

LUCERNE VALLEY TOOTLE

We finally did it! An official tootle, on Sunday March 10, but it was not the usual foray out into the desert landscape. We stayed in town to be available should there be some kind of crisis at the store. You'd think it would be boring, but it was anything but. We all agreed that it was special, as I hope to share with you.

I have mentioned before that one of my favorite destinations on our doggie-walks is what I call my Quiet Place, a place that was obviously part of a ranch in the past, with a large depression that would have been a pond; a well-made drainage culvert of rocks, concrete, and pipe under the drive; a stand of bamboo and an ancient cottonwood tree, seemingly healthy decades after humans were there.

But that wasn't Sir William's destination. On Google Earth, he had spotted an empty concrete pad next to this silently eloquent location. Can you imagine that? An empty concrete pad! How interesting! Fortunately, at that moment Cliff Reed happened along, checking the puddles along Furst St. to make sure they weren't from leaks in the water main there. (They are rain puddles.) He has lived here all of his long life and told us that the empty concrete was to be a house that never got built. My Quiet Place belonged to the Sandy family, dating to the 20's. Who were these people?

The next destination was another empty concrete pad. What's with these concrete pads, anyway? This one is located near the current Post Office, unnoticed in its flatness surrounded by Salt Bush. The theory is that it may be where James Goulding, a founding father of our little town, had his second school-house. Maybe.

Then down the road a few hundred feet, to a burnt out and collapsed wreck of a house on the north side of the highway. Wow! This is the house where we lived for a year or two when we first came to Lucerne Valley! My folks (Ernie and Barbara Gommel) lived in the main part, while several of us girls used bedrooms. Sir William had forgotten that, and suddenly, instead of just a burnt out wreck, this spot took on significance as many

old memories came flooding back. Remember this? Remember that? And now look at it. Kinda sad.

Third stop was another collapsed, ruined, and burned wreck, but with a colorful history unmatched by anything else on our little tootle. We arrived at Nelson Studios by a "back door", a dirt road that approached it from the northwest corner since there still is a wrought iron gate across the main driveway.

Probably most LV residents have not heard of Nelson Studios. Bob Nelson was the ultimate desert rat: reclusive, strange,



and then when he emerged from his isolation. His Studio produced props for Hollywood, mostly themed from Classical Greek and Roman times, and made out of plaster covering chicken wire. Bob's helpers would come to the store, covered in white powder, in a hurry to buy whatever he wanted, but it had to be exactly right and right NOW.

There is some idea that his place was also used as a filming location, and when you walk through the ruins, you see how this

that this was really beautiful stuff, springing from genuine talent.

In the rubble of another large square building were ruins of broken columns, a broken horse statue, and an elaborate fireplace mantel. Wow. Another filming set?

And then the biggest surprise of all: walking along the paths we came upon what had been a gorgeous pond, large enough for there to be a couple of boats, with a stone bridge (with plaster decorations, of course), and large trees, a formerly lush creation in the middle of this brown desert. WHY was this here? What mo-



visited, this one was totally clean, barely noticeable from the road. A neighbor told us that the owner



tivated this man?

A long stucco wall, decorated with plaster medallions and beautiful wood doors turned out to be an outer wall for mobile homes provided for Vietnamese refugees that Nelson took in. A complex of rooms and passages below ground, now filled with trash, must have been more studio locations. On one wall there remains an impressive wall sculpture of a bull, from Roman mythology?

Leaving Nelson Studios, Sir William took a shortcut over the desert and along the flood channel to Rabbit Springs Road. Our final destination was a series of concrete pads

what comes of man's creativity? As usual, the Bible answers it best.

From Ecclesiastes (Read it all. It's short. It's super.): . . . *my heart found pleasure in all my toil, and this was my reward for all my toil. Then I considered all that my hands had done and the toil I had expended in doing it and behold, all was vanity and a striving after wind, and there was nothing to be gained under the sun.*

Mark 13: 1-2 *And as He came out of the temple,*

one of his disciples said to Him, "Look, Teacher, what wonderful stones and what wonderful buildings!" And Jesus said to him, "Do you see these great buildings? There will not be left here one stone upon another that will

not be thrown down."

Matthew 6: 19-20 *Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust destroy and where thieves break in and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust destroys and where thieves do not break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also.*

And last, back to Ecclesiastes 12: 13-14: *The end of the matter; all has been heard. Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God will bring every deed into judgment, with every secret thing, whether good or evil.* *Linda Gommel*

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

L.V. School Board Meeting

Thursday, April 11, starts at 5:30PM. At the Alternative Education Center, 8560 Alianto Rd up Highway 18.

Lucerne Valley Chamber of Commerce Auction

Saturday, April 14, starts at 10AM. At Crossroads Center, parking lot in front of First Foundation Bank. Bring your own chair. Donations needed 760-248-7215.

ON THE PORCHES

AT THE STORE

WED, March 20, 7A-9A, BIBLE LITERATURE, by Jehovah's Witnesses.

LIMITS & MULTIPLE PRICING

Please, unless otherwise indicated, ON AD ITEMS NO MORE THAN 6 TOTAL (including all flavors or varieties) OF ANY ITEM, PER FAMILY, DURING THE AD PERIOD, AT THE SALE PRICE, except in produce and meat, which are limited to normal retail quantities, or which carry limits specifically stated. Sorry, we must reserve the right to further limit or refuse sales.

ON MULTIPLE PRICING, when purchasing items in quantities more or less than the multiple stated, the register is built automatically to charge the "each" price times the quantity. (Example: Price of item is 3/\$1. The price of: one = 34¢, two = 68¢, three = \$1, four = \$1.34, five = \$1.68, six = \$2.00).

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could be true. There is a very long on the corner of Wilshire and Mid-

"The desert is nothing but a bunch of rocks and sand." So wrote someone in the comment section of an article by the LA Times about our battle to protect our desert from the onslaught of industrial renewable energy projects. Needless to say, my feelings were hurt, my safe space was violated, so I ran to Sena-tors Feinstein (yuck) and Kamala Harris (ewww) who immediately passed a law against hate speech about the desert.

Yeah, right! I did call the commenter an ignoramus who shouldn't speak of what he doesn't know, and I never looked again to see what vile names he might have called me. He is obviously deprived of the joys of this place.