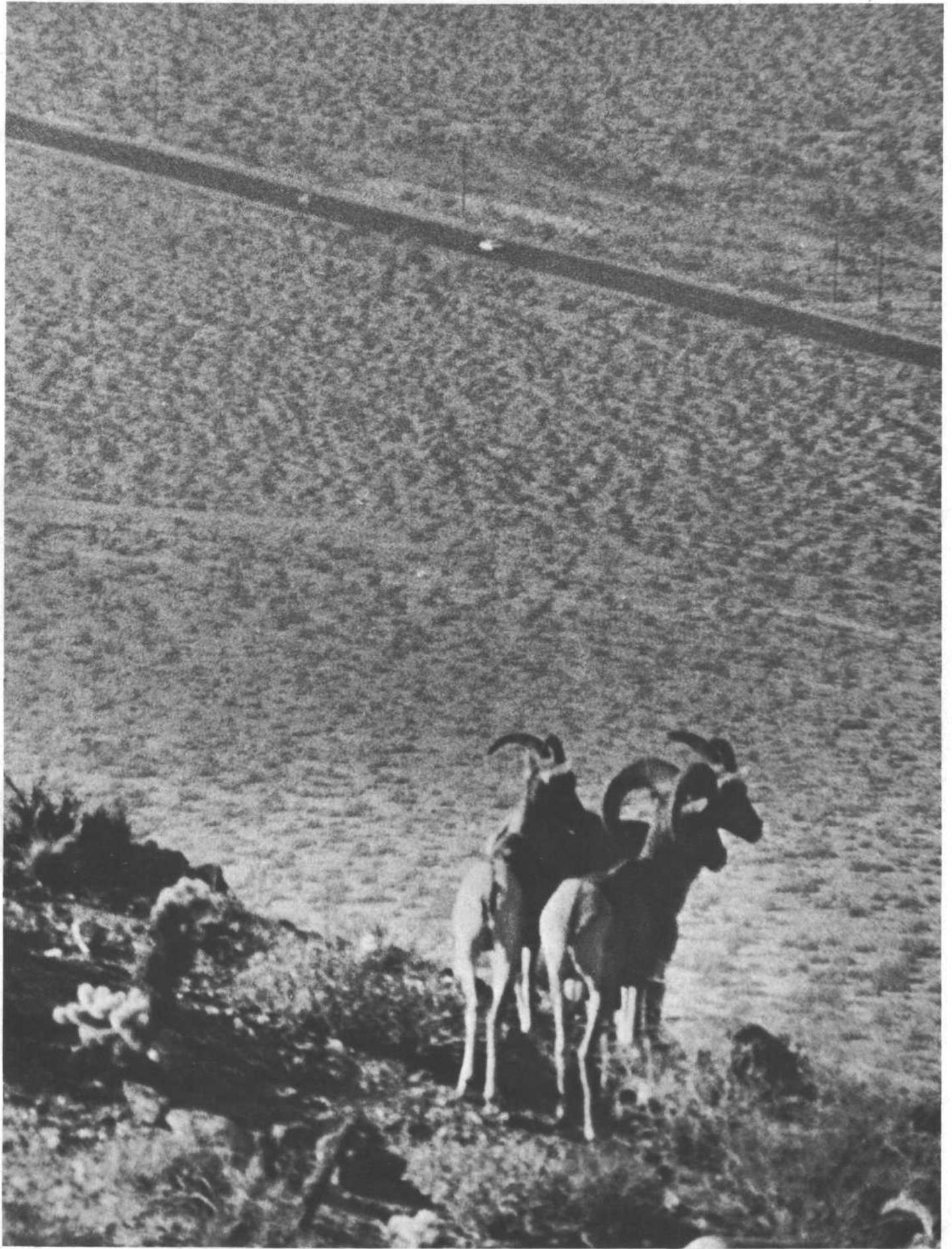
ing metropolis, the city fathers maintained a Main Street 90 feet wide, with lesser streets being a measley 60 feet. In the beginning, lots sold for anywhere from \$500 to \$2000 each. On the lots squatted mostly tent buildings. Lumber was \$165 for 1000 feet.

Other commodities, which had to traverse the barren waste, came at a premium also. Water brought \$7.50 to \$15 per barrel, hay sold for \$7 a bale, gas at \$1 per gallon, and ice was hauled from Las Vegas at \$10 per hundred pounds. During the cold winters, coal sold for \$100 a ton.

A rarity for most towns is their own magazine. Greenwater had one, the *Death Valley Chuckwalla*, and a newspaper, the *Greenwater Times*. No where in the state was gambling legal, but at Greenwater it was. The boys didn't fool around either, they used \$20 gold pieces for chips.

In 1906 the inevitable happened. The mines had run out at the 200-foot level. By 1907 all but the largest companies gave up and pulled out. Even they finally departed. Greenwater was a skeleton of wooden frames and torn canvas. Soon scavengers from Shoshone came in and hauled away every piece of existing lumber. Today, only rusty tin cans, sage brush, and three lonely, forgotten, and rotting graves mark the once boisterous town of Greenwater. □





SO THAT SOME MAY LIVE

by Al Pearce

Photos by the Author

From their retreat in the Santa Rosa Mountains desert bighorn sheep watch as man speeds along a highway—the same man who is gradually encroaching on their territory and threatening them with death and finally extinction.

LESS THAN 100 years ago, more than a half million desert bighorn sheep ranged the West. Today, only about 10,000 remain and their future is insecure.

Man, the destroyer, has been busy. In the early days of the West, sheep were slaughtered by the thousands. Many early travelers wrote about the "tree-high" pile of skeletons stacked outside western stage stops. Others wrote about the vast herds roaming the prairies living comfortably in a sheep's Garden of Eden. But the sheep were an easy source of food for the pioneers, who had little regard for conservation. It was not long before the animal literally disappeared.

For a long time, the sheep were believed to be extinct. They had migrated to the almost inaccessible reaches of the lofty desert peaks and miraculously learned to adapt themselves to another mode of life. It usually takes thousands of years for an animal to undergo the forces of evolution and learn to live in another environment. A few have managed to do this; hundreds of others have perished and are now known to man only from fossils and skeletons in museums.

When it was found that the sheep had survived, they were immediately added to the protected list, insuring their future against wholesale slaughter. But the laws that protected them from the gun failed to see the problems of encroachment and man's vandalism. The sheep are again being threatened.

The new range adopted by the sheep is slowly being gobbled up by roads and housing tracts. The rare water holes, the life blood of a sheep herd, are being vandalized by people who apparently neither understand, nor care.

Biologists throughout the West—Southern California in particular—are pleading and their voices echo the bleat of the small lamb slowly dying from thirst or starvation. The biologists want a protected range—protected from the steady march of concrete highways and the constant ringing of hammers against nails which drives together a new home and, also, completes another coffin for the bighorn sheep.

The desert bighorn sheep can tolerate a certain amount of man, but they cannot tolerate vandalism or total invasion of their range. The sheep have been driven from several of their water holes, chased from a part of their remaining range and their numbers are once again on the decline.

Riverside County's Santa Rosa Mountains, west of the Coachella Valley and Salton Sea, is a prime example. There are an estimated 500 sheep in these mountains—one of the largest concentrations in the West. The group is broken into small herds, each occupying a territory of its own.

The small herds owe their existence to rare water holes supported by underground springs. During the long, dry summers these water holes mean the difference between life and death. This water is particularly important to the lambs born in the spring. The young cannot range far and must find food and water near at hand. The fact that they often do not is evidenced by the number of skeletons found in sheep country.

While photographing the sheep, I came across a herd of nine. There were two rams, five ewes and two lambs. All five ewes appeared healthy and in good condition, indicating there

“ . . . we will no longer be able to

should have been five lambs instead of only two. Obviously, this is not a very good survival rate. If it continues, it will only be a short time before the desert bighorn sheep will be added to the growing list of extinct animals.

Lamb survival depends on two factors—food and water. Both are being seriously reduced.

A sheep may range several miles in a day to find enough food. When the boundaries of its territory are reduced by encroachment, its food supply is also reduced. Each territory will support only so many animals. If the size of the territory decreases then so must the number of sheep.

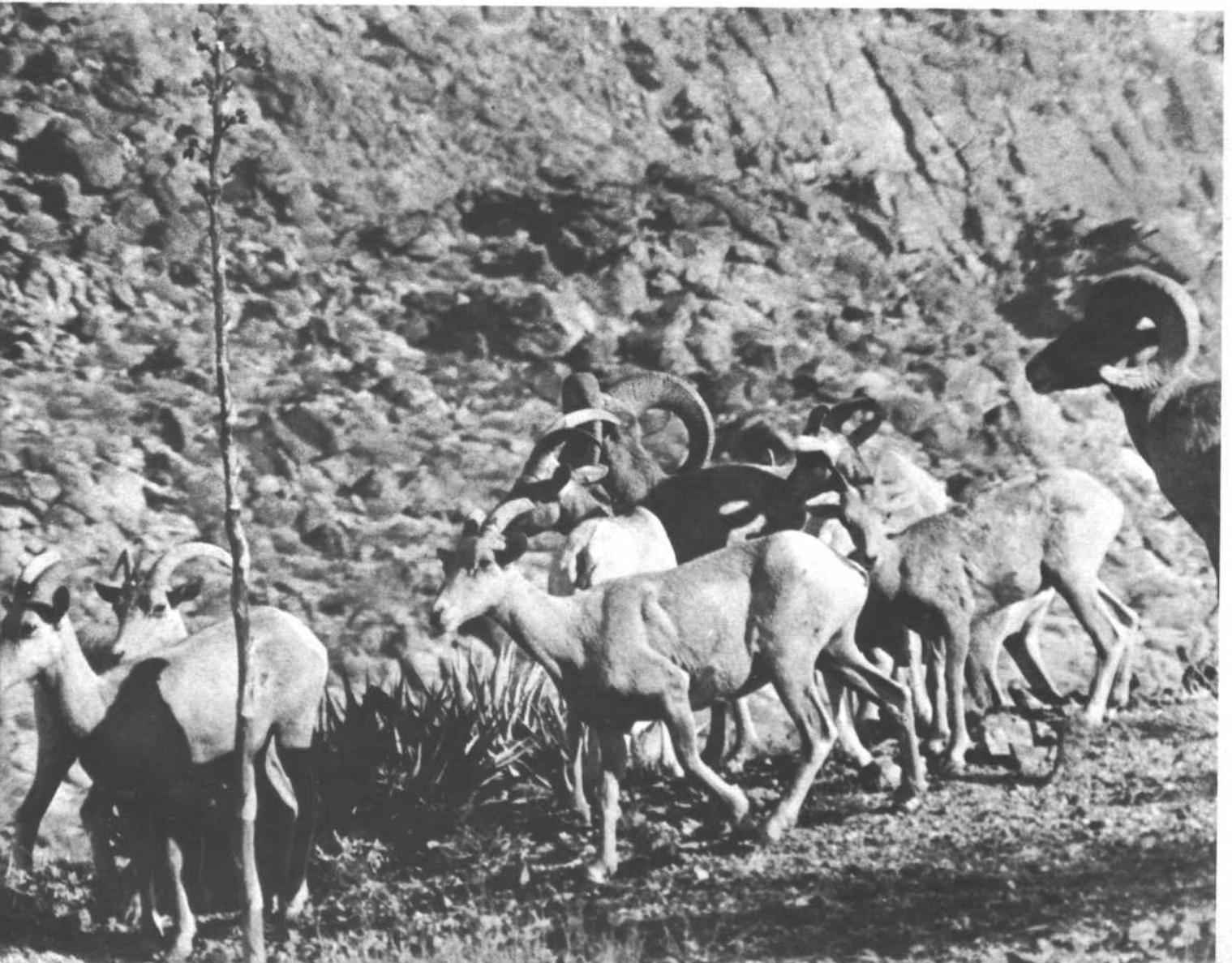
The second survival factor is water. In recent years, several of their water holes have been maliciously destroyed. They have been filled with rocks, cans, and other debris. Lambs have been pursued by thoughtless antagonizers; Molotov cock-

tails were found broken and burning around one hole above Palm Desert. When this vandalism occurs, the sheep are driven away. If they find another supply of water, they are fortunate; if not, they perish.

Bonnar Blong, a biologist for the California Department of Fish and Game, has made a 10-year study of the sheep in the Santa Rosa Mountains. Some of the water holes have been vacated by the sheep as far back as 1965, he says. As a result, the size of the herds has dwindled.

Due to early agreements with railroad companies, the Santa Rosa Mountains is split up like a checkerboard, with every other square mile divided between private ownership and government ownership. It has been proposed that the northern section of the Santa Rosa Mountain sheep range be abandoned permanently, and that the government land be

Young lambs must stay near a water hole. When the water is polluted or destroyed, they cannot survive.



watch these majestic creatures”

traded for private land in the southern half of the range. The proposal is now in the hands of the Bureau of Land Management.

The northern section of the range is more suitable for development; the southern section is desolate and steep, neither lending itself to roads nor housing developments, but perfect for desert bighorns. This would mean a reduction in the size of the sheep range, and result in a loss of a large number of sheep, but it would assure that some range would remain and that some sheep survive.

The future of the sheep in the Santa Rosa Mountains, and elsewhere, depends a great deal on the division of the mountains, and on a thorough and comprehensive educational program. The program would be designed to acquaint man with the sheep's problem. It might also seek enactment of laws

which would severely punish vandals who are contributing to the death of the species. There is nothing more final than extinction.

To date, little, if any, action has been taken on the proposal. Blong says the land-swapping should have taken place 10 years ago. At best, even if the program was instituted today, it would take several years to complete. By then, it's possible that roads and housing tracts could be cutting into the now isolated southern portion of the Santa Rosa Mountains thereby ruining that range also.

If this happens it will only be a question of time before we will no longer be able to watch these majestic creatures climb our mountains and seek their own peace. Instead we only will see their bones in a museum as another extinct species—a victim of man's civilization. □

Author supports proposal to set aside certain sections of land to provide a refuge for bighorn sheep.



FORT WITH A FORTE

by Ray Herbeck Jr.

An hour's drive north from Los Angeles on U. S. 99
Fort Tejon was wracked by political turmoil and earthquakes





This 1870 photograph of the main sector of abandoned Fort Tejon shows what remained of the 25 original buildings. Wind, rain and earthquakes had taken their toll within a few years. Only a few of the buildings stand today.



RIVATE Gustavus Berke lay in his bunk, quietly dreading the blare of the bugle, when he became conscious of a slow, rocking motion

followed by a violent lurch of the whole barracks. "Oh, no—not another one," he groaned as he ran outside to protect his camel.

This is not a tale from "1001 Arabian Knights and a Yankee," but merely dawn

at Fort Tejon, California, January 9th, 1857. Before Private Berke and his comrades left the fort, four years later, they experienced a total of 29 shocks. This was good enough reason for their calling the place "the earthquake post."

This tremor damaged all 13 buildings sufficiently to force the garrison into tents while repairs were made. The glaring cracks, still present in the walls, bear witness to the earthquakes, but also to why the walls withstood them. Most of

the buildings were made of adobe constructed by a combination of soldier, civilian, and Indian labor. The Indians were the product of the California missions, and the same skill that built the padres' chapels, which have lasted for three centuries, went into building the walls at Fort Tejon.

When the fort was established August 10, 1854, it was unknowingly placed almost astride the San Andreas earthquake fault. However, even without these

"glaring cracks still present in the walls



The orderlies quarters is protected today from earthquake damage by braces. Note cracks in wall. Stall for horses is on right. Horses for enlisted men did not have permanent shelter until last few years of Fort Tejon. It was abandoned in 1861.

tremors, its climate was so unhealthy Fort Tejon's hospital always had more men on sick call than it could well afford. Little sympathy was drawn on this point from the local civilian population.

Los Angeles citizens, chief benefactors of the fort's protection, had clamored for the fort to be built closer to town. Nevertheless, the army decided to kill three birds with one stone by placing the post in Grapevine Canyon. From that vantage point, troops could police the San Sebastian Indian Reservation, located northeast of the fort, guard the pass against use by Mexican bandits from the San Joaquin Valley, and also protect Los Angeles against bandit raids.

When this unpopular decision backfired in the form of long infirmity lists, Los Angeles newspapers ridiculed the military, William Wallace, editor of the *Daily Alta California*, wrote the fort was "subject to every change and vicissitude

in nature . . . rain, hail, thunder, lightning, wind, sand, cold, heat, each in such rapid succession as to all appear in the same day."

What enlisted men had to say about all this can only be a matter of conjecture but after considering the outfit that manned Fort Tejon, it probably could not be printed. The post was headquarters for the First Dragoons, and whatever the fort itself lacked in action, these troops that garrisoned it more than made up. Some of the saltiest, gruffest, toughest troopers in U.S. Army history, they were born of the Black Hawk War in 1832, and literally forged from America's frontier wars.

The regiment fought against the Comanche, Pawnee, and Seminole in 1834, and then held frontier outposts until serving in the Mexican War. Throughout the unstable 1850s, the Dragoons patrolled the dry mountains and deserts

of California and the greater southwest.

Out of this service record some unique characteristics evolved, among which was their ferocious appearance. In the entire army, only they were permitted to wear long, Spanish mustachios, and the Dragoons took great pride in it. Their hair was long and flowing, and they wore flashing gold rings in their ears. Another writer once said, "They more closely resembled banditti than soldiers," and if not banditti, a patrol must at least have resembled a party of fur trappers. Buckskin leggings were popular with enlisted men, and buckskin jackets with slouch hats were usual fatigue dress for officers.

To the contrary, when dress parades were held the Dragoons were the showpiece of the army. Riding in review to the gait set by the regimental band, the men were resplendent in deep blue coats trimmed in a rakish bright orange. With tall, plumed shakos on their heads, they

bear witness to the earthquakes . . . "

were a far cry from their field dress.

Life at Tejon was not all earthquakes, disease, and parades however. There was the serious job of soldiering to do, and for two sixty-man companies, these troops did more than their share. Patrols from Fort Tejon ranged as far south as the Colorado River, and north to Salt Lake City.

Although Indians caused some trouble, particularly in 1859 when eighty Dragoons were in the Mojave Desert for several months, fighting to keep the road open to Salt Lake, Mexican bandits were more of a problem. Roaming the hills freely, in large bands and alone, travelers were easy prey for them, as were local horse ranchers.

Episcopal Bishop William Kip, who visited the fort in 1855, wrote concerning his trip that it was ". . . strange to travel through a country with the feeling that everyone you meet is supposed to be an enemy, and is to be treated according-

ly." The Dragoons initiated roving forty-man patrols to eliminate this situation.

Three months later, a local newspaper wrote that practically all horse stealing had been stopped. According to this same paper, \$300,000 in horses had been stolen in the five years prior to the fort's founding, but not all bandits were mere horse thieves or highwaymen. Many were cold blooded killers filled with intense hatred for the American "gringo," and anyone who tolerated him.

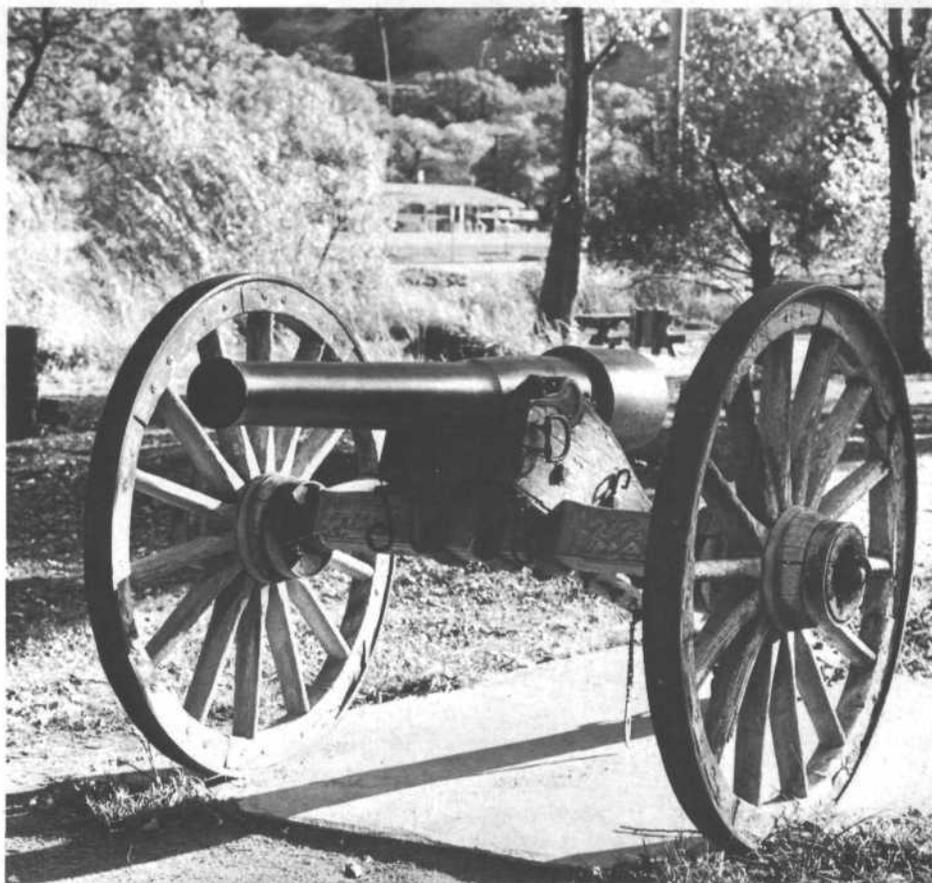
Juan Flores more than qualified for this category. Robbing and looting most of the ranchos in the Los Angeles-San Bernardino area, his band of cutthroats fancied themselves an army of liberation for the Spanish Californians. After their massacre of the sheriff of Los Angeles and 12 deputies, Fort Tejon sent 50 Dragoons under a Captain Magruder to Los Angeles. Together with civilian deputies, they hunted down the gang and killed or captured them all. Flores himself was

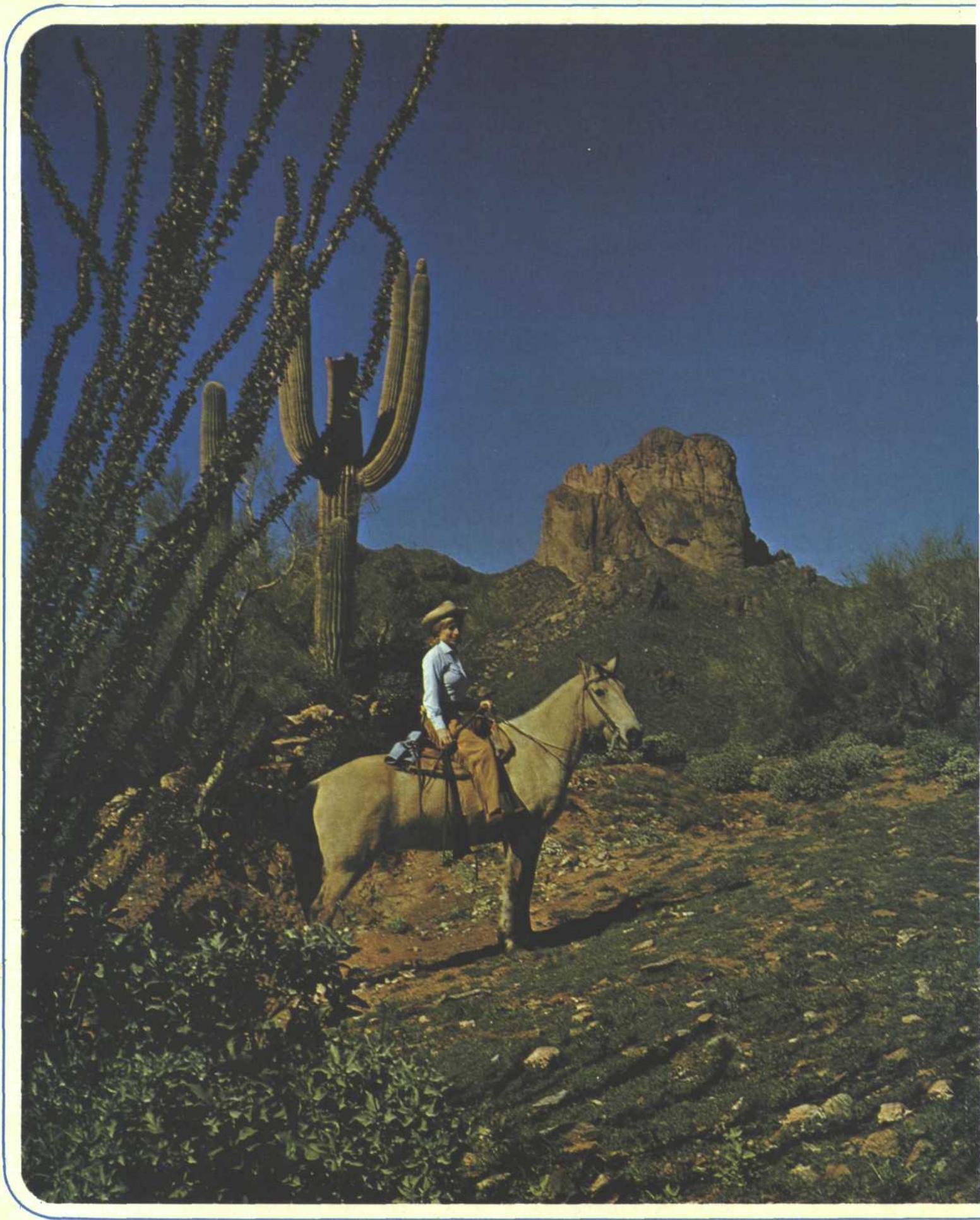
captured by two Dragoons near Simi Pass in February of 1857.

Camels arrived at the fort in 1857 and were used by the troops for long desert patrols and baggage transportation. With the arrival of the Butterfield Overland Stage that same year, Fort Tejon quickly became the largest social and military center from Los Angeles to northern California, but this Mecca-like quality was short lived. The Civil War brought an end to the fort, and the Dragoons were sent elsewhere for more important duties.

Fort Tejon is now a State Historic Park, and steps have been taken to protect the remaining few original buildings. Several structures have been restored, and a museum in the visitors' center contains many relics and pictures. Just an hour's drive from Los Angeles, it is located near the community of Gorman, on the Bakersfield U.S. Highway 5. It is a pleasant and educational family outing. □

This lone cannon pays mute tribute today to the artillery detachments which played an important, if lesser known, part in the winning of the West.





ARIZONA'S BLUE JEAN COUNTRY

by Jack Delaney

WICKENBURG, ARIZONA, about 54 miles north of Phoenix as the horse trots, is a holdover from the old pioneer days. Its thinking has always been western—so much so the Chamber of Commerce is called the Round-up Club. The president is known as the Boss, other officers are Top Hands, and the manager who does all the work is the Wrangler. Typical signs around town are No Horses Allowed On Sidewalks, Whoa (a stop sign) and on a watering trough, No Baths—For Horses Only!

It all started when Heinrich Heintzel came from Austria in 1862, changed his name to Henry Wickenburg, and snooped the area for treasure. After a year of roaming and searching he found a pot of gold that was overflowing! His find proved to be the richest gold lode ever discovered in Arizona—the fabulous Vul-

ture Mine. During its hectic career it produced some \$30,000,000 in bullion. So abundant was raw gold in the surrounding region, it is said that one prospector plucked \$30,000 worth of nuggets from the ground in a single day at a spot still known as Rich Hill!

The early ore averaged 60 to 90 dollars per ton, but some top grade ore was found that was amazingly rich—it ran up to one hundred thousand dollars a ton, and a ton could easily be carried away in a single wagon! The Vulture Mine inspired others and, at one time, 80 producing mines were in operation. Robberies, murders, hangings, and Indian massacres took their toll. Bandits became so bold Wells Fargo & Co. closed its office in the area. Today, these mines stand silently in the desert, brooding monuments to a robust past.

The Vulture Mine is not in operation at present, but tours are conducted daily through it, for a fee. There are many tales on the origin of the name. One is that Henry Wickenburg threw a rock at a vulture and it proved to be gold (the rock, not the vulture). Another tall one is that Henry used vulture feathers for dusting his gold, so he named his mine The Vulture. I was warned that these are figments of an old-timer's imagination. It was suggested, by an old-timer, that if I don't like these I should furnish a figment of my own—everyone does!

Along U.S. Highway 60-70, about four miles west of town, you'll see the Wickenburg Massacre Monument. It marks the spot where the Prescott-Ehrenberg stage was ambushed by Apache-Mohave Indians on November 5, 1871. Six men were murdered, and a woman was wounded—she died a short time later of her wounds. There is a difference of opinion as to who the criminals were—Indians or bandits. After a lengthy Government investigation the authorities were satisfied that Indians were the culprits—but some old-timers still disagree with the findings.

A monument to the ingenuity of early-day lawmen is the Old Jail Tree. In its bonanza days Wickenburg had no hoosegow, so prisoners were chained to this ancient Mesquite. It still stands, with its heavy iron shackles, near the corner of the main thoroughfare and Old Frontier Street. Nearby is an old locomotive, representing a non-existent railroad. Local boosters sell stock, guaranteed never to pay dividends, as a method of raising money for civic projects.

In the 1870s a two-room adobe was built next to the site of the Jail Tree. It served as a hotel and stage stop originally; later as a brothel and as a jail (not simultaneously, it is assumed). Several other adobes were built near the original structure, serving as stores for mining supplies and food, also a saloon. An interesting recent discovery is that these adobes were connected by underground tunnels. Evidently the pioneers constructed these early day bomb shelters so they could obtain the necessities of life without exposing themselves on the street during raids by Apaches or bandits.



Whether you go by horseback or four-wheel-drive vehicle into the Arizona back country you find cookout chow is delicious under the open sky.

The Hassayampa River, an apparently dry stream, supplies water to the town. Freely translated, Hassayampa means "river which runs upside down," so named by the Apaches because its waters run 20 feet below the surface in the section that crosses the town. A legend pertaining to this river states that anyone who drinks the water never again will tell the truth! A natural thought is that, since all of the Wickenburg people drink this water, can we believe the tales they so freely offer us—or shall we disbelieve the legend.

Be sure to see the Gold Town Museum, recently developed by the Maricopa County Historical Society. It is a museum that is really different. Here, you will see large walk-in replicas of an old bank, assayer's office, newspaper office, saloon, gunsmith shop, general store, and many other shops fully equipped with the old-time fixtures and merchandise. Another section offers dioramas depicting each era from 500 B.C. to 1968 A.D. arranged in chronological order. In the basement



Desert plants and trees appear as fantastic figures against the cloudy sky, creating a feeling of peace and serenity.



Having no jail, officers chained prisoners to the Jail Tree.

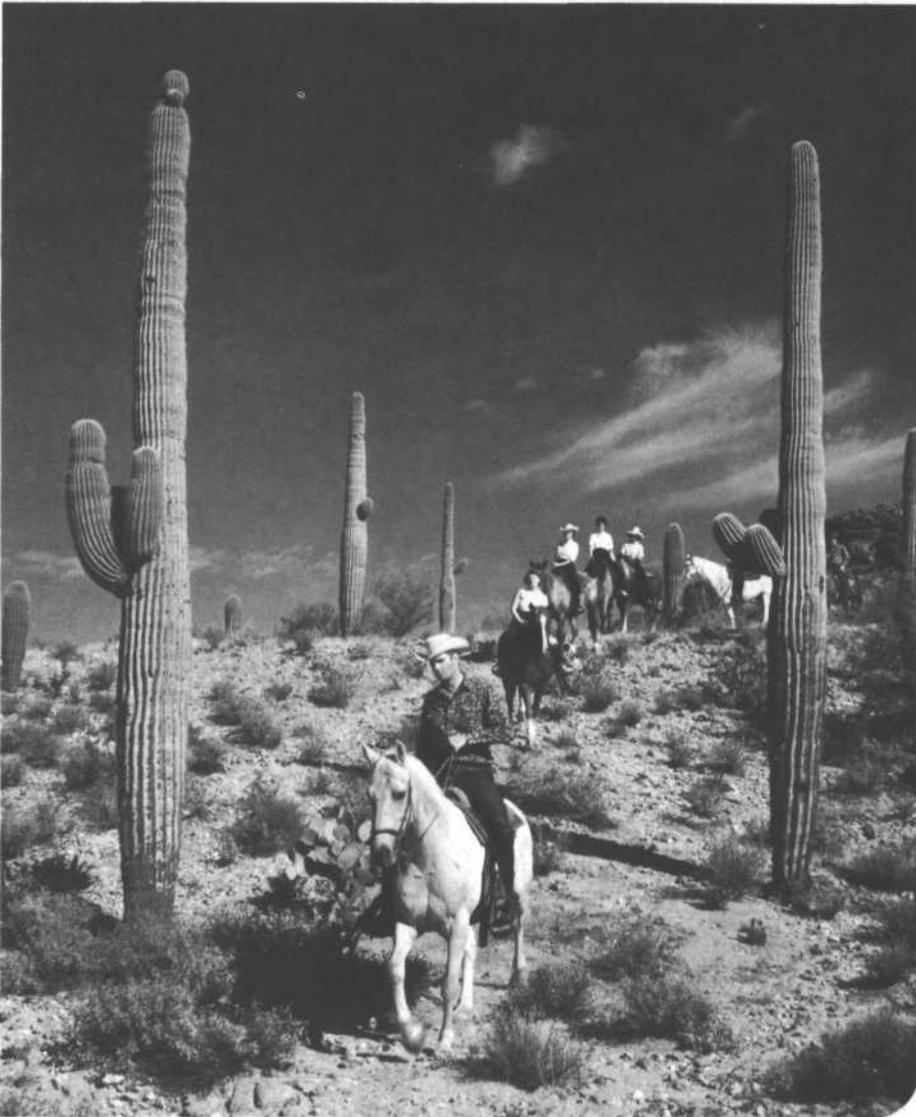
you'll enjoy an art gallery and a period home, with all of the old furnishings—even a folding bathtub!

When you visit this quaint town, where the residents refuse to let bygones be bygones, be sure to stroll up Old Frontier Street to Ray's Saddlery and Sporting Goods Shop. In addition to a wide assortment of handmade saddles, he carries an interesting line of guns and western items, such as cowboy hats, boots, belts, and buckles. You'll see belt buckles that are so large they could be classed as armor. Mounted on the walls and around the shop are fascinating antique pieces, many old firearms, and oldtime leather items that will produce a touch of nostalgia.

A wide choice of living accommodations await you in this old pioneer village, and they are modern and comfortable. There are five ranch resorts. Motels, apartments, and trailer parks compete with the ranches by offering what is called the "Tourist Vacation Plan." Diversions, such as rodeos, horseback riding, square dancing, desert picnics, etc., are available to guests for little or no extra cost.

One of the most active motels in Wickenburg is owned by Bill Bass who has been taking photographs of Arizona for more than 20 years. His La Siesta Motel has excellent ranch-style accommodations. In the Cliff Room guests meet to exchange ideas and photography tips. Every night Bass presents a color slide lecture on Arizona. It is free to anyone staying anywhere in Wickenburg. He'll answer questions and help you plan your trips.

Each guest ranch is in a class by itself. In some the nearest contact you will have with a cow is a glass of milk! The five ranch resorts in Wickenburg represent the best of five different categories. Because of these differences there is a spirit of cooperation among them. Each offers a full recreation program, includ-



You can ride alone or with a guide through the Arizona country, enjoying the scenery as you wind through the giant saguaros.

During the Gold Rush Days in February Wickenburg returns to the wild West with stage coach robberies, shoot-outs and gold panning.

ing frequent chuckwagon dinners on the desert, with singing and story telling around a roaring campfire. The gaiety, good food, and wonderful people are not soon forgotten—you'll have saddlebags of memories after it's over.

Kay El Bar Guest Ranch has thick-walled adobe buildings which lean toward the era of Indian-Spanish-Mexican occupation. It is a quiet, restful, homey place with just enough activity for a satisfying vacation, doing what comes naturally. You'll always remember the ancient train bell that rings glad, rings sad—glad when it announces mealtimes, and sad when it rings out the traditional Old World salute to departing guests!

The Flying E Ranch is perhaps the "ranchiest" looking of the four. Near the entrance, a big red barn with a hip roof and horses horsing around in corrals dominate the scene. However, the whole spread—living quarters, recreation area, and social facilities are comfortable appearing and quite attractive. This informal resort features an "open door" policy in the kitchen. Guests are welcome to raid the refrigerator at any time, day or night. The coffee pot is always on, and the cookie jar is always full!

Rancho Casitas Guest Ranch is three years old and is the only European style guest ranch in the area. It has one and two bedroom apartments—called casitas—and no regimentation with guests having their own meal and activity schedule. However, like others it offers cook-outs, trail rides and trips to nearby ghost towns.

Rancho de los Caballeros is a posh, country-club type ranch resort, offering a swank atmosphere and beautiful surroundings—in a rugged natural setting. The furnishings are a delightful combination of whimsical Mexican handcraft and traditional early California



Spanish. Whether you are of the "jet-set" or the "let's-set" group, a full recreational program awaits you here—including four-footed transportation, if desired. This is the largest and the most elaborate resort in the Wickenburg area.

Remuda Ranch has quiet charm, beautiful grounds and buildings, and complete facilities. It offers all the regular resort activities, plus four-wheel-drive vehicle trips. An early Arizona library and a private museum, with more than 2000 Indian artifacts, are here for you to enjoy. The buildings are frame stucco with Spanish tile roofs, and the walks are laid out with Arizona flagstone. Lawns, flowers, shrubs, and trees surround the buildings, enhancing the traditional hacienda setting.

Riding is popular at Remuda, with 43,000 acres of rolling hills to explore. However, should you be a non-rider, there are many other activities for your enjoyment. Don't be surprised if you are tempted to request a "kinda slow, polite" horse to try! The management claims that they have made more Riders out of Golfers, than Golfers out of Riders! The Remuda Ranch was founded by the Burden family in 1925. It is the oldest same-ownership guest ranch in

Arizona. Should you have any questions about the area, just ask Sophie, Dana, or "Uncle Pete." They are always happy to provide the answers.

If your visit is being planned for February, be sure to check on the dates of the Gold Rush Days celebration. This colorful three-day event commemorates the old bonanza days. Bearded men with six-guns buckled in place roam the town; and women in sunbonnets and calico swish down the sidewalks—and modern gals are excellent swishers! In order to provide realism, the citizens haul in tons of rich placer ore and let visitors pan for gold and keep what they find. Gold is king again—for three days, at least.

Many other special events are held each year. All have a western tinge—such as the Cattle Rustlers Ball, the Desert Caballeros Ride, Las Damas Trek, and Easter Sunrise Services on horseback. To these can be added the free inter-ranch rodeos and gymkhanas every two weeks, guided tours to ghost towns and abandoned gold mines, and daily trail riding. If you would rather relax, your friendly hosts will see that you laze around in Old West style, with all the fancy trimmin's — that's Wickenburg's way! □



INDIAN CAVE OF GOLD AND BONES

by Ben Traywick

MANY YEARS ago, back when gold was the main interest in California, an old Indian, who lived far up on the reaches of Owl Creek in lava rock country, began to trade rough-cut chunks of gold for food and supplies.

Any miner worth his salt could tell at a glance this gold had come from a vein of extremely rich ore. Everyone who heard the story or saw the chunks of ore wanted to get in on what undoubtedly was a very rich mine, but the old Indian wasn't having any of that. Nothing said or offered to him could make him reveal where he had obtained the gold. All he did was wave an arm to encompass the mountains lining the entire horizon.

Men who knew the country maintained the gold came from the vicinity of Eagle Peak. Some who followed the Indian for days without success claimed the gold was in the mountains above Owl Creek, near where the Indian and his squaw lived.

The Indian would periodically show up in one of the tiny camps or settlements with a small buckskin bag of gold, just enough to trade for the supplies he wanted. Many times the white men offered him firewater in the hopes his drunken words would reveal his secret. But the red man ignored the offers.

Three miners, who had failed in their quest for gold, saw the old Indian in a trading post one day. They knew the story of his gold and over a bottle of local redevye decided among themselves that the Indian should not have this rich mine while hard-working white miners like themselves had nothing. So when the Indian started back in the general direction of Owl Creek with his sack of supplies, the three unscrupulous whites followed. Indian and white men disap-

peared into the mountains. The three white men never returned.

Local complaints caused the arrest of the old Indian to make him tell what had happened to the miners. Though he was tortured he never spoke a word. Enraged by his silence and the fact he kept them all from the gold, a mob stormed the tiny jail and callously hanged the Indian.

After the Indian's death, his squaw admitted she knew where the mine was located, but her husband had cautioned her never to reveal the secret. Several tried to buy her secret and a few went so far as to offer marriage, but she refused all offers.

Years passed and the squaw died. Still no one had located the rich vein of ore. About this time a drunk who drifted aimlessly through the mountains suddenly became affluent. For once he had money to buy all the whiskey he wanted. Under questioning and threats he said a few years back he had been sobering up in the rocks of a pass between Owl Creek and Pine Valley. Across from him on the mountainside, he saw the old Indian come down a narrow ledge with a buckskin bag. He remained hidden until the Indian left the vicinity, then climbed up the ledge. A good distance down the ledge he spied the darkness of a hole in the face of the cliff.

Entering he found himself in a large cave-like room. The ceiling and walls were of rock, but thickly embedded with lumps and stringers of dull, yellow gold. He filled his pockets with as much of the rich ore as he could. In the semi-darkness he stumbled and fell. He had tripped over a pile of human bones—three white skulls grinned at him as he lay panic-stricken on the cave floor. With a cry of fright he ran out of the cave.

After descending the ledge he looked back. The cave opening could not be seen from below.

The gold ore he had stuffed into his pockets brought over \$1000. This was enough to supply him with whiskey for a long time and he steadfastly maintained he would never return to the cave. Whiskey money did not last as long as he thought, however, and once again he went to the site. Again he filled his pockets with gold and this time he noted the upper jaw of one of the skulls sported a gold tooth; just as had one of the three miners who had disappeared!

All this he related to the men in the local bar. As he finished his story they demanded he lead them to the rich cave. The drunk said he had kept the secret for years, while the Indian and his squaw lived, afraid to go near the gold. But even with both of them gone he was still afraid for he claimed an evil presence watched that place. No amount of bribery or threats could induce him to lead them there. The watchers missed him at daybreak and set out on his trail. They followed him some distance up Owl Creek then lost his trail. The drunk was never seen or heard of again.

Old desert men say the Indian's lost cave is actually the Lost Cement Mine, first found in 1841, then lost again for all time. Some doubt this as the gold from the Indian's cave was in rough chunks or stringers, while the Cement Mine was a conglomerate heavily embedded with gold nuggets. Still who can be sure?

It is probable that some of the people in the Alturas vicinity or the Black Rock desert country know where the rich cave is, but who's to make them reveal the Indian's secret? □

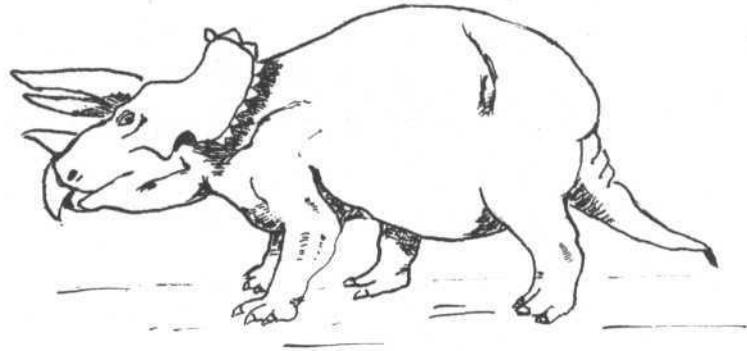
HORNED LIZARD

by K. L. Boynton

This is the first of a monthly series of articles on desert animals by K. L. Boynton. The author specializes in Life Sciences with emphasis on zoology, ecology, animal behavior and space biology. He is a former staff member of the Chicago Field Museum of Natural History and former assistant director of the Chicago Academy of Sciences. His works have appeared in magazines, books, anthologies, school texts and have been transcribed into Braille. He has done professional work in the United States, Canada and Europe.



Triceratops, a ceratopsian dinosaur some 16 feet long and 7 feet tall, tramped the earth 135 million years ago. Its three horns, 3 to 4 feet long, had the same bony core with sheath exterior construction as those decorating the skull of the horned lizard today.



OLD SQUAT and Paunchy, the horned lizard, a leading citizen of the great American desert in his own right, is also something of a relic. His armored and spiked face is such that might have looked forth on the world 135 million years ago, when the last of the dinosaurs stalked the earth.

This 2 to 4 inch lizard is no miniature dinosaur, for that ancient tribe has long vanished. But he does carry head weapons of much the same structure as adorned the ceratopsian dinosaurs, of which the mighty 3-horned *Triceratops* is a fearsome example (16 feet long and 7½ ft. high). Made of a center core of reinforced bone, overlaid by a horny covering, these spikes served the Ancient Ones as first class weapons whose sharp points, driven in by forward lunges of a heavy body, impaled the enemy.

Today's horned lizard knows how to use his headgear with jabbing thrusts and sidewise flails to fend off attackers. But, being on the little side, this fellow uses his spiked horns and thorny body armor mainly to discourage big-mouthed neighbors from swallowing him.

A creature of open sandy stretches and gravelly arid lands, the horned lizard's greatest protection is being able to fade into the background. Here the bony spikes on head and body do a double duty, helping to create such a ragged uneven body line that the lizard has no distinctive form against his background. Add to this a cryptic dusty coloring, and you have a lizard that can be present on desert scenery yet quite unseen. Until, of course, he moves. Then he can literally disappear, digging rapidly into the sand using his head, kicking sideways with his hind feet, weaving his body from side to side.

His pattern coloring set-up is of con-

siderable interest to today's scientists. It is a fine example of color-change artistry, for the lizard can adjust his coloring within a very short time to match his background. Shifting from light to dark tones is possible because of the presence of cells containing a dark brown coloring matter in the underlayer of his skin. This pigment can be moved about. When it is concentrated in one part of the cell, dark shades result; when, spread out widely, blanching takes place. Action is started by light falling on certain parts of the lizard's eyes. Darkening is the work of nerve action, lightening caused mainly by hormones secreted by the pituitary gland.

The lizard also uses this color-changing ability to help in temperature control of his body. Being a reptile, he has no internal machinery to keep his body heat stable, his temperature falling or rising with that of the world about him. Early morning finds him moving stiffly as he emerges from being buried up to his head in the sand all night. Stretching and leaning broadside into the warming sunlight, he hastens his heat absorption by darkening his skin. Conversely, he can be abroad in the desert day without absorbing too much heat by simply lightening the color of his skin.

This lizard is a child of the day, basking in the sunlight, his lidded eyes closed, or bright-eyed and spiky-tailed actively hunting insects. An ant fancier, particularly, he downs them by the hundreds, apparently undaunted by their heavy formic acid content.

Because he lives in extremely arid and sandy places where there is small chance of absorbing additional moisture even in a burrow, the horned lizard has evolved great tolerance to dryness. He gains a

small amount of moisture from insect food and this is conserved by a system of re-using water in the body. But this must still be supplemented somehow. Zoologist Meyer of the University of Wisconsin, interested to see if the lizards had some behavior trick to solve this water-need problem, recently set up a lab test. His fancy rainmaking machine pattered the water into cages in which were horned lizards and another kind of lizards, plus various desert plants for familiar environment. The other lizards promptly hid during the "rain," but the horned lizards were out, letting the water fall upon them, drinking drops from time to time, climbing the plants to drink water caught in the leaves. When the rain stopped, the other lizards came out to drink, but the horned lizards had been well soaked by the falling water and busy drinking all the time.

Like all lizards, this one sheds his thin outer skin periodically, scraping it off in pieces. The head presents a problem, parts being somewhat inaccessible even for foot work. This is solved by the "big-head trick" held in common with other lizards. Muscles clamp down on the big juglar veins, holding the blood in the head and increasing the pressure enormously. Swelling takes place quickly, the head enlarging to the point where the old skin pops loose.

Horned lizards make the usual use of the big-head ability. Certain species also employ it to help fire a long-range weapon: an astonishing spurt of blood from the eye which can shoot perhaps as far as 6 or 7 feet. Now this blast, coupled with a spiky and ferocious appearance, has been known to cause even a hungry co-

Continued on Page 31

Send Cheer for the Year

JANUARY							MAY							SEPTEMBER							
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Strictly from a Woman's Viewpoint

There is no reason why a desert meal can't be more than just opening a can of beans. One fry pan is the only utensil needed for the following:

MACARONI BEEF SAUTE

- 1/2 pound ground chuck
- 1/2 cup uncooked elbow macaroni
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/2 clove garlic, minced
- 1/4 cup vegetable oil
- 1 can (12 oz.) tomato juice
- 1 can (8 oz.) whole tomatoes (chop)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce

Saute beef, macaroni, onion, green pepper, and garlic in hot oil until macaroni turns yellow. Drain off excess fat. Add tomatoes, juice and seasonings; bring to boil. Cover and simmer 20 minutes. Uncover and simmer several more minutes, until sauce is reduced to desired consistency. This is for two servings only; double or whatever for more.

DOROTHY M. RICE,
Lancaster, Calif.

★ ★ ★

SLUM GULLION

- 1/2 pound hamburger
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- Salt, pepper
- 1 one-pound can tomatoes
- 2 cans Franco American Macaroni and Cheese

Brown hamburger in iron skillet or baking pan. Add tomatoes, onion and seasoning and bring to boil. Add macaroni and heat thoroughly. If you have an oven this is good baked until a crust forms. Will serve 4 hungry rockhounds.

BEAULAH JOHNSON,
Cassel, Calif.

HORNED HANGOVER Continued from Page 29

yote to lose interest in the lizard as prospective dinner.

Firing mechanics here also involve the use of the third eyelid, which as in all lizards, is a thin transparent membrane lying in the corner of the eye towards the nose. (Its main function is to move side-wise across the eye, moistening the eyeball on the way, and carrying before it any sand or dirt, pushing it out at the corner, a very handy thing for a sand burrower particularly.) The third eyelid is very delicate in the horned lizard, hence its usefulness in the eye-weapon set-up. Wishing to fire, the lizard enlarges his head and squeezes down special muscles located under the eye. Pressure zooms in the membrane of the third eyelid, tearing it, and out spurts the blood.

The horned lizard is a solitary cuss, going his daily way alone, hibernating in single splendor deep in the ground in winter. But upon emerging in the spring, things, as is wont in springtime, are different, albeit only temporarily. In most species, Mrs. Horned Lizard lays about 25 eggs in a nice round hole about 6 inches down, kicks several layers of sand over them, and waddles off leaving the sun to do the month-and-half job of egg brooding. Certain species carry their fertilized eggs internally; the hatchlings arriving live in the world in due time. In both cases, the youngsters shift for themselves.

Oddly enough, there's almost a dead ringer for the American horned lizard living in Australia. Its name, *Moloch horribilis*, gives us a pretty good idea of what this throwback to an antediluvian nightmare looks like. It belongs to an entirely different family of lizards, but also lives under desert conditions. This goes to show, too, how certain appearances and ways are developed independently by animals in widely separated places, where like conditions call for them. Scientists term such a phenomenon "convergence in evolution" and indeed it is a coming-together in the big mill of Time.

Time has been around for a long time, as they say. And, while the ancient ancestors of the horned lizard have long since tramped away into the Past, their

bizarre descendant gracing the desert scene today looks like a pretty good bet for survival for many an eon to come. □

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ARIZONA'S

COLOSSAL CAVE

by Kim Owenby

INDIANS, DESERT, the Grand Canyon, cactus and cowboys draw thousands of visitors to Arizona. Colossal Cave, just off the beaten path, is another wonder that neither visitors nor natives should miss seeing.

The cave in the Rincon foothills is well hidden, its sheltering hill looks like the surrounding ones, its rocky slopes camou-

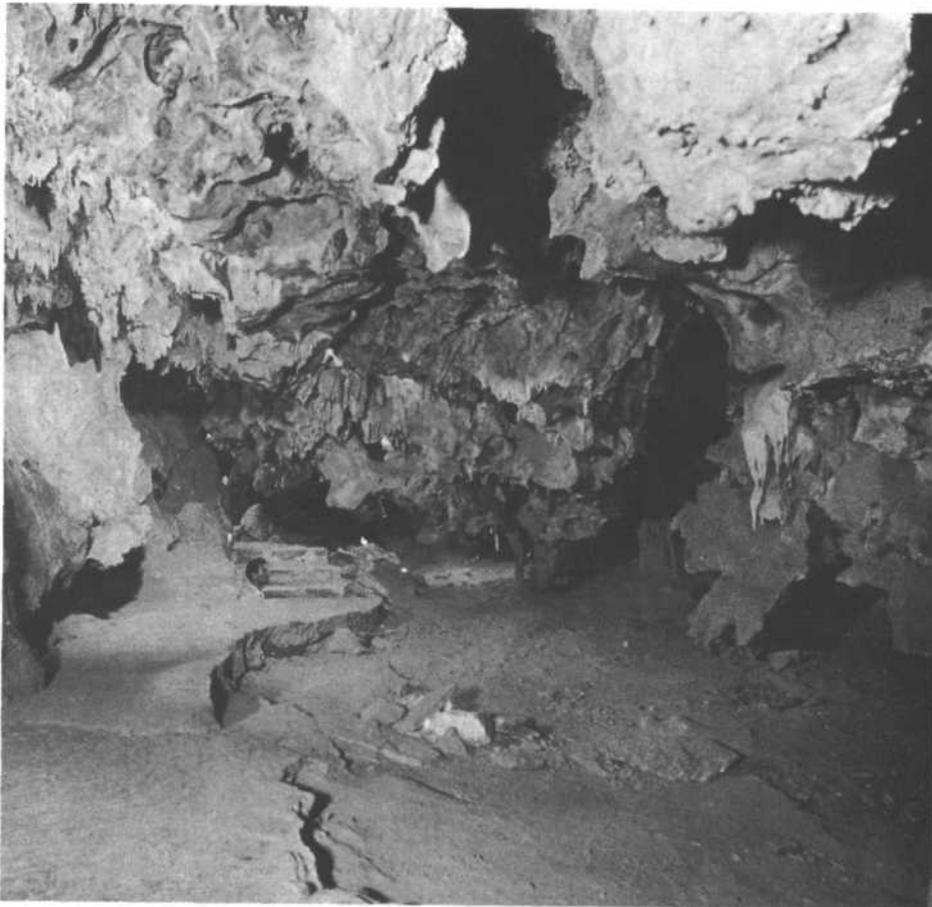
flaged to deceptive roundness by greasewood, mesquite, bunch grass and catclaw. But its secret has been discovered. It is a hollow hill, halfway up one side an undistinguished hole leads to a crystal and pearly lined cave so vast the end of its honeycombed chambers has never been reached.

While speleologists still search to deter-

mine its extent, the less professional and daring may also venture into the awesome hole to follow a guide for 50 minutes over handrail equipped walkways, staring transfixed at opalescent stalactites, whispering, convinced that a single word shouted here 100 years ago must still echo somewhere in those endless depths, unheard by human ears.

Animals must have first lived here, then early man was drawn by the natural shelter, the aridity and constant temperature of seventy-two degrees. Smoked ceilings and parched bones near the entrance attest to the fact. The cave attained notoriety in the 1880s when four men robbed a train at nearby Pantano of a tidy sum of gold and hightailed it to this fantastic hideaway. With flickering torches the sheriff and posse tried to follow, gave up and posted a guard at the entrance. Meanwhile, back in the cave, the bad guys found a narrow exit in the cliff, lowered themselves on ropes and three weeks after the robbery were cornered in a Willcox saloon. Three were killed and one captured. After a time of penance in the Yuma prison, the live one returned to Tucson and there eluded lawmen. Neither he nor the train robbery gold has been heard of since. A mail bag, empty of the gold it once held, was found in the cave and still is displayed there. Does the cave still conceal the loot and the bandit's bones?

Today more than 70,000 visitors annually follow the flagstone paths and stairs to peer down through apparently endless holes and caverns and up to marvel at drapes and curtains and swinging free-



Animals and Indians once lived in the cave which is so vast the end of its honeycombed chambers has never been reached.

form webs of translucent and crystal limestone formations. The cave, carved by a long dry underground river, also holds fossilized marine life, mute proof that the Southern Arizona desert was once an ocean floor. While now the half mile trail through the cave is well lighted by electricity, a flick of the switch by the guide quickly illustrates the total absence of light with which the earliest cave dwellers had to contend.

Some of the more obvious images on the spellbinding trek through the cave are the Frozen Waterfall, the Drapery Room, the Praying Nuns and the Bandits' Hole where the robbers are supposed to have hidden their loot, but it is difficult not to find frozen limestone fantasies everywhere one looks.

Easily accessible and only 22 miles from Tucson, Colossal Cave may be reached by taking U.S. 80 east from Tucson to the Vail cutoff, then following the well marked, paved road to the cave; or by taking Tucson's Broadway east to Spanish Trail and following signs. This route, also paved, leads through virgin cactus and brush-clad foothills and by the gateway to Saguaro National Monument.

An attractive, fortress-like building of stone shelters the cave entrance, a gift shop and an art gallery. A picnic ground in the valley below provides complete facilities.

The cave is open year around, weekdays from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. and on Sundays and holidays from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. with guided tours starting every few minutes. Tour fees are \$1.50 for adults and 75¢ for young people. Be you amateur or professional geologist, archeologist, historian, spelunker or simply a lover of the unique, don't miss Colossal Cave. □

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Pack Rat

by James Harrigan

IF YOU ever had the occasion to camp out in the Turtle Mountains around Carson Well between the years of 1950 and 1962, then you have no doubt met Joe, a real friendly guy who would lend a hand to help anybody and go way out of his way to do it. You might have thought him to be destitute, but he wasn't.

The Turtle Mountains are one of the most mysterious of all mountain ranges in the Mojave Desert. Lying parallel and west of highway 95 between Vidal Junction and Needles, jagged peaks stretch out in a line for nearly 30 miles. Following a rain in the fall, the flats come alive with turtles, the namesake of the

mountains. Within the mountains, strange rock extrusions have been thrust up through ancient lava flows, and huge slabs of conglomerates, weighing many tons, have been tumbled about as a result of tremendous ground movements. The Turtle Mountains are perhaps best known as being the site of the famous Lost Arch Mine of the 1880s. It was also one of the homes of the Chemehuevi Indians.

I had met Joe early in 1960. He was working around the mine dumps in the old Charlie Brown Mining Camp of by-gone-days searching for colors. Tex Bradshaw, owner of the Cross-Bar N, had hired Joe to watch over his herd in Car-

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Joe's Mine

Illustrations by the author



The mysterious Turtle Mountains where Pack Rat Joe lived and died, leaving more than \$40,000. Source of his wealth is not known.

Creaky old windmill in a narrow canyon near the Charlie Brown Camp.



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son Valley, and to look after things when he was away. Joe had pulled his little house trailer to the Charlie Brown Camp where there was the best water in the valley.

Down below the Charlie Brown Camp and in a narrow canyon was another well with a creaky old windmill pumping water into a tank for the cattle. Towards the west side of the valley and alongside of a wash, a third well, known as the Mohawk Well, was the camping site of many a prospector. The Mohawk Well



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was not very dependable, especially in the summertime when you really needed water, and it was by no means what could be considered a *good* drinking water. I remember one time when I was desperately in need of a bath, I went to the Mohawk Well and pumped out a couple of big pails full of what appeared to be good clean water. After stripping down, I poured the water over my head and had a pretty good bath. Then I washed my clothes and flung them over some scrub bushes to dry. I noticed some strange looking flakes about the size of a dime clinging to my clothes. Looking closer, I began to suspect what they might be. I pulled the cover off of the well and with a flashlight I saw three dead rattlesnakes and two dead rats floating around in the water. The flakes were snake scales. Joe and I often stopped by the Mohawk Well to visit with the various old-timers, having a cup or two of mighty strong coffee with them. The old-timers said the well water was real good.

Joe and I had made many trips back into the mountains, following old Indian trails as I was searching for petroglyphs and old Indian campsites for Dr. Gerald

A. Smith, director of the San Bernardino County Museum. I had taken a lot of color pictures for Dr. Smith, and the weather being as hot as it was, caused many of the pictures to lose their full color values. Films should be stored in temperatures around 70 degrees, and it was 120 degrees out in the Turtle Mountains at that time.

At night, while sitting around our little campfire drinking coffee, Joe would spin some of the darndest yarns. It wouldn't matter what the subject was. Joe had read a lot of pocket books from which he derived much information, and, as far as he was concerned, it was all true. Eventually, we would get around to talking about gold and silver, and on this subject, he seemed to have a good knowledge. Joe told me that it was no fun working in a mine. The real fun, he said, was in looking for an outcrop or vein. Whenever I would ask Joe if he had any gold, he would look at me kind of funny and say yes, but he would never show me any.

Venturing over the greater part of the Mojave Desert, we found all kinds of junk. Joe would toss it in the back of his



PACK RAT JOE

truck and haul it back to his camp in the Turtle Mountains. He even would take old tires. I never suspected Joe of having any money, so I brought him canned goods and used clothing and shoes, even a gasoline engine for his dry-washer. Then one day, a rod bearing in his truck gave out and he asked me to go with him into Needles to look for another engine for his truck. He bought a new engine and pulled out a bundle of bills and paid cash for it. Joe, the destitute Pack Rat of the Turtle Mountains, had lots of money.

Joe and I turned our adventures towards Arizona; we went north as far as the King Tut placers on the Diamond-Bar Ranch near Pierce Ferry, and east as far as Congress Junction. Joe was always prospecting, and I was looking for the Indian signs. One day, our trails crossed with the DeChants and Hargroves of Yucca, Arizona, who were out looking for

treasures in the Needle Mountains, north of Site Six, in Arizona. The DeChants and Hargroves are the nicest kind of people, and they invited us over to visit in Yucca. Following our visit in Yucca, Joe moved his camp into the friendly little town where he would have the best of company while I was gone, which was quite often. Joe liked everyone in Yucca, and everyone liked him.

Then, one tragic night, Joe was killed in a highway accident. Later, I was to learn that Joe had a money belt that contained \$1100. However, this was only a small portion of his wealth which was close to \$40,000. I don't know where he kept his money, or how he obtained it. Only on one occasion was he ever without funds, and he never worried about money. Perhaps he did have a mine somewhere in the Turtle Mountains; The Pack Rat Joe Mine. □



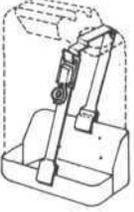
Pack Rat Joe's dump pile in the Turtle Mountains. When he died he had a money belt containing \$1100 plus \$40,000. Did he have additional wealth hidden somewhere? Did his money come from his junk heap—or another source?





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BACK COUNTRY

To the best of my knowledge the biggest cleanup project ever undertaken was completed in October. The area covered was thousands of acres stretching from Glamis, California to the Mexican border. The giant cleanup project was put together by Dick Myers, southern area vice president of the California Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs in cooperation with the Federal Bureau of Land Management which supplied 10,000 litter bags.

More than 800 people using 300 vehicles spent two days collecting trash and litter in the Imperial Sand Dunes. It would be impossible to estimate the amount of debris collected. The important factor was that more than 46 four-wheel-drive and dune buggy clubs from throughout Southern California participated in Operation Cleanup.

Each of these clubs have staged their own local anti-litter and conservation campaigns. (Desert Magazine presents a monthly award in recognition of the projects.) The fact members of the individual clubs devote their time, money and efforts to these cleanup campaigns shows

we four-wheelers value our privilege to enjoy the back country and are not a destructive or thoughtless group.

And the fact that 46 clubs got together to stage Operation Cleanup, which would have been too much for a single club, shows the value of organizations such as the California Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs. The value is not only in the fact we cleaned up a large area, but also in the publicity we received showing people with wrong ideas that we are indeed dedicated to keeping the desert areas inviolate.

Trucks for picking up the big piles of debris were supplied by the Bureau of Land Management, Imperial County Roads Department and the California Department of Parks and Recreation. The restrooms, water tank and registration facilities were furnished by the Sareea Al Jamel Four Wheel Drive Club of Indio.

Officials from organizations attending included H. G. Morris, president of the California Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs; Jack Wilson and Bill Flint, Bureau of Land Management, Riverside;

Jim Lee, Bureau of Land Management, Washington, D.C.; Jim Whitaker, Bureau of Land Management, Phoenix, Ariz.; George Gurr, Bureau of Land Management, Price, Utah; Fred Green, California Dept. of Parks and Recreation, and Doug Bryce, Superintendent, Anza-Borrego State Park.

Most of all I don't want you to forget those fine people who love the outdoors and don't mind working to keep it open. If your name is not here, then you didn't sign the register:

Antelope Valley Four Wheelers, Chuckwalla Jeep Club, Desert Burros, Drifters Jeep Club, Gladoneers, Hidden Valley Four Wheelers, Hill-N-Gully Riders, Imperial Valley Sidewinders 4WD.

Land Rovers of Fontana, Los Batidores 4x4 Club, Oceanside 4 Wheelers, Regroupers 4WD Club, San Fernando Valley Vagabonds, Sundowners Jeep Club, Wandering Wheels, 49ers FWD Club, Square Wheelers of Orange County, Boondockers 4 WD Club, Correcaminos 4WD Club, Desert Foxes, Four Wheelers of Orange County, Hemet Jeep Club.

Hill Billys 4WD Club, Inland Empire 4 Wheelers, Jeeping Jeepers Jeep Club, Los Arrieros 4 WD Club, Los Paisanos Four Wheel Drive Club, Redlands Geckos Jeep Club, Ridge Rangers, Sareea Al Jamel 4WD Club, Tierra del Sol 4WD Club, Waywegos 4WD Club, Pasadena Freewheelers.

Other clubs participating included Arizona Competition, Inc., Phoenix; Phoenix Jeep Club; Imperial Valley Dune Buggy Association; Sand Buggies, Los Angeles, and the Orange County Burros. If I left anyone out let me know and I'll put your name in next month's issue.

★ ★ ★

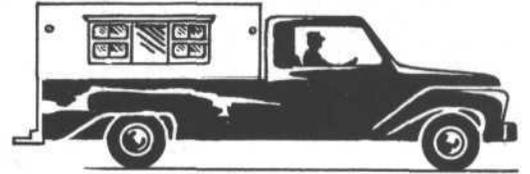
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By the time you read this Desert Magazine's only women contestants in the Baja California Road Race from Ensenada to La Paz will be back home—and we hope two of the winners. One thing, after driving the 1000 miles of rugged alleged roads without sleep they will not look as pretty as they do here.

TRAVEL

by Bill Bryan



Imperial Sand Dune's "Operation Cleanup"



California Association of 4WD Clubs President Gene Morris and Cleanup Chairman Dick Myers use litter bag.

Part of the trash collected by 800 people in 46 clubs during the two-day Operation Cleanup. Litterbugs take note—these people had to clean up your trash, so next time don't throw it away.



Wandering Wheels take break while collecting trash along Glamis Road.



Even the youngsters got in the action. She won't be an adult litterbug.

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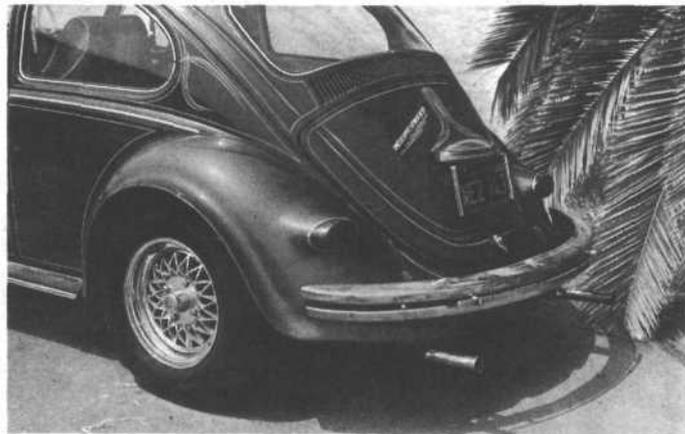
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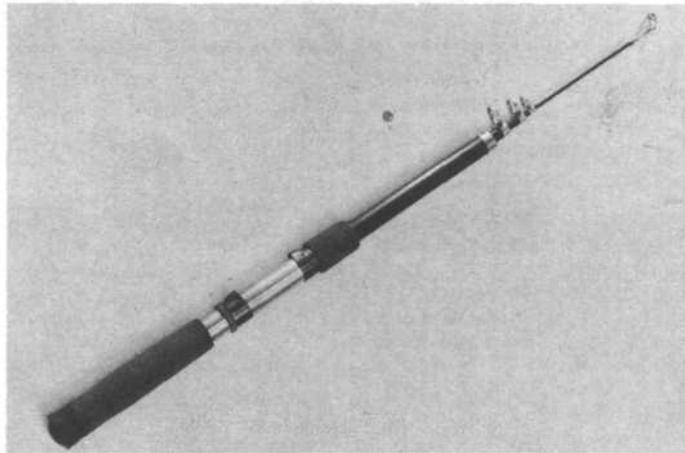
DESERT SHOPPER

Items in this column are not paid advertisements



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LETTERS to and from the Editor . . .

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope.

It Was 1882 . . .

I enjoy every copy of Desert, but was amazed when I read in my October issue, page 9, "the school house built in 1828 during President Arthur's term." I must really be old as I was a year old when he became president.

MARGARET LINDQUIST,
Lincoln, Nebraska.

Editor's Note: Reader Lindquist is really not that old. The date had the 8 and 2 transposed, it should have read 1882.

Bodie Banter . . .

In early days saloons were gossip centers. Every mining camp tooted its own horn, and ridiculed all others. Yet in its heyday the rip roaring mining camp of Bodie was thrown for a loss by an innocent child. Her father was an itinerant preacher, having difficulty making a living in Bridgeport just over the hill, where citizens were indifferent toward mining or religion. Bodie was a boom town filled with saloons and dance halls. (See Desert, Oct. '68.) That was the place to go to fight the devil. The little girl heard the discussions between mother and father, and planned to let God know about it as she said her prayers the evening before the exodus. Her opening words were, "Good-bye God, I'm moving to Bodie."

Next day the proud father told the city marshal what his child said, and before sunset saloon patrons at Bodie were rolling in laughter. But wiser ones thought it prudent to consult the editor of the Clarion. A wise man, drunk or sober, the editor fingered his mustache thoughtfully, then said, "Seems to me it is a matter of correct punctuation and spelling. The little girl may have said, 'Good, by God! I'm moving to Bodie!'"

LEE STROBEL,
Glendale, Calif.

Overton Rocks . . .

On behalf of our members I want to thank you and Jack Delaney for his excellent article *Touring Lake Mead*, in the October issue of DESERT. His coverage was complete with one exception. Somehow he overlooked Red's Rock Shop in Overton. Here can be found not only a vast collection of rocks, but one of the most complete displays of fluorescent minerals anywhere in the world. Readers of Desert are invited to see this fabulous display anytime. If they have any questions about our area, just drop me a letter.

MARION (MIKE) CARMICHAEL,
Moapa Valley Chamber of Commerce
Overton, Nevada 89040.

The Bad Guys . . .

We are avid readers of your magazine and just want to take this time to tell you we are fully in accord with your thoughts and articles on litterbugging!

On September 14 we noticed a group of dune buggy enthusiasts and cyclists converging like a bunch of locusts on an area just north of Red Rock Canyon, on the crossroad of Red Rock Canyon-Inyokern Road and the road in from Hart's Place. The name posted around was "SCORE." We don't know if this was the name of their organization or not, but after driving through the same area yesterday, we finally figured out what the initials must have stood for—Scroungy Carrion Organized Refuge Eaters. The area was a real garbage dump—cans and papers, bottles all over the place, and their old outdoor toilet lying on its side. They had been driving up and down the roads with their open pipes blasting—acting as though no one else was in the area.

Let's hope they hold their next desert meeting 10 miles west of Santa Monica!

MR. and MRS. G. A. WOODWARD

The Good Guys . . .

I have been wanting to write to you for sometime, telling you how much I have enjoyed Desert Magazine, Back Country Travel and Bill Bryan's Four Wheel Chatter. Your conservation awards are an excellent example, at not only showing the many people that enjoy our off-road recreation that anyone can practice conservation of our natural resources, but, that we 4-wheelers are doing so. I certainly hope we will see individuals and many more organizations contending for these awards in the future.

DON RENWICK, CA4WD CLUBS,
Southern Area Conservation Chairman.

Dinosaur Tracks . . .

The dinosaur tracks described by Earl Spendlove in *When Dinosaurs Trod Utah's Vermilion Cliffs* in the August '68 issue are interesting enough to deserve protection from vandalism. I have seen casts of dinosaur footprints in museums, but never where the dinosaurs left them. I am planning to determine ownership of the land on which they are located and will attempt to establish some means of protection. Therefore, please send me Mr. Spendlove's address.

GRANT M. REEDER, M.D.,
Bountiful, Utah 84010.

Cool Trip . . .

My wife and I just returned from our vacation. We took the trip described in your August, 1968 issue, "California's Cool Cascades," going to Bishop then on to Lake Tahoe, from there taking Highway 89 up through Lassen National Park with the final northern destination being Mount Shasta.

We want to say this was truly our best vacation to date, getting away from the "rat race" and seeing the many beautiful lakes and rivers. Also, having perfect weather added to the enjoyment.

We suggest anyone who desires a change of pace from city life give your articles serious consideration. To show our appreciation, enclosed is a check for a year's subscription. Thank you, and keep those good vacation suggestions coming.

GILBERT HASKELL,
El Segundo, Calif.

Fallen Mushroom Rock . . .

In your November issue you asked for comments on the new cover and contents. We especially appreciate the heavier cover with the fine color photos. Also being long-time desert travelers we enjoy comprehensive articles like the one by Walter Ford.

Incidentally, on page 20 you show a picture of Mushroom Rock. I understand this famous Death Valley landmark recently fell down. I hope it's not so.

R. W. ARBOGAST,
Inglewood, Calif.

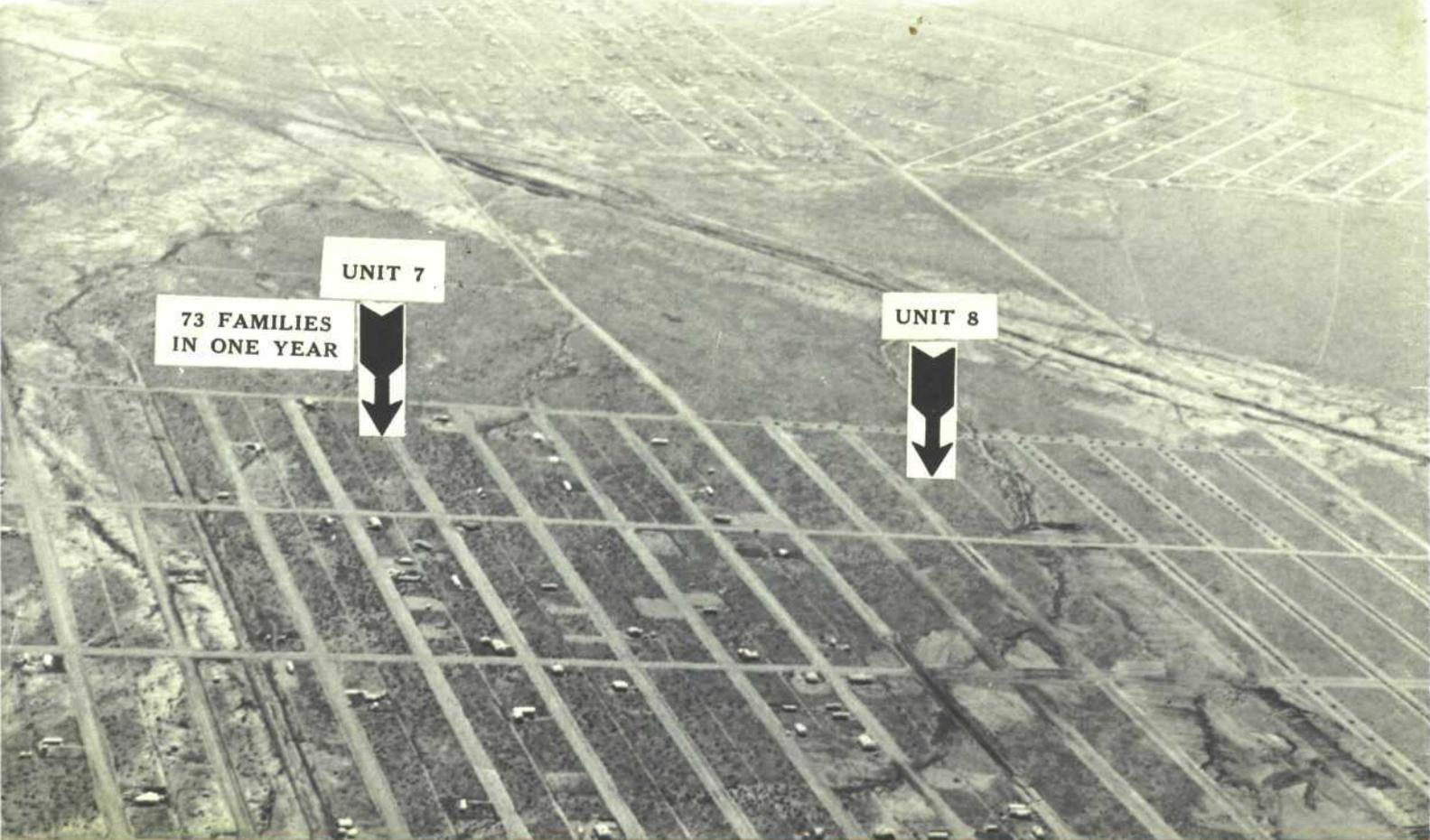
Editor's Note: Photos for the Death Valley pictorial were taken from Desert's files. I have not been to Death Valley for two years and assumed, like the Rock of Gibraltar, Mushroom Rock would stand forever. We are sorry to report it has fallen victim to the elements.

To Bury Or Not To Bury . . .

I enjoyed the chapter from Randall Henderson's new book in the November issue and I certainly am going to buy one. However, on page 31 he cites his friend's simple way of cooking and after the meal "they smash the cans and bury them." Since coyotes dig up cans, isn't it better to carry the cans away?

GEORGE HIXSON,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Editor's Note: Pioneer desert explorer Randall Henderson agrees; if you bring full cans with you then carry the empty cans away. However, since he has seen so many people who refuse to carry away their own trash he says the next best thing is to smash and bury. But let's all do the right thing—take your debris back home and put it in your own trash can.



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