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SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1919 LOS ANGELES EXAMINER . . . A PAPER FOR PEOPLE WHO THINK SECTION - [star image] PAGE 3

PROTECT U.S. SOVEREIGNTY, SAYS OSBORNE
Congressman, in Address to City Club Members, Urges Amendments to League of Nations

World Pact Favored by Southern California Solon if Monroe Doctrine Is Fully Recognized

That the proposed plan of a League of Nations should be amended so as to insure the sovereignty of the United States was emphasized in an address delivered by Congressman H. Z. Osborne before the Men's City Club, at the later's proposed permanent headquarters in the Investment Building, Eighth and Broadway, yesterday.

Various considerations, Congressman Osborne stated, have brought him to the conclusion that future wars may be averted and prevented to a very great degree, if not entirely, "by a League of Nations, framed upon a fair and equitable basis which the United States may join without violation of its Constitution, with full recognition of the Monroe Doctrine, and without endangering the sovereignty and life of the American Republic."

CAN WE RELINQUISH RIGHTS?

"It is important," said Congressman Osborne, "that each nation should decide for itself whether it can, with safety to its own people and their interests and happiness, subscribe to an international covenant that circumscribes and limits to some extent the sovereign powers which they have heretofore been accustomed to exercise without question; whether by the relinquishing of such sovereign rights they will secure benefits that will justify the sacrifice. What such sacrifice will be called for is undoubtedly true in the nature of the covenant.

"The position of the United States is quite different from that of any other of the great powers. We went into the war purely as a matter of self defense and without in any way departing from our traditional policy, formulated by Washington and Jefferson, to avoid European politics and all 'entangling alliances.'

AMERICA OUTVOTED

"The fact results that Great Britain and her colonies have five or possibly six votes in the body of the League, while the United States has but one. Is it fair, or is it safe for our national interests, that we should have only the same number of votes in this great world confederacy as Serbia or Montenegro, while Great Britain has five or six?

"Do not let us, under the spur of momentary enthusiasm, make solemn engagements that loyalty to America will not permit us to fulfill.

"Undoubtedly, as the President says, this is intended as a constitution of [?] in certain contingencies, be used as an engine of war, and some of the best thinkers of America have expressed the belief that it will of itself provoke war."

Film of Submarines Shown at K. of C. Hut

SAN FRANCISCO, March 29. - Uncle Sam's submarines, released from their arduous duties of chasing the Kaiser's "tin fish" out of the deeps, have gone into the films.

Emulating the example of the army fliers at Rockwell Field, who recently put on a "flying circus" before a battery of film sharpshooters, the divers have been put through a series of practice dives and aquatic stunts for

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Legislature's Action Solves One of the Mojave Desert Mysteries

A Severe Test
NEW EDISON
The Edison Lamp Co.

Walker's Shoes
Genuine De Luxe Satin Oxfords
Special for MONDAY ONLY
\$6.50

the benefit of the screen fame.

The first runs of both the flying and diving pictures were shown to the men best fitted to criticise them, the air pictures being displayed on the screen at the Knights of Columbus clubhouse at Rockwell Field, and the diver pictures at the K. C. "hut" at the United States Naval Base, Los Angeles Harbor (San Pedro). Reports were received from his secretaries by Albert G. Bagley, director of the Western Department War Activities, Knights of Columbus.

MISSING WIFE, 23, SOUGHT

The Police are making an active search for Mrs. Pearl Worden, of 1334 Myrtle avenue, 23 years of age, who was reported by her husband, Ralph, as being missing, from home and is supposed to have left with another man.

BUSINESS NOTICES

HOW TO REMOVE CORNS AT HOME

You Can Remove Them in Your Own Home Without Pain or Danger.

Many people knowing it is both painful and dangerous to cut a corn or callus continue to suffer from them not knowing how easy it is to get rid of them.

You can remove them in the privacy of your own home without pain or danger. Simply get a small bottle of Cactus Corn Compound, at any drug store, and paint the corn with it. In a few days the corn will come off without any pain, and no sore feet to interfere with your work.

A bottle of Cactus Corn Compound costs only a few cents and is enough to take off dozens of corns. Full directions come with each bottle. Any druggist will refund your money if you are not satisfied.

[[box]]

Get Rid of That Persistent Cough

Stop that weakening, persistent cough or cold, threatening throat or lung affections, with Eckman's Alternative, the tonic and upbuilder of 20 years' successful use.

80c and \$1.50 bottles from druggists or from
Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia

[[/box]]

Legislature's Action Solves One of the Mojave Desert Mysteries

Long List of Eerie Enigmas, However, Still Remain Unanswered

Out on the Mojave Desert, where over sun-baked dunes the eternal dance of the dust drifts hither and thither on its endless journey to nowhere, a mystery has been solved-solved by decree of the California Legislature.

Blythe Junction, owned and disowned for decades-the last of the Western No Man's lands-has been decreed by the Legislature to lie within the boundaries of San Bernardino County, and thus the mystery that has defied courts of both San Bernardino and Riverside counties to punish crimes ranging up to murder is ended. Crimes could never be punished because the prosecutors have never been able to prove they filed criminal complaints within the county in which the crimes were

committed.

But no decree of Legislature can solve the remainder of the mysteries of the Mojave-mysteries zealously guarded by that eternal dance of the dust that buries and unburies riches, men and even towns in the evershifting dunes of desert sand.

The Mojave is steeped in romance, the romance of ghost cities, towns that have faded away into total oblivion, mysteries of lost mines and of lost men.

The full list of mysteries of the Mojave has never been told, and will never be told. Time has wiped out memories of a once vivid past, but there are still living in the old towns like San Bernardino, Searchlight, Randsburg and others, a few of those who can still link the past with the present.

THE GHOST CAMPS

They can still tell of the days of Panamint, Calico, Ballarat and a dozen others of the ghost camps that once boomed out on the Mojave and up around the fringe of Death Valley, but which are now mere phantoms of memory.

They can still tell of the famous lost mines and of some of the lost men- but lost men on the Mojave would fill many chapters of the tragedy of the waterless waste, tragedies that began with with the Mormon immigrant party of '49 that disregarded the warning of its leader, the famous Captain Hunt, and gave Death Valley its name. Thirteen graves marked the wanderings of the lost immigrants when they staggered through the world's mystery hole. Death Valley it has been since that year, charted with such names as the Devil's Playground, where the dance of the dust every day creates a new landscape; Furnace creek, the heat of which kills

[[image]]

[[caption]]

THE LOST DESERT SHIP, WEIRD IN ITS TELLING, WAS A MYSTERY OF THE DESERT

[[/caption]]

men and beast, and Windgate pass, from whence come the gales that stir the sands that bury and unbury mines and men.

In desert lore, the "Peg-Leg," the mystery mine of "Peg-Leg" Smith, who long since has ceased to hobble into San Bernardino's frontier bars, is generally supposed to be the most mysterious of the mystery mines, but there are unprinted tales of lost mines that dwarf the "Peg-Leg."

THE VANISHED MINES

The Lost Alvord and the Lost Lee, their substantiated history will reveal, deserve the rank as the most worthy of the title of the most famous of mysteries of the Mojave.

If ever found the Lost Alvord might pay off the national debt, and startling as it sounds, the man who discovered it and was murdered before he gave it to the word planned that very thing-to pay off the national debt. That was back in the early 60's, when the national debt was approaching the billion mark.

The Lost Lee may have been found and it may not have been found. In that mystery was the making of a governor of California and a vast fortune-but a fortune spent in another desert mystery.

The Lost Alvord undoubtedly is the peer of the lost mines.

It was in the search for the Mojave's first lost mine, the Gunsight-which is a story in itself and involving the expenditure of a fortune by another California governor- that developed the mystery of the Lost Alvord.

A party of men that included Alvord, Bennett, Clews, Stockton and three or four others started with two teams to search for the Lost Gun-Sight. Alvord rode a mule. They passed the Fishponds, where Barstow now stands, Camp Cady and reached Mule Springs. They apparently found nothing, but when the party returned to San Bernardino Alvord carefully displayed specimens of almost pure gold. There had been trouble on the road, and each man feared the other. Alvord, his mind filled with hate, decided only one of the members of the party should share in the find.

FILLED WITH WIRE GOLD

The ore he exhibited was filled with wire gold. It was black crystal manganese rock. The gold ran many thousands of dollars to the ton. It was fabulous. No assay was needed to tell its vast wealth. Preparations were quietly made for the return. Alvord selected three men, one of them a member of the original party. On the way back to the Mojave, Alvord told the details of his find. He pledged his new partners that they would pay off the national debt. Bennett, he said, was walking up a narrow gulch, ahead of him. He noticed Bennett pick up a piece of rock and toss it aside. Alvord, curious as to what Bennett had discarded, picked it up when he reached the spot, and then curious as to where it had come from, climbed up the side of the gulch. There he found the ledge of wire gold rock. It was black manganese, he said.

[[image - illustration by R.S.]]

[[caption]]

FOR SIXTEEN YEARS JONES MADE ONE, TWO THREE TRIPS A
YEAR-HUNTING FOR THE LOST ALVORD
[[/caption]]

One wall of the ledge was granite and the other slate, and pure gold was impregnated into the granite wall. It was a true ore-shoot. "There before my eyes were millions of dollars in gold," declared Alvord. He carefully removed samples, and with Bennett out of sight, he decided, because of his hatred that had grown up in the quarrels on the road, he would tell no one. He hid it in camp and carried it home with him. "But can you find it again?" was the insistent inquiry of the three-new partners.

LOOK FOR STRIPED BUTTE

"Don't worry," said Alvord. "I have it carefully marked. A striped butte will tell me when I reach the gulch." All went well until Alvord and his new party were approaching the region. In the night they heard the approach of another party. Out of wagons drawn by two teams sprang men. They were headed by Stockton. Other members of the original party were present and new recruits. Bennett had returned to Salt Lake City. "Now I suppose you are going to uncover your find," said Stockton. Word of the Alvord expedition had leaked out and reached Stockton in Los Angeles. He followed. "No, I am not going to uncover it," said Alvord. "You shall never share in it." "Then you will hang right here," declared Stockton. The newcomers erected a tripod from the tongues of the three wagons. At this point Alvord's three partners drew their guns, got the drop, and through the hours of the night held Alvord's enemies at bay. At dawn Alvord and his friends withdrew, and came back to San Bernardino. Stockton and his party followed and kept up watch day after

day at Alvord's house.
Then Alvord slipped away.

ALVORD WAS MISSING

A few months later he started out from Kern County with a Frenchman. The Frenchman came back, and he rode Alvord's mule and carried his gun. Alvord had been slain on the desert, or left to perish. But Alvord left one clew behind him, in addition to the description of the butte and the gulch and the strange characteristics of the ore--for black manganese with gold is rare.

He told his friend of the original party, who accompanied him on the second expedition: "If you can recall the camp where you remained on guard in camp, while Bennett and I went out together, you can get the starting point.

The name of this man of the original party is withheld by those who know of the story--withheld because the name recalls other mysterious events, events in Utah. For convenience he might as well be called Jones.

For sixteen years Jones made one, two or three trips a year into the region, hunting for the Lost Alvord. He was hunting for something that would bring back to him recollection of camp when he was on camp duty and Bennett and Alvord went out together. At last it came to him while far out on the desert. He had two partners with him.

"I know it now," he said, and for two days the three went south, and found the camp.

PRAYS FOR FAILURE

Jones decided they must return to San Bernardino, because their food was exhausted and they were without funds. The plan was that the three should go to work to earn a grub stake and then return to the search.

Two weeks later Jones discovered his two partners had slipped away to the desert. He had not sufficient funds to follow.

Later came the word of the supposed discovery of the Alvord mine. But it was not the Lost Alvord. The Alvord mining district was formed and there was a rush to the region.

Jones prayed night and day that the find would never bring anything to those who had tricked him, and it never did. The ore didn't work with the mill, and many other things happened. That was about 1882.

Along in 1887 Jones took with him Tom Holmes of San Bernardino, then a young man, ad now prominent in that city and desert mining. Jones was then an old man, most of his life given over to the hunt for the Lost Alvord.

Holmes picked up a piece of black manganese rock and looking up at the hills in the distance found a striped butte. The rock, however, contained no gold. They searched, but could find no further trace of the distinguishing manganese.

Jones, told by a spiritualist that he was seeking a lost mine which he would never find, "because there will be a veil over your eyes," gave up the search, and died.

But the hunt for the Lost Alvord continues and will continue as long as the story lives.

The Lost Gun-sight was a ledge of native silver, found by two scouts of a party of immigrants in 1851. The party had buried all its belongings expecting a seige from Indians. The scouts came across the ledge and one of them the gun-sight of his rifle missing, cut out with his knife a piece for the gun-sight.

Governor Pico, who heard of the find, equipped an expedition and sent it into the desert. Indians killed the entire party. Others gave their lives in the search. The two scouts could never find the spot. It had been buried in the dance of the dust and the shifting of the sands.

The Lost Lee mine came into fame in 1879 when George Lee showed to J. H. Stewart of San Bernardino silver ore that assayed \$1800 a ton. Stewart told Lee to return and bring back a sack full of ore and that if it ran like the first sample they would have great wealth. Lee did not tell where his mine was. Lee started, but never came back.

RACE FOR HIS GRAVE

But in the meantime R. W. Waterman, destined to become Governor of California, who was living on a ranch in Waterman Canyon, paid a visit to Barstow. He knew little or nothing of mines or ores, but was told by Ellis Miller of a claim a man by the name of Lee was working. Lee had gone away, Miller said.

Waterman looked at the property and picked up some ore. Lee's tools were still there.

When Waterman casually showed the ore to a man by the name of Porter, a Denver mining man who was visiting him, Porter grew excited and told Waterman the ore was rich in horn-silver.

Then began the development of the Waterman mine, from which a million was produced in silver.

One day a story came out of the desert that Lee's body had been found at Old Woman's springs, his skull crushed by a blow.

A race for the grave began. If Lee could be proved dead, his heirs could claim an interest in his discoveries. If it was not Lee's body and Lee could not be proved dead, then he had lost his mining rights because his assessment work had lapsed.

J.N. Corbett was a deputy sheriff. He headed one party. Dr. Rice was coroner. He headed another. He was Waterman's son-in-law.

The bones were brought to San Bernardino.

The grand jury indicted A. L. Hoffman for murder. That was at the July session, 1883.

"I killed Lee, and have his mine in my pocket," Hoffman was supposed to have declared.

TELLTALE TOOTH MISSING

Dr. Alma Whitlock, a dentist, said he could identify Lee by a filling in a tooth. The particular tooth was missing from the jaw bone. A physician declared the pelvis bone was that of a woman.

The court fight raged on. Lee's [?] certain the bones were those of Lee. Finally the district attorney dismissed the case because of lack of sufficient evidence, on January 14, 1884.

The Mojave desert never gave up its secret. Was it Lee or was it not Lee? If the Waterman was the mine he bound for, why was he at Old Woman's springs, far out of the route to the Fish Ponds? Did Lee have another mine, richer than the one he had left? The old timers still ponder.

But in the meantime the Waterman mine continued to produce its riches and Waterman became active in the Blaine campaign. He maintained a wigwam at the spot where the Stewart hotel now is, during that campaign.

Ed Daley, Sr., famous pioneer, had lost two mines. While freighting in from Utah in the late '50's, Daley picked up three men on the road. They were nearly starved to death. He halted to cook them food. When they lifted heavy sacks into the wagon, he inquired what they had, and was reluctantly shown.

"Pure gold," declared the men.

Daley looked at it and laughed. It was pure copper, hewn, the men declared to him, from a solid ledge. They thought they had gold. It was a joke to Daley - a joke until copper in later years became valuable. But he could never find the ledge.

In 1854 Daley was hunting in the San Bernardino mountains. He fell

over a ledge and stopped to pick up a few specimens. In 1858 a mining man accidentally picked up the specimens lying around the old Daley house at Third and E streets, San Bernardino, now the heart of the business district,

[[image]]

[[caption]]

THERE HE FOUND THE LEDGE OF WIRE GOLD ROCK.

[[/caption]]

and, discovering it rich rock, panned it out. There was \$17 in gold in seven pounds of rock.

Daley could never find the ledge again.

Dick Cox went out and brought in a single piece of rock of the same formation; which had rolled from where he could not tell. It contained \$67 in gold.

Daley died with the admonition to his sons to find the ledge. "It will make you all rich," he told his sons, Jeff Daley and Frank B. Daley.

Buck thorn, however, had grown over the region described - grown so thick that until some mountain fire sweeps the region a ledge could not be sighted.

The Lost Gohler mine is probably

History of Waste Places is Dotted With Lost Mines and Missing Men

the only lost mine on the Mojave desert ever rediscovered. Gohler, a member of one of the early immigrant trains from Utah, found it while he was lost. He spent his life seeking to relocate it. It was to the north of Randsburg. Ramsey Cox found it, but failed to locate it, and others gathered the wealth. One nugget, taken out by John Reed, ran \$996 gold.

THE DESERT's PHANTOM SHIP

But lost mines were not the only things lost on the mysterious desert. Fifteen barrels of alcohol were buried by the Death Valley party of '49.

Wood never rots on the Mojave, and those fifteen barrels of spirits, brought all the way overland by ox-team from Utah, are still intact, beneath the shifting sands. Two expeditions failed to locate them.

The Lost Desert Ship, weird in its telling, was a mystery of the desert.

Expeditions actually sought the Desert ship, believed when it was first sighted to be a Spanish pirate vessel which had sailed into the Colorado River and drifted into some vanished sea. Prospectors had visions of gold bullion on the vessel.

It was merely a mirage, but scores of the early desert travelers sighted it down on the horizon among the great sand-dunes.

So realistic was the mirage that it deceived scores. Wilford Boren and Bill McCoy both confess they sought the strange vessel.

"It was there, when I first saw it, just as plain as a vessel wrecked on a coast," says Boren. Its masts and even old ropes were there, broken and like any ship described in pirate lore."

The ship was a mystery of the desert for years. Many refused to believe it a mirage.

The "murder mirage" was another of the mysteries of the "60's." From Immigrant Springs a party of travelers saw a man and a woman slain by bandits. They watched the crime, reflected, as they believed, in the mirage, from some distant point on the desert. Until the science of mirages is solved to their satisfaction many miners who watch the constant play of mirages out on the dry lakes of the 'Mojave will believe the crime was actually committed.

The Mojave desert is the scene of countless mirages, great lakes and forests, bands of sheep and cattle.

Each decade has brought a ghost city on the desert-cities blotted out of all but memory by the fate of metal market or the pinching out of the pay streak.
Panamint went, never to revive. All that remains of that once great boom camp are the wild burros of the Panamint Range, descendants of the little animals who were given freedom

[[image: illustration by Ray Shuman]]

[[caption]]

HE DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON, AS THE RESULT OF PASSING "THE DAMN LIE".

[[\caption]]

by prospectors who struck it rich, and with whom the custom was to take their burros out to the hills and say goodbye.

Calico, with its hills of vivid coloring that gave it its name, is a deserted region. Where once 6000 miners dug out millions in silver, there are only a few of the faithful remaining. First they waited for the day when the price of the silver would come back. Now they are waiting for the day when men with money will become convinced that Calico didn't pinch out. John Lane was in from Calico a few days ago and told of \$45 rock, and of his hope that Calico will again boom as in the 80's.

Out on the Ballarat road there is an occasional desert motor truck, but the days of the twenty-mule teams have passed.

Preserved by that wonderful atmosphere is a crude grave cross: "Dick Kelly lies here. He died with his boots on, as the result of passing the damn lie." For many years the cross has survived, but Ballarat is long since only a memory.

But with it all, the eternal dance of dust drifts hither and thither on its endless journey to nowhere, guarding the Mojave's mysteries of missing men, mines and lost towns.

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[[image of smoking goat in chair]]

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Are You One, If So, Write Dr. Elders For His New Discovery That Quickly Banishes "Old Man Tobacco" Forever.

Dr. Elders' Tobacco Boon banishes the injurious and offensive tobacco and cigarette habit in 72 to 120 hours. Positive-quick-permanent. Easy to take. No craving for tobacco in any form after the first dose. Success guaranteed or no pay. Send no money-just your name and address for convincing proof and full information free.

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Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives

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