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MAGAZINE

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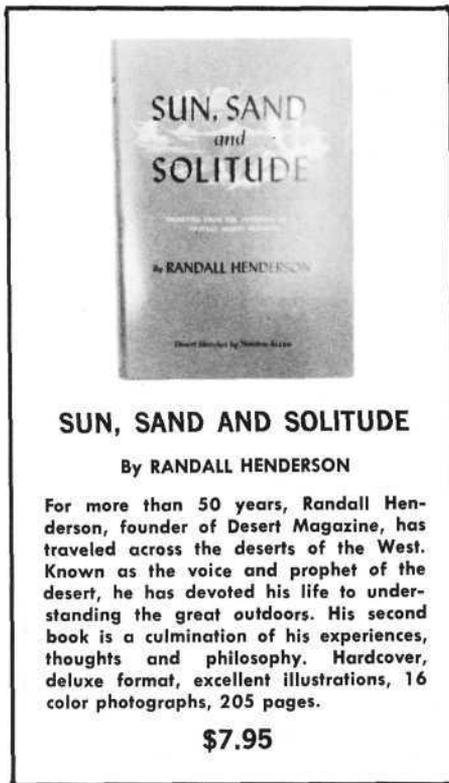
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CAMPING AND CLIMBING IN BAJA by John W. Robinson. Contains excellent maps and photos. A guidebook to the Sierra San Pedro Martir and the Sierra Juarez of upper Baja Calif. Much of this land is unexplored and unmapped still. Car routes to famous ranches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

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GHOST TOWNS OF THE COLORADO ROCKIES by Robert L. Brown. Written by the author of *Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns* this book deals with ghost towns accessible by passenger car. Gives directions and maps for finding towns along with historical backgrounds. Hardcover, 401 pages, \$6.25.

CALIFORNIA NATIONAL PARKS by the editors of *Sunset Books*. This new edition, like other *Sunset Books*, is well illustrated and gives complete information about California and national parks. Large format, slick paperback, 80 pages, \$1.95.

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THE COVER

Monument Valley, Navajo Tribal Park, Arizona. The slender fingers of the Yebechai rock formations are seen through the arms of an old Juniper which has given up the struggle against the desert. photograph by David Muench, Santa Barbara, California.

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Book Reviews

by Jack Pepper

MEXICAN COOK BOOK

By the Editors of Sunset Books

This new book contains Mexican recipes, for American cooks, which have been thoroughly tested and are suited to the products available in the United States.

Included is a comprehensive shopping guide which describes the ingredients and tells where to buy them. There are easy-to-follow instructions for cooking techniques ranging from simple tasks such as heating tortillas you can buy to making them from scratch.

Recipes include basic sauces, tortilla dishes, enchiladas, tamales and antojitos, main-dish specialties, appetizers and tidbits, soups, salads, vegetables and rice, breads, desserts and drinks. And remember, Mexican food does NOT have to be hot.

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A GUIDE FOR INSULATOR COLLECTORS

By John C. Tibbitts

Insulator collecting has become a secondary and related hobby for thousands of bottle collectors. However, until recently there has been little written about the subject.

John C. Tibbitts, a long time collector and author of several bottle books, has written two volumes on insulator collecting. His two books contain information on approximately 90 percent of the insulators found in the average collection.

Both books have the same general format with sketches of the insulators, complete descriptions, history, how to display the finds and the current market prices. The insulators listed in Volume One (127 pages) are not the same as those listed in Volume Two (119 pages.) Both books are paperback and sell for \$3.00 each. **IF ORDERING ONLY ONE BOOK, BE CERTAIN TO STATE WHICH VOLUME.**

RANDBURG AREA MAP

Compiled by Dale Hileman

Another excellent Gem, Mineral and Four Wheel Drive Map has just been published by Dale Hileman. This one, Map Number Four, covers the famous and historic Randsburg area in Southern

California and includes the El Paso Peaks, Summit Range, Lava Mountains and Rand Mountains.

Like his other maps, it is on parchment paper and in red and black. Roads are clearly shown and designated as passenger car or 4-wheel-drive. They are excellent for bottle collectors, treasure finders and explorers. Map Number One covers Kern County's Last Chance, Mesquite and Iron canyons; Number Two, San Bernardino County's Opal Mountain and Black Canyon. Price is \$1.00 each. **WHEN ORDERING PLEASE DESIGNATE HILEMAN AND NUMBER OF MAP.**

ANZA/BORREGO DESERT GUIDE BOOK

By Horace Parker

Out of print for several months, the third and enlarged edition of the guide to Anza-Borrego State Park and the adjacent areas is now available. First published in 1957 and revised through the years, the book is considered the "bible" for the area. The author has spent most of his adult years in the desert and for the past two years he has served as a California State Park and Recreation Commissioner. In the enlarged edition the two excellent maps also have been brought up to date. Slick paperback, illustrated, complete index, 151 pages, \$3.50.

REDWOOD COUNTRY

By Editors of Sunset Books

This new Sunset book contains information on the unique characteristics and colorful history of the giant Redwood trees in Northern California. The coast Redwood is the world's tallest recorded tree—the tallest known specimen standing more than 365 feet. They have the greatest total bulk of any known trees in the world.

It is a comprehensive travel guide to the Redwood groves and provides a complete description, where to stay and what to do in the newly established Redwood National Park.

Accurate maps and over 100 photographs illustrate dozens of ideas for fascinating trips and vacations. Anyone heading for the Redwood area should have this book. Large 8 x 11 format, 96 pages, \$1.95.

The Native Cacti of California

LYMAN BENSON

Designed for use by both botanist and layman, this is a heavily illustrated, botanically and taxonomically detailed treatment of every species, variety, and major hybrid form of cactus growing as a native or naturalized plant in California. It is based upon almost forty years of study of the cacti of North America, and represents primarily new research in a broad area, rather than a compilation of local data. Keys are provided for determining the scientific or popular name of any cactus occurring in the state, and each is described in some detail, including discussion of ecology and physiology, and other matters beyond plant form and identification. There are 16 pages in full color. Distributional maps indicate areas in which the species and varieties are known definitely to occur. August. About \$7.95

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A Peek in the Publisher's Poke

ONE OF THE most exciting stories to appear in DESERT Magazine was titled "50,000 Years Ago" by L. Burr Belden, the noted historian and author. This particular article dealt with an archeological find located near Yermo, California (See DESERT, December, '68) which dates the existence of man 25,000 years earlier than had been previously recorded. We were the first magazine in the West to publish these startling finds. It has come to our attention that the majority

of contributions to the enormous task have come from sources outside of California with the bulk of the money coming from the National Geographic Society (Washington, D.C.), the Wenner-Gren Foundation (Stockholm, Sweden), and most recently the University of Pennsylvania allocated \$10,000 from special research funds in order that the project be continued through the summer. Miss Ruth Simpson, Field Director of the project, has estimated that \$20,000 will be required to bring the first phase of the Calico Dig to completion—to carry out geomorphological work still needed and the hosting of an International Symposium where the findings will be evaluated and discussed. Contributions should be sent to the San Bernardino County Museum Association, 18860 Orange Street, Bloomington, California 92316 and, according to the Executive Director Gerald A. Smith, any amount will be appreciated. Here's a great chance to contribute to the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge. In other words, let's dig in for the Calico digging.

This column last month misled some of our readers into believing that our book shop was closing for the summer. This is not the case. We are open every day from 7:30 until 4 and are closing on *weekends only* for the summer months. Both Jack Pepper and I appreciate and enjoy your visits with us and make every effort to chat informally with each of you. In this manner it enables us to feel the pulse of the readers, an opportunity not afforded to too many publishers in this rather cold and technical world in which we live.

You many thousands of faithful subscribers will have noticed your magazine did not arrive in its familiar old brown envelope this month. This is part of our continuing program of bringing you a better product and still stay within the confines of our present subscription price, no easy task with the varied increases for services of all types that are necessary to produce a magazine. An important part of the program is the change-over to a computer-printed address label which appears on the brown wrapper replacing the old envelope. The label is extremely important and contains a coded keyline which enables us to trace down any complaint very rapidly and accurately. In the event of a change-of-address we would appreciate receiving the label back whenever possible. We ask you to bear with us for the next few months as the transition will produce a few goofs. If you are among the 'goofed' please don't hesitate to contact us and we'll get it straightened out. It would also be appreciated if we could hear from subscribers far afield letting us know whether their wrapped magazines reached them in good condition. In case this last paragraph has been confusing, you DESERT Magazine subscribers know what we mean and you other guys—start subscribing!

William H. Hays



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onion valley

by Dorothy Robertson



WHEN IT'S hot down on the deserts and the thought of soaring, snow-mantled peaks, cold pine-scented air and the lure of dancing water hiding rainbow-hued trout becomes almost unbearable, then look northward to the spectacular Sierras. West of Independence in Owens Valley there is a beautiful valley-in-the-sky, with a small but perfect campground, a jumping-off place to the lakes of the high country.

This alpine region was the favorite place of Mary Austin, the famous author of the early 1900s who wrote many books on the Inyo country, including her classic *Land of Little Rain*. On your initial trip into this valley-in-the-sky, tuck a copy of this evocative book into your trailer or camper so you will enjoy Mary Austin's poetry of words as she describes the beauty and life of these magnificent Sierra landscapes.

At Independence take the road leading to Gray's Meadow and Onion Valley. You will find three equipped Forest Service campgrounds along this winding road which follows Independence Creek in the high country. The road is paved although it climbs steeply up the switchbacks that begin when you leave Gray's Meadow. The pavement ends at Onion Valley, which was named for the wild onions growing in profusion there. At the end of the road a small sparkling

lake mirrors the towering, snowy peaks surrounding the region. Up here in the sky, the mountain slopes are precipitous, rocky, snow-blanketed till late in the season, with numerous little rills twinkling down to the lake, and speckled with wind-twisted pines.

If you are an anxious fisherman disdaining the little campground lake, take the trail pass leading up out of Onion Valley to the lakes shimmering and sparkling in the shadow of the Kearsarge Pinnacles. Gilbert Lake is a great favorite.

In this high-country a family of amateur mountaineers can try out their hiking legs as far as they can comfortably walk. Many visitors to this region bring their sleeping bags along and backpack into the sky country. They use the Onion Valley campground as a base camp and stair-step their way into the less accessible wilderness. With around an 8000 to 9000-foot start, backpacking is considerably lessened for those of you who prefer this easier climbing.

Kearsarge country has a fascinating history. In 1864, promising mineral outcroppings were discovered on the slopes of the great peak towering west of Independence. These were Civil War times, and Union sympathizers promptly named the mineral-rich peak of silver, Kear-

sarge Peak, after the Union battleship. The Silver Sprout, whose ore worked out to \$720 to the ton, and the Virginia, another rich silver strike, were organized on September 19, 1864, as the Kearsarge mining district.

On March 1, 1867 an avalanche roared down the slopes sweeping away 11 cabins in its path, and burying the inhabitants. Miraculously, only one death resulted from this snowslide which occurred in the afternoon. That night the entire population of Kearsarge moved down to the safety of Thomas Hill's camp in Todd's Meadow. The name was later changed to Gray's Meadow.

While in the neighborhood of Independence, you can take a fascinating trip through history. Stop in at the Eastern California Museum and browse through their displays of pioneer Americana and early Indian artifacts, from stone tools to feathered headdresses, buckskin clothing, basketry, and many other fascinating items of a now-vanished life.

Among the pioneer relics are Mary Austin's family photographs, and Will Chalfant's hand-written ledger notebook of his famous *Story of Inyo*—the research "Bible" of Owens Valley history, telling of the coming of the white man to Inyo, and the complete story of the



Nestled in the Sierras with cool pine trees, Onion Valley has a beautiful campground and is the jumping-off place for trips to lakes in the high country.

Los Angeles-Owens Valley water war.

There is another sign on the main street of Independence pointing the way to Mary Austin's old home, a picturesque tree-shadowed frame house, looking exactly as she described it. On the main street you will also find the historic old white frame house that once was the home of the commander of old Camp Independence. This house was brought to the town from the Post, some four miles north and east of Independence.

Independence is the most historic of the string of Owens Valley towns. Another site of interest is the old Soldiers' Cemetery, on the west side of the road across from the old military post, four miles north and east of town. Some of the headstone inscriptions are dated 1863. Here lie some of those boys-in-blue who fought the Paiutes over 100 years ago.

So if you are interested in an extra-plus value to your trip into the valley-in-the-sky, come to Independence, step back into history, then go on up to the country of sparkling cold lakes and streams and relax in the peace and lofty solitude of the great snowy peaks. □



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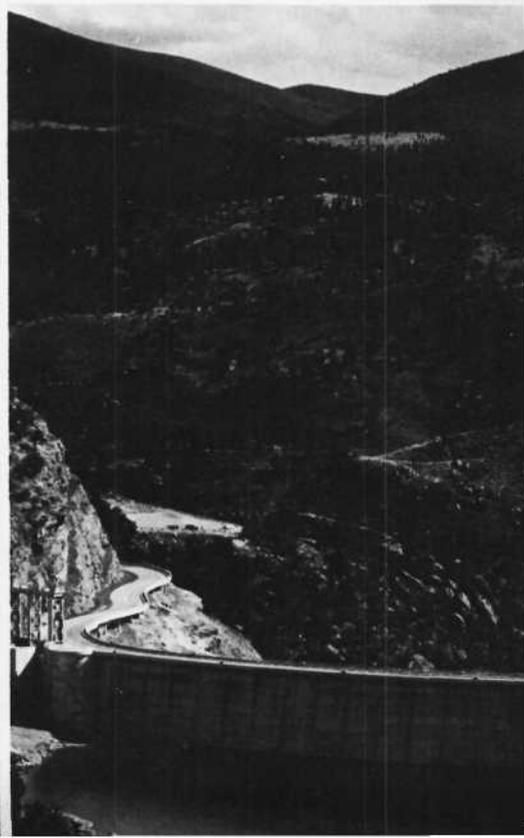
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HIGH

WHILE BOATS cruise along Utah's Green River water through Flaming Gorge's Red Canyon whose walls tower a thousand feet above, cars take the high road through a canyon that steps back in time, pine forests, green meadows, and a panoramic view of the river below.

Once the Utes and Shoshone Indians roamed this country, then the white man came; the first known explorers were the Spanish Fathers Escalante and Dominguez who were looking in 1776 for a shorter route to California. Other trappers and explorers came, including Fremont, Manley, and Powell. In the 1820s William H. Ashley and his party trapped



ABOVE UTAH'S FLAMING GORGE



by Pat Holmes

beaver and traded for furs in the Flaming Gorge area. The Ashley National Forest is named after him and Red Canyon and Sheep Creek Canyon are within the National Forest.

Heading south from Manila, Utah on Highway 44, we passed through Sheep Creek Canyon. Designated in 1962 as a geological area, it is one of the few places where a person can literally drive through millions of years in less than half an hour. The creek and the road share the space between sheer vertical cliffs. Colorful rocky spires backed by a deep blue sky and walls draped with greenery—like a delicate lace skirt—vied for our attention. We stopped at a viewpoint to take pictures.

A great fault splits this area. On one side of the fracture, the earth's crust is thrust upward 15,000 feet. Other layers of rock are bent up like pages in a book. Fossils, marine crustaceans, coral, sponges, and sea urchins found in the area are reminders that once this land was under water. The Sheep Creek Cave—listed in the National Forest Service pamphlet—is somewhat dangerous, quite wet and muddy, and the entrance is blocked by a chain. Permission to explore may be given by the ranger at Manila.

National Forest Service plans for the future—when money is available—for the Sheep Creek area to include among other things a self-guiding auto tour and

pamphlet and a nature trail.

Several campgrounds along the road and near the creek had chains across the entrance and NO OVERNIGHT CAMPING signs. Later, at a campfire program we learned why. In June of 1965, a combination of lots of snow, rain, and warm weather brought on a flash flood that roared through the canyon sweeping away lives, campgrounds and roads.

The highway crosses the creek and climbs rapidly until we are in the land of pine forests and green meadows. The Mount Dowd Overlook is about four miles from the highway on a graveled road. The view from here is beautiful.

Farther down Highway 44, on the



One of the many spectacular views (opposite page) of Utah's Flaming Gorge as seen from the scenic highway above the waterway. A highway-dam backs up the Green River (left) to form Flaming Gorge Lake and 91 miles of aquatic recreation area.

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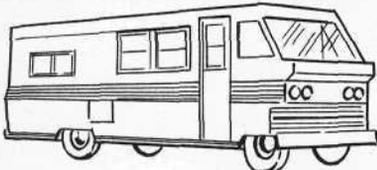
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left, is the road to the Red Canyon Overlook. There are displays in the Visitor Center of how the canyon is created, the cutting action of the river, and the uplifting of the land among others. There is a huge observation window from which we watched the boats on the Green River and the ever changing colors of cliffs. The depth of the Red Canyon at the overlook is 1700 feet and the width is about 4000.

Near the center is a self-guiding nature trail with several view points of the river. A trail booklet has questions and answers about the plant and animal life. The massive cliffs here have breaks in them, caused by water seeping into the cracks and freezing. The expanding ice splits the rocks.

Instead of continuing on Highway 44 to Vernal, we turned left onto Highway 260 to the Flaming Gorge Dam. On the way we drove across Cart Creek with its spectacular metal arch.

There is a visitor center at the dam and exhibits tell of its construction by the Bureau of Reclamation. The dam rises 502 feet in the air above bedrock and has a storage capacity of 3800 million acre feet of water and the power plant can produce enough energy to "turn on" a city of 180,000 people. The dam is open to self-guiding tours.

The highway continues and crosses the dam. However, our next stop was Vernal so we headed back toward Highway 44.

Winding through Wyoming and Utah, the Green River (left) affords hundreds of ideal camping and fishing sites which are surrounded by cool forests. Looking like a tiny insect, a boat cruises through Red Rock Canyon (below) as seen from the highway thousands of feet above.



Campgrounds and picnic areas are scattered throughout the area along both Highways 44 and 260. In the Ashley National Forest, the dates the campgrounds open differ according to the elevation. The lower ones are open May 1 through Oct. 1. The fee is either the Golden Eagle or \$1.00 per night. Campfire programs are at Lucerne Valley, Red Canyon and Cedar Creek. More information can be obtained by writing to: Supervisor, National Forest Service, Post Office Building, Vernal, Utah.

Flaming Gorge is famous for its fishing and boating—but the scenery from the deer and the ducks on the ponds in the early morning to the view of the Green River over a thousand feet below is just as spectacular. □



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clamming

IT WAS Anita Haskell Jones who first got me interested in El Golfo. Anita and her stories about clams. Anita has been a friend of the family for many years. She has accompanied us on most of our trips to Mexico, loves to travel and camp, and is very fond of the Mexican people.

For some years she had been telling me about the marvelous marine food at El Golfo, huge prawns, succulent, freshly caught fish, and, above all, clams, the tasty butter clams which she said were there by the millions.

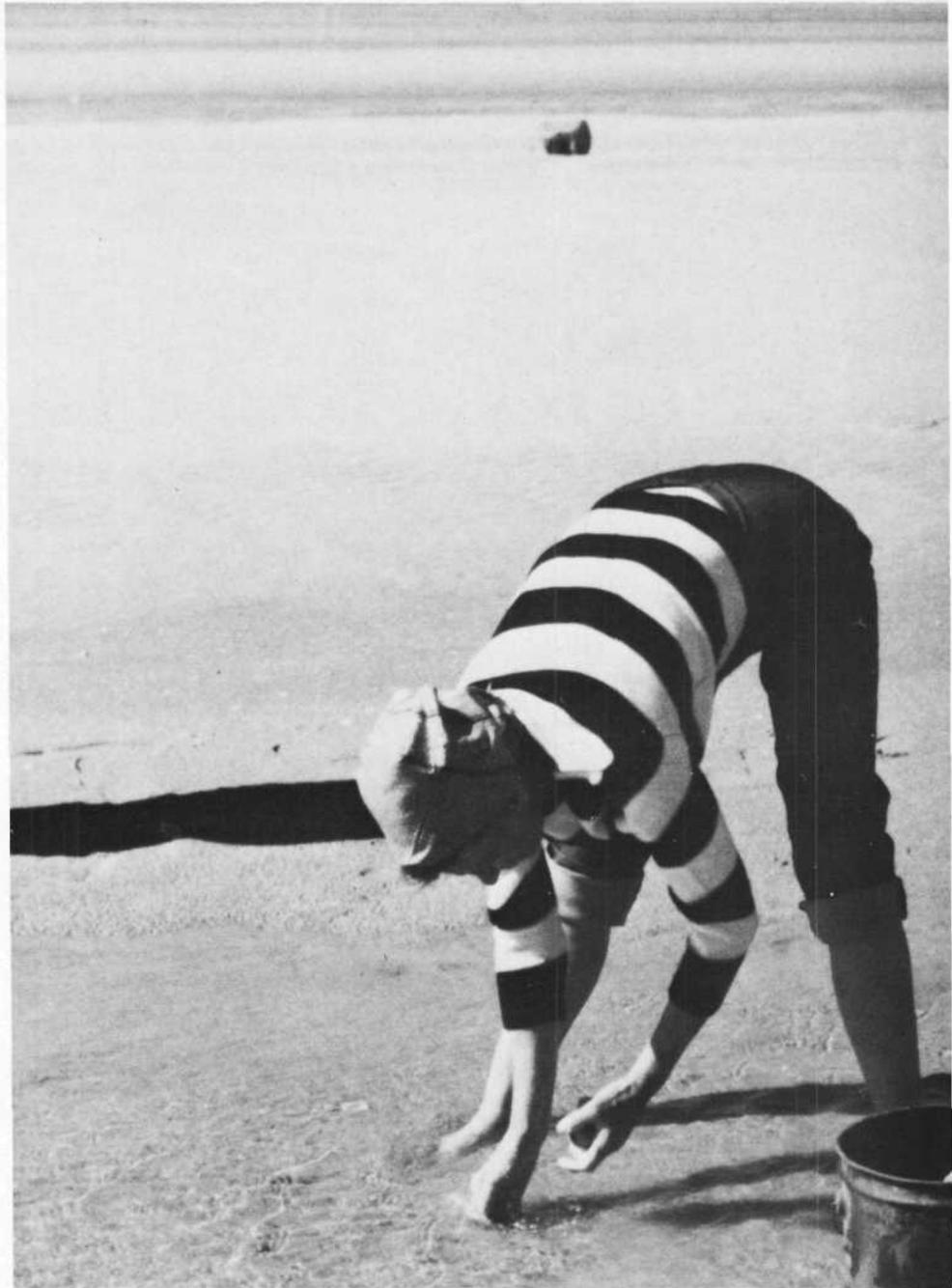
I am very fond of clams—clam cocktails and steamed clams, and I am also fond of adventure and traveling in Mexico. The surprising thing is that it took several years before Anita's enthusiastic accounts aroused the spark of desire on my part so that I was willing to drop everything and go to El Golfo.

When Anita recently said that she and a friend of hers, Nelle Holmes, were going to take a trip to El Golfo and why didn't we join them there. I suddenly decided that I wanted to eat fresh clams and see what El Golfo was all about.

So I told Anita to go ahead and set up her camp and we'd join them. Then I cancelled two appointments, alerted Sam Hicks, my right hand in such matters, to get the camp stuff together, telephoned Ricardo Castillo in Tijuana, told him that adventure beckoned, and suggested that he also drop everything and come along.

Ricardo has two restaurants in Tijuana which specialize in dishes which can't be found anywhere else. Their barbecued chicken, for instance, is not just ordinary barbecued chicken, nor is it barbecued over any old kind of heat. Ricardo and his brother send up into the mountains for a particular type of hardwood, which is hard to find, but which imparts a flavor of its own to meats which are barbecued over it.

More recently the Castillo brothers have developed a dish of chicken giblets the like of which I haven't tasted anywhere. And they make a specialty of lobster thermidor, of



Two California gringos, Anita Haskell Jones and Nelle Holmes, dig for clams at El Golfo in Mexico's Gulf of California. Their efforts are viewed critically by a

abalone, of a special brand of guacamole, chiles rellenos which melt in your mouth, and they also make it a point to have bright, alert waiters and waitresses who treat the customers like honored guests. The combination is irresistible.

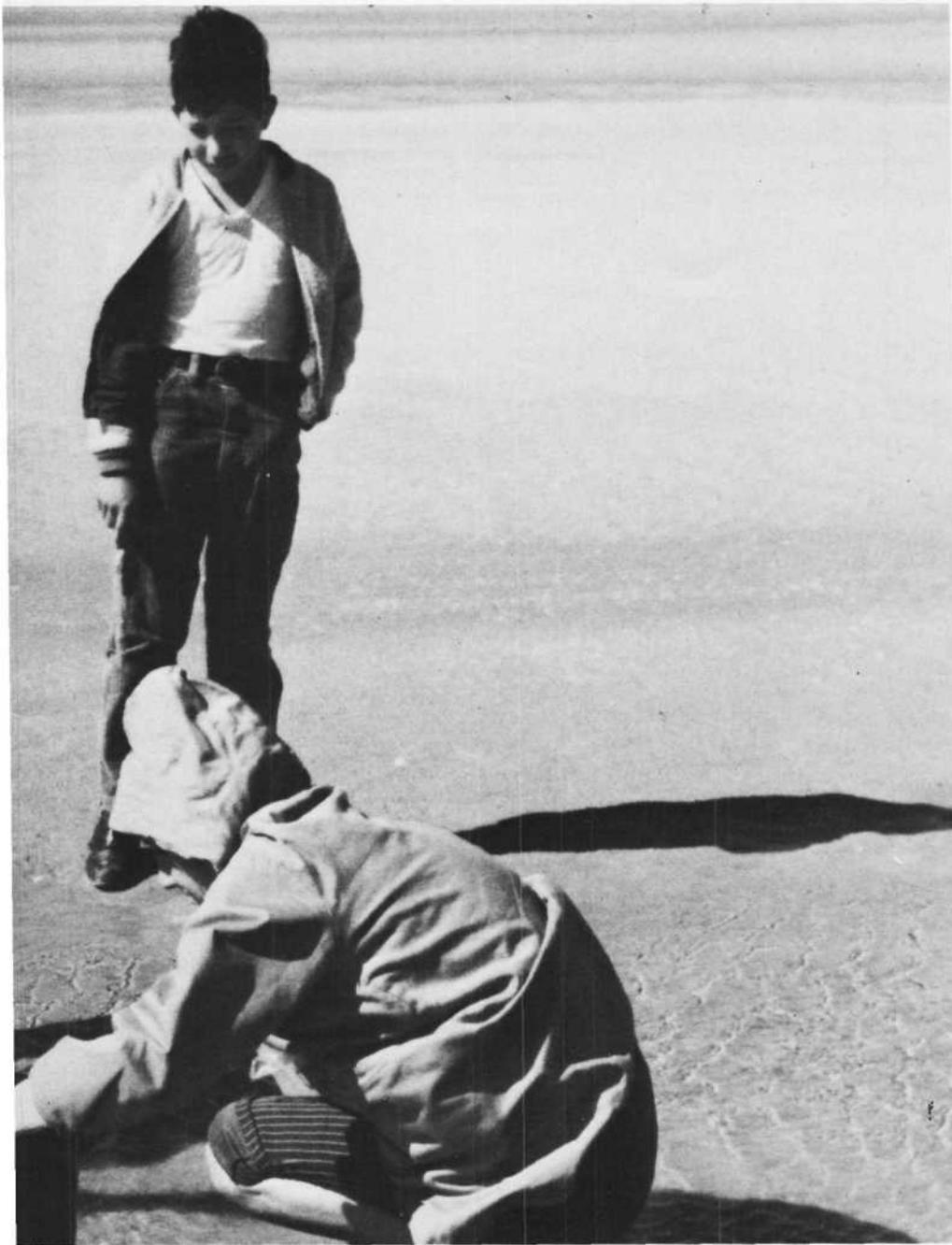
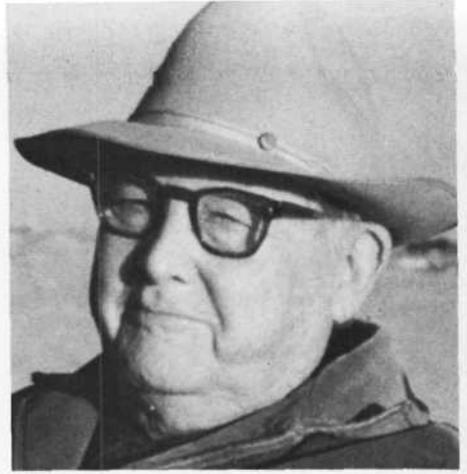
When Ricardo pleaded that he couldn't get away on such short notice I taunted him with the fact that he was becoming more like a **gringo**

businessman every day. Ricardo finally agreed to drive up to Temecula on a Thursday morning and drive one of our cars along on the trip.

In addition to all of the camping gear and campers for our party we decided to take along the "bug." Our particular bug is a Grasshopper, a machine designed by J. W. Black, of Paradise, California, from a Volkswagen. This machine has a shorten-

at el golfo

by Erle
Stanley
Gardner



young veteran digger who showed them where to find the almejas. There is no restriction in taking clams for your own consumption back to the United States.

ed wheelbase, big displacement tires, roll bars, comfortable bucket seats and a rack behind on which we could carry camp stuff.

We got a late start on Thursday and ran into further delays in that we had our cars to take through a road-checking point in Brawley which delayed us almost forty-five minutes. Then we had to pick up an

alert thirteen-year-old Mexican lad, Arturo Rocha, in Mexicali. Arturo came along to help us at camp but mostly for fun.

We arrived at the camping grounds in El Golfo shortly before sunset and found Anita and Nelle Holmes not only set up in a camp but found that they had secured for us a two-room adobe house as camp headquarters.

This adobe house was invaluable. It had a porch facing the ocean. There were no doors in the house but it had a cement floor, was spotlessly clean and gave us a great place to put up our gasoline stoves where the wind wouldn't blow the flame, set up our tables, chairs, etc.

There were five in our party; my wife and myself, Sam Hicks, Ricardo Castillo and the thirteen-year-old assistant, Arturo.

Anita had told me something about Santa Clara, a town some two miles to the south of the campgrounds where the pavement ends. She had described it as a typical little Mexican village, which is what it is, but she failed to note the wonderful food that was obtainable, the smiling hospitality of the people, and the general air of leisurely calm which permeates the place.

She also had failed to tell us about the fleet of fishing boats and the amphibious "duck" which services the fleet, acting as a species of water taxi, carrying passengers back and forth, bringing in fresh fish right out of the ocean, and presenting a startling spectacle as it chugs its way from the land out to the various boats. Then when it comes in to the shore, without breaking its stride, so to speak, it rolls up on a sandbar and comes to rest next to the roadway.

At the time we arrived at our camping place some two miles to the north of Santa Clara, there was a hard flat of perhaps some eight or ten acres with two adobe houses on it; the adobe house which we had, a one-room adobe house slightly to the north, was occupied by another camper. There were a few house



trailers and pickups with camper bodies. Anita and her friend had their two tents. There were some primitive but clean "Chic Sales."

Yet we were told this same hard-packed flat housed some thousands of campers during the Easter season, which is when virtually all Mexicans like to get to the seacoast.

There is a little open-front stand at the camping ground which is owned by Lauro Quiroz C., who has property interests to the north and is back and forth from time to time; and which is serviced by Dario (pronounced Dah-ree-o) Crisostomo Salmeron and his wife, Natasha. Dario is very accommodating and for a

small fee is only too willing to take tourists out and show them how to harvest clams. This can either be a big job or a little job, depending on how rugged the clammer is and how many clams he wants.

When we started clamming we took Anita, Nelle Holmes and my wife up in the bug to the place where most of the tourists gather clams. Then Dario suggested Sam, Ricardo and I go to the professional clam-digging grounds. He took us three or four miles to the north in our Grasshopper and then down to the tide-flats where the sand was mixed with enough silt so that it became something of a mud foundation.

This is where the professionals get their clams. Thousands of dozens of clams are gathered by these professional clam gatherers and sent north in a never-ending stream to the markets in the United States.

I understand that the clam diggers are paid a peso a dozen (the peso is presently worth eight cents). These clams are fairly large for butter clams, and a few dozen of them will weigh enough to furnish a terrific problem of transportation over the mudflats.

I speedily decided this mudflat was too much for me, and Ricardo soon found that he was too heavy to

A commercial digger (right) uses a piece of metal, which he calls a taco, to push his clams across the mud to the sandy beach. Although light dune buggies and 4-wheel-drives (opposite page) can travel over most of the tidelands, the terrain may be treacherous and once stuck the vehicles could be completely covered by the incoming tide.





Senor Ricardo Castillo, Tijuana businessman and long Gardner associate, (opposite page) sinks in the tideland mud as he searches for clams. Clams under the mud keep you from sinking deeper. Young natives of El Golfo (left) fillet sharks on the beach. The broiled white meat is delicious.

navigate the mudflats, but Sam Hicks and Dario went out and plunged into the middle of the fray.

Sam says that there are so many clams that when a person takes a step the clams underneath will actually hold him up briefly; then the clams squirm out from underneath, the clam digger keeps sinking lower and lower, and has to keep moving in order to keep from sinking, perhaps indefinitely.

Moreover, there are so many dead clams embedded in the muck that the average gringo with tender feet can get a lot of minor cuts from old clam shells, just by wading around barefoot, and they say it is impossi-

ble to wear any kind of foot protection, although I think a pair of open sandals might do the work, provided they were tied on good and tight.

The clammers carry old fenders from broken automobiles, pieces of metal, sheets of galvanized roofing, anything which will make an improvised sled on which their clams can be piled and dragged along until they have a sackful—and a sackful of those heavy clams is just about all two men want to try to take back to the car.

Sam and Dario got their big sack of clams, estimated at perhaps 30 dozens; then we went back and pick-

Continued on Page 33



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THE DRIVE south along the Colorado River from Highway 66 east of Needles is typically desert. This is the kind of land known by the old prospector—a land of sand and cactus through which he cursed his plodding, cantankerous burro. It's the lonesome stretch of a seemingly ancient era when all time stood still and a rushing world was as far removed as the thousands of stars above.

As one drives south towards Lake Havasu City, the scenic wonders work against the mind, pushing it back to a time when the land was primitive and untouched. One almost expects to see a tribe of Indians or a charging stagecoach with its frustrated driver yelling foul language to encourage tired horses to put forth more effort.

This idle meandering is jerked back to reality, suddenly and swiftly, when the road turns and tops a little knoll to unveil a vast city. It seems incongruous, almost like an invader. The tall palm trees in orderly rows, backed by brilliant green lawns and desert colored homes, contrast sharply to the land you've been driving through. It gives Lake Havasu City something of an Alice in Wonderland effect. The old prospector and the burro are soon forgotten, replaced by bikini-clad bathers seeking recreation in a world of fun and gaiety.

Lake Havasu City is typical—and yet, somehow different from the hundreds of cities that are springing up almost

magically across the great southwestern desert. Their coming has brought a swift change. But despite the complaints of many, the change seems confined to the city limits. The land beyond still belongs to immortality and still seems to smell of perspiring prospectors.

It has had little effect on the desert as a whole, other than serving as a catalyst to introduce many more people to the desert. I have laid awake nights within the comforts of a Lake Havasu motel room and listened to the distant yelling of coyotes. During the day, I have been momentarily interrupted from some activity by the distant braying of wild burros that still roam the nearby Mohave and Chemehuevi mountains. Even with modern paved streets, stores, restaurants and industrial plants, it's difficult to forget even for a moment this is the desert. The purple mountains, the smog free air and the brilliant sunsets are still there.

The majority of travelers who visit Lake Havasu City are not the seekers of solitude often associated with the desert. They want their sun and sand intermingled with fun and gaiety that spring automatically from a myriad of activities. They might be called a new breed. They are seeking all the pleasures offered by the desert plus an active recreation topped by total relaxation. Lake Havasu City is loaded with both.

LAKE HAVASU CITY

by Al Pearce

Just one hundred years ago the last track was laid at Promontory, Utah, connecting the East and the West by rail for the first time. Where only a few score years ago prospectors and their burros plodded over the desert "wastelands" today there are giant industrial, military and recreation operations affording people a richer life. This is the first of a series on the present and future of the West.



An artist's sketch (above) shows how the London Bridge will look after it is reconstructed at Havasu City. Brought from London, stone by stone, the famous landmark is scheduled for comple-

It is not unusual to find sun bathers relaxing comfortably and lazily on the beaches of Lake Havasu while only a few yards away people are horseback riding, water skiing, fishing, or following a myriad of other pursuits. They want all the pleasures of the desert, but they want it with all the modern comforts. This is the reason Lake Havasu City has become so popular.

Rental jeeps are available, along with tour maps, that will take the visitor deep into the surrounding mountains. Here, they see and feel the rugged land of the prospector and the explorer; but, by nightfall, they can be back in town enjoying a quiet comfortable meal in one of the many night spots.

Lake Havasu City grew almost magically, amassing a population of nearly 4000 in five years; proving more and more people are turning to a desert they once feared and were unable to understand.

It was originally just a fishing camp. The beautiful blue waters of Lake Havasu was an angler's heaven. Large mouth bass were plentiful. Developers capitalized on this and turned the beaches into a large resort area. The bass are still there for anyone who wants them, but the fisherman today is only a small percentage of the people enjoying Lake Havasu. Long, clean beaches attract hundreds; golf courses now cover

acres and acres of sand and cup flags have replaced cactus.

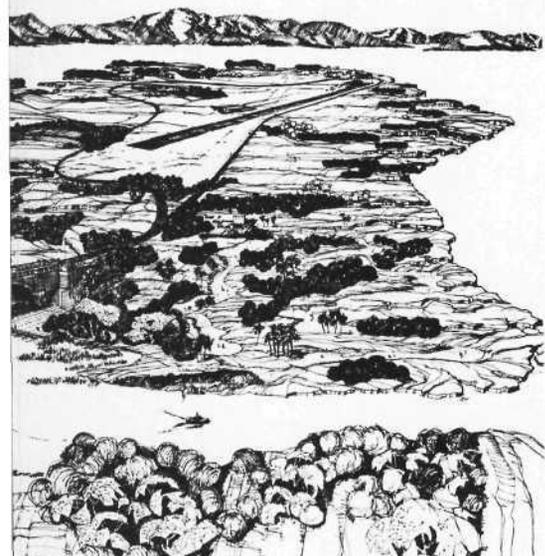
The most fantastic thing about Lake Havasu City is that something is always happening. As one visitor put it, "The extra-ordinary seems to be the ordinary." For example, things quietened down for a couple of weeks and it was more than the city could tolerate. To liven things up a bit, they bought the London Bridge. There was really no place to put it, but that was a simple matter. They simply developed plans to dig a channel over which the famed London Bridge will be reconstructed.

The world's outboard championship motor boat races are held annually in November when the sky is still blue and a generous sun warms the lake. Last year, more than 130 boats from as far away as Europe, crossed the starting line.

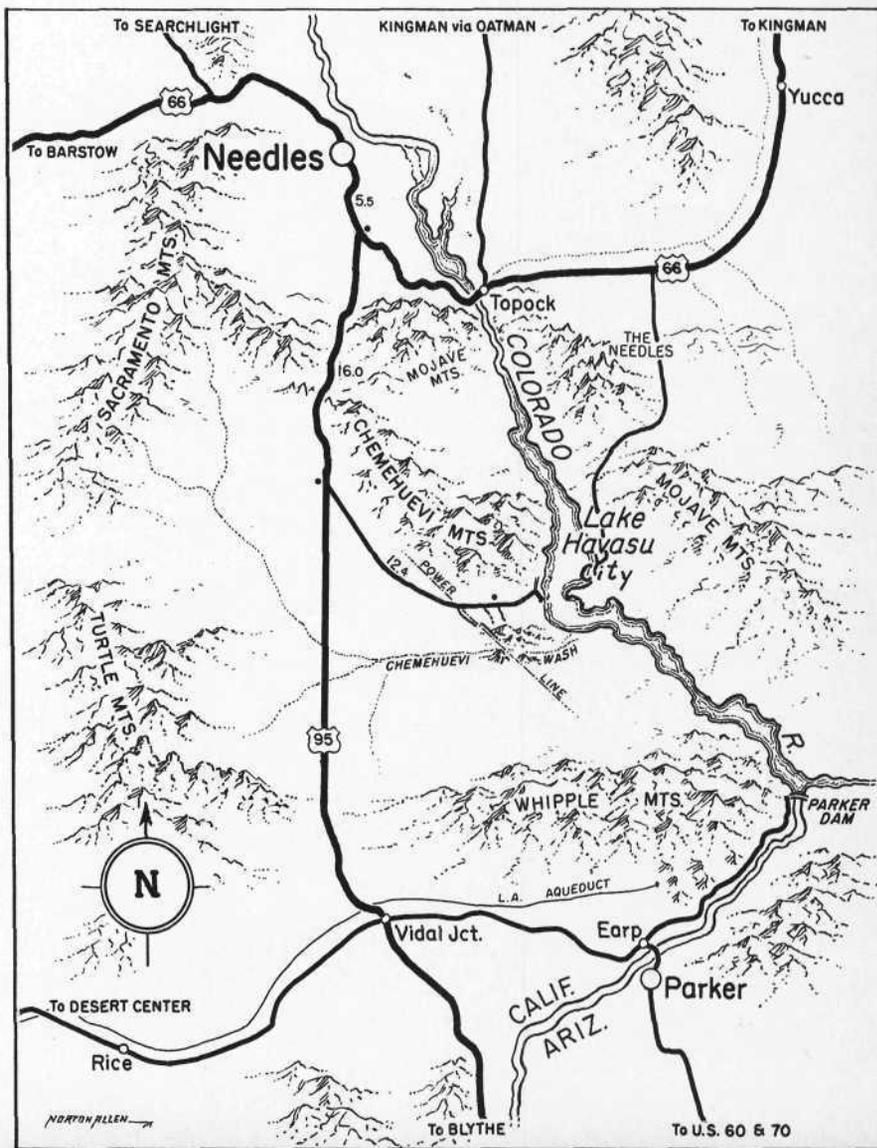
Lake Havasu City is more than just a resort. It's also an industrial city. McCulloch Corporation, builders of outboard motors and chain saws, has a plant here.

And, like most industrial cities, and because it is an industrial city, it has that advantage; it has that something more to offer—stability generated by demand.

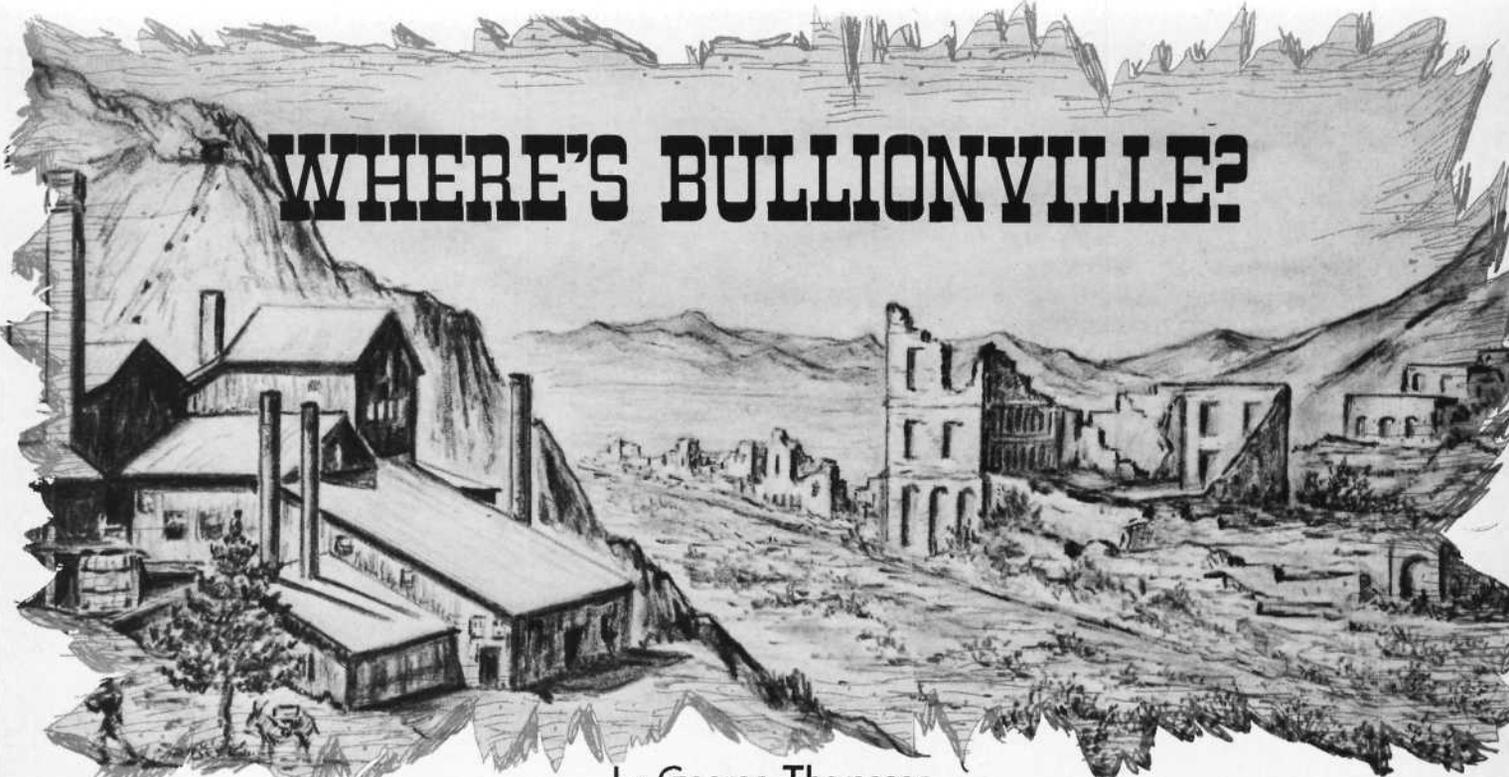
Lake Havasu City has become as much a part of the desert as the coyote or the cacti; it seems incongruous, but somehow it fits; another phase of change in an ever-changing desert. □



tion by 1971. Left, an aerial of Havasu City on the Colorado River. A few years ago the area consisted only of a World War II landing strip and a small trailer park. Today it is a city.



WHERE'S BULLIONVILLE?



by George Thompson

WHERE'S BULLIONVILLE? Just ask any old-timer and he will tell you. Over in Nevada somewhere, in the Mother Lode Country of California, down south in Utah, or out in the desert someplace. And the funny thing about it is they're all right!

Bullionville, or Bullion City as it was often called, was just about everywhere. Wherever rich silver and gold strikes were made the name would appear, especially the camps that grew up around the thundering stamp mills that pounded out the golden bullion.

And it was a good thing those old-timers had their Bullionville for often that was all they had. Few of them ever found the leprechaun's treasure and even fewer managed to keep it if they did. Stock swindlers, promoters and the gambling halls and saloons were always close at hand, ready to part the miner from his poke. Often those old-timers traded claims worth millions for nothing more than another grubstake or a ten dollar mule. Then Bullionville was all they had left, but it was enough, for it was theirs. Let's look at some Bullionvilles.

In 1868 W. H. Raymond and John Ely purchased the Burke Mine at Pioche's Camp, Nevada for \$35,000, hauled in a little five stamp mill, built a roasting furnace, and started the boom town of Pioche. Pioche produced \$40,000,000

in gold and silver before its mills finally creaked to a halt. Pioche had plenty of good ore but it didn't have the necessary water for a mill so they got it from Meadow Valley, just a few miles to the southeast. As soon as their new stamp mill was working Raymond and Ely recovered the \$35,000 their mine cost them in only 90 days! Their little five stamp mill was soon replaced by a giant with sixty stamps and other companies, including their chief rival, the Meadow Valley Milling Company, erected competing mills.

A raw camp known first as Ely City grew up around the mills at Meadow Valley but the steady stream of shiny bullion bars soon inspired the more romantic name of Bullionville. Almost overnight it boomed to a population of 500.

Gunfights and murders were daily fare at both towns and it is said that 67 men were buried on boothill before one died a natural death! The wagon loads of bullion bars coming from the mills presented such a temptation to road agents that holdups were almost a daily occurrence. Shotgun guards were in greater demand than miners and received higher pay. The Meadow Valley Company's payroll shows miners were paid \$3 a day and mine foremen \$5, while guards received \$20!

When the tracks of the narrow gauge Pioche & Bullionville Railroad were

laid in 1873 no one doubted the new camp would be one of Nevada's largest and richest. Bullionville's only reason for being was that it had an abundance of water while Pioche had none. But as the mine shafts at Pioche were sunk ever deeper more and more underground water was encountered and before long the mine owners had more water than they knew what to do with. They soon decided to move their mills nearer to the mines.

The great mills at Bullionville were torn down and rebuilt at Pioche and before another winter's snow came Bullionville had ceased to exist. By 1876 it was completely abandoned and today there is hardly an old-timer left who knows where it was located. But Bullionville didn't die, it only faded to bloom again somewhere else.

A reporter for the Stockton, Utah Sentinel described a visit made before the turn of the century to one of the least known of all the Bullionvilles. And even then it was an old camp, long deserted and forgotten.

"Leaving the ruins of the old Dugway Smelter, abandoned for want of water, we journeyed up the canyon westerly to the once great Silver King Mine. There is still a train load of silver ore piled on its dump, left there years ago when the mine was abandoned. At the Black Maria Mine, located near the summit of the canyon, we picked up

a 60 pound chunk of pure galena. Over the top, at the Queen of Sheba, the showings of copper, silver and gold are immense."

Tooele County's Bullionville was located in the harshest part of the Great Salt Lake Desert in one of the most desolate and forsaken spots in the west. From the old Pony Express trail, which skirts the southern edge of the desert, the outlines of mountains can be seen to the north, seeming to float above the shimmering heat waves reflecting from the salt encrusted sands. The bearded Argonauts who crossed those glaring salt flats to reach the Dugway Mountains ventured into a world unknown as the one into which Columbus sailed. They soon discovered the sandy wastes were almost impassable for heavy ore wagons so they built a smelter near their new found mines and gave birth to another Bullionville.

Many of the mines at the new camp were rich — they had to be to justify building a smelter in such a cheerless place. And when it finally was built there wasn't enough water to operate it! But ore containing 500 ounces of silver to the ton couldn't be left unmined so it was hauled on specially built wide-wheeled wagons to Detroit, 100 miles to the south, across some of the most barren and rugged mountains in the land.

One visitor to Bullionville commented it was strange that in such a remote place the butcher shop always had fresh meat and how the supply was in direct proportion to the number of wild horses ranging in the nearby mountains! Just how long Bullionville lasted in its harsh surroundings is unknown but the extent of its mine workings indicate years of the hardest kind of work were put in before the miners finally lost heart and left. Today there are only the forgotten shafts and tunnels, a few sagging cabins, the pile of weathered ore on the Silver King dump, and the broken skeleton of its useless smelter giving silent testimony that men once lived and worked at Bullionville.

Another Bullion City was a camp at the north end of the Diamond Mountains, about 30 miles southwest of Elko, Nevada. Gold was first discovered in the Diamonds in the 1860s by two old prospectors who had been grubstaked at the new railroad town of Elko. The trans-

continental railroad was just being completed and Elko was full of unemployed railroad workers. When word of the new strike leaked out many of them rushed to the new diggings. The Bullion and Empire mines were among the first and best properties located and it wasn't long until a new camp grew up around their workings. Naturally it was named Bullion City!

A. J. Ralston, president of the Bank of California, had made millions from the mines at the Comstock and he was looking for new adventures in finance



A typical log cabin where miners lived in the many Bullionvilles throughout the early days of the West. In the desert areas they made their quarters out of rocks and adobe. Author found a Chow Chow bottle at this abandoned cabin.

when he heard about Bullion City. He lost no time in getting in on the ground floor by buying some of the best properties. Ralston built the camp's first smelter in 1870 and followed it with a mill which was installed at the Empire Mine.

There is little record of the town itself or of its business houses but its population must have numbered in the hundreds judging from the mills which were built and the amount of ore they produced. Although the ore at Bullion City was plentiful it wasn't the high grade that Ralston wanted and he soon began looking for greener pastures. Still, so long as the mines made a profit the mills kept working and Bullion City went along its merry way. By the late 1870s, however, the grade of its ore declined until there wasn't enough gold or silver to keep going. With lead worth only 3¢ a pound and copper not much more the mines were forced to close. But the assets figure on the plate glass window of Ralston's bank had been raised by \$3,000,000 by then, which isn't bad for a camp

started by a one blanket burro prospector!

The list of Bullionvilles goes on and on. There was Piute County's Bullion City in Utah. Its future looked so bright back in 1873 it captured the county seat from Circleville, only to lose it a few years later to Marysvale when that camp boomed. Lander County, Nevada had its Bullionville also, back in 1906 when a townsite was laid out and lots were sold, but it had grown to little more than a tent town when a richer strike was made across the mountains and its citizens left in a mad rush for the new Golconda. Maps of

the Great Basin are dotted with Bullionvilles and many have fascinating stories to tell. My favorite Bullionville was the one in Utah's Uintah County, where the outlaws outnumbered the miners!

Uintah County was always a tough place, from the time the free trappers held their yearly rendezvous in Brown's Hole and it never tamed much after that. With Utah, Wyoming and Colorado all claiming jurisdiction over Brown's Hole, but none of their lawmen daring to enter, it soon became a refuge for outlaws. Among the members of the wild bunch who hid out there was Jesse Ewing. Ewing spent much of his idle time prospecting. In a canyon which still bears his name he discovered a ledge of high grade copper ore. Ewing dug a tunnel deep into the canyon wall before he was killed in a fight over a woman, but by then news of his discovery had been carried to the towns of nearby Ashley Valley.

On June 4th, 1880 a group of miners met at the Vortex Cafe at Vernal and or-

Continued on Page 39

San Juan Outpost in UTAH'S RED ROCK CANYON

by
Walter
Ford



ON APRIL 6th, 1880, a group of weary travelers arrived at the present site of Bluff, Utah, to end one of the most amazing treks in the annals of Western history. During a six month's period 240 men, women and children crossed some of the most rugged terrain in all America, withstanding back-breaking labor, hunger and freezing weather without the loss of a single member of their party. In fact, their numbers increased—four babies were born along the way.

In the late '70s, officials of the Mormon Church, alarmed over increasing depredations against white settlers in the San Juan country, decided to colonize the region with their own followers to cultivate goodwill among the Indians and maintain law and order. On October 4th, 1879, a band of sturdy pioneers with 85 wagons and several hundred head of livestock started their long journey from Cedar City to begin a new life in a hostile land.

The route selected for the two-mile long caravan, apparently with little previous exploration, was through the historical Hole-in-the-Rock, an opening in a canyon wall that tapered down to a passage barely wide enough for a man. Here,

despite bitter cold and privation, they performed the seemingly impossible task of widening the cleft in the wall for the wagons and making a road to the Colorado River, 2000 feet below. By January 29th the job had been completed and the caravan moved across the river and toward its goal.

Soon after their arrival a town which they called "Bluff City" because of the nearby bluffs was laid out. The word "city" was later dropped. Some overly optimistic members of the colony reasoned that far distant Council Bluffs, Iowa, was sometimes called "Bluff City" and they did not want their new town to be confused with it.

A few years after it was established the little community of Bluff began to prosper. Fruit trees which the settlers brought with them started producing a quality of fruit that attracted buyers from all of the San Juan area. Cattle raising gained it the reputation of being the richest town per capita in the Western States. Large red sandstone houses still standing give proof of the affluence of their former owners. And there was one other distinction that was due to Bluff's location—its post office was farther from

a railroad than any other post office in the United States. Bluff thrived for several decades, then in the early '20s the population began to decline. For years it slumbered as a ghost town with only a few families remaining.

During the later years of the Depression, Ernie Pyle traveled through the Southwest and recorded his impressions in his book, "Home Country, 1939." About Bluff he wrote:

"Once Bluff was alive. There were cattle there and people were rich. But that was long ago. Bluff was dead now, well knew it. The immense square stone houses, reminiscent of past wealth, stood like ghosts, only one or two to a block. Sand was deep in the streets. People moved slowly, for there was no competition. Nobody ever came to Bluff."

Now the little town is on the upswing again. People are coming to Bluff. Some to enjoy its unusual scenery; others to explore the ruins of a people long vanished down history's dim trail. And others are coming just to enjoy the serenity the community provides. Bluff has motels, service stations, grocery stores, in fact everything to meet the travelers' needs. And if you enjoy camping along

the way excellent campsites are available.

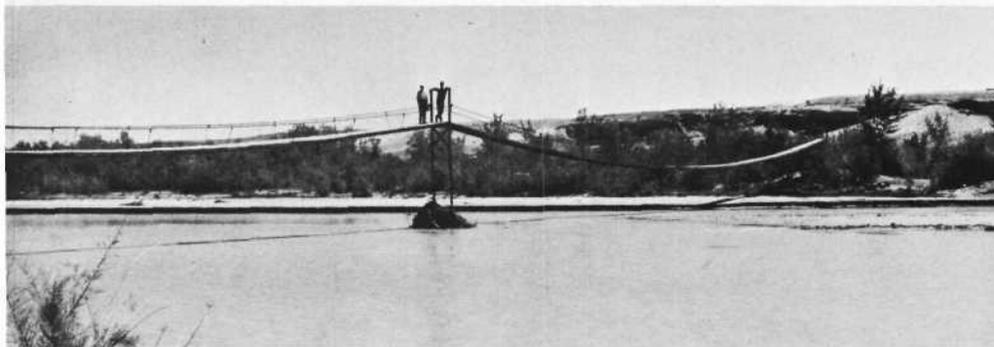
When my friends, Baylor Brooks, Charlie Cryster, and I were in Bluff last summer we found first-rate air conditioned rooms at Recapture Lodge. It has a swimming pool and automatic laundry. Recapture Lodge is owned and operated by a congenial young couple, Gene and Mary Foushee. Gene is a geologist who knows the geology and archeology of the region which he interprets nightly with a slide show at the lodge.

One of the most prominent scenic attractions of the area is located about 8.5 miles northeast of Bluff and known as "Recapture Pocket." Here, in a wide wash, erosional forces have created a fan-

tastic stone menagerie in an array of colors that will delight the eye of any color photography fan. A graded road leads to the wash and once there you may drive within a short walk of practically any structure on its floor.

If you look at a map of the region and note additional geological features such as Recapture Creek and Recapture Canyon, you may wonder about the significance of the term "recapture." Several legends have been woven around its origin, and, strangely, the least credible one seems to have gained the widest acceptance.

Peter Shurtz, an itinerant trapper and prospector of the 70s, is reported to have



Sitting beside the road along the Navajo Trail (opposite page) two Indians groom their hair in what the author calls the "Navajo Beauty Shop." A foot bridge (top) spans the San Juan River near Bluff. Many of the colorful formations (above and next page) after which Bluff was named. Photos by the author.



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spread the story throughout the San Juan country that after Aztec ruler Montezuma's defeat by a Spanish army, he escaped from his captors. Shurtz maintained that Montezuma fled northward and hid out in the present Recapture Canyon until he was recaptured.

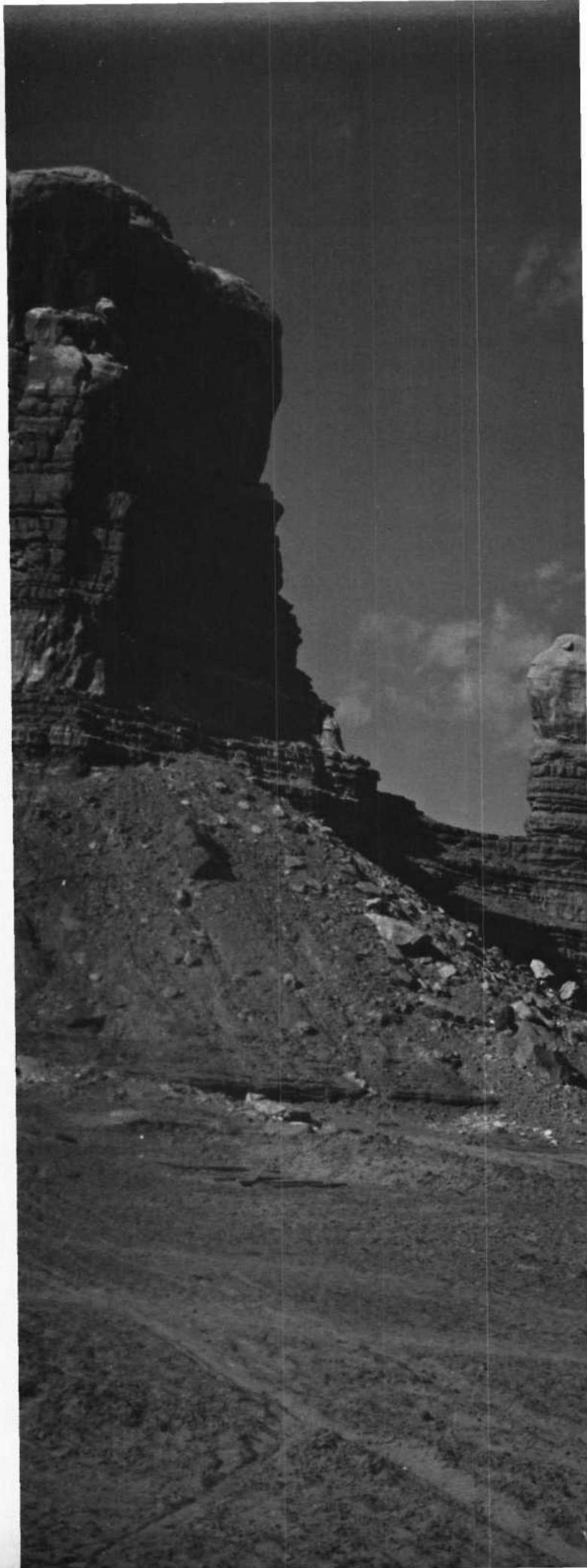
However, history records that Montezuma was killed in 1520, and the first Spanish soldier to travel northward from Mexico may not have done so until 1526. Some unsubstantiated accounts hint that one of the Cortes' lieutenants may have penetrated Arizona as far as the Zuni villages at that time. Other legends, dull by comparison but more plausible, tell of prisoners breaking out of jail and hiding in the area until the long arm of the law reached out and gathered them in again.

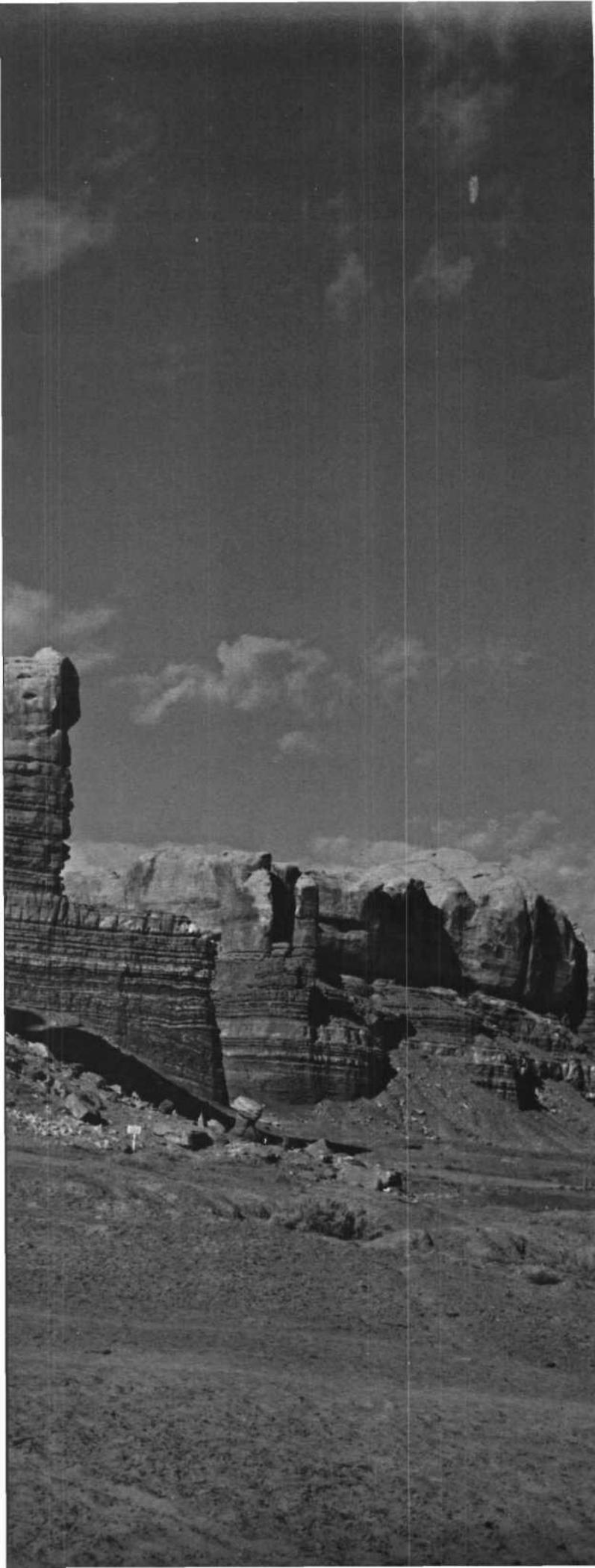
Archeologists have long found the Bluff area a fertile field for research. The first evidence of the Basketmakers was discovered in Butler Wash, about five miles west of Bluff, when 90 bodies and a large number of finely woven baskets were found in a cave. The profusion of baskets led to the term, "Basketmakers." Archeologists have not been able to place an exact date on the beginning of the Basketmaker era, but studies have shown that by 217 A.D. it was well established. The end of its era is calculated to have been about 700 A.D.

This also marks the beginning of the Pueblo period when unidentified tribes built and occupied stone dwellings along rivers and high up on canyon walls, then approximately 500 years later departed as mysteriously as they had come. The term "Anasazi" which in the Navajo tongue means, "Ancient Ones," is often applied to their dwellings.

There are several Anasazi ruins in the vicinity of Bluff, but the most popular one is known as the "Fourteen Window" ruin, located on the south side of the San Juan River four miles east of the town. An added thrill to the trip is walking over the long suspension bridge above the river.

Back before the bridge was built two friends and I walked along the river to view the ruins and passed near a Navajo squaw's summer shelter. When she saw us she ran over and began to shout and wave her arms. Although her words were unintelligible her sweeping left arm told us that she owned all the ground





before us, the river, and the ruins beyond. Her cupped right hand indicated where the toll for passing should go. We went along with her demands and gave her all of the change we had, but apparently it wasn't enough. She began to shake her fist and shout, "My'a! My'a!" The same performance was repeated when we returned. The incident was forgotten until last summer when I asked a Navajo girl in the Cameron cafe what the word meant. When I told her where I had heard it she said we had been called "Coyotes," which is the lowest form of animal life known to her people.

Last August when the political campaign was underway, we noticed a young Navajo woman sitting on a bench at a Kayenta trading post. On the back of the bench a "NIXON'S THE ONE" sign was posted. It looked like a setting for a good photo shot, so while one of our group went into the trading post for film I paid the young woman to keep her from wandering away.

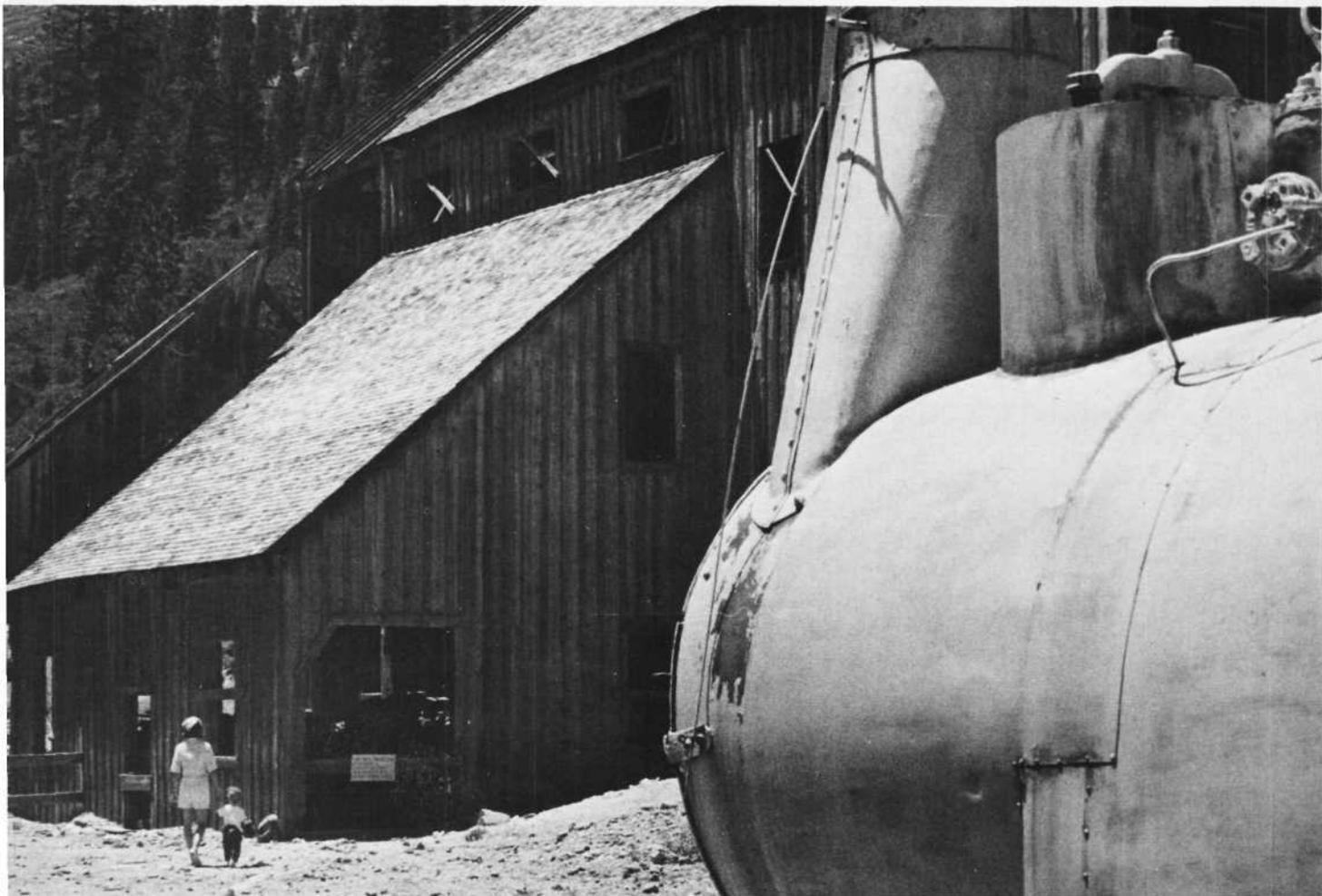
After we left Kayenta we all agreed that the young Navajo woman had been unusually cooperative, then during the discussion we learned the reason. Our model had been paid three times. Unknown to the others, each of us had paid her in the belief he was the only one doing so. However, we had the consolation of knowing this was an occasion when we could be certain of not being classified as "Coyotes."

The statement, "Half of the fun is in getting there," which often appears on travel posters is particularly applicable to traveling over the Navajo Trail to Bluff. Here life moves along a slower tempo and patience becomes a rule. Stop at a trading post or two along the way and watch the Navajos as they come in to renew old friendships, transact business with the trader, or just discuss the latest gossip with a neighbor.

You will have an opportunity for some unusual photo shots, but make certain to get the subject's permission first, then pay whatever you consider reasonable for his or her cooperation. You will find this Navajoland which ranges from Cameron, Arizona to Bluff, Utah a strange and wondrous country which makes only one demand upon you, the traveler; that you provide the time to see and enjoy what it has to offer. If you will do that, a happy vacation is assured. □

Ghost of the Golden Era Johnsville

by Ernie Cowan



MAN'S THIRST for riches is often quenched in strange ways. History is alive with many tales of accidental discoveries that turned poor prospectors into rich gentlemen. One such discovery in 1851 not only made a group of men richer, but was responsible for the birth of a town.

Today, like the 1851 prospectors, old Johnsville, California, is a ghost of an era past. The tiny community sprang to life during the boom years, shared the joys and hopes of a rugged determined people, and slowly died with the 19th century.

Johnsville is located in Plumas Coun-

ty near the middle fork of the Feather River. New life has come to the area in the past 10 years with the formation of 5000-acre Plumas Eureka State Park.

When I first visited Johnsville 11 years ago, the old town boasted a population of 10. Big news of the time was about a local wag who had fallen through the rotten floor of the town outhouse. The main street, lined with rotting wooden buildings of the golden era, was the sleeping past.

Today a new road and new interest by the State Park system has brought progress to Johnsville. The parks department has established a fine campground next

to the old town and a restoration program is underway to put the color and life back into the community.

Johnsville can be reached by taking Interstate 80 east from Sacramento or west from Reno. Turn north on State Highway 89 to Mohawk and follow the signs from there. It is a year-round community offering winter sports as well as summer recreation.

Johnsville was born in 1876 when a man by the name of John Banks filed a 20-acre land claim on a level stretch of land and built a hotel. By popular agreement the town came to be known as Johnstown, but later was changed to



A huge boiler from the old Plumas Eureka mill rests in foreground (opposite page) as visitors explore the area. Along Johnsville's main street an old building crumbles under the weight of time. Although the town is empty, the surrounding country is a favorite sports and recreation area.

Johnsville. But the history of the area goes back more than 20 years to the summer of 1851.

A group of nine prospectors were camping at the foot of Gold Mountain during the summer of 1851. They had been combing the rugged high country in search of gold. Near the end of the day's journey, as camp was being prepared, a group was sent to climb the mountain—now known as Eureka Peak. On the way up the mountain the men found a gold vein that would start a rush to the area and eventually yield over \$80 million in gold.

The town of Jamison City was the first in the Eureka Mining District and it enjoyed growth and prosperity until 1873. At that time a British mining concern controlling the Plumas Eureka mines decided to build a town. The new town was called Eureka Mills and by late 1873 it sported three saloons and a boot-making shop, livery stable, hotel, two stores and several homes.

Then in 1876 Johnsville was born. By that time Jamison City had become the home of single miners while Eureka

Mills was characterized by family life. Johnsville remained a small settlement for two years until work began at the Mohawk Mill nearby. The large stamp mill became the center of activity and soon entire families moved to Johnsville.

By 1882 this new mountain town had grown to three general stores, two hotels, two meat markets and an adequate number of saloons. Life was good, times were happy and a young town was growing to maturity. The prosperous life continued for more than a decade. New buildings were added to the town and it continued to grow to a population of several thousand.

By 1888 things started to change in the mining district, however. Ore yielding at \$12 a ton when mining had begun was a thing of the past and the average yield was now closer to \$7 a ton and often as low as \$5 a ton. In May of 1899 a fire destroyed the hoisting works at the Jamison mine near Johnsville. The fire loss meant a reduction in the mine's work force because milling had to be suspended. The pinch was felt by the entire population of Johnsville. Then in 1901 a scarcity of water forced

a 20-man cut in work crews at the mines, another blow to the small mining town. Each one of these economic hardships were eventually overcome, but the pinch had its lasting effects.

The real tragedy struck Johnsville in August, 1906. A fire swept the mountain mining town and nearly destroyed every building. Four times since 1888 fires had struck the town and each time it had risen again. But the fire of 1906 was the death blow from which the town would never recover. Some buildings were rebuilt and the town continued to limp along until about 1943 when all mining operations ceased.

Today one can wander down Johnsville's main street and wonder at the history each old building holds. There are nameless old houses which were once filled with family life, the old fire house, a store whose roof has fallen in from the many winters of heavy snow.

Johnsville of 1969 is a far cry from the Johnsville of 90 years ago. The old Johnsville is an era of the past, but there's a new bonanza today from modern type prospectors looking for recreation and fun heralding a new golden era. □

DESERT DWELLER

FROM A life in the sea to a desert home is about as far as you can go, but the scorpion clan made it—although it took a while. Sometime in the past, so long ago it is not known when, an enterprising water scorpion left his ancient home in the brackish shallow waters and crawled out on shore. His advent was the first foothold on land gained for that great tribe of animals—the arachnids—of which spiders, ticks and mites are members.

Evolutionary remodeling gradually took place to convert a water-dwelling animal into a full-fledged land lubber. The old gills became an air breathing set up, the limbs changed to give better support and walking action. Improvement was made in food catching claws, and a fancy stinger added.

So, as long ago as 360 million years, scorpions which looked exactly like to-

day's model, were on the scene — and since this design proved so successful, practically no changes have been made since. Strangely enough, the crusty jointed body left over from the old sea days is admirable for coping with the desert's killing dryness and lethal heat.

The scorpion wears his skeleton on the outside. It is made of chitin, a substance secreted by the body which makes a covering hard physically and resistant chemically. Practically impervious, it reflects heat and holds in body moisture, keeping the scorpion from becoming desiccated in his arid environment. As in medieval armor, hard plates protect body parts with flexible joinings located at strategic spots to allow bending and movement.

The scorpion is put together in sections. The head and thorax are combined into one, followed by segments of the ab-

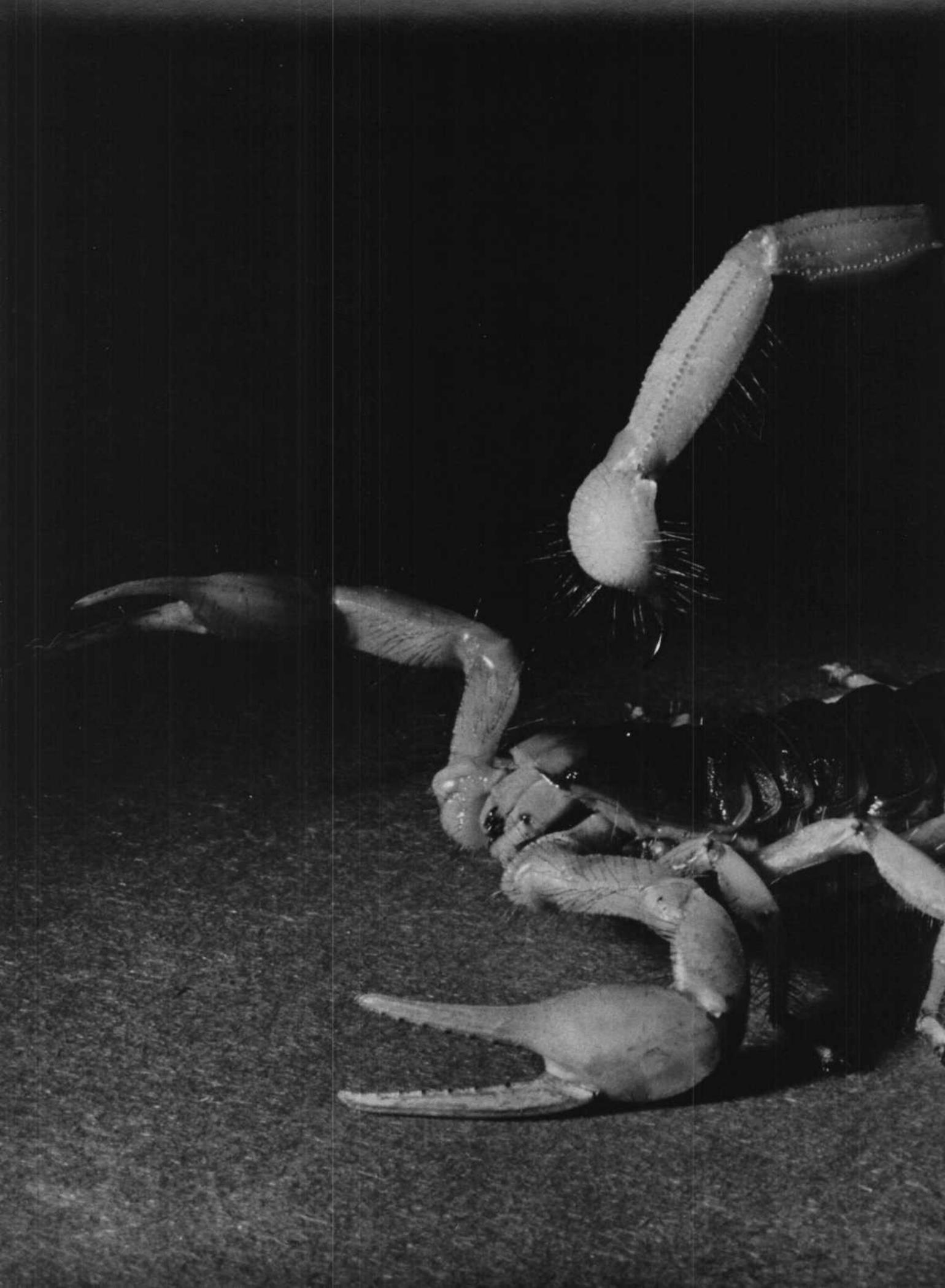
domen housing various machinery. The tail parts bring up the rear, with the end one being enlarged to contain the poison department. This consists of a couple of big glands with muscles to push the venom out and a sharp needle claw at the very tip for administering it.

The big drawback to outside armor is that since it is not elastic it does not allow for growth of the body inside. Hence it has to be shed periodically. The new cuticle secreted allows a certain amount of body expansion for a time, but when that growth limit is reached, the covering must be shed again. Most of the arachnid tribe moults about five times before reaching adult size.

In addition to the big claws which are his trademark, the scorpion has various other appendages up front mostly involved with the business of eating. There are also four pairs of jointed walking-legs that move the animal around at a good pace, while on the underside of the

FROM THE SEA

by K. L. Boynton
1969





abdomen are a pair of comb-like processes called "pectines" peculiar to the clan. These are richly endowed with nerves and probably have something to do with the sense of touch.

Still more equipment for bringing in news of the environment is provided. There are sensory hairs, for example, very sensitive to touch and vibration (and perhaps sound waves) that are scattered over the body. They are particularly numerous on the big claws. Each hair is freely moveable since it has a ball base that fits into a socket in the armor. Information transmitted down the hair is picked up by a nerve cell in the socket, and passed along to the nervous system for action.

In addition to sensory hairs, there are special organs located in slits in the armor here and there, covered by a very thin membrane. These deal principally with olfactory and chemical matters. Some may be auditory, also, some keep tabs on tension changes in the body covering itself. All are designed to protect the scorpion and aid in food getting.

The scorpion has eight eyes; two larger ones are located on top of the big shield that covers the head-thorax; six, smaller, are arranged three to a side on the front edge of this same shield. In spite of such a fine array, he doesn't see well, for none of them forms a good image, and besides he's nearsighted, being unable to see moving prey more than 3 to 4 cm. away. In his case poor eyesight doesn't make much difference, since he operates at night anyhow, and is so well supplied with first class touch and chemical receivers.

Being a hunter of live prey, the scorpion is active and fast, his heart ticking along about 150 beats a minute when he's on the go. Supplying the oxygen for this rapid tempo are "book" lungs, so called because they are made in the form of page-like plates. Each leaf contains many fine blood vessels just under a thin membrane. These lungs are housed in pockets in the abdomen, open to the outside by slits. Air circulates around and between the leaves of the lungs and oxygen passes into the blood vessels, carbon dioxide out.

Most of the scorpion's nervous system is concentrated in making the touch system highly efficient, and in operating those body parts concerned principally with the capture and intake of food. A

particularly high bundle of nerves extends down the tail to the stinging department, the most useful adjunct to grocery gathering.

Scorpion menu includes insects, spiders, centipedes, woodlice, other scorpions and what else is around? The prey is caught and held by the big claws, and if too big to be quieted by pincher action alone, is subdued by the sting. Since the tail is normally carried up over the back as it is heavy and would otherwise create a balance problem, it is handy for close cooperation with the claws.

The scorpion's mouth is very small, but there are extra parts outside that work with it. The bases of the big claws, for instance, are modified into biting processes, while the bottoms of the two first pairs of walking legs, pointing inward and forward, form jaws for crushing food.

While the prey is torn by the claws and worked over by the biters and crushers, enzymes secreted by the midgut are poured out of the mouth over it. This makes a kind of partially digested broth which the scorpion sucks up into his mouth and down the hatch by a pumping action of his very elastic gullet. Feeding by this method is slow, and may take several hours, but the system is a good one for desert survival. The moisture in the prey's tissues supplies that needed by the scorpion to withstand dessication without additional water.

Equipped with thermosensitive cells on his legs, along the sting bulb and on the claws, the scorpion is constantly informed about temperature. If he is on ground that is uncomfortably hot, he stilts, raising his body as high as possible, but generally he avoids such heat simply by sleeping the day away under rocks or loose shale or in wood or in holes. An excellent digger, he braces himself on the last pair of legs, and uses the front three pairs to push sand backwards. Soon he has a good retreat dug down where the temperature is considerably cooler and the humidity better. Thus he solves the desert's high temperature problem by avoiding it.

Every adult scorpion runs its own affairs, living alone, hunting alone, eating alone. An unavoidable encounter with another results in a fight, the larger ultimately dispatching the smaller and promptly dining on him. The meeting of

a gentleman and lady scorpion, however, is a different matter.

L'affaire d'amour in scorpion circles is a kind of promenade for two, a stately dance where each partner knows and performs the intricate steps. First they face each other, walking in a slow circle. Then, joining claws they walk up and down, tails curled high over their backs, in a kind of elegant pavane, a grand march to and fro that make take hours. Finally the male deposits a sperm capsule on firm ground, and steering the female over it so that its hooks catch into her body, ends the courtship dance with a circle promenade. But alas for courtly manners. The grand finale in most species is a wedding feast for the lady—her partner being sacrificed on the altar of love.

Mother is head of household, naturally, since father was precipitated from the scene. Female scorpions are ovoviviparous, the eggs being kept in the body for several months it takes for the young to develop and finally hatch. Fresh out, the young climb aboard their mother's back, hanging on until after the first moult, generally about a week. This too, is good desert survival for the species, insuring that the youngsters reach a sufficiently advanced state before being compelled to shift for themselves. Some 90 youngsters may constitute a family.

Big families are needed, for scorpions

have many enemies. Grasshopper mice take big tolls of them, certain birds, lizards dining on them. More recently man has joined the enemy ranks, for somehow he does not regard the scorpion with affection.

Scorpion poison varies in virulence according to species, certain kinds amounting to perhaps only something like a hornet sting. But the *Centroides* bunch, for one, found in the southwestern U.S. and Mexico have a toxin that hits the nerves and is sometimes fatal to man.

The Arabs, long accustomed to dealing with one of the biggest and "hottest" kinds, known for swift and deadly poison, have a slogan: "If you're thirsty, forget it, but don't forget to shake out your shoes!" This is a good practice for all desert dwellers.

The thing is that scorpions were here first, and man, in extending his living into the desert regions is invading their stamping grounds. When the scorpion walks into that shoe he's not aiming to be chummy with man, being a very solitary fellow at heart himself, and wishing only for a quiet, dark and cool place to wait out his day.

In the natural scheme of things, scorpions fill an important niche keeping down insect numbers. On the job for many a million years, these crusty old ex-sea salts have almost become a world wide symbol of the desert itself. □

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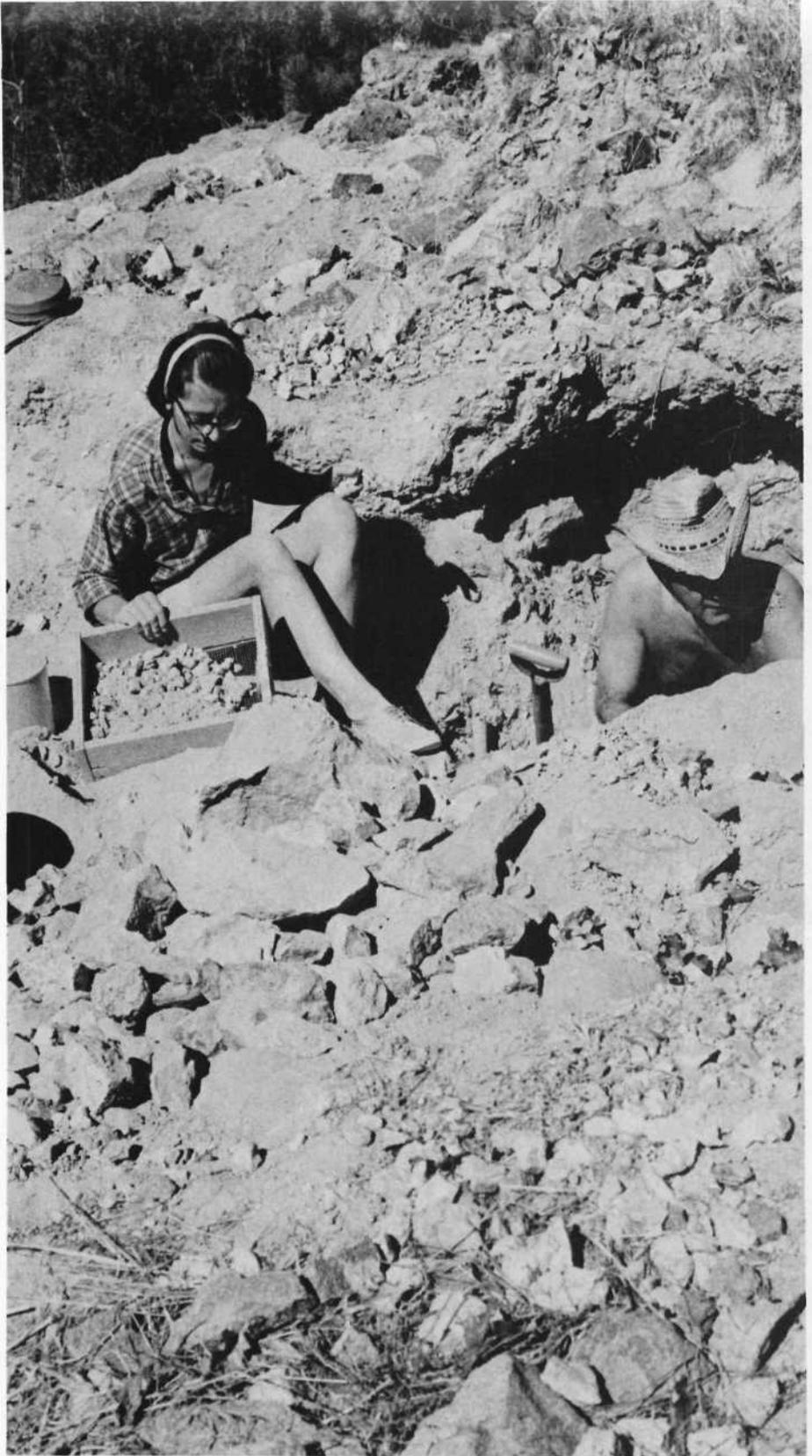
NESTLED IN the picturesque hills of California's San Diego County is one of the world's largest fields of tourmaline where families can spend a pleasant weekend searching for the beautiful gemstone. And somewhere under the ground in the vicinity of the Himalaya Mine are buried bags of the beautiful crystals just waiting for some lucky prospector.

The Himalaya is located on Gem Hill a few short miles from Lake Henshaw near the Cleveland National Forest. This tree-covered area hides the huge Himalaya Belt, which consists of numerous mineral-bearing pegmatite dikes through the mountain range.

Many deserted diggings attest to past efforts of mountain men to extract the tourmaline and other related minerals from the dikes, but one has to look close to find them as the pine forest has almost hidden the vacated areas.

There are several mines in this area still in operation. The most prominent is the Himalaya Mine, which has produced more than \$600,000 of tourmaline and beryl. And the Himalaya probably has yielded considerably more to those who didn't care to have it known.

Tourmaline is a mineral of variable color that consists of a complex silicate and makes a gem of great beauty when



Working the old dump of the Himalaya Mine usually results in finding beautiful tourmaline. Screening has proven to be the best method of exposing the gemstones.

LOST GEMS OF THE HIMALAYA

by Jerry Jenkins

transparent and cut. It comes in several colors, the most popular being green and pinkish red. It is normally pencil-shaped with one half red, one half green. Other colors are blue or purple, which is influenced by other minerals. Black is the most common, but most of the black is quite brittle and crumbles easily in your hand. There are certain occurrences of gem quality black which is quite rare. Most of the tourmaline found ranges in circumference from about the size of a matchstick to a pencil. However, there have been locations reported to be up to three inches around.

Tourmaline normally will have a hardness of between 7 and $7\frac{1}{2}$ as compared to a diamond which has a hardness of 10. It can be cut into gemstones or surface shaped as display jewelry. Many collectors desire tourmaline in natural form.

Average grade tourmaline now markets at \$4.00 to \$8.00 a carat in the raw state, depending on color. The blue and purple colors will run a little higher. The gem quality black prices will depend on the needs of the buyer, as it is rare. Museums and collectors are a ready market for specimens in cluster, matrix or unusual single pieces. The prices are usually what the market will bear. The electronics field is now a new customer for experimental uses of the gem. The Himalaya Mine already has many standing orders from various parts of the country for any form of tourmaline it mines.

In the late 1880s, Indian boys brought in bright colored jewel-type sticks to the Mesa Grande general store in exchange for candy. The store in turn began trading these sticks for merchandise, or sometimes was able to sell some to travelers. Most of the area was Indian populated and the sticks were of little value to these people.

The young Indian boys told of finding these sticks in the nearby hills in abundance after the rains. Often the store would refuse to trade with Indian children because of a surplus. The boys would then set the crystals upright on high knolls and use them for target practice for their bows, rocks and spears.

In 1898, Gail Lewis made the first registered claim in the mountain range overlooking Mesa Grande Valley. The first diggings were of the open quarry type. Hand labor was slow and discouraging. On one occasion a large group of

workmen were digging in a huge cavity on top of the hill now known as the Pine Tree Dump—and had a wheelbarrow almost full of tourmaline. Around noon they left their diggings for lunch, and the huge overburdened ledge above the cut caved in. It buried the wheelbarrow and all their digging tools under tons of dirt. That was enough for the disheartened workers. The mine was abandoned after a futile effort to recover the gemstones.

One of the corporate owners of the mine, Linley K. Hall, took me up an old, narrow road and showed me the Pine Tree Dump. The years have covered the spot, but the deep cut and the actual dump are apparent. He also showed me the spot where he feels the wheelbarrow of tourmaline is buried. A sunken spot with wide cracks indicate a definite cavity below. The regular mining operations below in the main tunnel take up all his time, but some day he hopes to look for the wheelbarrow.

In 1902 the mine was acquired by J. P. Tannenbaum of New York, who christened it the Himalaya Mine. Samples were exposed to foreign markets in the hopes of establishing better prices for this relatively new gemstone.

The Empress Tzu Hsi of China was so impressed by the pink tourmaline she ordered all that could be produced of the gemstone to be carved by her craftsmen into baubles for her pleasure. For some unknown reason, the green was regarded by the empress as being of no value at this time. Speculators argue that this was due to the excessive green jade then available in her country. 'Anyhow, the green was severed from the specimens for shipment and either thrown in the dump or put in storage bags for future use.

When the Chinese Imperial Government fell in 1912, the tourmaline market also fell, and the mine once more closed. Tannenbaum was forced into bankruptcy.

Old residents of the Mesa Grande area tell of countless loads of green tourmaline buried in bags at this time somewhere in the area, with two huge pines as a marker. The idea was to hide the gemstones until the day the market for tourmaline would go back up. The hiding place was forgotten with the years and the passing of Tannenbaum.

The Himalaya remained deserted, ex-

cept to periodic prospectors, for many years. During the depression days, many prospectors extracted profitable finds from the Himalaya. In fact, the area was open pickings to anyone. No one is quite sure how much wealth was yielded during these times, but it must have been considerable.

The Himalaya was purchased by Ralph Potter in 1952. Working on a part-time basis, the mine yielded several hundred pounds of gemstone. Potter later sold his interests to Himalaya Gem Mines, Incorporated, leased it back and again worked it until 1966. Since then, the corporation has been working the mine. Most of the work is done now during weekends. Plans call for extensive review of more than 1600 feet of tunnel in the hill.

Hall showed me a tremendous cavity in the main mine that resulted from a recent cave-in. As yet, no one has ventured into the cavity for a look. The danger of additional cave-ins is very high. I must say I was highly tempted to risk a peek myself. It would have been a chance to look into the heart of the world's largest producer of tourmaline. People can visit the mine free of charge by appointment most times of the year. You can also try your luck in the old dump for \$2.00. Children are free.

Some families come up with their screening boxes and picnic baskets and spend the entire day sifting through the huge dump. The old dump is still yielding rich finds of gemstones overlooked in earlier mining operations. A rock club recently went home with a piece of green tourmaline about half the size of a billy-club. Often, after a rain, you can find beautiful gem crystals laying right on top of the ground.

The mine has a few screening boxes you can use if you don't have one, but it is best to bring your own. You will also be able to tour the main tunnel providing it is safe to do so at the time. Interested parties can write to Himalaya Gem Mines, Inc., P.O. Box 1034, La Mesa, Calif. 92043.

One day, perhaps by accident, a fabulous green tourmaline treasure will be found neatly bundled in bags. Some lucky digger will find it near two large pine trees. And when this happens, that certain someone will have uncovered the mystery of "The Lost Gems of the Himalaya." □

Hee Haw Valley

by
Jack
Delaney



Pat Tupa teaches the youngsters the fine art of milking a goat.

IF YOU happen to pass a certain unique farm on the outskirts of Vista in California's San Diego County you'll hear the hee-haws of burros, the laughter of children, the guffaws of their parents, and even a few chuckles from Bob and Pat Tupa, who have opened their "spread" to the public, especially the kiddies. This should be your cue to turn into Hee Haw Valley and spend a few interesting hours.

Originally it was Bob Tupa's burro farm; but it has grown into a play place for children—and an interesting rest stop for adults—with an assortment of farm animals for the guests to feed and pet.

Here, the young fry can explore and enjoy the wonderful world of animals. They can feed goats, chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, guinea pigs, and a wide array of other domestic creatures usually found on farms. These animals must be happy and relaxed because, in every category, you'll see babies—and nothing can compare with the delight of feeding a

little kid (the young goat type) with a bottle of warm milk. You can do it here, as well as feed the mother and father goats, and any of the other animals.

Among several attractions that could be classed as unique in a routine farm setting, are a Myna bird who will call any guest a "jerk," with a little coaxing, and chickens from Peru who lay eggs with pastel green shells.

Two new projects are on the drawing board at present. They are a miniature railroad to transport the children around the grounds, and an Indian village complete with wigwams and other reminders of the time when all of this country belonged to the Red Men.

Be sure to bring your camera. Children reacting to the farm animals, feeding and petting them, and a number of humorous signs posted around the grounds make wonderful material for memory photographs. The only fees charged are 25 cents to enter (to help cover the maintenance expense), a small charge for the

burro rides, and a nickel a bag for animal feed. In this place, nobody gets rich and everybody has fun—including Bob and Pat who enjoy playing host as much as the kiddies enjoy being guests.

To get to Hee Haw Valley from Highway 395 turn west onto Highway 76 for about seven miles, cross the bridge and take the Vista Road. About a mile from the bridge is the Hee Haw Valley sign.

Hee Haw Valley is not a typical amusement park—it is strictly a family enterprise. Bob, Pat, and their four children run the place. Their work varies from wrangling burros to feeding bottles to baby goats. When you feed the "kids" you are actually helping these folks with their chores!

The farm is open to the public daily, except Mondays, during the summer, and on weekends and holidays the balance of the year. Bob's invitation is: "When you're in this area, pull up, rest a spell, and let one of our goats nibble on your shirt sleeves." □

CLAMMING AT EL GOLFO

Continued from Page 15

ed up the girls, who had been working relatively clean sandflats, returned to camp and started gorging.

After that we went to town, had ice-cold drinks at the open-air restaurant, sitting at tables, looking out over the water. We rented a room in the little motel for four dollars a day and used it as headquarters where we could take showers. The management kept it supplied with towels.

When I asked about the hot water I was advised that the water "is at room temperature." This was something of an optimistic description, but as Sam aptly remarked it made you feel so good when you got out that you didn't give a hoot.

There are several restaurants in Santa Clara, but the one big restaurant which has the open-air pavilion fronting on the gulf was all we needed. That restaurant served shrimp, or prawns, which were so huge that three of them made as much of a meal as I cared to eat. They also served choice fish fresh from the gulf, cold drinks, and tortillas.

While it was warm in the Imperial Valley, the flats down there on the gulf were delightful. The air was pure and dry, tempered by an ocean breeze which seemed to have been robbed of humidity but was still cool and delightful.

Then came Saturday and the beginning of an influx of tourists. Native boys showed up with clams to sell, asking two pesos a dozen. Fishermen brought in several sharks for sale and there were some large fish offered. People began to come in singly; then in groups, and then in droves. When we started out for home Sunday morning we met car after car spinning down the paved highway to El Golfo.

Nor is it any wonder. Here is a place that is very accessible, particularly to people in Southern California. They tell me that it is relatively cool here even during the summer months, due to a constant breeze from the gulf. The people are

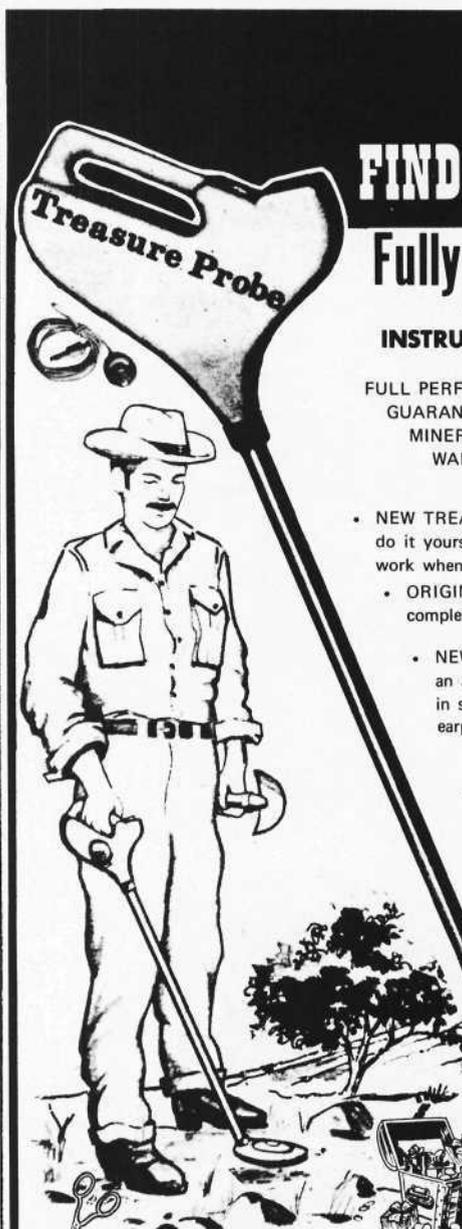
delightful. Prices are moderate, and there is a general atmosphere of relaxation which permeates the whole place.

We found that we really didn't need our four-wheel-drive cars except for short distances which we could just as well have covered on foot. The light "bug" slithered along over the tideflats a couple of hundred yards farther than the heavier cars could have gone in safety; but when one is dealing with something

as steadily remorseless as an outgoing and incoming tide one has to be very careful not to get a car stuck in the tidal flats.

Clams will keep for a long while if they are properly cared for and those clams at El Golfo are tasty and flavorful. There are no restrictions about taking them across the border.

What more could anyone ask? Here is a section of desert which really should be better known. Try it sometime. □



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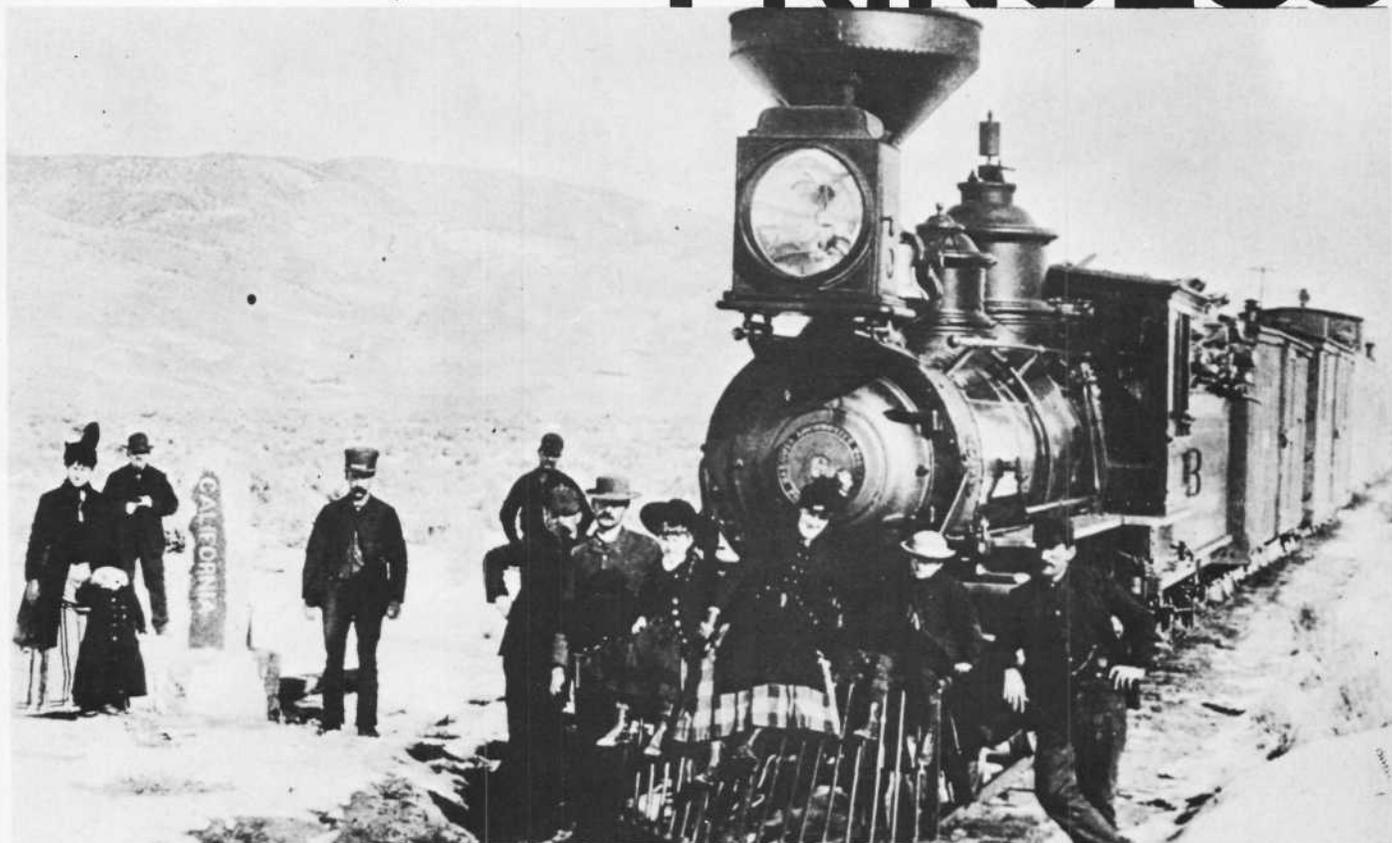
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SIERRA SIESTA FOR A SLIM PRINCESS

by Joan Gleichman



Old Hawthorne No. 6, pulling several cars along the Carson & Colorado, stops at the California-Nevada state line so passengers can pose for this picture in 1887. Photo courtesy of T. H. Hagemann.

BISHOP, CALIFORNIA in the Eastern High Sierras, 270 miles north of Los Angeles, has long been known as a prime hunting, fishing and recreation area, but not many people know a "Slim Princess" lies sleeping less than five miles from Bishop. No regal crown encircles her brow, and her "eye" has lost its gleam, but she is a princess none the less.

Travelers driving north from Bishop on Highway 6 to Laws, California will enjoy a visit back to the 1880s when the Slim Princess reigned in her heyday.

The Bishop Museum and Historical So-

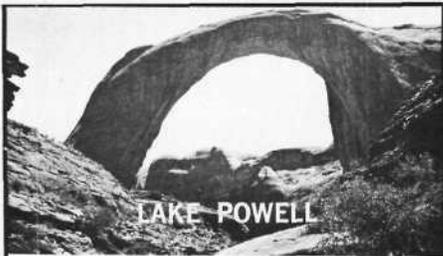
ciety's Railroad Museum at Laws attracts tourists and railroad hobbyists from all over the United States and the world. Since its opening on April 1, 1966, more than 20,000 visitors have toured the 11-acre complex at Laws.

Origin of the nickname, the Slim Princess, has been hard to trace. It is not known whether old-timers were referring to the sleek, slim lines of the narrow gauge 36-inch rails or to the train itself, but today the name has become synonymous with the train, a ten-wheel Baldwin built in 1880.

The Laws-Keeler Branch of the South-

ern Pacific narrow gauge, formerly the Carson & Colorado, was the last public carrier operated west of the Rocky Mountains. The Slim Princess is no longer a public carrier. As the tourists climb aboard her engine she sleeps on, perhaps dreaming of the days long ago when a tender loving, yet strong hand held the throttle and guided her smoothly along the narrow track.

Her siesta began on April 30, 1960 when she arrived at Laws for the last time, her services no longer needed. The expense and time consumed in the transfer of shipments between the narrow



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gauge and standard gauge cars could no longer be justified. Locomotive No. 9, a string of cars, the Laws Station building, and the surrounding railroad installations were formally transferred from the Southern Pacific to the City of Bishop and the County of Inyo in the form of a gift.

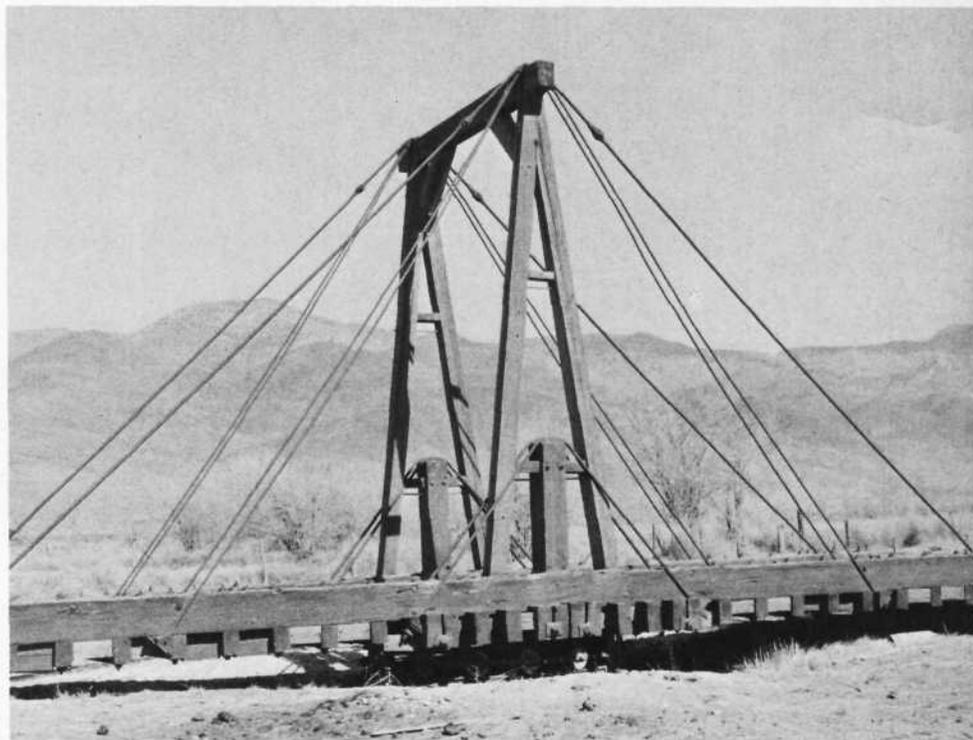
Old-timers chuckle when they recall a story about the conductor and the bull elk. The railroad was operated very casually in those days. Herds of elk often roamed the area around Tinemaha Reservoir and at times crew members carried rifles in the caboose of the train and did a little hunting along the way. One day while they were switching at Aberdeen, one of the not-so-friendly elk took a dislike to the conductor and chased him for several car lengths before he managed to scramble up the ladder of a boxcar to safety.

In the good old summertime, the crew of the Slim Princess often took a dip in Walker Lake after leaving Hawthorne,

Nevada. On this particular day, after they were out of sight of town, they decided to go for a swim. This time they were caught with their pants down, so to speak, when the wife of a local editor got off the train and discovered, to her horror, the reason for the long delay. This refreshing habit was discontinued when the railroad made a new ruling after a searing editorial appeared in the paper denouncing the lack of decorum among the crew members.

As you climb down from the cab of the Slim Princess and continue your tour of the grounds, you will discover that the Bishop Museum is more than just a Railroad Museum.

Visiting hours are from 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. daily. Your first stop on the tour will be the Reception Center in the Sweetwater Building. Other buildings on the grounds, not a part of the original railroad facility, were part of a western setting built by Paramount Pictures and



Hand-operated turntable, (above) built in 1883, was used to turn train around for return trip from Laws to Keeler. Looking as though she was ready to head down the track, the Slim Princess (right) rests on her narrow gauge track since she started her siesta in 1960.

used in filming the movie Nevada Smith starring Steve McQueen.

In the depot Waiting Room you will find many items of interest. A railroad postoffice collection includes a copy of a letter mailed November 12, 1887, carried by the Carson & Colorado Railroad and cancelled "M. House & Keeler Railroad Post Office." An old sign standing in a corner advertises Dusey's Store For Men, Bishop, whose slogan reads, "Everything for Men—except Wives and Whiskey."

At the end of the depot is a five room residence with a fenced yard which was the Station Agent's residence and has been restored with items in keeping with the period when the Narrow Gauge played an active part in the life of the community. Continuing on past the Station Agent's house there is a water tower and a hand-operated gallows type turntable built in 1883 and used up to the last day of the train's operation to turn the train

around for the return trip from Laws to Keeler.

The Water Tower, which provided storage for both human and locomotive consumption, is now a permanent part of the Laws exhibit. Prospectors and people living along the line used to bring their empty barrels to be refilled by the train crews. Tenders were also fitted with spout and hand valve so the Indians could help themselves to water.

There are those who remember the days when the Slim Princess flew along the rails with a sparkle in her "eye" . . . the retired engineer who kept a steady hand on her throttle, the elderly couple remembering the day a youthful bride-to-be was met at the station, the soldier who waved goodbye as he left for war . . . all must feel a sense of serenity and satisfaction when they see their Slim Princess, at last, receiving a long overdue recognition. □





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Back Country

Travel

by Bill Bryan



In the four wheel drive and dune buggy competition fields there have been many exciting events recently.

The Borrego Rough 100 stirred up a hornet's nest of controversy. The course was so poorly marked that 27 of us became lost and ran out of time before we could find the course again. However, I really enjoyed the race and am looking forward to the next one, but I hope the IDRA and the sponsors of the race will try a little harder next time.

The annual Fast Camel cruise sponsored by the Sareea Al Jamel Four Wheel Drive Club of Indio, California was held last month. More than 300 jeepers showed up for this trip through the rugged Chuckwalla Mountains of Southern California. It is interesting to note that almost 50 percent of the folks attending this year had never been on a Fast Camel trip before, and many bought new back country rigs just so they could be there.

The National Four Wheel Drive Grand Prix was held in Riverside in May with more than 6000 spectators attending this exciting race. This year nearly 50 percent of the race course was through mud and water. The Chevy Blazer, latest entry in the off-road vehicle market really made a good showing at this event under the capable preparation of Vic Hickey and his Desert Dynamics Company with Drivers Donnie Bayer of Las Cruces, New Mexico and Johnny Diaz, Los Angeles. Carl Jackson, Hemet, winner of two previous Grand Prix, lost his first round in



More than 1000 Alaskan Camper enthusiasts and friends from throughout the United States and Canada will attend the 1969 Alaskan Camper International Encampment this June at the Flying W Ranch near Colorado Springs. The fellowship and fun continues for the entire week of June 22 to 28.

a mud hole, as did actor Steve McQueen.

The Mini-Boot, a relative of the Baja Boot, powered by a Chevy Four, was doing well until Driver Lee Epstein had bad luck coming out of a water hole and was beaten by Larry Minor, Hemet, driving a FoMoCo Colt, a cut-down Bronco prepared by Holmon-Moody-Stroppe, Long Beach.

There was \$4,200 in cash awards, plus thousands of dollars in contingency awards from manufacturers. Overall winner of the 1969 Grand Prix was Chuck Coye driving a Baja Boot dune buggy.

What do the drivers get for racing in these off-road events? One of the largest sponsors gives the drivers all of the prize winnings, plus all expenses. Most of the other big outfits give the drivers 50 to 60 percent of the purse, plus expenses. This is what most of the individual drivers are working toward when they prepare their own cars for racing. When they do get a big sponsor they have ser-

vice of their car and usually large pit crews to look after the rig.

Larry Minor, Hemet, who drove the James Garner American International Race Team Broncos to many wins has switched back to Holmon-Moody-Stroppe Broncos. I understand the American International Race Team will be entering future races with American Motors Ramblers.

Rodney Hall, who has driven many of Brian Chuchuas Jeep entries, has signed with Holmon-Moody-Stroppe. We understand Carl Jackson, Hemet, will be driving for the A.I.R. Team.

Spike Cooper, Hemet, may take the Jeepster helm from Brian Chuchuas. Donnie Bayer, Las Cruces, New Mexico, will step from Jeep to Vic Hickey and the Chevy Blazer.

I also hear that Steve McQueen is building a team and International Harvester may jump on the band wagon with its Scout.

WHERE'S BULLIONVILLE?

Continued from Page 19

ganized the Carbonate Mining District. It was 10 miles square and included the Ewing Mine as well as a number of promising claims in nearby canyons. A townsite named Bullionville was laid out on July 3rd, 1880 near the head of Brush Creek about 27 miles north of Vernal. The new mining camp that grew up at the townsite was a rough mountain town of log cabins. Although many mining claims were located few were worked at first for investors were hesitant to put money into mines so far from railroads and mills. Famed outlaws like Butch Cassidy, Matt Warner and Elza Lay often stayed at the new camp and it wasn't long until it was known more as an outlaw hideout than as a mining camp.

In 1886 it began to look more like a mining camp for Lewis Dyer discovered a ledge of ore which became the well known Dyer Mine. Dyer had a good thing, the ore was high grade copper and there was lots of it, but like other prospectors in the district he found financing hard to come by. Finally he loaded a wagon with his ore and hauled it to Salt Lake City where a banker named Gates saw it and agreed to loan Dyer \$30,000 to develop the mine. But apparently Dyer decided a bird in the hand was worth two in the brush, at least in the brush of Brush Creek, for he took the \$30,000, left Banker Gates the wagon load of ore, and was never heard from again!

Gates, who now held a mortgage on the mine, decided to make the best of a bad deal. He built a smelter at the mine, hired a crew of miners, and began working the mine. Ore at the Dyer Mine was very rich, much of it assaying 50% copper. The higher grade ore was hauled to the railroad at Carter, Wyoming, 100 miles away across the rugged Uintah Mountains. Some idea of the hardships freighters encountered on that primitive mountain road can be seen in an article which appeared in the Vernal Papoose on January 16th, 1891.

"Ore teams from the Dyer Mine have been abandoned only 20 miles from Bullionville. They have been buffeted with constant winds and buried under huge

snow drifts for 48 hours, without food for either men or horses. Company officials say the road to Carter must be abandoned as the cost of hauling that way is \$40 a ton, to say nothing of the terrible hardships to men and animals."

The only alternative was to haul the ore to Vernal and then 150 miles across the Ute Indian Reservation to the famous Marsac Mill at Park City. Only the richest ore could be hauled so far but ore from the Dyer Mine was that kind for in 10 years over \$3,000,000 worth was shipped. The success of the Dyer Mine attracted more prospectors and in 1894 several rich gold strikes were made near Gilbert Peak. Owners of the Victoria Mine claimed they had \$40,000 worth of ore ready to ship with \$100,000 more being mined while the Legal Tender and Dead Man mines were being sunk "on a free gold ledge." The Bromide Mine was incorporated for \$250,000 but shipped only 30 tons of ore before its shallow vein was mined out. Like the Bromide other ore veins proved to be shallow and the new rush fizzled out, leaving the Dyer Mine as the main producer, and its time had about run out.

In 1900 the Dyer Mine was closed forever, its rich ore veins lost in a maze of faulted strata, and Bullionville's last support was pulled from beneath it. The turn of the century also marked the beginning of the end for the Brown's Hole outlaws. In only a few years they were gone and an unnatural quiet settled over the old camp. Over the years the only witness to its decay has been an occasional sheepherder and today only the yawning shaft at the Dyer Mine and a wooden sidewalk in the grass that doesn't go anywhere are reminders of its past.

Where's Bullionville? Bullionville was anywhere the cry of gold was heard and everywhere a new camp sprung up. Bullionville was the Great Basin in the days of White Pine and Washoe, of Tooele and Tintic, when the West was new and the prospector was young. The closing lines of an old miner's ballad sadly recall those days of the past:

"But now, alas, those times have flown,

We ne'er shall see them more, Sir,
So let's work our claims, and not
repine,

For the days of '49 Sir!"

Calendar of Western Events

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

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

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

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Woman's Viewpoint

Two months ago we published a request by one of our readers for a recipe for Prickly Pear Jelly. In doing so we got ourselves into a sticky jam. We have received dozens of recipes — we didn't know it was so popular. Since we can't print them all here is one more and thanks to the following who also sent in recipes: John W. Green, Mrs. Hester Stromberg, Marjorie E. Rohrer, Mrs. Gladys Dodge, Mrs. A. L. Darr, Mrs. Rachel Thompson, Mrs. Walter Graves, Mrs. Theodore E. Border, Clyde Liscomb, Mrs. Celia Lundgren, Mrs. Mina Shuler, Maurine Amundsen, Mrs. Mary E. Jewell, Mrs. Minnie Birch, Mrs. Maurine Knight, Mrs. Louis W. Ramsey and Sophie Burden.

PRICKLY PEAR JELLY

Gather about a quart of fruit to make 2½ cups juice. Do not use overripe fruit unless you use a few under-ripe pears to add pectin. Pick fruit with kitchen tongs or a fork, giving a little twist to sever the fruit from the plant. Brush pears with a vegetable brush. It is not necessary to burn off spines because they will come off as the fruit is pressed through a jelly bag.

Rinse fruit and place in a kettle, adding enough water to cover. Boil until quite tender, about an hour. Press with a potato masher to break skins, then strain through a jelly bag, or two thicknesses of cloth.

To 2½ cups of juice add one 1¾-ounce package of powdered pectin (not liquid) and bring to a fast boil, stirring constantly. Add 3 tablespoons lemon or lime juice, and 3½ cups sugar. Bring to a hard boil and cook for 3 minutes at a rolling boil.

Remove from fire. Add a little red food coloring, after skimming, and pour into sterilized jelly glasses. Cover at once with 1/8 inch of melted paraffin.

MRS. HAROLD KUNZE,
Tucson, Arizona.

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Rock Springs Canyon . . .

Regarding the query about Rock Springs Canyon in the April '69 issue, Mr. McNett states it about 30 miles west of Brawley which would place it in the north central section of the Navy Carrizo Impact Area. The maps I have do not name the canyons in this area but this may be a possibility. This area is closed to the public.

Relative to the Rockhouse Canyons in Anza-Borrego Park there are two of them. One is at the north boundary at Hidden Springs and the other about 5 miles southwest of Sweeny Pass. See Horace Parker's *Anza-Borrego Desert Guide Book*.

MARK BUNCH,
Inglewood, California.

Everyone Reads Desert . . .

We thought you might be interested to know that your magazine appeals not only to the "weather-beaten desert rat" but also to the younger generation.



Our 18-month-old Jennifer (when this photo was taken last December) really enjoys "reading" your magazine. We are a Desert Magazine family.

MRS. PAUL MacMURRAY,
Westminster, California.

Some conservationists are fighting the road that will lead into the Mineral King area. Yet at present, this rugged wilderness is appreciated by just a small handful of people. When I see the millions of people each year who are able to drive through the beautiful Sequoia Park and share in the glories of this area, it is maddening indeed to read of those who would like to keep these beauties just for themselves.

Instead of preserving these areas for the few, preserve them for all America to drive through, to see, to appreciate, for I feel this beautiful land of ours should be there for all of us to see.

EVERETT M. JACKSON,
Lynwood, California.

Which New Year? . . .

Author Roberta Starry in *Chinese Wall*, April, '69 issue, credits the dynamic duo, McDonald and Small, with evicting the Chinese

Letters to the Editor

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope.

from the Slate Range on New Years Eve. Neil C. Wilson, in *Silver Stampede*, has the duo doing their thing in the Panamints, also on New Years Eve—a busy pair.

PHIL CASSELL,
Riverside, California.

Author's Comment: When incidents were taking place in the good old days, few had time or the inclination to record what actually happened or exactly when. Facts are scarce and in the often repeated versions, it is difficult to sort out when, who or where.

Through years of collecting material for a book, I have interviewed many of the old time freighters, now gone to the happy hunting ground. According to one who traveled the Slate route to Panamint in 1874, the Chinese road builders wintered on the slope of the Slate Range. The old freighter told of the Small and McDonald incident on the Slate range pass. The winter of 1874 was a rough, cold one, so few people remained up at Panamint. Wilson says this too.

McDonald and Small were credited with abuse of Indians, Chinese and non-English speaking emigrants until Small's death in 1876. No doubt they gave the Chinese a bad time up at Panamint, but what winter? Take your pick of where and when, I'll stick with the old freighter until something more definite turns up.

Roberta Starry.

Wrong Family . . .

In your article on the Smoke Tree in the May '69 issue you quote *Rhus cotinus* as the botanical name for your desert tree. It is properly identified as *Dalea spinosa* (syn *Parosela spinosa*). It belongs to the Legumiosae family.

Rhus cotinus is a European tree. It is properly identified as *Cotinus coggygria* by Standardized Plant Names. The American Smoke Tree is *Cotinus americanus*. Both these trees belong to the Anacardiaceae family.

CLAUDE R. MOWRY,
Reno, Nevada.

Editor's Note: To Readers Mowry and Katherine Haines, of Topanga, thanks for keeping us alert on the proper scientific name of the Smoke Tree.

The Desert . . .

While visiting our neighborhood elementary school I saw the enclosed article on the bulletin board. I thought it worth sharing with your readers. The teacher, Miss Mary Elizabeth Drennan, and the class gave me permission to send it to you.

DESERT

The desert is dark with only the stars to help me see. Tumbleweed runs by my tent and a cactus claps his hands. A hot wind tries to tip me over. Far away in the ghostly mountains coyotes cry. The night is quiet and I feel far away from home and my family. First Grade Room 3, Loma Portal School, San Diego.

MRS. RICHARD COOLIDGE,
San Diego, California.

Coyote Canyon . . .

I enjoyed the article on Coyote Canyon in the April '69 issue. However, I was surprised no mention was made of the proposed plans for a paved highway through it. Certainly that piece of information is important to the article.

NORMAN ANDERSON,
Stanford, California.

Editor's Note: Reader Anderson evidently missed the December '68 issue and the editorial in which Desert opposed the highway and joined with many other groups in pointing out reasons for our opposition. At a hearing on May 9, the proposal to pave Coyote Canyon, or any other alternate route through the area, was vetoed by the California Park and Recreation Commission.

A PIT STOP

In the April, 1969 issue we published an article by Al Pearce on EARTH COOKERY in which he used chicken wire to lower burlap-covered food into hot coals in a pit.

Mr. F. T. Doane, a chemist from Houghton, Michigan, states that some chicken wire is galvanized with a heavy coat of zinc and that it could possibly contaminate food with which it came in contact. He suggests using black iron wire or screen instead of chicken wire.

Al Pearce is in Baja and could not be contacted before our deadline. Despite the fact Mr. Pearce has used his Earth Cookery method many times and the burlap keeps the food from coming in contact with the wire, to be on the safe side, we suggest readers use other wire as suggested by Mr. Doane.

Back cover: A fisherman stops to admire the majestic peaks in the Oak Creek Canyon, Arizona area. Photo from files of Desert Magazine.

