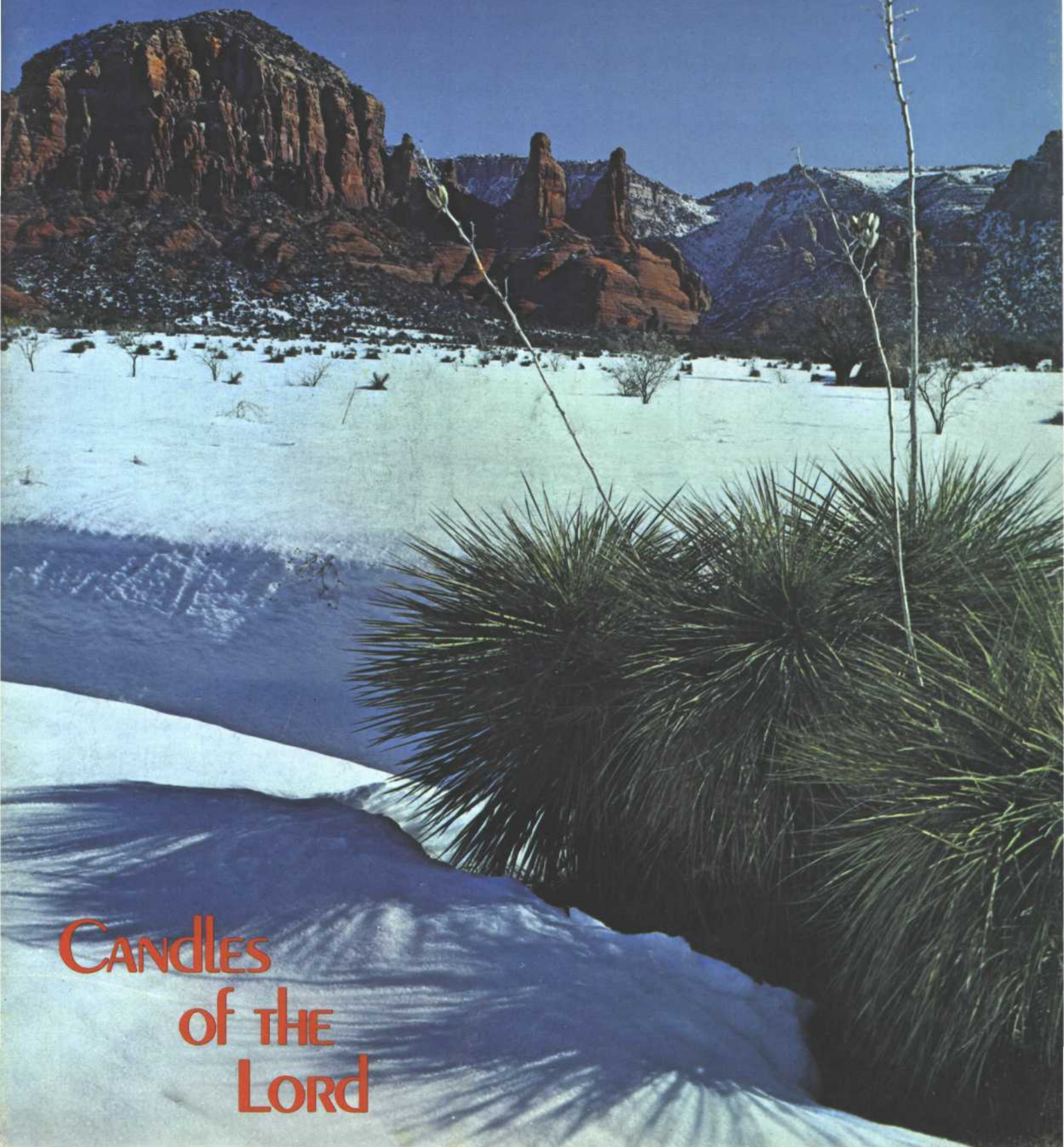


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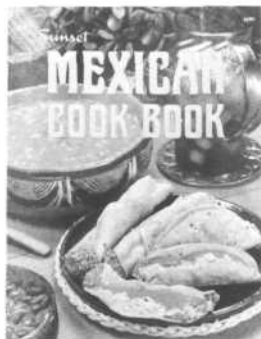
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Desert

MAGAZINE

Volume 32, Number 12 DECEMBER, 1969

CONTENTS

FEATURES

- TRAIL TO McCOY SPRING 8 *by Richard Bloomquist*
CALIENTE'S BIG YEAR 10 *by Mike Engle*
HOW TO AVOID A BORDER INCIDENT 13 *by Jack Delaney*
THE ELF OWL 16 *by K. L. Boynton*
THE DEVIL'S PUNCHBOWL 18 *by Helen Walker*
ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN 20 *by Robert Hiltunen*
CANDLES OF THE LORD 26 *by Bernice Johnston*
SCRATCH ONE LOST MINE 31 *by Burrell C. Dawson*
DOWN A DESERT HIGHWAY 32 *by Ann Showalter*
VULTURE MINE ADVENTURE 34 *by Betty J. Tucker*

DEPARTMENTS

- A PEEK IN THE PUBLISHER'S POKE 4 *by William Knyvett*
BOOK REVIEWS 6 *by Jack Pepper*
CALENDAR OF WESTERN EVENTS 39 *Club Activities*
WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT 42 *by Joleen A. Robison*
LETTERS 43 *Reader's Comments*



Covered with a blanket of snow, Arizona's Oak Creek Canyon has its own native Christmas trees which contrast with the red rock formations of the scenic valley. Photo by Don Valentine, Whittier, Calif.

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A Peek in the Publisher's Poke

May, are magically remembered; friends and relatives who have somehow strayed away to distant fields are suddenly brought to mind, cards exchanged and pleasant days from times long past are relived. What a revelation for all if this atmosphere could prevail for more than just one week in fifty-two. It is a pity.

The fact that the Holy Land is also a desert region brings us even closer as the time for heavenly remembrance draws near. One should stop from time to time to assess his reason and purpose in life, and a more fitting occasion could not possibly arise. DESERT has chosen this month to feature an editorial and photographic article entitled *All Things to All Men*. Two gifted artists, neither one aware of the other, chose this time to submit individual efforts. The uniting of the text by Robert Hiltunen with the photographs of Richard Weymouth Brooks produces a most moving and appropriate presentation. We hope that all readers will share our thoughts and perhaps, God willing, peace will come to all men as we know it on our desert.

Rounding out the December issue is the color photo of yuccas in bloom at Vasquez Rocks in Southern California, taken by Roland and Karen Muschenetz.

With a New Year approaching we take pleasure in announcing not one but *two* new columns which will grace our pages starting with the January issue. For you rockhounds out there Glenn and Martha Vargas will be bringing you their *Rambling on Rocks* which should be of interest to so many. Glenn has taught classes on lapidary and jewelry for some 23 years and he currently instructs at The College of the Desert in Palm Desert. For you dyed-in-the-wool desert buffs Eric Johson, a horticulturist, presently residing in Palm Springs and writing a Sunday column for the Los Angeles Times, will commence his *Desert Gardening* feature. We here at DESERT Magazine are more fortunate than some—we *know* we're starting out the New Year right and are sure you will agree.

Something new has been added to our little book shop. We have incorporated a small Indian Crafts Corner with a selection of hand-made silver and turquoise jewelry. And the next time you are in the area drop in and visit our "bead trees."

The staff joins me in wishing each and every one of you a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

William Hiltunen

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Book Reviews

by Jack Pepper

THE CAHUILLA INDIANS

By Harry C. James

There are few people who have not heard of or read about the Navajo, Hopi, Zuni and Apache Indians of the West but there are only a few who have knowledge of the Cahuilla Indians of Southern California.

Yet, this comparatively small tribe played an important part in the early settlement of California by helping and working with white settlers instead of waging wars to protect their lands. They did with peaceful means what many other Indians tried to do with war paint. Unfortunately, in many cases, their understanding and tolerance of the white man

was greater than that of the invading settlers.

First printed in 1960, *The Cahuilla Indians* has been out of print for many years and has only recently been republished. A fitting tribute to the author and a proof of the authenticity of his book is the fact the new edition is published by the Malki Museum Press. Located on the Morongo Reservation near Cabazon, the Malki Museum was established and is run by the Cahuilla Indians. It is open to the public and well worth the time.

In addition to this book, James has written four other works on American Indians. His compassion for their past and present plight is evident in all of his writings.

His other books are *The Treasure of the Hopitu*, *Haliksai! A Book of Legends of the Grand Canyon Country*, *The Hopi Indians*, and *Red Man-White Man*.

In *The Cahuilla Indians* he tells who they were, how they lived, their legends and ceremonial life, and the impact they had on the history of California. It is in-

teresting to note the Cahuillas belong to the Shoshonean division of the Uto-Aztecan linguistic family which includes such diverse peoples as the Hopi, Papago and Pimas of Arizona, the Utes of Colorado and Utah and the Aztecs of Mexico.

Other chapters are devoted to personalities: Juan Antonio, known as the "Lion of the Cahuilla" who devoted his life to creating peace between his people and the white man; Fig Tree John, shrewd and colorful trader who some people still think found a gold bonanza in the Santa Rosa Mountains; Ramona Lubo and Juan Diego whose tragic story was the basis for the famous novel and pageant *Ramona* by Helen Hunt Jackson.

Miss Jackson's *Ramona* and her other book *A Century of Dishonor* helped bring national attention to the plight of the American Indians.

In his last up-to-date chapter, the author discusses the complex problem of the Cahuilla Indians today and their role in the future, especially in the Palm Springs area where swimming pools and golf courses have replaced springs, corals and ceremonial houses. Hardcover, illustrated, 185 pages, \$7.50.

PACIFIC NORTH!

by Don Holm

A new and different kind of sport fishing guidebook about the fabulous North Pacific rim. It takes you from skin diving for abalone and cabezon in Monterey Bay to salmon fishing in British Columbia and jigging for tomcod in the Gulf of Alaska and the Bering Sea. It also tells the fascinating story of the North Pacific itself, weather, harbors, marine attractions, and includes an up-to-date directory of all marine game fishes, fishing gear and boats. Compiled and written by the wildlife editor of *The Oregonian*.

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OLD-FASHIONED DUTCH OVEN COOKBOOK

by Don Holm

An outdoor cookbook specializing in old-fashioned Dutch oven cookery and in sourdough. There are many tempting recipes for hungry fishermen and hunters, including pot roasts, Mulligan stews, and dishes made from bear meat, buffalo, woodchuck. It has a special section on sourdough cooking, and a section of favorite recipes of outdoor writers of the Northwest.

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By Neil M. Judd

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Along the way he met the desert people and settlers living in the isolated areas where he worked. The well-known archeologist describes the places he visited, the archeological endeavors, such as the restoration of the prehistoric Betatakin Ruins in the Navajo National Monument, and relates anecdotes about the wealth of people with whom he loved, worked and spoke. Hardcover, illustrated with rare old photographs, 161 pages, \$5.00.



BODIE: GHOST TOWN 1968

By Thomas W. Moore

Although the photographer-author has selected a famous ghost town in California as his location, he could very well have titled his book *Ghost Town U.S.A.* Within the pages of this volume he has captured the moods of the once boisterous mining town of the West—the moods of the past and the present.

Many times I have walked down the wind-swept streets of America's ghost towns and, as I entered the silent buildings whose only sound is a creaking shutter, imagined I could hear the raucous laughter of the men who today rest under Boot Hill.

Behind the buildings, which have withstood the sand and snow for a hundred years, can be found rusty mule shoes, rotted pokey bags which once contained gold nuggets, and a shriveled and sun-baked "high button" shoe which once covered the tiny ankle of a "shady lady." Was it the laughter of these ladies I heard, or just the wind?

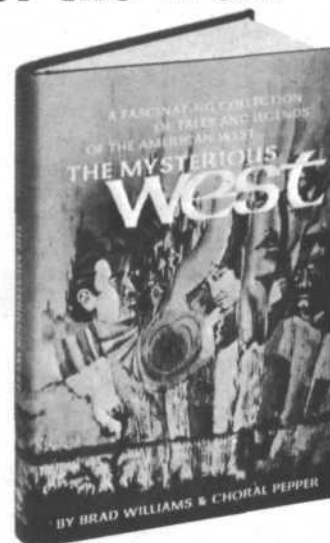
In his pictorial presentation of Bodie, Thomas Moore has captured these impressions and moods for those who have visited ghost towns and for those who have not been able to do so.

His black and white and color photographs are made even more poignant by the imaginative text accompanying each illustration.

The author visited Bodie during the hot summer months and during the winter when snows covered the buildings and graves of what was once called "The Wildest Town in the West."

Bodie, Ghost Town, 1968 is more than a story or a collection of photographs. It is an experience in which the author takes you with him as he goes back 100 years into the exciting and historic past of Western America. Highly recommended for your own library or as a gift. Large 9 x 12 format, full-page photographs on quality paper, hardcover, \$8.50.

New factual evidence on the legends of the West



By Brad Williams and
Choral Pepper

This book examines many little-known stories and legends that have emerged from the western region of North America.

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

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Trail to McCoy Spring

by Richard A. Bloomquist



IN THE desert's heart there are hidden places where beauty and mystery abide, and where the pleasures of discovery still reward the traveler of dim trails. McCoy Spring in California's Colorado Desert is such a place. Lured by its remote setting, I found a land lightly touched by man, yet rich in historic associations.

The trail to McCoy Spring starts 29 miles east of Desert Center at Interstate 10's Wiley Well Road off-ramp in Riverside County. Here you turn onto a pole line road that parallels the freeway for over a mile, then dips under it and finally gains the McCoy Spring road proper on the north side of Interstate 10. For nearly nine miles from this point the unimproved track to the spring follows the western base of the lean-ribbed McCoy Mountains.

The bajada is rocky with rough washes which the road crosses at close intervals. A pickup truck or four-wheel-drive is advisable, for low-slung passenger cars might high-center or find traction lacking in some of the arroyo crossings. Except for the stalwart ironwood tree, which thrives here along the dry watercourses,

there are few large shrubs or trees. After eight and one-half miles of wash-hopping a side road veers to the right, ending at McCoy Spring some two miles distant.

The waterhole may bear the name of Bill McCoy, who ran a government store in nearby Ehrenberg in the 1860s (*Desert*, March 1958, p. 17). Or possibly the spring was named for Jim McCoy, an Irishman who arrived in San Diego as a soldier in 1850, and who served as sheriff of San Diego County and as state senator in the '60s and '70s. (The McCoy Mountains were within San Diego County until 1893, when Riverside County was created.)

The oasis and its environs are an outstanding example of the surprises that so often await the explorer of remote and seemingly undistinguished sectors of the American desert. Here, around a spring of cool water, are hundreds of aboriginal rock writings left by earlier desert dwellers whose trails and places of habitation were rigidly controlled by the presence of living water. The markings are concentrated along both sides of the abrupt and narrow ravine which knifes

through the bajada immediately below the spring. Other isolated groupings appear on massy cliffside boulders above the waterhole to the north. Here and there familiar forms stand out—crosses, "stick men," and signs apparently representing sunshine and rainstorms—but for the most part these glyphs say nothing to modern man, who sees only strange symbols and labyrinthine designs. The Rosetta Stone of Indian petrography is yet to be found.

While trying to read a possible meaning into a series of petroglyphs on a large boulder near the spring, I saw a loose-skinned chuckwalla watching me with unblinking eyes from the top of the rock. With a scratchy slithering he hid himself in a crevice when I ventured too close.

McCoy Spring today is surrounded by a low enclosure of stone. The thoughtful mason left an opening at the base so birds and animals might drink, too. A black-throated sparrow did just that as I stood motionless a few feet away. The Indians may have departed, but the spring is still life to other denizens of the desert.



In Southern California's Riverside County there are many hidden springs for weekend explorers. One of these is the spring at the base of the McCoy Mountains at the mouth of the canyon in front of author's truck. Photos by author.

Over the spring is an arching length of pipe which allows water to be bailed out with rope and bucket. At the time of my visit the water level was about four feet below the lip of the enclosure.

The spring looks out of place in its rocky ravine. No reeds or other moisture-loving plants surround it, and only a scattering of shrubs can be found in the vicinity. I am sure, however, that the giant ironwood a few yards down canyon owes much of its girth to the neighboring water.

Many dim aboriginal trails converge upon McCoy Spring. It is ever a fascinating pastime to trace out the old pathways, pondering their possible destinations and unwritten history. At McCoy, the sheer mountain wall blocks all direct

routes to the east, but numerous trails radiate to the north, west, and south. Those coursing north and south likely fork to the east—and the Colorado River—once the mountain mass is cleared. Far off on the southwestern horizon I made out the broad canyon opening marking Corn Springs Wash; one path would almost certainly lead to that palm-circled oasis with its abundant glyphs (*Desert*, January 1945 and October 1954).

I followed one trail in a northwesterly direction for one-half mile before losing it in a confusion of shallow washes and World War II military tracks. Simple rock monuments still mark its course as it dips in and out of the arroyos, and not far from the spring three potsherds lay together along the trail. In one wash several quail scudded out from the cover

Continued on Page 39

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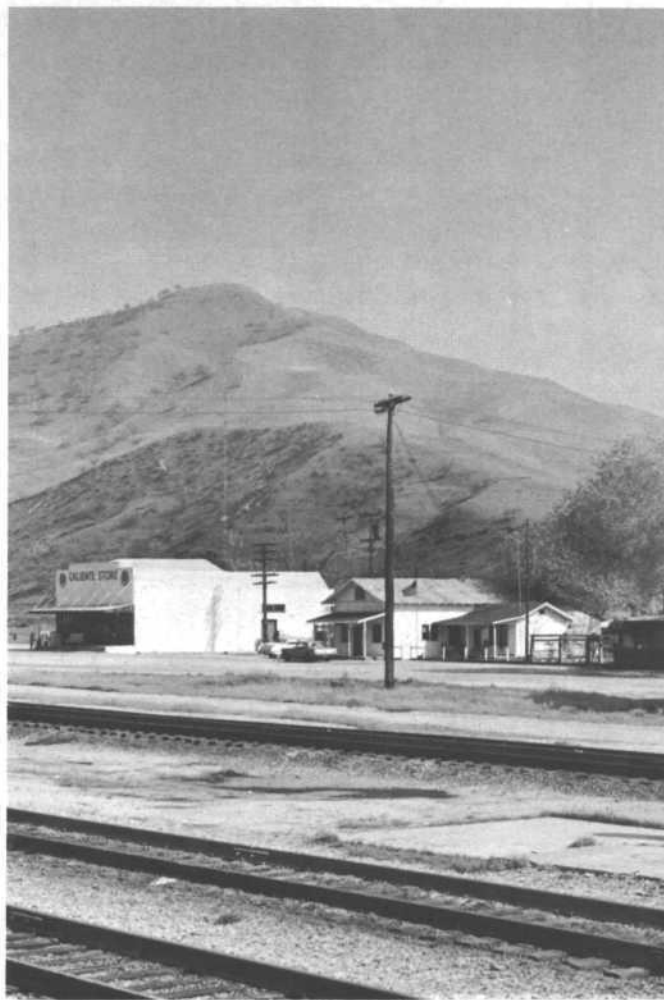
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1875...

CALIENTE'S BIG YEAR!

by Mike Engle



Once vital railroad equipment (above) now rusts in Caliente's storage yard. The main street (top) as it appears today is quiet compared to the boisterous days when it was known as Allen's Camp. Indian metate grinding boulders (right) can be found in the vicinity.

FOR THREE hundred miles, the Southern Pacific Railroad moved relentlessly forward from the north. At Bakersfield, the steel rails swung east towards the western slope of Tehachapi Mountains. In the spring of 1875, at Allen's Camp, 16 miles east of Bakersfield, several hundred Chinese laborers and their Caucasian overseers set up their tents. Before them lay the difficult Tehachapi Pass.

For 15 months, while the work crews struggled with the impossible terrain, Allen's Camp, soon to be known as Caliente, boomed. The single street resounded to the boisterous revelry of the saloons, the clanging and jingling of wagon bells, and the noisy arrival of daily stages. With outlaws, shootings and stage robberies, the growing town soon held a reputation for lawlessness.

In the early 1860s, an experienced sheepherder and packer named Allen, established his headquarters in a broad valley beside the waters of Caliente Creek. Supplies for the newly opened mines and camps along the Kern River and Clear Creek near Havilah were needed badly.



Allen was prepared to supply them. He raised Jacks and Jennies for the miners and prospectors and ran a pack train service to the mines. Here the wagon loads of goods from Bakersfield were transferred to kyacks and boxes. Here began the long plodding mule trains across the mountains to Havilah and the Kern River to the north.

As the railroad approached Allen's Camp, enterprising businessmen moved into the valley and began to build a town. By March of 1875, with the steel rails only a short distance away there were two restaurants, four saloons, and a butcher shop. A woman by the name of Billy Denver had nearly completed a blacksmith's shop. A daily stage line had been established between Bakersfield and the camp. Travelers could make the trip for three dollars each way and boarders were accommodated in one of the restaurants for one dollar per day.

As the surrounding hills, verdantly green and splotted with the colorful bloom of spring, began to brown and parch; the early summer temperature

soared. The dry hillsides, dwindling streams, and explosive tempers in the valley were obvious reasons to name the new town Caliente.

Blasting their way through solid granite, cutting and filling across deep chasms, the railroad crews made slow progress. One correspondent, writing for the *Kern County Weekly Courier* reported: "There are 2500 Chinamen with a full corps of overseers; five or six hundred one-horse carts, picks, shovels, drills and crowbars in stacks, with derricks, hand barrows and sleds wherever needed. Powder is consumed at the rate of six hundred kegs weekly, . . ."

In the valley, activities moved at a rapid pace. By the end of March a toll road from Caliente to Tehachapi, at the summit of the pass, had been completed. Stages and wagons, packed with passengers and freight, in ever increasing quantities were moving east and south into Inyo and Los Angeles Counties. Prospectors and miners, bound for Inyo's Panamint, New Coso, and Cerro Gordo mining districts streamed into town on the daily stage from Bakersfield. The *Southern Californian* of April 15, 1875 reports: ". . . 11 saloons, no church, no jail, no graveyard . . ."

On the 24th of April, precisely at noon, the first Southern Pacific engine from the west pushed up the canyon and braked to a stop in the center of town. Three days later, Remi Nadeau's freight teams, their wagons filled with the wealth of Inyo County's silver mines, rolled into the town from the east. Almost overnight,

Caliente had become a full fledged rail head boom town! By the first of May, Bakersfield's Telegraph Stage Company had closed their doors in Bakersfield and moved to Caliente.

By early June, business was lively and construction of the new town was going ahead feverishly. Wells, Fargo and Company, as well as the recently established post office were both housed in the new railroad depot which was 175 feet long and 40 feet wide. At one end was a large loading platform to handle the shipments of machinery and silver bullion between San Francisco and the mines of Inyo County.

The *Kern County Weekly Courier* of May 22 reports a hotel, three stories high, is nearing completion and says that it: ". . . will be quite an ornament to the new and ambitious town."

A few families, including 30 children, lived in Caliente during the early months. In June, the first school was opened. During the same month, the *Kern County Weekly Courier* reported that there were three or four barbershops, a harness shop, three or four shoe shops, and a drug store. Facing Main Street, along the north side, were 25 saloons. There were plenty of places to drink and eat, but not enough beds to accommodate all the travelers. One restaurant proprietor claimed, on a single Saturday night, to have fed 150 persons.

By mid-summer, Caliente's population had reached 3000 persons. The *Kern County Weekly Courier* reported two "Pharoah Banks" were doing business in



town. The newspaper stated that these banks differed from regular banking houses in that they refused to handle paper currency. "Their currency is made of ivory of handsome design, and is apparently the most popular currency of the place."

With the advent of the banks, the increase in traffic and population, and the inexhaustible supplies of whiskey offered by the 25 saloons; Caliente quickly earned a reputation for shootings, robberies, and reckless hell-raising. After the first

"Whenever there is a little stringency in the circulating medium up there, all they have to do is to go out on the road and draw on the driver at sight. The demand is usually promptly honored, and the market is easier for a day or two until the next stage comes in."

Caliente's last big fling as a boom town occurred on January 7, 1876. Since the previous October, the Southern Pacific had held back the wages of the workmen. On January 7 a train carrying three months pay rolled into town. In one be-

for the few isolated mines along Caliente Creek.

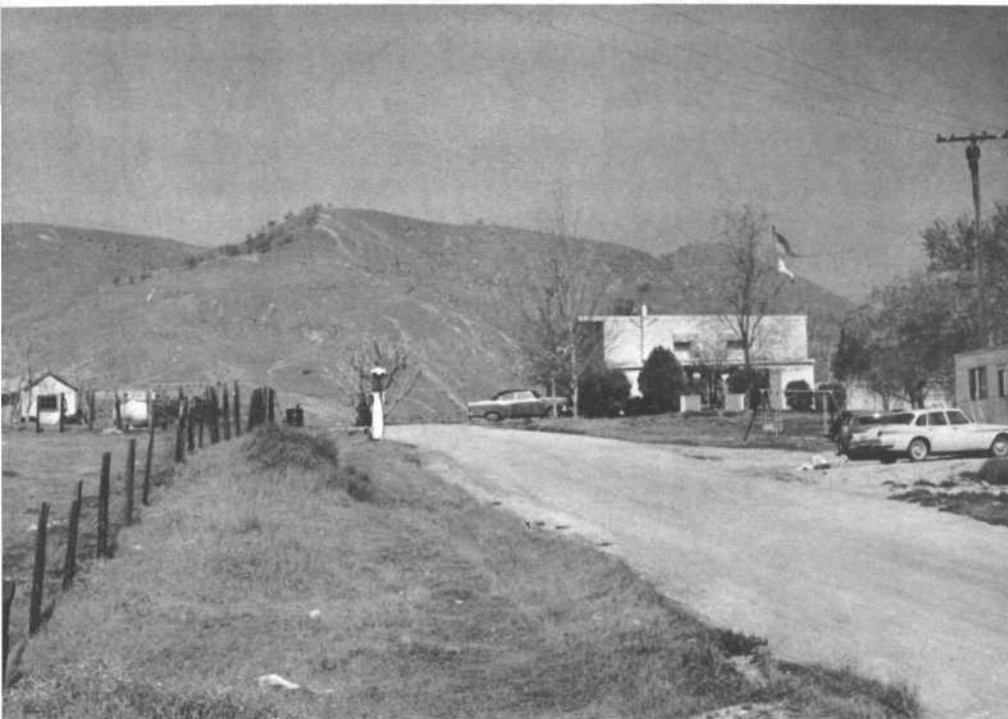
In 1909, an explosion of dynamite stored in the railroad depot rocked the town. Most of Caliente was destroyed. Four years later, heavy winter rains and the flood waters of Caliente Creek washed away what little was left. Today, only the steel tracks and solitary black water tower remain to mark the lawless past.

In 1950, workmen digging the foundations of the present school, unearthed a few bones and oriental trinkets. The school, standing on a plateau above the town, marks the site of Caliente's original Chinese cemetery. A few yards northwest of the intersection of the Caliente-Bodfish and Bealville roads, a low mound rises. On top can be found two large and excellent early Indian metate grinding boulders. Still further west, along the Caliente-Bodfish road, are the remains of a Southern Pacific railroad storage yard with equipment rusting into oblivion.

Caliente's main street is marked by an older tree-shaded residence. An interesting bottle collection is displayed in a front window; above the front door are two antique stage coach lamps. Further down the street stand the post office, general store, and gasoline station. Across the tracks along the north side of the main street, where once stood 25 noisy saloons, now stand the residences of today's population.

A visit to Caliente is a fascinating side trip into the past and the gateway to the historical and beautiful Walker Basin country to the north. Camp grounds and public accommodations are *not* available at Caliente or Walker's Basin. The surrounding ranch lands are fenced and posted. However, at Tehachapi Mountain Park, 25 miles east of Caliente, and at Lake Isabella, 34 miles north, there are excellent camp grounds. Motel accommodations are available at Tehachapi and at Lake Isabella.

California State 58, between Bakersfield and Mojave, parallels the Southern Pacific tracks and passes within two miles of Caliente. Twenty-three miles east of Bakersfield and 15 miles west of Tehachapi, is the well marked Bealville Road to Caliente. Turn north and follow this paved road as it winds through the pastoral landscape down the steep hill to the valley and town that once resounded to the revelry of more than 3000 people. □



Caliente's present school, built in 1950, stands on the site of the original Chinese cemetery. When excavating, workers found bones and Oriental trinkets.

shooting, Havilah's small jail was transported 24 miles to Caliente but did little good as it was far too small to accommodate the many outlaws that frequented the town.

By the fall of 1875, stage traffic, bullion shipments, and heavy express boxes were daily passing through Caliente. On November 29 there was an unsuccessful attempted robbery of the stage from Kernville. The next day, only four miles above town, the Los Angeles stage was successfully held up. Later, in a single night, it was reported that the Los Angeles stage was held up twice within four miles of Caliente. In December there were two more stage robberies, in one of which the outlaws escaped with the express box containing an estimated \$2,000. An editor was prompted to comment:

lated, but long remembered and glorious New Year's celebration, Caliente whooped it up as the half million dollar payroll began to circulate through the saloons and stores in a single day.

In May, 1876, track had been laid as far as Wells Station, twelve miles east of town. The work crews had moved their tents further up the tracks. By the end of the month, the Southern Pacific was carrying passengers past Caliente and through to Wells Station.

The abandonment of Caliente as the rail terminus and the departure of the work crews signaled the end of Caliente as a major boom town. The saloons and stores were dismantled and moved away. For several more years, Caliente, occupied by a handful of ardent citizens, remained only as a freight terminal and way station



HOW TO AVOID A BORDER INCIDENT

by Jack Delaney



The photographs above and on the following page are NOT typical of a United States-Mexico border crossing station. They were taken at Tijuana during the height of the recent Operation Intercept which, according to the United States Justice Department, would reduce the flow of narcotics into the United States.

It should have been called Operation Fiasco as it not only failed to accomplish its alleged purpose, but created additional bad feelings between peoples on both sides of the border by reducing trade to a minimum. What many people do not realize is that Mexican citizens spend approximately as much money with merchants in the United

States as we *turistas* do in Mexico.

It is a proven fact that countries which exchange cultural ideas and have sound commercial trade relations have lasting friendships. This article is to help you understand both United States and Mexican customs procedures so you will "have a good trip and a happy return."

IHAB NUFFIN to decuare!" This statement of a returning United States citizen at one of the California-Mexico ports of entry led to a search, which revealed that the man had a small portion of opium, in a cellophane envelope, concealed under his upper denture.

Suspicious actions of a woman who appeared to be pregnant led to a search, and the findings were that instead of being "with child" she was "with marijuana!" Another case involved a unique

hiding place—a five-pound ham in a bedpan! Customs inspectors, through experience, have learned how to distinguish angling characters from law-abiding tourists.

Upon your return from Mexico, if you are transporting olives, are they green ripe or ripe green? (There is a difference in the rate of duty.) Is the beverage apple cider or apple juice? (The fermented variety, where allowed, carries a

duty ten times that for simple apple juice.) Is your souvenir a watch or a clock? (A timepiece is classified as a clock, for duty purposes, when the thickness of the movement is over one-half inch and the diameter is 1.77 inches or larger.) These questions call for on-the-spot answers by your friendly customs man.

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regulations of both the United States and the Mexican customs services. So you should have a knowledge of what can or cannot be taken into Mexico and what is allowed or not allowed to be brought into this country. Also, a few facts on the historical background of our customs service, and the present responsibilities of customs officers, should help you to view this service in the proper perspective.

The United States Customs is one of the oldest of all government agencies—its flag still displays 13 stars and 13 stripes! When laws pertaining to customs were enacted by the first United States Congress they became known as tariff laws. On July 4, 1789, President George Washington signed the first tariff act of the United States, making the Bureau of Customs second only to the State Department in being the oldest federal government service in the United States.

However, the origin of customs dates back all the way to ancient times. The Old Testament mentions customs duties in the book of Ezra. It states that Cyrus, King of Persia, said: "There have been mighty Kings also over Jerusalem who have ruled over all the country beyond the river, and tribute, customs, and toll was paid unto them." In the New Testament we are told that Jesus called Matthew from the "receipt of customs." Also, Paul in addressing the Romans, advised them to "render customs to whom customs are due."

The origin of the word "tariff" dates back to about 710 A.D. when there was a town on the southern coast of Spain known as *Tarifa*. It was named by Arabs in honor of a leader called *Tarif ibn Malik*. When merchant ships were sighted, gangs of "opportunists" sailed out and held them up with demands for tribute before allowing them to proceed with their cargoes. This became known among merchant ship captains as "paying the tariff." In due time the governments of Europe began making similar levies on foreign trade and "tariffs" became a legal and prolific source of revenue.

The primary purposes of the United States Customs Service are: to provide revenue by the collection of duties, taxes, and fees on imported merchandise; to regulate commerce with foreign countries; to protect and encourage agriculture and the industries of our country; to protect

American labor; to protect frauds against the revenue; to prevent the smuggling of narcotics and other contraband, and to enforce the Export Control law of the United States.

Clearing tourists is a responsibility of the customs inspector. He endeavors to provide courteous and efficient service with a minimum of delay and inconvenience. If articles acquired abroad have been worn or used, he will make an appropriate reduction in their value for wear and use. A spirit of fairness prevails in the Customs Service—if at any



time after duty is paid an overpayment is discovered, it is promptly refunded to the traveler by mail.

When you return from a trip to a foreign country (no minimum duration applies in the case of Mexico), you are granted a \$100 customs exemption if you have not used the exemption or any part of it within the preceeding 30-day period. This means that articles totaling \$100 in value may be entered free of duty, provided they accompany you at the time of your return; have been acquired as an incident of your trip; are for your personal or household use; and were properly declared to customs. All four conditions must be met in order to qualify.

Another exemption, not clearly understood by the traveling public, applies to gifts sent to friends and relatives in

the United States from a foreign country. These will not affect your declaration at the border. Whether or not duty will be assessed on the gifts depends on the merchandise and its value. To avoid the payment of duty, keep the value of the gifts in any one day within a \$10 limitation. Packages must carry the statement: "Attention U. S. Customs—Unsolicited Gift Enclosed," and the fair market value. (Postal laws prohibit the shipment of alcoholic beverages.)

You may import articles in excess of your customs exemption. The fair retail



price in the country where the articles were purchased serves as the value for exemption purposes. A wholesale value assigned by your customs inspector is used for assessment purposes on the excess item, and the article carrying the lowest duty rates are selected. Sometimes payment of duty may be avoided by a joint declaration, if members of a family live together and are traveling together.

Be sure to save your receipts, list your purchases, and state the correct cost of items in your declaration—trying to put something over is definitely not worth the risk. Penalties for fudging are heavy and hard. The law calls for forfeiture of the merchandise, plus a penalty equal to its value in these cases.

An actual incident involved a tourist who failed to declare a purchase of

\$10,000 worth of pearls. When discovered, he had to forfeit the pearls and pay a \$10,000 penalty! If his purchase had been properly declared, the duty would have been \$300.

Rates of duty are being lowered over a five-year period. Many will be reduced as much as 50%. Present rates on popular tourist items cover a wide range: 9.5% on motion picture cameras; 12% on still cameras; 11.5% on transistor radios; 36% on cigarette lighters; 10% on golf balls; 16% on leather cases; 20% on lenses; 16% on chess sets; 5% on passenger automobiles; and the high rate of 55%, plus 10 cents per dozen for china tableware valued from \$10 to \$24 per 77 piece set.

More attractive is the list of items that are duty free. Included are antiques (if produced prior to 100 years before the date of entry), books (by a foreign author or in a foreign language), works of art (drawings or paintings that are original or handmade copies), postage stamps, and frozen shrimp (a product in which the Mexican area excels). If your bag is bagpipes or if your desire is to trifle with truffles, you'll be happy to know that neither of these necessities is dutiable!

Certain articles are PROHIBITED from entry into the United States. The list includes: narcotics and drugs containing narcotics; obscene articles and publications; lottery tickets; switchblade knives; wild birds or their feathers or eggs; liquor-filled candies; counterfeit money; etc. Also prohibited is merchandise originating in Communist China, North Korea, North Vietnam, or Cuba, and all goods containing Cuban components. Restricted items must meet special requirements before they can be imported. Some of these are: trademarked articles; firearms and ammunition, gold coins and medals; fruits, vegetables, meats, poultry; plants and plant products; and live birds, cats and dogs.

Trademarked articles are articles which bear a definite trademark of a manufacturer. Since there are too many to list (such as cameras, recorders, etc.) if you plan to purchase this type of article, before going to Mexico obtain the *Tourists Trademark Information* pamphlet from the Bureau of Customs office in

Continued on Page 38

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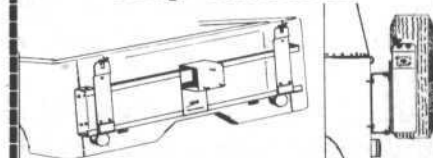


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CHILD OF the night, the little elf owl sings in the moonlight—a strange wild song whose eerie notes float out over the vast and slumbering desert. And the song is heard again and again, for others are on the wing, hunting in the darkness, their golden eyes aglow.

All through the night weird owl music fills the air, notes soft and sweet seem to hang trembling until shattered by a wild burst of hoots, barks and yips like chortling impish laughter. But when the first light touches the sky, the desert falls silent. The elf owls vanish, not to reappear until darkness comes once again.

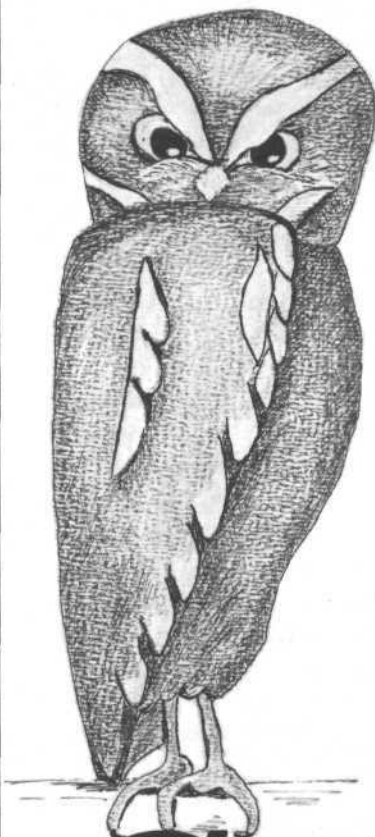
Shy and retiring, these tiny owls are abundant throughout the arid Southwest in habitats ranging from hot low deserts to mountain woodlands up to 7000 feet. Little was known of their lives until very recently although early explorers encountered them, and later field naturalists gathered a few facts. Then J. David Ligon, zoologist, set about learning how it was that these little birds, with apparently no special desert life adaptations, could cope so successfully with the killing heat and dryness characteristic of most of their range.

What was needed first, he decided, was some light on the subject, since it is exceedingly difficult to check up on night animals in the dark. So he devised a system of soft floodlights in the area selected for his study—a canyon some seven miles south of Portal, Arizona. To his delight, he found that the owls didn't care whether his lights were on or not, but went about business as usual. While observing what went on in owl society, he also recorded their conversation.

Ligon put in several seasons work on these little insect-eating owls including treks into Mexico in search of their wintering ground, since when it is too cold at night for insects to be active the owls migrate from all but the most southern part of their breeding range. From this long study, only recently reported in scientific literature, two main facts emerge: first, a hole to nest in is of vital importance to elf owls, and second, in the conduct of their affairs, the dozen or more different sounds they make play a key role.

Elf owls are the tiniest of all the owl clan, for an adult is only about six to six and a half inches long and weighs

COURTESY J. DAVID LIGON



The Elf Owl

by K. L. Boynton © 1969

only as much as three packages of gum. They are cavity nesters. But small of bill, weak of foot, they can't make the necessary holes themselves and depend instead upon the talents of the woodpecker tribe. These feathered carpenters with chisel bills and strong neck and head muscles whack out cavities for their own use one season. Next season elf owls are in residence. Several types of woodpeckers are busy providing owl housing in the desert regions: the Gila woodpecker, the gilded flicker both drill holes in saguaro cacti; acorn and Arizona woodpeckers do the honors in the sycamore woodlands; the gold and the ladder-

back woodpeckers work in Texas.

To small animals in desert regions, a hole is a life saver. The elf owl uses his penthouse in a giant cactus, for instance, in the same way that desert rodents and reptiles use their burrows in the ground: a place of escape from deadly daytime heat, thereby solving the number one problem of desert living by simply avoiding it. Biologist Soule, specifically interested in the role played by the giant cactus in desert life, found the fibers of this amazing plant possess such high insulation value that no matter how hot the desert day, the temperature inside a hole in it never reaches more than 105.8 F. Humidity inside is also higher, particularly when owls are present, thus cutting down on body water loss and enabling the birds to withstand heat much better.

Elf owls are not well equipped by nature to dissipate heat themselves. Some desert birds, such as the poorwill, for example, can open their wide moist mouths and cool themselves by gular fluttering, a special kind of panting that takes very little work on their part. The elf owl not only does not have the big mouth area, but cannot do this without a great deal of effort, which produces even greater heat strain. Without his hole house, as a sheltering protection then, the elf owl is a dead bird.

Competition for nesting sites is rugged, for there are never enough second hand houses to go around. Woodpeckers themselves might like to renovate instead of building a new one. Other hole nesters such as trogons, flycatchers and nuthatches are also on the lookout for homesites in some of the breeding areas. So the little elf owl simply has to get there first.

Hotfooting it back from migration early, each gentleman proceeds at once to stake out claims to one or more holes. He stoutly defends these, proclaiming his rights in loud territorial song and in battling contenders. So far, so good. But the next chore is to woo and win a lady in as short a time as possible, installing her quickly in the nest cavity so her presence will prevent other families from moving in.

All this must be accomplished in the dark, and herein is demonstrated the great importance of song and sounds in the lives of these little creatures.

Sitting beside his potential nest cavity, our hero sings a commercial, advertising his presence and no doubt enumerating the advantages of his offer. Ligon, busy with his tape recorder, was unmoved by said song and clamor, but it fell not upon deaf ears, for out of the night a lady came sailing and landed nearby. The gentleman immediately broke into song number two, a new sequence delivered with rising fervor, all the while hopping in and out of the hole, inviting her to come in.

Now, if at this point she responds with a song that indicates she's listening, off he rushes, returning in nothing flat with a fat insect gift. If she eats it, they're engaged.

But can he entice her inside? Perched in the hole with his face in the doorway, he begins his serenade, a new song, loud and very persuasive. It may go on for 32 minutes before the lady begins to show that she might be interested in coming in. As she approaches, he gradually backs down into the hole, still stoutly singing, though his song is increasingly muffled by the depths. The lady, overcome at last by his charm and song, steps inside, and initial housekeeping is at least underway.

From now on the little gent elf owl has his work cut out for him, his role being Chief Food Catcher and Toter. That first insect engagement present was just the beginning, for now he begins to feed the female entirely although she may not get down to egg laying and incubation for a couple of weeks.

Scientists nod and say this behavior accustoms the male to fetching food to the nest cavity for the coming brood, and accustoms the female to being fed during the long 24 days of incubation and staying home to mind the children after the hatching. Termed scientifically an important evolutionary development, it still adds up to a lot of hard, hard work for the master of the household.

If he's not johnny-on-the-spot with food shipments the whole night long, loud, loud complaints issue from the female in the hole. One fellow, upset by the presence of another pair nesting too close, spent most of each night declaring his right to the territory in song and fight. He ignored the calls for food from the little woman, which requests became increasingly irate in tone as time went



Nature's housing development of Saguaro cactus for the tiny Elf Owl (who sleeps during the day and sings by moonlight) is graphically shown in this photograph near Tucson, Arizona by Photographer Richard Weymouth Brooks.

on. When he finally got around to checking up on things back home, he found he was a bachelor again, the Mme. having departed.

The male's food-toting detail continues right on after the youngsters are hatched, the female as well as the young waiting openbeaked for the next meal. And furthermore, when the chicks are at least old enough to sit at the entrance and receive shipments, the female begins to spend the night out relaxing and preening, while he continues to work the food detail for the growing young. With three yipping, squalling youngsters to feed, he's lucky his spouse has now gotten around to hunting for herself.

Fast on the wing, the elf owl captures insects in midair, or in a hovering flight searches the ground. He's a foliage hunter, too, purposely bumping bushes and plants to knock insects out for easy grabbing. His feeding tempo for the youngsters is a fast one, the nestlings getting delivery sometimes as often as once a minute. He even brings extra insects, leaving them incapacitated but alive as fresh snacks for the youngsters during the long daylight hours when no hunting can be done.

Elf owls never drink. They obtain the

moisture they need from their insect diet. Scorpions are added to the menu from time to time, the stinger being first carefully removed.

The elf owl is a past master at camouflage. Clad in light browns and greyish feathers with light and dark dots and dashes, he's off to a good start with a razzle-dazzle pattern hard to see at any time. Next step in the hide-the-owl game is a sudden break up of body form. His dumpy shape becomes tall and slim when he stands high and clamps down on his body feathers. He pulls a wing across his chest shield fashion and — the owl is gone! What happened?

When the wing moved into shield position, a collar of white feathers normally hidden under the brownish body feathers, spring from concealment. The white spots on the wings stand out bold and clear, white feathers are erected on the head to form a big V between the eyes. Gone is the fat owl outline, all that is left is a mishmash of irregular and unrelated shapes, easily lost in the scenery.

A bit of magic this, one more in the elf owl's bag of tricks that make this smallest member of his tribe a very big bird indeed in the desert. □

The Devil's Punchbowl

by Helen Walker

EVERY NOW and then, nature seems to protest the conformity of the landscape plan. Without rhyme or reason, she triggers actions to produce a completely unique situation in an otherwise uniform pattern. One of these oddities is located on the fringes of California's Mojave Desert, along the foothills of the Angeles National Forest. It details a bowl-like depression, of nearly 2100 feet, with an outer brim of approximately two miles in width and length. Picturesquely it has been named, "The Devil's Punchbowl."

The Punchbowl is a consequence of the two famous earthquake faults—the San Andreas on the north, and the San Jacinto on the south. Both faults are a part of the circum-Pacific seismic earthquake zone. A history of the activity along these faults is evidenced by the display of heterogenous rocks found within the Punchbowl itself. Heterogenous rocks are those that do not originate from within the immediate area, but have reached their position by dislocation of sections of earth, and the relocation of other groups into the void. This condition exists along the fault line for approximately 30 miles. The magnitude of the

movement may be better explained when one realizes that the rocks that were at one time on the north side of the Punchbowl, along the Andreas fault, are now believed to be located 30 miles east along the Cajon Creek!

From the bottom of the Punchbowl, slabs of buff-colored rock eject skyward to heights of 300 feet or more. Their ingredients are compactions of both continental and marine sediments, believed to reach a depth of 10,000 feet. Within the past 25,000 years, this material was compressed, faulted and folded, then lifted in violent upheavals. Scars give visual evidence of the force behind the thrust.

History and geology are etched in the weather-worn rock outcroppings. Igneous rocks, that have been formed from molten matter, along with their partners, the metamorphic, or crystalline rocks, which are produced by heat and pressure, show the ancient volcanic action. The Tertiary period, dating back some 60 million years ago, left both marine and non-marine exposures. Other strata has yielded remains of Miocene vertebrate animals that roamed the area at least 15 to 20 million years ago. From the fos-

sils forfeited, there have been identification made of primitive camels, three-toed horses, a small antelope, and a skunk type animal.

Today, a stream cuts away at the talus, as it meanders around, between, and then cascades over the rocks in its path. Dense thickets of Manzanita and other chaparral cover the silt and fine gravel surface. At the higher altitudes, Big Cone Fir and Jeffery Pine stand on the hillsides. Down through the ages, animal wildlife have found it an ideal location to burrow a winter home, and hoard their supply of nuts and berries for a warm and comfortable retreat.

Early Indian tribes were aware of the happy hunting ground. Primitive relics and faded campsites of the Mojave, Pite, Apache, and Serrano Indians have been left behind, helping us to fill in the pages of history. Pioneers who settled in the area took advantage of their prede-





Survey parties followed in due time. It took many years to acquire titles to the 1310 acres, then to develop and carry out a master plan for the intended park. Finally, on December 4, 1963, the park was officially dedicated, "The Devil's Punchbowl Regional Park."

Today a paved road leads to the surfaced parking area. Window-case displays show the locations of the fault lines, and acquaint you with the geology and wildlife. At the rim of the bowl the depths of the depression and the height and thickness of the slabs of rock are a spectacular sight. A well maintained, family type trail is provided for your use. It is a mile in distance, and dips to almost stream level, then backs up in a loop trip. Picnic facilities are available, but overnight camping in the park is prohibited.

For easy travel, whether you come over Angeles Crest Highway, the Antelope Valley Freeway, or San Bernardino, Victorville area, State 138 is your goal. Look for street 131 in Pearlblossom, and turn south. Make a left hand turn onto Tumbleweed Road and follow the signs to the "Devil's Punchbowl."

For a delightful weekend trip, check with the Forestry station in the shopping center at the intersection of 131st Street and Highway 138. They can offer suggestions of several desirable campgrounds for your pleasure.

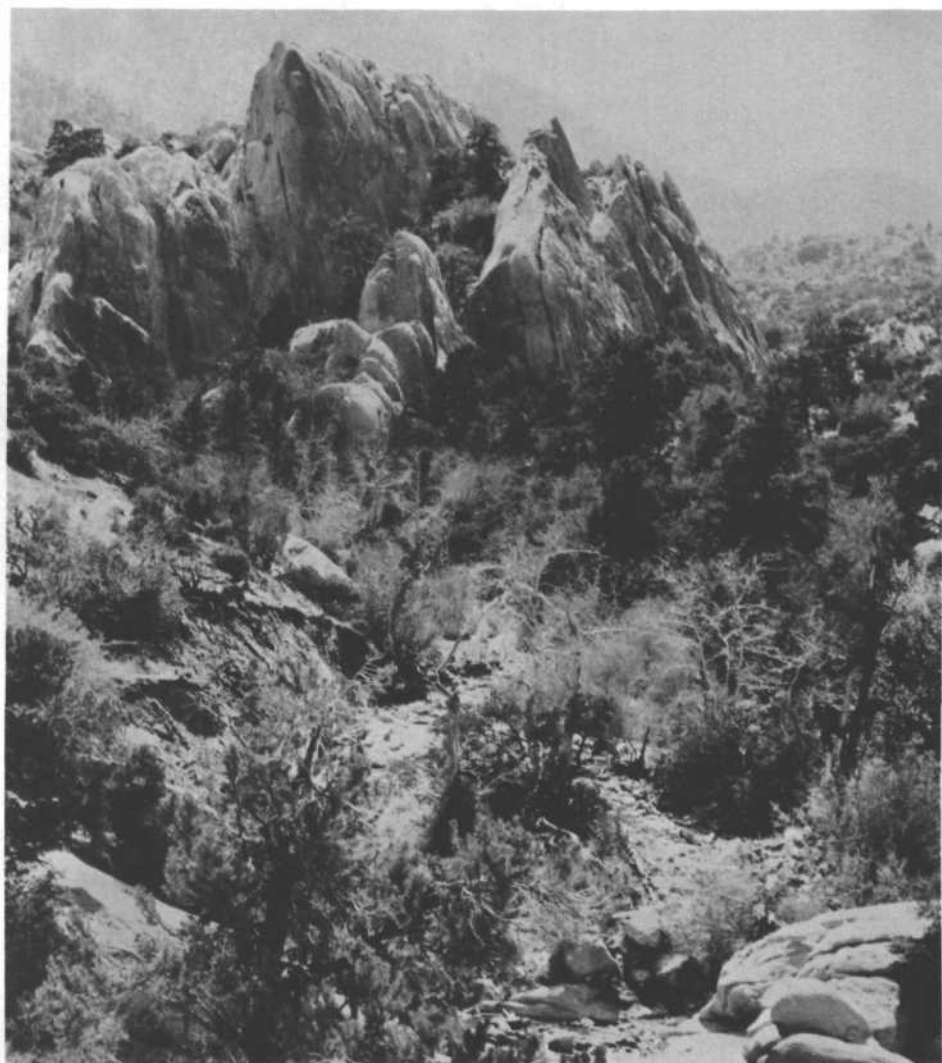
Bring your camera, artist paints, and geology notebook. The Devil's Punchbowl is truly an example of where Nature changed the pattern of normality, and created a structural oddity for your enjoyment. □

cessors and hunted the hills, collected the berries, and followed the traditions of the Indians.

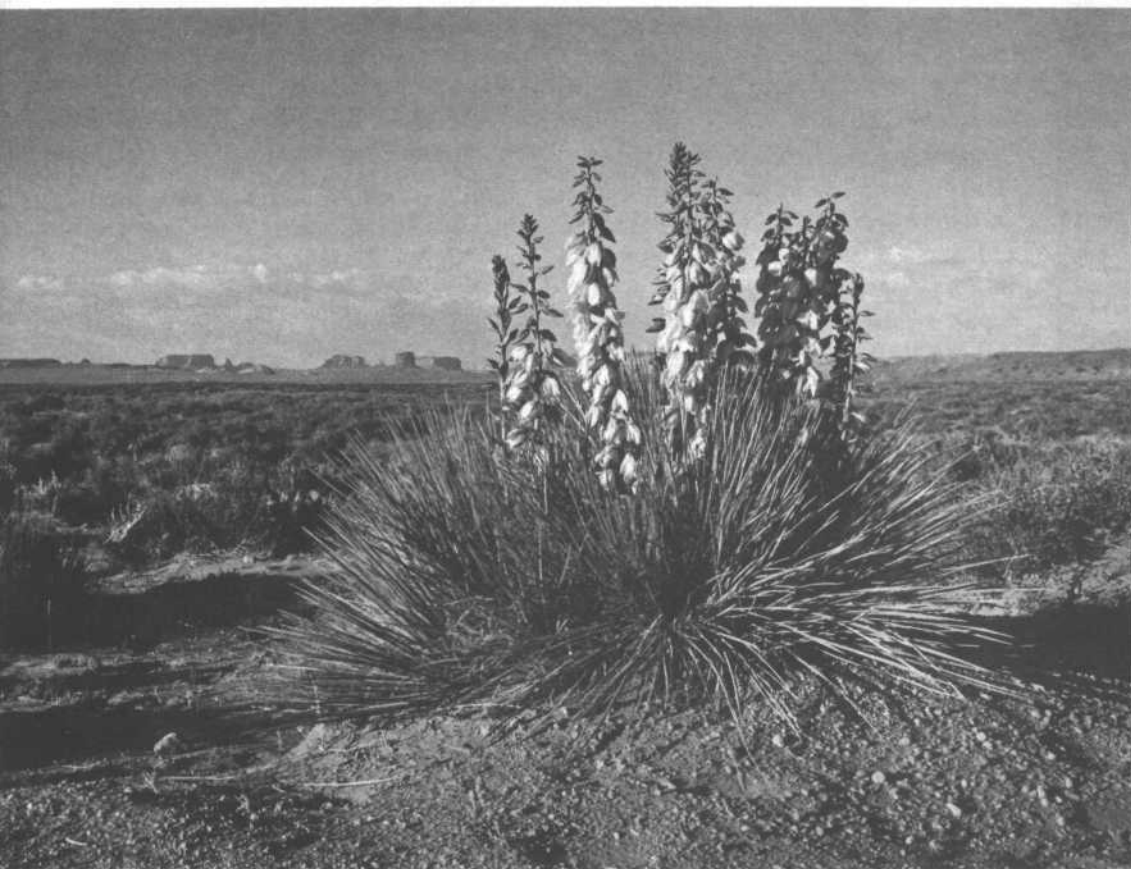
The first written notice of the Punchbowl was recorded in 1853 when Jefferson Davis sent an expedition into the territory to search for routes for a future railroad to the Pacific. The geologist who accompanied the party reported the area was inaccessible. No reference was made on the record as to the geological features of the site.

Four years later the great Fort Tejon earthquake modified the crack along the Andreas fault, making its surface more prominent.

Access to the bowl, in those early days, was through the adjacent canyons, on foot or horseback. It was not until 1940 that the roads were extended and improved, making it possible for the more adventuresome to drive, instead of hike the three miles to the Punchbowl.



Structural movement, wind and rain created the sandstone formations (left) which tower 300 feet with pines clinging to the faulted rock. A mile-long walking trail loops down (above) to the stream at the bottom of the cliffs. The outer brim is approximately two miles.



The Desert is All

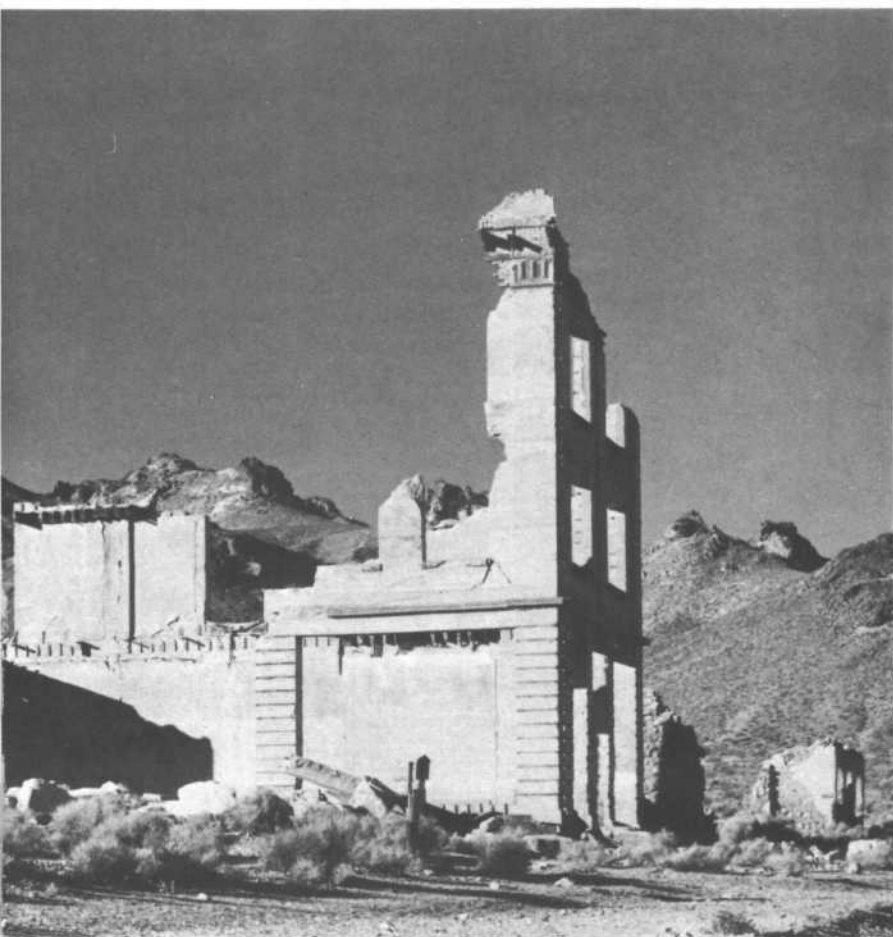
Editorial by Robert Hiltunen
Photography by Richard W. Brooks

White buds of yucca plant blossom on the desert floor of Arizona's Monument Valley. As they have for thousands of years, winds of Death Valley create a linear design on the drifting sands. Once a booming Nevada mining community, Rhyolite wages a losing battle to survive as the elements inexorably destroy its concrete structures.





Things to All Men



TO THE CITY dweller it is a Dante's Inferno of heat, thirst and dust; a place to be avoided at all costs and only to be crossed in the coolness of night and as swiftly as possible. To the "desert rat" it is the promised land, interlaced with dreams of lost mines and Midas gold beyond the next rise. The "rockhound" knows the thrill of search for semi-precious stones amid cactus-covered slopes and desert washes; a brief respite from another week of nerve-racked traffic and deadly exhaust fumes. The resident knows the freedom and serenity of the wide-open spaces. He has created a bond of understanding that can only come when he has compromised with Nature and has been accepted as a friend.

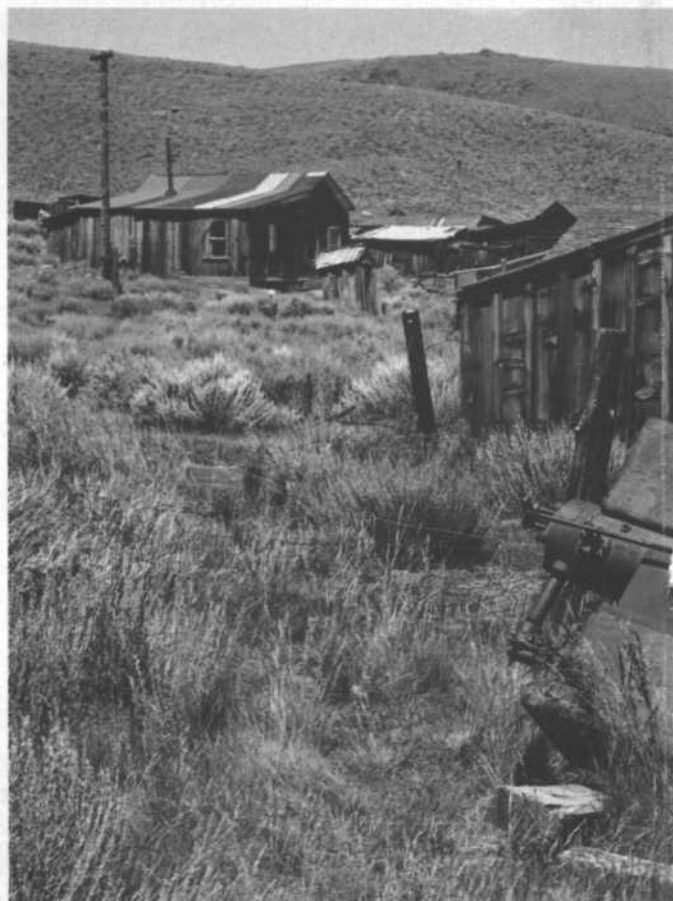


Accentuated by ageless boulders, desert plants seem to wait anxiously for spring showers as a thunderstorm moves over the Pinto Mountains and into Joshua Tree National Monument.

There's the land—have you seen it? its vastness staggers the imagination. Bathed in golden sunlight under azure-blue skies it stretches from horizon to horizon and on beyond into infinity. It is ageless; a substance in God's plan of Creation since the beginning—and destined to go on until the end of time. It has survived the wrath of Nature; buffeted by winds, sand-storms and flash-floods it emerges unscathed. The carpet of spring wildflowers, blooming profusely over the landscape, is Nature's peace offering and the Creator's symbol that love will triumph over evil.

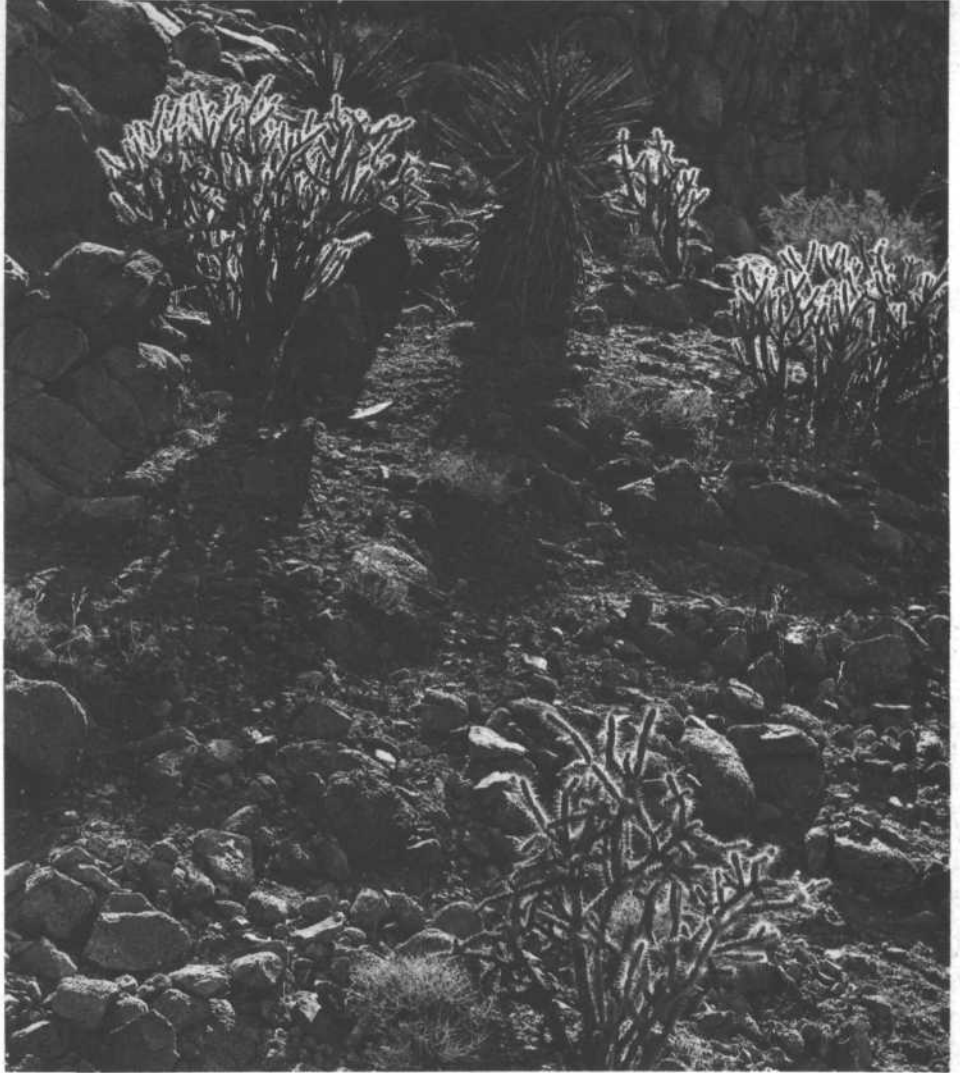
Far from being a barren wasteland we find instead a living desert. The denizens that inhabit this land come in all shapes and sizes, from the tarantula and sidewinder to the wiley coyote of the plains. Plant life, over countless generations, has learned to adapt itself to this unique environment. Tiny seeds lie imbedded in the soil for years until bountiful rains produce their miracle of germination and burst forth in a profusion of wildflowers. The cactus has a system of its own—hoarding precious water it exists through countless dry spells.

Lost mines will forever be



a part of the desert. Legends of untold wealth, once found and now forever lost, fill the pages of countless volumes. The pattern is always the same; a thirst-filled prospector in search of water discovers a rich lode of ore on some hillside or dry wash. After reaching civilization and a reasonable period of recuperation he attempts to rediscover his bonanza but to no avail. As our story unfolds, Indians enter the picture. A group of Spanish miners leave their diggings with ore-laden burros and head for Mexico. Enroute they are ambushed and slain by Indians and their workings covered up until no trace of its presence remains. And so it goes. The desert guards well its secrets and woe to the unwary and foolhardy who venture to unravel them.

The early prospector left his indelible imprint forever etched in the pages of history. Following a burro's tail



Their piercing needles highlighted by the afternoon sun, Buckhorn cholla share the rock-covered landscape with another hardy desert plant, the Mojave yucca.

Silence encompasses California's ghost town of Bodie as a once powerful ore crusher lies useless as it succumbs to time.



compass he strode like a giant across the land. Subsisting on a meager fare of beans and jerky he scoffed the desert heat by day and stretched his blankets under the stars at night—free as the clear desert air and beholden to no man.

Enduring hardship, privation and loneliness, that made a man old before his time, he pursued the will-of-the-wisp search for the precious, yellow metal. He worked hard, played hard, and often-times died suddenly. The script was different but the ending was always the same. Whether by arrow or knife or quick-drawn gun the glad, mad fearless

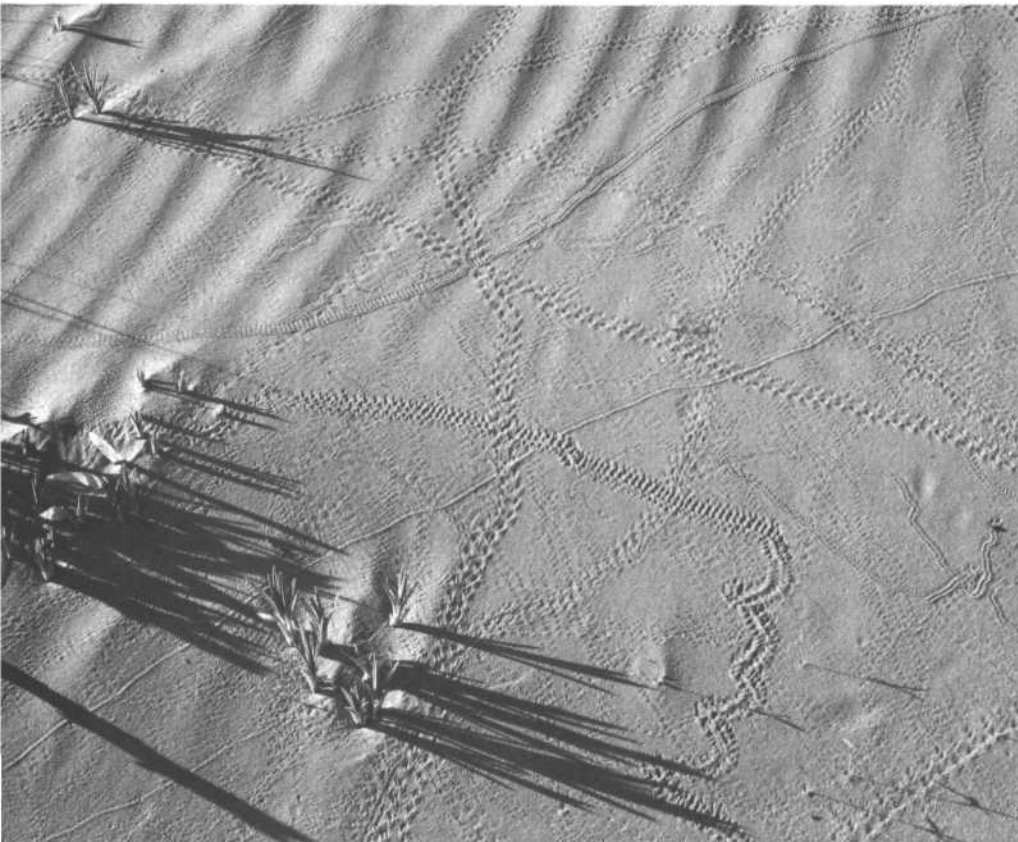
game was done. The dance hall girls, the gunfighters, they too passed this way, paused briefly, left their mark and passed on.

The ghost towns of the West have their own stories to tell and the desert has its goodly share. Wherever a tent could be pitched and a plank stretched between two barrels of whiskey a town was born. As the ore played out the miners moved on and the towns were abandoned to sit silent and brooding on the barren landscape, reliving their dreams of past glory. Now dust and tumbleweeds blow down the deserted streets. The buildings, what is


left of them, are windowless and the wind moans eerily as it tugs playfully at the sagging shutters. A deserted ghost town is truly the most desolate and lonesome spot on the face of the earth.

As each town sprang up so did its infamous "boot-hill." Wander amongst the ragged gravel heaps, where prairie dogs keep watch, and read the history written there. The sun-bleached, rain-warped headboards hold one story—all too quickly told of some daring soul that takes its rest from spent desire or fruitless quest. The ground-squirrels chatter in the sun and a little solemn owl sits on the worn board at the head of one whose name was once fear and dread. Here all games end, here all trails meet.

The greatest treasure the desert can offer, however, may be summed up in the three words, "peace of mind." To countless numbers of people, struggling for position and power in smog-filled



Little desert animals leave their tracks on Utah's pink sand dunes. Bighorn Sheep wind their way down a mountainside to drink from Nevada's Lake Mead. He looks mean, but the desert borned toad lizard is a harmless little fellow who just wants to be left alone.



cities of concrete and steel,
the desert offers a haven from
everyday cares and the
the precious gift of solitude
as balm for the tortured soul.
To those who come as a friend
the desert offers friendship.

And there is gold, a lot
of gold—not glittering
but vastly more rewarding to
the soul. It may be found
in fields of golden poppies; on
tips of yucca waving their
golden arms alongside some
dry wash and in vast, golden
bars that fill the evening
sky at sunset. These riches
have been there since time
immemorial; they are there
today, free for the taking for
all who would avail themselves.
It is for us to search our
souls and make ourselves
worthy of Nature's bounty.

Come and discover for
yourself the magic world of the
desert. No one who has ever
sat around a campfire at
night while overhead a myriad
of stars twinkles in the
Milky Way, can fail to know
the overwhelming feeling of

peace and contentment. Gaze
into the embers of the
campfire and let your mind
wander as the smoke curls
around the mesquite with lacy
fingers and weaves a
hypnotic spell of fantasy.

A hushed stillness holds
reign as all creation pauses
momentarily and cocks an
expectant ear to the voices of
the past. And the past becomes
the present and the deep ruts
of the Conestoga wagons
shine dark upon the plain as
the muffled hoofbeats of a
Cheyenne raiding party slowly
melts away in the distance.
From somewhere, far distant,
comes the low rumble of
the vast buffalo herds as they
thunder over the plains of
yesteryear, with red-skinned
hunters in pursuit.

From somewhere on the
high mesa a coyote sends forth
his lonesome call in search
of a mate, breaking the spell,
and you crawl into your
blankets to doze until morning.

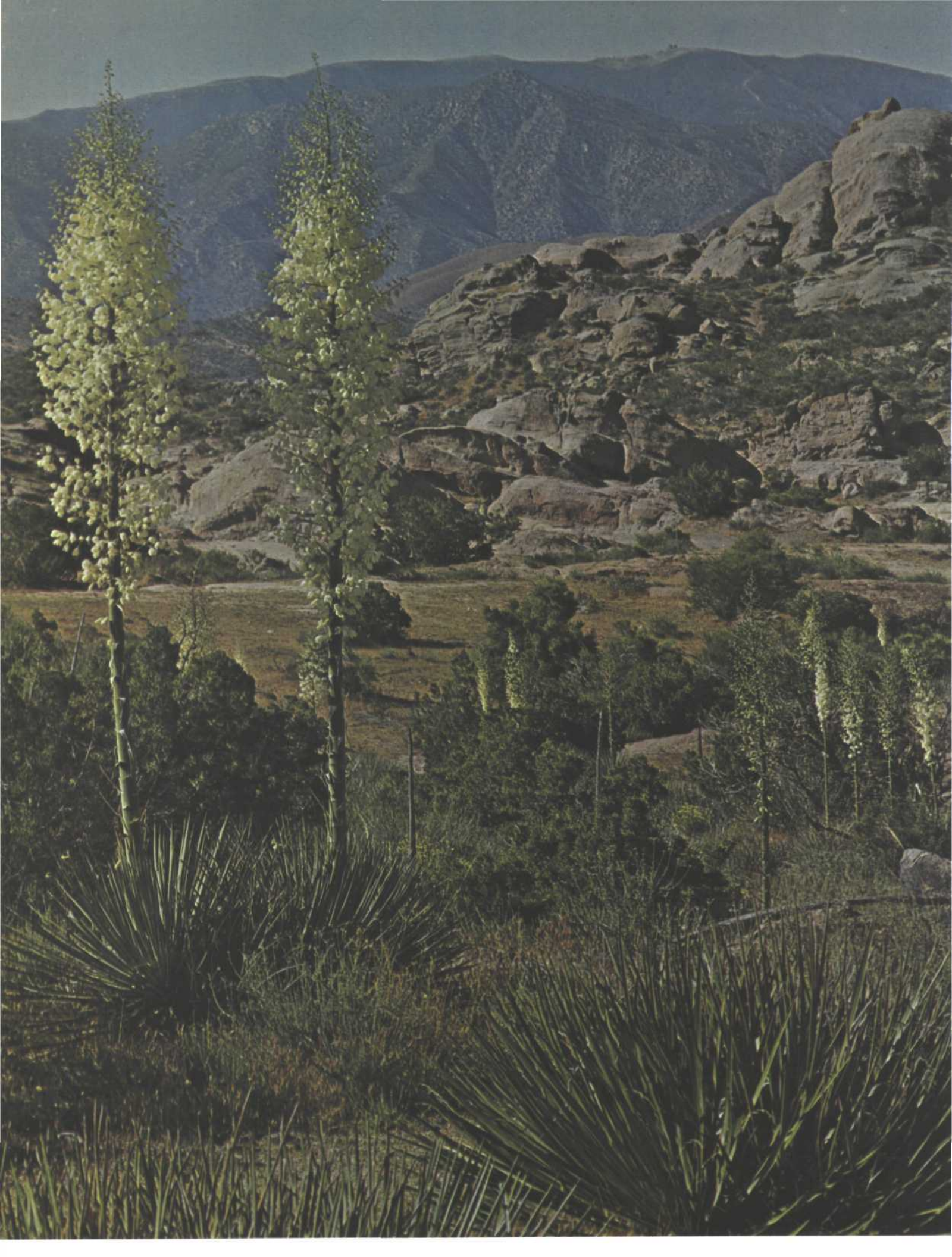
The first burning rays of
sun, peeping over the rimrock,



awaken you to a bright, shining
world of rock, sand and sage.
Only those who have slept
under the stars in desert
country know the exhilaration
of rising with the dawn to
the smell of wood smoke
mingled with the aroma of
fresh-brewed coffee.
The world of creation has
effected a truce. All things of
Nature are at peace with
one another. □

*The men and women
who conquered the
West now rest under
the desert soil for
which they fought,
loved and died.
The deep ruts of the
Conestoga wagons
shine dark as the past
becomes the present
in the timeless desert
which is all things
to all men.*





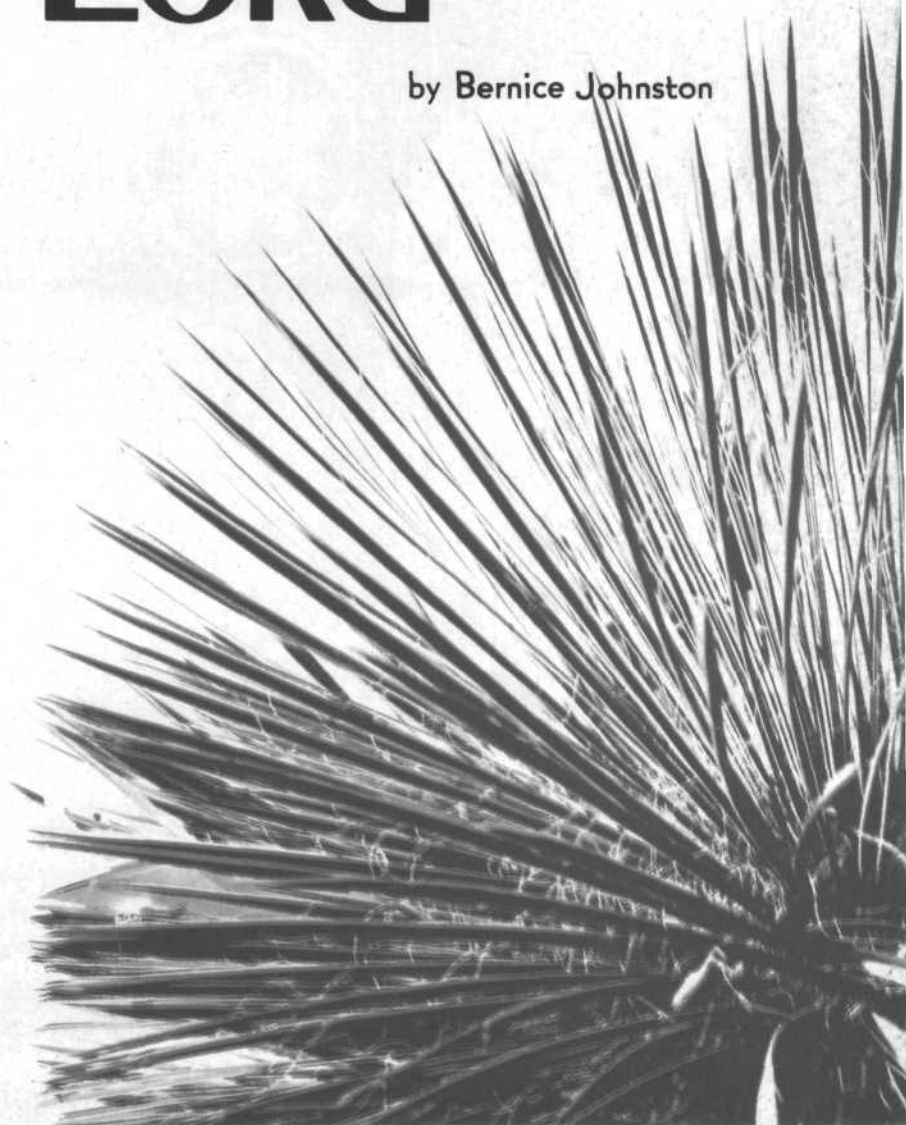
CANDLES of THE LORD

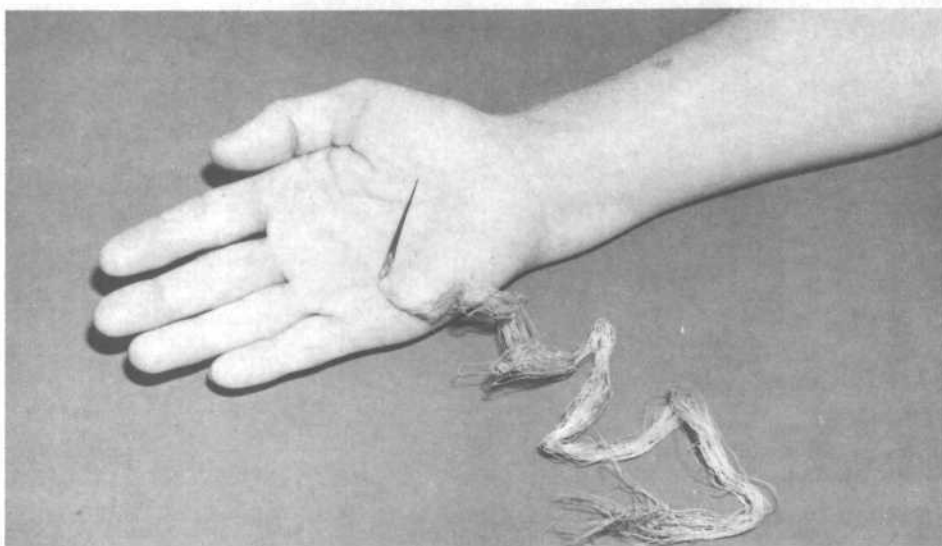
by Bernice Johnston

IT WOULD seem the dry forbidding desert of the Southwest would be the last place one would look for any members of the lily family. But here they are found and considered such a blessing they have been called Candles of the Lord and Praying Tree.

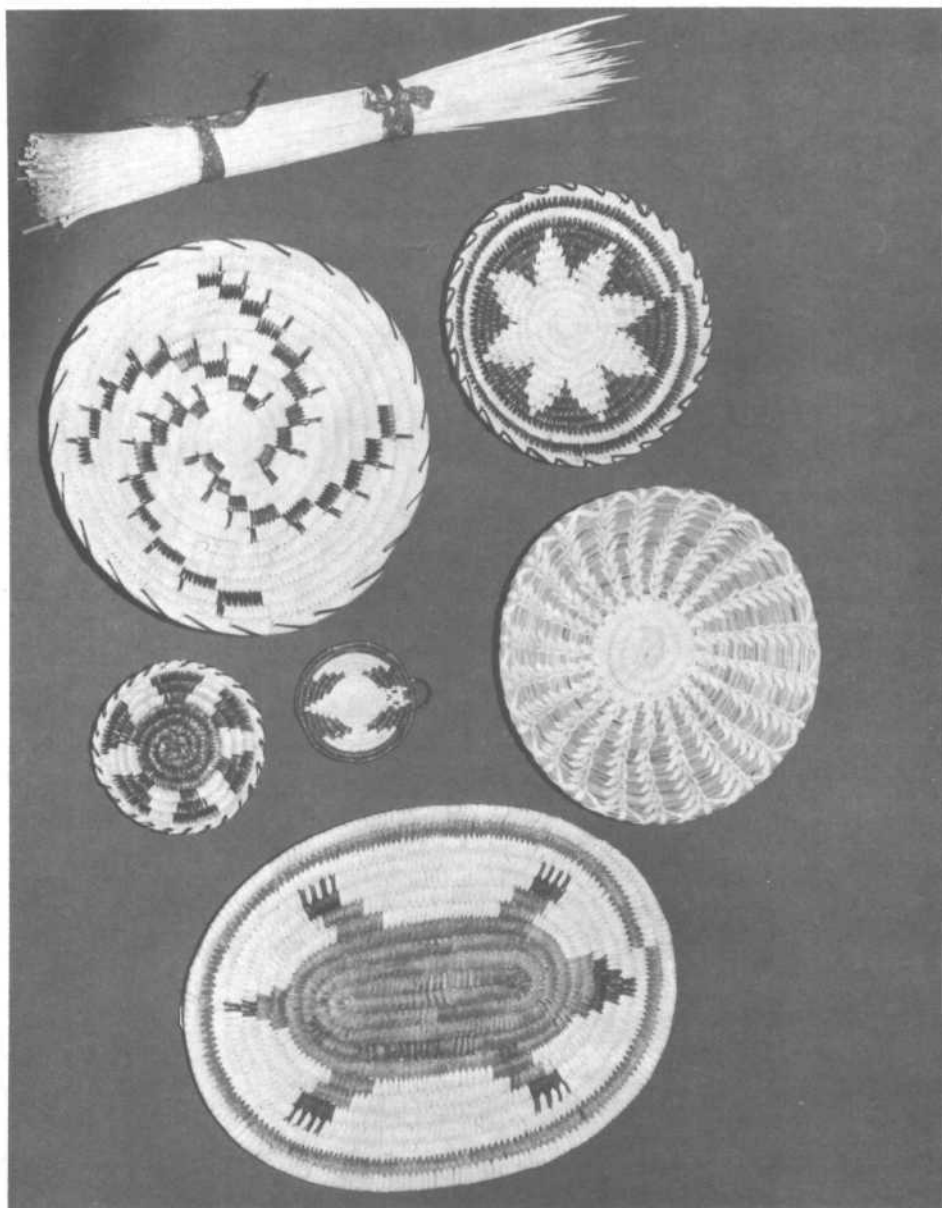
Probably the Indians' greatest gifts from their deities, next to water, were the yuccas. To them, yuccas meant food, shelter, implements, clothing, medicine, games, hunting and fishing equipment, religious paraphernalia—and hair shampoo.

The plant is an excellent example of the interdependency of desert life. There is a complete symbiosis between it and the *Pronuba* moth. Without the moth,





A built-in needle and thread (above) is made from the yucca leaf consisting of the sharp pointed plant and the pounded fiber. Indian baskets (below) are made from the dried yucca such as the bundle on top of photograph. These are Papago designs. Photos by Ray Johnston.



the plant would not bear fruit; without the yucca, the moth would not live. And here we get into trouble. Which came first—the yucca or the moth?

Yuccas bloom at night and probably the fragrance and whiteness attract the moth. It enters the bloom, scrapes pollen into a little ball shape, drills a hole in the pistil, drops in an egg, pushes pollen particles down on top, lays another egg with more pollen, and continues the layering until the cavity is filled. When the larvae matures, it eats its way out, swings on a thread to the ground, and disappears into it—and that's the last you hear from it until spring comes round again.

In the meantime, the rest of the pollinated seeds mature and fall, propagating their kind. When blooms are ready the following year, sure enough the underground cocoon gets the message and a moth is produced just in time to start the whole bit over again.

Because of the closed shape of the bloom, neither bird or insects find it easy to get in. Even the wind can't do anything about moving the pollen. It's the moth's "thing" to do the honors. All yuccas are pollinated by similar means, slightly differing, but no yucca is entirely independent of the moth.

Ideally suited for the Southwest, yuccas survive extremes of heat and cold and will grow even in lava flows.

Fruit of the yucca was eaten by the Indians along with birds and insects. New stalks were baked like potatoes. Green fruit was cooked and dried for winter use. Walapais made molasses of it, and Navajos carried dried yucca, grass seeds, and jerked venison as war rations. Seeds of the *brevifolia* and *whipplei* were ground into flour.

Southwest Indians washed their hair in suds from its root which contained saponin. Hopis added duck grease to make their hair grow better—and who has ever seen a bald Hopi? The same roots were a laxative. Yucca suds were best for washing sheep wool as there is no greasy or fatty substance in it. Early settlers used it in lieu of soap. The leaves, which also contain a small amount of saponin, have been processed for commercial detergents. Some Pueblo Indians associated the suds with clouds. It was used in their ceremonies as washing of hair was often part of the rituals. Babies

and brides were washed in these suds—as well as enemy scalps and hides for tanning.

Blankets were made for winter cold by knotting yucca cords with little tufts of fur or feathers so thickly placed as to form a solid "skin" that was mighty cozy. The same technique was used for leggings or stockings. It is said the first costume of Navajos was yucca with grass entwined. Sandals, mats, baskets, and brushes were made from the fiber.

Yucca cordage was strong enough to stretch across a river as a fishing net or fine enough to be used as thread. Indian women had it made where needles and thread were concerned. A yucca leaf comes to a sharp pointed end forming a thorn about two inches long. All they needed to do was to cut off the leaf, pound off the flesh, and shred the fiber down from the point—and there they were. They picked needles already threaded right off a bush!

Pottery painters could make any size of brush. Pulpy flesh was either pounded or chewed off a leaf exposing the "hair." The unchewed part was the handle. The fiber is stiff until dipped into paint and then becomes pliable. Points were used for fine line drawing. Yucca juice was mixed with paint. Yucca flowers were ground for yellow paint. These same methods are used today by some Indians.

Almost all Southwest basketry uses yucca in some way. The red bark of the Joshua and baccata is often used as decoration. Fine white is from the whipplei. Watermelons were kept fresh by hanging from rafters in a yucca net. Sliced apples, chili peppers, and baked corn were strung on yucca and hung to dry.

Pitch of yuccas was used to waterproof baskets and to cover bullroarers. Tobacco quids were wrapped in yucca. Necklaces and bracelets were of yucca intertwined with Douglas fir. Zunis are said to have made bow strings of the fiber. Light arrow shafts for bird hunting were made of it. Hopis concocted a varnish for Kachinas from it. Folded leaves made drum sticks. A length of cordage was found in the prehistoric Sunflower Cave in Arizona that was 200 yards long and another from Mesa Verde in Colorado measured over 400 yards.

Early white man saw the potentials of yucca as producers of cordage and soap

but industrialists weren't as patient as the Indians with processing. In World War I fiber shortages turned attention to the yucca. It was an expensive and slow process of brushing, boiling, steaming and chemical treatment. But in spite of this, 8,000,000 pounds of bagging and burlap were produced. World War II again focused attention on the plant when there was a cut-off of Manila hemp, African sisal, and jute from India.

In 1947, at Lordsburg, New Mexico, a pressure-cooker steam gun shot yucca leaves into a backstop. It took six minutes to blast the leaves into fiber. They needed only washing to be made into rope and upholstery. Yucca was also used for making heavy kraft paper for flashing and weather stripping.

Further experimenting showed that an average desert acre could produce 227-556 pounds of fiber. They figured there was enough yucca growing wild in New Mexico, where it is the state flower, to produce 200 tons of fiber a day for 25 years.

It must have taken the Indians many centuries to discover all the uses of yuccas and other desert plants. They managed to get along by accepting nature on nature's terms. They didn't make it over or waste what they found. They accepted the limitations and used all the potentials. Mr. L. A. Heindl of the U. S. Geologic Survey says, "Perhaps the time to call ourselves *natives* is when we have learned to live within the limitations."

For over 100 centuries people in the southwest desert got along with nature's production, patiently waiting for white men to come and make their lives better with plastics, alcohol, deodorants, transistors, and potato chips. □

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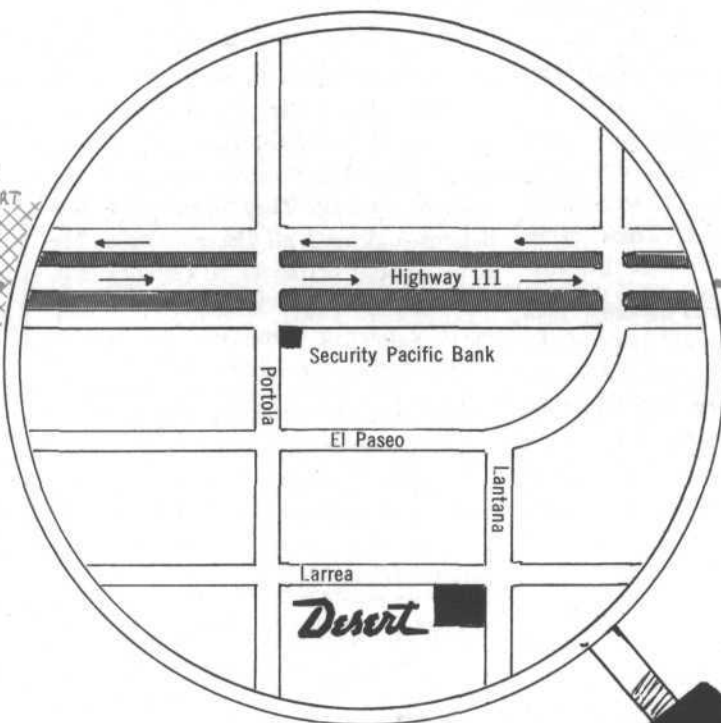
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SCRATCH ONE LOST MINE!

by Burrell C. Dawson



SCRATCH one gold mine from the long list of lost mines of the West. Ray Spears and I are the lucky guys who found it.

It all began in the office of a mining broker in Los Angeles. I had just concluded a deal through him with Don Hays of Romoland, California, for Don's gold prospect, the Twin Buttes. As a bonus, and for a five percent royalty, I was persuaded to chase down a "lost mine." I felt I didn't have a darn thing to lose so I agreed—that is, when I had time.

The broker handed me an old envelope which I didn't open for several weeks. I was too busy with the new prospect. It was a beauty and panned out well enough to get a patent from the government.

When I did open the envelope I nearly flipped. This wasn't the usual lost mine yarn at all. This was a letter from a Franklin H. Heald written to someone in Riverside in 1928. In it he told how he and a Charlie Carter and another fellow each staked a claim in the Gavilan rush of 1894, the Infidel, Jamieson, and Quaker, "all in a row a little east of north."

Heald claimed he had the best, "about four and a half ounces." This would make it run around \$155 a ton. Worth going after. The reason he gave for abandoning it, water at 30 feet, is no problem with modern pumps.

As I said, I nearly flipped. I knew I

could walk right to this one. With the references Heald made to the Herne Brothers 5-stamp custom mill and the Good Hope Mine, a million dollar producer on the road between Perris and Elsinore, a child could find it.

But I had the problem of already having a good prospect and not being able to handle both. So I got in touch with Ray Spears, now of Pleasanton, California, and we agreed to go 50-50 on it with Ray doing the preliminary development work.

So the next morning Ray and I went to the Riverside County Courthouse to check Franklin Heald's location notice. We found it in Book 1, page 137, of Mining Records, and we also found the notices for the Jamieson and Quaker. By putting everything together we knew the Infidel to be in the Pinacate Mining District just east of Steele Peak and about two miles off the Perris-Elsinore road. Or to put it another way, it had to be in Section 9, Township 5 South, Range 4 West, San Bernardino Meridian.

Two hours later we were beating the brush for Heald's 30 foot shaft in Section 9. We found the Jamieson, a pit on the side of a ridge, and the Quaker, a water-filled inclined shaft at the base of a tall rock. But of the Infidel there was no trace.

At two o'clock we quit. Tired, hungry and disgusted, we sat in the shade of a tree and ate our lunch. We were plain puzzled. Here we were on the floor of a small valley midway between the Jamie-

son and the Quaker and at the proper spot where the Infidel should be. It was impossible to hide a 30 foot shaft here. The terrain was gently rolling with small hummocks and the thin scattered brush and occasional skinny tree couldn't conceal a thing.

After a cigarette and some conversation, we gave up. We set it aside. We quit. But we couldn't leave it alone. Every couple of months, one or the other or both of us went over there and gave it a go. This kept up for two years.

One noon I sat on a low hummock under a tree having a smoke after lunch. It was the same tree we had eaten lunch under the first trip there. I sat there, the fingers of one hand idly playing in the dirt. Suddenly, like an electric shock, a message came from my fingers.

These particles weren't smooth. They were angular, sharp. In fifteen seconds we knew. We were sitting on the Infidel dump. The shaft had caved, the elements had filled it in, and the tree grew where the shaft had been. Sparse grass and bushes growing around had made it look no different than a hundred other low mounds in that valley.

We checked it out. Three-fourths of an ounce or around 27 dollars a ton was the best we could do, not even mill-grade rock these days.

So scratch one gold mine and remember one thing the next time you go lost mine or treasure hunting—gold is if you find it. □



DOWN A DESERT HIGHWAY

by Ann Showalter

ARE THERE still those who think the desert is drab and lifeless? Those who believe the word desert is synonymous with a barren wasteland? If you know anyone with such regrettable misconceptions, take him along on a drive over the Ben Hulse Highway in California's Imperial County.

From its beginning below sea level at Brawley to its end as it edges up to the Colorado River near Blythe, the Ben Hulse Highway passes through some of the most varied and scenic desert landscape in all Southern California.

Even before you reach the Ben Hulse Highway your desert skeptic will be impressed as you point out the fertile green acres in Imperial Valley. This once dormant area was brought to life by the





Once an impenetrable barrier and often a death trap for Spanish explorers and later prospectors, the Imperial Sand Dunes (left) today is the site for dune buggy sports. Railroad buildings (lower left) at Glamis now stand silent and abandoned. One of the graves (below) in the Glamis cemetery. Photos by Bill Showalter.

the first plank road was worn out. The second road was a solid plank road, nailed to heavy cross ties and coated with asphalt. This nerve-wracking, washboard surface road lasted until 1917 when it was again re-planked. Finally an oil surface was installed in 1924. Sections of the old plank road can still be seen from viewpoints along U.S. 80.

Today as you travel over the modern Ben Hulse Highway, it is difficult to imagine the hardships these shifting sands once caused. About 25 miles east of Brawley, a short turnoff takes you to the top of one of the highest dunes for a spectacular view of this rippling beige ocean. The whole area seems to be made up of gigantic waves of sand crashing toward some unseen shore. No surfboards here—instead dune buggies skim over the khaki colored sand in every direction.

The lookout with its parking area and

restrooms is a popular jumping off spot for dune buggy enthusiasts from all over the area. You'll see every conceivable type of vehicle, equipped with huge balloon tires, tearing to the tops of the dunes and floating down the opposite side. Tracks left by these rigs crisscross the dunes but even the gentlest of desert winds soon wipes away all trace that these once fearsome sand hills have been conquered by man.

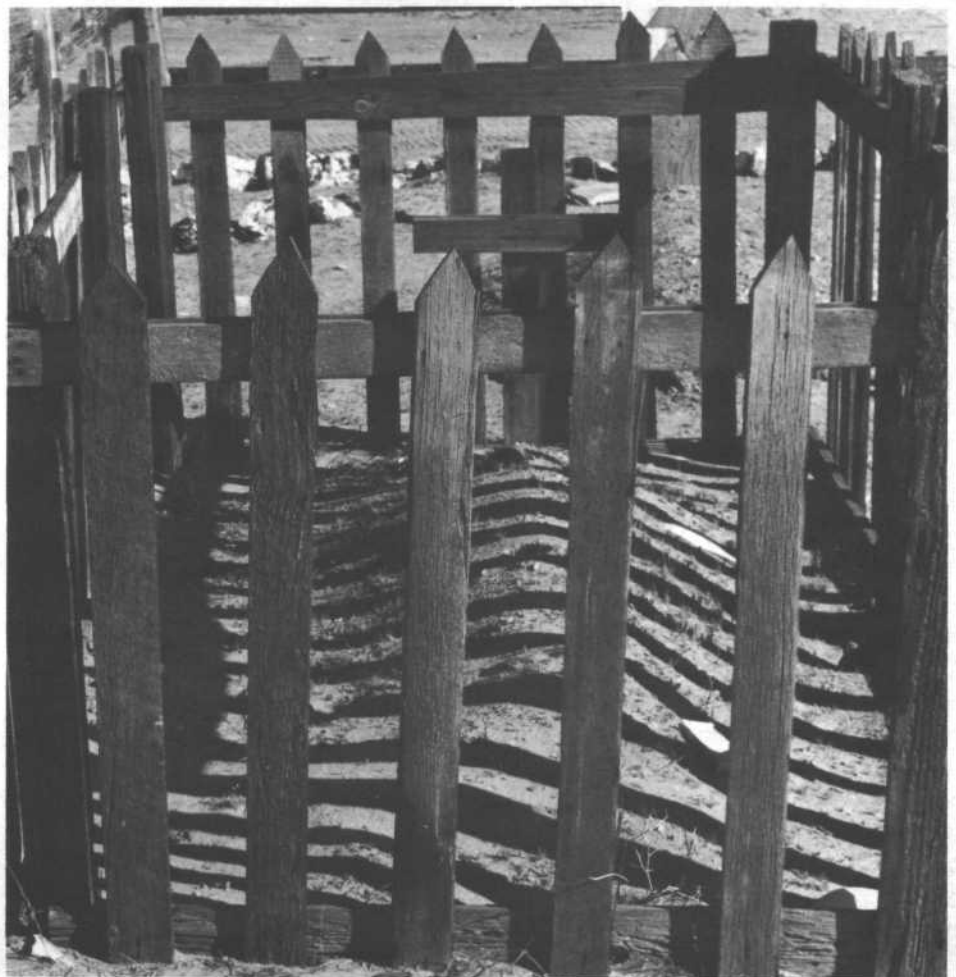
You may have some trouble convincing your friend to leave the dunes and continue on your way. By this time his notions about the desert are probably changing rapidly. He may even be trying to figure out how to build a dune buggy of his own and join the fun! But urge him to come along for you have many more miles of beautiful and interesting desert to see.

Continued on Page 37

waters of the Colorado River and the hard work of countless men and women. Imperial Valley now boasts more miles of irrigation canals than roads. Follow California State 78 east from Brawley to the point where it changes to State 73, or the Ben Hulse Highway as it was named for the California senator. You'll cross the Highland and Coachella canals and reach America's Sahara Desert—the Imperial Sand Dunes.

This natural barrier stretches for some 40 miles along the eastern side of Imperial Valley and varies from about four to ten miles wide. For centuries travelers were forced to detour far around these treacherous sand hills. With the influx of automobiles into Imperial Valley in the early 1900s, residents of the area decided the sand hills must be conquered. In 1913, after six months of discouraging labor, a plank road was finally completed over a section of the dunes near the Mexican border. As the ever moving sand covered the plank road, teams of horses would be used to haul the sections of planking to a new location.

Just a little more than two years later



Vulture Mine Adventure

by Betty J. Tucker

NORMALLY VULTURES do not participate in the discovery of gold mines, but Henry Wickenburg possessed a gun-shy burro and a temper. By combining the three, the Vulture Mine was discovered. During its operation it produced a half million ounces of gold worth \$17,500,000.

A local grocer in Wickenburg suggested we visit the mine after we had inquired about places of interest we could visit. Staring down an old mine shaft didn't sound very appealing to me, but my husband, Harry, thought it was a grand idea.

We reached the mine after 12 miles driving over a dirt road. The place seemed deserted but we found a sign instructing us to park and "Ol' Russ" would take us on a guided tour. We parked and, sure enough, Ol' Russ showed up.

We couldn't have asked for a more picturesque character. He is what western movies are made of: long, almost shoulder length hair, flowing beard, slouching hat, and piercingly bright blue eyes. He

carried in his hand a staff for "beatin' off rattlers and folks who ask too many questions." We found he was a walking, talking, book of information on the mine, Wickenburg, the Hassayampa River, and Arizona in general.

After paying a small fee, we were escorted around the town. The former mess hall, provided by the company to feed the miners, was a large four-room building. The kitchen seems to have been abandoned almost intact. There was a huge safe, an old Majestic wood burning stove, dishes, pans, and cutlery. At one side of the kitchen was the foreman's private dining area. Behind the kitchen were the quarters for the Chinese cooks and adjacent to that the ever popular card room. The dining room had done double duty and accommodated the weekly Saturday night dance, as the well-worn floors testify. All that remained was a few benches. Ol' Russ had us "sit a spell" while he elaborately expounded on the history of the mine.

It seems that Henry Wickenburg and





his burro were on their way to Tucson when Henry spotted a vulture. Now the old miners used the vulture feathers for two important things. If flour gold was found, the feather was good for brushing it out of small crevasses. Then the quill was mighty handy, too. The end was cut off and thus it was a dandy place to stash gold dust, as it could be carried in the side of a boot or hidden almost anywhere he so minded.

Henry knew a good thing when he saw it, so he shot the vulture. The sound of the gun frightened the burro and poor Henry spent the rest of the day tracking down the ornery critter. When he finally found the burro, Henry was so mad he decided to teach him a lesson. He bent over and picked up a rock to "chunk" at him. Noting the heft of it, he forgot the burro and eagerly nosed about for gold-bearing rock. He spotted an outcropping of rose quartz. Gold-bearing ore for sure!



He staked out his claim, collected his burro and headed for the nearest assayer's office in Tucson.

Typical of most prospectors, Henry was broke and he worried about how he would finance his mine if it should prove to be a strike. On the way to Tucson, he met a friend who told him of a syndicate back east that would back him if this should be a big strike. Three weeks later, a man from St. Louis arrived to find that the syndicate could back a sure thing; a wall of gold 80 feet high and 300 feet long. So in 1863 the Vulture Mine was born and thousands of miners, hearing of the strike, moved in.

The assayer's office, still standing, was built like a fort. It has a small kiln used for assaying and a larger one for melting the gold into bars. These bars were stored in a large bullion vault in the floor until

In addition to the mine there was a bank, hotel, offices (left) and general store. The mill (upper right) today is a silent sentry. Henry Wickenburg lived in this house (upper left) which was later a jail. Note "shooting holes" in house. Hangman's Tree is in front.

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Rear view of the Vulture Mine mill with tailings below.

a time when they could be safely hauled out.

As it cost \$15 a ton to haul the gold from the Vulture Mine to Wickenburg, the ore had to assay out at at least \$40 a ton or it was thrown aside. Wood was scarce as the once abundant ironwood trees were cut for miles around to burn in the smelter. For this reason many of the buildings were constructed from the reject pile of gold-bearing ore. The assayer's building is believed to contain gold worth \$3000.

One old ironwood escaped because it had a duty to perform. There is a sign proclaiming, "Hangman's Tree — Eighteen men were hanged here during the heyday at the Vulture." Some of the hangings were for killing but most of them were for being caught at the popular and profitable sport known as high-grading. Miners would often steal small but choice pieces of gold and hide them in their clothing so they could sneak it out of the mine, thereby increasing their take home pay considerably. Naturally the company didn't like being cheated out of part of its profit so when high-graders were caught they were treated the same as horse thieves.

The retaining pillars left in one tunnel were so rich in gold that after the shaft had been worked out, a couple of high-graders started to sneak in at night and chip gold off the pillars. Finally so

many were doing it that they kept running into each other. They decided to all go in together and make one mighty haul. They were too greedy, however, and took so much gold that the supports weakened and the tunnel collapsed, burying 16 men. No attempt was made to dig them out. It wasn't safe. Anyway why risk more lives on high-graders that would just have to be hung?

Ol' Russ proudly showed us the air compressor that had been made in Franklin, Pa. It left Pittsburg in 1882 by barge on the Ohio River, then on the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. There it was reloaded onto a three-master and shipped around the Cape and up into the Gulf of California to Fort Yuma. After a 137-mile trip upriver it was then carted by wagon to the mine. Ol' Russ keeps the compressor in excellent condition and it still works.

By the old school house, a picnic area had been set up and Ol' Russ insisted we stay and soak up some Arizona sun.

After spending almost the entire day, we departed feeling we had been honored guests of Ol' Russ, Henry Wickenburg and the men who worked the Vulture Mine.

To reach the mine from Wickenburg, drive west on US 60-70 for two miles, turn left on the Vulture Mine Road and go south for twelve miles.

Happy Ghosting!



DOWN A DESERT HIGHWAY

Continued from Page 33

Just east of the sand dunes the Ben Hulse Highway crosses the Southern Pacific tracks at Glamis. In a land of Spanish and Indian names it is surprising to find a settlement bearing the name of a Scottish castle. Glamis sports a small general store in addition to several railroad maintenance buildings. A small picket-fenced graveyard just off the highway tempts many travelers to pause and read the inscriptions and reflect on the hardships the pioneers resting here must have endured in this rugged land.

The highway heads northeast from Glamis and you can see the colorful Chocolate Mountains jutting proudly from the desert floor in the distance. Stop at the historical marker 10 miles from Glamis and show your friend the pre-Columbian Indian trail. Years of Indian travel between the Colorado River and Lake Calhoun packed down a well defined path in the rocky land. An equally obvious path now parallels the ancient trail,

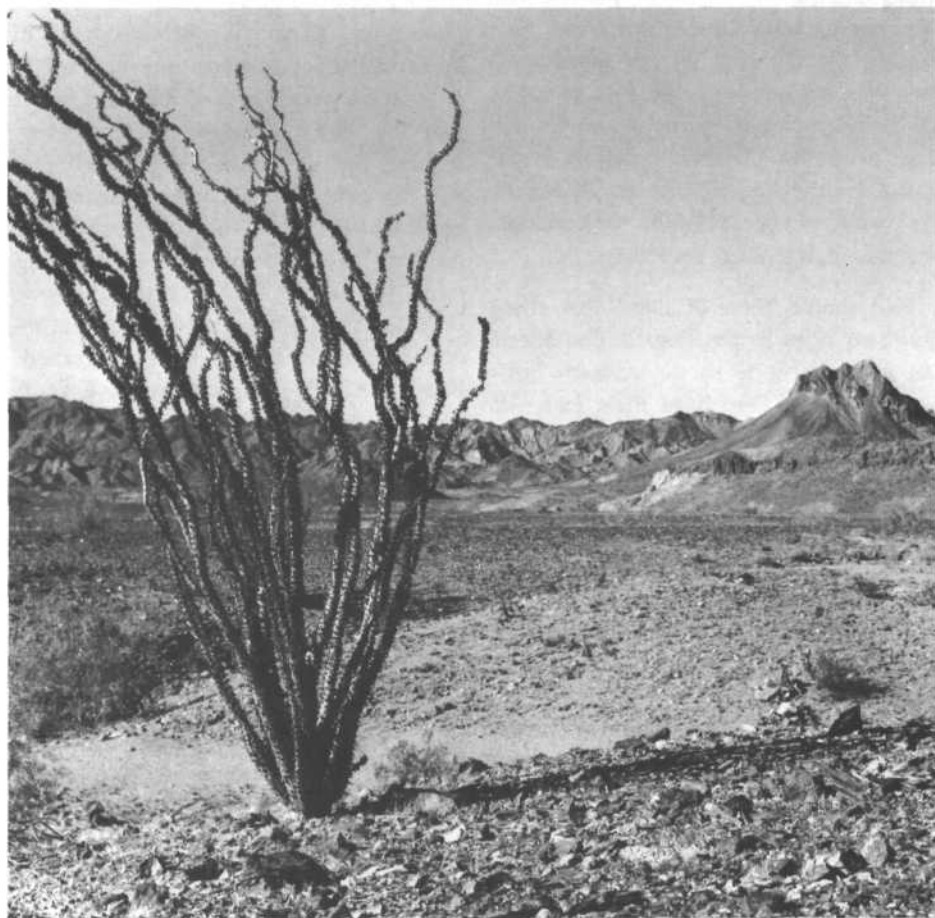
this one formed by the many people who stop to view the Indian trail.

The Ben Hulse Highway slips between the Chocolate Mountains to the left and the Black Mountains to the right. Here and there along the way you can spot evidence of mining activity and catch an occasional glimpse of the Indian trail as you near the Palo Verde Valley. Here again men have transformed the desert into vast green fields dotted with cattle or planted with crops to help feed a hungry nation.

As the highway nudges the peaceful lagoons along the Colorado River, you might ask your friend what he thinks of the desert now. Chances are you won't have to ask—he will be telling you how much he enjoyed the drive and how anxious he is to explore some of the other desert areas he has heard about.

The next thing you know he will be taking *you* for a desert drive. □

A lone Ocotillo grows out of the barren and rock-covered soil in a wash along the Chocolate Mountains along Imperial County's Ben Hulse Highway.



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Litter Removed From San Gabriel Mountains

Another area in California once covered with trash and litter has been restored to its natural state thanks to the efforts of the Jeeping Jeepers Four-Wheel-Drive Club of Los Angeles and Orange Counties.

Working in close conjunction with the U.S. Forestry Service, it was decided that, although there are many recreation areas in need of refuse removal and maintenance work, the area surrounding Crystal Lake in the San Gabriel Mountains would be of prime importance to all.

Due to the large area surrounding the lake, and the vast number of people using its facilities for fishing, swimming and picnicking, it is a tremendous task to maintain this area and keep it clear of the large quantities of litter and rubbish.

The Jeeping Jeepers answered this challenge by making the necessary arrangements with Forestry Service officials, and arriving Sunday morning with a task force of a dozen jeeps, nearly 30 people, tools, gunny sacks, and a number of jeep trailers.

Their efforts were rewarded by having two of the jeep trailers stacked four feet above the sides by a little before noon, with gunny sacks full of all types of litter and rubbish.

Words of praise and appreciation from the Forestry Service, and also the comments of the visitors and picnickers in the now clean lake area, made the day long task quite worth while. It left all of the Jeeping Jeepers quite satisfied with their small contribution towards a cleaner outdoors for everyone.

Most people who go camping, swimming or fishing are considerate enough not to throw away their cans on the beach or in the water. But many pay little attention where they throw the snap-off seals from these cans. Fish and game departments now find these shiny bits of metal are killing game fish. They wobble like fishing lures as they sink, the fish strike and the metal kills them. So treat the snap-off seals like cans, by taking them home with you. — The Treasure Chest.

HOW TO AVOID A BORDER INCIDENT

Continued from Page 15

any large city. Another word of caution: objects of antiquity such as Indian and prehistoric artifacts CANNOT be removed from Mexico. Besides, the one you buy from a street peddler will undoubtedly be a phony.

Photographic films accompanying the traveler may be released without examination unless there is a reason to believe they contain objectionable matter. United States film (non-commercial) exposed abroad, whether developed or not, will enter free of duty and need not be included in your customs exemption. Exposed United States film may be mailed home by enclosing it in the mailing device or prepaid mailer provided by the manufacturer or processing laboratory. Mark the outside wrapper: "Undeveloped photographic film of United States manufacture—Examine with care."

A few more helpful reminders might be in order. They are: an adult may bring one quart of alcoholic beverage into some States, but not into California; if Rover is one of your travel companions, carry with you a certificate signed by a licensed veterinarian, showing a recent rabies vaccination (you'll need it); in advance of your trip, register valuable foreign-made articles in your possession at any United States Customs office, in order to avoid duty difficulties upon your return; and if you drive, it is advisable to purchase Mexican automobile insurance.

You should keep in mind that there are "two sides to the Peso!" The Mexican government is in the customs business also, and they have their own list of do's and don't's. Tourist cards are not required when visiting border towns as far as San Felipe or Ensenada, provided the stay is no longer than 72 hours. If you plan to stay longer, or wish to proceed farther into Mexico, you'll have to obtain a Tourist Card, and should you want to drive, you must obtain a car permit. These cards and permits are issued free of charge, although seasoned travelers usually leave a dollar bill on the desk of visa offices below the border.

There are three kinds of Tourist Cards: a five-day card for single trips; a six-month card for a single trip within

six months; and a six-month card for multiple entries during a six-month period. They may be obtained at any Mexican Consular office near the border—evidence of citizenship, such as a birth certificate, is required. Car permits are issued by the Mexican Customs office at the port of entry—proof of ownership of your car and your driver's license are required. The same regulations apply to trailers, campers, and sport boats being towed.

As an entering tourist you may bring into Mexico: clothing and other articles of personal use; personal jewelry; nine ounces of tobacco in any form; one bottle of wine; a quart of distilled beverage; a small quantity of perfumery (if containers have been opened); fifty books; scientific and other instruments; tools and equipment of travelers who are professionals or artisans; one still and one portable motion picture camera, with 12 rolls of film for each; 12 pieces of art objects; used toys; camping goods; and a small portable radio or television set.

Baggage weighing less than 110 pounds per person is not considered to be excessive for customs purposes, but if it contains a quantity of new articles it may be dutiable under Mexican law. Fishing rods and tackle require no permit for entry, but a fishing permit must be obtained before enjoying your favorite sport. Hunters are allowed to bring into Mexico two non-automatic shotguns or rifles (the calibre must be under 30-06) and 100 cartridges for each weapon. Requirements for hunters involve a Tourist Card, a guns and ammunition permit, a "good reputation" letter, a Mexican hunting permit, and clearance by the Mexican military command.

This presentation of customs rules and duty data is intended to prepare you for a fun-filled foreign fling. Should you anticipate a situation not covered here and feel the need for additional information, just drop in at one of the United States Customs offices—you'll find that the personnel will be happy to provide answers and advice. After all, their motto is really a sincere wish for you—it is: "Have a good trip and a happy return!"

TRIP TO MCCOY SPRING

Continued from Page 9



The mason who built the rock enclosure around McCoy Spring left an opening at the base so birds and animals may also drink.

of an ironwood as I passed; here and there sunflowers splashed color on the land. When I lost the trail it appeared to be heading for Palen Pass between the Pale and Granite Ranges. Perhaps this route would eventually lead to the oasis at Twentynine Palms, far to the west.

In more recent years miners built a roadway, now barely passable, up the hillside just south of the waterhole and made a start on a mining or quarrying operation. A low, three-sided rock shelter partially roofed over with weathered boards — probably built as a sleeping shelter and refuge from the sun — is evidently a relic of the same venture.

General Patton maneuvered here during World War II. North of the spring I came upon a hillside dotted with low rock enclosures. My first thought was that they, too, were vestiges of Indian days, but a closer inspection revealed

nothing more than military foxholes, each with at least one GI ration can rusting away in its depths. They, also, are signs of man's presence which will one day fascinate, and perhaps mystify, the archaeologist and historian of desert places.

Today McCoy Spring and its country are a haven for the explorer of remote desert trails. For me, it was good to savor the purity of the landscape and to uncover its treasures; and satisfying, at day's end, to sit beside the campfire in the luminous intensity of the twilight. There was no wind, and the smoke rose straight up in the calm of evening. In lambent color and mellow distance the desert stretched to the horizon.

It's a good land, this broad American desert, offering freedom, discovery, and beauty to the heart and mind of the wayfarer. And in its hidden places—places like McCoy Spring—the desert is at its very best. □

Calendar of Western Events

This column is a public service and there is no charge for listing your event or meeting—so take advantage of the space by send-in your announcement. However, we must receive the information at least two months prior to the event. Be certain to furnish complete details.

NOVEMBER 27-30, FOURTH ANNUAL ROCKHOUND ROUND-UP sponsored by the Council of San Diego Gem and Mineral Societies, Walker's Gold Rock Ranch (north of Ogilby, Calif.) Field trips for agate, geodes, petrified wood, etc., ghost town trip to Tumco, auctions, evening campfires, tall-tale contests, Unlimited campsites. Admission free.

JANUARY 24 & 25, CALIFORNIA STATE ASSOCIATION OF FOUR WHEEL DRIVE CLUBS, INC., Del Webb Hotel, Fresno, Calif. For information write Don Dobson, 4574 East Turner, Fresno, 93702.

FEBRUARY 5-9, FOURTH ANNUAL POW WOW, ROCK AND GEM SHOW, Quartzsite, Arizona. Displays of hobbies, crafts, bottles, ceramics, etc. Tail-gating and field trips. For information write Mrs. Vaun Allen, Box 623, Quartzsite, Arizona 85346.

FEBRUARY 13-15, A WORLD OF MINERALS sponsored by the Tucson Gem and Mineral Society and the Rocky Mountain Federation of Mineralogical Societies, Tucson, Arizona Rodeo Grounds. For information write Tucson Gem and Mineral Society, P.O. Box 6363, Tucson, Arizona 85716.

FEBRUARY 21 & 22, GALAXY OF GEMS sponsored by the Santa Clara Valley Gem & Mineral Society, Santa Clara County Fairgrounds, 344 Tully Road, San Jose, Calif. Fifty cent donation, children free. Dealers, rock swaps, science movies, etc. For information write to P.O. Box 54, San Jose, Calif. 95132.

FEBRUARY 27-MARCH 8, IMPERIAL VALLEY GEM AND MINERAL SOCIETY'S 23rd annual show, Imperial County, California Mid-Winter Fair, El Centro, Calif. For information write Mrs. George Hoyt, 2202 Hartshorn Road, Holtville, Calif. 92250.

FEBRUARY 28-MARCH 1, ANTIQUE BOTTLE CLUB OF ORANGE COUNTY annual show and sale, Retail Clerks Union Hall, 8530 Stanton, Buena Park, California. For information write Jim Sinsley, P. O. Box 10424, Santa Ana, Calif. 92711.

MARCH 7 & 8, MONROVIA ROCK-HOUNDS GEM & MINERAL SHOW, Masonic Temple, 204 West Foothill Blvd., Temple City, Calif. 91780.

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SECTIONIZED COUNTY maps — San Bernardino \$3; Riverside \$1; Imperial, small \$1, large \$2; San Diego \$1.25; Inyo \$2.50; Kern \$1.25, other California counties \$1.25 each. Nevada counties \$1 each. Include 5 percent sales tax. Topographic maps of all mapped western areas. Westwide Maps Co., 114 West Third Street, Los Angeles 13, California.

7 1/2' and 15' California Topographic maps \$1.00 each; 1° of California, Arizona and Nevada \$1.30 each plus tax. Map Centre, 935 "E" Street, San Diego, Calif. 92101. 714-233-1578.

15' CALIFORNIA TOPOGRAPHIC maps 50¢ each, plus tax. For free brochure please write to John C. Stevenson, Box 1263, Chula Vista, Calif. 92012.

• MAPS

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Woman's Viewpoint

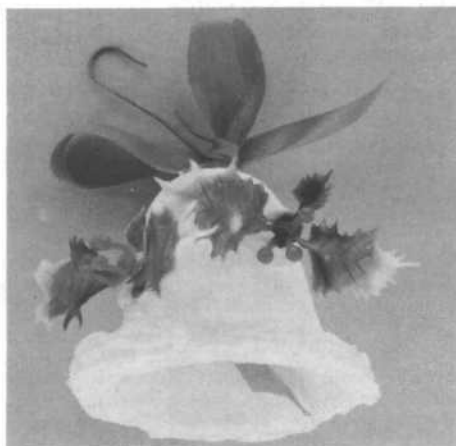


CHRISTMAS is coming! That phrase gives me goose pimples of excitement and shivers of panic both at the same time. The goose pimple part I love is: baking cookies, putting the tree up, going to school programs, and playing Santa. The part of Christmas that just plain panics me is: getting the cards addressed, mailing packages, putting the outside lights up, and shopping. A big part of the Christmas fun is when the family works on a project. I would like to share some of our family's tried and true decoration and gift projects. They are easy on the budget and lots of fun.

We have two Christmas trees. One is in the family room and it will be decorated with gingerbread men as it has for the past twelve years. We started making these when we couldn't afford store ornaments because my husband was going to school. They are such fun to make, and smell so spicy our children wouldn't have our tree decorated any other way now. As soon as the cookies come from the oven we make holes in the top with a toothpick. Later a ribbon is strung through the hole to hang the cookie on the tree. Facial features and buttons are made by pressing cinnamon candies in the soft hot cookies.

The other tree, which goes in the living room, will be adorned with sparkly sugar bells and shiny red balls. The bells are fun to make, inexpensive, pack safely, and look great. Select a bell for a mold that is about two inches tall. Place one unbeaten egg white in a mixing bowl

and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup powdered sugar and $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups granulated sugar. Knead with your hands until the mixture is uniformly dampened and will hold a definite shape when squeezed in the hand. Pack the mixture into the mold and level off with a spatula. To bake they must be on a piece of wood such as a cutting board. Cook in the oven five minutes at 200°. Carefully remove the mold and scrape out the damp mixture inside the bell. The damp sugar that is taken out can be re-used for other bells. The longer the bell is cooked the thicker the shell will be. Tie a knot in one end of a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide red ribbon. Push the other end up through a small hole in the top of the bell. This hole can be made before the bell is put in the oven or after you have scraped the inside. The knot will be the clapper; tie the other end into a bow. The edge of the bell can be decorated with icing squeezed through a pastry tube. Add a spring of artificial holly to one side. Two batches of this mixture makes enough bells to decorate a five foot tree.



Sugar bell Christmas tree ornaments can be made for about a penny each.

A decoration that is always on our back door is a candy wreath. Bend a wire coat hanger into a circle, leaving the hanger part to go over a nail. It takes three or four pounds of candy to fill a wreath. Hang a pair of children's scissors from a velvet ribbon. Each child who visits during the holiday gets to snip off a piece of candy.

When we lived in Texas I gathered a box full of magnolia leaves, okra pods, sweet gum balls, and cotton burrs to send to my sister in Reno. The card said, "Here's a little bit of Texas. Have fun!" The gift was a smashing success since none of the materials grew in that area.

Karen made centerpieces for many years from these Texas goodies. Eventually the magnolia leaves became so chipped they looked like oak leaves. Don't overlook the local gifts of nature, whether it is pods, seeds, berries, or flowers. What seems ordinary to you may be fascinating to someone living in another area. If you live by the ocean, and need a gift for someone living inland send sea shells. If you live where there are wheat fields gather some in the summer to give for gifts.

If you collected any raw gems on your travels such as topaz you're in luck. They can be faceted into the most exquisite gems. It costs about \$2.00 per carat to have a gem faceted in either the diamond or emerald cut. And who wouldn't be flattered to receive a gem that the giver had collected?

Are there any hippies on your shopping list? Don't despair; they crave beads. Juniper seed necklaces are "in." (Juniper trees are more commonly known by their misnomer cedar.) Gather the two-toned seeds that are in the berries and string them along with wooden or glass beads. Chipmunks and squirrels do half the job for you by biting one end off to eat the meat inside. Indians in the Four Corners area have made these necklaces for centuries. Originally they were used in rituals, now they are made for tourists.

Other winning gift suggestions are: a cupped sea shell filled with hand-rolled soap balls, rustic doll furniture made from twigs (darling with the three bears), bookends cut from polished stone, or wild berry jam or syrup made from berries you've picked.

There aren't many days left until Christmas! Better get busy. A gift you've made is one from the heart that will be treasured by the receiver. What will it be, a bottle of prickly pear jelly, a sea shell mobile, or a seed mosaic? Let us know and we will share your idea with other readers.

Have a joyous holiday whether you are living along the misty shores of the Pacific Ocean, in the quiet secretive desert, or at the foot of a bluish snow-covered mountain.

John A. Robinson

Dos Cabezas . . .

In the June '69 issue Al Pearce in *Fifty Miles of Fury* tells of the Dos Cabezas Springs, which I sure enjoyed. I am a third-generation of McCains who ran cattle and sheep through that country.

The little cabin pictured on pages 36 and 37 was built by my father, Darrell McCain, in 1930. We had sheep there and needed a place out of the wind. We used it for several winters and in 1932 my grandfather and grandmother spent the winter there . . . she said it "was the happiest year of my life."

I have been a subscriber to Desert Magazine for 30 years.

JACK GRAVES,
El Cajon, California.

Acambaro Mystery . . .

I found the article on the Acambaro Mystery particularly interesting. Recently when reading *Animals of East Africa* by Dr. Leakey and published by the National Geographic Society, the idea of man living with prehistoric animals was fostered. He and his wife found evidence in archaeological digs there which in-

Letters to the Editor



Letters requesting answers must include
stamped self-addressed envelope.

icated man in Africa had lived in harmony with animals scientists had thought long extinct.

Also, at this time allow me to say how much I enjoy your magazine. In fact, I plan to pass it on in Christmas gift subscriptions to my father, an Arizona high school teacher, and my grandfather, an amateur geologist.

MRS. BARBARA B. BUCKLES,
Los Angeles, California.

Discovers Desert . . .

I have fairly recently become acquainted with the deserts of Southern California and Arizona and have finally discovered for myself, at long last, a completely acceptable environment; untouched by the complex cultural patterns of modern man, and in it the simple sophistication of completely natural inhabitants. As an Easterner, (New York City) it has afforded me peace and health. Your magazine was the impetus which led me to discover and enjoy many of the natural wonders of the West, which is our heritage, through fluent and unpretentious reporting.

FRANKLIN T. HAMILTON, JR.,
Los Angeles, California.

Jelly Joy . . .

Must write and report a happy ending to the cactus jelly letter that I wrote to you and you published in Aug. '69. I have had many letters as a result and, best of all, I have several recipes that make perfect jelly. I am so pleased with the kind response to my letter. Thank you so much for your help. Wish you were near so I could give you a glass of the beautiful red jelly.

MARGARET HIERSCH,
Quartzsite, Arizona.

Three Hours May Be Forever . . .

I often recall an experience that I shared with my son when he was but ten years of age. We were on a camping trip to the high desert of California.

While relaxing in the late evening, we leaned against a huge rock as we let our eyes wander across the vast expanse of surrounding desert. In the absolute silence, we contemplated what lay there before us, each in his own way, arriving at his own conclusions.

Though we did not compare our personal thoughts, it was apparent that we shared the same impression. We had wondered together, accepted a thought or two, smiled at one another, and silently walked back to our camp.

Some months later, perhaps a year or so, I chanced to have need of an item which would require my shopping about in the downtown area of a large city. I took my son along for the ride. In our search for this item, we paused several times at busy intersections to observe what was happening around us. The experience was certainly not the same as the one we had shared together that evening on the desert.

"Boy, Dad, I'm sure glad there are a lot of policemen around here." I remember those words as if they were spoken just yesterday. He had never been downtown in a large city before. The experience was entirely new to him. Why this comment regarding policemen? What can be derived from this statement of a ten-year-old boy?

We watched the endless parade of humanity pass before us, like the never-end-

ing waves of the sea. I thought about my boy's remark, for I too felt uneasy. There was something almost frightening here.

I thought of our experience in the wilderness. I thought also of the many fathers who had stood on such a corner with their sons. What might the thoughts of such youngsters be in relating to this world as it is presented to them downtown?

While man has educated himself to the degree where he has flown to the moon, walked on its surface, and returned to the earth, has he not failed his son in another respect?

His cities are being polluted, robbed and burned. His children are being exploited by narcotics peddlers. Respect for law and order is declining at such proportions that it is rapidly becoming unsafe for him to walk alone at night in many places.

Young people are rebelling against what they call the Establishment—while they have not yet reached an understanding of the term.

They are confused by the only world they have had the opportunity of knowing, the world of downtown, the world that their fathers have created. This will be their inheritance—a world with a policeman on every corner.

They have stood on that corner with Dad. They have seen what lies in store for them. They do not like what they see. They reject this, but in a confused state, have nothing better to offer in the way of a solution leading to something better.

There have been men who, in their rea-

soning, have come close to the threshold of understanding the need of man to associate himself with nature in the process of solving his humanistic problems. They have taken their sons to the wilderness, the great outdoors, in an effort to provide opportunity for communication with Nature. Yet, they have ceased to retain that position at the threshold of understanding, for they have also provided their sons with guns, taught them how to shoot birds and animals under the suggested category of sport. Their sons have learned to see the wilderness over a gun barrel.

Few are the fathers who, with their sons, come to nature with an open heart, with a desire to share in what she has to offer.

Few are the fathers who provide their sons with microscopes and cameras and lead them to the threshold of understanding.

Few are the fathers who subscribe to the truth that man is but an infinitesimal segment of nature, yet endowed with enormous responsibility.

Is it any wonder then, that the problems of humanity have reached such vast proportions? The self-infliction of society's suffering will continue to increase so long as man continues to assume that he is master.

How long will it take for him to learn this? It is ironical that the answer lies but three hours driving time from downtown . . .

ARTHUR A. HEMLER,
Glendora, California.

A Warning for people who carry credit cards.



In a recent issue of the Los Angeles Times the lead story, "Spiraling Thefts Lead to New Credit Card Protection Service," warned readers that credit card theft is soaring. That thousands of Americans who never thought it could happen to them will lose a whopping \$50 million this year. And that it can happen to you.

Fact is you can lose a credit card by carelessness or theft and find yourself with bills for *thousands* of dollars in a matter of days! (One of our members called in last week when his cards were stolen from his glove compartment. A lady whose purse was taken from the locked trunk of her car while she was golfing. And a businessman who lost his cards while vacationing in Hawaii. Etc.)

That's why we started Protect-a-Card. The Credit Card Protection Service that sends stop-payment notice to all your credit cards in minutes.

For only \$5 we record your cards and account numbers at our Data Center. Then if they're lost or stolen you just call us *collect*. 24 hours a day. From anywhere in the continental U.S. (From overseas you simply cable.)

We'll immediately wire stop-payment notice to all your card companies. At no charge to you. Then we'll send you copies of those wires. So you have time-dated *proof* of the notification that ends your liability.

Since you are liable for all charges made with your cards until you give proper (written)

notification to the card issuing company, the most important thing to do when your cards are missing is get notification to each card issuer *fast*. Protect-a-Card does this for you electronically. Infinitely faster than you could do it yourself. And with none of the worries and headaches.

End credit card worries today. Mail the coupon with a \$5 check (protects your cards for a full year) and a list of your credit cards and account numbers. We'll rush you a thief-warning membership card and a key-ring tag inscribed with our 24-hour emergency telephone number. (Like those in the picture.)

Then you can really enjoy your credit cards. And let the thieves do the worrying for a change.

Protect-a-Card, Inc.

Data Processing Center Dept. 10033
P.O. Box 2970, Clinton, Iowa 52732

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