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DESERT

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SEPTEMBER 1967

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Blue Bucket Gold**
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Publisher

CHORAL PEPPER
Editor

ELTA SHIVELY
Executive Secretary

MARVEL BARRETT
Business

AL MERRYMAN
Staff Artist

JACK DELANEY
Staff Writer

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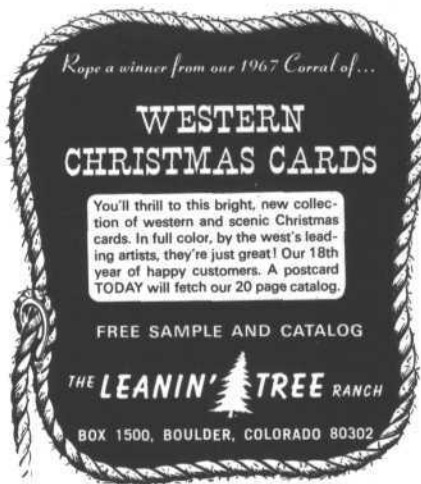
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THE COVER

The dramatic photograph of Bodie, California is by E. G. Anderson, of Burbank, California, who captures the spirit of the famous former gold rush town, now preserved as a State Park. Gold was first discovered in Mono County in 1852 but it was not until 10 years later that Bodie became a rip roaring community whose reputation was summed up in the slogan "The Bad Men From Bodie."

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How 88,648 Heavy Smokers Stopped Smoking

NEW YORK—The Anti-Tobacco Center of America has just published a booklet which explains how 88,648 heavy smokers (of whom many are physicians) have stopped smoking without straining their will power. This booklet is available free of charge to smokers. All you need to do, to obtain it, is to send your name and address to The Anti-Tobacco Center of America, Dept. A-63-L, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York. This offer is open while the supply of these booklets lasts.

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By DON ASHBAUGH

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New Books for Desert Readers

DIRECTORY OF SOUTHERN NEVADA PLACE NAMES

By Walter R. Averett

With special attention given to obscure or forgotten names, this book contains 1300 entries covering all of Clark County, over half of Lincoln County, part of Nye County and a few adjacent places in Arizona and California. It includes topographic features, such as Bootleg Canyon, west of Boulder City where there was once a moonshine still; springs, such as Bootleg Spring located dangerously close to Mormon Well; towns, such as the all-but-lost ghost of Johnnie; political subdivisions and mining districts past, present, remembered and forgotten. The origin of the name is given as well as historical data and exact location. There are some names that will even stump old-timers. Here are a few samples—Purgatory Hole, Rappelje, Smiley's Spur, Pikes Diggings and Angle City. This book is a real sleeper for collectors of Western Americana. Edition limited to 300 copies. Hardcover, 114 pages, \$5.00.

WATER WITCHING

By Earl Shannon

This reviewer has read a lot about water witching and this paperback book is exceptionally good. Its author approaches the subject of dowsing for water and mineral as scientifically as it is possible to approach a subject of mystery. He discounts the "nut" theories relative to "witching" for lost persons, objects, and so forth, as well as the mystics and their gimmicks. He doesn't make any claims, only details his own experiments which have covered a period of 30 years and many parts of the U.S. He has graphed his results and made deep studies into geology in an effort to understand why "witching" works, as his results satisfy him that it does. He believes it is minerals carried and deposited by water along underground courses that produces the reaction which indicates the presence of water, rather than the water itself, because "dead" water (water buried in containers for experimental purposes) does not produce a reaction. The writing style is informal and the book is entertaining to read, whether or not you accept water witching as an art. 132 pages, \$2.75.

Books reviewed may be ordered from the DESERT Magazine Book Order Department, Palm Desert, California 92260. Please include 25c for handling. California residents must add 4% sales tax. Enclose payment with order.

MOHAVE DESERT RAMBLINGS

By Sewell "Pop" Lofinck

The author is well-known as a prospector and long time resident of the area now covered by the U.S. Ordnance Test Station on the Mojave desert, for which he once served as a guard in an isolated area of the north range. Later he was transferred into the Public Information office to write a weekly column for the Station's newspaper. It is these columns, filled with "Pop-isms" about the desert, nature, solitude, wildlife, prospecting and people, that were collected by the Maturango Museum at China Lake, California, and put into book form. There are chapters on how to salt a mine, find purple bottles, plant cacti, survive in the arid desert, and interpret petroglyphs. It is an interesting book, written in the folksy style of a beloved desert character. Paperback, illustrated with photos, 160 pages, \$3.25.

A GUIDE TO WESTERN GHOST TOWNS

By Lambert Florin

If you already own any or all of Lambert Florin's marvelous hardcover ghost town series, you will definitely want this guide which includes maps and mileages. If you haven't the hard cover books, you will want this anyway to enjoy the outstanding photographs taken by the author and to learn of ghost towns and mining camps in 15 western states, including British Columbia and Alaska. Main attractions in each town are mentioned, along with information about what lies at the end of side roads, but for historical background and colorful incidents relative to the towns and their former lively occupants, you are referred to the hard cover ghost town series which covers all of the sites which are included in this guide.

The book is large format, cardboard cover, 96 pages, \$2.25.

ANZA AND THE NORTHWEST FRONTIER OF NEW SPAIN

By *Bowman and Heizer*

The identification of Anza's remains, after they were located in their burial place at Arizpe, Arizona in 1963, wound up the long and fascinating story of Anza's adventures and exploration in the Southwest. Along with Junipero Serra, founding missionary, and Miguel Costanso, engineer and explorer, Juan Bautista de Anza set a cornerstone in the history and development of California. Of the first two, much is known, but the adventures of Anza have been shrouded in myth.

Anza was a true trailblazer, a visionary and a doer. The authors of this book seem to prove, however, that Anza is not properly considered the founder of San Francisco. He did select the general location of the presidio on San Francisco Bay, but not the site itself. This is based upon the differences between the suggested site described in Anza's diary and the one where later it was actually located. Other generally accepted facts about Anza and city of San Francisco are also exploded in this fascinating book. Illustrated with photographs. Hardcover, 179 pages, \$8.75

NO MORE THAN FIVE IN A BED

By *Sandra Dallas*

This intriguing title arose from a custom of the raw frontier when Western hotels that catered to miners rented beds for eight-hour shifts. A sleeping guest might be clawed by a bedmate's spurs and chewed up by bedbugs, but he was always comforted with the landlord's posted promise that there would be "No More Than Five in a Bed."

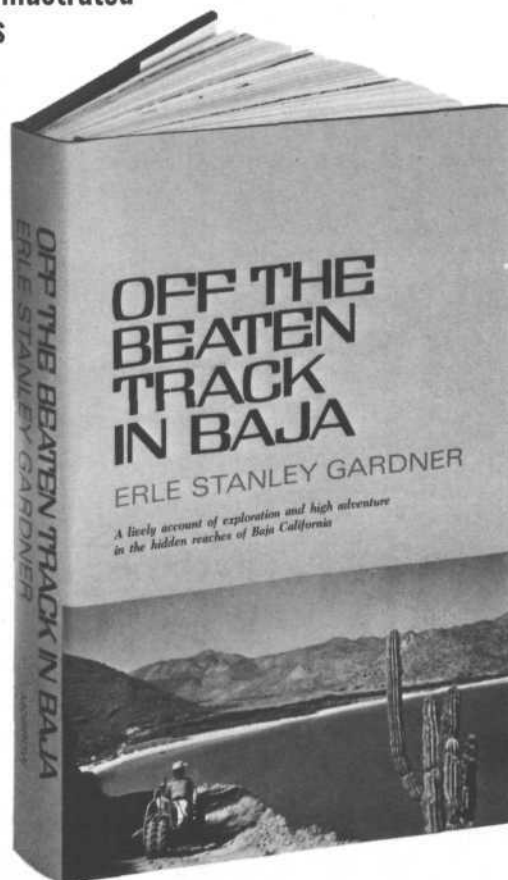
Other famed early Colorado hotels were both lavish and lascivious. Oysters, champagne, wild game and crusty French bread made sophisticated voyagers from Eastern cities feel right at home and although the menu might read "tabble Dote" followed by a cup of "demy tass," the fare and decor were as opulently Victorian and, sometimes, as proper as that of Boston.

With a theme built around the famous hotels of Colorado's early mining days, the author has put together a book filled with robust humor and atmosphere. Included are a number of lively tales re- and worthwhile historically, this is also counting such incidents. Well-researched a fun book to read and would make a fine gift. Hardcover, many illustrations, 208 pages, \$5.95.

A true story of adventure, illustrated with over 300 photographs and five pages in color . . .

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK IN BAJA

by
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER



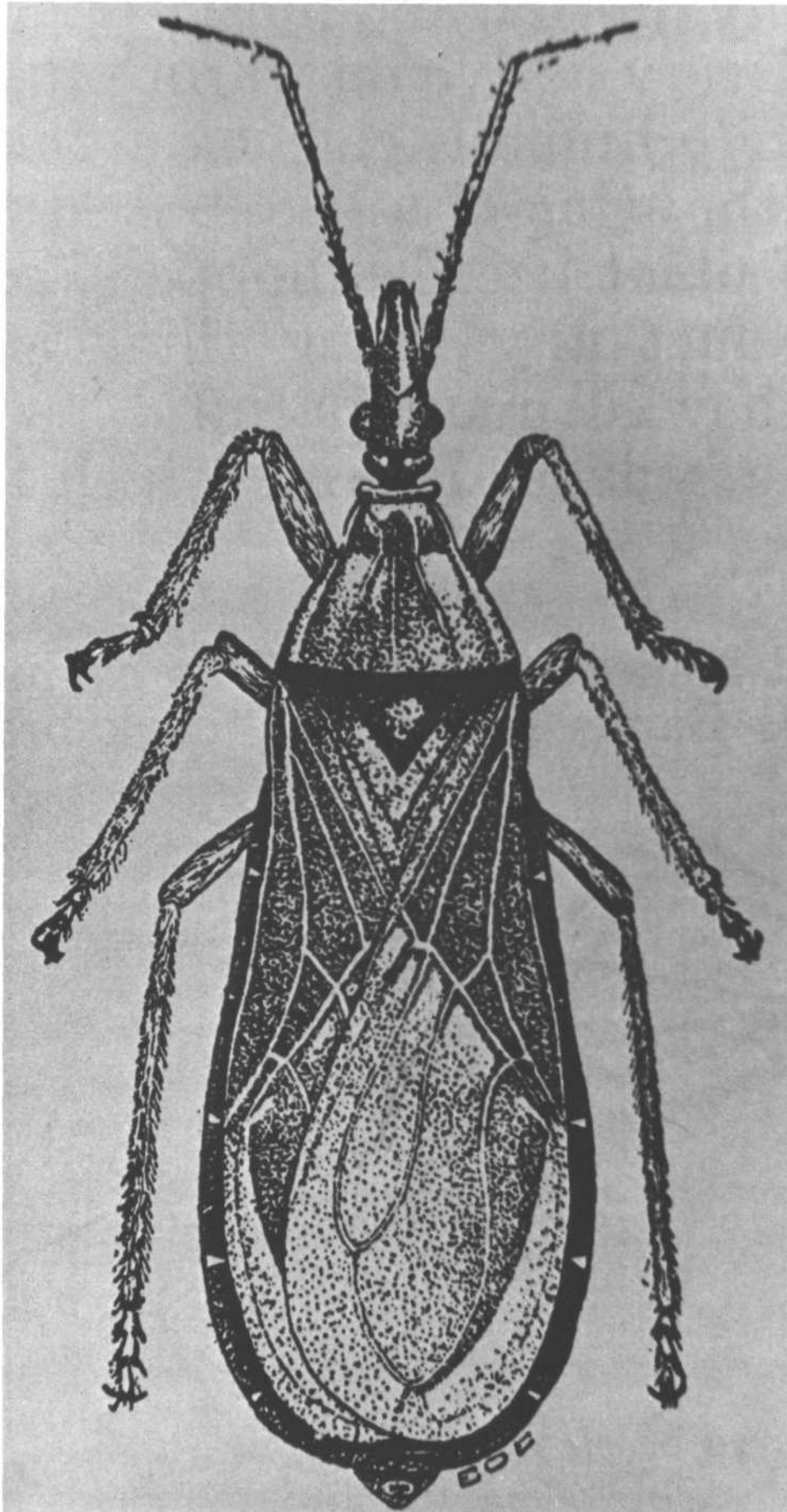
When Choral Pepper, Editor of *DESERT MAGAZINE*, joined the latest Erle Stanley Gardner expedition into Baja California, she little realized she would be flying in helicopters over literally unexplored country. Nor did she realize that readers would demand far more material on the expedition than she could possibly crowd into five instalments in the magazine. Here is a book that is a detailed account of these modern-day adventures—the story of the first helicopter ever to be seen in Santa Rosalia, in Mulege, in San Ignacio . . . the story of exploring hidden canyons where no human has set foot to ground in modern times. \$8.95

Other books of adventure by Erle Stanley Gardner:

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NEIGHBORHOOD FRONTIERS	\$6.00

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BEWARE

the

Conenosed

Bloodsucker

by Sylvia Kircher



MISERABLY sick to his stomach "George Gray" lurched from his bed and gasped, "I feel awful." Then he complained of itching all over, even the soles of his feet and palms of his hands. A nettle-like rash spread over his body and a few minutes later, weak and depressed, his skin clammy, and his pulse quickened, he was assisted back into bed by his wife. Then she called the doctor.

By the time the doctor had arrived there were localized swellings in the glands of George Gray's neck and groin and on the back of his left thigh were several round, red, painful inflammations about two inches in diameter, each with a hard, whitish welt in its center. The doctor, recognizing them as insect bites, was able to determine almost immediately that George's "illness" was a severe allergic reaction to the insect venom.

As he administered medication, the doctor recalled a similiar case. Quickly he removed blankets, sheets and pillow covers from the bed and methodically inspected them. Finding nothing, he then yanked back the mattress from the box spring. In the middle was a black bug about three-fourths inches long with a protruding, cone-shaped snout and a body that looked as if someone had pinched it flat in the middle. "That,"

said the doctor, "is what I was looking for. And it's filled with your blood, George."

The insect is variously called the Kissing Bug, the Assassin Bug, the Bellow Bug, or entomologists call it *Triatoma protracta*. In a few cases (about 5%) where someone is known to be extremely hypersensitive to insect venom, the bite of this insect may lead to anaphylactic shock, and unconsciousness. Hospitalization is then required. More usually, however, a bite, or several, will cause intense itching, some pain, and extensive swelling, sometimes as much as a foot in diameter, around the area of the puncture wound. Discomfort may last for several weeks. So subtly does the Conenose penetrate the skin that, frequently, sleeping victims are not even aware of having been bitten until the following morning. Then, not being familiar with our noxious friend, they blame the bite on just about anything else that's handy, including spiders.

Though a bad bed companion, the Conenose is not a Bed Bug. True Bed Bugs (*Cimicidae*) feed entirely on warmblooded animals such as man, birds, and bats, whereas Conenoses—to give them a modicum of credit—feed on man only if necessary. They much prefer to

stick their stylets into other insects, rodents or even chickens.

A member of an interesting family, the *Reduviidae*, which includes the *Corsairs* (another mean biting, but handsome, black and amber fellow), the Bee Assassins, and the beneficial Giant Wheel Bugs, the Western Conenosed Bloodsuckers are found from California east into Utah, and south into Arizona and Mexico. They are particularly active in May and June, continuing their activity throughout the summer until October or later, depending on the weather. They are parasites on Wood Rats, which may be a boon to city folks who don't have the wood rat's bulky, stick houses in their back yards, but a pesky nuisance to people living in foothill or country locations who might. Wood Rat nests should be eliminated, if possible, from the vicinity near wherever Conenosed Bloodsuckers are known to have inflicted their painful bites on an unsuspecting victim.

During the day these pests hide outdoors under rocks and debris or else indoors in bedding, draperies or rugs. At night they can sometimes be seen crawling over walls, floors or ceilings. If you live in an area that Conenoses are known to inhabit, it would be a good idea to have all doors in your house weather-

stripped, and be sure all windows have tight fitting screens. At night, check your bedding thoroughly before crawling in. This is particularly important with small children.

Recommended first aid treatment for the Bloodsucker's bite is an application of hot Epsom salts over the puncture point as soon as possible. If any symptoms of acute distress or shock are evidenced, put the victim to bed immediately, keep him warm, and call a doctor.

Let me make it absolutely clear at this point that the Southwest is not seething with hosts of Conenose Bloodsuckers intent on your blood. They are, more realistically, only a noxious minority group among the many thousands of insects which are entirely beneficial and harmless. You may never encounter one. But you should be familiar with them, just as you should be familiar with, and hence try to avoid, all injurious insects as well as other injurious arthropods such as ticks, scorpions and Black Widow spiders.

But don't condemn all of them because of the obnoxious habits of a few. Learn to differentiate between the injurious and non-injurious and, whenever possible, try to observe the others with interest and curiosity. After all, who can take issue with a Ladybird beetle or a butterfly? □



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Little Denmark, U.S.A.

by Jack Delaney



SOLVANG, CALIFORNIA is the "eatin'est" town in the West! Any hour of the day you'll see crowds of eager eaters in the bakery-coffee shops that dominate the business district. Day-long coffee breaks are in vogue here, and these usually end with a carton of goodies under the arm of the pastry patron, for later enjoyment. At mealtimes, the ecstatic smacking of lips during the dessert course is a sight to see—or to hear! After all, authentic Danish pastry is just about the ultimate in taste treats.

Strangely, the continuous intake of delicious, rich pastries as a daily routine here appears to present no serious weight problem for the residents. From my detailed observation of the local gals, in their colorful Danish garb, I can truthfully report that they are trim and shapely. The local men are—sorry, I was too busy taking inventory on the beautiful gals to check on the local men!

Solvang, an accurate small-scale facsimile of a fascinating Old World city, is about 45 miles north of Santa Barbara, in the Santa Ynez Valley. For a pleasant interlude, drive along the freeway (U.S. 101) to the vicinity of Buellton, then east on Highway 246 a couple of miles to this Danish-American town of 2000 happy people. It is one of the leading tourist attractions in Southern California, playing host to 250,000 visitors each year, many of whom are repeaters.

Whether your visit is a return or a first time occasion, it is suggested that you consider the weekend beginning Friday, September 15. It will be during these three days that Solvang will present a fairyland of music, color, and gaiety, matched only by Old World festivals of bygone years. This is the weekend of the Annual Danish Days Celebration. It would be well, however, to arrange reservations in advance, if you plan to stay in Solvang or the general vicinity.

An unforgettable event will be offered Saturday and Sunday mornings—aebleskiver breakfasts prepared and served along the main street (Copenhagen Drive), under the shadow of a Danish windmill. Aebleskiver are pancake-like balls, cooked in heavy cast iron skillets containing round depressions for shaping the delicious morsels. During the celebration, volunteer bakers will attract large audiences by their display of proficiency as they deftly turn the little sphere with knitting needles.

In case you have never visited this picturesque village, it should be pointed out that it is well equipped with modern motels, restaurants, bakeries, and gift shops. "Quaint" is the word most often used to describe Solvang. Its windmills, homes, stores and customs carry an authentic Danish theme. This is a town of flags—everywhere you'll see the American and Danish flags flying side by side. The Danish flag, the *Dannebrog*, is the oldest flag in the world. It came into being in the year 1219.

An unique custom in Denmark is the display of various insignia, or emblems, at the entrances to shops as an indication of the products they offer. For instance, a bakery displays a Danish *kringle* (a form of pastry), while a shoe store is identified by a boot hanging over the sidewalk. This practice is followed, to some extent, in Solvang. Another indication of Danish background is the artificial storks gracing the roof lines of some of the buildings. The people of their Old World counterpart believe that a stork on the roof brings good luck—so long as it stays on the roof!

Should you have any questions pertaining to Solvang or its accommodations, just look up King Merrill, editor of the *Santa Ynez Valley News* and of the informative magazine, *In The Beautiful Santa Ynez Valley*. The business office of the newspaper is located on the town's

main street, so it is easy to find. You'll enjoy meeting Mr. Merrill and will find that he is a very helpful and pleasant person with whom to spend a few minutes and from whom to gain a bit of knowledge about the beautiful Santa Ynez Valley.

Many California towns started from scratch and just "grewed." Solvang has been a planned community from the beginning. It was founded in 1911 by three members of a group of Danish educators. Their purpose was the establishing of a community where the arts and customs of their homeland could be recreated. Also, it was their desire to build a folk school for the western Danes. Solvang was born on 9000 acres of the old Spanish land grant known as *Rancho San Carlos de Jonata*.

Atterdag College was opened in 1914 and its educational program was patterned after the Danish Grand View College in Iowa. The theory of education was to instill a philosophy in our young people to create wholesome, productive lives, rather than lives geared toward accumulating wealth. There were no textbooks, no examinations, and no degrees. History was the main subject, as it points out where we have failed and helps us to learn from these failures. Atterdag College operated full time until 1937, and as a summer school until 1951.

This Danish folk school ceased to operate because of the compulsory education laws of the State of California, with which some of the school's policies were in conflict. Evidently, the concept of teaching young people how to be down-to-earth, hard-working, useful citizens was not enough. An effort should have been made to teach them to be thinkers, ready and willing to solve the problems of the world—provided they can borrow their parents' cars. At any rate, good old Atterdag is no longer serving as an educational institution. The building is

now a part of the Solvang Lutheran Home.

Near the center of town is Old Mission Santa Ines (*Ines* is the Spanish spelling retained by the church) which was founded in 1804. It was the 19th in the chain of 21 California Missions, and is known as The Hidden Gem of the Missions. Tours are conducted daily through the magnificent museum, Chapel of the Madonnas, the Church with original hand-painted murals, and the lovely gardens. An estimated 100,000 people visit the Mission each year. It has survived trouble, turbulence, secularization, and earthquake these many years. Today, it stands as a fine example of restored early California architecture and atmosphere.

The proverbial Little Red Schoolhouse can be seen in the town of Ballard, a few miles from Solvang. It is a one-room school built in 1883 that has been in continuous use as an educational center ever since. This is truly a Valley historic gem. It can be reached by driving east on Mission Drive (Route 246) a short distance and turning left on Alamo Pintado Road to Ballard. A right turn on Baseline Avenue, then a left turn on Cottonwood Street brings you to the school.

Originally, the Little Red Schoolhouse handled all grades in one room and the children did their own janitorial work. At least, the girls swept and dusted the schoolroom each week (there is no record of what the boys did). At present, it has an enrollment of about 18 children in grades one through four, and they are examples of leadership in achievement. Their Drum and Bugle Corps is a top prize-winning musical marching unit! Winner of the grand prize in the Western Band Festival in Santa Barbara, it was awarded a resolution from the California State Senate commending the corps for its musical and marching ability.

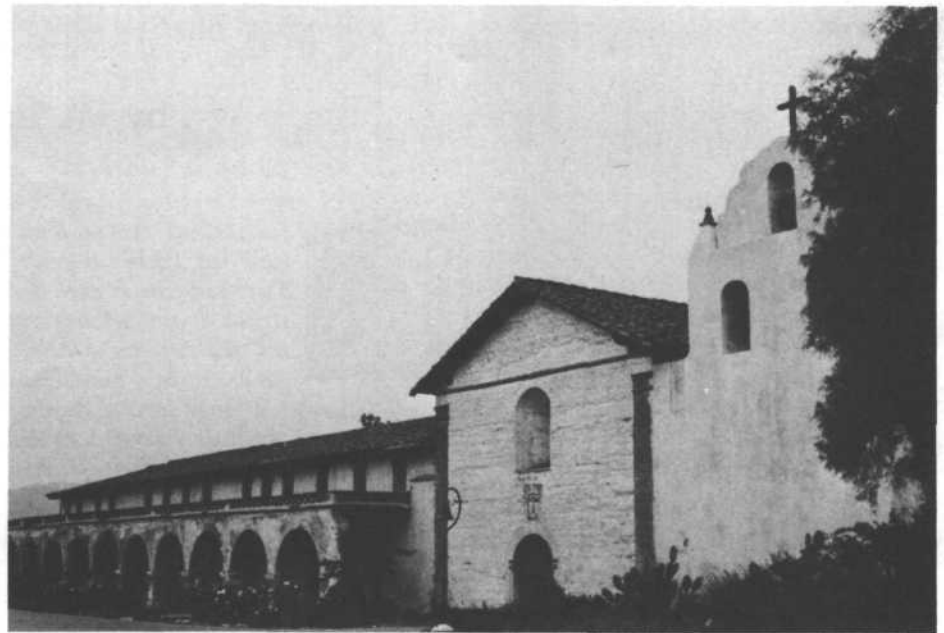
This one side trip is worthwhile, even though it may be the only one you will want to take with so many reasons for returning to the scene of activity. After an aebleskive breakfast and a couple of pastry breaks, try one of Solvang's famous open-faced sandwiches for lunch. At dinnertime, be sure to order something different, with a name that is difficult to pronounce. Just point to the item on the menu—the waitress will smile knowingly. Even though every day is a Danish Day in Solvang, the friendly residents send you this message: *Velkommen til 1967 Danske Dage!* □



Little red schoolhouse at Ballard.



Map of Little Denmark, U.S.A.



Above: Old Mission San Ines. Below: Solvang street scene.



Dr. Osborne, international authority on advanced electronics who pursues treasure hunting as a hobby, prepared the following article at the request of DESERT Magazine for the vast number of readers who write to this office in quest of reliable information about metal detectors from an objective source.

TREASURE FINDERS

by W. E. Osborne

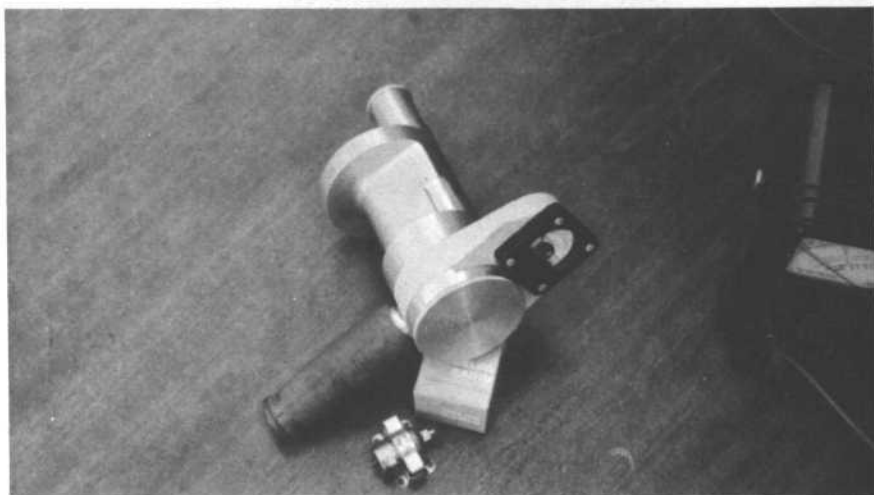


LECTRONIC METAL locators are tricky animals. *The very best one designed is no better than the skill of its operator,* and many purchasers (and builders) of high-quality instruments have obtained poor results through no fault of the device itself. For the peak performance which I am sure most users desire, a top-grade locator demands operating ability which only serious practice and some study can acquire.

If the purchase of a good instrument is accompanied by a resolution to daily achieve better results through such study and practice—instead of placing the instrument in the same category as a new spade or fishing pole—then, and only then, can it become a real "treasure-finder."

My first unit was built in 1927, with the search coil wound around the wooden rim of a bicycle wheel. I used a straight transmitter circuit, single tube (battery drain 0.25 amps!), which by today's standards is very insensitive, and mainly used for pipe-finding. Over the ensuing 40 years my design assignments in this field have included military mine detectors for the U.S., British and Australian Forces, magnetometers for submarine detection, and nuclear detection devices. Some non-technical comments on current metal locator types may therefore be of interest to those DESERT readers who, like myself, have an urge to seek gold whenever circumstances will permit.

The transmitter-receiver (TR) principle is one of the two most popular types of locator. Two loop antennae (transmitter and receiver) are usually mounted at each end of a carrying pole, at right angles to each other, to minimize direct pickup between the two. The transmitter coil (frequency about 70-100 KHz) is at the rear and is mounted vertically for maximum penetration, and when its radiated field is interrupted by metal, a



The three detectors above are all different beat-frequency types, built by the writer over the last 10 years. All have built-in battery chargers, car or line. Similar detectors are manufactured commercially. The writer's experimental infrared mine detector is held like a drill gun. Meter variations indicate actual shape of buried object, but not composition.

The author's "buried object locator", mounted on tripod for test purposes, and looking at M-19 anti-tank mine (plastic).



much the same as in the TR, but there is no receiver. A second signal (at the same frequency) is provided by a shielded and crystal-controlled oscillator. Both signals are fed to a special "mixer" transistor. Metal in the field of the transmitter loop (the search coil), changes this one frequency, and the mixer output, normally zero, then produces a "beat" which is the difference between the two signals. The whole unit can be smaller, lighter, and draw less battery power than a TR. For this reason I prefer and use it. Rechargeable batteries, with a sub-miniature charger built in, are also a feature of my own instrument. Recharging is done by either automobile or house current.

Infrared mine detectors are a recent development. No search coil is used, as the instrument is basically a passive infrared receiver. The detector in less expensive models is an uncooled cell of lead selenide or indium antimonide. Better units use an uncooled immersed bolometer. As any buried object will possess different infrared characteristics to those of the surrounding earth, it is revealed as a reflected pattern on the surface. Unfortunately, rocks, wood, and even paper are included. However, as the shape of the buried object can be read by an experienced operator, much needless digging is avoided. No commercial models are yet available. Size and weight are extremely small.

Magnetometers are a wonderful aid in locating either metal or oil. The older types, with a depth range of about 500 feet on a submarine, have since been greatly improved. The two basic types are the flux-gate, and total-field (nuclear precession). The former cancels out the earth's magnetic field (to zero), and measures any unbalance created by submerged or buried objects such as metal or oil. The latter starts with the total fields, and adds or subtracts for the objects. Vehicle-mounting is usually necessary, and costs several thousand dollars.

A number of other principles are used in locator design, but space prohibits discussion here. They include conductivity measurement of the earth; pulsed ("radar") types which are long-range, meet FAA rules, but which also require a vehicle; and a balanced 3-coil magnetic bridge as used in many World War II mine detectors.

A final word. When buying an instrument, it is safer to follow the axiom that, "You get what you pay for." An electronic metal detector can then be a wonderful investment, if you follow the advice in the first paragraph. Good hunting!

reflection and distortion takes place which is received by the other coil, and converted to an audible change of pitch. The limiting factor on range with the TR type is the amount of direct (undistorted) radiation from T to R loop, and this blankets the tiny reflected signal from buried metal at longer range. Complex phase cancellation circuitry will improve this by up to a 10/1 ratio, and I have been obliged to incorporate this on very large military units. The extra expense, size, and weight involved, however, would limit its commercial use, even if FAA regulations on transmitter output were not violated by the extra power and range that becomes temptingly possible. I know of only one small (hand-carried) military mine detector of the TR type, and while the range was equal to that of several others, it was poorly regarded for reasons of size, weight, and awkwardness. I would, therefore, personally place the TR type second to the beat-frequency (BF) series, even though excellent results are possible. See the comparison table (below) of ranges.

The range of a BF locator can equal and may exceed that of a TR type, but only with extremely careful design. Operation is more critical, as fine tuning down to a one-cycle beat is required for top sensitivity. Frequency should be around 100 Khz. The transmitter can be

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Trapped in Tar

by Ben Traywick

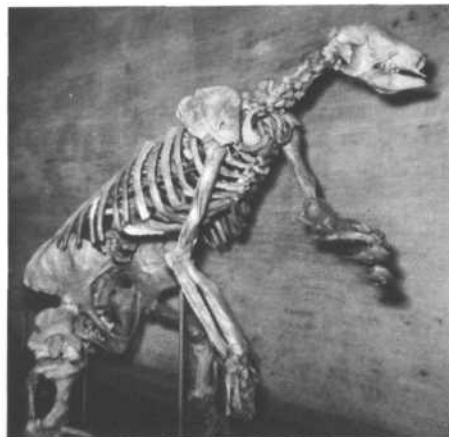


OME of the most fierce and frightful creatures ever created on this earth sleep entombed in pits of tar within the city of Los Angeles, California.

Here is the cemetery of the horrible Thunder Beast, the great cats, gigantic mammoths, huge bears, and the fierce, terrible dragons of ancient lands and seas.

The name "fossil" has been given to all organic bodies, animal or vegetable, buried naturally in terrestrial strata and more or less petrified. The earth has not always presented the calm aspect of stability which it now exhibits. It has had its convulsions and its physical revolutions. A thousand causes, aqueous, igneous, and atmospheric, are continually at work modifying the external form of the earth by destroying and rebuilding. However, man would have to live for several million years in order to be able to understand the tremendous changes that occur.

Entire mountain ranges have been formed by upheavals within the earth only, over a long period of geological time, to be worn down and washed into the seas again. And to the opposite, ocean beds have lain beneath the water for millions of years only to have at last been thrust up several hundreds of feet. Such actions as these formed the asphalt beds of La Brea, which are actually part of a sedimentary series consisting of sands, clays, gravel and angular rubble with a depth area of 40 to 190 feet. Beneath these deposits are the older formations of marine shales and sandstones with interbedded oil sands. It is from these that the tar comes.



In 1769, Gaspar de Portola was the first to record seeing the "tar pits of La Brea." Three years later, Jose Longinos Martinez reported a lake of pitch in which bubbles formed and burst continually. Animals would step into it, then were unable to escape because their feet were held fast; finally they would sink below the surface. Even in that early year he remarked on the presence of huge bones that appeared to be petrified in the tar.

In 1844 Dufлот De Mofras, during his explorations of Oregon and California, recorded the presence of "the pits of asphaltum." He remarked that the pits reached the surface in small pools of mineral water which was imbibed by animals and birds. At a glance, the tar pit appeared to be a pool of water, a deception which entrapped many creatures.

No one recognized the importance of the fossil bones in the tar pits until W. W. Orcutt visited them in 1905. He dug a sabre-tooth cat skull and portions of the skeleton of a huge ground sloth. Dr. John C. Merriam (University of California) examined the bones and strongly recommended that further excavating be conducted. Allan Hancock, who owned Rancho La Brea on which the tar pits were located, granted exclusive excavation privileges to the county of Los Angeles in 1913. The county museum conducted the excavation and now has the fossils on display.

Later Hancock gave the 23 acres enclosing the fossil tar beds to Los Angeles county for a public park, called Hancock Park. Over the years, trees, shrubs, and plants of the types that grew in California during the Ice Age have been planted



and an observation pit has been constructed so visitors can see the skulls and bones just as they were trapped and subsequently entombed in Pleistocene time.

In one mass of tar, comprising less than 4 cubic yards, Dr. Merriam found more than 50 skulls of the dire wolf, 30 skulls of the sabre-tooth cat, and numerous remains of horse, sloth, bison, coyote and bird. Remains found in the tar pits have changed little from the original state.

Portions of the skull and skeleton of a woman were found at a depth of 6 to 9 feet. All the bones were definitely from one individual and clearly resembled the aboriginal people who had inhabited Southern California and the Channel Islands prior to the arrival of the white man. At a level of 8 to 18 feet, the wooden bunt foreshaft for an atlatl dart and 3 broken atlatl dart foreshafts were uncovered, an indication that an atlatl-using people once inhabited the La Brea area when animals, that are now extinct, roamed California.

It is believed that the climate in Pleistocene years was very nearly the same as it is today and the surrounding terrain was rolling with a semi-arid type of vegetation. This environment caused the area to abound with bison, horse, elephant, mammoth, sloth, antelope, and camel. The most prevalent forms of life uncovered at La Brea were those of predatory animals. Obviously this was a direct result of the effective lure offered by the victims trapped in the tar, bringing the flesh eating animals directly to the pool.

Apparently the tar trap and its vicinity was an excellent feeding ground for the

dire wolf and the sabre-tooth cat. This is reflected by the extraordinary numbers of wolf and cat remains buried in the tar.

Extinct forms of mammals actually represent the greatest portion of skeletal remains taken from the tar pit. In the dog family, the dire wolf outnumbers the coyote and the gray wolf. In the cat family, the sabre-tooth and the great cat or lion-like feline exceeds the puma and lynx. Among the bears, the short faced bear is twice as abundant as the black or grizzly bear.

The short faced bear possessed a shortened face, as the name implies, and crowded cheek-teeth. The principal cutting teeth are more like those of a dog than those of a bear, thereby indicating that this bear was more carnivorous than true bears. Approximately the size of the Alaskan Kodiak bear of today, they are believed to have been the largest flesh eating mammal occurring at La Brea.

Though about the size of today's African lion, the sabre-tooth cat's front limbs were strong and powerful while its hind limbs were relatively light. The short or bobbed tail was similar to that of the bob-cat or lynx. A true cat possesses 30 teeth, but the sabre-tooth had only 26. In the cheek-tooth region, the principal cutting teeth were fitted for a slashing action. Its upper canines were great dagger-like teeth, elongated in a long curvature and flattened transversely. These sabre-teeth were not biting organs, but stabbing daggers. In attacking large prey the huge cat sought a vulnerable spot on the neck, dug its claws in deep by using the strong front limbs and then stabbed repeatedly with the long, upper canines, inflicting deep jagged wounds. To accomplish this the lower jaw swung downward giving a huge gape to the mouth, then the powerful head and neck muscles gave vicious thrusts to the long teeth.

Skeletons of the great cat, one of the true cats, were found in the pit. It was one fourth again as large as any cat living today. Although it is generally referred to as a lion it has on occasion been called a gigantic jaguar. This monster cat was the most formidable predatory animal at La Brea.

Bison were even more numerous than horses in the Pleistocene years of La Brea and it appears that these extinct animals fell easy victims to the tar pit. Considerably larger than the modern buffalo, they measured more than seven feet tall at the hump.

Mammoths were considerably larger

than their cousins, the mastodon and the elephant. Skeletons have been found that measured 16 feet from the shoulder. The ivory tusks were curved with a spiral turn outwards, up to 15 feet in length, and fitted into the upper jaw. A massive skull furnished an attachment area for the muscles and tendons necessary to manipulate the trunk and support the long, heavy tusks.

Though the grazing ground sloth was smaller than the mastodon it possessed considerable bulk and weight. Its muzzle was blunt, the jaws armed with lobate grinding teeth. The reconstructed skeleton shows this creature was massive, with the anterior limbs much longer than the posterior, the articulation of the foot oblique to the leg; great, short toes armed with powerful claws, and the beast undoubtedly possessed a tremendous crushing strength. This strength and claws helped the sloth evade its natural enemies, the great cats and packs of the dire wolf. Its teeth indicate a diet of vegetable foods, leaves and small twigs.

Because of the fragile physical makeup of birds, it is extremely rare that fossilized remains are found in condition

to study in detail. However, this is not true of the La Brea tar pit because of the rapid entombment and preserving powers of the tar. As many as 126 different kinds of birds were recovered, some with skeletal remains so well preserved they were reassembled and mounted for display. One of the most unusual was an extinct condor-like vulture. This huge bird stood approximately two-and-one-half-feet tall, had a wing span of over 12 feet and, when alive, probably weighed over 50 pounds.

Because of the discovery of fossil records, such as those in the La Brea tar pit, traces of a past infinitely longer than man had hitherto suspected have been studied. Some have no clear relationship to living things, nor living things a clear relationship to them, but as strange, terrible, and incredible as they may seem, they are but what life has produced on its way to its present state. Generation by generation over countless millions of years, it has changed from the wonder it was to the wonder it is. There has been no creation since the beginning of life; life has evolved continually, eternally. □

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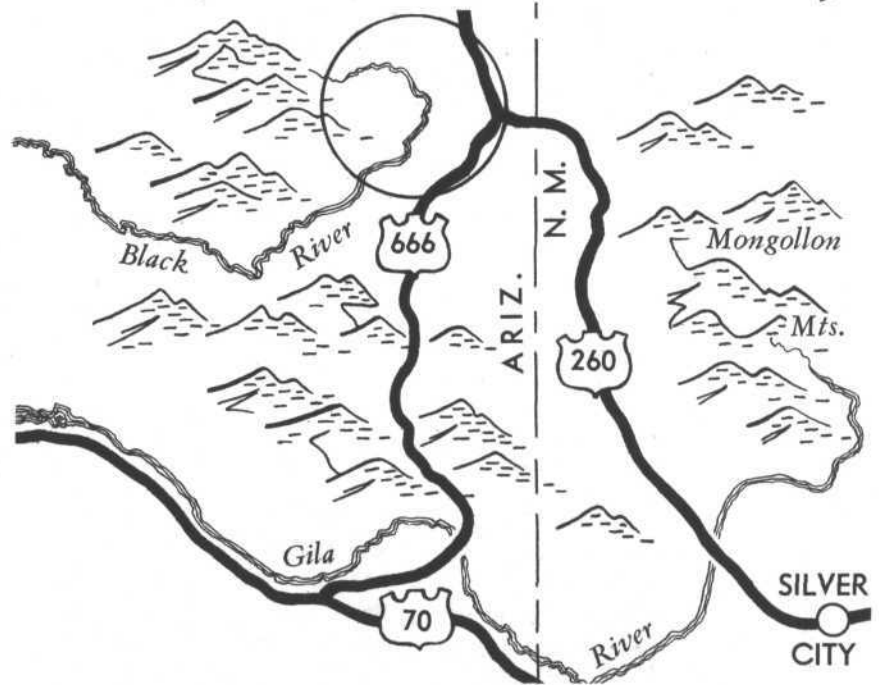
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By reader request DESERT Magazine will reprint a series of articles written by the dean of lost mine yarns, John Mitchell, which appeared originally in 1940 and 1941.

LOST ADAMS DIGGINGS



by John Mitchell



IEUTENANT W. H. Emory, in his Notes of a Military Reconnaissance from Fort Leavenworth Kansas to San Diego in California, published in 1848, states: "The Prieto (Black) river flows down from the mountains freighted with gold. Its sands are said to be full of the precious metal. A few adventurers who ascended the river hunting beaver washed the sands at night when they halted and were richly rewarded. Tempted by their success, they made a second trip and were attacked and most of them killed by the Indians. My authority for this statement is Landreau, who, though an illiterate man, is truthful."

Adams and Landreau headed south after the massacre and were picked up in an exhausted condition by a scouting party from the Army of the West, near the headwaters of the Gila river. After the lapse of 20 years Adams returned to the Apache country and tried to relocate the ruins of the log cabin and the corral that he and his former partners had constructed near the rich diggings. The object of the search was about \$60,000 worth of gold dust left buried under the cabin floor and the narrow gulch from which the gold had been washed.

Adams organized several expeditions to search for his old workings and was well known around Fort Wingate, New Mexico, where he purchased provisions and equipment for his many trips into the wild country to the southwest of the fort.

As nearly as can be ascertained the place where Adams and Landreau were rescued was about 25 miles northwest of Silver City, New Mexico. It was to this place that Adams came in later years, and he was often seen in that region.

The fact that the two men had traveled south after the massacre would indicate that the rich deposits were located near the headwaters of the Black river, but Adams had only a hazy recollection of the days when he and his companion wandered, exhausted and fearful of the Indians, from the scene of the attack.

Adams died at the age of 93 without relocating the gold. The search has continued to this day and more than one man has lost his life on the trail in quest of the lost diggings.

If the story is true, the buckskin pokes, heavy with \$60,000 in gold, still rot beneath the ashes of the old cabin floor. No doubt the place is now overgrown with vegetation, and only by mere accident will the treasure be recovered. □

When It's Hot go where it's not

by Jack Delaney

*Where spring comes in the summer,
And summer comes in the fall;
Where fall comes in the winter,
And winter comes not at all!*



HIS POEM, author unknown, was used in the masthead of the Carlsbad Journal, and its forerunner the Carlsbad Champion, for many

years and was responsible for people showing up in droves. Whether they were lovers of poetry, lovers of cool ocean breezes, or just plain lovers is beside the point. It was the friendly atmosphere and pleasant tempo of life they found here that appealed to them.

During the sizzling summer, or any other time of the year, should you feel the urge to substitute surf and sand for the smoke and smog of your churning city, or roaring seas for the roasting sun of your favorite desert area, why not try this resort community with the mixed-up seasons? Carlsbad, California, a few miles south of Oceanside, is 35 miles north of San Diego and about midway between Los Angeles and Tijuana, Mexico.

It is one of the few cities along the

Pacific Coast that was settled by non-Latin races. This is stated neither as a good nor as a bad point, but simply as a fact. There was no Catholic church here until late 1926, according to Father William O'Dwyer of St Patrick's Catholic Church. When Father Juan Crespi surveyed the adjacent San Luis Rey area

in 1769, while searching for mission locations, and Father Junipero Serra studied the region about 30 miles to the north in 1776, they traveled along El Camino Real, which is some distance east of the site of present-day Carlsbad.

As a result of their travels, missions were eventually established at Oceanside



*Above: Hanseatic House and gazebo over original mineral well of old Carlsbad.
Below: Bird sanctuary at Buena Vista Lagoon.*



(San Luis Rey de Francia) and at San Juan Capistrano, much to the delight of the swallows who were returning each year to nothing but grassy fields. These were, and still are, major institutions and the countryside surrounding them is picturesque and beautiful. However, it is true that Southern California mission history might have been slightly different if the good Padres had not bypassed "the city of three seasons" on their trek north in search of the ideal in real estate.

The formal beginning of Carlsbad was related to the discovery of a mineral spring here in 1882. An early settler, John Frazier, located it while digging a well for his homesite. Friends who dropped by for a drink—of water, naturally—all agreed that the product of his new well had a peculiar taste. They reasoned that anything with such an off-beat taste must have health-giving properties. Mr. Frazier had samples of it analyzed. He was amazed to learn that the water was identical in taste and chemical content to

that of the Ninth Spa in Karlsbad, Bohemia!

This famous Old World watering place, founded by King Karl I of Bohemia, was originally named Karl's Badt (Karl's bath), and was later popularly known as Karlsbad. It is interesting to note that Karlsbad, California was named after the European Spa because of the similarity of the water in its mineral well. News of the discovery spread to many states. As a result, Germans, Bohemians, and English people from all over the United States flocked to this haven of health to drink the peculiar tasting waters and receive the expected benefits.

Special railroad excursions and other promotions were instrumental in the development of Karlsbad. Tourists were given the opportunity to taste the mineral water at a "fountain of youth" piped directly to the train depot! However, it is possible that the mild summer climate, the sun-splashed surf, and the sheer beauty of sea, sand, and rocks, had therapeutic value in excess of the mineral water.

The famous old well of Karlsbad, which served a noble purpose for many years, has now ceased to function. It is a California landmark, designated as a historical site in 1955 by the State Assembly. Be sure to see it when you visit this resort. It is located in the 2800 block of Karlsbad Boulevard, not far from the center of the business district. The little gazebo at the surface of the well is a scaled likeness of the lookout over the old city of Karlsbad, Bohemia.

In connection with this historical shrine an unique development is taking shape. It is named "Olde Karlsbad" and can best be described as "A Bit of Old Europe in America." A quaint village of Old World shops, transplanted to sunny California, Olde Karlsbad hopes to reflect the beauty of our world and the wealth of its ancestry. Buildings have been chosen for replicas because of their beauty, or their historical importance. You will enjoy strolling the cobblestone courtyard and viewing the two structures that have now been completed.

The principal building at present is the Hanseatic House, copied from the age-old buildings of the Hanseatic League which, in the 13th century, brought Europe out of the Dark Ages. Next to this structure is a replica of Anton Dvorak's home in Karlsbad, with the plaque that tells of his New World Symphony. Beneath these buildings is an interesting high-walled art gallery. By passing through an iron gate at the lower level, which is secured by a great lock

King Karl I of Bohemia after whom Karlsbad, California was named.



brought from Munich, you will see the original mineral well.

Olde Karlsbad's art gallery, is also the home of the exquisite replica of King Karl's crown. The original is one of the finest examples of medieval lily crowns in existence. There are 91 rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, and 20 pearls in it. It is kept at Prague and is displayed to the public twice yearly. The replica, which you will see here, contains synthetic stones, but is accurate in every other detail. Made of copper, it is double-plated with 24 karat gold. As a club project of the Del Norte Gem and Mineral Society of Karlsbad, it required 2700 man-hours to complete.

In this one central location you will see the crown, the old mineral well, and Olde Karlsbad—the dream of Mr. and Mrs. Christiansen that is coming true. The Christiansens, who are the leading authorities on the history of this area, are gracious hosts. You'll find them eager to answer your questions and make your visit an interesting and enjoyable occasion.

At the northern boundary of the city is Buena Vista Lagoon, one of the few fresh water lagoons remaining on the West Coast. Covering about 325 acres, it is close to the ocean and has high and scenic shorelines. Buena Vista is known as the principal sanctuary for migratory

fowl on the Pacific Flyway. It offers refuge to thousands of feathered tourists each year and is a permanent home for many species. In 1959, the Buena Vista Audubon Society recorded 225 varieties of birds habitating the sanctuary during a 12-month study.

The wide variety of bird life in a concentrated area has earned the lagoon a national reputation among nature lovers. The refuge can be reached from the business district by driving north on Jefferson Street. Just follow this street around the lagoon to the parking area and enjoy a session of bird-watching at close range. The shoreline stopping place will be invaded by famished fowl soon after you arrive, so be sure to bring some stale bread or other goodies for them.

On the southern fringe of the community is Agua Hedionda Lagoon, which is 1½ miles long and ½ mile wide. It has been called the largest inland body of salt water along the Pacific Coast. This is a natural spot for water skiing, small boat sailing, rowing, fishing, and a multitude of other water sports. The location from Interstate Freeway 5 is: east on Tamarack Avenue to Adams Street, then right on Adams about a mile to the quarter-mile channel that extends out from the lagoon on the north shore.

It is here that the Janss Corporation is developing a multi-million dollar residential marina, known as Bristol Cove. This will be a beautiful palm tree-lined channel-front living area for boating enthusiasts and those who enjoy an invigorating nautical atmosphere. A possible difficulty for those who choose this ideal location is that their luxury living quarters might be invaded by friends every week-end, who just happened to be passing through with their swim togs, fishing gear, and a boat hitched to the rear of their cars. Fortunately, the developers have anticipated this possibility and have a solution to the problem.

Zoning for building sites at Bristol Cove permit construction of two to ten rental units per lot. If the resident is overrun with friends, he can hang out a "no vacancy" sign! Also, a large area on each side of the mouth of the channel has been earmarked for the development of major hotels, restaurants, and shops. This means that you and I will be able to sleep, eat, and enjoy ourselves here soon, even if we are not friends of one of the owners of a channel-front house.

A few miles southeast of Agua Hedionda Lagoon is a dragway for speedsters. This fabulous combined drag-strip and sports car track is called the world's most modern layout. Carlsbad Raceway is beautifully situated on rolling hills along

Palomas Airport Road, only a few minutes from downtown. Special racing events are featured here each week throughout most of the year.

Thus far in our outline of the attractions of Carlsbad, an emphasis has been placed on the unusual points of interest that you, as a sightseer, might want to see. However, as a visitor or vacationer, you might have more interest in beach attractions. You'll find them here in a wide variety—deep-sea fishing, cruising, surfing, skin-diving, swimming, sunbathing, and miscellaneous beach fun. The ocean activity is safe—eagle-eyed lifeguards are on hand to watch the little tykes, as well as teen-aged, middle-aged, and golden-aged tykes.

The strand is clean, wide, and gently sloping. It welcomes the stately surf and tames it. As a beachcomber, you can hike along the sand in the early morning and see what the night tides have brought in—a redwood log from some distant point, a mysterious box, a fishing net float, or millions of tiny seashells of many shapes and hues. Along the surf edge run long-beaked sandpipers and, occasionally, dignified pelicans searching for food. Swooping gulls cock beady eyes for goodies. This is their feeding ground and they know it!

Those who wish to enjoy a stay at the beach in their campers, tents, or even sleeping bags, may do so at Carlsbad Beach State Park. Facilities consisting of flush toilets, drinking water, hot showers, laundries, tables, stoves, and cupboards are offered and all roads are surfaced. The charge has been \$2.00 per automotive vehicle per night for some time. (Better check on a possible slight increase, recently announced.) Sites are assigned on a first come—first served basis daily at 8:00 a.m. This oceanfront park includes 4000 feet of beach strand and is patronized by the same hungry sandpipers, pelicans, and seagulls as any other stretch of our Pacific waterfront.

"There's something for everyone at Carlsbad" is not just a Chamber of Commerce slogan, though it would be an appropriate one. It is my own impression after having spent many days, on several occasions this year, in this interesting area. There is "meat" here for the historian, the artist, the rockhound, the bird-watcher, the lagoon-lover, the boating enthusiast, the automobile racer or observer, and the beach cavorter. Why not toss a few items into the car, point it toward the Pacific Ocean, and let it take you to this resort—where the land ends and the sea begins? □



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Have You Snagged a Cui-ui?

by Doris Cerveri



WOULD YOU believe there exists a prehistoric fish so odd and unusual that it is found in no other lake in the world except one in western Nevada?

The cui-ui (pronounced quee-wee) is just such a fish. Although many people are not aware of this oddity, ichthyologists have known about them for some time. These large, ugly, clumsy fish have been, and still are, somewhat of a mystery. Since they were first reported in 1868, research has led some authorities to believe they are a form of prehistoric life. Years before this, however, Paiute Indians no doubt were sustained by these fish alone when other food was scarce.

A sucker-type fish without teeth, they have an extra bottom fin, a fact most interesting to fish scholars. They are only seen during the brief spawning season which lasts approximately one month, starting about the end of April, when they begin the hazardous journey up the

Truckee River in western Nevada to propagate their young. It has been reported that spawning is more active at night, and so also is their migration.

It is customary for them to deposit their eggs in shallow water where the flow is rapid. This often exacts an enormous toll from the young for a sudden fall in the volume of the water may leave nests high and dry in a single day. During the breeding season, males differ from the females in color. The head and body of the male is extremely robust, broad and round, and is completely scaled with large, even scales which resemble those found of a snake more than those of a fish. In the female the whole upper surface is dark brownish-black, not the olive color usually seen in suckers. However, females are sometimes called black suckers.

Divers who have gone down as far as 100 feet after the spawning season is over have never seen a cui-ui, while others report seeing the fish at a depth of 40 to 50 feet. Pyramid Lake is full of plankton, a very minute form of animal and plant organisms, and the water is thick with algae, which is sufficient food for fish. Fishermen report they will not rise to bait and are taken without a fight only during the brief spawning season.

As soon as the spawning season starts, Paiutes from the Pyramid Lake Reservation and sportsmen can be seen standing knee-deep in the shallow water of the lake. The fish are taken with improvised gaffs or three-pronged snag hooks, which are drawn quickly through the muddy water on a chalk line.

Each fish averages four to eight pounds, but usually only the filets, weighing about a pound, are eaten, although the Indians sometimes boil the rest of the fish for a soup. Years ago the Paiutes boiled the smaller of the two bladders which the fish has and made a glue to fasten their arrow feathers.

When the cui-ui were more numerous, Indian women peddled them in Reno, 33 miles distant. Paiutes are known as the cui-ui eaters, but the rich, oily flavor of the fish, which tastes something like a cross between a trout and a mackerel, appeals to others as well.

Pyramid Lake, approximately 30 miles long and 11 miles wide, is entirely within the Pyramid Indian Reservation and fishing rights to it are controlled by the Paiute Indians. Anyone wishing to fish must first secure a permit at the general store at Nixon, a small Indian settlement near the lake. The price is reasonable and many sportsmen try their luck for

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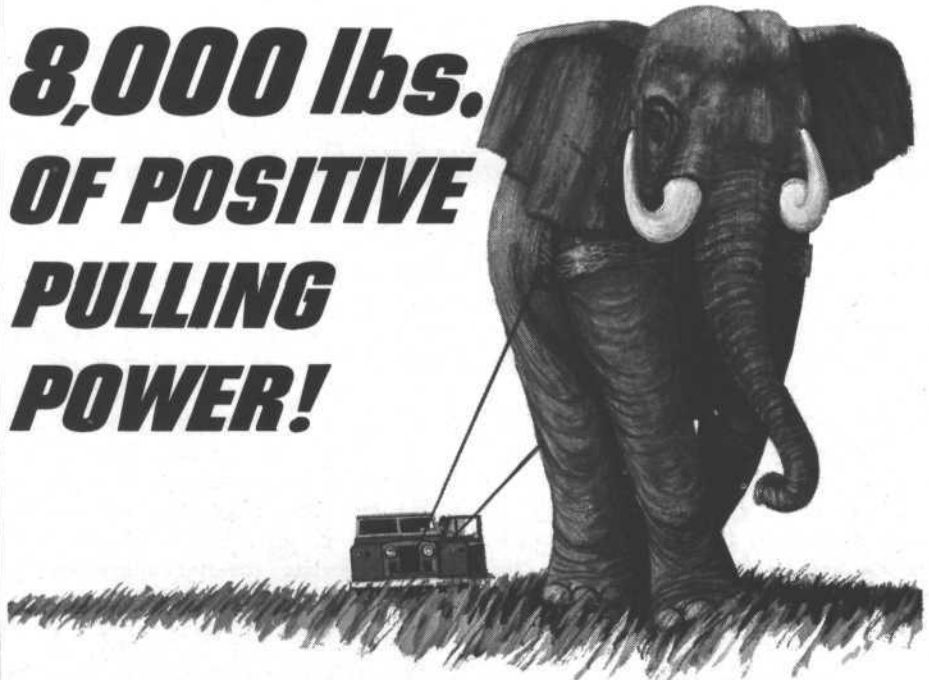
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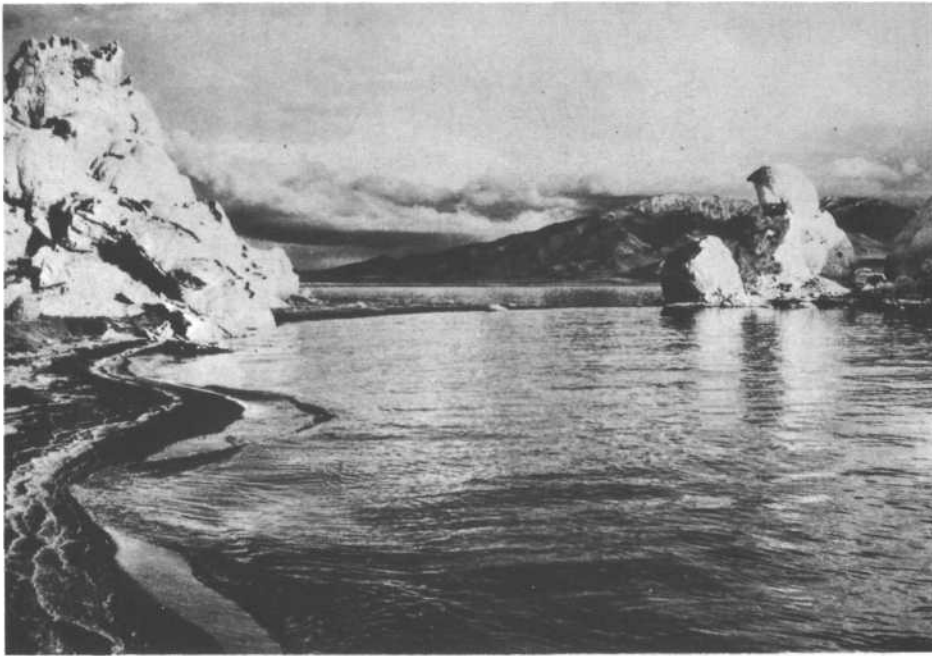
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trout when the cui-ui are not in season. Approximately 50 years ago the lake was famous for huge cutthroat trout. A 42-pound giant is on display in the museum at Carson City.

Equally mysterious is the entire Pyramid region, still as primitive as it was in 1844 when John Fremont came upon it. The large rock pyramid after which he named the lake is a natural stone formation standing 50 stories high and is older and larger than the pyramids of Egypt. Approximately 16 years after the lake was

discovered, it was the scene of the first disastrous Indian war in Nevada, when the area was still a territory. Pyramid Lake is a portion of what is left of ancient Lake Lahontan, a body of water having no outlet. It is fed by the water of the Truckee River flowing from Lake Tahoe in the Sierra Mountains. Lake Lahontan was larger than Lake Erie and existed thousands of years ago in the western half of Nevada, covering approximately 8,422 square miles. About 886 feet deep, it was originally the home of thousands

of fish representing several distinct forms. As climatic conditions caused the lake to break up into smaller ones, many fish perished.

This strange inland sea, which has not been destroyed by 1000 years of relentless desert sun, is shaped like a harp. Since the building of Derby Dam on the Truckee River for irrigation purposes several years ago, however, the level of the lake has been dropping at the rate of three and one-half feet annually.

Pyramid Lake is the only remaining body of fresh water to contain offspring of the cui-ui found in Lake Lahontan. It has been reported, but not authenticated, that the cui-ui has relatives in certain lakes in Australia, and some species appear to be related to fish found in Utah. Indians say there was a spotted fish lighter in color existing in Lake Winnemucca, known as the izhi-cui-ui. (Winnemucca Lake on the east, separated by a low range of hills from Pyramid, dried up in 1932.)

South of the large pyramidal island stands Anaho, an islet of about 250 acres built up in long 100-foot terraces and crowned by crags of tufa. Here can be found one of the largest pelican rookeries in the western United States. North of the "Needles," another outstanding calcareous formation, are subterranean hot springs. In caves near the lake there are numerous fossilized fragments of several varieties of fish. Major discoveries by the Nevada State Museum's archaeological survey crew revealed evidence that prehistoric man lived in these caves probably about 11,000 years ago.

Another peculiar thing about the lake is its color. In winter the water is gray like the North Atlantic; in August it is emerald green. At other times it alternates between deep Mediterranean blue and topaz and is fine for swimming. Some individuals say that it tastes like Alka Seltzer gone flat. Its shoreline is barren of shrubs or trees, except for desert sagebrush. The development of Pyramid Lake for recreational purposes by private enterprises recently was made possible by a bill approved by Congress and signed by President Johnson. The measure allows 99-year leases of land on the Paiute Indian reservation which embraces the lake. At nearby Nixon there is an interesting trading post to visit and the route back to Reno via Wadsworth and Sparks offers a distinct change of scenery from the direct approach on State 33.

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No Town for the Ghost

by Helen Walker



MEADOW LAKE is your reward for having driven 20 miles on a county-maintained dirt road which you turned onto from Highway 89, about

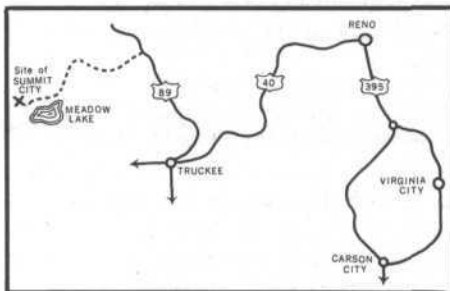
10 miles beyond Truckee, California. Your map will reveal that you have taken one giant step out of the barren desert and that you are at the site of a town called Summit City, also known as Meadow Lake City. As you follow the road around the mile-long lake, your doubts will be confirmed by a brown forestry marker. In 10 short years, Meadow Lake City was born, flourished, died and then vanished into the soil on which it had been built. Only this brown marker stands today, where yesteryear a town of 5000 people pursued fame and fortune.

When Henry W. Hartley discovered gold in this basin, that summer in 1863, he did not foresee the turn of events. Perhaps it was just fate that the whispers of his rich assay reports crept across the valley to a restless Virginia City. Timing was perfect. The future of the Comstock looked hopeless. Eager ears were alert for any news of richer strikes. As soon as the snows melted, the relocation began. Word spread and people poured in over the four existing roads, some with tools to work, others with decks and dice to play. A city was born and it matured overnight. By 1866, the population explosion had hit a record 4000. A check on statistics showed that 1200 mining claims had been recorded, 500 buildings had been completed and others going up as fast as material was available. Elegant hotels welcomed newcomers and 90 saloons did a round-the-clock business,

thus keeping two breweries at full production. Every conceivable need was satisfied by the enterprising mercantile stores that fronted on the plaza.

The most sensational claim to fame was provided by Meadow Lake. Each Saturday night a gaily lighted double-decker steamer traversed the one-and-one-half mile long lake, providing the rollicking miners unusual entertainment. They were met at the opposite dock by beguiling females and eager gamblers who led them off to saloons and bawdyhouses for further gaiety.

Hopes were high in this new mecca, assays were good. Everyone was convinced that this time they had hit a bonanza for sure. They kept so busy proving it to themselves and others that the truth was either overlooked or, perhaps, ignored. No one wanted to fact the fact



that goodfellowship was holding the town together, not the product.

Finally mine owners were forced to admit the problem. Ore was being yielded, but the strangely obdurate ore was not paying. A strange mixture of arsenic, antimony, lead and other ingredients was neutralizing the effects of quicksilver and preventing amalgamation. The mines were not making money.

Bad news spread as fast as good. People, so eager to be among the first to arrive, left with the same haste. By early fall it was all over. Doors swayed in the cool autumn breezes while chipmunks and rats took over the empty buildings. The few diehards who stuck it out had a choice of magnificent hotels with lavish furnishings, but even with these luxuries,

they gave up one by one — all except Henry W. Hartley.

"Hartley Hermit," he was referred to now. Living with unbelievable elegance tastefully selected from the disintegrating town, he continued to work his mine while other mine owners fruitlessly searched the world over for an answer to the mysterious ore. When old age finally overtook Henry, he sold his claim and made plans to finish his life traveling. But again fate stepped into the scene. Henry died before he left his beloved town. Friends buried him on a hilltop overlooking the site with these words on his marker, "He died with the firm belief his town would someday live again. 1820-1892."

Soon thereafter the town was demolished by fire. People said a wayfarer, seeking shelter in the remains of the Excelsior Hotel, started it by leaving a smoldering campfire. Today there is not one foundation or brick to show where these people lived, worked, and hoped for the fame and fortune that tortured their minds. Meadow Lake is truly a ghost town, with no home even for the ghost. □



**On a recent expedition to the Oregon desert with
Erle Stanley Gardner, we solved . . .**

The Case of the Blue Bucket Gold

by Choral Pepper

Editor of DESERT Magazine



WHEN FAMOUS writer-adventurer Erle Stanley Gardner invited us to accompany him on an expedition into the relatively unknown regions of the Oregon desert, I dropped everything to delve into the mystery of a historic gold strike found and lost by a wagon train of immigrants to Oregon in 1845. These settlers, astray in the strange, arid desert, had only one goal in mind—to possess land, not gold. Nevertheless, the yellow rocks they scooped from a damp streambed into a blue wooden bucket gave birth to one of the great legends of the West. The Lost Blue Bucket Gold is to Oregon what Pegleg's Black Gold is to Southern California and the Lost Dutchman Mine is to Arizona.

After devoting several weeks to research on this subject, I was struck by two startling paradoxes. One related to an inconsistency in the reported activities of the immigrants' hired guide, Stephen Meek. He was the confidence man who



Uncle Erle and Rueb Long do a little prospecting along the Blue Bucket trail.

had convinced a large segment of the huge train that he could guide it through a desert cutoff that would shorten the trek from Fort Boise to Oregon's Willamette Valley. Meek had initiated his "terrible trail" at the head of a group of wagons led by a man named Herren, but toward the end of Herren's account of

this part of the trek, there is suddenly no further mention of Meek. So what happened to Meek?

The other paradox is that portions of Herren's trail, as well as those of two other parties who took the ill-fated Meek cutoff, are visible enough to have been retraced by prospectors for more than a century, yet never has a significant clue to the source of the Blue Bucket gold been found!

It was this latter paradox that caused me to recall a conversation with DESERT reader Lois Pierce from Hoodspport, Washington, who visited our office some time ago. Mrs. Pierce is descended from two families of the immigrant train that took the Meek cutoff in a group of wagons trailbossed by a man named William T'Vault. Her father, James Miller Allen, and her maternal grandfather, Rufus Riggs, were among the leaders who helped Meek escape when others in the train threatened his life for having conned them into hiring him as a guide into country he only pretended to know. Lois Pierce's unexpected revelation explained



Our caravan of Grasshoppers set forth on a new Oregon adventure.

The camp we found in the Lost Forest was a dry camp surrounded with sand dunes!



why Meek's name had suddenly disappeared from the journals of the Herren party. It also provided a clue to the mystery of the lost Blue Bucket Gold. Meek had separated from the Herren train to join T'Vault. This lost bit of history had sent scores of serious prospectors searching the wrong trail.

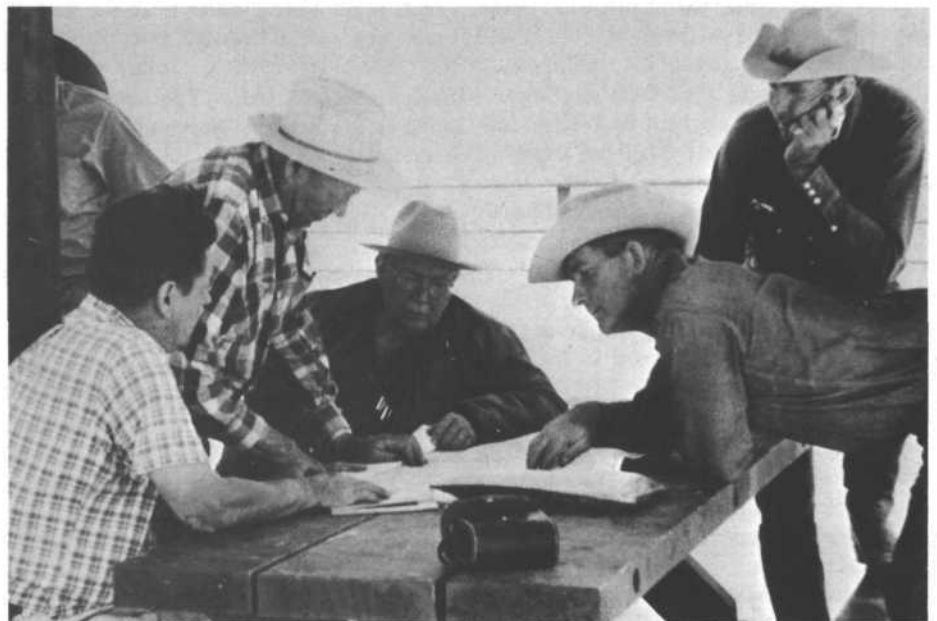
Here is what happened.

Because water and graze grew scarce when the immigrants entered into the Oregon desert, the huge train split into units of some 50 to 100 wagons, traveling about 100 miles apart. A first split-off of these separate parties occurred at the north fork of the Malheur River when the Tetherall-Parker parties grew suspicious of Meek's guidance and took off on their own to the north. Meek continued in the lead with the Herren party, guiding it through the rough terrain of Crane's Prairie where there was barely enough water and pasture to accommodate the cattle. At this point, a unit led by a man named McNary departed from the Herren trail and paralleled it slightly to the north. Meek, meanwhile, directed the Herren party

toward a landmark now known as Wagontire Mountain where trappers had told him there was a spring. Then he retraced his tracks to Crane's Prairie where he arrived in time to meet the T'Vault train and lead it through a pass to the south. It was his hope that they could find adequate water and pasturage along a southern parallel to the Herren route until water became more abundant and they could work their way north to rejoin the Herren party at Wagontire.

The only thing wrong with his idea was that after they had negotiated the pass to the south, it didn't give entree to any traversable terrain to the north or west. Water was abundant in places, but so highly alkali it even made the animals sick. Consequently, the T'Vault train wandered further and further off-course, until Meek finally admitted that he was hopelessly lost.

After dispensing with his services, the train sent out its own scouts who eventually found a way to the north where the train picked up the Herren tracks and followed them to a common destination. It was at this reunion, with the desperate trials of the terrible trail behind and comparatively easy travel ahead, that a member of the T'Vault train exhibited to some friends of the Herren train the yellow rocks he had tossed into his tool chest after finding them in the bottom of his water bucket. Dan Herren hammered one on a tire rim to determine if it was malleable enough to be gold. Farmers that

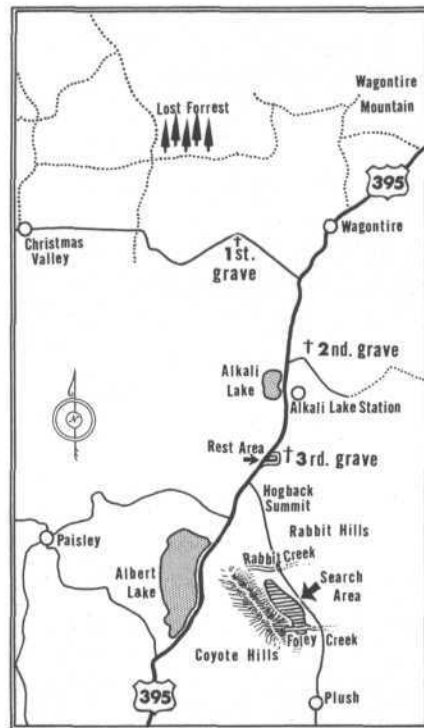


Jack Pepper, Rueb Long, Erle Stanley Gardner, Sam Hicks and J. W. Black estimate the location of the third grave on a topographical map.

they were, the men who witnessed this historic occasion decided that the golden metal was only brass! Nevertheless, Dan Herren's name became associated with the Blue Bucket gold and it is along his trail—the wrong trail—that five generations of prospectors have concentrated their search.

There is an additional reason for this historical lapse which I shall mention in the interest of history buffs. The 1845 Oregon Immigrant Train began its trek west from Missouri. Divided into a series of smaller wagon trains in order to facilitate travel, each group chose its own leaders, adopted its own slogans, and carried on a friendly competition with the other groups. In most cases a train was identified with the name of its leader, but one group, departing from St. Joseph, elected to call itself "The Military Immigrant Train." William T'Vault was appointed Commander and other members were given military rank according to responsibilities. All gear—buckets, shovel handles, tools and so forth—were painted a uniform blue and the members of the train accepted typical military regimentation. It was a member of this train—the Military Immigrant Train—who scooped the gold nuggets into one of the train's blue buckets. However, when the original train entered the Oregon desert, it divided into smaller segments and only the unit still led by T'Vault retained the Military Immigrant Train identification. The remaining members, who now traveled with Herren, Tetherow or McNary, went down in history as members of the "Meek Cutoff Trail Train."

Years later, after the California gold rush had joggled a memory of gold found along the immigrant trail, occasional references to the "Military Immigrant Train" became confused with an actual Oregon Central Military expedition that crossed a portion of their trail around 1847. Thus, the fourth split-off from the Meek Cutoff train became lost to history until Lois Pierce matched a collection of family diaries to tales of the lost Blue Bucket gold and made a trip to southeastern Oregon to see if the terrain fit the theory. It did. Mrs. Pierce then published her findings. Unfortunately, her lack of familiarity with the region produced some minor inaccuracies which reflected upon the authenticity of her historically important work. With the help of Reub Long, who wrote *The Oregon Desert* and who "came here when the sun was just a little thing and the moon was not yet born," we set out to recheck Mrs. Pierce's clues. Reub took a personal



The place to search for a rich pocket of gold is along the ridge below the lava cap of Coyote Hill between the two creeks.

interest in this adventure because a sidelight in the Pierce narrative revealed that his own grandmother had numbered among the travelers of this train.

Our primary clue, according to diaries possessed by Mrs. Pierce, depended upon the finding of three graves, each located a day's travel apart, with the first one about 12 miles from the dry stream bed where the gold was found. Because our camp was in the Lost Forest to the north, near where scouts of the Military Immigrant Train found water near the end of their trek, we scheduled our search for the third grave first, following their trail in reverse. After first getting supplies at the nearby community of Christmas Valley we started our search.

Right from the start we were in luck. It was dusty traveling, even dirtier than in Baja, as we guided our fleet of seven grass-hopper vehicles along a sandy road frequented more by sheep than by motors. We stopped to visit with a Basque shepherd who had been in this country only three years. He was intrigued with Bruce Barron's grasshopper with a bronco saddle mounted above the motor, but he wasn't intrigued enough to risk exchanging it for the reliable qualities of his horse!

Soon we turned into a broad valley studded with juniper trees. In the distance a windmill marked the abandoned Goodrich Wells Ranch, but the old buildings which used to stand on a slope near

the well exist no more. Fanning out through fragrant sagebrush in all directions, we searched for the grave of a small golden-haired girl of the Military Immigrant Trail.

Jack Pepper became our first hero when he shouted from a hillside that he had found it. Early diaries described this grave as one covered with rocks, and indeed it was. There was some controversy among our members, however, because the grave lay in a north-south direction. J. W. Black, self-acknowledged expert on burial etiquette, insisted that all graves lay east and west, so this couldn't be a grave. Uncle Erle tried to tell him that those placed on a hillside must lie perpendicular to the slope of the land, no matter in what compass direction, but J. W. would have none of this. Then Bruce Barron's metal detector buzzed over a toy enamel cup of 19th century vintage. We couldn't find the ox yoke that the immigrants reportedly left to mark this grave, but the discarded toy cup seemed to prove that Jack had found a child's grave.

Following a gravel road, we cut cross-country to U.S. Highway 395 near the Alkali Lake Station. The second grave had been reached by the wagon train from a narrow valley along the rim-rocks of Venator Canyon and held the corpse of a woman who had died of fever. Not having enough rock to mound this grave, the mourners outlined it with rocks and left a wagon wheel for a marker. It is located on the flat above the present Walter Lehman sheep camp about three miles northeast of the Station.

Now came the moment! If we could locate the third grave, we would be within 12 miles of the source of the Blue Bucket gold, as that was approximately the mileage covered in one day's travel by the wagon train and this burial occurred the day following the camp where the gold was found. The grave was occupied by the corpse of a man who was buried beside the trail on flat land that lay below a series of low hills near the end of an alkali lake. A wagon tail-gate was left to mark the grave.

Very often, as any desert wanderer knows, modern highways follow the same paths of least resistance along which pioneers blazed their earlier trails. Here was a case in point. Just inside a fenced pasture near the highway rest station we found a dirt mound that looked like a grave. Moreover, since this terrain was relatively free of rock, it occurred to us that the grave might have been outlined with rocks, rather than entirely covered, as was grave number two. Under a

From left to right: Using a White Electronic Goldmaster and a Goldak Commander, Pepper and DeShazer check out rock-covered grave on hillside near the old Goodrich Well where windmill still stands. The author visits with a Basque shepherd who prefers horses to Grasshoppers. With their White Electronic Goldmaster, DeShazer and Pepper investigate one of the lava potholes in Foley Creek where DeShazer believes the Blue Bucket gold was found. The author, however, thinks the potholes in nearby Rabbit Creek are a better location, but did not have time to check it out with a detector.



thick covering of blow sand, Dick DeShazer, our most determined Blue Bucket gold hunter, identified a rock outline encircling the mound. This satisfied us that we had found the grave—almost exactly 12 miles from the one at the sheep camp.

While driving to the hogback summit dirt road, five miles south of the rest station on U. S. 395, we spotted a gentle mountain pass over which the wagon train logically had passed, shortening its distance from ours by a few miles—a difference which induced further controversy among our group as to the exact location for the Blue Bucket gold.

Here is what we had to guide us, taken from Lois Pierce's notes.

Three days after the train had moved out of the marshes (now the Hart Mountain Antelope Range), the oxen dragged their wagons through sagebrush across the dry, dreary terrain of a low pass between Rabbit and Coyote Hills. (Our dirt road followed this route.) Suddenly the oxen bellowed and charged forward, endangering the wagons and members of the train. The immigrants had seen black clouds to the northwest on the previous day. Now they realized that a brief storm had deposited water and the animals had scented it. Onward the oxen plummeted,

directly into the bed of a normally dry stream where lava potholes were filled with fresh water.

After finally getting the animals under control, the men guided their wagons into a circle on a flat above the creek bed. There were now but 30 of the 45 wagons led by T'Vault when he left the Herren route at Crane's Prairie to proceed south under the guidance of Meek. Along the creek bed grew juniper trees, so the men cut some down and hauled them to camp for firewood. They then dug a deep hole into the damp sand to obtain additional water. However, for their party of 150 persons and 250 head of stock, it was hardly adequate. The water was not clear and it tasted heavily of mineral, although it was blessedly not alkali as had been most of the water found prior to this camp.

Scouts were sent ahead to establish a route to the northwest. Soon they returned to report that more alkali water lay before them. Every man, woman and child was ordered to fill every available container the evening before they broke camp. It was at this time, included among a settling of rocks in one of the blue wooden water buckets, that the yellow nuggets were obtained which later instituted the Blue Bucket gold legend. That

the gold wasn't actually seen until later when that particular bucket was emptied of water, and that the rocks weren't seriously examined until the T'Vault train was out of danger and had rejoined the Herren group, are facts that have confused historians. But there is little doubt that the gold came from a dry streambed in this region. Further substantiating this is the fact that two rich gold deposits have been mined within five miles of our projected source of the Blue Bucket gold.

Controversy among our group arose when we discovered two dry streambeds within two-and-one-half miles of each other, both fitting the description of that which produced the Blue Bucket gold. Both were floored with lava and both contained a series of water-filled potholes. And both lay on the same trail.

Dick DeShazer, our hero of the moment because it was he, working from a topographical map, who had located lava beds on the map and pinpointed the spot, insisted that the location was the second one we came to, Foley Creek. This would have been the first creek bed reached from the opposite direction, which the wagon train had traveled, and it is certain the train would have stopped immediately when the oxen discovered the water.

Continued on page 35

Can You Conquer the Devil?

by John W. Robinson



WHEN YOU approach it from the fishing village of San Felipe on Baja California's gulf coast, its twin crags of jagged granite soar high above the arid desert. From the west, its rocky spires hide behind the high, forested crest of the San Pedro Martir plateau. Only from an occasional vantage point does its forked summit appear between notches in hazy-blue ridgeline, as if playing a giant's game of hide-and-seek. On most maps this majestic mountain peak, summit of the rugged San Pedro Martir Range and crown of all Baja California, is labeled *Cerro de la Encantada* (Mountain of the Enchanted), the name given to it by the Mexican government. But to those who live in its shadows and to mountaineers who have challenged its airy crags, it will always be *El Picacho del Diablo* (The Peak of the Devil). The Spanish called it *La Providencia* (The Providence), supposedly because the moisture from its melting snows was considered a gift

of Providence to the thirsty desert below. Of the three names, *El Picacho del Diablo* is the most fitting. Composed of huge jagged slabs of fractured granite towering almost two miles high, the peak is a challenge to climb, a wonder just to look at. Strangely, this summit of the Sierra San Pedro Martir is not on the central massif of the range, but the high point of a sheer, pinnacled ridge that juts out boldly in a mighty arc, first east and then north from the eastern escarpment. Separating this mighty picacho from the main plateau is the yawning chasm of Canon del Diablo, a deep gorge that carves a huge semicircle around the peak.

This magnificent Mountain of the Devil was our destination—46 hikers of the Sierra Club's Desert Peaks Section, Los Angeles. For weeks we had been preparing for this adventure and now, as we crossed the border at Mexicali and headed down the long, lonely stretches of paved highway toward San Felipe, our anticipation was about to be rewarded. About 96 miles south of Mexicali, we turned off the highway at El Paraiso. The

name of this small store and gasoline station seemed ridiculously out of place then, but four days later, returning from our rugged wilderness adventure, the welcome cold drinks and gasoline seemed a Paradise indeed.

The pyramidal, forked summit of *El Picacho del Diablo* and, directly behind, the pine-clad ridgeline of the Sierra San Pedro Martir loomed higher and higher as we traveled west, then south, then west again across the cactus-rich San Felipe Desert. A network of sandy desert tracks crisscross much of this arid expanse. Most of these tracks, some barely discernable, have been forged by Mexican *leneros* — literally "woodchoppers," but more exactly collectors of firewood. Demand for Palo de Fierro (Ironwood) by Mexicali housewives is sufficient to keep them in business, roaming the desert from one side to another, continually searching for this valuable source of fuel.

Our sandy ruts finally terminated at the base of the steep, lower spurs of the range and we hoisted packs for our four-day adventure. A two-mile hike through

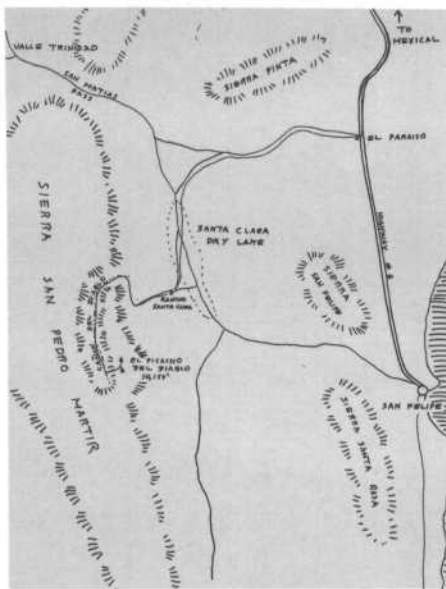
a desert garden of spiny ocotillo, needle-spiked cholla, barrel-like bisnaga, green-barked palo verde, and shady ironwood brought us to the imposing portal of Canon del Diablo. Massive sidewalls of smooth whitish granite plunged down from towering, broken ridges to form this impressive V-shaped passage into the rugged heart of the San Pedro Martir. This would be our round-about route to the summit.

It is easy to understand why the early Spanish pioneers labelled this Devil's Canyon. The massive entrance is blocked by a smooth, sheer granite waterfall, surmounted only with patience and climbing skill. In the great canyon itself are more waterfalls, boulders large and small that have toppled from the steeply sloping sidewalls and, in spots, thorny brush, all factors which make travel slow and tortuous. Yet there is great beauty in this savage chasm. An all-year rushing stream cascades over numerous falls and darts playfully over and around boulders. Lush ferns and other greenery sprout beside sparkling pools, adding a luxuriant tropical flavor to the desert setting. In the lower canyon, ocotillo, cholla, bisnaga, agave and a few giant cactus dot the slopes. Sheer walls of light-colored granite contrast sharply with dark metamorphic slopes and ridges to form a backdrop of rugged grandeur.

Most canyons fluting the precipitous eastern scarp of the San Pedro Martir run generally east and west. Canon del Diablo follows this format for two miles; then the great gorge makes a sharp turn and runs almost straight south for six miles, paralleling the main escarpment. This parallel direction to the chasm, along with the gneisses evident in the canyon bottom, suggest the Canon del Diablo lies along a fault structure.

About half way up, the canyon narrows. Eons of water erosion have worn the granite round and smooth and it is beautifully marbled with soft browns, lavenders, and yellows, as if painted by an artist. Just beyond the first cedars, nature's harbinger of cooler, more moist elevations are encountered.

The upper reaches of the 15-mile long gorge are blanketed with cedars and oaks, with an occasional yellow pine protruding above the tangled greenery. Here, on a level bench above the streambed, shaded by stately cedars, we made camp. In two days we had forged a lengthy semi-circle around El Picacho del Diablo and now were directly below the western flank of the great peak. Looking up, we viewed a foreboding picture—jagged ridges, sheer



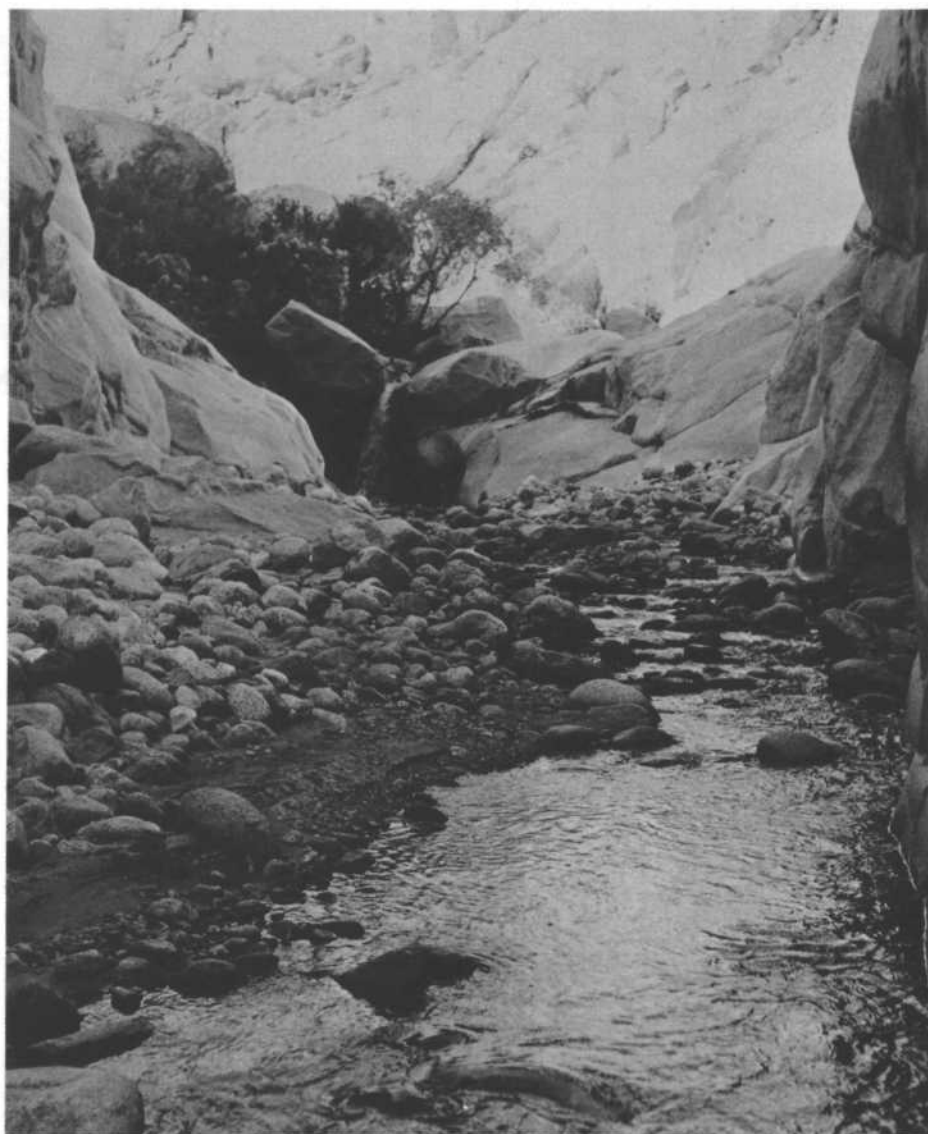
rock faces and granite domes, towering 4000 feet above us. The route to the twin summits, tortuously intricate, looked impossible. Many a mountaineer has failed here in the past. This stately, savage peak has been described as possessing

a Jekyll and Hyde character, as its "personality" is dependent upon which route you take.

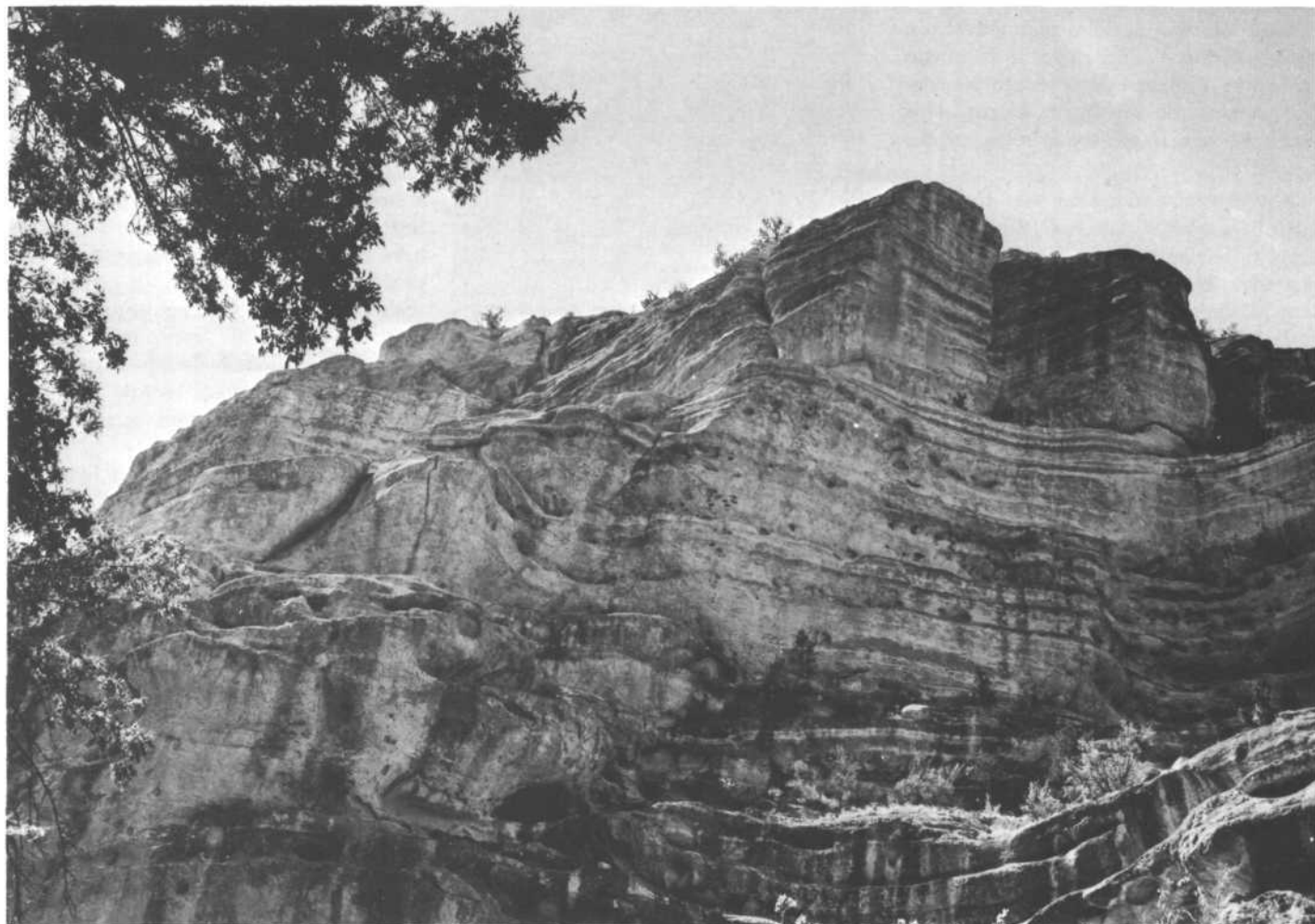
Next morning, just as the first faint inkling of dawn silhouetted the canyon walls, 42 of us started up a steep, rocky chute. Slowly the cedar forest receded as we scrambled over brush and around boulders—upward, ever upward toward our lofty, far-off objective. Our spirits heightened as we entered the Slot Wash, a steep, hanging gully that forges a beeline toward the twin summits. Parties have failed in the past because they were unable to find this wash; it can not be seen from below as it hangs over a 400-foot cliff. Up this precipitous slot we climbed, occasionally using a rope over difficult pitches, our sturdy, lug-soled boots pressing firmly and surely against the steeply inclined granite.

As we neared 10,000 feet, scattered white firs eked out a marginal existence in cracks amid the crags, replacing the Parry pinon. Isolated from the main

Continued on Page 37



Along Nevada's Meadow Valley Country



by Robert Starry



VEARS AGO horse thieves gave travelers a bad time in an area of eastern Nevada that today offers not only safe passage, but unexcelled recreation in the

scenic outdoors. Highway 93, holiday highway from Mexico to Canada, enters Nevada through Joshua forests, moon-surfaced cliffs and a smooth valley. Here Indian, settler, miner and renegade have vied for supremacy.

Tree-covered mountains stop abruptly as the road enters into the shadows of the great, brick colored cliffs. Then appears Caliente, a quiet town shaded by aged cottonwood trees. Once an important Union Pacific Railroad center, the community still revolves around a dilapidated, but regal, depot-hotel. Modern accommodations are also available in the town.

Leaving U.S. 93, six miles north of Caliente, a new road gives access to Beaver Dam State Park, a wilderness

area noted for its trout streams and excellent deer hunting. The rough beautiful canyons provide unlimited camping areas and hiking trips and there are Apache tears and other stones to lure rockhounds.

For camper and trailer travelers, Kershaw-Ryan State Park on the south outskirts of Caliente is a unique treat. Trailer parking, camping and picnic facilities are tucked back in a cup, sheltered by colorful cliffs covered with wild flowers, vines and a miniature oak forest. Fruit trees in the camp site, once part of a ranch orchard, provide both fruit and shade and harbor birds whose songs accompany the relaxing sound of a waterfall that trickles from the face of the cliff and spreads out at its base into a pond thick with crisp, green watercress.

On U.S. 93, a half-mile south of Caliente, a huge sign announces Rainbow Canyon. For 22 miles a graded, all-weather road winds among prosperous ranches. Between the colorful, changing cliffs framing this valley, a busy stream

feeds a roadside garden of wild flowers. Giant mounds with whip-cream topping stand beside long twists of golden taffy formations. It is beautiful country with every mile offering a change in color and form. At any time of the year you will find Rainbow Canyon spectacularly scenic.

Abandoned ranch buildings, caves and secluded picnic spots contribute added pleasure to the trip. Indians traveled here long before the first known explorer, Jedediah Smith, passed this way in 1826. Following the winding stream, skirting some boulders and climbing over others, Smith worked south to the Indian village of Moapa. Travel was rough, but this was the easiest way south through the rugged ranges. Indian cave, a half mile from the road, is worth the short hike from the direction sign that calls attention to it. Anthropologists estimate the cave's pictographs to be approximately 3,000 years old. Artifacts discovered in these and other caves in the vicinity are on display in the county museum at Pioche and in state university collections.

Echo and Grape Vine Canyon are colorful picnic spots close to the main road.

Robber's Roost, 16 miles from the departure point of U.S. 93, was once a hangout for horse and cattle thieves. As the canyon leaves the tall cliffs and spreads between rounded hills there is a small Union Pacific railroad settlement named Elgin. This is the point to turn back, if you do not wish to venture into more remote country, but for real back country exploring, there is a road that turns right just opposite Elgin. It is a narrow dirt road, but passable for all types of vehicles unless you are following a storm that may have deepened some of the washes. For passenger cars, an inquiry at Elgin is advisable.

Within a mile the mountain shapes change. Vegetation takes on a semi-desert aspect and the blue of great distances beckons. Thousands of acres on the right are part of the Riggs Ranch where wild cattle and horses ignore tame ones that graze within sight of the road. These ranch trails are not for modern cars, so the marvel of watching a wild stallion drive the mares and colts ahead of him to safety is a sight only for those who can rough it beyond the beaten track.

For the next 30 miles, Kane Springs

Road travels between two mountain ranges of unspoiled beauty. In the spring there are miles of wild flowers reaching from the wandering creek to the foothills. Later, cactus with magenta, gold, green and white blooms splash vivid colors across the terrain. In the fall, wild asters, burro bush and goldenrod hail the change of season. Through the warm months of summer Desert Willow along the washes, spreads a violet haze.

The creek bottoms and dry washes have some agate, obsidian, and occasional arrow heads and fossil shells wash down from the mountains. Deer range in the high altitudes and ducks frequent the springs and water holes. Here are no fences, traffic, sirens nor restrictions.

The dirt road ends at U.S. 93 in the big ranch country of Pahrangat Valley north of Las Vegas. A small hand-painted sign between two juniper posts says that Elgin is 35 miles back on a road that travels through Riggs Ranch, Kane Springs, Sunflower, Willow Creek, and Grapevine, none of which appear on most maps.

Long ago renegades and horse thieves found this to be big country that hid them from the hangman. Today it is still big country, minus the renegades. □



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Cave of Death

by Maurice Kildare



ANYON DIABLO, in north central Arizona, has been called the Devil's Canyon since early frontier times. Hidden in its 250-foot gorge is a section called the Cave of Death. This is the longest subterranean passage in Arizona; it is also the most spectacular and least known. No speleologists have ever inspected it. The one archaeologist who looked into it departed hurriedly after he spotted a pseudo cave dweller's habitation in its depth.

On the record it has been explored for nearly five miles by amateur scientists. There are reports that two men once walked 11 miles eastward from cavern to cavern and never reached the end. The cave is in a concealed location, now entered via a 40-foot-deep pit through narrow, tunnel-like walls of solid stone. The Navajos, resident nomads in the area for several centuries, did not know of the caves existence until 1878.

June of that year a large band of Chiricahua Apaches from southern Arizona instituted a raid over the Little Colorado River. In the northern section of the Painted Desert they struck at a community of hogans at the base of Newberry and Garces mesas. After seizing loot and killing more than 50 peaceful men, women and children, they disappeared south of the river in malpais and cinder bed country.

The enraged Navajos, seeking vengeance for their murdered families, swept southward, hoping to cut off the enemy while they descended the Mogollon Rim trails. The Apaches did not appear there, however, so the leaders of the fighting Navajos, B'ugoettin, Natani and Red-shirt, decided that the Apaches were hiding underground and dispatched scouts to inspect the deep volcanic cracks that radiated from the San Francisco peaks. Another party, including B'ugoettin Begay, son of the chief, and Bahe, searched the terrain around Meteor Crater. While returning in the dusk, they spotted a suspicious movement in a tributary of Canyon Diablo (just off U.S. Highway 66 at a spot near Two Guns). Concealing their horses, they crawled through the tall grass toward the disturbance. Suddenly, B'ugoettin Begay halted. The voices of Apaches, the noise of horses, the odor

of smoke and reflected light reached him right out of the ground. Stealthily, they examined the terrain until they discovered a crack about ten inches wide which overhung a deep underground cave. Peering over from rim rocks, they saw Apaches entering and leaving the mouth of the cave that lay under a land bridge below. This was their first knowledge that the cave existed. Within hours it was to become the Cave of Death.

When they described the cave to old Chief B'ugoettin, he grinned hugely. His sister and her four children had been murder victims of the hated raiders. "We must kill them all!" he exclaimed, and they set about devising a plan.

Moving carefully through the canyon, the Navajos gathered dry wood and brush and piled it on the rim above the cave mouth. Then they set it afire and shoved it over the cliff so the fumes were sucked into the cave by the draft. While this went on below, they sent a rain of bullets through the crack above in the ceiling of the cave.

When the Apaches found they could not possibly escape the death trap, they offered to pay blood money (goods) for those killed during the raids, but the Navajos only derided them for begging for their lives and set up new fires at the cave's mouth.

As was discovered later, the Apaches made a last desperate attempt for survival. Their ponies were throat-cut, quartered and the big haunches of flesh piled into the narrow cave opening, but there were not enough strong men left to complete the barricade. In the early morning hours the gruesome cries ceased. Eternal silence took over.

The scene was almost unbelievable. Most of the cave floor was packed with bloody carcasses of ponies, intermingled with dead Apaches. Forty-two raiders' bodies were counted. The Navajos' vengeance had been terrible and complete.

On their return home, the Navajos halted at Herman Wolf's trading post and gave him the details of the Apache annihilation. He was then the only white man living in their country. After that the Navajos believed that the cave was cursed by tortured spirits and they refused to go near that section of the canyon.

The story of the cave never did spread

Ruined walls at Canyon Diablo's rim.



widely. It wasn't until 1923, when Earl M. Cundiff took a range claim on 320 acres around it and leased a portion of Canyon Diablo's rim to Harry (Indian) Miller, that others in the area even knew it existed. After investigating the cave as a possible tourist attraction, Miller hired Hopi Indians to clean out the bones and other debris. He then constructed a Hopi-type house on the rim above the cave and paved paths over a wooden bridge and down into the first two caverns. Unable to believe that ancient cliff dwellers had never lived in the cave, he constructed copies of ancient walls in the grottos and indentations of the long passageways and created others outside in the canyons. In them, as stage props, he scattered the Apache skeletal remains.

It was due to Miller's claims of ancient habitation that an archaeologist entered the caverns. After taking one look, he left, laughing. Any cave once inhabited leaves blackened walls that endure for centuries afterwards. There were none in the death cave that Miller now called the Mystery Cave.

This name was not too far wrong. Just how was it created? The great underground caverns were not water carved. There are no rounded surfaces of stone; they appear as clean breaks, and sharp edged. Strangely, there exists no evidence of wild animals nor snakes having lived in the caverns, nor no sign of bats. Life seems to have shunned the caverns from the beginning of time. A creepy silence pervades the interior. The temperature remains the year round at approximately 50 degrees. Strange sounds are heard in the vicinity, but they do not issue from the cave.

Cundiff built a large store with living quarters at one end of the first highway bridge constructed over Canyon Diablo in 1913 and Miller attempted to attract

tourists with a wild animal zoo, curio shop and restaurant. Both were cautioned by Navajos that they should leave the area and when bad luck struck at Two Guns, the Navajos were not surprised. The first tragedy was the wanton murder of Cundiff in 1926, a shooting never explained. Then his big store burned down, destroying all the family property. Follow-

ing that, Miller was clawed by a caged mountain lion in his zoo. He recovered, but the next year was attacked by a lynx cat and spent six months in the Winslow hospital. Following this, his beautiful 17-year-old daughter died in an automobile accident. Tourists fared no better. More fatal accidents occurred there than anywhere else on Highway 66. On many such sites an Apache skull was perched on a pyramid of stones as a warning to drivers to be careful. Today the skulls have been replaced by small white crosses.

Before his lease had expired, Miller closed his cave and moved away because of poor business. Subsequent owners of the property have never reopened it. The present owner of Two Guns, which he has renamed Two Gun Town, is Benjamin (Ben) Dreher. He has had offers to reopen the cave with a small-tracked train installed to haul sightseers through, but he shakes his head dubiously. It is a mystery cave, and a death cave, and so it will remain until experienced speleologists prime its virgin depths and discover the cause of its origin. □



Present owner stands near entrance to one of the caverns.

Horsethief of the Kingstons

by Deke Lowe



FLOCKHOUNDS go there to look for amethyst crystals, but few other desert wanderers are aware of a sleepy spring named Horsethief in the Kingston Mountain Range. High in the mountain's crags range a number of mountain sheep, secure from hunters, but stalked by another enemy, the mountain lion. The monolithic structure thrusts up through and towers above an older formation of limestone, quartzite, and shale which surrounds it in the manner of a halo. In contrast to the main part of the mountain, these sedimentary rocks are host to a treasure of immense mineral wealth. The range is sharply divided by a deep canyon separating the larger southern portion from the northern part. This fault, running east and west, serves as a channel to carry water from a series of springs. The westernmost spring is located at the Smith Talc Mine. Next

appears Crystal Springs at the Silver Rule Mine; then, Beck Springs at the Standard Slag Iron Mine; and the easternmost spring is called Horsethief. This serves as headquarters for a cattle ranch. Over the past 20 years or so, there has been a tendency to shift the name to Horse Springs, but if its history were better known, the colorful name, "Horsethief," would be a celebrated one.

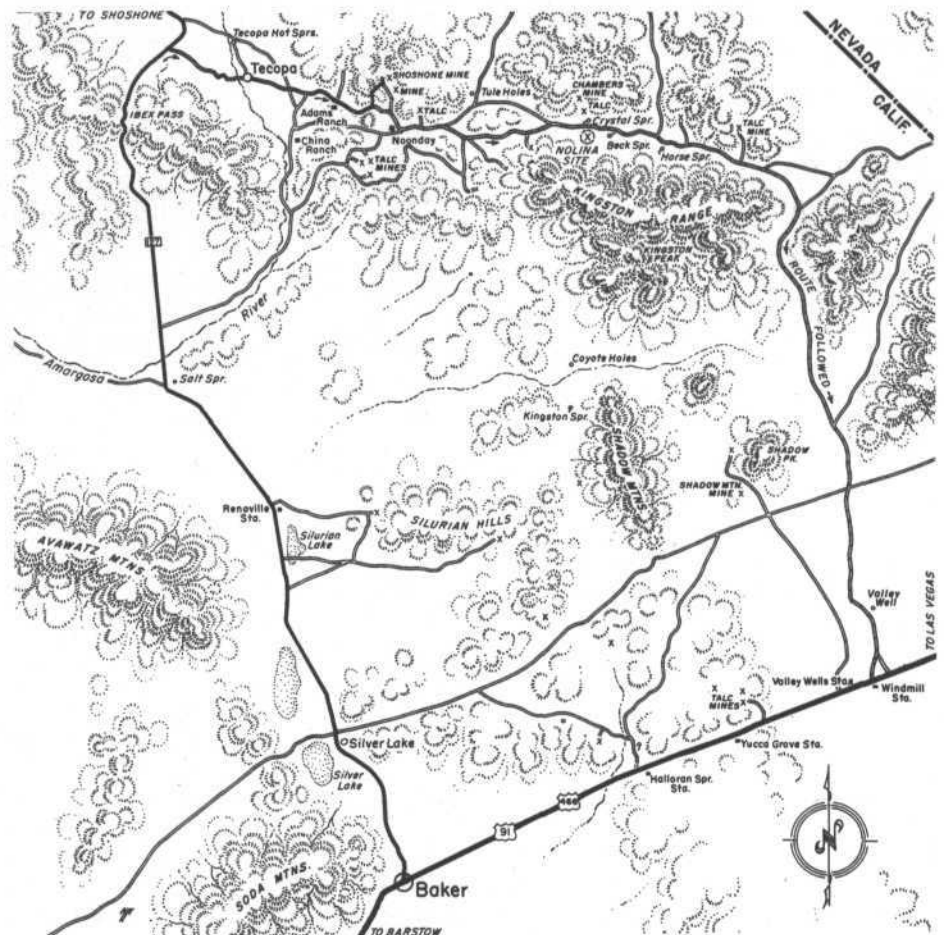
Lying just inside California in the extreme northeast corner of San Bernadino County, Horsethief Spring provided rest and grazing for stolen animals hastily driven over the Mojave Desert. Irate Mexicans would pursue them to the Kingston Mountains, but would never dare to enter the isolated range.

In 1829 Antonio Armijo, a Santa Fe Mexican trader, sent out an expedition from there to San Gabriel and blazed a route called the Spanish Trail. Returning to Santa Fe with a large band of horses he had received in exchange for his mer-

chandise, he set the stage for an annual occasion. Horses had multiplied on the California grasslands to such an extent that they threatened the range. It became necessary to hold roundups to slaughter vast numbers of useless stock. Thus Armijo's overland route was well worn by vaqueros.

There were others who followed it, too. Large caravans of merchandise went west over the route to California and in the springtime, when the range was green with tender grasses and shrubs, great herds of horses were driven over it. In 1842, one band on record consisted of over 4000 horses eastbound from Southern California.

This lucrative market attracted the attention of Mountain Men. In a quest for furs, they blazed some of the earliest routes across the desert. Jed Smith visited Mission San Gabriel and followed the Mojave River both going and returning. In 1829, the year of the Armijo Expedi-



tion, the Ewing Young party with Kit Carson crossed to San Gabriel and returned through the Mojave and Colorado deserts. The following year William Wolfskill used the newly blazed Armijo route. Later Joseph Redford Walker passed over part of the trail and in his company was Old Bill Williams and Alexis Godey. Pegleg Smith left his prints on it too, until California became part of the Union and he gave up his title of Master Horsethief. One of the last big hauls occurred in 1845 when Beckworth gathered 1800 head of horses and after a five-day chase, escaped beyond the Cajon to the safety of Horsethief Springs.

The Old Spanish Trail was marked by an astounding number of bones of dead animals from the Mojave to the Muddy River east of Las Vegas. Fremont noted this fact in his journal in 1844, while moving between Bitter Springs and Salt Springs. He did not know, or at least failed to mention, that the great numbers strewn on both sides of the trail were due mainly to horsethieves pushing the animals beyond endurance to escape their wrathful owners.

When the horsethieves ceased to use the springs, only an occasional prospector or Indian visited the little oasis until the arrival of the Lee brothers in the mid 1870s. The Lees were cattlemen and followed the mining strikes supplying freshly butchered beef. One of the brothers, Cub Lee, ranged cattle over the Amargosa Desert and mountains. In Sandy Valley, 20 miles south of Horsethief, there is a spring called Cub Lee Spring. At Horsethief he built a cabin and planted the cottonwood trees that still tower above the springs and cover the acre of level ground secluded deep in a ravine. From 1875 until 1900 he used this Kingston mountain spring and meadow for his summer range. During the winter he ranged far out over the desert and along the Amargosa River in Tecopa Canyon. While living in the stone cabin above the springs at Shoshone, he had trouble with his Indian wife. After she had run away a few times, he solved his problem in typical frontier fashion. He shot her on her next attempt to escape. Authorities were not in accord with this method, however, so Cub Lee passed from the scene and Horsethief again reverted to nature.

Shortly after Cub Lee lost his claim, an "Old Man" Chambers and his two sons established their headquarters at Horsethief Springs and mined highgrade from the Silver Rule Mine. Living in this remote spot, far from the arms of the law, Chambers ruled the area with a quick

gun. Legend whispers that there are a number of unmarked graves.

During World War I, the high price of lead and zinc caused considerable mining activity. Rich pockets of ore were mined from numerous places in the limestone near the Springs. The Chambers claim expired after the Old Man's son and heir, Johnny, left the springs in 1923 for a fling in Los Angeles. After his grim life in the mountains, rich living in the city proved too much. For no other apparent reason, he died there.

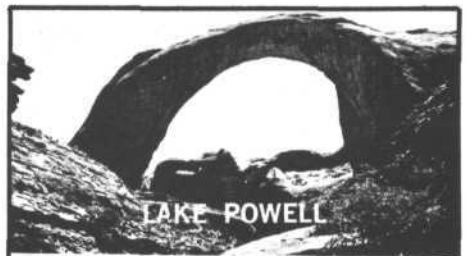
But Horsethief Springs continued to cater to human survival, even though no one established a valid claim. Jack "Blackie" Dailey lived there for a number of years, Nels Noon wandered through with a string of horses, and Cross Country Mike hiked over the trail yearly and stayed a day or so. During this time, talc properties were developed and the road was improved to permit trucking. Slowly the area became productive again.

In the early 1940s, Harry Adams, a cattleman well versed in raising stock on the unpredictable desert ranges, acquired a vast area under the Bureau of Land Management. His holdings included miles of desert range on all sides of the Kingston Range and Horsethief Springs. He built a comfortable house to replace the old cabin. No man ever knew the region as well as Adams. Searching out each hidden water seep, he utilized every acre of range to the fullest advantage. As time passed, he built fences, drilled wells, and piped water to dry ranges. His herd grew and he prospered until the winter of 1950 when a dry cycle dried up the grass and no new growth came forth. Adams was forced to shift his herd to irrigated pastures in Southern California and Horsethief became a lonely outpost again.

A decade later, the Mitchells arrived to begin building a new cattle operation. The heavens have been kind to them and the range has come back.

Today there is an air of respectability in the Kingston Mountains. The tedious business of mining talc, iron and other minerals is carried on in an orderly manner. Huge trucks snake their way into the mines to haul away dazzling white talc from underneath peaks inhabited by mountain sheep who often stand for hours, listening and watching in puzzled bewilderment.

In spite of these activities, however, there are still hidden canyons as quiet and remote from civilization as they were when Pegleg Smith and his boys whooped into camp after a successful raid on the Mexican rancheros. □



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Corinne, Utah

BY LAMBERT FLORIN



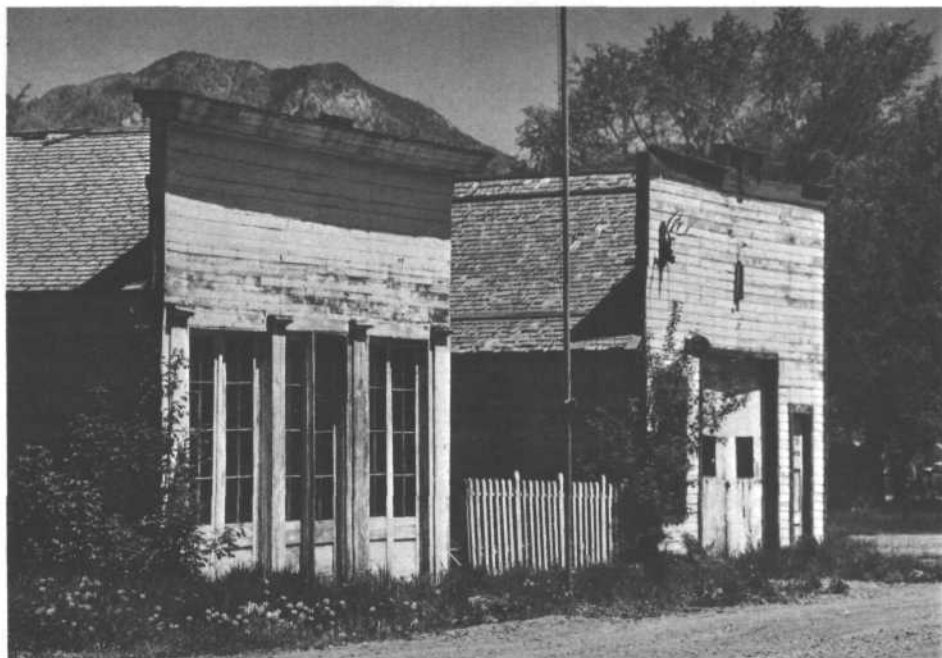
CORINNE, STARTED out to be a roaring metropolis, "The Chicago of the West." It ended up as a small farming community of perhaps 50 people.

Some said that sin had something to do with the failure of Corrine's ambitions.

Located 66 miles north of Salt Lake City, the hamlet was near the meeting point of the railroad work gangs of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific. The junction of the two railroads themselves was at Promontory Summit, only a few miles from Corinne.

Railroad camps of the Old West were anything but dull and Corinne became the gaudiest, wildest and most violent of any of them. Polyglot railroad crews, Chinamen, Swedes, Mexicans, and Chileans, all steamed up from weeks of laying tracks, swarmed into Corinne on payday in search of women, whiskey, gambling and hell-fire in general. There they found everything they desired. Because of her close proximity to Brigham Young's cluster of Mormon towns, Corinne's lack of moral rectitude was especially conspicuous, although it was said that devout followers of the Prophet occasionally slipped in, just to see the sights, of course.

During Corinne's greatest prosperity, it included 19 saloons, two dance halls, numerous gambling houses and many cribs and parlors where were displayed the charms of some 80 fancy women. Seeing all this activity, promoters generated an artificial boom in real estate by advertising Corrine as the future "Chicago of the West" and sold lots for as high as \$1000, a fancy figure for the times. Ornate folders described the benefits sure to accrue and maps showed a large area



set aside as the site for "The University," implying that such an edifice was in the planning stage. Actually erected was an elaborate opera house which attracted a number of theatrical celebrities of the day. One series of lurid advertisements even promised that those who bought land in Corrine would find the streets paved with gold. Strangely enough, this was only one of such glittering predictions that was founded on fact.

When rich deposits of gold and silver were discovered in the Oquirrh Mountains to the south, a smelter was constructed at Corinne. The ore was shipped across Great Salt Lake, then much larger and deeper, brought a short distance up the Bear River and hauled to the new smelter. Soon huge piles of slag and tailings began to accumulate on the fringes of the town. An enterprising citizen, noticing these heaps of waste on the muddy street in front of his house, shoveled the stuff into the deeper puddles. Everyone followed suit and soon Corinne's streets were high and dry. After this was accomplished, someone discovered that the smelter had been inefficient in extracting value from the ore and the clinkers which paved the streets contained gold and silver. Everyone then went to work mining his own stretch of street and soon the thoroughfares were rougher than before.

Corrine did not become another Chicago, but at one time it did take on a faint resemblance to Reno. A pair of lawyers from the firm of Johnson and Underdunk set up a business that was lucrative as long as it lasted. They developed a slot machine to suit their purpose and inserted an ad in the Corinne newspaper which read "Divorces Secured—Presence Unnecessary—Fee \$2.50."

The slot machine contained a bunch of legal-looking documents with blank spaces left for the names of "litigants" and Corinne's judge, influenced by bribery, pre-signed them. Although no consultation was required, a \$2.50 gold piece was. When this was slipped into the slot and a handle cranked, there emerged a decree, gilt-edged and declared legal. An added service was made available for those who found a personal visit inconvenient. The whole thing could be handled by mail so long as the fee was forthcoming.

The divorce mill succeeded as a business venture, but after a time was suddenly declared illegal and a lot of babies born of second marriages found themselves illegitimate. The subsequent tangle took years to unravel and the lawyers again reaped a harvest.

Beginning in the early 1870s a series of disasters befell the "Burg on the Bear." Continuing recession of Great Salt Lake made shipping impractical when docks were left high and dry. Surrounding lands so lavishly irrigated with water from the Bear River began to show white deposits of alkali salt, which subsequently sterilized the soil. An epidemic of diphtheria struck in 1872, but the final blow came when the main road was routed away to the Lucien cut-off.

Today a shrunken remnant, Corinne nevertheless is worth a visit. There is a rail museum in the old depot and ancient engines and cars on the tracks outside. The old city center still displays genuine relics of Corinne's busy years. The bank building at left in our photo has a frame front, stone and brick rear. The solid section contained vaults and doubled as a jail. At right is the old livery stable. □

The Case of the Blue Bucket Gold

Continued from page 25

However, Rabbit Creek, my choice for the source of the Blue Bucket gold, would have been discovered when the party subsequently searched for more water. I contend that the animals would have contaminated the first pot holes in their reckless plunge and that when the second water source was found, buckets would have been filled from it and picked up by the wagons when they advanced to that spot along their trail. Another factor which impressed me was the generous stand of juniper trees in the dry bed of Rabbit Creek. Water here could have been discovered when the men were searching for firewood.

It had been a long, dirty trek from our camp to these streambeds. We sympathized totally with the immigrants. Their only advantage, if you can consider it as such, was that their camp was established here and we had to travel two "looks" back to our camp in the Lost Forest. (Rueb Long tells us that on the Oregon desert distance is measured in "looks." Two looks equal about a four-hour drive.) Dick and Jack tried metal detectors over a spot or two in Foley Creek and also collected some sand to pan back at camp, but they didn't have time to dig to bedrock where the gold would have been, nor did they follow the stream bed to its mouth where gold, if it exists, would most likely have originated. Results were nil, but the tests can hardly be considered fair.

Rabbit Creek, my hot spot, appears to rise from a highly mineralized crevice in a mountain visible from the road. It would be easiest to check this one out first. According to Uncle Erle, who is a pretty savvy amateur geologist, gold has been discovered under lava caps in similar areas of northern California. The way I understand it, there were once stream beds in such regions that were loaded with gold. Then a volcano erupted, often some distance away, and the lava ran down through these stream beds and solidified, trapping the heavy gold underneath. Following that, eons of erosion, cloudbursts and shifting strata finally exposed sections of these gold-laden streambeds where nuggets, water worn into pebble-like smoothness, were released and washed from crevices that extended below the lava cap. Eventually these nuggets were carried downstream during raging storms. When the water grew quiet, the golden pebbles dropped to the bottoms of the pot holes where they remained buried until the Military Immigrant train scooped them into a blue wooden bucket.

It is Uncle Erle's suggestion that the best way to detect the source of this gold would be by following along below the ridge of lava that caps the rim of Coyote Hill between Rabbit and Foley Creeks. Some place within that relatively short distance it is highly likely you will discover a very rich pocket of gold. The ridge is not especially high and the slope is steep for only about ten feet, directly below the cap. Sagebrush is fairly thick and there might be snakes, so take care. The terrain is extremely rough. You might make it through with a trail bike, but the distance is not far to hike from the road, if you are tough and determined.

Because we are writers, not prospectors, we'll leave the results of this new Blue Bucket theory for you to prove, but we hope to hear about it if you have any luck. It isn't often we run across a bonafide story like this that sets 122 years of history back on its ear.

When you go to the Oregon desert, allow yourself plenty of time to look around. There is more variety there than in any desert country we know. There is a Lost Forest where we camped, a sapphire lake where we bathed amid swirling dunes, ice caves to explore, pre-

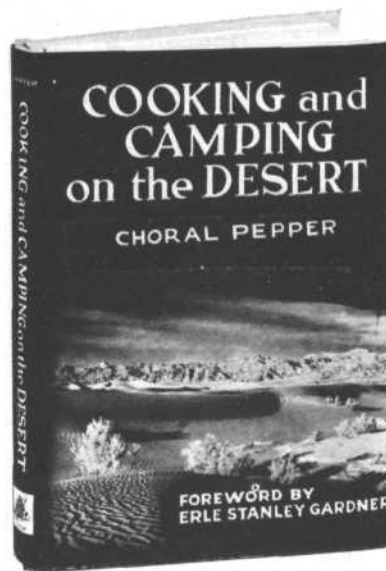
historic fossils to collect, miles of sky-covered fragrant sagebrush to cover on wheels, and spectacular scenery to photograph. Next month we'll write more about our adventures with the Erle Stanley Gardner expedition to Oregon. □

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by Choral Pepper

with a chapter on
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by Jack Pepper



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Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Iredale Carlson

CHEESE AND SALMON LOAF SALAD

Cheese layer:

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 2 tablespoons cold water
- 1/4 cup hot water
- 1 1/2 cups small-curd cottage cheese, sieved
- 1 3 oz. package softened cream cheese
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup finely diced celery

Soften gelatin in cold water, then dissolve in hot water. Blend cheeses and salad dressing; add gelatin and celery, mix well. Pour into molds which have been decorated with a very thin slice of cucumber and a few slices of stuffed olives. You may make this salad in individual molds or a large fish mold. If you use small molds, use shallow ones rather than deep ones, as this is a loaf salad.

Salmon layer:

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 3/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup finely chopped celery
- 2 tablespoons India relish
- 1 1 lb. can of salmon

Soften gelatin in cold water, then set in hot water until it is completely dissolved. Add lemon juice. Cool slightly. Combine gelatin and mayonnaise; add celery and India relish and liquid from salmon. Remove skin and bones from salmon, flake it and add to other mixture. Make first layer and give it time to set before adding the salmon layer. Unmold on lettuce and pass a bowl of the following dressing: 3/4 cup mayonnaise and 1/4 cup of cream whipped or 1/4 cup lmo. Add 2 tablespoons finely diced cucumber. If cream is used, fold in, if lmo, stir in.

EMERALD SALAD

- 1 package lemon Jello
- 1 package lime Jello
- 2 cups liquid (pineapple juice plus water)
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup creamed cottage cheese
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Heat liquid and dissolve gelatin in it. Allow to jell, but not set. Then whip until fluffy and fold in remaining ingredients. Chill.

LEBANESE SALAD

- 1 pound can kidney beans
- 4 tablespoons oil
- Juice of 1 lemon
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Chopped dill, parsley and mint
- 4 scallions, sliced fine
- 1 tomato, sliced
- 1 hard-cooked egg, quartered

Drain kidney beans. Blend oil, lemon juice, salt and pepper in salad bowl. Add beans and mix well. Scatter dill, parsley, mint and scallions over beans. Top with tomato and egg. Serves 4.

CORNISH HENS WITH ORANGE AND SHERRY

For 6 hens:
Boil together 1/2 can orange juice concentrate, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 1/2 teaspoons Soy sauce, 1 1/2 tablespoons vinegar. When blended, cool and add a pinch of ginger and 3/4 cup Sherry. Spoon this sauce over hens in broiler or flat pan and let stand for an hour or so. Spoon the sauce over the hens, breast side up and bake in 350 degree oven for 1 1/2 hours. If top is getting too brown, turn over the last half hour. I also use this sauce to cook chicken breasts.

DELUXE CHICKEN SALAD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/2 cups cooked diced chicken
- 3/4 cup slivered almonds
- 3/4 cups halved seedless grapes
- 1/4 cup broth in which chicken was cooked

Soak gelatin in cold water for five minutes, add to broiling broth and stir until dissolved. Combine with mayonnaise and salt. When cool add chicken, nuts and grapes and fold in whipped cream. Chill in mold until firm. Place mold on large red lettuce leaf and surround with curves of peeled cantaloupe.

CHICKEN CURRY SALAD

- 1 qt. cut up cooked chicken
- 1 cup sliced celery
- 1 red apple, sliced thinly, unpeeled
- 1 10-oz. can water chestnuts
- 1 1/2 cups toasted slivered almonds
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup commercial sour cream
- 1/2 teaspoon curry powder
- 1 tablespoon soy sauce
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 small can pineapple tidbits, drained

Mix chicken, celery, apple slices, sliced water chestnuts and half of almonds. Combine mayonnaise, curry powder, soy sauce, lemon juice and sour cream. Add to first mixture. Allow to ripen for several hours. Garnish with rest of almonds.

Hints for Desert Travelers

by Bruce Barron



On a recent sojourn to Baja with Bruce Barron, well-known photographer Bill Belknap offered the following advice

Under a brilliant desert sunlight, experienced photographers often get into arguments with their light meters. To their chagrin, the light meter is usually right. With the exception of reflected light from glaring sand dunes or large bodies of water, the pastel colors of the desert absorb great quantities of light. Cacti and other desert flora are usually a drab grey-green, while rocks in the surrounding terrain are created with a brown light-absorbing patina called desert varnish. Here are some hints for getting the best results from your camera:

- 1 Use and trust your light meter.
- 2 Heat is highly detrimental to film so

carry film in a small styrofoam ice chest or a large mouth Thermos jug.

- 3 Protect your camera from heat and dust when not in use. Experienced photographers often paint their cameras white for additional heat reflection.
- 4 For sharp contrast, take advantage of early morning and late afternoon illumination.

Concentrate on a central focal point for your photos and don't spoil subject matter by cramming in too much detail.

Backlighting (shooting toward the sun) can often produce interesting silhouette affects. □

Can You Conquer the Devil?

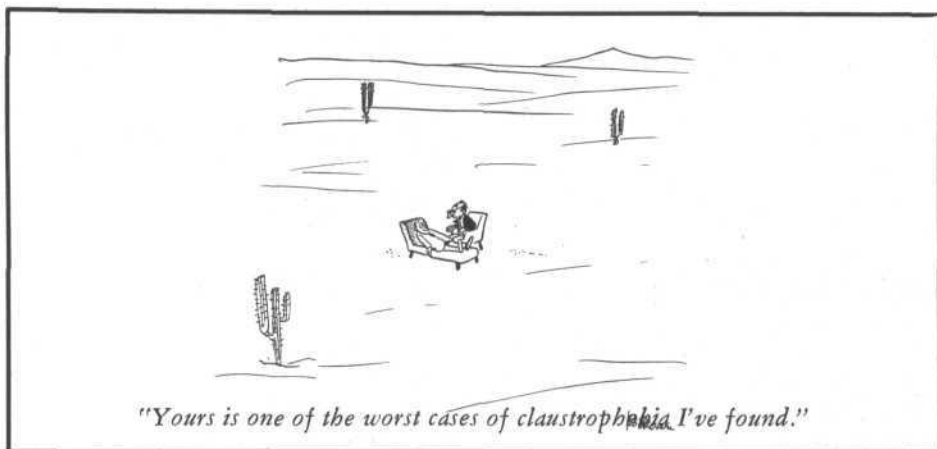
Continued from Page 27

plateau by the deep gorge of Canon del Diablo and whipped by hot desert updrafts on both sides, the peak has developed a strange floral mixture of Upper Sonoran, Transition, and Boreal type vegetation.

When we surmounted the last great slab, we were atop the north summit, 10,154 feet above sea level. Several hundred yards away, looking equally as high, was the slightly lower south summit. Spread out before us was a magnificent panorama. To the west was the lofty, forest-covered plateau of the Sierra San Pedro Martir and beyond, in the distance, glimmered the waters of the Pacific. To the east, the dull browns and greys of the arid San Felipe Desert and its low, debris-buried mountain ranges contrasted sharply with the deep blue of the Sea of Cortez. Beyond, barely discernable through the haze, the dark hills of Sonora formed a backdrop to nature's impressive picture.

Soon it was time to retreat. Down we scrambled, back into the shaded bowels of the Devil's chasm. The next day, our fourth, we retraced our steps down the canyon and back to the cars.

This majestic Mountain of the Devil had shared with us her intimate secrets. She was not conquered. Somehow this latter expression, so often used by climbers, leaves the implication that the peak is bowed, defeated. But El Picacho del Diablo is not subdued; proudly she raises her rocky horns, commanding the respect and admiration of all who challenge her lofty heights and airy crags. Other men have reached her in the past. More will follow. □



"Yours is one of the worst cases of claustrophobia I've found."

Magic of Baja

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BACK COUNTRY

COMPILED BY JACK PEPPER

FOUR WHEEL CHATTER . . .

by Bill Bryan

First off this month we here at DESERT want to thank you for your response to our four wheel drive review. We received a very nice note from Pat and Garland Peed, Jr., two of the originators of the National Four Wheel Drive Association. Pat served for many years as secretary of the California Association of Jeep Clubs, a job which Judy Jensen has now. We also received a nice letter from the Arizona Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs telling of a movie they produced on a "Show Me" trip they held for government officials to their favorite four wheel drive territory. They say the trip was most successful and the officials were surprised at the territory we back country enthusiasts enjoy traversing.

Four-wheel-drive clubs again proved their value to its members and public agencies of Southern California in June. As most of you probably have heard, two Border Patrolmen were kidnapped from their inspection station by smugglers near Oak Grove, California early on a Saturday morning. A nation-wide manhunt was started by the F.B.I. and the Border Patrol. They searched the area all day Saturday and Sunday with hundreds of men both on the ground and in the air. Sunday evening the Riverside County Sheriff's Department called the Hemet Jeep Club of Hemet, California and the Sareea Al Jamel Four Wheel Drive Club of Indio, California requesting them to join the search at 5:00 a.m. Monday.

At the prescribed time 8 vehicles from the Indio club and 12 from the Hemet club reported to the command post at the Anza Forestry Station. At approximately 7:00 we were given our search area instructions and sent on our way in search of their missing car, and the two patrolmen. At approximately 8:30 the missing car was found in a branch of the Bautista Canyon and several hundred feet away in a desert cabin the patrolmen were found handcuffed to a stove and shot in the

head. The two clubs I mentioned are not sheriff's posse units or in any way officially connected with the sheriff's department. This is the first search the Hemet club has participated in, and one of many which the Indio club members have volunteered to serve. These searches usually last one or two days, and many times we have spent an entire night driving and searching for lost people or downed air planes.

Did you know—Four-wheel-drive vehicle sales are up 17% while most others are down . . . that the granddaddy of four-wheel-drive in Southern California, Harry Bushert of Hemet, Calif., is moving to Colorado? . . . That a young boy was killed, in Riverside, riding in a four-wheel drive that overturned going down the street, and the vehicle had NO roll bar—or the Jeep that was struck from behind and rolled over with two men, while stopped at a stop sign. They had seat belts and roll bar; two more lives saved with a roll bar . . . About the three vehicles making a speed run to La Paz, Baja; Edwin Pearlman tells me his partner made it in 41¾ hours. Non-stop in a Toyota from Tijuana to Mexicali, to San Felipe to La Paz . . . About those new Selectro hubs from Dualmatic? . . . About that rear tire carrier for the Jeepster . . . Clarence Carter tells me they are stocking Jeepster accessories at San Bernardino Jeep Center . . . Remember Van Putte, the good guy from Kaiser Jeep you used to see on many trips; we hear he has left Jeep and has a Buick dealership now in the midwest. Don't forget, Purex bottles make good water storage jugs for those dry camp trips. You can also fill them with water, freeze them, to provide ice water for quite some time.

Attention four-wheel drive clubs and other outdoor organizations: Please place us on your club newspaper mailing list. We are always interested in hearing what is going on around us.

Reward for Grave Vandals

A \$100 reward will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of those persons who stole a tombstone and looted a grave in the 116-year-old Red Dog Pioneer Cemetery in Nevada City, California. The crime was committed just after the first of January, 1967. Information or evidence should be reported, if possible, direct to the Nevada County, California, Sheriff's Office, or to the nearest police or sheriff's department for transmittal to Nevada County.

Undersheriff Frank Gallino, of Nevada County, said that the reward has been posted by the Nevada City and Grass Val-



ley Odd Fellows Lodges, since the desecration was committed in the Odd Fellows' section of the old cemetery, and also these charitable lodges would like to help put a stop to some of this particularly despicable vandalism.

Gallino also said that there are mount-

TRAVEL

Sound Off!

The wilderness act by Congress closed vehicular travel into most of the high Sierra fishing lakes and hunting grounds around Fresno, California. Since then, the Forest Service has agreed to allow vehicular trails to be built into many areas through the watershed area. These trails, built and maintained entirely by the Four Wheel Drive Club of Fresno, California, encompass most of the lakes in the Fresno County, and a few in Madera County. A 4WD vehicle is necessary to negotiate them as they are steep, rough and rocky. A permit is necessary to travel over these trails, which can be obtained in person at the Sierra National Forest Office, 4831 East Shields Ave., Fresno, California. Further information on these trails may be obtained by writing to the Four Wheel Drive Club of Fresno, P.O. Box 1574, Fresno, Calif. 93716.

ing reports of vandalism to cemeteries around the State, and he warned that his department is prepared to deal harshly with this crime against decency in Nevada County, and he asks the cooperation of all responsible citizens in reporting to the Sheriff's department any suspicion of cemetery vandalism, such as: tombstones being used for *any* purpose in a private home, such as patio paving slabs, or coffee tables, or sideboard serving tables; also small grave markers or "footstones" being made into bookends or any other use; also cemetery signs or other objects used or displayed in a private home.

An investigation made by the Nevada County Sheriff's Office into the disappearance of a tombstone from a North San Juan cemetery, led to the recovery of one stolen from a Dutch Flat, Placer County, pioneer cemetery. Three high school youths pleaded guilty to the offense, and have been sentenced by Judge George Yonehiro of the Colfax-Alta-Dutch Flat Justice Court to 50 days' work, each, of clean-up in said cemetery.

The tombstone from the Red Dog Cemetery marked the grave of Stephen Conaway, who died in a fatal mining accident on March 2, 1871.

I would like permission to reproduce the article by Bill Bryan that appears in the July-August '67 issue. It is very good—and I would like to send the copy to Gov. Reagan. It deserves his attention.

JOHN R. BUSH, JR.
Los Angeles, Calif.

I was reading the article on educate and prosecute in the April issue of *Desert* page 38. I met a ranch foreman at Cima Dome last week. My wife, son and myself explore the Kelso area quite often. We just love it, and the foreman told us that people "if you can call them people," shoot up his water tanks and steal his tools and so on. They broke into his ranch house and stole his rifle and other things not long ago. THAT is the reason why persons who respect other people's property and the law cannot enjoy the freedom that was given them. I wish there were a way to get through to the type of person who destroys things that cannot be replaced such as petroglyphs, etc. Please keep writing these articles, maybe someday it will get through to them.

BRUCE DOBBS,
Santa Ana, Calif.

I would like to find out about anyone who explores the desert regions, ghost towns or gold mines on motorcycles.

I am very interested myself; however, in reading your magazine, I get the impression jeeps are used mostly.

I am mostly interested in clubs operating in the Glendale-San Fernando Valley area.

JERRY WALD,
161 Screenland Drive,
Burbank, Calif.

Please accept my sincere thanks for placing an item in *Sound Off* regarding my request for plans for a dry washer. I have had several responses to the item already.

There is considerable talk, as well as activity around Phoenix, that the price of gold will be revised upward within the next several months.

HARLEY L. REITER,

Calendar of Western Events

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

DEEPEST VALLEY THEATRE, Aug. 19 thru Sept. 3, near Lone Pine, Calif. Musicals presented in spectacular outdoor natural theater.

LAS VEGAS GEM CLUB'S 2nd Annual Rockhound Convention, Sept. 2-5, Tonopah, Nevada. Swapping all days, daily field trips, room for 500 campers.

UTAH STATE FAIR, Sept. 8-17, Salt Lake City, Utah.

COUNCIL OF SAN DIEGO COUNTY GEM AND MINERAL SOCIETIES 4th Annual Swap Meet, Sept. 10, Balboa Park, San Diego, Calif.

LOS ANGELES COUNTY FAIR, Sept. 15-Oct. 1, Pomona, Calif.

MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY, Sept. 15-16, Balboa Park Bowl, San Diego, Calif. Colorful yearly event celebrating Mexico's rebellion against Spain.

SOLVANG DANISH DAYS, Sept. 15-17, Solvang, Calif. Festivities with the townspeople recreating the old days of Denmark. Solvang is famous for its Danish food. Santa Ynez Valley Rock Club holds their bi-annual rock show in Solvang, Sept. 16-17.

CABRILLO FESTIVAL, Sept. 21-28, San Diego, Calif. Celebrating the 425th anniversary of the discovery of California at San Diego. Colorful pageant, festival and Spanish dances.

UNLIMITED HYDROPLANE RACES, Sept. 24, Mission Bay, San Diego, Calif. World's fastest boats compete. Climax of Aqua Week.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY ROCKHOUND GEMBOREE, Sept. 30-Oct. 1. Scottish Rite Masonic Memorial Center, Mission Valley, San Diego, Calif.

PAJARO VALLEY ROCKHOUNDS Annual Gem and Mineral Show, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, Santa Cruz County Fairgrounds, Watsonville, Calif.

SAN GABRIEL VALLEY Gem and Mineral Show, Oct. 14-15, Masonic Temple, 50 West Duarte Rd., Arcadia. Admission and parking free.

DALY CITY ROCKHOUNDS Golden Gate Gem and Mineral Show, Oct. 21-22, War Memorial Bldg., 6655 Mission St., Daly City, Calif.

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"A GUIDE For Insulator Collectors" (with prices). 127 pages, 168 insulators described, sketched and priced, 4 group photographs, copies of 10 patents, copies from old catalogs—and more. An exciting new collecting field, start now and don't be sorry later. By J. C. Tibbits, order from me at "The Little Glass Shack," 3161 56th St., Apt. B., Sacramento, Calif. 95820. \$3.00 (plus 12c tax for Californians) plus 25c for mail orders.

"ASSAULT ON BAJA," E. Washburn, 3934 Cortland, Lynwood, Calif. \$2.00 tax included, "zest of discovery" writes Belden; "wide-eyed experience" says Powell USC.

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.

SURVIVAL BOOKS! Guerrilla Warfare, Wilderness Living, Medical, Guns, Self Defense, Nature. Books—Vital, Fascinating, Extraordinary; Catalog free. Adobe Hacienda, Route 3, Box 517A, Glendale, Arizona 85301.

GUIDE TO MEXICO'S gems and minerals: localities, mines, maps, directions, contacts. English-Spanish glossary, too. \$2.00 postpaid. Gemac, Mentone, Calif. 92359.

TREASURE BOOKS and maps for ghosttowners, treasure hunters, bottle, rock, arrowhead collectors, gold panners. Free brochure. Pierce Publishing, Box 5221, Dept. A-9, Abilene, Texas 79605.

"1200 BOTTLES PRICED"—well illustrated, complete description, covers entire field, 164 pages, by J. C. Tibbits, first president of Antique Bottle Collectors Association and editor of the "Pontil," \$4.75 post paid. The Little Glass Shack, 3161 56th St., Apt. B, Sacramento, Calif. 95820.

THE BOTTLE TRAIL, One through Eight. Continuation of Wood-Molds and Blow-Pipe added in volume 8. \$2.15 each book, prepaid. May Jones, Box 23, Nara Visa, New Mexico 88430.

BOOKS: BURIED Treasure, Ghost Towns, Indians and Outlaws. Send 5c stamp for listing, many clearance bargains. D-J Books, Box 3352, San Bernardino, Calif. 92404.

• BOOKS - MAGAZINES

BOTTLE COLLECTORS, treasure hunters, prospectors and explorers—this is the book for you! "California Nevada Ghost Town Atlas". Modern highway maps that lead to the fabulous camps of yesterday. Complete with photos and historical background for 400 sites. Price \$2.00 postpaid. Cy Johnson, Box 288, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

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A BOTTLE COLLECTOR'S Book and "The Past In Glass" by Pat and Bob Ferraro—two most complete sources available for novice and advanced bottle collectors. Illustrations, checklists, explanations. \$3.25 each postpaid. The Little Glass Shack, 3161-B 56th St., Sacramento, Calif. 95820.

FOR SALE: Complete files of Arizona Highways Magazine from 1947 to 1966. Make offer. Mrs. E. E. Evans, 2779 Avenue A, Yuma, Arizona 85364.

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.

"GEMS & MINERALS," the monthly guide to gems, minerals, and rock hobby fun. \$4.50 year. Sample 25c. Gems & Minerals, Mentone, Calif. 92359.

COMPLETELY NEW—Excitingly different! "101 Ghost Town Relics"—Beautiful color cover, lists over 140 relics, over 100 relic photos. Article on restoring, utilization of relics. A price guide included. \$3 ppd. Wes Bressie, Rt. 1, Box 582, Eagle Point, Oregon 97524.

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by Jan S. Paul



L GUESS IT just goes to show how easy it is to overlook something, even though you are looking for it and it is right under your nose.

The Carson City-Lake Tahoe area of Nevada and California is a favorite hang-out of mine. I wouldn't even try to count the times I've been there. I can't honestly say that I didn't know that somewhere east of Carson City and a few miles south of Route 50, the road to Fallon, was an X called Old Fort Churchill. It was just that I had seen my share of famous fort ruins. However, it was summer and I was in the area, so I decided to head out US 50 to Silver Springs, then turn right on Alt. 95 for 8 miles to the marked Fort Churchill turnoff. Was I due for a surprise!

The fort is about a mile off the highway and what I found there has restored my faith in old forts. The State of Nevada is working to make this place significant both as an historic monument and a state park. They are setting about

restoring the place, not so that it will be 100% as it once was, but so that the visitor can establish from information and a self-guided tour how the original fort was laid out. Representative restoration is being accomplished so that the visitor can see what it was like to live at a military post in the Nevada desert at the time of the Civil War. At the same time, enough ruins will be left as they are so that the processes of a century of wind and weather will be graphic too.

There are overnight facilities a short distance from the fort, in a shady grove along the Carson River, and day use facilities make it an ideal place to spend a day with a picnic basket. The close proximity to Carson City, 43 miles via Silver Springs, 32 on 2B; make it a comfortable one day trip from there, or even from Reno. Speaking of comfort, while the place is open the year 'round, it can get pretty hot in July and August, so the ideal time would be in spring or fall, or even during the winter. In fact, if you are a ski fan, you can make Fort Churchill and the nearby ski scene all in the same trip. □

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Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

Little Horses . . .

To the Editor: I read your article about the little horses in *DESERT*, May 1967. The man with the little horse on his back is Jack Tooker. Mr. Tooker and Earnest Ritter brought quite a few of these little horses out of the canyon in the 1930s. I met Mr. Ritter in 1940 and in 1942 I bought two stallions and two mares from him. We bred and raised these little horses until about 10 years ago. I built vehicles to scale to drive these little horses too. Enclosed is a picture of the little horses and a vehicle.

ROY L. MODGLING,
Pomona, Calif.



What-Ho! . . .

To the Editor: I have a few comments to make about the article by Doris Cerveri called "What-Ho Southern Nevada" in the May issue. Pine Creek Canyon does not have picnicking facilities, but nearby Willow Creek does. It does not have a spring to wade in and the stream dries up in the summer months. Also, Red Rock Canyon does not lie in front of the foot of Mt. Charleston. It is at least 20 miles south, although it is still in the same Spring Mountain Range. Finally, the road to Searchlight is through a dry lake and I don't consider it a delightful Sunday Drive. Did the author really visit all of these spots?

J. B. APPLGATE,
Las Vegas, Nevada.

Editor's comment: We don't know about Reno's Doris Cerveri, but *DESERT's* editor has. Miss Cerveri's article wasn't intended as a mile-by-mile guide and it is always wise to get directions locally when you travel back-country areas. Storms can change the route of any jeep trail overnight. We personally enjoy the drive between Las Vegas and Searchlight, as do many other desert lovers. The Joshua forest, distant mountain ranges—even the dry lake bed is fascinating to us. We appreciate your information about the picnic ground at Willow Spring, C.P.

Desert Whatzit . . .

To the Editor: On a trip to the Anza Borrego desert, we came across an interesting puzzle which we hope a *DESERT* reader can solve. It is called the "Well of the Eight Echoes" and consists of a pipe extending above the ground a few feet, but when you talk over it, there is a resounding echo. What causes this? How was it first discovered? How deep is it?

ELNORA BURNS,
San Diego, Calif.

Editor's Note: Perhaps a reader can answer this.

More Mystery . . .

To the Editor: Author Morlin Childers will be interested to know that the mystery of Santa Maria de Los Angeles (*DESERT* June '67) is further intensified. In 1965 author-discoverer Robert Franklin Leslie found smelting equipment, artifacts and two six-pound gold ingots in a secret room under an old unnamed chapel which was under the supervision of Padre Fray Calaxitis in the middle 1700s and was an asistencia of and near to the mission of Santa Maria in Baja.

ROBERT URMAN,
Phoenix, Arizona.

More Lost Guns . . .

To the Editor: In *DESERT's* June issue is a lost gun story similar to another story. This incident happened about 20 years ago when a soldier, stationed at Fort Huachuca, Ariz., went hiking in the southern foothills of the Santa Rita Mountains. In Rattlesnake Canyon, the soldier found a cave that had crates of new rifles packed in cosmoline. He took one of the rifles, intending to return later for the rest. Due to army transfers and such, this was not possible. After his discharge and subsequent return to his home in the East, he took this gun to a gun dealer and learned that it was a collector's item. He was never able to relocate the cave. Many others have tried. The location of the cave indicates that this cache could have been for Mexicans or Apaches. Perhaps a *DESERT* reader will be able to give us more information.

CHARLES BARROS,
Indio, California.

Yes and No . . .

Yes!

To the Editor: Since you have been at the helm of *Desert Magazine* it has improved greatly. The contents, the covers and the color additions make a wonderful edition. I look for it each month and enjoy it to the fullest extent. Also the gift edition that you send to Mr. E. C. Guiou in Massachusetts is appreciated totally. Thanking you for your efforts in a grand publication, I remain.

JOHN A. TENNEY,
Los Angeles, Calif.

No!

To the Editor: I began reading the "Desert" about 15 years ago, even bought back copies in used magazine shops and enjoyed most of what I read. Notice I said, "enjoyed," but now I am not enjoying being told how he-men thought and acted by a staff of petticoat writers, including your editor. Some of the articles are fair and may appeal to most women, but thank heaven I'm not a woman and some of that stuff stirs me not at all. So I'm terminating my subscription and I'll buy from the newsstand for awhile when I see some of the kind of stories written by men who have the feel of what might have been going on in the days he's writing about.

WALTER C. MARTIN,
Oakland, Calif.

Renegade Remembered . . .

To the Editor: I read with interest "The Search for Lopez" in the June 1697 issue. I lived through those days and remember the events. I saw Lopez as he was making his getaway. At the time I was a lad of 14 years living on a farm adjoining the railroad track 150 miles south of Salt Lake City, at a place called Oasis. On this particular occasion, my brother and I, together with a couple of cousins, were making our way down the railroad track on foot from the freight station south toward our home a mile and a half away. A freight train heading south toward Los Angeles had pulled onto a siding, giving way to another train approaching from the opposite direction. As the four of us loitered along by the side of the waiting freight, we suddenly came abreast of a man walking out in the brush about 100 feet from the track. It was about 7:30 in the evening of a bright moonlight night and quite cold. This man was walking parallel to the track in the opposite direction we were going. He was seemingly very alert and was eyeing us intently, and we him. He had on a loose coat under which he held his arms crossed, obviously holding something in each hand. We had an eerie feeling that this was Lopez. It was just at the time that the authorities were trying to smoke him out of the Apex mine at Bingham. We felt sure that their efforts would prove fruitless. History has vindicated us in that. I have felt certain ever since that Lopez escaped on that freight into the Los Angeles area and likely then on into Mexico. Before morning he would have been well on his way and out of immediate danger.

An ordinary hobo would not be riding a freight in the dead of winter, nor would a common hobo leave the train and walk out in the bush to avoid close scrutiny by a group of kids, or anyone else for that matter. I never knew until I read Mr. James story how Lopez managed to get out of the mine. That has now been cleared up. I submit this sequel to the story in the thought that it might have some interest to you.

L. ELMER PETERSON,
Ogden, Utah.

Book Collector . . .

To the Editor: My husband and I were recently in your *DESERT* Magazine bookshop and I would like to say that to my knowledge, you have the most fabulous bookshop to be found anywhere for people who seek interesting and unusual books on the West. I purchased "Historic Spots in California," "Treasury of Frontier Relics" and Erle Stanley Gardner's new book, "Off the Beaten Track of Baja." This last, incidentally, is his greatest to date.

My husband's family was a founder of the Costal Valley and Ortega Chili Company, which is now owned by the Heublein Company, and I moved from Los Angeles to the San Luis Rey Valley in 1929 and attended Cave Couts Guajome Ranch school, so our roots in Southern California go deep. I am an antique collector by profession and have a splendid private library containing volumes about Southern California history. Your bookshop and book mail order department furnishes me with one of my richest sources.

BARBARA J. McDANIEL,
Vista, California.

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