

OCTOBER, 1969 50c

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# Desert

MAGAZINE

**ACAMBARO  
MYSTERY** BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

# Desert Magazine Book Shop

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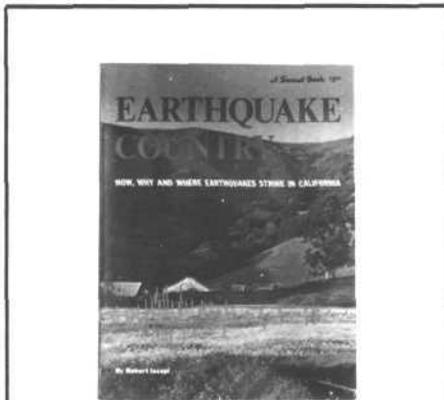
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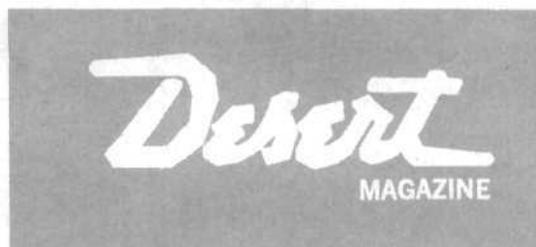
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# A Peek in the Publisher's Poke

WITH THE increasing number of people who are heeding Horace Greeley's words to "Go West!" land that was once barren and housed only the little animal life that could eke out an existence in such an area, is being developed daily into ever-growing communities and subdivisions. This has forced our little creatures into a smaller world and no doubt has annihilated many thousands. Now a new threat has come to our scaled and furry friends. The creatures are being

preyed upon by human beings who form "weekend safaris" in search of specimens for the trophy room or worse yet, for commercial gain. The situation has developed to the point where the Desert Protective Council has adopted the following resolution:

BE IT RESOLVED, that members of the California legislature are urgently petitioned to introduce and sponsor the passage of an amendment to Section 5000 of the Fish and Game code to provide wildlife protection as follows:

That it be unlawful to sell, purchase, needlessly harm, shoot any projectile at, or remove from its natural habitat any species of lizard (Suborder *Lacertilia*) or any non-venomous snake (Suborder *Ophidia*), with the following exceptions:

That for the purposes of scientific study in the field or laboratory, the California Division of Fish and Game is authorized, upon application, to grant authority to any accredited school or museum to issue individual permits not exceeding one year in duration to individual faculty or student members or scientific personnel of the institution for the removal of such specimens of lizards and non-venomous snakes as are essential, to biological study, and be it further

RESOLVED, that copies of this resolution be sent to members of the California legislature with the request that they introduce and sponsor the passage of such legislation as herein proposed.

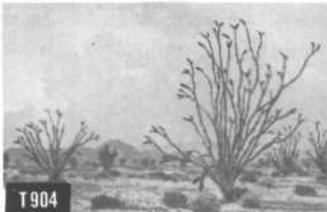
We endorse this resolution with a closing note. The nearby city of Desert Hot Springs became so tired of the senseless slaughter and/or removal of desert creatures they passed an ordinance proclaiming the entire city to be a wildlife sanctuary and have posted signs to that affect.

Last December DESERT Magazine was fortunate in being granted an exclusive article on the Calico diggings and now again we are privileged to present another archeological first. This time from the pen of Erle Stanley Gardner who is a master of both fiction and non-fiction. His interesting mystery appears on page 18 and is a condensation from his latest book on Mexico, *Host With A Big Hat*, wherein he describes the figurines which are causing a major controversy in the archeological world. He relates how the artifacts were found and why there is a possibility that prehistorical animals may have survived long enough to have had contact with human beings.

Now the cooler weather has returned, effective October 11 our little book and gift shop will again be open on Saturdays. So if you are headed for the Colorado or just out for a weekend drive, drop in and chat a while.

*William Kuyper*

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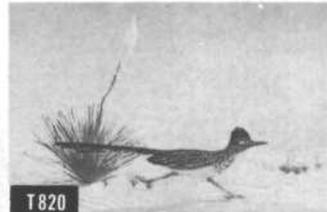
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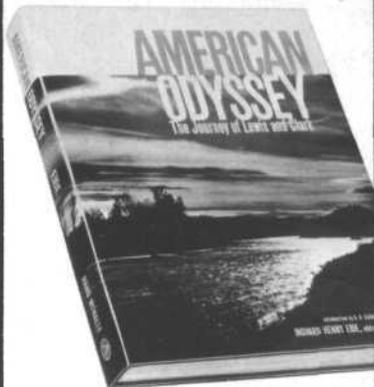
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# Book Reviews

by Jack Pepper

## HOW TO COLLECT ANTIQUE BOTTLES

By John C. Tibbitts

I am not a bottle collector in the sense I plan my trips and camping sites so I will be able to spend my time digging for purple glass or rare "patent" medicine containers.

However, during the 20-odd years I have explored the West I have found quite a few bottles which are now on display at the Desert Magazine Book Shop.

I have an interest in bottle collecting, just as I do in finding artifacts and other historical objects of the Old West. For this reason I was completely enthralled by John C. Tibbitt's latest publication. *How To Collect Antique Bottles* is more than a book on bottle collecting—it is a fascinating insight of early America as seen through the eyes of the medicine companies and their advertising almanacs.

One of the most popular of the medicines was Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters and some unknown advertising writer wrote:

"To the public of the United States... Hostetter's Stomach Bitters must not be confused with the Fungus pancreas gotten up by individuals who make it their business to speculate on the credulity of invalids. It has never been offered and will never be advertised as a miraculous elixir, capable of curing, with supernatural certainty and dispatch, all the diseases of the human family. No such universal specific ever did or ever will exist..."

After this conservative opening, the writer later states the Bitters "is a specific for dyspepsia, diarrhoea, dysentary, general debility, chills, fever, liver complaint, bilious remittent fevers, and the pains and weaknesses which creep upon us in old age."

And then our advertising writer, who

evidently had not been farther west than the Hudson River, really got carried away, stating: "Furnished with this preventative, the pioneer of California may fearlessly prosecute his search for gold and silver, in valleys and plains where his less fortunate predecessors (his spelling) have left their bones. The discolored water which serves alike to quench his thirst and obtain his treasure, may be drunk with impunity if mixed with this powerful and agreeable corrective, and the miasma which reeks from the soil of the mining regions, will have no injurious effect upon his system if sustained and fortified by this pure and wholesome vigorant and stomachic..."

Fortunately for our stomachs, but unfortunately for advertising copy writers, in 1914 the Pure Food and Drug Act put an end to such eloquent prose. Also included in the historical section of the book are dozens of reproductions of the labels and illustrations used to prove the value of the elixirs. For this part alone, the book is worth the price.

For avid bottle collectors—and those just starting—the author also includes chapters on The Whys of Bottle Collecting, Where and How to Collect Bottles, What Bottles are Collectible and many other informative chapters on cleaning, displaying and the history of bottles and why and how they turn different colors.

Author of six previous books on the related subject, Tibbitts and his wife have been collecting bottles for 30 years. Heavy, slick paperback, 118 pages, well illustrated, \$4.00.

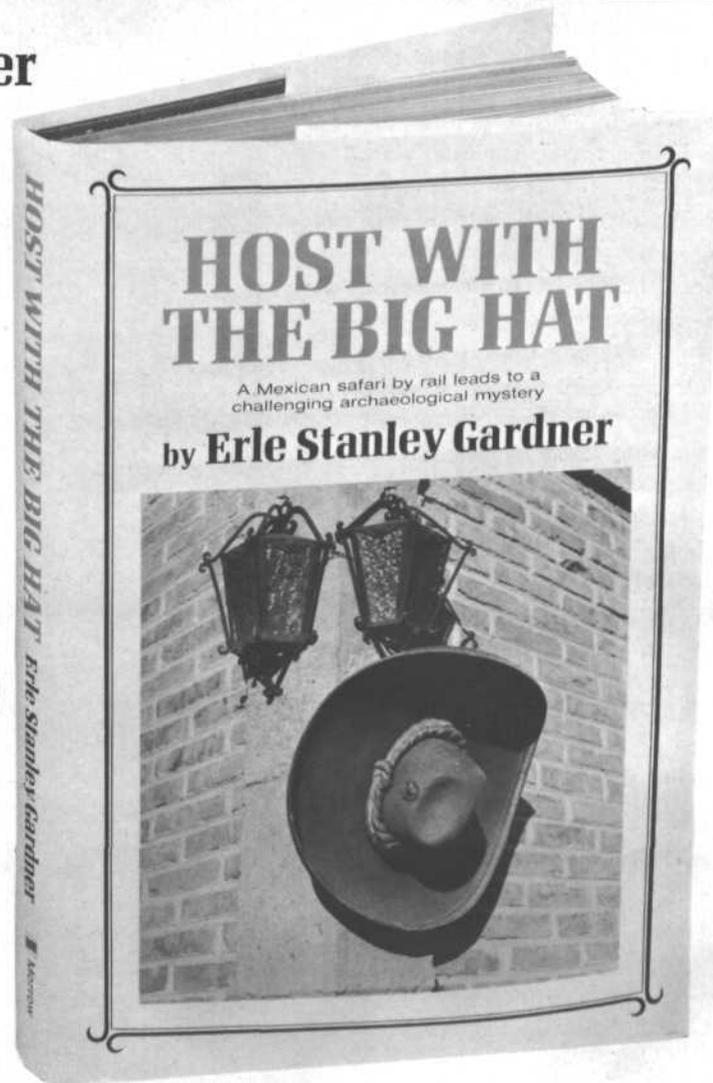
## ROAD MAP OF CALIFORNIA'S PIONEER-TOWNS, GHOST-TOWNS AND MINING-CAMPS

Compiled by B. V. Terry,  
Varna Enterprises

More than 400 place names are printed in red on this large blue and white road map. A special index classifies and describes the towns and sites. The map, with northern California on one side and southern California on the other, is 38 x 25 with a scale of one inch to 20 miles. \$2.95. Terry has also compiled a Road Map to Lost Mines and Buried Treasures of California listing 127 locations. Two-sided, 38 x 25, \$4.00. Both maps available at Desert Magazine Book Shop for \$6.50.

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describes the beauty  
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desert country.**

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**I**N THE rugged Carrizo Mountains of California's Imperial County Mother Nature has carved a massive canyon into the land. Fossil Canyon is a natural scrapbook containing the bits and pieces of the earth's history from 50 million years ago.

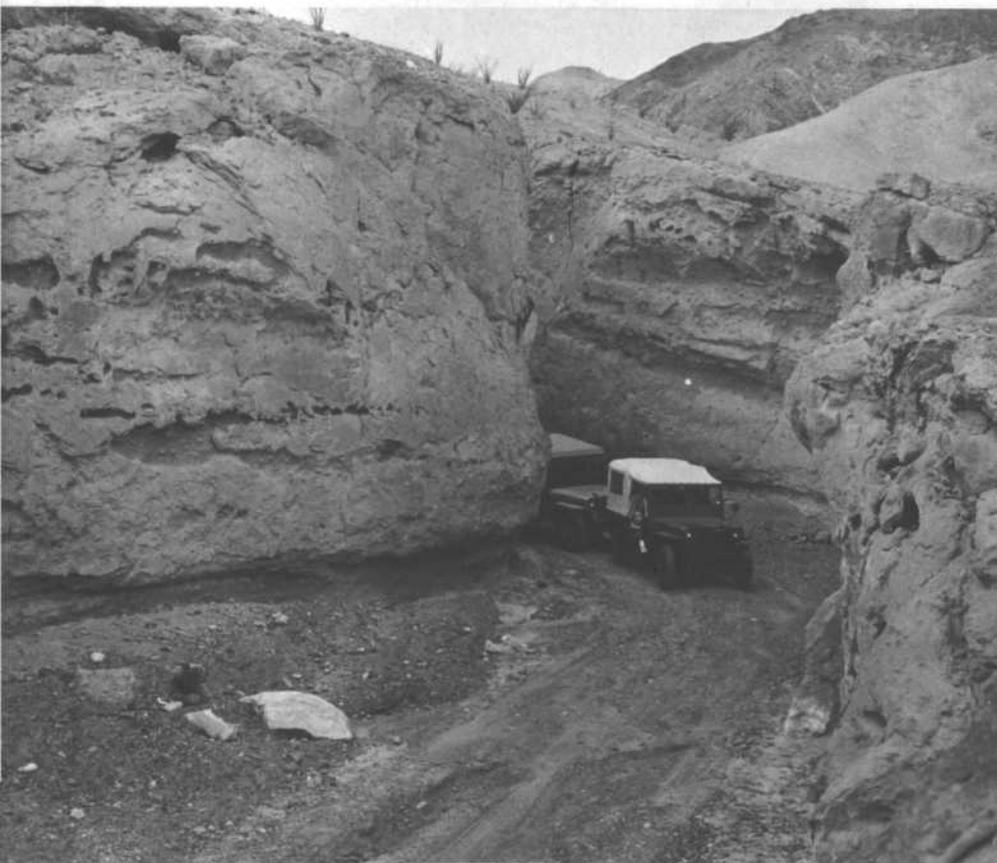
Located about 100 miles east of San Diego and about three miles north of U.S. 80, Fossil Canyon offers the weekend adventurer a place to enjoy the desert's solitude while exploring the earth's past.

The road into Fossil Canyon is easily negotiated in a conventional automobile, but take care with lower models. A hike into the canyon is the most enjoyable way to explore it.

To reach the scenic area take U.S. 80 to Ocotillo and turn north on County Road S-2, also known as the Imperial Highway. In about two miles you will come to a four-way stop sign. This is Fossil Canyon Road. Turn right and follow the road north past a quarry and on into the narrow gorge.



# FOSSIL CANYON



The towering sandstone and mudstone walls of Fossil Canyon offer the amateur geologist a picture of the earth's past as long as 50 million years ago when the sands were shifting under the currents of a great inland sea.

On top of the towering cliffs large ancient oyster shells, which long ago turned to stone, can be found. The challenge here is to find two matching halves.

In the sandstone walls are many interesting relics once a part of the aquatic community which thrived in the warm waters of the inland sea. Huge boulders that once were part of living coral reefs can be found and the canyon walls are filled with shells of many types.

Geologists believe the coral remains are an Atlantic and not Pacific variety. They say that during the Eocene geologic period about 50 million years ago the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans were connected across Central America.

Through time the passage eventually closed and the Atlantic type corals remaining in the Pacific became extinct.



*On the sides of the canyon walls (left) you can find oyster shells that have turned to stone. The trick is to find two that match. The desert floor is in the background. Erosion has created spectacular shapes and forms in Fossil Canyon. In some places (opposite page) it takes sharp turns.*

Now all that remain are the live coral in the Atlantic and the fossil remains in the southern California deserts.

Fossil Canyon, also known as Shell Canyon and Alverson Canyon, was formed over thousands of years by sudden rains which created flash floods that ate into the mountains.

In places the walls of the canyon tower 150 feet above the chasm floor and narrow to widths barely wide enough to allow an automobile to pass through.

There are also many cave-like passages leading off of the main canyon. Some of these are not more than two or three feet wide and run for hundreds of feet into the cliffs. They are not true caves, however, since they are open at the top. Some of the passages open into huge chambers that have been used by campers.

Fossil Canyon is an ideal camping spot for families with youngsters. There is no cactus and the high sandstone cliffs make good baby sitters, although there are trails leading up out of the canyon. On the weekends the canyon is filled with campers and sightseers, but on a weekday it is a place of solitude.

Old mining roads leave the canyon and climb into the mountains along steep routes. A short hike up one of these roads gives the desert buff a most spectacular view of the desert below.

If you visit Fossil Canyon remember that others will follow. Carry out any litter you have brought in and if you have room pick up that extra little bit left by someone else. Leave Fossil Canyon as Nature's scrapbook, not man's scrap pile. □

by Ernie Cowan



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*Mrs. Delinda Bare fought off an Indian attack single-handedly when a young mother and then lived to be 93 before passing away in 1929.*

# ALONG THE Modoc TRAIL

by Dorothy Robertson

**I**F YOU have never been to Modoc country, now is the time to come to this uncrowded, cool, pine-scented highland where icy streams and lakes await your fishing desires.

This 4000 square mile region of the West's last frontier is located in the northeastern corner of California, adjacent to the Oregon and Nevada borders. Here you will find hunting, fishing, water-skiing, swimming, hiking, and just plain adventure in back-country areas.

You can follow U.S. 395 all the way from Southern California to Modoc—a really beautiful drive, or you can take Nevada's uncrowded scenic State 34 via Pyramid Lake to Gerlach, where you turn west on State 81. This route brings you directly into historic Surprise Valley, which is hemmed on the west side by the rugged Warner Range.

The area's four little towns are spaced along the valley from north to south. Southerly Eagleville has quaint old-fashioned buildings. Ten miles before you reach Eagleville you pass the great Bare Ranch holdings, which is a working ranch.

It was to this homestead that Thomas Bare brought his young wife and her

two little children in 1884. Isolated from other valley homesteaders, they were constantly harassed by Indians. One day Thomas Bare had to ride off with some distant neighbors to round up their scattered cattle. They had no sooner ridden away when, to Delinda Bare's horror, a screaming horde of young bucks descended upon the tiny cabin.

Evidently the attackers had watched the menfolk ride away, and knew that the woman and children were alone. But they were rudely awakened. Delinda Bare was a sharpshooter. She barricaded herself in the cabin, laid out her ammunition, and shot so many of her attackers they kept a respectful distance between themselves and the spitting death issuing from the Bare cabin.

All day Delinda kept the Indians from approaching any closer than bullet's length until, at long last, the menfolk arrived at a gallop and sent the Indians headlong. Delinda said later, according to local pioneer descendants, that she reserved three bullets, to be used as a last emergency upon her children and herself, rather than fall alive into the hands of the Indians.

Cedarville, too, possesses its historic



building, still to be seen in the village green. This is Captain Townsend's log cabin, the first building erected, and sold by his widow after his ambush-death by Indians in 1865, to traders Cressler and Bonner.

Ten miles north of Cedarville nestles little Lake City, the first town to be built in Surprise Valley in 1865. From the vicinity of Lake City you can easily see the historic Applegate-Lassen Trail, once followed by emigrants and goldseekers of '49, as it winds out of Forty Nine Canyon down into the valley, then crosses the natural causeway between Upper and Middle Alkali Lakes, to continue northward to Fort Bidwell, winding over Fandango Pass and on to Goose Lake.

For a truly fantastic jaunt back into history, you have to see Fort Bidwell to believe it. This is the second oldest settlement in Surprise Valley. In 1865 soldiers came in response to the settlers' petition for military aid in repelling the fierce Indians of the region. Camp Bidwell (later changed to Fort Bidwell) was thus built and occupied for 28 years. On October 21, 1893, Troop C, Fourth Cav-

alry, filed out of Fort Bidwell for the last time, and the post was abandoned. Today, only a few foundations remain.

There is an old mining camp called Highgrade up in the northern Warners, just out of Fort Bidwell. A forest service camp is being completed for fall use. In this area are fishing streams and clear cold mountain lakes for your enjoyment.

While you are browsing through Fort Bidwell, you will find two authentic old stores still doing business there. The oldest store is the A. C. Lowell General store, built in the mid-1860s, still in its original state, with heavy iron shutters and bars over the windows. The last of the Lowells sold out recently, and the store is now owned and operated by the Harold Aschermans. Besides its modern grocery stock, the store is a veritable museum of pioneer day Americana and Indian artifacts, and really old photographs of the days gone by.

Miss Elsie Kober, pioneer descendant of the Kobers who took over the store built by Irwin Ayers in the 1870s, operates the mercantile store almost as it was a century ago. With modern clothing and footwear are the mementoes of yes-

teryear. Clothing and footwear and headgear worn by great-grandmother are still on display.

Both these Fort Bidwell stores constitute a museum in themselves, and afford a fascinating opportunity to inspect first hand a life once lived one hundred years ago.

As you leisurely vacation around beautiful Modoc, you can enjoy the various mountain drives taking you to scenic regions of northern California. Here wild game are often seen in the skies and in the mountains and valleys, including Canadian honkers and ducks, quail, pheasants, doves and rabbits. Deer are commonplace, even along the highways, around sunup and sunset, and antelope range in the higher altitudes.

If you are hiking enthusiasts, there is the South Warner Wilderness area where there are no motor trails. You go on horseback or on shanks' mare.

If you come to Modoc in the autumn months, you will find September to early November about the most beautiful time for a visit. This is the time of changing seasons when the deciduous trees turn wanton, flaunting their fantastic shades of yellows, oranges and crimsons in a last, brilliant fling before the snows start flying. The air is wine-tingly and bracing, the nights colder, but you'd find the days still holding the warm embrace of summer.

So take your time while seeing Modoc—you'll be glad you did, for the northern autumns are really worth experiencing, and when you strike the trail looking for that something different, something out-of-the-ordinary, remember—Modoc country is where the old West still lives. □



*All that remains of Highgrade, (left) a once boisterous mining camp in the Warner Mountains, are these few buildings.*

# CAMP INDE

**T**HE YEAR was 1862. America's attention was focused on a great and terrible conflict; places such as Bull Run, Shiloh, and Antietam were in the spotlight. Overshadowed was a small but fierce struggle raging in an almost unknown valley in eastern California. Owens Valley, it was called, named some two decades previously for Richard Owens, one of Fremont's trusted lieutenants.

Owens Valley in the 1860s was a primitive land. To the west, the jagged, snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada formed a towering barrier to Pacific storms and caused it to be, as Mary Austin later called it, a "Land of Little Rain." Twenty miles east, the rounded, tawny ridges of the Whites and the Inyos, rising almost as high, formed the eastern rampart of this great natural trench. The rocky, moisture-starved valley floor was mostly a sea of sage, supplemented here and there by tall cottonwoods and willows alongside streams gushing down from Sierra glaciers. Down the middle flowed the lazy, meandering Owens River, emptying its spent waters into the vast, shallow alkali sink of Owens Lake.

In spite of its barrenness, Owens Valley was for many decades the home of a hardy, peaceful people known as the Paiutes. These valley Indians lived a relatively simple life centered around a perennial search for food. They hunted deer in the mountains, fished the cold, sparkling streams, and gathered pine nuts every summer from forests in the nearby high country. Early white visitors to the valley reported these Paiutes friendly, and there were few incidents of friction between the Indians and the white man before 1860.

The white man's frenzied hunt for mineral riches finally changed the valley's peaceful pattern. It started with the discovery in 1859 of the fabulous Com-

stock Lode on the east side of the Sierra near Lake Tahoe. The eastern flank of the great range suddenly appeared to offer untold riches to those who would diligently hunt them. Thousands of hopefuls who had only recently crossed the Sierra to the Mother Lode country feverishly retraced their tracks back across the mountains. Other rich strikes soon followed near Mono Lake, and the boom towns of Bodie and Aurora blazed into the Owens Valley country.

Early in 1860 Dr. Darwin French left the San Joaquin Valley town of Visalia in search of the legendary Gunsight Mine. According to stories circulating at the time, a lone prospector had picked up a chunk of metal to make himself a gunsight; it proved to be pure silver. Rumors placed the silver lode in the desert mountains somewhere east of Owens Valley. French never found the Gunsight Mine; instead he discovered rich silver ledges in the Coso Range southeast of Owens Lake. Coso zoomed into prominence, and miners by the hundreds stormed into the area. Soon other prospectors, finding the Cosos all staked out, set up claims in the Inyo Mountains east of Owens Valley. To feed the hungry miners, cattle were driven into the valley, and white settlers soon followed. The peaceful, undisturbed valley sanctuary of the Paiutes was no more, and a clash became imminent.

The clash began late in 1861, when a cowherd shot an Indian taking a horse and the Paiutes retaliated by killing a white settler. Warfare in Owens Valley became general during the early months of 1862. By May the Indians, more numerous than the whites, controlled most of the valley. Miners and settlers fleeing the region asked the army for help.

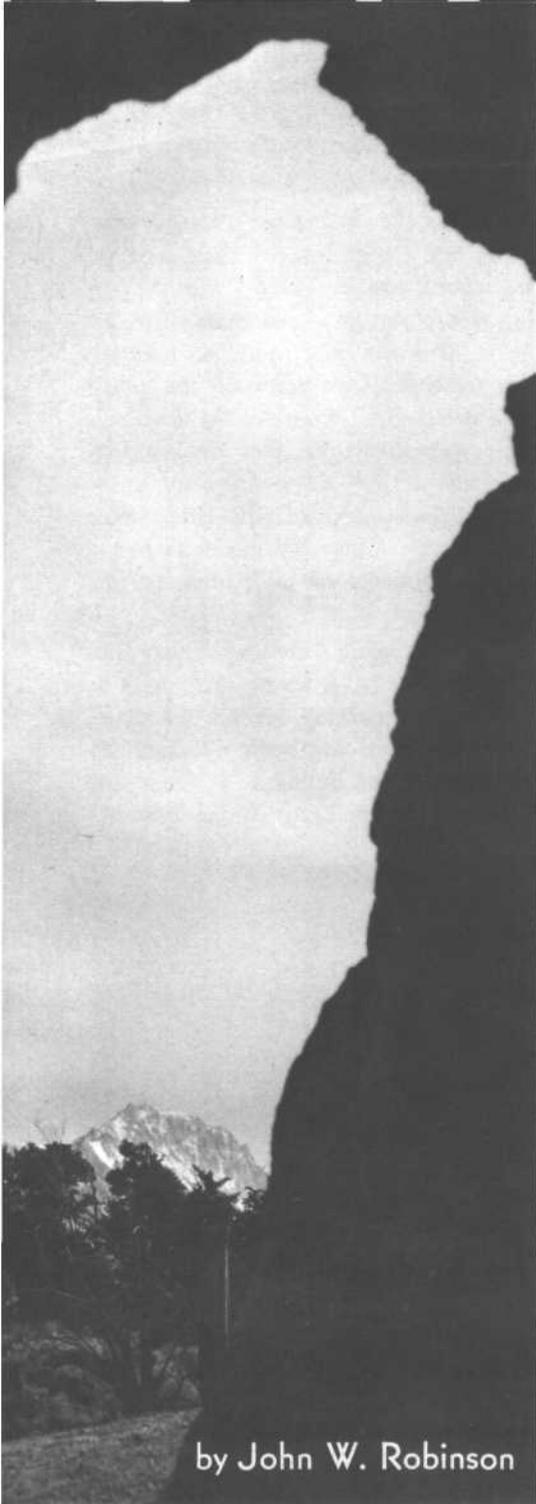
In March, 1862, a small detachment of California Volunteers, under Lt. Colonel George S. Evans, entered the

*Now covered with sagebrush, the site of Camp Independence is seen through the mouth of one of the caves in the area. All photos by Tom Ross, Independence, Calif.*

troubled valley from the south. After rescuing a small group of settlers besieged at Putnam's Fort, a strongly-built stone house and trading post near what later became the town of Independence, Evans continued north to the vicinity of Bishop Creek. Finding the Paiutes well entrenched in strong natural positions



# P E N D E N C E



by John W. Robinson

He commanded 200 men of the Second Cavalry, California Volunteers, and brought along a train of forty-six wagons carrying supplies for two months. Their destination was Pine Creek, where Evans planned to establish a base camp for his campaign to subdue the Valley Paiutes. The party reached Putnam's Fort at daylight, June 26th. They found nothing but ruins; the Indians had burned everything but the stone walls and carried away everything of value.

Evans rested a few days, then resumed the march north. But the journey was now more difficult. From far above the valley, torrents churned downward from the rapidly melting snowpacks of the Sierra crest. The resultant swelling of the Owens River and its many tributaries made it very difficult to get men and equipment across the larger water courses.

On July 4th, Evans and his men reached Oak Creek, about four miles north of the present town of Independence. Finding the creek a raging torrent, Evans decided to make his camp at a clearing above the south bank of the stream, twenty miles short of his original Pine Creek destination. Thus was born Camp Independence, named for the day on which it was founded.

This original Camp Independence would hardly have passed for a military post. The few buildings hurriedly constructed were of a distinct rudimentary nature, and many of the soldiers found shelter by digging caves in the walls of a large ravine nearby.

The first year of the post's existence was a harried one. The Paiutes were a stubborn and crafty enemy, and the campaign to wrestle from them control of the valley was long and difficult. Led by skillful chieftains such as Captain George (commemorated by today's George's Creek), Joaquin Jim, and Chief Butcher-

knife, the Indians continued to ambush white settlers and evade the best efforts of the army to subdue them. Two particularly fierce battles were fought in the lava beds just south of present-day Big Pine and along the banks of Cottonwood Creek, near Owens Lake. Both sides suffered numerous casualties, and the struggle went on.

In the fall of 1862 a site was selected for the permanent Camp Independence on the north side of Oak Creek about three hundred yards upstream from the first location. This spot was selected primarily because it was free of obstacles behind which Indians might lurk in ambush. Work was hurried on adobe buildings to serve as the permanent quarters, but unfortunately the camp was not completed before cold weather arrived. The first freezing nights were experienced in October, and by December, with dark, billowy clouds carrying snow flurries down from the Sierra crest, the men were suffering. A supply train from Los Angeles arrived just in time to save the post. That bitter winter of '62-'63 was the worst that the men would endure during the fifteen-year history of Camp Independence.

Victory over the Paiutes finally came in May, 1863. Old Captain George entered Camp Independence under a flag of truce and asked for peace. After being promised good treatment, 900 Indians gave up the hopeless campaign of attrition and wearily trudged into the camp. In July, while the American Civil War was reaching its great climax at Gettysburg, orders were received to remove the Indians from Owens Valley to a reservation at San Sebastian, near Fort Tejon. The unhappy captives were escorted to San Sebastian later that month. In the ensuing months, some of them grew tired of their forced quarters, escaped, and returned to their former valley homes.

above the creek, Evans realized that an attempt to dislodge them would be suicidal. As the expedition was not equipped for an extensive campaign, he was obliged to retire from the valley.

On June 11 Colonel Evans again left Los Angeles for Owens Valley, this time with a large, well-equipped force.

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The restoration of relative peace in Owens Valley brought in a stream of new settlers. Mining activities in the desert ranges adjacent to the valley increased. The small garrison at Camp Independence found itself increasingly inactive. Finally, in early 1864, the post was ordered abandoned, much to the distress of settlers who still feared the few hundred Paiutes still in the valley.

It soon became evident that there was a basis for the uneasiness of the settlers. As more whites moved into the valley, the Indians became increasingly restless. Several attacks on white settlers occurred, highlighted on the last day of 1864 by the brutal murder of Mary McGuire and her six-year-old son at their Haiwee Meadows Ranch, six miles south of Owens Lake. The following May, bowing to pressure from valley settlers, the army reactivated Camp Independence, sending in three companies of infantry and one of cavalry. From this time until its final abandonment in 1877, Camp Independence was continually garrisoned.

With the army back in Owens Valley, most of the remaining Paiutes resumed

their peaceful ways. A handful, however, never were able to adjust to the coming of the white man. It took two years to subdue these last rebellious elements. The last engagement was fought at Rainy Springs, near the Coso mines, in March, 1867. With this defeat, the Paiutes ended their long struggle. The five year Paiute Rebellion had cost the white man 60 lives, the Indians

During the first five years of existence, the Camp Independence garrison was almost totally occupied with protecting white settlers from marauding Indians. With the Indian problem resolved, the remaining ten years of the post's existence settled down to the drab, almost uneventful life that characterized so many of the western military posts. Nevertheless, throughout its fifteen year span of life, Camp Independence had a definite influence on the pattern of valley settlement.

Disaster struck Owens Valley on March 26, 1872. A severe earthquake at 2:30 in the morning leveled several of the valley towns and badly damaged the adobe and wood buildings at Camp Independence. Rebuilding of the post be-



*In the early days of Camp Independence, soldiers dug caves for shelter. Later they constructed barracks. Caves can still be seen today.*



*This historical marker near U.S. 395 near Independence, California marks site of camp where soldiers fought Paiute Indians just 100 years ago.*

gan promptly. The army set aside \$30,000 (a goodly figure in those days) for reconstruction of the camp, and this sub was used to put up substantial frame buildings. When the rebuilding was completed, the camp put on a grand open house, entertaining the entire valley.

By the late '70s, it became obvious that Owens Valley no longer needed a military post. The Indians had long been pacified, and Inyo County law enforcement officers were capable of handling civil disturbances. For several years orders were expected that would close down Camp Independence, and the post was well prepared for the eventuality. Finally, on July 9, 1877, Captain Alexander MacGowan, the final camp commandant, received the anticipated order. Before sunrise the next morning, in what was perhaps the fastest close-down of a military post in history of the west, the garrison began the long, hot march south to the railroad at Mojave. The departure of the soldiers was viewed with sorrow and regret by the valley settlers, some of whom lined the streets of Independence at dawn to bid the troops farewell.

After the camp was abandoned, the

land was opened to settlers. The buildings were demolished to furnish lumber for the towns and farms of the valley. The old military post gradually fell into decay, finally disappearing from view entirely.

Today, travelers driving north on US Highway 395, two miles north of Independence, pass a narrow paved road veering off to the right. Half a mile on this road is a large historical marker indicating the sage-covered site of Old Camp Independence. Nearby, a few shallow, badly eroded caves are visible, the sole reminders of this proud military post that once guarded the valley.

Historian Helen S. Giffen has written a fitting epilogue to old Camp Independence:

"No longer the bugle call echoes through the valley, the ghost of Camp Independence walks no more. Its site lies forlorn and deserted save for a ragged cabin or two in the shadow of the cottonwoods. The life of the pioneer is over, and so is that of the camp which was established in the shadow of the sierra in the valley of the Owens River." □

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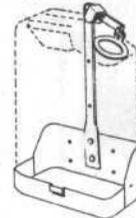
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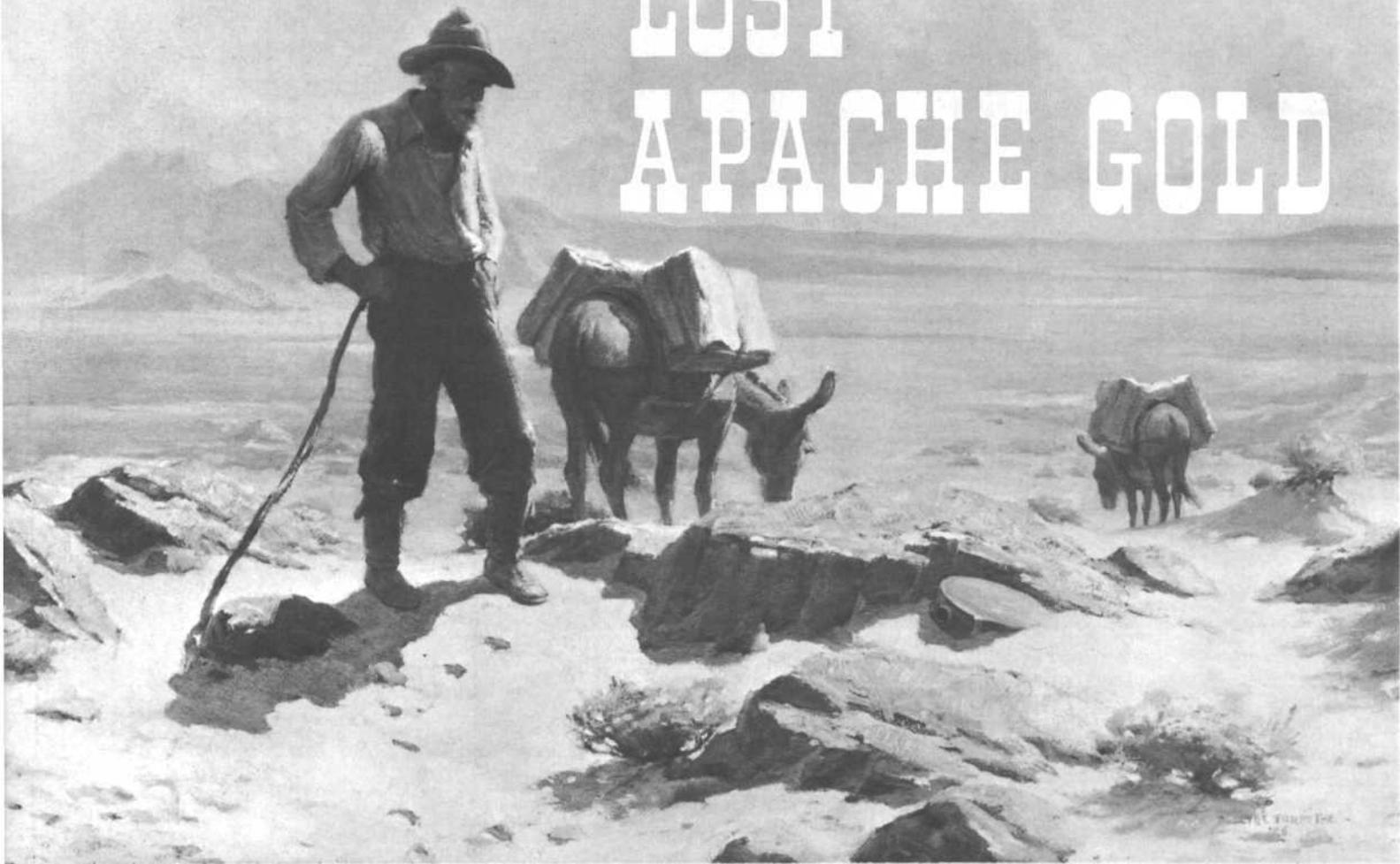
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# LOST APACHE GOLD



by Richard Taylor

**Somewhere in eastern Arizona is there an Apache gold mine? Where is the giant cave with its ancient idols and pottery?**

**According to this article it was found years ago—will some lucky treasure hunter once again discover the Apache bonanza?**

**B**ACK IN the 1800s, the Apache Indians on the San Carlos Reservation in eastern Arizona talked about a fabulously rich gold mine somewhere near the reservation. They said long ago their ancestors had obtained all the gold they could use from this mine. They had made jewelry and ornaments from it, which they traded to the white man for his manufactured wares. Some ore samples from this legendary mine are said to have assayed at \$5000 per ton.

The Indians said that just beyond a place the Spaniards had named San Simon, a trail some 20 miles long commenced. This trail led into the high mountains and directly to the fabulous gold mine. Of course this tale excited the imaginations of many white men who tried to persuade the Apaches to lead them to the mine, but the Indians, being very superstitious, steadfastly refused.

Finally, an aged Indian woman named

Josefa was talked into leading a party of gold-hungry prospectors to the site. They rounded up their supplies and enthusiastically headed out, confident that they would soon be sitting on easy street.

The old woman told them that they would first come to an ancient cave in the mountains, which had been used as a stronghold for centuries by her ancestors. After searching for several hours, they finally discovered the old trail and began tracing it, growing more excited by the moment. Sometimes the trail was very difficult to follow, as it hadn't been used for many years and nature had nearly obscured it with bushes and trees and occasional heavy rains. At other times water running over it had scoured it out, making it easy to follow.

About the time they were making good headway and thinking they had it made, Josefa was suddenly overcome by superstitious fear and would not go on.

The frustrated gold seekers offered her all sorts of inducements, but to no avail. She was turning back and nothing could change her mind.

Disgusted, but not defeated, the group decided to push on without her. The faint trail rose abruptly into the rugged mountains, but the gold hunters continued.

Within a few hours they located the ancient cave. It was a large hollow in the side of the gorge. Its opening was small and the men had to squeeze through one at a time, but they were well-rewarded for their trouble.

Inside the huge cave were numerous dust-covered idols and much crude clay pottery, covered with designs and figures as the ancient Indians artisans had made centuries before. The large cave would accommodate at least a hundred people and because of its location and narrow entrance, it was nearly an invincible fortress.

After thoroughly exploring the cave, but taking nothing, the gold seekers proceeded up the steep trail. On their way they came upon a huge oak tree in the center of the trail. It was so large that they estimated it to be at least 100 years old. It had apparently sprouted and grown up after the Apaches had stopped working their gold mine.

The gold-hungry group became very excited when they began finding pieces of quartz in which flecks of gold were plainly visible. Apparently this ore had been dropped or discarded by the Indians as they carried their heavy loads of yellow wealth down from the mine.

At length the trail became extremely dim and was finally blotted out entirely by landslides, rock-slides and dense green plant growth. The men spread out and searched desperately for hours, occasionally picking up a trace of the trail here and there, but it became so difficult that they were finally forced to give up.

Reluctantly they turned back and headed down the rugged mountain. Many others have tried to find this ancient Apache gold mine since then, but it seems that the ancient Indian gods are protecting their secret very well. All searches to date have been unsuccessful. However, many more searches will undoubtedly be made and some do-or-die, gold-hungry treasure hunter will probably stumble onto it one of these days. □



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# ACAMBARO

**I**S IT POSSIBLE that somewhere in the world, in some protected valley isolated from the surrounding country, prehistoric animals managed to survive until after man made his appearance on the scene?

Did the dinosaur exist long enough to have contact with human beings? Did the prehistoric ice-age horse find some part of the world where he lived until some three or four thousand years ago?

Most orthodox archeologists consider such an idea too ridiculous to even consider. Is it possible this attitude closes the minds of orthodox archeologists to evidence which has convinced some scientists that prehistoric animals did indeed have a Shangri-La of their own where they survived long after they were supposed to have become extinct?

Look at the map of Mexico. To the north and east of Mexico City is the village of Acambaro, which may well be the site of one of the greatest archeological mysteries of the age. Affirmative evidence is there, overwhelming evidence, evidence which no one has been able so far to explain.

Waldemar Julsrud was a practical, two-fisted German who migrated to Mexico, had a ranch and a hardware business, prospered, and lived in a fourteen-room house which had been erected some 300 years earlier. He developed a curiosity as to fragments of figurines which the natives reported they found beneath the surface of the ground.

Julsrud offered the natives a peso for each complete figurine they would dig up which was either intact or which

could be put together so as to restore its original shape. The peso was worth about twelve and a half cents United States money.

Was Julsrud's offer too generous? Could the Mexican peon fabricate figures which could profitably be palmed off as genuine? Before anyone answers that question it is necessary to look at some of the problems.

The figurines had been baked in wood ashes. Acambaro was an old city. Firewood for cooking tortillas was at a premium. A good burro load of firewood which had to be brought in from the mountains sold at eight pesos a load.

The complete figurines were, for the most part, buried three to six feet below the surface of the ground in soil which gave no indication of having been dis-



BY ERLE  
STANLEY  
GARDNER

turbed for countless years.

Could a Mexican peon model a figure in clay, pay eight pesos a load for firewood with which to bake it; then bury it so cleverly that the ground showed no sign of disturbance, all for a total of one peso? Could this Mexican peon have known anything about dinosaurs or about an ice-age horse that only a few specialists have ever heard of?

In any event, Julsrud began to collect figurines. They depicted all sorts of monsters and all sorts of primitive art. They also showed dinosaurs, and what seemed to be the ice-age horse. They showed huge lizards and either a primitive attempt to depict the mastodon or perhaps the elephant.

A writer named William Russell stumbled onto the Julsrud collection some

years ago. He published an article entitled *Did Prehistoric Man Tame the Dinosaur?* with photographs of figurines from the Julsrud collection.

An Eastern scientific foundation saw the article, thought, of course, it was a hoax, but asked an archeologist, Dr. Regler, who was then living in the vicinity of Mexico City, to go take a look. His report was such that the startled foundation commissioned Professor Charles Hapgood, of New Hampshire, to make a complete survey.

Professor Hapgood is a cautious New Englander. He has an open mind, but he is an historical detective and an authority on prehistoric life and artifacts. He was perhaps the best scientist the foundation could have sent to Acambaro to make an intelligent, unprejudiced appraisal.

Professor Hapgood went to Acambaro

and stayed for several weeks. He took every precaution possible to guard against fraud, selecting the places where the diggers were to dig. He dug under ground which had been undisturbed for years. He tunneled under rock walls — and found figurines. After his investigation he reported that, despite all of his precautions, he had been unable to detect any evidence of fraud.

The scientific foundation was baffled. Hapgood was puzzled. He wrote to his friend, William Russell, in Los Angeles, asking him if he could get the author of the Perry Mason stories to make a trip to Acambaro and see if any evidence of fraud could be discovered by the man who had created the literary detective.

So Russell appealed to me.

I was unusually busy at the time. I

did, however, manage to see Russell and became intrigued with the possibilities of investigating the Julsrud collection of figurines. I determined to investigate as soon as I could possibly get away. However, months passed, and then the months became years.

Waldemar Julsrud passed away. The house which held his collection was closed and locked. His son and heir, Carlos Julsrud, an important corporation executive in Mexico, lived many miles from the ancestral home in Acambaro.

Then something happened which caused me to consult my notes and to dig out the old facts. I wrote to Russell and to Professor Hapgood, to see if they were

of the French Legion of Honor and a veteran of the Mexican Diplomatic Corps; Ricardo Castillo, long-time adventurer and owner of several Tijuana restaurants where gourmet food is barbecued from coals of a special wood brought down from the mountains; Anita Haskell Jones, a close friend; J. W. Black, a mechanical genius who designs our desert-going vehicles, and Bruce Barron, rancher and woodsman.

We journeyed down the West coast of Mexico to Mazatlan, turned inland to Guadalajara, then on to Acambaro where we arrived late in the afternoon, being joined by Professor Hapgood, Carlos Julsrud and his charming daughter,

stantaneously by the roar of thunder which shook the buildings.

We piled in our automobiles and hissed through the water to a street where a plain door which gave no hint of what lay beyond opened into a passageway which, in turn, led to a patio in the ancient Julsrud house.

The patio was flooded with rain. In one wing of the house, the only weak light cast a reddish glow over the assorted figurines of the collection. This reddish glow was supplemented every few seconds by an eye-piercing, glittering glare of greenish lightning which dazzled the eyes. Then came the claps of thunder which shook the house as if the ancient gods were indeed angry at our intrusion.

Nothing that I had heard prepared me for what we saw.

All 14 rooms of the house had been converted into spaces for shelves which were laid out like bleachers in a baseball park. Every square inch of these shelves was covered with figurines. Rats scurrying about had knocked pieces of priceless statuary to the floor, and the voice of Carlos Julsrud, sounding-curiously matter-of-fact in the midst of all that weird background said, "Please be careful not to pick up any of the objects on account of the scorpions."

Some of these figurines were tremendously crude. They could have been made by any Mexican peon who had any degree of native skill. Others were, in my opinion, masterpieces of the type of art which I like to call primitive, although I understand among archeologists the definition of what is and what is not primitive art is subject to some dispute.

However, here were figurines which had a dynamic symmetry which captured the imagination. Here was an occasional veritable masterpiece in fired clay. There were weird animals which must have been concocted in some sort of a nightmare, animals with great claws and protruding teeth attacking and, at times, devouring human beings.

On this shelf was an Ethiopian-type head which fascinated me because of the concept and execution of the artist. Over there were exotic figures engaged in unconventional activities.

Above all, one was confused by numbers.



*Erle Stanley Gardner, left, and Professor Charles Hapgood, an expert investigator, examine some of the 32,000 figurines of the Waldemar Julsrud collection.*

still available. Much to my surprise, they both answered. Russell came down to my ranch and Professor Hapgood agreed to meet me in Mexico.

I got my companions together, the people who had shared in so many of my Mexican adventures, who knew the country intimately and could be depended on to help check the evidence.

Included were my wife, Jean, who has been my executive secretary for many years and who has had many hair-raising adventures with me in various parts of the world, and Sam Hicks, outdoorsman and expert writer and photographer.

Others were Wulfrano Ruiz, Tijuana, an influential citizen of Mexico who speaks several languages and is a member

Karin. Dr. Regler had passed away but his widow came up to join us.

We had a get-acquainted dinner during which we were more or less feeling each other out. I had been given to understand that it would probably be impossible to get to see the Julsrud collection personally; that we could only talk with witnesses who were familiar with it. However, at the conclusion of the meal, Julsrud asked us if we would like to go at once and see the collection.

It was nearly eleven o'clock at night and rain was pelting down in torrents. The streets were running curb to curb with water. The thunderclouds seemed directly overhead. Wicked flashes of lightning would be followed almost in-

There were still more than 32,000 pieces of art in the collection which, at one time, had numbered some 34,000 pieces!

Here was what could have been the ice-age horse which had, according to science, been extinct for many thousands of years. Where would a Mexican peon have obtained the data to sculpture authentic reproductions of these prehistoric animals?

Hapgood and Julsrud showed us teeth, stained by age but not petrified, which had been uncovered in the diggings. Hapgood had taken these teeth to a university which specialized in classifying such things and the startled experts told him that they were the teeth of *Equus Conversidans Owen*, a species of horse which had long been extinct.

He also told us of a mudslide which had occurred in a canyon when he was on his previous trip to Mexico. The slide had exposed the backbone of what looked like a prehistoric animal. He had taken the bone to an Eastern university which made a specialty of classifying prehistoric bones and was advised the bone was not from any known animal which had ever roamed the earth. Yet the configurations of this backbone indicated it could well have been the backbone of one of the monsters depicted in the collection.

Professor Hapgood told us some of the precautions he had taken during his original investigation against fraud, and some of the measures he had taken which would have exposed fraud if any had been present.

The first thing he did was to inspect the collection in the Julsrud house. Then he, Waldemar Julsrud, William Russell and a digger, Odilon Tinajero, went to the general territory where the figurines had been dug up—the southwestern part of the city where adobe houses abutted a hill or a mountain which was called Bull Hill by the natives.

They dug in the most unlikely places and where the ground must have been undisturbed for many, many years—perhaps for centuries—and they found figurines.

Hapgood then went to one of the stone walls which was heaven knows how old, and which walls, in Mexico, mark the boundaries between different holdings. Again he ordered the diggers to dig,

this time in a tunnel under the wall. They found the ancient grave of an Indian buried with a beautiful obsidian dagger, so they moved to another location, tunneled under the wall and here they found more figurines.

Then, he had a consultation with the Chief of Police who told him that he could dig any place. Hapgood got up out of the chair, stood with his feet planted on the dirt floor of the room and said, "Then dig here and dig now!"

The startled host thought the *gringo* had suddenly taken leave of his senses, but he called in diggers. They dug through the hard surface of the dirt floor, which is common to so many adobe



*One of the indications the figurines were not "planted" is pieces of the artifacts found in the old adobe walls built by natives of the Mexican village of Acambaro.*

houses in Mexico, then got to the loose soil underneath and again found fragments and then a figurine.

These were a few of the incidents which caused Professor Hapgood to state in his original report many years ago he could find no evidence of fraud.

The morning following our midnight inspection of the 32,000 figurines, Sam Hicks suggested we visit Bull Hill. It was well covered with brush and foliage, but by inspecting little barrancas where rainwater had washed down through the soil and by scraping away at the banks we found the hill was literally impregnated with artifacts, pieces of pottery, broken bits of figurines.

Then came the clincher.

We moved back to where the adobe houses were clustered along the street until construction had been brought to a stop by the slope of Bull Hill. This was a steep, narrow street which had to be traversed on foot. The adobe houses were very, very old—so old that, in places, the outer surface had begun to deteriorate, showing the interior of the adobe bricks.

No one knows exactly how long these houses had been there or how long it had taken for the surface of the adobe to deteriorate, but when we carefully inspected the interiors of these adobe bricks we again found broken bits of pottery and what could have been the pieces of figurines of the same type that were in the

Julsrud collection.

These adobe bricks had been manufactured many, many years ago by people who had simply taken the soil that was available, puddled it into mud, poured it into forms, let the forms dry until the bricks became firm; then let them dry in the sunlight until they were hard enough to form the walls of houses. This is the type of construction which has been going on in Mexico for many hundreds of years.

Certainly these people who were building the houses didn't "plant" any fragments in the soil from which the bricks were made.

Thinking things over, I find that I

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# BROWNSTONE CANYON

by Florine Lawlor

Filtering through cotton clouds, beams of the early morning sun (opposite page) light the cliffs of Red Rock Canyon near Las Vegas, Nevada.

Brown Canyon is also located in this area of prehistoric Indian culture. Photo by Don Valentine.

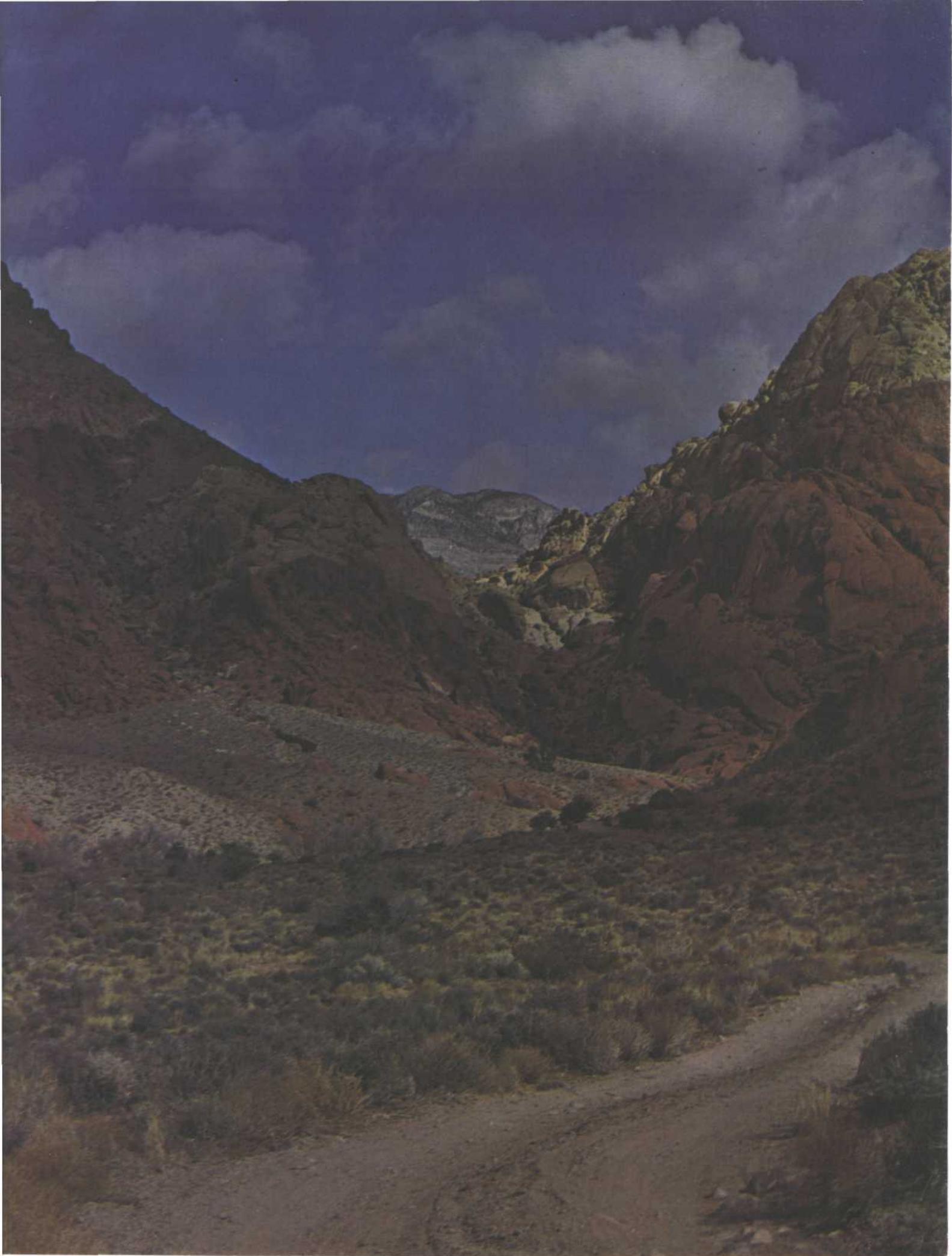
Lofty sandstone mountains stretch their lazy fingers into the sandy desert floor and from the towering peaks torrents of rushing water chisel endless canyons. The Spring Mountains west of Las Vegas, Nevada are evidence of Mother Nature's rampages. Canyons of kaleidoscopic hues twist their submontane way into the range. Oak Canyon, Hidden Canyon and Cougar Canyon are small branches of Red Rock Canyon.

Nature was extravagant with her many gifts in these areas, but she saved her special talents for Brownstone Canyon. This wild, perpendicular valley, where desert floors meet thrusting hills of sandstone, was the home of prehistoric Indians. Little remains of the "ancient ones" who once called this canyon their home; save beauty and peace. Near the canyon mouth are stands of bushy scrub pine; the seeds from the cones are nourishing as well as palatable and were a main harvest for the residents long past. Above this pine display begins a twisted growth of manzanita, its pale green leaves and fragrant blossoms clinging close to the chestnut colored limbs.

Overhanging rocks support a spear-tipped yucca plant while the hill slopes are a tangle of agave, commonly known as the

century plant. The agave, the yucca and the pine were the principal reasons for the Indians living in the canyon. From the yucca they gathered tough fiber for cordage, string, shoes, matting and baskets, plus a multitude of other useful articles. The agave supplied them with a meaty bulb that was roasted and eaten much like a sweet potato is today. The pine-nuts offered tasty kernels to be saved for the long months of winter travel.

The Hohokam, Patayan, Cerbat, Yuman and the Walapai Indians as well as all branches of the Paiute nation were wanderers and evidently used Brownstone Canyon as a ceremonial campground. The shallow camp sites and their scarcity



indicate their occupation of the canyon was sporadic.

No doubt after the pinyon harvest the tribes would gather for the annual adjustment of their difficulties; for medicine dances, for marriage ceremonies and to exchange useful information, such as the amount of rainfall (or lack of it), the game, or its scarcity in the area. After these rites they carved a record of the details in the smooth face of the hills. These writings are called petroglyphs. Deep into the surface of the highest cliffs these prehistoric billboards would tell new tribes in the vicinity of what had preceded.

The Indians picked into the sandstone a story of drought, of lean years, of full lakes and abundant water and plentiful game. The petroglyphs also told of distances traveled and of hardships met and conquered, and of sickness and death. They told their life's story on the face of the towering cliffs.

The Indians lived like the pine trees, with much space between. They traveled far and frequently, following the ripened seeds and the flowering agave plant. This solitary life lent to those men a sufficiency to work, live and die alone. They left the pictographs (painted writings) and the petroglyphs as an account of their travels.

Below each curious group of these writings are huge mescal pits, or Indian ovens. They were used to roast the pulpy bulb of the agave plant. Each pit was dug about three feet deep and four to five feet wide, it was then lined with large rocks. A wood fire was built in the hole. It was kept blazing until the rocks glowed like coals, the agave bulbs were placed on these coals and more heated rocks were thrown on top of them. This was covered with six inches of dirt and left to cook for twelve hours or more. When at last the bulbs were removed, they were soft and sweet and tasted very much like a southern baked yam.

In the canyon there are six sites where mescal pits, picture writings and crude rock shelters have been discovered. For over 1800 years this canyon has stored the treasures of the nomadic Indians.

Bits of pottery, dried crumbling baskets, arrowheads, stone choppers and grinders, flake knives and blades that were used so long ago, have been found buried deep within the earth. These small people were very industrious. During their brief sojourn in the canyon they planted and dried corn, squash and melons and built crude dams to divert rainwater. They read the stars and wove crude baskets to carry the preserved food supply.

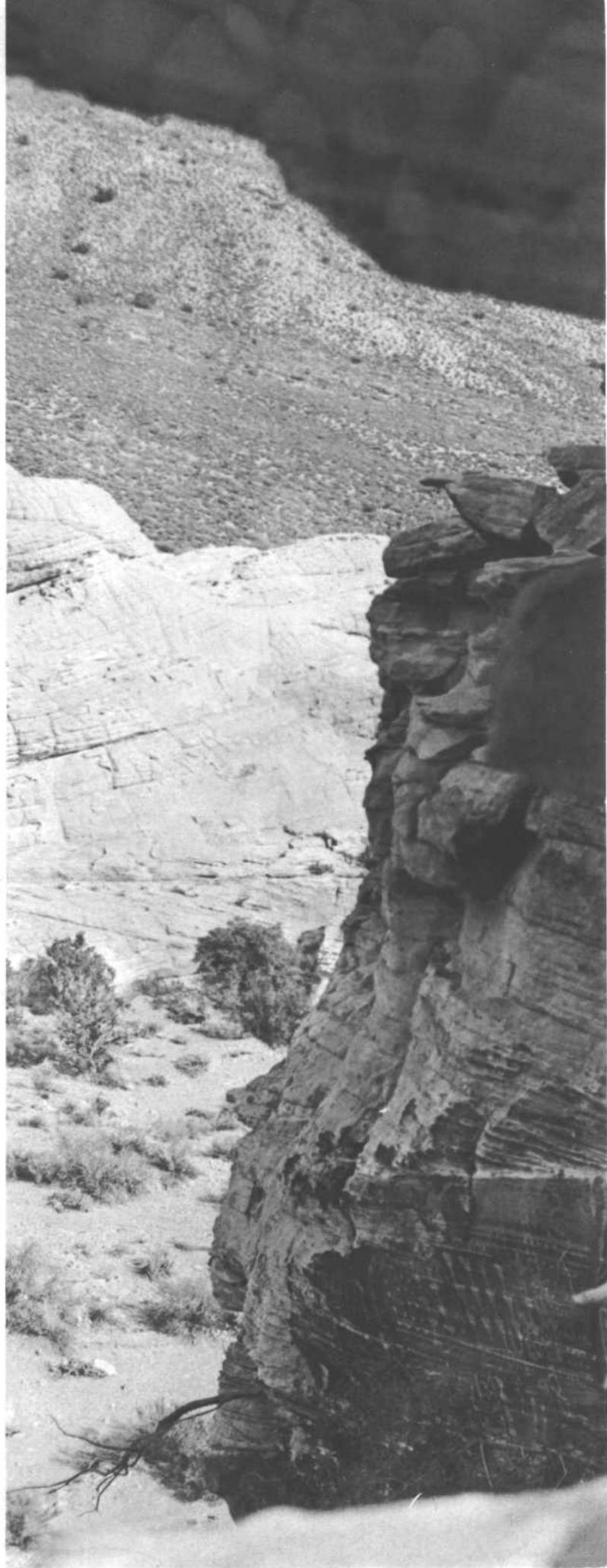


The canyon is comprised mainly of red, yellow and brown aztec sandstone. Huge layers of shale under the sandstone near springs, and also at the base of many cliffs, indicate the area was once moist and humid, a direct contrast to our dry hot climate of today. There are interesting conglomerate formations, one even containing fossilized trees of a huge size.

In 1930, the Civilian Conservation Corps dammed a natural depression at the head of the canyon to catch water for cattle and wildlife of the region. This created a pool approximately 40 feet wide and 10 feet deep. In the spring a mist of green colors the sandy soil, and a multitude of blossoms burst from the growth underfoot. In the summer one can hear the drone of bees, the shrill call of the Mountain Jay and the rustle of small animals. First snows of the season are soft, and here you may see the tracks of the bighorn sheep, the deer and the Puma or mountain lion.

As a Federal Game Reserve, Red Rock and Brownstone canyons offer protection for animals in all seasons. And, although the raucous noise of Las Vegas is only 25 miles away, here can be found tranquility and beauty as it has existed for hundreds of years. □

**These cliffs of sandstone (left) are typical of the rugged terrain of Brownstone and Red Rock canyons near Las Vegas, Nevada. Only 25 miles from the gambling casinos, the area was once the home of Indians who left their writings on the rocky walls. Indian petroglyphs can be seen (right) at the base of this sandstone spire with the valley floor below. Photos by Jackie Buck, Las Vegas, Nevada.**





# FRONTIER DOCTOR

by Janice Beaty

**N**OT EVERY visitor to Verde Valley takes time to look over old Fort Verde at the town of Camp Verde just off the scenic Black Canyon Highway in central Arizona.

Those who do find an interesting part of western Americana as four of its original buildings still stand and its barracks have been converted into a fascinating pioneer-military museum. Near the museum you can see the original buckboards which once hauled supplies down from Prescott.

There is more to Fort Verde than meets the eye; the old fort has an unusual story to tell about a frontier doctor who collected artifacts and plants during the hours he was not treating his patients.

The conventional history of the fort is told briefly on the marker at the entrance to the post:

*Established as Camp Lincoln 1864 as protection of settlers against hostile Indians. Name changed to Camp Verde, 1868, and to Fort Verde, 1879. Post abandoned April 10, 1890.*

To fill in the details, one must read the diaries and letters of the men who

once manned the outpost. The Special Collections at the University of Arizona Library has a number of such original unpublished manuscripts. One of the best concerns Dr. Edward Palmer, an early army medical man assigned to Camp Lincoln in 1865.

Dr. Palmer was more interested in studying the marauding Apaches than in killing them, and much more concerned with collecting plants and animals than in mending broken bones.

A naturalist and Indian artifacts collector, his medical endeavors were merely a sideline to get him stationed in the unexplored Arizona Territory. Not that he neglected his duties. Like all of the pioneer naturalists of the West, he did double duty in maintaining the well-being of the soldiers as well as securing scientific specimens—while risking his life to do both. The herbs he collected often served as Indian-style remedies when medical supplies ran out—a frequent occurrence in distant outposts like Fort Verde.

The fort was first established as Camp Lincoln at the close of the Civil War. During the war the U.S. Army troops in



Arizona were withdrawn to fight against the South. Hostile Apache Indians in the area took this as a sign of defeat on the part of the white man and stepped up their forays against isolated settlers. When the war was over, troops returned to take up the Indian campaign once more. But it was no easy matter to defend each of the numerous scattered settlements.

Dr. Palmer had been collecting plants around Fort Whipple (now Prescott) in the highlands, but when the call went out for volunteers to man a new army garrison in the Verde Valley, he joined the First Arizona Volunteers as post surgeon.

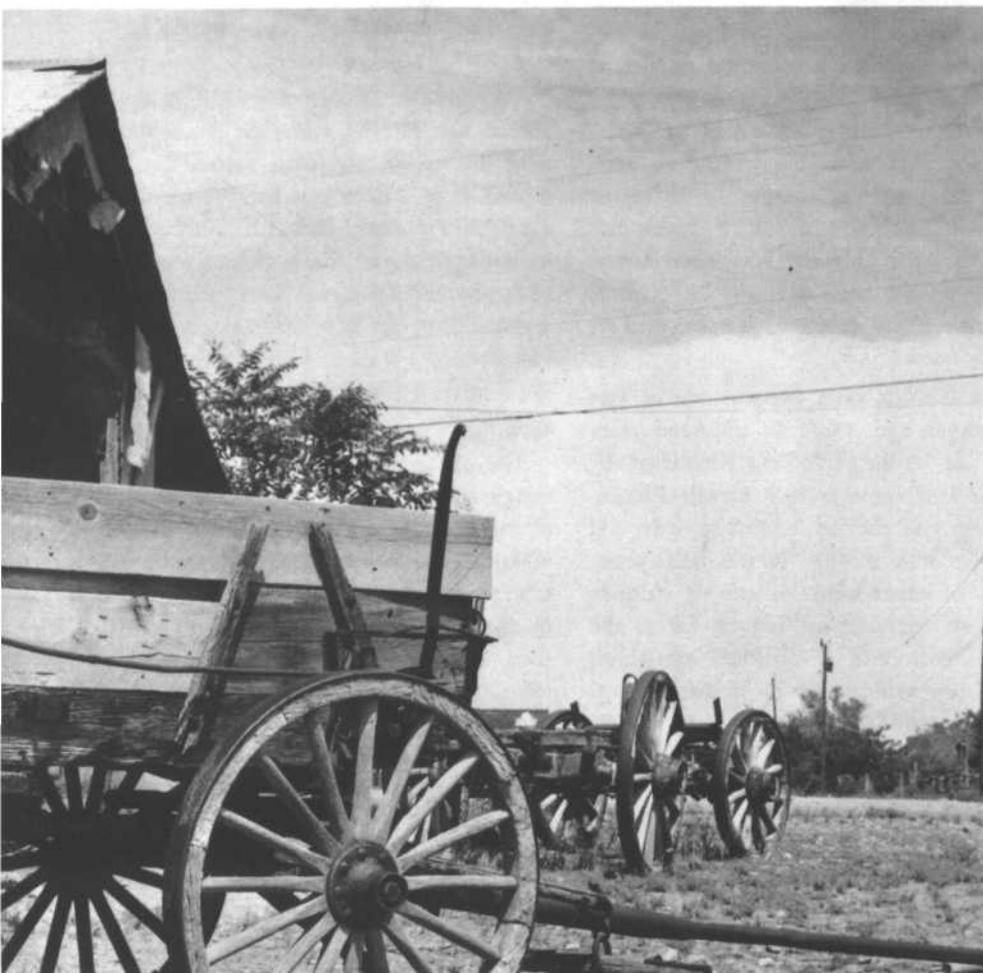
Palmer would never forget the 60-mile trip from Fort Whipple to Camp Lincoln. The troop he accompanied traveled by mules and a wagon, reaching the edge of the high rim overlooking the valley just as the sun was setting. Far below them stretched the dusty gray desert with the green Rio Verde snaking its way along one side. The road to the bottom was so rough they could not take the wagon down till morning.

The weary troops had to unload the supplies and pack them down the mountain on their backs. The heaviest articles were lowered by ropes for a mile and a half! Tired as they were, the men's jumpy nerves kept them on the alert. So many Indian attacks had been staged on this slope it was called Grief Hill.

Palmer was the last one down. He insisted on carrying his own gear. The others were much too occupied making camp to notice how carefully the doctor hid his supplies in the brush some distance away. All that remained on the top of the rim was the wagon itself and a desk full of company papers. Not one Apache appeared. However, when a detachment was sent up for the wagon the next morning there was only a heap of smoking ashes. Apaches had followed their every move!

As for Palmer, it was not the Indians but another matter that had him worried; how to protect the alcohol needed to pre-

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*These wagons were used by the Arizona troops at Camp Lincoln to haul supplies from Fort Whipple. They are on display today at Camp Verde. The photograph (above) of Dr. Palmer was taken shortly after the Civil War when he was about 35. Photo courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution.*

# The Incredible Teratorn

by Judith McWhinney

**A**GES AGO, huge birds of prey flapped and hung above the California landscape—condor-like creatures whose wings spanned 18 feet. They were indirect relatives of the modern California condors, which are the largest birds-of-flight alive today. The discovery of the great prehistoric vultures who cruised the western sky gives California claim to the biggest flying birds in history.

Knowledge of their existence is based on fossil fragments from three different individuals. They were taken from different localities and are millions of years apart in age. A radius, one of the large wing bones, was found in the fossil beds near Vallecitos Creek in the Anza-Borrego Desert. Field work at this site, carried on with a National Science Foundation grant, has been directed since 1958 by Dr. Theodore Downs, Chief Curator of Earth Sciences at Los Angeles County Museum. The fossil beds, which have yielded bones of many fantastic animals, were first discovered by Harley J. Garbani of San Jacinto, and it was he who found the vulture bone. Marvelling at its size, Dr. Downs identified it as belonging to a species known at that time by a single earlier specimen.

The original specimen had been found and named by Dr. Hildegard Howard, who was then Los Angeles County Museum's Chief of Science. A comedy of errors began with this first find that has haunted subsequent discoveries of the great bird's remains; errors made, naturally enough, because of their un-birdlike size. Miss Howard "discovered" the ear-

liest evidence in 1952—in a collection of mammal bones! It had been there for 18 years, sorted into a mammal group in 1934 when it was taken with other fossils from Smith Creek Cave in Nevada. It was almost half again as big as the same skeletal part from other ancient vultures, of which several species have been found in asphalt deposits like the one at Rancho La Brea.

Miss Howard recognized it as the carpal bone of a huge bird and rescued it from oblivion. The carpal is a part of the wing corresponding to a human wrist bone. Aside from its astonishing size, this specimen was structurally different from the carpals of other prehistoric vultures. Miss Howard established a new species on the basis of these differences, and gave it the appropriate name of *Teratornis incredibilis*.

The Nevada cave deposits are of late Pleistocene age, 13 or 14 thousand years old. The radius fragment identified by Dr. Downs came from a middle Pleistocene layer of the Anza-Borrego beds, and dates back a million and a half years. Bones of other kinds of extinct vultures from various sites go back as far as the early Pleistocene. Excitement ran high when new evidence of *T. incredibilis* was found in 1967, and proved to be of late Pliocene age—three to four million years old.

The latest find is a portion of the bird's upper beak, which in itself is cause for wonder. Fossils of the skull parts of birds are rarely found, even recent ones; they are too light and delicate to endure. The

beak was discovered in another layer of the Anza-Borrego fossil beds by Dr. G. D. Woodard, a geologist working with Dr. Downs as stratigrapher. This treasure, like the Nevada find, was at first mistaken for a mammal bone.

"When Dr. Woodard picked it up," admits Dr. Downs ruefully, "I—supposedly the expert on fossil vertebrates—looked at it and took it for the toe of a giant ground sloth! It was half-imbedded in the matrix and the hooked tip of the beak resembled a claw," he explains with a grin. "But Dr. Woodard said it looked like part of a bird to him. Neither of us knew what it was for sure until we cleaned it up."

The Anza-Borrego desert has its own flavor of antiquity and endurance. Out of sight and sound of human works, a visitor can lean back against a weathered granite boulder and daydream, absorbed in the bizarre landscape. It isn't hard, then, to fit the awesome Teratorns into the picture; their great wings seem to belong there, tipping and balancing high overhead. But, of course, the land is not the same as it was when they lived, three million years ago. The desert itself is a kind of fossil, a relic of a once-lush habitat.

When *T. incredibilis* ranged the Pliocene skies he looked down on herds of



An aerial view of the Anza-Borrego State Park in California's Riverside County where the bones of the giant prehistoric vulture were found.



grazing, browsing and water-loving animals. The flood-plain below, where Borrego is now, held mammoths, mastodons and many kinds of strange-looking horses and camels. Giant ground sloths ambled along grotesquely. These peaceful creatures were stalked by sabre-toothed tigers, lions and dire wolves. The luxuriant vegetation that supported all these large animals grew around an immense lagoon that was to preserve many a luckless individual's bones for future paleontologists. The ocean was nearby; in those days the Gulf of California penetrated much farther into what it now the inland valley region.

There were almost certainly no human beings among the animals that lived in that place a million or more years ago. No traces of man have been found; the most ancient age that is claimed for human remains in North America is 23,000 years. If that claim is correct, however, aboriginal people were contemporaries of the Pleistocene member of *T. incredibilis* whose carpal was found in Nevada. And human fossils have, in fact, been taken from one of the Rancho La Brea deposits together with bones of *T. merriami*, a prehistoric vulture.

It is positive, then, that humans lived who saw condors with twelve-foot wingspans, and possible that they knew the

gigantic eighteen-foot *incredibilis*. Actually, they had no need to fear either one. Judging by modern vultures, the Teratorns were no threat to living creatures. California condors feed only on carrion; they are not equipped to seize and carry off live prey. Their claws are stubby and dull, and with a cargo in addition to their own great weight they could not get airborne. They even have trouble getting off the ground after a big meal. They must run and flap their wings furiously to gain momentum, and need a clear runway of sufficient length.

They also have gentle dispositions, in spite of their fearsome appearance. Both male and female parents are affectionate toward their single chick, and yet they will allow humans to approach their nest with no display of hostility. They have been observed to feed from the same carcass with turkey-vultures and coyotes, and although the condors take the choicest morsels for themselves they make no effort to drive the others off. Individuals that have been raised in captivity have seemed good-humored and enjoyed human company.

The popular notion that scavengers are filthy creatures is also false with regard to condors. They are extremely fastidious; they love to take a bath and spend hours preening. They trim and

polish and varnish their wings, and then "hang them out to dry" for hours in the sun. Their wings are, after all, their fortune, and they are highly specialized instruments that must be kept in perfect condition to carry their great weight.

The modern monarchs of the sky can stay aloft all day, riding invisible air currents with ease, and are so skillful that they can make hair-pin turns at 60 miles an hour. They can swoop from the sky to the very edge of their favorite rocky ledge and, turning their great wings and tail forward to brake their speed, light as gently as a butterfly.

In spite of their long record of survival and their special adaptations, however, these birds are going the way of their extinct ancestors. Their food supply has dwindled; the goats and deer and antelope of California, along with the panthers and bears who preyed on them and left what they could not eat for the condors, have been driven out by expanding human activities. There are now less than 60 individuals left, as stated in a recent article in *DESERT* (March '69) which described the efforts of a conservation-minded group of people to foster their survival.

The only other living relatives of the ancient king of flight are the Andean condors, a smaller variety. Neither species is directly descended from *T. incredibilis*. The exact relationship is difficult to trace; no condors are known to have lived on other continents, but there are Old World vultures. Half a dozen kinds of prehistoric vultures were once plentiful here, and two other species of Teratorns were widely distributed in America during the Ice Age. Their remains have been found and California.

The California condors are the last of in Mexico, Florida, Texas, New Mexico their line, just as the majestic *Teratornis incredibilis* was the last of his. All honor to the king long departed, and long life to his regal successor! □

# The Valley of

# CUYAMACA

by  
Richard A. Bloomquist



**C**UYAMACA LAKE, a fabled fishing and duck-hunting retreat in the high mountains of San Diego's backcountry, is open to the public again after a hiatus of over 20 years.

The reborn highland lake nestles within Cuyamaca Valley some fifty miles northeast of San Diego on State 79, just beyond Cuyamaca Rancho State Park and nine miles south of the old mining town of Julian. Its elevation is a bit over 4600 feet. It now covers 100 surface acres, with a depth of from ten to twenty-five feet. In summer the depth is maintained by artesian wells. In winter the rains and snows of the mountains keep the basin full, for between 30 and 40 inches of total participation moisten the Cuyamaca Mountains during a normal year.

The Department of Fish and Game originally planted channel catfish, bass, redear sunfish, and three thousand pounds of rainbow trout. Frequent plants

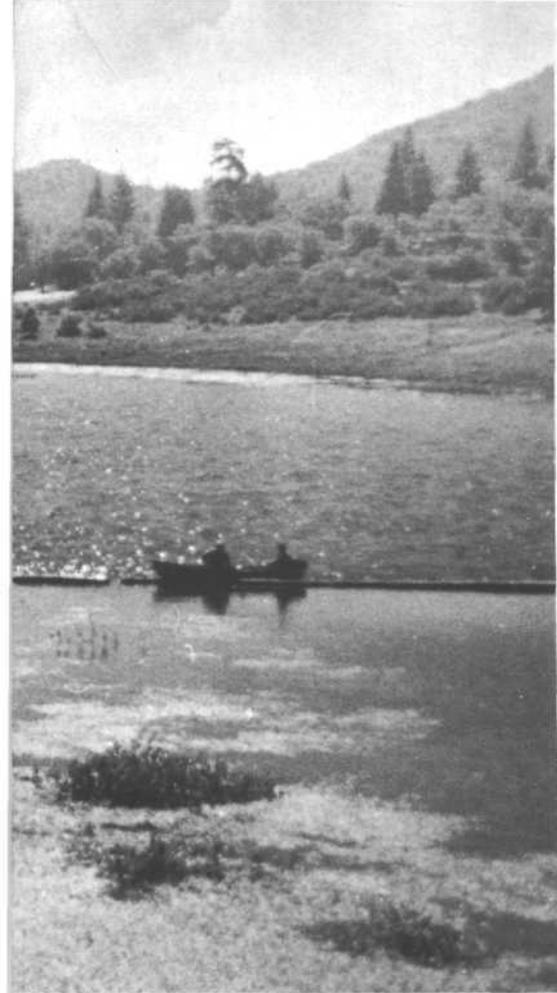
have followed. Bill Skinner, formerly a full-time project engineer in San Diego's aerospace industry, manages the lake, having leased its operation from the Recreation and Park District. At Bill's Cuyamaca Lake Fishing Resort on the western shore you can rent a boat powered either by oars or an outboard, buy groceries and bait, picnic on a wooded island or refresh yourself at a comfortable snack bar. The emphasis at Cuyamaca is upon the fish to be caught in its waters; therefore, swimming, water-skiing, and speed-boating are NOT permitted. Fishermen may try their luck either afloat or from the shore. Duck hunting from blinds is an added lure during the fall season.

It is good to see the blue back, permanently, in Cuyamaca Lake. And yet, fish-filled waters are only a part of this country's charms. The lake claims the loveliest setting of any body of water in the County of San Diego. To the east the

view is long and open as the lake basin merges with low, oak-sprinkled hills. The hills mark the rim of the alpine world, for just beyond and far below them lies the desert.

To the north, west, and south the forested arms of the Cuyamaca Mountains cradle the lake: North Peak, just under 6000 feet; Middle Peak, 5883 feet, lush with some of southern California's most magnificent timber; sharp-pointed Stonewall, 5730 feet, from which the hiker may enjoy a far-flung vista of mountains and desert; Cuyamaca Peak, dominating the landscape at 6512 feet.

The encircling mountains add much to the lure of Cuyamaca Lake. North Peak has old legends to complement its splendid forest, legends of a mysterious cave which deer would enter and never be seen again, and of cedar trees felled for mission construction in San Diego, then dragged down the rugged slopes. To ram-



ble the trails of Middle Peak is to know the magic of the deep forest, for there you will walk amid dense stands of pine, fir, and incense cedar.

Stonewall retains the flavor of Indian times and of the gold mining boom of the 1870s, '80s and '90s; hard by its northern flank is the old Diegueno rancheria of Cuyamaca, marked by bedrock mortars and bits of pottery; not far from the Indian village site are the ruins of the Stonewall Mine, the county's richest, with total gold production valued at about \$2,000,000. To the west of Stonewall stands Cuyamaca Peak; bent and fire-scarred, it nonetheless affords the grandest view of all, a sublime panorama of mountains, desert and ocean.

With these attractions it is not surprising that the Cuyamaca Valley and its surrounding mountains have long drawn travelers and settlers. The Indians came first, although we do not know what the

first inhabitants called themselves or when they arrived. Between 1500 and 1600 the Dieguenos reached these highlands from an earlier homeland along the Colorado River. They called themselves Ipai, "The People," but the Spanish name *Diegueno*, given because they fell within the pale of Mission San Diego, is the one by which we know them today. They lived in the mountains in summer and early fall, hunting and harvesting the acorns, returning to the milder climate of desert and foothills before the storms of winter broke over the peaks.

After the spread of Spanish settlements along the coast in the late eighteenth century, many of the Diegueno clans took up permanent residence in the Cuyamacas, where they remained aloof and independent, occasionally raiding the lowland ranches. Following one such attack against Pio Pico's Rancho Jamul in 1837, a troop of Mexicans and friendly Indians tracked the raiders to the rancheria of Cuyamaca at the base of Stonewall Peak, where a skirmish was fought.

"We had a fight with the Indians here; killed some of them. They finally submitted to our terms, promising not to molest the settlements further." So reads the diary of one of the pursuers. The village site is peaceful now. Grinding holes and fragments of pottery still mark the spot, located just outside the Los Caballos Campground in Cuyamaca Rancho State Park.

The Indians are gone from the Cuyamaca Valley today, but scores of their campsites remain, with morteros in the

*Continued on Page 39*



*The waters of Cuyamaca Lake (above) in California's San Diego County reflect the morning sun as fishermen prepare to try their luck. Bedrock granite (left) marks the site of the rancheria called "Cuyamaca" by the Diegueno Indians.*

# GOLDEN MELONES

by Milo A. Bird

**S**HORTLY AFTER James Marshall picked a nugget out of the tailrace of Sutter's mill at Coloma, a group of Spanish speaking people found gold near their camp alongside the Stanislaus River where State 49 now crosses it. One tale states the person who found the first flake noticed its resemblance to a watermelon seed and ran to the others shouting, "Melones, melones!"

When news of this discovery reached the outside, miners poured into the valley calling the place Spanish Diggings. Before long, however, they nicknamed the crude town Slumgullion, probably in reference to the quality of food dished out in the restaurants.

That name lasted until a Mr. Robinson established a ferry at that point and did a land office business ferrying miners and their animals across the river. Since it was natural for people to refer to the place as Robinson's Ferry, the name endured until a hard-rock mining company in 1904 prevailed upon the United States Post Office Department to change the

name to Melones in honor of the first gold flake discovered there.

In 1849, Mr. Harvey Wood bought out the ferry service and did so well with it he is reputed to have taken in over \$10,000 in one six-weeks period following the discovery of a 195-pound nugget on Carson Hill just a couple of miles to the north. One account claims that Mr. Wood made over \$40,000 on his ferry because he used part of the revenue to improve the road on both sides of the river, thereby making the crossing more readily available than Parrott's ferry four miles upstream or O'Byrnes ferry several miles the other way.

The town once boasted a population of 3500 of whom 2000 were Chinese. As one looks into the valley of the Stanislaus at Melones one can't help but wonder where 3500 people could have lived and still left room to dig for gold.

The valley is very narrow and Y-shaped, the stem-end being just long enough and wide enough for two rows

of houses, six on one side and five on the other. The left hand branch of the Y was barely wide enough for a single row of houses if some of them crowded the road and over-hung the creek at the rear. The branch to the right followed the main stream of the river and was wide enough for a row of houses but the ground was so low that every spring flood carried them away or damaged them.

The Wood's ferry era ended in 1909 when the Jorgensen brothers constructed a bridge across the river, a heart-breaking feat for faulty information delayed the erection of the center pier and a flood caught them with their false arches all in place. Everything was progressing smoothly that early spring when a warm rain began to fall in the mountains and snow, slush, ice and millions of tons of water roared down that narrow canyon. From a mere trickle at sunset, the river crested at over 14 feet by midnight, carrying with it every vestige of the bridge except the center pier and the two on the sides.

Melones had four mines; the Adelaide, the Melones, the South Carolina and the Stanislaus. In addition, many single-man operations existed on the hills around town.

The Stanislaus took out a nice hunk of highgrade but was soon abandoned because it had been driven into a hill containing mostly small, scattered quartz veins. However, it is known for the extremely rare minerals found in it among which are the tellurides of gold and sil-

*Scar running upward to the left at the opposite end of the bridge (left) is the old stage coach road. Looking into the valley of the Stanislaus River (opposite page) one wonders where 3500 people could find room to live.*



ver, a telluride of mercury named Coloradoite and one of nickel named melonite for the town of Melones.

The Melones Mines was the only one worth while and even though it was a low grade proposition its gravity flow principle was so cheap to operate that ore averaging little more than a dollar per ton could be handled economically. Its tunnel ran 5000 feet back under Carson Hill from which point a raise was cut to the top of the hill 1100 feet above. Rock blasted into that raise fell into orebins at the bottom, from where it was hauled to the mill.

This type mining eventually produced a glory hole covering about 20 acres and 1100 feet deep. When all ore above the tunnel had been worked out it became necessary to follow the ore body downward. By the time the mine reached a depth of 3850 feet below the tunnel the cost of removing ore became prohibitive and the mine shut down.

In 1920, another group of miners, headed by Mr. W. J. Loring, consolidated all the claims between Carson and Melones under the name of Carson Hill Gold Mines, Inc., and did extensive exploratory work. The ore body they discovered on the Morgan Claim right next to the Melones glory hole ran as high as \$80.00 per ton with mill heads averaging \$12.60 per ton. As a result, there are now two huge glory holes on the north side of Carson Hill, the eastern of which belonged to the Melones Mine and the western to the Carson Hill group.

Although placer claims and the hard rock mines in Melones had poured an estimated \$100,000,000 into California's economy and much rich ore still remains in old Carson Hill, a fire and World War II put an end to all mining operations. By the time materials were again available and it would have been possible to rebuild the mill, the price of gold and the cost of labor were so out of line that reopening the mine was out of the question.

All that now remains of the old town are a few scattered houses, foundations of the 100-stamp Melones mill and the 30-stamp Carson Hill mill, foundations of the cyanide plants and the compressor houses, and a huge dump containing 3,000,000 tons of tailings which the Carson Hill group impounded instead of dumping into the river.



An inconspicuous rock wall locates the old livery stable where, twice daily, six sweating, snorting horses were exchanged for fresh ones to pull the Wells-Fargo stage out of a valley whose walls were so steep that natives claim there were only two outs—climb out or look out.

A scar along hills on both sides of the river shows where the Sierra Railway of California wound its way down one escarpment and up the other by such a crooked route the caboose at times seemed to be ahead of the engine; where the rear brakeman could reach out and light the engineer's cigar as the train corkscrewed its way up the grade.

Scientists state sounds never die, but grow fainter and fainter until they are no longer audible to the human ear. In that case the sounds of Melones are still echoing from hill to hill across the valley. Therefore, a person with a sensitive detection instrument should be able to pick up the squeals of two drunken women fighting in the dirt behind one of the saloons because one of them tried to appropriate both husbands while the two men involved watched joyously from the side lines happily shouting instructions and encouragement to their respective wives.

The shrill blast of the mine whistle at 5:30 each morning to awaken the day shift would again come to life, and the chugging of old #9 as it snaked its way up the grade with a load of concentrate would again rattle every dish and tin pan in town.

The rapid rat-a-tat-tat of the drill sharpening shop would punctuate the air like a machine gun while the smithy next door rapped out the Anvil Chorus with his flatter. The screech of the ore train clanking out of the mine would be a prelude to the roar of rock falling into chutes above the ravenous maws of two bone-jarring crushers each devouring forty tons of rock per hour. And the high pitch of the power saw whining its way through pine knots would restore nostalgic memories to people for miles around.

But the most electrifying sound brought back to life would be that of an excited Mexican rushing out of the river holding up a flake of gold and shouting, "Melones, melones."

A new dam below town will some day drown everything but memories held precious by people who knew Melones in its heyday. But until that time comes, the old town full of ghosts dreams away its days waiting to be explored.

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## FRONTIER DOCTOR

Continued from Page 27



Camp Lincoln as it looks today. The site is now a museum located at Camp Verde, Arizona. Four of the original buildings contain mementoes of the old fort.

serve the specimens. The troopers were in the habit of sneaking drinks of medicinal alcohol (usually whiskey) whenever it was left unguarded.

It was a five-gallon keg of whiskey Palmer had so carefully hidden the night before. Now he decided to try a new approach. He dragged his keg over to the breakfast fire. The soldiers followed his every move as the doctor uncorked the top, and without a word, poured in two pounds of white powder. Palmer's own notes tell the rest:

One anxious voice called out "Doctor, what's that you put in?"

"Arsenic," I replied.

Then, he said "my free drinks are ended. I had three yesterday."

The keg could now be left. Science and the specimens made it safe.

Camp Lincoln itself was the worst army post Palmer had ever seen. Orders required the Arizona troops to build their own shelters from whatever material they could find at the site. Since there were no timber trees near by, the camp was nothing but a clump of pole-and-dirt huts, built Indian style. There were three doors made from boxes, but not a piece

of real lumber nor a window in the whole camp, according to Palmer's notes. Sun and rain alike found their way inside. The soldiers were miserable.

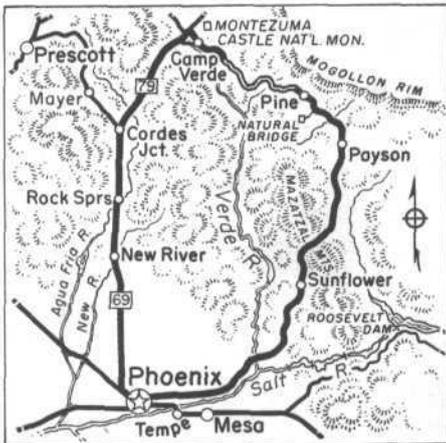
Camp Lincoln's troopers were, however, as rough-and-tumble as the camp itself. The First Arizona Volunteers was a mixed outfit composed of two companies of "tame" Maricopa and Pima Indians, several Mexicans and a few white adventurers. Each man had enlisted for one purpose, to fight his deadly enemy, the Apache. Such an outfit was often looked down upon by regular cavalry. But, according to Palmer, they did a better job than most all-white units, for they fought the Apaches at their own game.

Every few days a detachment went out on a scout against the Apaches. They traveled at night on foot over rough country, each man carrying a rifle and a 28½ pound pack. The pack held dried beef, *pinole* (a cornmeal-and-sugar mixture, very refreshing in water, noted Palmer), ground coffee and a cup to make it in, a canteen of water, and a blanket roll. Palmer's pack was even heavier with his scientific material, bottles of alcohol, surgical instruments and

collector's shotgun. He was a little man and must have posed quite a sight, especially with his pet raven on his shoulder. He found and rescued the bird, made helpless by poison meat set out for wolves, and it accompanied him wherever he went.

In all, Palmer went on seven scouts against the Apaches during his service at Camp Lincoln. Scout Number 3 was a typical one. With five days' rations on their backs, a lieutenant, Palmer and 45 men set out in the evening. They marched all night and lay up all day. No noise was allowed, nor any fire except for the few twigs each man could burn to boil his coffee.

On the second night out, the advanced guards spotted a band of Apaches in hillside caves. The troop attacked at dawn, wiping out the warriors and taking the women and children prisoners.



Palmer noted that the squaws were as deadly with the bow and arrow as the braves. He remembered to secure an arrow for the Smithsonian Institute collection.

Life in the little fort was never easy. It was 60 rough miles to the supply base at Fort Whipple, and Indians kept supply trains at a minimum. The men were often without shoes, or had to resort to homemade affairs of partly-tanned leather. Rations were usually low, and once Palmer had to hold off a mutiny when corn was issued instead of flour. Moreover, this ragtag outfit was frequently discriminated against by the regular cavalry who sent it their outcast pack animals. They had to cure the mules before they could use them. But Palmer merely added to his growing list of plant remedies in this manner by learning such tricks as the curing of saddle sores with

a decoction of powdered creosote bush.

The summer of 1866 started on a sour note. Palmer was thrown from a mule while on his way down Grief Hill and suffered a severe head wound. What hurt him more was the fact that he could not go along on Scout Number 8. The unit was hiking into a new area "full of rare specimens" that he would never see. The only thing the men brought back was an old Apache prisoner whom they nicknamed "the paymaster." They had not been paid in months and figured this was as close as they would ever come to seeing the real one!

Then the rains began. Even the Verde settlers complained they had never known so many afternoon storms. Worst of all was the "intermittent fever." No sooner was Palmer on his feet again after his head injury when he and the entire camp were struck down with malaria. Sixty men in a single day! The Verde settlers came to their rescue when only one trooper was able to still stand.

A Mr. Ramstein carried Palmer to his cabin. Twice the young doctor thought he would die, but each time he "felt as though I had not done all that was allotted for me and became resolute."

Palmer eventually recovered and continued his career as an army doctor and scientific collector. Into his notebook went every detail of his collecting jaunts. The words were calm, serious and scientific. One can only read between the lines to imagine the conditions . . . as, for instance, the day he wrote about the troopers stuffing themselves with the fruits of the yucca plant:

*"On one occasion the troops in Northern Arizona captured a quantity of the dried fruit from the Apaches, and, being sweet, it was generally eaten; and for some time neither salts nor castor-oil were needed from the medicine chest, as the fruit proved to a vigorous cathartic when dry."*

Thus the West was won, not only by the Indian-fighters, but also by the scientific explorers whose tale is a part of surviving army outposts like Fort Verde.

When you visit it, be sure to take a special look at the medicine chest in the Fort Verde Museum. It may not have been Palmer's, but it too played its role in the history of the post—for there was always a doctor in the fort. □

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## ACAMBARO MYSTERY

*Continued from Page 21*

can't improve upon the approach selected by William Russell years ago—did pre-historic man tame the dinosaur?

Any orthodox archeologist will tell you it's a crazy idea. But when one views the thirty-odd thousand figurines of varying degrees of art which comprise the Julsrud collection, one asks the question: If these figures aren't the genuine work of ancient artists, how in the name of reason could they have been "planted" so they could be uncovered from ground which hadn't been disturbed for hundreds of years?

And with firewood at eight pesos a burro load, by what economic magic could the peons have fashioned these clay figurines and then planted them so as to dig them up and sell them at a gross price of one peso apiece?

There was one test that Hapgood hadn't made when he was first in Mexico because the test hadn't been perfected at that time. That is the Carbon 14 test. I decided to see what could be done and gave Professor Hapgood sufficient money to have carbon tests made of some of the



fragments of figures which the rats had pushed onto the floor. He returned to New Hampshire and, in due time, sent me the results of these carbon datings—approximately 1500 B.C. Other and subsequent tests have given earlier ages.

Conceding that there may have been some possibility of contamination in figures made from soil of this nature, the fact remains that enough tests have been made to indicate the figures are indeed very ancient.

*Ranging in size from two inches to a foot, the controversial figurines (above) are shown as the author saw them in the locked house in Acambaro. A replica of one of the figures is on display at the Desert Magazine Book Shop in Palm Desert. Members of the Gardner expedition question natives (left) at the site where the figurines were found.*



Who made them? Is it possible in this secluded valley with its isolated climate pattern, prehistoric animals lived long after they were supposed to have become extinct?

There is one word of warning—the tourist cannot go to Acambaro and see the collection. Carlos Julsrud, the present owner, lives many miles away and the house is locked and guarded. Moreover, there are legal complications if the collection should in any way be opened to the public.

Professor Hapgood is, I understand, planning to publish a book which will present a scholarly treatise on the Acambaro collection. This book may well open the door to one of the greatest controversies of modern times.

In this exclusive article we have attempted to give the readers of DESERT Magazine a glimpse of the collection as we saw it on our recent expedition to Mexico and to outline the bizarre problems which it presents.

## Just a Reminder...

That it's time to start thinking about your 1969 Christmas Gift List . . . we know it's only September, but those days do slip by and soon it will be 1970.

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# Back Country

Travel  
by Bill Bryan



Congratulations to the Reynolds Company for taking a real honest step in eliminating litter cans. They are offering a half-cent refund to anyone turning in aluminum beverage containers at their collection depots. As soon as we find out the location of the depots we will publish the addresses.

Your Palm Desert (Riverside County) Sand Dunes are clean once again, thanks to the Buggy Buster Dune Buggy Club from Riverside. They not only cleaned up the area, but left some large barrels for trash containers. Now all we need is some organization to empty them, since evidently the Riverside County officials will not. Anyway, it's a step forward.

I want to express my appreciation to Joe Roynon, Brian Chuchua, Cliff Gentry, Tom Overhulse and Donna Green for their help in the recent Baja 500 Race. Driving a Jeepster, our girls, Carol Bryan and Letha Patchen came in eighth in the stock four-wheel-drive class.

The Albuquerque Jeep Herders Club want to know which is the oldest four-wheel-drive club in the United States. They were formed in July, 1958. Other old clubs include the Chuckwalla Jeep Club, Hemet Jeep Club and the Fresno and Indio, California units. Anyone know which is the oldest club? Most clubs were started in the early 1960s by

a couple of jeeping friends getting together and then they just grew.

Vehicular Recreation Trail Senate Bill #684 changes the name of California Riding and Hiking Trails to California Recreation Trails. This bill is aimed at providing more motorized vehicular trails on our public lands. There has been some rumor this bill would restrict four-wheelers use of the dunes and desert. District 6 Ranger Jim Whitehead reports he has received no notice of any such restriction.

A giant California cleanup project will be held October 11 under the supervision of the California Outdoor Recreation League. See our separate article—and get out and participate! Another cleanup project is "Helping Hand" which will be held October 11 & 12 in the Ojai area. This project may have a direct effect on the opening of the Los Padres National Forest. Main camp will be at the Lions Campground, so here's another way of proving our good intentions.

The 1969 Mexican 1000 sponsored by the National Off Road Racing Association, will be held October 29 to November 1. Entry fee is \$350 and limited to 300 entries. With limited accommodation in La Paz, where the race ends, people should prepare to take camping gear. I think the best place to watch the race is at San Inez Ranch, the third check point. It is easy to get to and is only about a one-day drive south of the border. Be sure and get your Mexican visa as there is an immigration station south of Ensenada which is the end of your trip unless you have the official papers . . . It's also a good idea to have your car ownership papers, and a MUST to obtain Mexican automobile insurance.

We are told the North American 1000 in Colorado has been cancelled. Scuttlebutt is that American Motors has withdrawn their Ramblers from competition because Jim Garner withdrew interest because he is going to race dune buggies.

One of the big desert events will be held October 9 through 18 at Indio, California. (From Los Angeles take the San Bernardino Freeway south 20 miles past Palm Springs.) Events of Indio Western Week include dances, parades, horse and pony rides, beard growing contests, square dancing competition, barbecues and, during the final weekend, an official Rodeo Cowboys Association rodeo with all the nation's top riders. See you there.

## BILL KEYES LOSES HIS LAST FIGHT

Bill Keyes, one of the last of the old-time prospectors, and a rugged individualist who lived in the middle of the Joshua Tree National Monument since 1910, has died at the age of 89.

At one time he owned 100 acres in the National Monument and operated the Desert Queen Mine. Before that he was a partner of Death Valley Scotty.

Keyes became nationally known when he was convicted of killing his neighbor, Worth Bagwell, in 1943, allegedly over a quarrel about a boundary fence.

After serving 5 years of a 10-year sentence he was paroled and later completely pardoned as the result of an investigation by mystery writer Erle Stanley Gardner through the then active Court of Last Resort in Argosy Magazine.

## STATE CLEANUP DRIVE SET FOR OCTOBER 10

California's Johnny Horizon Countryside Cleanup Days will be held October 10 through 12 and all outdoor, service, youth and other groups and individuals are urged to participate in the project.

Sponsored by the California Outdoor Recreation League, Inc., a non-profit organization of representatives of all outdoor recreations, the purpose of the project is not only to clean up nine designated areas within the state, but to dramatize the need for the public to refrain from littering the outdoor environment.

Since CORL originated the annual cleanup idea last February, twelve other states have joined in to make the second weekend in October an annual national happening.

The project is supported and assisted by the Bureau of Land Management, county and state park departments and the division of county and state highways.

For information how you or your organization can participate in this worthwhile project, and where the designated area closest to you will be, write to California Outdoor Recreation League, 4264 East Florence Ave., Bell, California 90201, or call 213-585-0581 or 213-581-3683.

## THE VALLEY OF CUYAMACA

Continued from Page 31

bedrock granite, middens, potsherds, and occasional arrowpoints bearing witness to their one-time presence. Cuyamaca is a Diegueno word meaning "Rain Above" or "Rain Beyond," and was first applied only to a place somewhere high up on Middle Peak. It is descriptive of the way in which air blowing in from the ocean is driven upward by the mountain barrier and forced to deposit most of its moisture in the form of rain or snow, leaving the land to the east very dry. So effective is this barrier that only four miles east of Cuyamaca Valley lies the fringes of the Colorado Desert.

The early Spaniards knew Cuyamaca, too. Don Pedro Fages, soldier, explorer, and Governor of Spanish California for nine years, pioneered a route over the mountains which he himself used four times between 1772 and 1785. His track, following an earlier Indian trail, passed along the base of the low hills just east of Cuyamaca Lake, then descended Oriflamme Canyon to the desert oasis of Vallecito and Carrizo.

In 1845, with California under Mexican rule, the entire Cuyamaca Valley became part of Rancho Cuyamaca, a tract of 35,000 acres granted to Agustin Olvera. Olvera wanted to harvest the timber on his property, but the unfriendliness of the Indians dissuaded him. He was generous in allowing other ranchers to pasture their stock on his unfenced land, and the lush meadowlands of the Cuyamaca Mountains became famous throughout southern California during the latter part of the nineteenth century. In dry years cattle and sheep were driven from as far north as Los Angeles to feed on the tall grass. Don Agustin was content to remain in Los Angeles, where he held many civil offices and gave his name to Olvera Street off the Old Plaza.

Between 1857 and 1861 the old Fages trail through Cuyamaca Valley became part of the San Antonio and San Diego Mail Line, the first in the United States to carry passengers and mail across the continent. Popular opinion gave it the scornful sobriquet of "Jackass Mail," since the stretch over the Cuyamacas to the desert floor at Vallecito was covered on muleback.

A mule of a different color was the one Bill Skidmore chased near the south shore of Cuyamaca Lake one March day in 1870. In the process he found gold in a quartz outcrop, and dubbed his strike the "Stonewall Jackson" after the Southern general of Civil War fame. Sectional feeling still ran high, however, so close upon the heels of the War Between the States, and very early in its history the mine became known simply as the "Stonewall." After a slow start, the mine boomed in the '80s and '90s with the capital of Governor Robert Whitney Waterman behind it. Cuyamaca City, a small settlement including a post office and hotel, grew up around the workings. Today only foundations, pieces of equipment, and the caved-in shaft, once 630 feet deep, mark the site, just outside the Girl Scout Camp in Cuyamaca Rancho State Park.

From these sketches it is clear that Cuyamaca Valley, with its reborn lake, has both a rich past and an attractive present. Many of its scenic and historic points of interest—Stonewall Peak and Stonewall Mine, the rancheria of Cuyamaca, and much of Middle Peak, to name a few—are protected within Cuyamaca Rancho State Park, which begins less than a mile south of the fishing resort.

This outstanding preserve embraces 21,000 acres of timbered peaks, lofty mesas, and sheltered meadowlands. Seventy-five miles of trails penetrate its splendid backcountry. The park offers the closest camping to the lake, although Bill Skinner plans to develop overnight sites across the road from his store and snack bar. Paso Picacho Campground, two and one-half miles south of the lake, has 85 sites; five miles beyond, Green Valley offers 81, along with trout fishing in spring and wading during the warmer months in the Sweetwater River. A third state park campground, Los Caballos, is set aside for horsemen and hikers.

For desert dwellers the Cuyamaca Valley and its mountains are doubtless most attractive in summer, when they become an alpine island of shade and coolness. Yet Cuyamaca is lovely in any season, whether it be in the lush exuberance of spring, the golden calm of autumn, or the silvered stillness of the winter. □

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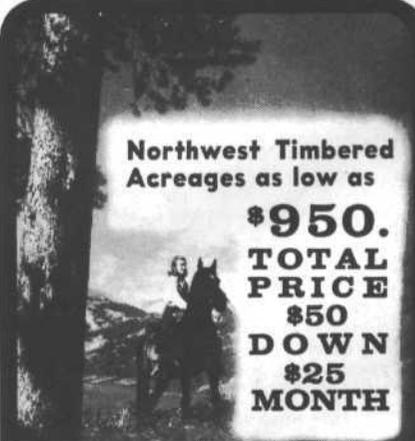
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# Woman's Viewpoint

by Joleen A. Robison

**F**all is that wonderful season of gold aspen leaves, squash, and sunflowers. It is the time of russet spears of dock along the roadside, girls in plaid skirts giggling on their way to school, and chili sauce simmering on the stove.

It is also time to face up to all that "junk" you've brought home from your vacation and trips during the summer. If you are like me, I've got boxes of bottles in the closet, rocks under the bed, rusty treasures stacked by the furnace, and pieces of knarled wood in the garage.

What are you doing with your "junk."

I know what I'm going to do with the old-fashioned fruit jars I've collected. I mean the ones with the glass lids that are fastened with wire. I'm going to copy a friend. She put several jars of assorted sizes on a lazy susan and filled them with cold cereal. She used purple, aqua, and clear ones. They look attractive on her counter and imagine how handy they will be for breakfast. When you put four or five boxes of cereal on the table you can't see across the table; and there isn't room for anything else. With the lazy susan, it will be convenient for everyone at the table to select his favorite cereal.

Last year I put two quart jars to use. I filled one with buttons and put it on the TV. I keep the buttons sewn on our clothes better this year because I can sew while I watch TV. The old-fashioned jar fits in well with the early American furniture. The other jar is filled with a homemade potpourri in the bathroom. Before company comes I remove the glass

lid and the fragrance fills the air. My recipe for the potpourri is: two cups dry rose petals, one cup lavender leaves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/4 teaspoon allspice, cloves and nutmeg.

The rusty "junk" my son found with his new metal detector will not be thrown out. At a furniture store the other day I noticed the most clever pictures. A rusty spike, key, or door latch was invisibly fastened with wire to a burlap background and framed in a distressed wood frame. Until then I had never been aware of the rich color and texture of rusty "junk." I want to make three for my son's bedroom wall.

Rocks are always good conversation pieces. I take a few unusual samples and put black felt on one side so they won't scratch the furniture. I have a grapefruit-sized piece of porous travertine, with a pixie peeking out of a hole, on the coffee table in the living room.

In the bathroom a pliable mermaid doll curls around a piece of black obsidian. Slices of rock or cut geodes can be displayed on those gold easels that hold cups and saucers.

I must admit the knarled wood is mine. I can't resist weathered wood, whether it is a few inches or several feet in size. The large pieces will go in the yard. I want to fill one huge root with those cactus-type plants called hen and chickens. I plan to put a tiny piece of twisted gray sagebrush in a glass bowl.

Your home should mirror your families' personalities and interests. Let that "junk" tell people how you live. Don't throw it out; decorate with it! Write and tell us how it turned out.

A reader in Salt Lake City asks: Whenever our family goes digging for old bottles we find pieces of beautiful broken glass. Can anything be done with this?

Another reader wonders: I am scared to death of snakes whether they are poisonous or not. There is an old cemetery I would like to visit but it is full of snakes. Is there any way to get rid of them for even just a few hours?

Woman's View Point is the Western woman's Dear Abby, Heloise, recipe exchange, and answering service all rolled in one. So send in your questions and ideas. Let's enlarge our special part of *Desert Magazine*.

## Calendar of Western Events

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

SEPTEMBER 27 & 28, ANTIQUE BOTTLE SHOW sponsored by the A.B.C.A. of Reno and Sparks, Nevada, Reno Elks Club. Free admission and parking. Write A.B.C.A., Box 6145, Reno, Nevada.

OCTOBER 1-5, VENTURA COUNTY FAIR AND ROCK SHOW, Ventura, California. Rodeos, horse shows, etc. Admission, adults, \$1.00, children, 25 cents.

OCTOBER 2-12, EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL GEM SHOW of the Fresno Gem and Mineral Society, Fresno Fair Grounds. Write Judy Geringer, 3905 E. Dwight Way, Fresno, Calif. 93702.

OCTOBER 4 & 5, MELODY OF GEMS sponsored by the Long Beach Mineral and Gem Society. Wardlow Park Clubhouse, 3457 Stanbridge Ave., Long Beach (near the Long Beach Airport). Free admission, displays, lapidary exhibits, movies, vehicle display, etc.

OCTOBER 4 & 5, PROSPECTORS CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA Second Annual Convention, Burton's Tropico Gold Mine, Rosamond, Calif. Adult competition with metal detectors, children's events, prizes, displays. Write Norman Oliver, P. O. Box, 613, Bell, Calif. 90201.

OCTOBER 9-11, FALL RALLY OF AVION TRAVELCADE CLUB, Park Moabi Marina on Colorado River, 11 miles southeast of Needles on Interstate 40. Limited to owners of Avion mobile homes. Write William Watkins, 7861 Whispering Palms Drive, Sacramento, Calif. 95823.

OCTOBER 10-12, AMERICAN INDIAN AND WESTERN RELIC SHOW, 135 West Foothill Blvd., Monrovia, Calif. Complete displays of Indian arts and Western items. Public invited to buy, sell, trade and display. Write Howard C. Chatt, 2324 West 25th Street, Los Angeles.

OCTOBER 10, 11 & 12, ANNUAL ANZA-BORREGO DESERT FESTIVAL, Borrego Springs, Calif. Activities opening the winter season in the area.

OCTOBER 18 & 19, WONDERS OF GEMLAND sponsored by the Northrop Recreation Gem and Mineral Club, Northrop Recreation Center, 12626 Chadron Street, Hawthorne, Calif. Free admission.

OCTOBER 25 & 26, GOLDEN GATE GEM AND MINERAL SHOW, sponsored by Daly City Rockhounds, War Memorial Community Center, 6655 Mission Street, Daly City, Calif. Write Harriet Lee, P. O. Box 596, Daly City, Calif.

## Our National Integrity . . .

One of the reasons I have been interested in DESERT and have enjoyed it over the years has been its emphasis on enjoying the desert for its intrinsic values, rather than for its developmental prospects. It is most encouraging to hear of 4-wheel-drive clubs waging clean-up and anti-vandalism wars in an effort to preserve the beauty and dignity of our wilderness areas. These resources, once destroyed, can never be renewed. And if they go—and sadly I believe industrial encroachment will eventually get them—the people of our country will lose something of inestimable value: a source of "soul food," if you please.

I have long been an out and out socialist when it comes to nationalizing our country's natural resources of life and beauty such as has been done with our National and State Parks, National Forests, etc. I believe they should be preserved and made available for everyone. As the enclosed article points out, even National Parks are experiencing great difficulties in handling the tide of people visiting the areas.

The frightening thing about it is the change in the character of the people over the years. I, too, remember when you could leave your camp tent and supplies unlocked and unguarded with never a worry about thievery or vandalism except from jays and squirrels—or sometimes bears. No more. What is it in our society that breeds this mentality? Can we forgive them simply because they know not what they do?

I think DESERT has and can continue to engender a spirit of worth, or perhaps I should say an appreciation of the value of these treasures to all of us. It helps to know that other people care and are doing something about it. It is a great service to all of us to have these things written about, pointed out, etc. How much history, beauty, facts of interest we would miss were it not for magazines like DESERT!

Conservationists are rightly concerned that giving easy access to some of our wilderness areas will destroy forever those very areas. If they can be protected from the developers and concessioners, fine. If our national integrity can be reinstated—by that I mean a nationwide realization of the value and fragility of our natural resources so that they will be safe in the hands of the people—well, then let them in. Otherwise, I am in no hurry to build roads to them all.

DON VALENTINE,  
Whittier, California.

*Editor's Note: The article enclosed was a definitive piece entitled Smog Comes to National Parks which appeared in the July 13 issue of the Los Angeles Times. It describes the problems of overcrowded conditions, vandalism, thefts and drug use in national parks which cannot be controlled by the undermanned park personnel. An outdoorsman and professional photographer, Don Valentine has had many outstanding cover photographs in DESERT.*

# Letters to the Editor

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope.

## Billy The Kid . . .

Have read your magazine for many years with great enjoyment as I have been to most of the places you write about.

In the June '69 issue under the photograph of the Lincoln County Courthouse the caption should read New Mexico State Monument instead of Arizona.

I have visited the place many times. The "jail" was on the second floor in the northeast corner. There is a wide black line painted on the floor showing the area in which Billy the Kid was confined. There were to be two guards with him all the time. He showed good behavior so their vigilance relaxed. One noon Ollinger went out to lunch, leaving Billy and the other guard playing cards. Billy pushed a card to the floor and asked the guard to pick it up saying his handcuffs hampered him. When the guard leaned over Billy hit him with his hands and handcuffs, knocking him out. He then took his gun and shot him. He hobbled to the window and as Ollinger dashed in Billy shot him. Some say Ollinger really bullied Billy, so he must have took great pleasure in killing him.

M. L. WALTON,  
Glendale, California.

We enjoyed the article on Billy The Kid in the June, 1969 issue, but your story is not true. We have an old Navajo Indian who trades with us who was raised by Billy. He can tell you that Billy did not die or was not killed and buried like the history says he was. Pat Garrett was a very good friend of Billy and did not kill him.

Also my father knew Billy and saw him many times when he lived on the Zuni Mountains near Ramah, New Mexico. He went by the name of John Miller at that time. He finally moved to Mesa, Arizona and died there after falling off his house while fixing his roof.

MRS. D. R. SMOUSE,  
Prewitt, New Mexico.

*Editor's Note: All histories in our library state Garrett killed Billy the Kid in line of duty. Even if he did die by falling off a roof, Billy upheld the outlaw's law of the West—he died with his boots on—or did he?*

## We Hope He Does . . .

After reading the article in the August issue (Page 39) about the photographs in the Lancaster Ledger-Gazette showing people stealing poppies, I felt I had to write to you about what we see here at my service station during wildflower season.

We see cars come in loaded with poppies. We see the trash cans in our restroom stuffed with poppies. We hear these same people gripe and bellyache that this is a bad year for the poppies. If they and their offsprings would keep their grubby fingers off the wildflowers there would be more for everyone to enjoy.

I am seriously thinking of instructing the personnel of my station to take down the license number of every car with wildflowers in them and report them to the sheriff. Maybe if enough arrests and convictions were made, this would stop.

WILLIAM A. RUFF,  
Lancaster, California.

*Editor's Note: As we pointed out in the article, wildflowers survive less than an hour after being picked, plus, under California law anyone caught picking wildflowers is subject to a \$500 fine and/or six months in jail.*

## Too Much Dinero? . . .

Your Desert Magazine is very interesting, but in your article of August, 1969, *There's Mucho Fun Along the Border of Baja* seems too luxurious for the average camper or U.S. tourist at \$14 a night and \$8.50 a meal for two or at an approximate rate of \$420 a month room and \$255 for one meal a day for a month. Someone must be pulling someone's leg in promoting luxury for the rich—not the average citizen at such prices, considering the wages they pay for help out there and what we got left after taxes out here for the working class.

A CAMPER,  
Los Angeles, California.

*Editor's Note: The primary purpose of DESERT MAGAZINE is to take our readers to unusual and interesting areas in the West and Mexico. Methods of transportation include dune buggies, four-wheel-drive, campers, boats, passenger cars, and, when necessary, airplanes or helicopters. In each issue we present both back country and passenger car trips—the latter of which can also be done in campers or trailers. We felt the prices were quite reasonable and mentioned them since readers would want to know. Traveling and shopping on the mainland of Mexico and Baja is "mucho fun" and, as in the United States, can be experienced in a manner to suit each individual's taste and income.*

*Back Cover: Author John Muir described Yosemite National Park as a "mountain mansion into which nature has gathered her choicest treasures." Photo courtesy Las Vegas News Bureau.*

