

APRIL, 1969 50c

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# Desert

**MAGAZINE**



**CALIFORNIA'S CHINESE WALL**  
**BAJA'S ENCHANTED ISLANDS**

# DESERT MAGAZINE BOOK SHOP

**THE CALIFORNIA DESERTS** by Edmund C. Jaeger. Revised 4th edition is standard guide to Mohave and Colorado deserts with new chapters on desert conservation and aborigines. Hardcover, \$4.95.

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

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# Desert

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### APRIL COLOR PHOTOS

Front Cover: Sandstone cliffs of Arizona's Oak Creek Canyon are reflected in rain water after a storm. The canyon of contrasts along State Highway 179 is captured in the photograph by David Muench, Santa Barbara, Calif. Page 22: Photograph of colorful Coyote Canyon in San Diego County by Bill Showalter illustrates an article by Ann Showalter. Back Cover: Blooming yucca seem to tower over a Joshua Tree in the photo by B. M. Klus. Recent rains also should produce an abundance of spring wild flowers.

# BOOK REVIEWS

Unless otherwise stated in the review, all books reviewed in **DESERT MAGAZINE** are available through the Desert Magazine Book Shop. Please add 50 cents per order (not per book) for handling and postage. **CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS MUST ALSO ADD 5 PERCENT SALES TAX FOR THE TOTAL AMOUNT OF BOOKS.**

## THE WEEKEND TREASURE HUNTER

By A. H. Ryan

One definition of treasure is "one who or that which is regarded as valuable, precious or rare." Gold is treasure, but also so are sea shells, rocks, semi-precious stones and many other items, depending upon the value placed on them by the finder.

This is the approach the author takes in his new book about hunting for treasure. Like his first volume, *The Weekend Gold Miner*, reviewed in the February, 1969 issue, A. H. Ryan's new book is concise and packed with information on what to look for and also what to do with your treasure after you find it.

Chapters include Beach Combing, Prospecting for Gold, Sunken Treasure, Hunting Gem Stones, Lost Mines and Ghost Towns, Electronic Treasure Hunting and How to Make Something from Nothing. *The Weekend Treasure Hunter* is 76 pages, \$1.95. *The Weekend Gold Miner* is 40 pages, \$1.50. Both are paperback.

## CALIFORNIA NATIONAL PARKS

By the Editors of *Sunset Books*

California contains more national parks than any other state. It also has the second and third oldest, Sequoia and Yosemite, and the most recent, the Redwood National Park. It also has eight national monuments, the West's first national seashore, and many state parks and other natural and historical preserves.

Sunset's new edition of *California National Parks*, like their other excellent guide books, is well illustrated with pho-

tographs and maps. It tells what you can see and do, and what you cannot do, in the parks and monuments.

Subjects include Yosemite National Park, Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Park, Lassen Volcanic National Park, Redwood National National Park, Point Reyes National Seashore and the eight national monuments. Excellent for planning vacations. Large format, paperback, slick paper, 80 pages, \$1.95.

## WESTERN CAMPSITE DIRECTORY

By the Editors of *Sunset Books*

With more and more people taking to the open road new campsites, both private and public, are being opened. Sunset's newly revised and just published *Western Campsite Directory* lists more than 5000 campgrounds in the 11 western states and British Columbia and Western Alberta.

Over 40 maps pinpoint exactly the locations of each campground and give information about each site such as access routes, number of units, season, trailer facilities, limitations and recreational opportunities, such as trails, hunting, fishing and weather.

Anyone with a camper, trailer or just heading for the open road with camping equipment should have this book. Regular large Sunset format, slick paperback, 128 pages, \$1.95.

## HAVASU CANYON, Gem of the Grand Canyon

By Joseph Wampler and Weldon Heald

Where the clear waters of Havasu Creek meet the muddy waters of the Colorado River in the southwest corner of the Grand Canyon is located what poets have described as the Indian Shangri-la and the Land of the Blue-green Water.

Accessible only afoot or on horse back this little known part of the Grand Canyon is the home of the Havasupai Indians who tend their animals and grow their crops in a canyon of unsurpassed beauty.

Only a few hundred feet above is the arid desert of Arizona, but below are

fantastic waterfalls and towering red cliffs of Havasu Canyon. The beauty of the area and the simple lives of the friendly and hospitable Indians are the subject of *Havasu Canyon*. After reading this book you will want to visit this Indian Shangri-la, but even if you can't you will at least have had the pleasure of seeing it through the eyes of the writers, giving you a memorable armchair experience. Slick paperback, illustrated in black and white and color, 121 pages, \$2.50.

## HIGH SIERRA MOUNTAIN WONDERLAND

By Joseph Wampler and Weldon Heald

"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves."

Thus did John Muir describe the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California where the great naturalist lived and studied the world about him.

Every phase of the majestic mountains are covered in this book, and, more important, the writers capture the spirit of the areas they cover.

Included among the many subjects are the geology, climate, history, fishing, animals and birds, flowers and trees and how to explore and visit the mountain areas, plus many more, including a chapter on John Muir.

Slick paperback, well illustrated, 122 pages, \$2.50.

## A Notice to Our Subscribers

Due to a malfunction in the automated section of the bindery department several subscribers have written in saying they had received incomplete copies of **DESERT**. If you are among those receiving an incorrectly bound issue please notify us immediately and we will send you a complete book. Hopefully this is only a temporary problem while the "bugs" are being removed from the new equipment.

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# BAJA'S ENCHANTED ISLANDS

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by Piet Van de Mark

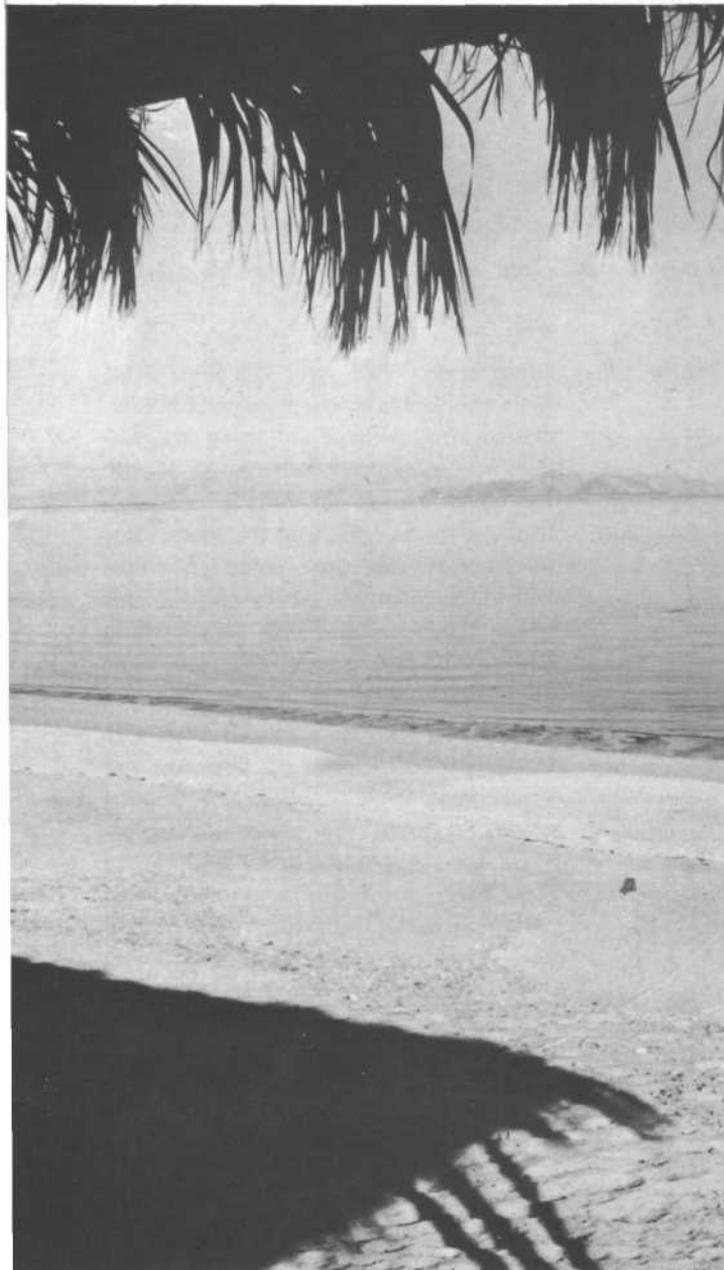
MEXICO'S LONG peninsula called Baja California has lured me to her mountains, deserts and shores many times. The vacation my wife and I took along the Gulf Coast about 200 miles below the border was one of the most relaxing times I have spent in Baja.

I had camped in Bahia Ambrosia several times before, but always gone on south in the morning, past the chain of six small islands stretching 40 miles down to Punta Final where the road bends west. This time I wanted to explore these islands in a leisurely fashion. We had brought along a wide-beam 14-foot aluminum skiff with an 18-horsepower outboard to do just that.

Packing and planning for a trip into Baja takes time, even though you have been there many times before. The reason for this is obvious: once south of the tourist areas near the border, you are on your own. The further you venture into Baja, the more important it becomes that you are well prepared. This is not the place for a discussion on camping in Baja. It is basically like wilderness camping anywhere else; just be extra sure your gear is complete and in good order. I find a checklist very helpful when packing.

We crossed the border at Mexicali in the morning, getting our tourist cards and Mexican auto insurance at the line. Unlike mainland Mexico, car permits are not required for Baja and clearing customs requires only minutes.

I generally stop in San Felipe, at the end of the pavement 125 miles below



Mexicali, to buy last minute supplies and have a final civilized meal at Arnold's Del Mar Cafe. Arnold Hellin is a good man to know in San Felipe. If you need a place to stay, gas, water, cold beer, or pandulce—that delicious Mexican pastry, Arnold will steer you in the right direction. He will also have the latest information on road conditions and an educated guess about the weather.

Below San Felipe are 50 miles of graded road to Puertecitos, a collection of 130 trailers and houses built by Americans who want to get away from it all, but like the security of the colony. There is a bar and cafe here. Gas and water can usually be purchased, but do not count on it.

Puertecitos is the end of the good graded road. With just 17 miles to go, you may think you are almost at Bahia Ambrosia, however, if you are new to this sort of driving, this will prove to be the hairiest 17 miles you have ever driven. The first time over it will take several hours, including some well-deserved sightseeing, but after the initial panic wears off you will drive it in about two hours.

You will need a pickup, carryall or Jeep in good mechanical order to handle the road with security. We brought our skiff atop the specially constructed camper for good reason: boat ramps are nonexistent below Puertecitos, and the road is not suited to trailer-pulling. Besides, the skiff is easy for two people to handle and well suited to the job ahead.

If you have ever dreamed of having an eight-mile wide bay of shimmering blue water all to yourself, you have found your dream at Bahia Ambrosia. At night, when the moon rises out of the bay, you will lie in your bedroll and marvel at the countless stars the smog has hidden so well. Not a night will pass without the wierd howl of coyotes in the hills beyond the firelight.

The sunrise over the Gulf of California is short and almost always spectacular, a beautiful way to start the day. If you enjoy photography as much as I do, you are in your element here. I am usually up with the first light, staggering around in the pre-dawn glow, tripping over rocks, and trying to get my mind in gear so that when I finally get to the right place at the right time, I can take advantage of the situation and create at least one of



*Baja California's beaches are uncrowded, clean and washed by clear blue water.*

those memorable once-in-a-lifetime sunrise photos.

Just at dawn the bay is so still that you will hear the porpoises playing offshore. That is quite a view over your morning coffee. But the distant view of the islands is even more exciting.

In a light skiff this island tour can be made in one day, though you will have little time for sightseeing. So, if you have room in your boat, and think you might want to stay out for several days, chuck in a bedroll and some extra chow. So, we loaded that and extra gas, water, life-jackets, parts and tool kit, tackle, cameras and set forth across the glassy bay.

Around the south end of Bahia Ambrosia lies Isla Huerfanito. Little Orphan Island is all alone less than a mile from shore. Though outcast from the other islands, Huerfanito is not lacking for company. Her sheer rocky coastline is home for countless thousands of sea birds. Pelicans, gulls, terns, cormorants, and the stately black frigate bird all make their home there.

The second island, five miles south and perhaps three miles offshore, has a fright-

ening name: El Muerto, The Dead Man. How this came to be is a matter for speculation. If you have an active imagination, you might pass between El Muerto and shore and see the form of a corpse, lying on its back, head to the south, arms folded across his chest. Local fishermen will tell you that the pre-Spanish Indians buried their dead on these islands. Who knows? It remains one of Baja's many mysteries.

El Muerto has several small coves with sandy beaches on the west side. Any one would make a good campsite, with good protection from the wind and ample wood for fire. As we sailed into one of these coves, the little bay was like glass compared to the light chop of the open water. The remains of a huge fish had been washed up on the beach. We discovered it was a shark, once perhaps 20 feet long. The jaws were about 30 inches across and filled with rows of serrated teeth; the longest measured 2-3/8 inches.

We fished briefly from the island, catching cabrilla, striped pargo, and even the ever-present trigger fish. You must get used to the idea of throwing fish



back since you will generally be able to catch hundreds every day. It adds a bit of sport and makes the release faster and more humane if you bend over the hook's barb with your pliers.

Unlike Huerfanito, El Muerto has vegetation and soil similar to that found on the peninsula's shore. Cardon, something like the giant saguaro cactus of the American Southwest, cholla, and ocotillo can be seen. Wildlife is limited land birds and reptiles, including, it is reported, rattlesnakes. Sea birds are found along the cliffs over the water and ospreys perch among the highest crags.

Isla Coloradito lies another three miles to the south. Colorado, also the name of the river that flows into the northern tip of the gulf, means reddish in color. This little red island is well named. Like Huerfanito, Coloradito is just a huge rock with no beach. However this trip we found another deterrent to landing—the island was completely surrounded by sea lions.

As we approached, they came out to greet us, or, more precisely, to make sure we knew our place—in the boat. They

swam about the skiff barking and playing, occasionally brushing against the bottom, but never coming near the prop. Sea lions are not the most cooperative photo subjects. It is difficult to get close enough to them on the water to get a clear result, especially from the low angle of a small skiff. When a boat approaches shore, they all dive in. The most successful method is to climb above them with a telephoto. They will soon relax, and permit extraordinary pictures to be taken.

Four miles below Coloradito is Isla Cholludo, which abounds with birds and wonderful rock fishing from the little bass, or cabrilla, up to the giant grouper. There are many small rocks scattered throughout this area that are alternately covered and exposed with the tide. Though fishing is good around them, even a light skiff can run aground or damage a prop unless a watchful eye is maintained. By this time, you may want to get out and stretch your legs; the place to do so is four miles south and is the largest island in the chain.

Isla San Luis, also called Salvatierra on some charts, is about three miles long.



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**PENNECAMP, INC.**, 401 W. End Ave., Manheim, Penna., 17545, Dept. 4.  
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**ALASKAN CAMPER SALES**, 9042 Longpoint Rd., Houston, Texas 77055, Dept. D.  
**FORT LUPTON CAMPERS, INC.**, 1100 Denver Ave., Fort Lupton, Colorado 80621, Dept. D.

U. S. PATENT NO. 2879103

CANADIAN PATENT NO. 637-547



*Cormorants perch on a rock before diving for fish into the clear waters of the Gulf of California. Right, another fisherman baits his hook. All varieties of fish are plentiful along the Baja coast.*



Like the other islands off the Baja coast, it is of volcanic origin. The semi-circular rim of about a third of the original crater rises to 729 feet at the southeast end of the island. A tiny lagoon, its outer edges formed by sand bars, is located west of the crater. At low tide one can dig up a delicious clam dinner in short order. The bars that form the lagoon merge and stretch off to the west toward Bahia de San Luis Gonzaga on the mainland where two small tourist fish-camps are located. This bar is exposed for more than a mile at low spring tides.

Another bar, said to be dry at times, connects Isla San Luis with its neighbor a mile to the east, La Encantada. This Enchanted Island that gives the popular name to the entire chain, deserves its mysterious title. This island is a solid volcanic plug, or core, of greying basalt, rising abruptly from the sea to 478 feet.

If your first approach to La Encantada is under a cloudy and windblown day, as ours was, you, too, will feel a shiver run down your spine. At the northwest end, the cliff has fallen away to form an amphitheater as sheer and tall as a 30-story

skyscraper. Outlying rocks add to the unearthly image.

If you work your way around the island a few hundred yards south of the amphitheater, you will find two lava caves half exposed at low tide. They are perhaps 25 feet in diameter. If your boat is small and your spirit bold, you can paddle into the eerie darkness for about 200 feet until you reach a tiny wet, rocky beach. Tooth snails cluster along the waterline, and the large black murex crawl along the tawny sand bottom. An occasional bat flips by overhead, lending the traditional finishing touch to an already spooky situation.

La Encantada is an ideal island to explore with a skiff, but if you enjoy a good hike, or care to camp, San Luis offers more comfortable quarters. The wide, shallow bay on the northwest offers the best camping. Should you leave your boat unattended make certain that you have the tide figured out and that the craft is well secured to something above high tide. Incidentally, a handy thing to have with you is the Tide Calendar available for \$1.00 from the Bureau of Mimeo-

graphing and Multilithing, University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona 85721. You will find ample driftwood for cooking and a cheery fire on San Luis. The light volcanic pumice that covers the beach several feet deep above high tide can be used to fashion an effective shelter from the wind.

It has been suggested that these islands were first called enchanted by the natives of generations past because of the abundance of the weird floating rocks. After a storm, the pumice can be found all along the adjacent coastline of Baja.

One of the most inviting places where the pumice washes up is to be found about 13 miles south on Punta Final. About five miles west of the tip of the point in a crescent bay is the little resort called the Villa Mar y Sol. Clustered around a small lodge are a couple of cabins, a handful of trailers, a road eventually passing Bahia Ambrosia, and a very nice airstrip.

At this writing, the Villa Mar y Sol offers only very limited services and warm hospitality. Be sure to try the pompano

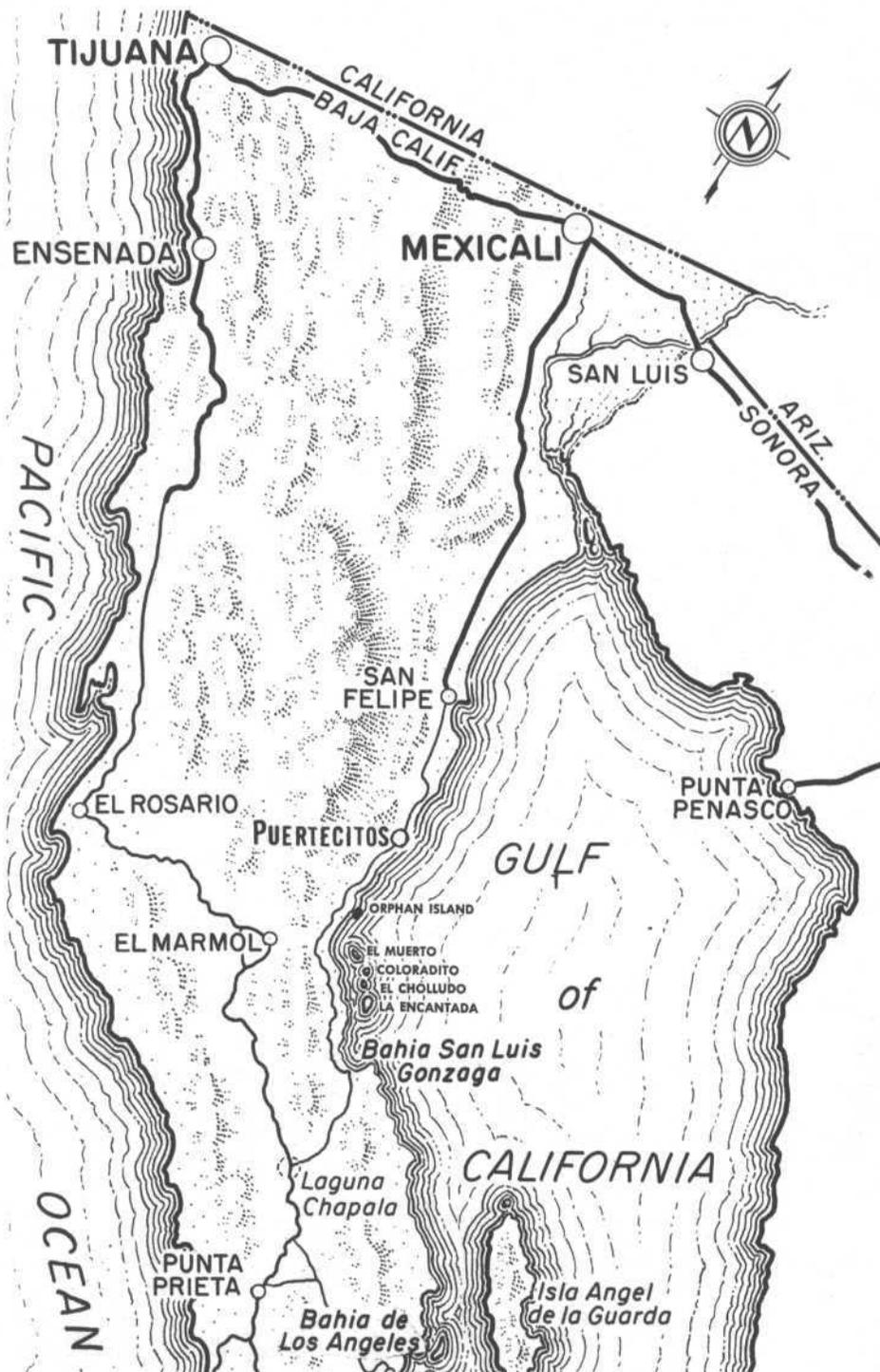


*Inquisitive sea lions frolic on the rocks and swim around boats at Isla Coloradito. Although friendly, they keep their distance.*

fishing from the shore right in front of the lodge. If they are running you will catch enough of these delicious little fighters in a matter of minutes to feed the entire camp. A silver spoon usually produces good results.

The shelling is good everywhere in the Sea of Cortez, but if you believe you have collected everything at Bahía Ambrosia just try the beach at Punta Final. You will be in for a surprise.

By the time you have sailed your way to the Villa Mar y Sol, you will have sampled the fruits of Baja and you should be thoroughly hooked. What probably appeals to you is the unspoiled virgin land, uncluttered by man's careless hand. Those of us who appreciate this are fortunate indeed, to have Baja California at our doorstep. I suppose this writing is slanted to appeal to those who share our feelings for Baja, to the fellow who will bury his beer cans and leave things as they were. For you, this brief journey among Las Islas Encantadas can be the beginning of a series of expeditions into the heart of the enchanted peninsula, Baja California. □





**W**ITH THE remains of the Great Wall of China no longer available as a tourist attraction, a Chinese wall built in Southern California is an interesting substitute. The time defying rock work of early mining day Chinese laborers and the ruins of their settlement climax a thirty-mile trip through history, along State Highway 178, north from Trona. The modern, hard surfaced road eliminates steep climbs and tortuous curves but otherwise follows near and crosses the old freighting route of 1873 that opened up a fabulously rich mining area.

California's

# CHINESE WALL

by  
Roberta  
Starry

Trona has accommodations and supplies for the traveler, and is the last opportunity in many desert miles to fill the gas tank, replenish the water supply and stock up on film. The town and chemical plants skirt the edge of an extensive white lake.

Little less than 100 years ago, John and Dennis Searles were building evaporative vats along the edge of the lake. They hoped to claim a marketable product from the heavy brine. Borax was growing in demand, selling over the drug-store counter for 25¢ an ounce. Today Searles Lake is producing wealth beyond



*Opposite page, the rock wall built by Chinese laborers in 1873 still supports the old freight road. Left, Daphne Lea Martin, Long Beach, Calif., inspects all that's left of a rock bovel in which Chinese lived while working on the wall.*

anything the brothers thought possible; producing over 120 different chemicals that are shipped by truck and rail in amounts exceeding 10,000 tons per day.

A short distance from the reservoir a side road to the right goes to the Tamarisk shaded Valley Wells, pool and picnic area, owned and maintained for the use of the American Potash Company employees. A narrow dirt road to the left, usable for passenger cars, goes toward a residence and an old car graveyard, a branch veers to the right in front of the house and within a few feet are the charred ruins of a once busy way station.

Such stations were spaced approximately 10 miles apart or a days travel for the heavy freight wagons and long teams en route to the new silver discovery in the Panamint Mountains. Corral for the teams, water from The Tanks, that still stand on the mountain side to the west, and cabins for the teamsters, made this one a favored overnight stop.

The way stations along this freight route were first developed by Meyerstein, a San Bernardino freight line, and in the late 1890s came under the ownership of Teagle Brothers. In the later period mine equipment, food and liquor were hauled

from the railhead at Johannesburg to Bal-larat, Skidoo and other mining camps in Death Valley.

During the Teagle period, facilities, water and feed was open to all freighters on an honor system. Each driver noted on a blackboard the date of his stay, the amount of hay, grain and groceries he had used, and then he would pay for the total used on the trip when he returned to Johannesburg. The workable relationship between the freighters and Teagle Brothers suddenly came to a halt. Returning freighters complained of the abuse being imposed upon them at the way station below The Tanks. They were denied use of the cabins and an exorbitant charge for water and feed had to be paid in cash at the time of use.

Since there had been no policy change, the youngest Teagle brother gathered a few friends and rode out to check on the situation. Like the freighters, he was stopped at the gate by a burly stranger who demanded payment for the use of the corral and more if feed and water was desired. Teagle was being asked to pay for his own hay and grain as well as the use of his buildings. Demanding by what authority he was being charged, another individual came out of a cabin

waving a paper which they said was the bill of sale proving their purchase from Teagle Brothers. The mounted men leveled their guns at the two rascals and escorted them across the county line.

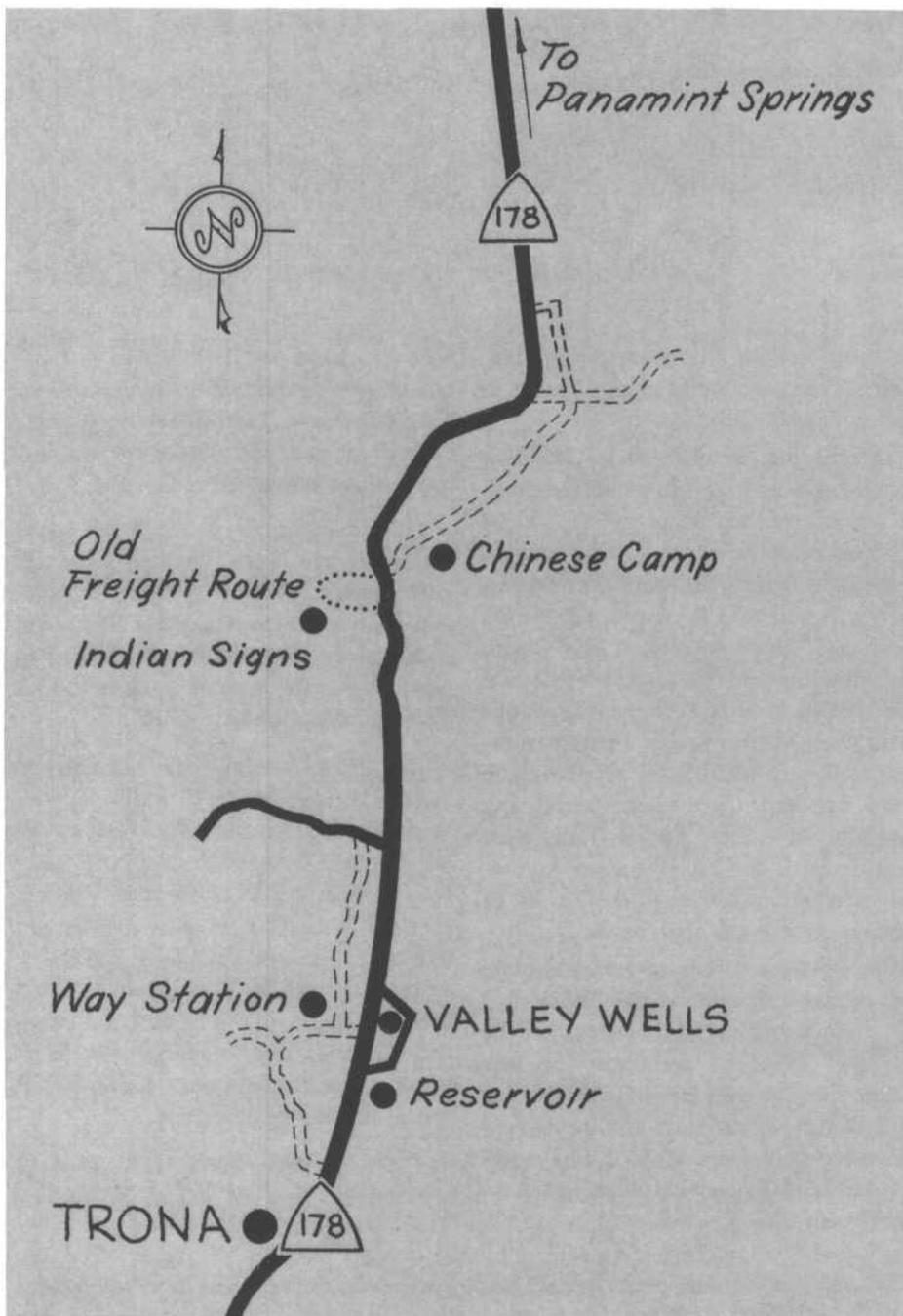
This freight route still stretches across the miles of desert. Not advisable for passenger car use, it is passable for truck and four-wheel-drive vehicles. Less than a mile away hard surfaced Highway 178 parallels the old route and makes a much easier climb up the Slate Range.

Just before reaching the Slate Range Summit the old 'Model T' road is crossed by Highway 178 and drops off to the left between two white posts, the only ones on that portion of the road. The old car road is dirt, but remains obvious and usable at this point for any type vehicle. In the flat area, less than a mile from the new highway and still in view of Highway 178 is a good parking area. Short hikes in any direction from this spot will reveal interesting discoveries.

Signs of wild burros show up in a sandy path crossing the parking area. They have passed this way to water day after day through the years since the prospectors turned them loose to fend for themselves. The observant person may



Basalt rock circles are evidently of Indian origin. In the background are the wall and freight road over which giant wagons carried heavy loads over the mountains.



well see the tips of their ears as they stand just out of sight, watching the unaware visitor. They bother no one.

Indian signs are here too; circles of black basalt rock and a large arrowhead pointing east continues to baffle students of early man.

To the north the old car road joins the freight route and the cut is plainly visible as it climbs to where 178 cuts across it right at the summit. Condition of this section of road is unpredictable as rain runoff cuts away part of the road bed. At the summit the old freight wagon and car road is seldom seen by present day travelers as the spectacular, panoramic view of the Panamint Range and valley draws all the attention.

A turn-out spot, ideal for viewing the area is also a good parking place for the less venturesome who would rather hike than drive the eastern section of the worn freight road.

Entering the cut at the summit, the narrow dirt route is a one way, no turn around for three miles and then comes out on a flat mesa less than half way down to the valley floor. The ancient road is held along the mountain side by a Chinese-built rock wall. In August, 1873, Senator Stewart furnished 45 Chinese laborers to work with pick, shovel and wheelbarrows in an all-out effort to fill all washes and cut down steep inclines from Cajon Pass, out of San Bernardino, to the newly discovered mines in the Panamint Mountains. Additional workers were added, and by the time they reached Slate Range Summit in September the Chinese numbered over 100.

In October of the same year, freight began moving over the new road and by December 300 ton of mixed freight was coming into the area every month. The 1873-75 demand for supplies caused great stock piles of material to accumulate in San Bernardino and is credited with creating the first building boom in that settlement.

Almost as soon as the great wagons began to roll toward the Panamint mines a stage was put into operation from Los Angeles, a three day trip over 225 rough miles for a fare of \$35.00. Investors and eager miners found it a long trip with breathtaking curves and inclines straight down rock strewn canyons. Wrecks of wagons that skidded out of control or tipped over while trying to reach the bot-

tom of the Slate Range are mute evidence to the hazards of the narrow road.

The long section of rock from Highway 178 to the mesa has withstood heavy use and weather. Examination of the widest parts of the wall show the fit of one rock against the other in solid support to the road bed that hangs out over space as it inches down the mountain side.

On the mesa, just before the long straight pitch to the valley floor, are rock ruins of the Chinese shelters. The one room structures were only long enough for the five-foot or less Chinese; more luxuriant buildings had a small open fire pit at one end for cooking and warmth. Mesquite or boards from wrecked wagons provided a makeshift over head cover.

Hard working men, the Chinese received little pay for their labor in the sun and wind. After completing the road down the Slate Range they were resting and waiting possible work in the mines that were just opening up. They kept to themselves, bothering no one, but in the tent covered saloons of the new camps hard feelings were growing, nourished by liquor. Talk built that the Chinese were a threat to white men by taking the employment that should be theirs.

Two renegades interested only in easy money and status, John McDonald and John Small, thought they would gain lasting respect and prestige if they could rid the country of the Chinese. New Years Eve seemed like an ideal time to have the joy of getting rid of the orientals, especially after many drinks and much over-the-bar discussion of the situation. Most of the revelers were asleep when the two men decided to raid the Chinese camp, but they found a few staggering admirers to accompany them in the advance on the sleeping Chinese.

Bombarding the hovels with rocks, the renegades soon had the orientals running towards sheltering canyons. They shot at them like wild animals. Any winter night, high on the Slate Range is a cold experience, but to be fleeing for ones life without an opportunity to gather needed clothing would be near fatal. How many Chinese perished in the freezing temperature and dark pathless canyons was never estimated. Only rock ruins scattered across the mesa and hillside remain to tell of the tragedy that wiped out the builders of the rock wall. □



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# Old Charlie

by Marion Holbrook



**The first woman  
to vote in  
California cast her  
ballot long before  
womens' suffrage.  
But when  
"Old Charlie" voted  
no one knew  
she was a woman!**

Illustration reprinted from *Via Western Express and Stagecoach* by Professor Winther, University of Nebraska Press.

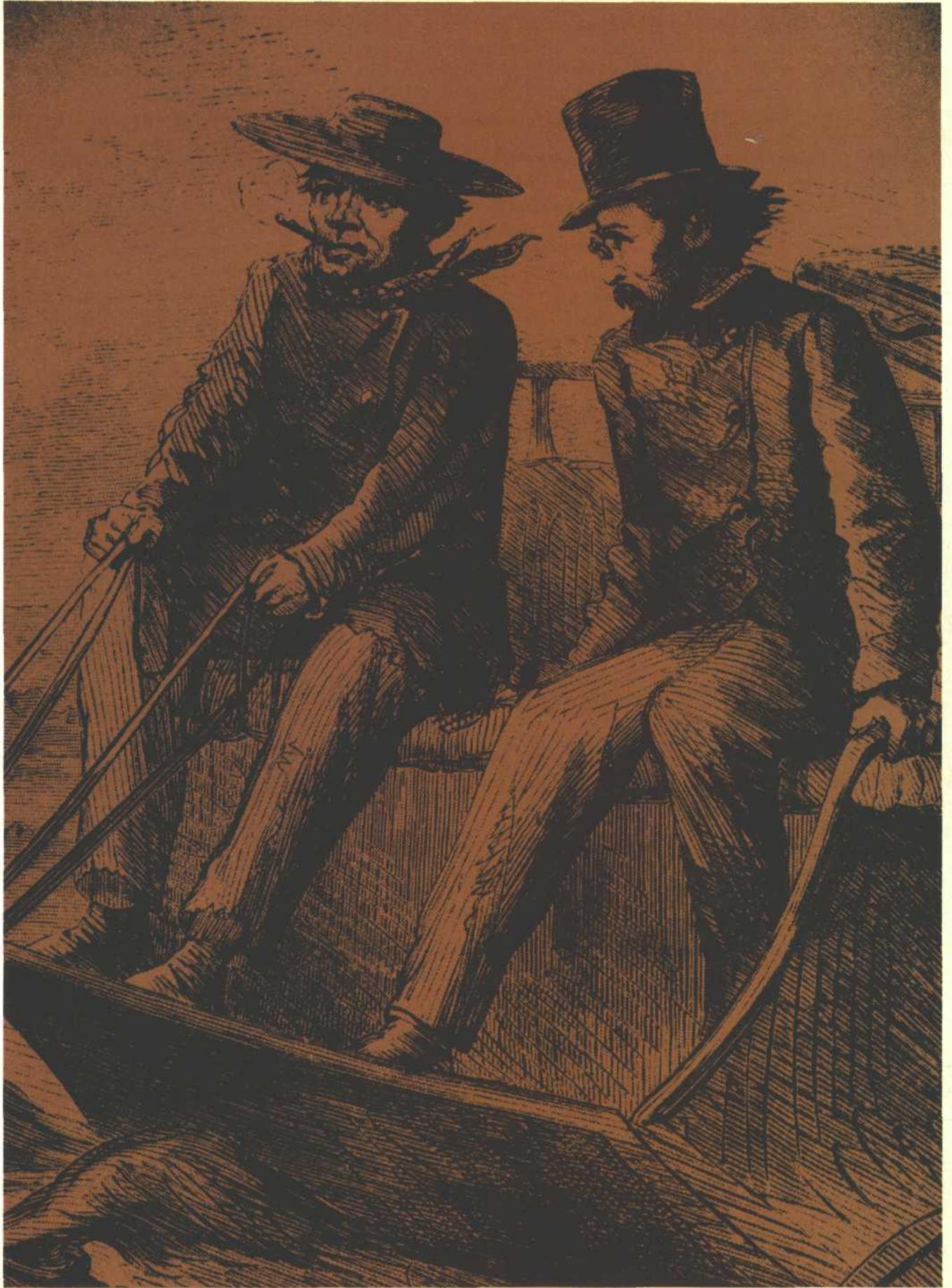
CHARLIE PARKHURST, commonly called "Old Charlie," or "Charlie the Whip," was one of the finest and best known stage drivers in California during the 1850s. Miners on the way to their diggings, or prospectors taking their gold dust to the bank, preferred to ride with Charlie. They knew his fast and skillful driving assured them of reaching their destination safely and on time. What they didn't know was that this tall, broad-shouldered, dark-skinned person was a woman! Nor did anyone learn this fact until Charlie died at the age of 67 in the year 1879.

In 1829, Ebenezer Balch, keeper of an inn and livery stable at Worcester, Massachusetts, was confronted one evening by a person of seventeen years asking for work. Mr. Balch looked at this young individual who was cleanly dressed in ill-fitting boy's clothing and said, "You look like a strong young-one. Work hard for me and I'll make a man of you." His words proved to be prophetic. Possibly it was the need of the job that led Charlie to accept it in the guise of a boy, and as time wore on found it impossible to shed the masquerade.

Work hard she did, with good will and a tremendous amount of energy, pitching hay, washing carriages, and shoveling manure. Mr. Balch soon realized Charlie loved horses and had a natural affinity for handling them. He started training Charlie to drive first two, then four, and soon six horses.

In the early 1840s Balch moved to the What Cheer House in Providence, Rhode Island, and took Charlie with him. Charlie soon achieved a reputation for expert driving, and was in demand by the wealthiest families when they wished to hire a coach. It was quite a spectacle to watch Charlie's deft handling of six spanking greys as she drove down the street.

In 1849, Jim Birch and Frank Stevens, friends of Charlie, joined the Gold Rush to California. By 1851 they had established the California Stage Company and sent for Charlie. She had saved \$700 so went to California by boat through the Isthmus of Panama. *(continued)*



Charlie soon became known as one of the fastest and most expert drivers on the old Pioneer Route to Virginia City, and later on runs from Stockton to Mariposa, Oakland to San Jose, San Juan to Santa Cruz, and Sacramento to Placerville. She seemed to drive by instinct, luck and sheer nerve. No story about Charlie is complete without telling about the time a distinguished passenger, who had been privileged to ride on the box next to Charlie, asked how she could possibly see to drive through the dark and fog on the narrow, boulder-strewn road. Charlie's answer was that "I can tell where the road is by the sound of the wheels. When they rattle I'm on hard ground; when they don't rattle I generally look over

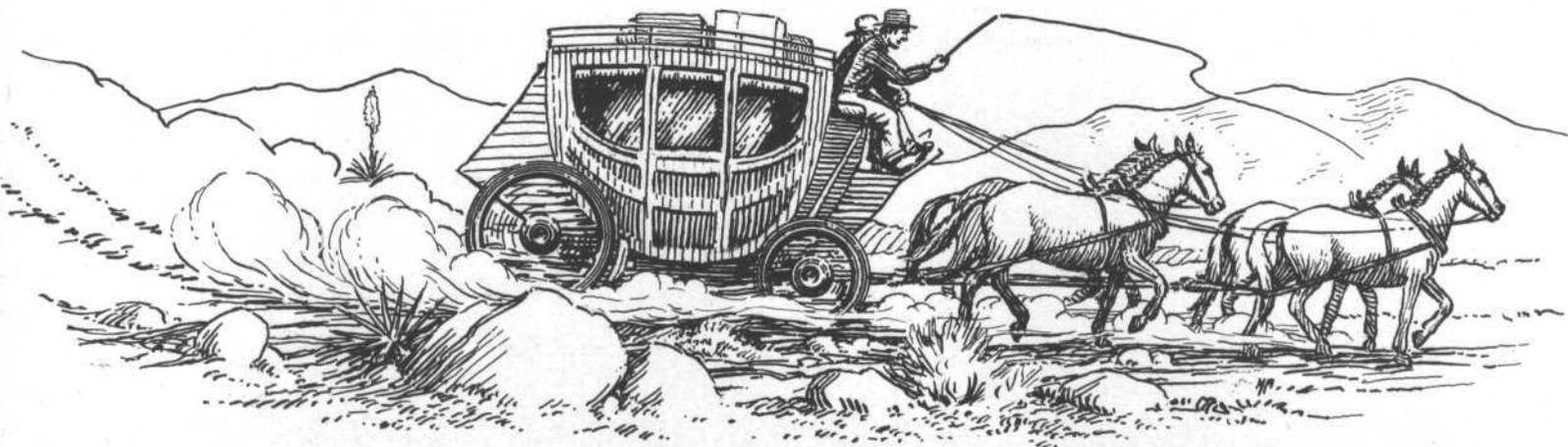
with Sugarfoot in their lead, poked a sawed-off shotgun at Charlie and told her to throw down the treasure box, always kept under the driver's seat to carry gold dust and other valuables. There was nothing else for Charlie to do so she complied, but shouted angrily at Sugarfoot that "I'll be ready for you next time." Two months later, when Sugarfoot made another attempt to rob the stage, Charlie was ready. Whirling the horses quickly about she tried to stampede the bandits in the dusty road, at the same time drawing a .44 from under her coat. She killed Sugarfoot and wounded two of his companions.

Despite all the stories of Charlie's daring and bravado as a driver, off her

nickname, "Cock-eyed Charlie."

In the late 1860s methods of transportation improved and there was little profit to be made in driving stage. By that time, too, Charlie was growing old and tired from her strenuous life. She opened a halfway house between Watsonville and Santa Cruz, furnishing refreshments for man and beast. She managed this successfully and later bought a small ranch.

It was during this period that Charlie decided to register as a voter, fifty years before woman suffrage. On the register of Santa Cruz County, California, in 1867, is listed "Charlie Darkey Parkhurst, age 55, occupation farmer, native New Hampshire, residence Soquel." After



the side to see where she's going. Besides, when I'm a little skeer'd I chew my 'backer more than ordinary. Then I know the road's bad."

One story about Charlie's recklessness tells of the time she came to a bridge crossing the Tuolumne River. The water was high from a recent storm, swirling and lapping around the bridge which was creaking and swaying. Others might have turned back, but Charlie snapped the whip over the heads of the lead horses without a moment's hesitation, urging them across as fast as they could go. Just as they reached the other side the bridge tore loose from its mooring and was carried away downstream.

This dauntless individual also was credited with killing a bandit named "Sugarfoot," known for the burlap sacks he wore around his feet—rumor has it his feet were too large to fit into shoes. Shortly after Charlie started driving stage on the run from Stockton to Mariposa several bandits jumped from the brush,

coach she was known to be quiet and reserved. She would not discuss her early life and always lived alone. She was kind, accommodating to passengers, and was known to be charitable.

Fine clothing was considered a mark of success for all stage drivers and Charlie was no exception, being especially vain about her dress. She wore hand-tailored coats, a huge Texas style hat, and expensive embroidered buckskin gloves which were seldom removed from her small, strong hands. Maybe to disguise any sign of femininity, Charlie always wore tucked-front shirts, with a wide leather belt.

How would anyone have guessed that this person was a woman—"he" smoked, drank in moderation, chewed tobacco, and occasionally sat in a poker game with the boys. She could swear with the best of them when angered. In later years, her looks were not improved by the loss of one eye which necessitated the wearing of a black patch, causing an additional

Charlie's death, the Santa Cruz Historical Society erected a plaque to honor the first "woman" to vote in California.

Severe rheumatism caused Charlie to give up ranching. She retired and went to live on the Moss Ranch near Watsonville. She lived quietly and alone, the rheumatism growing more painful and cancer of the tongue developing. She refused treatment and died on December 28th, 1879.

After Charlie's death and the subsequent furor over the discovery that she was a woman, many fantastic and fictitious stories were printed about her—one to the effect that she had once had a child—but nothing of this nature has ever been proven. As far as is known she was a person of morals, well liked and respected by all with whom she came in contact. Today her remains lie in the Odd Fellows Cemetery in Watsonville, and those who revere her memory still place fresh flowers on her grave. □



# The DEVIL'S LEDGE



by Burrell C. Dawson

**W**HAT THE devil has, the devil keeps. Somewhere in the sand hell of the Devil's Playground south of Baker, California, is a ledge studded with rich gold nuggets. So far the devil guards his treasure well. The only man to ever rob him of a single nugget perished from the theft.

Early in 1933 a stranger appeared in Baker, bought supplies, and remarked he was going prospecting in the Devil's Playground. This caused little comment as gold was being mined in Old Dad Mountain on the fringe of the sand waste.

One morning a week later a Mr. Proctor who owned a filling station on the highway in Cronese Valley chanced to look out a rear window. There he saw a man lying on a small hill a hundred yards southwest of the station. Mr. Proctor was not surprised to find him far gone in dehydration. A doctor was sent for and first aid applied but it was no use, the man died.

The doctor went through the man's pockets for identification and found none. There was nothing in them except a nugget—a nugget as thick as a man's thumb and as big around as a man's thumbnail.

In July, 1933 Albert G. Walker and a companion, Glenn Smith, set out from Baker to find the dead man's gold. No stranger to the district, Albert had reason to believe he knew where the gold came

from. To look at Albert Walker today no one would ever suspect this friendly mild fellow of attempting to rob His Satanic Majesty and of almost losing his life in the process. Today Albert is a mining geologist practicing out of Coarsegold, Madera County, California. But in 1933 Albert was 33 years younger, not long out of mining school at Socorro, New Mexico, and decidedly full of beans. So at six o'clock in the morning they left Baker for one particular spot in the Devil's Playground.

The route they chose took them 10 to 15 miles towards Barstow before turning to the left onto a little used road leading southward to the Union Pacific tracks. Here the road turned east and kept parallel to the tracks until a small section

camp was reached. At this place the road gave up altogether. From here it was across country on the roadless sand dunes.

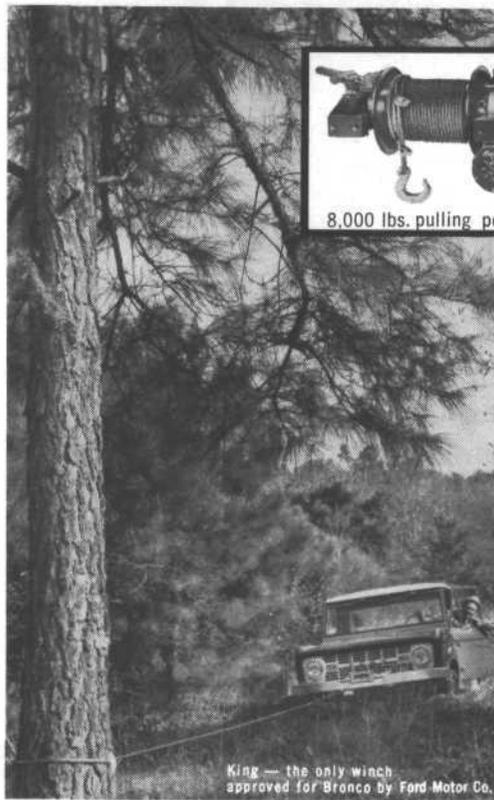
The dunes were not high at first but grew in size the farther east they got until the sand hills were 15 feet high. Here the rightful owner of the gold got in his licks. Upon sailing at full speed up and over the crest of one dune Albert and Glenn found themselves in a steep walled blow-hole. They didn't make it out the other side.

At first there was light-hearted banter, then a serious note. Without speed all their vehicle did was dig into the axles. This meant jacking up each wheel in turn, filling up the hole, spreading

*Continued on Page 42*

*Koenig offers you extras outdoors...*

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**S**EED STUFFER, sun lover, the antelope ground squirrel, or desert chipmunk, has desert living down so pat he can stay on the job twelve months of the year. None of this cold-weather hibernating routine for him.

No closing up shop during the summer's skyrocketing heat. With an impudent jerk of that white tail, he continues blithely about his squirrely business. Dashing about frolicking and eating, he's unconcerned that the brazen sun is hammering the parched earth, or that the shimmering heat has sent other small rodents into their furrows to wait for night, or perhaps even into long-term summer torpidity.

Now this causes considerable surprise among scientists. How can little *Ammospermophilus leucurus* (desert-seed-lover-white tail) as he is known in polite scien-

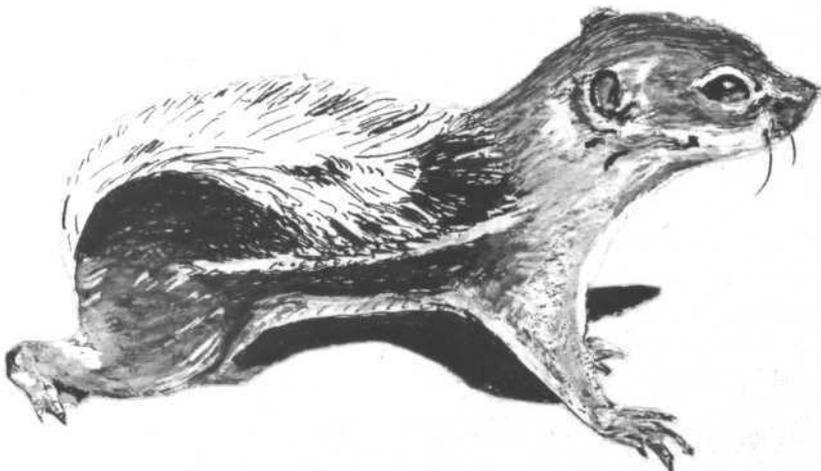
tific circles, go on flourishing when for all scientific reasons he should be very, very dead?

For it is well known that any animal has only a limited body temperature within which it can operate normally and efficiently. If its temperature falls much below, or rises much above this normal range, its body has to expend great energy to bring the temperature back into line. If it cannot do so before a critical point is reached, the animal dies. In the case of too-high temperature, water loss is also involved, putting a much greater strain on the body.

How long and how well an animal can keep functioning with rising temperatures depends on how its body can tolerate heat, and right here, the desert ground squirrel goes to the head of the class.

# Desert Chipmunk

by K. L. Boynton  
© 1969



Desert biologists Bartholomew and Hudson found that a body temperature as high as 107 degrees does not bother the animal, its internal machinery ticking along quite normally. The squirrel is neither expending energy nor losing water by panting or sweating to cool off. His temperature merely rises with that of the air. In fact, it remains a degree or so higher so that the animal is actually hotter than the air about him, and so is being cooled constantly by radiation.

The squirrel also has to unload heat. Normally he retires to his burrow for a short time. When his temperature again drops to the comfortable zone, he's out again. At the peak of summer, he knocks off for a noonday siesta. Under severe heat stress and with no chance to avoid it, the squirrel begins to drool and, using his paws, moistens his head and shoulders. But such water loss cannot go on long, although he can stand dehydration much better than other small animals.

The squirrel meets this second big challenge of the desert in two ways: by actually manufacturing some moisture metabolically from starches, but mostly by conserving every possible drop through a marvelously efficient kidney system. Extra long kidney tubules provide vast areas for reabsorption of water from his urine, which is finally voided in a form 10 times more concentrated than body fluids, squirrel internal affairs being adjusted to stand this toxic accumulation.

Again, thanks to his kidneys, the animal can drink water three times saltier than sea water, so he can make use with gusto of almost any desert freewater he can find, highly mineralized as it is apt to be. His burrow being his best friend, the squirrel makes a good one, deep enough to be cool, and with the odd-shaped entrance squeezed in under a rock edge, or among tough shrub roots to discourage coyotes or foxes from digging him out. He makes a big deal about hauling excavated dirt away, so there is no telltale mound at the entrance. Still, he's inconsistent, as during grasshopper season he may sit just outside his entrance chomping on these insects and flinging down pieces of wing and what not, so the husks of previous meals are a dead giveaway that somebody is in residence.

The home burrow consists of a tube straight down, which gradually levels off, with an enlarged bedroom and a

couple of seed storehouses for winter dining.

An animal's home range is that area it traverses finding food, mating and raising its family, and while it does not get around all this territory daily, it does so frequently enough to know the area well. The antelope ground squirrel's home range is just short of 15 acres, which is a lot of desert. Located at strategic spots are emergency holes and burrows. These are simple burrows, without bed chambers or storerooms.

This unusually large home range is a strong survival factor, for it gives the squirrel a wider chance at what sparse food supply there is. Still, it requires getting around pretty fast. Speedy locomotion is simple for this fellow. His usual gait is a galloping broad jump, wherein he may touch the earth only at 6 to 12 inch intervals — a very good method of covering long stretches and handy also for keeping off the hot ground.

This squirrel depends on sight for food and safety. His large eyes encompass a wide field, and the cells of the retina are all cones—cells whose business it is to provide extremely sharp vision.

Cone cells in man, primates and birds work additionally to discriminate colors. So zoologists Crescitelli and Pollack wondered if by chance they might work the same way here, although mammals like ground squirrels and other rodents, dogs, cats and the like are believed to live in a grey world. A test was devised. The ground squirrels were fine pupils, bright and active. They caught on right away.

The set-up consisted of three adjoining cages, separated by movable gates. The two end cages contained the problems: a series of port holes each illuminated by a different color light. Under each port hole was a bar, which when pressed, released the reward in the center cage IF the squirrel picked out the right port. The lights were presented at random, and changed around constantly, all colors being of the same luminosity. Location of the reward delivery in the center cage away from the problems ruled out any help by the sense of smell.

The squirrels were trained, at the sound of a buzzer and when the gates were lifted, to study over the ports offered in the two end cages; then to scamper into the correct cage, pick out

the blue light, press the bar under it and dash back to the center cage to collect the reward of a big sunflower seed. A score of 90.4 percent perfect was made by the male contestant out of 560 trials, and the female, not to be outdone, promptly matched it. Thus ground squirrels showed they can see blue, at least, and select it from other offerings. Both flunked the orange light test.

Being omnivorous, the squirrel exploits in warm weather the food potential of the desert to the fullest. With the seed storing habit, and a shift to heavy fur underwear, the animal is well equipped for winter. Simple does it in grocery storing, too, for these squirrels tote the seeds home in the built-in market baskets in their cheeks. This is one reason why the entry doors of the burrows are some 2-3 inches wide and flat oval in shape, to allow enough space for the distended face to get through. Carrying capacity is pretty good, one count showed a cargo of 187 cactus seeds (opuntia) stowed aboard.

About the middle of February in the lower deserts and March in the higher, the erstwhile fairly straight lines of squirrel footprints from burrow to seed bush and other choice feeding spots begin to take on a very erratic design: 'round and 'round, up and over the gravelly washes, up to a bush and, after a mighty leap, down the other side, all suggesting that somebody is pursuing somebody. And since all the tracks are left by squirrel feet, Sherlocks among zoologists deduce that the Spring Social Season is indeed in full swing.

Subsequent events substantiate the observation, for by April or May bouncing families numbering 8 or 9 to a batch are on the scene. And while there is only one litter per year, the youngsters are shoved out of their own by the time they are less than half grown. This is about par for rodent offspring debuts into the world, but it's rough on the assorted juniors who, while able to forage food for themselves, have a lot to learn about coyotes, kit foxes and hawks—the first lesson being the last, in too many cases.

But in the face of little learning and a very hostile environment, enough young ones still make it each year to put the antelope squirrel among the most common animals in the deserts of the great Southwest. □

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by Ann Crowell

# GHOSTS HAUNT THE

**H**AVE YOU ever wondered why southwest desert buffs so often explore the lonely cactus country by moonlight? The answer is simple. They hope to meet up with that camel. It's only on moonlight nights that he's ever seen, so the legend goes.

Oh, they won't admit this reason. For nowadays, people grin at the tale about a camel that yet roams the sand-swept vastness of New Mexico, Texas, Arizona and California. But General Douglas MacArthur recalled seeing wild dromedaries in New Mexico when he was a boy—so why couldn't one still be around? Many an old-time prospector insists there are even two or three.

And it's a fact that if you had been in Southern California during 1858 you could have seen a camel brigade swathed in oriental splendor being led across the

desert wastes of what is now Hollywood and Vine. It wasn't part of a circus either. Railroads were slow in building out to the far west after the Gold Rush, so someone came up with the idea of having the army import camels for transportation.

The first 32 landed on the coast of Texas in 1856 and another 75 not long after. A year later, camels were hauling grain and being used in construction, as well as for transportation. By 1860, regular camel stations had been set up along the route from Texas to California. Even private citizens were importing them to replace horses and mules.

Jefferson Davis, who had sponsored the experiment, became so enthused that he urged Congress to authorize the purchase of a thousand more. If it hadn't been for the Civil War the day might

have come when the humped creatures were as much a part of the western scene as cattle.

But the nation's interest in these animals died out with the flaring of its internal struggle. Union officers and men were soon prejudiced against the pet project of the man who headed the Confederacy and his plan for camels in America was doomed.

As more and more troops were needed in the east, the southwest's forts were abandoned and the camels turned loose. Jeff Davis' dream of using dromedaries to hunt Indians was reversed when most of the strays ended up as steaks and chops for Apaches. Though some were sold to circuses or private outfits, most just wandered away.

Congress had been thrown into hysterics when a camel service was first proposed but the idea of these animals in America is not too ludicrous. After all, this is where they began and where the major part of their development took place.

The first camel evolved in this country nearly 50 million years ago. It was no bigger than a jack rabbit. Fossils found in the central part of the United States

# DESERT

show an almost continuous series of teeth, but Propylopus (this first camel) had other characteristics quite typical of present day camels.

Though his limbs were short and his front feet had four toes, the side toes faded rapidly. Even in very early fossil they had disappeared completely. And as time went on, the camel's two-toed hoofs adapted into spreading, padded feet for walking through sand.

Interesting changes were also taking place in his teeth. The molars became high crowned and long and, eventually, the front teeth were replaced by a horny pad. This horny pad, working with the spoon-shaped lower incisors, made an excellent device for cropping the plants on which he fed.

As the animal's development continued, the length of his neck increased along

with his legs which became long from running to escape flesh-eating mammals. Though some camels remained small, most became medium sized or even very large, and during their evolution several side branches appeared. However, all of these died out. By the time camels left North America there were only the two genera, *Camelus* and *Lama*.

Why they deserted the country of their origin is not known. The Ice Age was not the cause, for camels didn't vanish from the continent until the last of the glaciers had begun to retreat. Nor is there any evidence that flesh-eating mammals were the reason. There have been many theories as to why this family and other great dominant animals migrated, but no one really knows. As if obeying some mysterious urge, the llamas headed south while the camels pushed north to Alaska, and crossed into Asia by the land route that then connected the two continents. The Old World environment proved favorable and through the centuries camels grew into great powerful beasts.

There is no way of determining at what point the hump was developed. As it contains no bone, this compartment which stores fat for the animal's needs does not show up in skeletons. But it is thought to be of late acquisition and is one reason why the creatures are valued as cargo carriers.

By drawing nourishment from its hump a camel can travel several days without other food or water. Since earliest Biblical times, it has been the chief bearer of merchandise across the white-hot sands of Old World deserts.

But despite its servitude to man since ages out of the past, none of the camel family has ever grown fond of the human race. And therein may lie the reason they left North America. It is known that they didn't become extinct here until after man arrived.

The last of the Asian imports is said to have died in 1934. But who knows—he could still be around. Feeling as they do about us, if one is alive now he would no doubt keep himself hidden. So the next time you're on the desert at night, look sharp. You might see a camel. If you spy a strange shadow with four legs and a hump—well, it may be a giant sahuaro. Bt if it moves—it's alive! Unless, of course, it's a ghost. □

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# Camping in Coyote Canyon

by Ann Showalter  
Photos by Bill Showalter



*Map of Coyote Canyon is posted at Anza-Borrego State Park boundary. It's best to sketch map before exploring the canyon.*

In 1774 Juan Bautista de Anza, leading a small group of soldiers and missionaries, discovered Coyote Canyon on his way to Alta California. Today the verdant canyon is a favorite area for modern explorers.

**Y**OU HAVE a problem. You like desert camping. You enjoy the quiet, unhurried atmosphere. You love the clear, fresh air and the warmth of the desert sun. But once in a while you feel it would be nice to have a shady tree to laze under, and maybe a rippling stream running by your campsite. The solution to your dilemma lies in San Diego County, within a few hours drive of almost any point in Southern California.

Located in the northwest corner of Anza-Borrego State Park, Coyote Canyon offers the desert camping enthusiast a perfect place for weekend outings or a vacation. Here, you can relax in the shade of willows, dangle your feet in the cool waters of Coyote Creek, and forget the problems that plague you in our crowded cities. But don't get too comfortable. Plan to spend some time exploring this historic area where you'll discover remnants of Coyote Canyon's fascinating past at every bend in the road.

As you drive up the unpaved road leading to Coyote Canyon, you pass the now

inactive De Anza Ranch. "Doc" Beatty homesteaded the ranch in 1909, and it was here he held open house for the prospectors, cattlemen and homesteaders who passed in and out of the canyon during that period. "Doc" was an industrious pioneer and a far-sighted man. He blazed the way for automobile travel into Borrego Valley by using a mule-drawn scraper to construct a crude road from the valley to Truckhaven on Highway 86. He saw the potential in the year-round waters of Coyote Creek and diverted water to his ranch for irrigation. "Doc" Beatty was also among those who conceived the idea to build a monument to the legendary prospector, Pegleg Smith. Today, De Anza Ranch is privately owned, so do not enter the property, but continue north to the Anza-Borrego State Park boundary.

Many of the available maps of Coyote Canyon are vague, but an excellent one is posted at the park boundary. If you plan to explore the upper reaches of the canyon, stop here and make a sketch of the map to carry with you while you

travel. Remember that within the confines of the State Park, Coyote Canyon's abundant plant and animal life is protected, no fires are permitted and vehicles are restricted to established routes of travel.

Just beyond the park boundary marker is the popular, primitive camping area at the mouth of Coyote Canyon. Each weekend, the open, sandy landscape is dotted with vacationers who have come with tents, campers, 4-wheel-drive vehicles, motorcycles, or just a backpack and a pair of stout boots. There are no facilities provided other than a few litter containers. But this very lack of defined camping spaces leaves you the freedom to choose any spot along the banks of Coyote Creek for your campsite. With a little caution for soft sand, you can easily reach this area by passenger car. A few skillful drivers even maneuver small camping trailers over dirt trails to the water's edge.

The breach between the Santa Rosa and San Ysidro Mountains which forms

Coyote Canyon narrows to a point where the canyon is choked by willows and the main road drops into the creek bed. You will need a back country vehicle to pass through this jungle-like growth and explore the upper reaches of the canyon. If you don't have one, you can rent 4-wheel-drive vehicles by the hour or day at the 76 Union and Mobile service stations in Borrego Springs.

Lower Willows, Middle Willows, and Upper Willows are three appropriately named landmarks in the canyon. Among these dense growths of desert willow and true willow are the springs which feed Coyote Creek. Lower Willows is the site of Santa Catarina Spring, as it was named by the Anza expeditions.

Juan Bautista de Anza made the first of two trips through Coyote Canyon in 1774. The first journey was a trail-blazing expedition to open a land route from Sonora, Mexico to the remote Spanish outposts in Alta California. The following year, Anza again traversed the canyon, this time leading a large group of

men, women and children destined for the settlement at Monterey. While camped at Santa Catarina Spring, the colonists saw "several Indians on the tops of the hills, hiding among the rocks, totally naked, and so wild that they appeared like fauns."

As they ascended the canyon the Spaniards passed an Indian village near the springs at Middle Willows. Anza called to the Indians and showed them some glass beads, but only one woman was brave enough to come near and accept the gift. The Indians at another village near Upper Willows were not so hesitant. The men of the village poured out of their crude homes among the rocks, shouting and gesturing angrily as the colonists passed. Now, only bits of broken pottery and the boulders blackened by smoke from cooking fires serve as silent reminders that Coyote Canyon was once an Indian community.

Above Lower Willows, Coyote Canyon opens into a wide valley bearing the name of its first homesteader, John Collins.

Collins Valley is criss-crossed with jeep trails. One leads directly up the valley, following the creek bed. Others veer west toward Indian, Cougar, and Sheep Canyons in the San Ysidro Mountains. Tucked away in these tributary canyons, native palms grow singly and in groups where water seeps from the rugged hills. The numerous caves in the rocky hillsides were used by Indians for living quarters and to cache their meager food supplies.

A small campground is located in Sheep Canyon. To reach it, keep to the left when the road forks at Lower Willows and follow it some three miles across the sandy floor of Collins Valley. Park signposts have been erected at many of the crossroads to help you find your way. Sheep Canyon Campground offers ramada shaded tables and sanitary facilities, but no water. Although the ranger outpost at the campground has been abandoned, Coyote Canyon area is patrolled daily.

If you feel up to a fairly rugged, quarter-mile climb, take the hiking trail at

*Sheep Canyon campground can be reached by back country vehicle or hiking. There is a spring and palm trees above the campground.*

*With some caution for soft sand, the first primitive campground on Coyote Creek can be reached by passenger car in dry weather.*



the upper edge of Sheep Canyon Campground. This trail leads to a beautiful grove of palms and a spring. The water flowing over the rocks forms a delightful series of small waterfalls.

As you leave Sheep Canyon, follow the left fork northeast across Collins Valley until you rejoin Coyote Creek and head up Coyote Canyon toward Middle Willows. The sometimes sandy, sometimes boulder-strewn road dips in and out of the creek bed as you near Middle Willows. To the west of the creek a hill covered with huge boulders juts out into the canyon. Indians lived in the caves formed by these weather-stained boulders and broken bits of their storage pots (ollas) still litter the ground. Watch for signs of bighorn sheep. A herd of about 50 bighorn sheep roams the mountains surrounding Coyote Canyon and park rangers report that these majestic creatures are frequently seen in the Middle Willows area.

You cross the Anza-Borrego Park boundary and enter Riverside County

approximately one and one-half miles up Coyote Canyon from Middle Willows. Near Upper Willows, two miles beyond the park boundary, is the "white child" monument. Senora Gertrudis Linares, a member of Anza's second expedition, gave birth near this spot on Christmas Eve, 1775. Her child, Salvador Ignacio, was once thought to be the first white child born in California.

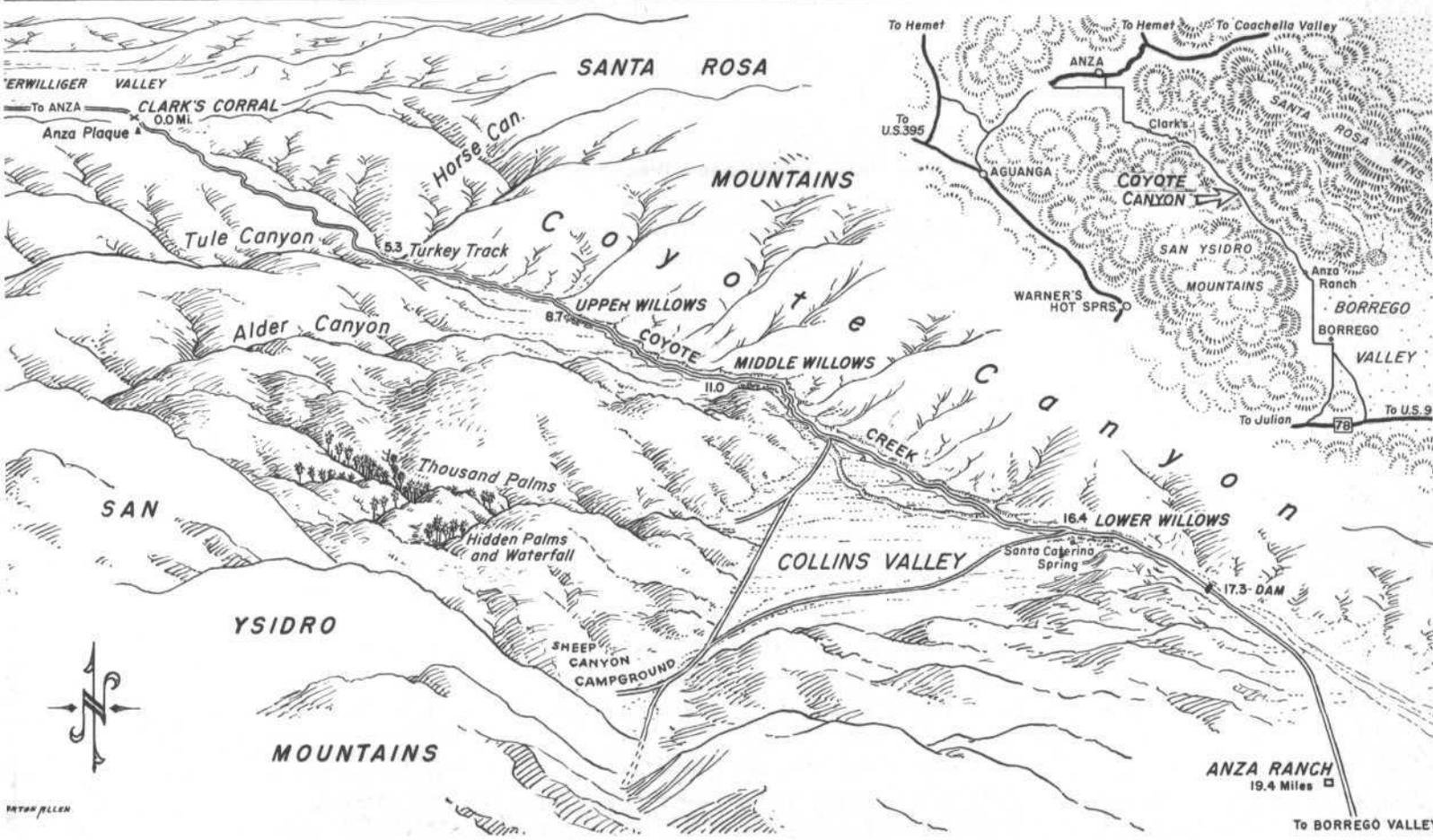
At Upper Willows the road leaves the creek bed, passes an old stone ranch house, ascends the Anza Ridge. From this point, about 16 miles of relatively easy driving over a forest truck road will take you to State Highway 74 near the town of Anza. The total distance from Borrego Springs through Coyote Canyon to Anza is about 40 miles.

Finding Coyote Canyon for the first time may prove difficult. Anza-Borrego State Park surrounds the growing community of Borrego Springs and park boundaries are interspersed with sections of private land where no directional

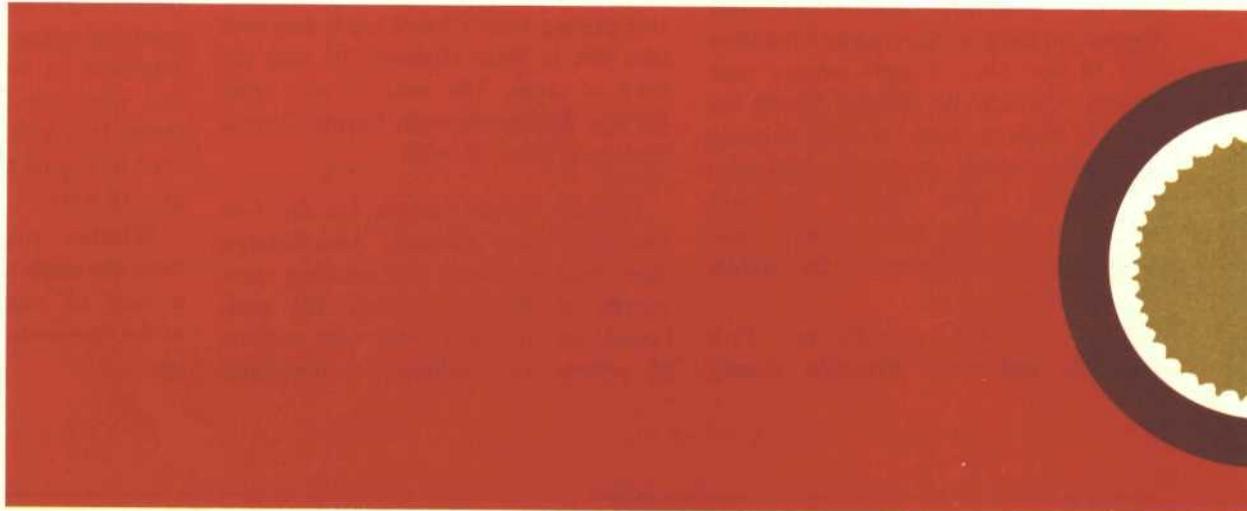
signs are posted. There is a small sign pointing the way to Coyote Canyon, but you need detailed directions to even locate the sign. The simplest way to reach the canyon is to drive directly to Christmas Circle in the center of Borrego Springs, then head north on Borrego Springs Road until it rounds a curve and becomes Henderson Canyon Road. To the left, shortly after the curve, an unpaved road heads north two and one-half miles to the park boundary at the mouth of Coyote Canyon.

Or you can, with a 4-wheel-drive vehicle, enter Coyote Canyon from the north by taking a paved road from State Highway 71 near Anza to Terwilliger and then the back country road from there. It is best to ask how to find the road to Coyote Canyon at the Terwilliger grocery store.

Whether you enter Coyote Canyon from the south or the north you will find a land of peace and tranquility—just as the Spaniards did more than 200 years ago. □



# WHERE YESTERDAY...

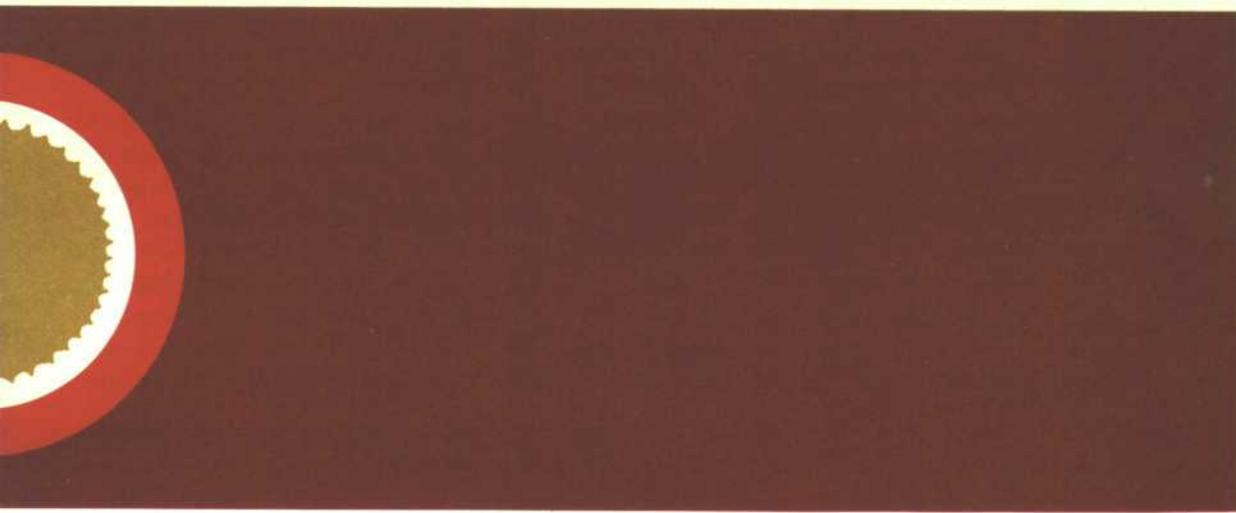


A WAGON TRAIN coming from Texas to California in 1879 arrived at Gila Bend (Arizona Territory) with practically no water and only a few beans for food. Three days later a woman member of the train gave birth to a baby girl weighing only two pounds. Because of the hardships suffered during the trip, the mother had no milk so her little baby's first food was bean soup!

Shortly after the birth, an Indian chief and several members of his tribe rode up to the camp and demanded to see the "White Papoose"—they had never seen a white baby. The next day he returned with a supply of fine pelts and tried to bargain for the baby. Accepting a decision of "no bargain," the Indians departed, but returned again the following day with a number of fine horses. When this effort to obtain the baby failed, the chief stood with his arms crossed over his chest and very calmly said, "I take"—and then rode off!

The leaders of the wagon train were so alarmed they packed immediately, crossed the river, and traveled as fast and as far as possible away from the area. Fortunately, they were not pursued, and finally made their way to California. The Indians involved in this incident were of the Papago tribe who still live in Southern Arizona. The baby, who started life on bean soup, had a full and interesting existence for 89 years. She passed away recently as Mrs. Minnie Hotchkiss of the Temecula area of Southern California.

This is mentioned as an example of the sturdiness of the inhabitants of present-day Temecula. No one knows exactly how old the town is, as it was the capital of an Indian Empire long before white pioneers arrived. Originally, it was called *Temeku* which means "The Reflection of the Rising Sun," "The Rising Sun," or "The Valley of Joy," depending upon which Indian tribe you favor. Since the 1700s, the local Indians were known as



# GREETINGS TOMORROW

by Jack Delaney

the *Luisenos*, after the San Luis Rey Mission at Oceanside.

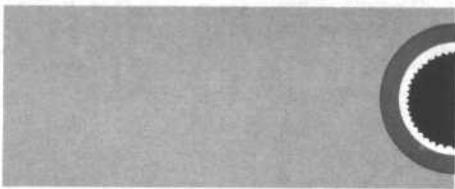
An interesting ritual of this tribe was the "coming of age" ceremony for their young people. This initiation into adulthood appeared to favor the male members. They were given Jimson Weed root mixed with hot water, and were required to dance around a fire until they fell in stupefaction. The animal they dreamed of in the resulting visions became sacred and they were not to ever kill any of that species. Compared with the ceremonies of many other tribes at this important age in the development of a young brave, the above procedure and requirements were quite mild.

However, in the case of the female members of the tribe the "coming of age" ceremony was not so simple. They were required to swallow balls of tobacco and those who didn't vomit were considered to be virtuous! Then they were laid in pits with stones placed on their

abdomens for three days; their heads covered with baskets to keep off the flies. Because of the severity of this ritual it wouldn't have been surprising if some of the young girls had refused to become women!

In 1852, Pablo Apis, Chief of the Luisenos of Temecula, and the chiefs of several other Indian tribes in Southern California, signed a treaty with the United States Government agreeing to stop all warlike activity in return for the Temecula Rancho and herds of horses and cattle. Six years later the old adobe, where the treaty was signed, served as a station for the Butterfield Overland Stage Line when it carried mail and passengers between Tipton, Missouri and San Francisco. At that time the town was a few miles southeast of its present location.

When the railroad failed to come to Temecula, Temecula went to the railroad! It moved to its present area in 1884 in order to enjoy the convenience



**Built in 1891, the Hotel Temecula (below) is still open today. One of the many new homes (right) at Rancho California. Formerly the Vail Ranch, it comprises 87,500 acres.**

up by the head! (Evidently there was no chapter of the S.P.C.A. in the area at the time.)

It was in the early 1900s the Vail family started acquiring land. By 1912 they had four huge ranchos that had been granted to individuals by the Mexican Government in the 1840s, when California was Mexican territory. These were the Temecula, the Little Temecula, the Pauba, and the Santa Rosa Ranchos. Mahlon Vail managed the 135 square mile ranch until he passed away in the 1960s.

Temecula is nestled in a serene, beautiful valley with an abundance of sun-

land equal to approximately three times the size of the city of San Francisco. Its location is 90 miles south of Los Angeles, 60 miles north of San Diego, along Highway 395, and 25 air-miles from the Pacific Ocean.

Rancho California was born in 1964 after Mahlon Vail passed away. Most of the land that was included in the original four Ranchos—87,500 acres—was purchased in a joint venture by subsidiaries of the Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical Corporation, Kaiser Industries Corporation, and Macco Corporation. It is the only major land development in the na-



of a railroad line, telegraph office, livery stable, hotel and several stores. By the early 1900s Temecula was the largest cattle center in the far Southwest where cattle were shipped to Los Angeles aboard the California Southern Railroad of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe system.

Pioneers took time out from their cattle-raising duties to indulge in recreational activities. They staged rodeos, wrestling matches, horse racing, and a game called "Saga de Gallo," or "Rooster Pull." A rooster was buried in the sand with its head and neck showing. Cowboys on horseback, going by at full gallop, leaned over and pulled the rooster

shine and smog-free air. Though small in size it is large in historical importance. It was alive and kicking long before most other California cities were born, and serves today as a living memorial to the Old West—as well as a convenient coffee-break stop for the traffic along Highway 395.

At present, it could be considered as the tiny body of a giant butterfly. Its size and location suggests this when comparing it with the huge development, shaped like an immense butterfly with outstretched wings, that surrounds it. This major complex, known as Rancho California, includes a tremendous area of

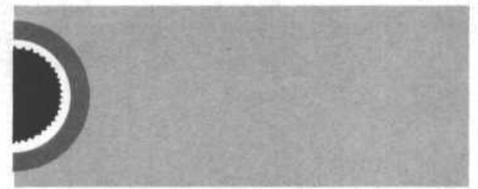
tation oriented primarily to agriculture, the raising of cattle, and as a center for thoroughbred horse farms.

Based on a unique philosophy of "best land usage," the entire 87,500 acres were studied by experts in various fields as an initial step in the planning. As a result, the land has been divided into several sections with each zoned for specific uses. In this way, the developers are taking advantage of topographical and climatic conditions of each portion of the giant complex. Rancho California is so large the rainfall varies from 12 inches annually in the east end to 25 inches in the west.

Seventeen 20-acre sites were engineered, surveyed and zoned for dairy farms. These are located in the northern section, which appears to represent good planning, since marine air flows over the Rancho from the south. However, the bovine areas are highly automated, flush-type operations with no objectionable features. At least three modern dairies are now in operation here. Another fast growing section is the 12,500-acre Mesa Grande, which has been set aside for vineyards, citrus and other tree crops. A major vintner, Brookside Wineries, has planted a sizeable parcel in

called Valle de los Caballos. This section of 76 parcels (40 acres each) is reserved for horse ranches. The concept of assembling a large number of thoroughbred farms in a single compact area is a unique one. Because of close proximity, they enjoy numerous advantages. For example, the mares from one farm may be sent to stallions at other nearby farms without expensive shipping or boarding costs.

In addition to the plots reserved for horse ranches, 290 acres are being devoted to a modern and fully equipped track and training center. The initial phase of construction has been completed.



Historic Temecula Adobe (left) played an important role in the early days. Part of the complete shopping center (below) and general offices of Rancho California.



varietal grapes which should result in fine table wine in due time.

Los Ranchitos is the section designed for those who enjoy a stretch-out countryside, close to nature, and the pleasure and fulfillment of ranch living. The 185-unit range consists of 2½ to 6-acre parcels that are suitable for raising fruit trees, garden crops, and children. Each is large enough to accommodate a few horses and a stable; and there are more than 50 miles of well-marked bridle trails wandering through the valleys, over rolling hills and across oak-studded mesas.

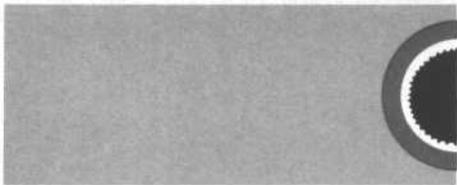
The gently rolling grassland area is

It includes a one-mile track, a clubhouse, three 40-stall barns, a breaking ring, a track manager's office, a hay-storage facility and a fivehorse starting gate, landscaping, another smaller track within the infield for the training of trotters and racers. In the future are plans for extension of the stable area, grandstands, and a veterinary clinic.

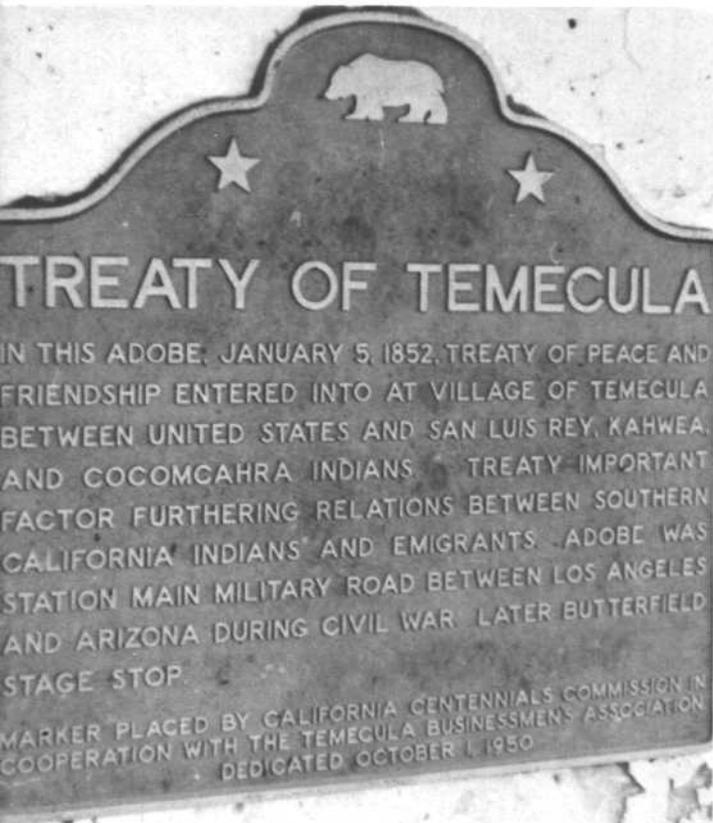
Among the several recreational attractions of this development is a section called Butterfield Country, located along Highway 71 in the northeast portion. This area, consisting of 7500 acres includes 500-acre Vail Lake, which is loaded with hungry fish. Here you will find a

haven for campers, trailerites and vacationers in general. It features picnic and barbecue facilities, a one-acre swimming hole, 250 trailer sites, a general store, saloon, town hall and recreation center.

All of the segments of Rancho California described thus far are located on the east side of Highway 395. However, a much larger area extends westward toward the Pacific Ocean. In this portion, not far from the highway and the new airport, is the Industrial Section, consisting of 1040 acres. It is reserved for distribution centers, processing, research, and light manufacturing, and was purposely placed near the airport and the highway



Plaque commemorating the Treaty of Temecula (below) which ended the Indian wars in 1852. Rancho California has a fishing pond (right) for kids only, plus many other attractions for visitors.



iron, candles, antiques, and other accessories), The Grange (sandals, shifts, handbags, and novelty items), The Rancho Market, La Fondita (a snack shop), and The Homestead (a restaurant and cocktail lounge in the ranch style with ragtime music in the lounge). Also, for the young buckaroos, there is a pint-sized coral, called El Corralito, and a fishing hole with a Tom Sawyer raft.

You'll be entertained by attractions, presented each weekend in the Plaza and in the nearby arena, which is 150 by 300 feet and seats more than 500 spectators. Rodeos, roping competitions, horse shows,

Allesandro, in Helen Hunt Jackson's story of Ramona. It is at the site of the original settlement of Temeku (or Temecula) which is now included in Rancho California.

The location is along Highway 71, three and one-half miles east of the junction of 71 with Highway 395. It sets back from the road on the south side (to the right when traveling east). You'll find it among a group of white farm buildings on the old Pauba Ranch. They should not be confused with another of farm buildings and cow pens farther along the road to the left, which is also



It is in this western portion that Governor Ronald Reagan purchased 771 acres of prime cattle grazing land. He said that he intends to build a vacation home on his acreage. The western part of Rancho California was originally granted as the Santa Rosa Rancho to Juan Moreno in 1846, by Governor Pio Pico.

An interesting attraction for the casual visitor, especially on Saturdays and Sundays, is the commercial center called The Plaza. Facilities already in operation include La Tienda de los Caballos (western apparel and tack for the saddle and spurs crowd), El Poco (pottery, wrought

gymkhanas, country fairs, pony races, and other ranch related activities are presented in the arena; while bird shows, automobile and flower shows, Indian exhibits, and even strolling Mariachi bands provide enjoyment in the walkways of the Plaza.

During your visit to this area be sure to see and photograph the famous old Adobe of Temecula. This was the Louis Wolf store many years ago, the site of the signing of the Indian peace treaty in 1852, the Butterfield Overland Stage station of Temecula in 1858 and, more recently, the home of Ramona's husband,

a part of the old Pauba Ranch. Seeing the old Adobe will be worth any effort expended in locating it.

There is much to see and do in Rancho California, and there is a definite nostalgic attraction to Temecula. These two communities have one thing in common. It is said that Rancho California will never be completed—it will continue into the future forever. Temecula will never die—its past will live forever. A point in favor of the Rancho, however, is the fact that it has provided an answer to the old song title: "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down On The Farm?" □

# DESERT Lily



by Peter J. Burns

**W**HEN THE rain-laden clouds come to the deserts of Southern California in the winter and spring, a spectacular miracle happens. The sun-parched deserts are suddenly carpeted with a brilliant display of wild flowers. Those fortunate enough to see this phenomenon will never forget the impressive riot of color.

One of the rarest and most beautiful of these wild flowers thriving in this arid region is the Desert Lily. This delicate flower much resembles the Easter Lily, but is much smaller. It is a pale, white bloom on a plant which grows to unusual heights, sometimes reaching three feet or more. The bulb lies deep in the dry, sandy soil, at a depth of a foot or more, waiting for the life-giving moisture to come; sometimes lying dormant for years before the bulb blooms in all its splendor. When that happens, the floor of the desert is literally covered

with the delicate, fragrant lily. It is a sight worth driving miles to see.

In the Desert Lily Sanctuary, eight miles north of Desert Center, California, about half way between Indio and Blythe, you may see, or then again, you may not see, a display of the lily. It all depends on whether the moisture, sunlight, and warmth is just right. If it is, you will see the display. If not, well—perhaps next year!

An interesting story of how the desert lily was discovered, and how the Desert Lily Sanctuary was established, is told by Gordon W. Flint, Chief of Public Services, Bureau of Land Management, Riverside, California, in an article appearing in "Our Public Lands"—a publication of the Department of the Interior. The story goes, in part, as follows:

"Tasker L. Edmiston, of Los Angeles, an outdoorsman and conservationist, first saw the area in 1957. On an Easter weekend camping trip, Edmiston and his family, as darkness overtook them, pitched camp off a little-traveled road. They arose early the next morning to watch the sunrise and discovered that they had camped on the edge of a large field of lilies. The next year they returned and found that a large part of the field had been graded, apparently for agriculture. The lilies were blooming beautifully as before, for the grading had not uprooted the deep-lying bulbs. Edmiston resolved then to save the area for future generations if possible . . ."

During the next 10 years the undaunted outdoorsman and conservationist contacted numerous officials, conservation people, and others whom he felt might be interested, eliciting their support for the possible preservation of the field as a Sanctuary. Finally, in 1967 a section of the field was set aside by the Bureau of Land Management, thus assuring a lily sanctuary.

On Sunday, April 14, 1968 the dream of those instrumental in the establishment of the Sanctuary was fulfilled, for on that day the Desert Lily Sanctuary was dedicated, to be held in trust for the people for all time.

The next time you plan a camping trip, consider going to the Sanctuary. The trip will prove worthwhile to those who love the desert, and—who knows—you may be one of the fortunate ones to see the lily fields in all their beauty. □

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by Al Pearce  
Photos by Jack Snow

*In a wet burlap sack the food is placed on the coals and covered with dirt.*

**P**UT ME in a kitchen and I can easily qualify for the title of the "World's Worst Cook," but give me a four-foot hole in the ground and I can start taste buds dancing in the heart of the fanciest gourmet. No particular talents are required—just a strong back and enough energy to wield a pick and shovel.

Twelve of us recently gathered near Afton Canyon, a patch of desert between Barstow and Baker, in eastern California, for the primary purpose of furthering our knowledge of earth cookery.

We also wanted to explore the area and hunt for Indian relics. We had been told the numerous dry lakes, pocketed by rolling hills, had once been the winter homes of hundreds of Indians who roamed the desert centuries ago. These dry lakes make excellent campgrounds. Even after all these years of being waterless, many still boast a healthy surrounding of growth not in abundance elsewhere. It was this growth that attracted the Indians.

Most of our group arrived late Friday night and got up early the next morning to start digging a cooking hole. This is an important part of the project. The hole has to be just right, otherwise it

would be like making a pie without a crust.

To cook enough food for a group of about a dozen, we prefer a hole four feet deep by four feet wide and four feet long. A less shallow hole could be disastrous and a deeper hole is a useless waste of energy. The length and width varies with the amount of food being cooked. There is no set formula, but generally for every six over a dozen in the group, we add a foot to the width and length.

On this particular morning, the task of digging a pit moved along rapidly and in a matter of only a few minutes we had a hole. Then came the fire, the most important part of the project. I can remember our first experience with earth cookery. It was a dismal failure. And only because we had not been sufficiently generous with a fire. It has to be a good one.

We figure it takes a minimum of three hours to adequately heat the surrounding ground and to build up enough coals in the pit. The coals should be a minimum of one foot deep. And they should be glowing hot. Therefore, an abundance of wood is needed that will burn quickly, easily and hot. Any type of hard wood is good.

# COOKERY



*After a day of exploring the burlap sack is removed from the ground.*

Throw enough kindling and smaller pieces in the hole to get a good lively fire started. Once this is roaring, completely fill the pit, and then keep it filled for a couple of hours before letting it burn down to a bed of coals.

About 30 minutes before the fire quieted down to a lively bed of coals, the ladies went to work. The corn had to be soaked thoroughly. While this was taking place, the meat was rolled in banana leaves and then wrapped in a one-inch thickness of dripping-wet newspapers. The potatoes were also wrapped, but a thicker coating of wet newspaper was required. The dripping-wet corn was left in the husk and wrapped.

We were planning a menu of roast beef, ham, potatoes and corn on the cob. This would all be cooked in the ground. Aside from this, each couple had brought along already prepared extra dishes such as baked beans, salads, and other goodies.

After everything was carefully wrapped, it was dropped in wet burlap bags before being stacked on a length of chicken-wire fence and lowered ceremoniously into the ground. The meat was placed on the bottom of the pile and the potatoes and

corn stacked on top. This is necessary because of different cooking time requirements.

Then follows another important part of the operation. The hole must be filled in quickly; the quicker the better. If it is not covered quickly, the meat can burn where it is touching the coals. I can only guess about what goes on in that hole for the next six or seven hours. By filling it quickly, the coals unquestionably smother; but in the process, it generates enough heat to turn the area into something like an oven.

The cooking process could possibly be compared with the idea of putting a roast into an oven at 1000 degrees and then reducing the temperature by a given amount every one-half hour or so. Once the ground is covered, you're free. It's time to do something else. The food does not need an attendant.

We set out in four-wheel-drive vehicles to explore areas known to have been popular to the Indians. Among our group were several ardent artifact hunters, ghost town seekers and diggers for fossils.

Jack and Alpha Snow of Ontario, California, have dug up half of California seeking fossils and artifacts. Lee and Alice



*The ladies prepare to remove the food.*

*The food that literally cooked itself is ready to be served.*



Hardesty from Upland, California, are also interested in relics and fossils, but their enthusiasm is primarily aimed at amateur geology. They were accompanied by their son, David.

Timon and Ruth Covert from Fontana, California, are interested in everything, but mostly the chance to get away for the weekend. Lucille Woods, who came with the Snows, has been digging for Indian beads for years. She insists that one of these days, she is going to have enough for a necklace. My wife, Iola, and I are also interested in finding remains of California history, but on this particular outing we were more interested in eating.

Several of the dry lakes in this area must have had water a couple of hundred years ago. It was probably the water combined with the weather that attracted the Indians. There is still evidence of their having lived nearby. We spent the majority of the afternoon searching the shoreline of these dry lakes. The total results were one arrowhead and three small beads.

By late evening we were back at camp for the cocktail hour and wondering what was happening underground. Finally, we dug into our earth cookery hole. As we dug deeper an enticing aroma began to weave heavenward. All hands were eagerly unwrapping the parcels and within minutes we were devouring the delicious food.

It is difficult to describe the taste of meals prepared by earth cookery. No other method produces the same results. The next time you have a large group out for a weekend camping trip, try this communal kitchen; it is fun, no one has to stay at camp to cook dinner and you'll never forget the taste. □

**I**N TERMS of space you only go to the middle of Nevada, but in the stream of time you go backwards 200 million years when you visit Ichthyosaur Paleontologic State Monument near Gabbs, Nevada. Fossilized bones of at least six monstrous Ichthyosaurs (fish-lizards) have been painstakingly unearthed here, and more are being uncovered all the time.

# WHEN GIANT LIZARDS LIVED

by Virginia Schmidt

Most people have a vague idea that Ichthyosaurs were dinosaurs, but actually, after having existed for almost 110 million years, they became extinct 70 million years before the dinosaur even showed up on evolution's horizon in the Age of Reptiles.

Ichthyosaurs were land lizards which adapted to living in water. Enormous, they ranged in size up to sixty feet, with an eight foot diameter. In spite of their

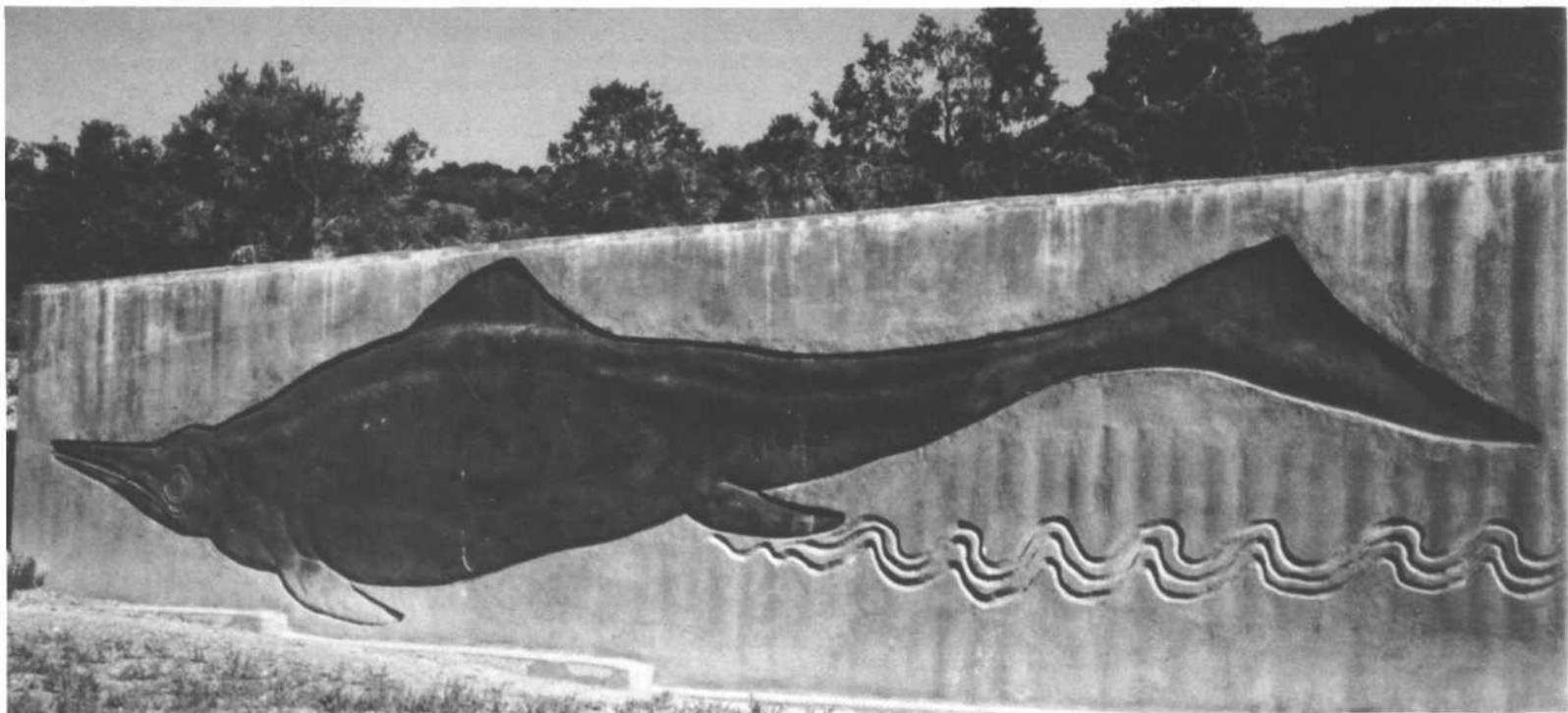
size, they apparently ate mostly small shell fish—ammonites, cephalopods, and gastropods, as fossils of these are found by the thousands in the surrounding ground. Their front and hind legs had converted into paddle-like structures over the centuries, enabling them to swim like fish, but they were still lung-breathing animals, having to surface and blow, like our modern whales.

Like whales, also, they bore their young alive. However, unlike whales, their spinal cord did not go through the vertebrae. It ran along the top of that long string of bones, instead. Their ribs were hinged on by sort of ball and socket joints, almost like a four-wheel-drive truck's.

Though they had a better lung capacity than whales, these slender, nine-inch ribs could not support their tremendous chest cavity if they became marooned on land, so they collapsed and died when stranded. Evidently this is what happened to the Ichthyosaurs found in the fossil beds of Nevada's Monument.

It seems unbelievable that this fossil area, so far inland, was once Pacific Ocean's shoreline. Since prevailing winds were southeast, everything was blown ashore and deposited in tidal mud flats. This ooze happened to have the very high acidity necessary for petrifying, and as Ichthyosaur bodies decayed, their exposed bodies buried deeper and deeper in the

*A large sculpture of Ichthyosaur by William Huff at entrance to Monument.*





*Remains of giant fish-lizards are 200 million years old.*

leaching mud, which gradually replaced bone molecules with lime.

Arizona's Petrified Forest was created in this middle Triassic period of evolution, but there, the acidic mud replaced molecules of silica rather than lime. It is interesting to note that exactly the same process is now taking place along Lake Mead's shores, where hardened mud has already collected many specimens of rock, wood and bones for future evolutionary excavations. As the ocean receded over eons of time, repeated earthquakes along San Andreas fault forced mountain ranges to extrude upward and millions-of-years-old mud deposits were lifted 7000 feet above sea level.

Over the years, old-time miners and children occasionally picked up fragments of fossils in washes below the main site, and each rain slowly uncovered more. But it wasn't until Dr. Si Miller, of Stanford University, visited the area in 1928 that its fabulous value was realized. He took specimens back to Stanford for potassium-argon tests, and discovered, with great excitement, they were over 180 million years old. Long, tedious hours of excavating whole fossils began, and in 1957

Nevada made the site a state park.

It is the only location in the world where large Ichthyosaurs are found. Much smaller, (two foot to twenty foot) ones had been disinterred in Germany and Russia and until these Nevada giants were exposed, Ichthyosaurs were thought to be relatively small. A whole new scientific paper has had to be written, as a result.

Ichthyosaur Monument is cared for by a gracious, helpful couple, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Newman. They live in an old gold mine locality—an interesting place in itself. You sign a guest register at their house, then Mr. Newman guides you two miles further on, to the fossil beds. The Ichthyosaurs on display are still embedded in ground, protected by a huge, locked, A-frame building. Mr. Newman unlocks the gate and gives you a tour, pointing out each fossil and explaining its amazing facts. He also informs you that sharks, snails and cockroaches (of all things) evidently have evolution's best brains, because they've been able to survive for millions of years, while other species have become extinct.

The A-frame walls have glass display

cases, each a gem in its own right. One case has old bottles found in the area. Another outlines the geologic scale of evolution, which helps you to understand where these creatures stood in Time's dimension. Small fossilized ammonites, gastropods and trilobites are encased—they've been extinct for 70 million years, though our modern pearly nautilus is somewhat similar. One display has delicate fern leaf fossils, another shows brachiopods, cephalopods, and a baculite which still has its mother-of-pearl coating after 100 million years! Mr. Newman points out that Ichthyosaur's teeth grew constantly, like a horse's, but enamel will not petrify, so only the insides of teeth were found.

On a wall outside the A-frame, a huge sculptured model of an Ichthyosaur has been carved in cement by William Huff, of Walnut Creek, California. This makes the prehistoric phenomenon become more plausible as you visualize what it looked like. And near by, one small item catches your heart. It is the ridiculously tiny unborn fetus of a baby Ichthyosaur, lying inside its mother's outlines. Somehow that little blob of bones makes the whole



*Fossils indicate this was a mother with an unborn fetus.*

thing suddenly real and believable, and you feel sorry it never had a chance to be born.

On top of being such a unique, fascinating place, Ichthyosaur State Park has a big plus which I've never seen allowed in a park before. Mr. Newman will tell you where you can drive, just a quarter of a mile beyond the park, and dig for your own fossils. I found part of a rib bone, a brachiopod and a cephalopod. It was as exciting as finding a gold mine! The park also has clean camping areas with metal tables, barbecues, running water and pit toilets. You are in a "living desert," far enough from so-called civilization to allow hundreds of small desert animals and birds to scurry about, paying no attention to you, an intruder in their busy world.

To get to Ichthyosaur Monument from the north, drive on Highway 50 through Fallon, Nevada, to Highway 23, then turn south to Gabbs. If you are coming from the south, take Highway 95 through Tonopah and turn northeast onto Highway 23 at Luning. Either route is splashy with stark charm that only deserts

have. On Highways 50 and 23, you pass mountains with broad stripes of pale purples, pinks, greens and yellows, as if a heavenly paint store had dumped its wares.

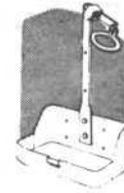
Wind-sculptured sand dunes lie in piles of custard creme. Pink crystals in dry stream beds glisten beside the road, which itself is lined by streamers of blooming yellow sage and brittlebush as far as you can see. Highway 95 has a mountain range of raspberry sundaes with chocolate syrup dripping down its sides. In fact, the whole territory looks as if an ice cream parlor had exploded and spilled tons of ice cream and sauces.

Near Gabbs, a sign directs you to the Monument. It is 21 miles in, chuckholed dirt and gravel, and parts of it, going through mountainous country are quite bad. Once you are at the site however, you forget everything but your awe and wonder. This is a trek to be remembered and treasured all your life. Where else could you actually hold something that is 180,000,000 years old? And what else could possibly make you feel so young and wrinkle-free? □



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# BACK COUNTRY TRAVEL

by Bill Bryan



## FOURWHEEL CHATTER

At the February California Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs convention in Fresno Sargent Stacy Stevens from the United States Army Proving Ground in White Sands, New Mexico requested the assistance of the member clubs to search for a lost weather device released from White Sands in September, 1968.

This device was carried aloft to over 158,000 feet by the world's largest balloon. The balloon later was found in the vicinity of Victorville, California, but the reporting device had been released from the balloon by parachute in the area of Amboy, California and had not been found.

The following weekend 136 members of the Association with four wheel drive vehicles and 336 riders turned out to search the Amboy area. The military was represented by Capt. Brooks of Holloman Air Force Base, and Sgt. Stevens and Mr. Norman Beyer of the White Sands Proving Ground. Coordination was handled by Doug Reeder and Dick Meyers of the Association.

Nothing was found of the weather device during the search except possibly some pieces of the balloon. If during your travels in the Amboy area you come upon an object that resembles an aluminum tubing clothes line rack with instruments attached, contact the telephone number shown on the device immediately. Don't move it as these people are very interested in how this device fell to earth

and would like to make the recovery in its natural state. There is a \$200.00 reward offered.

Clubs who participated in the search were the San Fernando Valley Vagabonds, Tumbleweeds 4WD Club, Boondockers 4WD Club, Los Batidores, Chuckwalla Jeep Club, Drifters Jeep Club Sareea Al Jamel 4WD Club, Hill-N-Gully Riders, Condors, Square Wheelers of Orange County, Hill Billys 4WD Club, Gladoneers, Ridge-Rangers, Rock Ramblers, Sacramento Jeepers, Desert Foxes, Regroupers 4WD Club, Crestline 4WD Club and Imperial Valley Sidewinders. Also participating was the Barstow Sheriff's Desert Rescue Squad.

The 10th annual convention of the California Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs, Inc. held in Fresno in February was one of the most productive and successful ever held. The facilities at the Del Webb Towne House were the best we have ever had and the convention committee did a masterful job of organization. Approximately 750 members and guests attended.

The former officers of the Association were unanimously re-elected for the 1968-69 term. They are President Gene Morris, Secretary Joyce Shea and Treasurer Olive Spuhler. The Association now has more than 90 member clubs.

There is considerable talk that the Association should take the lead in attempting to form an alliance of all four-

Desert Magazine each month will recognize either an individual or members of an organization who have contributed toward the preservation or conservation of our wilderness areas. We hope by presenting this award it will teach vandals and litterbugs to change their habits and enjoy and not destroy our natural resources. Please send your nominations for an individual or organization and a description of the project to Back Country Travel, Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, Calif. 92260.

wheel-drive clubs either in the West or the entire country. The California Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs was the instigator of the formation of the National Four Wheel Drive Association, but the National has not made provisions to give what the clubs and members consider adequate recognition and a larger voice in the policy making of the National. I agree with their feelings one hundred percent.

Past presidents Steve Morris, A. V. McNeely, Harry Buschert, now living in Colorado, Ken Smith and Douglas Reeder gave reports and reminisced on the early days of the organization and past members. The Santa Maria Four Wheel Drive Club presented a bid for the 1970 convention but no action was taken.

The scheduled Sierra Club speaker for the Sunday meeting was unable to attend. A representative for a newly formed vehicle user organization was the substitute speaker.

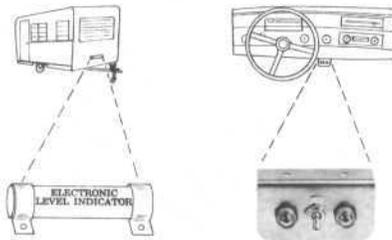
A. V. McNeely did his usual hilarious job as master of ceremonies at the Saturday evening events. Included among the guests were Harold Hawthorne from Arizona who attends most of the four-wheel-drive events around the country, Bill Flint from the Riverside office of the Bureau of Land Management and James B. Rich, from the B.L.M. office in Sacramento.

One of the major resolutions passed was to oppose the paving of Coyote Canyon in California's Anza-Borrego State Park.

# desert shopper

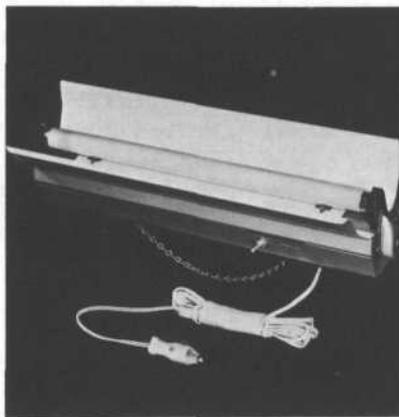
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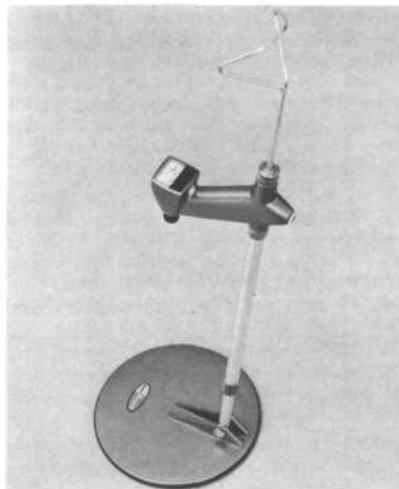
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# Calendar of Western Events

*Information on Western Events must be received at "DESERT" six weeks prior to their scheduled date.*

MARCH 22 & 23, PASADENA LAPIDARY SOCIETY'S 11th ANNUAL TOURNAMENT OF GEMS, Farnsworth Park, North Lake Ave., Altadena, Calif. Complete show, free admission.

MARCH 29 & 30, 4TH ANNUAL TRI-CLUB GEM & MINERAL SHOW sponsored by Coastal Bend Gem & Mineral Society, Fairgrounds, Angleton, Texas. Write O. C. Coleman, P. O. Box 307, Angleton, Texas 77515.

MARCH 30-APRIL 6, PHOENIX 4 WHEELERS ROUNDUP. For information write Phoenix 4 Wheelers, 4333 N. 38th St., Phoenix, Arizona.

APRIL 3 through 6, PHOENIX JEEP CLUB'S EASTER RALLY near Quartzite, Arizona. Write P. O. Box 168, Phoenix, Arizona.

APRIL 6, RED ROCK CANYON EASTER SUNRISES SERVICES, 25 miles north of Mojave, California on Highway 14. 5:40 A.M. No facilities, but ample room for campers, trailers and buses.

APRIL 10-12, AVION ARIZONA SPRING RALLY, Oracle Junction, 20 miles north of Tucson on Highway 80. Restricted to Avion Travelcade Club members.

APRIL 12 & 13, OXNARD GEM & MINERAL SOCIETY'S MELODY IN GEMS, Oxnard, Calif. Community Center, 800 Hobson Way. Parking and camping area, free admission.

APRIL 19 & 20, RIVERSIDE COMMUNITY FLOWER SHOW, Riverside, Calif. Armory, 2501 Fairmount Blvd. Wild flowers and garden displays. Admission, 75 cents, children under 12 with parents free.

APRIL 19 & 20, KERN COUNTY MINERAL SOCIETY'S GEMS OF THE WORLD, Kern County Fairgrounds, Bakersfield, Calif. Free parking for trailers and cars.

MAY 3 & 4, TOURMALINE GEM AND MINERAL SOCIETY OF LA MESA'S 20th ANNUAL FREE SHOW, Helix High School, 7323 University Ave., La Mesa, Calif. Non-competitive and non-commercial.

MAY 10-25, JULIAN WOMAN'S CLUB 43rd ANNUAL WILDFLOWER SHOW, Julian, Calif. Town Hall. Golden wildflowers celebrate the community's Golden Centennial. Art show at same time.

MAY 10 & 11, SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY GEM AND MINERAL SHOW, San Joaquin County Fairgrounds, Airport and Charter Ways, Stockton, Calif. Admission, 50 cents, children under 12 free with adult. Complete rockhound and lapidary shows.

MAY 24 & 25, AMERICAN RIVER GEM AND MINERAL SOCIETY'S FIESTA OF GEMS, Rancho Cordova Community Center, 2197 Chase Drive, Rancho Cordova, (Sacramento) Calif. Non-competitive, free admission and parking. Complete rockhound and lapidary show.

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LOST DESERT GOLD, legendary and geological history of the southern California desert, with photos and maps to pinpoint locations. \$2.50 postpaid. Gedco Publishing Co., Box 67, Bellflower, Calif. 90706.

GHOST TOWN DIRECTORY—Pictures, maps, price \$1, or order free catalog, books, maps, for treasure, bottle, rock, arrowhead hunters. Pierce Publishing, Dept. T-25, Box 571, Georgetown, Texas 78626.

NEVADA TREASURE Hunters Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map. 800 place name glossary. Railroads, towns, camps, camel trail. \$1.50. Theron Fox, 1296-C Yosemite, San Jose 26, California.

ARIZONA TREASURE Hunters Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map 1881, small early map, 1200 place name glossary, mines, camps, Indian reservations, etc. \$1.50. Theron Fox, 1296-E Yosemite, San Jose, California.

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FREE 128 page catalog on detectors, books and maps. General Electronic Detection Co., 16238 Lakewood Blvd., Bellflower, Calif. 90706.

BAJA CALIFORNIA SOCIETY. Recent information in the Baja California Newsletter (6 issues per year) \$4 per year or write for free brochure. P.O. Box 643, Arcadia, Calif. 91006.

"DEAD MEN DO Tell Tales" By Lake Erie Schaefer. Facts about Frank Fish's mysterious death, still unexplained. Sequel to "Buried Treasure & Lost Mines" the Treasure Hunters manual. \$3 postpaid. L. Erie Schaefer, 14728 Peyton Drive, Chino, Calif. 91710.

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*Strictly  
 from a  
 Woman's  
 Viewpoint*

In the January issue a reader asked for  
 a recipe for skillet bread. Here's one we  
 like.

**NAVAJO FRY-BREAD**

- 6 cups unsifted flour
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 2 tablespoons baking powder
- 1/2 cup instant non-fat dry milk
- 2 3/4 cups lukewarm water (approx.)
- Lard or shortening

In a bowl combine flour, salt, baking  
 powder and dry milk. Add just enough  
 lukewarm water to make a soft dough.  
 Knead thoroughly, pinch off a ball of  
 dough about the size of a large egg.  
 Shape it round and flat with a small hole  
 in the middle. Then work it back and  
 forth from one hand to the other to make  
 it thinner and thinner, gradually stretch-  
 ing it to a diameter of about nine inches.  
 (Navajos slap the dough back and forth  
 between the hands much the same way  
 Mexican cooks make flour tortillas.) If  
 in a hurry you can roll the dough out  
 like pie crust.

In a frying pan (I use a heavy iron  
 skillet) have hot fat at least an inch deep.  
 Drop the thin rounds of dough into the  
 hot fat and fry to a light brown on one  
 side, then turn and fry other side. As it  
 fries, the bread puffs up and becomes  
 light and crisp. Drain each piece on a  
 paper towel or brown paper bag. Serve  
 hot with butter, jam or honey. Makes  
 about 18 to 24 pieces, each about nine  
 inches across. Be sure to put the hole  
 in the middle as this allows the grease  
 to bubble up and thus prevents doughy  
 centers.

I usually mix up a batch or two of the  
 dry ingredients, put into a large size  
 Tupperware canister and then mix  
 amounts needed in small bowl. Happy  
 camping!

SYLVIA BURTON,  
 Tecopa, California.

**THE DEVIL'S LEDGE**  
*Continued from Page 17*

blankets for a runway and trying again.

It was now nearing noon in the hot  
 season. Temperatures of 120 degrees are  
 not uncommon. Add ten degrees for no  
 breeze in the blow-hole, and frequent  
 drinks are a necessity of life itself.

Albert and Glenn made their discovery  
 simultaneously. Each finished his can-  
 teen and went to the five gallon contain-  
 ers for a refill. The liquid was hot and  
 unpalatable. The cover over the con-  
 tainers had blown off.

Here the full impact of the devil's  
 plan for them hit. They couldn't drive  
 out. They couldn't walk out. Even the  
 Union Pacific tracks, their nearest hope,  
 were too far with only hot water for fare.  
 In desperation they did the only thing  
 left. Pulses pounding in their heads,  
 mouths dry, hot and dizzy they worked  
 lightening the load more and more slow-  
 ly as heat and weakness seized them. Fin-  
 ally all was ready. They sat there and  
 looked at each other. A nod, the roar of a  
 motor and away they went, this time over  
 the crest.

You are welcome to the clues to the  
 devil's gold and I wish you better luck.  
 And if you come across a blow-hole in  
 the sand cluttered with tools, blankets,  
 camping equipment and five gallon con-  
 tainers of useless water, you will know  
 Albert and Glenn were here before you.

The Devil's Ledge will only be found  
 when the wind has uncovered it. To-  
 morrow's sand storm will bury it again.  
 Look on the west side of the sand covered  
 ridge running south from Cowhole  
 Mountain. If you find an old Indian vil-  
 lage site with a dry well nearby, start  
 looking for outcroppings. This is the  
 place. □

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# LETTERS to and from the Editor . . .

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope.

## Observe Private Property . . .

It gives me great pleasure to note Mr. and Mrs. Harry Livesay have learned there are private properties on the desert—bless them for this. When more people find this out we'll have less vandalism and stolen equipment.

Another matter—Crystal Cave was never owned by Earl Dorr, he was a trespasser too. (See Letters, February, 1969 issue.)

WILLIAM HERKERT,  
"The Kokoweef Kid"  
Lomita, Calif.

## Eerie Experience . . .

The article by George Leetch, San Sebastian Marsh, solved a mystery for me. In April of 1966 I turned off Highway 86 at Kane Springs, passed Harpers Well, and worked my way over to the power line road. There I turned south to the Superstition Mountains. About 4:30 that afternoon, as I was making coffee I heard the mountains roar and rumble. On a sand-swept ravine I watched a shadow move and disappear in a cloudless sky. I had an odd experience that night and left the next morning.

On my way out I would veer now and then from the way I came in. Between Harper's Well and Kane Spring, I came across the bones of five sheep within a few feet of each other. No doubt they were trying to find San Sebastian Marsh and did not make it.

CHARLES A. POWERS,  
Riverside, Calif.

## A Clean Sweep . . .

In reply to Mr. Bruno's letter, in *Desert*, February 1969, we, too, have enjoyed the scenic areas around Red Rock Canyon, but in the last few years have found that area becoming quite an eyesore not so much from ruts but more from litter, ranging from an old mattress to tin cans, papers, etc. We have noticed that the farther off the highway and away from the major campgrounds we get, the less litter and rubble. The last time we were in that area it resembled a scene you'd find at any dump. You can find a lot of color at Red Rock, but unfortunately the color is provided by various bottles and can labels instead of Mother Nature. We feel that this leaves a bigger scar than any trail in the area.

The number of campers seen in the area each weekend makes it hard for us to believe that jeeps and dune buggies are totally to blame for the littering and destruction of Red Rock Canyon. Everyone is to blame for the miserable shape of that area, jeeps, dune buggies, cyclists, hikers, campers, rock hounds, and people just stopping to rest and eat.

Enough said on who is to blame, how to stop it is the real problem. Most jeep clubs have very tight rules on littering and destroying the countryside. Part of Red Rock Canyon was cleaned up not long ago by the Bakersfield TrailBlazers' Jeep Club. Many of the other clubs as well as the California Association of 4WD Clubs have conservation and clean-up projects as part of their club activities. True, much more can be done but this is a giant step in the right direction. Only a small percentage take the country for granted but constant education is being aimed at them.

Each year more and more people go to the desert to find relaxation in many ways. The problems of keeping beauty of the desert for future generations is increasing more rapidly. We have only two choices, one being to ban everyone from leaving the road whether on wheels or on foot, or two, and hopefully the best solution, is for everyone to treat the desert with the respect it deserves. Four wheelers have a saying which should apply to all areas, "If you brought it in, then take it out."

PAT & JERRY STRONG,  
Lancaster, Calif.



In regards to the last page of the December, 1968 issue in *Letters to the Editor*, I must speak out in defense. Mushroom Rock in beautiful Death Valley has NOT fallen. A fragment has been broken off and lies at the base, but the rest is very much in an upright position. The rangers tell us that vandals damaged the rock. How sad when so many worthwhile natural phenomenon are wantonly destroyed. Much success to your conservation endeavors.

BERNICE CLARK,  
Stove Pipe Wells Village.

*Editor's Note: Reader Clark evidently missed our letter in the February issue stating Mushroom Rock still stands—and evidently so did quite a few other readers. So to set the record straight here is a photo of the standing Mushroom Rock.*

## Bottled Up . . .

We have enjoyed "Desert" for years and hunt it on magazine stands wherever we are but why don't you skip the recipes or "Woman's View Point" as you have it now? A page on old bottles, with pictures, would appeal to more of us. Recipes we can find or make up, but information on old bottles is hard to come by.

MRS. H. E. BARTLETT,  
Joseph, Oregon

*Editor's Note: We print many articles on bottle collecting sites and our Book Shop has the latest books on the subject—we also have many women readers who like our recipes. So what else is cooking?*

## San Berdoo Gold . . .

I went to Indio in the spring of 1933 as an investigator for an insurance company and landed at Camp Berdoo and stayed there and in Indio until July, 1934. The article in February, 1969 issue about the San Berdoo gold is correct. The two prospectors mentioned by Mr. Hoff were no doubt the couple of men I grubstaked—we made little money but it was lots of fun. Thanks for keeping *Desert Magazine* alive. I started reading it when Randall Henderson was just getting started.

CHARLES FARRINGTON,  
San Bruno, Calif.

## Battlefield Location . . .

Do you know anything about a battlefield with U.S. and Mexican soldiers around Warner Hot Springs? Maybe some of your readers do.

GALE WILLIAMS,  
Santa Ana, Calif.

*Editors' Note: The Battle of San Pasqual between the U.S. Army and the Mexican Army was fought December 6-10, 1864 at San Pasqual on State Highway 78 between Escondido and Ramona in San Diego County. Nineteen Americans were killed in the action which was considered the most significant of the war. The site is a state monument and easily located.*

## Rock Spring Canyon . . .

I am an old-time prospector and have spent lots of gas and time driving and hiking the Borrego desert area. I would like to locate a canyon that is about 30 miles, more or less, west of Brawley called Rock Spring Canyon. They are supposed to have mined turquoise in the canyon at one time. Can you help me?

CLYDE McNETT,  
San Francisco, Calif.

*Editor's Note: There is a Rock House Canyon in the Anza-Borrego State Park. We cannot find Rock Spring Canyon on our maps. Could a reader help Mr. McNett?*

