

This is a rock. Well, not a rock. It's a piece of asphalt paving. Like on a road. The left one is the surface of the road, or I should say, was the surface of a road. The right picture is the underside of the asphalt piece.

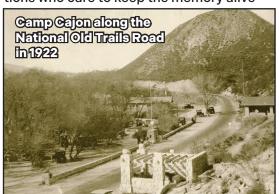
I can hear you now. "What the heck are you talking about? Have you lost it?" Yeah, well, maybe I have lost it, but not over this asphalt rock.

OK, OK, I'll tell you why this asphalt rock is so remarkable.

A couple of weeks ago, I went on a short walking tour of Camp Cajon, a small development in Cajon Pass located just below McDonald's, built in the early 1900s by a group of men and organizations as a kind of a rest stop for weary travelers.



Unfortunately, none of the buildings or other accommodations they installed remain, since the construction of the freeway necessitated the removal of any remnants of the Camp. Members of some organizations who care to keep the memory alive



have placed information kiosks and monuments near the end of Wagon Train Rd.

When Cajon Camp still existed, there was no 115 freeway, or Route 66 highway (duh), just two-lane roads that were paved using more "primitive" methods than we see Caltrans using today. Finding a practical route through Cajon Pass was a challenge since it's a box canyon with no easy outlet for wagons at first, and automobiles later.

But some way, those who went before us found a way to get the job done. They followed pathways established for centuries by people on foot or horseback, and then somehow managed to pave them. Cajon Pass at that time must have seemed like desert wilderness to



those hard-working folks, but whatever they needed they brought out there, like asphalt to bind rocks together to make a hard drivable surface.

Our short walking tour started at the end of Wagon Train Rd. (McDonald's, remember?) where we turned left, to walk up Crowder Canyon, a rugged crease in Cajon's interior. Since it had been an established trail, it was chosen and paved for early auto travel and after a couple of miles connected to modern day Highway 138. As we walked up the narrow trail that is all that remains due to time, erosion, and possibly earthquakes, there were remnants of the pavement remaining. And across the canyon stood what remained of a concrete bridge!



SOCIALISM

CAPITALISM

You line up

for bread

**Bread lines** 

My dad and Grandpa made a trip to the Grand Canyon in the 1930s, so they may have crossed that very bridge and driven that road, or maybe by that time, Route 66 may have been established closer to the current route of I15.



Back to the asphalt rock pictured above. The tour leader told us we could take a piece of asphalt they had set aside, so I did. Why? Because it makes me think and appreciate what people before us had to go through to accomplish what we take for granted in our air-conditioned cars as we whiz through that rugged wonderland of Cajon Pass. I'd bet that rarely do we even look out the windows at what God hath wrought in that remarkable place, much less stop and get close and personal with it. Or imagine what it took to conquer it and make a way for fast and efficient travel.

And then I think of the men who did the actual hard work of turning the horse trail into a road and then paving it. Who actually touched that piece of asphalt I kept? Someone did. And see how they paved using the native rock mixed with the least amount of asphalt they could to save money and the burden of transporting it. My dad called pavement like that Desert Mix, and he always admired how sensible it was to do it that way and how enduring the pavement. Some roads in Lucerne Valley were paved that way many years ago and are still usable.

All of it put together speaks to me of God, of His creation, and of us humans He created in His image: the Cajon Pass itself, all broken, rocks heaved vertically into the air, steep cliffs; Crowder Canyon, rugged as it is, used by men to push their way through; men toiling in hot sun or cold, windy rain to provide improvements that benefit others; families coming to California for a better life.

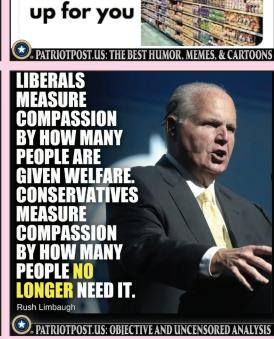
Yes, all of that and more is in that asphalt rock. Just ask it. Ask it to tell you what it has seen. If it could speak, it could be volumes. And the most important thing it could speak about is to sing praises to its

On The Lighter Side of Serious Stuff . . . from the Web

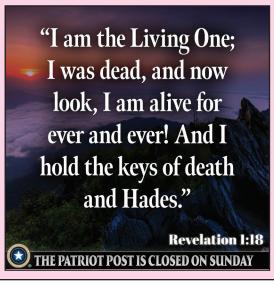


your grandparents set a Cybertruck on fire











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**Lucerne Valley Mkt & Hdw** -- SOLD OUT

## LVEDA Meeting (Lucerne Valley Economic **Development Association**)

Monday, MAY 26th 5:00 pm at the Moose Lodge

on Foothill Road, just west of Tradepost Road.

LVEDA provides an important community forum recognized by County, State, and Local Representatives. Supports real economic development consistent with our rural goals. Opposes projects that harm our

land-use integrity and quality of life. Is something bugging you? **COME TO THE NEXT MEETING** 

**TO EXPRESS YOUR OPINION!** 

LVM Commentary - May 8 - 14, 2025